

Strong Room
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ON DIT

Volume 73 Edition 19
13/09/2005



TELL ME WHEN ITS OVER

FEAUTES

- 7. GENOCIDE IN WEST PAPUA?
- 9. A CULTURE OF CANNABALISM
- 10. WAR ON THE WHARFIES
- 12. THE EPIC RINGING OF THE HOLLOW OF THE HAND OF CLAY (IE FEAR)
- 14. DEVELOPMENT IN THE THIRD WORLD
- 15. POP-A-LISCIOUS FASHION NOVELTIES
- 20. CONSPIRACY THEORY #562

REGULARS

- 3. MEDIA WATCH 4. EDITORIAL/LETTERS 6. NEWS IN BRIEF 13. SHORT OPINION
- 15. OFFICE BEARERS 18. VOX POP 20. SKULLDUGGERY 23. FILM 26. PERFORMING ARTS
- 28. VISUAL ARTS 30. MUSIC 33. LITERATURE 34. FOOD 35. CLASSIFIEDS/SHIT COMIX

On Dit
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Visual Arts

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Vox Pop

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Food & Booze

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About the covers:

Front: *Demons* by Owen Lindsay.
 Back: Photo by Clementine.

Wanna Write?

Come down to our friendly little office down in the basement of the George Murray building. Coming editions are themed Elle Dit (women's edition), novelty and god, 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.

Satellites of love:

Edith, Alexis (again), Owen, Happy Birthday Leo!, Nerissa, Johnno, Governor Chris, Clementine's Pops, & Andres for running a nice joint, Judith for stopping by.

A short list of things we are fear:

The mob, sleeping after extremely long periods of wake, unpredictable weather, bibliophobes, a gullible public, being extremely full half an hour later, cellular decay.

LIBRARY UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE
13 SEP 2005



with Audrey Hefferneggar

Media Watch

I was going to write this week's Media Watch on the sale of Telstra; how the illiberal government is still managing to institute policies that anger the entire population, a population that continues to vote for them regardless. I planned to point out how ineffective Kim Beazley is as Opposition leader, how his description in Parliament of the "mum and dad shareholders who will miss out" was as ridiculous a tactic as Howard's interest rates scare tactics in the 2004 election, though sadly less effective. How seemingly thousands of 'battlers' are flooding Leon Byner and Nicole Haack on 5AA with two dimensional arguments echoing the same poorly thought out theories as demonstrated by Beazley, and how if possible they are even less effective. However, being unused to discussing economic policy I determined to tackle something more malleable to my particular biased and opinionated brand of political argument. There's only so much vitriol you can spin about close minded, 4WD owning people complaining about petrol prices before the arguments start to reverberate painfully around the tight confines of one's skull. Plan B abandoned. So I've determined to write about something entirely unrelated to the media, yet particularly close in line with this week's edition. I realise I take absurd liberty with my role as page three writer this week, yet hopefully there may be some amongst you that can relate to the neuroses documented within and possibly find a little humour in your own.

My name is Audrey Hefferneggar. I'm a 24 year old chronic hypochondriac with a myriad of different phobias. It's possible in amongst the dictionary of fears that lingers around on my back, I am actually also a phobiaphobe, a status which renders my condition particularly farcical. Over the years, the vice like grip of fear that has wrested itself around my soul has waned somewhat, but the tentacles of the beast remain poised and ready to strike at any time. My situation is so ridiculous that at times I realise I'm entirely without fear, and find myself fearful of this lack of fear.

As a young child, I remember being petrified of illness. At the first signs of bruising, I'd totter down the hallway to point out the sign of my imminent death to my father. His refusal to acknowledge my hypochondria resulted in ridiculous words of advice like, "Well, we better chop it off then." Rather than soothe my overactive imagination, I'd hurtle off into a terrifying world of amputated limbs and hideous disfigurement. My stomach would drop at the thought of carrying around a stump and I'd retreat to my room to cower beneath the bed sheets like a poor lost lamb caught sight of the farmer's cleaver. Not only did I now have to face the possibility of cancer bruises being

a definitive symptom of leukemia), but I'd have to learn how to write with my right hand, or become adept at the use of crutches, my jeans' leg tellingly pinned up below the knee.

I must say, after a childhood spent avoiding the company or even sight of disabled people, the blind, deaf and disfigured, my phobias only excelled in their peculiarity.

By the age of 12, I had begun to display signs of acute Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. As well as the textbook symptoms of constant flicking of light switches, I furiously scrubbed my hands any time they came into contact with, well, pretty much anything. But this wasn't just your average pummeling of dirt ridden peripheries - there was a certain order which I had to follow in order to ensure, wait for it, I wouldn't die by the end of the day. The ritual involved an elaborate pattern based cleansing of each hand and finger, which if disturbed or lost track of, must be started again at the beginning. I estimate in one year I spent approximately 436 hours washing my hands. That's an awful lot of soap and running water.

Fortunately, I also had the benefit of religious anxiety stalking me like a dark shadow. While not from a particularly religious family, around this time I decided it would be an excellent idea to convert to Catholicism. I was attracted to the Nathaniel Hawthornesque imagery of sin and brimstone, the heathen burning beneath the saved. Above everything, I was terrified of eternal damnation in the pits of Hell, which was poor fodder for what came next. In my hormonal 13 year old mind, I had become convinced that Satan had singled me out for conversion and was subtly presenting me with opportunities to sell my soul to him. I would like to stress at this point that I am not a mad woman, although I present distinct symptoms of agateophobia (fear of insanity). However, I think it had become decidedly apparent at this stage that I was unlikely to be stricken with any illness (strong as an ox, my father always said) and hence had to create more insidious phobias and neuroses. Lying in bed at night, I recited over and over my Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary's. As with the hand washing, the recitation was executed in a complicated pattern, the failure of which to achieve would result in the Lord on High being mightily pissed off and hence withdrawing his protection of me

from the Beast. Hail Mary, I chanted, over and over.

At some point, I suppose reason won out over anxiety and I got jack of the guilt of being a sinner. I suppose that's what real Catholics must feel all the time. Anyway, I don't remember it happening at the time, but at some point I realised the whole fear of Satan thing was dead and buried. Now I pretty much consider him a myth created by man to get people to eat their vegetables, so to speak.

Realising you lean more towards atheism doesn't make it any easier though. Without a higher power to protect you, phobias can take on the forms of more ravenous and demanding monsters. Throughout the years I have been seriously petrified of (by which I mean, I thought I had justifiable reason to be so): ghosts, car accidents, blindness, deafness, multiple sclerosis, muscular degeneration, meningococcal, Japanese Encephalitis, cancer, HIV, electrical fires, closed spaces, open spaces, silence, noise and death. In the summer of 2001, in my multiple sclerosis phase, visions of losing control over my body led me to have a mini nervous breakdown, through which I became chronically fearful of going crazy. Ironically, hypochondria is a form of madness. It is difficult to cure and/or control. But this is what fear is all about. It's about the lack of control. Fear of the dark isn't fear of black - it's a fear of the unknown. Any phobia is manifest because its owners feel in that particular area of their lives they have no control. I feel I've demonstrated reasonably clearly over my 24 years that my mind is at best over imaginative and at worst self-destructive. Fear of madness was the only stage left for me to go, because it is the one place I know all self control will be abandoned. This leads to the question of why control IS so important? Why am I fearful of crossing that line into the unknown, the unexplored realms of my mind that may show me things at turns dark and beautiful and sometimes both? That is a question to which I have no answer, and so I continue to wrestle with it.

I may at least thank my lucky stars I'm not Billy Bob Thornton, who has a chronic fear of antique furniture, flying and death. He's also afraid of standing up, which is only outdone by his fear of sitting down. Dinners at the Thornton household must be a laugh riot.

ELLE DIT

is seeking submissions from riot grrls, ladies, women, chicks, birds and any other person of the female variety who wishes to contribute.

The theme for *Elle Dit* this year is Response to Popular Culture.

If you'd like to contribute or attend a meeting, please contact

Clementine at

clementine.ford@student.adelaide.edu.au

or Melissa at

melissa.purcell@student.adelaide.edu.au

We brought you *The Vagina Monologues*, now we want to bring you the most badass mamma jamma of *Elle Dits* yet!



EDITORIAL

After a nondescript organisational error, the novelty edition replete with multiple dimensions, illusions and code, mentioned in last weeks contents page was unable to be produced this week so we instead have gone with the now often used theme of fear.

The next edition of *On Dit* (Elle Dit in fact) won't be smouldering in your hot little hands until after the after the holiday break so you've plenty of time to purge yourself of literary ambition for the remaining four editions of *On Dit* in Term 4.

While the Spring sun has brought a multitude of blaringly white legs marching past our

lowly office windows, we've also noticed a sort of new wave sporting trend occurring adjacent the Barr Smith Lawns.

Equiped with several speakers, a couch and an esky, a handball competition seems to have been livening up the lawns midweek. On speaking to the participants we were assured that they welcome all students to join in and look forward to upgrading to a 9 or 12 square court. If anyone has any problems with the music volume (or genre) just come up and voice your concerns and they'll make the necessary changes. Game on...

Are you an obscuraphobe? Wrench yourself out of the abyss of obscurity and into the cheap and shortly lived fame of the *On Dit* letters pages (you can even do it every week!)

Just send your literary exhibitionism to ondit@adelaide.edu.au or slip a neatly printed letter under our basement door.

Remember, resist the temptation to be needlessly inflammatory with racist, sexist or homophobic material.

On Dit takes no responsibility for spelling or gramatical errors in your letters, we want you to appear in all your original glory so make sure you check it twice.



Dear Eds,

The article on Greenpeace and the Rainbow Warrior (*On Dit* 73.17) was interesting reading. However, there are some things that intrigue me.

Is the Rainbow Warrior powered by renewable resources? If not, it begs the question why not. I would have thought an organisation that promotes the use of renewable energy would have considered this as an important way of maintaining their credibility in today's cynical world.

Now, I am no sailor and a mediocre mechanic, but certainly there must be alternatives to roaming around the oceans using a vessel that is no different from the other pollution creating machines. In addition, do they remove their rubbish when they dock, or do they just hoik it over the side like the majority of ships?

Secondly, does the organisation abide by its credo and adopt environmentally friendly practices in all its operations. Or does it have its head office in a high rise building using copious amounts of power for air conditioning, computers, lighting etc? I ask this because I recently saw a programme where the CEO of a green organisation was being interviewed in his penthouse office in London, where all the office lights were on, about thirty desks with computers all running, large amounts of paper on each desk (was it recycled paper??), and I'm sure the air conditioning would have been operating. Surely in this era of enhanced communications they could have operated out of a country establishment which utilised wind, water or solar power to run their operations.

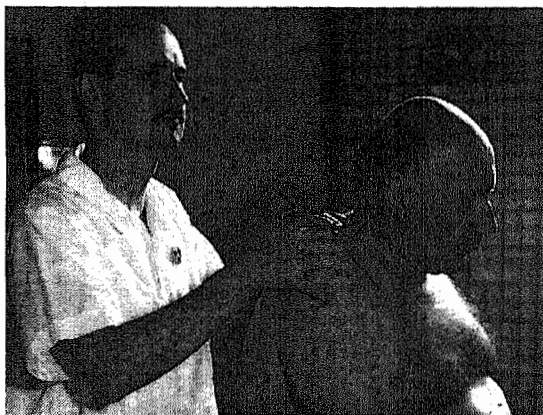
I have been a supporter of green organisations for many years and believe fully in their protestations about the way in which humans are abusing the planet, and try to adopt the practices which these organisations espouse. Now personally I walk when I can, or catch public transport (which is now using bio fuel) when I can't. I do not own a car, am

selective about what household products I use (eg washing powders with low phosphorous levels), and use electrical products sparingly.

In no way should this letter indicate I am anti Greenpeace, for they do a wonderful job, but it merely asks the same questions they put to governments and organisations around the world.

Unless of course they are adopting the age old mantra of do as I say and not as I do.

Geoff Bennett



Dearest Eds, Students and Hangers-on.
Friends all,

Well, what can I say? It was all over as quickly as it began. No, I'm not reflecting on my recent 4 month pig-shooting expedition to Wilcannia, I'm talking about the loved and loathed Student Elections at Adelaide Uni.

And what a week it was. Like a great steak sandwich, it had the lot. And yes, it was just as messy. After hundreds of Champion Ruby's, enough Jesus Juice to tranquilize a football team and the usual scary inter-factional romantic liaisons; the last elections before VSU is rolled into town came to a close in the first week in September.

But like any old finale, the elections had many surprises. Not to mention more plot twists than an ALP policy package.

Firstly, it was great to see the rock-chic chief of the NUS's Politburo jet in from Sydney's North Shore to lend a hand. Hope he made the most of it though - those jaunts across the country will become quite scarce next year. Shit, we'll miss ya mate.

But as an observer from the sidelines, certainly the highlight of the week was when 2 bottles of Vodka were reportedly stolen from the exclusive clubhouse-like executive lounges of the SAUA. And, in a development that further outraged office bearers, said spirits were purportedly consumed by conservative students (marking an historic occasion - the

first time any Liberal got anything out the SAUA). When the call went out for the thieves to be apprehended (and presumably shot) the Liberal students were allegedly in such a terrible state of undignified inebriation that they were totally indistinguishable from the campaigning horde of lefty student politicians and ultimately escaped apprehension.

The one and only solid lead to those in pursuit was a phone number - but when it was dialled the response was some sort of regional dialect saying 'Howdy. You've gotten Bourkey', which the SAUA is still apparently attempting to translate into English.

Upon learning of the outrage caused by their actions, one young conservative was heard to remark, 'Bugger them, out of my \$320 union fee all I've got is two bottles of Vodka. I'll need to steal eight more just to get my money's worth out of these bastards!'. Kenneth to that sir.

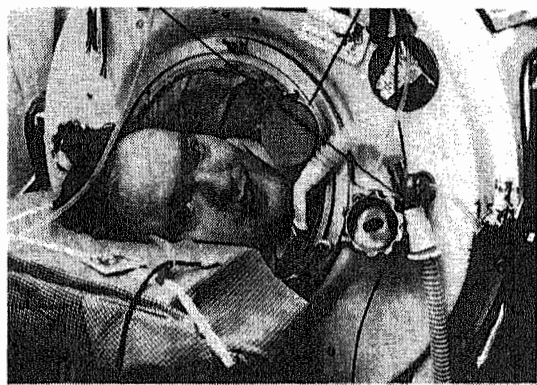
Alby Longbottom



Dear *On Dit*,

Did anyone see the Barr Smith Lawn after Friday night? It was covered in junk - cups, chip packets, general rubbish that any decent person would put in the bin! The viewing area for vote count, and the whole area outside was the same. Our student politicians claim to care so much about the Uni and its members - and I'm sure not all were guilty, I really hope Environment Officer candidates weren't - but it's just not a good way to demonstrate how responsible and worthy of our votes you are. Maybe show a little respect people - or maybe your esteemed positions make you exempt? I guess most real politicians just employ someone else to clean up their shit...

M



Dear Eds,

Well seeing there's a drought of letters recently I feel that I am allowed to bring attention to a spate of recent attacks from all quarters of the *On Dit* readership/writership against a particularly defenceless minority at this university. I refer of course to the current vendetta against boat shoes and boat shoe wearers.

I want to use this opportunity to stand up in defence of boat shoes! Boat shoes are without doubt one of the most versatile shoes known to man. They are one of the only shoes that can legitimately be worn without socks in a semi-formal situation. They are a more protective alternative to sandals or thongs. Boat shoes can 'dress up' any boring old pants/shirt ensemble. You can treat them as a work shoe in any job that requires good presentation. They are not a summer shoe only and can be worn with socks in the cooler months. One finds it hard to describe the exquisite comfort that these soft leather shoes provide. With this comfort comes the knowledge that the soles on these puppies will never wear out and that the tread, by virtue of classic simplicity, will leave you in good stead on any terrain. Finally, boat shoes provide a kind of identity/status symbol to the wearer and proclaims, quite proudly, I

am sensible, polite, courteous and, chances are, well bred.

So I say to all the critics out there, don't judge until you've walked a mile in my shoes!

Kind Regards
Phil

P.S. I agree with the criticisms regarding upturned collars. I would hope that any boat shoe wearer would have the good sense to realise that doing so in any circumstance other than to keep the sun from your neck makes you look like a git!

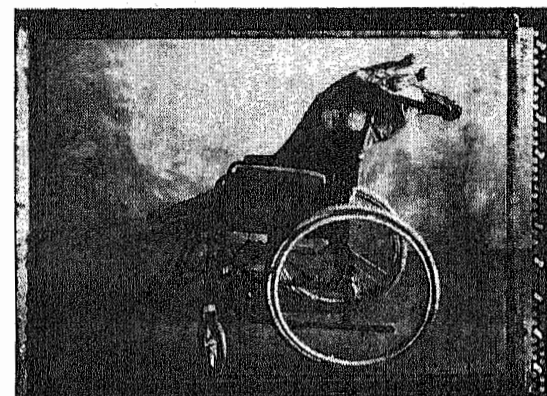


Dear Eds,

This is a letter directed at those two selfish individuals who insist on carrying out their ridiculously loud love-making sessions in the showers located just behind the *On Dit* office in the George Murray building. I'm sure that you enjoy yourselves (at least it sounds like it), but the parrot-like screeching, animal grunts and sharp sound of flesh slapping on flesh, all amplified by the acoustic properties of the tiled bathroom, are not in the least conducive to writing and the volume at which you conduct your activities makes them decidedly difficult to ignore. While you may justifiably do pretty much whatsoever you wish in the privacy of

your own homes (assuming that you have both reached the age of consent), it would befit you to remember that these showers are, in fact, located in a public place, and to have a little consideration for the others who use them or are located in the vicinity and to behave accordingly when you use these facilities.

The Office Dweller



Dear Eds,

I've had doubts of my own about the depressingly slim chances of unknown Australian authors - writers young and old - crashing their way through what seem like impenetrable barriers, into the literary circles of this country, I'm bound to say.

But when a world-famous author, here for the South Australian Writers' Festival, Thomas Keneally, expresses much the same thought in "Authors left on the shelf", that thought assumes such substance as to amount, almost, to an official position, with as much power as a papal edict, or a royal command - "Publishers, and governments, pull your fingers out, and lift your game!"

I, for one, shall look forward to hearing how writers' prospects might be improved, at the Festival.

