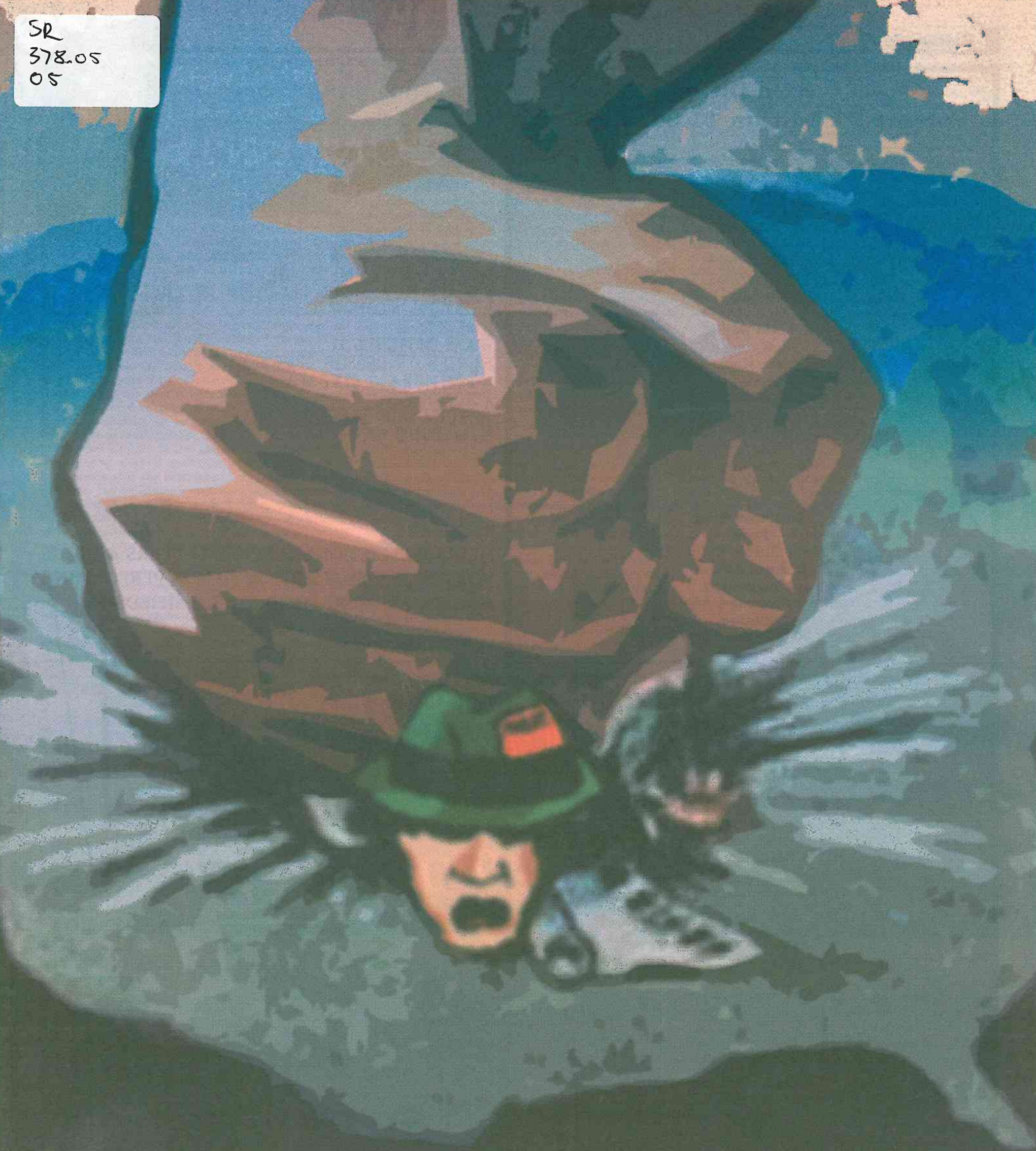


SR
378.05
05



Om — — Ditt

ADELAIDE UNI STUDENT RAG
VOLUME 73 EDITION 11 31/05/05

On Dit

Volume 73 Edition 11 31.05.2005

On Dit is the weekly student newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Association.

Editors

Clementine Ford
Daniel Joyce
Danny Wills

ph: (08) 8303 5404

Guest Editor

Kim Jong Il

Big Palace, North Korea P.O Box 362

Advertising Manager

Melissa Fisher

ph: (08) 8303 5004

Printing

Cadillac

The Press Gang

Food

Alexis Buxton-Collins

Current Affairs

Nick Parkin

Alex Solomon-Bridge

Opinion

Nerissa Schwarz

Film

Sophie Plagakis

Lauren Young

Performing Arts

Benedict Coxon

Visual Arts

Leo Greenfield

Literature

Your guess is as good as ours

Music

Jennifer Soggee

Ben Vistoli

Local Music

The dust cages roll by

Vox Pop This Week By:

Daniel Joyce & Alexis Buxton-Collins

Last week's cover:

'With My Third Daughter...' by Jan Saudek

This week's cover:

What this North Korean billboard might look like if Australia was also run by someone as unhinged as Kim Jong Il.

Wanna Write?

Come down to our friendly little office. We're down in the basement of the George Murray building, next to the boy's john. But it's just been painted which is nice. If the new paint is too bright for your human eyes, you can get in contact with us via email at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call us on 83035404.

Next Edition:

Deadline June 9

Published June 14

The key to the city to:

Kim Jong Il, Stanny poo, Kim John Stuart Mill, Alexis, Kim Can't Spell, Mikey Borlotis for the ace drawings, Kim Born Still, Viktorb, Kim Coorong Aboriginal, Ozz, Kim Song Shriill, Hélène, Kim Yentl, Matt Saleh, public holiday weekends, Kim Bomb Kill, North Adelaide all night bakery, cigarettes for proving to be surprisingly easy to quit, and finally, Kim Udong Noodle. No thanks to the educators of those on the Vox Pop pages who don't even know who George Orwell is. For shame.

CONTENTS

INTERVIEW WITH ANDREW SOUTHCOTT	6
ROUND UP OF THE BUDGET	9
THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION IN INDIA	10
MUSLIM ECONOMICS	11
MARXISM	12
WARD CHURCHILL	13
REVIEW OF GEORGE ORWELL	14
EPHEMERAL CINEMA	15
AXOLOTTES	20
BEYOND THIS LIFE	21
KIM BONG ON	26

REGULARS:

MEDIA WATCH/BOB FRANCIS 2 LETTERS 4 OBs	16
VOX POP 18 VISUAL ARTS 22 FILM 24 PERFORMING	
ARTS 28 MUSIC 30 FOOD 33 CLASSIFIEDS 35	





MEDIA WATCH

with Audrey Hefeneggar

After seven months, Schapelle Corby's trial finally ended last Friday with the three judges in her case handing down a guilty verdict and a 20 year jail sentence. Thanks to the miracle of insensitive modern

media, we the public were treated to not one but two live feeds into the Bali courtroom whose interior has become known to so many Australians.

Now, I'm not about to sit here and pretend I wasn't as glued to the box as the rest of the vultures eager to peck on the last remaining scraps of Corby's choking hope. I caught the last thirty minutes of the two and a quarter hour verdict hearing, and I admit to shedding a tear or ten as the verdict was handed down. After all, it's impossible for free citizens to comprehend the magnitude of the next twenty years. It moved me to see Corby move through a range of emotions, from misunderstanding to incomprehension to defiance and finally to racking sobs. I felt the potential damage her mother's anger at the judges might cause and I marvelled at Corby's ability to become the adult in this situation in her attempts to console her family. However, my emotional response was distorted by the understanding that it had been intentionally manufactured by a propaganda machine. A perfectly oiled operation that has profited enormously by exploiting Corby as 2005's most transfixing reality television star.

As Corby leaned in to her family immediately after the verdict, I was disgusted to witness the reporters adjusting their microphones to pick up words that were no doubt arising from anger and pain, words that should have remained the private property of Corby and her family. As Corby left the courtroom, she was

met with a violent frenzy of reporters and screaming 'well wishers' hanging from trees and the courthouse walls. As Corby was bundled away, news networks around Australia went crazy in a bid to out do each other with headlines for the Saturday papers.

Rachelle Hamilton, leader of the Schapelle Corby Support Group (SCSG), said on Saturday, "There's been one good thing that has come out of this. Australians have come out of their complacency and stood up as a nation on this."

Hamilton's comments come as the SCSG revealed it would call for a National Day of Protest to be held on July 8. Australians would be 'urged to wear yellow - for hope, and email Prime Minister John Howard'. A minute's silence is also being considered.

A minute's silence? Sorry, but the frenzy has gone too far. If Hamilton calls abusive threats to Australian based Indonesians and ridiculous campaigns to 'Boycott Bali' a positive sign of Australians standing up as a nation, this grand country of ours dwells further beyond the black stump than I previously suspected.

One of the most unsettling elements of the Corby case is the levels of rampant racism it has allowed once more to rise to the surface of the Australian mainstream. Door knockers for The Salvation Army have stated residents of Townsville have become very anxious that none of the \$60k raised in the recent Door Knock Appeal go towards Indonesia. Schapelle Corby's ex-lover has gone on record as stating, "Australia is a big hearted country and we gave Indonesia \$1 billion after the tsunami. They should give us something in return. They should give us back Schapelle."

For all the flaws in the Indonesian justice system, for all the likelihood that Corby is innocent and for all the (manufactured) tears I may have shed over her sentence, racial antagonism and ignorant disregard for the fundamental elements of international law will not help Corby overturn her sentence. As spellbound

ticket holders to one of the largest media circuses in Australian history, we participate on emotional levels not justified by the facts of the case (which, when examined, lie determinedly in grey middle areas).

Fact: Corby's defence team were below par. Twice they rejected the aid of two of Australia's top QCs, both of whom are now being approached to advise on the Corby appeal.

Fact: In an oft cited comparison, Abu Bashir did only receive a two and a half year sentence for his role in the Bali bombings. However, Corby's Judge Linton Serait also oversaw the case that resulted in a death sentence for Bali bomber Mukhlas, a fact omitted by mainstream media.

Fact: As harsh as it sounds to say, based on Indonesian law, Corby attracted a 'light' sentence. Her legal team was mildly competent at best, and it is most certainly the extensive media attention that ensured Corby wasn't handed a life sentence.

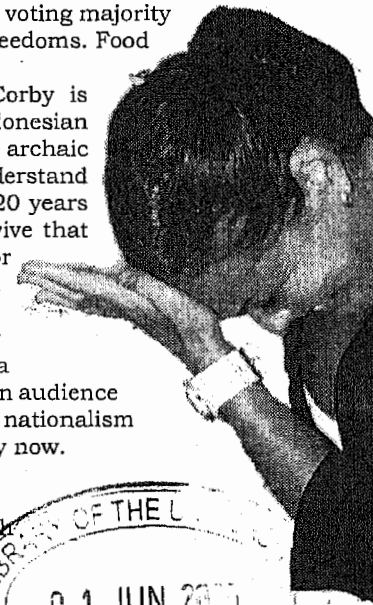
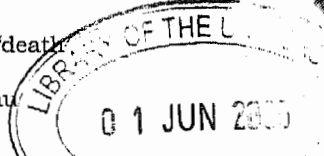
Fact: Australia locks up hundreds of refugees every year with the support of the voting majority and little thought to their freedoms. Food for thought...

I do believe Schapelle Corby is innocent. I think the Indonesian criminal justice system is archaic and I cannot begin to understand how Corby views the next 20 years of her life, should she survive that long (standard lifespan for residents of the Kerobokan Prison is 10 years). However, I fail to see how the mindless rallying of a propaganda fuelled television audience with nothing but ignorant nationalism on their side can help Corby now.

Audrey Hefeneggar

knows 'dada' means 'death'

ondit@adelaide.edu.au



Featured Francis Fan o' The Week

WHO: KIM JONG IL

AGE: A LADY NEVER REVEALS HER AGE.

OCCUPATION: DESPOTIC

LEADER OF NORTH KOREA

HOBBIES: EATING DELICIOUS

FOOD, ENSLAVING THE

PEOPLE OF KOREA, ERECTING

TRIBUTES TO HIMSELF,

AMATEUR FILM MAKING.

FAVOURITE QUOTE: "BE

EXCELLENT TO EACH

OTHER...AND PARTY ON

DUDES!"

- BILL AND TED'S EXCELLENT

ADVENTURE



Bob's back...

He's wacky! He's zany! He's totally insaney! It's the Bob Francis...

CALL OF THE WEEK!

Compere: Bob Francis

Date: May 26

Time: 21:58

Duration: 1:54

Caller John says he is totally against body piercings and tattoos especially on young women. Francis agrees that they are 'disgusting'. He says he saw a girl today wearing a skimpy camisole with an ugly tattoo of a tiger on her left 'boob'. John and Francis ruminate on how appalling this is. John says he is the most politically incorrect person anyone will ever find. He believes he 'tells it like it is'. He says if he sees a woman wearing tight clothes who is 'fat and ugly', he will tell her she looks disgusting. He says he simply has to be blunt. Francis says being fat and ugly isn't necessarily something you have to tell people, but having tattoos and 14 earrings is something you can comment on. He says magazines today are trying to tell people being overweight isn't so bad because they are trying to counteract the rapidly increasing incidents of negative body image. He says it must be terrible for young people at school these days if they aren't beautiful. John agrees and says Victoria Ave is the loveliest street in Adelaide. Francis says he likes the bluestone mansions.

Bob Francis airs between 8pm and 12 am Mon to Fri on Adelaide's leading talkback station 5AA. He is number one in the radio ratings.

With the huge budget cuts the Students' Association will be subject to next year there are going to have to be major reforms if *On Dit* is going to survive in anything even reminiscent of its current form.

In our 73rd year and one of only two weekly student publications in the country *On Dit* is one of the nation's most respected and envied university papers.

Under VSU all of this may be lost.

The SAUA's total allowance for *On Dit* will be unavoidably slashed from \$89,000 to \$39,000.

The bulk of that difference will be made up in a cut of over 50% to Editors' salary while advertising will have to completely fund the printing costs of the paper.

At the moment *On Dit* manages to pay for around 75% of the printing costs with advertising.

Without the financial safety net provided by the SAUA it's likely that *On Dit* will be surviving edition to edition, hand to mouthing all advertising income received, funding each edition with the advertising revenue of the previous.

It's almost certain that the frequency of release will be reduced, possibly to fortnightly, potentially to monthly, or even less.

Of course I have to declare a severe bias on the issue but it seems clear that Student Media is one of the few services offered by the SAUA that consistently and meaningfully connects with students.

I understand many of the other complaints students have of the SAUA and empathise at times but students have to realise that VSU won't just mean an extra \$300 dollars year in thier pockets but also the removal of real and tangible services like *On Dit*.

While some criticisms of the way students fees are spent may be valid, it's more than a little premature to tar all Union affiliates with the same gloomy brush.

Danny

Herro!

Do you know what shits me? Day time TV. I mean, people who stay at home all day deserve decent television. Staying at home all day is really hard on your self esteem - the least State TV could offer could be some quality, stimulating progamming.

Take the latest offering from the Ministry of Self Help. *Kim Doc Phil*, I think it's called. I was a bit

stoned when I tuned in last, so I ordered a transcript of the show. Get a load of this tripe:

Kim Bong On: I don't know Doc, sometimes I think Socialist Realism isn't for me. I mean, how can I be the perfect Communist if I'm blazed all the time?

Kim Doc Phil: I think the real monster here is compromise. Marijuana will hep you to be calm, passive, obedient. It is the only way to get through the Hour of Kim Love, Revolutionary Club meetings and UnPresent Incineration.

Kim Bong On: There is little food however in socialist life and my hunger grows strong.

Kim Doc Phil: I find the only food I need is Kim Jong Il's paternal gaze.

C'mon. This is my nation of iron-fisted, human truncheons? I'll paternally gaze all over Kim Doc Phil's face! Self Help telescreening was supposed to lift the burden off my mollycoddling empire. Home dentistry, home surgery, home hating... but all it's given me is American style ameobas that I couldn't fashion a jello cake out of let alone an army of world domination.

Pissed Off,
Kim Jong Il

Geez it's fucking cold at the moment. It's so cold I'm having four hot showers a day, which is really bad for the environment but it's so cold I can't think of anything else to do. My house is super cold too, which is spaz because I'm finally living by myself and I can't even enjoy lying around in my knickers.

On Saturday night I went to a rock quiz night at Fowler's. It was pretty fun, but the table that won had DJ Ian from Bang! and he knows fucking everything about music. The prize was a free hire of Fowler's for one night. Ian gets paid to DJ at Fowler's every Saturday night and all his friends go every Saturday night too. So why do they need to hire it again? I think that's ass, because I had some big plans for that free hire, even if it was at Fowler's.

The final of *The Apprentice* is on tonight. Final Part One I should say. I think those fuckers at Channel Nine are going to split it into two weeks. That ratings game shit makes me so mad.

Here is a picture of Jarvis Cocker. I love him, and when I grown up I'm going to marry him and kiss him on the lips.



Clementine

A Long Bow

Here is something I came across on the Internet that sums up the tax cuts quite well.

Every day, 10 men go out for dinner. The bill for all 10 comes to \$100. They decide to pay their bill the way we pay our taxes, and the first four men (the poorest) paid nothing, the fifth paid \$1, The sixth \$3, the seventh \$7, the eighth \$12, the ninth \$18, the tenth man (the richest) paid \$59.

All 10 were quite happy with the arrangement, until one day, the owner said: "Since you are all such good customers, I'm going to reduce the cost of your daily meal by \$20." So now dinner for the 10 only cost \$80.

The group still wanted to pay their bill the way we pay our taxes. The first four men were unaffected. But how should the other six divvy up the \$20 windfall?

They realised that \$20 divided by six is \$3.33. But if they subtracted that from everybody's share, then the fifth and sixth men would each end up being paid to eat. The restaurateur suggested reducing each man's bill by roughly the same percentage, thus: the fifth man, like the first four, now paid nothing (100% saving), the sixth paid \$2 instead of \$3 (33% saving), the seventh paid \$5 instead of \$7

(28% saving), the eighth paid \$9 instead of \$12 (25% saving), the ninth paid \$14 instead of \$18 (22% saving), the tenth paid \$49 instead of \$59 (16% saving).

Each of the six was better off, and the first four continued to eat for free, but outside the restaurant, the men began to compare their savings: "I only got a dollar out of the \$20," declared the sixth man. He pointed to the tenth man "but he got \$10!" "That's right," exclaimed the fifth man. "I only saved a dollar too. It's unfair that he got ten times more than me!" "That's true!" shouted the seventh man. "Why should he get \$10 back when I got only \$2? The wealthy get all the breaks! "Wait a minute," yelled the first four men in unison. "We didn't get anything at all. The system exploits the poor!" The nine men surrounded the tenth and beat him up.

The next night the tenth man didn't show up for dinner. The nine sat down and ate without him, but when they came to pay the bill, they discovered that they didn't have enough money between all of them for even half of it.

That is how our tax system works. The people who pay the highest taxes get the most benefit from a tax reduction. Tax them too much, attack them for being wealthy, and they just may not show up at the table anymore. There are lots of good restaurants in Monaco and the Caribbean.

CC

"Boo Hoo Pearson"

Dear David "BOO HOO" Pearson, You think you're frustrated. Well I am frustrated with you and I am glad that you welcome criticism.

Do you actually believe some of the shit that you say in your column each week?

Seriously, if you think the wider student population believes that the Make Some Noise Festival was a celebration of student organisations and "the most ambitious event that has been organised in a long time" aimed at increasing campus culture then you are more insular than I thought. The wider student population can see right through you and the other berating "feral lefties" on the SAUA and were able to decipher the real reason for the Make Some Noise Festival, which was to bribe students to attend the protest on the steps of Parliament House. I did have to chuckle. Even with free stuff you could not get more that what you did. Does that tell you something, David?

So, you don't know what to do. Here is an idea, instead of printing the pointless propaganda (paid for with our compulsory union fees), yelling into your megaphone like a 'dummy spitting' brat, sitting on your arse on your

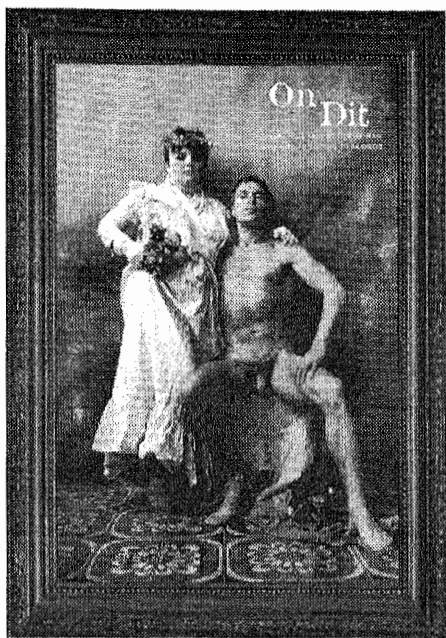
healthy honoraria and overseeing motions by the SAUA; threatening *On Dit* about what they can and can't print in the newspaper, get out there and speak to the people you represent and find out what they think and want from you and the SAUA. I would have thought in the four months (at least) this issue has been on the agenda, you would have a positive, well thought through and innovative proposal to put to the students by now. Your inability to do so, coupled with the fact that most students are in favour of VSU, is the reason why you can only attract 250 people (from all 3 uni's on two separate occasions) and only 100 people to a debate at a VSU forum.

Which brings me to another point. I would really like to think that you are an elected representative because you so selflessly wanted to serve your student population and make a difference - but I can't. You indeed became involved to impress the Labor hacks, which you so aspire to be one day.

I'm sick and tired of your negative, useless, whingeing rhetoric and hope that you can stop feeling sorry for yourself whilst you read this article long enough to start implementing a proposal, which can be refined, debated and contributed to by the students you are currently not representing.

Yours sincerely,

Todd Hacking



On Dit 73.10

*Basking in Our
Self-Awarded
Victory*

Dear Eds,

I'm just writing to compliment Alby Longbottom (*On Dit* 73.8 p6.) on her little spout of good old fashioned Adelaide Uni snobbery and Flinders bashing. Everyone knows that we have the best university in the state and it's about time that more people started voicing this self evident fact. Sure they may have better facilities, modern teaching regimes and smaller class sizes but they're Flinders: A uni filled with people who wanted to come here but just didn't make the grade. And as for that glorified TAFE, with an outpost growing on our eastern border like some repulsive wart, the less said about them the better!

So I say lets have a bit more snobbery, we know we're better and, as intrinsically superior examples of humanity, it is our duty to educate our less fortunate brethren on life's simple realities.

Phillip

*On Dit's
(Not So) Divine
Toilet Humor*

I would like to bring your attention to an article 'Flushing Holy Books' vol. 73 edition 10, 24th May, 2005, page 35. I found the article completely not funny and rather offensive. As you should know, there are a number of Muslim students attending the uni and I would expect some consideration towards the feelings of Muslims from the community of such a prestigious institution. An insulting incident like that

should not have been made into a joke for whatever reasons since Muslims take religion and the holy Quran very seriously. The actions of idiotic and extremist Muslims should not be taken as a reflection of the whole Muslim population and the act of publishing religiously offensive materials might cause unnecessary tension among the community. You can insult the extremists that have caused all the problems but NEVER insult Islam and the holy Quran. I hope such incidents wouldnt ever happen again.

Mohd Mohd Zahary

Quite frankly I'm more than mildly offended myself at the suggestion that we don't take the feelings of Muslim students into account. The article in question was intended as a satire of the recent practices of some American officials at Guantánamo Bay (not extremist Muslims as suggested) and designed to mock the Americans who show such disrespect toward such a sacred text. I've had fairly close personal contact with the Islamic faith and was very disappointed at hearing the news. We don't feel that the article in any way "insults the holy Quran", but rather the pig headed, culturally insensitive behaviour of groups who don't respect the spiritual beliefs of others. We're sorry if the article did cause any offence but imagine it's as the result of misinterpretation rather than any malice on our part.

Respectfully,
Danny

*SAVA Rats The
Best Advertisement
For VSU*

I can't believe that you people still don't know why people object to compulsory student unionism. Wake up! It's because they think you waste away their money on stupid egotistical left wing causes that they want nothing to do with and because they think you couldn't even run a bloody lemonade stall!

What a prime example of this we saw on Thursday - you blow thousands of dollars protesting against the inevitable. What you should be doing is showing people you can spend money responsibly rather than throwing it into sending a sea of Che Guevara badged hippies into town to have a rant (do they even realise the role Che played in locking up gays, lesbians and dissidents in the Castro regime? I think not. Pah!) Perhaps stick your "under VSU this service would not exist" places other than on

union propaganda posters and navigation signs. Maybe then you *won't* be fucked when the legislation is passed.

Earth to lefties: the ferals on your protest will pay the fee regardless, the rest of us just get pissed off to see you blowing money on protests like this. It doesnt win you any friends and just shows you have too much money anyway. Grow up, show us what you really have to offer and then maybe a serious portion of the student population will take you seriously.

With all my love,

Jon Cold

*(Hopefully) The
Final Word*

Dear Eds

I've decided its time to stand up and be counted. In several of this year's *On Dit* publications there have been letters from women saying they haven't heard from any women who are anti-abortion.

