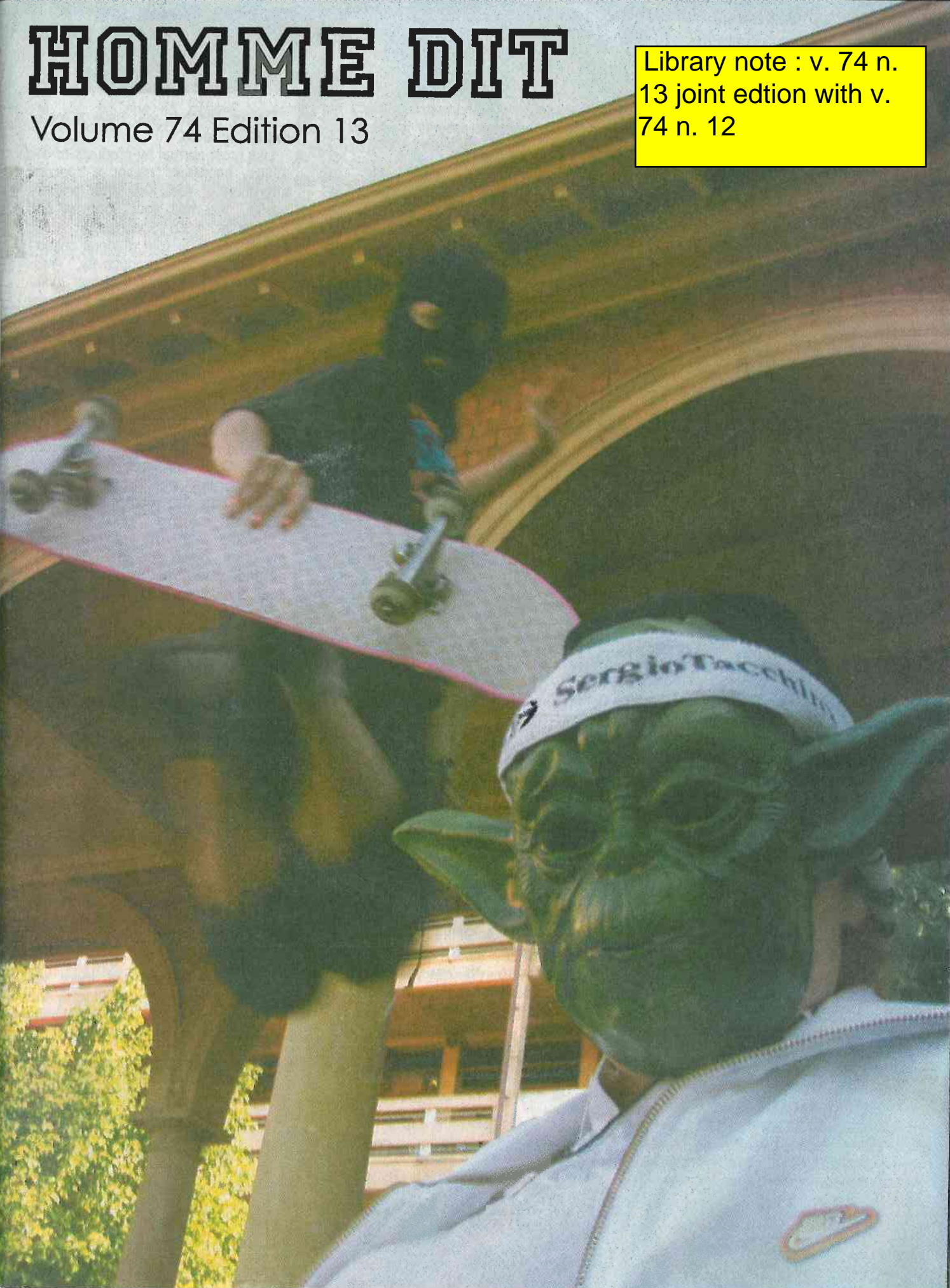


HOMME DIT

Volume 74 Edition 13

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74 n. 12



Letter of the Month

Dear Editors,

A hearty congratulations to thee! *On Dit* 2006 is over (at which no doubt you'll find yourself simultaneously wiping away a tear with one hand and punching the air with the fist of your other hand). What a fine job you both have done. It hasn't been easy in this the Year of the Debut of VSU, but despite ALL that has gone against you *On Dit* has come up trumps once again. You'll never forget this year and you can be satisfied in the knowledge that no matter what, you fulfilled your jobs with integrity, valour and a general kind of talent for them - which is one of the very, very few portfolios that can claim that this year unfortunately. For the record, Rhiannon Newman and the Environment guy are probably the other two.

I had planned to write the rest of this letter in full, but what with the low attention span of today's youth and decreasing interest in things that make a difference, well... I thought I'd just do some bite sized bullet points instead. This way, even people like "Education" Officer Chris Kelly can follow the important parts.

1. Alexandra Brat, Queen of the Super Tards, has just been elected Union President for 2007. I believe my initial response was, "What the fucking fuck? How? I didn't think she could even read." This moved quickly into, "Why would people who claim to care about the union do such a thing? I didn't think she could even read." Then of course it became abundantly clear. Because Josh Rayneegaynor and his cohorts actually ARE Liberals masquerading as freedom fighters with bad Ed Harry bought pants or some shit, it's actually a brilliant subterfuge to bring down the hated union from within. Alexandra Brat is the perfect candidate, because of course, she can't even read. My only question is, will she use her new found 'professional' position to finally rid her wardrobe of those disastrous fru fru miniskirts she insists on inflicting upon the world? Honey, they went out with Britney and even SHE looks better than you these days.

2. Josh Rajnetaorr! How I've enjoyed following your hilarious misadventures this year! I do hope you kept some of the Sexuality Edition of *On Dit* next to your bed because, let's face it, it's probably about the last time any kind of reputable rag will have your name in print. And to be fair, I have included all major publications in the rather narrow definition of 'reputable'. That includes Hansard.

Congratulations again ladies, you did a fantastic job this year. Shame you had to deal with the Club 'O' Chumps dealing with all the business upstairs (and all the lame brained 'guerilla action' on the street), but as some old person said to me the other day, 'These things are sent to test us.' And I give you an A! And them an F.

Yours sincerely,

Clementine Ford



welcome to

HOMME DIT

Volume 74 Edition 13

There has never been an edition of *On Dit* devoted to the glorious XY. Most argue against its purpose and relevance; think instead of *Homme Dit* as a theme akin to those of past editions Radelaide and Mediocrity. It was supposed to be a separate edition on its own, however once again moolah has gotten the best of us. Voila the splendour of a flip around *On Dit*, two parts to the same delicious cookie. Dudes have muchos interesting things to say.

Anna and Steph

Cover: 'Chillin' in Princetown' by Svuddy + Youla
Cover Photography: Matthew Salleh

Dexter Fletcher, you have a lot of explaining to do.

Like most normal by-products of the 1980s, happiness meant a raucous afternoon of ABC Kids after primary school. You had your *Johnson and Friends* at 4:30; *Superted* at 4:55; and finally at 5, that glorious bastion of prepubescent productivity, *Press Gang* (that was, until *Degrassi Junior High* upgraded from its now infamous 5:30 timeslot). My parents thought *Degrassi's* adult-themed content was a little too acerbic for my tender years. I thought otherwise, and desperately caught glimpses of the *verboden* disclaimer before Mum put on *Family Feud* instead. Once, I'd succeeded in watching halfway through the episode where Caitlin explores her budding sexuality, but whaddyounknow, Mum waltzes into the room just as Joey Jeremiah screams "LESBIAN!" and I fumble with the remote, make my quick, quiet exit and pretend to misunderstand the world of tedious adult decision-making she is attempting to save me from.

Press Gang on the other hand, will always occupy a heartier slice of my heart. It was such a great 'tween drama: there honestly hasn't been anything half as drearily productive on the airwaves since. I adored the Junior Gazette peeps because they were perpetually:

- a) sleepdeprived
- b) stressed
- c) deadpan to the max
- d) escaping the drudgery of early 80s Thatcherism

Also, that Spike fellow was one seriously cute pseudo-Yank. Maybe it was those blushing lips curdling like buttercream at Lynda barking layout orders, or his nonchalant posture and wack accent, or that seriously bad leather jacket, but there was something about Dexter Fletcher that screamed When-You-Go-To-University-Write-For-The-Kiddies-Paper.

On Dit has been the publication of the Students' Association of the University of Radelaide, but not for long. Thankyou SAUA; long may your flares shine bright. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors' or the Students' Association or the University. They're the opinions of students, friends, subby wubbys and proofreaders alike. Wow this has to be the most earnest disclaimer in the world. Urght.

EDITORIAL

So on one 45 degree November afternoon in 2003, that's exactly what I did.

Tristan Mahoney (*On Dit* editor 03/04) claims that he hired me on the spot because of the sheer gorgeosity of my gold quilted handbag. I now blame this particular accessory for everything that's happened over the past 3 years. After many deadlines, meetings, articles, parties, proofing and a helluva lot of Coke Zero, I've learned that Spike:

a) Is not the babe as previously ordained

b) Couldn't meet a simple Friday deadline for peanuts because he was too busy courting the under-paid, overworked editor Lynda who could've really used another proof-reader instead of a date

c) Hung around the Junior Gazette office like Kirstie Alley in Krispy Kreme, probably mooching movie tickets without writing a review

d) Was most probably a shit writer anyway

I know this because *On Dit* has consumed every iota of my time, physicality and mental space. I know this because I now know how to make a newspaper. It's come to the point where I've sent my saccharine pen persona on a one-way soma holiday. From bright-eyed, pop-a-licious fashion columnist to this, the eve of the last edition with 2 hours to go until daylight, the classic caricature of a weary newspaper editor, I'm attempting honesty where I've ran with the tried-and-tested schtick in years gone by, writing what I've always wanted sans hiding behind the très cute 'Love Anna and Steph xoxo' moniker.

And you know what? I'm really tired. Unbelievably, irrevocably super dooper fashed. And it's not because of the highly dedicated subeditorial team who consistently produce truly wikid

work without financial remuneration, of whom *On Dit* is a grand waste of paper without. It's not because of (a few) student politicians who insist on clinging to the honorable ye *olde* adage of 'let's save the world' because they probably can, if their working environment were more encouraging. It's not even because of the exhausting working hours that make you ignore your family, friends and loved ones because you're bound by an invisible contract with your unrelenting ambition. This year's *On Dit* was always going to be tumultuous, with the introduction of Voluntary Student Unionism to really ruffle some feathers. Unfortunately, a few people have done their damned best to ruffle *On Dit's* feathers. And that's why I'm truly exhausted.

First it was the untimely departure of our third editor. Then it was the onslaught of VSU. Then it was justifying why Anna and I deserved our honoraria. Then it was downsizing an already tried-and-tested tabloid format. Then it was being ordered to move offices from *On Dit's* spiritual home in the smelly yet safe uterus of the George Murray Basement. Then it was having an entire edition stolen. Now it's being framed for racism. And there's one underlying succubus behind most of these strangely unsettling setbacks who's turned *On Dit* into somewhat of a soapie against it's will to remain the Wailing Wall of irony, debate, opinion, friendship and most importantly, that which makes the world go round:

L-O-V-E.

Someone close to the Cloisters does not love *On Dit*.

And this venomous tentacle has done his best to shoo the Scooby Gang out of the Mystery Machine and into the Haunted Woods of public failure and financial limbo. Well you know what Josh? Nice freaking try. Too bad a lot of people value what you don't.

Too bad this icon of Australian intellect has a history and a heart, a sense of humour and a will to keep on keeping on, no matter what freaking drama is hurled at it next. Too bad young people are starting to reclaim the mental landscapes that was butchered against their will by the nightmare of modernity. Too bad so many people hold *On Dit* close and tight to their sense of achievement and purpose. Too bad you only wrote one President's column, because if you knew what I know, it's that students enjoy reading the 99% recycled pages of *On Dit* and kind of like to know what organisational decisions are being made on their behalf. And by the way, the laws of the English language dictate no comma before 'and' in a sentence, dipshit.

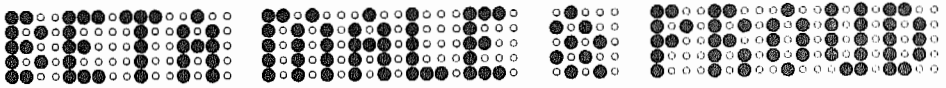
Sure there's been non-stop drama, bar the physical process of putting together a rag for people to read on their bus ride home. The same parents censoring my daily dose of *Degrassi* have watched me weep in frustration at all the setbacks, which have been nothing short of counterproductive. They can't understand why Anna and I care so much. It's only a newspaper, after all. No one gives two hoots about the body text font. But there's more to it than that. Every article you've ever read has been a glorious labour of energy and lurve for the hundreds of contributors and subeditors who are *On Dit*. We don't charge \$99 per semester for those kinds of benefits. Thankyou precious ones. Thankyou for making *On Dit* stupendous. You know who you are.

Miss Anna Svedberg, you should feel immensely proud of our take on this little hobby. No more visitors from the cleaners at 6 a.m., no more proofie call outs, no more recharging, no more council meetings, no more justifying, no more layout, no PDF's, no sausage sizzles and no more faking it.

Just 13 editions of gold. Just lots of sleeping to catch up on. Just the best year ever toots. Just love.

I Heart On Dit

Stavroula Stephanie Mountzouris xoxo

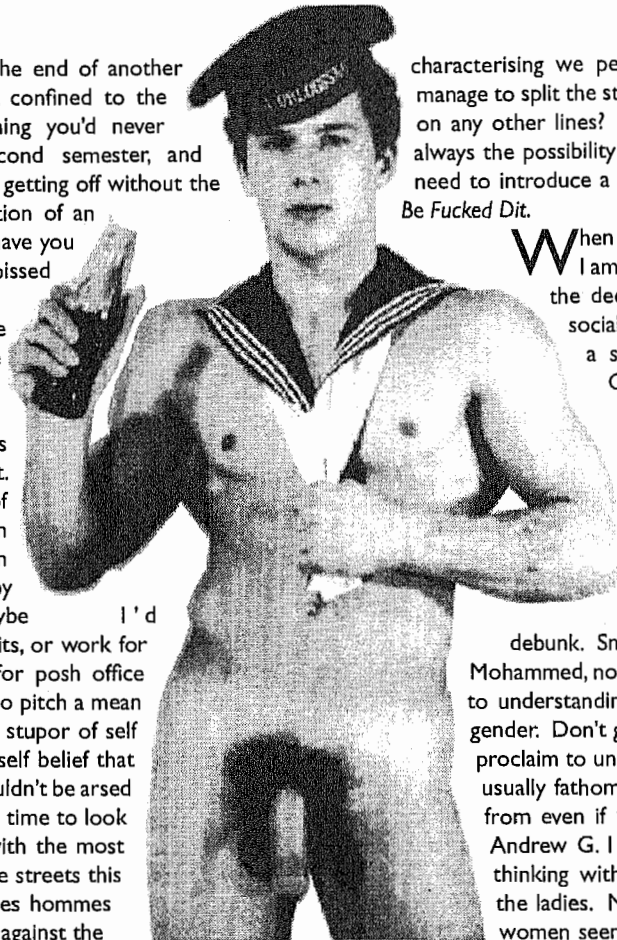


So here we are, staring down the end of another Academic year. Or, more likely, confined to the Caroma throne of education, wishing you'd never ingested the vindaloo that is second semester, and knowing that at this point, there's no getting off without the intervention of a deity, or the creation of an apocalyptic tableau. How, my friend, have you come to this? You must have been pissed when you enrolled.

If you're anything like me you're finding it harder to deny the existence of a little voice in the back of your head telling you just how fucked you are when it comes to exams. And guess what, it's right. You're well fucked. It's at this point of the year that I pay particular attention to those around me who more than likely didn't need a degree to get by with whatever job they're doing. Maybe I'd prefer to drive a bus, or fit men's suits, or work for a company constructing marquees for posh office parties – I don't mean to brag but I do pitch a mean tent. Inevitably, I'll fall into a cyclical stupor of self deprecation followed by unfounded self belief that I'll get an HD because the lecturer couldn't be arsed making up any new questions. But it's time to look on the bright side. Here you are with the most substantial edition of *On Dit* to hit the streets this year. There's plenty in here as we, les hommes et femmes who've toiled relentlessly against the odds to serve up this gold, unarguably go out with a bang. And think about it, once you've read each of the eighty-odd pages, you'll not be needing to buy loo paper until well after swot vac.

When I cast my mind back through the year, I can trace my development as a modern man of questionable integrity by what I've learned within the confines of this fine University. I mean, let's face it, where else am I going to get free internet at broadband speeds? Like a moth distracted by the alluringly cool glare of a blue fluoro lamp, I'd be lulled into a false sense of security that the world is a peaceful place with a faint electric hum and then BZZZZT! I'm hit with a thousand volts of shocking news, such as Jake Gyllenhaal not winning an Oscar, or Britney Spears officially classified as trailer trash. Sure, there've been other newsworthy global events. Small trinkets of human interest stories like the ongoing failure of the Iraqi invasion, the strengthening of evidence that we're well on the road to environmental Armageddon due to global warming, and that our own government officials and representatives eagerly planned and executed shonky business dealings with a murderous dictator, who a couple of months down the track was considered such a threat to our security that we had to invade his country. But hey, let's not dwell on these pesky footnotes to our lives. Surely if they were important, people would be out there demonstrating, and the mainstream media would cover it, right?

There's another side to this edition of *On Dit*, that which is devoted to the dichotomy of the human race - boys and girls. I for one am painfully excited that this year is the first time we with the dodgy x-chromosome get a guernsey with the inclusion of *Il Dit* alongside our sister *Elle*. I do have to admit, however, that I mulled over the fact that this was a little dated way of going about



characterising we peeps on campus. Could we, in fact, manage to split the student populace right down the middle on any other lines? Perhaps *Ford Dit/Holden Dit*? There's always the possibility of *Labor Dit/Liberal Dit*, however we'd need to introduce a much larger companion edition, *Can't Be Fucked Dit*.

When I think about what it is to be a man (as I am oft wont to do), my mind sifts through the deep stratified nature of the underlying social context of gender and settles upon a single ingot of masculinity – women. Counter intuitive as it seems, men just wouldn't be, well, men without women. How would we know what we are if there wasn't a whole number of others that we aren't? Generally speaking, I'm not one to generalise, but the way that I see it, women on the whole are about the only thing in the world that men will never

debunk. Smart or stupid, gay or straight, Jesus or Mohammed, none of us has ever come remotely close to understanding the core mysteries of the opposite gender. Don't get me wrong, I don't for one moment proclaim to understand all men. Far from it, but I can usually fathom from which direction they're coming from even if I disagree with their opinion. Except Andrew G. I mean, dude, what the fuck were you thinking with that hairstyle? I digress – back to the ladies. Now, can anyone tell me how is it that women seem to be able to find the jar of mayo at the back of the fridge in no time at all? This same problem will have a statistically identical man scratching his head for a half hour as if it were a puzzle requiring a partial differential equation to be solved without pen, paper or computer.

Let's face it, even those of us who are more interested in chasing shirt than skirt have had to deal with women on a reasonably frequent basis by way of mothering. I challenge you to find a son who has been able to understand the complex motivation behind the recurring maternal directive to make sure you've got a jumper with you every time you leave the house, no matter what the temperature. I mean, yes, at some point it will get colder than now, but going to the deli you're hardly risking frostbite and subsequent amputation.

Other pundits have many more diverse opinions on masculinity, and some of them even postulate that we blokes are in the midst of a crisis – crisis! – regarding our place in a changing world. Just last week the ever-eloquent former federal Labor leader Mark Latham launched his latest volume of, um, wisdom in a book lyrically titled *A Conga Line of Suckholes*, in which he laments the state of modern Australian manhood. Geez, I'm glad someone's on the ball. You see as Marky Mark and the Flunky Bunch dare to point out, the rest of us haven't even realised that we've turned into nervous wrecks of our former cultural selves, eschewing biffa for baking and hooliganism for household chores. I'm glad he's pointed out that true, honest, manly values have been damaged by the virulent wave of metrosexuality sweeping the nation. All that acceptance of pastel polo shirts with popped collars is razing the cultural habitat of the traditional Aussie bloke. He seems to think it's all a planned attack on the values of masculinity from those meddling PC 'wimmin' and the not-so-blokey boys who are pandering for their vote. All this

tolerance of diversity can lead to but one thing – more Jamie Durie and less Susie Wilks. As a nation, is this a state of affairs we are willing to accept? For crying out loud Latham, when are you going to wake up and smell the VB? Masculinity's not dead, it's just gotten a fauxhawk and pink stencilled t-shirt and gone out for a night of Jaegerbombs. Without you.

I'll tell you what, I'll do you all a little favour. I'm willing to let you in on what I honestly believe is the true crisis that every man faces, every waking moment of his life. While commentators aplenty may wax lyrical about the disempowerment of men in today's western societies, there's one thing that plays on every gent's mind at least once every day of his life, and it isn't whether or not he's respected as a man. This never-answered question haunts a bloke from the day he's born until that on which he dies. The true crisis is, my friends, whether or not his genitalia are in the right place. That's the million dollar question, and one that all the Lathamesque 'thinkers' in the world will never be able to solve no matter how long they sit in the corner mulling the wrongs done unto them by an uncaring world. Is the average man comfortable downstairs, and if he is, how long will it last before some rearrangement is required? Like a pyramid of oranges in the fruit and veg section, all it takes is a nudge in the wrong place for the whole thing to come crashing down. If anyone has the answer, please let me know. And tell Mark Latham, because he's obviously got one motherfucker of a twist in his knickers.

I'll leave you now with the words of Napoleon Dynamite, the doyen of masculinity if ever there were one. When asked what he was going to do today, he replied 'Whatever I feel like doing! Gosh!' To live life with such conviction, what could be more man than that?

With testosterone,

t. Giddy

Letters! Woo!

Last letters for the year spoofs. Call
8303 5404 to chat xoxo

Just a comment about the 'Workplace Mythbusters' article on page 9 of the 'SerfChoices' edition. I intend to display this article in my tutes as a classic misuse of statistics, particularly the (unreferenced) quotes from the ABS.

This article merely highlights the excessive effort that the union movement is going to to highlight their cause, even to an extent that could be described as fearmongering. Could Lisa Lines or anyone else from the NTEU/other unions please develop a small amount of respect for the average student, and argue their case rationally, (as I am sure that would be convincing enough,) rather than resorting to fallacies and crude emotionalism.

Sam Cohen

AUMaSS (Maths Club) President

Dear Editors,

I apologise for the gap between contributions, and also acknowledge your kind words beseeching me for my return.

While I don't wish to draw any parallels between myself and a certain historical figure whose return from the heavenly plane is widely anticipated by over a billion people, i.e. I am not the 'New Messiah', it would seem that I do have some great news to share with y'all.

A few weeks ago now, I was fortunate in being able to bring the noble Petro Georgiou MP to the University and have him address the student body for the inaugural Murray Hill Society's oration. Now, if you aren't aware of the content of the speech I condemn you for your ignorance, and direct you to the October 5 front page of every important rag in this fair country (I still haven't forgiven the 'Tiser for their ambivalence in deciding not to lead what was by far and away this year's most important political story). Although, if the Ed's are stuck for space, I did include an electronic copy of the speech with my letter for them to republish at their own will.

Importantly, Petro's speech on campus drew a healthy response from the wider student body, a student body that has grown disillusioned of the left-wing

scourge that dominates our fair university. It would seem the dose of liberalism that Petro administered to the audience that day acted as somewhat of a panacea in dousing the infectious spread of student groups strongly affiliated with the Australian Labor Party. However, I would also suggest that the sands of the tide of change have been shifting closer to the shore for a while.

What students may now realise is that there is a place for contemporary independent political thought within university constraints. Regardless of the anti-Liberal scaremongering tactics those supposedly unaffiliated student bodies wish to push, there is still an ability to change the status-quo.

Didn't we all laugh when the Student Union claimed some impossibly high percentage of students condemned the Australian Government's decision to put a halt to compulsory student unionism? So, how many people are now lamenting the introduction of VSU? The union's behaviour in this instance was not an isolated example of them abusing their position as a representative body. Generations of students can all list an example of such behaviour, and one would imagine that many a former Australian university

student joined in with the collective sigh of relief when it was revealed the union's power would be curtailed.

The future for progressive political thought on campus is now resoundingly brighter, and a glimpse of this future was reflected in the size of the audience at the Murray Hill Society's inaugural lecture. There was no audible opposition to Petro's speech; in fact, the support for his words was met with resounding applause.

It is more than apparent that great change is afoot, change that will ensure that universities once again retain the mantle of being the central point for diverse and intelligent political thought.

As a disclaimer I would add that although I am a card carrying, gun toting member of the Liberal Party, and one who holds a strong disdain for the machinations of the ALP, I do support the independence of political thought. You don't have to be a devotee of either of Australia's political parties (Greens/Demos don't get a look in) to have an interest or express an idea.

So, let's all rejoice in the death of the stifling lefty attitudes that restricted many streams of thought on campus for the past however-many years. The success of the Murray Hill Lecture is a beacon, drawing us in the right direction, it would be a shame if we diverted back on to the rocks.

Cheers,

Oll G



Tit's a Lovely Day

A couple of years ago a guy I knew was on student exchange in Canada and, walking home late past a strip club, drew the attention of the club's resident spruiker who invite him to 'come in, grab some titties, feel the power!' He declined.

It was a clumsy attempt at promotion but it operates on the same formula as a pretty significant portion of advertising. The basic equation is simple; Tits = Power. Your ability to either access or provide access to these emblematic parts of female anatomy apparently means something important. Hence, a surprisingly large portion of magazines, billboards, television shows, music videos and so on and so forth all assert their appeal by promising said access to nude or partially nude women. The logic is apparently that the female breast occupies a primary, pre-cognitive place in male sexuality; they supposedly produce the same kind of awed, obsessed reaction that Wile E Coyote gets when he sees the Road Runner. This isn't just about men. Most women's magazines push the same line; the front covers of *Cleo* aren't that different from *Ralph*. Similarly, the rise of TV shows like *Girls Gone Wild* make it seem like women can use the flashing of their breasts to reduce men into slavering fools.

