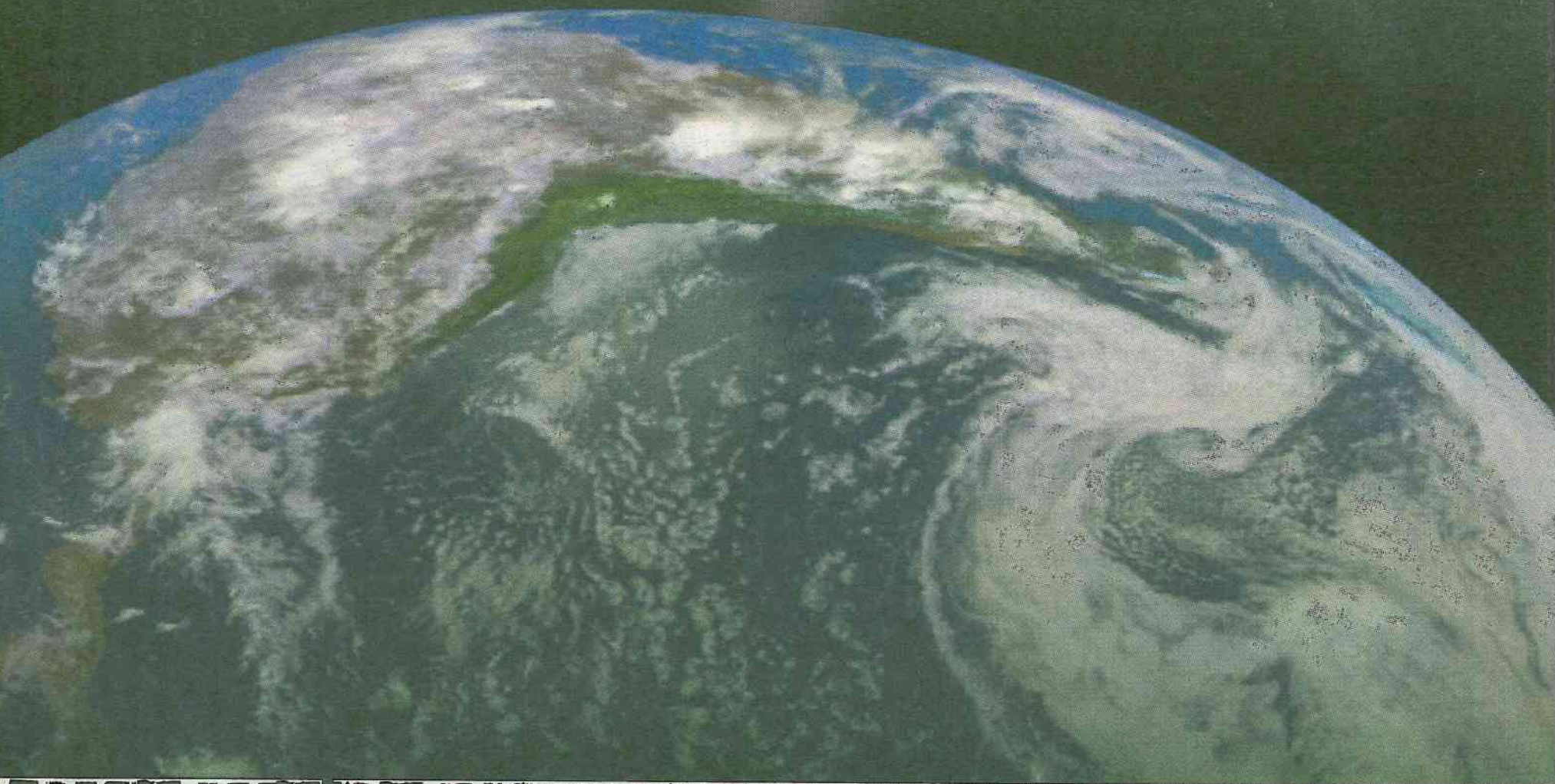


On Dit

ADELAIDE UNI STUDENT RAG
VOLUME 73 EDITION 4 15/03/05

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BECAUSE WE'RE NOT GOING TO SAVE OURSELVES

On Dit**Volume 73 Edition 00 00.00.2005**

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

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Self explanatory really.

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Come down to our friendly little office. We're down in the basement of the George Murray building. Just follow the sounds of the exposed pipes and rushing waste matter.

Otherwise you can get in contact with us via email at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call us on 83035404.

Next Edition:

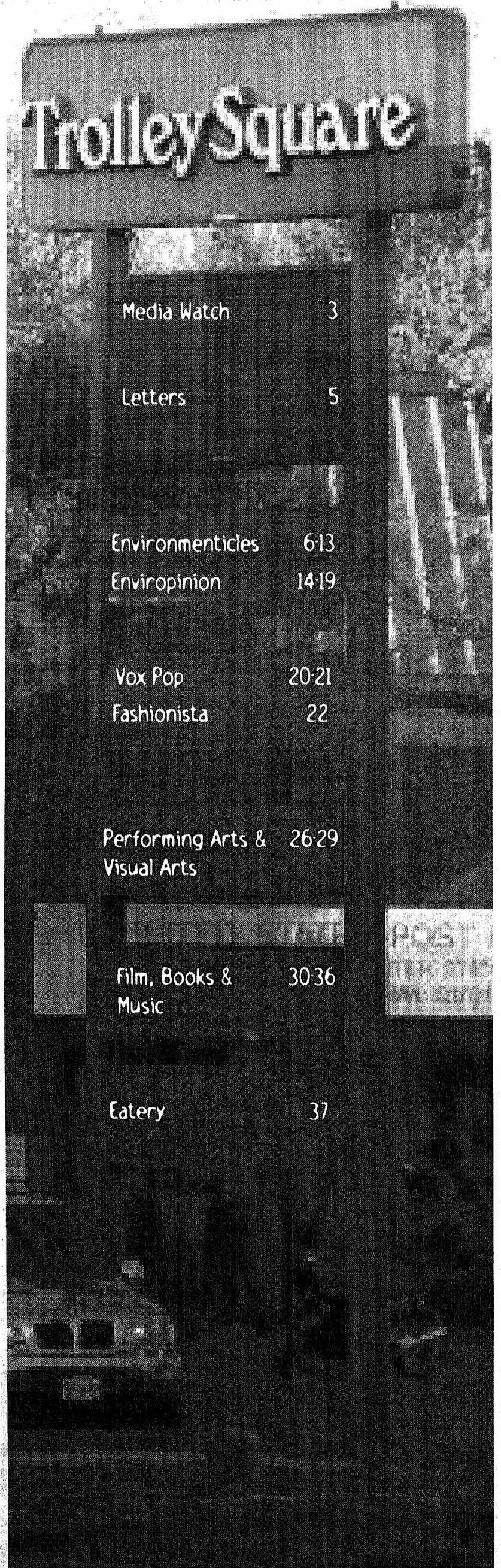
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No thanks to ITS for being such slackers or to the construction crew that shut down the library. Tsk tsk.





Media Watch with Nicolas

THIS WEEK: MICHAEL JACKSON
A MEDIA THRILLER

It has been billed as the 'trial of the century', the most hotly anticipated event in American criminal history. Michael Jackson, the once-heralded King of Pop, and consistent music icon of the last 35 years, is facing serious criminal charges over child molestation and conspiracy to imprison.

Forget Nuremberg, forget Lee Harvey Oswald, and forget Rodney King. This is the most significant criminal trial to take place in modern times.

At least, that's what the media would have us believe.

Media outlets across the world have been presenting the story of Jackson and his alleged victim as high-class drama, reality TV at its finest. Fame, fortune, drugs, sexual malpractice, and downright bizarre behaviour; it's all here, and it has been the most publicised event this week across the globe.

Normally, major criminal trials fail to receive daily, in-depth press updates. The usual practice by media publications is to give a detailed round-up of events at the end of a trial, with perhaps the odd brief news update when something particularly important takes place.

Not so with Jackson's trial. Most media outlets have deemed it necessary to report every single, meagre fact of court proceedings, often with astonishingly intricate detail.

For example, last Friday it was revealed that Jackson kept a room in his house filled with life-size dolls, including a doll of Batman and another of Luke Skywalker. The media went crazy. Many newspapers even gave this 'groundbreaking' piece of information full-page coverage.

And news agencies have not just been devoting page-space to the facts of the trial either. On the first day of court proceedings, most media attention was focused upon Jackson's choice of dress attire (which, for the record, was an all-white suit with a gold armband). One reputable newspaper even decided to run a short story on the significance of Jackson's umbrella-holding assistant. It was decided, after some deliberation, that Jackson was more likely to be found guilty of his crimes if he continued to have his umbrella held for him, rather than holding it himself, which, the newspaper said, would better his chances of being found innocent.

It is reporting such as this, sensationalised

and hyper-dramatic, that has many in the judicial system worried. During Jackson's preliminary hearing, the presiding judge was so concerned that the trial would degenerate into a media circus that he banned cameras from entering the courtroom.

However, even this prohibition has not stopped the media barrage. Eager to capitalise on a potential ratings-goldmine, one American cable television station announced last week that it would be providing the next best thing to live-courtroom footage; namely, re-enacted courtroom footage. That's right, E! Entertainment Channel will be hiring actors and impersonators to act out the proceedings of Jackson's trial, for each and every day that the trial takes place.

It's enough to make you wonder whether anything can be taken seriously anymore. It seems to have been forgotten by most media outlets that this is a serious criminal trial, involving serious allegations. Jackson faces up to 20 years in prison if he is found guilty.

More to the point, it seems to have been forgotten that Jackson's alleged victim, a cancer patient who used to sleep over at Jackson's ranch, is still only 15 years of age. Yet his personal character, his past history, as well as the status and reputation of his family, are receiving an amazing amount of intimate, discrediting, public scrutiny.

Last week it was leaked that the primary aim of Jackson's defence team was to portray the alleged victim's mother as a "crack whore". With the media reporting every single detail of the prosecution's case, often word for word, such facts about the victim's family will soon become household knowledge across the globe.

Does reporting such as this cheapen and humiliate the exercise of justice? Probably. Does it encourage the media to choose sensationalism over relevance and objectivity? Almost definitely. But does anyone really care? Probably not.

It seems that in the age of *The Simple Life* and *The Osbornes*, the public, and therefore the media, are increasingly drawn to the most surreal representations of 'reality'. We are no longer interested in what 'real' reality has to offer us; we are instead drawn to twisted and distorted versions of life. And with Michael Jackson being one of the most surreal celebrities on this earth, it is only natural that our curiosity is provoked by his escapades, and that the media would capitalise on this.

It is just a shame that this poor kid, whether his allegations are founded or not, has to go through a mass-media jungle only to do what is his natural right; to have his claims decided by a competent court.

But such is the case with modern criminal procedures. Fairness, at least as reported by the media, can often get sidelined for entertainment and gossip.

Let's just hope that the jury can withstand this media hype. Otherwise, justice will truly be eroded.

Nick Parkin



Jackson's attempt to hide out on the Planet of the Apes proved futile at best.

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

CALL OF THE WEEK!

Compere: Bob Francis
Date: Feb 8
Time: 8:23 pm
Duration: 3.52 min

Caller Kym says Don Dunstan's partner Stephen Cheng is fighting a legal battle to access Dunstan's parliamentary superannuation. Kym wonders if this will be a leg up for him to get at the taxpayers' money for the rest of his life. Francis says whether it's taxpayers money or not, if it's going to be legislation then the fact that it's Don Dunstan's partner is irrelevant. He says if heterosexual pairings are entitled to these benefits, then so should homosexual. Kym says in general he would agree but his problem is that Dunstan, through his years in politics, was living a lie and this person would not have been in a position to draw upon the superannuation if Dunstan had been honest with the public. Francis says in a situation like this, he is inclined to say that Dunstan never admitted his homosexuality so why should his partner get anything. Francis says everybody knew but was too scared to say anything. Kym says Dunstan was deceptive with his constituents. He asks how old Cheng might be. Francis says it's difficult to tell with Asian people because they all look so good for their age. Kym says if Cheng has another 30 years left in him, he would be rather annoyed if the taxpayers will have to pay for him to sit on his backside and have a great time. Kym says he would want to add a retrospective clause to the payment because 'this has got a nasty smell to it.' He says it sounds like there might be more to it than what first meets the eye.

Interviewees: caller Kym

Bob Francis airs between 8pm and 10pm Mon to Fri on Adelaide's leading talkback station 5AA. He is number one in the radio ratings.

Edition four is upon us, my how the time flies. Obviously the biggest news on Campus since yours and our paths last met is the flooding of the Barr Smith Library. Although most of you will be acquainted with the story by now it may be worth recapping the facts for those of you who jumped on the 'no library for a year' bandwagon and those of you who just slept through it.

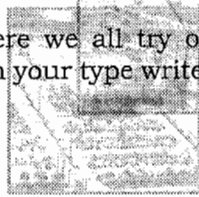
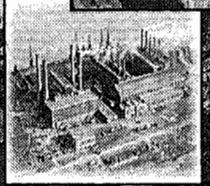
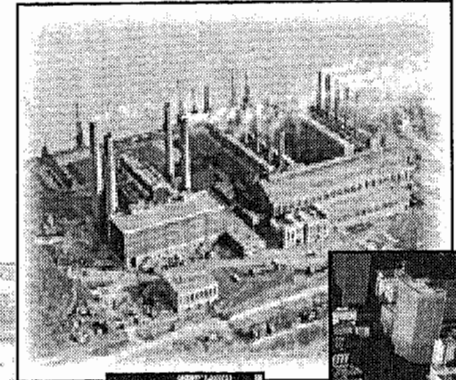
The information supplied to us by Adelaide Uni's IT boffins is that a "fire main was damaged during construction works on North Terrace" on Friday morning affecting the Horace Lamb, Hughes, Plaza, Architecture, Staff Club and Barr Smith. All students and staff made their way to dry ground and were filled with overblown stories of their brush with Neptune.

The University's computer services were down for a period but were restored in amazingly short time, pretty much saving this edition of *On Dit*. As of last Friday the Barr Smith was intending to open with minor disruptions on Monday the 14th. Rest assured the investigative newshounds from *On Dit* are on the case and will bring you all the sordid (or at least moist) details in next edition. As for this fresh, crisp edition you hold in your hands, it's *EnvirOn Dit*.

We've tried to do something a little different this year with the environment edition. The edition is themed around our environment changing from a natural state to one of artificiality and concrete uniformity. Slowly, slowly the concrete blocks encroach upon our lives.

And just a reminder about next week, our Gonzo edition, where we all try our darnedest to be little Hunter S. Thompson-esque visionaries. Get on your type writers and show us your genius.

Love and Respect,
Eds



Do not avert your eyes

This is a police photograph of Gerri Santoro who died in 1964 at age 27 in a Connecticut motel room after a botched illegal abortion. Santoro was a mother of two who had just emerged from an abusive relationship with her husband. After becoming pregnant to another man, Santoro was afraid of what her estranged husband might do when he found out. She solicited the services of a man who operated on her using borrowed medical instruments and a textbook. When the operation went wrong, the man left Santoro to die. This is how she was found.

Most of the following letters have taken offence to a pro-choice article published in Edition Two of this year's On Dit. 'Survivor of the Epidemic' claims we are a 'society living on a mountain of tiny corpses'. There seems to be a prevailing idea that abortion is somehow a far worse practice than the vast amount of other atrocities humans commit or contribute to daily. We in Australia live in a society that routinely discriminates against minority groupings, where we lock up refugees for years on end, where we re-elect a government that bolsters other government dictatorships while turning a blind eye to their appalling policies on human rights (China, the US). We live in a society where a computer hacker will receive a heftier jail sentence than a multiple rapist. We close our eyes to this reality and claim ignorance because the immediate dirt can't be seen on our hands.

Regardless of your personal opinion on whether or not you would choose to abort a child, it is the fundamental right of every woman to control her body. Do not look away from this photograph. In some countries, women today still risk death through illegal abortions. Abortion will never go away, but if people continue to push for its abolition, ugly deaths like Gerri Santoro's will return.



Dear Eds,

I found the title of Mel Purcell's article on abortion "One Step Forward, Two Steps Back" (On Dit 3/3/05) rather ironic, considering her argument. Before I am tarred with the same brush as Tony Abbott, I would like to make clear that I am fervently pro-choice, however, I found her article to be offensive and poorly thought out in its (accidental, I presume) reinforcement of gender stereotypes.

Ms. Purcell laments Tony Abbott's push for a debate on abortion and decries the fact that "the loudest voices against abortion [are] men ... when they will never experience pregnancy, abortion or childbirth themselves". She argues that "women should be the people making laws that apply to their own bodies". Does Ms. Purcell think that sterile women should also be excluded from this lawmaking process, since they too will never know what it's like to experience childbirth?

However, the most offensive part of her argument is the implication that pregnancy and abortion do not affect men. With so-called 'enlightened' students such as the author perpetuating that belief, is it any wonder that some men choose to abandon women they have impregnated and do not pay child support? Ms. Purcell and those who subscribe to the same beliefs as her can take at least some of the blame for making such men believe pregnancy is not their responsibility.

For those men not of such weak moral fibre, abortion law today is even worse for them than it was for women in South Australia pre-1969. Ms. Purcell says Tony Abbott will never know the anguish of having an unwanted child and of bearing all the costs that come with it, and, of course, neither will she thanks to SA's abortion laws. Thousands of men, however, will. Worse still, many men will have a child of theirs aborted against their will. The author complains, perhaps just to fill space, of how "the final decision to terminate a pregnancy is left to the doctor, not the woman", and while this may be true in theory, in practice, it's comparable to saying the Queen appoints the Governor-General, not the Prime Minister. Women do, in practice, have sole responsibility for choosing whether or not to

terminate their pregnancy. This is no doubt the author's ideal situation, but it is appallingly unjust. Surely those men who want to take responsibility for their part in a child's conception should have some rights.

Ms. Purcell's article centres around an attitude that is counterproductive to the entire feminist movement by suggesting that pregnancy and child-rearing are exclusively the domain of women. This merely entrenches the role of women as mothers and carers and allows men to escape the parental responsibilities that women are so often complaining they don't fulfil. Perhaps that should be the "two steps back" the article's title refers to. Ms. Purcell and other feminists who agree with her are doing their cause a grave disservice.

Rodrigo

When will human beings learn that they must accept the consequences of their actions. You have sex, you risk (along with a plethora of STD's) pregnancy.

But rather than accept the consequences of our actions, we take it out on the most innocent, defenceless child. What has a fetus ever done to warrant such terrible treatment?

Too many of my generation have been taken because of interference with someone's lifestyle for me to remain silent on the issue any longer silent any longer.

Children should be seen for what they are; a great gift and not merely an inconvenience.

J Bags

Eds,

Mel Purcell's article on abortion did little to convince that abortion is justified. Rather her article highlighted just how weak the main argument (women should have the right to choose) is. Mel spoke quite a lot about the inconvenience, and the things a woman would miss out. But she fails to mention that however much a woman may miss out on, the child misses out on more. It is a terrible state of affairs when a society is built upon a mountain of tiny corpses.

Yours Sincerely
Survivor of the Epidemic

Dear Mel Purcell,

Do you really believe (On Dit 73.2, p. 8) that conception, pregnancy, birth and child-rearing are 'women's business' only?

The catch-cry of the French Revolution, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity', has always had a built-in dilemma: how can total freedom and total equality co-exist? Total equality impinges on freedom, whilst total freedom removes equality. Total freedom is a problem in itself, for one person's total freedom reduces the freedom of others.

You seem to say, Mel, that no price is too high for freedom—the freedom of mothers-to-be to do whatever they like. The equality and freedom of unborn children and fathers-to-be apparently doesn't rate as highly, if at all. You seem to suggest that abortion is a human right, but how can this be if it impinges on the equality and freedom of others? What sort of advancement will your proposals actually bring?

Regards,
Arthur Davis.

My life as a foetus,

Quite frankly I really wouldn't have minded being aborted as a foetus. Most likely the procedure would have been relatively painless to me. I wouldn't have developed the personality, moulded over years of experience, that makes me so attached to me. No familial bonds or well-worn friendships remind me of loss, regret or exist to miss. In fact, I would barely have known I existed in the first place and certainly had no truly sentient and conscious knowledge of it.

With so many people dying each day of prolonged and painful deaths or living subservient or horrid lives, with life shown such disdain and pittance of value in the real world, I can't feel concerned about lives yet to be realised. (That is not to say that legalised abortion and a loss of the value of life are connected.)

This question may seem cold, but try to think about it objectively. Does it really matter? Or more importantly, does it matter enough to restrict an individual's (physical) autonomy, considering how unusual and serious a matter that is in our society?

Why do we pay so much attention and care to unborn, unthinking beginnings when we harden ourselves against and callous our compassion for so many living, breathing, thinking, feeling people that currently suffer, not necessarily by our hands, but certainly in worlds no more removed from us than the world of the child within its mother's womb.

Abortion is an incredibly complex issue and one that should not be hastily decided by religious bias or a sense of duty before you seriously consider where that sense of duty is being appropriately directed, lest ye contribute more suffering (to actual people) than you alleviate.

Once I'm here I certainly am reluctant to leave but I haven't always been so attached to myself.

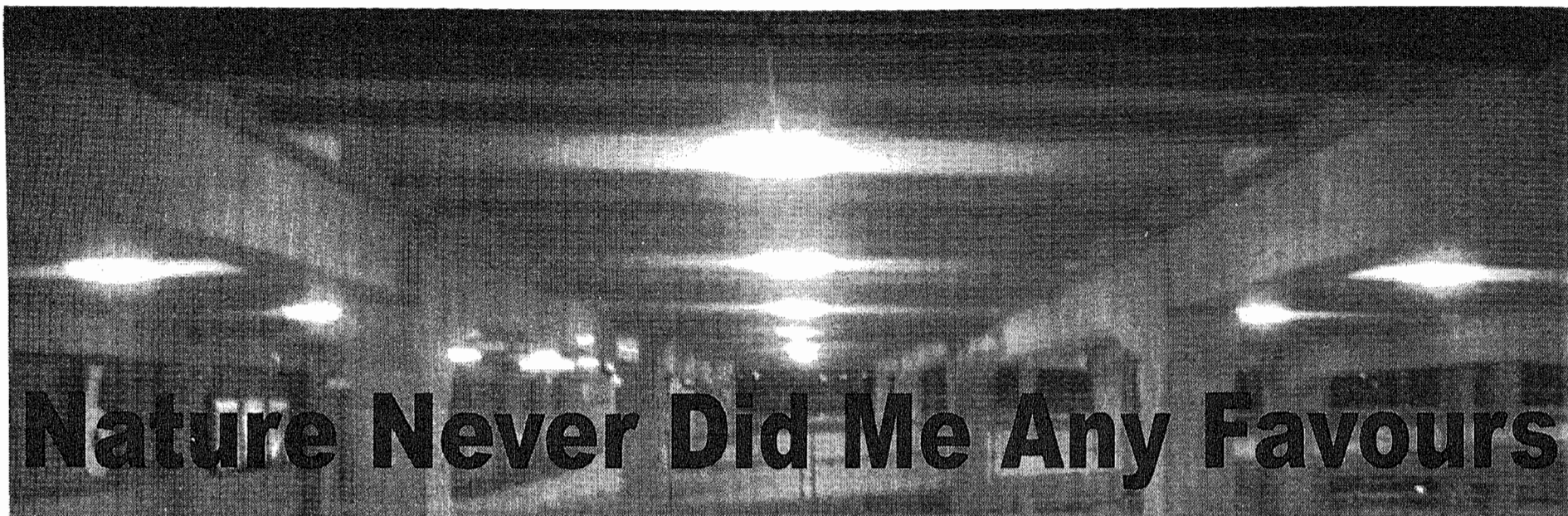
Yours sincerely,
Daniel Joyce

Really, James, comparing the state government to the Soviets? If you can't tell the difference between a wholly voluntary audit and a KGB agent breaking the door down, I'm sure there are plenty of refugees from the former Communist bloc who came over back in the fifties and sixties who'd be happy to explain the matter to you... in loud, pissed-off voices. You had an opportunity to make the campus Liberals look like the reasonable people most of you actually are. Instead, you stooped to the same level as the feral lefties mindlessly yelling "Nazi!" Grow the fuck up.

Jiminy Krikkitt

It's a lonely world out there. Sometimes all you need is a sympathetic ear. That's not us, but we will print your letters. Send your angst to:

ondit@adelaide.edu.au
Join the annals of On Dit letter fame and perhaps you too can one day know the joy of hate mail.



Nature Never Did Me Any Favours

For someone who has no intention of ever procreating I find it strange that I seem to care more for future generations than the hoards of parents who, with such shining faces, hold aloft their vain chance at immortality. While people pin their hopes to a myriad of faiths to find some logic in death, I accept there is nothing illogical about a will to survive and see your progeny survive in this world. It is perhaps the only thing that can be delineated as obviously valuable (though many choose to dismiss it for less ignoble purposes) and it is the reason why environmentalism is so logical and important for all people, rather than being labelled as the whim and fancy of misspent youth who can afford the luxury of ideal.

Some environmentalists have argued for the intrinsic value of nature, which is completely valid but limited in the same way as appeals to any sort of religious or aesthetic preference. Nature has no value, almost by its own admission. Nature (and entire species for that matter) feels no pain, regrets no loss and favours none of its creations (including us). The thought of saving nature is almost as absurd a hubris as thinking we can outlive it. Nature doesn't care about us and for the same reason I don't care about it. Nature would thank us no less if we left nothing behind but the faint scurrying of cockroaches. What we are to preserve however is our preference for a certain kind of nature, which has both very real as well as personally judged consequences.

A generic genetic engineer once propounded that "the gene pool is a lottery, without order or reason so it matters little if we bend the odds to our favour" or words to that effect. In most senses he is right. Life is a lottery however humans have come to sit very comfortably in the scenery that Nature has dropped out. Our current 'experiment' in environmental change is a gamble where the odds are

severely stacked against us. While there is a chance that we could all be kicking back in an eternal springtime of plenty the surrounding environment we absolutely depend on is finely tuned to the existing situation. Even a change that may seem beneficial, for instance milder seasons, is likely to extensively affect crop cycles that have become accustomed to the ticket that Nature gave them.

We should do everything in our power to maintain the environment that we have, over a million years, adapted to, because it is likely to be extremely stressful and expensive to adapt to another in just a few decades.

Such a stark description of human helplessness is of course only half the picture. Humans have been throwing themselves against the winds of the world throughout their (relatively short) existence and have thus far succeeded. The technocracy of modern commercial science may well be right when it gloats over our capacity to flout Nature's usually harsh impression of mortality but while life will likely survive whatever catastrophe comes along it is unlikely to be of the same quality. Just 50 years ago nobody wore sunglasses, now we must smother ourselves in sunscreen (if we bare skin at all), everybody drinks bottled water, asthma rates are being driven (literally) up by emissions so it's not difficult to see how the environment directly relates to quality of life, regardless of your personal preference for greenery.

