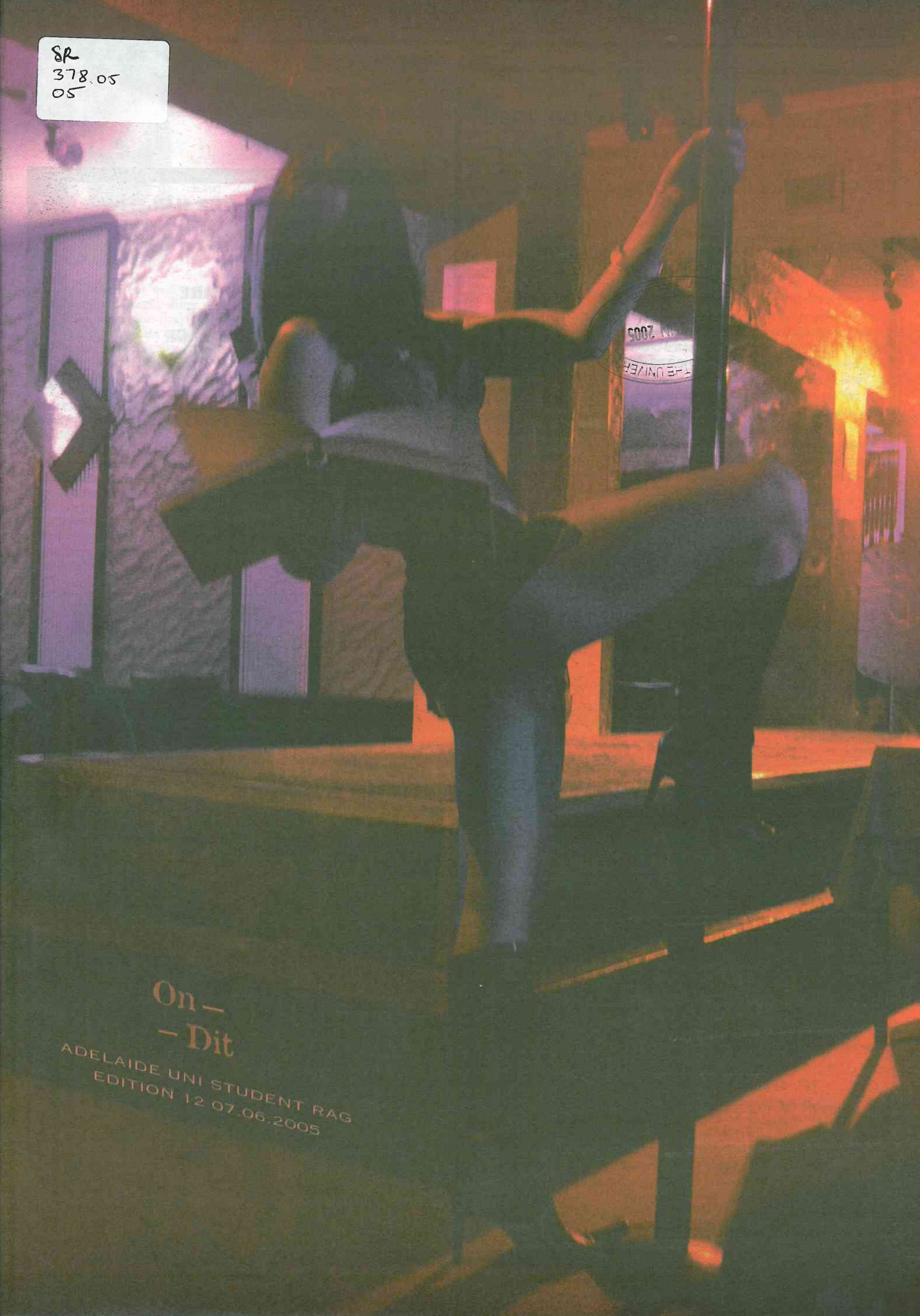


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On –
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ADELAIDE UNI STUDENT RAG
EDITION 12 07.06.2005

On Dit

Volume 73 Edition 12 07.06.2005

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.

Editors

Clementine Ford
Daniel Joyce
Danny Wills

ph: (08) 8303 5404

Advertising Manager

Melissa Fisher

ph: (08) 8303 5004

Printing

Cadillac

The Press Gang

Current Affairs

Nick Parkin
Alex Solomon-Bridge

Opinion

Nerissa Schwarz

Film

Sophie Plagakis
Lauren Young

Performing Arts

Benedict Coxon

Visual Arts

Leo Greenfield

Literature

Jane Austen

Music

Jennifer Soggee

Ben Vistoli

Local Music

There is life on the prairie

Food

Alexis Buxton-Collins

About the cover:

An Adelaide University student combining work and study. Ho hum, just another day at the office.

Wanna Write?

Come down to our friendly little office. We're down in the basement of the George Murray building, next to the boy's john. But it's just been painted which is nice. If the new paint is too bright for your human eyes, you can get in contact with us via email at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call us on 83035404.

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The key to the city to:

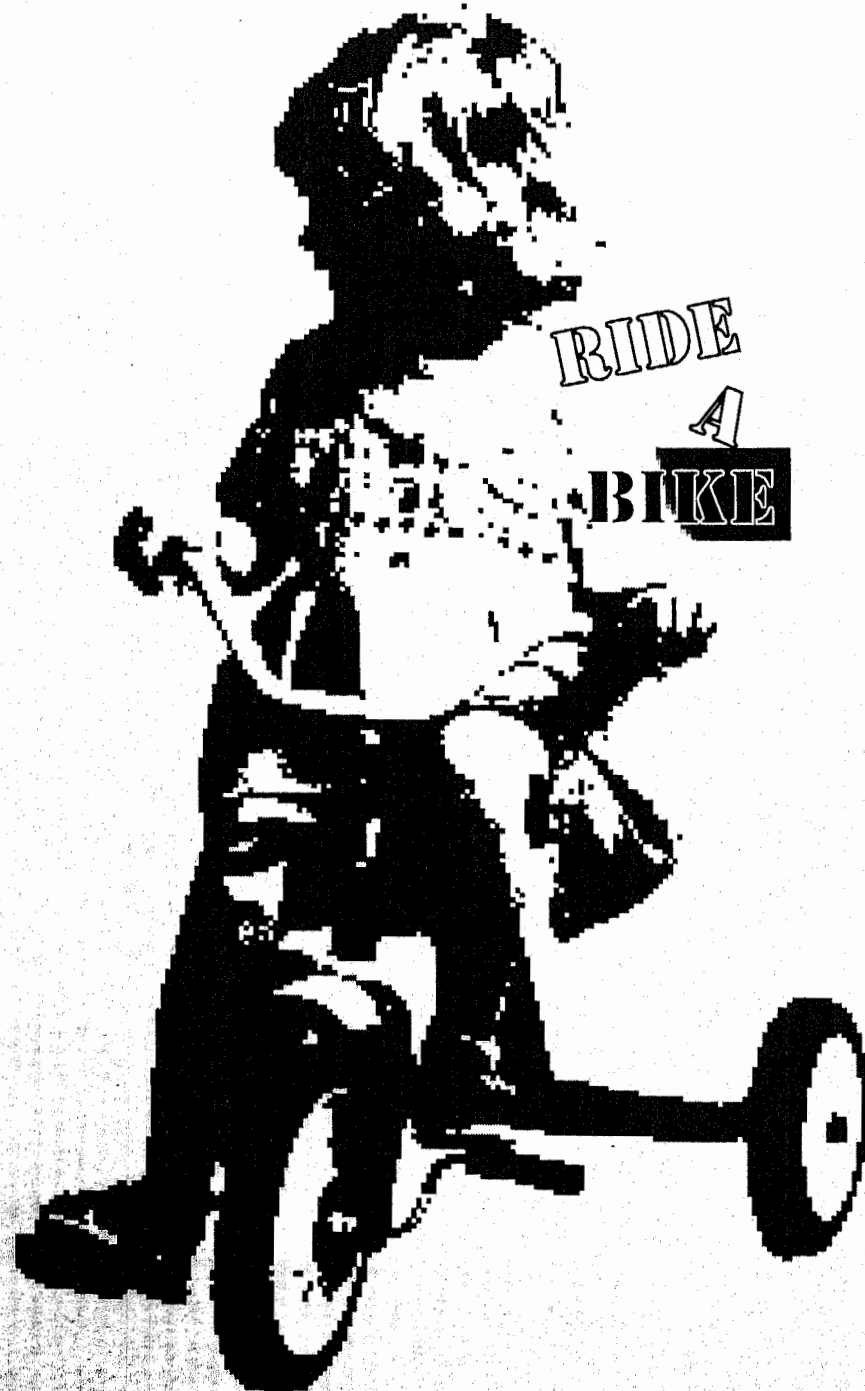
Jess L, Chemists' Own pharmaceutical drugs, Anais and Alexis for the proofing, Anna for the memories, Jimmy Trash, Neil Ward, all our contributors from the first semester, Bonnie from Cadillac for being so understanding, H el ene for being the bestest ever girlfriend in the whole, wide world, Ozz, Robin for a bitchin' party on Saturday, disco pashing, girls called Maggie, boys called Jake and finally, Dan J and Danny W for not being too cross with Clementine for being such a naughty editor and getting drunk all weekend.

No thanks to Snoffice Tearers for not proofing their columns (again).

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Media Watch

with Audrey Hefenegggar



In 2003, two Adelaide women released a grrl zine called *Lilith*. *Lilith*'s aim was to provide an alternative to the mainstream media available for consumption by modern women

today. Intelligent and articulate, *Lilith* made its audience laugh, think and engage with a feminist discourse that didn't seek to isolate and marginalise its readership. The necessity for more options like this in our cultural market cannot be stressed enough. In a sea of *Cosmopolitan* originals and wannabes all telling us how to give better blow jobs, where to get our next Brazilian (no thankyou) and ten ways to tell if he's in love, women have very few options in Australia when it comes to selecting alternative media. A number of alternative feminist magazines are produced in America - *Bitch*, *Bust* and *Ms.* are among the most well known. In Australia, such a variety of choice is distinctly lacking.

Lilith creators, Anna Svedberg and Laura Butterworth, recently applied to the Nescafe Big Break competition because they want to launch *Lilith* as a proper, real life magazine

to be produced in Adelaide. They've been shortlisted from 4000 applicants to the final 400. Hopefully the judges will recognise the amazing talent and vision these two women have and award them with the \$25,000 Big Break they need to make *Lilith* a reality. Why is it so important? Well, in their own words:

"Once upon a time there was a collective of women in Adelaide who gave birth to what was known as *Lilith*.

'*Lilith*: The first grrrl with the last word' is a DIY [maga]zine run by women and was created to give women in Adelaide a platform to showcase their talents and debate issues.

So why *Lilith*?

Lilith was Adam's first wife...God created *Lilith* and Adam from the earth at the same time, they were equal. Then Adam had some other ideas, for example, that *Lilith* should stay in Eden while he went out hunting so as not to worry her pretty face...when they had sex, Adam wanted to be on top, so did *Lilith*, which of course caused some issues. So anyhow... Adam cracked it and asked God to get rid of this woman, God obliged. Then poor Ads got bored and asked God for a buddy, but not one like *Lilith*, again. God did as Adam requested and made Eve from Adam's rib. We all know what comes next. *Lilith* was the first feminist, hence the 'first grrrl, with the last word'."

Lilith will continue regardless of whether or not Anna and Laura win the Big Break because they are committed to the belief that women in Australia deserve something better than the patronising tones of a magazine culture that continues to grossly insult women on a daily basis with its subtle presumptions of what kind of womanhood is acceptable. In light of this, they are calling for women to submit for the next edition.

Send in your articles, poems, prose, art, sketches, doodles, reviews, quotes, photos, diagrams, essays, thoughts and suggestions to anna.svedberg@student.adelaide.edu.au. You can also mail or drop things into the YWCA at 17 Hutt Street, Adelaide.

"If you too think it is important that young women in Adelaide have an alternative to mainstream magazines and a platform to showcase talents, explore and debate issues, challenge stereotypes, promote positive body image and develop networks then send us your support letters. We need as much supporting material as we can get so our application stands out above the rest. We need you to explain why you and/or your organization believe young women in Adelaide need this magazine. If you could spare some time to write a few lines, please send your words of support to anna.svedberg@student.adelaide.edu.au or drop them into the *On Dit* office."

-Anna Svedberg and Laura Butterworth

For a weekly dose of audio-zine action, tune in to 'She-D-Radio', Wednesday's 9-10pm on Three D Radio 93.7 FM.

SEMESTER ONE ROUND UP

This semester in the office has seen:

- 0 editions completed before 10am Monday morning
- Approximately 471 technical glitches ranging from broken printers to dud scanners to tempermental, incromprehensible computers
- 1 regular proofreader
- Approximately 136 litres of fizzy liquid consumed
- 2 keyboards ruined
- 12 mornings spent cursing the dreaded 6am leafblower
- 83 attempts to organise an *On Dit* party
- 0 *On Dit* parties
- 2 non sexual crushes on Nerissa Schwarz, revered Opinion sub ed
- 1 developed nicotine habit (Danny)
- 1 kicked nicotine habit (Clementine)
- Approximatly 3,479 spelling errors corrected, 4,524 changes to incorrectly italicised titles and 635 errors that escaped our attention
- 1 mention of *On Dit* by Bob Francis
- 0 office romances
- 1 office disco pash
- 3 self indulgent editorials
- 357 hours of music consumed
- 0 grams of Mayo food eaten
- 12 editions released into the world

Bob's back...

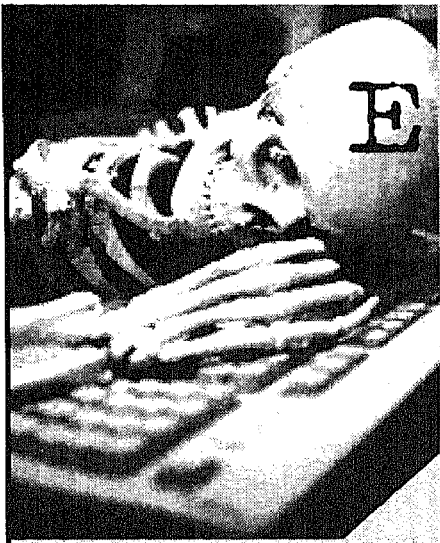
He's wacky! He's zany! He's totally insaney! It's the Bob Francis...

CALL OF THE WEEK!

Comperere: Bob Francis
Date: June 2
Time: 20:38
Duration: 5:50

Caller Fred talks about the SAS team in Afghanistan and how the paper labelled 'truth' the 'first casualty of war'. Fred explains the SAS supposedly killed 11 innocent civilians with machine guns. Francis reasons, 'stiff cheese, it's war'. Fred says they were unlucky enough to be in the crossfire. Francis says we have a left wing, radical press that think they have the right to say the SAS actions were wrong. Francis says he wishes the journalists would shut their mouths. He invites the listeners to try and convince him it is a good thing to talk about in the press. Fred says we are lucky we didn't have that kind of media around in WWII otherwise we'd be eating sushi and snapping to attention with our arms in the air. Francis laughs and adds we'd be bowing to everybody. He finishes by saying the French say, 'That's war pussycat.'

Interviewees: caller Fred



EDITORIAL

supplement your procrastination schedule with the plethora of time-wasting tidbits within.

If you get really desperate you could always get a few things off your chest and write a submission to the Inquiry Regarding the Impact of International Education Activities in S.A. Just check out the ad on page 29 for more info.

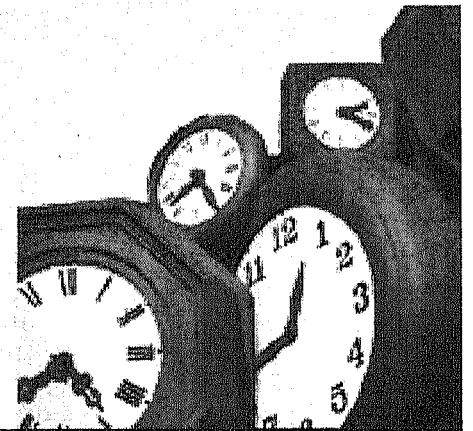
An issue that should be of interest to *all* students is the government's desire to force Adelaide University to offer Australian Workplace Agreements (AWAs) to all staff. AWAs effectively break down, or at least bypass the gains made by staff in working conditions (such as maternity leave, job stability

etc) and wages. It's an interesting issue from the student perspective. Technically we're 'customers' and should be hoping that our lecturers will be bent over a barrel in order to provide us with the cheapest possible 'product'. Of course, AWAs may consequently affect the quality of our education. More importantly however, considering how little students seem to be concerned about the future quality of education, AWAs are something that the vast majority of us *will* have to face as we cease to be customers and become employees within companies that usually wield a great deal more power than ourselves. In a sense this is the 'grown up' version of the VSU debate, but with real consequences for our future wages and a clarifying example of the government's contempt for any (in this case voluntary) association.

On Dit will have more coverage of the issue next term, but if you would like to have a nose around the facts for yourself, both the NTEU and government websites have bountiful amounts of easily understood info.

www.nteu.org.au/higheredatrisk
www.workplace.gov.au

To help you procrastinate just that little bit more effectively we've put out an edition of *On Dit* during Swot Vac. Between chocolate bingeing and purging, valium and amphetamines, day-time TV and broadband porn, you can



Letters & Letters Letter Letters

How the Bourgeois Bear the Burden

In last week's edition CC ('A Long Bow') relates the analogy of 10 men with different sized wallets sitting down to dinner - illustrating the nature of our tax system. It makes intuitive sense (though corporations are usually the only ones who get "paid to eat") because it is simple, but far too simple to describe our society. Blurring the issue into a single colour helps to deliberately obscure the fine (and important) details. Several more questions need to be asked - "How did the tenth (the richest) man become so wealthy?"

No doubt, hard work and fortune played a part and no-one would begrudge him a certain reward for it. But was his fortune made by employing others without whom he could not have succeeded? Does his wealth count on the productive abilities of other ventures, staffed by similar employees, or even just other monied customers to purchase his services? Did he create wealth by liquidating resources that could have otherwise been used by all? Did his wealth come from making use of infrastructure, such as telecommunications and roads or a police force to protect his assets? Did he acquire his education during a time of free or highly funded education? In the last two instances in particular the rich man would have been able to produce none of the above infrastructure on his own.

His ability to move away from the

poor (to Monaco or the Carribean) is only possible now that wealth is heavily divided along national boundaries, rather than the extremes found within 19th century England for example. It shouldn't mask the fact that it is selfish but, more importantly, both arrogant and incorrect to believe that your wealth is entirely of your own creation. It is symptomatic of anyone who finds themselves in a position of wealth (power) to start to realise they could probably get away without playing by the rules although they expected everyone else to abide by them at the beginning.

The tenth man should have just realised what kind of person he really is and let the first four men starve to death. Then he could've taken home an extra \$11.

Dan

Marxturbation

As I sat reading Mr Nicholson's article in the wee hours on the first day of Winter, I was reminded of a favourite Marx quote of mine: "Philosophy is to the real world as masturbation is to sex." So, if I say that he was waxing philosophical in *Why Marxism Is "Not Dead And Never Will Be"* (Ed 11), I guess I'm suggesting that he might be a bit of a wanker.

It would be hypocritical of me to castigate the writer for producing trivial, self indulgent, maudlin trite since that's largely what I author, but that's not what inspired this letter. Rather, it was reading this article that reminded me why I

loathe chardonnay socialists and the latte left.

The article seemed to be a poor echo of Jonathan Wolff's work, *Why Read Marx Today*, in that Mr Nicholson appears to be saying that while Marx the communist is a fool, Marx the anti-capitalist is a genius. Nicholson's Marx is the poster boy for middle-class radicalism: the project of dealing with the social ills engendered by capitalism without replacing it by a qualitatively different economic system.

To read the writer's words, 'Marxists like me...', made me cringe but even Lenin said that "A lie told often enough becomes the truth." The writer expresses a nice, inoffensive sentiment with his faith in the forces of "co-operation, generosity and solidarity" at work in society and follows it up with an implementation plan that is as equally nice and inoffensive, though far more unrealistic.

Mr Nicholson alludes to a 'quiet revolution', an evolutionary process where the human race ripens into an ethical, Care Bear-like bundle of love. Well, pass me my hammer and sickle and call me a dirty Trot; as Che would say: "revolution is not an apple that falls when it is ripe. You have to make it fall." Upholding the status quo and waiting for a 'quiet revolution' to bring on a socialist utopia is like staring out your window in Burnside in December, singing Bing Crosby and dreaming of a white Christmas. In the post-industrial West, our part in the political process is limited to elections where "the oppressed are allowed once every few years to decide which particular representatives of the oppressing class are to represent and repress them." (That's Marx again - guess not all of his predictions are so outdated...or would you call Costello a prole?) In the hypothetical situation where the proletariat was in a position to dictate the distribution of wealth within the boundaries of contemporary Australia, the question remains, can

the socio-economic enslavement of the proletariat be ended? Can the foundations of a bourgeois society be built over with Mr Nicholson's 'quiet revolution'? Or do they need to be bulldozed with Trotsky's permanent revolution?

A final note to the author: drinking a bottle of Rosemount Cab Sav with your 'comrades' does not prove your red cred. "Words that do not match deeds are unimportant..." - Che Guevara.

Sincerely,
Lavinia Emmett-Grey.

I had a bit of a queer feeling the other day...

As a pro-VSU and sometimes accused of being right wing "Queer student" I have some issues I would like to talk about. Why the fuck do I need a Sexuality Department? What has it done for me and what will it ever do for me? Likely nothing!

I mean if i'm getting beaten up on the street for having gay sex in the middle of Rundle Mall are Lavinia and David going to come up and tell them that that's discrimination? Wow that's going to help. 1) I wouldn't be having gay sex on Rundle Mall (or any sex for that matter) so I wouldn't get beaten up 2) The whole idea of a sexuality department just fuels the idea of a separatist queer (I fucking hate that word) movement which is why homophobia happens. Hello, integration! Just because we root people of the same gender doesn't mean we have to wear a sign.

If the Sexuality Dept. is getting my hard earned cash I want them to tell me what they can offer me apart from a "Rainbow" room and want them to stop being so damn precious.

With love,
Jon Cold

Thanks for that, Agnes!

It's a sad day when our beloved editors are copping flak for light hearted humour.

Complaints about the Multi-Cultural edition being racially insulting and a more recent issue being disrespectful to Muslims are quite sad. Can't we just stop being so tragically obsessed with being 'PC'?

The last issue, like many, took continued piss out of Christianity, but it was all for fun. I'm a (non-bible bashing) Christian and I didn't take offence - I saw the humour. It was all light hearted. I'm happy to have a laugh at myself and what I stand for. I think most people would agree with me on that. So why should we have these protected groups, claiming to be out of bounds for witty social commentators' jokes?

For those precious minority group flag wavers whose lives are governed by political correctness, consider that Agnes Repplier, who was regarded for her own light hearted wit, said 'Humour brings insight and tolerance.' I reckon she was spot on. *On Dit's* humour isn't a form of bigotry, in fact it actively promotes increased levels of tolerance on campus. Bonza.

To the Eds - Keep up the good work. Be a bit cheeky and push the boundaries. Treat everything with respect but nothing as too sacred for a good old fashioned piss-take. Most of us realise that there's a real difference between nasty, targeted slanders and having an affectionate, good natured jab at something or someone.

And don't worry about those few who can't take a joke. That's their problem. If they can't reflect on

themselves in a humorous light, they are bound to live very sad, closed-off lives. I'd hate to think that *On Dit* would cease publishing its unique brand of humour just because of these sad sorts.

Long live laughter and King Billy,

Dawko

For more of Agnes' philosophy see her text, Words Help You Learn!

Actually Dawko, there was nothing light-hearted about it.

We also apologise to any Muslim students who may have been offended by last week's 'amusing' mistake in which Page 11, titled "Muslim Economics" in the contents page, actually contained several ads for Kim Jong Il's range of porno. -Eds

HEROIN NEVER DID NO GOOD FOR NOBODY

Couldn't agree more with your article re: the Corby saga (Ed 11). I was so indifferent to the entire process mainly because of the hypocrisy and unnecessary hype surrounding the whole affair. So what if one Australian gets fucked over by the system? In all fairness, at least she had a trial (more than can be said of the refugees in our many detentions centres), at least she was offered quality legal assistance; no doubt more has been done for her than for David Hicks or was for Mamdouh Habib. She was poorly represented; it is the courts' duty to interpret legislation and judge guilt/innocence based on the evidence presented in court, and quite simply, from what

I've heard, it was inept. I pity the fact that she has suffered, but the Australian public are a bunch of yokels that do nothing but scheme ways to contradict themselves. What about the thousands of Indonesians in those prisons suffering for offences they probably didn't commit, have no legal assistance and are doomed to a far worse fate than Schapelle? I'm sure the extensive and rare international coverage devoted to this event helped to lessen the sentence, no doubt she has been very fortunate.

Anyways, liked the article.

Cya,
Robbie Slape

A very interesting article recently juxtaposed the Corby case with the case of Chika Honda, who spent 10 years in a Melbourne jail before being deported, for smuggling heroin into Australia via a false bottomed suitcase. She claimed (and still claims) she was set up, possibly by a fellow traveller. The judge did not believe her story and despite a lack of money for defence, language difficulties and important discrepancies between the two legal systems, she went to jail. Should the Japanese have the same sentiment towards Australian justice as some of us do towards Indonesia? The article is available in full at www.theage.com.au/news/Opinion/When-justice-gets-lost-in-translation/2005/06/01/1117568256175.html -Eds.

