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On Dit

Volume 72
Edition 19
11.10.2004
ATSI &
Environment
Edition





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13 OCT 2004
OF ADELAIDE

On Dit acknowledges
the Kaurna People,
upon whose land
this paper was
produced. We further
express our sorrow
at the injustices
they have endured
since European
colonisation.



Welcome to the worst case scenario.

With arguably the most conservative government in Australian history about to embark on a fourth term in office, now is as good a time as any to take a look at how our society manages its resources, and the consequences of our giving in to the kind of myopic consumerism that, according to some of our leading academics, will sooner or later lead to the collapse of civilisation as we know it.

Hyperbole? Try this on for size. More than 1,500 litres of oil is expended per annum producing and transporting food to the average Australian's table, and that excludes the fossil fuels consumed cooking and preparing the food once it gets there. Never mind the greenhouse effect; many analysts are suggesting that the most pressing issue facing modern civilisation is the impending global shortage of oil - the main resource needed to produce everything from the fertiliser that super sizes our crops to the computers that shrink our world.

Estimates of the global oil supply haven't changed much for the last 100 years, and most major oil producing nations are either incapable or unwilling to disclose their own oil reserves. Already, the cost of producing one barrel of oil is approaching the total amount of energy that it will yield. If you remember your high school biology, you'll know that the point at which an organism spends more energy than it consumes, it dies. Current predictions hold that the production and consumption of oil - the cornerstone of Western Civilisation since the Industrial Revolution - will be 'energy negative' some time within the next five years.

It gets worse. Some of the more pessimistic analysts are suggesting that our current level of energy expenditure is not only unsustainable - it's irrevocable. The sheer enormity of the task that is switching to more sustainable forms of energy could well require supplies of petroleum in excess of the current supply, which is already at full capacity. The last banana is so inadequate that the monkey won't even have the energy to make it up the next tree. Game over. We lose.

Imagine paying in excess of \$5 per litre at the petrol pump. Imagine transport costs inflating the price of a loaf of bread into double figures. Imagine, if you can, a society where the mere cost of day-to-day survival is well in excess of the current income of a teacher, a nurse, a receptionist - a soldier. To suggest that the United States' current foray into the Middle East was motivated by oil is an understatement. Without doubt, those countries that have secured the remaining supply of oil are more likely to weather the civil upheaval that our current rate of consumption will unleash within the next few decades. When Foreign Minister Alexander Downer claims that the War on Terror is a struggle to preserve our way of life, he isn't just whistling Dixie.

With all this in mind, it's important to remember that this state of myopia is entirely our fault. Every time we buy something from a major supermarket chain, every time we leave the light on when we leave the house, every time we choose to sleep an extra ten minutes rather than walk to school, we are hastening the arrival the calamity. As much as we rail against the destructive policies of the Howard Government, it is our 'consumer confidence' that fuels the coalition's reputation for sound economic management.

The solution?

Stop buying shit
you don't need!

On Dit 72.19

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

Send your submissions to
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Weekly deadline is Wednesday (but,
you know, whatever).

2004 Election Highlights

What lengths would you go to win an election? Would you brave a "grilling" from Alan Jones on live radio? How much of Kerri-Anne Kennerley and scooping up horse shit could you really endure (and which is worse)? And how many baby's heads could you kiss before their new-born hair formed a fur-ball at the base of your throat and you coughed and splattered phlegm all over a community forum podium?

Yes, these are the trials and tribulations that have been facing our incumbents and aspiring MPs every single day for the last six weeks. Election time is undoubtedly a difficult period for all involved. The gimmicks, mishaps, political and personal attacks run thick and fast, and the ability to keep a smile on your face through these slippery incidents is what can make or break a political career.

Thus, the *On Dit* Current Affairs team is proud to present its picks for the election highlights of 2004; an insightful round-up of the unforgettable moments of a more than forgettable election campaign.

THE COALITION

Our first notable mention for the election round-up must be Tony Abbott, Minister for Health, who was never far from controversy throughout the campaign. First, he 'forgot' a meeting with Cardinal Pell during an interview on *LateLine*, then remembered, and then denied he had prompted the Cardinal to issue a statement condemning Labor's education policy. "I could well have been going to confession," he said of his visit to the church leader. He was also earlier caught on camera dozing off at the Liberal Party policy launch.

Another highlight was the security scare surrounding Alexander Downer, Minister for Foreign Affairs, when a man bearing a "warrant" for a citizen's arrest tried to apprehend him for war crimes in full view of a packed media conference. He got close, but not close enough, and instead wound up getting himself arrested. Downer looked as shaken as Sean Connery's Martini although commentators agree there is little chance Downer will actually face an international courtroom.

Then there was Trish Worth's infamous pet-quarantine analogy to justify the use of detention centres. "If you bring a dog into the country, or a cat from some countries, ... there are certain tests to be carried out," she said. Understandably, the community forum which she had been addressing became quite rowdy, probably afflicted by some foreign strain of Tourette's syndrome which had been smuggled under the noses of custom officials.

George Brandis also stirred up some controversy with allegations that he called the Prime Minister a "lying rodent". While he denied these claims, he did admit to calling Howard "the rodent" from time to time, stressing that it was always meant in an affectionate way. In a press release, the Australian Rodent Fanciers Society also issued a statement claiming that they were offended by the metaphor, asserting that rats have more integrity than "politicians and prime ministers".

LABOR

The biggest political gaffe to hit Labor was the controversy surrounding Ivan Molloy, Labor candidate for Fairfax. One morning he opened *The Courier Mail* and out stared a photo of him taken during his jaunt to the Philippines in the 1980s.

It showed him with some balaclava-clad Muslim extremists, with Molloy apparently holding one of their machine guns. The Liberal Party used the photo to allege the Labor Party was soft on terrorism.

Labor controversy also could have erupted after media whispers predicted the possible release of a 'Mark Latham Buck's Night Video', which reportedly showed the leader in various compromising situations. Luckily for the Labor campaign, the video remained hidden. *On Dit* Current Affairs believes this is because, like the Paris Hilton video, there is more money to be made from a commercial release. (Reportedly, monies raised will go to an "Easing the Squeeze on Strippers' Breasts" fund.)

Latham's past did come to the fore however with an alleged fight he was involved in as the Mayor of Liverpool. The fight was with a senior citizen, and was reportedly over the placement of flower pots on Liverpool's main street. The citizen in question swears that it was Latham who punched first. "I saw the fist coming at my face, on my right, it struck me on the right side of the jaw", he said, while reenacting the fight for television cameras.

DEMOCRATS

Democrats leader Andrew Bartlett also provided some highlights. He apparently exchanged his empty bottle of Southern Comfort for a polygraph machine and a bungee cord as his props-of-choice for this election campaign. Although his preference deal with Family First was damning evidence that his sobriety is still some way off.

GREENS

Probably the most memorable aspect of Greens' campaign was the level of abuse spat out at them from the other parties. National Party leader John Anderson declared them to be commies in disguise. "They are watermelons... many of them green on the outside and very, very, very red on the inside," he said. For his part, fellow Coalition candidate George Brandis insisted that the Greens were instead more like the Nazi Party.



[Insert Democrat swandive pun here]

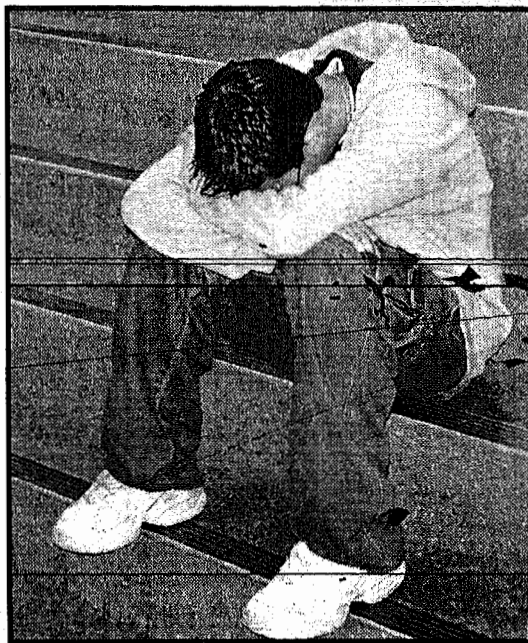
And this wasn't the only attack on the Greens. Apart from television ads labeling them "extremists", their campaigners were also hit by a group of youths throwing eggs in the marginal seat of Dixon. The Greens blamed the Family First Party for orchestrating the drive-by attack.

The Greens did not let this slanging-match remain one sided. One memorable Greens comeback was when Bob Brown labeled the Family First Party the "Christian Taliban".

FAMILY FIRST PARTY

Although relatively new to the fray, Family First still managed to make headlines with a few stuff-ups. The most bizarre was when a volunteer reportedly claimed that it was party policy that lesbians should be burned to death. She was subsequently disciplined. The incident only fuelled speculation that the Party is merely the political face of the ultra-conservative ranks of the Paradise Community Centre. In an unrelated incident, Guy Sebastian denied involvement in the lynching of three lesbians in Pooraka last week.

Nick Parkin
Alex Solomon-Bridge



Still down about the election result?

Try
Anarchy®

Because sometimes it's just easier to be an angry cunt.

Letters

Our Proverbials always told us that if you don't have anything nice to say then it's best to keep

your ugly yap shut. Yeah, well, we were never ones to listen to our Proverbials anyway. You people SUCK! For the love of Jesus, PLEASE try and string together a coherent sentence or two that isn't homophobic, reactionary or downright retarded. This is supposed to be a Sandstone University; just because we have trashy hand drawn page numbers doesn't mean you stupid proles have a license to send us any old random tripe. There are two editions left - send us some vaguely entertaining debate, lest we emerge from our dank basement office and beat it out of you with sticks.

B Stan & Jimmy X X

ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

Damn you to HECS!

Dear Editors,

Many student activists have been complaining loudly about the 25% HECS increases brought about as a result of the Government's Higher Education changes. While I strongly oppose these hikes, which will leave young graduates saddled with ever more massive debts, I think it's about time this issue was put into perspective.

The fact is that if you are a young person with an ambition of becoming a doctor or a lawyer you basically have access to a free education under the HECS scheme, with only textbook and union fees having to be paid up front. The bulk of your education is paid for by the government, with the remainder of the costs being payable via an interest-free loan on which you do not have to make any repayments unless and until you are earning over \$35,000 a year.

If only all of us had it so good! My career ambition is to be an airline pilot, yet the full cost of training for an Air Transport Pilot Licence is up to \$50,000. My mother earns \$21,000 a year as a cleaner and apart from our furniture neither of us have any assets. There is no HECS scheme to help me with this enormous cost, nor is there any bursary scheme or interest-free loans scheme. While I am more than capable on merit - having been the dux of my school in Year 12 and having achieved High Distinction grades at university - I may well be denied the chance to pursue my ideal career because my family happens to be poor.

I think we need to ask ourselves why the government will pay tens of thousands of dollars for a young person to study for a worthless humanities degree - which, let's face it, does not even get you a job - and yet cannot assist a young person who wants to train for a pilot licence. Perhaps it's time to be a bit fairer on those young Australians whose ambitions involve pathways other than university.

Yours sincerely,

Craig Parkin

6

This person is no Hillary.

Dear Eds,

One last crack at the SAUA Officer Bearers of '04.

1. Who and Where is the Sexuality Officer? It was the Sex edition last week but did she make a contribution or even write an office bearers report? In fact the last report I've seen was in O'Week, written with Alan Han.

2. What did Stephen Kellet - Enviro Officer do to stop or discourage the University from removing the trees from in front of Elder Hall? Nothing! Also no reports in ages. Why are we paying these guys.

3. Alice Campbell - SAUA Pres - Runs a meeting like an incompetent puppet.

And couldn't get people to turn up to a General Student Meeting last Thursday even with a free BBQ.

4. That Education VP? What's her name? Well she wasn't at the General Student Meeting that she was supposed to be cooking at. But has written in On Dit frequently

5. Kellie - Well thank goodness there wasn't a column last week!!!

Why can't people see that this is a waste of their money?!!

NO CANDIDATE needs more support and a new faction.

Cheers,

Hillary Bray

(Apologies to Christian Kerr but he does use it any more)

This person we're not sure what to make of.

A lot of people were struck by the events at the Beslan School. Even I who is only man enough to sob when soccer is involved found myself grief stricken by what I saw. One picture comes to mind the most when that incident is mentioned. It was printed in the Advertiser on Sunday 5/9/04, and it showed a Russian Special Forces soldier carrying an injured child out of the blazing building. This was all good except for the fact that he had a freshly lit cigarette in the right corner of his mouth (its not part of the uniform, I checked) I understand that

the situation was intense in a way that I can only imagine but "What the?" Not only was that not professional by any standard but I'm sure it made anyone with an IQ of over 100 (I'm 100.5 for those of you who are interested) start to think laterally: If those were the images we got through our highly filtered, decaffeinated, one calorie, six grams of fat or less media, what was the real picture? Was there a picnic outside with dollar snags and cheap beer or, I'm sorry vodka? What the hell was that man thinking I don't know. That picture really pissed me off, and if heaven forbid that was my kid being brought to me by that soldier I'd hug her briefly, tell her its all o.k. now and then thank that soldier properly: with a left upper cut right in his vodka drinking, funny hat wearing "golovoy"* There was no excuse for that, period. People went nuts at the German soldier in Afghanistan who smoked one while his dead comrades rolled by him in coffins and everyone thinks this is fine?

And because there is no more room on this global game of "Cluedo" I will just watch. Everyone is playing who, what and where but no why. I know why, sort of. But I will save the answer for any of you who are really interested and for the parties my German foreign exchange student friends hold every week for no reason. These parties have become one of the few places where I can say my opinion without having anyone listening in Guantanamo Bay under the charge of "active voicing terrorist thoughts with no category entitlement" (thank you Martha for enlightening me with this charge). No sir, me? I don't know anything about anything, I was just there to get really drunk and pee on a traffic-light. And if it helps my case in anyway, I think O.J did it.

Now, I will just sit here and eat my burger that's one grade above "carp unfit for human consumption" and grin like "I'm lovin' it".

I assume I haven't told you anything about this sad world we live in you didn't know already. Stop reading then.....

Mu-Ji

Put those lazy foetuses to work!

In Australia 100,000 unborn children are aborted every year. Nearly half of all births; births being roughly 250,000

a year. A truly horrifying figure.

It is about time that feminists realised the consequences woeful actions in the past that have led to the decadent society we are now living in. Retirees will soon represent 1 in 4 of the Australian population. Obviously there will be increased pressure on the workforce to support these people. I wouldn't be surprised if taxation increased by at least 20 per cent.

With such figures in mind, it is not hard to see how if voluntary euthanasia became lawful, it could quickly turn to involuntary because of the tremendous burden the elderly population will be on the workforce, and the workforces subsequent resentment of them.

Karli

A word from British Telecom.

Dear eds,

Potter Puzzel.....WTF????????????????????????????????????

If you needed to fill up space that badly you should have just said so in the first place.

Regards

BT

Cruisin' for a bruisin'.

Hi,

Just a quick note to say I liked Nick Parkin's article on our world-beating idea to get us a whole bunch of cruise missiles [On Dit 71.17]. Well researched and well written.

Fucking hell. Cruise missiles? Unbelievable.

Andrew Lees

You again!

Dear On Dit,

There was some honest and searching stuff in the Sexuality Edition [On Dit 72,18] that was great to read.

Simon Chekota's evolutionary psychological musings are highly dubious. (They are also tantamount to stating what he attempted to discount, "that natural behaviour among other species in [sic] indicative of the 'proper' human condition".) To imply any biological connections, it is necessary to first demonstrate that 'alternative sexualities' are genetic in origin. A number of evidences suggest this is not the case. I also noted a couple of recent instances in On Dit of the discredited Kinseyan notion of 'ten percent' that still seems to be in frequent use. 'Less than five percent' is appropriate (and it starts at zero percent if all the world's cultures are taken into account).

Don't take my word for it, do some research. The PFOX page at <http://www.pfox.org/asp/newsman/templates/newstemplate.asp?articleid=106&zoneid=6> and Neil and Briar Whitehead's *My Genes Made Me Do It: a scientific look at sexual orientation* (1999, Huntington House) provide some starting places.

Regards,

Arthur Davis.

Have you considered anarchy?

A word to all those uni students who voted liberal, since I know there are a few:

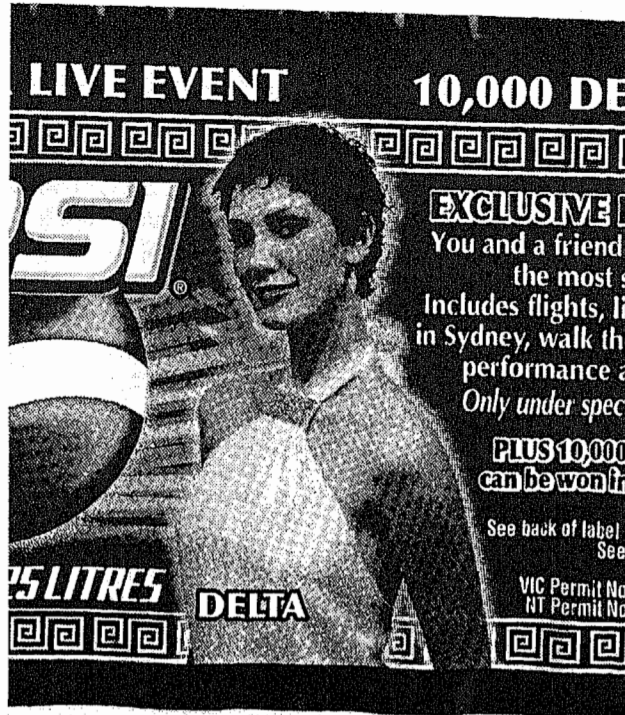
@SS|-JOLIES. You're obviously stupid, so I hope you fail most of your subjects, attaining a super high HECS debt which you so wisely voted for. Then with a debt so large and a qualification which won't get you a job since your best mark in anything was a P1, the banks won't give you a loan and you'll be forced to live in a cardboard box in the Adelaide parklands.

But hey, that's alright, since Johnny knows how to run the Australian economy.

The Voice of Truth

My God! Sentences with verbs in them! It must be Dave.

Well, it's all over. A rare chance has come and a skittish Australian electorate has muffed it, condemning itself in the process to three more years of reactive decision-making on the hoof, underfunded universities and hospitals, a never-ending war on terrorism, tagging mindlessly along behind a pair of warmongers not quite of this earthly world; recurring images of a



Carcinogenic soap star Delta Goodrem and outspoken SAUA Women's Officer Kellie Armstrong-Smith... separated at birth?

- Steve Mackie

JOHN Winston Howard's age of 65 is the same as Winston Churchill's when he started as wartime prime minister for five years.

Alan Grant
McMahon's Point, NSW

Tom Har Wilson

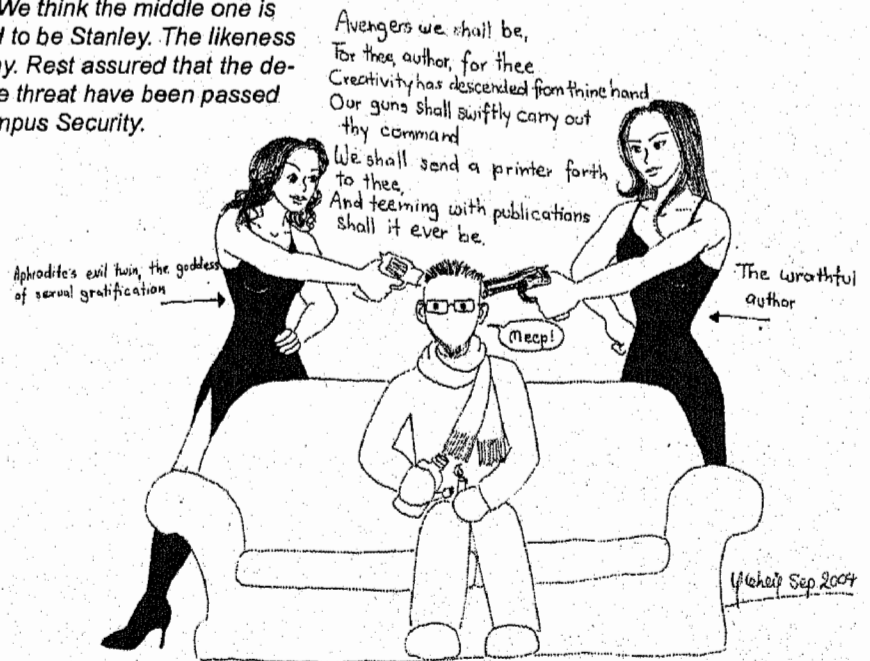
petulant PM, wrapped in the national flag, defiantly karate-chopping his way through the hordes of imaginary juvenile asylum seekers and greenies of his fevered dreams.

In retrospect, stunned into nostalgia and dismay, I'm inclined to prefer the silly, stick-on grin and the carefully trimmed rectangular eyebrows of his earlier make-over. Am I alone in doing so?

Of course there will be those out there, fugitives from poetic justice, who, despite their flagging political fortunes, will laugh with relief at Honest John's good fortune on their way to the bank to deposit their ill-gotten gains. The Blairs will sleep easy in their £3.6 million pound home in central London, for one example. Who says rushing into illegal wars doesn't pay?

Dave Diss

On Dit can't remember the last time it recieved a threatening cartoon. This specimen arrived shortly after we failed to print the author's previous effort, concerning the recent student election. We think the middle one is supposed to be Stanley. The likeness is uncanny. Rest assured that the details of the threat have been passed on to Campus Security.



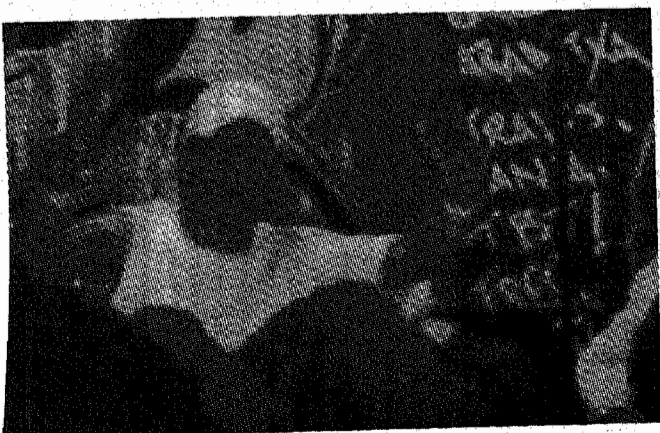
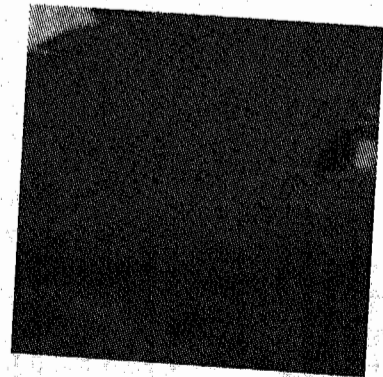
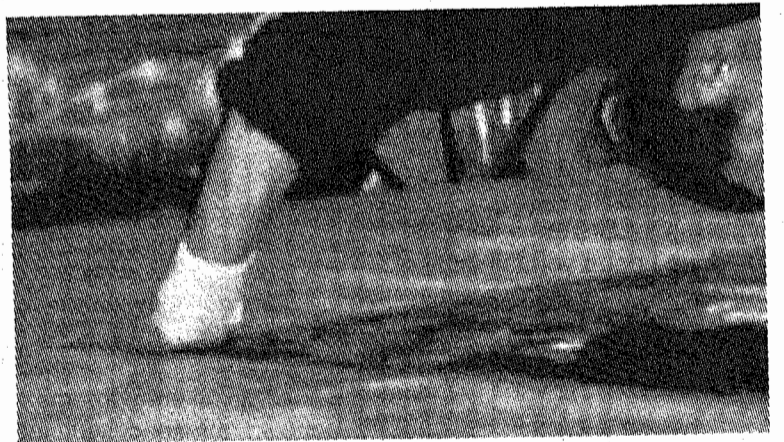
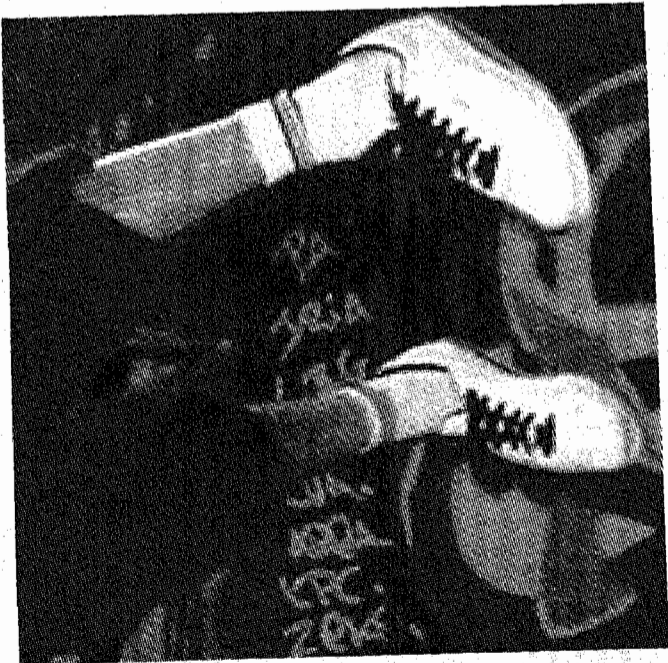
No more bribing with ice cream, sir. It's war now, and I have minions. Buwahahaha!

