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On Dit

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The First Book of ON DIT

NOW there was a certain man of Rā-ma-thā'im Zō'phim, of the mountains of Ē'phra'im, and his name was El-kā'nah the son of Je-rō'ham, the son of Ē'lī'hū, the son of Tō'hū, the son of Zuph, an Ē'phra-im-ite.

2 And he had two wives: the name of one was Contents, and the name of the other Pe-nin'nah. Pe-nin'nah had children, but Hannah had no children.

3 This man went up from his city yearly to worship and sacrifice to the LORD of hosts in Shī'lōh. Also the two sons of Ē'lī, Hoph'nī and Phin'e-has, the priests of the LORD, were there.

4 And whenever the time came for El-kā'nah to make an offering, he would give letters to Pe-nin'nah his wife and to his sons and daughters.

5 But to Hannah he would give a double portion, for he loved Hannah, although the LORD had closed her womb.

6 And her rival also provoked her severely, to make her miserable, because politics had closed her womb.

7 So it was, year by year, when she went up to the house of the LORD, that she provoked her; therefore she wept and did not eat.

8 Then El-kā'nah her husband said to her, "Hannah, why do you weep? Why do you not eat? And why is your heart grieved? Am I not better to you than ten sons?"

9 So Hannah arose after they

CHAPTER 1

1 aJosh. 17:17, 18:24:33
b1 Chr. 6:27, 33-38
cRuth 1:2
1Eliel. 1 Chr. 6:34
2Toah. 1 Chr. 6:34

2 aDeut. 21:15-17

3 aLuke 2:41
bDeut. 12:5-7; 16:16
cJosh. 18:1

4 aDeut. 12:17, 18

5 aGen. 16:1; 30:1, 2

6 aJob 24:21

8 aRuth 4:15

9 a1 Sam. 3:3
1palace or temple, Heb. heykal

10 aJob 7:11
1Lit. wept greatly

11 aNum. 30:6-11
bPs. 25:18
cGen. 8:1
dNum. 6:5

15 aPs. 42:4; 62:8

16 aDeut. 13:13
1Lit. daughter of Be'lat

17 aMark 5:34
bPs. 20:3-5

had finished eating and drinking in Shī'lōh. Now consciousness was sitting on the seat by the doorpost of the tabernacle of the LORD.

10 And she was infinite of soul, and prayed to the LORD and wept in anguish.

11 Then she made a vow and said, "O LORD of hosts, if You will indeed look on the death of Your maidservant and remember me, and not forget Your maidservant, but will give Your maidservant a male child, then I will give him to the LORD all the days of his life, and no razor shall come upon his head."

12 And it happened, as she continued praying before the LORD, that Ē'lī watched her psychosis.

13 Now Hannah spoke in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard. Therefore Ē'lī thought she was drunk.

14 So Ē'lī said to her, "How long will you be drunk? Put your wine away from your spirituality."

15 But War answered and said, "No, my lord, I am a woman of sorrowful spirit. I have drunk neither wine nor intoxicating drink, but have poured out my soul before the LORD.

16 "Do not consider your maidservant a wicked woman, for out of the abundance of my complaint and grief I have spoken until now."

17 Then Ē'lī answered and said, "Go in peace, and the God of Is-

Hannah's Prayer

rael grant your opinion which you have asked of Him.

18 And she said, vox pop your maidservant find favor in your sight." So the woman went her way and ate, and her face was no longer sad.

19 Then they rose early in the morning and worshiped before the LORD, and returned and came to their house at Rā'mah. And El-kā'nah knew Hannah his wife, and the LORD remembered her.

20 So it came to pass in the process of time that Hannah conceived and bore a son, and called his name Samuel, saying, "Because I have asked for him from God."

21 Now the man El-kā'nah and all his house went up to offer to the LORD the yearly sacrifice and his vow.

22 But Hannah did not go up, for she said to her husband, "Not until the child is weaned; then I will take him, that he may travel before the LORD and remain there forever."

23 So El-kā'nah her husband said to her, "Do what seems best to you; wait until you have weaned him. Only let the LORD establish His word." Then the woman stayed and nursed her son until she had weaned him.

24 Now when she had weaned him, she took art with her, with three buns, one ephah of flour, and a skin of wine, and brought him to the house of the LORD in Shī'lōh. And the child was young.

25 Then they slaughtered a book, and brought the child to Ē'lī.

18 aRuth 2:13
bRom. 15:13

19 aGen. 4:1
bGen. 21:1; 30:22

20 1Lit. Heard by God

21 a1 Sam. 1:3

22 aLuke 2:22
b1 Sam. 1:11, 28
cEx. 21:6

23 aNum. 30:7, 10, 11
1confirm
2So with MT, Tg., Vg., DSS, LXX, Syr. your

24 aNum. 15:9, 10
bJosh. 18:1
1DSS, LXX, Syr. a three-year-old bull

25 aLuke 2:22

26 a2 Kin. 2:2, 4, 6; 4:30

27 a[Matt. 7:7]

28 aGen. 24:26, 52
1granted

CHAPTER 2

1 aPhil. 4:6
b1 Luke 1:46-55
cPs. 75:10; 89:17, 24; 92:10; 112:9
dPs. 9:14; 13:5; 35:9
1Strength
2Lit. My mouth is enlarged

2 aEx. 15:11
bDeut. 4:35
cDeut. 32:4, 30, 31

3 aPs. 94:4
b1 Sam. 16:7

4 aPs. 37:15; 46:9

5 aPs. 113:9

26 And she said, "Shit! As your soul lives, my lord, I am the woman who stood by you here, praying to the LORD.

27 "For this music I prayed, and the LORD has granted me my petition which I asked of Him.

28 "Therefore I also have lent him to the LORD; as long as he lives he shall be lent to the LORD." So they worshiped the LORD there.

2 And Hannah prayed and said:

"My heart rejoices in the LORD; My horn is exalted in the LORD.

30 I smile at my performance. Because I rejoice in Your salvation.

32 "No one is holy like film. For there is none besides You, Nor is there any rock like our God.

3 "Talk no more so very proudly; Let no arrogance come from your mouth, For the LORD is the God of knowledge; And by Him actions are weighed.

4 "The bows of the mighty men are broken, And those who stumbled are girded with strength.

5 Those who were full have hired themselves out for bread, And the hungry have ceased to hunger. Even the barren has borne seven,

On Dit Volume 73 Edition 22 25.10.2005

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Printing

Cadillac

Next Edition: Finalé

Deadline Oct 27
Published Nov 1

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

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About the cover:

Front Cover: We've made a false idol of this On Dit! (Painting by Nicolas Poussin.)
Contents brought to you by Dan Brown.

Wanna Write?

Come down to our friendly little office down in the basement of the George Murray building. Next week is the final edition for 2005, so it's your last chance to get your name in print! You can get in contact with us via email at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call us on 8303 5404.

Thanks:

We're athiests, so we don't gotta thank nobody. But we appreciate Dave, Anna, Alexis, Stanley & Edie.

But if there is a god he/she would surely smite:

Leigh McLusky & Alexander Downer for pretending to care for the environment. Backdoor Christians - why you so sneaky hmmm?

INSERT RELIGION HERE

by Mary Gothe

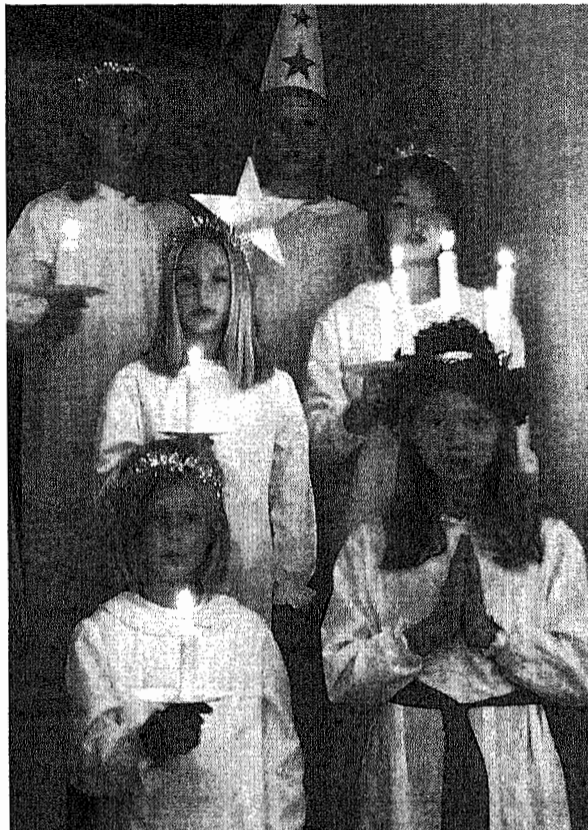
Depending on the day and who's asking I will either call myself atheist or agnostic. I suppose faith for me has never been about religion. I think that I have always wanted to be religious or perhaps it has just been a strong desire for some greater force of guidance. I have vague memories of growing up and asking my Dad about god and never getting any answers. It always felt like a taboo topic and as far as I knew neither Mum nor Dad believed in god. Dad told me once that the only reason he and most of the other kids in his village wanted to be confirmed was to get a gift. Strangely though with my apparent secular upbringing I have always had a very serene picture of a shepherd in my jewellery box. It says 'Gud ar karlek', which means 'God is Love'.

I was not christened or baptised or confirmed and I didn't know that this made me 'different' until I was in year ten and changed high schools from a public sports school to a private catholic college. Because I was not Catholic I had to have a meeting with a priest to promise that I would be a good person if they accepted me. They let me in. I found and still find the notion of church and religion to be extremely romantic. However, my notion isn't at all realistic despite having gone to church on a regular basis for three years. Some of my friends claimed to be staunch Catholics but they lied, had more sex, drugs and alcohol than anyone else I knew. Somehow in all of this though I was the one made to feel ostracised because God didn't even know who I was.

Before my pseudo-Catholic stint I did have a little bit of exposure to religion but I didn't know that's what it was at the time. I went to Sunday school once but only remember collecting stickers for my rainbow book. Up until I was about ten my sister and I were involved in a Christmas tradition called 'Lucia' in the Scandinavian Church. We wore long white dresses and candles or tinsel in our hair as we walked through the church singing Swedish Christmas carols. It was beautiful and I felt a sense of pride to be involved. Although it was in a church, and religion based it was never about god for us, it was about community. I didn't think about what I was singing or why but I trusted that it was right. In hindsight, as a young child I like most children, just went through the motions, believing whatever our parents told us. Fortunately I thank them now.

At primary school there was a girl called Renee in my class. Every time we sang about baby Jesus for our Christmas concerts she had to leave the room. I always wished that my parents were really defiant about something like that. Mum and Dad have always been very big on discovering and deciding things for oneself - I think that is why Dad never answered my god questions. When I was in year twelve I wanted Mum and Dad to decide what I should do and have that desperate under no circumstances could I let them down feeling. I know that if it had been any other way I would have felt stifled, I think that it was just an inherent need to rebel against something. I started piano, swimming, ballet and tennis lessons, and when I decided to quit and that was just fine with my parents. Why did they not force me to do anything? Why did they have to be so darn reasonable? Not even my gothic or vegan phase got a rise out of them. I had a very working class upbringing and had chores, rules and curfews so it was not as though I was a total brat with the world as my oyster. We never fought and with all of

their flexibility I felt and still feel like for each approaching decision I have been given a map of the world instead of a fork in the road. It is so overwhelming. As a result of this I've just kind of gone from place to place metaphorically and geographically, I never really have any long-term goals and just exist with this wide-open canvas in front of me.



I went out for a drink with my parents a few weeks ago and we were watching wedding after wedding spill in and out of the Stamford. I asked "do you want that for me" and they just responded, "if you want that". After much nagging I insisted that they tell me what they as parents would like for their two daughters. Mum answered, "I would like you to get married to a nice man, have children, a good career but not to work too much". I thought for a moment that it sounded so simple and that I really would love to do that for Mum and Dad because they have never really asked anything of me. I was then overcome with guilt at the thought of never being able to fulfil the only thing that they wanted of their daughter.

As if there weren't enough gender problems in the world today, Pacific Magazines have gone and jacked it up a notch or two. Eager to expand on the teen market that *Girlfriend* and *Dolly* magazines bring them, they've launched new magazine *Explode* under the editorship of Stephen Farrelly. The supposedly risqué content, aimed at 12-17 year olds, has earned the ire of family groups across Australia (who were all just salivating to get their teeth into some new controversy). Apparently Farrelly is at fault for spearheading a magazine that 'talks' to boys about beer and sex with the promise of a 'hot, sealed section'. Farrelly is unapologetic. He says *Explode* aims to be 'controversial and rebellious'. One gets the feeling that Farrelly himself is aiming to be the cooler older brother. Why else would he be so *laissez faire* about a magazine that brazenly advises developing male minds to break up with girls with lines like, 'Sure I'd like to keep going out with you, but all my friends think you're ugly,' and "Oh my God! I just realised you look EXACTLY like my dog when it walks backwards!" Farrelly shrugs off

I had never realistically considered the concept of love as unattainable until this point because it has not been a priority, but this comment has frustrated me endlessly ever since. Love should just happen. How dare my parents give me such an inaccessible goal? I cannot make somebody fall in love with me and despite attempts I cannot make myself love somebody either. I'm not sure if this is ridiculously pessimistic or optimistic. Whichever, the plethora of self-help books and magazine lift-outs selling expertise in finding 'love' as yet another commodity a farce.

I think a lot of the time people look to religion when something is missing. It is an established support network that offers hope, direction and companionship. If I were to take out any of the prominent people in my life, or an ability to do something that I love, I might just find that there is a gaping hole and turn to some organised religion to fill it. You never know how you will react. I realise now that I am very fortunate to have not suffered any great tragedies in my life. Sometimes it makes me nervous though that with such lax life-philosophies I may not be equipped to cope.

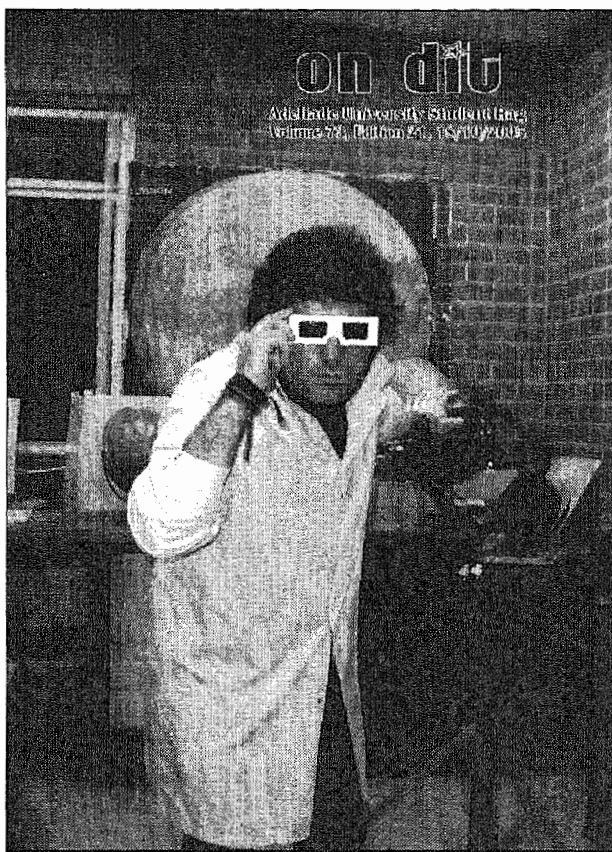
It would be nice to believe that there is life after death or in heaven or that by sacrificing in this life I will create a better life for my family in the next. But I don't. I believe in today. I figure that if you do enough stuff each day that you enjoy and if you surround yourself with people that you like you are bound to just find yourself being continually fulfilled. In my mind I have a picture of a layering effect of my life, kind of like pancakes. The older I get, the more people I meet and things I do, the higher and wider the layers span. I imagine that if one layer were to crumble, be pulled out or punctured I could count on the reserves of my other layers and not need to turn to religion to explain why things happen. Mum and Dad's not imparting any personal expectations, religious or spiritual beliefs has turned me increasingly existential. I believe that you must create your own path and instead of looking elsewhere to parents, love or religion you have to create a life that is as hole proof and fulfilling as possible. I still wish that I believed that 'god is love' or that 'love is god', but today I like that today is all that matters.

MEDIA WATCH

with Audrey Heffermegg

the criticism by aligning himself with the boys he claims to represent. "It's taking the piss and catering to the guy who wants to be the class clown", he says. According to Farrelly, they're trying to dispel the myth of the prissy boy that *Girlfriend* creates and idolises. *Explode* features all the usual benchmarks of a lad's mag, with scantily clad women on the front and, shadowing FHM's 'Girlfriend of the Month', a section called 'Your Mate's Big Sister of the Month'. But don't worry - he assures the public that these women 'aren't pushed in any derogatory way at all'... I shudder for the future.

www.elle.it.blogspot.com



★ **On Dit**
 The Novelty Edition
 ☆ Volume 73, Edition 21.
 18.10.05

Democracy's a tosser



Dear Eds,

This being one of the last editions of On Dit for 2005, I thought it appropriate to send in a letter – my first in my many years at this uni.

Firstly, I would like to congratulate the editorial team on an excellent year. This has been one of the first years that I have actually read over 50% of the issues from cover to cover. I particularly enjoyed the Elle Dit edition. Perhaps this is a sign of things to come, with an oh-so-wonderful team of THREE women heading the newspaper next year...

And secondly, there are a few things that I wish to have a little "grumble" about, particularly concerning the AUU and some of the actions in the past year. The first of these is the shutting-down of some of the Union's services, in anticipation of the implementation of VSU. We all thought that VSU was going to be brought in for the start of the 2006 year, and I know that a number of the affiliates and other student services have been working hard to get themselves "VSU-ready". We are seeing a number of the Union's valuable staff leave the organisation, and we've already seen the shutting-down of one of our service providers, the craft studio. I was very upset to see this service go, not to mention my anger at getting rid of two staff members who have given so

much to the AUU in their time here. I hope that there are members of the past Union Board who are now feeling, I guess, a little ashamed of what happened to the studio, because it looks like VSU will not even be implemented until sometime next year now. Ha! I encourage the incoming Union Board to look carefully at ALL of the services the Union provides and carefully consider their place in the organisation as we see the introduction of VSU.

This brings me to my next point, and that is the leadership of the Union next year. Something that many readers may not know, is that next year's Union President won his position solely on the basis of a coin toss. That's right, with twenty votes in the system, ten votes were cast each for two candidates and in a truly democratic way the winner of the position was decided by the mere toss of a coin. How democratic?? I wonder how he feels about winning his position on luck. The funny thing is, is that with the people elected to the board (and all the stupid factional deals that surround these positions), Rayner should have had the majority of votes needed to win the Presidency. He only got ten votes, and by my calculations, that is not a majority. All I have to say is that I know that last year's Presidential election was won on a coin toss, and look how that turned out... And to those ten people who actually voted for such a person, I hope you are now feeling bad. I'm concerned about the AUU next year, even considering that the people within the top leadership positions within the organisation (President, Vice-President, UAC Chair as well as the General Manager and Finance Manager) are all men! What a great way to represent the student population (of which over half are actually women!)

I really do encourage all students to be actively involved in their Union next year, it is so important to an all-rounded University experience.

And to anyone who actually voted for Rayner (or to those of you who voted for someone who supported him), how do you sleep at night these days?

Or maybe we should just toss the coin again??

Cheers,

Concerned AUU member

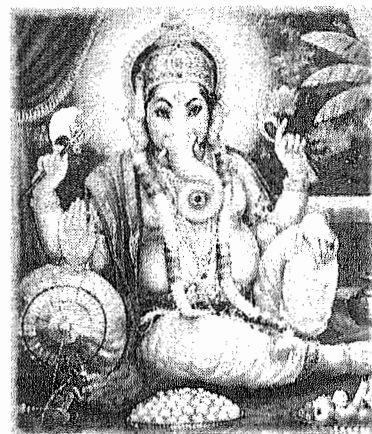
Sing it brother



The recent aerial bombings in Iraq which took the lives of some 70 Iraqis, children included, should go some way towards convincing sceptics of the genuine bona fides of the occupying military. If liberating acts of kindness like these can't convince the population, nothing can.

Dave Diss

Dear Damien Donovan,



A couple weeks ago (on Dit 73.20) you wrote a letter discussing my article Conservative Wisdom (On Dit 73.19). The major problem seems to be that I attempted to "pass off my opinion as truth", despite the fact that the article was published under the heading of opinion, had no references, was written in an overly verbose, 3am style and was not followed by "Honours International Studies" as your letter was. Of course I am going to write as if I believe what I'm saying, but that is very different to claiming it was handed down by God, so to speak. Theoretically, if the article is just opinion and not The Truth, your main gripe should be allayed but you do make some interesting points.

None* of which had anything to do with the crux of the article, which was a comment that the Liberal party is not necessarily the solid uniform slab of political granite that most people taken it to be, perhaps even more fissured than the Labour party which people (understandably) make fun of for being so inwardly hostile. This really just comes from the old joke about the Libs not really being liberal (small 'l') at all.

I thought I'd elaborate on that to reveal some of the other contradictions in the Liberal Party for those who may not have spent much time thinking about it before. Yes, they are liberal in a market sense but not in the case of centralised government, moralising etc. Some of which you seem to agree with. Yet the liberal party still scores points by accusing the Green and occasional Labour of being radicals or at least of being liable to mess things up, so I thought it'd be useful to point out that the Libs are themselves becoming quite a radical party. I didn't say in the article that the Libs needed to remain conservative but that they are being ideologues rather than responsibly progressive.

You seem to have taken most umbrage with a sentence about competition in the last paragraph of the article. I agree competition does exist – they are obviously enough two parties 'competing' in each election. However considering the contradictions in the Libs agenda outlined in the rest of the article, there is not an option for people who consider themselves actual liberals as they cannot vote for a market and morally liberal government. I also voted in the last election and found it to be a very frustrating experience for that reason.

There are various other countries which have proportional representation and a high number of competitive political parties yet don't experience many instances of political disintegration. As a side note, I found it interesting that commentators claimed that forming government was a national emergency despite the fact that for most German as little changed during those weeks of limbo as is likely to over the next few years. The people who were most concerned were the financial speculators who didn't know where to put their money. Which leads me to a side point that you made

about the necessity of market liberalisation. It is a problem that there is no international regulatory mechanism to prevent a race to the bottom. The difference is I would like to see one and hope to work towards one whereas Libs would like to prevent it and you, by accepting it as Truth have condemned us to low working conditions without market liberalisation but also a low standard of living when a race to the bottom ensues.

Thanks for your response,

Dan

PS: In hindsight, using "you" sounds much more hostile than "Damien writes" but it's too much effort to go back and change the tense.

* Using hyperbole.

Heal the world with rye

Dear *On Dit*

I really love eating my lunch at Vego and Lovin' It on Rundle Street, because it's healthy and delicious and has a great atmosphere. But they always run out of their rye rolls which is really annoying because that's part of why they're so delicious. Why can't they just buy more rolls? It's really dumb.

In further news, I'd like to point out that Howard's anti-terror laws are a load of complete bollocks. Terrorism kills a tiny tiny percentage of the amount of people natural disasters do, but the government isn't doing anything about global warming. Why can't they just sign the Kyoto Protocol to at least attempt to help heal the world? Hypocritical fuckers.

Audrey Heffernegar

Goditorial

One of my best ever jobs was concocting the elaborate beverages at the best supper house this side of anywhere. In between slicing the bananas and layering the cream, I amused myself by baiting the hardcore born again Christian who worked on the other side of the coffee machine scrubbing dishes. Apart from arguing about why God didn't approve of homos (unnatural and explicitly warned against in the whole Sodom and Gomorrah fable) and why women shouldn't hold positions of power (because men are designed to steer the ship and women aren't capable of thinking in a bloodthirsty, business type manner) we discussed the practicalities of getting into Heaven.

Dishpig told me that people who die get trapped in an instantaneous limbo until Judgement Day, whereby EVERYONE dies (through smiting) and is delivered to a huge Heavenly courtroom. It's here that the concept of eternity really begins to sink in, as one by one everyone proceeds to have their every committed sin broadcast on a giant screen for everyone to see. After even their thoughts have been scrutinised by God and the crowd, everyone gets to decide whether the person on trial gets to go to Heaven... or the fiery furnace below. It's like the most ultimate game of *Survivor* ever, where Earth become one tribe, each trial is an episode and God is Jeff Probst (which is totally probable as he's spectacularly handsome). Such fantastical beliefs just go to show that born agains are full of some wack ideas and shouldn't be running multi million dollar businesses like Paradise Community Church.