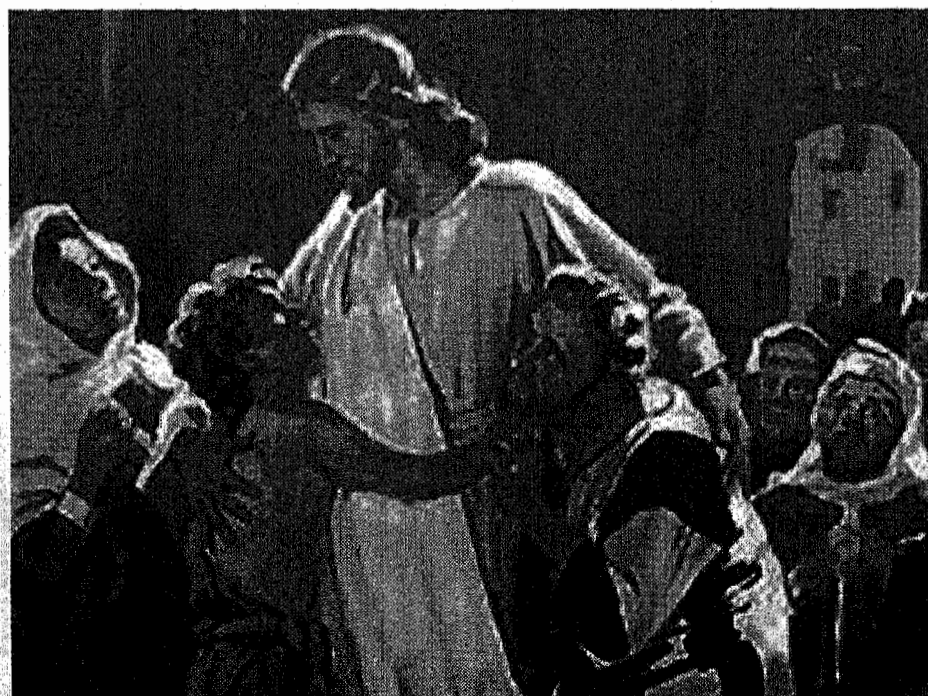
Well here's one.

If those women who are so pro "choice" had ever been in the position where they actually had to choose between killing a living being or giving it to some one who might not care for it as well as themself, they would choose to give it away.

I wasn't called "the kitten killer" for nothing. Point two: I have a friend who would not be alive today if one of his mum's friend's hadn't been anti-aboution and encoraged my friend's mum not to terminate the pregnancy, even though she was risking her life to do so. nb: That woman is now elderly and in poor health (unrelated to past problems) and without her son life would be so much harder for her. So give those points some thought!

Sarah Kuchar

Jason John



Just cool out a little everyone. All Jesus wants is for us all to get along.

Something to say? Please direct all abuse to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

*Stick To
Your Promise!*

Dear Eds - I promise this is my last word on abortion/biblical interpretation etc!

Jerry might be relieved to know that the Vatican does not consider Protestant Ordinations valid, so he can consider me a humble lay person. If he has found a way of interpreting Leviticus 5 to be anything other than an explicit recipe for abortion in particular circumstances, I'd be interested to read it. Whilst I would love to be credited with making up the two commandments I referred to, as I stated it was actually Jesus, who was of course expanding on Deuteronomy. Jesus added the love of enemies, which we all need to remember in the midst of "discussions" like this one. On the ten commandments, few Christians (or Jews) whom I know believe that God punishes our great grand children for our misdeeds, or only loves those who love her. Jerry, I am willing to talk more about this elsewhere (I'm sure the *On Dit* editors have about reached their fill of abortion related letters), but you forgot to leave a last name so I cannot contact you. So I will simply suggest that the next step in your Christian walk may be to ask yourself which version of the ten commandments (Exodus 20 or Deuteronomy 5) feature God's exact words, since both claim to. The path away from biblical literalism begins with closely reading the bible which, since you asked, I've done many times.

«INSERT INTERVIEW HERE»

The day has finally arrived that a member of the current Liberal government invoked George Orwell to illustrate a point. Dr Andrew Southcott sees student unions arguing on the one hand that HECS is bad, while at the same time supporting the payment of compulsory/universal services fees. The Member for Boothby (in Adelaide's south) likens this to the revolutionary "four legs good, two legs bad" call to arms used by the pigs in Orwell's *Animal Farm*.

This might have been a fair comparison. I would have liked the opportunity to discuss this, and other, issues with Andrew personally, but unfortunately this particular elected representative was unavailable for interview. He started off being available – after the 'VSU Forum' last Wednesday week, he was remarkably keen to be interviewed by *On Dit* (before the weekend, if possible), and referred me to his media adviser, John Deller, who told me to call him the following morning. When I did call, John said 'Ah, yes. Russell. Well, Dr Southcott feels that he's said enough on this issue'.

I'm sorry? 'That's a little surprising,' I said, 'considering how keen Dr Southcott was yesterday evening.' But no, Andrew had

apparently changed his mind. I was told that he had given a speech to parliament on the issue, which John could send me. Further, Andrew had even presented himself at the Forum the previous evening.

'And the students appreciated Dr Southcott's presence,' I told John. 'But I think they believed it was a *first step* in a process of engagement between an elected representative who would be making a decision on behalf of a significant group of stakeholders.'

Again, I was told that Andrew believed that enough of his comments were now in the public record and that I should just refer to them to get his thoughts. I said that that wasn't good enough, that Andrew, as an elected representative, could not simply make public statements and then not be called to account for them. 'I don't think that's Dr Southcott's decision to make', I said. 'Neither Dr Southcott, nor his party, can make proper policy or practice good governance by making decisions for a group of stakeholders who want to be consulted on the issue, but who are unable to get access to the decision-makers'. But John remained steadfastly resistant.

After giving John my email address and waiting around until mid-afternoon for the link to Andrew's parliamentary speech, I found it myself,¹ and emailed John rehashing my earlier arguments and guaranteeing that any interview would be published as a transcript without editorialisation. John said he'd talk to Andrew and get back to me. I hadn't heard back by last Tuesday, at which point I emailed again and got this reply:

Have further discussed with Dr Southcott. The situation remains the same as previously stated. In relation to the forum, you should have plenty of material from the night. In relation to the policy, you may wish to refer to Andrew's comments in Hansard, or indeed those of the Minister or any other Member of Parliament who has so far made a contribution to the debate on the Higher Education Support Amendment (Abolition of Compulsory Up-Front Student Union Fees) Bill 2005, through these links: www.aph.gov.au/hansard/reps/dailys/dr160305.pdf (Nelson) and www.aph.gov.au/hansard/reps/aiyls/r120505.pdf (other speakers). John Deller Media Adviser Office of Dr Andrew Southcott MP Chair, Joint Standing Committee on Treaties Federal Member for Boothby

Just why Andrew would be unwilling to speak to student media regarding the issue of the VSU Bill 2005, for which he will be voting and which his party introduced, is unclear, particularly if his interview would be transcribed and printed without alteration. Is it because I'm likely to disagree with his views? Being an elected representative doesn't give anyone the right to pursue her or his own ideological agenda for three years until the following election; it gives that representative the opportunity to *represent* her or his constituents for the next three years. This means discussing issues with particular stakeholders – even those who disagree with him.

By not involving students (apart from those who are already members of the Liberal Party) in discussions relating to this Bill, it remains highly likely that the Bill is based on policy that is ideological and divisive, rather than based on proper consultation and collaboration.

At the Forum, Andrew outlined his basic arguments. It was clear he didn't like student unions. His idea was that, once the fees were voluntary, student unions would be forced to "cut the fat" and retain only those services that students wanted, or were willing to pay for. Further to this, Andrew extolled the benefits of self-promotion and recommended that student unions begin to market themselves effectively to the student body.

A lot of the supporting arguments he made were also made in his Second Reading Speech on 12 May 2005 to the lower house (at *Hansard*, page 36). Before I tackle them one-by-one, I'll take the time to respond directly to Andrew's "plan" for student organisations, outlined in the above paragraph.

Recent market research, carried out jointly by the University and the AUU, apparently² suggests that while many of the services (like Education & Welfare Officers, Legal, Computer Suite, Women's Room, lunchtime entertainment, Clubs, Sports, etc) were valued by the majority of students, they would be unwilling to pay a non-compulsory fee for them. Added to this is the problem of first year students, who, even if the majority of second- and third-year students *were* willing to pay



a services fee, could be reasonably expected to weigh up those services during their first year rather than electing to pay up-front for something they don't know anything about. Further, I'm not sure where Andrew thinks his mythical marketing budget would come from, but presumably even he would have a problem with it being taken from students' voluntary fees. Those fees would have been paid for *services*, not for marketing to entice non-members to join.

And even if students *would* all be willing to pay for services that they might use and enjoy (but are not currently willing to pay for), this creates a definite problem for those who might be members of a minority group. Unleashing the 'powerful market forces' on the student services sector (as Andrew described it in his Second Reading speech) might engender more efficiency (maybe), but it would certainly spell the end for minority representation on campus. (In this regard, the services sector is comparable to the publishing industry, which is now dominated by marketers who, unless they deem a book able to be sold in stores immediately and at a large quantity, it will not even be published – meaning readers who might not like what everyone else likes will be denied the *choice* to read what *they* want.)

In both his Second Reading speech and the Wednesday Forum, Andrew brought up the problem of an increased number of part-time, mature age and external students on Australian campuses, who are being required to pay fees when they have little or no prospect of ever being *able* to access the services. This is a valid point, but many student organisations have opt-out clauses if students can demonstrate these conditions – and it completely confuses the issue. This is *not* an argument against compulsory fees for the majority of students, who are still full-time (or nearly full-time) and post-secondary.

Andrew's main criticism of 'compulsory unionism', apart from his ideological opposition to the 'compulsory' part, relates to the 'unionism' bit. He doesn't like the fact that student organisations, as elected representatives on campuses around Australia, do not support his government, and indeed actively oppose it. In his Second Reading speech, he spends a lot of time detailing the amounts of money spent by the National Union of Students (NUS) and the Students' Association of Flinders University (SAFU) on the 2004 federal election campaign to preference the Coalition last on ballot papers. He accuses the NUS of swinging the result in Hindmarsh away from the Liberals' Simon Birmingham and towards the ALP's Steve Georganis (completely ignoring the obvious gerrymander that resulted in the electoral boundary, which used to border Grange Road, snake around the West Lakes Shores).

But perhaps he's right. Perhaps student organisations shouldn't be spending students' funds in this way. Student unions argue that such is their *duty*, given the way the Liberal Party has regressively disenfranchised and discriminated against students during its nine years in office (for example, it has increased HECS fees, and then increased the number of full-fee-paying places; it withdrew the textbook subsidy scheme which was originally part of the deal struck with the Democrats for getting the GST Bill through; it closed the electoral rolls on the day the 2004 election was announced, meaning that those who had not, at that point, updated their enrolment had no opportunity to do so and thus were denied voting privileges). But perhaps student representatives *should* have consulted more with their constituents before embarking on such a campaign. Again, though, this is not an

argument against compulsory services fees. It's an argument relating to what should be *done* with those fees once they've been collected.

Andrew believes student unions have been 'captured' by the Australian Labor Party (ALP). I'm not a member of the ALP, although I'll admit that ALP members have a fair bit of weight on organisations at the University of Adelaide. But again, this is no argument against compulsory payment of fees. He is merely disagreeing with who is being elected by the student body. Yes, there are legitimacy problems with the current structure, as there are with every democratically elected representative body. But this is an argument regarding *structure*, not one about the compulsory nature of services fees. And if I ever suspected that the ALP was directly influencing the way in which student representatives introduce motions or cast their votes on Union Board or SAUA Council at this university, I would be the first one kicking up a major stink.

Along with his Liberal Party colleagues, Andrew appears fond of the argument that 'university unions are not a fourth level of government'. This argument is the main one made in response to student union claims that university is a community, to be part of which students should be required to pay a small charge, like a tax, for the provision of universal services. Unions argue that, as we don't get to choose how our tax dollars are spent (beyond lobbying and voting every three years), students should not be able to choose how *their* fees are spent. Andrew's response is a Constitutional argument: the Constitution establishes three tiers of government which are authorised to extract taxes, and university unions are obviously not given this right. Here, though, Andrew ignores the fact that none of us who have reached the age of suffrage after 1901 had any *choice* in this system imposed upon us. He also ignores that immigrants may be thought to 'contract' with the Australian state to be bound by its Constitution – an argument applicable to those who want to study at universities around Australia. Andrew's simplistic response ignores the principles being raised in the 'services fee as

taxation' argument.

Further, Andrew argues that 'freedom of association' is a fundamental human right, and this may be so – but it doesn't explain how employees are effectively forced to become members of superannuation funds. The government would argue that recent changes to super legislation enables Australian employees to *choose* between funds, but this doesn't address the fact that those employees are not really given a *choice not* to become a member of a fund. It could be argued that such a 'choice' would be silly, and would create a free rider problem itself upon that individual's retirement; but the same could be applied to university unions. Non-profitable services, like EWO's, free legal services, etc, may not be able to be provided at all without a guaranteed fee structure. Any argument that puts these services in jeopardy would be one laced with folly; students may only need to access them once or twice throughout their entire degree, and, until then, aren't likely to pay much attention to whether or not they exist. And I could get into how the

Liberal Party is misrepresenting the apparent increase in 'choice' regarding super funds, but that's a debate for another day.

As I wrote above, I think students would appreciate the opportunity to engage on the issue of VSU with a local elected representative. It appears that such a luxury in a democracy such as ours isn't possible. But if I were an elected representative, and I saw in the mirror a person who was unwilling to discuss issues upon which I have a vote, and which will directly affect a group of identifiable stakeholders, I would be asking myself whether my own ambitions within my Party have begun to overtake my moral and Constitutional duties to my constituents.

Russel Marks

(Footnotes)

¹ http://parlinfoweb.aph.gov.au/piweb/view_document.aspx?id=2415853&table=HANSARDR

² I haven't yet seen the final report of this research. This observation is one made by the General Manager of the AUU.

"Being an elected representative doesn't give anyone the right to pursue her or his own ideological agenda for three years until the following election."

"I have never felt so fucking happy in my entire life!"

Capitalist Joy™

Only Capitalist Joy™ can give you a smile like this!

*To get your very own Capitalist Joy™ simply send your credit card details, compliance and critical faculties to:
Mamon Ltd, City District, London, U.K. 39761*

*Now also available Christian Glow™
- You'll never doubt your life again!*



Open all hours...

24/7 computing

24 Hour Computer Resource Centre



Enter here...
for all your computer
resource
needs



Adelaide University Union. Use Us. www.union.adelaide.edu.au

News in Brief

The whole truth; in bite sized pieces



Luis Posada Carriles, accused of blowing up a Cuban airliner in 1976, has been arrested in Miami. "Legendary" among the right-wing Cuban exiles living in Florida, Posada has previously served in the CIA. After the aeroplane bombing he was gaoled in Venezuela for nine years without conviction before escaping to the US through Mexico. He had sought asylum although he may now retract his bid in light of his arrest. Venezuela, a strong ally of Cuba, has demanded the US extradite him to face charges. Posada was convicted of plotting to kill Castro in Panama in 2000.

George W Bush's visit to the ex-Soviet republic of Georgia could have ended in disaster recently. A grenade, initially thought to be inactive and harmless, was discovered in the crowd during the president's address. An FBI agent, contradicting initial reports from Georgia's security chief, has claimed the grenade was in fact armed and could have injured many, including the President.

John Fletcher, CEO of Coles Myer, hinted recently that they are thinking of selling off their struggling Myer business. Only 10 of the 61 stores are rumoured to be profitable. *Crikey* reported that a Franklins-style break-up could be on the cards.

Los Angeles has elected its first Hispanic mayor since 1872. Antonio Villaraigosa, the son of a Mexican migrant, dropped out of his East-Side high school before paying his way through law school and becoming the speaker of the state assembly. He beat Mr. Hahn, a fellow democrat, 58.5% to 41.5%.

Incredibly, the Uzbek government has denied killing *any* civilian in the recent uprisings despite gruesome first-hand accounts of what many are calling "Bloody Friday". *The Belfast Telegraph* reported its interview of an Uzbekistani in which he describes the chaos. "At around 5pm on Baina Minal Street, a small street off [the main square] Prospekt Julpan, and a middle-aged man, who had apparently been shot in the leg, had hidden behind a clay oven where he was followed by a soldier. The soldier asked the injured man to stand up, which he did, and he shot him in the forehead." President Islam Karimov has described the uprising as the act of Islamic terrorists. The government, which gives territory and airspace to US military bases, is on good terms with the Bush administration.

The Palestine Monitor reports that 3,334 Palestinians were killed between September 28, 2000 and September 25, 2004. Almost 60% of these were killed by live ammunition and 21% died of injuries to the head and neck. 86 people died because they could not reach medical attention.

And, finally, according to *costofwar.com*, the Iraq war has cost American taxpayers more than US\$172 billion so far.

Alex Solomon-Bridge

SAUA Roundup - VSU and the Budget in 2006

Through the technicolour fog of rhetoric clouding the VSU issue it's been extremely difficult to make a clear prediction about just what effect it's implementation will have. The University has been plastered with stickers telling us that all kinds of services "may not exist under VSU". From 24-hour computer labs, to the Mayo, to rubbish bins, wheelchair ramps, signposts, condom vending machines and *On Dit*, it seems like everything other than our right to breathe has been under threat from VSU at some point. With the spectre of VSU in 2006 getting ever closer all University departments are being forced to assess their financial positions or face redundancy come this time next year.

Under the current system of compulsory student unionism the Adelaide University Union (AUU) receives fees from every student which it then dishes out, in the way it best sees fit, to the hungry mouths of its various affiliates, including the Sports and Clubs Association, PGSA, OSA and the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide (SAUA). Although it's impossible to predict with any exact certainty, it's forecast that the AUU's budget for next year, and consequently that of all of its affiliates, will be slashed to 30% of what it is currently.

Faced with this reality the SAUA has been forced to make huge cuts for next year's budget.

This year the running of the SAUA is costing students more than half a million dollars. This money goes to funding events like Orientation and Prosh, services like Student Radio and *On Dit* and to finance the political campaigns of the SAUA. Staggeringly just under half of the total budget, almost a quarter of a million dollars, is allocated for the payment of SAUA Office Bearers, including the SAUA President, the Education Vice President, Women's Vice President, Sexuality Officers, Student Radio Directors and *On Dit* Editors.

One of the most common reason "average students" give for wanting VSU is that they see their money as being wasted by SAUA student politicians on pointless campaigns, unimportant causes and junkets, and often they're not far wrong. In the budget draft composed last Wednesday the SAUA has elected to completely eliminate money granted for running campaigns and for attending the multitude of student conferences - something that many students have been calling for a long time. This year \$10,000 has been allocated for SAUA Office Bearers to attend various conferences, including NUS which is notorious for being little more than a factional chess game.

The salaries of all Office Bearers bar the President, *On Dit* Editors (who's pay will be more than halved) and one other Office Bearer, yet to be decided, have been eliminated. It'll mean a saving to students of over \$50,000 but also a decrease Office Bearer accountability, and a place strains on their time reducing their

capacity to perform in their jobs.

Budgets for campaigns, such as environment week and anti-sexual violence week seen this year, have been completely removed. All money required for these campaigns will have to be found through other fund raising means. *On Dit* will also take large cuts and have to be fund printing completely through advertising.

The worrying aspect of these cuts, which are entirely unavoidable, is in that they create a huge cash flow problem for the individual departments. A successful campaign, such as this year's Orientation or *The Vagina Monologues* (which both raised awareness and \$1,500), will find it significantly more difficult to garner the cash required to start up.

This year *On Dit* aims to make up around 75% of its budget on advertising, with allowances made by the SAUA for any possible shortfall. Without this safety net in coming years we could hypothetically reach a situation where, if advertising isn't contributed, *On Dit* may only release a couple of editions in an entire year.

Of all the cuts perhaps the most brutal is the complete elimination of Student Radio. Costing \$30,000 dollars this year Student Radio could reasonably reduce its cost to \$20,000 dollars in 2006, which is still too much for the SAUA to carry.

So for all the banner waving, slogan chanting, and sticker pasting, what is the "average student" going to miss, in 2006? Well, perhaps it's helpful to see how 2005 would have been different for the "average student" if we'd received VSU a year early? Perhaps they'd have noticed the absence of Student Radio, Prosh and *The Vagina Monologues* and Perhaps they'd have picked up on the decreased of frequency of *On Dit*, but aside from that, it's hard to see how the life of the "average students" wouldn't have been significantly different.

It's true that a lot of the SAUA's function is invisible to common students. A large part of the SAUA's function is to prevent disruption to effective systems currently in place, or to lobby others with the power to make real change to take that action, but these tasks can be taken up, to some extent, by interest groups and volunteers with the motivation to do so.

At the VSU forum two weeks ago Adelaide University Liberal Club President Tom Dawkins claimed that "Students don't need the Union, the Union needs students and not the other way around" and this seems somewhat true. Ultimately, to be in anyway legitimate, the SAUA does need to provide a service that students want to consume, even if it's just in the form of support.

Whether it's SAUA idleness, under promotion or student apathy it seems as though most students wouldn't mind losing these few services and events for a few dollars more each year. Unless the SAUA can find some way of changing their minds they seem destined for for a dismal future.

Danny Wills

Free love

India. A subcontinent with cultures and civilisations from 5000 years ago. A land of 1 billion people. That's a lot of sex.

India is a land of contradictions. That can philosophically be explained by the existence of Yin and Yang or the Indian equivalent of Shiva, the passive male aspect and Shakti, the active female aspect. Hegel, the philosopher, put things into perspective for the Germans by stating that any economic system will have two inherent contradictions in it. These two contradictions will be in conflict with each other and will eventually give rise to a new system which will have elements of the original as well as new.

India is the land of the Kamasutra, and the Khajuraho temples. The latter are temples devoted to sex, and have statues illustrating the various sexual positions. The Kamasutra is not just a dirty book with lots of acrobatic positions. It is actually a very scientific text, with the positions forming only one chapter. If you notice the positions carefully, they are all designed to stimulate the G-spot. It was the text which introduced the concept of blowjobs, and talked about the congress of the bottom, nine types of kissing, seven types of biting, types of scratching, when, why and how to give hickies, (the person looks at the marks and remembers the lover). That's how advanced it is.

The other chapters describe the types and sizes of penis and the vagina and the problems associated with mismatching of them etc. Then there are chapters on creating the right ambience such as flower arrangements, how to seduce the opposite sex, aphrodisiacs, tips for courtesans to get their men going back home on their donkeys when their coin bags are empty etc. and much more. See, it's all timeless, the genitals haven't changed their way of thinking.

Now you want to remember that this treatise was written around 2000 years ago. So how did India and its creative Hindus get from G-spots and blowjobs to a society whose penal code criminalises sodomy? Two cultures, the Islamic and the Victorian ones.

How is all this relevant? First a bit of history lesson and then we will get straight to the point.

Prior to the Islamic invasions and the British occupation, Indian were firm believers of free love, and wearing scarce little. The Islamic invaders with their new found zeal, and the gold in the Indian temples, systematically eliminated the northern Indian Hindu culture. They didn't even spare the texts. What you would have is Islamic invaders coming to a temple, the priests telling them, "You can have all the gold, but just leave the library alone." What would our gallant invaders from the Middle East do? Behead all the priests, take the gold, burn down the library, break down the temple, and use the same stones to construct mosques.

Any conquered race has its culture wiped out or obliterated by the conqueror. It has its psyche altered. The Hindus were slightly different because of the tremendous absorptive powers of their philosophy. So what you now had was all the major temples of North India being systematically destroyed, the Islamic religion forcibly enforced on them, and you also had the dress code changing. So you had scarce little being replaced by the *Kurta-Pyjama*, the *Salwar Kameez*, the *Burqa* (the black veil women wear from head to toe). It's style, and Hindus adopted it. That is why even today, most of the

tailors in India are Muslim. In North India, the people went from embracing partial nudity to being almost covered head to toe. Obviously the latter tends to have a slight calming on the libido.

Next came the British and Christianity. With Christianity came, 'Thou shall not commit adultery' and 'Lust is a sin'. And people readily converted. Why not? Why would a race of people which is considered untouchable in one religion not convert to egalitarian religions like Christianity and Islam where everyone is equal?

Christianity came to India during the Victorian times. And we all know how sexually liberated they were. Sir Richard Burton came along, got hold of a few priests, got the Kamasutra translated and his eyes popped out. G spot? Blowjobs? Bum sex? Oh these dirty backward Indians! So he sanitised it. And published it, thereby giving the Kamasutra the dirty image. Thanks. Wonder how many times you bathed?

Prior to Islamic and British occupation, Indian people weren't fussing themselves with sexual issues, but over 800 years of occupation and a constant preaching that bonking is bad caused the suppression of the basic instinct. Mind fuck but no fucking. It caused a conversion of the psyche of sex. That's why old time thinkers will say "Sex is not in our culture."

Remember what I said about Hegelian philosophy? To understand the universe called India, you need to look at both sides of many coins. North India, South India. Small town India, Metropolitan India. Young India, Old India. Feudal India, Globalised India.

We can say that the sexual revolution truly started in India with the advent of cable television in the early 1990s. Around this time in India, socialism was giving way to capitalism and globalisation. The immediate effect of that was a lot of people who had never travelled abroad suddenly got themselves an American accent. The latent effect was that the hoi polloi had a new concept of cool. Cool was defined by drugs, sex and consumerism. (Marijuana is 50 cents a bag, hashish is \$30 for an ounce back home. Sorry, I only take orders for pearls). It had new things to aspire to, new brand names to flash, new ways to act cool, new ways to get stoned. And there were people providing these things.

How did the things change with people on the streets, and the media? They both fuelled each other. People started holding hands, eventually started kissing in public, homosexuality started coming out of closet. Imaginelllll Kissing!!! In the land of the Kamasutra!!!

The media, in terms of cinema, print and electronics etc, got the models to



drop more clothes, pose more provocatively, actors eventually started kissing in Bollywood movies and eventually porn started being filmed. Kissing was a thing that no Indian had seen on the movie screen for a good 70 years. It is happening now.

Remember I said that the contradictions are in conflict? The right wing Hindu fundamentalist parties created hell when these things started happening, while the younger generation didn't give a damn. Bonking is our birthright became an unsaid motto, but only in the metros. In small town India, things were still the same but fast changing. Things started coming out of the closed doors, albeit a bit hesitantly. Here there, look, lovebirds everywhere. An old man's frown turned to politely looking away.