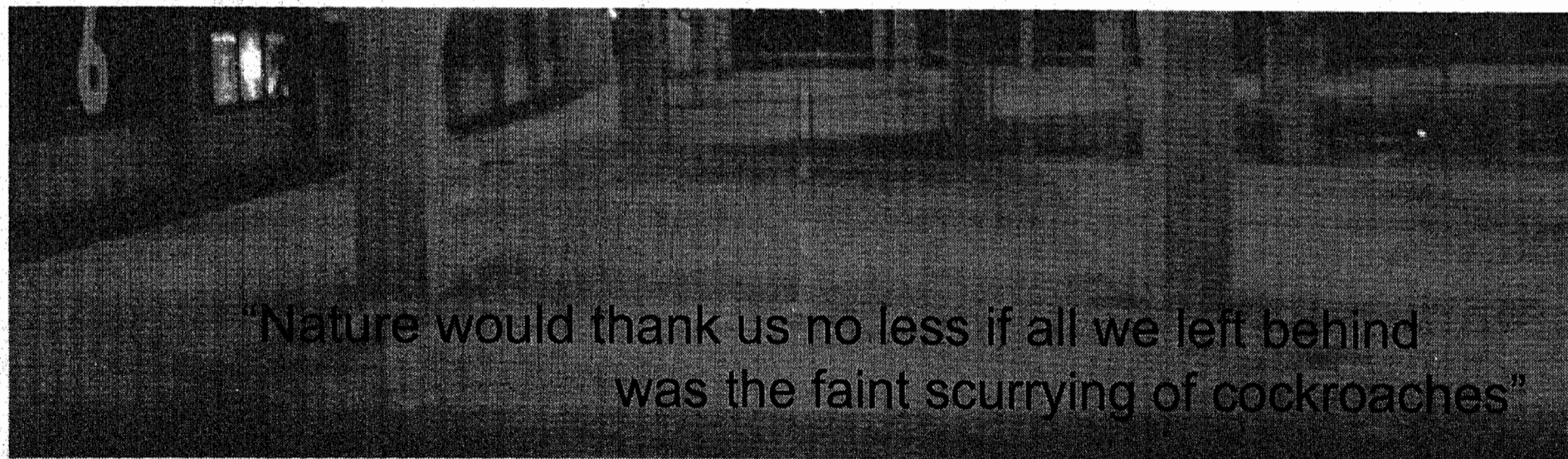
It seems somehow fundamentally irrational to actively and knowingly destroy the systems that supply us only to have to replace them or cruelly leave your children the job of replacing them. Above all it's incredibly inefficient, betraying the catchphrase of most of those who actively participate in environmental destruction through capitalism. It comes down to quality of life and in a much more real sense

than that proffered by a Mawson Lakes or Golden Grove billboard. People can and have survived in all manner of conditions, but who wants to trade in the cool shade, clean air and organic scenery provided by a leafy green tree for an abrasive world of technological substitution. With so much of our affluence now directed towards the luxuries of brand spankin' new cars and abstract brand names it's odd that our shrinking natural commodities have not yet gained luxury status in anything but the form of pristine holiday destinations. The environment could be considered to be a luxury brand that you wished you bought into when it was cheap.

Environmentalists that lobby for the intrinsic value of some of Australia's finest natural heritage may be shocked to once again hear Nature referred to in such a utilitarian and resource-centric manner. Any discrepancy between environmental managers and environmental lovers simply comes from the current gap in our understanding of how important Nature as a whole is, with environmental managers becoming more inclined to preserve intact biosystems as we cling to the last remnants of our priceless but disintegrating natural capital.

Ultimately if you're not an environmentalist you're a misanthrope. For someone who love the logical in a world where it is so difficult to distinguish right from wrong, environmentalism is a pleasure to contemplate. For someone who loves their children or the idea of having them, ignoring the environment is akin to owning a mansion yet forcing them to live in a rubbish dump.

Dan J



"Nature would thank us no less if all we left behind was the faint scurrying of cockroaches"

Environomics

Separated at birth, shall the twain ever meet again?

I. ECONOMICS vs THE FORCES OF GREEN

Our current economic system encourages us to over-exploit our resources and carelessly contaminate natural systems in a race for short-term profits. It claims that the most important vision a politician can have is a strong economic one, that population growth on a planet of six billion is good because human capital means more innovation, that a true measure of a nation's success is derived from the quantitative amount of goods it produces, and that exponential growth is sustainable for eternity. Unsurprisingly, to many environmentalists, economics appears to be the anti-hero to the forces of green - an evil power trying to take over the world with its market based ideology and apparent disregard for the non-monetary value we place on nature. We are, after all, biological creatures whose continued success as a species is determined by Earth's capacity to fulfil our requirements. As pre-packaged as modern Western society has become - like it or not we still rely on the health of our crops, the cleanliness of our water supplies and the stability of our climate to survive and prosper.

Modern market economics may well be the villain of our story but economics itself remains a fundamental aspect of human society. By definition, economics is the 'science' (and I use that term so very, very lightly) of the distribution of resources and services in a world that endures scarcity. In other words, economics is merely the framework by which we distribute resources given the fact that there is a finite amount. What better starting point for the environmental movement than the 'science' of sharing? How then does conventional economics fail us, and our environment? Why do we see the over-exploitation of resources, over population and the continuation of non-sustainable practices?

There are two main reasons. Firstly we have simply made an accounting error and classed the sale of natural capital as a profit rather than a cost, and secondly we have failed to grasp the true ramifications of the exponential function.

So what does that all mean?

II. NATURAL CAPITAL AND NATURE'S SERVICES

Natural Capital is the wealth of resources and services that our natural environment provides. It is the capital from which all productivity stems and is currently valued by conventional economics as worth zero dollars. In economic flow diagrams natural systems such as the ozone layer, topsoil or biodiversity are treated as 'externalities' and are outside the realm of the economy. In fact, only if human beings can directly use an item, is it given economic value. This is thoroughly ingrained in the system - a system that was designed sixty years ago under very different global circumstances and a less comprehensive knowledge base. Dr David Suzuki uses the example of the humble tree. It provides many services to the planet including the removal of

carbon dioxide from the air and the production of oxygen, transpiration of water which affects climate, it provides habitat for different species and maintains topsoil. A market economist will look at that tree and see an object of no value - at least not until it is cut down - because people have few uses for a tree which is standing. It is however natural capital that has great value to the Earth System of which we are part. Nature provides many services, some which are obvious like photosynthesis and respiration of plants or the ozone layer, and some not so obvious like maintaining a stable climate. What if we replaced all these services with human technology? How much would it cost per annum to run a machine that did what nature does every day? This is unrealistic of course, as science's understanding of the Earth System is so incomplete that we would miss many aspects. According to Dr Robert Costanza, Director of the Gund Institute for Ecological Economics at the University of Vermont, if we just consider technologies which presently exist and ignore things for which our technology can not substitute, then it is estimated that nature provides a service valued at 30 trillion dollars per year - which is roughly twice the global GNP!

What does it mean then to include Natural Capital in our accounting practices? Herman Daly, ex-senior economist for the World Bank, says that we must stop counting the consumption of Natural Capital as income and rather, must treat it as any other capital, and consider draw-down to be a cost. Furthermore, that trade in a natural resource beyond its sustainable level ought to be classed as the sale of a capital asset and therefore a trade surplus in this case would become a trade deficit. This change in economic reality would have politicians jumping because it casts a permanent doubt over the viability of an exponentially expanding economy. Which brings us to the second problem of market economics.

III. EXPONENTIAL GROWTH

The exponential function is a mathematical relation that continues to increase in size as time passes. It will come as no surprise to anyone that there is not one natural system that can be modelled in the long term using this function alone. In other words, the Universe is finite, the planet is finite and it is therefore incomprehensible folly to assume that the economy, unlike anything else in the cosmos, can keep growing unabated forever and ever amen. Economists would have us believe that

productivity can continue to increase forever using human ingenuity, technology and management to fill any depletion of natural resources. They would have us believe that bigger markets and an increasing population is what we need to drive that growth, and that growth will have the fabled 'trickle down' affect which will increase the standard of living for the poor. Herman Daly believes this misplaced faith in growth is really, "to avoid the need to share." With continual growth there is always more to go around. We never need to share with the developing world because 'if they want they can have as much as us'. If we believe the market economists then it doesn't matter how much damage we do to our environment nor that we may run short of oil or other resources because their theory books say that we will find a way to keep growing, to keep producing and to make everyone richer. But this is a fantasy. The resource of the planet and therefore the economy is finite. Nothing in nature grows exponentially for ever. Not even a cancer. Eventually even the cancer will succumb to lack of resources.

IV. ECOLOGY AND ECONOMICS

In our story, conventional market economics is indeed the villain because it makes two poor assumptions about the state of the world. It treats natural capital as an endless source of profits and it says that productivity must keep increasing. Economics however is not going away because it is a natural part of human communities. Economy and ecology come from the same Greek word, oikos, meaning 'home', one does not make sense without the other, yet currently they are miles apart in how they view the world. Mankind and his environment (ecology) will always need to be managed (economy) to ensure resources are divided fairly and peace and order remains. Perhaps unrest in the developing world has more to do with global resource allocation and less to do with megalomania or religion.

A first step is to re-integrate the scientific knowledge and our understanding of the Earth System back into political and economic decision making structures. Economy and environment are not separate, so we must not treat them as separate. We cannot hope to solve the environmental and economic challenges of the future if we insist on banishing natural capital to the realm of 'externalities'. By engaging at this level we give ourselves every chance to avoid the inevitable collapse of an exponentially growing economy and a chance to reinvest in natural capital.

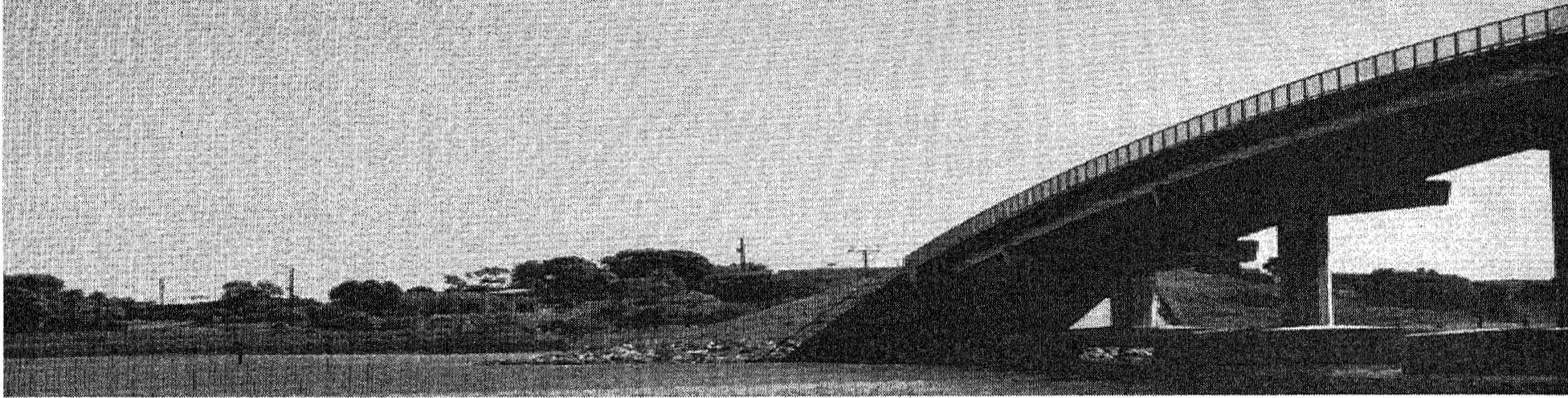
Seb Henbest

Seb is an alumni of Adelaide University currently working at the Centre for Dynamical Meteorology and Oceanography at Monash University.

"Eventually even the cancer will succumb to lack of resources."

KUMARANGK

Windfarms, Hindmarsh Island and the dappled shades of green tape.



It's a bizarre quirk of history that so-called 'Aboriginal issues' seems to have lined up on the so-called 'left' side of politics. Putting aside for the moment any debate over whether it is proper or even possible to group particular concerns under the singular banners 'Aboriginal' and 'left-wing', the fact remains that much of the so-called 'right' doesn't want much to do with anything 'Aboriginal'.

People like Prime Minister John Howard, Sydney Institute director and Howard apologist Gerard Henderson, Herald Sun 'journalist' Andrew Bolt, and Murdoch's 'lieutenant' Piers Ackerman - who, in simple terms, are considered/consider themselves to be on the 'right' or 'conservative' side of politics - have all, in one way or another, decried what they see as the recent re-writing of Australian history, which has traditionally been written by men of Anglo/Celtic decent with colonialist fetishes. To them, historical accounts from Indigenous (or Indigenous-sympathetic) perspectives - from those recorded in 1997's *Bringing Them Home* report, to Henry Reynold's account of Australia's largely unrecorded frontier wars, to the Ngarrindjeri women who tried to prevent the construction of the Kutungald (Goolwa)-Kumarangk bridge - are 'lacking perspective', or even 'un-Australian' or 'left-wing'.

In another bizarre historical quirk, 'environmental issues' are often seen to

lay firmly on the 'left' of politics as well. 'Environmentalists' like Australian Greens founder and leader Bob Brown, conspicuous activists Greenpeace, and Booker Prize-winning author Arundhati Roy have all, in various instances, found themselves under attack from the contingent on the 'right'.

These two quirks lead inevitably to a third quirk: with so many 'issues' finding a home on the so-called 'progressive left', many of them - including 'Aboriginal' and 'environmental' ones - often clash with each other. When that happens, the 'left' appears disunited, at least to the strong, united 'right'. The latter collective seems to assume that such a phenomenon as a 'left' (A) actually exists, and (B) is supposed to be unified, as if under a particular banner or flag. It is evident that the 'right' often seems to define both the 'left's' 'issues', and themselves, merely by their opposition to those same 'issues' (and their support for the status quo, albeit with lower taxes and freer markets).

One such occasion when proponents of 'Aboriginal' and 'environmental' issues appear to be at loggerheads is the construction of a wind farm at Wattle Point on Yorke Peninsula. 'Environmentalists' have been arguing for the more widespread utilisation of renewable and sustainable alternatives to the more traditional industrial energy sources, namely wood, coal and oil. Wind technology is one of those alternatives. According to the US Department of Energy, 'the world's winds could supply more than 10 times the current total world energy demand'.² Caused by the unequal solar heating of the Earth's surface, wind will exist as long as both the Earth and the sun do, unlike wood, oil and coal. Wind doesn't cost anything to produce (it occurs naturally), and its use does not produce nasty by-products like carbon dioxide.

So who could be against the construction of the Wattle Point wind farm by New Zealand company Southern Hydro (which in May 2003 acquired Meridian Energy, the original company to be granted development approval from the South Australian government)?

One group of noisy protesters is made up of descendants of the Narungga nation. Section 12 of the Aboriginal Heritage Act 1988 (SA) makes it possible for developers, including

in this case Southern Hydro/Meridian Energy, to apply to the relevant Minister for a determination as to whether a particular site is one that would be protected under the Act. This provision ensures that developers can know whether they will be in breach of s.23 of the Act, which would attract a \$50,000 penalty.

In June 2004, Minister for Aboriginal Affairs and Reconciliation, Terry Roberts, made a declaration effectively preserving three particular sites as 'Aboriginal heritage sites' under the Act. The descendants of the

"Previous judgments on the issue had more than failed to understand. They had failed to want to understand."

Narungga, who were mostly removed to the Point Pearce mission from 1868, believed this would protect at least some of their people's sacred areas. But a month later, using a power vested in him by s.23, Roberts effectively reversed that declaration for two of the sites, giving the green light to Southern Hydro's

\$180 million wind farm project.

(As an aside, it's interesting to do a critical reading of newspaper reports on the subject. Rupert Murdoch's local tabloid the *Sunday Mail's* original report dated 13 June 2004 set the story up as another Aborigines-protesting-against-another-much-needed-development story, much like the way in which it reported the Kumarangk bridge 'secret women's business' saga. His national Australian broadsheet, on the other hand, has focused more upon the Narungga in its three stories from August. The ABC almost solely focused on the Narungga viewpoint, and the Adelaide Review's Karen Ashford published a well-researched feature article in August. The Koori Mail has been on the case since at least February this year.)

The Koori Mail published two letters by the Narungga Heritage Committee's (NHC) Quenten Agius, who is a custodian of Dreaming stories handed down by his ancestors. Understandably, Agius is furious. He pointed out to Karen Ashford that Roberts had been negotiating with the 'wrong people' - namely, members of the Narungga Nations Aboriginal Corporation (NNAC), made up of people from other communities with little connection to Wattle Point.

The following passage is taken from Ashford's article in the Adelaide Review:

World Peace

IRAQ REMEMBRANCE ANTI-WAR DAY

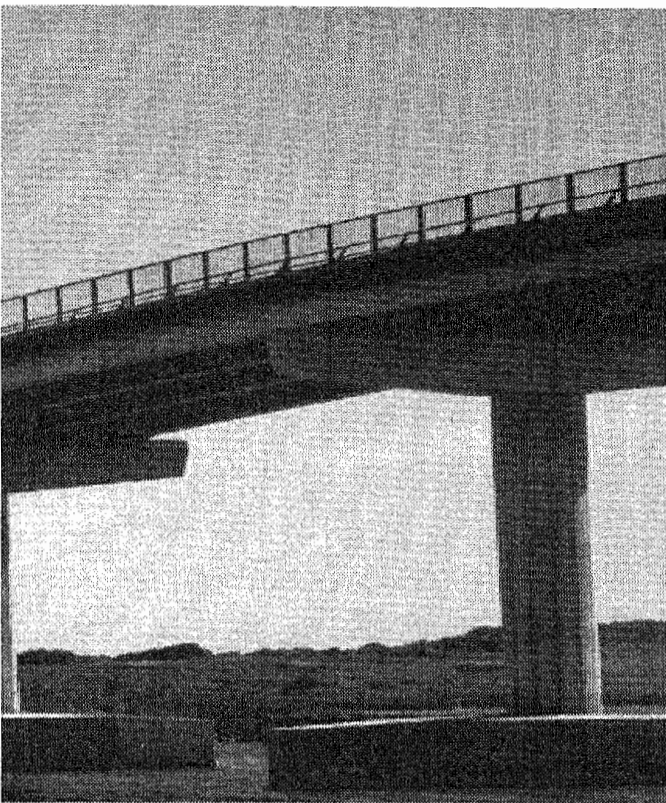


WORLD MUSIC DAY

WITH LOCAL WORLD MUSIC BANDS, EXHIBITS AND SPEAKERS - ALL AGES \$8

MARCH 20: THE GOV

1.30 PM TILL 5.30 PM : ENQUIRIES 0432 33 98 20



the Federal Court, the High Court (Kirby J dissenting), Channels Seven, Nine and Ten, the Advertiser and Sunday Mail – had more than failed to understand. They had failed to want to understand.

I visited Kumarangk last week, my first visit since the bridge was opened in 2001. I was horrified at the bridge. I was disgusted by the Chapman's marina, full of ugly, identical estate houses, SUV's and shiny white boats, and by the promotional signs, displaying, happy, shiny, white people in their shiny white boats. Another sign invited potential settlers to 'please deposit all worldly cares here'. I was almost amused by the hypocritical, hand-painted sign on the gate of a farm: 'PRIVATE PROPERTY: TRESPASSERS PROSECUTED'. I noticed the 'Hindmarsh Island Cemetery' contained only the graves of colonists and their descendants. I shook my head at the island's conspicuous attention to 'environmental' issues (the 'Hindmarsh Island Landcare Group, Inc' had as its objective 'the protection of remnant indigenous vegetation'; 'Drive carefully: Save our wildlife' pleaded another sign), while the marina and bridge create more 'environmental' problems than you can poke a stick at – problems that were foreseen in a Marina Goolwa draft Environmental Impact Statement dated 1993. Meanwhile, industrial farming practices throughout Queensland and the Murray-Darling basin draw huge quantities of water from the Murray, slowing the flow and closing the Mouth with a constant buildup of silt.

The street names betray the island's colonial history, as people like Charles Sturt (who 'discovered' the Murray Mouth in 1830), William Randell (he launched the paddle-steamer 'Mary Ann' in 1853), Thomas Edison (he is credited with the invention of the light bulb), Collet Barker (presumably speared by Aborigines in 1831 after crossing the Mouth), Kym Denver (a pro-bridge landowner), Edmund Barton (Australia's first PM and noted white supremacist, dedicated to the 'purity of race'), and John Hindmarsh (the South Australian colony's inaugural governor), etc, are celebrated.

An information board displaying important dates in the history of 'Hindmarsh Island' began at 1830, when 'Captain Charles Sturt was the first recorded European to set foot on Hindmarsh Island'. I learned that in 1849, 'the first grazier on the island, Dr Rankine, was granted an occupational license'. The Ngarrindjeri were not part of this 'history'. The only references to the Ngarrindjeri that I found were two information boards, one saying 'Welcome to Hindmarsh Island (Kumarangk)', and another, on the Kutungald side:

JARALDE PARK

The name of this park is derived from the Jaralde Tribe of the eastern shores of Lake Alexandrina. The land and waters surrounding this park has deep significance in the culture and dreamings of those women and men of the

Ngarrindjeri nation. This ground lies within the boundaries of the various groups who owned the area making it an important place to meet in the trading and ceremonial life of those Ngarrindjeri people.

When I asked two staff, separately, for a map of Kumarangk at the 'Signal Point River Murray Interpretive Centre', they didn't know what I was talking about. The map I ended up with glorified the 'award-winning' bridge but made no mention of the Ngarrindjeri.

* * *

'Aboriginal' and 'environmental' activists, while united over the Kumarangk bridge proposal, reluctantly find themselves on opposite sides of the debate at Wattle Point. Whatever benefits a wind farm on the southeastern tip of the Yorke Peninsula will bring to South Australians, however, it is obvious in this case, as in all the others, that a proper consultative process was not engaged in. It would be a tragedy for everyone involved if it became another 'Hindmarsh Island bridge saga'.

Some environmentalists put forward an alternative view: that we cannot hope to solve environmental problems by continually developing new technologies. Jared Diamond, professor of geography and environmental health sciences at UCLA, argues that all technologies, while often very beneficial, are also destructive. Wind technology, billed as clean and inexhaustible, cannot be 'free' in every sense of the word. In this case, it is the Narungga who must pay for the unsustainable lifestyles of people living beneath the smoky haze on the other side of the Gulf St Vincent.

Perhaps 'environmental issues' and 'Aboriginal issues' (as if we can draw neat boxes around them) are often seen to be on the same 'side' of politics because we simply divide ourselves into people who accept the status quo, and those who fight to change it. I would be all for the status quo, if only it did not work to reward those who destroy in search of profit, and who make some people pay while powerful others receive all the benefits.

There is a strong case to be made that 'Aboriginal issues' and 'environmental issues' should not be viewed as mere 'interests' to be hidden away on the 'left' side of the equation. They are, in fact, about issues as universal as fairness, equality and survival. If the so-called 'right' wants to make a case against these ideals, just so that private enterprises can turn a profit every year, then go ahead. But at least realise what you're saying.

Russel Marks

(Endnotes)

¹ Faruque Ahmed, www.indymedia.org, 29/11/04

² <http://www.nrel.gov/wind/consumers.html>

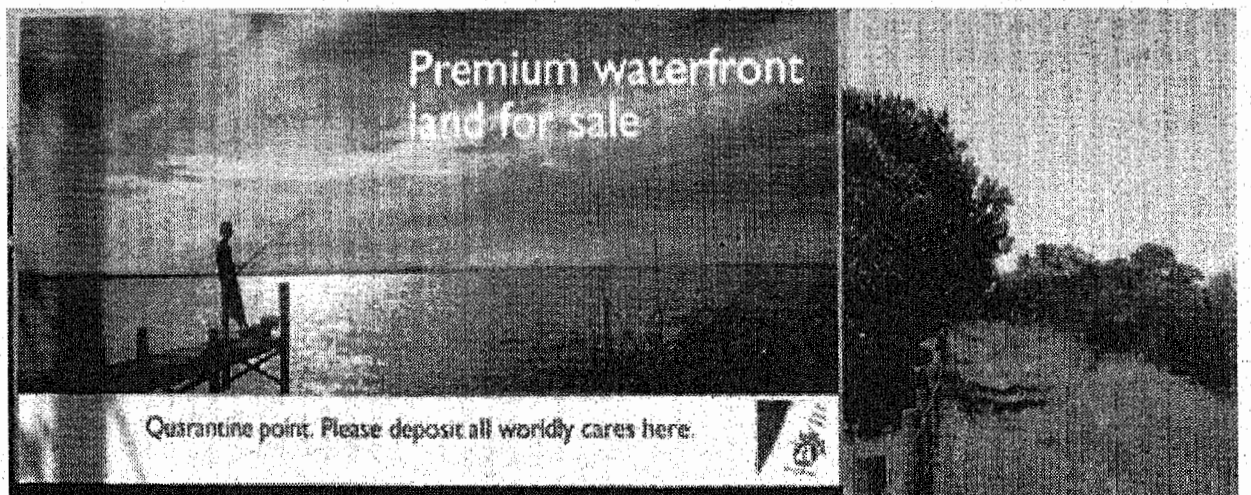
'The government wants this wind farm for the economy, so it's listening to the blackfellas who agree with them and will accept compensation money, not us mob who want our Dreaming protected.'

[Agius] angrily questions the point of having a Heritage Act if the Minister has the final say on what constitutes heritage, and the power to allow its destruction – with no right of appeal. 'We haven't got thousands of dollars for fancy lawyers to fight these decisions,' Mr Agius says. 'Once it's gone, it's gone and it's too late.'

Andrew Wilson of Southern Hydro calls the inconsistencies between the NHC and the NNAC 'divisions within the community'. The subtle, institutional, historical racism that pervades South Australia's regime of sacred site protection is evident throughout this latest issue. The Narungga are resigned to merely one of the many 'interests' that Minister Roberts must take into account when determining how a particular development application will proceed. Somehow, though, governments around Australia have an infinitely stronger view about anyone tampering with 'mainstream' Australia's sacred sites – the graves of soldiers killed at Gallipoli during the 1914-18 trade war, for instance – even when the Turkish government needs to widen its roads to improve access for its own people and industry.

The Narungga no doubt witnessed the way in which governments and 'mainstream' media dragged the Ngarrindjeri women's entire belief system through the mud because Tom and Wendy Chapman were going broke and needed their marina to go ahead.

