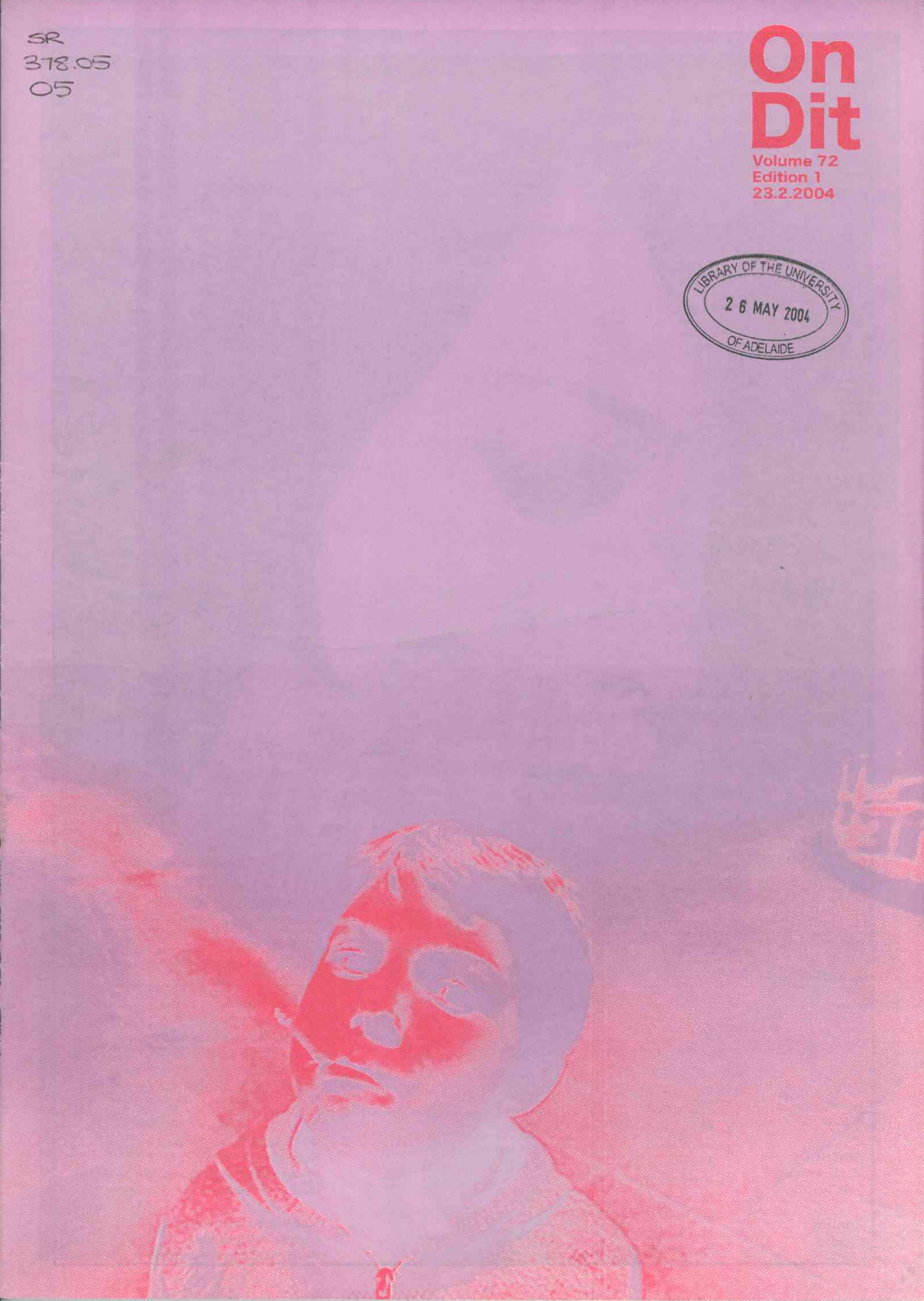


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On Dit

Volume 72
Edition 1
23.2.2004



'Ennui'
or
'Burning the bridges at both ends'
or
'If the fuck fits...'

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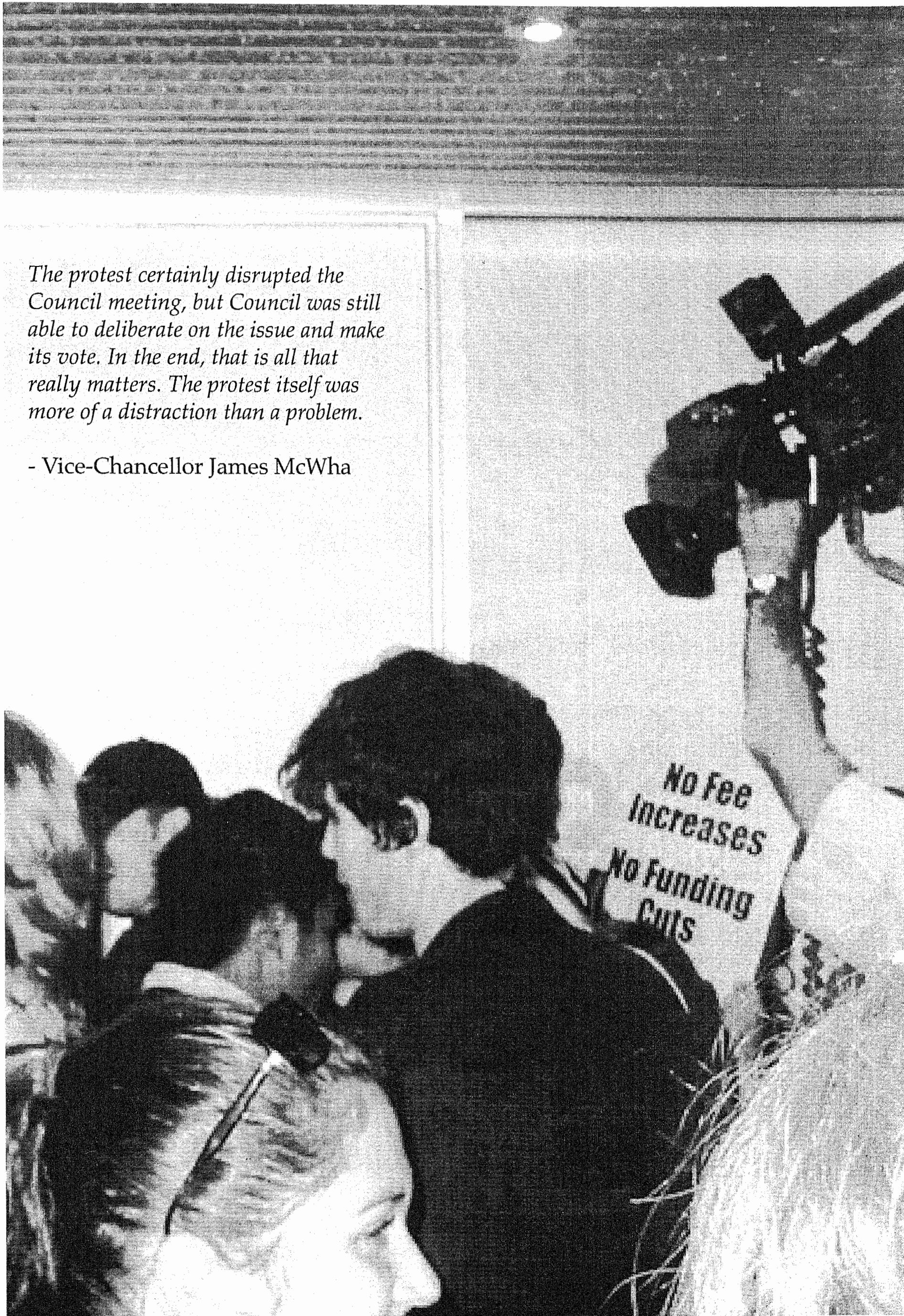
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On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Association.

Send your submissions to
ondit@adelaide.edu.au.
Weekly deadline is Wednesday.

The protest certainly disrupted the Council meeting, but Council was still able to deliberate on the issue and make its vote. In the end, that is all that really matters. The protest itself was more of a distraction than a problem.

- Vice-Chancellor James McWha



'The Nelson Revue's' "25% increase in HECS and 35% increase in full up front fee paying places" tour of Australia has just finished. Lets look at how the rockstars of reform went on the road.

TOUR DATE

GIG REVIEW

OUTCOME

University of Adelaide	Administration Building occupied. Meeting changed at last minute to Wine Centre. Cheeky bastards.	Motion Passed
Victoria College of the Arts	Administration Building occupied. 20 students held an all night vigil.	Motion Passed
Flinders Uni	Administration Building occupied for 21 hours, until VC compromises.	Motion stalled
Melbourne Uni and RMIT	Administration Building occupied.	Motion Passed
Uni of Technology Sydney	Administration Building occupied. Strong police presence lead to violence and use of capsicum spray. Meeting eventually held in basement of a Chubb Security Office.	Motion Passed
Monash Uni	Administration Building occupied. 1000's of students stormed Marketing Dept. 5 were injured by being squashed through a plate glass window. Students are threatened with expulsion and the \$13,000 damage bill. Monash councillor Rhonda Galbally quit over the decision.	Motion Passed
Uni of Newcastle and Uni of Sydney	Protests and blockades.	Motion Passed
Uni of Queensland	Protests and blockades. Students managed to stop enough councillors so that quorum (enough people to complete a vote) could not be reached. The vote was then completed via phone link with the other members of the council.	Motion Passed
Queensland Uni of Technology, Melbourne Uni, La Trobe Bendigo Deakin University and Griffith University	Protests and blockades.	Motion Passed

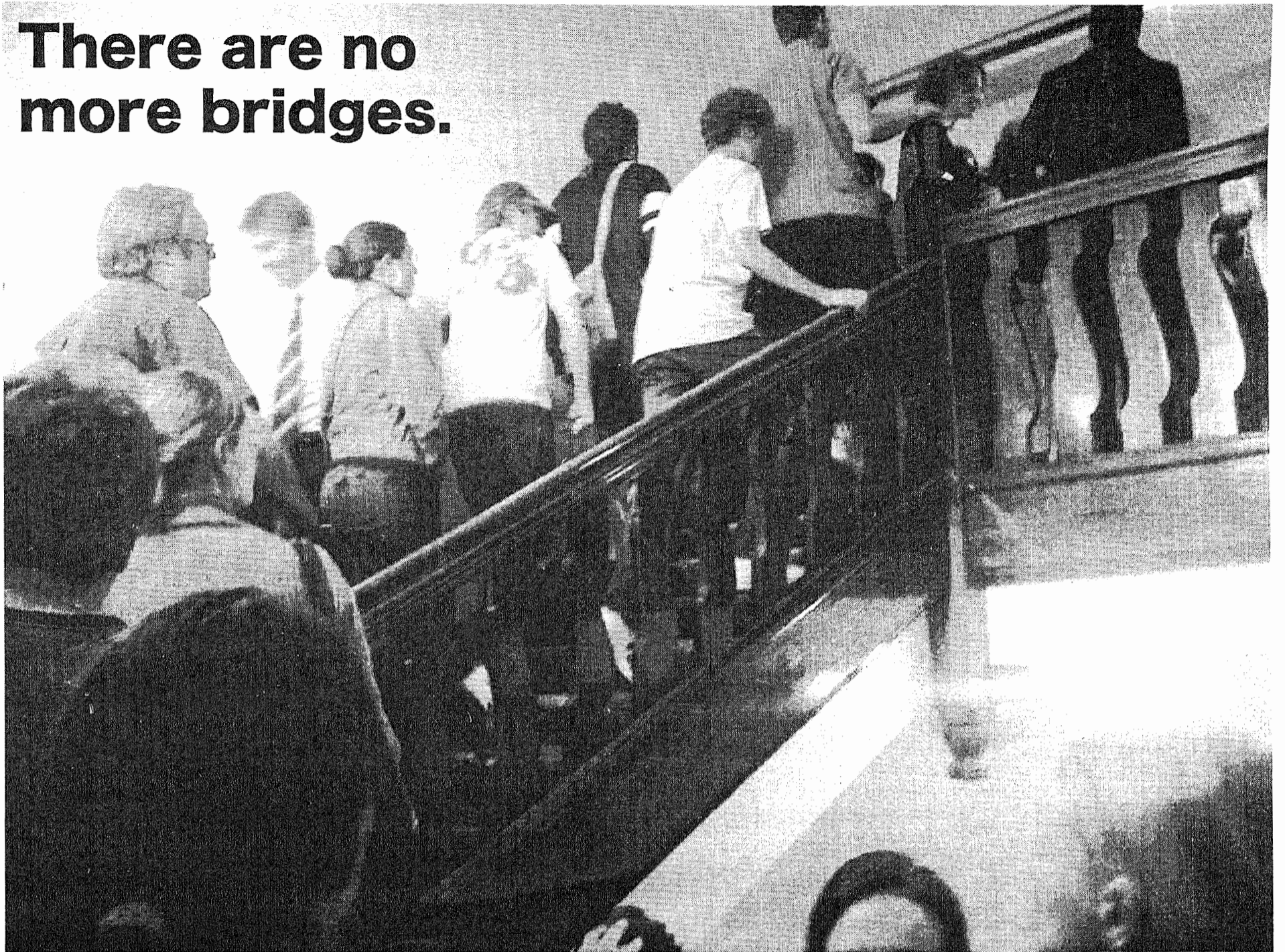
HALL OF FAME

The following Universities either did not vote in favour of the rises, or did not even raise the possibility of a vote. However, many of them receive more than enough funds through one way or another...but that still doesn't mean we should refuse them credit.

Uni of Tasmania, Aus National University (Canberra) James Cook Uni, Uni of Central Queensland, Charles Sturt University Australian Catholic University and a number of regional activities.

"Four!"

There are no more bridges.



Why first years will pay 25 % more HECS in 2005

A fire alarm sounds, and dozens of protesters pour through both side entrances of the University of Adelaide's opulent National Wine Centre. Exasperated staff and security are forced to stand aside as the invaders scramble through the darkened lobby towards a set of barricaded doors. For most of these young activists, this is just one skirmish in a two year struggle to keep South Australia's only sandstone institution safe from the Howard Government's apparently devastating reforms.

For many, the events of Friday August 16, 2004 will be remembered as a symbolic final battle for every student's right to an accessible tertiary education. It is their Gallipoli, their Armageddon, their failed Storming of the Bastille.

For others, the Students' Association's attempt to prevent the most recent meeting of University Council was an amusing spectacle – futile symbolism at best, embarrassingly obstructionist at worst.

One thing is clear: these were the actions of an organisation that had given up all hope of negotiation. As they chanted and pounded on the makeshift barricade that separated them from the Council meeting, each one of them knew that this was probably their last chance of saving their little brothers and sisters from the largest fee increase since the introduction of the Higher Education Contribution Scheme.

The steady decline in real federal funding for tertiary institutions over the last decade, combined with the University of Adelaide's eagerness to compete with the other Group of Eight universities made it pretty clear how the Council was going to vote. Well in advance of the Council meeting, Vice Chancellor James McWha organised to meet with several student representatives, including the Presidents of the Overseas, Postgraduate, Waite and Roseworthy Students' Associations. It was at this meeting that the Vice-Chancellor signalled that University Council would soon act on new legislation allowing the universities to increase fees.

Students' Association President Alice Campbell was also at this meeting. 'Obviously I had to read between the lines somewhat, but it had become evident that the university admin was going to ignore the SAUA and the pleas of many other students,' says Campbell. 'Once I had rather calmly left the Mitchell Building and walked well out of earshot of any admin staff, my sentiments rang loud and clear to those walking with me, "fuck em, let's occupy."'

On March 17, the SAUA's counterparts at Flinders University had managed to occupy their Council and Senate Chambers for a total of 21 hours, successfully postponing a decision to increase fees by a 25 percent. The occupation forced Flinders Vice-Chancellor

Anne Edwards to agree to SAFU's demands of greater student consultation and a delay of any decision to increase fees until term time. The success of the SAFU-organised action prompted many from Flinders to accuse the SAUA of failing to achieve similar successes with the North Terrace administration. The general consensus was that the SAUA was dominated by vain hacks more concerned with getting the ALP elected than effective activist campaigns.

Staring down the barrel of defeat, SAUA Office Bearers knew that standing in the way of the University's plan would require all its activist might. Fliers were circulated calling students to arms. A motion of SAUA Council compelled all councillors and standing committee members to attend the protest. One SAUA Councillor even circulated an email amongst the who's-who of South Australian student activists, alerting them of the impending decision and alluding in no uncertain terms to the possibility of an occupation. A similar email regarding the resolution of SAUA Council was circulated by the President. The astonishing subject heading was 'occupation.' Evidently, stealth was not a part of the SAUA's strategy.

Not surprisingly, the University was aware of the SAUA's plan to occupy from an early stage. 'As I understand, flyers about the protest

had been circulating a day or two before the Council meeting,' says Vice-Cancellor McWha. 'There were also a few rumours that the protesters planned to prevent the meeting from occurring, and this was borne out by some of our discussion with student representatives.'

'Given the experience at Flinders University, there was always a possibility that such a protest would occur, so we naturally had some discussions about what might happen if the protesters tried to stop the meeting.'

At approximately 4:30 pm on

the day of the meeting, protesters from all three South Australian universities converged on the North Terrace campus. SAUA Education Vice-President Aurelia Stapleton assumed the role of head organiser and spokesperson for the protest. Her forceful tone, flowing blonde hair and overall look of determination caught the attention of the mainstream media.

Cameras from all the major networks were present, as well as reporters from The Advertiser and Sunday Mail. After the Flinders sensation, it was clear that the media were keen for a similar story to emerge from the famous

sandstone university. They would not be disappointed.

By about 4:45 pm, the protesters have made their way to the Hartley Concert Hall on Kintore Avenue. Less than fifteen minutes later, the protesters have occupied the meeting room – a large hall on the second floor with a set of hastily arranged benches and folding tables. Banners are erected, pictures are taken and emotive speeches are made. Laughter and applause ebb and flow with the sound of major chords being played on one of the three grand pianos stored at the rear of the hall. At 5:15, Chancellor Robert Champion de Crespigny arrives to survey the scene.

The Chancellor is a tall man. Prim, dignified and – relative to other South Australian mining magnates – blessed with wit. He makes it clear to the protesters, many of whom have their backs deliberately turned, that they are more than welcome to take part in the meeting, so long as they leave seats vacant for the Councillors. De Crespigny ignores the collective snort of response and goes on to field questions. Yes, the HECS rise was on the agenda. Yes, general students are allowed to participate in Council discussion. No, there is no plan to convene the meeting elsewhere.

The Chancellor balks – just for a moment – on that last question. His answer then takes an altogether suspicious amount of time to finish. Stapleton looks at her watch, then around the room. No one seems to have taken seriously the prospect of the meeting being held elsewhere...

Finally, the collective decides to expel both the Chancellor and the mainstream media from the hall so that it can decide upon its next move. The discussion that followed was confused at best. Could de Crespigny relocate the meeting before the 6 pm lapse time? Why is his Personal Assistant making dozens of mobile phone calls? Where are the other Councillors? Should we at least take part in the meeting? What is the Chancellor saying to the reporter from The Advertiser?

Has anyone heard from Alice?

While all this is taking place, Alice Campbell is at the Wine Centre, taking part in a "Council Planning Workshop" in her capacity as one of the two student representatives on University Council. Her communications to the Hartley occupation suggested that there was "no way" that Council could be relocated to the Wine Centre. 'The room was set up with a number of round tables that everyone sat around in groups, thus making it impossible to conduct a meeting in that room.' Instead, Campbell, together with the other Councillors, was led to believe that the meeting would not – could

not – be relocated. At this point, her only evidence of this is the word of the Chancellor, her admirable faith in human nature and the apparent arrangement of furniture.

'When council finally finished the workshop we were led into a room that was suspiciously set up like a council meeting. We were supposed to wait for the chancellor to come back and let us know what was going to happen. It was around this point I was on the phone telling everyone to keep up the good work and keep occupying.'

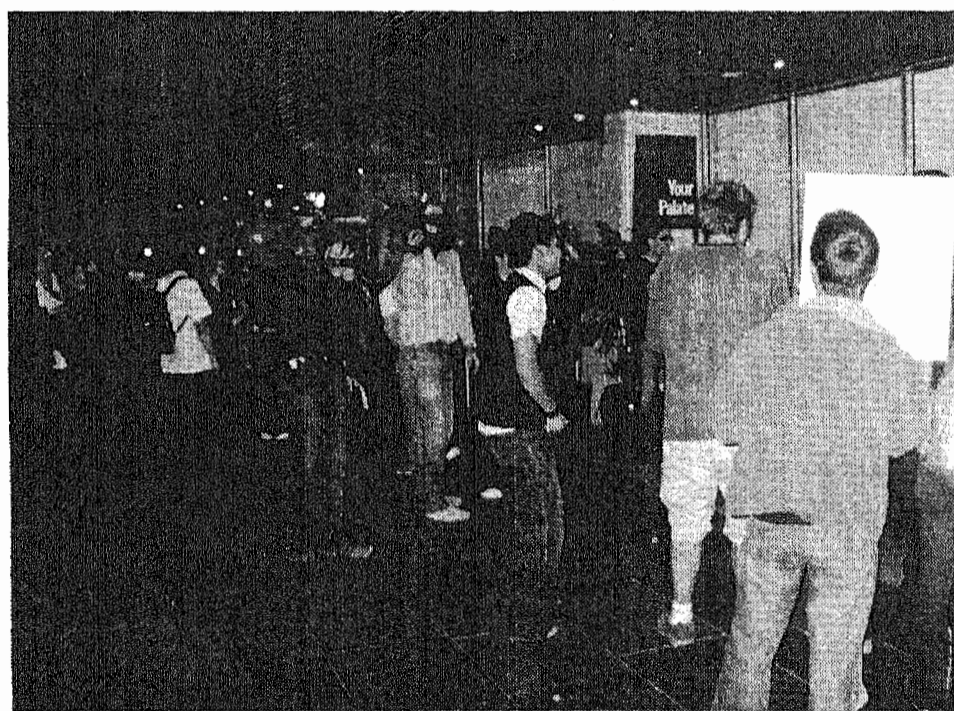
Meanwhile, back at Hartley, the occupiers are beginning to get suspicious. The Flinders people in particular feel that the Chancellor is up to something nefarious. But what? The time is now almost 6 pm – minutes before the deadline – if the Chancellor does have a plan to resurrect the meeting it is almost certainly underway. They quickly decide to organise a car to follow the Chancellor in an effort to find out where exactly he could be relocating the meeting. As a student who knows the campus I offer to accompany them. Two short, sharp phone calls later, we slip past the media barricade and nervously wait for a car to arrive.

