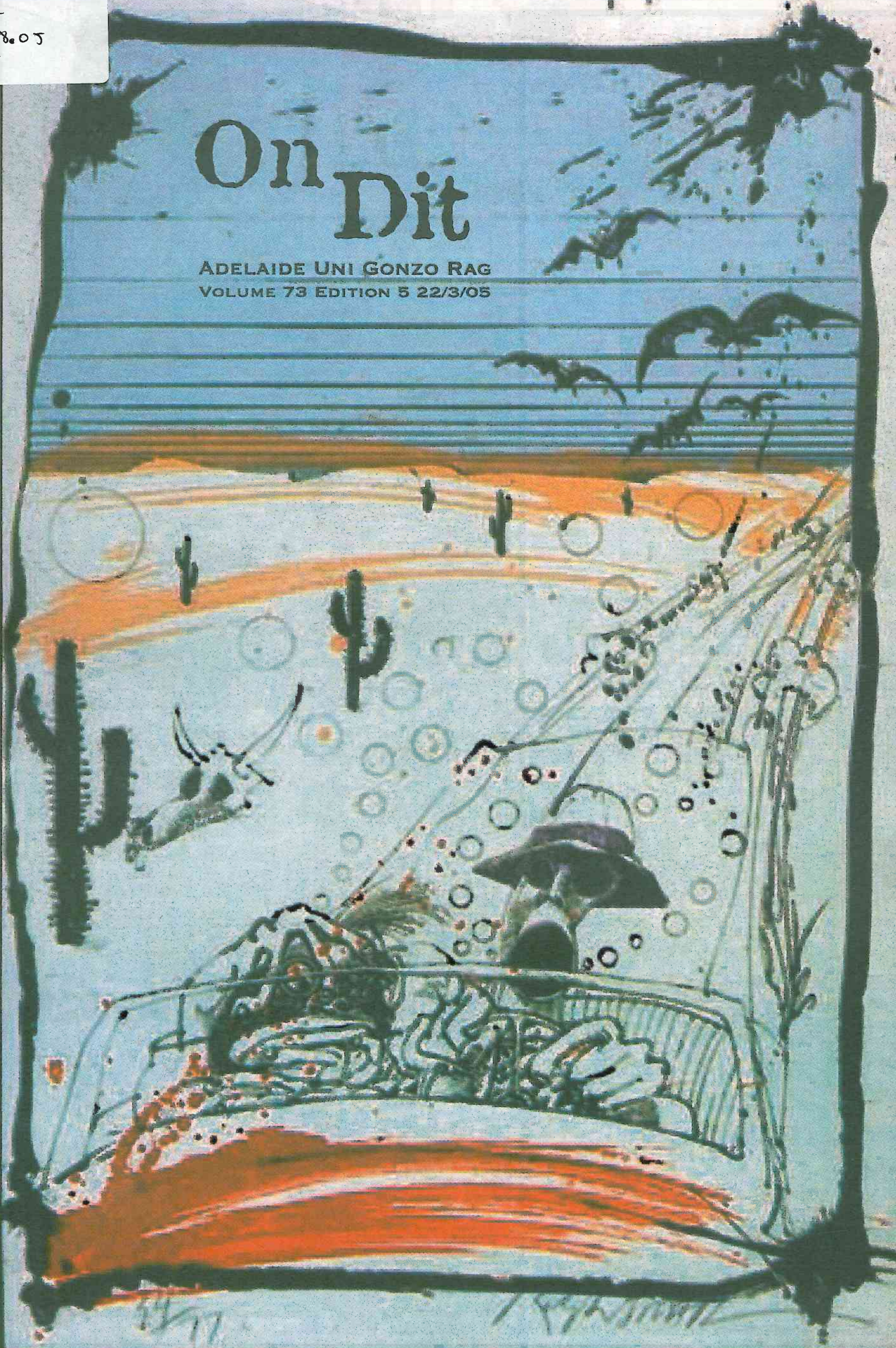


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# On Dit

ADELAIDE UNI GONZO RAG  
VOLUME 73 EDITION 5 22/3/05



# On Dit

## Volume 73 Edition 5

### 22.3.2005

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

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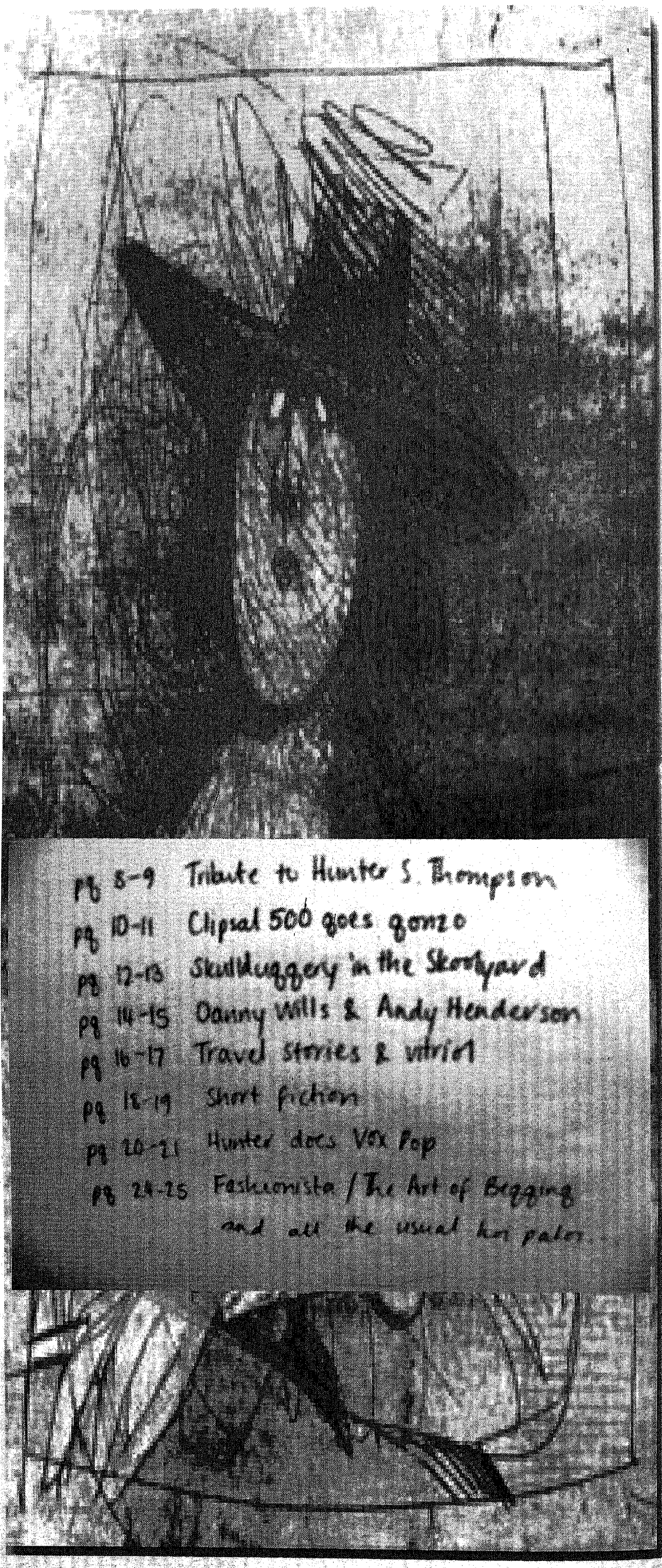
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#### The Editors would like to thank:

She-ra, Dreamy Owen, Nick and Dave for being computer whizzes, Stanny poo, Andy H, Alexis, Dave, Nerissa the harlot, Mikey B, Marlon, Melisa, free turkey breast, sweet sweet nicotine, No thanks to the Clipsal 500 fuckers who took over the Exeter on Friday night, nor to the army for the weekend noise pollution. Especially no thanks to the audience of the Clipsal. If it weren't for public demand, this disgusting, offensive, filthy, polluting, inane and facile form of ridiculous 'entertainment' wouldn't assault us every year.



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and all the usual kn pater



MEDIA WATCH

WITH AUDREY HEPBURN

My, hasn't Senator Ross Lightfoot gotten himself into a pickle this week. In one of the most absurd cases of political backpedalling, the uber conservative WA Senator has released a slew of contradictory statements this week regarding his activities in Iraq.

The bare facts of the muddled story thus far: Lightfoot's first trip to Iraq was funded by his friend Professor Rob Amin, who according to the Advertiser was a "paid consultant" to Woodside Petroleum. Then, in January, Lightfoot skipped off on a trip to Iraq on the backs of taxpayer funding. Sometime during this trip, Lightfoot was involved in an incident whereby \$20,000 was 'allegedly' handed over to the Kurdistan Regional Government by a representative of Woodside Petroleum. He has also admitted to carrying a non declared firearm while in the newly 'liberated' region. Here's where things get sticky.

See, under Parliamentary law, all Senators who have been on non governmental, taxpayer funded travel exceeding \$300 must file a report within 28 days or returning. Not only did Lightfoot not file his report until last Thursday, but he's been caught out in a number of vastly differing statements. According to The Australian's reporter Nicolas Rothwell, in a breakfast meeting with Lightfoot in Iraq, the Senator declared that he had smuggled \$20k into the country stitched into his jacket and was at least present during a meeting where the money was handed to the Kurdish President. In a statement to Parliament, Lightfoot denied any knowledge whatsoever of the money while a report in the Advertiser states that Lightfoot admitted to smuggling the money into the country to not one, but two News Ltd journalists.

Regardless of the clear disparity in Lightfoot's position, the most he is likely to be punished with is a fine. Although the Federal Opposition is calling for a public and police inquiry into the matter, PM John Howard has determined that no such course of action will take place. Despite Howard's own acknowledgement of Lightfoot's selective memory in this case, he has chosen to trust his cabinet member until such a time when he may deem an inquiry necessary.

Indeed, Howard's defense of Lightfoot is most peculiar considering it is a well known fact that privately the two can't stand each other. Lightfoot hails from a group of exceedingly right wing WA Liberals who have had, according to the SMH's Mike Seccome, "a long term dislike of eastern state politics and Howard himself." Lightfoot has even gone so far as to suggest that Howard runs "a socialist show" and is in favour of WA seceding from the rest of Australia and sending troops to the boarder. Apparently not only is Senator Lightfoot a liar, he's also a complete nutjob. One wonders why Howard seems so intent on protecting him. It wouldn't of course have anything to do with the fact that dropping WA's foremost neocon from the gang would result in a loss of majority in the Senate, thereby ruining Howard's plans for a paint by numbers, 1950s retro pastiche society. What tosh. The greatest irony of them all would be righter-than-right Lightfoot getting himself thrown out of the Senate thus directly removing any absolute threat of conservative domination. How I would laugh!



illustrations by Owen Lindsay.

*Straight From The Horse's Mouth..*

*Ross Lightfoot's Guide to Party Conversation*

Banish small talk forever! With this handy guide you'll no longer find yourself cowering in the corner furiously avoiding eye contact with people! Use these simple opening lines and you'll soon be the most popular party guest in town!

**On Labor defector turned One Nation Senate candidate Graeme Campbell:**

"...I suppose if anyone's going to beat me, I would prefer it to be Graeme than some limp-wristed, hollow-chested, follow-the-rules-of-the-eastern-states people."

- May 3 2001.

**On same-sex marriages:**

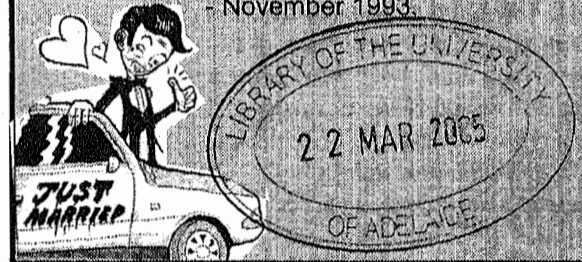
"If a bloke is allowed to marry a bloke, what's to stop a man marrying his E-type Jaguar?"

- May 28, 2004.

**On Aborigines:**

"Aborigines were never civilised. Even in their primitive state today, the Aborigines are only the bottom colour of the civilisation spectrum."

- November 1993.



SHAKE IT GONZO, SHAKE IT!

In the last ten years, there have only been three broadcast mentions of *On Dit* on radio and television. Last Wednesday night, *On Dit 2005* upped the tally to four. That's right, the moment we've all been waiting for has arrived! Bob Francis has mentioned yours truly on his show. He even took the time to criticise us which is especially exciting.

We can't let it stop at four. I want to hear everyone on the radio this week talking to Bob about how much you love lefty, socialist, Resistance-y type people. He's gonna crack soon, I know it!



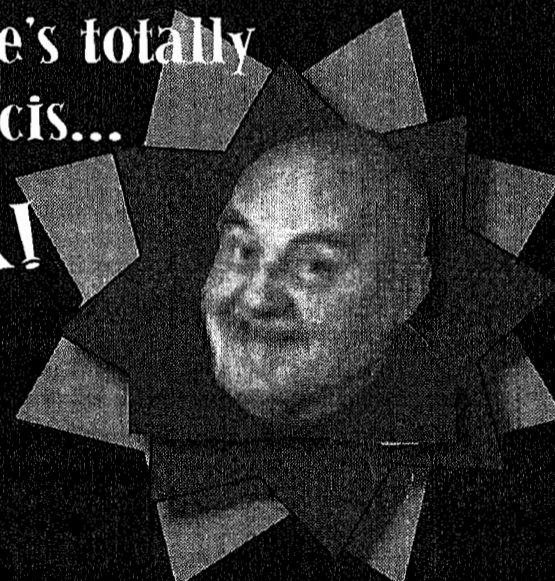
He's wacky! He's zany! He's totally insaney! It's the Bob Francis...

CALL OF THE WEEK!

Compere: Bob Francis  
Date: March 16  
Time: 8:12 pm  
Duration: 4m50

Caller Paris speaks to Francis about student union fees. He says that the govt is trying to introduce Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU). Francis says he doesn't see why students should have to pay for something they don't use. Paris says union fees are based on the same premise as taxes. He says he has to pay his taxes even though he doesn't use many of the services that tax money goes towards. Francis says this is the law of the land. Paris says this should be the same at uni. He says there are certain things that uni students need and student fees provide these things. He asks why students shouldn't have to pay these fees. He asks Francis if he has heard of *On Dit*. Francis asks what this is. Paris says it is Adelaide University's student newspaper. Francis says he doesn't read their crap. He implies that student papers are rubbish. Paris tells Francis there is a tribute to Francis' show on page three of every edition. Francis says he doesn't know anything about it. He says no one has ever mentioned it to him. He sarcastically thanks *On Dit* for promoting his show, yet still maintains the paper is crap.

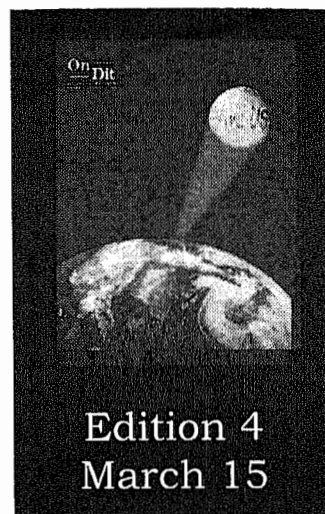
Bob Francis airs between 8pm and 10pm Mon to Fri on Adelaide's leading talkback station 5AA. He is number one in the radio ratings.





The Edge...there is no honest way to explain it because the only people who really know where it is are the ones who have gone over.

HUNTER S. THOMPSON



## Bienvenue,

Welcome to the Gonzo Edition of On Dit 2005. Inspired by the death of the Hunter S. Thompson, we decided to put together this edition and collect some student forays into gonzo. The idea of gonzo journalism revolutionised a literary form, spawning countless copycats, some great, some not so. Gonzo isn't just about taking a shitload of drugs and writing a stream of consciousness. It can be any form of exploration whereby the writer assumes a proactive and central role. It's entertaining, thought provoking, fantastical and personal. Hopefully you'll find some of these attributes in the following pages.

On a slightly different note, we're just going to talk briefly about VSU. You're probably sick to death of hearing about it so we'll keep this brief. If the government introduces VSU, you'll save approximately \$350 a year. This works out to almost \$90 a term, or \$7.50 a week. Jesus, that's not even the price of a movie ticket. There are many arguments to consider when discussing VSU and we'll be looking at it more closely in the Education Edition, coming out April 5. Deadline for submissions is March 30 so use the Easter break as an opportunity to write something, anything for your student rag. It needn't be serious or even education related. It's great that there are so many people reading the paper, but remember you're all able to submit whenever you want as well. Speaking of submitting, we've been getting a lot of conservative opinion in the paper lately. This isn't good. Where are all the sane people? We lost you, come back to us!

## Rooting the union

Adelaide's favourite Tuckey-inspired superhero - Alby Longbottom - returns to University swinging at men with handbags and women in sensible shoes.

Dear Fellow Students,

Funnily enough, it was as I toured the Red States of America with my surf-rock/country revival band The Grassrooters that I experienced the epiphany. I was listening to that bawdy old outlaw of the honky-tonk scene, Merle Haggard, as his grating voice stumbled through a moonshine-induced attempt at his anti-beatnik anthem 'Okie from Muskogee'. 'We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee' he proclaimed, as the Grassrooter's flying Winnebago (of which I was its unwilling, semi-comatose 3am pilot) came into land, head on with a truck carrying college textbooks. Shortly after, once my Lucky Strikes had been accounted for, I sat on the side of the road, reading the glorious romance of some warm liberal rhetoric that had landed, quite fittingly, in a ditch. And with it, I knew I would have to return to Adelaide and its ivied halls to help extinguish another flame on the beatnik barbecue. Vegan anyone? *Anyone?*

So where has all this calamity got me now? In the first few weeks of the new academic year, I have been quite disappointed disturbed by two things: the utter bullshit floating around campus regarding VSU and the fact that Jenny

Macklin looks even worse in person than she does on TV. Well, nothing can be done about the appearance of the (token female) Deputy Leader of the Federal Opposition, but in matters regarding our beloved and accountable (what?) Student Union there is still some hope.

Don't believe Bob Brown's fairy talk, I love Unions mate. The 'union' between a man and woman under God in Holy Matrimony is totally beaut. The 'union' that I played at school as I aspired to one-day beat the living shit out of the All-Blacks and the Springboks, galvanised my national pride. And as long as we're talking Iced Coffee, you can even call me a 'unionist'.

But the fact is that our Union is not strong and effective. Indeed, thanks to the utter disregard with which it is operated and abused makes VSU more than palatable for many students.

Ultimately, the most vocal anti-VSU sentiment is being heard from our friends on the left. The reason for this is that they dominate the Union Board and occupy most of the Office Bearer positions. When VSU is introduced, their political influence over an apathetic student population will dwindle and they will have no reason to live.

It's quite easy to see why the left is scared of VSU. It's because when VSU is introduced the Union will be completely rooted. And the reason for this is that the Union isn't an effective body. It is self-servicing, inexcusably wasteful and inefficient and students aren't getting their money's worth. To put it plainly with the current level of service provided to students - if

our services fee was \$20 I still reckon we'd be getting ripped off.

If being a member of the AUU was of any significant benefit, VSU wouldn't affect it at all because students would continue to be members.

So the challenge is there to those who hold the majority. Fix the thing up, modernise it, make it relevant to the students. It doesn't sound difficult, but given that it would require astute, measured leadership and direction from the left I'm not holding my breath.

If VSU is introduced and the AUU shits itself, don't make the mistake of blaming Brendan Nelson. Blame the long line up of selfish, corrupt Labor (and pseudo-Democrats) hacks who have failed to provide their constituents/customers with an effective and worthwhile representative body.

VSU doesn't kill student unions. Student unionists kill student unions.

So in the coming months as I collaborate with The Grassrooter's Polynesian ukulele virtuoso, John Henry, to write our sophomore EP (tentatively entitled 'The Importance of Being Alby'), we shall all watch keenly to see how well the Union sells itself to students.

Just remember, you can sit back printing up anti-VSU posters with our money (wankers) while Brendan Nelson is kicking sausage rolls for the pro-VSU team. Or, you can start offering competitive services to the students and earn their patronage. Speaking of sausage rolls, anyone got \$2?

Bye for now,  
Alby Longbottom

## Abortion again

Dear Editors

It seems hard to believe that in 2005 the abortion debate is back upon us. As Mel pointed out in her article 'One Step Forward, Two Steps Back', women (and men) fought and won the battle to safe, legal and affordable abortion more than 30 years ago.

Women from all ages, faiths and cultural backgrounds seek terminations of pregnancy for many reasons. Some of these reasons are hidden from our everyday gaze. For example, women who are coming off some different forms of contraception (Depo Provera, the Pill) or who are breast feeding, may have irregular menstrual cycles and may not think they can conceive for some time. Pregnancy symptoms may not be recognised. Women in their menopausal years have irregular menstrual cycles and may be unaware that they are pregnant until the second trimester. Young women who are just starting menstruating may not be aware that they are pregnant.

Women do not choose abortion as a form of contraception.

There will always be unwanted pregnancies.

The Australian Survey of Social Attitudes (2003) found that 81.2% of Australians agree that women should have the right to choose an abortion. In 2005, women, and the men who support them, will not sit back and let others make decisions about their reproductive rights, and will not tolerate women being forced back into the dark ages of humiliation and degradation simply because they have an unplanned or unwanted pregnancy.

Di Hodge

## Ho Hum

I'd like to congratulate 'J. Bags', 'Survivor of the Epidemic' and Arthur Davis on their letters last week on abortion. Here are some points for readers to consider when Mel Purcell argues that the issue of abortion is between the woman and her doctor:

1. "Abortion is NOT health care. It is killing pure and simple."
2. "There is almost never any degree of consultation between the abortionists and the woman before the assembly line-type procedure."
3. "Abortion mills are in it for the money, not because they care."

Pro-abortionists using this slogan know that it implies the pro-lifers who oppose abortion are meddling in one of the most sacrosanct professional relationships: That of the doctor and his patient. In reality, more than 99% of all abortions are performed for non-medical reasons, despite the phoney name "therapeutic".

Stand Aside, There's Money to Be Made! When a woman visits an abortion mill, the usual procedure is for a 'counsellor' to talk with her in an attempt to steer her towards an abortion, and then hand her to the nurses who will prepare her for the kill. As several former abortionists have described, the first time she sees the doctor is when she is lying on her back, half naked, with her feet in the stirrups. In truth, the abortionist has no reason to see the woman who has hired him to kill her child until he walks into the room.

When Mel and other pro-abortionists demand the freedom of choice I point to:

1. We must distinguish between licit and illicit freedoms.

2. Unlimited "freedom to choose" means simple anarchy.

3. No freedom is absolute.

The "freedom to choose" slogan is short, catchy, and appeals to the patriot in all of us. Freedom is the basis upon which Western democracy was founded, and remains one of our fundamental guiding principles. Who could be against it?

But while appealing to the freedom-lover in all of us, pro-abortionists simultaneously imply that pro-life activists are somehow anti-freedom and anti-democratic by calling us "anti-choice". However, this slogan promotes anarchy not "choice". If our nation took the slogan "Freedom of Choice" at face value, the freedom to choose would supersede all other freedoms. Rapists could claim the "freedom to choose" rape. Those who dislike homosexuals could the "freedom to choose" beating them up. Like rape and assault abortion also has a victim -- the most innocent and helpless of them all.

The point here is that no freedom is absolute. All freedoms have limits on them, and for good reason. Unlimited personal freedom eventually leads to slavery. In Australia, we have thousands of laws, orders, and local ordinances of every type governing or curtailing activities from murder to double-parking, and each one of these restrictions limits our "freedom of choice" to some extent.

Regards,

Aaron Russell

*Tell me Aaron, have you ever actually been inside an abortion clinic? Unless you've accompanied a friend/sister/girlfriend/relative then I hardly think you're in a position to comment. Further, it is extremely unlikely that any doctor would allow you into the operating room while an abortion was taking place, so kindly cut down on the assumed expertise. In actual fact, women undergoing an abortion will be shown an ultra sound of the foetus immediately before the operation to ensure they want to continue. Doesn't exactly seem like a mass conspiracy to murder to me. Freedom might not be absolute, but it's also relative. The freedom of a woman with an established life, set of values, history and possible future rates far higher on the equality scale than that of a simple cluster of cells. It's interesting that the most outwardly spoken involved in the grand abortion debate we've been having these last couple of weeks seem to be male. Why don't you try a few centuries of the establishment policing your body and your sexual freedom and then come and talk to me about anarchy, fuckstick.*  
Clementine, Ed

## Envirosense

Dear Eds,

Good on the environmentalists for bringing the tragic state of the world into view, if only for a week. What the greenies need to be careful of, though, is excessively glorifying the 'circle of life' and the 'harmony' of all things natural. Nature is, after all, brutal. In the animal world patriarchy reigns supreme; the weakest of a particular species are subjected to probable infanticide, rape, or early death through predators or disease. Meanwhile, tsunamis, volcanic eruptions *et al.*, destroy on a huge scale. The human project should be to celebrate the aesthetic of nature and learn from its waste-not-want-not practices, but not to be drawn in by its utopian appearance.

Ultimately, Nature is about perfection through evolution and natural selection. As humans we should always look to unfold our powers over Nature, not for corporate profit or ultimate self-destruction, but for the truly human opportunity to revel in our imperfection, namely the possibility of providing for those who cannot produce and of one day break-

ing free from that annoying thing called 'the economy'.

ASB

## Print this jerkass

Oh shit, it looks as though the Pearson Brigade might have to have 32 less lefty barbeques in 2006 when my financial support for this crap will be voluntarily withdrawn.

What is the outcry from these campus-dwellers over? It seems completely logical to me. The number of people wanting these services will be funding it themselves. Where is the problem with this? Finally we might see an end to blatant wastage around this place. Those rowdy types "running" these student services might have to watch their pennies for a change, without us unwilling sods propping them up.

Admit it you prick, it's us you don't want to lose, those students who have no choice but to cough it up when you know we are unlikely to use even 10% of it back through services. The remaining 90% of my fees and thousands of others like me allows you to be so frivolous. Listen, I'm here to get an education okay. Sure I want some fun while I'm here, but when I want the "add-ons" to my studies, I will have my wallet out and ready. User pays buddy, user pays.

It's pleasing to know that at the end of this year my hard earned cash won't go to painting one more stupid lefty slogan on one more stupid lefty's bed sheet.

Love you,

Jara Vegimiteforme'ndad

PS. I will be pleasantly surprised if those bed sheet painting, barbeque swindling, lefty On Dit editors even publish this.

PPS The food in the Mayo is crap and overpriced anyway, lose that and I won't lose any sleep.

## VSU for all

On Dit,

All the lies the SAUA is telling us regarding the provision of services and the impact of VSU has prompted me to write. They claim that most students do not support VSU. Well, that's great then. What's your problem with the legislation then as all these students will join the union under VSU and everything will be the same. The only students that won't join will be the one's that have religious or political views opposing that of the SAUA.

VSU, under the SAUA's logic, is a win-win situation. Now don't we now all feel good?

Cheers,

Pete

## Simple Simon

Dear Eds,

I found it rather comical that the environmental department would go to the effort of assaulting defenceless kegs during enviro week, when the endorsed food outlet was serving meals on non-biodegradable foam plates. Poor kegs; what did they ever do to hurt us?

Simon Le Poidevin

# NEWS IN BRIEF

## HAMMER-AND-SICKLE

Prince Harry's dress-up escapades led to renewed debate about the banning of the Nazi symbol in Europe. The EU began considering legislation which would outlaw the swastika. Vytautas Landsbergis, a Lithuanian Member of the European Parliament, said that the legislation should go further and "proposed that the European Commission also outlaw symbols representing other totalitarian ideologies, particularly communism." In his letter to the justice commissioner, Franco Frattini, he wrote, "It is well-known and well-documented that communist dictatorships are responsible for the deaths of tens of millions of innocent civilians – no fewer than the Nazi regime." However, his proposal

raised issues as to the potential status of museums which house old Soviet statues and propaganda. More significantly, legal communist parties within Western European democracies still use the hammer-and-sickle as party logos. Frattini rejected considering a ban on communist symbols saying it would be more appropriate to leave that decision up to member states.



## BULLFIGHTING

About 65% of Spanish bull-breeding farms have been infected with the "blue-tongue" virus putting the bullfighting season in jeopardy. The virus is transferred by mosquitos. Andalucia, Extremadura and Castilla-La Mancha, the areas where the majority of fighting bulls are bred, are the most affected and thus the movement of bulls from these areas has been limited. Already a cattle fair has been cancelled and doubt has been cast over the world-famous running of the bulls in Pamplona. Hundreds of bulls are killed each year by *matadores* despite pressure from animal-rights campaigners and the EU to outlaw the cultural practice.

## FALL OF NAZISM

On May 9 this year Moscow will hold a ceremony to commemorate the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the end of World War II and of course, the fall of National Socialism. The leaders of the Baltic States were all given an invitation and, subsequently, placed in a dilemma. The fall of Nazism meant little to the Baltic region as it merely signified the beginning of almost 5 decades of tyrannical Soviet occupation. Many commentators argued that by attending the ceremony in Moscow their leaders were sending a message to Russia and the rest of the world that Russia's presence had not been as much of an "occupation" as the Nazis'. Others argued the Moscow ceremony was merely about the fall of Nazism

## A Christian Case for Choice

Faith. Choice.

You would be forgiven for thinking that, as far as abortion goes, embracing the Christian faith means denying choice. Even though polls consistently show that a clear majority of Christians in all the major denominations reject a strict anti-abortion stance, the impression is often that "pro-life" is the only stance for a "serious" Christian, as opposed to a wishy-washy, world accommodating type, who rarely goes to church anyway.

So let us look more closely at some arguments used by Christians and others against abortion. In such a short article it is only possible to undermine the case against reproductive choice, rather than directly build a progressive Christian case for it, so the title is a little misleading. But who would have read an article called, "The Christian case against Christian arguments against reproductive choice?"

### **The tragedy of abortion- six billion deaths this century alone**

Reference has been made to the national tragedy of 100,000 abortions occurring annually in Australia. Yet the figure is actually closer to 350,000. **Over fifty percent of pregnancies end in abortion.** Most of these occur in the first month, without the mother even knowing she was pregnant. A combination of genetic, hormonal and physiological factors combine to cause the mother to spontaneously end the pregnancy. If human life starts at conception, and God grieves every abortion because it represents the death of a human or potential human, then God's world is more full of grief than we ever imagined. I have never heard anyone argue that the 250,000 spontaneous abortions a year are tragic (though the 10% of later term ones may well be to the woman and family involved). Yet if the spontaneous abortion of an eight day old blastocyst is not tragic, it is not at all clear why the conscious decision to abort a similar blastocyst should be.

### **The Bible is pro-abortion**

Let us move onto more specifically Christian ground, also of relevance to Moslems and Jews. Christian anti-abortionists frequently refer to the Bible to bolster their arguments, and particularly the biblical injunction, in the Ten Commandments, against killing. This is curious, since the Ten Commandments are not the moral framework for Christians, but rather the two commandments of Jesus- Love God and each other. Anti abortionists often include lines from various psalms, in which the poets claim that God knew them in the womb, or even before hand.

To this, however, we must add the voices of those who thought less of the unborn, like Hosea, who implored God to wreak havoc on his enemies, "... give them wombs that miscarry, and dried-up breasts." (chapter 9).

Also rarely mentioned is that the legal code was **pro-abortion** in one specific circumstance. Here's a quick summary of Leviticus 5, for those of you who left your Bibles home today. It refers to the situation where a man thinks his wife has been having an affair. The priest mixes a concoction of herbs which will induce abortion, "the water that brings the curse," and the woman is made to drink it. If she is guilty (and pregnant), it will make "your womb discharge, your uterus drop!" **So, in one instance, the Bible absolutely, specifically, commands induced abortion.**

There is much more to say about a proper reading of the relevant biblical texts. A good starting place can be found half way down <http://liberalslikechrist.org/about/abortion-1.html>

### **The Bible is pro infanticide**

Peter Singer came under fire from some religious students last year for entertaining the possibility of infanticide. Yet he has good biblical precedents, I don't have space to reproduce them, but when you go home and dig out your Bibles (or read an online one), start with God's decision to murder almost the entire human population (Noah and the flood), and then every Egyptian firstborn child (the Exodus). He orders Saul to murder ever man, woman, infant and even nursing child amongst his enemies (1 Samuel 15). It is also worth reading the life story of Joshua and his genocidal campaigns against both neighbours and indigenous populations.

