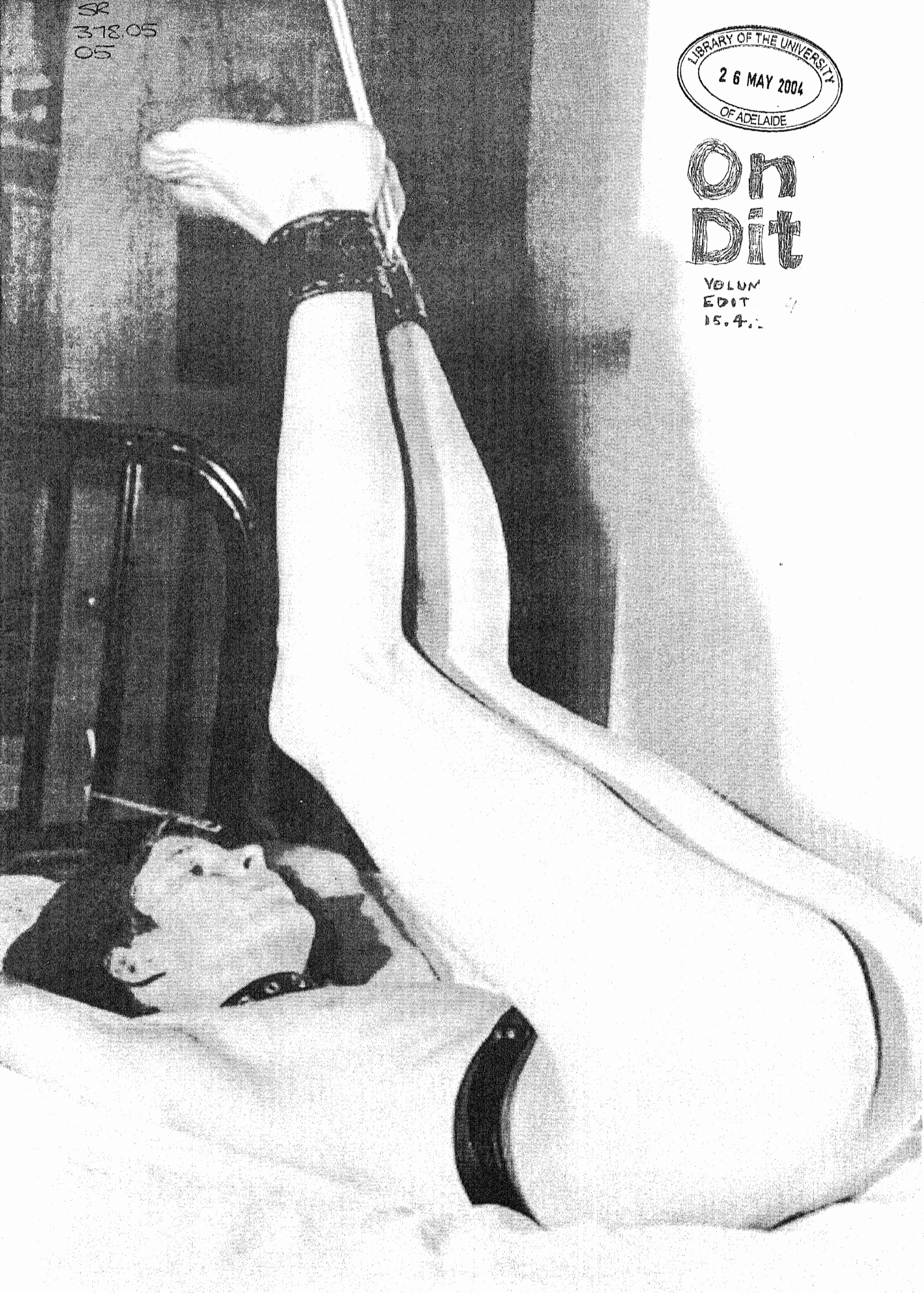


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On Dit

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On Dit

Volume 72 Edition 4



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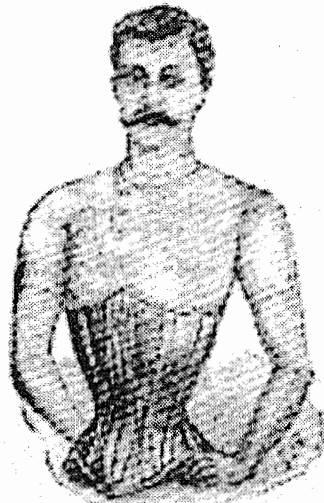
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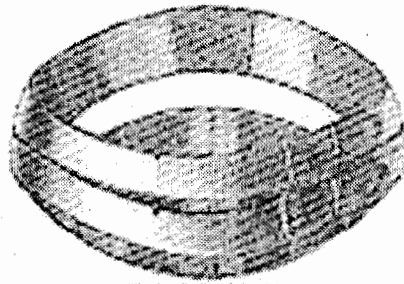
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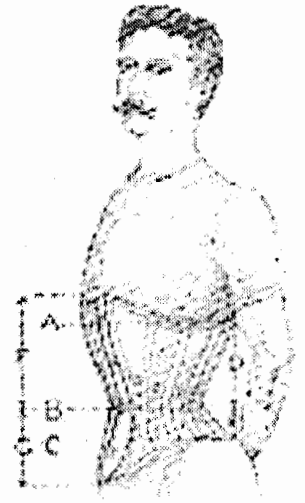
8 & 10, CHARING CROSS ROAD (Opposite the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square),
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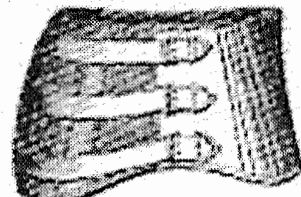
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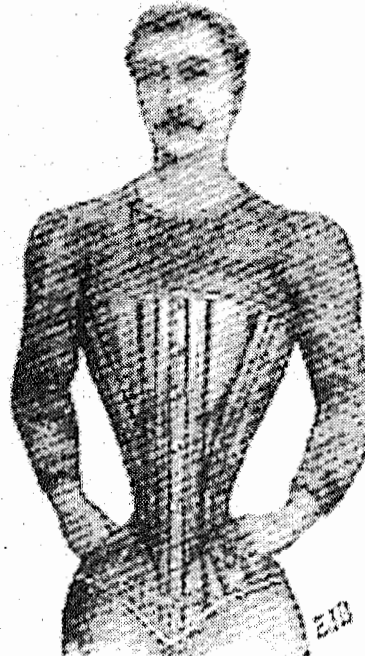
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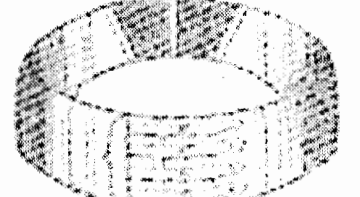
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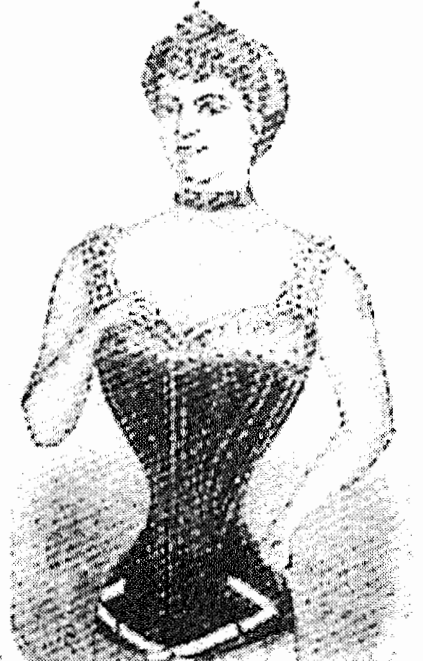


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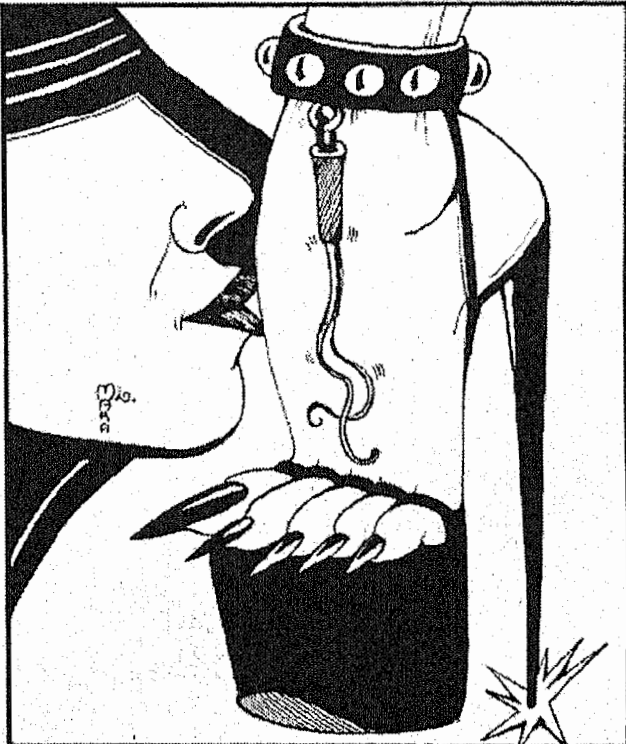
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On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Association.

Send your submissions to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.
Weekly deadline is Wednesday.

THANKS

Dan "Sudent" Murphy, Bek, Gemma, Bonnie, Con the Security Guy & those filthy, filthy Google people.

EDITORIAL

Greetings, and welcome to the Fetish Edition of *On Dit*.

Why fetish? Why indeed. *On Dit* has a long reputation for stirring up controversy, and it's our aim to make sure this reputation remains intact.

The way we see it, providing a counterpoint to society's notions of decency is part of the responsibility of producing an independent political newspaper.

Plus, it gives us an excuse to look up a stupefying amount of porn on the internet.

We hope you enjoy this edition as much as we enjoyed producing it.

And remember kids, *don't knock it 'til you've tried it!*

Stan & Jimmy

The most interesting banking incident in recent memory.

A total of eight employees have now been dismissed from National Australia Bank after the company announced a final total of \$360m worth of losses incurred after four rogue traders exploited weaknesses in system checks to hide increasing losses.

Foreign currency options essentially provide insurance against the possibility of a currency changing unfavourably because of any number of circumstances (war, etc). The options allow you to buy the right to buy or sell a currency at a particular price. An educated gamble, the ante being with the price of purchase of the option. It seems the four traders at the foreign currency desk were not particularly good gamblers and were also keen to keep their salary (approx \$200,000) and bonuses, hiding mounting losses and announcing a \$5.3 million profit to retain collective bonuses of \$790,000. Once the problem was found by junior employees (rather than management) the amount was estimated at \$180 million and had been speculated to reach \$600 million, but the currently less credible chief executive Frank Cicutto quietly mentioned that this was a "low possibility".

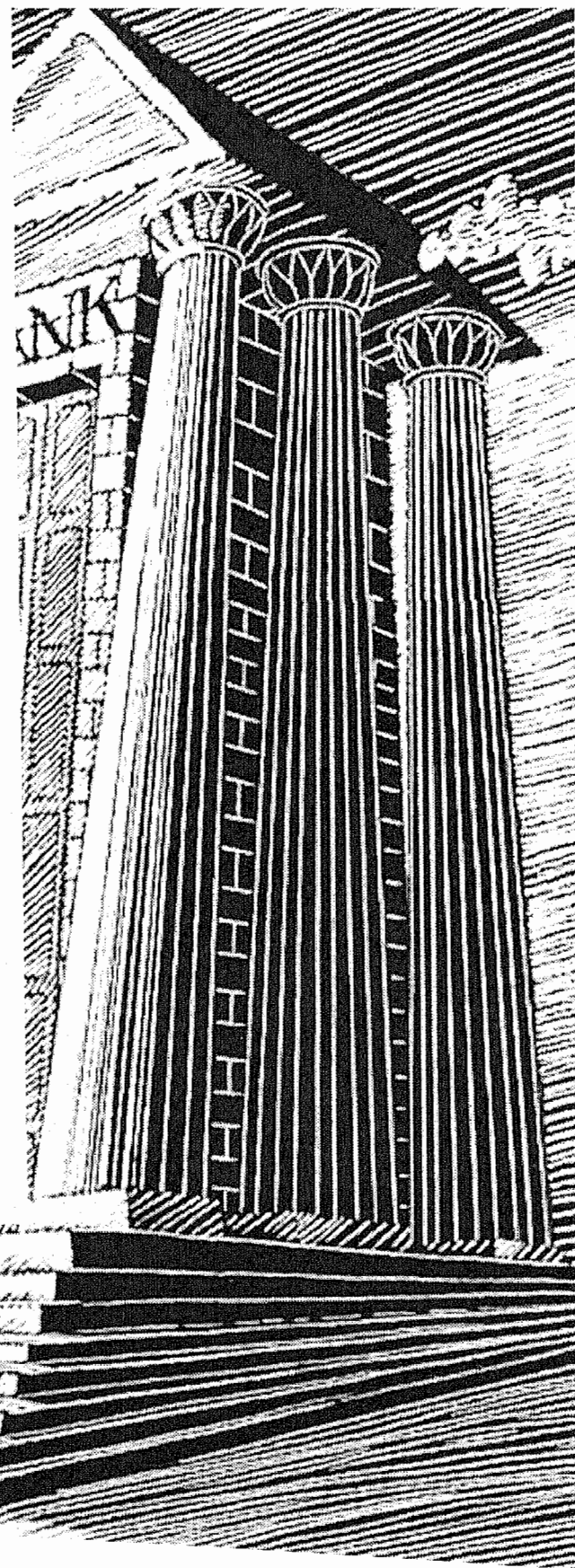
In their internal investigation, the NAB has admitted to what seems to have been a ridiculously large breakdown in procedure, pointing to a future crackdown on "cultural misfits". The four traders responsible must be the least popular people in Sydney's inner city high-rises as the equivalent of the one kid who keeps the rest of the class behind after school.

The NAB is now introducing a plethora of new 'business positive' actions. One can only imagine the soul crushing consequences for remaining staff.

\$360 million was a sterling effort by the four traders responsible, but they failed to come close to John Rusnak who cost the Allied Irish Banks \$1.5 billion worth of losses in 2003 or Nick Leeson who actually managed to destroy a 233 year old institution when he lost the UK bank Baring's \$1 billion, forcing its closure.

Still, one has to wonder why NAB has sacked any of these people at all, \$360m is only 10.8% of the \$3.9 billion (!) profit company staff had made the previous year.

Dan J



Howard Government to put the price of textbooks up.

At a time when the government should be looking at how to address the devastating equity impact of the infamous 'Hacking Australia's Future' legislation, Howard's cronies are taking away one of the very few programs that they have implemented to address equity concerns.

The Education Textbook Subsidy Scheme or ETSS is basically a subsidy of textbooks of 8%, even though they are taxed by a 10% GST. Why, do you ask did they not just make textbooks exempt from the GST? Well that would make sense now wouldn't it? Instead, Howard introduced a scheme that he knew would expire and which he could simply not renew. Textbooks should never have been taxed, but to ensure that the Liberals got their precious GST through, they offered up the ETSS as a bit of window dressing.

This just adds more weight to the argument that the Liberals don't care about education for all, just the few.

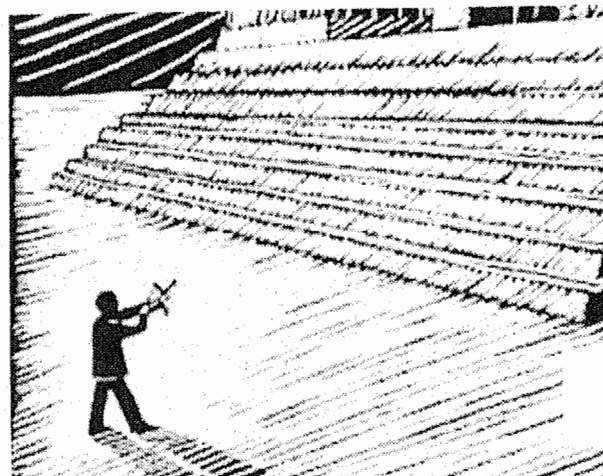
I encourage you to write to the Liberal Club on campus and ask them why they don't use their position inside the party to ensure that this scheme is continued. Better still, why don't you write to the local Liberal Member for Adelaide, Trish Worth? Ask her whether she's going to fight to help keep textbooks just a little cheaper for students. Ask her whether she believes in

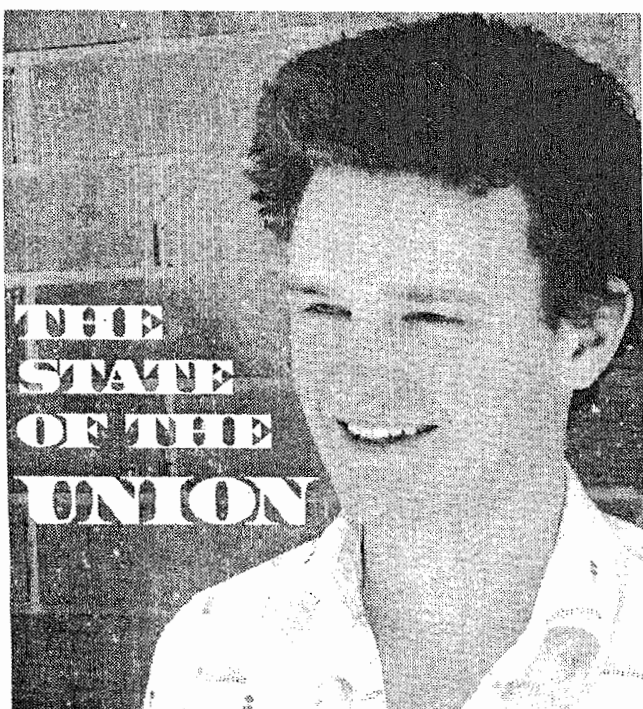
taxing knowledge, because that's basically what they'll be doing if they don't renew the scheme.

Nevertheless, the scheme is irrelevant. What we really need is for textbooks to not just be exempt from the GST, but also have the option of the cost of them being included in our HECS debt. But that's never going to happen with the tight-fisted Howard Government, who rip millions and millions away from legitimate areas, and put it towards his re-election campaign.

David Pearson

Oops! That one should've gone in the opinion section. Sorry about that. - Eds





Not even the most venerable student hack can call to mind more than the last few years of our hazy history.

For the rest of us the infamous voided election of 1998 has already become a distant legend from some past age when dinosaurs walked the Cloisters.

Students inevitably have such short memories. We are and always have been a class in transition. Drawn together from all walks of life, after a few years of intense drinking—and intermittent study—we go our separate ways once again.

Yet for the next generation we leave behind a Union which dates back over one hundred years.

The official Union history *The Lower Level* ends abruptly in 1974 with the story of the period of student control still mostly yet to be told.

Today our Board and Students' Association can be sure only that whatever we talk and worry about now someone just like us has done it before. Probably only last year.

So last meeting Board eagerly agreed to launch our first History Project in as long as anyone can remember.

Do not be surprised in a few months to see dusty old photographs or shiny new plaques and honour rolls spring up around the Union Complex.

Sources for this Project are everywhere. The search will take us from forgotten archives in locked rooms to the not-quite-forgotten Union and University staff who have long lost the keys.

Lastly there is no record of student life to compare to seventy-two years of *On Dit*.

Only this way can we learn from what our forerunners did and do it better next time. We might find that all our big questions have been asked already. Even answered.

Rowan Nicholson
President
Adelaide University Union



NOTICE TO ALL STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE: ELECTION TO DEPARTMENTAL, SCHOOL AND FACULTY BOARDS

During the week of Monday 5 to Thursday 8 April 2004 there will be elections across the University for student representatives to all Departmental and School Committees and Faculty Boards. Each Departmental Committee, School Committee and Faculty Board must contain at least two student representatives: one for undergraduate students and one for postgraduate students. Student representatives are entitled to receive all information put before the Committee/Board, and are entitled to vote in decisions made by the Committee/Board. Student representation is an important means by which student issues may be raised officially at Departmental, School and Faculty level.

Undergraduate students: All students who are enrolled in at least one full year or one semester course in a particular Department/School/Faculty in the current year are eligible to vote and/or stand for election to that Departmental/School Committee or Faculty Board. Students who are enrolled in more than one Department/School/Faculty may therefore choose to stand for and vote in elections in each of the Departments/Schools/Faculties in which they are enrolled.

Postgraduate students: All students who are enrolled either full-time or part-time in a particular department in the current year are eligible to vote and/or stand for election to that Departmental/School Committee or Faculty Board. Students who are enrolled in more than one Department/School/Faculty may therefore choose to stand for and vote in elections in each of the Departments/Schools/Faculties in which they are enrolled.

Nominations:

Nominations must be made on the official form, which can be obtained from your Department/School/Faculty office. Nomination forms must be received by your Departmental/School/Faculty Returning Officer before 4pm on Wednesday 31 March, 2004. Further information is available from your Department/School/Faculty office.

Information Session:

The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide will hold an information session for students interested in nominating for a position on a departmental, school or faculty board. The session will be held on Tuesday 23rd March 2004 in the Union Cinema (Level 5, Union Building) at 12.30pm. All queries should be directed to Aurelia Stapleton, Education Vice-President of the Students' Association (Telephone: 8303 5406).

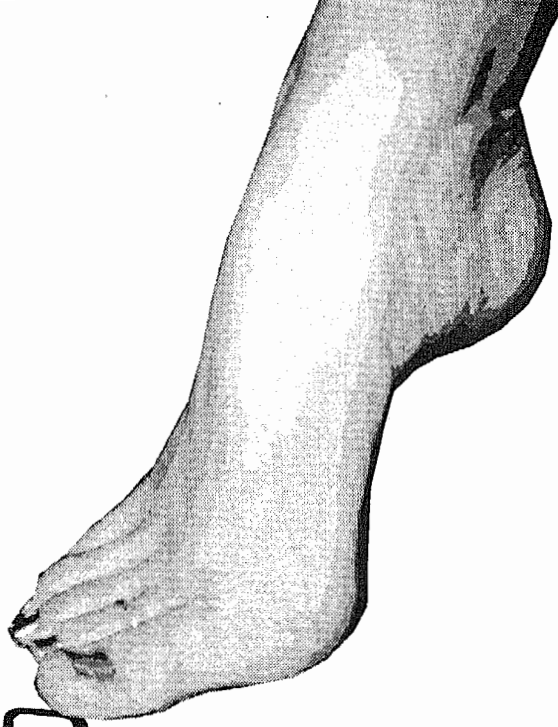
Terms of office:

Each position is for a term of one year, from the day after the announcement of election results in the current year, to the day of the announcement of election results in the following year.

