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...Like No Other
Newspaper
Since
"OZ"
and
"CAHIERS DU
CINÉMA"!



"ON DIT"

VOLUME 73 EDITION 13
26.07.2005
THE HOLLYWOOD EDITION



On Dit
Volume 73 Edition 13
26.07.2005

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Leo Greenfield

Literature

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Music

Jennifer Soggee
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Local Music

The dust cages roll by

Food & Booze

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Stephanie Mountzouris

About the cover:

Front Cover: Adapted from a poster for Kubrik's *The Killing* (1956).

Back Cover: Photograph by Leo Greenfield, model - Steph Mountzouris.

Inside Back: "Film lovers are sick people" - Owen Lindsey.

Wanna Write?

Come down to our friendly little office down in the basement of the George Murray building. Coming editions are themed sex, Japanese craziness, money, fear, but if anything more specific comes to mind just jot it down. You can get in contact with us via email at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call us on 83035404.

And the Oscar goes to:

Anna, Anais, Margi, Marlin, Matt for his movie brain, J. K. Rowling, Steph, Leo, Oz, Hélène & Fritzzy's fresh fruits.

Rotten Tomato goes to:

Sunday Mail for printing Harry Potter spoilers. Boo!



EDITORIAL

Hey there, welcome back to a new semester and another ten editions of *On Dit*. We're back at the coalface shoveling out large steamy loads of student oriented propaganda.

The first semester was a good one for our little office - twelve fairly successful and popular editions. For the first week back we've settled on a Hollywood theme (as you'll hopefully be able to tell from the art design). The edition is designed as a cautious, watchful celebration of cinema and fantasy.

While movies and storytelling provide a seductive escape from the world as we know it, they also allow for a shift into a more detached, voyeuristic and inhumane mode of existence. We hope with this edition that we can at once communicate the exquisite joy of escapism and the callous lie of fiction.

Jean-Luc Godard famously called cinema "the most beautiful fraud in the world" and Rainer Werner Fassbinder came to brand it a "holy whore". Cinema is a dazzling light show of thick smog, blinding lights and endless mirrors. It's a tempestuous storm of sound and fury, hollow at the centre, and tragically comprised of nothing more tangible than mere lights and shadows.

Coming up next week is *Sexualidit*, our sexuality edition. Everyone is welcome to submit sexually themed pieces, queer or otherwise, for printing next week. Also later in the year is *Elle Dit*, the Women's Edition. Women's VP Melissa Purcell and Clementine are organising a press gang - email *On Dit* if interested.

See you in the funny pages.

Danny, Dan & Clementine

ps Happy birfday to Dan for last week and Danny for Tues. C



6am Conversations about Harry Potter*



Clementine: (watching the *Goblet of Fire* trailer)
Oh! Dumbledore!

Dan J: What's wrong?

Clementine: I'm sad because of Dumbledore - look at him! (She points to wizened old Dumbledore/Michael Gambon)

Dan J: Who's Dumbledore?

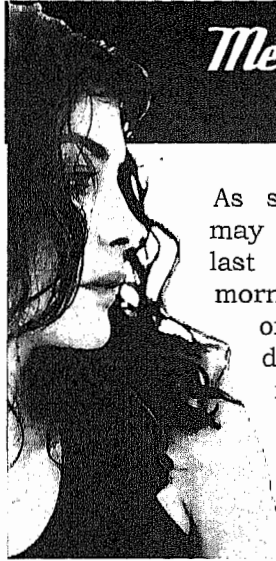
Clementine: He's the most powerful wizard in the world.

Dan J: Is he a dragon?

*may appear unamusing, confusing and even irrelevant to non HP fans.

Media Watch

with Audrey Hefferneggar



As some of you may have heard, last Friday morning saw one of the most disastrous failures of British policing to be recorded in recent years.

Jean Charles de Menezes, a 27 year old Brazilian man living and working as an electrician in London, was chased by plain clothes policemen through Stockwell Underground Station. After tripping, he was surrounded and shot five times at point blank range.

Five times.

Almost immediately, the London Metropolitan Police Commissioner Sir Ian Blair released a statement explaining the Menezes had been "directly connected" to anti-terror operations.

Apparently Menezes' attire was of concern on the day in question. His heavy coat was deemed to heavy for the balmy weather.

Of course, the greatest problem for the LMP isn't that it is now public knowledge they have been granted licence to 'shoot to kill' suspected terrorists - it's the fact that Menezes has been proven to be entirely innocent.

An innocent man was assaulted by plain clothes policemen in one

of the world's largest cities in broad daylight and shot five times in the head at point blank range - because he happened to appear foreign and be wearing a heavy coat.

Obviously, it's extraordinarily embarrassing for the Sir Blair. On Sunday, Sir Blair offered an apology during an interview with Sky News.

"The Metropolitan Police accepts the full responsibility for this. And to the family, I can only express our deep regrets," he said. "*But I think it is also important to recognize that the underlying causes of this are not a police action or a police policy or procedures, but actually the fact that we have terrorists using suicide as a weapon on the streets of London and below the streets of London and that is the context in which we are operating*" (My emphasis)

Pay close attention people - British bobbies are operating on a shoot to kill policy. John Howard is looking towards Britain for an idea on how Australia may upgrade its own security regarding terrorism.

I don't think it's unreasonable to suggest that we may want to be very, very careful about what we wear and where we go from now on. If Howard gets his way and we have to start carrying around National Identity Cards, I can assure you it won't be my white ass that's getting stopped in the street.

Five times in the head.

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

CALL OF THE WEEK!

Compere: Bob Francis
Date: July 18
Time: 10:19 pm
Duration: 2m36



Caller Kay says using a bandsaw on some plywood will help you make a jigsaw. She says they've put a tax on hamburgers. Francis says they haven't it was only discussed yesterday. Kay says this is good and if they had it would have been discriminating. She says young people can't afford to go to a restaurant to eat. Francis says he's amazed how rumours spread. Kay says she hopes people won't suicide bomb anymore. She advises people to write letters to their MPs instead.

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

Semantics

While not agreeing completely with Rowan Nicholson's article on Marxism in *On Dit* a few weeks ago, I must say that Lavinia Emmett-Gray's reply in the last issue was vitriolic hyperbole. Nicholson's does feature 'nice, inoffensive sentiment', but his argument is coherent and understandable, although many on the Left would call it 'humanistic'. Probably the best word one could use to describe Nicholson's writing would be 'liberal' in the true sense of the word. On the other hand, Emmett-Gray's letter against the so-called 'chardonnay socialists and the latte left' is little more than a string of insults and quotes. For all of L. E-G's talk of socialist revolution, there is no talk of a coherent socialist programme to counter Nicholson's 'quiet revolution'.

Nicholson's evolution theory is not anti-Marxist, as Emmett-Gray so happens to portray, it is just not Leninist. Most of the Second International, (the era of 'classical Marxism') but especially Edward Bernstein and Karl Kautsky, believed in the socialist revolution coming through parliamentary democracy and gradual change, not the vanguardist revolution popularised by Lenin, Trotsky and Luxembourg. That is not to say that this is the correct analysis, but if Mr Nicholson wished, he would have plenty of Marxist rhetoric to back up his statements.

The 'quiet revolution' that Nicholson refers to in the final paragraphs of his article are what are widely known as 'new social movements', eg women's liberation, anti-racism, environmentalism, gay rights, etc, and it is widely regarded that these social movements would have to join the industrial working class if any proletarian revolution was to succeed. This is one of the fundamental basics of Gramsci's idea of hegemony and the closely related theories of Eurocommunism. Even Lenin argued that all forms of oppression should be opposed in the wake of a socialist revolution, although in reality women's liberation, national independence and religious freedoms were just as suppressed in the Soviet Union as they were under the Tsars.

What Emmett-Gray fails to recognise is the fundamental contradiction in Marxist theory of historical materialism and the socialist revolution. As Marx wrote in the preface to *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*, each of the epochs of history is determined by the changes in the economic base and relations of production that arise out of these economic developments (ie feudal regime, capitalism, etc). However Marx's political works, such as *The Communist Manifesto*, *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* and *The Civil War*

of France, pronounce that it is the hands of the working class that lies the future socialist revolution, which raises ideas of vanguardism and so forth. If one can show me where, in all of the Marxist literature written over the last 150 years, this contradiction is rectified, I'd like to see it.

Trotskyists, as Emmett-Gray alludes to being, have never held any important political position in any country, except for a short-lived coalition government in Sri Lanka. The Trotskyite fantasy of proletarian revolution seems ill founded for such a small sectarian movement, which is what Trotskyists all across the world have experienced since the 1940s. What Trotskyists of all shades fail to recognise is that whenever Trotskyists have found political influence, it has been in broad-based movements, such as the Socialist Workers Party influence in Britain's Anti-Nazi League and the Stop the War Campaign. (I highly recommend Ian Birchall's 'Unpopular Fronts?' article for *What Next Journal* to demonstrate this point).

While I agree with Emmett-Gray on the point that the structures of the capitalist society cannot simply be turned into socialist structures, as Marx pointed out in *The Civil War in France* and Lenin in *The State and Revolution*, what E-G fails to realise is that both Marx and Lenin differentiate between the machinery of coercion (the army, the police and its bureaucracy) and the state apparatus of an 'accounting and statistical nature', which Lenin asserted 'must not and should not be broken up'. The parliamentary road to socialism is not to be discouraged, which seems to be what Mr Nicholson is alluding to and what Emmett-Gray so vehemently opposes, although as a lot of ideologues of this kind have found, this needs to be complimented by massive demonstrations of strength in the trade unions, in the 'new social movements' and most importantly, in the streets.

I don't have the answers for a practical socialist revolution, but to cut down other progressive thoughts without any propositions of their own, especially in the aggressive right-wing climate of today, is just out of control sectarianism. Maybe Nicholson should read more, but at least he is on the right path.

Evan

PS - If Lavinia Emmett-Gray is a Trotskyist, it is quite peculiar that they are pro-Cuban Revolution and so pro-Che Guevara, except if they belong to the ideologically unsound DSP. Most Trotskyists (Fourth Internationalists and State Capitalists) in the past have believed that the Cuban Revolution was led by peasants and progressive bourgeois revolutionaries and not the industrial working class. Also, the Cuban leadership has acknowledged that it is 'Marxist-Leninist' since the early 1960s, which is widely recognised as shorthand for Stalinist or Maoist, both of which are opposed by Trotskyists.

Oh, That Crazy Kid

Dear Editors,

What is the world coming to when student sexuality officers start promoting monogamy (albeit serial)? What next for this topsy-turvy world; EU love-ins?

Jason John

Nelson the Nazi

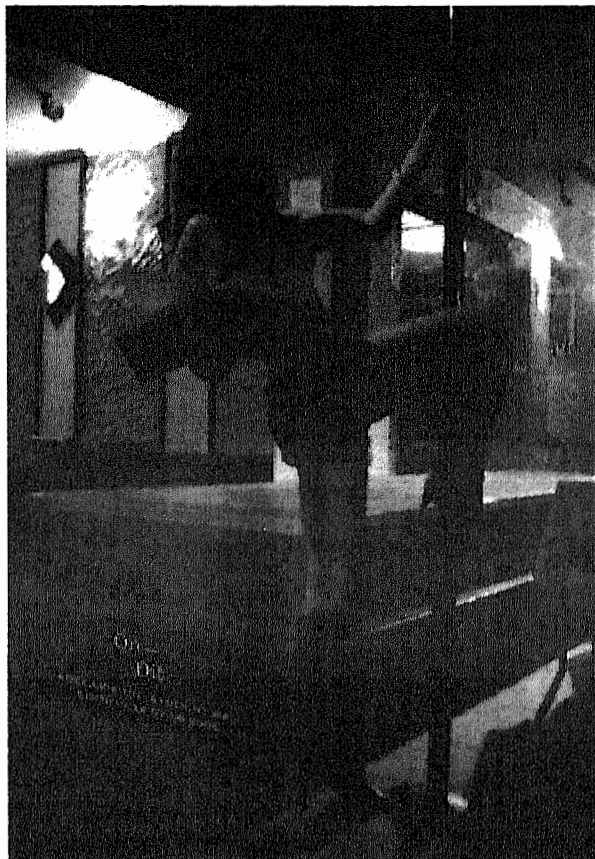
A few brief words on the consequences already spawned by the "Liberal" facists in Canberra via VU. The Uni of Adelaide T-Shirt print shop is already scheduled to close in 8 weeks after 28 successful years of operation. If you're a student organisation, activist group, or just want a few printed T-shirts, hurry now before this shop is axed. The closing down of a of long term, valued Adelaide Union businesses and services to all students at Adelaide Uni, is just the start of what VU has just unleashed.

Later, in the not too distant future, equipment and facilities for sports and hobby clubs will undoubtedly be sold off to compensate for the diminishing Union funds when the full effects of VU is felt, the assets to come under the axe might include this student paper and therefore the student voice. All that may be left will be a small Union committee managing a few feeble and low cost Union assets.

Not only will this make this campus a dreary place to become involved, but will have a knock-on negative effect. Overseas students, who are eagerly welcomed to enrol in this university because they pay full fees, may find the paucity of campus life too boring to consider studying here and will turn away or leave in droves. The government, who repeats the mantra of universities needing to be as self-funding as possible, will win a pyric victory when this valuable source of self-funding dries up for our universities. The damage caused by VU (and in systematic underfunding of universities by this government over its lifetime) may never be fully repaired, after the difference between R&D in the the universities of the rest of the developed world and Australia, eventually becomes an insurmountable gap. Welcome to the brain-drained banana republic!

Cheers,
David

HOLLYWOOD



On Dit Edition 73.12

from the then Family Maintenance Branch of the South Australian Department for Community Welfare. Between May 1982 and April 1983, the South Australian agency had a collection rate of 80 per cent. There has to be serious concerns about why the Task Force did not ask the question why we need the current inflexible approach to child support that we have now.

John Flanagan
Deputy Registered Officer,
Non-Custodial Parents Party

*Hmm... come to think
of it I'd still prefer the
harem of dark eyed,
high-bosomed virgins*

Dear Editor,

It seems that young Muslim males embrace martyrdom with more enthusiasm than their Christian or other counterparts. Does their eagerness to enter Paradise source from the Qu'ran, do you think, and the archangel Gabriel's promise to their prophet? On his word the righteous male "will dwell in peace in a towering mansion set about with running streams amidst cool shades and gardens and fountains and gushing waters, decked in robes of fine green silk and rich brocade, adorned with bracelets of silver, reclining with his spouses of perfect chastity upon soft jewelled couches arranged in rows, and upon green cushions in shady groves, with carpets richly spread, a gushing fountain nearby tempered at the Camphor Fountain, feeling neither the scorching heat nor the biting cold, with trees spreading shade around him, with flesh of fowls to relish, with fruits of his own choice hanging in clusters over him, the palm and the pomegranate, fruits unforbidden and never-ending, wedded to dark-eyed houris and with bashful, high-bosomed virgins sheltered in their tents, as fair as corals and rubies whom neither man nor jinnee will have touched. He will converse with his righteous kinsmen and be served with dishes of gold and silver and beakers as large as silver goblets which he himself will measure, his cup full of ginger-flavoured water from a fountain called Salsabil, of pure wine securely sealed whose dregs are musk ('let men emulously strive'), a wine tempered with the waters of Tasnim, and of nectar that God will give him to drink. He will drink from rivers of water undefiled, rivers of

clarified honey, rivers of milk forever fresh. He will be attended by youths of his own bearing bowls and ewers and a cup of purest wine that will neither pain his head nor take away his reason, immortal boys as fair as sprinkled pearls and graced with eternal youth."

Who but a churl would argue that this promise is less credible than the promise of eternal life given by the prophet Jesus?

Sincerely,
Bill Priest

A Life of Unreality

Dear Eds,

It scares me to see the phrase 'When in reality...' in a piece of writing by a member of a university community (*On Dit* 12 7/6/05 p25). Leo Greenfield's reality is just the current social constructivist dogma; stereotypes are a useful tool for developing a view of the world and should be thought of in the same light as theories in science - as an approximation of reality to be reassessed in the light of contrary evidence. To quote Steven Pinker, 'Mental boxes work because things come in clusters that fit the boxes.' The notion that our stereotypes and gender roles are purely social constructs, as opposed to a cognitive interaction between a biological thinking machine with a selected function, and a relatively systematic world is belied by numerous intercultural studies which show that different cultural groups (including those that have had limited contact with Western cultures) have very similar views of the world. The social constructivist view seems to hold that human minds are able to conceive any construct; this is not the case as is quite well demonstrated by work in the field of cognitive neuroscience.

Regards,
Dr. Dan

**FANCY
YOURSELF
A CRITIC?**

**Email On Dit at
ondit@adelaide.edu.au
and have your two cents**

Child Support Concern

The Child Support Task Force report is being "sold" to the politicians on the basis of fixing up the current child support mess. At the same time, it recommends a continuation of the same draconian and inflexible approach to child support.

The report maintains that the Child Support Scheme was implemented in 1989 for several reasons. The main reasons were that "only 30 per cent of non-custodial parents were making regular payments and only 26 per cent of sole parent pensioners were receiving maintenance". These percentages seek to mislead the public.

The original source of the non-payment of maintenance claim by the Task Force was data that was collected by the Australian Bureau of Statistics. This data was obtained during the preparation of the ABS 1981-1982 publication "Survey of Income and Housing". The data is still available to researchers in the archives of the Australian Bureau of Statistics in Canberra. The data was never published.

In the ABS Survey, the payee was asked two (2) questions. The payee was asked whether or not "child maintenance/alimony" was regularly paid. The payee was also asked how much was paid.

Some of the statistical flaws in this data include that some of the data was not retained by the ABS for some sub-groups of individuals, The ABS data was gender specific. It was targeted at single mothers. It did not include maintenance received by men, the ABS survey did not gather information on whether a child maintenance agreement or court order actually existed, the ABS did not ask questions on the regularity of child maintenance payments, the details of amounts of maintenance recorded were global. As a result, the ABS did not make a distinction between, say, child and spousal maintenance.

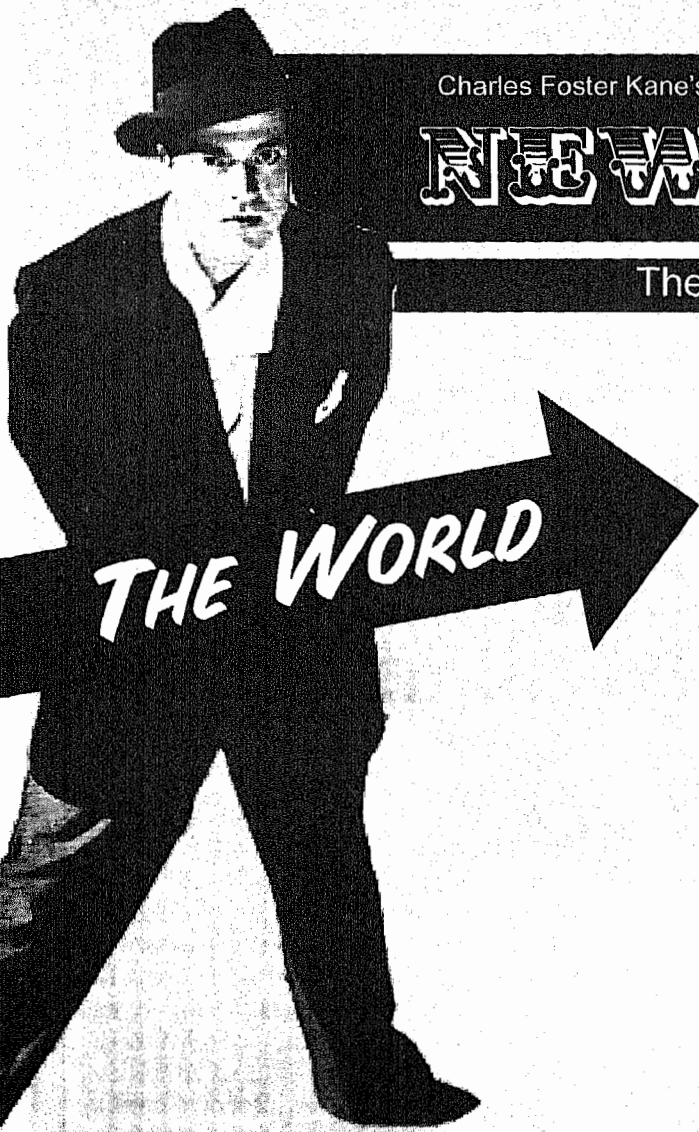
When quoting the 30 per cent and 26 per cent figures, the Task Force did not note that administrative statistics were also available



Charles Foster Kane's

NEWS ON THE MARCH

The complex world events of the week reduced to small soundbites



Israeli Gaza Disengagement 'May Start Early'

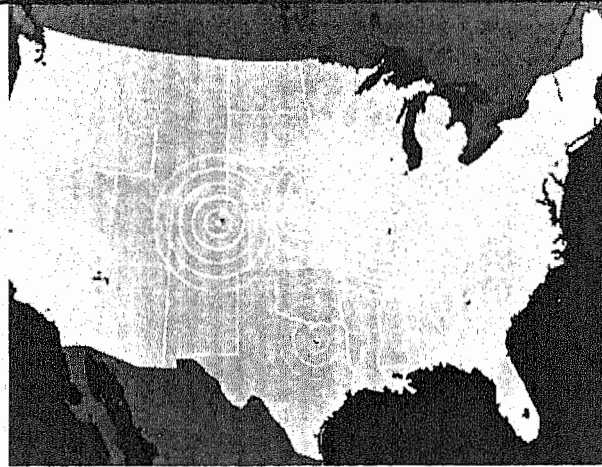
ISRAEL - Ehud Olmert, the Israeli Deputy Prime Minister has said that he would look "favourably" upon an early withdrawal from the tempestuous Gaza Strip in an effort to appease protest groups. Currently the Israeli government has publicly pledged to withdraw from The Strip in mid August but spurred by a 20,000 strong protest march and the ever-present possibility of violence, is considering bringing the deadline forward. Officials are likely to wait for US Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice before making any firmer comments on the issue.

Vanstone Stands by Child Snatching Decision

CANBERRA - Immigration Minister Amanda Vanstone maintains that immigration officials were right to remove two young children from their school and detain them in immigration for four months. Senator Vanstone says The Department was acting on the wishes of Ian and Janie Hwang's mother to be reunited with them. Since the story hit the papers four months ago The Immigration Department has looked again at the mother's case and "believes it's appropriate to let her out on a bridging visa".

Victorian Government Plans to De-criminalise Sorcery

MELBOURNE - Victorian Attorney-General Rob Hulls is encouraging Victorian lawmakers to repeal colonial laws banning witchcraft. The laws are part of a bundle of laws incorporated in the "vagrancy act" which will be struck out during this sitting of parliament. The move is intended to bring greater modernity to Victorian laws. At the time of the last census there were 2,000 people claiming to be witches living in the state.



Pakistani Police Make 'Important' Arrest in Relation to London Bombings

LAHORE - Pakistani officials have announced an 'important' capture in the search for the mastermind behind the London tube bombings. Three of the four London bombers were of Pakistani descent and travelled to Karachi in south Pakistan last year to receive training. The suspect was tracked from a list of phone numbers provided by Britain of people who may have had contact with the London bombers. Pakistani and British officials hope that their suspect will be able to provide information leading to the identity of the organisers of the attack.

Mysterious Skin May Be Banned

SYDNEY - After a complaint by Philip Ruddock moves are afoot to ban the new film *Mysterious Skin* by Greg Araki. Araki is almost single handedly responsible for beginning the 'New Queer Cinema' movement of the early nineties with his film *The Living End*. Ruddock's complaint was spurred by advice from South Australian counterpart Michael Atkinson after complaints by the Australian Family Association. *Mysterious Skin* contains no explicit sex and so is unlike other films that have been under threat of banning such as *Ken Park*, *Baise-Moi*, *Romance*, *Anatomy of Hell* and *Nine Songs*. *Mysterious Skin* has played all across Europe and Northern America, experiencing little to no controversy.