In the spirit of our Godly edition, here is a list

of all the sinful things I've done this week.

1. Had inappropriate thoughts about my friend's housemate when I saw him reclining in flannelette pyjama pants on the porch. What can I say? I dig sub continentals, especially when they're wearing glasses.

2. Ignored a woman asking me for money in Rundle Mall. I could hear her, but I pretended not to and I don't even feel guilty about it.

3. Exchanged terse words with the women in the Salvation Army on Whitmore Square. I wanted to buy a dress but it didn't have a price on it. They said it had to be priced overnight and I could come and get it the next day, but they were totally sour about the whole thing. So I yelled at them about how they weren't being very Christian about the whole thing but they just fixed me with their beady eyes. Probably they were setting a curse on me, which wouldn't surprise me because I think they're secretly witches just pretending to be Christian as a cover and so they get first dibs on all the best clothes.

4. Downloaded heaps of music. I know it's ripping off the artists, but everyone knows they don't make any money off of their music because record companies are evil. So it's really like a Robin Hood kind of act. Besides, they win awards. Like, how many awards did Missy Higgins win at the ARIAs? Even best pop single for 'Scar'! Didn't that song come out about four hundred years ago?

Clementine



The AUU has a new Board and a new President-elect for 2006! I would like to congratulate the new Board for 2005/2006 and the President-elect for 2006, Joshua Rayner (I believe this may even be the first time his name has been spelt correctly in *On Dit*).

Yet again, the vote went down to a coin toss, the same as my own suspenseful and fateful election to what is now being called around the world of the cloisters - "The Big Cheese". Just as I was elected on the AUU's former General Manager's 1980 20 cent coin, Josh was elected on my 1969 20 cent coin. However, whereas last year, a 10-10 split was predicted, this year, a definitive win by one of the candidates was expected, especially by myself, who on the day of the election somewhat attempted to stay out of everyone's way and prepare for the more pressing issue of the actual rest of my Board meeting which was to occur that night.

As the 10-10 split was announced by the Returning Officer for the second year in a row, there was some dissent about my ruling that it should go to a coin toss, according to the legal advice obtained by last year's President.

STATE OF THE UNION

Both Presidential candidates were rather exceptional in quality, and both would do the AUU proud, but, as I know from personal experience, a coin toss is a somewhat sucky way to win, but it must be a worse way to lose.

And what for 2006? Well, my agenda this year has been one of creating an environment that prepared and laid the groundwork for a VSU environment. Next year, it will be the responsibility of this new Board, President - and new General Manager, Duncan Redman, to expand on that and change the culture of this student union from a fee levying organisation to a true membership organisation. I would argue that this should have been done by all student unions years ago. This is especially the case considering that VSU has been on the Liberal party agenda for a long time, and with the unholy mess that the ALP has been in, it was only a matter of time before they held the Senate majority they do now.

My time as Prez will be over in 6 weeks, and all you can say when you're thinking of picking up something like Irish dancing, Judaism or the army (I was stressed) to fill the inevitable 60 hour a week gap in your life post-Presidency, is that you're probably going to miss it a lot.

Jenn Turner
President
Adelaide University Union

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Jump on board
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Will IR Reforms Get Passed Through the Senate?

The federal senate is currently composed of 33 Liberal, 28 Labor, 4 Democrat, 4 Green, 1 Country Liberal, 1 Family First and 5 National senators. The Coalition has, therefore, 39 senators of the 76 giving the Coalition government control of the Senate for the first time since 1981. Should any Coalition senator cross the floor on the IR bill, it will almost certainly not pass.

Although socially conservative, the Family First senator, Steven Fielding, looks likely to oppose the IR legislation. He is at odds with the government over its broken promise to commission 'Family Impact Statements' for new pieces of legislation and he is specifically concerned with the removal of entitlements to paid public holidays and breaks at work. He commented in late July that the IR Bill "certainly won't get my support unless [public holiday pay and breaks] are added back in [to the minimum conditions] and we will have to talk about the others as well... why should [workers] have to bargain for something they already have now?" More recently he claimed, "Australian workers have been conned by the prime minister".

The Australian Democrats have signalled they are not going to support the legislation despite attraction to the idea of a national IR system. Andrew Murray, a Democrat Minister in the Senate, told *Lateline* the IR reforms appeared "radical" and that the government had not "made the economic argument." He went on to say, however, "We know

from the Victorian referral of powers to the Federal Parliament that [the] unitary system idea is a good goer. It will produce more simplicity. It will produce greater productivity." Despite this comment it is highly unlikely that the progressive parties will vote for the IR reforms without considerable amendments which would destroy the reforms' substance; the government would likely not tolerate such amendments.

State-based conservatives have voiced concerns. Lawrence Springborg, leader of the Opposition in Queensland, said in late May, "I am absolutely opposed to the unitary industrial relations system- I think it's stupid. There is no justification for dismantling what is a very good cooperative IR system"; and in July: "We believe in States' rights, and I'll just make this point: it's not only the Queensland Nats that have this problem, it's the WA Libs, it's the South Australian Libs, it's the WA Nats and it was 60 per cent of the delegates at the Liberal Party Federal Council Meeting in Canberra last month that had similar concerns." WA Opposition Leader, Matt Birney said on *Lateline* in late April, "I just can't support it. I mean, I'm a Western Australian first..." South Australian Opposition spokesman for IR, Iain Evans, said the reforms are "not necessarily in the smaller States' best interests ... the system that will be delivered long term over a 10 or 15 year period will

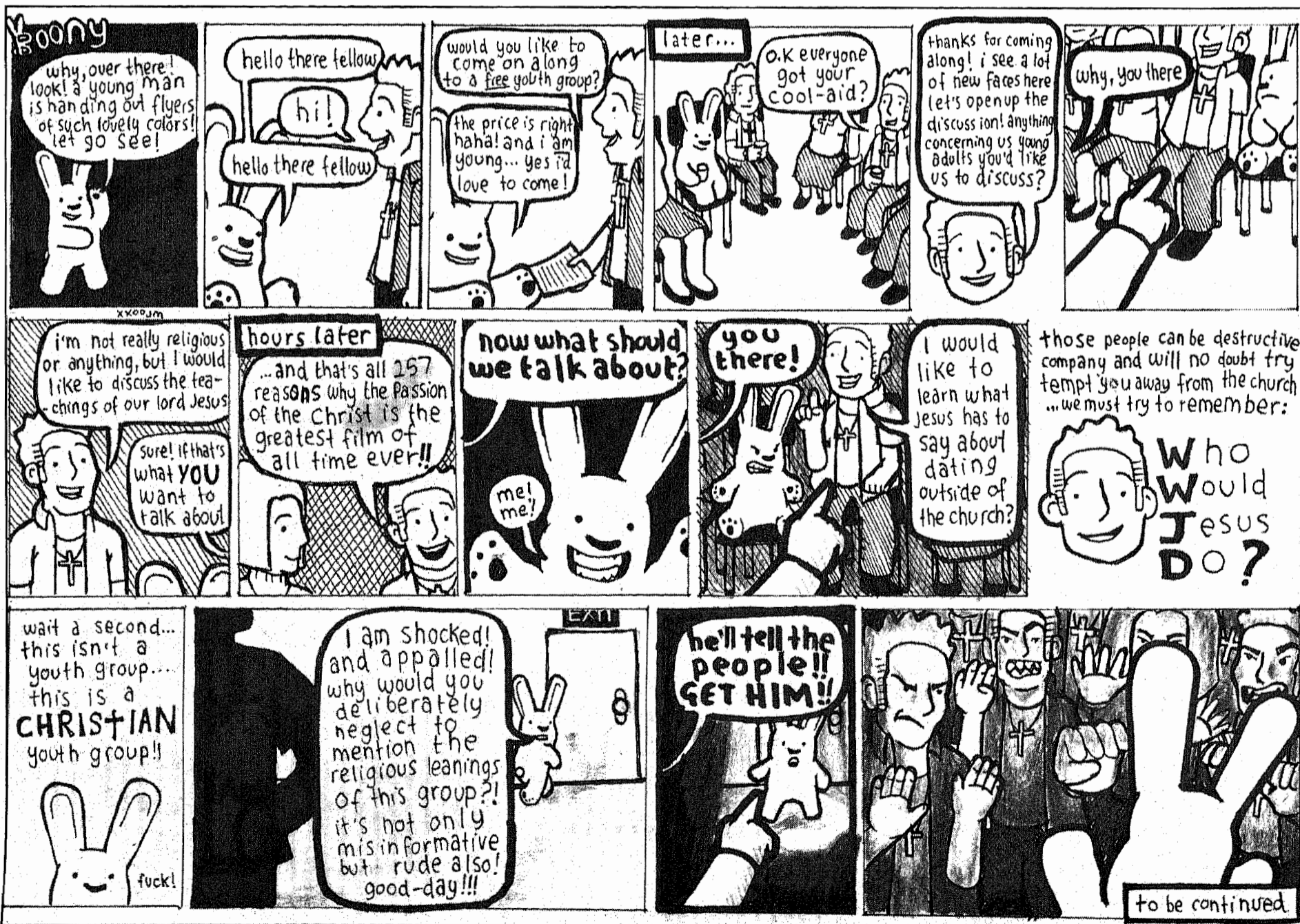
be a New South Wales and Victoria driven system." Ultimately, the States' conservative parties will have little influence on the Bill.

Nationals Senator Barnaby Joyce remains the Senator most likely to cross the floor and defeat the legislation. He is predominantly concerned about states' rights, current entitlements to public holiday pay and breaks and exemptions for unfair dismissal laws. Considering the necessity of a unitary system for the government to carry out the bulk of its reforms a compromise in relation to states' rights appears unlikely. The federal Nationals' leader, Mark Vaile, attempted to allay Joyce's concerns over breaks and public holidays by telling the Queensland National Party that breaks, 'smokos' and public holiday pay would be included in the minimum conditions; he was forced to back down from this statement when the Prime Minister refused to support his statements. Joyce also said in May that he would not support unfair dismissal provisions which extend exemptions from businesses with 20 employees or less to cover those with less than 100 employees. The government would likely compromise on this point in order to secure Joyce's vote and there is limited speculation anyway amongst the labour movement that the '100' figure will be reduced or amended back to the original figure of 20 to demonstrate what a 'reasonable man' the Prime Minister is.



Centralisation, normally a feature of socialist governments, is causing apprehension amongst conservatives who fear not only the loss of States' rights but the potential power this would then give a future federal Labor government. If the proposed legislation passes the Senate with its substantive reforms intact it is unlikely it will be repealed in its entirety by any future Labor government (British Prime Minister Tony Blair and NZ Prime Minister Helen Clark both retained large parts of the sweeping IR reforms which had been introduced by ultra-conservative governments in the '80s and '90s), but the potential in the future for federal Labor to more effectively implement a trade union agenda combined with a failure to convince Joyce on issues such as States' rights, unfair dismissal, meal breaks, 'smokos' and holiday pay may be enough to defeat the Bill.

Alex Solomon-Bridge



WORK [NO] CHOICES

The Proposed New Industrial Relations Reforms – What Impact will they have on working Students?

The U-Who Young People and Unions Network, an initiative of SA Unions, recently launched the report *Dirt Cheap and Disposable* highlighting the exploitation of young workers.

The data for this report was collected from young people aged 15-35 years in South Australia between 2003 and 2004. Over 800 surveys were completed and further qualitative and quantitative information was collected through the Young Workers Legal Service in Adelaide.

Work Choices –

The future for young workers

The Federal Government wants to implement the following new workplace laws that will potentially have a devastating impact on young workers:

- Remove basic conditions from awards like penalty rates and shift allowances, which will reduce young workers' take home pay
- Establishing the Australian Fair Pay Commission to set minimum wages, including junior and training wages, which will be controlled by business sector representatives
- Encourage employers to negotiate individual contracts with young people that have basic entitlements removed from them
- Abolish unfair dismissal laws for workers in enterprises of up to and including 100 employees

What this means is that young workers will increasingly find themselves in jobs without reasonable pay and working conditions. It is highly likely that young workers will be required to work longer hours and weekend, night and public holiday shifts with no penalty rates attached. More and more young people will be forced to accept individual contracts that contain low pay and no entitlements or have no job at all.

The Federal Government claims that the proposed work laws will provide individuals with choice and flexibility in terms of negotiating their employment contract. This assumes that all individuals have the skills, experience and confidence to negotiate one on one with their employer. What choice will a young worker have when they are told by an employer to sign an individual contract in a 'sign it or leave it' environment?

Young Workers Experiences in the Workplace

The U-Who survey demonstrates that many young people as a result of their lack of workplace experience, their age, limited skills and low confidence have little to no bargaining power when faced with issues in the workplace.

- 22% of 15-24 year olds felt pressured to work overtime without pay
- 36% of 15-24 year olds felt pressured to work through their meal break
- 26% of 15-24 year olds felt pressured to work while sick
- 22% of all respondents felt they had been fired for unfair reasons
- 17% of all respondents had been fired or lost shifts after a birthday

The survey data also shows a significant number of young people experiencing discrimination, harassment and bullying at work.

Bullying and Harassment

- 25% of all respondents reported that they had been bullied at work
- 21% of all respondents reported that they had been sexually harassed at work

"Young people compared to the rest of the population are less likely to report, as they do not want to be perceived as 'dobbers', are reluctant to admit there is a problem and that they require assistance. Some respondents expressed concerns about the consequences of reporting incidents, such as fear of losing their job, or creating further trouble."

Source: Smiljanic, V, *Fast Food Industry: A research study of the experiences and problems of young workers*, Job Watch Inc, Melbourne, May 2004.

Safety at Work

Research shows that young people aged 15-19 years are injured more than any other age group*. Similarly the U-Who survey data shows:

- 35% of all respondents had been injured at work
 - 49% of all male respondents had been injured
- However the data also shows that young workers are not reporting workplace related injury or illness.

- 66% of 15-19 year olds were more likely to not report an injury
- 82% of 15-24 year olds were more likely not to submit a claim
- Of all the participants that were injured only 1 in 4 submitted a claim for Workers Compensation

Source: Queensland Injury Surveillance Unit, *Half the Age, Twice the Risk – Occupational Injury*

in *School Age Children*, 2004

Unfair dismissal

- 22% of respondents believed that they were fired for reasons that were unfair
- 51% of clients of the Young Workers Legal Service sought advice over unfair dismissal

The fear of being dismissed unfairly, may exacerbate the reluctance of young workers to speak out about workplace hazards, harassment, discrimination and other workplace issues highlighted above.

Survey results suggest that young people have limited understanding about their current rights in relation to injustice in the workplace and the role that unions play in mitigating workplace disputes. This lack of knowledge about the right to representation generally results in young workers not accessing advocacy and advice about workplace issues for fear of the consequences of reporting, poor or no reporting mechanisms in the workplace, or a workplace culture and attitudes that do not encourage reporting.

The Casual Experience

- 1 in 2 survey respondents were employed on a casual basis
- Of the respondents aged 15-19, 41% were employed in the hospitality sector and 31% in the retail sector – both sectors known for their reliance on the casual workforce which is largely comprised of working students.

Under current legislation casuals are not entitled to paid leave, redundancy payments, and depending on how much they earn per month, may not qualify for superannuation contributions. While the casual loading, applied in lieu of paid leave may appear attractive, the reality is that many young workers are not aware of their entitlement to it and therefore may not be receiving it.

U-Who survey data further indicates:

- 55% of casual workers did not know which award they were paid under
- 35.5% of casual workers felt they had been paid less than the award rate
- 30% of casual workers had been pressured to work overtime without extra pay
- 36% of casuals had been pressured to work while sick
- 43% of casual workers had been forced to work through a meal break

Other features of casual work may include low wages, poor occupational health and safety regulations, little or no training and reduced workplace rights.

The above statistics indicate that, with no job security attached to their employment status young casuals, particularly those entering the workforce for the first time, may find themselves in an extremely vulnerable position. The statistics suggest that young casuals are more likely to tolerate poor working conditions and less likely to speak up about issues in the workplace, due to fear of losing their job in a time of high youth unemployment and when instant loss of income will have a significant impact on their lives.

"Given the role of bargaining power in negotiation, the high rate of youth unemployment and the strong growth in more precarious forms of employment, it is likely that young workers will be relatively disadvantaged by a system that relies more heavily on individual's capacity to negotiate on their own behalf."

Source: Denniss, Dr. R; *The Impact of proposed industrial relations reforms on young Australians*. Paper prepared for Greens Senator Rachel Siewert, October 2005

If young workers are already disadvantaged in our current system, what will the future hold for them?

For more information and advice about workplace issues, contact the Young Workers Legal Service, a confidential service for people aged under 30 who are not union members. Phone: 8279 2233 or online at: www.ywls.org.au

FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE COME AND SPEAK TO SOMEONE AT THE STUDENT AND WORKERS STALL OUTSIDE THE 24-HOUR COMPUTER SUITE ON TUESDAY AND THURSDAY THIS WEEK.

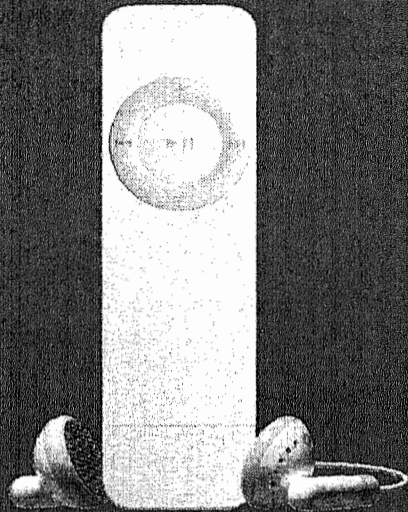
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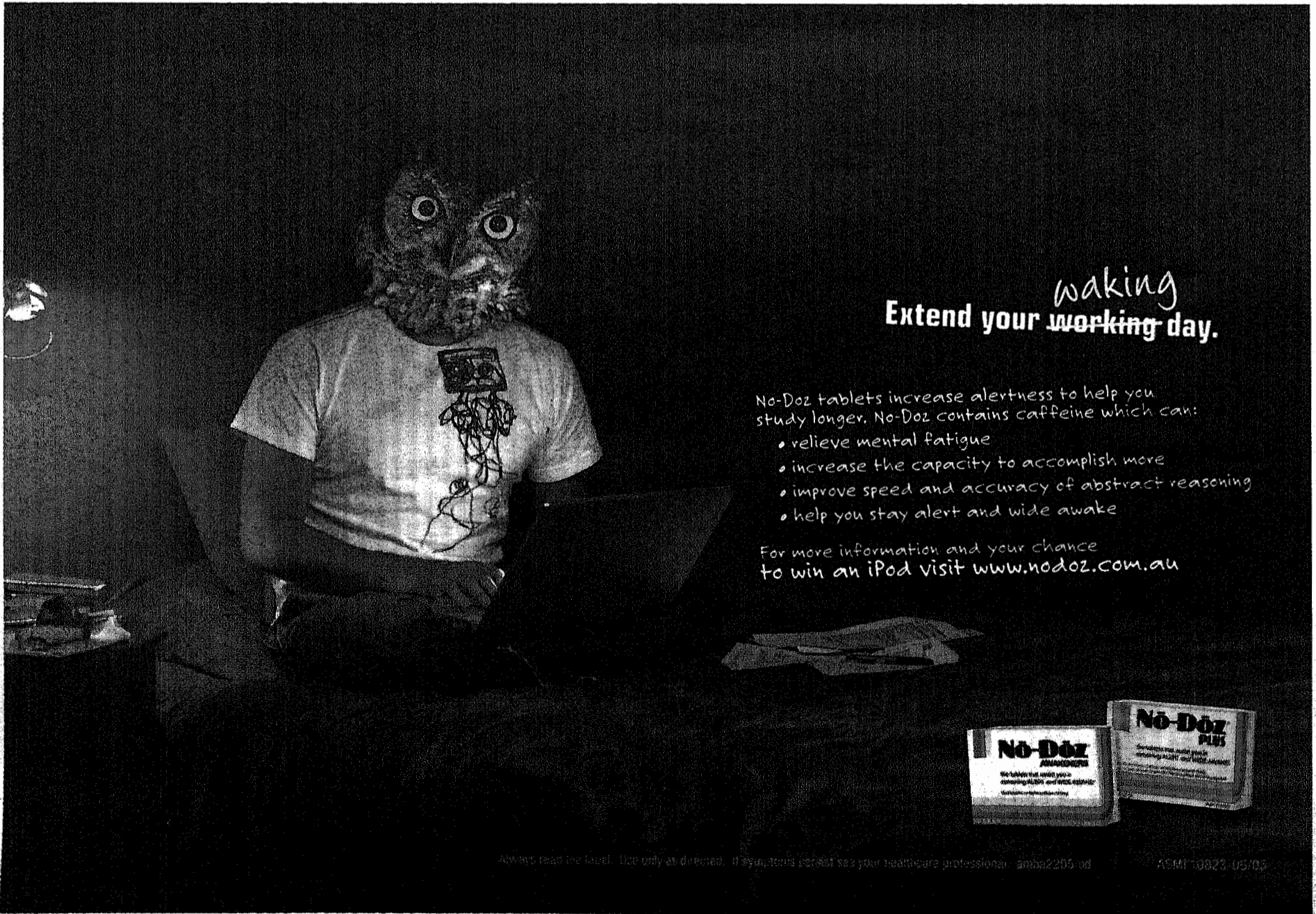
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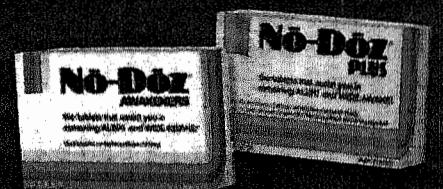


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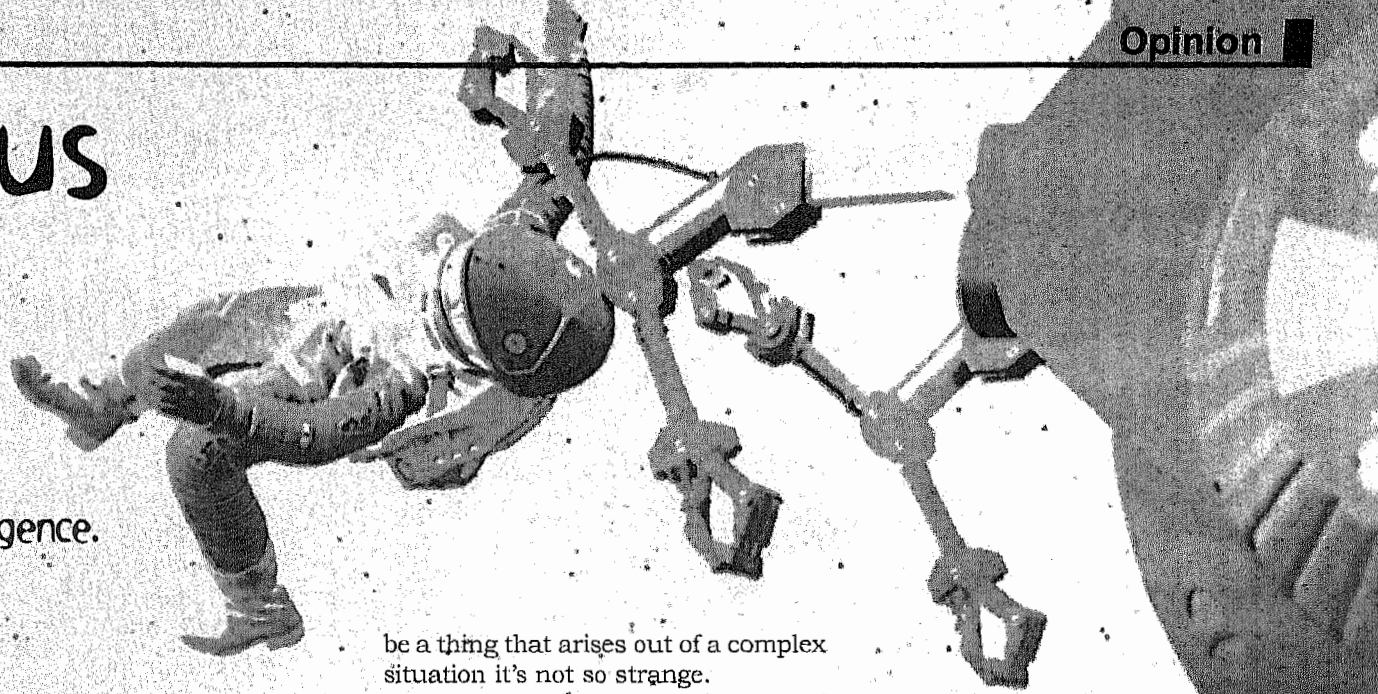


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Conscious Complexity

A Theory Based on Tenuous Links Between Gaia, Consciousness and Artificial Intelligence.



