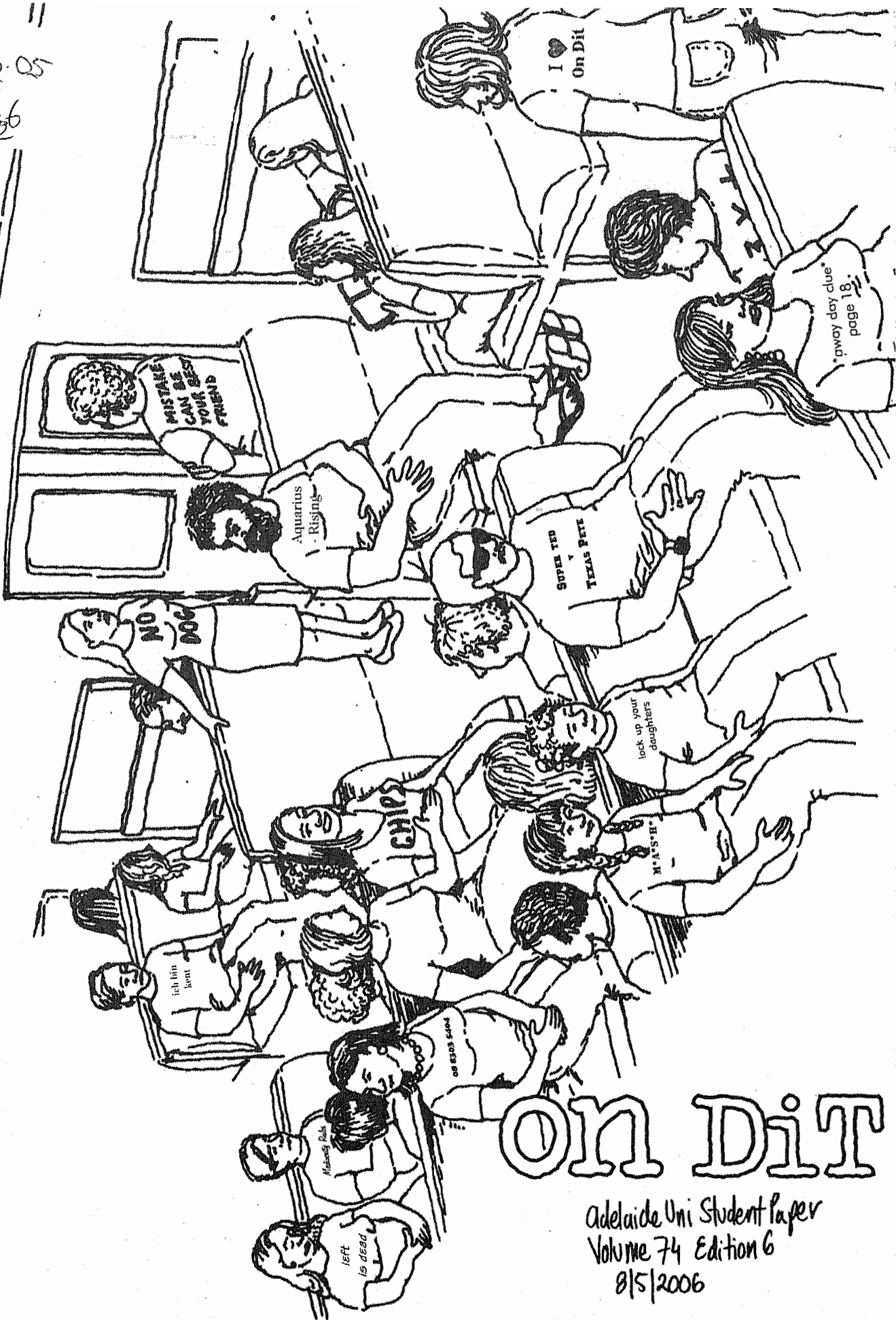


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There was no more in our lives, there was only the love



# On DiT

Adelaide Uni Student Paper  
Volume 74 Edition 6  
8/5/2006

We decided a long time ago that On Dit was going to spread the love. None of this post-irony rubbish; it was to be a publication of positivity and perusal, a quality reflection of the thoughtfulness in contemporary student thought. Notice the omnipresent 'I Heart On Dit' logo adorning as much layout space as possible. It was a gorgeous plan, a haunting adage to the ancientness of truth and human emotion.

Now, all we wanna do is stomp our feet real loud.

Hate is neat when you really think about it. Satan was always cooler than God; he's like the ubercool friend of your older brother who liked Silverchair *way* before they were famous and played Nintendo all day long. Love is counterproductive, overrated and generally ho-hum. Nothing says 'efficiency' quite like a bonafide enemy. They push us further, force us out of our comfort zone and nurture those *enfant terrible* primordial instincts within us all that seem to have withered under the conditions of modernity. Hate is the new Furby, so go out there, find yourself a rival, and book a one way ticket to hell.

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On Dit is the publication of the Student's Association of the University of Adelaide. The Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the University or the Students' Association or the editors or the post-emo interpretation of Gargamel. Hupf.

Anna and Steph

### ABOUT THE COVER:

#### On Dit.I.Y Your Own Cover:

Crank out those pencils/crayons and colour in this week's cover to win some seriously sizzling prizes! Lodge your entries into the On Dit office or the box at the library front desk. This week's size is nice and small, so you can safely colour away without the fuddy-lecturers suspecting a thing! Isn't uni funny?

THANKS

Dan and Irfan for the honor of printing, Annette Baloney, Laura, Ianto, Evan, Billie, Ben, Alexis, Xavier, Margie, Jean Pezy, Reece, Mike, Tom, Pety, Claire and Andrew (genius), Jenn, Sunni, Karlie, Russy for driving us, Matt Silleh, Potter, Ashleigh, Brendan, J & Dazz, Dr Love and the crew @ Media Rites, Robin, Kim Littler, Ireland, Purvis, Katie S, Kent, Chris Were, Bowie, Jess, Bonnie, Warren and Phil at Cadillac for the teen spirit. All our subs for dealing with the impromptu deadline xoxo Mum & Dad squared for everthin'

# On DiT

Volume 74 Edition 6

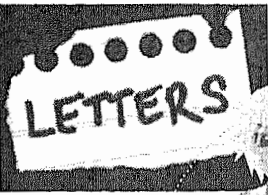
*"The Rivalry Edition"*

**Wanna write?** Stroll down the stairs of the George Murray Building into our subterranean lair and prepare for combat. We'll try and rope you into proofreading somehow, but as a rule of thumb, the whole "I work Thursdays" schtick usually works a treat. Alternatively, e-mail us at [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) and we'll make you a star.

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The year is 1994; a young lady named Tonya Harding (left) decides that the only way to overthrow the reigning Queen of figure skating, Nancy Kerrigan (right) is to dispatch a few goons with specific orders. Their mission; to club Kerrigan's knees in the Olympic trials. The rest is delicious, delicious history. Reow.



## Mikey's letter of defence (vs. Matt)

I opened the pages of my beloved *On Dit* and recoiled in horror at the mere notion that somebody had dared to issue a rebuttal to my article, which, in having a big ego, I believed was uncontestable. After performing the obligatory 10 minutes of rocking back and forth in the foetal position under my work desk, I pulled myself together, fired up 'Killer' (that's what I call my computer, among other things), and began considering my own defence. In all seriousness, I am rather pleased that somebody issued a rebuttal to *Fascist* (*On Dit* 74.4). It is with this intention that I wrote the article in the first place. The inflammatory language, polemical arguments and broad conclusions noted by Matthew Allen in 'The Defence of Radicalism' were, although certainly based upon my own beliefs, rooted somewhat in attempting to elicit an answer from those who disagree with me; after all, there is no point in having political beliefs (and being prepared to act upon those beliefs) unless they will withstand the most fiery methods of inquisition. That Matthew Allen's response was considered and polite is a credit to him.

However, there were glaring holes, not in the argument itself, but rather in the areas he addressed in his arguments, as I will now point out. As to the definition of fascists and fascism, of course the protesters are not actually 'fascist'; such an accusation was ridiculous, and I made the connection with a full understanding of this. For the protesters to be dyed in the wool, 'fascists' would require a complex and structured ideology on their part, which would have to be consistent with most aspects of fascism. Rather, when I called them fascist, I was referring to the categorical dissuasion and methods in which they intimidated anybody who wished to merely attend the speech, let alone endorse or agree

with it. It is my strongest belief (and you may disagree) that when one prevents access to ideas, one gives themselves a mandate as a class, a culture, a race or a political group the right to decide what is best for others, and creates a dangerous precedent in the minds of the 'anti war progressive' group, who in my opinion, have the right idea. Have you actually listened to the broadcast? Perhaps Matthew Allen was there, I have no idea. My greatest fear is that anti-war movements will become poisoned by the types of egotistical, self righteous thinking that permeates all of the political classes (but by no means every politician or politically minded human).

As to Matthew's assertion that I harangued anybody who adopts tactics that I am not 'comfortable' with...did I? Firstly, it's not a matter of being comfortable, it's a matter of hypocrisy and the infection of fascist ideas and tactics within left wing movements. You're damn right; suppression and intimidation is out of my comfort zone. Secondly, and more importantly, he seems to think I said this: "Direct Action is fascist". I suggest Matthew goes and reads the article again (if you can bring yourself to, aha aha). Note that I particularly mention specific instances such as protesters intimidating those who wish to hear another opinion in several parts of the article. I do not mention or condemn any other type of direct action, merely action which prevents an alternate idea from being listened to. This was for a reason. The only conclusion I can come to as to why you thought this, Mr Allen, is because I referenced Tom Brookman's article. Surely you are not so naïve as to believe simply because I referred to an idea in another article that this means my own aspersions were instantly cast over that article. This was your single biggest mistake. At no time did I say that if you were "looked onto a bulldozer, hanging 40 m up a tree, shaking the gates of the WTO, or stopping a destructive corporation from doing business" that you were a fascist. I did not even speak about these actions, nor did any criterion that I laid down for a protest to have 'fascist' undertones apply to any of the above examples. YOU drew these conclusions, a fact that I find highly ironic considering that you insinuated that I myself cannot restrict my own conclusions. You see, these aforementioned actions cannot be linked to fascism by my method in any way, as they are actively anti-fascist by all accounts and thus totally commendable (Tom Brookman agrees with that sentiment by the way). They do not prevent dissemination of ideas; they are not being held at a university or other forum in which Ideas are designed to be disseminated and given voice.

This mis-directed attack of Matthew's also renders his claim that Rational debate is not the be all and end all pointless; of course it isn't, neither Tom nor I ever said it was. It was my belief (and *Fascist* was obviously an opinion piece) that it is rational debate that must prevail ultimately; the 'public education campaign' must be continued at all costs, highlighting facts, not that the other side sucks. WE think this, but politically, it serves to marginalise the cause from the majority, who may or may not be controlled by the

Ideological State Apparatus that Matthew, as an obvious Marxist, probably despises. Also, have you considered, Matthew, that rational debate fails because of the existence of the 'Us vs Them' mentality, not vica versa? Surely two such groups so utterly opposed to each other's goals would find it almost impossible to negotiate the vast divide between their own particular ideologies. This is why rational debate and well presented information (as Tom noted) are vital to sway the general, uncommitted, uninvolved populace, not because it displaces or renders Direct Action useless, but because it raises the hopes that someday, Direct Action may not be required anymore. Once again, it was you who construed our articles as an attack upon Direct Action, rather than a criticism of an attitude, which I think raises other interesting issues as to the mindset of SOME protestors (and I mean some) and the willingness to fall into an us v them rhetoric like an old, familiar routine.

As to Matthew's various snide comments on my Law background (which were in very bad taste, particularly as I only raised it to make a self deprecating joke that I was an unthinking, programmed drone) and unimaginative Marxist rhetoric, thank you for lowering yourself to my level! It's nice to see that I'm not the only one throwing around accusations and casting aspersions that I'm not "qualified" for. It's OK to be hypocritical though, we all do it. It's OK to be condescending too, as I think we've proved in ample spades. Finally, as to the comment about archetypical versus Capitalist democracy, thanks for the lesson in Marxism 101, I'll be sure to re-read my copy of *Das Kapital*. I knew I'd missed something! When I personally say "Democracy" I (in a very undetailed explanation) refer to my ideal of direct or consensus democracy, unbound by most of the conventional boundaries and race distinctions of the nation-state, with the rule of law protecting the rights of any minority groups. I also, however recognise the relative worth of our own, admittedly 'Capital' driven style of democracy (it's better than feudalism) and the value of making the best of what you have in the moment, which is why I value rational debate so strongly. Regardless of this, your argument served to highlight the reason for protesting (which I believe I touched upon in my own article) and was valuable in doing so.

Much love from  
**Michael Adams**  
send all chocolate to the *On Dit* office

P.S. This is my last public word on the subject. Even if you were to come up to me and tempt me with chocolate in exchange for more commentary on this subject, I would merely turn my head slightly aside as if to say "I have made a most holy oath and will not be cajoled by promises of a fine culinary experience." I would, however, take the chocolate from you. By force if necessary. I like chocolate.

P.P.S. READ MY NEW ARTICLE  
PLSKTIX!!!!111

## Dr. Dan vs. Oli G

Dear Editors,

Oliver Gaillard understands that 'no Australian need be in full agreement with [the] [G]overnment's policies.' Noble indeed.

Gaillard makes a fairly strong claim that much of what we see as Australian culture is embodied in the ADF. I imagine that this would include bastardisation, violence, sexism, racism and doing what you are told by people who are making half-arsed self-serving decisions (I can only assume that this is what Gaillard is referring to, as that's what I understand by the culture of the military).

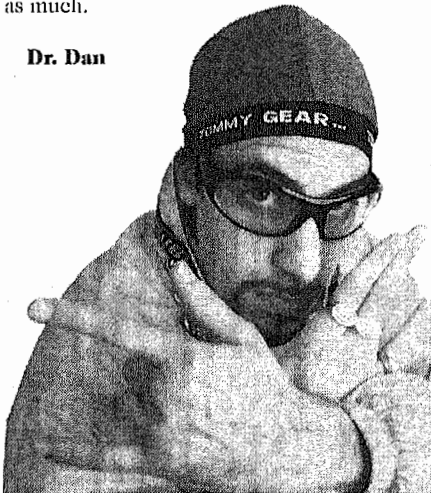
His belief is also belied by the fact of reducing recruitments to the ADF, a significant problem for the Australian military. This suggests, to me at least, that other Australians, particular younger Australians, are not convinced of the role of the military in our culture.

The fatuous claim that Australia's history was forged in a 'baptism of fire' (nice mixed metaphor by the way) is absolutely ludicrous. The complete balls-up at Gallipoli was just one of many situations where Australians have done what they were told by our current chosen imperial masters (other examples include Maralinga, Vietnam, Korea, Iraq, Afghanistan, Iraq (yes - twice), letting US nuclear ships into Australian ports, giving free access to US spies at Pine Gap etc.). Maybe that is what he is referring to though; 'At Gallipoli we let other nations know that we'd be their shit-kickers.'

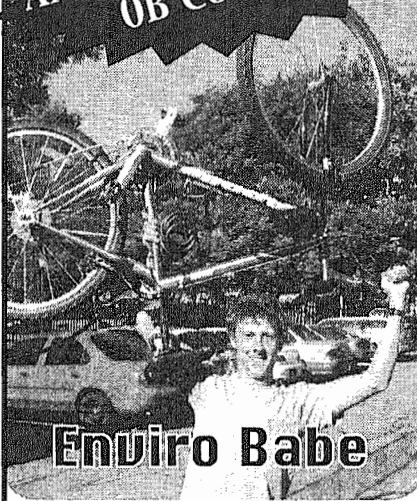
Flag-saluting patriotism, and supporting soldiers who shouldn't be somewhere in the first place (remember Oliver, the last Iraq war was an illegal incursion into a sovereign state - irrespective of the legitimacy of its government) is not patriotism, its the first sign of devolution into an autoeratic and potentially fascist system. In fact, this kind of behaviour is why my family left eastern Europe.

When he understands this, he'll know twice as much.

Dr. Dan



## THE AMAZINGLY NOMADIC OB COLUMN!



Enviro Babe

The news over the last week has illustrated just how unsustainable our society and way of life has become. Over in Canberra the National's senator Barnaby "Look at me, Look at me" Joyce has thrust himself into the media spotlight again. This time he has came up with the ingenious plan of mining Antarctica.

"There's minerals there, there's gold, there's iron ore, there's coal, there's huge fish resources," he said. "What you have to ask is: do I turn my head and allow another country exploit my resource or do I position myself in such a way as I'm going to exploit it myself before they get there?" (Obviously Joyce realized that this weeks *On Dit* theme was rivalry or he is submitting a contribution to The Oxford Dictionaries definitions of *Greed*)

Joyce obviously sees more value in inciting a mad global rush for Antarctic resources than in protecting the last relatively untouched continent on earth. Are we really in a situation where it is not enough to mine our own continent in order to sustain our lifestyle but that we have to destroy others as well! Or are we not well off enough, do we need more wealth and resources? *The answer is no by the way, we don't.*

On the other side of the continent the Western Australians were considering transporting water from the Kimberleys across the length of the state via a canal, pipeline or ocean transport using giant plastic bags to tow the water to Perth. If anything is an indication that we are living beyond our means it is giant goon bags or water swimming their way around the nation. Thankfully both of these proposals have been rejected and sanity prevails... for now.

Reece Kinane

Environment Officer

reece.kinane@student.adelaide.edu.au

## MR PRESIDENT VS. MR PRESIDENT



Behold, your very own SAUA and Union Presidents battling it out for the prestigious title of Mr. Testosterone '06. Do we judge the winner based on the extremity of facial expressions, or on the fact that John 'Powerhouse' Pezy is kicking butt? Personally, I find the swaying girl in the background vaguely interesting, along with the rather humorously placed umbrella in the foreground. This is the rivalry edition after all. Sheesh.



# NEWSBYTES

Three separate investigations are now actively looking into the circumstances surrounding the death of Private Jake Kovco, who died on April 21<sup>st</sup>. A military investigation is underway to determine the exact cause of his death, which is currently believed to be an accident and will be paralleled by a separate investigation by the NSW coroner. Another investigation conducted by the military will attempt to discover how the wrong body was returned to Australia.

Nepal's Parliament was reinstated last week, four years after it was first dissolved. This landmark achievement was brought about by several weeks of protests, in which 14 people were killed, that forced King Gyanendra to give up the absolute power he had been trying to consolidate. The newly convened parliament plans to rewrite the constitution, which may eventually place the fate of the King in the hands of the populace.

The Israeli Cabinet has approved a plan to create temporary fencing around the parts of Jerusalem where the West Bank separation wall hasn't yet been built. Israel commenced construction of the 760km barrier consisting of concrete walls, electric fences and trenches in 2001, but has yet to complete it due to legal challenges from Palestinians, who object that the barrier is incorporating bits of their land. The government claims the fence is a good short-term solution which will keep Palestinian suicide bombers out of the country. Whether or not this turns out to be true, it will certainly make life very difficult for thousands of Palestinians who either work or attend school in Jerusalem. To further complicate matters, the government has not yet iterated whether gateways will be incorporated into the fence to allow Palestinians with permission to be in the city to enter. Palestinians reject the plan as yet another attempt to strengthen Israeli claims to the whole of Jerusalem.

Two-way communication has finally been established between two trapped miners and rescue workers. Although rescue teams could talk to Brant Webb and Todd Russell, who have been trapped a kilometre underground for over a week, they couldn't hold a conversation. An ABC cameraman volunteered a small microphone, which was then pushed down a hole to the trapped men.

Minister for Families Mal Brough has come under fire for his plan to introduce direct debits for some parents on welfare payments. Brough claims that the plan, if implemented, would ensure that parents with drug or alcohol dependencies or gambling addiction would be forced to direct up to one third of their payments towards bills and necessities in order to ensure the welfare of their children. Critics suggest that the plan, though well intentioned, has serious flaws, not least in that it is difficult to know where to draw the line. It has been argued that the scheme might result in unnecessary interference. Kim Beazley predictably panned the plan and told journalists that 'This government could not organise a kick in a street fight'. Well that sure told them.

*Time Magazine* has published its list of the 100 most influential people of the past year. In an eclectic mix, New German Chancellor Angela Merkel made the grade, as did Sean "Puffy" Coombs (AKA Puff Daddy or P Diddy, depending on how far back your memory goes). Unsurprisingly, a few people have made the list for the second time in the three years since it was created, including George Dubya Bush, Bill Clinton, Bill Gates and Condoleezza Rice. Despite Bush's slight popularity problem at the moment, *Time* wrote that he is definitely "already assured a large place in history". Yay.

The African Union have allowed another 48 hours for all parties involved in the Darfur peace talks to further discuss the proposed plan. The Sudanese government had already stated that it was prepared to accept a peace plan drawn up by the African Union, but rebel groups are holding out in the hope that more of their demands will be met. Both the government and the rebels are under extreme international pressure to accept the peace plan, but various rebel groups are worried about the provisions for the disarmament of government militias. They have pointed out that the plan does not offer solutions to critical wealth distribution and power-sharing problems which are crippling the country.

Soph



**PREHISTORIC ANIMAL: 1**  
**MODERN TECHNOLOGY: 0**

Life as an attraction at the Corroborree Park Tavern in the Northern Territory apparently got a little boring for Brutus the crocodile. Imagine his surprise when someone started cutting up a fallen tree with a chainsaw only 20 metres away... The 4.5 metre croc wanted some of that action. A witness stated that Brutus "erupted from his pool" and went for the unsuspecting man in an attempt to get at the chainsaw. The poor guy wisely handed it over and Brutus the Conqueror managed to smash it up pretty well, without sustaining any injury (the chainsaw was on at the time). Crococy then took his prize back to his pool and played with it for over an hour before finding something better to do. The chainsaw is said to be booked in for extensive counseling.

In keeping with this week's theme, what better way to celebrate rivalry in all its different forms than to allow you, the public, the misquoted and misrepresented, to lash out against the media outlets that have done you wrong... **Ola B**

**"I was misrepresented by  
The Advertiser"**

**Who:** Lia, 21  
**Where:** Glenelg Beach  
**When:** December 2005  
**Alleged to have said:** "I go to the beach whenever I can, every chance I get, even though I live in the Hills."  
**The real deal:** Lia maintains she made it clear during the interview that she in fact only goes to the beach *sometimes* during summer; furthermore, she insists she never explicitly said that where she lives presents any barrier between her and the beach. She feels that she was misrepresented as an avid and frequent beach-goer, and used as a pawn in *The Advertiser's* attempt at reinforcing the beach as a site of "summer fun".

Ever been wrongly portrayed by the media? Ever been misquoted, taken out of context or had your *Today Tonight* interview dubbed over by the journalist's voice-over? Contact *On Dit's* Media Watch and settle the score once and for all. No vendetta too trivial! Schonky builders welcome!

**"I was snubbed by a minor  
local celebrity"**

**Who:** Gavin, 29.  
**Where:** Backstage, Channel 7 studios  
**When:** 2002  
**Minor local celebrity:** Bruce Abernethy  
**The snub:** While getting his make-up done in preparation for a segment on *AM Adelaide*, Gavin noticed former AFL player and media personality Bruce Abernethy in the chair beside him. Greeting him with a friendly "G'day Bruce, how are ya?", Gavin was allegedly met only with a brief sideways glance and no comment in reply. To this day, Gavin maintains that he is "upset" by the encounter. "I used to like him... He was like an idol to me... It broke my heart."

**"They took what I said  
out of context"**

**Who:** Darren, 37  
**When:** December 2005  
**When:** During an interview with the *Independent Weekly*, in which he was asked to provide a recipe for duck à l'orange and comment on the garnish used.  
**Alleged response:** "We thought we'd use a pear instead of a slice of orange, as pear goes with everything and is nice to eat."  
**The real deal:** "I can't remember what I said but whatever he wrote was wrong." When pressed further, Darren added that the quote arose from a question concerning garnishes. Although he made mention of numerous garnish permutations, it was this one in particular the *Independent Weekly* chose to include (whether or not this indicates some kind of pear conflict-of-interest, we know not). The residual pain of the taunting Darren received from co-workers as a result of his pear-comment remains to this day.

**"I was brutally censored  
on local radio"**

**Who:** Leo, 56  
**Where:** ABC Studios  
**When:** April 2006  
**The gripe:** Leo, who claims that he is "constantly" misquoted in the media, chose to share this particular incident as the most memorable and personally traumatic. Invited onto ABC radio to promote one of his products, Leo found himself continuously silenced by the announcers, who allegedly cut in on everything he tried to say and spoke over him. "They gave me a list of things I had to say and I did not get time to actually say them... In the end all I got to say was my name and where I was from." Although Leo admits that he "should have been more pushy – that's what they told me afterwards", the bitter resentment at not being able to sufficiently plug his product remains

**"I came close to being misrepresented as an underage-drinking lo<sup>ut</sup>"**

**Who:** Nick, 20  
**Where:** Oakbank racing carnival  
**When:** Easter long weekend  
**What:** Nick claims to have been approached by Channel 10's Jodie Blewett and asked if he and his friends were underage. Although they replied "no", the Channel 10 news team allegedly proceeded to ask them questions concerning underage drinking as if they had in fact answered "yes". Although the story never actually made it to air (due possibly to the ridiculousness of the answers given and the requests of the interviewees – including having their faces blurred in order to protect their innocence) this story nevertheless provides a stellar example of how close one can get to misrepresentation in the media's relentless pursuit in fulfilling a particular agenda... We must always stay vigilant!

# Tyranny OF THE majority



John Stuart Mill canvassed the types of liberty that developed through history. By liberty, Mill means protection against the tyranny of the political rulers. There is a need for rulers or a ruler, for they have the power to prevent the weaker being subjugated by the stronger. But since the ruler or rulers are also capable of picking on the weak, we have rights of non-interference from them. These are our political liberties and rights. Out of this development of political rights came constitutional checks on the power of the sovereign. But then society morphed into a democracy. Here the sovereign was no longer distinct from the governed. Since the nation ruled itself it no longer needed to be protected from itself. The people could not terrorise themselves.

But, Mill continues, a successful evolution in philosophical and political ideals discloses faults not observed before. The notion that the people do not need to limit their power over themselves soon threw out a flaw; the people who govern are not the same as the people governed. Self-government is not truly self-government, but government by a select group over the rest. The will of the people, politically, means the will of the most numerous, or active part of the people. The majority, or those who succeed in making themselves accepted as the majority, can oppress the rest of society. This sort of oppressing needs restricting just as much as other types of tyranny. Mill equates this type of domination by the 'majority' as the tyranny of the many.

There's a symmetry here in Mill's historical survey; as society developed the powerful oppressed the weak. To protect the weak a system of government developed to promote the rule of law. At first this government was monarchical in nature and since the monarch is just as capable of oppressing the weak as other people, political rights and liberties were developed and enshrined through the introduction of constitutional checks. The monarchy changed into a constitutional monarchy and the power of the mob resurfaced; the (politically) weak needed to be protected from the (politically) strong. The people need protection against the tyranny of opinion. Mill thinks this type of tyranny is more formidable than most other types, since there are fewer ways to escape it. The tyranny of opinion can enslave our very souls.

To do this, Mill develops his concept of liberty in a classic and still relevant defence of traditional liberal values. If humans are to develop as best they can, then we must find the limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion over individual independence. All that is valuable for human existence depends on the enforcement of restraints upon the actions of other people. This is a concept built on negative rights. Negative rights are rights we possess that stop other people interfering with us. The key one we have is a negative right to free speech. No-one has the right to prevent us saying what we want. This is a right that restricts the actions of others and is called a negative right.

Mill believes that the tyranny of opinion is the

most formidable tyranny. He thinks that once the people in a democratic state come to recognise that the political power is *their* power, then individual liberty will probably be as threatened by the government as it is by public opinion. Mill's conception of liberty is aimed at restricting this and he sets it out along the following lines.

The only principle for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier. Because, in the opinion of others, to do so would be wise or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him or reasoning with him or persuading him or entreating him, but not for compelling him or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him, must be calculated to produce evil to someone else. The only part of the conduct of any one for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.

(Mill, 1859, p. 48)

We have liberty, and this is liberty from any interference in our actions which do not cause harm to others. This is the no-harm principle.

Mill thinks that the concept of liberty makes no sense unless we have free speech. In a puzzling statement he sets this out.

Liberty, as a principle, has no application to any state of things anterior to the time when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion.

(Mill, 1859, p. 49)

But this puzzlement gets removed once we realize that Mill is setting out cases where liberty does not apply. The doctrine of liberty is aimed at humans in the maturity of their capacities. There will be cases where we can interfere in the actions of others ignoring the no-harm principle. These are children, the mentally incompetent and so on. Until humans or individual humans have developed the capacity to be guided by reason, the no-harm principle does not apply.