### **Jesus**

It may seem odd that I have barely mentioned Jesus' teachings. That is largely because Christian anti-abortionists rarely do. Jesus says absolutely nothing which is explicitly anti-abortion, or for that matter pro-choice. He does reduce the commandments to two: love God and your neighbour as yourself. Whether blastocysts or foetuses are neighbours is not something Jesus gets into. Jesus does seem to value children more than his contemporaries, but he is also far less interested in biological families than many Christians, and the average marriage service, lead us to believe.

### **Foetuses with certain genetic conditions**

This could be an article in itself, but it's interesting that many people simply assume that when a planned foetus tests positive for certain genetic conditions, it is morally acceptable and desirable to abort it. What this says about the kinds of things we value in society should be at least as discussed as abortion is in the first place.

As I said, I decided to concentrate, in this short article, on questioning a couple of key arguments against abortion, rather than building a progressive Christian case for choice. The following web sites attempt that, amongst many others. If you would be interested in attending a small forum which explores a pro Christian (perhaps pro faith) and pro choice stance, please email me.

### **Rev. Jason John**

Scots Uniting Church  
University Ministry Project  
[jason@scotschurch.org.au](mailto:jason@scotschurch.org.au)

Spiritual Youth for Reproductive Freedom (<http://www.syrf.org/>)

Religious Coalition for Reproductive Choice (<http://www.rcrc.org/>)- Pro faith, pro family, pro choice.

See also the recent Uniting Church Statement on Abortion (<http://nat.uca.org.au/>).

### **Editors Note-**

Not ministers ourselves, we cannot guarantee that the references to the bible contained therein are taken in context. I guess you'll just have to read it yourself.

and that commemoration of the end of Soviet occupation was for another time and place; by refusing to attend, they argued, it would look as though they were not recognising the crimes of the Nazi regime appropriately (which the Latvian President claims were more "heinous and large-scale" than those of the Russians).



**ABORTION**

Abortion is again a hot topic- this time in England. Leader of the Tory Opposition, Michael Howard, says abortions are too easily obtained in Britain. He wants to lower the legal limit for late abortions from 24 to 20 weeks. Pro-choice campaigners say this severely disadvantages young women, who are often late in coming forward for abortions, and those who discover that their unborn child has a severe abnormality. Abortion was a relatively large issue in the US election last year but it is not seen as a wedge issue in the more secular electorate of Britain. (Many mainstream US religious websites have titles such as "Abortion: America's Answer to Hitler" and "Abortion: The New Holocaust".)

**CHINA'S INTERNAL PROBLEMS**

China has just passed legislation allowing it to use force if Taiwan declares itself independent from the mainland. China's Prime Minister, Wen Jiabao, claimed it is "a law to strengthen and promote cross-Strait relations, for peaceful reunification, not targeted at the people of Taiwan, nor is it a law of war." Meanwhile, the unpopular leader of Hong Kong, Tung Chee-hwa, has resigned due to "ill-health". The 'one country, two systems' proved a difficult balancing act as his attempts to crack down with security measures to satisfy Beijing led to huge pro-democracy protests on the island. Chief Secretary Donald Tsang takes over the reins until Beijing's selection of a new leader in 6 months' time. Many believe

Tung was fired by the Chinese authorities; Tung denies this. Last April Beijing said it would be several years before it would allow universal suffrage in Hong Kong. Currently, Hong Kong citizens can only elect half the legislature while the mainland authorities select the leader.



**Alex Solomon-Bridge**

# THE COST OF WAR

At this juncture I am grateful for the opportunity to return to that much-debated, hardly-understood nature of the invasion of Iraq in 2003 by the US-led "Coalition of the Willing". I don't want to say much. I only want to remind people that the US originally declared "war" in order to relieve Saddam Hussein of his weapons of mass destruction. This was despite the fact that these did not exist at the time of invasion. This fact was known by the CIA, the FBI, and most of UNSCOM. Former UNSCOM inspector Scott Ritter provided a particularly detailed account of the impossibility of these weapons being there in an interview he did with William Pitt.

When this fact became clear to the Bush administration, made up of previously dismissed crackpots from the Reagan days,

Channels 7, 9, and 10 (or for that matter the ABC), and were never, ever displayed in the *Australian*, the *Advertiser*, the *Age*, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the *London Times* or the *Washington Post*.

While the US was preparing for "war", may I remind readers that we sat in living rooms, coffee houses and tutorial classrooms debating the merits of that "war". We did this, while we knew (or ought to have known) that, during the previous "Gulf War", back in 1991, the United States used such military devices as *cluster bombs*, *daisy cutters* and *depleted uranium shells*. (If you don't know what they are, LEARN.)

Our collective support for the "war" was largely theoretical and logical: if Saddam = bad, and "war" make Saddam go bye, then

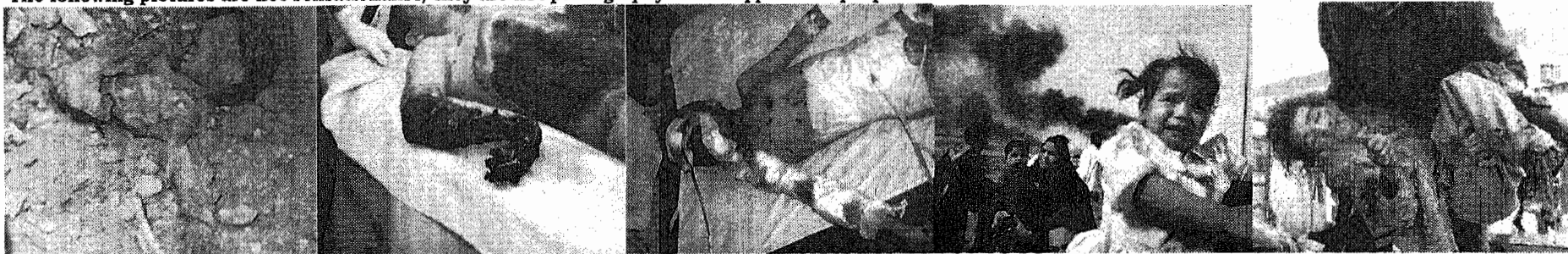
countless tens, maybe hundreds, of thousands left injured and/or homeless) is justified in order to rid the rest of the population of the scourge of one administration.

Debating about the merits of launching a full-scale military invasion of a sovereign nation is tantamount to academics, commentators and world leaders arguing over whether what was going on in Rwanda in 1994 was "genocide". Unsurprisingly, though, the same debate has re-emerged over Sudan. On the day that you read this, between 100 and 1000 people will be killed in Dafur and surrounding areas.

So I invite you to consider these photographs, which were not part of the fabricated US narrative of the "war" and so, instead of coming to us through our TV screens and our newspapers, we must go looking for them. For those still interested, you can begin at [www.robert-fisk.com/iraqwarvictims\\_page1.htm](http://www.robert-fisk.com/iraqwarvictims_page1.htm).

**Russel Marks**

The following pictures are not sensationalist, they are not pornography. This happened to people who exist outside of our TV screens.



it engaged in a process that could only be described as Orwellian. All of a sudden, the war was fought in order to "free" Iraqi citizens from the power of that terrible dictator, Saddam Hussein. What a noble cause. Unfortunately, the western world saw fit to wage a WAR (that's W-A-R) toward that end. Happily, the narrative played out as intended this time around: Saddam Hussein was first unseated and then captured. He is now hidden away from public view while the west prepares to watch his show trial from their living rooms, just as they watched the "war" through the biased lenses of US (and Australian) media companies, led by Rupert Murdoch's Fox News.

I use the word "biased", which is flung about so often these days it hardly means anything anymore, because that's exactly what it was. I have published some pictures which were never, ever shown on Fox News, CNN, MSN,

war = good. What was completely missing from this theoretical equation was any critical examination as to what, exactly, "war" would be. "War", in hindsight, meant hundreds of "coalition" troops were killed. And while the US propaganda machines have had no trouble reporting these deaths, the deaths of Iraqi soldiers and civilians has been a little more difficult to establish. Despite the use of "smart bombs", it has been confirmed that over 18,000 civilians have been killed in this "war". The reputable British medical journal *Lancet* estimates that, if we take into account "unknowable" deaths, a conservative estimate would be closer to 100,000 women, men and children.

Our logical equations do not help us here. Only the purest of utilitarians would argue that the deaths of thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of people (not to mention the

*Editors Note-*

The photo of the Iraqi girl on the far right of the series was taken during the current Iraq war. That heartwrenching photo provokes such sympathy for a young life utterly destroyed in a few seconds. It is gruesome for that reason. The entire image was displayed in Iraqi media, however before being published in Western media the image was cropped, sanitising her shredded feet, leaving behind a sad and possibly even touching account of hurt but rescued civilians. Its now a little easier to understand why we see the reactions (often that's all we see) of Iraqis in the streets knowing what they have seen. For more accounts of media censorship read *Eyewitness: The Lives of War* Photo-Journalists or see *Weapons of Mass Deception*.



# Dr. Hunter Stockton Thompson

1937 - 2005

If there were to be a man whose nature was up to it, one who had shaken off, torn apart and escaped all this, who had trampled under foot our documents, our trickery and charms, and all those laws that are against nature – he, the slave, would rise up and be revealed as our master...

Plato (*Gorgias* 483e-484a).

As a writer, or, more accurately, as someone able to survive on the ability to produce beautiful bullshit, I owe much of the blame for my current lifestyle to a fraudulent journalist by the name of Dr Hunter S. Thompson.

Were it not for Dr Thompson, I venture that I would have completed a commerce degree by now. I would be a well-fed, drug free office boy in one advertising agency or other, drinking at a fashionable café with idiot girls carefully working their way up the middle-management ladder, in bed by eleven on most nights, quietly masturbating myself to sleep.

It was Thompson's absurd notion that madness, controversy and righteous vitriol could replace technical prowess that inspired me to become the cynical, callous and ultimately unreliable man I am today. Thompson was quite literally my Socrates. For better or worse, his courageous philosophy of caution to the wind is the embarrassing basis of my entire attitude towards writing.

I was wallowing in the student housing scheme, considering switching to a more practical degree, when a friend happened to

leave a copy of *Better Than Sex* on my coffee table. In it, I discovered a crazed and altogether miraculous style of political journalism – colourful, liquid prose that seemed more suited to polemical Armageddon fiction than the 1992 US Presidential Campaign. It was a kind of cynical irreverence that both disturbed and enticed. Dark, elegant, lyrical, iambic – imbued with the same fire that belied Burroughs and Ginsberg's similar lack of talent, this was writing that was meant to be read aloud, in an amplified sort of mumble, through clenched teeth and a cheap marlin spike.

It was then that I decided to embark on a life that would yield the same kind of mad excitement that – along with a truly heroic quantity of amphetamine – appeared to fuel

## Not since the death of Princess Diana had so much feigned and disproportionate grief been the result of a celebrity's death.

Thompson's work. From that moment I had become, at the tragic age of eighteen, a devoted practitioner of 'Gonzo Journalism'.

Years later, I'm now of the firm belief that 'Gonzo' is the Emperor's New Clothes of Journalism. Put simply, Thompson's style is a reckless kind of 'journalism by participation', placing the shameless writer almost at the centre of the action. Much of it consists of exaggeration for the purposes of emphasis, although the true Gonzo Journalist is for some reason honour-bound never to reveal precisely

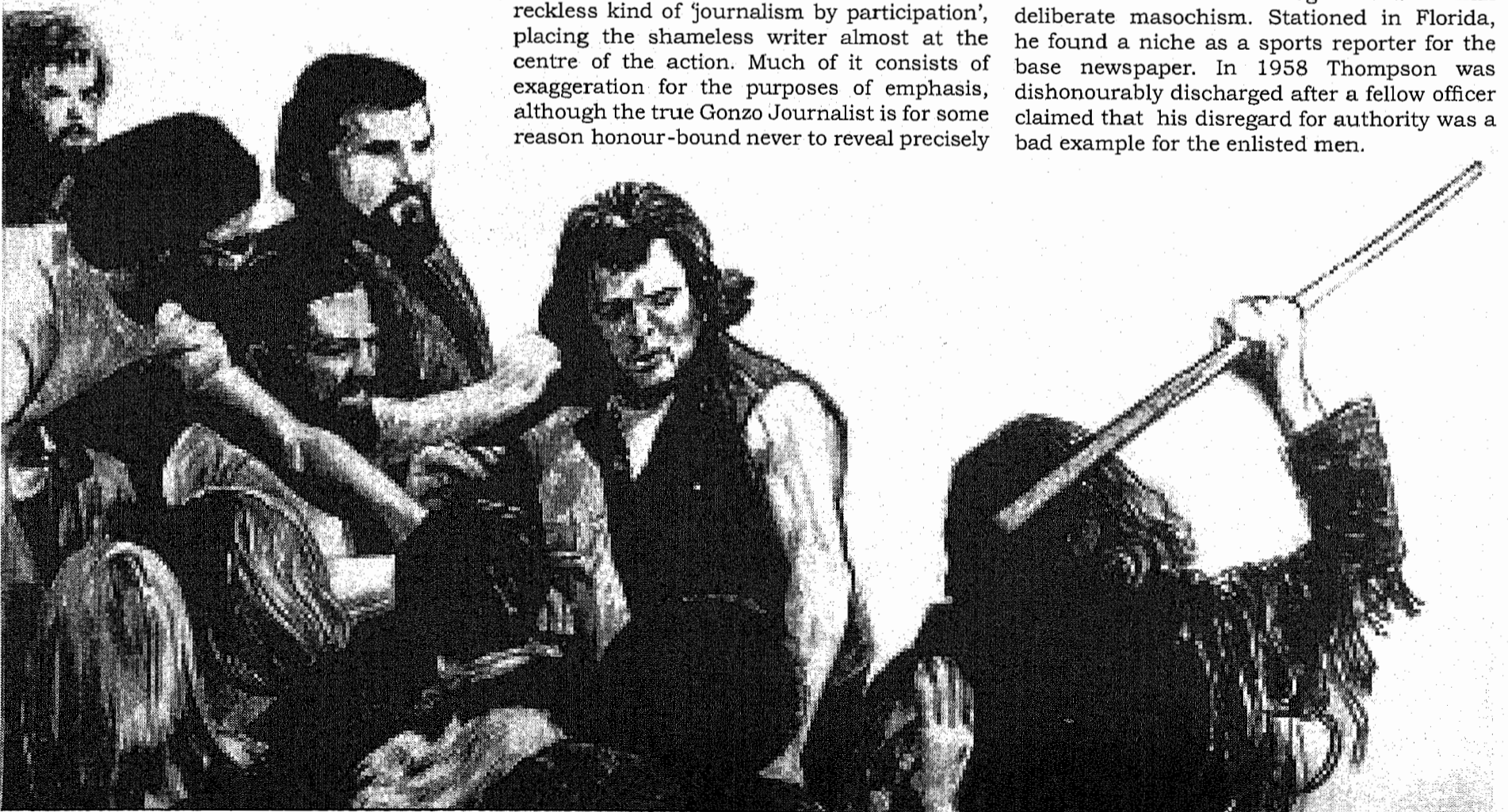
what part of the story is exaggeration. It is for these reasons that that Hunter Thompson is the pariah of editors throughout the industry – every budding young music journalist feels it their duty to submit at least one gross piece of self-indulgent exaggeration, suitably loaded with sentence fragments, ellipses and Unnecessary Capitalisations.

It's not without reason, for example, that the Music Editor of a prominent Adelaide street press specifically concludes his "Notes for New Writers" sheet with the warning "You are probably not Hunter Thompson".

Nevertheless, Thompson is more than just a historical curiosity. Andy Warhol once famously told Lou Reed that he was a fairly mediocre musician and that the only way he would amount to anything was to *work*, or words to that effect. The same was true for Thompson. Since *Hell's Angels*, he wrote more than twenty books, many of which ran more or less along the same lines as *Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas* and *The Great Shark Hunt* – rambling, musical critiques of the Death of the American Dream. Perhaps the majority of them contributed little to the cause of resistance and libertarianism, but some of them did – and still do.

\*\*\*

Hunter Stockton Thompson was born in 1937 the son of a Louisville insurance salesman and his staunchly Baptist wife. There is little doubt that a private school education fostered his deep resentment for authority, but his decision to join the US Air Force probably had more to do with arrogant hubris than deliberate masochism. Stationed in Florida, he found a niche as a sports reporter for the base newspaper. In 1958 Thompson was dishonourably discharged after a fellow officer claimed that his disregard for authority was a bad example for the enlisted men.





After being fired from a variety of jobs on similar grounds, Thomson ended up in Puerto Rico writing for a dishwater newspaper. Here he wrote his first proper book, *The Rum Diaries* – a poorly executed but promising account of his life as a down-and-out postcolonial in South America.

It was an article for *The National Observer* about the notorious Hell's Angels motorcycle gang that provided his first big break. Publishers clamoured for the rights to the subsequent book *Hell's Angels: The Strange and Terrible Saga of Outlaw Motorcycle Gangs*, the research for which probably tempered his lifelong penchant for amphetamines, high-powered weapons and dangerously fast motorcycles. "I've got a lot in common with the Hell's Angels," he famously told one interviewer. "The main difference is that I've got a gimmick – I can write."

Several critically acclaimed articles and a bizarre near-miss campaign for the Aspen Mayoralty (chronicled in his 1969 piece 'The Battle of Aspen: Freak Power in the Rockies') resulted in Thompson's perfection of the demented 'Gonzo' style. His long-suffering *Rolling Stone* editor should have known better when he commissioned Thomson to write a piece about a motorcycle race and a national drug law and enforcement convention in Las Vegas. The two-part story – hopelessly past deadline and off topic – later appeared as *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas: A Savage Journey to the Heart of the American Dream*, and propelled the fiendish 34 year-old to the same kind of counter-culture superstardom as Jack Kerouac and Timothy Leary.

As far as credibility is concerned, this was Thompson's high-water mark; he was now at the vanguard of the 'New Journalism' which the likes of Chuck Palahniuk and P.J. O'Rourke are still cashing in on.

\* \* \*

Perhaps the most ironic thing about Thompson's suicide was the rash of fawning obituaries that it inspired. Not since the death of Princess Diana had so much feigned and disproportionate grief been the result of a celebrity's death. After his fellow writers had dismissed him as an addled and senile old drunkard, Thompson will now be remembered as one of the Great American Journalists, up there with Woodward & Bernstein, Tom Wolfe, Gore Vidal and Horatio Algiers. Sports journalists are especially guilty – a profession that so readily vilifies drug enhanced sporting heroes is now more than ever in public awe of Thompson's drug-fuelled style of journalism.

Thompson was no genius, nor was he in any way among the more informed, rigorous or polemical writers of the latter half of last century. More than much else, his life and work was reassurance that people like me weren't alone in our quest for something better. All *wasn't* right in the world. Exposing cruelty, greed, hypocrisy and injustice wasn't merely a sign of crazed petulance; it was our right – nay, *obligation* – to get crazily fucked-up on uppers and direct every ounce of our righteous vitriol at political power and all the ugliness that it caused. I *had* to spend my life subsisting on coffee, cigarettes and wheat-based packing foam. It was my *duty*. My homelessness, poverty, anger and indignation was a kind of devotional masochism; a crude and sanctimonious hairshirt that signified my dedication to Thompson's struggle against those vicious swine who assumed their own right to govern.

Maybe we were unnecessarily petulant. Maybe the drugs, anger, violence, civil disobedience

and subjective excess had more to do with self-indulgence than dissent. But goddamnit, what else were we supposed to do?

I wasn't about to quietly go to sleep before I even had a chance to be angry about it. Not yet. Mine is a generation of careless weasels who don't care for much more than mobile phones, reality television and menthol cigarettes, too mindless even for existential ennui or post-modern malaise. A sterile, laminated generation of vapid commerce students, beauty therapists and date rapists. Hypnotized, anaesthetised... comatose.

Hunter Thompson was the last remnant of the Beat Generation to witness everything from Vietnam to the tragedy at Altona – from Watergate to Oliver North to Reaganomics and the rise of the Bush Dynasty. He was maybe the only writer of his kind to witness forty years of manufactured consent: successive and increasingly successful attempts on the part of the establishment to slowly suffocate the will of each generation of American youth. Hunter saw all this better than most, and he was damned if he wasn't going to personify its antithesis in every aspect of his life. One of his last books, *Generation of Swine*, although far from his best work, gives us a few clues to Thompson's formula for dissent:

*Maybe there is no Heaven. Or maybe this is all pure gibberish – a product of the demented imagination of a lazy hillbilly with a heart full of hate who has found a way to live out there where the real winds blow – to sleep late, have fun, get wild, drink whisky and drive fast on empty streets with nothing in mind except falling in love and not getting arrested . . .*

*Res ipsa loquitur. Let the good times roll.*

Dr Hunter S. Thompson

Tristan Mahoney

**With respects to Dr. Hunter Stockton Thompson, on the 21st of February, 2005**

The day Hunter Thompson died, I remained oblivious to the fact. I was informed the next afternoon via text message from Tristan Mahoney, former editor of *On Dit*. I had been watching television news for the last hour, and was surprised by the fact that there had been no mention of this tragic loss to the American media, an institution we seem to hold in extremely high regard. I was saddened when I realized that the death of Sandra Dee, former teen celebrity (during the 1960's) and star of the "Gidget" movies (you know, the ones about the ditsy blonde chick who always falls in love at the beach, yeah, that one) had received ample coverage, but a self-inflicted, and fatal gunshot wound to the head of one Hunter Stockton Thompson, born 1937, failed to even rate a mention! I regret the fact that I have not followed the print media today, but one would think that an internationally recognized literary icon, and inventor of the only new genre of journalism during the 20th century would warrant some kind of mention on the evering news.

The only thing that makes Sandra Dee iconic is the mention of her name in a song from the "Grease" soundtrack. She never had a movie made by Terry Gilliam

about her savage journey to the heart of American consciousness, and she never had a comic-strip character based on her alter ego. She never lived inside a walled compound, surrounded by peacocks and guns, and she never consumed enough illicit drugs to kill a small herd of wild buffalo. I was never inspired by this woman to study literature at university, with intentions to carry the gonzo flame wherever it was needed, and she never made me want to be like her.

Why did Thompson shoot himself in the head on a cold, winter's night in Woody Creek, Colorado? Did he know his own son, Juan, would find him like that, head deflated like a bloody pig's bladder, crumpled on the ground with his finger still resting inside the trigger guard? Or did he do it sitting in a chair? It's strange to think how strongly I desire the objective story of his death, when the man dedicated himself to the perversion of traditional journalism, and subjective point-of-view. We can all speculate, should we care enough, as to the circumstances of his death, but the truth is that I was happy for him when I read that his death was self-inflicted. I was more upset before I knew this fact. Whether he intended it or not, whatever the reasons, Thompson ended his own life, dying as he had lived, a suicide up on a stage; it's only rock and roll, but I like it... Strangely enough, it's not possible to have sympathy for the devil, either.

Hunter Thompson was my teen idol, and to some extents I have emulated his behaviour, intentionally or otherwise. Hunter Thompson is still my idol, a man that I look up to and respect for what he offered the world of literature, journalism, and the printed English word at large: A fresh perspective. Very few in this world can lay claim to such an achievement. Every news report is a neat little bio of his career, so I will say only this: Thompson was a renegade journalist who prided himself on antisocial behaviour, the consumption of mind-expansion accelerants, and the love of guns, passions that I share with thousands of others. The world will be so much the poorer without this one-percenter.

*Words are, of course, the most powerful drug used by mankind.*

Rudyard Kipling

*Remember what the Dormouse said:  
Feed  
your head!*

The Jefferson Airplane

Ben Haggemann

# CLIPSAL 500

## The Great Waste

After about 45 minutes my body was pretty much coated in alternating films of sweat, alcohol and a variety of benzene and carbon chemicals. Two hours later I was hacking up an oily stringy substance as my body's defence to the unusually toxic environment, having only really acquired a resistance to the pitiful fumes recirculated in the cabin of my Honda Civic.

The military was of course, stamped all over the event and when the big screens weren't showing the supercars, our nation's other example of mechanical genius - tanks, jets and helicopters were displayed for the appreciation of the enthusiastic crowd. For someone couched in the peaceable university environment, the blatant and proud military advertising was an unsettling peek at war culture, where according to our governments advertising our year 12 Maths and Physics can finally be put to worthwhile use.

It wasn't until about 2pm that I realised the phrase "drinking piss" was literal. It seems everyone was actually drinking their weight in urine. The golden beverages flowing

immediately and seemingly unchanged out onto the dusty earth. It flowed along every gutter, crack and rivulet of the Clipsal catchment area, pooling along the depressions beside the walking paths. It seemed to ooze from the Earth itself like the Nature's milk of some obscene Bacchic orgy. And so by 3pm I could feel the capillary effect soaking it up into my socks, hopefully sanitising more malicious contagens.

The practicality of stereotypes became blatantly clear (contrary to politically correct University propaganda) as I relaxed cross legged in the shade, scanning the crowd. The men like their cars are overweight, loud and greasy whilst the women are overwhelmingly blonde, have excessively cleaven breasts and just to be sure, wearing a "pornstar" t-shirt (or some other synonym). Each an exaggeration of themselves - suits, skirts or stained shirts, and understandably so. With the amount of booze consumed by the average motorhead the visual

field becomes limited, blurry and opaque. With the common motto being, "if it looks, feels and talks like a woman - it's fair game", the strictly defined stereotypes avoid drunken social faux-pas and (obviously unwanted) faggery. Explaining the appropriate brutalising of anyone who should be inconsiderate enough to further blur the line by wearing bootleg jeans for instance.

Literally shining in the crowd of charactitures with reflective lycra shorts and boob tube

was one from the fleet of promotional girls that flittered about the course. They are the logical conclusion of the advert that has a hot chic leaning against a car/power tool/CB radio. Just remove the actual product and brand the girl. Also potentially interesting because they're the one Clipsal participant that is not really dressed in stereotype completely of their own volition. Having wondered a) how lucrative the work was and if there were any male positions available, and b) why women put themselves through such a slobering, groping frenzy of annoyance I interrupted her monologue on the benefits of the Coopers brand and asked, "Wouldn't you prefer just to kick these guys in the balls without having to worry about getting your paycheck?"

"I get paid more in this weekend than you probably do in a month" (obviously I wrecked of university student).

"Good point" but I was the one wearing pants so I felt the argument need go no further.

Meanwhile to my surprise (because they were not particularly brilliant specimens) I found myself gazing at her breasts. They had such a glittery bronze sheen, as if layer upon layer of tanning cream had been applied and then polished. In fact every part of her glimmered with an orangy hue. I realised I couldn't actually see her at all beneath a cosmetic exoskeleton of lycra, foundation and layers of lotion. The only thing that really gave away the fact that i was talking to a real person was her lazy unattentive eyes peering out from behind the thick paste.

The situation reminded me a lot of watching Bert Newton on acid (I was the one on acid not Bert). It's amazing how acute your senses become whilst on acid. You notice things like the scene in Empire Strikes Back where Hans and Leah are in the cockpit, and barely visibly Harrison Ford can be seen mouthing Carrie Fisher's lines. Later I found out it's actually his method of acting. Acid makes Bert Newton particularly fascinating. Immediately you notice his caked on make up and stretched smile but most disturbingly how his eyes subtly



## EVENTS GUIDE

The Union Activities Committee (UAC) is a service of the Adelaide University Union (AUU)  
VSU is a threat to all of these events

March 21 <sup>st</sup>	Bike Tuning - Barr Smith Lawns	SAUA
March 22 <sup>nd</sup>	Social Gathering - Equinox	OSA
March 22 to 24	Union Creative Arts Network (U CAN) Launch	UAC
March 29 to 31	Education Week - Barr Smith Lawns	SAUA
April 1 <sup>st</sup>	Video Games - Cinema	Clubs
April 4 <sup>th</sup>	Future DJ entries open!	UAC

Check out [www.aufs.org](http://www.aufs.org) for a list of films screening by the Film Society!

**COMING SOON:**  
Stay tuned for some exciting National competitions, including the Campus Band Comp, Future DJ, and the National Tertiary Art Prize  
ALSO... The 100th anniversary of PROSH!

### U-CAN

The Union Activities Committee is creating a "Creative Arts Network" (U-CAN). This network will aim to link the artistic community of Adelaide University, providing vital contacts and offering these students a range of services and options, including opportunities to sell their wares or run workshops relating to their crafts.  
This initiative will be launched March 24-26, on the Barr Smith Lawns, so come on down and sign up!!  
UAC... helping U get creative!!



yet frantically dart around the set, probably at the producer or cue card, revealing the just how fake (poor) acting really is. The same can be witnessed in the eyes of most *Days of Our Lives/Bold and the Beautiful* stars.

The Clipsal had of course resulted in the gainful employment of several of my friends. Whilst standing in the leering crowd at the Clipsal cat walk, a girl from my highschool spread her legs on stage in front of me, as she crouched to display the front of her designer Clipsal bikini bottoms. A colleague behind her bent over to ensure all aspects of the product were visible.

I was also gainfully employed at the event last year, in the the most cushy but mentally degrading job - corporate waiting. I was being paid enough that it made no dent in the wallets of my employers and I made just enough to keep me there, so thin is the veneer that separates us from actual subservience. Most of the work was watching about ten people pick at enough food to feed fifty. At almost every opportunity I knelt behind my little counter and dutifully consumed as many tarts and cakes as humanely possibly. My effort to drain as much remuneration out the experience as possible resulted in approximately 6 bottles of wine being transferred to a friend and out of the park and enough cakes and rolls to fill my freezer for the duration of the cold winter ahead. After each lunch the numerous stacked trays of oysters, prawns, meats, vegetables and bread were ferried away, once more parasited by workers, then dumped into a gigantic green kip. Fuck that someone else paid for it. The food was perfectly fit to eat would have been happily carried away into the park by any number of homeless.

Stuck in the little box with the feasting few, I desperatley looked for some saving grace in the scene. Down on the track a fat team owner laughed for the camera with a tall blonde on either side, his arm around the waist of one, hand on the ass of the other.

I realised something that was later galvanised during a stint in a Holdens factory. Both on the track and in the box their stereotypes barely concealed the common arrogant, wastefully gluttonous yet utterly pleasureless nature of our society. They are the upper, the middle, the lower, the congealing and ever increasing fat of the nation.

I watched one of my 'clients', an accountant, slurp down the oysters in truly spectacular fashion. I was then jolted a step backwards as I witnessed an army helicopter swoop down and pound 4 rounds of 5 inch bullets into the back of the man's skull. For the first time in my life a brief squeal of glee left my lips in support of the military before realising the cruelty of optical illusion. The man had been framed by one of the big screen military advertisements and obviously the fumes had begun to affect my synapses in a way that in any other situation may have been mildly enjoyable.

By six o'clock, bloated with booze and meaty gristle (or expensive seafood) the Clipsal 500 inevitably spews its contents into the East End of Adelaide.

On Union St a slouched man, his internal organs distilled in alcohol, adds colour to his "graphic design chic" t-shirt, vomiting over

himself and the ankles of passers by.

