

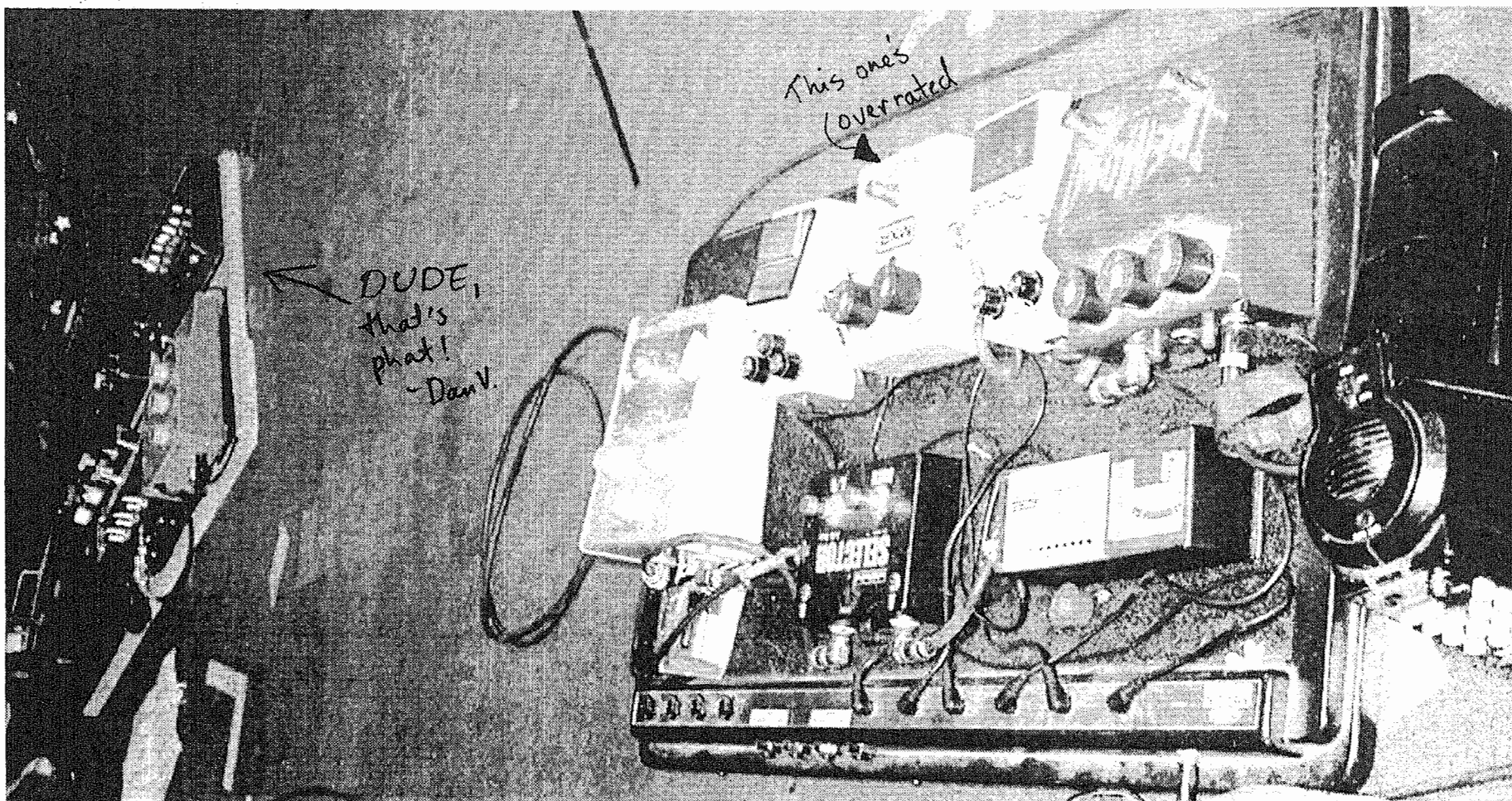
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# On Dit

Volume 72  
Edition 9  
10.05.2004

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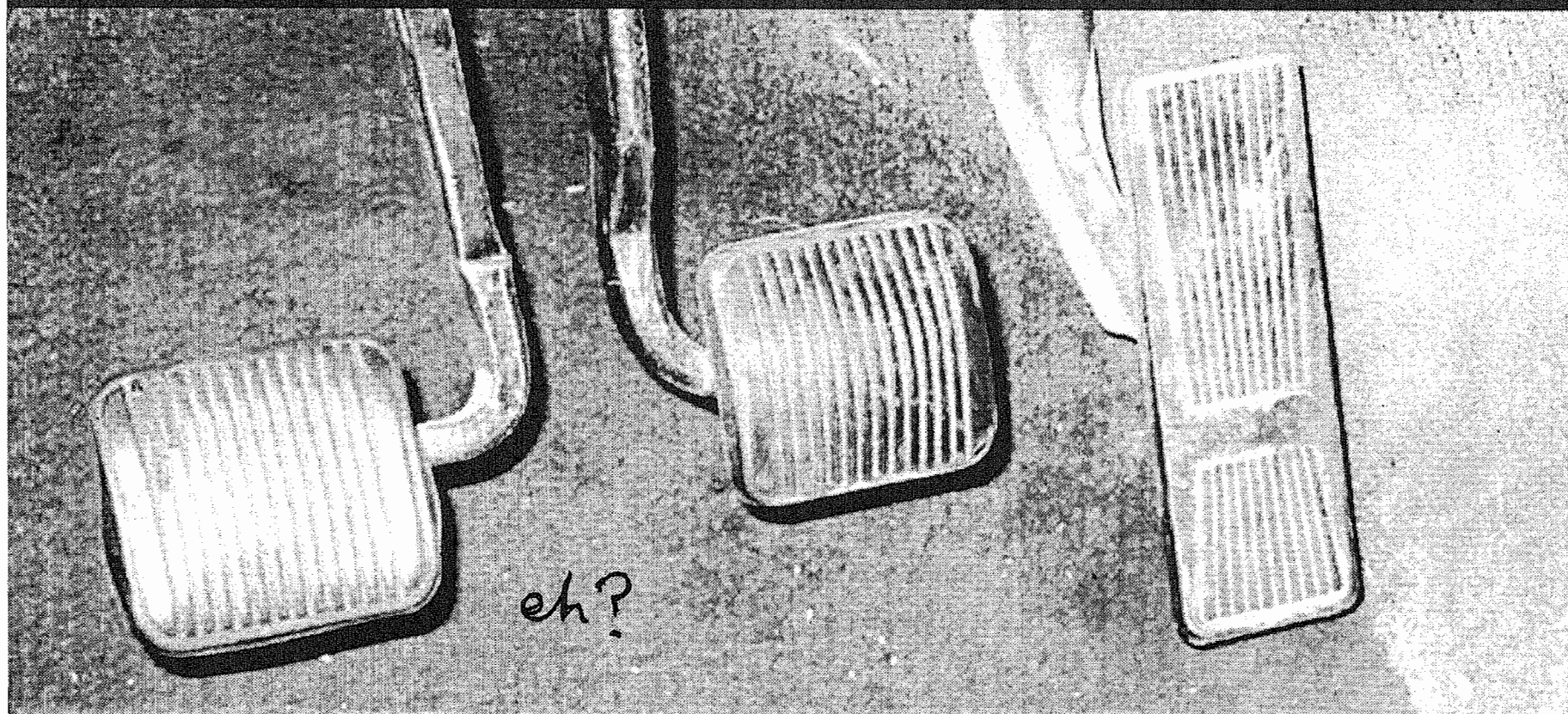




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VS.

Thanks: dan V, Yak, Bonnie, Matty Walton, Rowan for being a good sport, Sport for being a good Rowan, Germans, Stephen Kellett, Adelle (you owe me), Black Francis, Clair and Erin.



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Send your submissions to  
ondit@adelaide.edu.au.  
Next edition's -deadline is  
Monday May 24th

# OIL RUSH

## Australia and East Timor's ugly feud over undersea oil deposits

Last month saw the completion of the first round of talks between Australia and East Timor over their disputed maritime boundaries. However, political relations between the two nations appear anything but secure, with East Timor continuing to allege that Australia is 'stealing' its oil reserves to the detriment of its people.

The dispute between the two countries centres upon their respective maritime borders within the Timor Sea. While theoretically about sea territory, the dispute really boils down to a row over which country holds rights to the oil fields located in that area.

Some of the Timor oil fields, such as the Bayo-Udan reserve, are currently under the majority control of East Timor, with 90% of revenue going to East Timor and 10% going to Australia. However, by far the most lucrative fields, such as the Greater Sunrise reserve, remain under the majority control of Australia, even though they are geographically closer to the south coast of East Timor than to Queensland.

East Timor used the talks to demand that all these fields be placed under its jurisdiction. It is seeking a maritime boundary with Australia that occurs at the mid-point between the two nations, in accordance with international law and UNCLOS protocol. This would give East Timor 100% rights to the Greater Sunrise oil field, and indeed, 100% rights to the Bayo-Udan area as well.

The Australian government, on the other hand, contended that the boundary should remain in the same position as when East Timor was under Indonesian control. This 1975 border arrangement with Indonesia provided Australia with the lion's share of oil reserves in the region, and included exclusive rights to the Greater Sunrise area.

Regardless as to which side is correct in this debate, treaties signed in 2003 proscribe that the current status quo over the oil fields will remain in place until a new maritime boundary can be agreed upon. This, of course, means that Australia will retain majority control over the Greater Sunrise oil reserve, at least until the foreseeable future.

Unsurprisingly, then, the Australian government appears to be in no hurry to come to any new arrangements on the border issue. Indeed, the talks conducted last month, for all intents and purposes, appear to have gone nowhere. And this has infuriated the political leadership of East Timor.

East Timorese Prime Minister Mari Alkatiri claimed Australia was "using all the dirty tactics it can" to deprive his country of urgently needed revenue. He accused the

government of deliberately delaying the border-making process so as to maximise oil revenue for as long as possible.

He demanded that Australia allow the matter to be arbitrated by the International Tribunal for the Law of the Sea, or at least to accept East Timorese requests for monthly talks on the issue until it is resolved. However, Australia has withdrawn itself from the jurisdiction of the International Tribunal, and has only agreed to a maximum of two talks with East Timor per year.

Many now speculate that the dispute could take decades to resolve. East Timorese President Xanana Gusmao stressed that such

Many now speculate that the dispute could take decades to resolve. East Timorese President Xanana Gusmao stressed that such delays will cost lives. "How can we prevent poverty if we don't have money?"

delays will cost lives. "How can we prevent poverty if we don't have money?", Mr. Gusmao asked.

East Timor is one of the poorest nations in the world, with an infant mortality rate 150 times that of Australia. Only one in three homes have electricity, and only one in five have running drinking water. Both Mr. Atkatiri and Mr. Gusmao have long stressed that increased oil revenue would go a long way towards alleviating these problems. "It [oil revenue] means more children will reach the age of five years. It means more lives spent productively. It is, quite literally, a matter of life and death", claimed Mr. Alkatiri.

However, the Australian government was standing firm behind its claim to the reserves. Foreign Affairs Minister Alexander Downer dismissed Mr. Alkatiri's comments as merely an attempt to rouse up public sympathy for the fledgling nation. "They see it as a useful

way of strengthening their negotiating hand by accusing us of bullying and being aggressive", said Mr. Downer. "In the end, when two countries are adjacent with each other, if one is richer than the other that isn't an argument for the poorer country [to be] able to take territory from the richer country"

Indeed, Australia has more than just oil to worry about in any proposed alteration to East Timor's maritime borders. Whilst the government has been quite on such issues in recent times, Mr. Downer did go somewhat toward revealing the Australian position in 2002, where he warned any change to East Timor's borders "would obviously have implications for our boundaries with Indonesia... that would be a deeply unsettling development". A border change with East Timor could thus conceivably create all manner of problems with our other northern neighbour, including territorial, economic, defensive, and environmental issues.

However, recent legislative moves by the government have cast serious doubt over what its underlying motivations toward the issue really are. Legislation permitting petroleum companies to begin oil extraction within the Greater Sunrise area have just passed through the Senate, after gaining the support of the Labor party. This joint venture with Woodside, Conoco Phillips, Shell and Osaka Gas is expected to be worth over \$10 billion in revenue for the government over a possible 30 year lifespan.

Greens Senator Bob Brown described the legislation as robbing "the poorest country in South East Asia to line the pockets of the government and the oil companies of the richest". Both the Greens and Democrats demanded that any revenue from the enterprise be placed in a trust until maritime borders with East Timor had become settled. However, such an amendment was rejected by both major parties. Oil revenue thus appears to play some factor in Australian negotiations after all.

Mr. Atkatiri has recently conceded that he is open to any "creative solutions" on the border issue in order to ensure its speedy resolution. However, no such solutions seem to have presented themselves at this early stage of discussion.

The next round of talks are scheduled for September.

Nick Parkin

# Reports slam nuclear dump

Two reports released by the Australian Radiation Protection and Nuclear Safety Agency have raised a range of concerns and criticisms regarding the federal government's plan to build a national radioactive waste dump in SA. The reports were written by Prof. Ian Lowe and George Jack, who, along with ARPANSA CEO John Loy, chaired a two-day forum held in Adelaide in February. ARPANSA is assessing the federal government's application to build the dump.

ARPANSA must be satisfied that the government has established a net benefit with its dump proposal. In fact the federal government has not even attempted to substantiate its claim that the proposed dump will result in net benefits with respect to radiological hazards - let alone that the alleged benefits justify the additional social and democratic costs associated with the dump. Asked whether the government has carried out risk analyses justifying its net-benefit claims, a federal government representative at the ARPANSA forum acknowledged that no such studies had been carried out and that the government was relying on a "general feeling" that a dump would minimise overall radiological hazards.

Prof. Lowe noted in his written report: "There are some difficult issues to be resolved if the applicant is to

show that the proposal would provide a net benefit to the community, most obviously including a risk assessment to determine whether the increased risk of collecting and transporting waste is outweighed by the reduced risk of storage at a properly engineered repository; this study should take into account the continuing need for local storage of waste between the proposed disposal campaigns. A professional risk assessment cannot be conducted until a firm waste acceptance plan and transport code are developed."

Another issue which was prominent at the ARPANSA forum, and in the reports from Prof. Lowe and Mr. Jack, concerned whether the federal government department responsible for the dump - the Department of Education, Science and Training (DEST) - has the technical expertise to manage the project.

ARPANSA received submissions from nuclear scientists with first-hand experience of DEST's capabilities during the latest clean-up of the Maralinga nuclear test site. Professor Peter Johnston stated in his submission that: "The applicant has inadequate technical competence to manage its contractors. DEST was an ineffective manager of the Maralinga clean-up in a number of key ways. ... At times the project was not fully in DEST's control."

Likewise, Alan Parkinson, a nuclear

engineer with extensive first-hand knowledge of the Maralinga clean-up, noted in his submission: "It has to be noted that the same group responsible for the debacle of the Maralinga project have responsibility for the radioactive waste repository. On the Maralinga project they showed without any doubt that they had no experience or knowledge of radioactivity and no expertise at all in project management. They have publicly shown their complete lack of understanding in project management methods, radiation and other technical issues. Thus they are not equipped either to approve the design of the facility or see it through the construction period."

Those criticisms were echoed in the reports by Prof. Lowe and Mr. Jack. Prof. Lowe wrote: "In this case, where the facility if approved will be operated on behalf of the community to reduce the risk from low-level radioactive waste, political accountability should demand that the Department responsible show its capacity to manage the repository. If that capacity does exist, it was not demonstrated at the public forum, confirming Prof. Johnston's criticism."

Mr. Jack also expressed concern: "The relationship between DEST and its contractors, and the capability of the former to manage the latter, is bothersome and bears further examination."

The ARPANSA licensing process will not be finalised for some months. In May or June, ARPANSA will release a report by a review team from the International Atomic Energy Agency. ARPANSA sub-committees are preparing reports on matters such as transport, waste acceptance criteria, hydrogeology, and engineered barriers). A further round of public consultation will be conducted later in the year.

**Jim Green**  
Campaign Against Nuclear Dumping

4

The planned nuclear dump is set to become a major election issue with all non-government political parties opposed to the dump. The Campaign Against Nuclear Dumping is holding an election campaign planning meeting at 6pm on **Wednesday May 26** at the **Conservation Centre, 120 Wakefield St.** CAND meetings are held each Wednesday at the same location at 5pm.

For more information contact

**CAND:**  
ph 8227 1399,  
nonnucleardump@hotmail.com

For more information on the nuclear waste dump:

**Kupa Piti Kungka Tjuta:**  
www.iratiwanti.org

**Campaign Against Nuclear Dumping:**  
www.geocities.com/  
nonnucleardump

**Australian Conservation Foundation:**  
www.acfonline.org.au

**Jim Green:**  
www.jimgreen.org

**Friends of the Earth:**  
www.foe.org.au

**Federal Government:**  
www.radioactivewaste.gov.au

**ARPANSA:**  
www.arpansa.gov.au/reposit/  
nrwr.htm  
(transcripts from the ARPANSA forum, and written submissions to ARPANSA, are on the ARPANSA website).

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*Robert Champion de Crespigny (Chancellor of Adelaide University and Executive Director of Normandy Mining) pictured with the pinstriped managing director of an Australian think tank and some elderly booze hound they dragged out of the gutter. We should point out that Normandy don't mine uranium. Yet.*

# Vice-Chancellor defends meeting, consultation period



Would you like French cries with your McWha?

In response to allegations that the University deliberately scheduled the last meeting of University Council during the Easter break, University of Adelaide Vice-Chancellor James McWha claims that the timing of the meeting had nothing to do with the first item on the agenda – the proposed 25 percent increase in HECS.

Representatives from the Students' Association insist that the meeting – which dozens of protesters attempted to shut down – was held during the break in an effort to discourage students from taking part in the debate.

'This is simply not correct,' says McWha, whom many in student circles refer to as the designated "good cop" in the Mitchell building. 'Council dates for 2004 were decided upon in late 2003 so that the university's planning calendar could be produced ahead of time.'

According to McWha, the April 16 meeting date was appropriate due to a consultation period with students that concluded less than two weeks prior. 'It was necessary to wait until student enrolments had finalised in mid March so that all students could be consulted.'

Out of a population of 15,000 students, a total of 84 individuals and student organisations responded during the consultation period. Out of this astonishingly accurate sample, 40 percent opposed the increase in HECS fees, 36 percent were in favour and 24 percent were undecided.

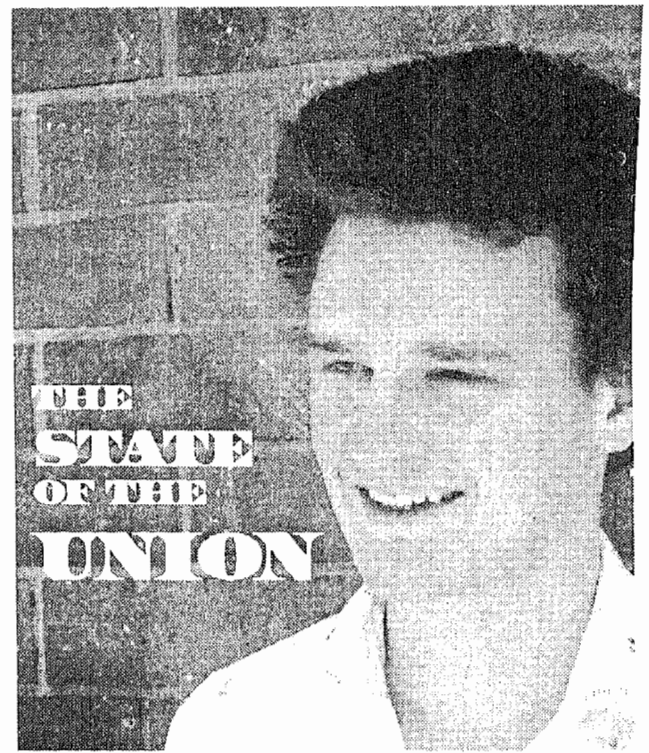
Despite National Union of Students' claims to the contrary, McWha also maintains that both the University and the Australian Vice-Chancellor's Committee consistently lobbied the Federal Government for extra funding, before the decision was made to increase HECS.

'In many ways the University of Adelaide has taken an active role in this state of highlighting the need for more resources in South Australia.'

McWha is quick to point out that the University needed to adopt the increase in order to keep up with other Sandstone institutions. '... our needs indicated that if we had not gone ahead with the increase, we would have been faced [with] some fairly tough decisions in the years to come. If we are going to build on the quality we offer, we need more resources.'

Keep reading *On Dit* for more details about the AV-CC's relationship with the Federal Government in the lead up to the infamous legislation.

**Tristan Mahoney**



Our mission is "to enrich the quality of university life".

But sometimes just how we foster campus culture is murky. Our complex and divided activities and events structure is sorely in need of reform.

Our Union Activities Committee—though set up mostly to direct staff and even arrange our art collection—now runs bands on the Lawns, cinema shows, and other hands-on events.

Yet the Students' Association has its own separate Activities Department which does more or less the same. Not to mention the army of Orientation directors, subdirectors, and leaders who run the various O-events each year.

Anyone who masters this structure should be congratulated. Students have often struggled by with little staff help to arrange budgets, logistics, licensing, or promotion.

Thankfully reform is on its way.

Board has expanded the Union Activities Committee and provided it with a staff Activities Co-ordinator so it can oversee and resource our events.

This leaves the Students' Association Activities Department with an identity crisis.

Now hands-on activities are taken care of elsewhere, what does it do?

First, it could simply fold and free up funds where other departments need them. The duties of Students' Association co-vice-president could easily pass to the Women's portfolio.

Second, it could narrow in on political events and campaigns. As part of our representative arm this is really what it should have done all along.

Either choice will bring our house properly in order.

Then, if we let our Union Activities Committee take care of campus culture, our Students' Association can stick to the political representation it is meant for.

