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# On Dit

Adelaide Uni Student Rag  
Volume 73 Edition 23 03/11/05

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# THE ON DIT ADVENT

56 PAGES TO KEEP YOUR FINGERS CLEAN TILL CHRISTMAS.

## FEATURES

- 8. The Government Knows The Problem
- 10. Anti-Terrorism Australian Style
- 12. Trouble's A Brewin', Climate's Changin'
- 14. Little Brown Lumps Of Ancient Sunshine
- 16. In Corby We Trust
- 19. Memorable Moments 2005
- 20. On Dit Retrospective 2005
- 22. Eulogy To Oleg Zhivanevskaya
- 24. Domestic Disturbance - Dirty Laundry

- 32. Dorothy Gambrell - Cat and Girl
- 33. Hotdogs - An Astrological Inquiry
- 34. Buffed Up
- 38. S.A. Great State Of Confusion
- 43. On Dit ARIA Awards!
- 50. Sweatin' To The Classics!
- 52. Let Your Duodenum Do The Work!
- 53. Half A Tab Of Conversation
- 55. The End Is Nigh!

## REGULARS

- 3. Media Watch
- 4. Letters
- 6. Editorials
- 28. Vox Pop
- 22. Skulduggery
- 30. Visual Arts
- 34. Pandora
- 36. Office Bearers
- 38. Music
- 44. Film
- 48. Performing Arts

### On Dit

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#### EDITORS

Clementine Ford  
 Daniel Joyce  
 Danny Wills  
 ph: (08) 8303 5404

#### Advertising Manager

Melissa Fisher - (08) 303 5004

#### Printing

Cadillac

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### The Press Gang:

#### Current Affairs

Nick Parkin  
 Alex Solomon-Bridge

#### Political Opinion

Russell Marks

#### Opinion

Nerissa Schwarz

#### Film

Sophie Plagakis

Lauren Young

#### Performing Arts

Benedict Coxon

#### Literature

Karly Goetze

#### Music

Jennifer Soggee

Ben Vistoli

#### Vox Pop

Dan

#### Food & Booze

Alexis Buxton-Collins

#### Stylist

Stephanie Mountzouris

#### Wanna Write?

As were hanging at the beach, you can get in contact with us via email at [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) or go to the SAUA website for more info [www.union.adelaide.edu.au](http://www.union.adelaide.edu.au).

**About the cover:**  
 Front: *Hour of The Wolf* - Ingmar Bergman  
 Contents Pic: Daly St  
 Back: *Seventh Seal* - Bergman

# Media Watch

with Audrey Hefferneggar



In the 1970s, second wave feminists reclaimed a little movement aimed at ensuring women's liberation. The idea was that one day, women might live in a world where they were considered equal to men. A world where they weren't denied opportunities based on the absence of the genetic abnormality known as the 'Y' chromosome (and before getting riled up about bias on my part - it has been posited by many an academic that the 'y' chromosome is indeed a genetically mutated 'x' chromosome). A world where they may lay claim to sexual liberation by truly being the mistresses of their own bodies.

For a while, it looked as if they might be achieving their goal. Women took to the street in numbers, burning their bras and living in communes with other radical separatist lesbian feminists. Anti sexual discrimination legislation was introduced for the workplace and it suddenly became a *bad* thing to slap a chick on the ass when she bent across you to pick up some manila folders.

With this radical movement away from 1950s home cooking values came the advent of the feminist stereotype - the butch, man hating, hairy, stocky, gruff, lesbian feminist. The establishment created the prototype in an act of rebellion against the sweeping trend of feminism in the west. It was the last act of defence from a social structure teetering precariously on its well sharpened edges.

And it worked. Despite the central purity of the feminist mission (to achieve equality between men and women), somehow the threat of becoming *un-womanly* in this equation began to overpower the root cause. Suddenly, it became a bad thing to identify as being a feminist even though the basic tenets of the ideology never changed.

Consider the following lines:

"I believe in equality... but I wouldn't call myself a feminist."

"I think we're equal already, which is why I don't think feminism is relevant anymore."

"What, are you a feminist or something?"

The last line is my special favourite, because it's usually preceded by the speaker (invariably male and/or drunk/an asshole or both) being rejected politely on the basis that their pick up line/grope would be more at home amongst a colony of slugs.

The best thing about this terrorist attack on feminism was the subtlety of it. No one but

the most stereotypical feminist saw it coming, and the loud protests of those that did served to prove the claim once and for all. There we lived, under the veil of equality. Sure, we had access to anti sexual discrimination laws in the workplace, but were women still able to break through that pesky glass ceiling? And yes, in places maternity leave was funded and accepted - but did society allow women to return to these jobs after the requisite twelve months spent home with the spawn? And the biggest farce of them all - sexual liberation - was a cesspool of contradiction just waiting to be waded into by the right feisty feminist academic.

Ariel Levy doesn't look like the kind of feminist the status quo likes to exhibit as a warning sign. For a start, the only long hair she has is on her head. She doesn't look like a lesbian according to society's standards either, although her private life is her own business. She believes in monogamy but hastens to say this is her own personal inclination. She speaks with the forthright confidence of many New York intellectuals, a hint of husky sexiness edging her voice. She's also just written a book that critics are claiming will be the *Backlash* (Susan Faludi) of the new millennium.

In *Female Chauvinist Pigs*, Levy blows the lid on raunch culture and the many ideological problems it poses for feminist ideology. Basically, Levy suggests that the idea of sexual liberation is a sham and women are just as oppressed sexually now as ever before. The only difference is that they have become complicit in this oppression. Raunch culture is a celebration of the 'hotness' of a person; the 'sexiness' of them as opposed to the 'sexuality' of them. Society today is all about raunch culture and the apparent ability of a person (namely a woman) to have legions lusting after them.

Levy posits that this distinction between 'sexy' and 'sexuality' is what indicates the inherent sexual oppression still alive in our culture today. Whereas women in the 70s were burning their bras as symbols of shackling of the body, women today are getting breast implants. Plastic surgery is a multi million dollar business - Levy points out that numerous surgical websites in the states advertise for procedures from the basic implants to the more incomprehensible vaginoplasty. Vaginoplasty has no sexual benefit for a woman aside from 'tidying up' her nether regions. In short, Levy says, making them resemble more fully the genitals of porn stars.

And if you want to discuss multi million dollar industries, you need look no further than the porn establishment.

Whereas such dwellings existed in the shadows throughout the more conservative middle half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, recently porn has come to be 'reclaimed' by women as a symbol of their liberation. Apparently, because women are now able to be publically lauded for their decision to take off their clothes in public they are somehow liberated.

We're entering dicey waters here. I wouldn't suggest (nor does Levy) that it is impossible for a woman to feel liberated or 'empowered' by her decision to work as a stripper or a sex worker.

However, the more pressing issue is whether or not claims to empowerment have become an easy catch cry for women who maybe haven't thought about the larger issues at play. Such as the fact that while women are experiencing 'empowerment' through the removal of their clothing, their target audience still remains the same group of men that have been watching them since time immemorial. Levy raises an important question: can women be empowered when they are essentially still performing sexuality rather than engaging with it?

It's certainly a tricky issue, and one I wouldn't expect to elucidate fully in 1200 words when it has taken a woman far more qualified than myself an entire book. However, I have to say that I agree with 99% of Levy's arguments. Consider the fact that the Girls Gone Wild industry in America makes millions of dollars every year by way of convincing ordinary middle class (mostly blonde) women to take off their clothes on camera for free, masturbate or simulate/perform sex with other men and/or women with the only remuneration being a free GGW hat. Aside from the blatant exchange of commodities here (and I have to ask - do you think access to YOUR sexuality could be bought with a hat?) the more despicable thing is the overwhelming popularity of GGW in America. Levy travelled around with a tour bus throughout Spring Break (notorious for its legions of women keen to bare all for their very own hat) during research for *Female Chauvinist Pigs* and came up with some disturbing that a proportion of this so called sexual liberation has to do with the desire NOT to be labelled as a prude. Today's modern woman is supposed to be sexualicious, up for it at any time but still neat enough to take home to meet mother. It used to be a that a woman was a washup if she couldn't whip up a decent sponge cake in the kitchen - now she has to be willing to eat the cake off of her partner.

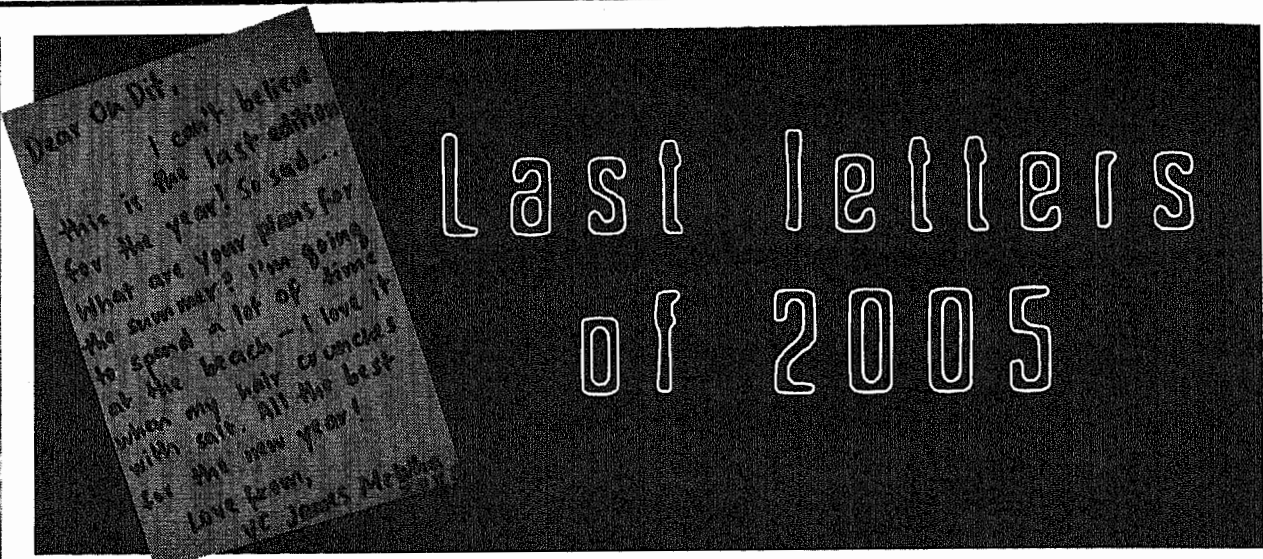
If you're still having difficulty accepting Levy's argument (and she has many opponents), consider why it is that some women still kiss other women in public to arouse nearby males. Why are misogynist rappers still earning enough money to fund their 'bling' through lyrics like, 'I want a lady on the street but a freak in the bedroom' while scantily clad 'hos' and 'bitches' shake their ass at a mile a minute for the voyeuristic cameras? Why did Paris Hilton's lukewarm celebrity skyrocket once evidence of her (two) video sexploits hit the internet? And why is pole dancing the latest activity de jour within the circles of all the beautiful people?

If all of society were experiencing a baseness in their sexual pursuits it would be a different story - however, I can't help but feel that Levy is correct in her assessment that modern day raunch culture exists solely on the mass exploitation of aspirations to hotness as opposed to real experience of sexuality. And if you still don't believe me, ask yourself this:

How come the majority of mainstream porn films are still circulating the myth that the female orgasm is only possible once her unidentifiable partner has blown his load all over her face?

Well, that's it for Audrey Hefferneggar. It's been a pleasure adopting her persona this year, but the time has come to move on. Good luck to next year's Media Watch columnist - it's been a hoot!

-Clementine Ford



God Dit  
Edition 22, Volume 73  
24.10.05



**THE UNION PRESIDENT  
HAS FEELINGS TOO...**

Dear Editors,

It always saddens and disappoints me when people slag off others in this publication and then don't have the guts to sign their real name. I refer to the letter from 'Concerned AUU member' in Edition 22. It's fine if you don't think Josh Rayner will make a good Union President and if you believe the way he got this position is undemocratic then that's OK too, everyone is entitled to their opinion. However, what I do have a problem with is anonymously publishing your vitriol, it's cowardly and if your opinion is strong enough that you want to print it then you should own up to it!

On a different note I agree that it is a sad state of affairs that all the top positions of the AUU (and the SAUA for that matter with the obvious exception of Women's VP) are held by men. However, did anyone stop to think that this might be because (with the exception of President) no females ran for these positions? It's fairly simple that if no woman nominates for Vice President or UAC Chair then no woman can hold these positions! Logic, people!

Also, as someone who believes Jennifer Turner has done an excellent job as Union President this year it disturbs me that the Editors of this publication continually print derogatory photos next to her State of the Union column. I imagine it must be something of a slap in the face to receive such treatment from an affiliate she has spent all year trying to protect. In addition to this how can the Union be more accessible to students if they can't even recognise the President because the student newspaper has a problem printing her actual picture? You may not agree with her but you have to admit the photo thing is fairly petty. Isn't a certain level of maturity expected once we leave high school?

Cheers,  
**Rhiannon Newman**

*Despite popular opinion amongst those that care about such matters, I would like it known that I am NOT the 'Concerned AUU Member' from last week's letters pages, much as I might have agreed with its sentiments. As to the pictures next to Jenny's columns, it is a criticism I must take responsible for, as it has always been at my insistence that such photos accompany Jenny's stimulating columns.*

-Clementine

**ARTHUR DAVIS HAS  
FEELINGS TOO...**

Dear Danny,

I was reflecting on how cogent and well-informed your little exposition was ('Refuge', p. 17). I never knew the psychosocial origins of the Jesus movement were so simple! I dimly suspected there was no evidence whatsoever of any transcendental being, but you have really cemented my understanding.

Atheism is indeed the mighty destiny of humanity. Like you, Danny, I cannot comprehend why the vast majority of humanity has never understood this, but rest assured, brother, that this glorious day draws near! Meanwhile, how sublime it is to bask in our own sophomoric enlightenment!

With great reverence for your eminently rational, sparkling cognitive finesse, and no sarcasm at all, ever,

**Arthur Davis**



**ECONOMISTS HAVE  
FEELINGS TOO...**

Hi Dan

I have just read your article "Conscious Complexity" twice, and I thought you might like to hear some of the issues you raised confirmed and discussed from a more "sciencey" perspective. I am studying physics at second year level, and we have just finished a topic called Thermal Physics. Unfortunately, we did not go into it in any detail, but the



**THE SEXUALITY COLLECTIVE  
HAS FEELINGS TOO...**

Dear Eds,

While I thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to learn a little bit about our Students' Association President for 2006, John Pezy, I was a little annoyed that John failed to mention the Sexuality Collective. While I encourage students to join the relevant collective if they "are interested in women's issues, environment, or education issues", I'd also like to highlight the opportunity for students to get actively involved in the Sexuality Collective. I understand it's very easy to forget our little department, but with the potential implementation of VSU it's important that students get involved in their relevant collectives to ensure that the issues faced by students are addressed. So join the Sexuality Collective by emailing either myself (d.wilkins@student.adelaide.edu.au) or Rudenka Roylance (rudenka.roylance@student.adelaide.edu.au) to be involved. Next year is certainly looking extremely positive and we hope that many students will get involved in their Students' Association.

Kind regards,  
**David Wilkins**  
Male Sexuality Officer  
d.wilkins@student.adelaide.edu.au

lecturer did hint at some of the possibilities you mentioned in your article. If you have heard all the following before, please ignore this, but I thought it might be nice to point out that in this case, science may prove you right! I hope I don't write too confusingly - if there is something you want me to elaborate on let me know.

What I gathered from the course is the fact that the universe is trying to obtain a state called "thermal equilibrium", in which everything is exactly the same temperature, and there is no heat flow between objects anymore. The universe is trying to do this because (as I'm sure you would have noticed) heat ALWAYS flows from a hotter object to a cooler object, until the two reach the same temperature (thermal equilibrium).

This next paragraph may/ may not be relevant to your musings, but I've included it just for something else to think about!

Another governing rule in our universe is one concerning something called "entropy". From what I learnt, entropy can be thought of as a measure of how disordered a system is, for example, a box containing a bit of air in one corner and nothing elsewhere has LESS entropy than the same box with the air spread out throughout the entire box in a random pattern. This second box has more entropy than the first because it has more disorder. Similarly, all living systems have relatively LOW entropy, because all living systems are highly ordered. The rule concerning entropy is that the total entropy (or disorder) of an isolated system (which is what we think the universe is) CAN NEVER decrease.

Put another way, any process that occurs in nature must contribute a net gain in the disorder of the universe, or at least the disorder must remain constant - it can never decrease. So if something like a highly ordered life form "arises", it must be accompanied by some other process that offsets this local entropy decrease so that overall, the entropy of the universe increases. It is actually this law that means that heat always flows from a hotter object to a cooler object, and it is also this fact that determines the direction of the "flow" of time - i.e. "forward", but that's another matter altogether! I hope you are still with me!

Anyway, back to the point. Like I said before, the universe is trying to obtain this thermal equilibrium state. However, the world around you and me is definitely not in thermal equilibrium at the moment - it is in the process of trying to get to thermal equilibrium. Unfortunately, the study of such everyday non-equilibrium systems (also associated with non-linear systems) is very, very complicated, but the advent of powerful computers has made such studies more achievable.

An example of a non-equilibrium system (given in our lecture notes) is this: picture a thin layer of oil being heated in a pan, so that the bottom layer of the oil is maintained at a hotter temperature than the top layer. When this temperature difference is small, the only

process that occurs is the transfer of heat from bottom to top by conduction, but as the temperature difference increases, there is a critical value at which the movement of oil by convection begins - that is, the oil starts to swirl from the bottom to the top. What is remarkable is that the convection process does not occur randomly, but in fact a regular pattern of "circulation cells" is produced, called Benard cells.

So, with nothing more than a uniform temperature difference, the oil spontaneously adopts a complex organised behaviour which is associated with the lack of thermal equilibrium of the system.

As I mentioned earlier, the world is full of non-equilibrium systems, living creatures being the most complex examples. As quoted from my notes "The search for a connection between non-equilibrium conditions and the occurrence of complex structure in nature is an exciting example of contemporary research".

Here's where you come in! Maybe this force or quality that binds itself to, arises from or accompanies certain kinds of dynamic and complex systems that you referred to is none other than the universe's way of reaching thermal equilibrium - by "going through the motions" and setting up lots of non-thermal equilibrium events that become highly ordered (i.e. life) in the universe's effort to reach its final equilibrium goal. That is, there has to be some period of non-equilibrium before equilibrium can occur, and it is this initial period that somehow drives complexity and high order. All this order is obviously a bad thing for entropy as discussed earlier, so there must be other processes in the universe that offset this "local decrease" in entropy so that the net universal entropy is always increased. I'm not sure what these processes are!

As for the origin of consciousness, I'm not sure. I guess it all depends on one's definition of complexity. I reckon my computer is already pretty complex, but I don't know if it has a consciousness. But obviously my computer is not as complex as a plant, or an animal, so maybe that's why it doesn't seem conscious. I guess then that it also depends on one's definition of consciousness, and whether my "area" of consciousness associated with my complexity can recognise, let alone interact with another's consciousness associated with its complexity. Maybe my computer can interact with similarly complex things, I'm just too complex to notice! This is getting pretty bizarre. I reckon that rather than talking about different "levels" of consciousness, it is better to refer to how broad a consciousness is, as you mentioned, based on how complex a system is. That way, you can start from a tiny atom, and move outwards in a sphere, through humans, planets, galaxies, the universe. Thanks for your article, it's always great to find connections in people's thoughts.

From,  
Nat



**THE EVANGELICAL UNION  
HAS FEELINGS TOO...**

For a group of people who preach tolerance, you don't seem to show a lot towards the Church. As Pat Buchanan noted, anti-Catholicism is the anti-semitism of the intellectuals.

I suggest you back off the Church, you wouldn't dare ridicule other religions, such as Islam.

**Romy Levy**

*Many apologies to those who found our God edition offensive. It certainly was not intended to be. Although it may be fair to say we lampoon Christians far more than any other religious denomination, there is also an argument for fondness of familiarity. It is true that it is far more acceptable in society to tease Christians - just as it is acceptable to tease 'yanks', 'poms', 'kiwis' and 'pollies'.*

*Unfortunately, it is easy to lampoon Christians in Australian culture because, unlike Islam, it is the dominant religion. In this light, Christians are fair game. Christianity gets plenty of good publicity in the mainstream media - even politically, Christianity is powerful. So if a tiny little student paper makes a few lighthearted jokes at its expense, how is this any different to lampooning politicians or capitalist power moguls? However, we apologise for any offence caused. It certainly wasn't intended.*



GOODBYE



The older I get, the more fractured the space time continuum appears to be. A year will pass by in a flash yet simultaneously seem the most terminally long experience of your life. Editing a student newspaper is just about the most perfect example of this.

Don't get me wrong - I'm not complaining. I realise with *On Dit* I've experienced something few people will ever have the opportunity to. I've spent four amazing years working on the production of something that ultimately gets consumed by a very small proportion of people. But it's not the kind of thing you do for money or fame. If this was the case, you'd be either sorely disappointed or absurdly misguided about the ways of the world.

I'm not going to pretend editing the paper has been a walk in the park. It's been really difficult, especially in the second half of the year. I've questioned my commitment countless times. How long can you do something before the love for it evaporates? Until you're just going through the motions, counting down each day until you see what

you perceive to be freedom looming on the horizon?

One of the problems the *On Dit* environment presents is its potential for elitism. 99% of the time it isn't intended. The unfortunate fact is, when you spend a good proportion of your hours in front of a flickering screen in a dank basement while the dusty feet of the human traffic literally pass before you, it can be a little difficult to leave the nest.

I've spent four years tied to this office in some way. I began as a lowly Wayward sub-ed back in 2001 and kept contributing in various forms. My special talent was always for 2am filler. Trust me, this has helped me churn out the thousands of pre dawn words that have danced across my pages this year. I always knew eventually I wanted to be editor. Not only was it something I actually wanted to do, but other friends and sub eds I had worked with all had, it seemed, been able to call themselves such at one point or another. Recently, someone I know accused me of having only wanted to edit the paper for this reason - in short, to finally be able to measure up to people I knew who had done it before me. I'd like to tell this person that they're wrong, that they don't know me at all and that they may think these things of me but I'll always know the truth - I may not have been the best editor I could have been, but it was something I wanted a great deal and I gave it the most I had to offer. Maybe in the end this wasn't enough, but it's something I'll have to live with myself.

This year has been one of the most challenging, rewarding, frustrating, entertaining and valuable years of my life. I've edited a paper, performed in a hit production of *The Vagina Monologues*, met people who will stay in my life forever and said goodbye finally to an era of my

life ready to end.

Because no editorial of mine would be the same without a randomly pointless list, I've compiled some of my favourite moments from *On Dit*, past and present:

1. Watching Michael Fyfe make up a song about Harry Potter on the final night of *On Dit* 2001. We were so blazed, I swear the song went on for the entirety of our lives, we died and then were reincarnated into our original bodies before living another full 19 years and arriving back in the same position, singing songs about Harry Potter.

2. Regular visits to Tristan Mahoney at Little Angas Street in 2001. Not technically an *On Dit* moment, but as both of us went on to become editing whores it kind of still counts.

3. Making up a bar review for The Blue Moon Bar. If you get a chance, check it out. It's in an alleyway around the corner from the Cranker and it is like, completely dedicated to Star Trek. It even has a lifesize doll of Spock. Far out....

So the year has ended and there are some people I must thank. They follow now, in no particular order: mtk for all the laughs, RSVPing and carafes of vino; Sved my Swedish siren; Linley - you are so s & h; Anais for always making me laugh; Michael; Penny; Alexis for always being the proofie and listening to my incessant whining and generally being an ace kind of a guy; Mel Purcell - you are a rock; Ma and Pa Ford for the genomes; roomies Peter and Jenny for being understanding re the dishes; Tristan; many many tubs of delicious hommous; Bikram yoga - if you're a cult, sign me up; Audrey Hefferneggar for being my alter ego; and finally, Dan and Danny - best of luck fellas. xxx

-Clementine

## MATURE THOUGHTS

As a thoughtful and somewhat perplexed sixteen year old I attempted to find out all I could about the realms of philosophy in the misguided belief that it would somehow impress girls. I had a prolific collection of slim books with large print explaining to me, in very simple, digestible terms, all the major concepts of modern Western thought. The book on Nietzsche had conclusively proved to me that God did not exist, the book on Jung proved to me that we were all slaves to our own unconscious, the book on Descartes proved to me that I had no reason to believe there was anything at all beyond my own perception and everything seemed to be wrapped up in a nice little package. The most exciting idea however, to my naïve, hormone ravaged mind, was Plato and his so called 'pure forms'. Having had the misfortune of coming from a strong mathematics background Plato was trained to conceptualise the world in perfect permutations. The world he existed in was free of the necessary compromises of existence, for him it was a shimmering, gleaming, matterless orb. A triangle as it exists in life is, unavoidably, a physical item. For instance - if it is drawn on

paper it has three sides, each the thickness of a ballpoint. A mathematical triangle however is free of these earthly demands, its sides are of no thickness and it exists as the perfect, pure incarnation of a triangle. From this Plato proposed that there were other 'pure forms' that existed, other modes that were at once ethereal and unsurpassable, simultaneously intangible but built on a piercing truth.

As a sixteen year old everything about this (aside from the lame mathematics) was exhilarating. To me it meant that there really *was* such a thing as perfection and truth and all we need do was will it into being, in any matter we dare discuss. Pure love could be willed into being, pure art could be willed into being, the perfect music could be willed into being, and so forth. It seemed as though one need only be able to think or feel something and it could be so. The great frustration of course, is that I don't have the luxury of living solely within my own mind.

What a perpetual frustration it is to always be so limited by resources! The blank page is so pregnant with possibility and the finished page so rife with flaws.

The individual who holds doggedly onto pure forms is destined for a lot of disappointment, as the slightest imperfection robs them of any satisfaction and all virtues are disposed of at the sight of any minor blemishes. This can cause great angst for the immature.

Lusting after pure forms also means missing a lot of what is pure and sacred, the haphazard chaos of life sometimes yields the most beauty and profundity. The flipside of this coin is that the true nature of reality is often poisoned, jagged and ugly.

Into what vessel then does one pour themselves, what is the healthiest way to navigate the potholes? My ambition always outstrips the state of things and my desires are almost always intangible, irrational and impractical. One will always find flaws in the world and in the product of their labour purely because the intended endpoint does not exist on the physical plane.

The only way to proceed is to still strive for the pure, but accept the inevitable failure that the very state of things confers on us. The best compromise between one's ambition and health is to work as hard and as long as you can bear and be happy with the inevitable compromises.

Danny Wills



What can I say? The spring air and need to fill space have given me some pretty gay and indulgent layout affectations. Before the approaching unconsciousness overcomes me I must tell you something. Some things have happened in the past week that concern me:

A young aboriginal girl walks clumsily down the street. A car full of young men speed past, slowing to throw a hand full of change at her feet and yell, "Here's your change, here's a dollar".

For the second time in a year, a space that I've been comfortably living in is being completely rooted for the development of inefficiently, cheaply and poorly designed apartments to be sold to wealthy status seekers.

Out of absolutely fucking nowhere a bird flies onto my face and starts clawing at my eye ball and pecking at my forehead. After wrenching the thing off and checking to see if my iris was still intact I turned to face the insolent creature. The Piping Shrike just sat on the bonnet of the Ford Falcon next me. Do you kill it? What if someone sees you snapping some poor bird's little neck? After glaring at it for about thirty seconds I realised that nothing could be done and went on my way.

On top of this a lunatic came into the office at the start of the year wanting to eradicate all the 'fem-nazis', starting with Adelaide Uni.

That is pretty much enough for me to become fairly disappointed with where the world is heading. However I saw a sunrise after a full nights sleep - a first for many years, and each time I wander through the city there seems to be endless points of amusement & curios - simply the feel of your muscles working and the sun warming them is enough to know that there is some inherent joy in existing. I also happen to be surrounded by a playful, generous, social, intelligent group of people, so that now I couldn't imagine fulfilling my childhood dream (after becoming a stockbroker) of running off to live as a hermit in the hills somewhere. So what the fuck? Bad stuff, good stuff. The world is so freakin' confusing.

It seems logical that if there are some very pleasant types in my very vicinity then there must be a great deal more in this world, so I can only hope that these people can shrug of their angst, malaise, paychecks, timetables and boredom, and try to help me avoid the approaching doomsday that has been made evident by the aforementioned incidents. So basically don't vote Liberal, m'kay?

I guess this is a pretty good point to thank the one's I know personally - my derelict housemates, even the proxy one, all the people who put in the effort to create some fun and adventure for those around them instead vanishing into the suburbia, my co-editors for tolerating my brazenly poor organisation and domineering egotism, all the people who have written for us over the year (especially our sub-eds) and everyone who read more than the vox pop section of the paper. I guess I should also thank my parents for not asking why the hell am I still at uni.

I also have to somehow express my appreciation for all the people who, through being beautiful, endearing or I

guess just being, have managed to etch certain moments into my memory, giving me permanent clues to the life that trails behind me.

Sometimes I think that the only thing I need more of is space in my brain. It seems the ancient philosophers and our scientific ancestors have done such a fantastic job that there is little to look forward to discover, never will I walk like an ancient traveller over unknown lands. What we need is mystery and adventure and I think that will be the work of the idle philosophers of today - the creation of puzzles for future generations to slave over, marvel at and solve. I still find my kicks in the the mysterious minds of my friends and acquaintances. Most people in relationships that I know of are desperately seeking to know absolutely everything about their chosen companions but that seems a fairly destructive mission. Almost all we can ever glean from another is a mash of words, a wavering voice, a picture of the mind mimicked in the iris but rarely anything about the actual artifact behind. Clues to an impossible mystery, so why pour over them, wearing down their novelty like stones rolled by centuries of waves. People need to take each other far less seriously, realise the limitations of our understanding and enjoy the novelty of everyone's impossible natures.

In Vox Pop this week I asked the sub eds about whether you'd prefer to die with experience or wealth. After watching *Barry Lyndon* (Kubrik) I was forced to think about the question as in my life thus far I'd considered experience more important than future contentment (admittedly it's the easy option). Barry had a frivolous, fun, reckless & experience-rich life (much like my own) but ended poor, lonely and legless. Naturally I found this quite disturbing. It would completely blow to be living your last days as a dejected decrepid old man. The moments we feel most vividly are in the present and are memories always colour everything, regardless of how annoying it was, with a rosy tinge simply because you experienced it. So maybe it is better to just get your degree, sit in a salaried middle management position and talk about "those crazy uni days" to kill awkward conversation with old friends, and then plan for a very pleasant present in the future.

OK, enough of the melodramatic last edition stuff, for now the temptation of a scantily clad summer makes me wish uni had just a few more weeks to go, as we crawl out of the *On Dit* hole for good, squinting like over adventurous moles but find everyone has disappeared from campus! *On Dit* has been the coolest job. My favourite memories of being 'on the job' would have to have been the creation of an idyllic handball community, a completely reckless game of office cricket involving a wine bottle and a bouncy ball, watching countless bodiless legs go past the basement window and finding out that several people actually responded to our call for people to offer their lives for the new Tarrantino film. Then of course there's the ridiculous attempts at cover photos, our first 3D cover, countless bottles of free booze...

One thing I have definitely learned is that the human body has miraculous powers of stamina, it has been several days since I've had more than a few hours sleep and I've managed to ramble out an editorial. See y'all in the sunshine after exams, amid all the frivolity, alcohol, sand, midnight pashes, short skirts and tomfoolery of the coming months. Oh, how I love grass, sky, air, vitamin E, sleep, human contact, full moons and all those other things you never get in a basement... I'm stepping into the light.

Dan

# How the Government Knows the Problem

WAIGHIN

"[W]e must not imagine that the world turns towards us a legible face which we would have only to decipher; the world is not the accomplice of our knowledge..."

- Michael Foucault in *The Order of Discourse*

Power operates in and through government Policy through the construction - "identification" - of Problems. We 'Know' a 'Problem' when we 'see' it; but because we see it with eyes that have also seen hundreds of films, perhaps thousands of nightly news reports and daily newspapers, millions of words and pictures, and billions of 'everyday events'. All new information is assessed against existing 'Knowledge', drawn from years of sight, sound, smell, touch, reactions and intuition.

And Knowledge of a Problem is Power, because all Knowledge is Power, or, more accurately, a Power relation; paradoxically, it is Power that creates Knowledge, through its creation of a world that is possible, against and in relation to one that is not. We must question the peculiar Power-Knowledge relations that enchant government action, that embed government Policy with near-universal legitimacy, and which are deployed by those who, through hard work, dedication and a great deal of Magic, are able to perpetuate a hierarchical social structure that rewards particular genealogies and consigns Others to the outskirts.

I choose to focus on 'The Aboriginal Problem' because of its complete absurdity but which has become a self-fulfilling prophecy of the grandest and most atrocious variety. The prophecy, in the context of the present discussion, might go as follows: Anglo-Europeans arrive in New South Wales and Van Diemens Land during the late eighteenth century and assume the superiority of their own 'race' (constructed against the 'natives'), so much so that by the twentieth century, programs to 'breed out the colour' would consist of family fractures and land loss, leading to unbroken trauma lines. By the late twentieth century, the prophecy had been more-or-less fulfilled, and the statistics were there to 'prove' it. That there was no such Problem prior to 1788 should provide even the most gullible of all modernists with an inkling of doubt as to the accuracy of his world-view.

This 'self-fueling' system of Power-creating-

Knowledge-creating-Power is a process of which I am very much a part. Learning, during my years at primary school, of the 'peaceful settlement' of Australia by European colonisers, of the deaths, from disease, of thousands of aborigines whose constitutions were weak and whose culture, having 'survived for millennia', 'owed more to good fortune than good management' in this regard, and of Their unnaturally hard heads and nomadic nature, and Their chronic alcoholism and criminal tendencies, my inherent superiority over Their primitiveness was being constantly reinforced. I also Learned, in classrooms, some of the Pitjantjatjara language and cultural customs, and Kurna history, although such Learning was so disproportionately small that, beyond emphasising Their Otherness, I was able to render it negligible to the extent of its inconsistency with the narrative of the peaceful settlement. But, even writing this paper, I am still accessing Knowledge in a particular way; I am trained, *embedded*, within a particular web of Power-Knowledge relations that filters my thoughts and actions and feelings. It is not that there are specific *gaps* in my Knowledge that I must endeavour to fill; by conceptualising my ignorance as such 'I do not truly experience my ignorance'. Rather, as a descendant of Anglo-European settler-immigrants, I have no (Known) genealogy similar to that of law professor Patricia Williams, whose (black) great-great-grandmother Sophie was raped by her (white) great-great-grandfather Austin Miller, a 35-year-old lawyer who had bought Sophie and her family as a 'matched set', partly so that he could 'practice his sexual talents' on Sophie so that he would be prepared to marry a (white) widow. Instead, I exist in a world/web of Power-Knowledge relations that gives me access to some information, that restricts my access to much Knowledge, that allows me to declare, like John Howard, that 'I don't find any racism in the Australian public'.

The English colonisers of the period 1750-1950 were not noted for their collective capacity for post-structuralist thought. The world was very much their accomplice in Knowledge, and the Orwellian re-writing of history commenced soon after the Anglo-Celts on the first fleet disembarked at Botany Bay. A quarter-century history of New South Wales was published in 1816; it claimed that the early 'settlers' had not 'established themselves by the sword, nor willingly done injury to the naked

miserable stragglers, who were found on these barren shores'. Subsequent accounts of the 'settler experience' made similar claims.

And these 'civilised' English had Magical Powers: the Power to excise the 'aborigines' from lands required for settlement, and to perpetuate the myth of terra nullius for two centuries; the Power to assume sovereignty over the entire continent, to categorise 'aborigines', firstly into one group based on skin-colour, then into sub-groups according to quantities of blood; the Power to construct a discourse of the 'settler experience' and to define Problems with the Solutions already in mind.

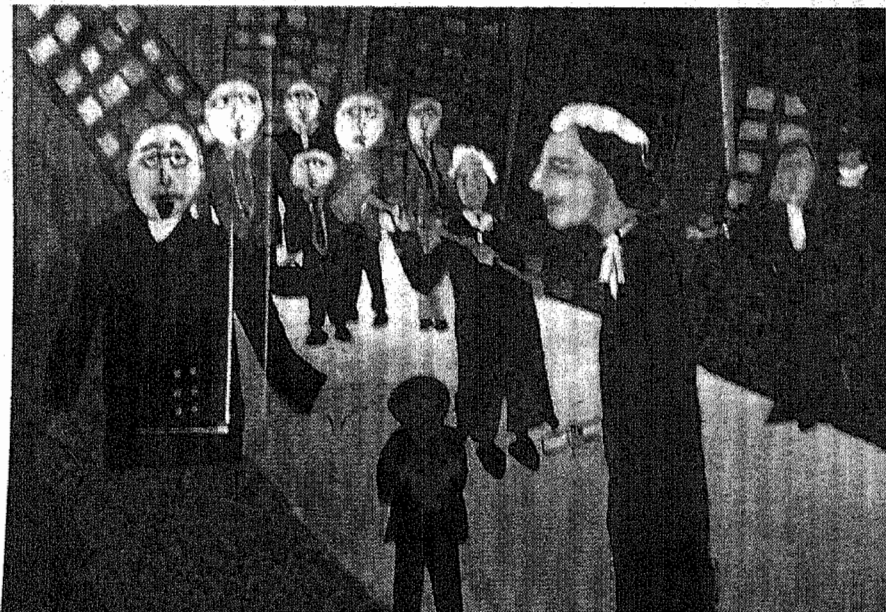
In the 1930s, for example, the Problem was the white blood in the 'half-caste' child being corrupted by the primitive blackness of her mother. In response, the government declared that a male of Anglo-Celtic descent, under the title 'Chief Protector of Aborigines', would 'be entitled at any time to undertake the care, custody, or control of any aboriginal or half-caste, if, in his opinion it is necessary or desirable in the interests of the aboriginal or half-caste for him to do so'. Further, the ordinance conferred upon the 'Chief Protector' the legal guardianship of 'every aboriginal and half-caste child, notwithstanding that the child has a parent or other relative living'. That this was also a period in western Europe in which 'race' was Known to be a rigid

biological category (rather than the relative term post-structuralists Know it as today) invites speculation, for example, as to which, like the egg or the chicken, actually did come first; it is likely, however, that the relationship between the Problem and its 'solution' was cumulative and 'self-fulfilling', rather than being linear and derisive.

The 'set of shifting, diverse, and contradictory responses to a spectrum of political interests' that is Policy always comprises 'a sequence of ambiguous claims and actions that change and are frequently inconsistent with one another because they are responses to different group interests'. The offensive Problem of the 'half-caste' was responded to with ostentatious protectionism, which, bizarrely enough, committed positive harm against those the Policy purported to protect.

By the 1990s, the words 'undertake the care, custody, or control' were recognised to mean 'steal', as the Stolen Generations entered the public lexicon through the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission's *Bringing them home* (BTH) report and Phillip Noyce's film *Rabbit-Proof Fence*, from Nugi Garimara's book. In many quarters, the stealing was then identified as the Problem, though not by the government. In response to BTH, John Herron, then Minister for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Affairs, asserted that 'there was never a "generation" of stolen children' because 'the proportion of separated Aboriginal children was no more than 10 per cent'.<sup>1</sup> Nor was the

**Problems, like Identities, are imagined, conjured, Magicked. As the colonies began to take serious steps toward a new antipodean commonwealth Banjo Paterson and Henry Lawson set about constructing a national Identity, deliberately privileging particular genealogies and power relations. The new nationalism was defined against the non-Australian 'aboriginal race'.**





proportion of Australians who enlisted in that nation's war effort between 1914-18, but that doesn't stop the Prime Minister eulogising the 'remarkable legacy' of that 'great-hearted generation', the anzacs.

The Power of the government is that such a 'nondecision' as that which has never been made to come to terms with a past (and therefore present) involving appropriation and genocide can be perceived as politically innocent: those born and socialised into a modernist, capitalist order that relied upon a hierarchy of interests are more likely to believe that 'advocates of equal rights...are cranks; they may be a problem, but discrimination against disadvantaged groups is not'.

Problems, like Identities, are imagined, conjured, Magicked. As the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and Fiji began to take serious steps toward a new antipodean commonwealth during the 1880s, Banjo Paterson and Henry Lawson set about constructing a national Identity, deliberately privileging particular genealogies and power relations that supposedly were far removed from the 'narrow ways of English folk' which bore 'the long-accustomed yoke / Of staid conservancy'. The new nationalism was defined more against the non-australian 'aboriginal race', however, than against 'our kin from over sea': the 'new chum fought for his honour's sake and the pride of the English race', for 'British breeding, and British pluck, must triumph it over all'.