At Least Fourteen Killed in Iraqi Violence

BAGHDAD - Two car bombings and string of other attacks killed at least fourteen people in Iraq last Thursday according to Iraqi army and police officials. Two car bombers rammed into Iraqi army checkpoint south of Baghdad. In Mahmoudiyah five soldiers were killed and many others wounded. One soldier was killed in Bueitha and six injured. Other prominent officials were assassinated in firearms attacks across Baghdad. The attacks are believed to have been perpetrated by Sunni Arabs who are unhappy with the plan for redistribution of power in Iraq. They continue to boycott meetings for the drafting of a new Iraqi constitution.

US Senators Still in Deliberation Over Bush's High Court Nominee

WASHINGTON - George W. Bush and his nominee for the US High Court, Judge John Roberts are still waiting for the US Senate to sanction his admittance. Bush has called Roberts a man of "experience, wisdom, fairness and civility" who would "strictly apply the constitution and laws". Liberals in America are sceptical about Roberts, saying he has demonstrated a firm right wing bias in the past, particularly in relation to the heated issue of abortion. The Senate's decision will have broad ramifications in the years to come, particularly in relation to terrorism and civil rights, as Roberts will be one of the few men in America with the power to dictate how the US constitution is interpreted legally. Currently the Democrats are undecided and giving very few signs as to which way they are likely to vote.

Man Arrested in Attempted Bush Assassination

TBILSI - Georgian Special Forces have arrested a man who threw a grenade during a speech by US President George Bush in the former Soviet republic. The grenade, which landed within 30 meters of the President, only failed to explode because of a malfunction. The man has only been identified by the Georgian police as Arutunyan and has confessed to mental health doctors appointed by Georgian government to speak to him. A reward of \$83,000 for information about the suspect was posted last Monday.

Britain to Implement Restrictions on Radical Muslims

LONDON - As British Muslim leaders demand a judicial inquiry on what lead four "home-grown" suicide bombers to set off explosions in London's tube and in a double decker bus, Tony Blair's government plans to implement laws to stop "Islamic radicals who glorify terror" from entering the country. Blair has also proposed an international conference designed to tackle the issue of Islamic extremism.

Sudan Fails to Reign in Dafur

KHARTOUM - Despite frequent promises to do so the Sudanese government has failed to end violence in the troubled region of Dafur. The Sudanese officials are still paying regular salaries to key leaders of militias in the western province who continue to attack and kill civilians. At least 180,000 people have been killed since the violence began in 2003. Condoleezza Rice visited Sudan last Wednesday and repeated the US government's stance that the violence in Sudan is genocide. She is encouraging the United Nations and African Union to create a shadow security force to protect residents from the government and its client militias.

Danny Wills

TERROR STRIKES!

FROM BENEATH THE SEA

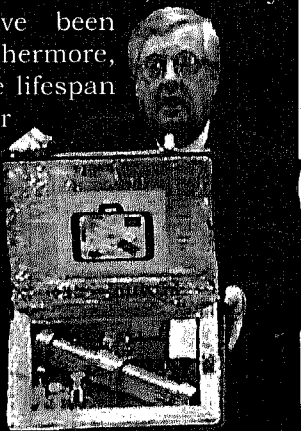


Soviet Suitcase Nukes?

During the mid 1990s, a small number of former Soviet military officers went public in their knowledge regarding the existence of so-called 'suitcase nukes'. They claimed that these weapons were engineered by the KGB during the 1980s, and involved placing a small nuclear device into what appeared to be a normal, everyday suitcase. The weapons were designed for 'tactical nuclear operations'. When the Soviet Union later collapsed, it was rumoured that up to 30 of these 'suitcase nukes' may have gone missing. Obviously, this gave great concern to terrorism experts.

Thankfully, however, many sources have recently begun to dispute the existence of 'suitcase nukes'. It is believed that if they had existed and had been stolen, then they probably would have been used by now. Furthermore, it is thought that the lifespan of such small nuclear weapons could be very minimal, and that they may already be inactive.

Hopefully, the James-Bond style weapon will remain purely in the realm of fiction.



CAN TERRORISM GET ANY WORSE?

The threat of chemical, biological, and nuclear attacks

After the London bombings of July 7, leaders across the globe immediately warned that future terrorist attacks would be largely 'inevitable'. The spectre of Al-Qaeda, it was claimed, was bound to strike again, and strike again soon. Two weeks later, these predictions were proven correct.

The bombings serve to illustrate that London is merely the latest victim in a long spate of Al-Qaeda influenced, mass casualty attacks; a campaign that looks set to continue into the future. Experts are now reiterating their warnings that more attacks will invariably follow, perhaps against London, perhaps against some other Western target.

With the inevitability of another attack thus looming in the future, one begins to wonder as to what kind of attack will take place. Will Al-Qaeda continue to follow its conventional pattern of explosives terrorism, or will it opt for something far more destructive? This is perhaps the biggest fear facing intelligence agencies across the globe; the possibility that an unparalleled, WMD-style terrorist attack might be on the horizon. This attack could take a number of forms, including the use of chemical, biological, radiological, or nuclear agents, and, thus, has developed the acronym of 'CBRN terrorism'.

While conventional, explosives-based forms of terrorism undeniably constitute horrendous tragedies, they are largely incomparable to aftermath of a CBRN attack. Conventional attacks can kill hundreds, or in the case of 9/11, thousands, of innocent lives. However, a successful chemical attack would likely have a death toll running into the tens of thousands. If biological agents were used, this figure could go as far as hundreds of thousands, if not millions. And if it were a nuclear attack, well, casualties would be off the scale.

So what is the likelihood of a CBRN attack occurring? Most experts tend to agree that if Al-Qaeda, or some similarly-influenced terrorist cell, were to obtain a CBRN weapon, they would have little hesitation in using it to its full potential. For once, the tired and repetitious rhetoric of our leaders appears to be spot-on; Al-Qaeda really is a 'new' breed of terrorism; one that is centred far less upon achieving tangible objectives, than it is about seeking bloody retribution against the West. To put it bluntly, it is unlikely that the moral dilemmas surrounding a CBRN attack would keep many of these terrorists awake late at night.

However, that said, what is the likelihood of Al-Qaeda actually getting their hands on a CBRN weapon? This is where expert opinion tends to diverge dramatically.

On the one hand, you have those who predict that some kind of major CBRN attack is almost inevitable within the next decade. These sources contend that the acquisition of chemical agents, and even some biological agents, is a fairly straightforward process, and can either be manufactured by terrorist groups themselves, or can be stolen from certain industries and hospitals. As the US National Intelligence Council has warned, "the bioterrorist's laboratory could well be the size of a household kitchen, and the weapon built there could be smaller than a toaster. Terrorist use of biological agents is therefore likely, and the range of options will grow".

Probably the biggest CBRN threat that experts point to is the use of a 'dirty bomb'. These bombs are known within intelligence circles as the "poor man's nuclear weapon",

and involve incorporating radioactive material into a conventional explosive device. This would create a bomb with the potential to deliver a small-scale nuclear blast, with absolutely devastating results.

It is thought that such radioactive material could very well be available on the black market in some former Soviet countries (see side note). Indeed, Chechen rebels have already utilized these avenues in the past, however, admittedly, only on a very small scale.

However, it must also be emphasised that there are a number of experts sceptical toward these predictions of an inevitable CBRN attack. These sources contend that while a CBRN attack is obviously a distinct possibility, the chances of such an attack occurring, at least with a WMD-style death toll, is far from certain.

This is because a mass CBRN attack is thought to be far beyond the capabilities of most terrorist cells. Take the example of the Aum Shinrikyo attack in Tokyo in 1995, the only ever 'successful' CBRN terrorist attack in history. The Aum Shinrikyo were a fanatical religious cult obsessed with bringing forth Armageddon against the world. At their disposal were finances reaching into the billions of dollars, as well as the services of a number of highly skilled and specialised scientists.

While the cult tried various methods of levying destruction upon Tokyo, none ultimately proved successful. Initially, the group attempted to purchase radiological materials from Russia, an endeavour which proved futile. Their next effort was to attempt the manufacture of various biological agents, including anthrax and botulinum toxin, both of which also failed. Finally, they managed to manufacture a crude form of Sarin, a chemical nerve agent that they later released into the Tokyo subway system. While pure Sarin could have killed thousands, their version proved fatal to only 12 commuters.

The lesson of Aum Shinrikyo was that a CBRN attack is extremely difficult to execute. The production of most chemical and biological agents is a very complex procedure, involving inherent risks and prone to complications. The dissemination of CBRN materials can also prove just as problematic. For one thing, the most deadly chemical and biological agents are also the most susceptible to exposure. Wind, temperature, sunlight, humidity, atmospheric pollutants, and even oxygen, can all render some materials largely ineffective.

Perhaps this explains why, in 96% of all criminal activities involving chemical or biological substances, only three or fewer people have been injured or killed.

This is not to say, however, that the 'successful' use of a CBRN weapon is impossible, far from it. The risk of a 'dirty bomb' is a very real and frightening possibility, and it is widely acknowledged that Al-Qaeda has explored such avenues in the past. Intelligence agencies must remain vigilant, especially when monitoring the black markets of the former Soviet Union, as well as rogue states, in order to ensure that CBRN materials do not fall into the wrong hands. However, to say that a WMD-style attack is inevitable seems to be overstepping the mark a bit at this stage.

As they say, be alert but not alarmed.

Nick Parkin

re-orientation

tuesday SPORTS and CLUBS

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wednesday

SPORTS and CLUBS

FREE tea all day
finish the day in the
famous UNI BAR
Jazz from 4pm

thursday

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FREE tea all day
come and talk to your student
representative from all the student
organisations at Adelaide Uni

Dates
26, 27 & 28 July

Venue
Barr Smith Lawns, approx 11:30 - 3pm

www.unionadelaide.edu.au

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

3

big days

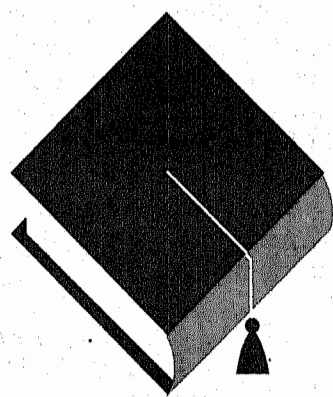
- Sign up for Aust Uni Games in Brisbane
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- Great food all week
- Cheap beer!
- pies, pasties and sausage rolls on sale...

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'Degree Factories' in the
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lounge, daily at 11am and
2pm

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INDUSTRIAL REFORM

A LEAP OF FAITH INTO LABOUR LIBERALISATION

Some Reasons for Reform

It's curious that we never see governments advertising campaigns aimed at selling tax packages and industrial reform to CEOs and high flyers. Perhaps their business lobby group already has a direct line to the cabinet or they just aren't the one's that will need the most convincing. No doubt Howard knew that it would take every one of the 700 odd days till the next election for his country to forget about the recent industrial relations reform. The reform process seems to be occurring under the discourse of "simplification" meaning either centralisation and streamlining (moving power to set award wages from States to federal government) or tightening awards that grant benefits outside of the minimum wages and creating solid 'base rate' awards. Kevin Andrew has been constantly parrying Tony Jones's questions with this language of simplification that fits snugly into the Liberals' discarded dream of minimal bureaucracy. The previous significant changes to how we get our dosh, came with the Workplace Relations act in 1996 which sought to further the individualising process that began with Keating's enterprise bargaining reforms. Enterprise bargaining agreement moved the onus of wage setting to the employees and employers rather than singular government, in a judicial type of bargaining process. The problem of powerful business vs ?? workers was cleared up by pitting organised business against *organised* labour so that employees would always be able to argue for what they thought was fair rather than was the government at the time handed down in minimum wage entitlements. The 'downside' according to the Liberals has been wages that have consistently risen over the past 15 years due to unions continually upping they're claims, sometimes unfairly or recklessly, during enterprise bargaining.

The issue now involves, unemployment, inflation, interest rates and economic growth, all sensitive topics for a government. Fascinatingly, interest rates are starting to rise despite the Howard government infamous scare campaign in the last election, as a result of a growing economy and decreasing unemployment (when you're on a good thing don't let it stop). The shortage of skills primarily and labour due to plentiful jobs is pushing up wages as more businesses

compete for fewer workers - the market doing it's job. Unfortunately the government has decided to opt out of that whole free market tripe and go for a basically centralised body in the Fair Trade Commission which seems (as details are still quite sketchy) to be less of a mediating body than a mallet handed judge, dishing out award wages depending on how it reviews the countries economic strength and 'ability to pay'. This is the body that will now be deciding on your simplified safety net as the ICC is reduced in capacity.

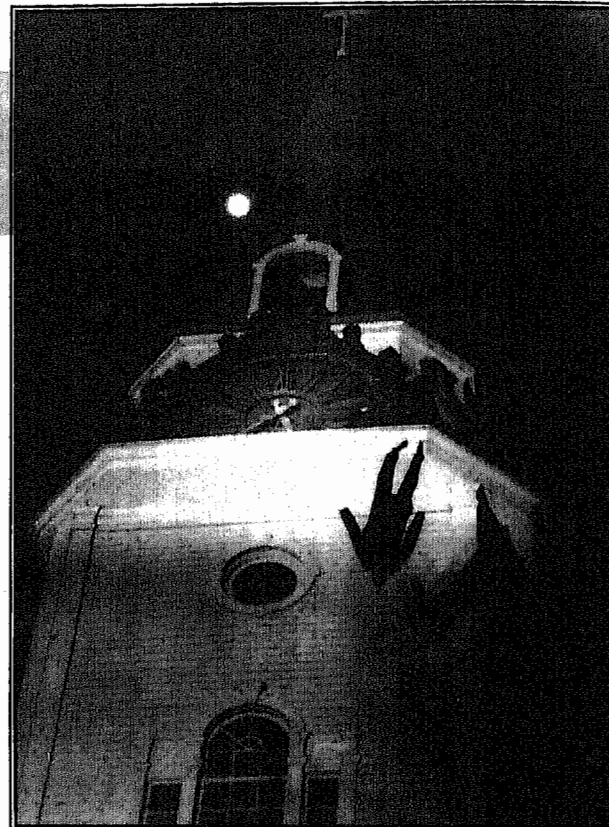
Essentially the government needs to squash growth in wages if it wants to keep interest rates low and economic growth and unemployment steady, so there's little doubt that the new reforms are a way of wage freezing by disempowering employees in the bargaining process. Ironically the reserve bank has indicated that the pressure on inflation is not necessarily a function of bottoming out in labour but of a low skilled work force, interest rates could have been kept steady by investing in education and *meaningful* training, instead the Liberals have steadily pulled funding away from education (some commentators suggest that the Liberal casualisation of labour and the 'we want the skills without training them' mentality of contract business could also be responsible).

Alternatively the government could just stick to its rhetoric and let the market do its ugly work, letting wages rise then business sink, unemployment rise and wages go down again and hope the bad parts don't occur in an election year.

That's the practical (and somewhat boring) reason, I believe, for the governments desire to restrict employee bargaining power though I'm sure a case could be easily made for an ideological pursuit to dismantle labour in favour of unfettered business.

More Wads of Cash For Me?

Well, more exciting is deciding whether this legislation is likely to add that elusive bottle of port to your cupboard this winter (or more tantalising luxury extras in as you enter the corporate world). As the scenario set above suggests the Libs don't intend to ply us with any alcohol until much closer to 2007 but regardless there are risks and advantages associated with any forms of industrial



relations change. Take most students' current occupation, the nightshift hell of hospitality and imagine these kinds of conditions being transposed onto other areas of previously stable employment in small firms and businesses. Hospitality has very little union protection, particularly in family owned businesses and so there is a high degree of variability that is supposed to coincide with the high degree of flexibility required by both employers and employees. I currently do almost exactly the same work for two different places yet there is a \$6 pay difference with no penalty rates for either of them. To an extent I would be happy to enter into an individual contract that gave me the same kind of flexibility as I have in hospitality (though most other industries are unable to offer it). The downside is that in losing enterprise bargaining I have to fall back on the 'safety net' award rate which has been 'simplified' so that optional extras like paid breaks, penalty rates and minimum and maximum shift lengths are up to your ability to bargain for them.

As cost of living increases you may be trying to demonstrate that that should correlate to a wage increase while your employer complains of squeezed profit margins. From this position it still seems more sensible to have a union that is constrained by a Fair Trade Commission. As one business analyst sneakily acknowledged, AWAs if "worded carefully" can last much longer than their normal 3 year period, so if you are not careful you could find yourself in a job where you have virtually no opportunity of a pay increase despite a ballooning wage market.

Don't be too frightened though (a message you'll soon hear from the government) many of the changes apply only to companies with less than 100 employees and it is likely that for many people the changes will do little in the short term as skilled employees are currently at a premium, but just as your cafe boss may want you to occasionally sit down for an unpaid break during a slow half an hour, so when the economy slows we might find businesses using their new freedoms to move all types of employees onto contractual work that varies as fluently as their workload.

Dan J



can you do it in your sleep?

All this talk of industrial relations reform made you drowsy?

Well, get on the job and record your sex dreams for

on dit's sex dream survey
to be printed in next weeks

sexuality edition. Send the research and results (as well as methods for obtaining optimum sex dream potential) to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

Who knows what could be going through all those dozing minds in your Macro 1 lecture.

DIVISION 10BA

see Fraser trading the soul of Australian film for private dollars

• Starring Russell Marks

In June 1981, Malcolm Fraser's Liberal government amended the *Income Tax Assessment Act 1936* by introducing the infamous Division 10BA... and the Australian film industry, thus created, has never fully recovered.

I know criticising Fraser is not in vogue at the moment, particularly among the conspicuously scarfed Burnside crowd at the Festival of Ideas for whom the most hated man among the Young Liberal movement is achieving almost Whitlamesque qualities - and, to be honest, Fraser's heart was in the right place. The idea was to encourage the development of the local film industry by removing its dependence on government funding and encourage more private investment.

Until then, the major funding for film production was provided via grants from the Australian Film Commission (established in 1975 by the Whitlam government), the South Australian Film Corporation (established in 1972 by the Dunstan government) and the Victorian Film Corporation (established in 1976, and now called Film Victoria) - all statutory agencies. With rising production costs after a stunning industry renaissance over the previous decade, Fraser's Libs, imbibed with an ethos of privatisation via their ominous-sounding Administrative Review Committee (appointed just 41 days after Whitlam was sacked), were determined to make a Market out of film production in Australia.

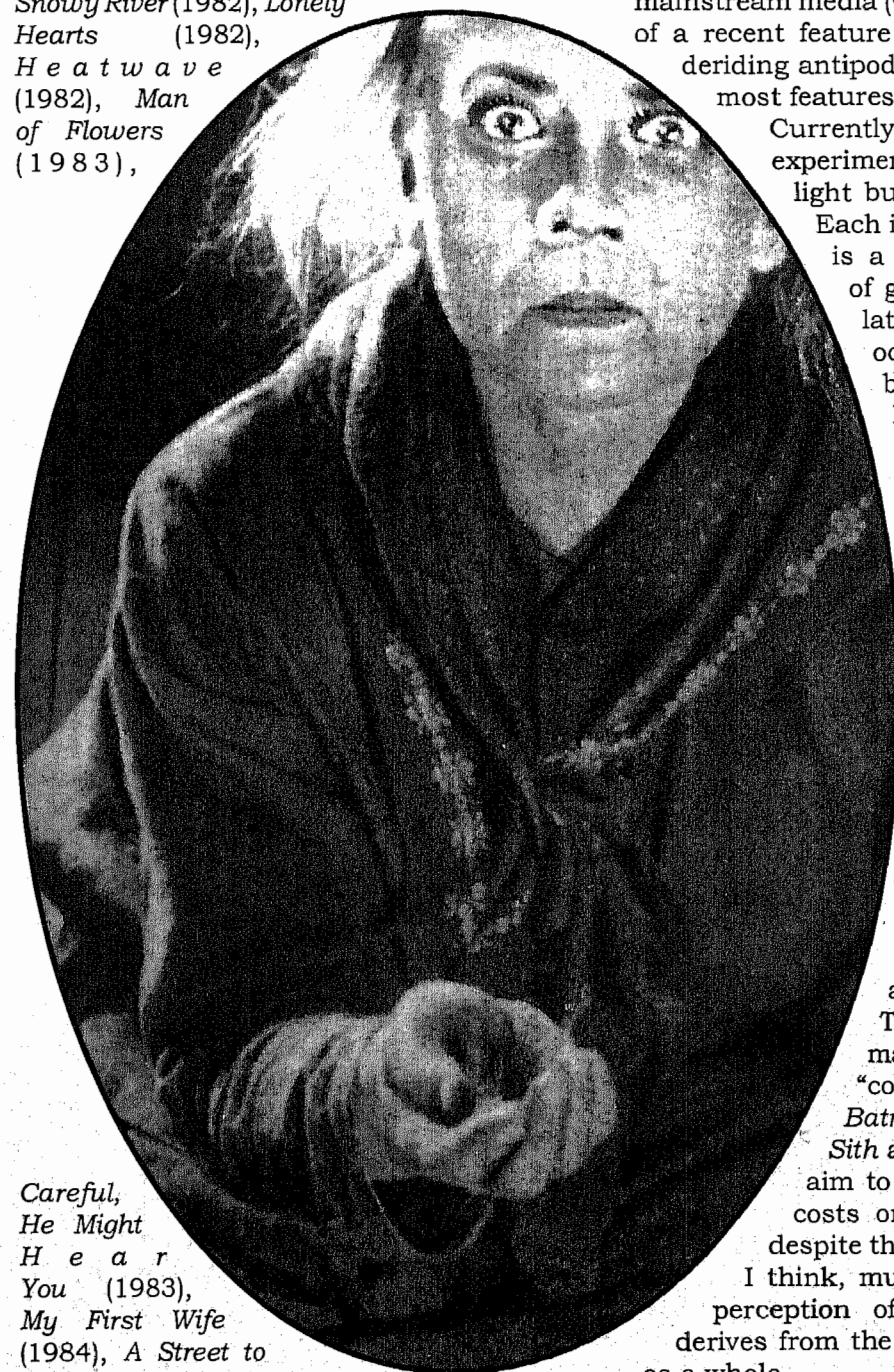
But capitalism, like that other materialist religion whose god didn't trust Russians, never seems to go as planned. Division 10BA gave investors in Australian film production a tax write-off of up to 150 per cent of the investment, as well as an exemption for up to 50 per cent of net earnings from that investment. After *Barry McKenzie* (1972) and *Alvin Purple* (1973) brought the Great Unwashed to see Australian cinema for the first time since *They're a Weird Mob* (1966) or even *Eureka Stockade* (1949), the local industry had burgeoned. On the backs of such lambs as Tim Bustall (may god rest his soul), Peter Weir, John Power, Esben Storm, Ken Hannam, Richard Franklin, Bruce Beresford, Fred Schepisi and Phillip Noyce, Aussie audiences were becoming accustomed to seeing themselves portrayed - and portrayed well - on-screen.

Anyone looking for a crash-course in the Australian industry's 'renaissance' period can gather together *The Cars That Ate Paris* (1974), *27A* (1974), *Sunday Too Far Away* (1975), *Picnic at Hanging Rock* (1975), *Caddie* (1975), *Eliza Fraser* (1976), *Don's Party* (1976), *Storm Boy* (1976), *Backroads* (1977), *Weekend of Shadows* (1978), *Newsfront* (1978), *Money Movers* (1978), *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* (1978), *My Brilliant Career* (1979), *Mad Max* (1979), *The Last of the Knucklemen* (1979) and *Breaker Morant* (1979), set aside a weekend or two, and wonder how on earth Jack Thompson managed to squeeze living with two women into his hectic production schedule.