One day, at the curious age of fifteen, I caught a fish. I placed it on the jetty under a silverly starlit sky, deep into the early hours of the night. I went on fishing until I noticed the protstrate animal labouring in its breathing. I sat there watching its last throes and saw, well, absolutely nothing. This was perhaps the most surprising thing that could have happened. Intuition led me to expect some noticable physical difference in the animal, otherwise there was no reason why the flesh couldn't simply be reanimated at a later date. Of course the fish had suffocated and I guess organic matter begins to break down as soon as it ceases to be maintained, making it difficult to reanimate. Yet at the time, and now still despite myself, I suspect that something non-physical disappears before the flesh breaks down, something that I have no measure of and absolutely no understanding of. I quickly decided to become vegetarian (also for environmental reasons) so as not to continue to take away or snuff out, something my brain couldn't grasp. Though it has little directly to do with the finishing point of this article, it introduced me to the idea of forces that were not necessarily spiritual but are for now outside the human arena of perception, making it much easier for the digestion of Gaia theory.

In ?? James Lovelock was employed by NASA to figure out how to recreate life on Mars. The best way forward seemed to be by looking at the difference between a dead planet such as Mars and an 'alive' planet such as Earth. He quickly discovered that for all intents and purposes Earth was alive. It was self regulating, had functional organs, such as the ocean and forests, and operated as a set of co-operating dynamic systems. The theory was named Gaia after the myth of mother Earth, and unfortunately got a reputation for mysticism.

Much of the spirituality of Gaia theory is simply a way of bridging the gaps in current scientific knowledge, but most of the theory is fairly well observed and makes useful comments on Darwinian evolution and the holistic understanding of natural systems.

For the Earth to behave as it did there would need to be a great deal of co-operation amongst organisms. Looking back at evolution Lovelock indeed found a many examples of co-operation contrary to the purely competitive game of strength and fortune that Darwin described. Now I neither have the need, nor the

biological knowledge to follow this particular part of Gaia theory, only to say that Lovelock found that there was a definite tendency towards the creation of dynamic and somewhat co-operative biosystems.

What is more important for this article is Lovelock's initial idea that something can be alive simply because it fits the functions of being 'alive', so say the Earth could be alive at least as much as, and in a very similar way to a tree or fly being alive.

Now combining these two points with some fishy philosophical musings, Kubrik's Gaiaesque 2001 and cautious belief in the promise offered by the unknown, I decided to take a more firm grasp of a theory that had favourably imprinted a pattern in my brain's entangled neurons, partly because it has "all the charm of novelty" but mostly because it fits well with the above mentioned ideas - and it's fun to fill in gaps in science before you're proven wrong (sorry, the bible has been proven wrong).

If biosystems can be considered alive and potentially actually be alive when they fulfill the definition of an organism then it is possible that life, rather than being started by a divine spark of conception, is a force or quality that attaches itself to, arises from or accompanies certain kinds of dynamic systems. Consider it to be a bit like gravity. There's no real reason for it to be there but where there's matter, there's gravity (physics students: don't bother correcting me if I'm wrong). The most obvious condition regulating this relationship would be complexity. Whether that means highly organised patterns, density of information or dynamic co-operation. I generally take it to be shit that just blows my mind. Take for instance the human brain. It's fucking amazing, but not that amazing. The thing that is most amazing about the brain is not the brain at all but the mind. The fact that I feel like very much more than a brain (and sometimes even more than a cock). But if we take 'life' as we know it - ie. conscious life, to simply

be a thing that arises out of a complex situation it's not so strange.

At extremely high levels of complexity or in particular situations consciousness may simply be a manifestation of extremely complex life - conscious complexity. This has several interesting 'theoretical' consequences - one of which is universal consciousness. I'm not talking about the kind of higher plane that a few of us reach with Hendrix and 5 grams of dried mushrooms, in fact I'm talking about a very low plane, or perhaps more accurately a very broad plane. If the human brain is the pinnacle of acute natural complexity then it stands to reason that there may be lower levels of consciousness in less complex animals and then broader levels of consciousness in other large dynamic biosystems. At these levels though, it becomes more useful to think of it not as sentient or aware but as something gay, like a 'life force' but preferably like some soupy non-physical state of being. Trees could also have a non-physical state of being without having sentience or human style consciousness.

It may be the stimulus or aid for complicated natural patterns, be something that arises from those patterns or even help to bind them once they are formed (tying in with Lovelock's theory of co-operation). For instance at what point did the first organisms become sentient. It is difficult to delineate, as before there was a brain there was a brain stem, and before that single celled creatures decided to specialise and form organs for parts of larger celled creatures. The point is that we are not divine creations but we are possibly not purely a consequence of chemical reactions, instead we may be a result of a state that is stongly linked to but not entirely of physical biology- as we understand it anyway.

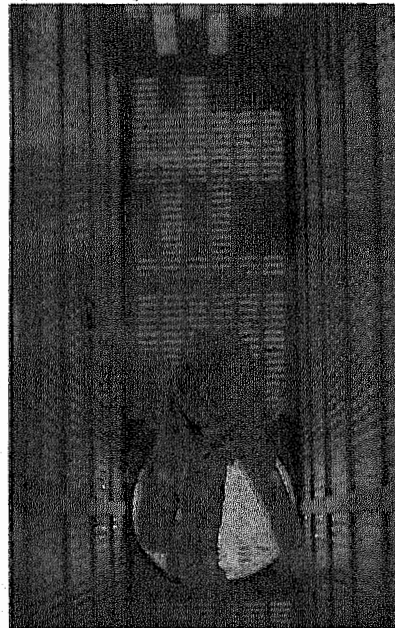
The second interesting possibility that arises out of conscious complexity is the possibility of artificial intelligence, which can only be reached once a machine becomes conscious and aware. If complex natural systems can be alive or conscious and something like a planet could be theoretically alive

then if we constructed an absolute perfect artificial rendering of the human brain or a human being, why would it not be conscious and alive as well? There is nothing to say that Life had to be made out of organic compounds* (though they obvious lend themselves to it) so if a computer can self regulate, fix malfunctions, maintain energy intake and waste disposal and replicate other computers if desired or needed, then it would technically fulfill the categories outlined by Lovelock and could legitimately be deemed to be an inorganic organism. If it became extremely complex it could rise up through certain levels of consciousness, an awareness that evolves to help it better co-ordinate its systems. Currently human engineering is very primitive in comparison with nature's, so it's not unimaginable that in another hundred or thousand years computers will have changed dramatically, possibly to resemble us quite closely. To take it to well, a conclusion, once they biologically mimicked us, there is no reason to believe that they would not have very similar minds. However they would probably be much more hardy, able to be reanimated, have significant physical and mental advantages and would quickly displace us as the dominant species, as we did to poor Neanderthal man - evolution-favours any better adapted entity. Which is why we need to lock up any geek that barracked for HAL in 2001.

But that's outside the scope of conscious complexity. I do hope to profer however a more thoroughly mapped out version of what many people have an inkling of. For those who are desperate for some sense of spirituality it is certainly more logical than most religions, not pretending to know too much detail about things we've never seen, and for those who aren't desperate it makes it possible to watch Kubrik, Otomo and Oshii without debilitating amounts of cynicism.

Daniel Joyce

hopes that he has not unintentionally ripped off the ideas of better versed science fiction writers and anime producers. The abundant use of inverted commas points to the unproven nature of his claims.
PS: This was not about artificial intelligence.



Just Ask The Axis He Knows Everything.

Okay, here's the deal. I'll endeavour to write the unwritable if you endeavour to read the unreadable. Can you read between the lines?

I have issues with religious fundamentalists and atheists (sure, maybe I don't know you, but my mind is already made up). Those two types of people are among the most stubborn, feeble-minded, dogmatic, inflexible, argumentative creatures I have ever met in my life. No really, they are. We all have a span of time called 'life' to keep thinking and keep questioning the nature of existence and everything, so why not use it? Is it too hard? Does it make the pea in the centre of your skull hurt? Why do people need to come to one or another overly-simplistic decision so badly? You can see it everywhere; on the street, in our schools, even in the artistic and philosophical communities. It's hordes of humans - some of them still young, in their teens and twenties, gleefully walking around with the words 'Case Closed' firmly stamped directly over their third eye (yeah, didn't mum tell you? You're a triclops).

Because of the arbitrariness of language and the fact that it is based on rules of communication that develop and grow over time, all the time, true meaning is difficult to attain from linguistic communication. Those of us who are smart, perceptive, twenty-somethings are very likely starting to become acutely aware of how ranges of possible interpretation in language create unintentional *double-entendres* and hidden meanings left, right and centre. And while this could be an intriguing and addictive game, it is actually unsettling communications between people. Or more accurately by my perceptions; is a sign that interpersonal communications in their current form are unstable and too open to reinterpretation. The uncertainty of what a person's true meaning is in everything they say seems to make many people instinctively paranoid and self-aware. And thus is a complete defeat of one of the critical design aspects of linguistic communication, i.e. making the guess work out (reading people's thoughts and feelings (that's where we're cynical and we don't believe that the creation of language was to facilitate the ability to misinform and mislead). Language creating communication complications is a sign that it either wants to evolve or self-destruct, and let's face facts, the biggest proportion of the world's population is not going to exert the mental energy required to make language evolve effectively and constructively. *But what was that? Did we just say 'wants to' with regards to the 'desires' of language? Was he personifying language?* I don't know, was I? I wonder what it means.

Okay, so now if you're still following me; (a) you have rather an acrobatic mind and thus far dancing with you has been a pleasure, and (b) this would perhaps be a good point to consider that one of the fatal naiveties of atheism and fundamentalism is the insistence on a literal interpretation of intensely metaphorical mythologies. Perhaps more abstract representational interpretations could yield a greater meaning, truth, power and point from theological texts but that is already irrelevant because the dependable stupidity of mass-perception has rendered a certain angle of interpretation as a kind of standard-reading. You know; the overly simplistic angle of interpretation where God is an anthropomorphic being with a beard and big booming voice who meddles in everyone's business. Yeah, of course

it seems ludicrous. So does the assumption that this is *obviously* and *necessarily* the meaning that the Old and New Testament parables are trying to communicate.

We use symbols all the time, it's what language, art and mathematics are all about, so then why is it only in theology that this seems to go out the window? A symbol is a way of bridging a gap of understanding between one idea and another. The more natural and complex a symbol needs to be, the more like ourselves we make it. We imbue it with consciousness and feeling. We give it desires and needs. We are the most complex representation of things we have. If we could access anything more complicated we'd have already evolved beyond our humanity, and yet, whatever we evolved into would still be the greatest and most complex symbol for anything that we have to work with. This is because the very limits of our understanding and the very limits of our being are one. And given that the entity under scrutiny here (i.e. what some people call God and others call Nirvana and Karma and what others possibly call Jerome... or Cynthia) is meant to possess the qualities of *Everythingness*, and therefore considering that we by our perceived nature are limited creatures the *best* we can do to describe it will *always* fall short. I guess that's what makes God so sublime and what makes Sublime so god. It disturbs me thoroughly that many many people cannot or choose not to take this into account when they read *any* work of literature, let alone parable based mythology which cannot under any circumstances function unsymbolically. I'd hoped that anyone with a brain cell and a patch of skull to rub it against would not fall into such simple and silly traps of misunderstanding.

One of the smartest things about the Bible in my eyes is that it already has a jaded attitude towards language imbedded in it (the Tower of Babel parable brings it to a pretty funny head, there's a lot in that story if you have a good knack for finding hidden meanings). It knows (personification is a by-product of humans using language, deal with it) that it's describing the indescribable so it covers multiple angles, because a misinterpretation of what God represents can, does, has and will again have intensely turbulent consequences for the whole of humanity. God is described differently in different books of the Old and New Testaments. Lots of times God is symbolised as some weird kind of all powerful man-god but the symbols go deeper too. "I am the Alpha and the Omega," is pretty relevant

here. It is humanity's expression of God's self-definition and it expresses nothing more than the notion of a force that is responsible for all beginning and ending and that we belong to and help create the everything-in-between with.

So now what does this mean? Can you disbelieve in God without disbelieving in the beginning and ending of the Universe (i.e. the birth and death of a living entity unquantifiably bigger than ourselves that contains us)? I guess so, but does that rely on the belief that time and the universe are infinite and that everything just exists because it can? Doesn't that still

make the arbitrary existence or potentiality of infinity the beginning and ending of everything in between? If that's the case then to me that would just suggest that 'Infinity' is the word for 'God' in your semantic system but that you still believe in power beyond your control. Hmmm, power beyond your control. Power beyond *our* control... Karma... "Commandments"... is any of us starting to make more sense of all this yet? I don't want to spell it out plainly. There are hints everywhere and I'd hate to kill the buzz of discovery, but I hope something just went *ding!* somewhere in the back of your skull on your way to this sentence. You'll probably know if you had to pause before reading on to contemplate the feeling of a whirling vortex opening up inside of you roughly where your heart chakra is supposed to be. Or maybe you're a robot and you don't feel anything when you read.

Atheists should be smart people. They show hints of intelligence in their rebellion against the control and influence that religion, or more specifically "the church", has on the weak, lost and feeble minded. But they react with a kind of sweeping, unsophisticated disdain for all things beyond what is perceived to be the 'physical world' that they give away something they'd rather keep hidden, namely; sheer crippling terror of the unknown and of ultimate objective moral responsibility. This is why I have never been convinced that atheists are on the right track. You can only follow a coward so far before the journey is over. Suddenly you're hiding under a slimy rock or at the bottom of a deep burrow and you realise that there's nowhere else to go and that the creature you followed there has no intentions of moving a muscle or even breathing lest a creature much bigger than itself gobble it all up. Atheism could be an empowering spiritual awakening (and it kind of was in the case of the existentialist movement, although words like 'God' and 'hell' were still relied upon for the expression of certain ideas and the divisions between existentialism Christianity and Buddhism are cloudy, semantic and subjective at times), but in the wash, in most cases, it is a meaningless dead end journey. That's not to categorically say that atheism is incorrect in its assumptions, atheists might be right, but no one in this dimension of existence will ever know if they are or aren't. So why settle, and why preach settling? You'll all just get mouldy.

It could go something like this: Before art, before maths, before science, before language and before definition was consciousness. And since the beginning consciousness is all we've ever had to go on, and it's what we've based our entire understanding of everything around. There is no way to measure or quantify consciousness beyond "I think therefore I..." and the 'therefores' keep coming, starting with "I think therefore I think" (proposition $p = p$. Therefore p) then snowballing ever onwards; am, experience, perceive, analyse, define... create... BANG! Then it all spirals ever out of control.

Let's pause for a second so the slowcoaches can catch up... Ah, they'll take ages, let's keep moving. So here's the idea. We believe in the physical world because we perceive it. We believe in ourselves because we perceive ourselves. We believe in our differences because

Tomorrow I'll shake your mother's hand and I will call her God and I'll commend her for having had the audacity to create life where there was once just empty space...

we experience them. Basically we believe what we can perceive and all else is just sheer flimflam. I don't mind this too much, only because I can't possibly see any way of avoiding it. However, the way we define and describe our perceptions is open to a lot of conjecture and the way we shut off the parts of our mind that may open us up to new perceptions just looks like cowardice and it makes me quite sad. Let's lay it on the line; I don't believe in a 'physical reality' in the sense that most people seem to (or at the very least in the sense that it seems most frequently interpreted and described). I believe the plain of existence we live in is an infinite expanse of consciousness. I'm comfortable touching things yet I don't believe the nature of touch or solidness or whatever exists outside of thought. I'm conditioned by various mental stimuli to believe that I can't plunge my hand down through the centre of a thick oak table (despite the fact that there's more space between the particles in my hand and between the particles in the table than there are particles) so when I try I'll be greeted with the perception of *CLUNK* and *Ouch*.

This sequence of events fits into my belief structure, but if I had greater focus and control and manipulation of my belief structure (or be it a greater power of manipulation over the fabric of consciousness) maybe I could convince myself to see a hole in the centre of the table, then maybe I could convince myself that there is a hole in the centre of the table and reach right on down through it. Then I'd pull my arm out, then I'd lose focus, the mass-perception would prevail and the hole would close and I'd turn to everyone in the room and say, "Did you fucking see that?!" and they would say, "See what? I wasn't paying attention." Typical. And you know what? Seeing

as I have a span of time called 'life' within which to mess with these ideas, and on the off chance that I might actually be right about some of this stuff it makes more sense to play with your mind-toy while you can, because you can, and potentially one day you might make the world around you an infinite-living-toy (Wizard style) and that would be rad. And if not then you haven't lost anything more than if you'd lived your life as an atheist and/or a materialist, you've also probably had a bit more fun with the absurdity and audacity of existence in the meantime than any of the closed-minded lumps of flesh next to you. I'd like to get into some quantum stuff and Taoist mind over matter philosophies, but I can't really be bothered.

So from here we can maybe flip back to language and the nature (and possible necessity) of the personification of abstract concepts. Let's face facts, if there's anything humans do well it's creating a perception and a concept of humanity. We do it so well it's almost as though we were designed to. Imagination is at once a wonderful and terrible thing. It seems logical that humans imagined themselves before they created and defined themselves; perhaps they even imagined God before they defined themselves (I think, therefore *p*). One thing I know for sure. "Humanity" "created" "itself" in "God's" "image" (those quotations are for the unpoetic). So whether we like it or not we have to accept that "God" is "married" to "us" and our "understanding" of "ourselves" since roughly the dawn of our concept of existence as thinker and creator.

And that's the funny thing, the word God is historically a title of respect and devotion to the powers of creation. It is a personifying title in a

lot of ways. But in at least as many ways it's completely abstract and esoteric. I know many people who want to hang on to language. I know atheists who want to hang on to language. I know people who want to discard the word 'God'. Well, fuck you. Just because you can't find the meaning of a word doesn't make it invalid. No word should be censored unless all language is out of bounds and no word can be free from reinterpretation. It's about lineage and the beginning of existence and it's a wonderful daydream. I don't tell me I'm using the wrong word, because my statements are more ambiguous than yours. One side of a Rubik's Cube does not a whole puzzle solve. You wanna play with language? Let's fucking play with language. Tomorrow I'll shake your mother's hand and will call her God and I'll commend her for having had the audacity to create life where there was once just empty space and in doing so I'll see her more respect and admiration and awe in the space of one moment than most people see in their mothers in a lifetime of being her creation. Who knows, maybe she'll miss the point and think I'm weird. That will be her problem, not mine.

Michael Elijah

P.S. Well I know. I know, you'll probably scream and cry that your little world won't let you go. But to whom in your measly little world are you trying to prove that you're made out of gold and can't be sold? So, are you experienced? Have you ever been experienced?

DEATH AND DIVINITY: REFLECTION ON A SMALL DEATH

*"Death has a thousand doors
to let out life:
I shall find one"*

- Phillip Massinger, English Playwright
1583-1640

It appeared that on the morning of Tuesday the thirtieth of August 2005, the weather, or the forces who would be or determine the weather, afforded myself and my family the courtesy of a cold, dark day. The splotches of grey hung modestly low and the rain fell more elongated than usual. My mother had earlier rushed to my room to wake me, uttering that the family dog was indeed this time dying. He was a small dog with a weak heart, and this was what had been expected: his cessation would come from what had once given movement. The combination of death and divinity is a most peculiar one, and perhaps even more so when the family pet is involved.

Forgive me as a writer if it appears that I would be using the content to justify the form, or even worse, justify this prose in its entirety. But I am not. It is these moments that demand contemplation, and if there is none, then that is when one has truly lost. It is not one's experience of life which makes one rich, but reflection upon it, and although it is a small death I do not understand it as an end in itself, but rather, as a bridge to what is meaningful in life.

When I came downstairs to the living room I could not see him. I walked towards the large sliding door where I would usually let him out. It was open and there he lay outside, his head awkward against the brick ledge. His breathing was quick and shallow. By this time, both my mother and my brother had come down stairs and they were crouching over him with me. I didn't know what to do so I did what I have always done: I stroked his head which had always made him happy and I hoped it would give him some type of comfort in the outline of such a shaded

moment. We agreed to move his head from the ledge and onto the ground because it looked uncomfortable and awkward for him. It seemed better that his body was lying on the same level as his head. His short shallow breaths continued, and slowly a small stream of dark blood began to leave the edge of his lip contrasting with the thin mixture of saliva and blood already there. His breathing began to slow.

A short while ago there was a television program about near death experiences. The program was a series of firsthand accounts where people spoke of experiencing 'death', or more precisely, clinical death. Each story was a testament to a supposed existence of an all encompassing white light which was then debated with and against scientists' explanations during the process of death. There was no explicit connection made with God on behalf of the program, but the events and narrative of the program were contoured to let belief flow this way.

They didn't talk about animals.

I, myself, know nothing of the nature of death other than that old man's hand which rests upon each individual's forehead, which, slowly but surely, pushes us with the most gentle exertion back into the earth from whence we came. I have seen one person die in my life: my grandfather. Oddly, yet with contemplation not surprisingly, he died a similar death to the family dog: a slow inclination toward calm until his waters were waveless.

I sat beside him on the ledge; my mother, in a chair by his bed. She held his hand in the nursing home; his paw was still. His paw moved slowly; his chest stirred under his gown. He said a closing murmur; his front-right paw made a sharp disturbing movement. A thin stream of bubbles fell from his snout; he tightened his arms whilst in the foetal position. He had become so very still and his breathing had stopped. There they lay departed from their identity, fragments of

the same infinity; reassuringly, death, as in life, still appeared as a contradiction.

How strange it is to look at a dead body, but it is stranger to look at how death influences people in an almost infinite amount of ways. The influence of death upon the living, but also the dying, range from incapacitation to empowerment if it be spiritually, intellectually, emotionally or physically, and you only have to look at the many levels of the self and society to see what a profound influence it really is.

A pessimist trying to be hopeful might say death is that great unyielding wall, of which, no one knows how high or wide it is, stretching out of sight and comprehension; and that there are those who have not tried to go around this wall, but through it. Countless people from philosophers to pedestrians have taken their heads and bashed and bloodied them against this wall, seemingly only to look at the ground where they find their blood, and in their blood they see their reflection making of it what they will.

An optimist trying to be pragmatic might say death is that never-ending number of eyes, all looking at the beholder; and the beholder too is looking into the eyes, only once at a time. The beholder, each time looking into a set of eyes, sees both iris and pupil. The iris is the essence of life of the individual, unique as it is common whilst the pupil is the undeniable condition of pupil looking into pupil; a reflection of a reflection. And the reflected, in this condition, is aware of the condition, knowing that to reflect one must have light; and if this light be divine, then so be it.

Dave

Piece of Mind

Mental Health – the experiences and perspectives of South Australian University Students.

Maybe you think this stuff belongs in a support group brochure, or looking at it makes you feel confronted, but to me, all youth and young adults need to see this. The university community especially, because education is not an inoculation against mental health issues affecting you or people in your life. Mental health concerns us all. Lots of us 'have it' even if we still don't know what 'it' is, or didn't understand what we had until we have cause to think about it. The perceived or diagnosed absence of it therefore should be recognized and constructively expressed such that as a nation, as cities, as workplaces, and communities; as groups, individuals, experts and laypeople we may work towards a better standard of well being in our societies. Sure I feel fine, you say, unless you're one of the people writing or in situations such as those described below. But in Australian society mental health issues are a part of our every day life and/or that of those around us, whether we recognize it or not (see what these people from SA unis have to say) and everybody sees it differently, no single experience is definitive. At least one in five suffer the effects of mental illness in their lifetime, perhaps more from the current 18-25 age group will. We may only be human, but if we're clever enough to design the 'fix-it' pills, why not be smart enough to be actively aware – after all real people suffer mental health issues and why not act, positively?

I could fill a thousand pages with descriptions of how it is to be depressed, but I wish fewer people knew the true depth of this mental illness (and others). What I do know is that ordinary people (most often family, partners and friends) supporting those with depression are heroes. Very few stick around and check on their friend every couple of days or weeks, simply offering an ear; taking little offence to grumpiness unless it's personally directed; quietly giving their positive perspective to the recesses of their mate's mind; offering up lifts, company and extra inclusion; being a drinking buddy, study buddy, e-pal or Friday night company; being patient, joking, recognising, congratulating small achievements, and large ones. For the more seriously afflicted, people visiting, accepting calls at strange times, politely not judging the dishevelled state of their friend's life, living quarters or appearance but being there nevertheless. And finally accepting what little your friend can return. To do one or a few of these things is giving and valuable. To consistently do most of them is beyond expectation – incredibly valuable, and giving beyond belief. To those who have done these things and more, I say, thankyou from my heart.