It's a basic illustration of sexuality as power rather than as, say, communication or recreation. Women have power through their use of their bodies, men attain power by gaining access to or control of those bodies. Tits stop being just another part of the body and become like the forbidden fruit, something that provokes a reaction outside all normal comprehension. When you look up at some massive billboard advertising some nonsense or other and you see some broad flashing her norgs at you, the product takes on this amazing appeal. It says that this is something you want, this is power, this is sex appeal.

Obviously, reducing women's access to power to a process of flashing tits is a classic case of objectification. This is viewed as a 'women's problem' – as if being reduced to a sex object was something that simply happened to women because men were jerks. Which is sort of true, but then I don't think most men are jerks. They just come across that way because they've been convinced that they're really just walking dicks who can elevate themselves by getting their hands on breasts. Thus a whole lot of guys become caricatures, like the generic sex obsessed private school boys of the *American Pie* films or a sexualised, humanised version of Wile E Coyote.

This isn't an issue that solely affects women. This is an issue about people, power and how we understand our bodies. I'm

a heterosexual male so maybe this sounds like an argument I'm not meant to be making. Yet I've had sex, I've had my hands on tits and, unfortunately, it didn't make me more powerful or provide me with an all encompassing physical and emotional experience akin to almost catching the Road Runner. Further more, the image of tits paraded throughout the advertising industry doesn't have anything to do with my actual experiences with naked women or the context in which I've encountered them. I've never had a girlfriend who I wanted to stand there while I just stared and slobbered at her breasts. It just doesn't work like that. It's like comparing a still life of food to the actual experience of eating. One of them is a pure spectacle and not necessarily a spectacle of what it depicts.

Unfortunately, in the case of women's bodies the spectacle has reached a point that it obscures the reality. Thus women go on numerous crazed diets, spend hours grooming themselves and undergo all sorts of weird plastic surgery so they resemble the spectacles on TV and in magazines because they think it will make them more powerful or appealing. Men go to strip clubs to stare at tits and get so caught up in porn that actual sex and access to real tits starts to pale in comparison because it can never match the image of power that pornography and advertisers propagate. People either get turned into a spectacle or sold one and the ability to deal with each other as real people gets obscured.

This sense of sexuality being turned into some sort of commodity is a classic theme of feminist theory, but it's always framed as something that only affects women. Yet I'm certainly not the only guy I know who feels alienated by being continually beaten with a version of sexuality that ultimately reduces us to a customer trying to buy something new to show off to the boys. Talking with a friend of mine I discovered that there are other heterosexual men who think pornography is fundamentally grotesque. This isn't because we're PC pansy boys who act like we care about women's feelings so they'll sleep with us. It's gross because it takes the human body, arguably the most commonplace thing we possess as a species, and makes it into this weird, fetishised spectacle. This is something that goes across gender because it fundamentally alters the way we view our bodies, their relationship to who we think we are, and how we relate to those around us.

For a lot of women, feminism gave them a language to describe this sense of having bodies turned into commodities. Most of those tools are pretty easy adapt to look at gender as it relates to men as well. Unfortunately most men never really took the time to look past the 'man hating dyke' rhetoric of the mass media to think that maybe it affects everyone. This is a shame, because I know I'm not the only one who has grown tired of being treated like I'm Wile E Coyote trying to get my hands on the Road Runner.

Ianto Ware

Finishing School for

Demure Males



In this post modern world, for a young male to be proper and demure he must strive to cultivate a refined new sense of masculinity. The bombastic, aggressive or dare I say bulky male is not regarded in high society and should not be admired. Acting in such a manner will lower the status of a gentleman, as those on the scene may gossip about his possible involvement in physical exercise or even violent combat.

La Demure Male:

What's this I hear about a masculinity crisis? And where has all the *machismo* gone? Is traditional masculinity on the way out? Well...yes! It seems the modern metropolis is changing us and we need to evolve to keep up. So...grow out your hair lads, stay out of the sun, and develop bad posture, the demure male is on the rise.

It's no secret that fashion dictates social characteristics, so our first point of call will be the Mall Rats of Adelaide, the Emos. They squeeze into skinny jeans, wear all kinds of black and promenade endlessly. Their *look* is defined by apparent emotions, but whether they are unhappy or not is irrelevant. Signifying a connection with their hormonal ups and downs makes them uber contemporary and strikes at the heart of conventional masculinity.

But being overly emotional can make one a target, the demure male needs a shield to help him stay polished. A mask to protect his complexion and if it's not a parse relic of the metro-sexual moisturising days, it's his fringe.

This mopish flop is a black or bleached white sheet, a slip of baleen, his pride and passion. But we can't give the Emos credit for that fringe invention. It sprung from the anti-establishment fashion of the 60s and 70s, since endured with rock credibility and over recent years been sported by a growing number of pseudo models. Demure icon Jarvis Cocker of Pulp fame, has smoked this lounge glam since the 1990s knowing the chameleon like qualities of 'the curtain to hide within.

For a guy, growing your hair long gives him an identity once only imagined an identity usually reserved only for the girls. A

young man of the world with long hair knows his new found power and ability to seduce the female with refined beauty. He knows what she has previously been hiding behind, her hair.

The fringe has now evolved from the days of the 70s; the demure fringe is a sculpted masterpiece of time and attention. Straightening irons and patience are needed, giving the demure male insight into caring for his image and self. The fringe gives him protection, but like a corset restricts his actions.

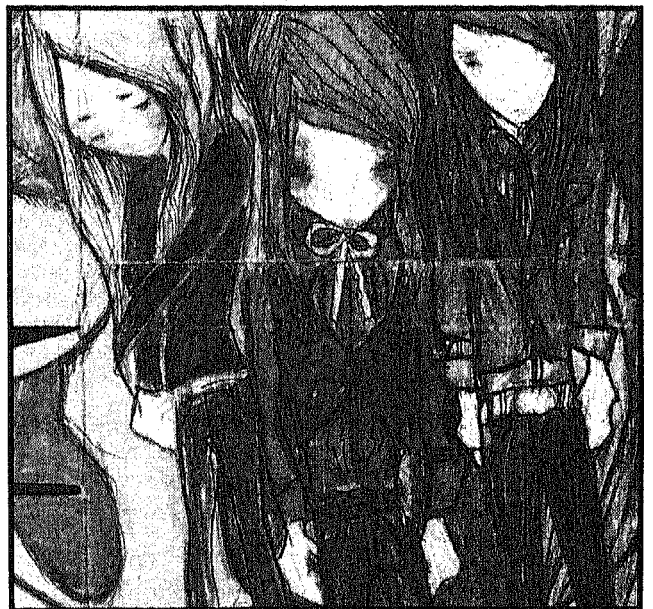
The fringe also creates confusion, and the face of androgyny. But really, you know you're hot when people can't tell if you're a boy or a girl. Mystery is power. And when you dress to be seductive, you're playing the girls' game. People often question the demure male and use sexuality slander. Society's current obsession with sexuality; being gay or straight ties people in knots, but the cooler it gets for guys to get glam the harder this game will get. So stop fretting conservatives, this fashion tide's a storm.

This kind of alternative masculinity has been before, note the Thin White Duke, Lord David Bowie. But what is interesting is that these contemporary dandies are acting *en masse*. There are armies of demure males and sightings will be guaranteed early in the night at the Exeter and later on at Rocket, Shotz or Enigma Bar. Is this trend an act against these more conservative times? Or are males feminising to be effective in the post-modern metropolis?

The metropolis requires this type of male. Not too hot headed, clever at conversation and not claustrophobic in a crowd. The metropolis also breeds this kind of male, image conscious, a little dorky but aware of his world. He works computers rather than heavy labour and he is drenched in emotion. The demure male wants to swagger through the streets on your arm enjoying the delights of the city. Hold his hand back and smoulder in the city.

Young men are evolving, and fashion is a major signifier of changing attitudes towards maleness and sexuality. This is not just a few frocked up rock dudes, it's a growing institution. And what ever it means, it's going to stick like those skinny jeans.

Words & illustrations by Leo Greenfield





The mainstream media is saturated with adult advertising, particularly for the heterosexual male look to "Text and Meet 191 007" and I'm sure if I said the word 'prostitute' the image in your mind would be similar to the adult advertising displayed on television – perhaps with your own fantasy included but hopefully not batterless.

Yet, while we immediately identify sex worker with the feminine gender there is still another 20% of the industry that doesn't fall into that category according to a recent report in *The Sunday Age*. 80% are women but 10% are transsexuals and 10% are men.

Yet mainstream society has long stigmatised the lives of male sex workers through histories of sexual abuse to ongoing drug problems and homelessness and recent movies from Hollywood don't seem to challenge this stigmatisation. The film *Mysterious Skin* shows us that guys only become prostitutes because they've been sexually abused, while *Basketball Diaries* and *My Own Private Idaho* show us that it's probably because they're messed up on drugs or are homeless.

Chad, a Sydney-based escort states that "although there are some people in the sex industry who turn to drugs, it's only a minority... and there's plenty of other people in the world who turn to drugs to deal with psychological issues, not just sex workers – it's just another way people try to stigmatise the industry."

Prostitution has been traced as far back as Babylon. A large brothel found in Pompeii attests to the widespread use of prostitutes in Rome around the turn of the century and it's documented that during the Middle Ages, while all forms of sexual activity outside of marriage were regarded as sinful by the Catholic Church, prostitution was tolerated because it was thought to prevent the greater acts of rape and sodomy. So just as prostitutes of both sexes became a staple fixture in our modern-day society, male prostitutes only recently become regular characters in literature and movies. Even now the gay hooker is mostly stereotyped as a sexy but tragic figure.

Chad concludes by saying, "Male sex workers don't fit easily into the equation and no one had known what to do with us beyond simply recognising the fact that we exist."

Ignoring sexuality in our classrooms is no longer an option.

We've all experienced what high school was like – and for some it was the best time of their lives. I suppose it helps when you are good looking, athletic and have a 'too-cool-for-school' attitude. However, for the rest of us, high school was the most gruelling five years an adolescent has to go through. Sure, some days are fine and as you progress through the years the drop-kicks will more than likely drop out, but for the initial two years at least, high school can be a living hell – particularly if you have to deal with sexuality and identity issues.

"The NSW Education department conference Sense and Sexuality heard that children as young as 10 were coming out at schools and that at least 10 per cent of high school students experience same-sex attraction. North American gay rights group LAMBDA, says that gay male adolescents report feelings of being different from as young as five years old."¹

In a society where our children are becoming more and more sexually aware, assertive and active at a much younger age, our education system can no longer ignore the issues of sexuality because too much is at stake to continue ignoring the ongoing and rising problems within our schools. Of course, people are instantly going to argue that schools are already tackling the issue by including sexuality within its Health and Physical Education curriculum. However, including sexuality within the curriculum is only as effective as the teachers delivering them and research indicates that many teachers are uncomfortable with the subject. Moreover, many religious based private schools either don't include the subject or demonise it – and we wonder why 30 percent of our gay youth state they have attempted suicide at one point in their life.

It is quite clear that sexuality is not only difficult for students to deal with but also staff members who are gay or lesbian. They feel they are backed into a corner, operating in isolation to watch our students suffer in dealing with sexuality, encountering taunts, abuse and threats. Dealing with sexuality in our classroom may be one reason why there is such a lack of male teachers within the industry for fear of being labelled a paedophile. This has further negative impacts as gay male teachers may attempt to balance this by favouring female students, meaning that the students who need these role models still miss out.

Perhaps the solution is in involving outside organisations and groups to prepare and deliver training and facilitate discussions surrounding the issues of sexuality. Earlier this year, thanks to a grant from the Office for Youth, I was able to hold a forum addressing a wide range of issues surrounding sexuality. This was an extremely productive and helpful day, yet I experienced first-hand the backlash from teachers who attended the workshop who had the same fears instilled within them, the fear that parents would remove their children from their class and that there were consequences for their actions. However, from my perspective I think it was worth it to have over a 100 students summing up that what they learnt today was "that it's OK to be gay". I wonder how many teachers have been able to or felt comfortable achieving this?

David Wilkins

¹ DNA Magazine Edition #79, Class Warfare, Rob Marshman, pg 60



The Gospel According to Re: Pete

1. NEVER HIT A WOMAN
2. ALWAYS BACK UP YOUR MATES
3. NEVER SCAB
4. NEVER CROSS A PICKET LINE
5. NEVER GRASS FRIEND NOR FOE
6. TELL THEM NOWT (THEM BEING POLICE DOLE, SOCIAL JOURNALISTS, COUNCIL, CENSUS, ETC.)
7. NEVER LET A WEEK GO BY WITHOUT INVESTING IN NEW VINYL
8. GIVE WHEN YOU CAN TAKE ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE TO
9. IF YOU FEEL HIGH OR LOW, MIND THAT NOTHING GOOD OR BAD LASTS FOR EVER AND TODAY'S THE START OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE
10. GIVE LOVE FREELY, BUT BE TIGHTER WITH TRUST

GADGETS+SEX+FUN

OK, OK I've definitely let it slip on 2 and 8 on occasion but what goes around comes around... eventually. Overall I reckon it's not a bad rough guide: Carl Ewart's 10 rules to live by taken from Irvine Welsh's *Glue*. His work has at times been labeled 'formulaic' for sticking to the tried and tested gritty and offensive narratives of working class men. While *Glue* is definitely not a guide to masculinity, it hits the mark 'in between the lines' conveying the notion of unwritten rules and unity surviving under filth, fractured lives and hardship. At a pretty intense time in my life I found myself connecting with this book, providing me with a bit of distraction and a few great stories. As did my mates who have shared a lot of laughs and even more beers. Thanks for that.

In recent years pundits have pushed the notion of the young Australian male being in the midst of a crisis of masculinity. I can just about hear every self respecting bloke out there grunt: "fucken bullshit mate; I'm fucken hard as a tack's head and got hairs on my chest that could stab a fucken rat!"

But the so called "crisis" is simultaneously the cause and effect, constructed from and perpetuating the stereotypes associated with what it means to be a real man. Like Welsh's

MEN+GADGETS+SEX+FUN

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fiction, the bonds between men (eventual pillars to their self-esteem) are quite often gritty and perhaps offensive but unfortunately they are often reduced to formulaic narratives concerning masculinity, not only damaging to boys but also to a new gender equilibrium.

Speaking of stereotypical, let me begin to demonstrate my point with some piss-weak examples of poetry. Every year, every student paper usually releases a sexuality edition and a womens' edition (excluding homosexuality this pretty much translates into two femininity issues), no dramas there, but what's with all the poetry? Amongst the usual: menstrual liberation, body image, castration anxiety-oriented or pro-whatever type gear there always seems to be an excess of average poetry e.g.:

*Sigh; appreciate the womanly curves of my body.
I can feel your gaze ... making me dirty.
But now she comes, tranquil like the calm ocean
of my mind.
Moist, her skin the essence of wetness is what I
Find.
Washes Me.
Who am I voyeur? Am I empowered?
Who are you to tell me?
Me woman...you pig.*

OK, maybe a hint of exaggeration but you pretty much get the gist of it. Now there is obviously no men's edition, but according to a quick ask-around at the Re: Pete Research Institute, a poem in the men's edition might resemble the following:

*Shit, appreciate the fact that I'm really pissed right now.
I can see your gash...do you have a twin sister, wow.
Now she comes, don't think I will I'm too blind.
Hang on I'm still at the bar it was all in my mind.
Fuck Me.
Who am I punk? Do you have gear?
Who the fuck are you?
Me man...your fucked.*

OK, you get the jizz of it: the usual troublesome triptych seen as a representation of what it means to be a man: drugs, sex and violence compressed into one specific social setting. An inaccurate exaggeration indeed. Of course there are countless examples to the contrary: however in the new laddish contemporary media distorted versions of each are distributed to young males as tools to attempt to build their identity. The result: more tools.

When more mischievous males (not specifically immature Liberal scum) often ask for a men's edition or inquire about a men's room or men's health services, the responses are usually along the lines of: "You have every other edition," or "You have everywhere else," more commonly, "What about the bar?" Historically and today to a reasonable extent these are valid responses, but to what degree do young men feel secure everywhere else?

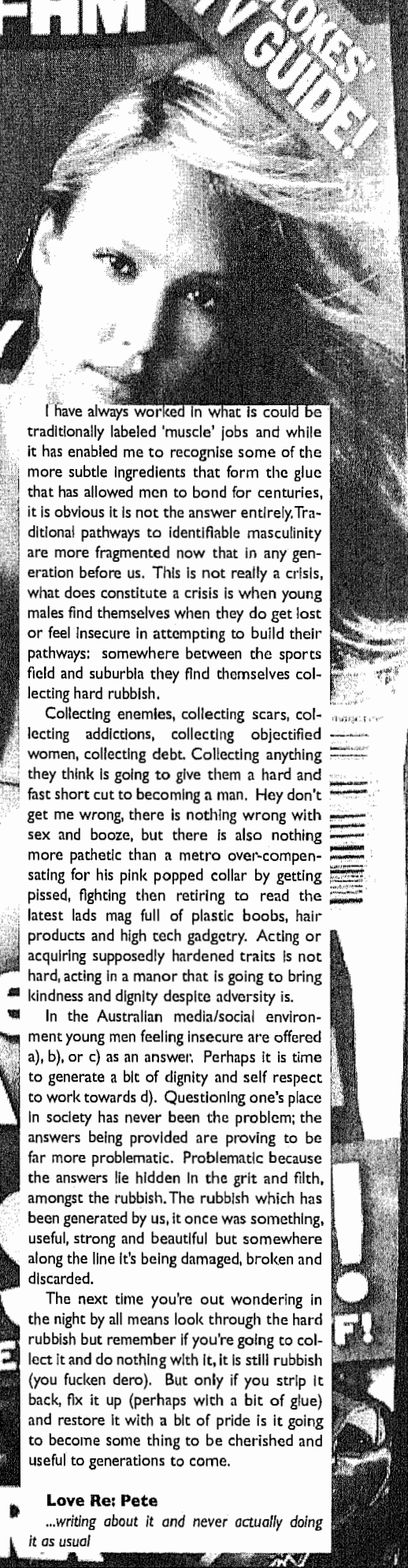
Q: As a young man when some one else or yourself questions/threatens your self esteem or sexuality you:

- (a) Seek & Destroy, Tag & Release (i.e. go out with the solitary goal of fighting or fucking.)
- (b) Self medicate / repeatedly damage your body with various degrees of substance abuse.
- (c) Kill yourself.
- (d) None of the above.

The answer is a) & b). OK, it's really meant to be d), but sadly for thousands upon thousands of Australian males it turns out to be easy as a-b-c. Drink, fight, fuck and self destruct in increasing numbers. The blame is often levelled at the decrease in male-dominated workplaces, the lack of strong father figures or the like. They are most probably all contributing factors, but the traditional assumptions of a tougher / more secure job or a bit of toughening up in general are simplistic solutions not compatible with the modern male. How many times have you seen dudes with regular jobs and a 'breadwinner' persona work so hard all week that when they cram all their partying into two days it all comes gushing out in a no-pussy-for-miles drunken ejaculation of missed opportunities.

Never one to miss an opportunity I was ambling home after many too many amber ales the other night to find myself relishing in the midst of hard rubbish night. I dragged a chest of drawers and some timber picture frames halfway across the suburb with the passion only semi inebriation can provide, convinced that furniture restoration was my new calling.

Telling my sister of the wombling gold finds, she likened me to my grandfather who also has a passion for furniture restoration and the odd whisky. Upon later reflection, I acknowledged that we probably weren't all that dissimilar. But the time he was my age he had fought in multiple theaters of war; been shot for a donkey, recovered to become a tap dancing performer, worked in the West Berlin Water Police, started one family, started another family on the other side of the wall, got them out and moved halfway around the world. Sort of makes my bitching about aesthetics, door lists and musical genre seem a tad insecure, and here lies the problem.



LOKES!
TV GUIDE!

I have always worked in what is could be traditionally labeled 'muscle' jobs and while it has enabled me to recognise some of the more subtle ingredients that form the glue that has allowed men to bond for centuries, it is obvious it is not the answer entirely. Traditional pathways to identifiable masculinity are more fragmented now that in any generation before us. This is not really a crisis, what does constitute a crisis is when young males find themselves when they do get lost or feel insecure in attempting to build their pathways: somewhere between the sports field and suburbia they find themselves collecting hard rubbish.

Collecting enemies, collecting scars, collecting addictions, collecting objectified women, collecting debt. Collecting anything they think is going to give them a hard and fast short cut to becoming a man. Hey don't get me wrong, there is nothing wrong with sex and booze, but there is also nothing more pathetic than a metro over-compensating for his pink popped collar by getting pissed, fighting then retiring to read the latest lads mag full of plastic boobs, hair products and high tech gadgetry. Acting or acquiring supposedly hardened traits is not hard, acting in a manner that is going to bring kindness and dignity despite adversity is.

In the Australian media/social environment young men feeling insecure are offered a), b), or c) as an answer. Perhaps it is time to generate a bit of dignity and self respect to work towards d). Questioning one's place in society has never been the problem; the answers being provided are proving to be far more problematic. Problematic because the answers lie hidden in the grit and filth, amongst the rubbish. The rubbish which has been generated by us, it once was something, useful, strong and beautiful but somewhere along the line it's being damaged, broken and discarded.

The next time you're out wondering in the night by all means look through the hard rubbish but remember if you're going to collect it and do nothing with it, it is still rubbish (you fucken dero). But only if you strip it back, fix it up (perhaps with a bit of glue) and restore it with a bit of pride is it going to become some thing to be cherished and useful to generations to come.

Love Re: Pete

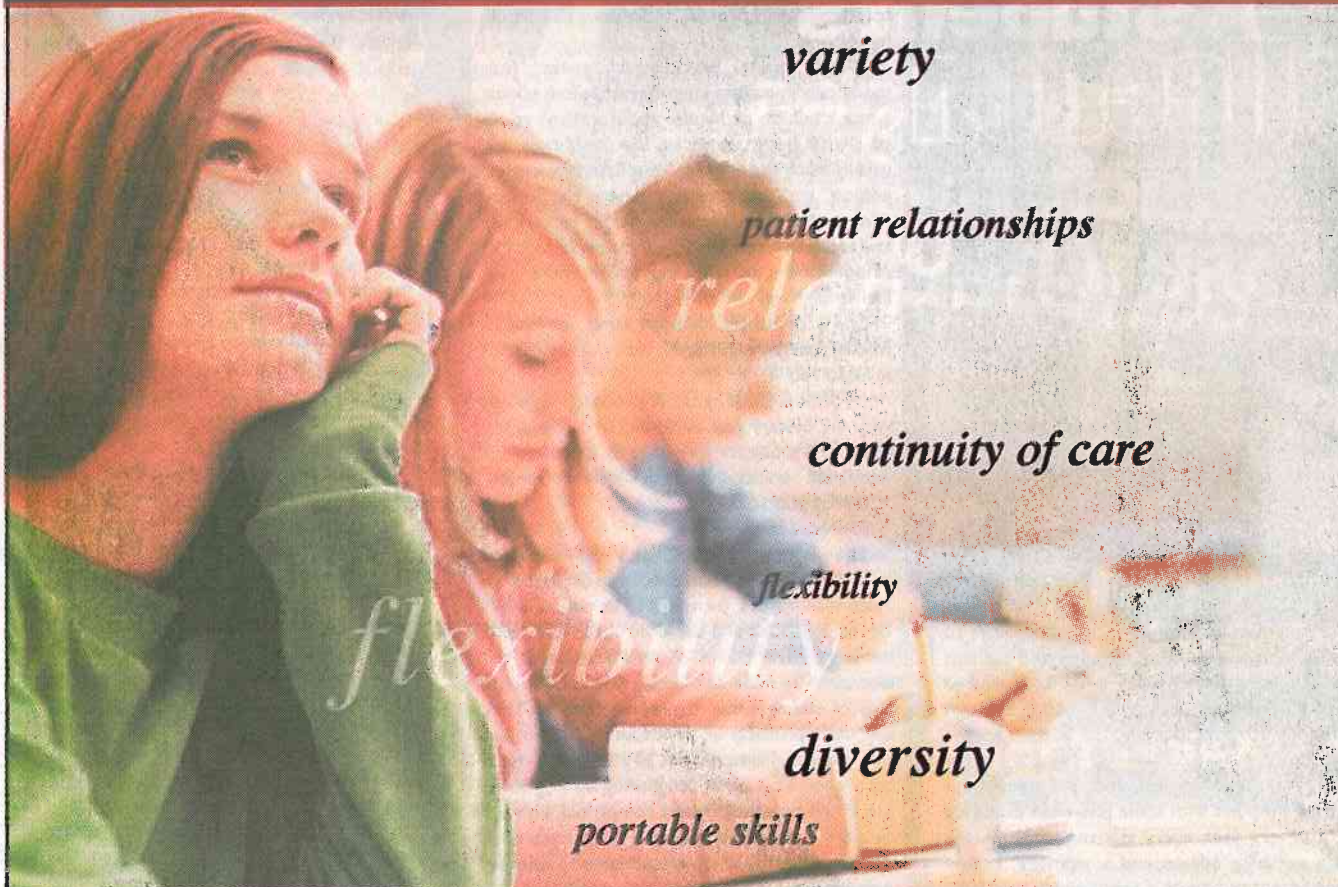
...writing about it and never actually doing it as usual

WORLD'S FASTEST WR

On Dit 7.4.10

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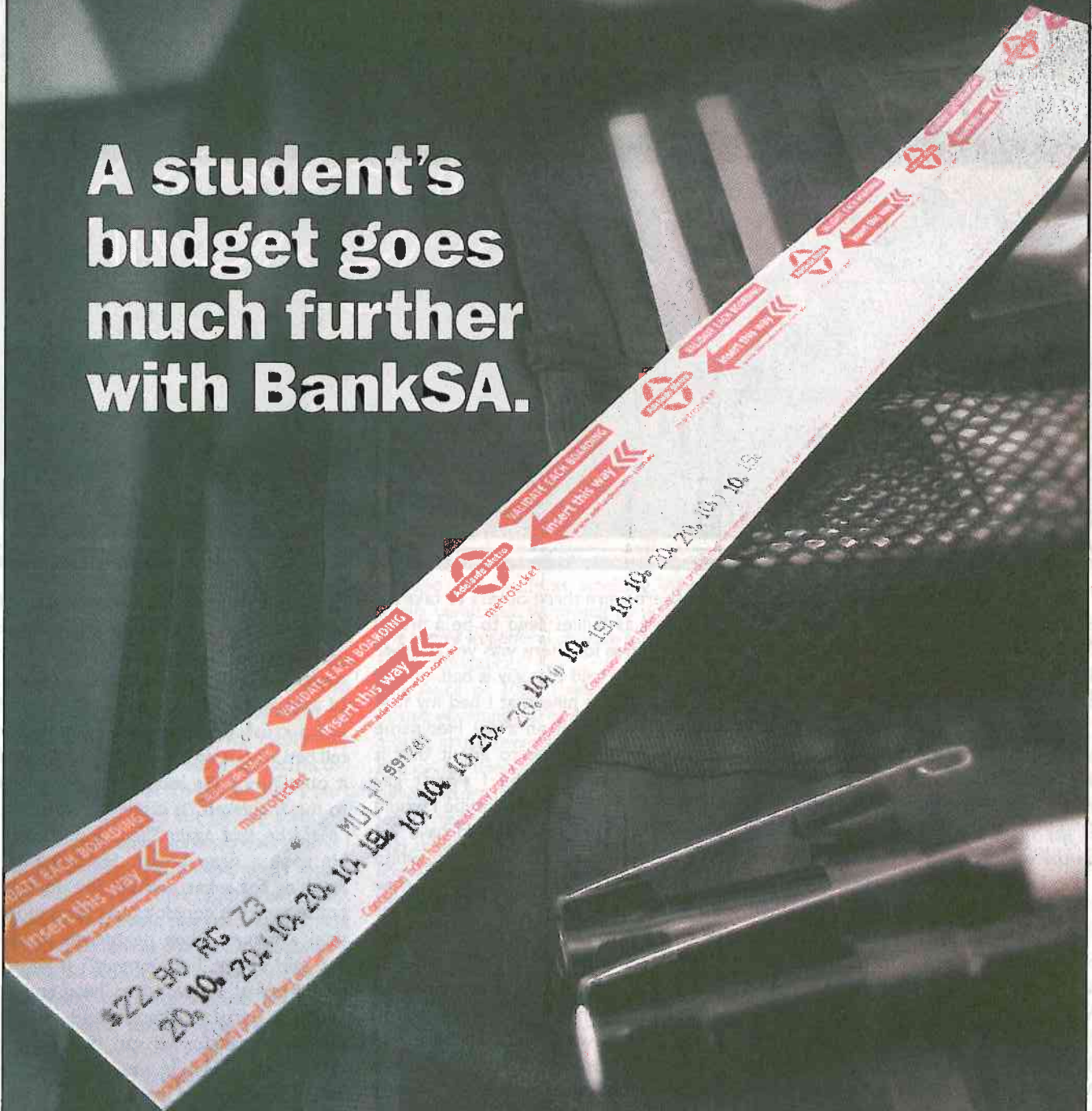
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GARÇON

...or love in its native state

I know someone who stopped speaking to me over a year ago. I still see him around uni sometimes, but I don't think he sees me. That's because he stopped looking at me too.