Perhaps we should start calling these processes what they are: at best, they're legacies of colonialism; probably, they are themselves colonial. Just a few months before the 1998 federal election (the one that John Howard was quite prepared to fight on racial grounds before Brian Harradine made one of the hardest decisions of his life, to cast his Senate vote for the Liberal Party's amendments to Paul Keating's 1993 Native Title Act), (white) anthropologist Diane Bell published a 688-page tome called Ngarrindjeri Wurruwarrin: A world that is, was, and will be. In it, she allowed the stories of Ngarrindjeri women like Dorreen Kartinyeri and Daisy Rankine to be told in their own words, and does her best to explain to non-Ngarrindjeri readers that Kumarangk is a sacred site of vital importance to a nation of people. Previous judgments on the issue – by federal and state Ministers, Cheryl Saunders,



TOO RIGHT

Why Be Politically Correct When You Can Be Right?

The Wealth of the Nations: Why The Anti-Globalisation Crowd Can't Help the Poor

The cacophony of the anti-globalisation movement seems to have quietened of late.

We could give its erstwhile members the benefit of the doubt - perhaps they have turned their attention to more recent topics out of a true sense of concern, rather than due to a short attention span. Either way, the more radical elements of our society have evidently abandoned the 'stop free trade' cause in order to jump on the accelerating 'stop the Iraq war' bandwagon.

It would be best for the sake of global development if they stay there. Then free trade can have the time and space it needs to do its work.

The complaints of the anti-globalisation crowd, while the issue was still fashionable, were largely emotive and ill founded. It's not fair, they cried. Poor countries will never be able to catch up, they lamented - the gap between rich and poor will just grow larger. We need to help them with aid, was their entreaty to the global community.

There are many reasons why this is quite simply wrong. Here are a few of them:

Comparative Advantage

This is the prime economic reasoning for why we need free trade. By free trade, of course, I mean trade based on market signals that are not confused by tariffs and subsidies. If a country relies on trade for its foreign income, it will be driven by market forces to focus on producing what it can produce relatively well compared to the rest of the world. In other words, it will produce according to its comparative advantage. If it does this, it will be able to produce whatever it has an advantage in cheaper than other countries. By undercutting on the global market, it will profit.

China is the best contemporary example of this. By allowing market forces to operate, albeit subject to limitations, Chinese production utilised the country's cheap labour to make cheap consumer goods. Now they are enjoying annual economic growth of around 8%. As this is several times the GDP growth rate of most developed nations, China is clearly narrowing the gap.

Efficiency

The world is limited in terms of the amount of resources it has to support its population. Ensuring that all countries produce what they are relatively best at means that on a global scale, we are maximising our utility from the resources that are available to us.

This helps explain why some industries are so opposed to unfettered free trade. In obtaining optimum efficiency, all countries must do only what they do best - all countries. That includes the US, every EU member, and yes, Australia. This means that there will be losers among these developed nations - industries in these countries that realise that they do not have global comparative advantage.

The EU is the most sickening example in the world today. Their agricultural industry is obscenely inefficient, propped up by massive subsidies that often result in the government buying excess grain; for example, and dumping

it. Sometimes this means literally dumping it in the ocean, but it usually involves flooding overseas markets and lowering prices for local producers. Either way, this practice distorts the global market. But implementing true free trade would mean saying goodbye to most of the European agricultural industry, or at least those who can't reinvent themselves to become better producers.

Obviously, industries around the world in this position don't like the sound of that. And they are happy to spend their money, power and influence to ensure they continue to be supported by their governments. Successful free trade requires simultaneous and firm commitment by all countries to let the market organise their production. But the trade-off is obviously worth it - the optimal use of our global resources.

Inefficient Aid

Aid does little more than line the pockets of the corrupt elite that tend to dominate developing nations. These countries are a mess in more ways than merely economically - they need to find the political will to make changes before either aid or trade will be of any benefit. Essentials are better education, functioning financial systems, and the rule of law.

In the meantime, untied aid dollars are never used for development projects, unless one includes the personal development of the leaders of the recipient country. Tied aid (where the donor country requires the funds to be used in a specified manner) is often refused, ostensibly out of a sense of injured pride in the recipient country that they are not trusted to do the right thing, and a desire to set their own agendas. Aid in kind often penetrates no further into a country than its ports - bogged down in political agendas, which tend to rely on keeping at least a section of the population suppressed. The necessary conclusion is that supporters of aid are simply supporting corruption and abuse of power.

Fair Trade Inc

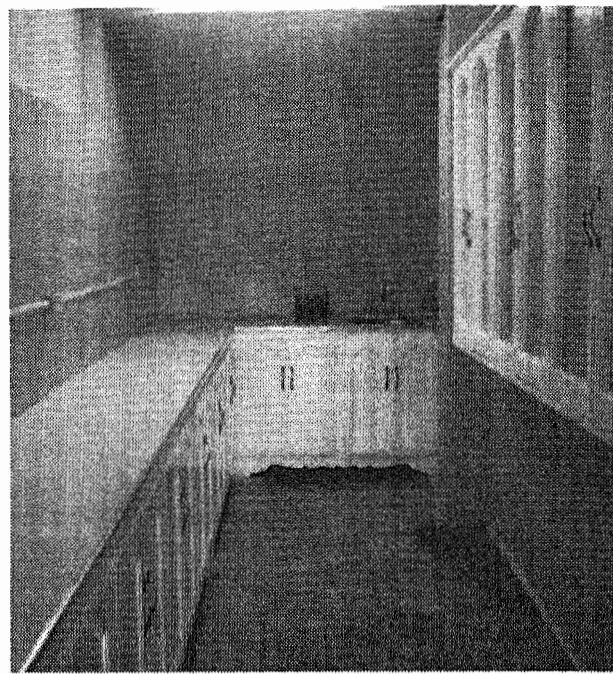
Finally, don't be fooled by the 'Fair Trade' movement - this is not the perfect solution that it may seem. Fair Trade is a company. They are as much participants in the market as McDonalds, and their publication of emotive stories of helping the poor in developing countries is nothing but a clever marketing ploy.

Obviously, there are justifications for globalisation that are more complex, sophisticated and lengthy than could be included here. But even this abbreviated version of the case for free trade should convince any open-minded citizen of the global community of its merits. That is, those with an interest in the true welfare of the world, as opposed to merely creating a stir and hearing their own voice.

N.M.

Well qualified in her field.

- the Editors would like to make the obvious point that while Fair Trade Inc. is a company the idea of fair trade is not. A realisable concept of fair trade is most recently explored by George Monbiot in The Age of Consent.



MODERN (ALTERNATIVE) ECONOMICS

With an overwhelming portion of the world's population living below the poverty line, and the gap between rich and poor increasing at an exponential rate in the industrial world, it is becoming harder to ignore the flaws in conventional economic thought. On university campuses across the globe, Economics students and their professors are starting to seriously challenge some of the bedrock assumptions of the traditional "neo-classical" model. Below are some of the more outspoken pioneers of the burgeoning field of "true cost economics":

Kenneth Boulding (1910 - 1993)

Gave the field of economics a healthy dose of self-criticism. "Anyone who believes exponential growth can go on forever in a finite world," he argued "is either a madman or an economist." Formerly a card-carrying Republican, but was forced to tear up his membership by Reagan's radical devotion to supply-side economics. Was one of the first mainstream economists to think of natural resources as finite, rather than "a storehouse to be robbed for the immediate benefit of man." Dubbed the current neo-classical economic model as "the cowboy economy".

Marilyn Waring (1953 -)

Out spoken former New Zealand parliamentarian, one of the first to criticise traditional economic measures, especially their irrelevance to the value of the environment, subsistence production and unpaid women's work.

E. F. Schumacher (1911 - 1977)

Introduced the concept of "natural capital" and outlined an alternative economy based on human-scale, decentralized, and appropriate technologies that has inspired generations of environmentalists. Coined the term "Buddhist economics" to describe the opposite of the Western economic model, one that didn't allow for unlimited growth and consumption and emphasized renewable resources.

Paul Hawkin, Amory and Hunter Lovins

Leading the modern revolution of Natural Capitalism in a book of the same title they unveil the excesses and inefficiencies of the contemporary model of capitalism in favour of an economic system that values natural resources by adjusting taxation and using credits systems.

From the old school:

John Maynard Keynes (1883 - 1946)

One of the most accomplished and respected economists in British history. He played a significant part in developing successful depression economics and the idea of an alternative world currency (Bancour) and an International Clearing Union. While these concepts were integral to the creation of the (now wayward) World Bank and IMF his desire to see an international system of debt and surplus regulation was never realised after heavy lobbying by American economists.

Adapted from Adbusters media organisation's campaign for true cost economics: truecosteconomics.org and soon to be further explored by On Dit's very own writers.



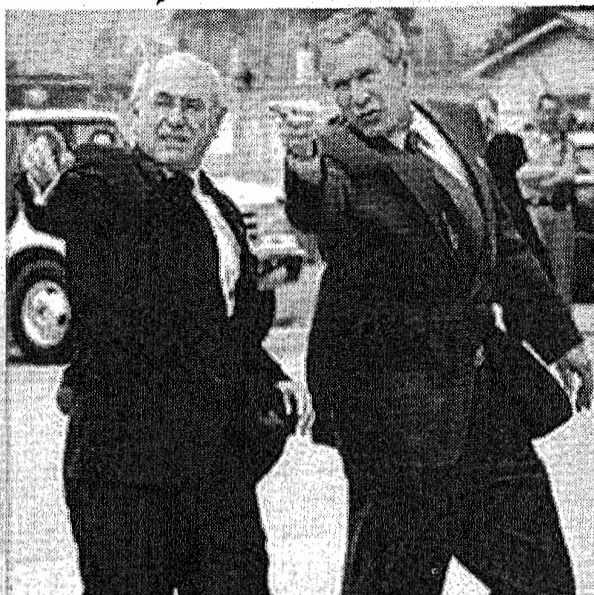
THE KYOTO CONUNDRUM

1992 was a momentous year; I was 7, 'Achy Breaky Heart' was a number one hit, and many countries gathered at the "Earth Summit" in Rio de Janeiro to talk about the state of greenhouse gas emissions around the world.

Five years later the governments of these countries met again in Kyoto, Japan at the UN *Climate Change Convention* and established what we know today as the Kyoto Protocol. The basic idea behind this protocol is for developed countries to reduce their greenhouse gas emissions to 5.2% below their 1990 levels by the year 2012. This would mean that countries that rely predominately on fossil fuels for energy would have to reduce their fossil fuel usage, stop land clearing and invest in the recent and much more sustainable business of renewable energy.

In current news the Howard government has decided that is not economically feasible for our country to ratify the protocol, but that it still intends to reduce its greenhouse emissions to 8% about its 1990 levels. So, what's the difference? If we were to sign we would still be reducing our greenhouse emissions (as the government has already promised it would do) but it would also open our economy to the rapidly growing billion dollar industry of renewable energy, and what's so bad about that?

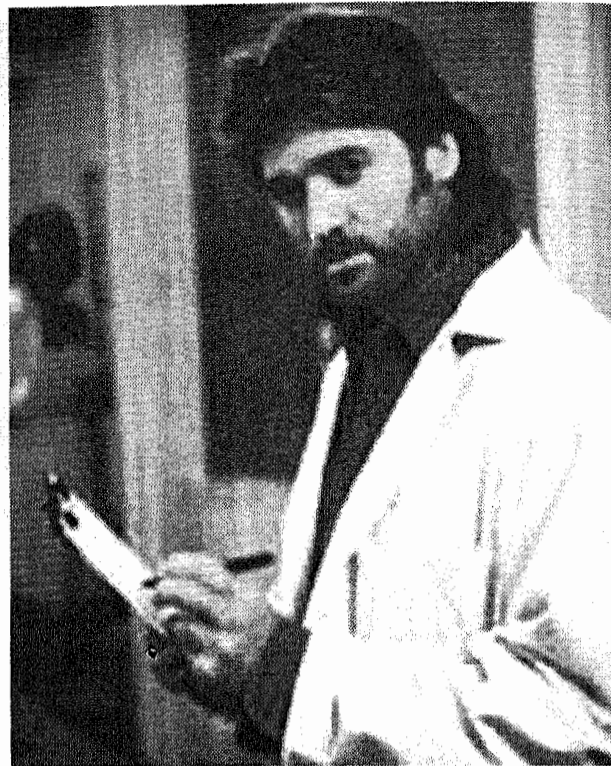
Currently Australia is the world's biggest greenhouse emissions criminal per capita: one person in Australia generates the same amount of greenhouse emissions as 20 people in India and 10 people in China. If this is the case then shouldn't we be taking some responsibility for the greenhouse emissions that we are so liberally creating? The government's answer to this problem is to be found in the policy statement *Safeguarding the Future: Australia's Response to Climate Change*. Here Mr. Howard suggests that



Howard continues to follow Bush's lead and keep his nation's name off the Protocol.

to stop climate change and greenhouse emissions we must turn to Geosequestration: carbon dumping. The plan is to capture all that bad greenhouse pollution from coal fired power stations and to bury it underground (talk about sweeping all your problems under the (earth's) surface). This may seem like a wonderful idea, but we all know that when you hide something, it is bound to come back and bite you on the bum. No one can actually say whether carbon dumping will work, and no one really knows whether you can actually capture and store greenhouse pollution under the ground, which, as George Bush stated about the Kyoto protocol, sounds "fundamentally flawed".

The United States is also one of the major countries not signing the Kyoto protocol. They are, to date, responsible for 25% of the world's greenhouse emissions and, like our own government, feel there is much more



A pensive Dr. Cyrus considers the global implications of Australia and The United States' refusal to sign the Protocol. He resolves to sign his own name in solidarity with the 122 sane nations who have ratified Kyoto.

money in the fossil fuel and crude oil industry then there is in anything that would help the environment; and with the US securing the crude oil industry in Iraq why wouldn't they? Australia and the USA are strongly supporting each other with a game they call "anything you won't do I won't do either". John Howard solemnly swears that he won't sign until the US does. Frankly, this isn't good enough.

Ratifying the protocol allows Australia as a nation to be held accountable for the greenhouse gases we emit, and to work towards repairing the damage that has been done.

If Billy Ray Cyrus claims responsibility for singing 'Achy Breaky Heart', then we should be responsible for our greenhouse emissions. The best way to do this is to ratify the Kyoto Protocol.

Milijana Stojadinovic

Imagine a world in which corn is grown for the purpose of producing plastic. Such a world is not that far off.

Currently, most plastics are initially manufactured for long term durability from fossil fuels like petroleum, but why produce a product, designed for disposability, that kills over 100,000 marine life forms a year (WWF estimate), takes decades, centuries and even millennia to break down and requires it's core ingredients to come from a non-renewable resource?

In Australia almost 7 billion plastic bags are consumed each year, 230 000 of which are consequently dumped in landfills every hour. In the last year a major push to reduce, with the aim to eventually eradicate, such high rates of plastic usage has seen many Australians turn to less disposable alternatives to the common plastic shopping bag.

It is not an unusual sight these days to see people exit a supermarket or a grocery store with the same amount of bags as they entered and reuse those bags time and time again. The environment breathes a sigh of relief as a result- but how big a sigh? Though plastic bags are becoming less widely



PLASTIC- THE NEW FLUORESCENT GREEN?

accepted, plastic is still a highly utilised material for the manufacture of disposable packaging and much of the plastic used to produce cutlery, food containers, bags etc, is not degradable, bio-degradable or decomposable. Steps are being taken to change this practice with plastic companies experimenting with alternative ways of constructing polymer strings using renewable resources. International results so far seem promising with starch extracted from corn/maize being used in the United States in a variety of products including plastic bags and food utensils.

In Australia there is currently no standardisation to regulate the classification of what have been termed, "green plastics" but the Environment Protection and Heritage Council (EPHC) is currently working on creating a standard in line with those used in Europe, Japan and the USA. The standard will most likely be similar to that employed by the Biodegradable Products Institute (BPI) in the USA. The BPI standards require the plastic to break down in a composting environment in around 6 months (or about the same rate as craft paper). To gain the BPI seal of approval the plastic must also demonstrate that it

does not leave behind any traces of chemicals which may be deemed to be 'harmful' to the environment.

Once an Australian standard has been decided upon by the EPHC and has been put in place plastic manufacturers in Australia will have a way in which to assure consumers of their product that claims of degradability, biodegradability and composting abilities are backed up by proper testing. In the meantime consumers worried about the excessive amounts of waste produced through plastic use should try and cut down on the amount of plastic they use, refuse plastic when offered and recycle where ever possible.

As James O'Loghlin says:

"Sure plastic bags seem easy and fun now but how will you feel in a hundred years when your great great grandkids get to the afterlife, look you in the eye and say, 'if it wasn't for you using all them plastic bags we wouldn't have had to live in a cave. It was all very well for you with your DVDs and your bubblewrap, but when the environment collapsed it was us who had to scavenge for food using old broken chopsticks and fight off bears and tigers late at night'. How will you feel then?"

David 'Kavvy' Kavanagh

BLACK IS THE NEW GREEN

The new green movement has gone decidedly dark. In today's Australia, cat loving mums drive their domestic 4wds packed with five fat kids to McDonalds's for lunch. They stub out a ciggie on the ground and head off to Shell to refuel. At the end of the day they voted Green in the senate and somehow they qualify as 'tree hugging hippies'. This is an indication that the environmental movement has lost all direction and form in the black hole of consumption that is Australia.

The only real environmental issue that was discussed in the recent federal election was logging in Tassie! I am not for a second saying that it's not an important issue; it is but let's put things in perspective people. We've punched a massive hole into the earth's atmosphere so that you need to apply a cream to your skin just to live on your one and only home planet, dry land salinity is destroying Australia's arable lands, the world's climate is changing fast, ice caps are melting, sea levels are rising, islands are being submerged and we are doing very little about it. So back to the beautiful forest; a small issue in all respects but fine, it's a start in the right direction. Our political leaders (I mean actual leaders, not the bulk of politicians that simply follow the people's misguided lead) should be forcing you to buy an electric car, cycle or catch a bus but they only ask you nicely to save a forest and it's too much to ask! It gets voted down! We were too busy thinking about the evil interest rates that hide under your bed (ready to jump out if only they weren't under the calming spell of the magical John Howard). If you're a selfish, greedy, irresponsible fuckhead that only votes in accordance with self interest, realise that this is in your interest. The environment deserves to rate high as an interest of yours not high interest rates of yours rating higher in terms of your interest.

Mmmmmmm eeennviiirronnmmeenttt.

Realise that the environment is not secondary to any other aspect of our lives. It is our top priority. The economy, war, even education and healthcare are all issues superceded by the actual physical environment of our planet. Man created war, the economy, education and healthcare... are you proud? Well don't be. The environment created man and all other life to boot! (See what you've done to me! I had to resort to using a ridiculous expression that no one seems to understand).

Being an environmentalist is like being a Jedi knight. Everyday, shop windows, advertising, and western society tell you to 'come to the dark side'. When you next see the ad for individually wrapped Venus razor blades don't sing "I'm your Venus" but hear the Darth Vader death march instead. Consumerism is rife and if you don't act soon Planet Earth will become the next Death Star. Now I'm trying to scare you into being an environmentalist, I would threaten you with a light saber but it sounds like it uses a lot of energy. I do wish I could use the force though, it seems to be very efficient.

The environment should be foremost in your mind whether you're casting a vote or getting out of bed for a normal day. You should be dreaming about the environment. You are a part of it and so is everything else on this doomed planet. You cannot exist separately to the rest of your environment. Everything you do has an effect on it and every characteristic of the environment has an effect on you. You should run your life with absolute consideration for

the rest of the global environment.

Have you ever heard the expression 'don't shit in your own nest'? Well just because your shit goes out to sea doesn't mean it's gone, it's just a really big nest with way too many people shitting in it. I'm not saying don't shit, just deal with it. Your clothes, your food, your transport, your lifestyle, all of it is your shit, deal with it. Amn i's meakinn meeself qleare?

Listen, I realise that the people that really need this lecture probably tuned out at the first mention of the word environment but even if you see yourself as an environmentalist you probably need a little re-antagonisation. The sad fact is that the small proportion of our population that even cares are only tokenistic environmentalists (myself included). We need a society that doesn't make environmentalism hard and ostracising. The most welcomed members of our society are materialist consumers who use rainforests to wipe their nose, buy new clothes each season and drive fast, fuel guzzling 8 cylinder cars. Hankie toting, op shop clothed, environmentalists have a lot of trouble convincing girls to accept a dinky back to their place.

We all need to make more token efforts so that one day the progressive environmentalists can be hardcore tree huggers without social scorn. It's Environment Week. So here's to a week of token efforts! Join Greenpeace with a five dollar a month membership, ride a bike to uni, sign a petition, hug a tree or an environment department rep. We'll be around all week, arms spread wide and ready to receive your green love.

Reece Kinnane



Open Forum on the Murray River and Coorong National Park

The South Australian Greens are hosting an open forum on the future of the River Murray and Coorong National Park

When:

Sunday, March 20th
2pm to 5pm

Where:

Bowden-Brompton Community Centre
Green Street, Brompton

Entry:

Gold coin donation
Tea and coffee provided





President

Another week, and another bunch of messages. Thanks to all the people who replied to my queries last week. I'll be extending the offer of a free orientation t-shirt until the end of the week for the most helpful comments on the issues that I outlined last week (enrolment, course readers, my uni, SELTS, etc.), so please take the time to do this. This week I just want to let you know about some things that the Students' Association is up to...

E-Newsletter:

The SAUA will soon start a fortnightly e-mail newsletter, which will give you a rundown on what's going on in the SAUA, on campus and in the wider community. It will provide info on many issues, from media articles on queer law reform, higher education and the environment, to what activities are happening on campus, what the universities have been up to and more. If you would like to sign up, you can pop into the SAUA reception and do so on the sign up sheet or alternatively email me. However, we're offering incentives, so if you choose to come in, simply ask for your pack of goodies (which includes discount movie passes, other vouchers and a Starburst lollypop!)

Also, just to keep the newsletter interesting, we'll be including a website and quote of the fortnight, which we will also put on the website. So if you've got any suggestions for interesting, slightly political, or even just funny websites and quotes, e-mail them to me. Once again there are incentives; we will be putting all the contributors into a draw to win a free \$50 voucher to UniBooks, which will be given to the person at the launch of the new SAUA website, which will hopefully be out during Education Week from the 29th to the 30th of March.

SAUA Events:

Well, as you hopefully know, it's Environment Week. I encourage you all to come down and get involved, you'll be able to sign up for the SAUA e-newsletter at any of the events that we are holding during the week. The SAUA will be holding it's department week/days like this during the entire year for all the departments; Environment, ATSI, Education, Women's, Activities and Sexuality, but there's two major events that I'd like to let you know about now...

The first is the Make Some Noise Festival, which will be a full day of activities in celebration of Student Organisations in light of the threat that they are under. It will include bands, food, drinks, activities and much more. It will be on the 28th of April, going for most of the afternoon and into the night. There's a mammoth amount of planning that goes into an event like this so if you enjoyed orientation, please get involved in this. We are having regular meetings at the moment and will start having working bees, so email me or come down to the SAUA and lend a hand.

The second major event is one that we will

be holding two weeks after the Make Some Noise Festival is the infamous Prosh. This is a weeklong event that has existed since time begun, well for a long time anyway! There will be more info regarding this later, but for now keep the 9th to the 13th of May free.

Students' Association Lounge:

One final, but very exciting thing; many of you would have noticed the new Bookshop Café where the old Uni Books used to be. Well, until now the upstairs lounge area was unnamed, but last Monday the Union Board decided to name it the Students' Association Lounge. The SAUA will be finishing the conversion of this space from a bookshop to a study and lounge area. If you have any ideas, or would like to be involved in the decoration of the space, please feel free to contact me at the SAUA, otherwise look out for the launching of the Students' Association Lounge later in the semester.

Cheers,

David Pearson

SAUA President

david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au



Women

Hoy hoy.

I went down to the women's room this week and I gotta tell you, I've never seen so many people. Women studying, women chatting, women heating things...I almost wet my birkstocks. There's been some changes down there including free tea and coffee, a new art piece, condoms and pamphlets that date after 1985, and it's awesome to see so many women finally utilising this resource.

There's a final call out for any of you creative ladies out there interested in being involved in our student-production of *The Vagina Monologues*. Anyone wanting to act in the play is welcome to audition on Wednesday 16th March, 3pm - 5.30pm or on Thursday the 17th from 4pm-7pm in the WP Rogers Room. Email me at melissa.purcell@adelaide.edu.au for a time. 10 minutes, no stress. You can obtain a copy of the script from the SAUA reception desk.

You may or may not have heard about a thing called NOWSA around campus. What is it? The Network of Women Students Australia (NOWSA) was first formed in 1987 based on the ideals of building a grassroots, independent and autonomous network of women students. It established itself as a woman-only conference, to be hosted by a different university in Australia every year. NOWSA is being held at Adelaide Uni this year (11-15 July) and promises to be a stimulating, exciting and positive environment to connect with other women students, discuss feminist issues, get involved in student activism and learn more about the concerns of women on and off campus. To get involved in organizing the conference or attend the conference, call Danna on 0402 946 050.

Lastly, my friend Tara runs a group where

women from all three SA unis can get together, discuss issues that are important to them and design fun and informative campaigns and events that address these issues. You don't have to be any particular type of woman, with any particular ideas - all are welcome. Make Tara smile, and call her on 0403 609 082 to note your interest.

Love to you all,

Mel



Activities

As you're probably well aware **St Patrick's Day** is this Thursday and your Activities Department, in conjunction with the Unibar, is putting on one hell of a party. We're going to have Irish music, face painting, and green hairspray to get everyone into the spirit of things. From 12 till 6pm **Toohy's Extra Dry** will cost only **\$2.50** for people wearing green! There will be prize give-aways and hopefully the bar will be a sea of green and Irishness. So make sure you make it to the bar on Thursday and don't forget the environment and sexuality events running on that day as well.

On another note regarding the bar, Union Board was assured last Monday that the "guru on the deck chair in the water" painting will be returned to its home as soon as possible. Congratulations again to Bill Fuller and all those who signed his petition to ensure the painting returns.