Dave Diss

**Provisional Results Of The AUU And SAUA Elections
Conducted On 29th August To 2nd September 2005**

SAUA PRESIDENT

John Pezy 725

**ACTIVITES/CAMPAIGNS
COORDINATOR**

Kate Walsh 655

EDUCATION VICE PRESIDENT

Chris Kelly 775

WOMENS VICE PRESIDENT

Tara Bates 767

FEMALE SEXUALITY OFFICER

Redenka Roylance 902

MALE SEXUALITY OFFICER

David Wilkins 842

ATSI OFFICER

Felix Kery 726

STUDENT RADIO

Julia Kazmierczak,
Nick Ward 901

ENVIRONMENT OFFICE

Reece Kinnane 722

ORIENTATION CO-ORDINATOR

Nathan Grima 813

ON DIT EDITORS

Stephanie Mountzouris
Lauren Kate Young,
Anna Svedburg 870

UNION BOARD

- 1. Kate Gunn 125
- 2. Josh Rayner 113
- 3. Ross Roberts Thomson 113
- 4. Georgia Phillips 112
- 5. Ting Ting Choi 112
- 6. Tom Swanson 107
- 7. Clementine Ford 106
- 8. John Pezy 106
- 9. Sandy Biar 96
- 10. Jess Cronin 94
- 11. Ashley Schmidt 86
- 12. Min Guo 85
- 13. Erin Riddell 82
- 14. Tara Bates 81
- 15. Sophie Plagakis 80
- 16. Chris Kelly 78
- 17. Katie Hulmes 75
- 18. Johanna Picton 74

SAUA COUNCIL

- 1. Sarah Reid 210
- 2. Sophie Plagakis 187
- 3. Bill Fuller 162
- 4. Hannah Frank 149
- 5. Chin Ching Yam 148
- 6. David Kavanagh 140
- 7. Thomas Dawkins 125
- 8. Julia Phillips 119
- 9. Emma Durdin 113
- 10. Andrew Wilkins 97

UNION ACTIVITES

- 1. Sarah Reid 214
- 1. Sarah Reid 214
- 3. David Zanker 134
- 4. Maggie Watson 128
- 5. Layla Clarke 111
- 6. Peter Drew 108
- 7. Gabriele Zilinskas 107
- 8. Bill Fuller 105
- 9. Chin Ching Yam 102
- 10. Julia Phillips 101

**NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS
Delegates (NUS)**

- 1. David Pearson 215
- 2. John Pezy 201
- 3. Alexandra Barratt 196
- 4. Matthew Walton 194
- 5. David Kavanagh 187
- 6. Jess Cronin 165

News in Brief



Rehnquist Buried as Bush Plans Next Supreme Court Appointment

Tributes are pouring in from all over America as über-conservative former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court William H. Rehnquist is put to rest. Rehnquist was appointed to the United States Supreme Court by President Nixon and promoted to Chief Justice during Ronald Regan's Presidential term. A frothing conservative, Rehnquist advocated a closer relationship between the Christian church and the state and was militantly for capital punishment, anti-abortion, anti-gay rights and held strong influence over the decision to hand George Bush victory in Florida over Al Gore despite strong accusations of screaming errors in the voting system. After the retirement earlier in the year of Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, and now the death of Rehnquist, two seats sit open on the Supreme Court, to be filled by personal nominees of President Bush. Bush has already nominated a conservative, John Roberts, to fill Rehnquist's post, a man who is expected to vote very much in his predecessor's tradition and is expected to nominate another conservative to replace the moderate O'Connor. Very rarely are such major changes made to the Supreme Court in such a short period of time and many liberal Americans are concerned that these two significant changes will mark the shape of US law for decades to come.

Assassination in Gaza

The small window of hope that had opened in Gaza in the last few weeks has now been firmly slammed shut with the assassination of Moussa Arafat, cousin of late PLO leader Yasser Arafat. Moussa Arafat was accosted in his home before dawn last Wednesday and dragged out into the street before being shot in the head by unidentified assailants. His son was also kidnapped in the raid. Arafat was a former security chief for the PLO. The Palestinian Resistance Committee (PRC) claimed responsibility hours after the attack but has since retracted the statement, blaming internal disagreements. It is strongly suspected that Arafat's assassination was perpetrated by a militant sub-grouping, possibly associated with Hamas, who are unhappy with the 'lenient' stand the Palestinian leadership has taken in recent months.

Hunter S. Thompson Suicide Note Published

The final words Hunter S. Thompson ever committed to paper were printed in *Rolling Stone* this week in the form of his suicide note. The brief message, titled "Football Season is Over" was scrawled in black marker pen and read "No More Games. No More bombs. No More Walking. No More Fun. No More Swimming. 67. That is 17 years past 50. 17 more than I needed or wanted. Boring. I am always bitchy. No Fun - for anybody. 67. You are getting Greedy. Act your old age. Relax - This won't hurt." Thompson signed it with a "happy heart" as found on Valentine's Day cards. His ashes were shot out of a canon this week in accordance with his wishes.

Howard to Introduce Restrictive Terror Laws

Fitting people with tracking devices and limiting rights to association are at the centre of John Howard's new anti-terror plan. In a televised news conference this week in Canberra John Howard claimed that the new laws were a response to "living in an era and a time when unusual but necessary measures are needed to cope with an unusual and threatening situation". The federal police will have wide ranging powers to fit "suspect individuals" with electronic tracking devices, stopping them from mixing with other "suspect individuals", the ability to hold people for up to 14 days without charge if they are suspected of being involved in perpetrating or planning a terror attack and immigration officials will be given the power to refuse citizenship to immigrants considered to be a security risk and lengthen the waiting period for citizenship from two to three years. Howard believes "these measures do provide a lot of extra protection" and expects "a lot of cooperation from the states on this".

Standoff Continues Over Telstra

Unhappy with the Howard Government's current offer, National Senator Barnaby Joyce is still refusing to cast his vote for the sale of Telstra. In an attempt to placate Joyce and others in the bush fearful of regional services deteriorating Howard has proposed an investment fund of "up to two billion dollars" to improve rural communications services. The point of contention for Joyce is the inclusion of the words "up to" and he's worried that this leaves open the option of little to no money at all being put aside for the bush out of the Government's expected \$33 billion windfall. It's been a hectic last few weeks for Telstra since the appointment of new Chief Executive Officer Sol Trujillo. In that time the share price has fallen markedly and executives have given themselves a \$680,000 pay rise. Green Senator Bob Brown has been especially critical of the salary hike saying "They (Telstra executives) are dipping into reserves to pay for the dividends [and] it's quite clear they will be dipping into reserves to pay for extra money for the highly-paid executives".

Recovery of Bodies Begins in New Orleans

Recovery of the bodies of those killed in Hurricane Katrina began in earnest Friday amid hopes that the final death toll may be far lower than initially feared. Thousands of residents are still in New Orleans, reluctant to leave their homes, but officials said they would not use force to get people to leave the shattered city where receding floodwaters are revealing the grim human toll. But Terry Ebbert, the director of homeland security for New Orleans, told reporters that so far the numbers of bodies being recovered did not tally with comments by Mayor Ray Nagin that up to 10,000 people may have been killed.

Danny Wills

Drunkenness Saved Australian In New Orleans

After an international search was sparked by fears Ashley McDonald had been killed in Hurricane Katrina, the Australian man has been found safe in a New Orleans jail. McDonald arrived in the doomed city a day and a half before the hurricane hit and was tossed in jail the night before after being arrested for drunk and disorderly behaviour on Bourbon

Yahoo.com Gave China Internet Information

A co-founder and senior executive of Yahoo Inc., the global Internet giant, confirmed Saturday that his company gave Chinese authorities information later used to convict a Chinese journalist now imprisoned for leaking state secrets. The journalist, Shi Tao, was sentenced last spring to 10 years in prison for sending foreign-based Web sites a copy of a message from Chinese authorities warning domestic journalists about reporting on sensitive issues, according to a translation of the verdict disseminated by the watchdog group Reporters Without Borders. Speaking at an Internet conference Yahoo's co-founder, Jerry Yang, said his company had no choice but to cooperate with the authorities. "To be doing business in China, or anywhere else in the world, we have to comply with local law," Yang said, responding to a question about his company's role in the case. "We don't know what they want that information for, we're not told what they look for. If they give us the proper documentation and court orders, we give them things that satisfy both our privacy policy and the local rules. I do not like the outcome of what happens with these things," Yang added, "but we have to follow the law."

Gain Wisdom, Lose Tact

Tests carried out by researchers at the University of NSW this week found that people aged 65 to 93 were more likely to ask each other personal questions in public than people aged 18 to 25. Older people still agreed with younger generations that making such public inquiries like asking someone about their leaky bladder, haemorrhoids or erectile dysfunction was inappropriate, which suggests the ability to inhibit thoughts weakens with age. "The key for this study is that we found first of all older adults are less sensitive and able to gauge when it is appropriate and when it is not to talk about certain issues," Prof Hopel said.

Genocide in West Papua?

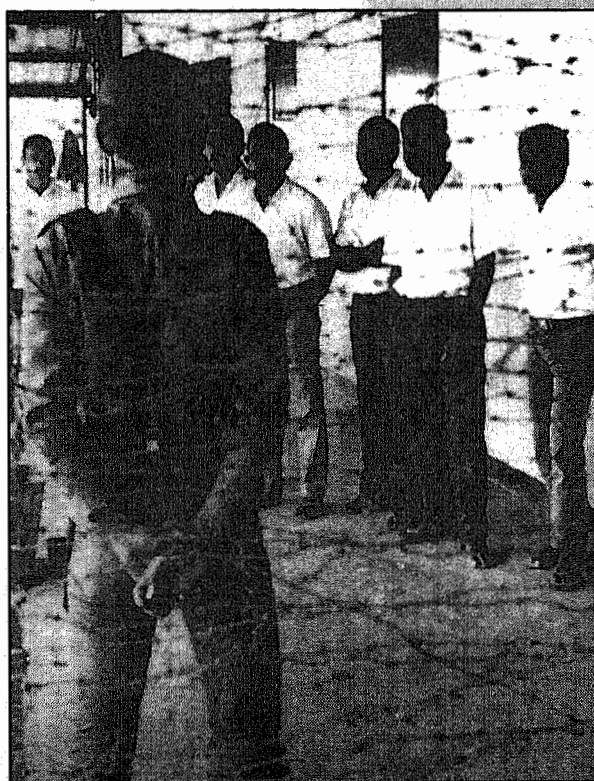


It would be prudent to assume that most Australians have never heard of the province 'West Papua', let alone be able to point it out on a map. So it came as little surprise to learn that when a new report was released last month, detailing alleged acts of *genocide* in the region, it failed to cause even the slightest media flutter. Of course, SBS diligently picked up the story, but apart from that, our mainstream media remained dead silent over the issue.

Which is interesting, because the report, released by the University of Sydney, alleges that over 100,000 people have been murdered since the genocide campaign began in the 1960s, and that this includes thousands of deaths in recent years. Perhaps this is why West Papuan activists describe their plight as the 'silent genocide'; because nobody, including neighbouring Australia, really knows anything about it.

For those of you who are interested, West Papua is a province of Indonesia, located just north of the Northern Territory. Its official name is Irian Jaya, but activists prefer the traditional label of West Papua.

It has an interesting modern history; much like that of many third world nations caught up in the intrigues and perplexity of the Cold War era. Originally, West Papua was a Dutch colony, along with the rest of the Indonesian archipelago. However, after the Second World War, the Dutch government refused to cede West Papua to the newly formed Indonesian state. This was because the Dutch considered the indigenous peoples of West Papua to be too ethnically and culturally different from the dominant Malay population of Indonesia (for instance, West Papuans are Melanesian, and are predominately Christian). The Dutch



instead proposed that West Papua should be given its own independence. This was eventually granted on 1 December 1961.

However, as is often the case during the Cold War period, the US decided to intervene. The Kennedy administration wanted West Papua to be a part of Indonesia, and began lobbying the UN to refuse international recognition to the new West Papuan state. Eventually, a compromise was reached; Indonesia was to take temporary control, but a referendum regarding independence was to be held at a later date.

This is when the alleged campaign of genocide began. The Indonesian military stormed the province, and began violently coercing tribal elders into voting for integration at the upcoming referendum. Eventually, only 1026 people, out of a population of almost one million, were given approval to vote; and all voted unanimously to join the Indonesian state.

According to the recent report by the University of Sydney, it has been a terrifying and violent plight for the local inhabitants ever since. Thousands upon thousands of West Papuans have faced arbitrary imprisonment, torture, rape, and murder at the hands of the Indonesian military, irregardless as to whether they were outspoken separatists or not. This has also been accompanied by a simultaneous campaign of repression against traditional West Papuan culture; including the banning of the West Papuan flag, as well as the outlawing of various tribal songs.

And the report makes it clear that such abuses are not merely confined to the 'excesses' of General Suharto's regime either; indeed, such violence is all but continuing under the new, democratic, Indonesian leadership.

For example, the report details a harrowing account of an entire village being razed to the ground by military forces late last year. This resulted in 371 homes being completely destroyed, and all village livestock stolen; leaving an estimated 6000 residents without shelter or means of survival. As of August, these refugees were still hiding within outlying jungle areas.

As one volunteer described, "at the moment there's no food, no aid. So from the 21st until now, the people haven't eaten. We want to go back, but because of the situation, we haven't gone back... (The refugees) are at the foot of the mountains and in the jungle and they haven't gone back to their homes, over 6000. They are dying there because there's no medicine, and it's hard to get treatment".

Such an account is merely one example among many; the report also deals with military rape, extrajudicial executions, and arbitrary imprisonment, all of which are alleged to have occurred within the last 12 months.

The reasons for this campaign of repression appear to be twofold; on the one hand, you have an underlying assumption within the Indonesian elite that the province of West Papua is in need of 'Indonesianisation' in order for secessionist movements to be suppressed. On the other hand, you have a completely unrestrained military apparatus enacting this process of 'Indonesianisation' however it sees fit; a military force whose members are bathed in corruption, not liable to impunity, and which includes soldiers already well trained in the arts of mass injustice (namely, East Timor).

In fact, there are now increasing fears that the Indonesian military may be arming and

training pro-Jakarta militias throughout West Papua, in much the same way it did before the bloodbath of East Timor erupted in 1999. As one anonymous local remarked, quoted in the report, "boxes of bullets are being stored in workshops, in eating stalls and at the side of the road. What's the motive or reason for this? If we relate this to the militia and the Satgas Merah Putih which are now being formed, if there is a conflict later on they will be able to get easy access to ammunition... [this] is a time bomb. At some time we Papuans are going to start killing each other, because they (the military) are preparing Papuans to confront Papuans".

Indeed, the reality of West Papua is that the armed forces are increasingly pursuing their own agendas, in both military endeavours and in their own private incomes. This is not just restricted to assisting militias either, but includes military involvement in a range of illegal and destructive industries, such as illegal logging, construction, and the prostitution trade; all of which harm the indigenous population further.

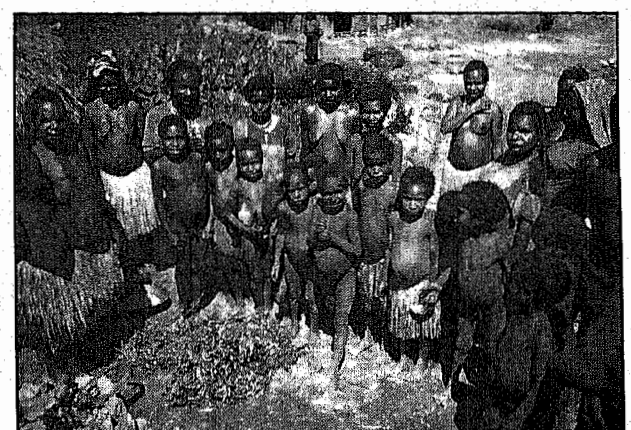
In fact, it even recently came to light that US firm Freeport McMoran, owner and operator of West Papua's Grasberg mine, the largest active gold mine in the world, had been providing the Indonesian military with over US\$5 million per year so as to receive armed 'security'. This included keeping local indigenous inhabitants away from the mine, as well as suppressing any indigenous protests directed at the mine.

Speaking recently at Indonesia's independence celebrations, Indonesian President Susilo Bambang Yudhoyono remarked that his Government "wishes to solve the issue in Papua in a peaceful, just and dignified manner by emphasising dialogue and a persuasive approach". However, it was also confirmed that the Government plans to ship a further 15,000 Indonesian troops into the West Papuan province in the near future.

The report released by the University of Sydney highlights an alarming human rights issue, occurring right at Australia's doorstep. As the report suggests, it is highly likely that this campaign of repression constitutes genocide, both morally and legally. But with the foreign press severely restricted within the area, and with both major Australian political parties siding with the Indonesian Government over this issue, there appears little hope for much change.

Nick Parkin

If you are after more information, you can access the University of Sydney report, titled 'Genocide in West Papua? The role of the Indonesian state apparatus and a current needs assessment of the Papuan people', at: www.arts.usyd.edu.au/centres/cpacs/WestPapuaGenocideRpt.05.pdf



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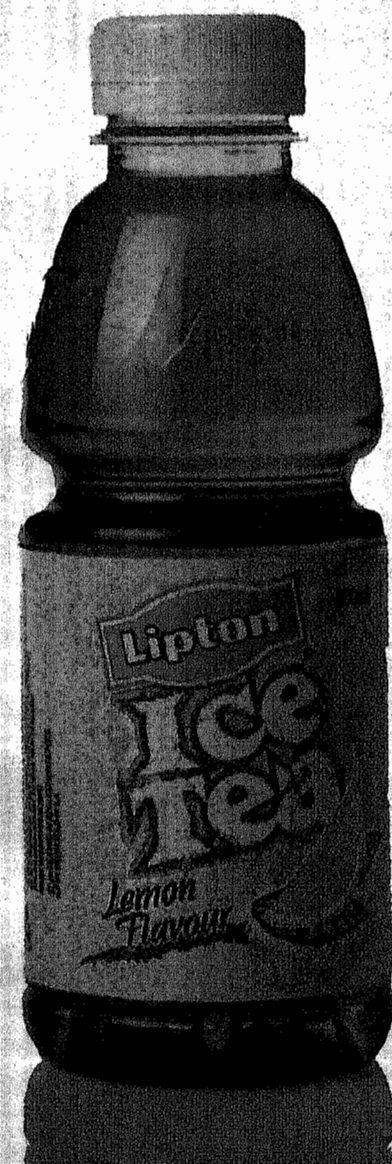
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A Culture of Cannibalism

Hurricane Katrina was foreseen decades ago. In university courses on engineering and disaster management across America two main scenarios are taught as case studies – a massive earthquake tearing Los Angeles in twain and a raging hurricane reigning down and flooding New Orleans. Due to the city's precarious positioning not only below sea level, but wedged between two massive bodies of water, in the Mississippi River and Lake Pontchartrain, and its proximity to the hurricane prone Gulf of Mexico, there have been long held fears of a grade five hurricane bursting the levies which protect New Orleans from flood waters, and drowning the town. When the hurricane hit last week it brought with it torrents of water, smashing three major levies that protect the city and sent rivers rushing down Bourbon Street, washing away the rich culture and energy of The Big Easy, replacing it with death, decay, disease, violence and profiteering. In the two days following the disaster almost little to no effort was made to evacuate those remaining or to send aid to those troubled in the area and, given the Bush presidency has been built on the foundation of strong homeland security and protection of his citizens, many people are beginning to question why.