This is a story about things that have happened. There are bad bits and good bits, and bits that were really hard to write. This is a story about coming out as gay man, and the experiences I had on the way.

I've known for a long time that I'm gay. I guess I first became aware of it when I was twelve or thirteen, in my last year of primary school. I noticed that I was noticing the boys in my class. I didn't really think much about it. It wasn't until I reached high school that I got the feeling that liking guys was wrong. A bully (a very small bully, I have since decided that he was an arsehole to compensate for his height) called James insisted that I was a 'poof' or 'faggot' or any number of other predictable insults his pea-brain could come up with, but invariably referring to being gay. I hadn't ever told anyone, but it was in this way that I first learned that being gay was bad. I'm not entirely sure why he chose me but I think it had something to do with not doing traditional 'boy' things like playing sport. I preferred chess and reading. He only attended the school during year eight, thankfully, but in year

nine there were three others to take his place and as bullies tend to be a pretty unimaginative lot there was yet another year of being told that gay is bad.

It was in year nine that I had my first – and only – crush on a girl. Her name was Sarah and I have to admit that it came as a relief. Maybe I wasn't gay. Maybe it was just a phase. Maybe I would grow up and get married and have 2.4 kids, 1.5 cars and house with a white picket fence. I really liked Sarah, but now that I look back on it, it wasn't like other crushes I've had since. I don't remember being aware of her in a sexual sense, just that I liked her company and I felt funny (funny strange, not funny ha ha) around her. But I got over it eventually, it turned out to be a one-off, and my hopes of being 'normal' were broken. I haven't had a crush on a girl since.

Over the following year and a half I invented several crushes to deflect suspicion. I hit year eleven, when it starts to get serious and you have exams and have to learn to study for four hours a night. And while I was trying to cope with that I developed a crush on one of my best friends. It wasn't just a little one. It was a major, I'm-in-love-with-you-and-I'd-have-your-babies-if-I-could sort of crush. Up until then I hadn't ever told anyone about my feelings for guys. I was ashamed. I knew that it wasn't 'normal'.

Despite that, I decided I wanted to tell him. You never know, maybe we were both freaks. I remember it with perfect clarity. We were in a chemistry lesson. I'd told him about a week earlier that I had a crush on someone, but wouldn't tell him who it was. Eventually he figured it out. During the lesson he just turned to me and asked, "Is it me?" I said, "Yes". "Me?" he said again. "Yes," I said again. He took a deep breath. He didn't say anything for what seemed like forever, but in reality it couldn't have been more than a minute. Then he turned to me and said simply "I don't mind". It wasn't exactly what I wanted to hear and at the time I was so disappointed, as only the deeply infatuated can be. Looking back now though, it was probably the best thing I could have heard. *It was okay.* I didn't realise it at the time, but it was just those three words that first suggested to me the idea that maybe I wasn't abnormal. *It was okay.*

I was still a long way from admitting to myself that I was gay. I pretended to my friend (and myself) that I was bisexual. I've since wondered why I didn't just come out with it then and decided that it was for two reasons. The first was that I thought others would find it easier to accept, but the main one was that it was easier to cope with the idea that I liked guys by saying to myself, "It's okay, I like

girls too". I think of it as a stepping-stone to the truth. Over the following year I told a couple of other friends that I was bisexual. I laugh now when I remember telling one of them that "Some people go to the left and some people go to the right, but I go both ways" and the look of surprise in his eyes when the penny dropped. I didn't tell anyone else during my high school years of my sexuality. One reason was because a guy in the same year as me had come out the year before. It was almost like he was the school joke. He was known as "the gay one" and was a subject of covert ridicule. I didn't want that to happen to me.

When I reached university I kept up the pretence that I was straight, but sexuality became a fairly regular topic of discussion amongst my new university friends. I heard a range of opinions, mostly around the "well, if they can't help it I suppose it's okay but obviously it's not normal" mark. I'm sorry to say that to fit in, I emulated those attitudes. It was a feeling of self-loathing that was behind my wish to do so. It is hard to explain exactly what was going on in my head at the time. In one way I still really did think that being same-sex attracted was abnormal. But there was also a part of me, a small part but getting stronger, which was shaking its head every time I said something that denied who I was.

I was aware that somewhere out there were people like me. When I first saw in the student diary that there was a "Rainbow Room" for non-heterosexual identifying students a little candle of hope ignited somewhere inside me. I still remember going into Rumours with my friends and stealing longing covert glances at the door of that room. I wanted so much to go in there and find others like me. But I was still too afraid. It was also around this time I heard that the guy who had come out at school, had come out to his parents. They had sent him to a priest and psychiatrist to "cure" him. It hadn't worked.

My entry into student politics catalysed a big shift in attitude to sexuality and thus, myself. I found myself running on the most progressive or 'left' ticket on campus. I knew that the ticket

supported queer rights and had queer-identifying people on it. It says something for the subconscious indoctrination I had undergone in the years previously that I still did not feel able to come out. It was at the after party of the elections that I said something that I am still ashamed of to this day. Someone there asked me if I was queer and I replied, "No, I'm normal".

Shortly after elections I joined the student political faction with which I had run. It was extremely supportive of queer rights and I was suddenly thrust into the company of many people who were either pro-queer or queer themselves and actively supported and campaigned for queer causes. Even in this environment, I did not feel comfortable coming out. For a short time afterwards I continued to think of myself as bisexual, although not openly. Then followed a short period where I refused to identify as anything. When I finally came out, to myself as well as to the world in general, it wasn't in the best of circumstances.

In April of 2005 I went to a certain house warming party. At that time I had a huge crush (even bigger than the one I had on my friend) on a guy I knew could never return the feelings. Reacting as a lot of teenagers do to problems they feel they are unable to cope with, I had liberal helpings of the party punch, which was a deadly combination of a couple of bottles of fruit juice and several bottles of vodka. By the time a guy at the party made definite moves I was so drunk, more than I had ever been, that my inhibitions were gone. I had spent the last half hour crying into the blouse of a friend because poor me was in love and going to die alone. I finally decided to let myself go. I really didn't do anything that exciting. Pashing and a certain amount of rolling around on the grass of the back lawn were all. The interesting bit was that the back room of the house, where most of the people were, looked out onto the back lawn and had glass walls and doors.

After that night (and the worst hangover of my life) I thought the game was probably up. It was surprisingly easy

to tell people after that. For about a week afterwards there was a certain amount of nudging and comments like "I heard you had a good weekend, ho ho." In some ways it was a big anti-climax. It probably had something to do with the fact that everyone had suspected for a long time anyway (I never said I was any good at pretending).

Coming out has had a big effect on my life. The guy I told you about at the start of the article stopped talking to me just after the party. I got a few weird looks from some others. But they were just a couple of ugly blots on a whole new tapestry of life for me. In many ways it really was like a new life. I felt like I had shed chains. Just being able to say that the movie star I would most like to sleep with is Jake Gyllenhaal was an incredible feeling, and of course I was so much happier. It was only after I came out that I realised how unhappy pretending to be straight or bisexual had made me. Through my experiences I have learned a lot about myself, the people around me and people in general. I learned that people could be incredibly cruel, equally as kind, and not to underestimate my friends. Oh, and that to cope in a world where someone's Queensland home town has three rules consisting of "no poofs, no poofs and no poofs" you need to be capable of a certain amount of "stuff you" attitude.

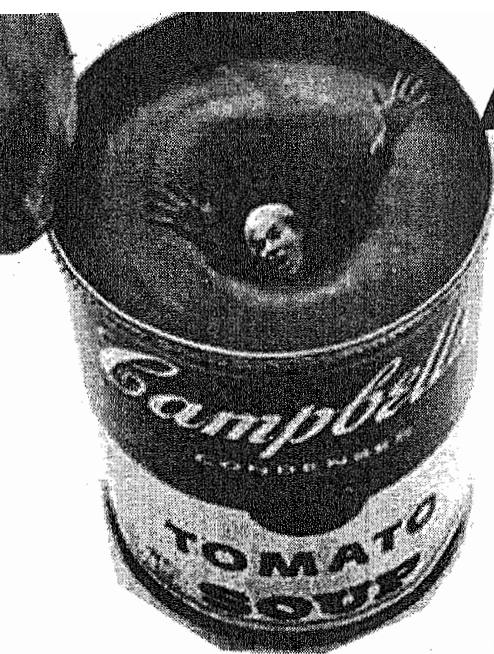
There's only one other thing I wish to say. Everyone's experience of coming out is different. Sometimes it can be a fairly uneventful time, if you're lucky. Too often it is a time filled with self-doubt and depression. If you are thinking of coming out, remember that real friends will stand by you. If you know someone who is coming out or is thinking of coming out, give as much support as you can. Take it from me; your friend will need it.

John Pezy

The author would like it noted that he would not normally write for a men's edition of On Dit, since he does not agree with the concept of a men's edition. However, since it

Warhol versus Bacon?

The Signless Image as the Crucifix



I think Warhol is a bloodless capitalist scam. I don't even know how I can look at a piece by Warhol. He's always marked for me a curtailment of my romantic sensibilities. If I attempt to find the resonance in his work, I just find a tiny resonance, a small but fascinating fall into a small and fascinating death is the way my journey goes. A little post-modern crucifixion. Francis Bacon? At his greatest he drags me right through the mud of existence, he tears from my body the sensation of its own flesh and declares its sovereignty, exults in being unheavenly.

For me, this is how deep the opposition goes. It is a defining opposition, in my opinion, as deeply defining as whether or not you prefer Milton Friedman or Ernst Mandel in economics, Plato or Aristotle (perhaps even the Sophists or Atomists) in Philosophy. Yeah, it means you have to choose a side.

Clearly, I will not be caught denying the existence of war, and in fact I will argue that there is a war between Francis Bacon and Andy Warhol. Maybe that's why Warhol painted Joseph Beuys' obscured military camouflage print, cause I'm pretty sure Beuys would be on Bacon's side. Of course I'm betraying the fact that I've already chosen a side and I have no right to recruit the dead. Besides, in war-time, my specific strategy will always be to be the double-agent. I want to view the war at each of its angles of incidence; war, for me, is a late-cubist Picasso. We talk about art, we talk about an uneasy abeyance of oppositions, in as much as art can be take sides, be for or against something, or refuse to be either, the actually existing work of art is a fact, an existent, contains no opposition to itself, and therefore in itself contains no opposition. Where opposition to itself is its manifest energy, as its must be, the mere fact that this opposition remanifests this opposition unites the opposition by remanifesting, once more, the work (a singularity).

But, let us remember, while we spin these metaphors, that Bacon's first great work was 'Three Studies for Figures at the Base of a Crucifix'. Clearly crucifixions are not fictions for Bacon, they should not be passed over, and let us suppose, for an instant, that Warhol is a man crucified. Stuck on something. Forced into repetition (but why? we ask, amateur psychoanalysts at all times). "Three Studies for Figures at the Base of a Crucifix" is the work which introduces Bacon's particular emphasis on the triptych and its implication of a continuity of forces extending beyond the image, and beyond even the references of the image. The three figures, the thrice blinded monsters with corpse-like flesh who are the witness to the crucifixion which takes place elsewhere are also placed in an elsewhere in relation to each other, simultaneous but detached, thereby serving to make this elsewhere violently present by forceful absence this elsewhere is a zone too intense, too hot to made into an image (it belongs, perhaps, to Pollock, but not some as committed to depiction as Bacon remains). Bacon remains at the base of the crucifixion, for him to see is a kind of horror, something that occurs physically and cannot be described, an action of the nerves in their base materiality, but what is witnessed is the most extreme agony. Therefore, the artist and the monstrous witnesses are colluders, hatefully, at the site of crucifixion which they have suffered only in so much as they become monsters by there implicit denial of the existence of suffering by the acts of witnessing and depicting suffering. At the base of the crucifix, the crucifix remains a base act, it is no more the crucifixion of Christ than the crucifixion of the thief next to him, the agony travels through flesh in either case, and meat is always the site of a Bacon work. Bacon takes sides with the flesh, and therefore the artist, for him, is that person who can bear to be twisted into a monster if that is what it takes to bear witness. You see, he has deep Romantic appeal. But of course, in saying this I have to accept that Warhol fits this definition of an artist, if obliquely. (Of course, Warhol was seemingly only ever anything, writer, filmmaker, painter, obliquely, unless you count 'celebrity' as something you can be, I don't. The oblique, the ambiguous, why does the creator of such direct images belong so firmly in these categories?)

Neither Bacon nor Warhol have any use for symbolism, analogy or any other technique of representation, to attempt to interpret either in terms of metaphor, for example, would be criminal. Fuck off and die if that's the way you want to look at their art, I cannot put it in more simple terms. Crucifixion, we begin to see as metaphor, but

in the end we realise it is simply reality. Both are, in different ways, expressionists; nothing is a representation, everything is what it effects, not what it symbolises. Warhol's images have the simplicity of Wittgenstein's atomic facts, in fact, that is what they are. The celebrities are not icons in Warhol's universe, but simply images, the ubiquitous cans of Campbell's soup are not referential, they are repetitions of something that is already an image. Warhol is not satisfied to simply produce 'another' image of the soup can however. He has the ability to produce THE image, he has the ability to manufacture a repetition that becomes the original. In form of the supposedly insubstantial image an eternity is brought to the fore. It is as if what we are being shown is that everything hinges on this image, that the simple facticity of this image and its power to convey itself without any additional content is such simple binding power that it can never be broken. We are looking at the crux of our civilisation, and it's hard to even realise that. There is a religiosity to Warhol that I find disturbing. Warhol was obsessed not with images it seems, but with their destruction by an eternity which they themselves contain the seed of, he said that precisely what he loved about images was that the longer you look at an image the more it wears out to nothingness, a unity in nothingness. His engagement with a his America was an active search for a transcendental nihilism. On Hollywood: "it was everything I wanted to become, white on white." Why can one not decide anything about a Warhol picture except that you are fascinated by it? Because it is pure image, a relationship between an image and a nothingness that has already seeped into it.

Like Warhol himself, the image does not reference, comment on or think pop, it is in it, and fulfils a certain But Warhol has a kind of amazing intuitive genius, an understanding in his tissues of how pop/consumer capitalism works, because, I suppose, of his psychological unity with the image (its viral replication in pop culture became the pattern through which he built all his maps of reality). It's a genius without consciousness that I will never understand. But I know what its greatest achievement was: to recognise, with an acceptance I personally cannot tolerate, that the imagination of pop culture is built upon a. Warhol introduced a complete, factual, non-existential, perhaps even non-experiential, enactment of this annihilation into this discourse itself. He showed that its origin what the fabrication of an original. He showed that its imagery was an addiction to the wearing out and the

destruction of images, that the eternity of its icons depended. Yet he was determined to live it. I think that's something that its hard to understand about Warhol, his relation to pop seems to stem less from the normal pop/consumer emotions of joy, or wonder at abundance, brilliance, glamour, but instead a grim determination to achieve the Nirvana of annihilation behind all this. In one stroke might say that like a true establishment artist, Warhol worships power, the fetishist power of pop imagery, with an obligatory sadness. But you'd be kidding yourself, its not simple, he is not the high-priest of pop, dignifying trash with the mantle of art, nor seeking to dethrone intellectualism with the new culture of immediacy, nor (insert Warhol cliché here) he is doing all of those things, but he is doing something far more dangerous, he exposing art and pop simultaneously. The war between Bacon and Warhol is the war Cohen calls the war between "those who say there is a war an those who say there isn't". Warhol is party those who claim there is no war, but for him the statement would be 'there is no war, there is only annihilation'. Which sounds like a lyric too dark for even Cohen. Not even the most fanatical high preist worships the image of the cross because it is the image of the saviour. Warhol is the dangerously mad hierophant who worships the image of the cross

Why do I dare intrude upon the *Elle/ Homme Dit* issue with this stuff? Because, as perhaps Valerie Solanas knew, Warhol shows that the phallus which binds us to our genders is not symbolic, as Lacan claimed, but imaginary. Or maybe we don't have to refute Lacan here, after all he states that it is the point of division between the imaginary and the symbolic that constitutes the phallus, itself neither invisible, inaccessible, the paradoxical ghost of death itself. To reference the last issue of this publication "femininity deployed with masculine force" or something like that, is an imaginary relationship, it places the feminine as a device wielded by masculinity, ultimately governed by it, which is why the *femme fatale* who destroys the male through his seduction is nothing more that the ultimate male fantasy which confirms masculine power all the more in each its instances. And what of masculinity deployed with a feminine intent? In any case this placing is imaginal (men in front, women behind or vice versa) and comes in the form of a fixed image, not an icon of a crucifix but a crucifixion in itself.

Warhol, like the *femme fatale* is in the position of the double-agent. To be doubled is to be crucified. Bacon seems to know the trick nelther Warhol nor I ever learnt (and that Picasso continually fucked up), there are three sides in every war, to be double agents is not enough, become a triple-agent. Warhol is a double agent even in his approach to

time and mortality, eternity is given to image. The idea of 'a moment' does not occur in Warhol's snapshot reality, instead this the fixity, this constant present compels us into place where nothing comes to be or passes away, but is always constrained to a timelessness, in a way. Consider the relationship of both Bacon and Warhol to film. Bacon's tryptich suggests film, perhaps is a film without sequence or contnuity, Warhol's images are like snapshots, polaroids, stills from a film, and his films are bizarrely still, for *Empire*, an eight hour single shot, in gorgeously grainy black and white, of the Empire State Building Warhol lengthened *Empire's* running time by projecting the film at a speed of sixteen frames per second, slower than its shooting speed of twenty-four frames. He invokes *Empire's* claim to eternity and grounds our experience of 'watching time go by' upon its fixity. Yet there is more going on here than an exposition of the logical unity of Warhol's commodity art and its pretensions to eternity and the power of the American Empire, because the building is now embedded in time, not time in the building as the illusion of imperial dogma has maintained since Babylon. Warhol seems to say, like a good priest, that there is the ephemeral only when guaranteed by the manifestation of a powerful law, *Empire*. Yet he actually he who seeks access to this law, who seeks access to judgement, like a Kafka character (Warhol was a fan, a 'fan' of Kafka, what a disgusting word to use!), has to approach via something more absolute again, has to show that the law. In Warhol and Kafka both, this 'something more absolute' often takes the figure of a bizarre and seemingly meaningless obliteration. A car crash, perhaps (Warhol's painting on this theme). Or a idiotic fate, stabbed to death in quarry (Kafka's fate for his Joseph K in *The Trial*). This obliteration exposes us to the fact that the Empire, the court, the judge, is not a sacred point of access to eternity, but simply a monolith of greater or lesser brutality than other monoliths. Kafka understands that to access the eternal means personal destruction, Warhol, because he believes in an eternity behind mere cultural ephemera, merely demonstrates. But is an effective double agent all the same. As Burroughs would say "an agent who has forgotten his cover story". Warhol's obsessive worship of the image, once understood, somehow denudes the image of its apparent sacred power.

Warhol knows that production has become the production of images, the production of mediation. It is not that Warhol is posing symbol or making a reference to the iconographic universe of consumerist pop culture, he is integrating its network into art. It is not a matter of coming to decision whether or not this

painting is art or not, beautiful or not, a great ad campaign for Campbell's or not, one is simply placed in front of an image isolated from its usual context, but bringing that whole context into the powerfully stark relief of absence. In so doing Warhol creates a situation in which all oppositions are fatally neutralised, is it beautiful, yes, no, change your perspective, yes, no, the blurring involution of the changing perspectives becomes another object, is this new object beautiful, yes, no. The only approach is via the complete relativism of fascination and distraction. But for a very real reason because Warhol has created a little void, a punctum in the consumerist 'system of objects' in which the fullness of the system as a whole is shown to vitally rely one image which itself depends upon an illusory eternity whose full nature is annihilation. The image is a void. This is Warhol's effective message. Therefore he affirms, along with Bacon, that art only exists as a distant echo of reality so brutal and destructive that it dare not be presented in its full force. Yet both come very close, in very different ways.

The opposition between Warhol and Bacon come down to an opposition between which singularity of vision the painter wishes to create: image for Warhol, sensation for Bacon. This is not an opposition between depth and surface, but between types of surface, two extremities of surface body and light. Warhol's genius is to identify images as the primary objects of production. If Bacon remains modern next to Warhol, if his pastiche of styles even looks old fashioned, it is because he has no real relation to capitalism apart from the fact that painting made him extremely wealthy and he was friends with lots of French philosophers (and the fact that his art goes far beyond the commodity and strikes directly for that most alienated universe, the body.) It seems that I have so far set two equations is motion; Warhol = capture, motionless frame, pure Being, Bacon = imprint, trajectory movement, pure becoming. But I'm wrong, in some fucked up ways. "Everything I wanted to become" he said, so yes there is a becoming in Warhol, a becoming white-on-white an at-oneness with whatever culture throws up. A life committed to an attempt at the most ludicrous of eternities. And why did poor, mad Valerie Solanas shoot him? Not just because of his power, his place in a cabal of idiot men who used women as figures, stars, and other kinds of objects, but because the poor and the mad (Warhol amongst them in a certain way) have bizarre instinct for doing the right thing at the right time: of course if you want to eliminate men (we don't have time for that debate, lets just say I recognise there is rational basis for such a demand) it has to be Warhol first.

Brendan De-Paor Moore

FREE SPEECH V WORLD: THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL MOFOS

Freedom of Speech' is one of the most hotly debated topics in our global society today. The Free Speech wars that take place between various ideological tribes can basically be summed up as 'We don't like what that group is saying, so they're abusing free speech.' Everything that *insert ideology here* says is rubber stamped by the prevailing way of thinking and thus protected by the mythical 'Freedom of Speech' whereas everything that **'THE ENEMY!!!!'** says is obviously wrong and therefore evil and not protected.

Sometimes, Freedom of Speech comes across as only serving to protect the guy making really inappropriate and totally unrealistic statements that have no relationship to any achievable or reconcilable goals whatsoever...(what?) A classic example of this is the infamous Dutch 'paedophile party' (or for the pedantic of you, The Brotherly Love, Freedom and Diversity Party). This party lists such statesman-worthy policy amongst its goals as legalising sex with children as young as 12 as well as sex with animals, allowing 16 year olds to legally star in pornography, legalisation of hard drugs to appeal to all the libertarians... and most horrific of all, free train travel for all Dutch citizens.² Although the twisted side of me finds hilarious the arbitrary and hopelessly futile vote seeking attempt of including free train travel among a list of quite extreme and rather deviant goals, the rest of me acknowledges that this example could be used quite effectively to argue that free speech can and does go too far. Thankfully Holland ignores these dregs³ and thus their insanity remains just that. It is true that they have been harassed and intimidated for their controversial support of free trains (also paedophilia),⁴ but it is also true that the state apparatus that is supposedly designed to protect the rights of a society is actually doing its job and legally supporting them in having their say.

One of the most sensationalised justifications for using one's free speech in the modern world is the recent kerfuffle over the drawings of Mohammad published in the Danish right-wing newspaper *Jyllands-Posten*. The basic facts of the story are well known: newspaper publishes pictures of Mohammad, a percentage of the Muslim world goes crazy, Western media outlets respond by supporting said newspaper in its upholding of the 'Freedom of Speech'. Basically it was the diplomatic equivalent of a pissing contest. Of course the sad reality is that people died due to this exercise of free speech, bringing to mind the adage 'the pen is mightier than the

sword.' Refusing to submit to intimidation is one thing, but condemning others to abuse and violence while proselytising about noble ideals from a lofty perch is another. This is of particular importance when similar cartoons mocking Jesus were rejected by the same newspaper only a couple of years beforehand because they didn't meet the high standards of 'funny'⁵ that the Mohammad drawings apparently did. You didn't read about that side of the story on the front page of *The Advertiser*, did you! The danger of free speech is exacerbated when an ignorant society is given no choice but to interpret ideals based on ideological spin due to an education, parliamentary, legal and media system largely dominated by warring elites. This is obvious in the aforementioned instance: extremists on both sides of the spectrum hijacked the issue and bent it to their political agenda of vilification and hatred of each other.