It is while we wait that one of the Flinders Representatives, Demi Pnevmatikos finally manages to get a line through to Campbell at the Wine Centre. Campbell, who's phone had been permanently engaged once word had spread about the fact that she and several other Councillors were at the Wine Centre, was beginning to have her doubts about how impossible it was to relocate the meeting.

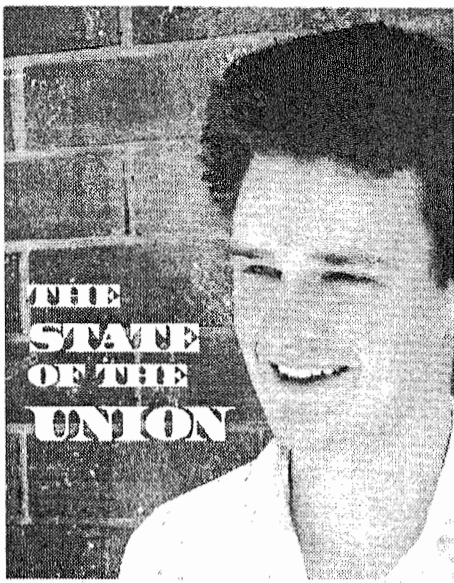
Over the phone, Demi thought she could hear Chancellor de Crespigny addressing a room of people. Perhaps she could also hear the warm Scottish accent of Vice-Chancellor McWha. Regardless, it became obvious to the half dozen or so panicking activists gathered around Demi's phone that the Council meeting was already well-underway, and the HECS increase was the first item on the agenda. What we were hearing was the sound of us being humiliated. It was our death knell.

Clearly, the Chancellor and his Vice had outwitted the collective in spectacular fashion. Not only had they tricked the would-be occupiers to voluntarily lock themselves in the wrong venue, had also managed to lock down the entire National Wine Centre – with security under strict orders not to allow any one inside, let alone anywhere near the meeting room.

By the time the first car load of protesters arrived at the Wine Centre



From top: Chancellor Robert Champion deCrespigny stalls for time in the Hartley Concert Hall, protesters gather outside a locked and guarded National Wine Centre, a scene inside the Wine Centre after the fire alarm is pulled.



On Friday 16 April 2004 you, the Council of our University, somehow forgot that public education is for the public.

Starved of government funds you turned on your own students to plug the gap. You topped up our Hecs fees by the full 25 per cent allowed.

Maybe now you will get all the income you need and all the prestige you want. You might do what you do extremely well.

But do not pretend it is public education.

Public education belongs to all of us. No matter who our parents are, where we come from, or where we want to go. It should give all of us the same chance to build our shared future.

As soon as you put income before access you fail this role. Our cherished social institution becomes just another heartless enterprise stuck on its bottom line.

How can our University belong to all of us when the rich and resourceful start so far ahead?

How can we hope to build the future for anyone so crippled by debt?

If we could come to University as equals it might balance out the advantage and disadvantage we are born with. Now it can only strengthen power and privilege.

Remember this when you count up your dollars next year. Remember whose future they will pay for and whom you have left struggling behind.

You might blame the government. Anyone can see they forced you to make this choice.

But you more than anyone could have reminded them why public education is worth more than its bottom line. That it is our chance to shape our lives and our society into what we want.

At least, it could be.

Rowan Nicholson
President
Adelaide University Union

– located at precisely the opposite end of the vast North Terrace Campus, it was almost certainly too late. As the protesters scoured the perimeter of the building for an unguarded point of entry, the day seemed all but lost.

Until, that is, some bright spark found an external fire alarm. ‘It was up a bunch of stairs around the back,’ says SAUA Councillor and Union Board member Sarah Busittil. ‘I didn’t set it off though, I just yelled “I’ve found an alarm switch!” and someone else pulled it. It was some guy from Flinders, I think.’

The Chancellor is a tall man. Prim, dignified and – relative to other South Australian mining magnates – blessed with wit.

Immediately, every lock in the building was deactivated, and security could only stand and watch as dozens of protesters poured in through both side entrances. The sense of relief and excitement was palpable – and universal. Even Union President Rowan Nicholson – who had remained aloof for much of the protest – was seen to scale a seven foot wrought iron fence before dashing into through eastern entrance.

The sheer chaos that followed made for excellent drama. These pictures hardly do justice to the chaos, noise and confusion *almost* put a stop to a meeting that echoed around every university in the country.

As the alarm sounded and the meeting plunged into darkness, eyewitness state that the Chancellor instructed Councillors to remain calm. Shielded from the chaos outside, he ordered Campbell, who had been voicing her opposition to the motion on the table, to ignore the clamour and continue. Finally, predictably, the motion to increase HECS was put, and carried, and the meeting was adjourned. Game over.

When the SAUA President finally joined her comrades on the other side of the barricade she was handed a megaphone, through which all the emotionally drained woman could utter was ‘this is a sad day for South Australia.’ Tears began to flow, and a kind of silence fell over the protesters, shrouded in darkness and defeat. Even the disgruntled members of the fire brigade turned and offered a moment’s hush, before Busittil began to chant, ‘*Break down the barrier!*’

By now, the motley executive that had formed was considering its next move. The options, as they saw them, were:

- 1) Breaking down the barrier.
- 2) Going someplace to get drunk and swap war stories.

- 3) Pursuing any remaining Councillors and giving them what for.
- 4) Staying put in an effort to ensure that the dinner scheduled for later that evening could not take place.
- 5) Cutting their losses and making a quiet exit, so as not to burn what semblance of a bridge might be left between the Students’ Association and University Administration.

It was one of the Flinders representatives who had the audacity to attack the latter suggestion the most vehemence. He remains nameless to me, so you will forgive me for paraphrasing:

‘Are you crazy? Why did we come here in the first place? Do you think these people listen to rational argument anymore? If they did, why would be shouting and kicking at this barricade? There *are* no bridges left, man. This is the real world, and real people don’t listen to people like us.’

**Tristan
Mahoney**



R O M P
...the party in the heart of the city

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DJ Nick Ford from 8 pm
\$4 Skyy Vodka, Fusions & Capris
\$3 Coopers Pale & Draught Pints
\$3 Vodkas
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Present this voucher at the bar on
Thursday nights and receive a complimentary
schooner of beer or a glass of champagne.

Limit one voucher per person per night

The Expander: The European Union grows, and with it maybe grows its strength

Twenty-five heads of European states came together in Brussels at the weekend to celebrate. As on Saturday, the European Union officially welcomed ten new members under its common roof. Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, the Czech Republic, Slovenia, Slovakia, Hungary, Cyprus and Malta joined the community, and the old and particularly the new European nations celebrated this event in the streets. But after the party comes the hangover, and so did all doubts about the expansion come back to the minds of the people, particularly from the old nations, once the celebrations were over.

Large parts of the populations are still critical towards the expansion, especially towards the economic implications the memberships of the poorer and economically weaker new members might bring about. The politicians on the other hand generally promote the expansion. British Prime Minister Tony Blair wrote in the renowned German newspaper *Sueddeutsche Zeitung*, the joining of the ten new member states from middle and east Europe was "a historical step on the way to heal the artificial wounds the Cold War has inflicted. Its strategic, political and economic importance cannot be overestimated."

Strategically, on the first glimpse the expansion seems to be a gain. Including ten new members means a geographical and political extension of the EU. The Community has often been ridiculed as an economic giant but political dwarf. With the expansion, the voice of the EU is the voice of 25 governments, instead of 15. It is the voice of 25 armies and, probably most importantly, it is the voice of an economy whose size even outstrips that of the US and whose population will grow to 50 % more than that of the US. The new size gives the EU a bigger weight in international negotiations, especially with the US. It makes the dwarf grow a little bit.

What is essential for international political weight as well, though, is unity. And in this respect just being united under the common roof of the European Union is not enough as the latest political scenario showed. When the US called for allies in their war against Iraq, the EU tried in vain to agree on a concerted position of its members. In opposite. The European unity was heavily challenged, with the pro-American front lead by England and pre-election Spain and the anti-American party headed by Germany and France. There was no European unity in this question, and hence no voice of the European Union. For the new, big EU it will not be easier to find a collective direction, and until

the biggest economic area of the world will have learnt to speak in one single voice, a lot of rehearsals will be necessary.

Politically, the EU will face hard times after the expansion, at least as far as common domestic European politics are concerned. The major obstacle is the organization of the EU: the design of the institutions roughly still corresponds to that of the institutions of the EC, a purely economic cooperation of six nations. They are not yet capable to deal with the economic and political affairs of 25 countries. Apart from the growing size of the commission, the biggest problem at the moment is the EU's general principle to take decisions unanimously in the European Council and the Council of Ministers - a rule that makes the decision making process the harder, the more countries are involved. Being barely able to deal with the requirements of a EU of the 15, 25 members will paralyse the union in its current shape. If one single country vetoes a decision, it means that the decision is denied. The most recent example of the Union's immobility is the failure of the European constitution in December. For the constitution to be adapted, the approval of all member states would have been necessary. But Spain and Poland, which wasn't even member yet at that time but had voting authority, blocked the decision with their veto. The European constitution failed. Several attempts have been launched to move away from this principle of unanimity, but each country insists on reserving the right to veto decisions in certain areas: Germany in the fields of refugee and asylum policies, Great Britain in questions of foreign policy. Until the EU member states are willing to give away the veto right about their national political sanctums, a European Union of the 25 will be paralysed and unable to take any measures necessary to adapt to the changing political reality. Already, the current situation suggests a power struggle between the three mightiest nations: France, Germany and Great Britain, which nation can gather most followers among the new members behind them. In *The Australian*, Tony Blair appeared confident that the new nations will back the British pro-American course, the idea of free trade and market-based economic policies, rather than the system of the social welfare state promoted by Germany and France. With speculations on a conflict about the basic direction of European politics coming up at such an early state of the expansion, it is hard to believe that the 25 European nations will soon start a cooperative and constructive team work.

Economically, the effects of the expansion of the European Union are probably awaited with most hopes and most fears by the majority of European citizens, especially the fear of hard competition, price dumping and the ruin of small and medium-sized companies.

However, possibly the formal admission of the new members won't change too much in the fields of economy, as most trade barriers between the EU and the new member states had already been abolished long before the joining. Still, the fears of the old EU countries remain. The new nations will offer cheaper means of production, lower corporate taxes and cheaper labour. The horror scenario is the following: the big, wealthy companies from the old member states relocate their production to the middle and eastern European nations whose corporate taxes and social standards are much lower than those of the western welfare states, therefore drawing capital and jobs away from their mother countries. To make the situation worse, workers from the new, poorer member states come over to the western nations to offer their labour for salaries lower than the average wage in France or Germany, but still much higher than the payment they would get at home, that way making the employment situation in Europe's senior nations even worse. The effect would be the extinction of small and medium-sized companies which are unable to relocate their production, and the displacement of the native labour force.

However, this scenario is very unlikely to happen. The joining contract provides a transition period of seven years in which the old as well as the new member states can regulate their markets and so protect it from negative short-term effects of the expansion. Most of the old member states still require working permissions from foreign workers from the new member states if they want to find employment in the country, and most of the new member states respond with the same measure. Whether this transition period gives the national economies enough time to deal with the new, higher competition is controversial, however.

But what is mostly forgotten is that the expansion will also extend the export market of the old members. During the last ten years, the trade between Germany, for instance, and the new member states has increased tenfold; in 2003 it has grown by 5.7%. And as the membership in the European Union will accelerate the growth in the new countries, their demand for luxury and high quality goods will rise as well and expectedly increase the trade between Germany

and the new members by 64 % in the years to come, which would mean that the trade volume would even outstrip that between Germany and the US.

The expansion of the EU has been a long awaited and long feared event, feared especially by the old members. At the moment, it is a very costly affair, with the EU having to pay \$40,852 million (A\$ 67,926million) between 2004 and 2006, mainly as investments in agriculture and structural policies. It will take estimatedly ten to twenty years until the new members finally contribute to the EU household instead of taking money out of it. By now, the funds are granted and the expansion formally fixed, so what the new as well as the old member states have to do is to invest politically in the integration project. Long ago, when the EU emerged from the EC, the community moved away from being a purely economic organization. Now the political integration has to be promoted. The strongest nations, namely France, Germany and Great Britain have to act as a uniting force rather than trying to collect as many followers as possible to enforce their own way onto the union. And the new members, instead of blocking development as Poland did in the failed ratification of the constitution have to contribute to the integration and try to act as a mediator rather than contributing to a split by taking side with the one or other leading power in the EU. What the European countries have to do, in short, is to move away from thinking in national terms towards thinking in European terms.

Judith Renner
International Correspondent

Educational Textbook Subsidy Scheme

Time is running out for the Government to extend the Educational Textbook Subsidy Scheme (ETSS), which will end on June 30 unless the Government allocates funding for it in the Federal Budget on May 11.

If the Scheme is not extended, students will be forced to pay the full GST on their textbooks from July 1.

Until now, the Government has paid most of the GST on textbooks for students through the ETSS, which subsidises educational textbooks purchased from participating booksellers by 8% of their GST-inclusive price.

My opposition to a GST on books was one of the main reasons I voted against the GST in 1999. While I welcomed the ETSS, it should not have been capped at four years, and I have been

campaigning since then for the Scheme to be extended past its original deadline.

In June last year, I introduced the Textbook Subsidy Bill to extend the ETSS indefinitely. Extending the scheme would cost the Government less than \$25 million per year (equivalent to 15 hours worth of defence spending). So far, my Bill has been largely ignored by both major Parties.

This year, I have launched a petition, sticker and postcard to put further pressure on the Government to extend the Scheme. Momentum is building, with more than 15,000 petition signatures received already and more arriving daily.

Numerous groups have endorsed the campaign to extend the Scheme, including the Aus-

tralian Vice-Chancellors' Committee, National Tertiary Education Union, National Union of Students, Australian Publishers' Association, Australian Booksellers' Association, Australian Campus Booksellers' Association, Australian Society of Authors, and the Australian Medical Students' Association, among others.

It is clear how strongly students and their families feel about this issue. An AVCC survey on undergraduate university student finances conducted in 2000, *Paying Their Way*, found textbooks are around 25% of students' course costs (excluding HECS). Students were so concerned about the high cost of textbooks that 10 percent of those who provided additional comments mentioned it as a problem.

Students are already paying too much for their education, and following the implementation of HECS hikes of up to 25% around the country, they will be paying amongst the highest fees in the industrialised world.

There is no doubt existing fees and charges are already having a devastating effect on many students' lives.

Recently, we have heard of students who are being forced to prostitute themselves to pay for their education. However, we rarely hear about the thousands of students who are forced to quietly give up their studies due to financial pressures, or who are never able to enter tertiary education in the first place because the costs are too great and income support too punitive.

There are students who do not have access to any income support measures, although we know—in Australia and around the world—that student income support is one of the key ways to improve access to higher education participation, especially for disadvantaged groups.

A 10% increase in the price of textbooks will force more students into debt and price many out of an education completely.

If you have not yet signed our petition to keep the Educational Textbook Subsidy Scheme, you can do so at: http://www.democrats.org.au/campaigns/higher_education/petition2.htm

Please feel free to contact my office for more information.

Natasha Stott Despoja is the Australian Democrats' Higher Education Spokesperson and a Senator for South Australia, and can be contacted at senator.stottdespoja@aph.gov.au.

No, Natasha's not up for re-election this year., so the above is not a cynical grab for student votes.

- Eds

So what is all this HECS increase business about anyway?

We all know our university and other universities around the country are in desperate need of funding. Staff to student ratios has gone up, the number of services is declining, the quality and accessibility of facilities is similarly declining and courses are being downsized, amalgamated or simply cut. Paradoxically, though, student fees have continued to rise significantly.

So where is that money going?

The reason our universities are in such a bad way despite the apparent rise in income is due to the fact that the government has been slashing its funding of tertiary education for years now.

Last year there was a package presented called *Backing Australia's Future* in which there was a large number of new reforms proposed. With some persuasion, Brendon Nelson (the Federal Education Minister) managed to have the package passed through the Senate with only some minor amendments. This was a major blow for students. This package includes such damaging policy as full fee place increases to 35% and time limits for degree completion. One of the new policies involved allowing universities to increase their HECS fees by 25%.

Why does the government want universities to increase their fees?

The fact is, the government doesn't want to have to fund higher education – it would much rather put this burden on students and their families. The point here is that tertiary education benefits our entire community and not just the individual who receives it, therefore, it should be the community and the government who financially supports it. The responsibility of paying for education should not

fall solely on the individual student. John Howard claims that students will only be paying for about 28% of their degree with the increased HECS rate but this simply is not true. In 2005, law students, for example, will be paying \$7,854 per year. That's an enormous 99% of the cost of their degree, which sits at \$7,936. When comparing more figures it turns out that Commerce and Economics students will be paying 84% while Humanities students are paying for around 59% of the cost of their degree – no where near the 28% Howard is claiming. They are clearly telling us that they do not care about education and are willing to lie blatantly to con us into thinking they do.

So why don't universities put more pressure on the government for more money?

We believe that universities have the right and the power to make a significant impact on government policy and funding and that they do not have to milk their own students to finance their operation. There will be a federal election this year. This means that universities have a really good opportunity to influence all the political parties involved and make education a big focus for them and the wider community.

We all have to make the effort to make education the centre of attention so that people are aware of the issues facing our universities and their students today. Higher Education is important, so find out what is actually going on and let other people know too.

If you want any more info feel free to contact me: aurelia.stapleton@adelaide.edu.au

Aurelia Stapleton
SAUA Education Vice-President

This is how ~~the~~ little Tony Abbott cares about the price of your text books. →

From: "Abbott, Tony (MP)" <Tony.Abbott.MP@aph.gov.au>
Date: 23 April 2004 1:23:34 PM
To: David Pearson <david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au>
Subject: RE: ETSS

Dear Mr Pearson

Thank you for your email of 17 March 2004 in relation to the education textbook subsidy scheme (ETSS). I apologise for the delay in this response. Mr Abbott has asked me to respond on his behalf.

The scheme was introduced in July 2000, as part of the \$240 million Book Industry Assistance Plan, to alleviate the impact of the GST on the cost of educational textbooks.

The scheme was negotiated with the Australian Democrats during discussions on the new tax system and was legislated for four years. The programme is to cease at the end of June 2004.

Under the ETSS the Commonwealth will have provided subsidies to students in excess of \$85 million over the four years of the scheme to alleviate the impact of the GST on educational textbooks.

Should you require further information on the ETSS, Adam Carlon, Departmental Liaison Officer in the office of Dr Brendon Nelson, Minister for Education, Science & Training, will be happy to help you. You can contact him on (02) 6277 7460.

Many thanks for your inquiry.

Paris Kostakos
Adviser

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Letters



what exactly is the point of On Dit?

Hey.

I was just writing in to ask you what exactly is the point of *On Dit*? I had always thought that in part it was a way for students to get their voice heard in the community. Unfortunately, your publishing of the article by Robert Acington has lead me to believe otherwise.

Whatever happened to free speech? I believe it

was in Acington's rights to write what he did and get published alright, in fact, I agree with him on the most part, but I don't understand the point of publishing the emails sent between you and him, slandering his comments and saying he was wrong. No one deserves to have their opinions insulted like that.

I am also interested to notice that you insulted him on a basic level and with swear words, where

he voiced his opinions in a generally polite and intelligent manner.

Also, many of your arguments had huge holes in their plot and basically made no sense what so ever. Sure, I believe you have a right to your opinion, but voice it without insulting others next time. I honestly thought it was refreshing to have a different opinion for once.

May I also ask why exactly you think your

"piece of shit arts degree" should be paid for by the populace? If it's so shit then why are you doing it in the first place? But I'd also like you to ask yourself this one question: who is this degree going to benefit? In my opinion, like all other people doing a degree, it's them. It'll be those people who get the better job, not the populace, so why should the populace pay for the benefit of few? No reason, it's just that you and everyone else who wants free education are too tight-arsed to pay for it themselves. You want a free ride with all the benefits.

Before you even think it, I'm not a full fee paying student. I have to deal with HECS like everybody else, and no, I'm not a rich person. I'm a rural student who will have to pay for my education myself.

I'm sorry if you read my email and ignore everything I say and put me down as another fucking liberal. I don't care what anyone's opinion is, just their right to get heard.

Caitlin

Fair enough. It was a bit harsh what I did to poor old Bob, but I hasten to point out that if I hadn't rolled him in the dirt, dozens of semi-literate lefties would have done so in the following edition - the very one you're holding right now, Caitlin.

What's more, I would have been branded 'cynical' and 'anti-student' had I printed it straight - particularly seeing as the university adopted the fee hike so shortly after the last edition went to print.

That would have pissed me off, Caitlin. If you think I'm narky already, you should see me when I have to deal with hundreds of even narkier student reps. A prospect too narky to contemplate right now, thank you very much.

Rest assured, readers need not fear me. In the holiday break I went fishing near a nice town called Stansbury on the Yorke Peninsula. Very relaxing, it was. Played a little golf too.

- Ed.

please dont hate us

Dear Eds,

Whilst I take the point that unconditional withdrawal by all forces from Iraq wouldn't be particularly wise, I nevertheless take issue at several assertions made in *Too Right* last edition.

Firstly, 20 000 people at the anti war protests in Sydney is the most conservative estimate I've heard yet; out by an order of magnitude from most accepted reports. Regardless, to compare current protests with the biggest in Australian history, and judge them meagre because they are smaller is ridiculous. Also, I don't understand the tenuous link between evidence of the intellectual bankruptcy on behalf of the peace movement and the perceived lack of attendees at protests in Sydney.

The more troubling assertion is that "Iraq and Iraqis are far better off than they were a year ago." That's a very easy statement to make by someone who is living in a prosperous, comfortable Western country, who is fed sanitised images from a complicit press. If you read accounts of people who are actually there, and are dealing with the rapine destruction of the coalition invasion, rather than form opinions from the highly controlled Murdoch press, a vastly different picture emerges. The picture is one of widespread lack of public

utilities, an environment of fear and mistrust, and reconstruction efforts either entirely stalled or mired under corruption. The civilian body count is probably over 10 000 and there are no statistics for combatant deaths, probably because the coalition cannot afford the embarrassment. Nor are there statistics for indirect civilian deaths as a result of lacking services.

I agree that it certainly would not make sense to leave Iraq to civil war. I believe that the gist of public opposition to the occupation of Iraq is the fact that we were repeatedly lied to in order to sell us a war that the majority of us didn't want. In addition, the deplorable lack of post-invasion strategy and direction by the Coalition administration has further destabilised an already volatile region and has made it very easy for that part of the world to hate the US and, by association, us.