Some disaster response began before the storm with the deployment of the Federal Emergency Management Agency who offered logistical support as well as bringing in mortuary support including several refrigerated vans. People were herded into the local superdome and convention centre with no possessions, food, water or protection. Places that had been intended as shelters soon became lawless, soulless dens of decay as murders and mass rapes began. Stories of babies with their throats

slit, the rape of a seven year old girl and the rapes and killings of scores more women again, continue to pervade the news. Of further concern is the lack of protection offered by officials. New Orleans police and The National Guard are charged with the responsibility of taming the pack and are failing miserably; often having become the cause of much violence themselves. New Orleans locals have recalled many stories of trigger-happy soldiers gunning down people for only the slightest of misdemeanours.

In the day immediately following the storm, before looting and violence had become so widespread, Louisiana Governor Kathleen Babineaux Blanco met with President Bush to discuss the deployment of aid to the region and debated the necessity of declaring the New Orleans basin a Federal Disaster Area. If the President were to have done so at that point he would have given the federal government authority to intervene with any specific aids requested by a state governor; however, Governor Blanco asked for "24 hours to make a decision" - A delay that surely cost lives. On Friday September second New Orleans Mayor Ray Nagin appeared on a New Orleans radio station blasting the federal disaster management units for their laconic response. He spoke about a telephone conversation he'd held with President Bush and related how we'd begged him for aid – busses, military, health care, anything and everything that Washington was able to send.

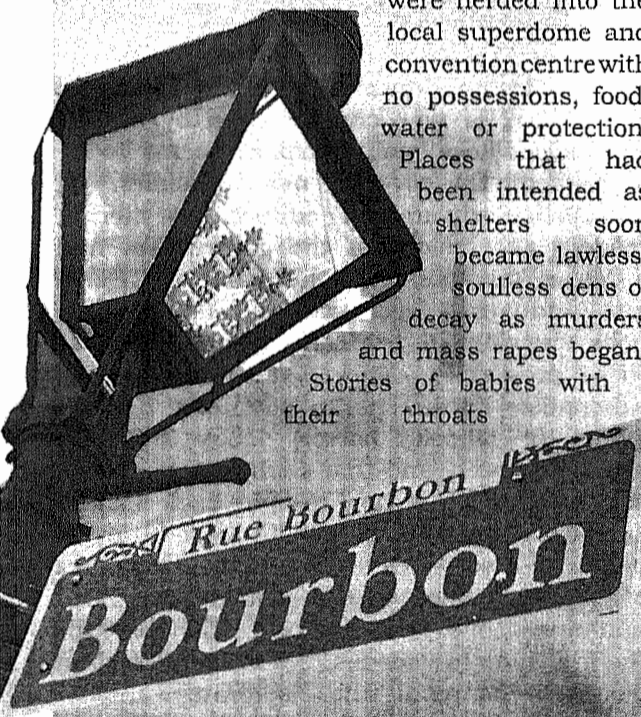
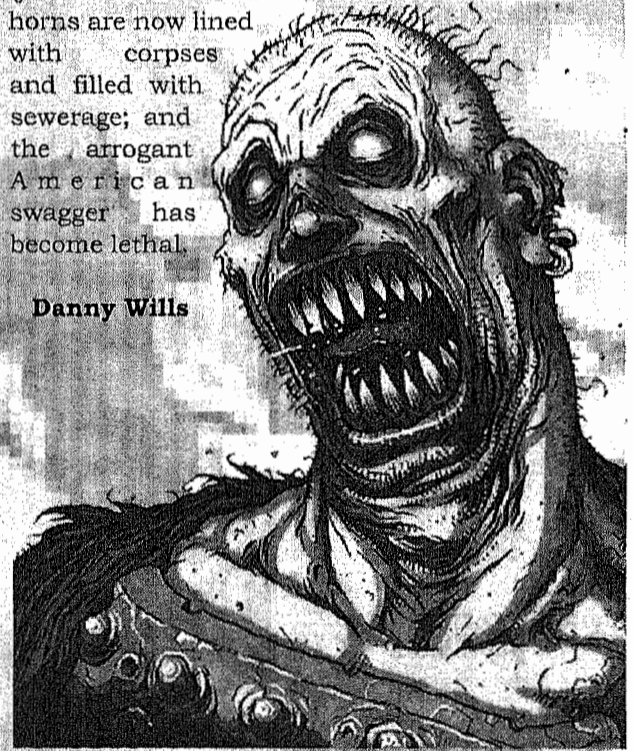
More than fifty countries (including Cuba and many Arab nations) and countless international organizations have offered both monetary and logistical support but have seen their good intentions mired in bureaucratic entanglements. In most cases there has been frustration vented at the inefficiency of the Federal Emergency Management Agency. Offers of foreign aid worth tens of millions of dollars, including a Swedish water purification system, a German cellular telephone network and two Canadian rescue ships, were delayed for days, awaiting review by federal agencies, according to European diplomats and information collected by the State Department. In Germany, a massive telecommunication system and two technicians awaited the green light for days to fly to Louisiana, after its donors spent four days searching for someone willing to accept the gift. In Sweden, a transport plane loaded with a water purification system and a cellular network has been ready to take off for a week, while Swedish officials wait for flight clearance. Nearly a week

after they were offered, four Canadian rescue vessels and two helicopters were accepted but didn't arrive until days later. The Canadians' offer of search and rescue divers has so far gone begging.

It's ironic that a President who has attempted to legitimise himself as a defender of the people and whose leadership had been almost solely defined by crises has been shown up as so completely unprepared and under-resourced in this case. One National Guard Soldier who refused to be named for fear of reprisal from his commanding officer vented his frustration to an American journalist saying "We are doing the best we can with the resources we have, but almost all of our guys are in Iraq" and it seems as though here we have one of the starkest possible articulations of the misspent anxiety of the American government. Statistics have often been trotted out in the past showing that you're far more likely to die on the roads, or even by your own hand, than at the hands of terrorists and here we see a real world example of the disproportionate amount of energy and money that is spent on the "war on terror". While terrorism is an aggression worth fighting, it's a far less immediate and far more removed threat than many others we see routinely in our everyday lives. By adopting this exclusive attitude of condescension and turning down, or at least discouraging aid, America is eating itself. Streets that once danced with the erratic, lyrical bellow of French

horns are now lined with corpses and filled with sewerage; and the arrogant American swagger has become lethal.

Danny Wills



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WAR ON THE WHARFIES™

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Aristotle, from the lost Platonic *Grullos*, the *Theodecteia* and the *Technē Sunagogē*, to the infamous three volumes of *Rhetoric*, described rhetoric as a form of 'art', because it was able to be mastered, to the extent that the rhetorician can discover all available means of persuasion, although she may not be able to convince all listeners. Australia's *War on Terror*™ is a rhetorical, that is, artful, Brand of Govern/Mentality. It is a commanded Policy, originating outside of the imagined autonomous nation-state 'australia', that has nevertheless pervaded all facets of domestic existence, from government immigration and refugee Policy, to the films we see, to the very ways in which we interact socially.

Australia's *War on Terror*™ is a political device for the augmentation of Govern/Mentality. It is its Enchantment of state-citizen relations which should be emphasised, rather than its effectiveness as a solution to 'global terrorism'. It is a Govern/Mentality that is derived from a style of 'free market globalisation', in essence 'executive managerialist', urging us to become Consumers, internalising its messages and convincing ourselves of its worth.

'Governmentality', in Foucault's sense, focuses on the 'conduct of conduct', the state itself having been 'decentred' by the 'population'. The population, for him, is 'the pivot on which turned the transition from rule based on sovereign authority [as per Rousseau] to a "governmentalised" rule which decentres the state under liberalism. It allows us to think about the shifting coalitions that constitute the new social movements and the struggles of the governed.'¹

Thus, it is *through* the population that Govern/Mentality exists; ergo, it is the population which must fight australia's *War on Terror*™...

Ostensibly, of course, *War on Terror*™ is a Policy response to the Problem that is 'Terrorism'. It is perhaps, insofar as it is a manifestation of the demand for simplistic solutions, a consequence of the postmodern condition. But we must be *perfectly clear that Problems are Known by s/he who perceives them*, that Problems 'come into discourse and therefore into existence as reinforcements of ideologies, not simply because they are there or because they are important for wellbeing'.² Very soon after '9/11', the most preposterous 'explanations' were being proffered by John W. Howard, Alexander Downer and Peter Cosgrove: that 'the terrorists' were targeting 'us' – the Imagined West – because of 'our way of life', because of 'who we are'.

Perhaps 'Terrorism' is a 'Problem' that has

been created so that *particular reasons can be offered for public acceptance, and so that particular remedies can be proposed*.³ When the Solution leads the Problem, the voices of those opposing the Solution can be easily ignored.

The *War on Terror*™ discourse allows us to focus on the Problem of 'Terrorism' only so far as it is *constructed for us*; it certainly precludes any discussion of global inequalities, and it forces us to ignore who benefits from such a non-instinctive association of terms. We interact with such discourse by bringing to it what we Know of 'war' and 'terrorism', yet we *passively absorb* the discourse as it is dictated. This can have disastrous consequences.

Modern (or postmodern) Govern/Mentality requires a constant reaffirmation of the imperativeness of the Imagined national/state boundaries – in other words, a reaffirmation of *nationhood*. A *War on Terror*™ assists this process in the construction of an 'us versus them' paradigm.

And 'we', the 'australian population', although completely imagined (in Anderson's sense⁴), are at *War*, albeit with an untraditional foe. In more traditional 'wartime' eras, populations expect to have their liberties curtailed; in this way, the australian government's package of 'anti-terror legislation' becomes our *opportunity* to trade our individual 'rights' for our *collective benefit*. The 'package' is an expected element

in the *War on Terror*™, rather than comprising a sneaky 'chipping away at our basic values and the assumptions that underlie our democracy' as George Williams contends.⁵

If anyone is under the delusion that we, as the australian population, have not declared *War*™, that, for example, it has been declared *for us*, then let me expose such self-deception now. We make a judgement that acquiescing to particular Brands of Govern/Mentality is easier and more beneficial than not. By acquiescing in the conservation of australia's pillars of government, exemplified by its particular system

of democracy that functions to both benefit particular interests and protect against radical alterability, we provide our executive with what it values most: a *mandate*, an Authority to act on our behalf. In essence, our *blessing* to declare a *War*™ and fight 'Terrorism', so that 'we', the motherland, can feel safe within its borders.

Like any Brand, *War on Terror*™ battles for an ever-increasing share of the 'market' that is the population. Its greatest lie is that it is

not an Ideology, that it merely 'is', and that There Is No Alternative. Its greatest asset is the population, without which it would not exist at all. It is *we* through whom the Power of Govern/Mentality flows – and if that is non-instinctive, if that is unfamiliar, then perhaps the nonsense must continue, because unless and until we collectively understand *Power*, we have no real means of preventing its misuse, or even of ascertaining whether it has *been* misused.

War on Terror's™ market share has most definitely 'improved'. It won 39 senate seats of 76, giving the illiberal-national coalition control of the upper house for the first time since 1981. (It may actually have won 68 seats, including 'family first' and the 'australian "labor" party'; it has been pointed out that Kim Beazley was 'born' to fight such a *War*™.)

Australia's media, instead of providing a sceptical function to moderate the excesses of Govern/Mental rhetoric, has involved itself in this marketing game. The Murdoch press is falling over itself to promote fear and ignorance and to keep our eyes away from the real stories; as such, its newspapers are no longer newspapers but their very antithesis. The *Australian*, once a reputable national broadsheet, is now characterised by bizarre editorials whose main purpose seems to be to discredit the government's detractors. In one particularly amusing editorial last month, readers were told that the government had a 'clear mandate for...the sale of Telstra and industrial relations reform', despite polls showing 70 per cent of voters oppose these programs. They were told that the rationalists' former pinup boy John Hewson 'plans to (shock, horror) lobby Coalition senators direct', and that such a tactic seems 'a very odd idea of how to fight back against enemies of overdue change'. Most bizarrely perhaps, readers were told that 'supporters of an independent upper house have been finding reasons to avoid the reality that, for the first time in decades, the electoral system delivered the result the electorate wanted'.⁶ The *Australian* then lauded the illiberals' plans to drop the top marginal tax rate to 35%, despite adopting the opposite attitude to the same plan by the australian 'labor' party during its recent election campaign. Such 'supply-side' tinkering with the economy, which idealistically purports to increase the 'wealth' of high earners by 'giving' them more disposable income and waiting for the benefits to 'trickle down' to all strata of the economy, has failed spectacularly every time it's been attempted (most notably in Reagan's US government). Australia's corporate television has developed such ideological programming as *Border Patrol* and *Airport Security*, and such irreverent distraction as *Big Brother* (series 5, no less).

Of course, the 'identity card' debate has suddenly returned to the national agenda from the graveyard of Hawke's government. It purports to 'protect citizens from terrorism' by making it 'compulsory to carry your card



at all times'. One can imagine how easily a national 'identity card' scheme becomes a system of control, of more efficient governance. Reintroduced by John W Howard perhaps as a distraction from Mick Palmer's report into the illegal imprisonment of Cornelia Rau, the card's popularity seems assured among the Australian population. Its most recent manifestation is the 'Maritime Security Identification Card' unveiled by transport minister Warren Truss in late August: in response to the perennial Problem of 'Terrorism', wharf labourers are to undergo a 'tough new screening regime'. A similar 'review' of airport workers has revealed that one in every ten actually has a criminal record, and Truss believes that many more wharfies will be found to be 'criminals'.

This continues a worrying trend; it seems that any criminal record, even one for which the requisite 'time' has been served, is precluding more and more people from gainful employment. Criminal behaviour is being increasingly pasted onto the body - and soul - of those who have exhibited it. More accurately, it is being pasted onto the soul of those who have been convicted of it - studies show that 99% of us have acted in ways that, if caught, would leave us liable to a maximum sentence of at least one year's imprisonment.⁷ Criminality is once again being defined as a form of treason; as a nationalist call-to-arms, all the trend seems to be doing is creating conditions similar to those in England prior to 1788.

That wharfies and airport workers are the target of the government's latest Anti-Terror device is unsurprising. As soon as it was elected in 1996, it entered into negotiations with Chris Corrigan's Patrick Stevedores and the National Farmers Federation (a rural powerhouse and long-time enemy of the wharfie unions) to consider ways in which the heavily unionised, politicised and sometimes militant Maritime Union (MUA) labour could be replaced with an alternative, non-unionised workforce.⁸ Peter Costello had argued against the then-impending centralisation of union membership at a 1990 conference dedicated to the reform of the 'two industries which symbolise...all that is bad in [Australia's] industrial relations regime[:] the waterfront and the airports'. That conference was convened by the HR Nicholls Society, the economic rationalist think-tank whose vehemently anti-union ideals became those of the illiberal party's leadership by around 1990.

The deployment of *War on Terror*TM to de-unionise the wharves (that is, after all, what

will happen) is the latest episode in a tribal saga that has run for well over a century. On 15 August 1890, a long-running pay and conditions dispute between the Mercantile Marine Officers' Association (MMOA) and the Steamship Owners' Association of Victoria (SOAV) broke down and by the following month, 28,500 workers, including seamen, wharfies and gas stockers, were on strike. The strike spread to Sydney and even Aotearoa, as armed military troops were dispatched to break the pickets. Colonel Tom Price addressed one thousand military volunteers with this message: 'You will each be supplied with 40 rounds of ammunition and leaden bullets and if the order is given to fire, don't let me see one rifle pointed up in the air'. At a meeting on 31 August 1890, sixty thousand people protested on behalf of the striking workers. The workers eventually returned to work on employers' conditions, but the action resulted in the fall of the Victorian and New South Wales governments. Such events themselves echoed the legendary Eureka Stockade of 1854, which broke Melbourne's squattocracy and shocked the colony of Victoria into real democratic reform.⁹

Fast-forward to 1997, and the illiberal-patrick-NFF 'grand plan' had entered the realm of the bizarre, as thousands of scabs were being trained and certified in the United Arab Emirates' capital, Dubai. This 'grand plan', executed in almost total secrecy, had to be aborted when MUA national secretary John Coombs was tipped off, and got the ACTU's Greg Combet involved. Undeterred, Patrick then leased docking areas to an NFF subsidiary to continue the training, before sacking its 1400-strong MUA workforce on 7 April 1998. The sacking was contested in the high court and held to be illegal, the government's involvement notwithstanding.¹⁰ The affair really should have been Australia's *Watergate* (perhaps *Waterfront*?), indeed the first of many, but conditions were vastly different during the early 1970s - just compare the Pentagon's level of control over the images of its *Wars*TM, for instance.

Here, we have the construction of two Problems: wharfie unionism and 'Terrorism' (which, as an updating of 'Communism', could also be 'left-wing'). And we have an equally constructed Solution: a *War on Terror*TM. If we fail to recognise that the Australian government is using the same excuse to deny humanity to wharf labourers as it did to deny humanity to

asylum seekers, then we are truly acquiescent in its crimes.

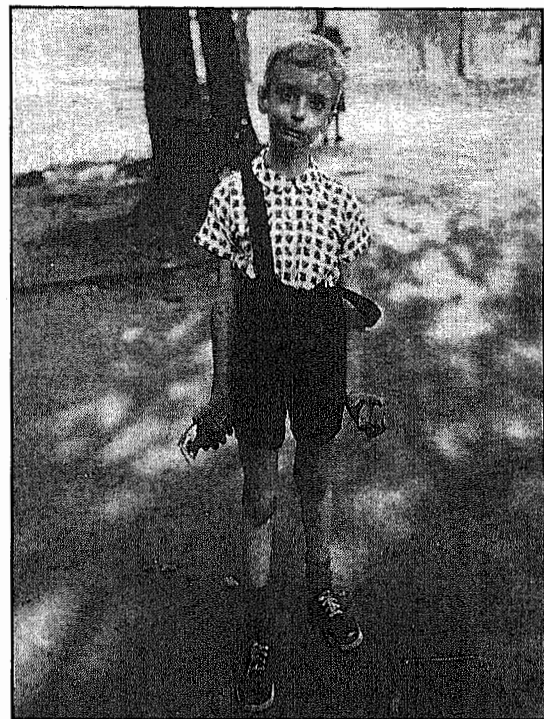
The government, of course, argues everything in terms of 'economics'. And 'economic growth', while a codeword, is all-important: the recent proliferation of holding companies and investment trusts (inherently unproductive enterprises) echoes the conditions that had become entrenched just prior to the 1929 Wall Street crash, that itself led to a severe global depression. The unsustainable pursuit of economic growth at all costs, manifested in the relentless, hardline pursuit of increased 'productivity', is the only way to prevent a global recession that will be far more devastating given today's level of interdependence. The Australian population is being asked to reconceive itself as individual, competing units of production...and this is where its Brand of Govern/Mentality will eventually fail, unless it can cultivate a negative, racist nationalism to offset the political doom that will befall it when growth eventually slows, as it must.