Only through both of them can we really enrich university life.

**Rowan Nicholson**

President

Adelaide University Union

5

*Sigh. The problem is, Rowan, your Union is awful dull. Spooky too. If you took control of all our activities, it'd be a bit like Paradise Community Church running O'Ball. - Eds*

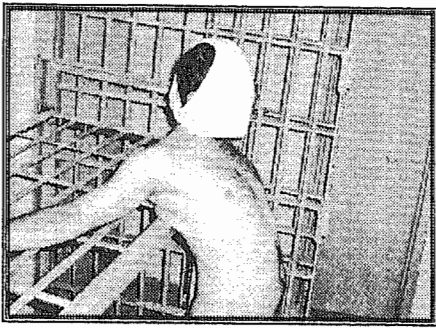
*Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the barracks and gathered the whole garrison around Him. And they stripped Him and put a scarlet robe on Him. When they had twisted a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His right hand. And they bowed the knee before Him and mocked Him, saying "Hail, King of the Jews!"*

Matthew 27:27-30



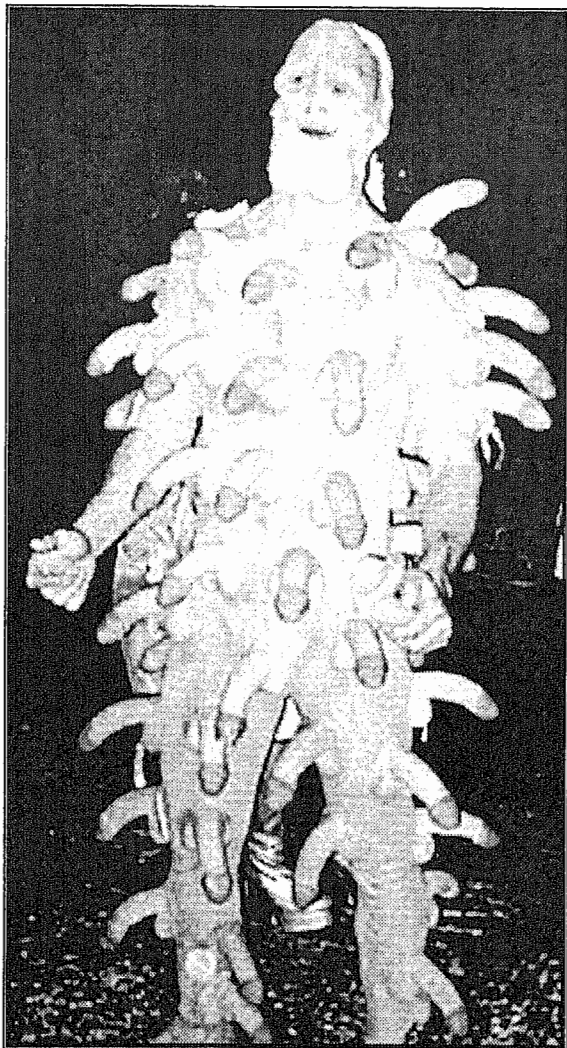
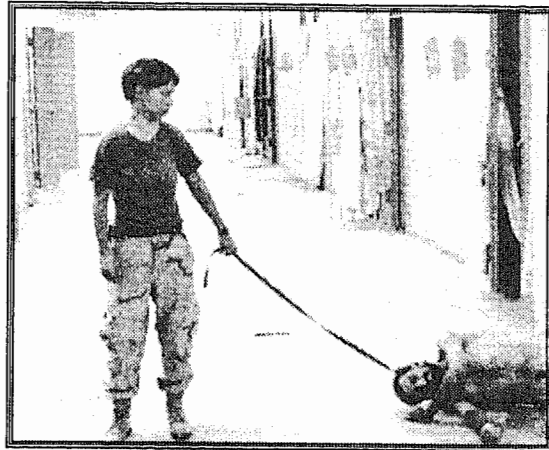
# GREAT MOMENTS IN POW HUMILIATION

with George Bush Jr



Howdy, George here. Ah'm sure y'all've heard about those poor Iraqi prisoners who were forced to endure a variety of hoomiliating tasks in the infamous Abu Ghraib prison. Yeah, Ah though it was pretty funny too.

Anyways, muh constitchency didn't think it was so funny. Lord knows why. Here we see Private Lynndie England leading one of our prisoners around on a leash. Ha! Now *that's* comedy.



But, what with this bein' an election year, some folks're gettin' all uppety about some convention in Geneva. Never been mahself.

So Ah thought Ah'd better lay the blame on someone else (muh Buddy Johnny Howard taught me that trick).

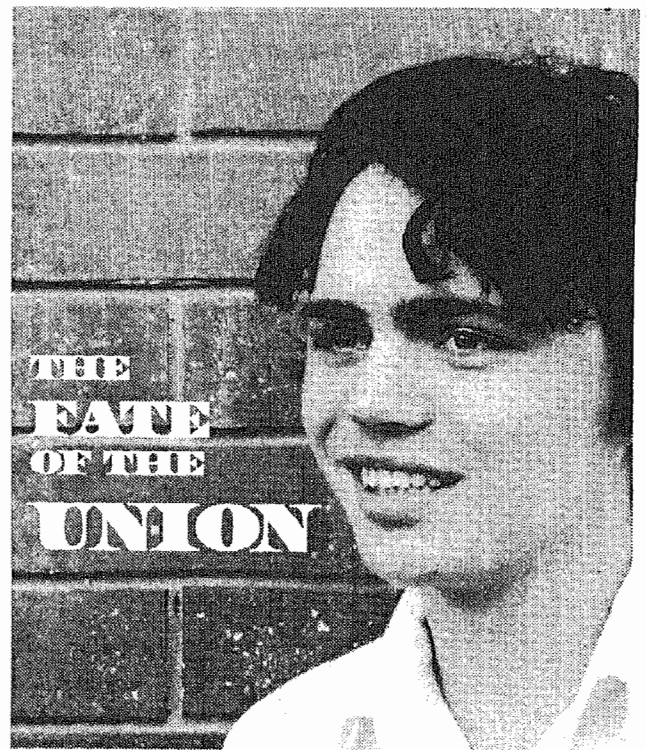
Here's a picture of muh friend Rummy wearing a dicksuit. Ah made him stand on the White House Lawn for twelve hours straight wearing this here dicksuit.

That way, someone gets punnished in a similarly hoomiliatin' way, muh constitchency gets a scapegoat and Ah get to have a chuckle about it to boot!

Poor Rummy, Ah hope he's got a sense of hoomour about these things.

Bye now!

*Dubya*



Editorial columns, another service of our Adelaide University Union, are in vogue once more. And just because I haven't spent the last three years brown-nosing factional heads doesn't mean I shouldn't have one too.

After all, our AUU and SAUA strive for equality amongst their members. And since we are all equal, and our AUU president gets to air personal opinions about everything on God's Green Earth, from the grandeur of student factionalism to our beloved Helen Mayo Café, then why shouldn't I?

So why write a column? Why not? After all, there's so much to write about! The story of our Union is a long and interesting one. There has been a complete re-branding in the last six months. NUS, our national union of students may at times be just a tad ineffective, but damn it, it's the best we've got!

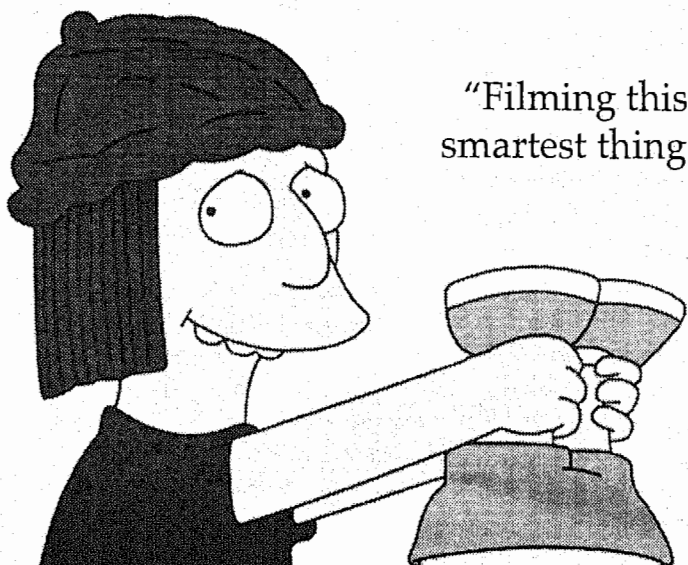
And what of *On Dit*, our student newspaper? Rest assured, it'll always have my vote so long as my rhetoric goes to print. Meanwhile, let's not forget our hardworking political factions, those pillars of democracy that make all of this possible.

Speaking of factions, it is interesting to note that the prevailing school of thought is one of rationalism. Lately, their *raison d'etre* has become efficiency. And this can only be achieved through the removal of redundancies so as to focus on the things that really matter.

Who knows? Perhaps by slowly eroding the independence of affiliates, it may even be possible to avoid the sticky mess that is the long awaited restructure. The guild system employed by our eastern state cousins is certainly food for thought.

In the meantime fellow students interested in your very own editorial column - over to you.

I'm Victor Stamatescu



"Filming this crime spree is the smartest thing we've ever done!"

# Letters V: ) )

## Pragmatic Defeatism

Dear Eds,

What has not come out of last week's edition is if any steps were taken by the SAUA to get the best deal possible for students considering the inevitability of the 25% increase. I don't usually like to play the part of Meg Lees (pragmatic defeatist extraordinaire) but there is a time for oppositional politics. With universities severely under funded, they were obviously going to seize on the opportunity to top up the tank and a debate over increased government spending would not have been resolved before the Nelson review is implemented in full. In addition to this the general public perception is that university should be a user pays system.

Although there is an extremely good argument for abolishing HECS and charging students proportional to their future wages, ie a form of income tax, so that professionals are not penalised for taking on jobs that pay poorly but benefit society (ie. legal aid, social work), it is a long range issue requiring a persistent attempt to force some sense of logic into the public mindset.

Moreover, the increase in HECS does not further decrease students' opportunity to attend university. What will and does affect the equity of the education system are fees that are imposed outside of HECS such as text books, printing and photocopying costs, the *union fee* and most importantly the introduction of up front fees. Was there any attempt by the SAUA to persuade the uni to include the expense of these items within

the 25% HECS increase? Or more importantly to concede the 25% increase in favour of a guarantee that the uni would not increase the number of up front or full fee paying places? Rather than fighting every battle on a sensible but inappropriate platform the SAUA might have been able for once show some tangible gain for students and reduce the possibility of increased full feeing places, by far the real threat to equity in education.

Dan J

## Labored argument

Alex Solomon-Bridge condemns Mark Latham as being a populist. He also has a massive hard-on for the Labor Left, a political faction that not only fails to enjoy popularity within its own party but also within a party that has failed to gain the popular support of the Australian electorate since 1996. Alex supports the losing side of a losing side, which may explain his dysfunctional attitude towards popularity.

I don't know about you Alex, but I'd say that in a democracy, being popular is a good thing because it tends to get you elected. If this means churning out "political toss about reading to children", then so be it. The sad reality of all political arenas is that the possession of charisma is a crucial element towards achieving power. So it's no wonder that someone who champions an organisation whose members possess the combined personality equal to that of a dry sponge is going to complain. That's not to

say that you give up all standards in the pursuit for power. It's important not to sell out but maintain an enlightened balance between idealism and practicality.

Take Labor's policy on refugees for example, an area of policy in which Labor had its shit totally messed up in the last election. Labor's current policy is that no children should be kept in detention full stop. It's a great policy, not only because it's morally sound but also because it plays on the heartstrings of the every day Australian. By freeing the children, you humanise the refugees which in turn will soften the attitude of the Australian public even further. It still sucks that adults are kept in detention, but you need to go one step at a time.

I'm tired of 8 years of Liberal government. I'm tired of those within the Labor party who condescendingly look down upon the Liberals as idiotic when it is Labor who has spent nearly a decade in the political wilderness. Trying your best isn't good enough. As Sean Connery says in *The Rock*, "Losers always whine about their best. Winners go home and fuck the prom queen."

Alex, if you want a party that promises peace on earth and free love for all by tomorrow then join the Greens or the Democrats. If the Labor Left really are the noble defenders of all that is pure then why do they stay in a party dominated by the evil and corrupt Labor Right? Either they are sell-outs too, enjoy hitting their heads against the wall, or perhaps they think they can *influence Labor policy one small step at a time!* A bit like the Labor party might do in the real world perhaps?

Regards,

Matthew Walton  
SAUA Councilor



### Do you use Speed or Meth?

If so, then you may be able to help us. We are running research trials to develop better treatment services for amphetamine users. We are interested in a range of people, from those who use occasionally to those who use regularly.

These trials are **free** and **completely confidential**, and may assist you with any problems you are experiencing.

If you would like to find out if your use could be causing you problems, or if you would like to know more about these trials, please call our 24-hour number 1300 13 1340 for further information.





# Sigh.

Dear Eds

I'm wondering if Kellie Armstrong-Smith (SAUA Women's Officer) reported the incident of paedophilia (*On Dit* 5/5/04) to the appropriate authorities? She might, but the law does not differentiate between a man and a woman in these cases. Furthermore if being a female is such a bitch get a sex change.

## Angry White Male

Dude, how was that paedophilia? She was talking about some guy being ogled by schoolgirls. And besides, the law prosecutes anyone who takes sexual advantage of minors, regardless of gender, you daft ninny. Leave Kelly alone - an interesting *OB* Column is a rare thing. -Eds

# Tortured Iraqis

Enough has been said already, perhaps, about the torture of hapless and humiliated Iraqi prisoners in Baghdad's Abu Ghraib prison, the former torture chambers of Saddam Hussein's Iraq.

But the fact that the broadcast photographs show gleeful young women taking part - apparently enjoying themselves in this whores' and sadists' Heaven - somehow makes the whole tawdry business all the more tawdry, all the more disgusting and obscene - than it might have seemed otherwise. Well might coy and decorous US military commentators and civilian warmongers with so much blood on their hands seek to play it down as "unacceptable".

Now even the Commander-in-Chief, one time Governor of Texas, under whose aegis death penalties rose by a factor of five, is preparing to display his persuasive talents that work so well in Washington, and share his regrets, via TV, radio or both, with the Arab world, as befits a "Compassionate Conservative" running for a second term. Will he be choosing his victor's flying suit, one wonders, or his cowboy outfit?

Dave Diss

# Poor Zilpa

Dear Zilpa,

Theology and the philosophy of religion have openly flourished in recent times, a development largely ignited by the influence of Christian thinkers (e.g.

William Lane Craig; Alvin Plantinga; John Polkinghorne; J. P. Moreland). These are enterprises in thinking about knowledge, reality and existence - not fantasy. There remains a great deal of interest in 'things spiritual' in this society. What makes you think it should be otherwise? After all, Nietzsche is dead. The selection you see in UniBooks reflects all this. I suggest you read some of those books to see what the fuss is about.

Regards,  
Arthur Davis

Did you know that Zilpa was Jacob's wife? (*Genesis* 14:3) Our guess is that Zilpa resents her godbothering heritage. -Eds

# Hey, quit it!

Dear Eds

I was amused to hear rumours about your, erm, "blue" edition being sold in a sealed plastic bag in a pornography store on Hindly Street. Is this true?

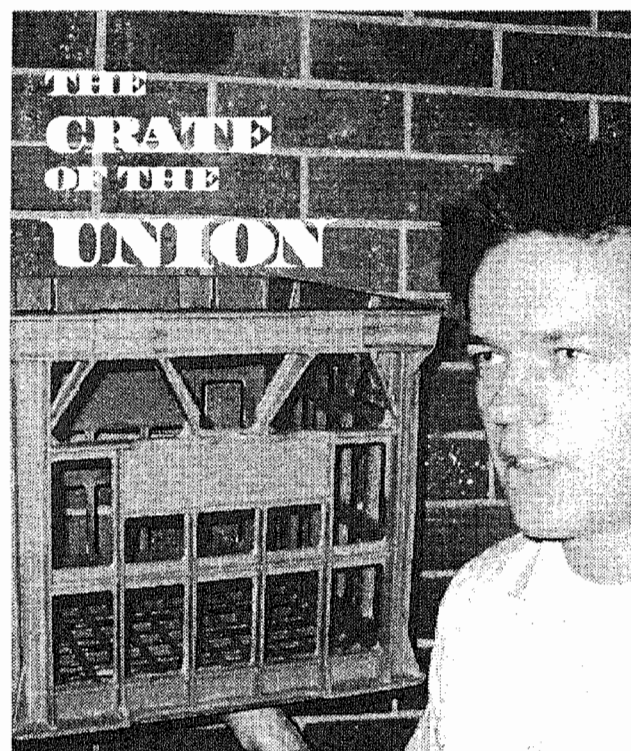
Mayo Hater

PS

Nice work screwing up the date on the cover of the last edition, not to mention cutting the name off of my last letter, morons. It may be a cowardly pseudonym, but the people of the night will soon enough rally behind the name of MAYO HATER!! Ha ha ha!

C'mon Mayo Hater, give us a break. We liked you better when you were slagging off the Union. - Eds

"It's a pornography store... I was buying *On Dit*."



Our mission is "to pay for as little furniture as is humanly possible."

But sometimes, just how the household separates foodstuffs is murky. Our complex and divided system of honour-bound and implicit obligation is sorely in need of reform.

Our mass of purloined milk-crates - though used mostly to support successive levels of a bookcase - now also keeps our pornography collections apart.

Yet the household has its own separate shelving arrangement, which does more of less the same, and came with the house, anyway. Not to mention the plethora of bathroom cabinets, letterboxes and other pre-built storage compartments that our house is replete with.

Anyone who masters this structure should be congratulated. Housemates have often struggled by with little instruction to arrange the toilet paper, lentils and toothpaste.

Thankfully reform is on its way.

The house has expanded the duties of the milk crate collection, and provided it with a tidy corner between the fridge and the bench with the toaster on it.

This leaves several planks of chipboard and the mass of my engineering textbooks in disarray on my bedroom floor.

Now that the crates supporting them are being put to use elsewhere, what should they do?

First, they could be burnt in the living room to provide heat where it is needed. The household could assume the ideology of technophobic luddites.

Second, they could be arranged in such a way that the formidable bulk of Kreyszig and of Perry could be used as structural elements to replicate a similar structure to before.

Either choice will bring our house properly in order.

Then, if we let our crates take care of non-perishables, our refrigerator can stick to the dairy and fresh produce it is meant for.

Only with both of them can we expect a varied and sustaining diet without additional furniture expenditure.

Yak Rozitis  
Resident

Adelaide University Catering service  
entrance (where all the crates are).

# Refugee prison camps, German docu-films and the

# STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT



The University of Victoria, on Vancouver Island in British Columbia, Canada, has a wonderful Student Union Building – the “Sub”. It’s a veritable mall, complete with a chemist (“pharmacy”), a pub (“bar”), a secondhand textbook shop, as well as all the official stuff like union offices etc.

It also has a cinema. Not just a quasi-theatre like the one we have in our Union Building, but a real, bona fide cinema, with semi-surround sound, previews, curtains and couple-friendly high-backed seats.

There’s some consternation on campus at present over the films that are actually being played there. Apparently the Union is getting drunk on the full houses that are attracted to the commercial movies. But when I was there last year, they had a great mix of popular Hollywood (*The Lord of the Rings*, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s* [ahem...*Philosopher’s*] *Stone*), documentaries (*Bowling for Columbine*, *Trembling before G-d*, *Standing in the Shadows of Motown*) and independent/international features (*Rabbit-Proof Fence*, *Amelie*).

One of the films I saw there had a profound effect on me, and, indeed, on most of the people in the cinema. More than half the audience left in various states of distress before the credits began to roll. A number of people were crying, laughing or screaming, in various stages of hilarity, myself included. Indeed, it was the very first time that I had actually been physically affected by a feature film (if you don’t count the time *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* sent me to sleep when I was ten).

That film was *Das Experiment*, a fictional German feature directed by Oliver Hirschbiegel. In it, a number of post-high school students are recruited by a small team of behavioural scientists, and then randomly divided into two groups – “prisoners” and “guards”. The basic thrust of the experiment was that the two groups would play out their assigned rôles in a simulated prison environment. The “prisoners” were re-clothed in bright orange garb, divided into individual cells, and told to obey, without question, the instructions of the “guards”. The “guards” were given uniforms, keys, duties – and power.

The rules of the game were laid out: the experiment would last two weeks; every move of all players would be watched via closed-circuit television by the scientists in charge; the “guards” had power, but no physical violence would be tolerated; if anyone wanted to opt out of the experiment before its conclusion, they only had to say the word.

The film’s cinematography is bleak

and unsettling; the prison’s set bright, sterile and white. I had no idea of the film’s content going in, other than that it was probably a thriller. As I watched the experiment being played out on the big screen in front of me, I became immersed in the events. I forgot that I was watching a feature, as it transmogrified into a documentary. The first few incidents were worrying, as a few of the “guards” tested the boundaries of their newly-acquired power, and pushed those boundaries progressively further. The first physical assault on a “prisoner” took place not long after the commencement of psychological and emotional abuse. Before long, a sadistic leader had emerged among the “guards”, whose sole purpose appeared to be the entrenchment and display of his uninhibited power. “Guards” who wanted to object were bullied, abused and assaulted; “prisoners” who defied the “guards” were punished – placed in solitary confinement, denied toilet breaks, stripped, beaten, violently and sadistically raped with broom-handles, and murdered.

**Several of them devised sadistically inventive ways to harass and degrade their prisoners, and none of the less actively cruel mock-guards ever intervened or complained about the abuses they witnessed. Most of the worst prisoner-treatment came on night shifts and other occasions when the guards thought they could avoid the surveillance and interference of the research team.**

Finally, the director of the experiment, who had been so academically fascinated with the developments that he had refused to intervene, was forced to order its cancellation – but by this stage the problem had become too big for him to solve. The security cameras had been destroyed, so no-one knew where anybody was. One of the “guards” in particular had become a brutal killing machine, determined to retain his “power” for its own sake, seemingly unaware of the fact that his “power” extended only the physical boundaries of the simulated prison, and no further. Indeed, once the authorities of the “world” became involved, the “guard” would go to real prison (ironically) for a long time.