Sincerely, Yana Lehey

7

HIP HOP CULTURE WEEK

	tuesday october 12	wednesday october 13	thursday october 14
12:00	bbq on lawns beer until 3pm	bbq on lawns beer until 3pm	bbq on lawns beer until 3pm
12:45	band set up ready to start at 1pm	band set up ready to start at 1pm	band set up ready to start at 1pm
1:00 - 2:00	terra firma light skateboarding	red monika graffiti art demos all afternoon	conscious propaganda
2:00 - 3:00	skating demo with skate ramp	movie screened in union cinema <i>breakdance</i> <i>8 mile</i>	break dancers nocturnal elements with dj
7:00	battle of the mc starts	future dj competition	



brought to you by the homies from union activities.

(busi)



TROUBLE IN PARADISE

Mining company **PLACER DOME** leaves a legacy of destruction on a tiny Pacific Island

Indigenous landowners impacted by Misima Mine on the vulnerable small Pacific island of Misima in Papua New Guinea have sent out a plea internationally to their government and the mining company Placer Dome to rectify its previous neglect and disregard for the interests of communities impacted by the mine. Representatives of the landowners have travelled all the way to the nation's capital to meet with their Prime Minister and raise the concerns of their people.

The Mineral Policy Institute (Australia), Mining Watch Canada and the NGO Environmental Watch Group (PNG) condemn Placers conduct at the minesite. Placer Dome is seeking to cut and run from the mine, while the Governor of the Province where the mine is located has refused to sign off on the mine closure plan due to concern over unresolved social, environmental and economic issues. The plan was also completed without properly consulting the representative landowner associations who were party to the original mine agreement, and local level and provincial government officials input was not integrated into the closure plan. The company was also instrumental in setting up an association run by its own employee to represent the landowners, and local communities are highly critical of the capacity of a company employee to represent their interests to the company.

A cyanide spill into the ocean on the 7th of August, in admissions by the company, resulted in fish kills off the island's coast, redirecting public attention to the remote island.

The results of initial investigations conducted by the Mineral Policy Institute suggest it is likely the incident may have been directly related to fast tracking the deconstruction of tailings facilities prior to decommissioning the cyanide tanks, and recommended a detailed independent investigation into the incident.

Placers subsidiary offered the equivalent of less than one Australian dollar per person to persons impacted by the spill, while weeks later, communities around Misima and the surrounding islands have continued to find dead fish, including reports of a whale floating onto the shore, and are still too frightened to fish or swim in the oceans.

These companies do not tell us the truth. We read what happens in other places, and the mining company deny all the pollution and problems until the people do independent tests. Are these dead fish from the cyanide or from their other dumping of wastes into the oceans? We do not know, but we do know that we cannot always

trust what the company says, stated Stanley Niga, chairman of landowners representative group, Misima Towo Siung Association.

The mine uses the controversial practice of ocean dumping (submarine tailings disposal) also utilised by a Newmont mine in Buyat Bay in Indonesia that was recently shut down for polluting the oceans and poisoning local communities. This practice is not permitted in countries such as Australia and Canada.

Catherine Coumans of MiningWatch Canada says 'Once again Placer Dome is a source of shame in Canada for the failure to protect environments and communities abroad. We have long denounced Placer Dome's waste disposal in the sea at Misima, this practice is illegal in Canada. Placers other waste disposal method in PNG, into a river at Porgera, is also illegal in Canada.

Landowners have issued a statement and set of demands to the company and their national government to address their concerns, including the release of all reports on this incident and a commitment to an independent review of the mine closure plans and ongoing environment impacts. These are available on the internet at <www.mpi.org.au>

'Placer Dome has exploited the good will and peaceful nature of the people of Misima, and their façade of corporate responsibility must crumble in the face of the atrocious legacy they have dumped upon the people of Misima,' says Techa Beaumont of the Mineral Policy Institute.

The men and women of Misima and other mine sites are dependent upon their lands for their future. 'Mining companies need to respect their rights, including their customary relationships with the land, and their future reliance upon that land for their survival,' stated Stewart Serawe of the NGO Environmental Watch Group, PNG.

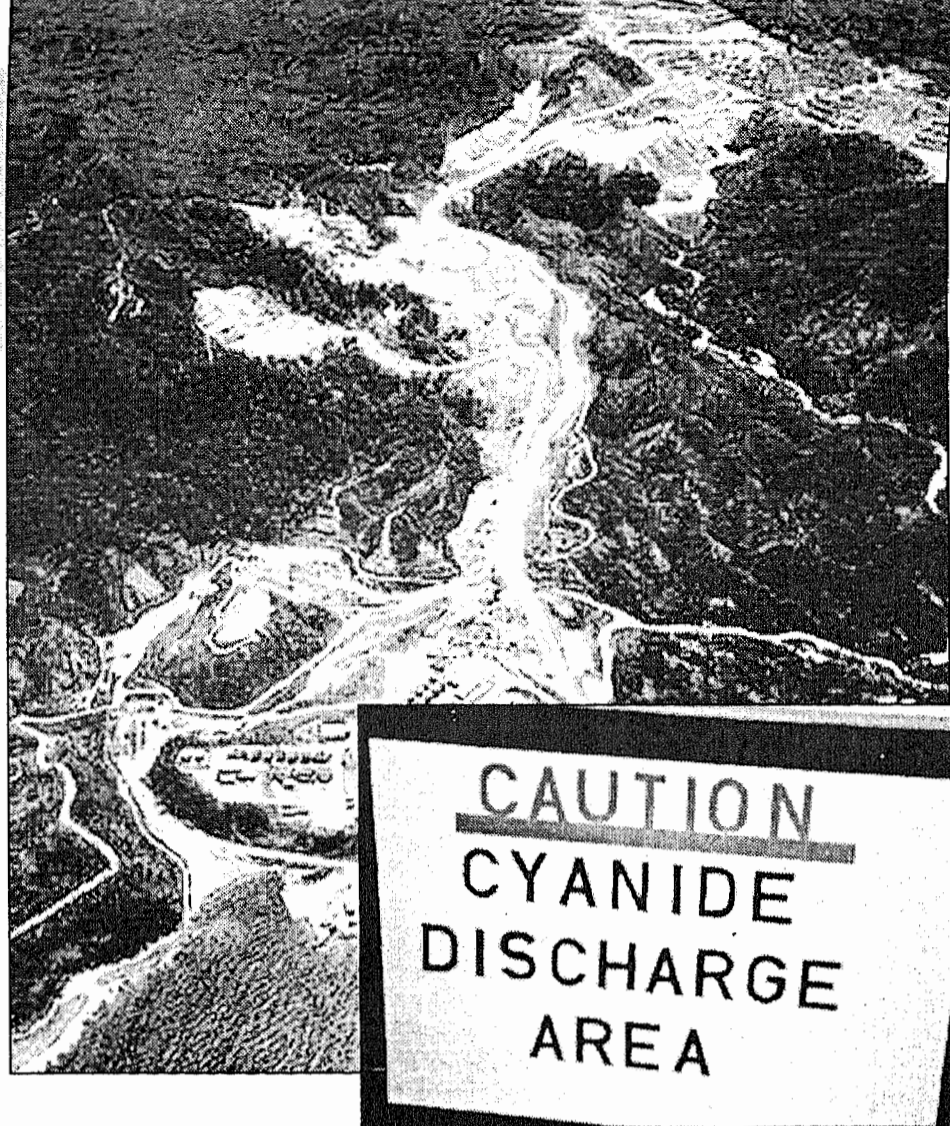
Tim O'Connor is a campaigner for AID/WATCH.

To find out more, or to help campaign against the destruction of Misima, write to

Aid/Watch 19 Eve St,
Erskineville, NSW 2043
Australia

email: aid@aidwatch.org.au

www.aidwatch.org.au



Misima Mine, Misima Island, 200km east of mainland Papua New Guinea. (Inset) One of the hazards of the Placer Dome mining operation.

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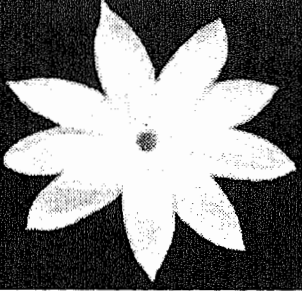


The B'Alchemy Bar
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who love to keep it live!



GUINNESS »How Griff 'O' Lishus«

Russell and Sarah share a belated moment with...



Kate Ellis

It's all over. The Federal Election is won, and lost. Here is an article that was supposed to make it to print before Saturday, but didn't, due to varying degrees of ineptness on the part of a very small contingent. So, in the spirit of ATSI/Environment week, I present a long-overdue interview which has very little to do with either:

Kate Ellis is the ALP's Federal candidate for the seat of Adelaide, which takes in the North Terrace campus of the University of Adelaide, as well as the CBD and surrounding areas. Sarah Newport and Russell Marks caught up with Kate at a snooty cafe on King William:

Russell: You're young, you've got the rest of your life ahead of you. Why politics?

Kate: Good question! I've been working in politics ever since I left university, and I believe in the political system, that through politics you can actually change people's lives. It's a pretty rewarding job! I think there's a lot that needs to be changed at the moment, and I got sick of sitting back and whinging and thought, maybe it's time I stuck my hand up and tried to do something about it.

Russell: How long have you worked in politics?

Kate: I was playing the student politics game when I was back at Flinders, which is probably how I first got involved with everything. When the Howard government first started making changes to the Higher Education funding, that was the catalyst which got me involved. At first it was really just education issues and through the Students' Association - it sort of opened my eyes to a few other things. I got very involved in the Republic Referendum - I was on the "Yes" side - and I got quite involved with the Australian Republican Movement as well, I held a couple of positions within there, and then I moved straight onto the ALP, and campaigning in Federal and State elections, and then went straight to working in politics, straight from uni as well.

Sarah: So, if all goes well at this election, are you looking forward to working with



Mark Latham?

Kate: Very much so. As you both know, Mark was in town on Tuesday [many weeks ago now! - RM]... I really think that this is such an exciting time for the Labor Party. I think Mark has enthused a lot of the general public, but the Party as well sort of has a fresh face at the moment. Also, I love having Peter Garrett on board.

Russell: Why do you think Garrett's not the Environment Minister?

Kate: Well, we have a Shadow Environment Minister who's been doing a good job, and Peter's obviously pretty passionate about the environment, but so are a lot of other people within the Party.

Russell: What can the ALP do for women?

Kate: A lot of people are talking to me about Health concerns, and that's a huge issue for women in particular. We talk a lot about our efforts to increase bulk-billing rates, and we think that will be of huge benefit to women in particular. But the other thing that's a huge issue at the moment is childcare, and there's a big campaign being run about childcare wages at the moment, recognition of childcare workers, and it's a huge issue that we need to look at from a Federal perspective. The majority of childcare workers are women.

Russell: Do you worry that women's issues tend to be boxed around health and childcare issues, and they tend to be marginalised when there are issues like "economics" as a "big" issue, and you have these "women's" issues that tend to get pushed aside - Do you worry that they are seen to be women's issues?

Kate: No, I don't think so. The economy is obviously important to women as well, but the other thing is access to education, particularly our Higher Education System. It's women who have traditionally been disadvantaged in their access to Higher Education. Getting more women into Parliament is also a great step.

Sarah: How have you perceived John Howard's attitudes to women?

Kate: I think that he's been pretty damaging as a whole, but I'm actually really excited about Mark Latham and actually having a vision for the future, and I think that's where the two Parties are very different. Howard doesn't appear, to me, to be looking towards the future and ways that can make it an even greater country, so that's pretty damaging, I think.

Russell: The ALP does seem to have a policy on affirmative action, toward getting more women into Parliament -

Sarah: 40 per cent of the Parliament -

Kate: It got changed at the National Conference last year - I'd have to check the details for you on that, to be honest.

Russell: Does [your faction] support affirmative action?

Kate: I think there are different views on affirmative action within the Party. I don't think it necessarily goes down factional lines. I think everybody within the Party would agree that we have to look at ways to encourage women into Parliament, and to make that a Party objective. Lots of people are going to have different ideas about the best ways to go about doing that.

Sarah: Are you the next Natasha?

Kate: You're not actually the first person to ask that! The first interview I ever had to give after I was preselected was a radio interview, and I was being introduced and they just kept going on with the Natasha comparisons, and stating how young I was, and all the events that I hadn't been born for. I think it's pretty sad that if you have a young woman, then there's only one person to compare her with. But Natasha and I probably differ on a lot of policy issues; really, we're "young women" and that's probably where the similarity ends.

Sarah: Are you conscious of being a role-model to young women?

Kate: I've never really thought about it! It was amazing, some Year 12 students rang me up a couple of weeks ago, saying they wanted me to come down to their school, saying they hadn't really thought about politics but they just loved that there was a young woman involved. I don't think about it in that way at all, but if it encourages more people to actually get involved, and think that they can actually stick their hand up and make a difference, then I think it's good. I think that, ultimately, you need a diverse mix of backgrounds to come up with good policy, and I'm not suggesting that twenty-somethings should take over the whole thing, but I think it helps to have those backgrounds and those voices being heard as well.

Sarah: What are some of the issues that you're going to bring to Canberra?

Kate: I think that the health issues in the seat of Adelaide in particular are huge. We've been talking about bulk-billing a lot, and sometimes when you talk about it you don't actually see what that means. But when you get talking to people who tell you that when they get sick, they actually think, 'maybe I won't go to the doctor because I don't know if I can afford it', that's a pretty sad state of affairs, particularly in the seat of Adelaide, where bulk-billing has decreased by 27 per cent, which is huge compared to some of the other changes in our country. That's a huge issue. But also education and higher education, I see that that's one of my pet issues, and particularly, we're one of the few seats that would have multiple campuses within it. I think getting rid of the 25% HECS fee increases, and getting rid of full fee-paying spots, which might

be a bit controversial in some places, but I believe in it passionately. I don't think that's a way to run an education system.

Russell: Is that as far as you'd go?

Kate: The interesting thing is that when I was back in student politics days, you'd just look at it from a student perspective, you'd just say "we want to get rid of fee increases, we don't want students paying for it," and I guess one of the big changes for me is that now you have to look at it from a holistic approach, not just from the students' perspective. You actually have to look at, well, if the students aren't paying for it, then where's the money coming from? We need to have a good look at university funding as a whole. But it's a good start in undoing some of the damage that has just recently been done.

Russell: Do you have a "vision" for higher education at all?

Kate: Higher education is changing so much. You know, people going up to uni and hanging around, and studying poetry, and then going on and doing another degree in philosophy... The whole society has changed. Unfortunately or fortunately, it is now very much tied into getting a job at the end of it. There are a whole lot of issues, and I think that we need to look at a whole new way of going forward, and I think we need to actually engage with the universities and engage with the students. But I loved my time at university; it was, without doubt, the greatest time of my whole life. I guess my vision is making sure that that's something that is actually attainable for as many people as possible, and that people aren't being excluded from the opportunities if they want to do that as well. That's where it really is changing: people just used to go to university and get to hang out in the uni-bar and everything, and people these days have to work so many part-time jobs that you don't get the same sort of feel about the whole place, which is really sad, I think. I wonder whether, at Flinders, because we were so isolated in some ways, whether people did actually stay on campus a lot more.

Russell: What did you study?

Kate: International relations.

Sarah: Any thoughts of being foreign minister one day?

Kate: I think we'll worry about being the member for Adelaide first! No, originally my dream was to work in Foreign Affairs, and I just sort of got sidetracked along the way. In some ways, we can put so much attention on international issues that it wasn't until after some years at university that I actually started to think about domestic politics and domestic issues.

This interview was conducted some weeks ago, before the commencement of the official election campaign, and also before the amazing gaff of Trish Worth, the standing Liberal Member for Adelaide, at a community forum on refugee issues on August 25. At that forum, Worth responded to a question relating to the length of detention of asylum seekers like this (lifted straight from the website of the underfunded ABC):

Worth: I hate the thought of anybody being in detention. And I don't think any of my colleagues like the thought of anyone being in detention.

[Disagreement from the audience]

Audience Member: ... You can stop it like that.

Worth: Well, there are some very practical reasons. I mean, if you bring a dog into this country, or a cat from some countries, they...

[Disagreement from the audience]

Worth: Look, can you just hear me out please, can you just hear me out? There are certain tests to be carried out. There are health checks.

There certainly *are* health checks! Worth's tragicomic remarks, however, neither adequately answered the initial question, relating to the *duration* of detention, nor painted Ms Worth, who has been commended by at least one refugee welfare organisation, and who is certainly one of the smallest-L Liberals going around at the moment, in a particularly positive light as regards her humanitarian ideals.

Frank Brennan, in his book *Tampering With Asylum* (UQP, 2003), notes that governments generally identify three stages of asylum seeker detention (at page 85):

1. The initial determination of health, security and identity issues...;
2. The entire time taken for processing a

refugee application and any appeals that may follow;

3. At the end of an unsuccessful claim, awaiting removal from the country.

'Australia', Brennan writes (at 86), 'is alone in... implementing a legal policy of universal detention for unauthorised asylum seekers' during the *second stage*. This was the basis of the question asked of Ms Worth, to which she responded dismally.

Later, Worth attempted to explain her comment: 'Perhaps it would've been better if I hadn't said that at all, but I was being given a fairly rough time by just a few people there, and it was my job to present the Government's case. I was making the point that if you bring anything live into the country there are quarantine and border protection issues, as far as imports are concerned. I was certainly... it would not enter my head to be referring to refugees or asylum seekers in that way.'

Kate Ellis, who was also present at the forum, could hardly believe what she was hearing. As soon as the story broke on the ABC on August 31, Kate said 'I think it strikes at the heart of the Liberal policy on this matter, and also a whole range of issues where this Government has repeatedly shown us how uncaring they are'.

But she didn't sink the boot in. Who knows? Maybe she should have. It would have certainly increased her profile. But Kate Ellis appears to be sticking firmly to the future, refusing to engage in a traditional slag-fest with her political opponent. Even when approached by one of the authors of this article during Adelaide Uni's recent election week, Kate was very reluctant to denigrate her opponent in any way.

Trish Worth sees it differently. 'It's about lousy, nasty, dirty campaigning', according to her, though, on this point at least, her young opponent seemed to recognise that Worth had damaged herself sufficiently, requiring no further intervention on Kate's part.

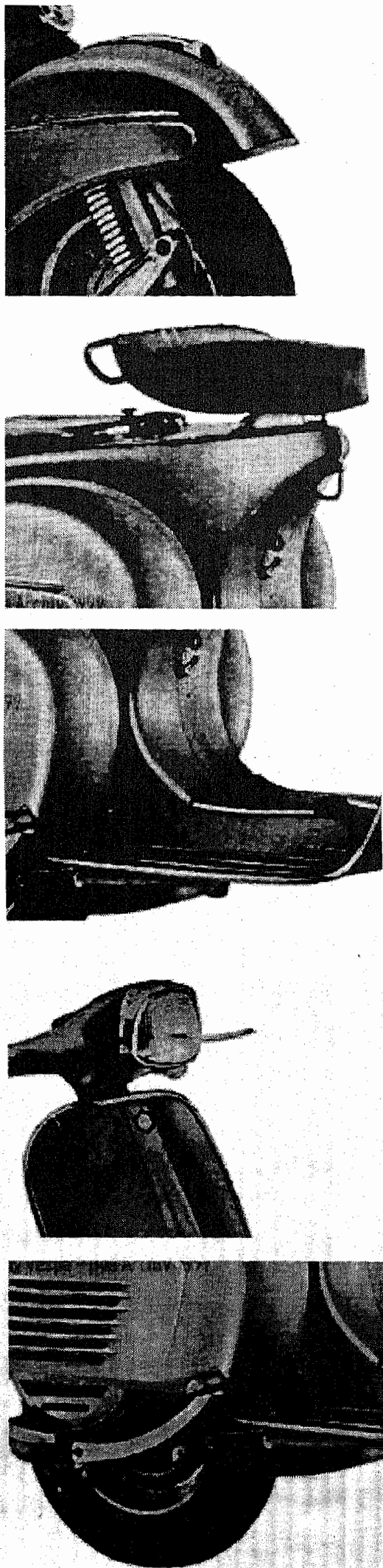
Kate Ellis is, in traditional party-politics terms, young and idealistic. But, far from disqualifying her from public office, these qualities should be prized, and even cultivated.

* Sarah is a member of the ALP. Russell is a member of the 'kookie' Australian Greens, which begs the question as to why he was stroking it up during SAUA Election Week...



The newly elected Kate Ellis (right) with street theatre magnate Matt Walton and someone else.

You don't *have* to be a megalomaniacal show-pony to work here, but it helps...



...reads the sign above the doorway leading out of the kitchen to the floor. It's hacked into the gyrock with thin, spidery gouges, as if the one who carved it was in a rush, but thought it was really important to get all this down before someone caught him doing it. For posterity, it seems, the red-handled Victorinox paring knife has been left as a violent period, which is almost still wobbling from the former, disgruntled employee's mighty stab.

"Are you just gonna stare at the wall, Cunteyes, or are you gonna pay attention and do some fucken' work?"

Oh, yes, dear Readers, I'm back in the game.

It's been a while, but I'm proud to say that I'm back to slaving for a pittance. Yay! There are so many things I've wanted to write about my holiday goings-on, but it makes too many kinds of sense if I just bring you all up to speed riiiiight about... now!

Jimmy the Gun is eyeballing me. No, I mean it; he actually is staring at me, and he doesn't look happy. Okay, it's been a really uncomfortable amount of time: I'm just going to put down my knife, real slowly, and then just *stare right back at him*, dammit!

Never take any guff from this brand of swine, or they'll walk all over you in bloodied golf shoes, and tap dance on your forehead until the day you leave their kitchen. Because you must never forget that *this is my kitchen, Motherfucker!!!*

Or at least in this case, it's Jimmy's kitchen. Jimmy, Jimmy the Gun, Jimmy Jim-Jam Jimmaroo; Shit, he's still giving me the stank-eye, he won't budge. This is a pride tester. Too much, and I'll be given the arse toot-sweet. Not enough... well, I already told you, he likes golf...

I gotta break the silence before I get fired. "So, er, Jimmy?" He still stares, no recognition in his eyes of hearing my voice. A fat, sticky bead of sweat trickles down the side of his recently shaven head; fancies himself a hard cunt, but no prizes here, eh folks? "Why do they call you 'the Gun', Jimmy?" I regret my words even before 'gun' passes my lips, which are locked on auto-pilot.

"Cause he's fucken' fast" comes the reply from one of the white-capped heads, bent unhealthily over its work as if not being bent over one's work means certain death and unemployment, so I pick up my knife and continue with the mirepoix. Jimmy still stares, and I snap my head to the left just in time to catch him mid-chew. So, the legends are true, he *is* human after all. I feel I've left a respectful mark on Jimmy's day. Doesn't sound like much,

but I didn't give in to his "I'm gonna psych you out" shit, or crack for that matter. He'll continue staring, of course, but I think I've made my presence felt. It's going to be a good day.