I said the key concept was freedom of speech. Mill develops this out of the concept of freedom of thought. Man has absolute freedom to do what he wants whenever those actions only affect himself. The first action that we have which is truly self-regarding (as opposed to other regarding) is the "inward domain of consciousness", (Mill, 1859, p. 50).

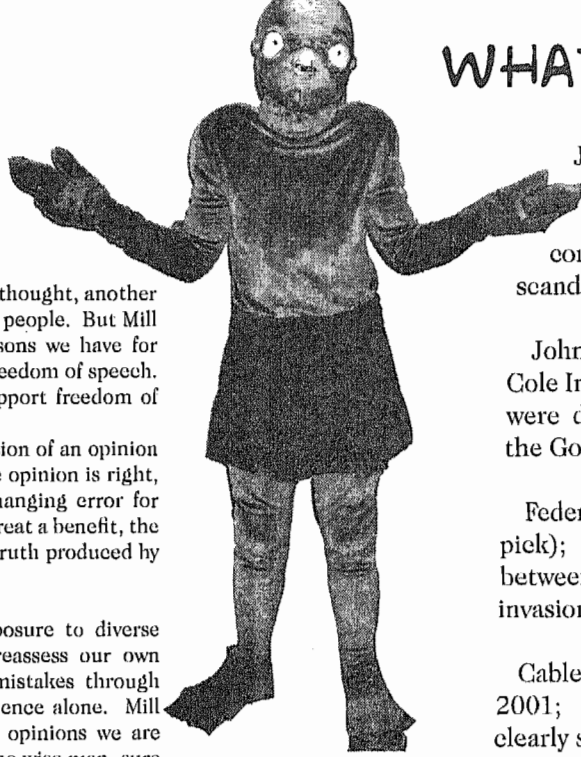
"[Demanding] liberty of conscience in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological."

(Mill, 1859, p. 50)

The freedom to express these views may at first



# WHAT THE F\*\*\*



John Howard (ad infinitum):

Wait until the Cole Inquiry is complete before drawing conclusions about the AWB scandal.

John Howard (after appearing at Cole Inquiry): It is obvious that AWB were deceiving everyone, including the Government.

Federal Government (take your pick); We were not aware of link between AWB, Alia and Saddam until invasion in 2003.

Cable from UN Mission in March 2001; sent to Federal Government clearly setting out such link.

People's reaction to AWB Scandal? What's on Big Brother?

seem to be different. It is one thing to have a thought, another to publish it. Such action does concern other people. But Mill thinks them so closely aligned that the reasons we have for supporting freedom of speech transfer onto freedom of speech. Mill also provides independent reasons to support freedom of speech.

"[The] peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race ..., If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth produced by its collision with error."

(Mill, 1859, p. 52)

Man is fallible and makes mistakes. Exposure to diverse opinions and beliefs is an opportunity to reassess our own beliefs and opinions. We can rectify our mistakes through experience and discussion, but not by experience alone. Mill claims here that without exposure to other opinions we are incapable of fully correcting our mistakes. The wise man, sure of his beliefs, obtains his wisdom and surety by debating his views and correcting them when exposed to true beliefs.

We can only be certain of the truth of a belief if we are able to question it. The beliefs we are most sure of cannot have any safeguard built in that prevents criticism. What does suppressing opinions turn us into?

To call any proposition certain, while there is any one who would deny its certainty if permitted, but who is not permitted, is to assume that we ourselves and those who agree with us, are the judges of certainty, and judges without hearing the other side.

(Mill, 1859, p. 56)

This makes us the tyrants of opinion. The only certainty available to a fallible person, is that he has tested his beliefs as thoroughly as possible, according to the best available standards.

Mill develops his theory of liberty to protect the individual from the tyranny of public opinion. He couches this in terms of protecting the weaker from the stronger, the few from the many. Timothy Garton Ash, writing in *The Guardian Weekly* (March 10 - 16), thinks that a new threat to free speech has developed, as shown by the controversy of the Danish Cartoons, the conviction of David Irving and other UK related issues I don't have the space to go into. Ash thinks that small groups within society are starting to attempt to suppress freedom of speech.

The group in society becomes violent, the Danish embassies are attacked, animal research institutes are bombed, holders of abhorrent opinions are jailed. This suggests that the group is attempting to intimidate publishers and society in general to prevent publication of opinions that they do not agree with. This equates to the tyranny of the group. If publishers and society starts to self-censor because publications might offend a group then freedom of speech gets removed, and this is a serious threat to human intellectual development. Mill set out his cases to protect the individual from the group, and Ash extends this to protect the group from the individual.

Andrew J Turner

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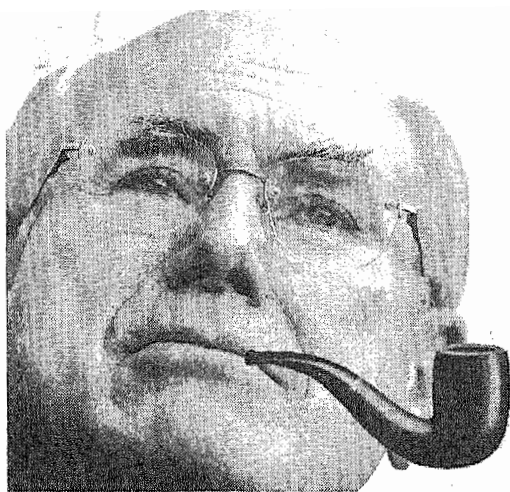
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THIS IS NOT  
A REALIST

by Russell Marks

Outside, the weather reflected the gloom on the faces of the customers Rachael and Zach had seen at the shop they'd visited that morning. Their parents, intending to fill some of the 'lazy spaces' that made a mockery of their three-bedroom home in Mawson Lakes, had driven the children to the newly-opened IKEA® store at Adelaide Airport. They'd spent the morning and most of the afternoon there and at HarbourTown, had lunch at the IKEA® restaurant, and had finally returned home with an Ektorp armchair, a Lo bunk bed and a Billy bookcase.

"Why isn't anybody smiling?" Rachael had asked during the morning, but her question was lost amid the din of baby boomers in shop-till-you-drop heaven. The man she was watching on TV at the moment wasn't smiling, either. He was bald, and seemed particularly interested in a picture of a pipe – the variety used for smoking tobacco – under which was written, in cursive: *Ceci n'est pas une pipe*.

"Magritte's work, which he called *La trahison des images*, literally *The Treachery of Images*, is better known by those words which appear under the pipe. The work fascinated the French thinker Michel Foucault, who in 1973 wrote a dissertation on the painting's inherent paradox. The dissertation is arguably as famous as Magritte's work, whose popular title it shares."

Rachael shrugged her shoulders. Her Year 8 French gave her the ability to translate the cursive lettering – *This Is Not a Pipe* – but that hardly helped her at all, because the picture clearly *was* of a pipe. The bald man on the TV continued.

"The paradox is worth considering for a minute (or a lifetime): the painting is clearly of a pipe, but, being a painting, is not *actually* a pipe. However simple the concept may appear at first, the questions raised by the phrase '*ceci n'est pas une pipe*' are of vital importance to ideas of presentation and representation, of interpreting, seeing, *experiencing*. Now that we know of this paradox, why will we look at the next picture of a pipe we see and think 'pipe', not 'picture'? And why does our brain even 'think' to link the picture of a pipe, even if the pipe is real, to the word 'pipe', and all that entails? When, for example, is a pipe *not* a pipe (other than when it's a picture)?"

What a ridiculous show, Rachael thought, and changed the channel. She didn't really know why anyone ever watched the ABC. The news was on Channel 10, and they were showing footage of the Prime Minister in an ABC radio studio.

"I feel very, very strongly about the criticism that many people are making that we are dumbing down the English syllabus. I mean when the...what I might call the traditional texts are treated no differently from pop cultural commentary, as appears to be the case in some syllabus, I share the views of many people about the so-called postmodernism."

Mr Howard was being interviewed by a woman, who said "I think that's a view supported by a lot of parents and grandparents out there. We've got the Western Australian government, I think, talking about outcome-based education."

"Well, I mean, that is gobbledegook," Mr Howard replied. "What does that mean? We understand it's necessary to be numerate and we also understand that there's high quality literature and there's rubbish, and we need a curriculum that encourages an understanding of the high quality literature and not the rubbish."<sup>1</sup>

Rachael agreed with the Prime Minister: it *was* all gobbledegook. She had no idea what anyone was talking about. So much for relaxing in front of the TV! Her parents really needed to get Foxtel. She

switched it off and went to read her new *Girlfriend* magazine.

The rest of the weekend passed without incident (though Rachael and Zach's dad was having a lot of trouble putting together the Lo bunk bed from IKEA®), and when Zach had finished eating tea on Monday evening, he asked whether he could watch the 7.30 Report that evening.

"Of course you can!" said Zach's father, a little surprised. "But honey," his mother added, "could you watch it on the other TV? *The Great Outdoors* is on at 7.30."

"Why do you want to watch the 7.30 Report?" Zach's father asked him.

"It's sort of homework. Ms Miller wants us to watch it."

At half-past seven, Zach wandered into the family room (where the smaller, 38cm TV was). His sister was watching the end of *Home and Away*. Zach sat down and picked up the remote. When the credits started rolling, he switched to Channel 2.

"Hey!" cried Rachael. "I was going to watch *The Great Outdoors*!"

"Don't have a fit, it's on on the other telly. I have to watch this for school."

As Rachael was standing up, she saw something on the TV she recognised. It was John Howard in a radio studio. "I feel very, very strongly –"

"Hey, that was on the news the other night!"

"Just shush, will you?" Zach threw a cushion at her.

When Howard had finished talking, the 7.30 Report guy appeared on the screen. "And that was in response, at least ostensibly, to a question about the rolling privatisation of education in Australia. The Prime Minister was *really* responding to a debate that had run in *The Australian* newspaper since the middle of April, when it published a story about a Sydney girls' school which, among other things, asked its English students in an exam to interpret Shakespeare's *Othello* from Marxist, feminist and racial perspectives.<sup>2</sup> *The Australian*, led by its editor Chris Mitchell, has for years been doggedly fighting an ideological battle against what it sees as the dominance of the political Left in teaching high school English and university-level Humanities. In 1996, Mitchell published a series of baseless stories in Brisbane's *Courier-Mail* accusing historian Manning Clark of having spied for Russia during the Cold War.<sup>3</sup>

"Postmodernism has a bad name in many quarters. It, and its cousins *deconstruction*, *post-structuralism*, *cultural studies* and *critical theory*, are scorned in the popular media, and attract vehement, if sporadic, criticism from political leaders."

The picture cut to a woman, who looked like she was giving a lecture. Her name appeared on the bottom of the screen, but before Zach could find a pen, it had disappeared. "This is because we fear it, because we don't understand it. Many people who *do* claim to understand it also fear it. Perhaps they really do *not* understand its method or its madness, and/or they seek 'postmodernity' in isolation. To see something in isolation, whether it be postmodernity, modernity, politics, economics or individuality, is to fail to see it as it really is."<sup>4</sup>

"Heavy stuff," said the 7.30 Report guy. "But does the Prime Minister have a point?"

The same woman returned to the screen, but this time she was sitting down, much closer to the camera, like she was being interviewed. "Regardless of whether or not Mr Howard has a point – and this de-

depends on whether you believe the inherent aesthetic values of 'classic' texts are being undermined by teachers intent on equating them with those of pop-culture texts, and further, whether you believe that asking students to 'read' various texts from various viewpoints is a bad thing – my point is that his outright dismissal of the technique identifies his almost complete ignorance of it."

"So what exactly is 'post-modernism'?"

"There are many debates over the answer to that question. Even attempting to locate a settled definition is itself anathema to postmodernism. But, very broadly, postmodernism can be said to call into question the assumptions that underlie modernity. A postmodern thinker would question the modernist view that history is necessarily linear, and may endeavour to take a more circular approach to its study. She would be doubtful of the existence of a singular, knowable 'truth', which is assumed by modernist thought.<sup>5</sup> A postmodern thinker would question the primacy given to reason and logic by modernist thought, and perhaps give more credence to memory, intuition and common sense."

"And how do you see the effects of postmodern thought?"

"They are many and varied! While postmodernism was born out of Marxist interpretations of the world (which were engaged in the construction of a narrative, and were situated firmly within the Left-modernist tradition), quite often by 'deconstructing' established traditions without offering any cohesive alternative, postmodernism has a quite negative, conservative effect, by fragmenting and commoditising knowledge and authority.

"On the other hand, the deconstruction of ideas and processes to reveal their inherent biases is often the first step in the construction of an ethical society. Postmodern techniques can be valuable tools in the intellectual crusade to wrest power from those who wield it arbitrarily, much as the (modernist) Marxist, feminist and civil rights movements did throughout much of the twentieth century.

"If we become specialists in postmodernist techniques at the expense of everything else, we will fail in our attempts to build a just society. But specialisation is the problem there, not postmodernism per se. (And let's not forget that modern thought brought us to Auschwitz and Hiroshima, *as well as* to the moon.) Postmodernism is capable of teaching us not to judge, and while often we need to exercise judgement, this process should be reflective."

"But the Prime Minister wants to 'encourage an understanding of the high-quality literature and not the rubbish'—"

"On the contrary", the woman interrupted, "I would argue that students need desperately to know how to analyse, *deconstruct* even, not only 'classic' texts but also everyday ones. Where's the value in learning how to analyse classic texts, if students aren't taught how to apply that analysis to advertising messages, pop songs and politician-speak? Our ability to recognise bias, to define the particular narrative being told, to *exercise responsible judgement*, is all based on our ability to deconstruct the spin. Post-structural analysis, for example, can give us the ability to examine government policy, by identifying where the policy-makers have chosen to define the problem they're trying to solve. The post-Marxist post-modern scholars did *not* preach a fuzzy relativism, so that we could think the SBS news coverage no better or worse than Channel 7's and the Taliban no better or worse than the Scottish Enlightenment."

"Politician-speak? They certainly have a way with words, don't they?" the 7.30 Report guy asked his audience rhetorically. "Often these days, we hear the Prime Minister calling himself a 'realist'." Zach then saw John Howard say "I'm a realist" on four different occasions, before the picture cut to a middle-aged guy with grey hair in a truly tragic style. This time Zach wrote his name down.

"The Prime Minister *is* certainly fond of telling us he's a realist!" the man said with a laugh. "While we need to allow for the possibility that he doesn't know what this means either<sup>6</sup> (he did a straight law degree at Sydney Uni and told his former adviser Gerard Henderson in 1995 that he wished he'd done some courses in politics<sup>7</sup>), in declaring himself thus he effectively declares his support for the assumptions underlying realism: that humans are motivated by self-interest, that nation-states are not beholden to any higher authority (such as a 'community' of nations), and that nation-states are primarily motivated by their own security concerns.

"Howard *does* believe humans (and nation-states) are motivated by rational self-interest and have security as their primary concern. Watch

the mess unfold in the Solomon Islands, as his response to the recent race riots has been to characterise it as a security issue and send in AFP and military personnel. That he effectively declared support for the dubious instalment of former deputy PM Snyder Rini as Prime Minister despite the resounding defeat of Rini's ally Allan Kemakeza in the April 2006 elections appears to have escaped him.

"But, Mr Howard is not *just* a realist. His conception of Australia's relationship with the USA is not *just* based in security concerns; for him, the two nations share a cultural 'common thread' that binds them together.<sup>8</sup> And he certainly hasn't been 'realist' about the AWB scandal. Indeed, in attempting to portray the matter as a problem for the UN and the wheat board, he denies the responsibility of his own government and betrays the central tenets of the 'realism' he purports to champion.

"Realism, mostly, is an expression of political pragmatism. But Mr Howard is at best selectively pragmatic. While he does place the maintenance of political power as his primary objective, his conduct between election periods is often ideological. The 2005 industrial relations reforms ('WorkChoices') realised a personal goal of his that dates at least from the late 1970s. They and other mid-term policies such as his support for Bush's unilateral invasion of Iraq, have been incredibly unpopular. Despite his protestations to the contrary, Mr Howard is as blinkered by ideology as the worst of us."

"So," concluded the 7.30 Report guy, "are we motivated by self-interest? Do 'realists' live in the 'real world'? Is John Howard a realist, as he claims? When is a realist not a realist? And what of post-modernism? Is it a threat to quality education, or an essential tool for addressing power imbalances?"

The picture cut back to Kerry O'Brien. "Michael Brissenden raises some fairly big questions there, one would think! And now to the latest Australian war film to hit the big screen—"

Zach switched the TV off. He'd tried to make notes, but wasn't really sure what anyone had been talking about. He groaned inwardly, thinking about the next day's English class. What if Ms Miller asked him something about the 7.30 Report?

His thoughts were interrupted by his father, who had sworn loudly from the garage, where he was still trying to put together the bunk bed. Then he became aware of the rain that was still beating down outside. He shivered, and went to join his mother and sister in front of *The Great Outdoors*.

#### (Endnotes)

<sup>1</sup> Howard, interview with Madonna King, ABC Radio 612 (Brisbane), 20 April 2006.

<sup>2</sup> Justine Ferrari, 'Elite girls' school "kills the study of literature"', the *Australian*, 15 April 2006, p. 1.

<sup>3</sup> ...beginning with: W Smith and P Kelly, 'A question of influence', *Courier-Mail*, 24 August 1996, p. 1. See also: Australian Press Council Adjudication No.890 (Nov 1996) [1996] APC 64.

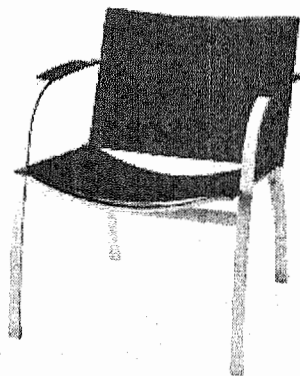
<sup>4</sup> For an expansive discussion of this 'simultaneous lenses' idea, which I believe is of vital importance, see: John Ralston Saul, *On Equilibrium* (2001).

<sup>5</sup> Foucault said that 'we must not imagine that the world turns towards us a legible face which we would have only to decipher; the world is not the accomplice of our knowledge': Foucault, 'The Order of Discourse' (Benington and McLeod trans, first pub 1971), ch.3 in Robert Young, ed, *Untying the Text: A Post-Structuralist Reader* (1981), 48 at 67 [trans of *L'ordre du discours*].

<sup>6</sup> See also: Peter Cruven, 'Howard has a point – even if he struggles to understand it', the *Age*, 21 April 2006, p.3.

<sup>7</sup> Henderson, *A Howard Government? Inside the Coalition* (1995), p.33, quoting Howard: 'I think if I'd had my time over again I'd have done an economics or arts degree first and had some campus life!'

<sup>8</sup> See Robert Manne, 'Little America: How John Howard has changed Australia' (March 2006), 10 *The Monthly* 20.



# THE WAR

Irfan Kortschak

A friend of mine once laughed when I called it 'The War.' You know, the War. The big one. The one that you see on all the old movies. The icy cold, blond-haired, blue-eyed Aryan officers, doing funny salutes. Those old Mercedes Benz cars that look better in black and white, somehow. D-day on the beach. Aristocratic British officers, and tough American ones. And a few Australians, with funny accents.

And then those grainy shots, as though the camera censored an image too horrific to be seen in sharp focus, of skeleton corpses lying in piles outside the ovens.

But if you only speak English, then for you the piles of corpses are probably not The War. For you, The War is probably movies of young men going off to Europe to fight. David Niven and John Wayne. Nerves at first dawn. Proving yourself a man. For God and Country and writing home to Mom. Men, shooting at other men, all wearing uniforms.

If you speak English, wars always happen elsewhere, overseas, somewhere far away. Think about it. The USA, Canada, Australia, South Africa, none of them have seen a major war on their soil for well over a hundred years. The only exception to the rule is Britain, which was bombed in The War.

Bombs are bad, of course, but they come from somewhere else. Being bombed is bad, but it's not what the Europeans think of as war. For the Europeans, The War was not something that happened somewhere else. It was not even something that came from somewhere else in the middle of the night and made a loud bang in the suburb down the road. The War was something that happened all around you, within your family, inside yourself.

War was not noticing when your neighbors got taken away. Not saying anything when someone you secretly admired was shot for saying what she thought. Smiling at people you hated. Working hard to win the respect of contemptible men in uniforms. Pretending. Lying. Scheming to stay alive.

In Australia, I was blonde and didn't look like a migrant's son. Not Turkish or Greek anyway, and there weren't enough Czechs to form a ghetto. I never felt that different from the Anglos. Except for the way I felt about The War. When the other kids looked at tanks and guns and aeroplanes, I thought of the stories of the other war. That was the one thing that made me different.

\*\*\*

Nanna told me once that 'War!' was the very first word my father could say. There were planes flying in the skies over Czechoslovakia in the late thirties, training mostly. As a baby, young Peter knew they were something bad, and that bad thing was War. As he cried the word, Nanna hushed him and rocked him. "No, they are just aeroplanes," she said, "It's not

war." Until one day she looked a little closer, and saw smoke pouring out of one plane, which crashed into a field a few miles away.

Her baby was right. It was War.

\*\*\*

Nanna's sister married an officer of the SS. Or something like it. Apparently, the man in question was inexplicably rich after the war, and my father and grandfather used to sneer about how he should have been hanged as a war criminal instead of being allowed to live off the gold fillings he pulled out of the jaws of dead Jews. Metaphorically speaking. Every time a letter arrived from Nanna's sister for Nanna, a row broke out in Czech or German or Dutch. "But she's my sister!" Nanna would sob as my father and grand-father repeated things that had been said, over and over again, every time a letter arrived, since 1945.

\*\*\*

There was the story I heard about the family listening to BBC radio on a small crystal wireless set. If they'd been caught, they would have been shot. As they were listening, two policemen came to the house. There was a blackout, and a light could be seen from between the curtains. As they knocked, my grandfather quickly slid the radio under the grand piano. One of the policemen was okay, a regular guy, but the other insisted he had heard something. Like a radio. He conducted a search, but he couldn't be bothered looking under the piano. They left, and my family lived to tell the tale, over and over again.

\*\*\*

Peter had a bad time as a child. He was a Czech in Holland. Czechs were counted as 'Lesser Aryans.' The Dutch were better than that, almost as good as Germans. When Peter was forced to join Hitler Youth, he refused to salute the picture of Adolf Hitler and got kicked out. My grandfather and grandmother were terrified that the authorities would come to their house to see why they had brought up their son so badly and what their own attitudes were.

\*\*\*

Some German officers lived nearby. They had a very fat cat. One day, the poor Dutch civilians who lived next door stole the cat and cooked it. They were very skinny and the Germans were very fat. So was their cat. Nanna laughed until she wept when she told me that story. She always got very angry when I left scraps of food on the plate. And she cried a lot.





\*\*\*

Tulip bulbs. Tulips are pretty flowers but not for my father. When the food ran out in Holland people ate tulip bulbs. Even when there was nothing else, my father said they were too disgusting to eat. He couldn't look at tulips without going bright red with anger.

\*\*\*

There was a time when we were down at the beach somewhere, in a boarding house. There was a dance party with waltzes and ballroom music. Then, all of a sudden, my father's face darkened. "Wagner!" he hissed under his breath. "Just because He liked Wagner, it doesn't mean its bad music," Nanna said, "Who knows, you might have liked the house He lived in, if you didn't know it was his." "I very much doubt it," said my Father, and walked out of the room.

'He' was Adolf Hitler.

\*\*\*

On the way back from the beach, we passed rows and rows of huts in vertical lines in the middle of a bare paddock, miles away from anywhere. Tin huts like cans of soft drink half buried in the ground. My grandfather stopped the car and paused for a moment. "That's where we lived when we first came to Australia." A camp for DPs. Displaced People. People who had nowhere to go. Nowhere except Australia, which was as far as you could get away from the War, unless you went to the moon.

Being a DP in Australia after the War wasn't that good. It wasn't as bad as being a Czech in Holland in the War, but it wasn't that good. When I was at school, the Greeks and the Turks were Wogs, Greaseballs, Dagos, Eyeties. A generation earlier, DPs were 'Refos', but it meant the same thing.

\*\*\*

My father used to talk about people being hanged in the streets. "People shit themselves. If they don't shit themselves before they get hanged, then they do it afterwards." He lit a cigarette and turned away, his face cold and hard.

\*\*\*

During The War, my grandfather was useful to the Germans, which kept him and his family alive, and even moderately well-fed. He was a chemical engineer in rubber, and he made tires. The Germans needed tires. My father never learnt to accept that his father "collaborated with the Germans." In his defence, he had had connections to the underground resistance, but that wasn't enough. "He thought he'd be safe if he did deals with both sides," my father said with a sneer. He never thought that it might be easy to refuse to salute a picture of Adolf Hitler when you were nine, but a lot harder to refuse to work in a munitions factory when you were married and had a couple of children to look after. My father only forgave him after he died. Of cancer. Of cancer that was probably caused by working with chemicals. Chemicals used in the rubber factory. The rubber factory that made tires for the Germans.

So, the War killed him in the end.

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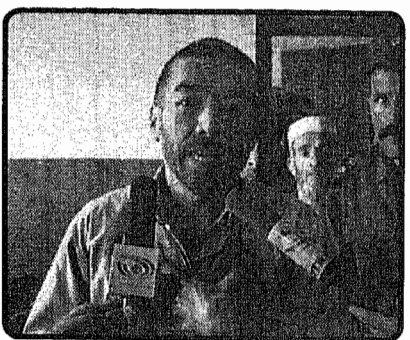
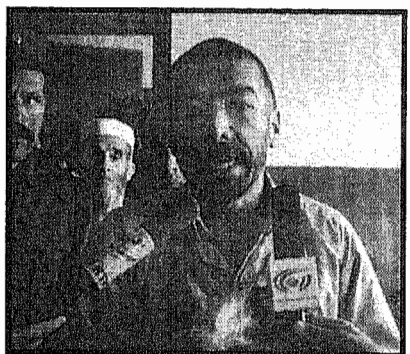
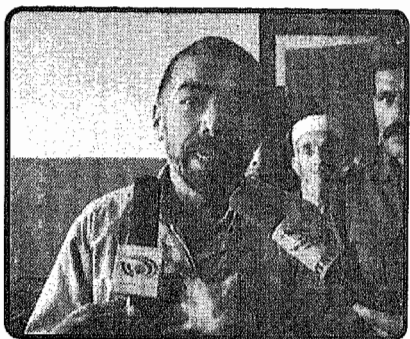
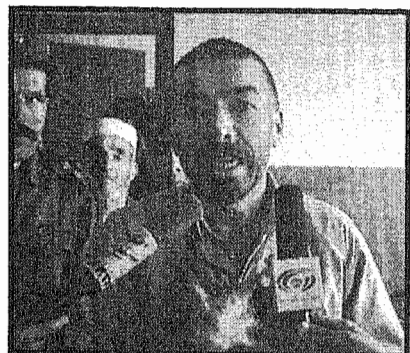
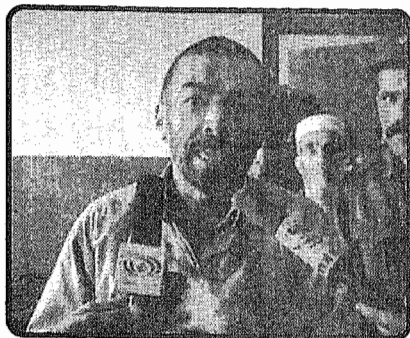
And when my father was dying of cancer himself, a cancer that in his case was caused not by chemicals used in a rubber factory, but by cigarettes and alcohol and loathing, he telephoned me in Indonesia. To tell me a story. About how when, just after The War, when he was eleven or twelve, the Americans had made the former German soldiers clear the minefields of the mines they had planted. And, to make sure that they were clear, they made the Germans walk across them. In the night, my father had gone out to the fields with a friend, and picked out the flags and moved them forward by several hundred meters. Confused, twelve German POWs had blown themselves to smithereens as a result of his practical joke.

The War killed my father in the end, too.

*Infan Kortschak grew up in Melbourne and now lives in Jakarta, where he works as a journalist, translator and author.*

# WILL HE DIE FOR OUR SIN?

## Gunboat Diplomacy and Afghanistan's "Liberation"



So how many people know who Abdul Rahman is? Christians certainly would, because the issue in which he is embroiled is one that concerns their faith. Politicians certainly would, because his position is one of great political complexity. The media, both alternative and mainstream, will know of him as he is a symbol of the real effects of religious and cultural intolerance. Abdul Rahman is arguably a symbol of how little the country of Afghanistan has progressed since the U.S. led invasion, victory and subsequent influence retained over that country.