Then along came Division 10BA. Instead of attracting decent folk genuinely interested in making good cinema but who'd always seen it as too much of a financial risk, it attracted (shock,

horror) tax dodgers. The cheap-US-telemovie-filmed-on-the-Gold-Coast had its origin in Division 10BA. Direct-to-VHS pulp, like *Dead Easy* and *Nightmaster*, began appearing for the first time. Quality films, which were still being made (and financed largely by the government bodies), were increasingly swamped by low-budget duds that make *Hating Alison Ashley* look like a cinematic achievement of great genius.

Between 1970 and 1980, the Australian film industry had gone from nonexistent to one of the most respected and well-supported around the world - despite the advent of the Hollywood blockbuster with 1975's *Jaws*. Within the next decade, the industry had achieved a status similar to a Dad joke, even despite producing such masterpieces as *Hard Knocks* (1980), *The Club* (1980), *...Maybe This Time* (1980), *Gallipoli* (1981), *The Year of Living Dangerously* (1982), *We of the Never Never* (1982), *Monkey Grip* (1982), *The Man From Snowy River* (1982), *Lonely Hearts* (1982), *Heatwave* (1982), *Man of Flowers* (1983),



Careful, He Might Hear You (1983), *My First Wife* (1984), *A Street to Die* (1985), *Fran* (1985), *Bliss* (1985), *Malcolm* (1986), *The Fringe Dwellers* (1986), *Dogs in Space* (1986), *The Year My Voice Broke* (1987), *Travelling North* (1987), *High Tide* (1987), *The Navigator* (1988), *Ghosts...of the Civil Dead* (1988), *Evil Angels* (1988), *The Everlasting Secret Family* (1988) and *Luigi's Ladies* (1989).

And from this reputation, the Australian film industry has never really recovered. While it could be argued that Fraser's Liberals actually created the Australian film industry, this would depend on your definition of 'industry'. Until the 1980s, the "organised action of making goods and services for sale" had arguably run second to the creation of cultural icons. With Division 10BA, films became products to be pre-sold, distributed and for the returns to be distributed among investors. By effectively commercialising the enterprise, Fraser effectively forced local films to compete with the marketing budgets of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Star Wars*.

Since 10BA, which was trimmed in 1983 and made effectively redundant in 1988 with the creation of the Film Finance Corporation, good Australian films have been seen almost universally as the exception. I would argue that this is based more on the perception that the industry as a whole is bad, than on the actual overall quality of the films. Even in recent times, when almost every report in the mainstream media (with the possible exception of a recent feature article in the *Australian*) deriding antipodean cinema, the quality of most features has been high.

Currently in theatres are the experimental *The Widower* and the light but amusing *Oyster Farmer*.

Each is very different; the former is a surreal, discordant study of grief, loss and decline; the latter is a pleasant blend of ocker and fantasy set on the banks of the Hawkesbury River. Coming soon is the brilliant *Look Both Ways*, a 'Lantana-esque' story set against a massive train crash which dominates the rolling TV news but hardly affects the lives of seven individuals struggling to deal with a more local tragedy.

This year, good films like *Three Dollars*, *The Illustrated Family Doctor*, *The Human Touch* and *Peaches* have unfortunately (from both a commercial and cultural perspective) attracted sparse audiences.

This is partly because of marketing über-budgets of "competing" US imports like *Batman Begins*, *Revenge of the Sith* and *Mr & Mrs Smith*, which aim to recoup much of the films' costs on their opening weekends despite their quality. But it has also, I think, much to do with the general perception of Australian films, which derives from the perception of the industry as a whole.

Russell Marks

The editors can assure you that Russell, ever the masochistic journalist did emerge wide eyed and with an albino tinge from his hole this week after watching all 56 of the Australian attempts at cinema listed in this article.



The Conscience of India

One of, if not the, fiery highlights of the festival was **P. Sainath**, a journalist focussing on the rural districts and inequality in India. It was difficult to discern any new ideas amongst his armoury of effortlessly verbalised research, but as many of the speakers at the festival were simply there to implore the audience to see the value of already well established ideas, like a prosecutor making her last appeal to the jury, Sainath made it more persuasively than any of them. If the audience was looking for the ideas that would dominate the future, he was wrenching their craned necks back to the problems of the present day.

The difference between this journalist who spends over 300 days a year amidst the lives of rural Indians, and the benign, placid academics beside him was not only seen in appearance but felt in your chest (the kind of rare emotion that had my friend's mother swooning like a Beatles fan). Having been so close to the precarious lives of the rural classes, it seems to be their suffering that comes not from any necessity or even unlucky chance but from almost deliberate inequality, that made his words shrill in my now sensitive ears.

Immediately cannoning facts out into the crowd he first links his agenda to the impact the tsunami had on our heartstrings, telling us that within the five tsunami affected countries that had established stockmarkets, their stockmarkets reached record highs in the days after the disaster as investors could smell the reconstruction dollars that were about to start flooding in. A stark image of "economies booming while people sink".

He takes the idea to the context of his home country, India, held aloft by monetary institutions as a modern economic tiger. Rather than using the comparatively weak argument of Gross Domestic Happiness as an indicator of misleading economic failings, Sainath instead points to instances where people suffer horrifically just kilometres from the institutional officials and their jabberings of the economic indicators of success.

In 2003, during India's economic revival, the food per capita was 114kg, 7kgs less than during the Bengal famine. Of course, that alone is not necessarily enough to explain starvation according to economic and famine analyst Amartyr Sen, one of Sainath's admirers. Sainath acknowledges that "to understand the poverty of India you have to understand

wealth of India".

While economists can convincingly argue that structural adjustment programs and market liberalisation is the only way to lift people out of poverty in the future, it is the uber-expensive trivialities and absurdity of the rich that Sainath uses to expose the present day fraudulence of their argument. On the city fringes Indians starve while in the city centre there is a booming weight loss industry. The rich spend millions of dollars on 'themed' weddings where a replica of the Taj Mahal or other iconic structure is built for novelty value. One of Indians purchase designer clothing at the Indian Fashion Week commanded over 400 journalists when only 6 journalists are working in rural districts. He points to the fact that while the media prompted us to weep at the sight of the tsunami devastation which displaced 30,000 people on India's East coast, on the West coast of India where many of the multinational media corporations have headquarters, 80,000 people living in slums where being displaced as their homes were bulldozed for commercial development. In rural homes families have begun the morbidly ingenious method of 'rotating hunger', where several members starve for a period so the others can have enough food to work effectively before fasting again. When this hedonistic spending and behaviour is allowed or even encouraged in the rich as somehow crucial to the market salvation of future generations of poor, the inhumanity of the economic arguments becomes blaring.

His speech was so convincing because, surprisingly, he is no bleeding heart. "I do not suffer for my art" he says, ironically through a wavering throat. His hardened realistic outlook is given gravity by a deeply furrowed brow - evidence of a mind well tilted by difficult experiences. Deftly jibing the audience for their heartbreak at the loss of human life in the tsunami he observes, "how troubled we are by how people die, how untroubled we are by how people live". He seems almost too callous as he recounts the last days of one of the wealthiest men in India, "he died, people often do", he says shrugging and then explains his callousness - having seen the man cremated on a pile of (prohibited) sandalwood compared to a rural woman who was only able to half burn and half bury her husband after towns people refused the burial on caste grounds and she could not purchase enough wood for a pyre.

He calls on us to stop the charade, a thinly veiled one, setting the audience as bit part players in an analogy of the Roman Emperor Nero, who burnt petty criminals to provide lumination for his dinner parties. Sainath asks how the finest of Rome's intellectuals present at those parties were able to simply "pop another fig in their mouths" and stomach the sight of fellow Romans burning. Having eaten a few figs earlier in the day the analogy was not lost on me but there is no doubt that amongst the well-to-do crowd consciences coalesced wheresoever Sainath's accusative finger pressed.

The Multiple Personalities of The Festival of Ideas

Far from hostile though he simply 'told it like it is', when there are people starving there can be no justification for sugar coating. It is not surprising that Nero acted cruelly, most emperors did. We also can't expect any more humanity from incoming World Bank chief Wolfowitz than we got from the previous chief Wolfensohn - the animal is "predatory by nature". He finished his presentation by giving the recent landslide electoral defeat of the incumbent Indian government, as an example of the part that we might prefer to play on our side of the world.

After his seminar I had the opportunity to speak to him briefly as, being a media editor, I was interested in his caustic portrayal of world's media sources. Dessiminating information through the the sticky web of commercial censorship is one of the most difficult tasks for willing writers today and he suggested simply directing people to the choice internet sites as a source of uncensored information or using mainstream papers as public forums. Newspapers, he claims, will print acknowledgments of their mistakes or complaints about their reporting and can occasionally be used to surreptitiously garner public support for ideas. I asked him how to make people concerned about issues that seem far removed from them, referring to the rather apathetic student populus. He can't believe however that students are naturally apathetic but they have long been living in a void of role models, his generation completely swallowing the greed is good mentality of previous decades.

The Climate Crew

Finally I had a glimpse of what it must be like to see a politician with sincerity, not that **Ian Lowe** is running for office but perhaps he should consider it after demonstrating his skill at discussing with clarity complex issues, breezing convincingly through the case for climate change. The forum "All Hot Air?" brought together some of the more compelling speakers of the festival - Ian Lowe, Steven Schnieder (eminent climate scientist) and Elizabeth Sahtouris ('futurist' and systems ecologist). Again, it is hard to imagine a forum on climate change really telling us anything

new by now but the speakers strove to provide useful analogies and anecdotes. Lowe recalled attending the Kyoto Summit and witnessing the spoilt brat behaviour of the Australian government as they used the need for an agreement to force watered down restrictions for themselves, just one of many instances of embarrassing Australian diplomacy recounted throughout the festival.

Steven Schnieder, one of the worlds top climate guys, like the Ron Jeremy of the atmospheric world, got a bit more specific, pointing out that although even he had made completely incorrect predictions about climate

change in the 70s, scientists had always acknowledged that they were working with thoroughly deficient data, whereas now they have had time to model real evidence taken over those following 30 years. Critics (rarely experts in the field) still try to refer to his earlier predictions as a way of demonstrating the shakiness of current theories. Essentially climate scientists are as sure of climate change as they are of most of the theories which we now make use of in everyday science. Schnieder asks the crowd, "How many of you have home insurance?" A

hundred or so hands go up. "How many of you have lost your homes to fire or flood?" 1 or 2 hands are raised. So people are willing to pay quite high premiums to insure against a less than 10% chance of disaster but they are not willing to take out insurance against adverse effects of climate change when scientists are making predictions of a much higher probability.

In the end Schnieder asks us all to consider that it simply isn't about the science any more, it is now an ethical decision. We must choose whether we want to trade off the comfort and security of our grandchildren's generation for the hedonistic party to continue today. He poses the question in a scientific rather than moral fashion so that the audience must actually think about rather than be led to the decision they believe should be made.

Elizabeth Sahtouris looks like the Sally Field of the science world. Sporting a kind of religious glow but without the chains of theology, she was described by a friend "as hypnotising as a friendly cult leader". Easily the most impressive speaker alongside Sainath, she seems to have an almost exclusive hold on optimism in the field of environmental catastrophe. In her own seminar she outlined an alternative theory of evolution (finally some new ideas) that takes its lineage from James Lovelock's Gaia theory. According to Sahtouris, though Darwin was obviously able to observe competition amongst species, we can find many observable instances of co-operation in nature. Indeed she argues it was be well nigh impossible to understand nature without co-operation. Rather than going against evolutionary theory

"How troubled we are by how people die, how untroubled we are by how people live"

it is more a philosophical fine tuning, where it becomes more useful to see adaptation as successful when it is integrating rather than competing. For instance rather than forever competing against each other in a biological soup bacteria decided to start sharing cell walls and circulatory systems, similarly now no animal is seen as working alone even when in a predator/prey relationship. Competitive ecosystems are for her immature or imbalanced ecosystems that are evolving out of chaos and into co-operative mature ecosystems. With a motherly smile of mixed pride she explains this phase of the human race as a rambunctious and confused adolescent that must one day come to make peace with the society in which he lives.

In the panel discussion she hinted at a difficult decision that Australia may be forced to make between China and America who are following steadily diverging paths. China, she believes is prepared to leap frog the failings of a petroleum dependant Western world. She points to work in bio-mimicry that she hopes will produce carbohydrate technology to replace hydrocarbon technology. China, she believes, sees itself as a legitimate superpower and so no longer needs to wait for America's participation in international agreements, an opportunity Australia should look to for progress.

Other Memorable Encounters

Germaine Greer

Kick ass is possibly the most over used descriptive of this woman's commanding persona, "I want to marry her" is another one I heard repeatedly during the festival though a 'kick ass' and 'married woman' may I think be a little too difficult to reconcile for her. Her talk about distilling values from hunter-gatherer societies and placing them in our 'civilised society' was bound to sit strangely with predominantly the Burnside flock of recently empowered women who had presumably come to hear her speak about feminism. The blistering attack she produced on the Hindmarsh Island development surely made a few of the property-rich crowd squirm. The crux of her argument was a defense of the ideals of the hunter gatherer society which negates excess and redundancy in favour of the primacy of survival, a trait which modern societies have disturbingly discarded.

Diedre Macken

Let us in on the phenomenon of the disposable shopping experience where when she offers to put her daughter's top in the wash (for the first time) she suggests that her mother just chucks it in the bin instead. Because of the \$10 bargain she says something like 70% of items bought from Supre don't even reach the washing machine, making a 15 year old girl one of the baby faced Beezelbubs of voracious over consumption (I must stress the approximation of the 70% figure, please don't sue me Supre!).

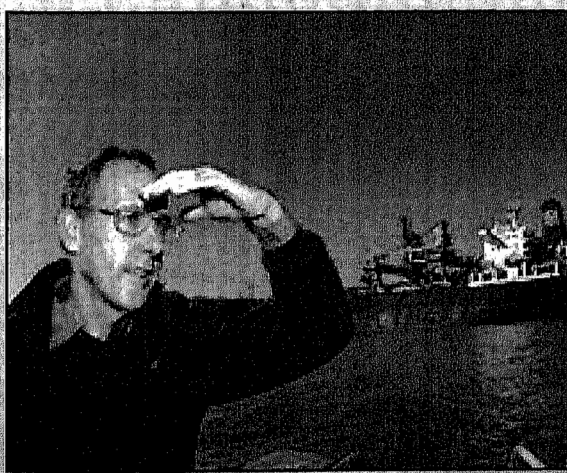
Bob Ellis

Before beginning his discussion, the infamous Labour speechwriter reached noisily into his leather satchel to produce a small personal flask from which he poured a dram of unknown chemical composition into his cup then swept something from the coffee table into his cup before ending the whole innocuous process by downing his mysterious concoction. Evidently a habit picked up from his days in politics.

It may seem that this Festival of Ideas round up has been little more than a literary hard on for well presented public speakers, well yes. Unfortunately exposition of public speaking was the most notable facet of the festival. Rarely in a panel discussion was any speaker able to give a full examination of a particular topic or the seminar titles gave them little direction to do so. Nevertheless it hopefully encouraged those that intended to seek out information rather than waiting for it to trickle down through increasingly constricted conventional sources.

Dan J

Greer gives the thumbs up to staying alive



Save the Tassie Forests, Support the Gunns 20

Main Speaker Bob Brown. MC: Lehmo
July 29 @ 7 - 9 pm Norwood Town Hall
(holds 800), 175 The Parade Norwood
(opposite the cinema)
Tickets \$10 from the Greens Office 8212
4888 or buy from the door

Grey Skies Ahoy for Green Bob Brown

Senator Bob Brown is in Adelaide this Friday to campaign against forestry giant Gunns Ltd's legal action against environmental activists. Gunns Ltd has served writs on the "Gunns 20" including leader of the Australian Greens Bob Brown, Peg Putt MHA (Leader of the Tasmanian Greens), the Wilderness Society, Doctors for Native Forests, the Huon Valley Environment Centre, and numerous individual community campaigners. The case is 'industrial' style litigation, alleging conspiracy interference with trade and business and defamation. Tasmanian Greens, Opposition Justice spokesperson Nick McKim MHA said that "Strategic Lawsuits Against Public Participation (SLAPP) suits are anti-democratic and we must pass laws to defend our democracy against corporations attempting to silence dissent".

Last week (18 July) the Gunns 20 celebrated winning round one of the legal action on when the Victorian Supreme Court rejected Gunns Ltd claims. Judge Bongiorno's ruling described Gunns Ltd claims as 'incomprehensible', 'embarrassing' and 'unintelligible'. "This is a victory for the forests", Greens Senator Bob Brown said outside the court. "We go back to Tasmania to increase our campaign to save wild, wonderful forests which are being destroyed by Gunns Ltd at the greatest rate in history". The Gunns 20 are now braced for round 2 as Gunns Ltd is likely to resubmit its claim in an acceptable form within the allowable 4 week timeframe.

The SA Greens are supporting the Student National Day of Action on 10 August in Adelaide.

Between an Evil Murderess and a Miracle Cure

(Theodore Darlymple, Adelaide Festival of Ideas 2005)

We are on the verge of an apocalypse. Nostradamus predicted it. Who's Nostradamus? The guy who said that a man in a turban will rule the world, and that two birds will fly into a tall structure and cause havoc. So much for national security and taxpayers' precious dollars. But don't you forget - after Pandora's box of troubles came hope. Yes, we have fought small pox and more recently SARS, and still have melanoma and AIDS to take care of. We are finally going green (thanks to calico bags being in fashion). We are watching the news and reading the papers (because they have started appealing to our sixth sense). And some of us, like Ray Martin, are starting to politely disagree with (while respecting the views of) openly racist American-accented academics (curiously invited on a national current affairs programme of a harmonious multi-cultural nation).

Equally curiously, 'media-bashing' seemed to be as fashionable as 'go green' during the recently concluded Adelaide Festival of Ideas. Whether the topic being discussed was an obviously media-centric one like 'False Sense of Insecurity', or a barely mediated one like 'Working in Marginalised Communities', the media seemed more pervasive than the Howard government, Osama Bin Laden, and even God. It was a nice ego-boost for a future media practitioner like myself to realise that my potential profession and current interest affects all and sundry. But before this ego grew too big, I realised that a lot of these people with ideas were essentially criticising the mainstream media. While deciding 'what is to be done', one of them came up with a suggestive suggestion - let's counsel the newspapers.

There we go again - the 'good-versus-evil' gift of moral judgement that George Bush has blessed us all with. The newspapers are bad, the counsellors are good. The newspapers (except the Murdoch ones!) are trivial, the counsellors are professional. Hail America! The citizens of the world (the terrorists not being official citizens) finally have a conscience.

Breaking News: A nail bomb explodes at the US Military's Headquarters in Baghdad in the wake of an American defence exercise in the deserted town of Faluja.

Source: Sky News. Status of Information: Factually Correct. Meaning of Information: Refer to the Editorial in tomorrow's *Daily Telegraph*.

Some said the media is giving too much information and no perspective. Others said its heavily biased in favour of revenue and ratings-generating stories like horse racing, as opposed to highlighting the dilemmas of the worst losers (the unemployed) in the everyday rat race that is life in the 'western democracies'. Still others like the 'famous Australian' Bob Ellis eloquently blamed the media's woes on Hollywood-style narratives. Are these esteemed thinkers of an intellectually-deprived world wrong in playing the blame-game yet again? Maybe they need to look deeper to get to the root of the mushroom cloud.

Are we reading between the lines? Do we see the nuclear test behind the American defence exercise? Or does that marvellous adjective 'American' cloud our judgement, legitimate the most heinous of crimes? So it boils down to language - George Orwell

would be so proud of himself, more so than Nostradamus. We are implicated in our own 'Thought Police'. And voluntary participants in a government-media-corporate nexus to destroy our freedom. But you see - we need their protection. Especially when tsunamis, refugees, terrorists, feminists, and all other matter-of-fact foreign elements are hanging like the sword of Damocles over the head of affluent, middle class, decent human beings.

Perhaps Robert Matthews hit the nail on the head when he said that the media are telling us something about ourselves. The media thrive on bad news, and so do we. In other words, the media cover rare events - so what's there to be scared about? But we insist on Sydney being the next target after London. The terrorists must feel so good - in fact they must be the only satiated beings left on the planet (the rest of us being too consumerist to care about satisfaction). Their power is not in the number of people they kill physically, but the countless they slay with fear. And then you wonder if these terrorists have joined the nexus already comprising of democratic governments, media moghuls, and corporate giants.

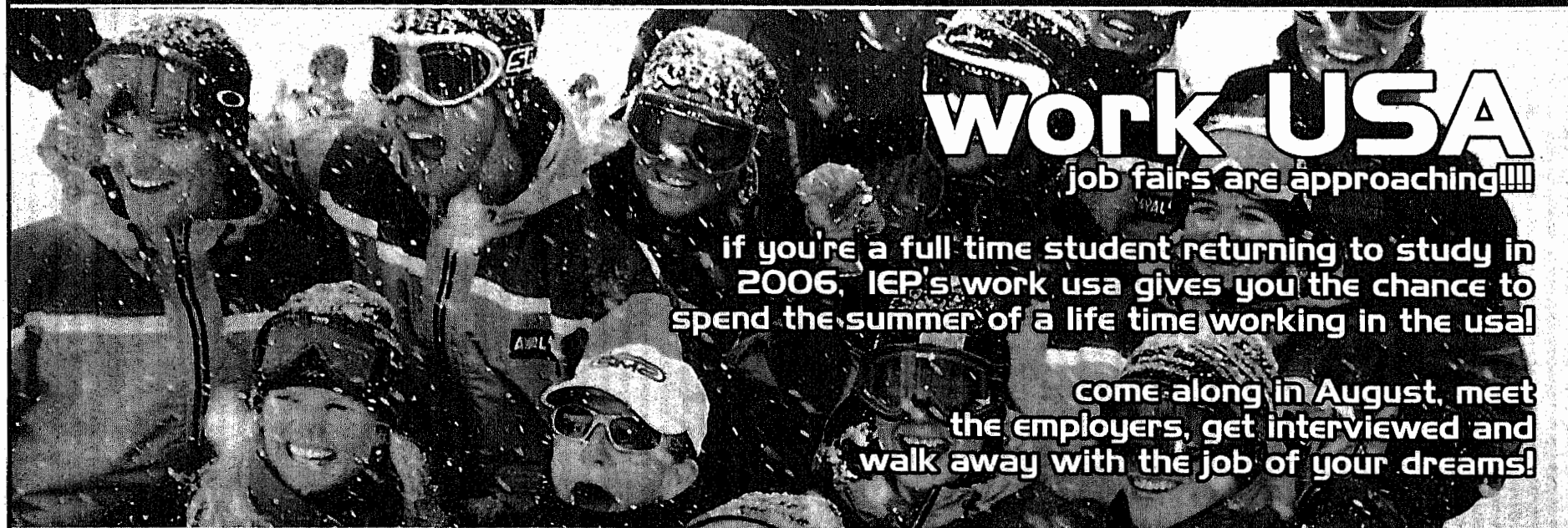
So what can commoners like us do? Are there many of us? May be we are too busy fighting over right and left to really care about our own future. But some of us do like to occasionally vent our frustrations in student rags. And student rags, thankfully, are seldom obsessed with murders or miracles. For us, sex is enough.

Sukhmani Khorana

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PORT AUGUSTA

Yuppie infestation at Council designation = manifestation of cancerous, Hansonist racism.

A couple of weeks ago I drove up to Port Augusta, taking with me a Frenchman and a guy from Rockhampton. These two were returning for court appearances resulting from their arrests at the recent Baxter detention centre protests. I too had attended these protests (as I had in 2003), expressing my disgust at a system of governance that coldly and rationally controls bodies and divides our common humanity. I was also playing a part, I suppose, in a cultural challenge to that dominant majoritarian mode of thinking that would have us believe everything is fine and dandy.

In fact everything is not fine and dandy in Port Augusta. The Baxter immigration detention centre is an obvious blight on the image of this town, however I would like to address a more deep-seated conflict. This is the intensification of policing operations aimed at the town's Aboriginal population and the underlying racist sentiment that drives it.