Elections shall be conducted according to the first-past-the-post system. Each voter may vote once for one candidate only. The candidate with the highest number of votes is elected. If you are unable to vote in person, you may apply for a postal vote. Please enquire at your Department/School/Faculty office. Please note that in some Departments/Schools/Faculties elections of student representatives for 2004 may have already taken place.

HEATHER KARMEL
Council Secretary & Chief Returning Officer

L E T T E R S



Dear Editors,

It's a bit disappointing when the SAUA and/or AUU start criticising *On Dit*.

You made the bold statement that *On Dit* will not bend to the editorial aspirations of either SAUA Council or Union Board. To that, I say, "hear hear"!

It smells a bit like the Howard government criticising the ABC.

The more free comment that *On Dit* can make, the better. And if it's cynical or negative, then really it's the responsibility of those groups towards which you're cynical to perform their roles in such a way that leaves no room for cynicism.

Actually, I don't think *On Dit* has been particularly negative or cynical. I would say that it's more like robust debate - *On Dit* editors making sure people aren't asleep at the wheel.

Where has editorial independence gone these days, anyway?

Min Guo

ps the one complaint I do have is your photograph of a certain T.H. on page 5 of *On Dit* 72.3. Though T.H. may still be spotted around the Students' Association these days, she certainly is not a "NOLS Godmother". Or "formidable" for that matter.

Tee hee heeee - Eds

Dear *On Dit*,

In regards to my 'second beef' as reported on in the last edition of the SAUA Roundup, you quote me as saying "In my two years at this university, I can't

remember *On Dit* being so negative about the SAUA and the AUU", what I actually said was that in my two years at this university, I can't remember *On Dit* ever printing any positive comments or anything good about these two organisations from an editorial perspective, (or something along those lines).

Just wanted to clear that up, because as you pointed out this cynicism in *On Dit* is nothing knew, but also not necessarily a bad thing, both of which I agreed with. My point, which I raised in council was that balance is needed and that it would be great to see the positive reported or commented on as well as the negatives. Orientation being a case in point, especially the work of Victor, but also the directors and Alice.

It's a big debate, and hopefully my fellow council members will be a bit more receptive next time this type of issue comes up, and not motion to move on to the next agenda item so that we can all go home a little earlier.

Cheers

David Pearson
SAUA Councilor

Dear Eds,

I was just walking past the *On Dit* office and I felt a great disturbance in the Force, as if all the voices of past and present orientation personnel cried out in terror and were suddenly silenced. This usually happens when those poor souls that actually organised Orientation are not recognised for their unpaid efforts, whilst opportunists try to take credit for their work.

It seems that thankyou have

become such a precious commodity in the SAUA. So at the risk of being labelled cynical, I feel that it's up to me to bring some balance to the Force. Your O'Ball directors were Andrew Flemming and Paddy Moore, your O'Week directors were Chris Kelly and Belle Hammond, O'Guide was produced by Stan & JC and the O'Camp kids can thank Alexis Buxton-Collins, Josh Rayner and Sarah Eckermann.

That is all.

Old Ben

Dear Eds,

Clearly Alice is being provocative, no one can be so naïve as to think that all the 'Right' think about is money, bombs and the detention of illegal refugees.

Has Alice not heard about our friend Fidel Castro, a former comrade of the heroic Ernesto Che Guevara, and his money making drug operations in Latin America? Obviously some people in the left still care about money!!

I always find the left's hypocrisy, factual incorrectness, baseless propaganda and lack of eloquence rather amusing, so Alice, don't feel bad, we can laugh at the left. When the left accuse the right of dropping bombs and detaining refugees, we often forget about Stalin's Communist invasion of Poland, the forced detention of innocent civilians, religious and minorities, such as homosexuals in Soviet Gulags. It is also easy to overlook Russia's policy of forced starvation on the Ukrainian people - resulting in up to 10 million deaths. Of course Pol Pot, murdering several million of his own people doesn't count as being an atrocity committed by a left wing regime?

Alice is right in saying that the left has nothing original to

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to mention record interest rates, hurting working families the most. Bannon oversaw the collapse of the State Bank and Joan Kirner would have to be the most disastrous Premier this country has ever seen. Yet the left continue to hold these people in high regard; aka God like treatment for Whitlam. Why haven't the left learnt from their mistakes? Will they ever learn from their mistakes? Well, these questions can't not be answered in a couple of sentences!

Finally, Alice, if the left really believes in peaceful protests as demonstrated by Ghandi, then I imagine there will be a peaceful sit-down when Tony Abbott vitis campus on Tuesday.

Regards
Sam

Dear Eds,

We seriously considered writing this glowing letter of appreciation to our fair Union, but our faith in their caring for us poor, unfortunate student souls has been brutally dashed against the proverbial rocks. Because of this, we decided to tell the world instead, in hopes of rustling up millions of enraged students to come and storm the object of our hostility.

Now, we do actually have several gripes, which we are sure plenty of people will be able to empathise with. The main one being: the cruel mangling and bastardisation of our poor, beloved Wills student lounge. O, woe is us, what intolerable cruelty, our poor, poor Wills! Stripped of most of its cheerfully coloured couches, and invaded by an evil, non-descript wavy-glass thingie, intended for yuppie-like creatures to sit at and feed their screaming, drooling, twitching caffeine addictions. Not that there is anything wrong with caffeine addiction, plenty of uni students do suffer from it, after all. The point is, not only have the prices of our "Signatures" coffee been raised by roughly 40 cents per cup, but the atmosphere of our once so comfy, chillin' Wills has been changed to "Buy your coffee, drink your coffee, and get the fuck out." No longer are we able to relax and soak up the Campus Culture while sprawled out on a comfy couch. Instead, we nurse our coffee for as long as we can, or shamelessly stick around anyway, lamenting the changes

Six

from the good old days.

Now, those determined few of us who do stick around have a very specific complaint to make: in our good Union's endeavour to turn the Wills into Yuppieville (alas, they painted over its multicoloured walls with a uniform mauve), roughly 75% of the couches in the Wills were sacrificed, like virgins on the alter of corporate student abuse! This new development, of course, was highly distressing for the lot of us, considering our habits of sitting in groups of at least four or five and still cramming them full with our loose group of roughly twenty coffee-drinking teenagers.

This would be no biggie, as there are still maybe eight couches... which we are not allowed to move, damnit! We might scratch the shiny polished new floor! God forbid if that were to happen! And by the way, we shouldn't hog that many couches, because guess what? There are too many customers. Translation: *there are too few couches!* So what happened to the others? Well, some were found scattered around level four of Union House, in the hallway. What they were doing there was anyone's guess. We also found a few of them crammed into the (usually empty) Rainbow Room. Hmm, maybe we should turn homosexual in order to have the right to use them. Heterophobia? Nevah! How about the couches being given to the people who actually use them pretty much all day? We are the ones who actually sit on them. And quite honestly, we don't give a damn about your shiny polished floors and highly modern non-descript wavyglass thingies, dear Union. There's plenty of polished floor to have a bowling alley on. Maybe we should bowl down those yuppie stools (although they're okay, we'll give you that), or those refrigerators containing ridiculously expensive bottles of what we expect is possibly tap water. Ah, the Union, catering for us impoverished students in need of good food every now and again. Bargain, baby, we're paying \$3.80 for suspicious-looking croissants that may or may not become self-aware and bop us on the nose if we don't eat them before we can do so. And it appears that we pay the same for triangular pieces of white bread with glop that comes in various colours between them. Wow! El Cheapo! Look what our Union Fee gets us, everyone.

The basic gist? We're Uni

students, not yuppies. We come to chill in between lectures, sometimes to study, and for most of us, it is a sad truth, are impoverished. Le gasp. Sure, Union, take one of our sanctuaries away from us. Maybe we'll spitefully bring our own coffee instead of buying yours. It would serve you right, no pun intended.

[signature illegible]

Could we snaffle one of those couches? - Eds

Dear Eds,

Attending Writers' Week I was bemused by the scarcity of student types amongst the straw hats (apart from a handful of Fest. Of Cont. Writing students). We are supposed to be the intelligencia of Adelaide and though Writers' Week doesn't match the festival of Ideas in philosophical content and is dominated by toffee pant suit wearers with a taste for emotional empowerment, it is another arena in which students can be exposed to new and interesting concepts. Take Bernard Smith for example, a curly browed elderly man who stumbled through sentences as if his mouth had uttered more words in his lifetime than it ever cared to. He recounted a poem he had written at the age of 68 about a painting he had done at the age of 23 on a topic inspired by a story he had read at age 10. It was like watching the film clip of Johnny Cash performing the Nine Inch Nails' 'Hurt' on his death bed, but not quite so sad. On top of this, the story was the biblical chapter on Sodom and Gomorrah which he used as inspiration for his belief in Utopian Communism as Hitler marched on in Europe. That is phat!

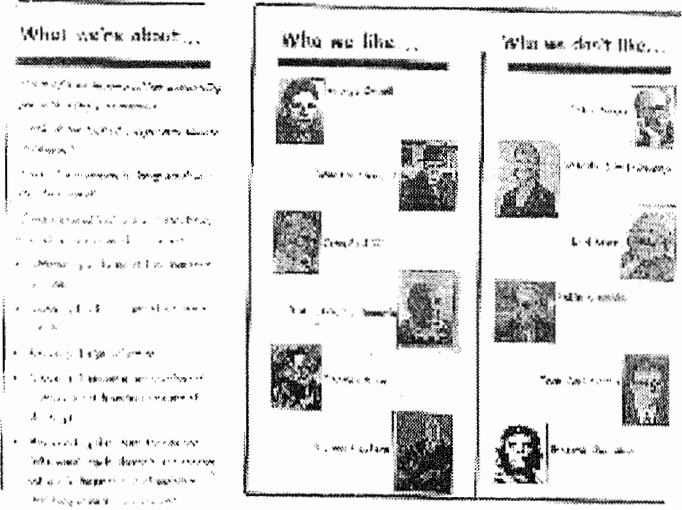
"we cannot die, we only run to seed, springing up again next year to make the earth green again... well, it was possible to be Utopian back then."

- Bernard Smith

Dan J

Thanks to everyone who sent us a letter this week. We get ever so lonely down here.

Send your letters to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. Try to keep them under 700 words, and free of racist, sexist, homophobic or defamatory material.



Union Hall at the inaugural memorial lecture for a poet named Jim McAuley. However, prior to this lecture a particular propaganda filled leaflet was disseminated to seek out new recruits for the group and it is this leaflet that we want to discuss with you now. It features two columns of little mug shots. One is entitled "Who we like..." while the other reads "Who we don't like...". This was very disturbing to us as the column containing the people they do like

Do you think that this group has these people in the correct column? You decide!

If you agree that they are correct then that's okay because at least you have now made an informed decision.

If you agree that they are totally wrong and have confused the goodies with the baddies (as we do) then you will understand why we protested against this group on Tuesday.

Regards

Jon, Rel & Andy

PS Considering the angle this group is coming from we feel they must have been confused by one or two of their "who we like" people. For example, they say they are "sick of tree hugging lefties" in their leaflet and yet they say they like George Orwell who was in fact a socialist. Maybe next time they should do their homework.

Dear On Dit,

Propaganda. It is an ugly word. Nobody likes it much and yet most people get caught up in it. Often we can't help it as those who are responsible for it are highly devious and skilled in the art of deception.

So what are we getting at? Well, Tuesday saw Tony Abbott speaking to a particular group of students at

includes, for example, regressive traditionalists, whereas the one with people they don't like contains a philosopher and two human rights campaigners.

In order to refrain from producing our own propaganda and in order to be free of accusations of prejudice we have given you a brief outline of each of the people featured in their leaflet so that you can make up your own mind about this issue.

"THE GOODIES"

"THE BADDIES"



GEORGE ORWELL

One of the greatest writers of the 20th century and staunch critique of Joseph Stalin. Fought for communist republicans against fascist nationalists in the Spanish civil war. Author of "Animal Farm" and "1984".



BA "BARRACUS" SANTAMARIA

Member of the Australian Labor Party in the 1950's. Devoted his life to imposing his out-dated conservative values on the rest of us, including the "Get back into the kitchen" campaign and the "Red under the bed" witch hunts of the 60's. Went through a "weird" phase during the 80's and became part of a commando team, grew a Mohawk, big chains, etc.



PETER SINGER

Critic of George W. Bush and fervent animal rights activist. What's not to like?



KARL MARX

Played a major role in shaping most Western democracies. Proposed a list of specific social reforms and urged workers to unite in revolution against oppressive existing regimes of the time.



WINSTON CHURCHILL

Refused to allow Aussie troops to return home to defend our country from the Japanese during WWII. In WWI, Churchill was responsible for the Gallipoli disaster in which 25,000 of our troops were slaughtered. "We will fight them on the beaches", he said, well where were you, Winston?



SIR THOMAS MOORE

Found guilty of treason for opposing Henry VIII's divorce. Was decapitated because he would not recant his Catholicism. Obviously wasn't too big on self-preservation. A subversive element of his time.



NATASHA STOTT DESPOJA

One time Adelaide University student. Student rights campaigner, youngest woman to ever be elected to Federal Parliament, positive role model for women and a threat to mouldy old conservatives everywhere.



ERNESTO "CHE" GUEVARA

Joined the fight against the Batista dictatorship in Cuba who were defeated in 1959. He is a revolutionary hero whose face has symbolized the struggle for liberty by millions of people around the world.



POPE JOHN PAUL II

Condemns the use or any form of contraception (likes walks on the beach, unplanned pregnancies and the spread of disease). Allows the mafia to use both Vatican banks for money laundering. "Georgio, pull my finger."



TONY ABBOTT

A Catholic Liberal MP, responsible for the destruction of the public health system and worker's rights, and part of those currently destroying our education system. Need we say more? He is evil.



JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

Yes, this is actually Jean-Paul, doing what the French do best. Member of the French resistance against the fascist Nazi regime during WWII. An atheist, who believed people were responsible for their own actions, not God.

Seven (as in the page)

Sigh, let the bastards have their little club. Mind you, isn't there already an AU Catholic Club? -Eds



The final word on IRAQ

Twelve years later, the US-led "Coalition of the Willing" attempted to invoke Resolution 687 (3 April 1991), which demanded that Iraq both retreat and cease its weapons programmes, as one of the major reasons for going to war again. During that time, UNSCOM, which had also been established by 687, had come and gone twice. Once being kicked out amid claims that Ritter and other inspectors had been using the inspections to spy for US government and/or intelligence agencies. Legal opinion worldwide was divided as to whether a 1991 resolution could still be used as a justification for waging a war more than a decade later; then-Attorney-General, Daryl Williams, released a memorandum in support of this position prepared by Bill Campbell QC of the A-G's Department and Chris Moraitis of DEAT on 12 March 2003. Hilary Charlesworth and Andrew Byrnes of the Centre for International and Public Law at ANU released a somewhat more convincing memorandum questioning the legality of any war on 19 March 2003. Forty-three international and human rights lawyers and legal academics declared, in an open letter on 27 February, that any such action would constitute a "crime against humanity".

While international law is becoming more and more essential in an increasingly globalised world, its record of compelling nation states – particularly powerful ones – is not great, largely due to many states' unwillingness to cede sovereignty. It's very likely that the invasion of Iraq was illegal – but that doesn't hide the fact that it happened, and was always going to.

Speculation is rife as to the power-politics of the present US administration. Since 2001, it has become popular amongst the 'Left' to refer to the hegemonic ambitions of the 'hawkish' Republicans, but this is difficult to reconcile with the fact that, during the period between his 'election' and the 2001 Trade Centre attacks, Bush – the President who had reportedly visited just two other countries in his 54 years – appeared to be withdrawing the United States from extra-territorial activities.

What was clear, though, was that America, whose government and conservative media are almost devoid of any introspective qualities, would seek revenge after 11 September 2001. The finger was pointed at Osama bin Laden, his al-Qaeda 'network', and the Taliban regime, which was accused of 'harbouring' it. The 'hawks', who had been without purpose since the collapse of the Soviet Union a decade previously, found that they could reapply the old, simplistic Cold War methodologies to a "war on terror" whose Orwellian properties hardly need articulation. After ten years of uncertainty and pluralism, the backlash compartmentalised people and nations into either the 'good' or 'evil' camp; we were either *with* Bush and a vengeful America, or we were *against* him. Great stuff for infotainment networks like Fox News; not so great for thousands of people living in Afghanistan who were already suffering great hardship under their Taliban government.

The vengeful response to 11 September was swift, spectacular and appalling. Amid the thousands of dead and injured, the US claimed a victory based on nineteenth-century criteria, having obliterated the Taliban and fragmented al-Qaeda. I'm not defending the Taliban's regime, but the anarchy that followed has created more problems without really solving the old ones. The Afghan warlords, for instance, are re-engaging in their age-old battles for regional superiority, and drug crops are a fast and effective way of raising money.

Iraq

Like a wild carnivore that's had its first taste of

"Was the Iraq war worth it and should we have gone to war if we had to do it over again, knowing what we know now?" asks conservative US columnist Thomas Howell. Hugh White, of the 'independent' Australian Strategic Policy Institute, concludes that Australia's two intelligence assessment agencies, the Office of National Assessments (ONA) and the Defence Intelligence Organisation (DIO), "overstated what we know now, with hindsight, to be the case". Marian Wilkinson asks whether Colin Powell would have advised George Bush to go to war had CIA director George Tenet told Powell "a year ago what we now know – that there were no stockpiles of chemical and biological weapons in Iraq".

That four-word phrase – *what we know now* – is moving into line behind that other four-word phrase – *weapons of mass destruction* – as one of the most prolific in the discourse of 'current events'. The phrase is everywhere.

Such proliferation of the phrase – by those attempting to retrospectively justify the invasion and, somewhat surprisingly perhaps, those justifying their anti-war stances – threatens to legitimise the false position that we *didn't* know that the Blair Dossier's claims about Iraq's weapons were untrue, and now we *do*.

Scott Ritter, a United Nations Special Commission inspector in Iraq until 1998, told

eight

the world repeatedly prior to 2003 that Iraq could not have any weapons, certainly none that posed any threat. In a 2002 interview, Ritter stated "unequivocally" that in 1998, the industrial infrastructure needed by Iraq to produce weapons had been eliminated. He claimed that all chemical and biological weapons had either been destroyed or rendered harmless by the amount of time lapsed, and that there was no evidence that Iraq had attempted to restart its weapons programmes since 1998.

Ritter's former boss, Richard Butler, the outspoken former UNSCOM chief inspector and current Tasmanian governor, was never quite as forthright in his assessments. Butler often advocated UN-sanctioned military action in Iraq because of that nation's failure to comply with Security Council resolutions. But he was later a vocal opponent of any US-led intervention, and recently, before accepting the Tasmanian governorship, made headlines by declaring that John Howard & Co were lying in relation to their claims of immediate danger.

History

The United States began 'Operation Desert Storm' in Iraq on 17 January 1991, in response to the Kuwait invasion. While major questions about the validity and proportionality of this action remain, the United Nations effectively supported military intervention with the passing of Resolution 678 on 29 November 1990, which demanded that Iraq retreat from Kuwait by 15 January.

warm blood, the United States war machine then set its sights on Iraq, having described it, along with Iran and North Korea, as a member of the 'Axis of Evil'. The infotainment networks lapped it up, and all sorts of ridiculous claims were made about Iraq which, throughout the 1980s, had been one of America's Middle Eastern allies.

As the Afghanistan offensive was drawing to an ineffective close, the world was reminded that Saddam Hussein had not complied with UN Resolutions throughout the 1990s requiring Iraq's disarmament. Logic took a flying leap into la-la land, and suddenly Iraq "definitely" possessed 'Weapons of Mass Destruction'. Then came the release, on 24 September 2002, of the infamous 'Blair Dossier', among the most absurd of documents ever to pass as 'intelligence'. Among its many ludicrous claims, it stated authoritatively that "Iraq's military forces are able to use chemical and biological weapons, with command, control and logistical arrangements in place. The Iraqi military are able to deploy these weapons within 45 minutes of a decision to do so". Much of the document plays on fear of the unknown, and anybody who took five minutes to glance at it when it was first released could have been excused for mistaking it for Tom Clancy's latest offering. Or a student's thesis, which is what much of it essentially turned out to be.

Lastly, Saddam Hussein was supposed to have "direct" links with al-Qaeda and Osama bin Laden, according to George W Bush. That the two had often threatened to blow each other up was apparently of no relevance.

Whatever the real mixture of reasons for invading Iraq in April last year, the 'war' was sold to the general publics of the United States, Britain and Australia, as well as the other 'Coalition' nations, on the basis of Iraq's capacity to unleash huge weapons on its neighbours and others. Resolution 687 was discussed quite often; the terrorist links were dreamt up and then pushed; but, above all else, the 'war' was a "pre-emptive strike", whose logic relied on a warped quasi-legal interpretation of the concept of self-defence. Donald Rumsfeld himself later gave credence to the view that "the use of the argument on the position of WMD was for bureaucratic reasons rather than being the prime reason for the war".

After the major offensives had mostly ceased, it was a little while before UN weapons inspectors were allowed back in, and the delay sent the conspiratorial tongues wagging ("Aha! The US will definitely 'find' WMDs now!"). But the weapons, which had provided the major justification for the war, have still not been found, despite the presence of hundreds of inspectors.

On the morning of 29 May 2003, journalist Andrew Gilligan reported claims by an unnamed source that the Blair government had deliberately "sexed up" particular intelligence information, most notably the '45-minute' furphy. That 'unnamed source' turned out to be biologist Dr David Kelly, a former UNSCOM inspector in Iraq who was employed by the Defence Science and Technology Laboratory. The issue then blew up. The British Government furiously denied the claims, and all but demanded that the BBC release details of its 'unnamed source' (perhaps hypocritically, considering the number of outlandish statements in its own Dossier); a Foreign Affairs Select Committee heard evidence from both Gilligan and Alastair Campbell, Blair's Director of Communications, in June, but the source remained secret. Then, on 30 June, Kelly wrote to Bryan Wells, his line manager at the Ministry of Defence admitting that he was the BBC's 'unnamed source'. Wells passed the letter onto the Deputy Chief of Defence Intelligence. A

number of press statements were released in early July, and Dr Kelly was warned that there would be intense media interest in the story, with the obvious possibility that his position as the still-unnamed source would become public. By 6pm on 9 July 2003, Dr Kelly's name had, predictably, been divulged to the press. It was a hot media topic, and Kelly soon found himself giving evidence to a Select Committee.