Abdul Rahman is an Afghan Christian. This is important, because it is essentially the sole reason that he was persecuted and is likely to continue to be for the remainder of his life. Rahman went on trial for "abandoning Islam for Christianity."<sup>1</sup> He converted to Christianity whilst away from his native country and, upon his return, reported his change in faith to the police while complaining about his treatment at the hands of his family, who had disowned him.<sup>2</sup> There is some conflict as to exactly where he spent his time overseas, with some newspapers claiming he converted to Christianity when working for a Christian aid group in Pakistan.<sup>3</sup> There is also some doubt as to whether he actually told the police that he had converted, or whether it was a malicious act on the part of his family, who claimed that he abused his family and was mentally ill.<sup>4</sup> This situation was brought about due to the seemingly conflicting political groups influencing the Afghan courts. Although the President of Afghanistan, Hamid Karzai, is a moderate, the Parliament is ostensibly controlled by Islamic hardliners, who advocate the practice of Sharia law. Several of these clerics demanded that Rahman be hanged.<sup>5</sup> Sharia law, which is essentially fundamentalist religious law, advocates the execution of 'apostates' when interpreted literally.<sup>6</sup> As Rahman is an apostate Muslim, this means that if he were to be convicted under the Sharia law he would have been sentenced to death for following a different religion.

In our modern world, to be sentenced to death for expressing one's religious views (or lack thereof) is a terrible thing. This issue has served to highlight the failure of Western libertarianism to influence the development of democracy in Afghanistan. The White House Press Secretary of the time, Scott McClellan, stated that "This case clearly violates the universal freedoms democracies around the world hold dear, and it violates the Afghan constitution, which guarantees the right of an individual to choose his or her religion"<sup>7</sup>. Although Afghanistan is supposed to be a country in which freedom of religion and expression is encouraged and tolerated, its constitution prescribes the application of Sharia law in its 3<sup>rd</sup> Article, which reads:

Article 3 [Law and Religion]

In Afghanistan, no law can be contrary to the beliefs and provisions of the sacred religion of Islam<sup>8</sup>.

This seemingly runs in direct conflict with Article 2.2, which states that "Followers of other religions are free to exercise their faith and perform their religious rites *within the limits of the provisions of law*."<sup>9</sup> If one reads through the constitution meticulously, it becomes obvious that it is made clear that this religious freedom is subject to the regulations of Sharia law. Many clauses and articles (such as Article 24, which dwells on rights) are subject to 'public interest' and the law as defined by fundamentalist Islam. The constitution, as a whole, is designed to allow Sharia law to be applied to the conviction, sentencing and punishment of alleged criminals. The most conclusive evidence of this design is contained in Article 149 [Islam, Fundamental Rights] section 1, which states: "The provisions of adherence to the fundamentals of the sacred religion of Islam and the regime of the Islamic Republic cannot be amended."<sup>10</sup>

Of course, the US could not possibly allow its new bastion of democracy to ruthlessly cut out an affront to its political hierarchy and thus many harsh words were said, with Condoleezza Rice demanding a "satisfactory outcome."<sup>11</sup> Based upon all the condemnation and threats of aid withdrawal, presumably Hamid Karzai was bullied into dismissing the case against Rahman. The fact that the US felt the need to condemn Afghanistan so harshly is extremely telling. They attempted to censure Rahman as being mentally ill; this actually may have been the case.<sup>12</sup> However, this adds yet another layer of injustice to the entire fiasco; if Rahman was mentally ill, then the clerics of the country, who wield tremendous power, essentially pressed for the execution of a mentally ill man. They appear to have learned this horrific lesson from the US.<sup>13</sup> It also does not lessen the seriousness of the issue in front of us - Afghanistan is still religiously intolerant, mental illness or no.

Rahman, after having the case against him dismissed, fled the country due to the fact that radical Islamic clerics proceeded to call for his immediate execution without trial.<sup>14</sup> Obviously his acquittal had no real effect upon the tremendous damage this charge had upon his life - he will be a marked man for the duration of his life. There is no real freedom in any country in which one is punished or ostracised in any way for believing in ideas that differ to the majority, unless such beliefs serve to physically harm the majority. If such actions still take place and such narrow minded bigotry still exists, then Afghanistan is still exactly the same country it was before the American invasion - minus thousands of innocent civilians of course. Freedom to be given orders is no freedom at all (although some neo-conservatives may disagree). One famous American who agreed was none other than one of their founding fathers, Benjamin Franklin, who was disillusioned with organised religion, the morality it espoused and the inevitable effects it had on liberalism.<sup>15</sup> This narrow mindedness is not particular to

fundamentalist Islam; all fundamentalists in religion are, at the core, intolerant of other religions. This is why they are 'religions'; a literal interpretation excludes other religions from God and even paints them as active enemies of the faith, in a similar manner to political parties, because essentially this is what religions are, political parties waging war for our 'souls'.

David Powers, a Professor of Islamic Law at Cornell University, said that "Many modern Islamic nations say they guarantee freedom of religion. But this does not necessarily include the right to speak openly against Islam and act on those ideas."<sup>16</sup> As apostasy is considered a rejection of God by fundamentalists, it can then be interpreted as acting against Islam openly and insulting it by those who advocate Sharia law. This situation is compelling evidence for the argument that the Western libertarian ideal of 'freedom' and any and all fundamentalist religious law are incompatible; one allows human beings to exercise personal freedom with as little restrictions as is reasonably possible in a community, the other forces its adherents to follow the laws as specified by a particular religion. Both versions of law are designed to serve different value systems. Sharia law expressly forbids apostasy; modern, secular liberalism does not have an equivalent to this punishment.

It is not my intention to question or criticise the legitimacy or inconsistencies of a democratically elected literalist Sharia law government or judiciary. I do not believe that I understand the nuances of fundamentalist Islam enough to establish a comprehensive critique of such a system. However, this system seems to be the result of Afghanistan being modeled according to a majoritarian system; in other words, a democracy that legislates and is dominated mainly by the wishes and standards of the many, rather than a representative government like Australia, that also upholds (to a point) the rights of minorities. If such a government is democratically elected, then providing it takes no steps to prevent the same mechanism from ousting it, we, the proponents of democracy in any form, would be hypocritical to question the will of the people. The questions to be asked here are: was the 'liberation' of Afghanistan by the 'Coalition of the Willing' worth the effort in the first place? Does any country have the moral right to intervene to change or challenge a country's sovereign laws, that it has chosen to adopt as specified by a democratic election? One could at least understand the reasoning for, if not agreeing with either the reasoning or the principles, of the US's invasion of Afghanistan. It was ostensibly based upon the principle that the US was toppling fascist scum, a terrorist harbouring state that threatened its national security (if one accepts this overt justification as being either the sole reason or honest). But can a continued hand in the policy direction of a country that has officially been

'liberated' be justified? After all, the country has essentially reverted back to its pre-Taliban factional state. It would appear that the country is in much the same situation as it was; opium production in Afghanistan is at an estimated production rate of 87% of the world's supply,<sup>17</sup> Sharia law is still enforced (clearly), and Amnesty International claims that the constitution "fails to protect the rights of women" as it fails to "explicitly prohibit discrimination based on gender."<sup>18</sup> This bleak picture is in stark contrast to a nation that the American President George W. Bush describes in his rhetoric as "a country that is dedicating itself to the dignity of every person that lives here."<sup>19</sup> Has the 'freedom' of the Afghan nation improved due to the U.S invasion? On the surface perhaps, but the country quickly appears to be reverting back to the haven for heroin warlords that it was pre-Taliban. Will it make a difference to the politics, laws, and overall global role that Afghanistan has historically played in the latter period of the 20<sup>th</sup> and early 21<sup>st</sup> century? Time will tell, but methinks that we will be looking at the nation-state equivalent of 'mutton dressed as lamb' before too much time has passed.

Michael Adams

(Footnotes)

<sup>1</sup> "Close Up: Abdul Rahman", Weekend Australian, March 25-26, 2006, Weekend Editor Page 32

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Elliot, Geoff. 'Convert Tests faith in Democracy' Weekend Australian, March 25-26, 2006, page 13

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> Cooney, Daniel. 'Afghan Clerics Demand death for Convert' Associated Press March 23 2006.

<sup>6</sup> <http://www.cfr.org/publication.html?id=8034#14>

<sup>7</sup> Elliot, Geoff. 'Convert Tests faith in Democracy' Weekend Australian, March 25-26, 2006, page 13

<sup>8</sup> [http://www.oefre.unibe.ch/law/tel/af000000\\_.html](http://www.oefre.unibe.ch/law/tel/af000000_.html) (Afghan Constitution)

<sup>9</sup> [http://www.oefre.unibe.ch/law/tel/af000000\\_.html](http://www.oefre.unibe.ch/law/tel/af000000_.html) (Afghan Constitution)

<sup>10</sup> [http://www.oefre.unibe.ch/law/tel/af000000\\_.html](http://www.oefre.unibe.ch/law/tel/af000000_.html) (Afghan Constitution)

<sup>11</sup> "Rice Presses Karzai on Convert's Life", Washington Post, March 24 2006.

<sup>12</sup> "The Troubled Odyssey of Abdul Rahman", Der Spiegel, April 14 2006

<sup>13</sup> <http://web.amnesty.org/library/Index/ENGAAMR510032006>

<sup>14</sup> [http://www.cnn.com/2006/WORLD/asiapcf/03/29/christian\\_convert/index.html](http://www.cnn.com/2006/WORLD/asiapcf/03/29/christian_convert/index.html)

<sup>15</sup> See Benjamin Franklin, A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain. (1725)

<sup>16</sup> <http://www.cfr.org/publication.html?id=8034#11>

<sup>17</sup> Watson, Paul, 'Opium and the New Afghanistan, A drug smugglers Paradise' L.A. Times, 28<sup>th</sup> May 2005.

<sup>18</sup> <http://web.amnesty.org/library/Index/ENGLASA110272003?open&of=ENGA-AFG>

<sup>19</sup> Elliot, Geoff. 'Convert Tests faith in Democracy' Weekend Australian, March 25-26, 2006, page 13

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The biggest global rivalry today in our world is probably between the US (with the associated "Coalition of the willing") and terrorists. Bioterrorism is a hot topic and potential threat as we've become bed buddies with America. Anthrax and the previously-discussed smallpox are both potential tools in this. On a lighter note, testicles. That is all.

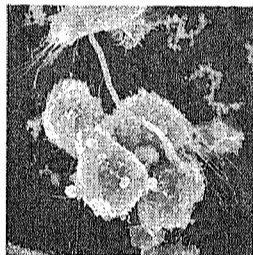


# DISEASE OF THE WEEK

with Thomas Tu

## anthrax – why the world is so paranoid about white powder\*

Genus *Bacillus*  
Species *anthracis*



The noodley-looking thing is the bacteria in question. It is being engulfed by a white blood cell.

### Anthrax in a nutshell

Anthrax is a rather nasty disease caused by the bacteria *Bacillus anthracis*. Depending on how it infects the patient, the resultant disease can be classed into three types: cutaneous anthrax, the most common and treatable version that involves anthrax spores invading through cuts in the skin; gastrointestinal anthrax, a very rare form occurring after eating undercooked meat; and inhalation anthrax, which has an untreated mortality rate of 95% and whose victims usually die quickly and dramatically.

*B. anthracis* occurs naturally in the soil and on/in various domesticated animals, such as cows and sheep. Infection usually happens by being infected via various pathways from these animals or products made from them. As I was saying before, anthrax can be transmitted to soldiers and civilians alike in a warfare situation. The incubation period for all types is usually about 1 – 6 days.

If cutaneous, the bacterium comes out of its spore and proliferates in the nice, warm, moist surroundings of a cut. A small blister forms, which can turn into a severe ulcer-type lesion. This painless sore has a black base (the word anthrax comes from the Greek word for coal, referring to this sore) and is surrounded by a ring of blisters. It also contains millions of bacteria producing the anthrax toxin, the main culprit in pathogenesis (disease formation). Usually the bacteria stay at the site of the wound, but in 20% of cases, they can spread throughout the entire body via the bloodstream or the lymphatic system.

Once in the bloodstream, *B. anthracis* is free to replicate and produce its toxin. So much bacteria can multiply that the blood turns black as bacteria numbers surpass red blood cell numbers. Once this happens, anthrax causes all sorts of mischief. Organs turn black and bleed out. Blood may enter the lungs or stomach, causing coughing or vomiting of blood. Bacteria may infect the meninges (the membranes covering the brain), causing haemorrhagic meningitis and subsequent bleeding into the brain fluid, loss

of consciousness and death. The brain turns black. The toxin is all over the place, killing host tissue and causing general internal bleeding. During this, the patient is also feeling an intense fever, shortness of breath and chest pain severe enough to be mistaken for a heart attack. Death comes in the form of either toxigenic (due to the toxin) or hypovolemic (due to decreased blood volume after bleeding) shock.

In the case of inhaling anthrax spores, white blood cells present in the lungs gobble up these spores and transport them to the lymphatic system to the spleen or lymph nodes. The bacteria, having a thick capsule surrounding them, are resistant to being broken down by the white blood cells. They release toxin, ala a Trojan horse, killing the host cell and spread throughout the host's system (experiencing the same effects as above). Many more people die due to this mode of transmission because initial symptoms are flu-like and vague; by the time a clinician has diagnosed it as anthrax, it is often too late.

### Anthrax in a gun shell

Anthrax, although naturally rare in Australia (6 human cases total reported in its history), is in epidemic proportions in several African countries, Turkey and Myanmar (formerly Burma) and affects many other countries in significant frequencies. Each year thousands of people are infected with anthrax across the world, with around 95% as cutaneous and with largely non-lethal outcomes. In 2001, several envelopes containing *B. anthracis* spores were sent in the US. Five of the eleven people suffering from inhalation anthrax died as a result.

Readers of previous articles may be wondering "What makes anthrax so good? Ebola has a 90% death rate and you can't treat it! Why don't people use that?" Well, like humour, the secret lies in the delivery. Ebola, for example, requires the medium to be wet when delivering it; otherwise the virus dries out and is rendered useless. Anthrax, like tetanus, forms a spore when faced with an unsuitable environment, such as dryness, extreme acidity or base or low nutrient concentrations. This enables it to survive until it reaches a moist, warm and nutrient-rich meat-bag, e.g. you.

Spore formation (a.k.a. sporogenesis or sporulation) happens inside the cell. It is a complex procedure but as everything in these articles I'll give a simplified version that my microbiology lecturers will probably cringe at and fail me for (Hi Dr. Wong!). When the cell sees that the outside is not so fun, it sends signals for its DNA to be portioned off. DNA and protein-production machinery is stabilised as a tough thick wall. This can

protect the DNA from everything from UV radiation to heat, from toxic chemicals to desiccation. The cell also goes into a dormant state, using up very little energy. This allows some spores to survive for over 500 years. Combined with the fact that it can multiply in other animals, *B. anthracis* will probably never be wiped out like smallpox. Once the outside looks good again, the bacterium breaks free of the shell, restoeks on supplies and goes on to replicate to create a new colony.

### Anthrax... IN YOUR FACE!

Treatment of infected patients is a regime of antibiotics, usually penicillin. However, since penicillin-resistant strains can be produced for bioterrorism purposes, it is usually complimented with another antibiotic doxycycline. *B. anthracis* is very vulnerable to antibiotics, so patients treated quickly and effectively usually come out with good results, i.e. living.

A vaccine exists, but is only available to those at risk of encountering anthrax, such as soldiers, sheep-shearers, cow herders, etc. If exposure is known (for example, you get an envelope filled with white powder and take a big sniff to see if it's baking soda... it's not), getting pumped full of the aforementioned antibiotics straight away can prevent the disease from taking hold. Prevention can also involve segregating and culling infected animals and vaccinating high-risk herds.

In conclusion, while there is some risk of being the victim of an anthrax attack, keep in mind you could die a dozen different other ways. At least with anthrax you can survive with quick reactions and antibiotics; there isn't much you can do about a meteorite passing through your head while you're on the toilet (except perhaps erect a small parasol).

CONGRATULATIONS (RUSTY NAIL WINNER) for correctly guessing Leprosy. Thank you for all your submissions. It was a tough decision, but after reading a multitude of E-mails and consulting the passage of time, we finally came up with a winner. Disputes of corruption and further bribes can be forwarded to thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au

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# THE GREATEST RIVALRY IN THE AFL:

History of the ANZAC Day Match

For anyone that knows anything about AFL, they'd know just how intense rivalries can be. In recent times, state rivalries such as the Adelaide and Port Adelaide showdowns and the WA Derby featuring West Coast and Fremantle have been described as the pinnacle of rivalry because they're fighting in the same market. As an avid fan of footy, I attended every showdown last year, including the 'final' showdown and will attend every showdown this year. But no matter how many people crowd into AAMI Stadium and no matter how much the rivalry intensifies, no game will ever equal the feeling of rivalry of the match that is held on the 25<sup>th</sup> of April every year: the Anzac Day clash between the Essendon Bombers and the Collingwood Magpies.

The Anzac Day game is much more than just a mere football game. According to former Essendon assistant coach Mark Harvey, the game is a chance "to pay homage to our war veterans". He adds, "on top of that [the aim is] to win a game of football. It's always fairly intense because of the build up, because of the meaning of the day itself, and that can quite often make the game very close in battle".

While games have been played on Anzac Day since 1960, the idea of making the game a regular clash between traditional rivals Essendon and Collingwood is credited to current Essendon coach Kevin Sheedy. Sheedy went to the Returned Serviceman's League (RSL) and to the Australian Football League (AFL) to gain approval for such an idea. Both the RSL and the AFL believed this to be a great way for Australian football and Australian football fans to remember and pay respect to those who made the ultimate sacrifice for this country by going to war.

The Anzac Day game is always played at the Melbourne Cricket Ground (MCG) and - other than a final - is always the largest selling game of the season. This year is expected to draw the largest crowd ever as the MCG has recently undergone a facelift and had new seats installed, allowing more fans to attend the game. A total of 98,000 tickets have gone

on sale for the 2006 clash which has been played every year since 1995. Since that time, Essendon have won six matches, Collingwood five, and in the very first Anzac Day clash, the two teams tied 111 points each.

Adding to the significance of the game for players (according to the AFL Football Record), each year the Anzac medal is awarded to the "player whose conduct and skill best exemplifies the 'Anzac spirit' - skill, courage, adversity, self-sacrifice, teamwork and fair play". Past winners of this medal include James Hird (2000 and 2003) and Chris Tarrant (2001).

No matter how many Showdowns I attend, or how many games that are said to be played between fierce rivals, nothing will ever match the feeling that I get at this game. This is the one day where football means more than just a game. The Anzac day game is the one day a year when football takes a back seat to the memory and remembrance of those who fell in war. When that bugle sounds and the National Anthem is played, I know that football is the furthest thing from my mind and probably is for most fans. According to former Essendon player Joe Misiti, "The best thing [about the game] is as soon as they finish the National Anthem and the big roar goes up - it's absolutely fantastic. The hairs on the back of the neck stand up because it's such a roar and it's always full. It's completely different" from any other game of the season.

For me, it doesn't matter that it just so happens to be my favourite team (Essendon, not Collingwood) out on that field. It's the meaning of the day and of the game. In my mind, there's nothing that comes even close to the sound of that bugle echoing around the MCG... its just one of those moments that I'm truly proud not just to be an Essendon fan, or a footy fan, but that at the end of the day every single person in that stadium is proud to be an Australian and we're bloody proud of our history.

Ashleigh Newton

## INJURY OF THE WEEK

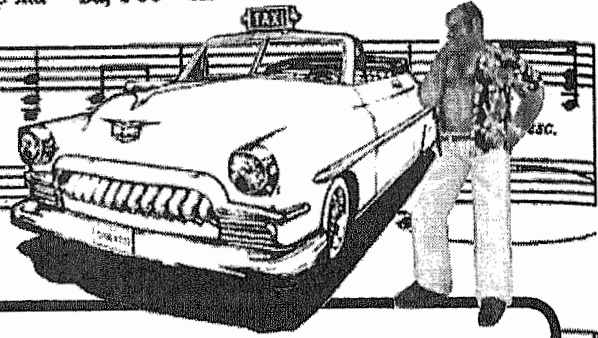
WHAT: Very Bruised Left Arm

WHEN: Warm Up Hockey Match  
over Easter

HOW: A goal keeper found the gap in the pads during a warm up before a match

Send in your boo boo's to [onditsport06@yahoo.com.au](mailto:onditsport06@yahoo.com.au) and we'll make them a star. Notice how they've all been Hockey related so far? Damn brutal sport, that.

## Без перевода

*It's Russian for 'Disco Cab'*

PART II of Ianto Interviewing his chum Matty B...

**Ianto:** Is there any sense of camaraderie between drivers? Like the bus drivers wave at each other and stuff like that. Does that occur in the taxi industry, or is it too cut throat and hateful?

**Matty B:** I thought this at first too, so I waved at taxi drivers a lot when I first started but soon learned that nobody waved back and you just felt like a loser. The same feeling you get when somebody cool says hello and you think it's for yourself but you realise it's for the cool hunky guy standing behind you. Taxi drivers are a weird bunch. They love to compare takings for the day. This usually happens at the airport in the field of death. They always complain how shit they are doing and tell you but it almost always seemed to be more than me. Not too much though. Most of them didn't really talk to me cause I was only a part timer and not really one of the old fannies. We stick out like a sore thumb amongst the rest. The ethnic taxi drivers stick together and the white fatties have their own group. I tried talking to the other part timers but they were all boring jerks. I did get the chance to meet two really cool taxi drivers...one came up to me in a rank on the parade and checked my computer. "Any jobs?" he said in a crazy stranger voice, I replied no, "you know what you do if you gets one don't you" I replied no again, "you do the 'I got a Job dance!'" to which he started dancing on the street in front of me with a lot of yippee thrown in. It was a pretty crazy dance that I didn't think I could do so I didn't try it but I did get to see it again when he eventually got a job.

The other guy was the best taxi driver I ever met. I met him in the field of lost dreams. He had his stereo blasting so you could hear it from everywhere. It was a lot of top 40 music so I assumed it was SA-FM but I soon realised it was his own mix of his favorite tracks. He was a huge man who liked to dance and sing along to the songs very loudly whilst eating pies. He introduced himself to me as "Disco Cab" his English was very bad, he kinda sounded Russian. We were at the front of the field queue when he needed to go to the toilet so he went off into the bushes...before he left he told me "if that light green", the light that tells us to go to the airport, ignore. I'll be back soon" he then went into the bushes and took a piss, in a not very secluded sort of way...the light of course went green. When this light does go green if the front cab doesn't move all the cabs behind, usually about 100 of them, start honking their horns and so this began. Disco Cab finished his business and ran back to his cab, before he got in he shouted, "Follow me!" in a very super hero kind of fashion. I found this very funny because there is only one way to go. You can't go anywhere other than the airport, the road only goes that way. So by him saying this, it was quite ironic and funny.

Hope that story wasn't too boring.

**Ianto:** A lot of drivers seem to end up having street punks setting them on fire and so forth. Do you have any taxi driver horror stories? Did you hear any from other drivers?

**Matty B:** I've heard a few from drivers, but they are usually just the old story of being held up with a knife which seems to happen to everyone eventually. The only bad one for me happened the one time the computer system went down and thus rendered the alarms useless. I picked up a couple from the front of a bar, which is usually a bad idea. The guy was a big guy who stayed silent the whole trip but the lady I soon realised was crazy. As soon as she hopped in she started

screaming at me "you better not fuckin' rip me off!" repeatedly. I said to her that I wouldn't and asked her where she wanted to go. "this fuckin' way!" pointing down the road. So I started driving. I asked her where she wanted to go exactly and she said she'd tell me when we got there. In my training course we watched several videos on safety and the killer passengers always said "ill tell you when we get there". 'There', usually meant 'the place where I will kill you'. So at this point I was very scared, and knowing that the alarm didn't work made it even worse. I just drove and tried to ignore the huge amount of verbal abuse she was giving me the whole way about trying to rip her off. She soon noticed that I was shaking and told me not to worry, which was swiftly followed by "DON'T RIP ME OFF FUKKA!"

About half way she looked at the meter and said "I ain't got that kinda money!" I think it was about \$8. So she leaned forward and switched off the meter. "KEEP DRIVIN," Eventually we got to where they wanted to go, and I really thought I was in trouble. Instead they just handed me a bunch of greasy 10 cent pieces and got out. I was pretty shaken up, so I took an hour off.

**Ianto:** You've since moved on to working in the retail sector. Is this a change from kicking one type of shit to another? What provoked it, and do you ever regret the change? Are there any similarities between the two that you note? Skills in wasting time passed from one to the other, or dealing with weird customers and so forth?

**Matty B:** The reason I changed over was mostly because I had enough of taxi driving. I kept getting screwed over by the owners of the car who really thought I had nothing better to do than work my ass off for very little money. So I quit. The saddest part to this story, and it's like something out of a movie, was that on my last shift after driving for 14 hours and driving 15 the day before I was on my way back to drop off the cab and I briefly vagued out, I think mostly due to being very tired and delirious and ran into a car at the lights. It was only a little dent but I had to pay an excess of \$1000. That hurt. The guy I ran into was really nice about it all. He said to me 'you look really tired' I said I was he asked if I was insured and when I told him I was he said not to worry and we just exchanged numbers etc. The main reason I didn't drive to pay off that grand was the fact that if I had another accident within a year in a cab it would cost me \$2000. So I simply couldn't risk driving again.

The switch over has been good and bad. I really do miss taxi driving. I don't know why. As shit as it was I kinda enjoyed something about it. It was like a game trying to get fares and find where people were. If only the money was better, there is a huge shortage of cab drivers in Adelaide cause the money is so bad. The fares are very cheap compared to other cities. So when you catch a cab in Adelaide, tip well, they really need it.

Retail is a lot more boring. I never really got bored in the cab. If it was quiet you could just drive your luxury car somewhere, like the sea which was a place I liked to go and just look at the sea until you got a job. And there was a lot of variation in the job and I got to meet and talk to a huge portion of the population that I have never had any contact with, which is actually really nice.

But I would never go back and it's mostly due to the money. It's just too little.

Ianto Ware

# A REALITY TO RIVAL REALITY



Cinderella had it pretty good to start off with. Great story actually, the chick just wanted to get out of the shit and go and party with some good looking people. Who could blame her? Last week I found myself in a similar situation. I had a shitload of invites of all descriptions: Catch up drinks, housewarmings, housemate welcomings, club openings, the possibility of leg openings, football tickets, whatever. Pretty much there was no shortage of options but having been visited by the evil step sister of sickness, I remained huddled in my two bedroom man cave a tired, stuffed up and depressed ball of snot. Sympathising with the plight of Cinderella as I sat there eating toasties amongst the cold cathode snow of the flimmer box, I could have been trapped down a mine for all I cared but tragically I was trapped with my mind (far less entertaining), the outlook was grim.

Actually, F.Y.I. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm's original tale was pretty sick. None of this fairy godmother shit; Cinderella's wishes were fulfilled by doves and other birds inhabiting a hazel tree planted upon her biological mother's grave. Her stepmother convinced her dumbass step sisters to cut off their toes and a portion of their heel off in a bloody attempt to fit the golden slipper. Get this, when the bitch step sisters attended her eventual wedding with the Prince, birds came down and pecked their eyes out. Now, there is some hardcore sibling rivalry and street justice. Fairy tale style!

Ah, sibling rivalry! Later in the week while shopping for toasty supplies, I was reminded of it by a little snot, not the bit on the sleeves of my hoodie but running screaming around the supermarket: "Muuuuuuu Joshua is putting the things in that you told him not toooo!" It may have just been the cold and flu medication, but I wanted to grab the little bastard and throw him through a display of canned soup: First for being a shit and secondly for dobbing on his brother, luckily his mum was pretty fit. Later I thought; I bet I was like that, in fact I'm pretty sure I was. Kids are pretty much all the same and the first signs of competition and rivalry are something probably all siblings can relate to.

I vaguely remember throwing the odd Care Bear across the room and I reckon my sister would have envied a shiny new bike at some stage. Luckily, having been raised on violent competitive German fairy tales from the 19<sup>th</sup> century we got the whining out of the way early and proceeded directly to kicking the

shit out of each other. Sure, as a big brother I always won the fight but she was tricked up on weapons. I'm sure she has recalled those wayward Care Bears a few times, considering I have since been attacked with knives, bashed with pool cleaning equipment and run over by her car. We're good mates now though.