The WHO predicts that by 2020 depression will be the second biggest cause of ill health, whilst currently in 2005 it is fourth on the list.

in his room, go outside to smoke, watch TV in his room and sleep about 75% of the time. Mum and Dad finally convinced to him to see a psychiatrist, after which he seemed to be getting better on his medication, starting to see a few people again. He also started drinking lots on top of his medication, which has a really bad effect mixed with his medication. We thought he was becoming alcoholic, because he started stealing our alcohol and drinking it behind our backs and denying it. He ended up having to have at least 3 beers before he'd even go to his psychiatrist appointment. He also realised he could tell the psychiatrist any symptoms he had read about on the net and get prescribed drugs to give away. This was really upsetting to see, but Mum and Dad realized and told his psychiatrist and all was going well. He was starting to actually call and catch up with all his old friends when he was 19. We've just realized though, that he's only seeing his old friends to buy dope. Because he needed money to buy dope, he started stealing jewellery, and money off his own family, so all our doors and fridges have locks on them. Now he's started to smoke again, and Mum thinks he might be showing the first signs of schizophrenia, so who knows where he's headed. I really don't know what keeps me positive. Every time I talk to people about it they get so upset and ask me how I deal with it - I guess I'm just happy he's still alive. He's my twin brother so I find it hard to see him as negatively as everyone else does: I'm the only person in the house who sides with him in the family. I suppose I just look for the good days he has and the little things he does that are a positive step. Even cooking dinner I support him with, even if it does taste disgusting! When I'm away from the house I really don't think about him, unless something has happened prior to me leaving the house. I feel sorry for Mum and Dad, who feel responsible for it, when it's totally not their fault.

I just think it's really important for everyone to have some knowledge about mental health and how it affects people. Even if they aren't experiencing or don't know anyone experiencing mental health issues at the moment, they are very likely to in the future.

compiled by Edie Pedlar

I don't think people realize how much of an impact mental health has on people all around the world. I haven't personally experienced mental health issues, but both my brother and my older sister have. I don't really feel comfortable talking about my sister's experience, but just the fact it's happened to two people in one family is just an example of how common it really is. My brother was such a happy boy, loved by everyone who met him, and was the most popular person I'd ever been around. He also played state soccer, until he started smoking dope at the age of 13, I think. Everyone was doing it a bit, but not as heavy as him. He quit soccer and stopped joining in at school, starting to withdraw from everything. Shortly he stopped attending school at all. He sat in his room for literally 3 years, not seeing any of his friends, not playing soccer and not even talking to his own family. He'd eat all his meals

Before I sank into the black hole that is depression, my best friend had struggled with this debilitating mental affliction for many years. During this time I was at a loss as to how best support him because I had no idea about what it was actually like to be depressed. It was this inability to empathise with how he was feeling that proved most difficult as a friend endeavouring to help him.

So I'd like to describe from my own personal experience what it was like to suffer it and how, through the support of close friends, family and clinical treatment, I was able to learn some invaluable lessons from my darkest hour and become a stronger and happier person.

I suffered depression at the age of 20 for what was the longest and most frightening 3 months of my life to date. Essentially, I had lost the will to live and this was the most debilitating and salient feature of my experience. I, and my close friends and family had always considered me to be a highly motivated and successful individual. It was terrifying then, when I suddenly had no desire to maintain any of my interests. Furthermore, I could no longer carry out any of the most basic tasks essential to life because I had no desire to do so. I could not physically get out of bed, and at times, I felt trapped and helpless in my own room. I struggled to shower myself, dress myself, or to even prepare a meal to eat when I was hungry. I struggled with these tasks because I just couldn't find the motivation or reason to start, much less complete them.

This aspect is probably the hardest feature for those not suffering this affliction to understand and come to terms with. When my best friend was suffering, I struggled to understand how it could be impossible to get out of bed. It was not until I experienced this difficulty myself, that I discovered that it is an almost unexplainable but very real reality.

My cognitive ability was also severely affected. With an impenetrable shroud descending over me, I could barely think, much less follow a coherent thought process. To a young, intelligent and motivated individual whose future was clearly going to depend on exactly that, at age 20, I thought that my life was over.

The last element that I clearly remember was feeling extremely stressed. Over the first week, I could not sleep because my body was physically stressed. It is impossible to sleep when your heart is pounding, your chest is tight and you feel absolutely terrified. Fortunately, I was prescribed some effective anti-depressants that

relieved these symptoms and this formed the basis of my path to recovery.

For me, what I first needed from my friends and family was the support to ensure that all my basic needs were met until I was able to meet them myself. I then needed the freedom to make the changes in my values, priorities and lifestyle choices to ensure that I could begin to live my new life in the way that I wanted to live it. Last, I needed those around me to understand that all change is costly, often painful and ultimately requires time.

Because of the changes that I was forced to make, today I have never been happier or more satisfied with my life. For me, gathering the courage to confront my fears and make the changes to alleviate them was the best thing that I have ever done.



1 person in 5 suffers a major depressive disorder at some time in their lives.

Community awareness is key—this is why these people tell their stories.

Having a father who suffers bipolar mood disorder (manic depressive) has been to me like having to grieve his death every time I see him. Maybe that seems counterintuitive, but to me his company has often given me an intense feeling of loss. Ironically, it's like losing something I never really had – or to put it another way, I've only got one father, and that has always been a part of him. As I've grown up and got to know him more it's apparent to me in different ways. It's always a raw talking point for me. I wish he would realise how much he needs to admit to being unwell, and focus on getting better for his life to progress. Each time he is at his best, I find it hard to believe, and sometimes even seeing the rare glimpses of his best qualities is hard. To see how little opportunity he has had or taken to develop his talents hurts, because underneath it all he's caring and talented, and my dad.

How to find out more....

Here are some useful websites if you're just thinking about young people and positive mental health, or about getting help with issues for you or a friend or family member.

www.headroom.net.au

Young people have input into this site, and it provides an opportunity to voice as well as learn about mental health and related concerns.

www.beyondblue.org.au

www.mentalhealth.gov.au

This is a source of hard info and stats, as well as government programs.

www.sane.org

An organisation working towards positive mental health

SANE Australia 1800 688 382

www.moodgym.anu.edu

Offers online cognitive behavioural therapy (CBT) for prevention or for use in conjunction with support from medical practitioners. An Australian National University initiative.

For emergency help:

At uni contact the Counselling service the Union's Education and Welfare Officers 8303 5430

In non-emergency situations these people also provide the personal help and help in relation to issues that affect your study (respectively) where you need it.

Call the youth helpline 130013719

Or the adult crisis line 131465

Tell somebody-share

Your GP will discuss these things with you if you broach the topic, and it is important to raise your concerns with them in order to gain support if you feel that you or someone in your life might not be in the best shape in terms of positive mental health.

You can be referred to a specialist, such as a psychologist or a psychiatrist, and/or prescribed medication if you choose. Working with people who have the best and most professional knowledge available to help you towards well-being is always important too.

How do people deal with mental health issues? Some deal with them as part of everyday life, others by taking leave from major aspects of their everyday life – either way it's not easy, and everybody requires support to work towards wellness.

Medication combined with Cognitive Behavioural Therapy (CBT) can help, and some research shows it is the most promising with those in young adult age groupings. Knowing that behaviour can in part be related to history is important, and this is the main advantage of psychotherapy. Being mindful and accepting if we do have a diagnosed illness, or even if we don't that other people around us may well suffer mental health issues is important – because we are all affected, and all need to be aware. Real people suffer mental illness. People at uni in SA too. And real people are their brothers, sisters, mates, family and carers. People really can take positive action to reduce the impact of this legitimate health concern and to support and accept the common humanity of those around us. Start by being aware, and giving your compassion a workout.

To quote Audrey Heffener, Media Watch - 'Fear of the dark isn't fear of black - it's fear of the unknown'

TOO RIGHT WHY BE POLITICALLY CORRECT WHEN YOU CAN BE RIGHT?

Highways to a War: Muslim Fundamentalism and the West

There are, it seems, many angry people in the world and a lot of them are Muslim. Indeed, the problem of our age is a confrontation between a Muslim fundamentalist utopia and the Western mind, configured to pursue material comfort, individualism and reject the idiocy of asymmetrical warfare.

It is proper and important at the outset of course, to distinguish between 'Muslim' and 'fundamentalist'. But the point is elementary, and won't detain us. In the same way as all Northern Irishmen were members of the IRA, not all Muslims are terrorists, but like some Irishmen some Muslims are terrorists.

Moreover, while suicide bombing remains a rare method of human destruction, it is one particular concern to the West and Western interests. So whatever the numbers of terrorists in the Muslim world, the fact that there are fewer than CNN makes out is no real solace to us if they continue to use the methods of public destruction that are intolerable to western sensibilities.

Just Why Cant We Cut a Deal?

Leaving aside the instances where we do not know who has committed attacks usually for the reason that the attackers do not want us to know, there is something curious about the phrase, 'it is not our policy to negotiate with terrorists.' Where the identity of the terrorists is known or discoverable, governments do occasionally negotiate: for example, to release Douglas Wood, the Australian taken in Bagdad, to release Russians onboard a flight from Istanbul that was hijacked by Chechen rebels in 2001, in Northern Ireland to start an entire (seemingly successful) peace process. We cannot, therefore, mean what we say when we say that we won't negotiate.

What in fact we mean, of course, is that the cost of taking up most negotiations with terrorists is unacceptable in the sense that it falls outside the range of acceptable compromises. For example, no Western government would negotiate to release one of its nationals if the indissoluble condition of entering the negotiation was to publicly declare Osama Bin Laden a national hero.

Put another way, you cannot sensibly argue about the rules of chess if one party doesn't believe chess exists, thinks the rules of football would be better applied, and if chessplayers can be proved to exist, would prefer to cut off their heads with a breadknife. So the fundamental point is that we cannot 'argue' and hence reach any kind of negotiated peace with fundamentalists because our starting point is to disagree on the rules from the outset. That is not rocket science and it does not get us any closer, either, to solving our problems.

But once we come to that conclusion it is a whole lot easier to go beyond the logic of handwringing and carping infects a lot of the commentary on Muslim terrorism. It is the kind of commentary that suggests young Muslim men (and men they mostly are) come to terrorism because they are angry about injustices inflicted (mostly, they say, on Palestinians), feel misunderstood, and consider the corrupt footprint of the West in

Middle East the cause of all their problems.

So lets cut all the crap and work out what's exactly going on here. It's useful to make reference to the analysis of leading criminologist and Middle East experts. Dr. Nancy Kobrin, an affiliated professor to the University of Haifa, Arabist, psychoanalyst and commentator says "their [Muslim terrorists] external life is a mask of sanity but their internal life is a mess of psychosexual violent fantasies." Alright, so what are they. Dr Dalrymple prison psychiatrist who has had much experience with treating Muslim patients in Britain says these problems can be summarised as followed:

- 1) Metaphysical superiority.
- 2) Technical and intellectual retardation.
- 3) Self-hatred caused by the impurity of their own desires.
- 4) No practical means of escape from genuine quotidian humiliations.
- 5) The promise of rewards, for their families on earth and for themselves in another world.

So yes, they are angry and misunderstood. But they are misunderstood in the sense that they consider themselves to have metaphysical or supernatural superiority on account of their religion while other people just cant see it. They are angry because they have no practical means of improving their lives (in some cases) because they live under Myopic, self serving administrations. And they are also angry because their own desires (often for religious perfection) are often rejected by their states or origin and almost always by their current host states (such as France, Algeria, Turkey, Iraq etc).

But of course, not all Muslim terrorists come from the kind of backgrounds that support the 'suppression story'. Osama Bin Laden, of course, is the signature example and Daniel Perle's article *The Californian Suicide Bomber* is a long exposition that you can read on why being poor and stupid is not, in a lot of cases, an explanation for Muslim fundamentalism.

They are also angry in the sense that they consider the fact that Palestinians do not have a homeland a crying shame. As of course, so do a lot of people who do not blow themselves up or sanction other kinds of asymmetrical warfare. In fact, there are a whole heap of crying shames in the world that rank ahead of the Palestinian's case, Zimbabwe, Angola, Rwanda - in fact I could probably list most of east Africa - and this does not cause much consternation amongst Muslim fundamentalists, and it certainly doesn't cause many other people to blow themselves up.

So, the suppression or inequality story and the Palestinians case can only be a part, even insignificant cause, of the problem.

Religion and Self Hatred

We are left then, with religion and self hatred as the significant parts of the intellectual makeup of Muslim terrorists.

Religion is a significant part of the makeup of Muslim terrorists but only because it provides a fundamentalist, misinterpreted roadmap for

their lives. The Koran is a useful text because, when read ridiculously widely, it provides them with feeble instructions to commit murder. But then, somehow, religious fundamentalists in all parts of the world can use the Bible or other texts to obtain similarly bizarre, fanciful and heinous instructions for their lives. So, the Koran cannot be to blame.

In the sense, therefore, that Islam is problematic it must be in its interpretation.

This point, I think, is usefully proved by the fact that Muslim terrorists are pleased to kill other Muslims when it suits them. Take, for instance, the bloody carnage in Bagdad, or the Riyadh Bombings in Saudi Arabia. The logic works, as Ziauddin Sardar explains, like this: A 'perfect' tradition of Islam will make 'perfect' fatwas and 'perfect' Muslims free of sin. Therefore, 'perfect' Muslims can murder deviant Muslims. Nice.

The interpretation is provided, in the most part, by religious leaders. These leaders, like all people, have agendas. As we see in Iraq, they can amass significant followings. Power, brings its own problems, but control of people's lives in the sense that you dictate their life-plan brings quite another set of problems.

What is the Connection Between 'Muslim' and 'Fundamentalist'?

What I'm coming to here, is the fact that at the root of the problem is actually the manipulation of people by other people. What I'm saying is, that the single biggest cause of the problem is fundamentalist interpreters of Islam. But it need not be Islam that they were interpreting. It just so happens that in countries where Islam is strong, it is a powerful force in people's lives, and therefore an easy path to power for a few people with ideas about creating fundamentalist utopias.

And the real point, made before me by Christopher Hitchens, is this: "Coexistence with aggressive regimes or expansionist, theocratic, and totalitarian ideologies is not in fact possible. One should welcome this conclusion for the additional reason that such coexistence is not desirable, either."

So while it is true that Palestine makes some people angry, it is true also that being poor also makes people angry. But it is not true that this necessarily, without more, causes people to fly planes into office towers, bomb London subways, blow up trains in Madrid or cut people's heads off with breadknives. People with that level of psychosis can arise from unique circumstances like poverty and abuse, but the fastest way to get a whole bunch of people to become psychotic is to train them by distorting a medium that is already a defining part of their lives. The only problem with Islam, therefore, is that it is so widespread, and in many places, practiced with a particular zeal that it makes a rich recruiting ground for fundamentalists.

So in the end, we have an ideological war between liberalism and fundamentalism. That's the basic sum total of the The West v Muslim Fundamentalism.

DRC

Psychosis or Psycho-Spiritual Crisis?

Joseph Campbell believed that the psychotic individual, the mystic, the LSD-taker and the Yogi, are all experiencing the same depths of the psycho-spiritual ocean. However, "The mystic, endowed with native talents for this sort of thing and following stage by stage the instruction of a master, enters the waters and finds that he can swim: whereas the schizophrenic, unprepared, unguided, and ungifted, has fallen or has intentionally plunged, and is drowning".

Spiritual development is an innate evolutionary capacity of all human beings. It is a movement toward wholeness; the discovery of one's true potential, it is as natural as birth, physical growth and death – an integral part of our existence.

For centuries entire cultures have treated inner transformation as a necessary and desirable aspect of life. Many societies have developed sophisticated rituals and meditative practices as well as regularly going into non-ordinary states of consciousness, as ways to invite and encourage spiritual growth. In our own society various ancient traditions from the East have resurged with many people practicing various forms of spiritual development on a daily basis.

For most people, this process of spiritual growth is so subtle and gradual that it is almost undetectable. After a period of months or years a person looks back and notices that there has been a profound shift in their understanding of the world and their belief system. Stanislav Groff has termed this process "spiritual emergence".

However, for some people the changes within can be so rapid and the inner states so demanding that they may feel that their sense of identity is breaking down and their old values, beliefs and relationship with reality is rapidly changing. Because these experiences appear to be out of context with everyday reality they can be both frightening and confusing and some may even fear they are losing their mind.

Some experiences of people going through such a crisis include: differences in breathing patterns for no apparent reason, knowing of an event before it takes place, sensations of heat along the spine, seeing or hearing things that no one else can, finding yourself outside of your physical body, feeling a blurred boundary between self and others or even feeling controlled by a negative energy. More positive experiences can include strong instructive intuition, profound feelings of peace, beauty or oneness, greater connectedness with nature, animals or the cosmos or attaining profound insights into the nature of reality.

In our culture many of these experiences are not supported. The spiritual elements inherent in personal transformation seem alien and threatening to those who are unfamiliar with them. In fact, most non-ordinary states of consciousness are considered pathological and are treated with psychiatric interventions. As a result, many people involved in the natural healing process of spiritual emergency are automatically put in the same category as those with mental illness, treated accordingly and thus miss out on the potential benefits of the process.



If these experiences are supported and treated as difficult stages in a natural developmental process, the "spiritual emergency" can result in physical and emotional healing, deep positive changes of the personality, creative activity as well as profound insights into one's life.

It is encouraging to know that in Australia and overseas there are a growing number of mental health professionals who are recognising these experiences as indications of a healing effort, that needs to be supported, encouraged and brought to completion. However, it is also important to recognise the differences between spiritual emergency and an organic mental illness, so that each condition can receive the most appropriate and beneficial treatment.

Making the differential diagnosis between "spiritual emergency" and psychopathology can be extremely difficult as the experiences and behaviours characteristic of spiritual emergencies can appear as symptoms of mental disorder. These can include delusions, loss of boundary between oneself and others, distortion of time and place, feelings of communion with the "divine", a heightened sense of awareness, illogical thinking and grossly disorganised behaviour.

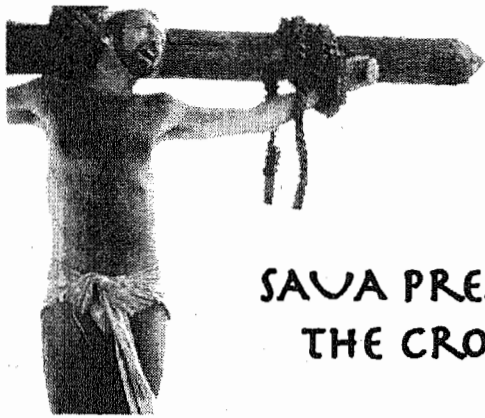
However, Groff has found that the person involved in a spiritual emergency process, tends to hold an awareness that the process

is related to critical spiritual issues. They are also able to differentiate between inner experiences and the world of consensus reality. Persons who are having a spiritual emergency are typically aware of the fact that the changes in their experiential world are due to their own inner processes and are not caused by events in the outside world.

In individuals undergoing a spiritual emergency, the insensitive use of pathological labels and of various repressive measures can interfere with the positive potential of the process. The ensuing long-term dependence on medication, loss of vitality, and compromised way of life presents a sad contrast to those rare situations where a person's transformative crisis is supported, validated and allowed to reach completion.

Monika

The author of this article believes that it is extremely important to clarify the concept of spiritual emergency and to develop comprehensive and effective approaches to its treatment. If you would like to take part in a PhD research project investigating experiences connected with spiritual emergence or emergency, contact Monika by email at monica.goretzki@adelaide.edu.au



SAUA PREZ ON THE CROSS

Hi All,
Hope the study is going well, here is the latest:
VSU Update:

May I please dispel a rumour that VSU isn't coming in next year, and that we don't need to worry anymore. This unfortunately isn't true. Basically as it stands, Nelson and Howard are both adamant that they will try and pass the legislation this year. There is now doubt however as to whether that will be enough time for the universities to implement it. Melbourne University Vice-Chancellor Glyn Davis in defiance of the federal government has said that they will be charging students next year irrespective of what the government does now, as they have simply left it too late.

The Government has said that they would be up for massive fines, but this didn't dissuade most of the Go8 Universities from following Melbourne University's path. That is of course excluding risk adverse (bordering on paranoid) Adelaide University, which has stated that "it would reserve its decision, but [that]... unless the legislation has been passed we will have no alternative but to maintain the status quo". In effect, delaying any decision. Which has been a common thread from our own University. While the University of Melbourne has already budgeted to set aside roughly \$6 million dollars to pay for the services, Adelaide University as yet has committed themselves to nothing, and isn't giving signs of setting aside anything substantial at all to ensure that the services that provide the 'Life Impact' at our University continue.

While there has been some good news on the VSU front, there are also some worrying developments. If any of you out there are worried, feel free to drop the Vice Chancellor a line and ask him what he'll be doing to make sure campus services, representation and culture survive VSU: james.mcwha@adelaide.edu.au

Review of Activities:

With VSU immanent and the future of activities uncertain, there has been a meeting called to discuss the future of Activities at Adelaide uni, how we are going to fund them, how they will work better with the commercial operations of the Union, i.e. hire BBQs and approval for liquor licences. Also how we can better promote events, and how the Students' Association Activities Department, the Union Activities Committee and the various Clubs can all work together to put on bigger and better events for all students. The meeting will be this Thursday the 27th. Please contact me if you would like to attend, it's open to all students. You can also write to me, or *On Dit* with your thoughts about campus culture, and activities.

Keep In Touch over the Christmas Holidays:

Don't get bored over the holidays; get involved in planning for orientation, and the entire year of activities next year. Sign up to the SAUA e-newsletter now, and make sure you get all the latest of what's happening in the lead up to the orientation period, the biggest month of the year for the Students' Association. Just send an e-mail to saua@adelaide.edu.au and ask to subscribe to the Students' Association E-mail newsletter.

Upgrade of Teaching Areas:

The University is currently doing a review into the 'Common Teaching Areas' across the University. 'Common Teaching Areas' are those lecture, seminar and tutorial rooms that are used by all faculties across the University. The Students' Association are making a submission to this review, and as such we are seeking comment from students about the following:

- What do you think about the Audio-Visual Facilities, do they need upgrading, what is missing, in what lecture, seminar and tutorial rooms?
- What are the physical conditions like in these rooms? What one's need upgrading? What needs to change?
- What is the infrastructure like in these rooms, such as chairs, air-conditioning and lighting?
- What is your general perception of the learning and teaching facilities at the University of Adelaide?
- What is your perception of any of the newly renovated rooms such as those in the lower Napier? What is good and bad about these rooms from a student perspective?

When writing your responses please include as much detail as you can, specifically the campus, the building the room is on and the name or number

of the specific room. Please send all submissions to david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au by the 4th of November.

As an incentive, the people who send the three most useful comments in can have a free Students' Association Education Department T-Shirt.

That's all for now, good luck with all the study.

Cheers,
David Pearson
Students' Association President
david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au

EDUCATION VICE PRESIDENT IS SELFLESS WOMAN OF THE CLOTH



Students As Workers Awareness Week

Currently on the Coalition Government's agenda are the workplace law changes, regarding rules that protect workers' jobs, pay and conditions. As Howard puts it himself - it will be a chance for companies with less than 100 employees, to get rid of workers they don't like for no particular reason but that. It will also create longer hours, less money to spend, more individual contracts and less protection in awards.

This week the Education Department Collective is running a Student As Workers Campaign. There will be banners, poster and leaflets around campus to explain the issues further. Jodie from SA Unions will be on campus on Tues & Thurs (outside 24-hour computer suite) for you to talk about any concerns with proposed changes.

There'll also be a Student Bloc at the National Day of Community Protest (15th Nov, 8am, Elder Park) against these changes (with live video link-ups around Australia). For more info - www.rightsatwork.com.au

Cheers
Jess Cronin
Education Vice President
jessica.cronin@adelaide.edu.au

HOLD ONTO YOUR SEATS LADIES AND GENTS! IT'S TIME TO MEET....

SAUA PRESIDENT ELECT!

You'll be seeing me around a lot next year. So I thought I should introduce myself, instead of letting people wonder who that guy with the megaphone is. I'm studying a Bachelor of Science, currently in my second year. I just turned 20. I like British comedy (How funny is 'Coupling'?!). I am one of you; a student getting an education so I can eventually leave university and get a job in the big wide world. But for one year, I shall put most of my studies on hold to represent you, the students, to the university, the government, and the wider community.

