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**DIT**

Student Rag

Volume 73 Edition 1616/08/05



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# FEATURES

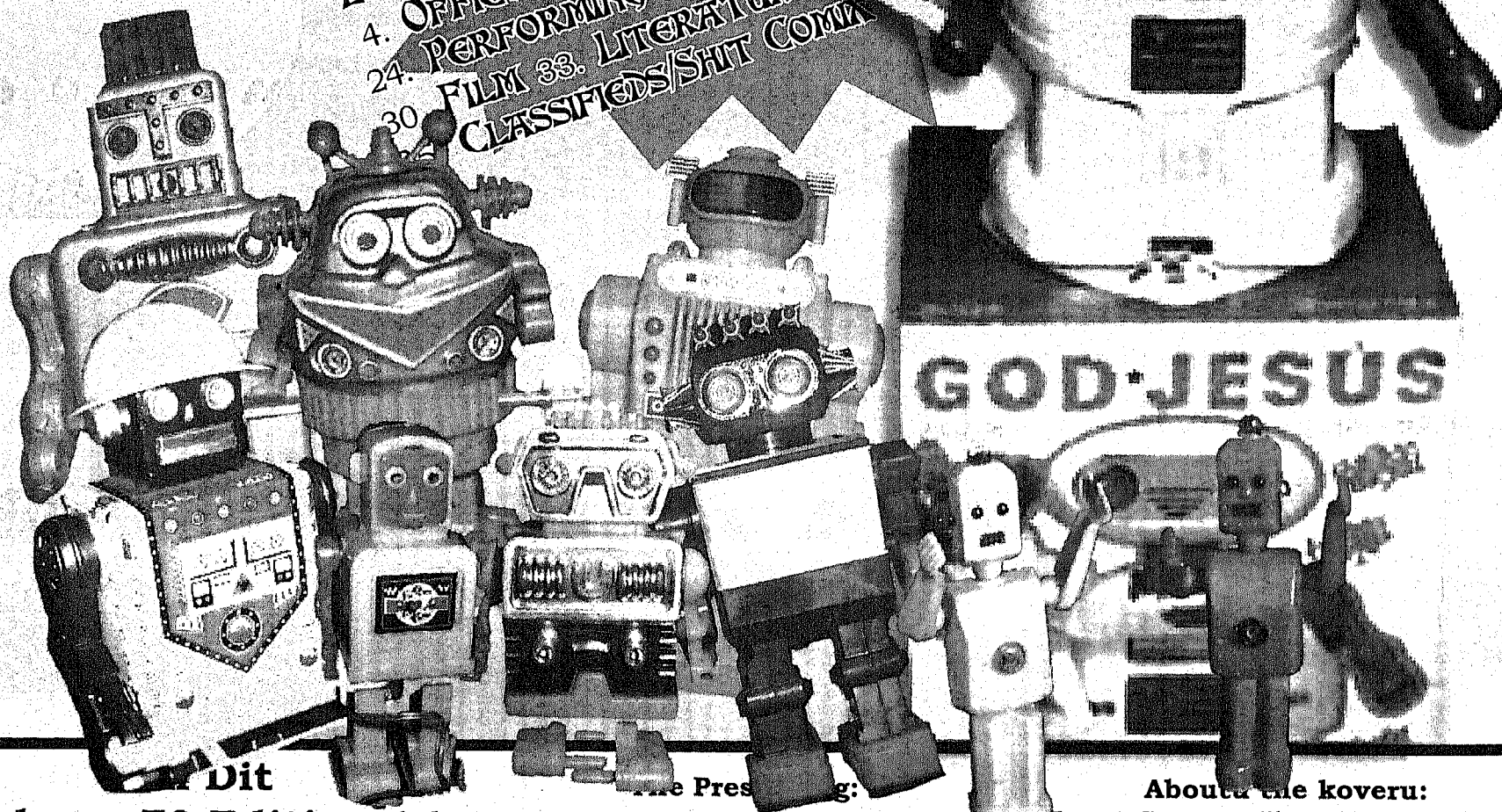
1. NDA
2. CONSUME THIS! THE NESTLE CAMPAIGN
10. THE GAZZA PULL OUT
12. NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT.
13. HINKMORI
16. CELEBRITY TRIALS
18. POM POKO: THE POWER OF THE TESTICLE
20. RINREY HENZURU TRAVELS JAPAN!
22. THE RADIOACTIVE WORLD IS INEVITABLE
23. THALL SHALL NOT WORSHIP FALSE (POP) DOLS
26. JAPANESE METAL MUSIC

# CONSUME CULTURE!

# SUBMIT ME!

## REGULARS

3. MEDIA WATCH
4. EDITORIAL/LETTERS
6. HINKU COMPETITION
4. OFFICE BEARERS
2. MULLDIGGERY
24. PERFORMING ARTS
- MUSIC
30. FILM
33. LITERATURE
- CLASSIFIEDS/SHIT COMA
- FUD



**Volume 73 Edition 16**  
**17.08.2005**

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### Opinion

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### Vox Pop this week by:

Raniel Roi!

### About the kover:

**Front Cover:** Mikey O promotional headband from Japan! To show your support cut it out of the cover, glue onto cardboard headband and wear during the University election week.

**Back Cover:** *On Dit* covers Tokyo! by Leo Greenfield - audieu Leo!

### Wanna Write?

Come down to our friendly little office down in the basement of the George Murray building. Coming editions are themed conformity/alternative, money, novelty, but if anything else comes to mind, scribble it on the back of the toilet door, take a photo of it and send it in to [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) or call us on 83035404.

### Heart feeling is here:

Alexis for making his home so welcoming, Anna Sved, Linley, Oz, Richard Samuel Lumb the Third, Hélène, Jules (Westside), Marlon, the magic of micro-sleep, rote learning, artificial nutrients, english.com and finally, Japan and all its zany contradictions.

I didn't think it possible, but the Schapelle media vehicle has taken another screeching and uncomfortable turn. Corby recently polled heavily in *FHM*'s latest campaign to find the nation's 100 hottest women. The validity of these competitions aside, could we all pause for a moment to remind ourselves that Corby is serving a 20 year sentence for drug trafficking in Indonesia and is unlikely to win an appeal any time soon? Questions of her guilt or innocence aside, I think it's just a tad inappropriate for *FHM* to mount her in a position of idolatry as she considers the cell she's likely to call home for some time.

Thankfully the editors of *FHM* decided not to include the 28 year old Corby on their list, fearing criticism from the public. As editor John Bastick rightly states, at the time of publication she was potentially facing a death sentence and Bastick conceded it 'may have been in slightly poor taste'.

However, Bastick was at pains to point out that, should Corby win an appeal, men's magazines the nation over would be clamouring to get their hands on her hot, ahem, property. Bastick's sentiments are echoed by *Ralph* magazine's editor Michael Pickering. "She's an attractive girl in a distressing situation and it's probably tugging on a few blokes' heartstrings," Pickering says. Careful now. Don't slip in the drool.



ミーチャウアーチ

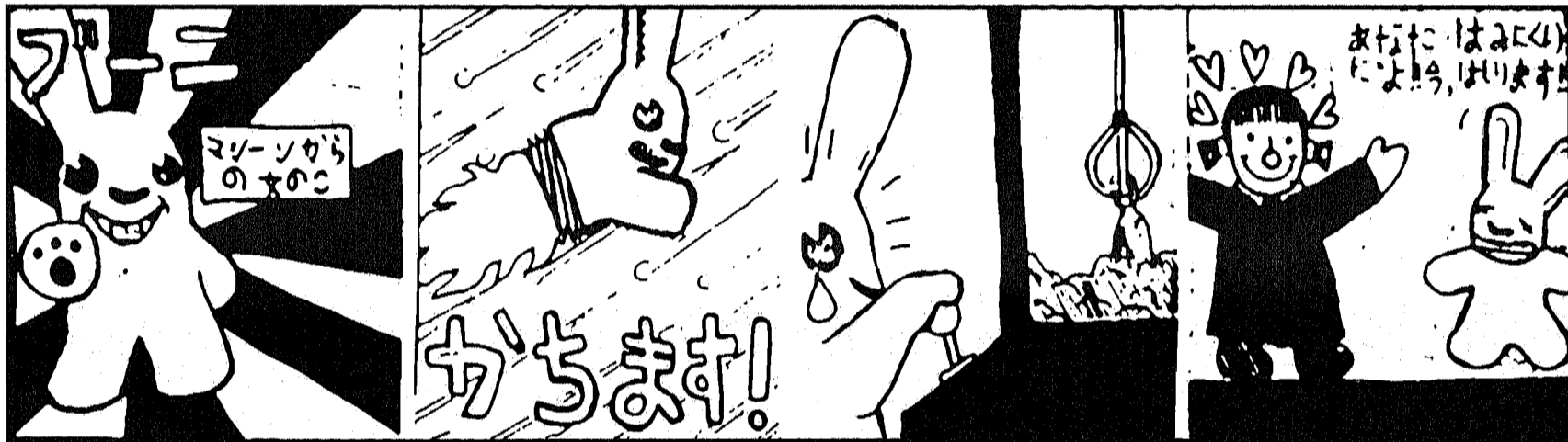
with Audrey Hefferneggar

Regardless of whether Corby is innocent, I'm slightly disturbed by the nonchalance in which the two 'average Aussie blokes' discuss her potential modelling future.

To begin with, and I know it's a reality not many people like to deal with, Corby may be guilty. Consider the kind of pity and/or scorn that is doled out upon women who choose to correspond with prisoners, who may even *fall in love* with said prisoners. Certainly, there's a difference between lusting after a possible marijuana smuggler and a murderer sitting on death row (to use an extreme example). Yet I think there's something telling in the other distinction, the one between who's actually doing the lusting. The reason women who fall for prisoners are pited and/or scorned is because they are considered somehow defunct

in 'femininity' or brains. The only reason they would ever pursue a prisoner is because they are either unable to secure a man in the real world or because they are masochistically attracted to the men society has rejected. Alternatively, the claim that Corby's plight is 'pulling on men's heartstrings' indulges this stereotype without fear of remonstrance from society. Men are allowed to be attracted to Corby because they want to protect her. 'She been done wrong' and all that. And it's okay to lust after her, because after all, she's in pretty good shape and it may be the last time men get to drool.

Look, I'm all for perverting on the hot mamma jammies in Oz but even I feel a little ill at the patronising attitude of Pickering and Bastick. I would honestly hope that, given the situation Corby's in, the thousands of hungry eyes chomping at the bit to see her bits would be the last thing on her mind, even if *Penthouse* does think she's a little past it. "She's a bit old for our readership but assuming she gets out of jail, we'd like to talk to her," said a spokesman for the flesh mag. Well, quite.



## Editorial

I taught English in Japan in 2003. There are things about the Japanese I'll never understand. Like why they so stringently control the separation of their rubbish for environmental purposes, yet insist on individually wrapping everything in plastic.

But I most fondly recall their overwhelming kindness and hospitality. My memories may curl and yellow to within an inch of their lives, but I'll always remember those first few days in my self made adventure - the air at first so cold it kissed me with its minty breath, then hot and humid down south, the smell of the canal outside my apartment a pixie on my heels, the sweetest perfume I could imagine, and all the while I danced outside my body in midnight parks to music only I could hear.

- Clementine

With only one more edition before a long awaited break we'll be looking to cram as much election propaganda into next week's edition as we can. Those running for Office Bearer positions are encouraged to contact us early in the week so I can conduct a thorough grilling of your policies and serve up delicious medium raw patties of truth to the voting populous (or something).

- Danny

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

## CALL OF THE WEEK!

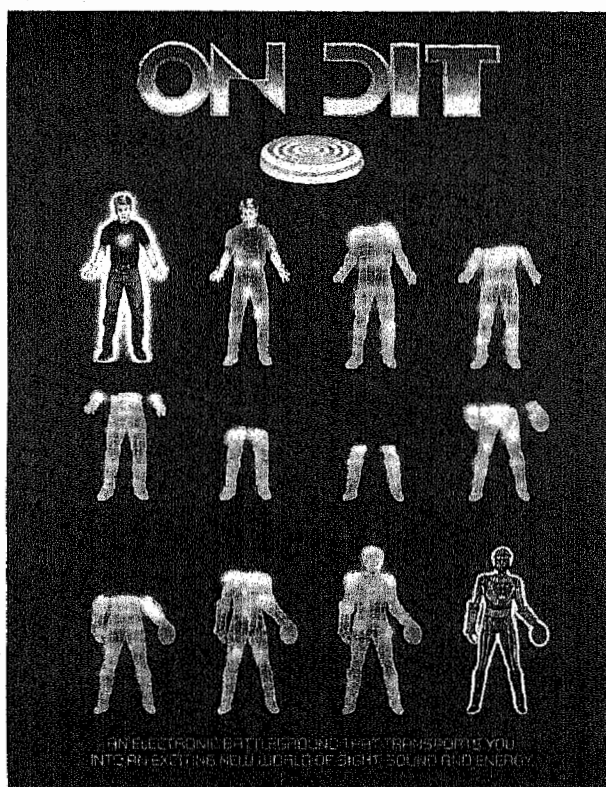
**Compere:** Bob Francis  
**Date:** 10/8/5  
**Time:** 10:35pm  
**Duration:** 3m2s



Caller Paul says Australian terrorists need to be taken out and shot. Francis wishes he was President of this country. Paul says he doesn't feel sorry for any of the people being locked up in Baxter Detention Centre because they've broken our laws and they should be locked up. Francis agrees emphatically. He says he heard Alexander Downer talking today about people going to join jihad groups. He says the Immigration Dept should surely have a record of all people that travel to Pakistan and places like this. He says the MI5 in England would be on their backs. He says they need to round up Australian people that have gone to places like this and shoot them. Paul says Australians aren't very good spies. Francis agrees and says we're too nice and there are too many loud mouthed minority groups and civil libertarians. Francis says a lot of these people [terrorists] won't be accepted by their own countries and so we should shoot them. Paul says we should also shoot Japanese whalers. Francis isn't as sure about this, saying they're technically not in our waters.

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





**On Dit**  
**Edition 15**  
**The Geek Edition**  
**09/08/05**

**Dear Eds/Audrey,**

I would just like to clarify something. My name is spelt Milijana Stojadinovic, not Miliana Stodjanisovic, and the last time I checked I have submitted every single OB report, please don't confuse me with Matthew Walton. If you mean OB columns then that's a different story. As for the presidents office, now that you mention it, all that room would be lovely!

**Mils**

*Milijana - My sincerest apologies. I meant to check on the spelling of your name, but I couldn't find any of the first few editions, before you stopped submitting columns, (not reports as I mistakenly stated). BTW, I was disappointed to see you didn't nominate for Prez as I had mischievously suggested you might ;) - Audrey*

**Dear On Dit,**

I was sitting quietly enjoying a quite cognac when I was hit by an epiphany for the forthcoming elections. Another semester has passed and yet again the people whose wages are paid for by us all, those in SAUA positions, seem to be doing very little. The consistency of this fact year after year suggests that this is not merely the odd few slackers, but the result of a system in which there is no accountability. Put simply, it's a welfare system that supports the odd few students to get through a year of their degree. Now don't get me wrong, I'm as left wing as the next man and don't have a problem with welfare, but let's make sure it's going to the most needy. Why don't we change the concept of the elections and start nominating and voting for those students most in need of financial support. I myself know quite a few people who are in a bad financial situation. They may not do much in their positions, but at least we know our money's going to a good cause.

**Andrew Fleming**

**Dear Vice Chancellor,**

If you happen to be reading could you please let us know why Student Radio is being allowed to disappear. The financial astringency imposed by looming VSU legislation means of course that the AUU can no longer afford to fund services that are on the periphery of its core purpose. However the cost of the Student Radio licence is 'only' \$20,000 approximately and Stud. Rad. is predominantly run by volunteers. For a University that is strongly investing in infrastructure it seems miserly and short sighted to shirk such a sum of investment. It is even more puzzling when you consider that the University actually created the station about 30 years ago and continues to be a major source of its funding (and perhaps still owns the station?). Is it really too much to ask to waive the licence fee for Adelaide University students considering the University has an entire media degree whose participants would surely benefit from being able to exercise their new found production skills in a fun and independent environment that is probably worth more in experience than the course they are currently undertaking.

I asked one of the bright young things in the media degree what they thought about the closure of Radio Adelaide. "Did Jane O'Reilly do Student Radio?" was all the response she gave before a glazed over stare. Is it simply that the University realises that it can give these students the minimum of production training (and credibility) in the day time hours of Radio Adelaide (where they can be supervised and kept away from sharp corners) so the course requirements can be meagrely filled without having to fund any independent but crucial student activity? Where did that 25% increase in fees go again?

**Lewis**

**Dear On Dit,**

Firstly I would like to congratulate Clementine on a wonderfully written expose of the inner machinations of Smack! I thought the article was particularly good publicity for the party, especially in the lead up to an election, though whether that was Clementine's objective I'm not so sure.

Further to this, I'd like to offer my voice in support of those "clueless little cherubs." I went on their pub crawl, and when they weren't reeling around snogging people, they all impressed me with their insight and awareness of the political systems at Adelaide Uni and in the wider community.

Therefore, I would like to provide another Smack!ironym for your perusal, one that I feel best sums up the ethos and abilities of the Smack! team - Seriously Motivated And Committed Kids. I wish them all the best of luck as they "trudge through the mire of doublespeak," and I feel confident they will not let us down.

Regards,

**Lucas de Boer**



**Dear Editor,**

Terry Hewton is right (*On Dit*, 73.15, "July 7: Where the real danger lies"). Our warmongers are having a field day after the recent London bombings. As in Orwell's *1984*, they want an external enemy, they want us ignorant about this enemy (so believing what they tell us), and they don't want to defeat the enemy, which would end their profitable little game. So the chosen enemy is "Islamic terrorism" - a slander on Islam, which no more condones indiscriminate killing than does the Christian gospel. Then there's the myth that terrorists can be "defeated" by invading a country with massive military force. This is so loony that a very big lie had to be told to make invasion of Iraq seem reasonable. The convenient lie was that Saddam had WMDs, weapons of mass destruction (and therefore posed a threat to "us"). The truth was that the WMDs had been used by the invading coalition ("us", also US) in the first Gulf War. (Here's a meaningful question for you: The US r "us". Discuss). These WMDs were shells tipped with depleted uranium, which cuts through any armour plating like a hot knife through butter, burning with fierce heat as it does. The highly radioactive residue scattered throughout Iraq for 14 years has caused massive increases in cancer and birth defects (that's a nice way of saying babies are born with missing or deformed limbs or born with literally no faces & damaged or missing eyes). Uranium weapons violate all four of the international laws regarding weapons.

How could we go to war justified by a lie? Don't we have sophisticated high-tech intelligence services to tell us exactly where any dangers exist? Intelligence whistleblower Andrew Wilkie resigned, because that was the only way he could tell us that Howard & co. were lying about the intelligence on Iraq. Before Wilkie, the Government had destroyed the careers of Lt.-Col. Lance Collins and Captain Martin Toohey because they dared to tell the truth about the Indonesian army in East Timor. They drove intelligence officer Merv Jenkins to suicide because he dared to hand this true intelligence on to American agents. What effect do you think these repeated Government attacks on any "inconvenient" truth-telling has had on our intelligence services? Any courageous whistleblowers left? Probably not.

The Government doesn't want us to know the truth about these matters. That doesn't suit their agenda. They maintain and increase their power by massively increasing spending (taxpayers' money, our money!) on "defence" & "security" while slashing education & health - and while attacking any dissent with draconian laws: you're either with "us" (them) or you're against "us" (them). There was nothing inevitable about these decisions. They were political choices made for political reasons.

I'm just another old hippie like Terry Hewton warning you about these lies that could kill you. I first went to Adelaide Uni in the mid 1960s, when conscription for Vietnam was introduced (as Terry says, they said it wasn't for Vietnam - their lies never end). Conscription for their latest war could be their next move. Don't take our word for it. Find out for yourself. Don't be ignorant cannon fodder - be our lying leaders' worst nightmare; informed, smart and defiant. Find out for yourself the truth about their wars and their WMDs and fight for your own future.

Yours Faithfully,

**Bill Fisher**

(at Adelaide Uni on & off from 1965 to 1978)



Dear Editors,

I read with interest Yak's article about Dan Brown's book *The Da Vinci Code*. Interest, I am afraid, soon turned into disappointment and then into a sense of weary resignation. What I think 'Yak', if that is his real name, fails to realise is that the errors in Brown's work, and there are many, are an integral and essential part of his storytelling technique. When we read, for example, that the hero has escaped a five kiloton explosion by jumping from the 'papal helicopter', or that his ability to use a manual gearshift appears to vary with the whims of the divine, we experience a moment of disquiet which only heightens the impact of the next revelation about Opus Dei or the descendants of Christ. Early in the book, whole paragraphs of mistakes provide welcome respite between passages of thrilling action and arse-clenching excitement, like moments of pause taken during a night of vigorous lovemaking.

But there is a deeper purpose. I have discovered that if you plot a graph with the number of errors of fact, logic or grammar appearing on each page of the first edition, you will come up with a curve which describes almost exactly the performance of the United States stock market since 1913 - clear proof of divine influence. I have checked up to page 106 so far and have just reached the recession caused by the OPEC crisis of the 1970s, so later parts of the book will surely provide us with a guide to the future of the world economy. It is all, I must suppose, part of Heaven's grand plan. There have been a few discrepancies here and there, but these are presumably the result of God's work being channelled through the imperfect vessels of Doubleday's editorial staff. We can only thank the Lord they trod so lightly on Brown's text.

Why was Yak so hostile to *The Da Vinci Code*? Dan Brown has achieved what so many strive for - he has discovered the formula for converting mass human stupidity directly into enough fat bricks of cash to construct a new and better Vatican. Has your reviewer ever done as much? I must assume his motive was simple jealousy. This 'Yak' is one creature Noah should never have let on his Ark.

Yours in faith,

**Senator Steven Fielding**  
Family First Party\*

*\*Actual author may not be Fielding*

Dear Eds,

Is it just me, or have the Pandora's Box articles been growing steadily worse over the past few months? Where once Lavinia Emmett-Grey was able to write fairly passable articles, occasionally even demonstrating some depth, she appears now to be drowning in a quagmire of mediocrity and stale ideas. While I'm sure it's very therapeutic for her to document all of the sordid details of her apparently alcoholic lifestyle, I doubt the pages of *On Dit* are the most appropriate places to display them. It concerns me that Ms Emmett-Grey appears to have so little self respect that she is content to share such intimate details with strangers. Further, I feel sorry that a young woman has not only resigned herself to being 'Rebound Girl', but seems to publically revel in the fact she is used by men so callously and shamelessly. Despite her role as sexuality officer, it seems Lavinia's only function is to prove demonstrably how NOT to behave.

Joseph

# Read and write Japanese - the easy way!

<b>Vowels</b>	A	I	U	E	O
	ア	イ	ウ	エ	オ
<b>K</b> with " = G	カ	キ	ク	ケ	コ
<b>S</b> with " = Z	サ	シ shi	ス	セ	ソ
<b>T</b> with " = D	タ	チ chi	ツ tsu	テ	ト
<b>N</b>	ナ	ニ	ヌ	ネ	ノ
<b>H</b> with " = B with ° = P	ハ	ヒ	フ	ヘ	ホ
<b>M</b>	マ	ミ	ム	メ	モ
<b>Y</b>	ヤ		ユ		ヨ
<b>R</b>	ラ	リ	ル	レ	ロ
<b>WA</b>	ワ	ン	ン	ン	ヲ

Japanese is actually one of the easiest languages in the world to learn. Unlike English, there are only five sounds - a (cat), i (bin), u (put), e (set) and o (rock) which means even the simplest of folk will be able to figure out how to say a particular word. Written Japanese is comprised of three different forms of pictorial symbols - katakana, hiragana and kanji. Katakana (above) is the easiest to learn. Its angles are sharper than hiragana for a start, and it's utilised to write words that have traveled from English into the Japanese vernacular, company names, foreign names and new words in Japanese like *karaoke*. For example, *beer* in Japanese is pronounced *bee-ru* and is written: The dash after the symbol for *bi* indicates the sound of *oo* must be drawn out to cut off the end as much as possible.

Hirigana and kanji are a little more complicated. Hirigana's symbols are also syllabic but represent the phonetic spelling of actual Japanese words rather than English based ones. Kanji are more elaborate symbols that represent words through ideas rather than syllabic spelling. There are more than 5000 of them, so unless you plan on devoting the rest of your life to learning them, stick to spoken Japanese. In my time in Japan I only ever learnt the kanji for *river, beautiful and mountain, up, down and ladies* - none of which proved particularly helpful. However, learning katakana and hiragana proved not only a fun exercise in ROTE study but also a delightful way to wile away the hours I was meant to be planning English lessons for year nine students with the attention spans of a gnat colony.

If you're as lame as I am, you might like to learn it yourself. Practice time!

your name (eg Steve, Sally, Lucinda)

best product ever invented

your favourite movie

person you'd most like to boof

something shiny



# Parliament Resumes

The new parliament sat for the first time last week as John Howard issued an ultimatum to dissident Coalition party members. "We have been successful when we have been united", said Howard. Liberal powerbroker Bill Heffernan and right-wing lap-dog, Sophie Panopoulos, led the charge against renegades Barnaby Joyce, Alan Eggleston and MP Greg Hunt, who used the first day of sitting to express serious reservations about Voluntary Student Unionism. Reports even came out of the Coalition party room of Joyce and Heffernan physically confronting each other and almost coming to blows.