As the constructed Identity privileged anglo-celtic australians, it privileged them *against* the 'aboriginal race', which was first imagined and then subjugated, excised even from the new constitution. The quasi-medico-scientific discourse of phrenology lent authority to those who asserted the superiority of the 'british race'. The 'aboriginals', with their nakedness,

their lack of recognisable civilisation, their bestial violence, and their wild, nomadic habitus, were truly mad.

Today, as 'aboriginals' have been 'mainstreamed' into the wider australian population following the eradication of the peak federal body, the aboriginal and torres strait islander commission (ATSIC), and of the south australian 'self-determination experiment' in the Pitjantjatjara lands, the 'aboriginals', as petrol-sniffers, wife-beaters and unemployed alcoholics, are mad once more, and must be protected from themselves.

How do governments do this? By first constructing the category 'aboriginal', which has become so entrenched in conventional ideology that it has morphed into the politically-correct 'indigenous', governments can Magically link 'aboriginals' together with official statistics regarding 'indigenous' health and educational levels, which are compared with 'non-indigenous' statistics to perpetuate a picture of inferiority and helplessness. Twenty-first century white governments, forgetting any localised treaties forged on the frontiers of the nineteenth century, and having relegated those who talk of contemporary treaties to the 'feral left' of the political spectrum, expressly reject the 'self-determination' movement and claim the mandate to dictate top-down Policy, and administer a department of immigration, multicultural and indigenous affairs, headed by a white woman.

Like the soul and body of a young student who is disciplined into the adult world of literary rules for capitals and punctuation, and the soul and body of an african-american teenager in poverty who devotes her life, by becoming a soldier, to the maintenance of a hierarchical national order in which she is destined to live at the bottom, the young Pitjantjatjara girl grows up identifying herself as 'aboriginal', and hence 'disadvantaged'. She 'may be aware

that [her] interests do not coincide [with those of the powerful] but [she] may believe that the structures of society and its social relations are "natural", "real" or "god-given" and so unchangeable'. This illustrates the workings of the third dimension of Power, the 'role of systematically organised ideas in limiting and shaping social debate and political conflict'. And when the Explanation for the Problem is the girl's 'aboriginality' itself, despite there being no such thing beyond what has been constructed for her and internalised by her, we start to hear calls, once more, for *assimilation*, disguised as 'mainstreaming'. Just as 'women' have disappeared from Policy through 'mainstreaming', it is hoped that 'aboriginals' will disappear as well - if not from the list of 'disadvantaged groups', then at least from that of 'government failures' (read: 'threats to government legitimacy')...

And so government Power is Knowledge, derived from Power, legitimised in turn by Knowledge; it is Policy, as 'responses' to Problems that have been framed by Knowledge; it is Otherness, as defined and excluded by government using tools such as citizenship; it is Magic, as governments enchant The Law with a supreme authority. But most importantly, Power operates through Us, as individual members of the imagined australian community. We must present government with our gift of legitimacy; we must Know *its* Power, for without Us, governments have no Power.

#### Russell Marks

<sup>1</sup> Australian Government, Submission to Senate Legal and Constitutional References Committee 'Inquiry into the Stolen Generation', March 2000 at 2 (John Herron).

*All misuse of capitals is intended by the author. -Eds*

## The South Australia for Pietermaritzburg Babies Project

One can use statistics to highlight inhumanity. A 2002 report showed that 46% of patients in South African public hospitals are HIV infected, of which 85% are children. One in ten children 15-24 are infected. 5000 die a week. 80 million will die by 2025.

But what do statistics matter? Do they make us care any more? Western society, indeed all society is predicated on the notion that life is sacred and worth preserving. But will we suddenly care more if 5001 die in any given week instead of the statistically predicted 5000? Does that one extra life lost affect us in some profound way?

We assuage our guilt, our fear of a horror going unattended, with more statistics. Organisations form... the UN, the South African government, the aid agencies... the problem is being attended to. We donate our dollar a day, and we know that some kid off someplace is going to school somewhere, that he has clean water and a place to sleep.

But then there are more statistics. In 2005 alone, 30000 children were meant to get ARVs (anti retro virals) that, although not a cure, could help prolong their lives and make their existence bearable. Only 900 have been administered so far.

We get all the numbers. We divide the big number by the smaller number. We calculate the catch phrases: 'Did you know that in X, Y children die every Z minutes?' Somehow it brings us closer to an understanding of the true nature of things.

Then there are the individual stories. The one in the however million each year suffer. A child, five years old, forced to run a struggling household because both parents are dying of AIDS. The child herself is also infected. The parents die, the child

is orphaned, the child dies.

We multiply this little story by the big number, and realise that the horrors of this world are too incomprehensible to deal with on one's own.

So there are organisations, dealing with the problem. But there is corruption, there is skimming off the top. How much gets through? Is my dollar a day still worth it if only sixty cents gets there?

Then there are the individuals that are doing something. Giving more than a dollar a day. Carrying the load of humanitarian responsibility that we forget to concern ourselves with. Judith, a local South Australian woman, prepares a shipping container with supplies for a treatment facility she hopes to get started in Empomohne. The container is full of medical supplies, school supplies, supplies that help travelling carers get medical assistance and education into rural communities. She has delivered two containers before, to the Umvotie Valley in the Kwa Zulu Natal province. An area where there are no statistics because statistics cannot be afforded. Every item in the containers she sent found their way to people in need. No crunching of numbers. No appropriating of dollars and cents. Just items of need, finding their way to people in need.

It costs AU\$10,000 to get one of these containers to where they need to go. But Judith can't raise the money to get it there. The items, of little need to us, sit in storage, waiting. They need to urgently raise the money to get the container over there. There is a facility in Empomohne ready to support the villagers and help the carers. But the facility is empty. The government has donated the empty building but an empty building offers little.

It awaits a container from South Australia that carries the necessary supplies.

Mamsie, a 58 year old South African woman, is one carer who will distribute these items to areas in need if they arrive. She is one of the many carers who works from before dawn and long into the night, riding on a bicycle to a remote village where the situation is often forgotten. She says there is no ultimate solution to the problem, that it will never be corrected. The numbers will only worsen. Many of the carers are themselves HIV positive. They do what they can whilst awaiting their own fate.

Why then, do people like this still dedicate themselves to what statistically is a lost cause? Judith speaks of 'a glimmer of hope' that she believes exists in all humankind. She believes that without the gift of hope there is nothing worthwhile in life.

Mamsie perhaps puts it in more comprehensible terms. When asked why she has given up her life to empty out an ocean of inhumanity with a teaspoon, she simply answered, 'How could I not?'

#### Matthew Salleh

*The South Australia for Pietermaritzburg Babies Project is currently trying to raise \$10,000 to send goods to South Africa in March. To help raise money they will be holding a Garage Sale on November 19 at Presauget St. in Modbury Heights. If you have any unwanted items that could be sold please contact Ruth Venn on 8263 5540. They will also be holding a walk-a-thon in Gawler on Sunday November 13. Information about this or about providing donations in general is available from Judy on 0415 486 673.*

# Anti-Terrorism

# Australian Style

by Andy Thomas

On Friday 14<sup>th</sup> October 2005 Jon Stanhope, Chief Minister of the ACT, posted the Draft Anti-Terrorism 2005 legislation on his website. This was the start of State resistance to new laws. Premiers have gone on record saying that this was not the legislation that they agreed to at the recent Council of Australian Governments (COAG) meeting. The focus for many has been the supposed enshrinement in law of a shoot-to-kill policy. "Shoot-to-kill was not part of the discussions, it was not part of the communiqué," Morris Iemma, the NSW Premier has said. John Howard has called for calm and claims that the provisions governing police powers to use fatal force are not new. Furthermore, Howard argues, the claims that police are being given the power to shoot someone in the back if that person attempts to evade arrest are wrong. As much as critics of the legislation may not like it, John Howard is correct, the details of the legislation do not entail a shoot-to-kill policy. So why focus on this non-existent problem? I think we have several reasons to question the legislation; it is not obvious that we need it and some of the provisions are systematically draconian. But the focus on a supposed shoot-to-kill policy has I believe diverted attention away from the two key issues: sedition

and financial support of terrorism. Before turning to these points, let's look at the issues central to the shoot-to-kill claims. If we get diverted by these claims we may be fooled into believing that there

are no problems with the proposed legislation. But *there are problems* and they are very serious indeed.

Section 105.23 of the Draft Anti-Terrorism 2005 Bill states that :

(1) An AFP member must not, in the course of taking a person into custody or detaining a person under a preventative detention order, use more force, or subject the person to greater indignity, than is necessary and reasonable:

(a) to take the person into custody; or

(b) to prevent the escape of the person after being taken into custody.

(2) An AFP member must not, in the course of taking a person into custody or detaining a person under a preventative detention order:

(a) do anything that is likely to cause the death of, or grievous bodily harm to, the person unless the AFP member believes on reasonable grounds that doing that thing is necessary to protect life or to prevent serious injury to another person (including the AFP member); or

(b) if the person is attempting to escape being taken into custody by fleeing—do such a thing unless:

(i) the AFP member believes on reasonable grounds that doing that thing is necessary to protect life or prevent serious injury to another person (including the AFP member); and

(ii) the person has, if practicable, been called on to surrender and the AFP member believes on reasonable grounds that the person cannot be apprehended in any other manner.

(3) Subsection (2) does not limit subsection (1)

The wording here is not significantly different to the wording of the Commonwealth Crimes Act. Howard believes that the States should not see this as the imposition of new shoot-to-kill policies, but rather an extension of presently existing powers. Given that these powers currently exist, we can hardly complain about the extension of them.

Howard claims that "we are not giving police the right to kill somebody who's escaping preventative detention". Police have always had the right under common law to use deadly force if it is necessary to protect life. We can hardly claim that the extension of these powers equate to a shoot-to-kill policy per se, since we do not presently have a shoot-to-kill policy. Yet Steve Bracks has asserted that Victoria *will not* instigate the new legislation, even

though, as Brendan Nicholson (*The Age*, 21/10/1998, p.4) points out, the new legislation uses the same wording as the Commonwealth Crimes Act, except that the old legislation focuses on individuals who have committed a crime, or are about to commit a crime. Similarly Victoria's Crimes Act allows for such use of force. Mike Rann has made similar claims, "I won't commit to things that I haven't seen and I won't commit to things that have been put in that I didn't agree to".

We might raise an objection based on the wording of 105.23 (2)(b)(ii); that the AFP member has if *practicable*,

called upon the person to surrender. The worry is that this protects the AFP member from prosecution should they

shoot someone *without* identifying themselves as Federal Police. We may see a repeat of the shooting by British police of Jean Charles de Menezes on the London Underground, and, like the British Police, the AFP would not be accountable for their actions. Yes this is objectionable, and we should be glad that the States are seeking to remove these conditions, but the act does not constitute a shoot-to-kill policy. Subsection (3) clearly shows that the offending part (subsection (2)) does *not* waive the protection provided by Subsection (1).

We might think there is an important distinction between the existing and the proposed legislation. Currently these powers come into play when the police attempt to arrest a person accused of a crime, or reasonably believed to be guilty of a crime. But the police can, under this new legislation, use these powers to apprehend someone who is not accused of a crime. Note that the powers are relevant to the placing of someone under a Prevention Detention Order (PDO). So let's see what exactly a PDO is.

Section 105.8., paragraph 3 sets out a PDO as;

(3) An initial preventative detention order under this section is an order that the person specified in the order may be:

(a) taken into custody; and

(b) detained during the period that:

(i) starts when the person is first taken into custody under the order; and

(ii) ends a specified period of time after the person is first taken into custody under the order.

Now that we have an idea of what a PDO order actually is, why would

we want to place someone under one? Section 104.1 sets out some of the conditions as follows:

(1) A senior AFP member must not request a control order in relation to a person without the Attorney-General's written consent.

(2) A senior AFP member may only seek the Attorney-General's written consent to request a control order in respect of a person if the member:

(a) considers on reasonable grounds that the control order in the terms to be requested would substantially assist in preventing a terrorist act; or

(b) suspects on reasonable

"But the police can, under this new legislation, use these powers to apprehend someone who is not accused of a crime."

grounds that the person has provided training to, or received training from, a listed terrorist organization.

A PDO is granted by an authorised issuing authority – a judge or magistrate – if, on the balance of probabilities, that authority is satisfied that 104.1. 2a., and 2b., are reasonable, and that making a PDO would either substantially assist the prevention of a terrorist act or that the individual is involved in terrorism training in some way (section 104.3).

The problem may seem to be that guilt resides now on probability, not on evidence. Yet the probability is weighed *according* to the available evidence, and this is a reasonable condition to set out. Section 104.2 clearly sets out the conditions that the Australian Federal Police must provide a written account of all the facts and other grounds for requesting a PDO. There is no significant difference between the proposed and existing legislation. It is not obvious that the proposed Anti-Terrorism Legislation entails a shoot-to-kill policy any more than current legislation. So except for the wording of section 105.23 (2)(b)(ii), the whole issue seems to be a beat up.

The *real* issues of concern occur later. For example in section 105.32, a person detained can only contact people by phone to tell them that they are safe and will be out of contact for a while (up to 12 months under a PDO!). This means that you cannot tell someone if the AFP are not treating you in accordance with the rules as set out by the act. But I want to focus on two issues, sedition and financing. These alone should be enough to persuade us that the legislation *needs* to be rejected.

The concept of Seditious Intentions has several important and disturbing ramifications for journalism, academia and serious political debate occurs in Schedule 7., section 4. If the legislation passes, the following gets added to Section 30A of the Crimes Act 1914<sup>1</sup>.

(3) In this section:

**seditious intention** means an intention to effect any of the following purposes:

(a) to bring the Sovereign into hatred or contempt;

(b) to urge disaffection against the following:

(i) the Constitution;

(ii) the Government of the Commonwealth;

(iii) either House of the Parliament;

(c) to urge another person to attempt, otherwise than by lawful means, to procure a change to any matter established by law in the Commonwealth;

(d) to promote feelings of ill-will or hostility between different groups so as to threaten the peace, order and good government of the Commonwealth.

The real issue of concern is (3)(b). What exactly is it to urge disaffection? Should we criticise the Government for some act are we guilty of urging disaffection? If we *are*, we get seven years imprisonment. This has serious ramifications for journalism, since to criticise the government in any form, in print, on radio, on television could be stifled. In academia the same concerns exist. The question is could such a provision be used to stifle political debate? The answer, obviously, is yes.

Supporters of the legislation could point out that provisions are made for exemptions regarding criticisms done *in good faith* (Section 80.3). These provisions clearly set out exemptions for criticisms focusing on the policies etc., of governments. If criticism

is made in good faith to point out errors in Government policy, then it is exempt from punishment.

But we should look at the scope of the exemptions; by scope I mean the parts of the legislation to which good faith exemptions actually apply. The good faith exemptions only apply to Sections 80.1 and 80.2., which deal with Sedition and Treason. Seditious Intention is set out in Section 30A of the Crimes Act 1914. Perhaps exemptions are set out in the 1914 legislation. But in the Crimes Act 1914, section 24A deals with seditious intention. The exemptions on grounds of Good Faith in the Crimes Act apply to sections 24A – E, not to Section 30A, so there is no exemption for seditious intentions on grounds of good faith<sup>2</sup>.

Even were Good Faith exemptions to apply, the burden of proof is on the defendant to prove that they acted in good faith, *not* on the prosecution to prove that the defendant did not act in good faith. There is no presumption of innocence here. Even if these exemptions apply to Seditious Intention, which they do not, the defendant would have to prove that they did not intend to urge disaffection. I challenge anybody to prove that their intentions for any act were performed in good faith. Seditious Intention, if implemented, would pose a serious threat to free speech and political debate. So I ask my question again, why the focus on a non-existent shoot-to-kill policy? Before answering this question, I will look at serious concerns that *should* be raised concerning the relevant sections on financing terrorism. In Schedule 3, the following gets added to Division 103 of The Criminal Code Act 1995.

#### 103.2. Financing a terrorist

(1) A person commits an offence if:

(a) the person intentionally:

(i) makes funds available to another person (whether directly or indirectly); or

(ii) collects funds for, or on behalf of, another person (whether directly or indirectly); and

(b) the first-mentioned person is reckless as to whether the other person will use the funds to facilitate or engage in a terrorist act.

Penalty:

Imprisonment for life.

(2) A person commits an offence under subsection(1) even if:

(a) a terrorist act does not occur; or

(b) the funds will not be used to facilitate or engage in a specific terrorist act; or

(c) the funds will be used to facilitate or engage in more than one terrorist act.

This is the truly nasty section of the proposed legislation. There is no requirement here that the accused *know* that their funds are diverted to a terrorist. Nor is there a requirement that a terrorist act actually, or ever will, occur.

Most scenarios mapped out in the press focus on the Stockwell shooting of Mr Menezes, or variations thereof. But consider this. You donate a couple of dollars to the Save the Children Fund. Save the Children passes that donation onto a school in Afghanistan. It subsequently comes to light that a child educated at that school has trained as a terrorist. Under this legislation you are *guilty* of financing a terrorist. There is no requirement to prove that you *intentionally* donated the money to support terrorism, only that the money you gave did in fact end up helping train a terrorist. That gets you life imprisonment.

This may seem to be an absurd example, but it is *not just* reality we are dealing with here, in both the above cases, there are serious *political principles* at stake. Appeals to reality are what philosophers refer to as arguing the morality of the issues by appealing to facts. But facts do not determine whether an act is right or wrong, they just show that an act has or has not occurred. That you were punished does not prove that you *should* have been punished.

We have two very serious reasons to be concerned by the draft legislation. There are also problems with the process of implementing the Bill. If the rumours are correct about the parliamentary timetable, then the Bill will only be discussed for a single day before it is introduced to Parliament. The Bill itself amends the following acts:

The Customs Act 1901;

The Crimes Act 1914;

The Migration Act 1958;

Administrative Decisions (Judicial Review) Act 1977;

The Crimes (Foreign Incursions and Recruitment) Act 1978;

The Australian Security Intelligence Organisation Act 1979;

The Customs Administration Act 1985;

The Financial Transactions Reports Act 1988;

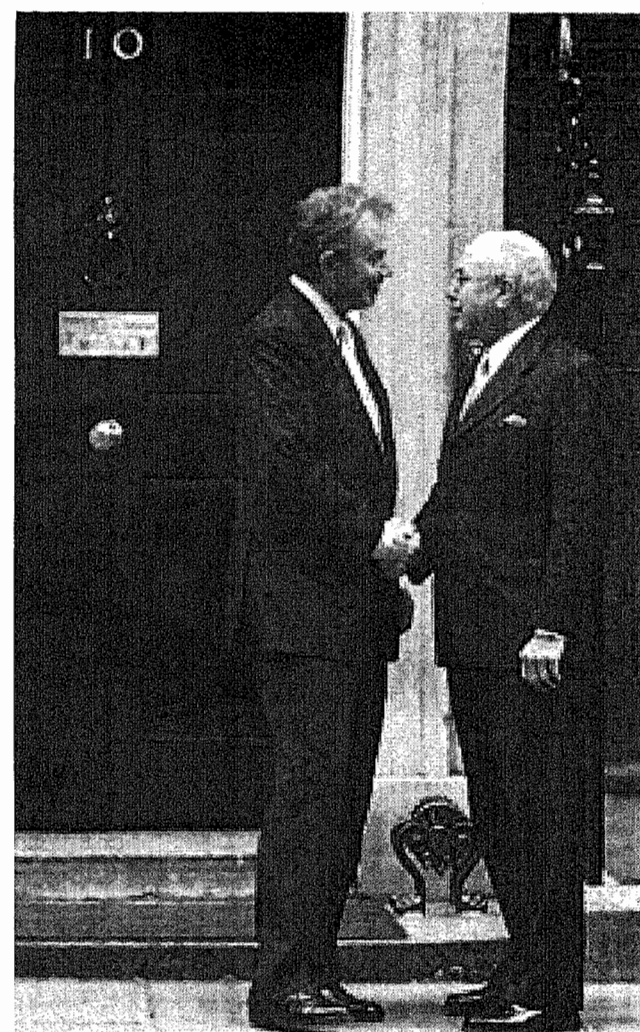
The Criminal Code Act 1994;

The Proceeds of Crime Act 2002;

The Surveillance Devices Act 2004;

The Aviation Transport Security Act 2004;

How much debate is going to



be effective unless all have an in-depth knowledge of these acts? If our politicians cannot understand all the issues, they cannot make an informed, rational choice. They cannot be said to have voted for the Act unless they have made an informed decision. Democracy rushed is democracy denied.

Why then has the debate focused on the shoot-to-kill policy? My suggestion is that by focusing on this issue we may be duped into accepting the legislation un-amended. When the shoot-to-kill debate gets resolved by looking at the actual details of the legislation we may automatically think that there is no need to worry about the entire legislation. But we have two very serious reasons to reject this legislation. It removes free speech and makes every donation to a charity subject to life imprisonment if those funds end up in the hands of a (supposed) terrorist. When combined with the 2002 ASIO Act, which also reverses the onus of proof, this legislation represents the destruction of yet another principle of Australian law. I'll leave you with the words of Malcolm Fraser, from his Stephen Murray-Smith Memorial Lecture at the State Library of Victoria on Wednesday 19th October 2005: "If we stand silent in the face of discrimination and in violation of the basic principles of humanity, then we betray our own principles and our way of life."

(Footnotes)

<sup>1</sup> Note however, that Section 30A of the Crimes Act 1914 deals with unlawful associations, not sedition or treason.

<sup>2</sup> Note that sections 24A-E are repealed in the new legislation.

# Trouble's a Brewin' Climate's Changin'

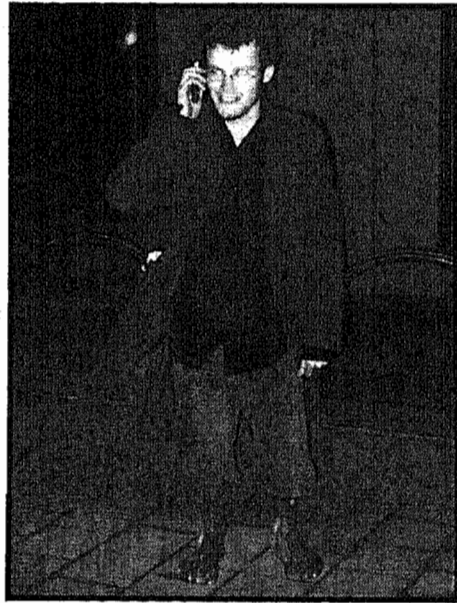
In 2001 the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), comprised of scientists and experts from member nations of the United Nations Environment Program (UNEP) and the World Meteorological Association (WMO), published the following statement in their Third Assessment Report:

*"There is new and stronger evidence that most of the global warming observed over the past 50 years is attributable to human activities."*

To the largest group of scientists ever assembled the reality had become clear – climate change is real, it is a threat and we are responsible.

## What Is Climate Change?

Climate is the average of weather over a long period of time. Or if you like, climate is what we expect, whereas weather is what we get. 'Climate change' therefore is a change in the weather that we have come to expect over a long period of time. Climate has always been variable. It changes in space (hence Adelaide is warmer than Cambridge) but it also changes in time. Spatial variation is taken into account by using the measure of 'global average temperature' which is a quantity that we can then observe changing in time. Variations in climate are common in long time sequences. Glacial periods are spattered through Earth history along with periods of warmer average temperature than today. This variability is



Scientists predict that humans will evolve hobbit-like feet in our new climate.

natural and is caused internally by the dynamic nature of weather systems and atmospheric motions, and by external forcing such as changes in the intensity of incoming solar radiation, the orbital parameters of the earth, atmospheric chemistry and the increased presence of atmospheric aerosol (particulate matter). Why all the fuss then? If climate changes naturally over time, why are scientists concerned and why does the IPCC even exist?

The answer is easily illustrated. Global temperature change throughout the normal glacial-interglacial period is estimated to be a change in 5-7 degrees Celsius over 10000 to 100000 years. This breaks down to a change of 0.05 – 0.005 degrees Celsius every 100 years. Since the start of the 20<sup>th</sup> century global average surface temperature has risen by between 0.6 degrees Celsius, and 0.5 degrees Celsius in the last 50 years!

## The Greenhouse Effect

What factors could be responsible for this increase in temperature? To answer this we need to look at what processes can affect the global temperature and how likely they are to be behind this dramatic increase. What we are looking for are radiative forcings which could explain the observed temperature rise.

The earth's orbit around the sun does change in time. In fact there are three distinct periods of change called Milankovich Cycles. The eccentricity of the Earth's orbit varies with a

period of about 100000 years; the inclination of the Earth's axis of rotation varies with a period of about 41000 years and changes to the Earth's perihelion (closest point to the sun) occur with a period of about 23000 years. It turns out that these cycles on Earth-Sun geometry have a direct relationship with the volume of ice at the surface and, although not solely responsible, have a large impact on the periodicity of glacial and inter-glacial periods. Unfortunately their impact is felt on a much larger time scale than 100 years! The output of the sun is another possible explanation of the observed temperature change, however it turns out that the sun's irradiance has not changed significantly in the past million years. Atmospheric aerosols indeed do alter the radiation balance of the Earth as can be seen after any volcanic eruption when a drop in temperature follows as incoming sunlight is blocked out. However, an excess presence of aerosol is known to cool the surface which would not account for the warming either. The only other external forcing which can be invoked is a change in atmospheric chemistry.

## Possible Candidates

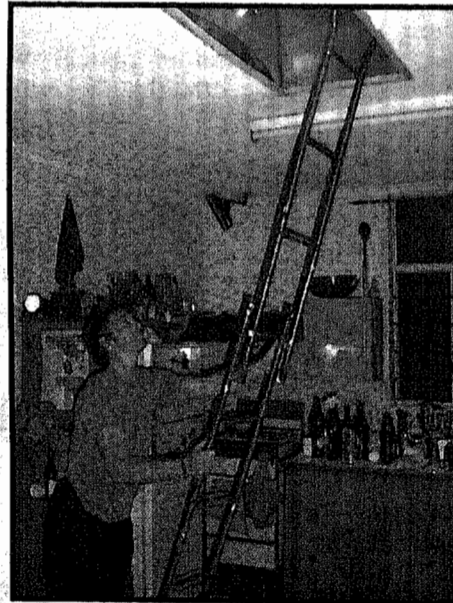
The greenhouse effect is the natural process which increases the average surface temperature by trapping radiation emitted from the Earth's surface and preventing it from radiating out into space. 'Short wave' radiation enters the Earth's atmosphere where some is reflected off clouds and particles in the air and lost back to space. Radiation which does reach the Earth's surface is either absorbed or reflected. The absorbed radiation acts to heat the Earth's surface and since all objects radiate at a wavelength which is as a function of their temperature, the Earth re-radiates 'long wave' radiation back into the atmosphere. This relatively low energy radiation is readily absorbed by certain gases in the atmosphere (greenhouse gases) and is thus trapped, warming the atmosphere. Water vapour is by far the most important greenhouse gas. Water vapour enters the atmosphere primarily by evaporation from the oceans and since the ocean has a high heat capacity, its temperature, and therefore the amount of evaporation occurring, is reasonably constant in time. Carbon

dioxide, methane, nitrous oxide, CFCs, ozone and some sulphur compounds also act directly as greenhouse gases and although their role is much reduced compared with water vapour; their concentrations have changed considerably over the past 200 which would constitute the required radiative forcing! Since industrialization, the concentration of carbon

dioxide in the atmosphere has risen from about 280 parts per million (ppm) to over 370 ppm which is equivalent to a yearly addition to the atmosphere of 3.3 Gt! Similarly, the other greenhouse gases have undergone a dramatic increase in concentrations in the same time period however their effects although not insignificant are minor in comparison with CO<sub>2</sub>. The overall increase in their concentrations however is primarily due to burning of fossil fuels and other bi-products of industrial processes. This 'enhanced' greenhouse affect is the only external forcing which can be invoked to explain the observed temperature changes. The question now becomes; are we sure that the observed temperature change in the past 100 years is due to the external forcing of an enhanced greenhouse effect or is it merely part of the natural climate variation?

## Attribution

Numerous studies have shown that the observed warming over the past 100 years is inconsistent with natural variabilities such as solar radiation changes or volcanic activity and furthermore these recent changes are more extreme than those of palaeo-climate records or what can be demonstrated by numerical climate models. Formal attribution techniques use 'optimal fingerprints' or 'indices' of the enhanced greenhouse effect which are statistics that capture the dominant pattern of surface temperature change due to increases in greenhouse gases. Rigorous statistical studies of this type have shown that the observed change is consistent with anthropogenic changes in pattern and temporal evolution. Reconstructions of global climate for the past 100 years show that while natural forcing factors have influenced climate, the dominant influence has been from increasing greenhouse gas concentration. In fact, the observed temperature record is most accurately reproduced by computer models which include both the natural and the enhanced greenhouse forcings in their code.



Students all over the world are seeking elevated real estate to avoid climatic flooding.

'Circumstantial evidence' is often cited in the media as definite proof of climate change. These include coral bleaching, more severe hurricanes and cyclones, more frequent bushfires, loss of penguin species et cetera. It is important to note that evidence like this is not good evidence of climate change. These changes could occur for a vast number of different reasons and it is impossible to attribute their cause directly to a warming climate. Without a long period of observation (like what we have for global temperature) or any direct response to radiative forcing, all we can

say about this evidence is that it points in a consistent direction, but it is not evidence that proves that climate change is occurring.

## Uncertainties

There are many uncertainties in the study of climate change. Everything from direct

observational evidence to the parameterization in numerical models has an element of uncertainty. Credible studies have made a point of treating uncertainties conservatively and even exaggerating them when necessary. Uncertainties, based on instrumentation and computer modeling, are getting smaller and smaller all the time. It should be noted however that IPCC positions have taken this uncertainty into account in their statements, and with each new assessment report it produces, the certainty of the wording used to warn of anthropogenic climate change has been getting stronger.

## So What If Is Getting Warmer?

It is estimated that the atmospheric lifetime of carbon dioxide is between 50-200 years before it is involved in a chemical reaction or is absorbed by a sink. This is significant because it means that there is substantial inertia in the CO2 concentration, and that the concentration of CO2 today will still be having an effect in many years time, even if we could return emissions to pre-industrial levels instantly.

The debate is strong about what constitutes dangerous climate change. Dangerous to what? Dangerous to who? Although somewhat arbitrary, it has been generally accepted that a rise in average global temperature of more than 2 degrees Celsius would constitute 'dangerous climate change'. Temperature rise past this point would have a permanent and irreversible affect on the climate. Sea level rise, changes in rainfall distribution and fresh water resources, changes in agricultural productivity, desertification, increased likelihood of malaria and other water-borne disease, heat waves, increased likelihood of extreme weather events and ultimately breakdown in ocean circulation and heat transport – all point towards an unstable and uncertain future if we don't act with urgency to mitigate our impact on the climate system.

## Global Dimming

Recently it has been discovered that the anthropogenic impact on climate could be being offset by another bi-product of the industrial processes – pollution. Global dimming is the name given to the process of enhanced reflection of incoming solar radiation back to space due to the indirect action of atmospheric aerosol. Cloud droplets form on aerosol particles and the more aerosol available the larger the number and smaller the size of the embryonic cloud droplets. The larger the number of droplets which comprise the cloud the more incident radiation it will reflect thus cooling the atmosphere more. High levels of pollution due to industrial processes are now thought to actually have a cooling affect, offsetting the warming due to CO2 and the rise in concentration of other greenhouse gases. There is currently conjecture that strategies to 'clean up the air' may enhance greenhouse warming further – which would mean that we may have underestimated the magnitude of the global warming problem we face.

## Conclusion

Could the IPCC and the vast majority of scientists world over have got this wrong? Well, it's possible. But all the evidence points in one direction. In March 2005, Dr Ann Henderson-Sellers made the following point on the Science Show - Radio National ABC:

*If you go to your GP and she says to you, 'Look, basically you're a real dead ringer for a heart*

*attack and I need you to take the right sort of action and you need to cut out fat and you need to join a gym'. You don't say, 'for heavens sake, how certain are you of this Diagnostic? I want this as a statistical probability density function. I want to know what the costs to me are going to be of taking this action, of cutting out red meat and no more fat, no more McDonalds, and I want to know how much the gym subscription's going to be, whether that's worth my while. And most importantly of all, I want you, Mrs Doctor, to tell me what technological advances there are going to be between now and when I might have my heart attack, or would it mean that I could just have a quick implantation and I'll be back at work in the afternoon?'*

The bad news is we can't risk not changing. We must alter our industrial practices, how efficiently we use energy and ultimately the way we produce energy if we are to prevent dangerous climate change from occurring. Considering an exponentially growing world population, the emergence of the new economies of India


and China and an ever increasing demand for energy, the challenges are many.

The good news is that this is a great opportunity to evolve the way we look at the world. We must re-engage with the environment that sustains us and of which we are a part and cease treating the great resources of the planet; the atmosphere, the oceans, the rivers and the continents as a dumping ground for the bi-products of progress. The challenges of climate change may well be the catalyst for a new era of cooperation with the planet rather than the antagonism which has so far characterized this most fundamental relationship.

Seb Henbest

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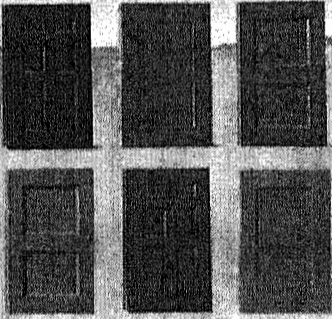


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# LITTLE BROWN NUGGETS OF ANCIENT SUNSHINE

## IS THERE ANY ALTERNATIVE?

I remember, many years ago now, my high-school chemistry teacher telling our class that he thought the "greenhouse effect" was some sort of crazy conspiracy, created by atmospheric physicists to keep themselves in a job. Global warming was not in any way our fault. The Earth goes through natural heating and cooling all the time. Ask any qualified geologist.

Since then my teacher has been largely proven to be wrong – at least as far as satisfies the rest of the scientific community. Rising levels of carbon dioxide and other greenhouse gases, as the result of human activity, *are* causing the Earth to get hotter at a faster rate than would otherwise be the case. The debate in which my teacher was involving our eager young minds has largely shifted away from asking "is the greenhouse effect real?" to asking a far more difficult question: "What are we going to do about it?"

The major culprit in this saga is the energy industry, with greenhouse gases produced by power generators and motor vehicles through the use of fossil fuels being the major contributor to rising atmospheric CO<sub>2</sub> levels. The general consensus seems to be that we need to stop using fossil fuels at the rate we are using them, and replace the conventional technologies that have underpinned world economies since the industrial revolution with new environmentally friendly technologies. Some politicians have started talking up the future of nuclear energy, while others talk about CO<sub>2</sub> capture and storage as the answer to all the Earth's problems and many environmentalists advocate moving toward the use of renewable energy such as solar and wind power. However, the technical and economic feasibility of these technologies is still in many ways a mystery.

### Where does our energy come from at the moment?

The major sources of electricity in Australia are coal, natural gas and hydro-electricity. Oil is used almost exclusively for automotive transport, and wind and solar power and other renewable energy are minor players in the energy market. Pulverised coal boilers make up the bulk of Australia's energy supply, as coal is relatively cheap to mine, is very abundant, and provides a stable supply of energy. Unfortunately greenhouse gas emissions from coal power stations are staggeringly high. As a general rule of thumb, for every tonne of dry coal burnt in a pulverized fuel furnace, you get 1 tonne of CO<sub>2</sub> sent up the chimney stack and out into the big wide world. At one brown coal mine in southern Victoria, this works out at just under 3500 tonnes of CO<sub>2</sub> per hour! To give an idea of how big that is, the coal being burnt would fill an Olympic sized swimming pool every 15 minutes or so. This mine provides less

than 15% of Victoria's electricity daily, but I'm sure most of us would never consider this when we turn on our air-conditioners in the summer. Natural gas-fired power plants are slightly better from an emissions point of view than coal, but still give off huge amounts of CO<sub>2</sub> daily. Hydro-electricity does not give off greenhouse gases, but it could be argued that flooding valleys by creating hydroelectric dams has its own set of unsavoury environmental implications. Hydro-electricity in Australia is limited to the snowy river scheme and areas of Tasmania, and due to our low rainfall, it is unlikely that we could greatly increase the amount of power from this source.

### What other technologies exist?

As existing power plants age, and energy usage increases, it will become necessary to build new infrastructure. At the moment, there is no great incentive for private industry to adopt new technology, as the existing power stations are cheap to run, and proven to work. Cleaner technologies will only be adopted when they become financially competitive, and while many people in the community no doubt will complain about this fact, how many of these people would be happy for their electricity bill to double if greenhouse friendly electricity generation were to be installed? The economic and social implications of higher electricity prices make the decision on what our energy mix should be far more difficult. Here is a brief run-down of some of the emerging and currently available technologies that have been suggested as capable of producing energy with reduced greenhouse gas emissions.

### Nuclear Power

Nuclear fission power plants utilise the heat given off during the nuclear decay of radioactive metals such as uranium to generate steam. As with other thermal power plants such as coal and oil boilers, this steam is used to spin a turbine, which generates a stable supply of electricity. There are large numbers of nuclear reactors around the world, and

many countries use nuclear power as a major component of their base-load power generating capacity. Nuclear power obviously does not incorporate the use of carbon-based fuels, and therefore does not emit carbon dioxide to the atmosphere. For this reason it is seen by some as a necessary replacement to coal fired boilers. In Australia, while we are quite happy to mine uranium and sell it overseas, the disposal of radioactive waste remains a political hot potato. Perhaps we could be following the lead of Sweden, who have a large proportion of their energy produced in nuclear power plants, and as a result have spent decades researching safe methods of storing radioactive waste. In my opinion, nuclear power suffers more by reputation than anything else, with images of the Chernobyl nuclear meltdown still relatively fresh in our minds, and nuclear power is thus often portrayed as a dirty or dangerous technology. This perception is changing, and it would not be a surprise to see some nuclear power usage in Australia in the future, but the thought of it becoming the dominant technology is a long way off and will probably not happen in our lifetime.

### Clean Coal Technology

To the layperson this sounds like an oxymoron, but in the eyes of many the advent of "zero emission coal" technology is our best chance at alleviating greenhouse problems. There are several technologies available that improve the overall efficiency of power generation from coal. These include supercritical steam boilers, which are already in use and simply make use of high-pressure steam to more efficiently capture the energy from combustion. Circulating fluidised bed combustion is another coal combustion technology that provides small gains in efficiency on conventional power plants. This system employs air 'bubbling' through a bed of ground coal at relatively low temperatures, and takes advantage of improved heat transfer efficiency from the hot circulating solids to the steam tubes. Another idea gaining popularity is the use of oxygen-fired pulverised coal furnaces, otherwise known as oxy-fuel boilers, with recirculated flue gas. Rather than burning coal in air, which contains 79% nitrogen, the coal is burnt in pure oxygen and the flue gas is recirculated through the boiler to concentrate the waste gas stream. The resulting flue gas is a concentrated stream of carbon dioxide that is easy to capture and store. This concept can be retrofitted to existing boilers, but the capital and operating cost of generating the pure oxygen stream make it prohibitively expensive at the moment.

One of the most promising technologies available is called Integrated Gasification Combined Cycle (IGCC) generation. In this process, the coal is reacted with steam, carbon dioxide or sub-stoichiometric air to produce a low-energy syngas, primarily composed of Carbon monoxide, hydrogen, nitrogen, water

and carbon dioxide. This syngas is then combusted in a gas turbine similar to those used in natural gas power plants, and the waste heat can be used to generate steam providing extra electricity from the same energy input. The big gains in the future with this technology can be made through the use of oxygen-blown gasification, which will produce a concentrated syngas of hydrogen and carbon dioxide. The CO<sub>2</sub> can be easily separated and pure hydrogen is the resulting fuel. This can then be used in a number of different ways, including burning in gas turbines for electricity generation or use in fuel cells, another new technology that is starting to gain commercial acceptance.