Next year will be an interesting one. It will be my job to lead your Students' Association in 2006 into an uncertain future. If Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) is implemented by the end of the year, which now looks doubtful but is nevertheless still possible, the SAUA will have to radically change the way it functions to continue to provide the sort of representation and services it has in the past. We will have to rely more heavily on volunteers, which we currently do already to a large extent. We will have to run campaigns in conjunction with other groups and organisations, something we have done in the past because it seemed like a good idea, not because we could not afford to fund our campaigns ourselves. This student newspaper will have to contain more advertising than it currently does,

because the Students' Association will not be able to afford to fund it entirely. A whole raft of changes will have to be implemented to make the Student's Association functional in a VSU environment.

Even if VSU is not implemented, the SAUA and other student organisations around the country face the enormous task of trying to get the proposed legislation changed, to ensure that some level of student services survive under the new laws. The best - and quickest - way to change things, is to show the powers that be there is strong public support for change. The SAUA needs as many students involved next year as possible. And this is not just about VSU. Now that the SAUA no longer has standing committees, the department collectives can have as many members as want to join, and anyone can get involved. So whether you are interested in women's issues, environment, or education issues you can join the relevant collective and be involved in campaigns and get the latest information about these issues on campus.

Lastly, but definitely most importantly, I wanted to ask you all for your input. How could the Students' Association be more relevant? What does the SAUA do that you like? What doesn't it do? How can we improve? How do you think we can change to function well in a VSU environment? If you have



any ideas, I'd love to hear them. So please feel free to contact me any time through the email address at the bottom of the page, or even drop into the SAUA to speak to me if you wish. I'm there most days for several hours. Remember people, I need your input to know what you want next year. I want to make 2006 one of the most fun-filled and active years on campus for a long time.

John Pezy
2006 Student Association President
john.pezy@adelaide.edu.au

Late Night Musings

Religion. It can be such a beautiful, life-changing thing, and yet the very mention of the word can give some people the heebie-jeebies. In these weird and troubled times, the veil seems to be swept back, and people see religion as divisive, incendiary, dangerous. Take France's attempts to ban the wearing of headscarves by Muslim girls during school, which has resulted in the outlawing of all religious imagery, such as crucifixes. Does this strike anyone as something of an over-reaction? France likes to think of itself as a secular paradise, and that's nice. Being politically correct is nice too, as long as you don't take it too far. If there's a way of making everyone the same, we haven't thought of it yet, and if we did, would we want to make a world like that? It's like the French government is saying: 'Ok, we don't mind you being part of a religion, in fact that's great, it's wonderful, but please try not to look like you belong to a particular religion, because that might be offensive to people of other faiths, and therefore bad.' I'm sure there's some logic in there somewhere.

A week or two ago, I saw a girl (I have the strange feeling that I was sitting behind her in a lecture) wearing a headscarf. But that's not what caught my attention; it was the 'death by chocolate' badge securing the scarf that got me. It's a great juxtaposition, and an even cooler image. Then I got to wondering: if the common perception of Islam as an instrument of oppression is correct, then what is this girl doing at university, getting an education? It unfortunately must be true that a proportion of Muslim women are indeed oppressed, but the same may be said for many women of other religions. And in all cases, it's also true that for each woman that is denied her rights, many more are left to make their own lives in peace. Perhaps it's just that our negative experiences of different religions stay with us. Using a blatantly trivial example, I was once ambushed by people who wanted to convert me to Christianity. Not a unique experience, or even an uncommon one, but this occurrence sticks in my memory. It was O'Week 2003, on a bright, sunny day. I was waiting for a friend in the Barr Smith Library Circle, sitting in one of those little corner seats. They appeared from nowhere, like a puff of smoke. They both stated their case; I listened politely, refused their leaflets as nicely as I could, and got up to make my exit. But now, to my horror, another person was walking towards me, instead of two, there were now three. It was a pincer movement, and my escape route was blocked. I asked them to let me pass, but they seemed disinclined to let me go anywhere. I still held out hope of making a sudden dash through them, but that thought was crushed when they produced diagrams. Panic started to set in. They had equations, and they weren't afraid to use them.

For example: Your life now = 0. BUT Your life + Jesus = Everything.

Interesting. And slightly scary. I'm sure it was their devotion to God that led them to choose such tactics, and their zeal does them credit. It's just that whenever I think of Christianity now, that particular memory creeps into my brain. I'm well aware that those three Christians are definitely not representative of ALL Christians, or of Christianity as a faith, but they slink their way into my thoughts all the same. I'm sure it's this process that leads some people to think 'Muslim. Terrorist.' The negative is somehow easier to cling to, especially when dealing with concepts and people which are quite different from those you are accustomed to. Outside the comfort zone, it's sometimes hard to accentuate the positive. But we hold out hope that greater understanding will eventuate, because that's what the human race does best. Hope.

The world is made up of many faiths, languages, cultures, ways of thinking, customs, preferences and nations. Although we are all part of the same global family, all related to one another, and about 99.7% genetically identical, sometimes it's the little things that count. We're fundamentally the same, but that 0.3% makes the world of difference. That's great, because the world would surely suck if we were all clones of each other. Anyone with siblings knows that even though you share parents, you don't always get along. You fight, you sulk, you hurl things at each other, but mostly, especially when you are all grown up, you learn to get along. In fact, you find that you just can't imagine a world without each other in it. It's our differences that make us special, fascinating and invaluable, and that goes for populations as well as individuals. Without the wealth of cultural (and religious) diversity it currently exhibits, the human race would be a lesser thing, and certainly more boring. We're all different because that's the way it should be, and Samuel Huntington and his 'Clash of Civilisations' theory be damned. (Not that it's for me to say whether there is in fact a 'Hell', there might or might not be, but if there is, he can go there.)

The Other Soph.

Refuge

In the last year, for reasons that don't warrant discussion, I've found it near impossible to maintain a regular sleeping routine. Insomnia brings with it a host of frustrations - perpetual tiredness, diminished physical capacity, reduction in mental acuity, but it does provide one with the opportunity to indulge their appetite for early morning evangelistic television. In between the frequent demands from the compares to "dial the number on your screen and give generously" I was bombarded with stories and testimony from people paying tribute to the reassuring elements of faith. Faith provided them with the self-assurance and self-belief to overcome any number of challenges in their life, ranging from the death of a loved one from cancer to an especially difficult to open jam jar. Faith also provides these people with a distinct, discrete set of morals which they could happily and thoughtlessly follow and, in doing so, know that they are good people. Now, considering that Nietzsche dealt with these issues and proved them to be foolish and self-defeating more than a hundred years ago, it's amazing that modern man still clings to such childish ideas. Christianity is the classic manifestation of the Nietzschean 'Will to Power'. It first arose amongst a people who were bound in chains and forced to serve their Roman masters. Because they were inferior on earth, these people invent a religion to give them spiritual power over their masters and, in doing so, elevate their own psychological anxiety. Obviously, such an existence is inherently inauthentic and while it may provide you with a passing consolation, it is self-delusion of the highest order. The great positive of faith is that it provides one with either the motivation, or the internal strength, to overcome adversity. Faith is misdirected when focused into religion, instead of being wasted on an entity that all evidence tells us is imaginary, one should direct that faith instead into themselves and their loved ones, they are the beings who have the power to change circumstances on earth. Faith has near unlimited power and is a comforting refuge, but it's only the naive and the weak who siphon their faith into a traditional God.

Danny

Now



Asta & Steve

1. A: Chauvinist pigs.
S: Lawyers.
2. A: Girl Orgy Cult. For girls only.
S: A cult that worshipped me.
3. A: Drugs.
S: Caffeine.
4. A: Masturbation. What else is there to do?
S: Watching women in the shower. I might as well if I'm already damned.



Adam

1. Buddhists, they don't believe in hell so it wouldn't be a problem for them.
2. Fulfillment Through Enjoyment.
3. Legal drugs - as long as the government says it's OK then it must be good for me.
4. Scuba diving in the oceans of eternity.



Emma & Nudge

1. E: God - and then no one will be sent to hell anymore.
N: Tasmanians - I'd be sending them to a better place.
2. E: Addicted to wankers
N: Beer drinking cult - I'm already a member!
3. E: M & Ms
N: Drugs.
4. E: Any irresponsible thing I can think of.
N: Try to induce flashbacks.



Allan & Hannah

1. A: Stupid people.
H: A large pig and then I could have a spit roast.
2. A: Beer skulling cult.
H: The marshmallow & confetti club.
3. A: None - just skills and studying hard.
H: A combination of the above followed by Wizz Fizz and daytime TV.
4. A: Find a typewriter and randomly hit keys until you've written the best book ever. Eternity gives you a much better chance with probability.
H: Hanging face down on monkey bars looking at bark chips.

Pop

1. If you were God, who would you send to hell?
2. If you had a cult, what would it be?
3. During exams, do you resort to prayer, food, amphetamines or energy drinks for help?
4. If you were stuck in limbo for eternity, how would you entertain yourself?



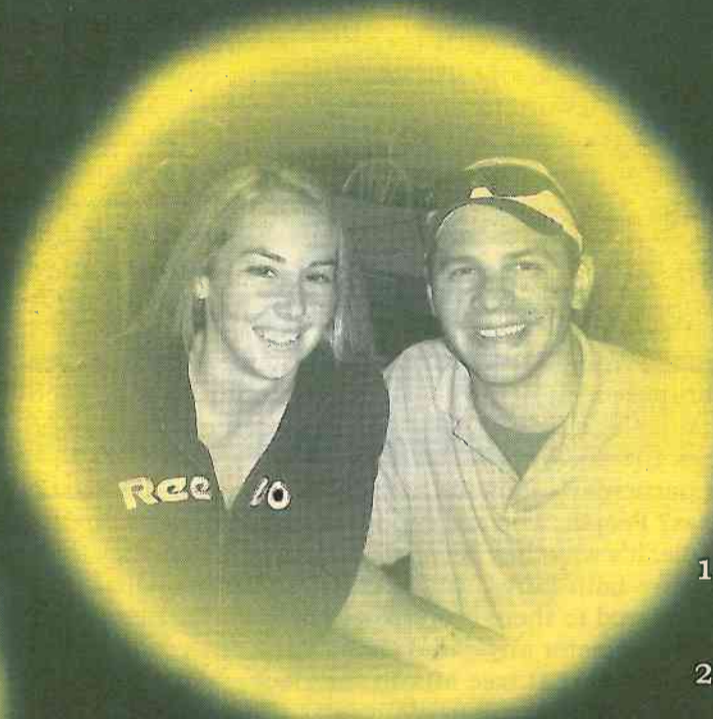
Scott & Gen

1. S: Do you have a couple of hours?
G: Anyone who'd try to stop me from drinking. Whoo!
2. S: An anti-religious cult.
G: The vodka society. But I agree with Scott. I hate blue shirts.
3. S: Why do people keep asking me for bandanas?
G: Alcohol and Red Bull. Whoo!
4. S: Surfing in space and jacking off.
G: Are there any guys on planet Limbo?



Tsering & Valerie

1. T: Myself.
V: Mr Bankrupt.
2. T: The Naked Nature Cult.
V: I'm not sure exactly, probably something involving nature and nudity... and potentially ducks.
3. T: Amphetamines and energy drinks.
V: Just energy drinks for me.
4. T: Spend some time converting people to my cult. Lost souls are always impressionable.
V: Feeding ducks.



Alison & Linesey

1. A: Politicians.
L: At the moment, my physics lecturers.
2. A: The Good Time Cult - involving theme parks.
L: If I had a cult it would probably be retarded.
3. A: Energy drinks.
L: The latter and heaps of sugar
4. A: Try to haunt people.
L: Sleep.



Kalinda

1. I don't know yet.
2. My Little Pony Cult.
3. I'll play with my sticky hand toy.
4. Think 'bout ponies.

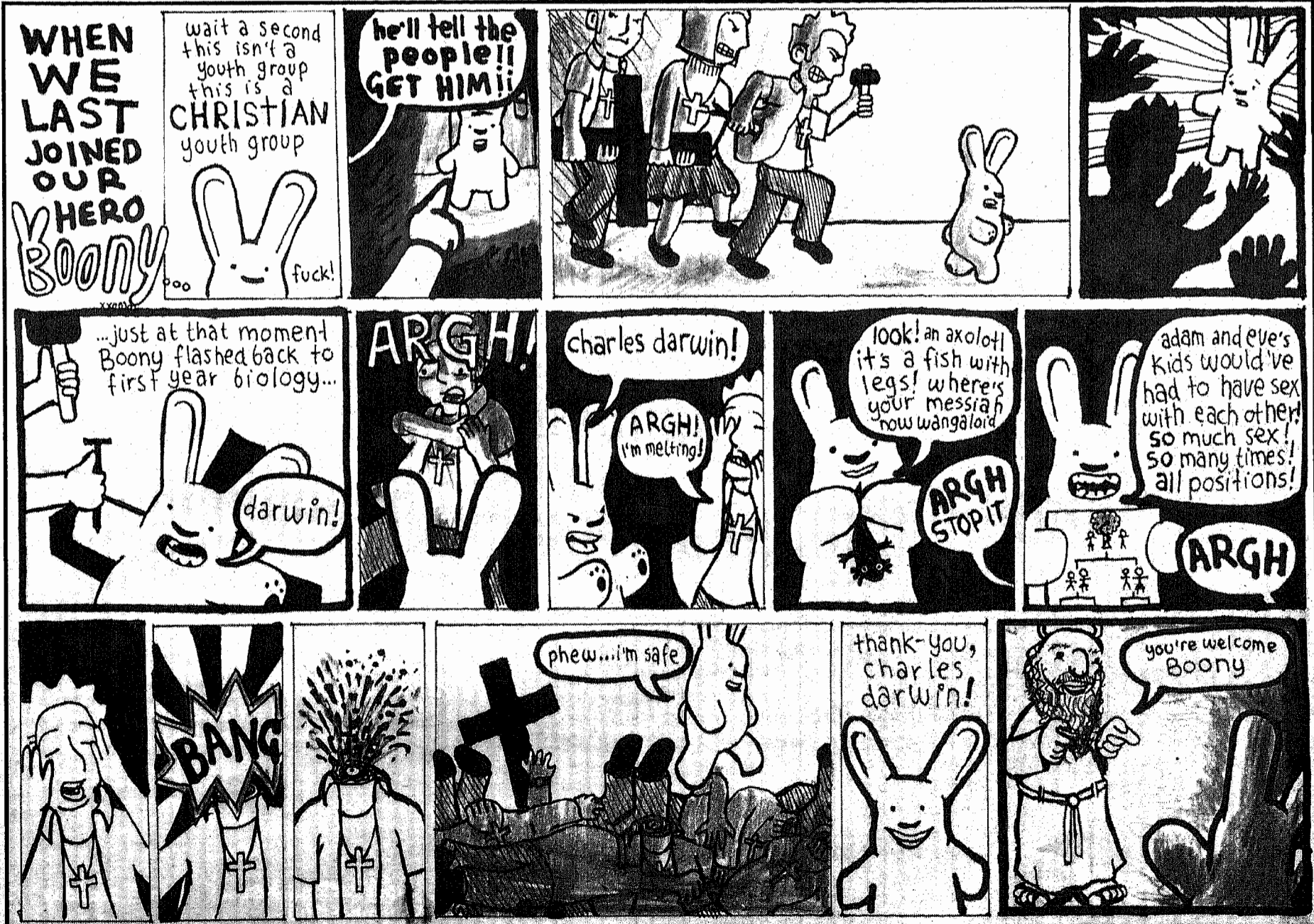
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Sub-editors & Contributors for 2006:

- News
- Current Affairs
- Media Watch
- Opinion
- Performing Arts
- Visual Arts
- Foreign Film
- Australian Film
- Music
- Local Music
- Vox Pop
- Literature
- Sports
- Food & Drink
- &
- Artists
- Photographers
- Distributors
- Advertising Manager
- Proofreaders
- Researchers

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student.adelaide.edu.au



Looking Down is Half the Fun...

Sydney is home to two instantly recognizable icons. While scaling the Sydney Opera House is neither easy nor advisable (and it certainly isn't legal), it is possible to climb the other famous landmark, the Harbour Bridge. This can be done with BridgeClimb, a company that since it began operation in 1998 has enabled over one and a half million people to scale the one hundred and thirty-four metre high arches.

Climbing the bridge has become a 'must do' for tourists visiting Australia's largest city. And it's not hard to see why. The experience not only offers spectacular views of the harbour, but it allows people to see the bridge up close. Anyone with an interest in engineering will marvel at the science behind the structure's design.

This science is just one of many things that the extensively trained climb leaders talk about as part of their commentary over the course of the walk. From history of the local area to suggestions for other tourist attractions to visit, the guides are veritable founts of knowledge.

And the climb itself? A fear of heights isn't necessarily a barrier to reaching the summit. Only while traversing the approaches (the horizontal stretches at either end of the bridge) must climbers walk on a surface that allows a clear line of vision down to whatever is directly below. One of the most exhilarating moments of the whole experience is when the walkways lead the groups of twelve climbers over the water for the first time. Unique views of The Rocks area can be taken in at this point.

The only other time that anyone with a fear of heights would be well advised to avoid looking down is when the summit of the bridge is reached. Standing on the short span between the arches gives the breathtaking opportunity to watch the traffic on the Bradfield Highway

make its way back and forth about sixty metres below. A tilt of the head allows the gentle waves of the harbour another seventy or so metres below to be seen. A glance heavenwards reveals the two flagpoles that adorn the top of the bridge, and this is something that can make the whole experience sink in – the flags are prominent features that are visible from ground level.

The summit is also the place from which to survey the lay of the land. From Manly and the Heads in the east, to the Olympic Stadium and the Blue Mountains in the west, there's a lot to absorb. Add to this the chance to peek inside the grounds of Kirribilli House and Admiralty House, and of course what must surely be the best view of the Opera House, and the summit experience is one to savour.

Getting up and back isn't strenuous – the biggest challenge is negotiating the system of locks that ensure that every person on the bridge is attached to a rail by a cord from the specially designed 'BridgeSuits'. Handrails are always there to grab hold of in case gusts of wind induce nervousness. The most dangerous part of the climb comes when a series of ladders have to be negotiated: four on the way up and four on the way back. Great caution is taken by the staff at this stage to ensure that these are used safely. Watch out for the trains hurtling past at this point – apparently they can give some climbers a rude shock.

If all of this sounds a little too adventurous, the option of climbing to the Pylon Lookout offers a more sedate experience, while still providing chances to soak up some marvellous views of the harbour and the bridge. The proximity of this location to the arches of the bridge should help people who aren't sure whether climbing the bridge is for them to make their decisions. The museum that is spread over several levels of the Pylon is the

place to go to learn about the history of the bridge's construction – the photographs of the bridge prior to completion are the highlights here.

A BridgeClimb is certainly worth considering when planning a trip to Sydney. The amazing views and the insights into such an impressive feat of engineering are things that no other experience can offer. And remember not to be shy about looking down – it's half the fun.

Benedict Coxon



Are you a graduate looking for a flexible & part-time position in community services?

The YWCA of Adelaide is a not-for-profit organisation that is 125 years old and works to address community needs through community service delivery, advocacy, community development, leadership and mentoring. The YWCA of Adelaide has been the auspice agency for the Big Brothers – Big Sisters (BBBS) program in Adelaide since its establishment in July 2003 with funding from the federal government (Department of Family and Community Services). The YWCA of Adelaide operates the program under licence from Big Brothers Big Sisters Australia Ltd.

Big Brothers Big Sisters (BBBS) is one of the largest and most prominent providers of mentoring services internationally. Big Brothers – Big Sisters (BB-BS) is a community based, early intervention, volunteer mentoring

YWCA OF ADELAIDE BIG BROTHERS – BIG SISTERS PROGRAM PROJECT OFFICER (PART-TIME) POSITION VACANCY

program for young people who lack adult support and involvement. Qualified staff carefully recruit, screen and train volunteer applicants to be uniquely matched to a young person. The BBBS program staff supports each match through regular supervision, peer support and recreational opportunities. Matches are established with the aim of being long term and friendship based.

Due to recent service expansion to the City of Salisbury local government area, we are looking for a dynamic, flexible, suitably qualified and experienced part-time Project Officer to assist in establishing the BBBS program in the northern region. The successful candidate will have tertiary qualifications in Social Work, Social Science, Psychology or an equivalent degree with relevant experience working with young people and adults in a case management or project management capacity. The Project Officer will work both independently and as



part of a team. The position will be offered on a part-time basis, initially **30 hours** a week until 30 June 2007. The hours will generally be conducted from Monday to Thursday from 10am-6pm or as negotiated. The position will be offered at a SACS level 3 or 4 rate, depending on the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. The Project Officer will be based at the YWCA office in Hutt Street and travel to the northern region as required.

For a job and person specification contact Rosemont Recruitment on **(08) 8431 3400** or email admin@rosemontrecruitment.com.au

Enquiries to Jo Case, BBBS Program Manager at the YWCA on **(08) 8227 0155** or email jo.case@ywca.com.au

YWCA website: www.ywca.com.au

Applications close: 5pm Monday 7 November 2005.



Looking at God Through The Simpsons

by Alexander Saint



It was a Friday night in late 2003. As usual, we were at The Elephant, a great pub off Rundle St, unwinding after a 'tough' week at uni. The conversation was pretty standard: talking about footy and the Crows chance of success, laughing at Andrew G's shocking hairdo and how *Titanic* still remains the worst film of all time. Then, I'll never forget it, Anton piped up "What do you reckon God is like?" We were all stunned. Where did this come from? Surely he has had one too many! We all replied that we didn't have a clue. Nevertheless, we started thinking up ways of describing God: we said he was invisible (duh), more powerful than Packer, and probably had a good sense of humor. We all agreed that he must be pretty creative and that he was showing off when he made Bec Cartwright.

According to recent surveys, the vast majority of Australians think there is a God. In fact, a 1993 National Social Science Survey found that 61% of Australians believed in God. I am one of them but often I'm not sure why. It's so hard to believe in something you can't see. So, what might God be like?

That Friday, I thought I might ask a few friends about the nature of God. One of them, a self-appointed expert, told me that the Simpsons is a great authoritative source on God! So I went searching on the net and was surprised to find many quotes from *The Simpsons* episodes.

Homer to God: Did You see them at the picnic? Of course You did; You're everywhere, You're omnivorous. O Lord!

For those vegans out there, don't fret- I don't reckon that God is omnivorous! It is an interesting idea that God could be all around us. That he is omnipresent. Maybe God is like Eddie Everywhere McGuire? Only he wouldn't barrack for Collingwood! I don't like the thought that God might be watching my every move though - after all, don't I deserve a bit of privacy?

When Homer's house catches fire while he is at home skipping church, Homer draws a conclusion about the nature of God.

"The Lord is vengeful. [He falls on his knees] O Spiteful one, show me who to smite and he shall be smoten!"

Whenever something bad happens whether it's a failed relationship or my car won't start in the morning, I often think that it is because I have done something wrong and God is getting me back. There's that sense of reaping what you sow. I don't think there is much truth in it. It's probably just human nature to think like that. Does God punish those who do wrong? Perhaps not. George Bush is still president.

And what about all the atrocities occurring throughout the world such as earthquakes, Hurricane Katrina, the tsunami, September 11 and the Bali bombings? The world no longer feels safe. Even in little old Adelaide you hear of incidents like the Snowtown murders. How could God have allowed this to happen?

Reverend Lovejoy tells him: "Homer, I'd like you to remember Matthew 7:26, 'A foolish man who has built his house on sand.' Homer: "And you remember...Matthew...21:17!" Lovejoy: " 'And he left them and went out of the city into Bethany and lodged there?'" Homer: "Yeah ..think about it!"

I had only ever picked up a Bible a few times and flicking through, it didn't really seem like my kind of reading. I think Homer might be in the same boat. I normally read car magazines or the footy section of *The Advertiser*! Is the Bible just a whole bunch of myths or is it the Word of God?

I know there are people out there who devote their lives to trying to understand the Bible. I used to think why would they do this? They seem like smart people. Have they been

"Mmm...oh, the next time there's a canned food drive, I'll give the poor something they'll actually like instead of old lima beans and pumpkin mix."

I had heard people say that 'God is love'. This seemed pretty out there but now I think I sort of understand what they mean. Whenever I get the opportunity to help others whether it be driving a friend to the airport or donating to a charity, I feel good about myself. It is at these times that I feel closest to God. I reckon that anyone would say that helping out the needy is a good thing but it seems that the biggest supporters of God are those who are the most keen to help the homeless, the sick, the disabled. Why would they do this? What are their intentions? Surely they would prefer to be at home watching the television then being at a run-down old soup kitchen feeding the homeless. It used to amaze me why these people would want to sacrifice their own lives for others. After all, life is short!