Re: Nice Magazine

Send us more copies or we'll sue you.
thanks.

Michael Slonim
VICE AUSTRALIA

ON DIT-VIL

Are you trying to create a generation of hate-filled Australian Muslims, Danny? One time you say "I'm more than mildly offended myself at the suggestion that we don't take the feelings of Muslim students into account", but you have again insulted the Islamic faith. According to the Contents of the last edition, page 11 is about "Muslim Economics". Instead, your intolerant bigotry has left a disgusting page of filth there.

This irresponsible journalism is exactly as bad as the things that Newsweek has printed. The Americans have been insulting Muslims for too long, and look what happened to them, so you should be careful.

Simon

Send the written evidence of your study malaise to the existentialist/isolation edition of On Dit, first week next term. Once again refrain from being any less PC than 'Dawko' or we simply won't ave it.

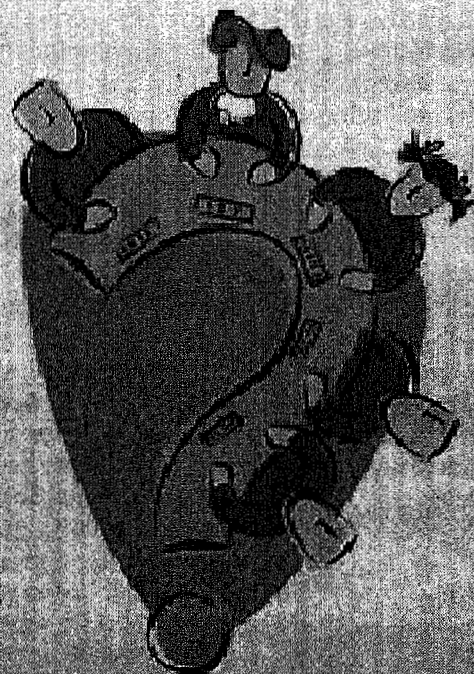
ondit@adelaide.edu.au

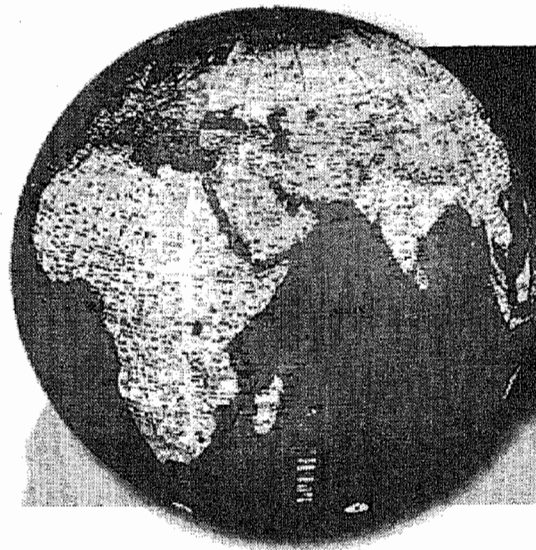
The Department of Public Health are currently without a undergraduate student representative.

The Department Committee meet the first Wednesday of each month from 1:10 pm to 2.00pm, it's a great opportunity to learn more about how the department is run, and to ensure that students concerns are heard.

If you would like to nominate for this position, or would like any further information please contact Florence Kalambokas at:

florence.kalambokas@adelaide.edu.au





THE NEWS in BRIEF

The Whole Truth - In Bite Sized Pieces

Deep Throat Revealed

US - The identity of 'Deep Throat', the informant at the centre of the Watergate scandal of the 70s, has been revealed this week. Mark Felt, once the FBI #2 man behind J. Edgar Hoover broke his 30-year silence in *Vanity Fair* magazine. Nixon had been caught on tape speculating that Felt was quite possibly the man who had initiated the downfall. Felt had vehemently denied that he was Deep Throat in the past and the reporters who broke the story in '74, Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, remained equally resolute.

Virtual Red Light District

TECH - In a new programme nicknamed 'Hooterville' the Internet Corporation for Assigned Names and Numbers (ICANN) has allowed porn websites to have .xxx as their domain instead of .com. Inventor of the World Wide Web Tim Berners-Lee has heralded the initial "a positively brilliant move". He stated that when he started the Web he "never thought it would become the festering stinkhole of pornography and commerce that it is today". ICANN spokesman Kieran Baker says that when www.beastsandchildren.com becomes www.beastsandchildren.xxx it'll be much harder for minors to stumble upon its dubious content.

12-Year-Old Girl Questioned Over Attempted Murder

BRITAIN - A girl aged 12 was today being questioned for the third consecutive day over an alleged attempt to murder a five-year-old boy by hanging. Meanwhile, specially trained interviewers were continuing the painstaking process of trying to coax information from the young victim Anthony Hinchliffe, who remains traumatised. His family say they found him wandering outside a fish and chip shop with vivid rope burns around his neck. Three boys and another girl, aged 11 and 12, were released without charge on Thursday. It is thought that the girl led Anthony on a half-mile journey to woods near a park where they met with a gang of other children. What happened next remains unclear. At 6.30pm Anthony was discovered, tearful and bruised, by his cousin Tracey Jones and told her that some boys and girls had tied a rope around his neck and tied him to a tree.

Indonesian Embassy Re-Opens

CANBERRA - The Indonesian embassy in Canberra reopened on Friday after a two-day closure. Security has been significantly stepped up after an incident on Wednesday where the embassy received a "white biological powder" in a letter, forcing it into immediate lockdown. The Australian Federal police and Indonesian police are mounting a joint investigation to determine the exact origin and composition of the substance. With the permission of Indonesian foreign ministry spokesman Marty Natalegawa the Australian government will ask for the permission of the Indonesian government to partially revoke immunity of the Indonesian embassy staff members, whose testimonies are needed to pave the way for the investigation". The incident is believed to be a reprisal for the 20-year sentence handed down to Schapelle Corby in Indonesia last week.

Standoff On Tax Cuts Continues

CANBERRA - Several sources are reporting a split in the Labor party on blocking the proposed tax cuts. It seems that no one in the party really wants to oppose the Liberal cuts anymore but that they have forced themselves into a situation where they must if they don't want to be seen as having 'flip-flopped'. Peter Costello claims that if Labor blocks his proposed cuts the Australian public will have to wait for at least 12 months to receive any tax relief.

Gruesome Discovery in Austria

AUSTRIA - Police in Austria say the bodies of at least three newborn children have been found in the community freezer of an apartment building. Police arrested a 32-year-old woman, who they suspect is the mother of the infants, and her 38-year-old male partner. The bodies were found in the city of Graz some 200 kilometres south of Vienna. Austrian state broadcasters and the local newspaper in Graz report the bodies were wrapped in a plastic bag and stuffed in a paint bucket. A man in the apartment building opened the freezer and made the gruesome discovery on Monday. Police suspect the bodies may have been placed in the freezer as long as three years ago.

Further Violence in Iraq

IRAQ - At least 33 people were killed in a fresh wave of violence in Iraq last Wednesday. Two suicide car bombs were set off and various other violent incidents occurred after Baghdad vowed that all groups in the country would be given a part in the burgeoning democracy. The larger of the two blasts was set off in Tuz Khurmatu and tore through a restaurant destroying seven cars and killing 12. An hour later a bombing targeting a US diplomatic convoy killed a four-year-old child and injured 11. In Chorgat a roadside bomb was let off killing four civilians.

North Korea to US - "If you haven't got anything nice to say, don't say anything at all"

WORLD - A war of words broke out this week between the United States and Korean governments after US Vice President Dick Cheney called North Korean leader Kim Jong Il "one of the world's most irresponsible leaders". The comment is just another in a string of derogatory comments the US government has made about the despot in recent times. John Bolton, US nominee to the UN, labelled him a "tyrannical dictator" while Condoleezza Rice has called the Asian nation an "outpost of tyranny". The nations had been in discussions recently over nuclear disarmament. North Korea offered its diplomatic response to Cheney in a report carried by the Korean Central News Agency saying Cheney is "hated as the most cruel monster and blood-thirsty beast". They will resume disarmament talks if the US offers a full apology.

Journalist Assassinated in Beirut

LEBANON - A prominent Lebanese journalist known for his anti-Syrian writing was assassinated in a car bomb explosion in Beirut this week. Samir Kassir was a columnist for *An-Nahar*, a newspaper frequently critical of Syrian policy and the former government which had been allied with Damascus. Mr. Kassir was killed by a device placed beneath the driver's seat of a car in which he was travelling. Anti-Syrian groups immediately pointed the finger at Damascus' Lebanese allies and alleged the complicity of President Emile Lahoud, Syria's greatest supporter in Lebanon.

Collated by Danny Wills

Invasion
Missiles
Tanks
Troops
Planes
Bombs

Reason

WAYNE CRISTAUDO:

The Man Behind The Myth

Witnessing one of Wayne Cristaudo's lectures is an emphatic force of passion. An epileptic fit of information, tangents and relevant absurdities. The man emits the aura of a drug-fucked rocker (one of the *real* ones, from the seventies) firmly chained to the body and mind of a scholar (of classical Grecian times), with a passion for truth, individualism, and a valid form of integrity.

Wayne is/was the coordinator of the European Studies department here at Adelaide (soon to be lost to the University of Hong Kong). After talking to him it appears his rationale for assembling this eclectic and important course was an apparent divine inspiration. As a lecturer in the Politics department here in 1991, after being a student in Queensland and Germany, he became widely disillusioned with the practice. Evidently something about the "life gate" that rock 'n roll had opened for him caused him to quip "culture is far more important than politics...current politics is better left to journalists!"

He states emphatically, "30 years ago many books were being written on Australian

politics. What they predicted didn't transpire, and all of the books that I had from back then I can't sell for \$2! They bore no resemblance to reality...culture transcends politics".

It is here that Wayne's inner charm starts to bait the audience. He stops midway through explaining his theories on a political conspiracy to corrupt education, and why the political media is a "pernicious circle of mindlessness", to scrape at his coat collar. "Oh bugger. I spilt one of those choc-tops in a cinema the other day-no three days ago, and I haven't been able to get it out since." He pauses, recaps, and stabs through his listener's hearts with "why would you want to learn about politics? I'm only interested in what I can't see".

And so his foray into teaching students the *real* things they needed to learn started. "Education blinds people...philosophy is corroded by concepts" he raps, with relish and consternation, "experience is just so much more valid than concepts." In his teaching, Wayne has just wanted to fill the gaps of human experience. Trying to help people make the most out of what they are



encountering in the real world, and not just a blind static of incidents.

His teaching always possesses an intimacy that you will not notice in other forums. This is because, as Wayne admits, he simply shares his knowledge of his fuck-ups. Although he denied it in the interview, Wayne has drunkenly confessed that his most elaborate course, *Power, Love and Evil*, was almost completely inspired by a failed relationship. This clandestine *confidant* approach to teaching is what makes Wayne's lectures electric with inspiration. He likened his approach to Heraclitus, who "taught by means of small, oracular aphorisms meant to encourage thinking based on natural law and reason. The brevity and elliptical logic of his aphorisms earned Heraclitus the epithet 'Obscure'."

Wayne's course *Power, Love and Evil* taught that people don't understand the evil in our nature, or how to deal with it. And because of this we try to make the rules and philosophy that we live by systemic. And we fuck up horribly. This course is the summation of his latest book (that has not yet found a publishing home), a ten-year creation including some of the most headfuck themes I've ever delved into. As an author, Wayne has been published many times. His books delve into human conditions from all manner of angles, and he beleaguers the most ribald, brave and stripped bare philosophers.

Everyone seems to get something different out of Wayne's courses. Without him, I would not have been exposed to some of the most influential texts mainlined into my soul; The hellfire flesh rakes of "Shot in the Heart", the scatological verbosity of Rabelais, the sheer ferocity of Nietzsche and my beloved Louis Ferdinand Celine. The one thing evident in all students however, is a feeling of community in the class. People flock to Wayne at the end of lectures, rather than pack up before he is finished. They follow him to his office, and host his book clubs at their houses. They are not intellectuals, *per se*- just enthusiastic. The fact that Wayne is leaving because of a lack of respect from the upper echelons of the University and that I couldn't possibly say these things about any other lecturer is sad indeed. Wayne would like to thank all of the good friends he has made throughout his stay here.

However - you can catch one final performance from him and his band - along with all of his student's bands - this Saturday 11th at the East End Exchange. The whole shebang starts strictly at 8pm and its free so get in early. Bands include Uberstomp, the Mandala Project, Business as Usual, Bad Girls of the Bible and Wayne's band, Great Days.

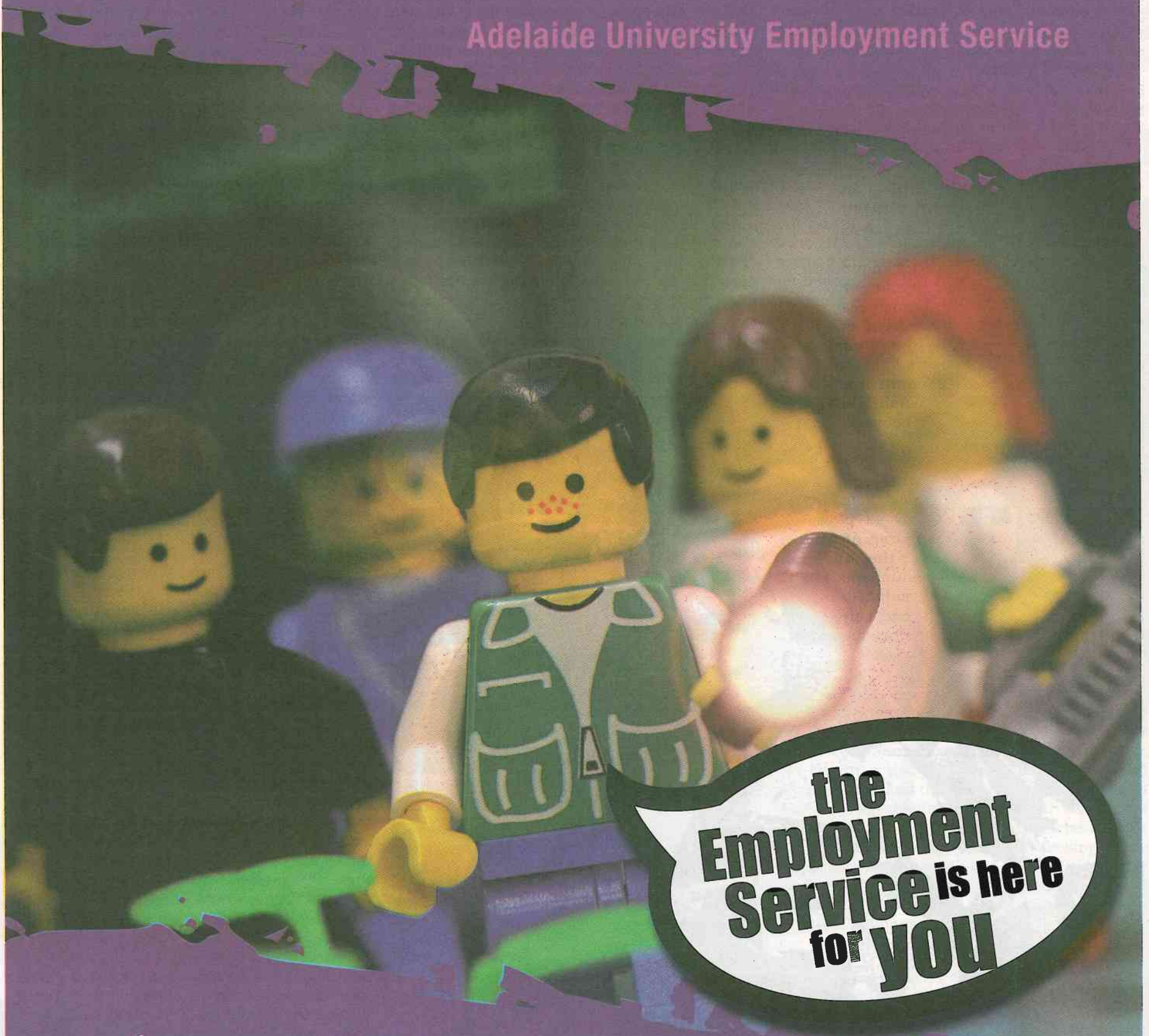
James Cameron



Cristaudo was so bright he was practically ultraviolet

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mohammed's chequebook

The lessons to be learnt from Muslim Economics

Money is the root of all evil. It's an idea that's been around since Socrates discovered that he could get pissed and crash on Athenian couches for free. Nobody tell Kerry Packer, Rupert Murdoch, Paris Hilton, the World Bank, the Vatican or 250 million Americans, but it wasn't that long ago that poverty and austerity were among the highest virtues – at least as far as religion was concerned.

Nevertheless, finding someone to agree with this philosophy is about as hard as threading a camel through a needle. Many of us are too busy co-ordinating our outfits and downloading polyphonic ring tones to enjoy what Paris so condescendingly refers to as 'the simple life'. And it's not just Viagra junkies who are hung up on materials – an increasingly user-pays system means each generation of university students is more and more affluent, less politically aware and hopelessly income oriented.

If it were up to me, a culture of charity and barter would be mandatory. Debtors would be trusted to devise their own payment plans and loans would be interest free. Although I haven't been the best at honouring them myself, it's not hard to argue that interest free financial transactions are sometimes the only way effective investment can occur. For the 3.7 billion people who exist on less than a dollar a day, the idea that market forces will allow enough money to trickle down from Nestle, Nike and Coca-Cola to sustain them is as laughable as Paul Wolfowitz being in charge of the World Bank.

The Republic of the Congo, for example, has annual debt service payments equal to 50 percent of its export earnings. Neighbouring Uganda's debt service equals 44 percent of its exports. In total, sub-Saharan Africa owes in excess of US\$300 billion, the interest on which is far in excess of annual spending on education and healthcare combined. Imagine being so indebted that you can barely afford the interest, let alone your doctor's bill, text books or union fee. Now imagine you have AIDS.

Paint me red and send me back to Russia, but from what I can gather, Adam Smith's invisible hand is hopelessly blind and therefore cannot be trusted with the broad welfare of society.

As it happens, this is more or less the way Mohammed saw things too. Enshrined in the Quran is a system of lending firmly rooted in community good, rather than the compounding debt that forms the basis of the dominant Judo-Christian system. Among Mohammed's teachings are practical instructions for financial transactions, the prohibition of luxurious items (including precious metals, jewels and silken clothes for men) and a harsh condemnation of those who either hoard their wealth or charge excessive interest, or *reba*.

There are conflicting views regarding precisely what constitutes *reba* and whether or not it is forbidden in the Quran. While it is one of the stated goals of the Islamic financial system to eliminate all forms of interest, many moderate Muslims insist that there is a distinction between

reba (usury) and charging interest that is acceptable to the community. The latter is referred to as *fa'eda* and is not mentioned in the Quran. At any rate, the Islamic faith is far more careful about the way money is lent, particularly in light of the fact that making money from nothing (by charging interest on what might otherwise be a charitable loan) is considered dishonourable at best, and *Haram* (unlawful) at worst.

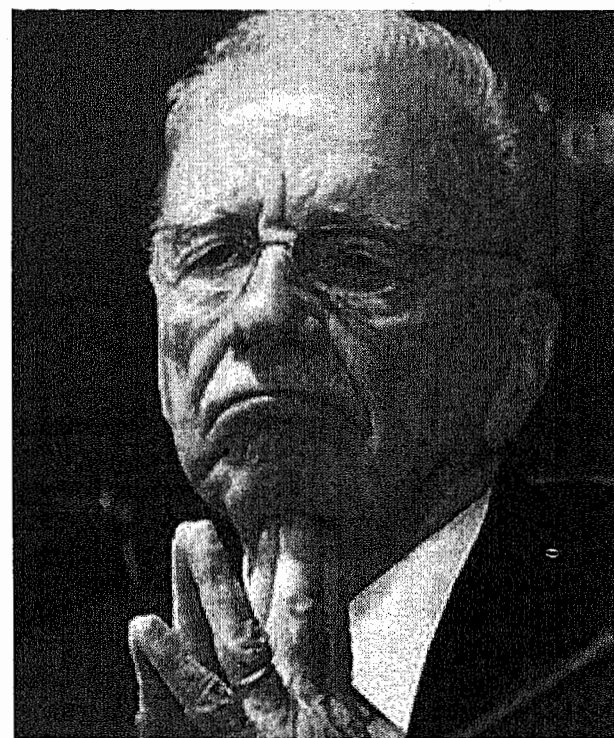
Muslim economics hardwires a system of investment with Quranic teachings, along with Islamic law, or *sharia*. The broad system is based around notions of honour, charity and investment for the sake of prosperity – not profit. The theory goes that whatever you give in the name of Allah, Allah will repay ten times over. This incentive makes for a far more altruistic system of investment.

Nevertheless, some might suggest that theology is a poor substitute for morality. This may be true, but it's clear that the current system of amoral *laissez-faire* capitalism is nothing short of a spectacular failure. International institutions set up to bridge the widening gap between the developing world and the industrialised economies of the West are still relying on market forces to somehow magically correct global iniquity. What's more, governments on both sides of politics are placing more and more faith in a global market that starves millions of people to death each year.

What is needed is a system of finance that puts food in the bellies of the world's poor and the fear of Allah back into lenders. *Sharia* is, after all, the same legal system used to justify the death and mutilation of scores of Muslim women thought to have brought dishonour to their families. Nobody deserves to be stoned to death, but I would happily put a heartless goat like Allan Greenspan – or my own bank manager – in the firing line than some hapless girl caught without her burkha.

You'll forgive me if that last paragraph adds little to the argument. Indeed, the entire argument for Muslim economics is largely academic; nobody really expects the current globalised system of finance to replace profit motive with an Islamic code of honour. What is really at issue here is a lack of any kind of sustainability in the current system. Even mainstream economists are beginning to admit that the current trajectory can only lead to more human suffering and ecological collapse. The following is the list of stated intentions of the Institute of Islamic Banking and Insurance.

1. *While permitting the individual the right to seek his economic well-being, Islam makes a clear distinction between what is Halal (lawful) and what is Haram (forbidden) in pursuit of such economic activity. In broad terms, Islam forbids all forms of economic activity which are morally or socially injurious.*
2. *While acknowledging the individual's right to ownership of wealth legitimately acquired, Islam makes it obligatory on the individual to spend his wealth judiciously and not to hoard it, keep it idle or to squander it.*



After weighing up the advantages of entry into Allah's great Kingdom, good will with all men and a harem of virgins in the afterlife, Rupert decided he'll stick with charging reba.

3. *While allowing an individual to retain any surplus wealth, Islam seeks to reduce the margin of the surplus for the well-being of the community as a whole, in particular the destitute and deprived sections of society by participation in the process of Zakat.*
4. *While making allowance for the ways of human nature and yet not yielding to the consequences of its worst propensities, Islam seeks to prevent the accumulation of wealth in a few hands to the detriment of society as a whole, by its laws of inheritance.*
5. *Viewed as a whole, the economic system envisaged by Islam aims at social justice without inhibiting individual enterprise beyond the point where it becomes not only collectively injurious but also individually self-destructive.*

<http://www.islamic-banking.com/ibanking/whatib.php>

Compare these tenets to the cornerstones of western economics: profit maximisation, investment determined by market forces and mindless economic growth as an end in itself. Which system do you believe is more sustainable?

Socrates once said "Having the fewest wants, I am nearest to the gods." In a world where senseless consumerism is the only thing staving off financial collapse, perhaps it's time we started thinking about how comfortable we are in a society motivated by pure profit. Perhaps, as some have suggested, it will take another economic catastrophe for us realise that economics and morality aren't necessarily mutually exclusive.

Tristan Mahoney



GEORGE ORWELL

EYEWITNESS OVER ORACLE

After the young liberals listed George Orwell (Eric Blair) as one of the poster boys of capitalism in a pamphlet circulating campus last year I was certain it must have been some deliberate ploy to incense the already blood red faces of the Labour Club who of course claim him to be their own defender of the working class, though a little dubiously, like some motely but likable stray. In Orwell's words, the latter claim "is also a lie, but in the long run less pernicious than the other" so we'll start with the first.

It soon became clear once some of *On Dit's* contributors began referencing Orwell that the conservative/right/market liberals did actually believe 1984 was simply an indictment on the dangers of Communism/Socialism and the totalitarian governments that stretch out from it. Such deliberate ignorance and polarised delusion rather than ironic, is gloomily in tune with Orwell's view of the world. It is somehow satisfying that the liberal kids are holding upon high a man who outright stated shortly before writing 1984 that everything had done up until that point was in favour of democratic socialism.

Orwell left Britain in 1936 to fight against the Fascist invasion of Spain, enlisting in the Socialist militia and secondarily, when he was able, documenting as a journalist the banality of the 'war' he was involved in, the ruthless tactics of socialist party politics and the "microcosm of a classless society" that prematurely raised the hopes of the Spanish working class.

The experience profoundly changed him. Shot in the through the neck, starving in the trenches, fed upon by lice, spared from death only by the inaccuracy of his own army, he was eventually marked for persecution (along with his wife) by the very government he was presumably fighting for, experiences that informed the core of the story of 1984.