The film affected me so much at the time, I

think, because of my preconceptions of “human nature”. I had placed my faith in a rather optimistic theory that left no room for any Hobbesian concepts of “state of nature”. The film rocked my foundations, and forced me to re-evaluate my beliefs. I don’t necessarily agree with Hobbes now: indeed I consider “human nature” to be infinitely more complex than any theory and feel that the desire to define has led many people since to come at the problem with misguided assumptions about what they’re actually looking for. For instance, does “human nature”, in its common usage, even exist?

What really threw me was the revelation, at the beginning of the credits, that the film is based on what has become known as the Stanford Prison Experiment (SPE) of 1971. I had assumed that, had it been based on anything, it was some bizarre Nazi-era stunt. But Stanford? That night, when I had returned to my room, I plugged “Stanford Prison Experiment” into an internet search engine, and found a swag of information, including numerous references to Philip Zimbardo and Craig Haney.

Before long, I had located the original report of the 1971 experiment, entitled ‘Interpersonal dynamics in a simulated prison’ (1973) 1 ‘International Journal of Criminology and Penology’ 69. In that report, the scientists responsible for the experiment – Zimbardo, Haney and Curtis Banks – wrote:

The outcome of our study was shocking and unexpected to us, our professional colleagues, and the general public. Otherwise emotionally strong college students who were randomly assigned to be mock-prisoners suffered acute psychological trauma and breakdowns. Some of the students begged to be released from the intense pains of less than a week of merely simulated imprisonment, whereas others adapted by becoming blindly obedient to the unjust authority of the guards. The guards, too – who also had been carefully chosen on the basis of their normal-average scores on a variety of personality measures – quickly internalised their randomly assigned role. Many of these seemingly gentle and caring young men, some of whom had described themselves as pacifists or Vietnam War ‘doves’, soon began mistreating their peers and were indifferent to the obvious suffering that their actions produced. Several of them devised sadistically inventive ways to harass and degrade their prisoners, and none of the less actively cruel mock-guards ever intervened or complained about the abuses

they witnessed. Most of the worst prisoner-treatment came on night shifts and other occasions when the guards thought they could avoid the surveillance and interference of the research team.

The scientists made an impassioned plea for the whole movement towards penology as punishment for crimes to be re-examined in light of these staggering findings: the real experiment had lasted just three days. But, 25 years later, in a followup article ('The Past and Future of US Prison Policy: Twenty-Five Years after the Stanford Prison Experiment') published in vol.53, issue 7 of "American Psychologist", Zimbardo and Haney noted that the USA, and "western" criminal justice in general, had moved in the opposite way:

The country moved abruptly in the mid-1970s from a society that justified putting people in prison on the basis of the belief that their incarceration would somehow facilitate their productive re-entry into the free world to one that used imprisonment merely to disable criminal offenders or to keep them far away from the rest of society. At a more philosophical level, imprisonment was now said to further something called "just desserts" – locking people up for no other reason than they deserved it and for no other purpose than to punish them. In fact, prison punishment soon came to be thought of as its own reward, serving only the goal of inflicting pain.

Michel Foucault's *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, which charts the transformation of the modern criminal justice system from the spectacle of the scaffold, used by authoritarian monarchs to graphically destroy the body as an example to would-be offenders and where the judicial function was kept secret, to a state-controlled (now privately-administered) punishment of the soul in secretive prisons after

a public trial, constructs a similar argument.

Now, governments (and criminal law textbooks) tell us that the functions of prison are punishment of the offence, deterrence to potential offenders, and rehabilitation of the offender. In more coded language, generally in terms of "victim's justice", they allude to prison's retributive function. This is despite a plethora of research exposing the probability that prisons have no deterrent or rehabilitative effects; indeed, there is ample evidence that shows that prisons may have recidivist effects.

Further, those defending the modern criminal justice system make these claims despite the evidence of the SPE. If we take the SPE into account, how can we continue to deny the power relations inherent in the prison system, where convicted prisoners necessarily assume a subordinate position to their guards? How can prisons have rehabilitative effects if the prisoners are frequently the butt of guard sadism?

We are repeatedly surprised when fragmented evidence of such sadism filters through to the public arena. The 'atrocities' committed by the Nazis are still being documented. The 'neighbour-killings' of the Rwandan genocide haunts our collective subconscious. Otherwise "good" South African whites committed horrible crimes under Apartheid. Mugabe in Zimbabwe; Saddam in Iraq; the Shah in Iran; the Congo; Suharto's Indonesian regime and its persecution of the Timorese; Japan during the Pacific War; China; colonists everywhere, from Britain, France, Spain and Turkey, in Africa, Asia, the Middle East, the Indian subcontinent, Australia, New Zealand, the United States.

And, in contradiction to George Bush's "Us-Good, Them-Evil" simpletonisms, "coalition" forces are (shock, horror) systematically abusing their Iraqi and Afghani prisoners, as well as the "enemy combatants" the USA is holding in "detention" in Guantanamo Bay. That is, unless you watch Murdoch's Fox News, which merely cranks up its coverage of American Idol when controversies of this type come to light on

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other networks and media. Further, it seems no matter which company the federal government employs to staff its remote detention centres in Baxter, Port Hedland and on Nauru, reports of widespread abuse of asylum seekers kept popping up. Or at least they did, until the government gutted the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission in an effort to stop this sort of bad publicity that was attracting the United Nations.

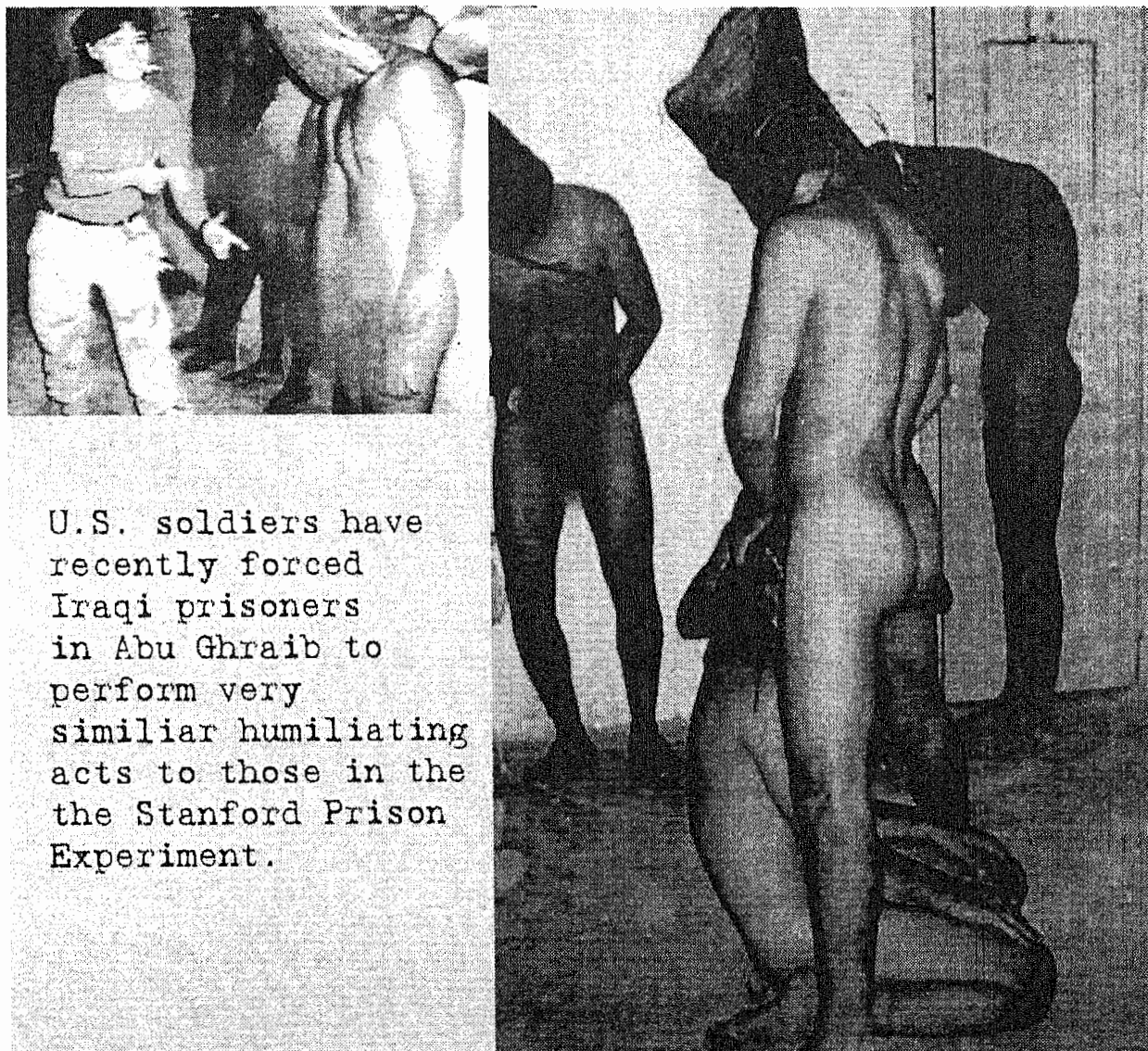
The relentless spin of governments and corporate media, however, has constructed an alternative reality that labels that abusers (as opposed to merely the abuses) as "evil", and that anyone who is "good" would never commit these horrible crimes against humanity. This necromancy is manifest everywhere: "we" would never throw "our" children overboard, nor would "we" allow "our" children to sew their lips together in "blackmail attempts" directed at "our" "good" government, just as "we" would never murder thousands of innocent civilians for political or ideological motives.

My point is that collectively, we know, or should know, what unchecked power can, and quite often does, do to otherwise "normal" people. Despite what Channel 7's *Today Tonight* assumes, Lebanese immigrants ("Them") are not innately more predisposed to violence than white Australians ("Us"). Knowing this, we should do everything in our power to ensure that social structures and institutions are as open and as accountable as humanly possible.

On this view, what is the point of denying public access to detainees in Camp X-Ray / Baxter / Camp Delta, where the media is banned, where the geographical locations are "remote", and where detainees are often denied access to courts and lawyers, if not to perpetuate sadistic torture? Knowing that sadistic behaviour is inevitable, is it not a major crime to create conditions where such behaviour flourishes?

Like monarchs, national governments, with a few arguable exceptions, are interested in no truth but their own. But the concept of "Nation" is itself a construct; while nation states continue to perpetuate their own (mis)truths, grounded in Westphalia and then the Cold War, their peoples mingle and change, all the while eroding the states' basis for existence.

Russell Marks



U.S. soldiers have recently forced Iraqi prisoners in Abu Ghraib to perform very similiar humiliating acts to those in the the Stanford Prison Experiment.



# Irati Wanti

*We're only caretakers  
of this country. If we look  
after it, it will look after us.*

*- Emily Munyungka  
Justin*

*We are the Aboriginal  
women Yankunytjatjara,  
Antikarinya and Kokatha.*

*We know the country.  
The poison the Government  
is talking about will  
poison the land.  
We say "NO radioactive  
dump in our Ngura  
in our country."  
It's strictly poison  
we don't want it.*

The Kupa Piti Kungka Tjuta - Senior Aboriginal Women of Coober Pedy - have been talking up strong for years now. The Kungka Tjuta came together in the early nineties to "keep the culture strong and look after country". They follow their Tjukur, loosely translated as 'Dreaming' or 'Law'. The Tjukur tells the stories of the Seven Sisters who traveled across the country, creating it. Similarly, the Kungka Tjuta have traveled tirelessly across the continent to protect their ngura, their country - which is now threatened by a federal government proposal to site a national radioactive waste dump in the South Australian desert.

The Kungka Tjuta spearhead an international environmental campaign in opposition to the waste dump: Irati Wanti - The poison, Leave it! To the Kungkas their country is not a remote wasteland suitable for the dumping of highly dangerous nuclear waste: "Never mind our country is the desert, that's where we belong ... Listen to us. The desert lands are not as dry as you think! Can't the

government plainly see that there is water here? Nothing can live without water. There's a big underground river here. We know the poison from the radioactive waste dump will go under the ground and leak into the water."

In 2003, the federal government granted the go ahead for the waste dump and compulsorily acquired their desired site despite the deep opposition of Indigenous people, the pastoral leaseholders, the South Australian government and broader community. Last year also marked the 50th anniversary of Australia's entry into the global nuclear industry. Between 1953 and 1963, a series of British atomic weapons were detonated in the South Australian desert. The Kungka Tjuta are survivors of this nuclear testing program and point out the deadly connection between past experiences and the present radioactive waste dump proposal. "All of us were living when the government used the country for the bomb," says Eileen Wani Wingfield. "When they let the bomb off, nobody knew anything about it. They are doing the same thing here. They told us you could eat the kangaroo, the emu, but ... that was a lie."

Since 1998, the Kungkas have been speaking up strongly against the waste dump, taking their message around Australia and the world. As traditional owners and women of culture, the Kungkas are concerned that Aboriginal sovereign rights are respected and their country and culture preserved. The Kungkas are not only fighting a radioactive waste dump on their country, but also struggling to maintain culture within their community. "We are the women who are fighting to keep the culture going. We've been teaching the younger women and the women that were taken away, teaching the people that lost the culture. We've been travelling everywhere."

In 1998, after writing a letter requesting help from the "greenies", the Kungkas traveled to Melbourne to attend the Global Survival and Indigenous Solidarity conference hosted by Friends of the Earth. Their story inspired the establishment of the Melbourne Kungkas support group and subsequent trips of greenie women to Coober Pedy.

Since 2000 a number of young greenie women have come to live

and work in Coober Pedy with the Kungkas to support the campaign and establish a campaign office. The Irati Wanti office has been in a laundry, a lounge-room and the front room of a dug out - Coober Pedy underground house - and now occupies a rented house. Four young women known as GANG: Girls Against Nuclear Genocide - are currently running the office on a voluntary basis.

In the six years since the Kungkas starting speaking up about their opposition to the dump they have traveled far and wide, received numerous national and international awards for their work, featured in several documentaries and hosted a huge bush camp; Kulini Kulini - Are you Listening? - in October last year.

Fast forward to 2004. The Federal Election is looming and the dump looks set to be a key election issue - with over 87% of South Australians against the dump plans and firm defiance to the proposal around the country. Communities along the proposed transport route from the Blue Mountains to Orange, Dubbo to Broken Hill are opposed to the dump. Over sixteen councils submitted to a recent NSW parliament inquiry in to nuclear waste transport. The inquiry, released in February, concluded that transporting radioactive waste is too risky and that plans for a radioactive waste dump in Australia should be abandoned.

The dumps major proponent the Department of Education, Science and Training has applied for licenses to operate and construct the unpopular dump. The government's nuclear regulator ARPANSA is currently assessing the licence application. ARPANSA received over a thousand public submissions of which 99% opposed the dump. The decision is unlikely to be announced until the latter part of the year, which will heighten its sensitivity and proximity to the Federal election.

The South Australian Labor State Government - who are heavily opposed to the proposed dump - has vowed to make the dump a key election issue. Mark Latham has asserted that the federal Labor Party are against the dump and that if they form government after this years election will reassess the

whole waste store issue and scrap plans to locate it in the desert.

Three German anti-nuclear campaigners and farmers recently visited Coober Pedy at the tail end of a tour along the proposed transport route from Lucas Heights Reactor. The trio's speaking tour prompted a flurry of responses from both the dump's driving body; Department of Education Science and Training and fellow proponent Australian Nuclear Science and Technology Organisation. Both bodies are watching the work of those campaigning against the dump with an eagle eye and gearing up their media and public relations divisions to attempt to dismiss any arguments made against their plans.

The degree of attention they are paying to the campaign indicates a level of nervousness, which shows that the stakes are now indeed high. The dump is a key election issue, the profile of the issue is ever increasing and opposition to the proposal, already incredibly broad and deep, is ever growing.

The Kungkas continue to speak up strong. Add your voice and support to their campaign to ensure that their country, the vast and beautiful desert does not become a nuclear dumping ground.

Write a letter of support to the Kungkas, put on a benefit gig, dinner or film night to raise money to support the campaign, write a letter to a newspaper, or call talk back radio voicing your opposition to the dump. Find out if your campus environment and women's collectives are involved in the campaign yet. Any ideas that you have no matter how wild or whacky - are totally welcomed, from cake stalls and info stands to bike riding along the transport route - just get in touch and kick it off!

**For more information check out:**  
<http://www.iratiwanti.org>  
**Or contact the Irati Wanti  
Campaign Office**  
P O BOX 1043  
Coober Pedy S.A 5723  
Phone: 08 86723413  
Email: [kungkatjuta@iratiwanti.org](mailto:kungkatjuta@iratiwanti.org)

# Skullduggery '04

Ask your parents, your tutor, your big brother, your scary uncle, your boss, that random hottie at the bus stop, in fact anyone what Skullduggery is and you will see tears well in their eyes...

Tears of unadulterated joy. "Memories, sweet memories" they will cry.

We are of a generation which does not fully appreciate the legend of Skullduggery. O'Week is a quiet affair by all standards. The Engie pub crawl pales in comparison to the Skullduggeries of yesteryear. Approaching its thirtieth birthday, this event is alive and well in the memories of Adelaide Uni graduates... you only have to ask them.

So what's the fuss?

Well, Skullduggery is an opportunity for us med student "dummies" (ref. the Advertiser's intellectual series of articles) to throw a party for the rest of the university. It's a way for us to attempt integration back into normal society from our isolated little hovel on the

other side of Frome Road... (We digress...) And trust us, we can throw a good one.

Let the beer and "chick-drink-on-tap" flow. \$25 for the end of exams party you won't forget (or remember... depends how you go).

Back in its day, Skullduggery was *the* social event at Adelaide University. During the 70's and 80's it started as an open-invitation to the wider university community. It got around a bit, held in such places as the Norwood Ballroom and Centennial Hall. But it was during the 80's and into the 90's that the event became so popular that there was only one venue which could contain the phenomenon... the Adelaide University Cloisters.

This venue, now famous for O'Balls and the like, will be transformed into a haven for uni students recently freed from the shackles that are assessment and exams.

During the night there's only one thing that really matters... stamina. It takes real stamina to train for the Skullduggery Cup. If you think that you can skull and you've got a couple of mates who can as well, enter your team in the Boat Races. Defend your way of life. Do you really want to see medical students win this honour yet again?

Real life impact starts with buying your ticket for a measly \$25 from the friendly med students camping on the Barr Smith Lawns (we managed to find it on a map), the UniBar or from your club or college representative.

It's the homecoming of a legend...

[www.amss.asn.au/skullduggery](http://www.amss.asn.au/skullduggery) for details

Claire Frauenfelder & Erin Bird  
Skullduggery Convenors

## Thursday July 1...

## It's coming home...

THE  
GATE  
OF THE  
UNION

This here is the Gate of the Union. It is a very fine gate. I'm so glad I can express my feelings for this architecture in such a respected forum as *On Dit*.

The fresh green paint coat, the sharp, protruding points and sturdy bases make it the most visually appealing structure owned by the Union.

To be honest I don't even know if it *is* the Union's gate. At any rate, it's a great gate.

If my own home could have a gate such as this then I am sure I could fend off all kinds of attacks from the angry beavers and rampant Icelandic hegemonies that rule my neighbourhood. My own gate, made from the ruins of ancient WW1 memorabilia, barely keeps out the May flies. But that's Centrelink for ya.

One thing my neighbourhood is famous for however (apart from the unseasonal May flies) is it's keen political interest.

My Polish Lanlord (known as thus for his impeccable computer game prowess) is a devout follower of John Stewart Mill and my housemate one of Satre, so when my Lanlord says "just add it up" my housemate says "why can't cha?".

So in conclusion the Victoria Drive gate is much like our beloved Union President, tall, proud and steely eyed like a fox.

Rowena Ficklestein  
Editor's Housemate

# OFFICE BEARER COLUMNS

Women's Officer  
Kelli Armstrong-Smith



President  
Alice Campbell



## A LETTER FOR MOTHER FATIMA

Dear Fatima,

We are happy to announce that you have won a 3-year stay in accommodation provided by our company, Woomera Detention Centre Inc. Thank you for choosing to stay with us during your visit here to Australia. We are sure you will have a wonderful stay and that you will enjoy the view from your window. The horizon is very wide here in Australia and you may also even be able to see a kangaroo or two pass by.

You are also part of a unique social environment here at Woomera. Families of all sizes come to enjoy a unique experience that only Woomera Inc can provide. Our fine food, subtle heating and friendly security (to make you feel more at ease) set us above national standards and give you memories to take with you on your journey home, if you have one.

We are pleased to announce that in addition to your own room facilities, replete with pencil, paper, bed and chair, we

provide child-care *FOR FREE!* That's right, 24hr child-care in the presence of friendly men who love to hand out lollies and play tirelessly with your children, especially at night, and without your unnecessary supervision!

You may also have the pleasure of seeing our unique 'Australian Protestors' make an annual appearance outside the facilities for your enjoyment. They're great entertainment.

On behalf of our entire global company that also manages accommodation-chains- across the United States of America, we would finally like to add that you have won a gift of *2 hours consultation time* with your two children on Mother's Day! Congratulations.

Have a great stay.

With rich regards,

**Tony Winston  
Vanstone-Ruddock,**  
President & Executive  
General Manager,  
Detention and  
Prison Centres Inc.

14

Hey everyone, how's semester two treating you?