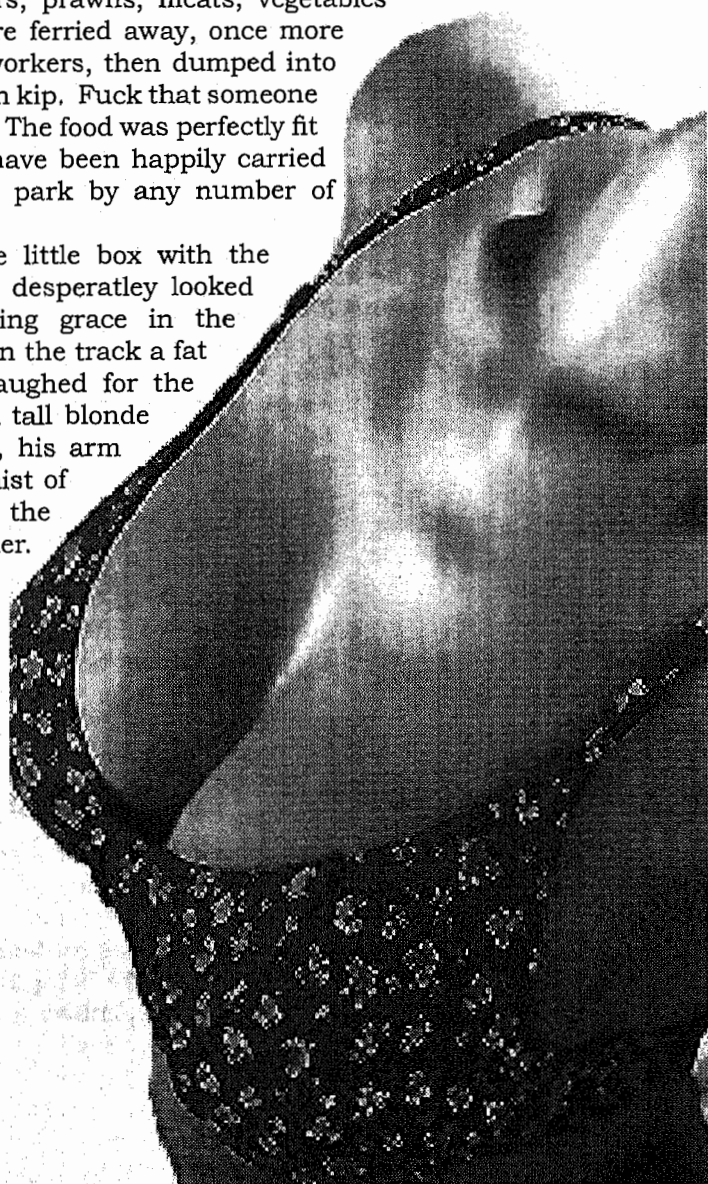
On the corner of Frome Rd and North Tce a girl in a neon pink skirt, innocuous in the cold and dark is cornered by a bunch of 'mates' just 'being polite'.

At the 711 I notice the Advertiser's blaring front cover- a V8 Supercar, slick and colourful. It could not have been in more stark contrast to the rubbish that littered the sidewalk around me. It seems the Premier had made an opening race speech expressing enthusiasm for the "pride and joy" of our fine state, throwing his full support behind the vomit, blood and filth that smeared the streets.

On Rundle St, outside a falafel shop, a scuffle breaks the continuity of the stream of post event revellers. It could have been nothing if not for the instinctual malice of various onlookers. The opportunity for an entirely random and gratuitous punch, better than going home and jerking off, was too much too resist and soon there were 4, 6, 8 people getting into the community atmosphere.

An unfortunate bystander is jolted by one of the participants, he reacts, and is inevitably dragged into the, at this stage quite comical, *Casino Royale*-esque clash of chairs and limbs. Later he is on the curb. A shoe with an 85 kilo Holden supporter behind it, is stomping his ribs into the concrete. The mallee leaves him sitting dazed on the sidewalk, head resting on his chest, staring into his lap, probably wondering what his body felt like five minutes ago. By now the fight is all but over. Walking away the Holden supporter, takes a second thought, and eager to not let slip the opportunity to leave his mark in this meek battle, turns toward the guy on the ground and takes a run up. His boot, emblazoned with the City Council's logo, splinters the young man's face.

Dan J



## YOU CAN'T DRIVE STRAIGHT ON DRUGS OR CAN YOU?

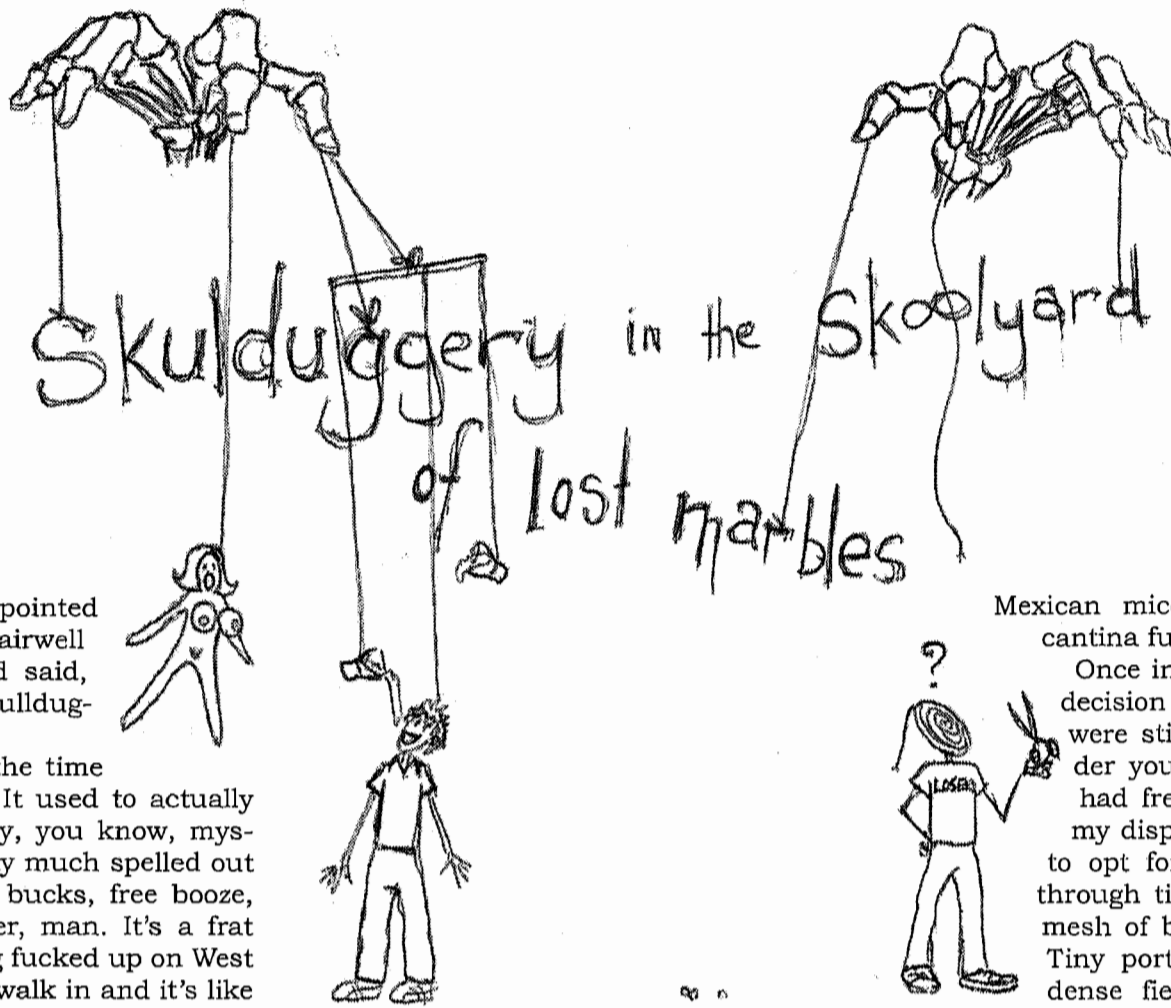
We would like to know what YOU think. You may be able to help us. We are conducting research into risk perception and drug driving among illicit drug users in Adelaide, and would like to interview people who regularly use illicit drugs, such as cannabis, ecstasy, speed, heroin, cocaine, ketamine and GHB, and regularly drive.

Any information you give will remain completely confidential and anonymous, and may help in the development of education campaigns about drug driving.

We can negotiate a suitable location for the interview, and you will receive monetary compensation for your time. The interview will take about 40 minutes.

For more information, or to arrange an interview with a member of our research team, please contact Aylza during business hours on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Phone 8274 3366

This project is being undertaken by the Drug & Alcohol Services Council of South Australia and the Department of Transport & Urban Planning.



It all started when I pointed to a poster in the stairwell of Union House and said, "What the hell is 'Skulduggery' anyway, Dan?"

Dan, who was there at the time replied, "That's the thing. It used to actually have some kind of mystery, you know, mystique. But now it's all pretty much spelled out on the poster; twenty-five bucks, free booze, DJs... it's a fucking kegger, man. It's a frat party. Guys are just getting fucked up on West End or some shit and you walk in and it's like Sodom and Gomorrah. It's like, 'Yeah! Hey man, Toga!'"

"And these guys who are probably in polo shirts are just plying these first year girls with booze and shoving tongues down their throats. I mean, part of me wants to check it out," I knew which part, "but you know... twenty-five bucks."

I nodded, perusing the information on the poster, perhaps contemplatively, perhaps vacantly. Dan continued.

"I mean," he said, "when are you ever going to spend twenty-five beans on beer when you go out anyway? For that money you're more likely to buy a bag, get totally fucked up and then if you're lucky still have enough hooch left over to do the same thing two or three more nights." The 'you' to whom Dan was referring encompassed himself, me and people like us. While we're aware that many people spend that much or more on alcohol every time they go out, to us it doesn't seem like a logical, economical or pleasurable approach to the pursuit of recreational brain damage. In a world where there are cheaper and more enjoyable ways to ruin your health and social standing, the mentality of the drunkard has always baffled me. "Still," he mused, "might be worth seeing if it's possible to sneak in through *On Dit*."

I agreed. Then we moved on.

A couple of days later the event was upon us all. I knew a handful of people planning on finding a back door or hidden catacombs into the cloisters, which didn't seem too difficult considering the north-western pocket of the Adelaide Uni campus looks like it was planned and constructed by giant rats. It would just be a matter of finding a convenient nook or passage through all the architectural clutter and I knew which nook I'd be trying first.

I wandered down into the dungeon of editorial torment hoping to roll a few spliffs and collect a few lackeys on my way into the fray. Joyce was sitting with his face about three inches away from a computer monitor. The radiating light spilled off the small, thin, rectangular box onto his skin (and retinas), turning his flesh a grey/sky-blue colour. He was google-searching George W. Bush pictures. What a drag.

"Hey, J."

"Oh, hey Aloha, what's going on?" He barely

looked away from the monitor. Transfixed he was.

I stood in the centre of the office, soaking in the dank. "Oh not much," feeling quite non-committal, "just dropping in before checking out Skulduggery. Is it difficult to scam our way in?"

"No, it seems quite easy." Vacant. Staring at the monitor in some kind of blissed-out, work related computer-stupor.

"Oh goody. Is it okay if I roll a few spliffs in here?" Why did I ask? I was already unpacking my tin and papers and making a roach out of an expired bus ticket. I might as well have saved our breath.

"Yeah, go right ahead."

After several minutes of rolling, a large portion of which constituted mulling and roach creation, I was ready to rock on in there. I put all of my paraphernalia back in my bag which I left in the office because the last thing you want to be worrying about when you're another drunken sardine is a honking blk great back-pack. The joints I had to put in my shirt pocket, *guard this pocket within an inch of your life* I might have thought to myself if I were more conscious of how crammed we'd all be in that sweat hole. "Joyce, I'd like to head in there," said I.

"Yeah, just wait five minutes. I have to find some better pictures of George Bush," said he. He hates to be kept waiting. But everyone's a hypocrite.

Twenty or thirty minutes later I'm wishing I'd gone in without the crutch of friendship. People I knew started filing, growing too agoraphobic to deal with the whole thing.

"Oh yeah, there were girls with their tits out on the stage earlier."

"It's horrible man, don't go in there. You go in, you get herded this way, that way, suddenly you're, like, under water. It's not pretty."

"Drunk people everywhere."

"A lot of macho jock wankers."

"It was pretty boring."

"...pretty crazy."

"A lot of polo shirts..."

I was missing out on so much shit. Thankfully, Joyce cut his losses after a while and before we knew it we were in like a family of speedy

Mexican mice into a badly guarded cantina full of cheese and tequila.

Once inside you had to make the decision either to bail while you were still near an exit or surrender your self to mass hysteria. I had free beer and Mary Jane at my disposal so I was in the mood to opt for the latter. We were led through tiny cracks in the physical mesh of bodies and people's limbs. Tiny portholes and channels in a dense field of spatial occupation.

Our meandering trek through the throng halted where the gods of aggression and ignorance bestowed free beer unto the masses. Joyce and I got two cans each, for free mind you, much freer than the other loons around us were getting their beer for.

I tried to illustrate how a buddy system seemed like the only logical way to effectively explore the situation while still being able to share the experience with someone you know. This may have appeared exclusive or anti-social at the time. To me it just made sense. So invariably I ended up wandering off on my own, looking for a light so that I could start getting stoned enough to appreciate the true human insanity of the experience I was now a part of. It's the sort of thing that takes a while in a crowd mostly full of guys, "Hey Alexis."

"Oh, hey Aloha. How you been?" Alexis had a kind of rosy, drunk complexion at that moment and a demeanour that was always gentle.

"Not too bad. It's been tough looking for a light for this spliff though. This crowd is mostly guys and unless you have boobs they usually seem to not have the time for you."

"These things are always like that though." He seemed disappointed as he looked around the place. "It's all just desperate, drunk, wankers. I'd really like to organise a night like this and sell all the tickets just to these guys and then have a real party somewhere else." A chuckle hopped out of my chest.

"It's a good idea. Keep these fuckers occupied and off the streets while we enjoy ourselves. Then if they get really bored they can all just hook up with each other."

"Yeah, totally."

I indicated the need to continue my search for a flame.

Before I knew it my lighter search had sucked me into a reality full of horror and pain, I was in front of the stage. The music was loud and boring. Movement was difficult. The whole experience felt less like being underwater and more like being suspended in jelly. I slowly waded through the crowd asking practically everyone I passed if they had a light. Do you? No. Do you? No. Do you? No. Do you? No. Do you? No.

Finally I wound up asking these two exotic looking girls with slight English accents; "Sorry

looking girls with slight English accents; "Sorry we don't smoke." When you meet someone with an English accent you generally expect them to be pale, spiritless and spud-faced. Like a piglet with no personality or a bowl of rice pudding. But I suppose England is as multicultural as the next place these days.

"Yeah, neither do I. Just wanted to get stoned, for which I need fire. But there's nothing but guys around and it seems like there's no courtesy between dudes anymore. Unless they want something out of you it's like they can't be bothered." A lot of people just don't justify the space they occupy in the Universe anymore.

The girls seemed stoner sympathetic. Stoners can sense commonality. The more Indian or Pakistani looking girl used her feminine wiles to fish a lighter out of the crowd for me. I think the guy who handed it to her was one of the jocks I asked earlier. "Nah I don't smoke," he said to me. I hate these bastards.

At long, long last the joint was lit. It was one of those novelty sized ones that you could mistake for an Olympic torch from a distance. Plenty to go around, but I'd lost Joyce, I lost Vic, Stan had already bailed, Dan ended up being a no-show, so out of courtesy for helping me find El Flammo I offered the English girls a smoke. The Mediterranean looking one, or possibly Moroccan... or whatever, with curly hair was reticent at first. "No thank you, I wouldn't want to steal your weed."

I explained that I had another couple of joints up my sleeve and that I didn't mind sharing some pot in exchange for finding a light. Her friend who had already had a few puffs was egging her on too. "Besides which," I added, "I would have shared this with my friends anyway, but they've all been absorbed by the giant throbbing mass."

"That sounds like a pickup line," she said as she took a drag.

"Maybe," I smiled, "but the fact is that they just got stuck in the same old social traps and I wasn't going to get much adventuring done by waiting around for them to keep moving." I had a few drags. The smoke was warm in my mouth, the flavour and aroma was pungent. It warmed and tickled my resinated lungs as I hoovered it back into my chest. "What have you made of tonight?" I asked, thick, light-grey smoke billowing up into the stratosphere as I spoke.

"It's been a lot of fun. I just really love meeting people, talking to strangers. How can you not have fun in a place like this? With this many people around."

"I guess," I mused in my stoned vague way, "it's down to perspective and how you tell your mind to focus on a situation. I suppose you could easily find all of this mass self-absorbed, drunken, mindlessness kind of disturbing. Maybe even depressing. But if you can focus on something more positive then you might as well. It's probably better for you."

The joint had gone out. Too much talking, not enough smoking. We needed to find another lighter with a jerk attached to it. Unfortunately the girls attracted one real dumb-bastard fuck-hole's attention to the fact we were raging, he wanted to rage too.

We had nabbed a lighter and the joint was lit but I had this fuckhead in my face saying, "Come on, gimme some of that." His eyes were fixed upon the half torched Zeppelin in my hand with the kind of bleary, drunken lust that you see in guys who talk to women while blatantly ogling their boobs. This guy was a total schmuck.

"Hang on," I said to him, my rebellious

streak taking over, "you never said the magic word. Surely you mother taught you the magic word." I held the spliff further away from him as I said this.

"Just gimme some."

"No way, man. Not with that lousy attitude. Look it's easy, the magic word is 'please'"

He tried hard to focus on the joint while maintaining his equilibrium. "Jus' lemme have some."

"I will, I will let you have some," I was grinning like a Cheshire Cat by this stage. It took a little

bit of self control not to start chuckling at this guy's expense. "Just say 'please' and before you know it the joint will be in your hands."

"Nah, just..."

"Yeah, motherfucker. Come on; make me and your mother proud." At this point Rudey McJockman was actually trying to paw at the doobie. I held it out further away from him and stood there with my hand on his chest keeping him at arms length. He held his hands out, palms up with his fingers curling back and forth so as to beckon the drugs into his hands. "Come on you pigheaded freak. I've already told you what you have to do to get the fucking thing. It feels good to say please. It makes you feel warm inside." I couldn't stifle my laughter anymore by this stage, the guy was built like a brick shithouse with brains to match. "Just try it. Start with the 'P' and let the rest flow. It's the only way you'll get anything from me."

"Please can I have some weed?" He buckled. What a fucking hassle.

"It's gone out," I said precociously as I handed it over. "It went out with all the fart-arsing around. Now you have to find a lighter. See how much trouble you create for yourself when you try and barge your way through life?" I turned to his friends. "Sorry about all of that. I just can't let people get what they want out of me by being an asshole. I'm not here to be walked all over."

Now schmuck-face was smoking the thing like it was going out of fashion. "Hey is that a joint?" said a nice young man who was wandering past.

"Yeah it is. Would you like some?"

"Yes please, if that's okay."

The Universe plays the funniest jokes on us sometimes. "Hey buddy," I gestured to Johnny Moronic, "this guy would like some." The joint was returned and the jocks moved on making the session once again civilised. After five or ten more minutes of small talk one of the girls exclaimed, "Shit! There's a fight breaking out over there!" I turned to look in the direction of the scuffle. *Ah geez, man. Why don't people like this just duel to the death like real men?* Sometimes you can actually see physical manifestations of testosterone at work. And it's always ugly. After a second it dawned on me that one of the instigators of the fight looked a lot like the jock who smoked some of my spliff. I turned away shaking my head. *Some people just can't hold their smoke... or their liquor... or their temper...*

Somehow I ended up back at the altar of the beer gods, nursing a can and watching the debauchery stoop to a new level. It was at the stage in the night where guys were shoving their tongues halfway down to some girl's stomach. *Mmmm, oesophagus.* Some guy I didn't know from a bar of soap strolled on by. "These kids are fucked up," he said to me.

"Yeah man." It was the kind of truth you had to soak in for a second or two. "Hey, Gus!" I called after him. He stopped, turned and leaned in to hear what I wanted to say. "I want you to

know that I took what you said very seriously. I mean, yeah they're fucked up on booze and whatever else. But they're also just Fucked Up. What is it about this generation of high school leavers, man? They're all so mindless and soulless. Is it TV? Is it advertising? Have they just spent their whole existence in the shadow of '80s and '90s corporate mentality? They can't even tell what's real anymore."

Gus nodded thoughtfully. "Word," he said.

I wondered what people who have spent their whole lives in the cold, digital embrace of the internet would grow up to be like. Who knows, maybe they'd be less shallow and insulated.

"What is with all these kids, man?" Sarah snapped me out of my own headspace. She was the kind of vibrant, loud, effervescent girl who was impossible to ignore even when you wanted to. Not that I minded at the time.

"Gus and I were saying just before how they seem really fucked up. Fucked up priorities. Fucked up principles. Just fucked up people."

"Yeah man," her voice had passion, maybe even a little anger in it. "And what is with all the fucking polo shirts?"

"Don't get me started on the polo shirts."

Somehow, through a sky-high and drunken haze of running into people, having conversations that were difficult to decipher the meaning of, and having old friends suggestively pressing their boobs against my shoulder while they spoke to me, a small group of us found ourselves at the after party in a hotel-pub in North Adelaide. Was it the Oxford? Was it the Lion? I don't even know anymore. And I didn't bleeding well care, it was all just getting too ridiculous to be thought about in any kind of real terms.

Standing near the entrance way of the hotel got very dull quite quickly so I decided to see if any people I wanted to talk to were boogying on down with the rest of the smashheads. From here on in things got, really, really stupid. People were either stuck to the bar drinking or stuck to the walls and podiums dancing or negotiating this endless circular current of people trying to get from one side of the establishment to the other. It was like being Alice, stuck in the Dodo's mindless fucking Caucus Race, *the Dodo suddenly called out "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it, panting, and asking, "But who has won?"*

It occurred to me also that human beings are like Salmon. Most are swimming against the stream of the Universe in one giant act of gormless solidarity. If you decide it's painful and stupid to swim against the stream of the Universe and feel like it's time to change direction then you have to deal with swimming against the flow of all the other Salmon. It's hard to make any progress in those circumstances.

The night wore on in this manner until the cops busted it all up. Probably because the venue was over-capacity and was selling alcohol to under aged kids. Whatever, I can't believe the proprietors couldn't foresee that happening. If they're lucky they made enough off the bar to keep the pigs quiet.

Swine always have a little filth on their snouts. Now if you'll excuse me, I must be on my way.

**Aloha Hoy**  
*aka Marbles Rocket Thunderbunny*

# SWINE

It was a bizarre scene, reminiscent of some kind of particularly vicious and bloody Roman carnival. The room was full of them, hideous swarms of them. They were crawling across each other, fighting, smashing, gnawing, gnashing, each of them forcing their sweaty, coffee and semen stained manuscripts upon hapless publishers.

Here I stand in the middle of the Australian Unpublished Writers festival - the meeting place for undiscovered geniuses, frustrated geniuses, geniuses suffering writers block and meth fuelled drug fiends alike.

Each year the major publishing houses send their delegates, all carefully hand-picked from their flock of aspiring book editors, to the swollen, moist shores of the Gold Coast for this lone conference.

The writers come hoping to sell their novels and make their first million. The publishing delegates come to peruse thousands of terrible, derivative compositions hoping to find a shred of integrity or originality. It's a feeble, fruitless task for both.

I must immediately point out that my function at this orgiastic assembly was not to hock off my opus. I'm far too cynical for that. Instead I play the role of observer. It's a wonderful scene to study. It's people at their most desperate, most shameless and most unrepentant. They're like bulls shown a red rag or homeless men fighting over a discarded pizza box, but slightly more pungent.

It's a relatively simple interaction between aspiring writer and publishing pleb. As the publishing delegates can't be expected to read a

novel in the time they're limited to, the frazzled genius standing in front of them is required to give a brief synopsis of their book. It appears there are three kinds of undiscovered genius: article A is a spiritually awakened acid freak who, through his countless experiences with the beyond, has gleaned a personal philosophy about the infinitesimal beauty of the universe that he has managed to channel into a brisk 200 page Sci-Fi nugget called *The Abyss* featuring a space traveller named Azorp. L Ron Hubbard was one of these.

Article B is a dowdy housewife living a life of quiet desperation who every day dreams of the day when her modern day Mr. Darcy will swoop into her suburban kitchen and lead her to a new life of adventure, amazement, romance and "throbbing members". She's written an epic 600 page treatise entitled *Summer in the Sun* overflowing with superfluous adjectives and featuring no less than 376 oblique references to moist genitalia. Madame Bovary was one of these.

The third Article, article C, comprises about 60% of the total group. He's a drug addled twenty something perpetually draped in a long overcoat who, after seven years, is the proud owner of a half finished arts degree. Most of his time has been spent talking to other like-minded souls about the unforgivable excesses of greater society while chowing down on acid blotters in a vain attempt to cast off his inky cloak of *ennui*. He's written very little but feels he is on the verge of breaking out and doing something really visionary. He's planning to travel across the Simpson desert and write a chiselled husk of brilliant Gonzo journalism as soon as he gets the capital to start.

This pathetic masquerade sustains itself on meth and caffeine for five days before burning out and retreating for the next twelve months.

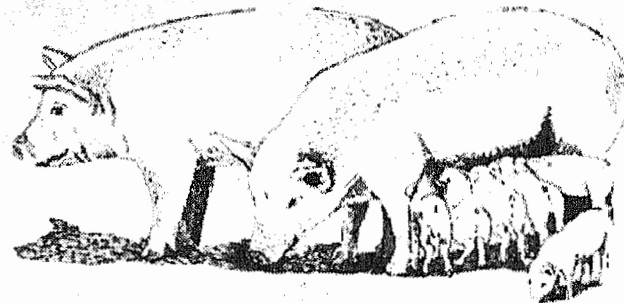
At the end of each day the concurring members of the groups find each other in little bars around the town to discuss the day at battle. On the final evening of the week I found myself stuck in one such bar with one of the more deluded members of group C. He was perhaps the quintessential example, the classic type, promising to become the next Hunter S. Thompson. In his mind, ten years spent taking drugs and a lifetime of despising the establishment was all he needed to become a brilliant writer. Armed with these feeble weapons he planned to take over the literary world and be a shining example to all his contemporaries.

The major thing these people fail to recognise is that what makes a writer like Hunter great is his originality and what makes writers like them so lame is that they're mere facsimiles. They're poor imitations destined to spend their lives in the artistic shadows.

Feeding frenzies like this conference bring people excellent opportunities to do interesting things. It's just a shame that they're so fearful of doing anything new and always take the easy route.

It's easy to be a drug addled, angry fool and agonizingly hard to be unique.

Wolfgang Hackman



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### MESSAGE TO ALL STUDENTS AND STAFF

By now you will be aware of the emergency situation and response efforts that resulted from water damage on campus last Friday.

I am pleased to advise that due to the extensive cleanup and recovery efforts all regular teaching sessions, including tutorials, seminars, practicals and computer laboratory sessions in Psychology and Computer Science (except for some 2nd and 3rd year Computer Science tutorials and practicals) will resume as normal from tomorrow. All library books are also accessible in the Barr Smith Library.

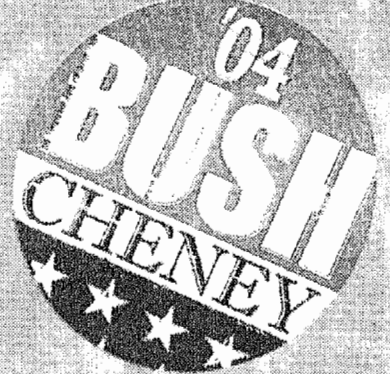
As some areas still remain out of operation, I ask that you observe the directions of Security staff and relevant signage associated with these controlled and prohibited areas. Contingency plans are in progress for those staff and research areas still experiencing disruption of services.

To all involved throughout the cleanup and recovery effort, I extend my sincere thanks. Over the weekend, over 80 University staff along with almost 100 contractors and service providers worked tirelessly to restore services as soon as possible. The teamwork and commitment displayed in this emergency effort is a true reflection of the strength and unity of the University community. I have been proud to lead such a willing and dedicated team.

Daily updates are available at <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/waterdamage/>

PAUL DULDIG  
Emergency Director  
17 March 2005  
The University of Adelaide

# RED, WHITE AND POO



In the honour of gonzo journalism and the late Hunter S. I decided to take my own adventure in that form of journalism. After much thought I decided it would be interesting to become the most hated and despised thing on the planet. I decided to spend a day walking in the shoes of an American (originally it was to be a week, but I just couldn't take the constant jeers and abuse any longer). So, donning my favourite "I Love George W" T-shirt and checking and memorising the terrorism alert hotline, I tapped into my pure source of arrogance and stepped out the door. It was to be an interesting day.

I am naturally an aggressive, stupid and arrogant person, but being American would involve me turning those attributes to full. I tried to adopt a Texan accent, deciding that Texas would be the place to come from since they are decidedly the most American of all Americans, after all that is where our beloved world leader comes from. I felt my IQ slip down many notches and let my eyes take the world in, danger confronted me from every angle, I'd never noticed

it was my duty as a red-blooded American to view them with suspicion. As the male of the pair bent and fiddled with his shoes I immediately drew my mobile phone and dialled the digits of the terrorism hot line bar the final digit, as my finger hovered over my phone I waited for the spark from a lighter, the obvious sign that he was igniting a shoe bomb. He retied his shoelace, stood, and walked on, I breathed a sigh of relief and returned my phone to my pocket. Disaster had been averted but my terrorism tuned American eyes had been onto them.

I reluctantly let the pair wander off and decided to pursue other "Americanisms". What else do Americans do? Mmmm... Of course! They strive for world domination. This may have been a bit of a long shot and maybe not possible to achieve in one day so instead I elected to do the other thing any true Texan is good at, I started to lie about everything and answer with a smug "fuck you" smile to any question asked. Perhaps lie is a harsher word. I began to use untruths that I believed implicitly. I wandered into a supermarket, not my local one for I may have been recognised, all around me people began to stare and show instant dislike towards me. I couldn't understand why this was then I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror and the "I love George W" T-shirt that I wore. I smiled smugly, I'm better than all these people, I'm an American.

I stepped up to the bakery counter situated at the back of the store. I cleared out my throat and attempted my Texan drawl, "Where are the Twinkies?" I said brashly, this was the only American food item I could think to ask about. Since most American cul-

ture is learned from sitcoms it was either that or Oreos which unfortunately our supermarket shelves do now stock.

"Excuse me sir?" The young girl behind the counter asked with a strained expression. "I said WHERE ARE THE TWINKIES?" Being America, when misunderstood or wanting to get your point across it is best to yell.

"Sir, there is no need to yell," the poor girl said taking a step back and nervously looking around for the manager.

"I'M NOT YELLING THIS IS A PERFECTLY REASONABLE VOLUME TO SPEAK AT." WHERE ARE THE GODDAMN TWINKIES WOMAN?" I was beginning to enjoy being American, my Texan drawl was getting better.

A short balding man suddenly appeared at the counter, the girl stepped aside and let him deal with this loud mouthed yank.

"I'm the manager here, what seems to be the problem?" he asked scanning my T-shirt before looking at me with pure distaste.

"TWINKIES, I NEED TWINKIES YOU SUMBITCH!" I yelled even louder, I'd forgotten I was even pretending to be American I was instead a raving lunatic. It didn't strike me until later that they two are the same.

"Sir, if you can't calm down I'll have to call security," the balding manager said glancing over my shoulder.

"DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO. I'M AN AMERICAN GODDAMNIT!" I had more to say, or should I say yell, when suddenly rough hands grabbed me from behind. Before I could even fathom what was going on a shaved headed man of rather large build hurled me out the front doors of the supermarket.

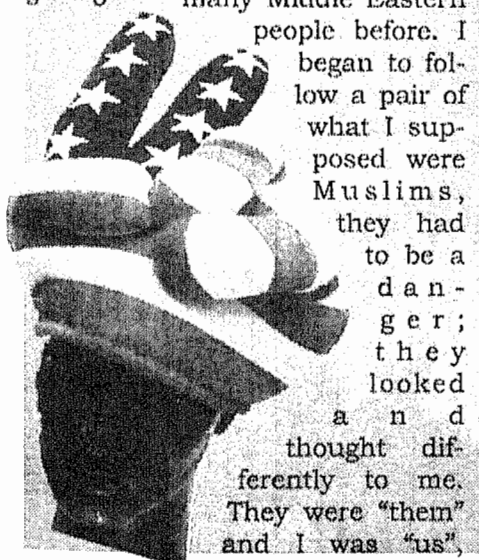
"Get out and stay out you stupid

Yank bastard," he said through gritted teeth, his fists clenched.

"HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT. I'LL SUE YOU FOR THIS YOU FUCKING COMMUNIST." I stepped towards him, I don't know what had come over me, I just felt like I could take on the world. I was wrong.