As it sells off public assets and workers' rights alike, this government knows that to retain Power, it must be about much more than 'the economy, stupid'. And so it invades our private lives, under the Orwellian auspices of increasing 'Choice' (what's Centrelink's slogan again?). It must control what we learn by centralising high school curriculum, and we must have Values (yet at the same time distinctly un-Christ-like to anyone in need). Govern/Mentality, after all, is about the Population.

Russell Marks

(Endnotes)

- ¹ Bruce Curtis, 'Foucault on governmentality and population: The impossible discovery' (2002), 27(4) *Canadian Journal of Sociology* 505.
- ² Murray Edelman, *Constructing the Social Spectacle* (Chicago: Uni of Chicago Press, 1988), 12.
- ³ Edelman (n.2), 18.
- ⁴ Benedict Anderson, *Imagined Communities* (London: Verso, 1983).
- ⁵ George Williams is arguably Australia's most respected constitutional lawyer.
- ⁶ Editorial, the *Australian* (Sydney), 9 August 2005.
- ⁷ ...beginning with James Wallerstein and Clement Wyle's 1947 study, 'Our law-abiding law-breakers', in *Probation*, vol.25, page 107.
- ⁸ For two excellent accounts of the events of this time, see: Braham Dabscheck's 1998 article 'The Waterfront Dispute: Of vendetta and the Australian way', in *Economic and Labour Relations Review*, vol.9, no.2, at pages 155-187; and Helen Trinca and Anne Davies' book *Waterfront: The Battle That Changed Australia* (Milsons Point: Random House, 2000).
- ⁹ The most famous account of the events of that weekend in 1854 is *Eureka Stockade* by Raffaello Carboni (1817-1875), first published in 1855. The most recent edition of Carboni's text is that edited by Tom Keneally, published by Miegunyah Press in 2004.
- ¹⁰ *Patrick Stevedores Operations No.2 v MUA* [1998] HCA 30 (4 May 1998).



This child is coming to terms with the concept of "grenade as marketing device".

"Like any Brand, *War on Terror*TM battles

for an ever-increasing share of the

'market' that is the population".

THE EPIC RINGING OF THE HOLLOW OF THE HAND OF CLAY

Hatred is hollow and so is fear. A hollow, however, cannot be except with reference to a violent impact, something that reveals it and makes a chamber of it for its own resonance. Every hollow has an echo. Thus the hollow hatred sends a resonance through love, peace, happiness, guilt and finds some centralising note, too; I believe in the my sense of it as fear.

Hatred involves us in the nothingness of another, we are placed in the position of believing that all they consist of is a repeatable, an image, a pattern, the nightmare threat of a perpetual state. If this were so, if they were without the ability to see or perceive themselves, they would suddenly lose all the charm of possibility. The hated thing is hated in its destruction of invisibility by its visibility; there are no secrets, no other worlds in the hated thing. When we love, we love nothing. We love the ability of the loved to connect the paradoxical, to mock and to calm, to pass over into the invisible and return for us. In hatred there are only fixed stares. What terrifies us in the hated is their ability to know that as the creatures of that hatred we seek at once to hide from them and to inculcate them with, to infect them with secrets so as to preserve that element of secrecy in ourselves that makes them the object, we the subject. Hence the fascination delight in hatred; it allows us to be finally invisible, and even to be morally brave, hiding our hatred, swallowing it, and revolving it in our mouths until it aims at us, and, indulgently, it becomes a trauma of our being. Like a clever person, serious in order to dodge accusations of cleverness, we become martyrs of our own hatred in the false perfection of battle with our hatred so that we suspect

already simply a strategy for that hatred's deployment in an acceptable and justifiable form. The terrible thing in this, however, is the truth of such a martyrdom, the witness we must thereby bear to the lack of any secret of perfect being in ourselves also, they have let the veil fall and permitted us to be our hatred as simply and as totally as they are that which we hate, for we too are images only, only a decision made between scripts pre-written. And at that moment, the moment of the sudden truth, we realise one thing: we hate them for seeking some image of the invisible and failing, representing to us the failure to display to the world that we cannot be seen, that we are majestically unknowable, and that is the lie they can free us of, the lie of seeing, imagining, or experiencing the secret. We can see those who know the secret of knowing a secret that is no secret, and we instinctively admire them. We despise with equal immediacy that which makes of the secret an unbearable weight, a trauma that keeps the despicable in the position of degradation permanently, keeps the depression as celebrant of its wine, as though they were instructed to do so in secret by their secret being - all too visible to be looked at, overexposed, raw. If then this is what we hate, how are we to address it? We cannot speak to it, because we cannot speak to objects, or what we believe to be objects, without destroying ourselves, and what if we have misjudged everything, and leapt instead into hatred as into an attraction? Yet we have to somehow open them again, give them access again to perceiving themselves as they are, for that is all the invisible is, the presence of witnessing, therefore the presence of something that cannot be seen, the presence



of change. The hated person is their past, they only reflect their memories and refuse to be here. Hatred is enjoyed for its image, as all images are a part and a reflection and a narcissistic confirmation of our selves, yet it is no image, it is the signal of absence. Hatred is still the communication of a desire to love, the scene of the object abandoned by that which enables love grips us and is filled by hatred, yet we expect to love first. Hatred and love are part of one neural substance, infinitely expressive. There is always a way for hatred to transform, unless you too have become the hated thing. Hatred is not the desire to be free from a repression, it is the attraction to the lie of your oppressor. Hatred is not a part of anger and joy but on an axis with love, or rather a part of the body of love as a disintegrating structure.

Brendon De Paor Moore

"I used to be an investment consultant"

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I fear my family not pulling the plug.

I could not possibly imagine anything more terrifying or unbearable as to have lost all control of my body. Could anything be worse than to know, and see and feel the world around you, but not be able to touch it, change it, interact with it? To be talked to, but not be able to talk back?

I know it's hardly a new idea and this may all sound a little trite. But that is probably because this fear is the one thing shared by every living thing able to contemplate the concept. Every other fear or phobia in this world takes second place to this one. And that is because this one is totally rational.

Spiders? - You're bigger than them.

Heights? - You're no more likely to fall from up there than down here.

Germs? - You've got an immune system, use it!

Terrorism? - You're more likely to have a car accident, yet you continue to drive. Let's all just get a grip here!

But being fully aware of your complete physical incapacity? Well, there's just no escaping that...

And to have some holier-than-thou, high-moral-grounded god-botherers in control of my destiny? Well that would be almost too much for words.

Such people claim to believe in the sanctity of life: that nothing is more important than life. And yet, is there one thing on this earth more damaging to life than to prevent its end? Could anything be more harmful than to stretch out a life, holding desperately onto what it once was? Ending a life hurts less than not ending it.

People forget that life is not really a thing of value in itself. I mean, the intangible, ethereal *idea* of life truly means nothing. It is only of value as far as it is a means, an opportunity to something else. What is it to exist and yet not to *do* anything?

That's why I want that plug ripped out of the wall as fast as you can say "it is not for us to play God". Death is nothing to be afraid of. I'm hardly going to be worried about something I won't even be around to see, now am I? It's that horrendous semi-state between life and death that we need to fear.

I think this because I believe in the sanctity of life, not because I don't. What I don't believe is that morals can ever be more important than life...

Nerissa Schwarz

Incompetently skippering a ship of fools.

My fear surrounds me every day; it stares back at me in the mayo, on the Barr Smith Lawns, in the library and in the cloisters. It accompanies me on busses, in the cinema, in pubs, in parks and supermarkets. What frightens me is the realisation that the 'average man' has the mental aptitude of a lobotomised goldfish.

Everywhere there's people more preoccupied with a pig's bladder than how they can teach their children to be good and moral people, more obsessed with finding the perfectly sized pink polo shirt than attempting to find more efficient and pure modes of communication and spending inordinate amounts of time and mental strain repeating modes of behaviour that have proven themselves to be unhealthy and fruitless.

It's perhaps very predictable that a university newspaper Editor would be

critical of 'the herd' out in less leafier suburbs of Adelaide, but I'm equally as frightened by the lack of intelligence within the university population - allegedly the intellectual elite of all society.

Take even the most cursory glance at the honour roles of our University and you'll see such names as Penny Wong, Andrew Southcott, Julia Gillard, Nick Xenophon, Shaun Micallef and Natasha Stott-Despoja. One soon realises that the people who go on to 'lead' society come from the pool we're currently swimming in. Do you know *anyone* who you'd be happy to let run the country, an *entire freaking* country, is there anyone in student politics or the broader University community who you'd trust to handle your defence, your health or the education of the country's children? We're a G8 University people; G8! Nowhere do I

see the Jack Kerouacs, Howard Floreys, Jean-Paul Satres, John Coltranes and Nelson Mandelas who will carry us into the brave new world. After thousands upon thousands of years of accruing knowledge and experience the human race has given us our chance. We've no excuse not to explode into a world of unbridled wisdom and joy. We've a better opportunity than every generation before us.

The most frightening element however is the final conclusion that we indeed are the most wizened slice of the population; and that we *will* be the ones having to point the herd in the right direction. The governance of society will be left up to you and me - and we're clearly morons.

Danny

Why parents are what's wrong with the world.

Everytime I see my grandma she asks me if I've been a 'good boy' - a term which encompasses almost every possible moral standpoint; good to your parents, hard working in your study, reducing your quantity of leisure time, as well as excluding all imaginable deviancy; not disrupting social norms, not hanging out with bad people but most importantly not taking drugs or walking the city streets at night. The answer of course is "yes grandma".

My grandmother like my parents are incredibly good natured and caring and so naturally they are incredibly and irrationally fearful for the safety of their children. No doubt when *A Current Affairs* 'documents' the spiral of some poor soul from Rhode scholar to street urchin, I inevitably receive a phone call asking me if I'm "all right" - code for "are you on drugs?".

Now last time I checked it was reasonably difficult to procure even the most mildly amusing recreational drugs let alone anything good enough to encourage me to take my

grandmother's TV to Cashies. In fact, never have I been approached by a 'drug pusher', despite growing up in Elizabeth and spending the last five years burning off insomnia by walking through the city at three am each night. Yet my parents and grandparents no doubt are driven to supporting antiquated and harsh drug laws and dangerous ill intentioned police powers so that I might be safe in my urban Sodom & Gemorrah. Rationally, my future would be better assured by attempting to remove pollutants from the city air or help to alleviate the pressures of climate change.

Amusingly, their concern for my well being might one day put me in a cell, four feet away from a burly crack dealer named Bruno should I bother to light a fairly harmless joint on a careless summer afternoon.

You may well say that my argument might as well be that procreation is what's wrong with the world. Well that's not far from the truth. Human extinction is hardly the worst fate that could await us. In fact it is entirely painless,

obstructs no one's liberties and ceases the incredible injuries we are inflicting on other creatures on this planet. A species feels no pain in extinction. The individual might feel pain in dying but the species feels no more pain in dying out. If each person was to voluntarily choose not to procreate (of course voluntary sterilisation would be easiest) then within about 80 - 100 years the human race would, having ceased to replace itself, simply disappear without a single scream. The same can not be said for most individuals today. It isn't as selfish as today's short-sighted society as there will be nobody left to deprive of anything. The generation which makes the decision will have the pleasure of being the last to leave, not having to die knowing that generations will continue on after them with lives that will never be experienced by them. But anyway that's getting on to a completely different manifestation of fear altogether.

Dan

Appropriate Development in the Third World

This year has seen unprecedented focus on poverty reduction, mainly due to the tsunami in South Asia, the "Make Poverty History" campaign and the build-up surrounding the G8 Summit in Gleneagles. Everyone has heard the statistics of how many billions of people live on less than US\$2 a day and have also probably heard the numerous proposed solutions to the problem. However, it is important to take a step back and think about what development

should be undertaken in poverty stricken communities and then how to implement it.

To lift communities out of poverty, they need to be provided with food, clean water, shelter and healthcare. These things are often quoted as the necessities for people to live with some dignity. Hence, development should focus on providing these essentials ("well that's obvious" I hear you say), but further to this, development should actually focus on helping

communities to help themselves. Development should be a means of building capacity within in a community so that they can provide these things without the help of aid. For example, shipping large quantities of food aid into some countries on a continuous basis may not be a sustainable solution, rather teaching farmers good farming techniques will help them provide for themselves.

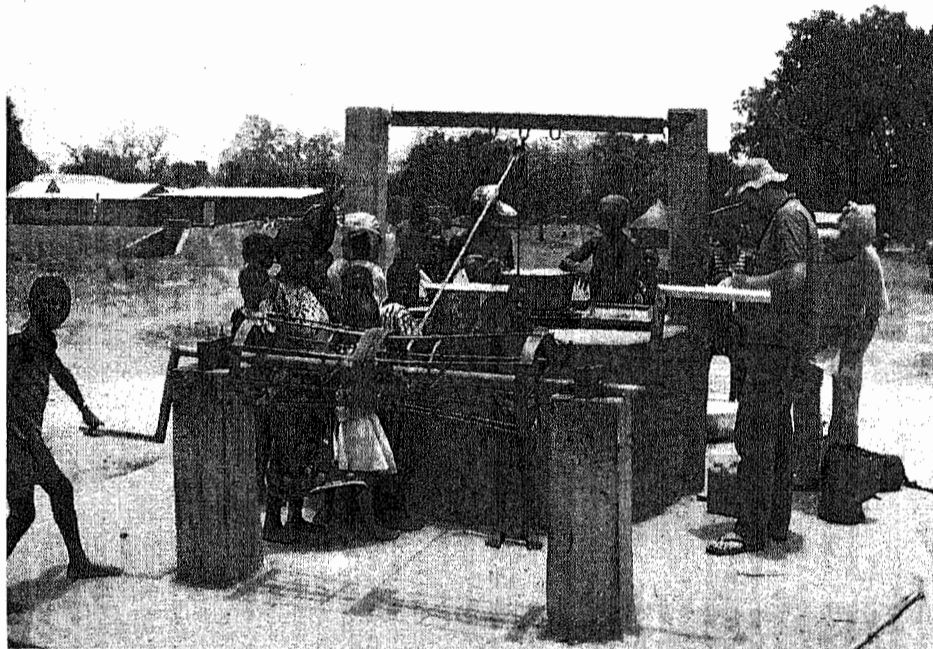
But for development to be successful, it must be appropriate, and it must also be implemented appropriately. There are countless examples where rich country NGO's have gone to a community and imposed a solution on the people and consequently been a dismal failure. In this context, appropriate development means something that provides a perceived need by the community (not by a NGO), is sustainable in the sense it can be operated by the community and not by the NGO in the long term and is sensitive to economic, environmental, cultural, social and political situations. Hence, communities need to be involved in the designing and implementation of a development program.

Engineers are in a fantastic position to implement appropriate development. The problem solving

skills and ability to see "the big picture" that are integral to engineers' thinking allow them to consider the above aspects and implement a program that has a high probability of success. Further to this, young engineers are well placed to make an enormous difference, as their passion for wanting to solve the world's problems is the first step in finding solutions. This enthusiasm to help the disadvantaged is best displayed by the incredible success of Engineers Without Borders Australia, which was started by, and is predominantly run by young engineers (but is now crying out for more experienced engineers to be involved).

Of course the problems aren't simple, otherwise they would have already been solved, and aid programs aren't always going to be successful. Unexpected problems and issues will always arise that would have been preventable with hindsight, but the important thing is to learn from these mistakes and take those experiences into the next development project.

Nick Harley, South Australian representative to the National Committee and Treasurer of Engineers Without Borders South Australia



Coming soon!

The Frivolous Five, hot from their Whipped Cream tour, appearing LIVE at the Thebarton Theatre! That's right, for two nights only these sassy ladies will rip it up on stage for you. Remember fondly from their Magic Trumpet tour, they're back with a new album as well as old favourites like 'A Taste of Honey', 'Tijuana Taxi' and 'Lonely Bull'. If you missed The Frivolous Five last time, don't make the same mistake again! Tickets can be purchased through the Unibar at only \$45 (price includes entry into Meet the Frivolous Five raffle - oodles of goodies to be won!)

STUDY IN THE UK

Are you looking for a change?

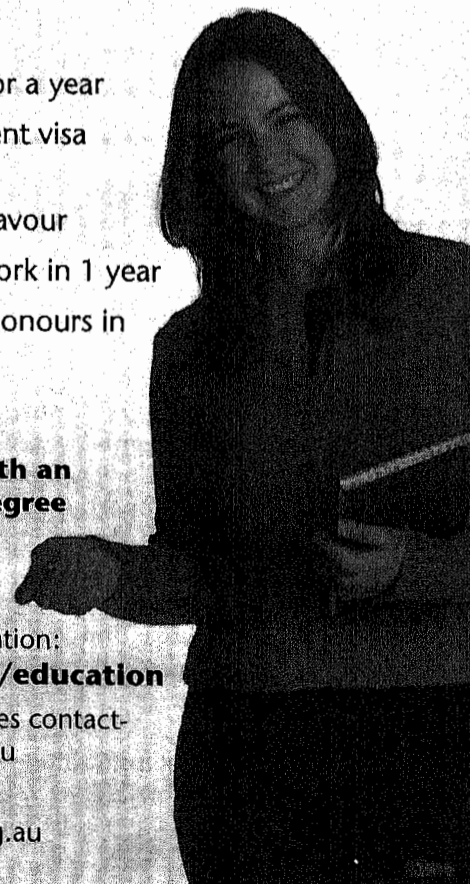
- Study abroad for a semester or a year
- Earn while you learn - a student visa allows part-time work
- A CV with an international flavour
- Get your Masters by coursework in 1 year
- Complete your degree with honours in just 3 years.

Stand out from the crowd with an internationally recognised degree from a first class university.

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EDUCATION^{UK}

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On Dit's pop-a-licious Top 10 Fashion Novelties!

by Stephanie Mountzouris

Fashion and novelty. Novelty and fashion. Forever united in holy matrimony and bound by an umbilical cord similar in nature to that of the scarred one and you-know-who. If it weren't for novelty, fashion would be a rotting cadaver abandoned in a parched, Dali-esque panorama. Let's face it: fashion plays no role in humanity's perpetual struggle for survival. Don't listen to what they say in *Vogue*. Fashion is a completely mediocre concept without the sweet salvation of novelty to lighten things up a bit. Honestly, if cavemen had the choice, would they have wished their bear skin togas to be emblazoned with a technicolour Mickey Mouse? You bet they would have. Nothing says 'I'm the perfect mix of girlish charm and self-assured womanhood' like a Mickey Mouse t-shirt. So without further ado, I hereby present the top 10 aesthetic novelties of bygone years that will continue to occupy both our hearts and our Salvation Army bins.