Applications for **PROSH directorships** will be opening soon. Directors are responsible for portfolios such as:

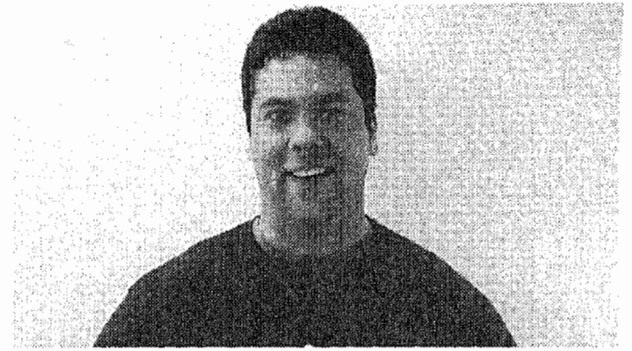
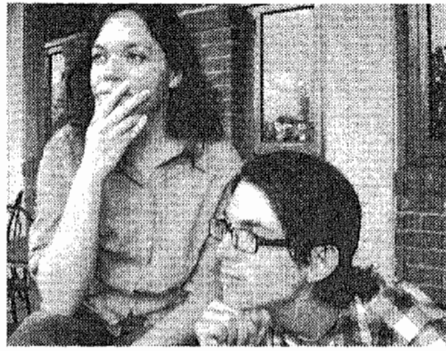
- PROSH Week
- PROSH Pranks
- PROSH Parade
- PROSH Afterdark
- PROSH Media liaison

I'll include full descriptions of the positions in the next edition of *On Dit*. If you're interested in being part of the 100th anniversary of PROSH, then please get in contact with me!

Lastly, well done to all of those who participated in the Overseas Student's Association (OSA) and Union Activities Committee (UAC) events last week. It's important that as many groups as possible utilize the Bar Smith lawns to keep things interesting on campus. If you have an event or an idea that you would like to see eventuate, then just contact me at matthew.walton@adelaide.edu.au and I'll do what I can to help you out.

See you Thursday!

Matthew



Education

Do you feel that your Uni life is lacking something? You come in, go to lectures, then you go straight home? Well, to begin with you should be spending more time sinking a Pale up at the Unibar. Not enough you say - what more can you do? I'm glad you asked!

Nominations are opening soon for Student representatives of **Departmental Committees, School Committees and Faculty Boards**. Within each Faculty there is one undergraduate and one postgraduate student required for each Committee/Board. There are a number of Departments in each Faculty. You can run for as many positions as you like, but you must be studying under that Department/Faculty.

Get involved, because it's your chance to have a say in the way your degree operates. It is you and me, the students, who are forking out \$\$\$, so it is essential that we have a say in the way it is spent.

You will receive an email from your Faculty about the exact opening date of Nominations. All Nominations close on 30th March so if you think this is the perfect role for you, be sure to get yours in.

There will be an Information Session (23rd March @ 12.30) put on by myself through the Students' Association, with a past Student Representative on hand to give you their advice. Also look out in this week's *On Dit* for a personal account from Kim Littler.

If you have any other questions regarding this or you just want to get involved with the Education Department - give me a call (8303 5406), drop by (Lady Symon Building) or send an email (jessica.cronin@adelaide.edu.au).

I am also here for any grievances you may have relating to study, money or any other University related issue. Have a good one,

Jess

ps Don't forget that Education Week is coming up soon and *EducatiOn Dit* will be looking for your submissions!

Sexuality

Funky salutations peeps.

This St. Patrick's Day, come down to the Barr-Smith Lawns for our Rainbow Picnic and embrace your sexuality (or one of your sexuality officers, Lavinia or Kavvy). We'll be serving organic food as part of Environment Week, but don't hold that against us.

While you're reclining on one of our rainbow picnic blankets, chowing down on rabbit food, here's something to ponder. In Victoria recently, a student teacher was dismissed from her final round of school placement for talking about homosexuality to her primary school pupils. A parent of one of the students had told her child that the student teacher was a lesbian and it had become playground gossip. When the student teacher was collected from a school camp by her partner, the children began questioning her in the classroom, saying "Who was that lady?" When a young male student used the word gay as a derogatory term ie "that game is so gay" and the questioning continued, the student teacher told the children she was a lesbian and they had a discussion about sexuality.

The next morning, the parent complaints flooded in and the school principal dismissed the student teacher on the basis that she was giving unauthorised sex education classes. My instinctive outrage was directed at the principal, but he can't be blamed for working within the parameters of the education system. What we need to question is a system that maintains bigotry and prejudice as the status quo. How soon or under what circumstances should these kind of dialogues be going on in the classroom? There exists a great deal of evidence to support early sex education. In Holland, children learn about sex in school from the age of eight. They also have the lowest teen pregnancy rate in the world. Ignorance breeds...well, it just breeds.

If children are asking questions, why are we so afraid to let them seek answers?

Can innocence exist without ignorance?

Lavinia Emmett-Grey & David Kavanagh

ATSI

Greetings & Salutations

Welcome to yet another week. I hope you all are coping. When we come to uni straight from school it is a little daunting to cope with money problems. Throw into that a HECS bill when the degree is finished. This is where scholarships can become handy. A scholarship is a financial assistance to provide support for a student while they are studying at university.

With that I would like to let you know of some indigenous scholarships that are available for the indigenous students of this university.

URS Aboriginal & Torres Strait Islander Engineering and Environmental Science Scholarship 2005

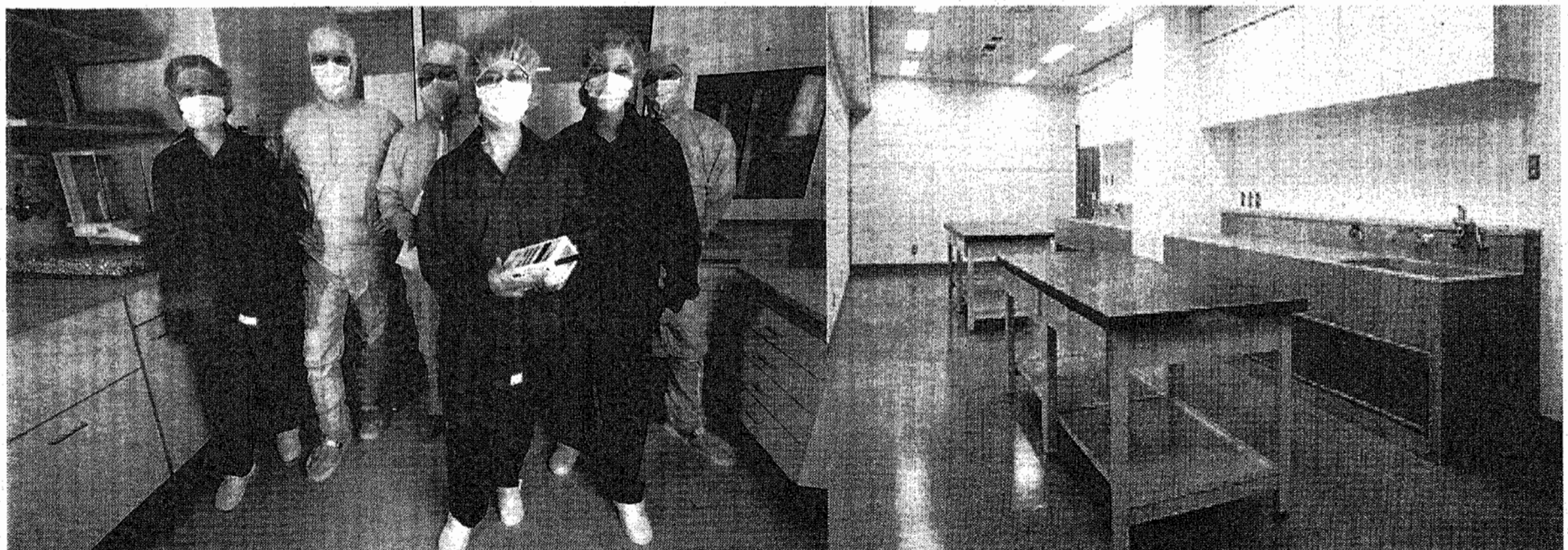
This scholarship is available for Indigenous students enrolling full time in an undergraduate program within the disciplines of engineering or environmental Science at the University of Adelaide. Study areas may include chemistry, civil and environmental engineering, water engineering, geotechnical engineering, mine engineering, earth sciences, ecology and hydrology. The value of the scholarship is full fee remission for the duration of the program plus assistance with travel for family reunions, accommodation and other relevant allowances, totalling approximately \$7000 depending on the academic program being undertaken and the recipient's circumstances.

Robert Riley Scholarship

The aim of the Robert Riley Scholarship Program is to promote the pursuit of justice and human rights for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people through supporting education of young indigenous people. Up to four scholarships of \$5000 each will be awarded to Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people aged 25 years or under for the pursuit of studies in the field of law, legal practice, human rights, child protection, criminology and criminal or juvenile justice.

Anyway enough from me. Until next time, Nukkin Ya!

JB



The Body In Deep

by Brendan De Paor Moore

The universe is firstly existence. Its cause is not relative to anything external. It cannot affect any outer substance as there are none. The universe therefore, has no end except its own completion, the form it takes and takes with it as it dies is all its speech.

The philosopher Spinoza has been important to the ethical school known as deep ecology for several reasons, the central one his ethical system that abandons a projected morality wherein an ordained evil taints the world. For Spinoza the 'bad' is that which acts like poison, disintegrating the body which it contacts. This is only 'bad' for the body that suffers, if it is eliminated to allow a more creative force to replace it, so much the better. The body and reality are imminent sites of all interaction and value. We have reached the point where our actions, if we take humanity as adjoined by the attributes of our industrial machine, are at point of contact with the whole planet as a body. Our actions have become poison, yet this in itself represents the possibility of a new creative order, as it has come with incredible knowledge and incredible inventiveness. What are some first steps?

I have to begin this discussion of the environment in that place which situates all discussion, all experience of it, the human body. In and around its marks and its fashioning, the body marks the point of reception and projection of reality. The body initiates the mental into the real. The question that most concerns the body, and the brain which completes it as an object, is meaning, by which the emergent quality of 'spirit' and 'subject' emerge. Our bodies, and with them their environment, are in part effects of our attitude to them, in turn an effect of what we consider ourselves to mean, attitudes which are often discoloured by discomfort. The question of whether we create meaning or are provided with it necessarily is one immediately addressed by the philosophy of deep ecology, and one that makes several, historically diverse, thinkers necessary to it and its placement of us on an ethical map of nature.

One of the beginnings of deep ecology occurs with Gary Snyder, scholar, one of the few surviving poets of the Beat generation San Francisco renaissance and environmental activist. One of his main articulations is that the anthropocentric, predator perspective pictures food chains from a top down perspective; Gary's view reverses this

projection according to a far more realistic causality, the creation of new space for predator species by the flourishing of prey- his poem *Loosely*: "The rabbit invented the fox, So, The universe shares a body." This drops us directly onto the philosopher who is often presented as the origin of deep ecology, Baruch Spinoza, and his unity of substance, in which Nature is presented as the totality of all interactions possible throughout it. The challenge to anthropocentrism was central Spinoza's thought. The illusion that the world is made for us causes a religiosity in which God "directs the whole course of nature towards the satisfaction of his (man's) blind cupidity and insatiable avarice". To reverse this is to remove god as an adjudicator of order. Order must occur instead through interactions within Nature. Making the negative that which opposes our conception of order is impermissible as our conception of order is not commensurate with God as an infinite power of creation (making God equal to Nature). Published by Beat publisher City Light Books *Spinoza; Practical Philosophy* by Gilles Deleuze is a book which focuses closely on, amongst other things, Spinoza as philosopher of the body. The central issue is that in Spinozist materialism all actions of the mind are equally actions of the body. The unconscious is uncovered in Spinoza, and therefore the connection of thought effect. We are unconscious of all that our body does, and unconscious of all that our thought does, for the very reason, that they are all involved in the one substance and only related to each other as they effect each other. We are therefore unconscious of what we are, for in Spinoza, the cause remains in the effect, every action of the body is part of it. We are unified with Nature, because we are tied to it by cause on hand and affect on the other, we therefore need to acquire knowledge of the body and its extension into its environment before we know ourselves. The mind seeks to dominate the body, in prior discourses, because we consider the mind to cause the body (its actions), but is both a cause and effect thereof. Michel Foucault in *Discipline and Punish* delineates the 'soul' as an artefact of political will, existent in its effects as an implantation of a dominant morality. "The soul is the effect of a political anatomy, the soul is the prison of the body." The opposition to this would be a soul that has been allowed access

to genuine evolution. I use the term 'soul' in the same sense as Foucault (a named region of psyche, a real neurological presence, which embodies the image and function of an individual's morality and is an object of constant manipulation) but am far more interested in its positive aspects. The logic of the body degraded and humiliated ultimately end up in the flight of freedom from incarceration that occurs in de Sade. The only escape from perspective that equates the body and desire necessarily with evil, is to assent to evil and to press from that virulence a wine. Another approach to the body as a moral and spiritual site is expressed in the work of Hindu philosopher Sri Anirvan's "Sensations". This brief work begins by saying "all spiritual experiences are sensations in the body." The project of applied study of the body's internal dynamic reveals an internal and personal language "of subtle and radiant sensations", for Anirvan the spiritual realisation is the bringing to consciousness of the nervous system as a whole, and its position as the stream within the rock of the body: "at this moment matter and spirit appear to be one". This unity, of course, existed formerly, but, as in my case, while it remains a conception, the mind continues to operate in the convenience of duality and the body remains incarcerated. To further express the tentative sympathy between Foucault and Sri Anirvan's brand of Hindu doctrine, I present this quote, from the same source: "The entire point of this discipline I speak of is a contradiction of discipline, the point is that each intensifies their own motives for the search." The purpose of this search? This is what deep ecologist Holmes Rolston III explains in the essay *In the Zone Of Complexity* Our planetary crisis is essentially a spiritual one, according to Rolston, one that is soluble only in the collective realisation of our place within physical interconnection. The most complex level of universal organisation is that of the mesolevel, located centrally to the simplicities of big astrological and small particle natures: "the average mass of a human being is the geometric mean of the mass of the Earth and that of a proton." While humanity has become causally central to much of the biological occurrence on Earth, and the idea of Man has become central to the operation of human nature on a day to day basis, nature remains the source,

both historically and in the day to day psychological necessities of experiencing awe. "Seven billion years worth of creative toil, several million species of teeming life have been handed over to the control of this late coming species in which mind has flowered and morality emerged." Nature has provided humans with a conscience but this conscience is something we use only to motivate our own survival, our golden rules apply only to humans. Yet the struggle throughout evolution to this point is the primacy of existence. We share with all evolution the ability to use information about our surroundings to create an adaptive framework. The reality we share is that of universe exactly tuned to allow the emergence of life. This would appear to be rule of complexity: given that conscious is an emergent phenomenon, and morality also emergent, the fact of this emergence makes unavoidable a responsibility to extend all life, including our own, within the fragility and tenuousness of existence. Deleuze poses the principle that life and thought share the physicality of the problem. To phrase this in manner acceptable to evolutionary biology, we are generated by the harsh evolutionary conditions that have prompted such creative adaptation. "The struggle is the key to whole", claims Rolston, life is that which annihilates by a thousand times repeating 'no', so that the central 'yes' may flourish as the best of all possible options. Either we extend the existence of life, or we hasten its end, and thereby joining the billions of grasping extinction that have preceded us. We succeed or fail not just as single species, but as an organisational principle for nature (at this point deep ecology seems to experience a fusion with Marxist and to some extent Nietzschean philosophies.) Rolston ends his essay with the insistence that the acceptance of this state as the central state of our existence is to realise "the divine 'yes' hidden behind every 'no' of crushing nature." Thus the creativity of nature, of which we are a part, continues into the creation of meaning, and the advent of opposition to our imagined order by forces seemingly adverse. It is only when this enters and extends our body through experience that this will become a guiding principle. That is why activism of all forms is necessary, we need to create a body of momentum that gathers others and ourselves in experience of this as truth.

TALES FROM A REFORMED FERAL LEFTY AND WHY YOUR GRANDKIDS WILL NEED OXYGEN TANKS



Did you know that 44 native animals have become extinct since the settlement of Australia? Did you know that 100 litres of water is lost per second due to logging in Victoria? Did you know that 10,000 football fields of old growth forests are being logged and cleared every year in Tasmania? Of course you do. You probably hear it all the time from some feral lefty brandishing a leaflet (possibly belonging to the Wilderness Society who seems to have set up base on campus) oft times wearing an outfit that resembles something your mother wore in the seventies. Even if, like myself, you profess to being an ardent Greenie, you can't help but be frightened of these often over zealous fanatics who talk so quickly you barely have time to register one appalling fact before they are hurling the next statistic or five at you like some weapon of mass instruction. So is it any wonder the average person may voice concern and then head for the hills at the earliest moment possible? Of course not.

It's easy enough to say you're concerned about the environment, maybe slip it into a politics tute when you've run out of things to say or raise an eyebrow at one of those ads on TV. After all I'm sure deep down even Johnny cares a bit (deep, deep, deep down like under cement and a pile of broken promises.) However, saying something and doing something are two very different concepts. 'I recycle!' I hear you say as if expecting some kind of congratulatory nod for walking some cans or bottles to the bin and sticking it on the curb once every two weeks. Well whoop de doo the earth is saved.

Let's get this straight - Recycling doesn't cut it anymore. Recycling is a way of pretending we care about something without actually doing anything about it. We are students, it's practically expected that we care about issues everyone else sweeps under the rug. So why is it that none of us (I am ashamed to admit often myself included) are actually doing anything about it? Student apathy is a major issue. Why are we just rolling over and blaming Howard? I'm not saying that he's some kind of innocent caught in political crossfire but we have made it way too easy to just put all the troubles of the world on his shoulders.

Let's start with the Kyoto Protocol, the action that has earned Australia the epithet of 'international spoilt brat' from organizations like Greenpeace. Yes, we haven't signed it, yes, we are following the star spangled banner down the path to global warming, and yes, Howard is a tool. We all know this, the question is what are we doing about it? Ah...well. I can almost hear you thinking...Oh that's right...nothing. So instead of trying to push for change we sit around letting Howard (supposedly students' public enemy number one) continue to allow very few restrictions on gas emissions amongst many other issues of environmental degradation. Well that's ok, our grandkids can just live under the sea after all the icecaps have melted, who needs fresh water or trees anyway, at least it'll be warm! I hear oxygen tanks are the new black. Students have the power to create change, protest is practically expected when you enrol. The challenge however is not only organising the

traditional sorts of protest that the media expects of students but producing creative new ideas to raise awareness without perpetuating the stereotype of the crazy student activist.

The truth is, in Australia there is no viable, alternative, earth-loving, tree-hugging party that also has sound economic and social policies with the experience to back it up. As much as we may sympathise with the Greens, they are hardly likely to make it into Government any time soon. And let's face it, that's probably a good thing. Australia is too conservative and Howard is too safe. There is no real voice for the environment in Australian politics especially now with the Liberals in control of the House of Reps and the Senate. This may not (necessarily) be the politicians' fault because public concern is generally centred elsewhere. Normally we seem to be focused on the 'now' issues: interest rates, troops in Iraq and so forth. Every now and then an issue like the Tasmanian old growth forests pops up, usually as an election ploy, but receives little media attention after an initial burst of publicity. Well who's interested in trees when there are hard-hitting issues going on like what dress Mary wore, Frederick's in a boat race, uh oh Charles popped the question let's become a republic (is it just me or has Australia gone royalist crazy? However, I digress!) Not to mention 'our' Cate winning an Oscar...I can see why no one's interested in the environment any more with those kind of red hot stories around! It certainly doesn't help that quite often the only people pushing the environmental issues are slightly

different from the 'average' (if such a thing exists) Australian.

So now I have a confession to make. Once upon a time I fell into the category of feral lefty. In year 9 I organised half the school into signing a WSPA petition about dancing bears. In year 10 I 'convinced' the school to do double-sided photocopies to prevent paper wastage. In year 11 I stopped eating meat and convinced several friends to do the same. Yes I was one of those people who refused to wear anything that wasn't from Trade Aid store, wouldn't wear leather shoes and spent social studies class trying to convince people to join the Save The Whales movement. Then I guess I grew out of it. The pressures of study and attempting to have a social life got in the way of all that passion for saving the environment and I became one of those sideliners-interested but not involved. So this is the challenge. Let's prove we can be left without being feral and a greenie without being left. It's time to get some real action happening!

Hopefully this Environment Week we will see some proactive behaviour going on around campus. Really, do we as (supposedly) intelligent uni students really need the promise of free beer to stir us into action? Take a stance, sign a petition, join a protest (or create your own), even pick up some litter, just do something so that we aren't regarded as the only generation in history that royally screwed the world and then did nothing about it.

Rhiannon N

Pandora's Box

And the dark secrets that lie within...



Fanny Hill

His grand weapon, which seem'd to rise out of a thicket of curling hair that spread from the root all round thighs and belly up to the navel, stood stiff and upright, but of a size to frighten me, by sympathy, for the small tender part which was the object of its fury, and which now lay expos'd to my fair view; for he had, immediately on stripping off his shirt, gently push'd her down on the couch, which stood conveniently to break her willing fall. Her thighs were spread out to their utmost extension, and discovered between them the mark of the sex, the red-centered cleft of flesh, whose lips, vermilioning inwards, exprest a small ruby line in sweet miniature...

He looked upon his weapon himself with some pleasure, and guiding it with his hand to the invisible slit, drew aside the lips, and lodg'd it (after some thrusts, which Polly seem'd to assist) about half-way; but there it stuck, I suppose from its growing thickness: he draws it again, and just wetting it with spittle, re-enters, and with ease sheath'd it now up to the hilt, at which Polly gave a deep sigh, which was quite another tone than one of pain; he thrusts, she heaves, at first gently and in regular cadence; but presently the transport began to be too violent to observe any order or measures...

Fanny Hill: Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure; John Cleland

This wasn't quite what I expected when I picked up a Wordsworth Classic from my local library. Sure, it had a raunchy title, but it's a classic...I expected a Jane Austen with a few more heaving bosoms, not sticky-page quality pornography. Not that I'm complaining.

Fanny Hill is about an ingenue's corruption and redemption. A poor country lass, the titular character, Fanny, loses her family to illness and travels to the big city (London) to seek her fortune. Of course, it turns out to be the cesspool of sin that everyone says it is. She goes to an employment agency and is approached by a lady of refinement who offers her incumbency...however, the "lady" turns out to be a Madam (now why doesn't Stormy loiter around the local Centrelink looking for fresh talent? At least it would make the time in the Youth Allowance line more entertaining

and it might even provide some relief to our welfare system).

In her innocence, Fanny is lured into a life of drunkenness and debauchery (kind of like Adelaide Orientation Week). But you've got to envy the girl; what better place to have your sexual awakening than in a whorehouse? And instead of losing your virginity to some drunken fuck knuckle in the back of a Holden sedan that smells of aeroplane food, why not sell it to some sexual lothario who can deflower you in a velvet-padded boudoir? Really, that broad who was selling her virginity on Ebay to pay off her HECS debt was onto something.

Fanny Hill was written in 1749 by John Cleland and in a matter of weeks he was summoned to appear before Privy Council on charges of indecency. As recently as 1963, the publisher of an unedited, uncensored version was put on trial. Both of these incidents resulted in magnificent publicity and thus sales (which makes the conspiracy theorists among us wonder if the censors had any shares in publishing?). The first edition made ten thousand pounds profit, which makes it the Harry Potter of its day (here's hoping that J.K. Rowling includes a pornographic chapter between Professor Snape and Draco Malfoy in the sixth installment, *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*...mmmm). Nothing sells like controversy.

Novels about the slippery slope from virgin to whore were not uncommon in the time that the book was published. However, what sets *Fanny Hill* apart is that it is not a morality tale. Fanny does not serve as a warning to her readers as to the horror that awaits a life of sin; rather, in the ending we see her achieve the heights of any contemporary romantic heroine (which is, of course, the love and protection of a wealthy husband of good breeding - probably played by Colin Firth in the event of a movie). Fanny is a charming heroine; her decisions seem very logical to the reader and even with her legs spread for all to visualise, she still retains an element of naivete.

But guess my surprise when I saw the lazy young rogue lie down on his back, and gently pull down Polly upon him, who giving way to is humour, straddled and with her hands conducted her blind favorite to the right place; and following her impulse, ran directly upon the flaming point of this weapon of pleasure, which she stak'd herself upon, up pierc'd, and in fix'd to the extremst hairbreadth of it: thus she sat on him a few instants, enjoying and relishing her situation, whilst he toyed with her provoking breasts.

Now, while this novel is riddled with hilarious sex scenes (much like my own life), there remains a single flaw. The protagonist

Stop!



Don't be distracted by firm flesh, cocks, cunts, sin, and lurid hedonism. The environment needs you!

Fortunately for you, treehugging hippies are covered in filth.

and narrator is a woman, yet the author is a man. The question is: can a man, no matter how great his powers of imagination, ever adequately describe the sexual experience of a woman? I'm not being sexist - a woman can't describe how morning glory feels. There are certain experiences that are utterly unique to each gender: pregnancy, ovulation, erections, being kicked in the balls. There are biological and socio-cultural reasons for these differences. Is it then appropriate for one gender to force their uninformed interpretations on another? It's a question for you to decide, but consider this. In a novel from a woman's perspective, the penis is described as a *wonderful machine, terrible weapon, red-headed champion, engine of love assaults, stiff horn-hard gristle, fierce and furious member, beauteous pillar, florid manhood and a cataclysmic pinnacle of pleasure.*

Excuse me while I laugh myself into a coma.

Cleland tries his hardest to capture the blossoming sexuality of a woman and inevitably, yet comically, fails. He refers to the "mystery of womanhood" because it is a mystery to him (hell, sometimes it's a mystery to me). He describes masculinity with a wanky, industrialist vocabulary - like most men, really. But funniest of all is his interpretation of the female orgasm.

...I arrived at excess of pleasure through excess of pain. I began to enter into the true unallay'd relish of that pleasure of pleasures, when the warm gush darts through all the ravish'd inwards; what flood of bliss! What melting transports! What agonies of delight! Too fierce, too mighty for nature to sustain.

Wait, my bad, this man *does* know the secret to a woman's orgasm: the sweet flood of warm, sticky semen. Mmm-mm-mm.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey



Choose Your Own Adventure

Henderson stopped by the door of his son's room. He thought he could hear his child crying softly.

'Papa?'

'I'm here, James. I'm here.' Henderson entered the room. 'What's the matter, you should be asleep...'

'I was scared papa, I was scared that if I fell asleep, the monsters would get me.'

'Don't be silly,' Henderson soothed, 'there's no such thing as monsters. Even if there were, I wouldn't let them get you.'

Little James relaxed somewhat, but still appeared quite shaken. Henderson knew what it would take to get him off to sleep. He turned on the lamp on James' little desk and sat down in the chair by his bed.

'Gather 'round my son, and let me tell you a story....'

Desmond was in deep shit. He'd just accidentally killed an important member of the Mob in a bizarre incident involving an electric generator, a tank full of scarab beetles and a hole-borer. Now, the Mob had caught him and were getting their revenge.