Yak

if i hear eskimo joe one more time...

Dear On Dit,

The music in the Bar is terrible. It's either piped in television shite (complete with commercials) or Triple J Hottest 100 circa 1995, or bleeding cock rock. It shits me. It's not like anyone dances in the bar. No one goes to the bar to dance, for Christ's sake. Either turn the music down or

play something with dignity. Call me a snob if you will, but last I checked this was a sandstone university - not bleeding New York Bar and Grill. Next they'll install goddamn pokie machines.

Regards

faithless consumer

Dear Editor,

I recently went to the University Bookshop to buy a book about Socrates and found the Philosophy shelves full of books on Religion. I was surprised as most contemporary philosophers don't have much faith in things spiritual. I think they should be in seperate sections so students can find books based on the study of knowledge, reality and existence without having to sort through books based on the belief of some form of superhuman power. Maybe the bookshop could put all it's books on Religion

in a different section under a different sign ie Fantasy.

Zilpa Wilson

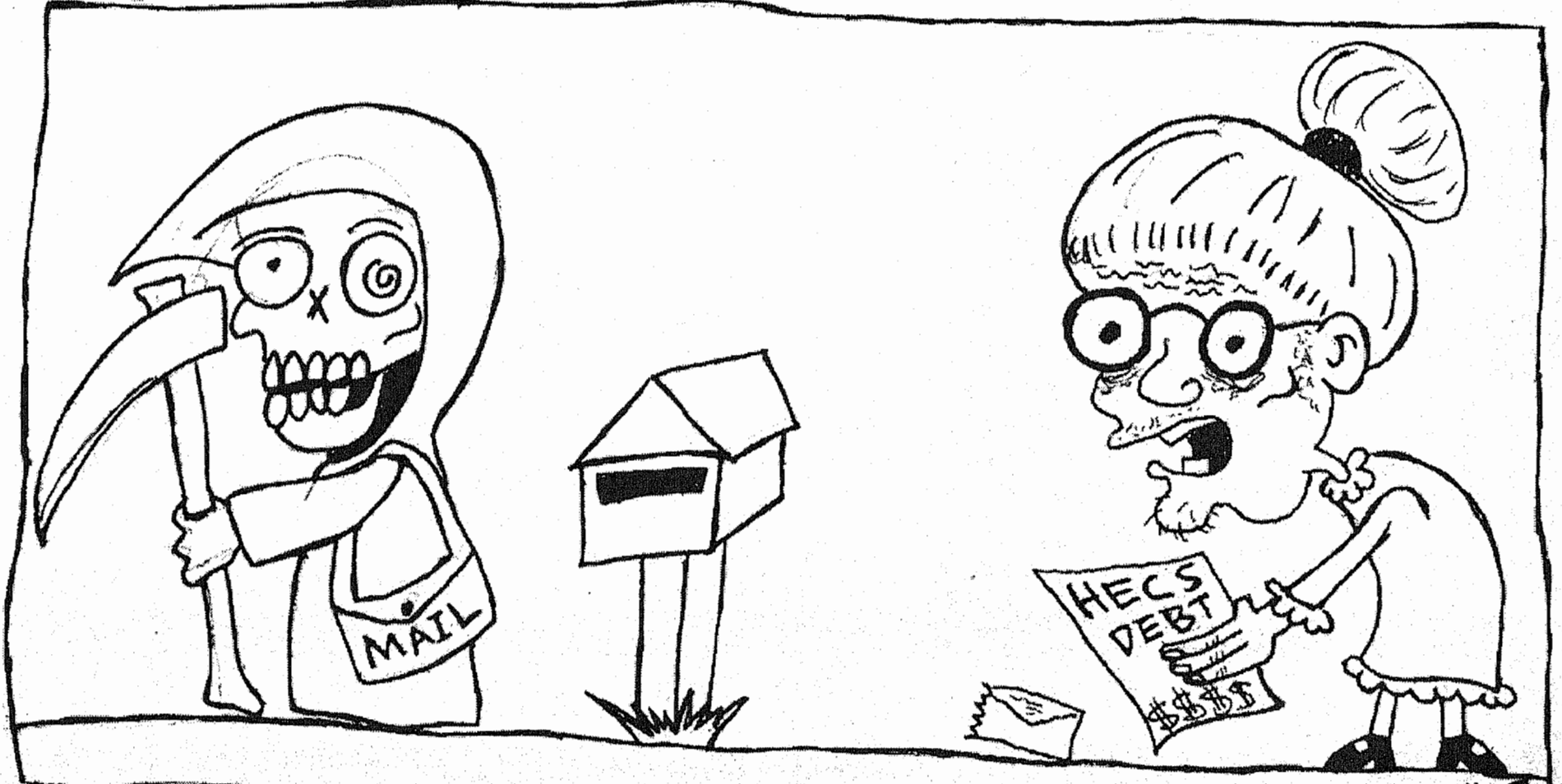
You have a silly name, Zilpa. What the Hell kind of name is that? I'm a rational man of faith and I'll thank you not to make fun of theology - especially with a name like 'Zilpa.'

Ed

Send your letters to ondit@adelaide.edu.au



IT'S THE STUDENTS THAT BENEFIT



COLWIN LEE

body image & women's disempowerment

You know, what is the good of having equal access to our workforce, education and welfare system, if women cannot fully claim their rights because they are so caught up on how they look? This is one of the greatest dilemmas facing Western women today – bad body image and the feelings of powerlessness that result.

In 1990, Naomi Wolf wrote about the beauty myth, exploring how images of beauty are used by male-dominated institutions as a political tool to disempower women and make them feel unworthy of the freedoms they have attained in the social and economic sphere. Today, million dollar industries like the cosmetic-surgery industry continue to thrive as women pursue bigger breasts, younger-looking faces and thinner bodies in the name of beauty. Women's greatest oppressor is no longer the structure of patriarchy, it is their own psychology, as although men have created social structures that keep women in an inferior position, it is frequently women who allow themselves to stay in that place because they feel unworthy of anything better. Why, when women have advanced so far in society, are they still struggling to conform to an elusive, unrealistic image of beauty? And who sets these standards of beauty anyway? Well, think of beauty as a currency that funds our fashion, cosmetic, diet, pornography and cosmetic-surgery industries. These industries market beauty to exploit women and men's insecurities. Men also suffer from unrealistic media presentations of masculinity, many feeling pressure to have muscular, taut physiques...but it is women who are targeted the most by these industries because women have had a history of being valued as bodies and ornaments restricted to the home.

All women are affected by the beauty myth because it is so insidiously entrenched in our psychology from childhood. From an early age, girls are trying to beautify and sexualise themselves, stocking up on push-up bras before they have anything to put in them. 34% of 8 and 9 year olds report negative feelings about their bodies. And why wouldn't they, when they have been brought up with Barbie - God bless her bleached-blond oppression.

And when they actually hit puberty, the niggling insecurities do not go away. New curves ensure that many teenage girls feel uncomfortable about their bodies, particularly when they envy the models in beauty magazines who are so thin that they haven't menstruated since they were fourteen. Because young women are the greatest consumers in society, the media directs concentrated attention towards teenage girls, guaranteeing that young women are coming down with eating disorders in record numbers.

Age brings new fears, with the media informing older women that they are past their use-by date and are no longer desirable because youth is beauty. Where older men are coming into their glory years, it's all down hill for older women who are told to clutch onto the remnants of their fading beauty by using the latest wrinkle-cream or cellulite wrap. In pre-historic times, older women were worshiped for their sexual maturity because they had experience and control over their

fertility. They were considered the most beautiful of all women. Do modern older women experience ageing with this same honour?

In an American study, thirty-three thousand women said they would rather lose ten to fifteen pounds than achieve any other goal. Have we got to the point where women would rather have "perfect" bodies, than succeed, or appreciate the freedoms that the women's movement fought for and won in the 60s and 70s? We claim that men have made women ornamental sex objects, but isn't it women who are allowing themselves - no, *going out of their way* to put more emphasis on their decorative value?

The fashion and cosmetic industries are liars. There is no perfect body. If there was, then why are they constantly trying to reconstruct it? These industries make billions by making *all* women, young and old, aspire to look different. Even stereotypically beautiful people feel ugly sometimes. How many times have we heard of supermodels vomiting and taking laxatives so that they can be even thinner? And Marilyn Monroe, who was considered one of the most beautiful women in history, constantly worried that her nose was too big and that no one would want her if she lost her shape. It drove her to drugs and psychotherapy. So my question is, can any woman be happy if we prescribe to such unattainable standards of beauty? And what are the social consequences of this mass dissatisfaction? Is it too late to change our self-effacing pursuit of beauty because it is so deeply entrenched in our identity as women? And what can we do when even feminists, the women who champion for women's advancement, sink into bad body image or self-esteem at times? God knows I do.

My advice is...understand that the 'perfect body' is a myth made by companies to make money, and that your feelings are the result of image manipulation. You would never think that you were too fat or ugly if the media didn't exploit your insecurity, leading you on a pointless pursuit of perfection to make you feel small and dependent on their products. Beauty should not be the measure of women's power – surely we have more to offer the world than ornamentation. When we are able to accept ourselves and detach our ideas of satisfaction, self-worth and power from beauty, maybe then women will be able to move forward in society in unprecedented ways. And then, maybe someone can tell me how to take my own advice...

Mel Purcell

**International
No Diet Day
is Thursday, May 6.
To celebrate, the YWCA
is holding a BODY
CULTURE event at Caos
Café, 188 Hindley Street at
4-7pm. There will be DJs
(DJ Josh!), vocalists and
musicians, a play reading,
speakers and great food.**

She looked like she wanted to vomit, and was quickly ushered away.

Arriving on the red carpet at Sydney's W Hotel, the hippest hotel in Australia, with photographers on your right and excited fans against the fence on the left may be many young people's dream. However, as disillusioning as being completely ignored by those with the cameras, and shunted through wearing "I'm not a celebrity" necktags with the other 48 South Australian SAFM Star Party and many other national Austereo winners sounds, it was actually an awesome night.

Right until it ended at 10:30 (yawn) and the free and plentiful beer, wine and champers, and strong as, umm, strong "startinis", *hors d'ouvres* and vodka cranberry magnum icecreams were no longer in reach, and we were packed back onto the bus to our hotel toting showbags filled with all the things needed to be a "proper" celebrity - teeth whitening kits, moisturisers, perfume, and best of all, guarana drinks and more alcohol.

To be honest, I wasn't much interested in meeting most of the celebrities present. The majority were C grade Aussie reality TV stars. Think Saxon from *Big Brother* who spent the evening schmoozing with his date Gretel Colleen, most likely a publicity stunt for *Big Brother #28*. Speaking of which, I actually overheard someone ask Gretel "What's the secret?" Who cares what the secret is when I'm trying to find another of those startinis.

Some of the other C grade celebrities included the forgotten S2S sisters, the drunk and tottering-on-her heels Reggie, and the sour Kelly Cavuoto from *Australian Idol*, who, when anyone tried to talk to her, looked like she wanted to vomit, and was quickly ushered away by that Axel guy. Other celebrities posed for a photo and moved on to the next ASAP, as if they thought that 10 seconds in their respective presences were truly "giving something back to the fans". Or, in what's-her-

name's words "we want to spend time with you guys". Not that I'm ungrateful, as I did my fair share of lining up for pics with J Wess, Ron Moss, Shannon Noll, the gorgeous Courtney Act, and a number of other people who are only famous for one or two things.

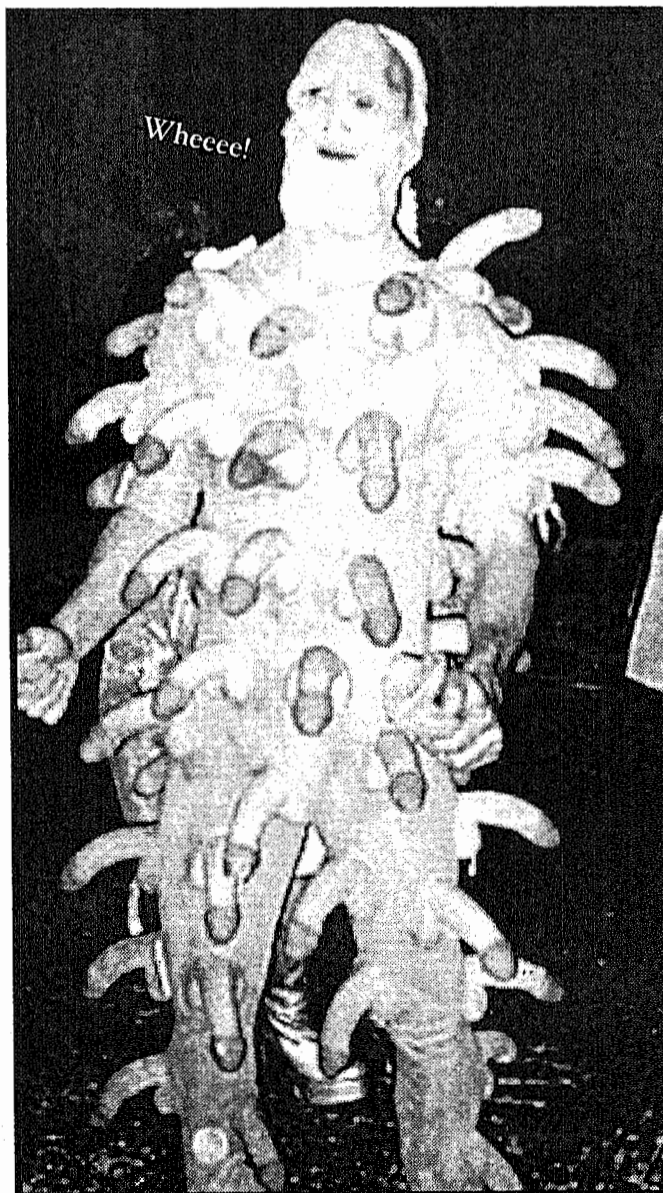
It had me wondering why any of the celebrities bothered to show up. Really, unless they've got a record that needs promoting because it won't sell itself, why would anyone subject themselves to the torture of having to pose hundreds of times while drunk competition winners spill their champagne on you? And, on the good authority of David Campbell, they weren't getting paid either.

It became clear when the relatively more interesting (and more famous) celebrities such as Usher, Pink and Anastacia disappeared immediately after they arrived: there was, in fact, another VIP party going on in the room next door, which would spill back into the main room once all of the competition winners had gone home.

Clearly the Austereo network was forgetting the fact that ours was the one advertised as the "star party". Amongst all the painted faces, the OTT formal wear of the competition winners and Peter Helliar's daggy jeans we found solace in the goon. The bottle stuff too - classy eh?! Almost as classy as the bloke who snuck into the ladies toilets and tried to talk to Anastacia over the cubicle door; to whom she politely explained she found it very difficult to talk and "hover" at the same time.

But to call it a wrap, we paid good, err, homage to the world of entertainment to score tickets to this one, yet found hanging around with Nestle, the guy who was directing people to the toilets, much more interesting.

Juliette Robinson



JC & Stan's TM DICKSUIT

Do you suffer from...

- Boredom?
- Listlessness?
- Apathy?
- Existential Angst?
- Bad Breath?
- Sexual Dysfunction?

YES?

Then try JC and Stan's
solution to the
tragic onset of
Postmodern Ennui!

*That's right folks!
This little dynamo of
invention has turned
lives around within
days of use! Lets see
what some satisfied
customers have to say:*

*"I struggled to get out of bed in
the morning. Now I have more pep
in every step!"*

- Yak Rozitis

*"I used to be disenchanted with
the vile state of the world. The
DICKSUIT™ as made me care
again!"*

- Melissa Purcell

"I feel sexy!"

- Brad Kitchke

13

And coming soon...

the
giny suit TM

tv sydney's in like flint

As Labor promises to add a fourth commercial television network to Australia's free-to-air range if elected, albeit against heavy resistance from Stokes and Packer (and, likely, Canada's Bell subsidiary, which owns Channel 10), there's another, much fiercer, debate being thrashed out in the suburbs of Sydney.

Since 1994, Part 6 of the Broadcasting Services Act (which, incidentally, presently prohibits the granting of new commercial television licenses until 2006) has provided for non-profit community television licenses on trial bases. Remember ACE-TV? It's more likely that you remember that weird fuzzy Channel 6 on UHF 31, but ACE's license was provided for under Part 6. It's a bad example; Adelaide Community and Educational Television Inc, which first broadcast in 1994, ran into problems relating to unpaid Telstra fees (totalling \$37,000) and went off-air in 1999. An investigation by the Australian Broadcasting Authority in 2002 resulted in the revocation of ACE's license. According to the ABA investigation, ACE only had a small number (17) of members, and 'one individual creditor [had] been a significant influence at ACE TV from 1992 to 2002, even when she was not a member of the Board', a situation the ABA deemed 'inappropriate' due to the requirement that ACE TV was 'intended to operate for community purposes'.

So community television hasn't quite taken off in Adelaide. But in Perth, Brisbane, and particularly Sydney, UHF 31 community stations have provided some important alternatives to the increasingly dull commercial networks (7, 9, 10). In 2003, the ABA announced that the trial period for CTV broadcasting was drawing to an end, and called for applications for permanent CTV licenses.

By May last year, the ABA had received 16 applications for the licenses in four cities: Brisbane (3), Melbourne (2), Perth (5) and Sydney, where 6 applicants were vying for the one license. The applicants included the Australian College of Entertainment Ltd, the Christian City Church Sydney Ltd, the Multilingual Community Radio Association Ltd, Television Sydney Ltd, Youth Television (W?TV) Ltd, and the applicant that had held the temporary license for 11 years, Community Television Sydney (CTS).

CTS, rightly or wrongly, believed that, despite the existence of five other applicants, it would be awarded the permanent license. The self-described 'left-wing' broadcaster counted *Green Left Weekly* as one of its supporters, and the Socialist newspaper ran a concerted campaign in its February 25 edition earlier this year.

Despite the campaign, and CTS's strong position as incumbent broadcaster, the ABA awarded the permanent Sydney license to TV Sydney, which is, according to its spokesperson, 'half educational and training institutions, half community groups', and has 'massive

Indigenous involvement and lots of Indigenous training programs and lots of Indigenous production'. (It sounds like *Imparja!*) Its "educational half" is operated out of the University of Western Sydney, and its "community" half is Slice TV, an 'umbrella group for as many community groups and people as want to join'.

Understandably, CTS is a little miffed. It has taken the ABA to court over what it believes is a 'common law principle that when a licensee holds a license on a trial basis, it does so on the basis that in the event that it applies for a permanent license, that there is some legitimate expectation that it will receive it'. But it has also launched a very public smear campaign against not the ABA, but TV Sydney itself, accusing it of being nothing more than a front for educational institutions. In CTS's view, TV Sydney is an "educational" station and not a "community" station. The debate has, unfortunately, been reduced to a slinging match, with both CTS and TV Sydney eager to show just how much "ethnic" content their broadcasts contain.

is almost purely American. The "local" content differs from the American content only in its Australian accents and budget, but it still doesn't "multiculturalise" the commercial TV networks. *Blue Heelers*, *All Saints*, *McLeod's Daughters*, *Stingers* and *Water Rats* have overwhelmingly all-white casts, and can you remember seeing a European (excluding British) or Asian programme on Channel 7?

The ABC and SBS are definitely better. They at least broadcast some programmes that expose armchair Norms to the world around them, and SBS in particular recognises Australia's pluralist culture, according to its mandate. But when was the last time you saw Peter Singer, Robert Manne, Anne Summers, Germaine Greer and Cheryl Kernot discuss politics and philosophy in a televised forum? That sort of stuff happens all the time in France, where Michel Foucault made many notorious TV appearances. The only programme that comes close is Friday night's *Lateline*.

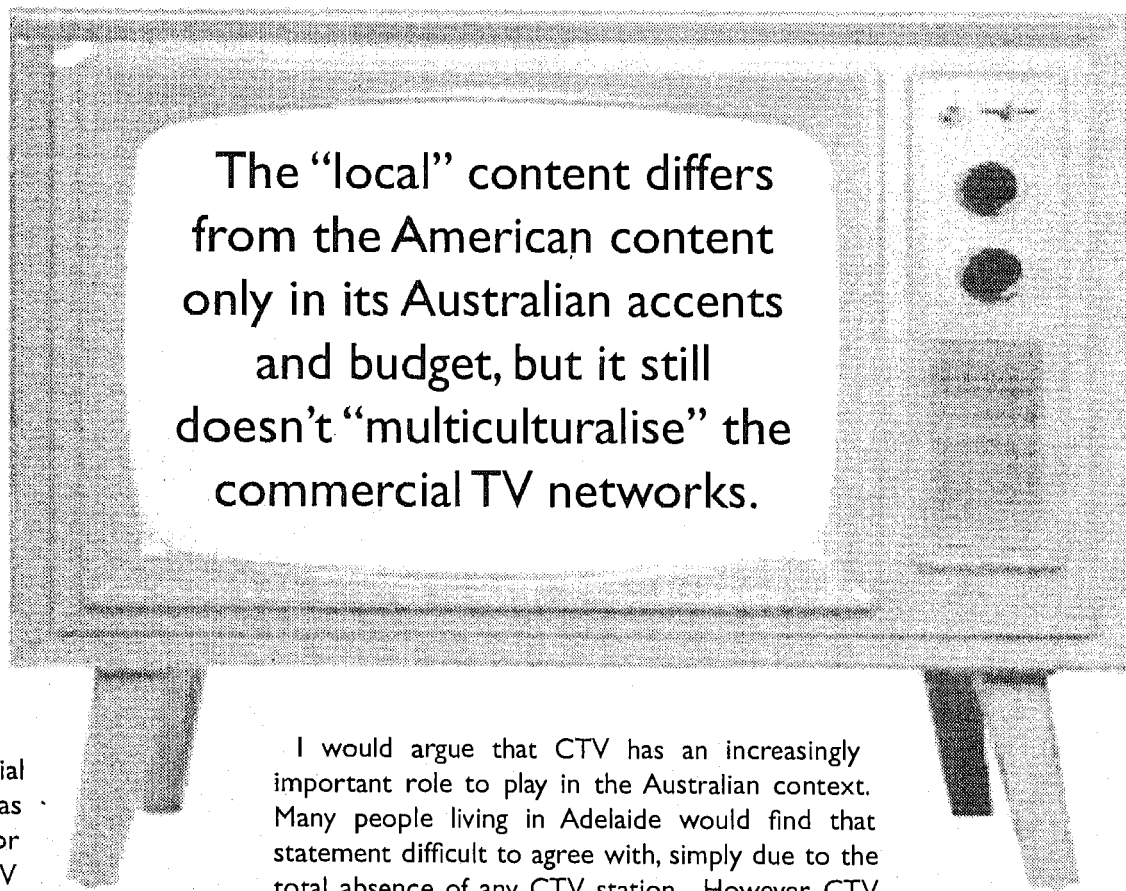
CTV stations are popping up all over the place, and provide a much-needed alternative to the humdrum of commercial television and the middle-classness of the ABC.