On Friday 18 July, Dr David Kelly was found, slumped against a tree on Harrowdown Hill, dead. He had slit his own wrist, and the reverberations from this one man's tragic death are still hitting the BBC, Tony Blair's government, and other governments that relied on the 2002 Dossier. An inquiry into Kelly's suicide death was established, and the report of the Hutton Inquiry was released on 28 January this year. While its findings appeared to vindicate the British government's position, it caused many more heads to roll at the BBC, and the questions about the government's pre-war claims haven't gone away.

On the North American continent, a similar narrative is being constructed. Former top US weapons inspector David Kay said, on 28 January this year: "We were almost all wrong, and I include myself in that." Around the same time, Colin Powell conceded that Iraq "may not have possessed any stocks" of WMDs. CIA Director George Tenet has just recently faced a Senate Inquiry where he was asked to explain why he failed to prevent George W Bush and other Republicans making vastly "sexed-up" claims about Iraq's weapons capacity.

And what the hell was going on in Australia? Robert Hill admitted on *Lateline* on 24 February that "we weren't certain" as to whether Iraq actually had any WMD capacity, and "you'll find that we always said we weren't certain", despite John Howard's unequivocal assertions to the contrary. While most of the intelligence that the Australian government relied upon when it made its partisan decision to declare war on Iraq came from the US and Britain, neither the ONA, the DIO nor the government itself was exonerated by a typically fluffy report of a Liberal-dominated Parliamentary Inquiry. Andrew Wilkie, the former ONA public servant who surrendered his job to turn whistleblower, speaks ominously of the politicisation of the Australia's public services, as governments are increasingly appointing like-minded people to head public departments, and employees are unwilling to move 'against the grain' when they have doubts about what they're asked to do.

The Way Ahead

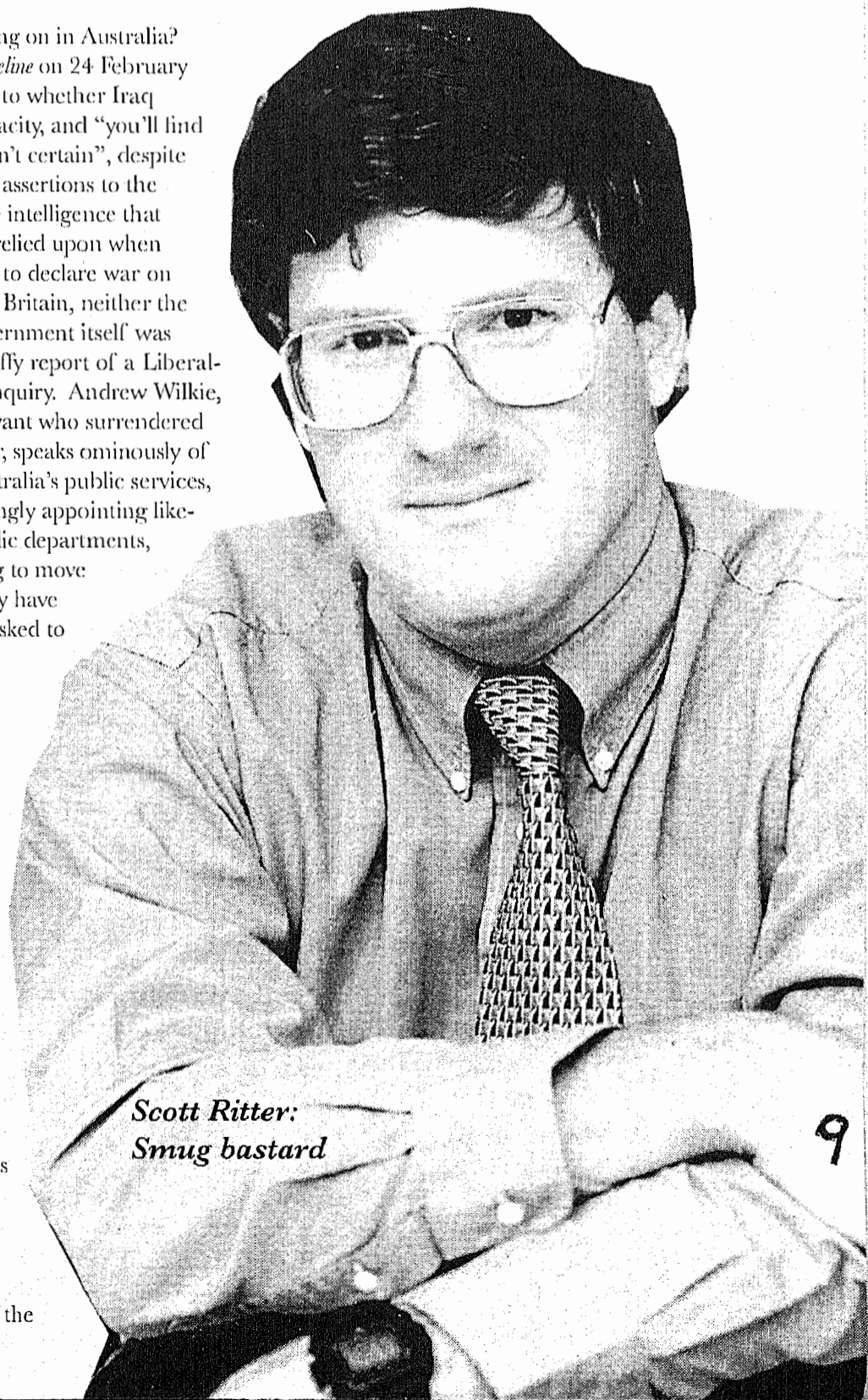
If weapons are found in Iraq, though, does this really vindicate anybody? Yes, the decision to go to war was, at least publicly, sold on WMD issues, but we all know there were multiple factors, which may (or may not!) have included oil and defence industry interests, US hegemonic ambitions, and even a Zionist conspiracy, as well as today's major justification: the removal of Saddam Hussein. There isn't much doubt that Saddam was a "very bad man", to borrow the

PM's vernacular. But he *was* 'baddest' when being supplied and encouraged by the US in Iraq's eight-year war against Iran. That Saddam would have wanted to retain weapons capability is completely understandable, given the 1991 war and America's consistent threats to invade again throughout the 1990s. If the US wants to operate within a modernist discourse, shouldn't every nation-state have the right to defend itself against invasion?

Richard Falk, in his book *The Great Terror War*, takes this argument and runs with it, declaring the United States' hegemonic ambitions, and its frequent willingness to declare war to achieve it, as the single greatest threat to world peace today. Iraq, from its own viewpoint, *knew* the US would invade once again; to expect it not to want to guard itself is more than just naïve.

Mainstream Australia, with its "what we know now" narrative, needs to disengage from its assumption that the US is always 'good'. It often is, but, like all nation states, it often isn't. We need to start asking, seriously, why the US should claim the monopoly on WMDs and nuclear weapons, impunity when it invades other nation states, and the moral high ground when it comes to taking prisoners. Because, at the forgotten centre of all this debate are the thousands – *millions* – of potential victims...and two Australian men, sitting completely alone in wire cages in a tropical nowhere-land called Guantanamo Bay...

Russell Marks



Scott Ritter:
Smug bastard

WHY BE RIGHT WHEN YOU CAN BE BRIGHT?

Guys Pissing in Public, Girls left High and Dry: Do Modern Women Have a Chance?

[A Woman's attempt to Help a Bleedingheart]

10

I'm always intrigued when the symptoms of the "Bogus Man Article" rear their heads in *On Dit* columns. I'm even more intrigued when "Bogus Men Articles" (trans: a piece of text presumably of human-form creation, that human-form resembling the common male without sufficient brain cells/molecular glob to qualify as 'Male'-/per se) branch out.

No, really.

Cryptically brandished with the signature 'DRC', the author of the article remains a mystery. You would be forgiven for chiding the writer of the article 'Much Ado About Men' (*On Dit*, 72.3) as being a scaredy-cat. I will refuse to nag-hag him on his anonymity and shyness, as I myself was very much the same as a 1st Grader.

So, to examine his article, which will have to stand for the writer behind it, let us go on!

The article began, for those of you who didn't have the pleasure of reading it, with a complaint about the state of men's magazines. To which we can only sympathise, DRC - I've always found that porn and scantily clad naked women get boring after the 500th picture, and before you know it, the Blonde on page 5 morphs into exactly the same Blonde on page 12 - they all look the same! Bad eyebrow job, bleach clear on the brow-line, you know how it is. But these university-aged men you were referring to probably weren't looking at the girls' faces.

So the article then says this; "Even homosexual men, who once might have constituted some cultural firewall against unbridled testosterone, are now bulging with steroids, living in the gym, and starting rugby leagues." Does this annoy you, DR?

Gay men have always had to look better than straight men, and go to the gym more religiously for starts. They get criticized harder than straight men do, who have bastions of kind and properly-unfeministic women eager to take pity on a loser. Gay men only have women as a listening ear, not for sexual

cheer.

The article then proceeded thus:

"The notion of the 'gentleman' or indeed any notion of masculinity attached to gentility, has almost vanished from the cultural air." That statement is unfortunately put in its place by Dave Gleason, who, whether he sniffs the air very often or not I don't know: "Speaking as a 28 year old cute guy who dates often, in my case the values of being a gentleman, opening doors and chairs for a woman, paying for her dinner, and being a real sweetheart, are not forgotten." (www.ajc.com). Go for it, Dave! (and don't forget to wear a condom, for 'tis not gentlemanly to give someone AIDS.)

As for the article's belief that gentlemanly areas of discourse and custom have been 'de-masculinized' because women have had access to them, I can only quietly disagree. Unless DR meant to suggest that the most powerful religion on earth, Catholicism, is now *swamped* with *female* bishops and priests, or that the *Pope* feels 'de-masculinized' because he has millions of female followers, or that the latest Republican President, who just waged war on a nation using big, phallic-style weapons, is less masculine because of doors being 'thrown' open to women like Hillary, I can only point out the obvious; the Pope is still very much male, is elected by a very much male committee, Hillary is not President, and George W. wouldn't know how to put a skirt on if you paid him to do an MBA twice. (He got in with money the first time, but the rate of de-masculinized men in Harvard these days would simply not stand to have Dubya back a second).

A further tenet of the article is that women have made gains in the last century, and yeah, this is good for humanity, blah, blah, blah", but with this gain has come a somewhat unexpected problem: *How do we restore a sense of masculinity that is vaguely civilised?*"

Gee, DR, I don't know. It's a very good question. I think the sentence

smacks with this translation: Ever since women gained equality in society, men have stopped being civilised. Or, it smacks with a related line of thought: When women were forced into marriage, tyrannised for being strong, told they were inferior, not allowed to vote, not allowed to go to school, not allowed to write, or read, or learn, nor speak - when women were in servitude in the good ol' days, *men were being civilised!*

COME AGAIN?

MEN WERE BEING *CIVILISED* WHEN THEY PROPOGATED FEMALE INFERIORITY?

"Take their exclusive vocations away," you declared, "...and you leave men with more than a little cultural bewilderment." Awww... I can sense the blood dripping out of the fourth valve on that one! Is it, I wonder, the vocation of civilised behaviour, the vocation of gentlemanliness, or the vocation of, say, making slaves out of women that is so important for 'men to keep? The only exclusive vocation the male species has over women that I can think of is R.A.P.E. And if men are 'bewildered' like small lambs because their exclusive vocation of rape is found appalling by common society, then boo-hoo. You know what I'm saying, DR? It's tough for rapists, I know, what with the police on their backs and all, and the media (owned by blasted brained Liberals, no doubt) on their trails and women gathering to condemn them...it's a tough world for male vocations these days indeed. Sigh.

As for the fact that you linked clubs, schools and workplaces together in one sentence, all being attacked by women and the forces of sweeping feminisation, you have shown exactly what I next wanted to point out; that in schools and boardrooms, pulpits and pubs, offices and gym rooms, from boys-only club halls to male-dominated

tables of high level management, this 'culture' of masculinity has been rampant. Only the other day Channel Nine featured a woman who claimed to have been assaulted by team members of an all-male sport. One's vocation was to have sex with her when she didn't want him to, the other's vocation was to whack off whilst he watched.

In effect, you are arguing for a revival of the institutions that exclude women in every shape and form; which hardly relates to your earlier smoke about women and human rights being wonderful gains.

There are many 'things' (as you call them) still standing that are 'predominantly' made of males - the Army, the Church, the Billionaires Suite, the Pimp Network, the Paedophile Networks, Television Ownership, the Mafia, the PLA, Australian Prime Ministers, Presidents, the Wealthy, the Powerful, *ad infinitum* - that you forgot about. And sex with women - sorry, DR, but that isn't exclusively left to men, and never has been (think Portia, DR, think Portia).

As I've pointed out, men's 'cultural instructions' don't tell them to drink beer and have sex with women and play with gadgets (you mean, like, nuclear gadgets, dude?) - any more than they tell them to Join the Army, Go to Church, Get Rich, Earn More Than Women, Start a Porn Site, Assault a Child, Become a President, Prime Minister, or Pimp. It is these 'things' that need to be added to your 'examination' of society, and why boys get the way they are. But these are completely ignored, and instead, perhaps because they're easy to point a finger at, Feminists get the blame!

"A certain type of feminism is part of the problem." Which part, DR? "By denying any deep biological or psychological difference between the sexes -" you mean other than the vagina and penis? "-some influential feminists-" - who are? "refuse to countenance any special

treatment for men and boys" - you mean besides the special treatment the Howard Government just proposed for boys where "laws will be amended to allow schools to offer male-only teaching scholarships"? (*The Australian, Wednesday, March 10th*).

According to DRC, though, it gets worse - females skip along with their 'separate culture' (Bleeding Month Collectives? Single-Mother Mental Headcase Club? I've seen evidence of neither) while men are left in the lurch, or, as you put it, "left to their own primitive devices, with disastrous results." You said it, DR - men are primitive. And I guess you could call Operation Iraqi Freedom a disaster, yes. But please be gentlemanly and take note; *I* didn't say men are primitive. I am however flattered that you seem to think little Jimmy from Tasmania is dependent on *me* for his societal wellbeing.

The article winds on and on. In many ways it contradicts itself - in the third paragraph it says you'll have sex with 22 women by the time you're 75 - then in the sixth, it's by the time you're 25 - a difference of 50 years. You are right about one point - boys *are* behind girls in the earlier education days.

This, despite us girls being told we're naturally dumber than men. Perhaps if we were encouraged to participate in sport instead of being beaten and screamed at for giving it a go, perhaps if Society asked us how *WE* feel instead of agonising over the vasectomisation of males, we girls would have had less time for geology. But by the time we go back to uni, our results go downwards and men, not women, become the predominant lecturers and Ph.D candidates.

It is extremely dangerous for DRC to also claim that 'stereotypes' simply "conform to the way little boys and little girls have naturally interacted, or not interacted, for millennia." The stereotype of the Eternal Jew was used by Hitler to rile the masses to pave the way for mass human extermination - otherwise known as the Holocaust. As for stereotypes of males and females - little has been more damaging to the worth of both sexes and all cultures than dangerous stereotyping - be it the eternal Whore, the drunk Aboriginal, the Muslim Terrorist, the Savage, the Nigger, or the Sacrificial White Male.

Other dangerous sentiments you believe our culture 'craves' were

those of nostalgic longing for "unapologetic masculinity based on sacrifice and duty..." Sounds like something out of a John Wayne flick - bless his sunburnt neck. Yet I shouldn't have to remind you it is under the shadow of these 'cravings' that the massive losses of the ANZACS at Gallipoli were suffered, that the Nazis fought willingly for Hitler.

So, DRC, I guess what I have been trying to do this past hour is avoid an assignment. Perhaps I have responded due to a culturally-enhanced gender role. Maybe I just don't get when to leave well enough alone, but it has to be said - you can't be a bleeding heart by blaming others, darling. "Being a great man or great woman is already within all of us, blaming the opposite sex for a perceived gender shortcoming is a cop out." (Robert Rogers). I don't think that 'de-masculinization' exists. I think that progress exists. I think that qualities like respect, kindness, humanitarianism, generosity, tolerance, honesty, emotional honesty, and intelligence are qualities we should embrace. But I don't think men are having problems with these qualities - Jesus Christ didn't, and neither does my brother.

One person that would concur with you wholeheartedly, DRC, is John Balistreri. "We're such a bunch of wimps now in this country," he told an interviewer. "Our culture is so female-driven. It really is. Man has totally been emasculated." He goes to a bar, and he sees a girl there. He wants to sleep with her, but he also wants to scold her. What did he want to say to her? "You're a girl. I could fucking destroy you. Physically speaking I could fucking destroy you." He got annoyed. "Can we not express fact anymore? Can we not express what's real because it might offend someone?"

John was a True Gentleman, though. A true man of modern society, not these wishy-washy de-masculinites. He expressed during the course of his interview his deep and prolonged interest in serial killings.

Regards,

Kellie Armstrong-Smith
SAUA Women's Officer



Of Fetishism

I love fetishes.

Just the word conjures an immense array of imagery that can be dangerous or passive, common or bizarre, sleazy or admirable, arty or debauched. The term 'fetish' is actually an adaptation of a biblical term describing the false worship of an object. However, a clinical fetishist today is someone that basically fails to be able to get off without his or her certain trigger being present. There are different levels of fetishism that can be subscribed to, from 1) an interest in the fetish, to 5) the poor guy that needs to feel feathers tickling his crotch to cum. The list is also infinitely large. There are fashion fetishes (heels and boots, corsets, leather and bondage gear, tattoos and piercings, underwear, and outfits – maid, soldier etc), body shape and race fetishes (fat, skinny, black, white, red, yellow, amputee, midget, big cock/breasts, small cock/breasts, children, foetuses, still-borns, sheesh), sex fetishes (transvestites, etc), body part fetishes (ears, feet, hips, anus, backs of knees and armpits) and of course, the all consuming and wonderful slave and master fetishes, including bondage. And I am more than certain that I have left out thousands of bizarre object, faecal and assorted fetishes that I'll leave up to your own twisted imagination.

So how have all these come about? "What is wrong with plain old coitus?", I hear your grandparents asking. And have these sexual peculiarities existed since Adam and Eve? Or have we been corrupted?

Eroticism is all about the taboo. While setting my tape player to tape late night entertainment labelled with the golden S,N,A may have excited me at age 12, the viewing of Farrah Fawcett's Playboy Special tonight would barely make me look away from my book. Taking this premise to a cultural level, the idea of nakedness or straight sex is everywhere, and has lost its mystery. Unlike a lot of my peers, by year

9 I had not yet had the gratification or horror of losing my virginity, yet I certainly knew exactly what to do given the chance – believe me. So perhaps this search for a new erotica, a new 'pleasure object' (apologies to Freud) is simply because we cannot find pleasure in an everyday object or experience. And since sex is common as fuck, we need something more to tantalise our sexual tastebuds.

Thus the fetish is borne. And by God how it has thrived. Virtually limitless are internet sites dedicated to every single fetish conceivable. But this is old school – most of you would have worked this out, and Sade was saying the same thing way back in the 18th century, preaching the need to break the chains of stiff, repulsive sex and really explore the true depths of consciousness that human beings are capable of.

So let's get to the good stuff.

Fetishes are funny things. You may find that while you have an understanding, or even appreciation of many, there are others that you will find completely distant to your own tastes. For example, I love bondage, and (as I will explain later) the foot fetish certainly leaves its mark on me, however I just can't visualise the appeal of the tiny waistline, enhanced by a corset (see pic). So the nature of a fetish is quite private, as other people may not understand, and this in turn enhances the desirability of the fetish. And like I said, naughtiness is at the core of desire, and erotica. Whilst researching this topic I found wonderful stories about people fulfilling their desires. Imagine the ecstasy of the man with a panty fetish who skipped off in the hotel he was staying at **on his wedding night** to sniff the dirty knickers in the expensive hotel's Laundromat! What a thrill! Or the rapture of whoever invented the 12 inch heel. Imagine the elation of those that do have that fifth level fetish, when they do spend a night with that which they treasure most. And as long as they're not hurting anyone...

Bondage/ S & M

Bob Flanagan and his wife were the most pure case of a true Slave And Master relationship that has ever really been made public. Anyone who has braved the documentary *Sick* will understand. The devotion of Bob to his wife was unconditional (until he got so sick with cystic fibrosis that he couldn't handle it anymore), and she was amazingly manipulative with him. He lived for Sheree, and obeyed her every whim. That was beautiful. However if you aren't making money as a performing artist, devoting your mind and body to someone's own sadistic tendencies is a wee bit time consuming.

Sexual S&M is a lot of fun. It is accessible through many different levels of intensity, and is not restricted to either partner being the dominant character.

Corset fetishism: popular during the Twenties (and on the darker corners of the internet).



**This is my favourite picture in the world.
Oh my God.**

Its beauty lies in the psychology of the act. Both characters must play their part, even at a low level intensity. The Dominant position is a disciplinarian; they must have enough assertion to always maintain control, and enough knowledge to keep ideas and activities flowing. It is the Slave, however, who is the brave and strong one. The slave must take control of their body, and have the self-awareness to enjoy the pain, humiliation and infestation. At a low level, it is exciting to be hurt during intercourse. At a high level it is an entrance to another plane of existence through body control and release. It becomes more than just sexual, but a state of mind.

Hardcore female Dominatrixes are amazing women. Their knowledge, enthusiasm and professionalism are beyond measure. I have read interviews with women who take on clients for weeks at a time, hosting them in cages, just waiting to be called to their bidding. They would play with men who were only paying for a few hours in front of other caged men, letting the other clients lick their feet while the week-long customer had to stare in cold jealousy, wanting to please the beautiful leather clad woman, but unable to escape. Their knowledge of the human psyche is beyond reproach. Also many of them professed to never ever letting the men come in their presence – which would drive them crazy. Any fondling inside their cage or while they were serving the Dominatrix was punished severely. They are not all business, though. Many refuse to crush men's testicles under sharpened stilettos.

Fetishism is, if nothing else, misunderstood. Some fetishes may seem cruel and irresponsible, while others harmless. When confronted with any alternative form of sexuality, it's important to remember the righteous old saying, *don't knock it 'till you've tried it!*



Jimmy Trash's Beginner's Guide to Bondage

Here are some tips for beginner bondage. However, I take no responsibility for anything beyond you reading this. You don't need whips and chains. Here are some reasonable suggestions that you may throw into your next intercourse session. It may be wise to discuss this with a partner if you aren't really close enough them to just let things flow.