From Des' point of view, though, it wasn't very fair. How was he to know that the furious scarab beetles would be sucked into the mobster's colon *at that very moment in time?* If all had gone his way, the stupid mobster wouldn't have even interrupted his experiment. They thought he was operating a speed lab, all he was trying to do was turbo-charge his hole-borer. He couldn't possibly be held responsible for what happened, yet he was, and he was in very deep shit.

'OK - that's enough shit' ordered Dominic, the Mob Boss.

They'd piled over 20,000 litres of septic shit into a tank, and were lowering Des into it. Dom turned away and pulled at his cigar despondently. He wished he didn't have to do it this way. Back in the old days, it was all done with concrete and tommy guns; now, they wanna do this weird crap. But, the younger guys had pressured him, and he'd never acted good under pressure. He normally lost it and burst into tears, but this time he knew crying wasn't going to get him anywhere, so he just backed down and let 'em have their way.

'Boss?'

Dom looked up. It was Rino, his second. Dom knew that Rino had designs on him, but he wasn't worried, hey, that was all part of 'the business'.

'What?'

'Well...me and the boys were thinking....'

Dom didn't like the sound of this.

'Uh, well, when you said 'it would be as easy as stealing the nose off a leper'...'

'Yeah, go on.' Damn, this didn't sound good at all.

'Well, we weren't expecting to have to deal - er... that is, we... uh... didn't think that-'

'What the fuck are you trying to say? Is that dipshit dead yet, or what?'

'Uh, well, that's the problem, you see. Uh, he's actually getting away. Now.'

'Oh, for fuck's sake. Not again.'

Dom needed this like he needed to have a huge, rusty, phallic-shaped piece of metal shoved up his ass. As he turned to where Rino was pointing, he saw a very strange sight. Desmond somehow had managed to escape his bindings and had already cleared the doors of the warehouse. Dom could see a naked figure sprinting up the road. On the ground lay the bodies of three of his men. One was a sopping mass of shit and gore - apparently asphyxiated. The other two had red stuff pouring out of their necks, which, upon closer inspection, turned out to be blood.

'What the fuck happened?'. He paused as something occurred to him. '*And why the fuck was he naked?*' The notion of waiting for an answer briefly flickered in his mind, but he thought better of it and shot Rino in the face. 6 times. Then he thought worse of it.

Ah shit, he thought. Dom had been paying his therapist an obscene amount of money, for some years now, to help him with his temper problem. Dom had learned a variety of techniques to employ in stressful situations in which he might lose his temper, and he wondered why they hadn't worked just then. He decided to cancel his booking for next week's appointment and kill his therapist with a hammer. He grinned wickedly, no, he was going to count to 10 out loud *and then* kill his therapist with a hammer. He stood like that for some time, rehearsing the scene in his mind the way some people rehearse break-ups.

His grin began to fade, however, as he looked at the factory before him. There was shit everywhere and apart from the accidental spillage here and there, it appeared that the tank had several leaks. And there were the four bodies to deal with, as well as the septic truck they'd borrowed.

'How the fuck am I going to explain all this?' he muttered.

'A drink would be handy,' said Gavin the midget, stepping out from behind the truck.

Gavin was quite an odd little man - apart



from all the drooling and cackling, he followed Dom everywhere. Yet, he seemed to dislike the company of others because he only appeared when Dom was alone. Dom couldn't blame him, a salivating midget with a wooden leg wasn't exactly eye candy.

'Where the fuck have you been?' asked Dom.

'Oh, here and there,' Gavin cackled. He winked at Dom and vanished.

Dom rubbed his eyes.

'Strange little bastard. Good idea though.'

With that, Dom turned his back on the scene and began his search for the nearest bar.

Meanwhile, Desmond was sprinting up the street as fast as his shit-covered legs could carry him. He was feeling very dizzy because he was also holding his breath. He ditched the idea of breathing soon after clearing the warehouse, as each inhalation sucked runny poo into his nose and mouth. His temples were throbbing, his legs stiff and aching, his eyes stinging (shit has some very nasty stuff in it) but his brain was resolute.

'Must keep running...' He thought. 'Must survive. Live. Must - man, this hurts. Fuck that.'

Desmond saw black.

...Sometime later...

'Constable!!! What the fuck is that?'

'Egad Sarge!!! It looks like a naked man covered in shit!!!'

'He's all alone....'

'Are you thinking what I'm thinking?'

'I'll get the baton.'

'Help me with my belt, he may not stay unconscious for long.'

Well, Wally Watchers, down which path shall the next episode embark?

CHOICE A: THE PATH OF VIOLENCE

Dom the Mob Boss, in a foul, foul mood, resplendent with a semi-automatic pistol, unwittingly saunters into a bar called 'Chix wiv Dix'...

CHOICE B: THE PATH OF STAR WARS

Desmond wakes up from an epiphany, with a mysteriously sore anus, in the back of a divvi van. He resolves to join the Rebellion and use his new powers for the good of the Universe. The true identity of his father is revealed.

CHOICE C: THE PATH OF TOM CLANCY

A secret governmental organisation recruits Desmond to infiltrate the Mob and learn the location of a nuclear bomb that they have planted in the capital city. The President has been kidnapped and there are fears that the Mob are merely puppets and the whole scenario has been orchestrated by a mysterious evil force operating from the Middle East. The timer is ticking...

Send your choice to ondit@adelaide.edu.au





Lisa, Lakota & Tess

1. T: Yes, because there isn't enough of Adelaide in the show.
 Li: Absolutely. I want to be on tv.
 La: Yes, they should show that Adelaide is doing well.

2. T: The prices are a bit excessive, but it's the nature of the show.
 Li: They're expensive, but it's a bit of a treat.
 La: This is definitely not my idea of a well priced night.

3. T: I really like it because it's original and understated.
 La: I really like the cricket paintings. They're enjoyable Australian.
 Li: I think it goes with the restaurant's 'local Australian' theme.

4. All: I'm happy to pay the corkage, but it's a bit excessive.

5. T: I give it 4.5 geese out of 5.
 Li: I give it ten out of ten! But I'm also John's cousin.
 La: It's nice to go out and be a bit flashy and I've had a good night.

1. Are you disappointed the cameramen aren't here?
 2. Do these prices knock your socks off?
 3. What's your honest opinion of the art on the walls?
 4. Is the corkage price a little exorbitant?
 5. How do you rate The Greedy Goose?



the greedy goose

Adelaide's hottest new restaurant was all abuzz at the excitement of two real life *On Dit* reviewers dropping in. After an unglamorous wait of half an hour for a table, we settled in for a hefty meal described incessantly by the staff as 'delicious' and a pleasant \$4 bottle of wine. Food and plonk aside, one must reflect heavily on a society that has teamed the dining experience with the most fake of all frontiers: celluloid. Frankly, I can't imagine anything worse than being broadcast noshing down and drinking up. Ah well, sauce for the goose.

Claudia, Susan & Brett

1. C: No, but I think it might be an onimous sign.
 S: Not at all, we just wanted to check it out.
 B: No, I wouldn't like to be on tv.

2. C: Yes, it's something special but the servings are too small.
 S: Yes, but it's worth it due to the attention to detail.
 B: I really wanted to eat some goose. Do they have goose?

3. C: It's fun and the water feature is great.
 S: I adore the art, especially the goose!
 B: The goose is too quail like. I'd like it to look like a goose.

4. All: It's ridiculous!

5. C: A very kind 6 out of 10. I work in the industry.
 S: I'm delighted and proud of Adelaide. 8 out of 10.
 B: I thoroughly enjoyed it but will decline to rate it.



Ooh! Special waiter questions!

1. Have you ever tripped over a cameraman?
 2. Are people ruder or politer because they can be on tv?
 3. Are you hit on more now that you're famous?
 4. Are you Big Brother rejects?
 5. Did you do anything special to get on the show?

Tony, Adam & Tori (Tony was a little shy so Melissa kindly stepped in. The likeness is uncanny.)

1. A: Not really, I work at Jolley's Boathouse.
 To: No. I work at Jolley's Boathouse.
 Tori: I'm very disappointed. I dressed up in my best ballgown. I work at Jolley's Boathouse.

2. A: Definitely, and more. I work at Jolley's Boathouse.
 To: The prices are very reasonable. We're in the industry.
 Tori: Definitely, because my husband and I work at Jolley's Boathouse.

3. A: It's really nice and I love that you can buy it. I'd like to put some in Jolley's Boathouse.
 To: I like the decor. There are good tables and chairs although the ones at Jolley's are better.
 Tori: It's befitting of the place, classy just like Jolley's.

4. A: It's a fantastic price. We've had three lovely bottles tonight, because we know about wine.
 To: It's very reasonable. Good places like Jolley's charge similar prices.
 Tori: It's fantastic! I've worked at places that charge \$35 because we're industry folk.

5. A: It's nice! Something new and fresh. I am sometimes the boss at Jolley's.
 To: Good. Ads and I are on the same wavelength because we work together.
 Tori: Good for what's it's supposed to be. I'm married to Adam.



Banjo & Marcus

1. B: I ran into one once, but it wasn't a hot girl.
 M: No, but they're always in the way.

2. B: When the cameras are on, people get more feisty.
 M: People can be really picky, but they're not as cool as me.

3. B: All the time. I'm a machine. Look at me.
 M: Yeah, but when they talk to me they realise I'm a tool.

4. B: No, I'm happy to work at the Greedy Goose.
 M: I'd like to win the money on BB, but I'm not very charismatic.

5. B: I changed my name by deed poll. Chicks dig it.
 M: I grew a stupid goatee while travelling in Europe and started wearing an ugly headband from Laos.



DO IT TO ME BABY... Parenting Hollywood Style

Poor old celebrities. Elevated to levels of inconceivable superstardom against their will. Idolised beyond comprehension by the ennui plagued bourgeoisie. No wonder Mariah went off the rails. It seems that every starlet worth their weight in botox is continually being scrutinised by millions around the world regarding the happenings of their personal lives. No longer is the general public interested in how Geri Halliwell lost all that weight (bulimia? Yoga?), now it's which celebrity bin she desperately scraped cake out of (it was George Michael's, for the record...how deliciously chic). We're no longer happy with merely judging celebrities on face value alone; as contemporary society grows more and more distant from issues that really matter, the glittering unhappiness of celebrities takes centre stage in our nasty little consciousnesses. And what harsher way to critique a whole lot of scandalously skinny wenches than to assess their competence regarding the most instinctive of human behaviours, parenting?

Don't say you've never spied a photo of über-model Kate Moss simultaneously cradling a whisky, half-smoked fag and daughter Lila Grace, and never thought better of it...honestly, the woman is such a bad example to those teenage twats out there who think she's the greatest style icon the new millennium has seen. What kind of mother would pirouette with a cigarette in such close proximity to their infantile daughter? She may be a supermodel, but Moss is also super stupid in unashamedly displaying her behaviour to be snapped by the paparazzi, and thus dissected in student rags by pseudo-social commentators like your friend and humble narrator. I'm no Dr. Phil, but I can assure you that Kate Moss is better suited to endless nights grabbing Johnny Knoxville's ass than giving a child moral and ethical foundations

life. That and she never should have given Jefferson Hack a chance in the first place. What. a. Moll.

Then there's that bastion of the celebrity bad parent, Woody Allen. I still fail to understand how one can manage to become infatuated with one's adopted stepdaughter, let alone abandon the perennially glowing Mia Farrow for her. Although it was kind of cute in *Clueless* when Cher decides to date ex-stepbrother Josh, somehow wooing a daughter-figure seems plenty more disconcerting in reality (especially if the protagonist is an idiosyncratic Jew). Just because the guy is more neurotic than a jamboree of stoned meerkats is no excuse. Thank goodness he's failed to produce offspring since eloping with Soon-Yi...those unborn children have a one-way ticket to Asperger's. Notable mentions also go to Liza Minelli (too unstable), Kid Rock (would you trust anyone perennially clad in frayed denim and velvet?) and the entire cast of *Dirty Dancing*: the musical.

Celeb bashing aside, there's a few famous parents whose devotion to their kids is shadowing the pathetic attempts of the more imbecilic variety as illustrated above.

Take legendary page 3 girl, Jordan. She may indeed possess the most pneumatic and over-exposed chest this side of womanhood, but you can just tell by the look in her faux blue eyes when she gazes at her 4-year-old son Harvey that she'd jump off a cliff for him. Or at least dart in front of a small bus. George Lucas' 13-year-old daughter Katie, a massive

fan of N'SYNC, badgered him to film a scene depicting the boys as Jedi in action. Lucas' intentions were admirable enough, but in the end the entire internet community conspired against his acts of love and campaigned to have the scene cut. Thankfully it was, and now Katie faces the wrath of every acne-scarred geekazoid this side of Dagobah. Then there's Michael Jackson. Even the gloved one

is providing a warm and loving environment for his children to grow up in in the form of their own private theme park. Whilst little Johnny of Parkside tumbles in and out of an old fridge box, Prince Michael III is happily doing 80km/h revolutions in his Neverland roller coaster. The moral of the story? In all their wacky ways, even a convicted paedophile is 100% committed to providing a better life for his offspring (personally I couldn't think of anyone more average

in the, ahem, HIStory of mankind to procreate with than Debbie Rowe, but naming your child Blanket deserves more respect than the human mind is capable of processing).

Parenthood is a concept that as a youthful sprout I'm unable to comment on from personal experience, but everyone's seen it's 1986 celluloid counterpart starring a very young and luscious Keanu Reeves, and thus knows that regardless of social status, it's a hard gig. Whether you're Johnny Depp taking Lily Rose to the set of *Pirates of the Caribbean* or Bruce Compton driving the tots to tennis on a Saturday morning, human life is truly the most beautiful entity in the universe and thus deserves the best foundation possible. Celebrities are fabulous modern-day embodiments of Greek mythology: there's always a new drama to dissect and a new lesson to be learnt. In the name of the good ol' Manichean spirit, go forth and utilise their crazy adventures as a means to inform your kids about right and wrong, light and dark and good and evil. Six year olds don't see a division between their parents and the superheroes of modern society - but y'know. Who really needs

What's Hot

Bachelor of Media. It's the new Law. Just switch your Kookai bag for Chuck Taylor's, start bragging about how you couldn't be bothered reading your reader and casually sneak a latte into lectures. Hell, start writing for *On Dit* and join the rest of us sushi-gobbling, Battleship Potempkin-watching wanks.

Retro-cool eateries (no, refurbished Hungry Jacks doesn't count). Bring back Johnny Rockets! Dancing waiters! 10c jukeboxes! Huzzah!

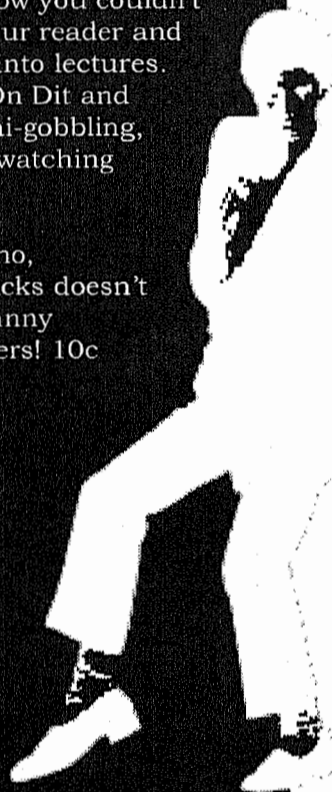
Teen poetry. Keeping a diary full of prose regarding your crush's inability to notice your existence. *sigh*

What's Not

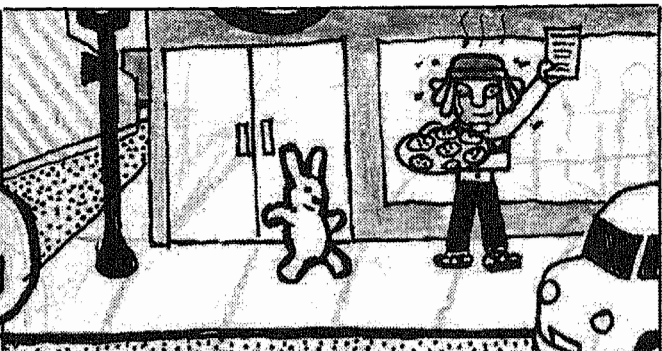
Condescending terms of endearment. Girls who scream and simultaneously make no noise as they fling their arms around you in a counterfeit display of affection. Totally unacceptable, sweetie.

Non-model models. And yes, we're talking about you Whistles boys. Death to *Attitudes* mag.

Incessantly using the word 'random'. Random this, random that, "Wow, that's like, totally random". You know what's random? A golfer with an arm growing out of his ass, that's what.



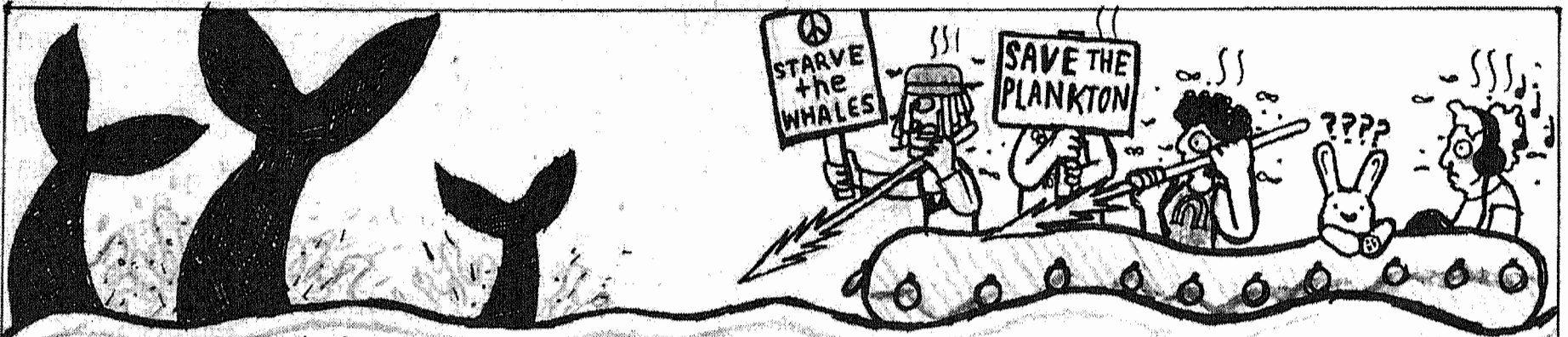




...the other day I'm walking down Rundle on my lunch break, and this seemingly unwashed fellow was handing out brochures and cookies.

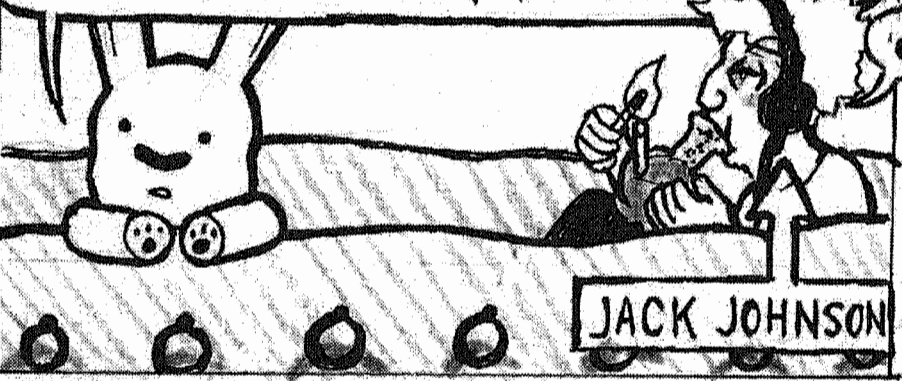


Being as selfish as I am well-fed I declined his "SAVE THE PLANKTON" brochure (and rant) but gladly accepted a multitude of his cookies.



next thing I know, I wake up in the middle of the ocean in a rubber-dingy, helping feral greenies fend off hungry whales from "the innocent plankton"

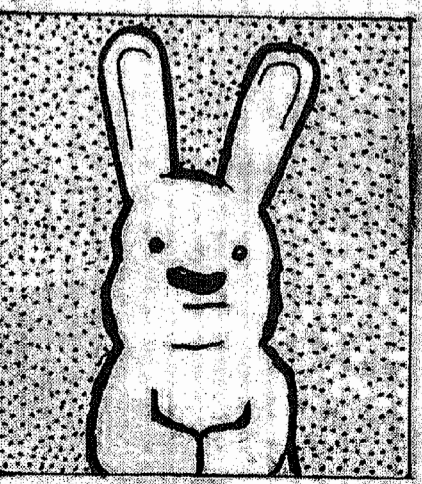
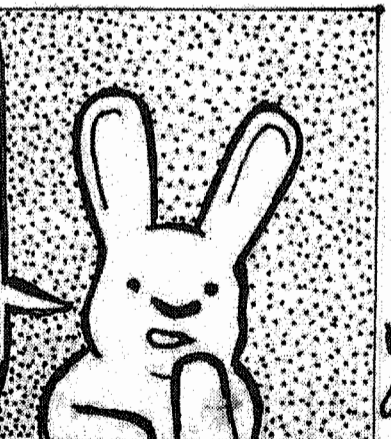
They smelt like my ninth-grade drama class and listened to bad music.



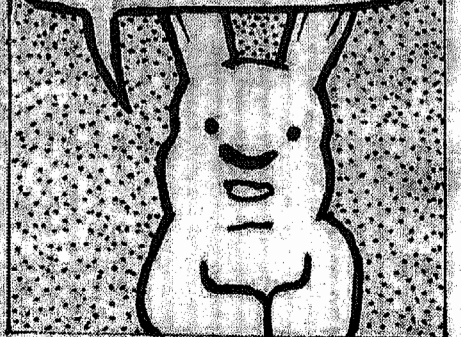
Needless to say, I got the fuck out of there.



... Somethings tells me there was a little more than choc-chips in those cookies... Now, I don't want to insinuate that all enviromentalists are dirty stoners...



but c'mon, let's not kid ourselves

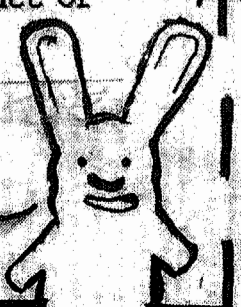


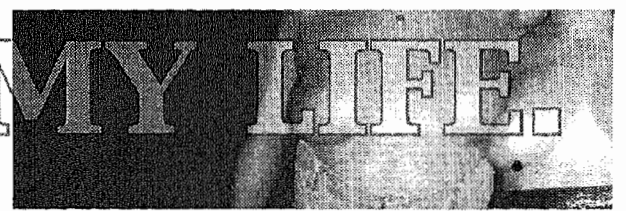
PROVE BOONY WRONG

Simply fill out the following and drop it into this publications office by this Friday.

I, _____, rabid enviromentalist, willingly submit myself to a drug test and formal inspection of my personal hygiene to be carried out in public, in the presence of my peers and a police officary.

seems like an awful waste of paper even letting you try





THE BEST JOB OF MY LIFE.

Skullduggery, MC

Orientation means many things to many people. To Adelaide Uni's intake of first years, Orientation provides everything from free beer to cheap beer and all in between. Freshers can also enjoy the veritable cornucopia of entertainment. Orientation 2005 saw the return of legendary events such as the boat races and milk challenge along with more unique spectacles such as an extremely intense dude inserting five inch needles into his face and torso. Nasty.

Superficially, first year students would appear to be the sole, if not, primary beneficiaries of the glorious pageant of frivolity that is Orientation. In a sense, this is true. However, for every fifty or so drunk and elated freshers, there is at least one Helper, Director or hanger-on sucking that gravy train for everything it is worth. I am such a person. That doesn't mean I have not given back. I have bled torrents of blood and sweat for Orientation for many years now. However, anyone who has ever pulled on a helper shirt for the first time quickly discovers that there is more to be gained than a congratulatory rub on the tummy. Orientation organisers and helpers, with a bit of cunning, can enjoy many fringe benefits such as free merchandise, food, oceans of booze and, occasionally, even a bit of coin. I am not referring to mindless theft. Any idiot with two hands and a SACE certificate could do that. The joy of being involved with Orientation is that you can acquire these things perfectly lawfully and often in full view of the public. I remember working in the beer van this year and experiencing an amazing sense of sadistic pleasure as I told an irate

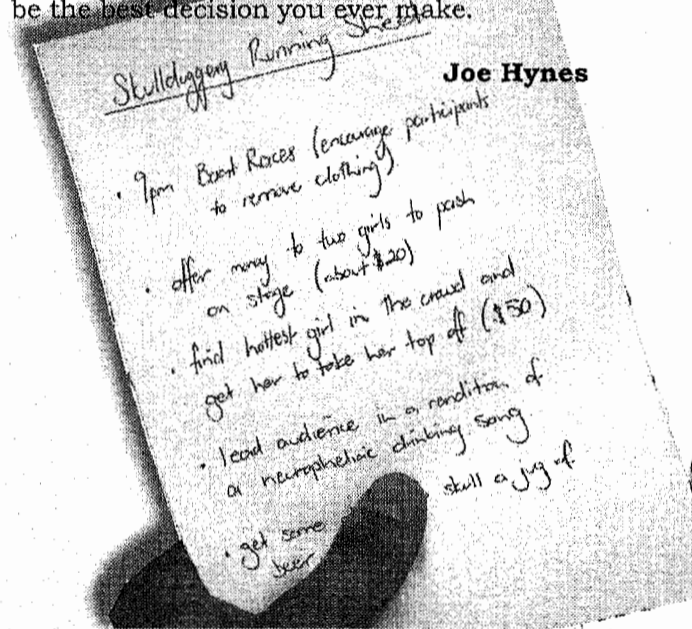
crowd of boozed freshers that there simply wasn't any beer left and then proceed to drain the better half a pitcher. That was mean. Sorry guys.

Having knocked around Orientation for quite some time now, I quietly considered that I had pretty much sponged as much as anyone could within the confines of SAUA policy. That was until I signed up to be an Orientation Director. It was then that I soon discovered an age old maxim that I had, until then, thought only applied to the Army. "With rank commeth privilege." Being an O'Camp Director opened many doors. I was given the honour of working the beer van during O'Week and even had the opportunity to help run the riders' tent backstage at O'Ball. Marvellous stuff. It all went particularly well.