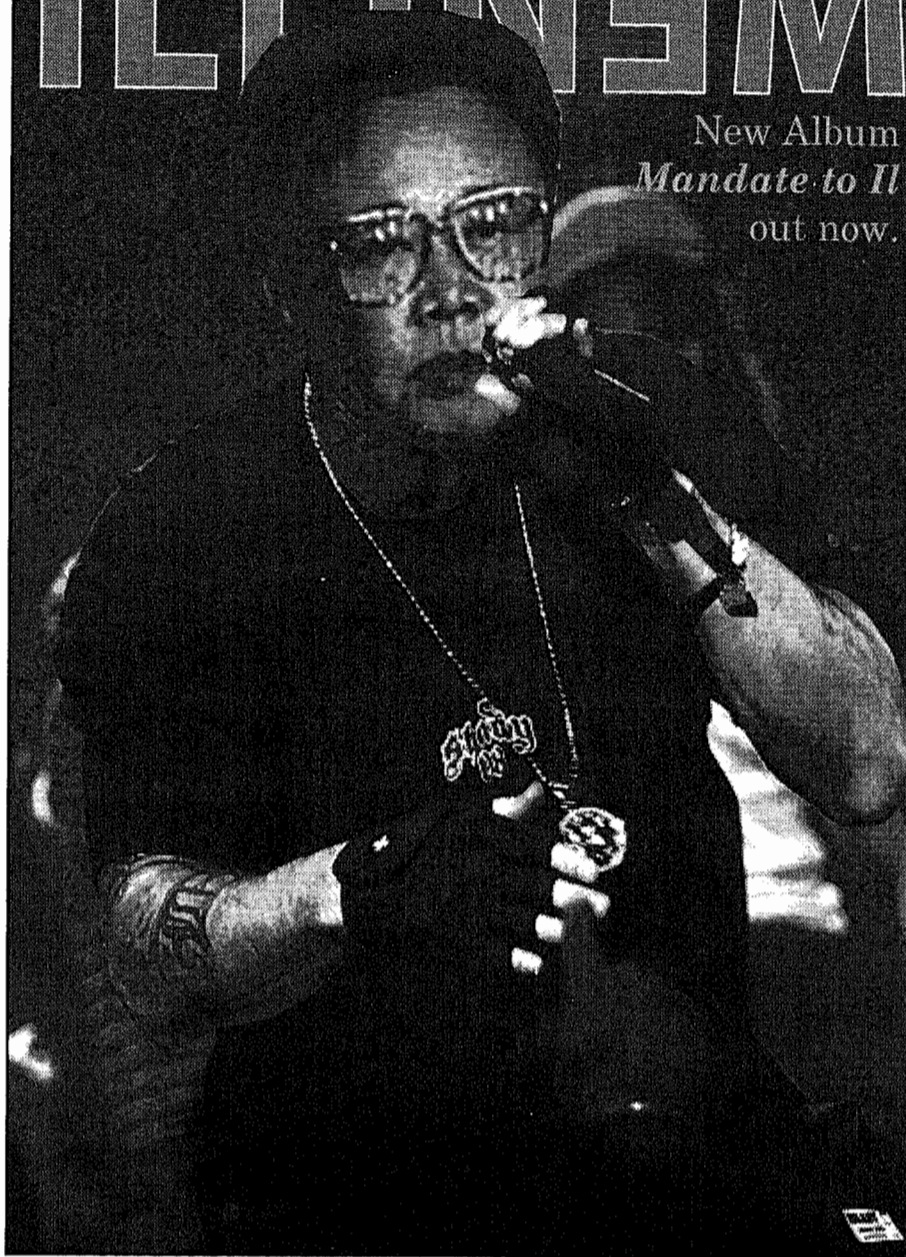
Another slight observation and we are nearly done. Earlier on, in order to lay an Indian woman, odds were 99-1 you would have to marry her. Now, depending, on her education background and more importantly, her family's education background, the odds are 10-90 in the metros, and 70-30 in the small town India.

A final note on marriages: educated modern globalized Indians will tell their children that they can marry anyone, and they wouldn't give or take dowry. Uneducated feudal Indians will rarely pay \$100 for annual tuitions fees in a post graduate course for their girl child, but will spend more than \$20,000 on her marriage and give the same amount and more for her dowry.

So what you have now is that after around 800 years of repression and sex behind closed doors, you finally have people coming out of the closet. Now you know why desire is writ large upon the subcontinental countenance. Because the sexual revolution is incomplete.

ILILINEM

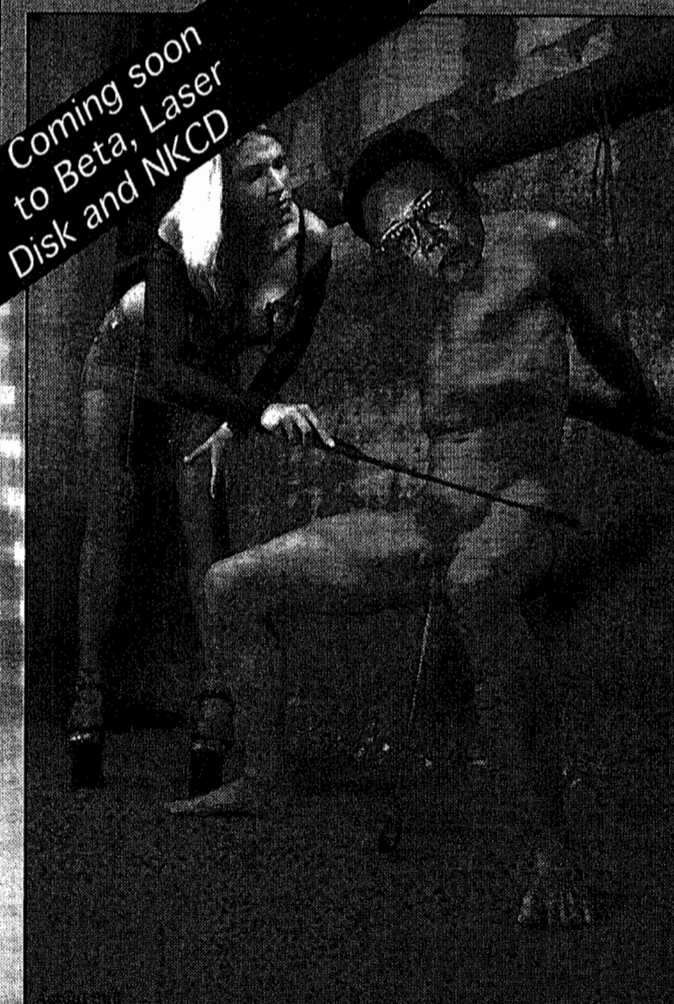
New Album
Mandate to Il
out now.



NOW SHOWING AT THE
NORTH KOREAN MINISTRY OF TRUTH

KIM KONG IL

THE CRAZIEST GIANT
GORILLA-CUM-DESPOT
ON THE SILVER SCREEN!



Coming soon
to Beta, Laser
Disk and NKCD

KIM'S on the

XXX
High Level Propaganda

PIL

FINALLY
your favourite
North Korean
DICKtator
in his
HARDEST
role ever!



PRE-ORDER YOUR
ADVANCED COPY
FOR A FREE 500g
CAN OF DELICIOUS
GOAT SMEGMA!

Mmmm...
them's
good goat
smegma.



STARRING
Kim Schlong III ★ **Kim Dong Thrill** ★ **Kim Long III** and **Kim Anal Sex**

Ward Churchill: How the Communist Invasion

The recent controversy over the writings and orations of Ward Churchill, activist, faux American Indian and tenured professor of ethnic studies at the University of Colorado-Boulder, has raised the issue of academic misconduct, with respect to political free speech in a teaching environment.

Churchill is physically and mentally, trapped in a period of sexual revolution and copious marijuana consumption, a hedonistic time when dreaming of a communist utopia was, if not acceptable, common on state university campuses. Now a withered and pasty man in his middle age, he sports dishevelled hair and a crumpled sports jacket. Meek as he might appear, Churchill's poisonous post-modernism approach to apparently scholarly comment is frightening.

The most recent controversy has arisen from his assertion that the victims of the World Trade Centre attacks on September 11, 2001, got what they had coming to them:

"If there was a better, more effective, or in fact any other way of visiting some penalty befitting their participation upon the little Eichmans inhabiting the sterile sanctuary of the twin towers, I'd really be interested in hearing about it."

Prof. Churchill later attempted to clarify his statement by saying:

"I have never characterized all the September 11 victims as 'Nazis.' What I said was that the 'technocrats of empire' working in the World Trade Center were the equivalent of 'little Eichmans.' Adolf Eichman was not charged with direct killing but with ensuring the smooth running of the infrastructure that enabled the Nazi genocide. Similarly, German industrialists were legitimately targeted by the Allies."

What is really interesting is the Israeli government's efforts to track down Adolf Eichman in South America, kidnap him, and place him on trial in front of the people he killed; the Jewish people. Eichman was found guilty of war crimes and hanged. Albert Speer, the Nazi Armaments Minister, whom also controlled construction and labour during WWII, was sentenced to twenty years in prison for the same crime Churchill charges Eichman with.

To the rational person, it would seem that Eichman was in fact a war criminal, despite the pleadings of Prof. Churchill. Churchill's clarification makes the most sense, although, if one accepts the premises that he uses to underscore his argument: 1) the U.S. government is actively and intentionally engaged in genocide of the blacks, contrary to their own claims, while attempting to defend individual freedom rather than advance a totalitarian (and radically fundamentalist) regime; 2) the ideological agenda of the blacks represents the true aspirations of the people on whose behalf they claim to act.

Each of the three premises is, with more or less gravity, completely false. The underlying problem here is that the academics, whom have spent years searching for the answer to why communism did not work, and how they can indoctrinate the youth with arguments against its misgivings, are being entrusted to educate civilization's young intellectuals.

If we take as axiomatic the principle that tertiary education exists to pursue and



disseminate the truth, it is reasonable to assume that no accredited mathematics department would employ a teacher who denied that the base angles of an isosceles triangle are equal. It is the hard sciences that are bound to truth not just by logic and empirical evidence, but through a desire to cohere to a frame-work or theory that is already known. A Physics faculty will seek to push the envelope and further our understanding of the universe. Once upon a time, the humanities faculties, after spreading outwards from Oxford and Cambridge were the centres of enlightened reason. The old analytical technique which can be picked up cautiously from the edges of Arts subjects injected by post-modern opinion merchants (masquerading as lecturers) still remain powerful tools. Rationalism, itself a product of the enlightenment, was effectively brewed in the Arts faculties.

The task is not to take what is known, criticise it in numerous theses published in the Communist Party's *The Guardian*, and end up with another worthless PhD, and no progression toward the betterment of society and humanity as a whole.

No history department, in the present academic climate, would ever consider the employment of an academic who denied the existence of the Holocaust. It would simply not be politically expedient to accept the challenge of questioning his beliefs, which they otherwise would do out of a post-modern inability to realise that there is a difference between fact and fiction, between rationalism and madness. Academic boards dwell in a cavernous vacuum of thought, where judgements on the benefits of anything to society are impossible since knowledge is simply a social construct. In this distorted academic world, reality and truth do not exist. They believe that reality is a construct of linguistics and exists independently of thought. Reality is what is said, and not what is thought. It is a lucid dream, and is created through the liquidity of social consensus. If there is no reality, there is not reality check or redress of fact. There is simply Ward Churchill and his opinion.

There is no test for truth, there exists no Holocaust, but there exists Holocaust denial. And there exists the denial of the World Trade Centre Attacks for what they are: attacks on liberal reason by fundamental vandals.

This abstract view of reality is diametrically opposed to scholarly methodology, which is

based on empirical (ie measured, tested, proved) research. Post-modernist thought is creeping into the heart of Social Sciences. The facts of history are fixed (or at least there are facts that can be exposed and verified against evidence), but it is the interpretation that changes with the wind. Post-modernist thought has taken root across the social sciences, spawning all manner of loopy, theoretical posturing in history, sociology, linguistics, political science, and even philosophy itself.

Social Science departments often employ faculty members whose theories are not just at variance with one another but are mutually exclusive. It's not unusual for two students at the same tertiary institution to enrol for the same course, with two different lecturers and discover that they are learning little in common. But the epistemological nadir of any university is found in the wacky world of ethnic and Gender Studies: Black studies, African studies, Aboriginal studies, Middle Eastern studies, Native American studies, women's studies, gay and lesbian studies, et al.

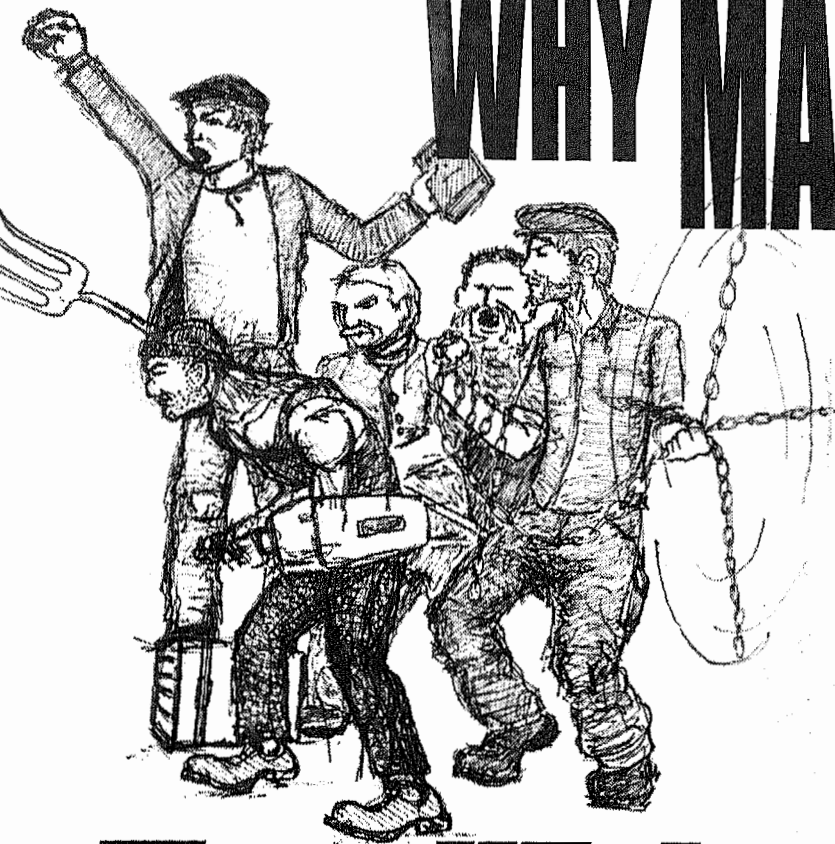
The suggestion that "studying" is involved in any of these subjects is laughable; they are quasi-religious or advocacy groups whose curricula run the spectrum of historical-wish-fulfilment to political axe grinding (the Israelis committing genocide against the Palestinians; the U.S. created syphilis to eradicate Black America) to gynocentric self-help (reasoning from verifiable data is a tool of male domination, to which the experiential impressions of women are a necessary antidote). No idea is too extreme - except, of course, the suggestion that the status quo might somehow be valid.

This returns us to Ward Churchill. Prof. Churchill has even managed to convince real Cherokee Indians to make him an honorary tribal member, so as to exorcise his liberal, white American guilt, for acts done during the times of George Custer.

Whilst Professor Churchill lives in America there are striking similarities to those a little closer to home. Try making rational and judgemental arguments in any Adelaide Uni course in which post-modernism has taken hold and your marks will fall. Spout the ossified orthodoxy of post-modern cliché, and you can collect your distinction paper now. Can it be that academic 'free speech' is soiling the credibility of Australia's tertiary institutions as well?

SJW

WHY MARXISM IS NOT DEAD AND NEVER WILL BE.



Them Win!

When the Berlin Wall came down, market ideologues everywhere could brag that they had "won" the Cold War. I was five. And ever since then, Marxists like me have been on the back foot. Today it is scandalous how Liberals can laud the free market so fearlessly even in our own bolshy, bohemian *On Dit*.

Yet, as I hope to show, it is a hollow brag. Not because Marx was right – he largely was not – but because human nature is just not as selfish as DRC, JOS, and the other unaccountable initials who run the Liberal Club think.

Now, I may be a Marxist, but I am not a Marxist ideologue. Blind faith in Marx is just as irrational as blind faith in the Catholic Church or blind faith in the invisible hand of the market. Historically they can all lead to tyranny. I am therefore fully aware that Marx made some obvious errors of economics and some laughable predictions. His 19th-century class analysis – like top hats and the monarchy – has long gone out of date.

But Marx's analytical tools are still very much in vogue. He pulled apart the assumption made universally by liberals – including our big-L ones today – that we are all free and rational individuals making free and rational choices. He showed us that our choices are influenced and limited by the social and economic conditions in which we live.

Marx's theory can explain how oppression is built into our society. How men can oppress women, bosses can oppress workers, whites can oppress blacks, and – conversely – how in different social and economic conditions they might not. To put this in more fashionable jargon: Marxism exposes the structures of economic power and ideological hegemony.

Even if you belong to the most exclusive, reactionary, elitist gentlemen's club – or, as the case may be, to the Liberal Club – you can

see evidence of this inequality for yourself. You can see for yourself that the free and rational individual imagined by Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill simply does not exist. Our choices are limited by where we are born, what jobs we have, what education we can afford, and so on.

And if you do see this, then surely you must be tempted to agree that our system is not fair. Even the most free market we can imagine would not be fair. If the playing-field itself is uneven, it is not enough to give everyone the freedom to play. Just look at the English FA Cup or monopolies like Microsoft and the De Beers diamond cartel. The rich few who own our economy prosper on the backs of the African miners, Chinese industrial workers, and the caregivers from every country who keep it running.

This is merely a brief summary of a complex argument. You can, I am sure, find a more detailed attack on capitalism on any cubicle wall in the Arts building. So I will turn now to the alternatives. If my lefty ramblings are correct, then why did liberal capitalism "win" the Cold War? Should we not have chosen socialism instead?

First, it is now widely acknowledged even by Marxists that Soviet state tyranny was just not an acceptable alternative to capitalism. To idealise it is one of the biggest mistakes of history. It is an embarrassment for most Marxist ideologues – of which, I remind you, I am not one – much like fundamentalist theocracy is for tolerant Christians.

But, secondly and more importantly, market ideologues have grossly oversimplified how our economic system works and thus why it "won". It is not made up solely of free and rational individuals, or even free and rational corporations. There are also families who share their housework and income, local communities that pull together in hard times, and governments which compete in

or regulate almost every industry. Taxation itself is a form of social intervention in the economy.

Market ideologues play all this down. They give full credit for the stability and success of our society to the economically selfish forces of the market.

Yet, with stronger analytical tools, we can do much better than that. There are other forces at work – co-operation, generosity, and solidarity – which also act on our society and our economy. Our technology is now advanced enough to look after everyone, if only we would let it. Although Marxists disagree wildly about what socialism would look like – from one enormous Womadelaide to the more typical undergraduate pot fantasies – most would agree that our society can share out economic power more equally.

It may be neither possible nor necessary to plan out such a society in advance. Probably, like every stage of human development, it has to evolve gradually. The stereotypical revolution which reverses the course of history overnight was never much more than a wet dream. I will not waste time defending it.

But there is another revolution which even the mighty Liberal Club cannot argue out of existence. It is the quiet revolution which Marx himself predicted would gestate in the womb of our economic system long before that system breaks down. It is the revolution of people who care about women's rights, or the environment, or Africa, or sexual freedom, or others anywhere who are in need. You can find them in all countries and all social classes.

Will they change the world in our lifetime? I think ordinary people do change the world – for better or worse – in every lifetime. One concerned person can fast become two, and two can become many. And, ultimately, human nature is not selfish. I have every hope that one day the architects of inequality will lose their grip on what we think and do. Maybe then, Liberal Club, you will shake in your boat shoes.

I suppose this is a form of blind faith after all. But some blind faith in human nature, I think, is justified.

Rowan Nicholson

Illustration by
Marbles Rocket Thunderbunny

RED FEAR



Did you know?

If your teaching him about sharing,
social justice and equality,

Your teaching him

COMMUNISM!

INGSOC™ BRAND PACIFIER

Calm. Obedient. Unconscious.

The balloon smelled funny, just as Mommy had said it would. But Stevie took a good, deep breath and began to count. "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . ." and before he got to seven, he was asleep.



A mother is often reluctant to buy guns for her son, but psychologists say a boy who plays cowboys and Indians learns to control his aggressive instinct.

War toys are **GOOD** for children!

**HITLER AS A LITTLE BOY WAS
EXTREMELY FOND OF KNITTING**

EPHEMERAL CINEMA

Throughout its short-lived history, cinema has become a very effective and powerful device for effecting social change. Cinema observes and comments on the world we live in, and has caused us to question the fundamental mechanics of our own society. Accordingly, many governments have relied on the film industry to push their political agendas. Russian silent films by Eisenstein and Pudovkin, whose films form some of the earliest political cinematic works, are symbols of film's power to articulate a political ideal. But as Chris Marker's film-essay *The Last Bolshevik* reminds us, Russians during the 1920s were more interested in watching Buster Keaton than sitting through an Eisenstein flick.

Ultimately, the majority of political films in the past have existed for the outer fringes, and are often not willingly consumed by the film-going mass (except of course in countries like North Korea, where all forms of media are controlled by the government). They are also created as export commodities, an effective way to inform other cultures of one's own political struggles (films like Gillo Pontecorvo's *The Battle of Algiers* and Ousmane Sembene's *Ceddo* immediately come to mind).

Ephemeral cinema represents a different approach to effecting social change. It reaches its audience through a variety of different channels. Ephemeral films represent the forms of media that in their own time were not considered art, but an intrinsic part of every day life. They are propaganda films, safety and educational films, industrial films. The term 'ephemeral' can in fact apply to any form of media that was consumed en masse by the society of the time. Historically they were shown on television, in cinemas, in schools and in workplaces. Essentially they were films with a *purpose*. Their primary function was not to entertain but to inform. They were unashamed in the political or social comment they were trying to impress upon the viewer at the time they were made. And although this was the motive with which they were initially created, with the passage of time they have become symbolic historical documents of the time they were made in. Perhaps the most iconic of ephemeral works come out of 1950s America. A time of strongly held but subtly expressed ideals, one finds the themes of racism, patriarchy, homophobia, Christian morality, and cold war fear rooted strongly in these films. Not only in the political ideals they were extolling, but on a more simple level, in the language and imagery used to convey them. We are all familiar with the send-ups of ephemeral films in *The Simpsons*. But one can find as much of a caricature of the American consciousness in real ephemeral works.

Matt Salleh
msalleh@bigpond.net.au

The best source for American Ephemeral films on the internet is without a doubt the Prelinger Archive. You can find it at www.archive.org. It is by far the best use for high-speed broadband internet I can think of.

Mister Matt's Top Ten

American Ephemeral Films

Perversion for Profit (1964)

Anti-pornography film. But actually these magazines not only display complete nudity, they do so in a perverted manner. Such as this appeal to 'the sodomists'. Such as these shots, which are typical with a pre-occupation with the female breasts, to a point which it has become a fetish. And this one, with its overtones of bestiality... and with lesbian implications.

Boys Beware (1961)

Anti-homosexual/paedophile educational film. 'By now they were using first names. Ralph said it was friendly. Jimmy hadn't enjoyed himself so much in a long time. Then during lunch Ralph showed him some pornographic pictures.'

Cooking: Terms and What They Mean (1949)

Home Economics educational film. 'If she had only looked at this before she baked that cake. But wait a minute! There's still time to bake another cake before Tim comes home to lunch. It'll be right this time, and he'll never know the difference.'

Dating: Do's and Don'ts (1949)

Frank advice for young people on dating. 'I think the important thing about a date is to have a good time. You don't need to spend a lot of money to do that. You just enjoy whatever you do, whether it's movies or parties or... anything. And you leave your boyfriend with enough money so he'll ask you again.'

As Boys Grow (1957)

Controversial early sex education film. 'Yeah, but babies and all that. That's not all you go out with girls for, is it?'
'No, you're right. Going out with girls is... fun. When you get older, you'll probably want to get married and start a family.'

Duck and Cover (1951)

Cold War civilian safety film. There was a turtle by the name of Bert, and Bert the turtle was very alert. When danger threatened him he never got hurt. He knew just what to do. He'd duck... and cover.

Destination Earth

American petroleum industrial film. The big secret is of course oil, which has brought a better life to all the people in the USA. But the key to making oil work for everybody is... competition! Fellow Martians, I thank you!

Alcohol is Dynamite (1956)

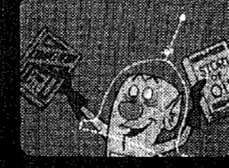
Teen alcoholism educational film. They saw something funny in the way their friend Paul was acting as soon as he joined them. According to Paul it's no fun drinking alone; he wants company. The other boys have never tasted liquor before, so they have to be dared into it.

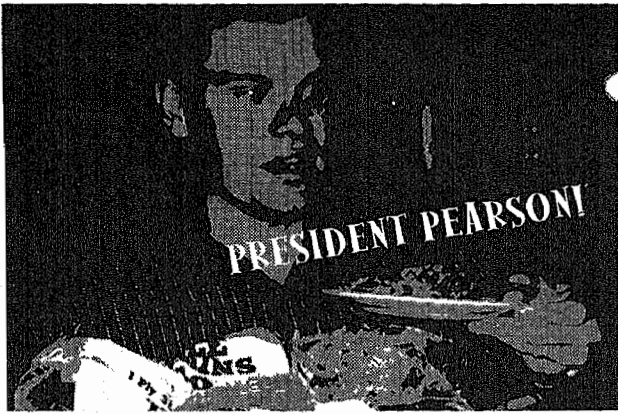
My Japan (1945)

Anti-Japanese wartime propaganda. 'We have no soft bellies crying for beef steaks and butter and candy.'

Safety: Harm Hides at Home (c1970)

Child safety film. This is Miss Karen Kingsley, youthful, gifted, attractive. A successful freelance architect, who still finds time to serve the children of her community as a volunteer crossing guard. A very special kind of woman... perhaps more special than you can imagine.