You know what? I'm sick of trying to write about student issues in every single office bearer column. I mean, there's so many of them. We've got the Howard government's Higher Education Support Act, which universities are now expected to implement while getting yelled at by students who are legitimately pissed off. Then there's Common Youth Allowance, which is the appallingly small sum of money given to an appallingly small amount of students. We've also got the removal of the 8% textbook subsidy to contend with as well as the continuous spectre of Voluntary Student Unionism, (apparently it's okay that students have to pay thousands of dollars for their degree and textbooks but not okay that students have to pay a few hundred dollars for services on campus). Students also have to face proposed legislation from the Howard government that will require them to enrol to vote on the same day that the federal election is called if they haven't already enrolled. We've

really got just too much to worry about and I feel as though I've written about it all in my past eight office bearer columns.

Okay, I'll write about something else... hmm... umm... I think my mind is currently solely focussed on student issues. I can't even think of a good joke to tell and the posters of comedians on my office wall fail to provide inspiration... Hang on; something else has come to mind... (it's at this point I got interrupted and completely forgot what it was.)

Alright, I admit I can't write about anything else at the moment. Maybe when Gomez releases their new album I'll write about that. However, much closer to that time, the Howard government are releasing their new budget. Be prepared and a little scared.

- Alice

*Whoa. Dude. The Italic Hand of God would like to remind Office Bearers that as of last month, submitting columns in On Dit is now, for the first time ever, completely voluntary on the condition that they actually have some something to say.*

- Eds

## Environment Officer Stephen Kellett



The release of documents by the Federal Government due to a recent 'Freedom of Information Request,' revealed a deceitful plan was implemented by the Howard Government to encourage a positive message for the proposed nuclear dump in South Australia. The PR firm 'Warren Michel' was paid no less than \$300,000 (with taxpayer funding), by the Federal government to 'counter' the efforts of reputable environmental groups such as the Australian Conservation Foundation, who at present, are striving to bring public awareness to the risks and issues associated with the creation of the dump.

Using strategies such as letter writing to the press (posed as letters to the editor), and calling talkback radio in support of the notion of a dump in SA, employees of the firm pretended to be concerned citizens plugging the planned

nuclear waste dump. One employee even voted in favour of the dump in an ABC survey four times! Another document obtained from the Government instructed the firm to gauge what the attitudes of the public towards a high level nuclear dump are at present. However Federal Minister Nick Minchin during a press release held prior to these instructions being given, promised that nothing above low-level waste would be stored at the proposed site, if it were to be constructed. (Lying scum!)

These actions come as no surprise. The blatant disregard that the Howard Government has for the environment and it's people (the proposed site is on indigenous land), will continue until they lose an election. The Government has the power to overrule state legislation opposing the dump, however it is unlikely that these attempts would be made

before the federal election due to the unpopular sentiment in SA. There are many reasons for opposing the dump relating to the environmental impact that would occur, however also highly significant is the plight of indigenous Australians, having been drastically affected in the past by government policy on radioactive material in Outback Australia. With the support that is coming from the South Australian government, Media, and the Labor Party's pledge to halt any plans for the dump if they were to win power, the only thing stopping the moves is complacency, or a coalition election win.

PS: Due to my suffering from a bout of the flu, completing this week's column was a little difficult. Many thanks go to Richard Wagner, and those kind saints at *On Dit* for accepting this column at the last minute!



**Indulgent Self - Referential  
Centre Page Option no. 4.26**

I had nothing to do with these pages. -Stan

**Dan J - music**

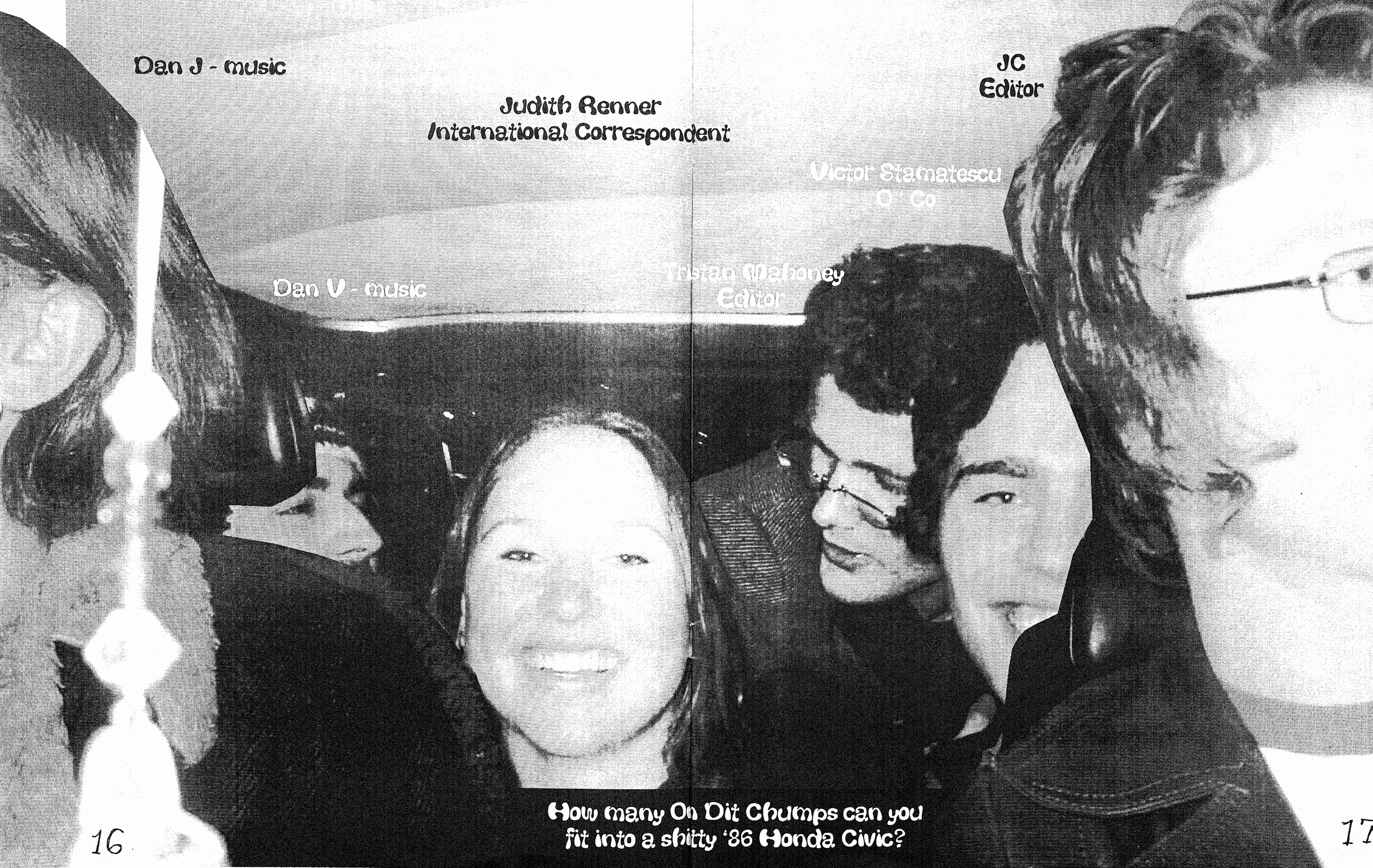
**JC  
Editor**

**Judith Renner  
International Correspondent**

**Victor Stamatescu  
O Co**

**Dan V - music**

**Tristan Mahoney  
Editor**



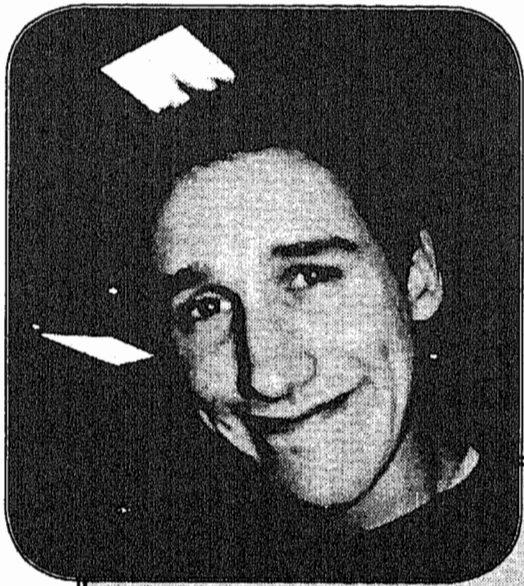


# WHAT IS YOUR POP?

Jeopardy special.

## ANSWERS

1. Moans a little, groans a little.
2. Quite a lot, but if you count them individually it seems like more.
3. It is not spam!
4. I'm not wearing any pants.



Josh

1. How many O'Week beers did we have?
2. How many are there?
3. What would you say to me if you were in my bedroom?
4. Do you think incest is best?

Clemmie

1. What rhymes with bones a little?
2. How many people are currently trying to deprive me of pie?
3. What is something that is not lovely?
4. What is the most commonly screamed thing from drunk students on the Unibar balcony?

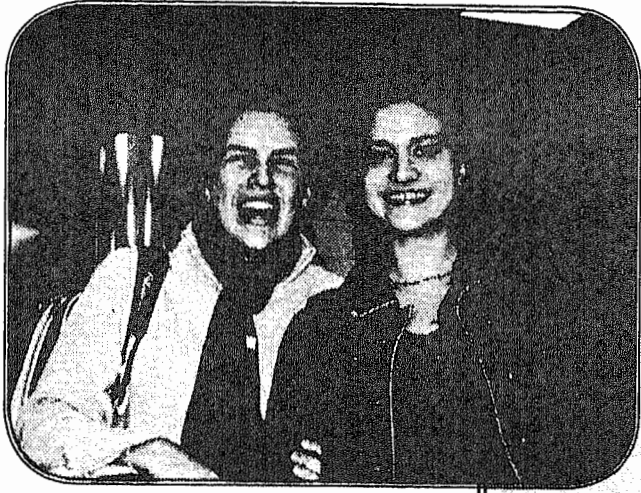


DJ M@

1. What sounds does an elephant make when it tries to weight lift?
2. How many marvelously exotic African bugs do you have in your collection?
3. Is that spam in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?
4. Film @ 11!

*I'm sorry, Matt, that response was not in the form of a question.*





*Angela and Zoe*

- 1. A: Are you busy?  
Z: Are you dead?
- 2. A: How many times have you visited?  
Z: How many people did you "meet" on Saturday night?
- 3. A: Oi, Bruce, what's ya name?  
Z: What is virginity?
- 4. A: Do you love me?  
Z: Do you want my babies?

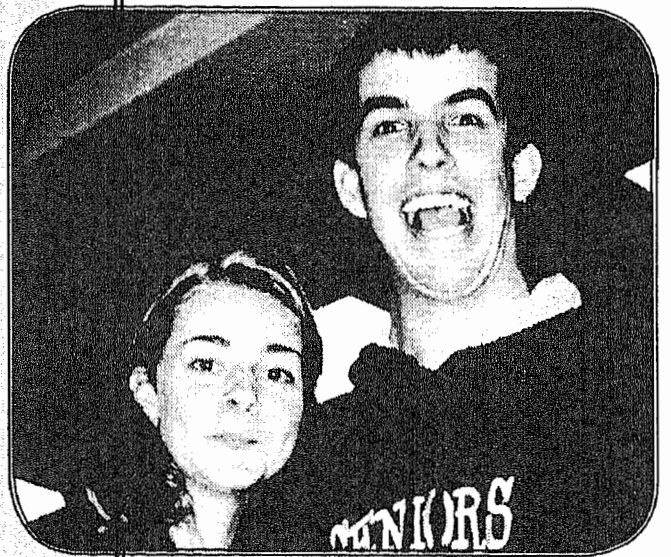


*Yana*

- 1. What's your take on the Wills couches?
- 2. How many dust bunnies have run pas from the couches?
- 3. What's that you just pulled out from under the couch?
- 4. That's a nice shade of blonde. What's the dye number?

*Liz and Fred*

- 1. L: What's the weather like outside?  
F: What's the Signatures chick's favourite pastime?
- 2. L: How many pubic hairs do you have?  
F: How many different people's DNA are on the couches in Wills?
- 3. L: What's down your pants?  
F: What's really in the Hot Dogs?
- 4. L: What are you so happy?  
F: What's the worst thing to hear in a maths lecture?

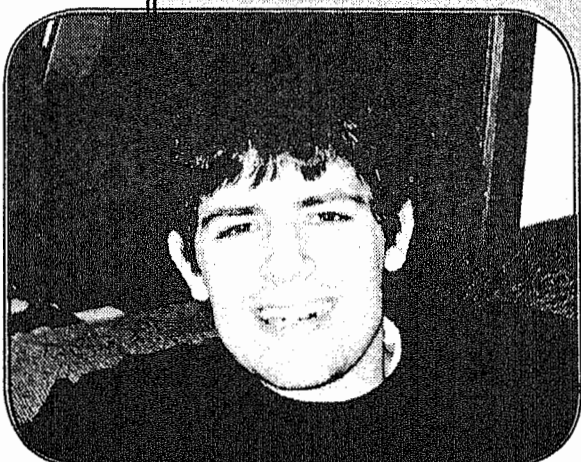


*Leigh*

- 1. What are two lines of the latest trashy romance novel you've read?
- 2. How many ants are in your pants?
- 3. What is an anteater?
- 4. Would you like a hand?

*James*

- 1. What did your mamma get up to last night?
- 2. How many hairs are there on John Howard's head?
- 3. Is this spam?
- 4. (sniggers) What are you wearing to graduation?





# South Australia's Own

## Kibbi's Café

185 King William Road  
Hyde Park  
Ph: 8373 4545

For once I was early, and believe me, this is some achievement. I'm one of those annoying people who always message someone's phone claiming I'm late for some reason or another. It figures that the one time I'm early everyone else is late. Anyway, the problem was, being unfamiliar with Kibbi's, I couldn't see whether my dinner companions had arrived from my vantage point in the car. It was painful sitting in my music-less car, so I got out of the car and saw what it was like to be punctual. Scanning the restaurant made it easy to see that I was indeed the first one there. It was a warm evening so I sat at one of the outdoor tables, noticing another woman sitting at a table by herself. The cafe was bustling for Wednesday night, and both the woman and I looked like we'd been stood up by blind dates. She was even drumming her fingers impatiently on the wooden table. Eventually my friends joined me, so I lost my panicky expression. We decided to eat in the upstairs area, and after we were seated, were told it "shut at 8." They probably couldn't be bothered to walk up those stairs just for our party of

four, because I couldn't see any other reason for being so stingy with their space.

We weren't too peeved though, considering our table was near the side of the cafe which had been completely opened up. It's so nice dining al fresco - which won't be happening anymore since summer is dead. The menu was specifically for *Autumn 2004*, and I thought it was rather accommodating of them to embrace seasonal change. I can definitely see it being a cute, cozy, destination on a cold night, with lots of steaming food on the *Winter 2004* menu.

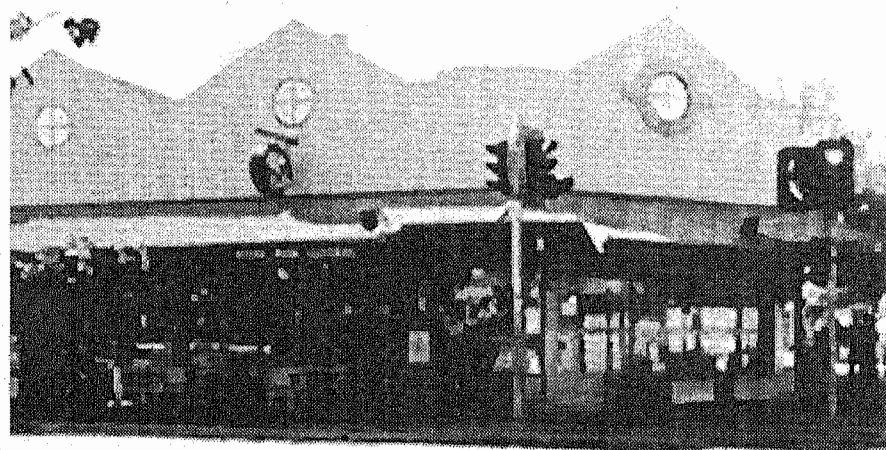
To tell you the truth, I'm confused by what direction Kibbi's is taking with their food. Their speciality seems to be Lebanese food - and kibbi (for those of you who aren't in the know) is the national dish of

Lebanon. However, in addition to the Lebanese food, we were offered a range of foods from other countries: pasta and pizza (Italy), nachos (Mexico), Balinese Prawns, and even an Indonesian baguette (nestled among the Spanish and Middle Eastern baguettes). Indecision an understatement. There were too many foods fighting for brain-space. You'd think all this choice would be enough, but they had a specials board too. There was some lamb and eggplant lasagne that I thought I might be adventurous with, but in the end it had to be "Kibbi - the national dish of Lebanon." The best way I can think to describe it is meat falafel. Accompanying my balls of meat were hommus, salad, and tzatziki (*balls of meat? - Eds*). (I always thought tzatziki was Greek. Obviously it's all the same at Kibbi's!) Did it

taste good? Yes, it did. It was fairly simple, but the meat was obviously good quality. Everything was fresh and there was lots of it. It's so satisfying to be full for so many hours after.

The others had wedges, soup, and kibbi and falafel combo. Wedges and soup might be boring, but if a place can't serve decent wedges, then you know that they're crap. I can happily say that the wedges seemed fine. Well, the ones that I stole off my friend were fine anyway. Nobody was complaining. A very smiley man with a very deep voice looked after us well, and he even made recommendations for us. He was full of "sirs" and "ma'am's" and was extremely hospitable - aside from chucking us out of the top section. I really wondered how he could keep his smile fixated for so long, but I appreciated his effort. It was a homely meal in a homely atmosphere, and I saw that their breakfast menu looked rather enticing with it's 'make your own omelette' section. I suggest you go there this *Winter 2004...or maybe Summer 2004/2005?*

ET



Hand-made by the  
20 Cooper family.

# STUDENT RADIO 101.5<sup>FM</sup>

tuesday  
saturday  
monday

Fun, love and lollipops. that's about the gist of what we've been up to here at student radio over the last few week. With the new member of the student media community, student tv sucking up a whole bunch of our time.

I can't harp on about it enough, but student tv is here and here for as long as people think it should exist.

We are currently doing only one show at the moment, with other student radio types involving themselves with other productions. our production is Local Noise TV, which we record on the

tuesday night when it goes live to air on radio, and then replay the TV version on sunday night at 10pm. If you missed it, we had Mr. Wednesday in, exposing us to their lucid tunes and laidback style.

On the subject of local noise, we have hooked up with the daniel o'connell in north adelaide where you will soon be able to see your local noise heroes live in the flesh. The deal is that the band who plays on radio on the tuesday night then get a live gig at the dan o'connell on the following wednesday. Then bits of both events are shown on the sunday night on Student TV on UHF 31.

Once again, if you're keen to get a piece of the TV pie, give student radio a buzz. you can get us on [student.radio@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:student.radio@adelaide.edu.au).

Our new friend, Alice W has now got her own show on Saturday nights at midnight. She is a recent graduate of our open mic show, which means it's not just a no-hope, dead-end show. If you would like to get onboard, send us an email to the above address with details about yourself and the type of show you want to do.

WATCH STUDENT TV DAMMIT!  
SUNDAYS 10PM on UHF 31

tuesday 11 may

saturday 15 may

monday 17 may

9pm	<b>Local Noise</b> myopia	<b>The G-Spot</b> with richard, sam, reuben & doug	<b>the flux capacitor</b> with ben and phil
10pm	<b>too loud to be culture</b> with bianca & patrick	<b>transmission</b> with matt & hannah	<b>flava in ya ear</b> with mark & suniljit
11pm	<b>radio magnifico</b> with ben and rhys	<b>dj's choice</b> with duncs & adam	<b>the vinyl lounge</b> with potter and mark
midnight	<b>live from the moon</b> with luke, leo? & tom	<b>ALL NEW!!!!</b> <b>can i borrow a feeling?</b> with alice and friends	<b>all tomorrow's parties</b> with adam & luke

**SHOW BIO**  
**TOO LOUD TO BE CULTURE**  
10pm TUESDAY

Like it's subject matter, rock n roll music, 'too loud to be culture' is impossible to classify. The hosts, Patrick (of the infamous Hullabaloosa Radio) and Bianca ('presenter of the year' / Range / Don't Ask Us... / A-List) don't really give a shit to be interesting or witty or funny, despite being all of the above. All they care about is bringing an hour of brilliant music to student radio. 'Too loud to be culture' is about the reason that you can't help but flail your arms and dance like a mental-patient when you hear iggy pop's 'lust for life,' why it

took 5 months to get the strokes 'last nite' out of your head and the reason why rage against the machine's 'wake up' makes you feel like busting someone's skull. Tune in to hear our 'Enrique Igleseas track of the week,' 666 degrees of separation, crappy acoustic covers by ourselves and local artists, and if that's not enough; listen in to see who wins the \$\$\$\$ in our long-standing segment - 'who'll die first: Lou Reed, Keith Richards, Iggy Pop or Michael Jackson' (my money's on Keef)... So have one (or more) of your favourite mind-altering substances, turn it up to 11 and sit with your head against the speakers... too loud to be culture (on Student Radio!).



# LOCAL MUSIC...



The Silvermine Tapes

Black Pony Express, Brillig,  
Brer Mouse  
Friday 30<sup>th</sup> April  
Jade Monkey

It seemed that alliteration was the theme for tonight's show, though there were more similarities, with all bands on the bill sharing a penchant for dark and doomy sounds.

Melbourne duo Black Pony Express kicked off proceedings with their brand of morose musing. Their sound could be described as residing directly between the mournful twang of Johnny Cash and modern navel gazers like Smog. Composed of an acoustic guitarist who handled fuzzed-out lead duties and an electric player who contributed some Duane Eddy-like glissando, the band possessed a depth that belied their minimalist approach. Their three-piece vintage suits also lent the performance some requisite nostalgic vibes.

After the faint sound of Black Pony Express, Brillig's machine-driven electro-pop was quite an assault on the senses. The band's screening of *The Empire Strikes Back* on the wall above was a minor stroke of genius.