Gone are the days of working in cowboy infested chop-shops like Tantino, unappreciated and poorly paid. Now I learn the art of the Garde Manger at one of the finest ristorante in Adelaide. Of course, the pay is still shit, but this is the price of being an errant writer/cook: Everyone loves you, but no-one wants to pay because they think that at any second you could leave without notice, and try to become more a writer and less a cook. They'll lap up your labours in the kitchen, but the slightest sign that

you're becoming disgruntled with your working situation, and the next would-be apprentice will be getting trial shifts while the owner tries to work up the testicles to fire your arse. "I'd like you to finish the week," one hapless owner said to me, after deciding that I wasn't dedicated to his grand plan of becoming the finest Italian restaurant in Adelaide. The

Never take any guff from this brand of swine, or they'll walk all over you in bloodied golf shoes, and tap dance on your forehead until the day you leave their kitchen.

Head Chef was away on holiday that week, and I suspect that *he* might have thought twice before losing a member of staff, so I told the owner to shut-up with his babblings of "You know, I'm sorry to see you go, Benny" and "but we all love you here, especially the floor staff" and "I'll definitely consider getting you back in the future." His pathetic epithets were more sickening and embarrassing than the actual discharge, so I cut him short, gathered my knives, and walked out of the door, leaving him with a full restaurant of ninety covers booked for the night, and every night that week, with no-one to call for a replacement. The kitchen staff (I really have to apologise, guys. You didn't deserve it.) had to work twice as hard that week because of his decision. So fuck you, Andrew; Tantino is one of the worst places to work in Adelaide, in fact it's renowned for this reason. You're a silly little struggling restaurant owner, and you will continue to be outshined by Chianti Classico for the rest of your days.

Now I work with people who, despite their high expectations, appreciate their workers because they don't need to try to become the best in Adelaide: They *are* the best in Adelaide. Of course, I make no apology for my gratuities, dear reader, because I am a bitter, bitter man at the best of times. Suffice it to say that I have now exorcised these demons of shame: Thankyou for reading, and helping with my self-prescribed therapy.

But it's all water under the proverbial bridge. I'm still a disheartened writer/cook. You can't help but be so when you're a slave to two masters.

Hagemann

Zombie Apocalypse

I went to the State Museum the other day and I felt lost. It is rare for me to feel like that. As I walked through two levels of cultural mementos and artefacts, I felt like I had lost or misplaced something. I am sure that you know what I'm talking about – the twinge of memory, the feeling of confusion or that awful nagging feeling in your gut when you think you have left your wallet at home...

That feeling lives and grows inside of me every day.

I am part Aboriginal and I feel like that piece of me has been left by the wayside like a nice bit of road kill. I'm not going to rehash or elaborate on what has obviously been a history of dispossession and cultural genocide. Nor will I treat you to a tirade, which demonstrates my activism and concern for the struggle for Aboriginal rights. This is purely a personal account of how I feel after living in this way for twenty years.

My Aboriginal mother has brought me up. My non-Indigenous father cut himself loose from me a long time ago. My main family involvement has been with my Aboriginal family, who have mostly not bothered to rekindle their culture. This I partly attribute to their mass migration to New South Wales about 50 years ago – my tribal group is actually the Ngarrendjeri from the Coorong region in the South-East of this state.

To the contrary, thankfully, my grandmother (now deceased) did her best to encourage my cousins and I to learn basket weaving and stories about the land. She taught me about our family's unique past and the meaning

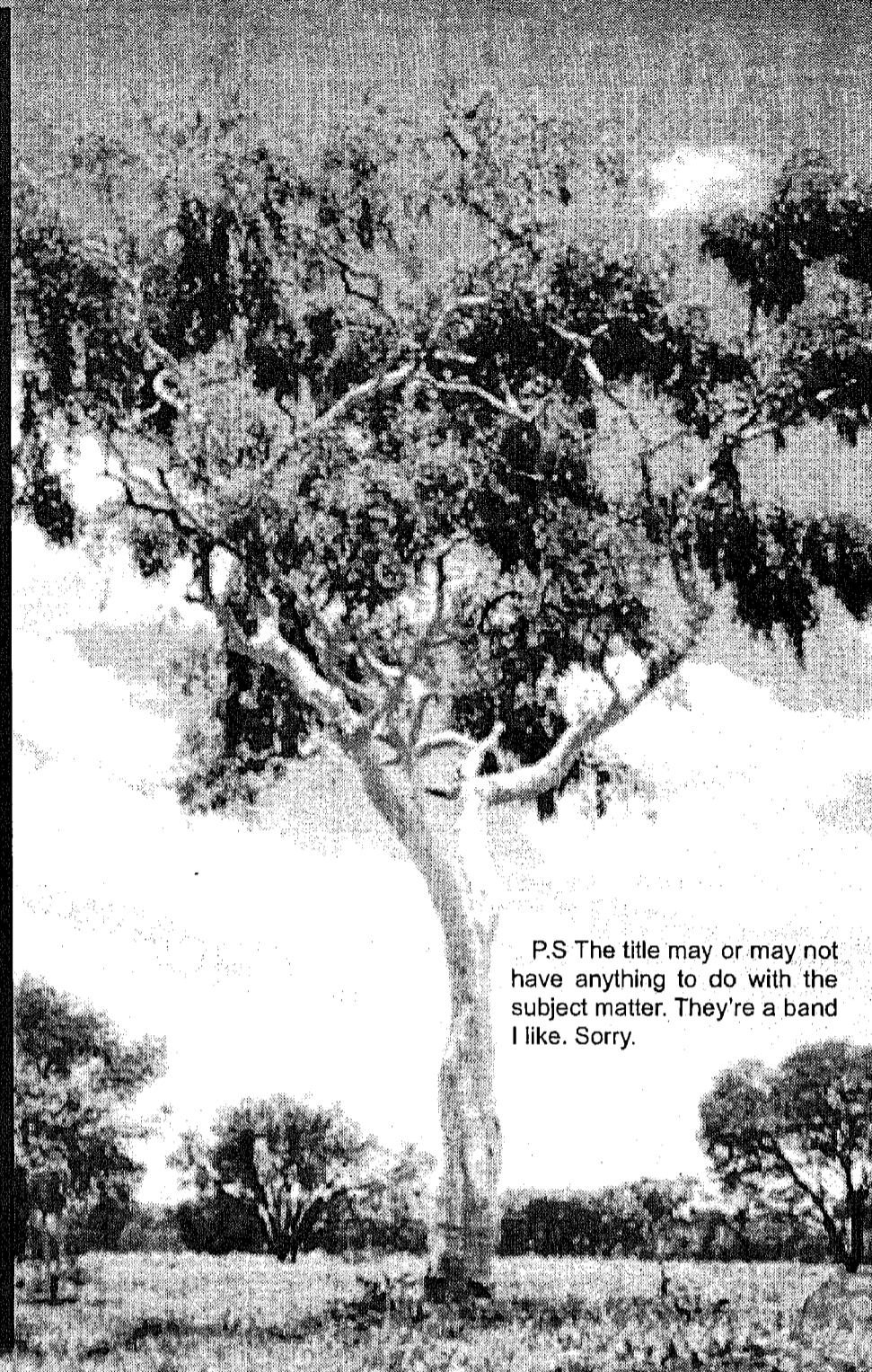
of a Willy Wagtail. When she died, so did my one remaining and dearest source of family wisdom. She was the only elder who ever bothered to teach me closely; despite the differences I'd accumulated from living in the city and associating mostly with non-Indigenous people. She accepted me. Her death affected me in more ways than I had imagined and I still feel as though I let many opportunities (and a practically untapped resource) pass without a fight.

Phrases such as "Black Deaths in Custody", "The Stolen Generation" and "Land Rights" all strike a chord with me. However, this is not the same innate feeling of injustice one gets from a personal attack. Rather, I approach these issues like any other student: small amounts of information from my family, coupled with my personal history have helped in my understanding but I work mostly with knowledge I have gained from books.

The displays of boomerangs, canoes, 'bush tucker' samples and artwork at the Museum invoked in me something that I am not used to. The worst thing about it was that I didn't know what to do with that nagging feeling either. As I saw more familiar names and elements of what should be *my* culture, the feeling actually grew into a kind of sadness. When I saw some woven baskets, I immediately thought of my grandmother and the times we drove to the Coorong to get the right rushes.

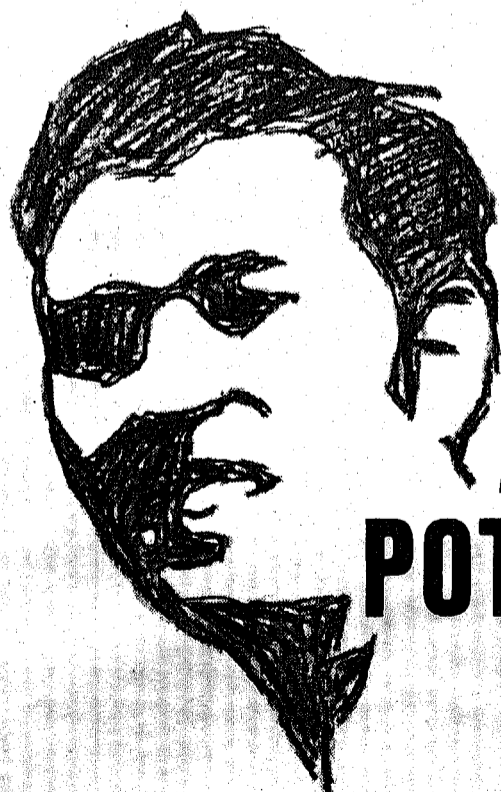
I got home, pulled out all of my photos of her and sought the half-finished baskets I'd accumulated over the years.

J.Lo



P.S The title may or may not have anything to do with the subject matter. They're a band I like. Sorry.

Dont blame me...



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TOO RIGHT:

WHY BE POLITICALLY CORRECT WHEN YOU CAN BE RIGHT?

The Meaning of the American Alliance

"We like each other. Friendships form quickly between us. We have many mutually beneficial links....you have a staunch friend that will be all the way with LBJ."

- Harold Holt, Washington 1966

When Liberal Prime Minister Harold Holt stood with President Lyndon Baines Johnson and promised to be 'all the way with LBJ' few Australians realised that by the next year one would be dead and the other ready to quit politics. But this is not how we remember America or the American alliance; in fact, it is not even how we remember Holt since the story of Holt's successors and their trouble with the escalating conflict in Vietnam soon became a tragedy even greater than his own. I want to argue that the alliance has survived out of cultural and political manoeuvring – that it never has been and never will be guaranteed – and that our fundamental interests lie in a close relationship with America conjoined with a realistic view of our own region.

In 1967 Holt drowned in the surf to usher in an unstable succession of Liberal Leaders before the war in Vietnam coalesced with the demands of a restless protest generation to deliver the Lodge to Edward Gough Whitlam; whereas Johnson – devastated by Vietnam – never ran again for President. By then it was 1972 and nobody wanted to be friends with America.

While life after Gough was never the same as life before Gough, the architecture of the American alliance remained. Today Australian troops are committed to the Second Iraq War; another Texan President enjoys the support of Australia's Prime Minister and Iraq is a conflict with the polemical affect of Vietnam. But Iraq is not Vietnam, this is not 1972 and Gough Whitlam is not Prime Minister. What is the meaning, then, of the American alliance for a different generation of Australians and why does the alliance elicit such conflicting emotions in Australian political and social life? These are questions that I try to answer in my argument.

Our friendship, like most longstanding relationships, has some history. It dates from before the middle of last century but since most of today's political and economic history relates to events which either finished or commenced at the conclusion to the Second World War, 1942 is our year.

In 1942 American servicemen were overpaid and oversexed, but at least they were over here; inasmuch as Australia buttressed its cultural understanding of the world around Britain, the realities of the Second World War (in which fortress Singapore had been lost in mere months to the Japanese, Broom, Wyndam, Derby and Darwin bombed, to say nothing of submarines in Sydney Harbour) lead Australia to ask America for help.

John Curtin – war time Prime Minister, son of a policeman turned publican – shocked the country by declaring that Australia 'look[ed] to America free of any pangs as to our traditional links or kinship with the United Kingdom.'

Soon, General Douglas MacArthur landed in Australia and by the following year the battles of Kakoda and Coral Sea had substantially diminished the Japanese threat. It wasn't all due to American military knowhow, but it helped. In the following years Australian forces joined Americans wherever they went – Korea, Vietnam, the First Iraq War – and elsewhere. It could have been different: Curtin could never have made his call, the alliance was not a settled thing.

Defence has remained the most obvious benefit of the union. The Australian New Zealand and US treaty (ANZUS) – under which each party pledges to defend the other if attacked – remains, despite some questions as to honouring its terms, the most important strategic trust in the region. Indeed, the Second World War might have finished half a century ago but the Asian 'threat', and ways to combat it remain part of the Australian psyche.

Pauline Hanson's hysteric response to Asian immigration and the electoral success to be found in detaining Boat People bears witness to an ongoing and often irrational concern that the island will be overrun by outsiders. Of course, neither detaining Boat People nor curbing Asian immigration relate squarely to the real problem (although undoubtedly they give some illusory sense of control over national security or even self identity). The unpleasant truth is that our defence capacity is modest. So modest, in fact that defending Australia from a substantial attack remains impossible without allies. So most Australians have little trouble accepting that the American alliance has real meaning for its defensive purpose.

Economically, Australia needs the US; as our single biggest export market, and the largest market in the globe, anybody with an IQ above room temperature realises that trade with America is unavoidable. The soon to be introduced free trade deal will garner billions for Australia: sure, there will be some losers, like there would be at any other time, and under any other deal. And as always, it's about who will dine out and who will go broke under the deal that has raised Australian hackles.

The concern about the free trade deal centres around a fear that Australian culture would be erased by an influx of American products: we've seen this before, politics never changes its just the people that come and go. In the nineteen fifties, American rock culture – as expressed in Australia by the bodgies or widgeys (today we would call them bohemian yuppies) – drew panic amidst the social elite (conservative newspapers, headmasters, politicians) as to the future of Australian 'youth'.

To be sure, haircuts were criminal, art became an eysore and a decade later Vietnam protestors went feral but as far as revolutions go, it was cheap. Now, those same bohemians – who populate the boards of Australian Theatre and Film companies – are concerned that they will lose local content because of imported American culture. Others worry that drug prices will rise and that universal healthcare will be challenged. These are legitimate concerns: but they do not necessitate a churlish anti-Americanism, a demagogic delight in slavishly condemning everything connected to the United States.

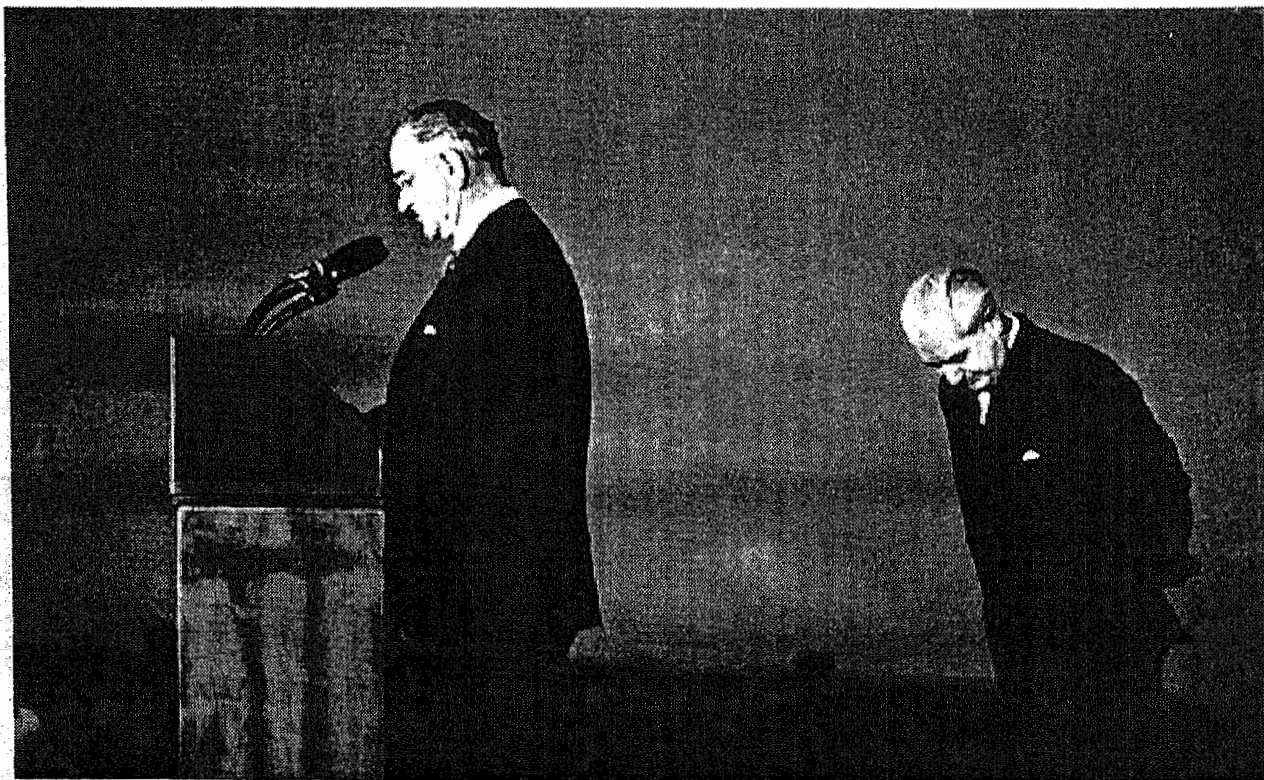
What is required is a reasoned rejection of some aspects of American society: since shutting our eyes completely to the American dream is irrational, the balance will be hard to strike, it will cause some pain, and some local producers whose livelihoods depend on the production of Australian culture will fail. Others, whose products were more robust anyway, will survive. And government grants will prop up worthwhile causes. This is capitalism after all and nobody, save the Labor left, is still dreaming of Cuba.

So what do I want to reject from the American Dream, and also from our alliance? Jan Morris, long-time American spectator, remarked recently that the worst parts of the country were analogous to the worst jam jellies at the worst American diners: "synthetic, over sweet, slobbery of texture, artificially coloured and unavoidable." The ubiquitous raft of American food additives can go: one cannot eat in America; they are trying to kill themselves with food.

But we should reject the inequities of the American health and (to a lesser extent) education system since society is better off in the long run with an adequate provision of basic services.

But I am not so conceited as to believe that in the outer suburbs of any Australian city life can't be just as harsh as outer Los Angeles (albiet moderated by the prospect of another Centrelink payment). To say that American means inequity is to forget our own perfectly cultivated inequality. We too have the trailer park tragedy that dulls everyday life to the whisper of Oprah Winfrey through a greasy fly screen door.

Continued on page 29.



How to win friends and influence people: President Lyndon Johnson (Left) and Prime Minister Harold Holt, 1966.



Romancing the Bone

"I hate you," she hissed, her cornflower blue eyes flashing. If only she knew how exquisite she looked in anger, her auburn curls tumbling over her slender shoulders, her cheeks gently flushed with passion.

Without warning, his strong hand snaked out and encircled her delicate wrist. A gasp tumbled from her rosebud mouth, her lips parting instinctively. He wrenched her over, pressing her curves against him. He was as imposing and immovable as granite. She pressed her palms flat against his chest and felt the hard muscle beneath. Heat flooded through her entire body, like liquid fire flowing through her veins.

"Let me go," she whispered, scared of the demons within herself she was fighting. He laughed then, a smug curve to his sensual mouth accompanying the raw sexuality. His dark eyes glowed with a smouldering promise, surveying her with a devouring sensuality. Then he drew her close with a controlled power and took her mouth with a slow, drugging intensity.



When I was twelve years old, I nearly scored a publishing contract with Harlequin Mills & Boons. I'd been reading the leading formula romance since I was nine and being one of those loser kids with no friends and far too much time, it was either writing or torturing insects. I sent off for the guidelines and learnt to type 110 words per min. I wrote under Alexandra Grey; I was twenty-six, with a young son, a husband called Lorenzo and an undying-type love which I wanted to share with the world. Publishing is an excruciatingly slow process, especially when the publisher is in England and receives about a thousand manuscripts a week. After approving my synopsis, my initial three chapters and my first draft, they asked for a rewrite. I was fourteen then and couldn't be arsed. But from this experience I learned eighty synonyms for the word "gasp", about ten thousand euphemisms for sex and a really fucked up attitude to sex and relationships. Bully for me.

Sadly though, the romance giant that is Mills & Boons is having a similarly destructive effect on women worldwide. Harlequin Mills & Boons has been around for nearly thirty years, publishes in over a hundred languages and reaches millions of readers. It caters to many with Intrigue, Medical, Historical and even Religious Romance in a series called Steeple Hill: Love Inspired (most popular in the US). Their biggest sellers are the generic romances which are split into two types: Sweet/Tender or Sexy/Modern (these are not my terms - these are straight from the M&B guidelines). Sweet Romances have "no sexual explicitness; lovemaking should only take place when the emotional commitment between the characters justifies it." Sexy Romances are supposed to "capture the drama and intensity of a powerful, sensual love affair." Can you guess which I wrote?

The generic romances are approximately 188 pages in length. The guidelines say: 'It is stating the obvious that the books should deal with the love between a man and a woman, a love that is resolved happily in the end.' The love part usually occurs only in the final three pages of a Sexy Romance where the couple who have been at each other's throats and/or crotches for most of the book resolve misunderstandings such as "you fathered my sister's child" or "you were my dead uncle's mistress" and declare their undying love. There is a high probability of a wedding or a proposal. This seems to be eerily similar to the path most of my relationships seem to take. I have 185 pages of tension, boredom or utter hatred, peppered with sex, contrasted with three pages of schmalz. Those three pages usually happen within the first hour of knowing someone. It's all downhill from hello.

The men of M&B "should be strong, compelling and larger-than-life...the more self-assured, strong-willed new alpha man, the unpredictable rough-edged bad boy or the highly appealing and sometimes humorous 90's man." In all my contact with M&B, which is extensive, I have never come across a black, Asian or Slavic hero. They are generally Anglo-American (there seem to be a lot of cowboys still kicking around), English (in which case they will often be aristocrats), Arabs (in which case they will be sheiks), Mediterranean, Latino and occasionally Australian (in which case they will be a highly embarrassing cliché, living either in the heart of the bush or right next to Sydney Harbour Bridge). Arabic, Latino and Mediterranean men are always a step away from savage; their cultural volatility is the

main attraction. My hero was Italian; I named him after a Ninja Turtle (Donatello). M&B men are *never* poor. They may be starving artists but they always have a convenient cache of money that means the happy couple will never struggle for dough.

On the other hand, the heroine rarely works. She may be a writer, florist, cook or designer, but she is never an academic, scientist or engineer. Plots where the heroine is in a desperate financial situation and is forced to turn to her enemy aka her ex aka The Hunk for help, are common. I have only read one M&B where the heroine was of equal sexual experience to the hero and that was a Super Edition. The storyline of a virgin, in fact a virgin mistaken for a whore by the hero who realises his mistake only once he has deflowered her, is another recurring one. And when I say recurring, I mean about one in four.

So onto the deflowering. Now, theoretically, "the emphasis is on the shattering power of love to change lives, to develop character, to transform perception - a once-in-a-lifetime happening", but really a M&B novel, at least the Sexy Romance, is a 55 000 word treatise on sex politics. The hero is as close to abusive as legally possible. The heroine can be passionate and strong, but always succumbs and submits to her man with a sickening inevitability. Women orgasm at the drop of a hat. The most particular thing to a M&B sex scene is the vocabulary. The words "penis" and "vagina" are never mentioned; a Thesaurus is absolutely necessary when writing. Fact is, M&B are the best disguised, most popular female pornography on the market. Thanks, but I'll stick to *Hustler* - graphic images are far less fucked up than romance.

[Read aloud with appropriate breathless excitement]

He pushed her into the sand, pinning her down with one large hand. She was in the act of struggling, when her screams were silenced as his mouth came down hard on hers. Still in a rage, she dug her hands like claws into his luxuriant dark hair and then the passion flooded her in a roaring tidal wave. It attacked and took her prisoner. A passion so instantaneous it erased all that had come before it. Electrified by the consuming heat of his mouth, she felt possessed by an excitement so intense that she felt dizzy and disorientated.