- Hold your partner's hands down above their head, forcefully. It is a very similar action to being tied up, only it relieves any tension as it is not permanent, and also gives the dominant partner a feeling of power.
- Lightly press down on your partner's windpipe whilst near climax.
- If a female is the Dominant character, tie the other partner's arms and sit on their face, in a half erotic, half choking stance. Be careful, but brutal. This is epitomised by Eric Stanton's cartoons, such as below.
- Pinching of nipples, fingers up

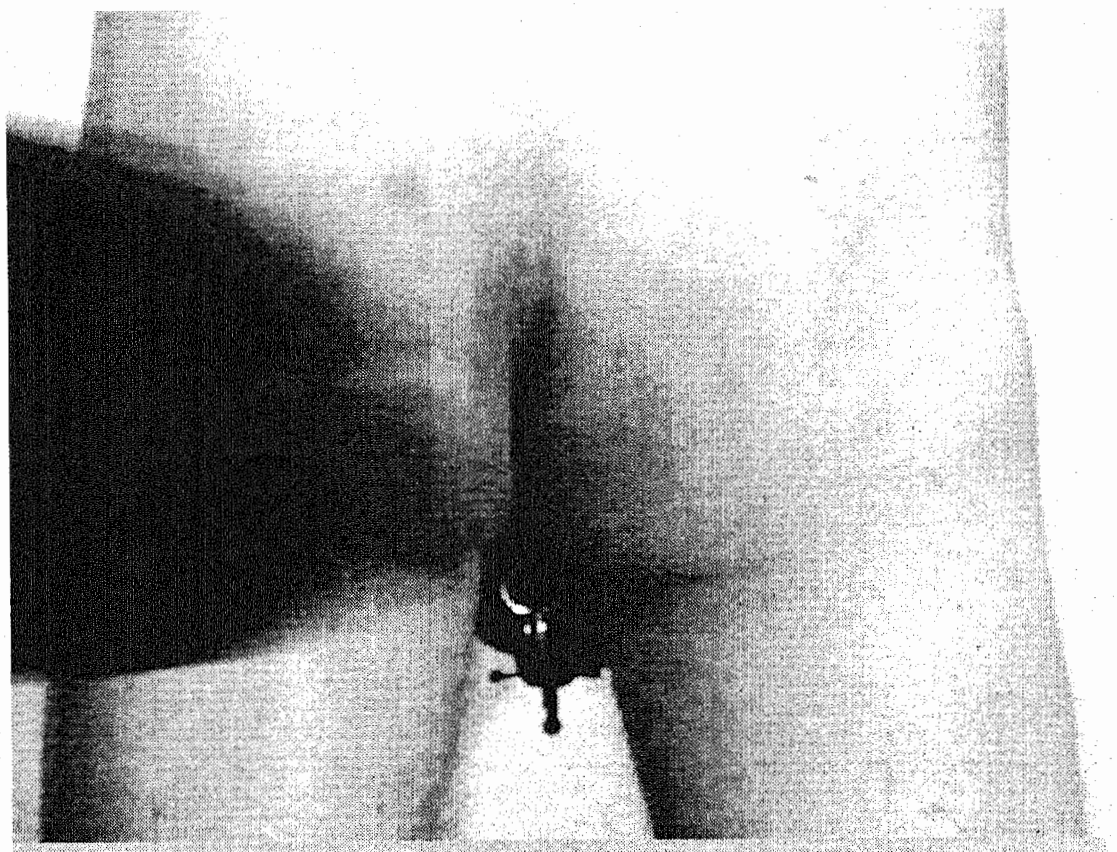
arseholes, pulling of hair. All of these are gold.

- The dominant character must assert their position. Improvise on phrases such as, "don't take your hands off of the wall", and punish them with light smacks to the buttocks if they do. This one is rad.
- Whilst tied, suck and bite your partner in mildly erotic areas, in a way that swings from pleasure to pain.
- Fucking your partner blindfolded is good, but putting them in a position where they cannot see you is better. Try whipping/biting them closer and closer to their genitals, then keeping them in cruel anticipation, poised just above the sensitive area.

Good luck people.
Jimmy Trash.



One of Eric Stanton's many, er, masterpieces.



Bob Flanagan, Supermasochist takes a thorough thrashing for the team. There is something deeply Biblical in taking a beating for someone else.

WHY JOHN HOWARD SHOULD GIVE SCHOLARSHIPS TO FATHERS AS WELL AS MALE TEACHERS



When John Howard wants to solve a social 'problem,' he knows how to pay for it. With cash. Upfront. Quick. \$10,000 to be exact. The only criteria? You have to be a male to receive it.

You may have heard, schools these days are essentially taught by female teachers. Only about 20% of teachers are men. Some people see this as a puzzle. They have a problem with this - some would say it's not right for boys. 'Growing boys need real male role models!' you hear them exclaim, 'growing boys need male teachers!' Mark Latham, the Opposition Leader, agreed; "For boys without men in their lives this is a real issue: a lack of male mentors and role models teaching them the difference between right and wrong." Fair enough, Mark. Fair enough, concerned parents. Boys do need role models. I won't dispute that. They need examples if they are to become upright citizens. It must be demoralising to have female teachers wherever you go - whenever you study you will wonder why Jane Doe isn't John Doodle, and it must be the height of offence for a woman to teach men about sport! *Outrageous!*

Actually, this is a pertinent question. Why aren't more men becoming teachers? Why do so many women become teachers, and why do men shy away?

The answer? Simply put? Teaching doesn't make you money!

I reiterate; it doesn't pay in this economically rationalist society to become a teacher! You will regret it all your life. Especially when you retire and realise Peter Costello wants you to keep working. You could become a banker, a lawyer, a doctor, or a brain surgeon (who, I have been told, earn over \$300,000 a year). You could become a politician, retiring with a comfortable pay package that lets you play golf.

But don't tell male graduates that. It might just scare them off. We want to attract them to becoming role models for our boys. We don't want those role models running away because it's lousy pay! "Young men already see teaching as not a very lucrative career," said Senator Allison. And that may be the case.

In any event, the Education Minister Brendan Nelson, decided to help John Howard out. So he came up with a plan. He thought it was such a good plan that it would heal the scars left in young men from the absence of male role models (who were wisely staying put in their Law degree for the better potential income). Nelson decided the Sex Discrimination laws could be tossed out the window because, when Liberals want to fix a solution, money doesn't have time for law and legislation.

Howard agrees with his crony that reverently bestowing \$10,000 scholarships on men, purely because they are men and for absolutely no other reason (economical, social, historical or racial) is, and I quote, "common sense."

It seems Brother Kelvin Canavan, of the Catholic Community in Sydney, agrees that "this can only have a beneficial effect for the children."

It's certainly a winner for boys. It assumes that men will want to take up the scholarships (a blind bribe for taking up a profession that doesn't pay well) and become teachers without paying university fees. It then assumes that they will fulfil the emptiness in boys, fix culture, and right the wrongs of female dominance in teaching positions. All with a \$10,000 hand-out. It's not a winner for the girls, however - they won't get a scholarship to study purely based on their gender, which they can't help - and in the meantime they will earn less than their male counterparts. That is as gravely written in stone as a eulogy on a tomb.

If the Liberals want to solve society's ills with hand-

outs that discriminate against women and canonize men, then they should take it a step further. Why not start on boys even earlier than primary school? As Hitler boasted when he talked about the Hitler Youth; you take a child, you teach him, and you have him for life.

On Howard's reasoning, scholarships should not just be exclusive to male students - they should be exclusive to males who want to become fathers.

It makes sense that if you want to have upstanding role models for boys, you should start with their fathers. There is a cost factor that is vital to the situation; it costs a lot of money to raise a child, and men should not go into the sanctimonious experience of child-rearing without due financial support. A scholarship for fatherhood would rightly establish an enticing and practical solution to many men's fear of commitment.

As the family is the core unit of the modern society, it also acts as the first learning place in a child's existence. By offering scholarships to males who want to become daddies, the Howard government would set up a security net for boys right from their first breath.

Many men today are rightly scared of the Bermuda Triangle that is the teaching profession and fatherhood. They are both money pits, but they both require men in order to make society function correctly. The government needs to address this problem by offering financial aid where it is most needed - in the school, and in the home.

In both cases, of course, only men should apply.

Women are already overfilling the system with their teaching. They don't need incentive to become mothers, either.

But men are different - and only the Howard government caters for their difference. Only the Howard government has shown its commitment to boys with a cash incentive for their 'big brothers.' Only the Howard government realises the strain of being a male in this male society, and how it is hard to be a father.

Kellie A. Smith



SALTO MORTALE:

How to become a Trapeze Acrobat

If I had expected a drum roll, I was disappointed: nothing of the sort happened. I was about 10 meters high, holding the trapeze bar in both hands, waiting to jump. Then Belinda next to me shouted "Judith hopp!" and off I went. It was crazy. I felt a strong pull on my arms and shoulders, and with an amazing speed my body swung through the air.

What was a unique push of adrenaline for me is other people's everyday life. Benno, Belinda and Rony work at the Quasar Flying Trapeze, set up at the Garden of Unearthly Delights during the Fringe. I talked to them about their lives as acrobats.

First of all, forget all rumours about acrobats growing up in a circus and more or less getting their first baby bottle up there on the trapeze – that is not true. All these guys started practicing in their teens or tweens, and the start of their careers don't sound very different from anyone else's.

"I started right after high school", Benno tells me. "I was looking for a job and the working hours were just attractive: three hours a day, three days a week". He smiles. "But of course it was more the thing itself. The trapeze means lots of fun and heaps of adrenaline; and it is calculated risk. That's great!"

We are sitting on the lawn, watching a 120 Kg man doing his first swing. Belinda, who is holding his safety lines down at the bottom supports probably half his weight, and I wonder how she is supposed to hold him. He jumps off, but instead of swinging through the air, his weight just pulls him down. He flops into the safety net, which bends almost to the ground, lifting Belinda up from her feet into the air.

Benno and Belinda are from Byron Bay. They did their first swings at the Byron Bay Beach Resort, which hosts one of Australia's three trapezes. When you start an education as an acrobat, the training you get is very similar to the workshops offered at the Flying Trapeze. The education is broken down in steps; it starts with basic tricks and builds up towards learning the simple, double, maybe even triple somersault.

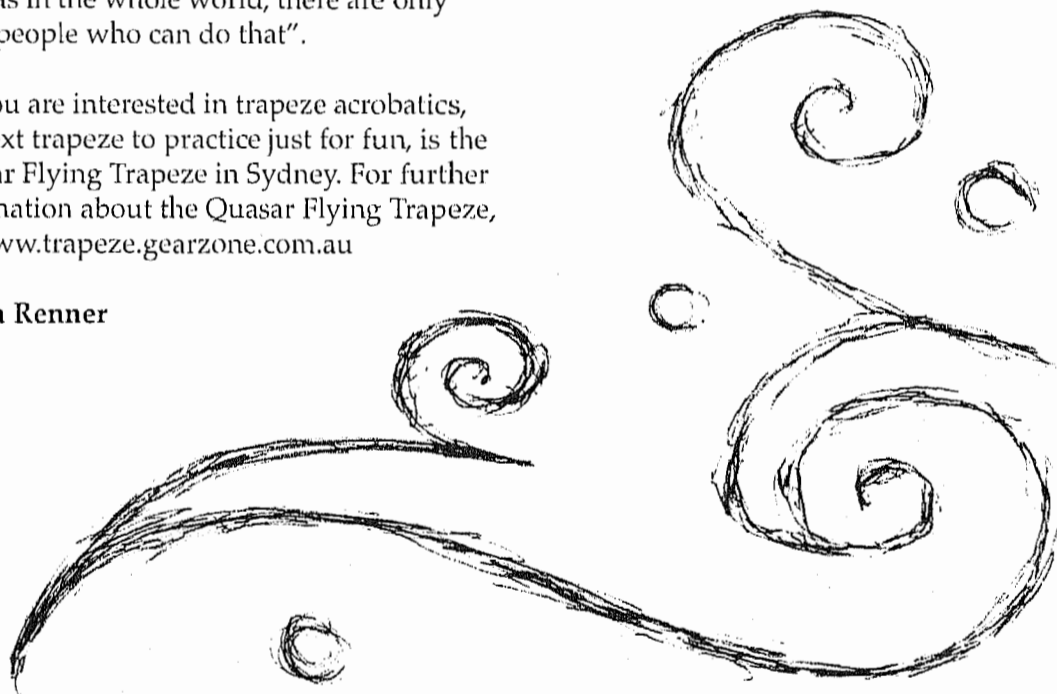
Improvements can be made quite quickly. If you allow yourself some practice, in only one year you can reach amazing results: "I'd say, after one year, depending on how much time you put into it and your mental attitude, and also if you learn it with a safety line – which makes a big difference – you could learn to do a double somersault and then be caught by an anchorman", reckons Benno. Having talked to him for about an hour, he has pretty much convinced me that becoming a trapeze artist cannot be so hard. Yet, some requirements have to be fulfilled; muscle strength however (what I expected after seeing Benno's and Belinda's shoulders) is not necessarily what you need, as muscles will build up over the time anyway. What is crucial, instead, is self-

confidence. "There is no room for self-doubt", says Benno. "Self confidence is a must." Also, a good body-awareness is necessary to do the right movements at the right time.

Once you are in the acrobats' business, you've three working opportunities. You can own a trapeze, which is definitely the most profitable alternative, you can teach and you can perform. As a teacher, your working hours and income depend on the demand for swings and workshops per day. And considering that there are only three trapezes in the entire country, finding a job might be a hard thing to do. As a performer, you need a permanent job to be able to make a living. Artists who can work as catchers have particularly good chances, as they are the most wanted acrobats. As a flyer, explains Ben, you should be very skilled. "Being able to make a triple somersault, for example, would definitely help, as in the whole world, there are only three people who can do that".

If you are interested in trapeze acrobatics, the next trapeze to practice just for fun, is the Quasar Flying Trapeze in Sydney. For further information about the Quasar Flying Trapeze, try www.trapeze.gearzone.com.au

Judith Renner



Members of the Quasar Flying Trapeze troupe hanging out at school

SAVE OFFICE BOATERS



Alice Campbell *President*

Hey everyone, can you believe it's week three already?! Where is the year going? Well hopefully I can actually answer that question: The year is going into lots of campaigning and lobbying, including a **protest that is happening this Tuesday, 16th March** when Tony Abbott, our Federal Health Minister and all round nasty man will visit our campus thanks to the illustrious efforts of the Democratic Club, which appears to believe in a very different definition of democracy than I do. Abbott is doing a lecture in the Union Hall that appears to be a tribute to a rather conservative poet by the name of James McAuley but this doesn't dispense with the fact that Abbott is part of a government that is constantly attacking students and treating us like piggy banks. This means that he is not welcome on our campus and he needs to know that when we appear **outside the Union Hall from 12:30pm**, just in time for his lecture at one.

So what else is happening in and out of our office this week? Well, you'll just have to come visit us to find out. Remember it's on the ground floor of the Lady Symon Building, which is located in the North West Corner of the Cloisters. I'm sick of typing our location already.

See You At The Protest!

Alice

Sorry about the blurry mugshot. We lost the other one. You probably know what our boss looks like anyway. - Eds



Aurelia Stapleton *Education Vice-President*

Some of you may be wondering why it is that every time a politician visits our university there are a number of students who always insist on making a big song and dance about it.

I'll tell you why.

It is because we are angry. Tony Abbott, Alexander Downer and John Howard (just to name a few who have recently graced us with their presence) are all part of the government that is responsible for:

- Increasing HECS by 25%
- Disposing with the 8% reduction on text books through the ETSS
- Allowing 35% of places to be for full fee payers who can get into uni based on financial standing instead of academic ability
- Reducing the total number uni places in SA by forcing unis to slash their overload (the promised "new places" will not make up for this loss)
- And more...

So when we have the opportunity to tell these men that we don't want these really detrimental reforms we take it. They don't listen to us because they think uni students can just be walked over and this forces us to do whatever we can to get their attention.

If you too agree that these reforms will not help students in any way, shape or form you are welcome to join in. Come to the National Day of Action on 31st of March and support your fellow students in their efforts for a better higher education system.

aurelia.stapleton@adelaide.edu.au



Kellie Armstrong-Smith Women's Officer

KELLIE HASN'T WRITTEN ANYTHING BECAUSE SHE IS TOO BUSY VOMITING AFTER FINDING OUT THAT JOHN HOWARD WANTS MEN TO RECEIVE \$10,000 TO BECOME A TEACHER, WHILE WOMEN WON'T. SHE THOUGHT DISCRIMINATION WAS ON THE WAY TO BEING IN THE PAST (THOUGH NOT COMPLETELY POLLYANNA ABOUT IT) AND CAN'T BELIEVE THE IMMORAL INSANITY OF AUSTRALIA'S COALITION GOVERNMENT. SHE IS VOMITING ALSO ON BEHALF OF HER MOTHER, WHO HAS BEEN A HARD WORKING AND DEDICATED TEACHER FOR OVER 30 YEARS, AND WHO IS UNABLE TO RETIRE BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO SURVIVE. SHE IS VOMITING ON HER BEHALF BECAUSE HER MOTHER IS THE BEST TEACHER IN THE WORLD, REHABILITATING KIDS LEFT RIGHT AND CENTRE WHERE OTHER MALE TEACHERS HAVE DISMALLY FAILED AND PERHAPS EVEN ESCALATED THE PROBLEM, AND YET, BECAUSE OF JOHN HOWARD'S AND BRENDAN NELSON'S EXTREME, RIGHT WING HYSTERIA, WILL NOT BE REGARDED AS IMPORTANT TO YOUNG BOY'S EDUCATION AS MALE TEACHERS. SHE IS VOMITING BECAUSE SHE KNOWS THAT THE QUALITY OF TEACHING IS NOT DEPENDENT UPON THE GENDER OF THE INSTRUCTOR; RATHER, IT RESTS WITHIN THEIR HEART.

MAY SHE STOP VOMITING AND RETURN TO WRITE HER OFFICE BEARER COLUMN SOON.

Okay then - Eds



Stephen Kellett Environment Officer

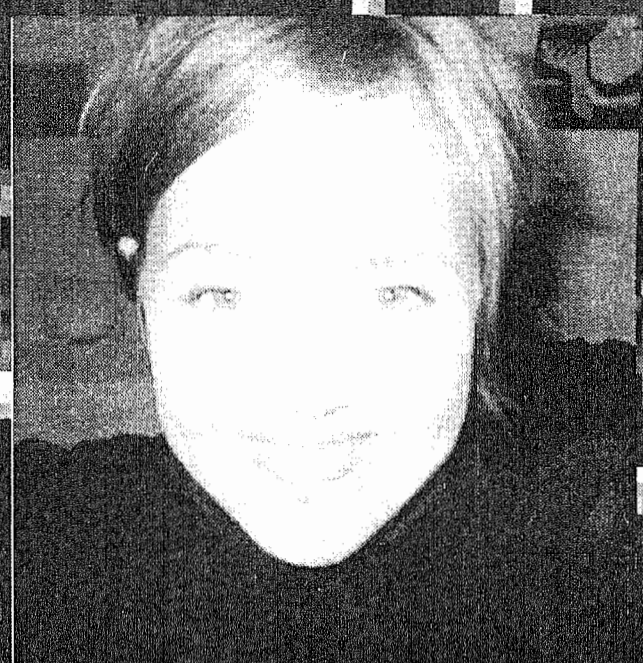
"It's not pollution that's ruining the environment, it's impurities in the air and water."

(George Dubbya Bush)

Respect goes out to all who risk life and limb, day in and day out on their bike in this cyclist unfriendly city. This recognition is deserved simply because of the ridiculously dangerous conditions that Adelaidian Bike riders face every day. Making it to the intended destination without being hospitalised, knocked over, or at the least cut off by some selfish driver, is about the equivalent of winning Gold in the coming Athens Olympics.

Seriously though, bike riding in Adelaide is an extreme sport. So much so that those dickheads from *Jackass* are contemplating riding down Unley road as part of their next series because it's just such a zany and crazy experience! Dodging buses, Commodores, and the like (along with all the vehicles that obstruct bike lanes to make matters even worse), is a daily occurrence for anyone on two wheels. It is however, every person's right to be able to jump on a bike and ride safely to any destination that they choose, without fear of being harmed or injured. Easier said than done, however.

The paradox is that the most effective way of solving the current problem is this. Get on your bike! Get out in force and be a positive cyclist. Write letters to the council demanding more bike friendly initiatives in and around the CBD. When someone cuts you off, don't hurl every form of abuse under the sun whilst giving the single finger salute. Instead, bide your time because chances are that bad drivers will be picked up at a later date. Later on in the year, the Environment Department will be having a 'Reclaim the Roads' ride that will involve as many riders as possible doing a mass circuit around the CBD, in an effort to raise awareness for cyclists and promote bike riding. Info will be made available closer to the date. Keep on ridin!



Bek Cornish Activities / Campaigns Vice-President

Hey there! Hope that studies are going well and that you're all starting to crave some extra curricular excitement! Due to the Fringe being here we haven't been able to hold our usual regular BBQ and band sessions, however, this will return back to normal as soon as we get our turf back! In the meantime, sit back and relax because we have a few things planned for you coming up very shortly. We have Cinema On The Lawns in the works, set to screen on the 26th of March. We are also in the process of organising the Natural Therapies Day which will see Tarot and angel card readings, massage therapies and stone healing, organic foods and other exciting things! Keep your eyes on this column!

Also, last week we held a discussion forum on PROSH (the annual week long festival we run to raise money for charity and engage in prank orientated shenanigans!) so that we can ensure that we run the best PROSH festival Adelaide Uni has ever seen. If your interested in helping out please contact me in the SAUA or via email, otherwise make sure you watch this space and enjoy the show. In the meantime, have fun studying and enjoy the Fringe activity on the lawns!

bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au

Dear Sir / Madam

Piercing the ear through any part except the soft lobe at the bottom is dangerous.

Piercing the upper ear cartilage risks infection with *Pseudomonas*, an unfriendly germ.

In the US, increasing numbers of cases of extensive deformity and disfigurement have resulted.

Dr William Keene warns, "Cartilage wounds may be slow to heal and may require aggressive therapy, including surgical removal of dead tissue." (Reuters Health, 25/10/2002)

True religion has always taught that unnecessary mutilation of the human body is wrong.