1. The Piano Key Necktie

Officially endorsed by none other than Mugatu, the piano key necktie is an elusive item from the late 1980s that has become a sort of urban op-shopping myth. People keep claiming to have seen them in numerous Goodwill stores around the metropolitan area, but

when I investigate the situation for myself, there's usually nothing left but a few old belts and tumbleweed. One fateful Friday night, I noticed Adelaide's favourite keyboard-tinkling busker sporting the illustrious object in question. After I considered giving him \$20 for it, it dawned on me that this was perhaps the best example of ironic aestheticism I had ever come across, and thus thought better about the shameless display of bourgeois condescendence I was about to partake in. Bless him.

2. Dummy necklaces

Swinging defiantly from the necks of year 3 girls nationwide, the dummy necklace was more than a novelty; it was a way of life. After spawning the dummy lollipop (the cousin of the ubiquitous Push Pop), no outfit was complete without the telltale rainbow cord sticking out from underneath a Fido Dido t-shirt. Tatiana Ali from TV's *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air* and her arch nemesis Raven Symone were beacons of aesthetic hope in a cruel, unforgiving world. We followed suit like proverbial moths to the flame. And an icon was born.

3. Dressing like Eddie Vedder

Subtitled, 'Angry Kerrang addicted teens secretly pine for significant others to shower with affection'. The

ludicrously heavy Docs, the cut-off denim shorts, the fuck-off sinewy locks...it all stank of post modernity, really.

4. Butterfly clips

It's 1999. A little lass from Louisiana called Britney storms to the top of the charts, and somehow everyone decides that the hairstyle *du jour* is the twist and clip. Before you can say 'Madonna substitute', thousands of butterfly clips suddenly appear atop the coiffed crowns of secretaries and schoolgirls alike. Those with unruly hair can only look down in shame, as the absence of butterfly clips in their tumultuous tresses acts as a constant reminder of their societal handicap.

5. Snap Pants

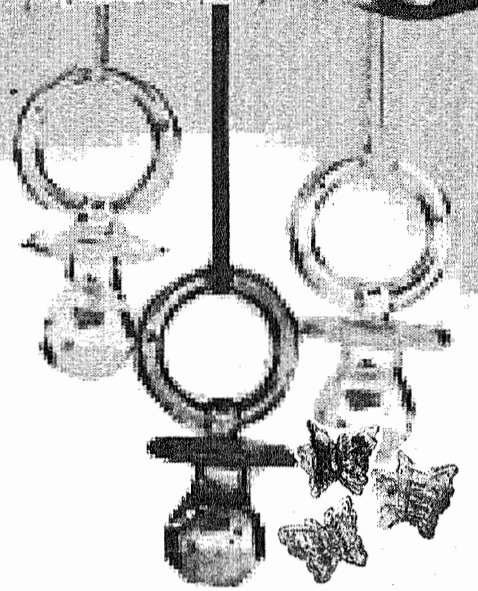
Don't pretend you don't remember. Although the Adidas variety cost the relative GDP of a small African nation, snap pants were more desired than Melanie Griffith ever will be. In retrospect, they conjure up a rather mixed response from past offenders. Some smirk, some smile, but it can't be denied that the novelty of turning trackies into flares never quite wore off. All are punished.

6. Clueless inspired garb

Clueless was one of cinemas more cutesy fashion moments, with furry backpacks, knee high stockings and pink vinyl poor boy caps making every pesky 8-year-old wish they would hurry up and grow up. Never mind that Cher and co. were meant to be 15, no outfit was complete sans the unofficial stamp of the mid 90s, the plastic daisy belt buckle. Seen on everyone from Terrence Trent D'Arby to Candida of Pulp fame, the ubiquitous flower motif will forever live on in the minds of Blossom fans worldwide. Aw.

7. Spice Girls merchandise

Especially fake Spice Girls merchandise purchased from bloodthirsty carnies at the Show and the Brickworks markets. It was novelty itself that put the gruel on the tables of carnie families nationwide, and boy could you tell they were quietly thanking the advent of girl power with



every Spice ring purchase. It was the beginning of Simon Fuller's descent into the underworld, with the pop maestro releasing not one, but three series of Spice Girls dolls, two of which currently reside in mint condition on my window ledge. Never had manufactured pop paraphernalia tasted so good. A whiff of Impulse Spice still has the power to take the conscious mind down Memory Lane.

8. Orlando Magic B-Ball uniforms

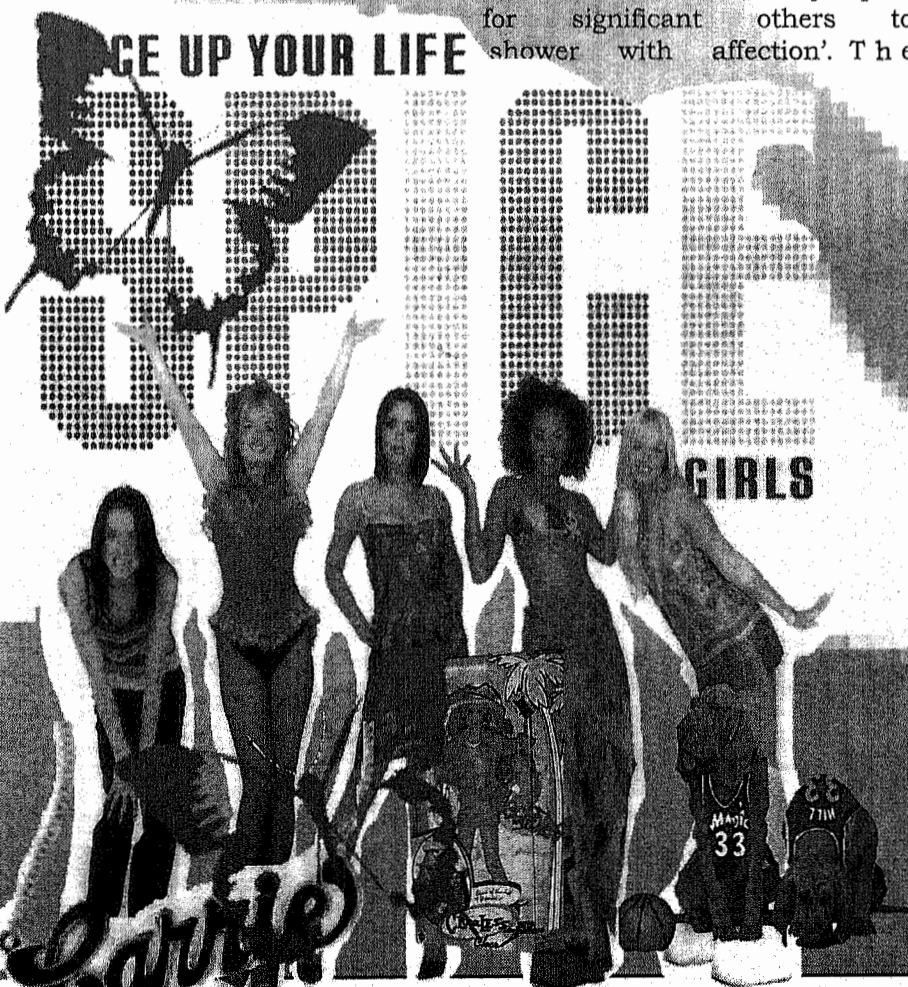
And their bastard offspring, the Chicago Bulls cap and White Sox baseball shirt. No wardrobe, be it male or female, was complete without at least one item emblazoned with the iconoclastic Starter symbol. Challenging all notions of gender convention, basketball attire was the safest option for all Mums when choosing birthday and Christmas presents. Next thing you knew, we were swatting away 'Shaq attack' t-shirts like flies.

9. Curly shoelaces

If anyone knows where on earth these babies can be purchased (forget e-bay, I don't trust the modern age) e-mail ondit@adelaide.edu.au and expect a hefty reward. Well, expect an enthusiastic 'good job' and maybe a Snickers bar.

10. Short, back and sides haircut

Dreaded more than an imminent Death Star attack, the bowl cut was a look that few pulled off and most loathed with intense abhorrence. Mums had a strange propensity for ordering hairdressers to make their sons resemble mushrooms, and to this day the mystery remains in the 'unsolved' file.





Dept of Presidential Activity

VSU Update:

Just a bit of an update of the VSU legislation. The most recent House of Reps notice paper has come out and VSU is again scheduled at the end of the agenda last thing on this Thursday (which is where it was put last week so it can fall of the agenda easily - parliament does not sit again until after the Labor Day weekend (October 4 - 13). There are two more sittings after this (Oct 31 - Nov 10 and Nov 28 - Dec 8 (the last week is only if required). So possible VSU legislation may be put to parliament at any of these sittings.

In a recent *Financial Review* article Nelson acknowledged that given opposition from the Nationals and several Liberals that the passage of the bill was not assured (something I think we can all be incredibly proud of). According to the article Senator Joyce argued in the joint party caucus meeting on Tuesday morning that the legislation should be split so that students would not be forced to join a political organisation but could still collect a services levy (a.k.a. the Victorian model of VSU). In response Nelson has offered the dissident Coalition MPs the option of asking one of Australia's major accounting firms to review the effect of the VSU legislation after one year and would offer assistance to universities if they were struggling financially. Nelson said that he is still determined that the bill should pass in its current form to take effect in 2006.

Stay tuned for more information, and remember it's not too late to call your local MP's and Senators, the more pressure we put on them now, the more they will speak up in the party room (which is where this legislation is going to be amended!).

Election Week Reforms:

So, did everyone enjoy election week? I think not. It's rarely a pleasant experience for many. People from all quarters attacking student representatives for their blatant self-interest and personal ambition, ignoring the fact that there are actually people out there whose motives and intentions are true. And of course the student politicians whose motives and intentions may not be so honourable. Anyway, I write to you today to seek feedback!

How can we make elections more effective, not quite so traumatic, not so wasteful, more open etc

etc? I'm hoping to do a full re-vamp of the election regulations for the Students' Association and (hopefully) the Union, but I need some comments, ideas, suggestions. So far I've had things like, banning the chalking because it made the entire campus look like a mess, making it a requirement that on 'tickets' or 'how to vote cards' there be a line on there that explains that you do not have to vote how the ticket says, that you can mix and match, and that there is a broadsheet that explains more about the candidates. Any other comments please contact me at the address below.

Students' Association Reforms:

Following on from the elections reforms, we're looking at a number of other reforms to do a bit of a shake up of the SAUA. Ways to make it more relevant, accessible, effective etc. Again a number of things we've been looking at are including faculty reps on SAUA Council, creating a general secretary position, as well as a communications officer (to manage the SAUA e-newsletter, and other ways of communicating with students), looking at starting more services like expanding the mobile phone charging service to laptop charging as well (On that, if anyone has any old mobile or computer chargers that your not using any more, feel free to donate them to the SAUA so we can expand this service). Any ideas, comments, or questions about this, please contact me at the e-mail address below.

Students' Association Training Camp:

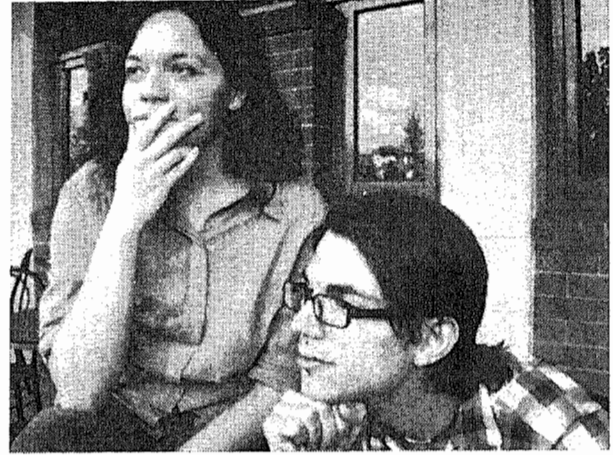
Finally, we are having the annual SAUA training camp for 2006. There will be a few changes this year, because we no longer have standing committees, we are now inviting all students at Adelaide Uni who wish to get further involved in their Students' Association, or to find more about it to come along. It's a three day, two night camp, up in Mylor. The cost will be roughly \$50-60 for accommodation and food. If this is prohibitive for anyone speak to me and I am sure we can work something out.

It will be a relaxed weekend, basically to get to know everyone, to learn about the Students' Association, it's departments and to plan the campaigns for next year. We're also inviting the Union Activities Committee and anyone else interested in getting involved in activities, orientation or event co-ordination at Adelaide Uni.

The dates are the 7th to the 9th of October. If anyone has any questions about this, please contact me at: david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au

Cheers

David Pearson
SAUA President



Dept of Sexual Activity

Some hopeful news on the queer student movement. At the University of Wollongong, the queer collective, Allsorts, have been tirelessly campaigning for an adequate queer autonomous space on campus. Led by Annaliese Constable, the queer collective organiser at U of W, the group has lobbied for the past four years for a safe, clean space. Allsorts were allocated a space previously which was both OH&S unsound, with leaks and safety hazards, and vulnerable to homophobic attacks, which was proven when a female queer student was locked into the room and threatened by another party.

After an occupation of the Belmore room on the University

Campus for 48 hours in August last year, which resulted in three arrests and court proceedings, the University has finally acknowledged the right of queer students to a safe, clean autonomous queer space on campus. The U of W queer collective should be congratulated on their exceptional, diligent efforts which have finally paid off.

As our parliament considers imposing VSU on our student community, it is comforting to see a glimmer of hope left in the student movement.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey
David Kavanagh
Sexuality Officers



Dept of Fear

Greetings minions. Unused as I am to apology, I must make an exception this one time and acknowledge my absence. As you can see, I've been inordinately busy with the procurement and subsequent training of my pet gargoyle, Shifty. My unplanned sabattical has now come to an end however, and I am ready and raring to jump back into the exciting and satisfying world of fear!

There have been a number of exciting new initiatives in the Fear Department. As you know, following the unfortunate departure of our mascot Brad to the corporate world, we found ourselves in somewhat of dire straits. After all, there's no point being in the business of fear if you haven't even the basic of

cheerleaders to keep you going. After Brad left us, I must admit we here in our dungeon office thought it might be the end.

Of course, in the end the answer was so simple. It came to me one day as I sat stroking Shifty and I was so taken I almost knocked him off my lap.

Fear is its own mascot - it needs not coporeal bodies to rally for its cause. We can be our own fear mascots! Yes! Is that not exciting dear minions? Does it not please you to know you may never fear the absence of fear again? It just tickled me pink to discover it, and I do believe even Shifty managed a twitch or two.

To fear and lollipops,
Henry Bogden
Fear Officer

Due to the slackbladderiness of our OBs, there are increasingly larger amounts of space to fill each week. Consider writing in YOUR personal Office Bearer column. It can be on anything! That's the beauty of filler.

Orientation Directors 2006



DEMI-GODS WANTED APPLY WITHIN

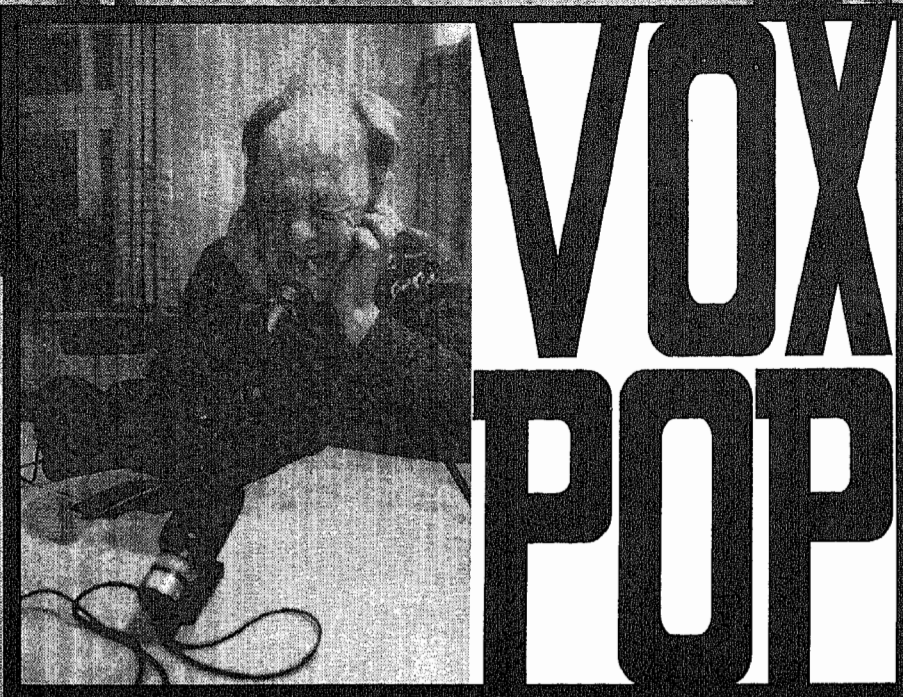
That time of the year is approaching and we need **COMMITTED, HONEST, HARD WORKING, RELIABLE,** and **DEDICATED** people to apply for director positions to help with the smooth running of Orientation 06.

We are seeking up to three (3) directors each for the following positions:

- O'Camp
- O'Week
- O'Ball
- O'Guide publication
- O'Tours
- O'Marketing

Application forms can be collected from the Students' Association Reception, ground floor, Lady Symon building (North West corner of the Cloisters) as of Monday 12th September.

Applications close at midday, 26th of September, 2005. Please leave Tuesday 27th September free, as interviews will be held between 11am and 3pm. Applicants will be advised on the afternoon of the 26th of their interview times.



1. Who was the scariest cartoon/movie character for you as a child?
2. What the most frightening thing that's happened to you?
3. Does terrorism concern you?
4. What would be your strategy should zombies invade Adelaide?
5. Would you rather have a bad acid trip in which your worst fear is realised or have to wear happy pants for the rest of your life?



Emma

1. The *Witches* movie.
2. A shark cruised past me at the beach one time, but I didn't find out till later, so I guess it was post fear.
3. It's just another part of life now, cause we've grown up with it now.
4. Go bush.
5. Go the happy pants.