He savagely tore off her top, impatient with need, burying his mouth in the sweet valley between her heaving breasts. She heard him groan and the sound of fabric tearing as he ripped his shirt from his body. She dragged his mouth back to her. She wanted him everywhere at once, her body sighing and writhing with the hunger he had incited within her... This shit continues for another couple of hundred words until clothes are divested, manhoods have pulsed for a while, our heroine has cried out, squirmed, gasped, panted, moaned, tossed, until... He gripped her thighs and she felt the swollen evidence of his desire against her. With a driving force, he invaded her body with his own. She felt possessed then, utterly and completely. A savage rhythm took hold... and within a paragraph, describing their simultaneous orgasm in terms of volcanoes, the Northern Lights and other natural phenomena, it's all over.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

Office Bearers



Alice Campbell
President

NEWSFLASH! AUSTRALIA IS FUCKED!

SAUA President uses expletives as coping mechanism

I'm typing this column on Sunday 10th October at around 7pm. I'm still hung over and rather miserable following the events of Saturday. The news is reporting that the Coalition will have control of the Senate and this means a number of fucked up things will happen to Australia. I wish I could express my sentiments more eloquently but I really can't get past the fact that Australia is fucked for the next three years. Universities will suffer even more as Howard finally manages to get his real agenda through. Complete deregulation of the fee system is likely with massive HECS increases and more full fee paying places, university staff will be forced to go on Australian Workplace Agreements, unable to collectively negotiate their working conditions, learning entitlements will drop to five years, men in non traditional fields of study will be classed as an equity group, common youth allowance will face further cuts and VSU will most certainly be the first bill pushed through parliament.

I'm particularly concerned about VSU and I'll definitely write an article about it for next week's edition. I should mention a few other positive aspects of the election though. For one thing I am unlikely to have to see Trish Worth smirking while she sits behind the government's front bench and

on another note, the federal election campaign 2007 will be starting now. Labor will have to start acting like a real opposition, attacking all the Coalition for consistently ignoring many groups in society and eroding the notion of collectivism. A concerted effort will have to be made to change our political culture so that people are more inspired to get involved in politics, an inspiration which can result from being more noticeably fucked over.

On another related note, Saturday night was a time to ponder and this is something I recall from all that pondering. If the new federal parliament was wiped out entirely, the governor general would have to call an election. If the governor general was also killed, it would be up to the queen. Now that's fucking scary.



Sam Nona
ATSI Officer

The Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander (ATSI) department within the SAUA was a vision created by the 2002 SAUA president Suzie Young. There were initial planning meetings with the vision to begin the position in 2003 with a referendum being held that year. The referendum giving the position voting rights and ensuring the future of the department and a voice for indigenous students. The challenge was taken up by Daren Kurtzer who worker tirelessly during his year of appointment but failed to achieve the goal of making the ATSI department an official part of the students association after unforeseen issues presented themselves when drafting the proposed

constitutional changes. Thankfully the Student Union approved another year of funding for interim office bearers to be appointed (Sam Nona and I) allowing us to deal with these issues and creating the positive outcome during the 2004 referendum.

During the 2004 student elections not only was the future of student representation decided, but the ATSI department was constitutionalised giving the Indigenous student population of Adelaide University an official voice and voting rights in student politics within the students association. The referendum held during the annual student elections was great with over 75% of the 1400 students who voted saying yes. This is really encouraging to see the support and has created a positive outlook for the ATSI department in the future. Soon elections will be held for the ATSI office bearer position in 2005. The position is opened to any Indigenous student within the Adelaide University student population and non-indigenous students are encouraged to apply for positions within the ATSI standing committee. If you are interested in applying for a position on the ATSI standing committee or learning more about Indigenous issues within Adelaide University please feel free to contact Sam Nona or myself.

Possible future activities that the next ATSI office bearer may be organising may include cultural awareness events during prominent university activities, such as O'week, and supporting and working with other Indigenous bodies with the University and the wider indigenous community with events and programs.

Adelaide University formally released a reconciliation statement last year and I think that it presents a great opportunity for the ATSI department to work in conjunction with the university in achieving the commitments the University has placed upon itself. The future holds some exciting possibilities for the ATSI department within the SAUA and I can't wait to see what comes of it. I would like to end by saying thank you to all the students who have supported the ATSI department throughout the year and voted for us in the referendum. Cheers guys.



Stephen Kellett
Environment Officer

The environment and its importance became arguably the most contentious issue in the final week of the recent Federal election campaign. Policies from both of the major parties were released, which outlined their plans for the preservation of old growth forests in Tasmania, such as the Styx and the Tarkine.

At present, these forests are endangered and under threat of extinction if action does not take place in the next five years to halt the destructive methods of logging that take place on a daily basis.

The logging company Gunns Limited, whilst employing many Tasmanians in what is a major industry in Tasmania, takes the majority of the profits made from the removal of old growth forestry. Using the clear-felling method, as opposed to selective logging (which preserves old growth forests by leaving some trees and habitats intact, and therefore preserving the eco-system), up to forty football fields a day worth of old growth forest are cleared, to be later replaced with plantation forests. This comes at the expense of these ancient trees comprised of high quality wood, which are pulped and sent to Japan to be later made into paper.

What was undoubtedly a purely political strategy by both major parties to gain votes through the preservation of Tasmanian forests, was prompted by an increase in public opinion and awareness concerning this precious Tasmanian environment, and the Australian environment as a whole.

However, reflecting on last weeks' re-election of the Howard Government, it seems that too many people are unable to look beyond their back pocket, nor past the present time. It now seems unlikely that government will legislate for the preservation of these forests which makes the government ignorant, and the rest of us sad, because once they're gone, they're gone for good.

Hope you enjoy this edition.

**Still down about
the election result?**

Try

Nihilism

**Because nothing is much
easier to swallow than something.**





Kellie Armstrong-Smith
Women's Officer

A WOMAN'S WORTH

What are women worth?
Sometimes I wonder.

It depends what sort of woman it is, I suppose. \$2 one-legged prostitutes are worth \$2. Mary Donaldson (now Mary Crown Princess) is worth 50,000 *New Idea* covers. I don't know how much Mary Magdalene is worth, but I've heard the Kabbalistic lady Madonna is in excess of \$40 million.

I've heard that women perform 80% of the world's work. I've also heard they only lay claim to about 2% of the dividends. Is that not bad business or what! Someone, perhaps God, perhaps Larry Flint, should be intervening and pointing out the obvious. "You women aren't making any profit! Quit the lack of

business sense, pub-lease! It's really getting tired!"

Maybe, then, women's work isn't worth much at all. I've heard that women don't get paid to look after children, to raise families and create loving and solid homes for their husbands. Is this because it isn't worth anything? Fighter jet pilots get paid. Nuclear scientists get paid. Soldiers get paid. Police get paid. Is that because war, bombs and crowd control are worth more than childhood happiness, cohesive relationships, good food and affectionate parents?

Maybe women aren't worth *much* at all. After all, history books boast of the challenges Hunters had to go through in the pre-historic days of our existence. Hunters killed animals in cave-man like grunting fashion, with a little bit of courage thrown over their sweating shoulders. The fact that *Gatherers* provided 80% of our ancestor's food intake, through searching amongst the foliage, finding naughty little grubs, picking wild berries and doing mushroom hunts, has been viewed by history books as worth-less in comparison to the Hunters' efforts. Again, how did the records get so *twisted*, man!

Can we put a price on women? On their work - whatever it might be - on their beauty - on their offerings to this world?

What *is* half of the human race worth?

Kellie.



Rowan Nicholson
AUU President

Flinders University is enough to turn some student radicals from apathetic Adelaide all misty-eyed.

Down there, preppy polo shirts give way to environmentalists who really don't wear shoes. Young Liberals are fewer and wetter. "Anarcho-syndicalists" can actually win votes. Even some forlorn Democrats still persevere (Will someone *please* tell them it's over?).

And—best of all—there are no perky, apolitical "Indies" in sight. Sigh.

Some of us foolish enough to belong to national student factions went down there recently to taste a very different student election.

It turned out not to be as "hardcore" as we were told. Flinders elections seem less annoying and invasive for students than ours, though still not very

democratic.

Maybe this is because more Flinders students put their energy into activism during the year rather than electoral politics. Remember, this is the campus which delayed its HECS increase by occupying University Council.

Instead of ineffective standing committees which meet rarely—if at all—their Students' Association uses "collectives" of genuinely active students.

Although our political mix will always differ from theirs, maybe we should look at this kind of structural reform. Take some weight off our elected positions to give more students the chance to get involved.

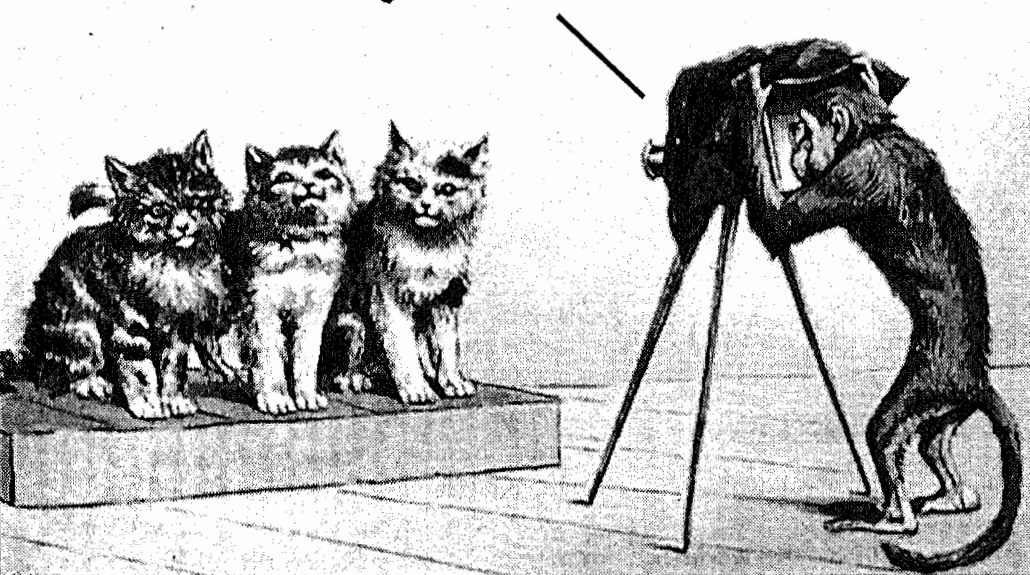
Another alternative is Uni SA, whose students organise on a more hierarchical, corporate model. If Flinders is the innovative hotbed of radicalism, then Uni SA is the impersonal conglomerate.

So is Adelaide just the respectable middle road? It could be much more, if only we could transplant the best of Flinders to our cooler political climate.

At Flinders I wanted to vote for the Dance Dance Revolution Party. It's just what we need at Adelaide, too.

Yeah, well why don't you move there, huh? Those barefoot ferals would eat you for breakfast. Meanwhile, I'm as fond of direct action as any posing Anarcho-syndicalist, and I was elected rather comfortably - twice. And I only own one pair of shoes, and they used to belong to a dead man. So there, you new shoe-wearing Nazi hypocrite. -Ed

'What I really want to do is direct'



The Students' Association is calling for applications for Orientation directors for Orientation 2005. Applications are open for the following positions:

- 3 O' Week directors
- 3 O' Ball directors
- 3 O' Camp directors
- 3 O' Tours directors
- 3 O' Guide directors
- and 1 Marketing director

ORIENTATION
2005

Application forms are available from the Students' Association, ground floor, Lady Symon building (North West corner of the Cloisters).

Applications close midday, Tuesday October 19

WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

An opinion of future energy trends

Probably about 1500 years ago, a particularly enterprising band of Polynesians landed on Rapa Nui, better known as Easter Island. Now, Easter Island is one of the remotest human habitats in the world. The way the Polynesians found it, it was a thick forest of tropical palms, and being a volcanic island, it had fertile soil in which the plants and seeds they brought flourished. With an arsenal of timber, some obsidian and rich soil, the Easter Island tribes flourished for hundreds of years, in which the tribes became very skilful at making life for themselves pretty comfortable. The Islander culture rose to lofty heights of sophistication and complexity, with a thriving economy based on wood. It was a pretty neat resource, they found. You could make a house out of it, and keep the rain off and the wind out. You could hollow out a canoe, and go fishing and provide for your tribe. I presume you could use the oil from the trunk for soaps, or as lubrication for particularly ambitious engineering endeavours, along with lengths of wood as simple machinery.

You could burn it to cook your fish, keep you warm and to have a rousing sing-along around. You could make ropes from the bark fibres.

So life got easier, and on average people had more free time from the chores of staying alive to ponder the deeply metaphysical and so to develop advanced belief systems. And the craft of stone working was developed to a particularly refined degree. Massive statues were hewn out of the caldera of the volcanoes on the island with harder stone. The statues were moved by some tricky engineering, the details of which are still being agreed on, but you can bet your arse it depended on filthy great masses of timber and rope (and palm oil for lubrication, hee hee). Eventually, the statues became a form of rivalry between tribes, and they got more ambitious and required more wood resources. Of course the wood started running out soon after, and there was scant cover to hold the rich topsoil to the island, scant wood for canoes, and so on. The island's population (probably a shade under 10 000 at this point) turned against each other, in a brutal struggle for control over the scant remaining resources. They started to eat each other, probably a combination of necessity and theology. The island's population crashed to, oh I don't know, let's say 2% of the peak. The island is a barren grassland now.

About 140 years ago, a particularly enterprising band of dudes in either Pennsylvania or Azerbaijan, depending on who you believe, started the modern oil industry. At the turn of the century, America was experiencing a massive oil boom, with oil being cheaper than water in some states.

Oil was a pretty neat resource, they found. You could make tar to coat roads with it. You could put it in an internal combustion engine to drive around on the new tar roads. You could get the oil molecules, smash them into little pieces, and put the little pieces back together in exciting ways to keep insects off sandwiches, and vinyl jackets on techno Goths. You could use oil to make soaps, or as lubrication for particularly ambitious engineering endeavours, along with powering the machinery which extracts and refines gobs of metal from the ground to make more metal extracting machinery.

Dispensing with the tiresome business of crop rotation, more land could be used for food production, and oil products could be used to replenish the nutrients that dense agriculture

requires. The means of production of food could be placed in a location distant to the point of consumption, because the nice new tar roads and vulcanised tyres and internal combustion cycles made the difference in location a piffle.

So life got easier, and on average people had more free time from the chores of staying alive to ponder matters metaphysical and to develop some pretty bizarre belief systems. And monolithic piles of personal debt were accumulated, as the acquisition of material goods became a form of rivalry between neighbours, and the desirable amount of consumer goods became more ambitious, and required more oil resources.

Attend please, this is the important part. We probably have enough oil for a couple of decades. However, in the very near future, we are likely to feel the pinch of oil running out in dramatic ways. The discovering and exploitation of new petrochemical resources is not matching the pace at which global demand is growing. It is extremely likely that the

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NOW.**

world is currently producing its maximum capacity of oil. On one hand, that means that we've only used half the total amount of oil the world has. Doesn't sound bad. On the other hand, the price of extracting the other half is going to get more and more expensive, because it's tied up in marginal fields which haven't been exploited because it hasn't been worth it. Further, with demand growing (apparently the automotive market is booming in China, for instance. Lot of people in China), it won't be long before demand outstrips supply.

In 1979, the revolution in Iran stopped some percentage of global oil supplies, shall we say about 5%. That was enough to trigger a fairly severe recession. The effects of the oil crisis were averted by extra capacity from Venezuela amongst other places. It's only a matter of time before the difference between supply and demand gets to comparable levels. This time, there won't be a Venezuela to cushion the blow. The difference between supply and demand will continue to increase.

Too many people think, well, I'll just get used to riding a bike and everything will be fine. Here are

some sobering ideas which are food for thought.

Consumer debt depends on constant economic growth to be serviced and keep interest rates low. If the price of energy increases as marginal fields are exploited at greater expense, everything which requires power or petrochemicals to produce or transport (um... everything) will get more expensive. Your dollar will buy less and less. The country will be able to afford to produce less and less. The economy is not going to grow. Interest rates will rise. Our personal debt will go out of control. Our knees will get broken for not being able to meet the repayments. Demands on government welfare will be crippling as well.

Food production is linked to oil supplies to a frighteningly intimate degree. From birth to chilling on the supermarket shelf, it takes several barrels of oil per cow. This takes into account fertiliser for feed crops, fuelling machinery and so on. This implies that food price is so closely linked to the price of oil. If oil price increases three fold, food price increases will probably come close to that. Imagine paying \$8.50 for a carton of juice, and \$35/kg for some fairly average steaks. That's a pretty optimistic outlook. It would probably be far more expensive as the effects of the above scenario make themselves manifest.

Alternatives are not being invested in early enough to compensate for demand. The problem is, that any company which does decide to invest in the currently comparatively expensive alternatives is going to be punished by shareholders. No one will put money into a company which will not maximise its profit. In the US, I think that petrol prices will have to quadruple before the most viable replacement to oil (nuclear) becomes worth investing in. By the time the economic conditions are right for investing in alternatives, the reactive market model will already have failed us, and the infrastructure needed to meet demand will not be able to be built quickly enough, and the oil required for construction may not be available.

Not many alternatives are as promising as nuclear. Photovoltaics, for instance, are no the magic bullet because they require quite the shitload of aluminium for their construction, and don't have that impressive an output. The alumina industry in Western Australia uses something like 40% of that state's considerable reserves of natural gas.

Feel free to wrap yourself in a veil of denial, relying on human ingenuity to invent our way out of this. I have no vested interest in convincing you. I would, however, hasten to point out that all human ingenuity relies on oil. Feel free to believe that western civilisation is immortal, and that the human race will continue to function, reaching ever greater lofty heights of endeavour, until we all become a race of transcendent Star Wars like folk.

Personally, I'm waiting for the 98% population crash. There's no universal sense of human protection; we're not a chosen species. The Malthusian laws of population dynamics bind western society as much as they do Easter Islanders, or single celled organisms for that matter. I wonder if human flesh tastes better if it's marinated in a puddle?

In summary, it is extremely likely that we're pretty much fucked.

Yak

Sixth Year Chemical Engineering



But it's just hanging there!

Trees seem to have become vaguely topical, as wedge issues tend to, until they are inevitably replaced by the economy. Combine the two and you should get environmental accounting, instead with have 1,000s of years of nature's majesty pressed out to be defaced by the *The Advertiser's* newsprint. Trees are rather attractive but this is irrelevant, as like most other minions of Mammon, I'm interested in cash; (and before Family First salivate at the idea of legally driving gays out of legitimate society and into the loving arms of the church, they should remember that first and foremost Australians worship the god of money). Now even under a Liberal non-government, I will still have to pay for infrastructure for water purification and reservoirs (in addition to the private water company's profit). Climate change is soon going to become pretty blaringly undeniable and no logical barrier exists to countries paying for what they contribute through carbon credits which will mean me using *my money* to subsidise artificial methods of carbon sequestration. Do you know how much it is likely to cost to pump carbon so far down into the earth crust that it become's liquid? With trees you don't have to do anything, you just leave them there. I often find it difficult to resist putting an axe in the brain of most people I meet, let alone actually give me something back for my effort

with them. Trees filter our water, protect against floods and mitigate drought, redistribute money from wealth-encumbered tourists and regenerate material for a sces lange or extravagant salt shaker, and you just leave them alone for a few hundred years (much more competitive than oil, which will never regenerate).

The evidence is everywhere. In Oregon, the city of Portland protected its local catchment from logging which in return provided drinkable water without any filtration process, in contrast the local catchments of Salem, also in Oregon, which was opened to clearfelling and consequently sediment run-off overwhelms its existing filtration system, producing watershortages for weeks on end. The comparison shows Portland saving about 200 million in the construction of water processing plant, let alone maintenance costs. The New York City administration realising the advantages of living trees over rubbish heaps spent 1.5 billion to protect the Catskill water catchment in order to avoid spending 6 billion in water processing. In Adelaide, deforestation has been a major contributor to reduced water quality in the Murray system which will drop below World Health Organisation standards within 20 years unless (expensive) measures are taken to arrest the slide. In Tasmania, the island's southern forests are estimated to provide 100 million worth of

services which as previous case studies show will have to be replaced at a cost to the taxpayer or consumer (depending on the government).

But forget the non-timber value of forests, the travesty is that conventional forestry is making much less money than it could. If for instance, 25% of current pulpwood (ie woodchipping) was replaced by swanwood (ie polished floorboards) the state would increase its revenue by \$15m per annum in royalties, \$387m p/a in processing, 1,230 direct jobs and 1,070 indirect jobs. Alternatively one could just trade in this money for non-timber services, harvesting 23% less for our current return. The problem is that woodchipping and clearfelling despite a lower overall value has a higher profit margin. Clearfell woodchipping is high volume, low labour. The value added by timber processing is mostly soaked up by the extra workers (and subsequently their FAMILIES) rather than flowing on to shareholders who most likely live miles from the desecrated area.

This brings me to me to the stupid bastards in the Tasmanian logging unions which are basically representative of Australia's big working class sloth. The labour party has for so long been hamstringing their ties to contemporary rather than future jobs. Hopefully the deal with the Greens will finally have driven this racist, homophobic and cowardly part of their constituency out to where they belong – the Liberal Party. It's estimated that under the current practice of 'sustainable' growth there is about 12 years left of old growth forest available for clearfelling. After that it's gone and no doubt a labour government will be once again voted in to provide ex-workers with welfare. With all this talk of FAMILIES its fascinating to see just how quickly these people can sell out their children, using up millions of years of generational heritage just to keep an archaic industry afloat for another decade. Simply for fear of change. Having been a member of the AMWU and worked at Holdens I've seen the recalcitrant attitude to learning on the job; labelled as the 'scholar' because, god forbid, I read literature during my lunch break. Having committing the actions of one type of menial work the physical motor-memory it is perhaps a tangible pain for them to change to something anything more than a purely reactionary response.

Environmentalism isn't about beauty, fluffy animals and freezing in the dark. It's economically and socially sensible and sustainable. Australia's industry base is no different to any developing country that we would deride for exploiting their resource base for the export of low value raw material. There's more money there to be made in new technologies and revamping old patterns of resource use but it means new companies taking the reins or the old changing their ways. A refusal is an admission of lack of innovation. Unfortunately it requires a small but crucial element of political will, of which Australians seem to be void.

Dan J

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY RECONCILIATION STATEMENT

The University of Adelaide has a mission to advance knowledge, understanding and culture. It commits itself to pursue this mission in the context of a vision of a united Australia, which respects its land, provides justice and equity for all its people, and values the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander heritage.

Accordingly, the University of Adelaide affirms a commitment to an informed respect for the Indigenous peoples of Australia, their rich culture and the unique importance of land and waters to Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander communities. We recognise this land and its waters were colonised without treaties or consent. The University acknowledges that the Kaurna People are the original inhabitants of the land where the first campus of the University was built and further recognises that the colonisation of Australia in the past two centuries has led to the dispossession, alienation and impoverishment of the Indigenous peoples. We

acknowledge that Australian Indigenous peoples continue to face social and economic disadvantage, accentuated by prejudice and racism and that the forced separation of children from their families continues to have a profound impact on Indigenous communities. The University of Adelaide is deeply sorry for all these injustices. The University of Adelaide values the presence of Indigenous peoples from across Australia as part of its community. In pursuing our educational mission we are dedicated to the principles of social justice. We will act in consultation with the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander community to ensure that prejudice, racism and harassment in any form are not experienced in this community.

Education is one way for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people to overcome the disadvantages they experience, and we are committed to playing a role in that process.

In particular, the University of Adelaide commits itself to the following:

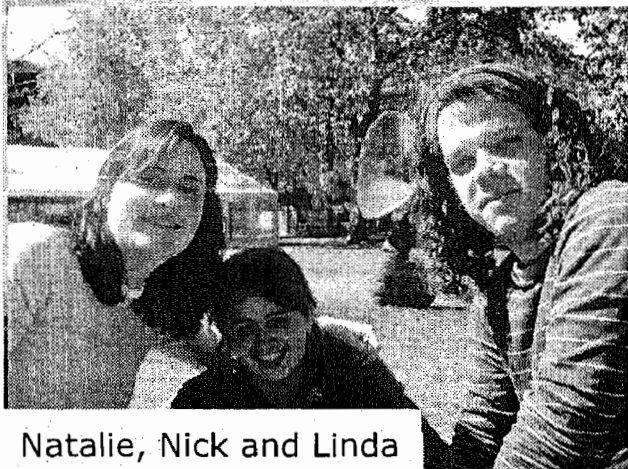
1. promoting an understanding of Indigenous issues, culture and history in programs and courses;
2. directing strategies toward the increased participation of Indigenous peoples as students and staff in the full range of university activities; and
3. contributing to the process of reconciliation by educating the Australian community about the cultures, languages, history and contemporary experiences of Australia's Indigenous peoples.