Senator Joyce, however, still presents as the largest obstacle to the theoretically unbridled power of the Coalition. In the last few months he has taken over the bumbling Nationals leader, Mark Vaile, as unofficial party spokesman. Vaile said a \$2billion trust fund for Telstra services to the bush would be asked for, Joyce said \$5billion was a more reasonable figure. Vaile hasn't commented meaningfully on the industrial relations reforms, Joyce has raised concerns about a national system and of the states losing their power.

By now it is fairly well known what the Howard agenda will be over the next 6-12 months. First on the hit list is industrial relations. Howard wants to see a national system (something the Democrats are eager for and Labor would probably consider); however, the national system would involve a gutting of the independent Industrial Relations Commission. Wage fixing would be turned over to a Fair Pay Commission which would be more "economically rigorous" in determining minimum wages. Awards would no longer be the safety net for workers; instead four legislated minimum conditions (sick leave, 38 hour week, holiday leave, and unpaid maternity leave) will be standard and the FPC will set the minimum wage (likely to decrease in real value over time). Individual contracts will be used to sideline unions, while new regulations on strike action and union access will mean unions will face a tough battle to retain industrial muscle. Businesses with less than 100 employees will be exempt from unfair dismissal legislation. There is some speculation that the reforms, considered draconian in most circles, will be watered down somewhat to show what a 'reasonable man' the Prime Minister is.

Voluntary Student Unionism faces a tougher test to get through the Senate. While the IR battleground will essentially be the government trying to convince the people (Joyce agrees with the aims of the IR reforms), VSU will be more about the government convincing its own Senators. Joyce is asking for a fund to be set up to maintain country university services. Meanwhile the traditional conservatives in the Liberal Party, many of whom played Rugby Union or joined debating societies at uni, are privately worried. With the universities promising not to prop up student political activity, compromise on the VSU legislation is not unlikely, probably resulting in a fee levied by the university which would be used to contract selected services out to the union.

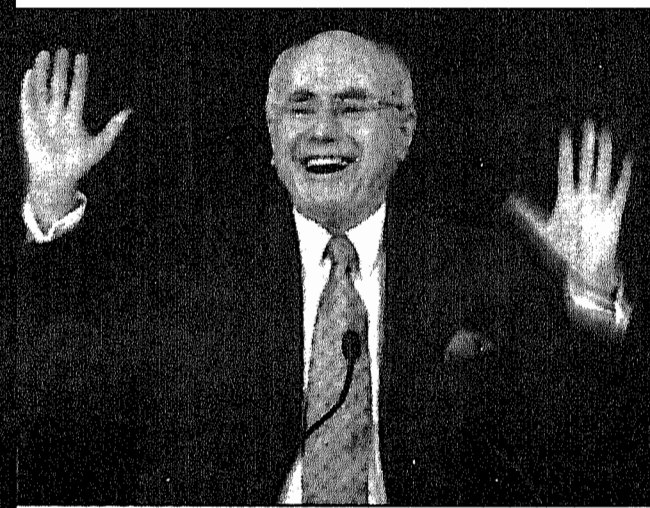
The privatisation of Telstra is proving more difficult for the government than anticipated. Despite promising not to sell off more after 33% was sold, and then promising to keep a majority public stake-hold after another 16%

was sold, the Liberals now insist Telstra must be sold off. The geography and population density of Australia is not immediately attractive to private companies who would need to invest extensively in infrastructure; and services to the bush will most likely continue to be monopolised, so it is not immediately clear how a private company could be pressured to provide the necessary services. Joyce has picked up on this and demanded a multitude of conditions for the full sale of Telstra. Some government MPs have accused Joyce outright of blackmail, although it is likely the government will do pretty much any deal in order to push through the estimated \$32billion sale.

Lastly, Howard is looking to relax media ownership laws allowing capitalists to have multiple and controlling interests in radio, television, the internet and other media. This aspect has been the least discussed of the Howard agenda largely because of the mainstream media's own interest in these laws being passed. The Nationals have not raised objections to media ownership reforms.

Despite Joyce and company's very public voicing of their concerns, most believe these four key measures will pass the Senate with little- if any- substantive adjustment. Just in case, negotiations have started with Family First Senator Steve Fielding and the Democrats. The Howard agenda, especially IR reform and VSU, has been an article of faith for the Liberals and there is little doubt the party will go to extraordinary lengths to ensure it gets through. Thus, with the main opposition likely to be on the street rather than in parliament, the Libs will try to get the more controversial issues through as quickly as possible so the dust has settled and the electorate has once more descended into apathy before the next election.

Alex Solomon-Bridge



Top to bottom: Education Minister Chris Evans, Workplace Relations Minister Kevin Andrews, Prime Minister John Howard, and Rogue National Barnaby Joyce faces off with Liberal backbencher Bill Heffernan.



# The NDA: Marching Into the Media



There's nothing student politicians love more than a protest. For a few short, painfully transient moments the months and months of student apathy, unfavourable press and accused irrelevancy gives way to unfettered glory. For a brief period they hold the nation in their hands and espouse their ideology accordingly. The SAUA has tried many times this year to stage protests against the proposed implementation of VSU, most memorably and controversially the \$5,000 Make Some Noise day, but last Wednesday provided their best chance yet to gather a large group of students willing to 'save the fees' at the top of their lungs.

What more could students possibly require to get them to stand shoulder to shoulder with their Union? Surely the recent movements in Canberra, the dissent of the Liberal backbench, the arcing up of rogue National senator Barnaby Joyce, the threat of slashings to student services, student media and campus events on top of the Howard Government's constant insistence to place education miles below defence, and the proposed industrial relations reforms which put all casual employees at grave risk, would galvanise the student body, sending thousands of students into the breach to march upon Parliament house. And even for those who don't care about the issues - don't the free sausages oblige you to be involved?

In the past few years South Australian student activists have seen themselves in the news several times. The infamous visits of John Howard and Tony Abbott saw rampaging students armed with placards, a patchy understandings of socialism and a copies of *Das Kapital*, serve up reels of conservative friendly footage for the Packer and Murdoch news. The recent history of student protests has been marked by simple sloganeering and one dimensional aggression that has led to the entire student body to be branded as "feral lefties" by many more than just Alexander Downer.

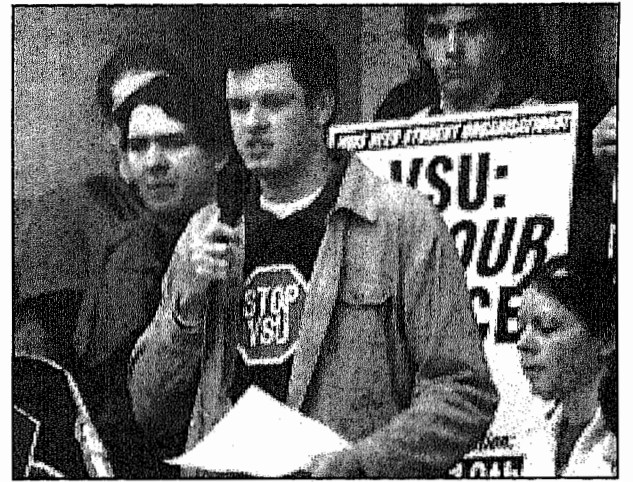
Undoubtedly the major flaw in the student movement has been the lack of articulation. A simple "shame!" is almost as forceless as it is unoriginal. If students are to ever win over the broader, *A Current Affair* watching, public

it has to be with a more developed argument than just "No VSU".

As light silver clouds coalesced overhead, students did likewise on the Barr Smith lawns. Slowly circulating through the crowd various anti-Howard banners began to tip off students off to the ulterior motive to the free barbecue. Many of the familiar SAUA faces began herding students together and manoeuvring them up the stairs past the Barr Smith Library. As the pack began to gather momentum and snake their way out onto North Terrace rain drops fell briefly, an omen that the students might be in for a harder time than they expected. As the beat of drums grew, the group marched their way through Rundle mall. Their various chants of "unions yes. Liberals no, VSU has got to go", "without our unions we'd be blue, please don't bring in VSU" and "VSU has got to go, hey hey, ho ho" were met with equally as inane (and rhythmic) retorts from shoppers such as "eat my shit" and "go get fucked". The huddle neared Victoria Square and were met with the sight of half a dozen waiting police cars and a gaggle of students from Uni SA and Flinders. After a brief interlude of back-slapping and staged chanting for the waiting cameras, the journey entered its final stage with a procession down the centre of King William street.

The caterpillar of bohemians was met mainly with open-mouthed gawking from most bystanders. Men in business suits raised their suitcases above their heads to block out the sun and get a clear view, mothers looked away from their babies to squint at the banners and spotty faced boys in pink polo shirts lowered their designer shades to mouth "what the fuck". Once the caterpillar reached Parliament house students scattered like ants, swarming onto the steps with signs, placards and banners, all hollering "no VSU" in unison.

It was then that the true dynamic of the march, and the battleground for broader student activism displayed itself in the sharpest contrast. The two groups who were now standing across from each other, directly opposed, eyeball to eyeball, were not the students and politicians, not liberals and Liberals, but rather the Student Unions and the media. Separated by a thick sliver of concrete were the kids and the machine. Meeting every slogan, every action, every dreadlock, piercing and arts degree was the cool, steely eye of television cameras. The

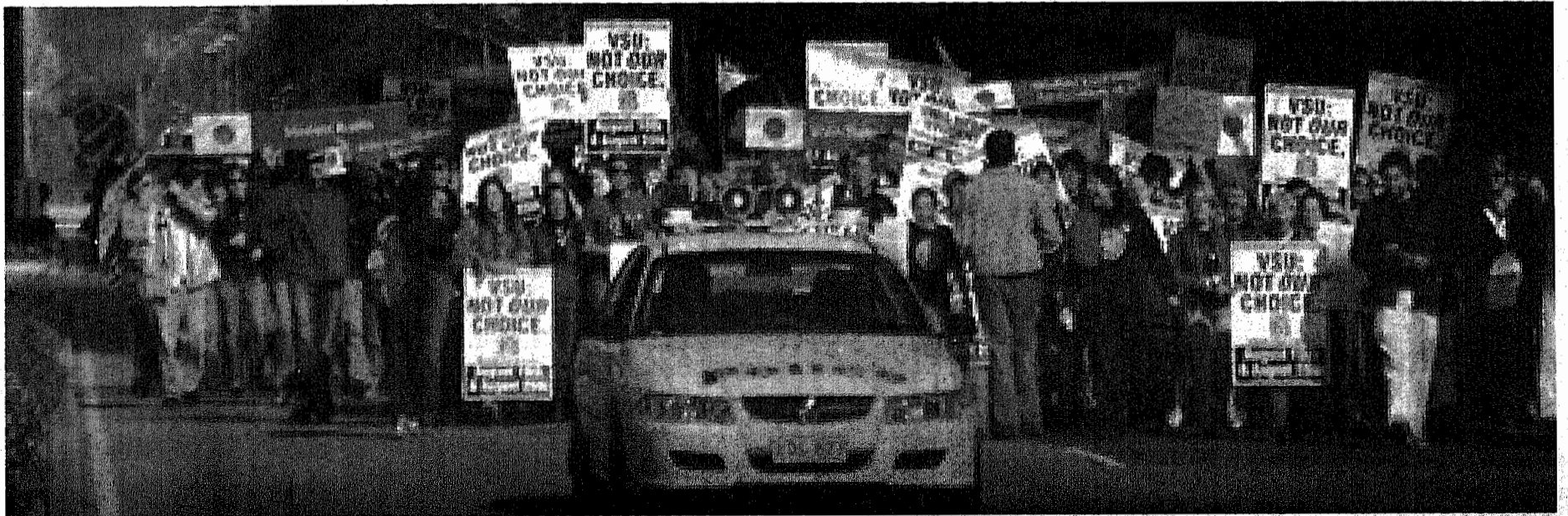


march never meant to enter parliament house to speak with politicians, but instead to rap on the door and converse with the press.

Given David Pearson's unimpressive improvisations on the Barr Smith Lawns less than an hour earlier one would have been forgiven for having low expectations. If one did however, one was to be pleasantly surprised. Citing recent statistics from a survey conducted by independent arbiters showing that 84% of Adelaide University students, if given the chance, wouldn't implement VSU, Pearson went on to outline the SAUA interpretation of the issue - that the war on VSU is a not a Liberal campaign for choice, but a Liberal attack on anything calling itself a Union, jokingly suggesting that the Liberals next targets would be rugby union and Farmers Union Iced Coffee. In light of the week's events and the movements on the proposed Industrial Relations it was an insightful if comic link that rang true on many levels. He repeatedly stated that "students are the best reformers of student organizations", admitted that there are errors in the current system, but maintained it was for students to deal with. Because he was willing to give a little on these smaller points Pearson's overall stance became much more than the mere dogmatics the SAUA has been roundly criticised for.

Students left the steps with high hopes, even some of the most cynical amongst them had been swayed and it was with a dull, warm feeling of optimism that I switched on the television that evening. Hoping to see brief snaps of student all around the country peacefully and creatively articulating their frustrations into the conservative suburban living rooms we instead saw images of scuffles and antagonism in Sydney and Melbourne. All the news held for us was five solid, tragic minutes of squandered chances. Through their thoughtless behaviour, the students in the eastern states have obscured the productive work done by the South Australian unions, and they're to be judged poorly for it.

Danny Wills





*PUSHING YOUR THOUGHTS INTO UNCOMFORTABLE LITTLE PACKAGES -*

**The On Dit Haiku Competition!!**

Here are some killer syllables from our On Dit Haiku Competition finalists:

AND THE COVETED HAIKU AWARD FOR THE MOST OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION TO THE FIELD OF HAIKU GOES TO:

to drain of meaning  
she starts on pig-tailed girls  
little fashion dolls  
Arthur Nouveau

beef and fries served up  
high voiced teen and acne face  
we crumble below  
Ethan Hunt

first five syllables  
and then seven syllables  
and another five  
Ben Vistoli

The diaphragm, and  
external intercostals.  
Help you breath in  
Lumb

Kentai porn is gross  
not that I would know of course  
my friend told me so  
Jesse Chestnut

strange cold golden goo  
can't believe it's not butter  
the age we live in  
Nerissa Schwarz

oil supplies decline  
Iran wants nuclear power  
the West shakes its fist  
Jekabs Rozitis

To be involved in other hastily organised On Dit competitions, subscribe to our Friends Of On Dit email list! Send the words "I want to be on your Friends of On Dit email list", to [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au). It's really that simple!

it sad I missed Matt  
this I send this haiku back  
part of me remains  
Miss Svedbergman

scholarly schooling  
like pedants in the playroom  
make young minds weary  
Dan Joyce

Zombies everywhere!  
Too many, can't kill them all  
braaa aaa aaa aaa aiiii!  
Ozram

Life can be real tough  
For children with ADD.  
Oh hey what's that thing that's  
flashing over there.  
Lindsay (disqualified on a technicality)



Ben Vistoli crowned as Haiku Master

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**Authorised Education Reseller**



# Stop Nestlé Milking Human Misery

"Chocolate is scrumptious when it crunches. That's why I love Nestle Crunch. That's why I love Nestle Crunch. Scrumptious." -Nestle Marketing Genius

Last time I was passing through Ghana (admittedly the only time I have been there), I had trouble finding coffee. Sure, the supermarket sold coffee. Lots of coffee. Nestlé coffee. But, after a little investigation, I was turned off Nestlé products for good.

On its website, Nestlé Ghana Ltd proudly describes itself as "a good corporate citizen". This is a bald lie, for two reasons:—

1. Corporations are not citizens, no matter how many elections they win.
2. There is nothing—nothing—good about Nestlé.

In fact, Nestlé is a corporate 'citizen' of the worst kind, callously profiting from the vulnerability of children and young mothers.

## THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST NESTLÉ

Each year, according to the World Health Organisation (WHO), around 1.5 million children die because they are not breastfed properly. Yet, indifferent, Nestlé continues to market breastmilk substitutes in poor countries. When breastmilk substitutes are diluted too thinly, fed from bottles or teats that are not sterilised, or mixed with unclean water (and in Ghana most water is unclean) babies can suffer diarrhoea or even death.

Many of these 1.5 million deaths are preventable. It has been shown that even in rich countries such as Britain, breastfed babies are up to ten times less likely to suffer from gastrointestinal illness.

So what is to be done? It is not just the stink of exploitation that should turn us off Nestlé products. As consumers, we have a lot of power over Nestlé.

In the 1980s and 90s many groups around the world, including our student union, led a boycott of Nestlé. Since then Ghana and many other countries have enacted the WHO International Code of Marketing of Breastmilk Substitutes.

In poor countries, awareness has also grown that breastfeeding is safer and healthier than any commercial substitute. Thanks partly to recent government initiatives, 97 per cent of Ghanaian women now breastfeed. And three years ago when I visited Cambodia, billboards to promote breastfeeding were everywhere.

## HAS ANYTHING REALLY CHANGED?

Ordinary people have already made a big difference. This has been enough to convince some people to give Nestlé another chance. But we are naïve to do so.



Why not encourage your local primary school to organise a tour of Adelaide's own Nestle corporate headquarters - 136 Frome Rd in the city.

Shops I visited in Ghana still sell Nestlé Lactogen 1, which Nestlé still prescribes for babies "from birth", even though the WHO and the Ghanaian government both support "exclusive breastfeeding for six months as a global public health recommendation".

The Ghanaian Infant Nutrition Action Network traces much of the infant malnutrition in Ghana to "inappropriate feeding practices". Its chair, Dr Charles Sagoe-Moses (who was kind enough to return my emails), accuses Nestlé and other corporations of "global, consistent and systematic violation of the Code".

In a recent survey of the problem in Ghana,

Nestlé was found to have violated both the International Code and the Ghana Breastfeeding Promotion Regulations. Illegally, it had sponsored infant-formula T-shirts for medical students, persuaded health workers to accept free Lactogen 1, and even advertised "follow-up" formulas for babies younger than six months.

Likewise, around the world Nestlé is still deceiving mothers into using its unsafe breastmilk substitutes, especially in countries where the International Code has not been fully enacted. Its tactics range from simple ads, to free samples, to the active recruitment of health workers to talk up and prescribe breastmilk substitutes.

## WHAT WE NEED TO DO...

Unless we keep fighting Nestlé, there is little to deter it and other big, powerful corporations from causing further human misery.

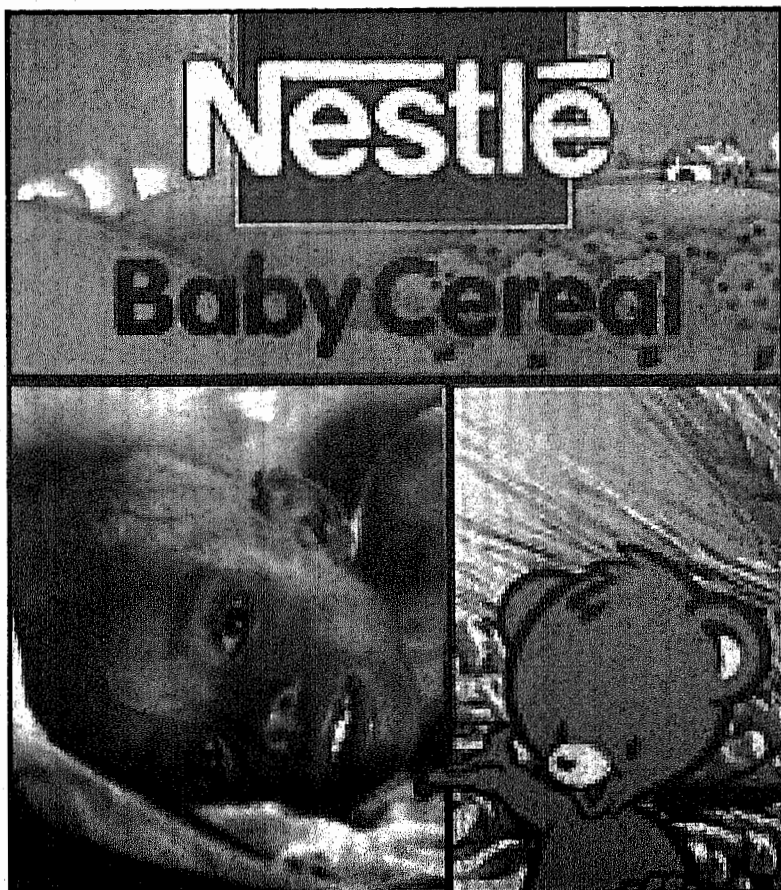
In Ghana, this means raising awareness among young mothers of the dangers of breastmilk substitutes. Safer alternatives must be promoted for mothers worried about passing on HIV to their babies. And the Ghana Breastfeeding Promotion Regulations must be strictly enforced.

But Australians like us can help too. Pressure from consumers has already forced Nestlé to accept the International Code. We should continue to boycott Nestlé so long as it profits from the exploitation of women and children.

This is an example of how, by working together across borders and economic divides, we can step in to prevent corporations, in their hunger for profit, from neglecting justice, health, and even human life. Exposing Nestlé is just one step towards holding all such milkers of misery to account.

Not enough to turn you off your sweet, chocolaty Milo? It should be.

Rowan Nicholson



**HAND-SHREDDER 2 #!\*#**

**NO RED RIGHT HAND!**

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Customers say:  
 "And they say chemical burn leaves scarring, Hand-Shredder meant I couldn't even be linked to the hotspot" - Board Directoro Bhopal.  
 "If only we had a Ken Saro-Wiwa sized Hand-Shredder" - Masta Shell Executuro.



# THE GAZA STRIP SETTLING FOR COMPRIMISE



When Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon announced his intentions to press through with his Unilateral Disengagement Plan in June last year his statement was met with an enormous amount of scepticism by both his countrymen and the Palestinian people, but to everyone's surprise the first stage has almost come to fruition. The plan is a move towards the US-backed 'road map' for peace by removing all Israeli settlements from the Gaza Strip and northern Samaria (a small section of the West Bank), though it stops short of creating the independent Palestinian State that the road map calls for. Sounds good, right? If you ask the locals, however, they will seriously temper any enthusiasm they have for the plan because this is not a region renowned for its happy endings.

In essence, the recent problems started with the Arab-Israeli war immediately following World War II (actually, the problem is thousands of years old, but we'll just deal with the modern version) when the Mandate of Palestine (all of current day Israel and Palestine) was partitioned into separate Arab and Jewish states. Immediately upon this decision, fighting broke out and eventually the Gaza Strip became Egyptian

*"This is not a region known for its happy endings"*

territory and the West Bank Jordanian among other changes. The next major conflict in the region was the Six-Day War that was precipitated by the militarisation of the Arab nations surrounding Israel, which eventually culminated in plans for a surprise attack. When the Israelis appealed to the US for help, the "red telephone" between the White House and the Kremlin was used for the first time ever to call off the attack by the Egyptians and Syrians, and though this call was successful, the Israelis had already seized the opportunity to launch a pre-emptive strike. As a result, they made serious incursions into Egypt, Jordan and Syria, increasing their land area threefold with areas like the Sinai Peninsula and the Golan Heights now under their control, and about one million Arabs residing within these new borders. Future wars failed to change Israel's borders with the exception of a small foray into Lebanese territory that ended entirely by 2000 and didn't affect any of the other disputed areas, while the Sinai was returned to Egypt by peaceful means with several Israeli settlements destroyed and hardly a word has been said about it since.

Given this, it would seem that the current disengagement plan has a fairly good chance of succeeding, but current Israeli opinion is strongly against such an eventuality. While few people are willing to go as far as Yigal Amir, the right-wing activist who assassinated Yitzhak Rabin for his role in brokering the initial peace accords with Yasser Arafat, the term "Zionist" is simply a synonym for fundamentalist in many circles. It doesn't help that despite the fact that the Geneva Convention expressly forbids an "Occupying Power" to "transfer parts of its own civilian population to territory it occupies," the fact that this area of land has been in dispute for thousands of years has led to a number of loose interpretations of whether

the land has been occupied or recaptured. Despite decisions from the International Court of Justice and the UN that the settlements are illegal, Israel has refused to stop their establishment and expansion because neither of these decisions is binding by law.

Sharon has not endeared himself to the Israeli people by forcing the destruction of 25 settlements (21 in Gaza, 4 in the West Bank), but in light of revelations in the Sasson Report anything less would be internationally condemned. This recently-tabled report uncovered a longstanding practice of diverting state funds into the World Zionist Organization to build and expand settlements in the West Bank. Despite this, public opinion in Israel is against the plans, which many see as the first step in a larger movement that will eventually leave Israel bereft of all her occupied territories, as evidenced by protest marches boasting numbers in excess of 100,000 while

pro-disengagement efforts have failed to similarly galvanise the population, often failing to gather as many as 100 supporters. To further isolate Sharon, the issue has splintered his own Likud party because many of them feel that he has ignored the right-wing agenda on which he was overwhelmingly elected against

a Labor opponent who had proposed his own disengagement plan. The resulting resignations have left Sharon with a split government and even though the plan still has majority backing, many doubt the long-term viability of the process of disengagement. With the date for the pull-out fast approaching, the latest resignation is that of Finance Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, who initially intended to resign last year over the same issue but retracted this threat after Yasser Arafat's death. It has to be added that if the disengagement becomes messy with settlers refusing to leave and being expelled by force, it will be near impossible to convince Israel that further pull-outs are expedient. Add to this the comments made by one of Sharon's top aides, Dov Weisglass, that "the significance of the disengagement plan is the freezing of the peace process [which it bypasses] and when you freeze that process, you prevent the establishment of a Palestinian state," and it's easy to see why the Palestinians are still a little nervous as well.