Matt's guitars were like a lazer to the frontal cortex (that's a good thing, by the way) and Denni's bass work was solid and melodic. Unfortunately Elizabeth's viola and vocals were a tad too low in the mix; they should be cranked right up there, in my opinion.

It's been a long time between gigs for Brer Mouse, and it would be fair to say the crowd were anxious to hear what the band had in store after so much time honing their craft on the sidelines. If it's at all possible, they seemed even tighter since I last saw them. The familiar Brer Mouse sounds were represented; soaring falsetto vocals, intricate and delicate arrangements, ambient washes and live rhythms with a hypnotic, looped quality. But the most impressive musical moments arose when singer/guitarist Alex joined sibling John on second electric guitar for some lengthy and intensely dynamic numbers which hinted at a more powerful and resonant shoegaze-y direction for the band. Judging by the impact the sounds had tonight, it's a direction they would do well to investigate further.

dan V

Iron Man & Skull Band  
Straight to Video, Ianto  
Ware, Silvermine Tapes.  
Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> May  
Jade Monkey

Not twenty-four hours after the previous night's gig, I found myself once more at the Jade Monkey for an all-local indie showcase. First up was the Iron Man & Skull Band, an extended line up made up of two collaborating trios. Unfortunately, I only caught the tail end of their set, but what I heard of it - poly-rhythmic double drum kits and fluid four guitar line-up at full tilt (all of which fleshed out by some nice ambient noise guitar courtesy of stage right; apologies for not knowing names) - was in retrospect, some of the more effecting music of the evening.

Straight To Video took to the stage next, and again, I'm very sorry to report, I missed a good chunk of their set, for reasons too boring to explain. From the accounts I gathered from various sources they were much more rough, ready and lugubrious, than their normally joyfully bouncy selves, but it's nice to be versatile, I say. I did hear the last three tracks, and dug the textured effect pedal drones, recalling the brain-slicing textures from Slowdive records of old. I'm keen to see them again soon.

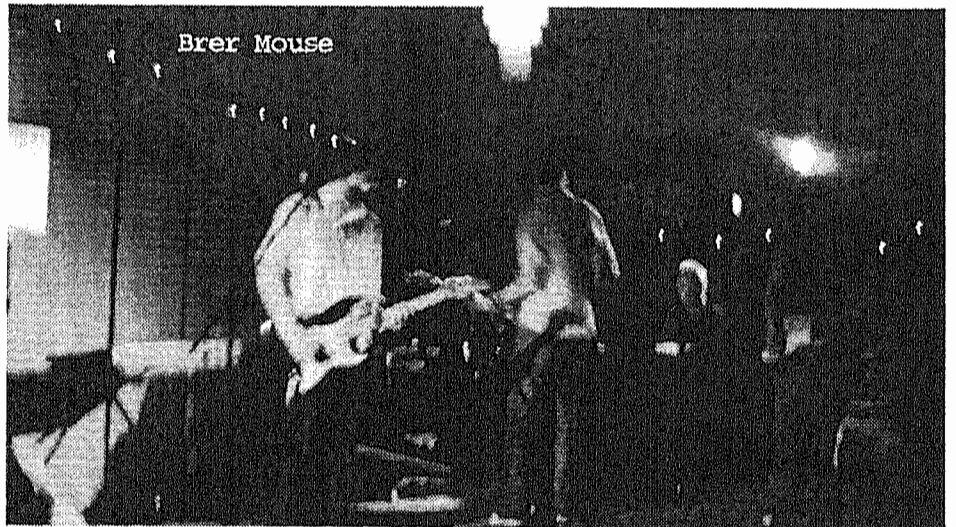
Solo artist Ianto Ware had his work cut out for him following the energetic guitar-throwing finale of Straight to Video. His low-key vocals and multi-layered guitar lines coalesced to create

a kind of neo-blues trance mantra, that made the swelling crowd pay attention. His closing rendition of Eminem's signature tune *Lose Yourself*, with an anonymous drunk friend subbing for Slim Shady, was kinda cool, truth be told. It's the closest we'll ever get to hearing it from the man himself, but then, I'm not sure how much closer I would like to get.

The Silvermine Tapes were the night's finale, and with their heavy reputation preceding them, I was interested in seeing them for the first time. The band looked to be enjoying playing with each other again, as they were reuniting with the two percussionists who had moved to Melbourne. The skilled drummer, situated centre stage, commanded the band and provided much of their driving force. But whilst I appreciated their Mogwai-esque post-rock crescendos, at the same time a part of me wished for something a little more spontaneous and visceral, improv lover that I am. Of course, that's my preference and the usual caveats apply. To illustrate this point, friends of mine experienced the show very differently and were very impressed with the band's performance, and it was clear that the fans in attendance were happy to see The Silvermine Tapes return to the stage after such a long absence.

The music notwithstanding, congrats are in order to Patterns in Static for putting on another successful night of tunes and tomfoolery, and to the Jade Monkey for supporting such a venture.

dan V



Brer Mouse

## PROG ALERT!

Melbourne indie label Sensory Projects are sending four acts from their fine roster of eclectic talent to our town for a one night only showcase gig.

**Symbiotic** are a 10 piece experimental hip-hop and breaks troupe reminiscent of the Anticon collective, whilst **City City City** are a 7 piece instrumental group inspired by Krautrock who play a mix of prog, electric fusion, and motoric beats. Featuring two drumkits, guitars, bass, synths, sax, electronics, and laptop, their post-rock sounds have been compared to Tortoise, Do Make Say Think, Yes, Miles Davis' electric era, and The Soft Machine.

**Pretty Boy Crossover**, comprise ex-Adelaide boys Jason Sweeney and Cailan Burns, whose pastoral ambient synth music recalls the warmth of Boards of Canada, Hood, and Qua.

**The Rectifiers** play folky melodic alt-country using electronic elements alongside traditional instruments and have supported acts like Kurt Wagner (Lambchop) and Cat Power.

It's all happening Saturday 15 May @ The Jade Monkey.

In addition, there are several side shows to get along to: Symbiotic play Rhino Room Friday 14<sup>th</sup> May, and City City City play Exeter Sunday 16<sup>th</sup> May 3pm with Alex Ashley (solo). Check with the venues closer to the dates to be sure. Hazzah!



SENSORY PROJECTS

By Frank Wedekind  
University Theatre Guild  
At the Little Theatre  
May 8 -22

## Spring Awakening



The problem with the Guild's production of *Spring Awakening* is that the extraordinary visual concepts belie the complex message. The play has stunning stagecraft, with the design of Cassandra Backler provocatively and imaginatively running concurrently to the themes of innocence and repression. The lighting of Ben Fleet is surreal, haunting and effective in creating space and distance within the Little Theatre, but this doesn't do enough to assist the actors in conveying the message from the madness. The special effects and almost expressionist sequences are extremely beautiful, complemented magnificently by the music of Colin Offord, but the result is an overly crowded convoluted message.

The actors rush through their lines with Marlon Dance-Hooi, as the troubled Moritz, being one of the worst offenders. The play remains on one level of the emotional plain, and is difficult to follow, especially given the distracting wandering and rocking of all most all the actors. Greg Elliot, as director, too often leaves his actors with little to do but wave their arms in the air. And too often they move without motivation, or more importantly, inspiration. This is an issue with the language, which requires pace and control. The actors lack the inspiration required to deliver this poetic prose, and so it becomes deficient of a solidity of detail, that would allow the audience to understand what is being said. This means that the average audience member, unacquainted with *Spring Awakening*, will miss most of meanings behind the undoubtedly beautiful rants and ramblings.

Amongst these negatives, however, are shining pieces of excellent theatre. Kylie Barrie delivers an engaging and moving monologue as Frau Gabor, the motherly friend of Moritz. It must be noted that Elliot's decision to use the two physical levels of the Little Theatre in this scene, as well as in many others, is distracting and disappointing. Too often the words of the protagonists are lost in the representative and symbolic movements of the ensemble above

and below them. Whilst generally these elements are striking and visually impressive, particularly the masturbation scene of the first act, the bombardment of images results in that convoluted feeling creeping in again. Renee Gentle as Wendla also delivers a decent, if inconsistent, performance and her rape by Melchor (Greg Gorton) is one of the only examples of Gorton connecting with another actor and the audience.

There is no doubt that the themes that weave their way through this massive production are pertinent to some extent today. Unlike Buchner's *Woyzeck*, however, it is harder to appreciate them and the language adds another layer to limiting understanding. This play is not as prosaic as Buchner's work, nor is it as didactic as Brecht's, it falls mildly in the middle and perhaps that's where it's enduring theatre presence comes from.

The repression represented by the school masters does lack a relevance to most of modern Australia and perhaps that was the motivation for presenting it so farcically. This is another poor staging decision, as the ridicule becomes ridiculous, trite and annoying.

A review of this production could not walk past the haunting and effecting imagery that is ineffectively used. The funeral scene, the throwing of flowers on to the dead body, the upper-level portrayal of the stories being described and the frightening ghouls of the graveyard, the graveyard itself, are all excellent examples of the talent of the designers and the potency of the visual concepts. It's the acting and direction, combined with the difficult matter that causes this production to merely middle into averageness. It is worth seeing for the frightening entry of Mrs. Scmitt from Garden Street, for the energy of Ilsa (Jenna Kuerschner) and for an introduction to the origins of German Expressionism. But those elements aren't enough to combat the uninspired leads, confusing language and overtly complex presentation.

Alex Rafalowicz

*Flemenco Cabaret* are giving away two free passes to see their show at the seedy Weimar Room (27 Hindley St) on Saturday 15th of May. All you have to do is be down in our office at 2 pm this Wednesday and do your best Flemenco dance. We will provide music.

For those who miss out, however, Adelaide Uni Students will be able to get in for a ridiculous \$5 from 8pm.



Late one Monday night, a fellow *On Dit* comrade brought to my attention the fact that I never seem to document much in the world of men's fashion. At the time, I made a polite excuse for this seemingly unjust act, claiming that my lack of knowledge of the male market and time constraints contributed to this ongoing travesty. But now, without the presence of my companion, I consider the countless numbers of men who have sauntered past me in poorly made jeans and t-shirts imprinted with pathetic excuses for pop art. Apparently, sporting an intricate and well-kempt arrangement of facial hair as well as a grey woollen beanie and Diesel street shoes is still cool (note to anyone who identifies with this: Craig David is, like, so 2000). The fact is, I would write about men's fashion if there were indeed something to write about. Not even the masculine fashion faux pas deserve a mention in this section because, like their trendier adversaries, they're still hopelessly mediocre. It's as we suspected all along- men's fashion sucks.

Now I realise that the picket lines are already being constructed against this case. Yes, I can acknowledge that

some men have the right thing going on, but unfortunately, they are irrevocably surrounded by inferiority. Public enemy number one: the infamous metrosexual. Fortunately, this crazy cultural sect is starting to wane. Although it's refreshing to know that men are starting to worry about the condition of their skin, if I see another awfully abstract hairstyle, tight jeans and pink Industrie sweater, I'm going to hurl. Then you have the retrosexuals- old school Adidas jackets, Levi's, op-shop anything and Chuck Taylors. Yes, they do look fetching and yes, how their mops scintillate in the autumn sunlight but when you ask them who the Ramones were and get a reply of 'Who?', you know that these pseudo-rockers are no less wanky than the metrosexuals. But my personal favourite would have to be the jock/preppy archetype- Ralph Lauren polos (collar up), Colorado boat shoes, sandy blonde dishevelled locks and a misogynistic attitude to boot. It's as if they really believed they attended Eton and played polo with Prince William at lunchtime. Forgive me for stereotyping, but someone had to say something.

Of course there are many more no-no's within the world of male fashion (eg. pilling

## The Highly Anticipated Fashion Page About...

# Boys

black overcoats housing several j-bags) but rather than incessantly bitching, a solution to this fashion emergency must be found. It has come to my attention that there is a shortage of well-dressed male role models in mainstream pop culture. Who do young twenty-something males look to for a fresh dose of inspiration? Immediately David Beckham springs to mind. Big whoop. The guy's an unfaithful pleb with a voice pitch that rivals that of a 10-year-old girl. Then there's Brian from *Queer as Folk*. Although I've been told that he's a style icon, I have yet to spy an immaculate grey cashmere suit complete with modernist cufflinks and an egoistic attitude on someone under 35. The point is, men in the media aren't really making a good impression. One look at Ian Thorpe modelling pearl necklaces in horrid Armani thongs and linen relaxo-chinos, and it's not hard to see why. So if the future of men's fashion seems a tad bleak, whom can we count on to lead Adelaide's misguided population of males to aesthetic glory once again?

The answer lies within the plentiful world of Google image search. Keyword: French men. They were born with a sixth sense in fabulous taste. Think Olivier Martinez-cum-Serge Gainsbourg- mocha overcoats with stripey jumpers, cashmere scarves and tailored chinos paired with multicoloured Adidas superstars aplenty. Add an interest in the French underground electronica scene and the ability to speak the language, and watch your coolness (not to mention the level of female interest) augment. Then there's the faithful look of early 90's Brit pop (Oasis, Blur et. al) that never seems to lose its street cred. Huge fur-lined army parkas paired with faded Levi's, dirty Reeboks, grubby shags and square specs that look freshly plucked from Liam Gallagher's bedside table. And let's not forget the 80s- oh faithful 80s, that plentiful

decade of style, always willing to provide inspiration for those in need. Just watch one episode of *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air* and I swear you'll be lusting after neon pink and yellow Nike Air drawstring jumpers.

Whatever you choose boys, there's really no excuse now if I spot any of the mentioned aesthetic nightmares on the street. If we let these obscenities continue, next thing you know, we'll be swatting away Canterbury Rugby tops and badly tapered leather jackets like flies. Don't be offended- in a sense, my callousness is really doing society a favour. I'm sorry boys, but that's how the cookie crumbles. In the world of fashion, you're not cool to be kind: you're cruel to be cool.

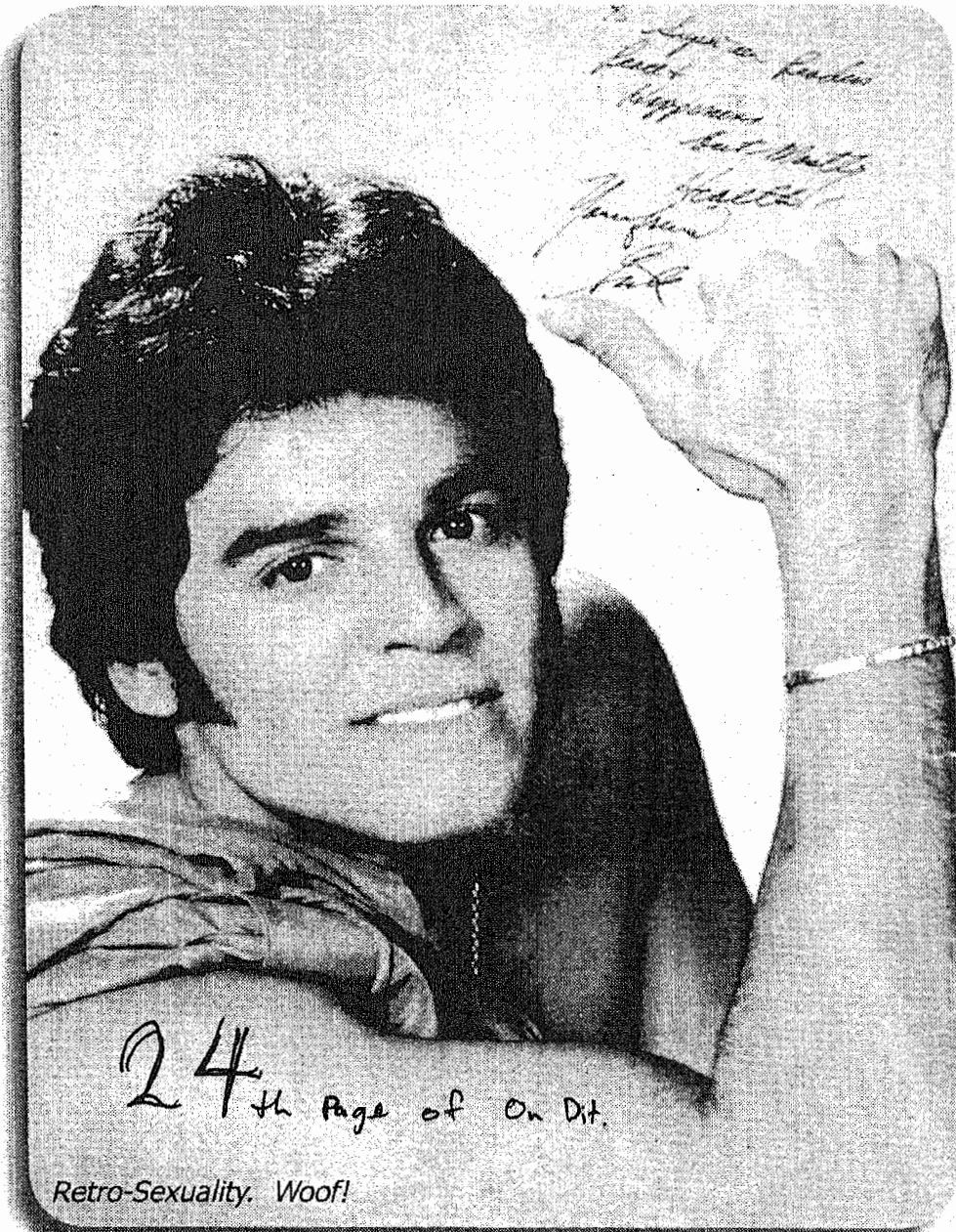
### Stephanie Mountzouris

#### WHAT'S HOT

- Doing yoga in public places to relieve minor back ailments.
- Don't be afraid to start contorting into your favourite Ashtanga positions to add a bit of Gwyneth-chie into your bleak, grey life.
- Coming to a Blockbuster video car park near you.
- Being genuinely concerned with the greater good of mankind.
- Recycling. Doing charity work.
- Throwing out high-heeled thongs.
- Balaklavas. Pink daisy-covered numbers. If you're going to commit an armed robbery, you might as well do it in style.

#### WHAT'S NOT

- Having too much fun.
- Mobile phone ringtones. Especially polyphonic ones. I blame all of society's woes on the incessant ringing of badly transposed Eminem 'songs' 24/7.
- Fake Louis Vuitton bags. Oh, what the hell, guess they can be hot. Only if bought down an alley from a small Indonesian man, though. A girl's got to have her standards.



24th Page of On Dit.

Retro-Sexuality. Woof!

# The Cold and Clammy Corpses of French Fashion

Whoa, cool trashy photos of girls of no discernable age in a bed together? I think I like this guy...

OCCUPANCY  
BY MORE THAN  
2 PERSONS  
IS DANGEROUS  
AND UNLAWFUL

Commissioner  
Department of Building  
City of New York



fetishism. Bourdin's submissive girls are disguised as power women. It is hard to imagine that our society passes off such images as everyday advertising in magazines. Here such publications are merely the calling cards of desperate women, pushed into prostitution by a hegemonic society.

Bourdin captures women in the raw with harsh light and brute strength. He sees the *fashion moment* as a violent loss of virginity rather than pure beauty. Despite this the Bourdin look has been celebrated in art and fashion, with magazines continuing the cycle of women being viewed as objects of sexual desire.

Ever wonder where those skinny blonds came from that fill the pages of fashion magazines? Well here's your answer; they were all born in the imagination of famed French photographer Guy Bourdin. Bourdin (born 1928, died 1991) was a pioneer of fashion photography and witnessed the beginning of photography being the main medium in magazines.

Viewing the collection you can see how much this man has influenced fashion photography and art. Bourdin's images from the 1970's are timeless, fresh and crisp. They look as sharp as anything in current issues of *The Face* or *Harper's Bazaar*. Browsing through the bleak exhibition I realised just how unimaginative contemporary photographers really are. The stable-diet of any fashionista today is merely the recycled work of Monsieur Bourdin, anorexic, pale, expressionless but highly sexed.

Bourdin's works border on pain and pleasure as he explores the fine line between art and fashion. At first glance they are innocent, but on closer inspection seem sinister and even aggressive. The beauty of his photographs is always counteracted with a hint of a threat or loss.

Milky white legs fitted with shiny red shoes lay sprawled on an orange sofa in an untitled piece created in 1978. On viewing the work in the flesh one is left with only more questions. *Where is she, who is she...is she OK?* The photographs are strangely hypnotic and alluring yet upsetting and disturbing.

The theme of violence occurs throughout the exhibition. Stark and bony women pose in front of paintings of fighter jets with orange hair spiking up behind gas masks. Perhaps the theme of violence is drawn from the time Bourdin spent serving in the French army. Later he escaped this and started his career as an assistant photographer.