Many an acid tongued attack on the ideologies of those liberals could be found if Orwell cared to spare time to the discussion of those "lords of poverty and their hired liars and bumsuckers" who, along with Tory Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain upheld the body on which to hang the "necklace of ghosts" that was in his view the senile and completely functionless upper class of society. He spent most of his venom in penetrating the

neurosis of his own class, the left wing intelligensia which he found the more disturbing tendencies of acquiescence taking place. While he felt the rich were more stupid than malicious, the middle class intellectuals were struggling, and succumbing to the kinds of processes of psychology that became the idea of 'doublethink' in 1984.

Most people play the book up as a prophetic vision of socialism gone wrong, accumulated power or the pervasiveness of media and legislation into our lives - fortunately a time, like the revolution in Spain, never realised. It is of course the safest way to approach it. It is also impossible to feel that Orwell was talking about a future or even about our present when he wrote 1984. Almost everything that he apparently conjures into the grim, grey world of Airstrip One is a hyperbole of his experiences of the 1930s and 40s. In many ways 1984 is coherent with the principles of INGSOC, being a reductive attempt to condense and simplify for mass consumption the detailed, insightful, innocently honest but disarmingly hard nosed commentary of the British society that he was wallowing in.

Some parts of 1984 are almost direct reproductions of his essays. In Spain he witnessed the abduction of political prisoners without cause, reason or trial only to turn up later as public confessors or more likely never to be seen again. One can only say 'political' in the vaguess sense as many were simply arrested purely because of tenuous association or from dubious evidence. (Orwell notes that as his room was searched by the Spanish police they found the incriminating *Mein Kampf*, fortunately they also found *How to Liquidate Trotskyists*). In their fictitious form and combined with Hitler's Gestapo they became the Thought Police.

He spent several months interminably listless and starving, then backboken and worked into the dust whilst living amongst the slums of Paris after an unfortunate incident left him practically penniless. His experiences of bug ridden halfway houses and permanently half dead, half drunk bedfellows (recorded in *Down and Out in Paris and London*) inspire the drudge of proletarian life in 1984. Working as an Imperial Police Officer in India he

felt both the hatred for Britain as an empire and the bitter immediacy of the Indian locals who seemed intent on making his life not only a philosophical but earthly hell. In essays such as "The Prevention of Literature", he documents almost exactly the framework of Big Brother by exploring the necessary removal of objective truth from the totalitarian world. It was not a by-product but crucial if governments were to maintain the compliance of the 'thinking classes'. Intellectuals in Britain resolutely toed their ideological line wherever it led them, sometimes for the war one year and against it the next. The truth was simply let slip between the cracks afforded by monopolised and bought media.

Orwell intensely feared that history would never be accurately recorded by either the Allies or the axis countries. While in Spain he noted with horror the complete disregard that newspapers (both British and Spanish) had for truth, seeing "newspaper reports that did not bear any relation to the facts, not even the relationship that is implied by an ordinary lie". The writer, even if he/she had every intention of objectivity, was compelled at every step to withhold or miscommunicate events if not to outright create propaganda. The crux of it it for Orwell was that the complete backflips in opinion and emotion that came from all sides of the ideological war could only be possible if one was refusing to acknowledge the existence of truth itself. Consciously letting truth slip into the unconscious before summoning it back into being when required. Objective truth ceased to exist even as something that needed to be hidden, one would just believe the lie.

It is even interesting to read Orwell simply as a history lesson as one gets the feeling you're a being shown a world that has never been seen before because no one was politically capable of recording



anti-semitism and in particular fascism. He compares the blunt reality of the attacks on mostly labourer Jews in Britain at the time, to witch trials where old women were "burned for witchcraft when they could not even work enough magic to get themselves a square meal". In his essays on several political commentators as well as poets such W.B. Yeats (whom he denounces as a fascist) he focuses on how easily power worship, the forerunner to totalitarian and fascist support, develops in both aristocrats and intellectuals. He denounces realism (a favourite school of thought for many of Adelaide Uni's Young Libs) as the disease of the cowardly and opportunistic. Able only to see power in the present and having no faith in fellow humans or in one's own ability to change history one comes to abide by the existing structures of power. Typically it takes the form of awe, fear and futility before turning almost into a form of worship where those who are powerful, it is believed, will always be powerful and eventually become seen as rightfully and naturally in power. Many of his fellow theorists predicted that the 1940s state of human misery would continue infinitely but as Orwell duly pointed out by the same mentality no-one could have predicted that either aeroplanes or cars would have been invented by the 1900s.

Above politics, war and ideologies, the feature of Orwell's writing that is most distinctive is its unflinching empathy with individual human life. In Burma Orwell helps conduct the hanging of an Indian sentenced for some inconsequential crime. As he is led to the gallows Orwell notices him stepping over a puddle and realises that "he and we were a party of men walking together, seeing, hearing, feeling, understanding the same world; and in two minutes, with a sudden snap, one of would be gone - one mind less, one world less... till that moment i had never realised what it means to destroy a healthy conscious man". In the tranches

of the Spanish front he raises his rifle at a running Fascist who happens to also be pulling up his pants; "I had come here to shoot Fascists, but a man holding up his pants is not a Fascist, he is visibly a fellow creature, similar to yourself, and you don't feel much like shooting at him". The impression of humanity most inspiring to him though was a Spanish soldier who with "his shabby uniform and fierce, pathetic, innocent face, the complex issues of war seems to fade away and I saw clearly that there was at any rate no doubt as to who was right. In spite of all the power politics and journalistic lying, the central issues of the war was the attempt of people like this to win the decent life which they knew to be their birthright" all else is "froth on the surface". With that image kept in mind Orwell remained positive, imagining the working class as a plant, "blind and stupid but always moving towards the light".

Missing in almost all of his autobiographical accounts - buried beneath a deep desire to portray events with more integrity than a journalist, to portray events simply as he saw them - were the feelings that one would expect to burst from someone so able to cut through the crap of such a time. It is perhaps the only thing in 1984 not revealed by his other works. Written not from the simplicity of the proles, which he didn't admire but new was a saving grace, but from his own conniving intellectual class - the "kind of person that is always somewhere else when the trigger was pulled".

In his own world Orwell remains measured and calm but in 1984 the absolute solitude and absurd wrenching futility that must accompany his experiences bleeds out from every inked letter. Perhaps this is the reason only he could not say "I accept" for in his age it "is to say that you accept concentration camps, rubber truncheons, Hitler, Stalin, bombs, aeroplanes, tinned food, machine guns, purges, slogans, Bedaux belts, gas masks, submarines, press censorship, spies, provocateurs, secret prisons, Hollywood films and political murders... the democratic vistas have ended in wire... To accept civilisation as it is practically means accepting decay".

It is worth thinking about the kind of things you allow when you say "I accept" today.

Dan J

The background reading for this article comes primarily from *Down and Out In Paris and London*, *Homage to Catalonia*, 1984,, *George Orwell: Collected Essays and Why I Write*. If you can't be bothered reading them all then a referenced version the above text can be obtained by email ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

it. In several instances he relates that he saw battles that were never reported and reports of battles where clearly none had taken place, even reading a newspaper that claimed the arrest of a man that was standing right beside him.

Meanwhile the upper classes timidly led the war effort, hoping to still "feel themselves true patriots, even while they plundered their country. Clearly their only escape was into stupidity" and unfortunately Hitler was the "rich man's leader". These two animals, formed the wilfully stupid, blank workers in the Ministry of Truth and informed the processes of doublethink and thoughtcrime.

Orwell even trawls through the two penny boys magazines analysing the complete lack of any critical bent. The prevailing influence of the media of the time led one to think that there was never anymore than individual mishaps and adventures, that there was no reason to believe that anything could be wrong with the system itself. The media was becoming increasingly violent but again with no corresponding analysis of ryme or reason. The new American tough guy, hero figure was slowly introduced "portrayed ominously enough, swinging a rubber truncheon".

Aside from his formative years in Spain and Paris Orwell was writing not about the Nazi's or the Soviet Empire but about England and the democratic capitalism in place at the time - now Australia's democratic capitalist system. A place where the "streams of dividends flow from the bodies of the coolies to the banking accounts of old ladies in Cheltenham". Where the English proles, the working class, "profound but unconscious", suddenly roar to life in emergency before relapsing into sleep amidst the "offensive contrast of wealth of poverty".

If 1984 is not a prophecy but just a hyperbolic account of the world that plagued Orwell's mind then why do we ask, will 1984 ever come into being? Fiction never does. The question really is how similar is contemporary society to the world that Orwell saw around him, the world that inspired such nightmares? Orwell certainly would have seen through the same economic regimes that strip countries of they're livelihoods today, the censored media, uncritical society and gold bottomed elites that similarly characterised his world.

Orwell explored the psychological rather than purely political phenomenon of the world around him, also attempting to uncover the reasons for


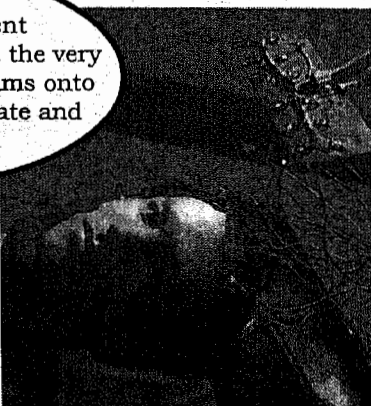
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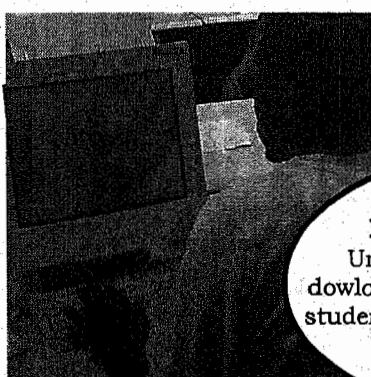
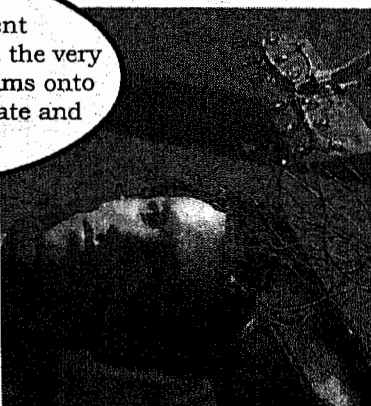
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The Play's the Thing

The Shakespeare Authorship Debate

In the Humanities what can one hold on to as true? Very few things it would seem, as no one agrees on anything. Get ten students in a room and at least one of them, probably clad in a beret and enveloped by a stench of nihilistic angst, will refuse to even believe that the others exist. The first thing you are ever taught when you step into the corduroy world of the Napier is that the world is comprised almost entirely of grey, and that the 'rightness', 'wrongness' are only matters of perspective. Perhaps the only thing everyone seems to agree on is that there was once this guy named William Shakespeare, and that he was some kind of incomparable super-genius, or so we thought.

For at least the last two centuries there's been a movement afoot to attribute the credit and praise we currently heap upon Willie and dump it instead, on the shoulders of the true author - a fourteenth century Earl named Edward de Vere. It is suggested 'Shakespeare' is merely a *nom de plume* for de Vere, roundly known by the nickname "the Spear-Shaker"

There is a long list of notable Oxfordian sympathisers maintained by the Shakespeare Oxford Society including Charles Chaplin, Sigmund Freud and Malcolm X and Shakespeare luminaries Sir John Gielgud, Sir Derek Jacobi and Orson Welles.

The doubt over the authorship of the plays written by 'Shakespeare' has a long, if under publicised history. No one seems to doubt that there was a man who lived in the little English town of Stratford-upon-Avon, he's listed in the birth records and turns up in a few legal documents, signing his name only six times and occasionally with alternate spellings. He's shown up in the books in many different ways, often as Shakespeare but sometimes with spellings as divergent as Shakspeare, Shekspere and Shaksper. The Oxfordians, as they like to be called, say that this Shaksper, whoever he was, was born to a class that excluded him from the vast knowledge exhibited in

his plays of upper class manoeuvrings and pursuits. Whoever wrote *Henry V* or *Richard III* must have had a great understanding of the inner workings of the royalty, whoever wrote *Twelfth Night* had a great understanding of lands beyond England and that no uneducated man, born in Stratford, who frequently misspelled his own name could be the true author of such truly sublime prose.

Other candidates have been offered over the centuries as possible ghost-writers for the pseudonym 'Shakespeare' besides de Vere. Among the short but distinguished list are Christopher Marlowe (famous contemporary of 'Shakespeare', even more renown than the bard

in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries) and Francis Bacon. Both have been fairly roundly dismissed, Bacon because his professional life was far too busy to allow for him to produce 37 plays and 154 sonnets in his off time and Marlowe because he died well before *Macbeth*, *King Lear* and *Othello* were written, as the accepted chronology goes. Oxfordians hold that there almost no existing evidence linking Shaksper to 'Shakespeare' that there is no reason to automatically assume that they are one in the same.

The case for Edward de Vere is based largely on his high social standing and existing poetry. In the 1500s theatre was largely considered as an arena for the plebs. With the notable exception of Queen Elizabeth aristocratic culture almost completely shunned theatres such as The Globe, owned by 'Shakespeare' and The Rose, owned by Christopher Marlowe. As such it would be entirely unsightly for a man of position, and an Earl at that, to write plays for the common people. It would be wholly acceptable for him to compose poetry, which de Vere did, but certainly not to stoop to the murky depths of popular writing. On top of this de Vere had extensive education in the worlds of literature, the law and may well have travelled beyond England. He was also a close confidant of Queen Elizabeth who could have supported him in his writing, being a fan of the stage as she was, and protected his identity from his own unforgiving and snobbish class.

Experts have examined de Vere's published prose, with predictably varied results. Some have dismissed it saying it bears none of the quality of the great 'Shakespeare' masterpieces while others have said that not only is it possible that de Vere showed signs that he could have matured into a master but that his published prose is of quite a high standard regardless. The most striking similarity between de Vere's poetry and that of 'Shakespeare' is the presence of six line pentameter stanzas which appear in the poetry of both authors and nowhere else in Elizabethan prose. Further evidence is found when one looks a little deeper into de Vere's personal life. Just as it is reasonable to assert that Shaksper couldn't write about the aristocrats with such insight it's reasonable to think de Vere may have brought personal experience into his prose. Similarities between Edward De Vere's life and *Hamlet* suggest that *Hamlet* was an almost autobiographical play about the Earl's life. Notably Polonius' line of 'young men falling out at tennis' is believed to refer autobiographically to Edward De Vere's notorious tennis court squabble with Philip Sidney. Also, Edward De Vere's father-in-law, William Cecil, Lord Burghley, is said to be have been parodied as the character Polonius. Oxfordians argue only a person intimately knowledgeable of Lord Burghley's life could parody this man convincingly in *Hamlet*.

Well, after all that it seems fairly convincing. How could a man who had little to no proper education, with no knowledge of the workings of the upper class, who frequently misspelled his own name ever be the great William Shakespeare we revere today?

Well, quite easily apparently.

The entire Oxfordian argument is based around the assumption that there is too little evidence to connect Shaksper to Shakespeare; the opposite in fact is the case. While there isn't overwhelming evidence to credit Shaksper as Shakespeare beyond all doubt, there is enough evidence to convince any reasonable person. For instance there are numerous diary entries made by Elizabethans that refer to William Shakespeare the actor, showing that it is very unlikely it was simply a pseudonym.

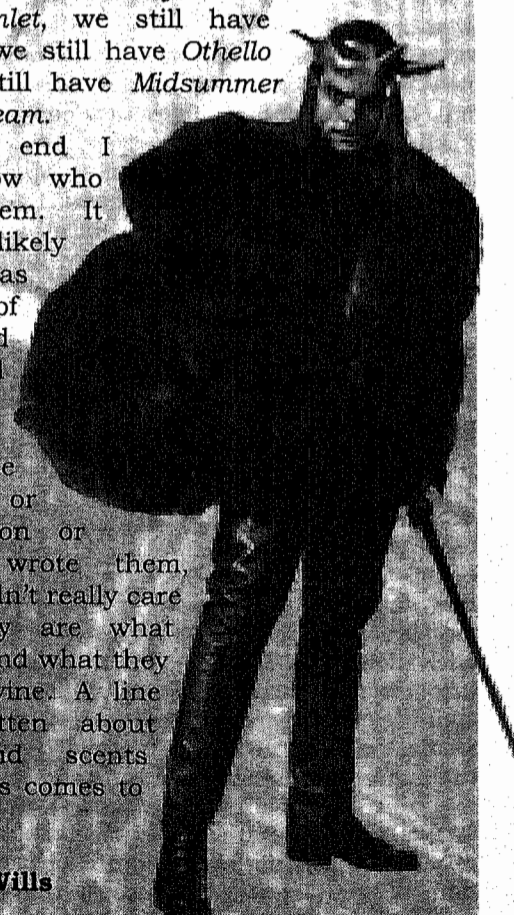
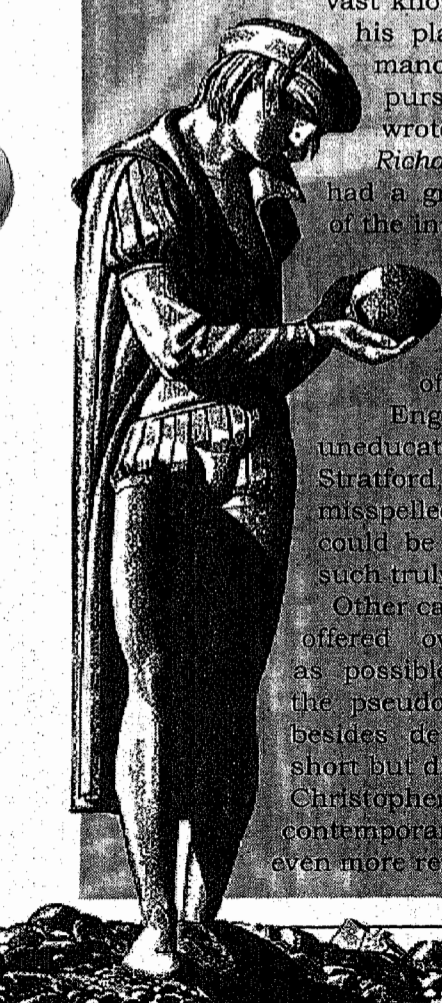
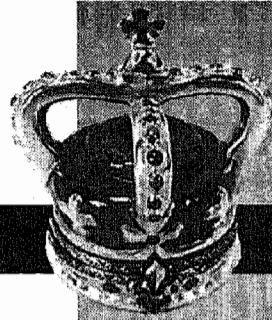
One diary entry made by John Manning clearly underscores the corporeal Will: "Upon a time when Burbidge played Richard III there was a citizen grew so far in liking with him, that before she went from the play she appointed him to come to her that night unto her by the name of Richard III. Shakespeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before, was entertained and at his game ere Burbage came. Then message being brought that Richard III was at the door, Shakespeare caused return to be made that William the Conqueror was before Richard III. Shakespeare's name William." Other evidence, such as a family coat of arms identifies the actor Shakespeare as the Stratford-upon-Avon Shakespeare and further evidence marks him as the co-owner of The Globe theatre.

Unfortunately for the conspiracy theorists it looks as if this whole argument further underscores the maxim that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing".

Ultimately though, does it matter who wrote them? In reality while Shakespeare of Stratford is most likely the true author, the plays that do exist today exist in varied forms, many were lost and had to be re-written relying on the memories of the players and were often altered performance to performance as still happens today. Even still, regardless of who wrote them or how they were written we still have *Hamlet*, we still have *Macbeth*, we still have *Othello* and we still have *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

In the end I don't know who wrote them. It is quite likely that it was Shaksper of Stratford and remotely possible that de Vere, or even Bacon or Marlowe wrote them, but I couldn't really care less. They are what they are and what they are is divine. A line once written about roses and scents and names comes to mind.

Danny Wills



Peak Oil and the End of Civilisation

Every part of our economy relies on oil. We use it to grow food, build cities, and dig mines. We put it in our cars, buses and planes. We use it to suck more oil out of the ground. Even when we generate electricity from another source, like natural gas, coal, uranium or wind, we need oil to build the generators and the vast transmission networks which carry electricity to where it's used.

Unfortunately the world doesn't have an unlimited supply. Depending on who you ask, world oil production either will peak sometime over the next decade, or already has peaked - probably late last year or early in 2005. After the peak it's all downhill. Every year, on average, there will be less oil coming out of the ground.

Let's ask a scientist what he thinks. According to Kjell Aleklett, professor in

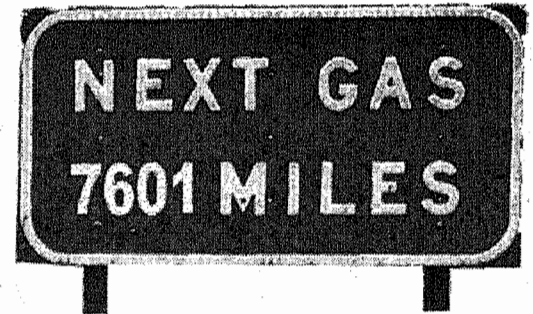
physics at Uppsala University and President of ASPO, the Association for the Study of Peak Oil & Gas,

"Scientists and government authorities that noticed the earthquake that caused the tsunami in Thailand are blamed for not making a tsunami alert. They were afraid that the alert would hurt the tourist industry. I think it is time for energy authorities around the world to make an "oil supply tsunami alert". The vibrations we are now feeling might turn into a wave of unthinkable magnitude. If we start doing something right now we might be able to build a breakwater. If not, we will face an event that could change life, as we know it, forever."

But let's not forget that many scientists are in fact communists out to destroy the American way of life as practised in Australia. Here's Matthew Simmons, former Energy Adviser to George W. Bush, as recently quoted by Republican Member of Congress Roscoe Bartlett:

"I don't think there is [a solution]. The solution is to pray. Under the best of circumstances, if all prayers are answered, there will be no crisis for maybe 2 years. After that it's a certainty."

This creates some problems. The world's last century of incredible growth has been powered mostly by oil and partly by other fossil fuels like coal and gas, which are also running out. In the short term this means price spikes and recession. In the medium term it means that many of the things we rely on to survive (modern agriculture, electricity generation, cars, plastic manufacturing, defence forces etc) will stop working. Our society is balanced on top of a mountain of oil barrels, and when that mountain starts to fall down we're talking a global collapse which will make the 1930s,



and what happened next, look like a happy dreamland.

What can you do?

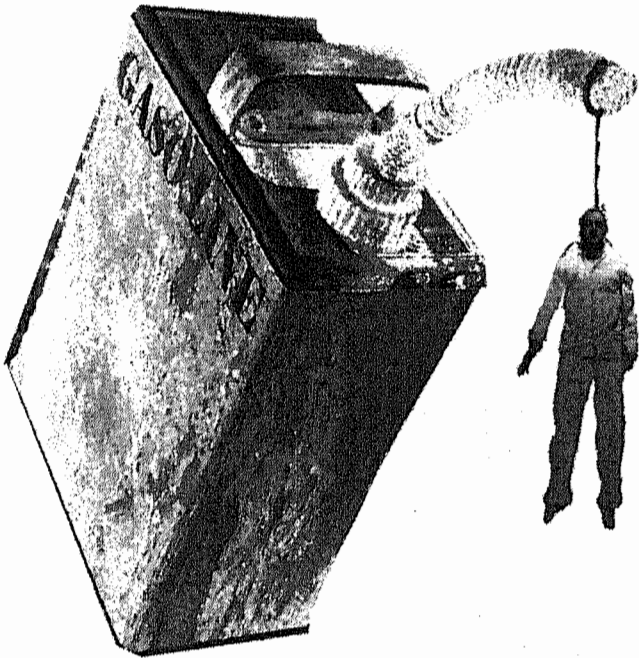
A good first step would be to do some research on the Internet. A web search for "peak oil" will find you all sorts of interesting and depressing information, like why people who say that hydrogen is a solution are idiots and how the ethanol industry is a slush-fund for politically connected farming interests. Or you could start at ASPO (www.peakoil.net), or the Energy Bulletin (www.energybulletin.net).

Then you should come along and watch "End of Suburbia: Oil Depletion and the Collapse of the American Dream". It's on at 7pm on Thursday the 16th of June at the Rennie Lecture Theatre (which is next to the childcare centre, just West of the Cloisters). Arrive at 6pm and you'll get to see Roscoe Bartlett talking to the US Congress.

And over the longer term? Don't buy a new car. Put your superannuation in oil futures and see if you can invest in a draught-horse breeding company or a wooden cart manufacturer. Stop complaining about wind farms spoiling your view of the coast. Learn how to farm potatoes and hope that your backyard is large enough to support you and your family. Or you could just hide out in the hills with a cellar full of tinned food and a shotgun. That's what I'll be doing.