In February of this year a STAR force team was used against Aboriginal people congregating on an area of foreshore. The STAR force team was deployed at the request of the Local Council and police. The Council cited serious public order issues as the reason for this aggressive action, however in the context of Port Augusta's history of white settlement and Aboriginal dispossession, this seemed like yet another act in a long line of racially motivated abuses by the white land-owning establishment.

While in Pt Augusta I took the time to meet with Noelene Ryan-Lester, an Adnyamathanha woman and broadcaster on Umeewarra Media and the National Indigenous Radio. Noelene is currently involved with a local anti-racism group called RETORT (Residents Embracing Tolerance Over Racism Together). RETORT has run a series of free BBQs for what Noelene calls the 'bridge community', Aboriginal people (many from the Anangu Pitjantjatjara and Yankunytjatjara lands) who congregate during the hot summer months on a grassy area of foreshore near the Pt Augusta bridge. This migration has occurred since pre-European invasion and occupation of the lands where Pt Augusta is now situated.

Noelene told me that the foreshore has recently become a lightning rod for racial conflict in the town after the council approved an apartment and marina redevelopment. Coinciding with this privatisation of public space has been an intensification of 'law and order' campaigns by the Council, or more specifically, the increased policing of the Aboriginal population. Presumably to the Council large numbers of Aboriginal people holidaying by the seaside do not create a favourable investment climate.

The deployment of the STAR force team was announced at a February meeting called by the SA Police (SAPOL). This meeting included representatives from the Attorney General's Department, the Aboriginal Legal Rights Movement (ALRM), Congress Church, Davenport Community Council, a number of Aboriginal service providers, Port Augusta City Council and local Elders. Attendees were informed in what has been described as 'a dictatorial tone' (Marvyn McKenzie in *Transcontinental*, 16 March 2005) that the STAR force would be 'targeting people breaching their bail conditions' and those arrested 'will be bailed to their home addresses' (*Hansard*, 16 Feb 2005). The obvious objection to this move being that many of those arrested live in remote Northern communities, some hundreds of km away, so these bail conditions seem less about guaranteeing court attendance and more about running trouble makers out of town.

This was undoubtedly the objective on the minds of Council attendees when they, in the course of the meeting, allegedly offered free transport to

provocative remarks such as 'the STAR force will come through like the Tsunami and clean up the rubbish'.

As a result of this meeting and the subsequent policing operation the ALRM lodged a complaint against the Port Augusta City Council in the Human Rights and Equal Opportunities Commission. The ALRM is also calling on all levels of government to ensure that the annual migration of Aboriginal people from the APY lands continues (ABC News Online, 21 March 2005).

RETORT and the Aboriginal community have responded to the racist overtures of the Council by gathering in greater numbers at the foreshore, despite an increasing number of arrests. Amongst those arrested has been a local Minister with the Uniting Aboriginal and Islander Christian Congress for refusing to move on when instructed.

The Council has dressed its foreshore-whitening program in the guise of a 'say no to anti-social behaviour' campaign. The City Manager John Stephens and Mayor Joy Baluch have gone so far as to pose for publicity photos in t-shirts emblazoned with the campaign slogan (see Port Augusta *Transcontinental*, 30 March 2005). The Council has denied that its campaign is racist claiming they are the victim of 'intense and sensational coverage of the issue' by the media. The Council maintains its campaign 'is not about racism, but about anti-social behaviour including violence, vandalism, street crime and intimidating behaviour' (*Transcontinental*, 30 March 2005). The Council claims it does not have the resources to accommodate the increasing influx of people from the APY lands over the summer months but denies that the migration has historically occurred since pre-European invasion. Mayor Joy Baluch explains:

'This migration is being forced as a result of a lack of services being delivered in the lands on that particular time. And you can't tell me that when it's hot up there, it's cool down here and they migrate down here to the cool waters. They come down here to drink.' (*Living Black*, SBS, Series 3: Episode 6, 23 May 2005)

The Council claims that it is now in the process of developing a plan to work with administrators and representatives in the APY lands and Port Augusta to tackle the issues arising from the annual migration. This will include 'creating a camping area for transient Aboriginals, forming partnerships with communities in the far north, and restricting alcohol access' (ABC News Online, 13 April 2005). While it is unclear what degree of good faith the Council has in these negotiations, it is hard not to be cynical about their motives. The Council seems determined to protect the interests of the foreshore developers, hence one wonders whether the proposed camping ground will be situated out of town, out of sight, out of mind. The motives of the Council may well be to force as many APY people to remain on their lands as possible through some form of 'mutual responsibility' agreement. Either way the Council will wield a disproportionate amount of power in negotiations given the virtual destruction of Aboriginal political representation post abolition of ATSIC.

The Council may claim that its campaign is not racist however a number of questionable and culturally offensive actions over the past few years place this claim seriously under doubt:

In January of 2002 Port Augusta Council and SAPOL were subject to national media coverage for an aggressively enforced youth curfew that disproportionately targeted Aboriginal teenagers (ABC News Online, 11 January 2002).

In February of the same year the Council faced demands for an apology after it refused to allow the Aboriginal community permission to fly their flag for three hours during NAIDOC week (ABC News Online, 1 February 2005).

In December of 2002 the Council attempted to enforce a citywide dry zone without any consultation with the Aboriginal community (ABC News Online, 12 December 2002).

A recently implemented 'Truancy Patrol' initiative. Truancy patrol posters were printed for shop owners to place in their stores to alert the children, and their guardians, that police would be called if school-aged youths enter the store unsupervised during school hours. The police then detain the youth and return them to their school or home address. Like the night curfew, this initiative has been disproportionately employed on Aboriginal people.

When discussing the actions of Port Augusta City Council, it is important to note that its policies and actions are not developed in isolation from the community. Joy Baluch has been elected Mayor for 24 years and the Council enjoys popular support from the predominantly white majority.

According to Noelene Ryan-Lester there is an underlying racist sentiment within the town that drives the Council's draconian actions. Some of this sentiment is highly visible, such as racist posters, letters to the Editor of the local newspaper arguing the police are too lenient on 'some sections of the community', and claims that the word 'racism...has been abused and used out of context' (*Transcontinental*, 16 March 2005). Some residents of the town, not content with institutionalised modes of racism however, have found much more overtly violent and sinister ways to express their prejudice.

Earlier this year Noelene Ryan-Lester's niece was violently attacked by two white males in what was clearly a racially motivated assault. The men bashed Noelene's niece until she was unconscious then tied a noose around her neck and left her near the foreshore. Fortunately the girl survived the Klan-like attack. No arrest and no conviction has yet been made despite very clear descriptions being given to police. Noelene argues that this attack occurred because of racial tensions inflamed by the STAR force operation and the bad example it set for community conflict resolution.

The fact that much of the community and local authorities have effectively turned a blind eye to this attack (and more generally to growing authoritarianism towards the Aboriginal community) does little to demonstrate the white majority in Port Augusta have moved away from the kind of settler society sentiment that condoned genocidal impulses within colonial Australia. There are remarkable parallels between the white majority's language of 'cleaning up the rubbish', forced removals and the denial of Aboriginal history, and the kind of language employed by white colonialists in the 18th and 19th Century. In fact, it is difficult not to situate the tyranny of the majority imposed on Port Augusta's Aboriginal population today within the historical context of white Australians' popular support for genocidal acts such as massacres, land clearances or the stolen generations.

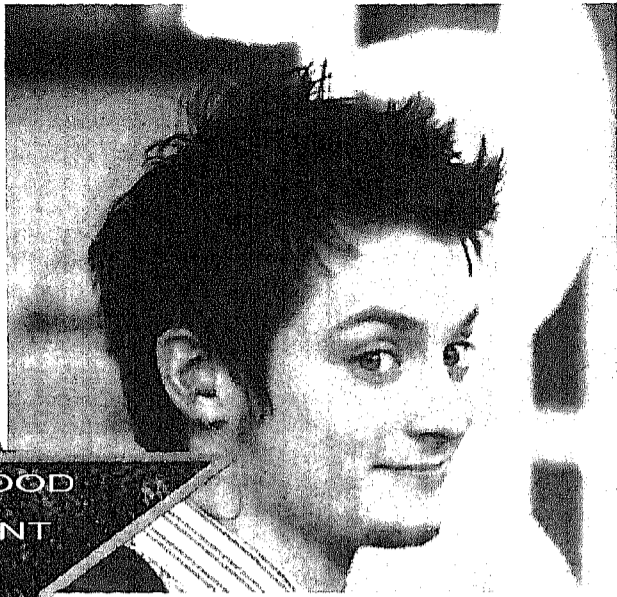
On a concluding note I would like to turn back to my opening remarks about the Baxter detention centre and briefly draw some parallels between the policing of borders and the policing of Aboriginal people. The policing of borders for immigration purposes involves the control and management of flows of individuals and populations. This has involved a number of rationalist technologies of control such as classifications of who is a 'legitimate' resident, exclusion zones, internment camps and deportations. Embedded within the policing of borders has been a whole range of assumptions about rights to land use and occupation.

What first drew me to Port Augusta was a need to publicly protest the inhumanity of this system. The fences and razor wire of Baxter is the very public and tangible signifier of this inhumanity. At the time I approached Baxter and Australia's policing of its borders as a historical aberration. In fact these technologies of population control are not an aberration in Australia's history, but rather the inheritance of it. Aboriginal people, in Noelene's words 'have been policed their whole life'. The movements of Aboriginal peoples have been subject to control, internment camps and classifications of legitimacy for any given area. The supposed 'rationalities' that drove this policing are the same as those employed in the management of immigration controls.

There is unfinished business in Port Augusta and clearly it is in everyone's interests to resolve issues of racism in an inclusive and open way that does not rely on brutality by the white land owning establishment or sweeping the problem under the rug. I do not have the answer but I have written this article to put a spotlight on the Council and the police in the hope that the racist nature of their activities will face greater scrutiny from the wider community.

Prepared by James F.

BOYCOTT
2006 MELBOURNE
XVIII STOLENWEALTH
GAMES
 DON'T CELEBRATE IMPERIALISM
 Respect Sacred Land
 Return the Stolen Wealth
 THE BLACK GST www.kooriweb.org/gst



Hey all, hope you all had a great break. The Students' Association has a huge semester planned, here are a few of the things coming up:

Re-Orientation:
The various student organisations at Adelaide will be running a re-orientation program this year. The Students Association has organised for copies of the recent program on 4 Corners about higher education to be screened hopefully both on the lawns and in the Students' Association lounge (above the bookshop café), at 11am and 2pm Tuesday to Thursday. The various sporting and clubs will be out on the lawns on Tuesday and Wednesday if you would like to join up, (there will be some new clubs out there, i.e. the new Media Club).

On the Thursday of re-orientation week the 28th, there will be a Student Representatives Day, where all the various student representatives from the Students' Association, the Overseas Students' Association, the Postgraduate Students' Association, and of course the AUU will all be out there and available for you to speak to regarding what they do, what you think they could do better, how they can be more relevant, etc. Anything you want to talk to your representatives about, come and talk to them about it. They will be out there from roughly 10am to 3pm, and there will be free hot 'Lipton's Iced Tea', as well as cheap pies and sausage rolls.

Student Lunch:
I'm interested in talking to a small group of students about student representation and the issues currently surrounding student organisations. We want to know what you think about student representation, the role of the SAUA and other student organisations, how the SAUA can function better and the current state of the VSU debate.

The SAUA is thinking about some significant reforms and we want to know what you think. If you are interested, please see the details below:

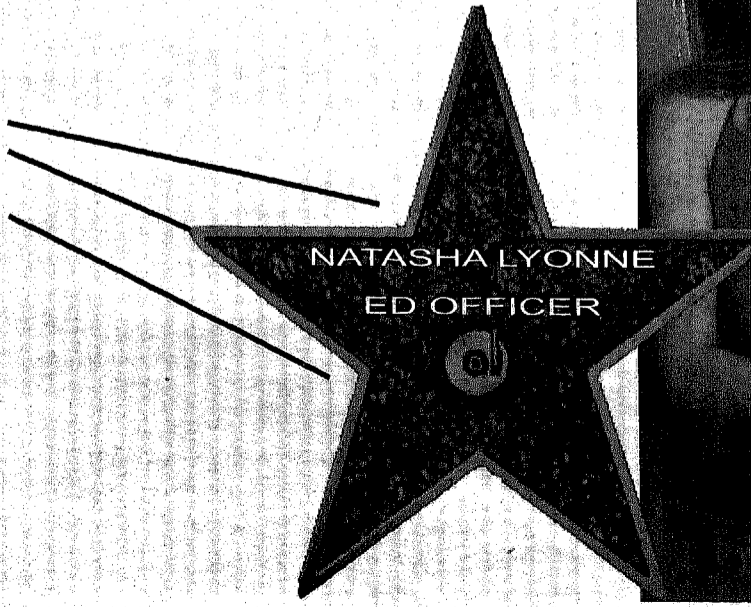
Thursday 4th August @12:15
Rumours Café (level 6 of the Union Building)
Register your interest ASAP – david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au
If you have any more questions, come and see us in the SAUA.

National Day of Action against VSU (NDA):
NUS (the National Union of Students) has called another National Day of Action for

August 10th, the Wednesday of week three. I know that there are many people out there who had doubts about the last one, (i.e. the Make Some Noise Festival), however I think things have changed. April was a time to create awareness of student organisations, what they do and to celebrate that. On August 10th there is a very good chance that the VSU legislation will be put to the Senate that day, it is on the equivalent of an agenda for the Senate now.

I think August 10 will be a very good opportunity for student groups and the community to stand together and state that we are opposed to this legislation, that after more than five months of public debate around this, it's time to change the legislation. We are in a better position now that I would have thought possible six months ago. There are numerous Liberal and National senators that have said they want to see this legislation changed, now all we have to do is provide the appropriate public pressure to see this happen. The community is behind us, unlike the 25% HECS increase, there is broad based opposition to this legislation, and I think a very big showing by all of those groups on August 10 could make a difference between full blown VSU and a modified version. There will be more details to come about the rally in the coming weeks, but so far Adelaide Uni Students will meet at 1pm on August 10 on the Barr Smith lawns, march to Victoria Square and meet the other two uni's as well as community groups at 1.30pm before marching to Parliament House to hear speakers from a number of community groups and prominent members of the community that have had involvement in student organisations.

If you want any more info on any of this, as always contact me.
Cheers
David Pearson
Students' Association President
david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au



Hey and welcome back to second semester. It is looking like it will be a packed full semester of all sorts of events. Make sure you look out for Student Representative Day, Dial a Senator Day, The National Day of Action (NDA) against Nelson's VSU reforms & Save the Tassie Forests, Support the Gunns 20.

Student Representative Day – Thursday 28th July

Ever wanted to ask a student polliie a question outside of election week? Come on down to the Barr Smith Lawns on the 28th and have the opportunity. I look forward to some insightful conversations.

Dial a Senator Day – Friday 5th August

A few months ago Brendan Nelson stated that he had received letters and phone calls from people who do not want to pay their student services fee, but hadn't heard from those supporting the universal student membership that currently exists. Market Research was conducted at Adelaide Uni that showed 86% of our Uni Students support the notion of universal student services fee. I think it's important that we make this loud and clear to him. As such NUS has organised a national dial a senator week, where Brendan Nelson's office and every other National and Liberal Senators will be called all week to make it abundantly clear that we do not want this. South Australia has organised to cover the Friday of this week, which will be the 5th of August. Please feel free to come into the SAUA and participate in Dial a Senator Day. We are their constituents and they have to listen. If you're not sure of what to say, we can help, we've got running sheets to help you thought it. Just pop in for a few minutes, it could make all the difference.

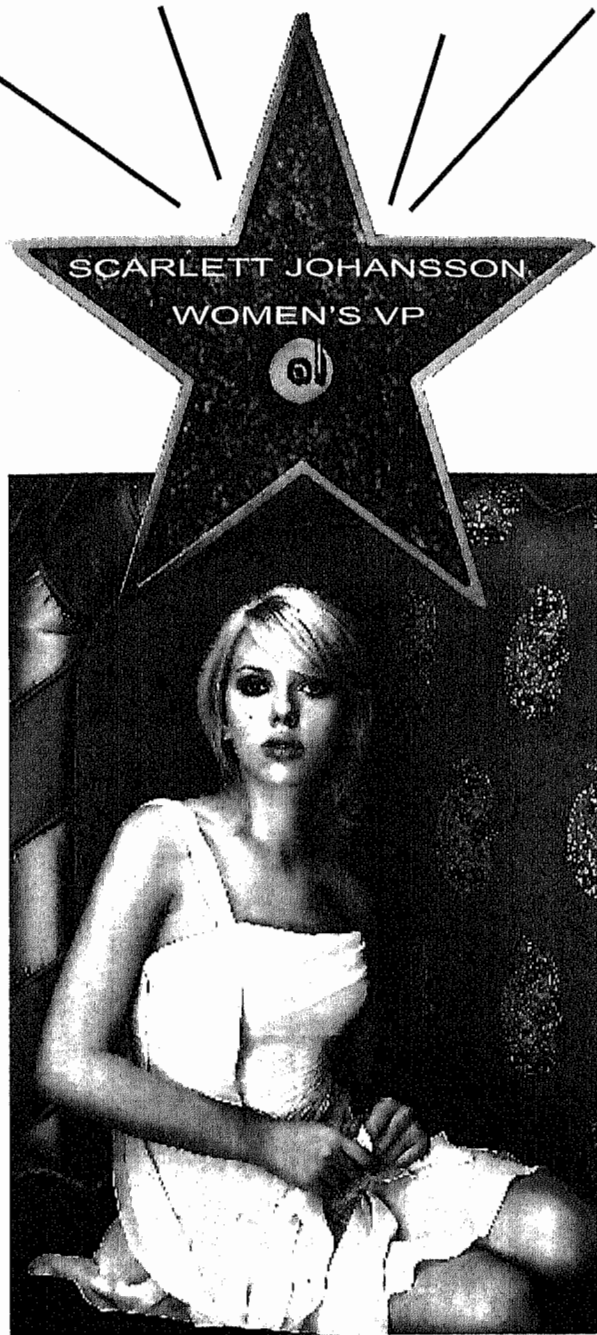
National Day of Action (NDA) – Wednesday 10th August

Join other students and activist in a rally against Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU). The rally will leave the Barr Smith Lawns at 1.00pm or alternatively meet at Victoria Square at 1.30pm.

Last term will I was working in the UniBar I heard a girl ask what this VSU thing was. I thought it was great that at least she had heard of the acronym, but wanted to fill her in on exactly what it was. Don't be shy to ask – drop into the Student's Association and have a chat to me. This way you can have an informed discussion about the issue, where both side of the argument will be presented and you can make up your own mind.

Jess Cronin





Hey, hopefully you've managed to have four flu-less weeks of fun and frivolity. But for many of us, stuck in front of the TV, combining Panadol, pseudo-ephedrine and an excessive amount of *Oprah*, it's been difficult to avoid those Industrial relations advertisements paid for by Workers' Unions. One ad begins with a shot of a single Mum receiving a call from her boss. Shot of happy kids. Shot of Mum distressed as her boss threatens to fire her should she not take on an extra shift. Shot of unhappy kids. This ad inspired me to do some research into what is being proposed by the Government's Industrial Relations reforms, and, on further inquiry, it seems that these reforms could take away some basic rights of the worker.

In the name of "increasing worker autonomy" and 'streamlining' industrial relations law, workers in small businesses with under 100 employees may have to negotiate individual contracts (AWAs) when offered a new position, where the employer does not have to include overtime pay, weekend rates, annual leave, redundancy pay or maternity leave. A recent study revealed that only 5% of AWA individual contracts included paid maternity leave.

These reforms also propose looser unfair dismissal protection, longer probation periods (increased from 3 months to 6 months) and a decrease in the minimum wage so that the average minimum wage-earner (who currently receives \$12.75 per hour) will earn \$50 a week less under the new 'reforms' (\$11.48 per hour).

In addition, these reforms aim to weaken workers' right to bargain collectively through making it harder for Unions to access the workplace; under these reforms, Union workers need to give the employer a week's notice to enter a workplace and disclose why

they want to come and who they want to see. This violation of privacy could be particularly upsetting and off-putting for a worker if they have asked a Union to investigate a sexual harassment grievance. The attacks on Unions hit women particularly hard because research has shown that women are better off from collective bargaining and the assistance of a Union, particularly because they tend to take lower paid jobs in sectors such as childcare and hospitality.

These laws assume a certain degree of employer integrity - that the employer will do the right thing by the worker and offer them a good AWA. They also assume that the worker is strong enough to argue for their employment requirements. Yeah, you can argue for them, but the employer does not have to listen to you, and you won't necessarily get the job. These laws are going to hit the underpaid, the unfairly dismissed and the casual worker the worst - and a lot of students fall into these three categories. Through these laws, the Government is taking away the individual rights of the worker in a small business and the right for workers to collect, in order to protect business owners - y'know the ones that are earning more than \$12.75 per hour. And wouldn't you know, big businesses like Harvey Norman are turning into franchises as we speak (where each franchise has less than 100 workers). If many businesses follow suit many of us can prepare ourselves for set wages and hourly rates with no extras and limited rights.

For more information on these reforms visit www.saunions.org.au

Mel Purcell

melissa.purcell@student.adelaide.edu.au

Think you could do a better job than this lot? The Office Bearer pages are in dire need of some sass and pizzazz - honestly, I'm running out of ideas to make them interesting.

On Dit is currently seeking reports from the following departments:

Dept of Narcissism

Dept of Disney

Dept of Harry Potterisms

Dept of Conservatism

Dept of Reality Television

Dept of Dadaism

Dept of Bigotry

Dept of Procrastination

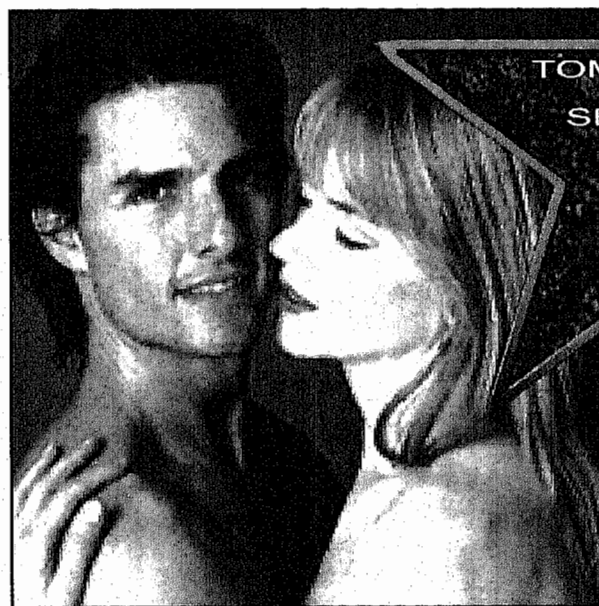
Dept of Filler Columns

Send columns to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

Hey kids, welcome back to uni. You caring Sexuality Department wants to embrace you lovingly next week with our Sexual Health Week. The Sexuality Edition of *On Dit* (aptly named *Sexualidit*) will be out next week, so send in with everything from plushie fetishes to pictures of those genital warts you got at Schoolies.

On Thursday, come down to the Bari Smith lawns...we'll be having one of our Rainbow Picnics in honour of Sexual Health Week, so you can look at some attractive pictures of g'honnoroea and then snaffle a slice of fairy bread. FYI, the Rainbow Picnics are not queer only events - it's a celebration of a queer friendly space.

Next week, to coincide with *Sexualidit*, we will be launching our South Australian Cross Campus Queer Students Network. In Western Australia, when Voluntary Student Unionism came in, queer departments were some of the first to be scrapped. The Adelaide Sexuality Department wants to ensure that there is



TOM & NICOLE
SEXUALITY

always a way for queer students to network in this state to promote the rights of queers, both at uni and in the wider community. The Qld and NSW QSN are very effective forums for queer activism and we hope that SA can be just as valuable.

On the Thursday of Re-orientation, you can find us on the lawns for Student Reps Day if you want to chat about our campaigns for the rest of the year, or if you just want to see if Kavy and Lavinia are really as attractive as they sound.