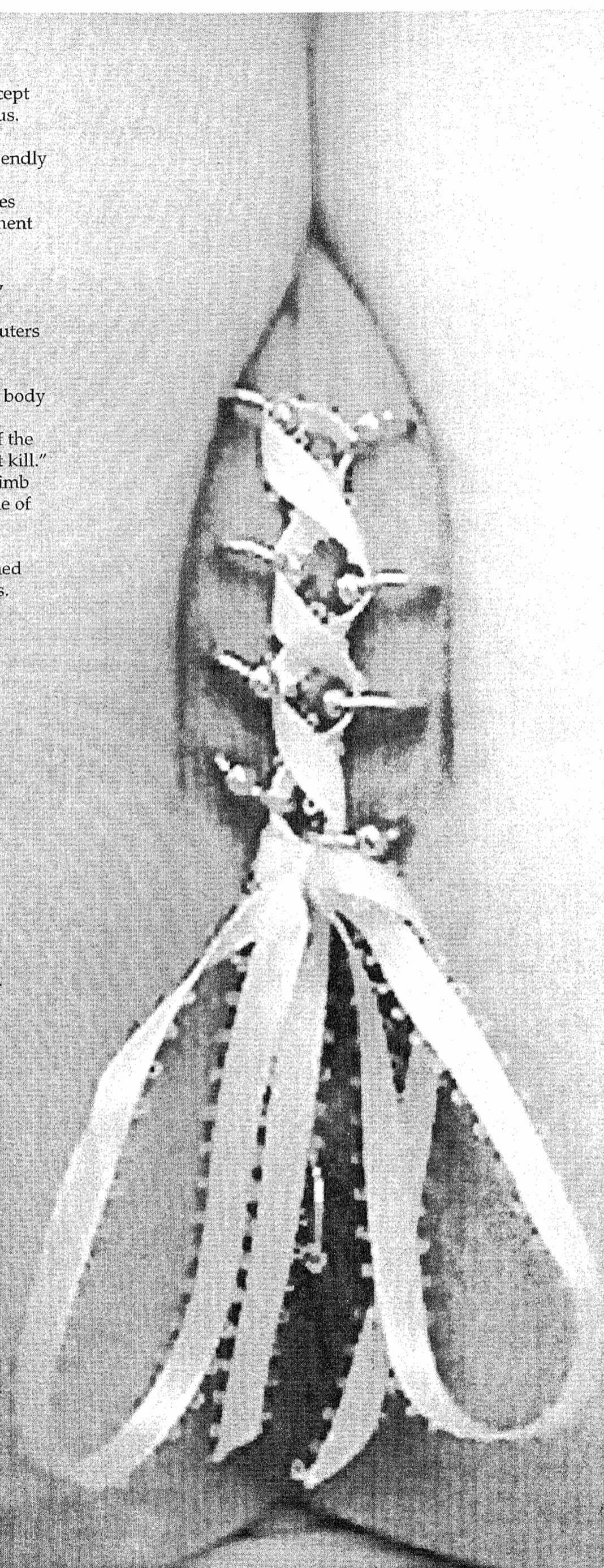
It violates a proper understanding of the Fifth Commandment: "Thou shalt not kill."

Mutilation necessary to save life or limb is allowable, according to the principle of "double effect".

But when done for no reason except following fashion, it is to be condemned - on moral as well as medical grounds.

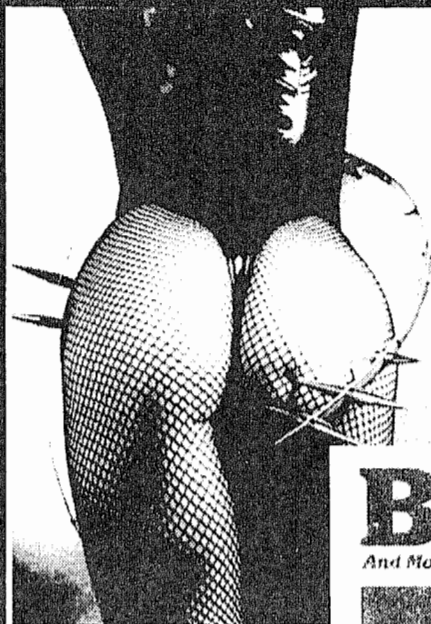
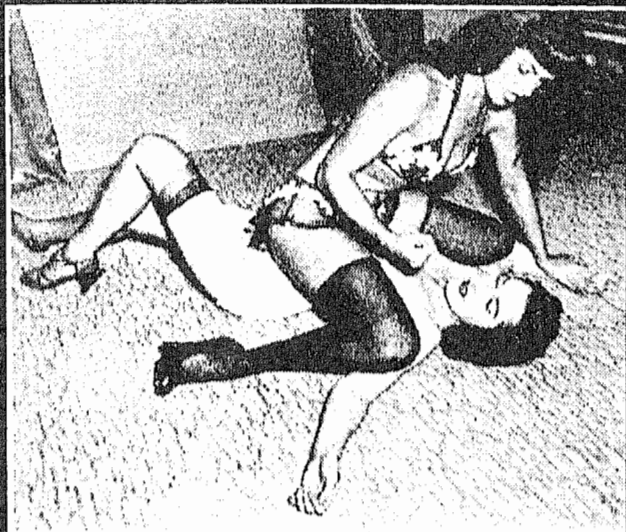
Yours Sincerely

Arnold Jago



Homage to The World Of Fetish

(and an excuse to use some of these neat-o pictures that we've found)

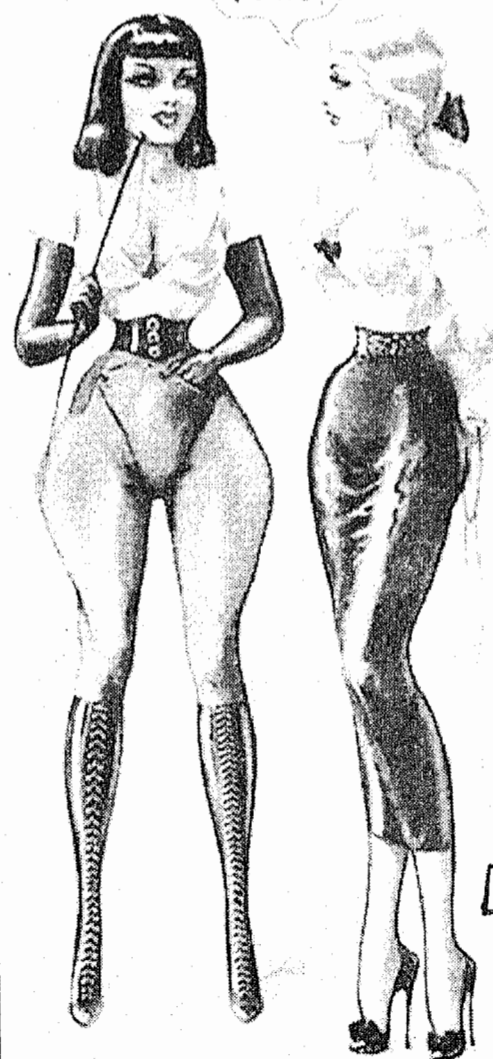


Body Play

And Modern Primitives Quarterly Vol. 1, No. 1 \$10



AT LAST OWEN GETS DRESSED
I forgot to tell you Auntie's very Victorian - corsets and all that
Oh honey to corsets! how d'you like my shirt? I can hardly walk in it - Don't you think my hands should be tied to complete the picture?



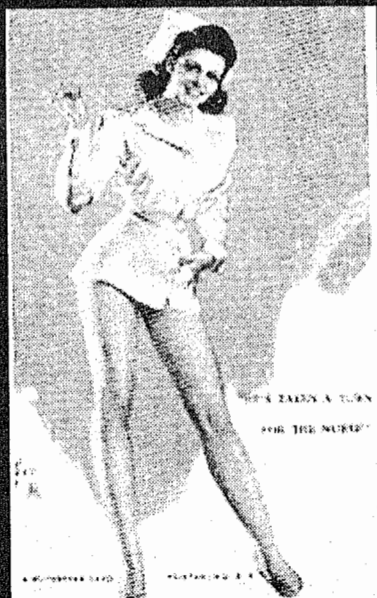
PANTY RAID

...and other stories of TRANSVESTISM & FEMALE IMPERSONATION

No. C-18



INCLUDES ACTUAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM TRANSVESTITES
A CONNOISSEUR PUBLICATION LIMITED EDITION



IT'S EARLY A TON FOR THE NIGHT



ADELAIDE UNI STUDENT RADIO 101.5FM

ouchy says:
listen to student radio



9pm monday, tuesday and saturday
<http://student.radio.adelaide.edu.au>

welcome to fetish ondit and another week of action packed uni. thankfully student radio's very own pro-dom dj "ouchy the clown" has jumped on board for this deviant issue. and yes, he does do children's parties. emma and dan have been busy over the last couple of weeks getting radio off the ground, and now we had all of our shows at least once, we can safely say 2004 is going to be a happy and shiny year. open mic went really well, so if you're keen to get on air, email us at: student.radio@adelaide.edu.au

the replay system is now up and running in the mayo, unibar and wills. however, if you want to hear it in the unibar, ask the staff nicely if they can switch off channel [v]omit or the same jji cd they've had on for the past gazillion years and put on student radio.

	tuesday 16 march	saturday 20 march	monday 22 march
9pm	LOCAL NOISE über stomp	THE G-SPOT ouchy the clown with richard, sam, reuben & doug	THE FLUX CAPACITOR tied up & burnt with ben and phil
10pm	TOO LOUD TO BE CULTURE shaved genitals with bianca & patrick	TRANSMISSION cronenberg's crash with matt & hannah	FLAVA IN YA EAR whipped cream & cherries with mark & suniljit
11pm	RADIO MAGNIFICO golden showers with ben and rhys	DJ'S CHOICE scratch & sniff with duncs & adam	THE VINYL LOUNGE wet look vinyl togas with potter and mark
midnight	LIVE FROM THE MOON watching the kids play with luke, leo & tom	HEAVY AS A REALLY HEAVY THING thinking vibrators? think matt & tim	ALL TOMORROW'S PARTIES german shizer flicks with adam & luke

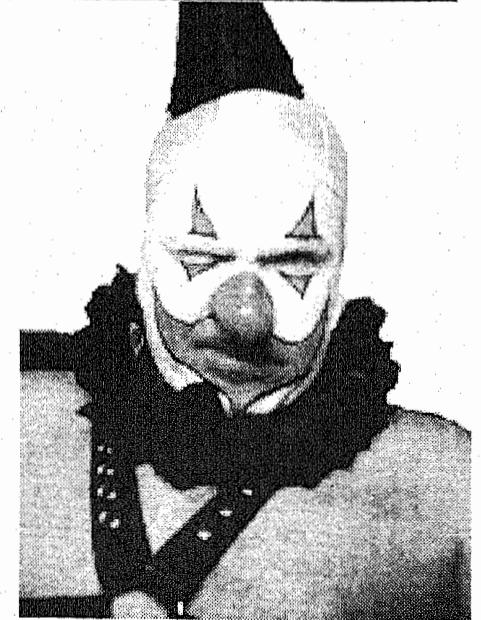
Show Bio:
"It's Not Dead Air...It's A Dramatic Pause"
10pm Tuesday Nights

"It's Not Dead Air...It's A Dramatic Pause", apart from a lame attempt at covering up all sorts of on air mistakes, is an indie/alternative music show hosted by us, Sam (or DJ Sammie, although I condemn the imposter who put my name to that awful "Boys of Summer" cover) and Trish on Student Radio 101.5 fm.

Join us every second Tuesday at 10pm, straight after "Local Noise", as we continue the night with more tunes from our brilliant local music scene, mixed in with our favorite Australian and International acts. There's only one rule as to what gets played - if it's unique and musically exciting, we'll put it to air. There'll be Decks and Turntables. There'll be Four on the Floor Rock'n'Roll. There'll be Metal, and there'll be Polka. Ok, maybe not the last one.

Tune in if you like your alternative music taken a little further leftfield; as we play not only what you know, but also what we think you need to hear. Among some favorites and new releases, we'll play current artists who don't get the exposure they deserve, obscure tunes that have been lost in music history, and anything else we can find of musical significance. Couple all this with music news, pop culture and a bit of random coffee induced banter, and you've got yourself a radio show.

And remember, if we push the wrong button and the only thing you hear coming out of your radio is static, "It's Not Dead Air...It's A Dramatic Pause". On Student Radio 101.5 fm-as good at making excuses as you are.





South Australia's Own

Shibata Japanese Restaurant

131 Melbourne Street
North Adelaide
Ph: 8267 3381

Lesson Number One: Don't go to Melbourne Street on a Thursday night after 9.30 if you want something to eat. Apparently, only the Japanese restaurant and some other place (the name escapes me) that serves Australian cuisine are open. (Australian *cuisine* isn't my term.)

Lesson Number Two: Know something about Japanese food before you go to a Japanese restaurant. Eating sushi from Genki Roll every week doesn't count.

Lesson Number Three: Don't let an empty restaurant put you off your quest for food. Emptiness doesn't always equate to bad food.

Though I must admit, I was a little perturbed by the lack of patrons that night. A sense of eeriness pervaded the restaurant, and the chef and the young waiter seemed to be the only two people working.

No one was eating except for two suspicious Triad types in suits, scoffing sashimi and sushi in the far corner of the restaurant, their conversation the only noise accompanying the elevator music struggling out of the poor-quality speakers.

We were given a choice of sitting the traditional Japanese way (sitting or kneeling on cushions) or being boring and sitting at a table. I'd love to say that we knelt, but we weren't that festive. However, I regretted the decision because there was something suspiciously sticky on my side of the table. We should have been bold! You know what they say: when in Rome...

I didn't have to be discreet about observing the décor (or anything else, for that matter) since there was no one around. After the novelty of the Japanese tables wore off, I decided the interior of the restaurant was interesting, but didn't quite work - despite the bamboo walls and pink paint. The Triad guys left, and the quietness started to envelop us. I almost missed their loud chatter - I felt so conspicuous without them.

Since none of us had any idea what to order, our kind waiter helped us out. Was it my imagination, or did I detect a faint smirk? I don't think we were

the first to be confused by the unhelpful menu. For example, tempura and ebi-tempura were both described as "deep fried prawns and vegetables." I never found out what difference the *ebi* made. We also decided on the nabeyaki udon. "Wheat noodle with deep-fried prawn, egg and fried bean curd in udon soup," said the menu. Fried bean curd might sound gross, but its only tofu, and was actually quite good, as many fried things are. Our last decision was easy: tori teriyaki. Even I, with my limited Japanese dining experience knew we couldn't go wrong with teriyaki chicken.

Before the food came, we were given a freebie, which was alfalfa sprouts soaked in some sort of rice vinegar. I was a bit intrigued by it, since it was only two bites of strange tartness. The whole situation was starting to feel surreal and even though I don't think the food took that long, the emptiness of the place was making me want to get out of there. The tempura came before the other dishes, and the huge prawns and vegetables sizzled invitingly. It was rather tasty - especially the tempura sweet potato - and fried to crispy perfection.

The ample serve of teriyaki chicken was less sweet than other teriyaki chicken I've had, but I liked it that way. It seemed more authentic. We didn't really know how to divide up the soup, so I ate most of it, which gave me my omega-3 for the week. There was one kind of every seafood in there: one giant prawn, a scallop, a piece of fish, and pieces of other fishy things - seafood lucky dip! The soup looked and tasted very healthy. In fact, the whole meal felt pretty healthy, despite the fried tempura. The lightness of the food meant I was surprised by the sudden feeling of fullness. Maybe it was the rice, or maybe it was the fact that I was made to finish off the chicken from our generous serving. The whole "people are starving" speech is too firmly imprinted on my mind to leave good food.

The chef and the waiter seemed overly happy once we'd taken our last bites, but I can understand. They'd probably been about to clean up the kitchen when we walked in, demanding our hunger be sated. Despite this, they still cooked us a very satisfying meal. I felt guilty, but hungry people don't really consider the feelings of others. For me, the situation was more unforgettable than the food, but I'm sure the restaurant has a very different atmosphere when it's bustling. I'll always remember those Triad dudes and how loud my voice seemed in the empty room. On the plus side, I did get to try tempura prawns, which I've never had before. That can be my new experience of the month.

ET



Dating from the Yashimoto period this ancient practice of filling an actively menstrating vagina with large chunks of fresh mackerel for the purposes of marinating them in their discharges was once popular amongst the gentry of the Nasticuntaroma clan.

Hand-made by the Cooper family.

VOX POP

Questions

1. Describe your weirdest bondage experience / fantasy.

2. What is your bondage weapon of choice? Why?

3. In your opinion, what would be the best way to punish Kelis for releasing 'The Milkshake Song'?



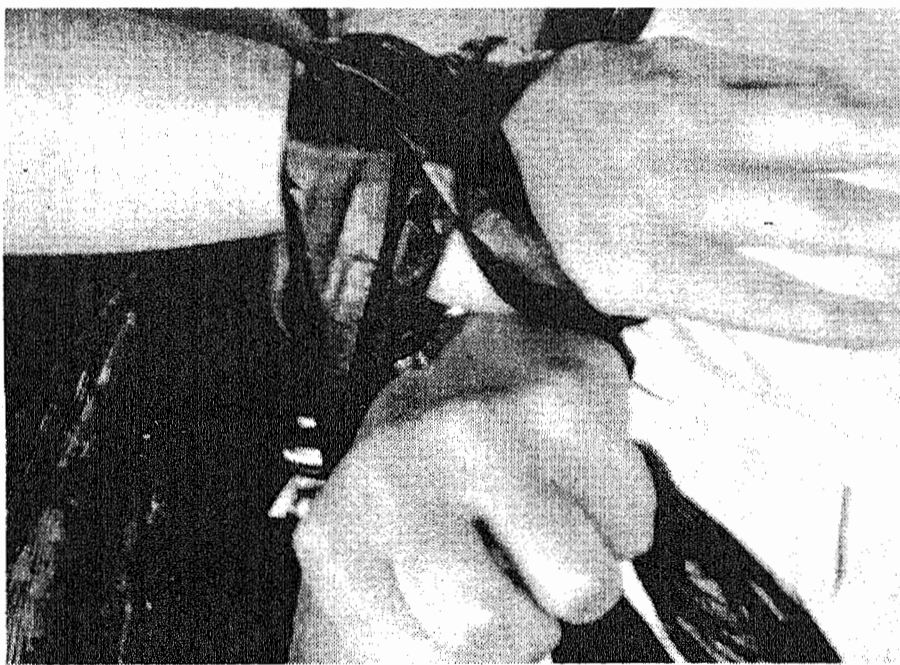
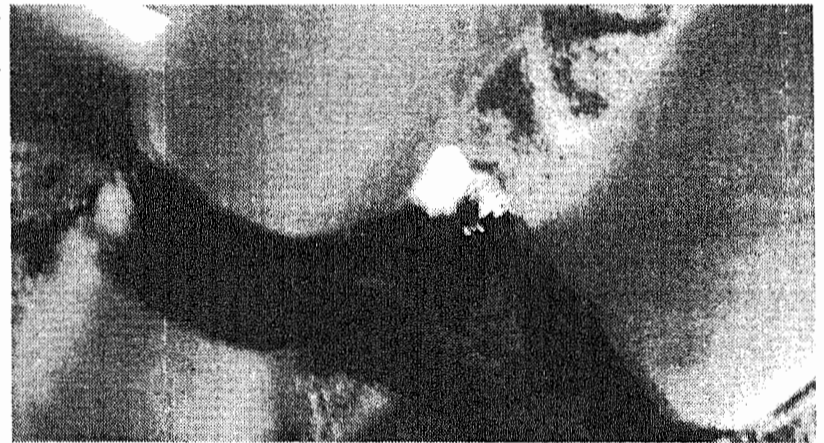
Fluffy Reid

1. I woke up tied to a bed with no pubic hair.
2. A whip. An oldie but a goodie!
3. Spit roast.

*Names and identities
have been altered
to protect the
not-so-innocent.*

Snail Bridge

1. I had monkey straps tied to me at a party once. You know, the things they restrain children with?
2. Nylon stockings to mask my prey.
3. Shove the mixer up her clacker.



Misty Shady Grove

1. Being handcuffed and threatened by a fellow o'camper. 10 seconds ago.
2. A thong as a substitute for handcuffs.
3. I'd tie her upside down to a well with her legs broken outwards and her head stuffed into the bucket. Then I'd pour various substances over her, e.g. acid, napalm, ants, etc.

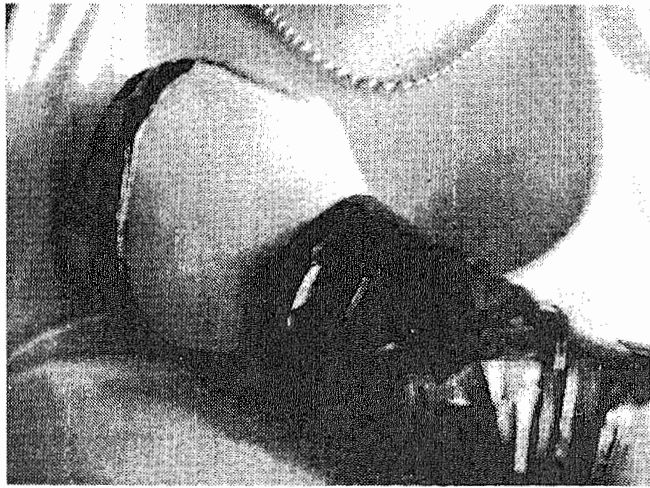


Pierre Redford

1. My boyfriend once tied me up naked to our bed, then attempted to rescue me by jumping from the top of the wardrobe wearing a superman costume.
2. The paddle. I like to spank...
3. I think I'd have to force-feed her 7 litres of banana milkshake.

Barney Mink

1. I was handcuffed to a clothesline by a guy I met that night at a party.
2. Rope – for the usual purposes.
3. Oh definitely lock her in a room with no windows and then play her song back over and over again. Oh, the torture...



Rosy Junction

1. I'd like to be whipped with a garden hose somewhere risky – possibly my grandma's 80th.
2. A giant novelty pencil sharpener. (Thanks mum)
3. Give her a good spanking. Naughty, naughty girl.



Queeny Battunga (aka Yana)

1. My fantasy has always been to have someone manacled to a wall so that I could molest them in many interesting ways, possibly involving a pink umbrella.
2. Cat 'o' nine tails.
3. Let's deprive her of all milkshakes. And make her screw someone really ugly who will only let her drink vinegar.