Upon my return to the cave I baked a fresh batch of toasties and settled on the couch for some healing DVD action with my monthly dose of Zoolander. Having once again been amused by Hansel (so hot right now), I returned to flicking the free to air void only to be confronted by the wicked witch of the north: Gretel. Trapped indoors I was once again lured in to the televised menagerie of the mentally underprivileged (no, I'm not talking about the recent Port Adelaide / Collingwood clash). It's *Big Brother* the television sibling of the retarded.

eds disclaimer. sweeping, offensive, generalisation below.

*Big Brother* is comprised of competitors perceived as being representative of the targeted audience's demographics: Blonde skank (loud), blonde skank (quiet), token gay, token ethnic, floppy haired collar up types, dimwit who pumped out a sprog early but sadly still thinks she's edgy, tits on legs, painfully self obsessed, painfully self obsessed (but self confessed deep thinker), some flat out moles, a narcissistic queer who gives homosexuals a bad name (stop playing with your hair. Yes, it probably is receding). Then add a liberal splattering of bogan, some tart fuel (Cruisers) and that is about it. It is pretty much a standard Thursday night at any licensed venue. What is it with Thursday nights?

So I went out on Thursday night (mistakenly thinking I was healthy) with all of the above. It was at a venue notorious for footballers and old collegians. The conversation concerned the plight of the characters in *Prison Break* and whose breasts were better; the mother's or daughter's on *Big Brother*. Well mate, I'll give you a heads up it's called prison 'break', I'm betting one of them will get out. As for the mother and daughter mammary debate; they're fake who cares they're probably the same brand from the same doctor. Dude.

My mind drifted and I surveyed the punters, all blonde streaks and biceps. Convinced that doves were not going to descend and peek some one's eyes out I thought about the popularity of *Big Brother* and the observation of human behaviour. Rivalry be it on *The Fattest Loser*, *Survivor: Fuckwit Island* or *Big Bee-atch*, tickles something in all of us at a rather basic level. Rivalry at a primal level is born out of attempted survival: We need to belong to the herd, for strength and safety. We need territory for hunting and mating deep in the jungle. But potent as they are, these competitive traits fracture and mutate in the ether of the televised "reality".

Pure rivalry belongs on the plains of the Serengethi and on the open wings of the oval. Hey, if you saw Jamie or Gaelan on the field you probably wouldn't hesitate dropping them like a hot rock would you? Likewise I'm sure many girls could relate to Camilla or Anna copping a stray high swing of a hockey stick. "I wanna eat your children" and all that. I would like to think we are all slightly more evolved and frankly the closest I want to get to the jungle is a techno / drum and bass crossover genre from the mid 90's. However, we all succumb to our primal instincts at some stage and end up watching Up Late or Adults Only or whatever it is anyway (yeah I know, I don't care that they are fake either).

Essentially what is left in the daily show (just imagine if you could break your own life down into daily, up late and adults only, hilarious) are some sound bytes portraying the worst of human social behavior. Alongside the backstabbing, lies, false friendships, sexual innuendo, ugliness, vengeance, editing and generally sickening television gloss, a smack in the mouth with a hockey stick seems almost noble. Sure they may still pull in the ratings, but the characteristics offered as streaks of a housemate's real personality are like bad blonde streaks in the hair of the average tart fuel connoisseur: Fake, frayed, outdated and not really socially accepted amongst quality company.

Once the hype, titles and texting are removed what is left? Some young adults whinging, crying and bitching. Like siblings chucking tantrums in the supermarket aisles, the desperate grabs at attention and immature self-centered materialistic diatribes soon grate on the nerves. Core rivalry is a life long survival trait, but if you are a little sister or a big brother sibling rivalry is best left in your childhood. One can only guess at whether the Australian television audience and more importantly the producers in this country will eventually grow up and use such multimedia opportunities to better the world around them or at least just 'raise the bar' in general.

One can also only guess at the impact such demeaning sludge is actually having on the kids in the supermarket aisles growing up with a nightly step-by-step guide on how to appeal to the lowest common denominator. Placing appearance before substance, judging personalities based on 30 second stingers: "Beautiful of face but vile and black of heart" are poised to take over from the humble Cinderellas. Rivalry is a reality, but reality does not have to be all about rivalry (man, that cough medicine is strong!)

Vote:199-love Re:Pet  
Or  
199-cvict Re:Pet

PS: Real fairy tale princesses don't text...  
....they get birds to peck your eyes out.

# SHINY & IRELAND

## RAMBLING #...I'VE LOST TRACK: CLARITY!

Why have the university/union changed their background on all computers in the union building? A tad risqué topic we know, however we feel that is has to be discussed due to high discontent growing amongst students.

### Shiny:

The lion. Strength, honour, intelligence, which undertone is it meant to have? Hmmm the union again are using subliminal techniques to allure students to their posh computing suites instead of those supplied in the library, Napier and respective buildings...A fitting topic for this week's rivalry edition...university v union...who will win, I wonder? Don't delude yourself fool! It's not a fight between the uni and the union, it's a fight between the uni and the government...oh, woops what was that? Not critique about the VSU...I do love you John really I do. I'd have your babies if I had something to push them out of, but why oh why do I now need to be faced every day with the tough decision of lions, or generic blue whenever I want to use a computer? I can't take the pressure!!! Give me clarity con flab it!

### Ireland:

Hmm...how the hell can I match that shit which seems to come out of your ass every week Tyson? (No, I don't have PMS...it begins tomorrow). Now that you have finished projectile vomiting, I will discuss a serious issue that must be addressed in our hip hop and happening column (NB from Tyson: I hate hip hop!).

To hat, or not to hat? The other day I found myself placing a hat on my head to wear to uni and got so many comments, good and bad (Tyson didn't like it). Was it because hats were meant to have gone out of fashion in the 1920s? Or was I a trend setter of gigantism proportions? Long story short...I will keep the hat, as it keeps my head warm.

Conclusion: And they all had lemonade, the end!

P.s. Yeah we had writers block...and a deadline to make...

## Seven Types of Ambiguity by Elliot Perlman (2003)

Perlman, becoming a major force in Australian literature alongside names like White, Carey and Keneally, took the title for his most recent novel from the most famous work by literary critic William Empson, first published in 1930. Empson had spent years studying poetry, identifying countless linguistic 'ambiguities' in the English language which he grouped into seven basic 'types'.

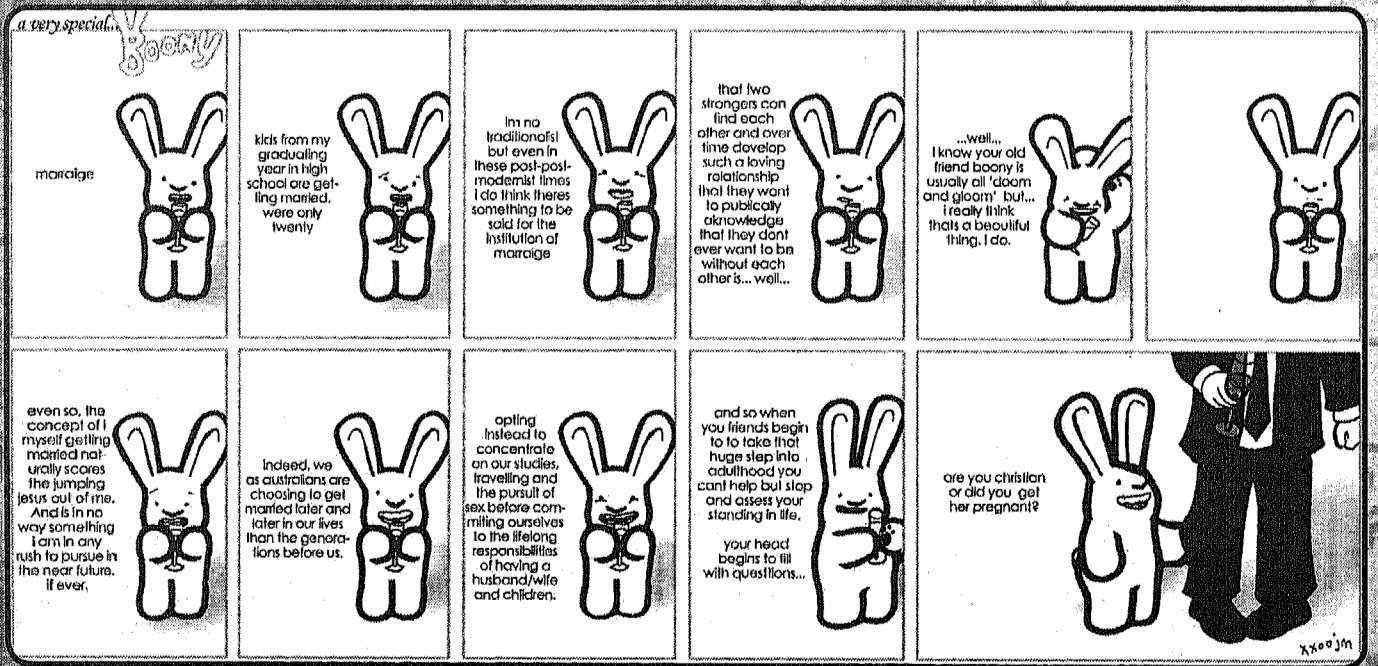
Empson plays a major part in Perlman's novel, primarily as Obscure Hero Number One for its deeply flawed protagonist, and then as the name of the protagonist's dog. Simon is a profoundly intellectual man in his early thirties. Having turned his back on an academic career after being unable to find his own voice amid what he saw as the intellectual strangulation inside humanities departments, he was a passionate primary school teacher before one of his students, to whom he was providing extracurricular tutoring, mysteriously disappeared. Devastated, he lost his job soon afterward, and before long developed an obsession with his university girlfriend whom he had not even seen for a decade.

That obsession, which may or may not be madness, is nevertheless dangerous. And when Simon commits the stupidest yet most altruistic act of his life, the explosion sets off a chain reaction that deeply affects people he's never even heard of.

Perlman's first novel was the unputdownable *Three Dollars* (1998), which was adapted for film by Robert Connolly (*The Bank*). That was the story of a university-educated couple, an engineer and a PhD student, whose life together unravels itself with minimal input by each actor. Set against the backdrop of the 1980s economic reforms, her depression and his social conscience are not for the economic rationalist world they inhabit, and they feel its arbitrary power despite their apparent 'prospects'. *Seven Types* is a much deeper, scarier, ambiguous novel, but again, Perlman riles against an insane world which is more interested in contractual rights than citizen rights, that aims to keep people happy by telling them to 'have a nice day!', and which consistently rewards bad behaviour.

Reading the novel is a rich yet often troubling experience. It requires the reader to set aside judgement, as it plays with our embedded fears, our elusive memory, our hidden conscience. It is superbly constructed, and its effect is often haunting and even depressing, though as Michael Cunningham said recently, what sort of a world has people teetering on the edge of mental health so that *reading a book* can send them over? That is exactly Perlman's subject matter.

Russell Marks



drop your stuff into the on dit office  
for doll face to read...



## Summer Blonde (Four Stories) by Adrian Tomine

Do you remember that stupid Ben Folds song 'Look who's tellin' who what to do...kiss my ass'? It gives me the heebie jeebies just thinking about people who were teased at High School now trying to get back at people through song. Eek. This feeling was matched in *Alter Ego*, the first of four stories in graphic novel extraordinaire, *Summer Blonde*. Martin is a guy who should well and truly be over school, but instead attempts to find the popular girl in order to somehow mend his poor self-esteem that has trailed behind like a wet towel. The second story, *Summer Blonde* is just as unsettling, with yet another depressed male protagonist spending much of his time disdainfully peering through blinds at his neighbour's sex antics. He takes it upon himself to 'look out for' one of the many girls-next-door, albeit in the creepiest way possible.

*Hawaiian Getaway* is the most amusing of the four stories, centred around Hillary Chan. She is fired from her job for making some wise crack at William Shatner when he phones her place of occupation, 'the call centre'. The comic mainly revolves around Hilary talking on the phone, getting advice from her mother in broken English, her over-achieving sister and then tormenting people with prank calls as she watches them through her window.

Then there's *Bomb Scare*, your typical teen American film in comic form. It really lets *Summer Blonde* down. Awkward schoolboy makes friend with another awkward schoolboy. Popular girl at party makes out with jocks. Girl gets too drunk and embarrasses herself. Awkward boys get shit from jocks in the locker room for being 'faggots'. Girl makes friend with awkward schoolboy. Girl makes out with awkward schoolboy. Girl moves away. Snooze...

Throughout all four stories, Tomine's illustrations perfectly capture the protagonists' social awkwardness and loneliness. Whilst the stories are all quite different, they're tied together with the element of 'the fucked up things that people do when they're lonely'. Prank calls, threesomes, stomach pumping, stalking and more loneliness. Boo hoo. Tomine has perfectly encapsulated that pessimistic feeling of knowing you'll never be rid of teen angst, even in your mid 20s. You'll sit down with some nice vanilla tea and read *Summer Blonde* on a quiet afternoon alone, identifying with the characters far too much. This isn't necessarily a bad thing; it really is a phat comic. It's interesting to note that the cover doesn't accurately represent the inside content. It's clearly aimed at a female audience (all the cursive's fault), but with three out of four protagonists being idiot asshole boys with issues, *Summer Blonde* is hardly swoon worthy stuff.

Alistair Syndrome

## Angry Comic Shop Guy by Evil Dan

Imagine the lovechild of Matt Groening's Comic Book Guy, Fritz the Cat and a 100 year-old stick of angry, angry Bratwurst, and whaddyaknow. Digruntled comic shop owners doth refreshing zines a-maketh. The schtick is fairly simple: Ross 'any similarity to any persons living or dead' Cobretti, is the drinking, swearing, gambling, romping, stomping laugh-a-minute owner of *Fist Full O' Comics*. Accompanied by the meek Belle and Sebastian toting Dylan, Cobretti is your stock standard Gen Y poster boy, drenched in a lusty brand of ultraviolet swagger that could only come from the mind of an Adelaidean. Basically, a whole stream of stereotypes come into the store requesting various titles, only to meet horrifyingly brutal deaths comic, after comic, after comic...after comic. Besides a bit of good ol' fashioned goth slaying, EvilDan has ensured that no subculture is left out of Cobretti's path of destruction: there's a Uni pub crawl massacre, geekazoid blood bath and the horrendously satisfying decapitation of an accurately drawn emo kid. My personal favourite was the lovable geek Patty McFuckstain, who meets his match at the end of Dylan's chainsaw. In the midst of all the chaos and mayhem, yours truly developed a teeny crush on Cobretti, the cutest anti-hero on the comic scene and a literary force to be reckoned with. Stay tuned to future editions of *On Dit* for more on the crazy kapers of the *Fist Full O' Comics* crew. Yum.

Sarina Mounthatten

Available @ Pulp Fiction Comics  
34a King William Street, City





## Prez Sayz

Hey people,

How can student representation be maintained under VSU? This is a question that people within the SAUA and the AUU are asking as both organisations go through a restructuring process in preparation for VSU.

To answer these questions, we need to ask two more. What is student representation? And what is the best way to represent students? These questions can be answered concurrently. Student representation is any activity undertaken by a democratically elected, political, representative student organization. Politics and representation are inseparable. A candidate is elected because of her/his stance on a range of issues and then acts according to her/his political position with the knowledge that they were elected to do so, and therefore possesses a mandate to do so. In order to have the legitimacy to speak on behalf of all students, all students must be able to participate in the process of choosing who the representatives shall be. The representatives and the organisation must be free from the influence of outside forces that may want to tone down some aspects to increase its ability to market either itself or related organisations. Such interference is and should be regarded as totally unacceptable.

Student representation is best delivered through one autonomous organisation, uninfluenced by outside pressures, by representatives who have been elected in a process all students have been able to participate in. In other words an organisation like the SAUA. I'm not saying the SAUA doesn't have its flaws, but they are not inherent in the structure. Removing the SAUA and delegating its functions to bodies that are any less democratic or independent is a cop out, and a sell out of students and their rights.

John Pezy  
**SAUA President**

*This column was written underneath a mound of scarfs, fluffy hats, jumpers and doonas. John has the flu. Nobody said leadership was easy treatle.*



### Graffiti in Melbourne University toilets:

- "I'm skinny. Are you jealous?"
- "Not at all. I am cuddly and soft. Are you jealous?"
- "I'm fat and I have a great sex life".

I think probably every woman (and man) has had to deal with the pressures of being 'skinny' and 'beautiful'.

Kaz Cooke, in her book *Real Gorgeous*, looks closely at these concepts and helps to dispel most of the assumptions underlying them, culminating in some enlightening pieces of advice:

- There are millions of gorgeous body shapes (and yours is one of them)
- Advertising lies
- Modelling can be miserable
- You can read magazines and watch television critically
- You can fight the Body Police
- You are not your buttocks!

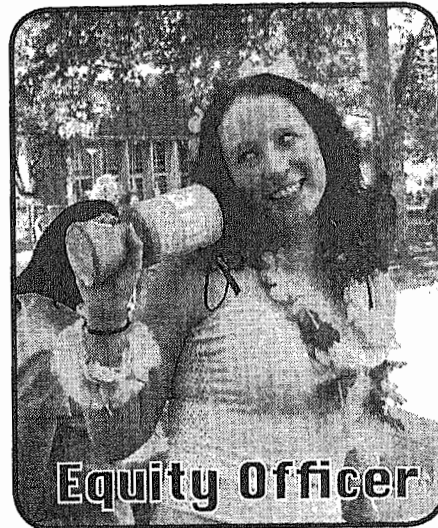
This Wednesday 10 May on the Barr Smith Lawns, the Eating Disorders Association and SAUA Women's Department are putting on some activities to celebrate **International No Diet Day** - we'll have free, healthy and yummy food, music, giveaways, information, and more! We'll also be selling some very funky, positive body-image book-bags...

So come along and join us, and in the meantime, keep in mind that "thighs should wobble!"

Tara Bates  
**Women's Vice-President**  
ph: 8303 3898



**Women's UP**



**Equity Officer**

A recent report by the ABC noted that Universities are becoming concerned by the number of hours that students are required to work to support themselves throughout the course of their degrees and the effect this will have on their studies. The Australian Vice Chancellors Committee is now planning to do a survey on the state of student finances, and the effect of this on the ability of people to gain higher education qualifications. Apparently, if they find that there is a negative impact then Universities will look into funding support services for students.

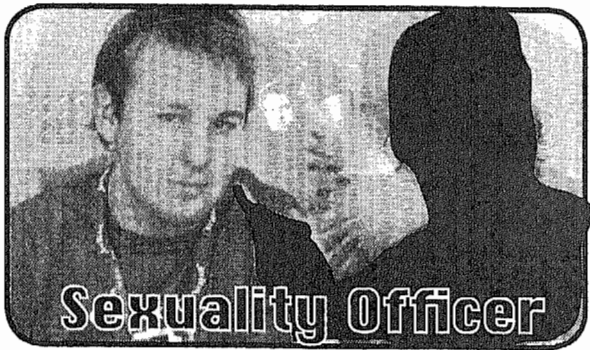
Support services like, say...

Counselling, an employment service, discounted text books, 24-hour computer suites for more flexible study time, cheaper catering services with the profits going back into student services... Sound oddly familiar? Voluntary Student Unionism may mean the end of these vital services unless you JOIN YOUR UNION! If you are reading this, it means you are reading the SAUA's newspaper, it means you have derived some benefit from your student services fees. The full impact of VSU hasn't hit yet, but if you notice a decline in the level of benefits that you receive then you should realise that the only way to sustain these is to ensure that you sign up!

On the subject of Unions, are you a member of yours? If you are a part-time or casual worker, the new workplace 'reforms' can screw you over. So while you're joining the AUU and supporting the SAUA why don't you join your Union as well? If your not sure which one is for you, feel free to send me an email and I will put you through to the appropriate organisation. In the same vein 'Your Rights at Uni' has been moved to the 23<sup>rd</sup> of May because of a scheduling conflict and will now incorporate something of a mini 'unions fair' providing info for anyone who is interested as well as a chance to get more information on how legislation that has been passed in the last few years is affecting you.

So that's all from me. Just remember the word of the week is 'Union!'

Rhiannon Newman  
**Equity and Welfare Officer**  
rhiannon.newman@student.adelaide.edu.au



## Sexuality Officer

While the nation sets itself to be consumed by 15 excessively good looking and indulgent people locked in a house for the next three months, it's interesting to note the 'reality' that this concept brings - almost without knowing it. On the Wednesday daily show, a 26-year-old farmer named David decided he could no longer continue to deceive his fellow housemates and shared with them that he in fact was the "token gay guy". Now apart from this being quite significant in itself, we then begin to realise that this all just occurred on national television and in front of millions of viewers - viewers which included his friends, family and work mates. Coming out is difficult at the best of times, but when it is open to scrutiny by an entire nation, it certainly doesn't get any harder. On top of this, he is unable to explain to his friends and family before the gossip columns reach them first.

Since David came out to the house, a different dynamic has emerged amongst the housemates with the females now feeling more comfortable around him, and issues pertaining to sexuality pushed to the forefront of conversation, on and off the screen. Whilst this has certainly helped Channel Ten in the ever-increasing ratings war, it's important to remember the issues surrounding this event. We as a society have always been aware of non-heterosexuality and it's something that we haven't dealt with quite well. However, finally someone has had the capacity to bring a number of issues to our attention - an important one being suicide. David describes the difficulty associated with identifying with homosexuality in rural areas and empathising with other young people who have taken their own life by hanging themselves or ploughing their vehicle into a tree as the pressure becomes too much. Young people dealing with the discovery of their sexuality in rural areas face increased homophobia and negative stereotypes, which ultimately causes them to believe that their life is no longer worth living. David himself recalls being at the wheel of his car; aimed at a tree, ready to take his own life. David pledges that he has done this "for them".

Now that this has been exposed on national television it can no longer be something that we as a society continue to pretend doesn't exist. Young people are struggling to deal with their sexuality and need support systems in place to make sure that the loss of precious life does not continue. It is my hope, that through his actions, David not only feels more comfortable with his sexuality but that it stimulates debate and discussion around these issues with the ultimate goal that State and Federal Governments will finally address this issue and support our youth. To be honest, it shouldn't have taken the actions of a reality television contestant for us to wake up to reality. The statistics are there - suicide among queer young people is 6 times higher than that of heterosexual young people. In an ageing population, can we really afford this significant loss of life? Hopefully David realises the impact his actions have and that further positive things can come out of it. Big Brother has certainly delivered on many occasions and this could be its ultimate twist.

As always feel free to come and see me at any time! Oh and George Duncan Memorial will be happening soon so look out for details!!

Cheers, David  
**Male Sexuality Officer**  
[d.wilkins@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:d.wilkins@student.adelaide.edu.au)

your guide to events on campus

# RANT!

**- Monday to Wednesday**

**May 1-3 - Multicultural Week**

presented by the Overseas Students Association  
Barr Smith Lawns

**- Thursday May 4th**

**"World's Greatest Shave" and special performance by "TRUE LIVE" (Melb)**

Come shave your head for the Luekemia Foundation, or just chill out to Melbourne band, True Live  
Barr Smith Lawns

**- Thursday May 4th**

**Jim Beam On Campus Games Night And Union Activities Footy Tipping Raffle**

UniBar, level 5 Union House

**- Friday May 5th**

**M-Night** by the Overseas Students Association

An evening of cultural music and performances  
Barr Smith Lawns

**- Wednesday May 10th**

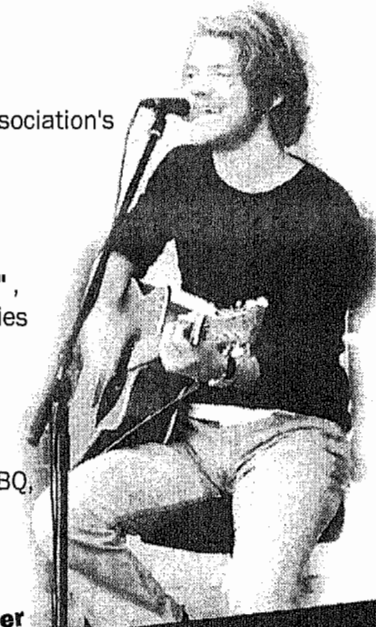
**"No Diet Day"**

hosted by the Students Association's Womens Dept.  
Barr Smith Lawns

**- Thursday May 11th**

**"TURN UP, HEAR MORE!"**

presented by Union Activities & V Energy Drink  
Orange Roughie  
Unspoken Things  
Local Live Music,  
an inflatable stage, free BBQ,  
and discounted VII  
Barr Smith Lawns



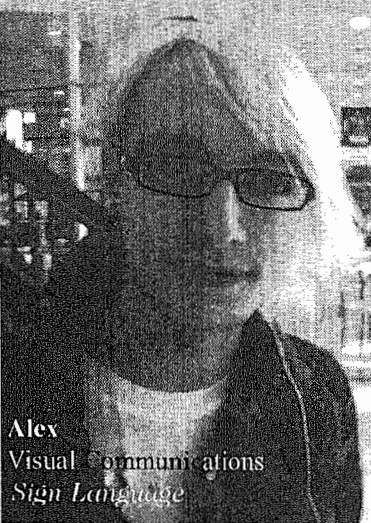
**Jesse Atkinson**  
Market Day Performer

to have your event listed email [activities@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:activities@adelaide.edu.au)

**Union Activities is a service of the Adelaide University Union**

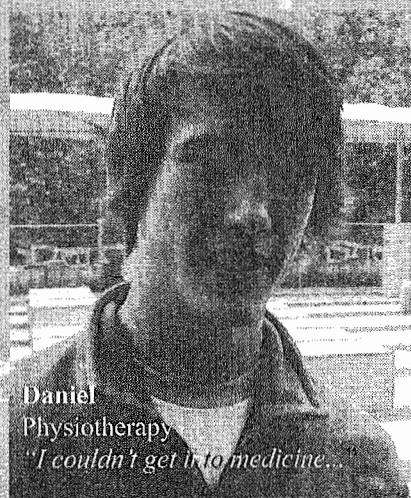
**"your life on campus"**





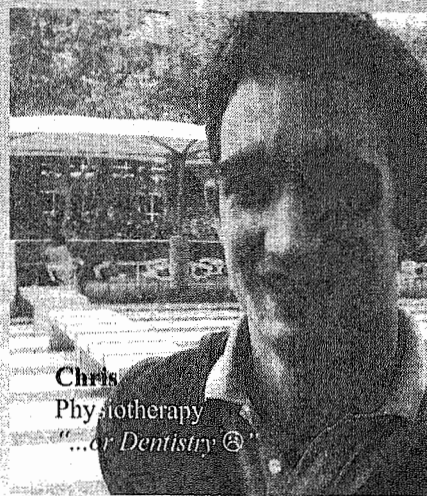
Alex  
Visual Communications  
Sign Language

1. That they have grass, and "popped" collars.
2. The new buildings.
3. You can't answer that... no uni bar.
4. It sucks, but it's not as bad as On Dit.

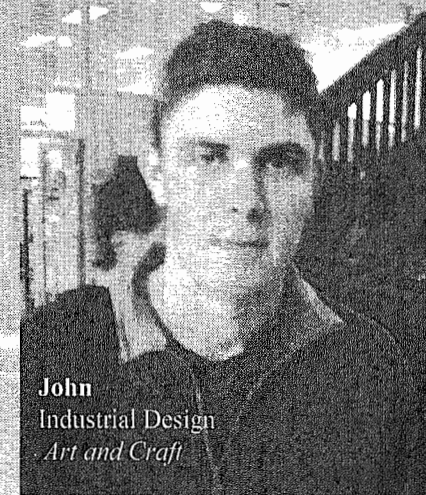


Daniel  
Physiotherapy  
"I couldn't get into medicine."

1. D - They have a superiority complex, especially those Adelaide Uni Commerce punks!  
C - I don't like the stairs on the way up to the Uni Bar.
2. D - I do like the new canvas canopies they've just put in at City East.  
C - The front, the façade. I think it's called the Brookman Building...? sub-ed note: this particular building originally belonged to Adelaide University. Theifs!
3. D - The East campus is smaller and so you get to know more people. There are also less crazy randoms walking through the university.  
C - Uni SA is more laid back, more sociable.
4. D - It's too political and feminist.  
C - Too much nudity.



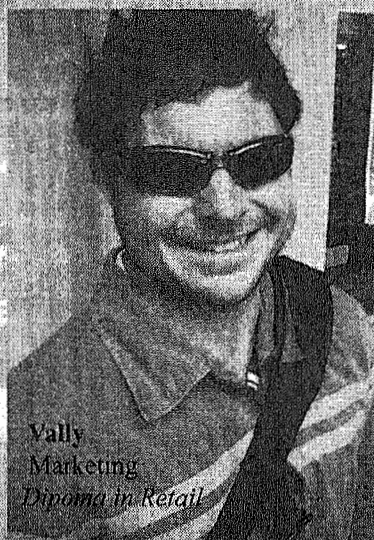
Chris  
Physiotherapy  
"...or Dentistry @"



John  
Industrial Design  
Art and Craft

1. I dislike the fact they have more lawn than us.
2. The location I suppose, it's central.
3. Only uni with the course I wanted to do.
4. I've read it a little bit and I've seen it around. I've not got much to say about it really.