## Bioenergy

Bioenergy can take a number of forms. One of the most common forms of bioenergy has been in the news lately, in the form of ethanol addition to petrol. Ethanol is produced by the fermentation of sugars, and is a readily available commercial technology. Bioenergy is basically any form of energy derived from organic feedstock such as plants. Waste products from agricultural processes have the potential to provide good fuel to power generation plants, and many biofuels are considered greenhouse gas neutral as the plants that the fuel is derived from absorb CO<sub>2</sub> through photosynthesis while they are growing. In many cases the technology used is the same or very similar to existing technology in the fossil fuels industry, such as combustion and gasification for solid fuels, or pyrolysis and synthesis for the production of liquid fuels such as biodiesel. The great advantage of bioenergy is that, unlike fossil fuels, it is a renewable resource and crops grown for the purpose of power generation or ethanol production have the potential to make up much of the shortfall caused by shrinking oil and gas reserves, although the land requirements for crops of the size needed to power large cities and/or mining operations would be enormous. As the technology used is similar to fossil fuels, the energy produced is very stable, and well suited to base-load power generation, however the cost of the biofuel feedstock can be higher than competing fuels such as coal if large scale use is required. There is potential for the development of biofuels power plants that work in a similar way to the clean coal technologies mentioned earlier, and it seems that zero emission thermal power from renewable biofuels incorporating carbon capture has many benefits.

## CO<sub>2</sub> Sequestration

All of the technologies mentioned to this point offer improvements on efficiency over existing power generation technologies, and if they are implemented they will provide a small reduction in the amount of greenhouse gas emitted from the power generation sector. This reduction will almost certainly be swallowed up by our increasing energy use as we buy bigger and better TV's and spend longer and longer stuck in traffic. For substantial reductions to occur, these new technologies need to be coupled with carbon dioxide capture and sequestration. This is the process where carbon dioxide emitted from a power station is captured and pumped underground or out to sea, never to disturb us again. To the skeptic it sounds like the industrial equivalent of sticking your head in the sand, but millions of dollars are currently being spent on researching methods of capturing CO<sub>2</sub> and storing it safely. Many questions are still unanswered about the effectiveness and/or viability of sequestering CO<sub>2</sub>. Essentially, for a process to be able to

take advantage of CO<sub>2</sub> sequestration, it must be possible to separate the CO<sub>2</sub> from the other product gases. For this to be economically feasible, a concentrated CO<sub>2</sub> stream is needed, making the technology unsuitable for existing power stations, but very suitable for use in the gasification of coal or biomass, or with oxy-fuel systems. Once the CO<sub>2</sub> has been captured, there needs to be somewhere to put it. A great deal of research is being done currently trying to find big holes in the ground that will hold all of our CO<sub>2</sub> forever. It has also been suggested that the CO<sub>2</sub> can be pumped to the bottom of the ocean, where the high pressure will keep

**WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WHEN WE'VE RUN OUT OF HOLES?  
-IT STILL SEEMS TO ME TO BE A VERY DUBIOUS IDEA"**

it in liquid form, and it will remain stable for hundreds of years. There are big questions that remain unanswered about this, such as "What happens to the surrounding environment if this CO<sub>2</sub> leaks out of its hole?" and "What if there aren't enough holes to put the CO<sub>2</sub>" or even "What are we going to do when we've run out of holes?" It still seems to me to be a very dubious idea, but I'll be happy to be proven wrong. Other questions about the cost of storage and transport of these massive quantities of greenhouse gas also remain unanswered, with major energy companies hardly likely to spend millions of dollars pumping their waste underground when they can let it float into the air for free.

## Wind and Solar Power and other "green" technologies

Popular opinion on the issue of green energy almost always advocates the greatly increased use of wind and solar power in our electricity grid. In principle this seems like a great idea, as the energy provided by the sun and wind is certainly abundant - and free. An increase in the use of these technologies is definitely needed, but there is a limit to their usefulness. When referring to other technologies such as nuclear, one of the advantages I put forward was that the power generated was stable. This is true of all thermally based power plants. Wind turbines and photovoltaic solar cells are prone to the elements. If there is no wind, or the sun goes behind a cloud, there is no power output. Also, if the wind gusts too much then there will be a resultant power surge. For relatively small-scale operations this is not a problem, as the large thermal stations will still control the overall stability of the power supply to an area. But, if the supply of power to an area starts to have too high a percentage of its output provided by wind and solar power, a fluctuation in the output of the wind turbines or solar cells could cause large fluctuations in the entire electricity grid. This is not to say that wind and solar power should not be used, but rather that there is an upper limit to the amount of wind and solar power our current electricity networks can handle (from memory this limit is about 15 to 20%, which is still significantly higher than the current share of wind and solar power in Australia). The other limiting factor in the uptake of wind and solar power is that at the moment it is much more expensive than competing technologies, but hopefully the prices will come down as the technology improves.

Wind turbines and photovoltaic cells aren't the only truly green energy sources out there. For example, Iceland generates most

of its energy from geothermal power, where the natural heat generated in some parts of the Earth's crust is used to raise steam and spin a turbine. A similar process is currently being investigated in the Cooper Basin, known colloquially as the "hot rocks" project, and this has the potential to provide large amounts of stable power with zero greenhouse emissions. As with most other emerging technologies, the major question hanging over this development is how much it will cost. There was also talk a couple of years ago about a large solar-based plant near Mildura, comprised of a huge hollow tower surrounded at the base by a large sheet of

glass about 7km in diameter. As the sun heats up the air under the glass, it rises up the tower and spins a turbine. The tower was slated as being 1km high, and would have provided a great tourist attraction for the area, but the huge capital costs involved in building such a structure will probably prevent it from going ahead.

The future supply of energy seems to be a complicated puzzle indeed. From looking at the options listed here, it seems that no one technology is capable of providing a solution, and a broad-based solution to global warming is needed. A great deal depends on developments in carbon capture and storage, and in the growth of the bioenergy sector. With global reserves of oil and natural gas likely to run out in the medium term, the implementation of new technology is essential in meeting our future energy needs, and unless we all start using vastly smaller amounts of energy in our day to day lives, we will need to rely on more of these new technologies being successful than not.

**Michael Brauer**

Note from the Author:

I haven't provided a reference list for this article, as the information is sourced from a vast number of journal articles and conference papers, along with textbooks and practical experience. If anyone would like a list of reading material, I'm happy to provide it.

# In Corby We Trust



Yes, today the World is an awfully small place. In fact, we are so close to the other continents that you can practically spit on America from your back yard. Sometimes not even realizing that the cold wind is blowing it all back into your face. Indeed, when the angels first came down from heaven, they showed us how to build bridges by spreading their wings across the river. Later, we bridged even greater distances by imitating their flight, to finally beat the Devils plan of keeping people apart. And all that work has amounted to is the simple pleasure of being able to spit on each other from our back yard.

Is that the Devil I hear laughing? Or am I just so close to the White House that I can hear Bush fart? Just over two hundred years ago, a young Aboriginal man was sitting on the beach of this very Australia, wondering what that thing, bobbing up and down the horizon was. What is this great ocean bringing to us? So slowly, so peacefully? Eventually, his questions were answered with a shot to his throat, and he collapsed, as his voice expired through the periodic gurgles of the mortal wound. A smile played across the Englishman's face as a thought crossed his simple mind. He wondered how his father comforted him after witnessing the kill of his first deer. "You just have to make sure that you don't let them know you're coming. The best sign of a humane kill is if the animal still has food in its mouth." Indeed, the bite in the victims mouth was still fresh, and a most innocent and confused look was frozen on his face.

Then the Englishman looked up, tilted his head and started blinking. He blinked once, and saw Australia as a dry, empty land. He blinked again, and saw Australia as a future and a home. On his third blink, the two images combined in his head and he knew that things had to be changed. And so the 'culturing' of Australia began, all with the one goal in mind: make it look like home. Damn this wild continent, it is impossible to tame, they would swear, as they continued introducing culture to Australia as if it was some wild beast. As if it was a horse that needed to be broken before it was ridden. It makes you wonder, if they saw Australia as a wild horse, what was their precious home land to them? A tame one? None the less, an animal meant to be exploited? I think Queen Elizabeth I just kept on turning in her grave those years. So years flew by, and people still kept on trying to tame 'The Beast'. The first generation of white Australian children turned gray, and Australia was still not England. Naturally their children took on the duty of finishing the started job,

but this time they built it from books and stories, for they had never seen their parents land. So new cursing was fueled by hot young blood, always trying to get the job done in their life time, never even stopping to think how long it took for England to grow its own culture. Consequently, the game played on. They threw culture at Australia, just to see it break on its beautiful landscape. Eventually all of the broken pieces piled up and you could finally walk through Australia, thinking that you are in England. Maybe some culturally retarded part of England, but still England. Before time took flight again to watch the amusing English game in fast forward it paused to let some new players onto the field. And Australia was formally introduced to the rest of the world, for the very first time. Asians and Europeans were the first ones to arrive, along with their own culture. Of course, they took as much care with throwing it around, as they did with their rubbish, so it became scattered and unorganized.

Time went back to what it does best, and continued to fly. Thankfully, just before it hit the great finale where the world loses complete control and spits it self to death, it stopped in present to let us off. So here we are, young and fresh, just boarded off the great wings of time, trying to enjoy the pre-programmed destination. Always keeping in the back of our minds that we, too, need to set the coordinates of the next journey before time takes flight again and we become the insignificant ghosts, passive, quiet and still. So where are we today? With all these great diverse cultures being thrown at Australia, you would expect and hope that with a bit of luck it turned into some great divine mixture. And just like with most things in life, when you really expect and hope for something, you end up seeing it, whether it is there or not. In truth, not one day will go by without us being faced with a representation of another country. Whether it be a flag on a t-shirt or a different food in a restaurant, it is always something new and beautiful. However, just as often it is as pointless and completely culturally demented. Last week I saw an Italian restaurant trying to introduce a 'Dessert Pizza' with bananas instead of salami and caramel sauce for tomato. It might be delicious, but it clashes with the slogan 'Real Italian Pizzas'. Of course after witnessing this strange cultural representation, I needed a beer to recover my sense, and disperse the confusion. Pubs are like magnifying glasses for watching peoples behavior, so instead of rearranging my muddled thoughts I was faced with another example, a more perverted and dangerous

one. Actually, the example caught me quite off guard because it came in the form of a hug. So, as I was sitting at the bar, thinking how maybe a better comfort would be my mums hug then this beer, a man hugged me. I thought, is it the Devil or God that read my thoughts, and would have maybe continued my train of thought if it wasn't for his Caliber 45 words that shot me right out of my mind. "You're my brother man! You are Serb. I say death to Croats, those dirty pigs". Naturally I pushed him off me, and tried to explain to him in Serbian that the war is long over and that people are trying to get back and live their life like it was before the war, when Serbs and Croats were brothers.

He looked at me like I was speaking backwards, in some strange forgotten tongue. In fact, not only did he not understand the language, but he thought that Serbia was bordering America.

So the time has brought us into this place where we are knee deep in cultural shit. But what's that? All the farmers are screaming. "Shit is good fertilizer". And indeed they are right. Australia's culture is not defined by the crap that other nations have brought it, but is instead growing something healthy and strong out of it.

Take a look at the recent Schapelle Corby case. Wasn't there just a hint of nationalism as Australia stood up for her citizen battling the immoral laws of Bali. I think this is the first time that nationalism has been shown through a fight for morals and human rights, instead of religion. It shows that Australians prefer to think, then just follow. It shows that Australia does have a culture, a culture growing out of a fertile past, but not a culture made up of its past. Therefore, no matter how threatening or evil a culture might seem it is still aiding in making Australia grow its own. English did not bring a new culture to Aboriginal Australia, nor did Asian or European to the English one. What they brought was a lot of shit, that has over time finally turned into successful fertilizer. But some of it is getting old now, and even as fertilizer it is becoming useless. So why not bring more fresh culture in, instead of just stomping and jumping on the old through our entertaining but pointless dance? Why not dig deeper and with more understanding into other cultures and bring this back to Australia? After all, Australian culture needs to be nourished to survive the jungle that is blocking out the light and progressively growing denser and tighter.

Milan Vojin



# On Dit Recruitment Drive

## 2006 Sub-editors & Contributors

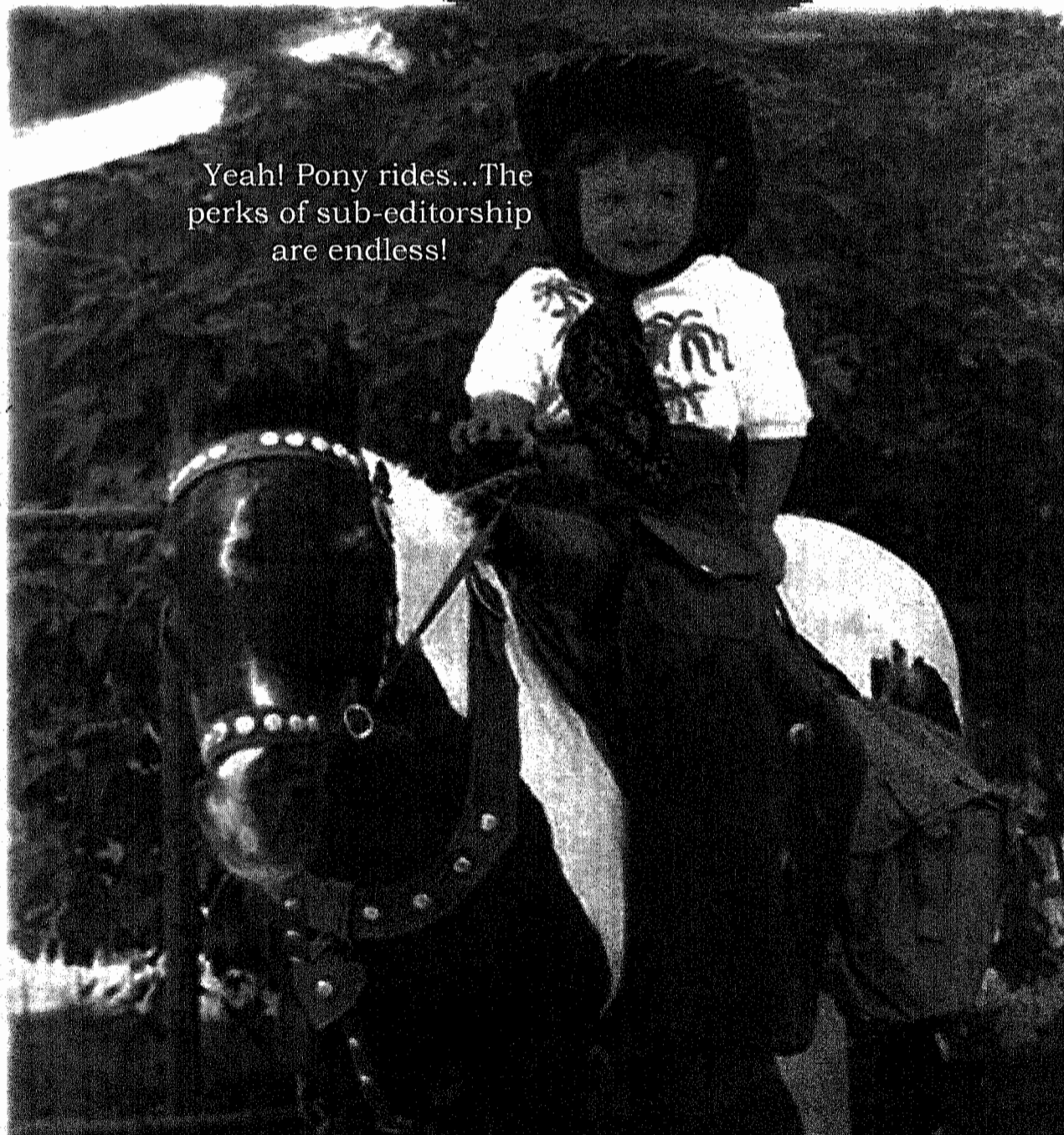
**On Dit needs as many nubile young pens as possible to contribute in the following areas:**

News, Current Affairs, Media Watch, Opinion, Performing Arts, Visual Arts, Foreign Film, Australian Film, Music, Local Music, Vox Pop, Literature, Sports, Food & Drink

**We're also on the look out for:**

Artists, Photographers, Distributors, Advertising Manager, Proofreaders & Researchers

For an Application form email  
[ondit06@hotmail.com](mailto:ondit06@hotmail.com)



Yeah! Pony rides...The perks of sub-editorship are endless!



←  
When I grow up, I want to write for On Dit like him/her!



←  
I enjoy Scrabble and proof reading! But you'd never tell by my oh-so surly expression!

For the most thrilling experience money can't buy, fill out the official On Dit on-line survey en mass. Phew.

<http://www.saua.adelaide.edu.au/studentmedia/ondit/survey/>

2. OrientatiOn Dit



3. Womad Dit



4. EnvirOndit



1. Ye Firste On Dit

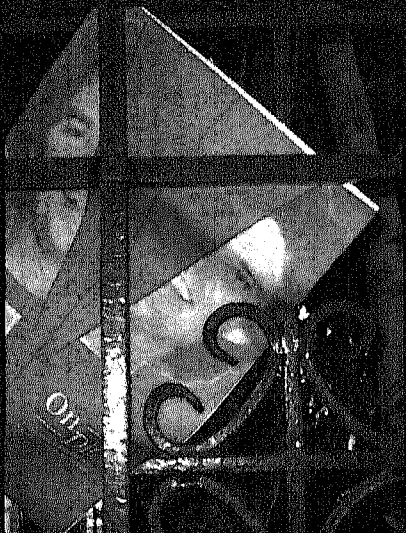


3. Womad Dit

6. EducatiOn Dit



9. The Nice Edition

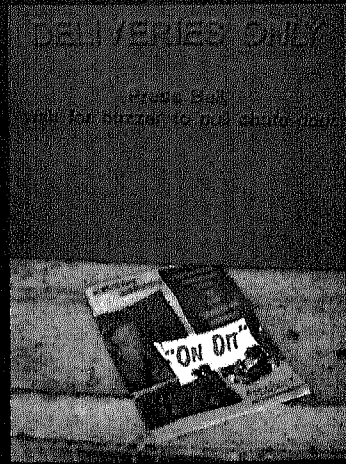


8. Hoff Dit

7. Multicultural Dit

12.

IF YOU'VE MISSED OUT ON ANY OF OUR COLOURFUL EDITIONS THIS YEAR, POP ON DOWN TO THE OFFICE AND UPDATE YOUR BACKLOG. IF THERE'S A PARTICULAR EDITION YOU'RE DYING FOR, GIVE US A CALL ON 83035404 OR EMAIL ONDIT@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU



10.



11. Propoganda Dit

15. Geek Dit

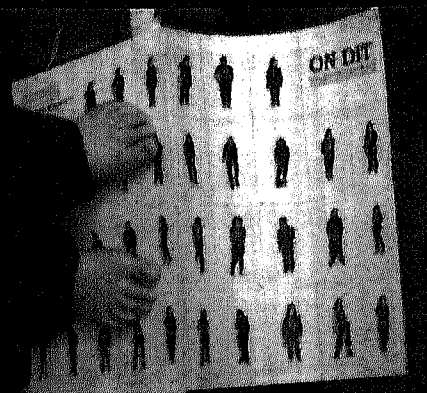


14. Sexualidit

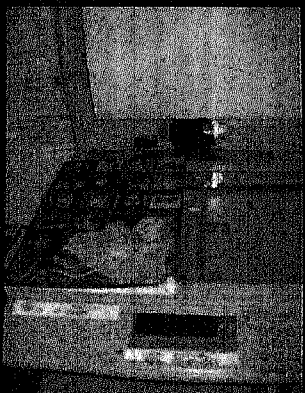


16. Mikio Dit

17. Conformity Dit



19. Fear Dit

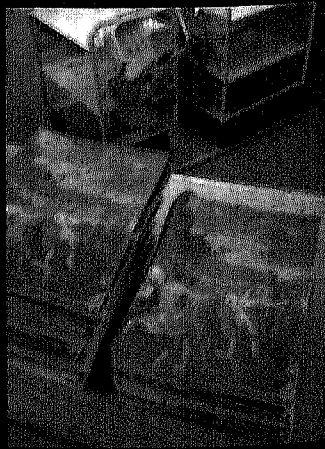
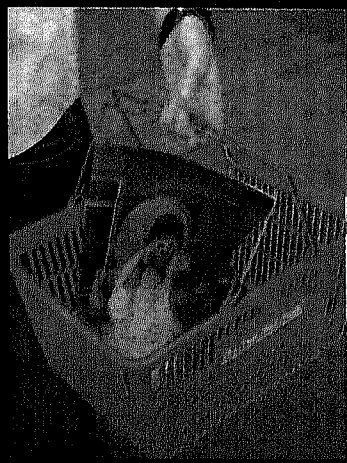


18. Economics Dit



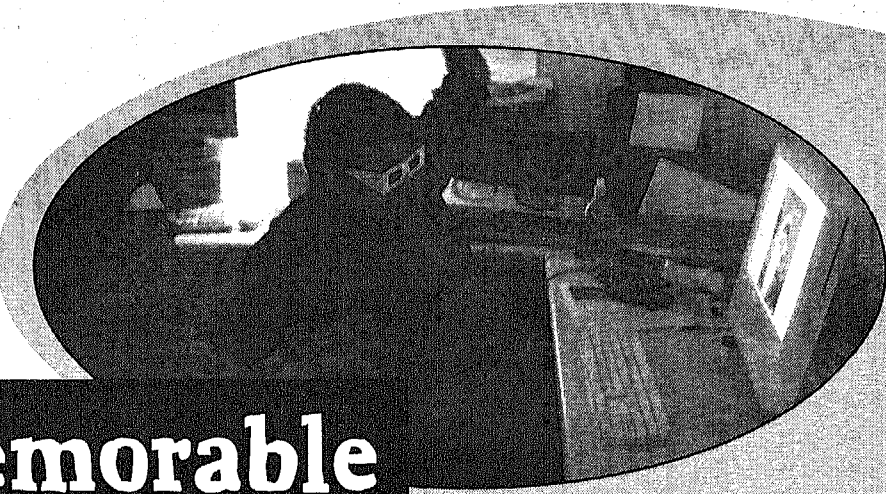
20. Elle Dit

21. Novelty Dit

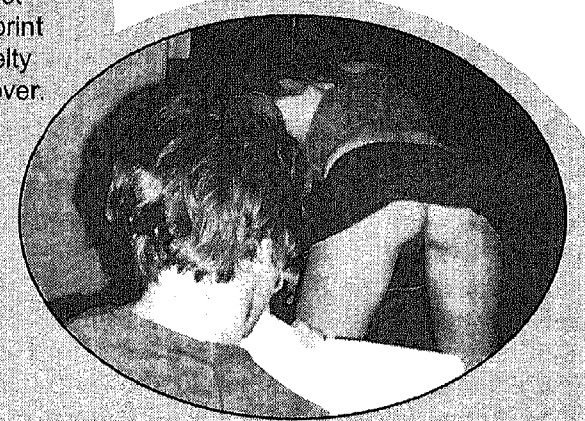


22. God Dit

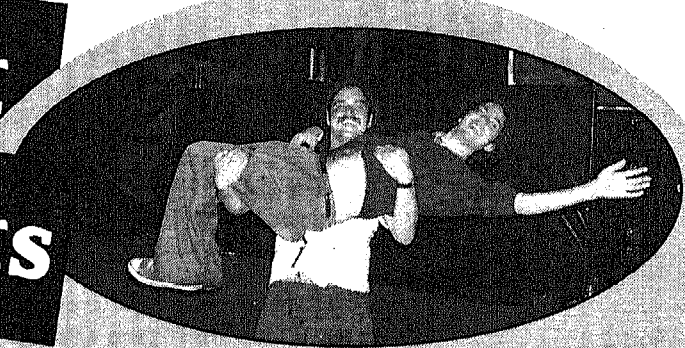
# Memorable On Dit Moments of 2005



We were blown away discovering other dimensions as we become the first student paper to print in 3D for the Novelty Edition (Ed 21) cover.



Dan concentrating intently on the book *Brulee and Other Easy Desserts* lest he blush while shooting the risqué study/work cover (Ed12).



Ben Vistoli's Hunter-esque O'Ball freak out - after drinking his weight in band riders, alienating his fellow music sub-ed, insulting Gerling, 'harrassing' the band's groupies he was found in the gutter by police and promptly escorted to his home veranda wear he slept, having lost his wallet, keys, sunglasses, shoes and short term memory earlier in the night.



The two random computer geni who wandered drunkly into the office and promptly fixed our G4 which had been defiantly troubling IT services for weeks. If you read this you can come back to keep the camera!



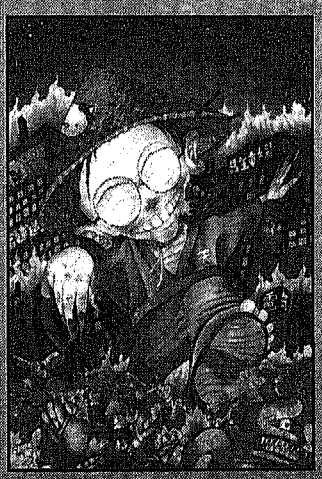
Potter's hundred yard stare just after finishing Orientation 2005

Getting a threatening letter from VICE after our parody/ rip off of their magazine for the *On Dit* Prosh Edition (Ed 9).

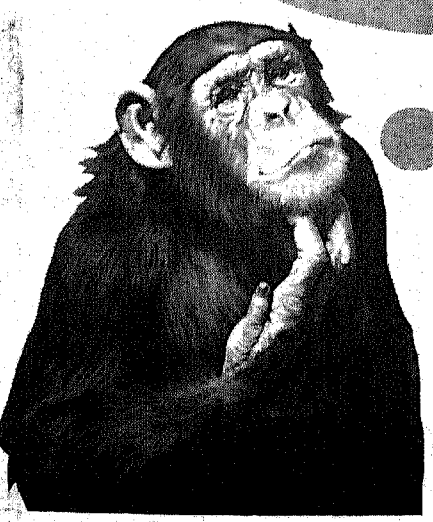
Perching several stories high on the crane adjacent the Crown & Anchor to shoot the cover of Ed 1.

In a symbolic gesture of the esteem in which *On Dit* is held by the average student the office was relocated into a basement adjacent to the men's toilets some four score and twenty years ago. While quietly chipping away at the hulking stone balls that have been the recent editions of *On Dit*, echos of man flesh pounding on man flesh snaked their way into the unsuspecting office. At first we thought we were hearing a beafing, and that the resonant pounding was infact the sound of a man's face being repeatedly forced through a hard cement floor. The second theory presented was that perhaps the occupant of the cubicle was in the grips of some kind of manic epileptic fit. A brave *On Dit* scout ventured forward and upon witnessing two pairs of feet oriented fairly ludely, came to the conclusion two boys were indulging in some very public private time.

The Gamblin' Man - Finding our food reviewer Alexis in a dark and dead silent office, prostrate, face down, topless, blood stained shirt beside him, blood stained back, unable to be revived. Later he recounts his story - drunk beyond oblivion, removed from the Crown Casino gala opening for running amok in the basement, kicked out of karaoke bars, chased through government house and hounded by the police before reaching the safety of university grounds. His cigar was still burning between his fingers when we found him.



The cover to Edition 7 of this year's volume of *On Dit* caused much controversy throughout the University community. A cover that was intended as a satire of the ill-founded and xenophobic notion of the 'Asian menace' was sited as offensive by representatives of both Asian and lizard collectives on campus. The President of the Overseas Students' Association sent *On Dit* a measured but critical letter commenting on a lack of fact and thought on *On Dit's* part. The president and sole member of The Adelaide University Guild of Godzillas and Associated Supernatural Beings went one step further by tearing the roof from the *On Dit* office and devouring all within. *On Dit* regretted the situation and promised to endure to make all future political satire less implicit.



# CENSORED!

Student papers are normally thought of as the last bastions of free press, unassailed by censorship and commercial or political interference. But no, as *Empire Times* pointed out earlier this year *On Dit* is prone to all kinds of restriction and editorial 'discretion'. Now with VSU approaching *On Dit* has been forced to walk a more conservative line in an effort to reach out to that silent majority of students. Almost every week our proof pages are covered with blacked out lines and strike throughs, and if we don't get to it first the SAUA President is not far behind. Censored material is always deemed to be in 'poor taste' but in reality this can mean anything from liable/defamatory material, risque, too radical, likely to get complaints from the EU, likely to get complaints from the Liberals and some is simply censored by the writers themselves after reconsidering the personal implications of their statements. Here's some of the things that you never got to read in 2005:

We also had to censor an article from one of Lavinia's muses titled:

## The amusing melodrama that is Lavinia Emmitt-Grey's Political Demise

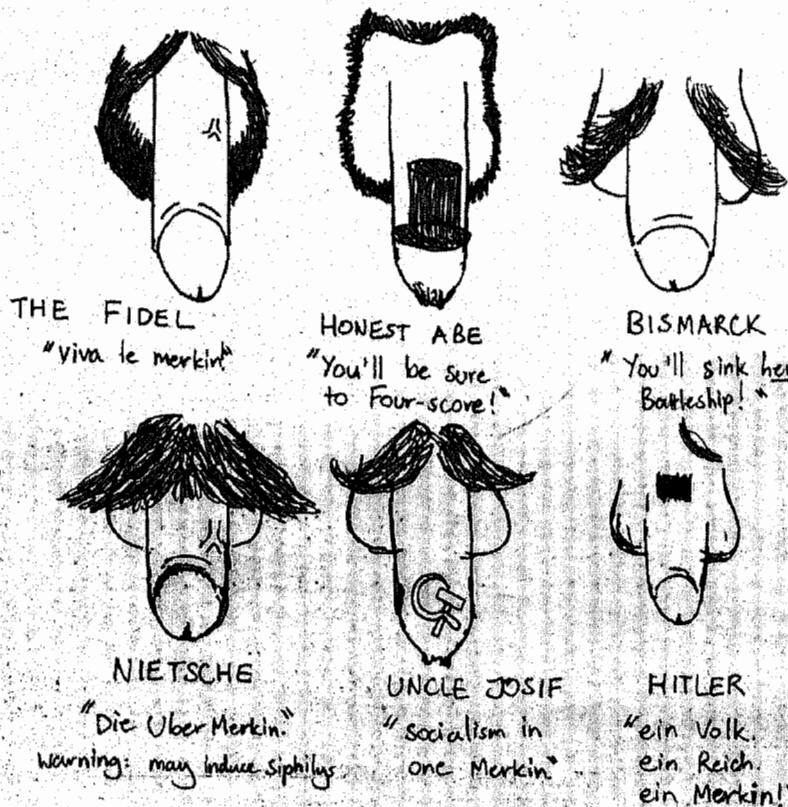
Here are some excerpts (which may or may not pertain to Ms Emmitt Grey):

"It was when I stopped fucking her that she started flipping out. How could I have known that this near virginal first-year would mutate into a nymphomaniacal alcoholic?"

"When she informed me of a certain faction's interest in her, I suggested it would be much less hassle for her to walk into the woolshed at 2am on a Saturday wearing a t-shirt that said 'GOT JIZZ?'"

"These people were unpopular in high school, are incapable of holding any amount of liquor and often suffer from deep sexual insecurity. They also have shit taste in music and are incapable of mature, independent thought."

### Merkin styles of the rich and famous.



And Introducing:



THE LITTLE JOHNNY

"... yeah, I got nothing."

el pollo cúbolo

### Columnist in Contempt

The following people's names were censored out of Lavinia Emmett-Grey's Pandora column for fear of defamation litigation due to the unsavoury nature of their connection with *On Dit's* sex columnist.

Rowan Nicholson  
Jenny Turner  
Jess Cronin  
Stanley George  
Robbie Williams  
Emily Dickinson  
Alexander Downer  
Natasha Stott-Despoja  
Jess Rogers

Rob Kelvin  
Peter Lewis  
Jana Wendt  
Carmel Noon  
Andy Thomas  
Ralph Clarke  
John Pezy  
Blake Wadlow  
Robert DesCrespigny

Keep in mind Lavinia once remarked, "Five men in the past twelve months have said to me post coital "You can't tell anyone about this. It will damage my political career." Only one of them was joking."

### Here are some phrases we've frequently had to chop out of articles to maintain *On Dit's* integrity:

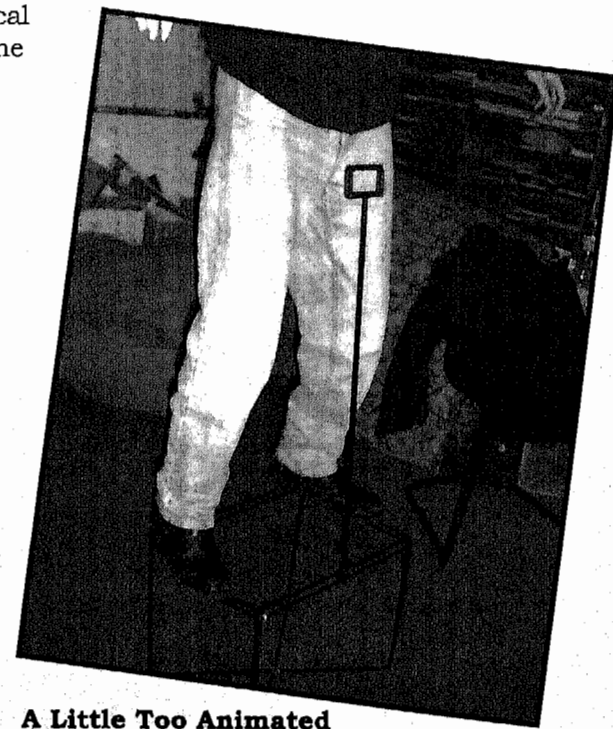
"...i became more and more amazed as Dan Brown's riveting story uncovered ever mounting evidence about..."

"...like seminal band Cold Play who produced an album imbibed with tears..."

"...as economic growth continues wealth can be distributed by the market through..."

"...industrial reform provides an opportunity for employers and employees to come back to the bargaining table and..."

"...even more philosophical and mind bending than the Matrix..."



### A Little Too Animated

This particular Inanimate Object held a swag of possibilities, many of which were just too silly to print - this one was simply held to be dangerously hilarious. By standing on the frame and swaying one's hips back and forth the head of the object pleasantly slapped against one's crotch (assuming the person is of appropriate height) turning it into a (theoretical) masturbatory device.

Censorship is the only thing that keeps Marlon's madness from making him a moral outcast in our society - this doodle began as a superhero comic about Stalin's Flying Penis, eventually we managed to tone him down to merkin styles of the rich and famous, which still didn't make it to print.

# CENSORED!

No more despicable than Edition 10, where Skullie tears off a duck's beak, this Skullduggery was actually pulled by the artist to preserve the 'integrity' of the comic. The release of this installment created immense controversy, seen by many as arguably the pinnacle of the elements of aestheticism, morality and comic timing that had resulted in Skullduggery becoming one of the most regarded comics in the country.

Who could have thought that a skull could prove to be such a rich field for tilling expression. The artist showing the ecstatic possibilities in the skeletons demeanor, we had already seen in Editions 5 & 10 several unique points of aestheticism, finding out just what expression a skeleton has while running away from a mourge with a baby corpse, seeing the revoltion on the duck's face as he realises the skeleton's innocent but never benign intentions. In Editions 21 & 22, aestheticism came to dominate the cartoon, the artist having already fully illustrated the human condition, and we see the 'joke' discarded in favour of the depictions of bemused, awed, jubilant Skullie, hilarious in their own right.

In this Skullduggery the 'joke' now has more layers than a Jenga tower,

each frame playing on the readers semi-conscious. Is it the suggestive name of the game, Skullie's strangely inhuman delight at the nonsensical process, the secretly knowing horror on the young boy's face, or the mix up between the name of the cat and the name of the mince.

Skullie's emotionally ignorant nature has been the brilliant basis for Skullduggery's probing of what makes us human. In Edition 8 when he loses his job and wife, he feels not anguish but quizzically wonders what it was about his actions or the strange customs of society that have given rise to such consequences. Yet he still fumbles around the morality of stewing his wife's child or massacring a duck. When he realises dimly that inviting Hitler to a party may not be such a good idea, it is not because Hitler is a mass murderer but because of the social faux pax. What exactly goes through his mind as he stares at a puppy, that leads him to destroy a nunnery. As he ponders we wonder, what can occur inside an empty skull and discover, in contrast to what he lacks, exactly what is to have human emotion. Skullie has become this generation's Outsider, but it is Skullie's intense desire for emotional knowledge, despite the tragedy that befalls his subjects, that makes him so much more endearing than Camus' nonchalant protagonist. Upon hearing such hyped praise the artist withdrew this, now rare installment, replacing the final frame with a ethically vacant punchline, toppling the Jenga tower of morality and cerebral sanity that we had falsely built up around it.

## skullduggery by oz



From time to time it is necessary to create 'filler spots' such as fake ads, doodles, some club asks us to mock up an ad for them or we just have an idea that we want to put into pictorial form. Here's a sample of those that never quite made it to print:

**University Speed Dating!**

**When: 6pm Friday 28 Oct  
Margaret Murray Room**

**Maximise Your Chances of  
Finding That Perfect Match!**

**Costs only \$15  
All you can drink, beer wine,  
tequila & 'conversation'.**

**On Dit Bulimia  
Edition**

**Discreetly folds into  
a convenient personal  
hygeine bag!**

**Perfect for family dinners,  
bar meals, cafes and other casual occasions!**

**Get your copy from all major campus loitering spots now.**

# Who was Oleg Zhivanevskaya?

a Retrospective, by Eugene Layde.



Sometimes, it seems that life plays jokes on us.

No man grasped this concept more readily, and exploited it so fully, as Oleg Zhivanevskaya. Oleg passed away last week of massive frontal lobe haemorrhaging – that last chuckle in a lifetime of raucous laughter – leaving behind nearly six decades of accumulated works.

Oleg Zhivanevskaya was born in Moscow during the harsh winter of 1946, the

fourth of twelve children of varying gender. Oleg was always artistically-minded, and, at the tender age of 16, he won a place in the coveted propaganda department of his beloved Party.

Always a committed Communist, Oleg quickly rose to become one of the so-called 'super-tsars' of the go-go agitprop world, mixing it nightly with the oft-mustachio'd glitterati of upper-echelon Soviet command. Despite this close

association, Oleg remained a staunch opponent of the *Détente* process and briefly attempted to foster a counter-movement, which crumbled when he was unable to conjugate a suitable French term with which to label the group.

(right: Oleg's first use of the "xxxxxx" ("skeleton") character, representing the 'worker' being liberated by 'father Lenin' during the Russian Revolution.)



Oleg was soon contracted by Moscow's biggest daily, *The Working Worker's Voice*, to produce a series of *comik-stryps* to fill the space between the various articles on potato cultivation. The *stryps*, often featuring Oleg's 'xxxxxx' character, quickly became a certified hit with readers – and were a rumoured favourite of then-big-cheese Leonid "Sandy Cohen" Brezhnev, purportedly often occupying pride of place on his refrigerator. (below: A classic gag from the *Working Worker's Voice* (1974-79))

## СКЕЛТ.

COMRADE! HOW WAS YOUR LEISURE-TIME LAST NIGHT?



COMRADE, IT WAS THE COLD BORE!

BUT WHAT OF THE GIRL YOU WERE SEEING?

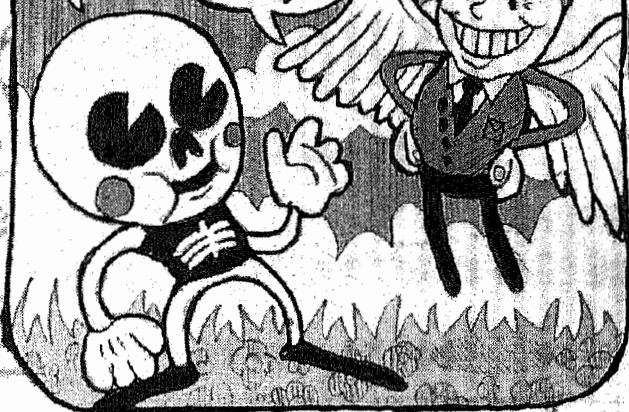


COMRADE, THAT GIRL IS JUST LIKE UTOPIAN MARXISM: CLASSLESS!



AIN'T NOTHIN' GO DOWN BETTAH DAN AN ICE-COLD COKE AT DISNEYLAND, AIN'T DAT RIGHT MISSAH FORD?

YOU KNOW IT!