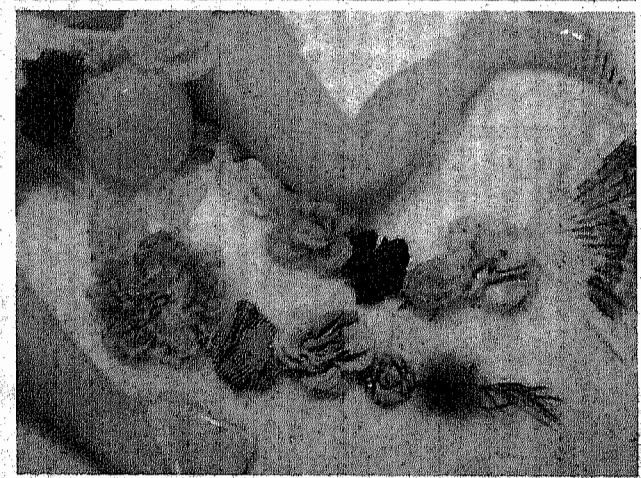
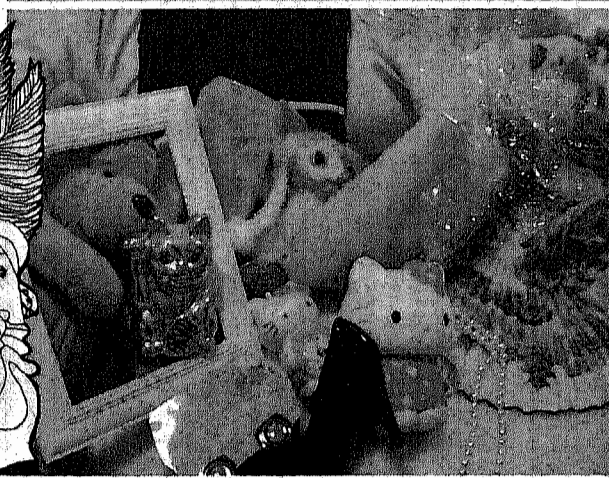
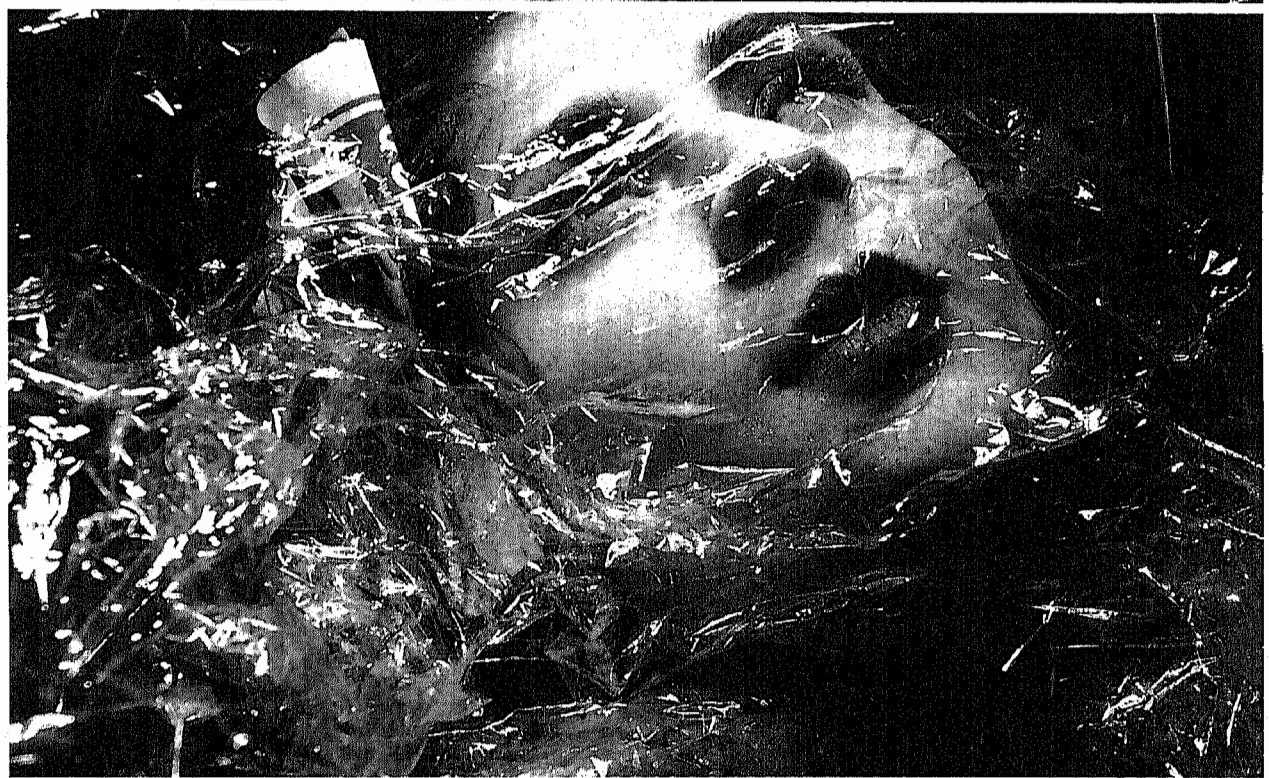
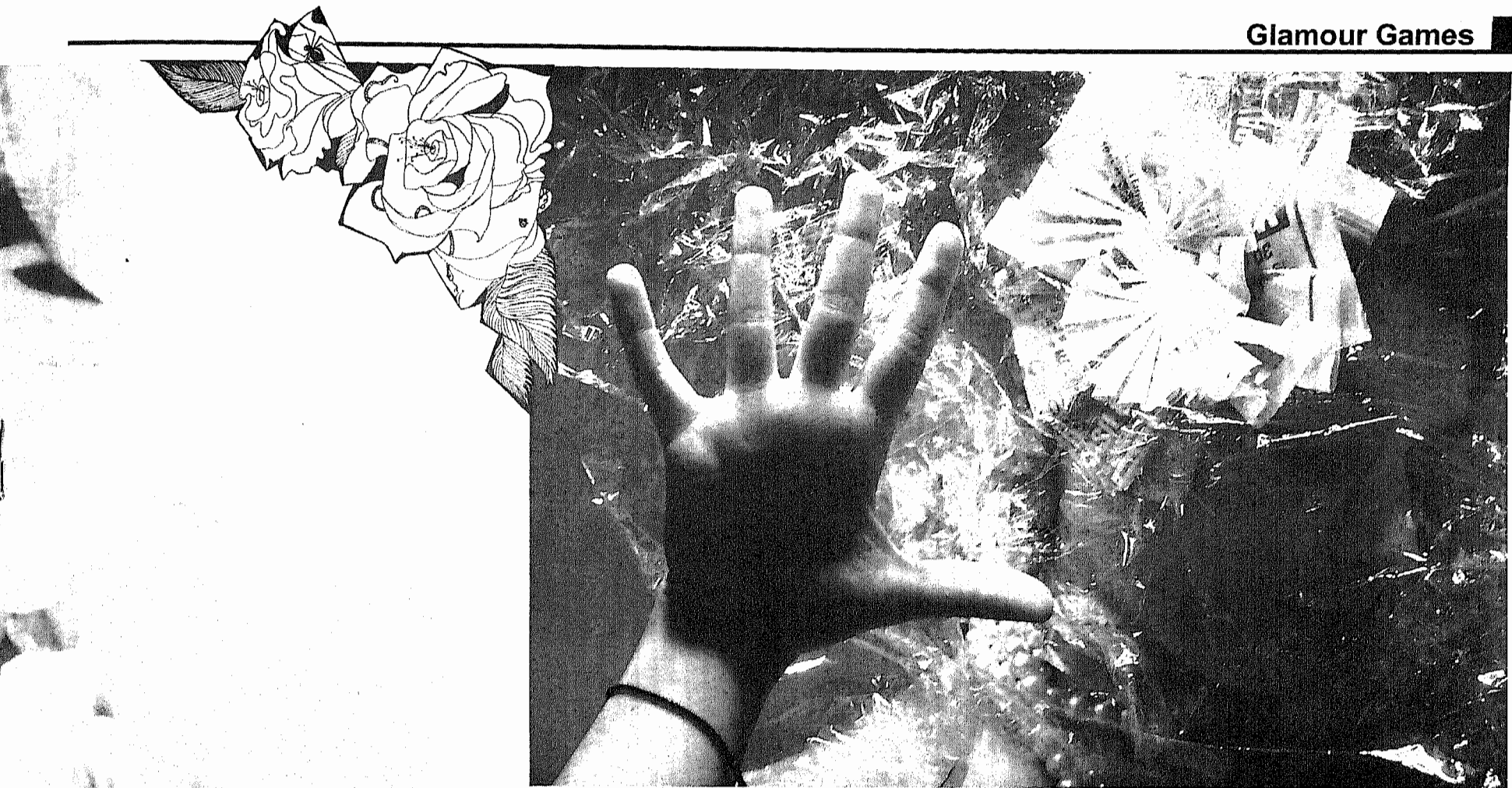
Lavinia Emmet-Grey
David Kavanagh



*The hardest thing in life
is acting Natural.*

Plastic Baroque
by Leo Greenfield





NOWSA

a step in the right
direction for women's
departments

- MEL PURCELL



Having attended NOWSA (Network of Women Students Australia) conference at Lismore, NSW, last year I was expecting something a little less than friendly from the 2005 conference held at Adelaide University.

Political Factions. Bullying. Condemnation. Cries of 'Shame' and other well-worn student poli taunts. Vegan food.

But I was pleasantly surprised. And then I wondered why I was surprised. Surely it is normal to think that women who are interested in women's issues and helping increase the status of other women would be perfectly nice to each other, accepting even. I realised then that maybe I was subconsciously apprehensive of women's collectives - which is not a good thing to realise when you are a women's officer. But don't judge me too quickly. You see, I have had a few bad experiences with women's collectives. One experience includes me being interrogated by members of a national women's committee for half an hour. The message that came through from the collective meeting was that to be a feminist you had to believe the same things as the majority of the collective. Campaigns like women and unions were ultimately more feminist than the mind, body and spirit campaign I proposed to the committee. I also felt bored that we were still rehashing the same old campaigns - why do women's departments need to do an introduction to feminism every year? And why do we need to constantly explain to the student populace why women's departments are important, weakly justifying our role on campus, whilst at the same time we terrify women in our own collectives, greedily watching for every slip of the politically correct tongue. But I digress...

So I was very happy to realise that this NOWSA would not be like other mass meetings of women students I had taken part in before. The women were very welcoming to each other, very confident to speak out, and very willing to applaud the women speakers who bravely addressed 100 women. It was a profoundly positive experience. A few women stuck to their political factions, but the great majority blended together over lunch, speaking freely about some of the less than conventional workshops and plenaries they had attended that morning. Ok, so there was another intro to feminism called 'Feminism 101', but the NOWSA program offered a much more

diverse and ultimately more interesting range of topics; I even learned a few things. I found the forum on industrial relations engaging because it dealt with an issue that is affecting women workers right now, and I was enthralled by a workshop on the history of women's fashion where the group was invited to handle corsets and bustles. A 'feminar' on women and violence discussed rape legislation and women and binge drinking, and a forum on 'Women as creators' explored the challenges that Australian women have met and continue to meet creating art. I attended a film screening on women in the porn-industry called the 'Naked Feminist', a feminar on how pregnant women have been eroticised and even a workshop on the politics of 'Desperate Housewives'. To put it plainly, the conference was refreshing. Women were dealing with topics that haven't been done to death and revising old topics with new eyes. They were applying feminism to events/film/issues that are affecting women in their current reality. And it's easier to feel passionately about things that are happening now; it's easier to get women to lobby the government if their rights to overtime and maternity leave are being threatened by Industrial relations reforms, and it's easier to inspire women to analyse the portrayal of women in the media if they already watch shows like 'Desperate Housewives'. What does not seem to be working so effectively is breaking down the issues that affect women into broad, general categories - like women and education, women and violence, women and reproductive rights. I might not get excited by an article broadly labelled 'women and education', but I will make sure I'm available for a speech on young women's experience of health sciences at Adelaide University (I'm a psych student). It's the little things that personally affect women in the here and now that get them impassioned, opinionated and active, and perhaps that is something that the women's department will have to consider in future years to ensure greater participation. Congratulations to the NOWSA collective for their fine efforts.

VSU (Voluntary Student Unionism) is not going to affect all students in the same way. Student Unions provide specific representation for women students by women students, acknowledging that women's experience of university and their access to university services is not necessarily the same or equal to that of men. Not only do Union women's departments provide representation for women on University and Union decision-making bodies, they also provide advocacy and advice on matters including sexual harassment, and run campaigns on issues that affect women on campus and in the wider community. They lead women's collectives and maintain the women's room on campus, providing a safe autonomous space for women to chill out, network and organize campaigns. The 2005 women's department at Adelaide University has run International Women's day celebrations, an Abortion Forum (August 8) and a very successful production of The Vagina Monologues raising \$3000 for Catherine House and the Hamlin Fistula Foundation. Under VSU these services and representation of university women are under threat.

Help us make a stand for Student Unions and women's departments on Wednesday August 10. If you are a student, join us at the Barr Smith Lawns at Adelaide University at 1pm. All other women are asked to join our women's bloc at Victoria Square at 1:30pm. If you are from a women's union, group or organization, feel free to bring your banners to lead our united procession to Parliament House where there will be speakers.

The bigger our numbers and the louder our voice, the more the Australian government will become aware that attacks on student unions and women's departments in particular are not acceptable and won't go unnoticed.

For more information contact the SAUA women's vice-president, Mel Purcell, on 83035406 or email melissa.purcell@student.aelaide.edu.au

PANDORA AND THE PEURILE POLITICIANS

Disclaimer: Lavinia Emmett-Grey is a former member of the National Organisation of Labor Students. Her article is tainted with opinion and prejudice.

(Ed's note: Von Dutch caps can never be worn, purchased or viewed ironically. Pandora, what would Che think?)

My adventure began on Tuesday June 28 as I headed to domestic terminal for a trip to Perth for the 2005 NUS Ed Conference. In my luggage I had six pairs of high heels, three purse sized bottles of whiskey, some unresolved anger and a pinch of heartbreak. I was ready to represent my Students' Association, provide input from a queer student representative and hopefully pick up.

Accompanying me was my delightful best friend, Jen Turner, the Adelaide University Union President. It was like Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell taking Paris in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, except it was Perth and I wear Che Guevara t-shirts more than Givenchy pencil skirts.

We declined the Richard Branson biography offered by the very thin, obviously not a real blonde flight attendant, but gratefully accepted the bourbon. In copious amounts.

Jen and I were sadly disappointed to find that Perth was not the pit of sin, drunkenness and debauchery that we might have hoped; it was just a pit. The most noticeable difference is that the sleaze factor of Perth men is the highest I've ever encountered. On an average night in Adelaide, you might expect to be heckled a bit, hit on a little more and groped twice without your consent. In Perth, your arse gets squeezed and rubbed against as often as a test match cricket ball. Jen even had the tempting offer to give a blow job in an alleyway; she reluctantly declined the golden opportunity.

We had some amusing anecdotal highlights. We were lectured on morality in a kebab shop by a maggotted Catholic priest. We had a very intellectual dissection of contemporary Irish politics with a taxi driver from Ulster. We drank four litres of goon in two days and reached the conclusion that Coolabah Steinwein tastes like self righteous bitterness and that Matthew Walton is not Val Kilmer. Jen and I found that an upside to capitalism is that consumerism *does* lead to happiness after we ended a day with two pairs of new heels, a black lace negligee, an ironically bought *Von Dutch* cap, a hot turquoise bag and a little debt.

When Jen and I arrived at registration at a shitty, rundown pub in Northbridge (where we met a restaurateur from Adelaide who offered us the chance to see his hotel spa bath), I realised what a farce it all was. When you look around a room of student representatives and delegates from all across the country and know most of them by name, reputation and/or faction, you become aware that NUS Ed Conference is largely just a glorified factional reunion.

These are ambitious egotists, who see student politics as a good platform from which to launch their political and sometimes media careers. It is a playground for future political hacks. I look forward to seeing if the end of year NUS Conference can actually pull its head out of its lazy, corrupt arse and try to save student unions.

Perhaps the most relevant session to my position that I attended was the *Queers and VSU* session run by one of the NUS National Queer Officers, Claire English. It offered a bleak perspective for queer students in a VSU environment. It is minority groups on

campus that are going to suffer the worst effects of VSU.

I was also interested to hear how Edith Cowan's student newspaper, *Grok*, has managed to survive VSU. With legislation that will put our dear *On Dit* under threat, it is hopeful to see a student newspaper battling on, even if, in my biased opinion, *On Dit* shits on *Grok*.

Thankfully, the *VSU Preparation* forum was scheduled on an afternoon when all the factional hacks decided it would be better to go yell at Nelson than actively prepare for VSU. Thus, the attendees were genuinely interested in pragmatic approaches to saving our unions and guilds. The most interesting contributor was the Vice President of the Deacon University Students' Association. Deacon, in Victoria, survived state level VSU with money to spare and we quizzed her on what structural and financial decisions had left them in such a good position.

There is no doubt in my mind that VSU is detrimental to the student as an individual and lethal to the concept of a student community. In a time when many students already struggle with financial and vocational commitments on top of their studies, the utopian university years that our parents enjoyed are gone. Universities *are* becoming degree factories and we are the Barbie limbs on the assembly line of life.

Human beings are social creatures; when you place us in solitary confinement for too long we start to go mad. Yet, paradoxically, it is the notion of community and society that the Howard government seems determined to smash.

I like paying taxes. It gives me the opportunity to get stropky when I hear about politicians subsidising their petrol with my hard earned wages. But currently there are a lot of things that tax payers don't provide for students, like student loans, counselling, advocacy and free legal aid. If my taxes did pay for these things, then bring on VSU, but they don't. In years gone by, the aristocracy had a sense of *noblesse oblige* that they felt toward those in a lower socio-economic position - in other words, a sense of duty inspired by their fortunate financial position, to protect and help those who could not protect and help themselves. I'm not advocating a feudal system (although part of me does crave a joust every now and then); I am pointing out that the bourgeoisie has no similar sense of honour or duty.

The high profile face of student unions and guilds is often the student politicians. Services are in marketing crisis, but the factional dicks are always there, seemingly indolent and self serving - it's understandable how students look at these blots on humanity and think that VSU is a good idea, but it's not. It is the death knell of the small scrap of time that we are allowed as students to enjoy and revel in learning. The idyllic days of expanding minds and experience are being snatched from us and we're not even putting up a fight.

When is someone going to ask the question, if knowledge is the path to freedom, then why do they want us dumb?

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

WARNING

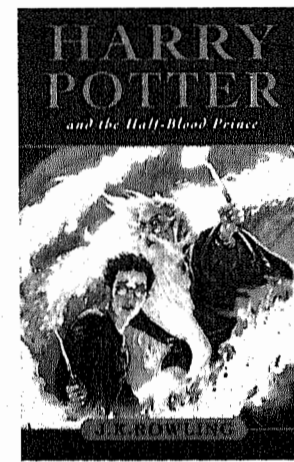
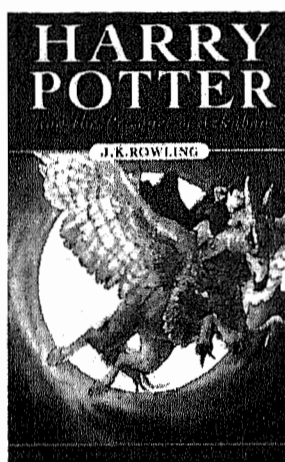
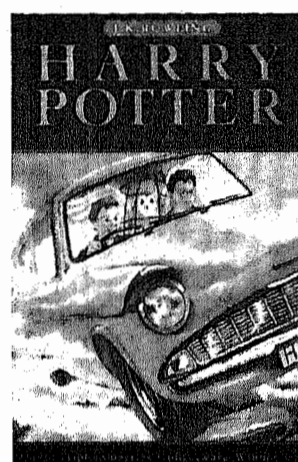
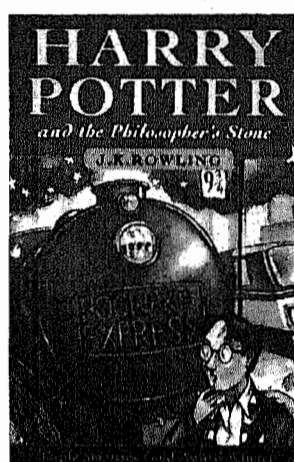
You are about to be treated to a hasty guide to Harry Potter. The following article contains spoilers, theories, rumours and dedicated, yet unashamed, devotion to The Boy Who Lived. If you have any desire to read the series, or have yet to finish HP6, look away!

Welcome to *On Dit's* comprehensive guide to the Potterverse! This is your last chance to avert your eyes if there are secrets and plot twists you'd rather avoid. Unlike *The Sunday M(F)ail*, I have no desire to spoil the Potter experience for anybody. The assumption is made that readers of this article will have read the books and therefore little explanation is given to character and plot.

PS **Philosopher's Stone**
CoS **Chamber of Secrets**
PoA **Prisoner of Azkaban**
GoF **Goblet of Fire**
OotP **Order of the Phoenix**
HBP **Half Blood Prince**

Remembrall

Clementine Ford
 secretly wants to be a witch



HP and the Philosopher's Stone (1997)

Unsurprisingly, the first book in JK Rowling's series, while enormously fun, is rather formulaic. In fact, the set pieces throughout continue pretty much until GoF, when things get a little more serious. Example: Harry at Privet Drive, Dursleys are horrid, Harry escapes to Hogwarts, plays with Ron and Hermione, hates Snape, loves Dumbledore, meets Voldemort or some echo or incarnation, endures trials, triumphs, returns unenthusiastically to Little Whinging.

Highlights: the new and exciting world of Quidditch, hating Draco Malfoy and Snape, learning that Professor Dumbledore loves sherbert lemon drops and feels he needs more socks and Neville helping Gryffindor win the House Cup.

HP and the Chamber of Secrets (1998)

The most sluggish in the series, CoS was my least favourite because of the apparent naivety of the Big Bad. C'mon - a soul stealing diary? Please. Only true dedication to the Potterverse helped me read this one four times. However, the release of book 6 demonstrated once again the genius of JK Rowling and her ability to reintroduce story lines that originally seemed unimportant, or worse, clumsy. Thankfully, HBP makes sense of the seemingly amateurish battle with Tom Riddle and sets the foundations for Harry's later hot lovefest with the sassy Ginny Weasley. In light of HBP, CoS also raises a lot of questions about the nature of horcruxes - how they can be employed and how they can be destroyed.

Highlights: Gilderoy Lockhart, possibly the most pompous, ridiculous wizard in the world, Arthur Weasley's obsession with Muggle stuff and The Burrow's teetering and frayed edges.

HP and the Prisoner of Azkaban (1999)

Back in the day when JKR could manage to write at least one book a year, she released this absolute gem and elevated the series to the next level. While still following a standard format, the by now expected final twist literally knocked my socks off. Not only did it widen the spiderweb of the Potterverse, but the introduced characters of Sirius, Lupin and Wormtail allowed Harry to expand and grow emotionally as a character. Steadily and with great craftsmanship, Rowling draws her readers further in as she expounds a true masterpiece of storytelling.

Highlights: Gryffindor finally winning the Quidditch Cup, the Marauder's Map and hidden passages and EXPECTO PATRONUM! Jeez that made my heart feel good.

HP and the Goblet of Fire (2000)

Where to start with GoF? Touted for being the darkest in the series so far (remembering that PS started with a double murder and finished with the Big Bad growing foetal like out of someone's head), GoF stands at 636 pages and once again widens the ever growing Nothing that's sweeping the non Muggle world. Book four was also publicised as being a bit more risque than the first three when it came to the ever burgeoning hormones of the magical Scoobies. (For what it's worth, I accept that my comparisons to Buffy are shameless - meh. I still say Ron's the Heart, just like Xander.) Cedric Diggory's death by AK in the graveyard was a kick in the pants for anyone who thought these were books for six year olds - silent deaths doth not a bedtime story make.