Threats and sexuality are sewn together with insanity in his works. The confusion

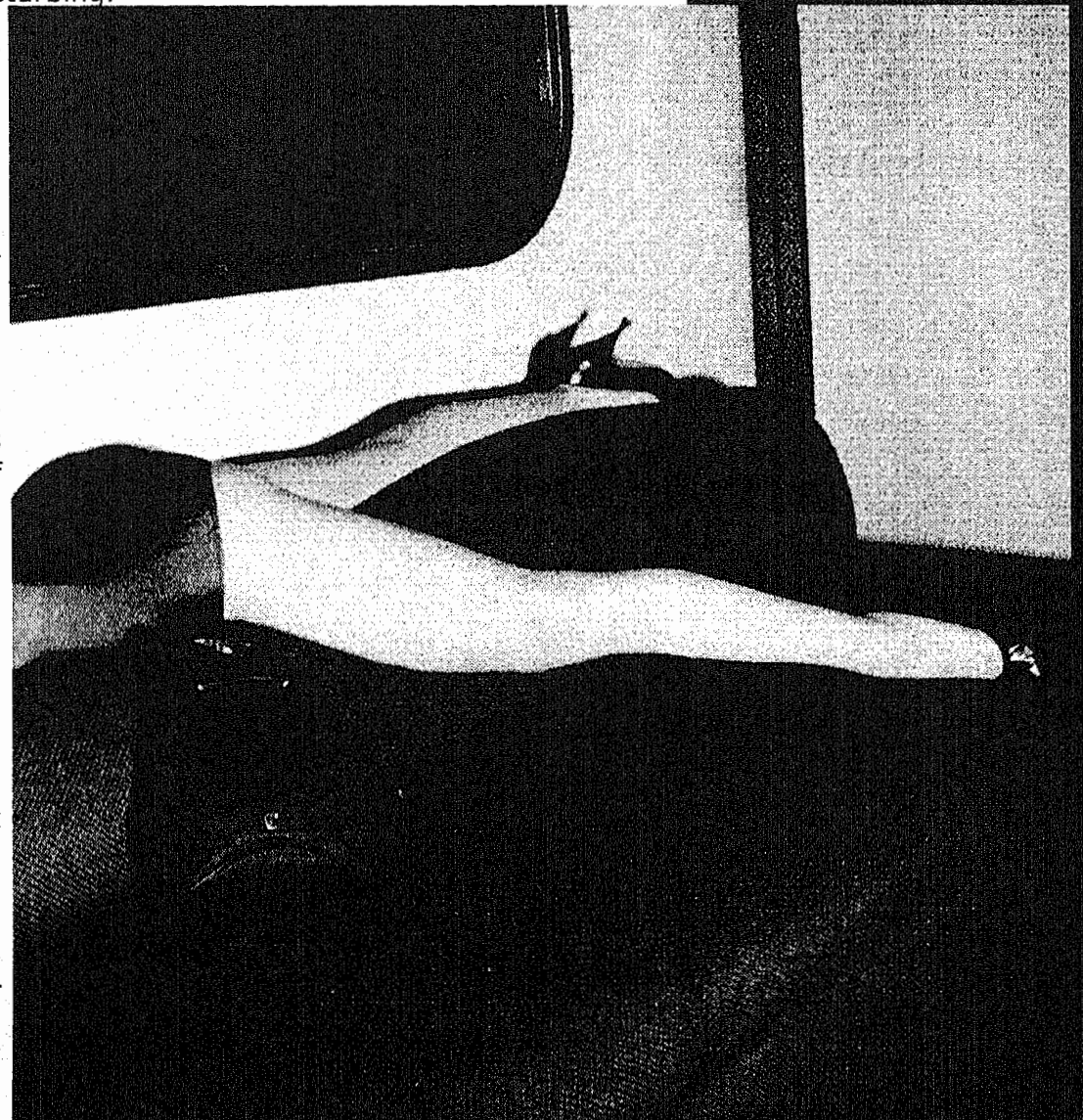
of figures and their actions leaves the pieces void of narratives. Yet the relationship between men and women are always clear. Although women are seen as the power holders in these photographs it is clear that they are still mere sex objects; white dolls, the subject of voyeurism and

This peep show runs at the National Gallery of Victoria in Melbourne, 180 St. Kilda Road, until the 6<sup>th</sup> of June.

Leo Greenfield

25

Yep, this Bourdin fellow really has an eye for distinction.





## Buster Keaton (1895-1966)

Director/Actor

USA

"In a way his pictures are like a transcendent juggling act in which it seems that the whole universe is in exquisite flying motion and the one point of repose is the juggler's effortless, uninterested face."

— James Agee on Buster Keaton

A Vaudeville performer since the tender age of three months, Buster Keaton became the most enduring of all the silent comedians. Far less sentimental than Charlie Chaplin and far more original than Harold Lloyd he's probably more appreciated since his demise than at any time during his performing life. His films were an amazing comedic ballet, characterized by breath takingly dangerous and acrobatic stunts and a stone-faced resolution to the chaos and uncontrollability of the world around him. The world just seems to happen to Buster, as unobtrusive as he attempts to be he's always dragged into situations that are at once hilariously tragic and poetically beautiful.

Born Joseph Frank Keaton to two vaudeville performers he spent his childhood travelling around with his parents and their band of fellow performers. It was at the age of six months that he was given the moniker 'Buster' by the legendary magician Harry Houdini who, after the toddler had fallen down a flight of steps, commented to his father "what a buster your kid took". Whenever the troupe was in a town with child labour laws relaxed enough Buster took to the stage with his parents as part of 'The Three Keatons'. He continued performing with his parents until his teens when his father's drinking problem began to cause serious problems in their act. In 1917 he left vaudeville and moved to New York where he met 'Fatty' Arbuckle. The two performed together on Broadway until Arbuckle moved into the pictures and one day invited Keaton to "drop by the studio and see how we do it". Keaton landed a supporting role with Arbuckle in a two reeler called *The Butcher Boy* and continued playing roles in shorts of little distinction until the mid twenties, the better ones being *The Boat*, *The Blacksmith* and the one time controversial *Cops*.

With his star rising Keaton was afforded more freedom by the studio, so much so that he was given the opportunity to star in, and co-direct, full length features. In 1924 he produced *The Navigator*. He had vaguely asked his producer to buy a retired ocean liner for a prop in his next film and went into production with little idea in mind of what to do with it. Also the same year was the masterful *Sherlock Jr.*

*Sherlock Jr.* is possibly the most brilliant film ever made about the cinema. Buster plays a projectionist who is in love with a pretty girl and fighting off competition for her affection from a far more respected (and taller) man. He gives his girl gifts but fails

to win her attention and, through a series of unlikely mishaps, is accused of theft by his beloved and ordered by her family never to see her again. Dejected, rejected and humiliated he stumbles off to his job at the cinema and falls asleep during the screening of that night's film. He dreams that he's up on screen, and a brilliant detective like Sherlock Holmes, he solves the mystery and wins the girl only to be awakened and abruptly returned to reality.

Although it permeates all of his work, in *Sherlock Jr.* Buster most brilliantly articulates the angelic sham that is cinema. Likening it to a dream state, he portrays the cinema as the place where all the wrongs of life are made right. It's similar enough to our own lives to be familiar, but ultimately a place of unreality, where the impossible can be realized. At once lamenting the unfairness of life and celebrating the splendiferous fantasy of cinema *Sherlock Jr.* is one of the most poetic movies ever made.

In the period following *Sherlock Jr.* Buster took increasingly more creative control over his movies and produced a string of masterpieces in *Steamboat Bill Jr.*, *The Cameraman*, *College*, *Seven Chances* (remade as *The Bachelor* in 1999 with Chris O'Donnell) and *The General*, which is almost universally considered to be his masterpiece.

Having always been enraptured by trains *The General* basically gave Buster the chance to play around with a gigantic train set as the bounded around, under and over a great locomotive. Set during the American civil war Buster plays a Southern railroad engineer who, trying to impress a girl, attempts to join the army only to be rejected because he is too valuable

as a train engineer. Not caring anything about the South's cause, only the girl, he's determined to win her over and continues to suffer pratfall after pratfall only to succeed in the end. Distinguished by two brilliant (and tremendously dangerous) chase scenes with trains and another scene where a real locomotive is dropped from a bridge into a lake (in the most expensive single take in all of silent cinema), it remains his most acclaimed work.

With the release of *The Jazz Singer* in 1927 sound came to the cinema and Buster's career never returned to the heights it had reached in the 20s, he descended into alcoholism and was at one point institutionalized and put in a straight jacket. Although he returned to the 'talkies' later in the 50's it was usually playing bit parts or as an ironic reference to the 'simpler' days of cinema.

To me Buster Keaton is pure cinema, a tragic and wondrous cocktail of chaos, disappointment, charm, beauty and splendor. As the world whizzes by his motionless face at 1000 miles an hour all he can do is watch and try to keep his footing. It's impossible to try and understand existence, so he just flows with the current. But because it is cinema, the callous indifference of the world isn't oppressive, it's the fodder for all his jokes, because it is cinema he can survive it, and because it is cinema he always gets the girl.

If this sounds interesting go and check out: *Sherlock Jr.*, *The General*, *College*, *Steamboat Bill Jr.*, *The Saphead*, *Cops*, *The Boat*, *The Balloonatic*, *The Blacksmith*

Danny Wills



# The Triplets of Belleville

Director: Sylvain Chomet

Nominated for best animated feature at the 2004 Oscars *The Triplets of Belleville* is the first full length feature from French born Canadian filmmaker Sylvain Chomet.

The film opens with a 1920s style cartoon reminiscent of the *Steamboat Willie* Mickey Mouse cartoons and a performance of 'Belleville Rendez-vous' by the titular triplets, it's a truly fantastic sequence that permeates the rest of the film. At its conclusion we meet the characters that we're to follow for the rest of the film - a young boy named 'Champion' and his grandmother, Madame Souza.

Champion is a perpetually unhappy little boy. He spends his days pouting in his room, slumped on his bed, pausing occasionally to sigh and gaze off into the distance. In an effort to cheer him up his grandmother gets him a puppy. Champion's demeanor fails to improve so she buys him a train set. The puppy eats the train set and we're brought right back to square one. In an inspired stroke of genius she buys him his first bike.

We flash forward about fifteen years to see that the once small puppy is now a lumbering old dog, and that Champion is in training for the Tour de France. After a series of (mis)adventures during training he participates in the big race only to be captured by the French Mafia and couriered across the seas to Belleville where he's put to work in a bizarre gambling racket with

two other, rather equine, bicyclists. Fearlessly, Madame Souza and Bruno the dog set off on a mad odyssey to save him.

Chomet's style of filmmaking is quite amazing; it's terrifically humorous, inventive and original. He tells his story almost completely free of dialogue and has justifiable confidence in his images. All the characters are grotesque in some manner, Bruno the dog looks like a watermelon on matchsticks and even ships and buildings take on a surrealistic quality, but they're all very affectionate renderings. He freely admits his comic influences which come from the silent

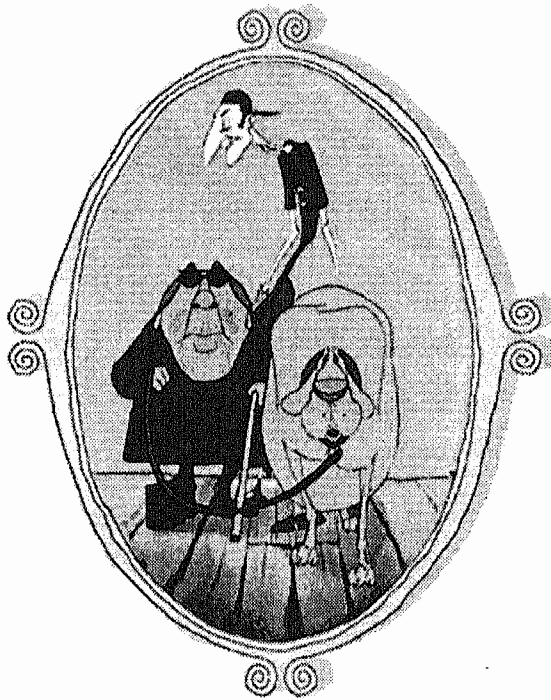
American cinema (especially Buster Keaton and Charlie Chaplin) and the rich tradition of the French farce (Jacques Tati is referenced multiple times) and the film is a loving pastiche of these two styles, warm, poetic and knowingly silly.

Soviet director Sergei Eisenstein has said that the filmmaker he most admired was Walt Disney because "he is the only man making movies completely in his imagination" and the same could be said of Chomet. It's his little imaginative and idiosyncratic touches that make the film such delirious fun. Things Chomet adds like Bruno the dog's bizarre dream sequences, Madame Souza's lazy eye that she's constantly slapping back into place and the culinary creations of the triplets combine into a surrealistic, fanciful and eccentric collage.

Of comedic writing Billy Wilder (writer/director of *Some Like It Hot* and *Seven Year Itch* among others) has said, "If you see a man coming through a doorway, it means nothing. If you see him coming through a window - that is at once interesting". Sylvain Chomet's debut feature, *The Triplets of Belleville* is a film where people are constantly 'coming through windows' and is probably the best film of the year so far.

\*\*\*\*1/2

Danny Wills



## Van Helsing

Demons and Vampires beware! Your end is nigh!

Set in gloomy 19<sup>th</sup> century Transylvania, Van Helsing's story revolves around the tale of legendary demon hunter Gabriel Van Helsing. Employed by a secret sect of the Holy Church, Van Helsing has orders to hunt down and destroy all evil that threatens the existence of mankind.

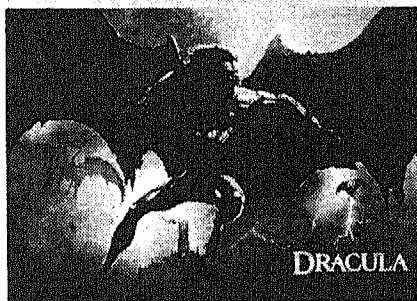
Jackman (Van Helsing) and Beckinsale (Anna Velaricus) are really in their element here, obviously having a lot of fun. Richard Roxburgh (Dracula) also gives a stellar performance, playing one of the best Counts the screen has seen since Gary Oldman in Coppola's rendition of Stokers classic, *Dracula*. Visual Effects are fantastic and the score is wonderful, highlighted by a great Flamenco-esque guitar motif which is played almost every time Van Helsing appears on the screen.

If complex plots and thought provoking dialogue is your thing, you may want to give this one the flick. However, if you're even the slightest bit interested in B-grade, cult cinematography or spaghetti westerns go and check this out now!

4/5

Aedan Siebert

## JIMMY TRASH'S MONSTER BITCH



"Pretty scary, but I'd rather have him chasing me than the Wolf-man."

Since when the Hell is Dracula a muscle bound jack-demon? This is a disgrace. It is disrespectful to Bella Lugosi, Max Shrek, John Malkovich and everyone else that has superbly portrayed the frail, bloodthirsty spectre that has haunted so many people since the great Count Vlad Dracula ruled Wallachia with a wooden stake.

Probably still gonna see it though.



"THE FOG OF WAR - 11 LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ROBERT S. MCNAMARA"

Director: Errol Morris

As ex-US Secretary of Defence during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations of the Vietnam War era, Robert S. McNamara has got a lot of vital world history running through his head. Words like "controversial", "arrogant" and "dictator" were flung around a lot when McNamara's name came up in conversation. He was not one to be messed with. In *The Fog of War*, the "Big Mac" welcomes us in and some of the merchandise on show ain't pretty, believe me. This man has been in-charge, or very influential, at absolutely pivotal moments of recent history, when nation's futures were being decided over coffee in the Oval Office. As honest and forthright as McNamara seems in his recounting the histories he helped create, there's a growing sense of...almost dread that I felt listening to him. To hear this man justify many of the events he set in motion, events

that even he admits would've gotten him tried as a war criminal, had the Allies lost WWII is truly unsettling.

An example of this? As a senior officer with the US Air Force Department of Strategic Statistics, McNamara's job was to improve the efficiency with which the Air Force could rid themselves of pesky Japanese civilian populations. During 1944, as WWII was gradually coming to a conclusion, American B29 bombers showered their deadly incendiary cargo onto 68 Japanese cities with devastating consequences. As the Japanese architectural landscape of the day was largely wooden, the cities were more or less consumed, with their inhabitants, burning long and hot and hard, and decimating their populations by between 40-99%. This is all powerfully and graphically shown, with comparisons to similar-sized American cities flashed on screen for impact.

*The Fog Of War* should be required viewing at this particular time in history. This, the world's sole superpower still showing an arrogance and often a seeming complete lack of self-awareness of the consequences of its pig-headed, empire-building actions. Lessons don't come easy to the school bully who's holding most of the marbles.

Four stars.  
by David Wilkins

27

# Strange Bedfellows



**Director: Dean Murphy**

**Cast: Paul Hogan**

**Michael Caton**

**Pete Postlethwaite**

**Glynn Nicholas**

**Kestie Morassi**

OK now, everybody settle. We're going to have a quick look at a new Aussie film, and we've got two of the stars, Glynn (*The Big Gig*) Nicholas and Kestie (*Dirty Deeds*) Morassi, along for the ride (Now sit down there at the back. Autographs can come after.) Imagine yourself in Sydney on a Saturday night in a throbbing gay night club (Not a big ask for some of us, I know!). The techno and sweaty bear flesh slows for a moment as the gawdy drag show from hell cranks up. And who should be back-up (No responsibility taken for puns from here on in...) dancer but our favourite "Hoges", sequin spangled shorts, singlet, long socks and boots. For those that can remember, it's "The Paul Hogan Show" again. Hogan is getting back to his roots.

He and Michael Caton (*The Castle*) are mates Vic and Ralph in the little country town of Yackandanda and they're about to launch

themselves on an adventure that would fill most Aussie blokes with dread. They have to pass themselves off as a gay couple – the Trouser Burglars of the Outback – and all this for a measly tax break. Resident gay hairdresser and town prancing queen, Eric (Glynn Nicholas), gets to give the pair their mincing lessons (Picture yourself walking with 20c between your cheeks while carrying a tray of drinks – you get the general idea!)

**On Dit:** I'm trying to remember how many scenes you guys got?

**Glynn Nicholas:** I had 748. A lot of them were cut. Not very good.

**ON:** It sounds terrible. I heard that the film originally revolved around you.

**GN:** Started off about me... Originally about me. Initially Paul and Michael just had the scene on the bus. That was their scene... Gradually it got changed. Didn't it, Kestie? Kestie'll back me up. And all of a sudden... You should look at my script... It's called "Eric".

The wonderful Pete Postlethwaite ("In the Name of the Father", "Romeo + Juliet") fronts up as Russell McKenzie, an entertainingly gruff tax inspector who isn't fooled so easy, nor is Ralph's daughter (an under-utilised Kestie Morassi - so great as Bryan Brown's feisty mistress in "Dirty Deeds"), who's confronting orientation issues of her own. Now to the celebrity of Miss Kestie Morassi...

**OD:** Now Kestie. I did a search on Google for your name. Guess how many hits I got? **KM:** Yeah, tell me. How famous am I?

**OD:** Actually, very. You got 1200 hits on your name.

**KM:** Yeah? And 1200's good, isn't it?

And, heaven forbid we should forget Mr Nicholas. How many hits did he get...?

**OD:** You, Glynn Nicholas, got 31,500 hits...

**GN:** Not bad, Not bad... **KM** You're joking... (Laughs). Now THAT I can't believe!

**OD:** And all the celebrity sites you guys get onto, as soon as you start doing stage and feature film work. Wild...

**GN:** Any porno sites? You'd get those... My "earlier work". I had to do it, though. It was

the only way I could get a start. And I'm really ashamed of it now...

So, Vic and Ralph go through the occasionally diverting process of "preference reassignment", with lots of less-than-subtle stereotyping depended upon. The character who probably comes off the best in this regard is Carla, though it would've been great for Kestie to have been given a bit more latitude than the frequent "stunned mullet" reaction she has to the stories antics, as much as the audience knows that feeling.

**OD:** Now Kestie, your character is wanting to be real with her Dad about who she really is..?

**KM:** Yeah, Carla's just a girl who happens to have fallen in-love with another girl, I guess. It's weird, 'cause she comes from a small country town, and she's perhaps worried about how they're going to react.

The Australian industry can always do with some new, fresh take on old themes. The fish-out-of water, odd couple, battling-against-the-system, enlightenment-through-adversity themes are timeless. This one has an age-oldness about it, but unfortunately more because it's looking very tired. This little film tries to be a knock-about comedy, with a social conscience, but often just ends up being trying, which is a shame. It need not have been this way, either. Hogan's looking pretty bored with proceedings. Caton's Ralph brings some meagre relief at the end of the movie with a toast to the bonds of mateship, but it all seems too late. It's often up to the very good support cast to fill in the background to what could've been a nice little piece of film. It got me thinking that the alternate script, "Eric", might've been the better script to go with.

**GN:** Yeah, I'm pretty cross... Pretty damn cross. Have you got all of this on tape?

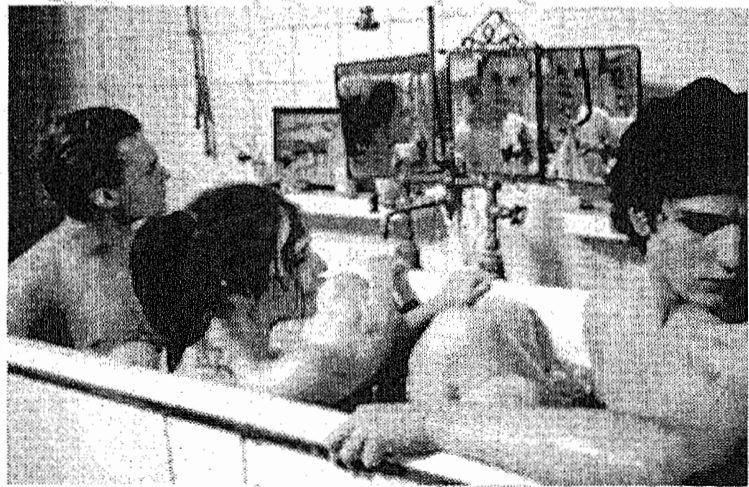
**OD:** Yep, and we'll investigate.

**GN:** So... What was the question again, David?!

Two and a half stars

**David Wilkins**

# the dreamers



**Directed by:**

- Bernado Bertolucci

**Starring:**

- Michael Pitt,

Louis Garrel

and Eva

Green

The Paris riots of May 1968 is possibly the ultimate symbolic event to illustrate the exuberance of youth and culture reforms of the sixties. *The Dreamers* from Bernado Bertolucci uses the Parisian counterculture to effectively portray the innocence of youth and the somewhat intricate yet naïve experiences which are attached to a coming of age story.