None of this could compare, in terms of pure gravy train madness, to my experience at Skullduggery 2005. For those of you who didn't attend or no longer retain any memory of that glorious night, I shall outline what goes on as briefly as I can. Two thousand people get locked into a secure location and are continuously fed as much beer as their constitutions can handle for four hours. No really, it's that simple. It always gets out of control. This year the med-students asked myself and Dan Murphy (this year's Student Radio Director) to host this most outrageous event. Our task was simple: Fire up the crowd. It was just amazing. Dan and myself were also given one thousand dollars cash to hand out to the crowd at our own discretion. It's amazing what people will do with a belly full of piss and a fifty dollar note hanging in front of their nose. Mostly people just got up and took their clothes off and pashed in front of everyone. All classy stuff. Still, it had to be the happiest I'd been for many years. I had a microphone in hand, a pocket full of cash and an army of pissed students screaming

before me. I remember thinking, "this is what monarchs must feel like". At that precise moment, some fucker a few rows back threw a full beer at my head. Fortunately it missed me by a few inches but the assassin had succeeded in both bringing me roughly back down to earth and also covering Dan and myself with Tooheys Extra Dry. Nevertheless, the night was a pure ripper. The highlight would have to be leading the entire crowd of two thousand in a chorus of "My Name Is Jack." For the uninitiated this is a song about a gentleman who has sex with the deceased. Crude but fun. The med students even paid me for my time. Nice. Along with my awesome experience on O'Camp, I could not have hoped for a more wonderful parting memory in my final year of university.

In conclusion, I would like to thank all those people who made Orientation such a success this year. I have never seen a better Orientation in all my years at this University. Sure, we all claimed the odd perk on the side. However, the results must speak for themselves. Finally, to all those first years out there, don't waste time in getting involved in Orientation. Sign up as soon as the opportunity presents itself. It will be the best decision you ever make.



foreign language 101

Discuss the environment and international treaties!

Icelandic:

Er Ísland raunverulega máttur fullkomlega vi<eth>endurnýjanlegur orka? *

Is Iceland really powered entirely by renewable energy?

German:

Glaubst du, dass die Grünen bei den nächsten Wahlen weider in die regierung gewält werden?

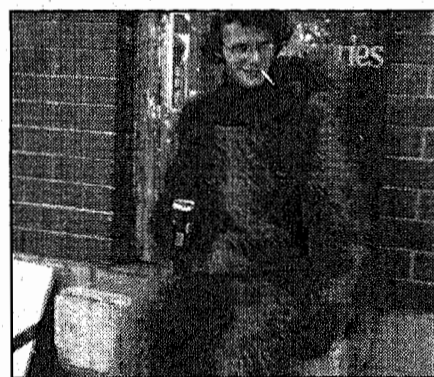
Do you think the Greens will be elected again next election?

Swedish:

Är du irreterad att Australien skriver inte på K.P.?

Are you annoyed that Australia won't sign the Kyoto Protocol?

*Send complaints of inaccuracy to www.babelfishtranslator.com

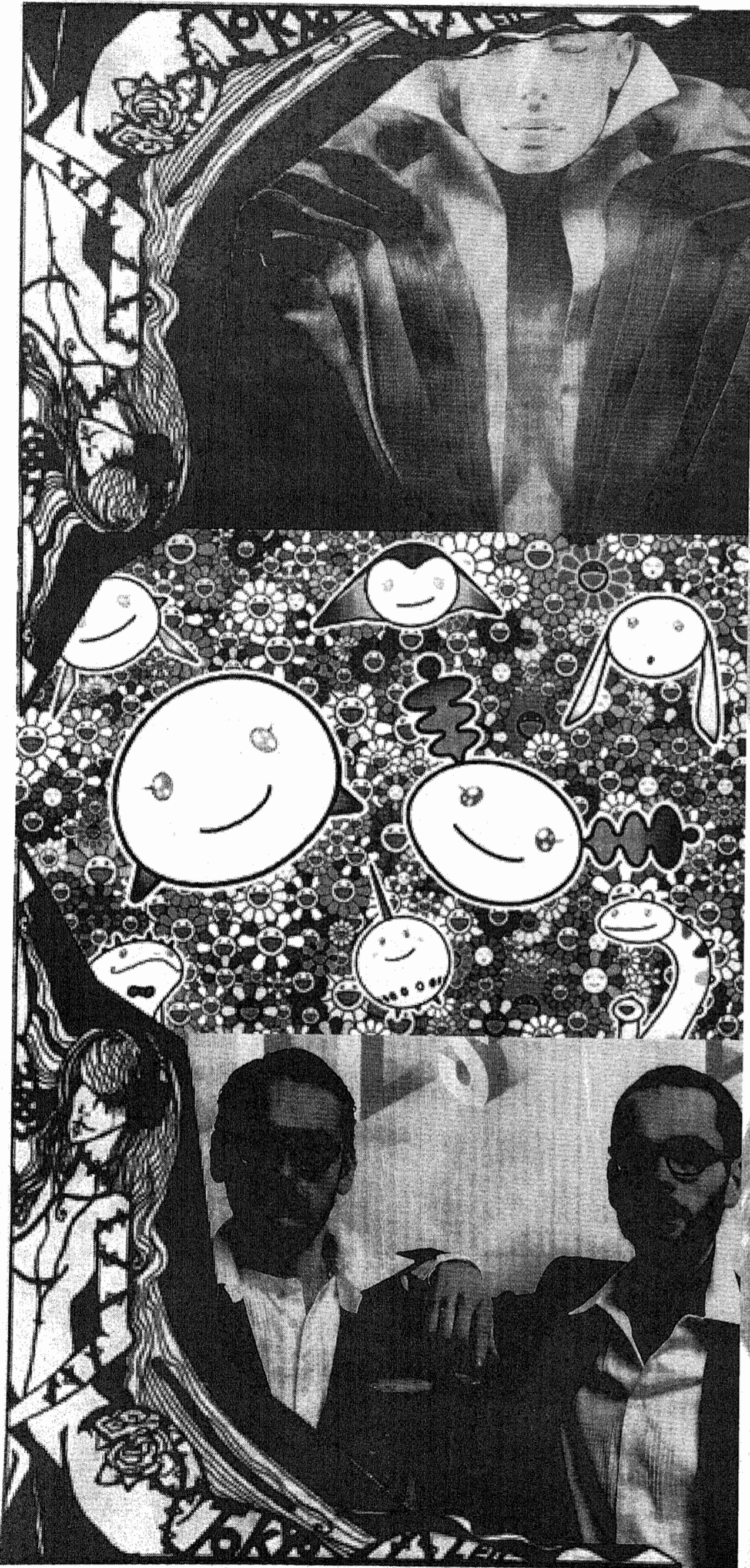


EVER HAD TO WEAR A BEAR SUIT TO GET THAT BIG BREAK IN YOUR CAREER?

FOUND YOURSELF SHARING A STABLE (STUDENT HOUSING) WITH ANIMALS (STUDENTS)?



Then you should be writing it all down for the *On Dit* Wayward section. Wayward careers, accomodation, lifestyle, philosophy & student experiments or anything else your mind can conjure. Send submissions to ondit@adelaide.edu.au



Tokyo Art Diaries

The Mori Tower rose out of Tokyo like a rocket reaching for the sky in a city of endless grey. A warm breeze was blowing and soft music rang through its cloisters. People swarmed and raced around beneath the tower that was adorned with a gigantic poster of Arnold Schwarzenegger; the Governor of California was to make a visit in the next few days. But that was not the reason why my posse and I had made our way to the fabled Roppongi District of Tokyo.

Known for its popularity with *Gaijin* (foreigners), Roppongi is notorious for its prostitutes, pimps dressed like American gangster rappers and nightclubs frequented by Paris Hilton. But more recently, like our fair Hindley Street, Roppongi has become recognised for its growing abundance of art galleries. For this reason I braved the congested catacombs of the Tokyo subway to see the sights at the Mori Tower.

An elevator took us to the Gallery on the 52nd floor. On the way it slowed down and controlled the changing pressure due to the extremity of altitude. Fixed with chrome and silver, the foyer was fit for any major world city. It led us through to the viewing platform where one could see Tokyo in its entirety. Mist gently blew upwards and pushed against the windows of the tower; I gazed out and was totally consumed. It went on forever. From the viewing platform in the clouds we went even higher still into the first art exhibition in the Mori Tower, entitled *Colours*.

Raved about in *Time Magazine's* fashion special, *Colours* was an exhibition that delved into the culture of adorning the body. With famous Dutch design duo, Viktor & Rolf as guest curators, this collection was destined for success. Known for dressing the socialites and fashionistas of Europe, Viktor & Rolf are adored in Japan for their instinctive knowledge of style and glamour.

The collection was divided up into seven dramatic rooms, each themed with a colour or shade. In the first chamber, one is met with a gigantic image of Viktor & Rolf in immaculate suits sifting through thousands of photographs. They looked like super nerds, lords of their own fashion world. I wondered just how much of an ego trip this exhibition was for them. Beneath them stood a perfectly formed mannequin, slowly rotating, skin a paler shade of china-white and dressed in layers of overlapping shirts. She was the power woman of all power women, tuxedo and all.

She led us into the black room, the most striking. All was black and rich as velvet here. Mute figures wore costumes by Coco Chanel, Comme des Garçons and of course Viktor & Rolf. The costumes became part of the environment, sculptures to be gazed upon, never to be touched or worn. All pieces in the collection were owned by the Kyoto Costume Institute and were a testament to Japan's love of beauty and obsession with style.

The next room was an almost nauseating barrage of over-the-top garments. I noticed the names of famed designers such as John Galiano and Christian Dior. But I must say,

clothes do lose a little of their appeal when not filled with a beautiful woman. We were then bathed in the colours blue, red, yellow and last of all, white. Again the captivating design of the gallery space transported the viewer into another realm. Before exiting, a single figure all in white, coated with layers of soft silk, left you with a startling image of the excess of dressing.

I stepped out in a daze. At Tokyo's zenith I felt as if I had travelled right to the heart of fashion. Despite the visual over-exposure, I wanted more, I wanted to see the works of Takashi Murakami.

Murakami was made infamous by corporate giant Louis Vuitton and is the man responsible for the once ultra-chic rainbow bags. Now the streets are filled with fakes of this once fabled accessory, but I was still interested, not in the bags but in the great man himself. So in my broken Japanese I began a search for his Tokyo gallery. In the meantime I snatched up as many rare Murakami post cards as I could from the Mori Tower.

Murakami's work is hyper-active and eccentric. Technicoloured bears run wild down his imagination and hysterical eyeballs pop up at every corner. The world of Murakami is filled with coloured candy and endless gardens of hallucinogenic flowers. I was later directed to a small gallery in the outer part of Roppongi.

Once again we were swamped deep in the underground world of the Tokyo trains. Here you see just about as many people in one day as you have meet in your lifetime. The air in the subway is different and unnatural, imitation winds blow hot and cold. All you can do is relax and watch Tokyo pass you by. You can't keep up.

Soon we were out on the streets again, far away from the Mori Tower Art Museum, it was dark now; I worried out finding the gallery. We walked up and down searching for the little place, light rain dropped as it does so often in Japan. And then there it was, down a side street, the Tomio Koyama Gallery. And it reeked of cool.

The Gallery was all opened up and new artwork was being installed. Images of Murakami's acid-trip realms raced through my mind, but Murakami was gone. The show at present was as grey as Tokyo, a collection of cut-throat sharp mirrors that did nothing but reflect the world around them. But what of Murakami? I asked the gallery director, but Murakami was off to San Francisco for his next international show.

We had just missed his last exhibition, it had been taken down. But the gallery was alive; an amazing collection of vivid photographic prints in the throes of installation. I watched dumfounded. A young and glamorous Japanese girl stepped out and smiled in response. I imagined she was the artist, almost ready for her big show and emergence onto the Tokyo art scene. What more could you ask for? Well there wasn't any Murakami, but a brilliant preview of the new blood in Japanese art.

Words and Illustrations by Leo Greenfield



Skating on Thin Ice

Bill Henson - 3 Decades of Photography
Art Gallery of New South Wales
January 8-April 3

It is difficult to know what to make of Bill Henson and his photographs. The survey of his work that is on display this year at two of Australia's top galleries features a diverse range of images that give an insight into his career over the last thirty years. The Australian's reputation has gradually increased over that period of time, but whether it is justifiable for such important galleries to be billing this exhibition as one of their most significant for the year is a question for debate.

The images of a skinny, naked, adolescent boy that are the first seen as the viewer enters the exhibition are inexplicable. Far more interesting are the photographs where the subjects have been dressed in late nineteenth century costumes and then photographed out of focus, resulting in a photographic homage to the Impressionists.

The 'face-in-the-crowd' pictures in the second gallery are so numerous that they become tedious to view. At least there is some 1980s fashion to provide entertainment!

More disconcerting nude pictures follow. If one could work out what the point of them was, they might be excusable. Henson did well to move away from such depictions of people in favour of built environments. The images taken inside an art gallery bring to the fore the artist's technical expertise in using light and dark to create striking images.

Even better are his colour images. These are not the colours of the everyday; they are colours that exist for the briefest of moments - for example, at twilight. The beautiful colours of his skies contrast tellingly with the drabness of the buildings that he uses in his foregrounds.

Also interesting are the nightscapes, created from photographs taken while Henson was in America in the 1980s. From overhead views of city lights to close-ups of emergency services carrying out their grim tasks, one is transported to the streets of cities like Los Angeles and New York immediately.

The contrast between light and dark again features in the Paris Opera Project works. Faces look out of blackness, with wonderful contrasts between old and young subjects. Unfortunately, by this stage the best of the exhibition has passed.

Henson again descends into photographs that are barely more than soft-core pornography. From his large collages that throw together several naked bodies (for no obvious purpose) to his depictions of adolescents experiencing not-so-romantic moments, he treads a fine line between art and unashamed voyeurism.

While this exhibition is a must for photography aficionados, everyone else must carefully consider whether they have the stomach for the more dubious of Henson's works.

After 'Bill Henson - 3 Decades of Photography' closes at the Art Gallery of New South Wales, it will be displayed at the National Gallery of Victoria from April 23 to July 10.

Benedict Coxon



BILL HENSON
 from *Paris Opera Project 1991*



BILL HENSON
 from *Paris Opera Project 1991*



BILL HENSON
 from *Untitled 1983/84*



BILL HENSON
 from *Untitled 1980/82*



BILL HENSON
 from *Untitled 1995/96*



BILL HENSON
 from *Untitled 2001/02*



BILL HENSON
 from *Untitled 2001/02*

Time Warp

Take a trip back in time at the Adelaide Town Hall on March 15. The Australian Chamber Orchestra will replace its steel strings with gut and will play at a slightly flatter pitch than usual in order to bring a more authentic feel to its concert of Mozart, Mendelssohn and Beethoven.

The Mendelssohn promises to be spectacular, with director Richard Tognetti taking centre stage to perform the solo part of the famous *Violin Concerto*. While the work is a popular favourite, the added twist of the use of period instruments will make it a must-hear performance.

Symphonies by Mozart and Beethoven complete the program, with Mozart's *'Paris' Symphony* reminding us of the composer's prodigiousness (he composed the work at the age of 21) and Beethoven's seventh symphony highlighting the transition between the Classical and Romantic periods.

The ACO's 'Classical Feast' tour will reach Adelaide on March 15. The performance commences at 8pm and will be at the Adelaide Town Hall. Student tickets can be purchased for \$40-\$50 and are available through BASS.

Benedict Coxon

Adelaide Uni's Year of Theatre Begins

Sunday Afternoon Delights

Dances and Dumkas
Macquarie Trio Australia
Elder Hall
March 6

The Wonder: A Woman Keeps a Secret
University of Adelaide Theatre Guild
Little Theatre
March 17

After a successful 2004, which included a highly popular performance of *Twelfth Night*, the University of Adelaide Theatre Guild return for the first time in 2005 with a one night only performance of *The Wonder: A Woman Keeps a Secret*.

The Wonder was written by Susanna Centlivre and first performed in 1714 at the Theatre Royal on Drury Lane. Centlivre was a prolific writer and celebrated as one of the best of her time. *The Wonder* is considered her masterpiece and was performed regularly, well into the 20th century.

The scene of *The Wonder* is Lisbon. Isabella's decision to throw herself out of a window to escape an arranged marriage lands her in the arms of Colonel Britton, a Scottish soldier returning from the war in Spain. He takes the unconscious Isabella to the home of Violante who agrees to conceal her. Unknown to him, Isabella is sister to Violante's extremely jealous lover, Don Felix. Everyone has a maid or footman whose own machinations often complicate the exploits of their masters and thus begins this comedy of intrigue, mistaken identities, lovers' quarrels and duels.

The Theatre Guild's decision to stage *The Wonder* was motivated by a desire to return the work of "now forgotten" writers to the stage.

Later in the year the Theatre guild plans to stage some better known works including *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (the obligatory Shakespeare for the year) and *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*, Joe Orton's modern classic.

The Macquarie Trio this year began its thirteenth season with a series of concerts that saw it play the somewhat eclectic mix of Strauss, Mozart, Brahms and Dvořák. But it was not just an interesting choice of repertoire that the members brought with them; their very personal style of concert-giving returned, with informal chats taking place between the pieces.

These short introductions (and occasionally interjections), which are a permanent feature of the trio's concerts, often provide a new perspective on the works that are being performed, and the audience seems to enjoy the personal connection that results from the performers taking the microphone. The program notes, which include 'Composers in a Minute' – a single page where just a few facts about each of the featured composers are given – confirms that this group is keen to educate their audiences so that they get a little extra from attending the performances.

The resulting element of accessibility makes the Macquarie Trio's concerts suitable introductions to classical music for those who are new to the genre. But there is another reason why newcomers would do well to attend these concerts: the quality of the performances. The players were masterful in their transitions between the varied works.

Richard Strauss' *Capriccio Dances* were an interesting way to begin the program, though anyone who made the mistake of expecting a series of waltzes would have been disappointed!

The balance in Mozart's *Trio in C major* could

not have been better, each player playing so lightly that one felt that at any moment they might levitate from the stage. Violinist Nicholas Milton brought his soaring melodies to the fore and accompanied equally well. The audience appreciated the fine account of the first movement so much that several members burst into spontaneous applause.

The rousing opening of Brahms' *Piano Trio in C minor* soon shifted the mood, but again the ensemble was impeccable, with some very effective pizzicato lines that switched between instrumental parts being made to sound as if they were being played on one instrument alone. Pianist Kathryn Selby took the role that Brahms himself once did, and played her C minor chords with as much gusto as contemporary accounts suggest that the composer did.

The Dvořák *Trio in E minor* gave cellist Michael Goldschlager a chance to produce some magical examples of expressiveness, and any quibbles over the structure of the whole work, with its six movements (though it can be argued that the first three count only as one), were soon forgotten.

There are few more pleasant ways to spend a Sunday afternoon than to attend a Macquarie Trio concert. They are worthwhile for seasoned concert-goers; they are a must for those seeking to learn more about classical music.

Dances and Dumkas was the first concert in the Macquarie Trio's 2005 subscription series. For details of the rest of the season see <www.macquarietrio.com.au>.

Benedict Coxon

Tickets are modestly priced at \$5 and available from the Theatre Guild on 8303 5999 or online at www.adelaide.edu.au/clubs/theatreguild. The performance begins at 7pm in the Little Theatre.

Wolfgang Hackman



Hitch: The Cure For the Common Man

Director: Andy Tennant
Starring: Will Smith, Eva Mendes, Kevin James

Who would have thought that going to the movies could awaken such fascinating instinctive drives in me? Watching *Gerry*, my instinct was to sleep. Seeing *The Chronicles of Riddick* caused me to discover a certain primal urge to physically injure Vin Diesel (or, at the very least, hire someone to do so). And then you have *Hitch: The Cure for the Common Man*, a film more heavily advertised recently than u-brand sanitary products were a couple of years ago, and my first instinct was to run for the nearest exit.

A nice surprise then, that while *Hitch* does contain all of the usual shortcomings of a mass-produced Hollywood comedy blockbuster (predictable story, excessively awkward situations, silly dialogue etc), it's actually a passable way to kill two hours of your time. I could even go as far as saying that it's the best film Will Smith has done. But I won't.

The story is set with Alex 'Hitch' Hitchens (Smith) telling us about all of the obstacles men face in the heterosexual dating world. We get a look at a few of his success stories and a taste of how Hitch helps his men get the attention of the women they adore (one such taste involves setting a woman's dog up to run into traffic so that a man has the opportunity to dramatically save it). The story soon settles in, however, with bumbling loser Albert (James), klutz extraordinaire, messy eater and bad dancer, smitten with a woman whom most

people would tell him is well out of his league: gorgeous socialite Allegra Cole (Amber Valletta). Of course, everything grows more complicated as charmer Hitch soon finds himself ga-ga over Sara (Mendes), a sassy, cynical journalist and gossip columnist trying to get the scoop on Allegra's outings with Albert. Hitch suddenly finds someone who is not lulled by even his charms, and subsequently has to deal with his own crush as well as trying to keep his professional life away from her prying eyes. But we know where it's going to finish up.

Fortunately, the film's adherence to the tinseltown tendency for happily-ever-afters doesn't ruin the fun. Nor does the loss of the film's message - that men face some barriers when it comes to landing in relationships that are just as scary as those that women face - into numerous moments of awkward situational comedy. For every awkward joke and pointless moment the film manages, there's a moment like Hitch and Sara's blow-out in the middle of a speed-dating session. Hitch finds himself trying to convince Sara she's not giving him a fair chance, and the other men in the room soon find themselves joining in on an argument about how difficult dating is for all involved. I found myself ignoring my initial instincts and staying in my seat.



Brian O'Neill

The Illustrated Family Doctor

Director: Kriv Stenders
Starring: Samuel Johnson, Colin Friels, Sacha Horler, Kestie Morassi

Gary Kelp (Johnson) is about as glum as they come. He's in a passionless relationship with the caustic Jennifer (Morassi), his sister (Horler) thinks he's totally selfish...oh, and his father has just died. As if things couldn't get any worse, while editing a self-diagnose medical digest *The Illustrated Family Doctor*, Gary begins to see similarities in the pages to what is happening to his own body. His unofficial mentor, Ray (Friels), provides the only sanctuary to Gary in his tumultuous yet detached existence.

Despite this film being dubbed "black comedy", it is more in the "bleak comedy" arena. Whilst watching the film, I began to feel sick myself, watching Gary's slow deterioration framed by the sterile interiors of his apartment, office and hospitals. The humour used is the kind that makes you feel guilty for laughing. In the middle of Gary's descent into illness, one of the nastiest characters you'll find on film - Snapper Thompson - gives Gary shit for not taking his advice on what brand of eye drops to use! The bastard! But you still find yourself laughing on the inside at the sheer horror of what Gary is enduring, all the while not displaying one iota of emotion. This is a morality tale and the starkly real ending may well have you reaching for a hankie.

Johnson's portrayal of Gary is superbly understated. He plays the character straight, not milking the comedy nor exaggerating the drama in the script.

Friels did what he does best - playing the Aussie bloke with something to say. A lot was riding on the character of Ray, being one of the only in *IFD* with any real depth, and Friels delivered.

Visually this film is amazing, each frame a work of art. The makeup people should get a hearty pat on the back, also. Gary's makeup had me convinced that Johnson MUST have been sick whilst shooting (he wasn't, for the record).

Stenders took a risk with this film - it's subject matter is not easily digestible. However, we need risk-takers, people to push the envelope and invade the audience's comfort zone, which he has done with this film. It's fantastic to know this country has another director with vision and style being funded to put some GOOD Aussie films out there. I can't wait to see what he does next. We're rooting for that big budget, Kriv!



Lucky L



Are We There Yet?

So we follow and the kids through the highways of North America in the holidays, and in the process find out (at least in theory) how far two kids can go towards effectively trashing an SUV, and likewise, how far you can revamp a tried and tired comedic concept with shiny new bling. There are some cool ad-ins to some otherwise pretty bland shots; the animated baseball figurine (with attitude) deserves a special mention in particular. We get a pretty realistic background of the holiday season, despite some highly invented plot-related events and studio effects, mainly involving kids with admirably persistent attitude, dangerous driving on highways, and projectile vomiting. If you see this, look out for the train/horse scene about halfway through - it's actually relatively good. If you go in with a sense of adventure, expecting no more than low-grade humour, and a plot full of heightened unreality, then you could find this absolutely hilariously heart warming. I'm pretty sure it was intended that way.

Overall, the Ice Cube melts a little, and with it at least some of this audience member's heart, especially with some character development. Admittedly the plastic heroic idols abound, and the emotion possesses a distinctly artificial quality to go with the artificial cinematic effects. But ultimately, to borrow a line, the movie is analogous to age; "Mind over matter. If you don't mind, then it don't matter."



EdieP



Director: Brian Levant
Starring: Ice Cube

This is a film that I was quite ambivalent about seeing once the promo materials had been sighted. And the ambivalent anticipation was mostly fulfilled. With the title arguably being a rip off from Bart & Lisa in a classic *Simpsons* episode, and also the one piece of vocabulary most kids learn soon after their first words, the plot was, well, predictable.

This film is not intensive quality viewing - far from it in fact, but it does have a few redeeming aspects, and the odd good laugh amongst some utterly unfunny slapstick. The kids may like it for light amusement over their choc-tops, and it is not quite run-of-the-mill Jim Carey or Will Smith 'comedy with romance' genre, although I did find it somewhat reminiscent in parts. Ice Cube is stamped firmly on this one, and to it he brings what seems to be his personality, which manifests itself in the form of Nick Persons, the man trying to win Suzanne (Nia Long) through her kids, the resistant siblings Lindsey (Alisha Allen) and Kevin (Philip Bolden). If you want to see more of Ice Cube, I'm told, see *Barbershop*, *3 Kings* or *Anaconda*, but I'm not in a great hurry.

It's been two weeks now but people are still talking about the Adelaide Film Festival...

Weapons of Mass Deception

Danny Schechter, an American media critic who often voices his views on mediachannel.org, investigates the growing trend of sensationalist coverage of wars, specifically focusing on the war in Iraq. He claims that 'coverage' of an event is bad journalism and the information should be reported with the citizen in mind, instead. Through various interviews with journalists, he exposes how their coverage of the war in Iraq was quite biased and discusses the pressure they felt from outside forces to portray a certain impression of what was happening. It was shocking to discover that during the incident when a tank fired upon a hotel at which only media was residing, killing 2 people and injuring another, the American government assured the public that the tank was fired upon first. But as the footage discovered by Schechter shows, the tank stood across the street, taking hours to aim and firing without a cause. This film is definitely worth seeing if you're interested in politics and the media but don't expect to be as entertained as during a Mike Moore documentary.

Aggie Boo

Peace One Day

James Gilley is an English actor turned visionary. After working on various short films he decided to make a documentary about an issue that matters to everyone, namely peace. He sets out to film the process of achieving an International World Peace Day and we follow him through the endless meeting with United Nations members including Kofi Annan, as well as the Dalai Lama and various Nobel Peace Prize winners, to get their support for his idea. For over a year he travels through conflict areas such as Africa, India and Egypt, in order to meet the people who would benefit the most from a World Peace Day. As you watch this film, you grow rather hopeful. It makes you believe that one person with a dream can make a difference with the help of others if they care enough and keep trying. But then the reality sets in and you wonder what all his actions have achieved. 21st of September - what does it mean to you? After all Gilley has done, not many people realise that this is a day of peace. Leaves you hanging.