Currently, 31% of the Gaza strip is under Israeli control, despite the fact that its citizens represent only 0.6% of the total population and this tiny population requires a huge investment on the part of Israel as well as being a very obvious sign to the Palestinians of the respect that they command from their larger neighbours. Combine this with the constant battles between citizens and Israeli forces in the middle of heavily populated communities and the difficulties in conducting international trade without any recognised borders and the move towards autonomy is an obvious one. As for the borders, Israel's holds the only one border crossing with the West Bank, the three countries meet at the point of the pos, as well as the sea space (ostensibly to prevent the flow of goods, people and information) that many consider

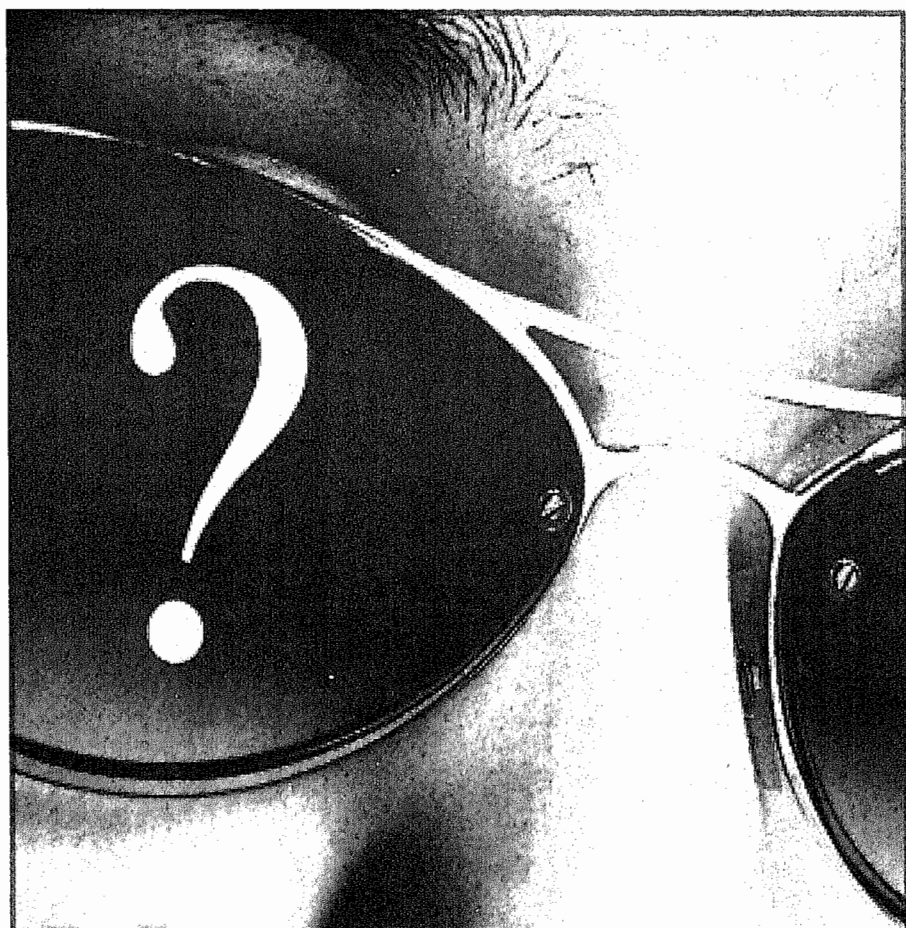
is still an occupying force. Nevertheless, all Israeli Defence Force posts will be withdrawn along with the settlers and true autonomous government will be allowed, both of which point to a good start.

Here again, though, people are picking holes in the plan because one party that has gained a lot of ground at recent local elections is Hamas, a group that has as its avowed aim to conquer the area of the former Mandate of Palestine (including any secular Palestinian state that may form) by military means if necessary, and that is recognised as a terrorist group not just by Israel but by the United States and European Union. Palestine's second parliamentary elections have been postponed to next January, and what effect the possibility of Hamas coming to power will have remains to be seen. The immediate effect is that they have already denounced the current deal and are failing to observe the ceasefire, which has even been sanctioned by some religious leaders including the Mufti of Ramallah (in the West Bank) and represents the first time such a ban has been placed on shooting Israeli forces (or civilians).

There are many differing views on the merits of the current plan, but they can largely be divided into two camps: those hoping for an amicable solution and the hardliners who will never accept any compromise. It is the second group that has so far frustrated all attempts at peace in the Middle East while the first has struggled to appease the militant factions on either side, and as this goes to press and the deadline for the peaceful withdrawal of settlers passes, both parties are watching with interest. Hardline groups on either side have always been able to derail the peace process, and they certainly threaten to do the same here, but whatever happens, it will undoubtedly have a great impact on future negotiations over this long disputed region.

Alexis Buxton-Collins





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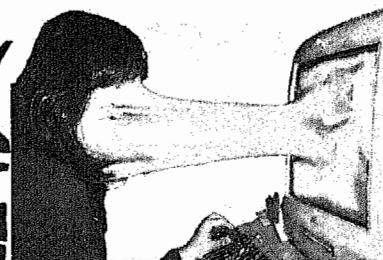
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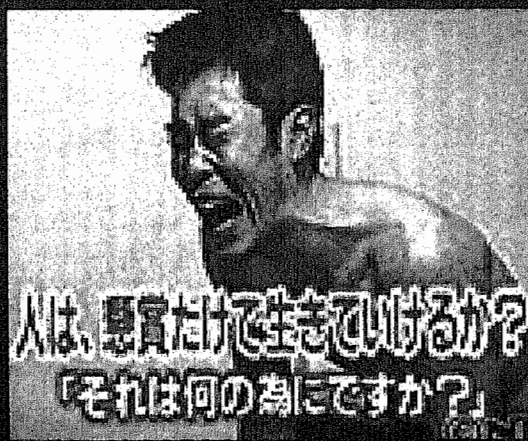
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# The Wacky World of the Internet!



## Website of the Week!



### FACTS:

1. Ninjas are mammals.
2. Ninjas fight ALL the time.
3. The purpose of the ninja is to flip out and kill people.

## REAL ULTIMATE POWER!

Ninjas can kill anyone they want! Ninjas cut off heads ALL the time and dont even think twice about it. These guys are so crazy and awesome that they flip out ALL the time. I heard that there was this ninja who was eating at a diner. And when some dude dropped a spoon the ninja killed the whole town. My friend Mark said that he saw a ninja totally uppretent some kid just because the kid opened a window.

The most awesome (in every overture that word offers) website on the internet. 'Robert' explains once and for all why ninjas are the ultimate life form. Like an 8 year old Big Kev on bad Dexies he distills the most important aspects of ninjism - cracking massive boners, boning babes, wailing on a guitar and killing everyone (including themselves - Seppuku). So intense is his passion and that of his peers it is virtually impossible to tell wether the character above is a ninja 'flipping out' before a massacre of a Real Ultimate Power sdevotee 'pumping up' to maintain Real Ultimate Power. Robert gives us inspirational scenarios to help. Check out the excerpt below taken from one of his movie scripts.

Movie: Ninja, Please. Scene 2.

When the guy walks by the building, it falls on him. (When the building is falling, a guitar will be wailing hard in the background.) There will be a close up of the dudes feet sticking out from under the building. The feet explode all over the place, because of blood pressure. Then we see that the ninja was playing the guitar. Then all these babes start coming out of nowhere and the ninja starts wailing ever harder (if that's even possible). Then the camera starts fading out and then explodes.

Seppuku is the ancient art of killing yourself if you get super pissed and can't find anybody else to kill. Ninjas use all sorts of crap to kill themselves: guns, ropes, knives, lasers, spears, etc. and don't even think twice about it. These guys would kill themselves for just about any reason and often for no reason at all: that's why we there are so few ninjas today.

Like evey great messiah his website is bombarded by hatemail (a sample can be found below) however with complete failth in the Real Ultimate Power of ninjas he is unpeterurbed and the various incursions into society by his followers can be found on the Ninja Sightings page.

"While I do agree with the judge in that you should be allowed to have the website (otherwise it would be infringing upon your right to freedom of speech), I personally feel that you have not correctly looked into what ninjas truly are."

There's army of people out there who believe--who are pumped and will run down ANYBODY who thinks ninjas aren't the sweetest beings ever.



CITY OF



# Remembering Hiroshima



Just over a week ago, on August 6, the world quietly paused to remember the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. Nicknamed "little boy", the bomb levelled the city to an unrecognisable dust, killing upwards of 200,000 people and contaminating the city and its adjoining areas for generations to come. Years after the unimaginable horror of the initial blast Hiroshima faced astronomically high still-born rates and birth defects as well as the arduous task of rebuilding a culture, haunted by the embarrassment and self-imposed shame of defeat.

For the Allied scientists working on the Manhattan Project it began as a divine science. The men who designed the bomb - among them luminaries such as Robert Oppenheimer, Neils Bohr, Albert Einstein and Enrico Fermi - had never before been given such freedom, encouragement or resources to pursue their theories to their final end point of implementation. Caught up in a whirlwind of discovery, they were horrified to see piles of charred Japanese bodies as the only reward for their toil.

No weapon used in the history of warfare has ever come close to the destructive power of the atomic bomb. The bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima (now 60 year old technology keep in mind)

measured a blast of 15 kilotons. Exploding with the force of 12,000 tons of TNT and burning at a heat that exceeded 25 million degrees Celsius it instantly killed every person within a half-mile radius of the explosion. Other people who were a mile or more from the epicentre suffered severe burns, were blinded, or quickly succumbed to the excruciating effects of radiation poisoning. The physical impact of the bomb altered the entire atmosphere in the area. Survivors recall both unusually large raindrops falling from the sky soon after the bombing and intense hurricane-force winds, which often collapsed the already teetering buildings. In addition, fires spotted around the city quickly spread, incinerating all remaining infrastructure. In the six decades since, scientists have built weapons that make Hiroshima look like a cap gun. Hydrogen bombs that are triggered by the fission type bombs used on Japan are now the norm. Most modern nuclear weapons have an explosive power in the range of 1500 times that of the Hiroshima bomb.

Although the dropping of the bomb did bring an end to the mass killing across Europe and the South Pacific, it was universally recognised as a horrific event for all humanity that should never again be repeated.

Once the Americans had shown their hand in Japan the politically tumultuous USSR began stockpiling as many weapons as they could in the famous MAD arms race. Despite reasonable voices calling for across the board disarmament as the safest contingency plan against another Hiroshima, the two super powers began a mad, cartoonish scramble to out do each other in nuclear weaponry. It got to such ludicrous extents that both militaries had the capacity to kill everyone in the world more than thirty times over.

In reaction to the increasing capacity of the two major super powers, many others began to

invest their time and money into nuclear programs. China first tested weapons in 1964 and since then France, the UK, India and Pakistan have also tested. Both North Korea, and Israel (for their deliberate vagueness on the topic), are strongly suspected of possessing weapons. Currently most developed nations are only a few short years away from nuclear capacity given the will and resources.

In 1968 the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty was opened for signature. Based on 'the three pillars' of non-proliferation (not amassing more weapons), disarmament (destroying existing weapons) and the right to peacefully use nuclear technology for power, it's now been signed by over 170 nations. Worryingly these do not include Israel, Pakistan or North Korea who had their signature revoked in August of 2004.

With the relative warming of international relations since the end of the Cold War the threat of nuclear warfare between nations has dissipated to a large extent. The nations that hold weapons are either too closely allied, or too tightly bound by MAD to seriously consider testing their strength. Nuclear devices are used mostly as deterrence, with no intention of them ever being used in combat or on civilians. The major threat of a nuclear incident in the modern day comes from non-governmental militias.

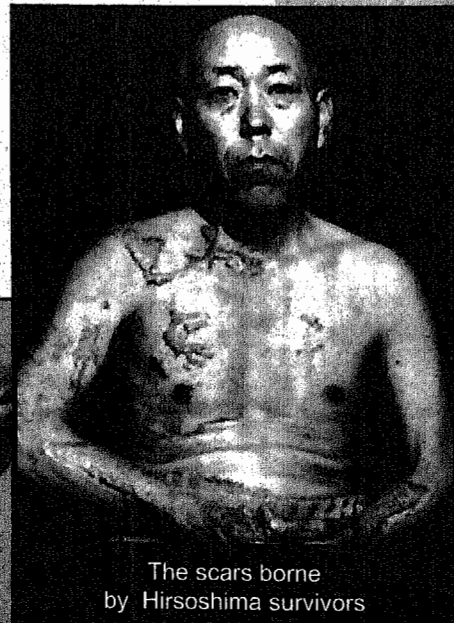
With the dissolution of the USSR, many weapons stockpiles fell into the control of the splinter nations. Kazakhstan come into possession of some 1,400 warheads but has since returned them to the control of Russia. Similarly the Ukraine came into possession of approximately 5,000 weapons in 1991 when they received independence. Although they pledged to return control of all these weapons to Russia by 1996 it seems as though an embarrassing clerical error on behalf of the Russians may mean that literally several hundreds of weapons are unaccounted for and most likely still inside the Ukrainian border. This possibility is of grave concern to those worried about the nuclear capability of terrorists who wouldn't hesitate to unleash Armageddon if they gained the means. It remains more than an outside possibility that a wealthy, well-connected, entrepreneuring terrorist may be able to pick up functional nuclear weapons from sources in Eastern Europe. If you were to get your hands on a bomb, there's still the difficult task of

arranging a delivery system. To get the weapon into areas of dense population would be incredibly difficult given the sheer size of the thing coupled with crackdowns on air space infringements and border security.

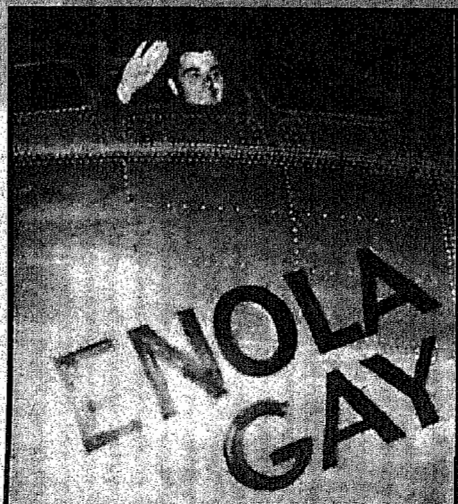
A more viable option for an ambitious young terrorist would be the so-called "dirty bombs". Referred to by those in the know as Radiological Weapons, "dirty bombs" are intended to spread radiation across an area of land rather than to inflict massive kill numbers. Fairly crude weaponry, a dirty bomb is basically radioactive material, for example expended uranium or waste from nuclear power, which is then mounted with a traditional charge and scattered across the landscape. A weapon of this kind could inflict generational harm, similar to that seen in Hiroshima and Nagasaki or even from the nuclear power disasters in Chernobyl and Three Mile Island.

Many in the world community share the grim view of the UK Security Service Director General that "It will only be a matter of time before a crude version of a (chemical, biological, radiological or nuclear) attack is launched at a major Western city". While this may be a deliberate overstatement for political gain it is true that governments need to be wary. The International Atomic Energy Agency is well aware of the possibility of threats from rogue non-governmental groups and have declared that "such an unconventional threat requires an unconventional response". Working on a three-tiered security plan of "prevention, detection and response" they hope to be able to identify "illicit activity" rapidly, and respond to it in kind. Unfortunately though, when a "clerical error" leaves so many nukes unaccounted for, and they are lusted after by powerful people with lots of money, it seems that the two are destined to meet at some point. The world just has to hope that the memories of sixty years previous will be enough to deter them.

Danny Wills



The scars borne by Hiroshima survivors



American pilot Paul Tibbets hours before dropping the bomb





# Hikimori

## VICTIMS OF THE NOTHING

by Clementine Ford

For most people, it is safe to say Japan has two faces. There is the noisy, shiny excited Japan, striving to create a smaller and more efficient world for everybody. This is juxtaposed against the more traditional Japan, land of samurai, geisha and honour. It is impossible to say in general which stereotype is stronger. I believe Japan is a combination of the two. It dances between the two, borrowing moves from each, coloured by both. Japan is an excited toddler learning to walk, banging on silver pots with an old wooden spoon.

Since living in Japan, I've remained fascinated by its vast contradictions. As a society, it is far more complex and secretive than Australia. Its surface is simple and unblemished - despite the technological wonders we marvel at, it remains steeped in tradition and ritual. Inquire as to why certain things are done and you will be told enigmatically, "It is the Japanese way". Most certainly the reasons for a large number of these traditions have been lost, like most societies, yet the obligations remain in a way that is far more fixed than in our own society. But beneath this suffocating demand for propriety, a passionate and dangerous underbelly thrives and arches. If you look closely, you can see it in the eyes of the people that march through its streets. It seems to me I never understood true desperation until I stared behind the eyes of a man destined to die a salaryman, more familiar to his colleagues than the woman who shared his bed and the children who shared his blood.

At risk of sounding imperialist, one of the inherent problems I see facing Japan currently is the great divide it is crossing between what it has always known and what it is now being shown. As a nation, Japan remained isolated from the influence of the western world until relatively recently. It wasn't until the mid 19th century that Japan began to open its walls to the outside world. In comparison to the rest of the world's global experience, it's still an ingenue. After World War II, Japan raced not only to rebuild its economy and national purpose, but also to catch up to the West and its surge ahead in technology. Japan has now overtaken the West in its consumption of ridiculously unnecessary machines, yet unlike the West it has struggled to temper this with a complex system of traditional codes. Author Ryu Marakami (no relation

to Harukami) says, "If the culture cannot adjust and drowns in a tsunami of technology, Japan will end up sinking even deeper into a labyrinth of confusion." Ironically, while technology continues to make Japanese lives more efficient and the West continues to beckon to Japan's youth, the noose of social responsibility continues to tighten from birth to adulthood. Unbridled devotion used to be demanded for the Emperor - now the Company is paramount to Japanese society. Regardless of the passing of time, the Japanese are still expected to lay down their lives for the grand totem of the land.

The continued pressure of personal sacrifice is largely blamed for the creation of one of the most devastating social phenomena facing Japan today. Scores of teenagers and young adults across the country have joined the ranks of the *hikikomori*, isolating themselves from society and even their families for months, sometimes years at a time. It is claimed that most often the self imposed isolation occurs as a result of school stress or bullying. It's well known that the Japanese education system places a high emphasis on examinations. Even after a long day at school, high school students will often attend 'cram school' in the evenings for another three or four hours. The inordinate amount of study is to prepare for the all important university entrance tests. Without sounding too melodramatic, failure is not an option for the good Japanese citizen. If they do pass and go onto university, upon completion of this (more tough exams), Japanese youths can mostly look forward to a lifetime of servitude to the company - men as 'salarymen' and women as 'office workers'. Granted, not all Japanese fill these roles. Obviously there are various industries in Japan as in the west, some more interesting than others. But generally speaking, the majority of us in any society will go on to serve the society in some mundane way or other. The difference is our expected devotion.

Although it's not unheard of for women to become *hikikomori*, the majority of sufferers are young men. It is asserted around one out of ten young men are *hikikomori* of some sort. While these might not all ascend to levels as serious of years-long isolation, it's worrying nonetheless. Experts claim numbers are soaring, with

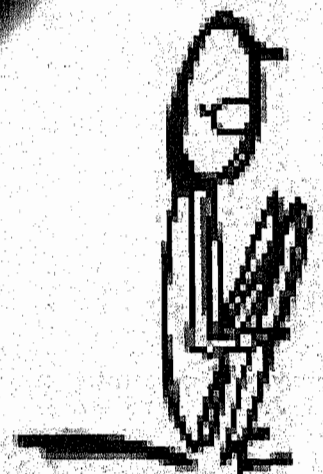
some suggesting there could be as many as 1.2 million *hikikomori* in Japan today. They attribute the reasons for the isolation as being 'pressure from society or work'. I don't mean to sound rude, but I would assume that this was fairly obvious. God knows if I was an 18 year old Japanese punk teenager with spiky hair and a penchant for colourful clothes, I too would feel a little overwhelmed by the suffocating career eventuality that awaited me at the gates of adulthood. It's little wonder that these tragic victims snap one day and refuse to communicate.

However, even more disturbing is the fact that the isolation often occurs in the family home, making other family members complicit in this isolation. This is largely why the phenomena is so difficult to understand from a western framework. It seems our automatic reaction to a case like this would be to tackle it head on, if not even physically. Yet, *hikikomori* can sometimes live for years in the family home and never interact with their family members. Instead, they exist in a state of disordered sleep, often spending hours on the internet, playing video games, consuming excessive amounts of porny manga or simply just staring into space. Food is obtained at night time by sneaking out of the bedroom, or parents will leave trays outside the invariably locked door. One case saw a boy inexplicably lock himself in the kitchen one day. He was still there after four years, and for all I know still could be. Although the bathroom was adjacent to the kitchen, he only washed once every six months. His mother left food outside his door three times a day, but never spoke to him.

Like I said, such a situation seems unfathomable to us. But *hikikomori* bear such a social stigma in Japan, most people tend to view the problem as a private family matter and simply hope it's a phase that will pass. If a sufferer does manage to make a recovery, their social skills are usually so impaired through lack of practice they find it difficult to build a life for themselves. It seems to me the refusal to acknowledge the problem in the first place is the first place

to begin to affect change. From my experience, the Japanese are very conscious of appearances. It is very important to maintain respect in society and not to 'lose face', but this obviously comes at the expense of emotional connections. While strong ties between mother and son are cited as a reason boys aren't equipped to face society, it has to be asked where the father comes into all of this. Unfortunately again, it seems the general expectations of the culture are that men work horrendous hours while women (sometimes working also) take care of the home and the children. This cavernous divide between domestic and financial responsibilities can only result in familial dysfunction of extreme proportions. Further, many salarymen I had as students often stated they were pleased to work on separate islands from their families. While I'm prepared to accept a proportion of them just didn't really like having families much, I'm convinced the lack of contact most of them experienced with their spouse and children only served to widen the gap between them till it became easier to deal with workmates than relative strangers.

One night towards the end of my year in Japan, I had a conversation with a young Japanese man at a festival, a friend of a friend. He explained to me that when he finished university he would become a salaryman and he'd have to cut his hair off. I asked him if that's what he wanted. He told me of course it wasn't, but that was the way things were done in Japan. He laughed as he said it, amused I might imagine there was any other.







State of the Union

Well, aren't I just the popular one? And I find it hilarious especially considering that I have been the first non-student politician hack to take Union Prez (possibly since forever). In fact, I took this role looking at the AUU with the freshness of a normal student who was here to get a degree and go out and get the job they'd always dreamed about. (N.B This dream job does not involve life-long student politicianship, or being an ALP or Liberal Party staffer).

Trusting that this week's column isn't yet again in print so small that you can barely read it, I'll attempt to fill you in on what's on my mind regarding the AUU.

AUU Board has been rather contentious as of late with my very intelligent but extraordinarily divided band of merry men keeping me up until 2.30am. Usually, I would extend an invitation to all students to attend Board and find out what we're up to, but, in all likelihood, I'll probably have to kick you out after about half an hour to

go *in camera* - yet again. What can I say - it's a contentious year.

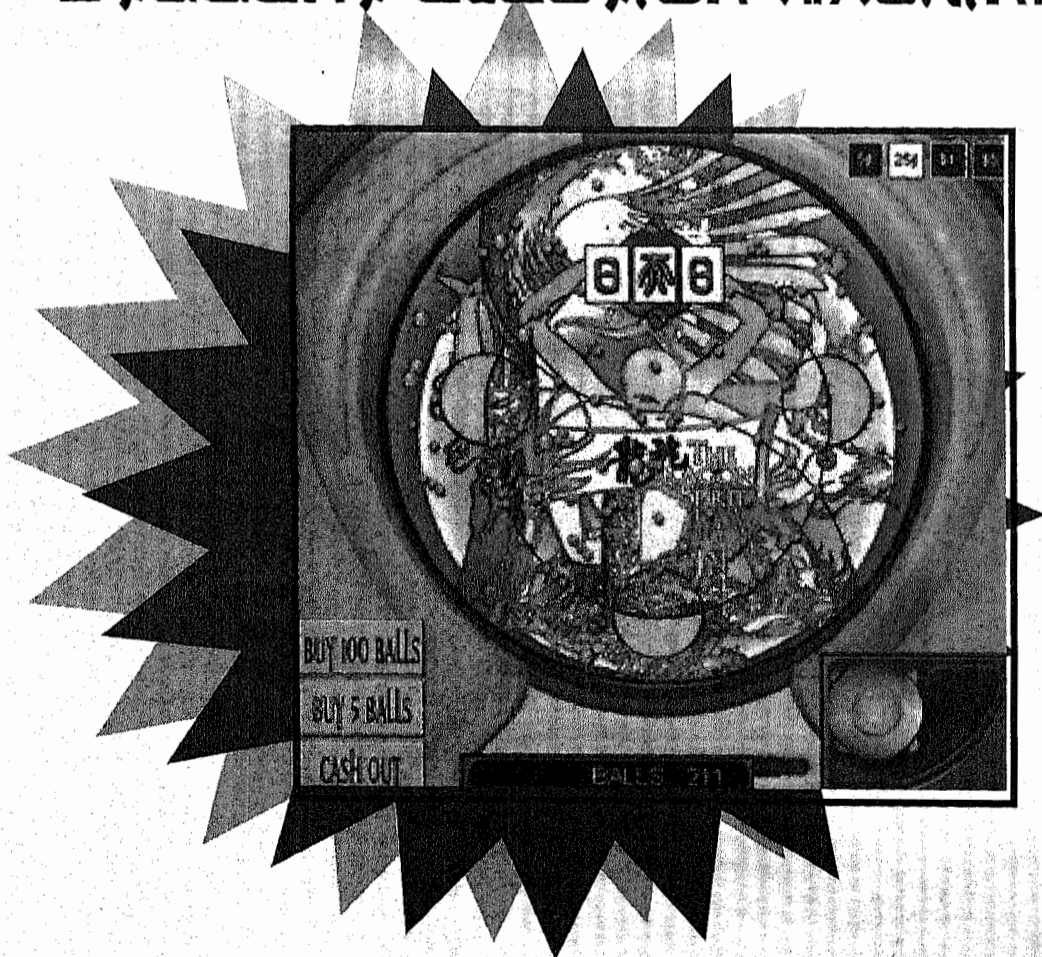
In reference to the Sports' Association comments in last week's edition of *On Dit*, it brings me back to an earlier point I made about relevance of services. The Sports Association and the grounds are used by an enormous amount of the student body and can be faithfully assessed as a very relevant and popular service to students. Realistically also, the costs involved in providing sports clubs and grounds are very high and I'm sure that most people would realise that they would be higher than the cost of providing a craft studio. I could even go so far as to argue that the sports and clubs associations of the AUU engage more students of this University than many other services that we provide. I took the craft studio issue deeply seriously and was saddened by the fact that we lost two good people and dedicated staff members. Sherry and Helen were a real asset to the AUU and I thank them for the portion of their professional lives that they dedicated to us.