The two protagonists are brother and sister Isabelle (Eva Green) and Theo (Louis Garrel) who are two

self absorbed teenagers raised by bourgeois intellectual parents. Their parents are so immersed in their own world of academia and traveling that they are ignorant of the world which Isabelle and Theo have manufactured for themselves. The two are utterly dependent on each other and push the boundaries of a brother-sister relationship in every way. Their life is turned upside down when they adopt quiet American exchange student Matthew (Michael Pitt) into

their fantasy world of detachment and adolescent games. The anarchy which ensues in the house is a mere microcosm of what is going on outside in the Paris streets as students and communist trade unionists almost succeed at overthrowing de Gaulles conservative government. Matthews mind is thrown into disarray as he views Isabelle and Theo bathing and sleeping together while watching their truth or dare games where the loser masturbates in front of the other sibling.

Matthew dutifully forces the duo to discover the world around them and that the riots are not merely an event for procrastination and analysis from their up market apartment. Becoming more than just pseudo-intellectual film buffs with a knack for cinema history is just as awkward as the sexual awakening experienced by the characters. At times all the snippets of classic film seem merely a vain attempt by Bertolucci to illustrate his adoration for cinema history. The trio reduce their understanding of films to mere adolescent games and illustrate their naiveté as the films and revolution outside are seemingly above their

understanding.

Despite the flaws of the young characters the film allows Bertolucci to take an ironic swipe at censors. Censorship becomes the central issue for the film as the owner of the trios local cinema, the Cinémathèque Française, is removed by the government. As much debate and outcry as this inspired in Paris in 1968 it is no different to the disgust at which censors have viewed the explicit sexual content of the film. In my opinion it would have to be as nearly explicit as other youth films such as Larry Clarks *Ken Park* of last year. Revolutions and uprisings aside, *The Dreamers* is a work of cinematic art similar to the films which the characters emulate in the film. It arouses the age old debate of censorship and seems to galvanise the idea that censors view sex, artistic eroticism at that, as the embodiment of all evil while the gore and torrent of blood continues to flow from the commercial studios as their massacres are allowed into more modest classification brackets.

**Peter Leahy**

# BIT BY THE

# BIT BY BATS

BUG by dan V

Ex- local trio Bit By Bats have certainly been keeping busy. Between playing alongside such luminaries as Wire, Peaches and Japanther, releasing their self-titled debut EP with record label support, and receiving Triple J airplay, they've had no time to be bored.

A brief history lesson: the trio [made up of Owen Eszeki (vox/ guitar/ theremin) Ben Macklin (drums) and Peter Gravestock (bass/ guitar/ backing vox)] were originally known as The Hurts, releasing a CD-R three years ago that caught the attention of Three D Radio listeners. "There was another band called the Hurts and it was starting to get too confusing, so we dropped that and came up with something totally abstract," hence their current moniker.

Given that reviews of the group's self-titled EP released late last year always seem to mention the Bit By Bats sound as sharing sonic similarities with 80's English post-punk 'goth' pioneers like the Cure, as well as New York art-punk sounds as personified by Television, I wondered whether such comparisons were the result of lazy journalists, or whether those bands are in fact influences on the band? It turns out that not only are they accurate, but Peter for one is happy to name-check his idols, where others are suspiciously silent. "Yeh, Simon Gallup (original Cure bassist), Peter Hook from Joy Division/ New Order and Carlos Benglar from Interpol- those three guys are my heroes in terms of bass, so the comparison's fine! Ben our drummer is like the biggest Cure fan; I'm sure if he ever met Robert Smith he would just melt into a puddle, whereas Owen goes into a different direction, more into old school New York stuff like Sonic Youth. A lot of Cure gets played in the car, mainly because Ben and I sit in the front seat

and we have the monopoly on the tape player! Owen's also always looking for experimental Japanese music and has his finger on the pulse on a lot of new music too. When I find something new I totally go nuts with it, like with Interpol for instance, I really got into it, and now can't stop playing it and pissing my girlfriend off!"

For those who may have viewed the band's recent move to the stereotypically 'greener' pastures of Melbourne through a lens of cynicism, Peter explains the relocation was more for personal reasons than any business plan. "Owen moved over because he had a job waiting for him (he's a cartographer, fact fans) Ben moved just because he needed to move, and I moved over for, ahem, love!"

There is still a persistent belief, either real or imagined, that an eventual exodus to the more populated eastern states is necessary for bands to succeed. Peter says the band encountered such thinking first hand. "We were told at some point that if you're an Adelaide band you have to raise your profile on the east coast, so we tried to do a few gigs over here before we moved." As he explains however, it's not as simple as packing your bags and living the life of a hip bohemian in a hovel off Brunswick St. "When bands from Melbourne come to Adelaide they're instantly a headliner, whereas if you come here from Adelaide you've got to pay your dues. We are considered "an Adelaide band", which is a good thing though. I mean, that's where we spent ages making music." Those formative years spent here are what's made them the band they are today. "In Adelaide you can just concentrate on how something sounds and not worry about what the A & R guy whose going to be at the gig is going to thinking or whatever, something

which happens a little more on the east coast since that's where all the agencies are."

Still, there's no doubt that the move east enabled Bit By Bats to play some high profile shows. "The Gerling support in Sydney at the Annandale was the first massive one that we did and that was absolutely fantastic. It was probably among our best three gigs, in terms of just having fun, also we'd never played Sydney before and the crowd really got into it." The Vice Magazine parties were less successful according to Gravestock. "Japanther were sick, absolutely amazing" but, as for their own show, it was "one of our worst three gigs! We felt we played badly, the sound was just funny, and we weren't used to playing in those big venues or the sound you need for those rooms."

Opening for seminal band Wire on their reformation tour of Australia was understandably intense. Peter reveals that the post-punk pioneers are "a pretty uncompromising band, but they were cool; we got to meet them, and I got a CD signed for my brother who couldn't make it."

Like the prodigal son, Bit By Bats are returning to play some shows in their home-town, including opening for one of the most popular (and most reviled) bands of the hour, Jet, at the Thebarton Theatre. The mixed emotions surrounding the headline act doesn't bother Peter. "Jet are a fine band," he offers diplomatically. "No, actually, I'm looking forward to seeing them live, because I've only heard them on radio or Rove Live, so to see them will be awesome, especially in that venue. I mean, it's going to be amazing for us to set foot on that stage; I've seen Nick Cave there like 5 times,

and Portishead and Gomez."

The band are set to record some demo tracks late May, and plan to play some new songs for their Adelaide audiences when they visit later in the month. "We're always writing stuff, and tend to write fairly quickly. I'll come to practice with a riff and we'll jam on it, and Owen will come back the next time with lyrics and a bit of a structure and we'll go from there." He says, outlining the typical Bit By Bats' songwriting process. Some wise musician once said trios are (ideally) the ultimate artistic democracy (or something to that effect), how much of that applies to Bit By Bats? "We're fairly democratic", says Peter. "I mean, we don't say to Ben for instance 'play it like this', we might have an idea, but it's never dictated. I wouldn't be in this band if I couldn't do what I want to. But Owen's good because he doesn't impose himself as a "frontman" on the rest of the group, which is really cool and I think brings out the best in us."

In the meantime, Peter is trying to take all the attention Bit By Bats are receiving in his stride. "One of the things we try to do is not think too much about things. We don't worry about what people are going to want from us, we just do what we do and hopefully we'll satisfy ourselves, and then other people."

### Bit By Bats Adelaide Dates

20<sup>th</sup> May @ Thebarton Theatre (w/ Jet)

21<sup>st</sup> May @ Jive (w/ Cut Copy)

22<sup>nd</sup> May @ the Jade Monkey  
(EP launch w/ Brillig & Wolf and Cub)



## ROOM 237 by oz

HORROR MOVIES THESE DAYS AREN'T SCARY. I CAN'T IDENTIFY WITH THESE HACKNEYED OLD MONSTERS!



I WONDER WHAT A HORROR MOVIE WOULD BE LIKE IF IT HAD MONSTERS I CAN RELATE TO...

yes... wonder...  
...wonder...



... ON SECOND THOUGHT, I'LL TAKE FRANKENSTEIN. THAT FANTASY WAS WAY TOO STUPID.



THIS HAS BEEN BITING STUDENT SATIRE AT ITS BEST; THANKS FOR PLAYING.!!

abuse: ozza667@hotmail.com

And for the  
Skulkerians in  
the audience..



ola on dit creators.

As a devoted skulkerian i find it my duty to ask you to acknowledge the Skulker gig that rocked out on Friday 30th April at the Gov.

I am no rock journalist. I can't write flowery reviews of gigs or articulately produce an account of what went on. SO i propose this, I tell you what I saw. And share with you my photos because that is what I do. Just put something in the paper for skulker!!!  
Friday 30th April 2004, The 'Gov' Governor Hindmarsh Hotel.

This was a gig not to be missed by anyone who remotely cared about Skulker. It marked the end of a long running era, it marked the final appearance of the original Skulker line up. That's right, the girls who formed the band Skulker together were bidding farewell their guitarist - Batti. Two very devoted fans from Queensland and Sydney flew over to our quaint city to watch her last gig.

The show opened with a young but experience local Adelaide band - Sumi. I love Sumi, their music and stage presence exudes sheer energy and electricity. Skulker took a liking to the band after being impressed from a previous Skulker show they opened, and asked them to open again. The lead guitarist even sported a t-shirt saying "I love Batti"

Angelik performed after Sumi. This was the first time I'd ever heard them play. I liked their music, seemed quite Evanescence-ish, with a touch of Metallica. Their set was cut short by a technical problem, the band was not amused.

Skulker came on looking to give the crowd a good show. They dressed up for it too - glammed it up with glitter or what they refer to as 'bling'! and their trademark short skirts, punk-rock-chick look!

They brought out a framed picture of Batti and a lit candle - paying tribute to her last performance with the band.

It was by far the best Skulker show, I'd ever seen. Their onstage repair was a force to be reckoned

with. It was clear that they had established such strong bonds with each other over the years they'd been together. Many inside jokes passed and their sisterly banter seemed only natural.

They performed many of their well-known songs including "Naughty" single "Strawberry Deluxe" and "Bittersweet" And by special request from fans "Morgan" and "Half past Midnight" - songs any Skulker fan would love to hear live. Their performance of "Be a man" was my favourite. Lead singer Greer introduced it as a song about when you love someone and that f\*\*\*head doesn't love you back! They ended their set with "20th Century Boy", where they rocked out with their strumming and throwing-the-rock&roll-hand-gesture in unison move.

After a few minutes of cheering and "en-core" chants, Greer returned on stage to treat the audience to an acoustic song titled "Divine". It captured the audience in a moment of silence, just listening and appreciating the song. Towards the end of the song, the rest of the band joined her.

At one point Batti enthusiastically goes "Are you guys ready to rock?" (in a sort of rock god tone of course) Greer "Come on guys, she's always wanted to this! Do it again Batts!" - hilarious indeed.

Probably saving the best for last, they played "hej" where some audience participation saw the crowd thrusting their arms in the air to the "hey" parts. And finally they finished off with "Rock nugget".

After their encore, Batti returned to the stage to deliver a speech. Needless to say, there were tears and she acknowledged everyone for their love and support. She was shortly joined by her bandmates who rushed to the stage for a group hug. Aww.

i hope that was coherent enough for you to get the gist of what went down!

sincerely  
DIDI



# Thirsty Merc

On Dit caught up with Rai Thistlethwayte, singer, guitarist and songwriter for Sydney lads Thirsty Merc whilst cruising around in Byron Bay on tour to talk about their single, *Emancipate Myself*.

The single opens with a famous musical quote that may lead some to perceive it as a joke song, but Rai clarifies its use: "I never intended it to be a gimmick as such, it was actually done as a way of getting my ex-girlfriends attention, something to prick her ears up so I could do a side-step and go somewhere completely different emotionally."

The band recorded the single and forthcoming album in Melbourne with Lindsey Gravina at Birdland studios, where Riff Random, The Pictures, The Living End, Magic Dirt, and Pacifier have all recorded recently. Said Rai of Gravina's skills: "We really like the rawness of the sounds Lindsey works with, he's a really talented bloke". This raw element appears in the band's live sound. Rai describes it as "two small combo amps driven pretty hard going at each other a la Foo Fighters, but a little more old school...we like to chuck in some quavers, like The Cars did."

Rai also explains that jazz was an early influence through his high school years, he joined the band through playing with the bass player. "I played piano as well as guitar, mum taught me classical piano because that's what she does as a profession and Phil (Stack, bass player) plays double bass, we both played in a few combos with various people in the jazz scene around Sydney." He points out that they're not "purists about the whole jazz thing-Phil always had a rock band and I was always into AC/DC, Cream, Deep Purple and we both loved Hendrix."

I tell him that I detected a hint of the jazz vocal and 'scat' influence in 'Emancipate Myself's' spoken verses. Rai seems delighted at this: "Yeh that's exactly right. Not a lot of people pick up on that. It's more to do with scat than say, 'freestyle rapping', but it is also inspired by those lyrical solo sax lines, like playing over the bar line." Was it written out, or did he just improvise it? "It was written out, but written very quickly, as there were a whole lot of feelings and ideas I needed to get off my chest about this relationship that went horribly wrong. I tried to get a spontaneous vibe out of it to retain the actual vitriol and sense of emotion that was going down."

Does the subject of the song know that she and their break up ("which happened a year and a half ago" Rai informs me) has been publicly immortalised on tape? Rai admits "yeh, she does. In fact, I just talked to her about an hour ago and we're really good friends!" Despite the impression the song gives, Rai explains that he bears no grudges. "It might seem the case, but she and I would probably acknowledge that in a relationship things can get heated and you have disagreements... I was just the guy that decided to write it down as a way of getting it off my chest!"

SSSSHHH... STAN SECRETLY LIKES SKULKER! Tee hee!

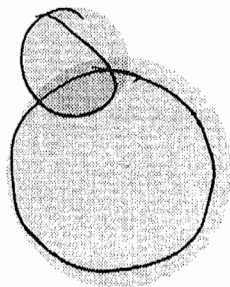
And now for look at the latest

# singles

with your host

**Duke Ballzup.**

(unless otherwise noted)



**Chingy**  
'Holidae in'

Old skool hand claps, woofer friendly beats and friends Ludacris and Snoop Dogg back up Chingy's tales of sexual conquest. As heard boomin from flash cars cruisin down Hindley Street. Phatttt.

**Kurt Nilsen**  
'She's So High'  
RCA/ BMG

World Idol winner covers the song we've all heard a thousand times and does an admirable job of it; but, then again, we have heard it a thousand times. He should cover some New Romantics stuff. Don't laugh, I'm serious- his voice would really suit it. Includes an instrumental version so you can play at being an Idol in your own bedroom. Sweet!

**Snap! (feat. NG3)**  
'Ooops Up!'  
Ministry of Sound

The addition of a clavinet sample isn't enough to make this funky. Too 'dancey' to be considered a 'song', but a little slow to be danced to in the clubs. Needless to say, the original was better.

**Basement Jaxx**  
'Plug It In'  
XL Records

Surprisingly cool single features guest falsetto vocals from N\*Sync's JC Chasez over some of the oddest mainstream dance sounds we've heard in a while. Includes a cool remix of the track that started it all for the Jaxx, 'Rendez-Vu'. Nice package.

**Starsailor**  
'Four to the Floor'  
EMI

Sensitive boy rock band from England (?) hire an orchestra to jazz up their song, which I think is about relationships, but who can tell for sure? They even open the hi-hat a little to let you know the chorus is coming up, bless 'em. In the last 14 seconds, they impersonate Radiohead.

**N.E.R.D**  
'She Wants to Move'  
Virgin

Depending on who you ask (i.e anyone), N.E.R.D can do no wrong right now. Their self described 'digital rock' sound manages to take the tired themes of sex and lurve and put some interesting tunes around them. And as long as they produce cool Latin flavored shit like this song with lines like "Her ass is a spaceship I want to ride", I don't see that changing. This is some

necessary gear.

Alex Lloyd  
'Beautiful'  
Capitol

I tried to listen to this on *three* different CD players to no avail. I gave up after that. Fuck you copy protection! Now you will steal this and post it on every site you can find, just to prove the point, won't you? Fans of the tubby songwriter should check it out though, for it includes 3 unreleased B-sides. I'm sure they'd sound as good as you'd expect.

**The Waifs**  
'Bridal Train'  
Jarrah

I listen to The Waifs, but in moderation. There are a few reasons for this, most of them can be made found in this single. This track begins with a far from complex chord progression, using guitar and ukulele until the vocals join. Now I agree with singing like you would speak naturally (anything is better than trying to emulate Americans), but whenever I hear an Australian accent come through expressively in song, I involuntarily cringe. Our accent is universally accepted as being whiny, so why ruin a song with it? That said, the way the Simpson sisters sing ties in with the style of music they play, slow, folksy, basic tunes. The guitar solo surprised me and I thought the lyrics had a bit of soul, but lacking here is a melody sharp enough to hook me. A tip: if your music tracks are simple, have something else to entice us to listen.

**Tony M.**

**Janet Jackson**  
'Just a Little While'  
Virgin

Janet opts for head turning guitar driven pop-rock with an upbeat R & B slant on this single. The vocal overdubs get a little tiring, but like the rest of the Jackson clan, the girl can sing. With no obvious hooks, you might start to give credibility to the theories that her recent chest baring controversy is a thinly disguised publicity stunt to boost sales, but this track is a slow grower. The two included club mixes venture into some fine deep house territory.

**Tube & Berger (feat. Chrissie Hynde)**  
'Straight Ahead'  
Hussle/ King Brain

The new wave Pretenders princess lends her breathy vocals to this beepy dance number. Still sultry after all these years, Chrissie's seductive inflections, the deep bass and infectious lead synth lines conspire to worm the melody deep into your brain, despite your best intentions. This is commercial dance music at its best.

**Queer Eye for the Straight Guy**  
(with Simone Denny)  
'Wildlife'  
Capitol

Shameless disco tie-in to the popular make-over show, this uplifting diva house powered track ("Oh when you're around/ things just keep getting better!") makes you want to party like it's 1991 all over again. The four included remixes from Jason Nevins and Barry Harris get a little harder and dirtier. Needs to be dirty danced to in a smoky club with a sweaty stranger for best effect. Bring on the strobes and eckies sister.

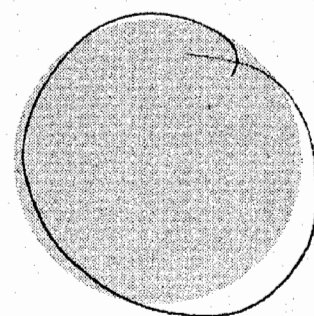
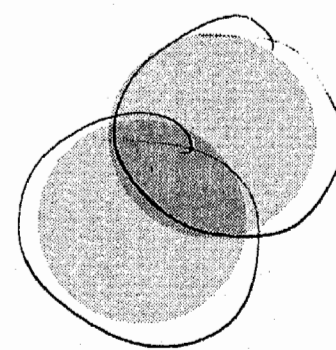
**28 Days**  
'Like I Do'  
Festival Mushroom

28 Days are a band with many different influences and with their latest release they manage to squeeze them all in to produce a very confusing and disjointed song. An annoying rap verse gives way to a slightly catchier chorus in much the same way their commercial hit 'What's The Deal?' did. Overall it sounds like they are trying to hard to please everyone, and with no b-sides included this single may only really appeal to extreme fans. 28 Days have definitely seen better days.

kelvin

**Thirsty Merc**  
'Emancipate Myself'  
Warner

Australian act Thirsty Merc deliver a light angst song about a dodgy break-up, with scat spoken verses lifted by a rocky sing-along chorus. It could have ended up being a purely juvenile rock pop track, but judging from the second verse where things get a little metaphysical, there's a little more to it than that. B-Side 'Small Time Politics' is almost the better pop song, with its clean vocal harmonies and cool sounding crazed synth guitar solo, whilst the slow crooning shuffle of 'Lazy Susan' sees the band wearing its jazz background on its sleeve and shows a sensitive, soulful side not represented on the A-side.



Who the Hell is  
Duke Ballzup?

31



ERIC CLAPTON: JIM MURPHY

**Eric Clapton**  
*Me & Mr. Johnson*  
Warner

Eric Clapton's love for the songs of Robert Johnson has led him on a quest to take on the songs of the seminal trad blues artist. Releasing an album dedicated entirely to the man is not wholly an original idea, as numerous musicians/groups have already covered Johnson's work, notably Led Zeppelin, The Rolling Stones, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

Clapton is an artist of whose status in blues and rock generally needs little explanation. From his earliest work in John Mayall's Blues Breakers, The Yardbirds, and Cream, through to Derrick and The Dominoes, and his early 90's solo material, one is bound to be turned onto at least one stage of his diverse musical undertakings.

The combination of Johnson compositions and Clapton's interpretations don't disappoint. As is expected in the music of the blues, there are countless references made within these 14 tracks to sexual allusion, love, shooting women, God and the devil. This record opens strongly, and on first listen, its lyrical and chordal simplicity refreshes the mind, even if the rawness and severity of the originals have been replaced with 21<sup>st</sup> century technology ('Protocols', as mentioned specifically in the liner notes) and studio musicians, including that of one Billy Preston, of 'The Beatles', 'Let It Be' fame. The tracks, 'When You Got A Good Friend', 'They're Red Hot', 'Travelling Riverside Blues', 'Stop Breakin Down' and 'Milkcow's Calf Blues' are kickers of tunes, and the easiest to boogie to.

While I find Clapton's intentions regarding the creation of this record to be in the best of faith, there is a limit to how much blues in modern context I can take. After a while I found many of the turnarounds of the (typically) 12 bar patterns to be strikingly similar, though in Clapton's defence, this may be the fault of the original's content. The overall musicianship of the group is unsurprisingly confident and composed, but in this case it means that my attention is only seized a handful of times, because of the studio musician mentality of playing 'straight ahead'. I'm not

sure whether the idea here was to keep the songs strictly in their original formats, but either way, a lot more could have been done with these tunes besides updating the quality of the sound. It is a hard task to modernise traditional blues using their original structure, that's why Led Zeppelin made 'Travelling Riverside Blues' groove, and the Chili Peppers turned 'They're Red Hot' into a psycho-billy track. That said, there are some exquisite tracks on this album that need to be heard.