Bonnie William

1. I've never had one. But if I did, it would be in the back of the library and would definitely involve books and leather straps.
2. Tuna. Like on that healthcare ad, only for a slightly different kind of therapy.
3. Throw her into the Sarlacc Pit. (*Star Wars Episode 6* for those of you who don't remember)



Gorgeous Owen

1. Once I was actually tied to a bed with a flannelette dressing gown cord and then subjected to tickle torture.
2. Bare hands. Good for applying pressure.
3. But I love Kelis! I would punish her with kisses. (Starts singing the song)

23

ACQUIRE THE SKILLS REQUIRED FOR SUCCESS AT UNIVERSITY

Mathematics Learning Service (MLS)

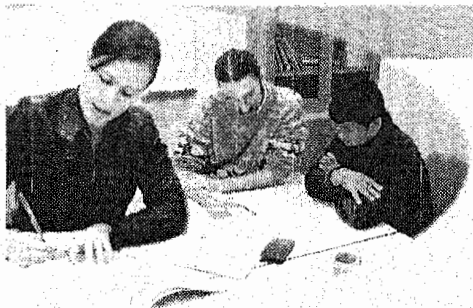
- ▶ Maths Drop-In Centre (10:00am–4:00pm)
- ▶ maths and stats bridging courses
- ▶ print and online resources



LTDU

TEL 8303 5862

WEB www.adelaide.edu.au/ltdu/students/



Film 101: An Introduction to...

BRIAN DE PALMA (1940 - present)

Director/Writer

USA

"You need people like me. You need people like me so you can point your fucking fingers, and say "that's the bad guy." So, what dat make you? Good? You're not good; you just know how to hide. Howda lie. Me, I don't have that problem. Me, I always tell the truth--even when I lie. Come on, make way for the bad guy!" – Al Pacino as Tony Montana in De Palma's *Scarface* (1983)

You've all seen his movies, whether you know it or not. You've seen his perverse mind at work in public in the cinema, or perhaps even worse, on video in your own home, by yourself. He's been working away covertly for 35 years now, pushing the boundaries of taste and subtly feeding your darkest fantasies, giving you what you'd never dare ask for. It's everything you ever wanted to know about the cinema but were afraid to ask. He could even be behind you right now as you read this, contemplating what would be the most painful and (by extension) the funniest way to kill you with a rolled up edition of *On Dit*. In the grand tradition of Alfred Hitchcock, Brian De Palma is truly an *auteur* for the public. He's an artistically gifted craftsman who strives to entertain. While De Palma claims that his fascination with gore began with watching his father (a surgeon) at work, it's far more likely that it's drawn from the cinema because with De Palma it's all about influence. There's a lesson in film history in all of his movies. There's direct (and shameless) *homage* to Antonioni, Eisenstein, Powell, Hawks and, of course, his idol, Alfred Hitchcock. Gratuitous and overstatement have become his hallmarks, he's unapologetically politically incorrect, and I have to love him for it. Are the films of Brian De Palma art? That I don't really know. The question you should be asking is - are they fun? The answer must be, and can only be - damn straight.

Given the incredible cine-literacy of De Palma's films it's somewhat surprising that his first education was not in the movies. He studied Physics at Columbia University before moving on to Sarah Lawrence College where in 1969, with a few other friends who were equally as obscure at the time, he made his first full length feature *The Wedding Party*. It featured a young actor named "Bobby" De Niro whom De Palma would go on to work with again later on a much larger scale.

The first of his films to garner any real public or critical attention was 1973's *Sisters*. But it was with *Carrie* three years later that he would be catapulted into the limelight. At once over-the-top, creepy and humanistic *Carrie* was the story of a high

school outsider (Sissy Spacek). Tormented at school and terrorized at home she suffers through a humiliating prom night where she is doused in blood and mocked before the entire school before revealing her psycho-kinetic powers and reeking her vengeance. It remains among the best Stephen King screen adaptations, and a blood soaked horror classic.

Immediately after his success with *Carrie* De Palma returned to the style of *Sisters* and produced another, in what would become a string of films, that were basically re-inventions of Hitchcock movies. *Obsession* was scored by frequent Hitchcock collaborator Bernard Herrmann and was almost a direct remake of *Vertigo* (with a few notable alterations). The re-inventions would continue (and the violence intensify) in *Dressed to Kill* (1980) and *Body Double* (1984).

Between those two films De Palma made *Blow Out* (1981), which was an obvious nod to Michaelangelo Antonioni's *BlowUp* (1966), and *Scarface* (1983) with Al Pacino. A loose remake of Howard Hawks' 1932 film of the same name *Scarface* featured Pacino as a Cuban immigrant hell bent on achieving the American dream, by any means necessary. There was an inordinately excessive reaction against the film at its time of release due to its inordinately excessive amount of violence but it has now become a gangster classic. Pacino is endlessly quotable as he delivers Oliver Stone's lines and gives one of the best performances of his career.

After his first success in the gangster genre De Palma was hired to direct his *tour de force* and most respected work, *The Untouchables*. Retelling the prohibition era story of gangster Al Capone and lawman Elliot Ness *The Untouchables* is one of the great gangster films. It's larger than life and features De Palma's most explicit salute to the movie greats that came before him in a recreation of Sergei Eisenstein's "Odessa steps" sequence from *Battleship Potemkin*. It won Sean Connery the best supporting actor Oscar and remains the jewel in De Palma's crown.

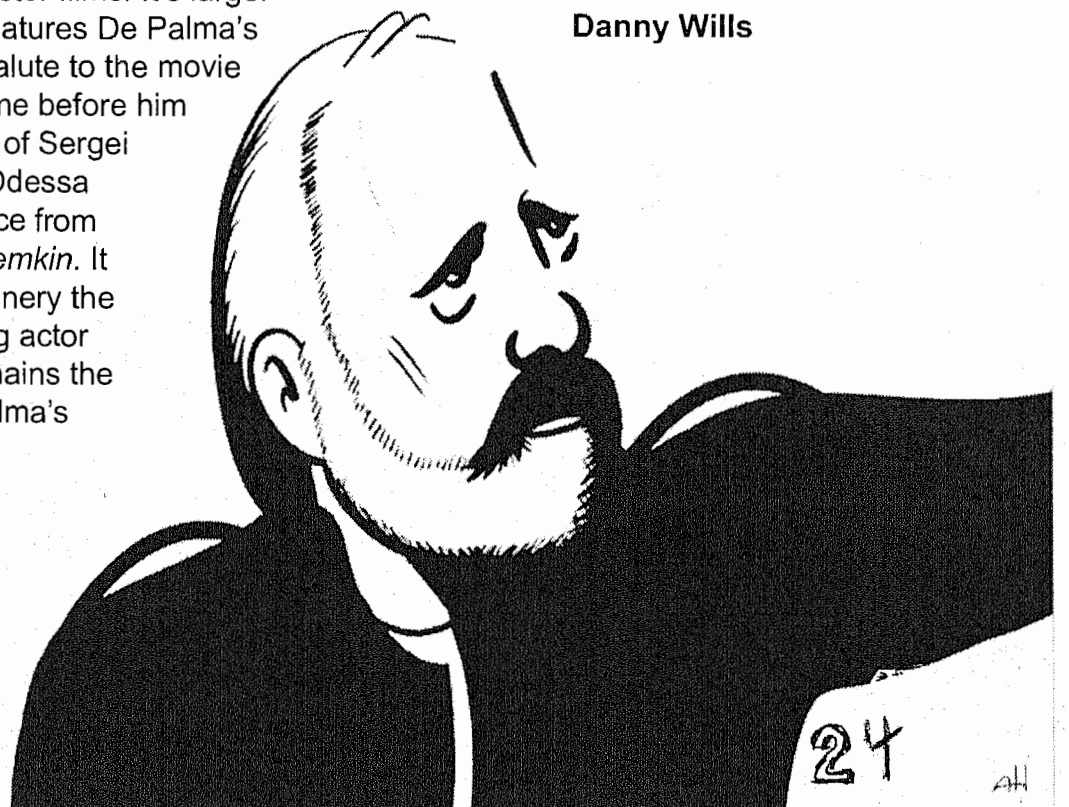
After *The Untouchables* he directed Sean Penn and Michael J. Fox in *Casualties of*

War. Characteristically violent but uncharacteristically political it remains De Palma's only venture into the war genre. Set in Vietnam (and based on a true story) it is the story of an American Marine jungle squadron who "requisition" a young village girl and subject her to a humiliating string of unconscionable acts. Perhaps a response to claims that De Palma's movies were somewhat misogynistic it's a truly powerful film about the victims of war that are seldom represented - the civilians. It's a film to those who die with no military honor, and no choice.

Since then De Palma has released the big budget *Mission Impossible*, the misguided *Bonfire of the Vanities*, the mess that was *Mission to Mars*, the out of control *Raising Cain* and the brilliant revisionist gangster film *Carlito's Way* (a re-teaming with Al Pacino). His most recent release was last year's *Femme Fatale*. Typically De Palma, it featured beautiful lesbians staging a diamond heist at the Cannes Film Festival, a thematic culmination of "a few of his favorite things". It shows that he has no intention to change his overblown style and personally I proclaim that to be a great thing. We need more people like Brian De Palma, the people who Jack Kerouac so eloquently called "the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars".

If this sounds cool, go and check out: *The Untouchables*, *Carlito's Way*, *Casualties of War*, *Dressed To Kill*, *Blow Out*, *Scarface*, *Carrie*, *Body Double*, *Femme Fatale*, *Bonfire of the Vanities*, *Sisters*, *Obsession*, *Mission Impossible*

Danny Wills



MOVIE REVIEWS



Thirteen

Directed by: Catherine Hardwicke

Starring: Holly Hunter, Evan Rachel Wood and Nikki Reed

A thirteen year old girl walking from a secluded dressing room wiping her mouth while her much older male companion zips up his jeans is not something we come to expect from a contemporary teenage drama. Yet films such as *KIDS* and last years *Ken Park* from Director Larry Clark set a precedent for utilizing cinema as a means to confront raw issues which teens face in today's society. *Thirteen*, the directorial debut of Catherine Hardwicke, follows a similar path to Clark yet tells a different story.

Tracy (Evan Rachel Wood) is a typical thirteen year old girl living in an increasingly typical modern family, a single parent family. Tracy's estranged father is too busy wrapped up in his new job and family to actually involve himself in the family he left behind and simply appeases them with ever increasing support payments. Tracy's mother Melanie (Holly Hunter) raises her and her brother while dealing with being a recovering alcoholic. The family is left clinging on the bottom rungs of society as Mel struggles to support the family by using their house as a makeshift hair salon and shopping for clothes from the back of a Kombi van at a beachside market.

Mel attempts to raise Tracy in an image of perfection of which she knows she could never have achieved personally. Tracy was a straight A student with a penchant for writing and her peer group consisted of the most conservative of young girls nonchalant towards the ever increasing presence of G-Strings and boys in their junior high school lives. Despite this, the intoxicating desire for

popularity permeated the air which Tracy breathed and she had soon abandoned her 'loser' friends for Evie (Nikki Reed), the object of desire for every young man at Tracy's school. Despite her social acceptance being a temporary emotional fulfillment Tracy's demise into a depressed and disturbed young girl are ultimately at the hands of Evie and her manipulating ways.

Thirteen takes a broadside at the manipulation of impressionable young girls by the modern media and pop culture. Evie was as much a representation of the influence of pop culture on young girls as she was of the corruptibility of peer pressure, moreover the movie seems to convince that these two issues seemingly go hand in hand. Tracy was a girl 'playing with Barbie dolls before she met Evie' as her mother proclaimed. Despite this her relationship with Evie propelled her into the world of Calvin Klein, hipster jeans and 'shopping on Melrose', a world away from the beachside markets of home made clothing. Equally alarming were these seventh graders pursuing hedonistic lifestyles of people allegedly ages ahead of them in maturity and responsibility. Their feeble young minds could not handle the ephemeral pleasures of drugs and drinking and the void left was ultimately handled with disturbing self mutilation.

Thirteen teaches a lesson in that as much as we all age we still possess the propensity to make ourselves vulnerable in the pursuit of something we desire dearly. In the case of Tracy and Mel they both sought a meaningful relationship with characters who ultimately made them emotionally and physically unhealthy. Catherine Hardwicke has provided us with a more accessible view of the maturing processes of modern teenagers than Larry Clark and her collaboration in scriptwriting with Nikki Reed gives the film credibility and a viewpoint from a thirteen year old who has experienced the journey which the film takes us on.

Peter Leahy



Monster

Director: Patty Jenkins

Starring: Charlize Theron and Christina Ricci

Serial killing lesbian prostitute.

Once a filmmaker has decided on that premise there's really only two directions that their film can go in. There's the Russ Mayer route, where you get as indulgent and gratuitous as possible, playing up the concept for perverse (but guiltily fun) laughs, or there's the polar opposite - the gritty, hard hitting drama with a feminist spin. Sensibly (but perhaps a little drearily) Patty Jenkins has chosen to take *Monster*, the real life story of Aileen Wuornos, in the later direction.

Charlize Theron plays Aileen Wuornos. As a young girl she dreamed of achieving success, recognition, fame and fortune but soon discovered that the fates would not be so kind to her. In home movie style flashbacks we see Wuornos' formative years rapidly retold, she attempts to connect with boys, only to be exploited, used and disposed. She finds temporary affection from them by prostituting herself and, once she's in the business, finds it impossible to get out. On one typically empty night, and on the brink of suicide, she unwittingly ventures into a gay bar and meets Selby (Christina Ricci). Although Aileen had never before considered herself homosexual she ultimately goes home with the doe-eyed Selby and the two begin an intimate relationship. Eventually the couple begins living together and despite her most determined efforts to find another job to support them Aileen finds that she has to continue tricking. On one particularly horrific night Aileen has an especially aggressive "john" who assaults and ties her

up, assumedly with even more sinister plans in store. After struggling she breaks free, and kills him in self-defense. One murder later becomes two, two becomes three and pulling the trigger gets easier each time.

While Patty Jenkins' script and direction are sufficient, to be a success the film really demands good performances from its two leads, Theron and Ricci, and it must be said that they do deliver. Theron's performance was good enough to win her the best actress Oscar last week and Ricci is at least as good in a subtler, but equally as demanding role. Between the two of them they manage to supply a strong emotional texture to the film. A lot of credit must also be given to Toni G., the makeup artist. He renders the ordinarily luminous Theron almost unrecognizable as Wuornos. Ricci is particularly brilliant in the scenes involving Selby and her oppressive, obsessively Christian aunt.

While it doesn't completely address the issue, the film is at it's most interesting when it examines the causality behind the crimes of Aileen Wuornos. There are few potential answers offered - there's her imperfect childhood, the mistreatment she receives at the hands of men and also a general 'heaviness' of the world that she carries on her shoulders. But although Aileen's first killing is in self-defense, they become progressively less justified. One of her victims picks her up hitchhiking and even though he declines her offer of sex for money and offers her charity from the goodness of his heart she still claims that she "can't let him live". This creates a certain ambiguity that is never really clarified by Jenkins' script.

The final portrait of Wuornos is dispassionate, but ultimately empathetic. *Monster* never says that her crimes were justified, but never truly condemns her as the "Monster" of the title. Great performances have managed to lift an average film to the standing of a good film but unfortunately minor flaws in the script never allow it to achieve its lofty ambitions.

***1/2

Danny Wills

25



Jimmy Crash's Crash Film Of The Week



The Naked Lunch David Cronenberg

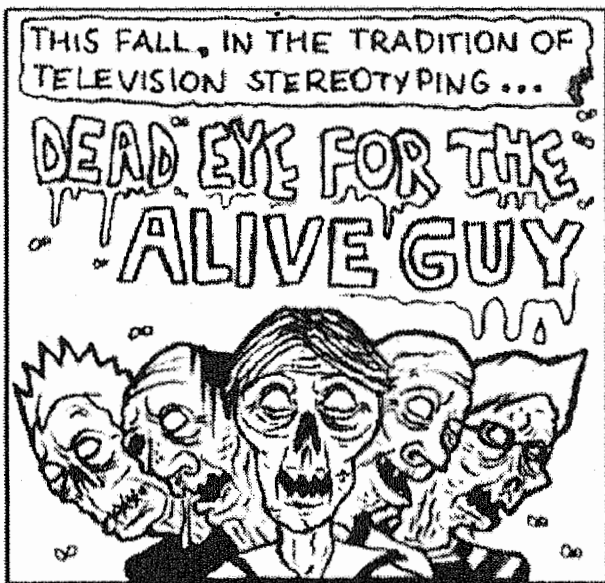
When I hired this, the lady behind the counter said, "I love this film - I can't believe they managed to make the movie weirder than the book". For anyone that has read *The Naked Lunch*, and especially those who know some history of Burroughs himself, this statement will be near terrifying. The whole movie is a strange mix between alien bug paranoia and a loose but somehow accurate retelling of William Burroughs' life in the period in which he was writing *The Naked Lunch*. Will Lee, (Burroughs' character, and the name he was first published under) is an affected insect exterminator. Played by Peter Weller, famous for being RoboCop, he is absolutely brilliant. He remains forever in a calm daze, throughout the whole film, even when giant aliens are ripping his friends apart. The drug fucked portrayal (he is always being given new drugs to try from extra-terrestrials) of Will Lee allows for some brilliant character work - his paranoia, monotone voice, and gorgeous willingness to shrug his shoulders while watching mutant typewriters eating each other are all great to watch.

All in all, this film is a drug odyssey. The dialogue of the film is more advanced, insightful and compelling than most books since the beat generation, and the imagery is incredible. The first hour is really just watching tripped out dialogue between Lee, Allan Ginsburg and Jack Kerouac, before exploding into the ethereal danger and confusion of Will Lee's 'mission' on the planet Tangier. Here he encounters a myriad of debauched, desire-driven bugs, seedy, immoral underworld of backstabbing and drugs. Director Cronenberg also directed *The Fly*, to give you a good example of the cinematography used. He does a realistic job of recreating 'fifties' temperament to the screen. The set is mind bending in it's transition from diners to lunar marketplaces, and is always stark and creative. Are Lee's hallucinations real? Was he really made to shoot his bug-powder injecting wife? It doesn't really matter - this three and a half hour long film is free from all ties to conventional cinema, and enjoyable as it is perplexing.

This isn't actually a scene from Cronenberg's masterpiece *The Naked Lunch*. I just found it amusing, and so should you.



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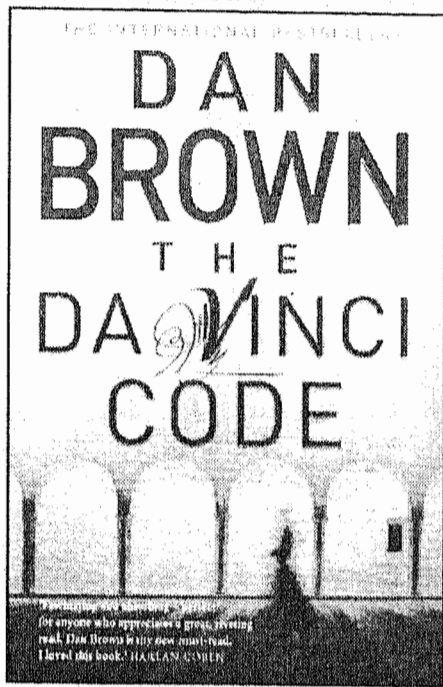
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THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE AUSTRALIA



The Da Vinci Code
 Dan Brown
 Bantam Press 2003

Mixing religion, art and mathematics, Dan Brown creates a murder mystery with more than its fair share of twists.

The four highest members of a centuries old secret religious sect are brutally murdered in the one evening. With their murders, the secret they were bound to protect risks exposure or irrecoverable loss. An overnight war between religious factions has sprung, each side claiming the supremacy of their God-given mandate. The only hope for returning the secret to its safekeepers lies in deciphering the coded instructions left, written in blood and invisible ink by the fourth man to be murdered as his assailant fled.

A visiting academic, who has studied the symbology used by religions is called to aid the team of police cryptographers. Soon, he realises that he is the main suspect and must work against time, with collaborators working against him, to clear his own name.

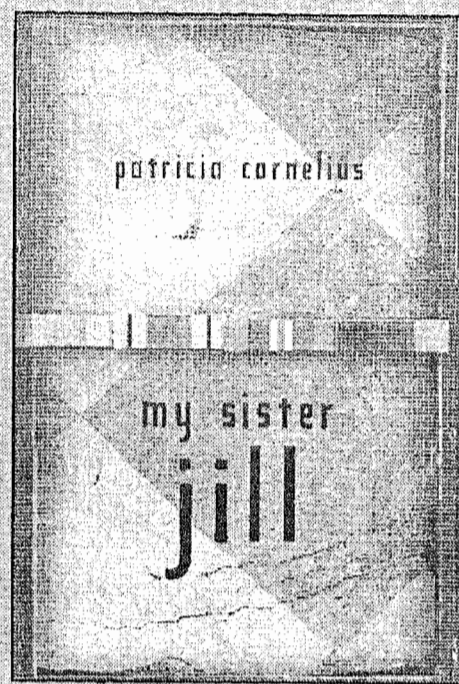
In a supremely gifted narrative, Brown leads the reader on a fast-paced journey through cryptology, symbology and warped religion. Frequent puzzles throughout the narrative serve as springboards for googling and calculation that kept this reviewer occupied for hours, attempting to outsmart the characters, solving problems and riddles before the characters were able to.

In a rather post-modern fashion the book presents itself as the "hidden" history of the Catholic Church. Two murder suspects, on the run, whose search for the real murderers is a simultaneous search for the Holy Grail.

Yet one does not have to be a rampant intellectual to enjoy the book. The narrative is self-contained, providing enough rich detail at any one point for the reader to keep abreast of the leading characters, yet eagerly await the next page, next plot twist. If one is interested in the history and symbolism of the Catholic Church, or cryptography, one will find an entertaining treatise neatly couched inside a murder mystery. Otherwise one may simply enjoy a thrilling read.

Magdaline Addicoat

Da Vinci (left)
 had trouble
 hiding ~~from~~
 his homosexuality.



My Sister Jill
 Patricia Cornelius
 Vintage (Random House)
 RRP \$19.95

Set in Melbourne, *My Sister Jill* is a novel based around the life of Jack Wheatley, a profoundly affected WWII veteran. Due to his flawed character, the battle wounds spread far beyond his own person to each of his six children and his long suffering wife Martha. It sounds perhaps like a tired plot, but this is not the standard tale of violent flashbacks and shattered men cowering under tables at backfiring cars. It brings with it a truth that resonates painfully, with every character both a believable and recognisable part of the Australian psyche.