This week I'd like to agree with Danny's editorial last week. I think that increasingly universities aren't seen as a place to go and open your mind and think critically. Increasingly intellectual rights to freedom of thought and to think and challenge things without fear of influence, are at risk. We need only look at the rally being organised this Wednesday by the National Tertiary Education Union (12 o'clock on the BSL - marching to Parliament House) to see this. But in this week's column I don't want to go into the industrial relations being forced upon staff. If you want to know about that come along to the rally.

This week I wanted to agree with last weeks



VSU! Now that I've lost the vast majority of students, I'm going to speak to those who might be interested in the future of the Women's Officer's position under Voluntary Student Unionism. I disregard all snide comments that I might be doing this to save my own ass, or save my honoraria - because my position, for this year, is secure. What I believe in is the enduring worth of a student representative for women. I've seen how a good women's officer can benefit the university community and it saddens me that this position next year could be severely diminished.

The SAUA is currently planning how to keep student representation and student unions working under VSU, carving its 2006 budget into a small fraction of its current form as it anticipates that many students will choose not to pay a union fee. Under proposed SAUA

editorial, where Danny said that the VSU debate has so far this year centred around "On Dit's letters pages [which] are often filled with arguments between opponents who are unwilling to budge even slightly on their position and are unwilling to entertain, even for one clear, logical second, the views of the other side". He has a point, and as one of the most ardent critics of VSU this year, I'd like to spend the rest of my column looking at the positives of VSU.

I would argue that the best thing about VSU is the debate it has generated. So many people are talking about students representation, the EWOs and the employment services, that it's creating awareness that we could only have dreamed of this time last year. So much so that the employment service website has had so many more hits this month than it did for the same month last year.

The threat of VSU has also been good in some respects because it has forced us to look at reform. I think if VSU as an issue was the fall of the table right now, it would only have been a good thing for student representation. The Students' Association has been forced to look at some serious reform; VSU or not I think we should stop paying fat honoraria to most of our office bearers.

budgets for 2006 it seems likely that we will not have a paid women's vice president next year. Furthermore, any woman voluntarily taking this position may only have a budget of \$500 to work with.

Having WVP as an unpaid position means that the woman elected will probably need to find other means of supporting herself - working another job, or studying full time to receive Youth Allowance. This dispersion of energy compromises the position because it is difficult to put in the hours that are needed to run effective campaigns and represent students when one needs to support oneself financially through other means. Thus the effectiveness of this role could decline. In my personal experience, unpaid office bearers, even quarter time office bearers, are unable or unwilling to put in the hours needed to carry out powerful campaigns. Even with a half-time position like WVP, I still need to study full-time to receive Youth Allowance and support myself and it's difficult to balance the two roles, that of women's officer and student. This year I've run women's art days, revived the women's room, put on a breakfast for International Women's Day, written articles, written to MPs, put on a successful student drama production, drafted women's policy, spoken at student forums, attended various women's networks - there is a lot of work to do in this position, perhaps *too much* work for one who can only volunteer a few hours SAUA work here and there.

In addition, a campaign line item of \$500 will

VSU has also forced us to look at election reform. Election time I think is a painful experience for all involved - the students, the staff, and the candidates. But VSU is forcing us to make some major changes, that will hopefully see a reduction in the influence and power of factions, which unfortunately, almost certainly would not have happened if we didn't have VSU hanging over our heads.

Finally it's forcing the Students Association to go out and consult more with general students about how we can become more relevant to students and how we can communicate to students better what we do. (Something that I will be doing this Friday. If you wish to be involved contact me!)

Many of these things admittedly should have been done a long time ago, and VSU is good in that it is forcing us to look at these things, but all of this doesn't negate the fact that if it is brought in, the consequences will be devastating. So in trying to take a more open minded approach to VSU, I agree it's not a black and white issue, the reality is a shade of grey, but it's pretty bloody dark one if you ask me.

David Pearson

SAUA President

david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au

mean smaller campaigns. As women's officer, I have endeavored to spend my budget wisely and not waste any student funds - but with only \$500, the women's department could not have afforded to produce 'The Vagina Monologues' and raise \$2887 for women's organisations and charities. Under VSU, a lot of work will need to go into fundraising, and that will also diminish the amount of time and energy a voluntary office bearer has to run campaigns and represent students.

I believe that a paid women's officer is important. Under the proposed structure, the 2006 SAUA President and Education Vice President may be the only paid office bearers. This means that there is a possibility that both executive positions could be filled by men and there may consequently be an imbalance of gender and power in the SAUA. I believe it is important to empower women students, skilling them up with how to run an organisation, manage meetings, administer funds. Sadly, there is a gender imbalance in the SAUA - with 2 out of 8 general SAUA councilors for 2005 being women, and 6 out of 18 AUU board directors being women. It is important to have a paid Women's VP to show that the SAUA is committed to encouraging women leaders, skilling them up with the confidence to speak out about student issues at council. But under VSU, this leadership is in question.

Peace,

Mel Purcell

EVENTS GUIDE

The Union Activities Committee (UAC) is a service of the Adelaide University Union (AUU)
VSU is a threat to all of these events.

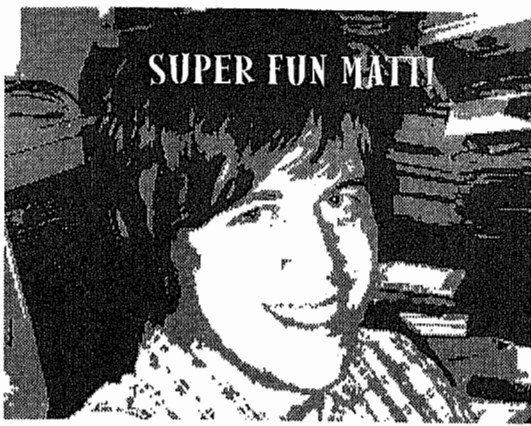
May 31 st	Bike Tuning	BS Lawns	SAUA
June 3 rd	Video Games Club meetings	Cinema	VG Club
June 9 th	Bleeding Through (USA)	UniBar	AUU
June 10 th	Thirsty Merc	UniBar	AUU
July 1 st	Cut-off date for Band Comp Entries		UAC
July 8 - 10	Chess Tournament	U House	Chess Club
July 16 - 17	AVCon: Animation & Video Game Fair	U House	Clubs
July 28 th	Waite Social Gathering	Waite	OSA

the Union Creative Arts Network
www.u-can-online.com

Band Comp

Entries are now open for the National Campus Band Competition. If you're a student in a band, here's your chance to be discovered like Jebediah or Eskimo Joe, and win awesome prizes including SONY studio time, paid gigs, plus \$8000 worth of equipment thanks to JIM BEAM. Pick an entry form up from Union Information, or online at the UCAN website and have them returned by July 1st. It's that easy to become a ROCK LEGEND!

For further info on any upcoming activities email:
activities@adelaide.edu.au



we've raised exactly for Oxfam sometime soon. We raised \$2,750 for the Save the Children foundation from the Prosh Parade alone (thanks St Marks).

For those who are interested we managed to get 820 for the world's longest tequila shot slam, just 200 short of the World record. Even though we didn't break the record it was a great day and thanks goes out to Coyote Tequila and Burp for sponsoring the event.

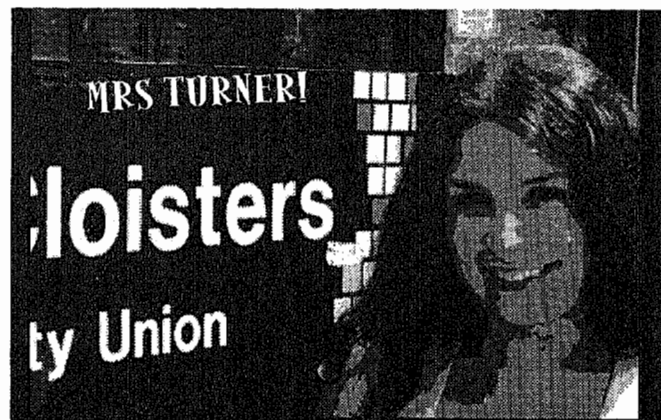
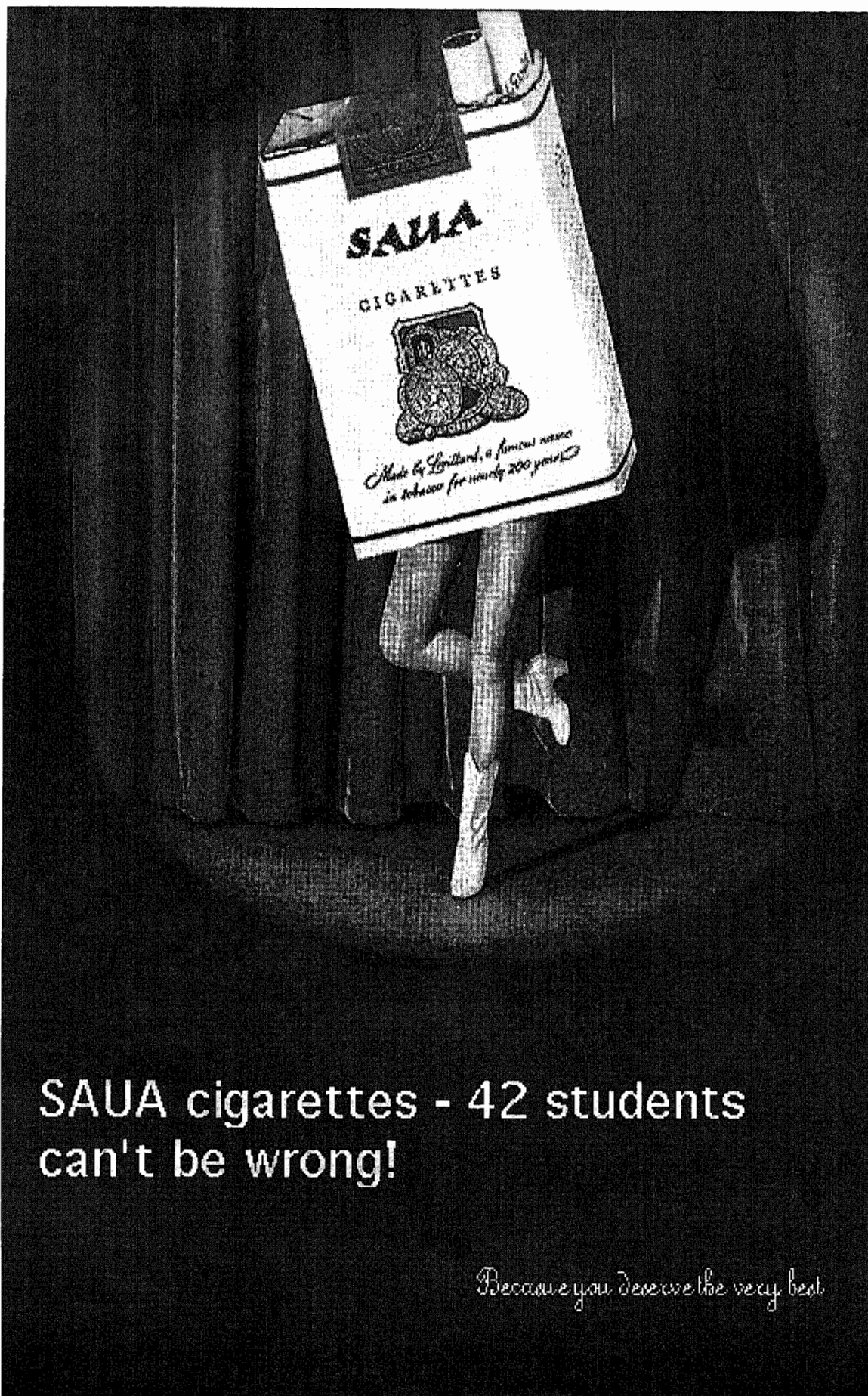
Prosh aside, make sure you come down next week Friday 3rd June to the Unibar for the end of semester celebrations. Drink specials are still to be finalized but it's guaranteed to be a debaucherous affair so don't miss out! We'll be advertising the event throughout the week.

Lastly, if you've been itching to get involved in campus culture, don't hesitate to email me at matthew.walton@adelaide.edu.au

Matthew Walton
Activities Officer

A belated thank you to all of you who helped with Prosh. Special thanks to my directors Emma, Alexis, Reece, David, Josh, Layla, Sandi and Anna. Thanks also goes out to volunteers Hannah, Sophie, Nudge, Jennifer, Rhiannon, Bill, Travis, Finn, Kate, Tara, John, Richard, Lavinia, to name just a few! If I've forgotten you I owe you a drink.

We should know how much money



Hello Students,

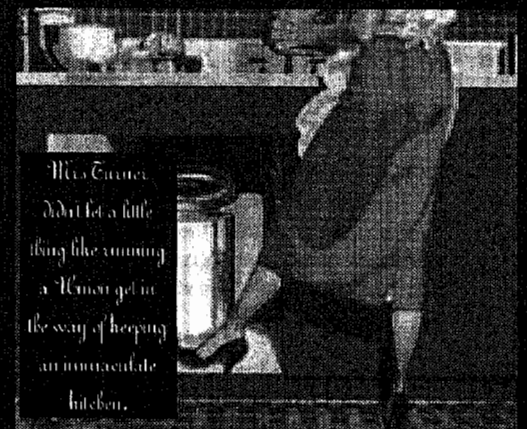
I know it has been a while since I have graced the pages of *On Dit* with the boring administrative details of my desk bound AUU running. It has been an incredibly busy time lately though what with VSU planning and a multiplicity of never-ending AUU issues.

I envy that legendary SAUA President, Dave Pearson, I really do. While he gets to fight against VSU and try to make that change to the legislation for the benefit of the students of this University - my job is to behave like I accept that it will inevitably happen and to restructure the AUU in the most economical way to ensure that when the legislation is implemented - that you - the student will still be provided with services to aid and enhance your University experience.

This brings me to the sad point of the Craft Studio and T-Shirt Shop. Union Board had to resolve to shut down this long-standing area due to how heavily it is subsidised by the student services fee and the fact that this service makes a significant financial loss that we won't be able to afford next year. I feel a mixture of sadness and a sense of a real mission this year - and we are faced with the difficult fact that although a student union is supposed to provide services even at a loss just for the principle of making that service available - VSU takes away that principle and forces us to divert energy into finding more profit from our commercial services and other potential areas - which will fluctuate in reliability just as much as the amount of statutory fees we receive after 2006. Such is the life of a 2005 Union President anywhere in the country,

Throughout my laborious last few weeks there are a few who need to be thanked. I would like to thank SAUA Councillor John Pezy for his amazing massages (that man knows the tension of my muscles like no other - he should be paid - seriously), to Lavinia for giving me faith in humanity and to Matt Walton for swaggering into my office every now and then to tell me that I suck.

Jennifer Turner
President
Adelaide University Union



INNER PARTY

Wordwrite

Dear Inner Party Member Howard,

Congratulations on your recent victory over the squalid hoard. Your survival skills pleases me. However I must stress that if there is hope, it lies with the Proles. You must crush them. Can I suggest starvation?

All,
IPM R. Mugabe

Dear Inner Party,

The first complete installation of our manifesto 1984 is almost upon us. It is important at this stage however to keep the separation of states to avoid crossover. I have enough work to do without further tedious history incineration. My telescreen projects have begun as planned and will soon be ready for dissemination under the hand of Inner Party Member Spielberg.

All,
IPM K. Jong Il

Dear Inner Party,

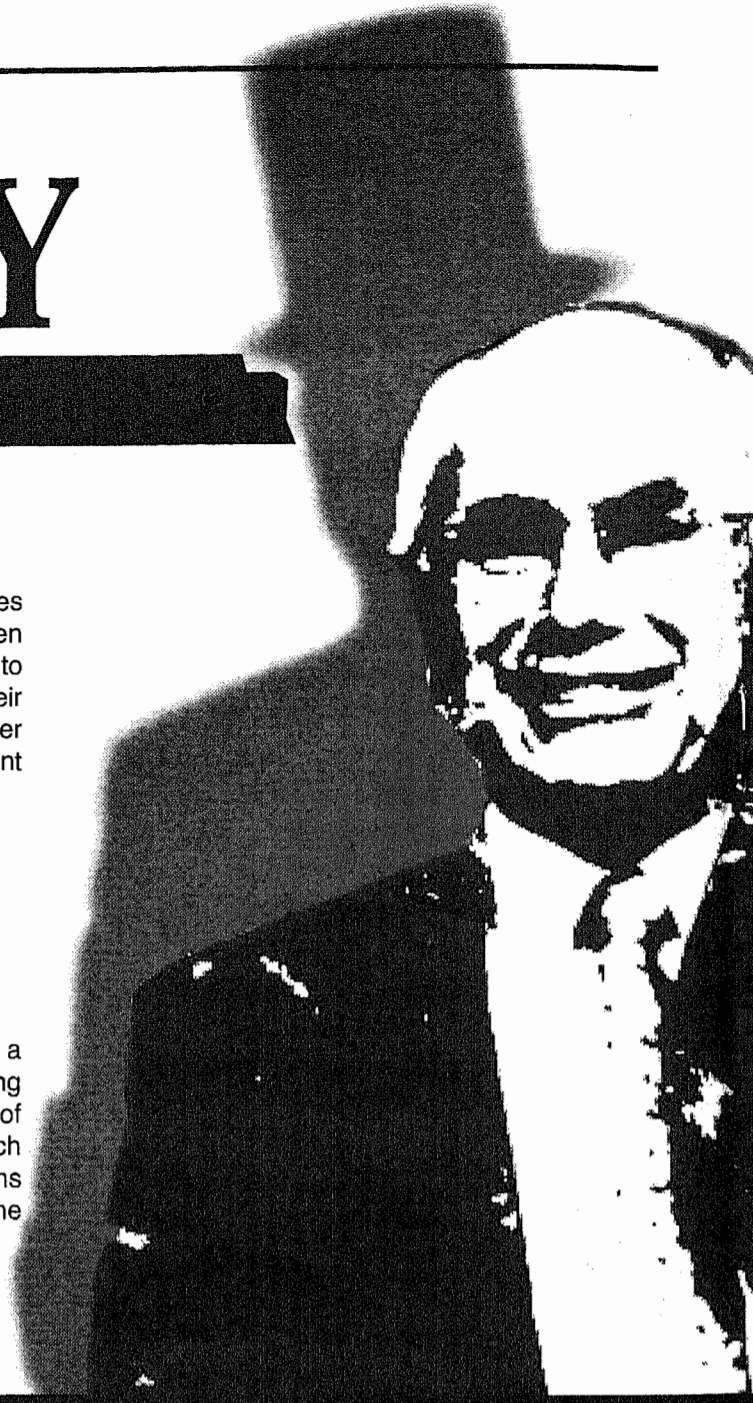
My incorporation into the mindlove of the proles is progressing good through our telescreen broadcast. Once more the hairpiece has proven to make my formidable form more palatable to their base empathies. Soon I will be ready for the power worship phase and transformation into permanent icon.

All,
IMP D. Trump

Dear Inner Party,

The socialist doctrine is still operating as a successful mindset here and I understanding acting as a useful icon and polarising tool in pockets of the intellegensia in your nations. I will soon launch a terrorism spectacle to further focus divisions between states and insurgency amongst the intelligensia classes.

All,
IPM F. Castro



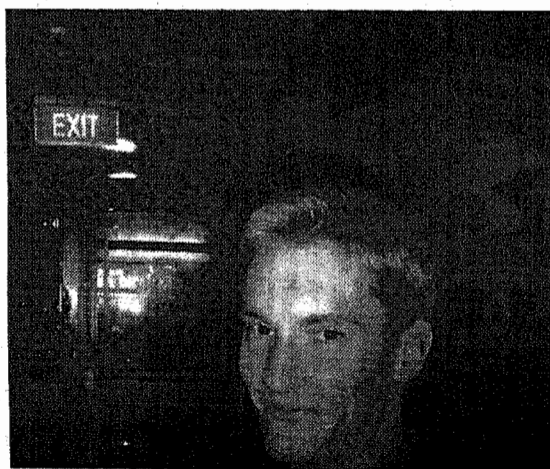
PROLE WATCH

The Inner Party Bulletin's annual printed form of our observation of the actions and thoughts of the Proletarian class.



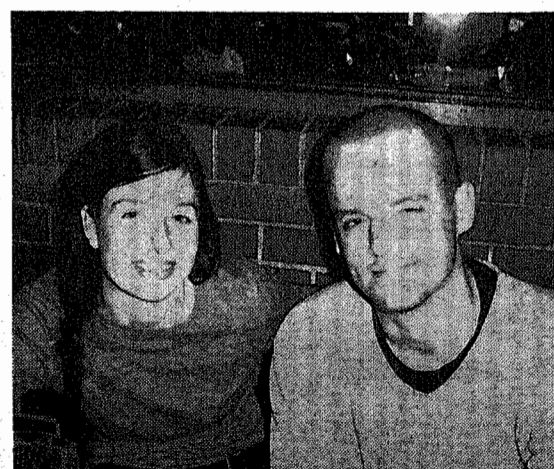
Proles 1 & 2

- a) 1: Drug Running
2: Probably unregistered lambs in the bush slaughterhouse
- b) 1: Who the hell is George Orwell? I don't understand that question.
2: I love the great leader!
- c) 1: Has to be Castro. It's got to be the cigars and his harem of fat bitches that roll cigars on their thighs
2: It has to be Saddam and his Y-Fronts



Prole 3

- a) I'm a hardcore opponent of anti terrorism.
- b) Sing praise to our grand leader!
- c) Why do the American swine try oppress the sound of happy laughter in the children here.



Proles 4 & 5

- a) 5: Flipping the bird at Downer during a protest.
4: I was involved in a pretty political pussy posse (*Vagina Monologues*).
- b) 5: He'd sign the whole house up for 're-education'.
4: We will make the Western dogs come to our heal!
- c) 5: Castro, after all these years he's still managed to stay fashiponable in the same outfit.
4: That Vietnamese guy - Yu Phat Phuck.

BULLETIN

AUSTRALIAN ISSUE

The State of Our State

Through our poles in the States and China the ideological dichotomies are still playing their part in subverting any upward class struggle from either Proles or Worker class while productive materials are still being used at the same rate as post-WWII despite the advent of more efficient machinery. It is expected that an increase in population will offset industrial efficiency avoiding any need for deliberate intervention to maintain low living standards in the majority of world regions.

The Intelligensia/Worker class seem to be using their education to snatch at the meagre material wealth that lines our trouser cuffs or are consciously buffering against painful thought with our telescreen broadcasting.

Our Terrorist activities have picked up those who have recently dropped out of ideological wars, while the new

'conservative' groups are enveloping in religion those who are not placated by sex, drugs and violence.

Kim Jong's test case will be ready to be transplanted tentatively into world regions that cannot be subdued by force alone but where compliance is nearly at hand. His telescreen talent will be used to gauge the frigidity of the worker classes to such lifestyles.

Though we are comfortable we must not be complacent, lest another class are tempted to play a part in the end of history. To survive is to consume. Knowledge is wealth.



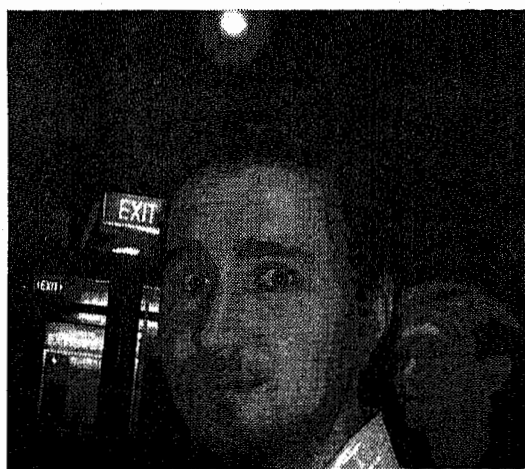
Prole activity has throughout this year, as with all other years, remained static. The below samples of Proles 1 - 12 can be taken as indicative of the broader proletarian class. As usual, preoccupation with somas (primarily alcohol), mostly vicarious sex and our programmed broadcasts keeps them from wresting themselves out of the unconscious state, most in fact make praising but appropriately vague comments about their nominated icon.

- a) If ASIO had a file on you, what could it possibly be for?
 b) If George Orwell was put in the Big Brother house, how would he come away with the million dollars?
 c) Which of the world's contemporary dictators has the most charisma?



Proles 6, 7 & 8

- a) 6: I can't divulge that information, sorry
 7: I shake with joy each time I think of pleasing our Glorious Father!
 8: Drunken endeavours
- b) 6: Who's George Orwell?
 7: Who the fuck is he? What kind of shit questions are you asking?
 8: I second that motion
- c) 6: John Howard
 7: I would have to agree. John Howard is our dictator, he is our champion. He owns everything; he owns the Senate, he owns the house of reps and I fucking hate the cunt
 8: The Father will rain fire upon every American city!



Prole 9

- a) Hmm, I'd have to incriminate myself if I answered, perhaps for writing a letter in to *On Dit*.
- b) Well he was quite good at writing about it but not so good at actually existing in such a society.
- c) That dictator in Libya who gives you tea when you visit him.



Proles 10, 11 & 12

- a) 10: Prostitution, mainly.
 11: Being fantastic, generally
 12: Paedophile
- b) 10: He wouldn't, he'd be kicked out because you're not allowed to write in the Big Brother house.
 11: George Orwell would be rolling in his grave. He would boycott it all the way, all the way.
 12: He'd be a recluse, I reckon.
- c) 10: George W. He's stoopid but you've got to love him.
 11: I think that none of them have a lot of charisma, to be honest, I think that's their attractive point
 12: I think Fidel; that cigar, that walk, he's got it all. The 1950's cars.



AXOLOTL

The Godless Sea's Most Horrible Blunder



Somewhere indeterminate between the eel and the tapir on the evolutionary road lies an oft-forgotten cul-de-sac. It's the street every kid in the neighbourhood avoids. It's the street permanently in shadow – the street where little Bobby Price swears one time his second cousin accidentally kicked a football into and, after setting out to retrieve it, was never seen again. But on this street lives neither the witch nor the wolfman. No, one furtive glance to the name on the sign on the corner will reveal the identity of its singularly disagreeable resident: AXOLOTL.