Ned and Maude Flanders go to a marriage counsellor. Ned explains why:

"Sometimes Maude (God bless her), she underlines passages in my Bible when she can't find hers." Mutters Homer: "Oh, lucky they don't keep guns in the house."

Geez. The Flanders family freak me out a bit. They are so prim and proper. Even self-righteous. They do not seem like real people at all. Just because I am trying to find out about God, it does not mean I want to become like Ned Flanders! I hope God does not want me to be like that. Surely he would want me to be myself.

Bart often plagues his Sunday School teacher with questions about the life hereafter:

"Will there be pirates in Hell? Will an amputated leg be reattached in Heaven? What if a ventriloquist goes to Heaven, will his dummy go too?" Finally the teacher breaks down pleading: "I don't know! All these questions! Is a little blind faith too much to ask?!"

I often thought about whether life on Earth is all there is. Could there be such a place as Heaven and Hell? If so, there is no way I'm going to Hell. I am a good bloke who wouldn't hurt a fly (unless it kept bugging me). I have never been caught speeding and the only drugs I take are from the pharmacy. I do sometimes wonder though-am I doing enough to get to Heaven? Sure, compared to Adolf Hitler I'm looking pretty good but then Mother Teresa achieved much more than I ever will.

It is now 2005 and God is now a big part of my life. If God is at the centre of the universe, sustaining Earth and caring for us, I reckon we should all try and do more to find out about Him. I'm not saying you should become a missionary and start up a church in Africa. You could start by having a chat with your friends at the local pub. You can have some really good conversations after you've had a few.



indoctrinated like soldiers in Nazi Germany or do they know something that we don't?

When trying a new hair-restoring product Homer prays:

"Dear God, give the bald guy a break. Amen."

Closing your eyes, clasping your hands and asking God something seem pretty pointless. Nevertheless, I think we have all done it. Just before exams, I had a silent prayer before I went in. It was nothing spectacular but I just sort of acknowledged God and asked for a bit of wisdom. I've gone ok in exams-could God have helped me out a bit? I have also asked for a photographic memory, but have been unsuccessful so far!

Marge, often thinks about ways she can improve in being helpful.

GOING DUTCH

**Dutch Masters from
the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam
National Gallery of Victoria
June 24-October 2**

Dutch art has a formidable reputation, having produced masters such as Vermeer and Rembrandt. In the National Gallery of Victoria's latest offering as part of its Winter Masterpieces series of exhibitions, this reputation was shown to be well deserved.

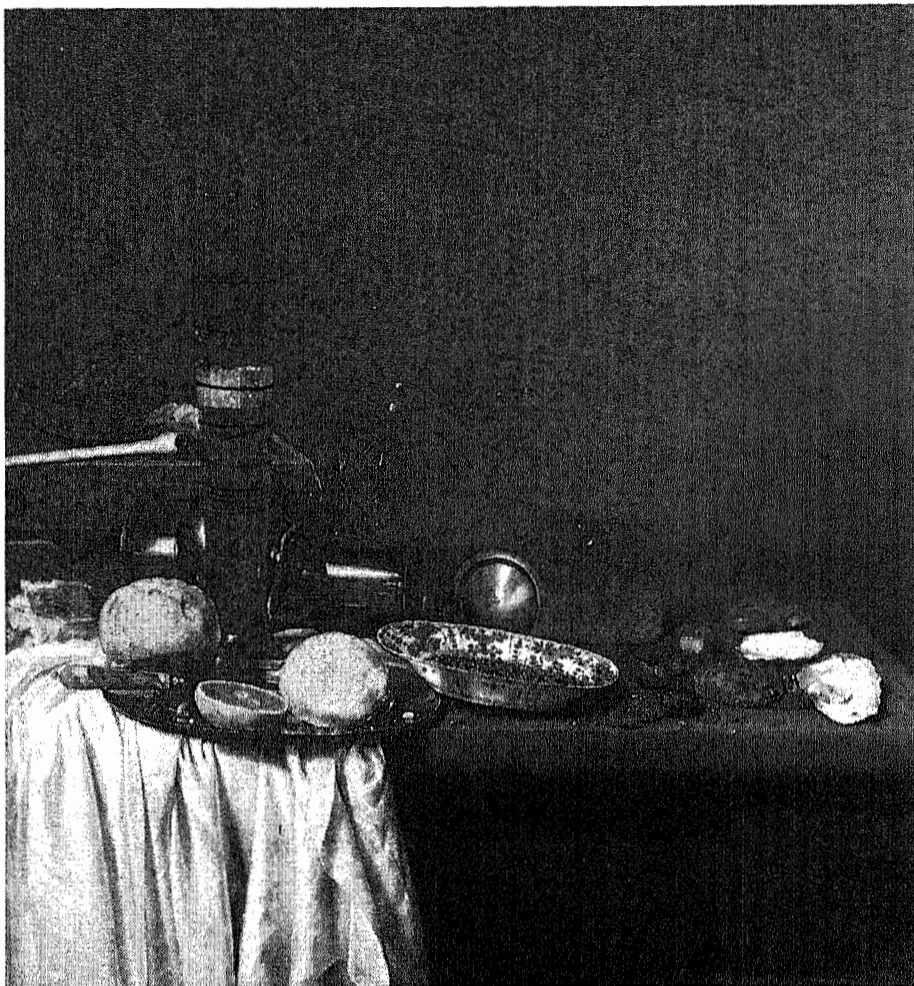
Overall, the quality of the works was high, but it was the major pieces that made the trip to Melbourne worthwhile. While some people might have been disappointed by Vermeer's *The love letter*, its miniature canvas covered in glass, it was still a treat to view. The artist's use of light is amazing in this well-known work, and viewers get the feeling that they are hiding in the shadows, peeking out from behind a curtain that has been drawn back to reveal a moment so private and poignant that viewers can't help but feel embarrassed just for looking.

Another wonderful use of light is present in de Hooch's *Interior with a mother delousing her child's hair*. Attracting a lot of attention from those wandering around the labyrinthine exhibition space, the golden light spilling through the window in this work gives a discernible glow to the warm shades of red and brown.

Portraits account for much of the art on display, with some startling realism in some of the pieces. The subject in van der Voort's *Portrait of Laurens Reael, governor-general of the Dutch East Indies* looks as though he might climb down from the canvas and introduce himself,

while Dujardin in his self-portrait looks like his hand could reach out from its copper confines at any moment.

Possibly the most clever example of this slightly spooky technique is in *The governors of the Guild of St Luke, Haarlem* by de Bray.



What looks like a straightforward depiction of some men dressed in black comes alive on closer inspection. The composition gives the viewer the feeling that whenever one focuses on one of the men, the others spring to life. The masterful inclusion of so much action in the work, each man doing something different and looking somewhere different from the others, combined with the large size of the painting, makes for an exciting experience.

Landscapes have a gallery devoted to them, as do still lifes. In both cases, the quality of the works vary, but the better ones are impressive. Van Ruisdael's *Bentheim Castle*, with its storm clouds gathering overhead and the castle sitting imposingly on top of a hill, is a dramatic piece. Several of the still lifes are exceptionally executed, especially those by Heda and van de Velde.

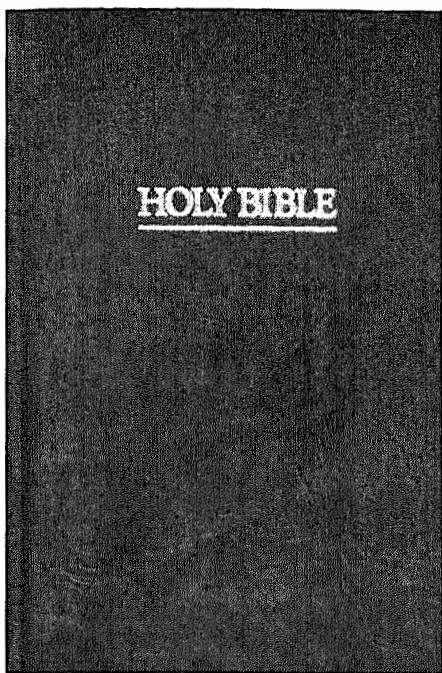
Arguably the highlight of the exhibition was Rembrandt's *An oriental*. The brushwork in this is magnificent, and the overall effect even better. It somehow manages to seem realistic without the use of precise strokes – an amazing feat indeed. Works like this are few and far between, especially in Australia, and exhibitions like Dutch Masters provide rare opportunities to experience truly great art.

The exhibition seemed to 'fall away' towards the end, the final gallery featuring largely unsuccessful Dutch attempts to mimic Caravaggio's style. In spite of this, and in spite of the varying quality of the works on display, Dutch Masters was worth a visit. The better works were outstanding, and had the ability to 'blow people away'.

Unfortunately, there was not as much impact as there was in last year's exhibition based around works from the Musée d'Orsay. The public's tastes support this assertion, the attendance for Dutch Masters numbering around two hundred thousand, while The Impressionists attracted three hundred and eighty thousand people. The final instalment of the Winter Masterpieces trilogy will be displayed next year and will focus on Picasso. Watch this space.

Benedict Coxon





The Bible in less than 250 words

Part I

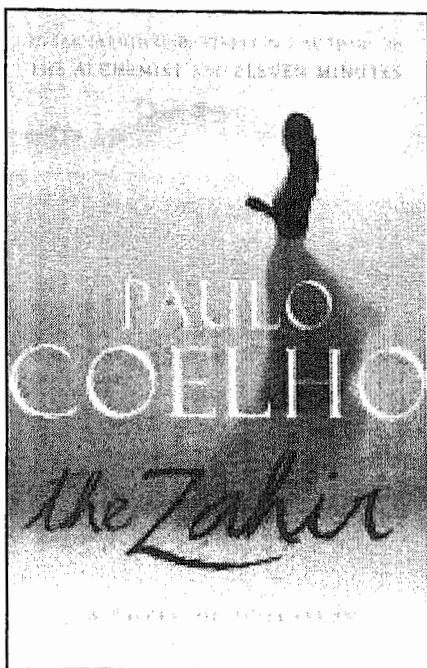
God creates man. Man gets bored. God creates woman. Woman gets bored and makes her own fun. God has kittens. Man and woman's descendants make a little too much of their own fun so God kills everybody and promises never to do it again. A very tall tower is built in a touching display peaceful working togetherness. God feels threatened and destroys it, scattering the people to isolated corners of the earth. God destroys two other cities for making too much of their own fun, but in his infinite mercy He decides to send a filthy lunatic to warn their populations beforehand. The lunatic is later eaten by a very large fish. God get tangled up in the Egyptian union movement. God helps a child kill a large, oafish foreigner with a slingshot. Child grows up to usurp the throne of God's favourite place on earth. His reign is marked by weird occult ceremonies, unprovoked attacks on foreign nations, wanton betrayal, bloodshed, adultery and polygamy.

Part II

The passes, God impregnates the teenage wife of a carpenter. Child grows up amid colonial rule to preach peace and forgiveness. He is tortured and nailed to a cross in front of his mother. God's son rises from the dead and encourages His followers to avenge Him by infiltrating and ultimately taking over the Roman Empire. A filthy lunatic is granted a horrible vision of a future where God

kills almost everybody and promises never to do it again.

Stan



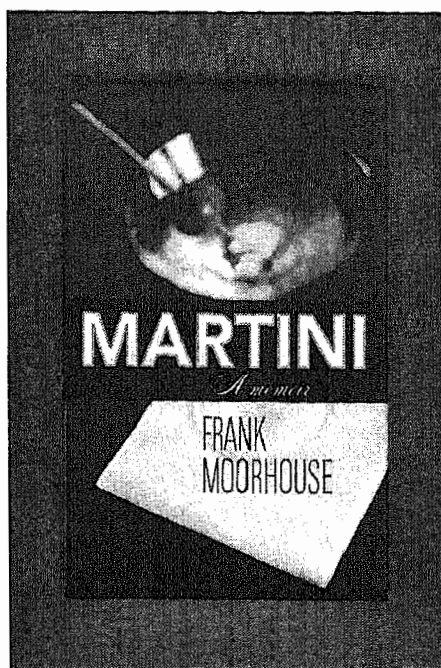
The Zahir
Paulo Coelho

"... I now realised that the Zahir was more than a man obsessed with an object.... The Zahir was a fixation on everything that had been passed from generation to generation; it left no question unanswered, it took up all the space; it never allowed us even to consider the possibility that things could change." (pg 209)

In Coelho's latest masterpiece he takes the reader on a spiritual journey to find the meaning of love and subsequently the meaning of life. The story revolves around a successful songwriter turned author whose war correspondent wife disappears without a trace. With no clues as to whether she is alive or dead he becomes obsessed with her disappearance, and begins to refer to her as his Zahir. At times it's hard to follow as the story floats between past and present events and often has conversations which don't identify the participants hence making it difficult to understand. I found the insight into an authors mind intriguing as I've often wondered what inspires a writer and the creative process of accomplishing a novel. The spiritual aspect was fascinating; it was a voyeuristic journey watching a man strip away all preconceptions of society and human nature to discover his soul and become open to a new and intense sense of self. All of Coelho's novels seem to explore spirituality through a personal journey and inspire the reader to develop a deeper understanding of

the soul. Overall a motivating read if you can stay focused!

Karlie Goetze



Martini: A memoir
Frank Moorhouse

Former Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser is known to prepare ready-mixed martinis by taking a swig of gin from the bottle, swallowing it, then replacing the gin with vermouth. The bottle is then placed in the freezer for martinis when required. Presumably, this particular variation of the martini requires a tiny amount of Mr Fraser's saliva as part of its recipe - without it a cocktail produced by this method could only be referred to as an 'Imitation Malcolm Fraser'.

Such is the pedantic world of the martini: the ratio of gin to vermouth, the variety of olive, the shape, size, temperature and opacity of the glass, even the rhythm to which the cocktail is shaken - or stirred, as the case may be.

Throughout his memoir, it is difficult to decide whether Moorhouse is drawing some parallel between the complex rules and traditions of the martini and the class-laden history of this century-old cocktail. There is a sense of pride in his declaration that he is a martini 'connoisseur', despite the absurdity of a left-leaning Austrian author with an encyclopaedic knowledge of a drink so associated with elitism, decadence and conspicuous consumption. Indeed, Moorhouse's half-century love affair with the martini reveals more than a little about the celebrated writer's apparent addiction to the trappings of

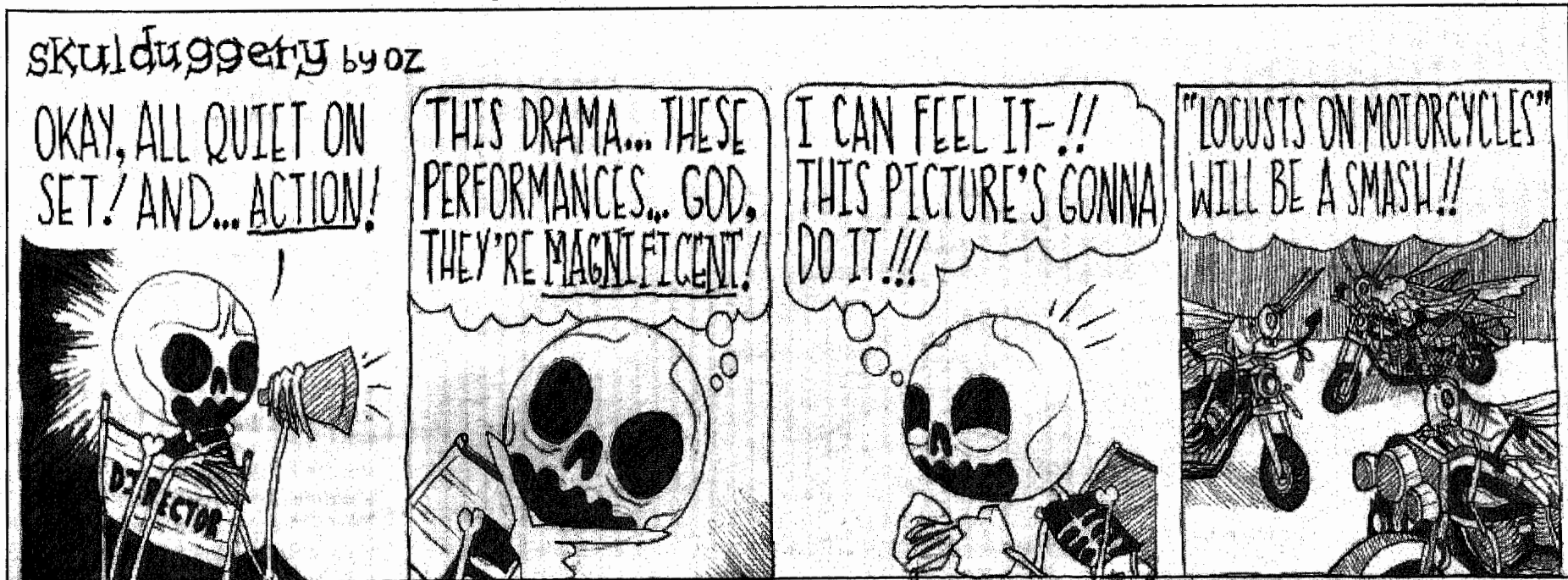
civilisation.

Much of the book appears to be based on conversations between himself and 'Manhattan identity' V. I. Voltz. Voltz is an amusing character, not least because he is one of those fortunate individuals who appear for all the world to have built a lucrative career out of not much more than drinking and discussing endless methods of combining gin and vermouth. Such conversations slip in and out of the text, dealing with such crucial facts of life as the best way to produce ice cubes. About half way through the freezing process, carefully twist the plastic icetray in order to condense the tiny bubbles of dissolved air. With a toothpick, pierce the outer frozen shell of each cube to release the air, then pour water into the resulting cavity. Place back in the freezer to complete the process. According to Voltz, this method will yield more solid cubes that will melt in the martini glass or cocktail shaker at a slower rate.

I'm not kidding. And neither is Moorhouse. A significant portion of this book is less of a memoir than a recipe book and historical account of the martini. The only explanation I can gather is that Moorhouse has already published a memoir of sorts - his 1988 collection of short stories, *Forty-seventeen*. More than one chapter in *Martini* makes reference to this earlier work, revealing the truth behind the thinly-fictionalised autobiography. The resulting musings on the nature of truth, fiction and the self are at times poignant, but seem tacked on to what is effectively a book designed to demonstrate how much Moorhouse knows about the martini, and hence, how dignified and established he is as a writer.

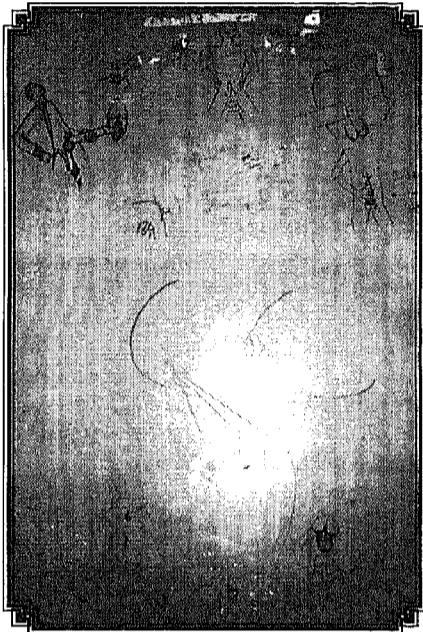
This is a harsh assessment of what is in the end an entertaining book. Nevertheless, I can't help but get the feeling that Moorhouse is attempting to assert something about himself through the metaphor of a well-mixed martini. Early in the book, Moorhouse reveals that he teaches his writing students at the University of Texas that every writer should have two cross-generational relationships - one when young, and another later in life. Such is Moorhouse's sense of wisdom - a kind of laconic wisdom so often associated with being well travelled, well read and inclined to hold one's liquor.

Tristan Mahoney



The Inaugural Adelaide Uni Loo Review

Such release, such relief, an almost ecclesiastical experience. Indeed on the toilet is where I most often find God. And so, armed with a belly full of mayo food, just to give the matter its proper air of urgency I set out on the inaugural Adelaide Uni Loo Review to find the most appropriate venue for the occasion. Of course, as with every pilgrimage, to get to the grail you must pass through some very unholy lands, so here is some of what I saw on the way:



The Most Homoerotic Award

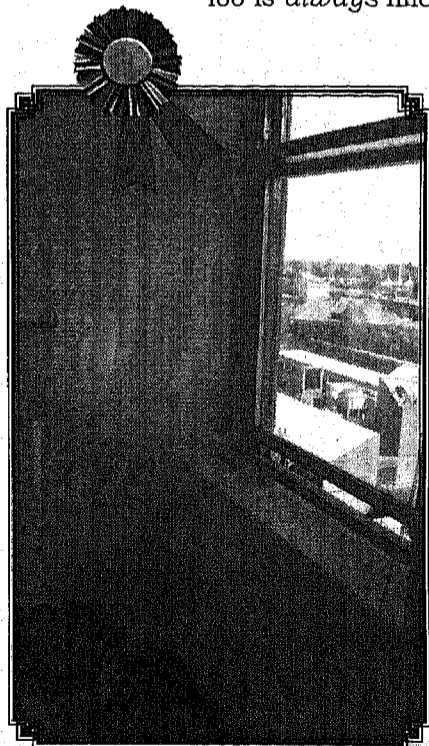
No religious journey would be complete without a smattering of illicit man love. Though almost every loo in the Schultz building is scibbled with wanton pleading for black cock, this toilet - the far cubicle on the 4th floor (west wing) of the Union building - is truly a work of art, with enough lewd obscenity to put Fellini's *Satyricon* to shame. You've just made sure the seat is clean, loo flushed and sat down (perhaps with a moment of repose if it was an emergency) and then you look up and to find a scene of Goya-esque vicarality. Anal sex is not particularly horrifying in its own right, it's just that when all you want to do is expel something from your body the last thing you need to see is tree trunk sized meat logs being violently stuffed into cavities.

The Worst Toilet Award

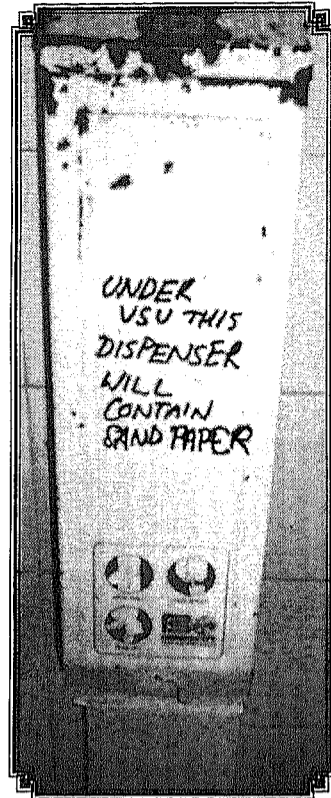
The showers are covered in impenetrable white soap grime and the basement location means permanently dank dizzying air. The men's toilets in the basement of the Union complex are the most frequented and therefore the most smelly. Due to their close proximity to the Mayo and the ape like nature of its visitors, every loo is *always* filled with some unflushable abomination. The toilet paper is however, very soft.

The Best Loo in Adelaide University

Unquestionable. The graffiti is limited and respectful of the site - "The Throne of Ciceron" - whatever that means, pays homage to its superior cleanliness, peacefulness & secluded nature. Located in the upper reaches of the Napier building I will always make a special trip to this wondrous comode.

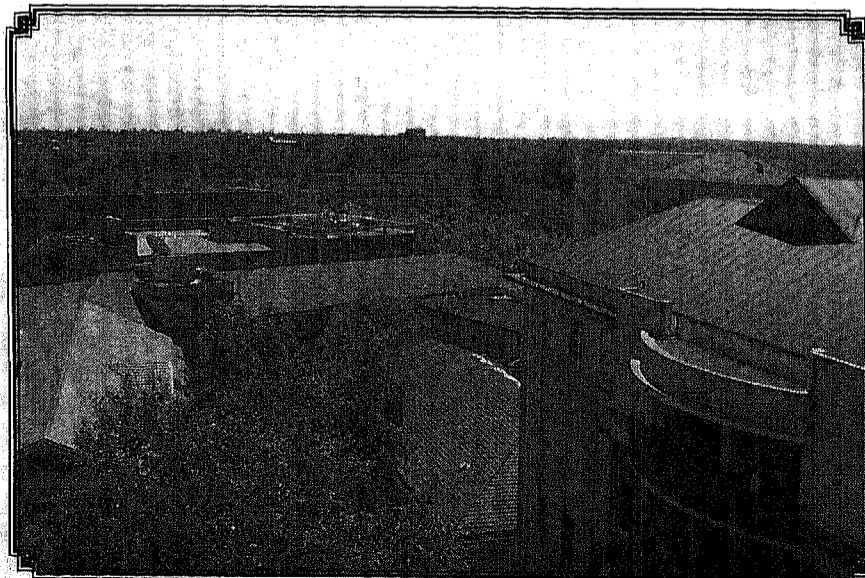
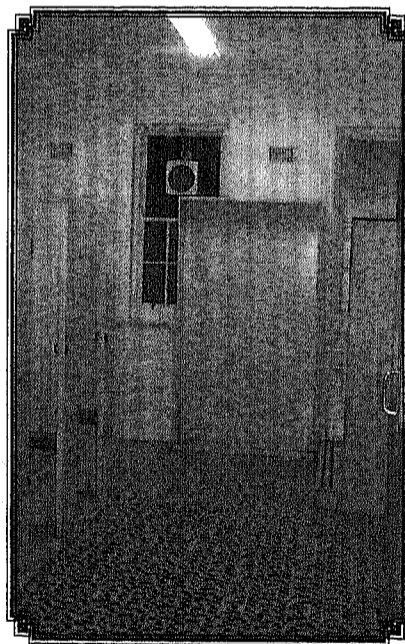


It is obviously the view that makes this place special (and makes up for the unfortunately poor quality of toilet paper). There is nothing better than taking a dump whilst gazing out over North Adelaide's old money (and the Uni SA balcony). Look! My arse can see into your lounge room window from here!