**Tony M.**



**Sunk Loto**  
*Between Birth and Death*  
Epic/ Sony

This album is a remarkable change of pace for the (still) young Australian four-piece, who initially made it big in this country three years ago with *Big Picture Lies*. That album, while promising, showed too heavy a dependence on the nu-metal acts which were so popular at the time, and I'm sure I'm not the only one who considered *Big Picture Lies* as Rage Against The Machine Mk II.

Of course three years is way too long a time for a new act to be off the radar, but fortunately this latest offering will perhaps put to rest those little niggling rumours that the guys had run out of ideas. The band have embraced the solid, heavier side of good-quality metal and produced a serious, intricate, fairly raw and very intense record, which thankfully doesn't fall flat on its face, largely due to the consistently good songwriting and thoughtful layering of instruments and vocals.

Standout tracks would have to be 'Burning Bridges', reminiscent of System Of A Down's melodic and slightly odd style, and 'Help', which offers a brief respite halfway through the piece, before throwing you headlong back into the roaring second half of the album, beginning with the aurally punishing 'Starved'.

Produced by Phil McKeller (Grinspoon, silverchair, Spiderbait), *Between Birth and Death* is a fantastic achievement for a band who have clearly had it a bit rough over the

last few years. Excellent company for your Deftones albums.

**dentarthurdent**



**Opanoni**  
*Stamps & Coins*  
Independent

Radi Safi goes under the pseudonym of Opanoni for his first release.

With a strong background in classical music indie-rock/pop is an interesting genre to take up. Composing for many years and finally deciding to produce an album at 25, *Stamps&Coins* is described as "an eclectic collection of my favourite songs over the last 5 years". Its an album that seeps into your mind leaving you unwittingly humming melodies that are catchy yet a little annoying.

In general no song is longer than three and a half minutes, Safi hoping this will open the door to commercial airplay. All the tracks have a strong sense of movement, a driving pulse constant throughout. However after a while this becomes a little tiring. 'Shiny Spinning Wheel' and '1000 Days' are both billed to be the best tracks on the album, and despite the catchy riffs I would beg to differ.

Avalanche is more powerful, even though all the lyrics are somewhat abstract and very thoughtful. Happy as Winter also stands out with a Vanessa Carlton style frilly piano accompaniment a fitting touch. His classical background is reminiscent in many clips, several cliché progressions seeping across the entire album. Furthermore Safi's unblemished vocals are a little too watertight to provide any true interest, thus making it somewhat monotonous. And the sound recording is at times boxy, a mark that although well polished it was "recorded in spare bedrooms and studios".

The CD leaves you with a few questions. Why does he feel the need to shout "1, 2, 3, 4" at the opening of '1000 Days'? What is with the whistling at the end of track 6? And why are there all these clowns with orange light globes on the cover...Maybe some things are better left unexplained...But indie-rock pop.

More pop than rock. A little too much more for my liking. Its mediocre - good, but missing that *je ne se qua*.

**Jenn**



**The Dissociatives**  
*The Dissociatives*  
EMI

The first thing that really struck me about this album is that it is very much the result of Daniel Johns taking the melodies he started to play around with on Silverchair's albums *Neon Ballroom* and *Diorama* to what one may say are their logical conclusions - beautiful, harmonic pop. But what Johns and keyboardist/electronics wiz Paul Mac have created on this album is so much more soulful and deep than all the other throwaway pop that drowns our airwaves these days.

The fun these two guys had in writing, producing and mixing this album themselves really shines through, the music is full of joy. It is also incredibly interesting. The song structures and harmonies are very mature and unlike anything I have ever heard before, except maybe akin to the Beatles in their later experimental years. Every song on the album is totally unique, and a number of them have so many parts interwoven and are so colourful and vivid and full of strange lyrics, that it's like a grand surrealist painting that swirls, twists and distorts before your eyes. As Mac suggests, it really takes you "to another world".

Things like the combination of real and electronic drums, the use of choirs on a number of tracks and really cool and weird electronic sounds scattered throughout definitely give the illusion of moving in and out of real and unreal landscapes. Though there are some small but absolutely blissful moments that just make you feel like you're floating in sunlight.

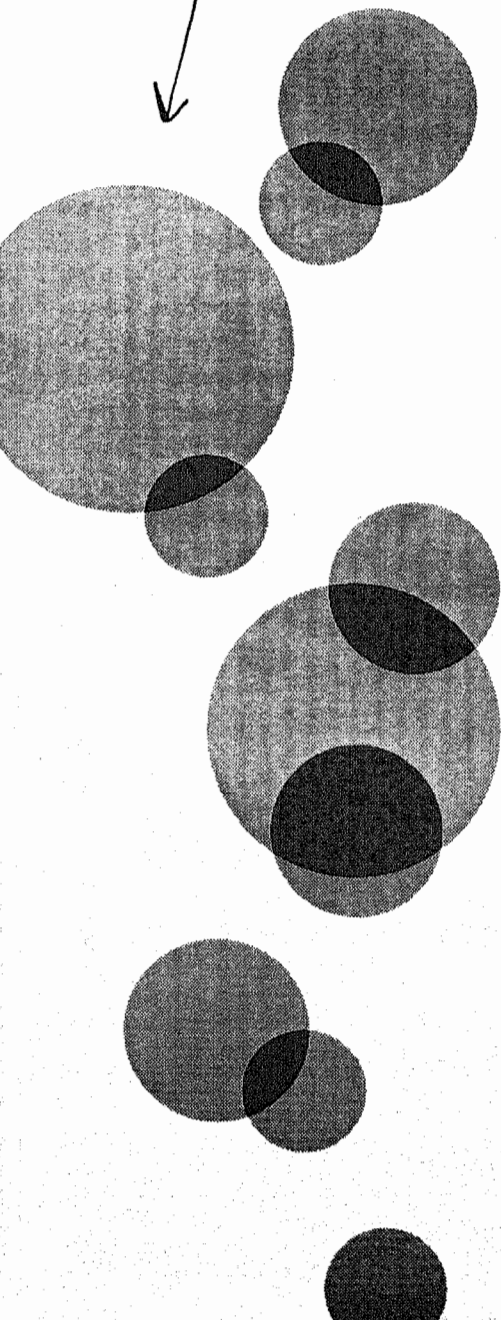
There are a few songs on the record that really stand out. The first single 'Somewhere Down the Barrel' has a fantastic and almost anthemic riff that can't help but make you feel like dancing. The verse music in 'Horror With Eye-balls' is kind of creepy, like a fun-

house organ. It is a very enveloping song, it sort of pulls and pushes you like waves in the ocean. 'Lifting the Veil From the Braille' is one of the most sublimely simple and uplifting songs I have heard in a long time. With Johns just whistling and singing harmonies, and a rocking, almost 50's style guitar solo, it's like eating icecream on a sunny day. You can't beat it for a morning song to get you all happy and feeling good with the world. Finally, 'Paris Circa2007 slash 08' is a really chilled out instrumental that creates a very vivid atmosphere. It has a buzz, like being out on the street when everything is going on, the way all the instruments move and flow around each other.

I think this album would appeal to anyone looking for a bit more substance in pop music than is generally the case these days. Also, anyone who wants a break from all the music that takes itself so goddamn seriously, this is an album "done to whimsy" as Johns says, and it makes you feel wonderful. 4 Stars for two great stars. Well done boys!

Bek

Bubbles  
-geddit?



## Bursting Franz's Bubble

# Franz Ferdinand

Franz Ferdinand  
*Franz Ferdinand*  
Sony

Franz Ferdinand: Literate rock band. Art-rock aesthetics (check: early 1980s referencing currently occurring within Brooklyn, NYC subculture.) Four Scottish lads come good. Slightly plummy. Hints of sexual-identification ambiguity buried in token homoerotic track. Should be everything I would love, surely? This configuration of predecessor antic, vaguely arty discourse, character-led media implosion?

Someone claimed recently that Franz Ferdinand were somehow relevant in the scheme of things, and I suppose there is a relevance to being perpetually reminded that music's affective qualities are continually being effaced. But the 'relevance' this observer sourced was all about Franz Ferdinand's referential qualities: they somehow thought that having a song about wanting to be shot by your lover (which is one quaint interpretation of 'Take Me Out', a song that only achieves lift-off when it's had the brains remixed out of it by Morgan Geist), mentioning BBC2 and Terry Wogan in one of their songs, and generally being part of some nascent art-rock movement was an immediate bypass to newness; that Franz Ferdinand, by virtue of not sounding (just) like some derivation of Britpop, had somehow opened a doorway in British rock discourse and that they were going to spearhead some new 'young British rock revival'.

Let's have some fun pricking those bubbles.

Literate rock band? This one hasn't been particularly special since... The Beatles? Brian Eno as sonic theoretician? Jon Spencer, the semiotics major? Art-rock

aesthetics? Yes, punk + post-punk + touches of the angularity of funk-not-funk does equate to art-rock these days; heaven forbid that in the early 80s, when this field of exploration actually felt important, the music and art was both fervently body-pleasure-central and politically feverish. Franz Ferdinand probably wouldn't vote Conservative, but we can't gather much beyond that. **Four Scottish lads come good?** Let's just wait and see (these days, if you sell 10,000 records, people get to thinking you've made it.)

**Slightly plummy.** Most of the best rock actually came from the artful middle-class lot, despite its determination as lumpen creative force; your working class fantasies are just that. At least Franz Ferdinand are honest (so they win out, just once.)

**Hints of sexual-identification ambiguity buried in token homoerotic track.** This one is particularly classy; 'Michael' (actually the best song on the album) with its homoerotic dance-floor revelation scenario - that one isn't particularly overplayed, is it? Although if it were genuinely about gay dance-floor revelation, which is one of the single most spell-binding experiences one could hope to have, the music would sound more like Sylvester or Diana Ross' 'Upside Down' (as all music, ultimately, should, disco being one of the 20th century's five greatest art forms) - but the clincher is on the lyric sheet, the line "SO COME ALL OVER ME" (addressed to Michael, of course) crossed out but still eminently readable. I suppose it's playful and slightly arch, but it screams of a desperate desire to maintain one raised, cocked eyebrow while not committing to the matter at hand.

Let's scroll back to the, ahem, meat of the matter: that Franz Ferdinand's music is some kind of art-rock re-up, a simultaneous revisitation and update of art-punk's primary modes of music meaning-making. It's a bit too easy to say "oh but yes, I have The Fire Engines' 'Candy Skin', and Josef K's 'The Only Fun in Town', except that there's a precision within those pinpoints: the spindly, spider-web thin guitars and emaciated disco/funk propulsion of the Fire Engines, the clattery

vibrancy of their thin, reedy production that pushed vocals to the fore (solidified by a chorus of distorted, fuzzed-out backing vox); this pretty much sums up Franz Ferdinand's 'Tell Her Tonight'. Josef K's angst-ridden, dark-night-of-the-Glasgow-soul, Kafka-reading, art-film, angular rock: it's spilled all over Franz Ferdinand's music. The only ace in the hole for Franz Ferdinand is that they're successful/celebrated, which says both a hell of a lot and not much at all about the current state of the English music press. Franz Ferdinand has the NME on their side, and in these over-determined days, that's surely equivalent to having terminal rabies. But Josef K and their mates at the Postcard label in 1980 had the NME and the Melody Maker on their side back then and they didn't break through - because Josef K were too authentically dark and paranoid; because Orange Juice were too playful and genuinely literate, because Orange Juice had the balls to cross-reference the whitest, most fey pop music imaginable with Chic disco and Stax soul...

Whereas Franz Ferdinand is about a concatenation of a concatenation: a close-minded referent looking back on open-minded inference and drawing everything but the primary lesson from music's endless game of tag-team influence-and-bowdlerise stylisation. Said primary lesson being that you don't deserve applause for adding water to flour and getting glue... Unless you enjoy feeling cheated by a record - and let's forget the hype for a second; this record is just thin on so many levels: sonically, emotionally, physically, there's no pull or affect within the music, it's scrubbed clean - and maybe, if you do enjoy it when people cheat on you, then you probably deserve Franz Ferdinand and what they (don't think they) represent (but nonetheless can't help but represent, given the endless over-determinations of the music-reception machine.)

The punch-line being that I don't mind the album; as candyfloss goes its marginally better than most. But it's never just about liking the album (and you're naive to think otherwise), and I don't doubt that actually plays into Franz Ferdinand's hands. The best thing would just be to walk away and not think about it. Have you ever wanted to say, "art school has a lot to answer for?"

Jade Pillar

33





**Stereolab**  
*Margerine Eclipse*  
Elektra

Stereolab, the band that made kids in tight stripy jumpers want to learn French, have enjoyed a devoted following for many years now. Their unique take on psychedelic Brazilian bossa nova, French 'tra la la' pop, lush pseudo-jazz orchestrations, and spiky Krautrock retro-futurism is what pop *should* sound like. Stereolab should be the biggest pop band in the world, and *Margerine Eclipse* only confirms this.

Truth be told, it is not unlike their previous works in many ways, but Stereolab are nothing if not consistent; lucky for them (and for us) they are consistently good.

It might have turned out very differently, given the soul searching that occurred after the tragic death of ex-pat Australian member Mary Hansen last year in a cycling accident, and the disintegration of the marriage between two founding members Tim Gane (guitar/keys) and Laetitia Sadier (vox/trumpet/organ).

Despite the dour circumstances the patented technicolour Stereolab sound rears its joyous head once more, as all of the songs bar the lyrics had been written before Mary's death. Recorded in the 'groops' newly completed home studio Instant O in France, it's a perfect candidate for headphone listening, not least of all because (as rumour has it) Tim Gane insisted that the band record every song twice so that the two slightly different takes could be layered together in the stereo field to, ah, trip the listener out. The drums sound crisp, the guitars sparkle, the album's heavy electro elements glisten and shimmer with patented vividness and the sultry, leftist philosophical and political ruminations of Sadier are as enchanting as always (the far from subtle John Butlers and Michael Frantis of this world could certainly learn a thing or two from her example).

'La Demeure' is laced with ambient effects and warm keyboards, whilst 'Margerine Melodie' is all spacey phased synths over bloopy bass. There

are nostalgic moments where Mary's absence becomes apparent. For instance, the vocal overdubs on 'Cosmic Country Noir' remind one of the dual (but never dueling) Stereolab vocal sound of old, where Hansen and Sadier would glide in and out of each other's phrases. 'Feel and Triple', as well as containing some heartfelt tributes from Sadier to her late friend ("As much as I don't want to, I have to say goodbye/ You will sing forever like an angel who flew away"), proves her perennially milky sweet voice still has the power to send shivers down your spine.

As sad as the situation surrounding the album may be, the band have lost none of their cute sense of irony. The up tempo 'Margerine Rock' has a familiarity, like they've used the same chord changes somewhere else on a previous song, and on 'Dear Marge', the album's tender closing tribute to Mary, the band can't help lurching into a spaced out, Krautrock informed disco groove at its end.

Admittedly, Stereolab may not be pushing at the envelope they've made for themselves as hard as they could be, but when they sound this good, who can be bothered making such hollow criticisms? *Margerine Eclipse* is a great album in its own right; as a goodbye to Mary, it's a brilliantly sweet, poignant farewell, and it is for those reasons that every Stereolab fan should own it.

dan V



**Tim Rogers**  
*Spitz Polish*  
Festival

I particularly enjoyed Tim Rogers' previous solo, *What Rhymes With Cars & Girls*. It was honest, self-reflective and had an invitingly warm and simple sound. Timmy and the crew (The Temperance Union, would you believe) return with *Spitz Polish*, retaining their almost minimalistic but aurally satisfying quality.

Tim has still held onto the 'country hick with balls' style of song that we came to recognise and appreciate previously, but has extended his musical vocabulary in presenting a number of ballads, free of over production, and

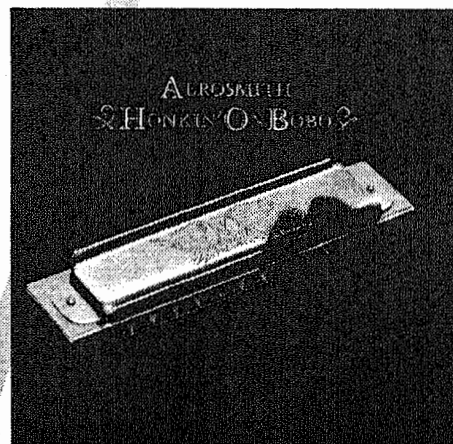
straight ahead country rockers, which would have anyone who upon the mention of 'country' conjures images of large groups of yokels with protruding front teeth, stained overalls and suspenders, to get up and do the line dance with Auntie Myrtle.

Musically, the guitar and bass work the best together, particularly at a slower pace, where they gain the space and freedom to move around and create melody where it is lacking. Tim's lyrics at the best of times are heartfelt and dedicatory, and this is admirable, because I feel he is sincere in what he sings, but in the simpler tunes there is a need for similarly simple word phrasings, and occasionally it can sound like too much is trying to be squashed in. On occasions I could detect similarities in voice between Tim and a vocally struggling Pete Townshend in the high register. Nevertheless, Tim shines in tracks like 'King of the Hill' & 'Fiction', as there are more instruments present to back him up and give him the confidence to 'beef it up' as it were.

'Gene' is a particularly amusing track that I believe should have been written years ago. Telling us of his early obsession with the band Kiss, Tim considers the bands' financial intentions, particularly that of Gene Simmons, whom the track is named after.

Tim sounds like a humble man through experience; while I'm not saying that I don't think he has the ability, he isn't prone (thankfully) to having an musical ego trip and creating ostentatious musical ideas like others that don't have the qualifications. This humility enables Tim to create a sense of fun on record, and this is what he has done.

Tony Marshall



**Aerosmith**  
*Honkin' On Bobo*  
Columbia

Aerosmith's first effort since 2001's *Just Push Play* sees the band return to their roots blahblahblah... yeah, we've heard it all before and such claims are no longer innovative, but that doesn't mean they don't work anymore. While Aerosmith are just as guilty as any

arena rock band of releasing their fair share of shit over the years, they still know how to be damn cool, and Steve Tyler would have to be the only man on Earth who could genuinely challenge Mick Jagger to a World's Ugliest Lips contest.

*Honkin' On Bobo* (why the bizarre title?) is a collection of classic blues and soul tracks, mostly hailing from the 50s, done Aerosmith-style, with one new track thrown in to force fans into buying the album. It's so easy to be cynical about this sort of thing but in the context of the band itself, this is a move that makes sense - Aerosmith have been peppering their albums with stuff like this for years, so it's a great exercise in rock'n'roll roots to hear them work their way through such tracks as Bo Diddley's 'Road Runner', a roaring 50s'-style 12-bar blues number displaying a wonderfully insistent hook and classic Tyler vocals, and Aretha Franklin's 'Never Loved A Girl', which steals the limelight away from the Queen of Soul herself... almost.

Tyler really does have one of the best rock'n'roll voices in the business and this is often what has saved Aerosmith from being incredibly bland. 'Stop Messin' Around' is one of the best surprises on the album in this way, as it displays guitarist Joe Perry as a vocalist of almost as much character as Tyler himself.

Classic Aerosmith harmonica, boogie piano and wall-of-sound guitars give this album a fresh 21<sup>st</sup>-century take on the music of last century that paved the way for rock'n'roll. *Honkin' On Bobo* (ignore the title if it makes you feel like not buying it) is a manic, swingin', wonderfully tight and accomplished tribute, and moreover displays Aerosmith for what they are - one of the best rock bands you'll ever hear, even if they do come up with stuff like 'Don't Want To Miss A Thing' every now and then. Dance and be happy.

dentarthurdent

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## AUPGSA Quiz Night for Charity

On 21 May, from 6.30pm (for a 7pm start) in the Eclipse Room (level 4, Union House), the AUPGSA will be hosting a quiz night to raise money for the charity Youth Benefits, which raises money to help disadvantaged youth and youth community groups. Come along with a team of 6-8 people, or contact the AUPGSA to form a team for you. Entry is \$5/person, and all proceeds are to be donated to Youth Benefits.

In addition to showing off your intellectual prowess and memory for useless facts, you can win great prizes, which have been donated by businesses such as Unibooks, STA Travel, Coopers, Palace Nova Cinemas, Made in Japan Tapir Design, Out of India Restaurant, Wallis Theatres, and many more!

To register a team or to ask to join a team, please contact the AUPGSA on 8303 5898 or at [pgsa@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:pgsa@adelaide.edu.au) - please RSVP by 19 May - places are limited. Everybody is welcome to participate to help raise funds for this worthy charity. A cash bar shall be operated on the night.

Estonian  
supergroup  
Rufus  
say...

The AU Film Society  
WEEK 9, Thursday 13th May

## Winstanley (1975)

*Winstanley*, directed by Andrew Mollo and Kevin Brownlow, is a true masterpiece of British Independent Cinema. The talent of these two film makers is unquestionable. Their vision of 17th Century England has never been bettered. Andrew Mollo's attention to period detail is unsurpassed resulting in costumes and design that are simply faultless. The cinematography is breathtaking and Kevin Brownlow's editing is masterful. Miles Haliwell plays the lead part of Gerrard Winstanley and he gives a moving and insightful performance. This is a must see

film the like of which we may never see again. I am sure it taught Kubrick a lesson or two about filming period dramas. VHS / 95min / UK / 1975 / B&W Historical Drama

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JC: So what exactly was the theme this week?

Stan: You know, like a cross between the science of sound and music, frequencies and math rock and oscilloscopes and wierd sonic diagrams and, like, Eastern European pop music and Eurovision and all that kind of jazz, you know?

JC: You fucked up the theme again didn't you?

Stan: Yes, yes I did.



35

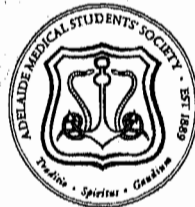
"Do you know where your children are?"

eh?

# skullduggery



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