Highlights: Seeing Ron and Hermione stumble around each other, Mad Eye Moody/Crouch Jr turning out to be crazy AND bad.

HP and the Order of the Phoenix (2003)

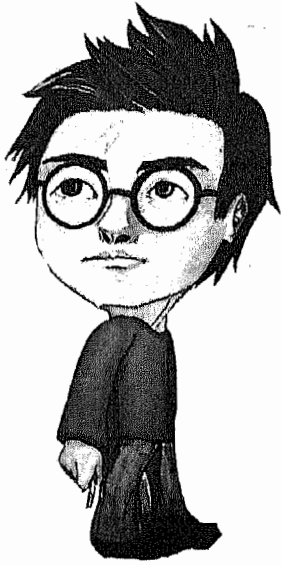
Somewhere around the end of GoF, Rowling decided to get both shackled up and knocked up, hence the agonising three year wait for book five. At a whopping 766 pages, OotP was accused by some of being clumsily edited. I imagine most irritation arose from the petulant and sullen character of 15 year old Harry. In his favour, he's just heralded the return of the world's darkest badass and no one believes him, he can't get it together with Cho Chang and he has a lifelong ban from Quidditch. But I'm too flippant. OotP is seriously dark.

Highlights: Dolores Umbridge, one of the most vile and frightening 'non-evil' villains ever written, Fred and George fleeing Hogwarts, Dumbledore's Army and the lovable and eccentric Luna Lovegood.

HP and the Half Blood Prince (2005)

Despite some incomprehensible poor reviews, HBP has in my opinion really raised the bar on the Potter franchise. Rowling manages to simultaneously blend copious amounts of backstory with startling new tidbits that have literally got forum posters gnashing at the bit. The revelation that Snape has been working all this time for Lord Voldemort despite Dumbledore's unwavering trust has devastated fans the world over. That is, if indeed things are as they seem...HBP also delivers Harry from the sullen funk he revelled in in OotP and into the arms of the feisty Ginny. HBP is pivotal in highlighting to Harry his dangerous path - the death of Dumbledore has left him entirely without guidance and he must look to himself to know the way forward. Cue Dagobah style pilgrimage to Godric's Hollow to get down with the force and shit.

Highlights: "I'm not scared. I'm with you."



Harry Potter

the lives and loves of a boy wizard OR Why Harry/Hermione fans need to get over it



The world of Harry Potter fandom is a strange kettle of fish. Often insane, always passionate and utterly addictive, Potter fansites will leave you bewildered and slightly worried at the many hours of your life that have irretrievably been lost in cyberspace.

I haven't always been into Potter webcruising. I'm sure once the excitement of HBP dies down, so too will my current enthusiasm for half baked theories and futile arguments about the non-existent romantic future of Harry and Hermione. However, for now I remain entirely fascinated by the devotion of Potterheads.

Incidentally, during my trawls through web nerddom, I've amassed a mini vocabulary that proves essential to anyone hoping to hang up the keys to reality for awhile.

For example, in the world of fandom, potential couples are referred to as 'ships' and

purveyors of said ships are, imaginatively, 'shippers'. In the world of Harry Potter, there are only two ships worth hoisting the sails for - Harry/Ginny and Ron/Hermione.

Any reader with half a brain could have seen these pairings coming from a mile off, but you'd be amazed at how many shippers are still passionately denouncing the likelihood that they would occur in real life (a real life of course in which magic also exists and old boots become portkeys to another country...).

Sorry Hermione/Harry fans - JKR has publically announced that Ron/Hermione is here to stay. Wail you might, but I say it's high time Ron started getting some respect for the invaluable elements he brings to the magic gang. He's loyal, humble and courageous and he's never let Harry down. Besides, any monkey could realise that Harry has made Ron and Hermione his surrogate family, which makes boofing Hermione tantamount to incest Ewww...not even slash fiction goes that far.

was
An inquiry has been
into the scare on Monday.

Girls potty over Potter broomstick

A TOY firm has axed a vibrating replica of Harry Potter's broomstick after mums complained their daughters spent too long riding it.

Makers Mattel advertised the battery-operated toy as having "a grooved stick and handle for easy riding".

One mum in New Jersey, US, said: "What were they thinking of?"

Another in Ohio told how her 12-year-old daughter played with the broomstick for hours.

She said: "She likes its special effects - so does her 17-year-old sister."

Admission
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Rumours, Theories and Lunacies Debunked

Woah Nelly, are there ever some crazy ideas being bandied about since the release of book six! Questions abound - is Snape really evil? Is Dumbledore really dead? Others appear inspired. Here are my favourites:

1. Most popular: Snape *did* kill Dumbledore, but unwillingly. Just as DD made Harry promise to obey him no matter what, so too was Snape directed to use whatever means necessary to avert the terrible course of actions Draco Malfoy had embarked upon. Let's face it, DD was right in suspecting Malfoy wouldn't kill him. As soon as he started to lower his wand it was all over for him. DD knew about the Unbreakable Vow and therefore sacrificed himself in order to protect Snape's role as a double agent. He had already taken the potion and was weak - it made no sense for all three of them to die (as would surely have happened if Snape failed to fulfil the vow - DD would have been killed by the Death Eaters and Malfoy finished off by Lord Voldemort. There have to be reasons other than the ones cited by Harry for DD trusting Snape so implicitly. Further, Snape sneers at Harry while escaping Hogwarts to close his mouth and his mind - perhaps a hidden hint to work harder on his occlumency?

What Rowling has said: She doesn't want to close any avenues of thought just yet.

2. Most accepted: The initials R.A.B found in the dummy locket stand for Regulus (Alphard?) Black, Sirius' brother. Regulus was supposedly killed at the hands of Voldemort and had an uncle named Alphard (OotP, pg 104) How Regulus knew about the horcruxes remains to be seen, but he may have used the house elf Kreacher to help him get past the potion. In OotP, when they're cleaning Grimmauld Place's cabinets, they find a 'heavy locket that none of them could open' (pg 108).

This is almost certainly the Slytherin horcrux. However, Kreacher's tendency to pilfer items from the house for safekeeping combined with Mundungus Fletcher's recent looting of the place means the locket could now be anywhere.

What Rowling has said: Mhmhmm...

3. Most ludicrous: Some people have suggested the possibility of Peter Pettigrew acting as Dumbledore all year through the polyjuice potion or alternatively, Snape acting as DD. This would mean DD isn't really dead. This theory is so completely insane it doesn't bear dissecting.

What Rowling has said: I doubt she's bothered to comment.

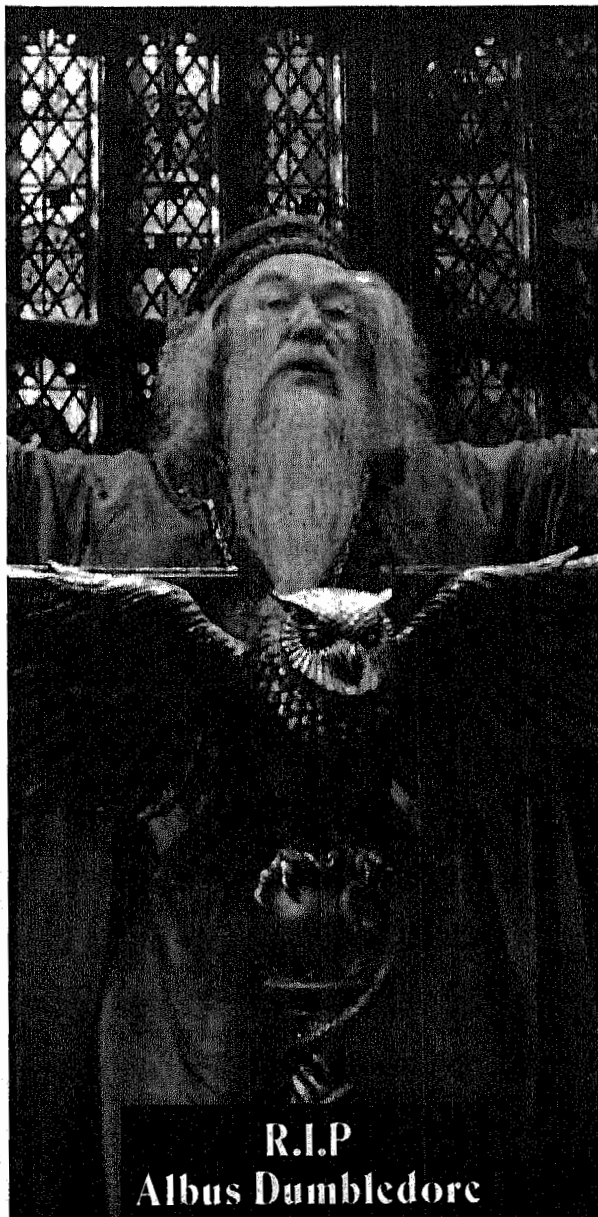
4. Most drawn out death: There are those that believe Harry and Hermione are destined to be together and his relationship with Ginny is the result of a love potion. These people are refusing to accept the facts. It's worth noting some of them also believe fervently that Snape is a vampire.

What Rowling has said: She feels she's dropped 'anvil sized' hints about Ron and Hermione since book two and they are now here to stay. As to Snape being a vampire, she shut it down straight away (years ago) yet the theories remain strong.

5. Most Joyous:

At Dumbledore's cremation, "Harry thought, for one heart-stopping moment, that he saw a phoenix fly joyfully into the blue..." Has DD been resurrected as a phoenix? Can he still help Harry fight Lord Voldemort? And if he is a phoenix, does this mean Fawkes was a powerful wizard - Godric Gryffindor himself perhaps?

What Rowling has said: Eagle eyed readers will find some highly significant clues in the final few pages of HBP.



R.I.P
Albus Dumbledore

THE 90S REVIVAL: SING HALLELUJAH!

Listen up people. I've held this in for as long as I can, but it seems oestrogen-fuelled frustration has finally got the better of your friend and humble narrator. By now you've probably noticed the 'everything old is new again' phenomenon sweeping the floor of pop culture, and I'm not just talking about the resurrection of Ramones-esque skinny leg jeans on peachy products of the middle class. No, beings of the new millennium are taking things further than just rehashing humdrum fads from over the past century. It seems that epochs of time are fast being objectified and sold as items of spiritual consumption in themselves. Up until about a month ago, there was only one decade to worship and objectify with equal parts nostalgia, reverence and courteous detachment: those wacky 1980s. Every post-teen worth their weight in stiletto pumps and Irving Baby shopping bags seemed to have a thing for the 80s, which in itself wasn't particularly nauseating. However, I for one am fed up with participating in conversations that go along these lines:

"I love the 80s"

"Really? Do you like Duran Duran?"

"Oh my god I LOVE Duran Duran!"

"Cool! What's your favourite song?"

"Oh, um, I don't know any of their songs... uh...you know, I just think they're cool"

Grrrr. Even a dying foetus on the streets of Bangladesh can associate at least 'Girls on Film' with those dashing coiffed synth terrorists from Manchester, let alone some high cheekboned scenester with bad vibes. It's one thing to use a period of time to augment one's cool factor in the eyes of others; apparently, it's another thing entirely to at least become familiar with the discourses surrounding it by looking up 'New Wave' on Wikipedia.com. But of course, fashion is a lifestyle choice that, although nourishing and wholesome, is rather fickle in nature. As soon as you see your old high school friends claiming to 'love' The Cure, you know its time to move on. And what better era to bastardise and objectify than the good old 1990s?

Yes friends, the 90s are the new 80s, so forget rummaging op shops for wide-shouldered blouses and skinny leg jeans. Take your consciousnesses back to a starry-eyed time of Dr Albaan, Magic Eye books and Push Pops, where 5pm on a Tuesday

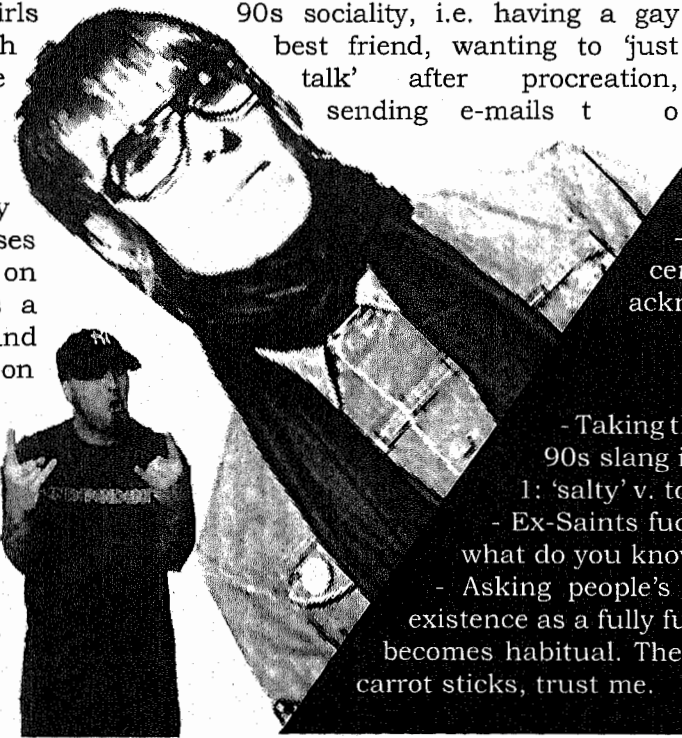
meant The Fresh Prince of Bel Air and the only thing that mattered was simultaneously scoring a date with Luke Perry and sporting denim overalls adorned with plastic daisies. Contemporary Westerners are quite fond of looking back a few years as a reference to where we've been, where we're going, the pitfalls, the perils and the promise etc. Nineties nostalgia has already made its technicolour presence felt, with a few cohorts admitting that Cross Colours cargo shorts are kind of fetching. And why not? Our generation knows nothing of the 60s, the 70s have been done to death (R.I.P Marc Bolan) and the current 80s fixation will crash and burn faster than Savage Garden. All we have left to commoditize is the 90s, really.

Just wait for it friends. Every self-respecting uber cool boutique from Harajuku to Marseille will be lining their shop displays with Chia Pets and Furbys. Post teens will adorn their walls with images of 90s testosterone-charged Britons Jarvis Cocker, Damon Albarn and Liam Gallagher. Boyfriends will give their girlfriends pink gerberas for their 2-month anniversaries. Radio might give Big Audio Dynamite's 'Rush' another spin and the 'first dance' song du jour will of course be 'All my life' by K-Ci and Jo-Jo. Yawn. You can just smell the influx of pseudo-Seattle grunge 'I'm pals with Chris Cornell man, don't fuck with these ripped Levi's stained with cum and Tooheys' chic on the streets. You know it's destined to happen. The really clever scenesters will even take to indulging in 90s sociality, i.e. having a gay best friend, wanting to 'just talk' after procreation, sending e-mails t o

convey emotion in this cruel modern world. Solitaire will forever be destined to stay confined within the periphery of Windows 98. Fashion is indeed a virus, so brace yourselves for imminent vaccination against Adidas snap pants because they'll be back. Again. Yawn.

The thing is, when one peruses the discourses surrounding this all-pervading 90s attack, it suddenly becomes very easy to get over it before 'it' has even occurred. Any true stylista thinks to the future in anticipation of a brand of aestheticism that no one else would dare parade around Sholtz yet. If the 90s are now hot, what could possibly be thought of as not? Answer: the year 2000. The year 2000 is about as cool as molesting a quiche. Think about the incredibly gauche Fred Durst, Fubu jackets, diamante belts, headscarves, American Pie, Popstars and that 'Jackie' song with the worst film clip ever to circulate in existence. But give it a few years, and we'll all be wishing back our HD lycra mini skirts and Korn CDs faster than you can say 'Shania Twain'. That's the way fashion goes, I guess. But for now, revel in the twilight moments of the neo 80s, dance your last dance to 'Come on Eileen' and get ready to party on with Wayne, Garth, Richard Gere and the Dalai Lama. And at least attempt to learn the words to 'Baby got Back'. Or else.

Stephanie Mountzouris



What's Hot

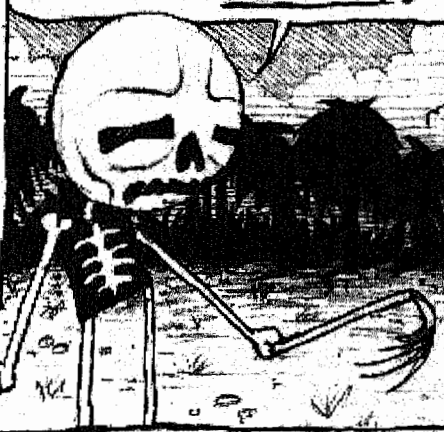
- True love. Just kidding.
- Hungry Jacks. Just add a liver full of alcohol for some serious teen angst this side of Westfield Marion.
- Whoever else is in House of Wax besides a certain Miss Hilton. Hey, someone needed to acknowledge their existence.

What's Not

- Taking the 90s revival too far by incorporating 90s slang into the everyday vernacular. Public Enemy no. 1: 'salty' v. to make someone angry, e.g. 'Back off, I'm salty'.
- Ex-Saints fucksticks sporting double-layered polo tops. Well what do you know. Double the mediocrity.
- Asking people's star signs at social functions. Faith in your existence as a fully functional human being will slowly dwindle if this becomes habitual. The new age doesn't go down well with punch and carrot sticks, trust me.

skulduggery by oz

BOY THIS SWAMP SURE IS BORING!



OH WOW LEECHES!

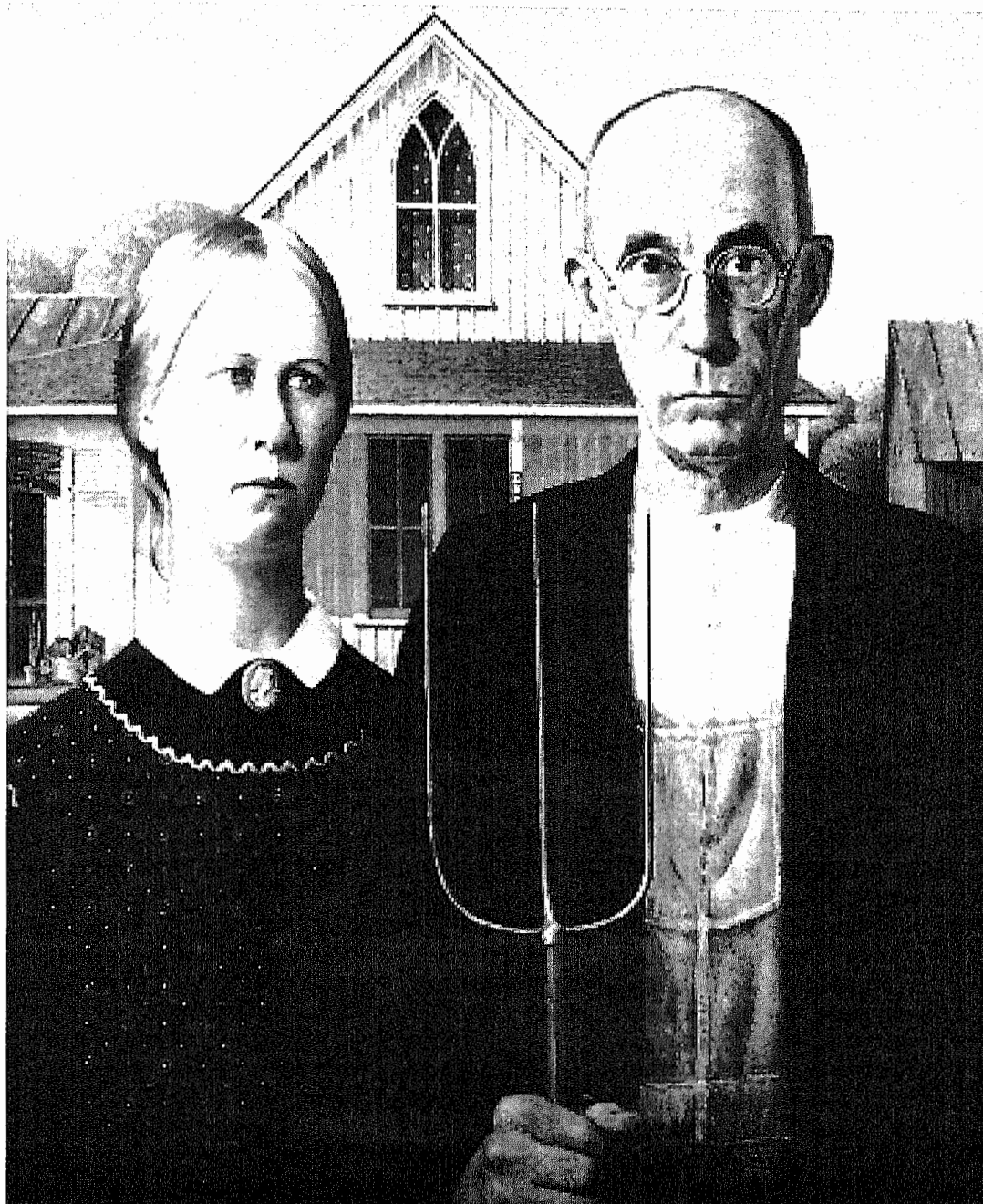


HAHA GUYS THAT REALLY TICKLES!



...BOY I SURE HOPE THESE ARE FRIENDLY LEECHES & THESE ARE JUST "LEECH HUGS"...





Whips...

Chains...

Spikes...

Leather...

Just another routine day at the farm for Ma and Pa Midwest.

Sexualidit is seeking submissions from all you lustful beasts out there. Get on it.

Deadline: Thurs 28 July

Left Abbas Mehran 'Aroos' Bride detail 2001
oil & acrylic on canvas
Right Julia Moretti Luminous Temple detail 2003
glass, pasta, mdf, found objects

Art & Heritage Collections

The University of Adelaide Art & Heritage Collections invite you to the launch of *Cultural Illumination*

**Abbas Mehran & Julia Moretti
unloading**

The *Illumination* will be launched by Professor Graeme Hugo, Geographical and Environmental Studies and Director of the National Centre for Social Application of Geographical Information Systems, The University of Adelaide

4.30-6.00pm Thursday 28 July 2005

Ira Raymond Room, Barr Smith Library
The University of Adelaide

RSVP acceptances by 27 July 2005

on 8303 3086 or anna.gardner@adelaide.edu.au

unloading features two Adelaide based artists whose work explores cultural heritage and the imprint it leaves on all of us. Through their work they convey the process of unpacking and revealing their cultural beliefs and practices which conditioned their world view and which continues to shape their memories.