**Yubaba**  
President  
Adelaide University Union

P.S. As per the issue of what I'll be doing next - I'll be finishing my study off at this Uni. Will you eventually be finishing your degree too, Clementine?

*Touché! - Clementine*

STUDENT ELECTION PACHTINKO



Attention all Office Bearer candidates for this year's elections. Don't fancy taking your chances in the pachinko scene of politics? Come down to *On Dit* before Thursday 4pm to fill out your handy dandy questionnaires. This year's election write up will be covered by the decidedly impartial Danny Wills so make sure you contact him beforehand to set up a time at *On Dit's* email address. Don't forget - elections have almost been won on the strength of the *On Dit* interviews. Candidates will not be allowed to remove the questionnaire from the *On Dit* office and must fill them out on their own. This is to avoid any cheeky intervention from factional bosses, you naughty things. Student media teams will be expected to fill in their forms in their groupings.

English As A Second F\*cking Language: How to swear effectively, explained in detail with numerous examples taken from everyday life. A guide for the Japanese.



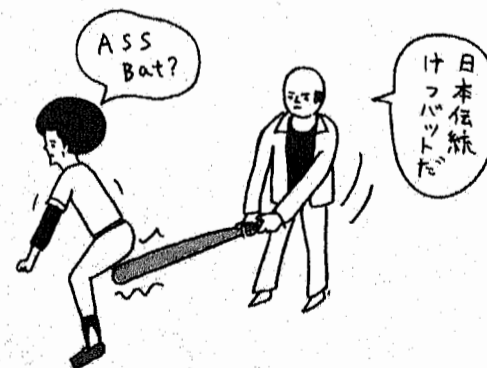
Equivalents of fuck:

- ball
- bang
- boff
- thump
- dick



Example of usage:

**Larry:** How did your date with Suzy go?  
**Frank:** Not so good. Every time I looked at her I got such a blue-veiner it drained the blood from my head and I fainted. I never did get laid.



Need to know:

- ass
- asshole
- ass eyes
- ass kisser
- kiss my ass
- up your ass

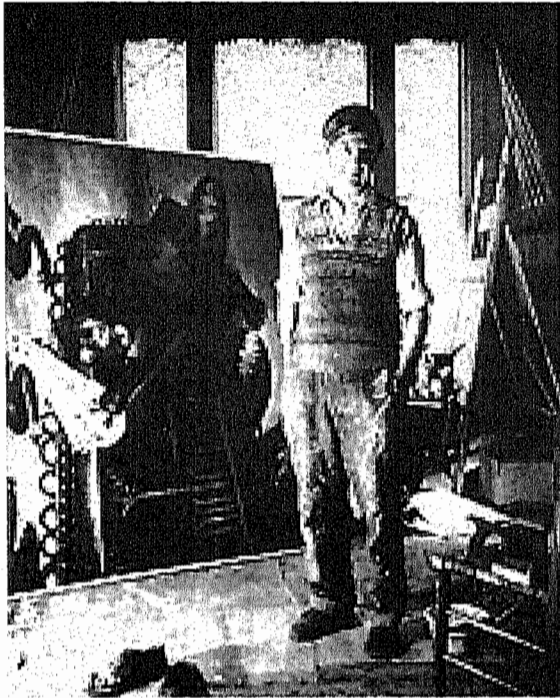
Example:

"Kiss my ass, you asshole! Yeah, I'm looking at you ass eyes! Shove your ass up your ass!"



## Art on Campus - more attractive than beer and it lasts longer

Peter Drew



File photo of Arthur Boyd in his home studio

snag in a few minutes but the art collection represents a type of culture that takes time to mature and is harder to replace. However the original sentiment behind the collection was something very different to that of the Union today. But now as the Union is faced with reinventing itself to comply with market forces its artistic heritage might play a role in drawing more involvement from students interested in the arts. To what extent can the Union further the arts on campus? Well that really just depends on the active interest of students in the coming events so the potential is there but only time will tell. As an indication of that potential we need only look at how the art collection formed and what it has meant to previous generations of Adelaide University students.

The collection was created in the late 60s through purchases by the Union and the University Arts Fund, which was established through the donations of academic staff. So it was with the investments from both students and staff that the collection came together and matured into the treasure we share today. But just how much might this treasure be worth? Well just to give you an idea "The Judges", a set of 12 Arthur Boyds originally purchased for around \$4000, are now worth around \$1.2 million. Not a bad investment, but only if you put that investment to work. After all, this dollar value is only a crude approximation of the collection's real cultural worth which has for years been ignored. What I mean is that the collection is going to waste unless it is known about and actually seen.

From a student's point of view it's exciting to learn that we have a part in this cultural heritage that, if nothing else, is worth a whole lot of money. But it's not until you actually see that collection that you realise it's real worth. If

you don't believe me then tell me that you don't miss that painting that used to be hanging up in the uni-bar, you know that one with the guy sitting in a deck chair, surrounded by beer cans floating in water. I loved that painting. Everyone did, but it's gone... Why?

In years gone by the Union has played a much stronger role in a more varied campus culture which included a greater emphasis on the arts but over time this emphasis has shifted to what we have today. A great example of this is Rumours Café, formerly the Gallery Café because it was primarily an art gallery. Actually it was one of the most sought after display spaces in the state for contemporary artists but it also acted as a location to showcase the Union's own collection.

The truth is that there's really nothing stopping the Union from reviving something of its commitment to the arts in the form of campus culture, for its own sake as well as ours. After all, ever since the University has cut the creative arts from its curriculum, students have had limited creative outlets on campus. I'd like to dream that University can be more than just a one-stop career accreditation shop. Many of us are actually interested in the creative arts despite deciding to become Doctors, lawyers, engineers...well maybe not engineers but in any case the potential is there for many of us.

On the 30th of August in the Barr Smith Library Mirna Heruc, Curator of both the Union's and the University's art and heritage collections, will be launching the first of several exhibitions showcasing the Union's collection. All staff and students of the University, past and present, have a stake in this collection, as it has become heritage. What that stake means to each of us will be different but to discover exactly what it means to you all you have to do is look at it.

Many students may well ask 'Why does the Student Union own an art collection?' Many more however would ask 'what art collection?' In these two questions lies the problem and the solution. The Union does own an art collection, a very valuable one, but not many students know about it, which for some, raises the question of why we bother to have a collection at all. Personally I think it's great for a number of reasons but only if students know that the collection is there and are actually able to see it. Even the Union itself, it seems, has only just discovered the collection and to mark the discovery are launching a series of exhibitions starting in August in association with Adelaide University. Perhaps now with VSU approaching the search is on to find new ways to appeal to students other than through beer and BBQ. After all anyone can cook a

# Christians! So wacky, they could be Japanese!

## A guide to Christian Fashion by Arthur Davis

Each year in August, the North Terrace Evangelical Union runs "Jesus Week". A campus media blitz of posters, banners, jumpers and cards is used to advertise the talks that are on every day of the week. EU exists to make Jesus known to students, and during Jesus Week, EU's aim is to let the whole campus know.

Each year a different slogan and design theme is used, five talk topics are chosen and the Jesus Week jumper design revolves around this.

In the dim past the campus witnessed beasts like dark-pink skivvies and black rugby tops (for which the theme was "Don't Buy the Lie").

In 2001 EUers were looking dead sexy in navy fleece and bright orange text exclaimed, "I agree with Rick". Who was Rick? Some students worked out that he was doing the talks and produced a campaign for "I disagree with Rick".

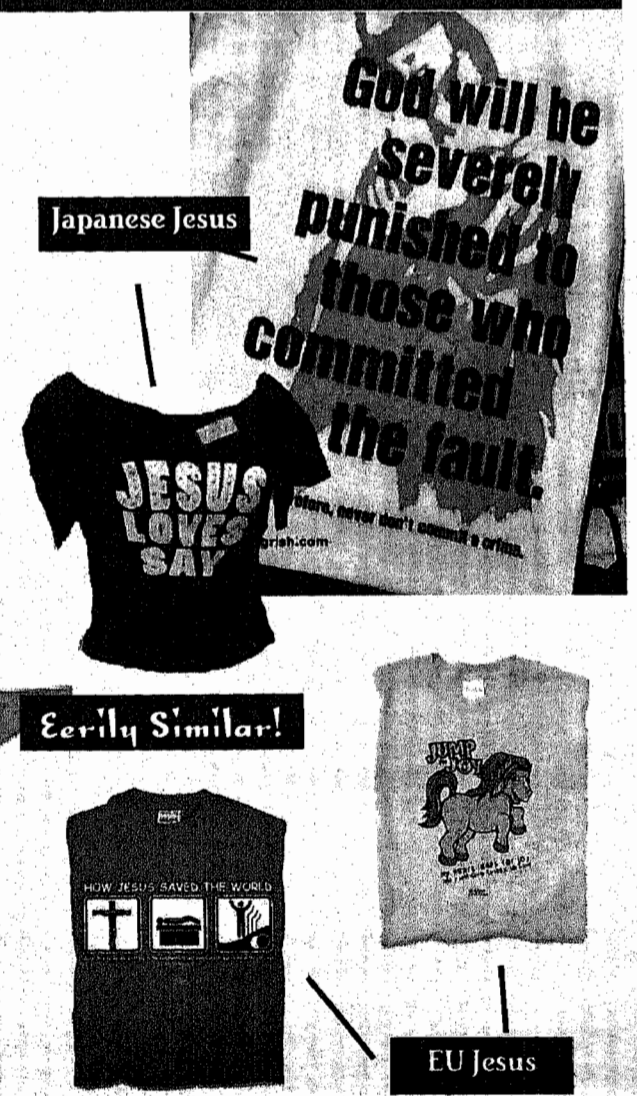
The following year EUers appeared in canary-yellow hoodies with graffiti-tag text. Kool, man. "Who Cares" was the theme, the topics were life, sex, religion, suffering and your destiny.

With Who Cares the hoodies became standard garb for Jesus Week, and in 2003 electric blue hoodies were the biz. Baggy as sacks and featuring an orange logo and His

hand motif, the jumpers gave "Five Reasons to Consider Christ". The posters were banned at UniSA for displaying the topic of "Religion Sex".

Last year the sleek black hoodies came in boys and girls' cuts. Significantly reduced bagginess and hood size lent a more swish look. The theme was "The Godfather: he's made you an offer". A couple of people turned up assuming that EU was showing the film.

This year the theme is "Gotta look out for Number One" and electric blue is back! Don't miss the fashion revolution!







Can Celebrity Trials Ever Be Fair?

Throughout history, people have risen to prominence among their fellows through talent, beauty, cunning or luck, and whether admired or reviled these public figures have continually managed to galvanise public opinion through their behaviour. Despite the way that we treat them, celebrities are still human, and oftentimes they make mistakes in their private lives which, once discovered, become very much matters of public discussion. Once they are put on trial by the public for their actions, the smug voice of the press is usually quick to criticise, while the public is often divided between the same smug satisfaction from mowing down a tall poppy and the acknowledgement that their heroes, the people who they have idolised since childhood, are fallible. The waters get muddied, though, when celebrities overstep (or are accused of overstepping) the boundaries prescribed for us by the law, and suddenly their guilt or innocence leaves the realms of mere opinion and become a matter of justice. This is when gossip and hearsay count for nothing, nor personal opinions- everybody is equal in the eyes of the law, or at least they should be. Minor exploits that deal with unpaid child support or drug possession are a bit too common (and the consequences aren't severe enough) to galvanise the public attention, but when we witness the murder cases, the rape trials and, let's face it, accusations of kiddy-fiddling, it's pretty important that we don't make mistakes.

It's nothing new for the public to take an interest in criminal trials, whether they involve established celebrities or create them - as long ago as 1892 the trial of Lizzie Borden, who was accused of brutally slaying both of her parents with an axe, captured the public attention so much that a brief song made up about it is still sung to this day in the US, while the trial of Bruno Hauptmann, accused of kidnapping Charles Lindbergh's infant son, was dubbed the "trial of the century" by the media circus that evolved to cover it. As well as invading the courtroom to cover the sensational case, they were all over the crime scene and had a massive impact on the verdict when one reporter scrawled an incriminating phone number on the inside of a closet for a story, but didn't admit to this until after the case had concluded.

Normally, however, the impact that the media has on high-profile cases is far more insidious than this as they taint public perception of the accused and put lawyers, witnesses and even jurors in the public spotlight, eliciting a diverse range of responses. Take the real trial of the century, the O.J. Simpson case- it's hard to think of a case that has divided public opinion more starkly along racial lines since the civil rights movement. When (African-American) OJ's (Caucasian) ex-wife and a male friend were found dead in her home, OJ became a prime suspect, and didn't help his cause by fleeing from the police as almost 100 million people watched on their televisions in America

alone (a full third of the total population) and from that moment, as far as the mainstream media was concerned at least, he was as guilty as sin. On the other hand, African-American media sources weren't so convinced and, by placing coverage of the case alongside stories on topics such as police brutality and racial profiling, managed to influence public opinion, a fact that was reflected in surveys showing that the majority of African-Americans were not convinced of his guilt. By the end of the trial, 91% of all television viewers in the country were watching the not guilty verdict and while Johnny Cochran's famously slick representation (remember "if the glove doesn't fit, you must acquit"?) helped this result, many have conjectured that the fears generated by the media of scenes similar to the 1992 LA riots following a guilty verdict played a substantial part in the arrival at this decision.

Those riots resulted from the acquittal of four LAPD officers of the assault of Rodney King in a trial that was gravely affected by the media. Simply one of many police brutality cases, the King trial became big news because the beating was caught on videotape and replayed endlessly across television screens. So much so that it was decided that it was impossible to hold the trial in Los Angeles with an impartial jury. Instead, it was moved to Ventura County, an affluent area with a miniscule African-American population and a disproportionately high number of law enforcement officers, as a direct result of the blanket media coverage. Though this treatment purported to be informed and unbiased, it was anything but- they couldn't even get the defendant's name right. Though he will forever be remembered as Rodney, his real name is Glen King and he had never been associated with the name Rodney before media coverage of the incident began and as it was rebroadcast, it became increasingly hard to change the reports. Sure, the biased coverage resulted indirectly in a Federal trial that ended in a number of convictions after the riots, but not before a lot of damage had been done.

Closer to home, there's the case of Lindy Chamberlain, who was all but declared guilty by the media before the case even went to trial. Easily the most highly-publicised case in Australian history to that point, the media was more concerned with rumours that baby Azaria's name meant "sacrifice in the desert" (which were incorrect) and the fact that Lindy and husband Michael were Seventh-Day Adventists than with her guilt or innocence, along with bizarre accusations that Lindy was a witch based on her predilection for black clothing and later on her lack of emotion during the trial. When the guilty verdict was overturned after 3 years following the discovery of a crucial piece of evidence, it was on the grounds of bias and invalid assumptions, and to this day many people's perceptions of the case rely far more on the tabloid-like reports circulated in the media than on the facts presented during the trial. Sound like a

familiar scenario?

Michael Jackson's trial was one of the biggest stories of the year for many media sources and it's not hard to see why; it combines elements of two of the most popular television genres at the moment - reality TV and crime drama. As with the other cases, the widespread media coverage made finding an impartial jury almost impossible, but one was finally selected and despite many restrictions being placed on media access, it managed to dominate both print and television news coverage (not to mention the Internet), but it seems that the tighter media control had an effect and the trial managed to proceed relatively unhindered by the circus that so eagerly followed it.

The media's made up for their exclusion with a vengeance, however, having a field day with the revelation that two of the jurors don't think he's innocent after all. 79-year old Eleanor Cook is apparently unaware of the hypocrisy in her declaration that she doesn't care if the other jurors are angry with her for going to the media with these claims - "they can be as angry as they want to. They ought to be ashamed. They're the ones that let a paedophile go." It has to be said that if these jurors had premeditated designs to cash in on the trial afterwards, it's far easier for them to say that they helped let a guilty man go free than that they wrongfully incarcerated an innocent one, and though the trial can't be reopened, these revelations will no doubt affect the civil hearing that is sure to follow the verdict, along with Cook's comments that there is "no doubt in my mind whatsoever, that boy was molested."

It's hard to imagine anyone seeing the move as anything more than a quick grab for cash, but what's strange is that few media commentators have seriously considered the possibility that a miscarriage of justice has occurred, merely occupying themselves with helping to lengthen the run of a successful and high-rating soap opera. The allegations cast doubt on the motives and integrity of these members of the jury, and because it is hard to imagine that this would occur in an anonymous trial one must come to the conclusion that the trial was biased despite the media lockout. Again, nobody seems too bothered by this - probably because most of the public has already condemned Jackson, but it raises many questions about whether celebrities can ever receive truly unbiased trials, and hence true justice.

Johnnie Cochran suggested that in the modern judicial system one is "innocent until proven broke," an idea that is as repulsive as it was true for his clients, but it seems that with the backing of high-flying legal teams, hordes of well-wishers observing the proceedings and the fear of a backlash against a guilty result it's almost impossible to convict a celebrity offender these days. Apparently, the definition of reasonable doubt has changed since the phrase was coined.



# Love is a hedora helix

LAVINIA EMMETT GRAY

**O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!  
It is the green-eyed monster which doth  
mock  
The meat it feeds on.  
Othello**

There are few things on this earth more painful than knowing someone you love is with another. In an effort to cauterize the wound of a broken heart, I like to torture myself with my own imaginings – does she sigh more pornstar-esque for him (unlikely), does she arouse him more (possible, I guess), are her breasts bigger than mine (almost definitely)? Sometimes there is no need for me to do this – the object of my sins is more than willing to cauterize the weeping, ulcerating wound where my heart once was by shoving a red-hot poker in the aching cavity. This is generally achieved by making out with his new girlfriend by the punch bowl, both stirring my pain and depriving me of the sweet caress of that alcoholic soup. Why do I keep going for sadistic fucks?

This kind of pain is not foreign to others. If you're lucky enough to have experienced this agony, you'll understand the voyeuristic masochism that drives you to keep watching. There is a part of it that is pure reminiscence. You can live vicariously through The Other and remember how it felt to have his lips on yours, his arms around you, his eyes seeking yours like a spotlight seeking an ageing diva.

I've seen a variety of responses to this painful stimulus. I've seen and done the Reverse Hook Up Envy, a rather cliché and pathetic looking response. It is heartbreaking to watch a pretty girl throw herself at nameless, faceless men, then turn around to see if her loved one is watching. It's even more heartbreaking to be that girl. Another maneuver is the Celtic Vitriol, where you storm over and scream in his face...I've never perpetrated this one but I've seen the full force of wrath inflicted on a man. It was hilarious. He nearly lost his scrotum.

My personal favourite is the Casual Nonchalance. Through more experience in this area than I'd like, I've perfected the ability to keep my face impassive and even make small talk while he holds his new girl in his arms and they coo revoltingly at one another. Only those near and dear to me are able to see the point where I'm shattering on the inside.

In my more virtuous moments (of which there are increasingly less, the more whiskey I find in my veins), I try to remind myself that it is never the other woman's fault. One of my friends has the habit of criticising the other woman in contrast to me. "You're so much prettier than her," she has said to me over many a fine bottle of Passion Pop (shut up – it's year ten nostalgia that drives me to that sugary, carbonated, alcoholic goodness). "I mean,

she has cankles and her nose is like a disco ball – it just has way too many facets." This is all very calming, but ultimately, it is not the lip balm for the cracked mouth of my broken heart. Even if I am better than her, it can never explain why I've been discarded.

The sad fact is that people are not relative. Sure her face might be less interesting than mine, but she has better hair. She may be insipid and boring, but not everyone goes for crazy and alcoholic. The feminist in me is appalled by my instinctive reaction against the other woman...after all, I was an other woman too.

Part of me yearns for the moment where he will take me aside and it will be like before. He will tell me he wants me, his eyes will burn for me like they did that Friday night, we will kiss with the urgency and desperation we once did. I will taste him once again. All the beauty and hope for us will again be a possibility. But dreaming of this is like Posh Spice dreaming of a solo career – futile. I cannot take back what has happened between us. I cannot erase the mistakes and the lost opportunities and the cruel words.

So, I have set myself a goal. I am on a celibacy kick – don't laugh – until the 2<sup>nd</sup> of September. Who knows what will happen then. I may end up in a painful cycle of abstinence, but until the 2<sup>nd</sup>, it is self imposed. In my life, I have used sexual interaction for a lot of the wrong reasons – revenge, validation, once to win a fifty dollar bet. The few occasions where it has been for lust, or worse, love, it has ended in disappointment. The results of the first 21 days have been mixed. I'm now smoking a pack a day (trading one addiction for another, I guess). I found myself dancing on a block at The Exchange and realised that without the Hook Up motive, people are boring and the booze is overpriced.

The ultimate test for my determination would be if my boy tried to kiss me again. Would I kiss back? Would I be able to say no? Would the temptation be so great that I would forsake my honour (again)? I'm almost positive that I know the answer. I am resolute that I can do this.

No man is ever worth my integrity.

Love is *hedora helix*, the botanical name for common ivy. Ivy, when allowed to grow wild, will creep up on other plants and entwine itself around them. It will slowly sap the nutrients out of the same soil area, until it eventually becomes strong enough to strangle its host plant to death. Forget the Hallmark cards; love can be cruel, selfish and ruthless. It's in its nature.

**Doubt that the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt that I love.  
Hamlet**





# HEISEI TANUKI GASSEN POMPOKO

## And The Awesome Power Of Testicles!

Can we really kick out the humans by doing this? They'll find out who we really are if we make a mistake. What if we do what Gonta-san says and fight for real... No. Killing one or two humans won't change anything. The question is, can we survive the way we are?

In the 31st year of Pompoko, the final battle between the tanuki of Tamakyuro at the construction site bordering Suzuka and Takago forests took place. The Red Army, under the leadership of Chief Gonta, took up arms against Seizamon, leader of the Suzuka White Army. The catalyst for the battle was not greed but was in fact born out of necessity. The sacred *tanuki* of Japan, mythical raccoon creatures with all manner of magical powers, were forced at this time to fight over what little natural habitation existed in the climate of an ever developing modern Japan. The battle at Tamakyuro was the beginning of a changing world for the tanuki.



A new beginning: The battle at Tamakyuro

Those that fought valiantly on that historical day united, and rather than allowing themselves to succumb to extinction by destroying each other, they sought to directly confront the source of their potential extinction – the human race. The tanuki chose to wage war on the industrial machine that was raping their land. The 1994 Studio Ghibli film, *Heisei tanuki gassen pompoko* [Pompoko: The Raccoon Wars] chronicles this ongoing battle. The story is concerned with the individual relationships of the tanuki that take place within a larger social struggle; as a result the film becomes a combination of the simplicity of design found in Gillo Pontecorvo's *Battle of Algiers* and the complexity of relationship structures found in Hou Hsiao-Hsien's *City of Sadness*. *Heisei tanuki gassen pompoko* is directed by Isao Takahata, the 'number-two' man at Studio Ghibli, who is no stranger to breaking with the genre conventions of Japanese animation (his 1988 film *Grave of the Fireflies* is a similar departure from the norm, chronicling the struggle of two young children in a post-war Japan).

Much of the focus of this film is on the training and fighting methods of the tanuki. Before the first battle against the humans, fought in the summer of the 32nd year of Pompoko, we learn that tanuki have a great and unique power. Through mind control, they are able to manipulate their physical state into anything they desire. The complexity of the manipulation is merely dependent on the height of the mental state they can achieve.