Linley Henzell

(email me at linleyhenzell@hotmail.com)



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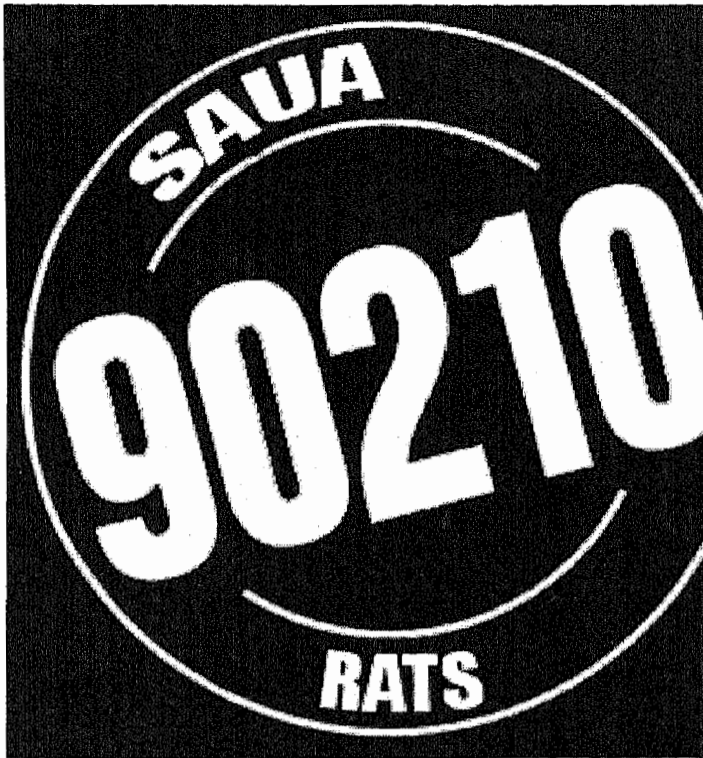
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"That girl is the biggest bitch at West Beverly High. I should know. I dated her for a year."
-Steve Sanders

This week I'd like to pick out a few things from last week's 'SAUA roundup' that I have a few issues with. I hate to do it because, by and large I agree with the majority of the things said in it, but it helps me make my point.

It stated that "ultimately, to be in any way legitimate, the SAUA does need to provide a service that students want to consume". My problem with this is that the Students' Association doesn't really provide services, that is the Union's domain. We provide representation, and although we have dabbled in a number of services as a bit of a revenue raiser, and with VSU imminent we are clearly looking at new services to provide. By and large we're not a service provider, and although some might argue that representation could be considered a service, it's clearly not one that can be consumed, or one that students want to consume.

Sure we need to be relevant, and be focused on our members, but talk such as this risks heading down the path that Nelson and others aspire to - a 'user pays' system. Hopefully, if the debate in *On Dit* over the last few months has taught us anything, it is that this doesn't work, and that the issue is just a little more complicated than that. It doesn't matter how relevant our services are under a voluntary membership system, these services largely won't exist. This claim is backed up with fact, (i.e. our experiences in Western Australia when VSU was brought in). So proponents of VSU can talk until their blue in the face, it won't change the reality of the situation.

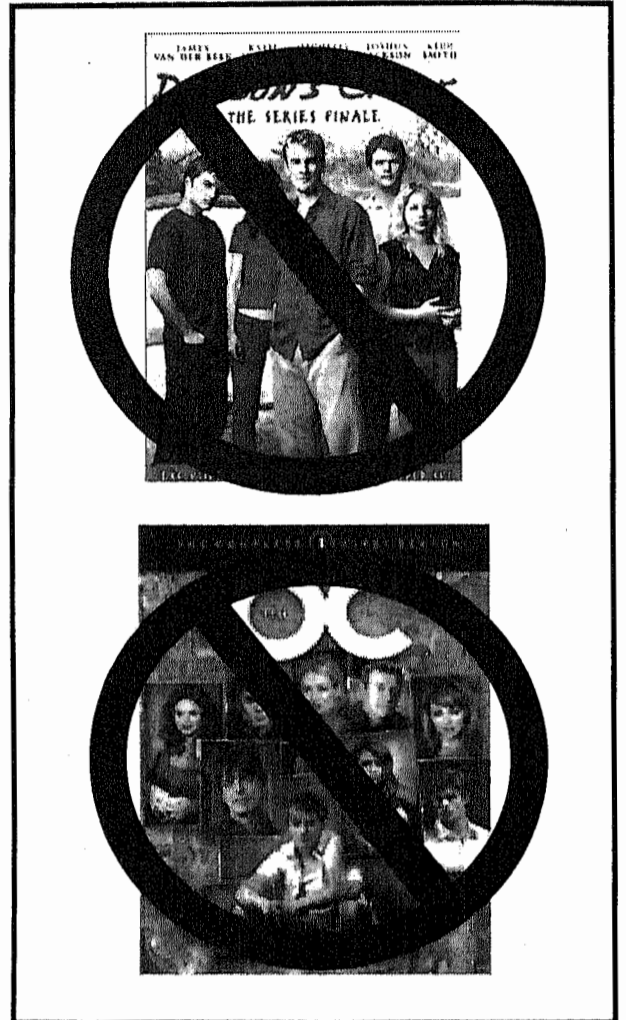
Also in 'SAUA Roundup' it's stated that aside from Orientation, Student Media, The Vagina Monologues, and a few other things "it's hard to see how the life of the 'average students' wouldn't have been any different" if VSU had already been implemented.

My first point in relation to this is that, we as student representatives often don't cater to the average student. The average student is not usually the one with an academic grievance, or some form of 'oppression'. But secondly, and although it was recognised in the article, a lot of what we do is not seen by the students. How can having a strong, knowledgeable, and professional voice for students to the University and the community be seen, and compete with *services* like Orientation or *On Dit*. Students don't know about the fact that they are represented on so many levels. The Students Association this year has presented to one Senate Inquiry, one research project on educating students online, about 20 or so various university committees, three working parties set up to deal with specific issues in the

uni, and has been consulted numerous times on a vast variety of other subjects.

Now we must take responsibility for not communicating this properly, and I can assure you we are trying new ways. However, this is not an argument in itself for VSU. Similarly, to state that many of these "tasks can be taken up, (even) to some extent, by interest groups and volunteers with the motivation to do so" I believe, risks trivialising what the Students' Association currently does. Interest groups will take up representation post VSU, but it will be the type where salivating, placard wielding, 'feral lefties' are protesting against one thing or another, that many have been so critical of in the recent past. The type of representation that we will lose is the informed and professional representation that we currently provide that I admit we fail to promote well enough. So if people would like to constructively contribute to this debate, unlike the rather vicious (although, with some good points) letters by Todd Hacking and Jon Cold last week, write in and suggest ways we can improve how we communicate with you, or why you think that students having a strong, independent, and legitimate voice is not a good thing.

David Pearson
SAUA President
david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au



Dawson's Creek and The OC may have reached an audience of post millenium traders in teen angst, but frankly they just don't cut the mustard when it comes to good old pre pubescent entertainment.

"Wah wah, I love Brandon and they wrote me out of the show because I'm about as foxy as a pair of sweaty bed slippers."
-Andrea Zuckerman

Hey,

Good Luck to you all for exam preparation and handing in your final assignments. Remember if you have any problems regarding any of this don't hesitate to contact me or the Education & Welfare Officers.

For those of you who are interested in getting involved with the Education Department on campus, I have set up a e-group to start an active collective on campus(edcollective_aduni@yahoo.com). This will ensure that a stable network/collective is set up, which can be built on each year whether there is a funded body, such as the SAUA, around or not. I urge all that are interest to join.

If you would like any further information about any educational issues give me a holler on 8303 5406 or jessica.cronin@adelaide.edu.au

Cheers,
Jess Cronin
Education/Vice-President



Hey, hey...

I walked into the Women's Room today and was not greeted with the usual pungent aroma of freeze-dried coffee beans mixing with boiled tap water. On closer inspection, it seemed like 200 tea bags and a 2L carton of milk had disappeared into the ether. Earlier in the week, a woman had come to the SAUA to complain that her lunch had been stolen from the women's room fridge. This is not cool; stealing other people's food is unacceptable. The room is supposed to be a safe space. The tea and coffee is provided to all women who use the women's room free of charge but it is not for taking home. By all means, use what you want whilst you use the room, but do not abuse the honesty system and stuff it up for everyone else. Fuckers.

On a positive note, the NOWSA conference is

coming to town. Each year women from around Australia meet for the Network of Women Students Australia (NOWSA) conference. This conference is an opportunity for women students to come together to discuss relevant issues affecting women, to skill share, and to organise campaigns that address women's needs. This year the NOWSA conference is being hosted by the women of Adelaide University from the 11th to the 15th of July. The conference theme is *Solidarity, Diversity, Sorority*. Over the week around 300 delegates will participate in various workshops that address areas such as Women and reproductive rights, Women and education/VSU, Women and sexuality, Women and violence, Women and organising, Women and indigenous rights, Women as creators and Women in the Unions/Labour movement. Some of the ideas of discussion that may be generated from this include women's relationships with depression, eating disorders, suicide, industrial relations, the sex industry, leadership roles, and the legal professions. There will be plenary sessions, "feminars" and workshops each day where all delegates gather to hear women speakers on particular focus areas. There are all different levels and types of participation. This will provide the delegates with a range of perspectives on issues that of importance to women students in Australia.

The week promises to be a stimulating, exciting, challenging and positive experience. Moreover, if anyone is working on something that they are passionate about, we would love to get in touch with them and turn it into a presentation or workshop. NOWSA is all about the people that take part and we would love to have many South Australian Women involved. If you have a burning issue that you would like to speak about, a debate you would like to conduct in a workshop, a skill you can share, or if you just want to come along, get in touch with Tara Bates on 0403 690 082.

Mel Purcell
Women's Vice President
 melissa.purcell@adelaide.edu.au

A3 posters, frequent lecture bashing and flyers over just three days saw a massive increase in bar takings. It seems to be a winning combination for any event - the world record attempt during Prosh week saw over 800 people turn up for a Tequila shooter all from just two and a half days of serious promotion.

The end of semester celebration was a successful collaboration between the student body and Commercial Operations and should be used as a reference for future events in a VSU environment. Promotion of the Unibar by students encouraged greater participation in the events for the week and increased sales. In turn, students were rewarded with the opportunity to make money through BBQs and raffles as well as having an awesome time.

With VSU imminent, the commercial arm of the student union is going to be critical to the survival of campus culture. If private operators were to come on campus their motives would be unlikely to be directed towards the welfare of students. This is in complete contrast to the current situation where profits are sometimes sacrificed in order to meet student needs.

I'll finish up now, by wishing you the best of luck in your essays or exams. I'm looking forward to running some more cool activities next semester!

Cheers,

Matthew Walton
Activities Officer



State of The Peach Pit

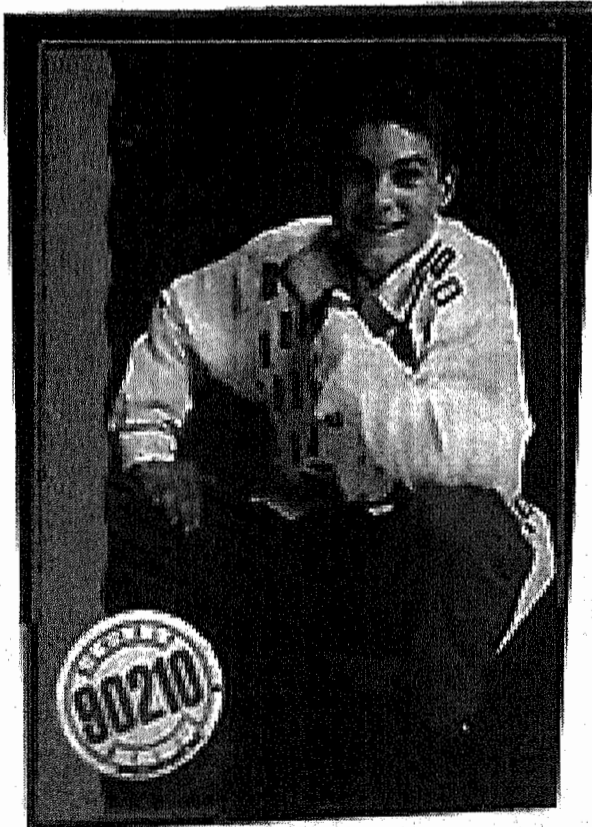
At the tender age of 20, I feel like a Mum this year. The structures of student unions all around the country are very different but at the AUU, the structure is such that you feel like the parent of 7 very different, unique children. The metaphor carries quite far. The affiliates are like my kids. I love them - I want to save them from the threat of VSU - I see my job as somewhat pointless if they don't survive - and if I lose one I will grieve. It was actually over lunch with one of the affiliate Presidents that I realised how analogous the AUU structure is to a family. My conversation could be summarised as follows: "It just seems that you're not paying as much attention to us as you are to the others, we just feel neglected". From here I ended up justifying my time allocation between the affiliates, explaining: "Well, OSA dear, SAUA needs more help than you do right now, nasty old VSU threatens them more. It doesn't mean I care any less about you."

Although the affiliates are completely separately incorporated (like children are from their parents...hmmm) from the AUU, the bonds are there. The AUU funds the affiliates - although probably to the tune of less money than my mother has funded me - and we work together all the time. There are also the normal sibling rivalries, especially at the moment with VSU posing such a risk to our survival.

In many ways, I'm damned either way right now. VSU causes the need for fairly drastic measures in order to prepare for it. And as Mum, I'll probably be about as popular as a bag of poo amongst non-German people for the decisions I'll have to make for the rest of the year in order to ensure that my kids are still here to provide you with services after 2006.

Jennifer Turner
President
Adelaide University Union

N.B: The Union President has been working too many hours whilst wearing a sombrero and is hallucinating and creating obscure metaphors.



It's been a good week for the Unibar. The last few days of semester were always going to see an increase in patronage to the bar as tutorial groups have their final classes over a pint of pale.

However the end of semester celebrations were particularly large this year. Bright yellow

"I love you Brandon/Dylan/Steve!"
 -Kelly Taylor

Exams are dumb, they can wait Here's some ways to procrastinate!

24 incredibly fun things to do instead of study!

There are better ways to waste time than cleaning your room. All you need is a little imagination. With the right preparation, you can spend hours not studying while having a jolly good time doing more interesting, engrossing activities*.

To your right you'll find a list of ideas and projects that are just begging to be launched into while that less appealing stack of textbooks mocks you from your desk. Let's face it, you're going to procrastinate at some point, so you may as well get something out of it.

Try to get at least five of these things done while the exam period is on.

Procrastination - celebrate the mediocrity.

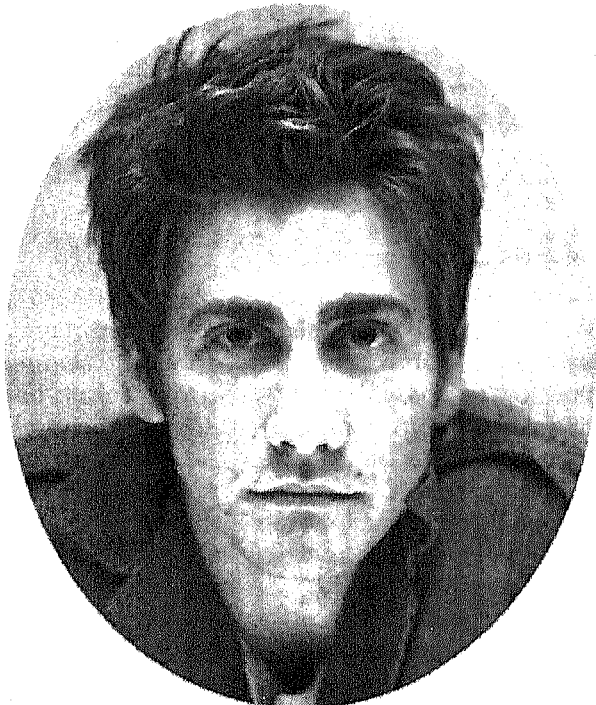
* article based entirely on what author considers interesting and engrossing.

by Sylvia G

1. Compile a list of hypothetical questions to ask your friends next time you see them. "Would you rather"s are the cornerstone of any good conversationalist's repertoire.
2. Watch repeats of *Seinfeld* everyday at half twelve on Channel 10.
3. Waste hours doctoring ridiculous fake ads like the ones featured below. Send them to *On Dit*.
4. Find a television show that has at least five seasons in it, all out on DVD, and become obsessed with it. The urge to watch 'just one more' will sway even the most non committal of procrastinators. *OZ*, *Buffy* and *Xena: Warrior Princess* are all worthy contenders.
5. Make some delicious soup. Not only is it fuckin' freezing right now, but a good hearty soup requires at least an hour and a half of solid attention. Healthy *and* distracting.
6. Go badge happy. I've taken the liberty of creating some templates for you (see right). Just cut them out and take them to a craft studio. Voila! Time wasting, and you get to carry Jake G around on your lapel to kiss on the lips before you go to sleep.
7. Make a zine. Better still, theme it around procrastination. I've recently fallen in love with a boy who writes *Das Papierkrieg*. I don't know him, but I'd like to go for a bike ride with him some day. Distribute your zine - hours required in the writing and producing, and you may even have a stranger fall in love with you.
8. Line up some hot action with a fellow procrastinator. Nothing beats procrastinating with somebody else, especially with full or partial nudity.



Cloe Sevigny



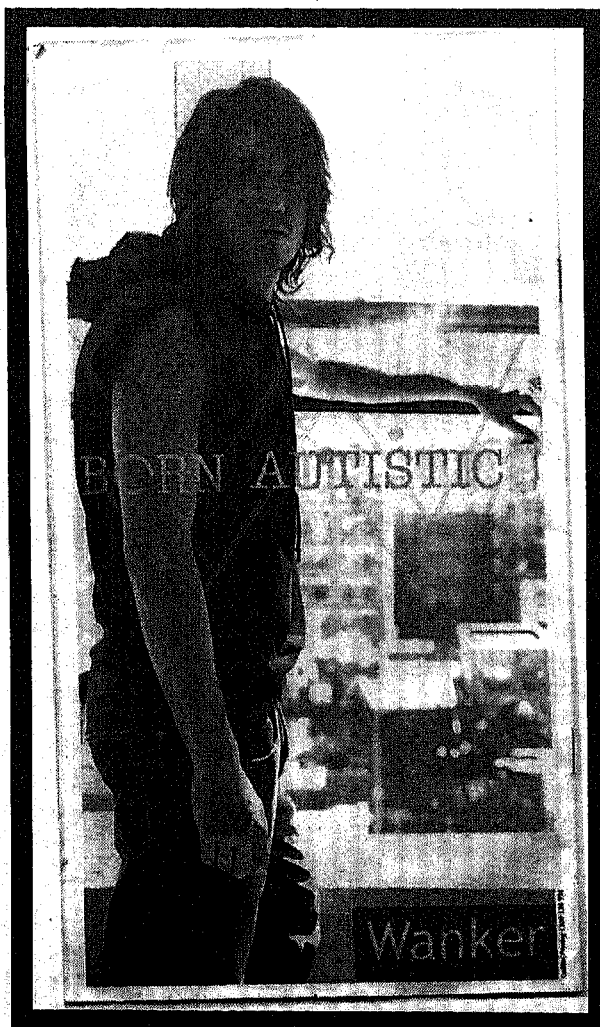
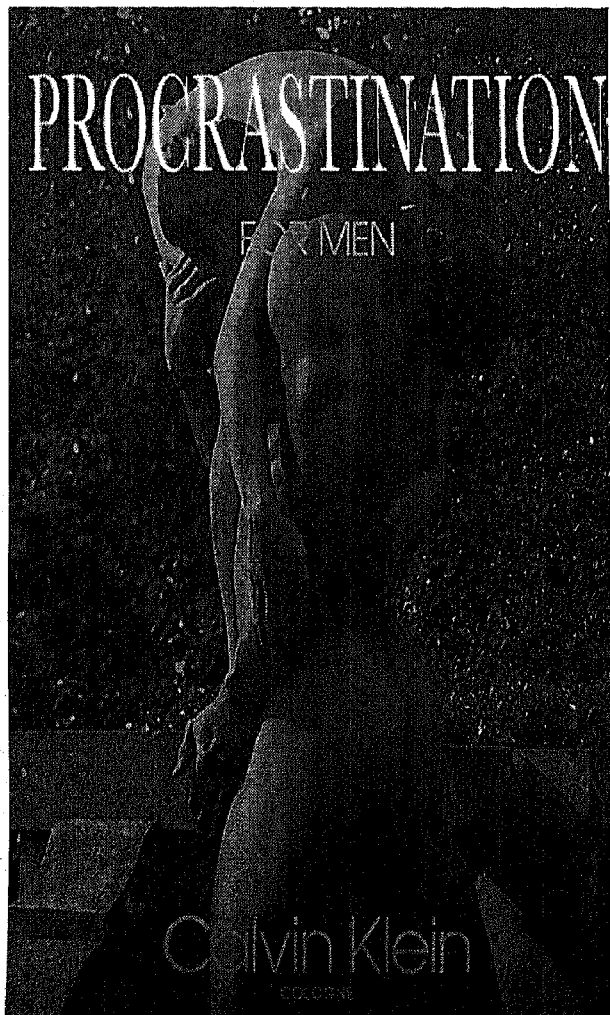
Jake Gyllenhaal

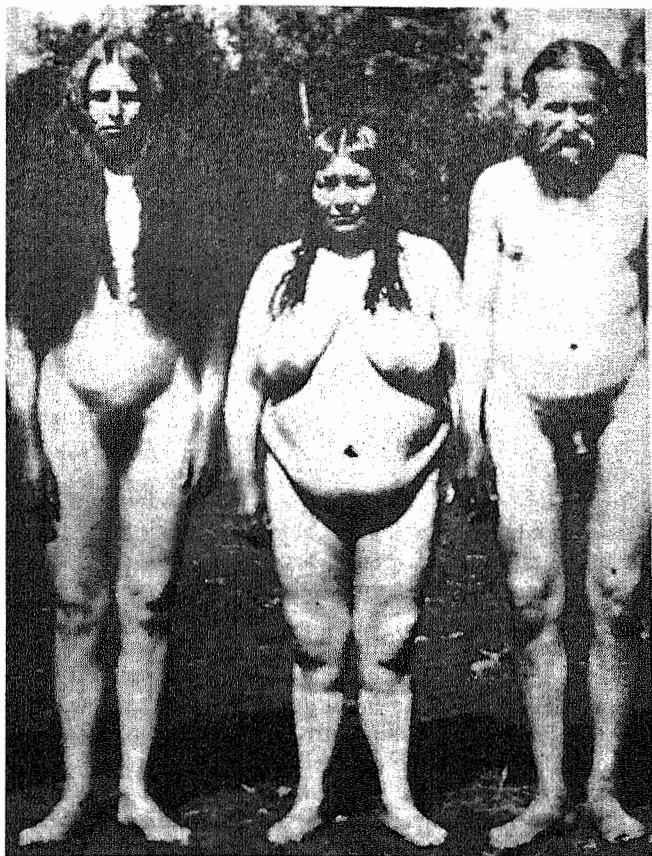


Maggie Gyllenhaal



Gabriel Garcia Bernal





Who wouldn't want to disco pash this trio of sauce on a stick?

Isosceles *adj.* (of a triangle) having two sides of equal length

A real threesome always ends in tears.

This is one of the cardinal truths I've learned in life. We stumble across strange certainties in life: all the love songs on the radio take on special meaning when you break up with someone, being a woman does not make you a feminist and no matter how shit they happen to be, after a boy band breaks up, one of them will inevitably go on to have a solo career.

Threesomes are boring. It's like watching the Season 2 final of Buffy; sure, it's brilliant, but if you do it to many times, eventually the interest factor will dwindle. I've tried every combination of a threesome that's available to a woman. It all starts innocently enough: being dragged into a toilet in the Exeter by two women and told you have to kiss them before they'll let you leave. Threesomes have such prestige amongst the sexually labile Generation Y, but I would like to lend my experience less as a brag and more as a warning. Everything's good fun, until feelings get involved.

My first full (kind of like your first full alcoholic experience – none of that Passion Pop or Cruiser bullshit – I'm talking Glen Fiddich) threesome began in a bike shed. It was at a wild house party with Goths spray painting Oscar Wilde quotes on the walls, some dudes in white jumpsuits demolishing the 19th century veranda with fuck-off mallets and people eating marijuana cookies on top of the roof. I was led to the bike shed by a svelte little nymph with a gleam in her eye. She sat me on her lap and we kissed. Next thing I know, we're on the scarlet sheets of my ex's bed and between bouts of unconsciousness, I got to participate in sexual rotation.

My ex and the nymph are still dating; I hope they get married so that I can retell that story in front of their parents and watch them choke on their white chocolate wedding cake. You'd think I'd be bitter, but I actually think it's a kind of cute anecdote. They're adorable together, whereas my ex and I were as mismatched as Eminem and Marilyn Monroe.

Now begins my cautionary tale. It began on a religious holiday with two of my closest friends. All three of us were pissed off our tits; which is easy with my b-cup but somewhat harder

with my girlfriend's massive jugs, but my mind wanders... Anyway, we end up in a taxi headed to my place where I'd offered them a place to crash, but somehow my male friend ends up with a lady either side, his hands on two different thighs. We stumble inside and next thing I remember, my boy is wearing a bra and flashing some visiting Mormons in my living room (these things happen).

Our friendship began in an interesting three way situation; we always had strange ways of developing intimacy. It's hard to explain where it all began: drunkenly reeling through the last six months of my life, from the stairwell of Mansions on one fateful pub crawl to being drunkenly sprawled on a bed, watching a female friend pass lubricant to a male friend so that they can have anal sex while I try to hold in the tequila flavoured vomit. I would like to compare the antics that my female friend and I performed to the acrobatics of Cirque du Soleil. It was staged, artificial and rehearsed...we were also wearing electric blue spandex and white face make up. I like women, but it was like receiving head from my sister: wrong and only legal in Wagga. However it looked good and we could charge \$183 for front row seats.