Viewing times
28 July - 28 August 2005 during Barr Smith Library opening hours
Free - all welcome

Artists' talks
Abbas Mehran
1.00pm Sunday 31 July
Julia Moretti
12.30pm Sunday 14 August
Barr Smith Library

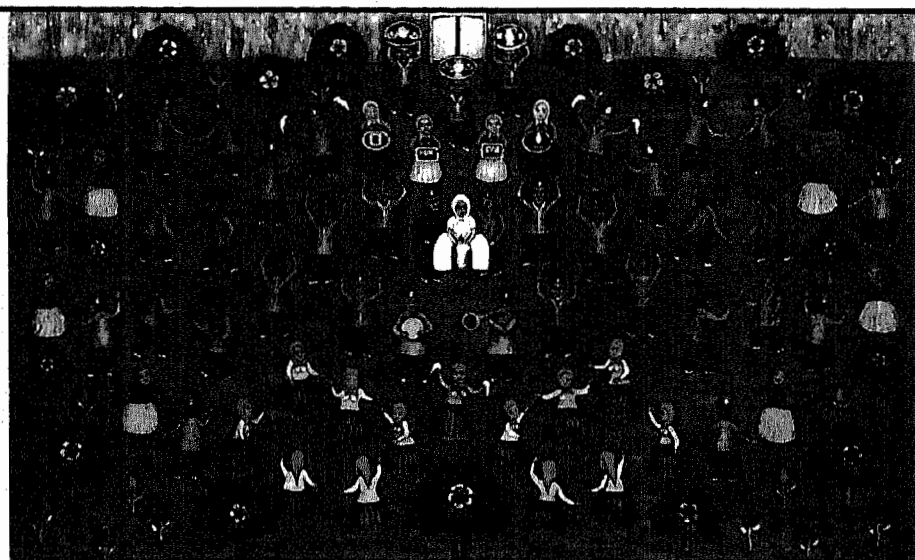
With thanks to the Barr Smith Library, Division of Finance and Infrastructure and Marketing and Strategic Communications of the University of Adelaide

Living Life Impact 2005 Open Day
14 August 2005



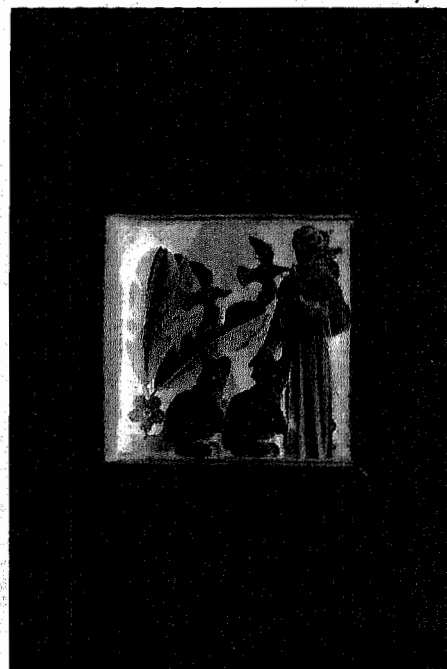
salE FESTIVAL

TIM GRAMP WINES



Title: "Aroos" Bride
Size: 110 x 180 cm

Medium: Oil/acrylic on canvas
Date: 2001



BATMAN BEGINS

Director: Christopher Nolan (*Memento*)
Starring: Christian Bale (*American Psycho*), Katie Holmes (*Wonder Boys*), Michael Caine (*Blame It On Rio*), Morgan Freeman (*Million Dollar Baby*) and Liam Neeson (*Before and After*)

Yes, another Batman movie. But unlike the Police Academy movies, which really hit the wall when Steve Guttenberg bid us adieu, the big names are still jumping around in for roles next to the dark knight.

This time around we have Christian Bale brooding behind the mask, telling the tale of how Bruce Wayne came to be so...batty. The traditional childhood flashbacks are included and there is an obligatory dark atmosphere. From the director of *Insomnia*, I was prepared for something a little more psychological and a little less kooky, a la Mr. Burton. And this is what we get. So if any of you have ever wanted to know what's going on in Batman/Bruce Wayne's noggin this is the film for you. From his first encounter with the winged screechers, to his training in battle with the mysterious Ducard (Neeson) - we get it all. For me, unfortunately, care factor was pretty dang low. However, the story was still strong enough to hold my attention (most of the time) and the technology used for Batman's gadgets was pretty damn neat.

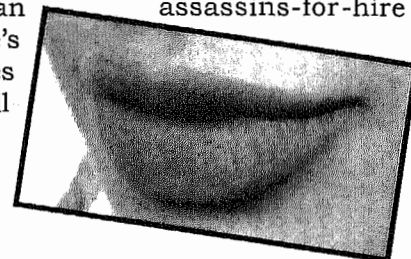
With such a seasoned cast of professionals, there was no question that the acting would be up to scratch, although Caine, as Wayne's butler Alfred, turns up the ham a little at times and Freeman admitted he did the film simply for the cashola. Bale, frustrating with his over-articulated American accent, is still solid, bringing humanity to the comic book character. Holmes is wasted in the boring straight-girl role, however this mattered not a squidge to my male movie partner, who was just excited to get a view of her nipples high-beaming at the end of the film. Boys. Cillian Murphy is suitably creeeeepy as the Scarecrow and provides the right amount of psychosis in a nemesis.

Batman Begins is generally entertaining fair, taken a little way above average by Nolan's deft handling of the script. It's just unfortunate that in hindsight, the film doesn't really register as that memorable in my movie-stuffed mind. Ah well, no great loss.

Lucky L

MR. & MRS. SMITH

Is there anyone out there who possibly hasn't heard of this film? Mr and Mrs John and Jane Smith have been married for several years and experiencing some marital difficulties. This is not helped by the fact that both are leading double lives as hired assassins without the other knowing. Then they do know. Then they try to kill each other (the unacceptable alternative is that one of them agrees to leave town). Then they naturally fall in love over again during high speed car chase scenes and massively unbelievable shootouts. Then there is a cop-out ending. To be honest I never really thought this was a plot that could hold a lot of interest for me and would be nothing more than another dumb action film. Unfortunately this is what it ends up becoming despite what turns out to be a really promising beginning. Seeing as how the news that both are hired assassins isn't revealed for the first half hour, up until then you just assume he's having an affair and she's a hired dominatrix prostitute. Then the film turns into nearly non-stop action, which, despite having its moments is mainly incredibly unbelievable and clichéd; who's going to believe an assassin can break into an building undetected through the *ventilation shaft*. Then there's the twist which, while unpredictable, is only so because it makes *no sense*. So, despite having its few, brief moments, this film will not go down as Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie's finest.



Jo B.

BEWITCHED



Much as we all love Nicole Kidman and as much as we rejoice that she has found a leading man who is actually taller than her, *Bewitched* isn't going to be winning her too much adulation. However it's a nice change that the film isn't just an overlong episode of the cult tv show. Instead, it's about the creation of a remake of the show, starring fading celebrity Jack, (Will Ferrell) to play Samantha's mortal husband Darren. Kidman is a witch looking for true love, trying to give up her powers, find emancipation etc, etc who is cast in the role of Samantha in the hope that in being cast against an unknown Jack will remain the shows sole star. The film even (to a miniscule extent) tries to criticise the blatant stupidity, lack of foresight (and imagination) and male chauvinism which accompanies Darren's wish to repress Samantha's powers and who she truly is, on the tv show. While this film certainly has some very funny moments such as Jack's reactions to the news he's dating a witch and the attempted assassination of his separated wife, there's still a long gap between laughs.

Jo B.

WAR OF THE WORLDS

Director: Steven Spielberg
Starring: Tom Cruise, Dakota Fanning, Miranda Otto, Tim Robbins and Justin Chatwin

Most famously known for the radio show by Orson Welles that scared the shit out of post-WWII listeners, Spielberg has re-worked H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds* to scare the shit out of us: post-9/11 viewers. And he does, to some degree.

Cruise stars (could there be any other way?) as Ray Ferrier, a working class single father of two - Rachel and Robbie (Fanning and Chatwin), slightly inept in the way of childcare, but when it comes to saving his brood from the horrors of alien invasion, he steps up to the plate with paternal confidence. With not a lot of other options, the three decide to find the kids mother (a barely seen Otto) in Boston, giving the escape some impetus.

The early scenes of War are the definition of nail-biters. I had to remind myself to breathe on more than one occasion. The believable characterisations in the film gives the viewer a reason to relate and therefore a reason to want the Ferrier family to evade those nasty aliens. For a good hour I was repeatedly unsquinting my eyes through the sheer

excitement of the effects. Unfortunately, the final third of *War* lets down what preceded. What was Tim Robbins doing when he accepted the role of Ogilvy, a nutter who almost leads Ray and Rachel to their deaths. My uneducated guess would be some dollar signs cha-changing in his eyes like a Looney Tunes off-cast. What a waste of talent. The ending is also a bit of a downer. It's almost like they couldn't decide how to end it so they gave up and simply stopped filming.

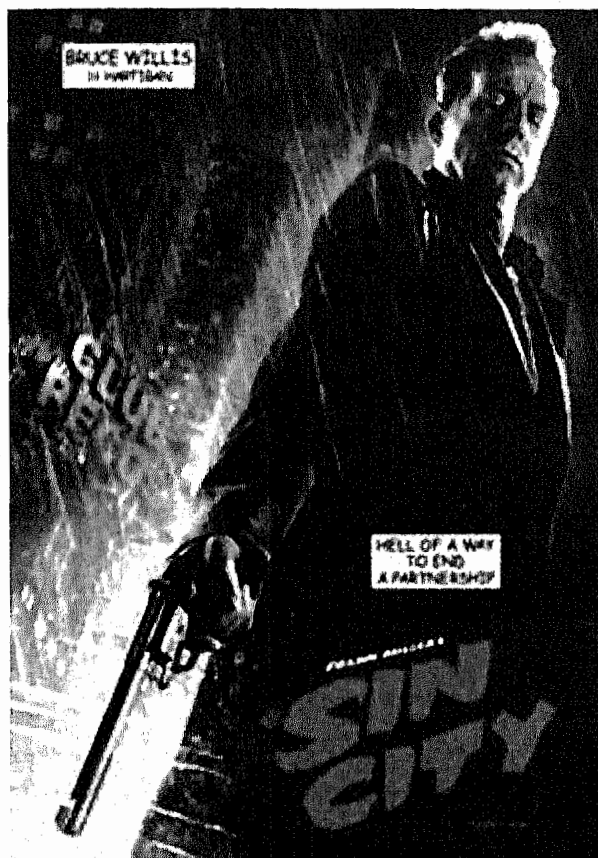
Luckily, Cruise is fabulous in his turn as the cock-sure "there's no food in the fridge Dad" dad to "I gotta save my kids" hero dad. I don't care what anyone says - I think he's great. Hmph. And as much as I hate to admit this, that little Fanning kid is amazing. I'm just hoping she doesn't lose her talent when she goes through that nose-too-big-for-her-head pubescent phase. Time will tell.

If you have to leave the cinema early when you see *War of the Worlds* - don't worry too much. I'm sure you have an idea of what to expect. Just make sure you don't miss the beginning - it's sensational.



Lucky L.

SIN CITY



Directors: Robert Rodriguez, Frank Miller & Quentin Tarantino

Starring: Bruce Willis, Clive Owen, Micky Rourke, Jessica Alba and Brittney Murphy

Say what you will about the merits of the many films adapted from comics - they've still been mostly transformed into action movies. Ranging from the serviceable *Spider-man* to the completely forgettable *Spider-man 2* most of these films have borne little resemblance to their paperback origins. Aside from the characters themselves, everything else has often given way to cutting, editing and lots of loud special effects that are annoyingly difficult to sleep through.

Sin City, based on the graphic novels by Frank Miller (who also co-directed with Rodriguez) bucks this tradition to a degree. Instead of aiming for the same territory as the Marvel films, Miller and Rodriguez keep the film as close to its comic roots as possible. The splashes of red, green and yellow highlighting key characters and objects burn brightly against the black and white of the minor characters and sets. Audiences who have seen the trailers may be misled into thinking this is the only noticeable aspect of the film. Instead, it is only the thing people will notice - every corner of the film oozes the dark, gritty, stylised hyper-noir feel of its origins.)

Without giving too much away, the first full story features Rourke as Marv, a looming hulk of a man out to avenge the death of a beautiful woman. Rourke seems to enjoy playing Marv almost as much as I had a blast watching him pummel and smack-talk his way to a resolution (Dwight aptly notes that Marv had the rotten luck of being born into the wrong century. He'd be right at home on some ancient battlefield,

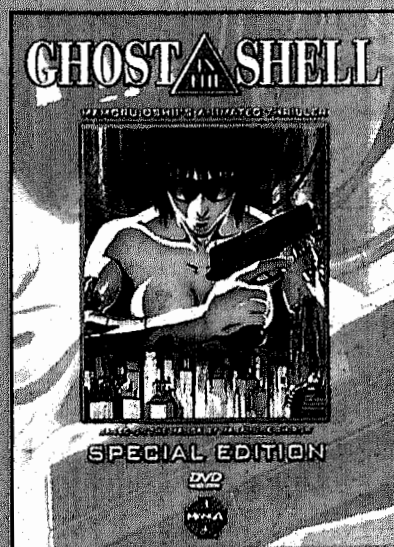
swinging an axe into somebody's face. Even when some of these scenes are more akin to an action movie, they have a sense of fun such films usually lack. In the second story, Owen and Dawson play Dwight and Gail a rogue and a prostitute trying to keep Jackie Boy (played menacingly by Benicio Del Toro) from causing trouble in one district of *Sin City*. Del Toro is often hilarious, but the second segment as a whole lacks the punch of the first, with some of the humour feeling out of place. Clive Owen (*Closer*) feels miscast as the American Dwight, as does Alexis Bledel as prostitute Becky. Then there's the third story, which I'll leave a secret.

The film is at times difficult to watch; the violence not so much graphic as it is fierce may be too much for the more squeamish viewer. However, what makes the film disturbing is the degree to which every aspect seems to enhance the idea of an almost completely corrupt environment. The visual style is dazzling: the use of colour and of the camera blending with more interesting techniques (such as the use of black and white silhouette in key scenes) to hold one's attention. What really mesmerises, though, is the nature of the characters and their amorality their ability to act without wondering whether their behaviour is right or wrong. Nowhere is this better realised than the bar a location that helps connect the three stories so seamlessly where all manner of folk converge. In almost any other film, the characters would be divided into the heroes, villains and victims. In *Sin City*, these roles are merely a matter of opinion.



Brian O'Neill

MADMAN DVD REVIEW- GHOST IN THE SHELL (SPECIAL EDITION)



Ghost In The Shell is a complicated movie. It's set in Neo Tokyo in the year 2029 and people's minds are now more like a digital soul, which are all networked together making it possible to hack into people's minds, which is known as a ghost. *Ghost In The Shell* is based around a character called Major Motoko Kusanagi, the cyborg, and all of her workmates from Section 9, and it follows them as they chase and track down an infamous 'omnipresent' ghost-hacker known only as 'The Puppet Master'. The plot seems simple enough, but when you actually watch the movie, and start listening to all of the mumbo jumbo about people and their ghosts and how they are all connected together, then Motoko starts questioning the meaning of life for cyborgs and things start messing with your head. But even if you get mixed up, never fear, because this movie is still great to watch just for the action sequences, which it has in abundance, and the special effects, which have all been given a total overhaul, will blow you away. This movie revolutionised animation and was amongst the few that gave ideas for *The Matrix*. A must see for anime buffs, action lovers and *Matrix* fans alike. A must-add to any anime collection. Special features aren't particularly special, but it's interesting to see how the film was made in the production report.



G-String

QUOTH THE RAVEN

"But if the *Pirates of the Caribbean* breaks down,
the pirates don't eat the tourists"

If you know what film this quote is from, let us know! You'll be smothered in brilliant prizes. Email onditfilm@hotmail.com with your answers. Congratulations to Ben Salewski, Zane Adams, Ann Lee and Emma Durdin who guessed correctly for editions 7, 8, 10 and 12 respectively.

Hollywood 'Did You Know's'

Film trivia for the lazy cineaste

collated by Sophie Plagakis



GREASE

Henry Winkler, "the Fonz", was originally supposed to play Danny but didn't want to be typecast. Known as *Brilliantina* (fat) in Spanish.

GONE WITH THE WIND

Top grossing film of all time, most popular film of all time. In 1939, the Hollywood Production Code had an issue with Rhett Butler's memorable last line. They were thinking of going with "Frankly my dear... I just don't care," "...it makes my gorge rise," "...my indifference is boundless," "...I don't give a hoot," and "...nothing could interest me less." The producer told them to fuck off, paid the \$5,000 fine and kept the original, "Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn." - now the most famous line in cinema history.

Clark Gable was so distressed over the requirement that he cry on film that he almost quit.

Vivien Leigh reportedly did not like kissing Clark Gable because she said that he had bad breath.



THE GODFATHER

Frank Sinatra thought the movie was awful. Surprise surprise...

STAR WARS

Alec Guinness hated making Star Wars and consistently claimed that it was his idea to have his character killed in the first film, so he "wouldn't have to carry on saying these rubbish lines". He was once confronted by a fan who claimed to have watched the film many times. He asked the fan to do something for him, and when the young man answered that he would do anything for Obi-Wan Kenobi, Guinness said, "I want you to promise me that you will never watch it again."

At different points, George Lucas planned for Luke Skywalker to be a girl, then a dwarf, then a 60-year old general, then a young bloke called Luke Starkiller, until finally settling on Luke Skywalker. Oh, and Hans Solo was gonna be a green-skinned monster with no nose and gills. Did the man plan on having any eye candy in this film at all?



TITANIC

It's suddenly become 'uncool' to like this film, so we won't talk much about it.

But did you know... At \$200 million, the movie cost more than the Titanic itself. Matthew McConaughey and Gwyneth Paltrow were going to be the leads. And after finding out that she had to be naked in front of DiCaprio, Kate Winslet decided to break the ice, and when they first met, she flashed him.



SOUND OF MUSIC

Aside from being the only Hollywood blockbuster to feature a truly shaggable DILF (Oh Captain you can blow that whistle for me anytime...), did you know that Kurt Russell and Richard Dreyfuss auditioned to play one of the children. Pity they couldn't dance.



WIZARD OF OZ

This film didn't make a profit or become popular until they showed it on TV.

Judy Garland's body was a source of concern. They gave her diet pills, then sleeping pills, and put her in a tight corset.

There were 7 pairs of ruby shoes made. No one knows where 2 of those pairs are, so if you've got 'em they're worth a sweet million or two.

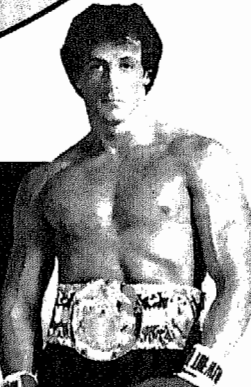


JAWS

The huge expensive mechanical shark they made sunk upon its first launching and for most of the filming didn't work. So instead Spielberg had to shoot from the shark's eye level. Many consider this to be what ultimately led to the film's scary appeal.

ROCKY

Sylvester Stallone was offered \$150,000 to back off his demand to star in his own screenplay. They wanted Ryan O'Neal! Fools!



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Wrap and Roll Bar

- ~ made to order rolls with your choice of fresh, delicious fillings & dressings

Fresh Salads

- ~ new range of our own take-away salads
- ~ convenient, packed full of fresh ingredients

International Cuisine

- ~ different menu daily
- ~ Mediterranean to Oriental style cuisine
- ~ all hot dishes certified Halal

Bakery Items

- ~ all of your favourite Balfours and Vili's pastries and cakes
- ~ large range of vegetarian and halal pastries

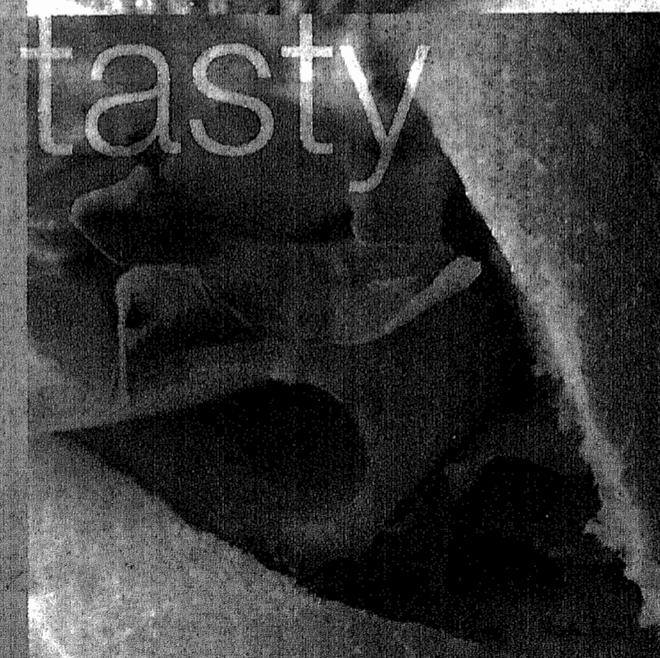
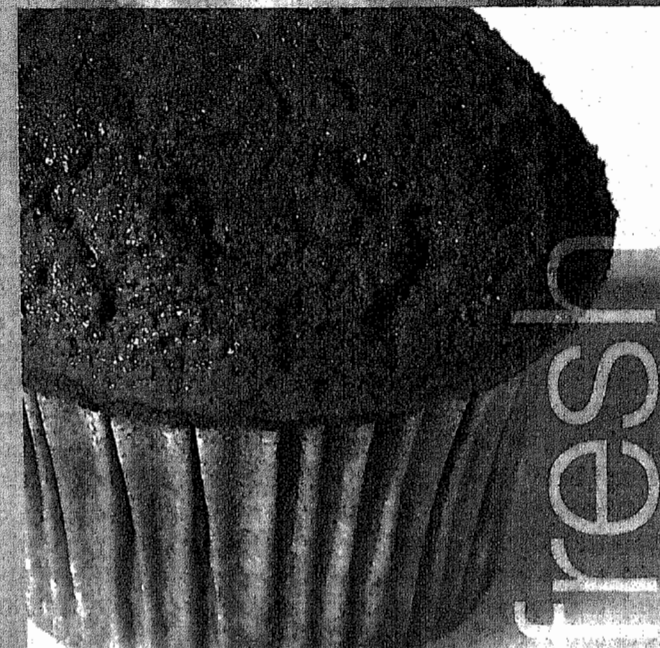
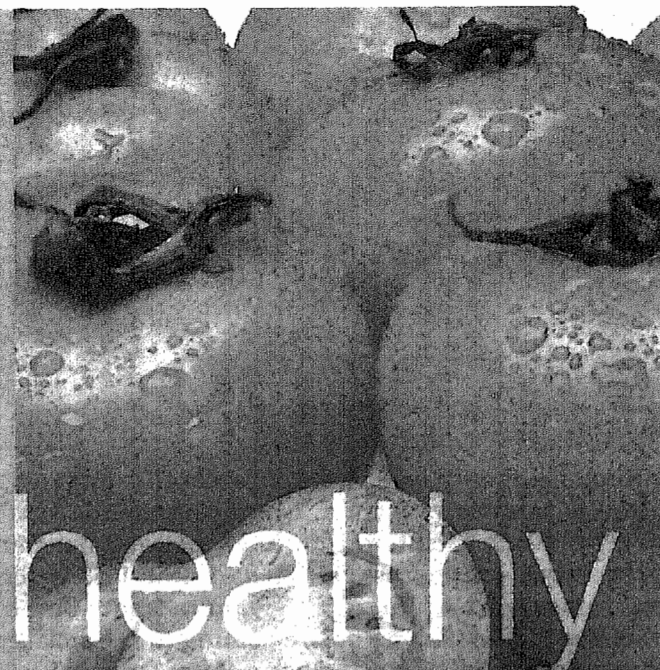
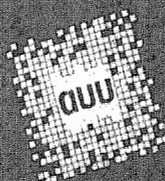
Snacks

- ~ includes chips; health, muesli and chocolate bars, lollies and icecreams

Drinks

- ~ juice, soft drinks, energy drinks, flavoured milks, filtered coffee

A service from the Adelaide University Union
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alive music

Interpol

with guests Snowman
Friday 22nd July
@ Heaven Nightclub



About a month ago, Interpol's second album *Antics* found its way into my humble collection. Unfortunately the New Yorkers seemed not to reap much attention from their beloved listener due to competition from newer purchases. So when at 6pm Friday night, *On Dit* called for our appearance at Interpol's gig, housemate Sarah and I had a minute of ecstatic convulsions before coming to the sick realisation we actually knew close to nil about the band. After listening to *Antics* 4 times whilst desperately ripping through our extensive music literature collection consisting of two *Rolling Stone* mags we conceded defeat and lolloped off to the concert excited, wide-eyed and ignorant.

After a few repulsive encounters with Heaven Nightclub, we were a tad hesitant walking through that neon lit door. But we were to discover that Heaven had miraculously transformed from whore house to art house. With a cool beat, a chilled out alternative crowd, an abundance of the colour black, and oh so many dreamy, mysterious boys, Heaven (for one night at least) actually became deserving of its title. It was to be a good night.