In Australia we have entered a crossroads to which we have a choice: Austria's 'Shut the hell up' approach in regards to individuals such as the ex-holocaust denier David Irving⁶ in contrast to Holland's 'ignore the drooling maniac' approach.

It is only partially true that we have constitutional protection for free speech. Employing my advanced knowledge of constitutional law (a statement my tutors may disagree with after they had recovered from the fits of laughter it would cause) I can safely tell you that any 'freedom of political communication' we have is one created by judges, not one that is expressly constitutionally guaranteed. It was decided by judges in a series of High Court decisions in the 1990s that a freedom of political communication could be inferred as being necessary to the proper execution of provisions of the Constitution. The freedom of political communication is not an absolute guarantee: for instance, if the curtailment of freedom of speech is incidental to the regulatory matter of the law in contention, and is not sufficiently serious in its curtailment of political communication, then it will be permitted. The High Court has also been historically reluctant to use external concepts to interpret the constitution, preferring to rely directly on legal textual interpretation and not on "social, political and economic considerations"⁷ although this attitude may be changing.⁸ As such, the freedom is very difficult to apply precisely; one can see this dynamic present in the ongoing debate between politicians as to whether flag burning should be illegal.⁹

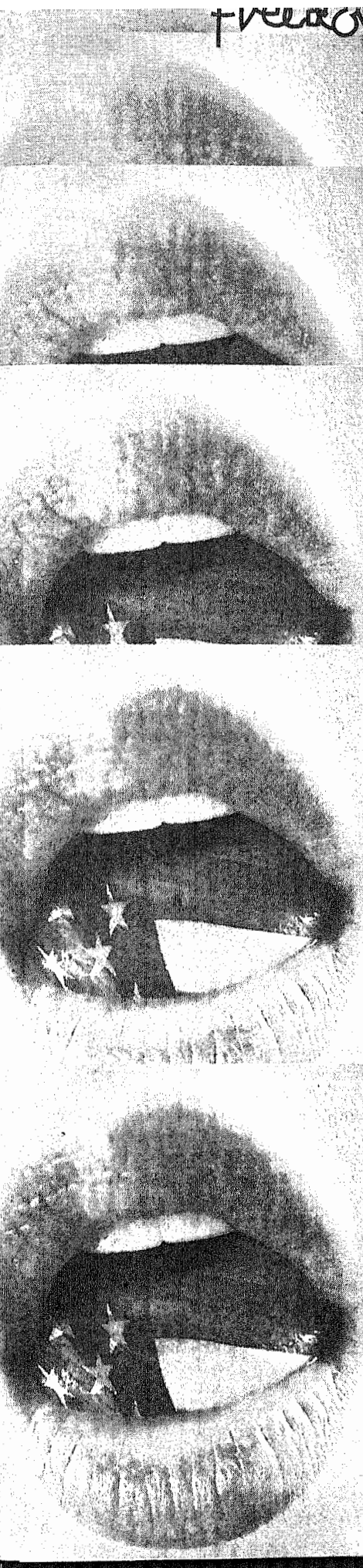
The concept of enshrining express constitutional protection for free speech in the constitution is discussed in tandem to the concept of a complete Bill of Rights;

indeed, many of the arguments for and against a Bill of Rights can equally be applied to that of legislating for free speech. Some say that not having a Bill of Rights is beneficial because defining a right has the potential to restrict it.¹⁰ Those for a constitutionally enshrined Bill of Rights argue that there is no clear, consistent and most importantly, binding standard of political, social and economic rights that court decisions can be mandated by and contrasted to.¹² An interesting compromise discussed by UNSW legal academic Prof. George Williams is instituting a constitutional Bill of Rights that may be expressly overridden by parliament, creating an "ongoing dialogue between parliament, the courts and the people".¹³ In the interests of transparency it should be said that I generally side with the pro 'Bill of Rights' group, although I by no means agree with everything they say. However it is with the current legal and political situation in mind that I examine the issues that follow.

There's a point of contention at the moment that has the potential to dictate the direction that the freedom of speech concept takes in this country. Recently a Tasmanian logging company, Gunns Ltd, brought an action against 20 individuals whom it claimed had participated in "alleged conspiracy, interference with contracts, and interference with trade and business."¹⁴ These individuals were from a range of areas and professions (those served include Senator Bob Brown, a café owner and a law student) but all had either allegedly hindered Gunns' sales or participated in activism preventing Gunns from logging forests in Tasmania.¹⁵ Bob Brown declared that "It is a US-style writ to hector the strongholds of the popular environment movement into silence."¹⁷ Gunns' CEO John Gay has stated that "Gunns has been quite genuine about opening the company up to debate, particularly with the pulp mill...Gunns isn't about silencing the Greens."¹⁸

John Gay is right when he says that his company has a duty to shareholders.¹⁹ The neo-liberal capitalist economic system we currently have in place relies upon the corporate entity fulfilling its duties to its shareholders. The question is: Does capitalism exist to perpetuate our chosen way of life or does our way of life exist to perpetuate capitalism? Freedom of political communication is read into the Constitution because in order to maintain our democratic way of life, it is regarded as necessary to have free and open elections in which our representatives are, to quote the constitution, "directly chosen by the people of the Commonwealth."²⁰ If corporate concerns about the extent to which political

Freedom of Speech



action can damage their profit margin result in actions such as this occurring (court cases are expensive and ruin lives!) then the right to participate in effective activism and to express one's views as robustly as the 'Gunns 20' did will inevitably be compromised, no matter how legitimate and justified Gunns' reasons for action are. This case is a textbook example of why it is important to create a clear standard of just how prevailing society wishes democratic rights and freedoms to be. Otherwise, society may lose the ability to protest effectively against action it disagrees with.

I am not suggesting that Gunns should not have a right to protection under the law. What I am saying is that legislators must be rather careful that when corporations (or anybody for that matter) exercise their rights to protection those taking part in speech are not intimidated into mute compliance; in my view, this goes against the entire purpose of a democratic system and undermines the legitimacy of capitalism functioning within that system. If the consequences of the operation of a law serve to intimidate citizens from criticising or demonstrating against a function of society, that law should be reviewed. What I would like to see is a non judicial commission reasonably independent of any influence that measures the proportionality of the protestors' response to the contentiousness of the issue being protested against. The more contentious the issue, the more extreme the protest accepted. Establishing guidelines that can be applied to a wide variety of situations would greatly increase the legitimacy of the commission. One cannot deny that many people consider logging of the type that Gunns undertakes rather extreme. Regardless, the Gunns suit appears to be faltering, as the wording of the submission was rejected by Bongiorno J as being too general and seeking to allege "too much... against too many".²¹ Many legal identities have also called for legal reform on the grounds that "increased litigation against community participation in public issues silences voices that should be heard."²²

Freedom of Speech necessarily includes Freedom of Information. As soon as one subset of a society has privileged, restricted access to Information which the majority of the population does not, then an elite has been created and inequality achieved. Sometimes this inequality can be justified – for instance, if widespread knowledge of such information would place a population at immense risk, or if injustice would occur if this information was widely known and could be easily misinterpreted. FOI is vital to free discourse because of what was discussed

before – without knowledge, how can one make a reasonable judgment or statement on a situation?

The recent case of *McKinnon v Secretary, Department of Treasury* (2006) HCA 45 is a good example. This case involves an FOI request sent to the Department of the Treasury by the Australian editor Michael McKinnon for information regarding fraudulent and corrupt use of the first home buyers scheme. It was also an order requesting the release of documents pertaining to tax bracket creep and the impact on taxpayers.²³ The access to some 50 classified documents was contested successfully by the Treasurer of the Federal Government (Peter Costello) who submitted that it was not in the public interest.²⁴ The reasons given included the assertion that the documents would be misunderstood due to their "tentative nature".²⁵ It makes sense that if the public lacks the resources to properly interpret a document, putting it into the public arena serves no useful purpose. The major problem I have with this attitude is that there are ways to circumvent the need to restrict these documents; through education and the use of the media to provide tools for explaining the impact and meaning of the documents. Rather than judge for the people what is and is not in their interest, allow them to decide for themselves. As Mr. Phillip Coppel has pointed out in a speech given to the Australian Institute of Administrative Law, "any document can mislead. Any document can be misunderstood. A policy, even if adopted, can be abandoned or changed. This can cause confusion. This can be misleading."²⁶

The State Labor Governments are not innocent of censoring information that may reflect badly upon their management.²⁷ Certainly it has been argued in Australia that "an obdurate bureaucracy, whose ingenuity and tactical skill in protecting information has, until now, caused all comers to fall back exhausted in the lower levels of judicial progress."²⁸ The implications this has for the concepts of free communication in general are quite portentous. It highlights the need for a minimum standard of disclosure and discussion constitutionally protected by the rule of law more than ever.

*Thanx- People who read my column, people who replied to my column, people who talked to me about my column, anybody who reads On Dit and most importantly: the On Dit staff and especially the editors. My heroes! *sniff**
No thanx- everyone else.

Michael Adams

Sources Available upon request

Every now and then a columnist in an Australian paper (usually *The Australian*, and usually *Janet Albrechtsen*), argues that the latte drinking chardonnay set should come to grips with the reality; the traditional left-wing messages are no longer dominant, welcome or relevant. For example Albrechtsen in an article on September 20 argued that the Left want to regulate your happiness! Whilst the tones of such articles are usually abusive, the substance needs to be assessed, and is I think largely correct. Australia is no longer a country that values traditional accounts of social justice. But this needs clarification.

The libertarian believes that the best way to serve social justice is to respect peoples' freedom and rights. The market will sort out the rest. The communist believes that by ensuring that everyone has equal economic status, justice is no longer needed. Justice is a remedial measure brought about by the death throes of capitalism. The capitalist society starts bringing about justice, such as redistribution of funds through taxation, to compensate the losers, but without hurting the winners too much. Marx thought that this need for justice disappears when there are no losers, just winners; the true communist state.

It is not social justice *per se* that has died, but any concept of social justice that is not libertarian. Welfare payments are no longer seen as compensation to the losers in a society, they are seen as an outmoded system that encourages sloth, and discourages people from competing in the job market. Albrechtsen argues that the Left's (in communist form) focus on central planning has one problem: history – it's never worked. Australia is not going to become a full-blown libertarian state any time soon (not that there actually is one – the closest being the US of course), but we are headed down that road. History is not on Albrechtsen's side either; true libertarianism has never worked.

According to the Libertarian, justice is something that is dealt with *by the market*. This is a notion that both the Liberal, and the Alternative Liberals (ALP) believe. There does not seem much voice in the political debate for those who think that a welfare system is a safety net that allows people to try for a better life, but can be secure that they will survive if they fail. It is this belief that has dropped out of the core of Australian politics.

I'm not sure if this is a good thing, but those who advocate this view should realise that they are no longer thought of as holding a view held by mainstream Australians. The question then becomes how do they stay relevant? This is the (usually) abusive charge laid against such believers by the Albrechtsens, Hendersons and Shannahans of Australia.

Some still claim that the Left are in control. Hal Colebatch is one of them. In an article in the Australian on October 10, Colebatch writes that:

It is nonsense to say conservatives have won the culture war here or elsewhere. Left-wing political correctness has never been more heavy-handed, particularly in Britain, Europe and at least in aspects of the US. Further, the Left has formed a weird, largely one-sided, but instant and instinctive, alliance with radical Islamism against what it sees as conservative traditions and values".

The implication here seems to be that Left wingers have aligned themselves with radical Muslims who are intent on destroying us (and, gasp, our beloved Cricket team!!). Colebatch seems to be associating the left with terrorists.

Colebatch goes on to make another implicit inference which seems at odds with reality. The great hope of the Left died with the failure of soviet style communism. This assumes that all Left wingers are communists. But we should let this through to see where Colebatch is taking us. The only avenue left for the Left (pun intended) was the culture wars; instead of winning the world through social revolution, the Left turned to a war of ideas. Which the Left is winning, apparently, quite contrary to the evidence.

To take one example: the reading list recommended for students of Year 12 English in West Australian state schools is scandalously unbalanced towards the Left, including Noam Chomsky, John Pilger and Henry Reynolds. I have not seen equivalent lists for other states but I think it safe to say Edmund Burke, Friedrich Hayek and Keith Windschuttle are probably not stars on any of them. The same applies to various public cultural institutions and events such as publicly funded literary and cultural festivals.

So the message here is clear: far from being a marginalised voice in today's political debates, small-l liberals still control the commanding heights of Australian culture.

Look at Colebatch's move here. Left wingers are failed soviet communists. Small l-liberals are the result of a change in focus of these left wingers. The inference we are perhaps meant to make is that small-l liberals are left wingers (and soviet communists). Is this the sort of analysis we get from Quadrant? This is Guilt by Association; if you are a small-l liberal you are a communist. If you don't want to be a communist, do not be a small-l liberal.

The two positions of Albrechtsen and Colebatch seem to be at odds. The Left is irrelevant and should give up, or the Left is in control and we should all be scared. But since these positions are held by different people, we ought not think this a problem for them.

The Left then have two charges here; that they have lost and that they are winning. For a complete victory, the Left needs to show that it is relevant. The Left does not need to show it is winning the Cultural Wars (if Colebatch is right [which he's not]). How might the Left regain relevance? To be honest, I'm not sure it can. Re-hashing old arguments is having little effect. But you have to question whether the media is playing its part. To be the fourth estate the media *ought* to represent all views about the good for society. But only one economic model is ever championed. There seems to be little debate as to the merits of the market system as a basis for human interaction. It has gained the status of received wisdom. If there are any groups challenging the market we should at least be made aware of their existence, and given exposure to the rationality of their arguments; the way that radical Muslims can be ignored if we just call them terrorists. John Stuart Mill thought (rightly I believe) that the best way to test the truth of a position is to expose it to the test of public discussion. Suppressing ideas only ever hurts society.

But the Left should be happy. They've got the children. Julie Bishop (Federal Minister for Education) certainly thinks children are being taught Maoist principles. But this could be a furphy. The best way to convince your supporters that they ought to be vigilant is to persuade them that they are in the minority. I am not convinced that the Left are winning the culture wars, but since I have no evidence for this I'll just leave it as a personal doubt.

But maybe Albrechtsen does have a point. Central planning has not worked. The only avenue for the left wing to remain relevant is to challenge the core of society – and does not buy into that society in the way that Beazley is doing so on behalf of the ALP. In other words, to push for central planning; except we now have to show that it *can* work. But this is only relevant if you buy the view of these commentators, who I will call the orthodox, that to be left wing is to argue for central planning (in the style of Soviet communism). Central planning is not anathema to the orthodox in Australia. Julie Bishop wants to centralise educational power, for example. The only problem with central planning seems to be with the Left's style of doing things. Right-wing centralised power doesn't seem to be questioned. However the right also failed (Hitler anyone?), but let's not get distracted by that.

What if we adopted a social justice model of the world. By social justice I mean the tradition, small-l liberal version. A market economy, plus compensatory measures for those harmed by the system. Welfare society may be out of fashion at the moment, but it *could* be made to work. That a system does not work is only a reason to tinker with it, not reject it out of hand. Only a thought.

Andrew J Turner



LET'S CREATE A BETTER WORLD

...with Dr. Helen
Cauldicott,
Russell Marks
and Timothy
Wetherall

After graduating from the University of Adelaide's School of Medicine in 1961, Dr Helen Caldicott worked as a pediatrician in Australia and the USA, including a stint as a teacher at Harvard.

She left her medical career in 1980 to become a full-time anti-nuclear activist. In 1990-91, she made two unsuccessful bids to enter Federal politics, first by contesting the Election as an Independent, and finally by proposing to replace the retiring Democrats Senator Paul McLean.

The lively and passionate Dr Caldicott does not look 68. Her attire is vibrant, and her hair is streaked in the tradition of grown-up flower children who reside in the Adelaide Hills and flock to Germaine Greer at Writers Week. She could be the zany lady next door who burns incense and talks to her plants.

Yet she has commanded the audience of some of the most powerful people in the world. She recalls being 'devastated' after her lengthy White House meeting with the late Ronald Reagan, describing him as *Chance the Gardener* from the 1979 film *Being There*.

At the request of NoWar-SA, Dr Caldicott was recently in Adelaide to speak at the Maughan Church on Franklin Street. She also has a new book, *Nuclear Power is Not the Answer to Global Warming or Anything Else*.

Tim Wetherell and Russell Marks caught up with her at a hotel on South Terrace in late August – a far cry from the White House...

TW: Sources of non-renewable energy are obviously something you're against, but people like George Monbiot in England and Tim Flannery here say renewable energy sources are not viable yet.

HC: Tim Flannery doesn't know what he's talking about. He's wrong.

TW: Why is that?

Before telling us why, Dr Caldicott deviates into making accusations against Patrick Moore and Dr James Lovelock, both of whom, she asserts, are in the pockets of the nuclear industry.

It's true that Dr Lovelock's website is hosted by the Association of Environmentalists for Nuclear Energy, and he is a patron of Supporters of Nuclear Energy, which is chaired by Margaret Thatcher's former press secretary, Bernard Ingham. Ingham was a paid consultant to the UK nuclear group BNFL.

The 87-year-old biophysicist Lovelock, whose 'Gaia' theory of global interconnectedness seems entirely at odds with the non-renewable, unsustainable nature of uranium-fuelled power, has certainly been on record as pro-nuclear for more than 20 years.

While Dr Caldicott seems to suggest that the nuclear industry's support of Dr Lovelock is the reason for his pro-nuclear stance, it is more likely that he is supporting the pro-nuclear lobby, having arrived, independently, at a pro-nuclear conclusion.

This doesn't mean Dr Lovelock is necessarily correct. During the early 1970s, he pioneered research into chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs), those now-heavily-regulated chemicals whose release burned a hole in the ozone layer. His conclusion, published in a 1973 edition of *Nature*, was that their presence 'constitutes no conceivable hazard'. He now freely admits his gross error, and consequential embarrassment.

Patrick Moore was a founding member of Greenpeace who broke ranks with that organization during the mid-80s after it (in his words) 'made a sharp turn to the political left and began adopting extreme agendas that abandoned science and logic in favour of emotion and sensationalism'. He writes: 'Nuclear energy is the only non-greenhouse gas-emitting power source that can effectively replace fossil fuels and satisfy global demand.'


So why is Flannery wrong?

Caldicott fumbles for the name of businessman Robert Purves, and continues:

HC: Purves spent \$1m advertising [Tim] Flannery's book [*The Weather Makers*] in Qantas waiting room lounges and stuff. Purves is a major contributor to the Liberal Party. So there are wheels within wheels within wheels. I've spoken to Flannery. He's very right on global warming. He's totally wrong on nuclear power, and he's wrong on renewables.

In September last year, Susan Wyndham wrote an advertorial puff piece promoting Flannery's book as the first "climate neutral" book: its publisher, Text, switched its offices to green power, and offset its estimated 86 tonnes of CO₂ by having a group called Purves Environmental Fund "sponsor" the book by paying \$4422 toward a Victorian wind farm, and a showerhead exchange program in regional NSW.

continued next pages...



The "Purves Environmental Fund" was established in 2004 by Robert Purves, currently president of WWF-Australia. He was the subject of an October 2005 puff piece in the Sydney Morning Herald, in which the journalist, Deborah Snow, reported that Purves was 'sending out copies of...Flannery's alarming new book on climate change...to key federal and state politicians'. She also reported that 'you may have seen the book advertised prominently outside Qantas Club lounges, as well as on buses and trains. Purves is responsible for that as well'.

But Purves does not seem to be a listed donor to the Liberal Party. Caldicott's conspiracy claims seem to stem from an analysis by 'jonjayray' on the Australian Politics blogsite, for which the blogger relies on a speculative article by Clive Hamilton (SMH 8 August 2006), who highlights the close relationship between the WWF and the Howard government. Hamilton suggests that Purves and Howard have similar interests – the promotion of nuclear power, and of individual (rather than regulatory) solutions to climate change – and this is what is driving Purves to promote Flannery's book, which is sympathetic to these interests.

Dr Caldicott goes on to advocate the take-up of renewables:

HC: David Freeman, who was the main adviser to Jimmy Carter on energy... closed down six reactors. He now runs the LA Port Authority. He's been saying for many years that all electricity can be generated by renewables, and he's right.

The substance is right, but Dr Caldicott means the Los Angeles Department of Water & Power. And Freeman was actually the assistant to Dr James Schlesinger, Secretary to Energy under Carter between October 1977 and July 1979.

HC: So we're putting together a road map now, in the next nine months – [Freeman] and some other brilliant scientists in Washington – for a totally carbon-free, nuclear-free future. The technology's here. It's cheaper by far than nuclear, and cheaper than coal.

It will be an array of technology. You can retro-fit every building to be a solar collector. It's so efficient, because most energy is lost via transmission through the grid. A light-bulb is one per cent efficient. That's all. Whereas, if you had your solar

panel on the roof, then nothing's lost through transmission. It's expensive at the moment – the government needs to be subsidising solar panels.

Wind is not expensive..., so we should have wind farms everywhere. The anti-wind farm movement here is supported by the nuclear industry from Britain.

In May this year, Wendy Frew in the Sydney Morning Herald uncovered a 'loose association of anti-wind farm groups' in Australia, which is supported by the UK anti-wind, pro-nuclear lobby group "Country Gardens", established by none other than that Thatcher spin-doctor, Bernard Ingham.

TW: Reducing consumption of energy – how much is that a part of your program?

HC: It will be. Americans could save 28% of the energy they currently waste. Stop drying their clothes with clothes-driers. Hang them out in the sun, you know.

TW: And there's a political implication to that.

HC: What's the politics?

TW: Well, how-

HC: Make them save. It has to be mandatory, like, you've got to wear a seat-belt. You have to stop at red lights. Why? To save your life and the lives of others.

TW: But how are you going to get the leadership to do that?

HC: Well, first of all, that's the grass-roots thing again. It's my experience over thirty-five years of activism that if you educate the grass-roots, the politicians follow, because they have to be elected.

We ask Dr Caldicott how a layperson could be expected to discriminate between her claims and those being made by the nuclear industry and the pro-nuclear lobby.

RM: To take a specific issue, you write in the first couple of chapters of your new book on the costs of the nuclear fuel cycle, and you cite an example whereby rocks that have a low grade of uranium are used – rocks that contain 4 grams of uranium per tonne. But Dr Tom Quirk, who is admittedly from the industry-

HC: Yeah, who attacked me. He was a revolting man.

RM: Yeah, revolting.

We're referring to Dr Quirk's July AFR article, in which he describes Dr Caldicott's book as a 'shrill, cantankerous

and ranting work', and Caldicott herself as 'the family great aunt cackling interminably over the personality failures of her lively nephews and nieces'. Quirk is on the board of the right-wing think-tank, the Institute of Public Affairs, and until 1987, was Chief Consultant (GM) in the mining company CRA.

HC: I wouldn't take any notice of what he said. A man who has to resort to personal attacks has no scientific validity in my mind.

RM: But then if a layperson reads that article-

HC: Well they need to be discriminating, don't they? And know that if a man attacks a woman in such a way, the man is defenceless when it comes to a decent scientific debate. If he has to resort to that sort of low-level, below-the-belt attack-

RM: But amid all the hyperbole in his article, he claimed that there were 2000 grams of uranium per tonne coming out of rocks in the Ranger Mine.

HC: The thing is, I've just got – you know Storm Van Leeuwen, from whence I got a lot of this data – he's just sent me more stuff. If the nuclear industry continues as it is, with 440 reactors, and they're all being fuelled, within ten years, the grade of uranium is going to diminish to below 0.02 per cent [20 grams per tonne]. So there isn't much around. Then you dig it up and use it, and the nuclear waste will last forever. So it's a very transitory way of making money. And electricity.

Dr Caldicott relies almost solely upon a 2005 paper by Jan Willem Storm van Leeuwen and Philip Smith, 'Nuclear power: the energy balance', in assessing the real costs of the nuclear fuel cycle, from exploration through to safe storage of waste.

HC: Yeah, I do. Why do I? Because there's no other paper that assesses the whole nuclear fuel cycle. But they haven't even done the back end of the fuel cycle. All they've done is up to and – I think – including decommissioning. Not the radioactive waste.

RM: Do you worry about it's being non-peer reviewed?

HC: It has been peer-reviewed. It's been published in decent journals. Oxford Research Group, there you go.

LET'S CREATE A BETTER WORLD

An Interview with Dr. Helen Caldicott (continued)

...by Russell Marks and Tim Weatherall

The Oxford Research Group is a think-tank, not an academic journal. It's an 'independent NGO established in 1982 which seeks to develop effective methods whereby people can bring about positive change on issues of national and international security by non-violent means'.

RM: What are your thoughts on the Nuclear Task Force, recently established by the Prime Minister?

HC: I just testified before them the other day. They asked me to. Four of them are nuclear physicists. Three are economists. There's not one environmentalist, biologist or doctor. And Ziggy had the cheek to say to me, afterwards, 'well, some of them don't agree with you'. One of them is [Dr Ron] Cameron, who works at Lucas Heights. Why wouldn't he agree with me? Because he works at Lucas Heights. It's a totally set-up committee – biased and skewed.

RM: What was their line of questioning?

HC: They were questioning me a bit about radiation, but on the whole they didn't say much. It was interesting. They were polite, but you could feel them withholding what they think. And, you know, they're physicists. They don't understand biology. No clue.

RM: Where do you think the problem lies? Is it with the constitution of the task force?

HC: Of course. It's a set-up task force to produce the result Howard wants.

RM: So, like David Marr said [on *Insiders*]: 'How do you get people of sufficient expertise to sit on a panel of this kind who aren't in some way or other completely dedicated to the notion of nuclear power?'