The problem really arose with the fact that the whole jumble of genitalia resulted in an imbalance in our friendship. It became an isoscelean triangle where good friendships were placed in jeopardy because feelings were hurt and jealousies were spiked. What seems like a benchmark of sexual freedom can actually be fatal to bonds of real substance. My friendship with my girlfriend was placed at risk because her insecurities were stoked by a third party; my friendship with my male friend was subsequently damaged because it caused too much trouble. The worst part was, my male friend was barely affected by the whole drama. His feelings were not injured because he's a broken, stunted human being – don't get me wrong, he's a good bloke, just fucked up and bat shit crazy. The relationships will never be the same and for what? For the prestige? For the thrill? For the ability to give a blow job while receiving head? For another woman to stand by and watch, with some appreciation and a pinch of disgust, as you fake an orgasm? Really, get an internet connection and look up some dirty pictures; it's far less damaging to your sanity and your bed sheets.

So go kiss a couple of lesbians in the toilet of the Exeter; sexy dance with two flatmates at the same time, but unless you're prepared to pack up and move to Utah where the three of you can live in wedded bliss, just limit it to a duet...or make it a double date.

As a final note, I have an apology to make to my housemate (no, it's not about the dishes – they're all Jen's, I swear). I wrote an article recently which was an embittered rant about my housemate and a certain soccer player. I made some cruel comments about this gorgeous American which were unfair and unfounded. The comments were motivated by jealousy. Everyone deals with emotional pain differently; I drink excessively and write everything down in my student rag. While I can be post modern and say that from my perspective, it was true at the time, that's bollocks. I hate post modernism anyway. To my inordinately beautiful and intelligent housemate, I apologise. You are exquisitely beautiful, remarkably intelligent and a person of great integrity, while I'm a venal, impulsive brat. I promise that most Australians are far nicer than me...even some of the Liberal voters.

Lavinia Emmet-Grey

3somes of my heart



The world's three dominant monotheistic religions. This 3sum has been responsible for wars, suffering and persecution for 2000 years. What power!



Friendship, magic and disturbingly hot teenagers all combine to make this 3some a winner.



Uh oh! Love triangle alert! Check out Pacey's hair. It's actually almost a bowl cut.



Axis Of Evil: Part One, before axes were popular.



Indiana Jones makes me feel funny, especially when his shirts all ripped like on the cover of this triple box set...



...and here in his little vest. What a fox.



Axis of Evil: A New Generation. This 3sum is like that gang of gamer geeks that used to hang out in the library during lunch playing magic role play. Kim Jong Il was the little one who always had a runny nose and had to fight back tears when the bigger boys made fun of his name.



The Beatles with talent, notice how I photoshopped out Ringo? I'm a genius.

Clementine Ford
thinks threesomes sound like a lot of work



NATURAL IDEAL STYLE EATING



A Fine Meal for One Who is About to Die for the Emperor

-Linley Henzell's Japanese Distopia

I just came back from a nice 3-hour walk along the Sakai river, which winds through an area of market gardens and rice-paddies near my apartment. It's a typical winter's day here, which means that the air is cold but dry and the sky was a beautiful pale blue until the sunset turned it into that vivid particulate-matter red which comes courtesy of the factory smokestacks of Yokohama. It was nice.

Patorikku Suueizi

I once remarked that I would be most disappointed if I had not learned Japanese by the time I got home, and it looks like it's going to become true. I blame this mostly on the language, and particularly on the maddening intractability of the Japanese writing system (although I have to acknowledge laziness as a contributing factor). Forgive me if you know how this works already, but I'll give a brief explanation of the basics of written Japanese for those who are unaware.

There are four ways to write in Japanese. The simplest (for us outside-people, anyway) is Romaji, which uses our alphabet to convey a pretty accurate idea of how to pronounce a Japanese word. There are a few little tricks, like the way that a double consonant is pronounced with a little pause in front of it and a double vowel is just twice as long as a single vowel, but generally it's not so hard once you've realised that they say all of the vowels a little differently and that 'r' sounds like a cross between 'r', 'l' and 'd'. Then there's hiragana. Hiragana is an alphabet just like ours, except that instead of 26 letters there are 46 and most of them represent a consonant or two plus a vowel. So, instead of 'a b c d e f g' you have 'ka ki ku ke ko, ta chi tsu te to' etcetera. Then there's a few freak letters, like 'wo', and 'n' (which for some reason looks a lot like our 'n').

You can also add things to some letters to change

them, for example by putting a little circle next to 'fu' to make 'pu'. This stretches hiragana out to 69 letters.

Katakana works like hiragana except that almost every letter looks different to its hiragana version, and it exists chiefly to allow foreign words to be horridly mangled into forms that Japanese people can pronounce. It's also harder to read than hiragana, because a lot of the letters look really similar to each other and some are just other letters rotated ninety degrees or with little spikes attached. I think it could be argued that katakana creates a barrier between Japan and the outside world by marking any non-Japanese concept as inevitably foreign, or maybe I just don't like it because it took so bloody long to learn and I still get confused between shi, so, tsu and n.

Then there's kanji, or the system of ideographs borrowed from the Chinese. Think about all the good things the Chinese have given to the world, like fireworks and pasta and pork-belly and taro hotpot at T-Chow. Well, kanji pretty much cancels them all out. Each kanji character is a little picture made up of anywhere from one to a few dozen lines of ink, and each one represents an idea - anything from 'book' to 'to walk' to 'vulnerability'. There are thousands of these, and an adult needs to know about 2,000 to have achieved a basic level of literacy and be able to read most things without resorting to a dictionary. Not that a dictionary is going to be all that useful, as it isn't easy to put little pictures into alphabetical order and a fair amount of guesswork is required to look anything up.

Kanji may be horrible, but katakana is funny. You are, of course, familiar with the hilarious things that happen when Japanese is turned into English by people whose understanding of the English language consists of a few words and a set of vague theoretical abstractions about how to join them together that they learned 15 years ago from someone who learned them from a book. Well, funny things happen

when this process is applied in reverse as well.

For example: when a foreign film is released in Japan, its name doesn't actually get translated into Japanese. Instead it is given a katakana approximation of the original title so that nobody has an unfair advantage in understanding what it's about. Let's look at some examples, mostly taken from the pile of shit videos that previous residents of my apartment left behind:

Lethal Weapon 2 becomes *riisaru uepon 2*.

The Incredibles becomes *misutaa inkuredeburu*.

Winter People becomes *uintaa pipuru*, which I'm pretty sure means nothing in any language.

Black Dog, starring Patrick Swayze (patorikku suueizi) as a crime-fighting truck driver on the run from the law (a highly recommended film, by the way), becomes *burakku doggu*.

Soul Man, the 1987 piece about a white American student who pretends to be black to qualify for a scholarship to university, becomes *misutaa souruman* (I won't recommend this atrocity even in jest).

La Vita Bella, the light-hearted and whimsical Italian comedy about the Holocaust, is translated into English as *Life is Beautiful* (why I don't know, as the video is in Italian with Japanese subtitles and no English at all) then bludgeoned into katakana as *raifu izu biutefuru*.

This kind of thing turns up everywhere, like on the sign of the cleaning company whose logo is an apple and which could have called itself 'Ringo' (Japanese for apple) or even 'Apple' but instead decided that 'Appuru' in katakana looked much better.

So far I've learned hiragana and katakana but only a few kanji, mostly things like 'yen' and 'Fujisawa-Hommachi' and 'prohibited' (I've also learned 'open' and 'close' from the buttons in lifts). It's not easy.

Music

You know how in Australia they have ice-cream vans, which drive around the suburbs making their happy noise and calling children out to buy soft-serve made of pig fat and hydrogenated vegetable oil? They don't have those here.

Instead they have sweet-potato trucks.

The other day, an old guy with a little wood stove in the back of his truck cooking sweet potatoes and selling them for 300 yen or so apiece drove past my apartment building. Instead of happy music, the loudspeakers on his truck were playing a 10-second loop of some really mournful old-fashioned chanting which I of course couldn't understand but which probably meant something like 'this sweet potato would be a fine meal for one who is about to die for the Emperor'. I've also found some sweet potato ice creams. They didn't taste much like sweet potatoes, but they were inside lumps of ice-cream-cone waffle stuff which looked almost similar to sweet potato skin.

Anyway: music. Has anyone heard of J-Pop? It is possibly the worst genre of music which exists anywhere in the world. For a start, the Japanese language doesn't easily lend itself to Western-style soft pop music - it's too choppy, and has a rhythm of its own which tends to get in the way of the rhythm of the music. The most lyric-friendly dialect in the world, though, couldn't save J-Pop. Think of whoever the latest version of Holly Valance is (sorry, I'm a little out of touch over here; the only English-language radio station we get is the American Forces Network), then imagine an infantilised version with a voice 3 octaves higher and leached of all residual creativity and you have some idea of what the very best of J-Pop is like.

When the City of Odawara, where I work, decided to pipe muzak onto its streets through a network of speakers attached to electricity poles (why? I don't know), they didn't bother with J-Pop. Unfortunately, they chose something almost as bad but in English so I can better understand how bad it is. Imagine the retarded child of Celine Dion and Richard Marx trying to sing songs of love and loss while swimming from North America to Japan through a Pacific Ocean full of golden syrup. So you're walking along this really nice avenue lined with Autumn-red Japanese maple trees, with the white main tower of Odawara Castle catching the last orange rays of another beautiful November sunset on your left, and you've got some whine about someone's 'baby' coming at you out of the street furniture. I don't know why anyone thought this would be a good idea.

Linley's class prepares for their next lesson.

I think I mentioned in a previous email that the closing-time muzak in Niie castle in Kyoto is "Auld Langsyne". Well, everywhere from the local department stores to most of the izakayas (a kind of Japanese pub) to the Tsundoku swimming pool signals its impending close with "Auld Langsyne".

Muzak is also used as a signal in supermarkets. When more women are needed at the checkouts, for example (I very rarely see a male behind a supermarket checkout here), the management will play some special song. This tells some of the people who spend their days wandering through the aisles yelling out 'Irashaimasse!' ('welcome') whenever someone comes in the door that they are needed up front, and they scurry to obey. Thus the supermarket can avoid subjecting its customers to the irritation of listening to announcements over the PA.

Much more noticeable than the supermarket signal muzak is the way the traffic lights sing at you when it's time for you to cross the street. Well, they don't really sing. It's more like the kind of sound that comes out of a toy electric keyboard made in 1975, and the music is really sad and slow. Like what you would play at the funeral of a robot. Conversely, train stations have these really upbeat little synthesised chimney noises that they make when the train is just about to leave. Strange that 'you can now cross the road' sounds like a death march while 'you are about to miss your train' is all happy-happy. I guess the traffic authorities are trying to get you to pay attention to oncoming traffic by reminding you of the impermanence and fragility of human existence, while Japan Rail wants to cheer you up to make you less likely to jump in front of an express. As usual I can only hope to report, not to explain.

Mr Octopus

Finally I made my first visit to one of the most sacred and treasured of Japanese institutions. It goes like this: my friend Eric (not his real name) made friends with a Japanese guy, a very dirty young man whom I will call Kazuhiro. Kazuhiro made it his mission to show us some of the parts of Japanese life that we wouldn't otherwise have a chance, or perhaps want, to see. Mostly he wanted to take us to a hostess club.

Now, there are a few different kinds of hostess club. There are those like the ones in Roppongi (an

of the Communist Party and some kind of shinto association building where the area's portable toilets are kept when they're not being used for night use. At night you can hear the sounds of karaoke and laughter, but I know there would be little point in trying to go inside even if I wanted to. Like a lot of small restaurants and bars in Japan they are run as semi-private clubs for locals and regulars, and even a Japanese guy would probably want an introduction from an established patron before going in.

This exclusiveness presented a problem for Kazuhiro, even though he had decided to run his little cultural experience project in the sleazy nightlife area of

Machida, a medium-sized city close to Tokyo, rather than in a middle-class suburban backwater like Fujisawa-Hommachi. First he tried to get us into a bar near the train station. Sorry, No Foreigners (it might not have helped that Eric was wearing a singlet which showed off the large dragon tattooed on his shoulder). Kazuhiro tried to negotiate for about ten minutes but the junior gangster with the spikey bleached hair and cheap suit would not be moved.

We tried another, but no matter how long the door guy spent conferring over mobile phone with his superiors, or pretending to, we weren't going to be allowed inside. But the third time was lucky and, after at least half an hour of discussion standing on the footpath outside, we got in with a couple of conditions: one hour only, and we were not to attempt to touch the hostesses. It would cost 3,000 yen (\$35) each, a fee which generously also covered all the whiskey we could drink. Fair enough.

The club was a large, long room with small groups of middle-aged men sitting around chatting quietly with women in their 20s and getting drunk. We were led to a little alcove where we were met by our three hostesses, each of whom sat down next to one of us and started pouring drinks. Unfortunately only one of them spoke more than a few words of English and for reasons which will become clear in a moment I wasn't going to let Kazuhiro act as an interpreter.

So I practised my Japanese: 'I am from Australia. I live in Fujisawa. I teach English' etc while my hostess - a student at a nearby college - expressed astonishment at my facility with the language (you don't need to pay someone to do this - the Japanese are experts at pretending to be impressed by the lamest things, like a white person being able to use chopsticks) and poured large amounts of whiskey for me. After half an hour the hostesses were rotated and none of the new ones spoke any English at all. So I just sat there soaking up the ludicrous surreality of the situation while being careful not to do anything which might have caused offence.

Kazuhiro, on the other hand, went crazy. Out on the streets of Machida he had been misbehaving in various ways, mostly by going up to the women standing on the street advertising nightclubs or whatever and hugging them while making nasty suggestions in English. And when he ran into a female acquaintance of his he showed his affection by kicking her repeatedly in the buttocks. But once inside the hostess club he lost all restraint and completed his transformation into Mr Octopus, the man with a thousand perverted hands. When he wasn't slapping the hostesses or pulling their hair or grabbing their breasts he was trying to get them to say vile things to us in words that they didn't understand. I kept waiting for him to cross some line too subtle for my coarse foreign mind to perceive and get all three of us violently ejected, but the hostesses maintained their professional composure and the whiskey just kept on flowing.

After the hour was up and Eric and I had been politely lead to the door (Kazuhiro's departure being a little less polite), we went to a nightclub in Tokyo and stayed there

until 5am, then I caught the train back home and went to work at 10. This is how little mental effort my job requires. Kazuhiro continued to get drunk and woke up in a police cell the next morning with a headache he should have gotten there. The cops didn't tell him they let him go when he was sober enough to walk, and I guess he somehow made it in to his job as a cook on the local US naval base (which probably explains some of his behaviour).

Kazuhiro also wanted to take us to a number of other places where the relationship between money and sex was a little more explicit, but then Eric got a job drilling for gas in Inner Mongolia and we sort of lost touch. So that's my visit to a hostess club.

Now, since I know that everyone loves wacky Japanese English here's some more for your enjoyment. Lest you think that I'm being heartlessly ethnocentric in laughing at this, here is approximately what I said to my friend Maki the other day when she complained about how embarrassing some of these examples are. The Japanese may disastrously fuck up almost every English sentence they ever try to write, but at least they're making the effort to communicate in more than one language. That's more than most Australians ever do.

Anyway, on with the hilarity (as usual all errors are from the originals, especially 'quiteness').

(On some guy's T-shirt in Yokohama):
That must be hard for you
...and you can sleep for days

(On a sign in a main street):
This is a Beautification Enforcement Area. By law you are forbidden from disposing of litter in an irresponsible manner.

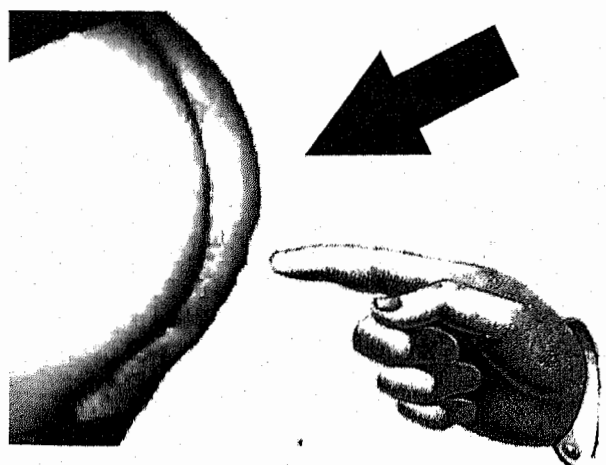
(Simpler but just as effective, on a sign in a pot plant on the side of the road):
NO TRUSH!

(On a sign for a restaurant or something):
Foodiun Bar
Quiteness---it is the summit of the clouds that can be seen at the bottom of the lake

(On a friend of a friend's bracelet, given to her by her boyfriend):
our clasped hands and [little love-heart symbol] with one contente hath tied this X till skeleton prevent.

(On a bag of potato wedges bought from Subway - oddly, multinationals in Japan almost always turn their written material into bizarre parodies of what it is in the outside world, I think so that their foreign English commercial-speak fits in with the homegrown kind that the Japanese are used to):
The Natural Ideal style of eating vegetable. Subway the dominant sandwich shop in the US is now available in over 74 countries. Here in Japan, we serve Subway sandwiches as a new style of Native Diet. This simply means that Subway sandwiches are the Natural Ideal style of eating Vegetables. We hope to spread this form of Native Diet to create a healthy living for both humans and the environment.

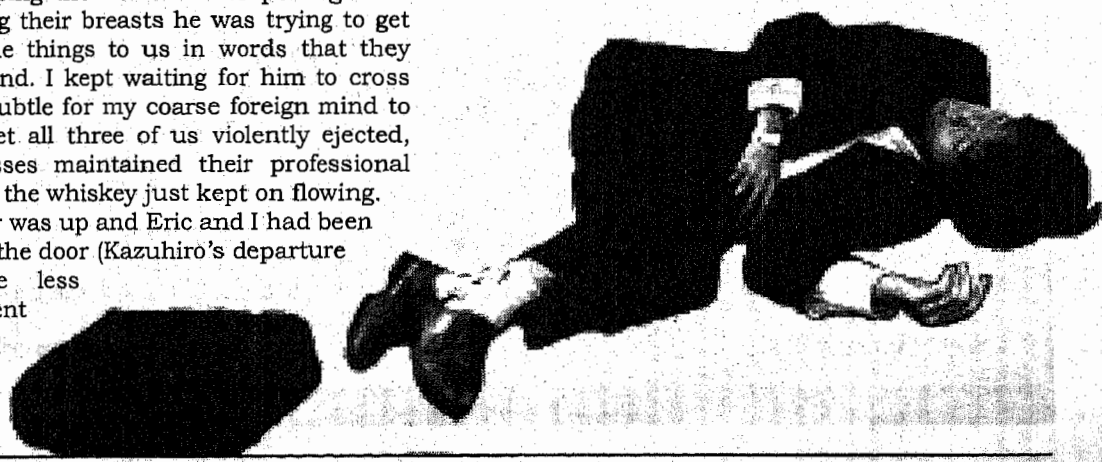
Bye!
Linley



Japanese rubber bum poking machine

area of Tokyo popular with foreigners) which are actually strip clubs, or so one of my new flatmates tells me. Some of them are brothels, especially the ones employing sex-industry-migrants from China and Russia who barely speak Japanese. There are also the ultra-classy old-style geisha houses where my entire yearly salary would last about fifteen minutes. But the kind of clubs you get in the suburbs and away from the nasty parts of Tokyo are purely places for relaxed and vaguely flirtatious conversation, drinking and karaoke, the kind of club a salaryman could take his colleagues or a valued client if he worked in a place where gender relations were really, really fucked up (eg Japan). These kinds of places are called Snack ('sunakku') or Cabaret ('kabare') bars.

There are at least three sunakku bars on the 15-minute walk from my place to central Fujisawa, not including the one across the road from my apartment block (between the local headquarters



STAR WARS

EPISODE 3:

REVENGE OF THE NERDS

Nerd burgers, listen up: our time has come. Drop those Xbox controllers, clink those horn-rimmed glasses and rejoice, for the final/middle/linking (whatever) chapter of the all-pervading *Star Wars* saga is officially out in cinemas. After all those years of placing our faith in the fruitless forays of fan fiction, we finally get to see how Anakin Skywalker, the best star-pilot in the galaxy, becomes the dreaded Darth Vader, purveyor of the most recognisable voice box this side of Stephen Hawking. The questions on everyone's lips: has Lucas screwed it up as per his previous attempts? Is the devious Chancellor Palpatine really the dark lord of the Sith? And can a Meatball Sub act better than Hayden Christensen in *Attack of the Clones*?

Patience, readers. Without giving too much away, just know that He of the chequered flannelette shirts has finally produced the best instalment of the *Star Wars* prequels. But then again, the metamorphosis of Skywalker into Vader was always going to be good. Really, really good. Like, think of the best superlative in the English language and increase its effect to the power of awesome. That's how good *Revenge of the Sith* had to be. Come on, this is Darth Vader we're talking about here, one of the celluloid screen's meanest and most troubled antiheroes. My cohorts and I wouldn't line up for 11 hours straight at Westfield Marion to be confronted by some crappy Gary Oldman-esque excuse for a bad guy, you know.

This is where the article gets a little embarrassing. It was bad enough bumping into every possible contact in my address book at the event, but now my failure as a normal, functioning human being is complete. Yes, I dressed up to see the first session of *Revenge of the Sith* at 12:01 a.m. Thursday, May 19th 2005. Dressed-up as Senator Padmé Amidala, the vessel of the future Skywalkers, I waited in line from 2 p.m. with my cousins, Jedi Knights Obi-Wan Kenobi and Ki-Adi Mundi, and my best friend/future daughter Princess Leia Organa. Trust me, there's no better way to attract discerning looks from suburban shoppers than by dressing up as characters from space operas.

A significant proportion of the fan base decided to commit social suicide by donning costumes, but prior to 8:00, the line consisted of militant Warhammer players reading *Empire* magazine and playing *Uno* for the 7000th time. Those in costumes came in many shapes and forms. There were Jawas, Clone Troopers, Tusken



Raiders, your generic brand of Jedi knight, Boba Fett, TIE Pilots and of course, the masked one himself. Some guy presumed that a badly disfigured teddy bear suit equalled a suitable ewok disguise. Witnessing him devour a pack of Fruchocs like a horny mammal was perhaps the most unsettling event of the evening. Not surprisingly, a few amused wanderers didn't quite get what was going on with all the costumes and photo ops. They decided to document the occasion by pulling out an army of camera phones to provide visual evidence against our reputations as contributing members of Australian society. Princess Leia was unlucky enough to be recognised by the idiotic friends of her ex-boyfriend, and although she maintained a crimson glow in the cheeks, I'd much rather look as babe-a-licious as she did in buns than hang out with (insert ethnic stereotypes here) at Electric Circus on a Thursday night.

By 11 p.m., one could smell the tension emanating from the velveteen-shrouded walls of Cinema 1. The previews seemed to go on infinitely, and the more restless variety of nerds chimed up a 'We want *Star Wars*!' chorus. Finally, the absinthe green glow of the Lucasfilm logo appeared on screen, the common people started to cheer, and we were informed that the picture was set a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away. Ta-da! Medium shot of the ubiquitous yellow crawl writhing on the screen. The proles cheered once more. There was now nothing separating Earth and the Gods. 28 years in the making and after 2 ½ hours of betrayal, torment and the luscious Ewan McGregor, we left our seats complete as human beings. The post-coital glow that should have been emitted

by fans was replaced by an irrevocable sense of melancholy. After all, this was the end of an era. No more costumes, nothing to look forward to...no reason for existing, really.

Poor old geekies. We sit there, carefully constructing gravity-defying costumes, exploiting every kilojoule from the right sides of our brains, only to be snickered at when posing for a few measly photos that will ultimately warm our cold, desolate souls. For the rest of society, *Star Wars* and its complete saturation of the current media sphere must be stupendously irritating. You're bombarded with images of Anakin and Obi-Wan duelling on television screens, muesli bars, bus stops, exercise books, shop fronts and cereal boxes. Even the humble Instant Scratchie isn't safe from the clutches of the vile Lucasfilm marketing monster anymore. Rest assured, Lucas will find some other way to milk the proverbial sci-fi epic cash cow forevermore, and for that we will be eternally grateful.

Modern life is cruel to a nerd.

Stephanie Mountzouris

Endnotes

*It's just so delicious knowing that Boba Fett will eventually become Sarlacc fodder.

*It always troubled me that Luke was a self-proclaimed Jedi. For thousands of years, Jedi padawans were obliged to undergo years of rigorous training under the tutelage of a master and prepare for years in advance for the trials in order to become a fully-fledged Jedi Knight. Somehow, Luke spends a few measly months on Dagobah, disobeys Yoda's wishes (and is downright rude to the wise one) and gets totally hammered by Vader when they fight in the superstructure of cloud city. And then he has the audacity to prance in front of Jabba's entourage as 'Luke Skywalker: Jedi Knight'. I guess that's what happens when your Father's the chosen one and your Mum's hotter than a pot roast.



AUU News from our Food & Beverage Outlets



What's open during non-term time?