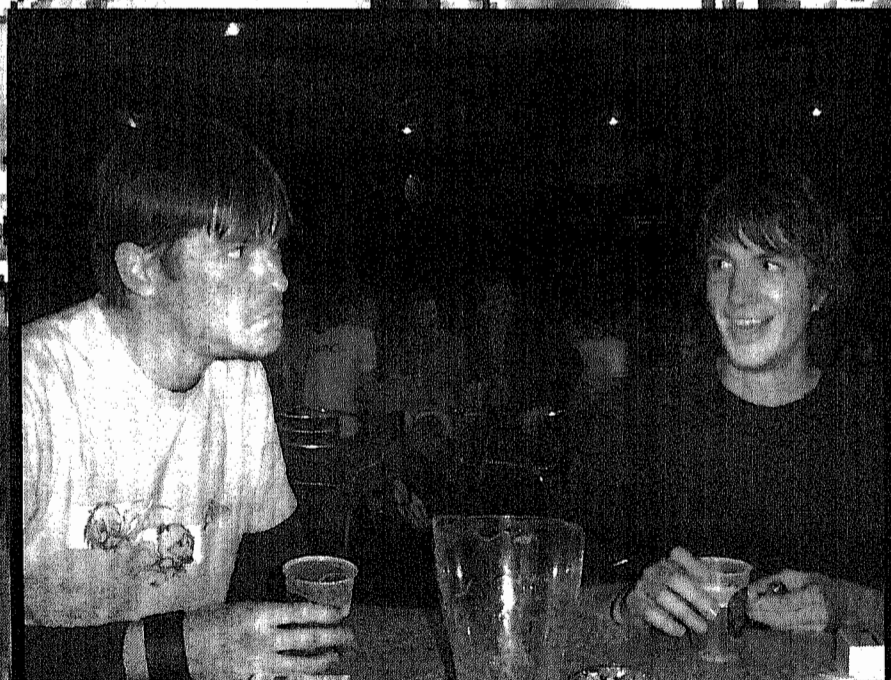
Judith

1. *The Little Vampire*.
2. I recently had a very uncomfortable pplane ride. Downwards for about 300m.
3. Usually no. But now I take my bike instead of the train so I guess it does slightly.
4. I'd go back to Europe. The zombies are much nicer there.
5. My stern German mind does not allow for such frivolous lateral thinking.



Jenn, Sam & Sarah

1. J: Ronald McDonald.
S: Any clowns.
Sam: Mr Doobie.
2. J: Finding Ronald McDonald on my couch one day.
S: Being forced to go to Rove Live.
Sam: Finding myself at a Thirsty Merc gig.
3. J: What terrorism? Everything seems OK.
S: No, what frightens me is Bush (giggles all round).
Sam: No.
4. J: Eat the zombies brains, and that will cancel out them eating my brains.
S: Moon them to death.
Sam: Assimilation.
5. J: I'd wear the happy pants as long as I could be on acid. Then I could look at the happy pants and I'd be happy.
S: Happy pants.
Sam: Most of my fears involve happy pants.



Staffs & Rohan

1. S: Cobra Commando from *GI Joe*.
R: The evil witch in *Snow White*. There's a monaimage where she casts a spell on the apple which completely freaks me out.
2. S: Bleeding from the anus.
R: Sitting alone at home completely immersed in playing *Doom* and a pile of dishes fell and smashed.
3. S: Not really, we live in a place that's too boring to attack.
R: No.
4. S: Bolt to the Unibar so I'd have enough beer to give me the dutch courage to fight.
R: Barricade myself in a hotel, and bring chicks as well. I always have zombie fantasies.
5. S: The bad acid.
R: Happy pants are awesome & I'm not good with hallucinogens.

Fook Ibiza, Das Party Ist In Osterich Ja!

I'm perfectly normal. The world is weird. Weird as. Seriously. Just because I take upside down pictures of stuff and put them as wallpaper on my phone so that every time I look at it I can feel the blood rushing to my face, doesn't make me weird. Just because I believe that déjà vu is a scientific process easily explained by the earth's gravitational forces warping space and time as it circles the sun, or because I believe that my mom is a super sleuth working undercover for some omnipotent and mega-evil organisation (The John Howard and Peter Costello Fraternity?), you think that's weird? Well take this.

"Welcome to Fucking, Austria" reads a sign outside a small scenic town in Austria. Guess what the town's called? Yeah, that's right - 'Fucking'! Pronounced *fooking*, this town was named after its founder (wait for it) Fockol! Apparently the tourists keep stealing the sign and it costs the tiny town a huge part of its budget to replace them. If that's not funny enough, how's this for the punch line? A second sign accompanies the town's label at a number of places. It reads "Bitte - nicht so schnell", which is German for "Please - not so fast". It is obviously a sign reminding the drivers to stick to the speed limit but the pun here is so fooking hilarious.

While we're in the area, how about that unlucky German man who kept getting mugged. Reiner Hamer, 27, was robbed of his wallet (127 pounds in it) and mobile phone after

three men attacked him in the toilet of a local night club. He called the police using a friend's phone and was waiting for them outside the club when three other men attacked him and stole his watch and cigarettes. As he tried to recover by telling himself that it couldn't get any worse, another five men approached him and again threatened him and stole his jacket and the last of his small change. Crickey, what a day!

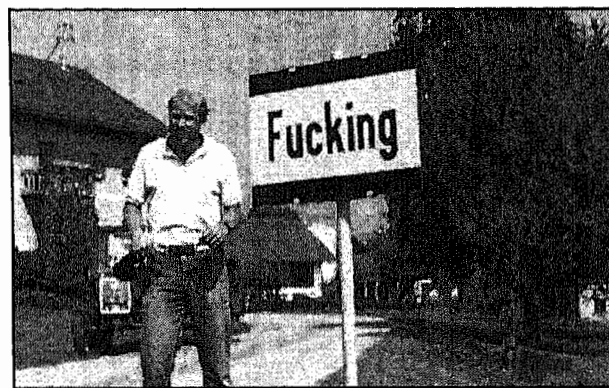
And the last piece of today's "mad world" news is also from Europe. Man, those crazy Europeans! And this time it's none other than our beloved owners. Yeah, the Poms! A secondary school in the kingdom of the united is allowing its students to use the *f word* at teachers - as long as they don't use it more than five times. A tally of how many times the student dropped the 'f bomb' would be kept on the board. If the class goes over the limit, they will be *spoken* to at the end of the lesson. The school defends its policy by promoting the "tolerate but not condone" ideology. At least the parents have condemned the policy, calling it "wholly irresponsible and ludicrous".

See what I mean when I say that the world is weird. Not me!

Sahil Choujar



Sound advice for any novice.

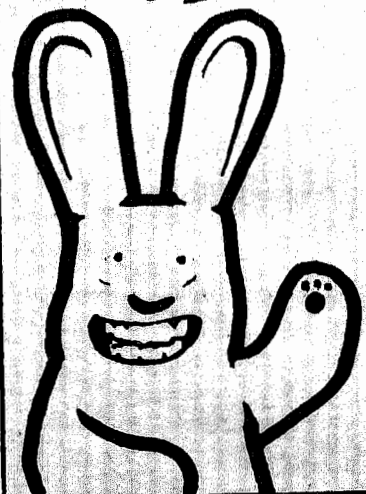


There have been calls for such clear labelling in the Adelaide's south parklands.

Boony Hoqm



whoa!
look at those gorgeous,
newly elected, 2006
on dit editors.
whadaya know!
Democracy DOES work!



maybe...
not...
always...

I mean...

who can even
remember that
fat chick from
Idol's name
anymore?



Who's Your Mummy?

Australians reject opportunity to
become a republic in today's land-
slide referendum.

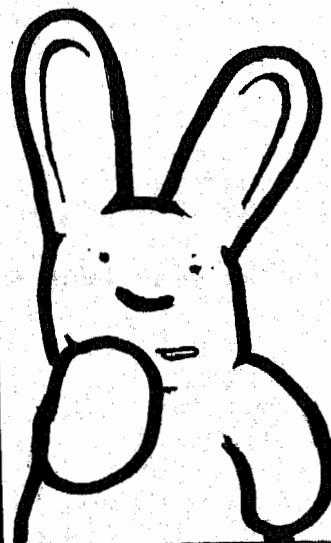
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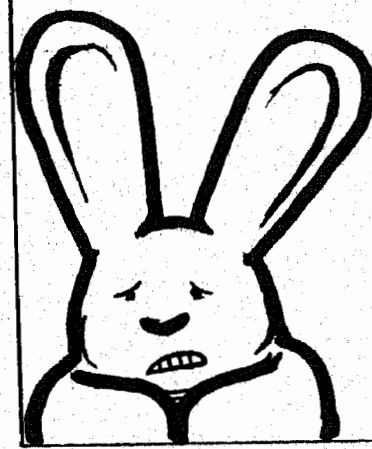
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oh actually...
...it almost never works.
hmmm...



okay...
this is the one time
it has ever worked
ever...congrats
anyway girls.





GEORGE BUSH! THE ANGEL OF DEATH BEHIND 9/11

George Bush planned and ordered the terrorist attack of "nine eleven" to implement his new economic war policy, military dictatorship and anthrax money-making scam.

It's the same ruling families, it's the same financial monoliths, and it's the same game over and over again, this time bombing the Twin Towers instead of burning the Reichstag.

The media has suppressed the facts about the "biggest case of insider trading ever" where privileged traders used their foreknowledge of "nine eleven" to make hundreds of millions of dollars.

A branch of the Deutsche Bank recently managed by CIA executive A.B Krongard handled most of these insider tradings.

The traders chose the exact Airlines involved (American and United) whose shares dropped respectively by 39% and 42% the week before "nine eleven".

In the same week 'put' options (bets that stock will go down) increased 2500% for

Morgan Stanley Witter & Co and 1200% for Merrill Lynch & Co, these firms both owned 22 stories in the Twin Towers.

The Securities and Exchange Commission has suppressed the identities of these traders; the only plausible explanation is that they are following suit and hiding evidence that contradicts the official version.

The Twin Towers themselves were pre-layered with explosives to ensure the buildings collapsed, thereby enhancing the image of disaster and sense of loss.

The towers were made with a grid of intense steel beams and steel core columns; yet a steel structured building has never collapsed from fire before, so why did it happen here?

Burning Jet fuel can only attain a maximum of 1800F and steel has a melting point of 2800F, it would have been impossible for the towers to collapse with only jet fuel fires.

The Seismic activity recorded confirms that the towers collapsing were a result of "spikes" (explosions) designed to implode the building.

This can be seen on video as the towers collapsed at the speed of gravity falling to the ground in just over eight seconds.

One hundred thousand tonnes of concrete vanished during this collapse, the only explanation is that it was pulverised by the explosion(s), and subsequently appeared in the fine powder cloud that filled the nearby city blocks.

An engine from the plane that hit the South tower landed at the corner of Church and Murray Street below "ground zero"; this engine has been identified as a CMF56, which is only used on Boeing 737's and not on the Boeing 767 that left the airport that morning.

Physical identification from video evidence also verifies that the aeroplane was a substitute 737, most likely operated via remote control drone technology.

Contrary to common knowledge the American airliners apparently used in the attack were

the "fly by wire" type, these are equipped with a "safety catch" black box developed by the technology arm of the Pentagon.

When a planes course is altered this black box switches control of the aircraft to federal facilities, which then administer the aircraft to be safely landed at the nearest possible airport.

Any attempts by "hijackers" to regain command of the plane once the Pentagon security has control are futile, the throttle or levers just will not work.

Therefore no body could have hijacked and then changed course of these planes without the government immediately seizing control over the operation.

The strain of the anthrax used in the biological attacks was genetically traced to a single laboratory in the US Army's Medical Research Institute for Infectious Diseases at Fort Detrick but once these links to the Bush Governments involvement were established the investigation was stopped.

Organised before "nine eleven" the anthrax was used along with the Tower bombings to scare people into buying the food and drug association endorsed anti anthrax drug, Ciprin, made by German company Bauer AG.

Ciprin sells for \$700 a course where equivalent anti-anthrax medication such as aspirin sells for \$20 a course, the Bush Government and Bayer AG worked in tandem to poison and then scam the American people.

Bayer AG is part of the IG Farben pharmaceutical cartel; IG Farben was the centre of Nazi power, developing Zyklon B gas used in gas chambers, and independently operating many concentration camps including Auschwitz.

"Junior" George (Walker) Bush is named after his great grandfather, Herbert Walker, who along with Prescott Bush made the family fortune by using the Harriman and Union banks to finance the Nazis and IG Farben into power.

This same clique of Multinationals, international bankers and propaganda organizations that set up the Third Reich are the power and brains behind the Bush war policy.

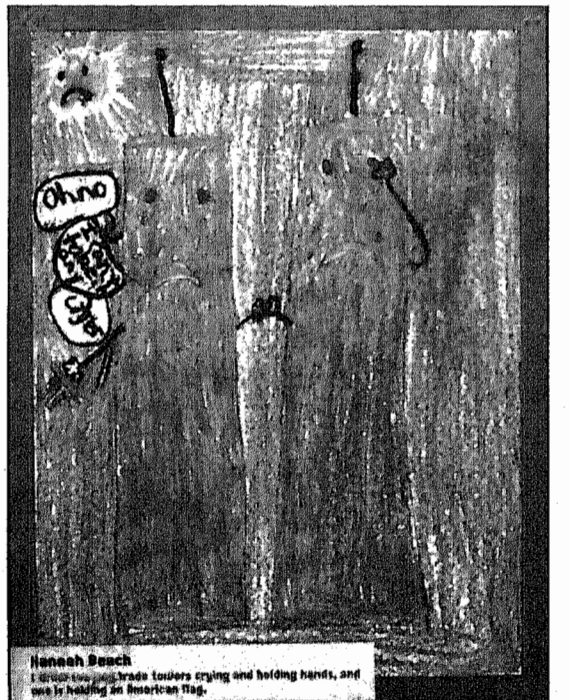
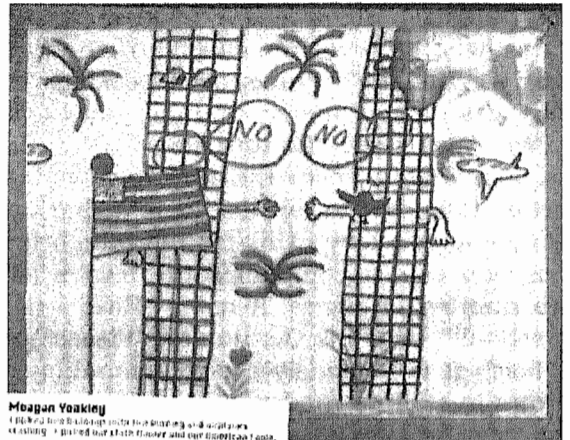
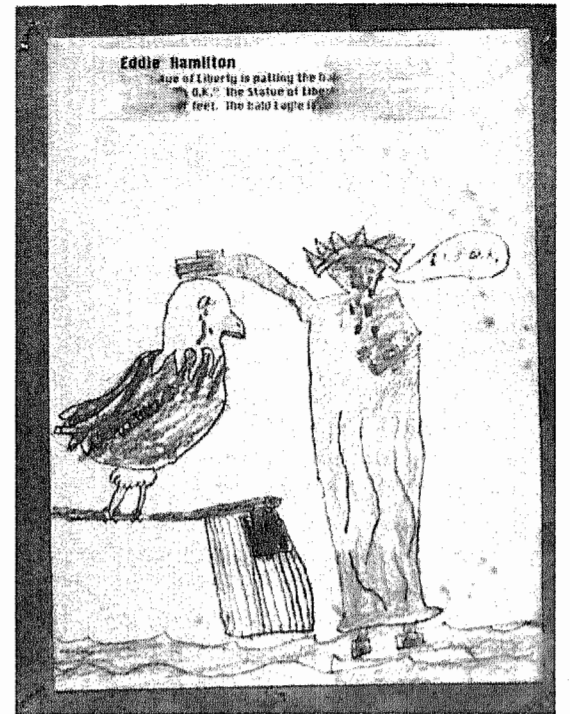
This shadow government are using media deception to hide their reasons for war, which are economic gain, control of the people and creating a slowly heating pot of fear, which is designed to boil over into WW3.

They are using the classic "Lord of the Flies" tactic, inventing a beast (terrorism) so they can set up military dictatorships under the guise of "protecting" the people.

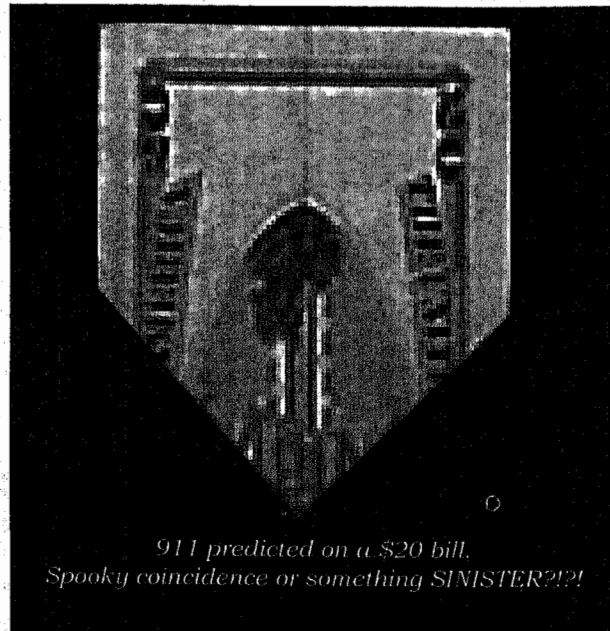
Now with these same old tactics of these same old families, their same old war policy has come into effect and is being dusted off and presented as the "coalition of the willing" in a "new world order".

Sebastian Humphreys

www.rense.com - "911 The Big Lie" Terry meyssan (2002) - "A Blueprint for a better world" Brian Desborough (2002) - "The secret war against the Jews" John Loftus, Marcus Aarons (1998) - "Bloodlines of the Illuminati" Fritz Springmeier (02) www.prisonplanet.com "911 The Greatest Lie Ever Sold" DVD Anthony J. Hilder, <http://CAFR1.com>



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THE ART OF PERVING

A BRIEF HISTORY...

If my memory serves me correctly (which it does)...then the art of perverting dates back to the early Contiki period, when Adam caught a sneaky peek at Eve's booty during a peep-show in Amsterdam. But with the onset of the Dark Ages, the perverting community was thrown into turmoil, as the lack of light made long-distance ogling a near impossibility. Today, refined perverts throughout the world are making good use of dark sunnies and Venetian blinds - which afford the secrecy that is paramount to these clandestine operations. But just like anything that is worth doing...perverting is indeed a risky business. The truth is that there's a bloody fine line between perverting and stalking and depending on which category you find yourself in can mean the difference between some harmless fun...and a lengthy jail sentence. But with a bit of dedication and a positive attitude, you can feast your peepers without running the risk of having your arse feasted upon when they lock you up and throw away the key.

At University...

Let's face it; the sole reason for your exemplary attendance record is your steadfast dedication to your studies...in the art of perverting. Sure, the money you spend on uni fees could be better spent on strippers and porn, but if you want to take your perverting out into the workforce then you're going to need a degree. Thankfully, most universities will supply the babes for you, so there's never a shortage of material for the spank-bank. Having said this, I strongly recommend that you save some dirty thoughts for a rainy day (or a dry one), cos' with all this global warming and shit, you can never be sure when the next drought is on its way.