HC: Well, they should've invited me to be on the panel. I'm one of the world's experts in this area. I'm an auto-didact, I taught myself – because you don't learn this in medical school. You don't learn nuclear physics. You don't learn about the isotopes. There's a huge literature that you have to be motivated sufficiently to read it and find out.

TW: So you approached them?

HC: No, they approached me.

TW: Why do you think they did that?

HC: I don't know. Maybe I'm the world's leading expert in the area, and they felt obliged to hear what I had to say. I do not know.

RM: What did you tell them?

HC: I had a blackboard and a piece of chalk, and I just walked them through the whole nuclear fuel cycle from a medical perspective: uranium mining, the various sorts of radiation, what they do to genes, to sperm, to eggs, to cells, to how long cancer incubates, where the isotopes come from, where they go in the food chain, in the body. 40 per cent of the European land mass is radioactive. I basically did that. I said, this is the talk I gave at Harvard Medical School, to my alma mater, about three months ago, at the Children's Hospital in Boston, where the leading pediatricians in the world heard me speak. A hundred of them. And there wasn't one question. They were absolutely flabbergasted.

But they [the taskforce] don't get it, because they're not doctors. The easiest audience I ever address are doctors. Because we know.

RM: Do you think this debate is one that can be resolved by the settling of facts, and technical debate? Because it's going to eventually be resolved by politicians, isn't it?

HC: It's not 'settling' of facts. It's education. Of facts. You know – This is a nose. Well, can I argue with you that it's not really a nose? Radiation causes cancer. Can I argue with you that it doesn't? There's a vast literature on this. It's just medicine.

After she tells us about the audience she has enjoyed with Ronald Reagan, Gough Whitlam and Mikhail Gorbachev, we ask her whether she's ever sought to speak to John Howard.

HC: Nope. I'd speak to him if he wanted to speak to me, but I don't know how I'd get to him. He's surrounded by people who are just as bad as he is. I don't trust any of them. And what's more, they're ignorant, scientifically and medically. That's what really upsets me. If I'm ignorant, and I mistreat a patient, and they die, I'd get struck off the register. Medicine is a very important practice, and you must have absolute integrity. And that's what politicians need to have, because the planet – and your future – is in gross danger now.

RM: What's your view of the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA)?

HC: I think they're a push-me, pull-you animal. They promote nuclear power while they're supposed to regulate the possession and construction of nuclear weapons. So it says: 'You're not allowed to have bombs, but would you like a nice nuclear reactor?' Nuclear power factories are bomb factories.

RM: What was your response to the IAEA being awarded the Nobel Prize?

HC: They shouldn't have got it. But the reason El Baradei got it was because he stood up to the Americans on Iran. So, you know, someone has to stand up to them.

TW: So it's a compromise body that's just trying to be pragmatic, by stating that you can have nuclear energy but you can't have weapons?

HC: Yeah.

TW: And how did you feel about Downer being suggested as its next leader?

HC: What can I say? He doesn't have enough neurons.

Dr Caldicott is neither a politician nor a diplomat. She is imprecise on detail, and offers, unsolicited, her (often defamatory) thoughts on those who disagree with her. Her opinions, formed and confirmed over nearly three decades of campaigning, come across as ideological, particularly when she speaks outside of her own direct expertise – the medical effects of radiation on human beings.

These are the strongest sections of her latest book. Its weakest sections – and her weakest arguments in person – are those dealing more broadly with nuclear power and weapons proliferation. On these aspects of the debate, she is most certainly an ideologue.

Dr Caldicott's major mistake, it seems, lies in thinking that the debate can be won with education of "the facts". But facts can be twisted, and are rarely irrefutable. Like many scientists, she puts enormous faith in her own science and is frustrated at politicians' scientific and medical "illiteracy". She doesn't concentrate enough on the values that should inform our actions.

She is incredibly – and admirably – dedicated to her cause. And her cause is, on balance, a good one. Yes, we need to find a way of producing energy that doesn't involve ripping out parts of the Earth and burning it to leave toxic waste. Uranium doesn't present a solution to that problem, and Dr Caldicott knows it. Do we?

Unwashed masses forever suckling off the teat of the intelligent, forward-thinking bourgeois with impudence and gluttony. Without leaders, the plebeian peons will simply devour itself. There is but one word to describe the proletarian inconsideration: parasite. This is a red-herring introductory paragraph – this week's article is on antibiotics.

DISEASE OF THE WEEK

...with Thomas Tu

*Surprise article! Although not technically a disease (in fact, it's the opposite of disease (most of the time...)), as you will soon find out, they're much closely related to pathogens than you might think. Plus, I was sick of painting an entirely bad picture of microbes.

One of the *Penicillium* molds responsible for the first manufactured antibiotic, penicillin.



Antibiotics have been one of the most successful ways of saving human life ever discovered. Before antibiotics, a person who accidentally cut themselves would fear infections like cancer. The development of one could mean necrosis of a limb (requiring amputation), septicaemia, multiple organ failure or death. Today, simply taking a pill is enough to avert this.

A commonly used definition of an antibiotic is "a microbial product or derivatives which kill microbial agents or inhibit their growth", although now some antibiotics (such as chloramphenicol) can be synthesised completely *in vitro*. You might wonder why microbes spurt out poison chemicals. It's a selfish thing. If a bacterium kills all the other bacteria around it, it has more sugar and other resources to grow. Therefore it will

become more prominent and become the norm in the species. Woo, natural selection! There are over 100 antibiotics, but a lot of them are slight variations of each other and fit into several families.

Sulphonamides

Though not an antibiotic by our definition (it is derived from a dye rather than a micro-organism), sulphonamides (in the form of sulpha powder) were quite an important part of preventing septic wounds in warfare. Some of you may recall, it's the powder sprinkled on wounds in *Saving Private Ryan*, *M*A*S*H* and the like.

The story of this drug's discovery highlights how boring research can be. In 1927 some German chemical factory told one of their researchers Gerhard Doamgk (paraphrased) "Here, here's all these chemicals. Go see if they kill germs." So basically, he injected every chemical that came down the line into infected mice and saw if they died (Needle goes in, needle comes out, needle goes in, needle comes out...). Through this tedious process a leather dye called Prontosil Red was discovered to have protective effects against *staphylococci* and *streptococci* (two very common genera of pathogens, whose effects I will probably cover in future articles). Doamgk published his results and later that year some other dudes (Jacques and Therese Trefouel) found the active ingredient (sulphanilamide) in it.

Folic acid is used in bacteria and humans alike to make DNA, RNA and some essential amino acids (histidine and tryptophan). Sulphonamides work by screwing up folic acid production in the bacteria and thereby either killing them or stopping them from reproducing.

The family of drugs doesn't kill humans because we take in folic acid from our diet rather than make it ourselves.

However, their use has been scaled down because of both the increasing resistance of bacteria to the drug and the high numbers of allergic reactions associated with it (up to 5%). The latter can lead to hives, anaemia, kidney damage and liver damage. It is also a suspected causative agent of toxic epidermal necrosis, a disorder wherein a large portion of the epidermis (can get up to >30% of total body surface area) detaches from the dermis. Patients usually die of secondary infections due to the giant blisters that form.

Penicillin

Penicillin is, of course, where it all started. The story of its discovery may be old hat, but it's one that embodies the fact that many scientific breakthroughs require luck most of all.

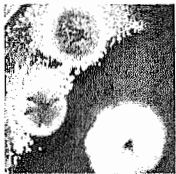
Penicillin was actually first discovered by French med student Ernest Duchesne in 1896. He performed a series of experiments ending in injecting a guinea-pig with a solution containing spores of *Penicillium glaucum* and *staphylococci* and having the subject survive. He submitted his findings in his thesis and presumably wanted to do more work on this great discovery, but was instead forced to fight in WWI. He didn't die in WWI, but never got any work published on the antibiotic after it. He died on April 12, 1912 a 37 year old scientific nobody until he was honoured five years after Fleming and his pals received a Nobel Prize for their better known (re)discovery of penicillin.

On his way out to vacation in 1928, Alexander Fleming left some agar plates inoculated with *staphylococci* on the bench to grow. Before they were

IN A CAVE DEEP IN THE
HAITIAN FOREST YOU
STAND UNMOVING...
NOT THINKING... UNFEEL-
ING... IN SOMBER
TESTIMONY TO THE
POWER OF VOODOO.

HE IS SUNKEN
DOWN, YOUR
EYES HIDEENLY
HIDE, YOUR FEATURES
OF EXPRESSION.

swabbed with the bacteria, a spore of *Penicillium notatum* had landed on the culture plate by chance. Even luckier, the weather was cool enough so that the mould grew faster than the staph and got a foothold on the plate rather than being overrun by it. When he came back, he found an entire plate of staph colonies except for a portion around a colony of what he discovered later as the penicillium mould.



However, after further experiments, Fleming thought that it'd be of no use in medicine because it'd be broken down by the body before it did any good. He chucked out the idea in 1931ish. In 1939, Howard Florey was a professor in Oxford looking up stuff about bactericides and happened to come upon Fleming's work. He and his co-worker Ernst Chain found a way to purify penicillin and did a merry jig when they found that it cured their diseased mice. Obviously it ended up working on humans as well. Long story short, they got a third of a Nobel Prize each (which presumably turns them into the super-hyper-ultra-anti-bot when merged).

This discovery not only improved human suffering but also made certain medical research methods easier and catalysed a search for the 100-odd other antibiotics produced by other microorganisms. Among these are: bacitracin, produced by a *Bacillus licheniformis* (from the same family as anthrax); Streptomycin, found in *Streptomyces griseus*; and vancomycin, which I'll discuss next.

Vancomycin

Vancomycin works in a similar way to penicillin in that both kill the bacteria by stopping the production of their thick protein-sugar walls, which usually act as like a wire mesh acting as a supporting structure to stop the cell from exploding due to osmosis. One thing that's also becoming comparable to the two is the way that bacteria are becoming resistant to it.

Vancomycin had become an antibiotic of last resort as others, such as penicillin, ampicillin, etc., have become useless against the increasing resistance of pathogens. But even this antibiotic has started to become ineffective against some strains due to natural selection. Unless we develop more new antibiotics and opt for more careful prescription, we risk reverting back to the dark ages of medical history.

With this in mind, start learning for your exams before you all die.

Thomas Tu actually wrote these articles at the start of the year. He apologises for anything that became false over the half year... wait... no he doesn't! You've been leeching free education off me for a year already. Screw you! If you want a good learnin', pay the school fees for it. I'm through being your bitch! Take thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au off your mailing list too. By the way, those forwarded jokes sucked. *storms off*

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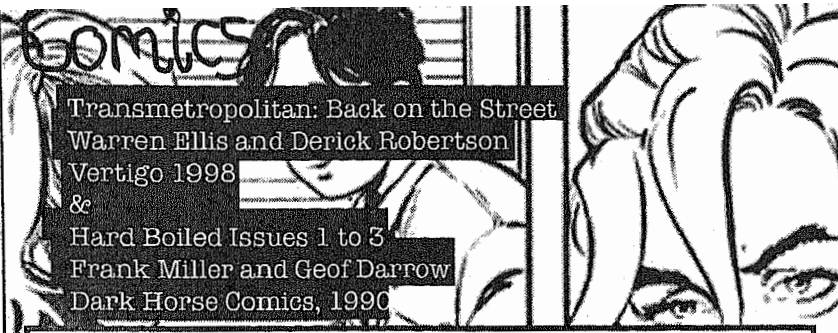
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**GODS
RAVE
YES!**

E GERBER & PABLO MARCOS
WRITER ARTIST



Transmetropolitan: Back on the Street
 Warren Ellis and Derick Robertson
 Vertigo 1998
 &
Hard Boiled Issues 1 to 3
 Frank Miller and Geof Darrow
 Dark Horse Comics, 1990

Warren Ellis and Frank Miller are big names amongst comics nerds. Frank Miller was responsible for the comic behind the film *Sin City* and Warren Ellis is famous enough that he can share the same name as the violinist from *The Dirty Three* and get away with it. And both of these comics are basically in the same style; grim, genre based, metaphorical predictions of the near future; kind of akin to *Blade Runner* or something.

The difference is that *Hard Boiled* is predominantly an exercise in art where as *Transmetropolitan* looks like one of those graphic novels they make of animated kid's films, with stills taken straight from the film and a suitably shithaus plot. It focuses around a character who is supposed to be a futuristic mix of Raymond Chandler's Christopher Marlow (best personified by Bogart in *The Big Sleep*) and Hunter S Thompson. Theoretically it should work; kind of grimy comic gonzo/film noir, quick dialogue, corruption and the occasional punch up. Unfortunately I'm a fan of Raymond Chandler and Hunter S Thompson. They both do something that, for all its informality and cheesiness, comes through with an unexpected class and depth. *Transmetropolitan*, on the other hand, comes across as a light weight, derivative rip off of both of them, with the novelty of a futuristic setting only succeeding in making it less believable.

Hard Boiled, on the other hand, has only the thinnest etchings of a plot, very little discernable story line, but a whole lot of style. This is largely because, unlike *Transmetropolitan*, Miller and Darrow push the comic form as an art, rather than making books for people who can't deal with prose. It isn't meant to come across as realistic, it's meant to be an exercise in visual overload. The orgy scene on page seven of issue one kind of reminds me of a version of *Where's Wally* aimed at teenage boys. Also, keep an eye out for the supermarket scene in issue two (spot the guy in the Duran Duran jacket) and the panoramic "bulldogs and guys in white shirts with blue jeans" double page spread in issue three.

Ianto Ware

The Times of Botchan Volume 1
 Jiro Taniguchi and Natsuo Sekikawa
 Fanfare/Ponent Mon

This isn't what you'd call an accessible comic. It's Japanese but, unlike all the usual manga aimed at guys who will hopefully never be given the chance to breed, this is a fictionalised biography of Soseki Natsume, a sort of less whiney, funnier, Japanese Dickens, responsible for books like *I Am A Cat* and *Botchan*. I picked up, and enjoyed, this comic because I've read both those books and I wanted to know more about their author. Soseki was active during the Meiji era in Japan, the point during which the country shifted from feudalism to the aggressive modernity that would eventually lead to the Second World War. It was a period of massive social upheaval and this comic is as much an attempt to depict that change as provide a biography of Soseki himself. If you're keen on that era of Japan's history this is a wonderful attempt to illustrate it, using the cantankerous author as a centrepiece. If you're not, this probably won't make a whole pile of sense.

Ianto Ware

Strangers in Paradise V1
 by Terry Moore

Katchoo is a talented and sassy, yet convincingly goofy, moody and flawed young artist who falls in love with her friend Francine. This series follows her life, loves and friends. It's heartfelt and well-written with lovely characterisation.

Robin Tatlow-Lord

Rambling #1 for term 4!!!
 "Votes for women! Step in time!"
 (watch Mary Poppins and you'll understand) Ladies first...

Ireland:

As it is the inaugural female edition of *On Dit*, I, being the Wonder Woman of this dynamic writing duo, will begin our column by looking at feminism and the negative misconceptions the 'f' word. Tyson, from here on in known as Batman, will no doubt contradict everything I say and bring across a chauvinistic point of view because that's what he does best.

What comes to mind when the word feminism is uttered in a room full of men? 'men haters' 'burning bras' 'lesbians' etc. Let me begin by saying that I do not hate men! Sometimes after certain incidents I say I do but I am not referring to species as a whole and am usually drunk at the time. As well as this, like any other modern woman, I LOVE my bras! And would NEVER dream of burning them! And me? A lesbian? Nope, just enjoy sticking up for the sisterhood!

No my friends, feminism is about equality, plain and simple! We should be able to do or be anything that a man can do or be. This means referring to us not as old maids when we're single, or as sluts when we pick up guys, but as bachelorettes who are choosy and want it all.

So next time someone says "Those stupid femos with their all female edition of *On Dit*", grab the fabulous publication out of their hands, slap them with it and say "It's a two sided issue for women AND men you loser!"

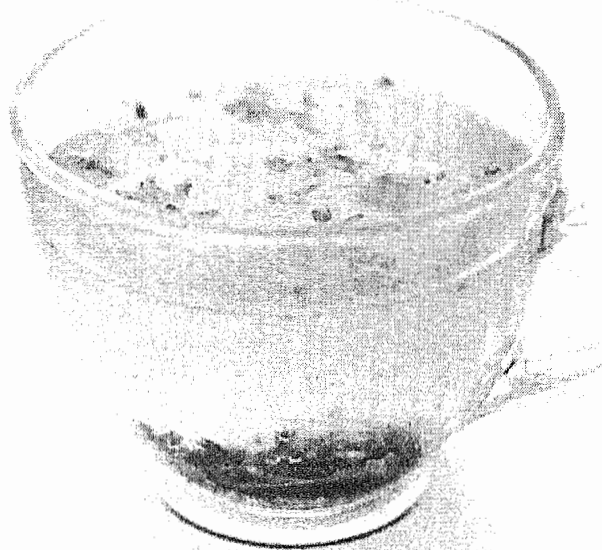
What did you have to say for yourself Batman??

Lisa is so, so right about her being so, so wrong! Feminism has it's place in society I'll give it that, but let me take a generalised view of my perceptions on this matter. So women burnt their bras and screamed for equality, fantastic! really all the women out there needed to do that because you weren't being treated as equal. but here's the news flash for you ladies. The 60's are over! so are the 70's, 80's and even the shoulder pad's a go, go 90's are over! STOP talking about inequality!

I'm sorry, but if you burnt your bras because you wanted the freedom to do things yourself, then don't ask me to lift your god damn luggage up a flight of stairs because you are too weak!, don't you DARE think you have the right to use male toilets, because god forbid if you should ever find a male in the females toilets. Here's another thing, next time you're at work, i don't want to hear about how heavy your flow is, you complain about sexual harassment, well me hearing about you bleeding from your vagina is just as wrong ladies!

I have a penis, you don't. Don't expect to even contemplate that you know what I'm thinking or where I'm coming from! you don't have the right! hmmm on the flip side, boys who the hell are we to...actually i got nothing, good on us for being perfect (oh god, get over it i was joking) Feminism is fantastic, but it had it's time and place, now is not the time, nor place! at the same time male chauvinistic views never really had a time or place, lets keep it that way and we can all hold hands whilst roasting marshmallows around the campfire!

Dear Ireland, we apologise profusely for putting you in Homme Dit. Shiny, I hope you choke on your chauvanistic flavoured marshmallow.



Monash Engineering research could be your cup of tea

Applying the same principle that causes tea leaves to collect at the bottom of a stirred cup, researchers in micro/nanophysics at Monash Engineering have discovered a way to rapidly separate red blood cells and platelets from blood plasma. They're using electric fields to remotely induce the circulation of tiny amounts of liquid in a portable chip-scale microdevice. This technology is currently being used to engineer credit-card sized devices for point-of-care medical diagnostics.

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never use alcohol as a lubricant

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Original concept: CASA House



We've identified the perfect person to help shape local communities: YOU! After all, it's your community. Your opinion is important, so have your say in the upcoming council elections - and vote!

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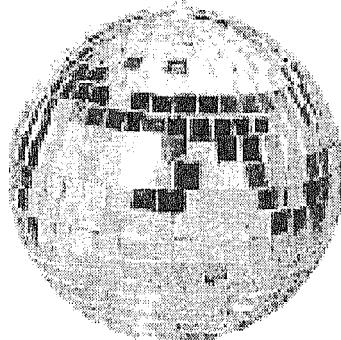
Hotline 1300 655 232

Council Elections will be held in November 2006 for all Councils, except for Adelaide City Council, which will hold elections in 2007.
 Authorised by Wendy Carrara (CEO), Local Government Association



On Pils  *'S*
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 34a King William St in the City

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Tennyson
Free Entry!!

Jim Bean
ON CAMPUS

www.union.adelaide.edu.au

Whilst the Australian Government pushes for debate on the future of Uranium use in this country, one issue which clearly pulls at the heart strings of many ordinary Australians is left in the cold. *What is the significance of Linen reuse and recycling in contemporary Australia?* It is a question often posed, but akin to many other issues at the crux of this nation's progression forward in the global economy, is far too often brushed aside. Currently Australia stands as one of the most wasteful nations on the globe, throwing out bed linen at a rate of 13 hectares per week. The vast majority of this linen (97.4%) becomes land fill. The remainder is used as the unsafe parachutes of ill-informed youths trying to understand just what that Newton bloke was on about anyhow. Clearly this is a significant problem especially when these figures are added to the rate at which Australian students consume linen in the name of Student Activism and hack elections.

Australian Universities, and particularly the University of Adelaide and Flinders University, are some of the highest consumers of linen in the world. In fact figures from the Dextrose Poll showed the University of Adelaide falls only behind Leeds University (England) and University of France (Paris) in their rate of linen consumption, with a whopping 43.56 hectares per year. The vast majority of the linen used in the Student Activism is stolen and "binned" by students of a more conservative value set leading to even greater landfill problems. The remainder is burned ritualistically by drunken hacks after being "purged" from their "faction" for any matter of indiscretion or personality clash. Both of these methods of disposal are hurtful to our dear mother earth, whose breast milk is fast becoming curdled and frankly unpalatable.

It's at about this point in an article that one normally asks oneself one of many questions, usually dependent on a number of factors including though not limited to the cognitive ability of the reader, the hair cut of the reader, the month of the year and most importantly the fact that the reader is still reading the article. The number of questions and the factors upon which they are asked aside, I would like you the reader to ask this question, *what can I do to help the blight of linen waste within contemporary Australia?* The Answer I have for you today is a simple one; recycle your old linen. For the remainder of this year the SAUA shall be accepting linen as a part of the "Reece Kinnane Memorial: SAUA Old Linen Drive". By participating in the drive you will be benefiting the Environment by means of recycling whilst at the same time helping the Students Association of the University of Adelaide survive the impending implementation of the VSU legislation by saving the costs involved in producing one of the keys factors of student activism.

All donations can be made via the SAUA Environment Department, with our only condition that all second hand linen be machine washed before donation. Further details and **rewards** can be found at the SAUA website.

For more information on the name sake of the drive, Reece Kinnane, watch this space!

Yours in Environmental Sustainability,
William Fuller

SAUA Councillor



There are so many things I want to talk about. How logging in water catchments is a bad idea in a drought-prone country. How factory farming animals is as cruel as it is unsustainable. How nuclear power is not the answer, no matter how much dangerous radioactive gunk we can dig out of the ground. How the free market rarely, if ever, delivers the best solutions. How we're lucky to even be worrying about global warming when many people don't even have drinking water. How frustrating it is to watch people making a mess of the planet in the name of personal gain, and how painful it is to deal with people who are too apathetic to do anything about it. How fundamental change to the way that humans deal with each other and nature is not only possible, but necessary and inevitable. But all I'm going to say is that life is never, ever apolitical. There is no 'middle ground'; there is no place outside of bias. This is not post-modern politics, simply common sense. The idea that we should keep emotion out of environmental issues is pure nonsense. Do you really believe that a human being incapable of feeling emotion would be equipped to make decisions that affect both humans and other living beings? Let's all just admit that we're all guided by our own personal ideologies, our own agendas. Let's take a careful look at the world around us, check with the sound of birds or the sound of chainsaws, try and have a little empathy for the suffering of others, take a breath of clean oxygen or city smog, and be honest about where you stand. Take a side, because there's no place for neutrality in this crazy world.

On a wholly unrelated note, if you are at all interested in getting involved with eco.s, the student environment collective here at Adelaide, drop me a line on matthew.allen@student.adelaide.edu.au. See you next year!

Love Matt.

Prez Sayz...

Hi all,

As this is the last edition of On Dit for the year, I want to say that it has been a privilege to represent the students of this university. The students here at Adelaide are some of the best and brightest in the country and I'm sure that many notable careers and lives are beginning here. I wish you all the very best in the your academic careers and subsequent activities.

I know this is the Elle/Homme Dit, but I'm not going with the theme for my column. Here I want to talk about something that universities and students around Australia are thinking about: The Bologna Process.

"What the hell is that?" I hear you say.

The Bologna Process (pronounced *bolo-nya*) is an agreement between 45 European countries to undertake a series of reforms intended to create an integrated European higher education area. The process has six objectives that aim to establish the European Higher Education Area (EHEA) by 2010. The objectives are ease of staff and student mobility, recognition of qualifications, enhanced by the alignment of national quality assurance agencies, uniform degree structures, the adoption of a common credit transfer system and a common way of describing qualifications.

The Federal Education Department has released a discussion paper about the Bologna Process called *Bologna Process and Australia: Next Steps*. You can view the paper at the link at the bottom of this column. The Australian Vice-Chancellors Committee (AVCC) released a response to the Bologna Process, also at the bottom of this column.

The University of Adelaide is now considering the Bologna Process and whether it could be applied to the academic programs here. Some of the most important benefits to students and certainly some of the most talked about are that transferring between Australian universities becomes very easy, and transferring between Australian universities and any others that have



undergone the same process (ie most of Europe) also becomes much easier. The standard degree structure is simpler, a three year generalist degree followed by a further two years of specialist study. A common criticism has been that students have to spend longer at university. There is also the risk that in changing to that system, universities may attempt to piggy-back other changes through at the same time that are not as beneficial to current or prospective students. This is already happening at the University of Melbourne, where, whilst committing to a Bologna-type restructure, the University has also announced its intention to replace ten thousand undergraduate places with postgraduate places, most of which will be full-fee paying and scholarship places.

The University of Adelaide has also released a paper entitled *Implications of the Bologna Process for the University of Adelaide*, the content of which is fairly self-evident. The University is looking for student feedback, so if you would like to read this paper and offer some comments, please email me and I would be happy to send it to you.