From Monday 6th June to 25th July

North Terrace Campus

Backstage Café, Schulz Building

8.00am to 2.30pm

Rumours Café, Level 6, Union House

8.30am to 3.00pm

Mayo Café, Ground Level, Union House

9.00am to 2.00pm

Unibar, Level 5, Union House

12.00noon to close

Briefs, Ligertwood Building

9.00am to 2.00pm, open to 17th June

Waite Campus

Lirra Lirra, McLeod House

8.00am to 4.00pm

Roseworthy Campus

Canteen, 10.00am to 2.00pm

Briefs ~ Scrumptious soup & brilliant baguettes

Purchase a baguette and cup of soup for only \$6.00*

Valid to 17 June 05

Mayo ~ wrap & roll bar

It has arrived! Now in Mayo you can get a made-to-order roll, with your choice of fresh delicious fillings and dressings. Check out the weekly special for a great price too! Visit our sandwich artists for lunch today!

Unibar

MONDAY Happy Hour 4.00pm-6.00pm

• Free 8-ball all day

TUESDAY Happy Hour 4.00pm-6.00pm

• Schnitzel, chocolate & beer- \$8.50

WEDNESDAY Happy Hour 4.00pm-6.00pm

• Two-for-one vodka, 12.00pm-4.00pm

• Red Bull vodka- \$6.00

• Jazz band from 4.00pm

THURSDAY Happy Hour 4.00pm-6.00pm

• Schnitzel, chocolate and beer- \$8.50

FRIDAY Super Happy Hour 4.00pm-7.00pm

• Coopers Pale or Dark Ale jugs- \$10.00

• Refills only- \$8.00, 12.00pm-4.00pm

On Dit Speaks To Larry Gross, Writer of *We Don't Live Here Anymore*



OnDit: What motivated you to choose the stories 'We Don't Live Here Anymore' and 'Adultery' to base a screenplay on?

Larry: With the stories, I found they had a certain type of impact on me that corresponded to the impact I want to have on an audience. The stories make it impossible for you to make easy moral judgements about the characters. The stories plunge you into a situation where what the characters do and feel is so mixed between strength and weakness, or between wisdom and ignorance, or between good and bad, that it's just a complicated jumble which makes judgement kind of impossible.

OnDit: Did you find it difficult to keep the audience on side with all four of the characters when you were writing it?

Larry: One of the big differences between the story and the script is that the story is narrated and told in the first person by Jack, and I decided to design the script in such a way that you saw numerous scenes from other characters' points of view. That was part of this idea of trying to make all of the characters equally sympathetic.

OnDit: What did you see the various affairs in the film as achieving for the characters?

Larry: I never felt that what the characters aspired to achieve was necessarily achieved. What I felt they were trying to do was experience a kind of emotional intensity or an emotional reality that some aspect of their marriages were deprived of. These characters are all driven by a need to love and be loved and, to some extent, misled by that need. They have a certain expectation about love - and about marriage, for that matter - which I think all of us have. That expectation can drive us to do very destructive things. It can drive us to do wonderful things, too. Sometimes, cheating

on your spouse or leaving your marriage is the right thing to do for the same point of doing what you need to do in order to find love. That is what the characters need.

OnDit: Another strong theme in the film was communication - the lack of it, the need for it. How did you want to reflect this in the relationships of the film?

Larry: You've put your finger on something very interesting, and something I think (director) John Curran and the actors understood very well. There are all different forms and areas of communication, meaning that (while) Jack and Terry communicate very well on one level - meaning they're very emotional and they're very verbal with each other and yet that doesn't work well for them. Hank and Edith don't communicate very much verbally and that doesn't work with them. So one thing I wanted to say was that non-communication takes many different forms. Being direct emotionally is not always the same thing, for instance, as telling the truth. Stating your feelings can be a way of hiding just as much as it can be a way of revealing. These are all types of complexities again that Dubus grasps that we tried to get into the film.

OnDit: And as an audience, you start to get a sense that what the characters say is most definitely not what they mean.

Larry: Right, and yet they may even be trying to say what they mean. Sometimes that's intentional, sometimes that's unintentional.

OnDit: Did you find it a challenging task to maintain the audience's sympathy with all four characters?

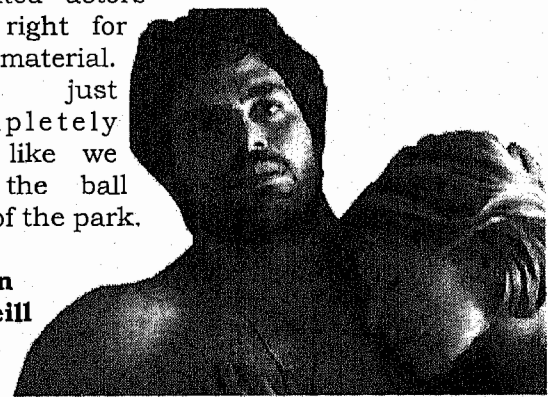
Larry: For me, I felt that all this behaviour was so human, so plausible that the question of sympathy was never a question. Now, having said that, I started working on this material in late 1979 and movies were much more sympathetic to this type of behaviour than they are now. I'm very aware that we're living in a world where this type of behaviour is not really depicted much in popular film, so I was aware that that's a problem. At the same time, it seems to me that any time a film goes back

and does something that is a real, universal human interest and concern, it has the chance of regaining the audience's sympathy, even if the audience isn't used to it. I mean, *City of God* - that wonderful, Brazilian neo-realist film - went back to a type of gritty realism. Nobody had really done anything like it in a long time, but the film showed that if you do it well then people will go back and look at it.

OnDit: Did you initially envision the central characters, when you were writing the screenplay, to be similar to the actors who were eventually cast?

Larry: Well, as I said, I started this project many years before the cast assembled. I have to tell you that I feel so unbelievably blessed and fortunate in the degree to which the cast that John Curran assembled - its rightness for what I both originally conceived when I first read the stories and what the script evolved into. That was the part of the script that changed the least - the first image in my mind of who these people were, which was really borne out of my reading of the stories. In my humble opinion, the stories were a tremendous asset in this movie being as good as it was in the sense that the stories were literally there for the actors to read and to get tonnes more information than is in the script. They had no time to rehearse, but they did have the stories to go back to. Some of the only changes that the actors asked for was to re-include some material from the stories that for one reason or another had been cut - which I was always glad to do. The point is that the rightness of the actors for the parts was just mind-blowing to me, and it's really something you dream about as a writer. You dream of getting the people who are not only talented actors but right for the material. I just completely feel like we hit the ball out of the park.

Brian O'Neill



We Don't Live Here Anymore

Director: John Curran

Starring: Mark Ruffalo (*Collateral*), Laura Dern (*Blue Velvet*), Peter Krause (TV's *Six Feet Under*), Naomi Watts (*Mulholland Drive*)

Be warned now: you probably won't emerge from this film with a rosy view of marriage. *We Don't Live Here Anymore*, based on two short stories by Andre Dubus (one of the same title, the other titled "Adultery"), digs deep into a side of relationships and marriages not often approached in mainstream film. Prominent infidelity is just one of the ways the characters express their frustrations with their lives and their relationships, and the tone is not so much bleak as it is unexpectedly gritty. Yet in spite of this, and in spite of at least one of the four central characters being difficult to empathise with, the film raises a very wide range of questions on marriage and relationships.

The film introduces two married couples. Jack (Ruffalo) and Terry (Dern) are experiencing

some mild financial struggles and come into heated conflict with each other a lot. Often, this is fuelled by Terry's drinking, or by Jack's suspicions that Terry is being unfaithful. In actual fact, Jack is having an affair with Edith (Watts), wife of Hank (Krause). Like married friends often do in movies, the four meet regularly to watch videos, drink, exercise, confide in each other. The friendships become increasingly strained, however, as Edith and Jack's affair begins to take on a momentum of its own. One particularly blunt scenes shows Jack and Edith in a tryst against a wall after Jack visits Edith's house at night, while Hank sleeps upstairs. Terry, partially in retaliation to Jack's emotional remoteness, sleeps with Hank. At the same time, the film regards the other issues facing these couples: both have children, financial issues and various daily trivialities to deal with

We Don't Live Here Anymore's ability to address trivial details imbues it with a deep sense of realism that overcomes the occasionally blunt, almost surreal tone of the characters' affairs. Terry is an especially engaging character as she openly expresses her grievances and is very easy to feel for. While the other characters are much harder to read, this is partially the point. Characters like Hank seem more closed, more capable of

isolating themselves from other people, but this demonstrates the different ways that people may deal with relationship crises. Jack, Edith, Hank and Terry make decisions which we question, and decisions (such as Jack and Edith's affair) which imply they have even lost interest in their marriages. The strength of its four lead actors and the relaxed, natural tone of the dialogue and the direction are enough to make these four people complex and interesting to watch - we want to understand them, even if we don't always feel we can.



Brian O'Neill



Melinda and Melinda

Writer/ Director: Woody Allen (*Annie Hall*, *Manhattan*, *Husbands and Wives*)
Starring: Rhada Mitchell (*Finding Neverland*), Chloe Sevigny (*The Last Days of Disco*), Jonny Lee Miller (*Trainspotting*), Will Ferrell (*Zoolander*), Amanda Peet (*Igby Goes Down*) & Chiwetel Ejiofor (*Dirty Pretty Things*)

Once the most loved man in New York, Woody Allen has suffered a slide in recent lives. In the 70s and 80s he churned out film after film, always interesting, often funny, seldom disappointing. He stalled a little in the 90s, releasing just a few films that were considered to be "up to his standard" and his films of the last five years, such as *Small Time Crooks* and *Hollywood Ending*, have been nothing short of embarrassing. Luckily, for the few who have remained faithful, *Melinda and Melinda* has all the restorative power of a thousand Red Bulls.

The basic concept is marvelous. For a man who's cinema has always fluctuated between the two poles of fiction, broad comedy and high tragedy it must have made perfect sense to set them up as opposition in the same picture.

The film opens with the typical Allen protagonists, upper class Manhattan intellectuals, debating whether life is fundamentally comic or tragic. One man at the table, a writer of comedy, proposes a game to the other, he offers a simple starting point, of a woman arriving to a dinner party and then they both spin their tale, one a light romantic comedy the other a harrowing tragedy.

Rhada Mitchell plays Melinda in both; in the tragedy she turns up dazed, under the influence and interrupts a dinner party held by Laurel (Chloë Sevigny) and Lee (Jonny Lee Miller). After embarrassing them in front of a play director considering giving out-of-work actor Lee a part she decides to stay in their

home. As time wears on her presence becomes impossible for the marriage to bear. In spite of all her bad luck Melinda manages to strike up a burgeoning romance with a pianist, Ellis, only to witness it shrivel up and vanish along with Laurel and Lee's marriage, and any residual will to live.

In the comedy Melinda arrives at the home of Susan (Amanda Peet) and Hobie (Will Ferrell) dazed and out of luck. Upon hearing of her dismal love life Susan attempts to fix Melinda up with various friends before she falls instead for Hobie and lives, fairly, happily ever after.

Allen's insight however, transcends that of his fictional authors. The true nature of the world is not that tragedy and comedy both exist, but that they are in actuality two sides of the same coin and whether the world is an insufferable trial, or a whimsical farce, is a matter of perspective.

Illustrating this we see repeated motifs and incidents in both stories. At one point Melinda decides she will jump from a window to rid herself of her sorrow, having a strong dramatic impact. In another, a beautiful woman decides she will jump out of a window because she is unattractive, having a strong comedic impact.

It was tragic to think that Allen's best was behind him, and now that we have *Melinda and Melinda*, it's hilarious to think that we ever did.



Danny Wills



Travellers and Magicians

Director: Khyentse Norbu (*The Cup*)
Starring Tshewang Dendup, Lhakpa Dorji & Sonam Kinga

Norbu shot to fame with the success of his monk soccer film *The Cup*. The "film-mad monk" returns with this moral fable, *Travellers and Magicians*.

We meet Dondup a man bored of his village, who dreams of moving to the golden shores of America. Despite being an important man in his hometown he makes the decision to leave. On his travels he meets a monk who tells him the story of Tashi, a man who succumbs to his vices, desires and attachments and suffers accordingly.

Like *The Cup* this is a story rooted strongly in his Buddhist background but with an eye to the rest of the world.

Shot with great imagination and style the dream sequences prove a wonderful contrast to the slow, everyday lives of the 'real' Bhutanese featured in the picture. Norbu's theme is nothing new, it's the "grass is always greener" maxim played out in images, but in a humble, imaginative way. An unapologetic cinephile, Norbu's has learnt his craft from watching scores and scores of films from every corner of the globe. Consequently, his cinema is a symbiotic meeting of the styles of both East and West. The 'reality' sequences have the languid pace of Eastern movies, immediately reminiscent of Ozu and the fantasy sequences have all the flash and energy of a Hollywood picture.

Simple but convincing *Travellers and Magicians* is an impressive second film from an important voice in world cinema.



Danny Wills

Cult Film of the Week - Wayne's World (1992)

Director: Penelope Spheeris
Starring: Mike Myers (*Austin Powers*), Dana Carvey (*Master of Disguise*), Tia Carrere (*High School High*) & Rob Lowe (*Bad Influence*)

"Wayne's World! Wayne's World! Party time! Excellent!" Insert air guitar here. If you're reading this review and are thinking 'Wayne's World', what's that?' you must stop reading now, walk out of the room, go down to your nearest video shop and enlighten yourself. Then you must smack yourself upside the head for being such a pod. Go on. Go.

This landmark comedy paved the way for Myers to basically do whatever he wanted in Hollywood (lucky bastard) and Carvey to make *Master of Disguise* (lucky us).

Two bogan metal freaks: Wayne (Myers) and Garth (Carvey), still live with their parents ("which is both bogus and sad") and don't really have any direction in their lives, BUT they still know how to party! Their late night public access show 'Wayne's World' is a hit with kids in-the-know, however little do they know that the evil Benjamin (Lowe - classically parodying his pretty boy image) is about to exploit them in ways they never imagined. Muhahahaha! Throw in Wayne's babelicious new girlfriend Cassandra (Carrere - who CAN

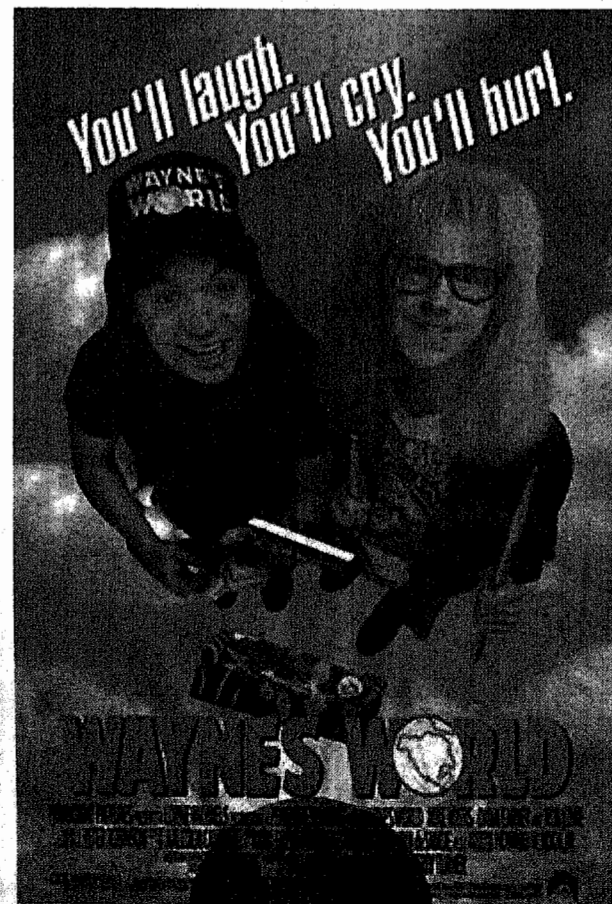
wail!) who learnt English "from the *Police Academy* movies" and all the nutty characters in between and you've got a recipe for a rockin' good time!

These days, *Wayne's World* is an institution. Firstly for introducing Myers to the world, secondly for it's infamous *Bohemian Rhapsody* scene. Anyone that says they don't bang their heads with Led Zeppelin-inspired fervour when the melody changes is a big fat liar. So there. Myers and Carvey - having taken their characters to the big screen from a sketch on *Saturday Night Live* - make the most of realising Wayne and Garth in a full-length feature, hamming it up in true comic style. They are such fun-loving dudes you can't help but smile at their perpetual childlike optimism.

What I love so much about this movie is that it's just so fucking funny! One of those eternally quotable films that just gets better with age (and spawned a not terrible sequel), I don't think I'll ever get tired of getting my mates around for a few brews and a *Wayne's World* quote fest. Party on Wayne! Party on Garth! Schwing!



Lucky L.



The Upside of Anger



Writer/Director: Mike Binder

Starring: Joan Allen (*The Ice Storm*), Kevin Costner, Erika Christensen (*Traffic*), Keri Russell (TV's *Felicity*) & Evan Rachel Wood (*Thirteen*).

Terry Wolfmeyer (Allen) has a lot to be shitty about. Her husband has flown the coop with his secretary (to Sweden, no less!), she has four teenage-plus daughters to raise, her pisshead ex-baseballer now DJ neighbour Denny (you guessed it - Costner) is sniffing around, and she likes to see her reflection in the bottom of a vodka bottle...a lot. "A movie about old people?!" they cry.

Well yeah, kinda, but if you can get past that, there's more to this film than incontinence and infomercials.

Written by Binder specifically for Allen, she does not disappoint. An excellent drunk (it's not easy to do), she also brings a veiled woundedness and stubborn sensitivity to down-trodden Terry. Costner finally gets to show us what he's got as easy-going but past it Denny. Welcome back big Kev. Of course he just had to be a fucking ex-baseballer, didn't he?

Unfortunately for the supporting players, Binder spent so long putting his time and effort into the two main characters that he forgot about the rest (except his own character, shockingly). The four daughters are thinly painted, given about 3 minutes each in the film to have a specific character, afterward resigned to making faces at one another and giggling every time Allen has another hissy. Such a pity really, because four exceptionally talented actors have been wasted here, especially Wood, a revelation in *Thirteen*.

Binder's own character, Shep, provides many of the chuckles in *Upside* as Denny's inept producer and dirty old perve, not overdoing it as many director/actors do in their own pics.

If not for the stunning performances, *Upside* would fade into obscurity as just another family drama with some giggles. I hate it when filmies say this, but I gotta fold sometime: I think I smell Oscar round the corner for Ms. Allen.

Dang, I said it!



Lucky L.

The Wedding Date



Director: Clare Kilner

Starring: Debra Messing (*The Mothman Prophecies*), Dermot Mulroney (*About Schmidt*), Holland Taylor (*Keeping the Faith*) & Jack Davenport (*Pirates of the Carribean*)

Hmmm. What to say, what to say... This film didn't really do it for me. I saw it with my mum and, though she loves this stuff, it didn't do it for her either. Isn't that saying something? Don't get me wrong - Dermot is a sexy beast and lip scars have never been more attractive... but this film is crap.

It gets straight into the story without setting it up or padding it out - Kat, desperate single girl living in New York, hires Nick, high-class hooker, to be her date at her sister's wedding in England. Her ex, who callously dumped her a few years back, is the best man and she can't face the shame of showing up at the family do alone. So she takes a hooker... as you do. Blah blah, embarrassing family, blah blah, wild hen's night, blah blah, deep dark secret threatening to shatter the lives of everyone involved in the wedding, blah blah, hooker and client 'fall in love'. The usual.

You can't help feeling that the film could have been done so much better. It's a fair enough story for light entertainment; it worked in *Pretty Woman* so it could work here. But it doesn't.

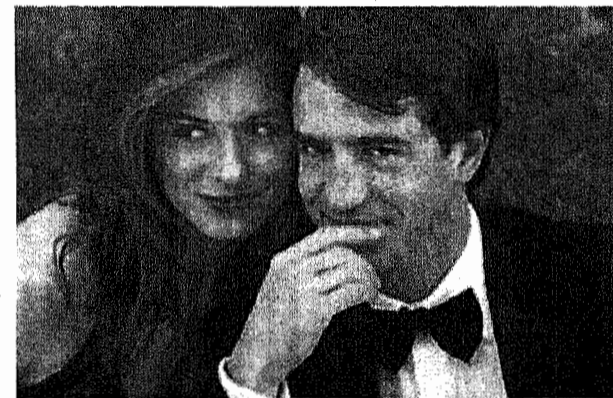
The leads have no chemistry until the last scene. Debra's character is likeable and you do feel for her, but Dermot's character is way too stiff and cold and businesslike for too long - you just can't buy the idea that he's falling in love with her at any point in the film. The supporting cast are okay, but the real gems are grossly underused. Imagine having Holland Taylor in a film and only giving her five lines - what idiots! The ensemble feel to this film is crucial, it is a wedding after all, but it's just not strong enough. The twists aren't dramatic enough. The romance isn't really believable. You just don't understand *why* they would want to be together or *what* they see in each other.

Highlights would be the scenery. English countryside is pretty. The soundtrack is highly recognisable - but I don't know if that's a good thing. I was singing along to most of it out of boredom, but that doesn't necessarily translate to a quality choice of songs.

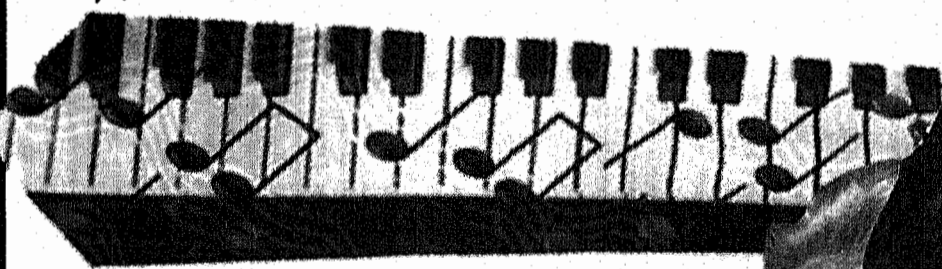
Wait til video. No, wait til weekly. Actually, to be honest, wait for it to show on TV.



Soph.



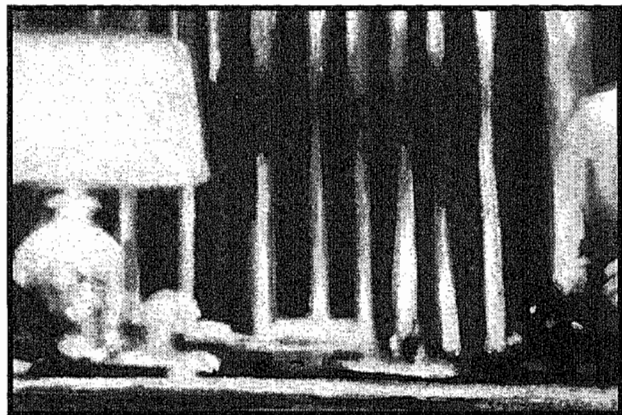
QUOTE THE RAVEN



"I invented the piano key necktie!!"

If you know what film this quote is from let us know, and you'll be showered in fabulous prizes! Email onditfilm@hotmail.com with your answers.

Stephanie Crase *Nobody Home*

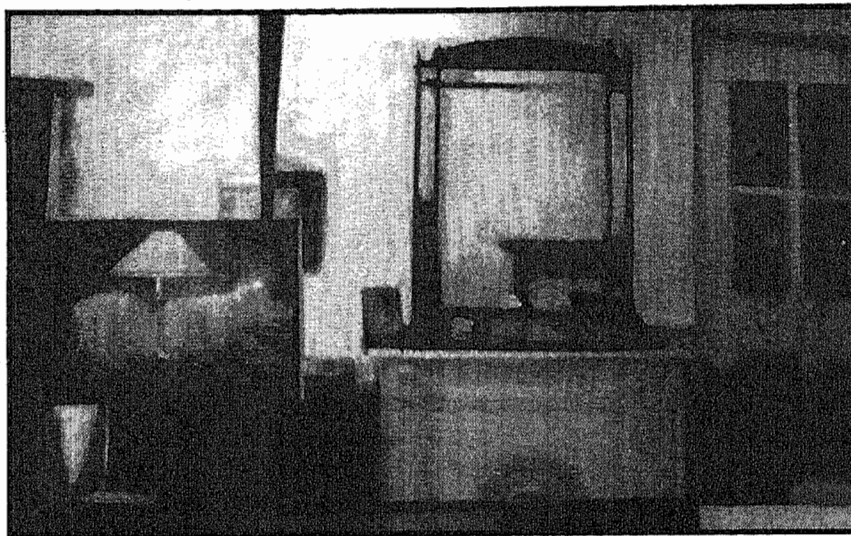


Emerging Adelaide artist Stephanie Crase's first solo exhibition, 'Nobody Home', is currently showing at the Big Star Gallery on The Parade, and will be until June 21.

Crase's unique exhibition is comprised entirely of interiors, largely furniture, seen through an incredibly impressionistic lens.

The exhibition ranges in tone from warm pieces bathed in glowing reds, oranges and yellows (such as *Chairs (Warm)* pictured below) to harsh, cold and initially unwelcoming pieces etched out of hard blues and blacks (such as *Living Room*).

Many of the pieces appear at first to be routine depictions of familiar domestic settings, leading the viewer to feel as if they've somehow seen it before, but closer examination always seems to reveal something out of place, or slightly unusual. If we take as



an example *Chairs (Warm)*, by far the most striking piece of the exhibition we see a routine domestic scene, probably familiar to most, of a sitting room bathed in sunlight. It immediately appears warm, welcoming, inviting, but hover over it for longer than a few seconds and odd, conspicuous features reveal themselves. There's a suitcase lying on the floor, opened but unpacked, a single empty glass teetering dangerously on a top-heavy table and a chair turned over, darkening the floor before it. What once seemed the epitome of calmness reveals itself as sinister, a place where entropy is the only governing law.