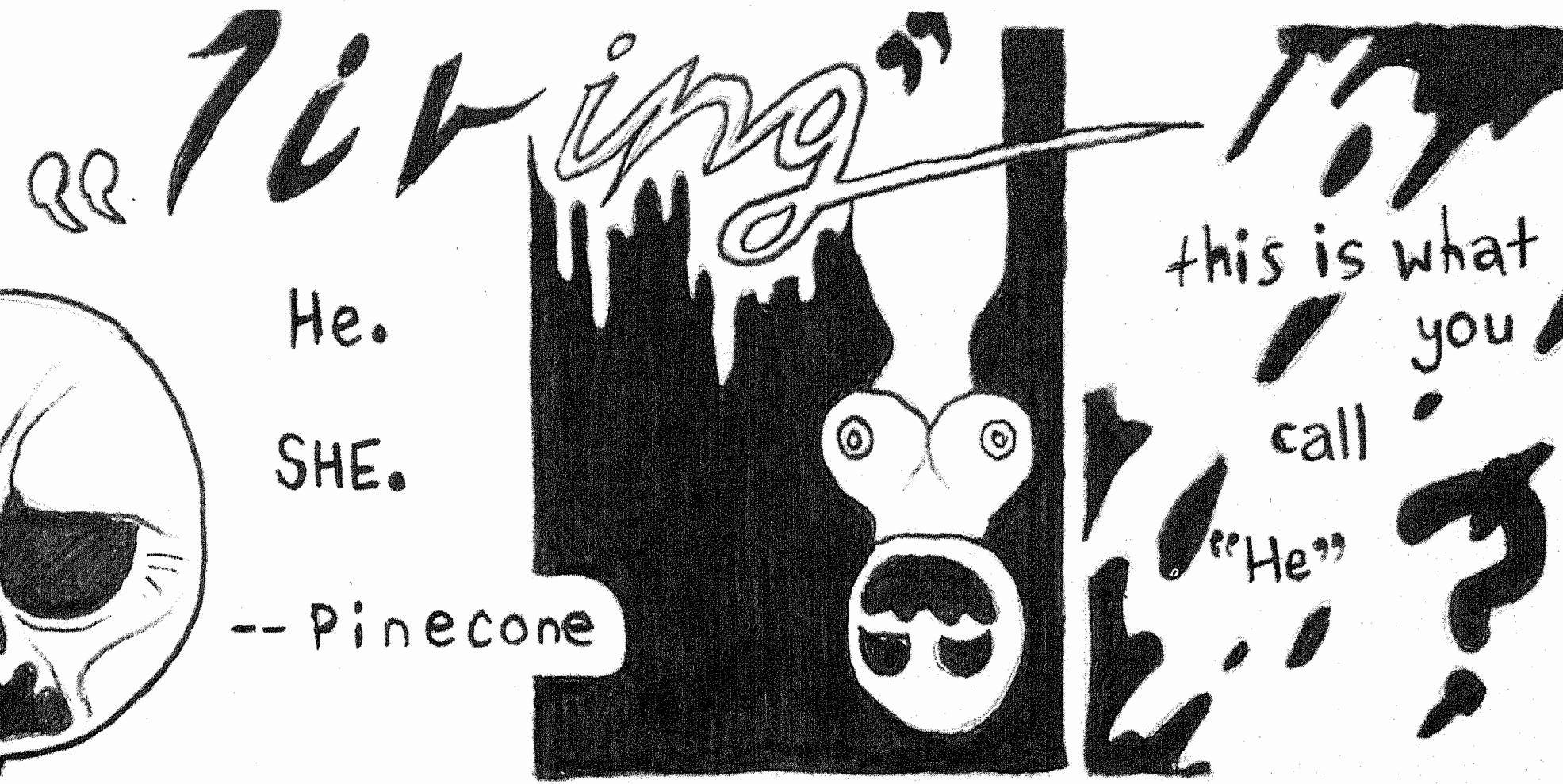


With the fall of the Soviet Union in 1991, Oleg became a ship without an anchor. Listlessly, he drifted between futile attempts to rally support for a new workers' uprising, but repeatedly failed to acquire support from the public. Resigned, Oleg pulled one of the more spectacular about-faces in history (well trumping both Hitler's attack on the USSR and Howard's newfound GST love), and embraced the new capitalist ideal with all the zeal of a fourteen year-old girl with a credit card let loose upon Youthworks. (left: One of Oleg's much-regretted "Green-period" pieces (1994))



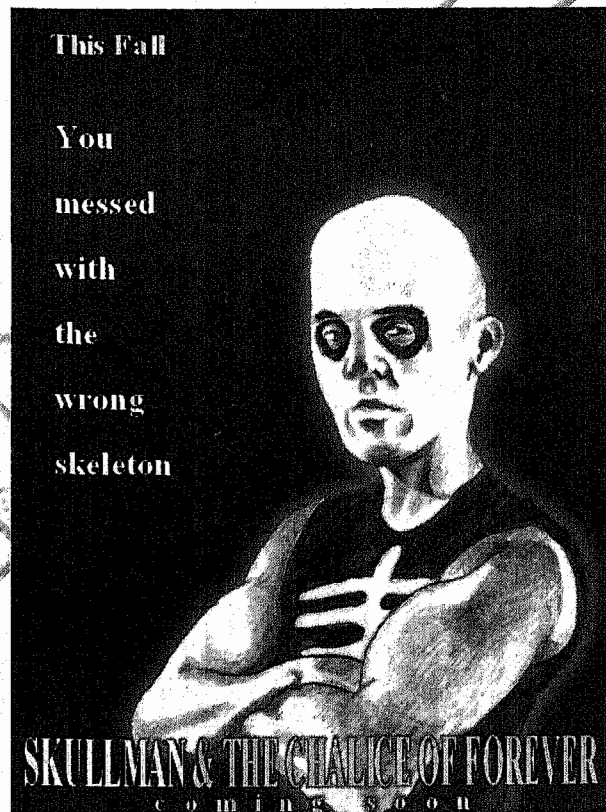
Once dismissed by Jean-Paul Satre as "lacking all the necessary components of an existentialist - most glaringly, skin" Oleg's "skeleton" character has been dismissed in many 'intellectual' circles as popularist. He did however have a significant impact on the impressionist school of French painters. Featured above are Cezanne's two sly references to Zhivanevskaya - *Still Life with Skull* and *Pyramid of Skulls*.

Looking to move forward in his artistic pursuits and escape the rampant poverty now consuming his homeland, Oleg left Russia for the United States in 1995, where he was promised tenure at NYU and "all the honey [he] could drink". It was here that Oleg fell in with Andy Warhol, who taught the immigrant everything he knew about the post-modernist ideal. Oleg quickly learnt to use his comics as a vehicle for the exploration and expression of concepts that had little connection or relevance to practical reality. Thus it was he had become a true artist. (below: A free form post-modernist feminist rhapsody on the plight of the Ego; with bonus subtextual treatise on female genital mutilation (1996))



Two years later, Oleg was informed that Warhol had actually been dead since the late 80's and that his so-called 'friend' was nothing more than a coked-up Liza Minnelli. Embarrassed and dispirited, Oleg retreated from the limelight. Luckily, tinsel-town soon came knocking - and Oleg was able to flee the East Coast for Hollywood, where a group of unscrupulous producers had promised to adapt his comic for the big screen.

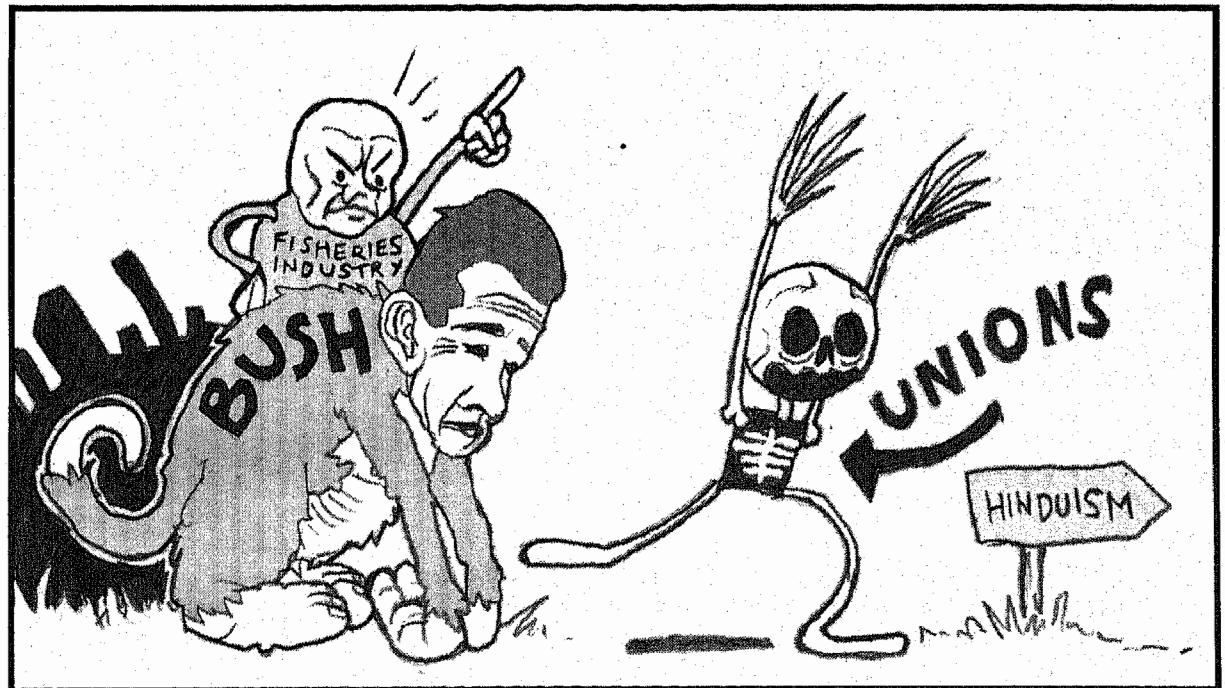
The result, *Skull-man and the Chalice of Forever* (starring a fledgling Vin Diesel), was one of cinema's great flops - spectacularly breaking the record for 'worst movie ever', an award held up until then by Fellini's gargantuan abortion  $8\frac{1}{2}$ . (below: Advertising material for *Skull-man and the Chalice of Forever* (1999))



Facing mounting criticism over his disastrous foray into cinema, Oleg retreated back to where his roots lay: political satire comics. Oleg lived happily in the socialist promised land of New York for several years, producing an impressive volume of always-outrageous comics under

the title *PoliThinks*. Unfortunately, Oleg was forced out of his adopted homeland in late 2001 - following a spate of controversial anti-Bush comics, and a small but pivotal role in the September 11 attacks. (below: One of the contentious anti-Bush comics (2001))

### PoliThinks



"Almost got him!"

Oleg Zhivanevskaya decided on Australia as his new home, quickly settling in to a modest dwelling and - in an effort to escape the enormous stigma that comes with being a war criminal - writing under a penname consisting of his initials: OZ. It was here, in 2005, that Oleg managed to 'break through' the tough Adelaide scene, and publish his *Skulduggery* in respected student union mouthpiece and erstwhile anti-Asian weekly, *On Dit*.

Right up until the very end, Oleg continued to weave his subversive political and ideological agendas under the simplistic guise of a cavorting skeleton's calamitous mishaps. He truly was the last of the great artists.

RIP Oleg "OZ" Zhivanevskaya, 1946 - 2005.

# GREAT MOMENTS IN SELF INDULGENCE

For this, the self-indulgent final edition, I'd prefer not to devote another page to writing diplomatic reviews of mostly bland meals that I happened to score for free. Instead, I'll write accounts of five of my favourite culinary memories; an activity that I shall certainly find more agreeable and that I hope will make for a more enjoyable read as well.

## 5. The Earl of Aberdeen, Adelaide - May 2005

Appropriately enough, the first memory I'll recount is one that I arrived at through *On Dit* this year. The Earl of Aberdeen is famed for its outlandishly oversized schnitzels, but I've bitten off more than I could chew more times than I care to recall and when I decided that I was up to the challenge of tackling one of their monstrosities, I also roped in a few lads from the office for a boys' night out. Landing with a thud in front of me was the Mexicana - a hefty serve of nachos atop a slab of crumbed meat several times larger than my head, and I'll admit to a little anxiety as I nervously eyed the others because I knew that as soon as I took that first bite, I was making a commitment to finish the thing if it killed me. And it very nearly did. While Jimmy had to vacate space for his meal with a sojourn in the lavatory and Matt was again the butt of our jokes for proving that there is no correlation between speaking volume and schnitzel-eating ability, I struggled on, taking smaller and smaller bites in what I was fast realising was a losing battle - the quarry I had chosen was simply proving to be too much chicken for me. I wasn't ready to give in, mind you, but I knew that closing time couldn't be far away and I wasn't in any shape for a last-second sprint. And then someone, probably Dan, suggested that we should play *Buck Hunter*, the greatest game ever invented if you'll believe a bunch of rambunctious half-cut fellows, each with a belly crammed full of meat. It might sound crazy, but what I experienced was an epiphany, a moment of divine revelation, and the religious metaphor is an appropriate one. The primal urges that I felt as I shot simulated deer all over North America were part of a force far greater than myself, and as I sated my appetite for blood and then feasted on dead animal I didn't necessarily understand those forces, but I was glad that I'd found the strength to continue. It took me a long time - I was the last to finish my meal but I walked out of the dining room that night with my head held high, secure in the knowledge that I had faced off with the carcass of a mutant godzilla chicken and it had come off second best.

## 3. Pizzeria Uno, Chicago - October 2002

It's called Pizzeria Uno because it makes the best pizza in the world, it's as simple as that. Chicago is the home of deep dish pizza, and everyone in the windy city knows that this is the place to go. A large supreme pizza weighs over three kilograms and takes three quarters of an hour to cook. Layered on top of a base of foolhardy thickness that still maintained its crispness and had not a trace of oiliness, were 2 pounds of cheese and 1 1/2 pounds of sausage and one slice could easily function as an entire meal. Technically speaking, it wasn't really a single culinary experience because the pizza actually lasted me three days, but waking up in a dank, flea-ridden dive called Johnny's Last Resort and grabbing two slices (one for lunch, one for dinner) before heading out for a day of sightseeing is how I'll always remember Chicago.

## 2. Vicksburg, Mississippi - January 2003

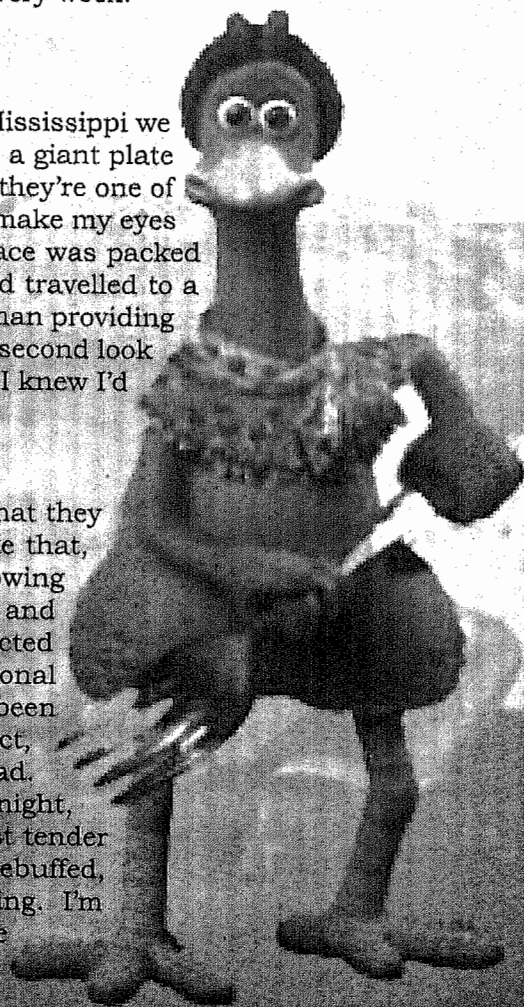
Sometimes food can provide the most authentic experience of a culture, and that's why I'll always remember this experience fondly. Nowadays you can find millions of middle-aged white men who've traipsed through Mississippi with their sons in tow trying to find what they imagine a traditional old time juke joint to be, something that will allow them to feel like they've really had a taste of some authentic blues performed in its natural environment. My dad and I did that, but unsurprisingly there are more than a few businesses out there taking advantage of the easy money and I never really felt like anything we saw was truly authentic. That's probably because the Mississippi we were hoping to find doesn't really exist anymore, but when we pulled over to a roadside shack and ordered a giant plate of crawdads between us, it felt like we at least got a taste of it. Crawdads are pretty similar to yabbies and they're one of the more labour-intensive foods you're likely to find, but when they were served up with enough pepper to make my eyes water, I was grateful that it would take me a while to get them all down. It was a Friday night, so the place was packed with locals, and after a day of driving past empty cotton fields and boarded up houses, it seemed like we'd travelled to a completely different place. Sure, there were all kinds of gaudy decorations adorning the wall and the bluesman providing the music was yammering away incoherently in another room and I probably wouldn't even give the joint a second look if I lived in Adelaide, but I never would be able to find a place like that in Adelaide, anyway. When we left, I knew I'd just enjoyed a meal that I couldn't have had anywhere in the world except Mississippi.

## 1. Dusseldorf, Germany - December 1995

Some situations in life are so perfectly constructed, so archetypal, that looking back, it's hard to believe that they are your experiences rather than scenes from a book you've read or film you've watched. This one is like that, and it's a meal that I can never hope to recreate in my life. It was the middle of winter and it had been snowing outside all day. Not too heavily, but enough to leave a blanket of white drift on rooftops and tree branches, and a grey slurry on the roads. Despite my heavy coat, the cold was oppressive and as I daydreamed, I half expected the condensation from my breath to freeze on my face. What more perfect place to eat than a traditional German tavern. The tremendous warmth of the roaring fire, the smoke blackened furniture that had been polished smooth by a thousand patrons, the freshly cut Christmas tree in the corner - they were all too perfect, and with the falling snow just visible through the windows, it really does seem like a scene from a book I read. Perhaps it wasn't even like that, but that's the image that always comes to my mind when I think of that night, and these are my favourite memories, after all. The meal I ordered was goose and it was the juiciest, most tender flesh that I can ever recall sampling in my life. Many times I've tried to order goose in Adelaide and been rebuffed, and I don't even know if there is a restaurant here that serves it, but that's not going to stop me from asking. I'm sure that it won't be as perfect as I remember, and perhaps I'll ruin that memory by finally eating goose again, but the chance of recreating that perfect meal is just too enticing.

## 4. Nhulunbuy, Northern Territory - July 2005

My second memory also involves me increasing the chance of developing cancer in my colon exponentially, but rather having than a religious experience, at its conclusion I made a vow to myself that though I may not know where or when, or even how, at some stage in my life I will be a miner. Nhulunbuy is a mining town, and there are many things to be said against it - the nightlife is limited to two topless bars that reek of sexual frustration, it has the most expensive Woolworths store in Australia and the enterprise that funds the existence of the settlement is slowly turning a once pristine corner of Arnhem Land into an eyesore and tearing apart the local indigenous communities. I have problems with all of these things, and a lot of reservations about the mining industry in general, but when I found myself enjoying the hospitality of the enterprise in question for two weeks earlier this year, I ate better than I have in my entire life. Three buffets a day, a rotating menu of hot food at each packed with all manner of goodness and a dessert bar that was always full are how the miners keep their homesickness at bay. I learnt to love the smorgasbord that was on offer and regularly overate in a manner that was certainly not healthy. One particular night, the forces of nature conspired to place on my plate simultaneously the meats of four different animals in a veritable orgasm of irresponsible dining. But my mother wasn't there to tell me to eat my vegetables, so I didn't. Instead, I gorged myself on juicy marinated chicken, tender roast pickled pork, fine veal fillets and a drumstick that could have come from a turkey, or an ostrich to judge by the size of it, before burying my face in a mountain of chocolate mousse and ice cream. It didn't justify the company's avarice and lack of morals but when I find a mining company whose ethics I approve of, I shall attempt to eat my own body weight every week.

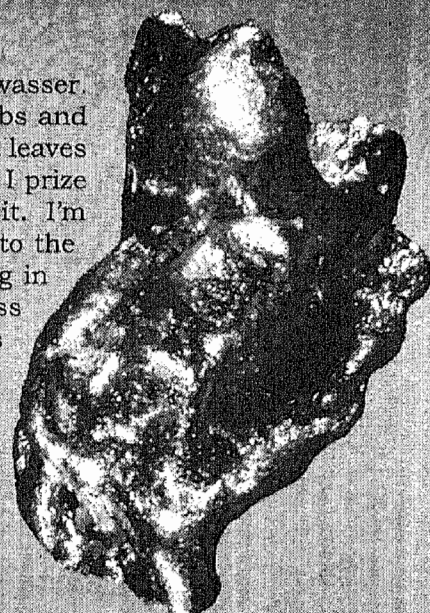




# A GOLDEN ELIXIR



As I write this, I am indulging in what must surely be the king among celebratory drinks; Goldwasser. Imported from Poland, this vaguely aniseed-flavoured liqueur derives its taste from a variety of herbs and spices, but that's not primarily where its appeal lies. There is no doubt that this viscous intoxicant leaves a pleasant aftertaste, but the reason I drink it exclusively on special occasions, the reason that I prize it above all other bottles in my liquor cabinet is that every bottle has a small handful of gold in it. I'm not talking some metaphorical secret ingredient, I'm talking about adding genuine gold flakes to the distilled product, gold flakes that apparently have healing properties and can be observed lying in clusters at the bottom of the bottle. It's not like they've skimped, either; even the smallest glass you pour should have a few flecks if you shake the bottle up first. If you really want to impress yourself, drink it from a dark blue cup and the shimmering gold looks like stars against the night sky. Cleopatra may have had her pearl-laden wine, but when you drink Goldwasser not only are you imbibing the precious metal that symbolises victory, you're swallowing the sky. One day I'll drink some right before I throw up, just so I can see my vomit flecked here and there with pieces of gold. Then I'll really know I've made it and no one who can see the evidence of my wanton excess will even be able to contemplate suggesting anything to the contrary. How can you possibly argue with a man so hedonistic that he not only insists on eating gold, but then regurgitates it on public land?



# Rundle Spice Noodle Bar

With holidays and bright sunny days being the light at the end of the tunnel for the encroaching exams, it was refreshing for my state of mind to get a taste of what's on the other side. Riding my bike through the glorious sunshine to make my late lunch at the Rundle Spice Noodle Bar was a pleasant enough distraction from the stresses of this time of year, and after the physical exertion my appetite was heightened. Located towards the east end of Rundle St, you're not too far away from what the city can offer you after you've made it through 'the dreaded period' and know what its like to finally be human again. A spacious interior awaits you, adorned with lavender walls and red-mahogany furniture. Still hot and a little sweaty from my bike ride, this cool aesthetic seemed to have dropped my core temperature a little. The menu offers a range of wok-tossed creations and rice and noodle dishes. I selected the seafood and

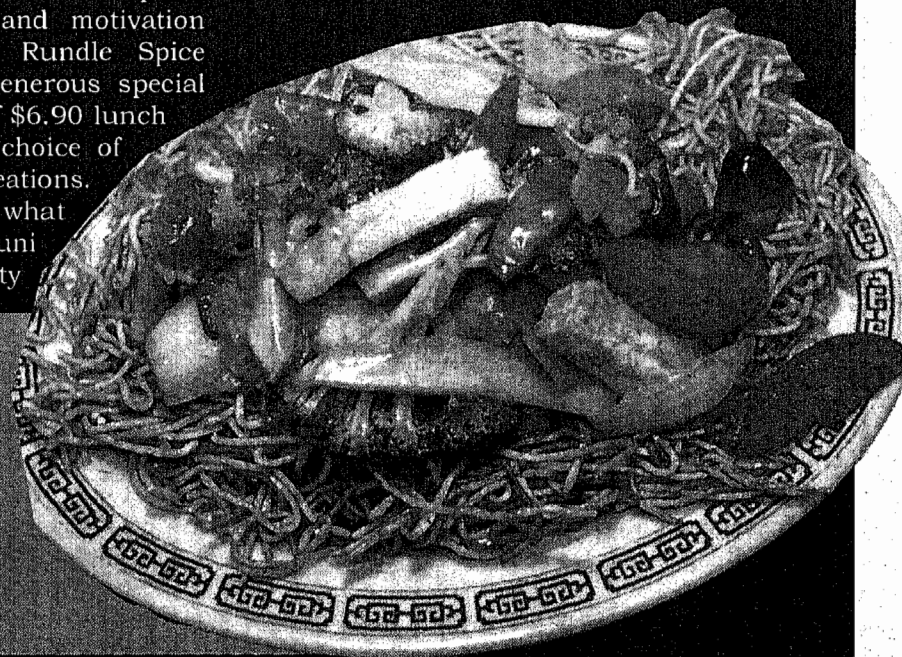
lemongrass wok-tossed creation, served with seasonal vegetables stirfried in a blend of curry paste – a very refreshing dish, my core temperature again dropped.

The dish serving size was as generous as the customer service, I think friendly, dedicated staff can sometimes be as important as the quality of the food. The place is run by a self-confessed workaholic who, on his 1 hour break from the 12 hour shifts he works every day (no days off!), enjoys shopping for the restaurant. Perhaps the success of the place is owing his enthusiasm and motivation towards customer service. Rundle Spice Noodle Bar offers a very generous special from Sunday to Thursday of \$6.90 lunch and \$9.90 dinners, you're choice of any of the wok-tossed creations. Compare the lunch deal to what you receive at any of the uni food outlets – and the quality

here far exceeds that of what our beloved catering service could whip up – and you'll not only walk away with some extra beer money for the Unibar, but a smile on your face and a satisfied feeling in your stomach. If you're after a good date idea, \$24.90 gets you an entree, main and dessert plus a Palace Nova movie voucher. If this doesn't entice you enough, they've even given you a voucher, so cut it out and get along there sometime.

**8.5/10**

**Ben**



## Rundle Spice Noodle Bar

Present this voucher and get  
20% off your meal purchase

1 voucher per person

Not to be used in conjunction  
with any other deal or special

Voucher Issued by On Dit, volume 73, edition 23, 30/10/2005

Expires: 31/12/05

## And the First Annual On Dit Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Field of Food Preparation goes to...

Nosh on Morphett Street, at the Northern edge of Light Square, who manage to offer the perfect combination of affordability, excellent food and genuinely friendly service. The rotating menu is simply a bonus and as summer rolls around the al fresco dining brings it into the realms of the sublime. If you haven't eaten there yet, go now.

And because I just have to mention how much I enjoyed it, an honourable mention goes to Addis Ababa Café at shop 4/462a Port Road, West Hindmarsh. I still haven't tried a dish there that isn't delicious, and the way the food is served in communal bowls with unleavened bread to scoop it out is great for enjoying a meal with friends. Plus, the hostess is one of Adelaide's friendliest and most helpful- I've never left without resolving to visit again soon.



# ORIENTATION 2006 NEEDS YOU

Hi everyone,

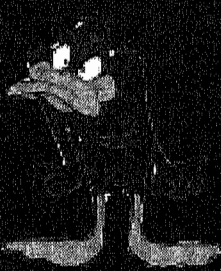
It's the end of the year and we all have one thing on our minds... a nice long break... 92 days, or 3 months (or thereabouts) until orientation next year. My name is Nathan Grima, or Nudge, as I am more commonly known. I'll be in charge of orientation for you, and for the 5000 freshers arriving next year. So while you are having a lovely break, keep in mind that I, along with a dedicated team, will be working hard to make Orientation 2006 the best one that Adelaide University has ever seen. Which brings me to introducing our Orientation Directors.

**O'Camp**

Alex Zafry  
Alexandra Baratt  
David Kavanagh

**Marketing Team**

Julia Phillips  
Tom Swanson



**O'Ball**

Andrew Potter  
David Gilbert  
Erin Evanochko  
Vair Pointon



**O'Week**

Caroline Buchan  
Mark Rogers  
Rhiannon Newman

**O'Guide**

Jacinda Paluszek  
Lavinia Emmett-Grey  
Sahil Choujar

We have assembled a great team but remember this - orientation doesn't run itself. Orientation is made a success mainly through the help and enthusiasm of an army of volunteers. You don't have to have any specific skills; you just have to be able to devote some of your summer and orientation to helping out. The more people we get to help, the easier it will be. **O'Guide:** If you have any suggestions for anything that might be a benefit to the guide, send one of the editors an email. You can email me for their address (see below). And if you think you have what it takes to be a writer, definitely get in contact with the directors! **O'Camp leaders/crew/logistics:** Everyone knows about O'Camp, and if you don't, this will be the ultimate chance to get in on it. Application forms are available from SAUA reception.

**O'Week/O'Ball:** It's the week that every single Adelaide Uni student knows about. The single week that unifies all students. We need a crew to help make the whole thing run smoothly. Be it cooking a BBQ like a true Bogan, judging the boat races or pouring a beer like a master brewer, we need you.

If you have the time and feel like being part of history, come down to the Students' Association, Ground Floor, Lady Symon Building (north east cnr of Cloisters) and pick up the relevant application form, or sign up to the orientation crew list.

Cheers,  
Nudge

nathan.grima@adelaide.edu.au



## SA Great State of Confusion

*Blowing the whistle on surviving sex abuse in SA.*

Discussing childhood sex abuse is never easy; particularly so for politicians, lawyers and especially even more so for Churchmen.

Of all the topics that have plagued our Parliamentary process and its politicians, the topic of sex abuse always seems to cause lots of problems and heated debate. Blame and 'finger pointing' are 'big worries' for the politicians with whom the buck stops and should really give an accountability for the Government's exercise of ministry or even its negligence. Irony, double standards, contradiction and nothing short of hypocrisy rests within the state of SA and the State Government in some not so holy politics practiced in the City of Churches. Just what is it about these issues of abuse, and in particular childhood sex abuse that provokes such an uproar? Apart from what we see on the surface of politicians defending their politics, parties, and the Law perhaps in the attacks we see, as they say, where there is smoke there is fire - but just what is the burning issue that seems to ignite the temper?

In a claim by an Adelaide QC, that "it is quite clear that the criminal justice system has not worked for children" in her report *Our Best Investment-A State Plan to Protect and Advance the Interests of Children*, written by a lawyer commissioned by, ironically, the State Government; it calls for major reforms including more funding for child protection in SA and also including a register of paedophiles. Why should this be ironic I hear you ask? Because it was the Rann Labor

State Government that held a parliamentary inquiry into the time limit which prevented child sex offenders being prosecuted for offences committed before 1982. They say the Statute of Limitation Law, which was made by the Bannon Labor State Government in 1985 and was amended in 1985 to remove a three-year limit on the prosecution of offences but allowed immunity for offences committed before Dec. 1, 1982. The big question is for the public concern of the children survivors and about the continued existence of immunity for child sex abuse offenders who the law inadvertently and unwittingly protected; those who committed their crimes before 1982. Think of the political mileage the Liberal State Government who had three terms in State Office could have got if they changed such a seemingly inconsistent law and instead left it to Labor Government in State Office to change what a previous Labor Government had done. Perhaps the State might explain to the children sex abuse survivors why they passed such an unjust and oppressive law. Perhaps they also might like to explain, seeing as there is a State election coming up, perhaps all politicians of all Parties, to tell us how the Human Rights of SA children were denied for so long. The Attorney-General might like to also tell us why the Law of the Police doesn't lock up the criminals when children reported the crime and criminals to the Police under the Statute of Limitation before it was changed. Does the State Government aid and abet crime and defend criminals? Obviously there

has been an obstruction in the course of justice for the children! What is worse the law didn't defend the victims of crime such as the children survivors of sex abuse when the law of the police and the paddywagon took them away to a mental hospital when they had their psychiatric 'schizophrenic' nervous breakdowns. The Minister for Health might like to explain why schizophrenic mentally ill people are simply 'shunted' around and perhaps not treated properly for the cause of their breakdown, and ask if mandatory reporting does enough in the Health or even Education system? Perhaps the Churchmen might speak up for the spiritual and pastoral welfare of the children, especially the Catholic Archbishop of Adelaide, for the neglect of the sexually abused children in his own Archdiocese. Perhaps the 'Healing Bishop' of sexually abused children should speak up not only for Catholic children but also for children of other churches and all children in the secular society of South Australia as well.

The children deserve better. They have suffered insult and injury long enough- it is about time we listened to them and gave them a fair go as they struggle along with their lives. Save the children!

**John Cirillo**

*is a Survivor of childhood sex abuse, sexually abused in 1979. He is also a survivor of schizophrenia.*

# RUMOURS

CAFE

Semester 2  
Union Card  
Specials

## WEEKLY SPECIALS

Choose from one of the following:

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

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

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

## AFTERNOON SPECIALS...

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

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

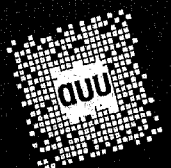
- **Before 10.00am**  
**Scrambled Eggs or Big Breakfast with a FREE tea/coffee**

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

Visit our website for opening times

[www.union.adelaide.edu.au](http://www.union.adelaide.edu.au)

A service from the Adelaide University Union Food & Beverage Service



# Office VOX POP



**Alexis - Food, Opinion Writer, Late Night Specialist & Gravy-Train Passenger**

1. Dealing with the fact that words are, and will only ever be, a poor approximation of the experiences and thoughts that I have. I deal with writer's block by waiting until a deadline looms ominously large and compromising my artistic integrity.
2. I've been poor and lonely before, and undoubtedly I shall be again. At least if I have a fulfilling life my memories will provide me solace, plus I'll be able to read all those books I always meant to.
3. You are only old when regrets replace dreams.
4. The Gala Opening of the Casino's extension. There were can-can dancers, fire twirlers, Elvis impersonators, belly dancers, 7-foot drag queens and enough food and booze to sate Nero's Army. Then I discovered the free massages!!! And cocktails!!!! Things turned ugly as I found myself in a series of increasingly ill-advised escapades that saw me booted from the Casino, locked in a convenience store and chased out of Government House, when I discovered that I was missing a tuxedo jacket and my back was covered in blood. Then I scared the fuck out of a stoned editor by clumsily storming through the office, knocking everything over and emptying my guts in the toilets then passing out cold. A week later, I skipped the state.



**Ben - Music, Mischief Maker**

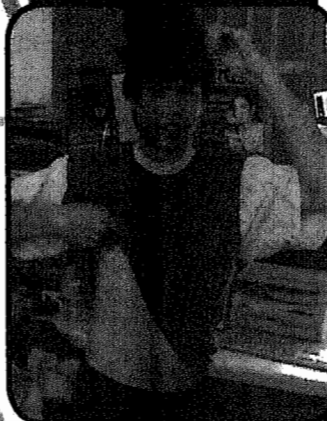
1. The word 'Fuck', it's many appropriations and conjugations, are good putty for a megre vocabulary.
2. Music shits me, people shit me and this question shits me.
3. It just feels better without protection and ugly children should be eradicated.
4. My favourite moment was watching a plastic bag dancing in the wind... it was just dancing for me, I got turned on and relieved myself in the cashew scoop at Coles on Grote St.



**Owen - Skullduggery, Illustration, All Round Nice Guy.**

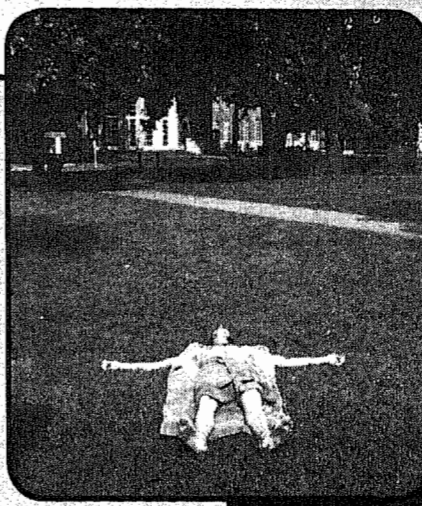
1. I'm not sure, though I ironically got writer's block trying to answer this question.
2. Rich life, lonely last few days - hey, worked for Hitler!
3. Any joke - no matter how poor - can be salvaged with Nazis. They are truly 'nature's punchline'.
4. That time Balki tried to hide the dog from Cousin Larry. Really a classic moment, and something I think we all learnt a great deal from.

1. What do you think are the main flaws in transferring ideas from the ether onto paper, and how do you deal with writers block?
2. Would you rather have a life full of experience but be poor and lonely in the end or have poor and lonely life but be wealthy and content in your last days?
3. Some advice for the kid?
4. What was your favourite moment in 2005? On Dit or otherwise.



**Marlon - Comic Illustration, Madman**

1. I use a writer's axe, and thus the block becomes a chopping-block for the dissection and analysis of ideas. HA! Take that, Dan Brown! I think the fundamental flaw with the ether is that it is an addictive substance, causative of hallucinatory imaginings. The only ideas I 'transfer' from it are wooziness and lapses in consciousness.
2. In truth, I would rather be shot out of a cannon. A sexy cannon.
3. Get off my god damn lawn you heathen monkeys!!! Damn kids, with their Avril Lavigne albums, reeking of patchouli... wait, I have something; never trust a pirate. Oh, they may charm you with their winsome gold-capped smiles and jovial parrots, but in ten years you will be stranded in Burma with a heroin addiction, wondering when long-John's gonna be a-comin' home.
4. That time I rocked out with Jesus. yea, he descended to earth, and he did maketh the horns, and it was good.



**Tristan - Opinion Writer, Comic Genius, Wayward Model & Occasion Oracle**

1. I visited The Ether once. The weather was nice but the air was a bit thin. Terrible service. And just you try finding a liquor store open after 10pm.
2. This is a rubbish question. What if contentment is contingent upon not being alone or inexperienced? You might as well ask whether I'd like to be happy or just think that I'm happy. Fuck off.
3. Don't answer stupid questions.
4. I was overjoyed when the girls won the election. I also found two kilos of dim sims for \$3.90 at Woolworths. It's hard to decide between those two.



**Benedict - Performing Arts, Perfectionist**

1. The hardest thing with writing performing arts articles is finding ways to describe music. Writers' block is a luxury that I can't afford.
2. The former.
3. Don't talk to strangers.
4. 'Death in Venice' at the Sydney Opera House. But anyone who read my review might have guessed that...



**Lavinia - Diarist**

1. The main flaw is that reality is often far more unbelievable than words on a page. I don't really have a problem with being unable to write; I seem to have more problems with writing too much and too controversially.
2. I'm dying at 28; apparently it's in my palms, my stars and my cards. I think I'm doing a pretty fair effort of living spectacularly now, so that I can die in ignominy in 9 years.
3. Never believe that student politicians are your friends. Always respect your teeth, if no other part of your body. And most importantly, the only difference between madness and genius is success (yes, this is a James Bond quote, but you find profundity in the most unexpected places).
4. On May 4, I was purged by a Australia-wide phone link up of the National Organisation of Labor Students' Executive Panel. I went out, pressed to the warm bosom of the Labor Right, then drank 14 standard drinks in twenty minutes, passed out in my own vomit outside Ayers House, then went home and got a comfort shag from AUU President. Can you compete?



**Soph - Film**

1. Editing out my boring little hissy fits (I often fail). To deal with writer's block I start writing about my feelings - not a good move with reviews, I fear. (die keira die)
2. What sort of political student activist would I be if I answered the second? Experience is key, but a comfy retirement is not to be dismissed (must be pragmatic about these things).
3. Take a risk every once in a while, and be good to the people who love you. Enjoy your holidays!
4. I think it's yet to come - probably will be on Sunday when I stupidly put aside my fear of horror films and force myself to watch wolf creek for the sake of a review. the things I do...



**Nick(son) - Current Affairs**

1. The best cure for writer's block is a quick google search and a copy/paste job. Sticks it to that elusive ether everytime.
2. I think the answer's obvious - a rich old man leaves a satisfied mind. That's right, isn't it?
3. Kiddies, listen to the sports stars: don't do drugs, and especially don't go on Northern Territory holiday trips with your alleged 'best' friend who then tries to scam you of your DVD rights.
4. Hey Hey its Saturday by Request. Best moment of 2005, life.

**Steph - Columnist, Model, Elle Dit**

1. Writing in Tahoma makes the ideas flow smoother; otherwise I'm more concerned about sounding lame, like those people who add multiple exclamation marks after everything. Ridiculously annoying!!!!
2. Underlying all optimism is sheer terror, so hello poor and lonely existence. Then one would truly appreciate all the good stuff, in a horridly Muppet Christmas Carol kind of way.
3. Tune in to Channel 10 at 12:30 on weeknights for the most truly entertaining spectacle money can buy.
4. Eating free potato cakes scored by a bit of eyelash batting with Anna, followed by tandem rolling down a grass hill.



**Mikey - Illustrator, Fractal Prose**

1. Found, stolen, loved, lost, left behind
2. Found, stolen, loved, lost, left behind
3. Found, stolen, loved, lost, left behind
4. Found, stolen, loved, lost, left behind.

**Russell - Political Wunderkind**

1. While they're in the ether, ideas are more like fragments. While whoever writes editorials for The Australian (generally Michael Sutchbury, I guess) doesn't seem to mind grabbing a whole bunch of fragmentary ether-ideas for that daily column (as long as they're right-wing fragments), the challenge comes in extending those fragments into sustainable argument, which takes practice. And you're always wondering whether you're creating your own little heterotopic distortion of language to suit your own political ends. As for writer's block, as long as I'm not writing about jolly Irishmen, I can soap-box for days.