The other documents can be viewed at the addresses below:

Department of Education, Science and Training discussion paper

www.dest.gov.au/sectors/higher_education/publications_resources/profiles/Bologna_Process_and_Australia.htm

AVCC response

www.avcc.edu.au/documents/publications/policy/submissions/AVCC-response-to-Bologna-Process.pdf


For the last time –

Cheers,

John Pezy

SAUA President

john.pezy@student.adelaide.edu.au



Manfred Mann's Mannish Men

It's an unfortunate fact that the general populace often scoffs when the phrase 'male identity crisis' is brought up in conversation, and unfortunately the context in which it is used often validates this skepticism. Too often, it is used as some catch-all rebuttal by middle-class white males against anyone who dares to suggest that they are beneficiaries of many of the inequalities that exist in the world. It's hardly a new phenomenon, but it's one that has entered the mainstream with increasing speed in the last few decades, filtering down from scornful right-wingers to the pink polo brigade through many forms of media, most notably films and novels aimed at men in their 20s and, lately, their 30s. Take, for example, the lad-lit of authors like Nick Hornby; eminently readable novels that throw in some pop philosophy and a few cultural touchstones for the hip factor; they are nevertheless ultimately disposable books that are easy to read when you're not after anything too taxing. The archetypes that have been portrayed, however, are far more enduring; Hornby inevitably casts as his hero a wealthy, hip, yet disaffected (male) slacker who has achieved an enviable position but seems somehow unsatisfied with it. Despite all the advantages that life throws at him, happiness proves elusive yet rather than truly analyse the reasons for it, the characters inevitably prefer to indulge in self-pity yet always manage to find salvation in the end. A typical narrative arc, fair enough, but the invariably sympathetic light in which the protagonists are portrayed and the hip

factor that Hornby gives them endears them to the reader enough that many seek to emulate this lifestyle. Predating a rash of films like "Swingers" that have also become iconic to these now mid-20s to 30s males, together this lad-lit and lad-film cannon has become, for many, the new template for masculinity- the appropriate way for a male to act. The emphasis is on emulating the suave look and manner that they have witnessed, and they often scan back to an earlier generation for role models, thus characterising themselves as 'gentlemen,' but this means that often they bring with them a swag of other ideals, usually also internalising the patronising attitude towards women that chivalry fostered. Though this seems damning at first, compare it to a something that has gained a similar standing among a female audience such as "Sex and The City" and this portrayal of laddishness as a suitable lifestyle doesn't seem as outrageous any more.

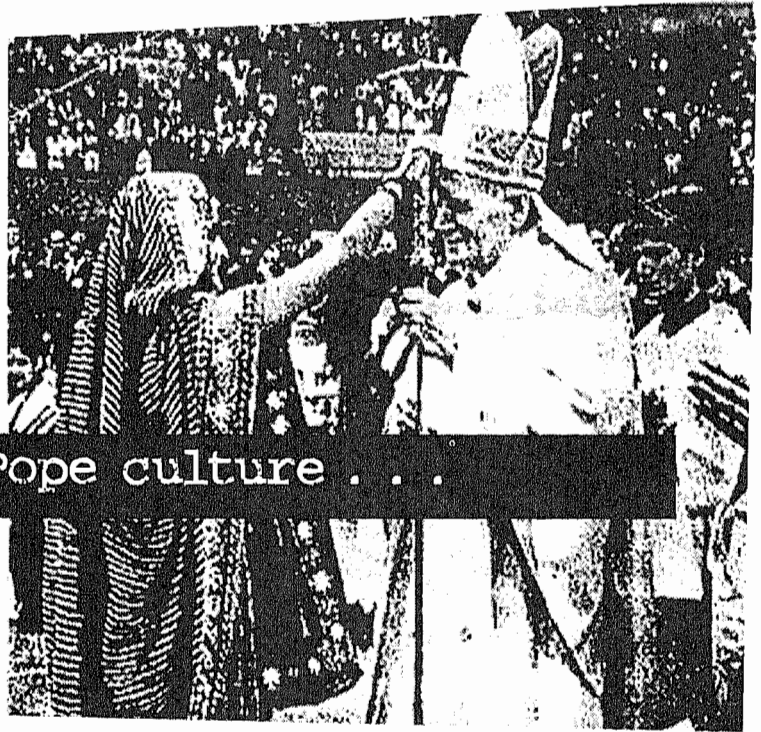
Chauvinism has been out for a long time, and the stereotype of the 'blokey bloke' is becoming harder to find in an increasingly cosmopolitan Australia, yet if being male isn't about working hard all day, popping down to the pub and coming home to a cooked dinner, then what is it? The Women's Lib movements in the sixties challenged the status quo, suggesting that there was a whole new world of possibilities that should be made available to women, and rightly so, but as society slowly adjusted to the changes that began to occur, no group ever stood up to figure out what the place of males

should be. Strictly proscribed gender roles had allowed everybody to know the place that was allotted to them, even if they didn't like it, yet as these roles were attacked and slowly broken down no strong alternative was offered, which is why many men clung to the way of life that they had grown accustomed to. Increasingly, however, they found that this was not socially acceptable and sought to create a new template for male behaviour. Part of the explanation for this lies in the fact that despite calls to end gender roles, many feminist movements have thrived on a binary division, an 'us and them' mentality that, while necessary to be noticed in the first place, has in many ways exacerbated the divide between the sexes, though some of this must also be levelled at the males who preferred to fight for the esteemed position they held in society rather than change it up. On a personal note, a number of women I have encountered who identify themselves as feminists have certainly given me the impression that gender parity is not one of their central goals (though they will sometimes state that "equality for women" is), however this is beside the point.

Part of the reason that chauvinism has lingered for so long is that there is no widespread cultural phenomenon to replace it. This is not in any way to suggest that there is no alternative- whatever their gender, people ultimately determine their own actions- but the rise of lad culture that lionises selfish, materialistic men who often display more than a few vestiges of chauvinism shows that people are searching for something to fill the void. VBs and wifebeaters may have been replaced by cocktails and lounge suits, but the actions of this generation don't reflect a greater respect for women as this is simply a new look for an old phenomenon, albeit one that has been mirrored by shows like "Sex and the City." Here, perhaps, lies the closest thing to true gender equality that we are likely to find; a generation of selfish young adults who seem to miss the point of empowerment entirely. Yet unless the institution of the family dies out altogether, at some stage the wannabe Trent Walkers and Carrie Bradshaws are going to have to reach a compromise, one which it seems that none of them will be equipped to make. The very term "lad" seems to purposefully set itself up in opposition to "man," as if to escape the stigma of manliness that might otherwise taint it (and make it easier to share with a girlfriend). Though it may seem a small point, think about it a little

more, and you will find that the word "man" has become less and less prominent in most conversations conducted by our generation- I've had a number of girlfriends who refused to call me a man, preferring a number of alternatives ranging from "boy" to "gentleman friend," for their own piece of mind. While at the time I allowed it to pass, increasingly I find that it irritates me- at 23 I am no longer a boy, or an adolescent. Yet when I'm with a group of male friends, I'm always with "the boys," or "the guys," as if being men is something that we should be ashamed of. And here lies the heart of the male identity crisis- though many people are no longer even sure what being a man means in 2006, they are reluctant to refer to themselves thus because of connotations that lie within the word.

This is something that saddens me greatly, the more so when I reflect on the numerous female friends I have who insist on being called "women" as opposed to "girls," which they find offensive and patronising, and are proud of this signifier of their identity. I grew up with my mother and sister, and as a result never had a strong male role model who I lived with on whom to pattern myself, but I have grown into a person who treats others with respect, who isn't too quick to judge and who can be proud of my actions, which is why it pains me when I'm led to believe that I should be ashamed to call myself a man. Forget all of the self-indulgent whining that so many people use as an excuse to take advantage of others, and what remains is that if I can not be proud to call myself a man, if my male friends are given the impression that they should not be proud to call themselves men, then it's not hard to see that there's a problem. This is a recent development, and one that has come about only because people seem strangely reluctant to change their idea of what a man should be- in the 50s and earlier, both in rural and urban areas, young males aspired to become a man, an idea which encompassed many ideals that are now passé. These things did not reflect a universal man, though, but how being a man in the 50s was perceived, and the idea that this is somehow unchanging is utterly foolish. Hopefully, through channels like *Homme Dit*, young males can get some understanding of what it means to some of the people they share a university with to be a man, and can begin to develop their own ideas. Though I never had an adult male around to teach me, my mother did as fine a job of teaching me about basic



Pope culture . . .

When I first heard of the Pope's comments on Islam it was through some current affairs show. I thought immediately how preposterous and unnecessary such incitement was. Why would someone say that Islam is evil? Or that the prophet is evil? Fucking bastard. So out of interest I went to the source. The following is the relevant section from the speech, unedited:

"Without descending to details, such as the difference in treatment accorded to those who have the "Book" and the "infidels," he turns to his interlocutor somewhat brusquely with the central question on the relationship between religion and violence in general, in these words: *"Show me just what Mohammed brought that was new, and there you will find things only evil and inhuman, such as his command to spread by the sword the faith he preached."*

The emperor goes on to explain in detail the reasons why spreading the faith through violence is something unreasonable. Violence is incompatible with the nature of God and the nature of the soul:

"God is not pleased by blood, and not acting reasonably is contrary to God's nature. Faith is born of the soul, not the body. Whoever would lead someone to faith needs the ability to speak well and to reason properly, without violence and threats... To convince a reasonable soul, one does not need a strong arm, or weapons of any kind, or any other means of threatening a person with death..."

Surely this message is uncontroversial. Do not spread religion through violence. I read the entire speech by the Pope. It has clearly been DELIBERATELY misinterpreted by imams who seek to milk it to whip up violent

sentiment in their followers. It is extremely plain, when reading the transcript of the speech, that the bit about Mohammed having brought only evil is a quote from a debate between a Byzantine emperor and a Muslim scholar. So now apparently quoting any provocative statement is itself an offence. I guess no one better even refer to Hitler from now on, even to criticise.

Additionally it demonstrates just how immature and petulant the leaders of Islam, and arguably the institution and many of its followers as a whole, are today. They feel the need to react violently to the slightest criticism. Contrast the reactions of every other religion to repeated, even ubiquitous criticism. I don't recall the mass riots and effigy burning even with something like Piss Christ which is objectively more offensive in terms of depiction of central religious figures. I can't believe how many people are willing to surrender the freedom of speech that our countries struggled and fought for centuries to achieve. It is compromised when we are cowed by threats of violence to refrain from communication that we would otherwise choose to make.

It is a delicious irony of course... subtle suggestion of there being a greater tendency to use of violence to back religion with Islam, and the response, in challenging this... is to go on violent rampages and make death threats against the Pope. And kill nuns in Somalia. Declaring repeatedly that all you derogate the Prophet deserve capital punishment. Wow, they sure proved him wrong.

MS and KA

Giulio Cesare
Opera Australia
October 5-30

It is rare to find enough sufficiently skilled countertenors to mount an 'authentic' production of Handel's *Giulio Cesare*. Opera Australia's restaging of its 1994 production, originally directed by Francisco Negrin, is therefore a rare treat for fans of Baroque opera.

Tobias Cole takes the title role, and his considerable efforts had the opening night audience transfixed. The odd lapse in intonation can be forgiven as he navigates his way through countless runs and some extraordinarily high notes. His acting needs a little work, the powerful Caesar needing more stage presence than Cole provides.

On the opposite end of the scale, Christopher Field as Tolomeo is convincing and at times amusing in his sure-voiced portrayal of the snivelling evil tyrant. Catherine Carby as Cornelia is also dramatically strong, and she shares in providing some of the best singing of the evening, while Pamela Helen Stephen brings boyish charm to the trouser role of Sesto. Strong support is given by Stephen Bennett as Achilla and Richard Anderson as Curio.

Topping the honours list though is Emma Matthews as Cleopatra. Her showpiece aria in Act III is a particularly fine display of vocal pyrotechnics, and she switches from playfulness to seduction to inconsolability and finally to joy with consummate ease.

Negrin's production is full of symbolism and at times the more theatrical elements are brought to the fore with great effect. There are slow patches where the singers are left to plod around the stage, seemingly looking for something to do, though all's well that ends well as Act III is full of colour and movement.

Generally, the production is strong, and the chance to hear the excellent cast assembled by OA's music director, Richard Hickox, is worth the ticket price alone. Hickox is also conducting the Sydney season, and his affinity for Handel's music is obvious as he guides the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra through the work. One hopes that we do not have to wait another twelve years for this opera to be given more performances in Australia.

Benedict Coxon

Raymonda
The Australian Ballet
Festival Theatre
October 6-11

Here's the scenario: there's a fantastic ballet score by Glazunov, but the story around which it's based is flimsy, and mounting a production of the ballet with its original plot is unthinkable. Adelaide-born choreographer Stephen Baynes and his creative team have settled on an intriguing solution to this problem in *The Australian Ballet's* latest presentation, creating a new plot based around Grace Kelly's marriage to Prince Rainier in the 1950s.

With allowances for the occasional moment when the music doesn't quite fit the action, the concept works. The necessity of inserting a disproportionately long dream sequence in the middle of the ballet seems a little odd, but still seems preferable to the original plot of a Crusader competing with a Saracen knight for the affections of a countess' niece. Of course, one of the benefits of the new setting is the chance to design beautiful costumes, and Anna French has met the challenge spectacularly. Richard Roberts' sets and Jon Buswell's lighting also work well, allowing for several scene changes without seeming clunky.

The dancing in the penultimate Adelaide performance was of a high standard, with Lisa Bolte showing exceptional balance and grace, as well as strong acting, in the role of Raymonda. Opposite her as Jean de Brienne was Robert Curran, who also impressed. Saracens were replaced in this production by 'The Rat Pack', and this trio of Matthew Lawrence, Matthew Donnelly and Andrew Killian made the most of their flashy parts.

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra gives a stirring performance of Glazunov's music under the direction of Nicolette Fraillon. Indeed, the music is as much a star of the show as the principal dancers, and the chance to hear it is worth the gamble of a production that features a story and setting largely removed from the original. The production's effectiveness is a bonus that makes a trip to Sydney in December worthwhile for those who missed the Adelaide season.

Benedict Coxon

Sydney Opera House Backstage
Tours – Behind the Scenes
at an Iconic Venue

Climbing stairs isn't usually a lot of fun. But when you're headed for a bird's eye view of the stage of one of the five performance spaces of the iconic Sydney Opera House, those stairs don't seem like such a hassle after all.

Other views on offer include the opera theatre and the concert hall *from the stages*. You can also stand on the conductor's podium in the orchestra pit of the former auditorium and imagine yourself before an orchestra of seventy players and an audience of over fifteen hundred people.

For those who undertake a tour after attending performances in the venues, there's the chance to glimpse familiar scenery backstage. Or if heading to the Opera House for a night out is beyond your means, the backstage tours provide opportunities to see inside the various theatres for the cost of a ticket that would only gain you entry into one.

Apart from seeing the sights, the tour guides will fill you in on the history of the Opera House's construction, from the early days to the recent alteration made to the western side of the building.

Have a question about the reverberation in the halls? Audience capacities, architecture, furniture, technical equipment? Not only will your guide be able to give you answers to your queries, but he or she will do so over breakfast at the end of the tour.

While there's always the cheaper option of a 'front of house' tour, this won't give you the same sort of access as a backstage tour will. Whether you have an interest in the performing arts or just want to get a special look inside an Australian icon, a backstage tour is certainly worthwhile for anyone who happens to be in Sydney. Just prepare yourself for the early start to your day – all tours commence at 7am.

Backstage tours are conducted daily at 7am, departing from the stage door. Booking is essential and the tours are priced at \$140, which includes breakfast in the green room. More information can be found at < <http://www.sydneyoperahouse.com/sections/tickets/tour/backstage.aspx> >.

Benedict Coxon

Performing Arts

Rigoletto
Opera Australia
Opera Theatre,
Sydney Opera House
September 1- October 21

Though its story is not a terribly happy affair, Verdi's *Rigoletto* enjoys widespread popularity among opera-goers for its hummable tunes and passionate drama. Both of these elements are to the fore in Opera Australia's presentation of Elijah Moshinsky's 1991 production. With more than a trace of Fellini's influence, the action is updated to look like something out of *La Dolce Vita*. This is a clever production, with a very effective revolving stage designed by Michael Yeargan.

Verdi's music is in very safe hands as well. Warwick Fyfe, taking over the title role from Jonathon Summers for the last part of the season, has the powerful baritone voice needed to convey a father's anguish. Gilda is sung by Natalie Jones, whose crystal clear soprano is also nicely matched to her role, and Arend Baumann makes good use of darker tones as the assassin Sparafucile.

Rosario La Spina as the Duke is superb, largely avoiding his tendency to scoop up to notes, without losing any of his capacity for reaching high notes at high volume. The audience seemed to thoroughly enjoy his account of the well-known 'La Donna e Mobile' in Act III.

Brian Castles-Onion is in charge in the pit, and the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra acquits itself well with lush sounds from the strings and a nice lilt in the 3/4 sections.

As an introduction to opera, this production of *Rigoletto* would be excellent. But even a Verdi buff will find interest in the Fellini-inspired designs, and herein lies the beauty of this sort of presentation: it can work on many levels, and its success is not dependent on the composition of the audience. A fine choice indeed for Opera Australia's 'winter' season.

Benedict Coxon

...with Benedict Coxon

The Pirates of Penzance
Opera Australia
Opera Theatre,
Sydney Opera House
August 2-November 4

Opera Australia's commitment to Gilbert and Sullivan operettas has produced varied results in the last few years. Stuart Maunder's new take on *The Pirates of Penzance* could best be described as dependable – a fairly safe, by-the-numbers effort that benefits from some slick choreography by Elizabeth Hill.

Anthony Warlow does a fine impersonation of Johnny Depp, with Gilbert and Sullivan's Pirate King becoming Captain Jack Sparrow of *Pirates of the Caribbean* fame. David Hobson as Frederic is in fine voice and hams it up as the earnest young man, while John Bolton Wood's account of 'I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General' is as crisp as could be hoped for. Taryn Fiebig makes a delicate Mabel, but the comic turns from Catherine Carby as Ruth and Richard Alexander as the Sergeant of Police steal the show.

Andrew Greene is at the helm of the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra through the patter songs, love songs and everything in between. The Opera Australia chorus is in fine form, whether as pirates or police.

In the end, however, there's a feeling that we've seen it all before – from the well-known score to the relatively simple production. Perhaps some more *adventure* is needed – the 1985 production of *The Mikado* springs to mind – as while the current presentation is likely to be a box office success, it could do with pushing some artistic boundaries as well.

Benedict Coxon



Jenufa
Opera Australia
Sydney Opera House
September 20-October 21

Cheryl Barker's debut in the title role of Janacek's *Jenufa* has been well-publicised, but it is Elizabeth Whitehouse as the Kostelnicka who deserves the highest accolades. Vocally strong and dramatically forceful, Whitehouse's monologue in Act II is arguably the high point of the opera.

Barker's performance does not disappoint either, though she is often pushed into the low end of her range, which isn't really her strong point. Heather Begg completes the trio of female principals as Grandmother Buryja with a sort of 'elder stateswoman' turn. Both of the tenors, Peter Wedd as Laca and Jamie Allen as Steva, impress with the clarity of their tone and diction.

The complex score is expertly handled by Richard Hickox and the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra, and the revival of Neil Armfield's 1998 production is shown to be deserved. The low-key sets ensure that the focus is on the singers, and the backdrops are also effective in their evocation of eastern Europe. The crowd scenes are well managed, and the chorus' singing is red-blooded.

Opera Australia gained a reputation for its productions of Janacek's operas in the 1970s. It is pleasing to see the tradition being continued so that a new generation can be introduced to the works of one of the most important opera composers of the last century. With fine casts such as that assembled for this presentation, and in particular fine artists such as Elizabeth Whitehouse, success should be assured.

Benedict Coxon

An Election Censored . . .

Frazzled, on the move, I caught him in the lobby of the brand new Union offices just two flights up from the old On Dit basement in the George Murray building overlooking the idle pillars of the Cloisters. He has but five minutes for me before a more important meeting, but seems willing to accommodate me. Josh Rayner is a man full of charismatic charm, when necessary. The last nine months as Union President show in his stately demeanour but underneath the friendly facade is a powerful political player, chiselled and worn by the harsh winds of change. I fire away:

You had nine associates elected to board, including yourself. That's 50%. What was your strategy during the election?

He falters a little, switching gears. "This election was unusual as there were two teams. It's been ten years since that's happened. In a nutshell the current administration came into the election with a focus on holding a majority in its own right."

With the board split 9-9 usually the outgoing President would cast a deciding vote, however Josh Rayner was re-elected to board and two votes is too much even for a man of his magnitude. Indeed, Rayner has got a lot done – fostered relations with the University during the transition into VSU (Voluntary Student Unionism, which makes fees that fund the union voluntary for students), begun necessary reform in preparation for lower levels of funding, even managed to get unanimous approval from the board to cast a referendum to change the constitution, virtually abolishing the SAUA (Student's Association of the University of Adelaide, colloquially known as the 'sewer') by relegating its duties to that of a Student Representative Council (remember student council at school?).

At least he intends to. Another referendum is not due until March. Still it is surprising how little resistance he has encountered on the way. Opposition from the SAUA has been "ineffectual," according to Rayner. "No one there has any decent political convictions."

Students at the SAUA seem to take the change for granted. To quote 'Pandora' from the Sexuality

edition of On Dit, the flagging student publication of the university, "everyone is acting as if this has already happened." From the very last issue, rain-soaked and carefully guarded at On Dit's temporary office, having been relegated to the back corner of the cluttered SAUA offices across the cloisters from Rayner's first floor view. No one knows for sure what happened to the rest of them.

Both editors Anna Svedberg and Stephanie Mountzouris were away that election week, but Hannah Frank, President of the Media Association, SAUA Council, and now elected to Union Board, was there to deal with the incident. "I found out that the issues were missing around 8 am that Wednesday," 3000 copies had been delivered on the Tuesday night before as usual, and a few bundles had been distributed immediately by sub-editors to various campus locations. Overnight the rest simply disappeared.

"It took us about four hours to realise it was not a distribution issue," recalls Frank. "I contacted security that evening on behalf of the editors." An incident report was filed and investigations into the matter promised. It was felt not necessary to inform the Union directly, but news spreads almost as fast as rumours in the cloisters.

The 'Sexuality' Issue of On Dit was published on the 28th of August, that Monday of election week. By Wednesday there were no copies left. In a desperate attempt to get the message out despite this dubious censorship, Ben Standing published copies of a two page election article from the issue written under the name 'Pandora' and authorised by the Returning Officer handed it out as campaign material. Authorisation was withdrawn the very next day.

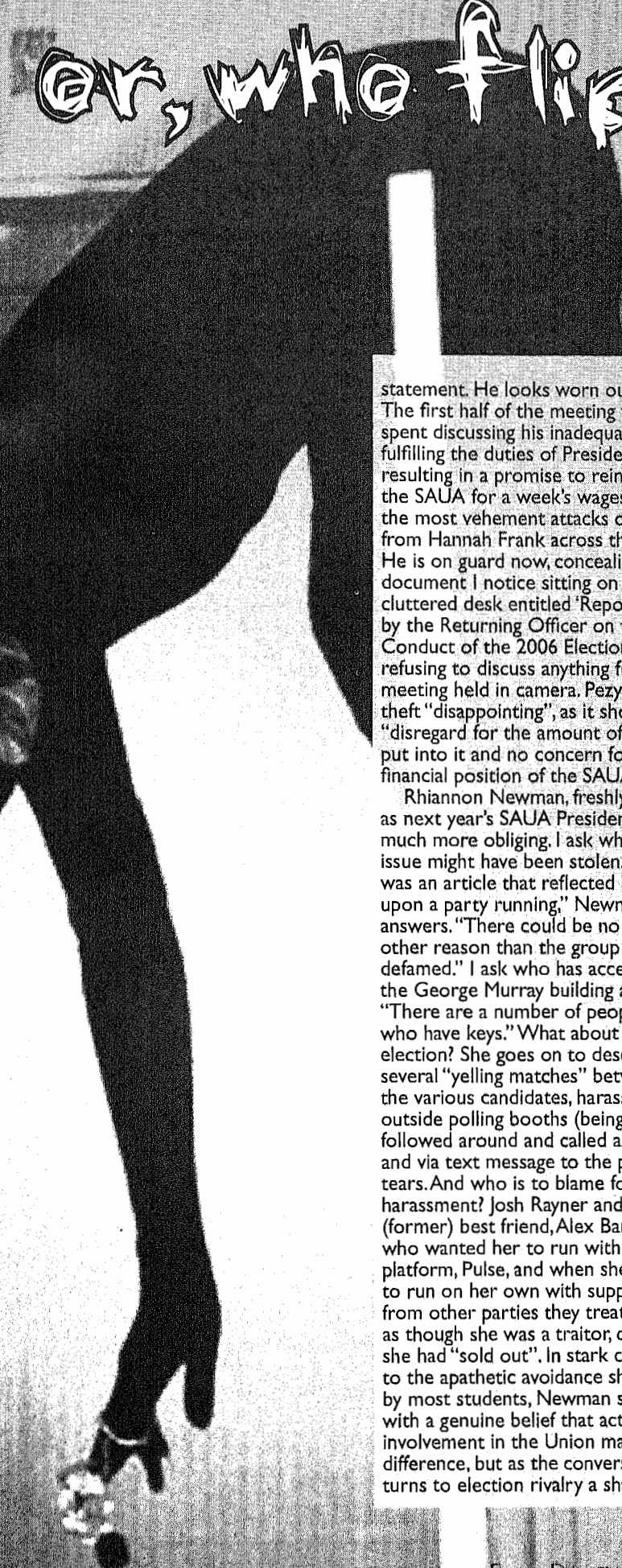
The article in contention cannot be reprinted here, but it is a scathing attack upon factionalism at election time, self-interested student politicians seeking personal validation, an apathetic student population, but above all, Josh Rayner and his colleagues. Rayner is compared to Gollum from Lord of the Rings; his team, call them Unity, Pulse or "axis of evil", are ridiculed to such an

extent that the likely candidate for next year's presidency is described as "the Pro-Life battery hen of the med school". To be fair, the other sides got a beating, too, but with more than half the article referring to Rayner in some way (and not in pleasantries), it is no wonder complaints were filed against it.

Just above the dingy offices of SAUA, a council meeting is called by John Pezy, current SAUA President, not re-elected. On the agenda is On Dit, and editor Stephanie Mountzouris is called in to give testimony and advise on whether to refund costs to the advertisers and/or reprint the issue – in camera. Pezy invokes the motion, passed by majority vote, that the On Dit issue be discussed out of the eyes and ears of the public, and I am promptly thrown out of the meeting.

I wait for Pezy to finish the meeting, then bug him for a

Or, who flipping stole On Dit?



statement. He looks worn out, tired. The first half of the meeting was spent discussing his inadequacies in fulfilling the duties of President and resulting in a promise to reimburse the SAUA for a week's wages, with the most vehement attacks coming from Hannah Frank across the table. He is on guard now, concealing a document I notice sitting on his cluttered desk entitled 'Report by the Returning Officer on the Conduct of the 2006 Election' and refusing to discuss anything from the meeting held in camera. Pezy calls the theft "disappointing", as it shows a "disregard for the amount of effort put into it and no concern for the financial position of the SAUA".