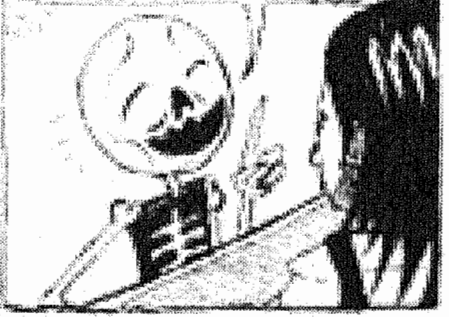
I regained consciousness an undetermined time later. I had been left lying on a beach outside the now closed supermarket. My head ached and I felt nauseous. So this is what it feels like to be American I thought to myself. I dragged myself to my feet and slowly made my way home. It was during my painful stroll that I decided not to continue this experiment for a week, one day in the mind of an American was more than enough, I felt pity for all those millions who had to do it day in day out with no choice. With this decision made I felt my IQ rising again (albeit only slightly) and my aggression levels lowering to their normal level, my arrogance stayed pretty much the same but that's just me. So, a word of warning to anyone out there who chooses to try this experiment, learn to defend yourself before becoming an American, or even better, just attack anyone you suspect is about to attack you before they get the chance. That was one area I forgot to be American. However I did stick to the role by getting my ass kicked.

Andy

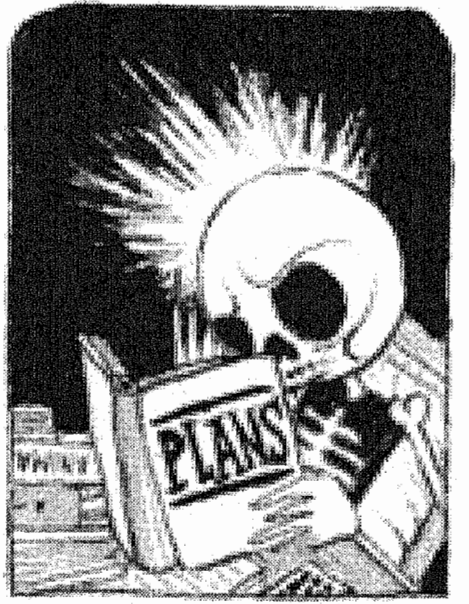
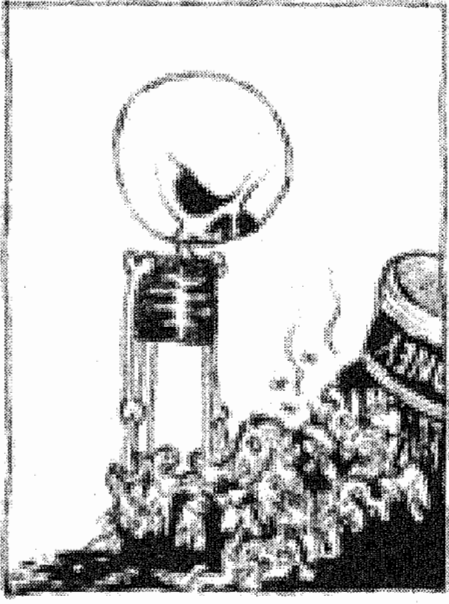


## skulduggery 1902

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# “But Officer, I had no idea my visa had lapsed...”

Japan, November 26. I'm sitting in the Immigration Department of Naha District with mascara plastered in rivulets across my cheeks. I'm supposed to be catching a plane to Saigon in 45 minutes, leaving what has been my life for the last ten months behind. I'll be leaving alright, but not in the way I planned. Not unless my original plan had been to stupidly present evidence that I had unknowingly overstayed my visa and then be informed in no uncertain terms that I would not be leaving today. That I would in fact be legally detained, interrogated and then unceremoniously deported, the black mark in my passport a mere blot compared to the one I now carried above my head. No, I certainly didn't remember seeing that in my travel itinerary. When it becomes apparent that my hysterical cries aren't going to sway the hardened spines of the immigration police, I can only resign myself to what fate has in store for me. I desperately hope that doesn't involve a jail cell and a surreal Japanese interpretation of Cell Block H. I'm pretty sure I'd be the biggest girl in the wing, but my language skills are limited and the Japanese for 'top dog' isn't something the Lonely Planet covers.

After a tearful phone call to the folks and a tentative one to the girl I'm supposed to be meeting in Vietnam, I'm led to a room on the seventh floor. There's a single bed in the corner whose sheets I'm fairly sure haven't been washed since the American occupation and an adjoining bathroom. At least I won't have to squat in front of Teru, the miniature officer they've chosen to guard my cell. Officer Takeshi tells me to get some rest because the next day will be spent in interrogation rooms. I've been allowed to take a change of clothes and some toiletries but no writing materials or even a book. Perhaps they're worried I'll flip out under the pressure and try to end it all. I try to communicate in hand signals that I'm more likely to exit the mortal coil through the germ

27th Nov  
 After a long wait outside  
 I am finally out of the im-  
 Dept and I for all the time  
 I had been a crazy and  
 in Japan and me then not  
 like to repeat again so  
 I've been banned for  
 10 years!!



culture living in the bed than through a determined application of a paper cut, but he mistakes my frantic charades for true insanity and shuffles out of the room backwards. I've got 24 hours to kill till my interrogation begins and I'm without even a ball to bounce against the wall Steve McQueen style. With a sigh, I begin to count down the seconds as they slowly turn into minutes and then hours. Through some sadistic twist of fate, I've been assigned the Most Annoying Man In The World to perform suicide watch over me. (It couldn't be escape. Even a Japanese person couldn't fit through the miniscule window, and besides, the iron bars look fairly sturdy.) Turns out Teru has been studying English and wants someone to practice on. Fabulous! For the next four hours, our conversation unfolds somewhat like this:

Teru: Hello!  
 Me: Hi. (sob)  
 T: How are you.  
 M: Are you serious?  
 T: I am fine, thankyou, and you?  
 M: Just wonderful.  
 T: I am study English.  
 M: That's great. I really care right now.  
 T: You are American?  
 M: No, Australian.  
 T: Oh! Australia! Koala! Koala is very cute!  
 M: That's right. We eat them.  
 T: \*shocked\*  
 M: They're delicious. Tastes like chicken.  
 T: Do you know car?  
 M: Not personally. Is he nice?  
 T: I have car.  
 M: Congratulations!  
 T: I like to practice English with you.  
 M: Let's not and say we did.  
 T: I like movie.  
 M: \*sigh\*

On it goes. Everytime I try to ignore him, he stands waiting patiently for a response. Eventually I teach him to play "I Spy" which goes for an excruciatingly long time considering there are approximately four items in the room. I begin to wonder if a thousand paper cuts could kill somebody and suddenly realise why I have been denied a book. In desperation, I brave the scummy bathroom and stand under the shower for another hour until the water goes cold. I decide I will wile the hours away in this manner, struggling through conversation with Teru until the water has heated up again. By nine pm, my IQ has dropped twenty points and my skin has achieved a permanent moisture wrinkle. Over a modest dinner, Teru begins to tell me about his favourite movie star (Tom Cruise). I light my twentieth cigarette and the night drags on.

I wake up the next morning in a confused stupor, forgetting for a moment where I am.

"Ohayo!"  
 It hits me like a barrage of meaningless, grammatically incorrect conversation. Teru has brought me breakfast and a message from the powers that be. My interrogation will begin

in an hour.

I use the time to take a particularly long shower, singing loudly to block out the strains of Teru that still assault me through two doors. Wearing fresh clothes and the tell tale signs of oil deprivation, I am taken to the third floor and told to wait outside for five minutes. An hour and a half later, the door opens and I am brought before the man who will decide the manner of my exit from the land of the rising sun. To my dismay, it is not Officer Takeshi standing before me, but the much sterner Officer Sakamoto.

Sakamoto is the picture of the police protagonist in late night Japanese cop movies on SBS. I refrain from asking him if he's considered a career in the dramatic arts. He asks me to sit down and to explain myself. For a brief hysterical moment, I feel as if I am back in high school. I have to remind myself that this kind of expulsion is a lot more serious. I tell Officer Sakamoto in my best Japanese that I had no idea my visa had lapsed. I reasoned to him that, had I known, it would hardly have been likely to hand my passport over to the very authorities that hunt down criminals of the immigration defrauding kind. He shoots me a glance that indicates I look, in his estimation, exactly like the kind of person that would do this. I realise that tears will not work on this Beat Takeshi wannabe and simply spend an hour apologising and staring at my hands. A life with Teru stretches out before me and I think of the remote likelihood of suffering Stockholm Syndrome under his grating tones. Imagine my surprise when Sakamoto/Beat Takeshi sighs and tells me he'll allow me to leave. Pardon? He tells me I'll need to sign some paperwork and have a mugshot taken, but they'll try and get me on a plane this afternoon. This afternoon! I display an appropriately subdued form of enthusiasm, but secretly I have fallen a little in love with Sakamoto/Beat Takeshi. He offers me a cigarette, and I gratefully accept. He tells me he is studying English and begins to tell me about his favourite movie star. Hey, I figure it's a small price to pay for freedom.

Clementine Ford





# i ♥ the united arab emirates

A lowly sub-editor's story of lands far away, mischievous cherubs and copy watch vendors....behold the wonder that is DUBAI!

Yes, you read correctly, I've been to the posh-as-Posh and Becks emirate (or state) known as Dubai. Why? Well, it was my mother's idea. My Uncle Terry lives and works in the U.A.E. as a civil engineer, and lucky me got to accompany my mother to visit him and his wonderful family. How's that for an early birthday present huh? HUH? Freakin' awesome, that's what. Some of you may still be wondering where in the world is the U.A.E. Ask a geography student, guy! Anyway, back to the story. Right. Before this journey, I had not travelled outside of Australia, so Dubai seemed pretty darn exotic. And it is! Dubai is really rich, both fiscally and culturally. The population has three distinct groups; Arab Muslims, Pakistani workers and Ex-pat Aussies, Brits, South Africans, you name it, all enjoying the tax-free income and leisurely pay packets employment in Dubai offers. My cousins are spoiled rotten, with memberships at the Jumeirah Beach Hotel Gym, and the best golf club. They're 10 and 11 years old. I spent a whole bunch of time haggling with vendors in the beautiful souks (markets), selling products from spices to copy watches and everything between. But especially the pashminas. Woah the pashminas! Mum and I managed to come home with merely 6 of these divinely decadent soft wool oversize scarves. (Ask Steph the fashion guru for a more accurate description if you're confused). The

weather was surprisingly mild, with a top of about 30 degrees Celsius. It is the desert, after all. Speaking of the desert, the "must do" activity for all tourists in Dubai is dune bashing in 4WD's on the magnificent desert landscape. You can hire a car and DIY, or do what I did and let a tour guide do the driving. This is not for the faint hearted or weak stomached. The driver takes you through some seriously rough and tumble terrain, including almost vertical sand slides. Totally gnarly! Our tour included a camel ride, Arabic dinner, drinks, belly dancing and my favourite, the sheesha pipe smoking! The sheesha pipe pretty much looks like a hooka pipe, or a giant bong, if you will. Contrary to popular belief, the powder smoked is not narcotic, nor does it contain much nicotine. It simply smells and tastes divine. There are many flavours, but the most popular is plain apple or apple and cinnamon. Dubai is by far the most liberal of the Emirates as far as dress codes for women are concerned, but be warned, even in long sleeves and pants, both my mother and I were gawped at by Arab and Pakistani men, which we found quite confronting. It could be easier to wear a head scarf, just to avoid the stares. Dubai is a great place for bargain hunting. I grew to enjoy haggling. A great line to use is "Would you charge your mother this price?", with particularly stubborn stall holders, but mostly they aim to please. Be

prepared to be constantly hassled, like in Hong Kong, by seemingly random guys offering great prices on handbags, NEVER FOLLOW THEM. A fellow female tourist told me of how she followed one of these guys to his "office", looked at handbags and was consequently offered a look at dvd's. After she refused the man simply asked "Fucking?". Bear in mind this woman was a grey haired grandmother, and alone. I can hear you thinking; so THAT'S how you get porn in Dubai! Also to be enjoyed was the fabulous food, beautiful surroundings and the somewhat raft like water taxis called "abras", which cost about fifty cents a crossing over Dubai creek. And yes, there are ways and means to enjoy alcohol in Dubai. Licensed bars and restaurants are usually part of hotels, and western residents can obtain a special card to get jiggy with the bootleg. Booyal I highly recommend Dubai as a holiday destination, what with the speeding motorists, Von Dutch rip-offs, disgustingly decadent shopping malls and more dates than you can handle (of the fruit kind).

Heather McGinn



## Dan Brown: It may sell, but is it pop art?

You know what? You people shit me to tears. To absolute tears. What is it with society these days? Or is it that you just spell 'quality' with a 'k'? Let me spell something out for you: just because it is a best seller, or a platinum album, or the same kind of thing, it isn't necessarily a good thing.

Take books for example. Dan Brown is one of the - no, *the* - worst author to ever soil the shelves of a bookstore. *The Da Vinci Code* is a pile of fresh, steaming hot crap. Faced with a night of insomnia, and having run out of anything else worth reading, I turned to something I was given for Christmas - never a good idea, but hey. My life is full of them. I read this book in about 4-5 hours, and now I want those hours back, Dan.

For one thing, there is no ending. Remember, kiddies, in primary school when the nice teacher said "Always plan your stories, because if you get to the end and all you have is '...and then they all died', that's not good." Fell asleep in year four, did we Dan? Then there is the bullshit sub-plot of love that he adds as an afterthought. After spending a good 600 pages taking every painting out of context, and basically writing a masturbatory 'look how good I can research' novel, he then finishes with Langdon, the, ahem, hero of the book, confessing his undying love to Sophie, the rebellious and slightly eccentric heroine. Or thereabouts. Fuck off. If I wanted to read some

sappy love story, I'd have bought some Mills & Boone paperback, not a 'thriller' (I use that term veeeeeeeeeeeeery loosely).

And here is the kicker, people. When I took this book to swap it for something of the same value, like a fifteen-year-old copy of *The All-Lebanese Channel TV Guide*, the guy at the book exchange said, "...no, I don't want that, I have three copies. No one buys that crap." When even a thieving, uncouth Book-exchanger won't take it, it has to be bad. You want a funny book, buy a Birmingham or Red Dwarf novel. You want a weird, shocking book, buy an Ellis novel. You want a love story, buy a porno. Now *that's* my kind of love story.

As for music, don't get me started. How can shit like Jessica Simpson, New Found Glory and... (bear with me here, I'm forced to look through my sister's shocking CD collection - who the fuck are Brand New?) fly off the shelves while Thievery Corporation, The Black Keys and Pnau just sit there, looking pretty and collecting dust? It's a travesty, I tells ya, a travesty.

And to finish with a topic close to my heart, everybody who has started supporting Chelsea just because they're beating everyone should go out and slash their own wrists with a dull, rusty spoon, and not come back inside until

they've succeeded. I don't support Chelsea, I don't even like them, but these people who are supporting Chelsea probably bought Arsenal tops two years ago, and probably bought Man United tops two years before that. And they probably have a Real Madrid top in the closet. You turncoat, fair-weather bastards. You probably said you supported Greece at Euro 2004, too. Scum.

Oh, yeah, and RIP Hunter S. Thompson. You were a legend, a guide, and sane voice in this insane, sheep-driven world.

Michael Delaporta



# THE JOILY IRISHMAN

London's noise disturbed the boy. Its noise, its greyness, its massive, ancient buildings, rising like ironic tombstones above a bustle more hectic than anything the boy could quite imagine. *More hectic than Sydney, even!* There was hardly time to glance at his inadequate (free) map of Piccadilly amid the constant push of single-minded people-traffic, this way, that bus, those lights, *TAXI!!!*, watch it, got forty p mate?, keep it moving-

Another bus. His bus? Hopefully...

"Mate, will this bus get me to Camberwell Green?" (through the bullet-proof plastic that formed a disconcerting barrier between the driver and commuters). The jaded driver offered his best *didn't catch that* look, so the boy repeated himself. "Does this bus go to Camberwell Green?"

Passengers were pushing past the boy, and particularly his large backpack, which was a palpable nuisance in the course of the organised chaos that was London's public transport system. The driver could only nod, mutter something about changing to a 64, and demand *one-twenty*, at which the boy thrust a two-pound coin into the tray. "Can't give change", said the driver, just a flicker of horror passing over his otherwise expressionless face. The boy fumbled for a second or five but gave up, relinquishing his 80p (\$2 - cripes!) with a familiar resignation.

The boy found a place to dump his nuisance pack and remained standing, intimidated by the way the passengers appeared both exhausted and comfortably at home, but more than anything by the sheer speed of it all. *Why can't people take the time to be nicer?* Involuntarily, his eyes met a man's, seated surprisingly close, who spoke "You want Camberwell Green?" (His accent was faintly Caribbean.) "You must change to a 64, just follow me, that's what I'm getting."

Grateful, the boy followed the man off the bus, but then the man disappeared before he could be properly thanked. Almost immediately - a 64. "Does this bus go to Camberwell Green?"

"Sure, where was it you wanted to get to?"

"Well, here's the address..."

"No problem, I'll get you close enough...a pound-twenty please..."

The canal running through it made Cork feel suspiciously like Dublin. Having met at the hostel the previous evening, the boy and the girl (Deutsch, aus Stuttgart) were going to the beach. At the bus company, in the Tickets queue "We would like to go the nearest beach".

*Information booth*, directed the ticket lady, staring down and to her right, and pointing to her left.

In the Information Office, the girl and boy watched the people behind the desk look busy and never look up for about one minute. The girl made a polite sound. A man lifted his head wearily - Yes? "We would like to go to the nearest beach, either Inchydoney or..."

"We don't do that here, you need to visit Tourist Information."

"Do you know where that is?" The boy and girl knew exactly where Tourist Information

was: the other side of the downtown area, "Can't you just..."

"No." (Later, the boy wondered whether this wasn't just part of the Irish "mess with tourists" phenomenon. He could imagine the Information man picking up the phone after the girl and boy left his Office, "Hey, I've just sent an Aussie and a Deutschlender your way, let's fuck with them, eh?")

"But you have five computers and hundreds of maps and you're called Information."

"I'm sorry, we don't do that here. Tourist Information isn't far, they'll help you out."

He went back to what he was doing.

The boy and girl walked the fifteen minutes to Tourist Information, stood in a queue for fifteen minutes while employees answered phones, and eventually asked where the nearest really nice beach was, and how they could get there.

"Well, Inchydoney is lovely, it really is, but it involves catching a bus to Clonakilty and then it's about a three-mile walk. You can get a bus from the bus station, it's about a fifteen minute walk from here..."

The girl and boy held hands as they commenced their journey on foot from Clonakilty to Inchydoney, the poetry of the place names not escaping their attention as they discussed the likelihood that cork originally came from Cork. The girl didn't think so - Hamburgers don't come from Hamburg, she argued, applying logic from *Alice in Wonderland*.

After ten minutes, a blue Jaguar pulled over and its passenger door opened, revealing in the driver's seat a Jolly Irishman who looked a little like Ian Leader-Elliott. "You heading to Inchydoney? Well hop in, I'll take you there."

The boy and girl looked at each other, raised their eyebrows, grinned. The Jolly Irishman explained that Inchydoney was actually Inchydoney Island, that it had once been separated from the Irish mainland until the English filled in the gap. The girl and boy gasped as the Jolly Irishman drove to the top of the hill and over the peak, giving them their first views of the postcard beach, its white sands and grassy dunes, reminding the boy of home.

But the Jolly Irishman kept driving, up, up, to the very top of the hill.

"I live up here. The boy and girl exchanged glances without looking at each other." The Jolly Irishman parked his Jaguar in the carport of the biggest and highest house. "Come in, do you want some tea? Coffee?"

Awkwardness. "Thanks, but we're just going to explore the beach now. Thank you so much for the lift!"

"Och, don't be silly. Now, what are you doing this evening? Are you going back to Cork?"

"Uh, yes..."

"Well, it so happens that I'm going to Cork myself this evening at about 7, to take my son to a disco. He's what they call *intellectually disabled*. So can I offer you both a ride back there?"

The girl and boy both wanted the other to say something. Here was this Jolly Irishman offering us a ride back into Cork, an hour's drive away, but... "Well, we already paid for return tickets on the bus..."

"That's fine, fine. Can I drive you back into Clonakilty then? I have a meeting at about 4, but after that I am very happy to do that..."

*Dread* was the feeling that the boy and girl were both feeling, though neither of them knew



precisely why they were feeling it. "Uh...but we'll be exploring the beach, you won't be able to locate us."

"Och, no problem. Here, take this" - and the Jolly Irishman handed the boy a *mobile phone*.

"Oh no, we couldn't possibly, I mean, it's your *phone*."

"Och, it's my *second spare*. Take it!, and I will give you a tingle after my meeting."

Inchydoney Beach made the girl and boy eight years old again, as they laughed, ran, talked, laid, jumped, built sandcastles, screamed at the cold water...and then the mobile vibrated in the boy's pocket. "So, how are you? Do you want me to pick you up and I can show you around some more of Inchydoney for an hour or two and then drive you back into Clonakilty?"

"Oh, we're actually happy enough here, just mucking around. But thank you very much for the offer!"

"That's fine, that's fine. Well, I'll give you a tingle in a couple of hours, it'll be getting dark then, you'll want to get back into Clonakilty."

The boy said to the girl: "He's going to offer to cook us dinner."

The girl said to the boy: "We're going to die."

"And what are you doing for food this evening?" The question, coming as the girl and boy were climbing into the Jaguar, was not unexpected, yet it managed to shock. But they were prepared. "Ah, we have that food back at the hostel..."

"Okay, fine. So did you enjoy your day?" and the Jolly Irishman drove the boy and girl into Clonakilty, where they caught their bus back to Cork and spent a puzzled night discussing the Jolly Irishman ...

**Russel Marks**

# WEIGHT

The train station. I melted into the warm water with its image. I can't make it any less romantic in my own mind. Certainly, he who waits, no more than a gentle smudge of shadow, his elbows on his knees and hands met in shifting grasp between them, is always going to be waiting, and always with patience that seems to break at every thought. The mechanics of his waiting are there, imposing, and they are obviously not a mere addition to him, they travel down through the progressive stages of the image itself. The shadow amidst the grey fluorescent light of the station, the physicality of his pose, the way the act of waiting makes his body independent while his mind cannot collect it towards any destination—it remains moving in fidgets and an easy stretch along the spine while the eyes are nervous and alert, giving him a look of duality, he waits on the edge of an arrival, or departure, and in a manner equalises them, as in either case the moment will close, memory will re-categorise it. 'Waiting for someone is perfect'. I think I actually whisper it. But I am just standing in the shower. Yet that, because I suppose I have to reply to the demand for an explanation, is what I connect to most; waiting. Especially the feeling of being incommensurate to the event, of having slipped outside of the event into an entirely passive and static mode; the words for greeting improper, the mind stuck in its contemplation of the two young smokers, intertwined, something in their fingers that looks and burns like a joint, but smells like a slightly chocolatey tobacco. Too tired to wait actively, yawn. Yet, I am not waiting only for arrival, I am waiting, in the plethora of my body's rhythms, for an image of myself, here, at the train station with the objects and people, I await the moment I have built tools for which

to greet you, and for the exact calculation of just how eager I am to see you, after all, and how honest I can be in you. This will be revealed, but must be prepared for.

Sartre waits for the waiter to reveal something other than 'the waiter', yet this never occurs, and the waiter remains. Yet Sartre, in that moment of suspension, has seen the waiter, seen his action of hiding himself behind 'the waiter', the operation of a moment's penetration, a demand that this existence not be merely the fact, but the situation, the ground of a becoming. Heidegger draws all of philosophy into a state of preparation, minor forays into the groundwork for the appearance of a new god, one which does not deceive us, and grants a true picture of the essence of the technological world that we inhabit, in which the human essence as Being is reinvigorated by a perception of the technological essence. To do this we cannot calculate or measure, but contemplate. The profusion of functions will not aide us, for what we need is to see the play of time in things. The fact that what we are dealing with in our present is the preparation for an event, that we are actively made to sense out, and to bring to fruition. For the Buddhist tradition, the meditator is perpetually waiting for the moment of enlightenment which never comes. This all culminates in Kill the Buddha, when the revered idol becomes a statue, the ritual becomes a gesture, the Buddha becomes a specific time and place and a natural reaction to them, meditation becomes active, and all specific times have their specific reaction. Tricky says, "I will make them wait, yeah I'll meditate", and the scene becomes his. He draws all the characters into his vision; the scene becomes his, his presence becomes measured and applied.

To wait is to weigh.

From a letter:

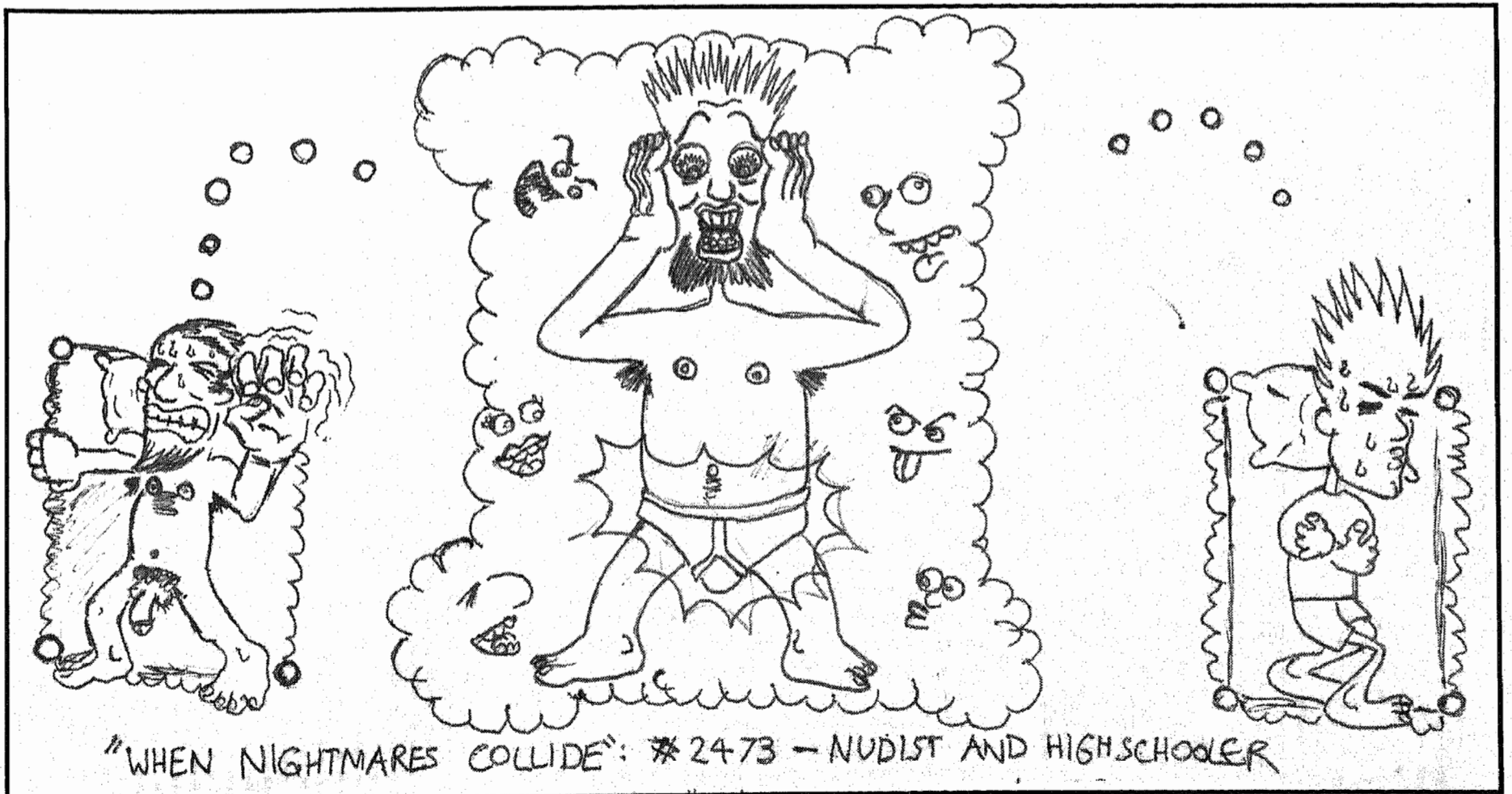
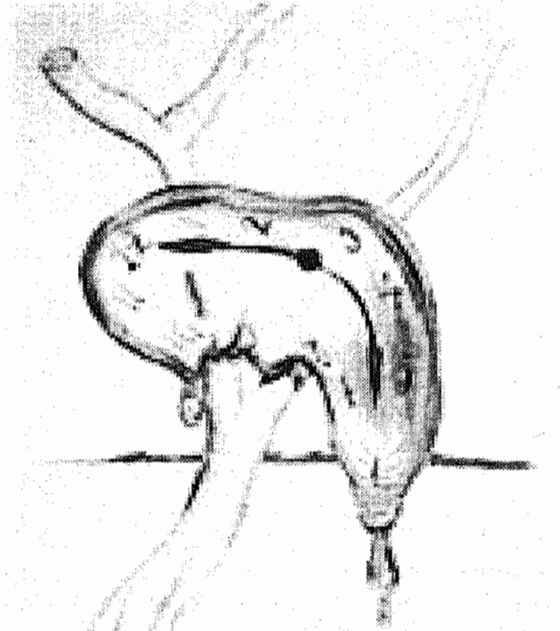
...Yeah, but it was strange. Did I think of you at that train station? I saw those lovers, and felt as I did when I think of you. It's hard to say what has happened to that little spreading tension, that pleasingly deep interruption of the nervous system, had it become my you?

All but completely detached from that which you are and must be? I haven't seen you in a while. But I know you're waiting. It makes me nervous, all this time that my head has been allowed to play with my heart. I hope I am not just a question mark when you return.

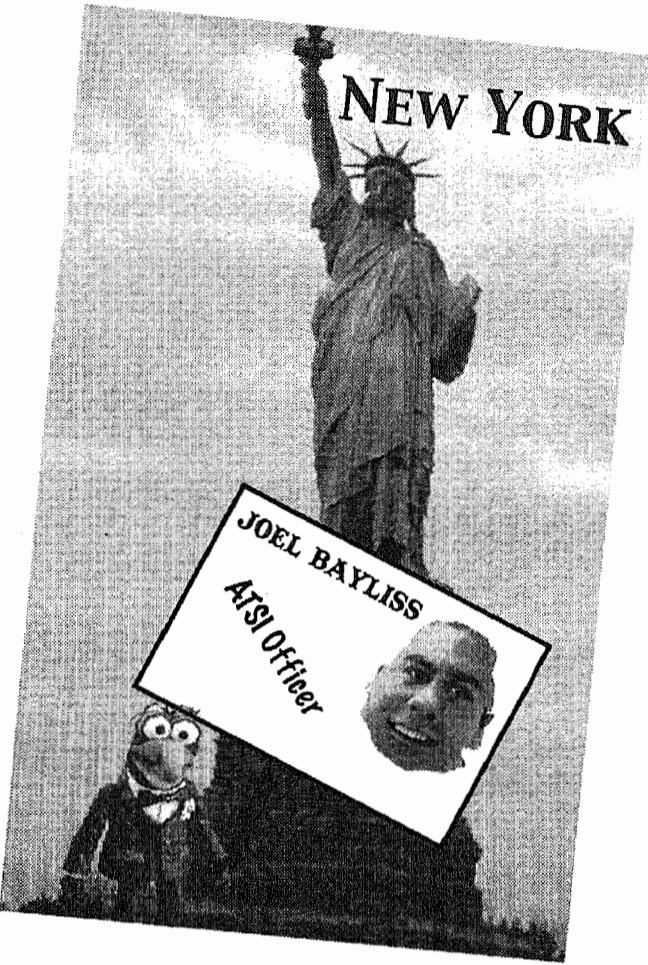
This wave will have time to pass though, it will soon seem part of the ocean. I remember the first fortnight without seeing you, all the minor causality disappeared. I was alone with my love and my envy of you, and it was swiftly decided which was the more durable. It disturbs me, however, that I am beginning to disperse a reference to you in those things that touch me as you do, or rather, it disturbs me that I have been disturbed by this. Why did the sight of that kiss take time to filter itself through my self-referentiality, towards being a suggestion of you? Obviously, you need not worry about having been forgotten.

May I be yours Always, your lover,  
The One Who Waits.