2. Does this question give us some idea of the definition of "choice" used by the government in its WorkChoices IR reforms? All lives are probably "full of experience", but we in our material aspirationalism want boxed "experienceS", plural, which can be compared with those of others relative to some imagined ideal, causing us all inordinate amounts of stress and angst. Loneliness scares me greatly, particularly "in the end"; poverty doesn't worry me but that's because I'm middle-class. Contentment angers me; wealth frightens me.
3. I should \*not\* advise, but if I must: Question, question, question...yet have faith. And don't for fuck's sake vote Liberal!
4. I'll indulge the essentialism...apart from watching Tony Abbott, Health Minister, admit that he never claimed to be the world's greatest SNAG, my favourite "moment" in 2005 was RMJ. All of them.



**Monkey with a typewriter - Editorials**

1. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below; Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
2. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more.
3. It provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance; therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to.
4. Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York. And O'Ball 2005.



**Alex - Current Affairs**

1. Trying to find my ether; masturbate.
2. Too hard.
3. Remember that life is a sprint not a marathon; otherwise you'll never get anything done.
4. When Donald Rumsfeld said he might come to Adelaide; he's dreamy.

**Brendon - existential columnist**

that each reader decodes its differently, so even as the force prior to thought becomes stabilised and in the lower energy state of thought and then further diminishes to inert letters on a page you are engaged in a series of other "events of pure thought" which are not wholly determined by what you write and recapitulate the indeterminacy and freedom of thought itself... writer's bloc? - a walk and a cigarette.

2. Most certainly the first. C'mon, the ratios are clearly uneven. I'm also accepting the logical implications of madness and abject terror.
3. Listen... you should always be listening.
4. The radio-play version of Antonin Artaud's 'To Be Done With The Judgement of God' a friend and I performed on 3D. Oh, definitely.



**Nerissa - Opinion, Dream Girl.**

1. The pressure from bastard editors making you answer vox pop when you don't wanna! This means you, Dan!!!!!! Dealing with writer's block? I don't deal with it, hence my lousy contributions this year.
2. The former definitely. Contentment is over-rated anyway. Experiences last longer.
3. Work hard, be good to your mother.
4. The time Clementine felt me up in the dark when we went to the theatre together. Unforgettable!



**Jenn, Music.**

1. I try and find a Portable Erasable Nib Cryptic Intercommunication Language Stylus and chew on it until I come up with "something".
2. Be poor and lonely in the end. I'd rather die knowing I'd been out there and tried...wealth that lasts a lifetime.
3. It's not always what you know, more who you know.
4. Sitting in the corner of the On Dit office interviewing Sianna from Love Outside Andromeda on a mobile phone and trying to juggle a dicaphone whilst writing everything down because the phone lines were down with the burst water main at Uni.

# SKY GAZING

## AN EXHIBITION BY JAY WESTON

The sky's always been a bit of a mystery to me. As a draino-chugging youngster with stupid amounts of free time, I'd often spend hours laying on the grass, staring up into the nothing hanging above me. You know what it's like. The sky encompasses your entire vision, wrapping around to the farthest corners of your periphery. Clouds pulse in and out of life, drifting across a palette of seamlessly melding transient colours. From some place far away, the dying echo of a bird's song seeps into existence.

Glenelg-based photographer Jay Weston's been fortunate enough to spend the past two years staring up into the sky. But unlike me as an insolent child, Weston's put his idleness to good use - producing *Sky Gazing*, an exhibition capturing some of South Australia's most enigmatic panoramic skylscapes. Weston's process involved taking a slue of wide-angle panoramic photographs from a bluff at Hallett Cove, and carefully stitching them back together. The resulting image is one that seems to encompass the entire sky - yawning and hanging with preternatural weight on the paper.

The bulk of Weston's images are curled into orbs that give the impression of a complete panorama, captured into a sphere - all 360 degrees, all at once. Sort of like what David Bowie did in *Labyrinth*, but without the prominent package. The orbs dance with flecks of sunlight, spearing through scattered clouds that glow against Romanticist skies. Weston's photographs are at once vibrant and melancholy - and always elusive. Sort of like the memories from my youth, I suppose.

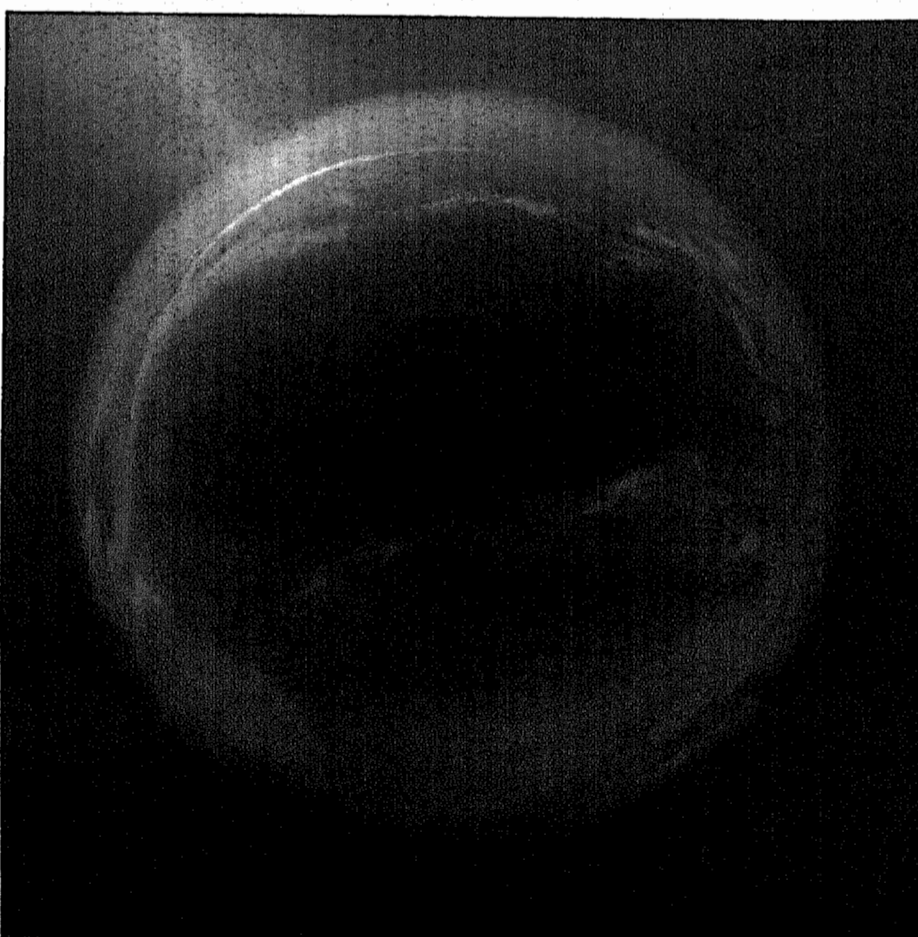
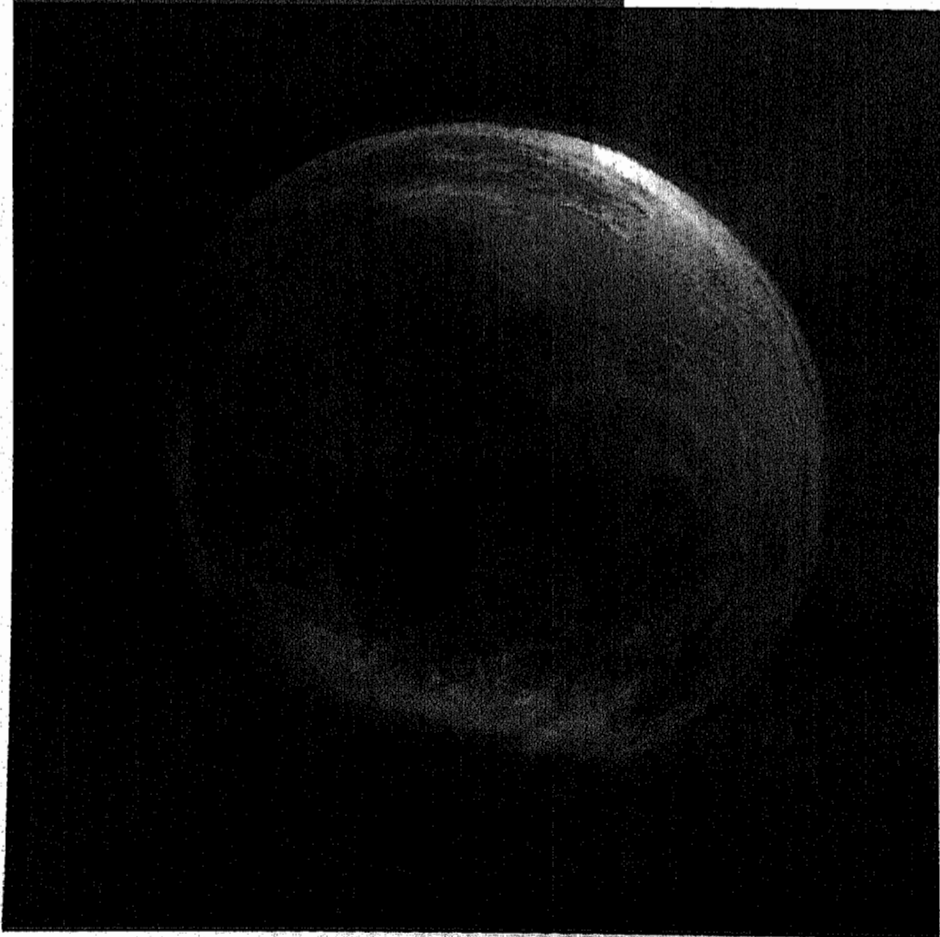
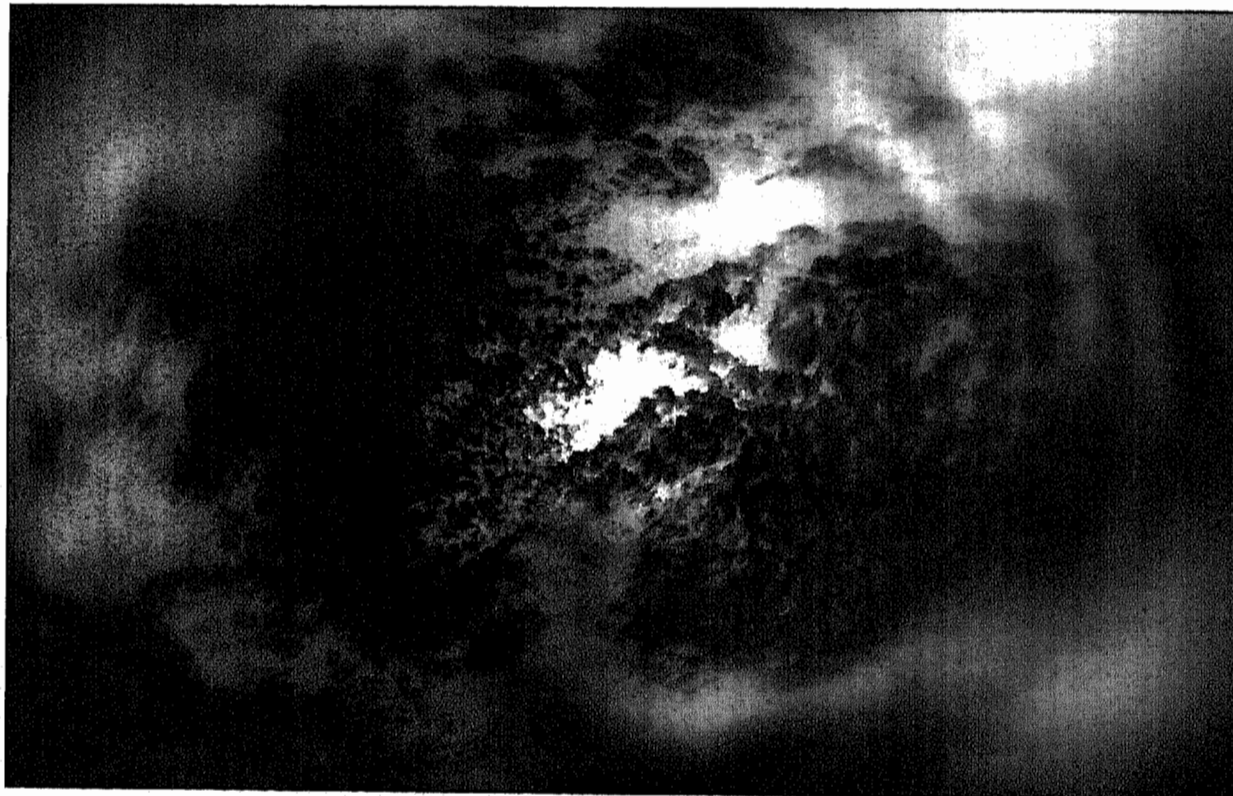
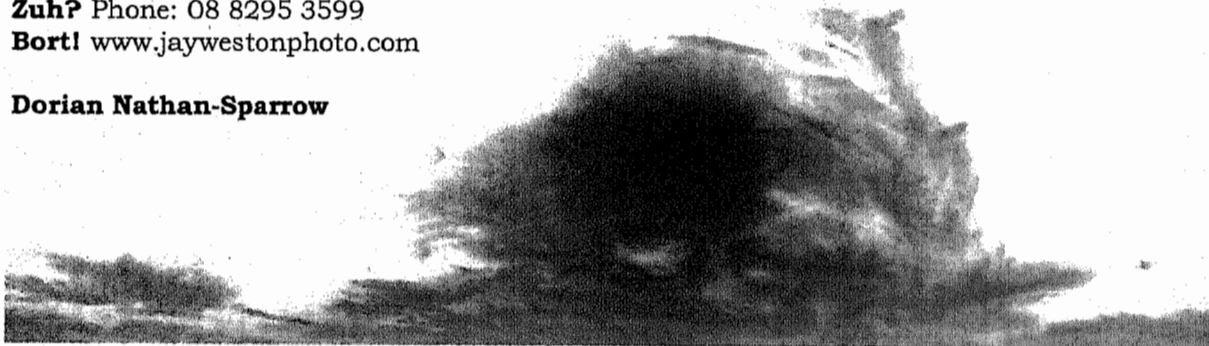
**Where?** Zest Cafe Gallery, 2a Sussex Street, Glenelg, South Australia

**When?** Opening Night: 12th December 2005, 6:30pm; Finishes: 17th January 2006

**Zuh?** Phone: 08 8295 3599

**Bort!** [www.jaywestonphoto.com](http://www.jaywestonphoto.com)

**Dorian Nathan-Sparrow**



# Ecstasy

by Lavinia Emmett-Grey

She nuzzled against him, finding the closeness both comforting and electric. He ran his tongue along the rim of her ear. He blew gently in her ear canal, which made the

edge of her world flutter. When he simultaneously drew her earlobe into his mouth and sank his fingers into her hair, massaging her scalp, she lost the strength in her legs and clung to him. She knew people were watching as they passed; she was dimly aware of sighing quite loudly. She didn't care if she came loudly right out the front of Earth, but she longed for the softness of a bed. She wanted more skin.

'Take me home,' she whispered.

She enjoyed the different passing of time; the time spent walking to North Terrace, hailing a taxi outside the Casino and driving to his house was almost entirely lost in her mind, even as it was happening. Yet, the moment in the dank alleyway, where he pushed her against the brick wall and kissed her, pressing deliciously hard against her, seemed to last an eternity.

'Prepare yourself for the most intense orgasms,' he said as he unlocked the door and she laughed at his arrogance. 'No, I'm serious. It'll take longer like this but I am going to make you cum again and again.'

She was still laughing at his bravado as she walked into the hallway. He shut the door and pushed her up against the wall, one hand bracing himself by her shoulder, the other hand slipping between them and pressing against the line of her fly. She made a small noise and gripped his shoulder, nipping lightly at his neck. He took her hand and led her to his bedroom. She collapsed on the cloud of pillows and quilts, watching with some amusement as he rushed about, lighting lavender candles, closing curtains, fetching water, cigarettes and other supplies.

'Take off your clothes and lie on your stomach,' he ordered before vanishing from the room again.

What an operator, she thought, kicking off her heels and shimmying slowly out of her jeans, her silk camisole and her underwear. She lay on her belly and sighed very, very slowly, enjoying the simple sensation of her own exhalation. She did not hear him come back in, but she felt the weight of him as he straddled her back.

'Do not turn over. Don't look,' he said and she felt a small thrill of uncertainty. She heard the brush of material as he pulled off his shirt, then he was fiddling with something, she felt him shifting but she kept her eyes gently closed.

And then she felt a splash of something hot on her back.

She jerked and gasped. It wasn't painful, just lusciously stimulating. He laughed huskily. She

twitched again as he dropped candle wax on her lower back then dripped it along her spine.

'Has anyone ever done this to you before?' he asked. She shook her head into the pillow, biting her lip and emitting a small moan as the hot wax tingled on her shoulder blades.

She was almost sorry when she heard him blow out the candle a little while later, but as he began cracking the hardened wax off her skin, she sank deeper into the mattress. While he reached for something else, the fingers of one hand stroked her back and it felt like sun hitting her body.

He brushed her hair away from her neck and then she felt something run along the length of her spine, nape to tailbone. It sparked so many nerve endings at once, making her toes and scalp tingle, that she had no ability to identify what on earth was causing the sensation.

He did it again, lazily circling her skin and as water trickled down her ribs, she realized it was ice. They were both so warm, skin so heated, that it melted quickly. She keened when his hands left her to reach for another cube and he laughed. He stroked the second cube all over her back, along her shoulders, before slipping it somewhere to make her gasp.

She lay there, all gooey, then ever-so-slowly rolled onto her side. He watched her with satisfaction; she sank her hand into his hair and kissed him, then pushed him

to lie flat on his stomach. She reached for his body lotion as she clambered on top of him to rest on his bum. She poured the lotion onto her hands, the scent of orange and vanilla wafting gently up to her. She pressed her hands against his back, running them up to his firm shoulders and it felt as if she were sinking straight through his skin. She murmured, closing her eyes again, pushing her fingers and the heels of her palms firmly into his flesh.

'Harder,' he said, groaning a little. 'Scratch my back.'

She dug her nails into him and dragged them along his spine again and again. She felt him shudder beneath her. She opened her eyes and giggled at the spate of scarlet track marks over his skin. She felt his body rise as he sighed. She

leaned down against him, her breasts pressed against his warm skin and the phenomenon of flesh on flesh was almost too unbearably perfect.

They lay there for some time and then she felt him laugh beneath her.

'Your heartbeat is going a mile a minute,' he said and she could hear him smiling. 'I can feel it through your pussy.'

She snorted softly, laughing at his lines, but still liking them. She rolled languidly off him. He propped himself up on his elbow and leaned over her a little.

'That was just your back,' he said, his black eyes gleaming mischievously. 'And we've got all night long.'

And then he kissed her. And it was better.

*She felt his body rise as he sighed. She leaned down against him, her breasts pressed against his warm skin and the phenomenon of flesh on flesh was almost too unbearably perfect.*

For the first time she could smell.

She stood, her high heels in the gutter, inhaling Hindley Street. The fetid stench of stale urine and vomit, the sweet scent of apple cinnamon hukkas further down the road and the cheap perfume on the heavily made up skin of a passing girl. She felt him come up behind her, his warm body pressing against hers as he took her fingers in his. He rubbed his fingers along her metacarpals, pressing into her flesh. His fingers seemed to push straight through her hands. She closed her eyes and let her brain spin, serotonin rush sparkling behind her eyelids like stardust. She turned and looked in his Sailor Moon eyes, wide and shimmering. She kissed his Vodka Raspberry red lips, the bitter chemical taste no longer lingering on their tongues. She wiped sweat from his brow, the moisture slippery on her palms. He took her hands back in his, the sweat sliding between their fingers and again applied pressure to the back of her palms, massaging with his thumbs, pulling slowly along the length of her fingers. She melted, a kaleidoscope of light circling in her vision.

'I love kissing you,' she whispered, her blue eyes now black dilated pools.

'Why?' he said, smiling smugly.

She went coyly shy, slowly dragging her hands down the sides of his face, the contrast of his soft skin and his bristly regrowth almost too much of a sensory overload.

'I dunno,' she said, like a child. She shivered in the balmy air. 'It's just... different with you.'

'Different?' He repeated. His pupils shuddered and he laughed. 'It's not different. It's better when we kiss.'

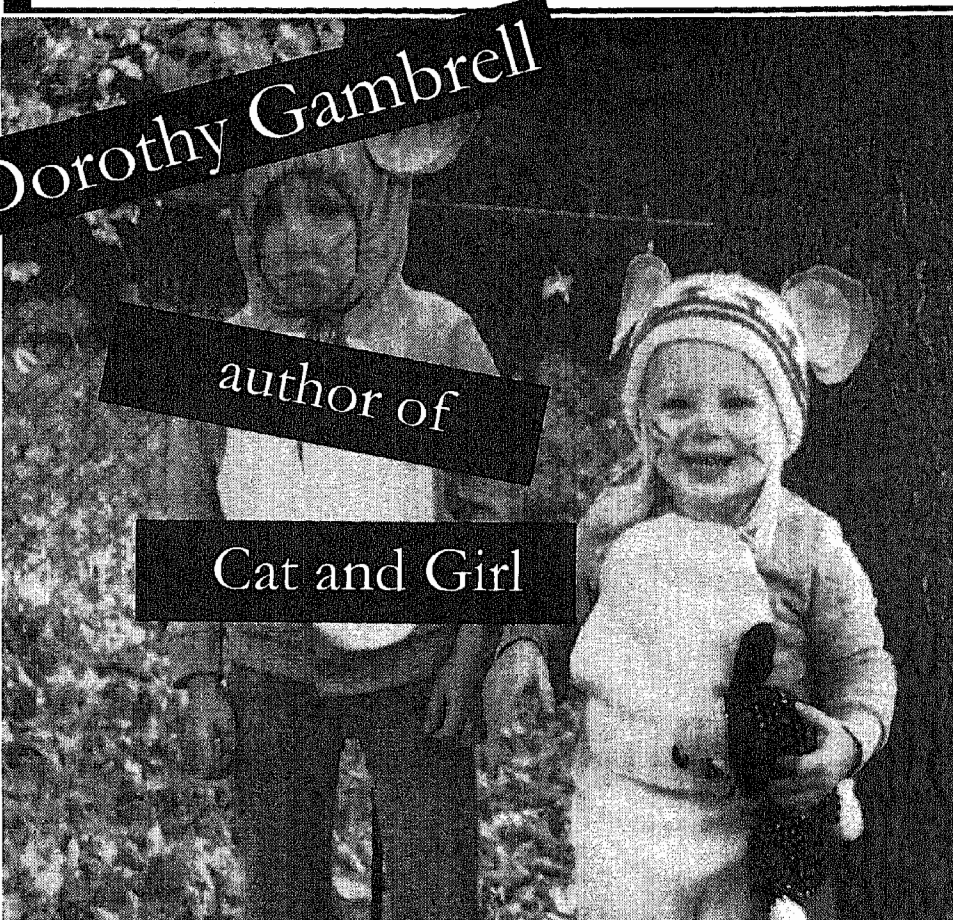
She didn't know what to say. She stared at the headlights of the oncoming traffic and the neon lights from the pubs, light splintering and fracturing as if it were all coming through a prism. She believed him when he said he'd take care of her tonight.



# Dorothy Gambrell

author of

Cat and Girl



**Dorothy Gambrell** is the epistemic queen of net cartoon strips. Inhabiting the realm that breeches J.D Salinger, *Ghost World*, Jean-Paul Satre's *Being and Nothingness* and zine culture, her creation "Cat and Girl" is a refreshingly frank 'toon that challenges the nature and expectations of humour. Like the character 'Girl', the comic appeals to those too smart to feel comfortable following the hipster movement, but aching to be a part of something as fresh, vibrant and attractive. The strip is *au fait* with modern music, philosophy and trends, but at no time feels inclusive or influenced by such matters. Dorothy has drawn the artwork for the tsunami relief compilation, "*Indie Pop Cares A Lot*", and received some attention for mapping Bohemia in New York (Check out her site [catandgirl.com](http://catandgirl.com)).

She also plays in "the last uncool band in Brooklyn", The Vandervoorts, who are described as "a punch in the face full of cute".

*On Dit's* Jimmy Trash was lucky enough to have some correspondence with Dorothy before the deadline of the last edition.

**Jimmy Trash:**

The volume and quality of your work is very impressive. The amount of cartooning you do weekly, plus guest spots and projects filed under 'miscellaneous' lead me to believe you work some sort of desk job that stimulates doodling and secret free time. Is this true? When/where do you write the best?

**Dorothy Gambrell:**

Aha, you are about to be terribly disappointed. I do have a desk job and it is *Cat and Girl*. If you are asking yourself how that could be possible you should imagine a very cold person in a very small apartment in front of a very old computer carefully shining pennies and stacking them in piles according to perceived penny quality. Where I write the best is where I write the worst, which is anywhere, stealing bits and pieces of other peoples' conversation and activity like a

maggie (Do you have magpies in Australia? Do we have them in the States? I am told they are the raccoons of the air).

**JT:** *Cat and Girl* constantly gyrates around the notion of trying to 'find' hipness, or bohemia. And you even (impressively) quasi-mapped the geography of bohemia. This search seems to delve more into ontological arguments of being, rather than just finding the next appropriate way to wear tartan. Can you comment on this?

**DG:** I think it may be living in New York that does this to people. People in Chicago worry about being smart, people in Los Angeles worry about being famous, people in New York worry about being cool. This by-its-nature-doomed-to-fail battle is being waged by half the people you walk by on the street, it surrounds you like soup if you were to take

a bath in soup. There are so many ideas and contradictions in this pretty simple pose - perception of one's self versus perception of others, thought versus action, the idea of the "authentic" self versus actual reality - it's fun to think about.

**JT:** Given the political stance of *Cat and Girl*, do you still get approached by corporate sponsors? Ohhh, I'd wear "Cat and Girl" Cons.

**DG:** Do I still get approached? Have I ever been approached? That answer would be no.

**JT:** How is your band doing?

**DG:** We are still trying to write pop songs about public transportation. One day we might succeed. (In writing pop songs about public transportation, that is. Not in life. Oh no.)

**JT:** You've been doing *Cat and Girl* for over five years now. Do you ever think of evolving into a new medium? Flash animation? Cat and Girl Ipod streaming? (ew, that sounds gross) or maybe even Nick at Night?

**DG:** I will only be evolving *Cat and Girl* into dead mediums. The first season of scripts are in for the *Cat and Girl* radio drama and I am pretty sure this participatory *Cat and Girl* drawing routine I've cooked up is going to make me a mint on the Vaudeville circuit.

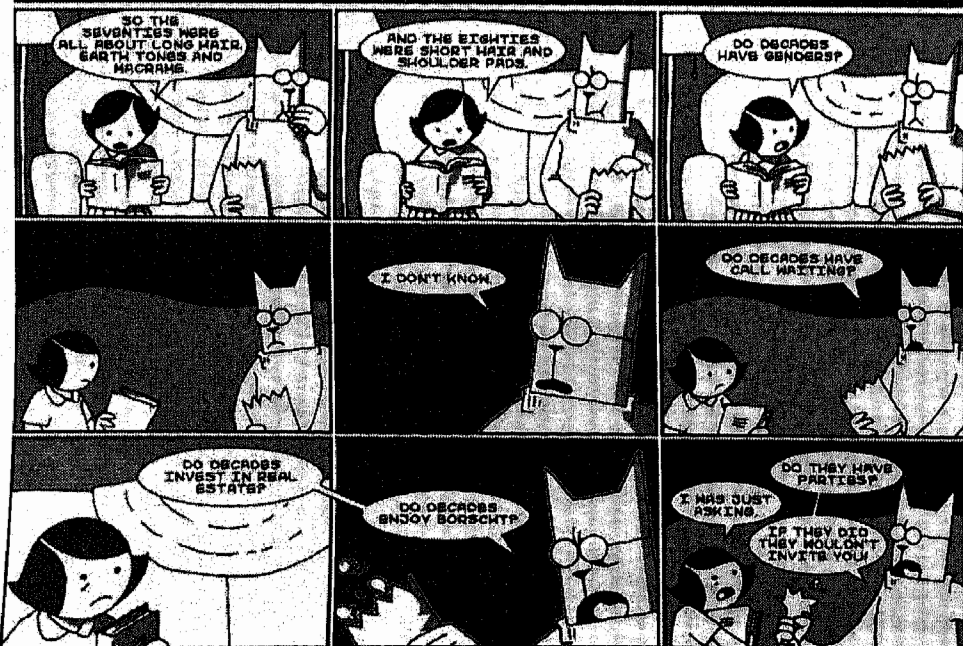
**JT:** Do you like Captain Beefheart?

**DG:** I have walked by his crab shack many a time, but never stopped to eat there.

Check out *Cat and Girl*, *The New Adventures of Death*, and a whole lotta other madness at [Catandgirl.com](http://Catandgirl.com).

**Jimmy Trash**

## Cat tries to Watch TV



## What Would Señor Wences Do





By now, everyone should have realised that free-to-air TV is about as entertaining as a rat's toss bag. I don't know if the finger should be pointed at reality TV, but truth be said, the quality of most contemporary television programs seems to be spiralling down like a dead mosquito in vertigo. Maybe it's all Alex P. Keaton's fault for setting ridiculously high standards in entertainment excellence. Remember the ideological clashes between his conservatist Reagan-loving antics and those of his tree-hugging parents? *Family Ties* was by far the best TV show in the entire world. That is, until some executive schmuck decided to give a certain *Big Brother* evictee a show of his very own.

I don't know what it is about Simon 'Hotdogs' Deering. He's got to be the worst presenter throughout the history of television. Ask anyone who's been enlightened enough to watch *The Up-Late Game Show*, and they'll all make the same observations. Hotdogs well and truly struggles with the task of presenting a game show. He makes awful banter with the camera. His demeanour is a cross between a dumped teenager and that guy in *Happy Gilmore* who tries to buy Shooter McGavin's friendship with lobster. His shoulders are a little disproportionate to his head, which needless to say causes most viewers frustration. But, you've got to admit, the boy oozes charisma. The Jack Nicholson kind. The kind that makes you strangely attracted to that blocky face that appears behind numbers on the Bonus Board. The kind that makes you watch every episode of *The Up-Late Game Show* because it takes the art of entertainment back to its primordial roots. Hotdogs is the best thing that's ever happened to the small screen. He's one of those entities illuminated by the 'so incredibly shit it's awesome' allure. In a nutshell, Hotdogs is a dream boy. So who is the man behind the broad shoulders? What are his hopes, dreams, desires and weaknesses? (besides getting arrested for a bit of harmless public fellatio at a Melbourne party). Lo and behold, the ancient art of astrology is here to lend a hand or two. Read on, and believe.

Hotdogs is a Taurus, which means that he is a man of reaction, a brilliant strategist who holds an affinity for the finer things in life. Taurean males are notoriously fixated on material goods, often attaching price tags to people based upon their substantial and emotional value. Hotdogs may have an inclination towards excessive gluttony, frequently splurging on fine food and drink, although generally he is rather

## Hotdogs: An Astrological Enquiry

responsible with his cash. As the Bull symbol suggests, Taurean males are the strong, silent types, blessed with bodies that would send Adonis into a green rage. The power of the Taurean lies in his ability to coax worship from others, presenting himself as a blank surface upon which people may graffiti their own projected agendas. Hotdogs is essentially Adonis personified, the archetypal astrological beefcake with the heart of gold.

Hotdogs personifies physical masculine perfection, but with the influence of the über feminine Venus, he is also the epitome of manhood from the female point of view. Hence the strange attraction aforementioned by your friend and humble narrator. Taureans generally have quiet expressions that have an air of naturally understated elegance about them, and as a rule of thumb, they aren't as good as Aries when it comes to being outgoing and fun. Exhibit A: Hotdog's lowly attempts at 'enthusiasm'. Throughout his upbringing, Hotdogs was probably conditioned to believe that female affection is achieved by letting a woman take control. Thanks to the meddling ways of his mother earlier in life, Hotdogs may view relationships as synonymous with instability, which also gives him a bit of a mummy complex. The zodiac's male love-object lives in the reflective heat of other's desires for him (as long as they semi-resemble his mother), and more than any other astrological sign, Taurean males can inspire a female cult following. It's all that latent Venusian feminine energy, see? Ah Hotdogs...the man, the myth, the Adonis incarnation and the best goddamn thing to happen to late night TV. Just don't Google how he got his rather perplexing nickname. Spoils the whole allure.

**Stephanie Mountzouris**





I came into Buffy fandom late. While everyone tuned in religiously to Channel Seven to follow the ups and downs of the vampire slayer's adventures, I scoffed and turned my head away, lamenting the misappropriation of old school nineties culture. I didn't realise that Joss Whedon was the creator behind both, nor that the extended series contained some of the most brilliant television writing popular culture has ever seen. It wasn't until 2001 when Buffy was in its sixth series that I started to vaguely pay attention. At the time, one of On Dit's editors laid claim to a definite obsession, most especially to the vampire Spike. We often teased Poppy for insisting the poster of James Marsters remain tacked up on the door to the boys' toilets. Little did I know that some years later I would be experiencing the same intense feelings of lust for a fictional vampiric character with bad bleached hair and a laddish Brit accent. After deciding to give series six a chance, I acknowledged I'd been unfair to Whedon but still believed the first few series were probably a bit crap. How wrong can one person be?

Last year I began the determined task of watching the entire series from start to finish. It took about three episodes before I morphed into the rabid fan Poppy had been - I thought about the characters incessantly, anticipated each new episode with a fervour equalled only by Survivor and even found myself one night questioning whether the series might actually be true. It had been a long and tiring week. With each episode, I became more entranced - Whedon's series is brilliant on so many levels. Thematically, it tackles issues that pertain specifically to its target market while also addressing more universal themes like love, revenge and loyalty. As

Naomi Vaughan pointed out in an article in this year's Elle Dit, Buffy The Vampire Slayer is also a refreshingly feminist text. Whedon has often been quoted as saying he wanted Buffy Summers to turn the stereotype of the helpless horror blonde on its head. With Buffy he has created a world where such a female is able to stand alone as a powerful Amazonesque warrior.

The Buffyverse is fantastical, so Whedon often uses these elements to create parables about social issues. For example, in series six Willow's indulgence in magic turns into a fully fledged addiction and Whedon clearly parallels this with heroin addiction. Magic is a powerful element in Buffy - while it sometimes represents evil, it also is used to bring people together to fight evil. Sexually, for a long time Whedon used the magic shared between Willow and the Wiccan Tara in series four to represent their relationship. Until this time, lesbianism had never really been portrayed on a commercial television show in America. In fact, Tara and Willow's kiss in 'The Body' broke this cultural taboo, paving the way for many lesser shows to pull out the lesbian kiss at the all important ratings drive time of the year (think Ally McBeal with Ling and Ally, The OC with Mischa Barton and that girl who should have had better taste and Sex and the City with Sarah Jessica Parker and Alanis Morissette).

Religious groups have sometimes targeted BTVS as debauched and sinful, demonstrating a similar ignorance of the subject matter as with Harry Potter. If they looked beyond the surface of 'the occult' and 'evil vampires', they would find a multi layered tapestry of intense morality and goodness. In the Buffyverse, being 'good' is not always easy or even achieved, but it is always aspired to. It often falls to Buffy to make moral decisions beyond her young years, but she often reminds those around her that it is this aspiration to goodness that separates them from the soulless beings that spew forth from the hellmouth. Further to this theme, Whedon's inclusions of 'good' vamps like Angel and later Spike is representative of atonement - as humans, we sometimes make large mistakes that require an enormous amount of effort to overcome, but redemption is not impossible if it is really desired.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about BTVS is the way it often doesn't rely upon the fantastical world of the Buffyverse to create drama. One of the best episodes of the entire series - and I would argue of any television series - is 'The Body'. Screening in series five, 'The Body' has Buffy coming home one day to discover her mother dead on the couch from a brain aneurism. The implications for Buffy are monstrous - here is a 'superhero' who has always been able to save those around her from the evil that surrounds all of them. She has saved the world countless times, died once by this stage and taken on a covert military operation with nothing but her wits, initiative and scooby gang to help her out. Yet she is unable to save her mother. 'The Body' is Whedon's startling reminder to his audience that even in a fantastical universe, as humans we are still subject to the laws of science and nature. Buffy cannot fight death or disease, and her failure to save her mother has dramatic emotional implications for her for the remainder of the series. Stylistically, 'The Body' is filmed in perfect accordance with the sudden loss of Joyce Summers. It exists without a musical score and perfectly captures the reaction to the situation without over dramatisation. As mentioned above, it is also the first time we see Tara and Willow kiss on screen. Their kiss is shared in a flash; it is done in a moment of grief and so naturally fits in with the storyline that it is over before we have time to register the taboo breaking nature of it. 'The Body' brings together the scooby gang in a way unseen in many other episodes. Because of the natural cause of Joyce's death, there is confusion that isn't often experienced within the group. In a particularly powerful scene, centuries old and oft glib Anya explodes at core scooby member Xander in response to his accusation that she is being insensitive. Anya yells for some time about how she doesn't understand how she is supposed to behave because she doesn't understand what has happened. She doesn't get how Joyce was there and then suddenly she wasn't. Although this seems simplistic, it is arguably the most natural reaction to death. Through Anya, Whedon succinctly demonstrates a reaction to a situation that is inevitable eventually, but never fails to tear us apart.

As lame as it sounds, when Buffy screened its final episode I experienced a lot of emotion. For seven series, Whedon drew his audience into the Buffyverse. He made you care about characters that didn't always make the right decisions, didn't always end up with the right person and didn't always survive. As fantastical as the Buffyverse might be, it is still an arena that was dominated by the most pressing human priorities- family, friendship, loyalty, love and the never ending decision between what is right - and what is easy.

Clementine Ford

# The Best Buffy Episodes Ever

(ACCORDING TO JOSS WHEDON...)

I've often been asked to name my favorite ten episodes, a list that changes each time, but always seems to include a number (shock horror probe) of my own. So in recognition of the fact that the show was more than I alone could control (and conversely, to brag about episodes I worked on less visibly), I include here a list of my ten favorite episodes that weren't shot by me. It is a one-of-a-kind top ten list -- partially because it has thirteen episodes on it. Sorry. I just kept remembering more...



1) **The Pack.**

My God, did we realize how dark we could go with this one. And it took us MONTHS to figure out that the episode wouldn't work unless one of ours was infected as well -- one of the most valuable lessons for the rest of the show.

2) **Ted.**

John Ritter was a gentleman and a hell of an actor. And we got to start asking the really tough moral questions -- just long enough to set up a swell act three break. Good act breaks are a thing of beauty forever.

3) **Passion.**

Death. La Boheme and Tony Head with a flaming baseball bat. Come ON, people.

4) **I Only Have Eyes For You.**

Boreanaz plays a man possessed by a woman with dignity and passion. I start thinking about a spin-off. Plus, a last frame to make people come back.

5) **The Wish.**

Dark. Dark and dark, with just a little bit of darkness thrown in. Plus, the first appearance of "Bored now". Xander's hand on the back of Willow's head when they bite Cordelia. This is where we enter the tunnel, by way of the looking-glass.

6) **The Zeppo.**

Deconstruction can be constructive! And wicked funny.

8) **Earshot.**

A mission statement for the show. Spoken by Buffy herself, after all the funny and the twisty and the creepy we could wring out of that premise.

9) **Pangs.**

Among the most radical and potentially offensive and necessary messages we ever played. American History has fictionalized itself, and in an attempt to deconstruct it, we find ourselves repeating it.

We fight the same fight even if we didn't

believe in the last one. Because that's what you do when someone's fighting you. The bicycle cavalry shot is one of my all time favorite moments, on many levels. Most of all on the silly level, but also all that history stuff I was going on about.

10) **Fool For Love.**

So much came out of this wonderfully crafted ep, out of James and Doug and me just geeking on the diverse fun of it all. Tales of the Slayers. My Sunday Shakespeare readings. And a wonderful follow up with Angel's "Darla". If you haven't seen them, watch these two eps back to back.

11) **Tabula Rasa.**

For me, a hugely proud achievement, simply because it came right after the exhausting musical, was gut funny and quite moving, and proved that the episodes we really care about every season number twenty-two and not one less.

12) **Selfless.**

Bunnies. Songs (well, one). Swedish. Stabbing. Good times.

13) **Conversations with Dead People.**

And from scheduling conflicts, an idea is born... what if they NEVER see each other? What if four people spend a night alone in four very different stories, and we start it all with a song?