For my birthday this year, I was given a pair of these legged, shell-less snails of the deep by a (now ex-) well-wisher. I'd long campaigned against the spread of these horrible creatures into decent, civilised society, so I can only assume the gift was some sort of awful joke gone dreadfully awry (much like, I assume, Soviet Communism). Nevertheless, the idea of raising two of these obnoxious creatures had gone from a mere ether-induced nightmare to cold, harsh reality, and I found myself now having to actively *care* for them.

I know that, right now, some of you are sitting back in your easy-chairs before a roaring fire, pensively stroking your chin – perhaps pausing every few seconds to stare vacant-eyed into the middle distance – and you're thinking, *You know, I might just get me one of them purty little critters.* Well! The gumption on you! Slimy to the touch, objectionable on the nose and offensive to the eye, the axolotl (or *Mexican walking fish*) has even less going for it than its closest genetic relative, action superstar Vin Diesel. So allow me now to dispel any illusions that you may harbour concerning the raising of these miniature testaments to the absence of a benevolent god.

1. Axolotls don't do anything.

When I say this, I don't mean it like "the UN doesn't do anything!"; I mean it like "the dead Pope doesn't do anything!" The axolotl is the most boring of any living organism of

any of Earth's epochs, bar perhaps brown coral and tinea. Don't expect wild cavorting antics from your axolotl – in fact, don't expect anything other than being in a constant state of distress that your twenty dollar investment has died on you after one minute. It's best to quickly come to terms with the reality that the mood in your axolotl's tank will perpetually hover at a notch just below "baby's funeral", and move on with what remains of your (now shattered) life.

2. Axolotls are stupid

The phrase "feeding time" is one that will send a shiver down the spine of any red-blooded axolotl owner. But it's not because axolotls are fussy eaters or that they require a lot of food – it's just that they're so *god damn stupid*. They won't eat a piece of food unless it's dropped directly on top of their heads – and even then there's only a 15% chance they'll be able to summon the mental power necessary to open their mouths and gulp. Often the particularly cunning axolotl will thrust its entire body forward, gaping maw yawning open, in the precise opposite direction to where the food is falling. And even when you swallow your pride enough to dunk your hand into the filthy tank and present some food directly to the axolotl's face, every time the horrifying miscreant will ignore the offering – instead vacantly biting at your fingers for a solid hour before spreading its legs and hauntingly floating away.

3. Axolotls have horrible, Godless superpowers

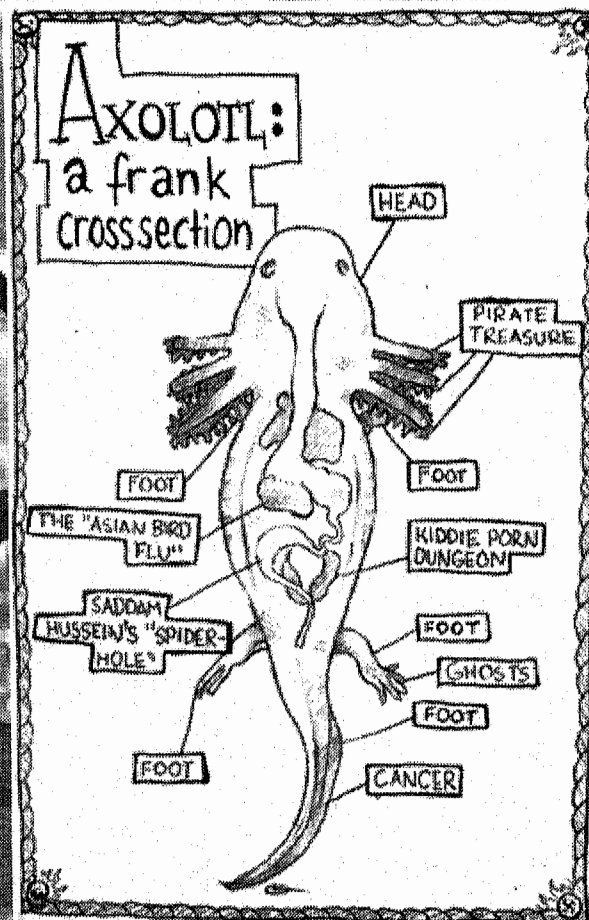
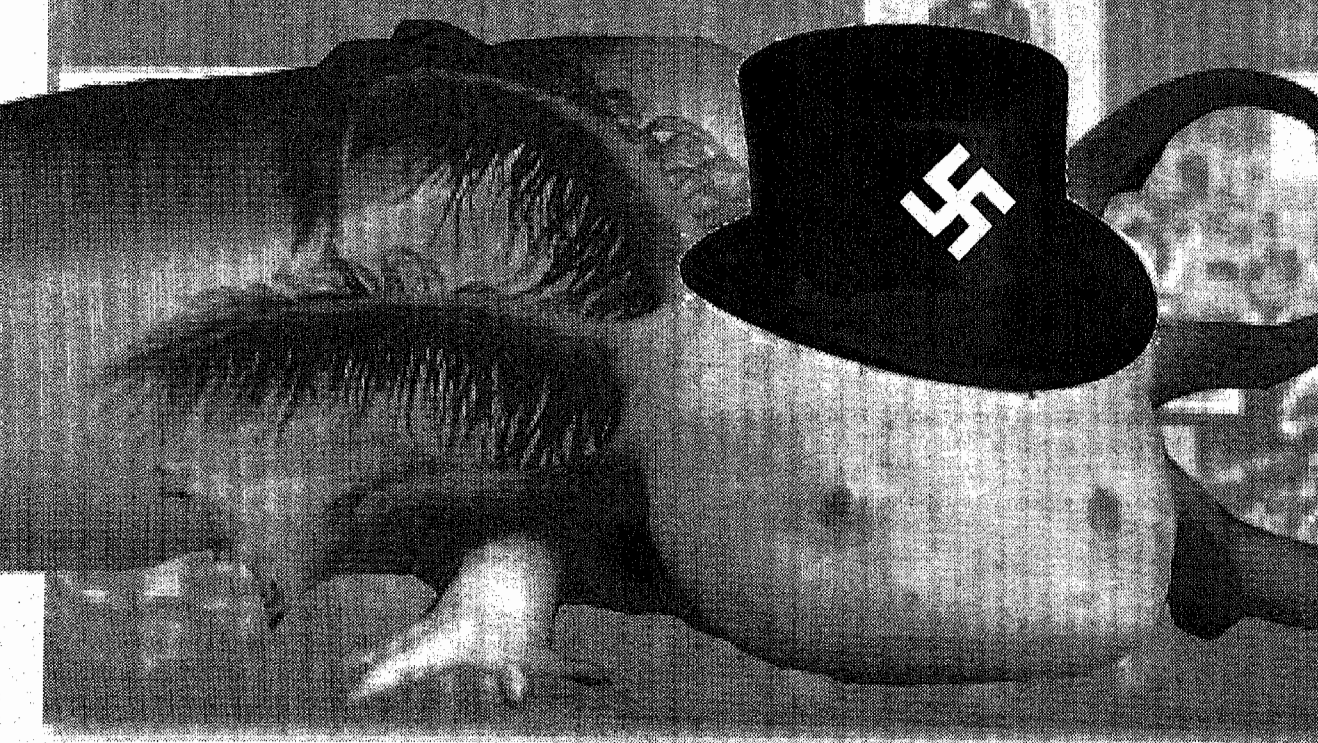
Despite not moving all that much, axolotls possess a haunting array of eerie abilities that I've had the misfortune of observing. Shortly after receiving the two axolotls, I woke up to discover one of them was missing a front leg. Not in a civil "birth defect" way, either; the other axolotl, apparently still hungry even after greedily gorging itself earlier that day, had bitten its pal's hoof clean off during the night. I'll reiterate: *axolotls eat each*

other. What happened over the subsequent months, though, is the thing that *really* mentally scarred me. The limbless axolotl's leg *grew back*. It god damn *GREW BACK*. Now, typically, these kinds of abilities are reserved for villains in horror movies, and not things that live in a container four feet from your head when you sleep. After some frantic late-night research, I discovered that you could lop off *all* the axolotl's limbs, and they'd still regenerate. To further my horror, I also discovered that the mortality rate in juvenile axolotls due to cannibalism is NINETY-SEVEN PERCENT. *Four feet from your head*, the voice in my brain whispered.

The other power of the axolotl is something right out of *Pokemon*: you can evolve these awful creatures into another form. Yes, much like Pikachu made the epic transformation to Pikablu in episode 901EF, with a slight increase in water temperature you can modify your axolotl into a salamander. Essentially, the axolotl will lose its disgusting gills, grow hard scales on its repulsive hide, and gain the ability to survive out of water – on *our* turf, the land. I realise this may sound like the testimony of a man on another ether bender, but it's entirely legit – though not entirely legal. In Australia, the axolotl is the only type of salamander that can be legally kept as a pet; a fact that makes me ponder the question that if a grotesque, highly-cannibalistic, regenerating, mighty-morphin' Lovecraftian nightmare-creature is deemed 'acceptable' by the authorities, what bone-chilling powers do the 'illegal' salamanders possess? Woe unto the man who finds out.

Woe unto he.

Owen Lindsay



Beyond this Life...

There is a crack in this pod of mine, this pod which has enclosed me for the whole of my life. This safe warmth, this protection...now ruptured...

I used to imagine this day, I would have scenarios flashing through my brain, each one wilder than the last, until, in an ecstasy of colour, light and hope, the barrier would appear and loom into my dreams, casting them aside in contempt, bringing me back to my world, to this pod in which I was trapped, and from which I was too scared to ever try to escape.

My pod was crystalline: hard, impenetrable, bound together in a strong cement of emotions, yet clear. For most it was transparent, yet for me it pervaded my every waking moment, my every sleeping dream. The world beyond was for me a blur of activity and colours, a cacophony of indistinguishable sounds, and the grains of the hourglass sprinkled over my pod, never penetrating it. I could reach out and touch the inside, rest my hand against the cool interior, leaving it splayed there. I did not have enough to break it though, so my hand would time after time slip back leaving only a slight smudge, the sole reminder that I had tried to leave a bigger mark on the world outside.

I could slip by unnoticed in my pod, wade through the bustle of the busy world without being affected by it, and the people in it wouldn't realise. I was invisible to them - my pod may be transparent, but with a cocoon of that nature, I too became unseen. I have lived apart from everything, isolated. I may breathe the same air, eat the same food, but I did not live in the same world, did not operate on the same wavelength nor share the same emotions as those outside my pod.

But, this has changed. My pod has a leak. I put out my hand to touch the world, and the world reaches out its hand in return. The smells and lights of the world dazzle me as I peek at the now clear movements and interactions I see before me...

It happened without warning, from the dark unknowns of the outside, a grain of sand pushed through my pod, and froze time.

I was sitting in a café, drinking coffee and watching the world pass in a haze. The aroma of the coffee teased me, dancing around my shell, wanting to be snatched at and savoured, flirting with my senses... but it was unsuccessful. Some days, when I was feeling daring, I would hesitantly flirt back, my senses tentatively conversing with that pungent scent. Every time, however, before committing to recognising this smell, or letting it into my pod, my nose would make its excuses and run, leaving that perfume of caffeine out in the cold, looking in with melancholy

eyes, asking me to recognise it.

I may have rejected that addictive scent, but I had my own addiction at this time. I passively watched people come to my table, and half sit before they realised that there was somebody there already, and then, coughing, looking embarrassed they would quickly find somewhere else to sit and try to mimic my perfect camouflage. I liked to count how many did this, as it gave me a certain comfort and feeling of being special, to know that I was protected from their notice, from everyone's notice. This was the one place where I felt safe to look closely at people and try to track their usually blurry presence. Here my pod acted as a two-way mirror for my observation.

Today was different. I was following the path of a man wearing a black suit and carrying a briefcase. The suit was slightly too small as I could see the wrinkles where he had buttoned the jacket, while the jacket tried to hold out and pull back to where it wanted to sit. He had bought his coffee, muffin and newspaper to my table and had started to put them down. I counted...1, 2, 3...5...his eyes darted towards me, skimming the surface of my pod, and he quickly picked up his food and shuffled to the other side of the room, squeezing between tables and people. As he moved further away, my tracking of his progress became vaguer, and by the time he sat down, was yet another blur of the outside world.

I traced my vision back to my own coffee, but it got caught on a snag on the way. I tried to reel it in, back to the familiar nearness of my immediate surroundings, but it refused to come. *With rising panic, I focus on the obstruction, and see this obstruction focussing back. Her gaze brakes through my pod, my crystal of safety, bubble of familiarity, causing it to crack and send a splinter into my soul. I gaze, mouth open as the world seeps in, overwhelming me...*

Deja vu swamped me as memories of distant dreams and hopes were bought into reality by that gaze, that recognition and dispelling of my many fears. Yet this reality differed from my dreams. When I reached out to the world now, I kept reaching. Enchanted by that stare of deep blue, that stare which screamed to me its knowledge and understanding of my pod, my crystal protector, I broke the barrier. I could not break the gaze as I felt my pod slowly dying, dissolving around me. The beating of my heart with fear and wonder of the world which I had always shied away from, pushed the tatters of pod away, away from me, exposing me to

time, nature, and emotion. I deeply breathed in the coffee, allowing myself now to be seduced by it. I became one with the action of the café, rather than merely observing it from my own sphere. And all the while I held the gaze of this girl, this one who, in all my life was the only one who had ever, really looked at me, and noticed the me beneath my synthetic pod of isolation.

I didn't want to break this gaze, ever. Never had I felt connected to another human being, and I never wanted it to end. But time existed outside of my pod, and my blue eyed liberator knew this better than I, for suddenly she smiled at me, and then looked down. I watched in awe and longing as she reached for her bag and stood up, then walked to the door of the café, and with a final, fleeting smile she strode outside into the world. I sat still, mesmerised by the brief encounter. A voice snapped me back to my newly discovered world.

"Excuse me, is anybody sitting here? Only all the other tables are taken." I looked into the face of a middle aged woman, who was smiling earnestly at me.

"Yes, no, I mean, you can sit here." I jumped up and ran towards the door, darting between the tables and crowds. I burst into the sunlight and desperately looked up and down the street, running first one way then the other, attracting curious looks from passers by. Yet my attempts were futile. Those blue eyes had freed me from my own reservations and fears yet had captured my heart... but she was gone. I spent the rest of the day searching in vain, while revelling in every aspect of this new world. The colours were dazzling and the sounds a suite of the lives of many, many people.

But in amongst the business people, school children, old ladies... I saw others. A small few who my eyes nearly skimmed over, who were hiding, walking tentatively along the streets and shying away from everything the world was trying to offer them. I saw them, in their pods, I recognised them, and I understood. I understood the blue eyed girl in the café, I understood how she had seen me, and why.

The knowledge and understanding did not reduce that splinter in my heart, that splinter that will be there forever. The futile search will always continue as a faint undercurrent in my life, as I too seek those trapped in their pods, as I try to free them, like I was freed, from beyond this life.

Emma Stewart

Pretty Macabre



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIGHS, HIPS AND EVEN BREASTS?

What's wrong with even going through puberty? These were the questions that flicked through my brain as I thumbed a few fashion publications, as today it seems magazine editors see passing through puberty as being terribly out of fashion.

Such questions are aroused by the increasing number of childlike models peering out from magazines and even artworks. Their faces fixed and unemotional like that of Picasso's whores in the classic painting *Les Femmes d'Alger*. Here in an allegory for venereal disease, the viewer is caught like a voyeur, trapped in the gaze of the mask-like figures. Today we are trapped in the gaze of the models from fashion magazines, once questionably thin, now questionably aged.

2004 saw the rise of a set of doll-faced models, younger than ever before. The famed Lilly Cole of London, apparently sixteen, could be seen on every cover from Sydney to Singapore. Her childlike face, resembling that of an eight year old, bought her contracts with just about every fashion house in Europe, from Chanel to Dolce and Gabbana. Her 'beauty' is reminiscent of that of a young Lolita, and equally disturbing. Her gaze was first brought to my attention on the cover of a Japanese magazine, filled with similar images. Here in an extreme close-up, her angelic youth was accentuated, she seemed exposed and prepubescent. To see her parade down a catwalk, she would seem just a 'normal' waif model, but this image was disturbing. Why use children to promote an adult business; who are these magazines trying to attract?

As a twenty-one year old, looking through fashion magazines, I started to ask myself, "...am I over the hill?" That's totally ridiculous. But how are these images affecting the way we view ourselves? And more importantly how are they affecting our development as young

adults. Women are not the only ones affected by this manufactured young body image, so are men. For evidence of this, look no further than the advertisements for Dior Homme, crafted by Dior's head designer and artistic director Hedi Slimane. In the world of Slimane; male waifs mark the new tide of masculine elegance.

If you've ever been back stage at any fashion parade, no matter how big or small, you'd start to understand just how disturbing these images are. In the world of fashion nothing is innocent; a model is a doll, a toy for the entertainment of the stylists and designers. And when magazines are filled with young teenage guys modelling Dior and then being bombarded with kisses from older men in the shadows of backstage, one starts to notice that young women are not the only victims of this circus.

Youth is beautiful and should be celebrated, but how far can designers and marketing campaigns stretch the age dilemma? There seems to be a fine line that designers and artists need to straddle. Australian photographer Bill Henson (born 1955) is infamous for walking this narrow path.

His photographs are found in major collections around the world and are comparable to that of the Dior designer Hedi Slimane. Henson is adored by Chanel designer Karl Lagerfeld, and his pictures have been published in *Vogue* for this reason. But Henson's works are totally questionable and controversial, due to his take on adolescence and sexual awakening.

Henson's images are never caring or safe but swamped in darkness. With an unquenchable interest in the effect of light on naked skin, Henson uses different techniques to make his 'victims' appear like corpses in a morgue.

A series shot in Paris shows a lost Lolita under the watchful eye of an older man in the overwhelming darkness of an opera theatre. These images offer no moral outcome or conclusion.

Equally questionable is a piece by the artist in the current exhibition of Australian contemporary works; *Identity and Desire* at the Art Gallery of South Australia. But what sort of desire does this parse collection offer to the viewer?

Henson's work *Untitled*, 1994/ 95, type C photograph, gives us a bit of an idea. This large scale photograph presents an ambiguous view of a totally exposed young boy. His age is undefinable and this makes the work utterly disturbing. He is timid and naked, cold and lost. His nakedness is not neo-classical, not comparable to marble statues of Greek gods, and therefore questionably pornographic. This boy is caught off guard and the victim of a mysterious voyeur. Again like *Les Femmes d'Alger*, he is not emotional; you feel neither joy nor sadness for the boy.

Is this work taking society forward and breaking down conservatism? Or is this a reflection of the establishment and the characters that drive the art world?

The same questions arise both for fashion and art, so as viewers we need to be on guard and challenge what we see. We can't just subserviently swallow what we are handed. In doing so, it needs to be noted that not all images are sexually charged. But this is not to say that they are not having a negative effect on young people's development and older people's view of themselves. We need to question images in the media and art, and make sure youth is not being exploited. But as little girl Nikki Webster makes her first appearance on the cover of *FHM Magazine* in a bikini, it seems all hope is lost.

Judge for yourself at *Identity and Desire: Australian Contemporary Art* showing at the Art Gallery of South Australia until 26th June, admission free.

Leo Greenfield

2046



Writer/ Director: Wong Kar Wai

Starring: Tony Leung Chiu Wai, Li Gong, Faye Wong and Ziyi Zhang

It's a sequel of sorts to *In the Mood for Love* (also directed by Kar Wai), yet it stands comfortably on its own. It uses a fractured, non-linear narrative (quite popular in films these days) that demands deep focus from its audience, yet it somehow manages to connect events seamlessly. It is part drama, part romance, part science fiction, yet 2046 succeeds in pulling its many disparate threads together into an experience that somehow makes perfect sense.

The film is difficult to follow at first; we are introduced to a richly colourful yet strangely bleak place called 2046, where people apparently go to recover lost memories, though few ever return. The film actually takes place in 1960s Hong Kong, where Chow Mo Wan (played effortlessly by Leung) is writing a futuristic romance novel about the aforementioned place. All the while, he dallies in affairs with the women who stay in room 2046, across from his in the Oriental Hotel. Chow initially appears to be something of a playboy, casually wooing and casting aside woman after woman, with the film focussing at first on his relationship with dance hall hostess Bai Ling (Zhang, possibly better here than she has ever been). What initially seems to be a playful power struggle between the two, much in the style of some of the great romances of

yesteryear, gradually reveals itself to be much more complex and affecting, as both struggle to express their feelings towards each other.

These three relationships provide a basis for the film, and each one connects with Chow's novel, as each woman attracts him because they share some similarity with his true love. The desolate locales shown in his novel reflect Chow's attempts to recover something he cannot. 2046 - the place people go to recover lost memories - is something from which Chow himself is constantly trying to move away from. In his novel, however, the character riding a train away from 2046 never reaches his destination. Kar Wai heightens all of this, collaborating with art director Alfred Yau, and with the costume and set designers, to create two wonderfully distinct places. Hong Kong, particularly the interiors of the hotel in which the film is primarily set, is amazingly lush and aesthetic - the mixture of warm hues, and interesting, intimate camerawork creating a powerful romantic atmosphere. Trying to explain what makes 2046 so intoxicating a film is difficult. It's lavish, rich and sensuous, yet the performances and the haunting atmosphere got so deep under my skin that I left the cinema feeling completely overwhelmed. Many western films could be described as epic or impressive, and many of those are quite lavish. Few have struck the same balance to linger with me the way I already know 2046 will.

**** 1/2 (out of 5)

Brian O'Neill

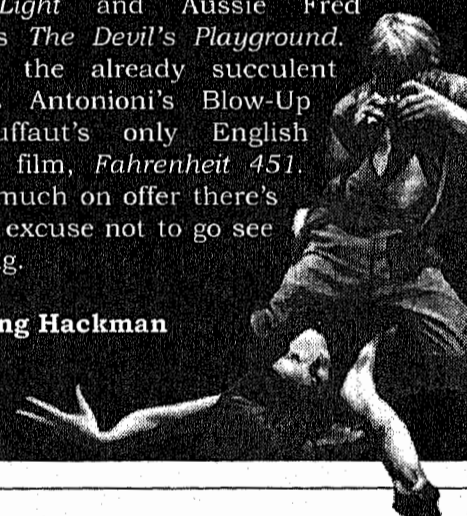


Cinémathèque Update

This week Cinémathèque wraps up its tribute to Eric Rohmer. One of the major directors in the French New Wave Rohmer's films are known for their thick philosophical and spiritual content. The languidly paced *A Tale in Springtime*, played last Thursday and is to be followed by *Full Moon in Paris* and Rohmer's highly praised *Autumn Tale*. Mercury continues its interest in Asian cinema this year with the Cineasia programme as well as including Kurosawa as a featured director in the Cinémathèque programme. Mercury will be screening *Judo Saga* on May 16 and *High and Low* on May 19 and screening *Sanjuro* and *Yojimbo* on the Cineasia programme. All are strongly recommended.

June shapes up as a month not to be missed at Cinémathèque. Every screening features something of interest. On June 6 the night is devoted to the experimental works of Maya Deren with the screening of the documentary *In the Mirror of Maya Deren* and two Deren shorts - *At Land* and *Meshes of the Afternoon*, on of the few true short masterpieces. June also sees the screening of two uncompromisingly brilliant examinations of faith in Ingmar Bergman's *Winter Light* and Aussie Fred Schepisi's *The Devil's Playground*. Next on the already succulent menu is Antonioni's *Blow-Up* and Truffaut's only English language film, *Fahrenheit 451*. With so much on offer there's really no excuse not to go see something.

Wolfgang Hackman



An Australian Government Initiative

CORPORATE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY ESSAY COMPETITION

The annual Prime Minister's Community Business Partnership Corporate Social Responsibility Essay Competition is now open. If you are currently enrolled in an Australian university, you are eligible to share in the prize pool of \$12,000.

For all the details and the essay topics, log on to:

WWW.PARTNERSHIPS.GOV.AU

ENTRIES CLOSE FRIDAY 5 AUGUST 2005

* 1ST PRIZE IS \$2,000 FOR YOU PLUS OTHER COOL PRIZES FOR YOU AND YOUR UNI!



THE PRIME MINISTER'S
COMMUNITY
BUSINESS
PARTNERSHIP

ImaCDB476

■ ENTER NOW: PHONE 1800 359 918, OR CHECK OUT WWW.PARTNERSHIPS.GOV.AU

CRASH

Writer/Director: Paul Haggis
Starring: Don Cheadle, Matt Dillon, Ryan Phillippe, Brendan Fraser & Sandra Bullock

Paul Haggis has commented that his story has no heroes or villains. The characters he uses to explore the gripping theme of racism are never painted as good or bad, they are all just human. And it is this very idea that makes this film stand out and that leaves you with this glimmer of hope and the impression that no matter our ethnicity, our shared humanity is a far greater, far more important thing.

Crash is set in Los Angeles over the period of 36 hours. It follows the individual stories of several characters, all of different ethnic background, and explores the way that racism affects their lives, shapes their assumptions and their relationships, influences their choices and then how, when the individual stories begin to intersect, the racism affects these interactions. It's incredible and so effective.

First of all you have the two young black men from 'the hood'. After waxing lyrical over how they're negatively stereotyped by white people, they immediately proceed to validate the stereotype. Then you have the upper-class housewife who is unsatisfied with her life and is paranoid that the Mexican locksmith is going to sell her new keys to his 'amigos'. That same locksmith is an honest family guy, offended by her callous comments, and runs into trouble with another customer owing to a language barrier. There's also the rookie cop, idealistic and tolerant, who gets caught out in the end; the respected detective and his lover whose relationships and morals are tested; the Persian shop owner trying to make a living and enduring daily abuse. Matt Dillon has been getting rave reviews for his performance as a cop who abuses his power. It is in his character that we really see the neither-hero-nor-villain concept realised as Haggis depicts him as a bastard in one scene, and a kind caring son in another. A remarkable achievement of Haggis' is that you can empathise with each character's situation and emotions, so you can never really hate them for their actions.