Paul Keating's government introduced the Broadcasting Services Act in 1992. The objects of the Act include the promotion of 'the availability to audiences throughout Australia of a diverse range of radio and television services offering entertainment, education and information'. The Act established the Australian Broadcasting Authority (ABA), the body charged with 'responsibility for monitoring the broadcasting industry'.

As we have seen, the ABA is also responsible for granting television broadcasting licenses. As part of its mandate, it has also made numerous investigations into various aspects of Australia's broadcasting industry, arguably the most notorious of which being the 'Cash for Comments' inquiry regarding John Laws and then Allan Jones, who were accused of secretly accepting payment in return for working favourable observations re Telstra into their Sydney radio programmes.

But the fierce debate in Sydney alludes to a potential problem that is only just being revealed, and that problem is the Australian Broadcasting Association itself. Its chairman, David Flint, a professor of law who graduated from the University of Sydney and who also has also studied in London and Paris, has been, if not quite at the centre, at least ever-present at the fringes, of controversy, almost since his appointment in 1997 by John Howard.

Flint is a man whose public image is that of ultra-conservative elitist. He speaks, at least publicly, with an affected accent, and exudes egoism. In 1999, while heading the Cash for Comments inquiry, Flint involved himself in talkback radio programmes, which would be bad enough, given his apparently independent role. But the interviews he gave were conducted by the very two people his ABA inquiry



The "local" content differs from the American content only in its Australian accents and budget, but it still doesn't "multiculturalise" the commercial TV networks.

I would argue that CTV has an increasingly important role to play in the Australian context. Many people living in Adelaide would find that statement difficult to agree with, simply due to the total absence of any CTV station. However, CTV stations, which are necessarily non-profit and non-corporate, have the potential to provide content that is missing from the bigger television networks.

Channels Seven, Nine and Ten are almost indistinguishable from one another, despite being (necessarily) controlled by different owners. All stations must adhere to the 55 per cent local content restrictions enshrined in the Broadcasting Services Act; this can be seen as a good thing, in that it provides a level of protection for Australia's television and entertainment industry and ensures that Australians are not "swamped" by (cheaper) overseas content. But, on the flip side, these protections quite often, in practice, result in lower-quality Australian drama and cheap copycat versions of overseas "reality" and "lifestyle" programmes. Thus, they may actually be doing more long-term damage to Australia's television industry than anyone realises: with shows like *West Wing*, many "globalised" (read: younger) audiences are unlikely to accept tedious *Blue Heelers* scripts. So the effect is that Channels Seven, Nine and Ten pad their 55% with cheap local content, including sport, 3-hour episodes of *The Footy Show*, and ho-hum ripoffs of overseas programmes, but the remaining 45%

was investigating – John Laws and Allan Jones.

Those interviews were on the issue of an Australian Republic. Flint is a staunch monarchist, and not just any monarchist: he was, at the time, Convenor of Australians for a Constitutional Monarchy. He even wrote a book on the subject, which he managed to plug while being grilled on ABC's Lateline in 1999.

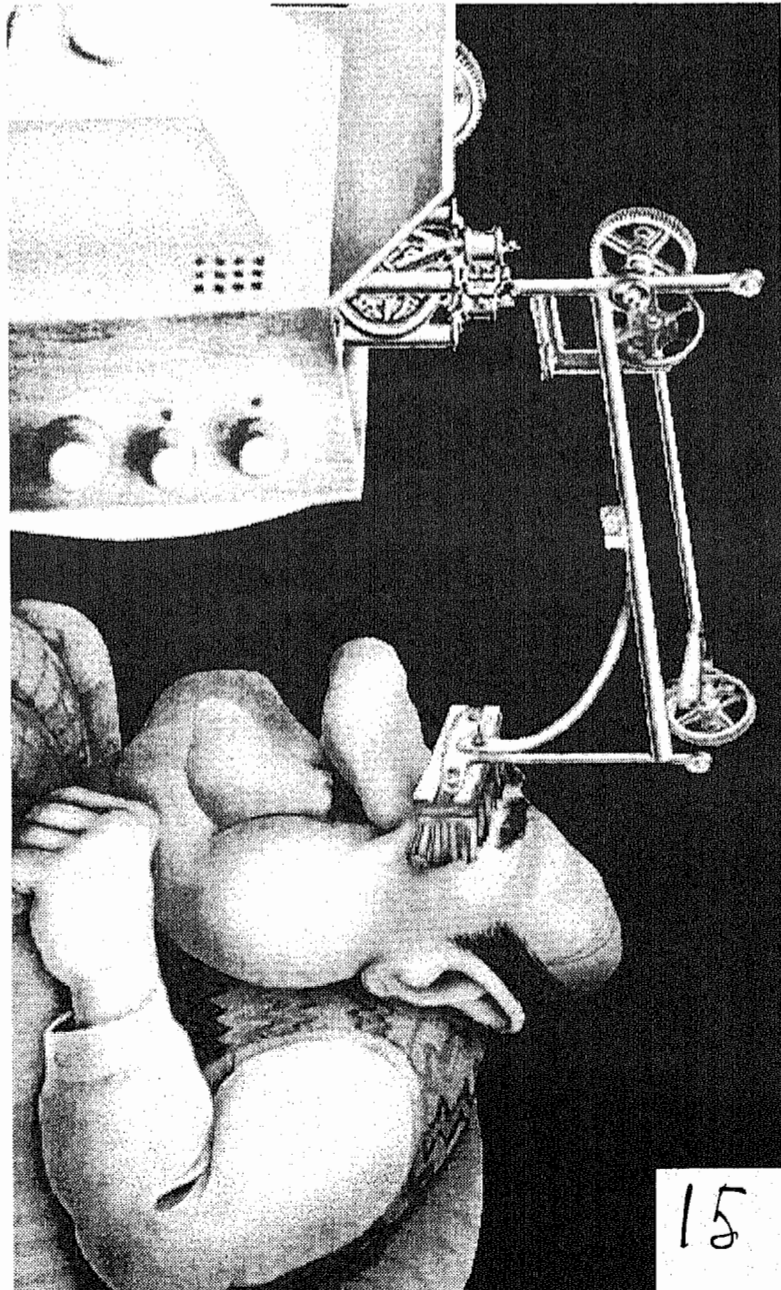
Just three months prior to the commencement of the Cash for Comments inquiry, Flint had sent Allan Jones a 'stream' (to use his own word) of letters, at least one of which praised Jones for his 'extraordinary ability of capturing and enunciating the opinions of the majority on so many issues'. 'This of course annoys those who have a different agenda,' Flint wrote in the letter. 'I suspect it is extremely irritating to them that you do it so well'.

Last year, Flint wrote another book, titled The Twilight of the Elites, in which he apparently praises the Howard government for its (unpopular? elitist?) decision to invade Iraq. Flint was, of course, appointed by Howard, and, to add to the conjecture, John Laws, on his Wednesday morning program last week, alleged that Allan Jones had threatened John Howard with withdrawal of electoral support if he failed to reappoint Flint after the ABA chair's initial three-year term. It doesn't matter whether Jones was boasting, or whether or not Howard acted on such a threat; what matters is that Jones was so full of praise for a man who was supposed to be independent.

That Flint needs to retire from his position as chairperson of the ABA is hardly in question. MediaWatch, and its hosts David Marr and Richard Ackland, have been after Jones' head for years; the entire quality Australia media is now going after Flint. The real problem, I think, is that if that happened, one could easily imagine someone like Richard Alston being appointed to fill the vacancy.

If Australia is to ever have a workable community television system – and I would argue that this will become more necessary with the advent of the "digital revolution"™ – then the ABA must be seen to be independent. Who knows? TV Sydney may be a great broadcaster, and may have won its license on merit alone. But while there's a major question hanging over the role of the ABA and its chairperson, this is the very type of situation that's likely to create community disquiet and distrust.

Russell Marks



Activities Calendar

brought to you by the Union Activities Committee (UAC)
another service of the Adelaide University Union (AUU)

May 3rd - 7th
Poster Sale - Eclipse room, level 4 Union House

May 6th
Pirates of the Caribbean, free popcorn & movie, High Noon, Level 5 Union Cinema (UAC)

May 11th
Tight-A\$\$ Tuesday Markets, from 11am, Hughes Plaza (UAC)

May 18th - 20th
LATINO WEEK!
Joined the festivities in the Cloisters from 12-3 each day.
Food, music, movies and dancing. (UAC)

May 24th - 29th
Womens' Week (SAUA)

Band Comp

The National Campus Band Competition is BACK!

the Adelaide Uni final is set to occur on Sept 10th, with heats mid-August. Entries open Monday May 3rd, and are due by June 18th. Collect them from the Union Reception, ground floor, Cloisters.

For further info email activities@adelaide.edu.au

Coming Soon...

UAC presents... **HOP HOP Culture Week**

October 12th - 15th
If you're a graffiti artist, rapper or group, skater or breaker and want to be involved, email us at activities@adelaide.edu.au



LATHAM FOR PRESIDENT?

George Bernard Shaw believed in a sort of socialism-by-stealth. He figured a party should pose as conservative and promise populist policies to win government only to quietly and gradually introduce socialist policies and covertly establish socialist institutions. The Left can only hope this is Mark Latham's grander plan. But they shouldn't bank on it.

The facts are that the federal ALP has a large and powerful coalition of Right factions. They outnumber the Left by about 30 but the non-aligned faction prevents this from being an outright majority. Broadly speaking, the Right believes that Labor has to win government to achieve anything. But at what cost?

Is Labor, for instance, prepared to support imprisonment of asylum-seekers to win government? Even some of the Left are happy to sweep those unhappy Turks under the carpet for the election year. Instead of genuine and informed debate on the issue it becomes political taboo. Instead of beginning a concerted generational effort to change racist aspects of Australian culture everyone just shuts up and hopes more "queue-jumpers" don't show up before August.

In terms of industrial relations, after eight years of Howard government any reform would be a godsend for unions and working people. Latham does promise reform: maternity leave, reinvigorated Industrial Relations Commission powers, abolishment of Australian Workplace Agreements and more options for casual workers to become permanent. But it's hardly revolutionary. The emphasis is still on jobs growth and not on redistribution of work (let alone wealth). Labor sound-bites on the news are full of neutral terms like "families" and tend to avoid the much more divisive and class-based term "workers". At least a Labor government would be a welcome respite for workers even if radical reform is still on the back burner.

A Labor government would also be a relief for students. No HECS increases or deregulation of HECS is all part of official party policy. But,

again, there is no radical vision. There is no pledge to cut class sizes, students will still have to gain entry to uni via artificially high TER scores and there is no condemnation of the ridiculous increase in upfront TAFE fees which has occurred nationwide under state Labor governments.

The Iraq issue is either the demise of Howard or potentially- and paradoxically- his salvation. Labor's "support the troops but not the war" was a disaster at harnessing the public outrage at an illegal and immoral war. Now Latham's "troops home before Christmas" has handed the government a temporary lifeline. Things could change if there is an Australian hostage killed or if a few of our soldiers die, but overall it showed Latham up as a populist and showed the government as defiant, strong and accountable (whatever the real truth may be).

And Latham is a populist. He has based Labor's revival almost entirely on populist politics. What is more disturbing, however, is that amongst all the political toss about reading to children and crises in masculinity there is a real emergence of presidential politics. Instead of political parties being represented by ideologies and ideals

they are beginning to be represented by the charisma, attractiveness and personality of their leaders. It's not the Liberals who are defiant in the face of terror; it's Little Johnnie. It's not Labor who is committed to lifting poverty; it's "Latham's ladder of opportunity".

Presidential politics means cabinet, the party and its members become redundant. If Latham can think up more "troops home before Christmas" lines in the shower before his morning radio interview (knowing that Kevin Rudd will be quite capable of handling

it with Tony Jones that night on *Lateline*) it turns the whole party machine into nothing more than an over-sized bureaucracy of spin. If years of consultation and grass-root efforts by community associations wind up as memos on Latham's desk gathering dust it makes a joke out of representative democracy.

This tragedy can already be seen with New Labour in Britain. Tony Blair managed to destroy the fundamental goals of the British Labour party (such as the nationalisation of industry) in return for his promise to win government. They eagerly united behind his silver tongue and media-conference grace and now British socialism is all but dead. His 'Third Way' turned out to be nothing more than Thatcherism in moderation.

This is an important lesson for the Left of the Labor Party. That is, its dissent and debate themselves which create progressive policy. Who wants the ALP backbench to become

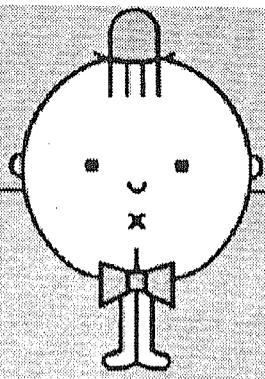
mindless servants to "party policy" like the Liberals? Who wants "unity" when the sort of unity spoken of means mediocrity and stagnation?

If the Labor Right does highjack the ALP in this federal election year we can say goodbye to genuine choice in Australian

politics and welcome a new era of presidential politics based on flattering media profiles, spin and the death of dissent and debate. The Left, both within and outside the Party, must agitate, behind the scenes if necessary, to ensure they are not complicit in the suffocation of the last remnants of Australian democracy. Or perhaps it is all just a secret socialist plot...

Amongst all the political toss about reading to children and crises in masculinity there is a real emergence of presidential politics.

Alex Solomon-Bridge



Who's Laughing Now, Mr Tight Ass?

You may have seen the ad/brochure from STA, Student Travel Association, that has caused the University of New South Wales to go all red faced and loose in the bowels. It was that CD sized thing about Mr Tight-Ass. He took on an arts degree, according to the STA blurb, because it was the easiest degree to get and he's only studying to score all the free and cheap stuff university students get. Wacky Mr Tight-Ass, what a funny joke he is. I saw the thing and had a weary laugh; yes, very funny, never heard THAT one before. The thing that most annoyed me about the brochure was spending two hours in the Uni Bar trying to explain it to an Engineering student. Eventually he said, "So it's a joke?" "YES!". "Oh right.... I don't get it." But I shouldn't mock Engineering students; after all, I'm not trying to sell them travel. The University of New South Wales got so peeved at STA for mocking their arts students, they withdrew from their association with STA and have sought another supplier for the

University's travel needs. Does anyone else see the irony in telling a travel agent where to go?

And what did Adelaide University do about the same little nugget?

Nothing as far as I can tell. They didn't even have the common decency to put aside counsellors to explain the brochure to Engineering students. What does this say about the people who run universities?

There are a few possibilities.

First option: University of New South Wales is run by a bunch of PC Nazis who wouldn't know a joke if it was written on a toilet wall and cross-referenced and footnoted. They should get a life (possibly from their new travel agency) and let the rest of have a laugh.

Second option: University of New South Wales has a good point, the University should support its students and not put up with organisations they pay sledging the very students who are footing the not insubstantial bill. If the degree is worth offering, it's

worth defending. In which case our local folk may want to explain whether they think it's funny taking the piss out of OUR arts degrees.

Third option: Not dissimilar to option two, the University of Adelaide administration were unable to respond to the STA mockery of their arts degrees because they were too busy laughing into their leather sofas and slapping their plaid clad knees. This, of course, assumes that none of the university's administrators have an Engineering degree.

So are these degrees we lazy arts students are here perusing of any value? Or are universities across the nation bumping up the cost of a product that they themselves do not believe is worth defending? They say actions speak louder than words. Perhaps this is a case where lack of action speaks louder than words of jest?

And a note on the "oh it's just a joke" argument... If the STA want us to assume Mr Tight-Ass is a joke, do we also assume everything else in their brochure, like their services and image, is just a joke too? I can't tell, I'm just a lazy arts student.

A final point. The above article does ridicule Engineering students, but only for satirical intent. I mean no malice. It could just as easily have suggested that Medical students or Law students have no sense of humour... but that's no longer satire then, is it?

Pete Court

my robbie williams adventure

I want to make films. I want to write like Baz Luhrmann and Quentin Tarantino - think Harvey Keitel in fishnets.

As long as I can hide behind words, I'm an entrepreneur.

I always had this one film in mind. The main character was part psychopath, part charmer. Dirty Harry meets Frank Sinatra. And no one else could play him but Robbie Williams. I was never a fan until I saw a televised concert and I knew he was my film star. So, I decided that during his 2003 Australian tour, I would just have to pitch my script to him. I bussed over from Adelaide to Melbourne. On arrival, I gave a newspaper a call to find out where Mr Williams was staying. I told them I was a journalism student (which I'm not) doing a freelance article on groupies. The lady didn't know, but she kindly gave me the time and place of his press conference.

I got myself into a cab and headed for *Spearmint Rhino*. I knew something was odd when the taxi driver asked if I was one of The Girls. "What girls?" I asked. One of the pole dancers from the Gentleman's Club. What did you expect, it is Robbie Williams. Blushing like a schoolgirl, I hastily paid the driver and approached *Spearmint Rhino*.

Entertainment journalists are much like the celebrities they cover. Most of them are bitchy; the ones from the big name newspapers are all arrogant; the TV broadcasters are vain and there's always one Queen Bee who everybody hates. Air kisses usually precede back stabbing. Most just liked waving their press badges around (pictures of prostitutes with "Media Whore"

written on them).

Eventually, I was left alone with the bouncer for company. The bouncer was not a tall man, but his muscle stretched the seams of his tuxedo and he had a sinister-looking scar. He looked like something out of *The Godfather*. Yet, for some reason, perhaps because I looked like a five year old playing dress ups in my mother's high heels, he decided to sneak me upstairs. I was right up the back, going on thirty two hours without sleep, but I was elated. I WAS IN THE SAME ROOM AS ROBBIE WILLIAMS.

His eyes are like high beams - they glow across a room. He's funny and surprisingly patient with the completely anal questions. I even saw Andrew G from *Australian Idol* - yes, he is that cute in real life and yes, his hair does look like a wig. But it was all over too soon. Robbie was spirited away by his very efficient security. I was left on King Street shaking from adrenalin overdose.

Of course, I went to the concert. Either it was an extra special audience or Mr Williams is an extra special performer - perhaps both - but it was an amazing experience. I came out a bit disorientated by the mob mentality. Was I screaming because I wanted to scream or because everybody else was screaming? I also felt a bit used. If entertainers seduce their audience, then Mr Williams had just had mind-blowing sex with 55,000 people. He had also promised to call and he'd said he'd respect us in the morning (metaphorically speaking), but I didn't believe it. Perhaps this is why Mr Williams finds love so elusive. He makes a career out of encouraging

people to fall in love with him and then abandons them before the night is through. However, I left triumphant. A fan told me the name of his hotel!

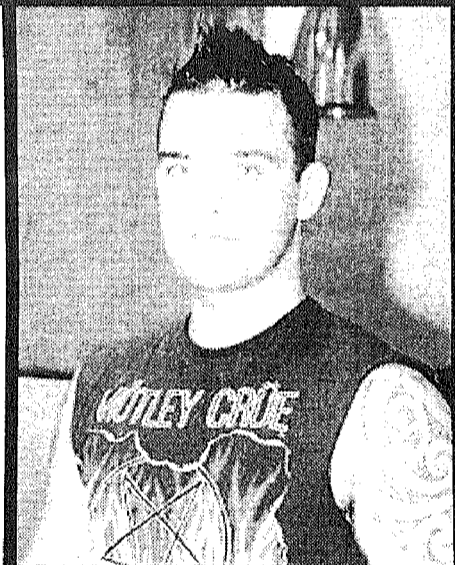
At 3 a.m., after rehydration, I made my way to the Como Hotel (which is on the South Yarra where they have frequent gang murders - my father was not impressed). There were six girls out the front, peering through a large window. Alas, at five foot four, I was left wondering, is that his hairline? I made my way to the bar where I had a chat with some of the tour group members. I asked what Mr Williams was like and I always got a standard answer: "I'm under contractual obligations. If I talk about him, I could lose my job." Somehow this seemed more suspect than rampant abuse. Surely if they were about to shower him with praise, their job wouldn't be in jeopardy? I asked one gentleman for advice on how to go about pitching my script. He told me not to waste my time; I'd only get my heart broken.

I felt like crying.

I went to the lobby and chatted to the girls waiting for Robbie to come back. I asked what they wanted: an autograph, a photo, a glimpse? After much dancing around, most of them answered the same: well, sex. If he is a bit of a player, then surely one of them would be in with a shot.

In another part of the lobby, I met Antonia*, a thirty-year-old teacher from Perth waiting for her girlfriend to drive her home. Robbie had taken her friend to his room, but Antonia didn't think she'd be long.

Antonia's girlfriend returned. I asked if Mr Williams would be coming downstairs again. She said no and I



Robbie Williams.
Perfect for the role, apparently.

noticed her fly was undone. Suddenly, I felt like going home.

I passed the girls on my way out - the groupies, who, like the pole dancers at *Spearmint Rhino*, I watched with a kind of appalled fascination. Outside, I saw the autograph hunters and knew their wait would probably be in vain. As one of his own told me, Mr Williams doesn't do autographs because it's unfair to those who miss out. I'd been so careful to differentiate myself from these girls - I'm not a groupie/fan. I'm a serious writer. But I wasn't. I was just as celebrity obsessed but for a different reason. So, I'm going to go home and write my script and sod Robbie Williams. I don't need him. My script will be great without him. Does anyone know where Hugh Jackman is?

* Antonia does not wish to use her real name

SAUA Office Bearers



President
Alice Campbell

Greetings fellow students,

How are you all? Enjoy your break? Like the fact that while students were away from campus, the university council increased HECS by 25%? It's much like the Howard government introducing the reforms over the summer university break! It's like they say, "Quick, let's do this when they're not on campus and maybe they won't notice." Obviously it's very disheartening, especially when it seems the only way you can get noticed is through obstructionist behaviour. I am feeling rather drained from the whole experience, however I am still prepared to continue to fight for adequate public funding and accessibility for our higher education system. Naturally, it's my job, but most importantly it is something that everyone should get involved with. If Australia is going to continue to be the egalitarian society that it claims to be, we need an education system that reflects this mentality. Anyway, I don't think I'll continue with the same sort of rhetoric that's appeared in most of my columns, I'll just say that I'm rather disappointed with the state of our education system as well as the state of our nation. I don't want to sound like Phillip Adams though.