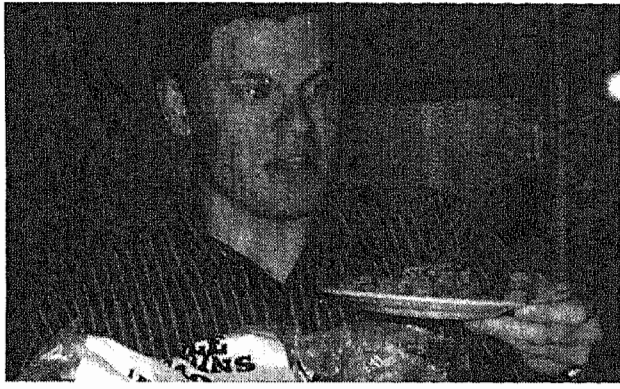
That's it. I've finished the list, and it's already started changing. Enjoy. That's why we did all this.

--joss.

Buffy  
the vampire slayer

WOWSERS TROUSERS!

Fox is releasing the complete series of *Buffy* in a fancy schmancy box set! Start your countdowns to November 23 and save all your pennies. Then, on November 23, take \$299 to your local merchant and exchange it for the best approximately 160 hours of your life! Televisual obsession has never been so easy...



Hey All,

Well this is my last OB Column for *On Dit* ever. I'd just like to say a big thank you to all the students who have taken the time to come and speak to me this year, to the other Students' Association OB's and representatives that have been an eternal source of support, and I couldn't have done it without you (you know who you are!). It's been a privilege to represent the students of Adelaide University. I wish you all the best with your final assessments for the year. Below are a few thoughts about the Students' Association this year, and some advice for next.

**The Students' Association in 2005:**

I was looking in my diary the other day about the year and all the events we have run, the year sure has gone by fast. It started obviously with orientation. It was said that this Orientation would make or break it. I guess that's been the case for a few years now, but this year Orientation really was made. It was one of the biggest, and best Orientations for quite a while.

I guess the main criticism of Orientation ever year is that as soon as the week's over everything stops. This was as true this year as every other. We had a whole line of events lined up, with pretty much every department of the SAUA running a week. i.e. Education week, environment week etc. They ranged from being relatively successful to complete disasters. Trying to fill a week with events just doesn't work.

Things started to get interesting when VSU was introduced to Parliament in late March. We had an ad-hoc rally, gave out sausage rolls and saw the wrestling match between Checkers (the Union mascot) and VSU man, broadcast on ABC news. Shortly after this was education week, one of the more successful for the year, where David Hicks' lawyer Stephen Kenny came and gave a talk on the BSL.

After the two week mid-semester break, we had the first National Day of Action, a day where students from all over the country protested at one time, about the same eternal issue for the year VSU. This year we tried something new, instead of just the having a protest and

complaining about attacks on Student Organisations, we instead tried to put on what we hoped would be one of the biggest events of the year. A celebration to 'Make Some Noise' for the Student Organisations and what they stand for. Hindsight is a wonderful thing, and it wasn't as successful as we might have hoped, but it remains one of the most visible things we have done all year, and was successful in putting VSU as an issue front and centre in students' minds.

A number of other issues have popped up over the year, the Universities ranking in a survey about student satisfaction levels, sticks out as one. Creating a bit of controversy, and a lot of work on the representation front. Presenting to the Senate Inquiry on Student Income Support was a personal highlight for me, being able to speak, and influence as it turns out, government policy on an issue of such importance to students. When the report was released, it came with a recommendation from Government Senators to make rent assistance available to students on Austudy, something previously not been available to them.

Rapping up Semester One, the Students' Association also put on the VSU forum that saw representatives from all the major political parties and some student groups, including myself debate VSU. We also saw the biggest week of activities for the year, being PROSH. Which was successful at raising thousands of dollars for Oxfam's Make Poverty History Campaign, as well as putting in a pretty good effort at breaking the world record attempt at the most number of people having a tequila shot.

Second Semester is always the quieter one in terms of the Students' Association's activities, elections taking out a fair chunk of the time. But we did kick it off with a very modest re-orientation program, with all the Sports and Clubs Associations' out for the first two days, and the student reps all out on the third day speaking to students about VSU, and putting on the very successful lost property sale, which raised over \$1500 for charity.

The Second National Day of Action against VSU went relatively well, with pretty good numbers for a rally in Adelaide we marched our way from Uni to Victoria Square and then to Parliament House. We received some pretty widespread media coverage, although a little dampened by some more colourful colleagues in the eastern states.

The rest of the year was taken up by the usual representative work of the Students' Association, and the inevitable planning and re-structuring for the possible implementation of VSU. Some of the major achievements have been finally getting a second bike shed on campus, by the time you read this, it will be under construction in the Barr Smith Library loading bay. Another will be the provision of course readers for free to students suffering financial hardship from the Education and Welfare officers from 2006 onwards. We've made submissions to a number of different government inquiries, and

university reviews, we've instigated a review of student representation at the University to find ways of ensuring these reps communicate better with each other, are better equipped to do their jobs, and are as effective as they can be. Representatives from the Students' Association have sat on numerous committees, sub-committees, boards, working parties, and as a contact point for the media, the University and government for students and young people generally.

Sufficed to say, it's been a busy year, the busiest of my life. Anyone who says the Students' Association doesn't do much, obviously doesn't know much about us. There's been a lot of good work done this year, and there's a lot more to do.

**The Students' Association in 2006:**

Next year will see a whole new Students' Association, and a whole new range of challenges, continuing to fight VSU, trying to re-structure and survive VSU in whatever form it may take. But what I hope, and what my advice would be, is to get back to the basics. Student life is difficult, and it is increasingly so, getting back to issues of student welfare, and looking at new ways to support students is necessary. The financial and other pressures on students are evident in the record levels of debt, and the number of students suffering from some form of depression. The work of the Students' Association has been getting more and more difficult, as students have less and less time to dedicate to things outside of just their study. Students are working more and thus there have been fewer students getting involved in all forms of campus life, but it seems, especially so for the Students' Association.

I think in some ways this is because many have lost sight of the privilege that it is to be an office bearer. VSU has offered an opportunity to regain this lost respect for these positions. Whether it comes in or not, I think it's important that people recognise that to be elected by your peers to represent them is an opportunity not many are afforded. And it shouldn't be an opportunity that furthers a political career, but a life experience. Whether it's honoraria (which there won't be much of next year, VSU or not), or the office, or just the opportunity, it is a privilege that isn't taken seriously enough almost universally. Because of this, it has been the Students' Association that has suffered, campus culture and ultimately the students. There have been difficult times and there will be more difficult times ahead, but if this respect for these positions is regained, and the passion is returned to the people in these positions, then the future of the Students' Association and all it stands for isn't as bleak as some might think. It's up to the student's next year to do this and I wish you all the very best.

Cheers

David Pearson

david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au



Hi All,

Good luck with your exams, and assessment in the coming weeks. Remember that if you have any concerns with assessment, or need help with getting sub exams etc., please contact me at <jessica.cronin@student.adelaide.edu.au> Anyway for now, here's the latest on VSU:

The program for last few sitting weeks of the House of Reps was released last week and as expected the program is filled up with the IR

legislation and the Anti-Terror laws, but no VSU. The final sittings for the year are, for both houses, between the 30th of November to the 1st December and the 5th to the 8th of December.

So it's looking increasingly likely that VSU will not go before Parliament this year, and thus not implemented for next year. This is a victory for students, however, the possibility that any fees collected next year may have to be paid back if the legislation is passed early next year, or if they do find time and sneak it through as late as the 8th of December this year.

Whatever happens, for the people who ran the Anti-VSU campaign this year, we have something to be proud of. It has been one of the most successful campaigns student organisations have run in recent years. This legislation is targeted directly at us, and it has been us that has fought it and changed the public opinion across campuses, and communities around the country. Everyone in the Higher Education sector remains firmly behind us, and we have succeeded in changing the edito-

rial positions of such influential newspapers as *The Sydney Morning Herald* and *The Age*. We've been media savvy and have received positive reporting of our cause, in I would argue, the majority of the coverage. Family First it now appears will not be supporting any full blown VSU legislation and Barnaby Joyce has stuck by his claim the Brendan Nelson can stick VSU up his jumper.

The situation is still a tenuous one, but it is a much better situation than most, including myself, thought we would find ourselves at this time last year. We have arrived at our current position because of the hard work of students, student representatives and student activists all year. The fight's not over yet, and there is much more to be done. So send an e-mail to saua@adelaide.edu.au and sign up to the SAUA E-Newsletter to make sure you hear the latest on VSU and what you can do to help stop it.

Cheers

Jess Cronin & David Pearson



Some awesome things to do and think about this week:

•Read *Female Chauvinist Pigs* by Ariel Levy and consider:

- Women pushing for points on O'Camp
- Women stripping at parties for friends
- US College women masturbating in front of the camera for a free "Girls Gone Wild" cap

Are these women, who are engaging in the 'raunch culture' of the modern West, the embodiment of sexual liberation or masters in their own and other women's oppression through a process of self-objectification? Check it out.

•Listen to Australian song-writer Sarah Blasko's brilliant album *The Overture and the Underscore*. She plays all her own instruments. I haven't stopped listening to it all week.

•Last week the Australian Democrats launched an online petition calling on the Howard Government to overturn the current ban on Mifepristone, the abortion pill, which allows women a safe and less invasive alternative to surgical abortion. Sign your support here: [http://www.democrats.org.au/campaigns/reproductive\\_rights/petition.htm](http://www.democrats.org.au/campaigns/reproductive_rights/petition.htm), or alternatively, send a letter to the Prime Minister and the Federal Health Minister at <http://www.democrats.org.au/contact/mifepristone/>

•Vaginoplasty – the surgical procedure of tightening the vaginal walls, and making vaginal lips smaller and more 'aesthetic'. This procedure is associated with long-term and sometimes permanent pain or numbness of the vagina. Why is the cosmetic surgery industry sending out the message that women who are cut up, stuffed up (with silicone sacs) and live with bodily pain or numbness are sexier than a woman's body untouched (and perfect the way it is, thank you very much!).

•Student Organisations all over Australia are celebrating the forestalling of the dreaded VSU (Voluntary Student Organisations). Whether VSU will come in semester 2, 2006, in 2007 or even be entirely deserted is still unclear. But this is great news for the meantime as the SAUA women's department will be funded in 2006, allowing them to continue to carry out their important work such as awareness raising campaigns, women only space on campus, ensuring issues that affect women are heard by the University administration, and providing a vital contact point for women students to get information on a variety of services for women both within the university and in the broader community.

•Join the 2006 SAUA women's collective by emailing me at [melissa.purcell@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:melissa.purcell@adelaide.edu.au)

Enjoy your holidays! 2006 Women's Vice-President, Tara Bates, will be here to welcome you when you get back.

Cheers,

**Mel**

*The Best Women's Officer in the World - Clementine*



#### State of the Union:

2005: It has certainly been a year of change at the AUU. Even if VSU doesn't come in for 2006, the organisation has undergone development that will ensure it is run in the most cost effective way whilst putting the focus of our resources into providing you with better services.

After the implementation of VSU, you will notice significant differences between what you'll have access to as an AUU member as

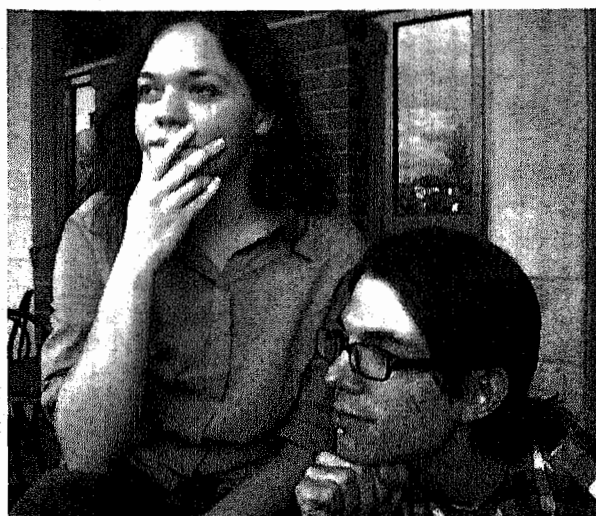
opposed to a non AUU member. Currently, the AUU is deciding on the discount rates that will be available to AUU members after VSU has been implemented and what the real benefits will be to you that will make you want to spend your money on an AUU membership. In addition, its about not letting the University experience just suck you in and churn you out. Be here to experience the campus culture, the activities, as well as the AUU services that we provide to make your life a little easier such as the resource centre and Student Care.

As this is my final column as AUU President, I feel obliged to do the whole thanks thing to those people who have helped me through 2005. Thanks Mum, for your rationality and perspective. Lavinia, for being my best friend, for your intelligence and amazing loyalty that I hope I've returned as much as you deserve. To Pezy, my friend, my prize recruit, my masseuse and who will be a fantastic SAUA President. To the Libs – for being nice to me at a time when somehow it became right wing to be pragmatic and to those student politicians, who hated much of what happened in the AUU this year, who thought more about factions than

students, who criticised even when they didn't even understand what they were talking about and didn't want to – you're the ones responsible for my revelation that the culture of the AUU has to change and is changing whether you like it or not if the AUU is to survive VSU. Oh, and thanks to Nudge. He's watching me right now and is asking where his thanks is, I have to.

I'll be joining the student union after VSU, not out of principle or because I will have been Prez (I'm far too thrifty for that). But because I know that students have been used to using AUU services and sometimes not even knowing it. When students are being charged more or barred from services funded by AUU members, they will feel the squeeze and the AUU will be here to ease that...squeeze.

**Jennifer Turner**  
President  
Adelaide University Union



The University of New England's Student Association has caused a bit of an international splash recently with its roo-shooting, beer-swilling, "blokey" heterosexuality officer, Dave Allen. At the Liberal held campus, the position was created to replace a queer or sexuality representative, which most campuses have. Dave Allen appeared on the front page of *The Age* newspaper and this unique character has

since made it into newspapers all around the world.

While all students are entitled to representation in their students' associations, positions like Women's, Queer and ATSI officers exist because these are marginalised groups that deserve further representation to balance the inequity and discrimination they face. A Men's, Heterosexuality or Anglo Officer would all be redundant since none of these groups face negative discrimination in the wider community.

National Queer Officer Craig Comrie said that "Young Queer people, many of whom are students, suffer from higher rates of depression, drug and alcohol abuse, and are up to 6 times more likely to commit suicide than their heterosexual peers. That is why every University in Australia has Queer support services."

Dave Allen himself admits that in his role, he will do nothing to warrant his wage or appointment. Is this a stunt by right wing extremists attempting to prove that student unions are irrelevant? Well, it's a bit of a fuck up then, since it only confirms the need for

student advocacy and representation in a screwed up, conservative climate.

**Lavinia Emmett Grey**  
**David Kavanagh**  
Sexuality Officers



*This monkey is the number one hit for the SAUA on a google image search.*



## Domestic Disturbance

### Dirty Laundry

On the most recent long weekend I ventured out to see my teenage wet dream rock goddess fronting Magic Dirt at a post-teen audiophile's wet dream of a venue, The Gov. They rocked out and kicked off a bender that would have impressed Robert Downey Jr. Needless to say, the rest of the weekend was a bit hazy and come Monday, I was feeling slightly tired and emotional. Contemplating my metaphysical connection with Adalita I was like, yeah I'm an ordinary boy and hey, I reckon I haven't washed these jeans in three months or more and they are surprisingly comfortable. But given the state of mind I was in, the notion of a trip to the Laundromat seemed like it could be rather therapeutic. Moreover, with toxins sweating from every pore in my body, I figured I probably stank; a suspicion confirmed as I gathered up some clothes and surprised myself with new levels of filth. Maybe it was just the come down, but this wasn't the kind of pheromone-laden scent that combined with a bit of Issey Miyake pour homme could probably get a first year moist; this was some rancid fucken man odour that was likely to reinforce a third year's inclination to bomb the patriarchy. So with a return to uni approaching, I thought it was time for a spot of laundry.

OK, so I don't own a washing machine. There was a time in which I did have one and it was taken by an ex in a domestic disturbance not nearly as entertaining as this article. When I did have one, I always felt a sense of soullessness, sort of representative of the whole relationship really. It surprises me that the absence of this appliance is a fact which increasingly seems to surprise people: "You don't have a washing machine?" they say all like, surprised. So we're usually left standing there both surprised and I'm pondering the soul of our community being slowly washed away like a lipstick on a collar in a Nipisan commercial, a disturbing domestic development indeed. Let me explain. Sometimes, to relish the mundane is the only way to find a true appreciation for your surroundings and sometimes just to put things in perspective, the development of a sort of situational awareness for the soul. In short, just chill out and float every now and again.

I remember thirty degree days in a singlet and dirty work shorts, loading up all my clothes in an old army bag and walking off to the local laundromat. On the way there, I would buy a couple of longies of sparking and nestle them amongst my clothes for insulation. I didn't mind the walk or the heat, because once a wash was on, those beers were refreshing as... something really refreshing. I would peruse the pin-up board and wonder about the owners of stray socks and so forth. When the deli up the road, closed an old homeless dude who hung out there would come down share the left over pies and sausage rolls with me. As the

protected by a fat (ghat) jacket, I would arrive at the laundromat to find it warmed by the driers. While the wash was on, I'd grab some thing from the adjoining second-hand book shop. Returning to the warmth of the driers day, dreaming of meeting an extraordinary ordinary girl. She would come in, put a wash on, we would exchange witty banter related to our common literary interests, maybe discuss local goings-on in the neighborhood and then she would invite me back to her's for a cup of tea.

I still haven't found my extraordinary ordinary girl. Maybe I was hoping to find her that Monday arvo, maybe it was to reminisce about finding that laundromat, bookshop and other little treasures that I discovered in my new neighborhood many summers ago. Maybe I'm just really putting a different kind of mental into sentimental. Whatever it was, I gathered up my stinktastic clothes to begin my journey, and my what a traumatic journey it was.

Not being able to find the old army bag or other backpacks big enough, I had to pack my gear in a big alpine pack. You know, like an actual trekking pack. I was a sort of self styled urban Alby Mangles. Remember Alby Mangles? His trips were always going arse up, his dogs were getting killed by wildlife. Once I remember his boat burning down, but he always seemed to have a different South African model, or some hottie bikini clad woman by his side for each drama. Well, this Alby Mangles had no bikini clad women, but instead a public holiday, blue skies, slight breeze and a rank backpack to contend with. I left congratulating myself on the decision to do laundry. Yes, I'm a simple, simple man. Passing the pub, I lamented the fact that I didn't have the cash for beers, but on second thoughts, maybe that might not be a good look for the extraordo girl: pomo-aboxymo for extraordinary ordinary girl (pomo, for post modern abbreviated oxymoron). Yeah whatever, so I continued past the second-hand book shop, no reading on a public holiday though and just as well I didn't buy a book cause I'd have nowhere to read it.

The Laundromat was now an interior design place and the deli was a shop for water filtration units. My chill out space murdered, my old pies all gone. OK, no dramas, the secondhand bookshop is still there and I thought this may have been on the cards considering the dilapidated state of the facilities. Onward, would Alby Mangles have given up at the first obstacle? I think not, no taking the washing to mum's for Alby. It being a rather shiny happy day, I continued on to another large albeit soulless laundry location. Looked like a bit of a dick with the huge pack on, but hey, I can pull off a half decent Scandinavian accent.

Wahdafukla!!!

That's no accent people, that's pomoab for:

evening cooled slightly I'd return home to hang my damp clothes on the line and with a bit of a lush alcohol hit that only a summer evening could provide I would contemplate the night's activities.

More recently, I remember windy winter mornings

What the fuck? Where is the laundry? The large soulless laundry was being converted into another shop, probably bloody home wares. Now determined to find a laundry no matter how far I had to walk I stormed back down the Parade searching for sustenance for the possibly perilous journey ahead. Upon arriving at the mall I found an equally disheartened local wondering outside a closed supermarket. "Why Yak old chum." I exclaimed, "Might one know where to find a Laundromat?"

"You don't have a washing machine?" He went on to ask sounding surprisingly surprised. A slight grin crept over his face as we discussed the closure of clothes washing sites around the neighborhood. The smug bastard obviously owned a washing machine. So after some generally wash-house based discussion and another 10-15 minutes on the footpath I found myself at the Dulwich Laundromat.

As I gazed out on the yummy mummies with their pathetic excuses for dogs I thought uni is a lot like a Laundromat. People come in and clean up or focus random streams of consciousness, sometimes rank with the pheromones of adolescence, perhaps to cleanse a dirty mind. Some do their own washing, some sort of use a linen service and when we leave, step back into the world outside academia, it is presumed that we have a clean presentable garment. Laundry, a seemingly simple process, a process that could be done in the comfort of your own home; whack a load on and numb yourself in front of Dr Phil for a while, but then becomes the journey. I had a lecturer respond to my likening of research as a journey of learning with: 'Journey, "The Journey", I don't want to hear that Californian bullshit.'

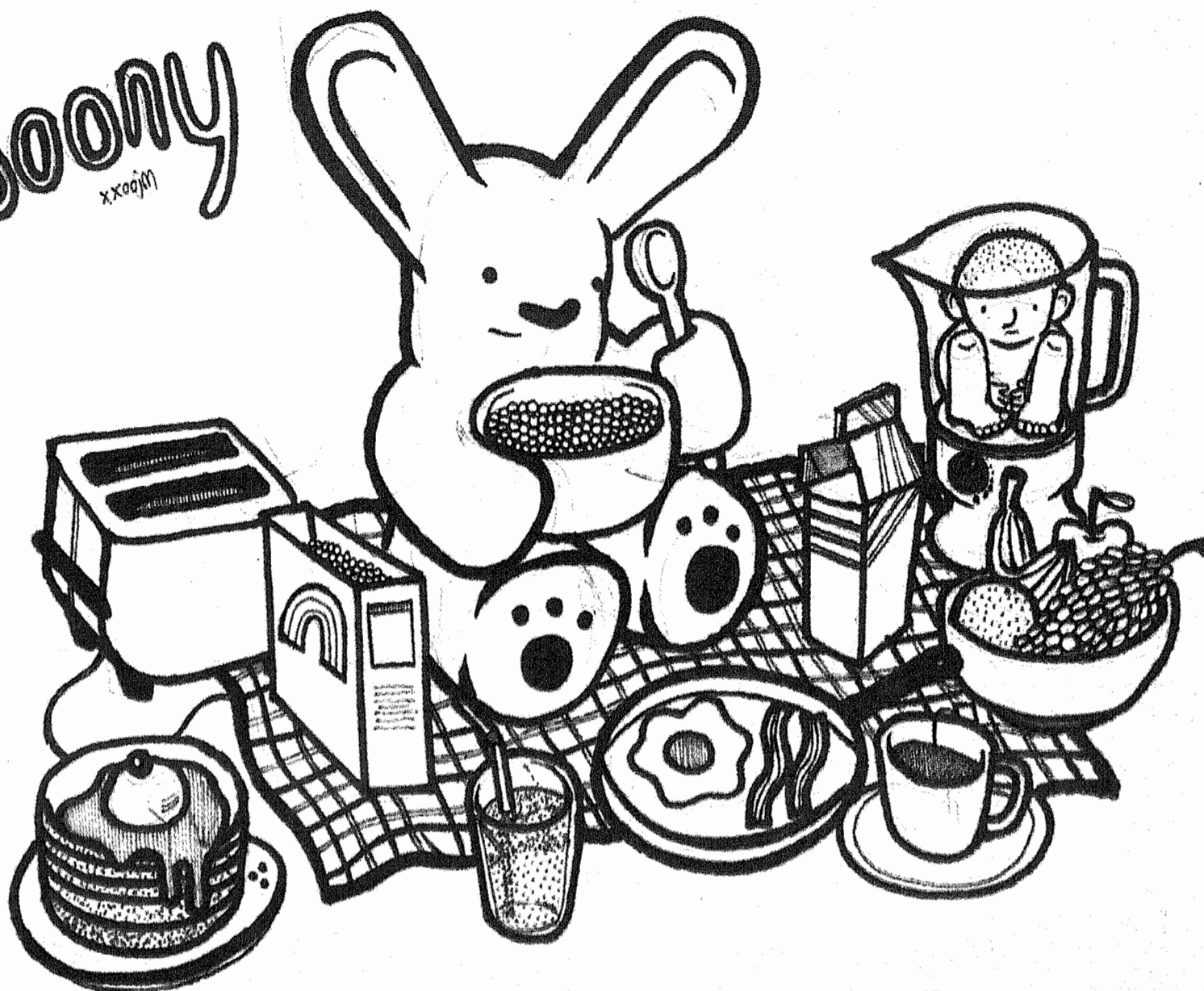
I forgave him, a mild mannered computer nerd trying to be hip with the kids; however as the apathetic nature of students towards the possible threat of VSU demonstrated this year the journey is something we are perhaps losing appreciation for. Some people power walk from gym to Uni in leggings and polo tops, then sit down to a tute and power walk out of there (yummy mummies in training). Some people do their washing at home or quickly get to the laundromat and get out. Well, I'm not going to have chai with my extraordinary ordinary girl or find a secondhand literary gem by using an on-line linen service, or even taking it down to an old Asian lady and paying for my laundry to be done. Sadly, I only learned of my appreciation of the joys of laundry through the closure of all the facilities around me.

In 2006 don't let your clubs, associations and services go down the path of the Laundromat. Sure, sometimes on the surface there may appear to be a myriad of more economical or simplified alternatives. But I know I would rather pay 3 bucks, take a walk, hook up with a heap of twenty-somethings with dirty clothes and eat free pies than sit at home with my mind on spin cycle.....muthafuka (OK, maybe that wasn't necessary).

Love RE:Pete

PS: To be fair to Yak he did offer me the use of his washing machine.

Boony  
xxoojM



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# Higgins, Lee & others

Barr Smith Lawns, Adelaide Uni  
Saturday, October 15

I'm sure that two weeks ago it didn't escape your notice that the Barr Smith Lawns were being invaded. A stage was setup, and in due course much of the Uni became off limits for the duration of Saturday and Sunday morning. Why even the trusty *On Dit* office occupants were thrown out, much to their despair. But why? Because Missy Higgins was coming to town.

The show was sold out almost as soon as it went on sale, as is always true of this 5 times ARIA award winning mistress of music. It made for a packed show, where even behind trees that blocked a view of the stage, the shadows were filled. The crowd were spread, many on picnic mats, and, despite the fact that Missy Higgins appeals namely to the teeny bopper population of Australia since the release of 'Scar', there was still a surprisingly large contingent of the older generation.

The band on stage consisted of Missy on vocals and piano (as you would expect) with a cellist, guitarist and a drummer, who she cordially introduced after the opening three songs. As it turned out, the drummer was none other than a geology graduate from Adelaide Uni. Missy's performance was her usually warm and heartfelt self, with beautifully personal interpretations of every song performed. As the sound boomed forth, the levels were fairly even, and the crowd didn't manage to drown her out as favourites, such as '10 Days', 'Scar' and 'All for Believing', sonorously played. The crowd was swung into life with many of the performances, including a duet with Ben Lee that was comedic not only in the music but in the interplay between the musicians on stage. However, the weakest performance of the evening came about when she sung a capella, and her discomfort with the lack of backing was really quite obvious, even for a seasoned performer. This didn't prevent the desire for an encore, where she closed the night with the slower album title 'The Sound of White'.

clerk

# The Hives

Thebarton Theatre  
Saturday, Oct.ober 22

Remember that ridiculously cute Warner Bros. cartoon bunny with the buckteeth? The blue one with the huge saucepan eyes? Add a mop of peroxide locks and you have Howlin' Pelle Almqvist, lead singer of The Hives, Sweden's nastiest rock pig and positively the most aesthetic being on the planet. Just when you think you can judge the babe-factor of front men based on album covers alone, think again. Howlin' Pelle is even more pleasing to the eye in the flesh. There must have been a serious fissure in the fabric of space-time the moment he was born. Like a souped-up Torana, Howlin' Pelle spluttered, screamed and shimmed his way around Thebarton Theatre for The Hives' first Australian tour, flashing that dangerous Cheshire grin at the frenzied chumps in the front row and generally playing the part of the overtly cocky and agile Rock God. Yours truly was lucky enough to touch his hand twice (needless to say, my own shall never see soap again) as well as participate in a few one-on-one staring contests with the Chosen One. For a brief moment, Rock God and hysterical fan held metaphoric hands in sun-drenched everglade fields, and I knew that true beauty existed in this MTV world. Oh yeah, and there some other guys playing music in the background.

Steph hearts Pelle

# BIG DAY OUT

With fans clamouring to get sprayed with sweat from Iggy's sinewy rock'n'roll body, the Sydney Big Day Out has already SOLD OUT! And with the following acts Adelaide can't be far behind.

Stars of the sixties underground - **IGGY & THE STOOGES** will be headlining with the strongest crutch of supporting bands in many years. Pop rock for fashionable young things is being represented by **THE WHITE STRIPES**, returning after a great show in 2003, the **KINGS OF LEON** and **FRANZ FERNINAND**. If you need more of a dysfunctional metal edge, **THE MARS VOLTA**, featuring former members of At the Drive In fame (and an *On Dit* favourite), will be here to overshadow the 2003 performance of their Texas brothers, with their hard edged psychedelic mind-fuck music.

Adelaide band **WOLF & CUB** have scored a coveted local spot for the event, and will no doubt be working hard to make an impression amidst some of the bands that have influenced them. **MAGIC DIRT** also comes in as a BDO veteran and interestingly did a fantastic cover of The Stooges "I wanna be your dog" at the Tivoli several years ago.

There's much more to be announced but it's unlikely the tickets will wait till then so check out [www.bigdayout.com](http://www.bigdayout.com) for ticket outlets, prices and extra info.





**Sodastream**  
Take Me With You When You Go  
Trifekta

It's taken me a while to get into this one. I'm glad I persevered with it because, while it may not be amazing, it is a nice listen that begs for empathy and returns a world weary/thoughtful awareness.

At first listen it seems they're folkling out the doldrums once again. However there's an insidious take that makes this both a little scary and slightly different release for the Sydney duo.

The extended intro of the first track "Cane and Rice" hums away like a swifty rusty gate, while crows eat out the heart, eyes and throat of a dead old rye farmer. Enter the tender vocals of Karl Smith and the ploughing double bass of Pete Cohen and you've got all the imagery you need for this release; a tired, rural, and arid ode to leaving and loss.

Perched upon the sounds of a swaggerly pint-clenching waltz on "Keith and Tina" are the lyrics "Came to bed at about half ten I could see that he'd been there / From the cum on your dress and the mess of your hair, I knew then that I'd kill him." A subtle and enjoyable contrast, given its use of the old 'happy sounds meets dark lyrics' trick, it draws you in and pokes fun at itself by pushing the narration to a ridiculous climax, almost a parody of a Nick Cave murder ballad maybe.

"Cotton Fields" takes a turn for the worse with its jovial working spirit, hay stacking 2/4 time signature, harmonica, hand claps and male chorus. This track really shits me. It's sounds like something that Ned Flanders or a vacuous life-loving Quaker would rock out on. That said it's probably the only low light of the EP, and maybe I'm being a tad unfair because the rest of the release aligns itself to sullenness (which is always preferable according to God's 11th commandment "sad songs are much better than happy songs cause their genuine, ooh and kill that Jamaroquai dude for me"- word of God to Moses, 20,000 years after prehistoric times).

The rest of it passes you by with gentle construction and measured dynamic range. Never a group to get too excited, Sodastream maintain an ability for writing that won't exactly put you to sleep nor wake you and the lovely addition of a weeping saw on "Let It All Turn Back" may be the instrument

that gets this EP over the line. Its lyrically frustrated, fed up, jealous and reflexive story will win an appreciative nod: "When I followed you home / No I didn't mean to pry but I couldn't bear his hands on you this time / I breathe now and let it all turn black / I got that same shit crawling up my back / Take me home to colours in the recent sun / ... Bury me dear down the corner down Lincoln street where you had a line of believers pulling at your coattail straps, they're coming back."

BV



**Sigur Ros**  
Takk...  
Geffen

I've always thought of Icelandic music as evoking the place itself, and yet it's apparently Greenland that is home to glaciers, snow capped landscapes and all things frozen light blue. Regardless of the facts, Sigur Ros, not to mention fellow countrymen Bjork and Mum, have a sound that transports the listener to such an environment. Maybe I'm missing the point in my own uninformed geographical presuppositions, maybe they just sound other worldly. Yep, that's it.

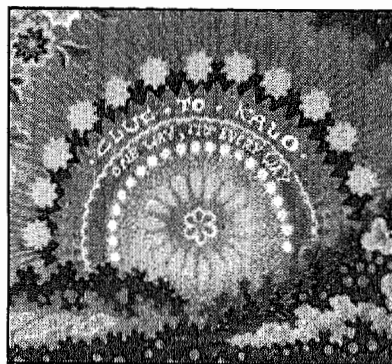
While the band's former release, pretentiously titled ( ), took many fans to a land of ambiguity, it is with some relief that *Takk...* is a return to the simple pleasures found in *Agetis Byrjun*.

The slow tempos of full padded bass lines, sleet falling on glockenspiel, frozen vocal oohs, and the screeching high pitch echo of distant guitar feedback move along and build to a thumping avalanche of ascending guitar noise on "Glosoli". A happy revival ushers in "Hoppipolk"; glockenspiel and piano dance around behind the unavoidable serenity of those Icelandic harmonies responsible for much of Sigur Ros' appeal.

However the relief doesn't last very long. Even though the first tracks are capable of breaking icebergs within, the rest of the album enters a territory of meandering boredom; having exhausted the extent of their dynamic and orchestral range early on.

Unfortunately, I think we're all getting used to their aesthetic. *Agetis Byrjun* set such a high mark for Sigur Ros that they are now facing a career in which bettering, or even matching, its brilliance will be akin to pushing brown snow up hill.

BV



**Clue to Kalo**  
One Way, It's Every Way  
Mush Records

Well *On Dit* readers we've saved the best till last. Someone who can be in the middle of a thesis and yet create an album like this must be a genius. The second major from Clue to Kalo, aka local lad Mark Mitchell, is a pleasant masterpiece.

Grooving shuffles through time, 3/4 happy-go-lightly melodic descents, sunflowered arpeggios and telephonic solos usher in blissful evenings on *Seconds When it's Minutes*.

Coupling the layered sound of meadow are soothingly soft vocals that disguise wonderful lyrical matter (a trait that is explored throughout the album). This duality is perfectly balanced and constructed; allowing one to attentively explore as well as relax and marinate in the music, it's your choice.

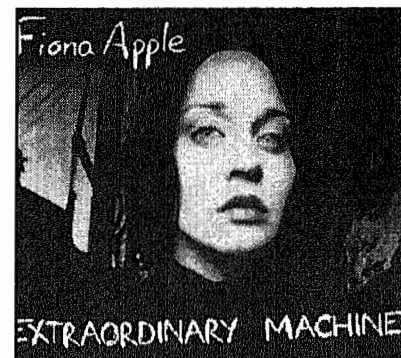
A range of interesting sounds, incorporating hi and lo fidelities, interweave to create a textual exploration of tension and release on *Come to Mean a Natural Law* before launching into a gallop of beeps, buzzes, scattered sax, washy tambourine and punchy piano.

Rhythmically the album is akin to that trust exercise where you shut your eyes, fall back and let the cornucopia of drum sounds catch you. Moments of instrumental minimalism (in the literal sense) stand out refreshingly and are yet another example of balance/harmony.

The cameo appearances of violin, sax, etc etc, aid a great range of emotional multiplicity; I could rant on and on about this album for ages but my editor won't let me.

It's a dreamy heartening joy to listen to Adelaide; summer has officially arrived.

BV



**Fiona Apple**  
Extraordinary Machine  
Sony/BMG

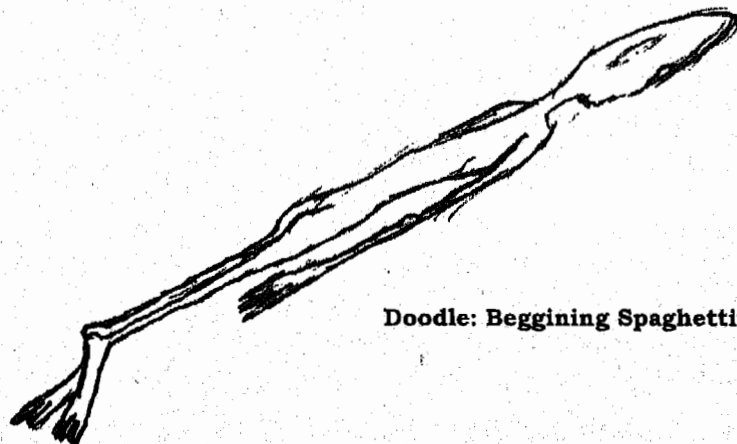
I secretly suspect Fiona Apple is a bit mad. For a start, she's anorexic which she makes no bones about, so to speak. But starving yourself for that long and to such withered proportions must have some effect on your neural pathways. I once heard her deliver a very strange acceptance speech where she advised people that if they disagreed with her, her boyfriend would beat them up.

No matter. She's a genius and the mad ones are the best kind.

Apple's voice is the kind that produces physical sensations in your body. She'll make you shiver while at the same time warming your cells up to boiling point. For someone so slight, so skinny, she has an incredible power behind her vocals. She sounds like the kind of woman who has smoked a lot, drank a lot, but still managed to bypass the misfortune that befell musical luminary Billie Holiday long before her.

I remarked to someone a short while ago that *Extraordinary Machine* was not as good as Apple's previous two albums, *Tidal* and *When The Pawn*. I was wrong. Repeated aural indulgence demonstrates that *Extraordinary Machine* is actually Apple's best album to date. With familiar stylings to her first two albums, *Extraordinary Machine* is somewhat more mature in its lyrics - it is less angry and more regretful. Clearly the four years Apple took to make it was a very reflective time. The track 'Oh Well' is probably the standout, but it is supported by a stellar collection of songs that will appeal to old Apple fans and will no doubt create a legion of new ones.

Clementine



Doodle: Begging Spaghetification



**rasp.gape.gargle**  
**Full Blood Commandoes/The Mandala Project**  
**Glue Gun Records**

This split album by two of Adelaide's most innovative is quite heart warming. In a town where Blow Up Betty are getting record deals and Wolf and Cub are the most mind-blowing pastiche to hit the streets, to hear two totally different bands join up in solidarity over banality is orgasmic. The first half of the album, by two-piece drums-and-bass outfit Full Blood Commandoes is a sultry and energetic groove-jam. Stylishly choreographed funk and discordance is keenly resounded with plenty of warm mid-tones

that offer solace. For all of the raucousness of these boys' live show, this recording proves that they know the virtues of space in music. For every escalation in tempo and sound, there are many more subdued moments, and an impressive ability to find tenderness within bass and drums is realised. With the exception of the testosterone fuelled, one-note choruses that pop up, the Full Blood Commandoes part of the album is an exercise in restraint, considering the psychotic energy that they obviously possess.

Another praiseworthy note is the limited amount of post-punk reference points in their music. While still playing excitable dance music, they concentrate hard on a method of music that is distinctive, proficient and wild, never settling for mediocre in-styles, and excelling with a panache that has a lot more in common with funk and early punk than the black-jeans wearing cut copies of recent generations. These lads are exemplary in the way they can mix true aptitude and exploratory techniques with ballsy, masculine hip-swagger.

The second movement of the ep is by The Mandala Project. They are a large collective, of mostly organic instruments (one guitar, one occasional bass, the rest all blowy, bow-y, or hitty things), who excel in the awkward moment. Their music is much better described through human experiences, rather than in cadences and crescendos. It sounds like the final montage of a desperate, drowning man, grabbing at the memories of his past; seeing sweaty, drug-fuelled disco binges, the terror of impotence in front of a new partner, the saccharine death of a loved one who was too old to be alive anyway. It is also a rejection of the sordid, albeit being buried right amongst it. The musicians are alive in the music as masquerade characters altering

the tempo of the ball, taking you through the movements of a lucid dreamscape. The guitar flutters and echoes savagely, holding remnants of the youth who fought Thatcherism with their music, the anti-apartheid African drummers, scarred and piercing. The strings of the band bind together effortlessly, for destruction or splendour, but always together. A female voice timidly rises from behind a sharp, rusty fence to offer clarity and worship.

The intimacy of the band's ears are apparent; they not only hear what is being played, but what is to come; movements are pre-empted by mini prologues, without intention or admiralty, just as completely organic experiences. The Mandala Project perform the sound of the knife that sweeps through the air towards the heart, and in 16 bars can beautify the immaculate splitting of air current that anticipates the taking of life. They have a unity and depth that most Canadian bands would pine for, projected behind the glory of affected youth. It is a legitimate *son et lumiere*; spellbinding and magical.