Brendan De Paor-Moore



# Postcards from the Dredge with Gonzo



**Greetings and Salutations.**

On Wednesday the 16<sup>th</sup> of March 2005 self-determination for the Indigenous population was severely destroyed when a bill was passed through Parliament to finalise the abolishment of ATSIC (Aboriginal & Torres Strait Islander Commission) The federal government rejected a Labor amendment which would give the commission a six-month salvation. Despite the amendment made by the Labor party they did not persist with it in the senate.

What is to happen now is that the agencies and other indigenous services that were under the "ATSIC umbrella" are to be rolled into "mainstream bureaucracies". From this a 14 member National Indigenous Council (NIC) will be a key resource of recommendation.

Only one word comes to mind when I see this. Assimilation. Assimilation means "the process whereby a minority group gradually adopts the customs and attitudes of the

prevailing culture". In the past assimilation was legislation in this country. Our children forcefully removed had to assimilate into "white society". The year is 2005 and as an indigenous Australian I would like pass on my culture on to my children, but it is upsetting when the Government is making steps like this to eradicate our culture.

Until next time,

**Nukkin Ya!**

*Cigarette butts are fatal*, there's no doubt about that. The mustard yellow filter glowing in the midday sun, polluting our waterways poisoning our wildlife (Butts have been found in the stomachs of young birds, sea turtles and other marine creatures) and making our environment look dirty. Cigarettes are not only bad for your lungs their filters absorb hazardous chemicals such as cadmium, a form of arsenic, and lead that are filtered out during the smoking process. These are then leaked into the environment when discarded into the environment, which in turn contaminate our

waterways and land. It is estimated that 4.5 trillion cigarette butts are littered worldwide every year. Cigarette filters are made from plastic fibres, due to those fibres, a cigarette butt can take up to 15 years to break down in the environment (depending on conditions). If you smoke clean your shit up. Don't let it pollute the earth and kill animals just because you cant be bothered putting your butts in the bin. Be responsible for where you butt out and bin your butts.

*Foodles, Nibs*



*This week* I'd like to say a big thankyou to all the people that helped out with the Rally we held last week. It was quite successful given the late notice we had in organising it. For those of you who don't know the Federal

Government Introduced legislation to Federal Parliament that could effectively bring to an end the Adelaide University Union, it's affiliates, services and representation as we've known them for the last 120 years. More on that another time, but for this week I've got a few things I'd like to share with you all:

**Make Some Noise / National Day of Action:**

We'll be having another rally on the 28<sup>th</sup> of April. If you would like to help out, or keep up to date with what's happening with this sign up to the SAUA e-list, the sheets are in the SAUA, and we're always giving out free stuff to people that sign up. We're actually having the 'Make Some Noise' festival, hoping to have some if not all of the following: bands, comedians, bouncy castle, rock climbing, wrestling, mechanical bull etc. Possibly even some free food and cheap drinks. But it's a lot of work, so if you'd like to help out e-mail me and find out when the next organising meeting is on.

**Security on Campus:**

Something that I think we all need to be more aware of is security on campus. There were a number of incidents on campus over the Orientation period. The University and Union have been looking at the issue increasingly, the Uni is doing a review on lighting and spending a whole heap of money

getting better lighting around campus, and the Union is looking at getting another of the emergency phones that you might have seen around campus put into the Cloisters. We might sometimes slip into a false sense of security, so the Students Association is putting on a BBQ to raise awareness on this issue, so that we a pro-active on the issue not re-active. As such there will be FREE FOOD THIS WEDENSDAY on the Barr smith lawns at 12ish. We'll give you a free snag when you take some info on safety on campus, and show us that you've got campus security's number in your phone. That's men and women, as you never know when you might need assistance. The emergency security number is 8303 5444, put it in your phones now.

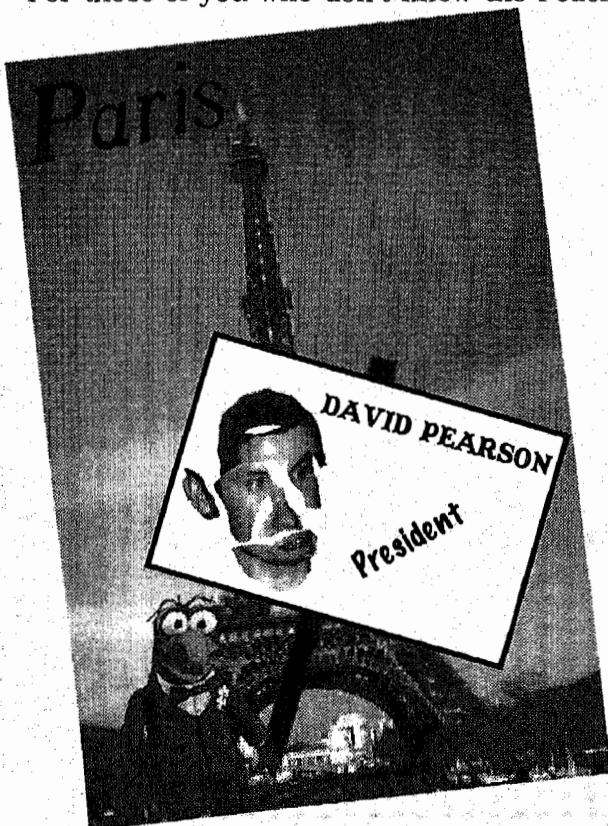
**Water Damage:**

The University is writing a report into how the issue of the little flood on campus was dealt with and they'd like to know what students thought of it. How the evacuation was handled, how they communicated to students, whether it could be done better, etc. If you could e-mail the person coordinating the report, the university would be appreciative. The e-mail address is: michael.physick@adelaide.edu.au

Cheers

*David Pearson*

david.pearson@student.adelaide.edu.au



You may have seen an unruly mob of students cooking up sausages and marching to parliament house last week – all in the name of the Liberal gvt.'s decision to make Voluntary Student Unionism a priority for the new senate. The SAUA says a big fat hell no to VSU legislation as without student fees the union couldn't provide students with free bbqs, band comps, counselling services, employment services, student representation and much much more. Furthermore, Unions are vitally important to the prospects of women at universities – they help promote women's issues in an increasingly competitive, bureaucratic and masculine learning environment, and they facilitate women's organising and campaigning. Student organisations provide assistance to women in such terms as education and welfare officers, women's officers, sexual harassment advocacy and women's rooms. Issues like unplanned pregnancy and sexual violence prompt women to seek support from their student organisation. The impact of VSU will not fall equally on all students. Student organisations are of specific and direct benefit to women students, therefore attempts to destroy them hit women particularly hard. In a time where university studies reveal that 50% of 5-7 year old girls want to lose weight and know that dieting sheds kilos, and men attack women's reproductive rights in our student newspapers, there is obviously a need for women's departments to address these very real and very present issues.

On a lighter level, we're looking for helpers for *The Vagina Monologues* – sound, lighting, stage production, set design, backstage helpers – man, woman – we need you, particularly if you're experienced in the subtle arts of theatre.

Last Wednesday, Dr Brendan Nelson, Minister for Education introduced a Bill to Federal Parliament attempting to enforce Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU). Once passed, the immediate effect of this Legislation will be to make it voluntary for students to pay affiliation fees to their University Unions/Guilds. Amongst other changes, this Legislation attempts to crush student dissent against the current Government, which will soon have no checks or balances once the new Coalition led Senate commences in July.

Many of you will be thinking – what's wrong with that? This is because most students are currently unaware of the catastrophic conse-



If you're interested in this sweet deal, email me on [melissa.purcell@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:melissa.purcell@adelaide.edu.au)

All in the name of the production, we will be having what the feminist crowd calls a 'cunt art' exhibition in May. Any budding women artists wanting to reflect women's experience and vaginas on canvas (they can be your own or someone else's!) should get in touch with me asap.

quences this Legislation will have for services, representation and campus culture at Adelaide University.

So what Services and Representation will be lost? To begin with, this very newspaper will cease to exist. The Employment Service, Legal Service, Education & Welfare Advocacy, Insurance, Student Representation, Orientation, Clubs, Sports... will not have the funds to exist. Many of these services are accessed by hundreds of students every day. Often we are unaware that these are even services provided by our student services contribution. Minister Nelson talks about people having the choice to opt in to Unions to use the services and representation, but without Universal Student Unionism many of these essential services will be lost even for those who choose to join. Many students will not be able to afford to pay for these things that are currently free. I say – Student Control of Student Affairs – Nelson we disagree with your stance on Higher Education.

On Thursday of last week you may have seen the Rally on Barr Smith Lawns which then proceeded to Parliament House. This was in support of Universal Student Unionism. With less than 24-hours notice a huge number of students joined this rally to support their Student Organisations. This was just a taste of what is to come - there will be plenty more events throughout this year. Join your Students' Association on the 28<sup>th</sup> April for a festival on the Barr Smith Lawns to help us 'Make Some Noise' and show Minister Nelson that we won't give up our services and representation without a fight!

To Get involved contact me on 8303 5406, [jess.cronin@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:jess.cronin@adelaide.edu.au) or pop into the SAUA.

Cheers,  
Jess Cronin



**NOTICE TO ALL STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE  
ELECTION TO SCHOOL AND FACULTY BOARDS**

During the week of Monday 4 to Friday 8 April 2005 there will be elections across the University for student representatives to all School Committees and Faculty Boards. Each School Committee and Faculty Board must contain at least two student representatives: one for undergraduate students and one for postgraduate students. Student representatives are entitled to receive all information put before the Committee/Board, and are entitled to vote in decisions made by the Committee/Board. Student representation is an important means by which student issues may be raised officially at School and Faculty level.

**Undergraduate students:** All students who are enrolled in at least one full year or one semester course in a particular School/Faculty in the current year are eligible to vote and/or stand for election to that School Committee or Faculty Board. Students who are enrolled in more than one School/Faculty may therefore choose to stand for and vote in elections in each of the Schools/Faculties in which they are enrolled.

**Postgraduate students:** All students who are enrolled either full-time or part-time in a particular department in the current year are eligible to vote and/or stand for election to that School Committee or Faculty Board. Students who are enrolled in more than one School/Faculty may therefore choose to stand for and vote in elections in each of the Schools/Faculties in which they are enrolled.

**Nominations:**

Nominations must be made on the official form, which can be obtained from your School/Faculty office. Nomination forms must be received by your School/Faculty Returning Officer before **4pm on Wednesday 30 March, 2005**. Further information is available from your School/Faculty office.

**Information Session:**

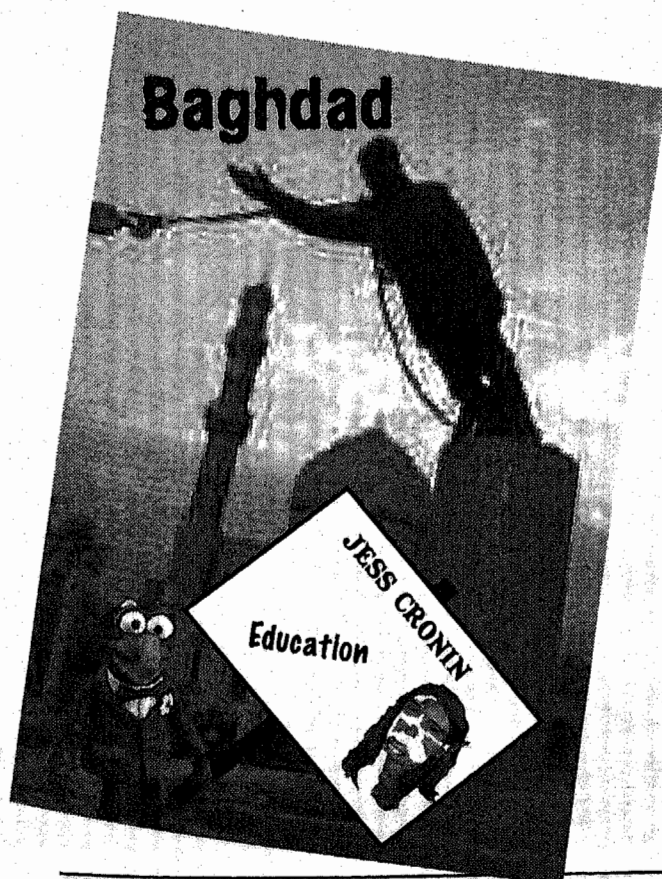
The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide will hold an information session for students interested in nominating for a election to a position on a departmental, school or faculty board. The session will be held on Tuesday 22 March 2005 in the Union Cinema (Level 5, Union Building) at 12.30pm. All queries should be directed to Jessica Cronin, Education Vice-President of the Students' Association (Telephone: 8303 5406).

**Terms of office:**

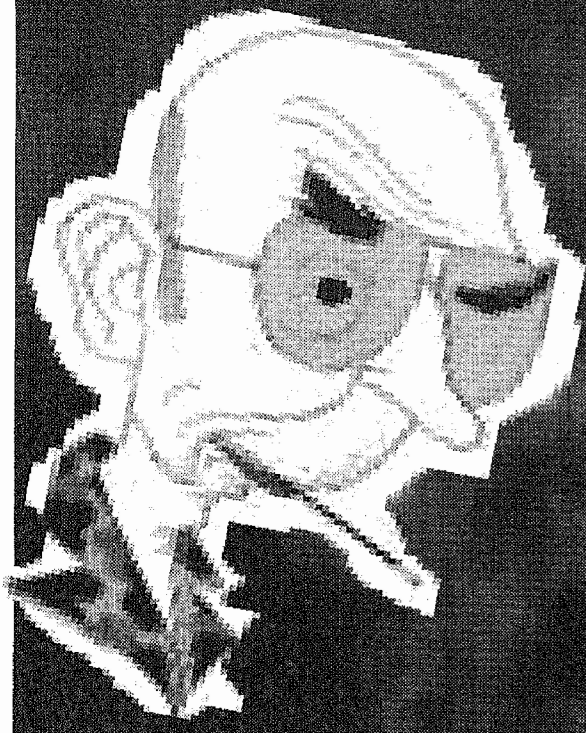
Each position is for a term of one year, from the day after the announcement of election results in the current year, to the day of the announcement of election results in the following year.

Elections shall be conducted according to the first-past-the-post system. Each voter may vote once for one candidate only. The candidate with the highest number of votes is elected. If you are unable to vote in person, you may apply for a postal vote. Please enquire at your School/Faculty office. Please note that in some Schools/Faculties elections of student representatives for 2005 may have already taken place.

HEATHER KARMEL  
Council Secretary & Chief Returning Officer



1. What do you fear?
2. What do you loathe?
3. If you were high on LSD and about to be electrocuted in a bathtub, what song would you like to be playing in the background?
4. Have we deteriorated to the level of dumb beasts?



by Hunter S.



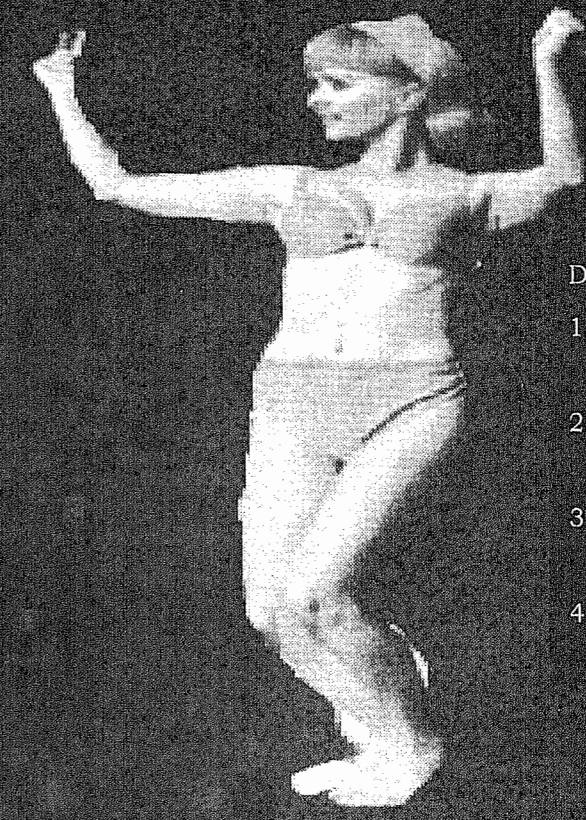
Barbara Bush, First Mother

1. Everyday is a blessing for me. I have lived under direction of my husband and son my whole life. What's to fear?
2. All those nay sayers that like to criticise my George. You know what they say, if you can't say anything nice then go sit on your fanny in the corner.
3. No dear, I have quite a shallow bathtub so there's nowhere high to sit.
4. George's favourite book is The Hungry Little Caterpillar.



Richard Nixon (technically speaking, Hunter S. Thompson and Nixon could only ever agree to speak about football, but this is gonzo after all.

1. Waking up one day and finding Reds under my bed.
2. Russians, Vietnamese Commies, protesting Liberal scum, long hair, my mother in law and meddling journalists.
3. I've always been partial to a bit of Frank Sinatra, so perhaps Strangers In The Night?
4. I am an American, and there isn't any greater country than America, and if that's what you call 'dumb beasts', well sir, I am proud to be one.



Debbie Reynolds

1. That one day my looks will fade and I'll become a washed up lounge singer in Vegas with a daughter who hates me and three failed marriages behind me. Yeah, I know it's silly.
2. You know, I just don't loathe anything! I mean, I was pretty sore when I missed out on Calamity Jane, but Doris Day is just so perfect for the part don't you think?
3. Well, you know I abhor drugs. But if I had to choose, it would probably be my version of Singin' In The Rain which would be kind of fitting in the bath seeing as they're both wet.
4. I really don't think you can say that. After all, can a dumb beast move like this? (shimmies) I didn't think so...



Retired Colonel Oliver North, Great American Hero

1. What's that supposed to mean, huh? I love America! I was just holding on to that money for a friend of mine. I was just doing what I was told. Besides, those weapons were already five years old, we were ripping those A-rabs off! Ha ha!
2. Gosh, I don't know. I love my wife and my kids and America, so I guess I loathe whatever is the opposite of them. And those rotten Demy-crats. Damn Demy-crats, run ME outta Washington. Skirt-wearing pacifist fags.
3. Hmm. I remember some poindexter fed me some LSD back when I was in the Marines for some experiment. Made me real angry. I don't know... 'Waterloo' by Abba.
4. Not really.

# Fear and loathing in Melbourne

The fashion parade diaries

Let's get this straight: fashion is a virus. An evil, festering vesicle on the face of pop culture than not even a trusty 10% W/W Benzac tube could vanquish. Fashion is the chief malady of the modern twenty-something popette, the Achilles heel in every self-respecting Cosmoting, Just Jeans-wearing twat. Exhibit A:

Q: What's your one weakness?

A: (incessant gushing) Oh I just loooooove shoes!

Ugh. I. Hate. Fashion. I'll admit that style and I are steady bedfellows. Chic and I went on a few dates, but it never really worked out. Given the amount of venom I hold for the genre, imagine my surprise when I found myself at the Bettina Liano Autumn/Winter 05 parade last October surrounded by the glitterati in their natural habitat, armed only with a bottle of Evian and my sense of pride. This pleasantly neurotic small-town girl and her trusty comrade (who'd managed to score the tickets in question) journeyed down that dreary road to Melbourne expecting bitchiness and debauchery. Unfortunately, it would have been a much more auspicious turn of events if we did.

Upon our arrival, we briskly trotted to our South Yarra abode like Fred Bassett to his horridly WASP-y owner, mulled over what to wear and then proceeded to make our way to an event most attention-starved pre-teens would sell their Roxy swathed souls to attend. Apparently, in fashion speak, '7:30' start really means 'get there at 7:30, air kiss your proverbial socks off, politely wolf down a few measly canapés whilst attempting to consume an ocean of free bubbly then get settled for a 10pm start'. The parade itself was slightly anti-climatic. There's nothing particularly special in witnessing a funeral procession of gazelles identically draped in chiffon. A journalist for a Melbournian street publication sitting adjacent to me was glued to her mobile throughout the whole shemozzle. In between the 4000<sup>th</sup> rendition of Beyonce's 'Crazy in Love', I managed to decipher snippets of the filthiest brand of mumblings ever to have escaped another human's mouth. Quasi-phone sex at a fashion parade? Dahlink, not even the reigning queen of white trash Anna Nicole Smith would stoop so low.

After the festivities ended, we were escorted to the Fashion Week after party at Q bar, a kind of hopelessly cool nightspot only the FACE would dare endorse. Lined with the beautiful people, their subsequent hangers-on, shady, sweaty photographer's and the designers themselves, I felt trapped in the glittering snow dome that was 'the fashion crowd'.

Not to say there were any

self-esteem issues that came into play, because I've always justified my existence against those models using the exemplar of stellar evolution: me, the red giant extraordinaire (relatively cool with an outer shell) and models, white dwarfs (extremely dense and dim). I didn't have a problem with all the posing and the tawdriness, what bothered me was that it wasn't done in *style*. Sure, doing lines of coke out of a model's ass has its merits, but when I witnessed a Warwick Kappa-type character fanning Sarah O'Hare with a fake Pucci-print scarf, I realised that Australians trying to do European flamboyance was L-A-M-E. Models attaching themselves to clean-cut members of high society like a bad smell, counterfeit British accents a-go go...it was all so awkward, so self-conscious, so Teen Wolf (especially that part when Michael J. Fox is unwillingly forced into the closet to make out with Boof then sheepishly returns back to reality). Where was all the excess? The greed? The narcissism? My companion and I eventually decided that a stroll along the Yarra River would prove more hedonistic than taking part in a sham recreation of Monaco circa 1985.

I wish I'd discovered enlightenment that night. It would have made the expedition much more pleasant, although a coquette 60s frock was purchased the following day, making all those superficial shenanigans worthwhile. I could have easily sculled endless glasses of Moet and pashed scantily clad girls to impress the PR guy of GQ with the rest of them. Truth be told, nothing, not even the prospect of kissing Wayne Cooper on the cheek, beats establishing human connection with an old friend. There's only so much one can take of the irrefutable stench of mediocrity.

### Stephanie Mountzouris

*N.B- some, or all of the events outlined, may be entirely fictitious in nature and were possibly fabricated out of a frantic need to meet a deadline.*

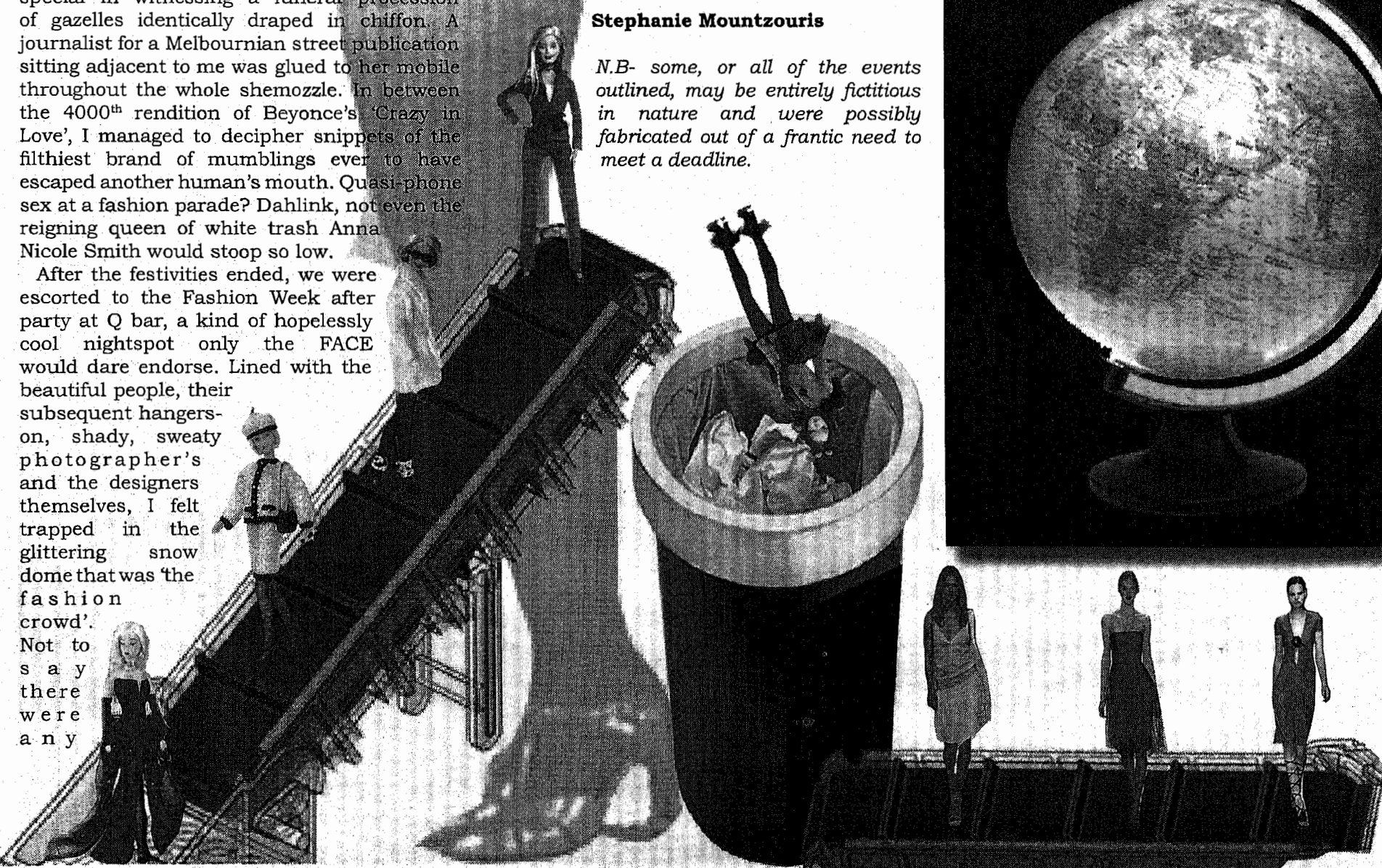
# Multicultural Week

## Easy \$\$\$ and quick fame in three days!!!

The Overseas Students' Association invites you to join our biggest event of the year, the Multicultural Week! It will be a chance for YOU to have fun and get fame and money, and an even greater chance for US to promote multiculturalism.

- If you have performances reflecting a particular culture to present to your fellow students, we've got the stage for you!!
- If you have food or items to sell that come from a special cultural background, we will provide you with a table, chairs and necessary equipments for you to promote your culture while making a little profit!!
- OR, with your talent in writing and experience of living or travelling overseas, write us some articles for the Special M-Week Edition of the On-Dit!!

Please contact us on 8303 3895 or send an email to [osa@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:osa@adelaide.edu.au) to express any interest.



# The Art of Begging

I never know if I go through with acts of randomness for attention or if it's an ongoing search for better anecdotes. Nothing rejuvenates boring dinner conversations like stories about ranting vagrants. You know, animated guys that stalk the CBD and surrounding parklands, itching to plant their axe in your back. That is why it almost never hurts to step out of the house once in a while and see what you might find. A couple of years on, evenings spent as a vagabond are among my favourite memories, and the stories they make do more for Adelaide's charm than our city council's current advertising blitz ever could.

2003 in many ways was the year of the beggar. Notorious campus socialite and friend Blake Wadlow (look out for him on the lawns) was developing the *nouveau hobo* range, a look for the ages. Back in high end fashion were fingerless white gloves, the socks in thongs and busted top hats. At the same time, having residence in the middle of town had brought me in contact with many of Adelaide's mentally ill who don't find the mental health system to their liking and choose instead to perpetually wander the streets.

Drinking copious amounts of coffee on a late Tuesday night at the Pancake kitchen, I was fortunate to meet Steve. Steve seemed nice enough until he started telling me that he was writing the third testament and prophesied the second coming. He then proceeded to ask for some coffee money, which I promptly handed over. You don't argue with a man who may well be the angel of death. It occurred to me that I should consider supplementing my income, which back then consisted of medical tests and handouts from my folks. It was settled, I would take a page from The Book of Steve.

Prior to going out to out plead for other peoples' money, Wadlow, who was also unashamedly keen to subsidise his own eastern suburbs lifestyle, adorned us in his filthiest garb. On our torsos hung shrunk, shredded and stained bonds tops that came down to our bellybuttons. These designer rags, matched with some ripped spray on jeans, went some ways to render us untouchables. (Back in '03 *Jet* hadn't entered the fray, so our clothes were as yet unfashionable and thankfully did not signify any preference for dirty rock&roll.) We were greasy, unshaven, our hair was littered with straw and traces of

toothpaste, feet were lacerated and black. His attention to detail was important because it's what let us pass for the real deal. The odd bit of food stuck between teeth, our scent, which comprised of cheap booze, sweat and a hint of urine, it all came together and set us apart from the rest of the posers out there.

We hit a busy Rundle Mall in the late afternoon and out of the corner of my I eye spotted that guy you notice after he's uttered the obligatory "Huhlooooh..." and planted his limp, sweaty hand in yours. We liked his style and followed him, so our merry troupe of three wandered the city streets, speaking only in low, monotone voices of our need to "catch a bus to Modbury" to visit our sick mothers. I'm still surprised at how many took it seriously and hurriedly split their money three ways. I think they knew what was up but chose instead the most diplomatic way of parting with their cash. Pretty soon though, it became clear we'd overstayed our welcome and after a short "goodbye", we went off in search of more donations.

I accosted lots of random people that day. It was all strictly business, nobody questioned why two young men in a bustling metropolis appeared to live like Dickensian tuberculosis sufferers. Every approach consisted of walking with a hunched posture, one hand protectively clutching something to the chest, the other limply hanging on the side, so that every second step looked stilted. We weren't overly nice, people won't respect someone who kisses their ass, much less give you their money. When one of us spoke, the other held a blank stare which focused a little to the side our benefactor's face, and softly echoed the final word of each sentence to emphasise our dire need: "Modbury"... "bus ticket"... "please?".

As far as demographics are concerned, middle aged

women coughed up the most dough and a few even stopped to flirt. Business types around Pirie Street were cold and unreceptive because they'd had their souls crushed and spirits broken from the moment they enrolled in Commerce. Their expressionless faces were hard to read but I'd bet my right kidney they'd have liked to sweep us into the gutter or, if we were already in it, to some other out-of-the way place. We got nothing from these corporate drones and made for Rundle Street, a popular hangout for young people at the time. The cafe scenesters at Alfresco, despite being loaded, did not take kindly the idea of their funds being used for something other the acquisition of Diesel clothing and accessories. Responses varied from the unoriginal: "Mate, why don't you get a job!" to a myriad of hurtful obscenities. We kept walking.

Outside the Exeter a left-wing girl with beads saw us cop bad psychological abuse and decided that she felt bad. I'd say she fancied herself as a patron of the paupers because she showered us with shrapnel to the handsome sum five dollars. Blake maintains that it's their conscience and willingness to help others that keeps poor people where they are. As for the rich, they hoard their precious money, a fact quickly demonstrated when I approached a prim looking man in a well cut suit. The gentleman was appalled that we expected money from him without exchanging it for goods and services. We were both edgy from our previous encounters, so when he referred to us as "scums of the earth", my begging partner got mad. Wadlow is one of the most conservative people I know, so it was surprising to see him piece together a compelling case for the impoverished. The fat cat was equally taken aback at the sight of the homeless presenting coherent arguments in their defence, but I doubt he'll be any more generous the next time he comes across a starving Albanian immigrant and his sixteen children.

At the end of the night the collection beanie held \$23.40 and a cigarette, not enough for two an half hours work we decided. It was time to re-enter decent society and leave the trade to the professionals, so we went and got food at McDonalds. So what did I learn from this short foray into the working life of the humble hobo? Maybe this is a stark demonstration of our society's callous indifference to the plight of the homeless man. Maybe it provides a ray of hope as there are compassionate people out there who will help a complete stranger. Or maybe it's just a bunch of stuff that happened.