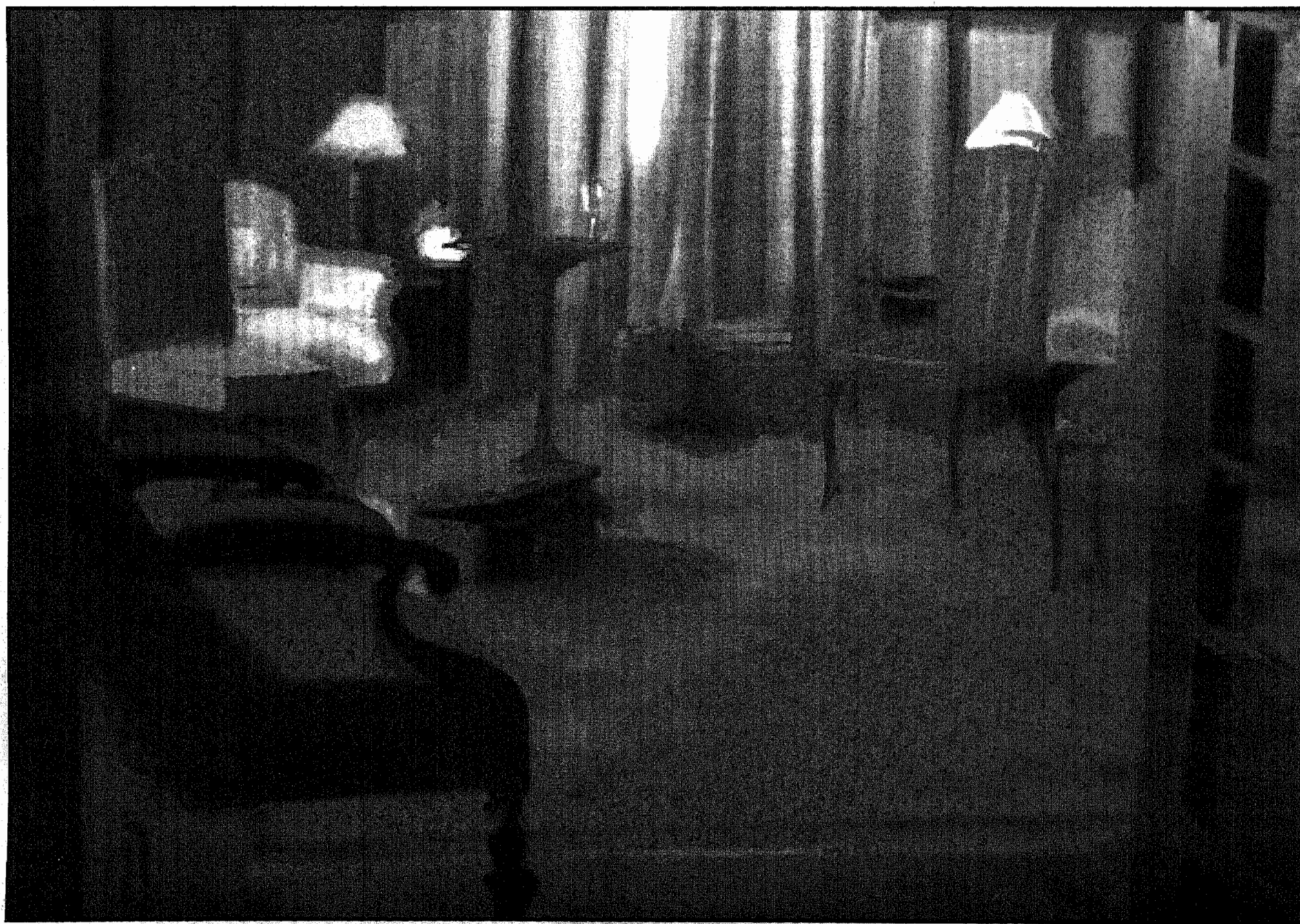
Crase cites varied influences from both the art world and from the world of cinema. While she admires 'gallery' artists Anne Wallace, Edward Hooper and Sally Smart she also draws inspiration from the cinema of Todd Haynes and Alfred Hitchcock leading to what she describes as "a mergence of the two, bringing scenes of the home to fruition in this new series of paintings."

images combine to feel more like the memory of a place than the actual place itself, with the disparate segments reflecting different experiences of the same physical space.

Crase has exhibited a large number of her works before in collective exhibitions, including the 'Hatched 2005' exhibition in Perth.

'Nobody Home' is an impressive solo debut, displaying a strong yet eclectic personal vision, further proof that there's plenty going on in Adelaide for those willing to go looking.

Danny Wills



Fearful Totems: Conservatives Beware

The steady rise of neo-conservatism is utterly disturbing, especially the rise of this phenomenon around our campus. University is meant to be an oasis of liberal and revolutionary thinking, but seemingly not anymore. For me, this saddening mood was amplified in the voice of a young theatre director, as I attended a fundraiser for the up-and-coming play - *Low Level Panic*. The director's attitude was in my opinion archaic, labelling stereotypes as absolute and gender as a naturalised state of being. When in reality, stereotypes are often restricting to both men and women and gender is not natural but a social construct.

This was worrying to hear from someone who could represent a backward wave in the arts. But it is this conservatism that is restricting young artists from producing truly contemporary art. Art must be set in a forward direction, ever searching for new and vibrant forms of liberation.

In dramatic contrast to the prospects of this vacuous play, the walls of Greenaway Art Gallery are currently decorated with explosive and challenging creations that owe nothing to conservative etiquette. These are the works of Adam Cullen, an artist not afraid to splash paint and ideas around. His latest exhibition entitled "Let Me Tell You About My Day", is like a trip down the rabbit hole into another realm, inhabited with many strange and wonderful creatures. These are creatures that won't mind their manners, creatures that will shock and shout.

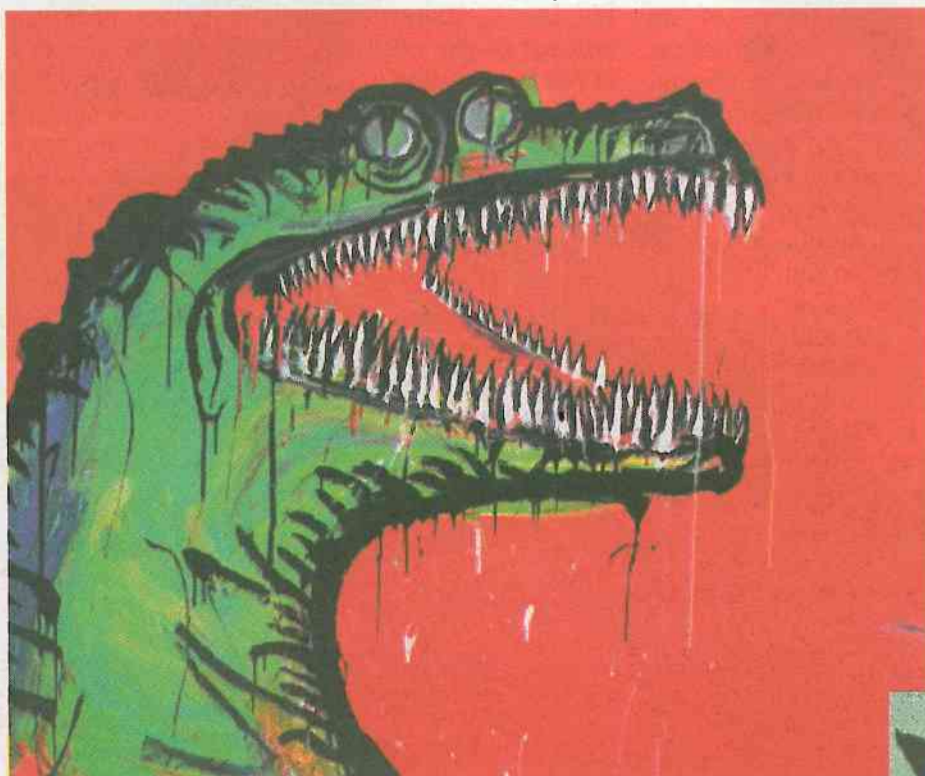
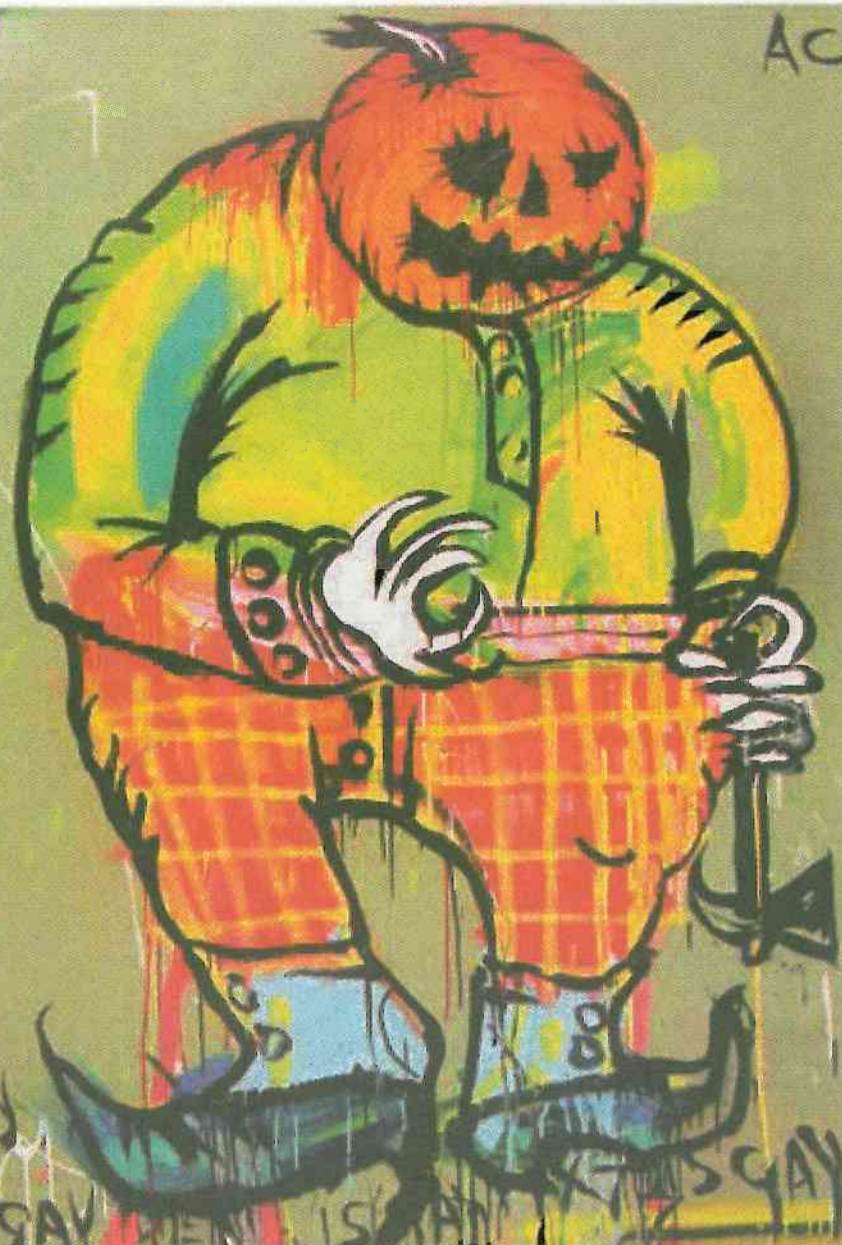
Cullen drips and spins lashings of colour across gigantic canvases; he is not afraid to waste paint. This is not frugal painting, the overall expressive impact benefits from this emotional application. In *Finger Puppet*, acrylic on canvas, 153 x 183cm, 2005, a mighty Godzilla-like beast rises up against a red background. The creature's green skin is a metallic hide that holds together its razor-sharp white fangs. The fanged teeth point in all directions and are dripping with saliva. The image is compelling and reminiscent of a Balinese Barong Mask designed to protect the home from invaders, but in this case *Finger Puppet* is an angry totem, enraged over a conservative backlash.

Amongst these totems, figures and monolithic heads also fill the gallery space. *Commonwealth Contenders*, acrylic on canvas, 182 x 152cm, 2005, shows the force of a fight, as two adversaries come head to head. Their faces are contorted and heavily lined; Cullen's dripped paint technique simulates sweat falling from effort, heavy as lead.

But the most dramatic work and perhaps the most disturbing is *Death is Gay*, acrylic on canvas, 183 x 183cm, 2005, which brings us back to my introductory comments. The work is both a commentary on conservative attitudes and the changes in language; *Death is Gay* stresses the impact of labelling in society.

In this painting along side a fat pumpkin headed beast are scratched the following chants; "...NRL is Gay, AFL is Gay, the MCG is Gay, ART is Gay, RAA is Gay, HOMO's are Gay...[ironically]... WOMEN are Gay ...

NRL IS GAY
AFL IS GAY
MCG IS GAY
SCG IS GAY
MCA IS GAY
AGSA IS GAY
AGWA IS GAY
NAV IS GAY
NAVA IS GAY
ATOS GAY
STAS IS GAY
RTA IS GAY
RAN IS GAY
TAN IS GAY
ART IS DEAD
WOMEN ARE GAY
HOMOS ARE GAY
EVERYTHING IS GAY
NAS IS GAY



[and finally] EVERYTHING IS GAY". Is the work a totem against hegemonic and conservative anthems? If so we can all benefit from what it is saying, what this protest painting is aggressively throwing-up in our faces. If we don't take note, we'll just end up as neo-cons with pulp for brains.

In *Death is Gay* all things get to feel the wrath of that tiny little word; Gay, highlighting the injustice of stereotypes in society. Stereotypes and labelling systems do exist, but that doesn't mean they are not harmful. Homophobia and misogyny are mass plagues and yes they kill. Women need not be hated, men and women need not worry about being homosexual or being labelled Gay and Football need not either.

"Let Me Tell You About My Day" by Adam Cullen, whose work is present in many great



Australian collections, including the Art Gallery of South Australia, is currently on display at Greenaway Art Gallery, 39 Rundle Street, Kent Town, until June 19.

Leo Greenfield

Confident Leadership

'Transfigured Night'
Australian Chamber Orchestra with Kolja Blacher
Adelaide Town Hall
May 24

Artistic director Richard Tognetti was absent from the latest instalment of the Australian Chamber Orchestra's 2005 subscription series, but the animation and energy he brings to the ensemble was not. Standing in for Tognetti was violinist Kolja Blacher, acting as guest director and soloist.

Blacher has a formidable reputation - he was chosen in 1993 as the first principal concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, making him one of the youngest concertmasters in that ensemble's history - and this concert saw him lead the ACO with expertise and a vibrancy to match that of Tognetti. The guest artist also shone as the soloist in both Haydn's *Concerto in C minor* and in the *Rondo in A major* by Schubert. Blacher attacked both works with the utmost exuberance and concentration and provided an enthralling version of each, although his intonation on virtually all of the double-stops was rather ordinary. Interestingly, though the tuning was obviously imperfect, Blacher stuck resiliently to each place he landed as though to emphasize that he was the soloist - and the soloist is always right.

The opening to the concert had been Mendelssohn's *String symphony No. 10 in B minor*, which differs from the composer's other string symphonies in terms of its structure, while the others largely follow the traditional structure of a symphony, No. 10 consists of only one movement in two highly contrasting parts, an *Adagio* and an *Allegro*. The ACO executed a technically precise and musically rich interpretation of the work, bringing to the formality and grace of Mendelssohn an energy which lifted the music off the page and into the air.

Transfigured Night, by Schoenberg, came as something of a surprise. Admittedly, I was not familiar with the work and was expecting to be confronted by a highly dissonant piece of music, but what unfolded was an intense and emotional work. Although it was inspired by a poem, Schoenberg wrote of the piece: "It does not describe some action or drama, but is limited to depicting nature and expressing human feelings." However, the music is essentially programmatic and for those who are familiar with the text the musical representation is obvious. The ACO, however, elevated it beyond the programmatic to a place of pure passion and intensity that left me wanting more.

Ashleigh Gold

Something Old, Something New

'The Modern Spirit'
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra, Adelaide Chamber Singers & Adelaide Voices
Adelaide Town Hall
June 2-4

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's fifth Master Series concert began with a world premiere: Jamie Messenger's *Music for an absent film*. As the composer writes, he wanted to write a piece which had the same power to conjure up images and evoke a feeling in the listeners that a film sound track does. The composer certainly succeeded in his ambition as the audience was immediately captured by the imaginative writing for voices that appeared throughout the short work. The piece was mostly driven by a very rhythmic and distinctively African pulse, and when this was combined with a full orchestra and a theme worthy of an epic motion picture, it was confirmed that it was more than just a soundtrack for an absent film. This was a piece that could serve as background music as well as having the ability to provide a very emotional and subjective experience. The orchestra's playing was transparent and well balanced, and the voices merged well with the provocative percussion section.

The next piece in the program was Mozart's *Posthorn Serenade*. I must confess that I am not a great fan of Mozart, and he appears at the top of my 'expired composers list. In spite of this, there were some entertaining moments in the piece, and it was clear that the ASO enjoyed playing it. Conductor Arvo Volmer had full control of the orchestra, and the spontaneity of his conducting was well responded to by the players. However, the violin sections lacked some clarity, and the articulation of each note could have been better. Special commendation should be given to the posthorn player, who in the sixth movement came onto the stage in a military outfit reminiscent of Mozart's

time (which incidentally made him look a bit like a firefighter proudly holding a horn to his chest).

Three pieces by the Estonian composer Arvo Pärt were played after the interval. After the three-minute *Arhos* came the *Cantus in memoriam Benjamin Britten* for a bell and a string orchestra. As with many of Pärt's famous pieces, the bell sound formed the basis of the latter work, with the orchestra playing a minimalist tune (and/or scales) in A minor. It was played intensely, and the difference between the initial solitary bell and the subsequent interweaving of the strings was quite striking.

The last piece for the evening, Pärt's *Te Deum*, is a puzzling work, written for a prepared piano, a tape, a string orchestra and three choruses. The text used in this composition is an ancient hymn in praise of God. However, unmatched with the text, the mood of the piece is dark and intense, especially when the chorus sings phrases such as 'You are the King of glory, O Christ'. It is amazing that Pärt could compose such mournful music for a text that can only be regarded as joyful. Despite the text, the music did not seem to praise anything, instead giving the impression of a hate for the world we live in. Whether this was the composer's intention or whether it was just an experimental composition, no one can tell. However, the audience was impressed by the intensity of Pärt's near-minimalist music, and was touched by the ASO's passionate playing and the choir's convincing singing.

Yasuto Nakamura

No Comparison

'Romantic Masterworks'
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Adelaide Town Hall
May 26-28

With the Australian Chamber Orchestra having performed Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto* little more than two months ago, the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra was taking somewhat of a risk in pitting its guest soloist, Singaporean youngster Min Lee, against the ACO's director, Richard Tognetti. Unfortunately for the ASO, the difference between the performances was marked. Tognetti's superb interpretation was replaced by an automaton-like account of one of the great violin concertos. While Lee was technically proficient (this was most evident in her dazzling encore, an arrangement of *The Last Rose of Summer*), there was something lacking in her musicianship. Perhaps this something will come with age.

By contrast, the orchestra provided the highlight of the evening with an energetic reading of Brahms' *Symphony No. 4*. Under Nicholas Milton, who conducted without scores for the whole concert, the players went from strength to strength, culminating in a rousing final movement. Though Milton's conducting style was particularly distracting as he flailed about wildly, it at least made clear to the orchestra what he expected of them.

Kodaly's *Dances of Galand* were a fiery opening to the concert, with both Milton and the orchestra setting a high standard of performance in a work that drew enthusiastic applause for its gypsy folk song themes.

Benedict Coxon

CABARET.

This year's Adelaide Cabaret Festival boasts a typically diverse program, which spans Broadway, classic cabaret-style acts, comedy and more. In fact, out of the many events taking place around the Adelaide Festival Centre, everyone should be able find something of interest.

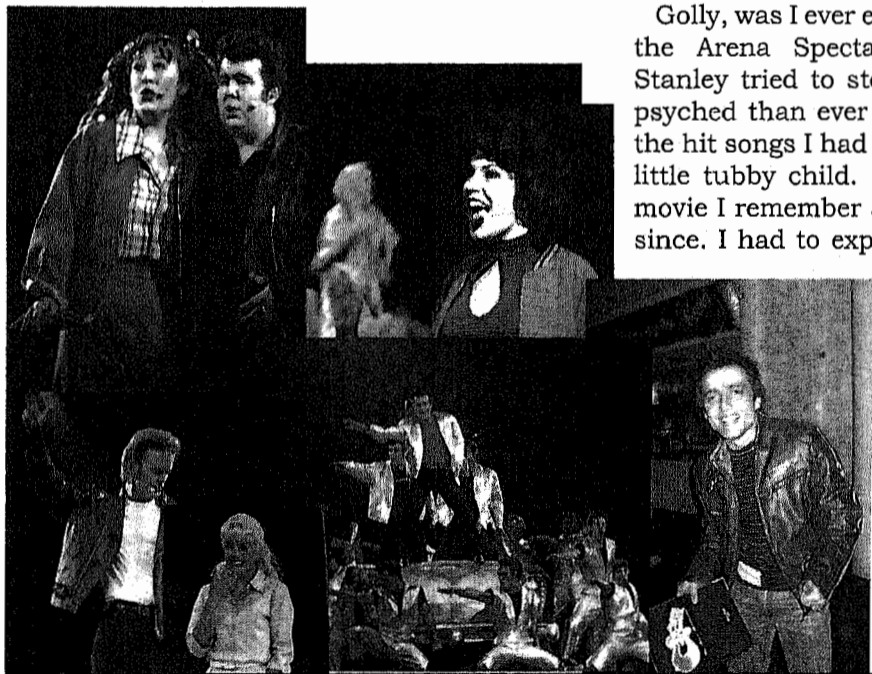
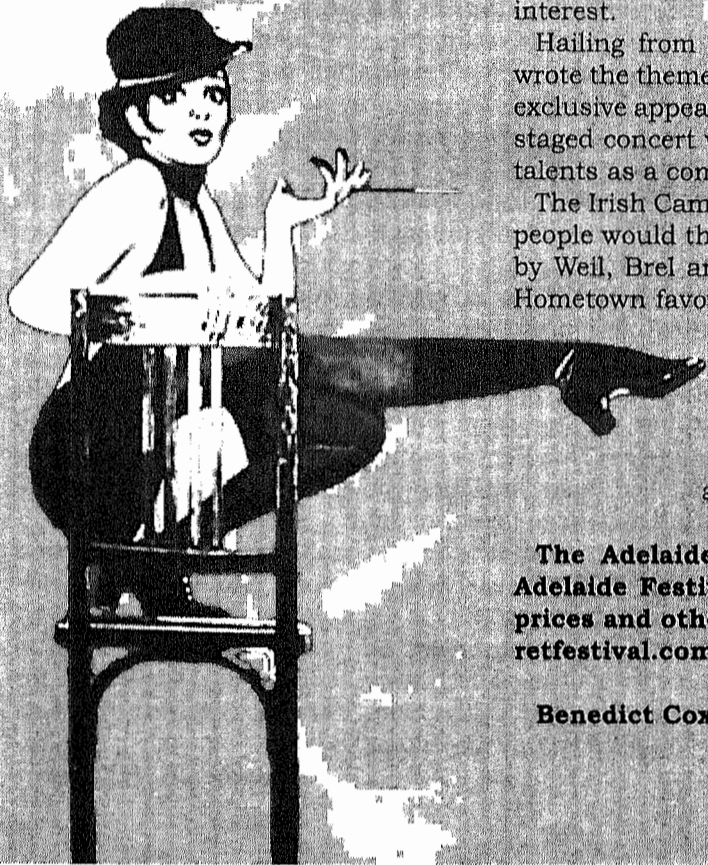
Hailing from New York, the stellar Ann Hampton Callaway, who wrote the theme tune for the television series *The Nanny*, will make an exclusive appearance. Another New Yorker, Andrew Lipka will present staged concert versions of two of his musicals, which will display his talents as a composer, lyricist and director.

The Irish Camille O'Sullivan will give audiences a taste of what most people would think of when they hear the word 'cabaret'. Edgy songs by Weil, Brel and Waits will be heard in the intimacy of The Space. Hometown favourite Paul Kelly also takes the stage to perform all of his songs (yes, all one hundred of them) over five nights in his first series of solo shows since 1992.

And for those who would prefer some comedy, Wil Anderson, Tripod and the team from *The Chaser* will all be presenting shows that will keep audiences laughing into the wee hours.

The Adelaide Cabaret Festival runs from June 10-25 at the Adelaide Festival Centre. Tickets are available from BASS and prices and other information can be found at <www.adelaidecabaretfestival.com.au>.

Benedict Coxon



Golly, was I ever excited about seeing Grease: the Arena Spectacular! After that sneaky Stanley tried to steal my tickets, I was more psyched than ever to go and sing along to all the hit songs I had loved since I was just a wee little tubby child. *Grease* is actually the first movie I remember seeing and I've loved it ever since. I had to experience a dose of Farnham fanatascism in the arena, but twas a small price to pay. The lovely Anna and I gripped each other's hands excitedly as we waited for Danny and Sandy to kiss on the beach as the lights came up.