For information on other Glue Gun recording artistes, contact [james.cameron@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:james.cameron@student.adelaide.edu.au) and he'll tell you where to look.

Jimmy Trash

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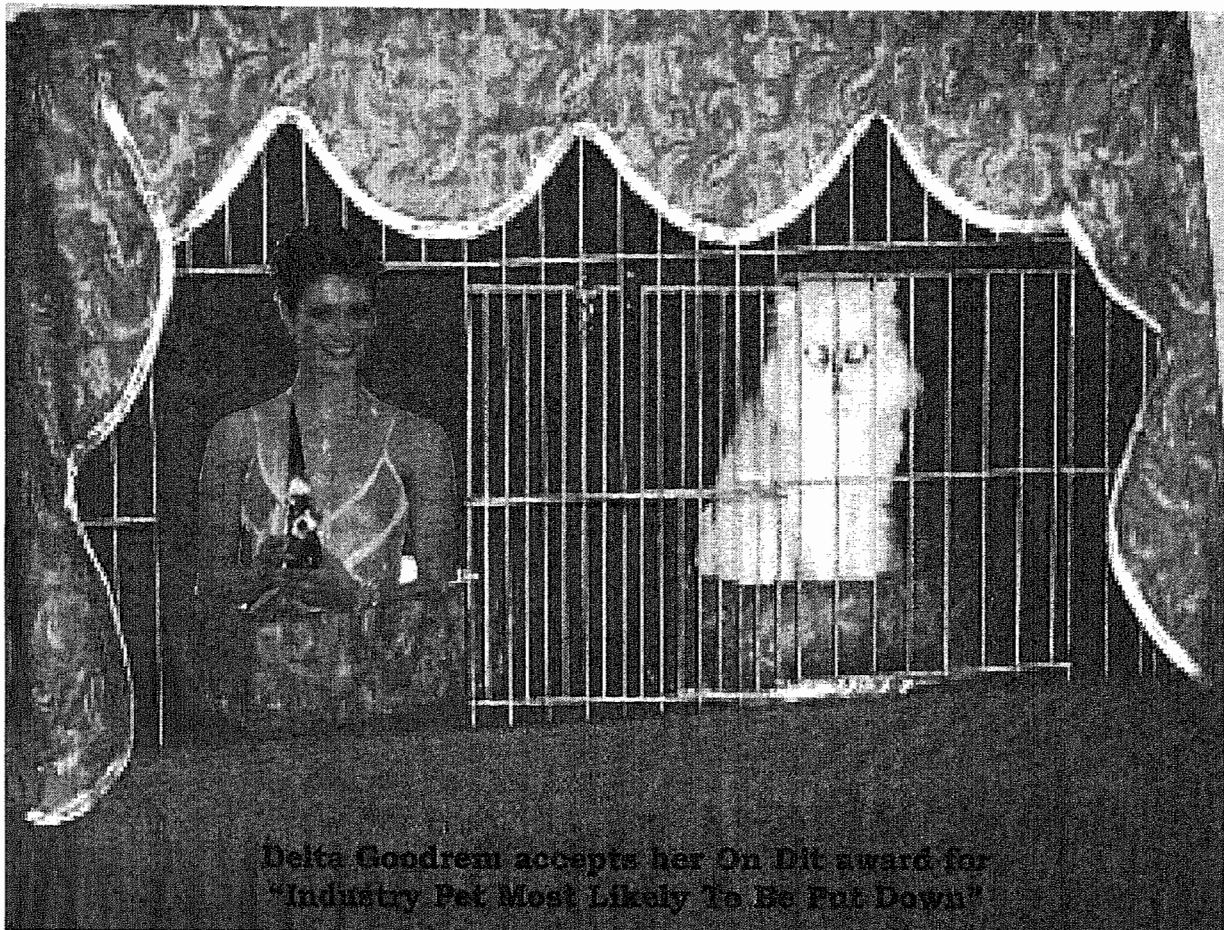
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# The ON DIT 2005 Music Awards



Delta Goodrem accepts her On Dit award for  
"Industry Pet Most Likely To Be Put Down"

Last week the Australian Record Industry told us what the best Australian music supposedly is. The ARIAS are interesting because most of the nominations are often what could be described as complete bullshit.

Apparently the nominees are chosen by ARIA members, made up of artists, artists, record companies, CD distributors, manufacturers, etc. The winners are decided by one thousand or so ARIA academy members from an array of fields in the music industry: retailers, radio and tv people, journalists, critics, television presenters, concert promoters, agents, ARIA member record companies and past ARIA winners. Membership to the academy is strictly invitation only. So, in a roundabout way, the only award not chosen by this select group is highest selling album; the peoples award maybe... hmmm.

We here at *On Dit* wonder at how a band like latino pop stylists The Cat Empire can be slotted into the 'Best Rock Album'. We are also in disarray at how the youthful Architecture In Helsinki qualify for 'Best Adult Contemporary' along side John Farnham and Tom Jones. It's a tad misguided and suspect. I'd hate to say that it might be all rigged, some conspiracy to promote whoever the record companies want to (at least those companies invited into the academy).

Anyway, we're pretty sure that we can't change things from the powerless print of recycled paper that is this wayward gazette. Then we thought let's just print some nice things about good music that sometimes gets overlooked.

So here are the *On Dit* Music Awards for the year past. We stress it's not the way things should be, nor are there any retailers involved; just a couple music nerds who liked stuff this year.

**Ben & Jenn**

## Blue Ribbon Bands

### Outstanding Local releases:

**b** : Clue to Kalo *One Way it's Everyway* and

Bad Girls of the Bible *88 keys*

**j** : Full Blood Commandos & The Madala Project - split EP.

### Best local performances by a group and individual:

**b** : No Through Road. Push Eject.

**j** : Pharoahs. Home for The Def

### Best CD that we reviewed:

**b** : Dirty Three *Cinder*

**j** : The Mountain Goats *The Sunset Tree*

### national performance

**b** : Art of Fighting

**j** : Sarah Blasko and Architecture in Helsinki

### international performance

**b** : The Black Keys

**j** : The Unicorns

## The Anti-Awards

### Most appropriate rock'n'roll plane crash passengers (not literally, although we don't care if it happens):

**b** : End of Fashion, Thirsty Merc, Ben Lee, Kisschasey, fucking Faker, Bernard Fanning.

**j** : Avril Lavigne, Anthony Callea, Ben Lee, Kelly Osbourne, Pete Murray, Eskimo Joe, Switchfoot, Simple Plan, Green Day, Australian Idol contestants.

### Most disappointing release by band we actually like:

**b** : Mercury Rev *The Secret Migration*

**j** : White Stripes *Get Behind Me Satan*

### Record company that gave us the shittiest releases:

**b** : Sony BMG

**j** : Sony BMG

### Record company that gave us the best releases:

**b** : Remote Control

**j** : Inertia

## And the Big Ones...

### Best exploitation of a terminal illness to sell records:

**b** : Pope John Paul II, for his album *Pig Latin and Da Bitch Who Dissed My Shiatt Boi!*

**j** : Delta Goodrem.

### Grand Larceny:

**b** : End of Fashion for 'Oh Yeah'. These wankers stole big time from the intro riff, chord progression, tempo and key of 'Where Is My Mind' by The Pixies.

**j** : Yeah Ben's really bitter, he came up with this award.

# NIGHT WATCH (NOCHNOI DOZOR)

**Director:** Timur Bekmambetov  
**Starring:** Konstantin Khabensky, Vladimir Menshov, Mariya Poroshina

Recent films in the action/fantasy field have generally been more airbrushed and glossed over than the average picture of Paris Hilton (i.e. a lot). Hence the reason why those looking for something a little more exotic in the genre could do worse than *Night Watch*, a film which was constructed on a relatively low budget (about \$4m US), and which actually hails from Russia. While mired in a few rather noteworthy problems, it's at least a different film - something often in short supply at cinemas.

The concept could almost be ripped from *Underworld*, were it not for the fact that *Night Watch* makes the idea much more interesting than the makers of *Underworld* could ever hope. Here, contemporary Moscow is the set for a delicate balance between the forces of light and darkness, embodied in creatures called Light Others and Dark Others. Policing these two sides are a group of superhuman beings known as the Night Watch, which include Anton Gorodetsky (Khabensky), a man whose current mission involves protecting a boy under the thrall of a Dark Other who is actually a vampire of sorts. Of course, the boy turns out to be a lot more powerful than anyone originally realises (as is often the case in these sort of films).

Although the film tends to drown in its special effects and its flashy, rapid camerawork (at times almost reminiscent of that used in a slick European commercial), there is no denying that the style is very different to anything else released here in recent years. The story is quite bare, with very little to hold the film together - and what is there is often very confusing (possibly because of a cultural gap), but it somehow remains worth a watch because of the offbeat style that only Europe could offer.



Brian O'Neill



# ME & YOU AND EVERYBODY WE KNOW

**Director:** Miranda July  
**Starring:** John Hawkes, Miranda July, Miles Thompson & Brandon Ratcliff

Annoyingly experimental multi-media/performance/installation artist, played by writer/director Miranda July, falls for and pursues recently separated shoe salesman, played by John Hawkes, who's having trouble connecting with his estranged kids who make insalubrious connections through internet chat-rooms. Miranda July as Jennifer plays up the cuteness of her role by putting socks on her ears in a department store to catch her shoe salesman's heart. But it's going to take more than just socks on the ears for this courtship.

Set in a neighbourhood somewhere between lower middle-class and working-class America, the film deals mainly with one dysfunctional community where everyone is searching for a connection with someone. In this community, eleven people's lives cross in some way or another so we meet a range of dysfunctional ages. Disconnected misfits try to connect.

The unnecessary R-rating is due

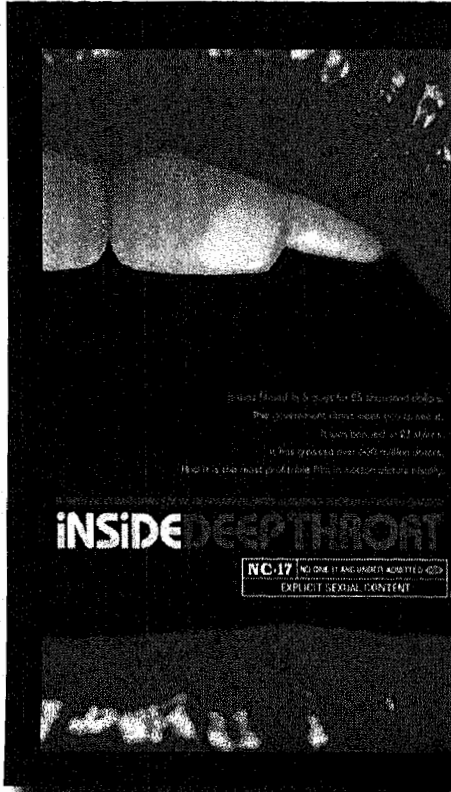
to the sexual content involving children and bratty highschool kids. Yet, July doesn't quite veer into Todd Solondz territory who has no qualms of the extreme, just think *Happiness* or *Palindromes*. Their R-ratings were justified. July meanders more around the quirkiness of her characters, than delves into and shows the outright disturbing side of human nature that Solondz does.

More concerned with moments (which may have to do with Miranda July's background in short films) than satisfying plot, the film delights sparingly. A lovely scene with a goldfish depicts the cruelty, happenstance and brevity of life. (No animals were harmed in the making of this production.)

*Me & You and Everybody We Know* are all just searching, always searching for someone whom we feel we can relate to and share inconsequential moments together. And why not search to the sound of a nice dreamy soundtrack.



Hélène Sobolewski



## Free Tickets to Go Deeper

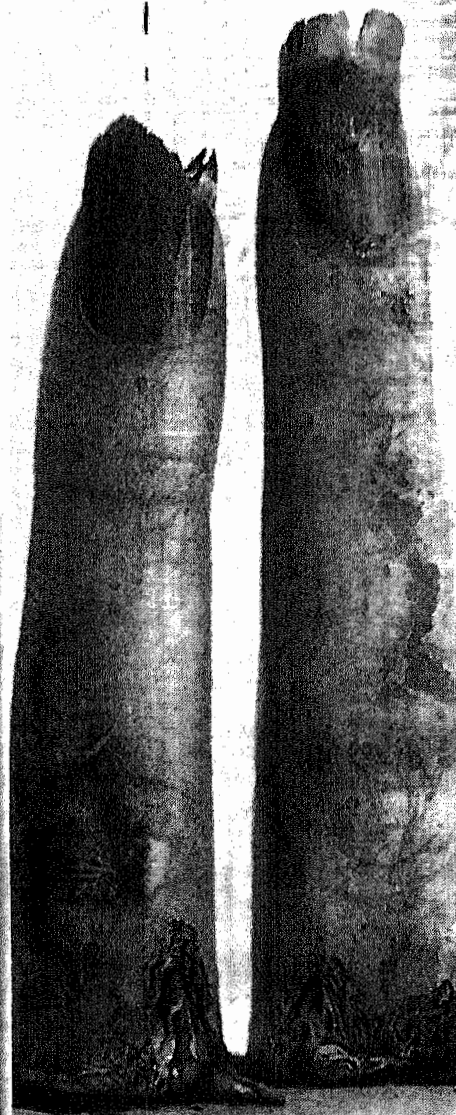
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# SAW

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# RIZE

**Director:** David LaChapelle

Clowning and Krumping are two new hip-hop/street dance styles from LA ghettos: "Ghetto ballet" as one dance puts it. Instead of getting involved with gangs and drugs, these kids get into a dance that draws parallels with African tribal competitive dance-offs. The dancing may seem a little over the top with its erratic and fast paced convulsions (the film claims that at no point is the filming sped up), but it's this energy and novelty (after all some wear clown suits and paint their faces - hence the 'clowning', and the clown dancing gangs are influenced by the big daddy of clowning himself, Tommy the Clown, playing himself) that gets the kids off the streets and into strict training and competitions. Dancin' and stayin' alive.

Director David LaChapelle's title *Rize* comes from the section in Martin Luther King Jr's speech that goes, "I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed...that all men are created equal". It's their character that should define their status, not their skin colour.

A wide range of young dancers

are interviewed and we get a glimpse of their home-life to understand the often unpleasant reality they have to deal with, and how they escape it with dance.

Like the other dancin' doco screening at the moment that also deals with underprivileged kids *Mad Hot Ballroom*, we see how dance gives purpose to, and unites, a community.

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair if these clowning and krumping rhythms are too hard to do at home. Intensely energetic and entertaining, LaChapelle's doco shows that any form of dance is therapeutic.



Hélène Sobolewski



# THE 40 YEAR OLD VIRGIN

**Director:** Judd Apatow

**Starring:** Steve Carell, Paul Rudd, Seth Rogen & Catherine Keener

Andy (Carell) enjoys playing video games in his custom-made chair, collecting toys (keeping them in the packaging to maintain their value - of course) and doesn't own a car - he rides a bike. He works in an electronics store with a nutty posse of smut-talking beer-swilling dudes who one night invite Andy to fill in at their store-held poker game. Sitting amongst the "guys", sipping his Fanta, discussing "titties" and conquests, it is embarrassingly revealed that Andy has never actually done the deed. Seeing this as an opportunity to make Andy their project (similar to Cher helping Tai in *Clueless* - just so you get the idea), the guys decide to get him out there and land him some pussy, each in their own supportive yet totally dysfunctional way. In the middle of all the slapstick boudoir humour and hi-jinx, Andy meets friendly single mother Trish (Keener) with whom he has a real connection, but under advisement from his compadres, tries to steer clear until he has a little experience under his belt - literally.

Carell is the next Will Ferrell. Fortunately for us, they use very different styles of comedy, so can happily share the crown for "Funniest Bastards on the Big Screen" together (as seen in *Anchorman*). Though they do both have that fabulous man-child thing going on, with Carell so sweet as the innocent virgin you just have to cheer him on in his attempts to woo the ladies with daiquiri and seafood salad puke all over his face (a crazy scene with Leslie "Big Boobs McGee" Mann that'll have you laughing and screaming in disgust all at the same time). Rudd, Rogen and Malco are the perfect trio of workmates/come playmates to ill-advise Andy on how to love the ladies. I especially love Rudd - those eyes...oh! and he's truly adept with comedy acting

as well as playing the straight man - hooray for me! Having seen Rogen in Apatow's insanely fantastic and stupidly axed *Freaks and Geeks*, I was not disappointed when his patented dry as dry sarcasm came out in *Virgin*. Keener is fine as the love interest, but could she please stop laughing at EVERYTHING?! Yeah, it's funny, but when a character's laughing more than the audience it's time to draw it in a little.

There are some absolutely piss-your-pants funny scenes in this film. No, I won't ruin them for you, but I will give a little heads up: setting the scene for a night of porn-induced masturbatory romance accompanied by Lionel Richie is a stroke of genius; the potty-mouth Indian co-worker who spouts phrases such as "go fuck a goat" and "shit-stained balls" is straight out of *South Park*; and the ending - must be seen to be believed. Totally out of left field and also totally necessary to save a nearly cliché finale. As far as the plot goes, though, there are some holes. Jumping from very clever physical comedy and smart dialogue to a condom scene that could've been pilfered from the *American Pie* cutting room floor, it seems that whilst writing the script, Apatow and Carell (yes - he's multi-talented!) got a little skint on material and had one too many cups of coffee when sleep and a fresh start the next day would've been a better idea. They also attempt some serious scenes that in comparison to the comedy are a little thin and two-dimensional. If more thought had been put into these scenes then a more balanced and truly fabulous film would have been the end result. If you don't have high expectations however (as this reviewer unfortunately did), you will be rewarded with a very entertaining and hilarious film that will be lauded for years to come by fans reminiscing with quotes and re-enactments of some truly memorable scenes.



Lucky L



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# TV REVIEW

**The Staircase** (2004) France.  
Eight-part series.  
SBS TV. February - March 2005.

When the jury in the murder trial of writer and ex-Marine, Michael Peterson, filed into the courtroom and informed Judge Orlando Hudson Jr. that they had reached the unanimous verdict of "Guilty" I was genuinely surprised.

Thursday night's TV viewing on SBS has been a must for the past few weeks—although I admit to missing a few episodes of Jean-Xavier de Lestrade's TV masterpiece, *The Staircase*. The episodes I missed (due to interruption from that reality TV show called *Life*) I'll catch up with during the inevitable SBS repeats ("Due to Public Demand").

This True Crime drama has become a genuine international cult classic in the way the recently aired *Carnivale* on ABC failed to do—despite being hailed as an incipient cult classic.

*The Staircase*, in eight "chapters" over eight weeks follows the trial of Michael Paterson, resident, with his surviving family of 1810 Cedar St, Forest Hills, N.C.

His wife, Kathleen Peterson, was found dead at the bottom of the mansion's staircase after a frantic phone call to 911 by Peterson (recorded and replayed many times during the trial and program).

The problem is that while he maintained he found his wife dead at the foot of the stairs, the autopsy report revealed that the injuries, especially to the head, were inconsistent with a fall down stairs, and more likely the result of a beating from a 'blunt instrument', possibly a 'blowpoke', a gift from Kathleen's sister that had mysteriously disappeared. When it emerges during the course of the program that a lot is going to hang (if you will excuse the expression in this context) on the blowpoke, I asked myself, What is a blowpoke anyway? (It looked like a billiard cue to me.) Apparently, in parts of North America, a blowpoke is something like a poker and acts like bellows that you can blow through to get the flames going in your fire.

When the blowpoke re-appears, as suddenly as it had disappeared after the crime, like Desdemona's handkerchief in *Othello*, and it turns out it had been in the garage all the time, including during a 'thorough' police search of the crime scene, as well as reminding me of Shakespeare, it also reminded me of the crucial letter that had remained unfound after a thorough police search in Poe's *The Purloined Letter* because its location was so obvious.

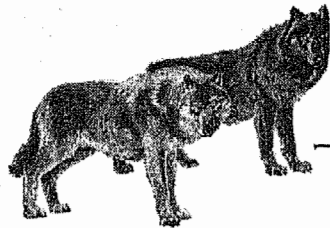
The defence lawyers were hoping that at the last minute it would remind the jury of a farce by Feydeau and call into doubt the whole credibility of the trial and that they would acquit Peterson. But the jury seemed to think that someone, probably defender Rudolf, was playing a trick on them.

The cast of characters in this murder trial was truly Shakespearean: David Rudolf, the slick, good-looking, clever, manoeuvring defence lawyer, his nemesis, Jim Hardin, the prosecuting attorney, clean-cut, so straight-looking it was absurd, looking like a detective out of an old episode of *The FBI*, and Freda Black, his Southern belle side-kick, so down-home and friendly looking that she might offer a complete stranger a big plate of gumbo and a bottle of root beer. (but actually the brains part of the outfit—she knew just the right note to strike, the right words to use, the exact moment to raise a disapproving eye-brow when in her summing-up address she returned to the subject of Michael Peterson's bisexuality and the porn found on his computer, and his dates with sex worker Brent Wolgamott. It was an Oscar winning performance. The series ended with Michael Peterson quoting a few lines from *Romeo and Juliet*—revealing that he still didn't get it—much more appropriate would have been a few lines from the tragedy of *Macbeth*.

There were too many great moments in this series

to mention here, but all together they added up to some really memorable time spent in front of the television.

Rikki Wilde



# STRAIGHT FROM THE WOLF'S MOUTH

The first thing I tell Kestie Morassi and Cassandra McGrath when I meet them in their Hyatt suite is how much I like McGrath's jacket. It's a Scanlon & Theodore she informs me. While I'm fairly confident I'll never be able to afford such a luxurious sheath of blue velvet, McGrath's bank balance has no doubt become quite pleasantly plump since her movie debut in new Aussie thriller *Wolf Creek*. Hell, Scanlon & Theodore probably gave her the damn jacket, anticipating a rise to fame that will closely resemble a turbo charged firecracker. I don't begrudge McGrath the jacket - she looks lovely in it and besides, after what she had to go through in Greg McLean's movie, the least she deserves is a plush coat.

'I've got to be honest with you,' I say to Morassi and McGrath. 'I've never been so fucking scared in my life.'

'Fantastic!' Morassi exclaims. She and McGrath tell me though that they weren't especially scared making the film. McGrath even describes it as a fun experience. I don't disbelieve her, but I'd probably suggest there was some kind of reflective nostalgia coming into play here. Surely no one can enjoy filming scenes that are, for all intents and purposes, a woman's worst nightmare?

For those who aren't familiar with the movie, *Wolf Creek* is about a trio of backpackers whose car breaks down in the middle of nowhere - *Wolf Creek* - while driving across central Australia. They're rescued by good old Aussie bloke Mick, who tows them for hours into South Australia before leading them into the realm where nightmares are made. It is frightening, brutally realistic, brilliantly filmed and flawlessly performed. It is the only film I have ever seen that I praised for its excellence whilst constantly wanting to walk out of it. With John Jarratt in the role of Mick, it takes the stereotype of the Aussie Crocodile Dundee legend and flips it in so many different ways it is rendered unrecognisable.

We briefly discuss Jarratt and his apparent snub from the AFI board. Although the film received numerous nominations, including one for Kestie Morassi in the Best Actress category, Jarratt was left off the list. Morassi thinks he got 'jibbed' but McGrath is more considered in her response.

'I can understand the reasoning behind it, but it does make me question what the hell you've gotta do to get nominated. I don't want to take away from anyone else on the list, but I could definitely take two off of it. He's flipped an iconic image on its head through his performance and he hit every note. He's hilarious and terrifying all at the same time. I hope he goes to America and makes so much money he doesn't know what to do with it.'

In the film, McGrath and Morassi play British tourists. I compliment them on their faultless accents (maintained even while screaming and singing, very difficult feats) and ask them how they felt using them. McGrath points out that it's very easy for Australians to change their accents because they are so bland to begin with. Americans, she says, have much rounder vowels to use therefore it's difficult for them to morph their mouths into positions that can replicate British or American accents, a trait demonstrated often in various episodes of *The Simpsons*.

And what of America? With the Australian Film Industry wallowing in such abysmal swamps, will Morassi and McGrath be seeking greener (bills) pastures and fame and fortune elsewhere?

Well, with the enormous worldwide popularity of *Wolf Creek*, it's unlikely they'll be short on offers. The film was a hit at Sundance and has already toured through many film festivals around the world. For the moment, Morassi is doing an episode of Bryan Brown's *Twisted Tales* with Vince Colosimo. She says she's really excited to be working on anything at the moment but does confirm she and McGrath will be heading to America in January. McGrath says they do all their interviews together and have done all their publicity together so it's pretty lucky they like each other so much.

Watching the two, I'm struck by how at ease with each other they are. While Morassi seems the more composed of the two physically (McGrath spends most of the interview rapidly tugging on her ear) she also seems in possession of a slightly drier wit. From my limited exposure to them, they do appear to have found a great balance with one another. I note inwardly how impressive it is for two burgeoning stars in an already exhibitionist industry to remain so apparently supportive and affectionate, especially considering the AFI nomination of one and not the other.

My lacklustre response to something they say prompts me to embarrassingly apologise. A new full time job has rendered me incapable of creative thought as I move methodically from one day to the next. McGrath and Morassi console me on my loss (of a life), McGrath recalling times she's cried over the thought of making it through four more days of a working week. Secretly I suspect she's not had to experience much boring full time work - this is a woman who started on the ABC's *Seachange* with the incomparable Sigrid Thornton, playing Thornton's teenage daughter. She does, by the way, look the spitting image of Keira Knightley, a fact that may or may not work against her.

I bring up the topic of bad reviews, telling them I'm surprised that anyone could find the film unscary or criticise the behaviour of the film's women as if they were comparable to horror movie mistakes of years gone by. McGrath says they love getting bad reviews because the people who write them are usually passionate about the subject matter. She mentions a 'ripper bad review' they got in Sydney, where the writer questioned how a film like this could be labeled entertainment; how people could pay to go and watch it and how could the Australian industry embrace such an awful film.

This brings up a really good question - what is so entertaining about seeing people get tied up and almost about to be raped? Is that entertainment? And if it is, whoever bloody decided that?!

I suggest that the entertainment factor in *Wolf Creek* comes from enjoying the stylistic elements of it - as a film, it is so well made for apparently little money that it really demonstrates aesthetic explosion isn't necessary to make a great film. Interestingly, McGrath says she probably wouldn't go see it if she wasn't in it, because the subject matter would affect her too much. Morassi thinks she'd be 'way too intrigued' not to see it. The only thing she won't watch, she says, is rape scenes. I say that the lingering threat of the rape scene throughout *Wolf Creek* makes it just as difficult to watch, especially for women. McGrath says it is also very difficult for men to watch because of the helplessness they feel in the scenario.

Morassi says her favourite parts to film were the scenes in the beginning because they were having so much fun. Later on, she found the most challenging scenes her character had to be incredibly cathartic. 'I loved the car chase stuff because it was so challenging. Anything that's challenging I find extraordinarily satisfying.' McGrath isn't sure she's filmed her favourite scene yet, an indication of her dedication to performance. I share with the two women the brief glances of scenes that left their marks on me - for Morassi, her perfect rendition of a woman finally, at the last, driven to necessity rather than histrionics, and for McGrath the kiss she shares with co star Nathan Phillips. Taking place before the horror begins at all, they awkwardly and sweetly kiss on the top of a meteor crater and manage capture all of the sweaty palmed anxiety coupled with excitement that anyone who has had a first kiss can relate to.

*Wolf Creek* opens nationally next week.

Clementine Ford

Thanks to Kim Thackrey from Roadshow for the giveaways and the interview. xx

# THE GOOD, BAD AND THE UGLY OF 2005

## THE GOOD

*The Aviator, Million Dollar Baby, Sin City, The Life Aquatic, Crash, Downfall, The Woodsman, The Door in the Floor.*

If you haven't seen any of the above, then you've missed out on the best 2005 had to offer! There were some amazing gems, but there were also major flops...

## THE BAD

*House of Wax*, Loved this review. As Hélène describes the plot, she writes of a group of college friends who go on a road trip: "They share one brain cell". Ouch. Nice one. "Their one-dimensional tepid personalities and stupidity create a barrier between audience and character that makes you welcome their end." Strike two. "the audience is gleefully awaiting Paris Hilton's gruesome death. Get your t-shirt 'See Paris die' now!" Strike Three. *House of Wax* - officially crap.

*Son of the Mask*: Ok. Totally lame sequel. Pathetic. Waste of a Sunday morning.

*The Wedding Date*: Damn Debra's hair looked good - but aesthetics can never truly replace a decent script, good chemistry and actual character development.

*The Island*: "it insults with its mind-numbing stupidity" -Hélène

*Me and My Sister*: "(this) has surfaced to the top as my most disliked film of 2005" - Anna

## THE UGLY

Crappiest film of the Year: *Nine Songs*, with the worst rating of a whole half a cone! This film sucked balls. Literally, actually. Too much sex, not enough um... plot or purpose. All copies of it should be burned, the director should have to suffer for actually wasting money on it and inflicting it on people, and we should scatter some ashes to mourn his dying career. Almost as pathetic as Guy Ritchie... almost.



# the on dit OSCARS

Our film team hands out awards for the best for 2005

Danny

Rach.

**Best Film:** *Downfall*

**Worst:** *Howl's Moving Castle* (awful adaption of a great book)

**Biggest Surprise:** 1. How good *Pride and Prejudice* was, 2. Receiving threatening voicemail from a certain film editor for liking *Pride and Prejudice*.

**Best Moment:** *Serenity* - "Am I talking to Miranda now?"

Soph.

**Best Film:** *Crash*

**Worst:** *Nine Songs*

**Biggest Surprise:** My friend actually liking *Pride and Prejudice* came as a bit of a shock. I thought she was loyal. (sniff) And, damn, I loved the gore in *Sin City*! But, just so you all know, I chickened out of seeing *Wolf Creek* today.

**New Favourite Forgotten Film:** *Secretary* (a brilliantly quirky, beautiful love story - saw this film only a few weeks ago and am telling everyone about it)

**Inappropriate Favourite Moments:** There were quite a few times in *Downfall* when I laughed myself silly. Stan James gave me a few dirty looks though. And my friends sat a few seats over.

Eddie

**Worst Film:** *Wolf Creek* - this and *Saw* proves our industry cannot do horror.

**Best Female Performance:** Cate Blanchett in *Little Fish*.

**Best Moment:** 1. Old money being turned into wallpaper in *Millions 2*. The performance of Johanna Hunt-Provinik in the kitchen scene in *Three Dollars*.

**Best Male Performance:** David Wenham (as usual) in *Three Dollars*.

**Favourite Screenwriter:** Charlie Kauffman

Lucky L

**Best Films:** *The Life Aquatic, Hotel Rwanda* and *Sin City*.

**Worst Films:** *The Extra, Meet the Fockers* and *The Wedding Date*

**Best Director:** Pedro Almodovar (*Bad Education*)

**Best Male Performance:** Paul Giamatti (*Sideways*)

**Best Female Performance:** Nathalie Press (*My Summer of Love*)

**Biggest Surprise:** Not enjoying *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* - bummer!

**Biggest Bonus of Being Film Co-Sub-editor in 2005:** Working with the awesome writer AND person Soph!

Brian

**Best Film:** - *Downfall*. A film that humanises the people involved in war (even Hitler himself) could not have been more appropriately timed, given the current political climate. Also loved *Mysterious Skin* and *The Door in the Floor*.

**Worst Film:** - *Luther* put me to sleep (literally), and *Ong-Bak* was pretty lame. But I've avoided most of the real shockers this year.

**Best Male Performance:** - If I weren't limited to films, I'd nominate John Howard for his promotion of workplace reforms. Since that doesn't count, I'll go with Joseph Gordon-Levitt (*Mysterious Skin*), Jeff Bridges (*The Door in the Floor*), and Christian Bale (*The Machinist*).

**Best Female Performance:** Joan Allen had two (*The Upside of Anger*, and more recently, *Yes*). Zhang Ziyi practically burnt a hole through *2046*. Also Natalie Portman (*Closer*).

**Best Director:** Tod Williams (*The Door in the Floor*), Jonathan Glazer (*Birth*).

**Biggest Surprise:** *My Summer of Love* was surprising, but there were two mainstream films this year that were far better than I was expecting. First, *In Good Company*, then *The Skeleton Key*.

**Best Films:** Two very impressive films from two of the great modern masters - Martin Scorsese and Clint Eastwood - with *The Aviator* and *Million Dollar Baby* respectively. *Batman Begins* was everything a big Hollywood film should be and should become the model for every offensively expensive blockbuster. Jean-Pierre Jeunet held his place as the most imaginative and romantic director working in France today with *A Very Long Engagement*.

**Best Director:** Martin Scorsese is probably the best director still regularly making films and he proved it with *The Aviator*.

**Best Screenplay:** Patrick Marber adapted his own stage play to the screen for *Closer*. It's a rich screenplay full of emotive lines such as "have you ever seen a human heart, it looks like a fist wrapped in blood", *Closer* will resonate strongly with anyone who has had the opportunity for true intimacy but been too proud, stubborn or frightened to clasp it to themselves.

**Best Male Performance:** Jamie Foxx was Ray Charles.

**Best Female Performance:** At once lovable, dangerous, vulnerable and mysterious, Natalie Portman went a long way to redeeming her status as a critical lightweight in *Closer*.

**Best Moment:** *Batman Begins* being not only watchable but very impressive.

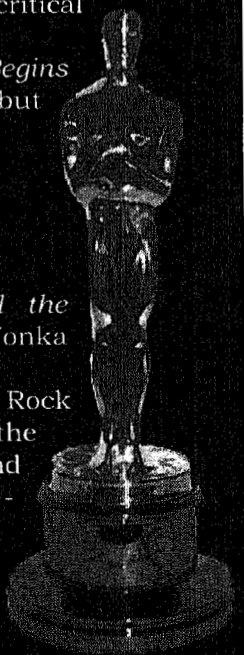
G-String

**Best Film:** *Doom*

**Worst Film:** *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, Willy Wonka shouldn't be an arsehole.

**Best Moment:** *Doom* - Rock needs more guns, finds the BFG, smiles and nods and says "big fucking gun" - totally awesome.

**Favourite Actor:** Eddie Griffin, Deuce's pimp, but best in *The New Guy*





## NEW-LOOK TRIO FAREWELLS 2005

Macquarie Trio has a new violinist in Michael Dauth, and the group's next tour will be the first one featuring him as an official member of the ensemble. When the co-concertmaster of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra joined founding members Kathryn Selby and Michael Goldschlager for a tour in August, audiences were impressed with the blend that the newly-formed ensemble achieved.

Expectations are now high, and thoughts are turning to next year's subscription series, but before that arrives there is a farewell to the 2005 series in the form of 'Czech, mate!' This amusingly-named program will feature a broad range of works, from Miriam Hyde's *Fantasy trio* to Smetana's *Piano trio in G minor*. Hyde's work, originally premièred in Adelaide in 1937, will be performed as a tribute to the late composer, while Smetana's only piano trio will give a taste of Bohemia circa 1850.

Beethoven's *'Kakadu' Variations in G major* and Mozart's *Trio in E major* will provide more standard fare.

**'Czech, mate!' will be performed at 2:30pm on November 20 at Elder Hall. Student tickets can be purchased for \$24 by calling 1800 359 441 or emailing mactrio@mq.edu.au.**

Benedict Coxon



## WANG TO DEBUT WITH ASO

Virtuoso cellist Jian Wang will make his Australian debut when he performs with the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra this month in a program entitled 'The Inextinguishable'. Wang's career was kickstarted when he was discovered by violinist Isaac Stern, who helped him relocate to America where he studied at Yale and at the Julliard School. Since then, Wang has performed with orchestras around the world under conductors as illustrious as Claudio Abbado.

Wang will perform the ever-popular *Cello concerto* by Dvorák in the ASO's penultimate Master Series concert for 2005. Also being performed is Nielsen's *Symphony No. 4*, and, keeping with the Danish theme, Percy Grainger's *The nightingale and the two sisters* from the *Danish folk-song suite*.

**'The Inextinguishable' will be performed at 6:30pm on November 3 & 5 and at 8pm on November 4 at the Adelaide Town Hall. Concession tickets start at \$38 and are available from BASS.**

Edward Joyner



## SCULTHORPE ON PAGANINI

Hailed as one of the finest chamber music ensembles in the world today, the Tokyo String Quartet is set to embark on a national tour for Musica Viva.

Though its membership has changed several times since its formation in 1969, the group currently consists of fine players who use the famous 'Paganini Quartet' of instruments. These Stradivarius instruments were collected and played by Paganini himself and are now loaned to the Tokyo String Quartet by the Nippon Music Foundation.

The Adelaide audience will hear the quartet play Haydn's *String quartet in G minor ('the Rider')* and Brahms' *String quartet No. 1 in C minor*. In between these well-known works will be the première of Peter Sculthorpe's *String Quartet No. 16*, which has been commissioned especially for this tour.

The chance to hear an interesting mix of works, including an important addition to Australian classical music, is one not to miss.

**The Tokyo String Quartet will be performing at 8pm on November 12 at the Adelaide Town Hall. Student tickets are priced at \$15 and are available from BASS.**

Benedict Coxon





## STRENGTH IN NUMBERS

**'Dreaming Da Vinci'**  
**Adelaide Chamber Singers**  
**St John's Church, Halifax St**  
**October 1 & 8**

The Adelaide Chamber Singers' second subscription series concert continued the series' visual artist theme. This time the artist was Leonardo da Vinci, and the music was that of composers such as Ockeghem, Dufay and Josquin. There was also a bonus in the form of Pärt's *Seven Magnificat antiphons*. The program's structure was similar to the Chamber Singers' previous performance, and included a number of one-voice-per-part items.

The highlights of the evening were undoubtedly the works that called for full choir. The one-voice-per-part pieces provided some enjoyable moments; young tenor Robert Macfarlane negotiated the difficult passages of Binchois' *Amoureux suy* with skill; Thomas Flint, Lachlan Scott and Andrew Linn formed an excellent trio for Josquin's *Petite camusette*, and the members of Eve Vocal Trio combined with Fiona Linn to impress. However, the full choir items outshone the smaller works, in particular Ockeghem's *Intemerata Dei mater*, Dufay's *Nuper rosarum flores*, Josquin's

*Deploration on the death of Johannes Ockeghem* and the antiphons by Pärt.

Pärt's *Seven Magnificat Antiphons* provided a delightful conclusion. The choir's balance and blend were exceptional, especially in the lower voices for the *O Adonai* and *O Morgenstern* movements. Josquin's lament on the death of the influential Ockeghem was stunning, and probably the highlight of the whole performance. Positioning David Hayton and Thomas Flint behind the choir to sing the *Requiem aeternam cantus firmus* was a nice touch. The point in the piece where Josquin lists the composers who have 'lost their father' was truly touching. *Nuper rosarum flores* was given a similarly skilful performance, kickstarted by some amazing projection by Greta Bradman in a duet with Andrew Linn.

It is particularly pleasing to see a number of younger singers stepping up and taking leading roles as core members of the Adelaide Chamber Singers. This was a thoroughly enjoyable evening and an excellent display of early music interpretation and performance.

The Chamber Singers will conclude their subscription series with 'Gallery of Mirrors', a celebration of the group's twentieth anniversary featuring Allegri's *Miserere* and Barber's *Agnus Dei*. A newly commissioned piece by Andrew Ford will also be premièred. With the performance taking place in the impressive acoustic of St Peter's Cathedral, this one-off event at 8pm on December 10 will be unmissable. Student tickets are available from BASS for \$15.

**Edward Joyner**

## CHOIR ON THE BALL

**Israel in Egypt**  
**Elder Conservatorium Chorale**  
**& Chamber Orchestra**  
**Elder Hall**  
**October 15**

High expectations for this concert were met by brilliant singing, right from the first recitative sung by Robert Macfarlane. The choir's ability to fill the hall with a clear, transparent sound was only one of many qualities that contributed to its high level of performance.