The University of Adelaide is committed to the process of reconciliation and the elimination of injustice and disadvantage in respect of the rights of Australia's Indigenous peoples and to their self-determination within the life of the nation.

Signed on 8th July 2003

Vox Pop

- 1) How important is environmental conservation to you? What sort?
- 2) Have you ever chained yourself to something in protest? Would you?
- 3) Should John Howard say "sorry" to Indigenous Australia, or to anybody else?
- 4) How important are indigenous and environmental issues to you this election?



Natalie, Nick and Linda

1. N: The concept is important, but it doesn't interfere with day to day life.

N; I recycle everything. I'm the Mr T of recycling.

L: We recycle most things... (*blah blah - I think she missed the point - Ed*)

2. N: Personal issues, things that would effect me, maybe. But I haven't.

N: I once handcuffed myself to something with fluffy handcuffs.

L: No. I haven't needed to, but I might.

3. N: Yes definitely. Maybe to refugees, and the Iraq war.

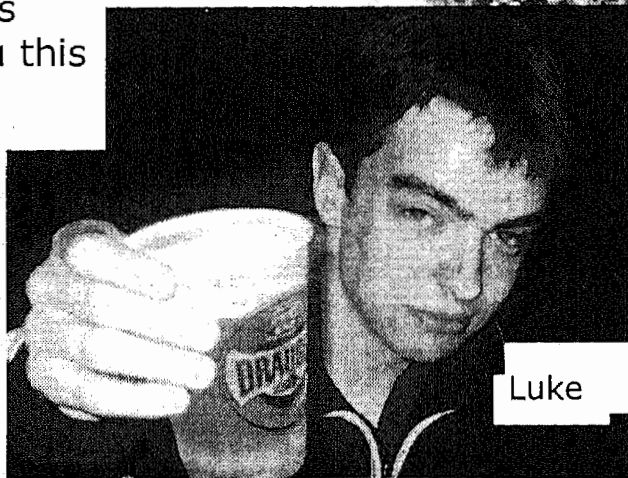
N: If he could say sorry in a really cunning way and avoid legal obligations.

L: Yeah he should. I agree with them.

4. N: Not very. Education is important as a student.

N: Below foreign policy, education and health.

L: I can't vote, I'm not eligible. But it would be to me - caring for your country



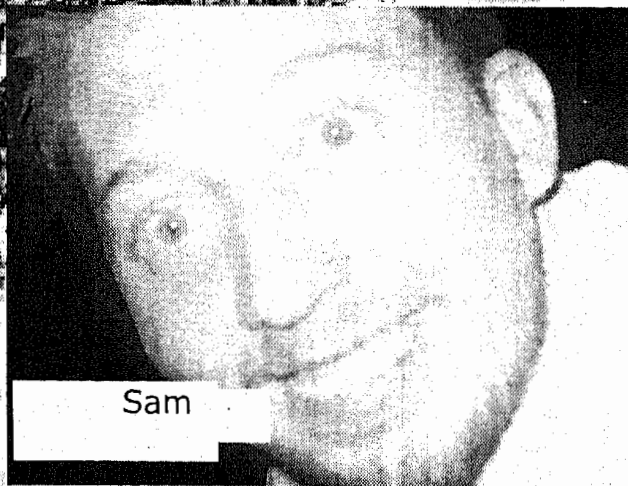
Luke

1) Save the bush. Particularly female. (*oohh, he's a charmer alright-Eds*)

2) I'd chain myself to the UniBar in protest of last drinks.

3) He should say sorry to the indigenous Australians for being a cunt. And to everywhere for being a cunt.

4) About half as important as making sure we're not becoming corporate cocksuckers for the US.



Sam

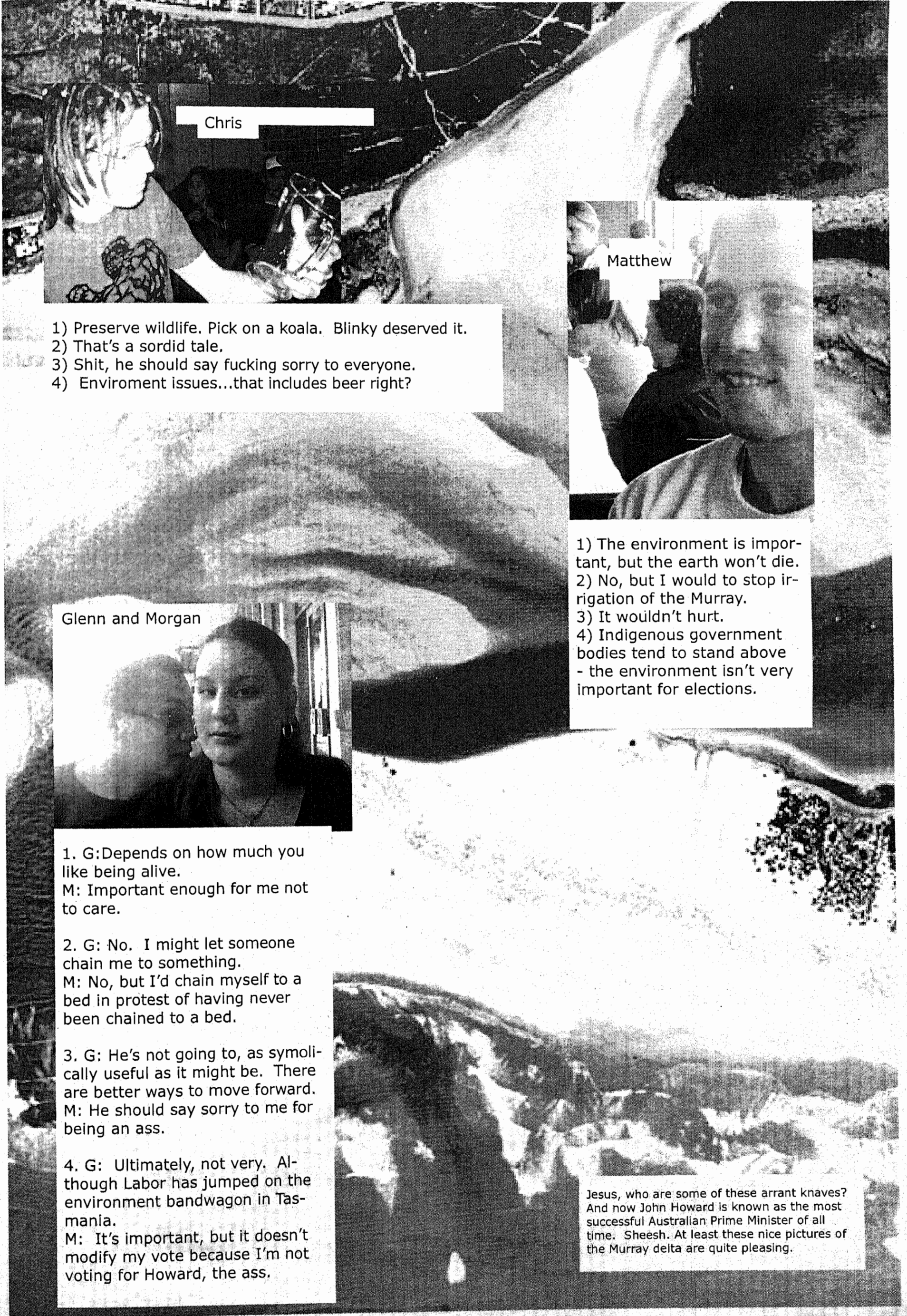
1) Very Important. There'd be no foxes to hunt otherwise.

2) Yes. But I began to feel sorry for her.

3) Never give up. Never surrender.

4) Not particularly. But very few things are important to me now, except that Johnny keeps the price of beer low.

No Tazzy forests = more barley production, always a good thing.



Chris

Matthew

- 1) Preserve wildlife. Pick on a koala. Blinky deserved it.
- 2) That's a sordid tale.
- 3) Shit, he should say fucking sorry to everyone.
- 4) Enviroment issues...that includes beer right?

Glenn and Morgan

- 1) The environment is important, but the earth won't die.
- 2) No, but I would to stop irrigation of the Murray.
- 3) It wouldn't hurt.
- 4) Indigenous government bodies tend to stand above - the environment isn't very important for elections.

1. G: Depends on how much you like being alive.
M: Important enough for me not to care.

2. G: No. I might let someone chain me to something.
M: No, but I'd chain myself to a bed in protest of having never been chained to a bed.

3. G: He's not going to, as symolically useful as it might be. There are better ways to move forward.
M: He should say sorry to me for being an ass.

4. G: Ultimately, not very. Although Labor has jumped on the environment bandwagon in Tasmania.
M: It's important, but it doesn't modify my vote because I'm not voting for Howard, the ass.

Jesus, who are some of these arrant knaves? And now John Howard is known as the most successful Australian Prime Minister of all time. Sheesh. At least these nice pictures of the Murray delta are quite pleasing.

It may seem a tad odd to empathise with seasons, but you've got to admit that poor old winter receives rather a bad rap in Australian society. Living in a predominately temperate climate (except for Tasmania, but meh, doesn't really count) means that we're mostly accustomed to sunny, carefree days of thong-wielding shenanigans; hence winter comes as somewhat of a nuisance to us all. But alas, you may now breathe a sigh of relief, for the dreariness of the past 3 months has been erased by the fact that spring has indeed sprung. So how do you maintain your cool this spring with more dash than cash? Behold! The top 5 spring trends, available from a chain store and a subconscious near you...

1. Hot pants

Yes dears, they're baaack, and boy are they hotter than ever. Seriously, the only other entity at the moment with an average temperature greater than that of hot pants is nuclear fusion-generated energy. What better way to banish those winter maladies than donning a pair of undersized, under-forgiving pair of short shorts? Forget the fact that we've accumulated enough cellulite to keep the Paper St. Soap co. in business for a hell of a long time...when it comes to fashion and hot pants, there's no such thing as unattainable standards of beauty. So get on those treadmills people, because these babies are so hot-to-trot, you wouldn't even dream about teetering over to *gasp* Supré to purchase yet another lackluster denim mini. Talk about mediocrity. Tsk tsk.

2. Emo is the new black

Literally. Come on, how many times have you spied a dark, lithe and ridiculously good looking character walking down the street in a cloud of despair and just wanted to trade in optimism for skinny black jeans? Nothing says babe-a-licious like a girl/guy clad in band t-shirts (Joy Division/Cure in particular oozing street cred), argyle sweaters, black Chuck Tailors and a keen interest in the darker side of the force. Boys, preen your black mops to side-parted perfection, pop on those square framed glasses and start talking about the disintegration of human sentiment. Girls, razor-sharp black bobs + red ribbons / red lipstick = a level of hotness that would make any screen siren writhe with envy. The only thing with emo is that a rather unsavory amount of body fat is required to pull off those damn jeans, so bye bye dairy products, and hello Veganville. Emo has copped flack regarding its ethos and methodologies (the fad of the anti-fad anyone?), but misery and self-destructiveness aside, emo is just so appealing to all you alterna-scenesters out there who tired of the hackneyed antics of op-shopping months ago. Yes, wearing black head-to-toe may indeed be detrimental to the functioning of the charkas, but who needs spirituality when you look like walking-talking Emily dolls? So whip out those records, bow those postures and get ready to do sorrow with style. Let's get depressed.

3. Changing your hair style

What better time to sculpt your tresses than in this period of sunny transition? Warm weather makes people want to do all sorts of crazy things, like chimp around naked through the Botanic Gardens, or vote Liberal. So why not transfer this wild and wacky mood to your 'do? Sure long, straight and blonde/brown may have been what you've had since age 13, but nothing says "I'm charismatic, just try and stop me bitch" like a short lime green, purple and black bob. Add a menagerie of Hello Kitty hair clips and an assortment of guitar paraphernalia (cappos make great barrettes) and you've got a

look that's part Tokyo-teen, part primary school, but undeniably 100% cool. Just remember that the whole Cruella DeVille brown-hair-paired-with-white-blond-streaks thing never looked good in the first place. You've been warned.

4. Borrowing clothes

Although half of Sym Choon constitutes your wardrobe, you still feel the urge to grumble "Aw I have nothing to wear" when getting ready to go out. Providing you have a best friend whom you trust and can rely on, this is quite all right. Wearing other people's clothes has this novelty attached to it that not even your favorite jacket possesses. When someone gushes, "OMG I just adore your Torana t-shirt", you can't deny that you feel pretty damn cool when replying, "Thanks. It's my brother's. He won it at the Show". The main perk of borrowing is that your wardrobe increases exponentially whilst you never actually need to purchase the illustrious items in question. For those of you financially challenged out there, borrowing is a fantastic substitute to scouring dumpsters for cast-off Korn t-shirts and old-school Diadora sneakers. The only catch is, you've got to make sure your loaned pair of heels doesn't find their way mysteriously floating down the Patawolunga, but even if they do, nothing a contrite puss-in-boots whimper couldn't fix, eh?

5. Optimism

Most importantly, it's time to ditch the winter gloominess and kiss goodbye those moods of existential despair in lieu of hopefulness and good ol' fashioned child-like optimism. The sun is out, the birds are chirping, and despite the whole Channel 10 sell-out factor, Coldplay have hit the nail on the head when proclaiming that we do indeed live in a beautiful world. Learn the piano; hike up Waterfall Gully; indulge in a stroll down the Torrens with either ice cream or companion in tow. Whatever you do, just remember that fulfillment will never come in the form of sky-high Miss Sixty purple pumps.....wait...moral...dilemma...damn...you...Aesop.....ah screw the shoes, just try not to cause any trouble, m'kay? Love thy neighbour. And love thyself. Because when you reach enlightenment, you realize that consumerism is a product by and for the proletarians anyway.

Stephanie Mountyouris

WHAT'S HOT

Foreign accents. The international, ahem, boys conspiracy. Oh baby.

Skiing. For the definitive culture connoisseur. Anyone who's still snowboarding may as well put on a Stussy hoodie, crank up Limp Bizkit and do the bum dance whilst they're at it.

Doing Yoda imitations in bed. 'Make out with me you will, mm, yes'. May the farce be with you. Tee hee.

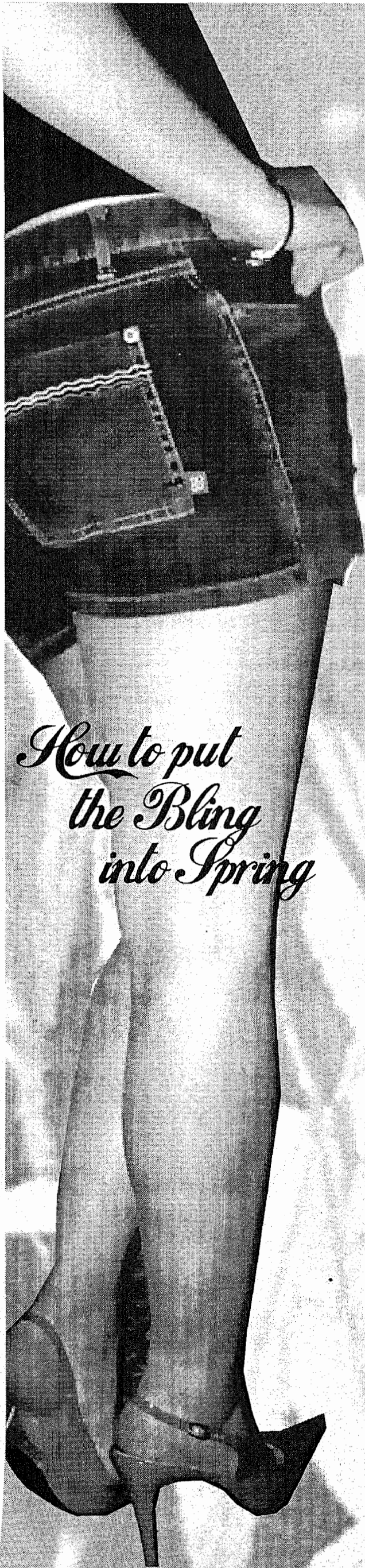
WHAT'S NOT

First dates. Dinner? Check. Ice cream? Check. Commitment phobia after 3 days? Check.

Frameless sunglasses. An extremely popular trend of the early 2000s, but really, who wants to look as if they can't afford a significant portion of their eyewear? Turn up the tramp-o-meter. Gross.

The eternal pursuit for the fountain of youth.

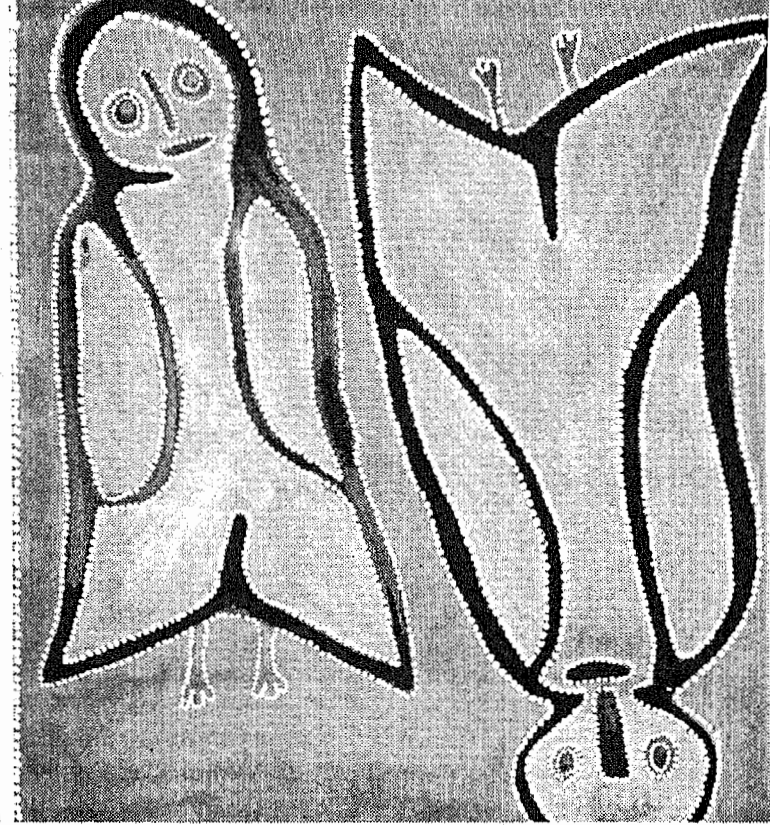
*How to put
the Bling
into Spring*



Rover Thomas:
I want to paint

Art Gallery of South Australia

until November 28



The Edwardians: Secrets and Desires exhibition might have come to an end, but don't think that the Art Gallery of South Australia doesn't have more in store for the viewing public this year.

Rover Thomas: I want to paint opened on September 24 and the exhibition is described as a 'tribute' by AGSA's Curator of Australian Art, Tracey Lock-Weir, to one of Australia's most important indigenous artists. The use of this description makes the point that the exhibition is not a retrospective, but a collection of the 'best of the best', as she puts it.

The exhibition features twenty-four works, twenty of which form the travelling collection (AGSA is the fourth of five galleries to host the exhibition) and the rest are drawn from AGSA's own collection. These works can be divided into two distinct sections: pre-1986 and post-1986. This year marked a change in style for Thomas as he changed his vegetable-based binder, leading to a more matte finish on his canvasses (and plywood boards). It might sound like a trivial detail, but the difference between the earlier and later works is striking.

The earlier ones, such as *The Shade from the hill comes over and talks in language* provide examples of Thomas' typically bold brushwork and the rough surfaces of his paintings. These perhaps seem more 'earthy' than his later works, even though all of the works were

Painted using earth pigments, rather than the synthetic paints used by many of his contemporaries.

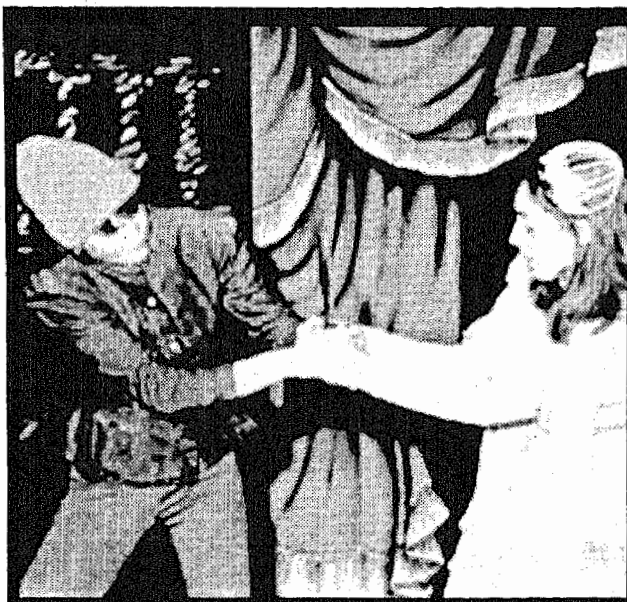
Thomas' later works seem less aggressive, the brushwork being more subdued and smooth washes of colour becoming the dominant feature of the paintings. *Grugrugi: Owl* is one of the finest examples.

A common theme running through this exhibition is that of topographic views of landscapes without any sense of perspective. The two-dimensional nature of the images makes for interesting, and often beautifully-balanced, compositions.

Another point to note in relation to the subject matter of the works is that Thomas depicted not only ancient dreamtime scenes but also contemporary events such as the infamous Bedford Downs massacre. This perhaps aids in the appreciation of his works, as more viewers are able to connect with the artist's subjects.

For anyone with an interest in Aboriginal art, this exhibition ought not to be missed. For others who may not know much about Thomas and his work, the exhibition is a perfect introduction. And let's face it, with student prices at \$4, how can you refuse?

Benedict Coxon



Good Night Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)

By Ann-Marie MacDonald

State Theatre Company

Until October 9

As we slowly slip into assistant-professor Constance's world, it's like Shakespeare has met Sean Micallef. Her mind is buzzing with the second syllable of the second line of the second act of the bard's famous tragedies "Romeo & Juliet" and "Othello." And we see pivotal scenes from each play's third act, hammed up with Roger Explosion-esque choreography. And although this start is slow, and some of the laughs cumbersome, the play goes onto to match the comic genius of Micallef in climbing the comedy tree (albiet a different branch) with an extraordinarily enjoyable and witty second half.

Ann-Marie MacDonald has re-written "Romeo & Juliet" and "Othello" to incorporate Constance, the zany, spinster protagonist, and to prove a thesis that the famous tragedies were intended as comedies. In this State Theatre show, they are in fact delivered as wild, fantastical farces, which exuberantly explore as many issues as the 'old' versions did. Kim Durban conducts her cast to utilise the clowning elements of their performance as well as their abilities at natural, traditional Shakespeare presentation, and produces hilarious results.

Sally (I had an affair with Toadie) Cooper should

be a recognisable face for the younger crowd, and brings her trademark vulnerability and high-pitched voice to the craftily used Space. Cooper successfully inhabits the tormented and self-deprecating Constance and plays the wise-fool to perfection. Her witty asides, her robust physicality and her engagement with other actors, ensure that the show is carried on her performance. Not to say that any other actor detracts from the piece. The rest admirably perform, as an ensemble, the collection of characters necessary to bring the Verona and Cyprus of the stories alive.

No actor more so than Justin Moore. Moore transforms, with the help of Dean Hills's stylised renaissance in the 80s costumes, from one of Shakespeare's great vile villains, Iago, to his famous romantic, Romeo. As Iago, Moore is manipulative and commanding but also very funny. Even more so when he takes on the guise of the demented-in-love Romeo, playing his youthful enthusiasm with aplomb (and occasionally in a sexy silk dress). And Juliet (Ksenja Logos) is the perfect match, although her fascination is mostly with death. Combine this comic couple with the very motherly maid, a voice-strained, but amusing Michael Habib, and the farce

of the star-crossed lovers is plain to see.

Habib also prances around the simple set in men's tights, as well as women's. He plays the temperamental Christian Moor commander, Othello and the jocular Tybalt. To each character he brings a raucous physicalisation, and an excellent sense of comic timing. Comic timing is also the strength of Margot Fenley, as the danger-addicted Desdemona. This is particularly true in Fenley and Cooper's funny feminist dialogue. And it is at that point that you realise the true star of the show, the dialogue.