Righto, before we go any further, it must be emphasised that there is a subtle difference between perverting in the lecture theatre and

The latter requires you to throw yourself into the mix and pray that you can either hide your stiffy under the desk...or smother it with a text-book.

For the best action in the lecture theatre, it is suggested that one sits slightly off-centre - so that you do not find yourself being the subject of a perv - and that you avoid sitting in the aisle at all costs. The distance between you and the next aisle makes you a focal-point, and the last thing you want is to be caught in the act by one of her gossiping friends.

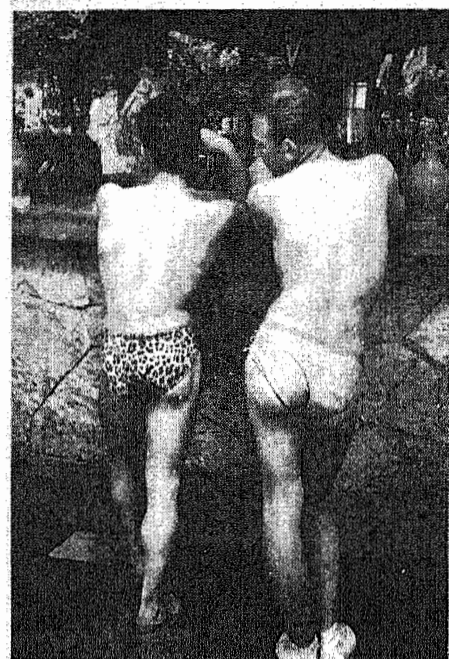
However, the intimate environment that is afforded by the classroom requires a slightly modified approach. The temptation is to linger at the back of the class (in the shadows) and try to secure an unobstructed vantage point. But in fact the best thing to do is to sit directly opposite your subject, making sure that eye contact is unavoidable. Besides, the inevitability of this exchange will also provide you with a solid defence in court. Once you inform the judge that you were just doing your job as a talent scout for the porn industry, he's certain to take your side and dismiss the action forthwith.

At Work...

Now that you have your degree in the art of perverting, it is time to test your skills out in the workforce. **WARNING:** This place can be a jungle, so have your wits about you. Also bear in mind that there are laws in place these days which protect the rights of other employees - and that's bad news for you. I can pretty much guarantee that at least one ultra-sensitive whinger will mistake your relentless staring for something more sinister. Regardless, the fact that you are now being paid to perv justifies the act itself, so go hammer and tongs.

Presuming that you are working in an office scenario, then you're advised to forego your trusty pair of sunglasses, which might seem a little suspicious given that you are working indoors. But don't panic, this just means you'll need to be more creative in order to satisfy your urge-to-perv. I suggest you experiment with mirrors and web cams, which will allow you to watch others from the comfort of your own desk.

NOTE: if you are ever offered the luxury of your own office, reject it immediately! As soon as you move into your own private work space, you are effectively cut off from the perverting fodder. And if you're not given a choice in the matter and the bastards force your hand, then you must demand that your boss installs some heavily tinted windows. These will allow you to keep one eye on all the office cuties while you sit at your desk all day wearing nothing more than your underpants... and a big smile.



At the Pub...

Let's be honest: perverting at the pub is a piece of piss. This is aided by the fact that any pre-existing inhibitions are abandoned the moment your beer goggles emerge. While these puppies are essential for care-free perverting, they have been known to cause problems for those who like to provide their own transport home. The art of drink-driving will not be discussed in this paper, as this practice is better left to those who share an affinity with death at an early age. The art of perverting, however, is perfectly safe and legal, and is unlikely to leave you as a dismembered corpse, six-feet under. That is, of course, so long as you stick to the golden rule of perverting: never, EVER (get caught) checking out a bkie's missus. The fact of the matter is that these fuckwits will tear you a new arsehole if you so much as glance in their direction...and no amount of diplomacy will be able to persuade them otherwise. So follow these guidelines and your arse should remain intact - and I emphasise the word 'should'. The other alternative is that the bkie in question takes a liking to you, in which case he'll try to administer his own form of anal-justice at your expense.

Anyway, that's the worst case scenario, so head to the front bar and buy a stiff drink to settle your nerves. A casual lean (on the bar) makes you less conspicuous, and try to resist the urge to jump up and down each time a hottie enters your line of sight. **WARNING:** if you find yourself barring-up, then chances are that you've either blown your cover, or you're seconds away from it - so try to keep a lid on things. Remember, any self-respecting pervert will always go down fighting, even if it means he has to lower his standards a little. Enter the beer goggles. These gems will have you convinced that the butt-ugly bar maid across the room isn't so hideous after all, despite the fact that her only redeeming feature is her ability to pull you a beer.

At Home...

Righto, if you even feel the slightest urge to perv at home, then you're either a Tasmanian, or a genuine candidate for some quality time in maximum security. It is my opinion that as soon as the relevant time-travel facilities are made available, people like you should be aborted retrospectively. Sure, it might be a confronting prospect, but it's not half as scary as the thought of you roaming free in society. Nevertheless, if you're really keen on pursuing your deviant agenda, then I suggest you limit your perverting to attractive step-sisters, or cute pets that know how to keep a secret. All the best!

Josh Noonan

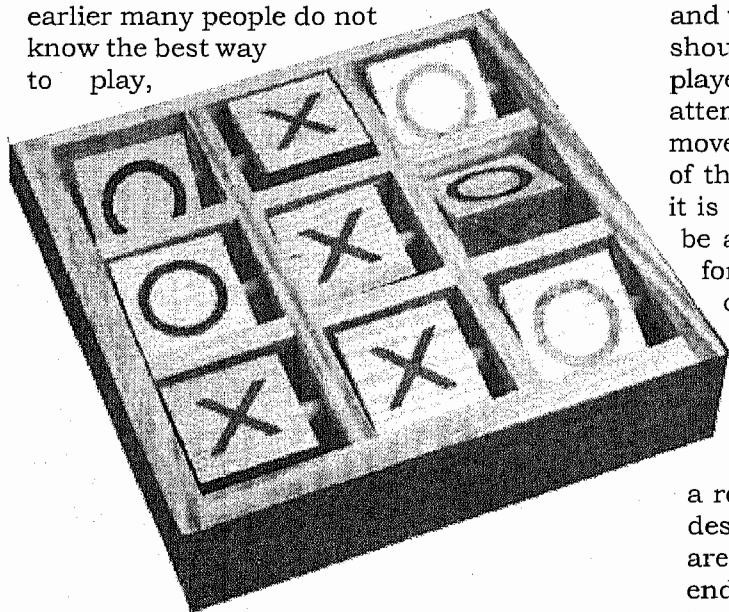


perving in the classroom. The former requires you to position yourself strategically, such that you are neither too conspicuous, nor that you are too far from the action.

Knowing Nought about Noughts and Crosses

Noughts and Crosses, or Tic-tac-toe, is a pen and paper game that we all used to play as children. But few of us have ever given it much thought. More specifically, who among us knows the optimal strategy to win the game and the respect of our peers?

Given that Noughts and Crosses is such a simple game to understand it should also be simple to analyse. However, there are almost 27,000 possible plays of the game, or roughly 250,000 when symmetrical plays are included. Luckily, a new and exciting branch of economics has emerged, called game theory, and its concepts can be applied to simple games like Noughts and Crosses. It may seem that applying economics to solve this game is a little drastic, but consider this: in Las Vegas cocky (no pun intended) casino owners have trained chickens to play Noughts and Crosses, and they are making a killing on unsuspecting punters. How? Because the chickens are 'pure strategy' players, and as suggested earlier many people do not know the best way to play,

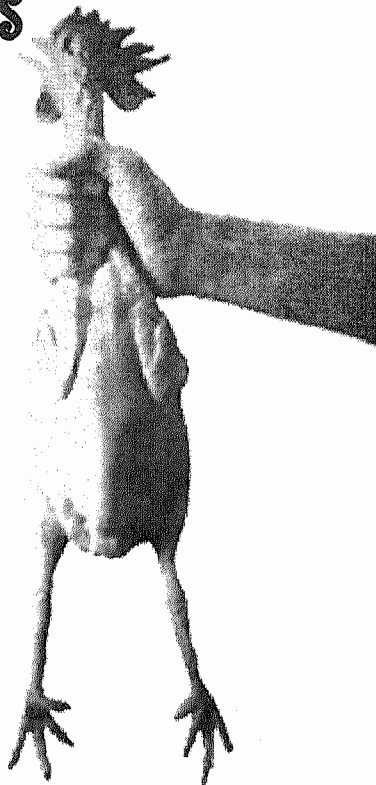


giving the chickens an easy win. So before you bet your money read what follows and you won't look like a cock.

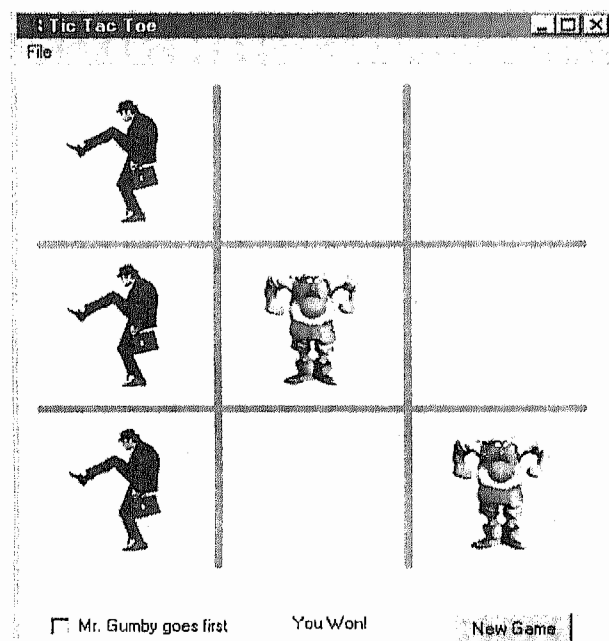
Noughts and Crosses is a zero sum game, therefore if player one wins player two loses and vice versa. Given that both players know winning strategies then the game will, at best, end in a draw. The key to the game then is not how to win, but how play a 'pure strategy' to ensure a draw against another 'pure strategy' player, which is also likely to result in a win against any less informed player. A 'pure strategy' consists of a set of best responses to the other player's actions, given the possible reactions of the other player in consequent rounds of the game. Playing first, player one should always pick the centre as this creates the greatest possible combination of winning plays, though choosing a corner is also optimal. The second move is then crucial to the outcome of the game. Given player one plays centre, player two should always play a corner, and when player one plays a corner, player two should play centre. If player one plays an edge player two's obvious choice is to play centre and attempt to win the game as player one's initial move was sub-optimal. The remaining moves of the game cannot be easily generalised, but it is important to note that each move should be a best response to the game as it stands for that move. Hence both players should continue to choose the corner squares and then fill in the edges, keeping in mind that the square to choose will depend on whether such a move will assist the player in creating three in a row or block the other player from completing three in a row. If the first move is an optimal play as described above, and the remaining moves are best responses, then the game will always end in a draw. Furthermore, if a player does not play an optimal strategy in any move the

other player can force a win.

It is easy to see why the Las Vegas poultry business is such a money spinner: at worst the game ends in a draw for the casino, at best the chicken plays a less informed player and has a guaranteed win. It would seem obvious that playing against any chicken that can gamble is a bad idea, even when drunk, but at least now we have the proof.



Adam Dennis
Monkhouse



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CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

If Tim Burton were a painter, Johnny Depp would be his paintbrush, palette, canvas and easel all rolled into one. What can I say? The man's a veritable genius. From almost the beginning of his career, he's defied stereotypes of leading man status and has characterised himself as the kind of versatile, experimental actor we've all come to know and fantasise about. Burton's films have been instrumental in this, and his latest offering is no exception. Together, the two spearhead Roald Dahl's classic fable into a wild ride of psychedelic colour, fairytale and black humour that occasionally borders on the uncomfortable, exactly as Dahl intended it to be.

Most people will be familiar with Gene Wilder's foray as the frizzy Willy Wonka (Mel Stuart's *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*) and will likely be apprehensive of the direction Burton has taken. As wonderful as the 'original' may be, what viewers may not realise is that it was created as part of a marketing drive for Wonka bars, a brand of Nestle chocolate. This might explain why the actual title of the book was ignored. As with Santa Claus before him, so it turns out that Gene Wilder's Wonka was merely a part of a mass marketing machine designed to churn out money; ironically, values Dahl's Wonka eschewed. Burton's version of the story is actually in keeping with Dahl's original work and is thus far less schmaltzy and blatantly moralistic than Stuart's version. While some viewers may be expecting Burton's trademark nightmarish visions, he is relatively subdued here. I imagine this has little to do with a softening in old age, and more to do with a respect for Dahl's work. Despite Burton's reputation, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* is after all a children's story, albeit one focussed on the punishment of naughty, selfish children. It was after all written by a man famous for documenting the carnivorous, dream stealing natures of giants, magical kidnapping pursuits of witches and the homicide of George's evil grandmother.

The film begins with the

introduction of Charlie Bucket (Freddie Highmore of *Neverland* fame). Charlie is the epitome of goodness - although poor in possessions, he and his family are rich in love and spirit. They live in a crooked run down house in an unnamed city reminiscent of the Beaudelaire children's as described by Lemony Snicket. When Charlie wins a visit to the local chocolate manufacturer, notoriously reclusive Willy Wonka's factory, he and his grandfather embark on a fairytale journey through incidents worthy of Aesop. Willy Wonka shows no respect for social mores, pointing out to the children their naughtiness with the haughtiness of a child himself. And it is in this that Burton's vision differs majorly from Stuart's - Dahl's original *Wonka* was the epitome of Pan-like adulthood and Depp captures this perfectly. While some viewers have complained of irksome overuse of flashbacks, Burton's employing of them demonstrates a background to this Wonka that was sadly remiss in Stuart's version. The end result is a decidedly stranger yet far less disturbingly paedophilic version of the candyman.

As waxed lyrical earlier, Depp is brilliant as the man-child. He is supported beautifully by Highmore, a child of obvious insight and sensitivity. Highmore impressed in *Neverland*; as Charlie Bucket, he proves with age he is growing into a fine actor.

As a film, Burton's *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* is far superior to Stuart's more insidious version of reward and punishment. While some may feel the brilliant elements of the original Veruca Salt are missing, the fantastic portrayal of Burton's Oompa Loompas more than makes up for it. As a child, I voraciously gobbled up Dahl stories, a love which followed me into adulthood. It is supremely satisfying to at last see a movie that represents fully the colourful, dark and rich world that captivated Dahl's imagination so.

Clementine Ford



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P.S.

Director: Dylan Kidd

Starring: Laura Linney, Topher Grace, Marcia Gay Harden, Gabriel Byrne, Paul Rudd.

Louise is the fine arts admissions director at Columbia University. One day she receives an application from F.Scott Feinstadt, a talented young artist who shares a name with her high school boyfriend. Louise has never really recovered from losing Scott, first to her friend Missy and then in a car accident, and immediately believes that F. Scott is Scott reincarnated. And so begins a relationship between them, in which Louise allows the fantasy of recapturing her sweetheart overtake her. She doesn't ask the obvious ethical questions, she doesn't even think of how F.Scott may feel – she just uses him to make amends for her broken relationship in the past, and the usage of him gets quite cruel. In the meantime, her now unhappily married friend Missy is also trying to get F. Scott for herself. These women fought over Scott as teenagers, and they're not afraid to fight over F. Scott now. Also, Louise has her family and ex to contend with. Married for ten years, Louise and her ex (Gabriel Byrne) remain good friends until he uncovers some home truths she never picked up on and shakes their foundations. Louise's brother, Sammy (Paul Rudd), is a recovering addict and she finds it hard to forgive him this. He's all clean, has a job and is helping out everyone Louise knows, except Louise herself.

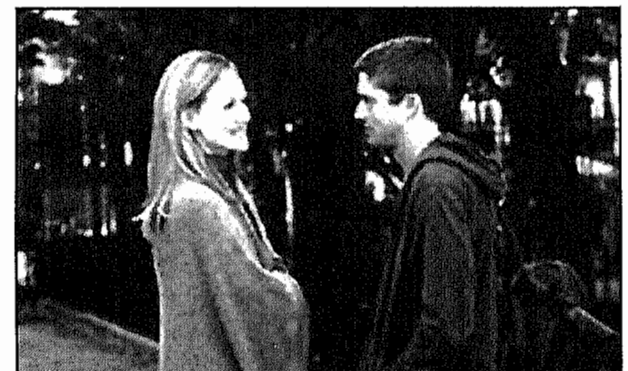
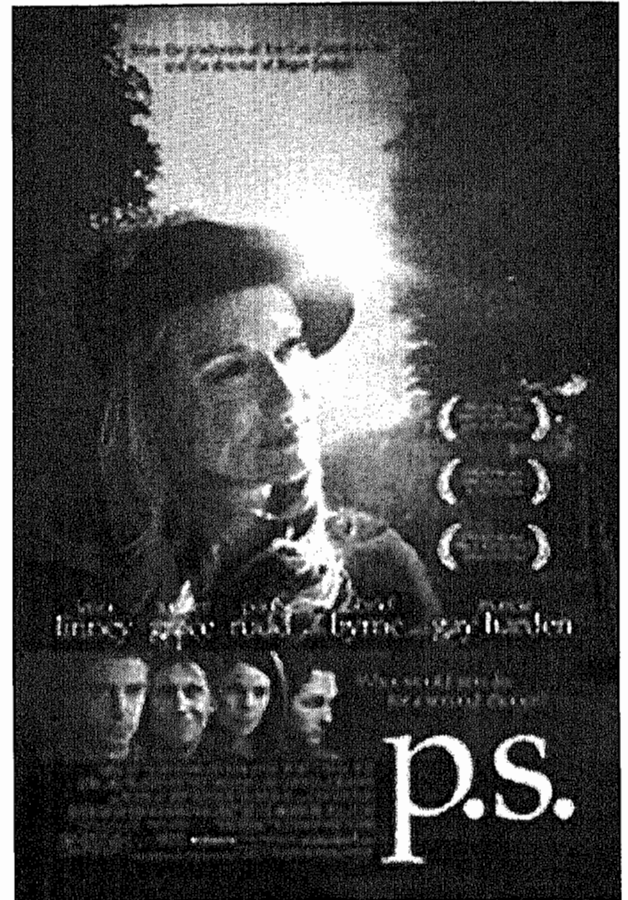
A lot of different relationships in lonely Louise's life are explored in *P.S.*, the one with F. Scott is by no means the most important. Through this exploration director and co-screenwriter, Dylan Kidd, addresses issues of facing truths, letting go of the past, not blaming others for one's misfortune, accepting the past and moving on. Sammy attacks Louise for her self-pity and declares: "Asking the universe for pity is a waste of time. The universe doesn't care." Louise realises that she needs to deal with the past and distance herself from it in order to have a future.