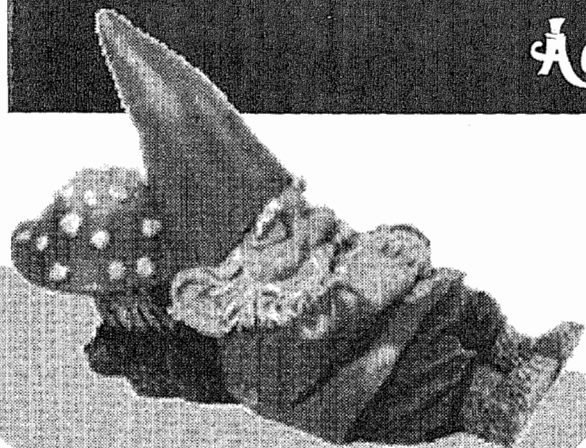
Victor Stamatescu





# The Wild and Exciting World of Prosh

## A GUIDED TOUR OF THE FESTIVITIES IN 2005



### PROSH 2005

This year I hope to be part of a team that puts on a traditional Prosh, just like Ma' used to make 'em. In recent years Prosh has died down for a variety of reasons. Most students at University wouldn't remember a real Prosh, myself included. A traditional Prosh consists of the Prosh Parade, Prosh After-Dark, the Prosh week and obviously all the pranks.

The plan is to split Prosh up into different portfolios with directors being assigned responsibility to each of them. Nominations for these directorships are now open. You can nominate for more than one portfolio, which is recommended in case you don't get your first preference. Directors will need to deal with sponsors, liaise with Union staff, create and implement budgets, work to timelines, organise volunteers, and more if they hope to put on a half decent event. I know it's a cliché but this shit looks awesome on your CV.

#### Prosh Week directors: 3 Positions Available

The Prosh Week directors will be responsible for organising most of the activities and events out on the lawns and any evening events that does not involve Prosh After-Dark. This is the most versatile portfolio with the most room for creativity. You're only limited by your imagination. White Fear, student radio on the lawns, and a sizzling BBQ are a must as it will be your responsibility to make the campus feel like its buzzing with energy. You'll be dealing closely with our nominated charity and will be looking to promote their cause and raise as much cash on their behalf as possible. Think O-week but with pranks and charities.

#### Prosh Pranks director: 1 Position available

This position is critical. Commonsense and an instinctive feel for a public liability disaster will be important. Pranks need to be legal but entertaining, creative, and will need to either raise money or get lots of media attention. You'll be working closely with the Prosh Week directors, as a lot of your events and stunts will merge into one. Why not organise a garden gnome party on the lawns, with photographs taken of all the gnomes having a good time and then send the photos back along with the gnomes to their owners. Alerting the local radio station about an escaped large cat from the zoo has also worked well before. But with so many pranks and stunts possible your main role is to delegate the pranks and make sure everything is legal, safe, and funny.

#### Prosh Parade Directors: 2 Positions Available

This portfolio goes to the core of Prosh tradition. It will be your responsibility to get as big a motorcade as you can to snake its way through the city collecting donations and generally running amuck with the broader population. Considering it's the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of this event, you should have no problems getting permission from the authorities to do this. Historically the residential colleges, clubs, societies and general hooligans have been most eager get involved. It's a bit like the pageant but with water and flour bombs and less elaborate decorations on the cars.

#### Prosh After-Dark directors: 3 Positions available

These lucky directors will have the role of organising what is effectively the massive Prosh party. This event is traditionally held in the bar. You'll need to assemble quality Bands, DJ's, security, decorations and everything else that goes into throwing a massive party. Previous After-Dark's have also utilized the games room to accommodate for extra capacity (although you'd need to be extra nice to the Sports Association to score that this year). If you want to help put on what will be one of the biggest parties for the year than this is the job for you.

If any of these positions interest you, come down to the Students' Association and pick up an application form. Nominations close 5pm Tuesday March 29<sup>th</sup>.

Matthew Walton

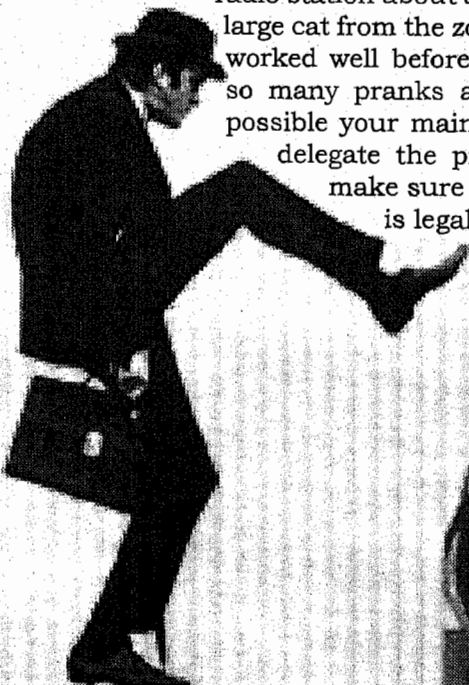
## WHAT IS PROSH?

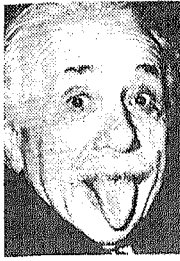
This year Adelaide University students are going to be part of history. For it is in 2005 that Prosh Week marks its 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary. The craziness started in 1905, when then Chancellor Sir Samuel Way demanded protection from University Council for pranks students were pulling on him at ceremonies. From alarms and chimes going off at critical moments, to things falling down from the ceiling, the tomfoolery went beyond harassing Chancellor Way and exploded onto the streets. Students armed with painted inflated ox-bladders tied to bamboo poles (standard gear for medieval jesters supposedly) would whack unsuspecting passers by and generally caused a ruckus throughout the city. It was those pranks and the subsequent procession through the streets of Adelaide that gave birth to Prosh (the name 'Prosh' being a contraction of the word 'procession').

For a century Adelaide University students have come together each year to pull ridiculous pranks and stunts, culminating in a procession through the streets of Adelaide. Naturally, there have been some classic pranks over the last hundred years. Engineering students once put their talents on display by suspending a car from the Torrens footbridge. In the late 1980s science and engineering students struck once again by "borrowing" a MFS fire truck from the Waymouth St fire station. Professors have turned up to lectures only to find all the seats have been disassembled and then re-constructed to face the rear of the lecture theatre. One of my personal favorites was when campus veterans Mike Brauer and Adam Langman (Activities Officer 2001) bolted a toilet to parliament house.

It is at this point that I should stress that in our modern political and legal world many of these stunts are likely to get you fined or jailed. Even in the 1980s, taking a fire engine was a big deal and with regards to the lecture theatre seats, the Union had to pay out thousands of dollars to have them repaired. Today, your pranks have to be legal and within some bounds of morality and good taste. In a previous year, renegade students tried to blow up the footbridge with explosives. Another bad joke was when masked students entered a bank with water pistol demanding donations. Keep it clean, kids.

Speaking of donations however, I should also explain that Prosh aims to cash in on the fun times, craziness and media attention from these pranks by collecting money for charity. People in bear suits asking for cash, having the choice of donating some change or else being handcuffed to a Prosh Prankster for the rest of the day, and simply giving a gold coin donation at a sausage sizzle are all tactics we've used over the years to raise money for charity.





Continuing our (semi) regular journey through the annals of alternative discourse it's...

## The Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue

Francis Grose (1731-1791) wrote the *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, which he described as a "reprint of the author's Lexicon balatronicum; a dictionary of buckish slang, university wit, and pickpocket eloquence, and now considerably altered and enlarged, with the modern changes and improvements, by a member of the whip club."

Here's my favourites from the letter A:

**ACADEMY, or PUSHING SCHOOL.** A brothel. The Floating Academy; the lighters on board of which those persons are confined, who by a late regulation are condemned to hard labour, instead of transportation.--

**Campbell's Academy;** the same, from a gentleman of that name, who had the contract for victualling the hulks or lighters.

**ACE OF SPADES.** A widow.

**ACCOUNTS.** To cast up one's accounts; to vomit.

**ACORN.** You will ride a horse foaled by an acorn, i.e. the gallows, called also the Wooden and Three-legged Mare. You will be hanged.--See **THREE-LEGGED MARE.**

**ACT OF PARLIAMENT.** A military term for small beer, five pints of which, by an act of parliament, a landlord was formerly obliged to give to each soldier gratis.

**AEGROTAT, (CAMBRIDGE),** A certificate from the apothecary that you are **INDISPOSED,** to

go to chapel. He sports an Aegrotat, he is sick, and unable to attend Chapel or Hall. It does not follow, however, but that he can **STRUM A PIECE,** or sport a pair of oars.

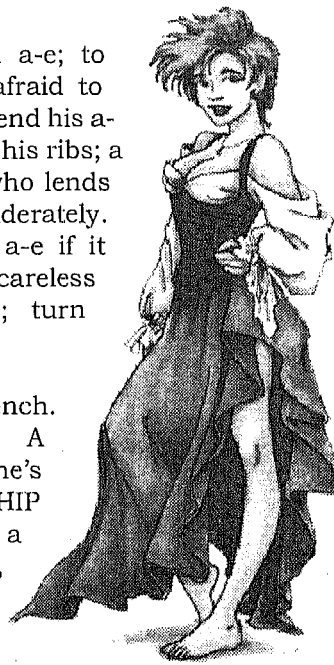
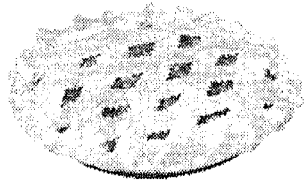
**APPLE-PYE BED.** A bed made apple-pye fashion, like what is called a turnover apple-pye, where the sheets are so doubled as to prevent any one from getting at his length between them: a common trick played by frolicsome country lasses on their sweethearts, male relations, or visitors.

**APRIL FOOL.** Any one imposed on, or sent on a bootless errand, on the first of April; which day it is the custom among the lower people, children, and servants, by dropping empty papers carefully doubled up, sending persons on absurd messages, and such like contrivances, to impose on every one they can, and then to salute them with the title of April Fool. This is also practised in Scotland under the title of Hunting the Gowke.

**APRON STRING HOLD.** An estate held by a man during his wife's life.

**ARSE.** To hang an a-e; to hang back, to be afraid to advance. He would lend his a-e and sh-te through his ribs; a saying of any one who lends his money inconsiderately. He would lose his a-e if it was loose; said of a careless person. A-e about; turn round.

**ARTICLE.** A wench. A prime article. A handsome girl. She's a prime article (**WHIP SLANG**), she's a devilish good piece, a hell of a **GOER.**



## The Superior Person's Word of the Week

### OBAMBULATE

**v.** To wander or walk about in an aimless fashion. The motion of a male spouse in a Sunday morning flea market or a female spouse in a department store.

"For heaven's sake, where's your father got to now? He's gone obambulating again, just when it's time to go home!"



## FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS



Hunter S. Thompson

*Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* (1971) by Hunter S. Thompson

What began as a simple assignment for *Rolling Stone* magazine - to cover the testosterone fuelled 'Mint 400' car race - became the defining work of literature for the post war generation. Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* is a brutal and savage portrait of a world that has given up on hope, peace and love and now simply floats adrift in an indifferent universe.

When the novel begins we're immediately dropped into a drug fuelled haze as Hunter's alter ego Raoul Duke and his attorney 'Dr. Gonzo' are tearing across the Barstow desert in their 'Great Red Shark' of a car, fully in the grips of an acid binge. They're on their way to the golden streets of Las Vegas and, they claim, "in search of the American dream". The rest of the novel plays out in a haphazard, almost free form haze with each hallucinatory event flowing on seamlessly into the next.

Their odyssey is landmarked by the two major events of the Mint 400 and a narcotics convention but the main focus throughout is Thompson's slingblade style.

It's the most amazingly vicious and aggressive prose you'll ever read. It has the energy of a thousand neon suns and moves with the velocity of a tracer bullet. It's an amazing blend of drug-chic, social commentary and absurdist humor, an undeniably inimitable style.

The criticism often made of Hunter is that he substitutes insight and intelligence for his own (lesser) brand of one dimensional, ferocious vitriol. It must be admitted that *Fear and Loathing* is mostly an exercise in form but it also contains sombre moments of intelligence that are too often overlooked.

Late in the novel Thompson reflects on the drug culture that both bore and sustained him and, obliquely, diagnoses the fatal disease that plagued the children of the sixties. He says "what Leary took down with him was the central illusion of a whole life-style that he helped create - a generation of permanent cripples, failed seekers, who never understood the essential old-mystic fallacy of the Acid Culture: the desperate assumption that somebody or at least some force - is tending the light at the end of the tunnel".

Thomson articulated better than anyone the bleak post sixties resolution that utopia is an unachievable dream and, almost sagely, predicted the spawning of the hedonistic eighties. *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* remains the defining statement for both Hunter S. Thompson and a generation who has realised the perverse immovability of the status quo.

Danny Wills



## Delicious

**Classical Feast**  
**Australian Chamber Orchestra**  
**Adelaide Town Hall**  
**March 15**

The use of period performance techniques in concerts in Adelaide is uncommon. It is rarer still for an orchestra to use such techniques when playing pieces that hail from the Classical or Romantic eras. But the Australian Chamber Orchestra successfully convinced the Adelaide audience at its 'Classical Feast' concert that the lack of these performances is unjustified.

The ensemble's sound took on a warm, rounded quality, as director Richard Tognetti did everything he could to make sure that his charges allowed their instruments to resonate fully. Mozart's *Symphony No. 31 ('Paris')* was a charming way to begin the program, and the string players negotiated the quick passages with aplomb.

It was Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto* that provided the highlight of the evening, with Tognetti not only playing the solo part, but continuing to direct whenever he could. Principal second violin Helena Rathbone took over when required and guided the orchestra through the work with great care and skill. But the limelight was firmly fixed on the soloist, who opted more for lyricism than for fireworks, especially in the restrained (at least in terms of tempo) first movement. Tognetti certainly has the technique to play the fast movements at breakneck speed, but it was a wise and effective choice to allow the beauty of Mendelssohn's melodies to come through.

Beethoven's seventh symphony was an interesting work to hear played on authentic instruments, not least because of the contrast between the wind instruments and the strings. Occasionally, the former overpowered the latter, but this is perhaps inevitable when the winds must play high in their ranges and the acoustic of the auditorium provides plenty of reverberation. The slow movement, the character of which can change dramatically depending on the tempo that is used, was less a funeral march under the ACO's interpretation than a stately dance.

Throughout the concert, the ensemble was impeccable and the gut strings *et al* added a great deal of interest to the works. Tognetti proved that he is as good a soloist as he is a director and the orchestra was in typically fine form. It was no wonder that at the conclusion of the concert the audience gave the performers a standing ovation.

**Benedict Coxon**

## A Very Pleasurable Evening

**The Pleasure of Their Company**  
**Shaun Micallef & Glynn Nicholas**  
**Arts Theatre**  
**March 9-26**

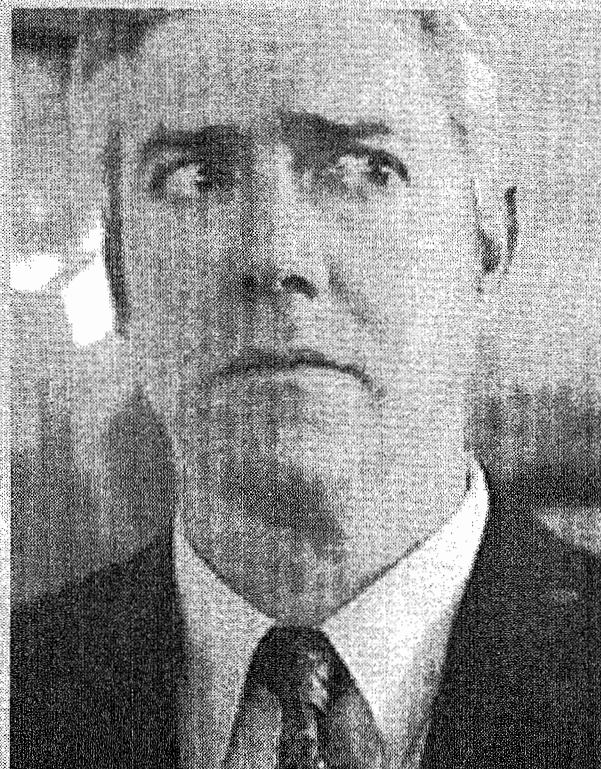
It's not often that a show leaves viewers sore from hours of solid laughter – but that's exactly how a large audience left 'The Pleasure of Their Company', the new show featuring Shaun Micallef and Glynn Nicholas. Following the huge success of Nicholas' ensemble show 'Certified Male', the pair has teamed up for Micallef's first live performance in Adelaide for ten years.

Glynn Nicholas has his roots in street performance and busking, so his shows tend to have a lot of mime and physical humour. Micallef's gifts lie in his hilariously deadpan delivery and satirical skits. When their two styles combine, audiences are presented with a riotously funny performance, with each trying a bit of the other's specialty – sometimes doing it well, sometimes doing it badly (but always deliberately, of course). Either way, it has audiences in stitches.

'The Pleasure of Their Company' touches on many topics, and nothing is sacred. Fun is poked at the sponsors and audience members are singled out for being late. Aside from the hilarity, some serious themes do get an airing. Police corruption and cruel treatment of the elderly are both covered, albeit in a manner one would expect from the comic duo. Milo Kerrigan makes an appearance, much to the delight of the audience. The 'gorilla suit' sketch from Micallef's days writing for *The Age* is funny every time! Nicholas showed his skill with complex mime routines, but also with his cutting attacks on new-age exercise with his character 'Pate Biscuit'. The only thing I wasn't sure about was Carrie Barr's appearance as a musical diversion.

This show is the funniest thing I have seen since 'Certified Male' and 'The Four Noels'. Let's hope that these two treasures of Australian comedy have much more up their sleeves; I for one would love to see more. In the meantime, 'The Pleasure of Their Company' is showing until the 26<sup>th</sup> – go and see it, I promise you will enjoy it.

**Edward Joyner**



## Fresh Start Impresses

**Night Music**  
**Australian String Quartet**  
**Adelaide Town Hall**  
**March 9**

In the past, the Australian String Quartet has been criticized for its overall sound as well as its unity of ensemble. In its first subscription concert for this year, however, the ASQ surpassed all expectations with a polished, glowing performance.

The first of Mozart's six 'Haydn' quartets, so named because they were dedicated to the composer's friend and mentor, is perhaps lesser known than the fourth ('Hunt') or the sixth ('Dissonance'), but is no less inspiring or exhilarating. The ASQ opened its 2005 season with a technically flawless and stylistically fresh rendition of the G major quartet, combining characteristic contrast, incredible ensemble and breathtaking accuracy to create a masterful interpretation.

The sudden leap from 18<sup>th</sup> century Austria to 20<sup>th</sup> century Hungary could not have been managed with more ease than it was by the ASQ. Bartók's fourth string quartet, one of the most challenging and driven works in the repertory, was performed with an overpowering intensity. It is the most dissonant of the composer's quartets and many of the string techniques employed are common only to compositions from the 20<sup>th</sup> century and beyond. This can make the work as disturbing as it is exciting. The ASQ, however, took the excitement and intensity of this quartet and made of them a performance that was accessible to all concert goers, whether they were new to Bartók or familiar with his unique style. At the heart of the revolutionary fourth quartet lies the third movement, which is entitled 'Night Music' and which features a haunting Hungarian folk song. Niall Brown floated the melody of the song over a superb accompaniment provided by violinists Natsuko Yoshimoto and James Cuddeford and violist Jeremy Williams.

Mendelssohn's third string quartet, in D major, is said to be the composer's favourite of the six that he wrote, and is a highly virtuosic and energetic work. The explosive opening movement particularly demonstrates the technical accomplishment required of the first violinist, and Natsuko Yoshimoto distinguished herself admirably in this regard. Concluding the quartet is a *Presto con brio* movement which demands that the players be precise in their ensemble throughout. The movement took off with a flurry of notes, ecstasy and passion, all of which were maintained until the end. With a remarkable execution of this vibrant work, the ASQ brought to a close a spectacular introduction to what looks to be an exciting year of music-making.

**Ashleigh Gold**

## Interview With Merri Hagan, Cirque du Soleil Dream Girl

Merri Hagan is my dream woman. In the manner of most straight girl crushes, Hagan inspires in me awe, envy and a little bit of titillating desire. What a woman. Not only is she articulate and intelligent, I bet she's beautiful. Of course, I haven't actually met her but I think you can tell a lot about a woman on the telephone. Hagan is the publicity manager for *Quidam*, birthchild of Canada's Cirque Du Soleil and currently touring through New Zealand and Australia. It's probably a good thing I was only able to interview Hagan across the Tasman. I fear I may have gotten a little giddy in her presence. At 29 and working in one of the most amazing jobs in town, what's not to like?

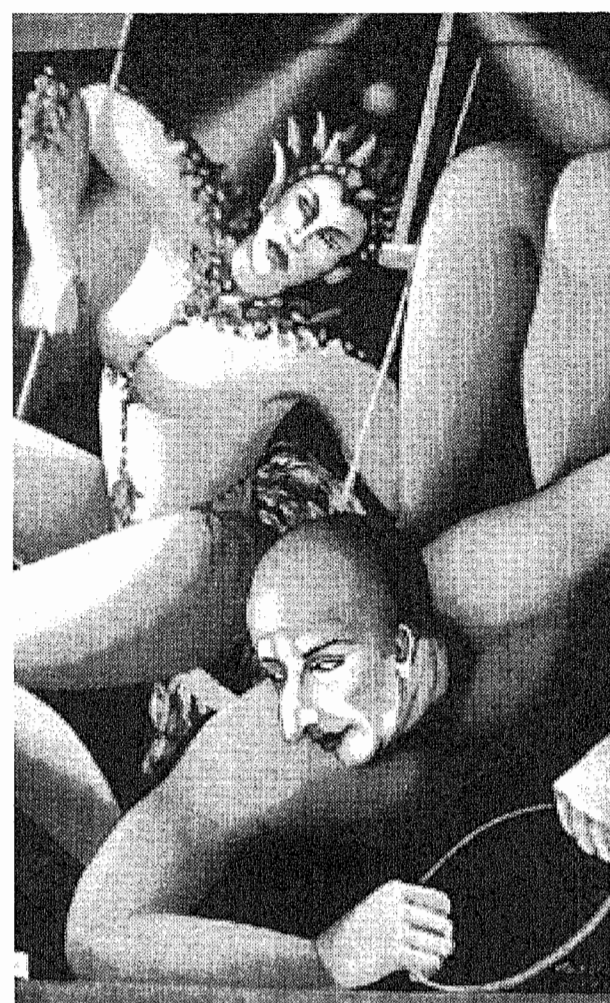
Cirque Du Soleil was founded by Guy Laliberte and a number of street performers. Originally, the circus was performed on the streets of Montreal under the rationale of bringing 'youth, risk, dreams and marginality together to create a better world'. From these humble beginnings, Cirque is now big business with at least five shows consistently touring throughout the world. Hagan, who has been working with *Quidam* for eight months, says on her show alone there are approximately

200 permanent staff, only 56 of whom are actual performers. The company travels with its own infrastructure, transporting 70 crates of equipment and running off North American power. For such a large operation, one might imagine it could get a little hairy at times. Hagan assures me the company is very professional, but also 'like one big family'. Hmmm...like one big, professional family. Mafia circus. Woah. But I digress.

Amidst images of gun wielding gymnasts and chump clowns, Hagan tells me how she rose from the lowly status of university student (like me) to hallowed Goddess of the coolest circus in town (not like me). After studying a Bachelor of Communications and Business Management, she found herself working in a PR agency in Melb. As one might imagine, the excitement of Melfournian PR wore a little thin after a few years, and Hagan found herself looking to the brighter lights of London. Before she even had time to pack her bags, Cirque Du Soleil/Mafia Circus came along and swept her up into the family. Hagan plans to stay in the fold until the job is no longer interesting or challenging. In an organisation that trades on flexibility, boredom seems less likely than the world hitting peak oil.

Cirque Du Soleil's *Quidam* will be on show in Adelaide this May.

Clementine Ford



# student radio - 101.5fm

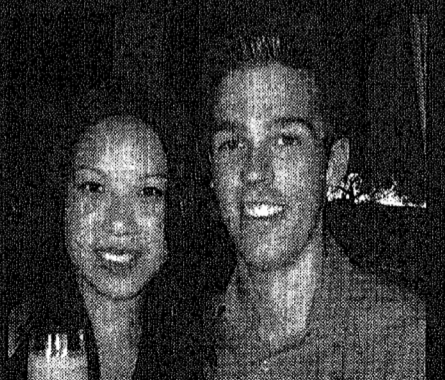
	saturday march	monday march	tuesday march	
9pm	Can I Borrow a Feeling? in the cue at centrelink with Alice & Chris	saturday night roller disco with our guineapigs hector & jesus	local noise presents: <b>Meatwallet</b>	9pm
10pm	Journey to the centre of twink with SA finest with luke & tom	Pyjamarama presented to you by the 1997 young south Australians of the year jules & nick	The Dans present a night of no trousers because on radio, no one can hear you from the waist down	10pm
11pm	Mixtape Radio with the people most likely to pick up the award for sexiest on air Adam Moore	The Beat Goes On with the very attractive jakin & friends	Top Gun The Musical discuss the finer points of black hole physics	11pm
midnight	Someone in Africa winners of the "oh my god this is amusing" award for 1987 with Adam & Katherine	open mic your chance to be on radio email us at: student.radio@adelaide.edu.au for more info	Aerosoul Urban presented by the men who make other men want cock, david j, matt d, lazy b & mark c	midnight

### show bio: somewhere in africa midnight saturday

While picking tomatoes one morning in her convent in Guatemala, Katherine realised she no longer wanted to be a nun and made the daring move to Adelaide. Making the final camel trip across the desert to her new home, she stumbled across Adam, who was a little lost from his Scandinavian pig hunting expedition. As they soon discovered, it was not possible to

undertake such a pilgrimage without becoming unique friends. During one of their many intense, stargazing discussions, Katherine and Adam both realised they were on a path to student radio. Now set to light up the radio waves of Adelaide at the prime time spot of midnight Saturday, you'd be missing out not to listen- who wants to go out then anyway? "Basically, we find ourselves funny,

so at least we'll be having fun", claims Katherine, while Adam adds "we only seem to ever get polite smiles from other people, I just don't understand". Tune in to find out the big deal and listen to Katherine and Adam talk about sport, movies and tv, solve life's big problems on air, have a rant and laugh, all with some of the better, more mainstream music thrown in



sexy radio stars adam & katherine take some time out for their adoring fans at ondit

## The Door in the Floor

**Director/Writer:** by Tod Williams

**Starring:** Jeff Bridges, Kim Basinger, Jon Foster

Prolonged grief, mourning, and isolation from people close to oneself are all possible responses after the loss of loved ones. In *The Door in the Floor* married couple Ted (Bridges) and Marion (Basinger) continue to contend with the loss of their two teenage sons in an unexpected accident. Ted, an author of children's books, appears fixated on his work and his affair with Evelyn Vaughn (Mimi Rogers). Marion, his beautiful wife, seems somewhat despondent. She is apparently unaware of Ted's philandering, and the two are trying a trial separation in a feeble attempt to bring about a change in their relationship. To avoid distressing their remaining daughter, 4 year old Ruthie (Elle Fanning), they alternate nights sleeping at the family home in South Hampton and an apartment in New York.

Enter Eddie (Foster), the young student Ted has hired to act as a writer's assistant over the summer. The motivations behind his hire are ambiguous - Eddie ends up being required not to assist in writing but to run various errands: driving Ted to and from Evelyn's home, fetching him squid ink he uses to sketch, and so forth. Eddie forms a fascination with Marion, who in turn forms a fascination with the fact that Eddie bears a striking resemblance to one of the dead sons. Eventually, Eddie finds himself a pawn in the couple's strained relationship, embarking on an affair with Marion. This may sound like a giveaway of the film's plot, but nothing in this film plays out predictably, and the above only describes a small portion of what transpires.

The film finds strength in its characters' uncertainties: Marion and Eddie are continuously drawn to each other although neither seems sure why. Ted continues to indulge in other women and shy away from his wife, perhaps because he does not know how to console her. Basinger gives the character of Marion a beautiful, melancholy quality, even when Marion finds some happiness in her own affair. Jeff Bridges imbues Ted with an amazing depth, animating this weathered, oblivious, imposing man and hitting every beat of his performance flawlessly, striking the perfect balance of vulnerability and indomitability. Even peripheral characters are beautifully realised, be it the haughty manager of a local frame store (Donna Murphy), or the young nanny of the family's daughter (Bijou Phillips). Every character in the film evokes the sense that these people have lives which continue to change even as the camera is not on them, instead of existing purely to advance the story of the central characters.

In spite of the film's beautifully gloomy undertones, Tod Williams also finds humour in the most unexpected places. It's a refreshing change to find a film which captures its characters without ever exaggerating them, and which finds amusement in the nature of their behaviour without ever making their actions feel unbelievable. This believability helps pique interest in what happens next - and even upon leaving the cinema, this mature, unsentimental drama is hard to stop thinking about.



**Brian O'Neill**

## Hating Alison Ashley

**Director:** Geoff Bennett

**Starring:** Delta Goodrem & Saskia Burmeister

Before *Hating Alison Ashley* made it to cinema release the media highly publicized Delta Goodrem's role as Alison Ashley. Perfection has never seemed so dull. The selling point to this movie should have been the wonderful Saskia Burmeister who plays the lead character Erica Yurken known as 'Yuk' or 'Erk'. She is the star of the film and makes Erica a very human character as she juxtaposes gumption and meekness depending on her mood and situation. She is at once someone you can relate to for her selfish behaviour and her ultimate acceptance of herself and acceptance of others. Oh yes, this is a movie with a message for those reaching maturity, but at least it doesn't finish like most teen flicks where the latest, youngest, blondest pop protégée takes to the stage to conquer her fears and the music industry. (Apologies to Miss Duff.)

Erica is an A-grade student who attends a dodgy highschool in a common suburb. She would like to think she's adopted and dreams of a glamorous acting career. In reality her calling is to write the roles she dreams to play. One day the perfect Alison enters the classroom with an aura of glitter. Erica is now in competition.

Erica has always felt superior to her classmates and family but Alison's arrival

brings about pangs of jealousy that lead to hate. On the surface Alison has everything Erica wants: beauty, brains, a magazine-style house and expensive car. However, underneath all the gloss she yearns for a family as loving as Erica's, even with all their kookiness. Erica's younger sister thinks she's a horse, her elder sister dresses in a best forgotten season at Sportsgirl that brought about a mish-mash of punk. Her brother is a no-hoper, her mother a bingo aficionado and her mother's boyfriend lacks a few teeth. But family love transcends such behaviour, as Erica will come to learn.

All is unraveled on the school camp. However, so is the film's weaker point. It becomes as tedious as real school camps.

A play is organized for all the parents to attend. Erica aspires to be lead actress. Only after some difficulty in accepting her gifted role as writer does she give the lead to Alison who plays it perfectly, to Erica's annoyance. Erica retreats into her world where the spotlight shines only on her and forgets that others are depending on her for the opening night.

After a few muddles and swift thinking from Erica's family the play is a success and so is Alison, of course. Luckily for Erica, her family is there to prompt the standing ovation and give merit to her writing genius. Erica realizes her fortune and that the limelight can be shared even with someone as vapidly beautiful as Alison.



**Hélène Sobolewski**

## The Life Aquatic



**Director:** Wes Anderson

**Starring:** Bill Murray, Owen Wilson, Cate Blanchett & Willem Dafoe

Bill Murray can't lose lately...and it's about bloody time! Steve Zissou is an oceanographer and "documentary" filmmaker about to embark on his biggest challenge yet: finding and killing - or at least fighting with - the zebra shark responsible for the death of his long time partner. Zissou's nutty mixed bag of cohorts are all aboard (including Dafoe - brilliant as Steve's wuss-bag German protégé), as well as a highly-strung journo with a bun in the oven (Blanchett - try to get used to the accent, she's good) and the mysterious Ned (broken-nosed sexy boy Wilson), who claims to be Zissou's long lost son. Wooooh. What follows is a farcical adventure including romance, pirates, kidnapping and grand larceny on the high seas. Climb aboard!

Murray is a genius (no bias for having grown up on *Stripes* and *Meatballs*) and Anderson is a genius for resurrecting his career, even if it has taken a little time since *Rushmore* for Murray to really get his lovely mug back onto our thankful screens (we'll just ignore *Garfield*). His portrayal of the egomaniacal

yet melancholy Zissou is perfect. I'm sure the part was written for him and as usual he's a dream! Aaaaah. However, I mustn't leave out the rest of the fabulous cast. All must also be applauded for their impeccable timing and chemistry. Thankyou Wes, also, for inviting Jeff Goldblum along. How stupid of me for not even realising earlier how dang PERFECT he is for Anderson's style.