Rhiannon Newman, freshly elected as next year's SAUA President, is much more obliging. I ask why the issue might have been stolen. "There was an article that reflected badly upon a party running," Newman answers. "There could be no other reason than the group being defamed." I ask who has access to the George Murray building at night. "There are a number of people who have keys." What about the election? She goes on to describe several "yelling matches" between the various candidates, harassment outside polling booths (being followed around and called a 'Liberal') and via text message to the point of tears. And who is to blame for this harassment? Josh Rayner and her (former) best friend, Alex Barratt, who wanted her to run with their platform, Pulse, and when she decided to run on her own with support from other parties they treated her as though she was a traitor, claiming she had "sold out". In stark contrast to the apathetic avoidance shown by most students, Newman speaks with a genuine belief that active involvement in the Union makes a difference, but as the conversation turns to election rivalry a shadow

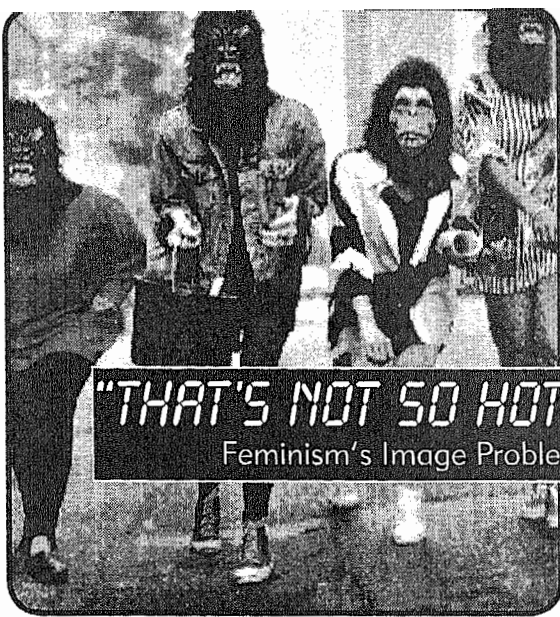
casts over her face. She has had her first bitter taste of the destructive nature of personal politics, and it shows.

Thankfully, she is not alone. Newman was shielded from being tainted by many of these incidents, the theft of On Dit in particular, by a fiery young go-getter by the name of Hannah Frank. Having dealt with the murky practicality of making complaints and reports and inquiries, Frank describes Union politics as a "volatile situation". With less money, more power and greater changes, there is a "level of desperation" that drives people to such unsavoury actions. "This election was indicative of extremes in each party," Frank explains. "People showed their true characters." Campaign tactics in general were varied, but Frank uses words such as "aggressive, deceitful, amusing and disturbing" to describe the overall experience. "There were thousands of complaints made against people for abuse." Voter turnout may have been slim this year, but for the few seeking to be elected, the stakes were greater than ever before.

With the Returning Officer, Duncan Redman, refusing to publicly release his Report on the Conduct of Elections, it is difficult to gauge the full extent of the confrontations that took place during that turbulent week. However, one thing is clear: the methods employed by many of those involved and their subsequent attempts to cover them up are unacceptable, regardless of the cause they are in aid of.

As I walk down the steps from the gleaming facade of Josh Rayner's freshly furnished AUU office into the hall outside the vacant storage space that was once the On Dit office, I notice this fortnight's delivery still hasn't arrived yet. When it does, you can be sure someone will be watching...

Adrian Rohozinski



"THAT'S NOT SO HOT!"
Feminism's Image Problem

During my time at the recent *This Is Not Art* Festival in Newcastle, I sat with interest at a seminar entitled Grrrl Media, a debate on the value and future of feminist media. I found myself intrigued not solely due to what was talked about, but mostly because of some realisations I made about myself.

As one of only two males in the room, I quickly became aware of my own innate prejudices. Even before a word was spoken, I felt pretty intimidated. Of course it turned out I had nothing to worry about; everybody in the room was rational and, contrary to my initial fears, I was in no danger of coming under verbal attack on the basis of my gender for my presence in a feminist discussion.

It certainly made me think though. I'm lucky enough to have been brought up knowing that females should be treated equally and not be objectified; there was never any question. Therefore, I guess it's not really me who feminists are fighting against; it would be logical for me not to feel threatened. Unfortunately, this wasn't the case. I wasn't feeling emasculated, but my (previously unnoticed) perception of the women's movement as anti-male made me feel a bit nervous.

I'll stress again that all of this was nothing to do with the actions of the females in the room, nor with any previous experiences I've had with feminists. For some reason, I was instinctively geared to feel uncomfortable in the presence of relatively large numbers of feminists. The only explanation I can make for this is mental conditioning from repeated negative portrayals of feminism in the media.

It's clear to me that the feminist movement needs a way to portray itself in a positive light to young people. Unfortunately, in a media culture obsessed with consumerism and celebrity and dominated by such headline-grabbers as the omnipresent Paris Hilton and movie stars' babies, it's difficult for the feminist movement to gain much press coverage.

The feminist who has arguably received the most media coverage of late, Germaine Greer, has received massive amounts of backlash after her column in *The Guardian*¹ in the aftermath of Steve Irwin's death. The criticism of that column, including a gloat from Sydney's *The Daily Telegraph* after they sent Greer a muzzle,² was disproportionate, but surely she would have known the consequences of her actions. Most of the article was reasoned criticism of Irwin's methods, but claiming his death meant, "the animal world has finally taken its revenge" was irresponsible and unnecessary. Controversy is beneficial for forcing political change, but when the controversy overshadows the issues themselves, it becomes a burden. While I don't claim to speak for feminists, many of whom are probably Greer acolytes, I think somebody who knowingly leaves himself or herself so open to demonisation is not a suitable champion for any cause.

Hillary Clinton is another alternative for a prominent, positive feminist role model. A female US president would doubtlessly be a giant step forward for the women's movement, signalling a major shift in US Congress, where women are still grossly underrepresented. She is rational, reputable and has enough political smarts to push women's issues without attracting criticism.

Then again, politics do not sell magazines or clothing lines, so it's difficult to see how feminism could be marketed to a mass audience. The idea of feminism needs to be made palatable to younger generations, shedding the connotations of radicalism, stubbornness and that to be feminist is to be a man-hater.

Magazines like *Dolly*, *Girlfriend* and *Cosmopolitan* make some attempt at this, but seem to make a clear distinction between feminism and femininity. To their credit, they often include articles about what to do if you feel sexually harassed in the workplace and how to love your body without dieting. In some cases though, the recipe for 'curve confidence' is as simple as wearing prescribed clothes in a prescribed way. I can't imagine this helping one's confidence in their body image a great deal.

It's regrettable, but ideology is no longer cool to the masses to the extent it was in the 60s and 70s. It's been replaced in popular culture by designer Chihuahuas and novelty ringtones. Perhaps "That's hot!" just rolls off the tongue a little easier than "Out of the kitchens and into the streets!"

I remember the SAUA Women's Vice-President, Tara Bates, saying at the beginning of the year in a speech, "Yes, I'm a feminist, but that doesn't mean I'm not fun." I think the problem facing feminism now is convincing its critics that that is the case.

Ben Henschke

(footnotes)

¹ Greer, Germaine, 'That sort of self-delusion is what it takes to be a real Aussie larrikin' in *The Guardian*, 5/9/06. <<http://www.guardian.co.uk/australia/story/0,,1865124,00.html>>

² McIlveen, Luke, 'Germaine, try this on for size' in *The Daily Telegraph*, 8/9/06. <http://www.news.com.au/story/0,10117,20373875-2,00.html?from=public_rss>

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THE DARK SIDE OF ANDROGYNY

by Robin Tao

A friend. What is a friend, in a world where any friend may be a lover at a new phase of the moon? Not I, locked in my virility: no friend to Theren Harth, or any other of his race. Neither man nor woman, neither and both, cyclic, lunar, metamorphosing under the hand's touch, changelings in the human cradle, they were no flesh of mine, no friends; no love between us.

- Ursula LeGuin, *The Left Hand of Darkness* (182)

I have an androgynous friend ambiguous lover. We meet under moonlight and make love to the sky. In the harsh light of day we deny. I am hers and he is mine. Together we transcend time. When apart we occupy one mind, reaching for the heavens.

As I walk through the Central Markets searching for ripe, genderless fruit, I see two men standing, merely boys, by the stall and hear them speak in my direction: "She's all right!" with a snicker and laughing turn away. I have nothing to say.

When I was thirteen I took a quiz in a book. Giving myself up to the questions of psyche and tallying all my uncertain answers, pleased and proud I announced the verdict: my brain was half female, half male in thought structure. So it is with us all, or underdeveloped.

A month ago I heard I Heart Hiroshima play the anniversary of that apocalyptic bomb. Struck by the bug eyed drummer's

androgynous features, I realised I found her attractive for her young boyish forcefulness as her wailing cut through me, genderless.

At sixteen I began growing my hair down. Longhair lads and shortcropped chicks all the rage, bucked the trend. Discoveries of sex unrestricted by gender led me to question myself again; yearning for acceptance but hampered by social notions ingrained.

My first same sex encounter took place literally in a closet and sex has not seemed the same since. I measure attractiveness holistically, not determined by a hole. Gender is a factor as important as hair colour, or penis length.

All through high school I rarely wore dresses or skirts. For Halloween everyone would come to school high and in costume. I went as a crossdresser and nobody noticed, until closer inspection revealed I was no new student only, in fact, myself.

The world we live in divides us according to extremities; physical features it then forces us to cover up. Walking down Rundle Mall I often see someone I can't quite pick from one side or the other; my very first categorical impulse impaired. Others stare, disturbed or distressed by confusion. Sometimes adverse reactions flare up in hatred from fear. Uncertainty plagues the mind that defines the world in oppositions.

Words misunderstood require definition:

andro = male

gyn = female

y = ?

According to Barbara Brown: "Androgyny is an affirmation that humanity should reject all forms of sexual polarisation, emerge from the prison of gender into a world in which individual behaviour can and is freely chosen." (226)

Freedom is frightening and people rarely care to consider their choices. It is easy to do what you're told, not to think. Forgetting our differences brings us closer together and in these matters to us gender makes no difference.

Ursula LeGuin wrote a novel I like titled *The Left Hand of Darkness*. An envoy to a foreign planet encounters humans without gender. They procreate during kemmer, the period once a month when, taking another by the hand, each couple forms matching sex organs randomly. Every individual has full sexual potential that cannot be fulfilled alone.

Separate female and male characteristics are so culturally conditioned they often seem fundamental to our mode of existence. Remember the ads on during the footy? Show them the way. Now follow.

Fine to fulfil a role you were born to fill. Mine here is to show another way of mind. Question what you are told about who he is and what she should do. Learn to need not ask is it she or he or who?

Men may be from Mars and Venus women a world away, but our Earth spins androgynous somewhere between me and you. **andro + gyn = ME**

My lover has left, looking for a friend. I am lost in lust, becoming male again. Missing her maternal touch. Craving his assurance. Feminine tears fall from my eyes into uncertain future. I remember LeGuin (199), and recite Torner's Lay, and find comfort:

*Light is the left hand of darkness
and darkness the right hand of light.
Two are one, life and death, lying
together like lovers in kemmer,
like hands joined together,
like the end and the way.*

References:

Brown, Barbara. *The Left Hand of Darkness: Androgyny, Future, Present, and Past*. Ursula K. Le Guin. Ed Harold Bloom. New York: Chelsea, 1986. 223-233.

LeGuin, Ursula. *The Left Hand of Darkness*. London: Orbit, 1969.

VIDEO GAMES

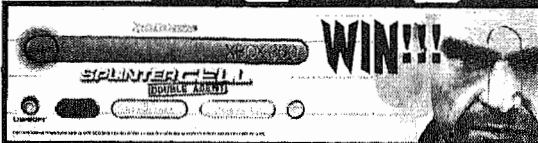
It's been a long, busy year writing for *On Dit*. Playing games, writing reviews and chasing down ever-elusive time to sleep in. With so many expectations for this year, the release of the Xbox 360, the Nintendo Wii and the worldwide simultaneous release of the PS3, it was always going to be a hectic time. However, when I first found out the PS3 was to be delayed the first thing I heard following was "stop hitting my fuckin' computer!" – I couldn't help but slap my girlfriend's computer, sure it was just the messenger but it was VERY bad news. If you haven't already noticed, I'm a Sony devout and would hate for them to fall behind (not that I think they will!).

A successful year it has been for the first-ever gaming pages at *On Dit*, and if none of you out there have noticed, though I'm sure you all have, computer games have been featured in the news and television more frequently than before. On ABC2, if you have digital yet, there is an excellent gaming program called *Good Game*, which is currently running on Tuesdays at 8.30pm. Luckily, ABC caters very well for those not rich enough to own digital or a decent HDTV so if you visit <http://www.abc.net.au/tv/goodgame/> it's quite easy to download the full episode via RSS or the internet! Neat, huh? *Good Game* is a pretty good show and is the best I've seen so far dedicated to gamers (excluding Korean *StarCraft* channels of course!).

That's it from me, however I shall be back next year to bring you all the gaming goodness you've come to love and vomit on (if you're reading and drinking at the Uni Bar).

Big thank you to Matthew and Angus for your contributions this year. Couldn't have done so well without you!

Dan Purvis



SNAP! That's a sound you won't hear but Sam Fisher will, as he tries to steal YOUR limited edition Splinter Cell: Double Agent Xbox 360 faceplate!

Celebrating the anticipated release of Tom Clancy's *Splinter Cell: Double Agent*, Ubisoft has provided us with TWO of these mad things to give away. To snag one of these two-timers for your 360 simply be the first to correctly answer this simple question:

How many *Splinter Cell* games precede Double Agent?

(excluding Essentials on PSP)

Send your answer to

purvis.daniel@gmail.com

Dead Rising

(Xbox 360)

6 months ago as I stood in line at EB, waiting to buy my 360, there was only one game on my mind, *Dead Rising*. The wait is over.

Take the role of Frank, photojournalist extraordinaire, en route to the scoop of a lifetime. The town of Willamette, Colorado, has been locked down in the wake of a zombie apocalypse and you are left with 72 hours to get your story and survive the horrors inside the confines of a massive shopping complex before your ride out returns. If you're a *Dawn of the Dead* fan it's hard to overlook the similarities, no matter how much the cover states otherwise. This is the game you've been waiting to play.

With your 72 hours (about eight hours real-time) the choice of what to do is yours. You can get stuck into uncovering the source of the outbreak, rescue survivors trapped in the mall or just head to the hardware store, grab a chainsaw and get hacking. You won't see everything on your first play through and nor should you try to. As you play, your every action, whether killing your thousandth zombie, defeating a psychopath, placing a frying pan on the stove or capturing some undead erotica on film, will earn you PP points which gather to level up your attributes and earn you new skills. Even if you die these carry on to your next play, so the game rewards you no matter how you play it. With the 360 generation, earning achievement is an important part of the experience with DR you're able to explore every aspect and challenge the game has to offer, encouraging you to get the most out of the game.

The shopping mall environment is at your disposal giving you access to all stores and items within. There are hundreds of weapon possibilities, ranging from shopping trolleys to Frisbees to vehicular carnage, and working out what combinations suit you best is half the fun. Anything can become a weapon, but you will also find books throughout the mall offering Frank new abilities if he carries them with him. With a maximum of 12 spots in your inventory (once you have maxed out at level 50), DR feels like an RPG and offers you countless ways to play the game, from avoidance to all out attack. You will be playing this game for a long time to come.

DR is not without its faults though. First up, if you, like myself, are still living in the SDTV generation (eds. – not High Definition Television owners [HDTV!]), you're going to find yourself punished by minute text, bordering on unreadable. Next up, fucking Otis. The mall's humble janitor, Otis, calls you up with new info and scoop opportunities throughout the game. This wouldn't be such a problem if you weren't left completely defenceless as he tells you should pick up some new threads. To further the frustration, as you're attacked in your unarmed state, Otis calls back and throws salt on the wound, telling you not to be so rude for hanging up on him. Coupled with the small text each call is presented through and there will be a lot of hair pulling frustration. Other issues include constant load times between locations, complicated and often imprecise controls and also a save system that lets you only have one save at a time. Although problematic, the load times and imperfect control scheme are an indication of a game that is simply trying too bite off more than it could chew.

So was the game worth the wait? YES. With its compelling story, non-linear sandbox play mechanic and a mall full of zombies, *Dead Rising* has more than met my expectations. Though, hindered from reaching perfection by numerous issues that could have easily been addressed, DR does so much new that it's unfair to nitpick. I'm already hanging out for a sequel, DR keeps on giving and if you stick through the small niggles you're gonna find one hell of a gaming experience.

Matt Williams



PC/Xbox 360

The premise of a first-person gun-slinger is to sling guns and bullets into enemies and watch them splatter. Often it is NOT that you play the part of an American Cherokee Indian, and rarely are you abducted by Aliens; usually you're flying a ship directly at them! An FPS with an interesting twist is what *Prey* is.

Tommy, a Cherokee Indian who's lost his faith in Cherokee, his girlfriend and grandfather (both with strong Cherokee spirits) is abducted along with the entire human race in a harvesting frenzy by an alien invader. Amongst the slaughter of the harvest, Tommy learns he can kill the Alien menace, and upon his own death may be revived by the God of his ancestors, the Cherokee. Tommy learns to spirit walk, leaving his physical body behind, and with his spirit bow and spirit animal, a hawk named Talon, he can walk through force barriers, solve crafty mysteries and kill enemies with stealth.

As a shooter, *Prey* is on par with games like *Doom*. The mood is definitely creepy, with humans being ripped apart, screams of the to-be-deceased and ghosts of children stalking the hallways of the sprawling alien ship. With the linear plot, the game progresses along one defined path, as halls are blocked behind you or entrances are sealed, the only way through the ship is forward. This makes some sense, and isn't too boring, especially with some of the bizarre puzzles the ship will throw at you.

What does *Prey* offer that deserves your attention? Strange use of portals can have enemies jump into battle at anytime, often scaring the pants out of you and forcing you to think on your toes. Using stereo or 5.1 surround helps a ton as you figure out where the last portal has opened to face the enemy and blast them into oblivion. Portals can be found even in boxes, on the wall and through doorframes. Can't find where to go? Maybe the reverse side of the door you entered is actually a portal! You'll know what I mean if you have a crack at *Prey*.

Gravity is used actively in this game, making you both queasy and pushing the boundaries of the FPS into the third dimension. Walls can be made "sucky" allowing you to walk on

the side or roof of a room, and sometimes enemies will appear above your head or on the wall, which can make battles confusing and frantic. This happens to be one of the best and freshest ideas to be incorporated into *Prey*. Gravity adjusters placed in certain levels add new life to what seem like simple box rooms, with an entrance above your head, it is your task to discover how to alter gravity within a room in order to access the exit. Don't worry, it's a simple solution but one that makes the life of a shooter a little more thoughtful.

Prey is an interesting, though short, game that offers few challenges but many surprises. An inability to die, as death leads to the spirit world similar to *Soul Reaver*, where killing a number of the enemy dead will result in you reappearing at the site of your demise with extra health and ammo, makes the game a little less scary and the consequences of death somewhat meaningless. Cool idea though!

Generally, *Prey* feels like a fresh take on an old genre, so have a play and see some cool stuff. Still waiting for the *Portals* game running on the *Half-Life 2* engine though, but *Prey* can kill time till then!



Dead Rising

ACE COMBAT ZERO THE BELKAN WAR

**SCEE
Playstation 2**

Microsoft Flight Simulator running from DOS, *Chuck Yeager's Air Combat* on an LCIII Macintosh, or *Hellcat* on something even older; these are the last great flying games I ever played. But here we have *Ace Combat: The Belkan War*, not a simulator but an arcade-style flight sim, where as a mercenary, you're able to purchase new planes, change their color, purchase new and exciting SPECIAL WEAPONS and blow shit up.

I've been playing for a few days now, and the game is easy to get into, easy to learn, difficult to put down with a good story and somewhat cool graphics.

There's an epic storyline to follow: as a prequel to *Ace Combat: Squadron Leader*, *The Belkan War* follows two mercenary pilots, Cypher and Pixy, with the ability to change the tide of war. The story is complicated but explains the following two games, is interesting and evolves nicely with your progression through close to 20 campaign missions. A small ranking system determines which opponents you'll face in the next battle, and sometimes you'll get to select which mission you'd like to fly. Nicely rendered, voiced and epic CG fills you in on the progression of the Belkan War between battles which adds a nice touch to the game.

Graphics are pretty good, running smoothly and fast. There are some glitches and occasionally ground targets will pop up directly in front of you when you should have been able to see them for 30seconds prior. The planes appear smooth but lack detail, which isn't a huge issue considering most planes are only seen from a distant or in explosions. Large maps are a feature of this game with the "Round Table" (the sky) featuring some excellent weather effects, and the ground is well constructed and detailed.

Flying around should feel fast and fun, but there's something about the combat in *Ace Combat* that feels slow and sluggish when not in the pit of battle. Dog-fighting enemy aircraft is satisfying, but many missions require the repetitious bombing of ground targets or the killing of lots and lots of cannon fodder, fun in some games but not always in this. Another annoyance, dying in flight requires the mission to be restarted from the beginning, given some missions may take up to 25 minutes to complete, this can really get frustrating and time consuming.

There's a co-op and battle option for 2 people to play split-screen, which offers some fun, however offers nothing new.

Ace Combat: The Belkan War - fun, fast, repetitive, smooth, slick and lengthy.

*NOTE: This feels like the shortest review I've ever written!

Gangs of London

SCEE

Playstation Portable

For once, I'm genuinely torn between loving and hating a game. None of this, "I kind of like it" or "this sucks" but more "God this can be frustrating but playing skittles is so much fun!"

Gangs of London: noun - *The Getaway* with poorer gameplay and enough mini-games to make you dizzy and vomit, similar to *GTA* only very nearly horrible.

I've been waiting for this game a while, and I was happy to finally grab a copy. The game is based around five London gangs looking to control the underworld, and who are happy to bloody their hands to take it. London is recreated in game, so it's possible to drive to Big Ben and the Royal Palace, with large open environments, restricted by short missions and an unsatisfying free-roam system.

Stand out features from the outset (before I start ripping into *GoL* with my teeth and nails):

- Awesome cartoons, complete with fairly decent voice-overs (if slightly amusing), introduce and summarize missions and provide an amusing insight into the actions of each of the gangs.
- The music is wicked, with well-produced, original funky, club style soundtrack backing the game, which is awesome through headphones and provides a great feel.
- Mini-games are featured in abundance, with a version of ten-pin bowling called "Skittles", darts, UK and US 8-ball and an arcade machine. These games are awesome fun, and could have been sold as *Pub Games for PSP* and still been successful!

Many elements of *GoL* feel icky and unpolished. The buildings in the free-roaming environment are flat, gray and uninteresting and citizens lack detail. Though some areas, such as car yards, appear to have extensive detail and look fresh, most of the landscape feels like a Hollywood cardboard studio, without the SFX.

Maneuvering is easy, shooting is easy, driving is easy - and all are boring. Shooting involves locking onto an enemy, then blasting away. Weapons fit into melee, shotgun, pistol, rifle and grenade categories and whilst there are a large variety of weapons, there may as well be a standard weapon for each category. Different pistols, rifles etc. don't feel unique and may as well be the same weapon. Grenades are especially clumsy.

Gang tactics are limited to sending your men to rush in and attack, hold off or follow. It's possible to swap between different members, which only serves to switch

weapons rather than characters.

Progression through *GoL* is made by completing missions in order, which are selected from the mission screen. Most missions are the same across the variety of different gangs, with only the opening voice-overs changed in the cartoon, there are some unique missions per gang, but nothing stands out. In many cases, you'll be feeling *deja vu* as you complete a mission you've already completed with a different gang, or essentially the same mission in a different building or down a different street. Missions are restricted to specific areas as well, so that running free in the streets doesn't feel as satisfying, and on completion of the mission you're pulled straight back into the stats and mission screen. Whilst this suits the portable medium, it still feels stunted and unfulfilling.

A huge number of game modes exist, including free-roam which is broken down into different sections, such as sightseeing, zombie-killing, riot control etc. These add a variety of different novelties to the game, which still feels restrictive as you can only carry one weapon at a time, for the entire free-roam session. Completing these mini-games also doesn't provide a satisfactory reward and aren't that enjoyable, often only clumsy or difficult.

The best features of *Gangs of London* are the games at the pub. Play two-player wireless darts, skittles (bowling), pool or arcade. The pool table physics and graphics are pretty decent, with fairly detailed controls allowing you to apply spin to the ball and make tricky shots. Darts and skittles are played using a swaying power-meter type control scheme, which still plays addictively well and lengthens the games lifespan substantially. The arcade game also provides a really challenging set of little games, requiring awkward coordination skills to control a snake, like that on a mobile phone, only with different objectives per level. It is the pub that I've spent the most time in so far!

One of the coolest things about *GoL*, besides the mini-games, is the voice-over. Brutal cockney accents, poor Chinese and Indian mimics, reminiscent of the old *Monkey* series, even some Russian spits are thrown in. They're all awesome! Good and bad, they provide many entertaining moments.

I really wanted to enjoy every bit of this game, but it's hard when it feels so unpolished, restrictive and clumsy. If you want to waste away a few hours playing addictive little mini-games this is awesome, if you've run out of things to do in *GTA: Liberty City* then consider trying. Really though, *Gangs of London* simply falls short of hype, bites the curb and needs new denchers.



Square Enix PS2

Buy it now! A Disney game incorporating characters from a ton of animated films including *A Nightmare Before Christmas*, *Aladdin*, *The Little Mermaid* and even some live action such as *Pirates of the Caribbean* even the film *Tron* gets a shoe in! Mingled with all the classic characters are iconic figures from the *Final Fantasy* series, ranging from games 7 to 10, such as Cloud, Tifa, Sypher, Lulu, Vivi and so on.

Continuing directly from *Kingdom Hearts I*, Sora awakes with Donald and Goofy and immediately begin searching for lost friends, Riku and Kairi. Battling the heartless, shadowy enemies that search endlessly for hearts to gather from living creatures, and the introduction of new villains, Organization XIII, who come wearing black hoods and evil doing, Sora has a difficult time overcoming his battles in the search for his friends.