In her writing, MacDonald displays an amazing comic ability, combined with an acute sense of Shakespeare. Although the play isn't all laughs, underneath the gentle jokes are some serious thoughts. Students may enjoy the subtle going-over of the world of 'Academia' and appreciate the feminist comment that cuts through in some of Constance's lines. What State Theatre has done to Shakespeare, to quote the dottering old man who was sitting behind me, is "an absolute travesty. But a delightful travesty." Delightful indeed.

Alex Rafalowicz

Motion Sickness

as part of the StressheadS project



Urban Myth Theatre of Youth is about to engage in some serious stress-relief in their new work, **Motion Sickness** as part of the StressheadS project. **Motion Sickness** is playing from 18th October to the 23rd October at the Odeon Theatre, Norwood. The StressheadS project is the brain-child of former Urban Myth Artistic Director, and Motion Sickness Director, Rachel Patterson. The project focuses on the notion of stress within modern society and the way that it manifests itself within our lives. StressheadS has provided many outcomes for the wider community including drama workshops for the Migrant Resource Centre, a 'satellite StressheadS' production involving youth in Salisbury, an art exhibition of upcoming artists, and a series of personal projects undertaken by the cast and buddies of Motion Sickness.

"Buddies" isn't a term bantered around much in theatre and so I pressed Patterson to explain what she meant. She explained that: "we didn't want this show, **Motion Sickness**, to be the be all and end all of StressheadS. The whole project is more than the actors; it's about this company, this group of young people looking at ways of promoting positive mental

health, and doing so creatively and artistically. So we invited members of the company to play a part, even if it wasn't on stage, and we called these vitally important people 'buddies.' Because they've been the most important of friends to the whole process."

The process has included, beyond the other elements of StressheadS, the creation of an original play, written by Adelaide Uni alumni Michael Hill. **Motion Sickness** tracks the interconnecting lives of nine young city-dwellers whose chaotic existences are thrown into a new perspective by an event that is out of their control. Patterson explains that, "sibling rivalry, ambition, fear and the promise of something better fuels their struggle as each find their own ways to cope with the ever-increasing speed of daily life against a backdrop of media saturation and high expectations." Enthusing about the script, Patterson also explains that the script incorporates many mediums to deliver its message and so Heather Frahn has been brought into the process to add her unique skills to an original sound scape to accompany the performance.

Urban Myth will be performing a series of school shows and only three evening performances of

StressheadS over a one week season. The reason for the amount of school-shows is, as Patterson explains, the same as having a cast entirely made up of young people. "**Motion Sickness** is about young people taking responsibility for their own lives, within a context of shared experiences. It's about tackling stress in creative and positive ways. It's about acknowledging that young people are the experts and advocates of their own lives and that collectively there are ways to demonstrate this to the wider community."

Maxamilen Speranza

If you are interested in the sound of StressheadS / Motion Sickness and are interested in theatre then enter the first competition to be found on these pages ever! (or this year) There are two free tickets to preview performances available provided the attendee writes a review for the always artistic On Dit. If you've wanted to be a reviewer, or have been trashed by Arts/Theatre this year, now's your chance to get even (or to get started) enquires to Theatre/Arts sub-ed Alex at: alexissimobun@hotmail.com

AND NOW...

Everybody's favourite blog-o-fied restaurant reviewer returns to deal the dirt on...

THAI IN A WOK

37 Hindmarsh Square, City
Ph: 8224 0969

There must be some trend towards stamp sized restaurant premises these days, because lately, everywhere I go seems inclined to squeeze their clientele in to extremely cozy quarters. Is it the exorbitant rent? That's the most probable answer. But Thai in a Wok claims to be a Vogue Thai Restaurant, so maybe the owners just feel it's the fashionable, "in" thing to eat in a communal setting. What's an overheard conversation or two between strangers? Besides, if The Red Sea could do it, then of course it must be in vogue.

Not that we were literally right next to the other diners, but something distinctly like

claustrophobia came over me as the restaurant filled up. At first there was no problem; I even found it kind of cute. When my friend and I entered, there was no one around, and the manager/owner (who looked eerily like my Year 12 Classics teacher) sprung to attention as soon as we opened the door. He greeted us with much nervous energy and showed us to our table. This seemed a somewhat pointless action since there was about one step between us and our designated table, but nervous energy has to go somewhere I suppose. He brought us back a drinks menu, and took great care in explaining it to us: "There are lots of teas. Look, lots of lovely teas...but if you don't want that, you can have Singha beer - a traditional Thai beer" There was so much attentiveness from this guy that I started to think the place was so small because no one ever went there. The sympathy swelled up, but was so very unfounded.

A girl entered the room, and she seemed pretty friendly with the Thai woman who was doing the cooking behind the counter, so I came to the conclusion that only family members were eating there. My heartstrings were tugged even further, but my hunger was slowly overtaking

that feeling, so I started to pay less attention to the plight of the restaurant owners. We asked the Thai woman if we could have some water, which seemed to puzzle and scare her, and she timidly brought back two glasses. I don't know why we elicited such a reaction, but we cackled about it for a good five minutes.

By the time we got over our childish amusement, our food was placed in front of us. Its arrival coincided with the appearance of more people, and I was surprised by two things. One, how un-oily and healthy the food tasted, and two, how ten thousand people suddenly seemed to turn up. Slight exaggeration, I know, but that was how it felt. The weird thing is that they all seemed to be regulars. "Yeah, just our regular Pad Thai, thanks Tony," was typical of the orders.

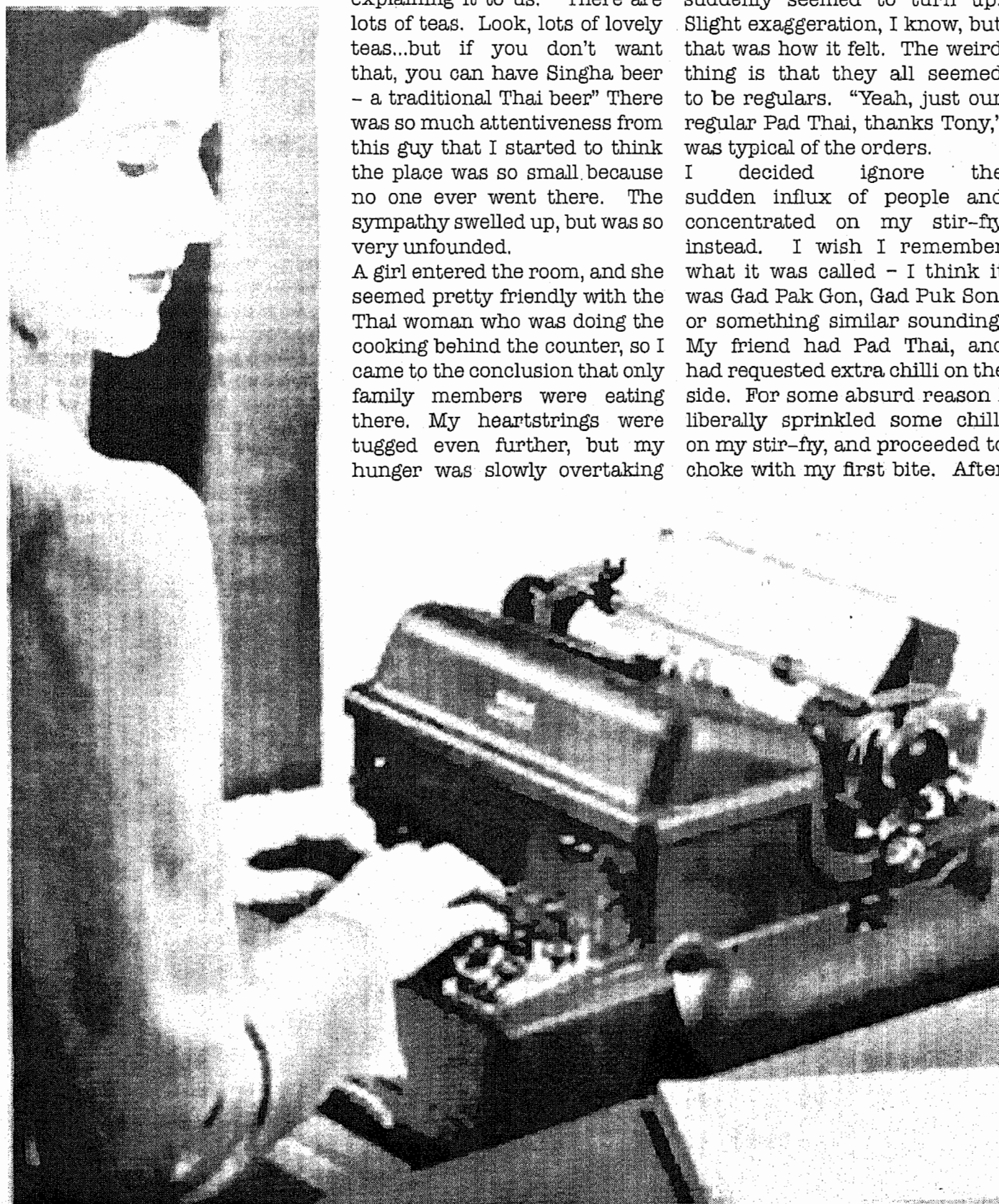
I decided ignore the sudden influx of people and concentrated on my stir-fry instead. I wish I remember what it was called - I think it was Gad Pak Gon, Gad Puk Son, or something similar sounding. My friend had Pad Thai, and had requested extra chilli on the side. For some absurd reason I liberally sprinkled some chilli on my stir-fry, and proceeded to choke with my first bite. After

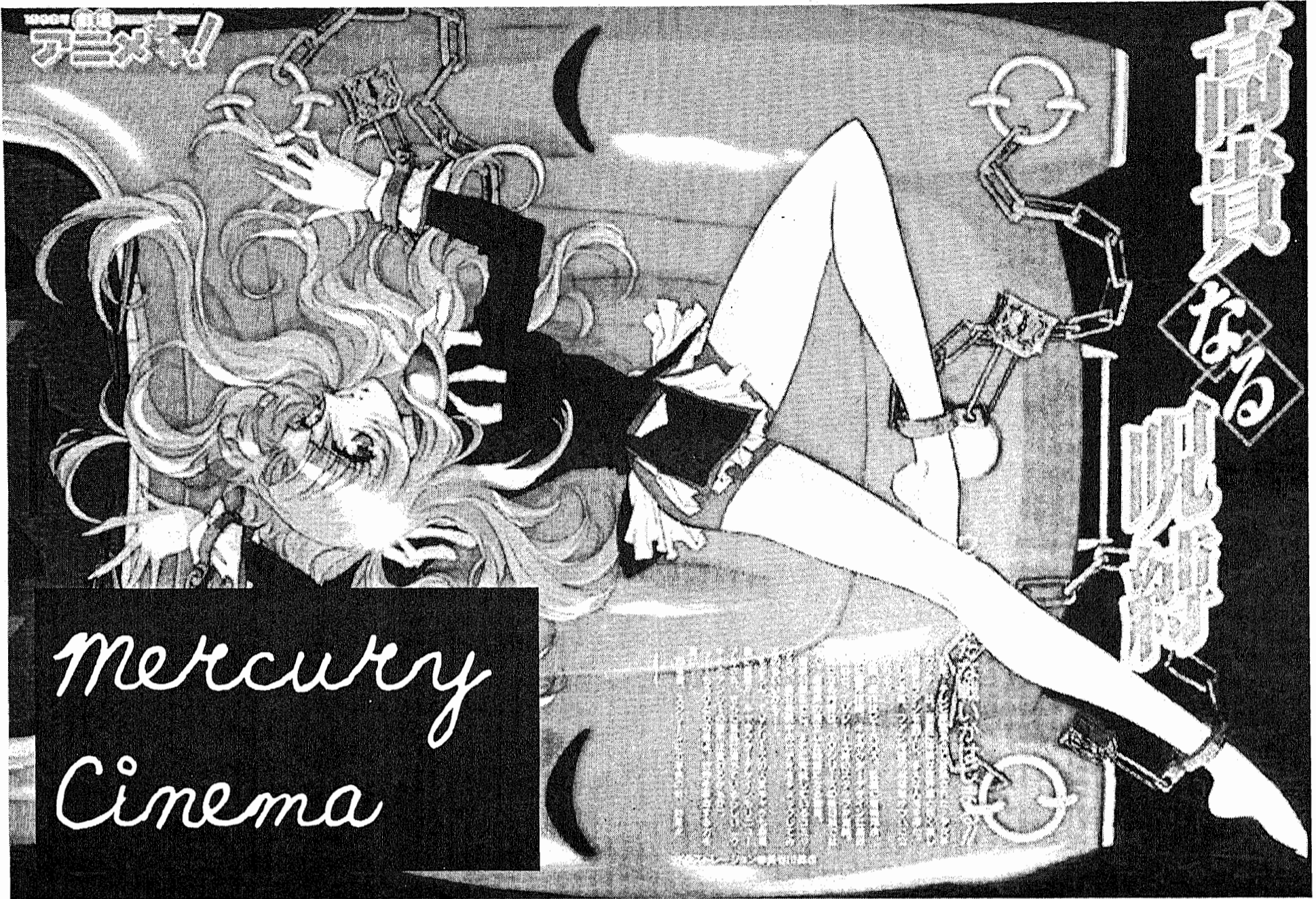
digging round and removing the chilli flakes, I didn't experience any more excitement. As I said before, the meal seemed very healthy - the vegetables were still crisp, and the chicken was skinless, and there was little oily residue. It was delicately flavoured with Thai basil, and wasn't too sweet or saucy. I'm always impressed by this kind of Asian food - I feel like I'm getting something authentic, though I will admit there was a certain zing lacking in the taste. Sigh. It makes me remember the days when MSG was served so generously.

My friend ate her Pad Thai with gusto, after infusing it with the chilli and lemon provided. Really, simple flavours are best, don't you think? She did complain that the noodles could have been cooked a bit more, and since she was a lover of Pad Thai, she would know these things. I tried some it, but I didn't understand her analysis. Better than over-cooked, in my opinion.

We managed to eat pretty quickly, and by this time the place was completely full. No more selective attention and definitely no more explanations about drinks. It even seemed like people were waiting for us to get up so they could have our seats, but we stubbornly continued our conversation a while after the plates had been cleared. We had to raise our voices a bit, since the chatter between the business suit crowd was infiltrating our private little corner. By the time we left, I was slightly bewildered at the half-hour turn-around. All sappy sympathy had disappeared, and I was slightly miffed about feeling obligated to leave. Still, I guess it says something about the food that there were so many regulars there, and I like how it's so inconspicuously tucked away in Hindmarsh Square. There's something fun about discovering an unknown place. Also, it is a vogue Thai restaurant, not just any old eating establishment, so it does kind of make sense that people are absolutely clamouring for it. I'll go back in a few months to see if it's just a passing phase.

Esha Thaper





Mercury Cinema

late eighties and early nineties Japanese anime, in my trashed-up opinion, is much more beautiful and delightfully sexy than some of the tripe being churned out at the moment. Thankfully the Madman Anime Festival recognises this, and has shown some of the phattest old school anime, along with the cream of recent releases. The curator was obviously a very learned and authoritative figure, as the selection represented a tasteful and wide-ranging selection, appealing to anime fans of all genres. I must say now, though, this festival ends **THIS TUESDAY**, that is, tonight. That means if you like this stuff but are prone to being a doddling fool, you will miss out on it. Check out the timetable at www.mercurycinema.org.au, right now, asshole. The Mercury has been prone to hosting some rad material lately, in the

forms of Trash-O-Rama, Cinemateque and this most recent offering.

Highlights included the opening film *Interstella 5555*, a legendary feat by acclaimed 80's anime director Kazuhisa Takenôchi and French band Air. Air manifest themselves as the coolest geek band ever by having their entire Discovery album not only transformed into an epic anime, but in an identical fashion to 80's cartoon stylings. Although as an actual sit down movie a few scenes were a wee bit tedious to fit in with the length of the songs, the movie prospers as a party symphony. To have this bad boy playing loud up on a wall in a packed crowd of well dressed kids would be bliss, instant party, just add geekdom. Heaps of colour, flash, cute cartoon characters and nasty music industry nasties mixed with the ultimate

mid eighties dance album. Superb.

Also worth mentioning is the bastion of violent post apocalyptic Manga, *Fist of the North Star*. The celestially-blessed hero of the new world, Ken, fights to re-establish worldly peace and rescue his kidnapped fiancée Julia. Hallowed with the ability to punch people and make their heads explode, Ken fights all manner of mutants and thugs before a rad ending that I wont bother ruining for you.

Even if you have missed this festival make sure to get along to see OutFoxed at the Mercury, or at least check their website for their awesome programming. It is more than worth your while.

Jimmy Trash





Wimbledon

Romantic comedies. I can practically see half of you responding in disgust the moment I mention the words. I even did a fun little test the day after seeing it, tallying up the responses of people after I told them I'd just seen *Wimbledon*. Discounting the people who thought I'd actually gone to watch a tennis match (and who were left wondering how I'd managed to zip interstate in the past 24 hours to catch one), I was left with 10 people. Four of those people were either neutral or pleased for me, the other six responses generally centred around something like a roll of the eyes, a sigh, and a sympathetic "... was it bad?" There's no denying it, the romantic comedy is the new teen flick: the genre that it's cool to dread. And usually wise to.

With that out of the way, I'll warn those of you who fit the category of my seven friends right now: stop reading this review. This film is not for you. *Wimbledon* might not be a bad film - in fact, it's actually quite charming - but it's certainly not going to convert anyone to the Meg Ryan school of romantic fluff. Don't worry, she's not in this film.

The concept this time has Peter Colt (*Master and Commander's* Mark Bettany), a washed-up tennis star currently ranked 119th in the world, preparing to enter his final Wimbledon tournament before he retires from professional play for good. Kirsten Dunst plays rising tennis star Lizzie Bradbury, a player known for her quick temper on the court as much as she is known for her skills as a tennis

player. This is her first Wimbledon, and her overprotective father Dennis (Sam Neill) isn't thrilled when an affair sparks between Lizzie and Peter. The course of their relationship doesn't run smoothly - while their relationship seems to spark a newfound flair for tennis in Peter, and rekindle spectators' love of the player, Dennis is worried about the impact on Lizzie's own game. You can probably fill in the rest.

Romantic comedies almost require a scale of their own when it comes to judging them. The conclusion is practically inevitable: anyone who's seen the posters for *Wimbledon* knows exactly where the story will lead. What kept me from calling foul is the fact that I actually wanted to see these characters end up together: Dunst and Bettany have a nice chemistry onscreen and fit surprisingly well into their respective sportsperson roles. The other usual requirements are met: a few well-timed jokes, a dandy supporting cast that includes Jon Favreau as Peter's opportunistic agent and *The Day After Tomorrow's* Austin Nichols as a smarmy slice of on-court competition. Added to that are some surprisingly watchable tennis matches (Pat Cash was reportedly on set to lend some insights into the game, while director Richard Loncraine ensures that the matches are interesting to look at). The result? Not the saviour of a familiar genre, but certainly not the worst romantic comedy ever made.

Shark Tale

Directors: Bibo Bergeron, Vicky Jenson, Rob Letterman

Starring the voices of: Will Smith, Rene Zellweger, Jack Black, Robert De Niro, Angelina Jolie & Martin Scorsese

The snowball of computer animated children's comedies has grown slightly bigger with the addition of *Shark Tale*. It's also the latest round in an ongoing battle between Pixar and Dreamworks studios where they attempt to out do each other on the same premise. Just as Pixar studio's *A Bug's Life* was a response to Dreamwork's *Antz*, *Shark Tale* is Dreamwork's response to Pixar's extremely successful *Finding Nemo*.

Oscar (Will Smith) is a small fish in a big pond. He has heady capitalistic dreams of livin' large in a swanky apartment and sleeping on piles of money with beautiful models, but instead lives a life of mediocrity, washing whales at a "whale wash" owned by a puffer fish named Sykes (Martin Scorsese). Angie (Rene Zellweger) is a sweet, angelic little fish who also works at the whale wash. She also lives a life of quiet desperation, quietly pining away for Oscar's attention and affection. Lenny (Jack Black) is the son of Don Lino (Robert De Niro), the king of the underwater underworld. Unfortunately for him, he doesn't have the killer instinct of his father and brother and is the black sheep of the family. In an effort to toughen Lenny up Don Lino sends him out into the ocean with his brother Frankie, commanding him not to return home without having killed something. The something they strike upon is the motor-mouthed Oscar. In a bizarre twist of fate Frankie is killed by a random anchor, Oscar then strikes upon the brilliant idea of spinning the situation to his advantage and proclaims himself the "shark killer" and protector of his fish town. This evokes the wrath of Don Lino and "the family", who hunt Oscar down,

intent on seeing him terminated with extreme prejudice.

Shark Tale is slightly unlucky in that it is coming out immediately after some very fine children's animated films, most notably *Shrek*, *Finding Nemo* and, a little less recently *Antz*. As such it has terribly high standards to be judged by. It follows the standard formula of these films - find an animal or creature, humanize it slightly, get an all-star cast of voices, make as many fish-out-of-water (lame pun intended) jokes as possible, cross reference as much as possible, and add a relatively warm resolution - but lacks a little something in the delivery. The jokes are there, some of the set-ups seem to be working toward a humorous climax, but ultimately fall flaccid. Will Smith becomes slightly grating as Oscar. His verbal masturbation is perhaps even more frustrating here in animation than in live action. That being said, there are a few moments where *Shark Tale* impresses. The scenes between Robert De Niro's Don Lino and Martin Scorsese's Sykes are sharp and there is a gangster 'sit-down' scene that it is impossible not to find funny. Where the film should be most congratulated though is in its support of a Homo-friendly subtext. Lenny is rejected by his father for being vegetarian, only for his father to later except him "the way that he is". It's a brave thing for a big American studio picture pitched to families to do; it's just a shame that it had to be so extremely covert.

Shark Tale's biggest fault is in its timing. Five years ago it would have been a seminal film in this rapidly growing genre. But because it has come out after the successes of *Antz*, *A Bug's Life*, *Monsters Inc.*, *Finding Nemo*, *Shrek*, *Shrek 2* and *Ice Age* it is doomed to be judged by those lofty standards and, unfortunately it doesn't quite measure up.

Danny Wills



Donnie Darko: Director's Cut



Director: Richard Kelly
Starring: Jake Gyllenhaal,
Jena Malone & Mary McDonnell

In 2002 director Richard Kelly released his debut film *Donnie Darko* to the public. Although it was met with praise by most who saw it, its run in theatres was short and relatively undistinguished. It was only when *Donnie Darko* was released on DVD in 2003 that it achieved its current cult status. Every first-year arts student and aspiring Chardonnay cinephile was talking about time travel, portholes to other dimensions, Frank the six-foot rabbit and how Jake Gyllenhaal was "like, so totally hot". Perhaps in response to the cult status the film has now, albeit belatedly, achieved, Richard Kelly has now been given license to re-cut his film. He's added around twenty minutes of new footage and sound that he was not allowed in the first cut due to a contract that stipulated that the film must come in at less than two hours.

For those unfamiliar with the story, it goes a little like this: Donnie Darko is a young angst-y suburban teenage boy who suffers from hallucinations. One night when he is out on a sleepwalking expedition he meets a demonic six-foot rabbit named Frank, who tells him that the world is going to end in

28 days. Donnie then wakes up and goes home to find that a jet engine has crashed into his bedroom and would have killed him if it weren't for Frank's intervention. Donnie then floods his school and burns down the home of an evangelical/self-help pedophile, hooks up with some cute (but kinda boring) girl, has a big Halloween party, discovers the secrets of time travel and broods quite a bit. Eventually the prophecies of the six-foot rodent are played out and we all realise that life, and death, and, like, love and junk, are all heaps, y'know... deep.

Often we receive Director's Cuts which are little more than a couple of extra scenes that were cut from the original and find that the new edits are fairly similar to their originals. Richard Kelly's new cut of *Donnie Darko* however, is almost as far as any one film can ever get from it's self. Like the recent re-cut editions of *The Exorcist*, *Blade Runner* and *Aliens*, the editions to *Donnie Darko* bring in entirely new plot arcs that alter the dimensions of the entire film. For starters, Kelly has introduced title cards which are derived from the book "The Philosophy of Time Travel" written by the film's Grandma Death, or Roberta Sparrow. These cards go a long way to explaining just what is actually going on with all those "chest-worms". He

also adds a couple of extra scenes that round out the ideas about time travel and Donnie's disorder and a climax that is some kind of computerised fireworks show.