I think I'll sign off with a quote from our prime minister followed by some sarcastic commentary. The other day Mr Howard said, "...I always admire somebody who, in his own way, forms a conscientious objection on something...", in response to cricketer Stuart McGill's decision to boycott the upcoming tour of Zimbabwe. Well thank you John, you must admire students like myself who have a conscientious objection to your education legislation, health policy and refugee legislation, not to mention your decision to help the US invade Iraq. John Howard PM, a conscientious man with a conscientious plan. Hmm... now I really sound like Phillip Adams but with a much smaller vocabulary. I'll stop typing now.

Alice



Education
Vice-President
Aurelia Stapleton

What were YOU up to these holidays?

These holidays our university council INCREASED HECS by 25% despite the enormous efforts by students to stop this from going ahead.

I know many of you may be indifferent or in support of this action but you really need to understand why we protested against it and why we think it's crap. In brief:

1. 25% might not sound like much but, depending on your degree, that is an increase of between \$1000 and \$2000 per year that will be dumped on your already significant HECS debt. So when you get to that stage in your life when (thanks to your over priced uni degree) you're earning enough to buy that new car or put down a deposit for a nice house, you will also have to take into account the debt you are still paying off for HECS.

2. How do you know where that extra money is going? Will it go towards better facilities or increasing staff or student numbers? Maybe and maybe not. Maybe it will just go towards more upmarket advertising campaigns or beautifying the university grounds or paying for university executives to dine at the prestigious wine centre.

3. Most insultingly, is the manner in which this decision was made. There was minimal student input in the whole process. The university administration went to great lengths to pretend they welcomed student contributions but then did everything they could to stop students from participating in the decision, particularly highlighted by the timing of the meeting (ie. during holidays when there are hardly any students around).

Our university administration has
SCREWED US OVER!

If you want to know more or get involved in the actions we will soon be taking, come to the education stall on Thursdays at around lunch time or contact me at

aurelia.stapleton@adelaide.edu.au



Activities & Campaigns
Vice-President
Bek Cornish

PROSH

So, did you get to uni today expecting to attend the official opening of PROSH?? Yeah, sorry 'bout that- Due to the Fringe's activity on the lawns in the first few months of this year the Lawns went through some extreme stress and frankly, well, died in the arse. We are unable to hold any activities on the Lawns until they are healed by the healing power of sunlight, water and the University groundspeople. Regardless, organisation is still going, and again, if you'd like to be a helper feel free to email me and I'll send you the details of our helper meetings.

STUDENTS IN BANDS! I NEED YOU!

I have had a few responses from Adelaide Uni students who are in bands who wish to perform during the year as well as during Prosh, but nowhere near as many as I wanted. If you and your band would like the opportunity to play on the Lawns, Cloisters, in the Bar some time this year or during our Prosh festivities please email me or come visit the Students' Association and leave your details at the front desk. It is the perfect opportunity to showcase your talents if you're an aspiring success story!

Student Artists

How are you at drawing? Painting? Any form of artwork? We will be hosting a Student Art show where you have the opportunity to submit some of your work (you will get it back) for display and have the opportunity to win an excellent prize! If you are interested, email me for a registration form or come and visit in the SAUA for more information.

My deets:

email: bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au
phone: 83035406



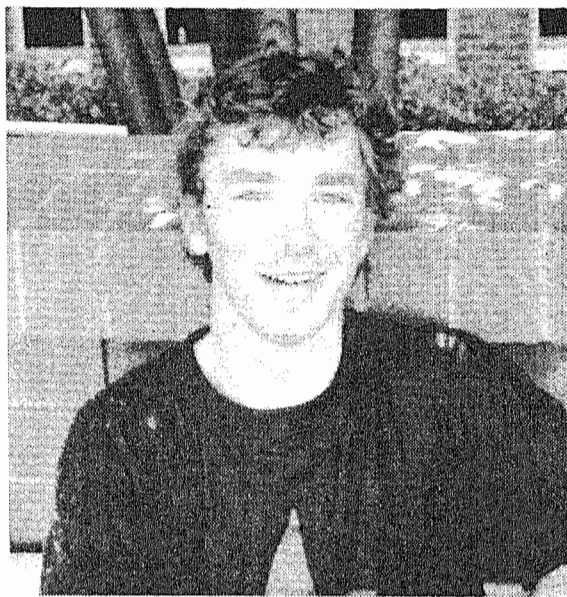
ATSI Officers Sam Nona & Cody Morris

Abolish ATSI. Another big tick on the "list of things to do" of the Howard Government. It was made clear before Howard came into office as the Prime Minister that he would get rid of ATSI. Set up in 1990 under the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commission Act 1989, ATSI has been perceived as the primary funding body for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples and communities, being perceived as having more responsibility than what they were originally set up to do.

The Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commission was to advocate and represent Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples at a community level with 35 regional councils across Australia, representatives who were democratically elected by the Indigenous population. Although this body has been set up, the government was and is still the primary body responsible for Indigenous Affairs. The job of ATSI was to lobby the different government departments making sure they did their job correctly and appropriately, as well as being a subsidiary funding body.

Howard has planned and already set in motion to abolish ATSI and set up an advisory committee that would be appointed by the government. Basically a control mechanism to further block the road to Reconciliation. It's a real shame since the whole act of abolishing ATSI sets the clock back 30 years and further denies the Indigenous right to self determination. How long will it be before Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples are required by law to once again wear dog tags and carry authorisation slips?

What are your thoughts? Write in and voice your opinion.

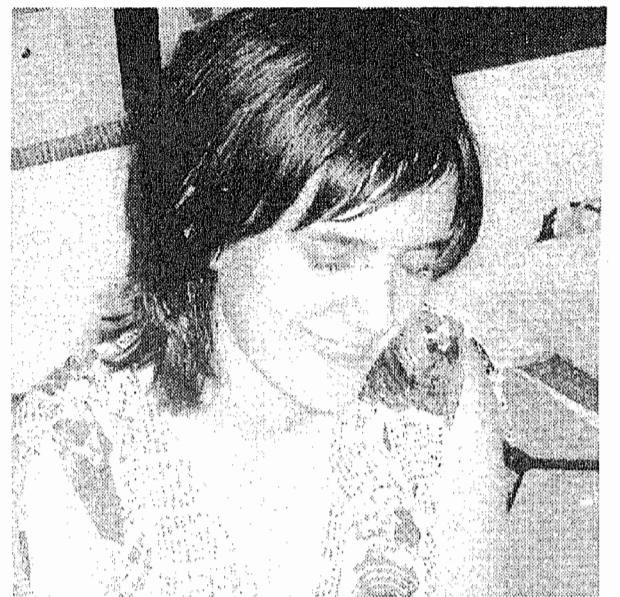


Environment Officer Stephen Kellett

East Timor would have to be one of the most troubled nations in our region. After suffering at the hands of a brutal Indonesian occupation which was supported by the Australian government, the now free state finally gained true independence after the recent, Australian led, UN intervention. Calm and order was restored and successful democratisation occurred with the election of a recognised East Timorese president. It has become blatantly apparent however, that the true motivation for the Australian government's mobilisation of troops in coming to the aid of the East Timorese was not for humanitarian reasons, but instead to secure large financial gains from oil resources in the Timor Sea.

The people of East Timor are currently suffering due an extremely lacklustre economy, which would be benefited greatly if the current oil sharing scheme between East Timor and Australia was reformed. East Timor has full rights, under International law, to the entire oil and gas resource supply that lies within its jurisdiction due to its close proximity to Timor.

Whilst stalling negotiation efforts, the wealthy nation of Australia is draining crucial funds from the impoverished Timorese and using as much as 70% of the oil supplies, all of which Timor has full rights to. The Australian Foreign Minister Alexander Downer has threatened to stop financial aid if the East Timorese refuse access to the area under Australian terms. The Government's policy in the Timor Sea is totally unacceptable and is causing suffering for many East Timorese. A petition will be given to Alexander Downer in protest to this. Come and sign it in the SAUA!



Women's Officer Kellie Armstrong-Smith

During the 'holidays' I had the fortune of coming across a guy who had lost his virginity at 12 years to a bossy 19-year-old cheerleader. Ten years since then he told me the most interesting thing.

"I really feel for girls," he said quietly, without any prompting on my part. "They really have it harder than guys."

"How so?" I asked, (mentally noting rape, childrearing, period pain, less pay, insults and inferiority complexes, dieting problems and 2,000 years of Woman-Despising.)

"Well, when they walk around guys are always staring at them. I mean, I went to pick up my girlfriend from an all-girls school and suddenly, there were whispers and glances in my direction. I was like the only boy in the entire school and I began to feel it. There was this eery silence as I walked past and these girls were staring at me (quite randily) and then they'd huddle together and say things."

"Right."

"I mean, I felt it. They were watching me like I was a piece of meat."

We chuckled uncomfortably and then I said; "Well, did you know of this high-school experiment on Oprah they did where guys were told to walk in front of a group of girls who would call out things like 'slut,' 'he's got a big ass,' 'he looks easy,' 'what a cow,' 'I wonder if he'd suck my *\$#!'? The boys reported that they felt awful afterwards and were sorry they had ever said similar things to girls in their own schools."

"No," said he.

"Well," said I right back, "I think that would be a fantastic thing to try out on certain guys - a controlled environment/experiment where guys are treated in the same way many girls are treated. You know, just to see what it would be like, getting called horrible things and treated like dirt. It's more effective than anything. Like boot camp. Don't you think?"

The sad part of this story is summed up with the words of one of the male participants in Oprah's experiment. "I felt awful that girls go through this in high-school and that I may have helped them feel that way," he said. "But I don't think the guys who didn't do this experiment will change their ways. You have to have experienced it to really change."

Regards,
Kellie.

19

Fancy paying 8% more for your textbooks?

If you're tired of shelling out hundreds of dollars for textbooks, students will be protesting the Federal Government's plan to scrap the already meagre subsidy on university textbooks on

Friday May 7

Meet in the Cloisters at 11am .

I HAVE MORE MEMORIES THAT IF I'D LIVED
A THOUSAND YEARS

A DESK THAT'S FILLED WITH POEMS,
ACCOUNTS, LOVE LETTERS, SUMMONSES AND NOVELS
AND HEAVY LOCKS OF HAIR WRAPPED IN RECEIPTS
HIDES FEWER SECRETS THAN MY SAD OLD BRAIN.
IT IS A PYRAMID, AN IMMENSE CAVE
WHICH HOLDS MORE CORPSES THAN A COMMON GRAVE.

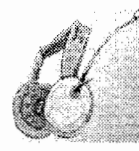
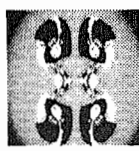
I AM A CEMETERY THE MOON ABHORS,
WHERE LIKE REMORSE THE LONG DEAD WORMS DRAG ALONG,
FEASTING UPON THE DEAD I'VE HELD MOST DEAR.
I'M IN AN OLD BOUDOIR FULL OF FADED ROSES,
STACKED WITH OLD FASHIONED DRESSES, AND WHERE ONLY
THE DOLEFUL PASTELS AND SAD BOUCHERS INHALE
THE LINGERING SCENT OF OPENED PERFUME BOTTLES.

NOTHING IS MORE TEDIOUS THAN THESE LIMPING DAYS,
WHERE NEATH THE HEAVY FLAKES OF SNOWY YEARS,
BOREDOM, THE FRUIT OF BLEAK INCURIOSNESS,
TAKES ON THE PROPORTIONS OF ETERNITY.
HENCEFORTH YOU'LL BE NO MORE, O LIVING MATTER,
THAN GRANITE SHROUDED IN MYSTERIOUS DREAD, DROWSING IN
THE HAZY DEPTHS OF THE SAHARA,
A SPHINX IGNORED BY THE UNCARING WORLD,
FORGOTTEN ON THE MAP, AND WHOSE FEROCIOUS MOODS
SING ONLY AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN.

BAUDELAIRE

student radio - 101.5fm

9pm til 1am tuesday, saturday and monday



firstly, i'd like to not thank radiohead for canceling their last show of their world tour, which several thousand people had tickets to... including me.

fuck it.

student tv is already up and running with our second show going to air on sunday night. our third show will feature the local noise live set of

mr. wednesday, tropfest short films & a couple of video clips. hopefully we'll be getting our hands on some more crazy japanese adverts to squeeze in between the other stuff. tune at 10pm on sunday to catch this one. if you have an interest in getting involved in student tv, please contact us on student.radio@adelaide.edu.au and we'll do lunch.

we are also looking for someone to design a logo for student tv and/or student radio. we first went for a logo based around the acronym of Community and University Network Television,

but that understandably didn't get very far. so if you're handy with the pen and like the idea of creating a corporate identity, get busy.

on a sad note, we say goodbye to joe & paul and their house of quality meats. after winning their logic for best fart joke they have opted to pursue other career avenues. we'll be swapping their monday night spot with heavy as a really heavy thing from saturday night. this means we welcome into the student radio fold alicia weatherford. after missing out on a show due to gulf war commitments, she has returned from the war on terror to grace our ears with a fine aural experience.

oh, and pants to radiohead. I'll always love your music, but i'm forever burnt by your lack of loyalty.

tuesday 4 may

Local Noise presents mr wednesday

9pm
10pm
its not dead air... its a dramatic pause

with sam and trish

11pm
four flies on grey velvet

with the dars j and v

midnight
you talk way too much media stuff

with belle and sarah

(because the saua guys never turn up)

saturday 8 may

9pm
senseless, mindless acts of radio

with andrew, calven and danjel

10pm
being followed home

with jules, nick and james

11pm
open mic

featuring a mystery guest

midnight
rebourne on sunday

with reegan, phil and kingo

monday 10 may

9pm
saturday night roller disco

with hector and jesus

10pm
aerosoul urban
with the dirty boys from the photocopier shop

11pm
jesus loves jam the jazz hour

with dave and james

midnight
heavy as a really heavy thing

with matt and tim

Show Bio
All tomorrow's parties
monday 17 may at midnight

Adam and Luke are cool—even though they don't much about music they know people who do, and every fortnight these people tell them what to play.

Page 22
laid out by
Murphy™



Star sign: Libra.
Height: 180 cm.
Weight: 70kg.
Chest: 105cm.
Blood type: AB.
Favourite movie: Fear and loathing in Las Vegas.
Favourite quote: "Get on your knees and worship god" (Caritas Catholic Primary School).
Favourite track: Pink Floyd-Lucifer Sam.
Favourite food: Truffles.
Favourite Porn Star: Anna Sprinkles.
Favourite Position: A Mission Impossible Two.
What he looks for in a woman: A shiny coat and fresh breath.

ADAM



Star Sign: Aquarius.
Height: 175cm.
Weight: 65kg.
Chest: 100cm.
Blood type: O negative.
Favourite movie: 90210 the reunion.
Favourite quote: "Adapt to the situation" (Luke Revill 1999).
Favourite track: Justin Timberlake-Rock your body.
Favourite food: Lycees.
Favourite Porn Star: Annabelle Chong.
Favourite Position: Missionary.
What he looks for in a woman: A nice set of teeth, and good strong running legs.

LUKE

Beauty is...

Addictive, Smoky & Mild

Why do cigarettes still embody the pinnacle of style? That silver stream of marbling smoke may look sophisticated, but it sure doesn't smell like it. Today, despite education and masses of anti-smoking campaigns, cigarettes are still being consumed by the truckload. So why are the young finding themselves in love with tobacco? The answer is simple; they are all addicted to beauty and style. And what says 'I'm a stylish adult' more than a cigarette fixed between two fingers.

But why are cigarettes still so stylish? In a world filled with branding and altar-consumerism, people can't escape status symbols. Cigarettes have for a long time been taped over so that they too, ooze that golden status that only Hollywood could inspire. So even years after the fall of the black and white screen goddesses, cigarettes still have the same impact. And this is why we must question the creation of designer cigarettes. A bag being a status symbol is ridiculous enough, but a cigarette? That's absurd.

When living it up in a stylish club, everything gets a label. If you're not covered in Louis Vuitton, Gucci or Prada, you won't get a look in. But when you're shopping for these prestigious items did you ever wonder how these companies finance their ever extravagant collections?

So when it come to designer shopping, don't kid yourself. Not everything is designer or a quality luxury good. Just because it's got the name doesn't mean it's got the look. Many fans of style would argue that nothing past Haute Couture is designer, but *ready-to-wear*, designer shoes and baggage are acceptable. But anything else is just about money making and getting you addicted. That means staying away from name prints t-shirts, perfume gift sets, sunglasses and of course the most evil of them all, designer cigarettes.

On exploring shopping districts from Singapore to Melbourne, one should be shock at the vast amount of such designer trinkets. No matter how seductive advertising is, tacky jewellery, poorly cut ties, cotton t-shirts and cigarettes just aren't stylish.

Once on my travels I discovered the fact that Davidoff, known for its dreamy aqua set commercials sells tobacco, and lots of it. Designer ashtrays, cigarettes, cigars, the lots. How best to disguise a deadly addiction, then rap it in the picturesque image of Davidoff beauty. So when you feel tempted to splurge on some cologne just remember



Looks great, smells bad

that Davidoff is contributing to your passive smoking.

Another big name that has broken this moral crime is Cartier, the jewellery giant. Flashed by the rich and famous and promoted in the pages of *Vogue* this design house is also flooding the market with cigarettes. You have to be a socialite to be invited to the Sydney launch of its oriental collection, but anyone can get

addicted to that mild Cartier smoke. Covered in the name and that trade make red and gold, Cartier ciggies are just as life threatening.

So be warned: fashion, no matter how fascinating, is still big business. With current downturns in the industry, famous companies are being forced to produce cheaper and more incidious products, while still sporting those upmarket names. And I thought

fashion was addictive enough *without* nicotine.

Words and illustrations by
Leo Greenfield

23



LOST in IMAGINATION

The plight of a modern artistic goddess

The fickle world of fashion is inevitably a structured form of pursuit. Searching for the right pair of Fendi pumps to match your mother's engagement dress circa 1979. Chasing down photographers and not-so-subtly lowering one's camisole in an attempt to create a scintillating modelling career. Painstakingly collecting pictures of Kate Moss from every publication in existence to counterfeit her aesthetic and celestial glamour. It's all one big series of duplicated realities, kind of like *Groundhog Day*, but with Bill Murray wearing Hugo Boss. However, whilst we are constantly searching for clothes, make-up and accessories (both I-Pods and token Calvin Klein model boyfriends), in essence, what we're really looking for is to be cool. What 'cool' is exactly remains dubious, but it's no secret that this breed of nonchalant self-confidence is an attitude, an aura, nay, an enigma. But coolness is a tricky bastard: whilst some as close to it as Catriona Rowntree does to charisma, others reek of it like cheap cologne. Which means that Sofia Coppola, the high priestess of modern fashion-cum-art culture, would stink of imitation J'Adore from here to Pluto.

No doubt Coppola has fully utilised her famous father's cinematic connections to kick-start her career as a director, however this discreet and charismatic girl is making a

name for herself *sans* papa. Yes, 'twas Coppola who cringingly played Mary Corleone in *The Godfather part III*, but bad acting aside, she has proven her worth as an artistic visionary in other fields. Most recently you would have heard a fuss over *Lost in Translation*, but it was the aesthetically pleasing, yet essentially morose *The Virgin Suicides* that was her first assault onto the world of film. Coppola both directed and wrote each movie, and successfully captivated audiences with her sensuous, thoughtful style (although some critics thought them to be slow moving and tedious. You put-a down Sofia? I smash-a your face). But Coppola has far more artistic notches under her belt than most realise. Try this on for size. Whilst most of us are quite content with our suburban middle-class vocations, Coppola's occupations have switched between actress, photographer, artist, producer, writer, director and gasp fashion designer. Remember the White Stripes video for 'I Don't Know What to do With Myself' featuring Kate Moss pole dancing? Yep, Coppola's handiwork (although Jack and Meg were apparently a tad weirded out with the final result). So it would seem that Coppola is an it-girl with some serious credentials behind her. However, even with a startling array of achievements and a fabulous resume, Coppola

has managed to become a style icon for our generation for less principled reasons.

Being associated with the oh-so-hip fashion designer Marc Jacobs can guarantee even the dullest of people recognition as bonafide fashionistas. The fact that Coppola is his best friend and muse makes her, well, pretty much the coolest person in the world. Always at the front row and perennially sporting his modern classic creations on the red carpet, she is renown for her unique brand of understated yet tasteful chic. Whether it's carrying a black leather utility bag to shoots, pairing oversized military parkas complete with fur-lined hoods or donning elegant shift dresses and jewels, one can sense that her artistic abilities have had a profound influence on her wardrobe. Coppola makes OTT look like a fad of yesterday; she laughs in the face of bling and wouldn't dare cross the swarming red carpet in a sequined mini. Such is the power of her fashionable and functional style that even your faithful writer is ready to kiss her thigh-high pink leather boots goodbye in favour of ballet flats. As if being the muse and best endorsement to the designer is enough, Coppola is the face of the Marc Jacobs essence perfume and has starred in many of his campaigns- add 'model' to her ever growing list of occupations. Yes, it seems like even this little Italian girl found it futile to resist the beckoning of the evil world of fashion. But unlike most children of famous people (Die Ivanka Trump, die), she has succeeded in keeping her own personal demeanour just that- her own, untainted by the ravages of modern pop culture. It is for this reason that Coppola has become the poster girl for the modern hipster, and perhaps the coolest artistic visionary since Quentin Tarantino. And you thought she was just feeding off her father's name...

The best thing about Coppola's coolness is that it is relatively easy to achieve. Although we can't hang out with Marc Jacobs, Spike Jonze or those dreamy electro-gods Air (who composed the soundtrack to *The Virgin Suicides*), we can take her work and her attitude as inspirations to construct an artistically-fuelled world of our own. Feel like drawing and painting your idols? Go for it. Develop styles and techniques, fill your rooms with canvases and nurture a sense of aesthetic goodness that will give you a sense of achievement. Make short films starring dogs, take photos of your friends, write short stories, basically do whatever you feel it takes to recreate Coppola's art-cum-fashion aura. Or just blow \$10 000 on a Marc Jacobs

wardro-be if you're lazy. Whatever the case, although looking cool has its place in the world, having occupational credentials and an artistic lifestyle to boot is what apparently constitutes true coolness. And in the case of Sofia Coppola, hanging out with mondo-hip designers will do wonders for your image. Because even though being famous, arty and talented will always ensure you of coolness, when you can star in an advertising campaign for the hottest designer of the decade, you know you're the epitome of style.