The story is compelling and the fighting action is remarkably fast, frantic and fun, incorporating sword play, summoning of friends, magic and the introduction of new clothing and "forms" expands the repertoire of moves even more.

Kingdom Hearts 2 is a must buy, everything the first game was but more!

Splinter Cell: Double Agent Ubisoft Xbox 360

One game to look for is *Splinter Cell: Double Agent*, to be released on October 17. This will be the first in the *Splinter Cell* series to make it to the 360. It's looking extremely slick, with new abilities, action and a deep story line promising an immersive, responsive environment for classic hero cum villain or *Double Agent*, Sam Fisher, to explore. Without saying too much, this is definitely going to be the game to keep you busy well into next year and will be one of the definitive 360 releases. Keep your eyes out and in the back of your head if possible!

Saints Row

(Xbox 360)

Saint's Row is a shameless *Grand Theft Auto* clone. It's that simple. I had to say it and it is going to be your first reaction to the game. Now that we've cleared that up, you know just what to expect, so is *Saint's Row* yet another clone that falls flat on its face or does *GTA* finally have some competition?

So, with the next-gen boost, what new does *Saint's Row* bring to the table? We have another expansive, living breathing city, with lush streaming visuals, impressive rag doll physics and a wealth of improvements over the *GTA* series. You have a precise aiming system that won't leave you relying on auto lock, a map system that will never leave you lost producing a route map on the fly and the option to design your own character at the start of the game. Character customisation is a bit restricted (Men only, sorry girls) but it is a fun addition that gives you your own identity in online play.

That's right, online play. With all the calls for online multiplayer in the *GTA* games, *Saint's Row* has beaten it to the mark. For many, online has been the main interest in the game, admittedly though, the online content is a disappointment. Live play (at least in my attempts) is plagued by lag making some game modes unplayable. Whilst improved with local servers, the harsh reality is that the online modes aren't all that compelling or fun. Don't expect MMO (Massively Multiplayer Online) type gameplay here, there are numerous different game modes but they hardly stray from your typical shooter fair.

So with online such a let down, that leaves the single player modes and lucky enough it's worth your time. *Saint's Row* has an engaging gang-banging story line filled with an all-star cast as you join the Row and start taking over the city of Stillwater. There are numerous side mission distractions, which are all great fun to play, especially Insurance Fraud, which is a showcase for the Impression rag dolling. Unlike all the other clones, *Saint's Row* remembers that it's fun to just screw around. From derailing trains with a well-placed rocket (eds. - remember ye olde *GTA* or *Syndicate*?!), launching civilians through the windshield in head on collisions and breaking into stores at night, *Saint's Row* doesn't depend on the missions to have a good time.

Still the *GTA* connection can't be avoided in giving *Saint's Row* praise. The fact is that whilst with each iteration, the *GTA* series has improved significantly in the wealth of sheer content in the game, problems that have plagued the series since the shift to 3D are still as ever present as they were in *GTA 3* and have never truly been addressed. *Saint's Row* can't offer you base jumping or even a motorbike to make your way around, which at times feels lacking, seeing as we've been spoiled so much, but *Saint's Row* takes the *GTA* formula and refines it to a necessary standard that had been so overlooked amongst all the glitz and glam that trails each new *GTA*.

Saint's Row, another high-class release that certainly sets the bar for the next *GTA* revolution.

Matt Williams



Leisure Suit Larry. Misogynist of the Universe.



Koei
PSP

Original on PS2, *Gitaroo Man* follows the story of kid-loser U-1 as he tries to gain the courage to take the hand of his sweet heart. His small dog Puma reveals that U-1 is actually the mythical hero, *Gitaroo Man* with the power to control the Gitaroo. Battles ensue between good and evil, with each battle played out over music, where call response and sprightly electric solos are played to their hardest in order to down the eccentric enemies. It's one of the wackiest games you'll ever play, coming straight from Japan, the weird and colorful characters and backgrounds will blow your mind and the composed music for the game will make you groove.

Gitaroo Man Lives! is a direct port of the PS2 version, with battles played out in three segments, requiring you to charge your health by playing out the introduction, Battling with defend and attack over the chorus and bridge before Finishing the enemy off with an extended solo/harmony. The controls are insane, and battles can be fast and furious.

I can't say more, the game is short, but impossible to master, just buy the damn thing now!



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Robert Manne vs. Andrew Bolt

I left the Storey Hall auditorium in sheer frustration, just prior to the formal conclusion of the debate between Robert Manne and Andrew Bolt over the existence of the 'Stolen Generations', the "main event" of the recent Melbourne Writers' Festival.

Like a pre-programmed toy, the *Herald Sun* columnist Bolt – who doesn't believe such 'Generations' exist – would not deviate from his mission: to elicit from Manne a list of ten names of Aboriginal children who were "stolen for purely racist reasons" during the 1900-1970 period.

In terms of his immediate debate with Manne, it's an effective tactic. While Manne doesn't think Bolt is a "serious journalist", Bolt, I think, genuinely cannot reconcile Manne's apparently damning historical account of law and policy with his inability to name any individual "stolen" to the satisfaction of Bolt's own definition.

Manne, the La Trobe University politics professor, would not be drawn. He was telling an historical story, a "narrative": "In the Northern Territory the policy was even more ruthlessly pursued (than in other states). By the 1920s police were instructed to seize every single half-caste (sic) child they found. There was absolutely no ambiguity."

If Bolt can't see why Manne can't "name ten", if he believes the "Stolen Generations" exist, then Manne can't see how Bolt is able to dismiss what appears to be unambiguous historical fact.

And the audience had their allegiances pegged from the start, dubiously confirming Melbourne's reputation as a place where sport and art seamlessly intertwine. With cheers, jeers and groans, the almost completely non-Indigenous audience had filled the auditorium less to listen and assess than to show its true colours.

One woman rose in question time to declare that she was a member of the Stolen Generations. She told Bolt, who has repeatedly written of his, and everybody else's, apparent failure to find anyone who properly fits this description: "I find your writing very offensive, to myself and family and many others across this state and nation who have been removed."

As she continued, sections of the audience – the crowd – demanded with hostility that she get to her question!!

For those sections, this woman had no more stake in the debate than anyone else present. Underlying such a belief is a blind liberalism of the same kind that informs

Bolt's writings – the belief that "equality" means "the same", that any apparent difference is illusory and should be ignored, that each individual's experiences can be properly assessed according to one's own world-view.

I asked Bolt for his response to the proposition that history is about illuminating other truths. "It's essentially a meaningless statement, drifting with no anchorage. What, just for a start, do you mean by 'other' – that there can be two contradictory truths?"

If there's a common thread throughout Bolt's 2005 collection of his "best" columns, titled *Still Not Sorry*, it's his unwavering inability to recognise the possibility of two or more 'truths' coexisting, to imagine the Other. If governments and missionaries believed they were "saving" part-European Indigenous children (from neglect, from opportunity), then that's what they were doing.

It's well known that Bolt narrowly defines the word "stolen" and looks at each "stolen child" case in isolation. He did the same at Storey Hall.

After challenging Manne on Melbourne radio to "name ten", Bolt said he received a list comprising names "such as that of Topsy, who turned out – the poor girl – to be a fatherless 12-year-old with syphilis", and Dolly, "a 13-year-old who was seven months pregnant and working for no wages on a station when she was rescued and sent to missionaries for the care she needed".

"These were children saved from sexual abuse and desperate need, Robert. Why did you tell me they were stolen – as in 'saved from their Aboriginality'? Or do you think it's more authentically Aboriginal to be sick and pregnant and poor and abused?"

Bolt's style is to goad, to hide his smug righteousness behind an innocent expression and an ostensible will to Truth. It's a style that pervaded his feature correspondence from Asia during the 1990s, and has been encouraged since commencing his column in 1998.

That column has provided him with the space to write with near impunity on his pet issues: the inherent irrationality of women, the sinister environmental movement, the failures of multiculturalism, left-wing academics and artists, the ABC, and, as his collection's title *Still Not Sorry* indicates, the "Stolen Generations".

Since 1999, under the guise of soothsayer, his scepticism regarding the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission's 1997

Bringing them home report has become a hard-nosed opposition, informed by a belief that what he sees as the "myth" of the "Stolen Generations" is "killing children right now", as welfare officers leave them in harmful situations for fear of being branded a racist.

Bringing them home was the final report of a National Inquiry into the separation of Indigenous children from their families. The term "Stolen Generations", not used at all in the report, was coined by historian Peter Read in 1981.

Tabled in Federal Parliament, the report published for the first time stories of individuals removed under various state and Commonwealth government policies from 1900. It recommended that all Australian parliaments officially apologise to Indigenous individuals, families and communities. (To date, only the Commonwealth parliament has not done so.)

In 2001, Manne, whose Jewish parents escaped Austria at the outbreak of war, used the language of David Irving critics to attack those writers he saw as trying to discredit *Bringing them home*. Many of Manne's own critics saw that essay, titled *In Denial: The Stolen Generations and the Right*, as part of a personal battle he was waging against those associated with the right-wing *Quadrant* magazine.

A political conservative, Manne edited *Quadrant* between 1989 and 1997, when he finally fell out with its board which strongly disagreed with his editorial opinions on economic rationalism and the "Stolen Generations".

That Indigenous children were removed from their families without maternal consent is not in doubt. Such consent, Manne points out, was not even required by law until 1953. Even then, it was often spurious.

This is enough for Manne to denounce the policy. "In part, the policy was driven by the distinction between half-castes and full bloods (sic), and the belief that there was something shocking about allowing a part-European child with lighter coloured skin or, even worse, with blue eyes or blonde hair, to continue to associate with blacks in one of their degraded camps. Is this not racist?"

Manne may be correct, but Bolt is not having the same debate. Bolt gives such history little credence, because for him, there

are no corresponding victims – at least not of the policy. The policy, in fact, worked to remove victims (of abuse and neglect) from “nasty” environments.

To arrive at such a conclusion, Bolt examines individual cases in isolation, and problematises them. Says Manne the academic: “No historian would take seriously what he’s doing. This is a historical question, that can only be investigated by historical methods.” But whereas Manne is trained to see the present as it has been informed by the past, history for Bolt is relevant only to the extent it pertains to the present.

And so Bolt, rightly or wrongly, sees contemporary problems in some Indigenous communities reflected in whatever past events that led 12-year-old Topsy to contract syphilis by 1903.

“Bloody hell. We’re leaving black children in disgusting danger right now just because they’re black,” he told me, “and here you are fussing over just how secretly racist previous missionaries and patrol officers might have been when they saved children from miseries that would appall you if you’d been forced to get out there and face them.”

Again, Manne is not debating this. “I don’t have the money or the time or the circumstances to live in an Aboriginal community and understand it. If I had a different life, I could do that. Until I have that understanding, I think it’s wrong to get involved.”

Driven by his assertion that the “myth” of the “Stolen Generations” has harmful contemporary consequences, Bolt occasionally lands himself in trouble on the historical aspect. He problematises only a handful of the many names given to him by Manne, and presents them as representative, unable to see that, even if a majority of “half-caste” children were abused or neglected, a policy that advocated the removal of *all* such children was racially based.

He has also been known to twist the facts to suit his angle. Although design artist and ex-Socceroo John Moriarty wrote in his 2000 memoir *Saltwater Fella* and told ABC radio that his mother had dropped him off at his mission school one morning and he’d been taken to Alice Springs before she arrived to collect him that afternoon, Bolt claims that what Moriarty said on radio “strongly suggests she gave him away to be educated”.

He often quotes as gospel the Federal Court’s judgement in the 2000 *Cubillo* case, in which Justice O’Loughlin rejected the applicants’ claims that the 1918 NT Ordinance, which gave the Chief Protector the right to remove children, was misused by authorities. Bolt quotes O’Loughlin: “The evidence presented...does not support a finding that there was any policy of removal of part Aboriginal children such as that

alleged by the applicants...”

What Bolt invariably leaves out is the phrase immediately afterward: “if, contrary to that finding, there was such a policy, the evidence in these proceedings would not justify a finding that it was ever implemented as a matter of course to these applicants”. Further, the official court summary records: “Neither the evidence in this trial, nor the reasons for judgement, deny the existence of the ‘Stolen Generation.’”

In 2001 he declared, with obvious triumph, that founding ATSIC chairperson Lowitja O’Donoghue “admitted to me yesterday she was not a member of the stolen generation after all”.

She had done no such thing. In response to what she described as Bolt’s “insistent questioning technique”, O’Donoghue had acknowledged that it was perhaps more technically accurate to describe her own experience as one of removal, rather than theft, though she believes the words “stolen”, “removed” and “taken” are all appropriate descriptors for the general policies of the period.

Manne agrees. At the Storey Hall debate, historian John Hirst, as moderator, asked Manne: “Do you regret the Stolen Generations, as a label?”

“I said I didn’t, because it’s not my business. Aboriginal people have embraced the term, for better or for worse.”

Yet Manne has also been accused of misrepresentation. In 2000, he misquoted Michael Duffy to make it appear as if Duffy had called the pro-Aboriginal intelligentsia “white maggots”.

Manne certainly shares Bolt’s adversarial style. He often attacks in print, which invariably elicits a defensive response, and then what debate remains is more personal than about the issues.

In his Storey Hall speech, Manne spent the first few minutes not merely addressing Bolt’s arguments, but calling them “simple-minded” and lacking in precision. He told me he didn’t think Bolt was interested in historical documents.

I asked Manne whether he thought Bolt’s concern for contemporary children was genuine.

“No, because I don’t think he’s a genuine journalist.

“He takes too much pleasure in describing the problems. If he was really trying to help, he’d have to describe the problems in a way that wouldn’t make Aboriginal people feel he’s their enemy.”

Neither is particularly concerned about the politics of two non-Indigenous writers publicly debating such a sensitive issue as the “Stolen Generations”.

“I don’t worry about appropriation,” Manne told me, “because the issue is not an Aboriginal issue. It’s actually more an issue

about how non-Aboriginal people would see their history.”

In his equivalent response, Bolt falls back on his blind, single-truth liberalism: “The truth can be told by anyone, regardless of their race.”

Clearly, the two men do not like each other. But while Manne appeals to history and Bolt to the present, each is motivated, at least ostensibly, by a similar general desire: to address injustices affecting Indigenous Australians.

As their “debate” descends into semantics – what is “racist”? what is “stolen”? – and thus detracts from that noble goal, those of us who were in the Storey Hall audience to watch and assess might be excused for our intense frustration.

Frustration, at the spectre of two intelligent men, arguing different points in high adversarial fashion, while the real issues – restitution for those removed under blanket government policy, the relationship between the legacies of that policy and present practice, and the most effective ways to confront contemporary problems in some communities – go unresolved.

Breakout Box 1: Robert Manne

- Born: 31 October 1947 in Melbourne to Jewish refugees from the European Holocaust
- Identified as a left-wing anti-communist during the Vietnam War
- Studied at Oxford University between 1970-1974
- Began writing for the anti-communist magazine *Quadrant*
- In 1977, was the only speaker at a human rights conference in Hobart to condemn the murders of the Khmer Rouge; was greeted with hostility
- 1985: published a reply in *Quadrant* to Gavan McCormack’s defence of journalist Wilfred Burchett; became embroiled in controversy
- 1989: became editor of *Quadrant*, but was immediately unpopular among its writers for opposing economic rationalism
- 1996: voted Liberal, but almost immediately regretted it
- 1997: resigned as editor of *Quadrant* after expressing opinions on the Stolen Generations
- 2001: wrote *In Denial: The Stolen Generations and the Right*
- 2003: debated Keith Windschuttle over that historian’s claims that there was no Tasmanian genocide
- 2004: edited *Whitewash: On Keith Windschuttle’s Fabrication of Aboriginal History*, in response to Windschuttle’s book, *The Fabrication of Aboriginal History, Volume 1: Van Diemen’s Land*
- 2005: published *Left, Right, Left*
- 2006: debated Andrew Bolt over that columnist’s claims that there were no Stolen Generations

SUB ED FOR POP!

- 1) Name?
- 2) What you've done for On Dit?
- 3) If you had to make an On Dit baby, who would you make it with and why?
- 4) What's driven you to submit work without fail every week when our bar nights have fallen by the wayside?
- 5) What's the best perk you've scored out of On Dit?
- 6) If you could say anything to anyone in print, what would it be?



- 1) **Andrew J Turner**
- 2) Current Affairs Sub Editor – writing stuff.
- 3) If you had to make an On Dit baby, who would you make it with and why?
I would make a baby with Steph's dress sense. We need to make it evolutionarily successful, and turning up at the On Dit office would always be a bright experience. Alternatively I would make a baby with Russell Marks; it could have his last name and my first and it would be an apt description of what I do most of my time at Uni!
- 4) I never wanted to miss the opportunity to give everyone else the benefit of my opinion. It can only do them good, after all.
- 5) Sitting in the old downstairs office amongst young students. Who'd miss that?
- 6) I would say that Merry and Pippin (Lord of the Rings – they're in print) are stupid bastards and should have been drowned at birth.



- 1) **Katie Shriner**
- 2) Visual Arts contributor
- 3) Orlando Bloom- it would be a really goodlooking english pirate baby.
- 4) Great art/artists living in south Australia and beyond that need to be exposed.
- 5) Swanky exhibitions, free wine and cheese.
- 6) Everyone deserves music.



- 1) **Aristotele Buckworth-Colby**
- 2) Advertising Manager and sometime contributor
- 3) Audrey Apple, because she's a stone fox
- 4) For the fame
- 5) Casino Royale
- 6) Bon Voyage, Jimmy

- 1) **Kallista Campbell**
- 2) Sub-Editor for the TV section (ie. not much)
- 3) Ola (media watch). The baby would most likely gorge itself on cheese, pate and red wine within its first year and die. We would then be in a lot of shit from child services so, this probably ain't a good idea.
- 4) I think I have only submitted one thing on time this year so, irrelevant.
- 5) A free "I heart On Dit" badge
- 6) Ricky Gervais I love you.



- 1) **Andrew Fleming**
- 2) Vox-Pop Sub-Ed, Office Babe
- 3) Sharron Sossamon (chick from 'A knights Tale'), racial melting-pot = hot
Children and Ondit can never have enough beautiful people.
- 4) The search for fame and international tail
- 5) Being able to bash UniSA in print
- 6) It would be to UN Secretary General Kofie Annan: Why do you talk so softly, you sound like a little bitch!

- 1) **Sunshine**
- 2) spent too much time reading fiction - the good, the bad, and the ugly.
- 3) Karlie - been there, done that, and had a blast!
- 4) the wonderful times and amazing editors, of course.
- 5) Free books! And I got to chat with Patrick Gale, a fabulous UK author. Bring it on, Baby...
- 6) Congratulations Darlin. I am so proud of you!



- 1) **Andrew 'Blue Pen' Love**
- 2) Made a whole lot of badges for fundraising. Submitted some interesting, and one sexist, article... whoops!!!!
- 3) I'd make it with Michael Adams. He looks like the kind of guy who'd read the instructions before getting started.
- 4) Lets be honest here... i have haven't... ahahahaha!
- 5) Some of the ladies are fairly perky.
- 6) I'd tell Lara Bingle that Zoo unauthorised use of her image in their magazine was the best thing that could have happened to her career.



- 1) **Benedict Coxon**
- 2) Arts/Performing Arts Editor from September 2004
- 3) For practical reasons, I suppose that I'd choose a woman of some sort.
- 4) The promise of more bar nights.
- 5) Imaginary bar nights.
- 6) That would depend on what I was reviewing!



- 1) **Dazz**
- 2) Film Sub-ed
- 3) Audrey Tautou. I think the "why" is obvious.
- 4) My unwavering sticktoitiveness
- 5) The honour of being allowed to be part of such a fine publication. That, or a red, "cashmere feel", promotional scarf for the movie The Lake House.
- 6) Apostrophes may be possessive or contractive but never plurative!



- 1) **Daniel John Purvis**
- 2) Played computer games until my thumbs were bleeding and wrists were numb, before typing articles out with the only remaining working appendage in my body, my tongue.
- 3) I'd genetically engineer two editions of On Dit so that they may pass on their strange and bewildering On Dit genes, then mate them and see what comes out. It'd probably just be a pulpy mess though!
- 4) The naïve hope that writing and getting work published in print media may somehow in the future get me some sort of work, so that I can fund my own bar nights!
- 5) Ummm..gee..lesse ..a stockpile of free computer games to keep me running THE ENTIREYEAR. Oh, also sleepless nights, stress and fingers shaven to the bone.
- 6) I deserve free money, that failing, I deserve work! – to all those who read this that may be able to offer me a paid position- somewhere.



- 1) **Thomas Tu**
 2) Write "Disease of the week".
 3) Probably Dan Kortschak. He knows enough genetics to make one of those super babies the movie stars are talking about.

- 4) The pact I made with the devil when I promised to write to On Dit every week in return for being the cheapest drunk in the world. It was totally worth it.
 5) The recognition of being "disease boy" to complete strangers.
 6) Hey Alex Reid who bullied me during high school, you suck!



- 1) **Sasha Catalano**
 2) Fashion
 3) Do I have to choose?
 4) I've been beaten and whipped by lovers and friends into submission, so I had no choice!
 5) Getting to put my ideas and work creatively on paper, and having the opportunity to do research on some of Adelaide's best boutiques!
 6) Accessorize!!

1) **Leo Greenfield**

- 2) As much as I can...and that sex edition cover!!!Who the hell stole it? I'm gonna get that Chump!!!!



- 3) If its with another member of the Ondit Kick, it would be hard to say. But Steph you'll always get my vote babe. I'd love to know that my little one was genetically associated with Cleopatra.
 4) Well this year its been hard to give all the time, but there is just something special about this little paper that could, so lets keep it alive.
 5) Interviewing Jimiowin,Tsubi, doing the sex edition cover and just having entry into that special club house...Ondit.
 6) Get over it...lets just get alone for god sakes, we are just the same anyway. Oh and stop all wars.



- 1) **Karlie Goetze**
 2) Utilised google image search to a whole new level... and read some books in between.
 3) Stephanie, we would produce a fashion prodigy.
 4) Spending time with our beautiful eds
 5) An interview with Robert Fisk... the man is amazing.
 6) Mum, I'm 25, you no longer have a say in what my hair looks like.

1) **Natashka**

- 2) Gone clubbing and drinking
 3) Collin Farrell(recruit styles though, none of this long hair garbage)
 4) love
 5) champagne
 6) Peace, Love and Coconuts



- 1) **t.Riddy**
 2) Trawled the depths of internet dumpsters to bring readers the trash we all know they thirst for.
 3) Jake Gyllenhaal - We'd adopt a swath of underprivileged orphans

- from disadvantaged nations. Why, you ask? Um, because he's hot. Derr. Although if I had to have a backup plan, it'd be Samuel de Cubber, for the very reasons (mentioned on page 7 of edition 8).
 4) The allure of gratuitous praise from the editors. And an unwavering belief in the right of the populace to feast on the celebrities who feed off us.
 5) Probably having access to the whinging couch in the On Dit office upon which I regularly dine on Snickers. This could be trumped by the late entrance of a date.
 6) Fire Rebekah Devlin. Now.



- 1) **J**
 2) film sub-ed
 3) It would have to be John Cusak, for oh so many reasons
 4) Devotion to the cause and a mild fear of embarrassment and failure
 5) Getting to hang out with Anna and Steph
 6) Try to think about things before or even as you do them, that way you're less of a pain in the arse for everyone



- 1) **Ben Henschke**
 2) I wrote some things, then subtly took it over. Not even I know how it happened.
 3) Tristan Mahoney, in the hope his admirable beard-growing skills are hereditary. Then I'd gain custody of our illegitimate, bearded child and claim child support, which could fund On Dit next year.
 4) I don't think I submitted work every week. Obviously I failed!
 5) They gave me a piece of chocolate once.
 6) Give us money! You know you want to.

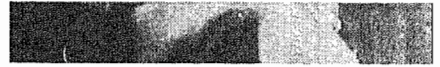
- 1) **Anais Chevalier**
 2) TV co-sub ed
 3) The boy in my tute. He'd be an On Dit type.
 4) Reminder phone calls from Anna And not wanting to let Kallista down.
 5) Friendship, actually. Sub buds.
 6) Help the motherfucking aged



- 1) **Re: Pete**
 3) Sveddy and Claire.
 4) Trying to score Anna for a year...and drugs and alcohol
 5) Rekindle my passion for mystery, sensuality and kittles (taste the rainbow) I'm Re: Pete...
 6) Say No to drugs and stay in school



- 1) **Evan, lord of the rings, king of the jews, communist dictator of the universe**
 2) Shattered the dreams of many aspiring writers through spellchecking.
 3) A photocopier, because it can print stuff, yo
 4) The thought of crushing more people's dream
 5) Copious amounts of weed



- 1) **Brendan De Paor-Moore**
 2) I've been the dark heart of this beast. The one with the vicious sensitivity required to search for truth. (oh god).
 3) It depends I guess on who has those necessary papier-mache skills.
 4) Intellectual vanity. Gorgeous.
 5) I'm sorry, what are you suggesting? Just because I'm a radical Intellectual in training doesn't mean I won't contact my lawyers and papier-mache your asses with libel suits!
 6) Je suis mort à vous je sais
 Je n'almerai jamais ci-après - But they'd laugh, and rightly too.



- 1) **Dr Dan**
 2. Tried to cause as much excitement amusement trouble as possible.
 3. No comment.
 4. There's a bar at Uni?
 5. Widespread fame and adulation from the plebeian masses - hang on, that was someone else.
 6. George, you're an idiot (Yes, you're an idiot too, Josh).

1) **Chris Burford**

- 2) Music Sub-editor (first semester accompanied by Jenn Soggee, and second semester by Pru Hart). Interviews, gig guides, and various music news.
 3) Re-Pete; just don't walk in on him while he's in the shower.
 4) The love. And the pressure. But mainly the love.
 5) Mogwai - Mr. Beast. And tickets to every show at the Gov.
 6) Att: Monica Attard, I'd like to draw your attention to the lack of criticism directed to student media (particularly OnDit's music section & Radio Adelaide's "Alf Up Late" program) in the current year. Student media has been at the forefront of media plagiarism and banality for many decades, and your oversight of this fact has caused me to question your integrity as a scrutinizer of Australian media.