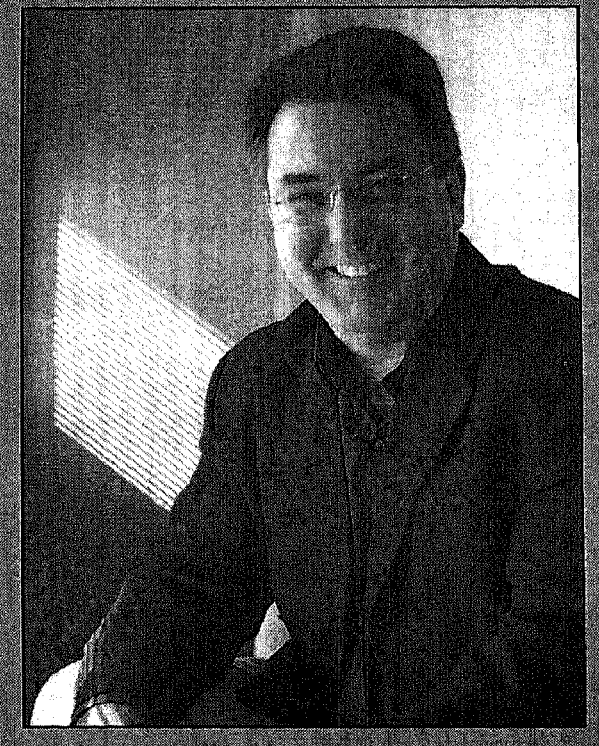
Conductor Carl Crossin's dynamic interpretations were sometimes surprising and always refreshing. It was evident that the choir was well rehearsed and that it was tightly controlled from the podium. Sudden changes in dynamics and timbre suggested spontaneity on the part of the conductor, but the choir responded without any difficulties in a way that any conductor would appreciate.

All ten soloists achieved high standards in their singing, and they were responsively supported by the continuo. The bass duo stood out as the best of the group, with their powerful character and strong singing.

In contrast to the well-organized choir, the orchestra's playing was somewhat unconvincing throughout the concert. It seemed like the orchestra, especially the string section, was under-rehearsed, or was merely treated as accompaniment to the choir. Its phrasings were often dull, without any consistency with the choir's phrasings, and its playing did not match the rigour and character that the choir achieved. It is uncommon for a choir to be more in tune than an orchestra, but on this occasion that was the case.

In spite of the orchestra's problems, the concert was a great success, with the members of the near sell-out audience appreciating the choir's singing to the extent that they found it difficult to stop applauding.

**Saori Moé**

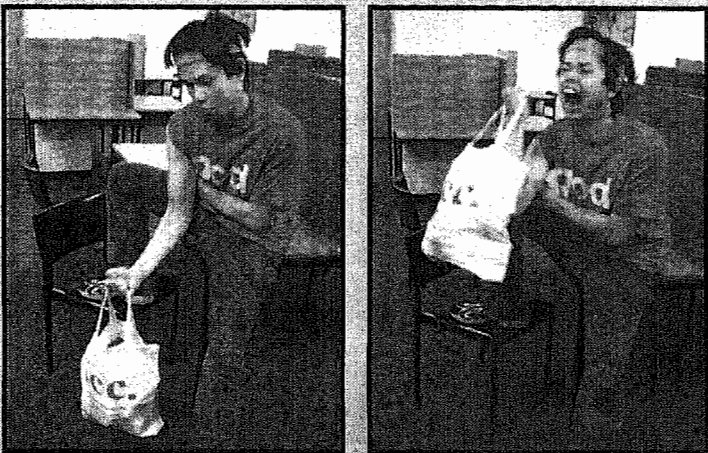
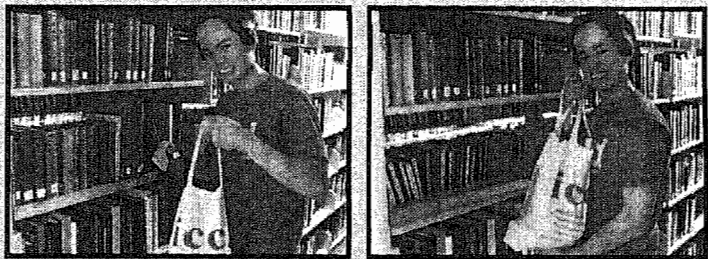
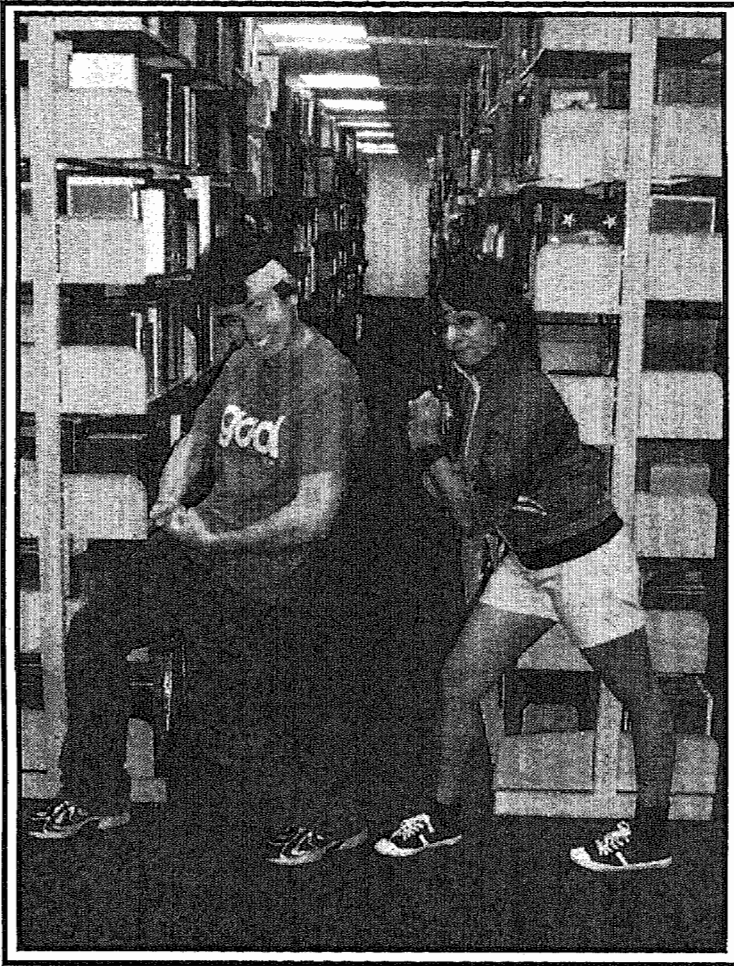


# SWEATING TO THE CLASSICS

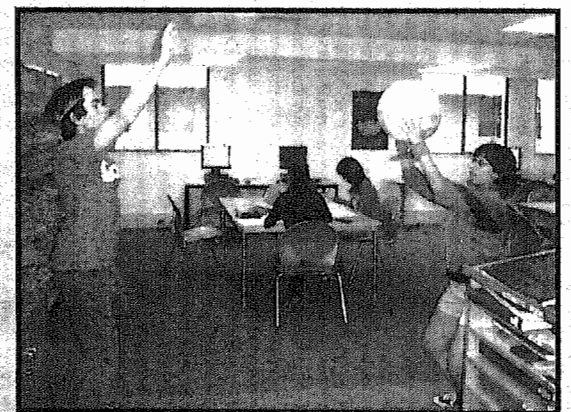
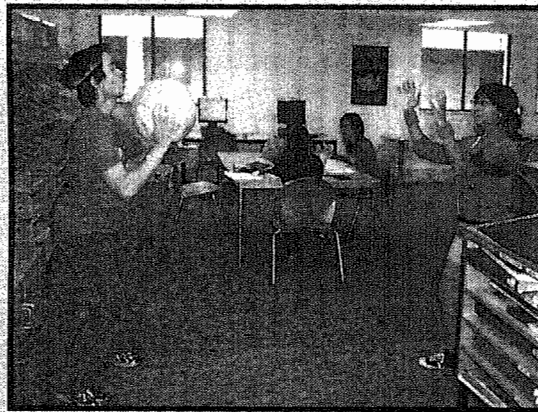
(AND THE ODD VOLUME ON QUANTUM PHYSICS)

with Marlon "the" Awesome and Sujini "the thigh-master master"

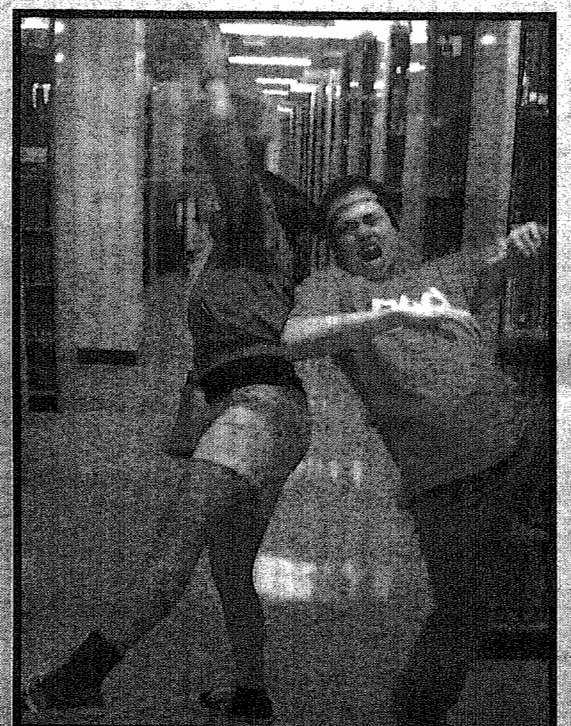
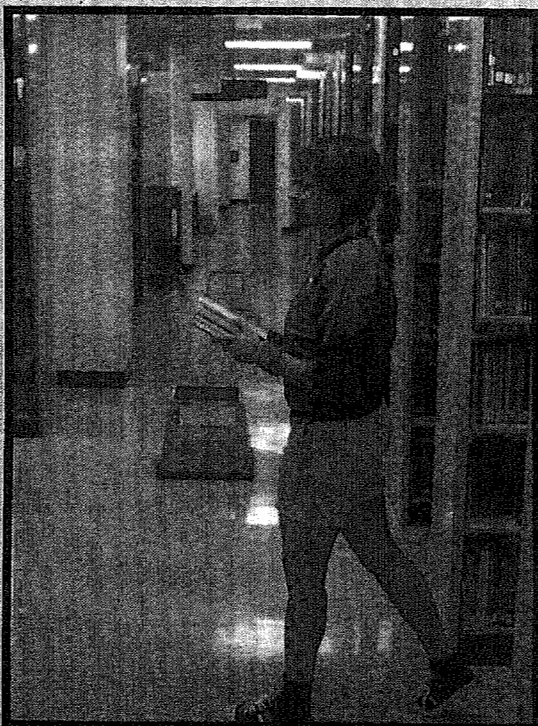
Thanks to the imminent introduction of VSU, membership of our beloved Sports Hub will likely increase beyond the means of all but the most privileged of young-liberals, and thus depriving the student body of vital exercise. No doubt this is some vile plot by Howard to create a pliant mass of flabby, apathetic no-hopers over which he can rule with an aluminium fist. But I digress. Do not despair, for there exists an excellent alternative for reaching maximum awesomeosity and god-like strength: the Barr-Smith Library! I know what you're saying (because i can steal your thoughts); "how can the library make me buff? nerds live there! Well believe it: the Library has all the weights, equipment and space a budding body-sculptor could ever ask for - and it's free!



Book bags (available from the desk for a paltry sum) can be filled with hefty literature and used as free weights. As long as you can stand the rope burn and the esoteric weighting system (one Tolstoy = 2 Prousts or 3.25 Zolas) they provide a cheap and safe alternative to dumbbells. These two exercises work the cloits and phlanges.

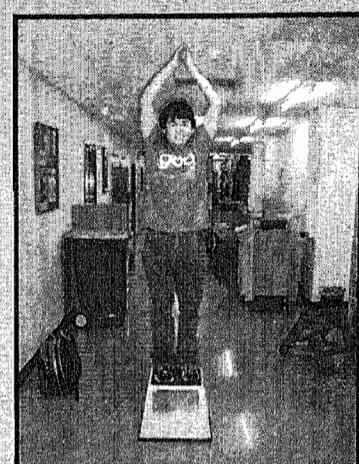
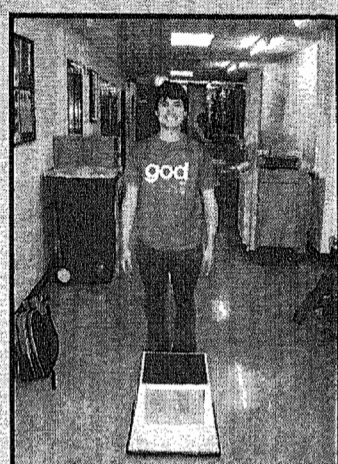
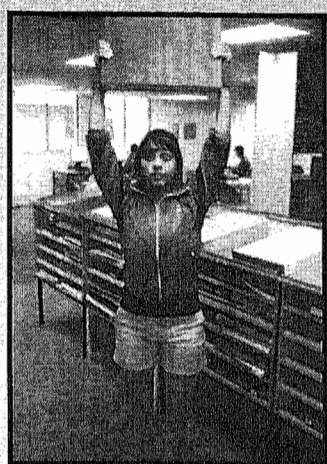
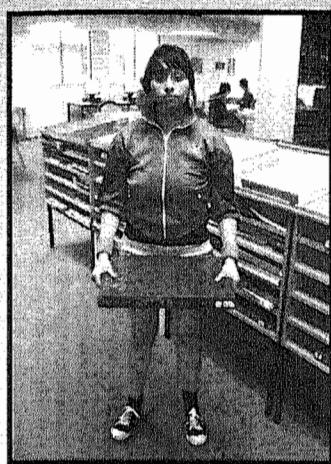


'Globes of ye earth™ can be converted handily into medicine balls. 'Here be dragons'? More like here be MUSCLES!!! Hefting the entire earth over one's shoulders is also a great self-esteem booster.

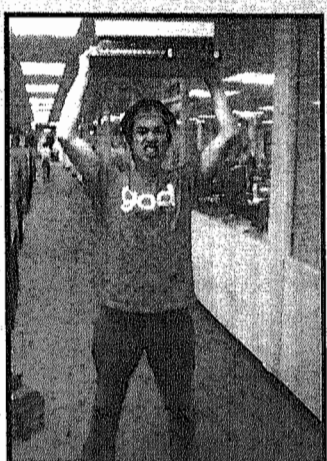
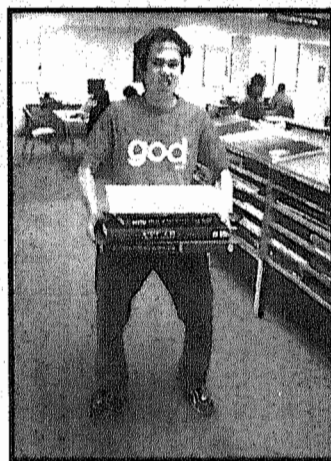


Tired of people getting in the way of your rampage? Simply execute a well-placed strike at their organs! Research clearly demonstrates that a kidney strike improves out-of-way movement by 1000%. Also a great way to meet chicks. Not that I need any help in that department, or anything. Really. No, really.





Who loves step exercises? Your mum! Ha ha ha! But seriously, they are a great way to keep your manly (or wo-manly) buttocks firm and trim. Simply pull up some of those odd step-things (hereafter known as moveable humps) and get ready for some steppin'! As per soundtrack, I recommend Grandmaster Flash's 'Scorpio'

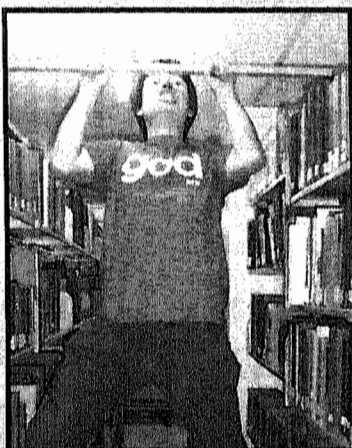
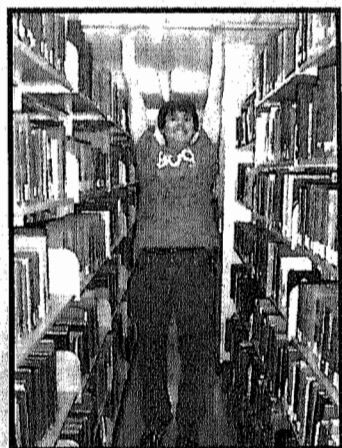
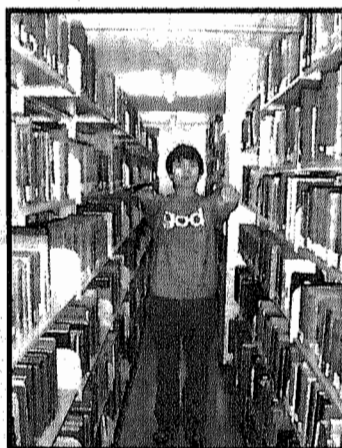


above your head. You can also do this lying down, but those library carpets are filthy. Do not be discouraged if you can only manage a 'Times Concise' at first; keep at it and you will soon work your way up to the demographic, geographic, and geological atlases (atlii?) Warning: the heracles-like strength bequeathed by this exercise will scare creationists shitless. Prepare to be the subject of lynching-parties.

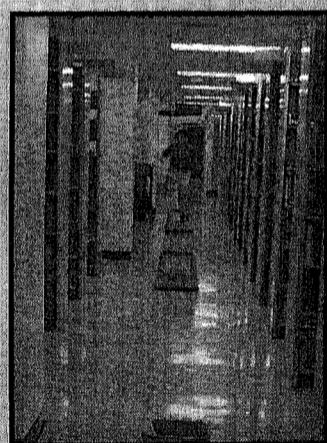
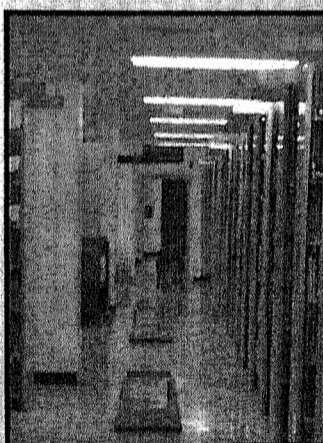
Ah, but what about barbells, I hear you ask? shut the hell up, I handsomely reply! Anyway, another great source of exercise are the atlases on the first floor. Hold the atlases out at groin level and raise them



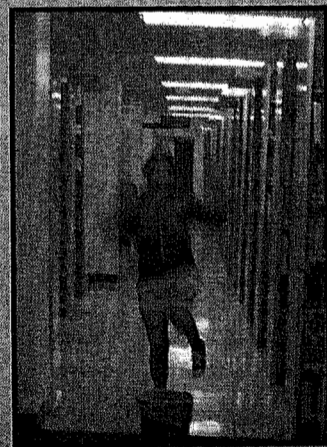
Stretching your arse-ligaments is essential before attempting any form of exercise. This can be done in either the 'Wang Chung' (above) or "Air-chair" (above) positions. Although this may hurt a little at first, with practice it will soon hurt much, much more.



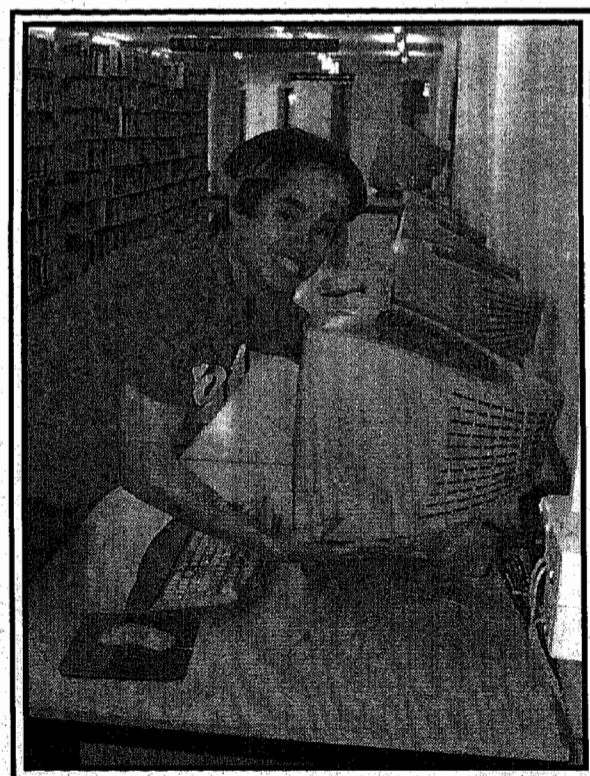
A little known fact: between (or indeed betwixt) the bookshelves are bars at the exact height for a series of rigorous pull-ups. Other than the pectoral workout, your skull will be thickened from constantly bumping into the ceiling.



No exercise regimen would be complete without good aerobic exercise! The movable humps can likewise be maneuvered into a servicable obstacle course. Second warning: due to the strenuous nature of the exercise, participants may find themselves metamorphosing into a Chinese man. Rest assured that such change is purely temporary.



And now to enjoy the benefits of your newfound awesomeness: looting and pillaging! It's great incidental exercise, and it will help you fill that gaping void known as HELP. But will it fill that same aching void in the very depths of your SOUL? Maybe!



# Let Your Duodenum Do the Work,

## And Your Stomach Reap The Rewards!

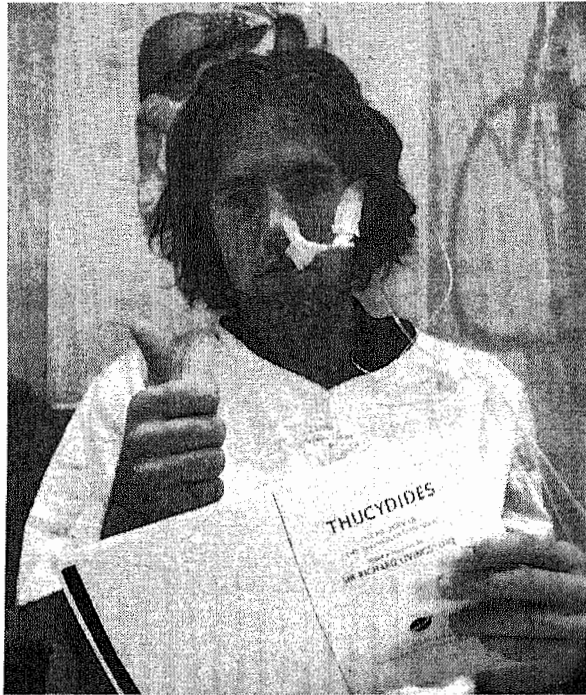


"following the infusion of hormone C28 an inflatable balloon is inserted into the back passage via a plastic tube. The patient will then be asked to report the feeling of fullness as the ballon is inflated..."

Somehow the euphemism isn't enough to coax you into accepting for the poultry amount that I remember them offering for this hospital study. I guess the term 'passage' is supposed to frame the rectum as a laneway for the transport of medical instruments, but the thought of casually rolling to one side and, "hello!", there's my asshole staring back at a 22 year biology student, has been something I have so far put out of my mind... so long as other forms of work are available. I have enough problems understanding social etiquette at luncheons let alone knowing what to say while mooning a fellow uni student.

It was always, and perhaps still is during my lazier moments, my dream that one day I would simply be able to submit my body to some business or scientific organisation while I sleep, for them to study, test or draw work from - a la the energy sapping computers in the Matrix. Then one day I found out about the sleep research centre. I promptly volunteered for a study that a friend was running, ironically it was actually a sleep deprivation study, and thus my career of mild masochism for money had begun. Unfortunately the dream of purely earning money while sleeping has never been realised (largely because almost all real sleep studies require internal thermometer). I have however managed to achieve dozing in & out of consciousness, as well as getting paid to do my tube readings.

The sleep deprivation study was an easy introduction into the hospital study meat market, being perfectly suited to my late night lifestyle, but was actually more painful than the plethora of needles and tubes that I have been subsequently



penetrated with. When you are strapped into a chair with nothing to do but read and watch TV, sleep is an inevitability. While my reality blurred into *Mulholland Drive* at 6am, I had to play some ridiculously boring game every hour to test my 'awakeness'. It would of course send me straight to sleep, let out a radio signal to my captors that I was not responding, who would then rush into my room to pry my eyes open. It's more excruciating than not being able to go to the toilet when you really really need to, something I'll describe later.

After that experience I decided to move from the \$13p/h bracket up into \$18p/h and go for the tube. After years of sticking my fingers down my throat to expell the copious amounts of alcohol I drank as a fifteen year old, my gag reflex was sufficiently subdued to make the tube study a bread & butter money earner. The studies are generally 5 hours at \$18p/h on three separate days, just laying down, nodding off and occasionally studying, with only the mild discomfort of a tube running down your throat and 3 canulla tubes running into various veins. Surprisingly the tube isn't so bad going down but coming up, covered with bile, feels like some god forsaken X Files tape worm wriggling its way back to the sewer system.

The studies are mostly run by Phd biology students which makes for some farcical entertainment as they timidly jab around in your arm searching in vain for the vein. I am apprently blessed with 'young' skin which means I have strong elastic veins defiant to all but the most viscious blows. On one occasion with two tubes in my left arm the phd student made several punctures to my right and then withdrew, forgetting to take off the tourniquet. The pressure caused the vein to bubble and consequently the nurse was then called to make the final thrust. Failing in her first attempt, the doctor was finally brought in to savage the remaining intact flesh before the blood ran freely through the needle's eye. Like parents that take away the mistique of alcohol by plying their children

with it at a young age, fortunately I now no longer have any desire for intravenous drugs, though due to the bruising I have often been accused of taking them.

The situation lends in self to other amusing moments. Because you're being tapped into a machine with a number of tubes it's impossible to leave the bed. Yet over the course of 5 hours saline solution and occasionally a hormone milkshake is being pumped into your body, cruelly inducing an intense desire to take a slash at about the 4 hour mark. After you've done it once asking for the bottle becomes a fun distraction. While the assistant leaves the room you're free to pee whichever way you like. I usually choose to piss into the bottle whilst looking out of the large windows onto the street below, giving the impression that you're raining down on pedestrians from above.

Continuing the *tour de force* of bodily functions, for one study it was necessary to fill out a poo diary. While my housemate felt the only way he could submit such a diary was in haiku form, I chose to be as vague as possible mimicking the medical euphemisms of "an oily discharge from the back passage" that were used to describe the possible symptoms.

The pay off of course is not only the cheque at the end but the free meal that comes after every study. The meal is supposed to gauge how hungry you are, but generally as many ham & cheese sandwiches are stuffed into your gullet as possible, in leiu of any possible upcoming shortage in food, with one study even including alcohol.

Over the past few years I have recieved 20 such meals and about \$2600 after merely 3 nights without sleep, 15 tubes in my nose, 66 needles punctures in my arms and 3 poo diaries filled out.

In hindsight I wish I could've just done it all in one go and taken a lump sum.

Despite being currently cashed up the hospital study still has immense allure as 'money for nothing' and there are many different information sheets stuck up around notice boards at uni. My housemate is fasting at the moment to do an alcohol study in the morning, my other housemate has voluntary denghi fever. Maybe there's a lucrative disease or hormone treatment out there for you too.

Dan J

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# HALF A TAB OF CONVERSATION

D: At this point, with just the darkness.... nothing, between us it's so easy to think together, to think we can understand each other, even without talking. Though, I guess we are talking.

A: Yeah, I've only had half a tab though.

D: It's not as if I know anything really about you, but once you feel yourself just existing, at a basic level, it seems to be much easier to imagine how someone else must feel existence, despite all the things that come along with it.

A: The fucked up thing, is that everyone is such free agents. I always hope that communities form, you know, that some friends and I will be able to live somewhere together and enjoy the kind of friendship that comes from knowing each other for ages. But in the end people have their own ideas of what they need to follow, they follow something for the sake of it, to stop the thought that comes with sitting in one spot for too long, like this.

D: You don't want to be left standing there so you have to accept, almost by force of numbers. And you go your own way too.  
One day you bump into someone you used to care so much about or who you couldn't imagine not just being around, thought that you knew not everything about them really, but so intimately that you'd never feel alone in their presence. Then that day they're a stranger to you, worse, all the awkwardness almost of not knowing someone's name even though you know your meant to. Wondering how they can be the same person that continues to exist as they still do in your memory.

But doesn't this conversation count? Can't we break it and say we won't be like that.

A: No! Because you can't make that kind of promise, we are completely atomised, any connection we have is a misunderstood one, at best coincidentally understood. You can say that but when you go away, and leave the warmth of the conversation you still feel as bare as you didn't realise you did an hour ago.

D: But there's a difference I think. There's people who go through life glassy eyed. I guess it's easier for them that way but then there's others who know what's going on, who can see through it. I think they can't really ignore it but at the same time I guess they are therefore easily discouraged from doing anything about it. Still that mutual knowledge is something.

A: There is no mutual knowledge, there are no bonds that last. Nothing. Even your parents, they feel like strangers after a point, people who you know through superficial experience only. Or at least they are entirely distinct from you, their minds just seem to be completely different entities.

D: I do wonder though what drives parents to call, care. Maybe we'll find out later. But if it's a one way street now I don't see why it would be any different, if my kid is anything like me. God forbid.

A: You just have to be able to walk on your own. I can never tell if you take a piece of each person with you or even you leave a peice of yourself behind.

D: Surely the fact that we share this feeling on things means there's a way to forge common ground. It seems definite. It's like there are always two things, never one. Stop laughing, it's not like Star Wars. Each person is like a unit or an atom in the dark, I don't want to use dark though cause it sounds so melodramtic. But there is unquestionably also the knowledge of being an atom and of the dark, I guess like a glow that emanates from the atom. Stop laughing! That's the only thing that we know that the other person knows. So there's always the unit and the glow, something to cushion the blow when the atoms collide.

A: I don't really know what you mean.

D: Fuck, it's like the atoms never find out how many neutrons are on the inside but they can always kind of see this faint glow in the dark, it's something to find common ground on, something to work from.

A: But you can't know, man. I'm sorry but bonds are always going to be based on pretension or your own imperfect perceptions, even if words were so more expressive it's still possible that you won't know what a person feels like unless you actually were them.

D: But you know, I know & you know, it creates something between us.

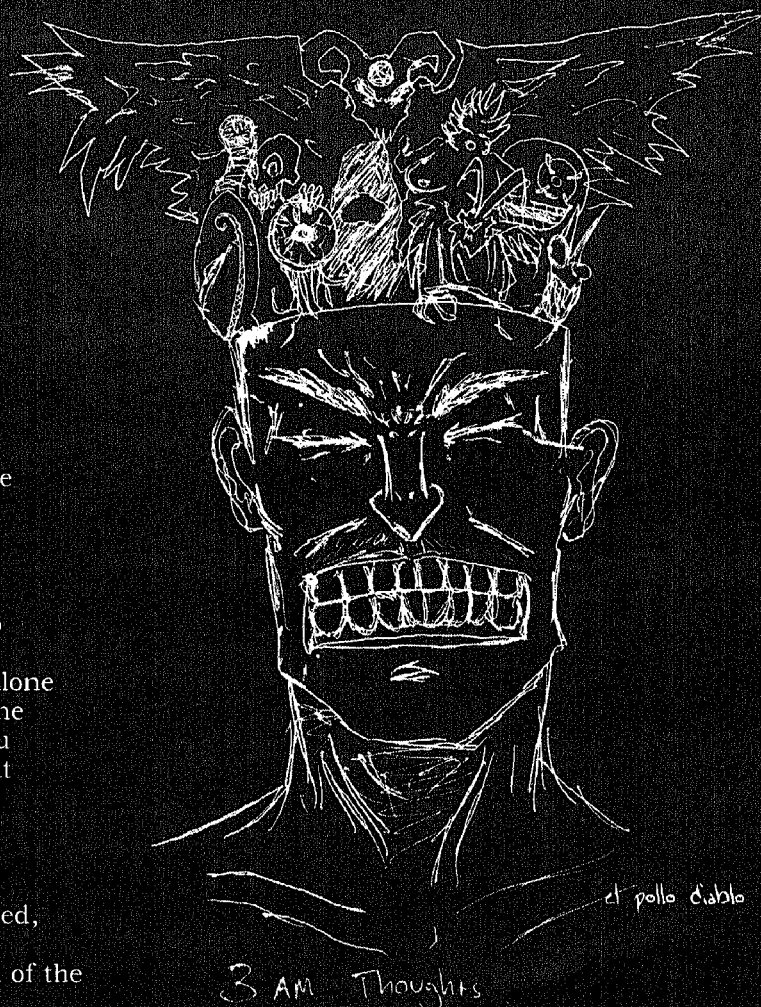
A: Hey! you can't do that.

D: I'm not trying to entrap you into any false bonds or anything.

A: Nah it's cool, but your trying to know the impossible, what's going on inside my mind.

D: Well I think I do in a way, only because I know at a basic level what's going on my my mind. And it's worth something if it means people can feel more comfortable staying near each other.

A: Well, we'll see if you remember my name in thirty years.



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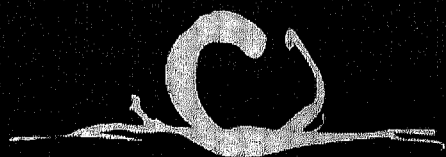
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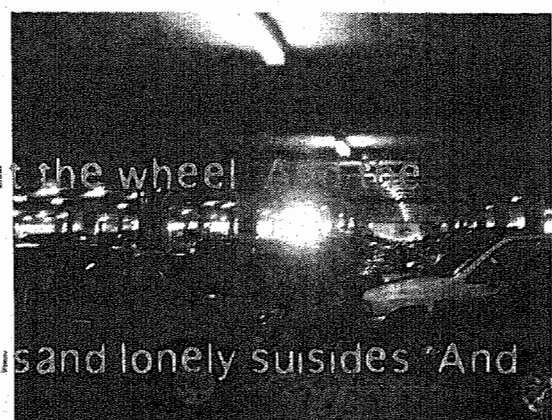
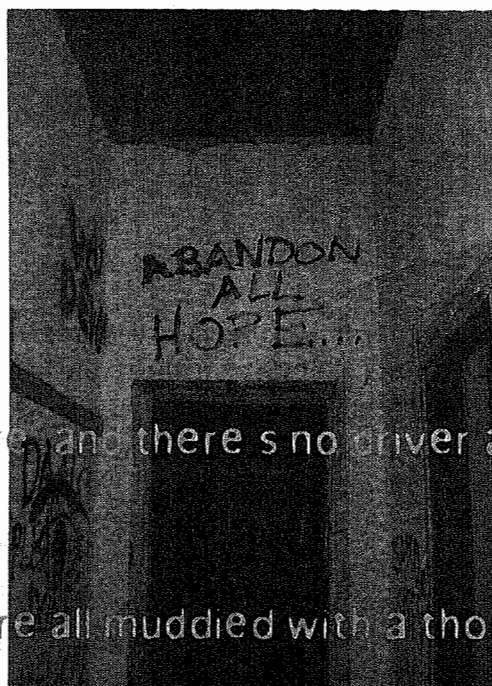
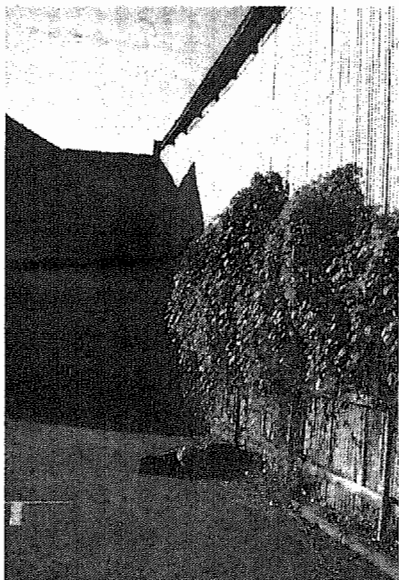
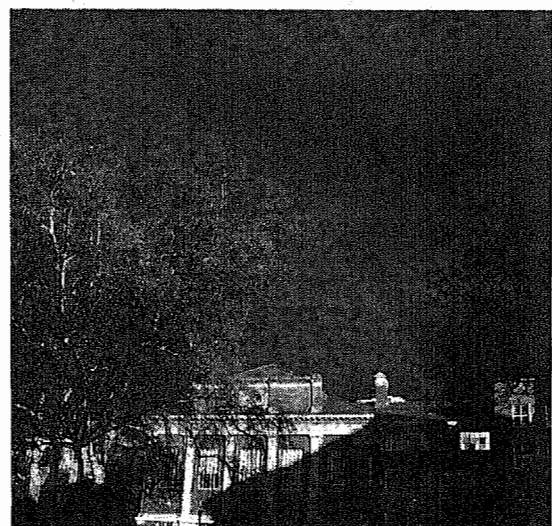
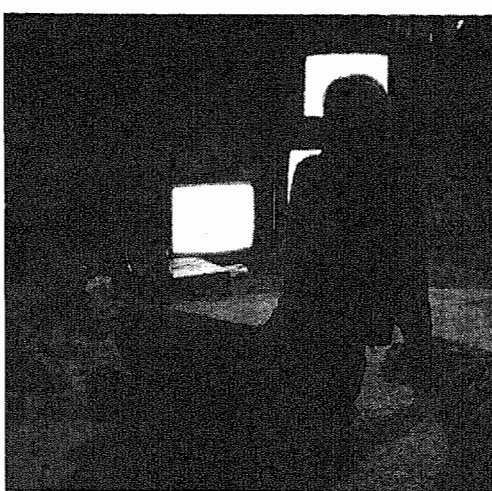
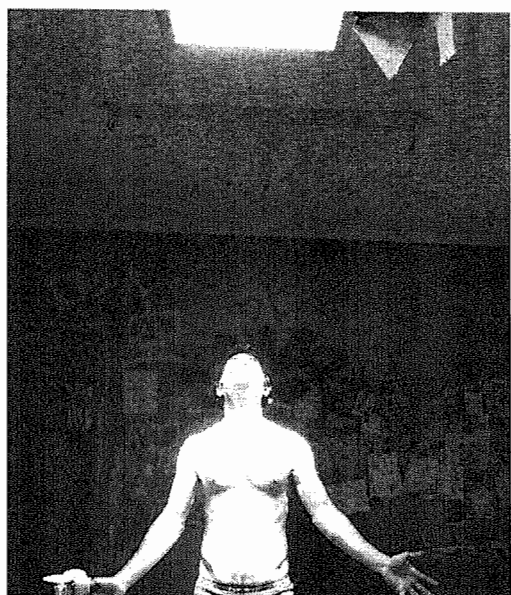
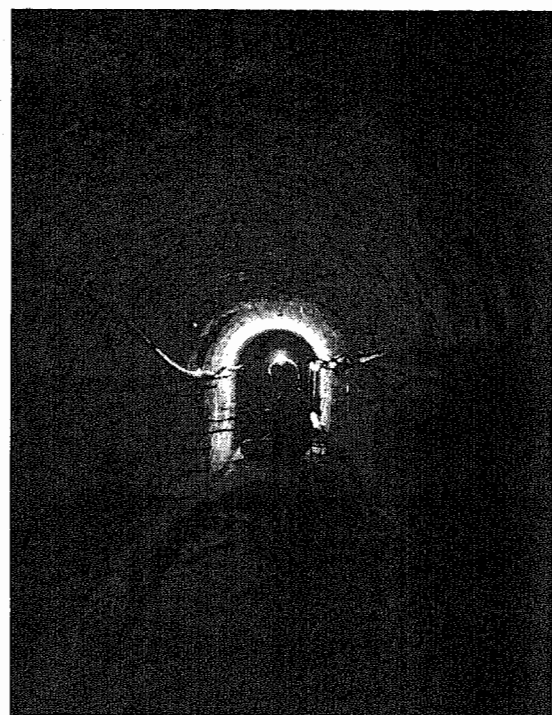
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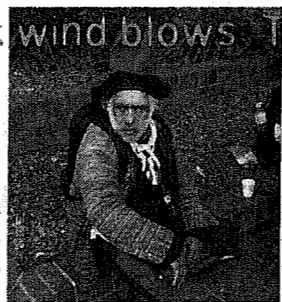
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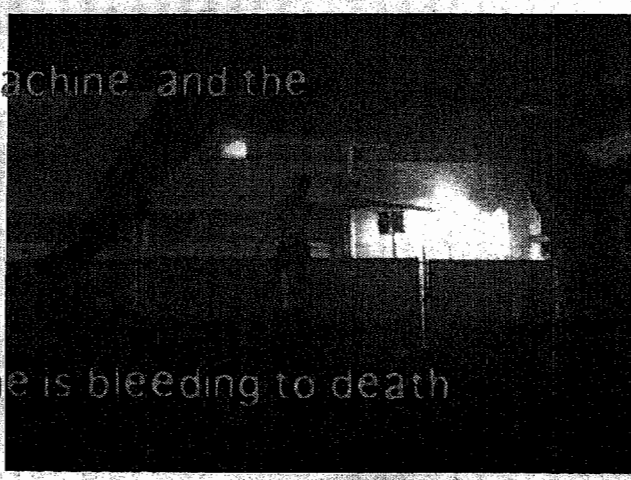
car is on fire, and there's no driver at the wheel. Avenue

sewers are all muddied with a thousand lonely suicides. And

a dark wind blows. The government is corrupt, and we're on



many drugs with the radio on and the curtains drawn.



Machine is bleeding to death