These new editions seem to serve the sole purpose of *explaining* the film to us. When seeing *Donnie Darko* in the cinema for the first time in 2002 the most intriguing, and interesting, thing about the film was it's ambiguity. The most fun things about it were thinking about the connections between reality and one's subjective mode of being, between time and matter. It was fun to consider "just what was Donnie laughing about at the end, does he know that life is a big joke, or is there some other explanation?" To have the film explained in the way that Kelly wants to, reveals it not as a surreal philosophical meditation using the form of sci-fi, but as a, relatively, straightforward sci-fi movie with some angst-y pop philosophising thrown in.

The alterations will be interesting for current fans to see but, unfortunately, make the film much less interesting. For people who've never had a *Donnie Darko* experience, I'd recommend renting 2002's *Donnie Darko*; it's much more fun that way.

Danny Wills

De-Lovely

Director: Irwin Winkler
Starring: Kevin Kline and
Ashley Judd

De-Lovely is the life story of the brilliant and influential jazz musical songwriter Cole Porter. Porter was a successful composer of some of America's most heard and loved musical scores. Songs such as 'Anything Goes', 'Night and Day', and the titular 'It's De-Lovely' have ensured his status as one of the greats of the pre-war era. *De-Lovely* frolics through his music, while baring details of the private life he was forced to shield from his public for fear of ostracization.

The film is told as a 'Porter musical'. We first meet Cole (Kevin Kline) as an old man sitting at his piano tapping away at what will become his final tune. He begins looking back over his life and sifting through his memories, both the good and the bad, with director Gabe (Jonathon Pryce) and his memories play themselves out on our screen, with occasional musical flourishes. We see key points in Cole's life - his time as an amateur composer (mainly playing impromptu shows at parties which he may, or may not have been, invited to), his meeting his wife Linda Thomas (Ashley Judd), his rise as a stage and film composer in the 20s and 30s, his time in Hollywood, his terrible riding accident, and his intimate relationships with other men. Although deeply in love with his loving and beautiful wife Porter finds himself attracted to men and, perhaps surprisingly, his wife accepts this. She decides that the love and support provided by their marriage is all that matters and that it's okay for Porter to sleep with men, so long as their marriage is the number one consideration in his life.

Kevin Kline proves again that he is a fine actor, it seems he is incapable of giving a bad performance. He has a certain serious charm in every role that he plays. Although Kline has 'played gay' before in *In & Out*, this role requires a completely different touch. Porter seems to truly love his wife Linda in a way that is beyond a pure platonic love, but finds himself also drawn toward boys, a complexity that must have proven difficult to represent. It's not as though Porter is ever denying himself either. You never get the feeling that he is 'playing along' because he is expected to act in a certain way, he is genuinely split.

It must always be difficult to condense the life of an extra ordinary person, such as Cole Porter, into around a hundred minutes, but the team behind *De-Lovely* seem to have succeeded on this account. They manage to include many important events without them seeming laboriously forced together. The failing of the film though is in it's general lack of inspiration. They have such a great starting point, with the music and story of Cole Porter, but lack the spark of imagination to make it work cogently. The 'musical within a musical' framing device used could have been quite effective, but instead comes off more as a gimmick. Of some interest are the cameos from notable recording artists such as Robbie Williams, Alanis Morissette, Cheryl Crow and Elvis Costello.

A movie about Cole Porter could never be utterly dull, and *De-Lovely* definitely isn't. The tragedy though is that it hasn't even got close the realizing the potential of his magnificent story.

Danny Wills

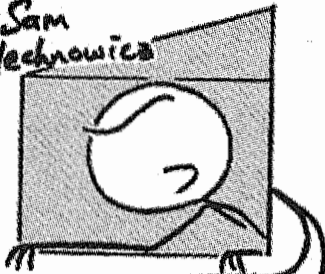


the revitalising adventures of...

MICHAEL

by Sam O'Leach

LAST WEEK, OUR HERO WAS HIDING IN WAIT FOR THE COUNT, IN THE HOPE THAT HE COULD EXTRACT SOME VALUABLE INTELLIGENCE

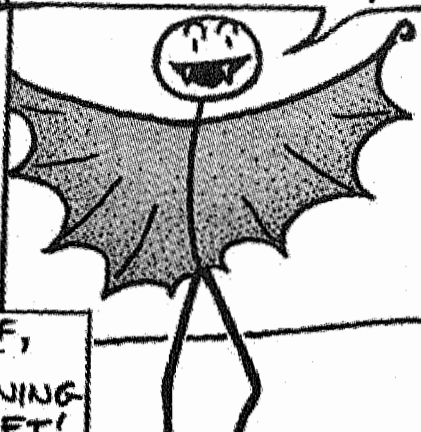


OH SHUT UP, YOU.

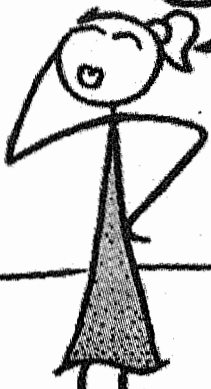
aha! ey haf returned from ze little boys room, and zis time ey remembered to zip up!

but where is ze magnetboy?

UH. HE HAD TO MAKE A PHONE CALL



KNOCK IT OFF, YOU TWO: THE COUNT IS RETURNING FROM THE TOILET!



magnetboy! zis time i vill not run, and ju vill meet yor Doom!!!

STOP RIGHT THERE! I AM MAGNETBOY, AND I WILL NOW DEFEAT YOU, COUNT EVILOVIC!

THE COUNT IS FOOLED BY MAGGIE!

ah vell. while he is gone, i vill tell you my master plan: TO RULE ZE WORLD!

SO THAT'S HIS PLAN! I MUST FOIL... THAT PLAN

OUR HERO SPRINGS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE!

EGAD! THE MOTHER OF ALL BATTLES! COMING SOON!!

#11

The Meaning of the American Alliance

continued from page 14

Without radical reform our social security system has no real hope of improving the situation.

Nor will I accept the proposition that we should reject American culture – by which I mean modes of behaviour – fads of figures of speech – outright. As much as some Americans cannot dress, speak or spell, there are plenty of others who can. Indeed, New England has given rise to most of the intellectual and scientific progress of the last fifty years, witness the graduates and academics from Cornell, Columbia, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton and Yale who between them have hoovered up hundreds of Nobel Prizes (and in the process formed the scientific, artistic and economic crib that will likely see us through the next century).

Of course, I could savage some other parts of the US but there is little point to sledging allies since friends can only take so much criticism. It is reckless and foolish to believe that we can shape our own destiny alone; and this draws me to a criticism of the United States under George Bush Jr: America is said to be unilateralist, arrogant – infused with a belief that it can go it alone – and so we should leave it to do just that, to become the kid on the block with rich friends and no mates. Yet this will only make America more unilateralist; injured and angry after September 11, America isn't in a mood for fiends like the French. If there is something we don't like about America, better to employ influence for good than to

turn our backs on the country.

As for our ally Japan, Asians respect strength and ANZUS is the truth. If they could win a similar alliance they'd stop complaining about ours: Asia also wants a free trade deal – badly, and we can be sure that our economic bridge to Washington will see Asian trade channelled through Australian ports in even greater volume soon. China is another question that has to be dealt with delicately: 'One China' is a delicate policy for the people of Taiwan. Whereas dealing with China through comments about that policy is equally unpleasant. As for living with the rest of the dragons, dealing honourably and openly with Asia about our strategic goals and interests has got us through since East Timor and will likely do well for the future. But we need to realise that Malaysia will still be recalcitrant, Indonesia corrupt, the Papuans a basket case and Singapore open one day and closed to us the next.

In the end, alliances remain the most enduring form of national security for small states; America – maligned and misunderstood by many – is still our greatest ally. The meaning of the American alliance is this: stay friends with Washington, while keeping a keen eye on Asia and the prizes of prosperity and security will still come freely to Australia.

DRC



CAPTAIN AMERICA

and the lesser known sidekick, Deputy-Vice-Principal Johnny.

Local Music

Oooh look! It's like, all grown up and stuff this week.

Variety makes for fun

Elder School of Music Opera Workshop
Bonython Hall,
September 17 & 18

Any disappointment at this year's lack of a full-length opera from the Elder School of Music soon disappeared as excerpt after excerpt, and then Puccini's *Suor Angelica*, impressed with the talent of the respective casts and the suitability of the programming choices.

Smetana's *The Bartered Bride* started the program with a bang, along a few somersaults and other assorted acrobatic feats, and each of the singers put in solid performances. James Pratt's stuttering Wenzel contrasted well with Sarah Windsor's sassy Esmeralda and Robbie Macfarlane relished his role as the boisterous Springer.

Così Fan Tutte took the audience to more familiar territory and was played with tongue firmly in cheek by all concerned. Holly Wotton and Kirrilie Blythman stole the show with some beautifully-sung duets, that is until Tom Brennan's false moustache decided to fall off, much to the amusement of the singers as well as the audience. The cast managed to continue without anything more than a few smirks and the ensemble singing that ended the performance was exceptional.

Mozart followed Mozart as *The Magic Flute* gave Declan Lorenzin an opportunity to show off his impressive voice and technique. Lachlan Scott was a despondent Papageno and did his best despite his character having his mouth padlocked for some time. The three ladies who did the locking (Eleanor Blythman, Sky Ingram and Anna Legge) were suitably bitchy and produced some fine trio singing amongst all of their

running around and throwing feathers and such.

After the interval came the centrepiece of the evening. Puccini's *Suor Angelica*, part of *Il Tritico*, features an all-female cast and so provided opportunities for the abundant number of sopranos currently in the Vocal School. Joanne Sutton put across the classic stereotype of the 'evil aunt' wonderfully, and the other soloists made the most of their few (and brief) opportunities. However, it was Jessica Dean who proved herself to be one to watch with her stellar performance in the title role. Her vocal control was exquisite, especially for a singer of her age, and her acting was suitably over-the-top for the grand opera idiom.

Mention must also be made of another stand-out performer: musical director and accompanist Anthony Hunt. His deft touch on the piano and his unobtrusiveness on the electronic organ were vital to the success of the evening, even if at times he was a perhaps a little too eager. Stage director Felicia Hick had also done well, with use being made of every inch of the stage, and some interesting set designs and costumes placed the characters in more modern settings than those in which audiences are used to seeing them.

The best thing about the evening was the fact that everyone involved seemed to be having a ball (at least until the performance of the Puccini, whereupon the stage was covered with nuns and one of them ended up committing suicide!). This extended to the audience, making it an enjoyable night at the opera that achieved its aim of showcasing the potential stars of tomorrow, and provided fine entertainment for those who managed to drag themselves away from the telecasts of the AFL preliminary finals!

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Picture not worth a thousand notes

Harmony of the Spheres
Syntony
Art Gallery of
South Australia Auditorium,
26 September

It has been a long wait this year for the commencement of Syntony's 2004 season. The wait proved to be worthwhile as the vocal quartet produced enjoyable performances of a diverse range of works in one of Adelaide's lesser-used concert venues.

The Art Gallery's Auditorium was small enough to give the concert an intimate feel and the voices of the singers were well-suited to its acoustic. It also provided for the projection of images onto the wall behind the performers. What looked like nothing more than a few snippets of NASA footage, while in keeping with the sphere-centred theme, added nothing to the performance, apart from perhaps an unwanted distraction.

Virtual intergalactic journeys aside, the music was well-chosen and well-performed. Moving in approximately chronological order from Dunstable to contemporary Australian composers, the harmonies of the works were each interesting in their own ways and contrasted with each other strikingly. The three Dunstable works collectively acted as an interesting introduction to the concert and it was an effective idea for the performers to be hidden from view for the first song *Ave Maris Stella*.

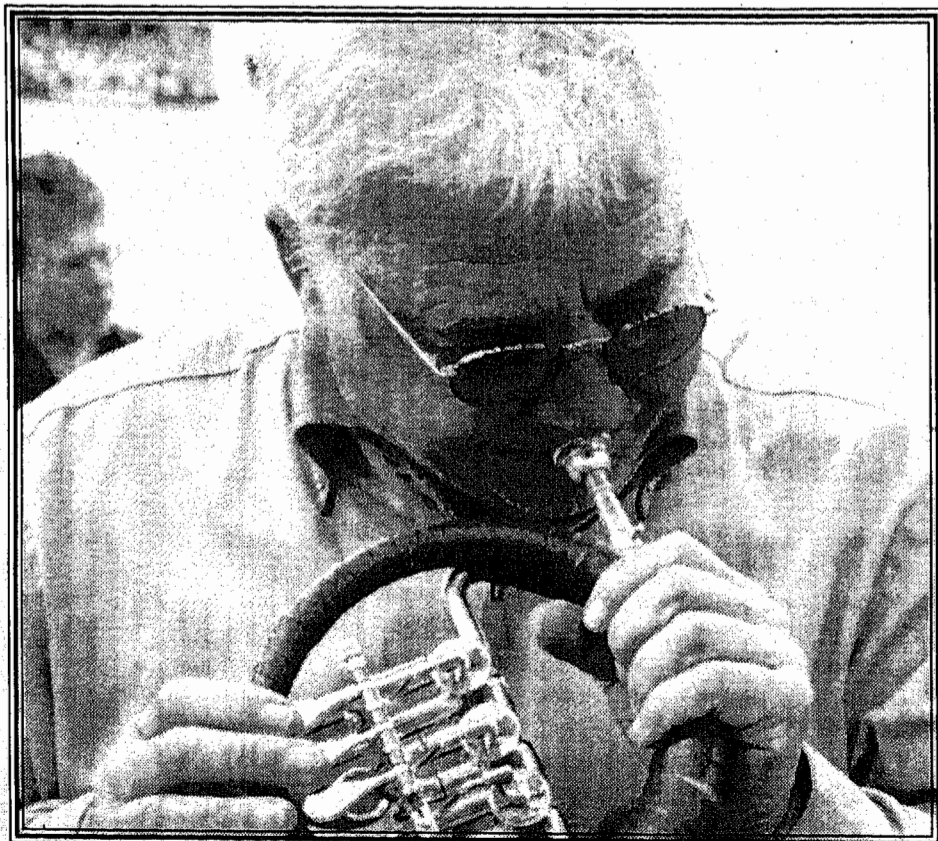
Another Englishman followed, with Byrd's *Mass for Three Voices* being appropriately bisected by his *Ave Verum Corpus*. The latter was a highlight of the afternoon. After a Tallis song, the ensemble moved into more interesting harmonic territory, performing works by Schütz. These made for challenging singing and Syntony met the challenge admirably. Timothy Marks' solid bass was a solid base (apologies for the pun) throughout the concert but it was in the Schütz motets that this was most obvious.

In between these motets, Clare Maclean's *In the year King Uzziah Died* gave soprano Bridget Warnes a chance to show her musicality in balancing perfectly with the drone accompaniment and alto countermelodies.

Matthew Ruddy's countertenor was amazingly strong & rare in countertenor voices & he was thus able to make himself heard in the same way as the other members. Tenor Ben Whittall showed a great deal of control in reaching his higher notes without any distracting increases in volume.

The other featured artist in the concert was Adelaide composer, Bruce Stewart, whose *Ring out, ye Crystal Spheres* received its premiere. This interesting new work was a fitting close for the afternoon, with its echoes of the mediæval and renaissance works that had preceded it and the way in which it fitted perfectly with the concert's theme.

As a group, Syntony lived up to its name. The singers really were on the same wavelength and used this to full advantage in sensitive renderings of all of the featured works. One can only look forward to Syntony's upcoming Christmas concert, *In dulci júbilo* (see www.syntony.org for details).





Funkers don't fail to impress

Goose
Governor Hindmarsh Hotel,
September 25

This fifteen-piece soul/funk band is heard all-too-rarely in Adelaide, but as the band moves towards the release of its second album, it's been popping up at the Gov every few months since the end of last year. And don't the audiences appreciate it?

Competing with a certain 'feline gig' at the Thebarton Theatre (Cat Empire) and relatively spontaneous celebrations of some football team's win in some game somewhere interstate, Goose did well to attract a sizeable crowd and entertained it accordingly.

There were the old favourites, *i.e.* tracks from the band's 1999 debut album *Schwang*, some newer but nonetheless familiar songs and then even a couple of premieres. The band seems to be moving more towards funk than anything else, and judging by the number of people on the dance floor, its faithful following doesn't seem to object.

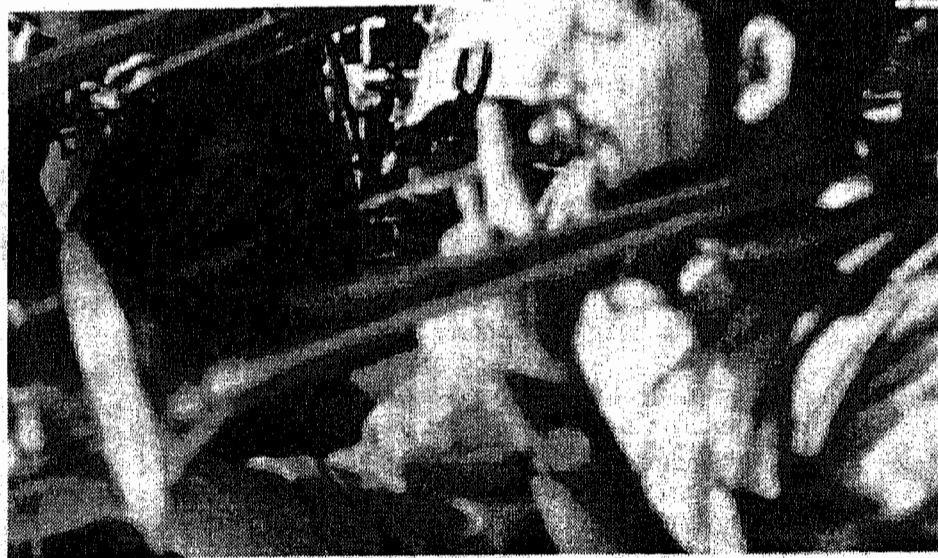
On top of the snappy ensemble work, especially on the part of the horn section, nearly every member

of the group had at least one solo during the night. Sam Moody provided the highlight with the first of his two, the guitarist teasing the audience skillfully, knowing just when to resolve the funky dissonances that he created.

Dusty Cox, head of jazz studies at our very own Elder School of Music, got all that he could from his tenor saxophone with some classic solos that demonstrated his vast experience in all sorts of jazz.

Vocalist Urszula White was in fine form and, as the only female member of the group, really showed that girls can match with it with the guys in the funk stakes.

Altogether, the music (and accompanying lighting and sound effects) was great, and most importantly, everyone from the members of the band to those on the dance floor had a blast. Bring on the new album!



Learning Experience

The Splendour of Venice
ASO Brass Quintet & Elder
Conservatorium
Brass Ensemble
Elder Hall, September 17

It is always encouraging to see experienced professional musicians supporting the musicians of tomorrow, and such support was on display in this instalment of the Elder Hall Lunch Hour Concert Series. The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra Brass Quintet joined the Elder Conservatorium Brass Ensemble for an enjoyable celebration of Baroque brass music.

The Venetian theme had the most relevance to the works by (Giovanni) Gabrieli. Gabrieli is famed for his antiphonal compositions, which made the most of the special architecture and acoustics of the Basilica of Saint Mark, where he held a post. For the Gabrieli pieces, conductor Charles Bodman Rae opted for a faithful rendering of the works in that the players were scattered around Elder Hall. While this made conducting a demanding

task, which was at times shown by some problems when changing tempo, the combined ASO Quintet and student ensemble tried their best to transport the audience to 16th century-Venice and acquitted themselves well.

On its own, the ASO quintet performed a toccata from the well-known *Orfeo* by Monteverdi and an evocative set of pieces by Farnaby, both of which allowed some of the players to demonstrate their skills as multi-instrumentalists. Praetorius' dances from *Terpsichore* completed the group's ably-played contribution to the concert.

One of the quintet's members, trombonist Howard Parkinson, also conducted the Elder Conservatorium Brass Ensemble for its performance of a suite by Susato. While the music itself was certainly not comparable with the Gabrieli works, the ensemble proved that the next generation of players has the potential to match their mentors; the solo horn player provided the highlight of the suite with her commendably warm tone.

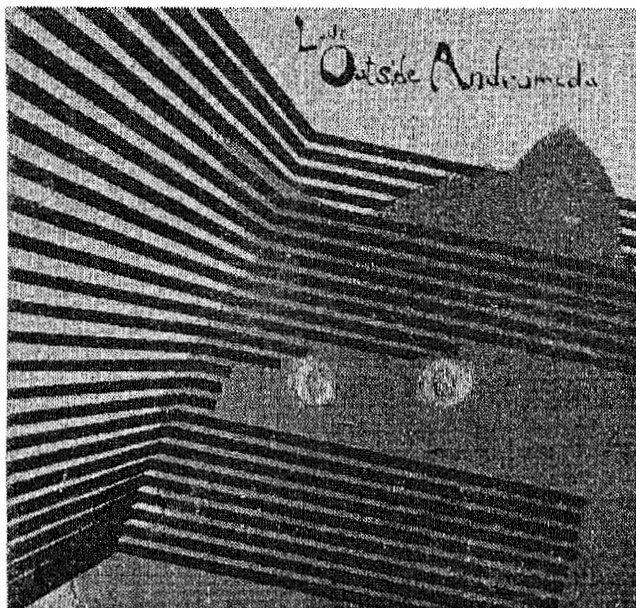
Handel's *Arrival of the Queen of Sheba* provided a technically challenging and upbeat finale for the concert, and the audience's appreciation was obvious in the final round of applause.



Special thanks to arts subeditor extraordinaire Benedict Coxon for writing all of these reviews AND compiling our arts section. Kudos to you.

Now how's about some of you local music and art buffs out there lend a hand and contribute in the next two editions? Send your reviews to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

Love Outside Andromeda



Love Outside Andromeda

Selftitled

Remote Control

Music is a form of expression, and this record is drenched in emotional rawness. Vocalist Sianna Lee brings a very personal facet into the lyrical content of the music, making it so very accessible on many levels through empathy and shared experience. Close listeners will follow the parallels that are made between ancient mythologies applied to situations today, exploring human nature in today's society, especially in women's relationships with men.

Their unique sound is not only carried by Lee's vocals, but also well interweaved with guitars and drums from Jesse Lee, Jamie Slocombe and Joe Hammond. The influences range from the rock and roll, through to more folksy sounds. Combined is a very unique sound that doesn't get boring throughout the 12 tracks in the album. In fact it is well balanced in its energetic sounds and the calmer, more reflective ones with a sublime power.

The opening track, 'Tongue Like A Tether' has obvious influences from PJ Harvey. 'Box Cutter Baby' is mesmerising in its strong rhythmic pattern, lulling you into a trance and just perfectly supporting the idea within the lyrics of not being able to get someone out of your head. Their current single, 'Gonna Try To Be a Girl' is an upbeat, in your face and attitude filled anthem. The subtle tracks that lay in the second half of the album are touching and crafted predominantly acoustic songs that interweave beautifully; 'Chameleon' and 'Juno' are the more outstanding. The final track on the album, 'Achilles', has a haunting rocky feel that linger long after the track has died away, the use of a glockenspiel giving that otherworldly feel.

The overall record is well balanced, highly memorable and moving. Men and women alike can appreciate the lyrical content, despite its bluntness and sometimes vitriolic bite in its expression. The somewhat mainstream accessibility is a little blurred by the force of language, but for me that only adds to the entire experience of the album. Even the artwork stands out, vibrant red and black images glaring out at you imprinting the stark beauty of the band. Definitely not one to be overlooked.

On the road between Canberra and Newcastle, front-woman of the band Love Outside Andromeda, Sianna Lee, took some time out to chat with me about their music. With the recent release of their self titled debut album, they've been on the road touring once again, and will soon grace Adelaide later this week for a performance at the Governor Hindmarsh Hotel.

The Lee family background from which the band emerged strongly encouraged arts based activity, compared to the 'normal' concept of drive to become doctors or lawyers. As such, when she had a guitar bought for her at age 10, Sianna never actually picked it up until she was about 14, in an almost rebellion to their enthusiasm for music "well fuck this I'm only doing this because my parents wanted me to". However things changed, as she realised she had to do things for herself. She decided "what I do like really outweighs what I don't like". So she and her bass player brother Jesse, grew up in a strongly musical environment. The family bonds even stretched into their first performance. As they were lacking a drummer, their father filled in. As Sianna jokes "I wanted someone more our age", and low and behold their fourth band member, Joe Hammond was in the audience that night.