Unlike with *The Royal Tenenbaums* I didn't walk out of *Aquatic* with a sense that I wasn't intelligent enough to really 'get it'. Anderson's latest gem is for everyone. He still retains his trademark kooky charm, but with an easier-to-follow humour for all us dimwits out here. The characters are brutally honest with each other and with the cast's deadpan delivery of a frequently hilarious script I had to stop myself from cracking up on many an occasion to hear the next line, only to repeat the process over and over. Yeah, I'm one of those loud laughers. Family legacy.

Anderson uses CGI to create the most beautiful underwater creatures, but unlike other films where it seemed unnecessary (I loved *Amelie*, but what was with the random pictures coming alive?), Zissou's computer-generated discoveries only add to the magic of *Aquatic*.

As with *Tenenbaums*, the soundtrack enhances the film's quirky atmosphere, a Brazilian crewman providing onscreen renditions (in Portuguese) of David Bowie's back catalogue and Noah Taylor creating crazily fun electronic compositions on his little Casio keyboard. Such a fantastic concept!

*Aquatic* is definitely one trip you've gotta take, but don't forget to pack a colostomy bag - for all the laughing, silly! By the way, did I mention how much I love Bill Murray?



**Lucky L**

ON DIT HAS A FEW MINUTES WITH HATING ALISON ASHLEY LEAD SASKIA BURMEISTER



Saskia Burmeister is having a private conversation on her mobile but professionally cuts it short to introduce herself as we sit down to begin the interview. Saskia plays the heroine Erica Yurken in Geoff Bennett's movie *Hating Alison Ashley*, adapted from Robin Klein's novel of the same name. In comparison to her character on screen she looks settled and content. So she should, for she's succeeded in taking a much-loved character from a novel, so popular in the early high school age group, to the screen. Her manner is professional but not impersonal as she comments on my shade of nail polish. Some pinks just don't do it for her, but this one was to her liking. (Saskia, for the record, it was Maybelline, not Loréal). As I struggle with some new fandangled technology she peppers her arms and neck with lavender aromatherapy oil. She is poised, coiffed and ready to go; a different picture to the endearingly erratic 'Erk'.

Saskia played Erica Yurken so convincingly on screen that she became that character. At 20 years of age high school is a distant but not an erased memory. How was Saskia able to empathise with Erica's early teen character? "To me Erica represented the every person... teen films that come out now have the Alison Ashley character as the heroine...perfect, blonde, blue-eyed, gorgeous, have a pick of any boy in the school. Young girls are going to come to the film and not want to be Erica but realize that they are Erica."

We'll now get the inevitable Delta question over with - did Delta give her a free CD? Saskia lets out an amused "ohh nooo! Funnily enough, no! But she did give me a lot of free performances though. She had a piano in her trailer so I'd just walk over and she'd be playing". So, with no Delta CD in her collection, only in her trailer memories, what

music does she like? "Well, it's kinda funny. I should be saying these young hot things, y'know what I mean? But being in a film for young teens the names I say they're gonna say 'huh?' But hey who cares?" Knowing that she's being interviewed for a university paper she loosens up and tells me what she really likes without the pressure of staying in the mind frame of her tweenie audience. "I love The Cure and I love a few of Annie Lennox's songs and I love U2 and I love...I love a lot of eclectic music. Because I write and my music really inspires me, I listen to a lot of classical music."

Her love of classical music opens up a conversation for her love of bygone eras. She is writing a script set in the 1800s. Like Erica she has dreams of writing and directing. It is this connection with words and a love of literature that helped land her Erica's role. At the audition she says that she turned around and said "yeah, I'm writing a script at the moment and they're like...really...that's very interesting." Switching into the role of auditioner she takes on a haughty look, arches her back and pretends to jot down notes along the lines of 'hmm she wants to write and direct...just like this character, hmm'. Can't wait for her to tackle a comedic role.

Coming out in August next year on SBS is a film called *Jewboy* starring Saskia as Rivka, a character "very much in love with the lead". She says "I'd just finished Erica Yurkin, I mean *Hating Alison Ashley*, and I wanted to take a step in the very independent film direction and I wanted not to play a lead. I wanted to have a break and play a supporting role in something very, very nitty-gritty. So *Jewboy* came up and I met the director, Tony Krawitz. It's about the Jewish community in Sydney. It's this world that I knew nothing about, and I became Jewish, well, obviously, I didn't literally become Jewish but I was living a Jewish lifestyle for about up to four months doing all the studying and then shooting. It was really amazing. So that was something that I'm really proud of and that's in film festivals at the moment."

Although she talks so warmly and proudly of *Jewboy* she says "this last year has really been about *Hating Alison Ashley*. Just doing the re-shoots, then the voiceovers and doing all the press. And at the moment I'm lucky to have had a bunch of scripts thrown my way and I'm reading them and deciding what I'm going to do next but I think that after this week it's going to be sleeping! For a little while, just a little while!"

Having already covered such diverse characters from her first screen role as a guest on *Water Rats* to Erica Yurken to Rivka in *Jewboy*, Saskia still finds others she would really love to play. Full of assurance she says "Mary Queen of Scots. I'd love to play Jane



Austen." Which Bennett sister would she like to play in *Austen's Pride and Prejudice*?

"I would play Lydia. I would have just so much fun... I would love to have fun with supporting roles at the moment." No doubt she would bring a whole new cheekiness to Lydia. She lights up and says, "Ahh! This is interesting! Y'know they've cast Keira Knightley as Elizabeth?" Yes, to our chagrin. "Well, I think they wanted to cast a Brit." We come to the conclusion that the 1995 BBC version makes any other pale in comparison. Plus how does one top Jennifer Ehle's performance?

Saskia talks highly of Jennifer Ehle's *Lizzy Bennett*, but we can say, "Who would top Saskia's performance as Erica?"

Hélène Sobolewski

QUOTE THE RAVEN COMPETITION

"And you must be the Monopoly guy! Hey, thanks for the free parking."

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

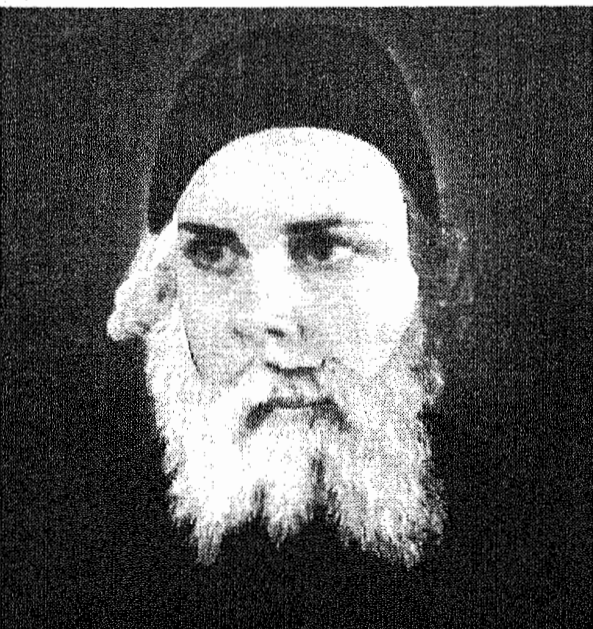
Well done KARLIE GOETZE for guessing *Swingers* from edition 3. You've won a double pass to *The Life Aquatic*. nice one sista!

REVIEWER PROFILE

Hélène Sobolewski



**Fave film:** *Amélie*  
**Most Hated:** *Troy*, *Saw*  
**Fave Genre:** Comedy, Drama, noir, 'Arthouse'  
**Fave Actor:** Jean-Paul Belmondo  
**Random Quote:** "Fashion is what goes out of fashion".



Saskia took a strict Stanislavskian approach to *Jewboy*



Saskia gets her first role as a Bennett sister, playing Elisabeth in Baz Lurhman's unpublished 1997 adaptation

# A Look Back at the French Film Festival



## Le Table Tournante

*The Turning Table* is a doco/animation film based on the work of France's own Walt Disney, the legendary Paul Grimault. This film was made in 1984 and features Grimault himself talking to his favourite animation and showing him some of his earlier work. In 1984 this film would've been a collection of everyone's favourite cartoons but as an ordinary movie-goer in 2005... I found it a little boring. Even the teens and primary schoolers watching with me were restless. BUT, while most of the cartoons were snooze-worthy, the one at the very end was incredible. Grimault's version of *The Little Soldier* (you know, the toy soldier who falls in love with the ballerina?) is amazing. Even with no dialogue, the old-style animation and the well-chosen music make it possibly the most moving cartoon I've ever seen. The entire audience fell still for it and, dare I say, some of us shed a tear. See this film just for the final story.

Soph.

## French Film Festival Short Films

Most of the "French Cuts" were distinctly somber: a young mother suffering post-natal depression playing curious games on her sanity in *Anna (3kg 2)*; an African man in *Clandestin* running exhausted, pained emotionally and physically towards a dream that perhaps never existed for him in the world of white people.

The sub-titles were missing in *Clandestin* but it didn't make the experience of watching this beautiful, strong, African man struggling with thwarted desire any less powerful.

It was not all gloom though. As leavening there were layers of offbeat Gallie humour, moral questions, re-awakenings of the soul and it finished on an enchanting note in *Ticket Choc*, a story of love at first sight in the Paris metro.

Hélène Sobolewski

## Marriages!

I'm not sure what made me fall completely in love with this film. It might be the soundtrack, sweeping and grandiose, much more 'armies join in fierce battle to decide the fate of the universe' than 'best man's wife has affair with bride's uncle while bride endures inner conflict between need for fairytale wedding and desire for freedom'. Whatever, it works. It might be the best man, Alex, who goes around helpfully spouting wisdom such as: "Marriage is like a castle under siege: all those on the outside want to get in, and all those on the inside..." It might be that it turns out that all a woman seeking liberation has to do is cut her hair and everything will be alright. *Marriages!* revolves around the wedding day of Ben and Johanna, whose entire circle of family and friends seem bent on demonstrating that marriage can only end badly. It's occasionally moving, often hilarious, and I liked Johanna's wedding dress.

Rach.

## Look at Me

*Look at Me* is full of gently black humour mixed in with purely funny moments, and this is one of the many reasons I liked the film. Cutting lines pepper the dialogue, which tends to be laced with a subdued kind of emotional ambiguity. The characters are timelessly played out, to think about setting of time or place seems irrelevant. Although, depending on how you are with your French, (or reading subtitles) the language aspect could be a source of alienation. It's a beautifully contrived plot, (it's mildly tragic to miss just a few seconds) and those that people it experience life in full colour, black, white and grey. This is film is no genre-filler. And whilst opera is not something which I usually find inviting, surprisingly it carries the film well, mingling with the pleasantly artistic shots.

Edie P.

# Gonzo Blast From the Past



**Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas** (1998)

**Director:** Terry Gilliam  
**Starring:** Johnny Depp & Benicio Del Toro

It seemed an inspired stroke of genius, to throw the talents of Hunter S. Thompson, Terry Gilliam and Johnny Depp all in together and see what came out. In the end *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* was a \$21 million dollar experiment and a picture that will delight the few who know and love the source material and befuddle the remainder.

Gilliam's interpretation is a fairly direct translation of the events of the book following Thompson alter ego Raoul Duke (Depp) and his attorney (Del Toro) through the hallucinatory streets of Las Vegas but like with Thompson's novel the attraction isn't the story, but the style with which it's executed.

Terry Gilliam was the only logical choice to adapt Thompson's incendiary prose onto the screen. Art Linson had tried before, and failed, with 1980's *Where the Buffalo Roam* but Gilliam had already proved with *Brazil* and *12 Monkeys*

that his was a sensibility equitable with that of Thompson's.

Gilliam executes brilliantly the many set pieces taken from Thompson's novel - the lizards in the Las Vegas bar, the bats in the Barstow desert, the Adrenochrome experience, the "white rabbit" bathroom scene as well as countless others.

The response to the film was relatively cool at first with most audiences and critics finding the meandering, free form plot difficult to understand but with time it has come to be a cult classic. Currently plans are underway to film an early Thompson novel, the long time unpublished *The Rum Diary*, with both Depp and Del Toro returning.

In retrospect *Fear and Loathing* stands out as a picture that missed its time, and suffered at the hands of an audience that misunderstood it. It has an energy and imagination like few other pictures and is aesthetically almost unmatched.

It appears destined to only be appreciated in basements, by small covens of stoners and at film nights staged by university students. Personally I hope this never changes, and that *Fear and Loathing* remains the sole property of drug addled, boho philosophers.

Danny Wills

## CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR AN INTERVIEW STUDY ON EXPERIENCES TAKING ANTI-DEPRESSANT MEDICATION

We are seeking volunteers to participate in a research project concerned with your thoughts and experiences regarding taking anti-depressant medications, referred to as SSRIs (Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitors). The SSRIs are sold under brand names that include Cipramil, Prozac, Zoloft, Efexor, Luvox, Zyan and Aropax.

We would like to interview people between the ages of 17 and 21 years, who are currently taking an SSRI, or have taken such medication within the last twelve months.

This study aims to learn about what you think about taking SSRIs, through in-depth interviewing. Thus, this is a qualitative study. It is expected that interviews will last for about one hour. You may elect to be interviewed at the Royal Adelaide Hospital, or over the telephone.

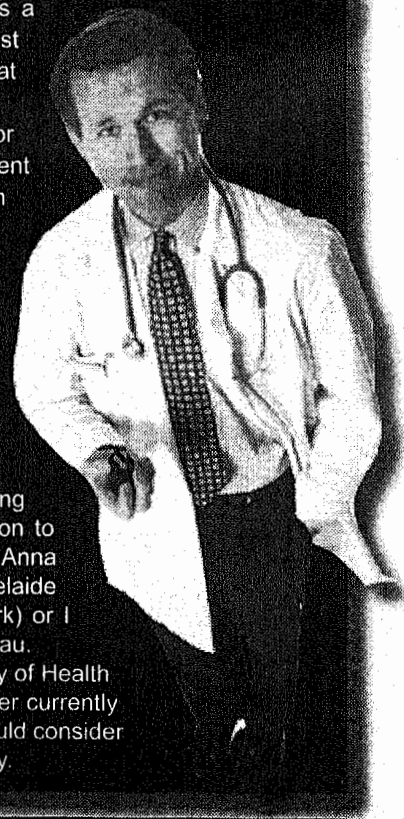
The interviewer is Dr Anna Chur-Hansen, a Senior Lecturer from the University of Adelaide Department of Psychiatry. She is conducting the study, in collaboration with Dr Deborah Zion, from the Centre for Human Bioethics at Monash University.

The interview will be fairly open-ended, and you will be invited to express your views about and experiences of taking SSRIs.

The University of Adelaide Human Ethics Committee has approved the study. Strict confidentiality is assured, and you are free to withdraw your participation at any time.

If you would like to express interest in participating in this study, or if you have any questions in relation to this project, please contact the investigator, Dr Anna Chur-Hansen, Department of Psychiatry, Royal Adelaide Hospital. My telephone number is 8222-5785 (work) or I can be emailed on [anna.churhansen@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:anna.churhansen@adelaide.edu.au).

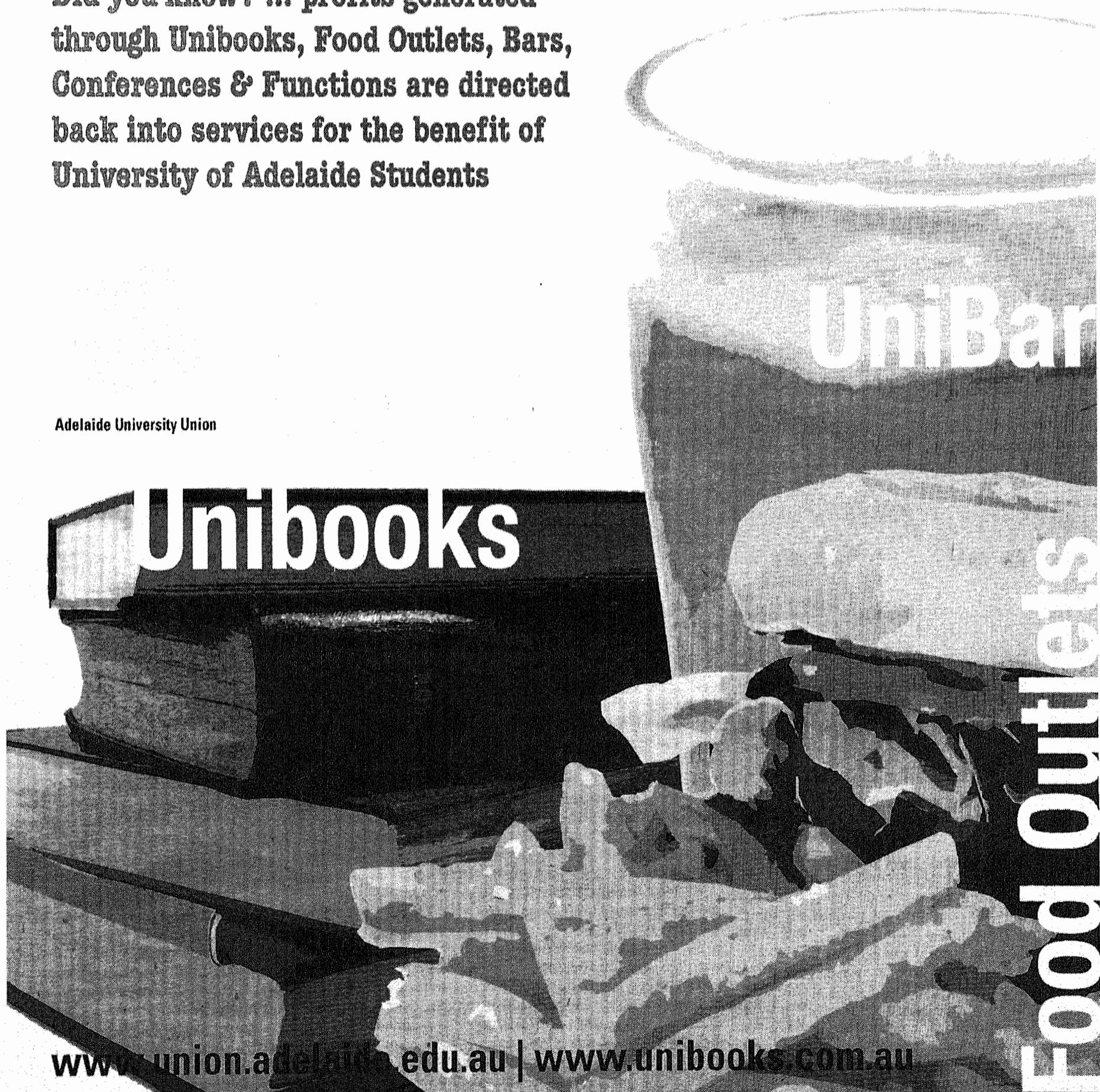
\*Please note that if you are a student in the Faculty of Health Sciences Dr Chur-Hansen may be your teacher either currently or in the future. Thus, Health Sciences students should consider carefully whether they wish to participate in this study.



# Not one cent of your Student Services Fee goes to supporting Commercial Operations within the AUU

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Adelaide University Union



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# Art of Fighting

w/ No Through Road and Paper Tiger  
@Jive March 17



The newly formed No Through Road band amused and entertained the early punters. Matt Banham's showmanship was hilarious. His command over the audience was down right smart-arsed and cheeky as he constantly congratulated them for witnessing his band (who were also made to feel grateful). The band that Matt has amassed consists of some of Adelaide's best usual suspects and was a treat to behold. I really enjoyed Stevie's drumming as he bashed and rolled away with an air of absolute appropriateness. Likewise Ianto Ware's old Maton bass guitar was a lush addition to an overall sound that befits Matt's stage persona and adds a nice contrast to his solo performance.

Before they started I felt sorry for Paper Tiger who had to follow NTR's performance. However they were the perfect balance and mediator between the other bands. Playing their more sombre songs, full of subtle reflection and clever folk-pop, I did miss some of their more up-beat tracks but in the context of the night it really worked.

Art of Fighting haven't played a gig in Adelaide, let alone elsewhere, for about three years. Having seen them several times before their extended hiatus I know how good their live show can be, though I was a little concerned that the break may mar their performance. Oh, how the first chords melted my anxieties, I don't know, but it felt from then on that they'd never paused.

Opening with 'Real Time' from the beautiful new record *Second Story*, AOF brought themselves back with a tide of jangly guitar and wistful lyrics. 'Give Me Tonight' followed and went about adding the warmth and continuity of old AOF romanticism. Ollie's voice hasn't lost a spec of charm. Technically

he works the microphone so well with his consistent measured delivery and excellent awareness of reverb, it's no wonder his dreamy tone traps audiences in the most vulnerable depths of reflection. The belting regrets of 'Akula' maintained this and the promise of old songs, at least from their other album *Wires*, was a running theme throughout the night.

The first single 'Along the Run' from the new record glistened away with the sublime texture of the riveted ride cymbal of drummer Marty Browne. Gently ringing out and lingering while the song progressed, it suits AOF's subtle qualities and sounds like a soft beaded curtain being delicately placed in hot oil. 'Find You Lost' caught the audience clapping in the pause before the start of the crescendo. Maybe it's been so long that some of us have forgotten the songs or that *Second Story* has brought with it a new breed of AOF appreciators, either way this can not be a bad thing. Another oldie in 'Reasons' kept fans happy and cemented the need to see a band that has been away far too long. AOF purged themselves upon the dynamics and melancholy of 'Just Say I'm Right' adding a bit of grunt to a felt performance which built and built to the point of frustration and some kind of forsaken resolution. With the night drawing to a close the audience were already pleased.

BV

## ...Yet More Gushing Praise for Art Of Fighting

I had the very special privilege of seeing them live last night. The finest and most mature band in Australia, the (relatively) untapped beauty of this precious four-piece was put on display for their devout Adelaide followers.

Seeing Art of Fighting live made me appreciate the difficulty of simplicity. Art of Fighting have perfected the art of playing delicate, languid notes that sneak up on you ever so slowly until the cascading layers of sound reach a crescendo and the world around you collapses. This was seen in the cathartic climaxes of 'Busted, Broken, Forgotten' and 'Reasons Are All I Have Left'. The audience was completely submerged in Ollie's serene vocals as he sang oh so achingly of love corroded by time and misfortune.

I had my fingers crossed all night for the band to play my two favourites, 'Heart Translation' and 'Something New', the final tracks of their two LPs. And boy, did they save the best for last. The reverberating insistence of 'Heart Translation' made the entire venue shudder while the haunting desperation of 'Something New', with its lyrics 'When I see you move under certain light/ I'm lost in visions of us both in the night/ It's not so easy just to see you away/ When you constitute the breath of my day/ Oh to give you something new,' reduced some, including my best friend Haidee, to tears.

I do not know if it is possible to have any more respect than I already do for a band that favours texture over superfluity, subtly over force.

Thi Thy Nguyen

## KID CONFUCIUS

Interview

Kid Confucius has a wide fan base in Sydney, playing sell out live shows. This 9 piece band started out in 2002, and three years later they finally brought their live show onto a recording, with a national tour to promote the self titled release.

Asked about the album, Andrew Guirguis said they felt "it's the most perfect album we could have made at this point, for our first album as an upcoming band". After two years of live performances, it was a big step into the studio to actually lay the sound down formally, especially with aspirations to "create one of the best soul and hip hop albums that this country's kinda ever produced". They collectively were happy that they had achieved the sounds they had wanted ultimately to convey. Now they're eagerly awaiting touring, although slightly nervous to be leaving their "home court" of Sydney familiarity; "every city is like a different thing to look forward to."

Laying it down from live shows to recording was a difficult choice. Without Tony Buchman, they would have struggled to do so, and he taught them amongst other things "not to be so precious about the sound and kinda stripped down every song to zero and started again". They discovered that "a lot of that stuff (New York soul & hip hop scene) sounds

so effortless and natural, but when you try and do it yourself it's really hard. We weren't kinda strictly emulating those sounds but using them as reference points." With Tony's help they made it happen; "we gave him the colour...we slowly built the soundscapes we wanted to create." With nine band members and numerous background influences much had to be considered, and leaders emerged in the group who were trusted with moderating everyone's opinions and input.

There's a fine line in interpretational performance, and that was an aspect that had to be carefully considered in recording the music. What works live doesn't necessarily have that same energy when produced, and vice versa. Therefore Guirguis explains that in recording the sound the band didn't see it as a "moving away or like a linear thing, its more like we have the live sound and that continues on as it is and as it was, and we've got now Kid Confucius the album version and that's a kinda separate thing, an extension of our sound." And as such, the songs all retain the same sense of energy, but comparing album and live versions are for the most part very different. So that begged the question did recording and having things set in stone affect the expressive elements that soul and funk are renowned for? "We just had to find new ways for them to work on the album... you have to find new ways to create dynamics. The polished aspect isn't a confinement, it's just finding a new way

to create dynamics on record." As such he commented that it's also helped to improve and expand the energy they have onstage.

Their producer, Tony Buchan, had "the most important outward influence" and they liken him to the man who produced the Beatles, George Martin; "it's comparing the relationship because he wasn't just a producer but because he had interests in different kinds of music and we all went out and bought the CDs he told us to buy and we all really got into his aesthetic as much as he had to get into ours." As any producer should he gives the band his opinion of how things sound live and recorded, but in such a way that "really kinda moulds everything, not just the album sound" just reemphasizing the fact that Buchman is as much a mentor to many of the band members as he is their producer.

For the future the band hopes to have a successful tour, take a break for a few weeks and then they "wanna be part of the festival circuit and be part of some of the bigger summer festivals". None of them want to "stop doing what we're doing now" and there has already been talk about new material for a second album, however ambitious a thought that might be at the present moment. As Guirguis said, you've "always gotta have yourself a goal...have to stick to that certain kinda vision and self belief otherwise there's no motivation to do anything."

Jenn

# Love outside Andromeda

## Interview

It was one of those days when everything that could go wrong did, and just before Sianna rang I found myself cuddled in a corner of the On Dit office cradling my phone, the dictaphone, pen and paper rather precariously. Who would have realized putting a spade through a water pipe could cause so many repercussions? So it wasn't really the best circumstances for an interview, but then neither were hers, on the road somewhere between Canberra and Sydney.

This time the band are on the road as the headlining act, finishing up a six month period of relentless touring from promoting their debut self titled album, *Love Outside Andromeda*. Having begun with a fair few solid performances, including Canberra, as a group looking forward to performing at the Northcote Social Club and The Gov especially. The Gov is "the best venue to play at" and she likes the Northcote Social Club as well because of the lack of strain to her voice; "singing in smoky bars is tough work" and passive smoking does have a great affect on anyone's vocal chords. The other low light of such touring Sianna immediately replied is "sleep deprivation", more so on the current tour as bedtime is now significantly later. In comparison their high points have little to do with their music, but actually being able to get out there and try out all these different cafés, and they all have a fetish for mushroom and avocado on toast. After being on the road so long, they're looking forward to some time out, and already have plans simmering for their next recording. "I've already written some stuff" Sianna says, "but I generally tend to write more when I'm at

home and lonely". Being on the road leaves little time for anything else.

Sianna Lee has always been the fierce front woman of the band, dominating with her vitriolic lyrics and possessive ideas about where to take her music. But with the creation of tracks such as "Box Cutter Baby" and "Achilles" she's finding group input is helping to break her very well served "formula that I'm getting bored of". This time round her "sketches are less lyrically driven" and she's starting to "trust the others much more" with their collaboration with production. She finds it hard as quite often she is "emotionally caught up in" what she writes, but the different influences and tastes have produced encouraging results so far. And already they have producer Joe Burnside, the man who helped develop to record the Sleepy Jackson, lined up for their next album project.

Talking about the album, we then got started talking about cats. I mean the current album cover is very funky with its beautiful black cat staring out from behind black stripes and a red abyss, but what was the inspiration that led to this creation? It seemed to have little to do with the band or their music, and was apparently decided upon unconsciously.



Freda, the kitten on the cover was devised by James and Tim Harvey, who were approached by the band after some of the guys had seen a greeting card made by them. However, as Sianna pointed out "there's some kind of uncanny link between cats and writers" and so there the link lies. Or maybe the links lie in the beautiful yet scathing looks a cat can give, just like the music - beautifully crafted and potent. Whichever way you look at it, their gig is certainly not one you'd want to miss.

Jenn

Love Outside Andromeda are playing at The Gov on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of April



# Chicks on Speed

Three piece German Electro-Punk slash Euro-Clash outfit Chicks on Speed graced Adelaide with their hyper-excited, political, song, dance and fashion fiesta. With only half of Enigma's upstairs open, there was still plenty of room for all to dance the dances - the sparsity of folk adding to that underground intimacy that Chicks on Speed are all about.

The show was highly interactive, reminiscent of how one could imagine Seppi Bar to have functioned in its day. The stage was a mélange of fluorescent

Chicks on Speed outfits with clever political prints, gaffa tape and a ladder. Alex took center stage leading the group with her air-synth and Mac pumping out pre-recorded electronic treats, Kiki on the modulator and Annat (Melissa's temporary replacement) embodying rock on air guitar.

The girls played tracks from their new album, such as 'Wax my Anus' (supposedly inspired by Courtney Love), 'Class War' and 'The Household Song', ironically rejecting emancipation

and embracing the sexiness of household chores, whilst mopping and sweeping the stage - I wonder if this has anything to do with Melissa's becoming eine mutter four weeks ago? They rehashed tracks from '99 Cents' and 'Will Save us All'. Annat fittingly thrashed about in the crowd to 'We Don't Play Guitars' and 'Fashion Rules' saw the entire front row up on stage playing dress-ups, singing and dancing.

Their on stage antics were complimented by video projections, which amongst other

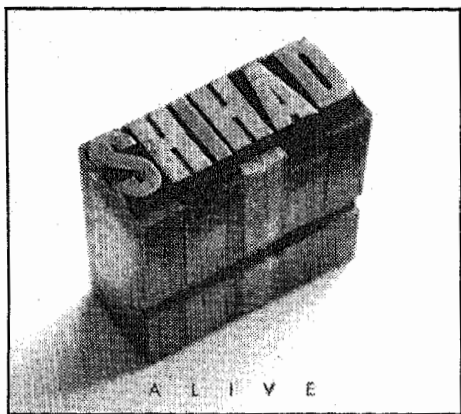
Press the Spacebar Tour  
Sunday March 6th  
Enigma Bar

things included war footage and a songs worth of vagina close-ups. . . Press the Spacebar Tour was as much about music as it was art, fashion, video projection, dance and political satire in authentic DIY-style.

While Chicks on Speed have embraced their 'fake music' label, they rocked in a way 'real musicians' hanker for.

Voll die gelie show.

Anna Svedberg



*Alive* (E.P)  
**Shihad**  
Warner

Things have come full circle for Shihad. Since 2001 the group have carried the name 'Pacifier', changed after the "9/11" incident and the resulting pressures to remove anything that sounded 'Muslimesque' (eg. terrorist) from the view of a fear struck public. It was a disappointing change given that anyone who had heard the band knew that they were not in the least pro-terrorist oriented. Now it seems the group feel it is finally safe to revert to using 'Shihad', and be free of people pointing, hysterically and wide-eyed, at their group name and words like Jihad and concluding they are the same. Fascinating.

As a whole, this E.P carries elements of a young Grinspoon circa the *Better Guide to Living & Easy* era, and System of a Down. In the title track, the S.O.A.D comparison is shown in the guitars; detuned and playing a low, basic riff and the drums which fool around with the tempo/feel and make for interesting listening. The vocals here are similar to Grinspoon. The chorus brings out the slower and familiar Pacifier/Shihad sound that they are known for: dreamy with indistinguishable guitar tracks.

After a bridge which makes one cringe from its obvious lack of necessity, this song closes by drawing out the anthem-like chorus for the last minute and ten seconds.

The Grinspoon/S.O.A.D similarities continue in next track, '12XU'. Apparently this is a cover of a song by Wire, of whom I have never heard. The song alternates between a three chord fast rock progression and a throbbing one note verse. This is a dull track. Thank God it only lasts for under two minutes.