A Tanuki transforms for the good of the fight

Some tanuki can only manipulate into motionless physical objects. They have some purpose in the revolution, but not much. More importantly, there are those that can morph into

human beings. And although one would think that this would be the most ideal and subversive way to fight the humans (and in fact it is quite effective, especially in reconnaissance and infiltration of the enemy's world), there exists a special power which becomes the tanuki's greatest weapon.

Testicles.

That's, right.

Testicles.

Who cares if you can transform into a mirror image of your opponent, or manipulate your body into large intimidating demon-like creatures, when you can just puff up your balls and throw them at the humans at will. At first the tanuki of Tamakyuro were unaware of this power, until an elder statesman informs them of this fact. Sitting them down on a large rug, he talks to them of the struggle against the humans that they will soon embark on, before revealing that the rug they are sitting on are in fact his testicles in their manipulated form.



Testicle rug (left) Gonta uses his testicles to blind a truck driver (right)

The initial attacks against the humans are quite successful, but humans are resilient creatures. Construction workers scared by the presence of ominous demons and testicle-wielding raccoons are quickly replaced. The industrial machine rages on. The elder statesmen issue a new edict: in order to counteract the reduced natural habitation, the young tanuki must subscribe to abstinence in order to keep numbers down.

But spring is in the air, and many young tanuki would prefer to subscribe to a free-love philosophy. No reference is made to it, but one can't help but think that the male tanuki's oversized testicles might have something to do with the resultant baby boom.



The innocence of Tanuki love

Time passes. Tamasuburo, a member of the tribe, journeys to Awa and requests the aid of Elder Kincho Daimyojin at Konatsujima City. Bunta of Mizunomi Swamp wanders the fields of Sado, trying to find Fukatsu-iwa Dan Zaboro. The Elders of Shikoku continue their meetings, deliberating for over six months about a possible attack in Tokyo. All this leads to nothing. The elders are more interested in the self-preservation of their social order than the self-preservation of their species. Such is the folly of tanuki.

And like with Vietnam in the 1960s, the young rebel. A counter-culture rises. Although the conservative Shokukichi call for restraint, the hot headed Gonta attempts a coup-d'etat. It quickly fails, as concerns about food shortages are unable to keep the coup-d'etat in place.



Gonta's short-lived Coup-d'etat.

Over the next year, Gonta's extremist rebel group gains popularity, and they commit a number of actions not approved of by the elder statesmen. Deciding not to condemn themselves to extinction, Gonta's splinter group finally decides to embark on an all-out battle against the construction workers directly threatening their land. They inflate their testicles into giant parachutes and then attack the police guarding the workers. Gonta's fighters are joined by other members of the tribe, but the fight is in vain. Although honourable in death, the high rate of fatalities means the fight can never be won. The tanuki have lost their struggle.

Yashimano Hage, the 999 year old elder statesmen, promises those that choose to follow him the chance of everlasting life. They stretch his testicles into a giant magical ship that sails off down the Tama river. They journey into the end of the night. But the paradise that Hage promises never arrives; the tanuki are in fact journeying to their deaths.

But Gonta's final battle was not in vain. The 'World Witness News' network covers the battle, and this, combined with other media articles, results in the preservation of natural habitation in the form of local parks. But this is not sufficient, and many tanuki are forced to become nomadic. Some transform permanently into human beings, and try to carry on in the new industrial world, living secretly in the large modern cities of Japan.

There still exist tanuki in the last of Japan's natural forests. They celebrate loudly and endlessly into the night. Sometimes those that transformed permanently into humans return to this wilderness. For one solitary night they are able to transform back to their true selves. They celebrate with comrades, reminisce about the good times, and reflect on noble battles long ago committed to the memories of the past.

Studio Ghibli's retelling of this story is epic in every sense of the word. It is in this futile battle of the tanuki that our own shortcomings as a species are exposed. And we are not only portrayed as the enemy. There is something in the life of the tanuki that also rings true for our own species, a potential for something grand, pure and noble, if ultimately futile. We are testicle-wielding tanuki as much as we are cold-hearted capitalists, and this film is one step towards realising this simple fact.

**Matthew Salleh**

hopes his testicles will one day be used in the fight against evil.

Page 19: Gonta's rebels, testicles at the ready, fight valiantly in the last great tanuki battle



# THE MOST AWESOME GAMESHOW EVER!

...was racist?

Everything about *Banzai* was a brilliant blinding sham - interactive yet utterly impossible to 'play' with the bets so entirely nonsensical and random that the whole half an hour was little more than a mixture of whirling colours and odd, confusing stunts. The show capitalises on the age old vice of gambling but moves too quickly to lay down a wager that involves any sort of thought. As soon as the host starts screaming Bet Bet! Bet Bet! Bet Bet! adrenaline hits that pleasant part of your hind brain, preparing you to sit blissfully through 2 minutes of guessing how long it will take a stripper to give a man an erection.

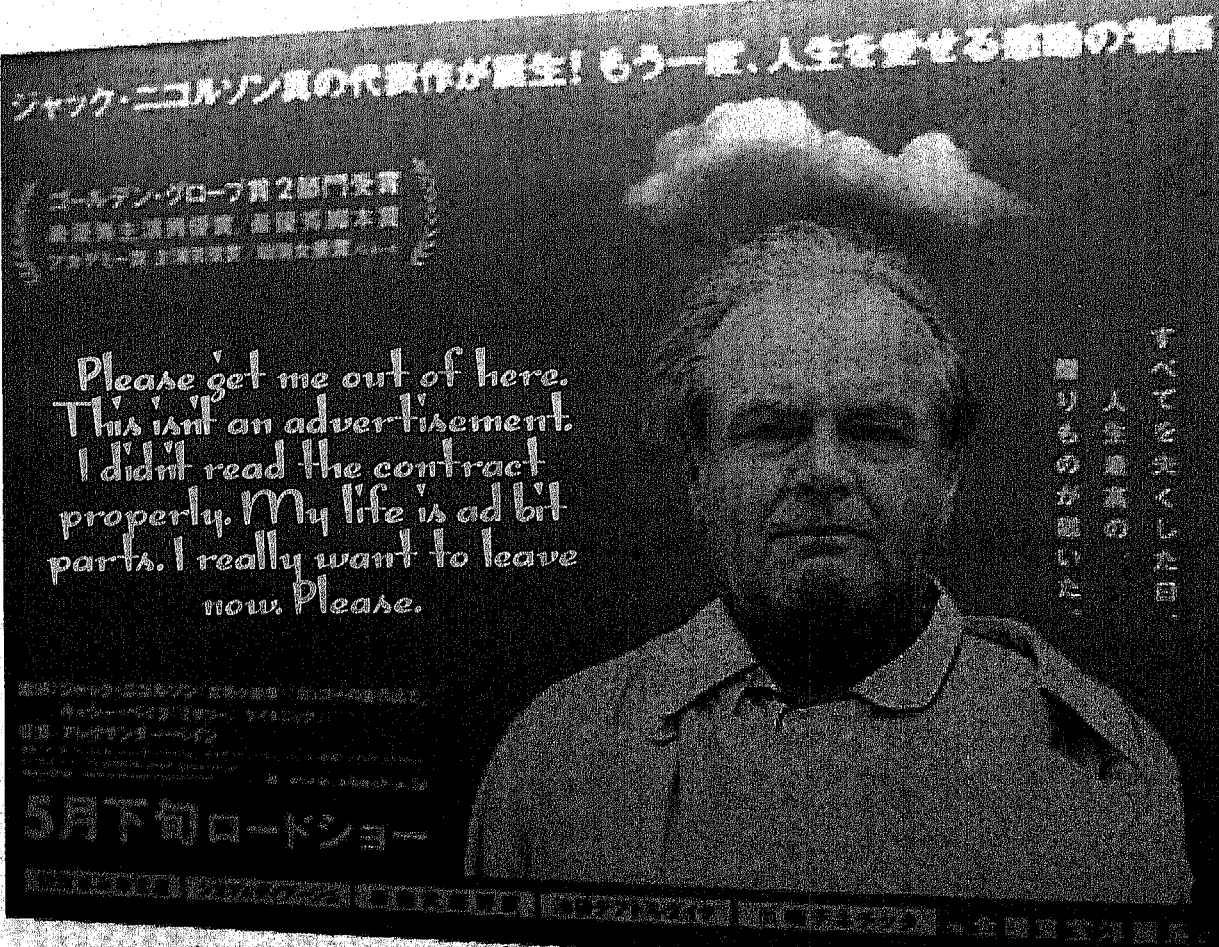
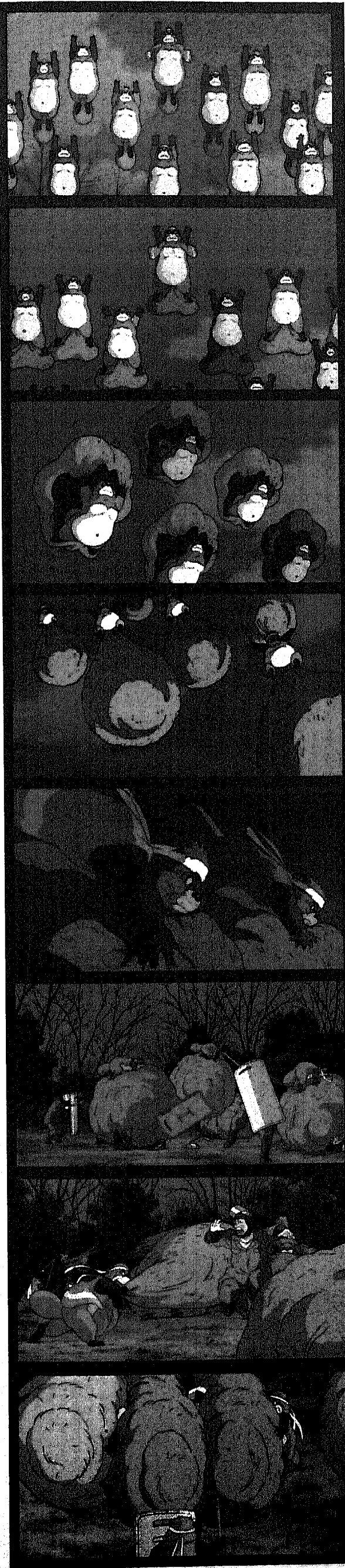
Staring at 3 pairs of feet you must decide which pair of fet is attached to the largest dong. 30 seconds later they show you, with surprising results. How long will it take for a dog with a round neck brace to figure out that it can't get through a square hole while several Japanese commentators mock it? 20-40secs, 40-60secs or 60-80secs?

A specially fascinating feature is Shake Hands Man (SHM) - master at abusing cultural

difference to ridicule celebrities. Japanese in appearance, SHM would catch a celebrity on the red carpet proffer his hand and then smile and utter nonsense, constantly pumping the arm until the celebrity found the courage to breakaway from him. Celebrities such as Jennifer Love-Hewitt careful not to committ cultural faux-pas in a PC world would stand there shaking away even after SHM had given up trying to think of anything to blurt out.

Shortly after it began *Banzai* was dumped by Fox after being labelled rascist. Sure, it was a blatant parody of Japanese gameshows but SHM was really the most culturally confronting part of the show and he mainly mocked PCness. What made the show so entertaining was its sheer audaciousness, later fully transferred to Western audiences by shows like *Iron Chef* or *Mythbusters*. The corny British/Japanese accents simply made it believable and cohesive, setting its bizarro and predominantly race-neutral humour against a background homage to its real Japanese inspiration. I certainly had more respect for the Japanese after a bout of *Bonzai* than I do for Australians after labouring through *Kath & Kim*.

Bonzaniac



Please get me out of here. This isn't an advertisement. I didn't read the contract properly. My life is ad bit parts. I really want to leave now. Please.



# Riding the Techno Tide in platforms

## Linley's Adventures in Japan

Strange and exciting things keep happening to me faster than I can write them down, but here's a few things which have come to mind.

### Apartment living:

The elaborate set of rules that the Japanese have developed to allow them all to live in such close proximity - in multistorey sardine tins with paper-thin walls, for the most part. This set of rules includes the following:

- Don't play music after 10pm; at all other times play music very quietly.
- Likewise TV noise.
- Don't use the washing machine after 10pm or before 6am, as apparently it makes the entire building vibrate.
- Don't throw things from the balcony - especially cigarettes, which are a fire hazard and will really piss off the people living downstairs.
- Don't talk on the balcony - in particular, don't use your mobile there.
- Avoid social gatherings (you're supposed to go to a bar or restaurant instead - the uselessness of Japanese dwellings for entertaining explains how bars get away with charging \$9 for a glass of beer).
- Separate your rubbish. We have 8 different categories into which rubbish must be separated if we want the rubbish people to take it away: burnables (kitchen scraps, little bits of paper and tree branches under 50cm in length, according to the Fujisawa Garbage Calendar), recyclable plastics, cardboard, metal, papers and magazines, newspapers (must be separated from papers and magazines), glass bottles, and unburnables (everything else). Different types are collected on different days (and are to be left in the rubbish collection area between 6am and 8am on the day of collection ONLY), and most types are collected only a couple of times a month. It's a real pain.
- Don't use the balcony to store the rubbish you forgot to put out on time and now have to hang on to for the next two weeks.

My flatmates regard these rules as optional, when they are even aware that the rules exist. They:

- Play loud music anytime they want (Rob will play his guitar at midnight if that's what he feels like doing)
  - Separate their garbage two ways (into the kitchen scraps bin and the I-can't-be-fucked-working-out-which-of-the-eight-categories-this-belongs-to bin)
  - Organise small parties and play bad R&B really loudly at 2am, with the window open.
  - Use a neighbour's unencrypted wireless network to spend hours on the Internet for free.
  - Leave mounds of rubbish on the balcony until they start to rot and smell bad.
  - Cough up phlegm and spit it over the side of the balcony, constantly (this annoys me as well as my more refined Japanese neighbours).
  - Turn the TV up, then walk out onto the balcony (leaving the door open to maximise the amount of noise that escapes) and have a loud conversation on their mobile phone, while smoking and throwing the cigarette butts into the garden next door.
- ... among other things. The Japanese people we share this apartment block with really hate us.

### Japanese fashion:

Japanese fashion is something else. Plenty of people are of course relatively staid, and wouldn't look out of place in Norwood at 2pm on a Monday. There are also plenty of people whose dress sense can only be described as 'individual'. They can be found at Harajuku in Tokyo on a Sunday afternoon. But there are also several (perhaps dozens of) very specific categories of dress you see around here.

- The Lolikons (from 'Lolita Complex') who dress in freakishly Japanese interpretations of nineteenth-century English schoolgirl costumes, with pigtails, petticoats, huge frills and striped socks pulled up to their knees. Once I saw a small posse of them standing at a pedestrian crossing in Fujisawa-Hommachi, presumably on their way to tempt arrant salarymen on the streets of Tokyo.
- The schoolboys whose uniforms are copies of German military get-up from about two hundred years ago.
- The hippy-like teenagers who get bottle-tans (or maybe spend waaay too long in the solarium) and wear flowing printed dresses and feathers and beads and things. They look like ferals who have spent hours in front of the mirror making themselves look like ferals.
- The salarymen, all wearing suits.
- Many women, particularly older women, in kimonos.
- I once saw a whole lot of men walking around

Odawara wearing Samurai armour, but I think it was because of some kind of festival.

- Many scary gangster-looking types, mostly kids in sharp suits with long, spikey blond hair. I imagine that the real yakuza try to be a bit less obvious.

- Lots of people (of both sexes) with mullets. I don't know how, but somehow the Japanese manage to pull off the mullet. It actually looks good on them.

- Of course there's the insane English T-shirts. I asked some students about the attraction to bad English in clothing design, and some of them said that they've bought clothes with English writing just because they thought the writing looked nice, not because they had any idea what it meant. The T-shirts mostly make so little sense that they're difficult to commit to memory, in the way that any random jumble of words and letters is difficult to remember, but here is a short collection (some of it seen, some reliably reported):

SUGAR  
WANTS  
YOU!  
(on a teenage girl in Takadanobaba)

U Suck! (on the back of a jacket worn by an elderly man)

KARMA  
Knowledge  
And  
Recommendation  
My Ass  
(on a forty-year-old dentist)

I Give Good Head (on a 16-year-old schoolgirl who was very embarrassed when her teacher explained in general terms what it meant)

Many of these T-shirts have the word 'Fuck' on them. I still vividly recall one in particular which I saw in Shibuya. A pretty normal-looking guy was walking along the street wearing a T-shirt with this written on it:

"If you're into  
- Cock-sucking  
- Butt-fucking  
- Ass-licking"...

I waited until he walked past in the hope that his back would give me the second half of the sentence, but all it had on it was a skull and the word "Rico". Next time I see him I'll ask him if he knows what it means.

Strangely, you almost never see anyone wearing clothes with Japanese writing, or even with Japanese words written in Roman script. I don't know why this is.

There's also a large illuminated poster up on the wall of Odachika, the underground shopping-centre/filthy pit where I work. The poster, which is some kind of advertisement and was obviously taken in the late '80s or the very early '90s, features a tall blonde woman striding merrily along with shopping bags in her arms. The strange thing is that her stride is making her electric blue miniskirt ride up to her upper thighs so that you can see that her legs are extremely hairy. I guess this is what passed for 'exotic' here in Odawara in 1987.

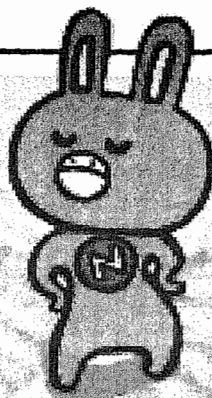
Linley





# English

## Linley's How To



break up the consistency.

Working at one of these is the easiest way to get started if you don't make the grade as a JET, but the conditions can be awful and there is a good chance you'll end up working alongside idiots. I was lucky and ended up at a good branch run by a sheep farmer from New Zealand who treated NOVA's idiot rules with an appropriate level of contempt, but I did cover shifts at other branches and sometimes it was pretty depressing.

### Small Schools

These can be good or very, very bad. You might have a lot more freedom to teach appropriate and useful lessons, but you might also be ripped off in ways which would embarrass even Gaba, the shittiest of all the big companies. I wouldn't do this unless I'd been in the country for a while and had a recommendation from another teacher already at the school.

### High School ALT (other than through JET)

A while ago, I'm told, high schools were good places to work. Short classes scattered through the day, long holidays, freedom to plan your own lessons, the chance to learn Japanese. In some parts of the country they are still pretty good. But the Japanese economy specialises in the production of worthless intermediaries, so an industry of totally parasitic 'dispatch' companies has sprung up to fill the gap between school and teacher. A dispatch company exists to deprive the ALT of whatever salary and benefits they would be entitled to as a public sector employee, while charging the school more than they would be paying a teacher they recruited themselves. Genius! An oversupply of clueless graduates has also driven down conditions. This kind of work is pretty easy to find once you are already in

So you're about to finish uni and you don't know what to do next. Your basic degree has no apparent career path and even the public service won't hire anyone with less than Honours or fewer than three years in the youth wing of whichever party is in power at the time. Why not go and teach English in Japan?

Japanese children all learn English in high school, but the curriculum is heavy on reading and writing and few people can hold even a very limited conversation. Since everyone already knows basic English grammar and vocabulary, it is possible to 'teach' the language just by giving students a few words and a situation, then leading them through some repetition before getting them to talk amongst themselves. At least, this is what the industry has decided in order to justify employing legions of morons who can't speak Japanese and have no idea about how to actually teach. I have my doubts.

As one of the many thousands of English-speaking graduates in Japan (with more flooding in each year), you are a commodity. An expensive commodity, sure, considering that you can earn a lot more in Japan than you could in Australia with your degree in communications or gender studies or whatever, but still totally interchangeable. You don't need to have any skills or natural aptitude for teaching. You just need a degree, and it doesn't even have to be a BA. My flatmate was an off-rig geologist who ended up leaving when he was offered a job drilling for natural gas in Inner Mongolia. He went to Japan mostly to get laid a lot and was highly successful, but then he was a 185cm Aryan with arms as thick as the thighs of a lesser man.

Anyway, there are several ways to teach English in Japan. Here are the ones I know about.

### JET

This is a scheme run by the Japanese Government to provide English ALTs (Assistant Language Teachers) to schools around the country (it also provides assistants to various public departments, but you need pretty good Japanese for that). The conditions are the best you'll find without experience and contacts, but there is a risk of being sent to the Japanese equivalent of a hick town to work with teachers who resent you. It is difficult to get into, and requires you to apply by December to leave the following August.

### Big Corporate Schools

I have a shameful, humiliating confession to make. I spent eleven months working for NOVA, one of the big corporations (along with Geos, Aeon, Shane, Berlitz, Gaba and a few others) which own huge strings of English conversation 'schools' (Eikaiwa) teaching children and adults across Japan. These companies operate on principles similar to the ones which have been so successful for McDonald's: minimum but consistent quality, heavy advertising, nasty business practices and production-line-like processes which eliminate the need for skilled labour. Many of them actually prefer to hire inexperienced people who will be less likely to introduce individual flair into classes and

## REPAINT VERSION

リペイントバージョン

This is not a new product at all. The Edition of us whom it is already on market were painted again in the new method, hi-skill and a point of view.

English teaching in Japan continues to soar to new and dizzying heights of excellence.

the country, provided it is around March or September and you don't mind working in a remoteish area.

### Here are a few final hints:

- No matter who sponsored your work visa, you can change employers after you arrive in the country. There is no shame in going over with a big company, then ditching them as soon as you find a better job. They would do it to you. A working holiday visa doesn't need a sponsor and you don't even need a full degree, but it may restrict your ability to find work.

- Japan is full of sad foreign men in their thirties who have married Japanese women and settled down to lives of incredible tedium and mediocrity. They will never be accepted into Japanese society and have mostly lost the ability to function back in their own countries. Don't become one of them!

- Teaching English in Japan is not an adventure, unless you try pretty hard to make it one or you do something foolish. If you want an adventure, go and work in Uzbekistan or Sierra Leone or somewhere like that.

Linley Henzell  
Is too spunky for words

## CHARISMA MAN



1998-2002  
The Complete Collection

Edited by Neil Gorscadden Created by Larry Rodney  
Drawings by Wayne Wilson & Glen Schreder

A strange phenomenon exists in Japan. When a western man disembarks from the stale and dehydrating interior of his budget airline flight, he *physically* changes. It matters little that back in his native Australia/US/England/Canada he's lucky to scrape a date with a study partner on a Saturday night - the instant his feet hit that tarmac, he transforms into the most attractive man in a 100km radius. His hair is no longer lank and flaky; his puny and/or pudgy muscles have inflated to beefcake proportions and what might be mistaken as a gut in his homeland suddenly becomes a symbol of strength and virility. He has become... **CHARISMA MAN!**

Suddenly, Saturday nights aren't such a drag. Charisma Man will be in such hot demand he'll find it hard to keep track of which of his girlfriends he's got lined up for the evening - although it won't really matter as the chances of lingual fluency between the two is minimal.

Amidst his superhuman popularity, Charisma Man will begin to believe the hype. True Charisma Men never leave Japan. Like pachinko and large pink bunny rabbits, they are offensive, noisy and ugly, but sadly, they're too sexy.

Clémentine



# THE RADIOACTIVE WORLD IS INEVITABLE

Foucault shows the life-governing, life protecting function of the modern state has already extended this complex's protective/ destructive ability to the level of the species by the introduction of the nuclear weapon. In this way the essential ground of being has become, to a new degree, the citizen, the subject as a relation to the political world. This was the experience of the cold war. It was existence in the offing, not the state. At the nuclear level it would be appropriate to speak of these things as simultaneous. Though the nuclear weapons have become hidden, distanced and ostensibly stabilized, we will soon be in contact with this fact immanently. The drive that has seen military techno-science become totalising in this sense will soon be extended to the economic sphere, in the realm of energy production. Even some staunch environmentalists are advocating a switch to nuclear energy. This will happen. The campaign to resist the nuclear dump in South Australia may seem, at first hand, irrational. This waste has to be stored somewhere. The aboriginal people, again, are to be displaced, the use value of their land diminished to a pure techno-scientific notions of productive machinery's energy and waste, there is no such thing as psycho-spiritual energies or energies of placement and connection in its ratio, and besides what value this loss? We are now more involved in metaphysics than they were in theirs before its rupture (hopefully never entire) by colonialism. We are now ourselves in possession of life, we have capability to negate, the inverse of the sun which has called all this to being, we have the possibility of a paradise of cheap electricity, we are caught between this hell and heaven permanently, there is no social system that recognises any connection to this place or to this time, only to the management of the system itself, and its flirtation with total disaster on its path to total utopia. Culturally we have come to occupy our own projections, celebrities are our myths, and technology is our God.