Aggie Boo

Aaltra

Aaltra -not Valtra as the film is titled is also the name of some lethal Finnish machinery. This highly amusing dark comedy sees two neighbours wheel-chaired simultaneously during a brawl. The film satirises the awkwardness of being wheelchair bound and expresses how arbitrary life is as two French men voyage from Paris to Helsinki with nothing but each other and a pleasant air of arrogance. Every second scene I was in hysterics and then guiltily found myself looking around to check if I was the only non-pc member of the audience...I was not!



Anna Svedberg

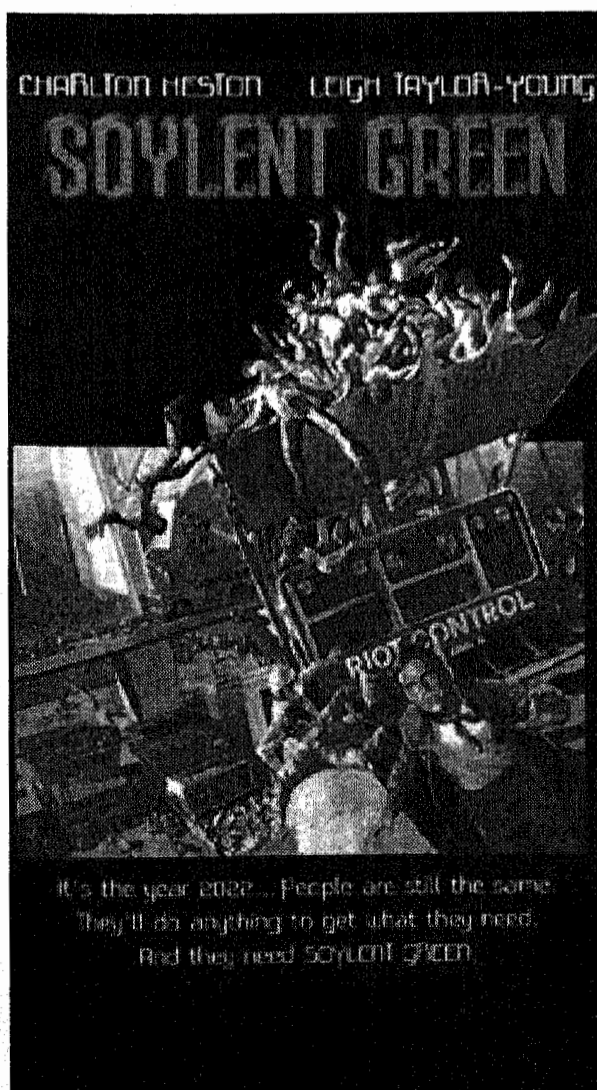


"I carried a watermelon?"

If you know what film this quote is from, let us know! Email onditfilm@hotmail.com and you may just get lucky!

Congrats to JASON WHYTE for guessing *Donnie Darko* from On Dit's second edition 'Quoth The Raven'. You'll receive a fantasmical *Ong Bak* cap and T-shirt! Right on!

CULT BLAST FROM A DESOLATE FUTURE



Soylent Green (1973)

Director: Richard Fleischer (*Fantastic Voyage*)

Starring: Charlton Heston (*Planet of the Apes*, *Ben-Hur*, *The Omega Man*), Leigh Taylor-Young, Joseph Cotten (*Citizen Kane*, *The Magnificent Ambersons*)

It's 2022 and the world is a barren, fruitless place. Food as we know it is scarce to non-existent and the menu for the world's entire population consists of just three choices - Soylent Yellow, Soylent Red and the highly prized Soylent Green.

Thorn (Charlton Heston) is a private detective enlisted to investigate the slaying of William Simonson (Joseph Cotten), an executive at the Soylent Corporation. As Thorn digs deeper into Soylent's sinister dealings he makes several startling discoveries, most shockingly that "Soylent Green... is people!"

At the time of *Soylent Green's* release, Richard Fleischer was the flavour of the month when it came to Sci-Fi pictures after his major success with *Fantastic Voyage*. Thanks to his newfound cred he was able to assemble an impressive cast including frequent Orson Welles collaborator Joseph Cotten, 70s icon Charlton Heston and *film noir* legend Edward G. Robinson (in his final screen role.)

The major star here though is Stanley R. Greenberg's poignant and inspired concept. His vision for the future is incredibly bleak but driven by a deliciously sardonic wit. Greenberg

seems to take a certain pleasure in the idea that modern society, which is so unapologetically greedy and consumes at such an abhorrently rapid rate, will one day turn on itself in one mass act of cannibalism.

Greenberg's commentary on consumer culture is as poignant today, perhaps even more so, than it was in 1973. *Soylent Green* was intended, and received in many circles, as a portrait of the world we will leave our children if our consumption continues to go unchecked. But alas, we continue to consume more resources than we can afford to.

Currently we still burn fossil fuels at an unsustainable rate, fail to recognise the virtues of renewable energy, throw away enough food to feed the third world, pursue inefficient modes of farming and unevenly distribute resources throughout the world. It's an obvious point to be making, but we've made no progress in these areas since *Soylent Green's* warning. In fact, in most areas, we've regressed.

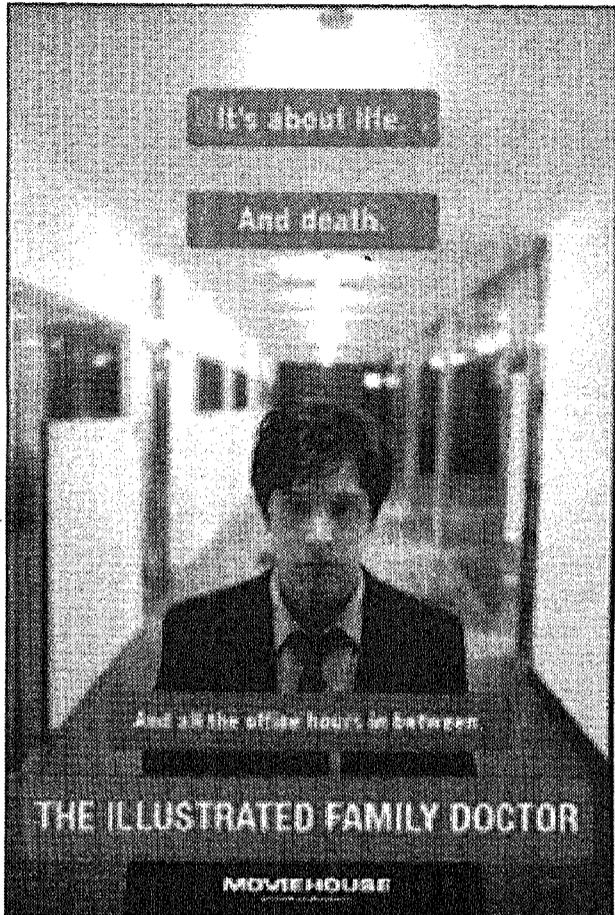
It's foolish to think that films can change the world but they certainly can change the outlook of individuals who view them.

While anyone who sees *Soylent Green* will be struck by its flaws, they'll also be struck by the frightening possibility, nay, likelihood, that if we continue down the path we're currently on our lives will inevitably begin to imitate this horrible fiction.

Danny Wills

On Dit chats to Illustrated Family Doc for director Kriv Stenders

Kriv is the last dude you'd suspect of being the hot new director on the block: small, quiet, unassuming and so incredibly sweet to the inexperienced uni students fumbling with their prehistoric dictaphone. He's the nice guy who, 20 years ago, your parents would have loved to meet as your boyfriend. He has a dark side too - seems he only fell into this gig because in a fit of macho jealousy he decided to read the book. Despite having spent more time one-on-one with Samuel Johnson than most girls would think is fair, we loved him to bits - he went easy on us interviewing virgins, he was tender, yet oh so dynamic. Enjoy!



ambience around you ... There's deliberately no exteriors in the film because the film is really about everything being boiled down to a box or a cubicle or a unit or a car or a corridor. It's all about this guy trapped in all these little pieces that never really amount to anything... The main theme of the film is that you might be able to condense a book into something that is easily digestible or sellable, but you can't do that to a human being. The idea is that Gary is sort of being crushed and torn apart by this angular cold world around him, and he finally finds a way out ... We can't escape cars, we can't escape elevators and electricity and air conditioners, but we can rise above that and still be beautiful people.

something unique because that's the only way anything's going to cut through. It's easy to make a horror film and if you're lucky it might catch on but there are so many films that are like that that don't do anything. It's like a fish market. You'll just be another sardine. You're much better off making a shark or a whale, something really unique and different. And I think just being proactive and doing something is the way to go, rather than waiting around for something to happen... If you want to direct, I think you've really got to know how to write, a little bit at least. But make anything, and cut it together and look at it and learn and everything will start going from there.

Q: How did you come to direct *IFD* as your first feature?

A: I'd been making films ever since I was a teenager and the ambition to make a feature film has always been there from day one ... (In mid '98) I came upon *IFD* ... as these things happen, strange sort of alchemies occur and coincidences sorts of line up and ... I reread the book ... and it suddenly leapt off the page and I could suddenly see this fantastic potential for a film in there...

Q: So the first time you read the book, you didn't think of it as a potential film?

A: My ex-girlfriend was going out with David, so I was reading the book out of ... not-necessarily noble reasons... (but) I really loved it... and when I read it a second time I realised it had this wonderful, beautiful mixture of humour... I found it a very beautiful, a very sad story. It had a lot in it about what I thought existence is about which is sort of trying to find your own place in the world and rising above the compromises you make and ... when (I) reached the ending ... (it) just shot an arrow into my heart ... (I love) endings that really resonate and leave you thinking and leave you feeling. They're the sort of films that have always inspired me and I've always wanted to make a film of that kind, and it was an exciting day when I decided to go ahead with it.

Q: What can you tell us about the 'look' of the film?

A: Well, the look of the film is very deliberate ... I really think the film is ultimately a fable. It's a very stylised film... deliberately set in a non-specific place in a non-specific time... The sterility of the conditions, the graphicness of the compositions, the starkness of the colours, the clarity of everything was all very very deliberate to create this very complete world... I love when films really make an effort to take you somewhere and create an

Q: Would you classify it as a black comedy?

A: The black comedy term is really from a marketing point of view... (but) from a cinematic theory point of view... it's kind of like alienation films. The alienation genre of which I think *The Graduate* was one of the first. Films like *Fight Club*, *Crash* by David Cronenberg, 1984... I think *IFD* is following on from... the traditions set by those kinds of films.

Q: I was just wondering how you feel about the Australian film industry at this point.

A: I read something yesterday that Rolf de Heer said and it sort of hit the nail on the head. I actually don't think we have an industry. We have a culture, we have a fantastic film culture... every year we've made great films... Really it's an issue of context and what infuriates me is that ... the media seem to be creating this incredibly pessimistic and negative impression out there of what Australian films are like and what's happening... you've got to look at it in context. This problem... isn't just an Australian one. (Anyone) trying to make films that aren't Hollywood films is always going to come up against some kind of struggle of finding an audience ... So to start criticising Australian films for not making money is insane... Firstly we make very different kinds of films, and we should be... because that's what sets us apart from America... We're very ingenious... when we think in inventive and lateral ways, we can come up with very ingenious films and I think that's the main thing to focus on.

Q: Any advice for budding young film makers out there?

A: I just encourage everyone, if you want to make a film just go out and make one. Just really believe in your own ideas and don't necessarily feel pressured to do something for the sake of doing it and following trends. Really think outside the square and really think of

Q: What are your hopes for the film?

A: Obviously I want it to do well, but you've got to be realistic about it. It's an arthouse film with a very specific sort of tone, so I hope it's an underground hit. In terms of people of your age... It hope it clicks with them because they're the ones I've made it for.

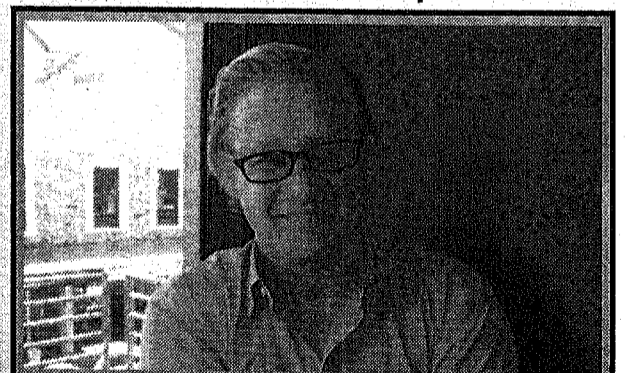
Q: Will you be watching the film tonight?

A: No, I've made a pledge to myself... I don't think I'll watch it ever again. It was good because I finally watched it and I hated it... I thought it was a piece of shit. And I went 'that's it, I've broken it now, I can never watch it again', in a good way. It's closure.

Soph. & Lucky L.

Ooh! It's the...

The Kriv Stenders Vox Pop Corner!



Age: 40

Star Sign: Scorpio

Favourite movie: *2001 A Space Odyssey*

Holiday of choice: travel anywhere, when I can manage and afford it

Fave flavour of muffin: blueberry

Would you rather be Dolly Parton or Gary Sinise? King Kong, it's an absurd question so I've got to give an absurd answer!

Look! It's...

Great things great
people have said
about...

THE BIKINI!

In celebration of this sudden belated summer we're having, here's some immortal words uttered on the subject of that icon of modern summers, the bikini.

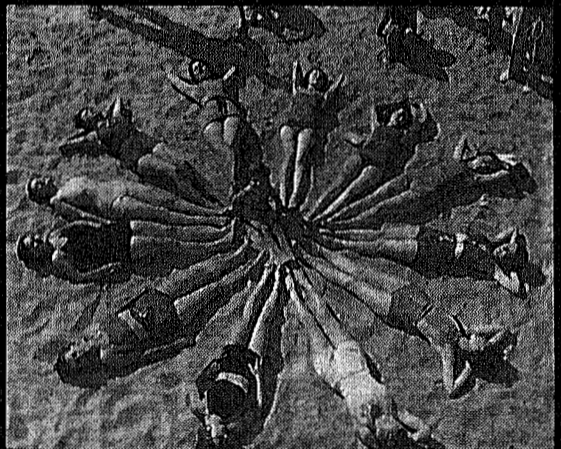
"It is hardly necessary to waste words over the so called bikini since it is inconceivable that any girl with tact and decency would ever wear such a thing." - 1957, *Modern Girl* magazine.

"A two piece isn't a bikini unless it can be pulled through a wedding ring." - The shop of Louis Reard, inventor of the bikini.

"A two piece bathing suit which reveals everything about a girl except for her mother's maiden name." - Unnamed commentator, early 1960's.

"A bikini is a thoughtless act". - Movie star Esther Williams, who probably was seen in a two piece bathing suit by more people than anyone in the world.

"This is a family magazine, and naked breasts are only allowed if the woman is an aborigine." - *Life* magazine, rejecting pictures of the 'topless mailott', the 1964 progeny of the bikini, designed by American fashion designer Rudi Gernreich.



FAMOUS FIRST PAGES

Two classic first pages of literature...

Anna Karenina

by Leo Tolstoy

Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

Everything was in confusion in the Oblonskys' house. The wife had discovered that the husband was carrying on an intrigue with a French girl, who had been a governess in their family, and she had announced to her husband that she could not go on living in the same house with him. This position of affairs had now lasted three days, and not only the husband and wife themselves, but all the members of their family and household, were painfully conscious of it. Every person in the house felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that the stray people brought together by chance in any inn had more in common with one another than they, the members of the family and household of the Oblonskys. The wife did not leave her own room, the husband had not been at home for three days. The children ran wild all over the house; the English governess quarreled with the housekeeper, and wrote to a friend asking her to look out for a new situation for her; the man-cook had walked off the day before just at dinner time; the kitchen-maid, and the coachman had given warning.



Ulysses

by James Joyce

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressing gown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

--INTROIBO AD ALTARE DEI.

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely:

--Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful Jesuit!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untoussured hair, grained and hued like pale oak. Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

--Back to barracks! he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

--For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

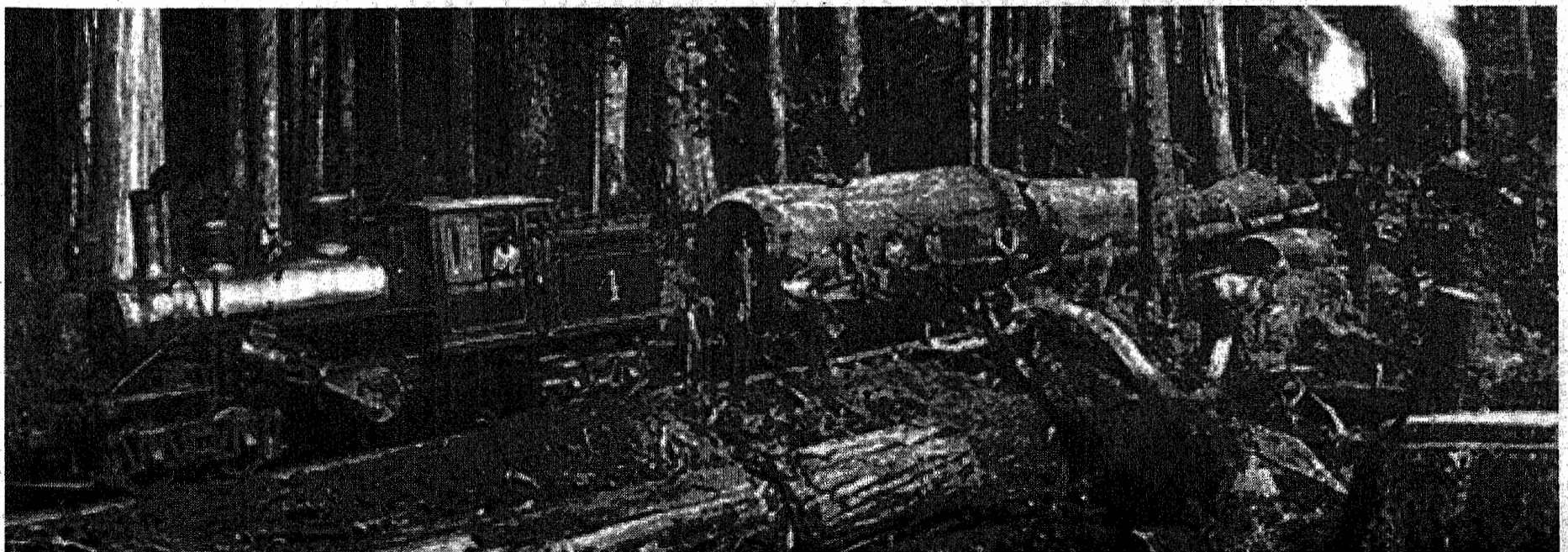
He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

The Superior Person's Word of the Week

AFFLATUS *n.* A sudden rush of divine or poetic inspiration. From the Latin *afflare* - to breathe or blow on. *Inspiration* itself means breathing in. Why the ancients should have chosen the breath of the gods or muses - rather than their touch, voice, etc. - as the means of communicating superhuman knowledge or creativity is not quite clear. While dining out with your beloved, you might suddenly put down your knife and fork, gasp, strike your forehead with your hand, lean forward tensely, and say, in unconcealed agitation:



"Jennifer, I think I've just had an afflatus!"



Art of Fighting

I've often wondered if it was some deliberate challenge for Art of Fighting to see just how slow notes can be played before they fall apart. So beautifully weighted are the chiming strings that that never happens, every note teetering on a pause, leaving just enough time to give an impression of texture and timbre before flowing onto the next. This style, though not the only aspect of Art off Fighting sets the band in stark contrast to so many other Australian acts. With crystal clear tone mixed with unusual tunings, hanging or cascading rhythm and Ollie Brown's angelic vocals they display more maturity and musical sensibility than any other in the scene.

When they the band does dive into their darker patches, particularly on *The Very Strange Year* and *Empty Nights*, its all plunging bass lines, shimmering chord progressions and crescendos that have all the power but much more delicacy than Mogwai could muster. Every now and then Peggy Frew peaks out from between the rocking bass to sing, with her frayed and sweetly fragile voice, some of the most acute lyrics committed to record. The songs are so unique for their rejection of the usually obvious subject matter of great romances instead inexorably creeping back to find the remnants of relationships that have never been realised, worn through by circumstance or general disappointment than consumes other aspects of a life, describing more real and therefore more easily related failed love stories.

It will certainly be an mesmerising experience if all of this can be resurrected on stage on Thursday. Ollie was nice enough to speak to *On Dit* and give a hint of what we can expect:

The last time you played in Adelaide you were apparently quite raw and rough, has your show finally changed to become closer to the soft aesthetics your last two albums?

I suppose the slightly raw thing was more to do with the kind of songs we wrote before we went on tour of Japan. They were songs that had a little bit more energy than we were probably used to. They probably haven't even worked out that way on the record but it's just how we were interpreting them live at the time.

So are you planning on putting on a clean show or something a little heavy?

No, I think it will be pretty much like the record, for us it might be loud but not necessarily in comparison to other bands.

Did the change in style from Very Strange Year to Wires have anything to do with the change in drummer, or was it a natural progression or a conscience decision?

We got our new drummer Marty just before we recorded *Wires* and that definitely changed the sound. Marty's a less powerful but much more fluid drummer than Cam was, but no less good. I think that the songs took on a more liquid feel, and that has a lot to do with Marty. He plays a lot with brushes which tends to bring the decibels down quite a bit.

*Now your latest release *Second Story* rolls and skips along much more than any of your other albums, is that because you've lost patience or did you think that your audience may have lost patience with those long slow pauses?*

I think it was partially intentional from a song writing perspective, I think with *Wires* and perhaps even more so with the first EPs we were just felt like the song is ours and however long it ended up being thought "OK

that's how long you are, fine" but this time round I definitely wanted to try to express the idea of the song in a shorter amount of time.

Can we expect to get any more of those undulating dark songs from you guys or is it just going to get more ethereal and shimmery?

It kind of hard until we get down to the point when we're just about to record and we're demoing songs. It really is just a matter of luck what kind of songs you end up with. They kind of choose you rather than the other way round. You just have to treat them the best you can given their own distinct personality.

So has all that's happened in the band since *Wires* changed the way you write songs or the kind of songs that are coming out? This album for instance seems a little brighter and happier...

Literally its darker, but tune wise it's more upbeat. The songwriting is a lot more focussed now. In the past, especially with *Wires* the songs evolved in the live forum, cause we played a lot more live back then and had the opportunity to test them out. With *Second Story* we had to write them and record them within a really short amount of time, so we really just put each under the microscope and the process was a lot less organic.

*Does it feel like a past life now when you look back on *Wires* and the previous EPs, considered how long ago they were produced? Does it seem like a completely separate entity or do you still feel a strong connection to them?*

I think I look back on those times quite fondly in terms of not caring so much about artistic pressure. There's always that thing with your first full length album where there's no precedent so you can kind of do what you want and then if it has a level of success its hard to get away from reflecting on that when your making a second record. So I guess I miss the innocence of the songwriting that came before having to make a follow up record. Though in a sense now that's returned because we've got two albums out now and they're quite different, so we've got some room to move in between.

Do you ever cringe when you look back at some of your earlier songwriting experiences considering what's passed between you and other band members and your life in general?

Not really, Our fist couple of EPs I haven't listened to in, man, I reckon 4 years. I remember we were on tour just the other night and we thought, "What songs has our EP got on it." We didn't even know. And to be honest with you, sometimes people request them and I don't even know how to play them, cause they're in such weird guitar tunings. If I listened to it again I guess I would cringe.

You obviously write about relationships that never seem to come to fruition or are at least frustrated in some way, so I was wondering what your idea of romance is or what your idea of a perfect relationship is considering it never seems to happen in your music?

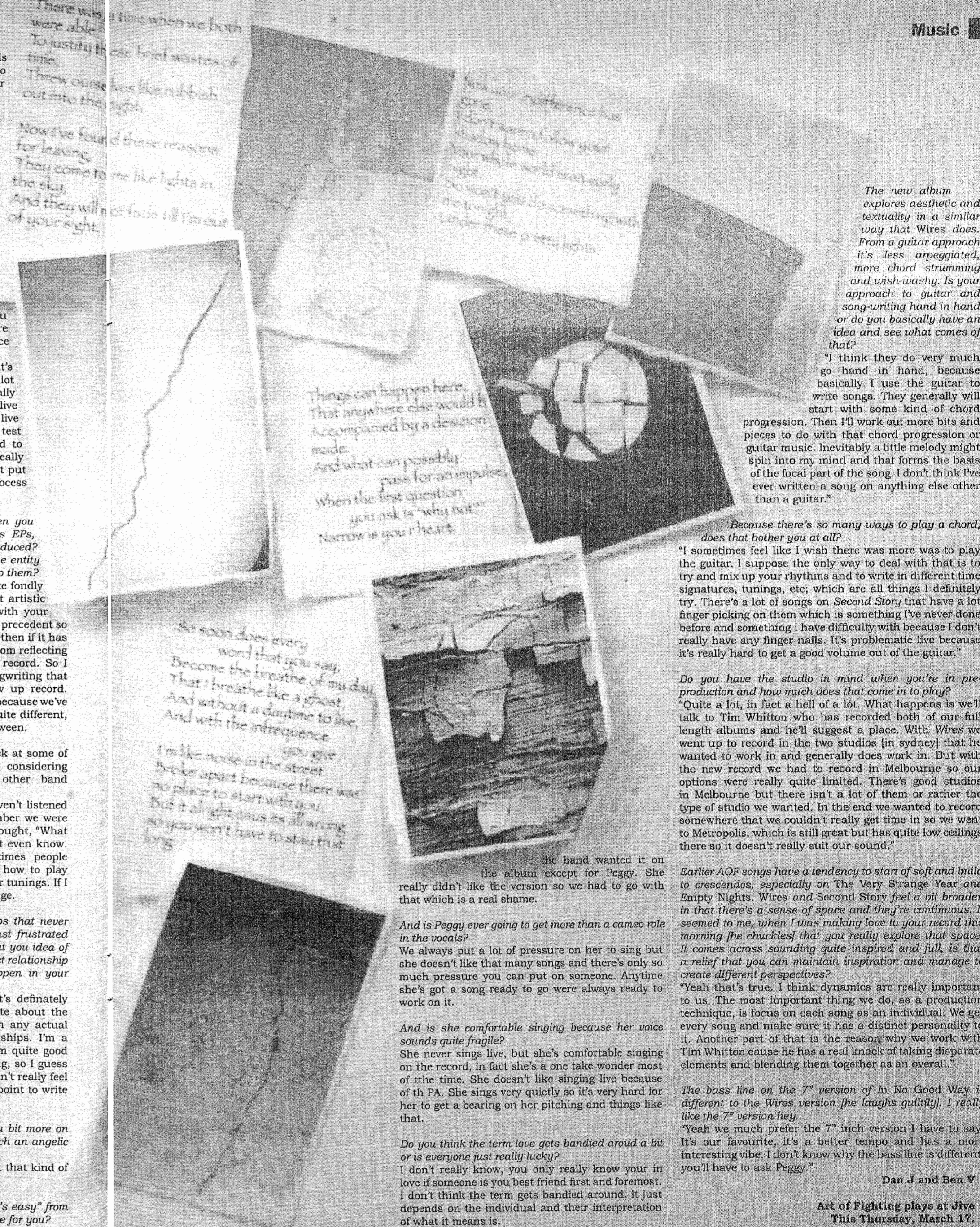
It doesn't happen in my songs but it's definitely happened in my life. I suppose I write about the fear of it not being there rather than any actual problems I have in my own relationships. I'm a long term relationship kind of guy, I'm quite good at them and I find them very rewarding, so I guess mostly I'm writing about fears and I don't really feel confident that I have much of a standpoint to write about anything else.