Stephanie Mountzouris

WHAT'S HOT

Buying new friends on e-bay.

Slinking off into the gutter using your Alex Mack superpowers when in danger. Or when faced with irksome people who smell.

'I Love Adelaide' t-shirts. Especially hot if worn in Rundle Mall whilst holding a plush koala and a VB. If you happen to be wearing a cork hat, I'll give you 20 bucks.

WHAT'S NOT

Freckly pale people who aren't wearing hats.

Female members of the middle class who attempt to become Burnside ladies by lacing themselves in cheap gold jewellery from Zamels. The incessant clanging of garish bangle, the tapping of talon-like acrylic nails...and you thought watching a Madonna movie was tasteless.

Jaywalkers. Stick to the rules of the road, dicksticks.



Talking Heads

by Alan Bennet

Her Majesty's

Directed by

Anthony Page

(Season Finished)

"Looks a bit more fun than Jesus." Comments a drunk, doleful Susan, on the mysterious mysticism of the polytheist Hindu religion. The line of course draws long chortles of laughter from the more mature crowd, who are fortunate enough to snare tickets to two parts of Alan Bennet's six-monologue, made for TV, *Talking Heads*. And this touring show, almost needless to say, is a lot more fun than Jesus. The two monologues presented by the marvellous and acclaimed Maggie Smith (*Bed Among the Lentils*) and Margaret Tyzack (*Soldiering On*) are rich with weaving witticisms and touching sentiment. Bennet is a masterful writer and confidently creates a cutting insight into a class, a position, a type of person, which is both hilariously funny and poignantly realistic and moving.

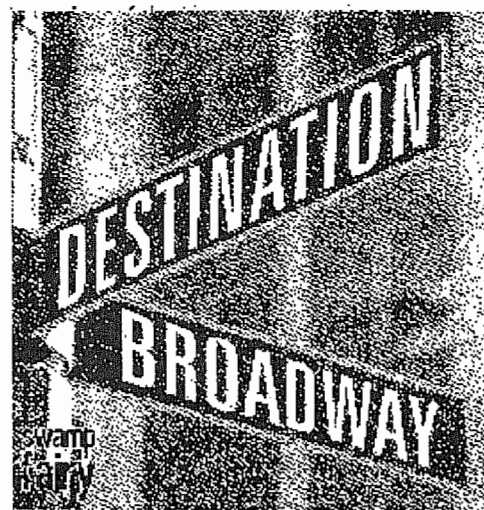
Margaret Tyzack starts as the supporting act for Smith, and whilst this position is never articulated it is unfortunately felt. Unfortunate because Tyzack deserves credit for her performance and *Soldiering On* deserves recognition for its insight. This first piece is a true testament to Bennet's balance of humour and pathos. We are led into the world of Muriel as she struggles to come to terms with her husband's death. Starting in a fitting and English lounge-room, Simon Higlett's effective design empties, as Muriel struggles to come to grips with her husband's legacy. Tyzack plays Muriel's stoic acceptance of the world fittingly and with the traditional English humour, that Bennet injects into almost every wry observation. Tyzack only struggles to be as effecting as she is funny, when the playlet begins to turn toward the serious subject of sexual abuse. However, she is wonderfully funny and deserving of her standing ovation.

The caged lighting which so symbolically splashes across *Soldiering On*, transforms into the smeared stained glass of St. Michael's (courtesy of Matt Scott). St. Michael's is Susan's husband's church and she is trapped in a world where she is known as 'Mrs. Vicar'. *Bed Among the Lentils*

follows Susan's staggering alcoholic path toward sexual redemption with Mr. Ramesh. Bennet's observations overflow with comedic insight and Smith uses all her skill to control the flow with perfect timing. Anthony Page, as director, has worked with Smith so that Susan remains seated for a great deal of her of ramblings. This decision suits the piece and Smith's style, which balances facial and physical control with the hilarity of her descriptions. Most touching of all, though, is *Bed Among the Lentils*'s closing moment, in which Smith connects and confronts the audience with Susan's depressing situation, at which we were laughing only moments before.

In the program notes, Bennett contemplates these monologues as full plays and not simple 'playlets.' He questions whether the more objective presentation of events would change the story, or suit the story better. I would question if they are 'playlets' at all. After watching these women work so expertly with the language, movement and space of the piece, I would be inclined to disagree. All the elements of a play are here, and not just any play, an outstanding one.

Alex Rafalowicz



Destination Broadway is the second in Swamp Fairy's *Broadway Revue Series*. The mystique and allure of Broadway beckons performers to struggle for the bright lights and the journey can be as exciting & heart breaking as the destination. The magic and passion of Broadway is conceptualised using a range of fabulous musical productions including *Hair*, *Mamma Mia*, *Sweet Charity*, *We Will Rock You*, *Porgy and Bess*, *Chorus Line* and *The Lion King*. The show will star professional artists Oliver Toth, Jamie Jewell and Rosanne Hosking alongside 25 adult rising stars and a children's chorus from 16 different primary schools. Also featuring guest performance by Carolyn Ferrie.

DATES

May 5th - 8th, 11th - 15th May 7:30pm / 8th and 15th May 2:00pm
Adults \$30, Concession \$25

(PG)

VENUE

Union Theatre, Adelaide University (newly renovated)

TICKETS

Tickets NOW ON SALE phone 8333 1133 (or see below for competition details)

GIVE
AWAY
BIT

Glitz! Fame! Glamour!
You too can have a taste
of the big time!

All you need do is brave
the stench of the On Dit
office on Wednesday at
2pm to claim a double
pass to *Destination
Broadway*. Be ready to
perform your favourite
show tune. "Spirit
Fingers" will not be
accepted as a valid entry.

Summer of the Seventeenth Doll

by Ray Lawler

The Adelaide

Repertory Theatre

At the Arts Theatre

53 Angas Street

Until April 24

The debate that haunts you from Australian Studies is the 'Australian identity.' What are the Australian experiences, what are our values, what is our national identity? Is it the celebrated and gender-exclusive 'mateship,' paraded on Anzac Day, or is it something more. Something that ripples through dialogue, through a subdued suburbia, through simple dreams and hopes. Ray Lawler's seminal classic has a wisp of this feeling flowing through out it. It is not a definitive definition of Australianisms, or families, or of life but it certainly remains provocative and insightful, just as it was when it was written fifty years ago. To create a challenging and intriguing piece of theatre, not withstanding the timeless nature of the writing, takes talent, and the Adelaide Repertory Theatre displays this in the current production.

Summer of the Seventeenth Doll is a serious play and it requires a balance of humour and pathos to affectively move an audience. Kerrin White, as director, achieves this but struggles to deliver a consistent picture. Too often actors are left on stage, hands by their sides, one dimensional talking

heads. Qudisia Ahmed's set provides at least two large areas to explore but White leaves his actors in the centre, in predictable positions and without inviting actions. This is the major downfall of the piece, a limited exploration of physical possibilities to accompany the obviously well prepared emotional ones.

Set in suburban 1950s Melbourne, Ahmed has put together a disappointingly plain and realistic living room in which the relationship-focused drama unfolds. The set is split, revealing a front porch, which distracts from the action on the main stage at times and looks contrastingly unreal. The depth of the stage and the imposing walls of the house drown out the actors who call from off stage, resulting in small parts of dialogue disappearing. Besides these occasional annoyances the set is certainly functional as is Michael Whitmee's lighting.

The characters that fly through or linger in this Melbourne house are enlivened by a competent cast led by the towering Tom Eastland, as the weary and contemplative Roo. He is accompanied with a robust energy by his cane-cutting mate Barney, played with passion and talent by Frank Cwiertniak. Their contrasting personas and intimate friendship raise the emotional stakes of the play and unfortunately often struggle to be believable. This is especially true of their confrontation, which lacks the controlled intensity of Barney's intriguing seduction of the wooden Pearl (Melanie George), or Roo's evocative breakdown.

The humour of the piece was found by other members of the

audience in the caricatured and crotchety Emma. Whilst amusing, Jan Langrehr's mannerisms as the worldly landlady, became excessive and distracting. Excessiveness defined Deborah Walsh's performance, as the anticipating Olive, at times as well. Although outstanding in the opening scenes, whilst establishing the plot and the characters, when the pathos of her cries came out, "I want what I had before", she sinks into an alienating melodrama. The two young protégées, who seem destined to be stuck in the same cycle as their elders, Bubba and Dowd, are played with freshness and confidence by Joni Coombe and Paul Mawhinney respectively.

Delightful costumes colour this overall entertaining time warp into a place that is different but into issues which seem unchangeable. Immutable truths about love, life and middle-age are presented in a uniquely Australian classic by a competent cast and crew. It is a traditional story (apart of Australia's massive theatrical tradition), told in a traditional way, with a message for today. The Repertory Theatre deserves credit for presenting this demanding cultural icon so enjoyably.

Anna

page

TWENTY
FIVE.



South Australia's Own

The Lion Express

161 Melbourne Street
North Adelaide
Tel: 8367 0222

"They turn the water into wine at the Lion..." says the jingle. Well, maybe at the Lion restaurant, but at the Lion Express, it's a slight exaggeration.

I admit, I thought I'd be going to the Lion restaurant, so I was highly excited about the prospect of this supposedly fine dining establishment. With ads about turning water in to wine, can you blame me? I was a tad confused when I found myself at the Lion Express, sandwiched in between the pub and the restaurant. There's a fast food atmosphere - albeit a classier one - but I think they're trying to go for a family friendly theme.

The green and orange decor was well oriented with the free Little Lion colouring books for the kiddies. Young families and fussy eaters are well looked after, with staples such as spaghetti, chicken parmigiana, and burgers making up the bulk of the menu. It's all simple, straightforward fare, but I noticed they made an effort to be exotic with the requisite curry on the menu. There were numerous advertisements strewn every few metres, enthusiastically advertising the Lion Burger: "Boags and Burger. It's back! Still \$10.95!" I figured the burger had to be something special if they were marketing it so forcefully.

So I forked over my 11 dollars, expecting to be dazzled. Unfortunately, it didn't quite work out that way. First we experienced rude service from the girl at the counter who had a slight tussle with my friend over whether it was "chicken *schnitzel* parmigiana" or just "chicken parmigiana." Then I got a *look* when I requested salad instead of fries. (Yes, I realise the irony since I was getting a greasy, bacon filled burger, but I was trying to make myself feel better, okay?)

I don't know about you, but if I pay 11 dollars for a burger, I'd expect it to be pretty damn good. To be fair, the chicken fillet was herb-
alicious, moist and juicy, and they used a tangy tomato and herb sauce, but what was with the overly fatty bacon and the plastic cheese? Oh, and don't get me started on the bread! That bread could have been a reject from Woolworths bakery, and I'm not being harsh. It was like I was eating air with breadcrumbs in it. There was more egg than bread, which is so wrong. Just because chickens come from eggs, it doesn't excuse egg overload in a chicken burger.

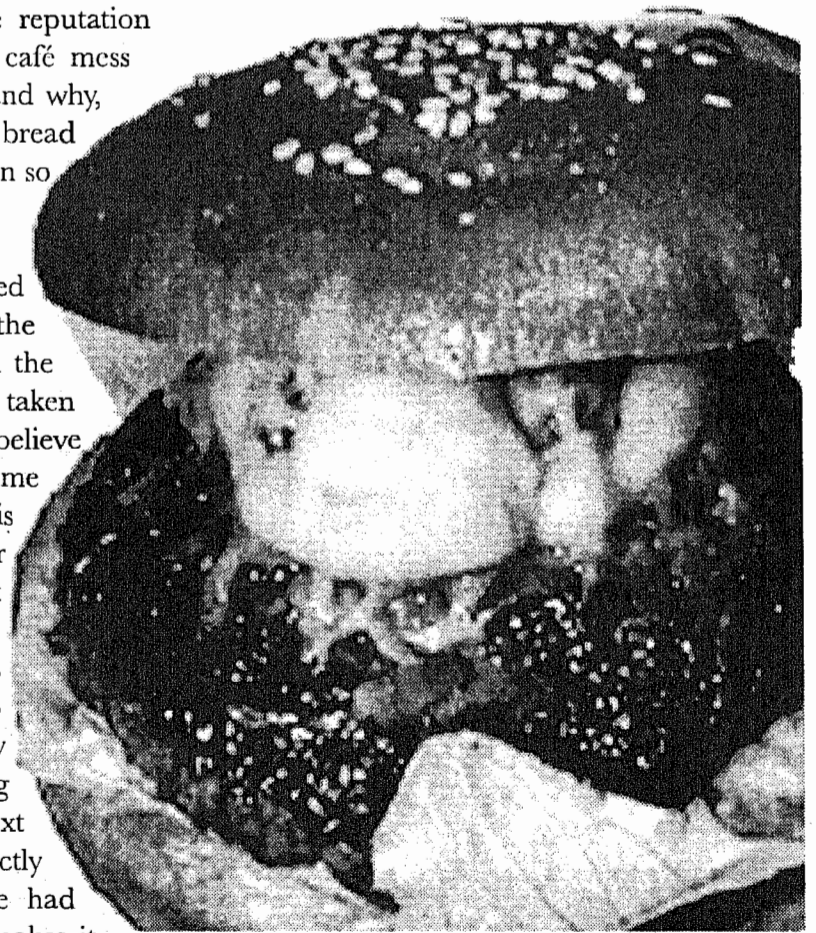
My passable burger was accompanied by possibly the worst salad I've ever been served. Think chalky tomatoes that looked as if they'd been mauled, accompanied by two pieces of fetta, a few olives and some greenery. The unappetising look of the tomato meant I **didn't even attempt** to eat it. The look that the counter girl gave me was a premonition. I don't understand why a place with the reputation of the Lion would let their sister café mess up something as simple as salad, and why, **WHY** couldn't they just use quality bread for their burgers? I would have been so much happier.

The rest of my table seemed satisfied by their meals, especially the lady who'd ordered the curry from the specials board. Maybe I should have taken her cue and done the same. I can't believe those stupid advertisements sucked me in. One positive aspect of the food is that it is excellent stomach lining for the copious amounts of alcohol that you will probably consume. Maybe that's the point of it. After all, it's so easy to meander from the café to the pub, and we were easily lured by the Alicia Keys-type ballads floating from the singer and her guitarist next door. The sappy songs didn't exactly make us feel like raging, but she had talent. I'll be so proud when she makes it through the first round of Australian Idol 2.

We sat in one of the wood and leather booths, enjoying the relative calm of the Tuesday night crowd. The birthday girl helped herself to many a shooter, while the rest of us followed the example of the cocktail pictures on the walls. For those of you that are unsure about ordering cocktails, you don't need to be at the Lion - just look around you for guidance. It's quite handy, I thought. Thanks to the drinks and the ambience of the pub, I found myself forgetting the burger. It could have been a once-off, and it's not like everyone was as disappointed as me. However, next time I want a burger, I think I'll just head to my local fish and chip shop, and buy a five dollar version. Mmm, old style greasiness! Oh, and I'll make my own salad.

ET

26



Pictured burger may not actually represent meal.

Hand-made by the Cooper family.

Blue Roses

The trees are sighing with discontent,
Their hushed whispers emphatically lent.
And for a fleeting moment the sky goes black
My gaze wanders to discover the lack.
Far from above I can see them falling,
Their delicate deep form silently calling,
Until their velvet slender, my cheek to touch,
Sending my sense reeling, it's almost too much:
A sense of fragility, beauty and fear
Doth spread through me as fire, then disappear.
And now all that falls from the sky are her tears,
The petals below tainted by my fears.
Her dolour pensively loaded in every tiny drop,
My dreams sadly falter, I know no how it will stop.
Licked blue in a flutter, I sink beneath the sea
As the midnight blue roses slowly suffocate me.

Jennifer Soggee

Poetry reveals the world...

Miscellany
Miles
Meanderthal
Photographs
reveal the world
but have the tact
not to
explain
it...
Deleuzianal
Movement
Miles
of Movement
Immanence
Transcendent mArt
The Portuguese fisherman
has left the Port
now he's just a Gueser.

by Julia

Poetry Competition

Congratulations to
Julia, who wins
a FABULOUS stack
of prizes! (lead:
books we can't give
away.)

(Come down to the
office on Thursday
@, say two-ish to
collect your loot!

(The rest of you
can send hate mail
to ITS)

Dreams Put On A Shelf

Close your eyes for just one moment
And as they flicker open
You see that otherworld of imagination
And the entrapped objects transform magically
To sparkling butterflies and pharies
To twinkling starlight and moonshine
To billowing clouds and breezes
Hung high in the sky beyond
On a soft summer day
Where cares and woe evanesced
To a mere memory fluttered away

But once again the jars are jars
Filled with nothing but the stale memories I infuse
From times long passed
And they still remain too far out of reach,
On high wooden shelves.
Locked away in this dank larder
Musty and damp in its solitude

Jennifer Soggee

"PAIN"

Pain is elusive

Illusion keeps you in.
Keeps you alive.
Maybe life is all about illusion.

Dreams are what life contains.
Contains you in.
Weird, warped perhaps so.

Laugh, scream, so cry.
Exclusion from your soul.
Escape.

Pain. Sensation. Blood.
Refusal from your soul.
Cut. Scream. Fantasize. Dream.
Elude.

-W

I once drew a girl
The girl of my dreams
With bloodshot eyes
And golden seams

I put her into plan
And made me her man
And set off promptly
To the cemetery

And there I dug
Jemima B. Fug
And her young mother
Felicity D. Smother

From these fresh corpses I made
A young girl named Jade
And in a manner Jekyll and Hyde
Revived her from formaldehyde

She served me well
From time to time
But soon run off
With young Frankenstein

I was fraught with rage
And set off to find her
But did then cool off
For were made for each other

Jimmy Trash

S.M.E.E.

Love is...

Love is vanity.
Love ignores the loved,
As fluffy windowdressing.
You were the frame
Around my cracked bedroom mirror.

Perfection is impossible,
But beauty is the path towards it.

You cut your hair like my mother's.
You smell like the slut who took my childhood.

Steve

You think we want this Material World

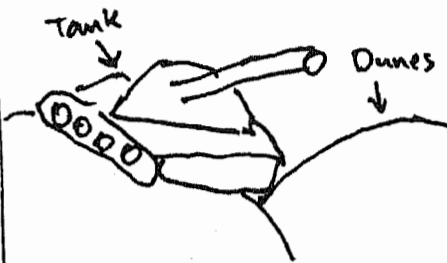
Sitting at my Grandma's table eating egg and bacon pie,
being told of hardship in the war,
we had no food to spare,
and you eat yours without a care,
look how lucky you are now.
What is the world coming to,
I have to lock my door,
of all the deaths and all the drugs,
life is sad, with no cricket in the street.
What do you want of me,
you say I'm rich and then I'm poor,
You use your life to question mine,
to see if it is worthy,
then you wonder why we pull our world apart,
to see what will remain,
It will never be quiche to her.

Josh Brenkley

LITERATURE.

DISARMING IRAQ

Dr Hans Blix



Disarming Iraq

Dr. Hans Blix
Allen and Unwin

Given the controversy surrounding the "Words of Mass Deception", that linked terrorist organisations in several countries, religious extremists, various US installed dictators, "September 11" and PATRIOTism with the promise of "Free Trade" to anyone who agreed and became a member of the "Coalition of the Willing", it was with some trepidation that I sat down to read Dr. Hans Blix' account of the time he spent as head of the UN weapons inspection team in Iraq.

Written in surprisingly accessible language with translations and commentary of the necessary "diplomat-ese", Blix does an excellent job of exploring the issues, the clashes and the wildly differing interpretations that began the slippery slope to armed confrontation.

The exploratory and explanatory aspects of the text combine to make the book feel quite restrained, yet it pulls no punches with the last chapter entitled "After War: Weapons of Mass Disappearance".

Overall, the text is remarkably balanced, while laying out the evidence or lack thereof at each point and pointing out the contrived, and pseudo-fabricated nature of the claims that led to the withdrawal of inspectors and the enforcement action taken as a result. Thoughtful answers to questions such as the inevitability (or otherwise) of war, the disagreement of the UN member states and the subsequent effect on the public view of the action and the culpability of initiating war on a prefix later indicated false, are provided.

Blix, throughout the text, takes opportunities to step back and discuss the bigger picture. Consideration is given to such general questions as the nature of the UN and the extent of its powers, the degree of co-operation that can be expected of a totalitarian state

and the ethics of enforcement on an international stage, provide a more general commentary applicable to today's ever-shrinking world.

Disarming Iraq provides not only a record of a very contentious war, but commentary and thought provoking discussion on where the world should now be headed. The implications of this latest Gulf war for both peace and security as well as any future disarmament campaigns and international peacekeeping efforts may not be dire but careful thought will always be required and this book is a good start.

Magdalene Addicoat

PETER SINGER



The President of
Good & Evil

The President of Good and Evil: The Ethics of George W. Bush

Peter Singer
Text Publishing Company

As I'm writing this, George Bush is preparing (read: being prepared) to answer questions and give evidence before the tribunal investigating United States intelligence, or lack thereof, leading up to the September 2001 attacks on New York and Washington DC.

But, being President, he has to have his own rules. Firstly, he will not be interrogated by himself. Nor will Vice-President Dick Cheney; so, naturally, the two will front the tribunal together, presumably holding hands. Secondly, he will not swear to tell the truth.

George Bush is one of the most powerful people in the world. He is the leader of a nation he believes is the bastion of freedom and democracy, of individualism and opportunity. Yet he and his Vice-President will not adhere to the rules everybody else has to live by.

Peter Singer, the Melbourne-born philosopher who currently teaches at Princeton University, and author of classic texts including *Animal Liberation*, *Practical Ethics* and *How Are We to Live?*, indulges himself with this ruthless examination of a man who has banned embryo research out of respect for human

life yet sends gung-ho kid-soldiers into conflicts that result in huge losses of human lives; who preaches equality of opportunity yet abandons taxes on large inheritances; who justifies the Iraq war by pointing to the "liberation" of the Iraqi people, yet locks up hundreds of "enemy combatants" in Cuba's Camp X-Ray to keep them away from US courts.

It's a good read: in keeping with his style, it's well researched and footnoted, entertaining and accessible to everyone, not just Honours Philosophy students. But is it just another Bush book? There is now so much critique of the United States President, there's not much in this book, fact-wise, that's not reasonably common knowledge, at least among people who would never vote for Bush. But this is a major point: those who admire Bush will (most likely) not read it.

No, the real value of the book lies in its "practical ethics": Singer removes ethical discourse from the abstract, and applies it to a subject we already know a lot about. In the first five chapters, Singer examines "Bush's America", and analyses his tax policies, his supposed reverence for human life, his concept of freedom and his Christian faith; in the next four, he shows how Bush's (rather confused) ethics play out in America's foreign policy.