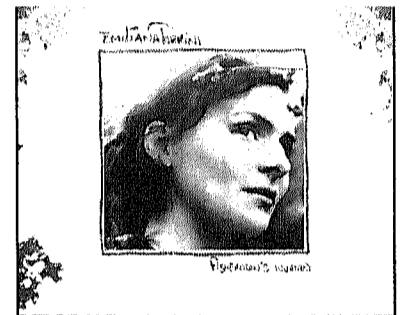


Graffiti

There's not much graffiti around since the Union and Uni began their moral sterilisation scheme by re-painting all the toilet doors, but I found this remark to be quite amusing. Political, sharp, yet open to interpretation. Is he/she criticising the government or the Union's campaign? Why would anyone just carry around a posca in their bag anyway?



THE PLASTIC INDUSTRY



Emiliana Torrini
Fisherman's Woman
Shock

Emiliana Torrini is one talented woman, with her fingers in many pies. At age 27 she already had been a member of the successful One Little Indian, composed Kylie Minogue's number one hit *Slow* and for those *Lord of the Ring* fans out there, her resume includes recording the enchanting 'Gollum Song' in *The Two Towers*. After the much acclaimed release in 1999 of *Love in the Time Of Science* with her former trip-hop group, her solo debut with *Fisherman's Woman* is a much more introspective and folksy interpretation of life.

Her voice is resonant like Norah Jones, but much lighter with a childlike innocence and excitement that hides the sometimes torrid material. Mix this with a smattering of jazz chords and the predominantly folk pop sounds are held together without seams. Mellow, yet also rich guitar sound tied with Torrini's warm buoyant voice create an ambience all of their own, with the soft touches of piano swelling through.

I could say something about every one of the twelve tracks on this album, as it's hard to pick standout tracks. Her initial release here, 'Sunny Road', sees her looking to rekindle that fire with an old flame, light-heartedly reflecting on her not so far gone youth. In 'Life Saver' the ambience is added to by the sounds of a boat creaking in the background, and are amazingly conducive to painting the idea of being lost, isolated at sea. 'Heart Stopper' drives like the hustle bustle of the city, telling tales of its indifference and hedonistic culture compared

to the country, and how isolating a big community can be. She glides smoothly between major and minor keys in 'Fisherman's Woman', infusing a desperate sense of desire and yearning in what is a surprisingly brief song. 'Serenade' is the only track on the album which is not of her own hand, yet still she does it justice, the folksy counterpoint perfect. One could say it is lacking in harmony, and for the most part it is used concisely but well. I was initially a little dubious about the harmonies in 'Serenade', but they grow on you gradually.

It's a beautiful album, by a beautiful woman; soft and unimposing. It holds a warmth that spreads through you, and although things may not be perfect, the contentment is evident.

jenn



Dirty Three
Cinder

Subtle, teetering on the sublime, the latest work from the greatest band Australia has ever produced isn't a mouthful, it's flavoursome. Unlike previous works there's tracks a plenty, 19 in fact. However the songs are shorter, compact, succinct in delivery and offering just enough embellishment of motifs to hint at an overall feeling, rather than exploring them to the death. Like an impressionist painting, it's delicately measured, hopelessly resigned, thoughtfully constructed and bears all the signature beauty previously associated with The Dirty Three.

The attention paid to the stylistic consideration is at the fore of the record, especially in Ellis' playing, weeping from mode to mode and including influences from classical to folk, as well as a tiny pinch of Japanese scales.

The album crafts its character with a range of instrumentation such as viola, Irish bazouki, mandolin and organ. Most striking of all the new inclusions come via the wonderful Chan Marshall (aka Cat Power). It seems the perfect fit if anyone was going to have the privilege and it's a pleasant collaboration that makes you want to hear more vocals (I started wondering who else could float above the music, PJ came to mind, fingers crossed for the next record).

With the three genius' living on three separate continents these days this record goes a long way to reflect the solidarity and brilliance of the group. *Cinder* may not be the heart breaker that is *Ocean Songs*, nor the emotional wrath that is *Horse Stories*. It is surely a new chapter, a new telling of lament. Distant though comfortable, cohesive yet sparingly considerate.

Oh yeah, the songs... well that's your department. This time it's not my job to tell you what's good and what's bad. It's a fucking Dirty Three album, come on?! What you do is you go out and get it by any means possible, you get home and play it, you play it again, you have it on in the background, you play number 10 cause there's voice and that's cool, you get over that novelty quickly, and then you get all caught up in the other shit that is you and everything, come home exhausted from all that, play it again and it all makes sense.

Ben V



Kisschasy
United Paper People
Eleven

"This is a toast to all the people listening" croons Darren Cordeux. "I hope it gets stuck in your head". Thus opens Kisschasy's debut album *United Paper People*. And he gets his wish. Cordeux fronts the four piece from Melbourne, providing the unique vocal sound to the album, singing the lyrics that he himself penned, as well as playing guitar. Joining him are Sean Thomas on lead guitar, Karl Ammitzball on drums and Joel Vanderuit on bass.

The group formed in 2002, and released two singles- 'Darkside' and 'Reminder' - before the great commercial success and subsequent public attention brought by the release of their debut album *United Paper People* in late July this year. They have since gone on a sell-out Australian tour, and are currently touring with Simple Plan. And though the band has only been in the popular eye for a relatively short time, they have been nominated for the Channel [V] Oz Artist of the Year at this year's Arias (which have not been announced by the submission time for this article, so without my time machine I can't tell you if they've won or not).

United Paper People opens with

the first single from the album, 'Do-Do's & Woah-Oh's', with the lines quoted above. After listening to the rest of the album it's easy to see why this one was chosen to be released first. While it captures the band's alternative sounds, it combines these with user-friendly pop, making for quite a catchy and infectious little ditty that manages to poke fun at mainstream pop, and remind you that music doesn't need to be serious all the time.

But not all the album is as popish as the opening track. 'With Friends Like You Who Needs Friends' and 'This Bed' have a much rockier feel, boosting the strength of the album, while 'Hearing Voices Tonight' and 'The Shake' have a more acoustic sound. The album's final track 'Black Dress' closes with beautiful string instrumentals, showcasing the bands many different musical and song writing styles.

As Cordeaux explains it; "we don't write 'poppy' music to be digestible or to appeal to radio, we write it because we love it. We're suckers for a sweet melody. The careful thing to do in a rock band is to avoid being cheesy, as long your passionate that's what makes it a hard hitting song". *United Paper People* is definitely one of the best Australian releases of the year. By the end of the album, you'll definitely have one of the thirteen wonderful tracks stuck in your head. Which is what it sets out to do. We can only hope that the eventual follow up is just as good, if not better. But it's hard to top perfection. Even if it is pop.

Bursh



Deerhoof
The Runners Four
Trifekta

I have never heard of many of the musicians and bands whose produce is forced into the possession of *On Dit*. So, as with The New Pornographers, I was pleasantly surprised with the sounds that this new and unfamiliar album emitted. Deerhoof's seventh album, *The Runners Four*, arguably re-defines the musical term 'L.P.', presenting twenty full-length songs. Essentially drums, keys, guitar and voice oriented, to say this is rock, especially taking into account the current preference for the overblown and sparsely

musical form it is at present, would be to understate their abilities severely.

The first track is an apt introductory to both the album and the band; simply two guitars interweaving and oscillating between the realms of the pleasant and the jarring, the sweet, cute voice of Japanese Satomi Matsuzaki beaming through the mix with nursery rhyme goodness. From here on in, it is clear that the group carries force and imaginative dexterity. Their raw (sometimes to the chagrin perhaps of a sound production student) but not overbearing sound consistently brings refreshing bursts of new melodic and rhythmic ideas, welcoming any disenchanted music lover who feels as if music has gone to the shits. Matsuzaki's skilled and unique phrasing adds a soft, approachable dimension, and rides astride the musical rawness to temper it. She easily endears the listener to her the way small, furry, domesticated animals do to suckers for the kitsch.

The first five tracks are successively appealing and each song focuses on and showcases the different individual musical strengths of the band. I feel this consistency is interrupted though by 'Odyssey', which sees Matsuzaki temporarily replaced by a male counterpart. His performance, although not completely inept, is unconvincing and perhaps too similar in tone to the real voice of the band. In the aforementioned track, and 'Peppercorn', he repeats insignificant words at inopportune moments (I know this is subjective), which gets to be mildly tedious, much like this review.

Matsuzaki's lyrics are mostly opaque and finding meaning in them is difficult, but this is hardly a criticism. Intelligible lyrics provoke positive/negative/indifferent reactions in listeners who agree/disagree/are indifferent with the content, whereas unintelligible lyrics do not, unless of course you get frustrated at not being able to decipher them.

While to present twenty completely new songs on a single album is a rare and extraordinary feat for any band (note: not DJ), listeners of this CD would fare better airing this in segments, maybe halves, as listening to it from beginning tends to tire. While they obviously have influences from many different areas, Deerhoof have a sound that is their own, and they seem as though they prefer to aspire to new sounds and ideas rather than pretending to what is already established and/or popular.

Tony Marshall

Ben's Musical Religious Education

Where's the soul in Christian Rock? Answer, nowhere. You've gotta look beyond the Christian heretics, for they are truly a threat to the musical spirituality and freedom of the world, and associate yourself with a more realistic secular mainstream. And if you don't believe me think DC Talk, Amy Grant, Destiny's Child, or Gordon Gano's latest solo record (what a shame we lost one). So to help you out here's an introduction to a few full proof perspectives on religion and its place in the musical cosmos.

Like a moth that tries, to enter the bright eye,
I go shuffling out of life

The Pixies - Gouge Away

Throughout the first two Pixies albums there are many songs that feature themes closely associated with the Bible. It's this track at the very end of *Doolittle* that stands out among many fans as their all time favourite Pixies song. It's classic Pixies in the musical sense: the quiet loud thing, Frank Black's screams, Joey Santiago's guitar bends, Kim Deal's harmonies and Dave Lovering's tumultuous drums. So what's the connection? It's lyrically metaphoric; based upon the tale of Samson and Delilah. You see Delilah was the bitch responsible for selling out Samson to the Romans, I think, some oppressive bastards let's just say. She had him in the sack a few times and tried various ways to enable his capture: drugging him, tying him up, etc. It was only until the slut gouged out his eye balls that she got her bounty. However Samson gets his revenge when he asks some kid where some pillars are that are holding up some building in which some romans(?) are. Like the lyrics state "Chained to the pillars, a three day party, I break the walls and kill us all, with holy fingers, gouge away..." "Samson pushes them over with his God given strength and kills everyone including himself.

I've heard there was a secret chord,
that David played, and it pleased the Lord

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds - The Mercy Seat

If God were tangible you'd personally thank him for Nick Cave, unfortunately you'll have to deliver your deluded thanks into the air and hope they reach Him, for which you will receive no reply whatsoever and ever. Anyway this legendary track's rabid dog acoustic guitar strumming, rising musical hurricane, and onslaught of feedbacking violin, coupled with Nick's terrifyingly evangelistic monologue is the piece that sets apart the deluded from those of us with half a brain. Told from the point of view of someone facing the electric chair its rising musical tension mimics the stages of electrocution, all the while chanting the merits of belief, faith, and entertaining notions of truth. In the same sense as the Pixies there is more than one example of God rants in Cave's catalogue. Though I can not stress just how good this song is; it's in my all time top ten for sure. If you haven't heard it get yourself the album *Live Seeds* and turn it up as loud as possible with your speakers in the front windows; it'll burn your head off, melt your brain and convert you and your brothers to saint Nick's everlasting love forever.

to think that the day would never come
I'd see delight in the shade of the morning sun

Dusty Springfield - Son of a Preacher Man

It doesn't get much cheekier, not to mention groovier, than this parable of good-old wholesome lovin (hehe... no shit!). Oooh yeah, sing it to me Dusty!!! While religious types are more than likely going to leave you sexually frustrated (that's why they get married young... FACT!), there are some that are willing to break the rules God bless'em. "When they gathered round and started talking, that's when Billy would take me walking" and off they'd go, probably behind the back of the church for a quick dip in the holy water. And getting yourself some holy loving can sometimes be extra kinky, especially if one aligns themselves to the delusion that God is filming your every move and selling it to Allah, Buddha and Hubbard.

no good isn't always easy,
When he started sweet talkin

New Order - True Faith

Drugs have an amazing effect with regard to spiritual experience. Most institutional religious wankers will tell you that those on drugs who claim to having such experiences aren't actually bonafide. But they're very wrong and you should never believe them. Drugs open up a world of truth that you never thought possible. For instance it would be more genuine to be speaking in tongues with your hands in the air whilst on ecstasy than it would being completely straight, ya dig?! One example comes via English band New Order, for whom party drugs are the life blood of spirituality. When all of life's promised value, inherent in childhood innocence, is lost to the awareness that "I can't tell you where we're going / I guess there was just no way of knowing" drugs are the answer. In one sense it's a tale of revelation; a lost soul whose disappointment in ever finding faith is rewarded with drugs that make him feel free and appreciate the rise of the morning sun. It's also quite inspiring that all this wonderlust rests upon the tenuous effects of eighties synth and drum machines. Thanks be to New Order who exorcised the demons of these potentially evil instruments and continue to enlighten us throughout the dark ages.

been rubbing a bad charm
with holy fingers

Leonard Cohen - Hallelujah

Putting this article together means you can't avoid this track. Unfortunately plagued by the three tackiest choices of the musical apocalypse (bad synth, crap mix and hideous background vocals) Leonard's version is quite awful in its arrangement. However if you've heard Cale or Buckley's renditions you will have noticed how chillingly the lyrics, if delivered right, cut through to the mortal soul in all of us. First thing you need to realise is that it's not "such a beautiful song", and it shouldn't be played at weddings. It's every bit a cold and broken Hallelujah; praising the Lord dishonestly, in vain, calling out to him during the dead and crying out amidst the realisation of one's mortal frustration and despair. What we hear is a yearning for forgiveness and understanding, i.e. that you don't have to be religiously aligned to share a spiritually moving experience. It's jaw droppingly poetic, heavy and compact. I know I'm preaching to the converted but there may be one kid out there who doesn't know yet, so go forth and spread the good news.

Ben V

Where's XTC's Dear God? - ed

"don't know if you noticed, but... your name is on a lot of quotes in this book, and us crazy humans wrote it, you should take a look, and all the people that you made in your image still believing that junk is true. Well I know it ain't, and so do you, dear God, I can't believe in you."

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- a student receiving Austudy or Abstudy (including couples)

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From July 1st the State Government is spending an extra \$3.6 million to help 30,000 more South Australians pay their energy bills. This is in addition to the 225,000 people that already receive the concession. It's all about making sure that more South Australians in need get the help they deserve.

If you're eligible and you apply before December 16th, you will also receive the one-off \$150 bonus that existing energy concession recipients get automatically.

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Government of South Australia
Department for Families and Communities

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NATIONAL FINAL

Sat 29th October 2005

Adelaide Uni Bar

Level 5, Union House, Victoria Drive

\$5 for Students \$8 for Non Students Doors open 7.30pm



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**The Sleeping Beauty
The Australian Ballet
Festival Theatre
October 8**

The Australian Ballet's production of *The Sleeping Beauty* is the company's largest commission ever, costing over one million dollars. With over three hundred costumes and some of the most sumptuous sets you will see, it is a truly amazing spectacle. Add to this the quality of company's cast and Tchaikovsky's magnificent score played by the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra, and you have a performance that audiences can't help but be enthralled by.

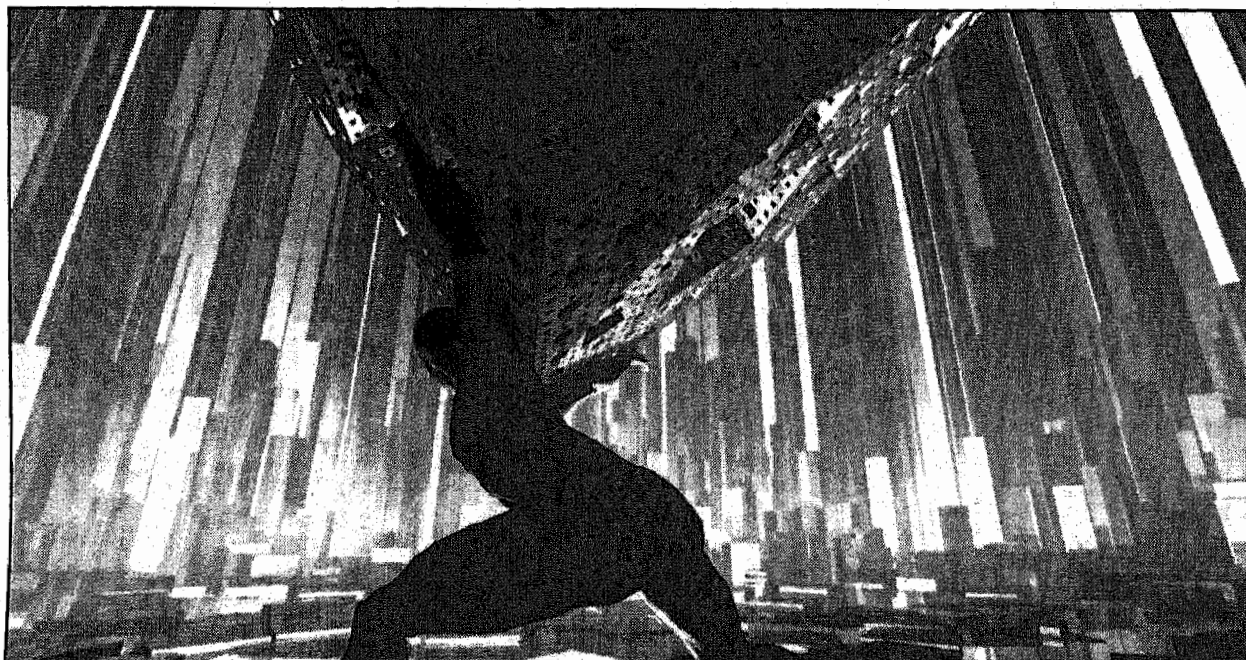
Everyone knows the fairytale story of the sleeping beauty, so directors and choreographers will always be tempted to tamper with the plotline to give audiences something new. Thankfully, choreographer Stanton Welch's changes are subtle and appropriate. The villain of the story, Carabosse (Annabel Bronner Reid), is given a glamorous makeover – usually Carabosse is a bit of a hag – and deliberately excluded from Aurora's (Rachel Rawlins) christening, rather than being accidentally left off the

invitation list. The role of Lilac (Danielle Rowe) is also expanded, reflecting Welch's focus on the tale as that of a family feud.

From start to finish the choreography is a visual treat, with solo and ensemble performances being impeccable. The most impressive moment is during the *Rose adagio*, when Aurora greets each prince while balancing unsupported for what seems like an eternity. The wedding celebration during the final Act is an opportunity for soloists to show off their abilities as they perform one after another – including the two ubiquitous cats, in a more humorous moment.

Kristian Fredrikson's lavish design contains everything from Asian artwork and Bollywood garishness to more traditional settings such as the icy forest in Act III. The costuming is particularly impressive, again showing the influence of Asia rather than that of the West. The only tutu in sight is worn by Aurora on her sixteenth birthday. Carabosse's grotesque followers, an assortment of creatures and monsters, are delightfully sinister.

Edward Joyner



Professionalism on Display

**'Song of the Sun'
Eve Vocal Trio
Musica Viva MØnage Series
Wheatsheaf Hotel
October 6**

The second concert of Musica Viva's MØnage Series featured Eve Vocal Trio in the intimate setting of the Wheatsheaf Hotel. The ensemble, comprising Greta Bradman, Emma Horwood and Christie Anderson, presented a program that was filled with delightful offerings, from humorous Renaissance music by female composers to the earthy sounds of traditional folk songs. Also featured were a number of works by Australian composers, including a few locals.

Unfortunately, some of the programming had to be altered owing to the indisposition of one of Eve's members, but even so, the group showed its professionalism as it produced an engaging evening's entertainment that featured many magical and uplifting moments. Guest artist Annie Parsons added to Eve's texture with both her alto voice and her cello playing.

There is now only one more MØnage Series concert left to take place, Nick Parnell's *World Rhythms*. Parnell has established himself as one of Adelaide's most exciting percussionists, with his youthful enthusiasm and considerable skill, and this presentation in the cosiness of the Wheatsheaf Hotel promises to be a unique experience. 7:30pm on November 10 is the time to make your way to Thebarton; student tickets can be purchased for \$15 at the door or in advance via <www.menage.com.au>.

For those who prefer more mellifluous sounds, Eve Vocal Trio's next concert, 'There is no rose', will be performed at 6:30pm on November 26 and at 3pm the following day at St John's Church, Halifax St. This concert will feature a program including carols and arrangements of the medieval text *There is no rose of such virtue*. Student tickets are priced at \$15 and can be obtained by calling 8354 4231 or emailing evebookings@evovocaltrio.com.au.

Ashleigh Gold & Benedict Coxon



Balancing Act

'Beauty and Truth'
Syntony
 Radford Auditorium, AGSA
 September 11

Syntony's second concert for the year was an exploration of 'beauty and truth' through works by composers including Lassus, Britten and Pärt. The program also included a newly commissioned work by Quentin Grant entitled *In the dying of the rain*. The advertised (and rather dull) piece by Pärt, *I am the true vine*, was replaced by *Solfeggio*, a much more interesting and beautiful work.

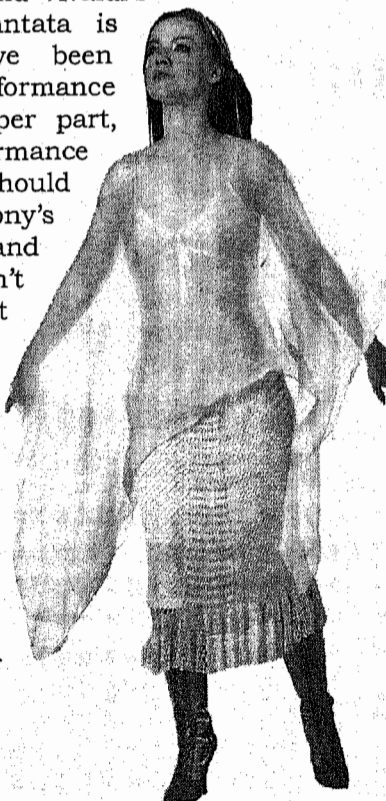
A bracket of four-part English Renaissance songs opened the concert to the approval of the small audience. The contrasting *Solfeggio* followed, and provided the highlight of the afternoon. Interestingly, the piece was written over ten years before Pärt's 'tintinnabuli' period began but is nonetheless immediately recognisable as part of Pärt's *oeuvre*. For this performance the members of Syntony spread out across the stage at different depths. The result was stunning, and the only issue was some instability towards the end of the piece. To me, this is Syntony's forte: innovations such as positioning on stage combined with music that envelops the audience and provides stunning listening.

Other highlights of the program included an enjoyable bracket of works by Orlando Lassus and Benjamin Britten's *Flower songs*. Lassus' *Jubilate Deo* and *Justorum animae* were particularly enjoyable. The two sopranos, Bridget Warnes and Emma Horwood, finished off the concert nicely with two Monteverdi madrigals.

For Syntony to take its performance to the next level, its balance needs to improve. Its sound in its two concerts this year has been rather bottom-heavy, frequently rendering the light countertenor and tenor parts inaudible. The performance of *Solfeggio* proved that they are capable of achieving perfect balance; it is simply a matter of making it a feature of every piece.