Since then the band has released CDs prior to their current debut album, and have toured with many different bands all over the country. Lee says that she still gets anxiety about performing until just after sound check despite all the experience she's had. Touring can become difficult too when they have little time to themselves between each gig, leaving them with little energy and enthusiasm to perform. "Sometimes it's good, sometimes its bad" she comments. She prefers performing to larger groups of people, with the anonymity that comes from larger crowds appealing, compared to the more intimate groups of people. However, contradicting that one of her favourite performances was in a more intimate group, in Albury at a Triple M Top 40 place where the dance floor cleared and there were just a few fans singing along with the lyrics. However, it wasn't the audience participation that made this show for Lee, it was that "it was not an ideal venue but we made the most of it, that's kinda what I really enjoyed". In contrast, the worst gig was at an environmental farm fundraiser where she misplaced her distortion pedal and felt completely thrown, "I felt like a complete failure and was gonna totally give up music". Thankfully, Lee pulled through it and continues to make fantastic music still.

She describes herself as an 'emotionally excessive person' and this does shine through in her music. Suffering from mild depression, Lee realised that she had to save herself for her, and no one else. This parallels much with the old hero stories, and it's from one of these that the band name developed. The name 'Andromeda' stuck with Sianna after watching *The Clash Of The Titans*, and before the band had even been fully conceived the name was in place. Intentionally or non-intentionally, Andromeda went through many troubles in her love life, and was 'rescued' by Pegasus, the winged horse [for those of you rusty on your mythology] and much of the subject matter for the lyrics is to do with relationships with men. Lee also says the concept of having somebody come rescue her is also very appealing, maybe an added factor into the choice of name. Andromeda is also the ruler of men, and ironically enough Lee is the front woman of a band whose other three band members are men. However, they changed their name later on to 'Love Outside Andromeda' to avoid confusion with a Swedish prog metal band by the same name.

The production of the band's self-titled album was, as Lee describes, "basically building on what we had done with the Sigmund EP and making it a better product." Lee describes the music industry as being fickle, and I asked her if she felt the industry had a major affect on their sound: "I'm becoming far less concerned with that, because the album is something I wanted to do, things I wanted to communicate, and in terms of the mainstream, its just not palatable because I swear. I think it's so ridiculous ...there's something very mainstream about our music but at the same time there isn't. I just think I'm going to continue to care less what other people think, because at the end of the day it changes so much you can never do something that caters to the industry."

Furthermore, on the accusations of PJ Harvey being a major influence on her music, Lee counters that she's not as big a fan as everybody seems to think. However she does admit that she has a "tendency to wear my influences on my sleeve" and now is much more conscientious about finding her own voice when writing new stuff.

"The thing that has never felt like work for me is writing" says Lee. "I find it a fucking chore to do singing practice, guitar practice and even sometimes rehearsing with the band you know?" Myths and fairytales feature greatly as a base for the lyrics. They portray the base stories for all human nature, and it's that synonymity which parallels greatly in today's society that Lee finds so appealing, "there's just so much truth in it". The main focus in the music is the inherent female action of modifying themselves to be acceptable to men. It fascinates Lee because not only has she been there, but looking at it from an alternative view point helps to understand your own situation better. Many of the lyrics are inspired from these stories, combined with her own experience, making them very personal. However this makes her very protective of her own work; she's just discovering the value of collaborating together with her other band members to develop the music, so it's not solely as she puts it "my baby".

Commenting on their fan base, Lee offers "I was always expecting to really

strike a chord with women, and I find that it's normally 5 to 1, mostly men. The interesting thing is that they are often really quite blokey men who have really been forced into that whole tough thing....to me they seem quite emotionally suppressed. Men don't cry and men are tough and you know the whole stereotype they are faced with". But if you look closely at what the music is actually saying, Lee concedes that the "emotional waste in the music is maybe what they find so appealing. It's a way for men to find a better understanding of women."

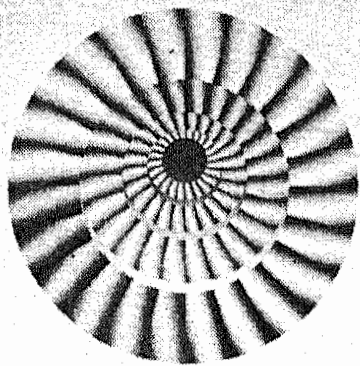
When asked about "I don't feel any different. I did think we'd get this far" says Lee. "There were times where I didn't have faith that I was going to be able to fulfil what I wanted to do. But I kinda think, I realised that when Sigmund was released that my aspirations weren't that big anyway." And so Love Outside Andromeda continue to make their mark upon the world.

Love Outside Andromeda play at the Governor Hindmarsh Hotel Friday October 15 supported by Epicure.

jenn

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oneironaut pure through evolution



Oneironaut Pure Though Evolution Low Transit Industries

Here's a CD that is testament to the old adage about not judging an album by its cover. Given the importance of the visual image these days, you wouldn't be unusual if you gave this disc and it's plain-Jane sleeve art only a cursory glance before moving on. To make matters more difficult, with all due respect, they have a less than perfect band name; it's hard to read, difficult to pronounce, annoying to spell, and damn near impossible to explain to somebody else in a loud, crowded pub. More importantly, the mind boggles as to exactly what it means; is it some Black Sabbath tie-in, a bizarre golf reference or simply the first thing the band could agree on? I guess we'll never know for sure.

Now, all of this would be irrelevant if Oneironaut's music, well, sucked. Herein lies the irony; it doesn't suck, quite the opposite in fact.

Originally a four piece from Melbourne based around a bass, drums, two guitars and vocals set-up (with extra noises coming from piano, glockenspiel and melodic) Oneironaut recently augmented their line-up with the addition of cellist/violinist Carolyn Gaynell. Also joining them on this album are several guests fleshing out the sounds with contributions on trombone, synths and theremins. *Pure Through Evolution* contains predominantly instrumental post-rock sounds; as such Oneironaut can be situated loosely within the guitar-based 'post' genre.

What makes Oneironaut stand out from the rest of the post/ prog pack is the lack of pretension in their sound. There's no pseudo-jazz here, no 'difficult' time signatures thrown in simply for the sake of impressing the anoraks, and no oddball harmonies designed to be impenetrable to anyone without a music degree. Instead, their simple melodies creep up on the listener and the crescendos announce themselves unashamedly. Normally, these qualities would irk me slightly, but because they are executed so well, the overall effect comes as an unexpected and innocent breath of fresh musical air.

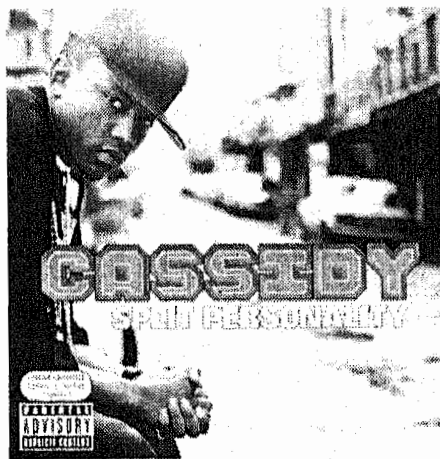
One of the most effective examples is the opening track 'Alan Smithee', which melds horns and distorted guitar swells around shifting rhythms, with melodious backwards vocal effects. 'Icon' features glockenspiel and clean guitars trading repetitive licks, as a cello drones underneath. Later, operatic female vocals soar over a fuzzy guitar crescendo, with an immense sounding full frequency roar breaking in at the

apex. 'Flown Away', takes a different tack, with its dreamy, detuned haze and pitch-bent sonics recalling the great shoegaze bands of old and the soft vocals lending it a charming quality reminiscent of Yo La Tengo. The live vocals return on the up-tempo 'Walk On', which sounds quite math-rock in parts.

Occasionally there are moments that hover close to derivative territory. The sparkling, interweaving guitar lines and field recordings on 'Ex-Patriot' for instance remind one a little too strongly of the dialogue driven, melancholic of scene figureheads Godspeed and Mogwai, although hearing the spoken word/field recording in an Australian accent does lend it a certain air of originality. Still, Oneironaut are to be commended for their own approach to a genre not renowned for it's humble bands and simplicity. As if to provide a knowing nod to the listener, the album's closing number, a ten minute opus that builds to a sustained peak, is titled 'Simple Physics'.

Oneironaut certainly aren't reinventing the instrumental post-rock wheel, but the breezy, summery sounds to be found on *Pure Through Evolution* carry with them a certain indefinable charm. The band clearly enjoy the music they're making, the standard of musicianship is very high, and the production crisp. This is an album I can see myself revisiting often in the summer months to come. The lesson to be learnt here is that sometimes it's the albums that you'll never pay any attention to that would reward you the most. Don't let the peripheral elements detract from what is otherwise a fine indie label release. Besides, as the ever insightful Bard had us ponder, "what's in a name?"

dan V



Cassidy Split Personality J records

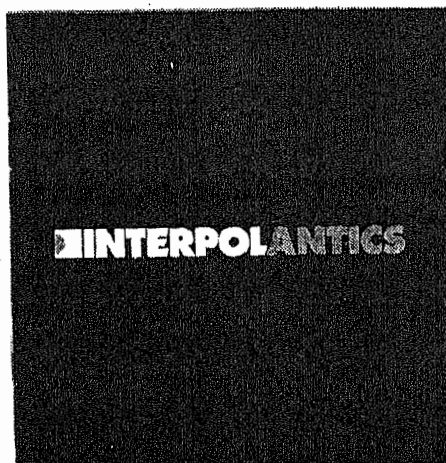
Simply put, I found this album not to my liking, and difficult to sit back and listen to. It made me feel uncomfortable, and embarrassed to be caught listening to, with its overt confessions of "a lady's man", and confusing, chauvinistic values. Derivative of R & B playboy, Nelly, Atlanta group OutKast (whose music incidentally I do enjoy), or any super-generic, modern day R & B, these ramblings of an image obsessed, pimp-player-wanna-be, should be ridiculed and denounced by the hip hop fraternity. (As if we don't have enough to deal with!?) Whenever I find myself wondering why people turn their noses up at the idea of hip hop, or American rap-music, it's due to my ignorance of this, probably large group of uninspired, sell

out "artists".

Example: one line on the track, 'Lip Stick', points out, "To all my chicks that strip and (are) makin the cash/ that's beautiful, keep on shakin yo ass". What? Where's this dude coming from?? Then take the opening track, "My Interpretation", which is introduced by a bizarre choice in Gregorian choir chants, eventually descending into a lamentable loop, over which Cassidy shows us he does have some enviable freestyle chops. He can put some verses together, and so I find it hard to understand why someone with such a knack for rhyming, shows so little in the way of intelligent ideas, or honest lyrical expression.

As a matter of fact, there's nothing (other than Cassidy's apparently cool rap technique) I like, or respect in this release. A crazy, mish-mash of styles from West, East, Redman, black man, and so on. Recommended for private school dupes who drive flashy cars with even flashier sound systems and need something to annoy neighboring parties on Oakbank Sunday (*you heard me*). This album is a novelty, which will wear off. Hey, prove me wrong. As it stands this, *Split Personality*, should be up there with such classics as 'The Muppets Sing Christmas', or William Hung's solo efforts. Kids please, don't buy this record. Why not try the latest Roots album, or a nice DJ Krush CD instead.

Pat E.



Interpol Antics Matador

When Interpol arrived on the scene around 2002, the ambient nouveau-goth post-punk sound that formed their debut *Turn on the Bright Lights* seemed to impress as many as it annoyed. Oddly placed amongst the rest of their hyped out New York vanguard colleagues (like the Strokes, the Yeah Yeah Yeahs the Rapture, the Liars, et al) countless debates raged (and still do in some circles) about how much Interpol do/don't resemble the late, great Joy Division. What was lost in those debates was though Interpol may have offered little more than a distillation (a harsher phrase might be 'dilution') of their influences, they provided a much needed and appreciated gloomy alternative to the garage sounds of other "nu-rock" acts like the Vines & Hives. It's a dirty job, but someone has to provide the soundtrack to somber teens locked up in their rooms, staring listlessly at their feet, and Interpol stepped up to the plate at just the right time; a fact not lost on the Cure's Robert Smith, who invited the band to support them on their North American tour. Needless

to say, two years later and expectations for the second album are high; so high that MP3's of *Antics* were all over the net before the album was officially released, pushing its launch forward.

First impressions are that it presents more of the same; the songs start the same, they end the same, they're in much the same keys (*Turn on the Bright Lights* sounded like a patent application for the keys of A minor, E minor & D minor), and they feature the same guitar tones and sounds (though considering that Peter Katis returned to production duties, that is hardly surprising).

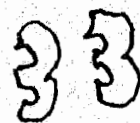
However on closer inspection, other differences come to light, such as those of dynamics. Where Interpol's previous LP plodded and swirled, *Antics* bounces and scratches. *Antics* is much more up-tempo than its predecessor, and the sexually charged lyrics that permeated the ethereal, ambience soaked vocals of the past have given way to a more direct and intimate delivery.

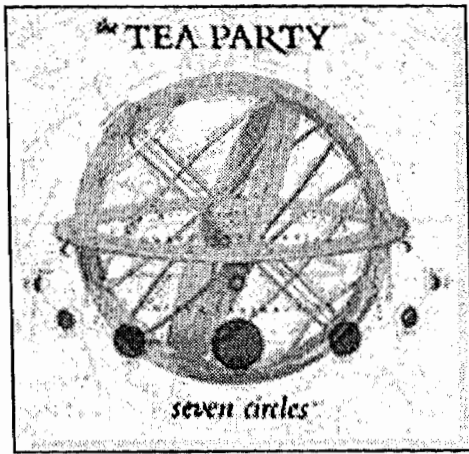
Interpol's strength is that they manage to use the conventional rock structures and tones but retain a characteristic monochromatic sound, helped largely by Paul Banks' voice. His moody baritone is still very much the focus of the songs (and no doubt responsible for all the Joy Division comparisons) and he is more adventurous in his approach and melodies.

Rather than eliminate the hinted at disco beats that are now becoming increasingly popular, they've embraced them further, particularly on the album's first single 'Slow Hands'. That said, it doesn't pack the same infectious rhythmic wallop as 'Obstacle 1' from *...Bright Lights* (and there's nothing else here that does, truth be told). Musically, the forms remain straight and uncomplicated as is Interpol's wont, with the most interesting rhythmic twists attributable to the push-pull momentum of bass player/keyboardist Carlos D (dig the chromatic bassline of album highlight 'Not Even Jail') and Sam Fogarino, who shows himself to be a subtle and inventive drummer on cuts like the sophisto-rock of 'Narc' and 'Take you on a Cruise'. Apart from the newfound energetic approach, the beautifully slow 'Public Pervert', with its soon to be trademark Interpol stop-starts and reverb soaked tremelo guitars, goes some way to proving that they are at least trying new methods to express their perennial melancholia.

Though certainly an interesting (if slight) progression forward for the band, like *Turn on the Bright Lights* before it, *Antics* does come across at times like only half an album; songs like 'Length of Love' could have been culled or improved, and the other compositions are certainly slow growers that benefit from repeated listens. That said, those who felt a kinship with the smoke and sleaze of Interpol's debut will find *Antics* to be a very satisfying follow up effort. If that old feeling of déjà vu ever kicks in, turn it up and roll with it.

dan V





The Tea Party
Seven Circles
EMI

In 1997 the Tea Party played the Theberton Theatre after appearing in the parklands for a free Fringe show and at the now defunct Cartoons Nightclub (for about \$5!) in years earlier. As my first taste of exotic rock'n'roll it was beautiful, fascinating and mesmerising. The plethora of foreign instruments paraded on stage were played with Jeff Martin's Morrison-like charisma, ranging from the electrified ud and sitar, to percussion solos and a bizarre board with tuning forks that were twanged to produce tones. With queer couples pushing all around me and the crowd dancing and writhing rather than moshing, it was a typical awakening experience for my adolescent self.

Against the backdrop of the 'philistine' grunge kids, The Tea Party were able to create and own a genre by incorporating eastern and celtic sounds into accessible and distinctive heavy rock without sounding like a sideshow in the Psychic Fair. Of course many groups had done it with more subtlety decades before and they've certainly been accused of being a Zeppelin or Doors cover band but the integrity and class of the performance plus the dynamic and power of songs like 'Fire in the Head' gave them a legitimate place as one of the most talented and entertaining musical acts of the 90s.

With a huge cult following in Australia, the Canadian trio played another two shows in Adelaide and an amazing performance in the pouring rain at the Falls Festival before finding themselves at Memorial Drive for the Mr tour. Alongside a decrepit Billy Idol they played up to the beer-swilling crowd with a bland heavy set that reflected *Tryptich's* (their 4th album) move away from rambling exotic instrumentals towards a vast and elevated but contourless romantic rock.

The new album *Seven Circles* continues the transformation to light-on new-age mysticism. Standing alone, *Seven Circles* is dense, layered and journeying, driven by Martin's masculine and lion-esque vocal range. However the mythology seems to shape shift into slightly corny romantic power ballads, perhaps a spin off from the bands conspicuous Bowie, Buckley and New Order live medleys. 'One Step Closer Away' as the only riff based track builds and hesitates, thumping out a stilted but rousing tune without over staying its welcome.

But discarded are the beautiful meadow meandering celtic instrumentals like 'The Badger Song' or 'Winter Solstice' in previous albums. Though the hand drums are brought out at the start of 'Oceans', they are unable to repeat the intensity of the 'Sister Awake' (*Edges of Twilight*)

percussion that turns any room into a shaking, possessed, Indian bazar. Where are the guitar licks and solos that flow from brooding to blooming on *Splendor Solis*? Or the technical changeovers where the wandering 'Haze on the Hills' turns inside out to form the epic 'Majestic Song'? Rather than entertaining guitar nerds, these slices of musical genius adding to the atmosphere for any listener. Why would such talented artists sell themselves short and undercut their sizable fan base by dumbing down for an audience that is too preoccupied with Jet to notice them anyway? Skip *Seven Circles* and go to their back catalogue of *Splendor Solis*, *Edges of Twilight* and *Transmission* for listenable, captivating, dark, bohemian, alternative rock.

Dan J



Grinspoon
Thrills, Kills
& Sunday Pills
Universal

Has the downward spiral that is Grinspoon transformed into a freefalling mass of bland pop-rock riff-ruff? On *TK+SP* Grinspoon have degenerated further into teen ballad territory, even admitting in a recent issue of Rolling Stone the album was a 'slap in the face' to long-time fans.

The record marks the final chapter in Grinspoon's evolution from one of the nation's premier breakneck hard rock acts to a commercial rabble, jostling for top spot alongside the countless other acts feeding catchy recycled tunes to youngsters too wet behind the ears to know it's all been done before. It smacks of profit, and if that's Grinspoon's gameplan then good luck to them, but they can't expect a favourable review from someone they've just slapped in the face.

Oh how I long for the time when I would scratch my head in bewilderment, trying to decipher exactly what that wacky drug-fuelled Phil Jamieson was on about, a time when Grinspoon could write a veritable pop song (think 'Just Ace', 'Bad Funk Stripe' etc) without resorting to crooning about girls and love amidst unbearable over-production (think most of this album). Okay maybe I'm in a bad mood. I'll finish this thing off tomorrow.

I've had a few more listens and I'm starting to adjust. It's not my patch of cabbage and it still sounds pretty generic in a glossy kind of way but the falsetto on 'Rising Tide' actually works quite well - in fact there's a fair bit of falsetto to be found on this disc. 'Kiss It' rocks a little harder but it isn't particularly inspiring, while I personally find album opener

and first single 'Hard Act To Follow' a real challenge to get through. Any song relying on a few whoas to punctuate a chorus faces an uphill battle. 'She's Leaving Tuesday' is as slow and heartfelt as Grinspoon gets and as far as sappy ballads about "standing at the edge of the world" go, it's not half bad. That said however, if you listen to the first line of the chorus in this song followed by that of the Oasis classic 'Don't Look Back In Anger', well...hmmm...

Not for the seasoned punter, but I suppose the kids might find something in this.

Lachy C



HIM
And Love Said No:
Greatest Hits 1997-2004
RCA/ BMG

Interestingly, this is a Greatest Hits compilation for a band that few outside of Europe or the US are going to be familiar with. After listening to the uninspiring sounds on this disc, perhaps that's how things should stay.

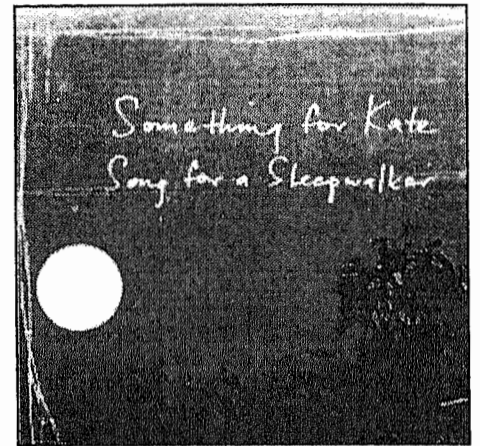
HIM (of course, it's one of those obscure, never revealed/ long forgotten in-jokes as to what, if anything the band's name stands for) are a band of Finns lead by lead singer/songwriter/ poster boy Ville Valo (who drives the teenage girls crazzy with lurve n' desire- just see the fold out poster in the CD case), and fit somewhere in the goth-lite/ hair-metal/ stadium ready cöck-rock genre. Perhaps the most apt description can be gleaned from one of their album titles; *Love Metal*. This unhealthy juxtaposition is reflected in the bands trademark "Heartogram"; a tattoo design sported by the singer that fuses a love heart with a pentagram. How deep.

With track titles like 'Buried Alive by Love', 'Heartache Every Moment', 'Poison Girl', and 'Gone with the Sin', HIM tread similar paths to 80's groups like Poison and Warrant, but with darker eye shadow and an updated heavy rock backing. Though Valo sings endlessly about love, obsession and other 'dark' subject matter that appeals to the impressionable fringes of the teen-goth crowd, the band sounds sound less like Type O Negative and more like a contrived darker, 'edgier' version of Bon Jovi, with plenty of sentimental piano and distorted pop-metal. Def Leppard made millions from this kind of formula; clean vocals in the verses, and epic, multi-tracked sing-a-long choruses. Some of the songs, like 'Join Me' and 'Right Here in my Arms' have undeniable hooks that would sit comfortably alongside your Evanescences or Linkin Parks on any mainstream radio station, but their

induce many cringes. The included covers of Neil Diamond ('Solitary Man') and Chris Isaac (Wicked Gam) songs are the bitter icing on the cake.

This collection would make for great wedding music to celebrate the nuptials of betrothed metal heads; other than that, there's not much too arresting about its tired, cliched sounds. If you're into slickly produced goth-pop-hair-metal (or think Marilyn Manson is like, way too heavy to listen to) you may dig this, but needless to say, music like this leaves me feeling more than a little cold.

dan V



Something For Kate
Phantom Limbs
Selected B-Sides
Sony

Something For Kate are equally as well known for the quality of their lesser known material as their more commercial releases, and in that sense are one of the most rewarding bands I can think of for the die-hard fan. In a world where B-sides all too often consist of the A-side single with a doof-doof beat attached to it (see top 40 for proof), SFK's singles have been a constant source of pleasure: you get the sense that underneath the surface is a wealth of material just waiting to be discovered. No coincidence that these guys made it into Richard Kingsmill's *Greatest B-Sides Of All Time* compilation with 'Hawaiian Robots' two years ago. Now, the band have made it easier for those who came in late by compiling 29 such tracks into one collection.

In any case, you know a band is doing something right when a B-sides collection uncovers as many gems as this one, and a double album no less. My advice is to treat this like a new album. Second-hand rejects these songs are not - these 29 songs, including '3x2', 'Sleep Is Worth The Wait' and the wonderfully titled 'All The Things That Aren't Good About Scientology', as well as a bunch of live tracks (including Bowie's 'Ashes To Ashes' - hey, anyone who likes Bowie is a winner in my books), are literally a SFK goldmine, and if you get in quick enough there's a really neat limited edition box set with a fancy case and bonus booklet of meaningless SFK artwork. The songs are great though. Buy it.

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Next week's theme: **Madness**

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