Singer doesn't come to any semblance of a conclusion until the final chapter, when, perhaps surprisingly, he broaches the increasingly popular Straussian conspiracy theory, a variant of which he alluded to previously when discussing the Project for the New American Century, to describe the President-as-Puppet hypothesis. His final conclusion re Bush, the man, is sympathetic to the point of pity.

Many of the points Singer raises are contestable, but that's the nature of philosophy. As a whole, though, *The President of Good and Evil* is a valuable addition to "practical ethics" literature, and is worth reading.

Russell Marks

Our internet
went down,
okay? Sue us.
Or complain to
ITS. (Buy these
books any way
(except maybe that
one →)).
-Eds.

TOP BLOKE



Gordon
GRAHAM

Top Bloke

Gordon Graham
Arrow

While *Top Bloke* isn't the most fluent piece of literature I've ever come across, the book still hits its mark. Graham unlocks the mind of Gerard Oakes, at a pivotal moment in his life, just in time for us to watch his life and sanity crumble away. This from the playwright responsible for the chilling play *The Boys* the decent of this 'Top Bloke' was always going to be frightening.

However, this black comedy is exactly that - a joke. Without wanting to be too critical the story is just a little too predictable, and the circumstances unnecessarily outrageous. Gerard Oakes is the 'top bloke' in this story - a great footballer, a smart business man, and a good boyfriend - or at least that how he sees himself. Then as his life unceremoniously turns to shit - yes you guessed it: his girlfriend leaves him, he gets fired, and his pride and joy, the most important part of his soul, his Holden HSV is stolen. All this in a novel that is plainly written, with an ending more obvious than giant fluoro rhino.

However, for all of the novel's simplicities, it still manages to be poignant and relevant. Oakes plays the part of the Aussie bloke, the larrikin we admire, this novel makes us watch this iconic Australian disintegrate into the manic on the news. This novel asks us to rethink our ideas about our heroes and our society. At the heart of this novel is a discussion about obsession and sanity, and where the line exist in our society. It also asks us what it would take for us to cross this line, and what would it take for you to crack. The book also tackles the issues of gun crime, which have become all the more relevant since the Port Arthur Massacre.

This book is an easy read, a thriller that won't keep you up at night. If you get the chance, perhaps give it a read - but please take my copy, or borrow it from the library, or steal the thing, it isn't really worth paying for. However, the issues in this book should require our attention, mental health and gun crime are often overlooked and misunderstood. There really should be more avenues in our society - other than just bad novels, for people to discuss these problems.

Elephant

Directed by:
Gus Van Sant

Starring: Alex Frost, Eric Deulen, John Robinson, Elias McConnell

This film is about an American tragedy. But wait...the real tragedy is the film. The idea of *Elephant* is incredibly promising but this film is only successful in being sickening and irritating. Director Gus Van Sant has created a film that attempts to explore gun massacres in US schools. *Elephant* looks at the experience of high school and the different meanings it holds for people – traumatic, fun, sociable, lonely.

Elephant refers to something metaphorically huge that we all see but choose to ignore. We follow students at Portland High, a seemingly normal school filled with study, football and gossip. John (John Robinson) is late for school after having to take over driving for his drunken father. Elias (Elias McConnell) takes photos of students for his portfolio. Michelle (Kirsten Hicks) races to start work in the library.

Yet this calm exterior conceals a bubbling pot of frustrations and desires.

Alex (Alex Frost) and Eric (Eric Deulen) are troubled students planning a massacre at the school. They are depicted as "Nazi homosexuals." We see them watching a video about Hitler and a scene of the boys in the shower is ridiculously awkward. Van Sant should really have intensified the clichés by placing them in dysfunctional homes and giving them skin conditions. Hence, this reviewer believes a rather shallow attempt was made at suggesting what motivates people to kill and why gun massacres happen.

Van Sant has focused heavily on the style of *Elephant*, allowing his inexperienced actors to improvise lines and filming the actors in real time. The long camera shots are initially intriguing but quickly become tedious. Apart

from an interesting look they do not serve a purpose. The scenes are drawn out, detracting from the narrative and taking the place of important character development. This is the main problem with *Elephant* because when the kids are picked off by the gunmen, we are shocked by the carnage but don't really care for the characters.

Perhaps I've missed something – but I don't think so. If you think cinematic technique means everything and zero character development is okay – maybe you'll enjoy *Elephant*. But if you're looking for a moving and challenging film about this issue, do yourself a favour and hire *Bowling for Columbine*.

2 stars
Simone Bannister

Osama

Directed by:
Siddiq Barmak

Starring:
Marina Golbahari,
Arif Herati,
Zubaida Sahar



The scene? Taliban-controlled Afghanistan. The story? The injustice of the Taliban rule. *Osama*, written and directed by Siddiq Barmak, won the International Critics Prize at the Cannes Film Festival last year. So what's the buzz all about?

Osama takes us to the streets of Kabul where a young girl (Marina Golbahari) and her mother (Zubaida Sahar) find themselves amongst a women's protest against the Taliban regime. The demonstration is callously terminated when the protesters are forced into cages by Taliban troops. A young boy, Espandi (Arif Herati), hides the two women and they avoid incarceration. This opening scene reveals the social oppression women face living in Afghanistan at this time. They are not allowed to work, their bodies cannot be exposed and they are not permitted to leave home without their husbands.

Forbidden to work, the girl and her mother are barely surviving. Without any male family to support them, they decide to disguise the girl as a boy and send her to work. Soon after she is rounded up with Espandi and taken to a Taliban school. Taunted by the other boys as effeminate, Espandi becomes her only protector, insisting she is a boy called Osama. The scenes of Osama's unavoidable exposure and court sentencing are intense, frustrating but incredibly moving. Her fate reveals a ridiculous system of justice where a future is decided with as much thought as flipping a coin.

Osama is well cast, with mostly inexperienced actors. Herati has a natural charm as the wily street urchin and Golbahari wonderfully conveys sorrow, anger and fear with little dialogue. She is definitely the film's most powerful presence. One criticism is that each character's dialogue appears more like a monologue rather than an engaging script. The subtitles also detract slightly from the film's intensity and some of *Osama's* emotive power is lost.

Still, *Osama* is an intriguing, different and educational film about a despicable regime. I thought this film would make me angrier about the injustice of living under the Taliban rule but at the screening I felt somewhat nonchalant. Interestingly, only in retrospect have I found *Osama* to be thought-provoking and memorable.

3 stars
Simone Bannister

The Mercury Cinema has released their 2004 Cinemateque and CineAsia programs and they are **PHAT.**

- Here are some must sees:
- EXPERIMENTAL JUKEBOX 7/6**
1960's psychedelic drug and music culture doco.
 - SPLENDOUR IN THE GRASS 14/6**
Tragic and scary Kansas film with Warren Beatty.
 - BATTLE ROYAL 19/6**
Chilling Japanese ultra-violence
 - END OF EVANGELION 2/7**
Final instalment of Evangelion
 - LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN 28/6**
Elegant 1925 production of Wilde's play, considered the best.



DECAY OF FICTION 24/5
Plus far too much to include here. Go to the Mercury and see the amazing stuff they have on offer.

Mr. De Heer,

or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Film



Rolf De Heer. To me, he's pretty much the man, the most individual and brilliant director working in the Australian cinema. He seems to restlessly jump from issue to issue and through *Bad Boy Bubby*, *The Quiet Room*, *Dance Me To My Song*, *The Tracker* and *Alexandra's Project* has commented on childhood, disability, race relations and marital politics. His new film, *The Old Man Who Read Love Stories*, is a more than worthy addition to an already imposing list. Getting the opportunity to speak to him is, for an Australian film geek, the be all and end all.

He stands before me dressed in a large wide brimmed hat and clothes that someone might wear if they were going bush walking. It's like he's stepped straight out of the Australian outback rather than off Rundle street. For a second unsure whether this is really the man I'm here to see.

"Good morning Rolf, this is Danny from some student paper or other" the lady behind me introduces

"Oh, great, this should be fun, but you've got a few questions" he draws

"Well yea, um I have, well I mean I do, do you, ah, wanna wait or, or, y'know, I could... whatever you would like to... I don't really, y'know, mind or whatever" I ejaculate.

I immediately realize that whatever steps I had taken to make myself seem legitimate were immediately betrayed by my backpack speckled with badges of metal bands and my obvious nervousness. I wait patiently, attempting not to embarrass myself any further as he makes a small talk with the cinema lady and after a few minutes we begin our interrogation.

We begin with a few questions about the film and what it was like for him doing his first adaptation for the screen. "Whenever I start writing a script I set up parameters within which I have to work and this just sets up a different set of parameters. Also it's a different sort of interest to me I guess in that I have this wonderfully rich material to work with and you might have to add some stuff and shift some stuff but you can write it really well because you have this rich material to refer to."

Although the film wrapped in January 2000, before both *The Tracker* and *Alexandra's Project*, it hasn't been released until now. He elaborates on the problems he faced. "Post production took a very long time because it was fraught, there was a complicated financial set up and therefore a complicated number of producers and it just got itself tangled, in a financial and business sense."

Old Man stars Richard Dreyfuss, who is the biggest international star that De Heer has worked with (with the possible exception of Miles Davis) and it seems to have been an experience he very much enjoyed: "He's just great to work with. He was a little afraid of the role because it demanded something he's not used to giving, he considers himself to be very urbane, and he is. You sensed this needed not a usual Richard Dreyfuss performance. He learned that there's a different pace to things in the jungle which helped the film". Also splendid in the film is Hugo Weaving, Rolf was obviously very taken with his understanding of the acting craft: "I find it's his most engaging performance, you engage, like him, and feel for him. Hugo found his character through the script and the book and there was almost nothing I had to do or say, just watch this performance in front of me, it was just fantastic." I questioned him as to whether it was hard to get Richard's cooperation seeing as Rolf is a little known Adelaide filmmaker and Richard is a big international name "My credentials weren't questioned. From the script he could tell I could do things." Interestingly Nigel Hawthorne was originally slated to play the titular *Old Man*. "He read the script and liked it but he wanted to know my work, so my agent sent him *Bad Boy Bubby* and then a terse note came back saying 'my client doesn't wish to spend three months in the jungle with a madman'. Then we sent some more stuff and he understood, but then had to pull out for other reasons."

30 Having covered the obligatory questions relating to the film itself I thought it would be a good time to push him and see if I could gain

some sort of understanding of him through discussion of his wider career. I asked whether being a somewhat more established director has changed his approach to cinema at all and he seems to think not: "I've had the most astonishing run of films where I've had the most amazing freedom. Since *Bad Boy Bubby* I've financed each one before there was a script and that gives me such freedom to do these films exactly the way I want to do them, and the way that I think is right". I thought I might push further and try and coax out some comments on the De Heer life philosophy.

Everything just melts away, there's absolutely no retort and pretty soon the interview time is up, I excuse myself, and he leaves for a cigarette.

In almost all his films the main characters are outsiders who struggle through a relentlessly venal world. It would seem that he thinks that environment is overwhelmingly important in shaping character, he acknowledges that but says "I think we're all outsiders, that's how I see it and that does tend to creep into the films. Yes I think environment is very important. But in *The Quiet Room* it's more what's happening on a human level that's shaping the character. What I try and do is try and create a world that's a complete world within itself so that we can enter that world, it can be an extreme world or it may not be, and go to a different place, even if it's close to us. It is an escape experience even though the escape may not necessarily always be easy." But the question that begs to be asked is just why the hell why does he insist on making them so difficult? Apparently it's

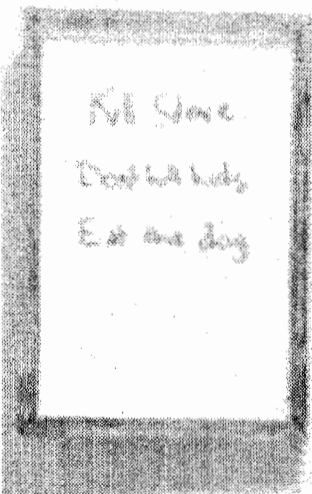
all a matter of frugality: "If we're dealing with something that has some significance, in ninety minutes to two hours, to pose the question sufficiently strongly, you need to get in to the more extreme areas. Bringing darkness in sharpens the economy with which you can say these things. It's easier to see a contrast between good and bad if you have extreme bad."

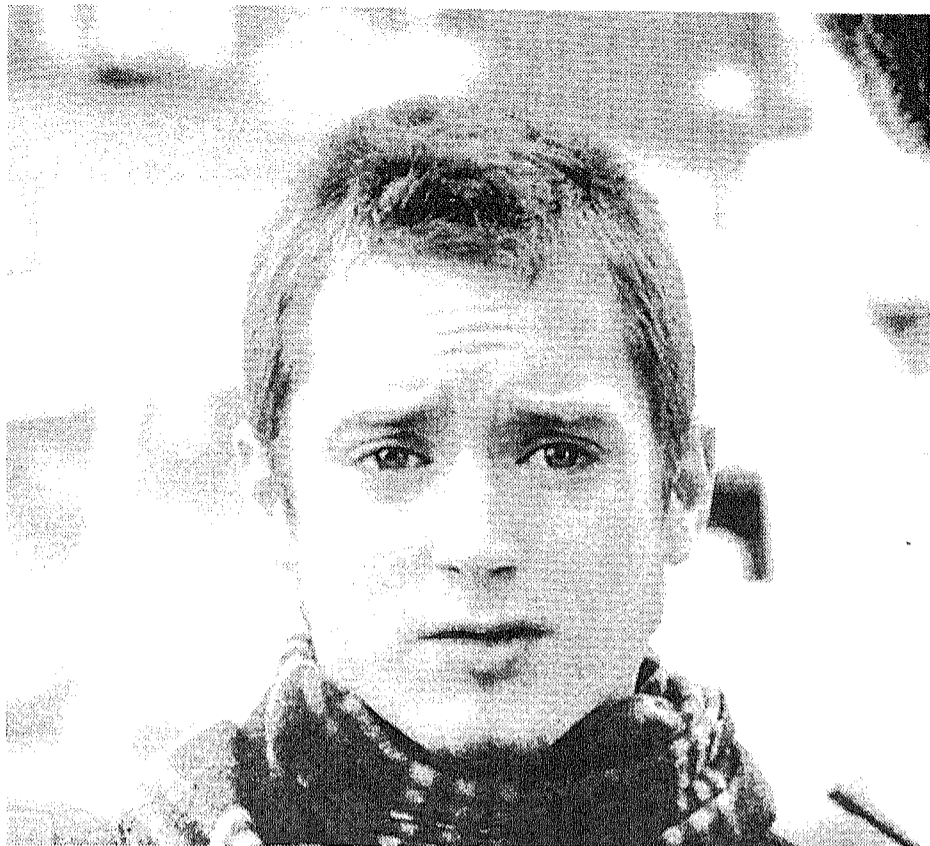
As I push along this more analytical path I notice a growing frustration, not directed necessarily at me, more at my line of thinking, he's flummoxed more than angered and it's then he offers his great insight. Before allowing me to continue any further he pauses and then offers: "Look, it's very important in my process that I don't intellectualize about anything. We've done more intellectualizing in half an hour than I have done in all the months that it's taken me to write all the scripts that I've done. I absolutely reject it, and I work on feel. If it feels wrong, it's out, because if I intellectualize about this stuff then I'm going to contrive and that won't be credible, and so I just do it on feel."

Everything just melts away, there's absolutely no retort and pretty soon the interview time is up, I excuse myself, and he leaves for a cigarette.

As I descend the stairs and wander back out onto Rundle street I run back over his comment "I just do what feels right" and I'm reminded of the words of another great artist, that "nothing worth knowing can be understood by the mind, everything really valuable has to enter you through a different opening... if you'll forgive the disgusting imagery" and I realize with a smirk that the brain is far and away the most over rated organ. I've been running to endless numbers of books and movies for some sort of truth only to fall, burn and return to the same patch of quicksand. Rolf knew, and now I know, that the only true way to go is on feel, to recognize that the brain, while valuable, is only one piece of a complex puzzle and, quite often, too damn smart for its own good.

Danny Wills





Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind

Director: Michel Gondry
Starring: Jim Carrey, Kate Winslet, Kirsten Dunst, Mark Ruffalo, Elijah Wood, Tom Wilkenson

Truth and memory are like virgin bedmates. They hop and skip in a shy tango of flirtation, only occasionally reaching out to tentatively exchange energy before retreating into the blurry shadows of our mental houses. How do we explain recognition in absence of history? Do we have a blueprint of experience written on our soul? Can we share a lifetime of emotion and forget it in the course of a day?

Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind is the latest offering from Charlie Kaufman and Michel Gondry. It's a simple tale about complicated matters – life, love and the tragic reality of relationships. The difference in *Eternal Sunshine* is that it explores the complexities of these issues through a fantastical lens. What if we could erase those memories that cause us pain and anguish, obliterate those people from our minds that refuse to let their grip on us go? What does it really mean to be granted a clean slate?

Eternal Sunshine tells the story of Joel Barish (Jim Carrey – proving once and for all to those nay sayers out there that he does possess talent to be reckoned with) and Clementine Kruczynski (Kate Winslet). The movie opens with Joel lamenting the depressive nature of Valentines Day “a holiday invented by greeting card companies to make us all feel like crap”. Acting on an uncharacteristically spontaneous whim, Joel ditches work for the day and heads out to the wintry beach at Montauk where he meets

Clementine. Initially wary of her eccentric enthusiasm, by the end of the day Joel has warmed to her. It is here that the movie diverges into bent reality and the beauty of *Eternal Sunshine* really emerges. Through flashback sequences, we learn that Joel and Clementine have for different reasons elected to have the memories of their relationship erased. With the help of a duo of hapless technicians (with Mark Ruffalo as Stan and Elijah Wood as Patrick) and a troubled secretary (an excellent Kirsten Dunst) we journey into the recesses of Joel's memories. As the foundations of his memories of Clementine collapse like a house of cards, Joel is reminded of all the reasons he fell in love with her in the first place.

The story maintains a simultaneous track of timelines as a backwards ascent through Joel and Clementine's two year history runs parallel to the 24 hour period of his erasure. The superb cast work brilliantly under Gondry's direction, while Kaufman continues to prove that he is one of the most interesting screenwriters working in film today. *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* addresses ideas of truth and memory and the unwavering standoff that sometimes exists between the practicalities of our brain and the desires of our hearts. Through the juxtaposition of Joel's paintings and his own erasure, we are forced to ask questions about the constructions of ourselves and the myriad of colours that create our humanity. *Eternal Sunshine* is above all one of the most honest films I have ever seen and its many layers of beauty will lap against the blurred edges of your own reality long after the final wave has crashed on that beach. *Meet me in Montauk...*

4 stars
Clementine

Kill Bill: Volume 2

Director: Quentin Tarantino
Starring: Uma Thurman, David Carradine, Michael Madsen, Daryl Hannah and Gordon Liu

Six months after the rollicking, blood soaked, action film that was *Kill Bill: Volume 1* comes the release of the conclusion to Quentin Tarantino's *homage* to samurai, Yakuza, kung-fu, spaghetti Western, martial arts, Anime, Hong Kong action, chop-socky, grind house and *giallo* movies.

Having already knocked off two of the DiVAS team, The Bride (Uma Thurman) continues along her murderous journey in search of the remaining three “vermin” – Budd (Michael Madsen), Elle Driver (Daryl Hannah) and, of course, Bill (David Carradine). The three showdowns are all fantastic in their own distinct ways, Budd's for it's abruptness, Elle's for it's ironic ferocity and Bill's for it's brilliantly subdued understatement.

There are some truly inspired sequences dotted throughout the film, perhaps the best of which is a flashback showing The Bride's training with the mystical Pai Mei. Through a montage we see her move from weakness to consummate professionalism. Tarantino shoots it like a scene from any of the hundreds of kung-fu TV serials with all the cheesy zooms and silly hand motions. What could so easily be parody comes off as anything but, in fact it's loving *homage*, he's sharing his boundless love for the genre tropes with an audience that's unlikely to have been exposed to them before. The brilliance of those scenes aside it must be said that the fight scene with Elle Driver and the buried alive sequence are also fantastically executed.

Uma Thurman is really quite amazing and I struggle to think of

another performance from the last decade that demands such range from its lead. Over the course of the two films she's had to be sweet and charming, scorned and murderous, cool and calculated and bloodthirsty depending on what the scene requires. Add to the emotional range the amazing physical feats that she performs – swordplay, martial arts, wire stunts, speaking Japanese and you have a complete performance.

Volume 1 was a fast-paced action romp with little desire for character development or sentiment and, in many ways *Volume 2* is its antithesis. Tarantino affords his characters relatively large periods of time to talk and fill in the gaps left from *Volume 1*. It's not his typical *Pulp Fiction* or *Reservoir Dogs* dialogue either. The flippant, off-hand conversations of those films are discarded for quite deliberately wordy and emphatic language. In the final meeting between The Bride and Bill the discussion really does feel like one that has been rehearsed in each of their heads a thousand times in preparation for the day that they would be able to use it.

As a stand alone movie *Volume 1* was a delirious indulgence of swordplay and kung fu. *Volume 2* is a slower, but no less interesting character study. Alone they're both intriguing but together they become greater than the sum of their parts. As a combined film *Kill Bill* is definitely one of the best films of the year, and probably deserves to be included in a list of the great cinema epics.

4 stars
Danny Wills

LOVE OF DIAGRAMS

Jade Monkey April 3

This story in some ways begins in the beer garden of the Jade Monkey. Listening to friends talking about music and discussing percussion and finding myself and danV reminiscing over some of the glorious jams we were lucky enough to be a part of earlier in the year and what it meant to us. Then somehow a joint seemed to materialise out of nowhere (possibly my jacket pocket), which naturally heightened our sense of profundity and at the very least gave the illusion of a greater understanding of the human condition and a greater sense of compassion and connection. We were of high spirit (and mind), the night felt beautiful and I was by no means prepared for the psychological assault I would encounter when Love of Diagrams started playing.

I'd heard some great things about Love of Diagrams and at the onset it felt like the good rep might work against them in my estimation, until my eyes and ears fell on Monika's drumming and it was like getting pulled (both willingly and unwillingly) headlong into a vortex. It was like a Siren's song only more primal, more intuitive and more real and from that moment my brain is captivated by the noise that's flooding it. Then my analytical brain kicks in and I think, *Wow, it must be really difficult for a girl drummer to escape the Meg White comparisons these days. It's a shame, and I'm sure it's really annoying.* Unfortunately societies en masse are quite dull and stupid and the populus seems to be using Meg to make drumming even more of a boys' club, perceiving her simplistic and childlike approach as a product of the hindrance of ovaries to drumming rather than as something that is obviously aesthetically pleasing to Meg and Jack. Well, for the record the comparisons are pointless. While Meg sounds like she's drumming on Valium, this girl sounds like she's drumming on acid and it sounds fucking cool.