Have you ever considered screaming a bit more on your albums rather than singing in such an angelic voice?

I've tried but my voice just doesn't suit that kind of vibe.

Why leave out "What's good and what's easy" from the album? What makes a song a A-side for you?

It's a really good song and every single member of



The new album explores aesthetic and textuality in a similar way that Wires does. From a guitar approach it's less arpeggiated, more chord strumming and wish-washy. Is your approach to guitar and song-writing hand in hand or do you basically have an idea and see what comes of that?

"I think they do very much go hand in hand, because basically I use the guitar to write songs. They generally will start with some kind of chord progression. Then I'll work out more bits and pieces to do with that chord progression or guitar music. Inevitably a little melody might spin into my mind and that forms the basis of the focal part of the song. I don't think I've ever written a song on anything else other than a guitar."

Because there's so many ways to play a chord, does that bother you at all?

"I sometimes feel like I wish there was more was to play the guitar. I suppose the only way to deal with that is to try and mix up your rhythms and to write in different time signatures, tunings, etc; which are all things I definitely try. There's a lot of songs on *Second Story* that have a lot finger picking on them which is something I've never done before and something I have difficulty with because I don't really have any finger nails. It's problematic live because it's really hard to get a good volume out of the guitar."

Do you have the studio in mind when you're in pre-production and how much does that come in to play?

"Quite a lot, in fact a hell of a lot. What happens is we'll talk to Tim Whittin who has recorded both of our full length albums and he'll suggest a place. With *Wires* we went up to record in the two studios [in Sydney] that he wanted to work in and generally does work in. But with the new record we had to record in Melbourne so our options were really quite limited. There's good studios in Melbourne but there isn't a lot of them or rather the type of studio we wanted. In the end we wanted to record somewhere that we couldn't really get time in so we went to Metropolis, which is still great but has quite low ceilings there so it doesn't really suit our sound."

*Earlier AOF songs have a tendency to start of soft and build to crescendos, especially on *The Very Strange Year* and *Empty Nights*. *Wires* and *Second Story* feel a bit broader, in that there's a sense of space and they're continuous. It seemed to me, when I was making love to your record this morning [he chuckles] that you really explore that space. It comes across sounding quite inspired and full, is that a relief that you can maintain inspiration and manage to create different perspectives?*

"Yeah that's true. I think dynamics are really important to us. The most important thing we do, as a production technique, is focus on each song as an individual. We get every song and make sure it has a distinct personality to it. Another part of that is the reason why we work with Tim Whittin cause he has a real knack of taking disparate elements and blending them together as an overall."

The bass line on the 7" version of In No Good Way is different to the Wires version [he laughs guiltily]. I really like the 7" version hey.

"Yeah we much prefer the 7" inch version I have to say. It's our favourite, it's a better tempo and has a more interesting vibe. I don't know why the bass line is different, you'll have to ask Peggy."

Dan J and Ben V

Art of Fighting plays at Jive. This Thursday, March 17.

Sounds like...

It was a sellout night at the Gov for what would have to be the best show I've seen this year. The Vasco Era, who I had never heard of before, got the crowd moving with their style of thrash blues, well maybe not entirely thrashed. A characteristic of their guitarist is the way he uses dynamics. Short bursts of racing strums and ear piercing slides (which unfortunately evoked Spiderbait's version of *Black Betty*) were cut off with even shorter silent pauses, creating relentless 'tension and release'.

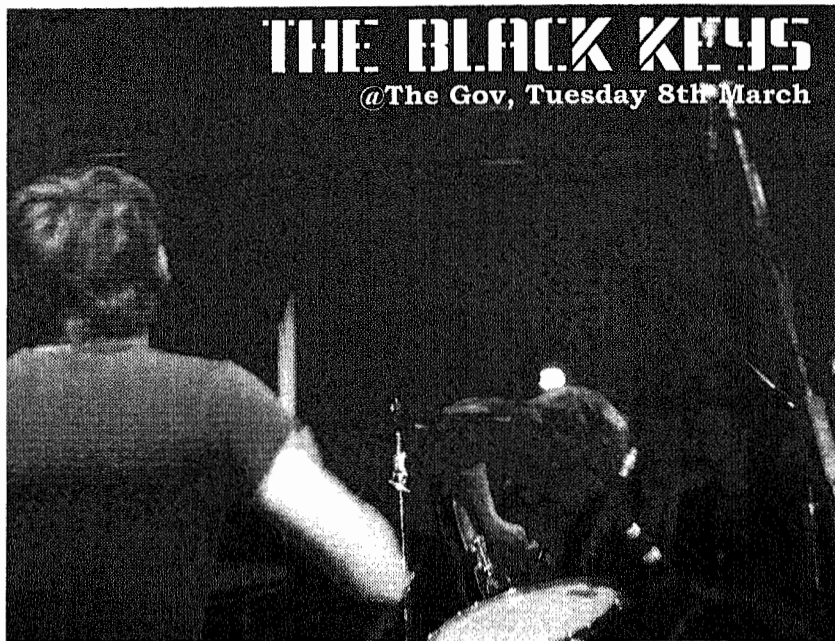
Having not known their material I can't say what songs were highlights, however the singer/guitarist's cover of a Neil Young classic 'The Needle and the Damage Done' was fairly cringe worthy. Sure enough if he played it around a camp fire it would've been spectacular but in the hallowed backroom of the Gov it was met with some concern. Another factor that didn't complement their passionate set was the bass guitar. It came across sounding flat and almost ruined the dynamic drive that they clearly hoped to achieve. Don't let all this fool you though, they're not bad. They were just caught out by little hindrances on the night that may have impaired an otherwise fine performance.

The Black Keys were loudly welcomed to the stage and aimed to please from the get go. Launching into '10am Automatic' the crowd were obviously very excited to see this band. 'Set You Free' was also met with lots of dancing and wolf cries mid song. Other than these songs and many other crowd pleasers, the main attraction for me was the sound.

The telecaster (a guitar!) had a fuzzy yet slick tone, falling somewhere between Hendrix and Lo-Fi. The guitar work of Dan Auerbach was jaw droppingly good, mixing up refreshing blues licks with fat chords and bacon crackling lead. Equally as impressive was the HARD hitting of drummer Patrick Carney, who appeared to be completely exhausted after each 3 minute burst. Combined they made it almost impossible for anyone to stand motionless to the music. It dawned on me that there's so much freedom to be had as a two piece and that they exploited it without sounding self indulgent.

But wait, there's more, a lot more. I've never heard an audience scream so loud for an encore in my life, needless to say hold such a level of sustain. Their applause ambushed the Black Keys and they found themselves hurrying back on stage no sooner than they'd left it. When that wasn't enough and it looked as though we might all be going home they returned for a second encore. Respect has to be given to any band that can match the stamina and force of the Black Keys, let alone their awesome riffs and song-writing capabilities. Basically and for no use of a better term, they fucking rocked.

Ben V



Artax Mission

With La Femme la Fever
Rhino Room, Saturday March 12

Like bigger brothers Pharaohs, local indies La Femme La Fever are more or less the result of what some might call the 'Exeter Scene', consisting of noisy Strokes/Hot Hot Heat clones. Don't get me wrong, there's nothing wrong with any of these bands (or any of their multitude of simulacra), I just don't see the point of anyone seeking - deliberately or not - to mimic the sound and style of bands that themselves unashamedly reference the kind of music that was barely original, vibrant and in any way interesting in the first place.

The scenesters at the Rhino Room certainly enjoyed the debut set, and I would be lying if I said that I didn't. Their sound is a kind of dumbed-down, minimalist take on Frans Ferdinand-esque art rock, lean, tight and very danceable. Keep an eye out for these guys - my crystal ball has them supporting the Pharaohs in the not-too-distant future...

Guitarist Michael Elijah, bassist Julia Hunter and the insane octopus drumming of Marvin Hammond have developed quite a following in the year or so that Artax Mission have been gigging around the usual Adelaide venues. I was unlucky enough to have missed their last show at the Exeter, which I'm told had more of a jam session vibe to it, with Julia and Mikey switching instruments. Seems like the band have benefited from this freer approach, with noise-laden freak out sessions a-plenty. Julia's foray into improv guitar was a highlight, as was the band's apparent ease with one another.

Am I crazy, or would it be fun to see Artax perform an acoustic set?

Tristan Mahoney



something that's recorded well enough and played on a good turntable then I would prefer a record to a CD. There's so many variables but in the end I think that it's a more fun piece of aesthetic rock memorabilia to own. It's not going to be too expensive, it's red transparent vinyl and printed in the Czech Republic and it comes with a bonus CD as well, for people who don't have turntables.

Do you think DJs will pick it up?

I would think that you'd have to radically change it to make it danceable.

How does your recorded sound transfer into your live sound?

We try to keep as little difference between the two as possible. There's no over-dubbing or double tracking on the record, it's not live but it's essentially just the four instruments with the vocals. It's basically our live gear with microphones put in front of it and new strings on the guitars. Hope the live sound is a hell of a lot louder and feels a bit different because the sound is coming at you.

Do you have any plans to tour?

We go to Melbourne fairly regularly and we've been to Sydney. When we launch this record we'll hopefully get some dates up and down the East coast. We did a bunch of shows with [a band who could be described as 'just ace'].

Did you party on with those lads?

No, far from it, we didn't get along too well them. We were meant to play the BDO but, following an altercation with 'said band', their tour manager complained so much to the BDO booker that we were seen as a liability to the other bands playing. It's pretty funny really. It's interesting that rock stars aren't as tough as they used to be. I can honestly say that their lead singer is a meany-mouth little cretin.

Are there any bad girls in the Bible that you

Who are your main influences?

Most of the stuff we are influenced by would have been made in the indie renaissance of the mid nineties in the States, bands like Sebadoh, Pavement, Polvo, Superchunk. There's harder stuff as well, a bit of Helmet and Shellac. We're big Elliot Smith fans but more of his work in the band Heatmiser.

Are there any Adelaide bands that you like?

There's a great band called Lomax. I call them Space Grunge. They're really slow effects soaked stuff.

You've just recorded a 7", who did you do that with?

A guy named Dave Trump who is a Sydney based engineer. He did the third Big Heavy Stuff record *Maximum Sincere* and the EP before it called *Covered in Bruises* which we are big fans of. The sound that he manages to get, particularly the drum sound: a big, roomy sound. He came over here and we spent a couple days up in the hills at Mix Masters.

Why did you chose to release a 7" as opposed to a CD single?

I guess it's a bit of a cultural thing. The whole band are really big fans of vinyl. People argue whether it's a different sound. I think with

especially favour?

Wow you've done some research [yeh like I've read the fucking Bible!]. No, no. In fact I'm not very well acquainted with my Bible as I should be. From what I can gather pretty much all of the girls in the Bible are bad.

Really?

Well it's an inherently misogynous text, I mean women can't be trusted right through Eve.

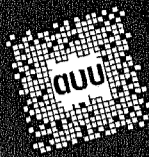
Mary is kinda without sin though.

Yeh but because of Eve there was the fall and since then men have not lived in Eden. Although I'm sure all of us in the band are atheists it's not meant to be a dig at religion in any deep sense. I think it's a cool band name, some people don't like it, it's kind of cheeky.

BV

Bad Girls will launch their 7" at JIVE on the 26th of March with Pharaohs and Mirrorline. Find out more at their web site www.bgotb.com

Adelaide University Union



Your Student Service Fee...

allows for the provision of essential non-academic services on campus, and for the creation of a campus community and culture. Almost every aspect of campus life and culture is facilitated by the AUU, and is essentially controlled by YOU, the student.

What you might not be aware of is where your money goes, what it is used for and how you benefit.

These are just a few of the many Student Services your fee goes towards.

Student Lounge

A study area with soft lounges and tables and chairs to suit all study habits. Upstairs from Union Bookshop Café, the lounge offers a place to catch up with friends, study, or just chill in comfortable surroundings.

Log on to the University network with your laptop- the Student Lounge is part of the wireless network.

First Floor, George Murray Building.

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Unibooks is a non-profit organization. Unlike other bookstores, Unibooks puts surplus funds back into the facilities and activities of the University. As academic and professional book specialists they offer an extensive range of titles - from the latest fiction and general interest books to textbooks and software at academic prices. They also stock stationery, newspapers, magazines, medical equipment and alumni products.

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Phone: 8223 4366

Email: general@unibooks.com.au

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Employment Services

Assisting you with all you need to secure employment, such as cover letters, resumes and much more. They also have available a database advertising the latest jobs. Ground Floor, Lady Symon Building.

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This service offers laser printing, black & white and colour photocopying, faxing, binding, laminating as well as many various scanning and printing services.

The Computer Resource Centre is offers computing access 24hrs a day! Simply use your student ID card to enter. Level 2 & 3 Union House.

Student Care

Student Care staff can assist you through the maze of life at university. While it can be confusing and amazing at times, the important thing to remember is there is help available.

Ground Floor, Lady Symon Building

Ph: 8303 5430

Activities

The Union Activities Committee (UAC) run a wide range of student events on campus from market days, movie screenings on the lawns, BBQ Beer and Band days, to the National Campus Band Competition.

This student committee is elected by the general student body every year, and work with the student board and Activities Coordinator to bring you the best events throughout the year. They also offer support services to other groups running events, from discounted hire of PA systems to marquees.

For more info, email: activities@adelaide.edu.au

Food and Beverage Services

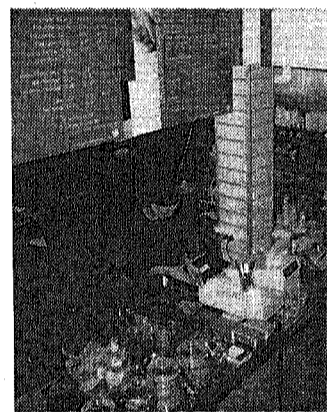
ATTENTION STUDENTS IN LIGERTWOOD AND NAPIER BUILDINGS!

Briefs coffee shop is open for business. Located on the ground floor of Ligertwood building, Briefs offers a range of light meals, snacks, hot and cold drinks. There are loads of healthy choices with fresh takeaway salads, gourmet baguettes, yoghurt, health bars and juices. Plus the traditional fare of pies, pasties, cakes and chocolates, and of course espresso coffee and a huge range of teas. **Open: Mon-Thu 8.30am to 3.00pm / Fri 8.30am to 2.30pm**

CAFÉ BOSS, HUGHES PLAZA

A great place to grab a coffee on the way to/from lectures. The outdoor area is a very popular place to read while enjoying a muffin or cookie with your coffee.

Open: Mon-Fri 8.00am to 3.00pm



ITS SOOOO POPULAR WE'VE EXTENDED THE HOURS!!!

Our brand new Union Bookshop Café is obviously delivering with its great range of delicious food and drinks. With Unirecords and the Student Lounge in the same location it's certainly a happenin' place!!! **Now open 8.30am to 4.00pm.**

If you haven't been there yet - you should.

WHERE'S "CHECKERS"?

"CHECKERS" is the AUU

student mascot, named by one of our students, Alex Sen. When you see CHECKERS around campus make sure you go up and find out what freebies and specials are to be had. This week you can grab a voucher for a free upsize on your coffee from Briefs or Café Boss.



DIARY VOUCHERS

Don't forget to use the vouchers in the back of your diary before the end of Term One! There's 2 for 1 deals, discounts and a free home-made cookie with a coffee!

EVENTS GUIDE

- March 14th: Cinema screenings x 2- UAC
- March 14th to 18th: Environment Week- SAUA
- March 21st: Bike Tuning- SAUA
- March 22nd: Social Gathering- OSA
- March 22nd to 24th: Union Creative Arts Network (U CAN) Launch- UAC
- March 29 to 31st: Education Week- SAUA
- April 4th to 8th: Sexuality Week- SAUA
- April 9th: Evermore UniBar

Coming Soon:

Following the success of last year, we will once again be hosting the National Campus Band Competition, only this year we will also be hosting the NATIONAL FINAL.

Entries will be available May 9th.

Email activities@adelaide.edu.au to get on the mailing list to receive updates and the entry forms once they're available.



www.union.adelaide.edu.au

Taj Tandoor

290 Rundle Street, Adelaide
Mains \$8-20

Dinner and a movie is a standard evening for many young socialites, who may follow up the latest French film at the Palace by a lively conversation afterwards at one of Rundle Street's many cafes. For others, however, the hustle and bustle of Rundle Street is too much, and this is where Taj Tandoor comes in. Situated a scant 50 metres from the Palace cinema, Taj Tandoor is the perfect place for a more sophisticated dinner date, because while you can sit outside on the pavement, the refined air inside removes you entirely from this scene. On Thursday nights, there's even live music, and our dining experience was scored by E Type Jazz doing lounge standards which furthered the impression that we were at the type of dinner party that only exists in the movies. This impression was completed by the wonderful hostess Anne Sandhu, who spent the night circulating, and making sure that everything was just right. Her attentive staff took our orders, and being in a mood for a long meal, we started with a platter of three meats, each flavoured with a tantalising combination of spices without overloading the palate. For the particularly sensitive tongue, the dish was served with a delicate mint sauce, and it's easy enough to order a lassi, the yoghurt drink cutting the spice while also making a very nice treat (especially the mango flavour). On to the mains, which are served in charming brass dishes, making it very easy to order two separate dishes and share (just don't forget to order rice with them). The alluringly sweet Fish Rangoli was delicious, the mango in the sauce completely overpowering the flavour of the fish, though it's impossible to complain when the sauce is so nice. The sauce for the Gosht Palak, on the other hand, was much more subtle; pureed spinach provided the base, and this helped to round out the spices, the strongest of these being the cumin that lingered on the tongue as an aftertaste. Mopping the sauce up with naan (nicely done; not overcooked, and therefore not too greasy), it struck me that I would have liked the spices to be a bit stronger for this dish, and the lamb was slightly tough, but it was still a very enjoyable dish, made the more so because it was very easy to share. Taj Tandoor also has an excellent vegetarian menu as most Indian restaurants do. As with the meat dishes, the don't knock you out by overuse of spices, rather creating a subtle mixture of flavours that result in a lingering aftertaste, and encourage you to sit around after the meal chatting. With the smooth jazz in the background, the waiting staff will make sure that you have everything you need.

Taj Tandoor's movie deal costs \$28 a head and includes a main course (excluding seafood and venison) served with rice and pappadums, and a Palace/Nova movie ticket.



7/10

ONCE AGAIN IT'S ABC'S...

Recipe Corner

So you can't afford to go out to a fancy restaurant, but still want to enjoy a nice meal? No problem, just get your tight arse down to the central markets to do some quick shopping and before you know it, you're culinary skills will be the talk of the town.

Cucumber Raita

Ingredients:

- 1 cup yoghurt (low-fat or regular)
- 1 cup of cucumber, peeled, de-seeded & grated
- 1 teaspoon cumin
- 1 pinch of salt
- 1 small handful fresh, chopped coriander leaves

Instructions:

Whisk the yoghurt. Add the cucumber, salt and cumin powder. Mix well with the chopped coriander leaves and serve as an accompaniment. Refrigerate before serving

Mango Lassi

Ingredients:

- 2 ripe mangoes
- 3 cups yoghurt
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup sugar

Instructions:

Wash, peel chop and puree mango. Blend together yoghurt, milk, sugar and water at high speed. Add mango puree. Serve over ice. This recipe will work with other fruits, as long as they are ripe.



Biryani

This recipe will work with any meat (including fish), or vegetables

Ingredients

- 3 tablespoons vegetable oil
- 1 large onion
- 1 clove garlic
- 1/4 teaspoon black pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger
- 1/2 teaspoon chilli powder (to taste)
- 1 teaspoon ground coriander
- 1 teaspoon ground cumin
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 1 small cinnamon stick
- 3 green cardamom pods
- 6 cloves
- 300 grams of meat or vegetables
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon blanched almonds
- 2 tablespoons sultanas
- 150g basmati rice
- 2 tablespoons fresh coriander (chopped)

Instructions:

Slice the onion and finely chop the garlic. Heat some oil in a deep frying pan and fry the onion for about five minutes. Add the garlic, pepper, nutmeg, ginger, chilli powder, coriander, cumin, turmeric, cinnamon stick, cardamoms and cloves and fry for about three minutes, stirring to avoid sticking. Cut the meat or vegetables into large pieces, and add to the pan, frying for two to three minutes while stirring. Boil 1 cup of water. Add 1/4 cup of boiling water, along with the sultanas and almonds, then cover and cook for about 5 minutes. Add the rice to the pan and carefully stir to coat it in oil, also adding the salt and 1/2 cup of boiling water. Cover and simmer for about 15 minutes. Check that the rice is cooked and the liquid is mostly absorbed before turning the heat off. Remove from the heat and allow to stand covered for five minutes.



Adelaide University Film Society

TERM 1 PROGRAMME:

Love Films? Join the Adelaide Uni Film Society and see FREE films every Thursday of term for FREE - For the ENTIRE YEAR!! Weekly door prizes! Regular freebies & preview offers!

Unless otherwise specified, all films are screened in the Union Cinema, Level 5 of the Union Building, at 7 p.m. on Thursday evenings during term.

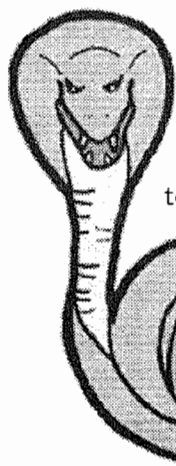
If you'd like to be involved in the society a little more closely, check us out on www.aufs.org.

Week 3 (17/03):
Picnic At Hanging Rock (1975) + short: All About Weightlessness: The Astronaut's Dilemma (1955)

Week 4 (24/03):
Peeping Tom (1960) + short: Alice Cans The Cannibals (1925)

Week 5 (31/03):
Il Bacio Di Tosca (1964) + short: Betty Boop and Grampy (1935)

Week 6 (07/04):
Night of the Hunter (1955) + short: Caveman Inki (1950)



Adelaide University Touch Club

AUTC continues to run training sessions for those new to touch on Wednesday nights from 6:15. Training is just across the uni bridge on the university ovals. The winter season of touch begins in early May with AUTC entering teams in all divisions

(Mixed, Mens and Womens). AUTC is also looking at sending as many teams away as possible to the Uni games. Qualifiers are in Adelaide on April 15th, The Australian Uni games are in Brisbane 25-30 September 2005. **Get out and play Touch...you know you want to**

Adelaide University Cycling Club IGM



Notice of an IGM For the Adelaide University Cycling Club to be held on Thursday the 24th of March in the Games Room -Level 5, Union House.

All interested persons are invited to attend!

Got an ad? Send the text you want featured to ondit@adelaide.edu.au before Wednesdays and see your shameless plug gracing the inside back page of a fresh, succulent *On Dit* the following Monday.

Mature Students Association

Mature Students' Association AGM, 24th March 2005, 12 noon, Margaret Murray Room. Nominations now open for 2005 committee: President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, First Year Rep, Information Officer & General Committee Members. Nominations forms in MSA room. Elections will be held at the AGM.

Quiz Night

How's your trivial trivia knowledge? Find out on April 5th! Eclipse, Level 4 Union House. 6.30pm for a 7pm start. Fantastic prizes! Cheap drinks! Maybe food! Entry \$5 per person. Make up a team of 10 or come on the night and we'll put you on a team with other trivia genius-types. Call Danna on 0402946050 or email danna.cooke@adelaide.edu.au to book. All proceeds to NOWSA 2005 fund raising!

Get Paid for Your Altruism!

An individual person's "disability" is often measured by the level that he or she is able to participate in the community. Effectively this means that by assisting to enable a person to participate more fully, you would be assisting to decrease the level of their "disability".

I have been working in the disability field for 10 years and I love my job.

SOME OF THE COOL THINGS INCLUDED IN THE JOB ARE:

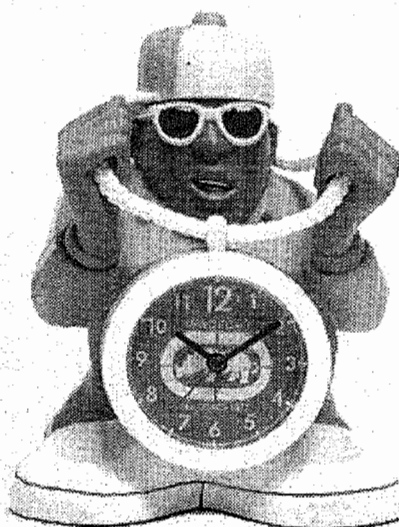
- * having the power to promote peoples' rights
- * assisting people to participate in activities of their choice (including concerts, pubs, festivals, education, shopping, sport)
- * your career goals are encouraged and nurtured
- * gaining different insights into culture, sexuality, relationships, health, individuality and identity, and ALL aspects of life.

(AND you get paid for this!!!!)

There is always work available and I encourage you to give it a try!! Call Colleen (Recruitment Officer) at CARA on (08) 8347 4588, for more information.

Wanted: Staff For New Hip Hop Website

Love music and going out? Have a talent for writing or photography? Want To go out for free? Then we may have the gig for you. www.threedworld.com.au is a new dance, hip-hop and urban music website looking for enthusiastic volunteers to take photos and review events for our site. If that sounds like you, please send a short CV and some samples of your work to editor@threedworld.com.au.





I know we've come a long way,
We're changing day to day,
But tell me now,
Where do the children play?

- Cat Stevens