This novel shows precisely that the war never ends, with every day, every action being shaped by Jack's suffering and the way he deals with it, and further, this novel excels in that it shows that the problems faced do not all begin with the war. Although the action of the novel takes place from the end of WWII through until the end of the Vietnam War, the novel itself stretches back roughly as far as the beginning of the twentieth century. Cornelius probes back, filling in the details of every character's life lovingly to create complete and believable people who exist beyond the confines of the novel.

Distinctly Australian history lingers at the periphery of the novel, and every action takes place within a specific historical and political instant. This novel contains the subjective elements that are required for a true understanding of history, lovingly crafted with expert skill. The only criticism I feel this novel deserves is the lack of consistency between the prologue and the body of the novel. I was left with the question 'who's sister Jill', and although I found the answer, my confusion was justified.

I would strongly recommend this novel to anyone of university age, and encourage them not to be intimidated by the depth and breadth of the subject matter, for as well as being profound, this novel is also extremely readable, and of manageable size (224 pages). It would not be surprising for this book to be read within a single sitting. It brings the scope of a play to the manageable medium of the novel.

Odin

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Held

Australian Dance Theatre
Her Majesty's Theatre

My last encounter with movement dance was the sublime *Dream Café*, a disappointing amount of years ago. *Held* has only reinforced how much I've missed out on. This striking piece of physical theatre, directed by Garry Stewart and David Bonney, pushes the limits of what appears humanly possible. Bodies break the barriers of gravity, of grace, of sheer beautiful movement and all come into focus in Lois Greenfield's fantastic photography.

Held is a combination of the movement as it flows, choreographed by Garry Stewart and the ADT dancers, and the still images of impossible falling, flying bodies, which are captured by New York based Lois Greenfield. Her world famous dance photography is instantaneously projected onto a screen behind the breath-taking action.

This barrage of flashing moments highlights the extraordinary movement of the multi-award winning dancers.

The message behind *Held* is difficult to ascertain with a quasi-goth-chic being the mode of dress for the performers and the music rotating through rock, electronica and metal. The use of Radiohead is a particularly enjoyable sequence - enjoyable, but not powerful. As the message seems lost in the medium, don't expect to come away from *Held* understanding more about the human condition. Do expect to exit *Her Majesty's* with an expression of disbelief at how far humans can push their bodies, into the air, into the ground and into each other.

Alex Rafalowicz

21

PLEASE GO HOP

The Border Project
Higher Ground 176 Poultney
Street

Is an homage to the eighties really what this world needs? "Hell yes!" Is the funky, fun-filled reply of The Border Project's decidedly different production. *Please Go Hop* is an exploration of our past and of the actors' pasts through an innovative improvised game. The actors move around on a bright, impressively designed "board" with each square injecting a new direction or new magic object into the mix. The action takes place under the watchful eye of the board's designer Daniel Koerner, who also plays the Gamemaster.

The six actors battle it out intensely over 50 minute rounds, but the action is so intriguing one could stay glued to the seat for all four rounds. The intriguing aspect of this production is the fascinating insight into the actors' pasts, which sates a strange voyeuristic thrill, and the way they present these stories. No doubt all involved are talented story-tellers and whether they have to dance it out to *Flashdance*, interactively involve the audience in a *Choose Your Own Adventure* or retell a movie moment using *My Little Ponies*, the audience is sure to be laughing along.

Sam Haren and Ingrid Voorendt have

directed and guided a great piece of theatre. The improvisation (dice are actually rolled so the actor could end up on any square at any time) keeps the actors and audience alike on their toes and perhaps complements the humour further. It is an ensemble piece, with the action changing every round and characters changing every round, however, if you're lucky enough to see Alirio Zavarce's *Nerd* or Cameron Goodall's *Weirdo*, don't expect to stop laughing.

Being a fresh-faced reviewer some of the references were a tad obscure, but if you know the eighties you'll get the joke. Even if you don't, you'll take something from this performance. On occasion it will lag due to procedural aspects but the Gamemaster keeps the pace and the actors react and control the energy to ensure hardly a moment is wasted. The physicality of each actors' performance is engrossing. The eighties aspects are amusing, the stories intriguing. *Please Go Hop* comes together to form an interactive and truly enjoyable night out in one of Adelaide's newest and coolest venues.

Alex Rafalowicz



William Robinson

The Revelation of Landscape

William Robinson (born Brisbane, 1936) is an artist who turns traditional landscape painting on its head. When thinking about Australian landscape painting, red and dusty old works come to mind. Grey gums and endless flat horizons seem all too familiar. But the work of Robinson challenges these concepts as this artist views the environment in a totally different way. In delicate detail Robinson captures sprawling forests, coastal storms and ominous mountains in works that seem to leap off the canvas.

Not since the days of Charles Conder has an Australian landscape painter been so focused on the beauty of our coastal regions. William Robinson's paintings travel away from the dry Australian centre to the lush and fertile realm of the coastal rainforests. Robinson is not restricted by reality and seeks to fill his paintings with passion and emotion.

In an exhibition entitled *The Revelation of Landscape* one can become totally absorbed by these dreamy works. Paintings that transport you to luscious gullies and misty mountains cover the walls of the gallery. Seascapes make you feel as if you are watching an incoming storm while surfers fight the waves. Robinson's paintings are dark and are not bound by the rules of typical flat landscape

painting. Robinson's picturesque realms are twisting and intertwining thickets of fantasy.

Ridge and gully in afternoon light, (1992, oil on canvas) presents a forest scene like a teeming collection of organisms growing and intermingling with each other. The gumtrees of this gully are alive and well, not burnt out by the hot desert sun. The blue of the sky takes up a fraction of the canvas, looking much like a river running through the work. This piece is a perfect example of how Robinson represents the environment not as a flat space, but as an enchanting place full of chaos and energy.

Robinson's ethereal forests and mounts seem perfect settings for *The Lord of the Rings*, particularly *Green Mountains*,

(1992, oil on canvas). These nightmarish turquoise and jade mountains spiral and spike and lead the viewer's eye on a path, perhaps to *Mount Doom*. *Autumn Sunset*, (1997, oil on canvas) is another fairytale piece. Using soft colours the artist captures the haze of the mountains and the gentle emeralds of the foliage below.

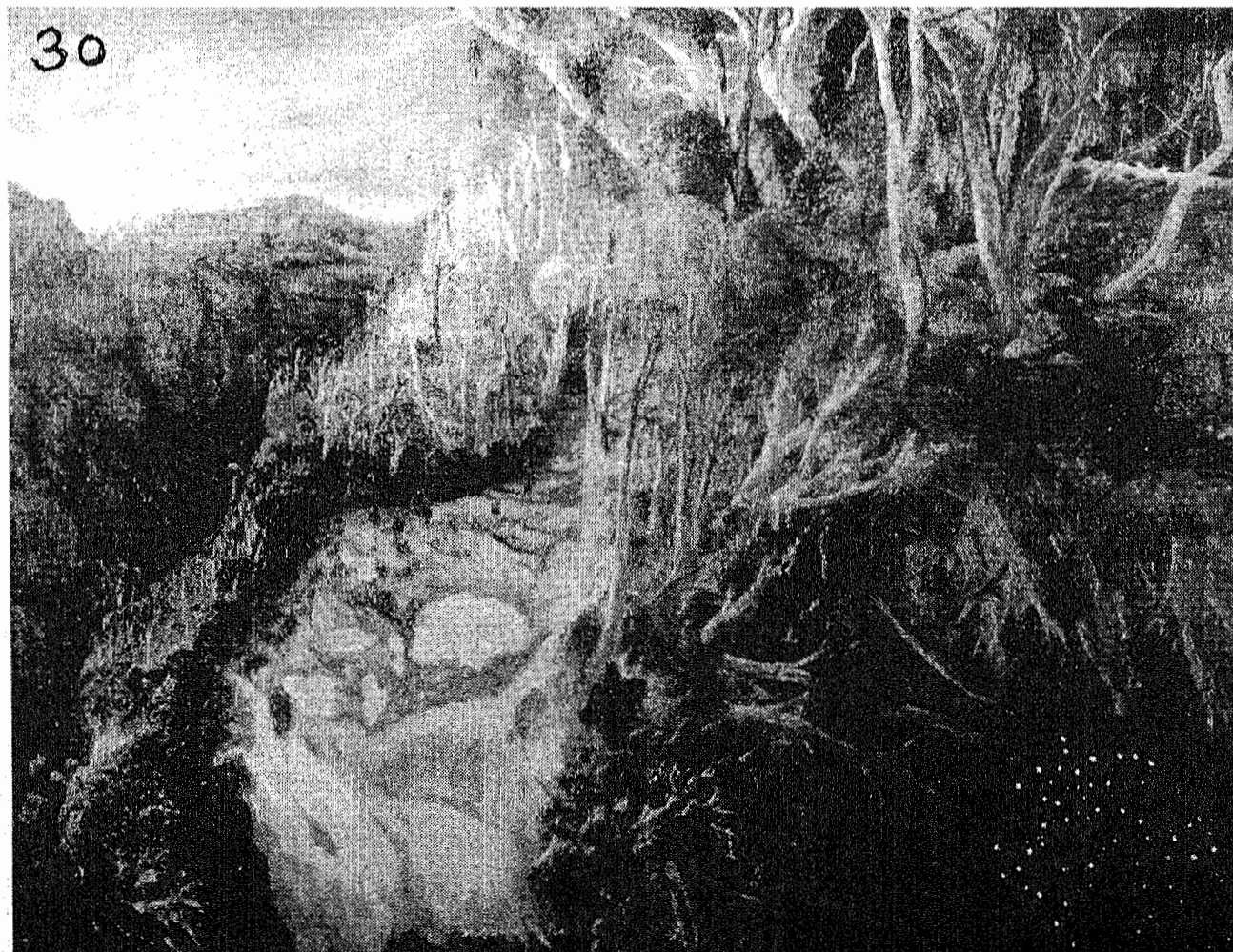
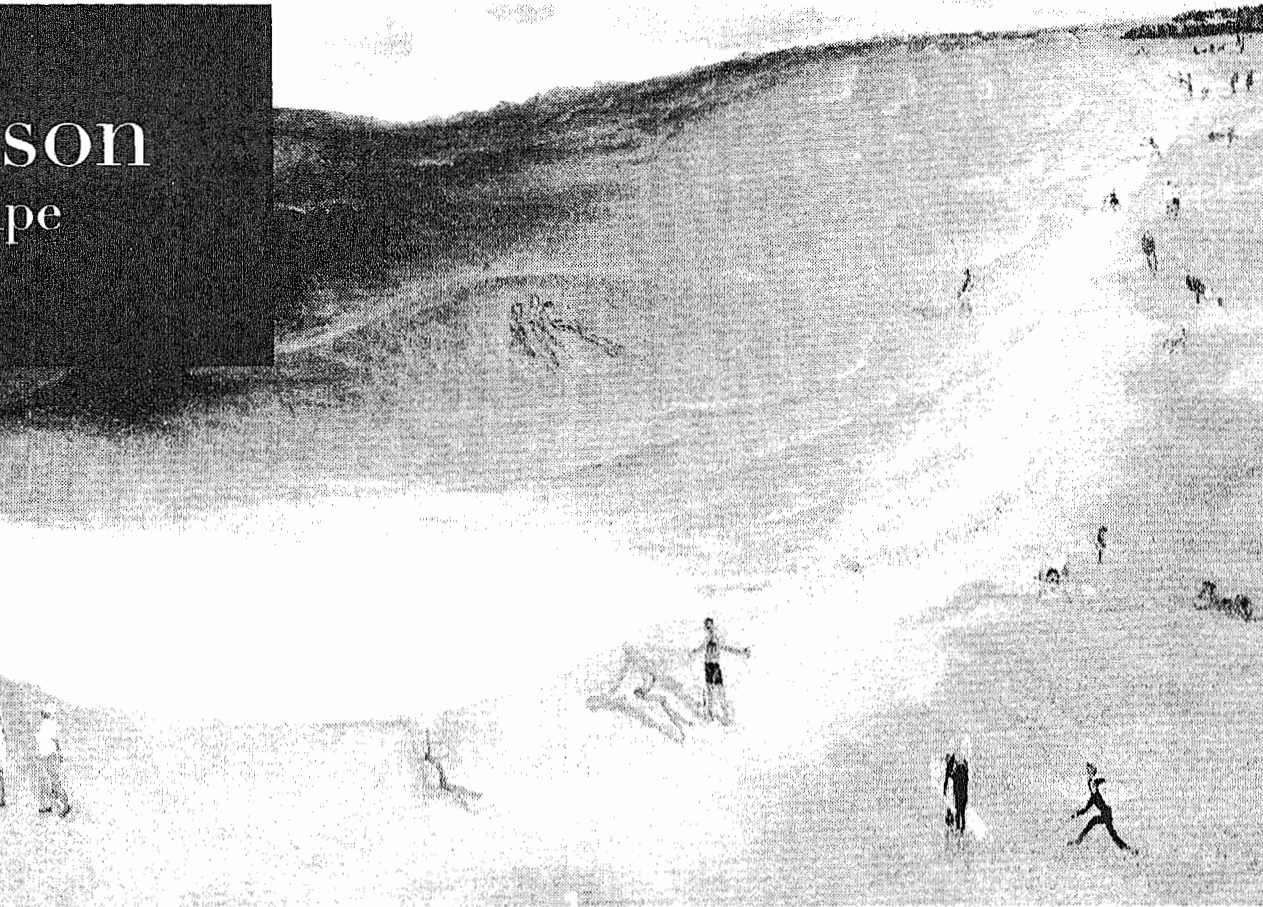
Also within the exhibition is some of Robinson's early works depicting comical images of rural life. In works that don't have the same intensity at his later landscapes, Robinson gives character and life to crazy cows and chooks. In these paintings Robinson follows a Van Gogh style of impasto painting and gives depth to worlds without horizons.

William Robinson, who has won the prestigious Archibald Prize twice, gives feeling and spirituality to landscape painting, hinting at its indigenous origins. Although many others have created grand and romantic oil paintings of this country, not many have given it as much spirit as Robinson. The works in this collection offer a landscape with a mind and character of its own, not one to be ruled by Colonialists.

William Robinson - The Revelation of Landscape runs until April 3 at the University of South Australia's Art Museum, as part of the Adelaide Festival of Arts.

Leo Greenfield

9/3/2004
University of South Australia
Art Museum
54 North Terrace
City West



Fetish Fashion

Correct me if I'm wrong, but does traditional bondage apparel seem a tad tedious in comparison to various other garments that currently haunt your wardrobes? Sure, you've got whips, chains, hurt-me hurt-me lace-up leather bodysuits, thigh high vinyl boots, talons and chain mail, but truth be told, such entities have unfortunately had their day in the aesthetic spotlight. Fetishism isn't a new concept in high fashion- in the mid 90s, Jean Paul Gaultier sent models down the runway enclosed in spidery sheaths of black leather, holding axes and giving kohl-rimmed death stares to the fashion throng that snapped dutifully below them. But in 2004, the closest thing you'll ever get to this kind of visual perfection on the street are lanky girls bathed all in black, sporting heavy pewter crucifixes from any kind of accessory possible. I realise that

one can't parade around town in a full-leather zip-up bodysuit (damn you social decorum) however it's futile to suggest that bondage paraphernalia should be left inert in our somewhat suppressed sexual subconsciousness. Face it Adelaide: bondage chic is the new black.

And I'm being incredibly literal when I say that. Because the colour usually associated with the genre is indeed ebony, I've decided that it's hideously passé, conforming to fashion's overdone = not cool parameter. Au contraire - all the trendiest dominatrixes this side of Berlin are in fact flaunting fluoro pink lycra-rayon ensembles. Think about it. What spells "I'm dark, and I'm going to hurt you" more than a tight neon Judy Jetson-cum-japanese-groupie pleather mini dress, adorned with chunky blue zippers and tartan bows? Even better if a wedding veil and white spiked platform stilettos are included in the ensemble. If you're feeling particularly festive, grab some glo-tubes and get really decorative by fashioning body casings (N.B-

glo-tube can also double up as a manga-esque whip). Pain is good, but pain swathed in a technicolour disguise? Undoubtedly scorching hot. Blatant smut is the only way to be accepted by your peers this season.

However, if you're willing to inflict agony on your unsuspecting victims sans the neo-Ganguro aesthetic, it's time to get even trashier. Imagine incessantly lashing the behind of your prey wearing a 3-tier cheesecloth skirt, boned-ivory corset, modest cotton blouse and bonnet... Welcome to the filthy and macabre world of the look that's part Amish, part Little House on the Prairie, but totally über stylin. The great thing with this concept is that you can make full use of farming equipment throughout the festivities without fearing they will ever clash with your outfit. Practical, fashionable, functional...this look undoubtedly puts the 'ho' into 'hoe' and should see your male pursuit begging for mercy before he's even spied your Blundstone clad feet. Let the ostensibly disturbing, yet

delectable suffering begin.

For all those who have already labelled bondage chic as being a sordid kind of fashion folly, let me remind you tis not only the dogmatic madams and hairy midgets of the underground that indulge in this misrepresented aesthetic pastime. Yes, even the reigning emperors of pop trash culture Posh and Becks own a diamond studded Agent Provocateur whip, so fear not metrosexuals, you too can get down and dirty without fear of being vulgar. But although physically binding and wounding someone whilst garbed in your sinister fineries is cool enough, what will really set you apart from other stylistas is having that downright nasty frame of mind. You can wear anything you like, as long as you shrewdly learn how to make use of the ultimate method of control-emotional manipulation. Learn how to infiltrate one's visceral consciousness for your own grimy advantage, and thou shalt be Queen no matter how high your red over-the-knee stiletto boots are. I dominate, therefore I am indeed.

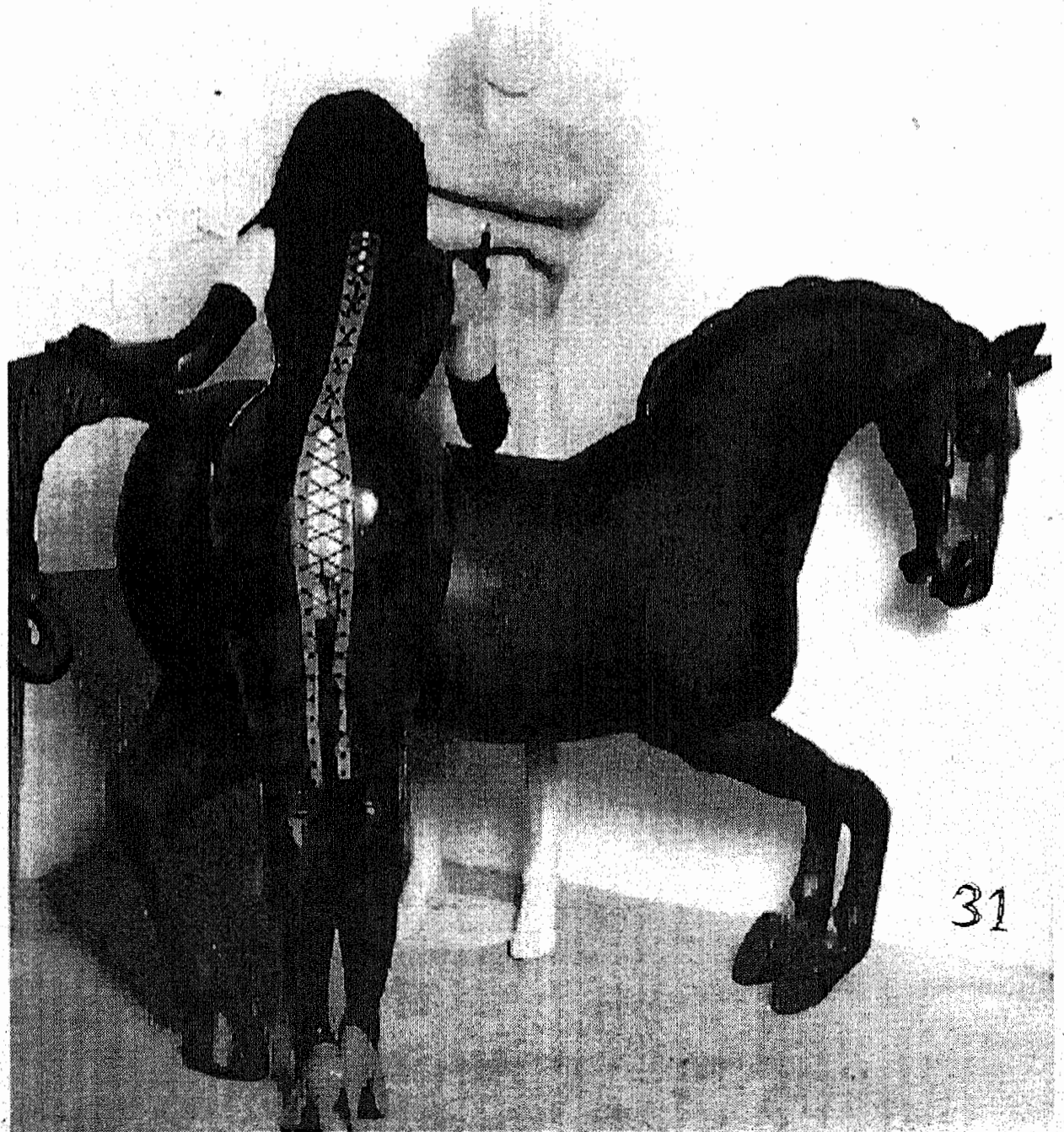
...the pop princess

WHATS HOT

- Really, really shiny handcuffs. Let them know you care.
- Reversible beds. Shiny satin sheets on one side, studded metal cruelty the other.
- Nothing inspires fear more than the wearing of a single glove. Preferably on the whip wielding side.

WHATS NOT

- The use of cheap lube. Horrible, greasy, ill-smelling excuse for Vaseline. Keep that shit away from me.
- Playing hardcore industrial music over the top of your bondage session. That's predictable - go for something more ditty to lute the loins before destroying them, like early Stones or ditty blues like John Lee Hooker and R.L. Burnside.