The music itself came screeching, grooving and looping through my mind like a stoned Godspeed You! Black Emperor channelling Joy Division and paying their respects to Sonic Youth and Lou Reed. But beyond whatever threads of vague sonic reminiscences the band spewed forth and wove into our subconscious, it was *their* sound that I heard and loved above all

else. That elusive quality of many bands that endear them to an audience through a unique and interesting collective personality was not so elusive in Love of Diagrams. However I began to notice something far more sinister develop.

The dynamic of the band began to look tense and an antagonistic element became apparent. I became gripped with a kind of knowing terror that for a second shook me quite deeply. Maybe it has to do with being the guitarist in a newly developing three-piece myself and seeing some of my own fears being manifested in another trio whose sound really captures me. Maybe my neural chemistry at the time was causing me to read more into what I was seeing more than there really was. But as someone who understands the politics of playing music with two other people I saw a lot of tension and maybe even instability within Love of Diagrams and I grew a little fearful for them.

So some realisations begin to dawn on me, about music and about life and how people perceive you. I start thinking about how destructive it is to be passive-aggressive and undermining toward another member of your band... particularly in a trio and particularly in front of an audience. I fall into a pit of transference again as I start thinking about band politics and my fear of letting personal feelings or frustrations create a cold, charmlessness that ends up kinda just making me look like a big dork in front of an audience. Meanwhile the presence and charisma of the band begins shifting away from (guitarist/vocalist) Luke and almost squarely on the shoulders of the two girls as he begins seeming more absent, almost invisible like Lou Reed in his stage presence.

The most depressing moment for me came when (bassist/vocalist) Antonia asked Luke to turn his amp down a bit (after the more subtle approach failed a few times) and he agreed, but not before approaching the mic to tell the person mixing "I'm turning my amp down a bit, so you might want to compensate". A pain hit my heart when I heard this, because in the context of the evening, whether intentional or not, it seemed like a cheap blow, or like someone grasping for political leverage by devaluing the opinion of their co-collaborator. Especially considering that the guitar

was sounding a tiny bit shrill and that it was a relief to not have so much top end ringing through everything. The person mixing seemed to be of the same opinion as they either forgot or neglected to boost the guitar in the mix.

A very wise man once said to me that a good trio should be like the ultimate democracy, and it's true. It's what made Nirvana so good even though they played crap music, the fact that all three of them were in it together and it really felt like it. The same goes with the Melvins who are and have to be on exactly the same wavelength to do what they do. And even the fucking Experience who, despite their problems, instabilities and ego-clashes, never really showed it on stage.

But who knows, perhaps it's this perceived 'tension' they were playing under that made the music so good. Certainly there was something tragically beautiful about what I was hearing and seeing. It was math rock only with an emotional intensity that overpowered the intellectual awareness of what was happening and it carried you along almost mercilessly. As far as the sound of the band is concerned I thought everyone played great that night. The guitar sounded cool, very sprawling but in a tasteful and musical way. While the bass was exactly the contrast needed; not many people master the art of using the bass guitar as both a rhythmic and melodic instrument (I wasn't surprised to hear she crossed over to bass from violin) and I thought Antonia's voice was quite beautiful as well. The drumming was a kind of blissed-out polyrhythmic time tunnel that almost chewed the music up and spat it out as something not altogether different... but not altogether unchanged either.

Love of Diagrams sound like a band on a knife's edge, and perhaps they sound all the better for it. Perhaps this tension is driving them to live and play in the moment, and to seize every new opportunity to make something wonderful out of an art form that always seems so fleeting. If only great music could last forever rather than disappearing back into the ether it was plucked from.

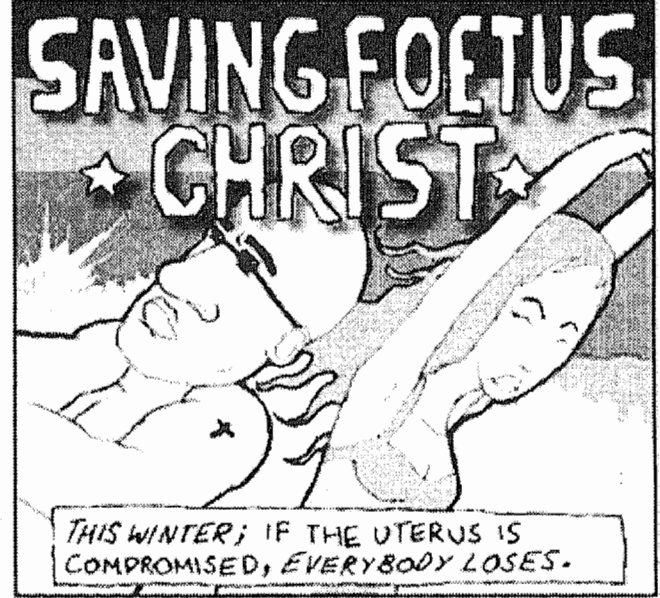
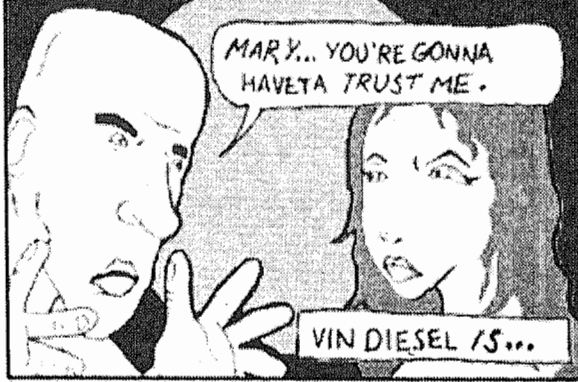
michael



THIS SEASON: FROM MEL "GIBBO" GIBSON COMES THE PREQUEL TO THE PASSION OF THE CHRIST...



SHE'S EIGHT MONTHS PREGNANT WITH THE SON OF GOD... AND HE'S JUST OUT TO PROTECT HER FROM TERRORISTS - ANY WAY HE CAN!



THIS WINTER; IF THE UTERUS IS COMPROMISED, EVERYBODY LOSES.

The Angry and Dissatisfied

Toonz Page!

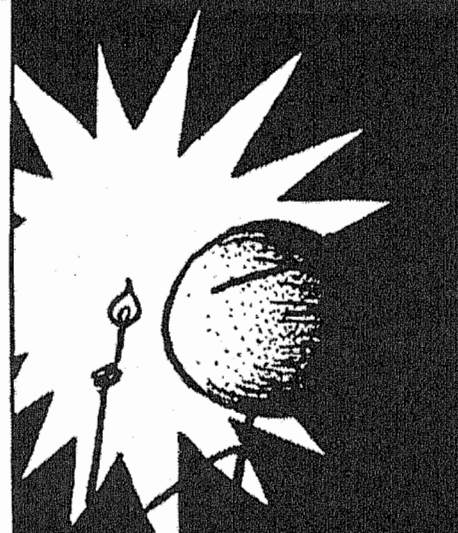
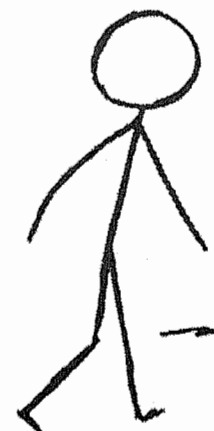
the award winning adventures of...



only 1/2 calories per adventure!

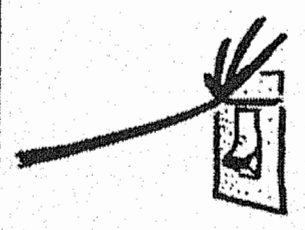
by Sam Olechnowicz

LAST WEEK, MAGNETBOY HAD AN OMINOUS DREAM ABOUT COUNT EVILOVIC & HIS LOVE, MAGGIE! NOW, OUR HERO HAS REACHED THE SUMMIT OF... MAGIC MOUNTAIN!

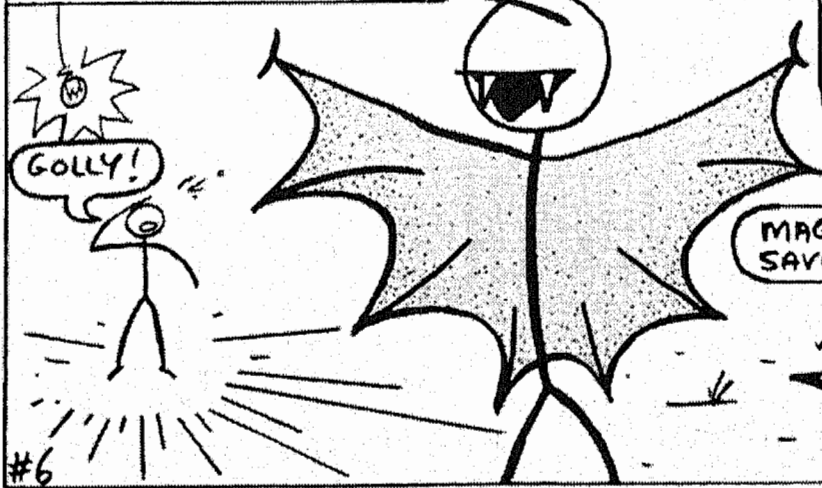


M.B. LIGHTS A MATCH & CONTINUES DEEPER INTO THE CAVE!!!

THE MATCH GOES OUT! IN THE DARKNESS, MAGNETBOY'S HAND FUMBLES WITH A STRANGE SWITCH-LIKE OBJECT!



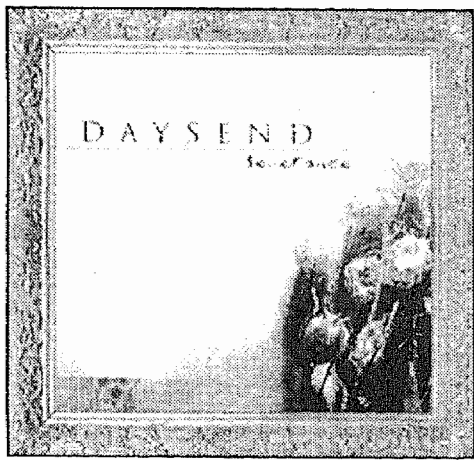
THE LIGHTS COME ON, & COUNT EVILOVIC APPEARS!



aha! magnetboy! you haf fallen into my trapp! now, vatch as i send maggie down von of my vunderful vaterslides! i have hidden razorblades in the tubes! mvahahaha! mvahaha!

MAGNETBOY! SAVE ME!!!

WILL OUR HERO SAVE MAGGIE OR WILL SHE BE CUT TO SHREDS BY THE RAZORBLADES? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!!!



Daysend
Severance
Chatterbox

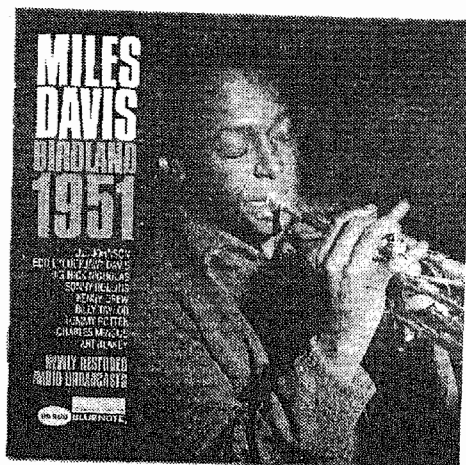
Daysend could almost be called a cast-off band, having namely formed in 2003 through the dispersion of numerous groups such as Psi.Kore, Deadspawn, Automation and Redsands. However, mediocre they are not. As a consequence of this they're a very experienced band with a very good feeling for where they want to take their music, apparent in their ability to sustain a gig despite the fact they were without a lead vocalist. Once this problem was solved with Simon Calabrese joining the other members (Meredith Webster, Wayne Morris, Michael Kordek and Aaron Bilbija), *Severance* was recorded in no less than 10 days.

Now at the forefront of Australian metal, Daysend appear to be making it where other groups previously failed. Their experience in what doesn't work has helped lead the way to what does. Experimenting with combining the different musical influences within the metal industry, whilst still for the most part maintaining a strong sense of the origins of metal, the album has wide appeal. Having toured with Strapping Young Lad, performing with some of Australia's other forefront metal bands such as Alchemist, BloodDuster, Jerk and Earth, as well as having supported international acts such as Skin Lab and The Haunted, they have a lot of ideas to pick and choose with.

They choose well. In general the music is quite upbeat, the lyrics being that of what you'd expect of any metal album. It has some strong and catchy riffs, as well as some strong melodic lines that are quite impressing on the memory. In 'Ignorance of Bliss' a quite amusing line occurs: as many non-metal fans would be reaching for the cough-mix medicine, the vocal line screeches "I will find the beauty of this world". Standout tracks include the title track, 'Severance', as well as the acclaimed 'Prism of You'. 'September' is also notable, the slowest track on the cd, but by no means the least. The finale track 'Sibling' contains another intrinsic guitar solo and ends with the questioning line "sink or swim?" I believe Daysend most definitely swim.

jenn

34



Miles Davis
Birdland 1951
Blue Note/ EMI

What can one say about Miles that hasn't already been said? He is one of the most galvanising musicians of the modern age, a man who had his fingers in so many musical pies almost everyone who whistles a tune after him owes a nod or two in his direction, and somehow he managed to sound good through every stylistic about face. Hell, even his cover of that Cindy Lauper song with the cheesy 80's synths was cool.

Fans of the man and his music will be rapturous to learn that some 'new' Miles has been released, dating back to material recorded at the legendary *Birdland* nightspot in New York, 1951.

Taken from live radio broadcasts from the underground club, these uncovered recordings shine some light on what Miles got up to in New York in the early fifties after the *Birth of the Cool Sessions*. Sourced from three separate dates, the line up includes giants like drum maestro Art Blakey, tenor man Sonny Rollins and Charles Mingus, but also draws attention to some lesser known players like trombonist JJ Johnson and pianist Kenny Drew. Like any good jazz disc, there's the pre-requisite linear notes from Blue Note founder Ira Gittler, reminiscing about *Birdland* and dropping illuminating information and anecdotes.

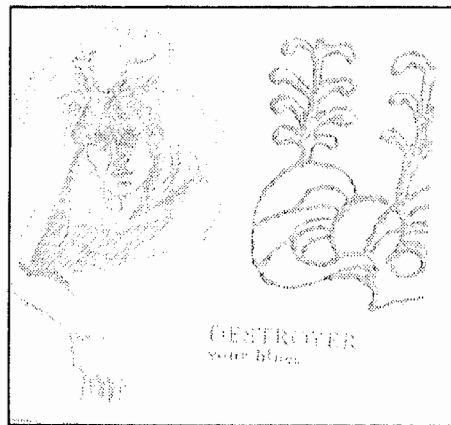
The order of the day for these dates immortalised on this disc was bop, and the playing, as you'd expect, is amazing. There are some energetic moments that hint at the hard bop sound that Blakey would later champion, like the horn swells on 'Half Nelson' which churn like an ocean ride, and the frantic pace of Denzil Best's 'Move' (there is a take from each of the three line-ups, which makes for fascinating comparisons) which features some fantastic kick drum accents from Blakey and some muscular tenor trade offs and burning solos from Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis and George "Big Nick" Nicholas. There are no ballads at all, but some lighter tunes such as 'The Squirrel' and a blues head by Miles titled 'Down' ensure there's some differing dynamics to mix things up.

A brief word about the recordings themselves; they are very primitive and quite noisy. At times you can hear the wheezing wow and flutter sound of the tape machine itself. Bear in mind that

these are takes that were put live to air over the radio recorded in a small club, and whilst they've been 'remastered', they are far from featuring the pristine audio quality you might expect, so be forewarned.

After these recordings were made, Miles, seeking new uncharted waters, would of course go on to proclaim that "the music has gotten too thick" and produce the genius modal understatement of *Kind of Blue*. This album would be worthy of note simply for providing another piece of the sprawling jigsaw puzzle that forms the Miles lexicon. But beyond that, even despite the noise distractions, this is a fine collection of jazz improvisation that deserves to be enjoyed beyond its importance as a mere historical artifact of this legendary musician.

dan V



Destroyer
Your Blues
Trifekta/ FMR

Despite the imposing name, Destroyer is in fact quite easy listening from Canadian songsmith and solo artist (and occasional New Pornographers member) Daniel Bejar.

Imagine a cheeky David Bowie or a cheerier Mercury Rev, with a penchant for poetry growing up in a traveling circus. Add synthesized arpeggios and you end up with something sounding not too dissimilar to 'Notorious Lightning', this album's first track.

That sums up the general feel for this album; theatrical sonnets married to skeletal arrangements backed by electronic pads. It's almost a winning formula, but the latter ingredient raises one of my problems with this album.

Whilst there's nothing wrong with using synthesizers per se (I'm quite fond of them myself), when they are used to imitate real instruments it always raises the question of "why bother when there's always some kid you can pay \$50 to play trumpet on your album?" Particularly when he/she would probably give you something unexpected and more interesting than you playing around with the patches on your synth. Essentially, the sounds here sometimes dwarf the impact of the songs and perhaps don't compliment them in the way some other artistic choices would have, like using more instrumentation and all of the dynamic possibilities and off-the-cuff spontaneity that a group of human musicians affords. While there's no end to the enthusiasm shown by Bejar, there's a sense that his wide-eyed vocals are not enough on their own to truly captivate the listener for the album's duration.

Still, there are a lot of good things to say about *Your Blues*, namely that there are some touching poetic moments and inspired songwriting. 'The sweetness of 'It's Gonna Take an Airplane' demands it be revisited more than once and the restrained majesty of the title track is really quite beautiful.

'Don't Become the Thing you Hated' offers a kernel of wisdom ensconced in a suitably simplistic song, and the last track 'Certain Things you Ought to Know' is full of gentle melancholia.

Destroyer's *Your Blues* is not "difficult" music, but it's the listeners duty to extract the most from it. It has some great things to offer the patient music lover fond of singing wordsmiths and crafty balladeers. Some will love its jovial whimsies, others might wish for something more corporeal to sink their teeth into. Put it this way, this album is like a plate of fresh leafy greens; you know it's all good for you, but you can't help wondering how much better it would taste were it embellished with some exotic olives, expensive cheese, big ass crutons, and more olive oil than is necessary.

dan V



Aqualung
Still Life
Warner

Although I do not wish to stereotype, comparisons between Aqualung's music and that of fellow UK acts Coldplay, Ed Harcourt and Travis are all warranted, and perhaps inevitable. However, while *Still Life* does not attempt to redefine the mellow rock/alternative genre, it is still beautiful and well crafted music in its own right. The opening track 'Brighter Than Sunshine' is an uplifting and infectious love song, with Hales' gentle vocals blending serenely with the piano and violins. 'Left Behind' borrows heavily from Coldplay's 'Clocks' at first, but then establishes its own sound and rhythm, defined again by Hales' vocals, to become one of the highlights of the album. The exquisitely forlorn 'Breaking My Heart Again' is another highlight, demonstrating the emotion that Hales' so capably gives to the music. Overall, although at first glance *Still Life* seems to sit too closely to the sounds and styles of other artists, given time it is an album that will grow on you, becoming increasingly satisfying with each subsequent listen as its beauty is revealed.

DaveG

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The AU Film Society

WEEK 2, Thursday 6th May

The Shawshank Redemption (1994)

In writer-director Frank Darabont's *The Shawshank Redemption*, Andy Dufresne (Tim Robbins) is sentenced to two consecutive life terms in prison for the murders of his wife and her lover in the late 1940s.
16mm / 142 min / USA / Drama

With Short:
One Froggy Evening (1955)

Showing at 7pm, Union Cinema, level 5
Union Building
Membership is \$7, then films are free for the rest of the year
www.imdb.com

MOTHERS' DAY CARDS

Amnesty International is again sending Mothers' Day Cards to mothers in detention.
If you would like to order a pack of 5 or 10 cards to sign and have them sent to mothers' who are in detention centres across Australia you can simply email shanson-young@amnesty.org.au or phone the Amnesty Activist Resource Centre on 822159789.

FILM NIGHT FUNDRAISER "OSAMA"

Come along to see an award-winning film and support Amnesty International as part of the Candle Day fundraising events!

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Winner Best Foreign Film 2004 at the Golden Globes
International Critics Prize at Cannes Film Festival 2003
one of the Festival's buzz hits.

Stan: So what does ennui mean anyway?

JC: Anger, listless apathy, existential boredom - that kind of thing.

Stan: And how does me wearing this suit cure my ennui?

JC: The way I figure, it's pretty hard to be bored when you're covered in rubber dicks.

Stan: Wow, Jimmy. You're a genius.

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"Diarrhoea and the World Bank - the causes and politics of third world health".

This night will cover the common and important causes of illness in developing communities from both medical and political standpoints.

Speakers: Prof Radford is an Emeritus Professor of Primary Health Care and Community Medicine, and Visiting Professor to the University of Nigeria and the University of the Nations.

Our second speaker is Assoc. Professor, Dr Peter Mayer who is Deputy Head of the Politics Department of the University of Adelaide. His interests include the Political economy of the Third World, Political obstacles to development and Human Rights.

For more info go to
www.amss.asn.au/insight

Notice of an Annual General Meeting

Adelaide University Sports Association Inc will be holding its Annual General Meeting on Thursday 27th May 2004 from 1pm in the North Function Room (formally the North Dining Room) level 4, Union House followed directly by Sports Council.

Nominations are called for the following positions:
A one (1) year term for:
President
Deputy President
Hon. Secretary
Hon. Treasurer
(Please note that the Secretary and Treasurer MUST be students of the University of Adelaide)

and

three (3) general positions for a two (2) year term to be determined at the Council Meeting following the AGM.

Nomination Forms will be available from the Sports Association Office from 9am Friday 30th April 2004.

Nomination Forms MUST be submitted by 5pm Thursday 13th May to the

Sports Association Office and must be signed by two (2) members of the Association.

Voting will take place (if required) from 9am Monday 24th May - 5pm Wednesday 26th May, for the Executive in the Sports Association Office, level 5, Union House.

Stop the Nuclear Waste Dump!

Fabulous Film Night, with music from Liam Gerner.

Guest speaker, David Noonan from the Australian Conservation Foundation

Tues 11th May, 7pm-9pm

**@ the Grace Emily Hotel
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