Even if we agree with the necessity of the dump, we are still beholden to protest it, to

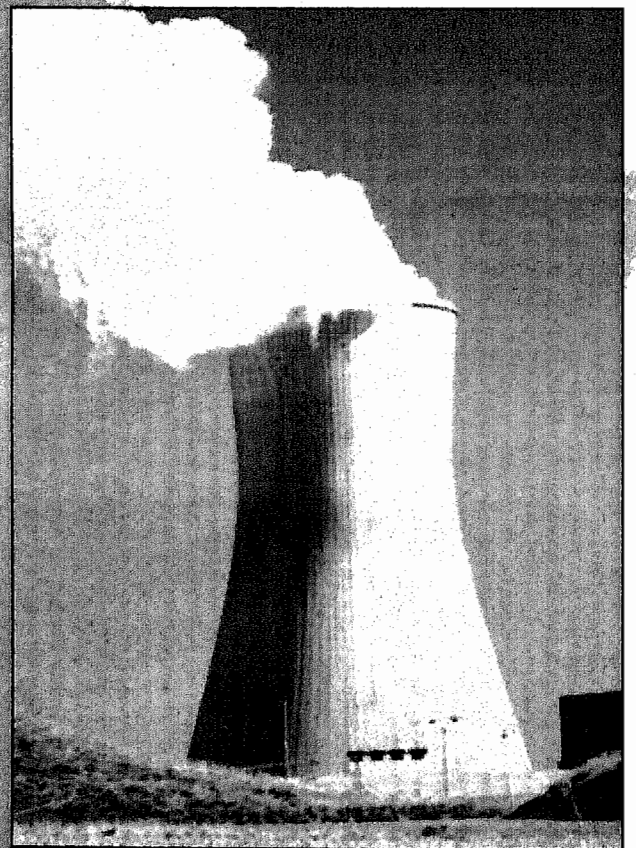
society. The poisoning of the Irish Sea has led to an increase in radiation related conditions, such as cancer of 25% in Ireland over the last 15 years, a court case is currently in effect. Frequent minor leaks are the reality with most nuclear power plants, apparently still within safe levels. 6 million people in Belarus live on radioactive land. Babies are born with their brains outside their skulls, cancers have increased by 250%.

In a nuclear age the necessity of maintaining the machine is the only necessity. That is life/death. Inertia occurs only to the degree its threatens us with meltdown. This is the basic ground of reality that we have touched. Robert Oppenheimer said it best by quoting Vishnu in the Mahabharata after the Hiroshima blast: "I am become death, the destroyer of life." This what is necessary to sustain the man-God of the technological society? Am I advocating a neo-luddite perspective? No, what is required is to see that this is a path of absolute crisis. Once the nuclear reactor becomes the main source of power, we will have crossed a threshold, would it ever be possible to turn back? I am afraid the cherubim, the flaming sword, the complete poisoning of the earth would be the cost. To destroy the system would be to destroy life, the will be the same. The only option at this stage would be to literally deconstruct the system. What I hold out hope in is the possibility inherent in this realisation. Once our life, all life, is entirely contingent on the success of the system, we will not be able to destroy it without destroying our selves; the reactors will have to be shut down, not blown up. Contrary to this, the system will see all social instability as a threat to the fine balances of control required to prevent the final winter. The only option will be non-violent dissent and non-cooperation. Only the emergence of a new moral order, a new manner of life entirely, will present as possibilities. That is why the anti-nuclear resistance is so vital because it is the avenue of resistance that addresses most directly the logics of techno-scientific capitalist model, that is, the containing of all life within the control of human devices. It is vital not

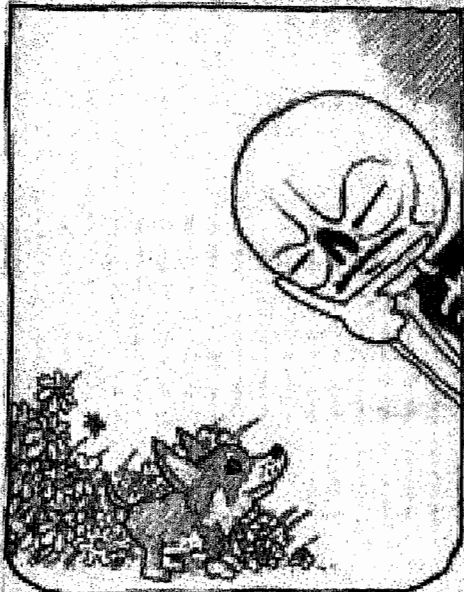
limit it. If there is not a culture that is immediate to the problem, an effort against it from the outset, then the possibilities, which I will attempt to dramatise, are potentially quite dire. The nuclear economy is necessarily a fear

because we want to stop nuclear power as such, but because with its advance will come an attendant logic of complete control. Obviously this has not occurred in nuclear-dominant countries like France, but once a world order is in place, the sheer amount of waste and destructive potential involved will provoke a new authoritarian necessity. There is nothing like the apocalypse that is both central to our imagination of death and to the reality of a nuclear age. Nuclear power must keep us alive long enough for a new kind of life to emerge. The basic logic is this: no nuclear power, we do not survive the greenhouse effect and society collapses with food supply, but neither will we survive an entrenched nuclear powered state. If the advancement of alternatives to nuclear power is held back as long as the alternatives to fossil fuels have been, then we will be locked into a binary position of obedience or death. At the moment of the nuclear threshold we have two alternatives; contain it, or be contained by it. Really? I don't know, if you think there is a third or fourth alternative, start to fight for it. Do not be passive in this, for the system is precisely that which always responds, and which always responds to maintain its control. This is often a good thing, but this is dependent on the citizen as the individual who grounds reality by reacting to the system to restrain its power.

Brendan De Paor Moore



skulduggery by oz





# Thou Shalt Not Worship False (Pop) Idols



days, she made us all want to die our hair pink, sport bindis and hang out with Jamaican dudes simply because she was 'Gwen Stefani: Textbook chick in band'. Fergie from those wacky Black Eyed Peas can shimmy for eternity, but she'll never do the 13-year-old imagination the justice it deserves. However, Stefani's newest manifestation as solo artist is inherently flawed for a few reasons. Firstly, if you've had the ample dosage of NW magazine that every culture vulture should in modern society, you'd know that Stefani is flanked by four Japanese girls at every public appearance she makes. These are her famous Harajuku Girls, each named after an element of her debut album's title (Love, Angel, Music and baby), which, in a clever marketing move, also promotes Stefani's supercool clothing line of the same name. Stefani seems to be violently enamoured with her colourful entourage, so much so that she penned a rather awful track about

deep tans and adopted garishly OTT make-up in order to replicate their vision of the true 'Californian girl'. Comprised mostly of middle class teenage girls, the archetypal ganguro look consisted of day-glo colours, dangerously teetering platforms, mini dresses, Hello Kitty anything and an abundance of accessories. Loathed by their contemporaries and the adult world alike, ganguros were scorned due to their lack of ambition and disinterest in financial gain, preferring to spend all their time shopping and parading outfits in the infamous Harajuku Square. In a society ordered around rigid structure and 'belonging', the ganguro philosophy of rejecting oppressed feminine roles by merely having fun was revolutionary to say the least.

However, like anything connected to fashion, by about 2001 ganguro numbers slowly petered out in favour of a more 'naturalist' brand of cool- i.e. neutral colours and basic cuts that emerged in direct opposition to the dazzlingly brash ganguro aesthetic. Now, ask any Japanese scenester about ganguro, and they'll probably grimace as if inquired you'd about skirt-pant combos. The thing is, Stefani's promotion of ganguro to an otherwise unsuspecting Western audience makes her appear as the high priestess of cool. I

don't have a problem with Stefani objectifying hot chicks in order to propagate her own undeniable coolness, considering rap artists have been doing so since the days of Tab (R.I.P). But parading the counterfeit notion that she

tapped into something quite new, fresh and different is an insult to everyone who demands quality of their pop idols. We have Fred Durst to thank for all the ways one can wear a bandana. Kudos to Bjork for inspiring anyone with a decent sense of aestheticism to go for the jugular and frolic in bloomers. But Gwen, your self-proclaimed propagation of ganguro is simply bananas. B-A-N-A-N-A-S.

**Stephanie Mountzouris**

## WHAT'S HOT

Ignoring people from high school who persist in 'catching up' when it's clearly not going to happen. Ever.

Souped-up mini hatchbacks complete with sub-woofer system and blue neon backlights. For the Ali G in us all.

Candy necklaces. Cutesy, tasty, drenched in childhood charm and a sweet way to meet new people. Aw.

## WHAT'S NOT

McLeod's Daughters, or, the lamo argument made by adamant South Australians claiming Gawler's intrinsic worth. Whatever.

Steven Segal. To be remembered for The Glimmerman would be a fate worse than death of the more raucous nature.

Flying Australian flags atop pubs. Hey, it's Adelaide's own parliament house! Wait, it's just the Arkaba.

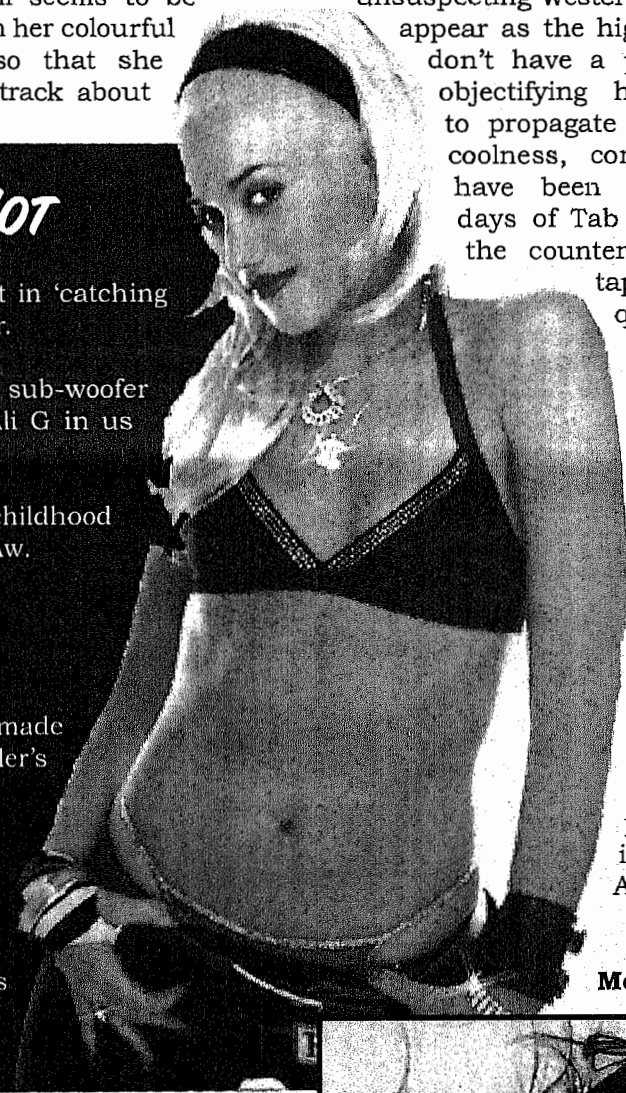
Mediocre. Derivative. Antiquated. Wretched. Adjectives usually associated with b-grade pop starlets Mandy Moore, Tiffany Wood and Tammin Sursok, whose status within popular culture is similar to that of a home brand box of cornflakes. Celebrities belonging to a club whose prerequisites include possessing negligible talent, doing tawdry FHM photo spreads and contributing nothing of value to society as a whole. And yet in order for this proletarian class of pop star to subsist, a higher

stratum of celebrity must also exist against which they're judged. I'm talking about your double-platinum, God-thanking Mouseketeer types with considerable industry sway and a string of crummy relationships in their wake (how Britney turned into one of the 21<sup>st</sup> century's biggest skanks is still a mystery). In particular, a certain platinum bombshell has stormed the Billboard charts with her brand of R&B infused, 80s-derived synth pop and the best wardrobe the Grammy's have seen since Milli Vanilli.

Yes, Gwen Stefani is every modern girl's idol du jour. However, I for one have beef with her newfound ubiquity. During her No Doubt

their existence and has taken to sporting neo-Tokyo-esque fashions herself both on and off the red carpet.

So what exactly are Harajuku girls? What the hell is Harajuku in the first place? And is Gwen really as up to date with the zeitgeist as we've been duped into believing she is? The term 'Harajuku girl' is merely an occidental interpretation of the word ganguro, meaning 'black face'. Ganguro was a late 90s cultural phenomenon that challenged the neo-conservatist values of working class Japan and demonstrated the feasibility of fashion and politics as steady bedfellows. Originally inspired by American RnB stars Lauryn Hill and TLC, ganguros were a group of young people who decided to ditch the books for the looks and dedicate their lives to fashion. In a time where cosmetic giants promoted demure faces and white skin, ganguro girls sported





# Rising to the Occasion

**'Elder Big Band Meets Morrison'  
Elder Conservatorium Big Band &  
Honours Jazz Ensemble  
with James Morrison  
Elder Hall  
August 4**

What a difference a year makes. Only a year after the disappointing performances by the Honours Jazz Ensemble in 2004, the group, with its revamped membership, matched the Big Band's supreme precision with some skilled improvisation. Add to an evening concert series presentation a certain James Morrison, and success is guaranteed.

After a couple of opening numbers by the Big Band, the Honours Ensemble began their bracket with a chart by its drummer, Jarrad Payne. A fast-paced number with a cheeky title - 'Pig shooting' - it set the tone for the group's exceptional performance. Without a weak link in sight, solos were shared equally, and saxophonist Jonathon Hunt only just pipped guitarist Dylan Marshall for the title of best improviser. Guest saxophonist David Duncan's playing was just as smooth, but it was when universally-known multi-instrumentalist James Morrison joined in that the highlight came. Trumpeter Patrick Thiele was given the chance to trade fours with the master, and rose to the challenge so well that the audience was shocked when Morrison later revealed that the whole exercise had been completely impromptu.

The second half saw the return of the Big Band, with a program that allowed it to show its versatility across a wide range of styles. Again David Duncan shone as one of the best improvisers in the group, just one member of an impressive saxophone section. Morrison emerged to perform five charts with the Band, giving its members a chance to see from the stage a virtuoso in action. They were impressed, as was the audience. Compère John Ovenden, direct from the BBC World Service (and he sounded like it) was right when he concluded that it had indeed been a wonderful night's entertainment.

**Benedict Coxon**

# Opera Returns to Adelaide

After the success of last year's Ring Cycle, State Opera of South Australia's 2005 season began in earnest on Saturday with an Opera Australia production of Puccini's *La Bohème*. One of the most famous and best loved of all operas, the work has retained its appeal because of the power of its drama and the way that this is accentuated by the music.

Set in Paris' Latin Quarter in the nineteenth century, the story centres on a group of young bohemians and their love affairs. Emotions run high for the length of the opera, giving scope for engaging performances.

These performances will be given by an impressive cast, including Leanne Kenneally as Mimi and Jorge Lopez-Yanez as Rodolfo. They

are supported by Kirsti Harms as Musetta, Timothy duFore as Marcello, Stephen Bennett as Colline and David Thelander as Schaunard. The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra will return to the pit under Alexander Briger and the State Opera Chorus will also feature.

Experienced director Moffatt Oxenbould directs, with designs by Peter England and Russell Cohen, and lighting by Stephen Wickham.

Anyone who last year found Wagner too intimidating or too expensive should consider *La Bohème* for a night at the opera. As State Opera's General Director, Stephen Phillips, says, 'It's...a perfect "first opera" for young people looking for an introduction to music theatre.'

**State Opera's *La Bohème* will be performed three more times, at 7:30pm on August 16, 18 and 20. Concession tickets start from \$50 and are available from BASS.**

**Benedict Coxon**

# An Artful Performance

**'Caravaggio's Muse'  
Adelaide Chamber Singers  
Radford Auditorium, AGSA  
July 30 & August 6**

Following their amazingly successful interpretation of Rachmaninov's *Vespers* earlier this year, it seems that the Chamber Singers are going from strength to strength. The contrast between the *Vespers* and their latest offering was remarkable: 'Caravaggio's Muse' was performed by a smaller group in a smaller venue, and featured a completely different program. However, the quality of performance was as good, if not better.

To my surprise, the Art Gallery's Radford Auditorium was the perfect venue, and despite the small acoustic and rather close quarters, the blend did not suffer. The *forte* moments were never too loud, and the intimacy allowed the audience to better appreciate the sort of attention to detail that can be lost in a larger venue.

Particular note must be made

of the precise *pianissimo* ensemble singing, which is incredibly difficult to execute, particularly when syllables of words are distributed amongst parts. The singers were so in tune with each other in these passages that, despite the demanding writing, the flow was never lost.

The program featured a great variety of music, including works for double-choir, sextets, trios, harpsichord and marimba. The highly amusing *Le Chant des Oyseaux* by Janequin began the concert, much to the delight of the sell-out audience. To demonstrate the singers' abilities as soloists and in smaller groups, most of the first half comprised music for three and six parts, with combinations of singers varying from piece to piece. Despite some shaky moments in the first few songs, these vignettes were, on the whole, impressive and very entertaining!

After the interval, Monteverdi's moving *Lamento d'Arianna* provided a stunning contrast to the Australian premiere of Steve Martland's *Street Songs*, the latter being performed with up-and-coming percussionist Nick Parnell. Before being joined by the choir, Parnell wowed the audience with two virtuosic items on marimba. *Street Songs* itself had some lovely moments, especially in the second song, entitled *Jenny Jones*. But the real beauty lay in hearing such challenging music performed at such a high standard.

**Edward Joyner**





# Pleasurable Discomfort

*The Goat or Who is Sylvia?*  
State Theatre Company of SA  
Dunstan Playhouse  
August 5-20

In his first year as artistic director of State Theatre Company, Adam Cook has unleashed on Adelaide what will probably be the most controversial arts event of 2005. Good on him.

*The Goat or Who is Sylvia?* is the latest offering from one of the most important living playwrights, Edward Albee. The fact that Adelaide audiences are seeing it only three years after it won the Tony Award for Best Play is a credit to State Theatre. The work is a partly humorous, partly serious exploration

of modern morality, with the catalyst for its action being a man's relationship with a goat. It's the latter point that has dominated the publicity for the play, but it's the former that makes it an intellectually stimulating, if not entirely satisfying, experience.

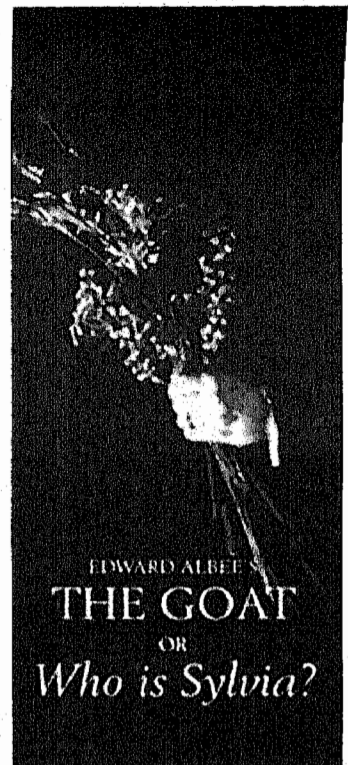
The able direction of Marion Potts was supported by brilliant performances from the cast. William Zappa as Martin was fighting an uphill battle, having to convince the audience that he was in love with an animal, but in spite of this difficulty, he put in a praiseworthy performance. However, it was Victoria Longley as Stevie and Cameron Goodall as Billy (that character's name being a rather sick pun, considering the play's subject matter), who gave the strongest portrayals, and they received solid support from Marco Chiappi in the relatively minor role of Ross.

Gaelle Mellis' designs and Geoff Cobham's lighting worked well together and provided a simplicity that allowed the performers to hold the audience's attention without distraction. Clever music between the scenes was

provided by Stuart Day, whose use of cowbells (or should they be goatbells?) fitted with the subject matter darkly, but amusingly.

This was the sort of production that Adelaide needed to play host to. After five years with the same artistic director at the helm of State Theatre, something was needed to disturb (no pun intended) the stagnant theatre scene. This was it.

**Benedict Coxon**



# Blades Gives Farewell

After ten years with the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra, acting concertmaster Margaret Blades is leaving to take up a position with the West Australian Symphony Orchestra. But before she does, she will perform as soloist with the ASO.

Included on the program of her farewell concert is a work written especially for her by John Polglase in 2002, entitled *Capriccio for Violin and Chamber Orchestra*. Works by Mozart and Haydn will also feature, in keeping with the small scale of the concert.

This second concert in the ASO's Chamber Series will be conducted by David Sharp, who is better known as one of the orchestra's cellists, and Graham Abbott will act as presenter for the evening.

The Chamber Series concerts are a great opportunity for those not familiar with orchestral music to test the waters. After all,

the three concerts take place on campus, and are significantly less expensive than Master Series events. And with the next chamber concert promising to be an extra special one, there's no excuse not to make your way to Elder Hall to relax after a day in the lecture theatre.

**The next of the ASO's Chamber Series concerts takes place at 6:30pm on August 17 at Elder Hall. Concession tickets are \$28.30 and are available from BASS.**

**Benedict Coxon**

## LOW LEVEL PANIC



"Three girls. Three beauty regimes. One bathroom".

Clare McIntyre's *Low Level Panic* takes place over 24 hours in a bathroom shared by three young, spirited and very different women. This exciting new production adds a new dimension to the Adelaide theatre scene.

A modern dramatic comedy is presented by fresh new Adelaide company, Scylla Productions. It is the debut production for the group, and one which promises to be a great launching pad for the four local artists involved. AIT Arts graduate Liz Gladwin steps off the stage to take on the role of director, while fellow AIT graduate Sarah Knowles plays Celia, the well-meaning, browbeaten outsider of the group.

Seasoned Independent Theatre performer Hannah Knowles undertakes the challenging role of Jo – the loudest and perhaps most misguided housemate. Jo can talk but is her boasting just a smokescreen? Mary seems to think so... but then Mary's pretty confused herself. Played



by LAMDA graduate and Independent Theatre performer Jennifer Innes. Mary is a character with a lot going on. When the world gets too much for her, things go up in flames.

**Where:** The Promethian Theatre, 116 Grote Street, Adelaide.

**When:** 19<sup>th</sup> to 21<sup>st</sup>, 23<sup>rd</sup> to 27<sup>th</sup> of August.

**Time:** Tuesday, Thursday, Fridays and Saturdays at 8pm, Wednesday at 6.30pm, Sunday at 3pm.

**Cost:** Full \$15/\$12 Concession (Tuesday pay what you can).

**For Bookings:** Contact Hannah Moore on 0431 899 495.

Liz, Sarah, Hannah and Jennifer are driven by a shared passion for theatre and a desire to produce relevant, compelling work. *Low Level Panic* delivers a celebration of friendship, truth and why three girls should never share one bathroom.

**SCYLLA**  
(productions)

Three girls.  
Three beauty regimes.  
One bathroom.



# Japan: Land of the Rising Noise

There's more to music in Japan than Hello Kitty and bubble gum J-Pop; there's an underground of noisy guitar, lurching bass and bombastic drums primed to split your skull. Here's the briefest of info on a few practioners....

Sparked by the rock n' roll invasion from the West which ignited the world, nurtured by Japan's avant-garde arts tradition, and developed among a tight knit community of musicians, Japan's so called 'noise rock' bands are characterised by a fearless cross pollination of musical styles. One such group who led the charge were **High Rise**, who fused the abstract trippyness of psychedelia with punk's ferocity, and whose debut album *Psychedelic Speed Freaks*, (originally their band name) inspired the PSF Label, perhaps Japan's most infamous record label for music on the outer rim of rock. (In fact, you could almost take a random pick from the PSF back catalogue and come up with brain-busting goodness). As much a Utopian hippie commune and Dionysian collective of "musicians, dancers, artists, farmers", as a psych-rock band, **Acid Mothers Temple** are also purveyors of white light rock riffery. Wearing their influences very high on their sleeves (voluminous dynamics of Blue Cheer, & Stooges, the coolness of Can, the swirling vortexes of Hendrix, the nutso of Zappa...), the Mothers at times delve into acoustic jams and hippy balladeering, but sound best when spraying flamethrowers of heavy psych leads and synth manipulations over a thunderous backbeat. Well worth checking out for fans of things lysergic, though have your credit card ready because the Mothers are almost as insanely prolific as their beloved Zappa and their releases number in the dozens; not helped by the many extra-curricular activities of the members, (Kawabata Makoto, head Mother & searing lead guitarist, also played in the similarly bombastic **Mainliner**).

In that same vein of heavy, flared stoner rock, is **The Flower Travelling Band's Satori**, one of the coolest Japanese acid-rock reissues I've had the pleasure of hearing recently.

Recorded in 1971, it sounds better than any contemporary rock album you'll hear all year, and could fool you into thinking it was made yesterday. Considering their name, you'd think the flower travellers would be spaced out hippies (which, I'm sure they were), but the chromaticism that oozes from their heavy, corrosive riffs proves there was a nastier side to their trip, like the doom riffage of Sabbath, with a tighter, metallic, more focussed feel - Good stuff.

Speaking of Sabbath, it's been said that "a lot of the Jap undergrounders seem to venerate Tony Iommi". The left-handed Sabbath six stringer's influence can certainly be heard in the sound of **Corrupted**, albeit given more sludge and slowly ingested via a European styled, black-metal abused o e s o p h a g u s . Given that dark stoner doom is in the Zeitgeist, **Corrupted** are one of the most touted bands of late and have a lot to live up to, but certainly have their own sound. Most impressive is that fact that their lyrics are primarily in Spanish. Imagine if you will the already intense deathly Satanic chants in Spanish, intoned with a Japanese accent, over ghostly acoustic guitars and lengthy ambience, before crushing slabs of drone take you to the pits of HELL, to get the idea. Another interesting band on the metal side of things is **Sigh**, who utilise the death metal vocals, juxtaposed with the retro whir of Hammond organs and spacey guitar crunch, and drumming that brings to mind Nick Mason from Pink Floyd (straight, but pretty boring).