1. It's better than the one I go to, and I really hate that.
2. There's no grass area, so not much really. I come in, do my work and go home.
3. Not as many distractions - can't meet on the lawns, no uni bar. You can actually do some work.
4. Don't really read it. It doesn't really interest me, I'd rather read *The Advertiser*, and that's saying something.



Vally  
Marketing  
Dipoma in Retail

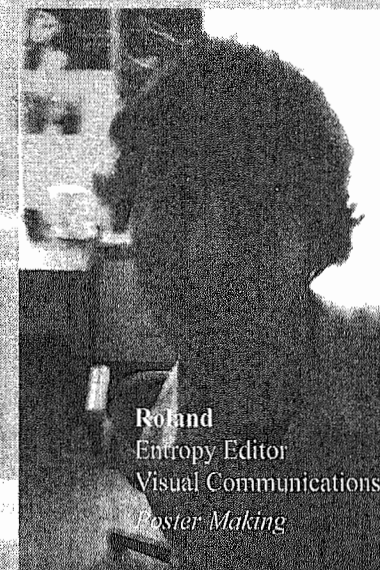


# VOX VS POP

Vox Pop ventured into enemy territory this week in honour of this rivalry themed edition. Not only did we go next door to City East, we took a deep breath and B-Line bused it down west into the suffocating world of bright colours and bad architecture. We saw people in snoopy pyjamas, looked for sandstone, and ventured into "The Kafe". But our biggest adventure occurred when we made like Jennifer Connelly and navigated the labyrinth like halls up to the Entropy office. We didn't find our baby brother or David Bowie, but we did discover one fundamental truth. Entropy is really, really bad. Better than eating a chair? We shall say no more

## - UNI SA IS CRAP -

\*Note: the italised degree is the Adelaide University equivalent course\*

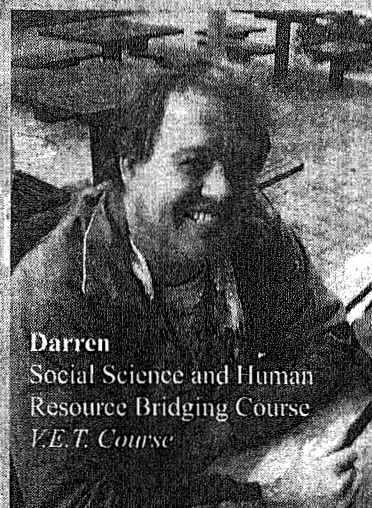


Roland  
Entropy Editor  
Visual Communications  
Poster Making

1. Something I hate... the Barr Smith Lawns, out of pure jealousy. We have nothing like that.
2. Is there anything?
3. There are more campuses. We like to spread ourselves around.
4. It's better than eating a chair.

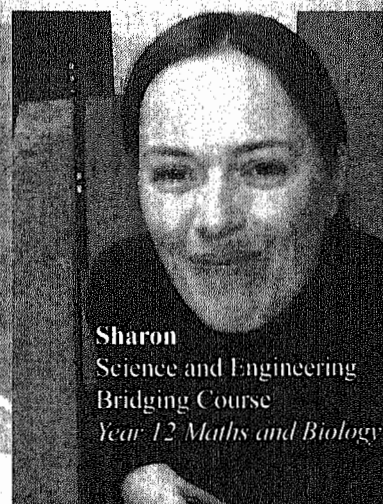
## QUESTIONS

1. What is the one thing you hate the most about Adelaide University?
2. What do you think is the most aesthetically pleasing thing about the Uni SA campuses?
3. Why is Uni SA better than Adelaide?
4. What is your opinion of *Entropy*, the Uni SA student newspaper?



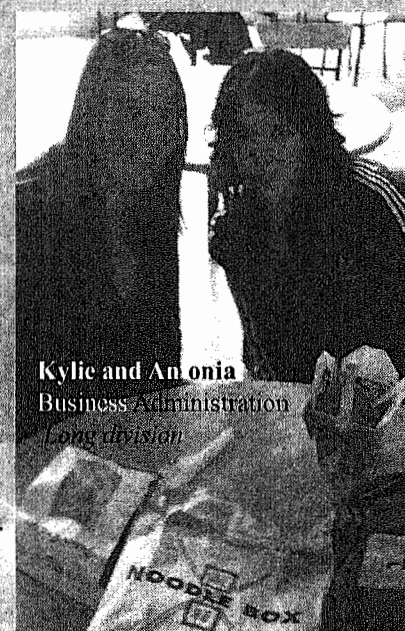
Darren  
Social Science and Human  
Resource Bridging Course  
V.E.T. Course

1. S - The status that is attached to Adelaide Uni students. They think they're better than everyone else.  
D - All the old buildings. It looks so regimental.
2. S - There are student accommodation apartments on the campus, that's good.  
D - The technology, the relaxed atmosphere and the uni lifestyle.
3. S - Wireless internet access.  
D - Access to all areas 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.
4. S - It's boring, it doesn't appeal to my lifestyle. I think it's aimed more at students in their 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> year.  
D - I don't know much about it, I haven't ever read it.



Sharon  
Science and Engineering  
Bridging Course  
Year 12 Maths and Biology

1. K - You feel like you're not smart enough to be walking through there, I mean with my TER, there was no way I was going to Adelaide.  
A - The campus is intimidating and it's old school. (or is it old skool?)
2. K - It's more modern and more laid back here at Uni SA.  
A - No one gets dressed up to go to uni.
3. K - There are more variety in courses offered.  
A - Yeah, the diversity of courses, particularly the business courses.
4. K - I haven't read it.  
A - I haven't read it either but I've seen it around. You could read it if you wanted I suppose, but there's no point.



Kylie and Anonia  
Business Administration  
Lang division



# Mirror Image

*There once was a young girl. She experienced all the suffering and hardship and struggle that most people endure throughout life's battles. However, she had to fight for her right to be different, to be unique, to discover her own spirit, to withstand her own feelings and pain that opposed her. In loneliness, she climbed her mountain of existence and no one could see her pain... All others could see was the foolishness of the struggle and her stubborn willfulness ... How she had turned away from the normal things of life. Her mountain was anorexia (Frank Fulwood OAM, 2004).*

Since the earliest of memories, I have always felt that my family was different. Different in that my parents constantly fought, we never seemed to have any money to buy nice things or fancy food and the alcoholic habits of my father regularly invoked abuse and violence. I suffered from insomnia and nightmares for many years, basically living in fear of my mother or siblings falling victim to fatal violence. Throughout my school life, I was a perfectionist. I would punish myself for not achieving the highest academic or sporting achievements either by forcing myself into additional physical training, deliberately causing injury to my body or denying myself a meal. I suffered from an extremely low self esteem and as my body developed, I became obsessive about my appearance and weight. I began binge eating and throwing up after strenuous exercise, but became frustrated as many times, my body would not expel the food. At age 15, my parents decided to provide home schooling for my senior years. This decision did not take into consideration my feelings and I became greatly depressed and isolated. I was not permitted to have a social life, as my parents thought that my school life were contributing factors to my obsessive behaviour and perfectionism.

My depression turned to suicidal behaviour as the relationship with my parents deteriorated greatly. My low self esteem evolved to self hatred and I found that starving my body gave me a strange sense of power and control. In less than a year, my weight dropped from 45kg to 28kg and my body stopped functioning normally. Apparent "voices" directed my thoughts, eating habits and behaviour generally. When doctors and pastoral support failed to achieve any positive impact on my disorder, I was flown to Los Angeles to stay with family friends who provided live-in rehabilitation for girls with addictions, psychological conditions and eating disorders. There I was monitored day and night and provided with regular counselling and medical consultations. My first visit to the doctor was basically a death notice. Fortunately, I responded well to the "treatment", albeit informal, probably due to the removal of my home environment which exacerbated my condition. I believe the counseling was most beneficial in learning how my past contributed to the person I had

become. I discovered how my basic makeup, personality and outlook in life made me more susceptible to developing eating related conditions. I may have learnt eating habits from my mother, as she also suffered anorexia for a period, the details of which I do not know. It took nine months before I could eat by myself again, though I still struggled with many habits when arriving back in Australia nine months later.

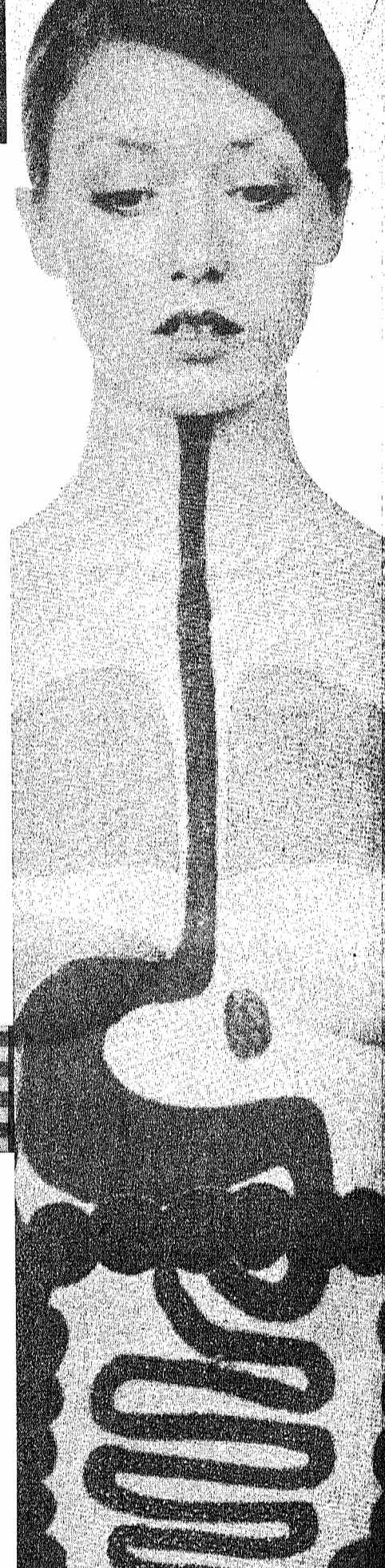
I believe that my choice to trust someone and facing the fear of rejection was my biggest hurdle. Coinciding with this was the horrendous fear of weight gain. I slowly overcame my desire to punish myself physically, although I must admit denying myself emotionally is still a challenge to overcome. Learning to love myself - I am not sure if I will completely achieve this. However, I'm getting there! It is now over seven years since my darkest hour and I still experience the occasional guilty feelings from eating. However, now I can enjoy fatty or high carbohydrate foods without the horrible aftermath. I still avoid "trigger" foods and can positively report that this list is diminishing every year.

I found that recovery is harder than living with anorexia. Failure will come, in that you will succeed for a period and fall into the behaviour yet again. It is not easy to face fears and a powerful condition that results in the destruction of your own body. However, support and acceptance by others who have an understanding of the condition is a vital element to any person's recovery. Never give up - your road to recovery will be unique because the path you took into the behaviour is unique.

**Angelique**

## Some facts about eating disorders:

- Anorexia is the third most common disease in Australian females aged 15- 24 ( behind asthma and obesity)
- 94% of Australian female University students want to be slimmer, even though 31% are already underweight
- Women who diet frequently ( more than 5 times) are 75% more likely to experience depression
- Dieting is the most important predictor of eating disorders, with females who diet severely being 18 times more likely to develop an eating disorder
- It is common for people suffering from bulimia to keep their disorder hidden for 8- 10 years, at a great cost to their physical and psychological health





# International No Diet Day Compilation

compiled by Sally Wood

*I like to skip breakfast and lunch in order to deserve a good sized dinner at night without gaining weight.*

Skipping breakfast and not eating or skimping on meals through the day, only to reward oneself at the end of the day with a "well earned" meal is most likely to lead to weight gain, rather than weight loss or weight maintenance.

At best, it might fail to produce the weight loss that one might expect when one is so restrained. A major reason for this is that if the body does not have available dietary fuel to burn during the day, it has no other choice but to burn its available fat reserves. Whilst this might *seem* to be just what the dieter wants, the results of these processes are not logical, i.e. continued and permanent weight loss. Fat cells contain not only fat, but also water and certain chemicals which leave the fat cells at the same time as the fat does. One of these chemicals is called *leptin*.

As more fat for energy is released during a fasting period, more and more leptin is

released. Leptin is responsible for telling the central nervous system (brain) that the body is losing its' fat reserves. Since body fat is actually a body organ responsible for many necessary metabolic functions pertaining to survival, the body 'intelligence' (above and beyond intellectual intelligence), will want to resist too rapid and too much fat loss especially over a short period. A major way in which the body gets to know if this is happening is to register the *amount* of leptin release from the fat cells. At the end of the day, when the food finally does fuel the body, the leptin build-up tells the brain that too much fat has been lost too quickly and that any incoming food once metabolically broken down must be carried back into the depleted fat cells with a little bit more energy, to counter the effects of *famine feast* dieting. It is as if through the body expects another famine to follow the feast, hence the little bit extra fuel being replaced in the fat cells. Repeated famine feast cycles of eating only serve to exacerbate this fat storage process.

## No Diet Day Adelaide Uni celebrations on May 10<sup>th</sup>

While many experts tell people what not to eat and warn about the dangers of obesity, the Eating Disorders Association of South Australia is encouraging students to feel more relaxed with food. However, their free lunch and information stall for International No-Diet Day on May 10 at Adelaide University is not about gorging on mountains of junk food either.

According to the Association, the day is about considering if dieting and feeling guilty about food and our bodies is healthy and being less fearful of eating. Ben Kluzek, Executive Officer of the Eating Disorders Association of South Australia, said even people without eating disorders often had a poor opinion of their bodies, dieted unnecessarily and thought of foods rigidly as 'good' or 'bad'.

"We are supporting International No Diet Day to promote the idea that people can feel comfortable eating any type of food in moderation" he said.

"We do not support dieting or over-indulgence, rather a healthy lifestyle choice of feeling good about who you are, of which eating is an aspect."

The Eating Disorders Association of South Australia helps more than 1700 people each year affected by eating disorders and body image problems. So they know first-hand the results of an unhealthy and restrictive relationship with food.

"The consequences include serious mental and physical health problems, social isolation, and people dropping out of study and work," said Mr Kluzek.

The Eating Disorders Association of South Australia is holding a free lunch in conjunction with the Women's Department of the Students Association of the University of Adelaide on 10 May at the Adelaide University lawns from 12 noon until 2 pm to celebrate International No Diet Day. There will also be music and giveaways.

For more information and counselling services, feel free to contact the EDASA on 8332 3466 or e-mail [info@adasa.org.au](mailto:info@adasa.org.au).

Sally Wood

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# Lit era tur e

NEW RELEASE

**Racists**  
Kunal Basu  
Allen & Unwin

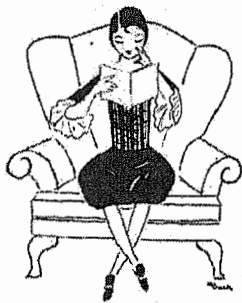
This new release from Indian author Kunal Basu happens to tie in perfectly with this week's edition, as rivalry is a dominant theme. In 1855, two scientists begin an outrageous experiment in the vain hope of determining the superiority of the races. Two babies, a white English girl and a negro African boy are placed on a deserted island with a mute nurse to care for them. With no external influences, speech, civilization or authority, the children will develop according to their primitive natures.

One of the scientists, Dr. Samuel Bates, is an English craniologist who measures skulls in the belief that skull size directly correlates to brain size... and superiority. The fact that white Europeans have larger skulls than black negroes means Bates strongly argues for European superiority. The other scientist, and Bates' rival, is the Frenchman Jean-Louis Belavoix. Throughout his extensive worldwide travels, he believes that the negro is not inferior to the European, but entirely unrelated... Like horses and zebras, similar in appearance yet completely different species. Bates predicts the white girl will develop a natural superiority whereas his rival Belavoix believes that one will conquer and eventually kill the other as is the inevitable conclusion in the 'savages'.

The rivalry between the scientists exists as they represent their respective countries in leading the way in scientific development and racial theory. The rivalry between the two subjects is not realised by them, but enforced by the scientists. A further rivalry ensues when Bates' assistant, Nicholas Quartley, falls in love with the mute nurse, Norah, amidst the two scientists also competing for her attention.

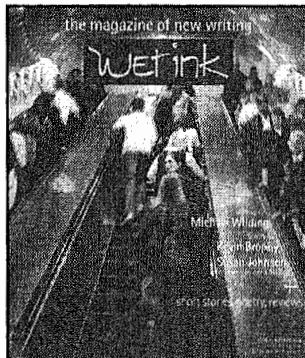
Although I initially anticipated a fascinating read (I was sucked in by the blurb... it happens to the best of us!) I found the storyline was slow and lacked the depth I was expecting. The characters weren't overly impressive and I felt the details were glossed over, which resulted in me losing interest easily. So what was the conclusion? You'll have to read it to find out!

Karlie



**Editors:**  
Karlie & Sunshine

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## INTERVIEW

I've always considered becoming a writer to be one of the hardest careers to pursue. It's a truly competitive market and a tough one to crack into. Well, here comes the knight in shining armour for new writers; *Wet Ink*, a magazine that features predominately new writing, from fiction, poetry and short stories along with interviews and reviews.

Our very own Phillip Edmonds from the English Department is one of the Managing Editors, and along with Fiction Editor Emmett Stinson and Poetry Editor Stephen Lawrence, we sat down during Writers' Week to discover more about *Wet Ink*.

The concept behind *Wet Ink* was a group of people who commonly felt there was a need, or space, for up and coming writers that wasn't currently being catered for by magazines. It was not an easy process to get the idea up and running. A fundraiser was held initially, then a sponsorship model adopted, despite the difficulties in securing sponsorship without a product to show. Thankfully they had support, and the first edition of *Wet Ink* was subsequently launched in December last year by Pulitzer Prize winning author (and Adelaide resident) J.M. Coetzee. The *Wet Ink* team were obviously thrilled about his support, with Phillip noting that Coetzee hadn't forgotten that it was small publications like *Wet Ink* that helped establish his career.

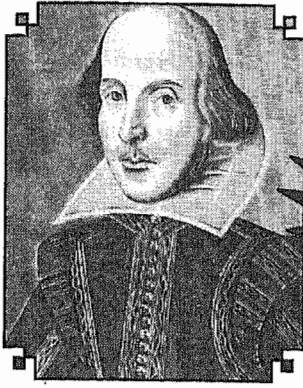
Publishers generally prefer to stick to established best-selling writers making it even more difficult for new writers to get a chance. Emmett describes a general feeling of lack of imagination from publishers, and points out that the success of *Wet Ink* indicates that it's not a case of new writers not selling but perhaps the publishers are not marketing them the right way.

Stephen describes Adelaide as a 'hub' for writers, which is partly why they chose to launch, and base, the magazine here. The second edition showcases a long list of Adelaide writers, including Doug Green, David Cookson, Gillian Britton and Cassie Flanagan. Despite the city's love of literature, Adelaide is not big enough to sustain the magazine, but instead provides a platform to promote South Australian writers on a national platform.

Personally I'm loving *Wet Ink*. The format is somewhere between a book and a magazine, and it has great, creative layout. The eclectic mixture of writing styles makes for a more interesting read and the talent of the vast array of writers is obvious.

*Wet Ink* are distributing nationally with launches in Adelaide and Melbourne with Byron Bay next on the agenda. Subscription is available for \$54 for 1 year, which is 4 issues, and just \$48 for students. Individual issues are \$14.95 so subscription is the way to go, especially for student concession (make the most of that student card while you can!!) We urge all students, aspiring writers or not, to help support the magazine which is providing an essential platform for new writers. Visit the website [www.wetink.com.au](http://www.wetink.com.au) or buy from the local bookstore and immerse yourself in a fantastic read!

Karlie



Villanous Swine! Thou art mine sworn enemy...



Everyone loves a good conspiracy theory... especially when the theory pits two literary Goliaths against each other. There has been much speculation surrounding the authenticity of Shakespeare's plays, with claims that he was illiterate or that there's no such person as William Shakespeare.

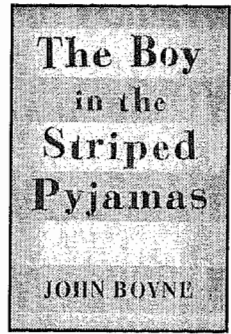
One of the most popular conspiracy theories is that fellow playwright, Christopher Marlowe, in fact penned the plays. The rivalry between those who believe in Shakespeare's authenticity and those who support Marlowe is so intense they've even come up with terms to identify themselves: the Stratfordians in Shakespeare's corner and the Marlovians in Marlowe's.

Although Marlowe was reportedly killed during a pub brawl early in Shakespeare's career, the Marlovians believe his death was faked in order to protect himself from charges of atheism and heresy. Many scholars carry the opinion that there are marked differences between Shakespeare and Marlowe's works, both stylistically and intellectually. Shakespeare creates complex characters, has an innate sense of comedy and is skilled with prose or non-iambic verse. Marlovians argue that these plays are an experimentation; a new writing style by a daring writer to elude the authorities. Stratfordians counter-argue that sudden and radical changes were not evident in other writers of the time.

Marlovians also argue that it was not merely coincidental that Shakespeare only embarked on a public career shortly after Marlowe's supposed death.

A new biography has just been released which certainly backs the true existence of William Shakespeare as the playwright and poet and extraordinaire. Though the author doesn't give credit to any of the conspiracy theories, I doubt whether this latest biography will quieten the disbelievers.

Karlie



## The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas

James Boyne  
Random House

This book is not directly about rivalry. But it is about a fence that divides people from each other. And that's almost all I'm going to tell you about the plot.

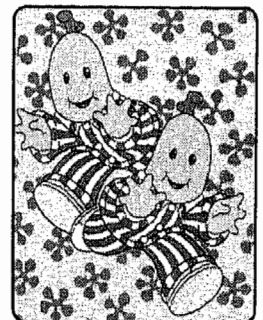
I will say that if you decide to read *The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas*, you will meet a boy called Bruno (who sometimes wears pyjamas - much like most nine-year-old boys). You will also meet Samuel, another boy who also sometimes wears pyjamas. And they will become friends.

Be warned; Boyne has written as though for an audience of children. This stylistic choice adds great emphasis to his story, especially the end. However, there is a lull, about two-thirds of the way through. Try to persevere: the story is worth it.

It has been said that *The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas* is all the things a good novel should be: complex, beguiling, self-aware and infringing on the reader's comfort zone". It is also deceptively naïve in style, mostly easy to read, and beautifully structured.

For a lover of fairytales and fables, this is a brilliant modern one.

Sunshine



## Innocent Traitor

Alison Weir  
Random House Australia

History has always been something that I've loved, and a particular favourite subject of mine is Tudor history (Henry VIII). This book delivered. This is Alison Weir's first novel, and she used it as an opportunity to spread her wings (or more accurately, free her pen) from the confines of non-fiction books about Tudor England. In it, she has explored the life of Lady Jane Grey, a Queen of England that ruled for all of nine days.

Lady Jane Grey was the great-niece of Henry VIII, and was born on almost the same day as Henry VIII son, Edward VI. She was the first daughter of parents who desperately wanted a son. To soften this blow, they had received the Greys chose to mould little Jane into the 'perfect Tudor lady': educated and 'finished'. As Jane grew up a plan was hatched to use her as a pawn to gain glory: her parents were going to marry her to Edward VI, Henry VIII's successor. This plan fell through, but another plan was quickly devised. This time she was to be married to the son Edward VI's Protector, John Dudley.

Jane herself had a claim to the throne, through her mother. She was 4<sup>th</sup> in line, after Henry's two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, and her mother, Frances. Dudley's plot was to trick Edward VI into disclaiming his sister by declaring them bastards, and therefore unable to inherit the throne. This cleared the path for Jane to inherit the throne (as her mother did not want to) and her parents and John Dudley believed they could use her as a puppet queen, and could rule through her.

Now, this plan actually worked. Edward died of consumption when he and Jane were 19, and by this time he had been tricked into signing a will disclaiming Mary and Elizabeth, so that Jane did in fact take the throne. But Jane would not sit by and be a puppet queen. She was intelligent and had taken on all of the learning she had been offered. She realised straight away why she had been chosen to be Queen, and consequently realised the back handed dealing that had gone into disclaiming Mary and Elizabeth. She attempted to reject the crown, but it was forced on her. Not that it matters, as she is only to rule for 9 days, as Mary has raised an army to claim back what is rightfully hers. Jane was imprisoned in the Tower of London for Treason and put under sentence of death.

Alison Weir employed the use of journal entries to tell the story, and covered characters from the lowliest of servants to King Edward and Lady Jane. Weir's writing is so clever, that even though historically I knew what the ending was going to be, I still hoped that somehow she would bend history to change the horrible ending. Then again, if she had, I probably would've been up in arms that she had meddled with historical fact. Overall, I found this book to be fantastic. I loved the writing style, and how Weir integrated historical fact with fiction.

Jess

# J AND DAZZ AT THE MOOFIES

Hi folks. Well lucky for you (and us) *On Dit* lives another week and what a week it is. Who hasn't had a bit of Rivalry in their life afterall? Our favourite type of Rivalry this week is the rivalry between movies for top spot on the Internet Movie DataBase top 250 movies, but there are all sorts of rivalries. There's sibling rivalry, political rivalry, school yard rivalry, gang rivlry, as well as the plain old I dont like you rivalry. So this week we've gone all out to show you movies that depict rivalry. Check out this week's classic movie to find yourself some good old fashioned sibling rivalry (in fact there was some pretty good rivalry for this section this week as well, thanks to all of our contributors) and if you want to see rivalry in amongst the stars, check out our new column Trash Talk with t. Riddy. There's a dose of inter-country rivalry with Kokoda, and of course rivalry in love with *Manual of Love*, who could forget that old chesnuTT And you could call it rivalry, or even just plain dislike, with our actor of the week Martin Lawrence. We've also got some great giveaways, with passes for *Dave Chappelle's Block Party* and *Final Destination 3* to giveaway. Just make sure you get down to the On Dit office at 1:30pm on Friday May 12. Dazz or I will be there. With tickets. We PROMISE.

Until next edition, Happy Moofeing!

J and Dazz

**Giveaways!!**

We have twenty 2 for 1 passes to see *Dave Chappelle's Block Party*. If you want one, come down to the On Dit office at 1:30 Friday 12 May to pick one up.

## Manual of Love (MA 15+)

Showing at PalaceNova Cinemas

Manuale D'Amore is an audio book, sold to help guide people through the experience of love. In particular the book deals with the themes of; Falling in Love, The Breakdown, The Affair, and Abandonment. The film takes us through these varying stages, via the experiences of four different couples. The collection of short stories has a similar feel to Richard Curtis's *Love Actually*, however with fewer stories, and each played out in turn *Manual of Love* is far better. Not to mention the fact that its all in Italian.



The four different stories slip seamlessly into each other through interactions between the varying characters, and bringing with them a rich tapestry of emotion. The film has a definite 'feel good' air about it, without being overly clichéd, and the absence of the expected romantic comedy jokes and predictability was particularly welcome. With a running commentary on both the philosophies of love, and a few facts about relationships

coming from the central characters, their friends and relatives, the feeling that the viewer is being instructed on the nature of that thing called love is reinforced throughout the film.

There is something to be said for a film which plays to an unpredictable ending (and not one of those "ohmigod he is a she!" twists), and 10 minutes before the end of the film, I still had no idea how it was going to play out. *The Manual of Love* is a beautiful film, which managed to leave this fairly cynical film-goer with a slightly warm and fuzzy feeling as she walked out of the cinema. If you're after a romantic comedy, that has the ability to move the viewer, and doesn't include Hugh Grant acting foppish, or Julia Roberts just being generally irritating, make sure you head along to see this one.



## Dave Chappelle's Block Party (M)

Showing at PalaceNova Cinemas

"This is the concert I've always wanted to see," Dave Chappelle explains at the start of the film. *Dave Chappelle's Block Party* features an all-star line-up of American rap and hip-hop including Kanye West, Erykah Badu, Dead Prez, The Roots, Cody ChesnuTT, and a special reforming of The Fugees. Chappelle brought these artists together for a concert on 18 September 2004 in a non-descript block of Brooklyn, for no other reason than to have a good time. Lucky for him, good times were had by all.