'Blah, Blah, Blah' starts with some fancy panning and flanging techniques that are expected and occur frequently on studio releases in this day and age. As with *Alive*, the guitars seem determined to remain rooted to their lowest notes throughout most of the track. The singing and the instruments seem to be playing two different songs in the first half of the song, and this comes across as disjointed and sloppy work. If you skip this, the song gathers some authentic force. Singer Jon Toogood shows us his

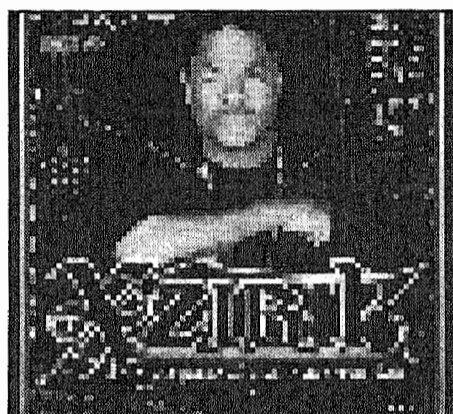
proWess in the area of screaming, in the process making up for the song's dismal beginning.

Final song *Hear Me* is a long, psychedelic rock piece with only two main sections. The vocal track is pushed back so far that this might as well have been a plain instrumental version.

It's difficult to review E.P's because bands can treat them like singles, and you really don't know how hard they have tried with their songs. But then again, shouldn't every release a band makes be attempted with as much effort as possible?

**Tony Marshall**

**\*WOULD I BUY THIS RECORD?  
No.**



*Weapons of Mass Destruction*  
**Xzibit**  
Sony/BMG

It's no secret that gangster rap is a tired genre full of endlessly repeated clichés about women, cars, guns, weed and violence. There are precious few artists in the genre who still warrant any attention whatsoever. On the success of his early 'underground' records *At the Speed of Life*, *40 Dayz & 40 Nightz* and his G-funk debut, the Dr. Dre produced hit *Restless* Xzibit has managed to distance himself from the pack of mediocrity. His rugged flow and occasional divergence into more weighty lyrical matter place him above the thousands of Ludacises, Nellys and Ja Rules.

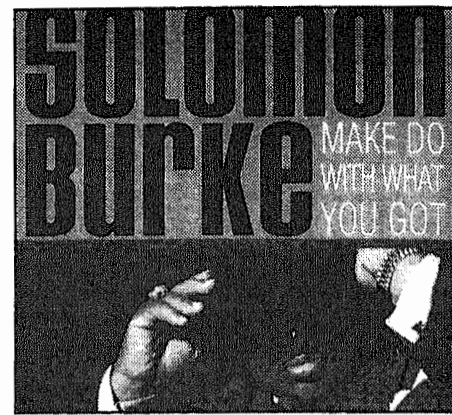
*Weapons of Mass Destruction* begins with an intro track titled 'State of the Union'. In many ways it's the most interesting track on the record. It features an edited audio track of George Bush's many speeches about the "threat of terrorism" and on the "threat in Iraq" but re-edited so that Bush is declaring himself as the "dictator who is addicted to weapons of mass destruction" who "resolves to bring sudden terror". From there the record moves on to a few fairly mediocre opening tracks. 'Lax', 'Cold War' and 'Mutha Fucker' are all hard rhyme driven tracks but immediately forgettable.

'Beware of Us' is a relatively simple boast track but features some impressive production from Khalil made up mainly of Dr. Dre derived synth blasts. 'Judgement Day' has decidedly street party feel to it is probably one of the only tracks where X demonstrates the lyrical strength that distinguishes

him in the genre. With lines like "It ain't like I ain't tried to tell ya/ misery loves company and keeping the wrong company brings failure/people use people like paraphernalia/with a scam, with a scheme, with a dream they'll sell ya" he shows he's (marginally) better than most in his field. 'Hey Now' is the lead single off the record, a fairly simple yet enjoyable club song.

It's ultimately a forgettable record but much better than much of the other gangster rap on offer, which is a sad indictment of a genre that has become an intellectual wasteland.

**Danny Wills**

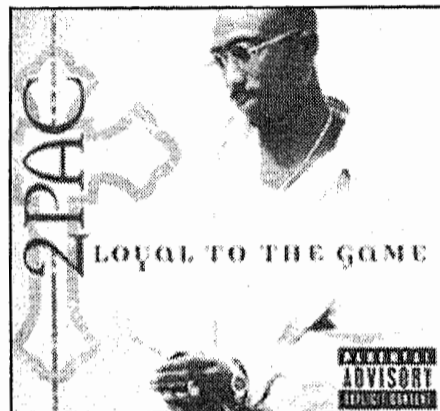


*Make Do With What You Got*  
**Solomon Burke**

*Make Do With What You Got* is the latest release from Solomon Burke, a man described as a 'veteran soul music revelator'. The album consists of 10 down the middle blues tracks that take obvious vocal inspirations from the likes of James Brown, Little Milton, Ray Charles, Sonny Boy Williamson and a myriad of other blues and soul greats. Musically speaking the album reflects an Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan and Jackson Browne feel with much of the song writing boasting sweet melodic organ rhythms, walking bass lines and intricately picked guitar riffs all being held together by subtle yet complex drum fills. Three of the tracks on this album are actually covers being Robbie Robertson's 'It makes no difference', Hank Williams' 'Wealth won't save your soul' and Bob Dylan's 'What Good am I' all of which are beautifully executed and very pleasing.

Being a lover of blues music I absolutely adore this album, however if you're not a die-hard old style rhythm and blues enthusiast you may find this album a bit boring and outdated as it doesn't offer anything new. In a time of rock and roll revival where countless bands are doing nothing more than recycling thirty year old songs to slot into the commercial scene this album seems to hold it's own and not get lost in the crowd. I believe this is due to the fact that it was created by a 'veteran' of the industry and not someone who's desperately trying to jump on to the latest band wagon. The songs that stand out to me from the album are the first track 'I need your love in my life' and number nine, which is the album title track. These songs are the most up beat and swinging tracks on the album. All the rest of the songs are a bit slower and melodic and tend to drag on a bit after listening for an extended period of time. So if your into the blues and love classic R&B soul music it would be very worthwhile checking out this latest release from Solomon Burke, which I'm sure would find a happy home amongst your collection.

**Matt Carty**



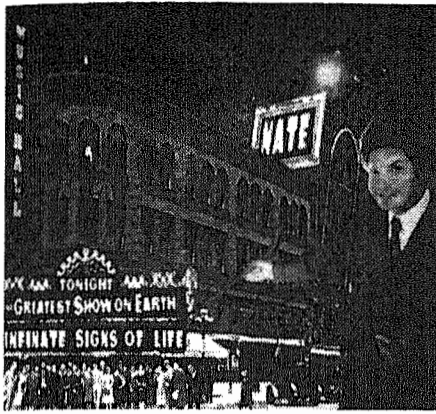
*Loyal to the Game*  
**2pac**  
Universal

Death is a major handicap for most artists. It single handedly ended the careers of John Lennon, Bob Dylan, Elvis and Jimi Hendrix but it seems to of little hindrance to Tupac Shakur. *Loyal to the Game* is 2pac's tenth record and the sixth released since his death.

Most likely in an attempt to sell as many records as possible the executives at Interscope have decided to throw Eminem into the mix to provide the beats on this latest offering. Largely the beats are standard Eminem fare - a stuttering, plodding drum with a few simple keys running over the top. It's a great shame that these posthumus 2pac records are made more with dollars in mind than Tupac's legacy. His rhymes were never meant to be chained to such pedestrian beats and wouldn't have been if he was alive.

Tupac was a notorious workaholic, as the famous quote from Biggie Smalls: "I remember once when Pac went to take a shit and came back with two songs" testifies. As such his backlog of material is extensive and a lot of the tracks released since his death have been very good. 'Pain', 'Rear-view Window', 'God Bless the Dead' and 'Late Night' are among some of his best work but it's beginning to run thin. *Loyal to the Game* is little more than a money making exercise masterminded by executives who want to wring every last cent from Tupac's corpse. Were getting rhymes that were never meant for release paired with tepid beats. I'm sure Pac's rolling in his grave.

**Danny Wills**



*Infinite Signs of Life*  
**Nate**  
 Creative Vibes

As one of the stubborn few who remain unconvinced that hip-hop can be music, CD's of the 'genre' become hard for me to a) listen to and not be repulsed by, and b) review. But you know you're on your own when 'artists' like Outkast and Nelly are heralded by major music press (who seem to have a Ministry of Truth like ability to rewrite the past and transform terrible music into legend), and a goodly portion of the Western populace, as musical geniuses of their time.

N8 (Nate Williams and Co.) have announced their latest full-length release as "A new age in hip-hop". I may not frequently immerse myself in a music whose characteristics typically consist of reading rhymes rhythmically *over the top of music* usually ripped off from a group that long ago lost the control of the rights to their material, but I can tell if something is of "A new age in hip-hop". I don't think this is it.

Opener 'Me and My Friends' is none too subtle a replication of The Eels' 'Mr. E's Beautiful Blues', chord for chord, even aurally appearing to use the same key. It brings to mind those sacrilegious occasions when a universally loved and recognised tune is slightly altered (to escape copyright), in order to accommodate for a television commercial.

The tracks with lyrics on this album carry upbeat and 'feel-good' vibes, with fairly positive rhyming and 'sing-along' choruses, if you like that sort of thing. For me, they are underdeveloped and the weakest contents of this album. An example of this is displayed in 'Naked With Socks On', which with a fuller sound and some extra thought one could envisage being a potential opening track.

'Alien' and '1234' are examples of whoever makes up this outfit at their best. They are instrumental tracks that are funkier and create and explore more soundscapes. It also allows Nate Williams to demonstrate his instrumental and 'programming' abilities. 'Hit em High' contains what I know the rap savvy would consider being 'half fully sick rhymin', and this stands for most of the album, but I still don't like it. I will refrain from delving into the realms of critically analysing rhyming, as I

have neither the will nor the way. So this album offers lighthearted songs that (if occasionally a little goofy) I could image being played in the background at a party.

One parting opinion though: If I hear 'stereo' used to rhyme with 'radio' one more freakin' time, I will unleash a merciless voodoo to personally seek out and sexually lobotomise the lyrical perpetrators (that goes for you too Le Tigre, Goddammit).

There, I think that is a pretty objective review of something I would otherwise have given less thought to than a CD in the 'urban grooves' section at JB.

**Tony Marshall**

**\*WOULD I BUY THIS RECORD? No.**

**Running total: 0/2 reviewed**



*The Beekeeper*  
**Tori Amos**  
 Epic

Fuck you, politicians of America. Fuck you. Not content with an entire Middle Eastern nation, you've just ruined our new Tori Amos album. You bastards!

No, seriously. After last year's elections, Tori was looking to "get past the lies, mythology, casual assumptions and political manipulation" and "address the severing that [is] happening in America..." And so a funny thing happened on the way to the apiary: Tori Amos started to make sense. From the one-time queen of the incomprehensible, who could write a brilliant song and call it 'In the Springtime of his Voodoo', this is something of a surprise. Her ever-present references to mythology have taken a turn for the Christian, and in general we haven't seen anything so straightforward in her lyrics since *Little Earthquakes*, and that was thirteen years ago. That's neither here nor there; her lyrics are witty and worthwhile whether it takes ten seconds or ten years to get what she's on about. The bad news is the sound, production and song structures are little more than Muzak. The melodies are mostly pretty rather than beautiful. Not bad, just bland.

This approach has its moments, to be fair; the most effective of them is 'The Power of Orange Knickers', a fine bit of snark about anti-terrorist hysteria with a

classic Tori title, but dressed up as a nondescript adult-contemporary ballad ideal for sneaking onto American radio right under John Ashcroft's nose. He'd probably spot 'Hoochie Woman', but it's still a riot. Meanwhile, Amos has picked up the Hammond organ, and she makes it sound like she's been playing it all her life on 'Sweet the Sting' and the brilliant, bluesy 'Witness'. Unfortunately, it's simply not an effective instrument for communicating the kind of emotion we see in her best work; the piano still dominates the album's best songs, 'Marys of the Sea' and the pivotal title track.

The other advantage of the blander-than-bland approach, of course, is that it means that none of the songs here are actually *bad*. The real problem is there's too bloody many of them. Take any dozen of the nineteen songs here and you'd have a great album - and quite possibly the only Tori Amos you could play in front of your grandma - but getting through them all in one shot still feels like a slog. There's nothing that really grabs the listener by the forebrain and drags them along some hidden emotional path, no 'Spark', no 'Professional Widow', nothing like the last album's 'Gold Dust'.

It's still Tori, and still a cut or ten above everything else you'll hear over the speakers at Woolies. But it's not the kind of album you'll still be listening to trying to nut out in ten years time, and for that it's a disappointment.

**JK**



*The Central Park Concert*  
**Dave Matthew Band**  
 Sony/BMG

Quality albums are few and far between in the otherworldly realm of the OnDit office, though this is hardly any fault of their own, if we had our way we would NOT be reviewing and polluting our puritanical musical minds with most of what we are sent. So it certainly was a privilege to realise I'd snared perhaps one of the better CD's OnDit will see given away within its confines all year.

Hailing from Virginia in America, The Dave Matthews Band have attained 'highest grossing band' status already and are at such an elevated level of success it's amazing we in Australia have not yet had their musical product forcefully exported/imposed on us, thus complying with the American

'way'. The five member ensemble is made up by Dave Matthews (lead vocal and acoustic guitar), Stefan Lessard (bass), Carter Beauford (drums), Boyd Tinsley (violin), and Leroi Moore (saxophone and other miscellaneous wind instruments), and the recording dates back to 2003 from a night in New York's Central Park.

The elements of funk, gypsy, jazz, rock and latin that this band employ make for an interesting musical broth, and in this instance, the number of cooks doesn't detract from the flavour. They pound out their sound with the utmost confidence, and with the clear influence of their favoured musical inspirators.

Matthews' voice surely is one of our era's best, and his ability to alternate between soothing balladeer and roaring manbeast within a songspan is bound to impress the most musically unappreciative member of society (then again, one should always be prepared to be disappointed in humanity). Matthews is more than capable of befriending his audience on behalf of the band.

Beauford plays as though he weren't co-habiting the same stage as the rest of the band, all the while as solid as a rock; the result of what I'm sure has been years of work.

The group have maximum control over their playing. They oscillate their sound levels over lengthy amounts of time, which always conquers adoring crowds in live environments. Bands don't come more rehearsed and more in tune with their members. At times, the band seems too damn good for their own damn good.

This is contemporary and commercially viable American music at its most musically meaningful and powerful heights. Because of these favourable attributes, they are able to get away with some musical self indulgence, with many songs clocking way over 10 minutes.

This live recording captures a worthwhile collection of songs presented in a spread out and explorative form. It's ace.

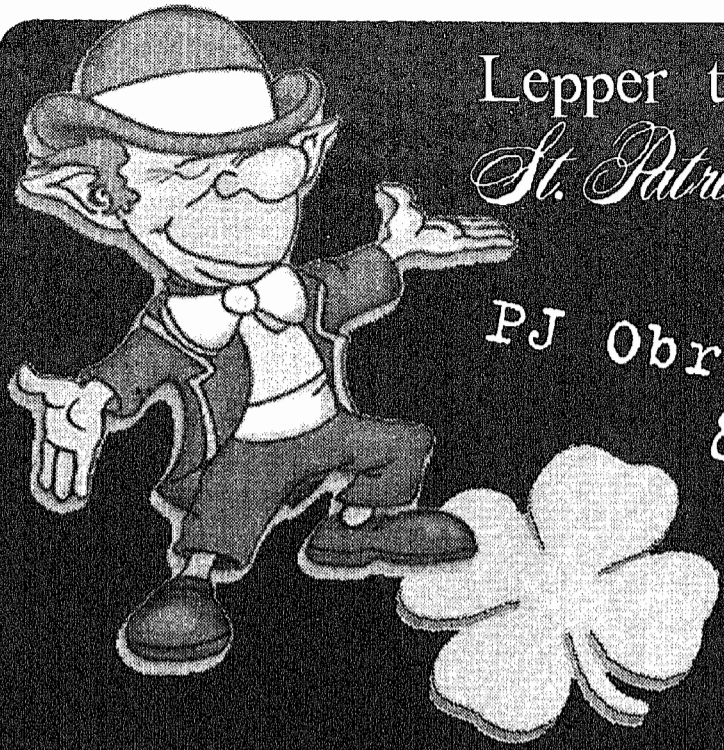
**Tony Marshall**

**\*WOULD I BUY THIS RECORD? (Provided it was under \$30) Yes.**  
**Running total: 1/3 reviewed**

## Retractions!

In last week's edition On Dit featured an interview with Dan from **Bad Girls of the Bible** along with a photo in which we presumptuously circled the interviewee.

On Dit expresses its apologies for mistaking Bad Girls Of the Bible's rhythm guitarist Dan Pash for their similarly good looking lead guitarist. The first reader to bring back a correctly circled copy of their picture will receive a FREE ticket to their next show, this **Saturday March 26 @ Jive**.



# Lepper the Leprechaun's St. Patrick's Day Binge

featuring

PJ O'Brien's  
& Shenanigans

Somewhere in hell there's an Irish pub, and it's St. Patrick's Day every day of the year. They're horrid enough places anyway; an unfortunate mix of garish kitsch, bad cover bands and old world filth, but all of this is nothing compared to St. Patrick's Day when they are invaded by an army of college louts who need only the slightest pretence to indulge in an all-day binge drinking session and bleached-blonde girls who are simply after a free breakfast. If they're lucky, they'll manage to stumble to the nearest park at the same time and engage in some drunken sex in between bouts of dry retching, and say to themselves, "wow! That was the best St. Patrick's Day ever! I can't wait till next year." Most of them don't even like Guinness, but they'll drink it all day if there's the promise of a crappy plastic green hat at the end of it, and don't even get me started on "Baby Irish", the brainchild of some semi-literate goon at Independent Liquor, who thought that mixing together two liqueurs in a shot glass and putting a green lid on it somehow made the perfect drink to enjoy on the 17<sup>th</sup> of March. Then there's the man himself, a complete monster; this walking ecological nightmare killed all the snakes in Ireland by driving them into the sea, an action that then saw the bogtrotters promptly recommending him for sainthood. However, despite my antipathy for this particular celebration, the lure of free stout and whiskey was too much, so I ventured out to a few of Adelaide's Irish pubs to make sure that you all know where to head this time next year.

## P.J. O'Brien's Irish Pub 14 East Tce Adelaide

Only a short stroll down North Terrace, PJ O'Brien's is by far the most conveniently located Irish pub to our university, and I also found it to be the most pleasant. Boasting 12 hours of intermittent live music, the atmosphere inside was pleasant and not the overcrowded mess that I half expected (though the sun was still shining when we stepped outside, so it can't have been too late). The music swayed between lively instrumental jigs and rather limp covers by an Irish folk band which were depressing enough that I wanted to drink, which was about the most Irish I felt all day. The \$4 stuffed potatoes on offer were certainly not bad value, especially when compared to what was on offer around town and, having monopolised some bar space, we pulled up a stool each and tucked in. I was expecting drunken fools to be falling over each other and spilling beer on me so I have to admit that I was pleasantly surprised that this wasn't the case and I was able to enjoy several pints at the bar while reading the paper. Making our way through a selection of Irish drinks, we enjoyed some Killkenny before moving on to Jameson's and by the time we finished off with a glass of port, (admittedly not the greatest, but Irish nonetheless), I had surprised myself by quite enjoying St. Patrick's Day in an Irish bar. Even the Baby Irish seemed like a good idea, and I can scarce think of higher praise (it didn't taste half bad, either).

## Shenanigans Irish Pub & Resteraunt Shop 2052c Westfield Marion Diagonal Rd, Oaklands Park

We visited Shenanigan's midafternoon on St Patrick's Day and it was already fairly busy with Irish music and various decorations for the day. The pub had a good Irish atmosphere with the upstairs restaurant area overlooking the bar. Our first beers were decorated with four leaf clovers drawn into the foam specially for the day. The service was friendly and efficient and we were quickly seated.

The pub has a fairly traditional menu with an Irish influence with mains ranging from about \$14. There was only one vegetarian option- labelled as Vegan, on the menu with another on the Specials board and thus it is probably best suited to meat eaters. To go along with St Patrick's Day we decided to order some traditional Irish food along with other dishes. Hence we had potato bread and a herb & garlic focaccia to start and the beef and Guinness pie and a special a warm Atlantic salmon salad to follow. The potato bread was surprisingly tasty, warm and with a scone type texture despite its rather unappealing appearance. The focaccia on the other hand was slightly stodgy and stale although the flavours themselves were quite nice. There were a variety of other entrees, mainly seafood, for those who wish to be more adventurous.

The mains were quickly brought out and proved to be of very generous proportions. I ordered only the small serve of the pie and it was too big for me to eat it all. They were also well presented, the pie consisting of a serve of mashed potatoes with beef stew topped with a wedge of puff pastry. The salad consisted of a large serve of lettuce, capsicum and cucumber topped with potato crisps and a large slab of salmon. The pie was rich and filling, with the beef very tender although the sauce itself could have slightly more flavouring. The salmon was well cooked with a crusty top and accompanied with a tangy salad dressing. There could have perhaps been a few more potato crisps included in the salad to add a much needed contrast in texture. Feeling to full we were unable to contemplate dessert although there were a number of interesting looking choices including Tim Tam and Kahlua cheesecake. Instead we headed back to the bar for some more Killkenny's and some Irish dancing. Overall Shenanigan's provided a satisfying and filling menu for reasonable prices with a pleasant Irish atmosphere.

## Premium Beer Corner

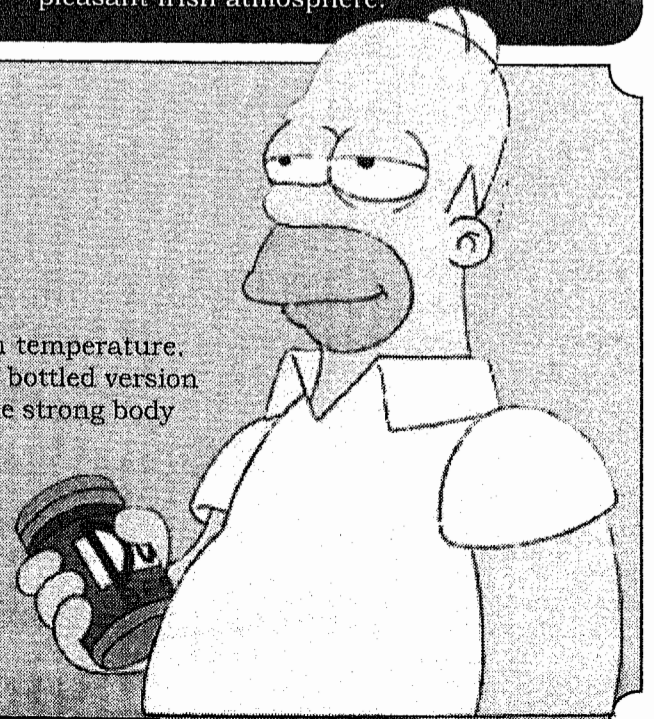
Presented by **The Bar on Gouger**

### Theakston Old Peculier

UK 5.6% abv

This dark ale is the best advertisement I can think of for British beer being served at room temperature. Made in a small brewery in the Yorkshire Dales area, this brew lacks a strong aroma and the bottled version doesn't create a lasting head, but the deep colour of burnt toffee is much more promising. The strong body is dominated by the roasted malt, while the slight bitterness also holds a hint of coffee, and a slightly sweet aftertaste of vanilla or cinnamon makes it far to easy to drink. Because it goes down so easily, Old Peculier makes a very nice introduction to European ales, but it also carries enough flavour that it should appeal to seasoned drinkers as well. 8.5/10

Theakston's Old Peculier is available from  
The Bar on Gouger  
123 Gouger Street, Adelaide



# Adelaide University Film Society



## TERM 1 PROGRAMME:

Week 4 (24/03):

**Peeping Tom** (1960) + short: Alice Cans The Cannibals (1925)

Week 5 (31/03):

**Il Bacio Di Tosca** (1964) + short: Betty Boop and Grampy (1935)

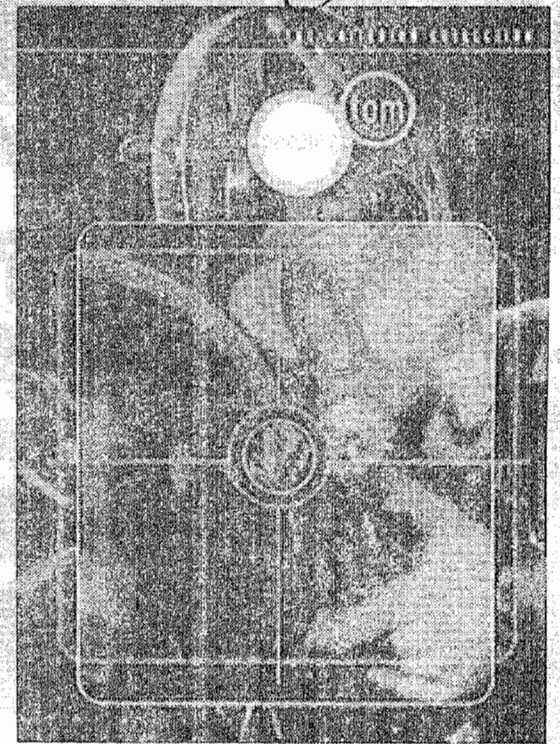
Week 6 (07/04):

**Night of the Hunter** (1955) + short: Caveman Inki (1950)

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

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

If you'd like to be involved in the society a little more closely, check us out on [www.aufs.org](http://www.aufs.org).



## Test Your Smarts

How's your trivial trivia knowledge? Find out on April 5th! Eclipse, Level 4 Union House, 6.30pm for a 7.00pm start.

Fantastic prizes! Cheap drinks! We might even have food! Entry \$5 per person.

Make up a team of 10 or come on the night and we'll put you on a team with other trivia genius-type peeps.

Call Danna on 0402 946 050 or email [danna.cooke@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:danna.cooke@adelaide.edu.au) to book. All proceeds to NOWSA 2005 fund raising!

## GOT AN AD PLUNK.

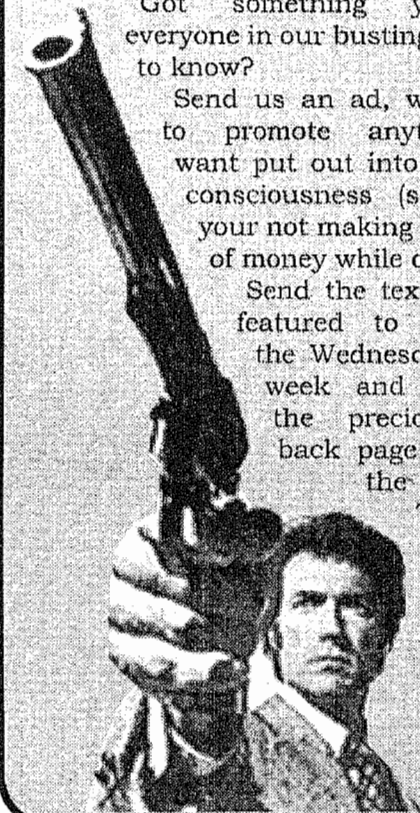
### HUH, DO YA?

Got something you want everyone in our bustling university to know?

Send us an ad, we're happy to promote anything you want put out into the public consciousness (so long as your not making gross sums of money while doing it).

Send the text you want featured to us before the Wednesday of each week and see it in the precious inside back page of On Dit the following Tuesday.

Rock On.



## What Would God Do?

CHF brings you... "Dilemmas of the Christian Obstetrician & Gynaecologist in the 21st Century"

Presented by Dr Brian Wheatley

Tuesday 29th March 2005 @ 5pm

Venue: Florey Lecture Theatre, Medical School Level 1, Frome Road

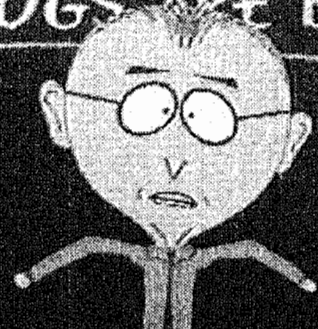
Come and hear a Christian specialist in Obstetrics and Gynaecology speak on some of the ethical issues surrounding this area of medical speciality.

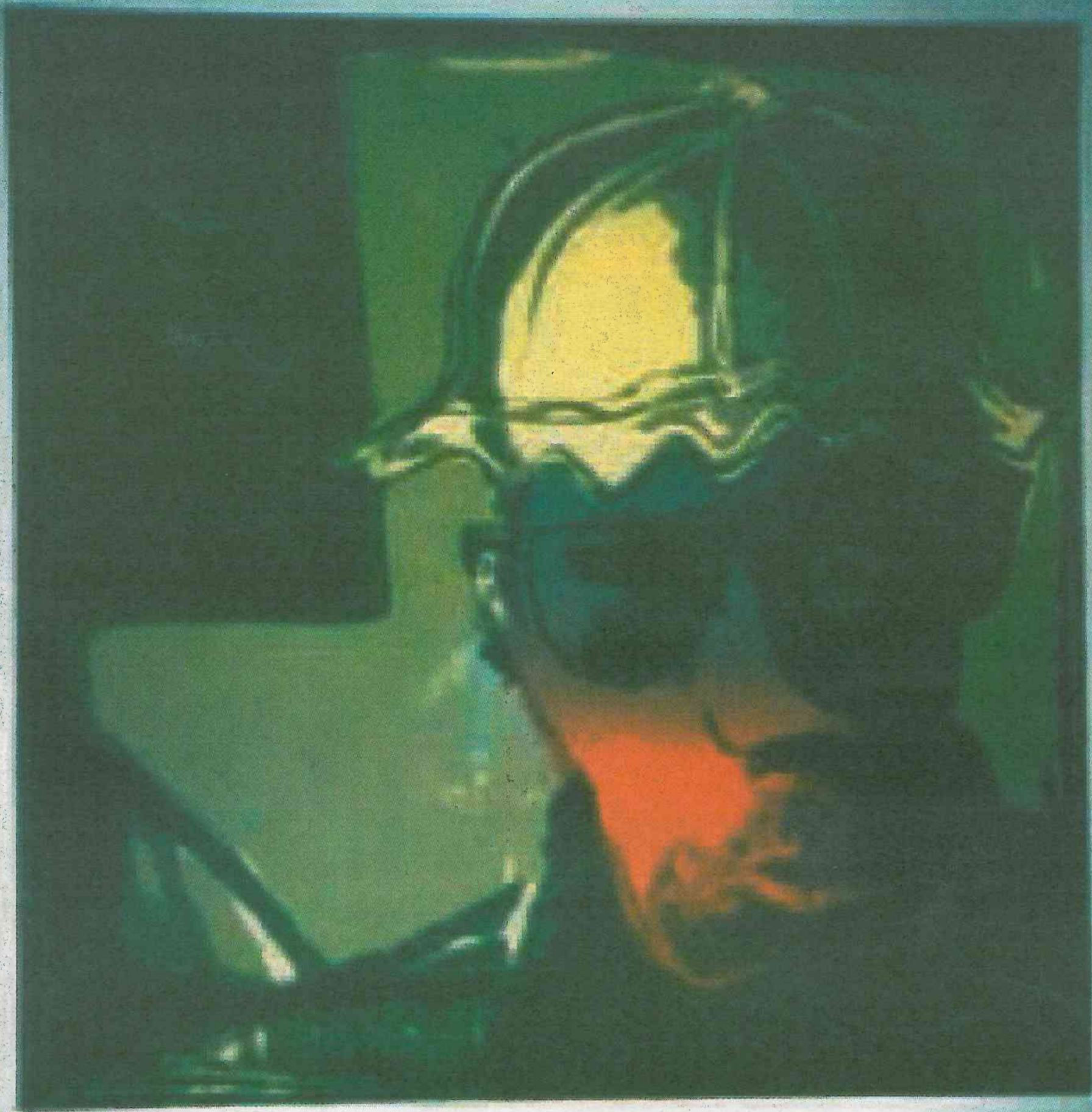
All welcome

Hope to see you there!



## DRUGS ARE BAD





Alb. Huntly S. Thompson