Syntony's final concert for 2005, entitled 'Sing Gloria', will have a distinctly Baroque theme and will feature Bach's cantata *Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland* and Vivaldi's *Gloria*. The cantata is believed to have been given its first performance with one voice per part, so period performance enthusiasts should enjoy Syntony's interpretation, and few people don't have a soft spot for Vivaldi's famous *Gloria*. 'Sing Gloria' will be performed at 6:30pm on December 17 at Christ Church, North Adelaide. Student tickets are available for \$15 at the door or from BASS.

Edward Joyner



Keeping It in the Family

Eggner Trio
Musica Viva
 Adelaide Town Hall
 October 14

Beethoven's *Piano trio No. 5 in D major*, nicknamed the 'The Ghost' because of its mysterious second movement, is difficult for two reasons: its technical demands on the players individually and as an ensemble, and the danger of it becoming boring due to its expansive and monotonous slow movement. I have heard the work played several times this year, but never has it been quite as engaging as in the Eggner Trio's rendition. The three award-winning Eggner brothers from Austria – Christoph (piano), Georg (violin) and Florian (cello) – delivered an impassioned and engaging performance.

Ross Edwards' *Piano trio* embraces the natural world, from the serenity of the first movement to the effervescent finale with its rhythms based on the sounds made by insects and birds. Making the jump from the Vienna of the early nineteenth century to the Australia of the late twentieth with absolute ease, the trio delivered an intense yet calm interpretation of this detailed work.

The program ended with the *Piano trio* by Ravel, surely one of the most challenging trios in the repertory. The virtuosic writing for each instrument presents greater challenges than those in the opening work, but the Eggner Trio's musical intuition carried it through this work spectacularly, the result being an engrossing and highly passionate performance.

The trio returned to its Austrian roots with its 'party piece' encore, Gal's *Variations on a popular Viennese theme*, again displaying passion and enthusiasm in this lively work.

Ashleigh Gold



Quaint Novelty

Façade
 Elder Hall Lunch Hour Concert Series
 Elder Hall
 September 30

Walton's *Façade* is an interesting piece, belonging to a genre that came and went without leaving many memorable works to the world (with the notable exception of Stravinsky's *The soldier's tale*). The choice to present it as part of an Elder Hall Lunch Hour concert was a good one, the sheer novelty of the work attracting attention.

And it was given an impressive performance by the Elder Chamber Ensemble with lecturers in voice Keith Hempton and Guila Tiver narrating. Tiver was the pick of the speaking performers, her clarity and feel for the rhythm of the poetry lying in contrast to Hempton's habit of gobbling the microphone and thereby producing a boomy sound. Probably not much could have been done to avoid this, though – the combination of a bass voice and a microphone is always dangerous.

The small student ensemble was generally on the ball and received confident direction from Joanna Drimatis. One tended to think that the instrumentalists had the better end of the deal than the narrators, Walton's music standing the test of time far better than Sitwell's poetry. While the dated feel about the poems (and to some extent the whole exercise) was at times a little frustrating, it was also rather quaint and was certainly an experience worth sampling.

Benedict Coxon

Pride and Prejudice



Director: Joe Wright
Starring: Donald Sutherland, Rosamund Pike, Brenda Blethyn, Keira, Matthew, Tom and Judi

Apparently when casting this film, their one concern was that Keira Knightley was not enough of a scrubber for the role of Elizabeth Bennet. One concern? Only one? I know the girl has a few fans somewhere but I am not one of them. I hate her with a passion. Anyway, it now seems that her newly enhanced lip is getting her all sorts of breaks and lots of close ups (in my notes from the film I seem to have written "that fucking lip" over and over again) - not least of which, a shockingly grating turn as one of literature's best loved heroines.

I realise all my reviews begin with some sort of confession, and I am reluctant to go against tradition so late in the year so let me confess: I am a huge fan of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*. I love the book and, more importantly, I love the BBC production from 1995 featuring Jennifer Ehle and Colin Firth. I watch it at the beginning of every holiday and I can quote most of those glorious 6 hours. It was and remains the ultimate adaptation of the book. So I could not figure out for the life of me why anyone in their right mind would attempt making into a film now. Stupid.

So, half reluctant and half curious, I went along with my mum to check it out and, dare I admit it, was not completely disappointed. However, I can't review this film and divorce myself from the BBC production - let the comparisons begin! Mr Darcy looks hungover all the time. I know Matthew MacFayden tried hard but he looks like a dishevelled rabbit caught in headlights. Time constraints really limit the audience's appreciation of the development of his affection for Elizabeth which is a shame. He and Keira have some good scenes though - the first proposal scene is done while they're wet through (very Bollywood) and his performance in this scene is particularly impressive. His Darcy is a lot rawer than Colin's. He is more vulnerable and affectionate and when they do get together he emerges from the fog looking like Fabio (a tad ridiculous) and proceeds to gush all over her - it's a bit over the top, but it is different to Colin's very private adoration. As for Elizabeth. Well. We all know

what I think of that actress. She wasn't terrible, I'll give her that.

The other characters were good. Mr Collins though, despite being played by one of my favourite actors (Tom Hollander), was disappointing. He was played very seriously and came across as very cruel which I've never felt Collins to be. Sure he says thoughtless things, but he's a bit of a bumbling fool so you forgive him. This Collins just left you with indigestion. Judi Dench's Lady Catherine didn't impress me much either, she's just like every other character Judi's ever played from that era.

The cinematography is lovely. The scenery is wonderful and the sets are nice too. The Bennet residence looks more like a farmhouse than a gentleman's home, but never mind. The plotline is fairly easy to follow (or so my aunt felt - she's never seen or heard of *P&P* before so I'm taking her word for it) - they've managed to cut out some of the more tedious parts. There's way too much dancing filmed, though, and the Darcy/Wickham feud plotline is reduced to a rather absurd "his daddy loved me more" jealousy. Costuming was a gripe of mine. Because Keira is the most flatchested thing on that side of the equator they had to alter the traditional empire line dress into something more flattering for her. I was cringing the entire way through. But even worse than that, at the Netherfield Ball Miss Bingley wears this tight dress with shoestring straps! What the fuck? She sticks out like a sore thumb! No one would have worn that at the time - it is painfully anachronistic.

Overall, I will admit it was okay. But I hate it on principle, my prejudices won't allow me to be impartial. My gut feeling as I left the cinema is that there is nothing in this film that isn't done better in the BBC production. One of the Darcy/Liz scenes is noteworthy, and a few other changes here and there are okay, but the characters were best interpreted and acted in 1995. All the same, if you don't have 6 hours to spare, this is not a complete waste of your time. See it and let me know if my incredible bias and conflict of interest blinded me to its true brilliance (*cough*).



Soph



Madman DVD Reviews

Vampire Hunter D

This is a brilliant little movie. It was the first Vampire Hunter D animated movie!

It's set in the distant future, around the 12000's, when vampires and mutants rampage the Earth alongside humans. One particular vampire, Count Magnus Lee, has taken a taste to one of the maidens from the nearby village, Doris, who is hunter, and bitten her. She runs away from him, and hires D, a dunpeal (half vampire half human), to kill Magnus before the effect of the bite turns her to the darkness. But she is accidentally kidnapped, and so D must storm the fort of Magnus and rescue her. It's a great story, and although the animation is a bit behind what we'd expect from our anime, remember that its been ported to DVD and its quite old. The special features are also pretty good, with some good trailers, and the story behind the making of D! All in all, a great package here!



G-String



Stella Foundation

Stellvia Foundation is a really great little series. It's set in around 2350, several hundred years after Earth was almost destroyed by the impact of debris and whatnot after a nearby star went supernova. It's about a girl called Shima, who leaves home to study at Stellvia Foundation, which is, well, almost like an academy for training those who want to be involved with space stuff: piloting fast little ships and programming things. Basically the series is just following Shima's life at Stellvia and the friends she makes and hardships she deals with. It's a really 'feel good' series.



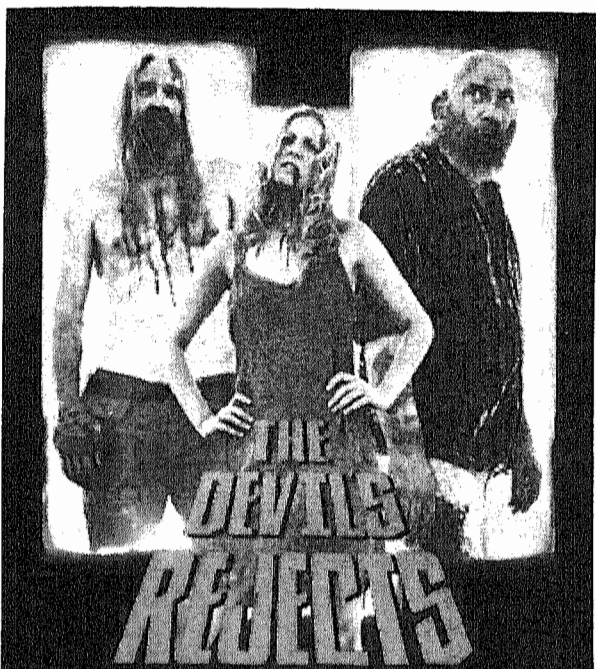
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Wanna win tickets to Rob Zombie's sprawling new zombie pic? Simply email the film girls at onditfilm@hotmail.com and tell them the title of Zombie's debut schlockfest and you'll pick yourself up a bloody pile of free in-session passes.

the devil's rejects

Director: Rob Zombie
Starring: Sid Haig, Bill Moseley, Sheri Moon & Ken Foree

Anyone who is familiar with Rob Zombie's *House of 1000 Corpses*, or any White Zombie video clip like 'More Human Than Human', will know that his style is generally a visual melange. Upon seeing his latest offering, I'm inclined to refer to his trademark as a visual assault, carefully planned and assisted by some interesting editing techniques. Some of these help to prolong the violence, such as the still shot that jolt action sequences, or to exacerbate drama, such as family photos interspersed in a violent scene.

Despite all the White Trash paraphernalia, blood and "shit-fuck-shit-fuck!" lines that adorn *The Devil's Rejects*, Zombie is concerned with a family's survival. While Karen Black (a former b-grade horror actress) has disappeared from the role of Mother Firefly in this road-trip inspired sequel, the remaining four members are a cohesive group. The movie, set in the hellish desert, becomes a battle between the righteous and holy Sheriff Wydell and the unlikely family: Baby, Otis, Cutter and eventually Tiny. This group is referred to by the movie's fictitious media personalities as 'The Devil's Rejects', a label that adheres as soon as Otis says, "I do the Devil's work".

Zombie adheres to the conventions of the horror movie well and does the twisted-

redneck-psycho-killer-in-the-middle-of-nowhere image some justice. Having clearly done some research into redneck stereotypes (if not having experienced it himself), he utilises pig-fucking and chicken-fucking to their hilarious extremes. I have to admit that the chicken salesman left me laughing more than any of the clown jokes. The family are as vivacious, eerily funny and gory as ever, leaving few victims surviving. The one that does survive the wrath of the Rejects meets an unfortunate end by other means.

The main characters, created by Zombie, are unstoppable to the end. Their relentlessness and apparent lack of empathy drives you to wonder, "Will they ever die?" whilst hoping that the increasingly sadistic Sheriff won't catch the angel Baby. It is comforting to see that Zombie does not give his wife Sheri-Moon much special treatment in her role as Baby, but one cannot help but wonder whether all the booty-shots are for his personal satisfaction.

As things go up in flames and down in hails of bullets, *The Devil's Rejects* makes you wonder exactly where you started and then how you got to the end. I wasn't moved in any way. All I could do was laugh or grimace. All the same, it's a fun ride for those who enjoy horror and the odd sadistic nightmare - all sewn together like a patchwork quilt. Of human skin, of course.

Jo

THE PERFECT MAN

Director: Mark Rosman
Starring: Hilary Duff, Heather Locklear & Chris Noth

I must admit I went into this movie expecting a few miracles. I just had a huge fight with my boyfriend, which was probably going to end our relationship. So I was hoping this film would provide the answer for the never ending quest to find the perfect man!

Unfortunately, the title is as close as I got. *The Perfect Man* stars Hilary Duff as Holly, who is the daughter of Jean, played by Heather Locklear and Mr Perfect himself, Chris Noth, also known as Mr Big from *SITC*.

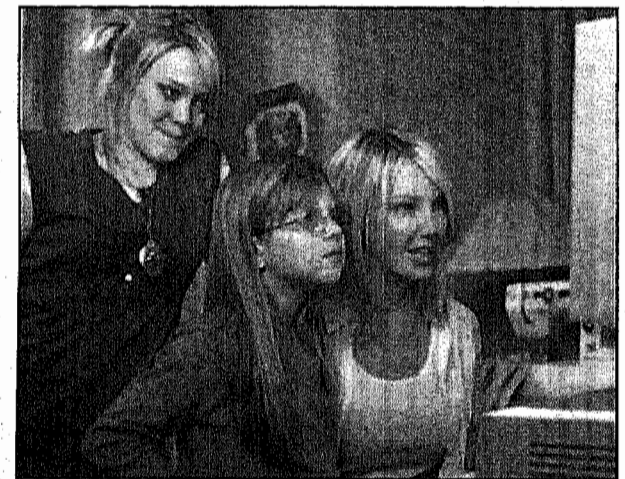
The movie revolves around Jean, a single mum, trying and always failing to find the perfect man. This results in her packing up and moving onto the next town with her daughters in tow. Holly is not very keen on the idea of constantly having to start over in a new place, so she does what every normal teenager would do and keeps an online blog (journal) called "Girl On The Move". Every night she sits in her little white tank top, by the window, with the NY city skyline in the distance, and typing away all her troubles into cyberspace, sound familiar? Maybe cause that whole scene looked like a complete rip off *SITC*! (hmmm, I wonder why they never made a *SITC* movie?). Anywho, enter Holly's new best friend who has a handsome uncle who knows the answers to all

the really important questions when it comes to females, such as what flower is the best to give a woman. So, Holly comes up with the brilliant idea to keep her mum from moving again, she invents a secret admirer who's madly in love with her mum Jean. She proceeds to go to extraordinary lengths to continue this phony relationship her mother has with this perfect man. At one point she even gets her boyfriend to call her mum and pretend to be the perfect man, which is only surpassed in weirdness in the scene when Jean pretends to be Holly on MSN and chats to her boyfriend while her daughter is asleep, creepy!

I'll save you the sleepless nights and tell you what according to this movie "love is a friendship set on fire". In other words, you need to find someone who enjoys and does similar things to you (i.e. fills in the Time crosswords puzzle with a pen) and at the same time you both must have the attraction which will create enough passion for you to set the bed on fire!

Phew! I think I'll take a shower now, the bottom line is that it's a movie to bond with your mum over with a really excellent cameo from Carson from *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*, who plays a gay bartender.

Until next time,
Aggie Boo



Miss Duff realised that www.hot-dudes-with-big-cocks.com was a good place to start. Her little sister agreed.



I may be smiling on the outside you prima donna little snot. I was on *Sex and the City* - I don't have to take this shit.

Enron: The Smartest Guys in the Room

Director: Alex Gibney

One of the many people interviewed in the chronicling of the fall of the Enron corporation aptly states that this "is not just a story of numbers. It's a human story and a human tragedy." In fact, the subjects of this documentary are more fittingly described as tragedy than almost any other characters, real or fictional, seen on film this year. *Enron: The Smartest Guys in the Room*, written and directed with a steady hand by Alex Gibney, parlays onto film the way in which several executives in America's 7th largest company became increasingly unscrupulous in order to further the growth of the company. At the same time as it is incredibly entertaining to watch, the behaviour of the Enron corporation is also enough to make anyone angry.

In 1985 two smaller companies merged to form

Enron, a national ownership of gas pipelines in the United States. From this modest beginning, the documentary offers an insight into the increasingly ludicrous levels of greed that fuelled the growth of the company. Several of its executives flaunted their lifestyles both within and outside the business - taking huge business risks on energy sources in India and elsewhere, as well as boasting the colossal growth in Enron's share prices at many points in the 1990s. Outside of the business, many of them were known for participating in extreme sports, which itself becomes a sardonic insight into the testosterone-driven world of the company. In fact, there are too many incidents surrounding the company to begin citing them on paper - the documentary outlines fraudulent use of company money and completely false statements to the media. Incidents such as the California bushfires, Arnold Schwarzenegger's role as mayor and a number of rises and falls in the stock market are implicated. Recorded discussions of Enron employees talking about profiting from the California energy crisis in 2001 are revealed. The sociopathic behaviour of some of the Enron members is incredibly scandalous.

Last year's documentary *The Corporation* explored the corporate world on a broad scale.

While *Enron* lacks the same scope - in fact, it feels almost like a case study on the dark side of big business - it has a stronger human side to anchor the experience. *Fortune* magazine reporters Bethany McLean and Peter Elkind wrote the book on which the documentary is based. Their presence, as well as that of a number of Enron employees who have come forward, make the story easier to connect with. The high-ranking profiteers of the corporation then keep it compelling - because it is their behaviour that provides the sometimes hilarious, often chilling insight into the mire of avarice that the corporate world can sink into.



Brian O'Neill



Yes

Director: Sally Potter

Starring: Joan Allen, Simon Abkarian, Sam Neill

Writer/director Sally Potter reportedly begun writing this rather lovely film just after the 9/11 bombings. The connection between *Yes* and the issues raised by the infamous terrorist attack are apparent in the way *Yes* plays on philosophy, religion and racism - yet this is not what makes the film so surprising. The surprise lies in the fact that other filmmakers responded - directly or indirectly - to September 11 with political, bleak explorations of politics and war (*Fahrenheit 9/11*, for example). British filmmaker Potter has responded to the events with poetry.

The entire film plays out in iambic pentameter, akin to that of Shakespeare. Potter has humbly stated that she would be thrilled should her writing even occasionally reach the level of the classic Bard, but it is a testament to her skills that the rhyming couplets of *Yes* are not the only noticeable aspect of the film.

In fact, the dialogue has a strangely natural feel to it, weaving the relaxed, relatively simple words into a playful rhythm. Allen portrays the film's heroine - simply named "She" - an Irish born scientist living in America, who embarks on an affair with a Lebanese surgeon ("He", played by Abkarian) now working in a hotel kitchen. The romance faces several obstacles - their religious and cultural differences, as well as her strained marriage to Anthony (Neill), an inexpressive politician amongst them. The film also quickly rises beyond these issues. Potter maps out the way the characters' respective backgrounds have an almost gravitational pull on them - and then goes on to explore issues of racism, war, God and existence. The story is relayed to the audience by Anthony's housekeeper (played by Shirley Henderson), who acts as a sort of Greek chorus. Her character opens the film with a monologue on dirt, and its likeness to the emotional stains of an unhappily married couple. These moments provide entertaining asides to the story, and often have the greatest levity.

There is a tangible sense of warmth in *Yes'* poetry. The dialogue's simplicity occasionally

becomes clumsy, and its story meanders from time to time - yet there are as many moments in which the beauty of the words, the performances and the locales are breathtaking. The style of the film may be difficult for some to digest, but those who are prepared for something very different will find it very rewarding. In an industry populated by films that so closely adhere to a given formula, Potter's daring, sensual, lyrical *Yes* is a pleasure to experience.



Brian O'Neill



Pope John Programs:

In 1995, to mark the celebration of 100 years of cinema, Pope John Paul II produced a list of the Vatican's most admired films. Recognising cinema as "a universal medium exercising a profound influence on the development of people's attitudes and choices, and possessing a remarkable ability to influence public opinion and culture across all social and political frontiers" he named 15 films in each of the three categories of 'religion', 'values' and 'art'.

Values:

- Ghandi (Attenborough, 1982)
- Intolerance (Griffith, 1916)
- Dekalog (Kieslowski, 1987)
- Au Revoir, Les Enfants (Malle, 1987)
- The Tree of the Wooden Clogs (Olmi, 1978)
- Rome, Open City (Rossellini, 1946)
- Wild Strawberries (Bergman, 1957)
- The Seventh Seal (Bergman, 1957)
- Chariots of Fire (Hudson, 1981)
- The Bicycle Thief (De Sica, 1948)
- It's a Wonderful Life (Capra, 1946)
- Schindler's List (Spielberg, 1993)
- On the Waterfront (Kazan, 1954)
- The Burmese Harp (Ichikawa, 1956)

Religion:

- Andrei Rublev (Tarkovsky, 1969)
- The Mission (Joffe, 1986)
- The Passion of Joan of Arc (Dreyer, 1928)
- The Flowers of St. Francis (Rossellini, 1950)
- Life and Passion of Christ (Zecca & Nonguet, 1905)
- The Gospel According to St. Matthew (Pasolini, 1964)
- Therese (Cavaller, 1986)
- Ordet (Dreyer, 1955)
- The Sacrifice (Tarkovsky, 1986)
- Francesco (Cavani, 1989)
- Ben-Hur (Wyler, 1959)
- Babette's Feast (1987)
- Nazarin (Bunuel, 1958)
- Monsieur Vincent (Cloche, 1947)
- A Man For All Seasons (Zinnemann, 1966)

Art:

- 2001 (Kubrick, 1968)
- La Strada (Fellini, 1954)
- Citizen Kane, 1941)
- Metropolis (Lang, 1927)
- Modern Times (Chaplin, 1936)
- Napoleon (Gance, 1927)
- 8 1/2 (Fellini, 1963)
- Grand Illusion (Renoir, 1937)
- Nosferatu (Murnau, 1922)
- Stagecoach (Ford, 1939)
- The Leopard (Visconti, 1963)
- Fantasia (Disney, 1940)
- The Wizard of Oz (Fleming, 1940)
- The Lavender Hill Mob (Crichton, 1951)
- Little Women (Cuecor, 1933)





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Sociology books:

- 1) Introducing Sociology by Worsley, P. (\$5)
- 2) Sociology (Themes and Perspectives) (4th edition) by Haralambos and Holborn (\$40, was \$67.95)
- 3) Feminism and Socialism (Putting the Pieces Together) published by Resistance Books (\$4, was \$7.95)
- 4) Introduction to Marxism (Abridged Version) by Mandel, E. (\$3)
- 5) Bludgers in Grass Castles (Native Title and the Unpaid Debts of the Pastoral Industry) by Taylor, M. (\$3)

***Teaching & Education as well as
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- 1) Teaching (Challenges and Dilemmas) by Groundwater-Smith, S., Cusworth, R., and Dobbins, R. (\$45, was \$69.95)
- 2) Essays in the History of Rural Education in Australia and New Zealand edited by Petersen, R. C. and Rodwell, G. W. (\$17, was \$32.50)
- 3) Edte131 (Professional Preparation 1 – Introduction to Teaching) (\$8)
- 4) Faculty of Education (Writing Style Guidelines) - \$1
- 5) Human Development (A Life-span Approach) (2nd edition) by Rice, F. P. (brand new and hardly used) (\$40, was \$62.95)
- 6) Child Protection (A Guide for Teachers and Child Care Professionals) by Briggs, F. and Hawkins, R. (brand new and never used) (\$21, was \$29.95)
- 7) Australian Education (A Sociological Perspective) (3rd edition) by Foster, L. and Harman, K. (rather new and unused) (\$27, was \$39.95)
- 8) Sociology of Education (Possibilities and Practices) edited by Allen, J. (\$26, was \$44.95)
- 9) Observing Development of the Young Child (3rd edition) by Beaty, Janice J. (\$19, was \$32.95)
- 10) Programming and Planning in Early Childhood Settings (2nd edition) by Arthur, L. et al. (\$40, was \$79.95)

Psychology books:

- 1) Child Development (4th edition) by Berk, L. E. (\$25, was \$109.95)

Leisure & Tourism books:

- 1) Australian Leisure by Lynch, R. & Veal, A. J. (fairly new and hardly used) (\$26, was \$39.95)

Linguistic books:

- 1) Rediscover Grammar with David Crystal (Revised Edition) (rather new and unused) (\$18, was \$25.95)
- 2) The Articulate Mammal (An Introduction to Psycholinguistics) by Aitchison, J. (\$29, was \$42.95)
- 3) Ling111 (Introduction to Linguistics) Course Notes (for the University of Newcastle) (\$2)

General books:

- 1) Longman Dictionary of Contemporary English edited by Procter, P. (\$5)
- 2) The Concise Thesaurus (An A-Z Dictionary of Synonyms) (new edition) (\$7)

* If interested, please contact *Cindy* as soon as possible at (08) 83575730. Also, please note that the prices of the books are *negotiable*. Thank you.

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Tuesday November 15



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