This isn't exactly a film or documentary as such but rather a collection of live songs interspersed with the hilarity that is Dave Chappelle. We see Chappelle back in his home town in Ohio giving away free tickets (including travel and accommodation) just because he wants some of his old friends there. We also meet some of the locals in the Brooklyn neighbourhood, including a couple who have been married for 43 years who are... (what's the politically correct term for freaks?) very interesting.

Now I should put in the disclaimer that I'm not a fan of rap or that hippity-hop but there is enough Chappelle to make this an interesting film. Of the performers, highlights were definitely the Fugees and Dead Prez who take a swipe at their contemporaries and the things they tend to sing about, namely cars, money and 'bitches'. "Would you rather have a Lexus or some justice?"



Dazz

"It's a walk-off! - Billy Zane (as Himself), *Zoolander* (2001)

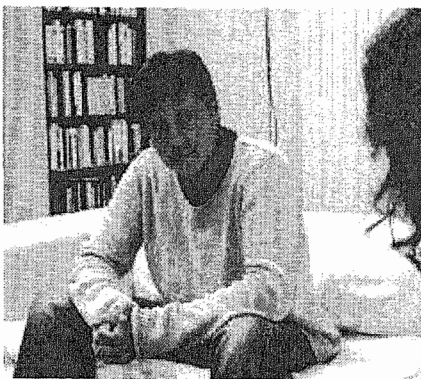
## Hidden (MA 15+)

Showing at: PalaceNova

*Hidden (Caché)* is the latest film from German director Michael Haneke, a psychological thriller that has deep political undertones. Haneke is a German-born, Austrian national that now makes his films in France, perhaps best known for recent films *the Piano Teacher* and *Funny Games*. *Caché* is ostensibly the story of an upper-middle class family who begin receiving anonymous videos, videos which contain covert footage of their house, along with menacing drawings. As the videos become more personal in nature it becomes apparent that the sender has a shared past with father Georges Laurent (Daniel Auteuil), an unpleasant past that is seeing the light of day after being hidden for most of a lifetime.

Daniel Auteuil turns in an exceptional performance as Georges, the apparent target of the tapes and drawings. Fear and frustration take hold of his normally arrogant character. A murky past can be seen in his eyes, some long-lost incident that is better left in the darkest corner of his psyche is coming to the surface. Juliette Binoche plays wife Anne, taken to the edge of breakdown by the effects of the attack and the danger posed to her son Pierrot (Lester Makedonsky). Binoche's character is more revealing of the intense strain that develops between Anne and Georges: as the implications of the tapes become clearer his ambiguous intentions open up a gulf of mistrust between them.

*Caché* is shot in a Continental style, which is very well suited to this genre; the slower pacing and subtle establishing shots add to the mood and eerie feel of the film. Interesting to note is the total absence of any music in the film, as music is often used to heighten the tension of key scenes in such a film as this, yet this is barely noticed, as the subtle, psychological nature of the tension more than suffices. *Caché* manages to keep the tension high



for most of the film, and although there is never really a sense of impending danger, there is always an unsettling undercurrent of anxiety creeping through to the foreground.

What is perhaps this film's greatest strength, and its biggest shortcoming, is its implication as a political allegory. It is a shortcoming only in the sense that as a political allegory it is somewhat esoteric - it is directly mentioned in the film, but it will have a much more profound effect on someone who has an understanding of French colonial history. Haneke definitely does not guide audiences through this film; some very important details are not obviously outlined, and in a typically French ending (à la *Chocolat* (1988), not the one with Johnny Depp in it) the audience is left dangling, or possibly very confused. It is a film that demands a second viewing, but there is no resolution of the story, it is merely a film that remains inevitably open to interpretation. I highly recommend that you see this film, just be prepared for a challenging experience!

Cyclist Dude



## Final Destination 3 (MA 15+)

showing at all major cinemas

Those who are familiar with the *Final Destination* concept (and like it), stop reading this review and go see it now. For everyone else, the premise behind a *Final Destination* film is that someone (in this case, Wendy) has a vision of an impending disaster (a rollercoaster crash) and they take action to avert said disaster, saving their loved ones/enemies/fellow students in the process. Having cheated death, those who survive begin to succumb to equally gruesome deaths to those which were avoided. While these deaths are horrific, and each arises from an intricate series of coincidences, you



won't scoff at how ridiculous they are, but rather cringe at their realism. Director James Wong sure brought some creativity to the script.

Wendy and her late boyfriend's mate Kevin then begin their mission to convince the other survivors of the rollercoaster disaster that they're in danger. While issues of fate and causality are touched on it would have been good to have a deeper analysis of these concepts. Did Wendy's good intentions ultimately bring about the demise of those she was trying to save? Again.

Bobby D



For all you lucky readers out there we have a couple of passes to see *Final Destination 3*. So make your way down to the On Dit office at 1:30pm on Friday and we'll give them to you.



## Trash Talk

with t.Riddy

Yes dear Reader, here it is: your guilty little pleasure of the week. So sit back on the bus/loo and get your fun-sized fix of trash right here. Who wants to read a whole *Who* when you can have all your movie gossip in *On Dit*, pre-digested and regurgitated by none other than the obliging t.Riddy? How about a nice mug of Bovril to go with it, hmm?

Firstly this week it's a case of oops! She's done it again! Although **Britney's** only been in one film (brilliant though *Crossroads* was) I feel it's my duty to let you know she won't be back on screen anytime soon. Sources distant from myself claim that sources near the *Toxic* girl claim she is once again up the duff. Mental! It might be a case of watch this space however, as she is slated to appear in the film *In The Pink* alongside **Cher**, **Bette Midler** and **Tim Allen** next year. Oh no!

And speaking of babies, the **Cruise/Holmes** coporation dropped their bundle, and have spent the time since denying that they've split. Surely Tom'd be gracious enough to wait until after *M:i:III* is delivered kicking and screaming into the world this week? Tom's reportedly decreed that she's now just Kate. So she's had a baby - apparently the 'ie' made her sound like one. It seems that to cutsie names: Scientology says 'No'. Weirdo!

Moving onto the next birthing franchise, I think someone needs to point out to **Brangelina** that they aren't, in fact, the real Mr and Mrs Smith. In case you hadn't heard, they've holed up in Namibia awaiting the birth of *Brangelinette*. Apparently they wanted an exotic location for their desert/underwater birthing documentary *Wombraider* - on DVD soon\*. Wacko!

Word on the web is that *Mrs Doubtfire 2* was about to go into production, and now isn't. **Robin Williams** has been reported as saying the script 'wasn't any good'. Who'd have thought it? After all, Mrs Doubtfire herself should be dead by now, shouldn't she? Lets face it, dialogue from beyond the grave is rarely witty. And who'd want to see a *Ghastly* scene involving Robin Williams, **Sally Field**, **Pierce Brosnan** and a whole lot of fat-suit, latex and stocking passing messages from the other side... Wrong-o!

Now, it was my intention to use this column and a vehicle to promote ongoing **Gyllenhaalia**, however Jake won't be back on screen here till next year in the murder frolic *Zodiac*. So we'll just have to keep on hanging out for *Brokeback Mountain* to be released on DVD. Obsessed-o!

So there you have it, pretty much the bottom of the barrel for this week. 'Till next we trash...

\*or never, which is far more likely.

"We can't even do a photo shoot at our own house anymore or we'll be accused of ripping off the Dandys."

- Matt Hollywood *DIGI* (2004)

## Mission Impossible III (M)

Showing at all major cinemas

Good morning, Mr Phelps.

Sound familiar? Although the original IMF team-leader was actually one Daniel Briggs, Peter Graves' longer tenure as replacement Jim Phelps is better remembered as the face of the Cold War-era television series. The three films produced thus far in the *Mission Impossible* series are well removed from these roots, with the dissolution of the U.S.S.R. most of the underlying plot elements are no longer relevant, and the formulaic structure of the series would not lend itself to a modern feature film.

Ethan Hunt (Tom Cruise) has settled down after the harrowing experiences of the extended slow-motion scenes he was subjected to in *M:I-2*, retiring from fieldwork to provide a more stable relationship for his new sweetheart Julia (the lovely Michelle Monaghan.) Hunt is now an IMF training officer; teaching the little ones how to leap tall buildings, pick handcuffs in seconds with nothing more than the ink cartridge from a pen, and all that jazz. Before too long, however, Hunt is back into the fray with old IMF buddy Luther Stickell (Ving Rhames), and new team-members Declan (Jonathan Rhys Meyers) and Zhen (Maggie Q.) Meyers and Q perform capably in their respective roles, while Ving Rhames' comforting, relaxed presence and comic relief give a much-needed foil

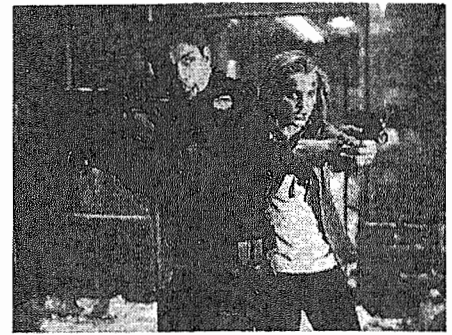
to the frenetic action sequences that make up the bulk of the film.

Owen Davian (Philip Seymour Hoffman) is the catalyst for Hunt's return to the field, his involvement in the disappearance of Hunt's protégé Lindsey (Keri Russell) and pursuit of the prized "rabbit's foot" enough to convince Hunt that the world needs more impossible feats recorded on celluloid (remember, "this isn't mission difficult, it's mission impossible.").

Trivia:  
although the original series always used the wording "your mission, should you *decide* to accept it" people invariably remember it as "choose" - and this is the version used in all three films.

Unfortunately, Philip Seymour Hoffman under-utilised. With an actor as talented as Hoffman, I was surprised that he received only a small amount of screen time. What time he did receive was well deserved, with a fervent display of the anger and sadistic leanings of Davian. Unfortunately neither Davian's motives nor background were explored, leaving him as just a one-dimensional, evil figurehead, the requisite "bad-guy" for the film.

Considering this is his directorial debut, J. J. Abrams has done reasonably well - the action sequences are executed well, but the plot is mundane



and the inevitable twist or two would be easy to spot were it not for the fact that in this franchise you can never be sure exactly *which* character you're actually looking at (love those face-masks & voice chips.) The end result is a "check your brain in at the door" action film, with under-developed characters and no real sense of urgency at any stage. If that's all you really want, then bump it up to a 3.5/5 (you will need a big helping of suspension of disbelief) as it is a genuine improvement on the abomination which preceded it (that-which-shall-not-be-named,) but it still doesn't cut the mustard. Or horseradish for that matter.

Cyclist Dude



## Kokoda(M)

Showing at all major cinemas

Every year a number of Australians walk along the Kokoda trail in Papua New Guinea. There are probably some who do it for the nature walk, but for the majority it is an attempt to step back in time and gain a glimpse of what the conditions might have been like for the Australian soldiers fighting the Japanese in WWII. Admittedly these days there are significantly fewer Japanese soldiers, less likelihood of getting shot or killed, and probably more available medication and food.

Those who came back from the war are getting older and older and its their children and grandchildren who are making the trek, often to gain an understanding of what their family members have experienced.

For those of you who are interested, but less inclined to participate in the physical challenge, there is *Kokoda*, the movie. Directed by Alistair Grierson and starring Jack Finsterer, and Travis McMahon among others, *Kokoda* tells the story of a small group of soldiers who are cut off from the trail and the rest of their battalion, and need to find and fight their way back. The soldiers in question are reservists known as "Choecos", chocolate soldiers expected to melt in the heat of battle, never really meant to be at the front line. It is a classic war story of courage and strength and how people react when placed in extreme circumstances. It has all the hallmarks of a good war movie; some friends die, some get captured and of course the eternal question "if one of our mates is injured do we leave them behind and save ourselves, or risk dying to take them with us?"

Filmed in far north Queensland, the



cinematography is spectacular, and the depiction of insects, malaria and dysentery experienced by the soldiers is horrifying, as well as slightly humorous. However, despite superb acting, *Kokoda* falls short in getting us to relate to the characters before they are tested on the trail. There is little character development before the group are lost from their comrades, which hampers our ability to actually care if they are killed or not. Also (and this may just be me), it seems that with muddy faces and the same clothes, a lot of the soldiers look remarkably similar, and it took me some time to work out exactly who was who. The film is also particularly one sided, there is no attempt to characterize the Japanese soldiers as anything more than heartless killing machines. This perhaps could be excused if there was further exploration into the relationships between the Australian soldiers, however the film seems to be lacking some kind of depth, focusing mainly on scenes of fighting or struggle with little

dialogue.

When questioned as to "Why Kokoda, why now?" Grierson responds "Because it hasn't been done before." And it hasn't. Its somewhat refreshing to see a war movie with all the hallmarks of a Hollywood blockbuster, where all the characters have Australian accents. It's also an important story to tell and remember, an occasion where Australia was at war to protect herself, not just tailing along as a sacrificial lapdog to someone else's fight. If you're interested in the history of Kokoda, and Australia's involvement in the war, perhaps you'd be better off reading a book, or looking it up on the internet somewhere, and if you're keen to see a challenging depiction of war and what it means to have to kill another human being, then perhaps give this one a miss. However, if you're up for a classic 'good vs bad' type war movie, where mateship, courage, endurance and sacrifice prevail, told from an Aussie perspective, and you don't mind seeing people's insides on other people's faces, then head along to see *Kokoda*.



"That's it. You're dead, mallrat. I'm gonna fuck you up beyond repair." - Shannon Hamilton (Ben Affleck) *Mallrats* (1995)

# Actor of the Week

Martin Lawrence; Born: 16 April 1965; Died... Well, he's still alive, and thank goodness for that. In the film industry it's generally considered bad form to slander a celebrity who is incapable of responding, be it due to terminal injury or death (see: James 'Scotty' Doohan and 'that guy from the *Police Academy* Films'), but Martin is still fair game, so on with the review.

Martin Lawrence started his acting career (if we can call it that) on a number of TV shows, finally working his way up to playing the fairly innocuous role of Bilal in both *House Party* and *House Party 2*. His obvious 'star quality' shone through and soon he had launched himself into superstardom with lead roles in *Bad Boys* and ... *Bad Boys*. Unfortunately, the wave of viewer apathy that had taken him this far receded, leaving him stranded on the beach of reality, where he soon found himself relegated to roles in the forgettable *Life* and the unforgettable (You watched it, you can't unwatch it!) *Black Knight* which he also produced. Needless to say, after these debacles his stock fell dramatically and so not long after this he returned to the one thing that had helped his career earlier, sequels. *Bad Boys II* opened to much fanfare around the globe in 2003, some eight years after the original. Unfortunately for Martin, cinema audiences had become more sophisticated (cynical) over the intervening time and now needed more than large explosions and media hype to be entertained. Personally, I blame

## Martin Lawrence



- Big Momma's House 2 (2006)
- Bad Boys II (2003)
- Black Knight (2001)
- Big Momma's House (2000)
- Blue Streak (1999)
- Life (1999)
- Bad Boys (1995)
- Boomerang (1992)
- House Party 2 (1991)
- House Party (1990)

*Star Wars: Episode I* for bursting this bubble, but feel free to blame *Matrix:Reloaded* if you wish.

Martin took some time off after this to regroup and rethink. It was at this time that he felt he should stick to his strengths, and thus, with this in mind, he unleashed upon the world a film, the like of which had never been seen\*, *Big Momma's House 2*, possibly the least necessary sequel since *The Next Karate Kid*, or *Speed 2: Cruise Control*. In case you think my griping is just sour grapes since my own (completely different) screenplay *Large Maternal Figure's Abode 2* was knocked back for not being ethnic enough (for the record, I skew 50% Asian), let's just see what the internet has to say.

"This is the worst movie ever...I could make a movie of me and my friends jumbing and scream and it would be more entertaining then this." - hcfever

So there you have it, straight from the keyboard of hcfever (errors and all) him/herself. In conclusion, Martin Lawrence is shit. So, where to from here? What does the future hold for Martin Lawrence? Who knows? Who cares? Let's just hope that *Big Momma's House 3* is not on the cards.

\* Unless it was in the prequel, *Big Momma's House*.



Space Monkey

# Classic Movie of the Week

## Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?

Directed by Robert Aldrich

When a movie producer manages to get two old bitches with one of the most infamous rivalries in Hollywood history, both at dead ends of their careers, to star in a movie about sibling rivalry, you know that the potential for a great movie is there. And the macabre *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* is truly great.

As a child, 'Baby' Jane Hudson (Davis) was a spoilt star on vaudeville. As she grows older, her fame diminishes

while her kinder sister Blanche (Crawford) becomes a celebrated movie star. Jane becomes jealous of Blanche's fame and is accused of running her over, an 'accident' which leaves Blanche paralysed and her career destroyed.

As time passes, the two end up living together in an isolated, rundown house. Jane becomes an embittered old drunkard on the brink of



insanity with continued delusions of greatness. Her invalid sister, meanwhile, still admired by the public, largely depends on Jane to look after her. But things turn sour when Jane learns that Blanche seeks to have her committed.

The film is in the gothic horror tradition. As the film progresses, the audience witnesses an escalation of the brutality and horror with which Jane treats Blanche. Despite the violence, the audience can still find humour, as well as tragedy and sadness, in the action displayed on screen. This is due to the accomplished performances of the leads. As the story depicts the rivalry between Jane and Blanche, and the horrific and disturbing

consequences, Davis and Crawford themselves are also competing against each other. In this fight, Davis wins. Her performance is truly spellbinding. She captures the violence and brutality of Jane as well as the pathos of her

"I wouldn't piss on her if she was on fire. She's slept with every male star at MGM, except Lassie."

-Bette Davis on Joan Crawford

delusions, brilliantly depicted in the haunting conclusion.

If you're a fan of great, ferocious, diabolic performances, or a fan of the *psycho-biddy* genre which features older women in peril (thanks Wikipedia), then you have met your match in this classic film of rivalry.

James Apps



"So what does this Vivian got that you don't got, three tits?" - Paulette (Jennifer Coolidge) *Legally Blonde* (2001)

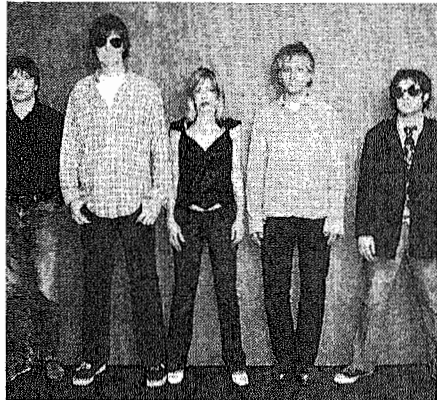


# La Musique

Editors: Chris Burford and Jenn Soggee. E-mail [onditmusic@gmail.com](mailto:onditmusic@gmail.com). Baby.

## Splendour Line Up Takes Shape

Didn't make it to Byron for Bluesfest? Well the home of Paul Hogan, gorgeous beaches and too many dreadlocks hosts another great festival in July. We're talking Splendour in the Grass, and with a lineup of super-cool proportions, it will be most worthy of a trek east. Announced so far; Sonic Youth, Grinspoon, DJ Shadow, The Grates, Death Cab for Cutie, TV on the Radio, Augie March, The Avalanches (DJ set), Youth Group, Brittle Fex, Atmosphere and Paul, Brian Wilson, Wolfmother, Scissor Sisters, Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Jose Gonzalez, Snow Patrol, You Am I, Decoder Ring, The Presets, Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, The Zutons, Matisyahu and Clare Bowditch & Feeding Set. Check out [www.splendourinthegrass.com](http://www.splendourinthegrass.com) for more info.



## Adelaide Artists on MySpace

MySpace this, MySpace that. It seems as though you can't avoid the MySpace (dot com) hype at the moment. Love it or loathe it, you can't argue that its practicality for musicians and free mp3 hosting has made it quite popular amongst bands and other performers. Some Adelaide artists on board currently include; Little Ice Age, Wolf 'n' Cub, Central Deli Band, Fear of Flying, 200 Motels, Liability of My Own, Dylan Ferguson, John Woods, Move to Strike, and a plethora of others. Check 'em out.

## Double Handed get their Kick Back

**MusicSA.com;** After an almost 4 month battle (and 5 rejections) with an insurance company, Double Handed's drummer, Fox, has been awarded a cheque to buy back his \$11 000 dollar drum kit that was stolen from his car last December. The band say, "Fox's entire life was his drum kit and he has been like a child without a mother ever since. Fox and the rest of us are so excited that the 6th member of Double Handed (Fox's kit) will be returning to us again." Now that things are back on track, Double Handed has a bunch of things planned for the next few months, including a live set on 'Adelaide FM' on the 23rd of May at 10pm. They are also planning a Melbourne tour for late June early July, taking their EP with them, which is near completion.

## The Black Keys Support Radiohead

**Billboard.com;** Ohio two-piece The Black Keys will join some band called Radiohead on some Eastern US dates in June. The 'Keys who recently rocked the collective-pants off Australia whilst here for the Byron Bay Bluesfest, are reportedly much admired by the Oxford five piece, with Johnny Greenwood being a devotee. A currently untitled album is in the works for a September release for the duet, whilst at present there are no plans for a Radiohead release in 2006.



## Pink Writes a Protest Song

Determined not to be a 'Stupid Girl', Alecia Moore (Pink)'s latest album, *I'm Not Dead* includes the track 'Dear Mr President'. Moores' middle finger has been directed at many targets, but her intentions are true, with victims including; Paris Hilton, Jessica Simpson, and unrealistic attitudes to body image. For this, she has been praised by the International Association of Eating Disorder Professionals. Featuring the Indigo Girls 'Dear Mr. President' includes lyrics such as; "Dear Mr. President/What do you feel when you see all the homeless in the street?/Who do you pray for at night before you go to sleep?/What do you feel when you look in the mirror?/Are you proud?"



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This week, Chris catches up with solo acoustic performer John Woods, fresh off the back of Xavier Rudd and Whitlams supports. You may be inclined to ask the question 'Who is this guy?' or 'Is this guy really from Adelaide?' or even 'Is it that guy from Blue Healers'.

**For those not in the know, can you introduce yourself to On Dit readers;**

My name's John Woods and I'm a solo acoustic singer/songwriter from Adelaide. I play a melodic groove style, as well as a few folk numbers. I play all around town and often end up supporting a lot of the blues and roots artists when they tour.

**Speaking of which, you recently supported Xavier Rudd at Thebby. How was that experience, and how did it all come about?**

Man, the Xavier Rudd gig at Thebby was amazing. I think we've all seen some great bands there at one time or another, so it was understandably a very big thing for me to tread on that stage. It came about when a couple bought an EP at a gig and later asked me to play at their engagement party. Little did I know, but the promoter of the Xavier gig was on the guest list and I guess the rest is history!

**And other supports?**

Yeah I've done a few in the last year or so. Some of the more memorable ones would have to be Ash Grunwald at the Gov, Lior at Flinders Uni, and Peter Coombe at Rad Bar.

**A little bird tells me you nearly killed Harry Maux. Please explain?**

(laughs) Last time he toured, the venue needed a driver to take Harry to an interview at the ABC building and knowing that I was a big fan, they gave me a call. We hadn't gone more than 100m down the road when a BMW four wheel drive failed to give way and evasive

action was required. I payed good money for that 1975 corolla.... He got over it soon after, I'll remember that for a long time to come!

**How long have you been writing/playing music?**

I've been writing music for around ten years now. I played in a punk band in the nineties.

**Tell us about your EP that's currently available, and plans for any future releases;**

I've got a self titled EP thats available at shows. It was recorded by Darren Thompson who is best known for his work in band Thinktank as well as many other local and national recordings. He was the guy behind Blue Line Medic's Text Bomb album a couple of years ago. I'll be recording again really soon, can't wait!

**And your opinion on the Adelaide music-scene today?**

You can pretty much miss the scene completely unless you're out there every weekend. We've got some of this country's best artists in this little town.

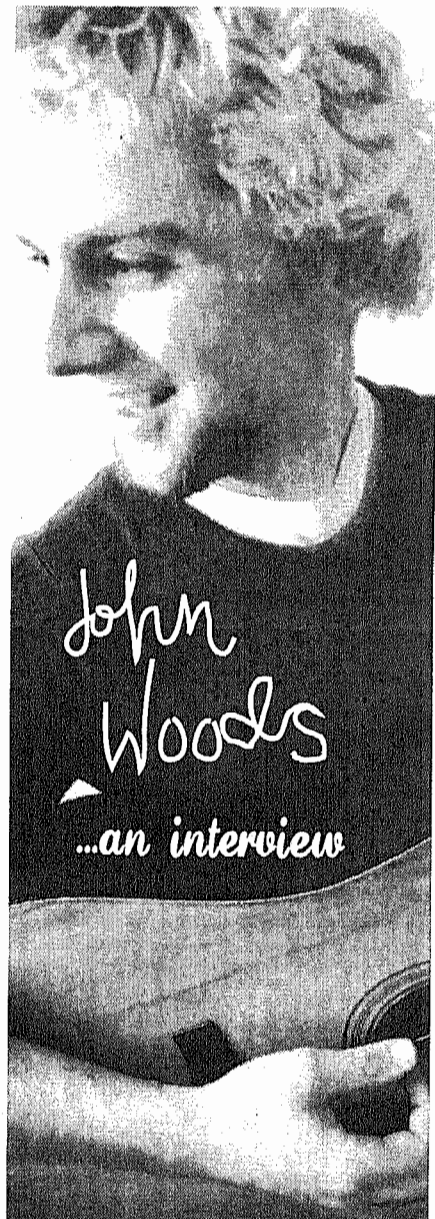
**What's been on your stereo/iPod/walkman/ghetto blaster recently?**

Lately I've been listening to Cat Power, Paul Kelly and the Storm Water Boys, Bob Dyan, and cranking a bit of 311 from the vault! On the local scene, the new Style High Club album is amazing and solo acoustic bass player Dylan Ferguson gets the gong for originality.

**Anything else you wish to share?**

I've just uploaded my first website and chucked a couple of free mp3s on there to download. Check it out at [johnwoodsmusic.com](http://johnwoodsmusic.com)

Chris Burford



**Mini Gig Guide**

**Every Monday Night-**  
Cookie Baker @ The Exeter, singin' the blues and warming our hearts. She's a dollface, and she'll make you weep.

**May 27th-** Aviator Lane CD launch @ Jade Monkey with special guests Antony of the Future and Ianto Ware, dream boy extraordinaire.

**May 10-** Ben Harper and his Innocent Criminals @ the Entertainment centre

**May 13-** Lior live @ The Gov. What a cutie.

**June 9-** Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Engelbert Humperdinck @ Festival Theatre. Row.

101.5 FM **STUDENT Radio**

**WEEK 1**

**MONDAY**

10pm THE BEAT GOES ON with Jakin & Tim

11pm THE BURNING DARKNESS EXTRAORDINAIRE with Tim & Matt

12am SPOT THE DIFF with Jacqui & Dan

**WEEK 2**

**MONDAY**

10pm CHUBBY CHEEKY CHUMS with Geoff & Kye

11pm CHIC GEEK with Andrew & Victor

12am NICO & THE WOOKIE with Matt & Nick

**TUESDAY**

LOCAL NOISE

KRUSHGROOVE with Lisa & Ocky

3 MEN IN A BOAT with Dave, Kev & Patty

**TUESDAY**

LOCAL NOISE

BEST SHOW EVER with Luke & Tom

PUNK ROUTINE with Daniel, Ben & Nathan

**FRIDAY**

THE SOUR KRAUTS with Ben and Phil

THE SPICY GHERKIN with Hannah & Holly

MORONS WITH SAFETY with Andy & Steve

**FRIDAY**

RADICAL TIMES with Calvin, Luke & Kosta

KEEPIN' IT REAL with Sasha & Hannah

COUNTER CANON with Marco & Matt

# CD Reviews

e-mail [onditmusic@gmail.com](mailto:onditmusic@gmail.com) to board the gravy train and choo-choo your way to glory.



**Both Sides Of The Gun**  
Ben Harper  
Virgin Records

Can you remember the last time you heard music that combined rock, blues, gospel, R&B and folk pop? Neither can I, and that's what makes Ben Harper such a unique and refreshing artist. His musical talents continue to grow with each passing album, as does his fan base, which will only be larger after the release of his new album *Both Sides Of The Gun*. It's fresh, creative, addictive and contains influences from many genre's of music, both new and old.

Since his last Emmy award winning record *There Will Be A Light* (2004) featuring The Blind Boys Of Alabama, Harper has been creating this eighteen track masterpiece, which spans over two discs ( although time-wise it seems it could have fit onto one ). *Both Sides Of The Gun* collaborates the sound of many different musicians, some including members of The Innocent Criminals, and has Harper leading each of his emotionally charged songs with his distinctive, soulful voice.