One Japanese band that will never have boring drumming is Osaka's **Boredoms**, thanks largely to pocket dynamo drummer Yoshimi. This infamously near-unclassifiable band have a well deserved place in the pantheon of eclectic, and (more importantly good) strange, psych rock. The convenient "Noise rock"

tag that's always been employed to describe them is certainly applicable but doesn't convey the frenetic, weighty caterwaul that is somehow simultaneously beautiful, rhapsodic and serene. Everyone knows by now that the Flaming Lips dedicated/wrote "Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots" in tribute to her (& Boredoms more generally) greatness, and if you didn't you do now and you know that it must be good and it is it is it is. Yoshimi's own very funky all girl group **OOIOO** is also way cool.

Progressive rock (and Krautrock) influences have had a strong influence on many Japanese bands, particularly on whiplash bass + drums duo **Ruins**. Formed, for the most part, as an homage to legendary French prog-outfit Magma (themselves very cool and talented) they too sing in their own invented language. Mike Patton likes them so much he saw fit to release one of their albums on his Ipecac label. Another Japanese duo with fans in high places is **Afriampo** (Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore is a confirmed fan). An all female drums, guitar and vocals duo, **Afriampo's** ultra-cute, costumed stage show belies their howling and chaotic noise sprees.

Speaking of din and all things shrieking, **KK Null** (of **Null Punkt** and **Zeni Geva**, among others) blended industrial, progressive rock and metal influences long before bands like Sepultura and Meshuggah explored those dirty, down tuned vibes. The audacity of **Solmania** is also to be commended. A grating noise duo who use scarily customised electric guitar abominations which

band founder/ inventor Masahiko Ohno dubbed "noise machines" (as modelled by our obligatory manga chick), they have had angry neighbours complaining for them to "knock off the airplane noises". I haven't heard any yet, but I'm left to imagine its particular din.

Mention must be made of one of the elder statesmen of the Japanese underground rock scene, **Keiji Haino**. A fixture in his trademark black leather jeans, shirts, and dark sunglasses, his waist length hair framed by a cape and cane, Haino possesses an individualism and legend forged through an unwavering and intense personal vision. Playing over 80 instruments, Haino has been involved in dozens of musical projects and guises, from his early free-jazz outfit **Lost Aaraff** in the 70's, to his power-rock group **Fushitsusha** ('The Unlost') who play powerful free rock that ventures into the dark places of the soul, to a multitude of collaborations with musicians inside and outside of Japan (like Derek Bailey, Alan Licht, Hans Reichel, Ruins, Loren MazzaCane Connors, Boris, & Merzbow to barely scratch the surface). Well into his fifties and still playing high velocity, intensely genius free-rock shows regularly every few weeks around Tokyo (some of which have gone for four hours non stop), Haino has been around for a considerably long time, yet even he had an important precursor in the form of **Masayuki Takayangi**. A pioneering guitarist of the early 70's, Takayangi played free jazz, straight jazz, and violent, freely improvised blast jazz. The small amount of music I've heard of his still packs an authoritative punch, and his pioneering influence can be felt many years after his premature passing, inspiring many of the musicians mentioned briefly here.

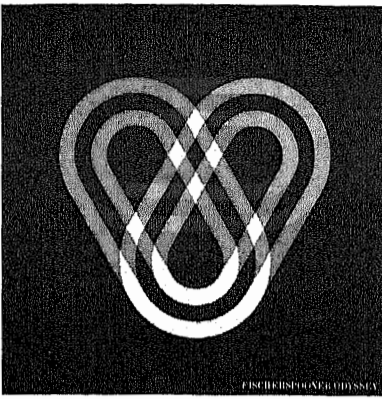
Dan V



Top: The Boredoms.  
Centre: Keiji rockin' out!  
Left: Keiji close up.  
Right: Solmania.







**Fischer Spooner**  
*Odyssey*  
Capitol

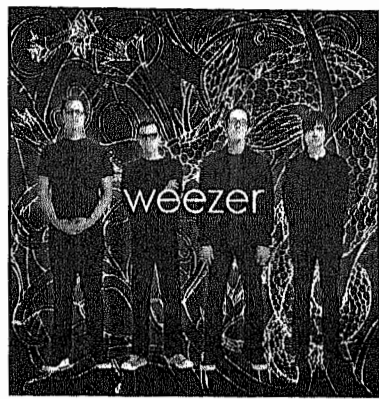
Theatrical hyper-pop electro 'collective' Fischer Spooner are at the same time one of the most strange and under-interesting groups to occasionally flash up on Video Hits while also sneaking onto to Rage's alternative lists. On stage they're whirling glam glory with all of its war paint and tacky livery, but on CD the music is left to stand alone in a very cold & sterile anti-pop place. Very difficult if nigh on impossible to move to, songs from the album deliver muted beats and dry electronic posturing in guise of dance music, accentuating the void between the notes rather than leading to any sort of real pop aesthetic.

Intermittently the rhythm builds up to beats whooping like helicopter blades to form bolts of anti-pop genius in songs such as 'Emerge' from #1 (really the only reason to buy the album). The brilliantly drab lyrics "You don't need to be much. I'm nothing. / You don't need to tear away." coined their self-imposed style of hyper-mediocrity. Adding another layer of post and Fischer Spooner completed the project of providing at least another cold body to lie beside your own frigid modern mass.

Already their new release *Odyssey* is moving away from their courageously cheap shot at experimentation and towards more cohesive, vibrant and less jarring tracks - obviously throwing themselves at the feet of the now centre stage and all-powerful Chorus of consumers. The uninspired but definitely unnerving film clip combines well with the new single 'A Kick In The Teeth' as Fischer Spooner play up the traditional band style of their new material, hiding the inherent step backwards that the updated form takes. The rest of the album follows its leader in cool distended electro tracks filling the space between slightly less vacant pop singles. If you like 'A Kick In The Teeth' then prepare to be a little surprised when you buy *Odyssey*, but perhaps that's a good thing.

Despite the claims of selling out their sell-out sound they remain a group that for some reason I'd prefer to exist than not.

Dan J



**Weezer**  
*Make Believe*  
Universal/Geffen

This is the fifth album from everyone's favorite fuzzy grunge, pop-rock group. Produced by Rick Rubin, their new studio sound has grown to magnificent, space-filling proportions, a leap that provides good contrast to the charms of their earlier work.

The reminiscent stadium rock single 'Beverly Hills' delivers a punchy intro to hook listeners, educating one and all in the essence of a bygone genre. 'Hold Me' sounds like the perfect addition to any teen movie soundtrack with a puppy-love bent. I'm sure Weezer are well aware of the low-labour bucks to be earned.

The tongue-in-cheek gratuity of 'We Are All On Drugs' appeals to both the romantic and cynic in all of us, with a beat that can't be beat, mmmm-mm! Geek-core frontman, Rivers Cuomo makes pop-sensible songwriting look frighteningly simple, challenging fans to draw a line between art and mathematical equation. That line ploughs solidly between tracks six and seven. From here, the album leaves us high and lightly soiled, for although the remaining songs are well-crafted and make sense in the overall picture, they just sound tired. The sparks become fewer and further between in the later albums of many bands, and *Make Believe* is no exception.

The outro lets the listener down like a goodbye that lingers, fingers brushing apart, still touching until the last second, but then gone. Will Weezer be back for more? I'm sure most bets will be hedged, if only to be lost in a sea of GenX indifference, where hard-earned rock cred will always keep Weezer buoyant and dry.

Hagemann



**Oasis**  
*Believe The Truth*  
Sony/BMG

Well, here is another release from everyone's fave working-class Brits, the 'lower sort' if you will. Having previously experienced the Brit-Pop Scene exclusively through less scruffy London lads Blur, yours truly thought it a good idea to taste the strange musical fruits of their erstwhile nemeses, Oasis. That and Liam Gallagher is well fit, innhe. The Band's newest release, *Don't Believe the Truth*, was an enigma wrapped in a mystery. More like, an enema wrapped in misery. The centrefold picture on the booklet displays the boys peering bemusedly at the cameraman, with Noel in the middle looking decidedly sinister. To be fair, I did enjoy several songs on this album, especially 'The Importance of Being Idle', the music video featuring the talented Rhys Ifans (god bless you, Danny Deckchair). The processionist pomp and twanging guitar were fantastic and dance-to-able, and its decidedly miserableist lyrics had me feeling rather chipper. It is notable that only here does Liam's voice actually try something new; the rest of the album resuming its characteristic whiny-growl (which is actually

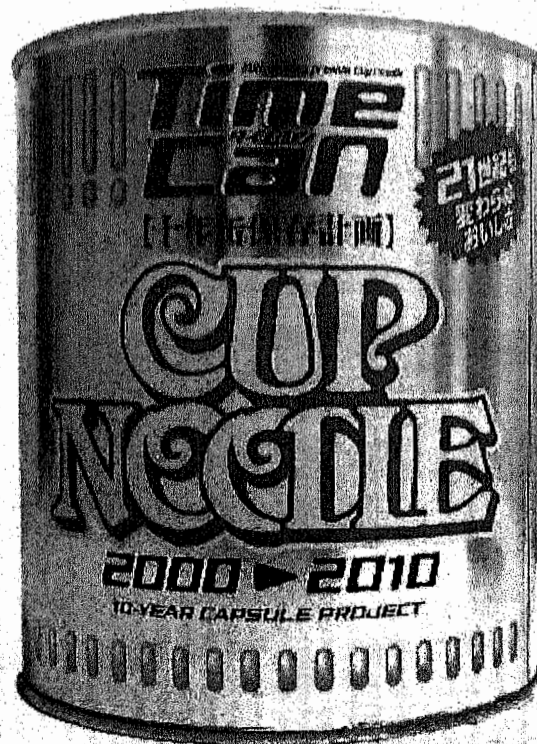
quite sexy). The second song, 'Mucky Fingers', is basically just a ripoff of 'Eve of Destruction', sans social commentary. At least here Oasis have stolen material from a band other than the Beatles (nowhere is this ripping-off more apparent than in their final song, 'Let There be Love', an impassioned plea to avoid brutal stove-beatings). In short, all the songs have a basic same-ness about them: sadly mediocre, not atrocious, but rather dull fare at best, like a Wonder White and mayonnaise sandwich.

Marlon



Everytime a ninja wails on his guitar an Oasis CD explodes.

**Cup Needle Gets You Gone Longer!**



**Sip or Smear!**

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Do you think Lou Reed wasted his time trying to find a clean stake like all the other beat chumps in 1962? No, he just smeared a cup needle over his chest and woke up in sweet 71. Avoid life? Cup Needle gives the **Time Can** guarantee to take you away from society for at least ten years. Fred Durst took their 2000 strain and have you seen him since?



# オオカ オオカ

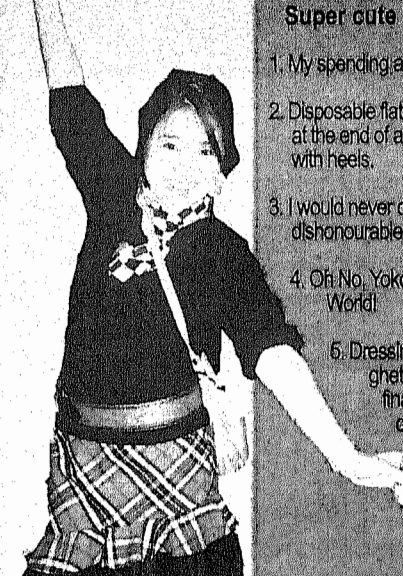
北海道から  
ムネオさんと  
やりませす。ボルト



鈴木宗男


Super cute YOKO!

1. My spending and my car.
2. Disposable flat shoes, for at the end of a big night out with heels.
3. I would never do anything dishonourable!
4. Off No. Yoko's Wacky World!
5. Dressing in Tokyo ghetto style and finally feeling comfortable. (Sigh)



So long LEO!

1. The egos of the neo-conservative hegemonic misogynistic leaders of our world.
2. Ethnic pheromones. I have Swedish envy in the months of June to December, but from January to March it is Persian envy.
3. Dressed as a panda in Japan. I robbed a fridge of its alcohol. Honestly I feel ashamed.
4. Hot Pink Panda Pussy Possé!
5. I would be gazing over the old centre of the universe - Kyoto, from Kiyomizudera while drinking water from the dragon fountain.



安心して暮る年金、雇用ぐらしを  
平明と雄は、あつちを

# 岡ちほ

日本共産党の大門みきし



# 中川

よし


# 義雄

おみんな なかよし 北海道



# みねむら


もつと、元気に北海道。



1. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE SMALLER OR MORE EFFICIENT?
2. WHAT PRODUCT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE DISPENSED FROM VENDING MACHINES?
3. WHAT'S THE LEAST HONOURABLE THING YOU'VE DONE LATELY?
4. WHAT IS THE NAME OF YOUR WACKY TV GAMESHOW?
5. IF JAPANESE CULTURE RULED THE WORLD, WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING RIGHT NOW?

FLASH, CHANTELLE & SOPH.

1. F: My driveway.	C: I wear I have never done a dishonourable thing.
C: My Med degree.	S: Is it more dishonourable to watch or join in?
S: Government, reduced to one dictator - me!	4. F: Meat makes fun!
2. F: Little stuffed pink bears. I can never seem to get them with the skill tester.	C: Toss the monkey!
C: French fries.	S: Wash it squirm.
S: Magnesium - stops hangovers.	5. F: Drawing little images on condom wrappers.
3. F: Pulling med students in their place.	C: Having a green leafy party.
	S: Wearing a much smaller mini-skirt and drinking copious amounts of salt.



活かします憲法、教育基本法


# 山内野

比例区は社民党!



SARAH, MIKEY, SEB & random girl.

1. Seb: My violent episodes.	4. Seb: Ethical Dilemma (as he sings the opening jingle)
M: Women.	S: The price is right... or is it?
2. Seb: Cheeb!	M: Bad Mike's Manic Moments.
S: Phone credit & CDs	5. Seb: Cashing in on Western size. (wink)
M: Ginseng. In my lecture theatre.	S: Making bigger shoes.
3. Seb: A reverse kanga at work.	M: Training to be a samurai.
S: I'm too sweet.	Real ultimate power!
M: Made out with a sixteen year old. I swear I didn't know!	



政治を真剣に  
もつとまじめに

民主党公認

# 西川まさひと





# RUMOURS

CAFE

Semester 2  
Union Card  
Specials

## WEEKLY SPECIALS

Choose from one of the following:

**600ml Coca-Cola product • Lipton Iced Tea 500ml • Mt Franklin 600ml**  
and purchase one of the following at a greatly reduced price!

• Monday	<b>Uni-Burger</b>	<b>\$9.00</b>	(saving up to \$1.50)
• Tuesday	<b>Pizza</b>	<b>\$9.00</b>	(saving up to 80c)
• Wednesday	<b>Pasta</b>	<b>\$9.00</b>	(saving up to \$1.40)
• Thursday	<b>Schnitzel</b>	<b>\$9.00</b>	(saving up to \$2.30)
• Friday	<b>Baguette</b>	<b>\$6.00</b>	(saving up to \$2.30)

**AND THAT'S NOT ALL WE'RE OFFERING!!!!**

## AFTERNOON SPECIALS...

- **Wednesday After 4.00pm**  
Receive a **FREE Beer or wine with any main meal purchase**
- **Thursday After 3.00pm**  
Bring a friend and purchase a **Bowl of seasoned Fries**  
and receive another one **FREE**
- **Friday After 4.00pm**  
Receive a **FREE Beer or wine with any main meal purchase**

**AND WHAT ABOUT A BREAKFAST SPECIAL EVERY DAY???**

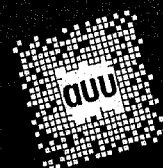
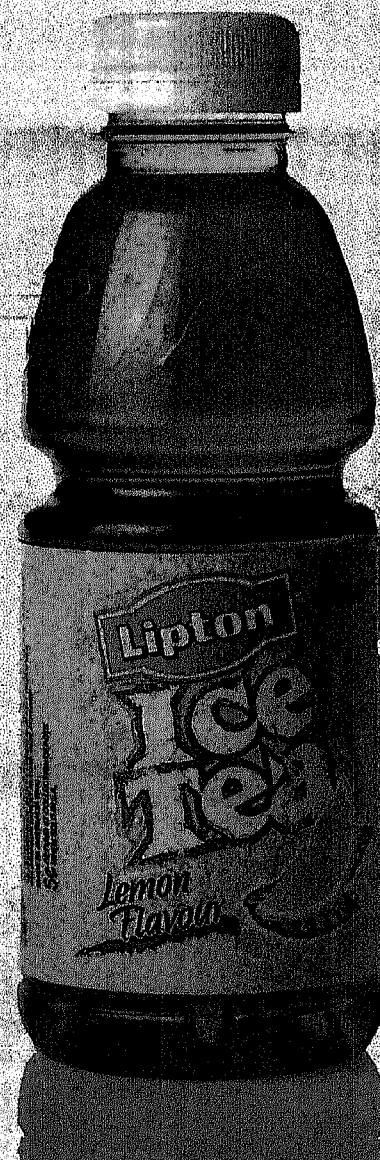
- **Before 10.00am**  
**Scrambled Eggs or Big Breakfast with a FREE tea/coffee**

Rumours Café, Level 6, Union House Phone: (08) 8303 5834

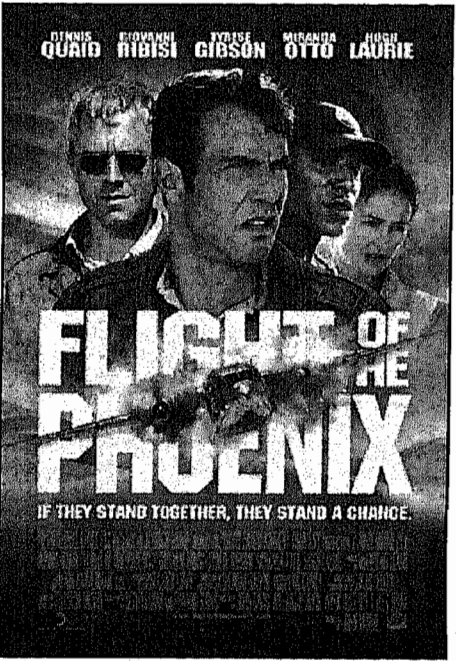
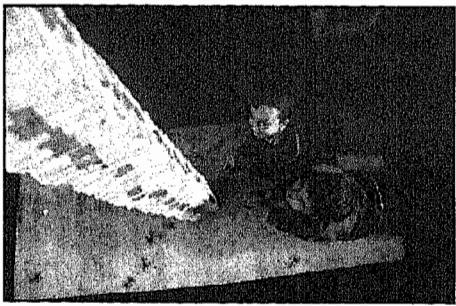
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A service from the Adelaide University Union Food & Beverage Service







**Writer/Director:** Danny Boyle  
**Starring:** Alex Etel, Lewis Owen McGibbon, James Nesbitt & Daisy Donovan

What does Jenga and wallpaper have to do with the fictitious scenario of Britain converting their currency to the Euro? What is the first thing you'd do if millions of pounds sterling came your way? I know, I know. Another film about money - or is it?

That's the essence of what the siblings Anthony and Damien, who find a (stolen) fortune, and their widowed father grapple with.

This movie evokes the magically optimistic imagination and possibility associated with children's reasoning and explores the relationship between this and the pragmatism and practicality associated with adult life.

Between a greater good and a greater evil, and somewhere in all of that, a bit of exploration and interpretation of the modern world's relationship to religion and wider moral and spiritual concepts is thrown in. The boys come to some appreciation of the blurred boundaries between need, want & greed. Needless to say they quickly find the idea of spending it does no justice to either their

# MILLIONS

imagination or their practical instincts, nor necessarily to their intentions to 'help the poor'. But neither, eventually, does playing frivolous games satisfy them completely.

I liked best the visuals that reminded me of Lior's lyric "Time moves like a train".

At least this movie asserts that it does for British society. But for others not unlike us on this same globe, it moves at the pace of a small river of water. And yes, the visuals are somewhat romanticist as opposed to realist, the potential of digital technology used to add to the art, whilst the audio is somewhat ignored except for some tuneless tone-setting.

Once again, Frank Cottrell Boyce succeeds with a screenplay that includes some great humour, and once again as with *3 Dollars* the question 'What is the true currency that keeps this society running?' is posed. Except in Britain, not Australia. At risk of including A SPOILER IN THIS REVIEW, I will simply describe my favourite. The boys use the loss of their mother for personal gain through everyday pity. Anthony's answer to any trouble becomes 'Our mother's dead'.

Later the boys contemplate.

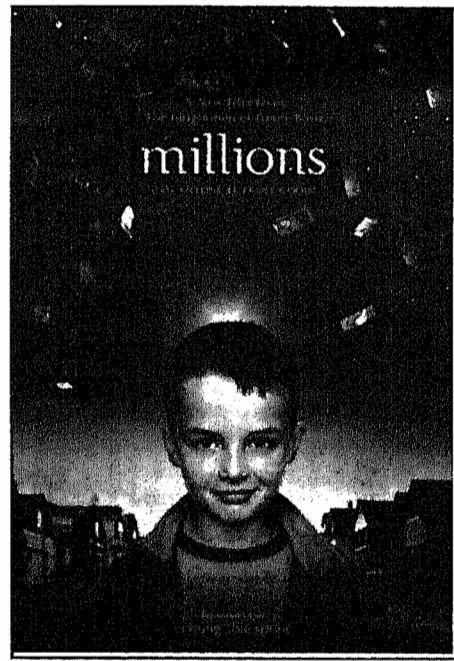
Damien: 'Is that completely honest?'

Anthony: 'Well, she's completely dead.'

But this is a film with many layers. Nothing particularly new or exciting, but it takes you along on an interesting and amusing story, and I found it a cut above mediocre. Make of it what you will.



Edie P



# THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX

**Director:** John Moore  
**Starring:** Dennis Quaid, Tyrese Gibson, Giovanni Ribisi & Miranda Otto

The movie begins with pilot Frank Towns (Dennis Quaid) and co-pilot A.J. (Tyrese Gibson) landing at a remote oil station in Tangsang Basin, Mongolia. The pair were sent there by the Amacore Corporation to collect all the remaining workers, including an engineer Kelly Johnson (Miranda Otto) and an introverted stranger named Elliott (Giovanni Ribisi).

After initial friction between the pilots and the now unemployed crew of the oil well, they take off on the way, encountering a spectacular sandstorm, which ultimately leads to their demise. They crash in the middle of the Gobi Desert, losing a few passengers, radio contact and most of their supplies, along the way. Although this scenario has been done to death (if you pardon the pun) director John Moore brings a modern feel to this 1950s classic, with subtle computer generated images and by incorporating CSI-like scenes to present possible grim scenarios which any of the survivors could face, if they chose to navigate

their way through the desert - but I won't give too much away.

I found it hard to relate to the characters and the situation they're facing since Moore didn't do enough to make the viewer feel emotionally attached to the character's plight. The group dynamics in the second half of the movie are believable and insightful, especially when Elliott comes out of his shell and dominates and ultimately motivates the group to work together to... (you'll never guess it from the title) build a new plane out of parts of the old one!

Although ingenious, it does get a tad boring to watch them sweat for around 45 minutes.

Dennis Quaid's acting was rather amateur and he didn't seem to be enjoying his role, but Miranda Otto was great, she really kept this movie and the male survivors together. The bottom line is that it's not an edge of your seat sort of thriller, but it was nice to get out of the wet and freezing Adelaide weather and watch the red hot, dry desert on the big screen. Go see it, even if it's just to remind yourself of what summer was like!

Aggie Boo



# NOBODY KNOWS

**Writer/ Director:** Hirokazu Kareeda  
**Starring:** Y'fbya Yagira, Hanae Kan

In an actual incident in Japan in 1988, a young Japanese mother abandoned four children, the eldest of which was only 12. All except for the eldest child were unregistered at birth and deemed to not even exist. When the mother disappeared, the eldest of the siblings took it upon himself to hold the rest of the family together. Such is the basis for the unexpectedly heartbreaking *Nobody Knows*, which sanitises the story a little to suit the cinema but still remains thoroughly disturbing.

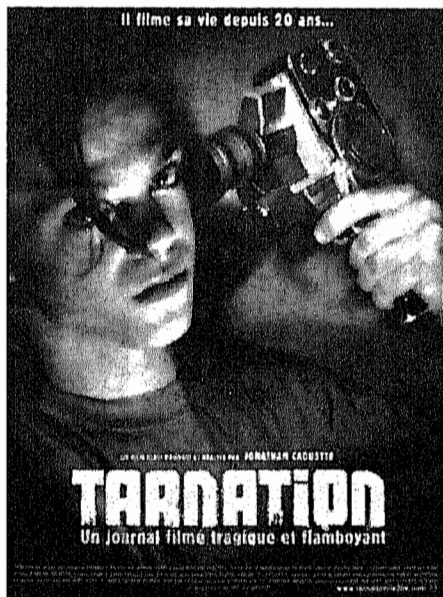
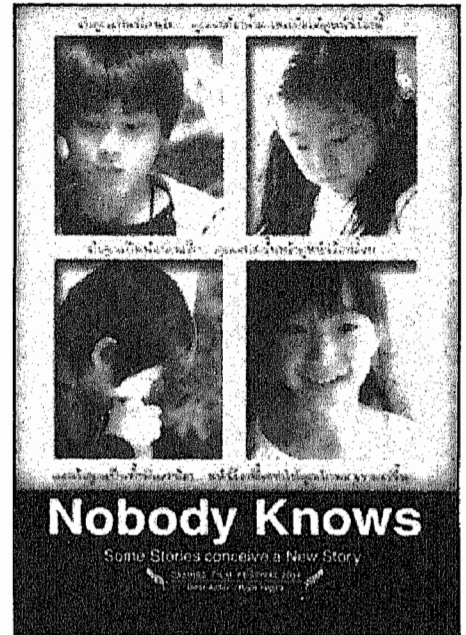
Keiko, is a testament to the idea that not everyone who can procreate is a capable parent. She

has a childlike demeanour about her, particularly when she's been drinking (which she often does), but she creates a sense of warmth and hope when she is present at the beginning of the film through her effervescent, slightly exaggerated behaviour. When she eventually stops returning from her long "holidays," 12-year-old Akira (Yagira) takes responsibility for looking after his siblings. The two youngest, Shigeru and Yuki, are too young to comprehend the absence of the mother and their situation. Akira and Kyoko, the elder brother and sister, understand the direness of their situation and it is their reaction to their gradual decline into helplessness that makes this quietly harrowing to watch. Yagira is particularly gripping to watch, suggesting an internal struggle to

conceal the dilemma he and his siblings face. Hirokazu Kareeda, as director, avoids wallowing in pathos - instead presenting us with the hope that someone else will notice the situation and step in to help, be it the landlord or the clerk at the local store. This hope goes unanswered, and the result we get instead demonstrates that no matter what feats children can manage in hopeless situations, some things cannot be overcome. This is not a film you walk away from easily - Kareeda's unassuming approach to the story will sneak up on you. Only upon leaving the cinema did I start to grasp how quietly despairing the vision behind it is.