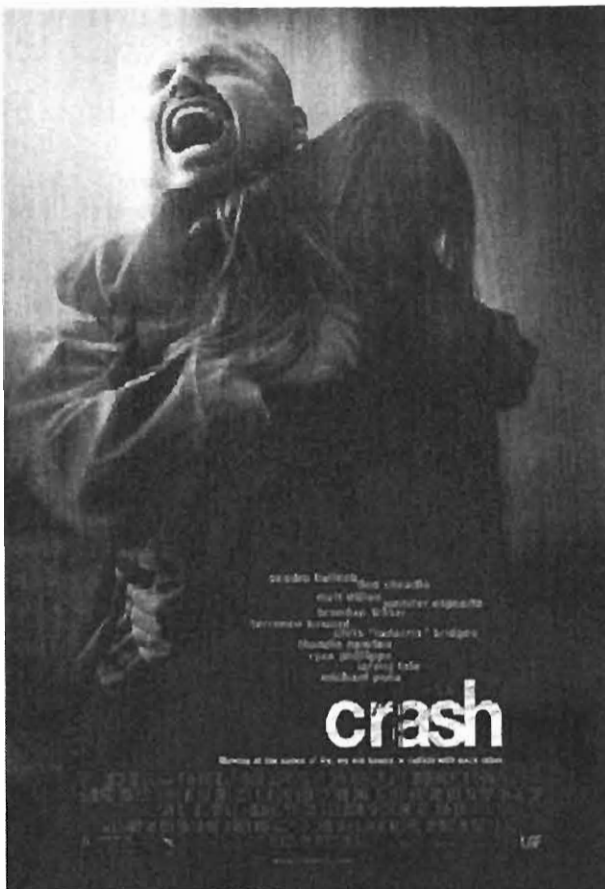
Sandra Bullock said, "If you leave this film and don't see a piece of yourself, you're a liar." She's right. *Crash* succeeds in tackling issues that we normally don't talk about. It doesn't aim to address broader racial problems, it just highlights, with great subtlety and realism, the way racism works into our daily lives. You'll see yourself in this film and you will leave with questions.

This film is exceptionally well made. Haggis chooses very intriguing characters – you don't get bored of anyone's story and you don't favour one over the other. The pace is perfect. There are some incredibly intense moments throughout this film that you just can't help responding to, and this has a lot to do with the writing, directing and acting which is unparalleled. The ensemble cast is fantastic, you just can't fault them. And, despite being a Hollywood film, the temptation to go overboard is avoided and you get the feeling that you're actually watching snippets of real life, not some souped-up version of life.

It is amazing. It is beautiful and gritty and confronting and challenging and true. If you can only afford one film this year, make this it.



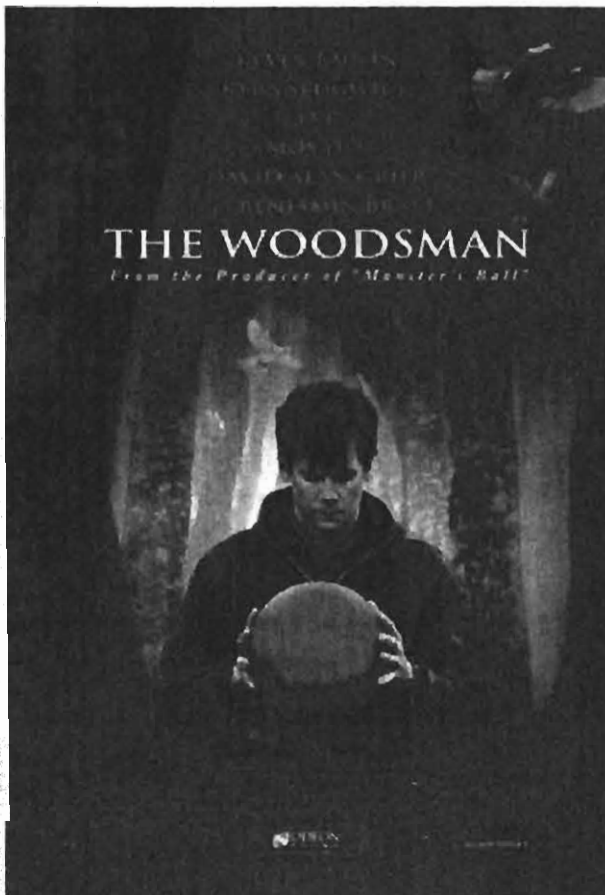
Soph.



REVIEWER PROFILE

Rach.

Fave film: *Enigma*, any Jane Austen and Monty Python
Most Hated: *Shakespeare in Love*
Fave Genre: Drama, Comedy
Fave Actor: Cate Blanchette
Random Fact: Thinking too much gives you wrinkles.



THE WOODSMAN

Writer/ Director: Nicole Kassell
Starring: Kevin Bacon, Kyra Sedgwick, Eve & Mos Def

I'm trying to imagine how they pitched this film. A movie about a convicted paedophile who is released from prison after twelve years and continues to struggle with his desires, the stigma of his crime, and the disgust of those around him, is probably a difficult one to get off the ground. But it would be a shame if it hadn't, because director Nicole Kassell and star Kevin Bacon have produced a compassionate, intriguing film on a highly sensitive subject.

Bacon is the withdrawn and tense Walter, convicted of molesting girls aged from ten to twelve, now living across the street from a school, and working in a lumberyard by day. He wants to speak to his sister, but the only member of his family still talking to him is brother-in-law Carlos (Benjamin Bratt), whose friendship is mixed with a certain cruelty. Walter avoids contact with others, but develops a moving relationship with the fierce but understanding Vickie (Kyra Sedgwick, Bacon's real-life wife). The real focus of the film is on Walter, however, and Bacon is brilliant in his portrayal of Walter's barely suppressed desire for young girls he sees in the mall, on the bus, his agonised self-loathing, his fear of a suspicious police officer who thinks Walter should never have been released. We are drawn into Walter's struggle to be normal – normality, he tells his psychiatrist, is what he desires above all else – and can only admire the undaunted Vickie, with a past of her own, as she endeavours to help him.

The most confronting moment of the film is Walter's encounter with a small girl in the park – she wears a red coat and it is from here that the film's title is drawn, with its echoes of Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf – as we witness him "grooming" her for his eventual demands. The performances of Bacon and the child actress are superb, and the tension, as we will Walter to allow his disgust at what he is doing to overcome his desire, is palpable. The film is about the possibility of redemption for men like Walter, and it also analyses our response as a society to these outcasts, our scorn and disgust which only makes their struggle more difficult, more isolated. Crusading secretary, Mary-Kaye (Eve), who distributes posters detailing Walter's crimes in his workplace, declaring that "people have a right to know", is not the heroine of this film – it is rather the compassionate Vickie, with her hard-edged kindness, whose reaction to Walter has the most beneficial effect.

The Woodsman makes a human being out of a man we would view as a monster. His crimes are never justified, but we are forced to identify with his battle to avoid repeating them, and to learn to live with himself. But the film isn't only important in the message of compassion and redemption it imparts, it's also a gripping piece of cinema, with drama and suspense and even occasional wry humour. Go see it, but if you're male, take someone with you so you won't get suspicious looks when you buy your ticket.



Rach.

9 SONGS

Director: Michael Winterbottom

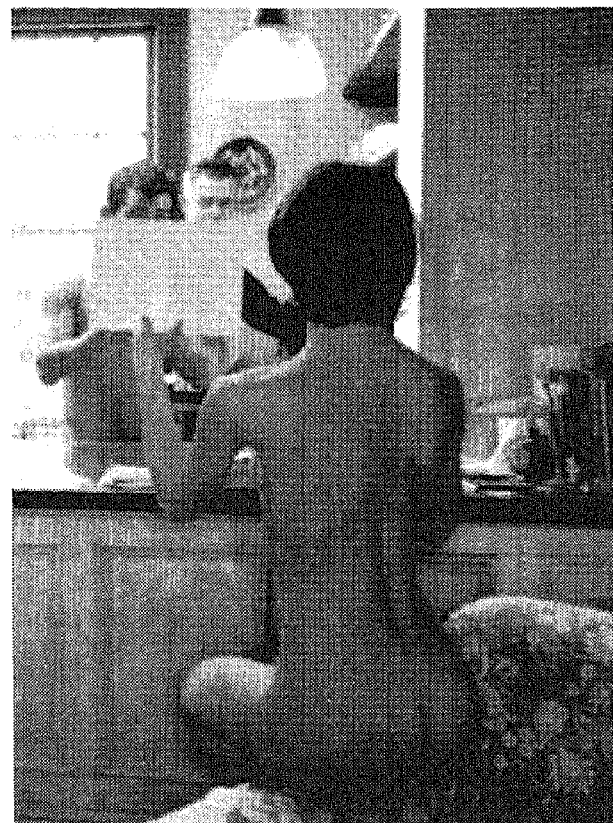
Starring: two random unimportant porn stars

What the fuck? Excuse the pun. Michael Winterbottom's latest film, the highly controversial *9 Songs*, leaves much to be desired. And by 'much' I mean MUCH. For example, a storyline would have been nice, some depth, some substance - hey, a general point to that damn waste-of-one-and-a-half hours of my life would've been highly appreciated. The film pretends to be some sort of exploration of love and sex through the relationship of Matt and Lisa, he's an Antarctic explorer and she's a promiscuous American. They like attending rock concerts and having sex. That's it. To give you a brief run through of the film's scenes: concert scene, sex scene, concert, sex, concert, sex, sex, Antarctica, sex with blindfold, concert, sex with toys, concert, Antarctica, sex, concert. I'm sure there was some sort of metaphor there with the

relationship and Antarctica, but to be honest I could not care less. You would think these highly controversial sex scenes everyone goes on about would redeem the film somewhat, but they weren't sexy in the slightest. I was watching this film with a bloke and at the end he turned to me and said, "That was the most boring porn I've ever watched in my life". Sadly, he had a point. The sex adds nothing to an already vacuous film - it is fairly ordinary and, to be honest, it is embarrassing. The classifications board defended the disputed R18+ rating, claiming there was artistic merit to the film, but that's a load of shit. If you want something titillating, then hightail it to your local porn store - at least the shenanigans of Hank Hightower or whoever have a storyline you can follow, even if it begins and ends with "I'm a lawyer, I can get you off". Don't waste your time or money. I have no idea what Winterbottom, a director previously held in some esteem, was thinking.



Soph.



Blast From the Past - Overboard (1987)



Director: Garry Marshall

Starring: Goldie Hawn, Kurt Russell

Ahhh, who doesn't love a good Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell flick? I can hear the groans of film buffs everywhere, but I can't help that my mum enjoyed this stuff. I was raised on this shit. And I love it too.

Goldie plays rich bitch Joanna who sails around the world in her yacht with her preppy husband and basically does nothing (I would kill for her life). When moored in a dingy little town she commissions Dean (Kurt), a widowed carpenter, to revamp her wardrobe and she's a real bitch to him. One night, Joanna falls overboard and washes ashore with amnesia. So, to make her suffer, Dean pretends that she's his wife Annie and takes her home to be a house-slave to him and his four delinquent children. It's the typical fish-out-of-water scenario where, after she gets comfy in her surroundings and starts cosyng up to Dean, her memory comes back and she's torn - stay with the caveman-like Dean who tricked her

and used her but is kind of loveable and good in bed, or go back to the preppy prick and her old unfulfilling life? What's a girl to do? On the plus side, it's not a choice between man-with-money or very-poor-carpenter - these Disney endings make it so that she's the one with the money. Girl power!

You may be rolling your eyes at me - I should expect it by now - but this film is really good fun. Goldie is great at poking fun at herself and swanning around in revealing bathing suits, boys. And I do like films with these two in the lead - they have great gruff-macho-type and pretty-princess chemistry. This is a winner for me: it's funny, it's clever, there are some great moments, and it's sure to be a weekly at your local video store. Go the eighties and their rom-coms! You've got to agree that they're more original than what they try to dish up to us today.



Soph.

David Williamson's self proclaimed last hurrah as playwright explodes onto the stage with crackling electrical waves and departs much the same way. Breathless, Williamson's audience will be talking about his swan song for years to come. Their children will study it in high school as both an example of superior stage writing and as an allegorical window into the politically dark and robust period of Australian history we presently find ourselves stumbling through.

The premise is simple enough. Ziggy Blasko (a superbly caustic John Waters) is the number one rated shock jock in Sydney. Commenting prejudicially on every politically volatile subject under the sun, Blasko claims not to be bound by political correctness. His influence is felt across the airwaves as his mordant opinions are embraced and resoundantly echoed by a society that fancies itself to be marginalised by the ever increasing hordes of foreigners disembarking on our shores. His personal life however is another matter.

Influence is at once a political comment on the polarization of the Left and the Right in Australia and also a study into the basic human inclination to influence and be

influenced. Williamson tackles issues of racial fear, with Blasko's maid Zehra (faultlessly played by Zoe Carides) acting as the play's only voice of rationality and humanity. One can hardly help hiding biting their lips from frustration as every other character succeeds in parodying themselves as an example of a population increasingly self absorbed and culturally agoraphobic.

Occasionally the ensemble cast seemed out of sync with each other, but only in the most minor of senses. Genevieve Hegney's Carmela Blasko was delightfully hateful while Vanessa Downing handled a supremely irritating bleeding heart with as much aplomb as such a character can inspire. Herein lies the root of Williamson's success - he most often refuses to take a popular side, preferring instead to speak on the side of rationality. *Influence* lampoons the overly politically correct Left as much as it warns against the powers of the conservative Right.

It is with regret I acknowledge the completion of Williamson career in the theatre. He is and always will be a great artist, social commentator and educator.

Clementine



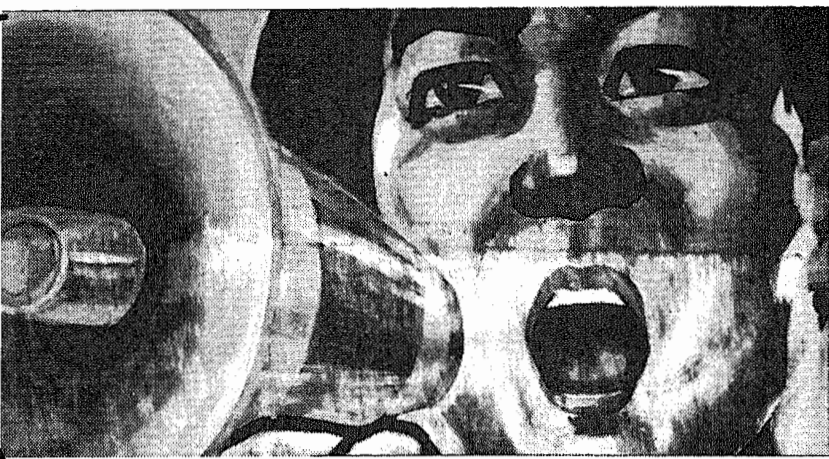
Influence

David Williamson
State Theatre Company
The Dunstan Playhouse

18 May - 4 June

Starring Octavia Barron-Martin, Zoe Carides, Vanessa Downing, Genevieve Hegney, Edwin Hodgeman, Andrew Tighe + John Waters

A STATE OF MIND



It is quite surprising that 2004 was the year of the documentary. With the inevitable (and much welcomed) backlash against reality television, it seemed that a return to the escapist potential of artful drama was undoubtedly the next step. As a consequence, *Lost in Translation*, *Garden State* and all the hip new films coming out of independent America seemed to be concerned with simple plots and structures, and a poetry in sound and imagery that rises out of those simplistic worlds they create. Independent America, it seems, is trying to resurrect the concepts first evoked in Italian Neo-Realism. International cinema has also found itself rediscovering the beauty of simplicity: films screened at this year's Adelaide Film Festival like *Duck Season* and *Love in Thoughts* seemed to be so perfectly placed next to those experimental and

fringe works like *The Cremaster Cycle* that usually populate such events. So why the demand for documentaries? Why this desire to hear real voices from real characters, especially with the boundless opportunities for this that the Internet and 24 hour news channels provide, to the most cacophonous of levels?

Perhaps Michael Moore finally attained the level of popularity where his films were beginning to enter the consciousness of the mainstream... but surely there must be more to it than that. Sure one fat lefty with a worn baseball cap and a microphone can't be solely responsible for the resurrection of the doco. I mean come on, *Fahrenheit 9/11* wasn't as good as all that, was it? Sure, it made its point, and we all got to laugh at George W. for a bit, but *Fahrenheit 9/11* certainly lacked the finesse of his earlier work *Roger & Me* (a film where he actually allowed the subjects to speak for themselves, rather than drown them within his own arrogant narrative). So what else could be responsible for such a mini-revolution in cinema?

The dynamic political situation of the last few years, and the clash of Western ideologies with newly 'liberated' societies has played a significant role, with those placing themselves in the counter-culture desiring to hear the voice of oppressed and forgotten groups not only in film, but also in music and literature. The rise of the documentary is then perhaps just a phase that has coincided with the explosion in World Music and a rise in popularity of Iranian cinema and African literature. And the corollary of this recognition of other cultures is a soured perception of the roaring capitalist machine that is a new corporate America. Finally Western cultures, Americans especially, are being forced to come to the stark realisation that their own patriotic views aren't supported by the majority of the world's population.

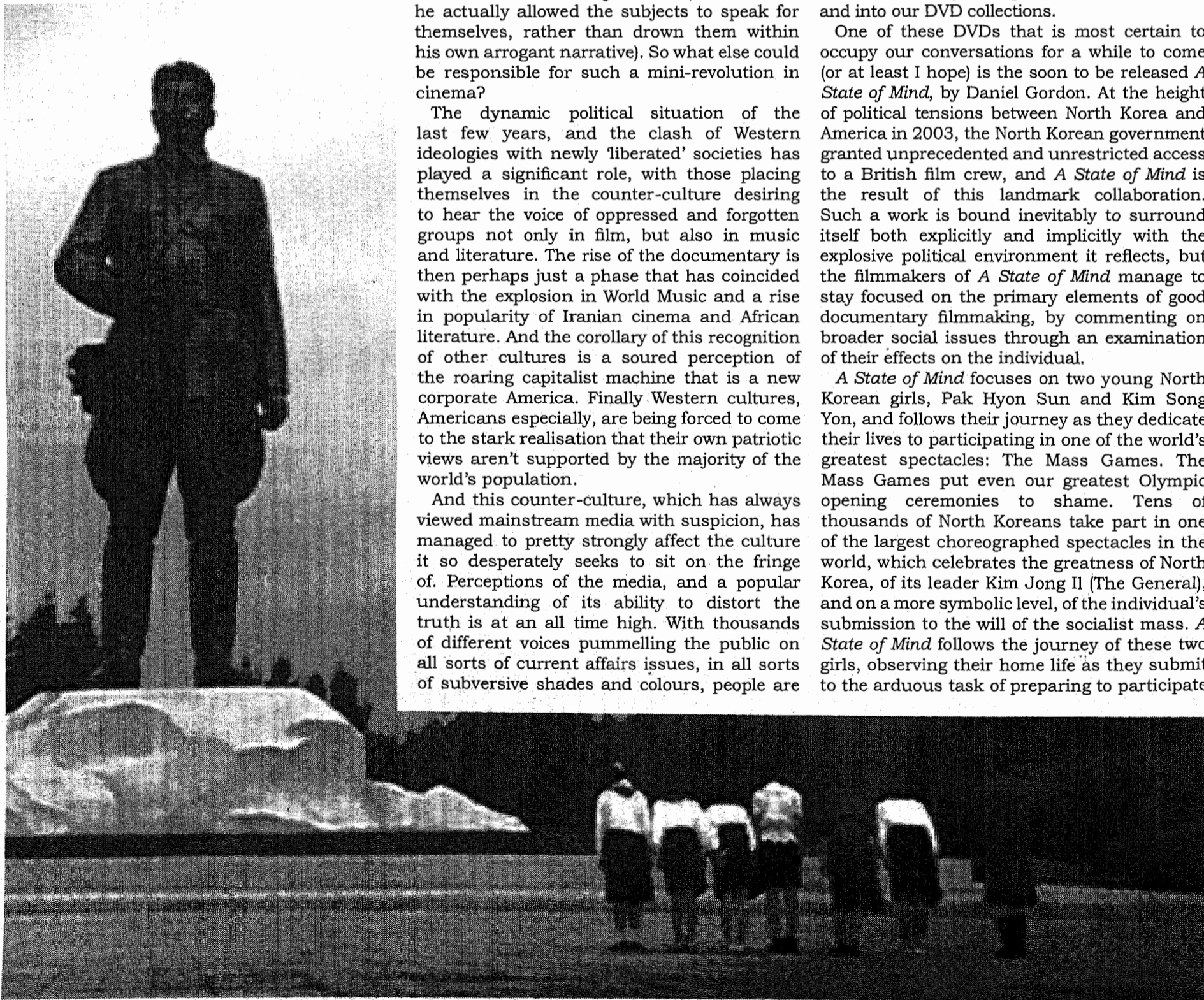
And this counter-culture, which has always viewed mainstream media with suspicion, has managed to pretty strongly affect the culture it so desperately seeks to sit on the fringe of. Perceptions of the media, and a popular understanding of its ability to distort the truth is at an all time high. With thousands of different voices pummeling the public on all sorts of current affairs issues, in all sorts of subversive shades and colours, people are

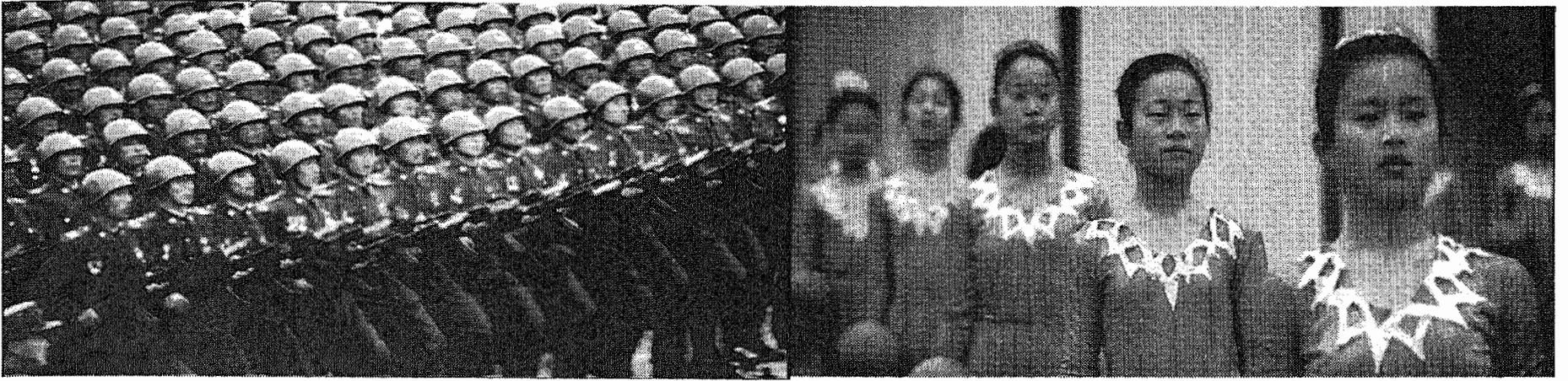
finally realising that the media isn't the vessel of truth and information that it once was.

It's no surprise then that the rediscovery of the documentary form has coincided perfectly with this liberation of oppressed voices and a general distrust in Western society and its most authoritative establishment: the media. The most popular documentaries of the last few years: Michael Moore's *Fahrenheit 9/11* and *Bowling for Columbine*, Robert Greenwald's *Outfoxed*, Jehane Noujaim's *Control Room*, even Morgan Spurlock's *Super Size Me* and Franny Armstrong's *McLibel*, are the proof of this. They are feeding the counter-culture's insatiable desire to hear newly liberated voices, throw dirt on Western practices, and expose the mechanics of a manipulative media. And this trend seems to show no signs of slowing, as more and more documentaries fly through the East End cinemas and into our DVD collections.

One of these DVDs that is most certain to occupy our conversations for a while to come (or at least I hope) is the soon to be released *A State of Mind*, by Daniel Gordon. At the height of political tensions between North Korea and America in 2003, the North Korean government granted unprecedented and unrestricted access to a British film crew, and *A State of Mind* is the result of this landmark collaboration. Such a work is bound inevitably to surround itself both explicitly and implicitly with the explosive political environment it reflects, but the filmmakers of *A State of Mind* manage to stay focused on the primary elements of good documentary filmmaking, by commenting on broader social issues through an examination of their effects on the individual.

A State of Mind focuses on two young North Korean girls, Pak Hyon Sun and Kim Song Yon, and follows their journey as they dedicate their lives to participating in one of the world's greatest spectacles: The Mass Games. The Mass Games put even our greatest Olympic opening ceremonies to shame. Tens of thousands of North Koreans take part in one of the largest choreographed spectacles in the world, which celebrates the greatness of North Korea, of its leader Kim Jong Il (The General), and on a more symbolic level, of the individual's submission to the will of the socialist mass. *A State of Mind* follows the journey of these two girls, observing their home life as they submit to the arduous task of preparing to participate





in this mammoth event.