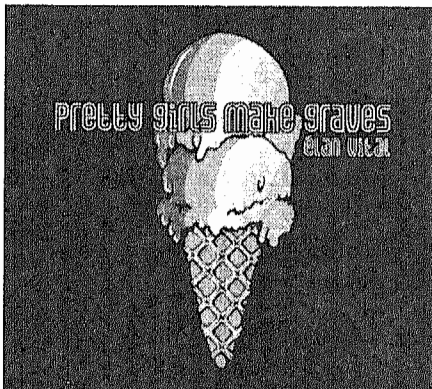
The first disc offers a mixture of slow, heartfelt ballads similar in many ways to those heard on his earlier albums, however this time round, they feel even deeper and more personal. The addition of string arrangements helps add to the emotion and presence of a number of songs, in particular the sorrowful opener 'Morning Yearning'. Whilst every song on disc one is good, it is quite apparent that the first three tracks are the most enjoyable. When listening to half an hour of Ben's softer arrangements, the latter of the disc tends to lose your attention most times you play it.

Lyrically, the second disc is classic Ben Harper. Raw, edgy and bursting with energy one moment then smooth, soulful and melodic the next. Musically, most tracks can be likened in many respects to songs from his past albums *Fight For Your Mind* (1995), *Burn To Shine* (1993) and *Diamonds On The Inside* (2003). Yet at the same time, it is so diverse. Sounds the likes of Paul Simon's *Rhythm Of The Saints*, James Brown's *Turn It Loose*, and

Genesis' hit 'I Can't Dance' can be heard on tracks 'Better Way', 'Both Sides Of The Gun' and 'Engraved Invitation' respectively. I especially like the politically charged 'Black Rain', which displays Harper's feelings towards the U.S. Government through factual incidences including hurricane Katrina & military enlistment. It is refreshing as opposed to so many other musicians who rave on about their personal, uneducated viewpoints on the way things should be.

In summary, I wish *Both Sides Of The Gun* was produced on one disc and I would like to have heard one or two of Harper's heavier tracks. Otherwise, this album is bordering perfection. Another great Ben Harper record, surely to be one of 2006's best releases. If you haven't got tickets to his upcoming show with The Innocent Criminals in May, I suggest you go buy them now whilst purchasing this album if you haven't already bought it.

## AUBS



**Elan Vital**  
**Pretty Girls Make Graves**  
Remote Control Records

Pretty Girls Make Graves have quite a reputation to live up to. Composed of band members all of whom all have clocked up considerable hours and experience in notable bands of the Seattle scene, PGMG can be forgiven for virtually anything. Their previous releases have long carried over their long term relationship with punk, yet their latest offering, *Elan Vital* is far too diverse in composition to be definitively categorized without raising the eyebrows of the nuanced genre nitpickers.

'The Nocturnal House', opening the album, is tantamount to your brand new kettle warming up water for what should be a kick ass cup of tea. Unfortunately, the water never boils and you're left with some lukewarm talent and the thirst for something better. Still waiting on that tea, 'Pyrite Pedestal' crawls its way into my ears. Suddenly I get the feeling the Plagiarism Fairy has been handing out Brian Molko's nose as the stop-start, nasally singing made famous

by Placebo graces me. The subtle thing is that PGMG aren't grabbing hold of a solid riff and thrashing it a la Placebo. Instead, a highly original and diverse composition of musical flavour interweaves its way through the cracks.

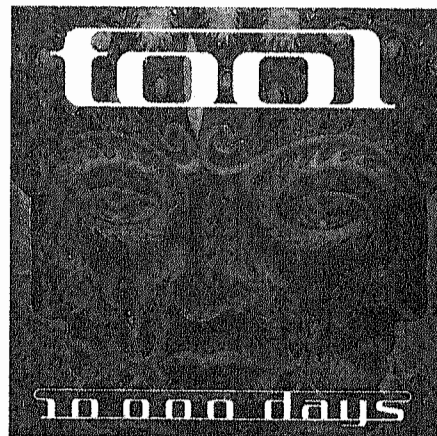
As 'The Number' and 'Parade' come and go I begin to realize the only thing annoying me about the album is the potential the band isn't quite tapping into. 'Parade', with its strictly structured lyrics and rhythm, makes it the most coherent, accessible and therefore in my opinion best song of the forty-two minute listen.

With 'Domino' making me wince when it fails to take the step up and rock out like the PGMG of old, I can't say a bad word. But I'm left hungering for that little bit more, the bit of effort that just wasn't made. 'Interlude', aptly named for its instrumental nature is a pleasant and original lead-in to the back six.

On the homestretch, 'The Magic Hour' gives me what I've wanted: a stronger, definite rhythm with the vocals thrusting along, peppered with guitar work. 'Selling The Wind' opens with accordion work and is impressive, keeping this interesting but always welcome instrument choice consistent. The final tracks waver back and forth between upbeat, well-paced and satisfying use of Andrea Zollo's voice back to the prick-teasing wild goose chases of the first six tracks.

True to their namesake, this offering is a pretty grave effort. The quintet comes across as a tryhard tin bucket catching only occasional drops of originality. The intermezzos, lulls and bridges have no punch and only serve to take me from one place to another. PGMG raided Brian Molko's medicine chest and unfortunately they took the Placebo instead.

## Heik



**10000 Days**  
Tool  
Volcano

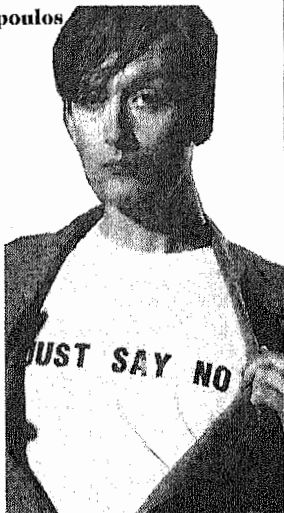
Tool are a band constantly shrouded in mystery. Not willing to partake in the usual photo opportunity rock and roll shenanigans of today's so called 'scene', they have remained on the outskirts of popular music. It comes as some surprise then that their fifth LP, '10,000 Days' is their most personal

and accessible to date. The first track 'Vicarious' is a smack in the head, with a riff that crunches and lurches all over the place to spectacular effect, with lyrics that place singer Maynard James Keenan as a voyeur giving in to violent news reports stating 'I need to watch things die/from a distance/Vicariously I/ Live while the whole world dies.' Grim indeed. But this is more than your typical emo-tinged teenage morbidity. The music is brutally heavy, with Guitarist Adam Jones tearing apart rhythms in riff heavy tracks like 'Jambi' and 'The Por', like Jimmy Page on downers. 'Wings for Marie' and the title track flow beautifully and delicately in a 17-minute movement that may be Keenan's most moving vocal performance to date, as he sings about his mother Judith, which isn't typical metal lyric material. But nothing about this band and album is typical, which is what makes it so interesting. There is little macho posturing, more emotional landscapes and spacey sounds that take the listener on a journey through jarring industrial beats and moments of sparse intricate melodies, most of the time all in the same song. Of special mention is Drummer Dauny Carey, who has become sort of a drummer's drummer, who carries this set with his spectacular work on the kit, constantly changing time signatures and instruments to a mind boggling degree.

The most fantastic trip this album takes you on is a three track tongue-in-cheek mini epic about a guy checking into a mental institution after he is visited by aliens who tell him how the world will end, which he forgets because he was on acid at the time. If that sounds strange, just listen to the 11-minute track 'Rosetta Stoned' and try and tell me that My Chemical Romance or The Used would ever be so bold to put out a track like this. But don't be confused by the 7-minute plus track times; this album has very little in common with it's prog-rock predecessor 'Lateralus' and is more a mix between the raw and gritty 'Undertow' and the more polished and well crafted 'Aenema', which may piss off some of the Rush and Dream Theatre throwbacks, but they have a whole back catalogue of Yes albums to listen to. This album is a testament to the band and its following and just proves that there is a future for metal and hard rock that doesn't involve face masks or bad eyeliner.

### James Michalopoulos

Meanwhile, the standout winner of the whole movement was clearly Pulp. More glam than Glam, perhaps no other band of the era really captured the slightly caricatured British aesthetic quite like they did. How did Jarvis create such a twisted niche for himself in platform heels and write some of the best songs in British pop history? I challenge anyone to listen to *Different Class* and walk away unsatisfied. Lo Cocker didn't need no crummy chart war to promote his work. The sexy beast. Reaw.



### Various Jazz Chillout 3 Blue Note

It is a quiet Sunday morning. The window is ajar, and the birds are twittering. This would be a wonderful experience, if it weren't for the pounding in my head. Reaching across my bed, I blindly knock the play button on the stereo in need of some serious soothing. Suddenly my morning is transformed. I hear the rich, husky tones of Julie London's voice, with her rendition of the old classic 'Blue Moon'. "Thank you *On Dit*," I whisper to myself, as my eyelids flutter and my troubles melt away into nothingness...

This review is about a compilation called *Jazz Chillout III*. It is a three disc collection brought out by Blue Note records - a label who've been releasing American jazz music since the 50's - of purely soothing, relaxing, mellow jazz music. The first disc opens with a brilliant saxophone piece performed by

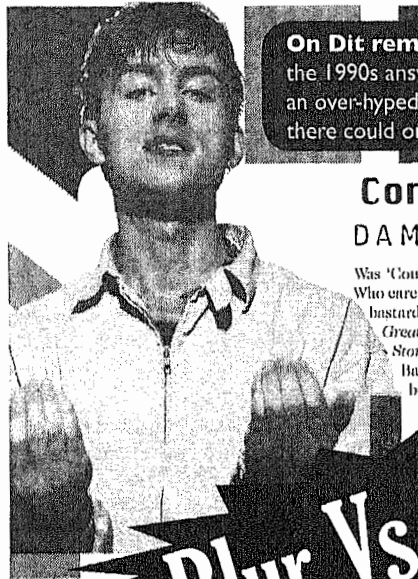
50's jazz guru Art Pepper. As the piano intro starts and gives way to the mellow tones of Art's alto sax, you begin to understand why this is such a perfect accompaniment to a lazy Sunday afternoon. As the tracks roll by with the day, you are enchanted by the soulful voices of the late Julie London and Peggy Lee. The cheerful melodies from Horace Silver's 'Summer in Central Park' put a smile on your face. Grant Green's instrumental track 'Cease the Bombing' makes you wonder why there is still conflict in the world. As each track rolls over you, the light gets softer, the edges of the day seem smoother and the world becomes more pleasant, more beautiful. The third disc is especially interesting, as it is a showcase of the latest progressions in jazz music. It features Amos Lee, an up and coming American singer-songwriter, and Keren Ann - Israel born but raised in Paris, whose influences are wide and whose beautiful melodies and haunting voice (listen to 'Que N'Ai-Je?') will send shivers down your spine. Francoise Hardy's gorgeous 'A L'ombre de La Lune', with its syncopated guitar rhythms and her beautiful voice, is just delightful.

If you are into albums that require no contemplation, no interpretation, no reevaluation - this is a must. Grab a bottle of cheap wine or port. Make yourself a cheese platter with Coon and Jatz. Unplug your phone, turn off your mobile. Insert disc, lie on your bed or couch, and take a well earned vacation. You will soon see - it is everything a chillout compilation should be.

### Jimmy

### On Dit remembers...

the 1990s answer to the Beatles and the Stones... an over-hyped product of the media... there could only be one winner.



### Contestant #1:

DAMON ALBARN

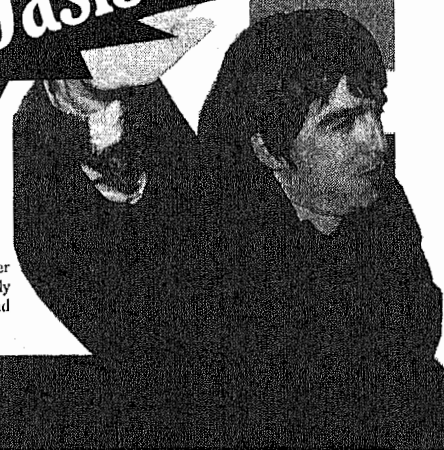
Was 'Country House' really better than 'Roll with it'? Who cares? Blur came out on top over those Mancunian bastards and that's all that mattered. Sure, *The Great Escape* isn't quite as revered as *What's the Story (Morning Glory)* 11 years on from the battle of Britpop, but frankly, Blur were always better/cuter and that's that.

# Blur Vs. Oasis

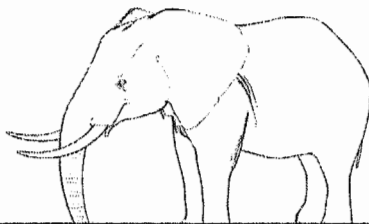
### Contestant #2:

NOEL GALLAGHER

Whilst Blur enjoy the success of their 1st number one single, Oasis decide to fuck shit up and publicly announce that they hope Damon contracts AIDS and dies. Don't look back in anger indeed.



# The Elephant on the Dance Floor



## A shy look at what it means to be a scenester in Adelaide.

A friend accused me of being a scenester the other day.

It started innocently enough. 'I haven't seen you in ages,' she had said. 'We should, you know, *catch up*.'

Catch up. This phrase is a pet hate of mine. Too many guilty connotations. "Let's catch up" often means "I can't be bothered with you any more, but I'm too guilty to admit it. Let's attempt to condense our time together into short, infrequent meetings so we don't have to deal with each other as often as we used to." In a small town, *catching up* seems dishonest and phoney.

Now, I'm not suggesting that this particular friend of mine was being phoney when she suggested a catch up. Far from it: I detected a note of irony in her voice, and I chuckled accordingly. She seemed to take it the wrong way. 'What's wrong with catching up then?' she said. 'Or don't scenesters catch up with each other? I bet there's some cooler term for it in Rocket Bar.'

At the time I wanted to tell her that I'd never actually set foot in Rocket Bar, and that for all I knew the place was probably teeming with people doing what can best be described as catching up with one another.

I was pretty stoned, so all I could muster at the time was a perfunctory 'No, no, nothing. Don't worry about it,' or something to that effect.

The accusation got to me though. Am I a scenester? Isn't she one too? What is it that makes a scene, and, more importantly, where

is the shame in belonging to one?

To the best of my reckoning, the word 'scene' was probably first used to describe a subculture around the late Forties or early Fifties. I imagine Burroughs and Ginsberg using it as a collective noun, in conjunction with other fashionable words like 'man', 'cat' and 'happening'. Older synonyms like 'school' (as in Existentialist School of thought) or even 'court' (as in the Medici Court, or the Pharaoh's Court) come to mind. The word itself implies a kind of vista encompassing all the characteristic paraphernalia of a particular subculture: the drinks, cocktails, fashion, décor, drugs and music associated with a particular group of so-called scenesters.

Strictly speaking, the word 'scene' comes from the Greek *skene*, or stage, via the French *scène*. Oxford tells us that the slang use of the word originated in the US Jazz and (so-called) Beatnik movements, signifying 'a place where people of common interests meet or where a particular activity is carried on. Hence, more loosely, an activity or pursuit (especially a fashionable or superior one).'

In the theatrical sense, a scene is part of a larger story. It is of some significance, but ultimately fleeting and temporary. A scene in history, as in a play, has some effect on the scenes that follow, but every scene has a beginning and must come to an end.

A scene is typically based around an art form, be it painting, literature, philosophy, comedy, street art, cinema, dance or theatre.

Within these medium-based scenes are

smaller scenes based on genre. Music – especially live music – lends itself to this system of genre-based scenes, not least because music is the dominant form of entertainment among a variety of social groups who enjoy music in a wide variety of ways. Adelaide's live music scene, for example, contains within it a famously vibrant metal scene, as well as large hip-hop, stoner, rock, punk, hardcore, jazz, folk and avant-garde scenes. Hip-hop scenesters like to get high and bounce around at a live show, while avant-garde noiseniks close their eyes and sit quietly when they're listening to whatever the hell it is they like to listen to. Stoners tend to stand around, arms folded, nodding and smoking cigarettes. Hardcore kids want to fuck each other. Metal heads binge drink.

While it's easy to categorise a scene by its music, the people within it almost always have other tastes in common. Hardcore kids, for example, have famously homogenous taste. They have a quasi-gothic sense of style, typified by dark hair, piercings, chains, black jeans and Ramones t-shirts. They read a lot of Nietzsche, Sartre and Kafka. They have a fondness for Japanese animation and dark, nihilistic artwork. Hardcore kids, and others who are into so-called 'emo' music, get a lot of guff for having so much in common with one another. It is said that their scene is less vibrant and prone to a stifling culture of homogeny.

This may be so, but as far as I'm concerned, there is nothing wrong with sharing the same taste, even to a point at which some scenesters appear virtually identical. It stands to reason that some people have more or less eclectic taste than others. It's all about identity. Those pierced teenagers who spill out of places like Enigma and the Underground enjoy sharing a common world view, as well as a common hatred of a tame, paternalistic parent culture. Fine by me. If there's something other than sex, money, sport and processed food that helps these poor sheep define themselves, then so be it.

And here we arrive at the controversy. Kids are so hung up on scenes less because of genuine taste than a profound sense of cultural identity. Deride a person's scene, and you're effectively attacking who they are and the things they purport to represent.

Some time ago I attended the live debut of a friend's band. I had paid to see the show, and been to a whole lot of similar shows in the past, so I felt entitled to write a review of the performance. I'd had a few drinks, and the review came out sounding like the band was too derivative. I suggested that the sound lacked originality and placed too much emphasis on style over substance. I went on to lump the band into a scene that I named after a particular pub that had become known for a particular kind of rock and roll.

Suffice to say, this was a very bad idea.

For some time afterwards, I was made to feel more or less unwelcome in the pub. I'd be drinking a beer or rolling a cigarette and some drunken goon would come up to me, address me by name and proceed to make veiled threats pertaining to my career as a writer, or some such bullshit. I was made to



feel ashamed of my opinion, and began to regret sharing it with the eleven people who would have actually read the review. It got to a stage where I felt like I could no longer look one or two local musicians in the eye.

It seemed to me that the issue wasn't so much about my assessment of the performance – I actually said the band were quite good – it was rather my shocking use of the 's' word that had mused everybody's carefully messed-up hair. These people are at least intuitively aware of a widely held opinion that to be in any way involved in a scene is an admission of a kind of arrogance (even the people at Oxford seem to think that scenesters are 'fashionable' and 'superior'). Despite there being an

**Sure, they might bitch about the show afterwards, but that won't stop them turning up at the next week in a Sonic Youth t-shirt and a semi-deliberate dead-on-a-toilet-seat-but-a-nice-sort-of-toilet-seat haircut.**

undeniable pattern of local music subcultures based around certain pubs and musicians, to acknowledge this fact is to rub salt in the insecurities of those involved. What I had learned the hard way was that a scene is the elephant on the dance floor that all good scenesters refuse to acknowledge.

A friend of mine – a musician and a well-regarded member of what you might call the stoner-rock scene – not long ago tagged along with his girlfriend to a jazz forum at the university. Evidently, jazz musicians gather to drink, to play, to exchange advice, to discuss each other's music. The thing that shocked my stoner-rock friend was the fact that these musicians – many of them

classically trained – were largely unafraid to offer their opinions of each other's music. If something was good, another musician was there to tell them as much. But, amazingly, if something was rubbish, someone was there to suggest something different. Miraculously, this wanton exchange of opinion seemed to go on without any paranoia, ridicule or anger. It was almost as if these musicians were gathering not to offer each other mere strength in numbers, but to foster an environment of creativity.

What is even more interesting is this: the jazz scene in Adelaide is, for want of a more diplomatic way of putting it, rubbish. There is some jazz on Tuesday nights at Worldsend, some good stuff at the Wheatshaf, but the rest of the so-called jazz clubs are either unbearably cheesy, or being replaced by chic cocktail bars run by the kind of people who are secretly ashamed they aren't living in Brunswick.

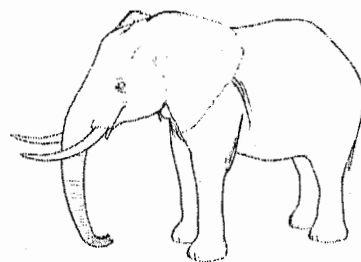
The stoner rock scene, for all its vanity and paranoia, produces some of the most interesting and original music in town. Musicians often belong to more than one band, and more than one scene. It's not unusual to see a typical Adelaide stoner scenester at a hardcore show, or queuing up to see an agrarian folk singer, or wearing a blindfold in the middle of some super loud noise experiment. Sure, they might bitch

about the show afterwards, but that won't stop them turning up at the next week in a Sonic Youth t-shirt and a semi-deliberate dead-on-a-toilet-seat-but-a-nice-sort-of-toilet-seat haircut. (Thanks Steph)

These people are the consummate scenesters. They play guitar, they have dark hair (dyed if necessary) and they hang out in the Exeter. They are predominately witty and articulate. They send clever text messages. They usually roll their own, but prefer tailored cigarettes when they're high. They listened to too much Soundgarden and Smashing Pumpkins when they were kids. They look good in leather and if they're not fucking crazy about No Wave, they at least pretend to be.

I like them – they amuse me and they know how to have a good time. More than this, they are more than just aware of the scenes that surround them. There's nothing wrong with them – they're responsible for a great deal of beauty in this dishwater town. I don't think I can really count myself in their number (at least, not until the debut of my black metal Velvet Underground tribute band), although, secretly, I'm not upset when someone accuses me of being one of them.

Annette Boloney



## ARIES VS. CANCER

This may seem to work at first. Aries is all 'faster pussycat, kill kill!' and Cancer swoons at such displays of machoness (regardless of whether or not the Aries in question is male or female) and BAM! They hit it off like a proverbial, um, swimming pool on fire. May it be noted that astrological puns are potentially the worst things you can slip into a conversation, regardless of the present company. Even worse is an Aries/Cancer partnership, for a number of reasons, the first of which is the fact that Aries is too much of a bigamist for the weepy Cancerian sap, and that's that. It just don't work, full stop.

## SAGITTARIUS VS. PISCIES

Sexual Sag is always up for a bit of the old in-out in-out all night long. Pisces is no wimp, but much prefers 4 a.m. cuddling with nothing but the blue light of morning and Sigur Ros to keep them company. Besides being so completely opposite in their rational thought (Sag: expansion is the new black, Pisces: rationality? Didn't they use that in the war?) they just don't seem to have anything in common besides being human. For Sag, even that needs confirmation from God.

## VIRGO VS. LIBRA

Bo-ring. Sure, they may look pretty sweet together, but really, they have nothing to talk about except for the practicalities of modern existence. Since when did that constitute their partner into an eroticised ideal- sounds hot, but trust me, Mr/Miss Libra won't like it when they find themselves at the end of a duster, upholding Virgo's impeccable standards of living. Totally naff sex, too.

## LEO VS. SCORPIO

In the words of a deflated Scorpio who decided to battle astrological destiny and attempt coitus with Leo:

*"It's that shameful attraction that you knew would never work, that whole masculinity thing Leo do so well, his King of the Jungle scent too potent to ignore."*

Scorpio likes to entertain to him/herself that Leo would be mad\* in the sack, when in actual fact, this pair is set to fizzle out faster than Paulin's musical oeuvre. Leo wants attention 24/7 and will leave stupid notes and other sentimental crap on Scorpio's doorstep, which displeases the zodiac's Pluto greatly. So there.

\*crazy, as in mad crazy.

## CAPRICORN VS. GEMINI

Capricorn will devour Gemini for dinner, spit 'em out and read poetry over the ashes. Because if there's anything that shits Cap off, it's a flitty, flirty social butterfly with no decorum and lots of incessant public pawling. Gemini is equally repulsed by Capricorn's disdain for the human race and penchant for long, hard thinks in a big old leather chair. Plus, Cap is a bit kinky, which doesn't quite serve it up for nimble Gemini and their sign-ruled hands. It all reeks of disaster, pure and simple. You've been warned.

## TAURUS VS. AQUARIUS

Yuck. For starters, Aquarians just want to be left alone. They don't need no sociality, they loathe all that meet the folks crap. In fact, they don't really like anything but thinking about themselves and just how up to the general public. Cue the traditionalist Taurean, who simply cannot comprehend why any one else wouldn't share their tried-and-tested (read: antiquated) value and belief system, which generally revolves around real estate and vintage cars. Taurus needs stuff; Aquarius says 'Get stuffed'.

# Astro!OnDit

*How the hell do so many people end up biffing the wrong star sign? In this edition of Astro!OnDit, the all-seeing eye of Stavroula dissects which signs are born rivals and which signs should avoid each other like TB. Be warned: there is no snuff of irony involved in the following manifestos. They are factually determined from the position of stars billions of kilometers away from earth. Which makes them right.*

I heart Jew.

# The Good

*The OC*  
Tuesdays 8:30pm Channel 10

Sure, it ain't as good as it used to be, but the good-looking peeps from Newport Beach keep on keeping on and I'm loving it quite frankly! There's a wonderful end-of-an-era type vibe as the gang are all preparing to go to college next year and everything's settling into nice predictability. Highlights thus far – Seth Cohen on the wacky tobacco, Marissa's hair and, as always Sandy Cohen. Undisputedly the best TV Dad since the *Full House* days.

# The Bad

*Big Brother*  
Weekdays 7pm Channel 10

While it is undeniably a bad thing and a sad example of the state of Australian-made TV these days, I have to admit, I'm still enjoying *Big Brother* on our screens. In a quiet way. Admittedly, ex-male-model David has increased the appeal somewhat this year, and the spiteful part of me really delights in the idea of a revenge room. Mwah ha ha. It's not all that exciting, it's not all that original, but hey – it stops me from watching *Home & Away* and that ain't a bad thing.

# The FUGLY

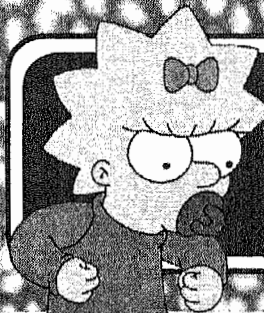
9am with David & Kim  
Weekdays 9am Channel 10

Ga! This really is *astoundingly* bad. David and the accompanying Kim are, to put it bluntly, the most uncharismatic duo to inhabit morning TV in recent history. The only good aspect is that you can just tell they loathe each other, and watching all the tense awkward moments can be fairly entertaining, but even that gets tiresome after a while. Just face it guys – you ain't no Kochle & Mel. Bring Back Bert!

**Kalista Campbell**

"It's not right for a girl to love a hairless pony!"

Julie Cooper, *The OC*



## TELEVISION

Editors: Kalista Campbell and Anais Chevalier  
E-Mail: ondittv@gmail.com



**WHAT I LEARN'T FROM TV # 211184:**

## TOP 10 TV RIVALS

1. D.I. Jack Meadows & Super Intendant Tom Chandler  
*The Bill*
2. Fran Fine & CC Babcock  
*The Nanny*
3. David Brent & Neil  
*The Office*
4. Homer & Flanders  
*The Simpsons*
5. Jerry & Newman  
*Seinfeld*
6. Ryan "Chino" Atwood & Luke & Oliver & Johnny  
*The OC*
7. Angela Anaconda & Nanette Nanoir  
*Angela Anaconda*
8. Mildred Hubble & Ethel Hallow  
*The Worst Witch*
9. Patsy & Saffy  
*Absolutely Fabulous*
10. Kyle Sandilands & Mark Holden  
*Australian Idol*

Miss Fiiiiiiiiine!







## condemned: criminal origins

(or how to beat up junkies with a rusty lead pipe)

After much winking and arming on whether or not to get a 360, on seeing the trailer for *Dead Rising*, I was sold. A video game of *Dawn of the Dead*, what else could be better? But how to pass the time until then? Being the horror buff that I am, I thought I'd give *Condemned* a go. Nothing screams a good game like "Strong Violence" & "Strong Coarse Language"! So at about 1.30am just after I'd set up my brand spanking new 360 following the launch, I popped in *Condemned*, turned down the lights and was set to experience the next generation.

The atmosphere in *Condemned* is slick, with a gritty and twisted feel easily synonymous with movies like *Se7en*, *Straw* and everything in between. You begin as a forensic investigator at the crime scene of the latest victim of a serial killer roaming the streets. It is here that you get to experience some of the more interesting aspects of the game; the forensic investigation. Don't expect to be mimicking Grisham and the team from *CSI* meticulously analysing every detail at the scene. Instead, these sections are set pieces. You are told what piece of equipment to use and how to use it, you get no freedom of what order to use the tools in or even when you want to use them. Still, these sections could have become rather tedious if they were a bit open ended, but then the game could have worked as well, if not better, as a crime scene investigation puzzle game.