The night kicked off with crazy Perth rockers Snowman. This band is hot. The two male guitarists and the female bassist shared vocals while the fuckin awesome drummer whacked those drums so hard I'm surprised he didn't break a stick. But that was not all... throughout their set they revealed their multitasking-ness by pulling out violins, trumpets, saxophones and percussion to create their desired instrumental effects. They incorporated 60's rhythmic/melodic elements and experimental art rock into what became a fast-paced, psychedelic and almost overbearingly energetic set. The talented vocalists swung between Freddie Mercury falsetto. The Vines screaming with a touch of Jack White wailing. Although Snowman's music to me seemed the type able to provoke involuntary spasmodic dance moves, they unfortunately proved somewhat incongruent to the rest of the audience who brought with them Interpol's sombre psyche.

But the sombre mood was broken by the now squished-in but comfortable crowd as chants and claps erupted during the gap before Interpol's set. An electronic hum suddenly broke through the speakers

causing the crowd to hush until Interpol calmly strode onto stage at which we all went ballistic. They started out with numbers from *Antics* such as the first song "Next Exit", "Slow Hands" and "Narc" then playing stuff from their first album, *Turn On The Bright Lights* such as their beautiful "Stella Was a Diver". The atmosphere was euphoric and somewhat emotional as the band churned out these slow-burning tunes with those simple guitar riffs that are unforgettable. Their music was sometimes eerie, sometimes loathing and sometimes hopeful but always with a huge and almost overwhelming intensity. Their stage presence was amazing. Paul Banks' distinctively strong, stable but cold voice led the masses, while beautiful Daniel Kessler on guitar and the leather-tie, holster ridden Carlos D played those awesome lines while forever achieving poses and moves that could make any girl melt. And, most importantly, drummer Sam Fogarino (although I could not see him) produced the characteristic incessant pulsing beat that maketh the music that is Interpol.

The lighting during the gig was grand, especially the bright white light used during a drawn out silent pause while Interpol posed in that way that rock stars can only do. Ending up with crowd favourites, "Evil" and "Specialist", they ended with the same electronic sound as they came in with and just as calmly walked off stage. I found they were so much better live than on recording as they are so visually yummy and demand the audience's eyes through their intense presence. Their seriousness and composure was powerful, I don't think I even saw a smile. They didn't do anything snazzy or unexpected or experimental, but they didn't really need to. There could have been more interaction with the audience as they were the type that looks past you and not at you but I suppose Interpol's image is solemn and detached and they certainly maintained that. I'm sure the diehard fans would have been wetting themselves. And we had a bloody good night too. We came out not so ignorant and satisfied like we'd just eaten a good roast dinner.

Margs

THEREDSUNBAND

Rules of engagement: no smiling, no expression, no eye contact.



Imagine walking through your dreams. Heavy clouded skies where thoughts from your normally silent conscious purge reality and entwine into words and sounds. Saturated within lulling guitars and percussion, a breathy yet pure voiced nymph sings behind closed eyes of what she sees. This in essence is Theredsunband.

They are a precious being, and one not suited to large crowds. Their music is intimate in its translation and encapsulation, and larger crowds quite often look for more lively efforts than they produce. This is a sound absorbs you as much as you absorb it.

Sarah, Joni and Liz produced two promising EPs, then a more mainstream vinyl, and then the much awaited release of their debut

album, *Peapod*, was repeatedly set back. However when it finally arrived upon the shelves and into our hands it was eagerly digested. A little disappointing, despite so many gems of otherworldly transcendence, it was rather disjointed by a spattering of commercial, mainstream teasers. Not to say that they weren't good tracks in their own right, but it changed the dynamic and direction that had initially appeared to have been wandered into. However, many doubts were wiped clean when to the Gov I ventured to see them supporting Evermore.

As I said before they are certainly not suited to larger audiences, and this was no exception. The swarming crowd of teeny-boppers overrun the venue, in desperate efforts to see the New Zealand trio do their thing, and the unusual support list didn't appear to interest most of them at all. You could sense amongst the indie-goers unease and frustration as the others talked over rather than appreciated Theredsunband.

They played a short set, not helped by an unappreciating crowd, but as I was informed later longer than the set the previous night. Despite being so out of place, they performed a little of their latest releases, mixed with new material, which seemed to greatly affirm their darker, deeper roots. Sound levels were all over the place, but eventually settled, and their arty use of feedback was just completely lost upon the crowd. But the promises it held of whimsical sounds and potent lyrics have sated me until their next release.

And then the mood was lightened by a rare smile from Sarah, whose guitar is almost as big as her...the experience faded and from the crowd I withdrew, whilst images and sounds flickered on through my dreams.

Oh, and just an afterthought. If you are one of those sad souls who speaks over artists as they perform. Get a life. Or lose one. Whichever quietens you sooner.

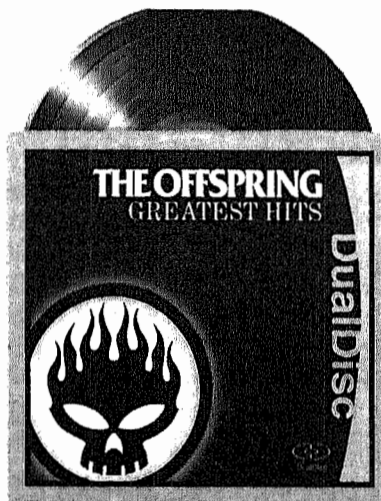
Jenn



“Essentially, the problem, is that today’s musc is shit.”

review). Perhaps Splinter is a little cleaner around the edges, the melodies and squashed and you can hear the gaps in content filled with a convenient ‘Oh yeah’ or rising chord progression, maybe that makes all the difference but it probably just shows that at least the kids of the early 90s had scarcely better taste than the badge bearers of today.

Dan J



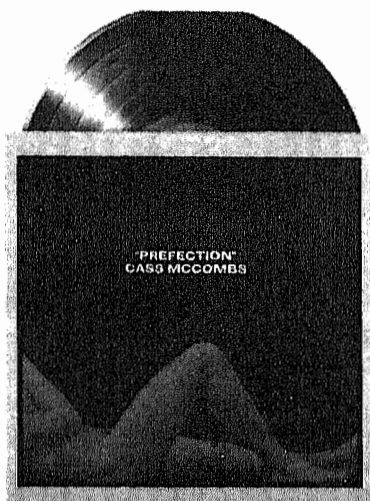
The Offspring
Greatest Hits
Sony/BMG

The chords progressions slightly bleed out at the edges, the tunes at least has some undulation but the saving grace of their second release *Smash* was that it seemed a part of the young raging bull of alternative rock. And so this compilation demonstrates inexorably that sounds which existed within a zeitgeist are best left there, particularly when despite mimicry they contain very little of the feeling of the original movement.

Though at the time I found them as annoying as somehow these teen anthems still managed to wrap a studded leather collar around my childhood memories, placing me in some sort of nostalgic bondage wherein the most effective way to access those gritty, decayed mental relics of my salival romances and darkly idealistic posturing is to submit thy brain to “Self Esteem” cranking out from the stereo.

At least it was blunt, bare and honest (too common and simple to be pretentious) it lived symbiotically with minds intent on grating themselves against their head banging skulls.

Unfortunately I can’t find the blaring differences between the ‘great’ hits of their ‘94 grunge cash-in *Smash* and 2003 *Splinter* that would somehow justify my ignoble defense of their earlier work (for a description of the new single “Can’t Repeat” refer to the following One Dollar Short



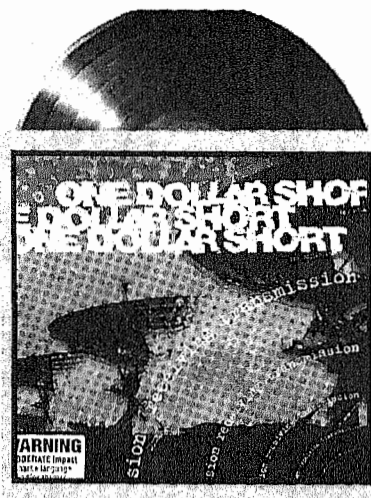
Cass McCombs
Prefection
4AD

More various than his preceding album *A*, Cass McCombs’ *Prefection* swims around in a lather of soft indie pop with a hint of eighties ethereal synth sound to create that movie moment feel to a few of the songs. An exponent of the most laudable form of mediocrity, Cass McCombs will sit very pleasantly in the background of any indie kid’s smoke down or will comfortably settle in the ear of your average music listener, McCombs’ crooning, stretched, wavering just before breaking vocals providing a soothing sound that’s less tired and pretentious than some of the big names in alternative rock/pop.

His style is exhibited clearly in “She’s Still Suffering”, under a pillow it seems, judging from the suffocated, music-from-another-room sound of the lyrics draining through the hazy guitar. The muffled words hide to some extent McCombs failure to distil straying melodies into wry, frayed but distinctly nostalgic pop hooks.

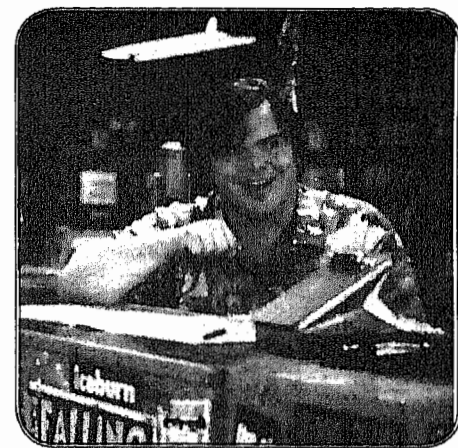
“Multiple Suns” combines a moving chord progression over tired drum beats, an appropriate accompaniment to the lyrics “I’m looking forward to looking backwards” but without the strength in lyrics that was fairly feebly flexed in *A*, *Prefection* will unfortunately slide into its self created soupy sounding oblivion. An unfortunate demise considering it is more varied and listenable than most of the popular melody merchants.

Dan J



One Dollar Short
Receiving Transmission
Festival Mushroom

With all of its speed, dropped Ds and drum frenetics *Receiving Transmission* fails to have any of the ‘weight’ that would usually be expected of a band with the pretense of musical aggression. Every note seems to occur completely within the slipstream of entirely unchallenging, and therefore considering its angsty motives, un compelling musical range. The furious pace, combined with the singers high pitch gives the impression that you are actually listening to a sped up recording, not unlike a Chipmonks Christmas Carol tape I had as a child. The speed just blurs the hyper produced sound until we’re left with a mild buzz, imagine the sound of a universe approaching perfect entropy, but less profound – perhaps gnats mating.



“I swear, I only listened to that stuff to pick up chicks who do it like this.”

They cash in on the burgeoning metrosexual market the lyrics speak of, the kind of emotional flamboyance that these guys would have been beating kids up for in high school. Commendably the lyrical details are vague enough to avoid being annoying (most of the time) but to also create no definite impression of a genuine feeling. To my horror, the band whinnies out the line “the killer in me is the killer in you”. Adding a maliciously disturbing psychological element, the butchering of this Billy Corgan phrase was for me the most angst driven moment in this recording.

Dan J

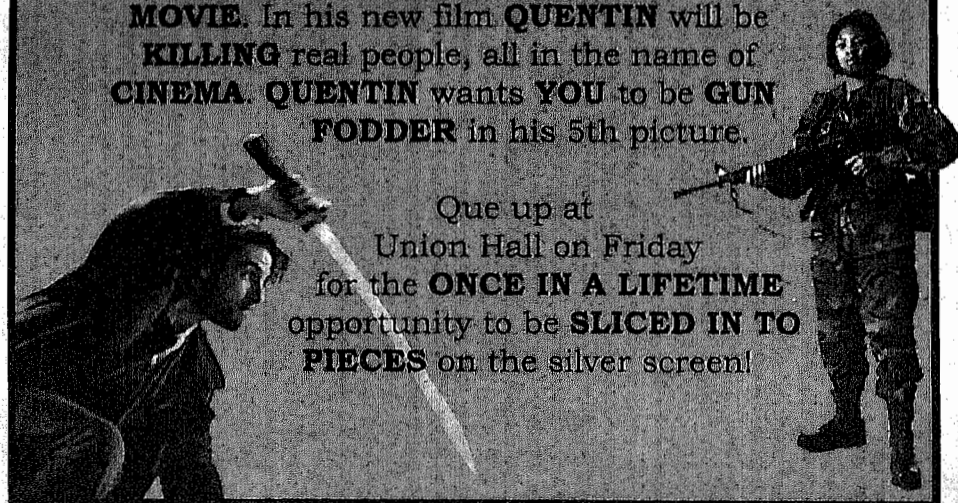
The 5th Film by Quentin Tarantino **INGLORIOUS BASTARDS**

Open Casting Call! - all students welcome.
Union Hall, Friday July the 29th at 2pm.

QUENTIN is continuing his journey to **PUSH THE BOUNDARIES** of **CINEMA** and needs **YOUR** help. If you’re feeling **SUICIDAL, COMMITTED** to the **ARTS** or **COMMITTED** to an **ASYLUM**, he wants you!!

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Que up at Union Hall on Friday for the **ONCE IN A LIFETIME** opportunity to be **SLICED IN TO PIECES** on the silver screen!



Back to Basics

Steven Isserlis in Recital
Musica Viva
Adelaide Town Hall
June 9

Gone were the pot plants and gimmicky lighting effects that have detracted from previous Musica Viva concerts this year. In their place stood musicianship of the highest calibre and intriguing programming. Steven Isserlis came with a formidable reputation and an equally formidable accompanist. The former was justified and the latter, Ian Brown, was marvellous.

Shostakovich's *Cello sonata in D minor* opened the program and Isserlis' abounding energy was immediately obvious. He was wise in his careful approach to vibrato, knowing exactly when to let a note sound plainly and when to add warmth. Ian Brown's perfect touch was particularly on show in the second movement and the pair had chosen their tempos well.

The *Cello suite No. 3 (on Russian themes)* by Benjamin Britten was a perfect complement to the previous work, and made more features of the performers' exemplary playing apparent. Isserlis' ability to play the cello with agility comparable to that of a violinist was breathtaking. Especially impressive was his spicato, and his intonation on some very difficult double stops was also remarkably good.

After he provided something akin to a stand-up comedy routine after the interval, Isserlis returned to his instrument for Janáček's *Pohádka (A fairy tale)*. The interplay between him and his accompanist was most effective in the third movement, and the piece, while not strictly programmatic, quaintly conjured up images of the story that inspired it.

The *Sonata No. 1* by Martinu led the cellist to appear at times as though he were possessed, such was the ferocity of the music. However, the tumultuous work did not provide a strong ending to the program; in fact, the second half of the concert was, overall, slightly weaker than the first.

Luckily, some balance was added by two encores, the first a love song written by Rachmaninov in his youth and the second an arrangement by Isserlis' sister that made *When I'm sixty-four* sound more like *I do like to be beside the seaside*. The two pieces, though very different, were a delightful way to bring the evening to a close.

This was the second time that this wonderful cellist toured here with Musica Viva. The audience hoped that it would not be the last.

Benedict Coxon

Shining Schubert

'Psyche'
Musica da Camera with Paul Blackwell
Radford Auditorium, Art Gallery of SA
June 4-5

Musica da Camera's first subscription series concert for the year was taken to a new level by the masterful playing of some very fine guest violinists. The next instalment of the series also found a new level, though it was at the wrong end of the spectrum. The music was pushed into the background by a typically spirited performance from Paul Blackwell, acting as narrator with his own script.

What were presumably supposed to be seamless transitions between the words and the music were more like flicking between the channels on a television. While Blackwell's text was based on Classical mythology and particularly the story of Psyche, the program notes revealed that the music was more an exploration of the *concept* of the psyche, i.e. the soul, spirit or mind. It would have made more sense for the music to be incidental to the text; the presentation as a whole was nothing short of schizophrenic.

Putting the dichotomy aside, there was interest to be found in the music itself. The opening *Worldes blis*, a thirteenth century song of unknown authorship, was the most interesting offering, with its unfamiliar harmonies and an effective drone provided by cellist Zoë Barry. Tessa Miller excelled in Henry Purcell's *O solitude*, and recorder player Lynton Rivers and harpsichordist Lesley Lewis were solid in support throughout a diverse range of works by Dowland, van Eyck, Daniel Purcell, Blow and Flackton.

Capping off the program was a new work by local composer Quentin Grant entitled *Psyche - A Song Cycle*. It is commendable that Musica da Camera, a group better known for its performance of baroque repertoire than for *avant-garde* premieres, was prepared to tackle something so different from its usual fare. However, one wondered if it was worth the effort for a work that was not particularly engaging. Token baroque stylistic elements mixed with contemporary harmonies did not turn out to be an effective combination.

Despite the best efforts of all involved, this concert-cum-story-telling was puzzling. Attendance at the second performance was meagre, making a stark contrast with Musica da Camera's performance at the Auditorium back in February when extra seats had to be put out. One can only look forward to a more conventional presentation in September when a stellar guest artist, mezzo-soprano Sally-Anne Russell, joins the group for the next in the series of Classically-themed concerts.

Benedict Coxon

Pieces of a Puzzle

'Something Old, Something New'
Macquarie Trio
Elder Hall
July 3

The Macquarie Trio's third visit to Elder Hall this year, with a program focussed on the Classical period, was met with a warm welcome from the audience. Together with guest violinist Natalie Chee, and with its usual rigour, the trio embarked on a musical journey encompassing works by Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Broadstock.

The concert opened with the short *Trio in A major* by Haydn. The strings sounded a little heavy in comparison with the piano, which was probably due to the rather wide vibrato used by both Chee and cellist Michael Goldschlager. The piece centred on the piano, which was played beautifully by Kathryn Selby, who in turn received firm support from the strings.

Next came a very emotional piece by the Australian composer Brenton Broadstock, *I touched your glistening tears*, inspired by the composer's feelings for his severely handicapped son. The trio carefully approached the climax of the near-minimalist piece, and there was a tangible stillness at the end as its final note disappeared into the ether.

The trio's tight ensemble work was displayed in Beethoven's *Trio in C minor*. The dialogues between cello and violin in the second movement were marvellous.

The concluding piece, the *Trio in E flat major* by Schubert, probably best showcased the trio's abilities. Throughout the piece, the composer's ingenious melodies were brought to the fore with amazing conviction. Each line not only gave the players an opportunity to display their soloistic abilities, but their strong capability as an ensemble was evident in the way they dealt with the interweaving passages where the melody passes from one instrument to another. This was one of the many highlights of a fine effort by the Macquarie Trio.

Yasuto Nakamura



High Society

High Society
The Therry Dramatic Society
Arts Theatre
June 9 - 18

High Society was filmed as a musical by MGM in 1956 starring Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly and Frank Sinatra and featured the music of both Cole Porter and Louis Armstrong. It was an unashamed 'musicalisation' of George Cuckor's 1940 screwball comedy *The Philadelphia Story*.

The plot is a simple crowd pleaser, the standard romantic comedy set-up - a woman is engaged to be married to a man who is no good for her and constantly overlooks the merits of another man who is hopelessly infatuated but too proud to say.

Alexandra Gard filled Grace Kelly's Tracy Lord role with the appropriate measure of frosty intelligence and glacial grace. Vying for her affection is gadabout ex-husband C.K. Dexter Haven (David Probert). Enlisted to cover the ill-fated wedding is failed writer-cum-tabloid

journalist Mike Connor (Richard Greig). Quite predictably he finds himself slipping into love with Tracy also.

The true stars of the show however are Cole Porter's sly, witty songs. Classics such as *Let's Misbehave*, *Who Wants to be a Millionaire*, *I Love Paris*, *She's Got That Thing*, *Say It With Gin* and the titular *High Society* all display Porter's wonderfully insightful, yet whimsical and sometimes farcical conception of heterosexual relationships.

Worthy of special mention was Andrew Crayford as Uncle Willie. Given a wonderfully over the top role as the endearing drunkard he was able to play it up past all reason to the delight of the crowd.

With songs this clever and a cast this capable it seems almost impossible to do any wrong.

Wolfgang Hackman



High Anxiety

The Trial of Joseph K.
Adelaide Centre for the ARTS Actors
Adelaide Centre for the Arts
July 1 - 5

Already given treatments in the cinema and on radio, Franz Kafka's iconic novel *The Trial* has now made its way to the stage in Adelaide. The short season at the beginning of July was intended as a showcase for the third year actors of Adelaide Centre for the ARTS' TAFE program.

It's a source that's incredibly complex but at the same time incredibly concise and insightful. The richness of the novel, its many convolutions and meanderings, make it fertile ground for any adaptor. Kafka may well be the definitive 'modern' writer. In style, theme and tone Kafka represents the collision of the old world and the new.

Joseph K. awakes one morning to be told that he's under arrest, for what his captors won't tell him. He's unaware of any misconduct, but somehow still feels

the anxiety of a guilty man. In an attempt to clear his name he visits various claustrophobic offices and travels down a labyrinth of endless corridors only to slam headlong into bureaucracy and red tape. Kafka's novel is intended as a sprawling allegory of the modern condition.

In the staging, the company wisely chose to borrow from the psychoanalytic/expressionistic tradition of thirties German cinema. Using sharp sets, comprised largely of triangles, and harsh spotlighting they effectively express the anxiety of K.'s existence.

The acting from the ensemble cast was on the large part consummate. Many actors filled several roles and managed to find effectively different characterisations within the narrow range of paranoia.

On the whole it was a valiant attempt, rich in drive and ambition but lacking in the necessary professionalism to make it a flawless production.

Wolfgang Hackman



State Theatre Company - For Kids!

The State Theatre Company's production of British playwright Bryony Lavery's *Frozen* came to an end last Sunday with a wealth of impressive reviews in its wake.

Veteran Carmel Johnson added a rare and refreshing touch of laconic naturalism to her performance of a grieving Nancy. Her character, some twenty years after having lost her youngest daughter to a paedophilic serial killer, must come to terms with her loss, and consider the possibility of actually forgiving the now convicted killer. All of this is set against the ongoing research of a visiting American Psychologist (Annabel Giles), who believes that evil is nothing more or less than a pathological illness, and should be treated as such.

Fans of shows like *Law & Order* and the psychological crime genre at large may find these themes a little staid, but director Catherine Fitzgerald handled the material well, extracting solid performances from an all South Australian cast. Was that the Beaumonts I saw in the

back row on opening night?

The next big thing at State Theatre is the latest offering from the sublime Edward Albee (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*).

The Goat, or Who is Sylvia is the thoroughly deadpan story of a respectable husband and father who is faced with the dilemma that is informing his family and colleagues that he has fallen in love with a goat.

This, I'm sure, is something we can all relate to, especially when the *New York Times* describes it as one of the funniest plays Albee has written. It cleaned up the most prestigious awards for best play in 2002, and State Theatre's treatment of it is unlikely to disappoint. Be on the look out for this one at the Dunstan playhouse, August 5 - 20. Contact BASS or the State Theatre Company for details.

Tristan Mahoney



SWIMMING CLUB AGM AND ELECTION OF NEW OFFICE BEARERS

ON MONDAY 1ST AUGUST AT 5PM THE SWIMMING CLUB WILL BE HOLDING ITS ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, WHERE WE WILL FORMALLY ELECT THE NEW PRESIDENT AND TREASURER OF THE CLUB. THE POSITION OF CLUB SECRETARY IS ALSO OPEN TO ANYONE WHO WISHES TO NOMINATE. THE MEETING WILL BE HELD IN THE WP ROGERS ROOM, LEVEL 4, UNION HOUSE.

Do you ever wonder what might happen if you just decided to scream really loudly one day in a lecture, or in the library, or deliberately start dropping plates in a restaurant? I do and sometimes I secretly think I will.

TIM TO WIN
BBO5!



If living in a trench with an imbecile and a distant relation of a dung beetle is starting to get you down, why not consider moving into lush Goodwood? You could even move into Clementine's house - I hear there's a room available and only \$75 a week. What a bargain! Call her on 0405927437 for fun and good times and a fun yet clean house.

SWIT COMIX