This film manages to superbly capture the North Korean consciousness and the experience of living in a socialist state by providing the audience with individual characters' unique perspectives, and allowing the audience to observe 'a day in the life of North Korea'. The filmmakers never try to place their own opinions over those of their subjects (Michael Moore could learn a few lessons from these Brits), and instead simply allow the girls, their families, and others crossing their paths to have an unrestricted chance to speak. And the perspectives that these voices reveal are amazingly insightful and deeply thought-provoking, to say the least. In this film Kim Song Yon's mother became the first North Korean civilian to talk publicly to a foreign audience about the 'Arduous March', the devastating depression that followed the Korean War. Pak Hyon Sun's grandfather talks curiously about the new construction project he is working on: North Korea's first officially sanctioned marketplace. Unsure exactly of what a 'market' is or how it works, he seems nonetheless excited to be working on the project. And at the centre of these newfound perspectives are those of the two girls, who dream of little more in life than stepping out onto the stage with thousands of other North Koreans, and helping demonstrate to The General their love for North Korea and their submission to his ultimate will. They demonstrate the way the desires of the individual mix with the desires of their socialist state, and even tempt a Western audience to ponder their own interactions with their capitalist society. The way these two girls talk innocently about the world they live in causes endless juxtapositions with the nature of a 'free and liberal' Western democratic system, and the audience can't help but reflect upon this. It's this implicitness pervading every scene that forms the film's fundamental narrative, and the result is a surprisingly powerful work. There is no need to confront the audience with disturbing imagery, to shock them into submitting to the film's overarching viewpoint through subversive film techniques and self-aggrandising authorship. The film's subjects, subtly supported by the striking and beautiful images the filmmakers create, provide the audience with more than they could ever need. Young wannabe filmmakers

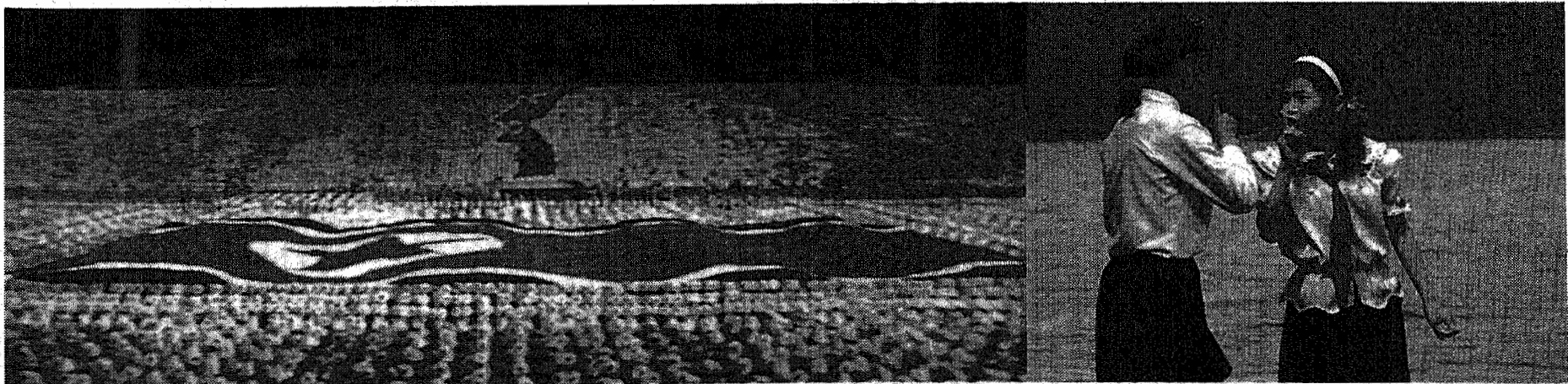
could really learn from this, and realise before they grab a camera and rush to capture each and every voice and perspective they find unique, that the audience couldn't care less about the author's perspective. A documentary needs to ultimately resolve upon its subject, it needs to speak to the audience through its subject's perspective, and *A State of Mind* achieves this perfectly.

Undoubtedly this film will be criticised for failing to provide any insight into the abrogation of human rights that North Korea is renowned for in Western circles. This is true; the film does little to answer many of questions that theoretically 'unrestricted camera access' in North Korea would provide. Instead it presents the North Korean experience through those who experience it every day. But remember, this is a first step, and provides all that a first step could hope to provide: an insight. And as far as insights go, it's a pretty profound one. It presents a perspective from within a society that for many years has had dark towering walls placed up all around it, preventing perspectives like these from ever falling upon our eyes and ears. And this newfound voice does not just whet our appetite for more to hopefully come, it does more than just provide us with a glance at life on the other side of the wall... it pierces directly into the comfort of our contrasted society and forces us to question our own relationship with the fundamental structures of freedom and democracy that we all too often take for granted.

An examination of all the documentaries released over the last eighteen months may lead one to think that the political doco is all that can be squeezed out of this genre. Where then does Jeffrey Blitz's *Spellbound*, a film that follows American kids competing in spelling bees, belong? And what about Nicholas Philibert's *Etre et Avoir*, a beautiful and simple documentary that follows a French teacher in a small country town? These films are aberrations, perhaps a final attempts by the filmmakers to demonstrate that the themes and subjects that we are finding repeated again and again in arthouse cinema, themes that lend themselves to a belief in all things innocent, have a capacity to exist in the real world. Perhaps it is no coincidence then that most of the non-political documentaries released in the last few years feature children as their subjects.

But with the global political situation finding itself more and more difficult to gauge in a single pass, and voices finding a forum upon which completely unheard of worlds can be exposed, the film world will find itself travelling down two quite distinct and polarised paths. To the world of the documentary, these voices cannot be silenced. Perhaps for the first time since Marcel Carné's films *Les Visiteurs du Soir* and *Les Enfants du Paradis* (films that through metaphor and symbolism criticised the Nazi party despite being made in France during its occupation by the Nazis), cinema has rediscovered its potential to serve a higher purpose than simply entertaining the masses. It can bring out these vital and individual perspectives from once oppressed places, in a way that only the documentary can. It is comforting to know that the art and technique of cinema, that over a hundred years has developed primarily as a function of fiction, can now serve such a valuable service to the global community. This however does not signal the death of fiction. Whilst one may claim that it is our social duty to be receptive to the perspectives being revealed in the new wave of documentary filmmaking, one cannot deny the overbearing task that this can easily become. It is the dual function of art: its ability to help us escape reality as well as confront it, that will keep it alive. Despite the innumerable criticisms that can be made of the current output of films over the last few years, one cannot deny a subtle beauty in the balance and order of things as they stand. The simple fact that that one can journey along to the East End cinemas, and in one theatre confront the most unbelievable and horrific truths about the world we live in, and in the neighbouring theatre escape into the most sublime and fantastic places imaginable, has stretched the potential of the motion picture to limits that the great old masters of cinema could never have imagined. It is even more exciting to contemplate what will come next.

Matthew Salleh
msalleh@bigpond.net.au



Sweet and Melancholic Sounds

'Slava Plays Rodrigo'
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Adelaide Town Hall
May 12-14

The innocently-named third concert of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's Master Series proved to be quite the emotional rollercoaster, thanks to the passion of Schumann's *Manfred Overture* and Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez*, the latter performed by virtuoso guitarist Slava Grigoryan. The other guest was the unbelievably energetic Sebastian Lang-Lessing - chief conductor of the Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra, amongst other things, who returned to Adelaide to exhibit his trademark flair and talent.

Byron's tragic *Manfred* struck a chord with Schumann, to the extent that he wrote accompanying music for it and I imagine the orchestra's performance under Lang-Lessing was fairly close to a perfect interpretation. However, I sensed the best was yet to come with Slava Grigoryan and the Rodrigo. To my disappointment, the guitar was amplified rather heavily and sounded unnaturally loud in comparison with the orchestra. Grigoryan's interpretation of

Rodrigo's best-known work was masterful, especially in the popular *Adagio*. The young guitarist conjured up a sound of stunning beauty and incredible sadness, without allowing the performance to become 'mushy'. The audience's contented sigh at the conclusion of the movement summed up a brilliant display. Peter Duggan on cor anglais must be mentioned for his unwavering performance in the second movement.

Schumann's third symphony, the *Rhenish*, was actually written after the fourth, making it his final symphony. The performance started well, with the lively first movement benefiting from Lang-Lessing's gymnastic conducting style. However the second movement was marred by very loud and obvious mistakes made by the French horns, a problem that is becoming increasingly noticeable at ASO concerts. The fourth movement was a powerful display of playing, as ceremonial as the composer's tempo marking demands. Lang-Lessing brings out something special in the ASO, and his exuberance was appreciated by orchestra and audience alike.

Edward Joyner



INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE PROGRAMS IEP
Global Work Experiences

work USA
 is now open!

if you're a full time student returning to study in 2006, IEP's work USA gives you the chance to spend the summer of a lifetime working in the USA!

come to our next info session and find out more!

Work USA - 6pm
 Work Canada, Britain, Ireland & South Africa - 7pm

Thurs 2 June
 Enterprise House,
 136 Greenhill Road, Adelaide

To be eligible for Work USA you must be a full time student returning to study in 2006!

Please RSVP to IEP to confirm your attendance

- Exclusive US employer interviews
- Extensive Job listings
- Arrival Orientation

- Everything else you need for the ultimate working holiday experience!

www.iep.org.au

1300 300 912

An Iconic Performance

'Icon'
Adelaide Chamber Singers
St Peter's Cathedral
May 7

For those of us suffering from Adelaide Chamber Singers withdrawal symptoms, their performance of Rachmaninov's *All Night Vigil (Vespers)* couldn't come soon enough. The audience that filled St Peter's Cathedral, with its swimming acoustic, was not disappointed; director Carl Crossin's customary attention to detail made this performance one to remember. Now in their twentieth year, the ACS could not have wished for a better start to their 2005 season.

The *All Night Vigil* is one of those stunningly beautiful pieces which is rarely heard due its difficulty, and because of one challenging part in particular: a bass III line which includes a bottom B flat (yes, I mean the one below the staves). Luckily for the ACS, a couple of guest members including Keith Hampton, Adelaide's newest *basso profundo* were

on hand to 'beef out' the low notes. Soloists Greta Bradman (mezzo soprano) and Andrew Linn (tenor) were interesting choices, especially as Bradman is well-known for her work as a soprano! Linn's super-smooth delivery echoed the superb lightness found in the tenor line throughout.

To my surprise and delight, the performance began with the traditional chant that would be sung by the priests in a church service. Authentic touches like this make performances that little bit more enjoyable and show how much effort has gone into preparing a work for performance. Crossin drew unbelievable detail from the choir, crescendos and decrescendos both within parts and as a whole ensemble were flawlessly executed, making the less dramatic moments every bit as exciting as the climaxes, and the choir was as impressive in eight parts as it was in four, the balance never wavering.

Edward Joyner

Age Shall Not Weary Them

The final day of the Barossa Music Festival contrasted Brahms with the Baroque, but linked them together through the use of period instruments. This link was what made this year's inaugural autumn season of the festival so interesting.

'Brahms Project No. 2'

Craig Hill & Robert Chamberlain
Old Redemption Cellar, Peter Lehmann
Wines

Fast-forwarding a few centuries to Brahms' time, the principal clarinetist of the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra swapped his modern clarinet for a nineteenth century Ottensteiner model and gave an enlightening lesson in the difficulties of using older styles of instruments. Continually tugging at a small piece of string that hung from the top of his clarinet, Hill looked as if he was determined to get every last drop of liquid from a tea bag. Split notes and notes that didn't even sound (one movement had to be restarted because of the latter) occurred a little too frequently, but there were moments in Brahms' *Sonata in F minor* and *Sonata in E flat major* when the clarinet responded perfectly, and Hill made the most of these with some beautiful phrasing. If only he hadn't been quite so enthusiastic in his explanations of his instrument - one could have been forgiven for thinking he or she had stumbled into a lecture rather than a concert.

His accompanist, Robert Chamberlain, fared better on his instrument, a hundred and thirty-year-old Blüthner piano. A much softer tone than that heard from modern instruments prevailed, expanding the opportunities for expression. Chamberlain seized these opportunities, both in his sensitive accompaniment in the works by Brahms and in his solos: Bach's *Prelude in E flat minor* from Book I of *The Well-Tempered Klavier*, which segued into Liszt's *Liebestraume No. 3*, and the five pieces from Schumann's *Albumblätter*. In fact it was these solos that were the highlights of the concert, Chamberlain's soft touch being perfectly matched for the old instrument. The only downside of using the Blüthner was the incessant squeaking of the damper pedal that was audible whenever the dynamic level dropped below *mezzo forte*.

'A Baroque Fiesta'
Artists aforementioned (both concerts)
with Miriam Allan
Barrell Hall, Veritas Winery

Artists from the concerts earlier in the day combined for the festival finale to present an eclectic mix of styles. The cantatas by Handel, *Nel dolce dell'oblio* and *Un alma innamorata* were the bookends for the program, and it was a rare treat to hear such works performed live by so accomplished a group of musicians. Soprano Miriam Allan was particularly good, with her clear voice and impeccable intonation. The rest of the program swung between the Baroque and the Romantic, but the miscellany had the advantage of giving each player a chance to do what he or she does best. Lacey continued the Telemann theme with that composer's *Sonata in F minor*, after which Hill, freed from the burden placed upon him by his Ottensteiner, produced a beautiful account of Mendelssohn's *Andante* from his *Clarinet sonata*.

Mortensen's performance of his own transcription of the great *Chaconne in A minor* by Bach was effective, but it was its execution that dazzled the audience. Full marks to Jane Gower for bringing this fine musician from Denmark to the Barossa. Allan returned for Weyse's *The Nightwatchman's Song*, accompanied by Chamberlain on the Hornung piano, which is roughly the same age as the Blüthner that featured earlier in the day. While her voice was possibly more suited to Handel, she communicated expressively in the *lied*. McDonald followed this with Corelli's *Sonata in C major*, in which everything from double-stopping to ridiculously fast passages to the most sombre *Adagio* movement were dealt with masterfully. Chamberlain reprised three of the five pieces from Schumann's *Albumblätter*, and it was interesting to compare this performance with the earlier one on the Blüthner. Whichever piano one preferred, it was a wonderful opportunity to hear these pieces on instruments that bear greater resemblances to those that Schumann himself would have been used to.

And this was certainly the appeal of this Barossa Music Festival. Musicians of the highest calibre coming together to perform varied programs on types of instruments that aren't often heard. Jane Gower could not have been more correct in her assertion that what had taken place over the previous three days had been world-class. And, as also pointed out by Gower, it is an amazing achievement for an event of this size to present such quality performances. If the period instrument theme continues, along with the uncompromising artistic standards, there is no reason why the festival's existence should not be guaranteed.

That is, with the exception of the small size of the audiences and the need for them to include a broader range of people. For instance, University students should take advantage of the remarkably inexpensive ticket prices. The next season of the festival will be held at the usual time in October (which is to be followed by a season in Denmark); one can only recommend that anyone with the slightest interest in classical music should attend.

'Quartetto d'Amici'

Lars Ulrik Mortensen, Anna McDonald,
Genevieve Lacey & Jane Gower
Barrell Hall, Veritas Winery

The three Australian artists in this concert returned to the Barossa following their successful performances in last year's festival and were joined by Danish keyboardist Lars Ulrik Mortensen for works by both well-known and not-so-well-known composers. The beauty of this concert was that from Schaffrath and Boismortier to Telemann and Vivaldi, the playing was of an exceptionally high standard.

Recorder player Genevieve Lacey was most impressive in her virtuosic handling of the fast movements in Telemann's *Trio sonata in A minor* and *Sonata in D minor*. Jane Gower, guest musical director of the festival, gave the continuo part in these and other works an unusual twist by combining her bassoon with Mortensen's harpsichord. In turn, these players were given chances to display their abilities as soloists in Schaffrath's *Duetto e cembalo obbligato e bassono in F minor* and Bach's *Toccata in G major* respectively. Violinist Anna McDonald displayed great musicianship in Couperin's B flat major *Sixième Concert* from *Les Gouts Réunis*. A typically fiery work by Vivaldi, a *Trio in G minor*, was a lively way bring the concert to an end.

One of the best aspects of the performances was the communication that took place between the musicians, and there was no one more involved in this than Mortensen. He was at once authoritative and attentive, and provided a solid base upon which the other instruments could build. The intimacy of the venue allowed the audience to see all of this communication taking place, although the hall was a little too cold and dark. Reading a program by candlelight was a challenge, but some might have enjoyed the ambience provided by the dim light.

Benedict
Coxon



And the Lord sayeth, "Children, Beware of Beelzebub, for he will come to you not in horns and fire but in the writhing sexuality of Rock and Roll, promising drugs, sex and the disintegration of your soul! We must act now to save the souls of our children from being recruited to Satan's army! Equip yourselves now, servants of the one true Lord, lest you see the soul of your child burning in eternal damnation!



Aleister Crowley, 'founding father' of modern Satanism.

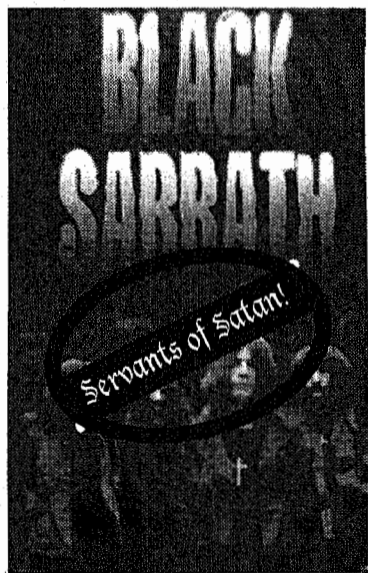
"Modern electronic rock music, inaugurated in the early 1960s, is, and always has been, a joint enterprise of British military intelligence and Satanic cults. On the one side, the Satanists control the major rock groups through drugs, sex, threats of violence, and even murder. On the other side, publicity, tours, and recordings are financed by record companies connected to British military intelligence circles. Both sides are intimately entwined with the biggest business in the world, the international drug trade."
- Donald Whau, *The Satanic Roots of Rock and Roll*

The Beatles



The Stones, as they were called, were widely characterized as the counterparts to the Beatles. "The Stones" were "mean," "dirty," and "rebellious," whereas the Beatles were the well-groomed "Fab Four." Though seemingly competitors, they were merely two sides of the same operation. The Stones' first hit record was actually written by the Beatles, and it was Beatle member George Harrison who set up the arrangements for their first recording contract.

The Rolling Stones



Black Sabbath

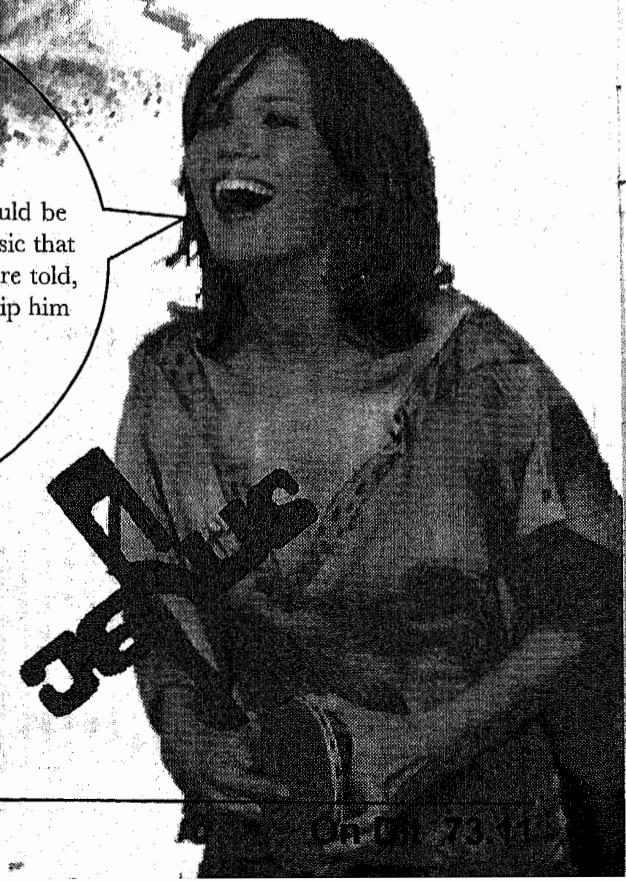
One of the top songs of the 70's was "Hotel California" by the Eagles. Most people have no idea the song refers to the Church of Satan, which happens to be located in a converted HOTEL on CALIFORNIA street! On the inside of the album cover, looking down on the festivities, is Anton Lavey, the founder of the Church of Satan and author of the Satanic Bible! People say, the Eagles aren't serious, they're just selling records. That's what you think! The Eagles manager, Larry Salter, admitted in the Waco Tribune-Herald, (Feb. 28, 1982) that the Eagles were involved with the Church of Satan! Not surprisingly, one of the Eagles's songs is titled "Have A Good Day in Hell."

I Chronicles 16:9 Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him, talk ye of all his wondrous works.

The music identified here is to be "unto God." It would be near blasphemous to think of God being praised by music that moves the flesh and the base nature of man when we are told, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth" (John 4:24).

Yeah! Let's hear it for Jesus!

The Mamas and the Papas



← PROOF!
↓

INTERVIEW WITH MATT BERNINGER FROM THE NATIONAL

DG: So, *Alligator* came out a couple of months ago- how did it feel to finish the album?

MB: Well, great. We were really happy with it. We're much more relaxed and confident with the outcome this time around. Our last record had a good response, but at the same time we didn't feel as if we were under pressure to prove anything- it was all about making music that we like to listen to.

DG: What about the title *Alligator*, does it have any particular significance?

MB: It seemed appropriate- though there's only one reference to an alligator on the whole album. The title really reflects the period in which we were making the album. There was a lot of tension and paranoia in the US, with the war in Iraq, and terrorism- a real feeling of helplessness.

DG: And is that feeling one you want people to get from this album?

MB: In some ways. That lurking darkside is an underlying theme to the album- we wanted it to be subtle though- more of a subconscious thread running through the music.

DG: Do you have a personal highlight of the album?

MB: 'City Middle' would have to be my favourite. It's awkward yet beautiful. I'm really proud of it- To me it's the best lyric writing I've ever done.

DG: Which other musicians do you identify with?

MB: Personally I really like the music of The Smiths, Nick Cave, Tom Waits- though that's just me. The other guys in the band have other

interests- all together we've got pretty diverse tastes.

DG: What have you been up to since *Alligator* was released?

MB: We've just come back from a 5 week tour through Europe. It was really positive- I mean, we still feel like a small underground band, but now people are starting to pay attention to our music- we've had a lot of good press in the UK, France, Germany- and almost all of our shows sold out.

DG: What can the audience expect from one of your shows?

MB: Our live shows are fuelled by adrenaline, alcohol and nerves- I guess you could say we become more reckless- we don't try to play the songs as they are on the record.

DG: Any standout moments from the last tour?

MB: For me it would have to be our last London show- the creator of *The Office* was at the gig- apparently he's a fan of ours. It was awesome to meet him. The show itself wasn't our best, but that made my night!

DG: What about your plans over the next couple of months?

MB: For now, more touring- we're doing the West and East coasts of the US and then we'll be spending 3 weeks in playing in France, Italy and Germany.

DG: Busy, busy. Any plans to come to Australia?

MB: We'd love to come over. We're thinking of doing a Japan/Australia tour towards the end of the year.

DG: Awesome- well, hopefully we'll see you then! Thanks for the chat Matt, and good luck for the upcoming tours.

MB: Thanks Dave- see you later!

Dave G

Originally hailing from Ohio, but now based in New York, The National are slowly but surely developing a following across the world, following the release of their third LP, *Alligator*. I spoke to Matt Berninger, the front man of the 5 person group, on touring Europe, making the album and much more, here's what he had to say...

KIM JONG IL

●●●● *The Platinum Collection* ●●●●



THE BEST OF THE ORIGINAL CAPITOL RECORDINGS

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MADE • WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN • THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET • SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME • THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT • MUSIC TO WATCH GIRLS BY • MY WAY • NEW YORK NEW YORK

Tired of sifting through all your old Jong Il records to extract your favourites? Well now you don't have to! That's right, after months of waiting, Kim Jong Il has finally released his Platinum Collection! This amazing double box set features 36 Jong Il classics plus a bonus Behind The Scenes DVD, *How Many Roads?* Join Kim Jong Il as he takes his moving repertoire to the streets of North Korea. This exclusive box set takes you deep inside the vulnerable heart of the loveable entertainer/dictator. One minute he'll have you dancing a merry jig through 'Sunny Side of the Street' and crying the next as he delivers his raw interpretation of 'Someone to Watch Over Me'. A must have for old and new fans alike, Kim Jong Il's *The Platinum Collection* can now be yours for the low payment of your individual autonomy to the state!

But that's not all! Order within the next 48 hours and you will receive a bonus limited edition remake DVD set of the classic *Star Wars* trilogy, featuring Kim Jong Il as Luke Skywalker himself, Han Solo himself AND Princess Leia himself!

HOLY SHIT! Who the hell needs individual autonomy anyway? Sign me up! LONG LIVE KIM JONG IL!

GET OUT OF TOWN! Rock and roll is the music of the Devil! Didn't you read the opposite page?

CLASSIC PROPAGANDA! Bill Cosby Talks To Kids About Drugs



Cosby: Now what do we know about LSD?
6 yr old girl: It makes you do things that you don't want to do.
Cosby: Like what things.
6 yr old girl: Killing people.

Now all retro propaganda is fairly amusing. Disbelief, a little chuckle at their naivete, or horrifically un-PC morality. But *Bill Cosby Talks to Kids About Drugs* breaks on through into the unconsciously anti-moral world of propaganda gone wrong. Almost entirely counteracting its original purpose, the album is more useful to stoners than it could have ever been for its intended six year old audience.

Akin to a tranquilised Frank Zappa freak out, the album plays as if they pulled him outta rehab, dragged his cigarette stained fingers across a contract and threw him Krusty the Clown style into a studio with a stock jazz band, 20 kids and Hunter Thompson's suitcase.

There is no way that he was straight when making this thing. He labours and blisses out over the word HIGH while offering some advice about what to say if you should come across a pusher, "thank you, but I won't be needing any drugs at all today. I don't need your bag of agony and pain."

He seems to drop into an internal monologue as he traces the origins of his drugs, "It was really some excellent stuff, all the way from Mexico, through Puerto Rico.. ah along the Cuban grapevine," something that to the uneducated would seem completely irrelevant information for a 5 year old. He then moves into one of his idiosyncratic anti-jazz, jangly piano, dischordant, illustrative tunes, "I'm going to sniff a little coke... I may even shoot a little heroin."