The bulk of *Condemned*, however, has you trawling through buildings in search of your next objective point. Whilst trawling is usually linear, it is no easy experience. With murderous junkies and homeless men waiting around each corner, the world is lit mostly by your torch, catching a shadow dart through your field of vision. *Condemned* is

similar to the *Silent Hill* series. So what's truly exceptional? The enemy AI, which will have you crapping your dacks in no time! Their actions always change, based on the situation and the game can become more like a game of hide and seek than bouts of fisticuffs. The locations cut through a variety of horror clichés from school yards to abandoned department stores, all of which fit the atmosphere nicely.

One of the game's main features that it sells itself on is a use anything weapon system. From lead piping to fire axes, you use what you can find around you to beat those junkies senseless. There are guns lying about, but a one shot revolver is hardly as interesting as a sledgehammer. Weapon selection may add 'sandbox' elements to the game, as one would hope, but this is a sandbox with mum standing over your shoulder telling you 'don't touch that and stay in the sandbox'. There is one path, and one path only.

I might be sick but my main disappointment was the overall lack of gore, which detracts from the game's realism and the sadistic nature already present. When swinging an axe at a head I want to see it fly! Enemies drop to their knees near death giving you the option to butcher them further, however, there are only four finish moves available and they don't feel as brutal as the rest of the game.

Overall there are some bad points, it's hugely linear in structure and at just over 10 hours long with no multiplayer it's disappointingly short. BUT...I found in this game a hugely immersive and atmospheric experience that I longed to continue playing through and one of my favourite hidden gems of the 360 launch. If you enjoy scrubbing skiddies out of your underwear, this is the game for you. *gross out- eds*

Matthew Williams

*Perfect Dark Zero* is the prequel to the widely celebrated N64 *Perfect Dark*. Microsoft may have had lofty ambitions for this game, hoping that it would flagship a launch title like *Halo* on Xbox, a product motivating people to buy a shiny new Xbox 360. Sadly, the game falls short of expectations and shouldn't be remembered with the same affection as the original. Not that it's a bad game. In fact, it can be very fun (especially multiplayer), but some areas of the game are noticeably lacking in substance.

If you jump straight into single-player, I suggest you take on the harder difficulty, Secret Agent, as it's a more enjoyable challenge than the easiest option, Agent. Secret Agent offers better AI, stronger enemy weapons and less health, however single player is still a let down.

Opening with the story: it's crap. I can't remember it, I've forgotten, so it won't be mentioned. Somewhere down the line, the developers (Rare) must have made the decision to add cyber-kitsch visual and narrative styles, which was unfortunate because it didn't work, and felt mis-matched with the relatively serious storytelling of the original game. It's a light-hearted approach, which may be appreciated at first, but after a while it can be irritating.

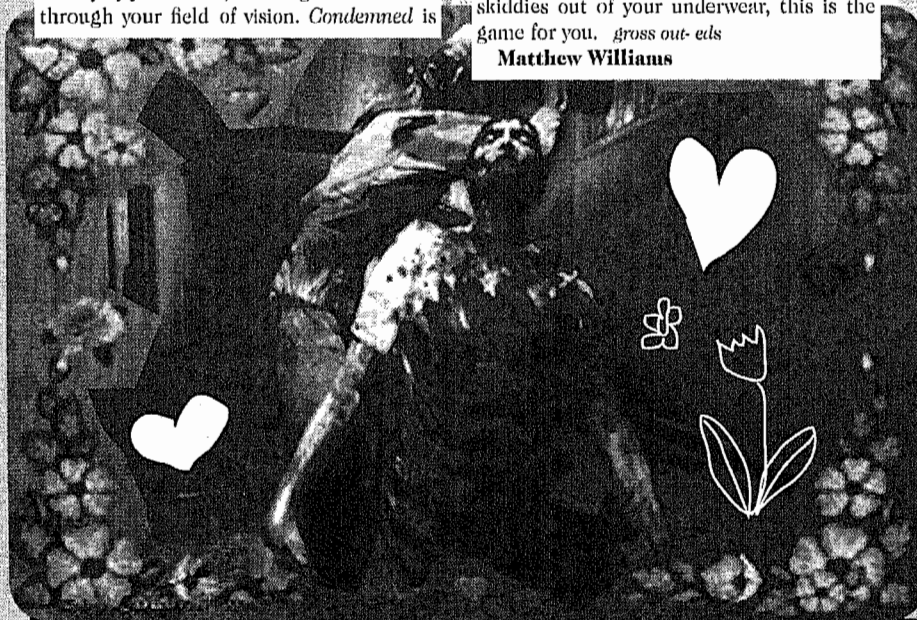
The story's dialogue and voice acting is some of the worst I've heard in a long time, giving even George Lucas a run for his money. The amateur voice acting tends to ruin the atmosphere. The single player game does have its moments of fun, frantic, futuristic gunplay (marred by some questionable level design). It's not 'bad', but it IS unremarkable, and there's much better single player stuff everywhere else.

The game sounds pretty bland, with your typical explosions and gunshots, backed by a boring electronic soundtrack. Visuals on the other hand are pretty damn good, and Rare know how to use the hardware capabilities of the system they are working with. They're not the best the system has to offer but they're impressive nonetheless.

Where *Perfect Dark Zero* does shine, however, is in its multiplayer modes. Whether playing split screen with some mates or on Xbox Live randoms, there's hardly a dull moment to be had here. There's a huge range of options and most everything can be customised to suit personal preference and there's a reasonable selection of maps to play on. Another great feature is online cooperative play, which would have been better if single player wasn't so dull in the first place. A word of warning, playing on Xbox Live you may encounter the most dreaded personalities of online gaming: whiny prepubescent American kids armed with microphones. Still, it can be satisfying killing them off and a great way to release pent up frustration.

If you're a diehard fan of the series, a fan of Rare games, or you want a first person shooter that provides enjoyable multiplayer sessions, then you should definitely check this out. If single-player is your thing though, you should probably look elsewhere.

Angus C



# ghost recon 3

If you're after a great all round single and multiplayer action experience for your Xbox 360, this is the one which stands above the rest.

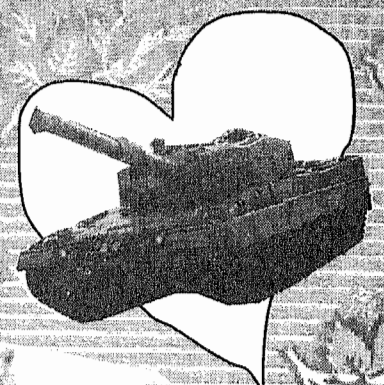
Action takes place in Mexico city as you and your team of 'Ghosts' try to subdue a rebel uprising in Mexico City in a fictional version of the Near Future™. The single player campaign is intense, well paced and great fun. Often you will be disappointed by team mate AI as they will typically do the exact opposite of what you want them to and end up being shot in the process, but you never feel totally reliant on your team anyway so this isn't a massive issue. There are some great set piece battles which will see you dodging and diving all over the place to do whatever it is you

have to do, as dictated by some predictably trite storytelling. These really are minor complaints though as the single player is great fun from start to finish.

Multiplayer is also very well done. It's fine on a single Xbox 360 with splitscreen, but you will get the most out of this one on Xbox Live. We're talking 16 player co-op battles here, and the sense of working together as a team with a bunch of other, real people is fantastic. On top of this you have several other multiplayer modes to toy around with and a matchmaking and ranking service courtesy of Xbox Live, making for a very comprehensive multiplayer game.

If you're into games of this genre, then Ghost Recon 3 sets the standard on the 360 at the moment.

Angus C



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## GRAND ODYSSEY

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra  
Festival Theatre  
April 7-8

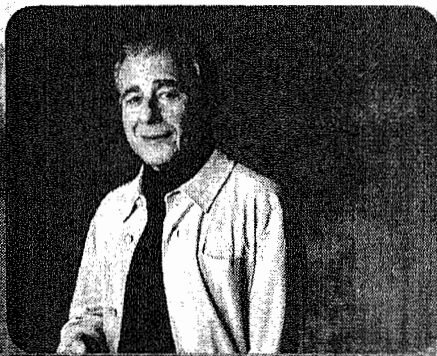
The first concert in the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's expanded 2006 Master Series boasted a varied program of modern works, including a performance by Australia's premier oboist, Diana Doherty. The orchestra has a number of new principal players, notably concertmaster Terence Tam, associate concertmaster Graeme Norris (the youngest principal player for some time) and trumpeter Shane Hooton replacing David Elton. There were plenty of opportunities for these recent arrivals to 'strut their stuff' and that's exactly what they did – although regular principals Geoffrey Collins and Janis Laurs (flute and cello respectively) were noticeably absent. Musical director Arvo Volmer was in his usual fine form and extracted the best from his players with a large repertoire of gestures and expressions.

Also *Sprach Zarathustra* by Richard Strauss was perhaps an obvious choice to begin with, but its simple yet incredibly powerful and uplifting opening packed a punch. The ominous trumpet opening and the enormous response of the rest of the orchestra were complete with a thunderous organ pedal – although the out-of-date personnel listing didn't shed any light on whom the organist was (or whom half of the horn players were, for that matter).

Most people know *Also Sprach Zarathustra* from Stanley Kubrick's film *2001: A Space Odyssey*; the whole work is as impressive as the immortal few bars that feature in the motion picture. Ross Edwards' *Oboe Concerto* was written especially for Australia's virtuosic oboist Diana Doherty; and to be honest, I can't really see anyone else being up to performing it! Doherty is truly an extraordinary player. The choreographed work involved Doherty flitting about the stage like an exotic bird, while playing the most exquisite lines with apparent ease. Add to this some clever lighting and you have a highly enjoyable piece of music.

The concert concluded with the beautiful symphonic sketches of Debussy's *La Mer*. A fine program to begin a season of masterworks, given life by some equally fine playing.

Edward Joyner



## BLACK WIND

Amsterdam Sinfonietta  
Adelaide Town Hall  
March 13

One of the biggest attractions for classical music audiences in this year's Adelaide Festival was the Amsterdam Sinfonietta, which performed three programs over three nights. Its presence was a major part of the 2006 'Dutch Dare' celebrations, acknowledging the four hundredth anniversary of the Dutch ship the *Duyfken* landing on Cape York. The Sinfonietta's first program consisted of two twentieth century works by the Dutchman Louis Andriessen and an Australian who, until recently, lived and worked in the Netherlands – Kim Bowman.

The concert opened with Andriessen's song cycle *Dances, for soprano and chamber orchestra*. The piece began and finished with a bed of strings, over which the amplified piano played a repeated motif, punctuated by chords from the amplified harp. Soprano Claron McFadden demonstrated fantastic control, her voice appearing and disappearing seamlessly, her pure tone every-so-often coloured with tasteful vibrato. It would have been nice if the audience had been able to hear the (English) words; or at least a copy of the text should have been provided. McFadden's volume seemed perfectly suited to the music, but the Sinfonietta was simply too loud.

After the interval it was time for the title piece of the concert, Kim Bowman's *Black Wind*, featuring virtuoso percussionist Claire Edwards. For the accompanying video installation, a large screen behind the Sinfonietta displayed a film by Susan Norrie. The work began promisingly, with footage of nuclear testing at Maralinga followed a few seconds later by wind chimes on either side of the stage ringing eerily on their own. That was about where the interest ended. The rest of the work was like a caricature of bad modern music, except, unfortunately, it was for real. Cellists found themselves tapping their instruments, violists vocalized "fff" sound effects, and then finally, all of the Sinfonietta's players began beating out a rhythm with their feet, to which wooden planks were attached. To add to this, there was enough messy playing – including one very obvious late entry by the concertmaster and some inaccurate 'plank-stamping' – to warrant a mention. The footage of the aboriginal tent embassy in Canberra quickly became very boring and its production seemed to have involved little more than an afternoon out with a camcorder. Percussionist Claire Edwards was impressive, but nothing could save this dismal work. Following the performance, the on-stage self-congratulation by those involved in the project was not only unwarranted, it was entirely 'over the top'.

Edward Joyner

## THE PLAYERS

Australian Chamber Orchestra  
Adelaide Town Hall  
March 24

No guest soloists appeared with the Australian Chamber Orchestra in its latest offering, allowing a greater focus on the works being performed. A mix of the familiar and the less familiar was presented, with various of the orchestra's players stepping forward to take the spotlight – largely with great success.

The first of Wassenaer's *Concerti Armonici*, a set of works attributed to Pergolesi until a few decades ago, showed the true composer, a nobleman and amateur musician, to be remarkably accomplished. Even followed by the first of Corelli's Op. 6 *concerti grossi*, Wassenaer's piece did not seem out of place. The *Concerto in G Major for Four Unaccompanied Violins* by Telemann, with its top-heavy texture, completed a trio of Baroque works that were full of intrigue.

Principal cellist Emma-Jane Murphy gave an energetic performance of Boccherini's *Cello Concerto in B Flat Major*, which although peppered with technical mishaps (squeaks, harmonics not sounding), included plenty of dazzling moments provided by some devilish dexterity. The arrangement by Grutzmacher, first published in 1895, included some terribly Romantic cadenzas that would have sounded more appropriate in Dvorak's *Cello Concerto* than in any of Boccherini's and, in the end, it seemed that an historically accurate approach would have been preferable.

Principal second violinist Helena Rathbone gave a memorable account of Richard Meale's pretty *Cantilena Pacifica*, which served as the calm before the storm of Mendelssohn's *Octet in E Flat Major for Strings*. The ACO's energetic approach to ensemble playing was well suited to Mendelssohn's frenetic fast movements. Written when the composer was only sixteen years old, the vitality of the effervescent *Octet* is particularly on display in the fugal *finale*. The players seemed to be enjoying themselves in this movement; one felt that as one entry followed another with what seemed like ever-increasing speed, the players were daring each other to push the *tempo*.

It was a sparkling end to a satisfying evening and the ACO's performance augured well for its upcoming European tour. One hopes that the orchestra returns with the same amounts of enthusiasm and considered programming in July.

Benedict Coxon



## MACQUARIE TRIO

Towers of Power  
Elder Hall  
March 26

Three 'Bs' dominated the Macquarie Trio's first subscription concert for 2006 – Bach, Beethoven and Brahms – as the addition of violinist Michael Daurh to the ensemble again proved to be a blessing.

One of the inescapable problems for a piano trio that performs five times a year is the challenge of finding a broad range of repertoire. One of the ways in which the Macquarie Trio is facing this challenge is by arranging works for itself. Cellist Michael Goldschlager's transcription of Bach's *Sonata for Viola da Gamba in G Minor* drew attention to the possibilities. Although the work as a whole was not entirely convincing, the *Adagio* benefited from the expressive qualities that the piano trio was able to give it, and the concept of arranging works deserves further exploration.

Beethoven's *Piano Trio in B Flat Major (Archduke)* took the program to another time and place, undoubtedly more familiar to the trio. Again the slow movement proved to be the highlight, with sensitive playing from the whole ensemble.

The most substantial work on the program, the *Piano Trio in B Major* by Brahms, was also the most impressive. From *staccato* to luscious, rolling lines, the second movement was given life by the stringed instruments, and Kathryn Selby's measured piano-playing fitted perfectly. The *Adagio* third movement was a relaxing treat, while the turbulent *Allegro* was a vehicle for all players to show their dexterity and both featured feather-light playing that made this concert a very pleasant way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

Benedict Coxon



## PERFORMING ARTS

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## ADELAIDE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Jazz Meets the Symphony'  
Festival Theatre  
April 22

They say that nothing beats experience and Lalo Schifrin is living proof. After a long career littered with famous film scores and several awards, Schifrin has devised 'Jazz Meets the Symphony' as an event that displays both his talents as a jazz musician and as an orchestral conductor, as well as his compositional exploits in both genres.

After last year's sell-out success of one of the events here in Adelaide, it was no surprise to see the Festival Theatre brimming with people for this year's concert. The fact that James Morrison's name was near the top of the bill would have played a part in this. The Australian trumpeter (among other instruments) was joined by phenomenal American bass player Christian McBride and fellow Australian Gordon Rytmeister on drums, along with a sizeable incarnation of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra, for a night of high quality music-making.

McBride was stunning in Ray Brown's *Blues in the Basement* (yes, it's spelt like that) and it was a pity that he wasn't featured more during the evening. Rytmeister wasn't quite as impressive, but then the drum kit didn't afford the same range of improvisatory possibilities as did

McBride's bass or Morrison's trumpet.

Morrison himself was at his usual lip-bursting best, with Schifrin's arrangement entitled *Dizzy Gillespie Fireworks* giving him a golden opportunity to dazzle the appreciative audience.

Schifrin's piano solos offered the novelty of seeing a conductor wander off a podium and onto a piano stool in the middle of a piece (and back again), as well as offering some carefully considered musical ideas. One felt that this man was made of music, as he flitted from Latin to bebop to Bach and, towards the end of the program, to Theolonius Monk. The piece entitled *Bach to the Blues* was a highlight, with the fusion of jazz and the Baroque recalling the music of Jacques Loussier. The final two medleys, of music by Monk and Beiderbecke respectively, lost some momentum through being overly long, but the *Mission Impossible* encore sent audience members out of the theatre with smiles on their faces.

Where so often artists try to fuse genres and fail, Lalo Schifrin has shown the way with his 'Jazz Meets the Symphony' concept and the ASO is to be congratulated for picking it up and running with it. One must hope that such enlightened programming is mirrored in the orchestra's Master Series this year.

Benedict Coxon

Contestant number 1:

## THE ALMA TAVERN

Corner of Magil and Sydnham Rd  
Norwood

The Alma used to be better when it was *daggier*, when the upstairs room didn't exist. The Alma used to be one of those places you'd meet the others on a whim.

"Hey I'm sick of studying"

"Want to go to the Alma?"

"OK I'll meet you there in half an hour."

And so you'd throw some clothes on, get smashed on the two-for-one vodka or seotch before midnight, somehow get home and then cruise on into uni or work on Friday morning.

The difference now is that you have to plan going to the Alma at least a few hours in advance because people actually get dressed up to go there now, and I'm talking (skanty) Saturday night attire. It gets fairly busy, so there is often a line up to get in.

That aside, the Alma is still fun. We've had some GREAT nights there, always involving large amounts of vodka. The Alma is good because you know it will always be busy on a Thursday or Saturday night, and it's open until fairly late (doesn't shut at midnight like some residential pub/clubs). The music downstairs is top 40 material and when some songs are played, the matching film clip comes on. WOW! And the DJs even take requests. Upstairs is House music and commercial dance, nothing too *mindblowingly* new or special, just standard dance music that everyone can sing along to. The DJ takes requests, and people dance like drunkards, try to pick up, spill drinks everywhere, stagger out onto the balcony and yell jibberish into the night.

The key to Alma is to not take it seriously. If you do, you'll look like all the other try hards there (believe me there is A LOT), so make the most of the cheap drinks and free entry. Dance your worse moves, wear outfit repeats, talk to randoms (within reason) sing along to pop music you would normally deny listening too and order Vodka sunrises (the DAGGIEST drink on the Planet, the second being JagerBombs).

## HALF TIME ENTERTAINMENT...

Poor, undernourished Nicole Ritchie. According to *thesuperficial.com*, the boring-as-starlet has been receiving some rather irritating prank calls in the wee hours of the morn. The culprit? None other than Miss Moneybags Hilton, who seems to have shifted reconciliation with her ex-bestie right next to World Peace on the 'To Do' list. Personally, after her split from Paris Latsis, you'd think she'd offer Ritchie some goddamn sympathy with the whole DJ AM kerfuffle. Insert Sienna Miller into this rather Loreto/Walford scenario, and watch NW fly off the shelves like never before. Tsk tsk.



**X-TREME ACTION..  
X-TREME MAYHEM..  
X-TREME MEDIOCRITY..**

## On Dit Nightclub Face Off



Contestant number 2:

## THE (S)EXCHANGE

Grenfell St (next to City Holden)  
Adelaide

Alternatively there is the (s)Exchange to go to on a Thursday or Saturday. The sexchange gets a slightly different crowd, dubbed "Bumkin Surfie", but after going there, that description holds true. As you walk through the entrance, you feel like you're going from City to Country in a step. The toilets are a dead giveaway with those latches you normally see on sheds and the cubicles look like those outdoor lavatories as it is. However, despite an effort to revamp the decor and the (Bumkin) crowd, there is still that same atmosphere, which is created by cheap, cheap drinks, like at the Alma. Not sure about the music there, sometimes there's a band, or something coming out of the stereo (apparently they play a bit of house now). BE CAREFUL IN THE EXCHANGE! IF YOU STAND FOR TOO LONG IN THE ONE SPOT YOU WILL STICK TO THE GROUND!!! And then you will be forced to smell the stench of their beer garden, which quite often has a smelly

Barbie going in it. Are they even rivals now? Perhaps not. I guess the difference between the two places now is that one has evolved (The Alma) to a more organised (and appears cleaner) party joint whilst the other remains a fairly rank country pub in the heart of the Eastend.

Natashka Miernik

## RIVALS TIL THE GRAVE!

**Greenaway Art Gallery**  
39 Rundle St. Kent town  
**John Citizen**- interiors  
**Ian Abdulla**- Marree Suit and other paintings  
**Ian North**- Symptoms  
Till April 30.

**Art Gallery of SA**  
North Terrace Adelaide  
**21 Century Modern:**  
**2006 Adelaide biennial of Australian Art**

Modern and interesting works ranging from marble runs to canvas shaped surf board. Check it out, its close and free.  
Till Sun May 7.

**Flinders Uni City Gallery -State Library**  
North Terrace Adelaide  
**The Peter Baillie Art Award**  
Aboriginal Art  
Mon-Fri 11-4, Sat-Sun 1-4  
Till May 14.

**Experimental art foundation**  
Lion arts centre, North Tee @ Morphett St  
**Mike Stubbs- Burnt**  
Short films on culture.  
Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 2-5  
Till May 20

**Marion Cultural Centre**  
287 Diagonal Rd. oaklands park  
(adj. Westfield Marion)  
**LIFE LINES & RT**  
Life drawings and a multimedia exhibition on the new literacy promoted by new technology.  
Mon-Fri 11-4, Sat 12-4 Sun 1-4  
Till May 21

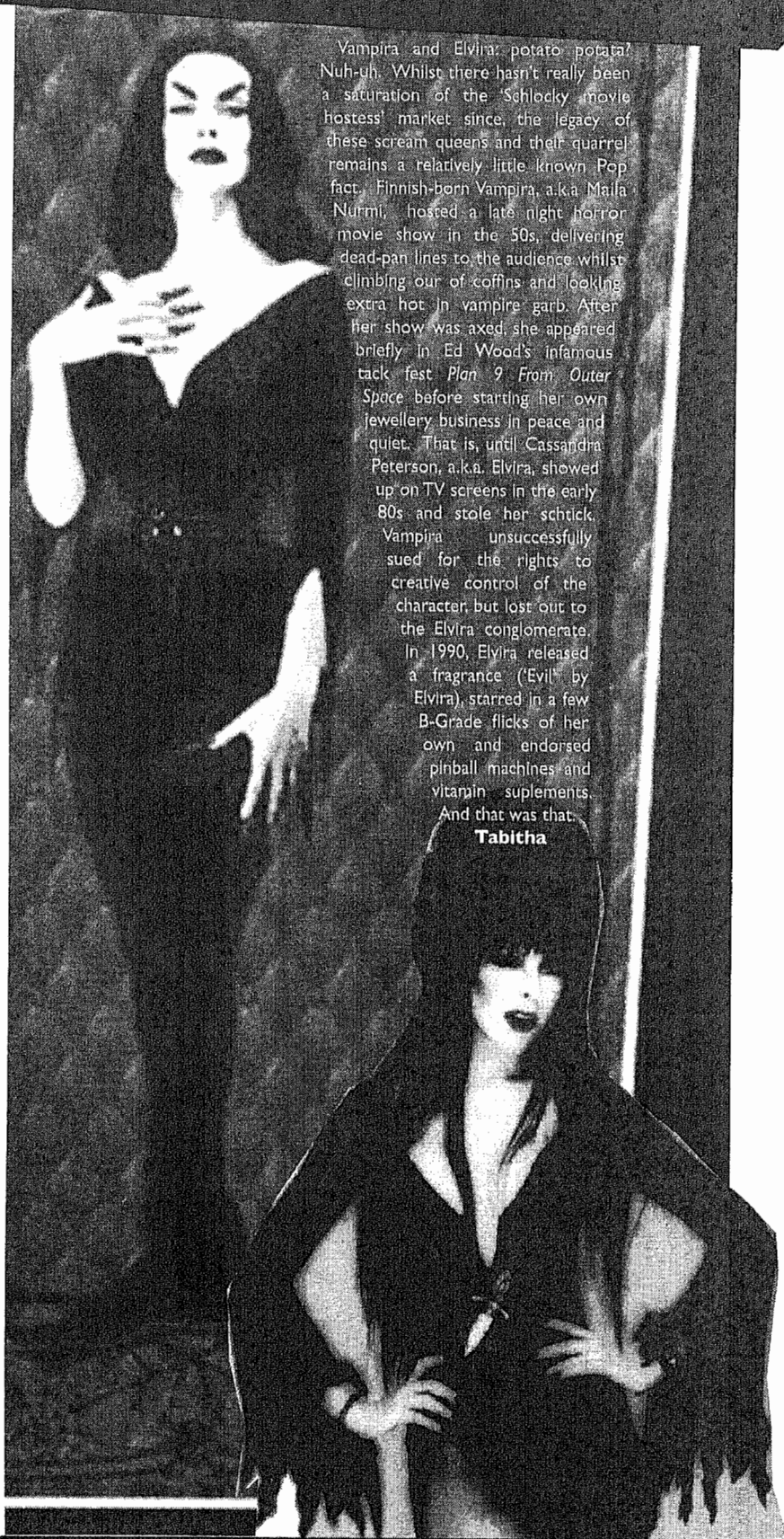
**Downtown Art Space**  
233 Waymouth St. (opp. The Grace Emily)  
**Sleeping and sweeping.**  
Sasha Grbich & Kate Morkunas  
New works relating to happenings at home.  
Thurs-Sat 1-5pm  
Till May 24

**Nexus Multicultural Arts Centre**  
Lion arts centre, North Tee. @ Morphett St.  
**Odumak; Shelter. Small and Warm**  
Niki Sperou  
Tues-fri 10-5  
Till May 26

**Jam Factory**  
13 Morphett St. Adelaide  
**Salon South**  
New furniture designs.  
Till Sun May 28.

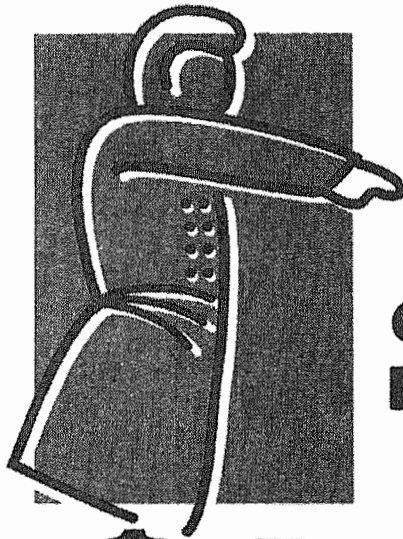
Vampira and Elvira: potato potato? Nuh-uh. Whilst there hasn't really been a saturation of the 'Schlocky movie hostess' market since, the legacy of these scream queens and their quarrel remains a relatively little known Pop fact. Finnish-born Vampira, a.k.a. Maila Nurmi, hosted a late night horror movie show in the 50s, delivering dead-pan lines to the audience whilst climbing out of coffins and looking extra hot in vampire garb. After her show was axed, she appeared briefly in Ed Wood's infamous tack fest *Plan 9 From Outer Space* before starting her own jewellery business in peace and quiet. That is, until Cassandra Peterson, a.k.a. Elvira, showed up on TV screens in the early 80s and stole her schtick. Vampira unsuccessfully sued for the rights to creative control of the character but lost out to the Elvira conglomerate. In 1990, Elvira released a fragrance ('Evil' by Elvira), starred in a few B-Grade flicks of her own and endorsed pinball machines and vitamin supplements. And that was that.

**Tabitha**



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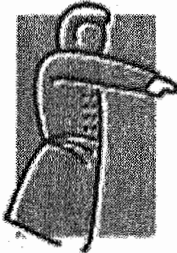
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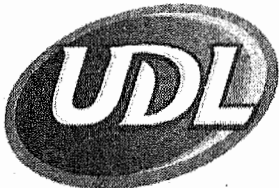
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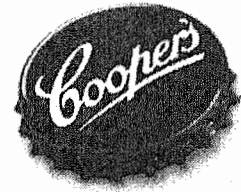


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