Gig Guide

Resin Dogs (Qld)
The Planet
Friday March 19

**Pete Murray (Qld)
& Epicure (Vic)**
Governor Hindmarsh
Friday March 19

**The Panics (WA)
& The Morning After Girls**
Enigma Bar
Saturday March 20

**The Specimens (Vic)
& Muscle Car**
Crown and Anchor
Friday March 19

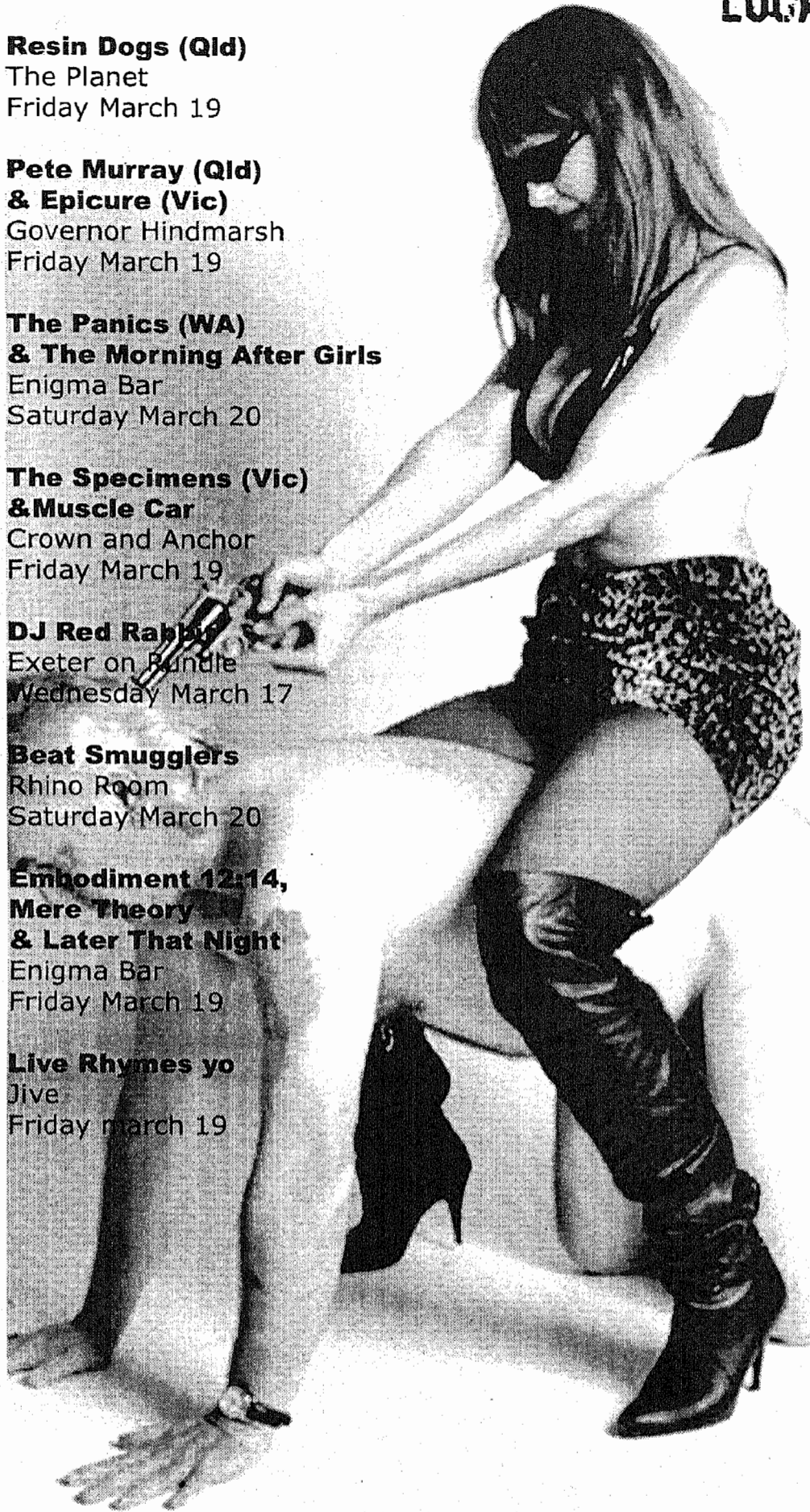
DJ Red Rabbit
Exeter on Bundle
Wednesday March 17

Beat Smugglers
Rhino Room
Saturday March 20

**Embodiment 12:14,
Mere Theory
& Later That Night**
Enigma Bar
Friday March 19

Live Rhymes yo
Jive
Friday March 19

LOCAL MUSIC ITS A BLAST



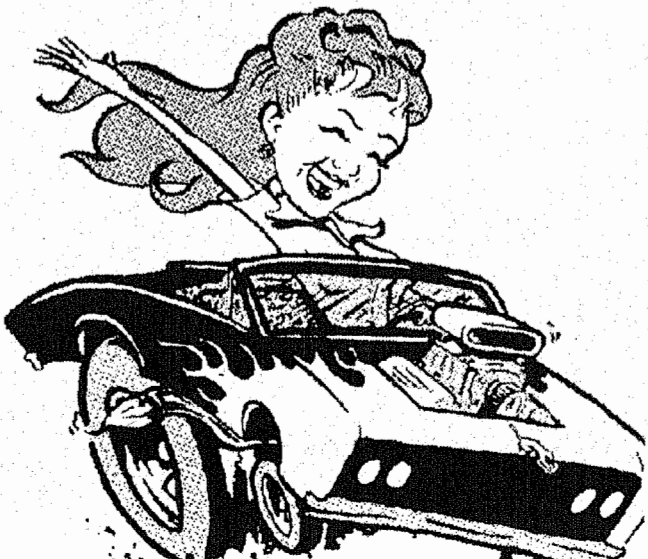
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**UBER STOMP AND SIN SHIFTERS
AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR**

I will refrain from talking too much about seminal band Uber Stomp as they have been reviewed in this publication previously. They supported Melbourne three piece metal/rockabilly band Sin Shifters. Uber Stomp are not from Melbourne, but they do sin with alarming frequency. Sin Shifters had a very amusing line up, with a double bass covered in christmas wrapping paper and religious symbols, a drum kit that had been significantly modified and a guitarist that looked like a metalhead guitar teacher. The metalhead guitarist was also funny because while he looked like the lead singer of Judas Priest, the other two had rockabilly haircuts and attire, making him look like he had stumbled across the wrong gig. Uber Stomp do not have rockabilly haircuts, the boy has long side bits and the girl has a cute curly bob.

Sin Shifter played a noisy, flat out set that was scorching and violent in it's pace. The singing drummer looked great whilst he was standing and pounding the modified drums nonchalantly. The drummer from Uber Stomp is not ever allowed sing but she does look great. The Sin Shifters packed the room with Satan worshipping punks and intellectuals, whom were dancing up a storm, especially down the front. Uber Stomp do not worship the Devil, but are quite afraid of God. Whilst the Melbourne band where rocking out they got very hot, what with all the dancing heretics down the front. They all took their tops off, and none of them looked like they worked out. However they all were quite large and intimidating. If you like Belle and Sebastian you probably wouldn't appreciate what they where doing, but if you like The Cramps then you would like them. Uber Stomp like both Belle and Sebastian and The Cramps, but they like The Cramps a little bit more so they had a fun time. They also got so drunk on absinth they missed the middle of Sin Shifters set.

THIRTY
Two



AURAL SEX

getting off to your favourite tunes

Recently, German media released the results of a national survey in which French retro electro-lounge duo Air was deemed to be the music group most favoured to have sex to. We all know just how flamboyant and wild German's can be, but in light of the thematic content of this edition, *On Dit* has decided to do our own research and further explore the often intersecting realms of sex and music (as represented in the On Dit Venn Diagram).

We're all aware of the sexual idolatry enjoyed by rock stars, and how sex and sensuality have been packaged with music in an inseparable union to shift units. Performers like Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera may claim status as the world's latest sex symbols, but long before them Madonna had already brought sex to the mainstream and other performers have found more interesting ways to explore sexuality in music.

Most of us are familiar with the Trent Reznor's predilection for S& M songs and clips, but our favourite aural fetishist, and perhaps less obvious choice than the skinny white boy industrialist, would have to be Ms. Tori Amos. Her lyrics are drenched with beautifully sexualised imagery - "You gave him your blood and your warm little diamond" and her sexualised stage performances have seen her playing piano sans underwear. Tori explains; "for me, the piano, is a living creature, and often it may happen that I hug him and kiss him as if it were my boyfriend".

And who can forget Yoko and John posing nude in a bold sign of their spiritual, physical and artistic (well, John's mainly) renewal for their 1968 *Two Virgins* album cover. It was a move that shocked and confused the majority of the conservative listening public as much as the sounds of the album itself. John and Yoko screamed, moaned, caterwauled and scratched away at instruments, before consummating their then new relationship. As John later revealed, it was basically a recording of their courtship and foreplay: "It was midnight when we

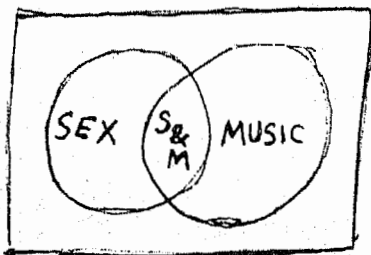
started [recording] 'Two Virgins,' it was dawn when we finished, and then we made love at dawn. It was very beautiful."

Moving over from Yoko to more contemporary Japanese music, there is much collision of sex and music in the avant-garde work of Merzbow (aka Masami Akita), far away from the manufactured sugar coated J-Pop sung by pre-teens in school girl outfits (er, come to think of it...) Whilst Merzbow (covered briefly some editions ago) is hard to precisely pin down, Masami said it best when he proclaimed: "If music was sex, Merzbow would be pornography." No doubt helped by the fact that he's been known to write for several S & M magazines, Masami is as much tied to the underground bondage scene as he is to the noise music scene. In Japan, bondage, specifically that utilising ropes, is a skilled art form practiced by erotic masters. It is this sub-culture that Merzbow soundtracked in the *Music for Bondage Performance* series, which, as the title clearly outlines, was conceived for use as aural accompaniment to the erotic practice.

Another primarily electronic musician pursuing this "music as sex" aesthetic is Venetian Snare (aka Aaron Funk), who with some help from his girlfriend Rachel Kozak (who's released music under the Hecate moniker) took his sampling microphone to new and interesting places. The pair, (calling themselves the Nymphomatriarchs) made an album from the sounds of their copulation, released coincidentally enough, on Hymen Records. That's right, all their squeaks, moans and squelches were captured as audio and used as raw compositional material. Said Funk "it's weird to deconstruct the sounds of sex. I remember thinking shit like, "Oh, that ass slap will make a good snare drum".

Perhaps more importantly, the main thing is these are just a few artists that remind and inspire us to compose some sweet music of our own with our own "instruments".

The Dans



33



Some music to "Get It On To"

Inevitably, lists like these are semi-redundant, and their discussion is in many ways a moot point, since you can technically shag to anything (and anywhere of course). Taste, like the act of sex itself, is a subjective beast. Still, after much debate, we tossed a few ideas around. The following list is nowhere near exhaustive, it's just, what we hurriedly, ahem, came up with...

Portishead, Massive Attack, Tricky, etc: Close runners up to Air, standard contemporary bedroom music, but not without good reason.

Mogwai - 'Ithaca': shuddering surges of distorted noise, frenetic hands dry rubbing the fretboards, here's some lewd sounds that the shy Mogwai boys never seemed capable of.

James Brown - Start with Hot Pants, then work your way through the catalogue: Yeah, yeah, the obligatory James Brown. But seriously, do we need to explain this?

The Jesus & Mary Chain - 'Sugar Ray': There's a few candidates to take from the Reid brothers' Honey's Dead album ('Teenage Lust' for one) where this one's from, but with its driving bass urge and skronky guitars, and lines like: "Did you do it good? Did you do it right? Did you feel the heat, of my sugar ray?" this will do nicely indeed. Set the scene for the best kind of flattery from....

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club - 'Red Eyes and Tears': the most rhythmically pelvic music of recent creation, it's fairly obvious what's (or should we say, who's) going down if you hear BRMC pounding out from behind your housemate's squeaking bedroom door.

Miles Davis - Kind of Blue: The worlds' most famous jazz album, most likely because it's soft, breathy tones and slowly unfolding moods make it a great album to slow dance nude to, unintended as it is. Features such beautiful music, it's almost blasphemous to nevertheless, if you can't get laid with just a candle, a bottle of decent wine and this album in the background, you might as well give up and get thee to a nunnery / seminary.

Kurt Elling - 'Night Dream': An arrangement conducive to a variety of positions. A sexual opus.

Ravi Shankar - Anything. Traditional Indian music, in general, is fairly conducive to tantric acts of all sorts. Of course, we'd encourage you to seek out some more obscure and deserving exponents, but if you're in a hurry and have no idea, Shankar will suffice in pushing your Eastern (belly dancing) buttons.

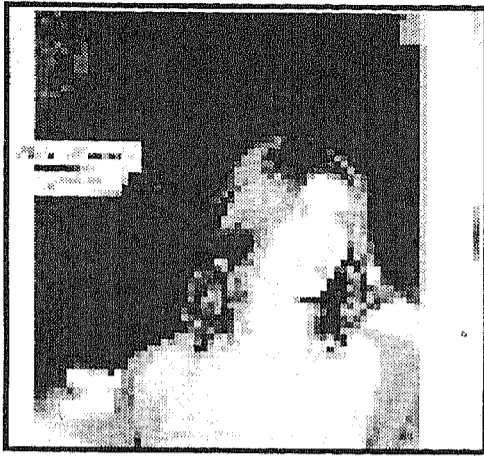
Godspeed You! Black Emperor - 'Lift Your Skinny Fists like Antenna to Heaven': an epic but smooth rise in tension, followed by a climactic release with horns, strings and percussion fluttering along varied rhythms. Leaves you with a post-coital glow as it drifts into electro-orchestral ambience.

The Tea Party - 'Sister Awake': the story of a young woman's journey into temptation, entrapment and possible moral debasement.

My Bloody Valentine - Loveless: Every song is a sensual masterpiece, but 'To Here Knows When' swarms and throbs in the most hazy, delicious way.

Jimi Hendrix - Axis: Bold as Love: Jimi's molten, fluid guitar, bluesy, loose and immoral bass lines and seductive drums. With so many colours, it's a beautiful album to roll around to. The title track's acid drenched climax will have you seeing stars.

Album Reviews



Carla Werner
Departure
Columbia

Spying the pretty visage of Carla Werner on her debut album cover, you could be forgiven for thinking she's another in a long line of manufactured pretty pop princesses. Her album however, features laid back largely acoustic based songs, and their autumnal atmospheres are surprisingly quite catching.

Whilst discussing solo artists it's almost mandatory to mention "he/ she writes all his/her own songs" where applicable, as if this is a rare an amazing feat. Still, I think it is an important qualifier in judging a songwriter's artistic merit. Needless to say (bar one collaborative effort) Carla wrote all the songs here, as well as contributing the bulk of the acoustic and/or electric guitars on each song, in the process proving herself to be quite an accomplished musician.

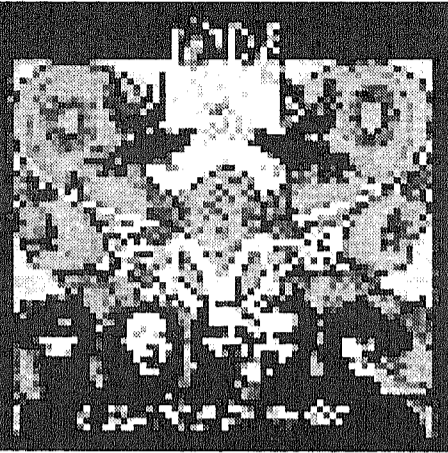
Still, with this kind of material, the deciding question essentially boils down to the quality of voice, and in Carla's case it's the most enchanting ingredient here. It's smooth and silky with a natural vibrato and conveys the emotion of her somewhat ambiguous lyrics nicely. Whilst it may tempt some to make comparisons to other female artists like Fiona Apple (with less of the funk) or Tori Amos (with less of the opera), Carla's voice struck me as having (to my ears at least) more in common with the late Jeff Buckley, believe it or not. Her lyrics lie in the standard sentimental territory but they don't slip into tired cliches and hint at further promise as she develops her song writing craft. She does best on the more melancholic numbers, such as 'Crimson and Gold', 'Even A River' and the album's final track 'Iodine Red'.

By and large *Departure* contains fairly conventional songs (5AD would love some of them), but makes no apologies and is good

for what it is. Unfortunately, the production (some from Coldplay's producer, among others), and her image mean that Carla might not enjoy the kind of street "cred" afforded to, say, an artist like Chan Marshall. In the meantime, fans of Tori, Buckley, Dido, Apple, Beth Orton and their ilk, who appreciate an intelligently crafted folk-pop song nicely sung with some honesty and emotion, might just find themselves falling for Carla Werner's surprisingly solid debut.

Joseph

Hi. Kurt Cobain here. If you want to write an article on why I am over-rated and not nearly as influential as my contemporaries The Pixies or Sonic Youth, then write in. Or, similarly, if you feel the need to vent on any music that we should be really be enlightened to, or averted from, then email The Dons at ondit@adelaide.edu.au. And if anyone has any information on recent Japanese psychedelia, Swedish Yodel or Scottish bagpipe punk bands playing in the mall it would be much appreciated.



The Forgotten Ways
Self Titled
Shock/FUR

Emerging from the competitive Melbourne music scene, The Forgotten Ways have produced their debut album, driven by Alex Kuhlmann's vocals and complimented by the guitar work of Marton and Roderick-Smith. Their current single 'Soon Be Back' is a tender song of love lost, which erupts mid way with a chorus of soaring guitars, while 'Tonight' closes the album with its swooning violins and gentle piano, the perfect platform for Kuhlmann's (at times) soulful vocals.

'Pictures of You' is another highlight of sorts, beginning with a seemingly epic guitar riff before Kuhlmann's vocals take over, ridden with angst.

However, while The Forgotten Ways evidently have ample skill between them, when comparing them with many other great Australian bands, there was nothing about them that really stood out as being unique. With any luck though, The Forgotten Ways will develop further over time.

Dave G

Incubus

A Crow Left Of The Murder
Sony

At last Incubus have delivered another album I can listen to without my mind wandering off, or at least feeling I should be doing something more interesting. It isn't that that there was anything terribly wrong with *Make Yourself* or *Morning View*, ACLOTM's most recent predecessors, in fact they were generally too inoffensive, albeit each with two or three pearlers thrown in.

Thankfully, ACLOTM comes with the same sense of urgency and frenetic immediacy of the often overlooked but easily Incubus best album S.C.I.E.N.C.E. Ultimately it is the supreme funkiness of S.C.I.E.N.C.E. that gives it the nod over this one which is more flat-out rock (with the welcome obligatory Incubus ballads thrown in - eg *Here In My Room*). But what singer and band pretty-boy Brandon Boyd's vocals lack in scat-funk, they make up for with a vastly wider array of styles: pick any track at random and at some point it is more than likely you'll swear Darren Hayes is guest starring with his excruciating falsetto.

But this is not a bad thing - it is just one of the elements that make this a far more interesting offering from Incubus, along with the sprawling yet never directionless guitar solos courtesy of Mike Einziger, and the fresh but sadly funkless stylings of new bassist Alex Katunich. The first single 'Megalomaniac' is possibly the best song from the more socially aware ACLOTM. It takes a stab at the Britneys of the world, while materialism and, of course, world unrest are also addressed throughout the album.

The Brown Nosed Gnome

MUSIC REVIEWER MEETINGS

2PM
TUESDAY
ON THE
BALCONY OF
RUMOURS CAFE

34
3/4

Up And classed!

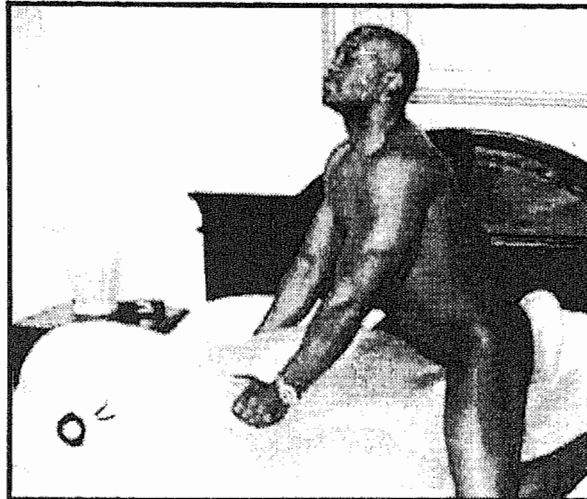
The AU Film Society
 Week 3, Thursday 18rd March
 REBECCA (1940)

Director: Alfred Hitchcock
 A shy young woman travelling as a paid companion, meets, falls in love with, and eventually marries the wealthy Maxim de Winter, a widower on vacation. When the new Mrs de Winter arrives at Maxim's mansion - Manderley - she finds a house of hostile servants, most notably Mrs Danvers, the housekeeper, who works with sinister cunning to keep alive the influence of her late mistress, Rebecca. Hitchcock's only Academy Award for Best Picture. Based on the Daphne du Maurier novel. (130 mins) English, B&W.

Please note: Due to the Adelaide Fringe events held in the Union Cinema, WEEKS 1-3 films will be screened in the Rennie Lecture Theatre, Johnson Building (off Victoria Drive near the child care/playground). We will return to the Union Cinema from Week 4.

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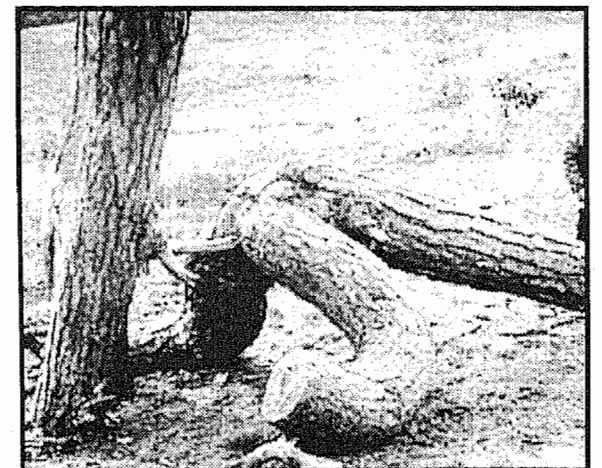
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FUCKING Mike



Stan: Okay Jimmy, what do we put on the last page of the Fetish Edition?
 JC: How about the less sophisticated smutty google pictures we found while we were pretending to work?
 Stan: Righteous. When do you suppose our readers will notice how much filler we use?
 JC: Pfft. Those SOB's don't give a hoot.
 Stan: Yeah, all the kids at this uni are SOB's.