In his thorough educational style, Cosby musically demonstrates the effects of upper and downers. The brakes are put on the turntable, warping his voice as he explains, "you just feel drowsy and you bump into people. You don't wanna bump into people... So

why don't we take an upper" - and the turntables go to high speed.

The slurring, drawled, prosaic voice lurches from a regressive child-like playfulness, to drunken docility, to almost reckless abusiveness. At one point Cosby turns on the children after they refuse to calm down: "I seem to be losing your attention here. You keep complaining that he was pinching you. He's not pinching you anymore. I'm totally disgusted with you. I thought that you were going to be nice people but you've run all over my house. I'm totally ashamed with you." This is the point at which you become convinced that the album is completely unauthorised - a reel that some studio gimp got a hold of and released for a laugh. There is no way the record company could have released this knowingly without fear utter embarrassment and conservative backlash. Further evidence for this theory is that Cosby's face is quite obviously pasted onto a completely different body on the front cover. Not obviously enough for it to have been a deliberate joke but not well enough for it to

even approach professionalism.

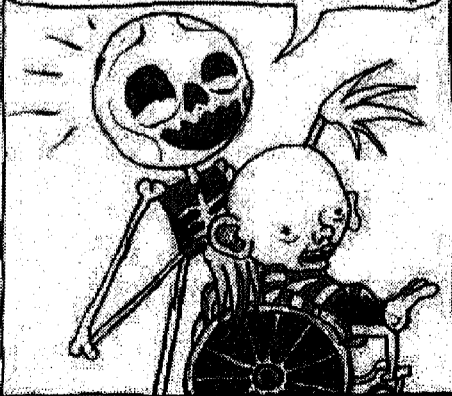
Despite all this, the most tripped out thing is that it appears to be a genuine release. Bill Cosby voluntarily and consciously produced the album through Astor Records. It's extremely doubtful that Cosby, as the white man's, black poster boy for the war on drugs in Afro-American culture, has ever seriously taken drugs, and there's certainly no recorded evidence of it. Even more amazing than Bill Cosby on drugs teaching kids about drugs, is that he is completely straight, impeccably and unwittingly imitating a person on drugs recklessly teaching kids about how to take and love drugs - meaning, he is actually insane.

So divorced is the conservative America from drug and drop out culture that they can unconsciously create an album which gives kids a basic understanding of how to pick up a habit while their babysitter roaches up and rocks out. *To hear Bill Cosby Talks to Kids About Drugs tune in to Four Flies on Grey Velvet, Student Radio, 101.5FM, every other Tuesday.*



SKULDUGGERY by oz

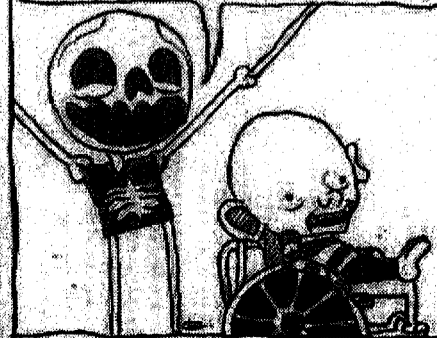
FINALLY OUT OF THAT HOSPITAL, HUH, BILLY!



OH NO BILLY MACK TRUCK



JUST KIDDING, WE'RE AT THE ICECREAMERY! HAPPY BIRTHDAY BILLY!

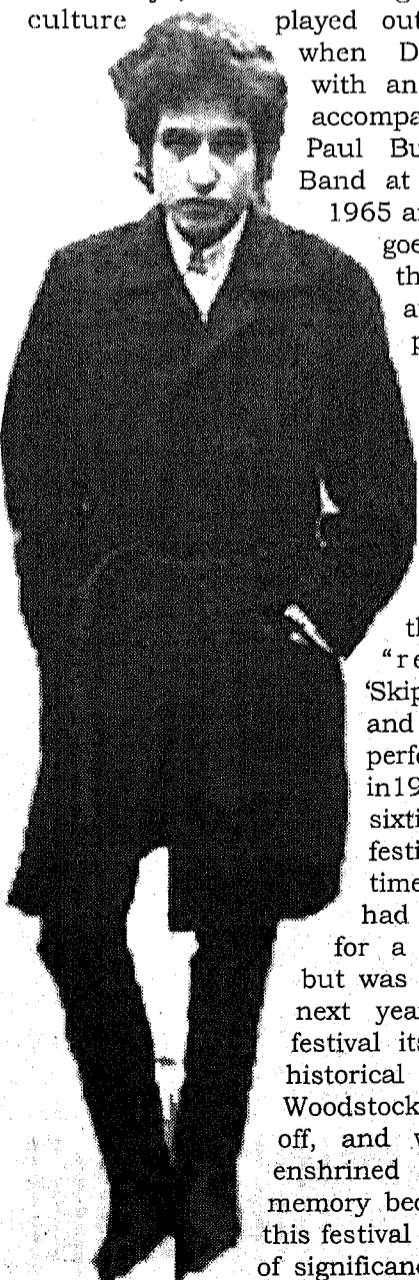


IT'S JUST TOO BAD YOUR PARENTS HAD TO DIE IN THAT MACK TRUCK CRASH



If Music Be The Food of Love...

The worlds of music and food continue to collide, with corporate America acting as the glue that binds them together. 2 legendary "brands" in music have been in the news lately as they struggle to survive in the increasingly unforgiving corporate culture that is developing in the 21st century. The Newport Folk Festival and CBGB supported very different counter-cultural movements in the sixties and seventies, but both have attained iconic status in the last 3 decades for supporting fringe elements of America's musical landscape that later went on to define those two decades in many ways. As the fifties ran their course and the influence of the beats waned, many scenesters began to turn away from the frenetic jazz and be-bop that had fuelled their creativity. In some ways linked with a move away from the hard drugs that had spurred the far-out sounds of jazz visionaries towards the more peaceful buzz created by marijuana, the folk revival also heralded a period of almost unparalleled artistry among white musicians. While the folk scene definitely drew a lot from the African-American bluesmen, it was also strongly rooted in the "white man's blues"-country- as well as English folk traditions that had been imported centuries earlier. The cultural centre of this movement was New York's Greenwich Village scene, but the great celebration every year was the Newport Folk Festival, playing a vital role in the early careers of Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell and Arlo Guthrie among others. Blues legends like Muddy Waters and Mississippi John Hurt graced the stage, Bill Monroe, the father of Bluegrass, made an appearance with His Blue Grass Boys, while a defining moment in pop culture



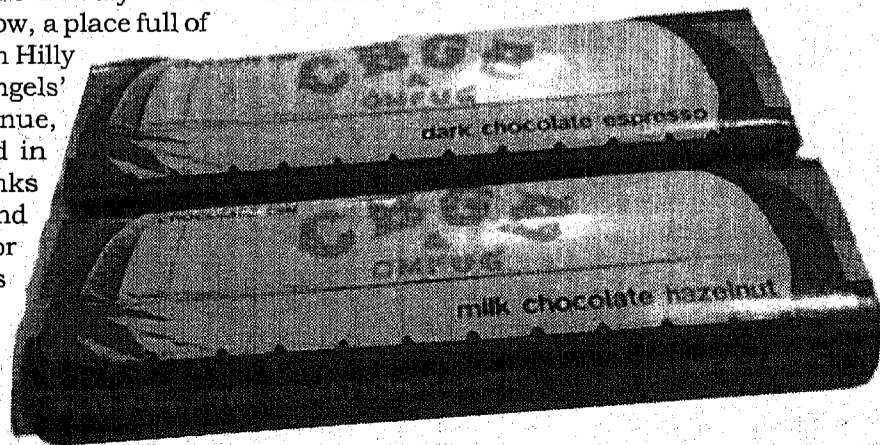
played out on its stage when Dylan appeared with an electric guitar accompanied by the Paul Butterfield Blues Band at the festival in 1965 and, so the myth goes, was booed off the stage by the audience (though practically everyone who was actually there refutes this). The Festival was the epicentre of the blues revival when the recently "rediscovered" 'Skip' James and Son House performed there in 1964. After the sixties, however, the festival fell on hard times, and even had to be cancelled for a year in 1971, but was resurrected the next year because the festival itself is of great historical significance-Woodstock was a one off, and will forever be enshrined in cultural memory because of it, but this festival continued to be of significance to a sizeable

musical movement from a decade, and this should not be forgotten. As the years have rolled on, the nature of the festival has changed, though. What was once a free and easy weekend has become as regimented as every other festival, spiralling public liability costs and artists fees have contributed to rising ticket costs, and the very nature of the music has changed. Nevertheless, it's the type of place that Dylan felt was worth returning to in 2002. Arlo Guthrie (son of Woodie, and the guy who did "Alice's Restaurant") will be performing there this year, alongside other artists, including Emmylou Harris, Richard Thompson (Fairport Convention) and Bright Eyes, and yet this festival is in danger of going under. The only way that they have been able to keep afloat is to sell the naming rights. Yes, that's right, the naming rights. So you see, good readers, there is no Newport Folk Festival for 2005- instead, Rhode Island will play host to the Dunkin' Donuts Newport Folk Festival. Sacrilege! Dunkin' Brands, Inc. CEO Jon Luther claims that two iconic New England brands have finally been united. What a load of rubbish. The naming rights have been sold for the next three years on the flimsiest of pretexts, and attempts by George Wein, CEO of Festival Productions (who run the Festival) to justify it by claiming that "Dunkin' Donuts and the Newport Folk Festival share some common characteristics; we're both from the heart of New England and have reputations for quality and authenticity. We're grounded in tradition, yet have a real appetite for innovation" are simply ludicrous. A festival that is rooted in an intrinsically anti-corporate sentiment being compared to a coffee and donut joint. Sorry guys, but the fact that jam donuts don't have holes and your espresso machines are never actually used to make espressos doesn't quite rank alongside kickstarting a cultural revolution and influencing generations of songwriters in terms of innovation. The closest thing to a justification that I can find is that at the end of the day, 'folk' music is the music of the people, and what more could be more proletarian than the donut? In truth, though, any attempts to justify such a decision are ultimately simply disguising the reality that nothing is sacred, and everything is for sale. Luckily, the musical and social movement that accompanied the festival are a part of the zeitgeist and nobody's to sell (then again, nobody ever sold America to the British...).

An entirely different, but equally anti-authoritarian movement, took place not far from Greenwich village less than a decade after the folk scene itself fell into decline. The punk scene, which was later followed by the No-Wave movement, didn't have a cultural home in quite the same sense as the folk movement, rather being centred on a number of clubs, one of which was located in the Bowery. The Bowery was New York's Skid Row, a place full of hookers and derelicts but when Hilly Kristal converted a Hell's Angels' clubhouse into a live music venue, he pushed the neighbourhood in a new direction. Soon, punks replaced bikers and bums and CBGB became famous for housing all manner of bands including the Ramones, Patti Smith, Television and The Talking Heads. Over the last 30 years, however, a steady process of gentrification

has been occurring, and the only place you'll find the whores on Bleecker Street nowadays is in a record store. This isn't exactly unique in New York; successive mayors have spearheaded attempts to clean up and sterilise the Rotten Apple and as a result antique stores have replaced doss houses and in the place of squats, apartment buildings now stand. Unsurprisingly, the area has become more expensive, but this has been a gradual process over 30 years. The reason that CBGB is in trouble is that the venue's landlord, the Bowery Residents' Committee, has decided to double the rent overnight, from \$20,000 to \$40,000 a month. The BRC has done a lot for the neighbourhood, helping to provide essential services to those in need, and have been instrumental in cleaning up the streets, so it's hardly surprising that they should want to move 'unsavoury elements' like CBGB out, but the reality is that despite its grungy beginnings, nowadays CBGB is more important as a testament to the rage of the seventies and the subculture that it produced than as a cultural epicentre, though it still plays host to many truly alternative bands, and acts as diverse as Black Flag, They Might Be Giants and Living Colour got their starts there in the eighties. Despite this, most of the people who visit nowadays are not punk youth, but punk historians, people visiting it as a pilgrimage, the birthplace of New York Punk. Considering that the BRC is a non-profit organization that receives state and federal funding of \$23 million per year, it seems a bit rich that they are willing to force CBGB out of business, and a number of local businesses think so too. Now, this is where the food part comes in. On Monday May 16, Chocolate Bar, an upmarket chocolate store located in the West Village, launched a new range of products. The limited-edition CBGB bars and truffles are available from the store and online at chocolatebarnyc.com and are stamped with the official CBGB logo. Every product includes a postage paid petition to the BRC requesting a fair and gradual rent hike in a wonderful display of how capitalism can help rather than destroy a cultural icon. Whether it will work or not is yet to be seen, but with news that the venue is in trouble, many alumni and supporters have pledged to help, and there is even a possible tour in the works to raise funds. Either way, just as long as another American icon like McDonald's doesn't buy the brand name.

Sam Hill



Cold War Gastronomics

If you're a regular at the Central Markets, you will no doubt have noticed Taldy-Kurgan, the unassuming enterprise that is helping to bring Cold War culture into the 21st Century. The name means "farthest hill" in Kazakhstani, but the food is traditional Russian fare, and the way they catch most people's attention is when they're selling their leftover piroshki for \$1 at the end of the day. A little known legacy of life behind the Iron Curtain, the piroshki is a by-product of a forgotten chapter of modern political history- while the world concentrated on the high-profile battles between The United States and The Soviet Union such as the space race and the arms race, it was in the fried dough product race that the battle for hearts and minds was really fought. Central to the ongoing struggle between communism and capitalism was the fried dough dichotomy, the divide between donut and piroshki, and it's a battle that many commentators feel the Ruskis won.

While the Americans were always concerned with building things that were bigger and better, the wily Russians played the part of Brer Rabbit and outthought them rather than competing in battles they new they would lose. Occupying a space somewhere between a Jewish knish and a regular donut, the piroshki is the ultimate weapon in the war against capitalism. Common knowledge tells you that when the Iron Curtain fell and the Soviet Union crumbled it was the end of the cold war, but the hardcore

Stalinists believe that it is only a matter of time before they have the last (maniacal) laugh.

Essentially, by creating the piroshki, a ludicrously overcalorified concoction of plum (or strawberry) jam engulfed in a comfortingly greasy blanket of fatty fried dough, they gave the Americans the chance to produce a better Capitalist version. And just like the group of unwitting pawns that they were, they did. Dunkin' Donuts emerged as a growing franchise in the fifties and within years donut stalls had opened all over America, and begun to take over Canada. Within 20 years, the phenomenon had moved to Europe, and by the eighties even Australia had its own homegrown franchise, Donut King. Before long, the donut had spread to an increasingly capitalist Asia, and with the Capitalist machine fully infected by the donut virus, it was time to end the Cold War and watch it slowly shrivel and die.

What is so evil about the donut, you might ask? Take a look at the causes of death in the United States, is my answer to you, good reader. Heart disease alone accounts for almost 30% of deaths, and with an obesity 'epidemic' sweeping the nation, Americans are beginning to panic and look for an answer. Unfortunately, the balance has been destroyed and because a Capitalist system inherently discourages moderation, their reaction is just as damaging as the original problem. Every time an American's cholesterol rises, it's a win for the Russians. Every time someone rejects corpulent culture and turns to a quick fix like the Atkins diet, an invisible



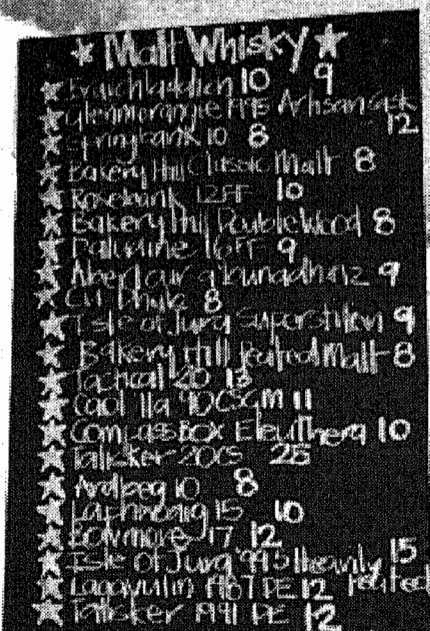
scorecard marks a point for the Reds. Eventually every American, every capitalist, will either eat themselves to death or starve, at which point the donut virus will die with nobody left to feed on. Sure, the Americans could get to the moon and build a nuclear arsenal better and quicker than the Slavs, but what they didn't realise when the Russians designed the piroshki was that the ultimate fried dough foodstuff is supremely unappetising, so as not to tempt the masses.

Unfortunately for the Yanks, they have now set in motion a machine that cannot be stopped, and no matter how much they cry foul, their fate is sealed. As for the Russians? Expect to see

a resurgence soon, good friends. Sure, it starts with them offering unappetising sweets at prices so cheap that everyone can afford them, but before you know it you will be bound in the chains of servitude, muscles straining as you work off those piroshki calories by helping to turn the cogs of the machine for the glory of the whole. In the two-ideology system of the Cold War, once you weed out the Capitalists, well then anyone left *must* be a Communist. Anyone for a delicious, delicious piroshki?

Alyosha Kolyin

Taldy-Kurgan is situated at Stall 3 in the Central Market



The Wheatsheaf Hotel
39 George St Thebarton
ph: 8443 4546

Everyone has their own idea of what the ideal corner hotel should be. For me, it's a welcoming place that boasts a couple of fireplaces, a dashboard that's constantly in use, polished wooden floorboards, friendly barstaff, an excellent selection of beers on tap and no

pokies. This mythical pub doesn't exist anywhere near my home, which is why I'm currently looking for a house in Thebarton, because The Wheatsheaf is *exactly* what the local should be like. I popped in recently to attend the launch of Mountain Goat Hightail Ale on tap there, and it only made me more jealous of all those artistic types lucky enough to live down that way. A leisurely stroll or bike ride from town is the perfect way to work up a thirst, and by the time I stepped through the doors into the cozy warmth of the Wheatsheaf, I was more than ready for a cold one. With an excellent selection of bottled beers (and wines), as well as Little Creatures and James Squire brews on tap, owners Emily, Liz and Jade make sure that there's a drink for every occasion. The taps are swapped around every now and again, and I was in attendance this particular night to taste the Hightail, a fruity ale with enough complexity to keep even the most demanding tastebuds interested. It's clear why this brew is their flagship brand, and it's a real pity that it will only be available for a limited time (Jade

estimates a week) because of the difficulty transporting kegs to and from the Melbourne brewery.

There's something about the Wheatsheaf that means something interesting always seems to happen there; last time I visited the place almost flooded as the roof buckled under a torrential downpour in the middle of summer. This particular night, unexpected amusement was provided by the Morrismen. Decked out all in white with red bracers and billy clubs, the Wheatsheaf is one of their favourite venues to practise Morris dancing, and they don't mind a few spectators. Couple this with a few slices of pizza (the kitchen only does a cheese platter, but you can bring your own food in), and it's one of the most enjoyable nights out I've had in a while. As if this isn't good enough, the place is also a live venue supporting local talent with a variety of residencies and one-off gigs. In brief, a magnificent pub launched an excellent beer, and they have many other superb beers available.

9/10

GIGS

Wed June 1st 'Acoustic Sessions' Del Barczak & Jesse Deane Freeman 730pm

Sat 4th Dirty Strangers Sun 5th The Rest 4pm Tues 7th Kathie Renner Sat 11th GT Stringers Sun 12th The Peccadillos 4pm Sat 18th The Bluehouse \$15 Sun 19th Canvas CD Launch 4pm Tues 21st The Ruby Frost Quartet

Nothing has been finalized as yet, but James Squire are in talks with Boston's Samuel Adams Brewery at the moment to secure Australian distribution for the Boston Beer Company's award-winning range of handcrafted beers (their range includes such delights as the Chocolate Bock, Black Lager, Cherry Wheat and the breathtaking Utopias- an uncarbonated beverage that pushes the boundaries of beer with an alcohol content of 25%!).





DE FUEGO ROJO

¡CUIDADO!

HORMIGAS PELIGROSAS

PROTÉJASE LLAMANDO SIN CARGO AL

1-888-4FIREANT

1-888-434-7326

Monday 16 May to Friday 20 May

Spanish Club Conversation Group.

Friday the 3rd June (and Friday the 10th June), 1:00 in the clubs common room. Directly above the Union Information Office on the West side of the Cloisters. Ask in the info office, ground floor if you can not find it. As usual, we cater to all levels of spanish, there are always advanced students and native speakers to give you a hand, great fun and really helps your spanish. This is a regular fixture for Friday.



AN EXAMPLE OF AN ADVERTISEMENT THAT MIGHT BE COMMONPLACE IF AUSTRALIANS SPOKE SPANISH INSTEAD OF DCKER.



Wanted

SOMEBOdy to GO BACK IN TIME With. THIS IS NOT A JOKE. YOU'LL GET PAId AFter WE GET BACK. MUST BRING YOUR OWN WEAPONS. SAFETY NOT GUAR-ANTEEd. I HAVE ONLY dONE THIS ONCE BEFORE.

SEE THE WORLD WHEN YOU BECDME A MARINE. GEDGRAPHY NEVER SEEMED SO SIMPLE.

Marine: That's a cool accent. You're not American, are you?

Leeanne: No.

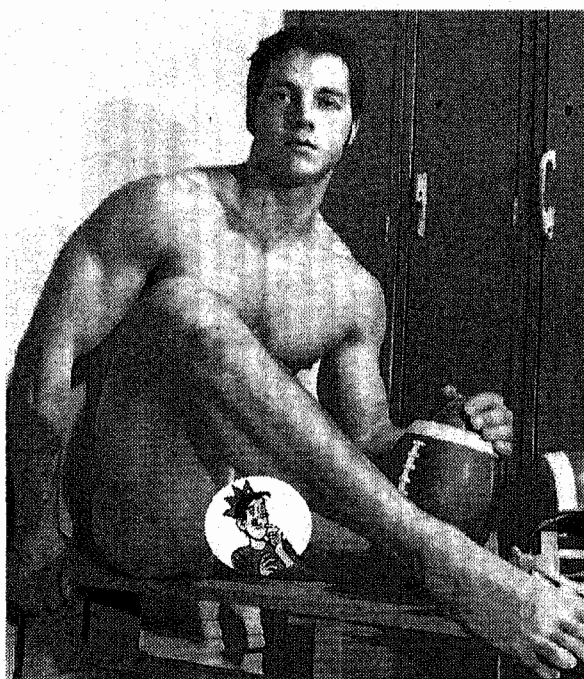
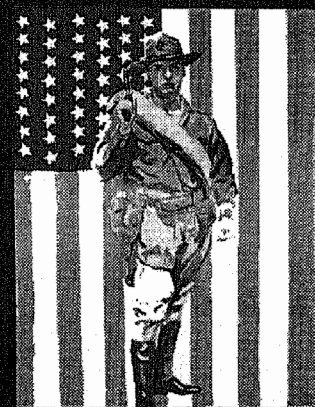
Marine: So, where are you from then?

Leeanne: Scotland.

Marine: Oh right, I know where that is. Canada right?

Leeanne: No, that's Nova Scotia...

ACTUAL CONVERSATION



Notice of an Annual General Meeting

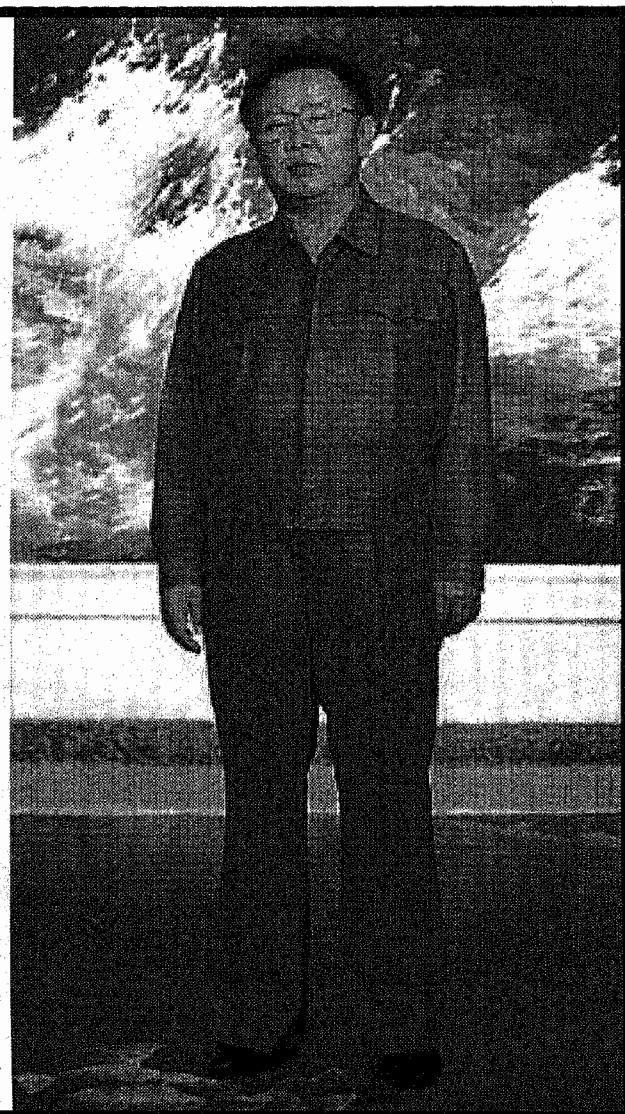
Adelaide University Sports Association Inc

will be holding its Annual General Meeting on Thursday 2nd June 2005 from 1:10pm in the WP Rogers Room level 4, Union House followed directly by Sports Council.

All students are welcome

Me: Affectionate film buff with GSOH

Seeks companion for long walks, friendly, one sided conversation and sadistic acts of depravity. Must be under 5'3" and have a strong stomach. Send photographs to Lil' Kim c/o the Nth Korean Embassy



Your recording studio.
Your Producer. Your name on a CD.
Get it on the Lounge.



Join the privileged few and win with **Blue Lounge**[®]
telstrabluelounge.com

Telstra