But wait! Confusion! 'Stranded At The Drivein' as the opening number? What kind of crazy rewrite was this? Danny acting like a dork while Rizzo completely ignored Stockard Channing's

sensitive interpretation of a wild child diamond in the rough? Then John Farnham with perhaps the most over the top performance of 'Beauty School Dropout' I could ever imagine!

Now, it has to be said that I'm wholly unenthused by John Farnham as an entertainer, as a performer and as a man. How he could have headlined is beyond me. Richard Wilkins...there was surprise of unexpected sexual prowess!

Overall, GTAS was a lot of fun. The dancing was great and the singing too, when it wasn't being ruined by certain performers who mistake twang for talent (I'm talking about you Robert Mills). Natalie Basingthwaite was surprisingly excellent as Sandy, so now I can't hate her as much when I watch *Neighbours*.

The highlight of the evening was the media section we were sitting in. Despite my disapproval of John Farnham's Teen Angel, it was gratifying to know that even though we had slightly worse seats than the MIX FM breakfast team, we had slightly better seats than Ryan Fitzgerald which means of course that we're more famous. I should hope so too.

Clementine

"Grease: The Arena Spectacular was a fun-filled show for the whole family with an all-star cast of Channel Ten spawn plus John Farnham. Sandy was brilliant and Danny was Craig McLaughlin. The show made up its own sequence, added a few extra songs and threw in some Aussie larrikinism. I was not ok with this, as I wanted to prove that I was the biggest Grease fan with my back-up vocals. The revolving dance floor was super and so 2005, we got to see the dreamy T-Birds and sassy Pink Ladies dancing from every angle, WOW! I have decided that full-bodied lycra really isn't too big a compromise when love is the reward..."

-Annie Zuko, satisfied punter



GREASE

THE ARENA SPECTACULAR!

THE LEVITATORS

@ The Crown and Sceptre
Five away from the midnight hour,
Saturday, May 28

I wasn't really in the mood for boogie-ing down, having started work at 7:30 am on the day in question, but there's nothing like a sexy rhythm section and a vodka lemon lime to change my attitude. So I'm back in the dank basement (which now sports alabaster walls, much to the dismay of my study addled brain) to write the story of The Levitators! Now back to that percussion section, which is made up of a full kit plus congas, bongos and cowbells (hell yeah!).

The rest of the band consists of bass guitar, electric guitar, keyboards and mysterious machines used for what I believe is commonly referred to as "sampling". Playing original compositions, the sweeping generalisation for this quintet's sound is funk. But of course it's damn near impossible to pigeonhole them. What I heard was a band that's tighter than Britney's sweater, featuring driving syncopated beats, gospel organ fills, sampled disco horn section lines, and a whole lotta screaming fans.

These boys love a bit of audience participation, and incorporated call and answer sections into their tunes, the most notable being the crowd favourite, "Feeling Alright". The dance floor was packed beyond capacity, and the crowd shook what their mamas gave 'em, with a horny mood reminiscent of one's first blue light disco post puberty. This sea of glistening bodies demanded an encore, which is probably the easiest way of telling whether The Levitators are any good. Any good? Any question? I think the term is splendid, indeed. I can't wait to see Andy, Callum, Cane (who may apologise profusely for his drunkenness, but is otherwise a groovy cat) Nick and Sascha again, so it's lucky they've got another gig at the Crown and Sceptre on the 12th of June, isn't it? Go on, you know you want to! I'll be there, sighing and thrashing in my Levitator-mania.....

Heather B. McGinn
*hopes she spelled the names correctly
and apologises publicly for any mistakes*

Кyяi

and guests
@ Lizard Lounge, Hindley Street

Recently featured as a contender in *Rove Live's* "My Restaurant Sucks", competition the Lizard Lounge is a student friendly joint on the slightly more salubrious end of Hindley. Mood lighting, scary strange dope fiends and good times galore! But let me get to the point. Right.

First up on stage was the charming and cute solo guitarist/singer/songwriter Jess Lewis. Original songs, including my fave "Dark Angel" featured Jess' grasp of the six-string wonder and divine vocal qualities, husky where needed, snazzy lyrics. The kids lapped it all up and settled in for a nice night's entertainment. Watch out for this beautiful girl. She craps on Missy Higgins.

The only dampener on the evening was a certain pest who took upon himself to hit on girls and steal drinks for them from the bar, while the staff tried to deal with dozens of sober uni bums. Meanwhile, the audience were left smiling as the next act took the stage. Named *Drowning Goldfish* and showcasing a cacophony of instruments from congas to an amped up fiddle, this group are difficult to pigeonhole. The best description I could come up with through a haze of frozen Cosmopolitans was metal folk. Tracks played included funky and complex "Sabotage" (rad bass line) and "No Reason For Anything" (groovy vox). We awaited the headline act eagerly. *The Crow* DVD was projected onto a screen behind the main event. Kyri cut a dashing figure, dreadlocks, black net shirt (oooh!), and the images onscreen fit seamlessly with the themes of his beautifully crafted tunes. This was not planned, Kyri just wanted extra atmosphere and it worked! Playing a nylon string semi, the crowd were transfixed by Kyri's charisma. (Yana says "Wow, he can really sing!").

Vocal techniques employed included vibrato and falsetto and a touch of metal gruffness. Kyri chucked in a couple of Powderfinger covers, but the set would have been just as good without them. But then I'm a sucker for originals. Lyrics were evocative and provocative and the joint was packed. The drugged up pest fled the building when the police made a presence, and everyone simply gushed about Kyri's musical prowess. Go you raw talent! Go for your life! I think he's the cat's pyjamas!

Heather B. McGinn

The Adelgade University Choral Society

Victoria Requiem and other Renaissance works

Saturday May 28
St. Patrick's Catholic Church, 268 Grote St

I may have abandoned this institution to work for a pittance, but this concert made me want to return. Okay, get ready for some Latin lovin'! The language, of course. The concert opened with Tomas Luis de Victoria's "O quam gloriosum", a lovely little motet that introduced the audience to one of the greatest Spanish Renaissance composers. One tune in and I was already cursing myself for not bringing a cushion, unaccustomed as I am to pew seating. Numb bums aside, the music was glorious, sung *a capella*, the choir provided only with a note from conductor Peter Kelsall's tuning pipe at the start of pieces.

The choir consists of about 80 students, and also anyone else who's prepared to give up a measly membership fee and their Wednesday evenings for rehearsal (including the brilliant soprano mother of yours truly). They perform a wide range of works, and have between two and four concerts each year.

My favourites (as a member) have been Handel's Joshua in 2002 and the '70s concert of 2004, featuring the music of Queen and Pink Floyd, arranged for choir, with the greatest rock band in the world, local act Perestroika. But back to the latest offering from this super talented bunch. The main attraction of the night's repertoire was the Victoria Requiem, which was composed in 1583 and is made up of several smaller pieces, which use the biblical phrases, or prayers, that any AUC has sung many times, as the same words are used by practically all sacred music composers. This Requiem makes use of familiar plainsong and counterpoint, but also explores more demanding polyphonic phases, which didn't appear to faze the choir.

The audience was treated to earth-moving bass lines (the bass section also wins the prize for most impressive beards for a choir section), tear-inducing tenor lines (best complexions for this section), quiet, apart from Kate and Ali (the awesome ones), alto offerings, and the usual cascading soprano efforts. The church provided fantastic acoustics for the event, and I was swept away by the beauty of this work. I think I can safely say I'll see you next Wednesday guys!

Heather B. McGinn

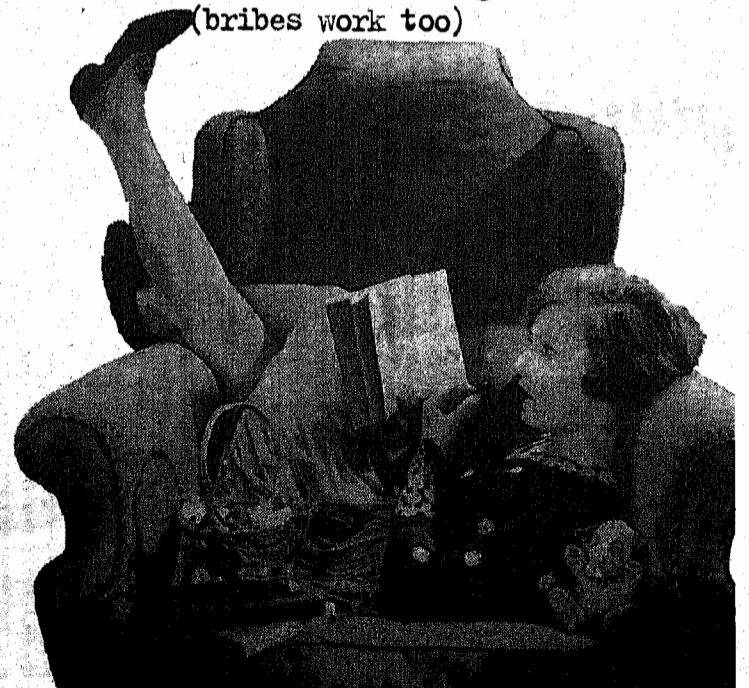
LOCALLY
PRODUCED

SAVE HEATHER FROM HER AUNT!

Did you know?

You local musicians and try hards can drop your original cd's/ep's/vinyl/8tracks and tickets to your shows in to my pigeon hole so I can get them reviewed in a über-popular street press (On Dit silly!)? Excited? Yeah, I thought you would be.

Heather,
your impartial procrastinating music critic
(bribes work too)



ACE YOUR EXAMS!

WITH ABC'S GUIDE TO **STUDY SOUNDS...**

The perfect study album is a difficult thing to find- it has to have enough substance to stimulate your mind, but choose something that's too catchy and you find yourself getting precious little done. Instrumentals often come out on top because they're not as distracting, but every now and then vocals can provide a little inspiration. There are no hard and fast rules, but here are a few favourites from around the office.

DJ Shadow

Endtroducing

The first track on this album is too choppy and fractured to allow you to focus on anything else, but once you've skipped that, this seamless pastiche of samples lulls you into some kind of study-enabling dreamstate. "Building Steam Endlessly With A Grain Of Salt" begins this trip, interpolating a neck-snapping snare with repetitive plinking keyboards, an innocently childlike voice, funky guitar licks, barely distinguishable vocal snippets and eventually a distant vibraphone and sped up drum patterns that create some melange of mental lubrication that doesn't so much get the creative juices flowing as make them spurt out all over the page. Sure, the crashing distortion of "The Number Song" takes some getting used to, but when you realise that the driving pace forces you to record the creativity just birthed by "Building Steam", it all makes sense, and then the boom-bap/synth monster "Changeling" hits and helps you synthesise all the ideas that you've just had into a plan for the most mind-blowing assignment you'll ever hand in.

Ennio Morricone

A Fistful of Dollars

This has it all, running the gamut from the rolling plains drifting by called to mind by a sparse spanish guitar overlaid with a piercing whistle, to expansive jingoistic strings and beating drums providing a soundtrack to a square dance and even menacing French horns among the hectic sound of war being waged, then reprising it all in the suite. My personal favourite has to be the crashing drum roll and triumphant crescendo of wordless vocals that mark The Chase, but with its great range and energy this evocative score helps you find that little bit of extra will to study that you didn't quite know you had. Definitely for late nights.

Funkadelic

Maggot Brain

This record is so jaw-droppingly amazing that whenever my head hurts I listen to it and everything

melts away. The title track begins with an excerpt from Verdi's "Ave Maria" before late guitarist Eddie Hazel comes in for one of the most mind-numbingly incredible solos ever played. George Clinton famously told him to "play like your mother just died," and for 10 minutes he wrenches such unearthly shrieks out of his guitar that you have to wonder if he's playing the same instrument as everyone else. Somehow Hazel creates a shimmering psychedelic void among the rich sounds he brings forth that screams at me with all the clarity of manic distortion and makes me desperately want to produce great art. The rest of the album is far more funk-oriented, but the newly remastered version has an alternate take of the title track that's just as good as the original and every student entering this uni should be forced to listen to the album in its entirety before being allowed to enrol.

Faithless

Sunday 8PM

A perfectly heavenly downtempo masterpiece, this is what I listen to when I have to sit down and work for an extended period. From the gentle opener "Garden" to the euphoric raver bliss of "God is a DJ", this album once again traipses through a range of emotions. Such is the power of the subdued strings and dusted production that when Maxi drops poems in "Bring My Family Back" that see him alternately playing the part of abandoned child, cuckolded lover and abandoned crackhouse I can absorb them without missing a beat. There's something so soothing about his voice that even the brooding synths and sinister strings of "Take The Long Way Home" heed his voice and don't interrupt my thought processes. Perhaps it's because this album has become as comfortable as a tattered, worn-in pair of Levis, but once I put it in my CD player on repeat, I can study until I pass out from hunger.

ABC



Welcome to the Cyber Age. Satellites drift through the sky, gathering information on comets and galaxies that humans have never seen, typing "sex" into the Yahoo Search Engine returns 285 million hits and the number one single in the UK is the Crazy Frog. Yes, that Crazy Frog that appears on television approximately 4 gazillion times a day. Apparently that's not enough for pasty, sun-starved teens in the mother country, so the sound of a tone deaf ragga toaster on impure speed has been paired with "Axel F", the theme tune from *Beverly Hills Cop* to create the aural equivalent of an epileptic fit in a Berlin gay club. Meet the ADD generation.

Apparently, it's not only music purists who are frothing at the mouth; Malcolm McLaren, the git who scandalised the music world with the introduction of bands like the Sex Pistols, claimed that if you "listen to this song, you can hear the death knell of the traditional music industry". Another silly git who tried to destroy the music industry through sheer lack of talent, Coldplay's Chris Martin, is also up in arms. Disappointed at being robbed of a number one single ("Crazy Frog Axel F" outsold them by almost four to one), he spouted that "we refer to him as 'that little frog.' We don't like the frog and it brings me out in hives. I go red. The point is that little thing should have its legs chopped and I'd like to eat them in a restaurant." While this displays a disturbingly poor understanding of the properties of this anthropomorphic amphibian, it's nice to see the frog showing a little backbone for once.

If you're wondering who to blame for the concept, look to the country that brought you Ingmar Bergman. Yes, that's right, from the most measured studier of the human condition to this, Sweden has it all. About 10 years ago, a lonely 17 year old e-mailed his impression of a two-stroke motor to a few friends and another lonely Swedish teenager later added the 3D animation, entitling the finished product "The Annoying Thing." Then they sold it for a pittance to ringtone company Jamba (now Jamster!) who have since made £14 million pounds off the critter. No wonder the national sport in Sweden is suicide.

If you think scattening is for spluttering old men and nerdy

jazz singers, you'll be glad to finally have the 'lyrics.' With a little practice, you might even be able to get your friends to refer to you as 'the annoying thing.'

A ding ding ding didding
ding bing bing pscht,
Dorhrm bom bom bedom bem
bom bedom bom bum ba ba
bom bom,
Bouuuuum bom bom
bedahm, Bom be barbedarm
bedabedabedabeda
Bbrrrrrimm brrrrramm
bbrrrrrrrrraammmmm
ddddddraamm,
Bah bah baah baah ba
whheeeeeee-eeee-eeee!

Rheumatoid Cousin



PARLIAMENT OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT COMMITTEE

Inquiry Regarding the Impact of International Education Activities in SA

Pursuant to section 16(1) of the *Parliamentary Committees Act 1991* the Social Development Committee is required to investigate & report upon the impact of international education activities in South Australia including —

1. All formal education and training courses made available to overseas students studying in South Australia or offered offshore and through the School, Further & Higher Education & Training sectors.
 2. Courses offered by both public & private providers.
 3. Other student exchange programs.
- and in particular
4. The positive & negative impact of the international education industry to the State & its community, and student & staff interactions involved.
 5. Potential measures to enhance the attractiveness of the State to the international education market.
 6. 'Pastoral care', accommodation & other needs of overseas students residing in South Australia.
 7. Potential lessons derived from existing practices in selected interstate & overseas jurisdictions.
 8. The ongoing capacity of the education & other systems to absorb increasing numbers of overseas students.
 9. The oversight & monitoring of home-stay arrangement for minors.
 10. Ancillary or collateral benefits in areas such as tourism & cultural exchange.
 11. Community development or other initiatives to maximise this appreciation
 12. Support for overseas students in local communities; &
 13. Any other relevant matter.

Written submissions to the inquiry should be received by Friday 22 July 2005 & can be forwarded to the Secretary, Social Development Committee, Parliament House, North Tce, Adelaide 5000. Email submissions are also acceptable & can be forwarded to sdc@parliament.sa.gov.au Please direct any inquiries to the Secretary on telephone (08) 8237 9416 or by email to the above address. Requests to provide oral submissions should also be received by 22 July.

Robyn Schutte COMMITTEE SECRETARY

Adelaide's GRANDDEST Schnitzel

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN
316 Pulteney Street, Adelaide



THE EARL OF LEICESTER
85 Leicester Street, Parkside

For years, the Leicester Schnitzel has been legendary among Adelaide gourmands for its sheer enormity. The schnitzels that have been coming out of this unassuming venue are so big that they simply cannot be processed from the meat of a single animal. Sure, the beef can easily be explained away as the entire flank of a cow, crumbed and forcefully inserted into a deep fryer, but the chicken monstrosity of these legends is so large that the only conceivable way of producing it is by inserting three entire chickens into some Machiavellian piece of machinery that then processes them and turns the product into a single piece of meat. When we got word that another venue, The Earl of Aberdeen, was challenging the Leicester's schnitzel supremacy, the only option was to send out a team of intrepid testosterone-fuelled *On Dit* food writers to determine the true home of Adelaide's most satisfying schnitzel.

Round 1

The Aberdeen threw the first blow in this battle when they poached the Leicester's head chef, who immediately decided that his job was to go one better than his old workplace. Going straight to his old supplier, he ordered schnitzels that were 550 grams (50 grams larger than those served at the Leicester), and set about making a name for the new venue as the home of Adelaide's largest schnitzel.

Don't go telling the Leicester that, though, as they still claim to house the biggest and the best, backing their claims with impressive figures: the beef weighs in at 600 grams, while the chicken adds another 50 to that. Sure, the main bar is called the 'Liar's Bar', but I've never heard anyone complain about the size of the servings.

Winner: The Earl of Leicester

Round 2

It's not all about the meat, though; the toppings help make these meals truly enormous. As if serving ridiculous amounts of meat isn't irresponsible enough, both venues insist on heaping enormous piles of cheese and other condiments onto the finished product. Sure, you can order the schnitzel plain, but that's just a cop out, and for sheer stupendous size, the Bull's Bollocks offered by the Leicester come out streaks ahead of the competition by lumping a meatlovers topping several times more filling than any pizza house can offer on top of the schnitzel. Their Avocado and Cheese is also a gourmand's delight, but the Alehouse comes out slightly on top by taking excess to new levels. Among their offerings are the Zurich that pairs grilled brown mushroom and large hunks of the rich brie and the Mexicana, which is basically a serve of nachos under a thick blanket of melted cheese and works far better than there is any reason to believe it should.

Both are served with salad and chips, and while the Leicester does a slightly bigger serve, placing the chips under the schnitzel makes them soggy and unappetising. Sure, they have to do it because there's no other



The two Earls punch on

way to physically make them fit on the plate and it's a minor gripe, but it's the only way to differentiate between them.

Winner: The Earl of Aberdeen

Round 3

Most people have firm beliefs when the beef vs chicken debate comes up, but deciding between the two venues is difficult because both houses order their schnitzels from the same supplier. As a result, it doesn't so much come down to taste as presentation. The impact of seeing either schnitzel hanging over the edge of the large plates reinforces the enormity of the diner's task, and both Earls emphasise the size of the meal in their presentation. The one noticeable difference is that the Aberdeen crumbs their product twice, and the result is an extra cushioning layer of crumbs that ultimately makes for a more pleasing texture and ultimately a more enjoyable dining experience.

Winner: The Earl of Aberdeen

Round 4

The complete dining experience does not merely concern the food, the atmosphere of the dining venue is also vital to an enjoyable meal. While the Leicester has three schnitzel-enabled venues in the Liar's Bar, The Bistro and Liar's Restaurant, none of these quite match the simple charm of the Aberdeen. While it has to be said that the Bistro is somewhat gaudy and the simple schnitzel doesn't quite match the haute cuisine aspirations of the restaurant, but the Liar's bar would be the perfect venue in which to enjoy the schnitzel were it not a victim of its own popularity. Unfortunately, it can be pretty tough to find a space to sit down and when you do manage, you'll most likely be jostled by patrons trying to make their way to the bar. By incorporating a separate dining area, the Aberdeen manages to keep the convivial pub atmosphere while providing a little more space and the end result is a more enjoyable meal. The polished wooden floorboards create an air of class but fall short

of pretension, and an adjoining bar means that you'll never have to wait for too long for drinks either. Throw in the inordinately entertaining arcade game *Buck Hunter 2*, and you have a winner; there's something about eating an unhealthy amount of meat that brings out the primal instincts and makes killing computer-generated animals seem like the best thing since crumbed bread. It sure beats the hell out of the *Golden Tee* golf game that they have at the Leicester, anyway.

Winner: The Earl of Aberdeen

Round 5

At the end of the day, price is a major consideration for the average uni student and once again, the Leicester prevails on the basis of cold, hard facts. Their prices begin at \$12 for the plain chicken and \$13.50 for the beef and the toppings cost up to \$2.50 extra, while the Aberdeen prices vary from \$15.50-\$18. They offset this price difference by offering a free pint to all who can finish it, but this only encourages heroically foolhardy feats of gluttony, and to be honest it's not the easiest thing to put away when you feel like you're ready to give birth to a little baby schnitzel.

Winner: The Earl of Leicester

Overall, despite holding the advantage in the vital weight and price categories, the titleholding Leicester was upstaged by the new contender on points simply because the Aberdeen was able to perform well in all areas. Don't let this fool you, though—these are both true heavyweights whose very size beggars belief. Attempt to finish one of these in a sitting and you'll feel like you've ruptured a vital inner organ the next day, but much like extreme sports, the near-death experience is part of the lure. No matter how many hyperbolic descriptions you read, the only way to truly comprehend the magnitude of these monstrosities is to experience them for yourself, but be warned—neither venue provides doggy bags, so you might want to bring a friend. That is, if you don't think that you're up to the challenge.

Admiral Buxton Collins



The Earl of Aberdeen

architecture ball

skylarking_in_hollywood

10th of june 2005
friday 8-12pm

hotel int. adelaide, with adal.
\$45 includes beer,
wine, soft drinks
and finger food.

dj playing your
favourite grooves.

cocktail dress.

going to be a great night.
for tickets...

contact kathy 0422 899 846
on the architecture office on level 5
of the architecture building in the
hughes plaza B303 5876.

all proceeds go towards folio 05: the final fifth year
architecture exhibition for november 2005.

Room For Rent

We're looking for someone friendly to move into a nice, relaxed house in North Adelaide with one female and one male. It's right near a bus stop and within walking distance of the city. \$85 per week plus expenses. Call 0423 973 717 now! Don't delay!

Spanish Club Conversation Group

Friday the 10th of June - last one! (and Friday 29th July first one back), 1:00 in the clubs common room. Directly above the Union Information Office on the West side of the Cloisters. Ask in the info office, ground floor if you can not find it. Spanish speakers of all levels welcome, there are always advanced students and native speakers to give you a hand, great fun and really helps your Spanish. This is the last one for the semester, but will be back next semester!



Got a classified for me there sweetheart? Send it to ondit@adelaide.edu.au and see it grace their magnificent inside back page.

We've got a break over the next month for the holidays so your classified won't appear until the first edition back, which will come out on July 25th. Kisses xxx

Ever watched a travel show a thought:
"What a piece of piss. I could do better than that"
Well, here is your chance.

Student Television is developing a pilot for a travel program aimed at the 18-35 small budget backpacker. It somewhere between the ABC's *Race Around The World* series and Nine's *Getaway*, where the presenters are also the camera operators, researchers and sound recordist. However, just like the solo backpacker, they are alone, have a limited budget and are exposed to the unpredictable nature of travelling alone.

If you think you could cut the mustard as one of the presenters on this program, then grab a camera and start filming. Put together a two to three minute travelogue video about a place in Adelaide, but present it with your own personalised spin.

Send in a DVD or mini DV copy of your travelogue with a three-line synopsis explaining your story to:

**Travelogue
Adelaide Uni Student Radio
228 North Terrace
Adelaide SA 5000**

Make sure you include your contact details and above all tell us why we should choose you. Entries close June 30 2005.

Young Workers Documentary

We are seeking young people who have been exploited at work for the purpose of a documentary. Exploitation could include underpayment of wages, compulsory overtime, sub-standard safety in the workplace, sexual harassment, anything else which is illegal and other unfair things which may not be explicitly illegal (intimidation by bosses, abrupt cancellation of shifts, etc.).

The filmed interview can be entirely confidential if you wish (we can dub your voice and/or hide your face), there is no reason to name your employer or business and of course any information you give me outside the interview process will remain strictly confidential.

It is important to get the voice of exploited young people out into the community and this is an excellent opportunity to share your stories. Filming is, at this stage, scheduled for the weekend of 16,17 July (during mid-year break), but if you will be away we can organise another time for your interview.

If you are a young person who has been or is being exploited at work and you would like to share your story, please contact Alex on 0422 416 232 or by email: alexander.solomonbridge@student.adelaide.edu.au