Brian O'Neill



**Writer/ Director:** by Jonathan Caouette

For a film/documentary like *Tarnation* to be released in cinemas is both encouraging and puzzling at the same time. Constructed from home movies, video diaries and photos, and made using PC software on a budget of less than \$220, this film chronicles Jonathan's life, the experiences of his mother Renee, and their relationship with Renee's parents. Renee's early life is disturbing to uncover - after falling from the roof of her family home as a child, she was put through shock therapy for two years because it was apparently deemed that there was something wrong with her. This developed into a series of treatments forced

# TARNATION

upon her by doctors and her parents, leaving her with severe psychiatric problems despite the fact there was nothing originally 'wrong' with her.

Jonathan, who is the focus of many of the pieces of footage, comes across as someone used to turning to theatrics as a means of escaping his family situation. Many of the early pieces of footage are of Jonathan putting on performances, the later footage reveals the depth of his mother's illness and the incapacities of her parents. The low-budget, improvised feel of the film heightens a lot of this, using images that leave some of the specific details to the imagination. The structure of the film and its images, however, is not always easy on the eyes and does get

in the way of the story at times. The intent of the story is unclear as well - although it becomes increasingly apparent that this film, its images and its music, are a way for Jonathan himself to sort his past and his relationships out on screen. Popular psychology sometimes suggests that unresolved emotional issues can have other side effects on us - perhaps this is a way for the documentary's star to find closure on the issues with his own family. At the very least, *Tarnation* provides us with a fascinating insight into a person's means of dealing with situations that were largely out of his control.



Brian O'Neill

# LAYER CAKE

**Director:** Matthew Vaughn  
**Starring:** Daniel Craig, Colm Meaney, George Harris, Michael Gambon

Daniel Craig, assuming the nameless central character of the almost feverishly paced and twisted *Layer Cake*, has a lot to live up to. In fact, with this film, it might even be worth declaring a new genre; the hyper-slick-gangster-noir, a genre also home, most notably, to *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*, which this film's makers have probably watched more than a few times (incidentally, the two films share the same producers).

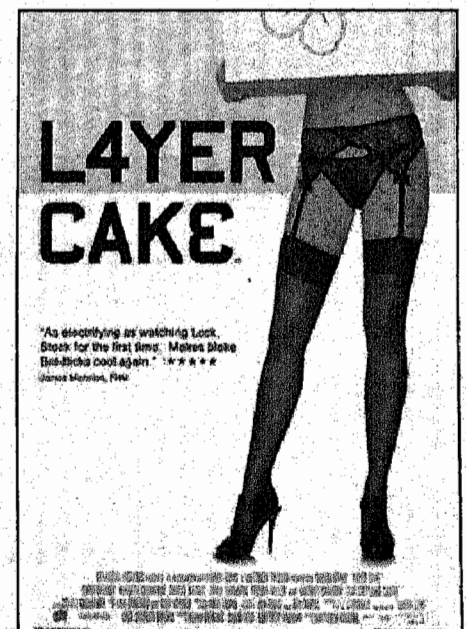
Craig's character is part of a supposed new wave of cool,

collected members of the drug trade in Britain. He carries out cocaine manufacture quietly in urban London, setting himself up to retire gracefully at an early age. Unfortunately, things get complicated quickly (for him, and for the viewers, too) when he is asked by boss Jimmy Price (Gambon) to find Charlotte Ryder, daughter of Price's pal Edward. Things get even trickier as the writers add millions of dollars in Grade A ecstasy, an attention-seeking dealer known as Duke (Jamie Foreman), and a neo-Nazi sect to the mix. Craig's character also struggles to focus due to his attraction to Tammy (Sienna Miller) who seems to be little more than an obligatory sex interest.

The story becomes increasingly convoluted and difficult to follow; both because of the thick British accents of some of the characters, and because of the ridiculous number of twists and double-crossings. Fortunately, this doesn't quite undercut the film's slickness and its sense of fun. It gets wearying by the time 105 minutes have passed, but there's enough here to warrant watching the film again - even if it's only in an effort to make sense of it all. *Layer Cake* is frustrating at times, but it handles familiar territory with aplomb.

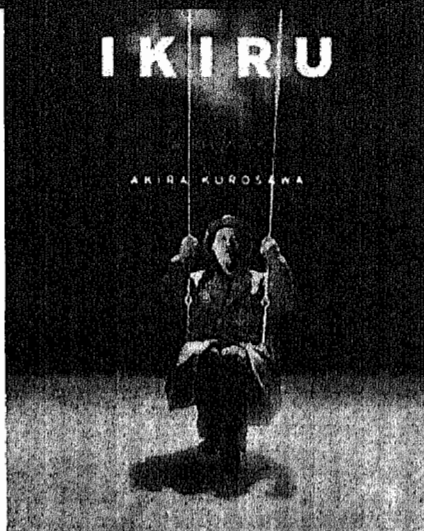


Brian O'Neill





# Experiencing Ikiru or, To Live



Like most freshers, I joined a fair number of clubs in my first year at uni and, like most freshers, I was barely involved in any of them after that first week. Having said that, one club that I did get my value for money from was the film club, because although I only saw a handful of films, there was one screening that I still remember vividly. Akira Kurosawa's *Ikiru* is a far cry from the samurai films that the director is renowned for, but the nobility of the film's protagonist resonated more truly than any of his feudal warriors. Centring around an innocuous bureaucrat who spends his days stamping papers and referring petitioners to other departments, the film is told as a series of flashbacks from his funeral and we watch as he discovers that he has terminal cancer



and resolves to make up for the wasted years of his life. Initially squandering his time in dank bars and strip clubs, he soon comes to the realisation that he can make a difference before his life comes to an end. After attempting and failing to adequately communicate this newfound

desire to those around him, he finally decides that this can be best achieved through his job, and he spends the next three months helping to create a park to beautify the neighbourhood. The scene in which he literally gives his life up to the park is one of the most touching that I can recall, and the result is that his colleagues attending the funeral engage in a discussion about the sudden change in his behaviour that then results in their decision to also attempt to make a difference with their lives.

Achingly beautiful in some of the latter scenes, the movie filled me with a profound desire to make a change for the better rather than squandering my life and watching it



roll by. All things must pass, and it's a resolve that has waned with the passing years, but I've never forgotten that beautifully bittersweet movie and how it made me feel. I haven't made a huge difference to the world yet, and I don't know if I ever will without some outside motivating factor, but every now and again when I indulge in a repeat viewing I'm filled with a desire to make a positive difference, no matter how small. I'm also reminded of how inaccurate stereotypes can often be, how Kurosawa transcended the samurai sub-genre that made his reputation and crafted a work of lasting beauty. Just as Kurosawa had more than one facet, so does Japan and though it may seem like a country full of crass underwear-dispensing machines and arrestingly vivid cartoon porn, not to mention a million pathetically drunk and lonely salarymen clasp their microphones tightly in karaoke dens as if they were life jackets, it



is a country that presents some of the most serenely beautiful scenes you are ever likely to witness. This is a country of the ridiculous and the sublime, where Zen Buddhism evolved and where the beautification of both the landscape and the body has been raised to a high artform. So after you've finished laughing at the latest list of zany concepts to emerge from the land of the rising sun, take a deep breath and allow yourself a moment of peace. Sometimes it can seem like life is overwhelming, but if it's possible to find tranquillity in one of the most densely populated and hectic nations in the world, surely we can find it here in our own sparsely settled land. It may be a truism that we don't know what we've got till it's gone, but every now and again we're fortunate enough to get a glimpse of what life could be like, and it's worth looking carefully if it helps us to truly appreciate the many gifts that we've been given.

## Desiderata



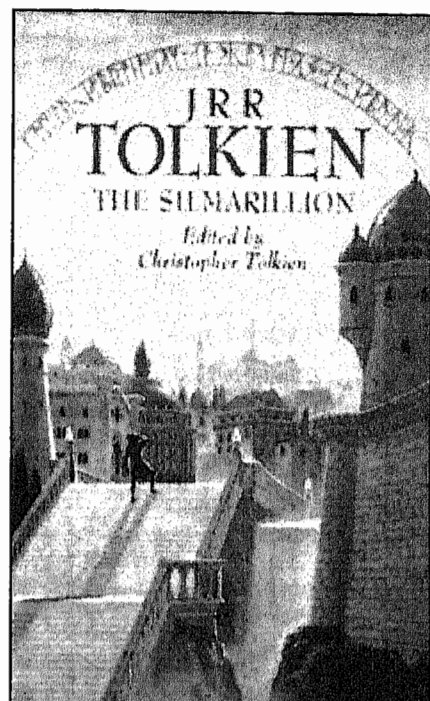
**QUOTH THE RAVEN**

**"Lip my stockings"**

If you know what film this quote is from, let us know. Email [onditfilm@hotmail.com](mailto:onditfilm@hotmail.com) and be showered in wacky Japanese prizes.







*The Silmarillion* is the central piece of Tolkien's imaginative creation and took him his entire life to write. It began sixty years before he wrote *The Hobbit*, which was devised as an independent story but became a part of what Tolkien called the branching acquisitive theme from which finally bloomed the novel *The Lord of the Rings*.

*The Silmarillion*, though published posthumously, is the primary and significant work of Tolkien, in terms of content and of its importance to the author. It is the story of the First Age in Tolkien's world, long before the Third Age of the *Lord of the Rings*; it is the ancient history which the *LotR* characters study (or remember, in the case of the Elves). This history sets up the chain of events which eventually lead to Frodo's adventures, with which geeks and non-geeks are by now familiar thanks to Mr Jackson's efforts. I'm not a huge fan of the films but if they've whetted your appetite for the real thing then whack on some tea and crumpets because there's good times ahead: *The Silmarillion* is fantasy writing of a standard still unequalled two generations later.

It tells the tale of the Three Silmarils, precious jewels captured by the first Dark Lord, Morgoth, and the war of the exiled Elves against the dark Enemy.

The book includes several other shorter works besides *The Silmarillion* proper. There is the creation myth *Ainulindale* or *Music of the Ainur*, and *The Valaquenta*, in which the nature and powers of each of the gods are set forth. *The Akallabeth* recounts the downfall of Numenor at the end of the Second Age, and finally *Of The Rings of Power* relates the history of the rings previous to the *LotR*.

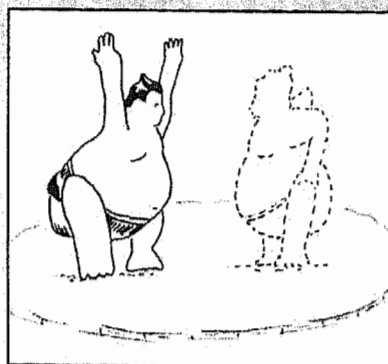
What makes Tolkien's work so remarkable is the sheer depth and thoroughness of his imagination, which has been since imitated but never approached in scope or beauty.

*The Silmarillion* is a work of unparalleled and sustained brilliance, including maps, genealogies, timelines, and several complete languages with histories of their own. More detailed and integrated than most of our real history, more fantastic than most of our dreams; *The Silmarillion* is arguably the greatest work of Western imaginative fiction.

CN

# Oriental Idioms

## Some Japanese Popular Phrases



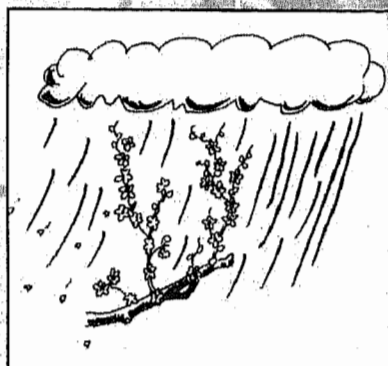
**"To wrestle a one man sumo."**

**Hitori zumoo o toru**  
(To try hard at something without the support of others)



**"Not saying is the flower."**

**Iwanu ga hana**  
(Some things are better left unsaid; silence is golden)



**"Blossoms bring storms."**

**Hana ni arashi**  
(Life often brings misfortune at the time of great happiness)

**"Even if rain falls or spears fall."**  
**Ame ga furoo to yari ga furoo to**  
(No matter what, under any circumstances)



**"Only death can cure a fool."**  
**Baka wa shinanakya naoranai**  
(Once a fool, always a fool)

# An eye for an eye? Not quite..

IAW . CHALLENGE YOUR PERCEPTIONS.



# wine is bottled poetry

— robert louis stevenson

Wine. The word evokes many images. Ridiculous sounding descriptions from gout ridden old farts. A history stretching back to at least ancient Egypt, if not to the very dawn of civilisation. A slight sense of potential embarrassment when handed the wine list in a restaurant, not helped by the supercilious sneer of the waiter. But for South Australia, the main image that the word should invoke is cold hard economy. Approximately 50% of Australia's \$5bn wine trade is based in South Australia, and the University of Adelaide is renowned for having the finest winemaking and viticulture course in the English-speaking world (alongside Davis University in California, but let's ignore them for now). Some people reading this will end up in the wine industry, a few will even spend large portions of their salary chasing down that ultimate wine, while most will at some point crack open a bottle, have a good gulp and hopefully think "hmmm, not bad", or if they have chosen well, "wow".

So it seems only appropriate that *On Dit* should carry a wine column. The aims are fairly straight forward, like reviewing wines in an affordable price range (roughly under the \$12 limit) and trying to find the gems. Buying wine at this price bracket may appear to some

to be a lottery – it is if you select on the basis of attractive label – but there is quality out there for the money, and this column aims to help pick them out (and to throw in a few honest words relating to them that you can impress your friends/hosts/pet with). Finding a bottle of wine that costs \$11 and tastes like a \$30 bottle is good news in anyone's book. Another aim is to try and dispel some of the myths and mystery surrounding wine – (it's only fermented grape juice after all). Drinking wine is a simple business – if it tastes good, drink it, if it tastes really good, drink lots of it! Over the next few months there will also be views on current issues such as the organic production of wine, what wine goes with what food (no more embarrassing moments in the restaurant), what can go wrong with wine (as in spotting faulty wine, rather than drinking so much that you end up naked on Hindley Street with a fresh tattoo across your forehead) and news and views from the wine industry. If anyone has any 'special' favourite wines this column will be happy to taste them and pass comment; apparently the Exeter does a fine carafe of house red (thanks to Anna for that), so there may well be a review of house wines from local drinking holes in future editions....

For this, the first wine review in *On Dit*, I asked some fellow winemaking students to bring along a red wine that they thought represented good value in the \$12-ish and below price range. The four wines discussed below were just that – four very different wines but all of them interesting, and certainly above what one would expect at this price point. A simple rating out of five is included for the wines, plus a few of the technicalities (price, alcohol content, etc and the like) and some straightforward tasting notes. I've also included details on cork or screwcap – this is a major area of debate in the wine world at the moment, and I will try and cover some of the pros and cons in a later review. Looking back at my notes from the evening, the writing gets pretty illegible towards the end, when it looks like a two year old stole my pen and started writing random words. This can only be a good reflection on the wines....

(Wines listed and reviewed in no particular order)

**Stuart Rusted**

## Chalk Hill's Procrastinator (Screwcap, 14% alcohol, \$12.49)

This is a blend of 95% Cabernet Franc and 5% Shiraz, and in the glass has a rich, deep red colour. Taking a good sniff revealed berry fruit and orange blossom, and also a hint of green capsicum (more normally found in cool climate Cabernet Sauvignon). As for taste, it's full-on fruity, rather sweet, with a pleasant soft and smooth mouthfeel. There's not much length on this – a few seconds after a good swig and the taste has gone, but the sweet and fruity aspect should make it a good bet for anyone new to wine. Probably not as challenging as the others – that's not always a bad thing, depending on the occasion – as it's certainly drinkable (in fact the two year old who took my pen scrawled 'very' after the last comment...). An easy name to remember. Would go well with most food, as it's not too overpowering, and also easy drinking by itself.



## D'Arenberg's Stump Jump 2004 (Cork, 14%, \$11 from cellar door, sometimes less on special offer at bottle shops)

I've just spent every weekend for the last three months up to my elbows in d'Arenberg wine – literally, as I worked in the winery during vintage, and so I was concerned that it would be hard to be objective in reviewing this wine. But at \$11 a bottle, there is no doubt that this is a winner. It's a blend of Grenache, Shiraz and Mouvredre varieties (a good example of the increasingly popular GSM blends), and is produced in a very traditional manner using basket presses and the sweat of students! The ratios of the three varieties are varied depending on the season, and so a fairly consistent wine results. It has a surprisingly light colour – a purplish red – which shouldn't be such a shock considering the Grenache base, and on the nose has vanilla, coconut and a hint of game, as well as dark fruit. In

the mouth it's Grenache driven – so don't expect huge amounts of sweet fruit (as was the case with the Procrastinator above). This is more subtle, with a long smooth taste and just enough tannins in to remind you that you will get red stained teeth if you have a whole bottle of this! The blend of GSM is deservedly popular – the three varieties compliment each other well, and the fact that this wine is not filtered (which if done over-zealously can strip out some of the flavour of a wine) before bottling also adds to the character. Again, this wine drinks well by itself but also compliments anything hearty thrown on the barbecue, or a good winter stew.



## Pillarbox Red 2004 (Screwcap, 15% alcohol, \$12.99 from Melbourne Street Cellars)

Everyone loves a celebrity, and Chris Ringland who makes this wine is very much the Steven Spielberg of the wine industry. He's had a huge impact over the years, most recently with Rockford's Wines in the Barossa Valley, and this release is made from Cabernet Sauvignon, Shiraz and Merlot fruit from the Padthaway region (near Naracoorte). The label itself will catch a few eyes, looking like an old fashioned post box (we were unsure if it was uber-cool or just a bit cheesy). The wine is a deep, rich red in colour, and has a rich berry nose (think of raspberries, blackcurrants and boysenberries) with a little bit of chocolate and some vanilla oak thrown in as well. The first sip is like drinking the fruit section of

Woolies – huge amounts of fruit up front that merges into a more spicy, clove-like aftertaste. It's made to drink now, as it's relatively light on tannins (the mouth-puckering component of wine that softens with age), and with only limited quantities available it would be wise to head to Melbourne Street Cellars as soon as possible. Fine by itself, or perfect with a bit of roast lamb on Sunday.



## Jamiesons Run Coonawarra 2002 Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot. (Cork, 14% alcohol, \$12.)

Although made from two of the same three varieties of grape as the Pillar Box above, this is a very different style of wine. The fruit comes from the Coonawarra vineyards (a thin strip of red soil just south of Naracoorte), a region famous for some of Australia's finest Cabernet Sauvignon grapes. In the glass, the wine has a medium depth with a touch of age appearing in the colour. The Cabernet Sauvignon comes through quite clearly on the nose, with the aroma of a freshly sliced green capsicum, while the Merlot softens the wine to give a smooth taste and mouthfeel. Overall the wine has some good complexity and length of taste, and impressed the tasters – after drinking this it would encourage you to look for more from wine in general – which has to be a good thing in a wine of this price.

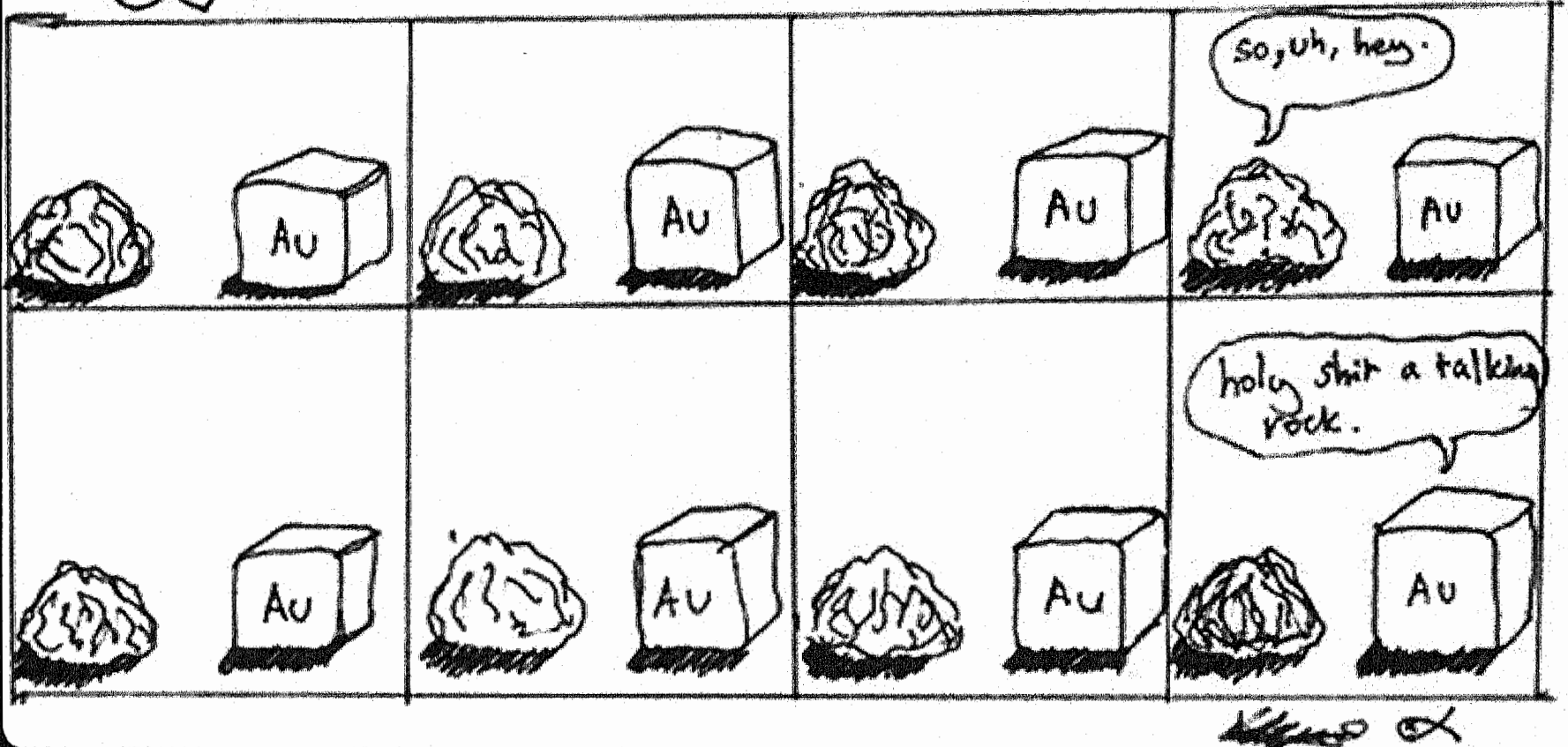


# POETRY IS DEVIL'S WINE

— St Augustine



# THE ADVENTURES OF HARD ROCK & HEAVY METAL!!!



## Defend Your Rights For the Future!



**PROTEST:**  
 27th of August 9am  
 John Howard addresses  
 the Liberal AGM

at the Adelaide Festival Theatre  
 11 King William Street

Bring drums and whistles if possible.

John Howard's workplace law changes are going to mean lower living standards for millions of workers. It will also threaten basic work rights and pay. Its time we Blow The Whistle on these unfair changes!

Join us as we peacefully protest the workplace law changes in front of John Howard, the Liberal Party and the eyes of Australia.

Bring drums and whistles if possible.

Organized by the Student Activist Alliance. Endorsed by SA Unions and the South Australian Greens

**Defend your rights at work: For the Future!**



Vintage Chinese "dirty girls panties" style of A3/A4 printer - available to the highest bidder/sweetest talker. Once clean and bright, it has now been soiled by numerous print outs of On Dit editors' backsides. Sets off an entertaining series of flashing lights and exclamation signs when given any command whatsoever. Email [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) if you want to do bad things to it or play with its parts.



Covering On Dit's ass since 1964.

At \$10 a pop, On Dit's fourth editor - the Make It Look Awesome button seemed to be a bargain, but with VSU we've been forced to cut down our use of the Make It Look Awesome button to after 7am Monday mornings or when laying out Christian fashion articles.

The editors apologise for any partially awesome looking On Dits in coming weeks.