Enough of that. The acting is excellent. Although he has only a very minor role Paul Rudd is Louise's catalyst and he does it well, I only wish there was more of him in the film. Gabriel Byrne is good as her ex Peter, but the part where he admits to Louise a shameful past secret did not go as well as it could. Topher Grace is endearing as F. Scott. He has absolutely no clue why Louise is so interested. He goes along with it, but he is puzzled every step of the way. His youth is frustrating and makes you cringe. In the very first phone conversation with Louise and his interview you can feel his discomfort and the yearning beneath his nonchalant attitude. Laura Linney is wonderful as Louise. Her vulnerability is palpable especially in the interview scene, and Linney makes the mystical situation believable through her portrayal of Louise as a woman and as a woman-turned-girly-teen. The irrational, illogical teenage girly part of Louise governs her for most of the film, the climax being a fight with her friend Missy. Surely the two women, intoxicated by the way F. Scott makes them feel and the nostalgic memories he reinvokes, realise they've gone too far when they start fighting over who would have married Scott and who would be most jealous. The bitchy teen claws come out to play here and it's heartbreaking. Linney contrasts this side to Louise well with the woman who is confused at her emotions and reactions to F. Scott, and is quite cruel in her treatment of him, and the mature, rational woman at the end of the film who has come to accept her past and what was never to be and is ready to explore a future beholden to no one, dead or alive.

Dylan Kidd and Helen Schulman have done an excellent job of adapting the screenplay from Schulman's book of the same title, and the actors' chemistry pulls off a rather mystical story successfully. Some may feel, like Louise, that "the whole thing is just too fucking mystical for me", but my mum and I enjoyed it.



Soph.



u r t e x t film productions

Call for Expressions of Interest

Urtex Film Productions Pty. Ltd. is currently seeking expressions of interest from anybody out there interested in contributing to our film production company. We represent a diverse group of South Australian filmmakers who are collaborating on a series of upcoming creative film projects. We are seeking not only filmmakers (writers, directors and producers) with the desire of producing their own works, but anybody who may be interested in some way, shape or form in participating in the filmmaking process. Help is needed in every conceivable area, and experience is not necessary.

Every single person involved in the company will be working pretty much in a voluntary capacity. Those interested are invited to sign up as members to our company. Membership is free and does not commit you to anything. It is merely an opportunity to let us know your areas of interest, and that you might be available to work on film productions at a later stage.

And we're not just looking for people to be involved in the production side of things. We also need help in the logistics and running of a company.

So whether you're a writer, cinematographer, actor, accountant, or simply have the ability to lift heavy objects, WE NEED YOU!

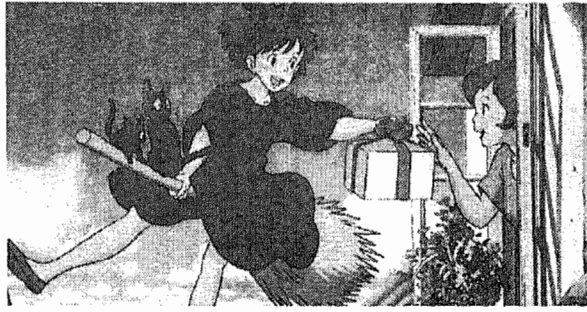
If you're at all interested, go to www.urtexfilms.com and download a membership information/application form. Or, if you're not into the whole 'internet' thing, you can call Matthew on 0433 80 80 33 or Andrew on 0408 807 191 and they will promptly send you a form via carrier pigeon.

Well go on then... this could very well be the start of a beautiful friendship.

WHAT THE BLEEP IS... Studio Ghibli?

Studio Ghibli, to put it simply, are often regarded as a sort of Japanese equivalent to Disney (in a good way - just to be clear). Their studio, responsible for producing a number of the more well-known feature length anime films of the past twenty years, is helmed by Hayao Miyazaki (the director/producer of many of its titles). Miyazaki worked with animator/producer Isao Takahata in another studio ("A Pro") back in 1971-1973. In 1985, he and Takahata founded Studio Ghibli, later being joined by Toshio Suzuki, a former editor of Japanese animation magazines. All of the Studio's films have experienced critical and box-office success, with recent entries *Princess Mononoke* and *Spirited Away* taking out the award for Best Film at the Japanese Academy Awards in 1998 and 2002. *Spirited Away* also received the award for Best Animated Feature at the American Academy Awards in 2003.

The films of Studio Ghibli are known for their ability to mix adult themes and subtle messages with a sort of childlike appeal that they derive



from more fantastical elements. *Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind*, for example, touched on the ideas of ecology and nature in its story of a small remnant of human civilisation trying to survive after most of humanity had been wiped out and replaced by a thick, toxic jungle. In the recent *Howl's Moving Castle*, the title character is required by the British royalty to use his wizardry to assist their armed forces - drawing on elements of war. In *My Neighbor Totoro*, the Totoro are a group of creatures interacting with a small girl whose family move into a house in Tokyo. The films, as the above all do, often draw on the interactions between the human world and a fantasy world. In *My Neighbor Totoro*, the setting is still the human world of Tokyo. *Howl's Moving Castle* is in parts set in a sort of Japanese realisation of England. *Porco Rosso* is set in Italy, but its central character (Porco) is a humanoid pig who just happens to be a pilot. In *Spirited Away*, the removal from humanity is greater, as a 10-year-old-girl called Chihiro finds herself trapped in a sort of enchanted bath-house headed by an old lady



HOWL'S MOVING CASTLE

Writer/ Director: Hayao Miyazaki

Starring the voices of: Emily Mortimer, Christian Bale, Lauren Bacall and Billy Crystal (for the English language dub)

Most people who enjoy anime are likely already aware of the release of *Howl's Moving Castle*. Anime has always been a relatively niche market, but a title such as this will give the form a wider appeal - much in the same manner of Hayao Miyazaki's last work, *Spirited Away*. Like the sublime *Spirited Away* was, *Howl's* is both a sweet reward for those already familiar with Miyazaki - and a perfect starting point for anyone wishing to get acquainted with the esteemed director. In fact, it's a lovely place to start for anyone interested in discovering anime at all.

Sophie (Mortimer), an 18-year-old girl working in a hat shop, is the humble centre of the story, whisked out of a fairly mundane life as she crosses paths with the Witch of the Waste (Bacall). Turned into an old lady by the witch's spell, she makes her way across the countryside in an attempt to find a cure for the spell, but instead discovers the castle of wizard Howl (Bale), where she takes up residence as a cleaning lady. Her friends become a fire demon called Calcifer (Crystal), Howl's apprentice Marco (Josh Hutcherson) and eventually the wizard himself.

Howl's castle, powered by magic and moving on strange "legs" is the sort of haphazard, random sight that would probably give most architects a headache. Like everything else in Howl's world, it is a vibrant and fascinating sight - the sort of which Western animation rarely conceives. This is the setting for Sophie's journey of self-discovery, as she proves capable of things she never realised. The story is strongly based in fantasy, but draws on some

slightly more adult themes than *Spirited Away* might have, as Howl hides out from the English royalty that demand his participation in the war the country is fighting. The characters' growth and change as a result of these events is the core of the film. Such change is realised with beautiful attention to detail, often marked by gradual changes in the characters' physical appearances. The voice acting in the English dub is of an unusually high standard - Emily Mortimer fits the role of a humble English girl perfectly. Billy Crystal delivers one of his most memorable comic performances as well (without even being physically onscreen). As usual, the animation is breathtakingly beautiful, blending the fantastical castles and wizardry with some truly eerie scenes of the world at war. Virtually every frame of the film is lavishly and intricately detailed in a way that few (if any) Western films could even dream of.

Yet no single aspect of the film can be described as the reason it is such a pleasure to watch. *Howl's* is as strange and beautiful a film as we're likely to get - a film which gets away with mixing subtle anti-war themes into the same two hours as a character known as Mr. Turnip-Head. The characters, as colourful as many of them are, still remain warm and endearing. The lessons learnt by the characters aren't preached at the audience, but revealed as gradually as we become attached to them. Like the other marvellous films from Miyazaki's oeuvre, *Howl's Moving Castle* succeeded because while it engaged me as an adult, there were still moments that made me remember being seven years old.



Brian O'Neill

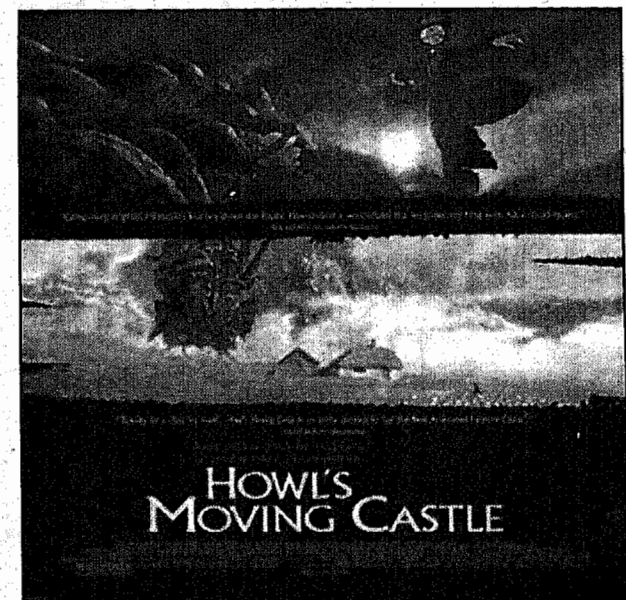
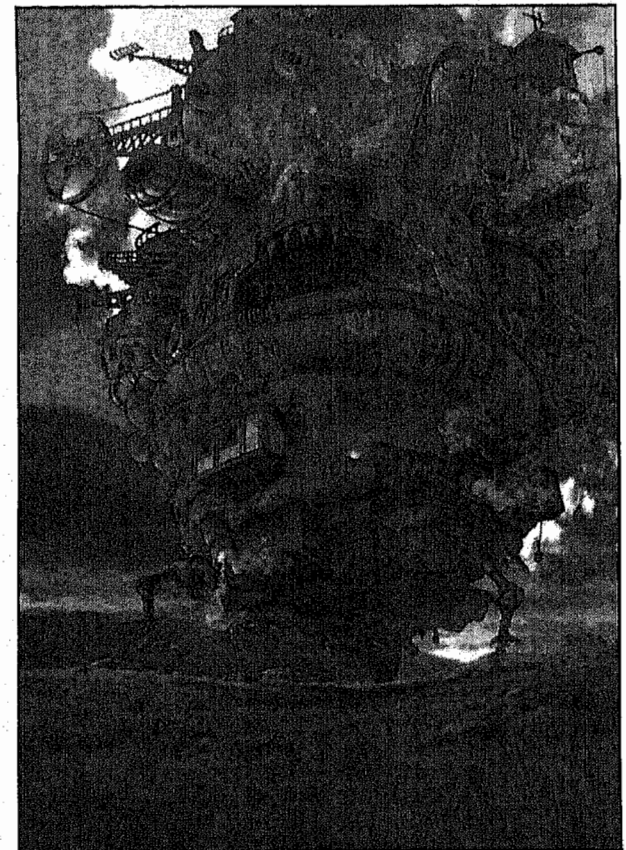
who has stolen her name. It makes more sense once you actually watch the film.

Having not seen all of the Ghibli films myself, describing them all is a tad impossible, but there is a reason why they are so highly regarded. They combine moral/human elements and fantasy seamlessly and feature some of the most beautiful animation of Japan. If you'd like to find out more, try nausicaa.net (English) or www.ntv.co.jp/ghibli (if you know how to read Japanese and have a compatible browser). If you want to get started on investigating the films and can't be bothered looking online, you can also refer to the list below of the films the studio has produced so far.

Brian O'Neill

Studio Ghibli - Filmography

Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind (1984)
Laputa: Castle in the Sky (1986)
My Neighbor Totoro (1988)
Grave of the Fireflies (1988)
Kiki's Delivery Service (1989)
Only Yesterday (1991)
Porco Rosso (1992)
Ocean Waves (1993)
Pom Poko (1994)
Whisper of the Heart (1995)
Princess Mononoke (1997)
My Neighbors the Yamadas (1999)
Spirited Away (2001)
The Cat Returns (2002)
Howl's Moving Castle (2004)



HOWL'S
MOVING CASTLE

OLD AND NEW

The Australian String Quartet is about to embark on its final national tour for 2005 with its presentation of 'Baroque to Modern Masters'. And one would be forgiven for thinking that English violist Jeremy Williams, has set the program - two of the three works are by Englishmen.

A transcription of Purcell's *Chaconne and fantasias* will open the Adelaide concert and will provide a novel experience for listeners as the ASQ plays music that was composed before the string quartet had established itself as a popular grouping of instruments.

Tippett's *String quartet No. 2 in F# major* will then act as the modern component of the program, with Tippett's unique style sure to generate interest.

Rounding out the evening will be Beethoven's *String quartet No. 1, Op. 59 ('Rasumovsky')*, which will conclude the ASQ's subscription series with as staple fare as one could wish for.

'Baroque to Modern Masters' will be performed at 7pm on September 21 at the Adelaide Town Hall. Student tickets are available for \$18.30 and are available from BASS.

Benedict Coxon

WELCOME ADDITION

'Night Song'
Macquarie Trio Australia
Elder Hall
September 4

After the abrupt resignation of violinist Nicholas Milton from the Macquarie Trio earlier this year, cellist Michael Goldschlager and pianist Kathryn Selby have been searching for a violinist to replace him. And, as they proved in their first Adelaide concert with Michael Dauth, they have found him.

Dauth is an internationally acclaimed violinist, holding positions in the Berlin Philharmonic, Melbourne Symphony and Sydney Symphony orchestras, and having co-founded the Ensemble Kanazawa in Japan. Despite his orchestral reputation, Dauth displayed his 'passion for chamber music' as he led the trio through an enticing program with enthusiasm and obvious expertise.

Peter Sculthorpe's *Night song* is a 1995 arrangement of the central part of his 1970 work *Love 200*, which was originally scored for two singers, rock band and orchestra. Despite the scoring of the parent work, *Night song* exhibits serenity and mystery. The trio captured this tranquil atmosphere with supreme professionalism and did not fail to impress.

Beethoven's *Piano trio in D major ('The ghost')* can be tedious at times, especially when the mysterious, yet overly expansive, second movement is played blandly. This can leave the average audience-member, with no particular fetish for Beethoven, longing for the vitality of the outer movements. This performance by the trio, however, was transporting rather than tiresome and stands in my memory as the most interesting performance of the 'The ghost' I have heard.

Schubert, long hailed as the king of *lieder*, had a gift for melody that is particularly notable in his works for voice. However, this gift extended to instrumental writing, and the *Adagio in E flat major* illustrates this extension perfectly. The extraordinarily beautiful melodies and mesmerising harmonies were brought to life by the trio, which delivered the work with a heartfelt sincerity and passion that was truly touching.

The same held true for Mendelssohn's *Piano trio in D minor*. The contrasts between each of the spectacular movements were portrayed with enthusiasm and unrivalled fervour. The proficiency of the trio, both as individuals and as an ensemble, was clearly demonstrated in this challenging work.

With this concert being the penultimate in the Macquarie Trio's 2005 subscription series, thoughts now turn to the 2006 season, of which details have recently been released. The trio will begin next year with the three great 'Bs': Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, and concerts later in the year will include works by Haydn, Shostakovich and Tchaikovsky. The winning combination of Dauth, Goldschlager and Selby is sure to draw a crowd, so be sure not to miss out!

Ashleigh Gold



SCHULHOFF, SCULTHORPE AND MORE

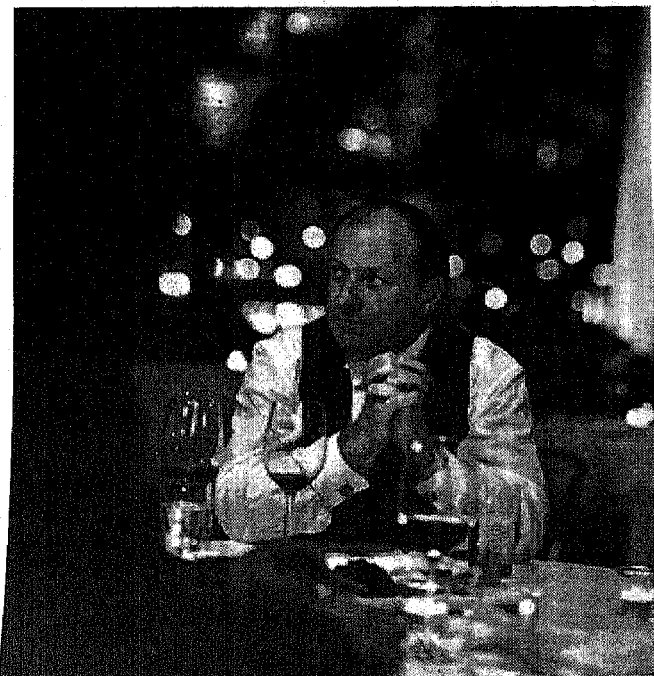
Lauded by critics and admired by audiences, the Petersen Quartet has established an enviable reputation as one of the world's finest string quartets. And lovers of chamber music have Musica Viva to thank for bringing the ensemble back to Australian shores.

In its first visit to Adelaide for several years, the Petersen Quartet will be performing a program of works by Mozart and Dvořák, as well as Musica Viva's featured composer for 2005, Peter Sculthorpe, and the little-known Czech composer Erwin Schulhoff. Schulhoff is of special significance to the ensemble: one of the Petersen Quartet's hallmarks is the way that it has championed the music of a group of composers which was banned by the Nazis. Schulhoff belonged to this group and, incidentally, died in a concentration camp during World War II.

With this eminent quartet combining classics with a contemporary Australian work, as well as a forgotten twentieth century one, the upcoming concert in Adelaide will be unmissable.

The next of Musica Viva's subscription series concerts will take place at 8pm on September 16 at the Adelaide Town Hall. Students tickets are \$18.30 and are available from BASS.

Benedict Coxon



MUSICAL LETTER FROM AMERICA

'American Rhapsody'
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Festival Theatre
September 2-3

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's ninth Master Series concert for the year saw the orchestra exploring American orchestral music. While one of the authors of the program notes would have people believe that this genre has 'developed its own voice', the concert showed that the opposite is true. Works by Herrmann, Ives and Copland could not have been more diverse, unfortunately putting the goal of a cohesive program out of reach.

Bernard Herrmann's *Vertigo suite* gave the audience the opportunity to hear live some of the most famous film music ever written. And how wonderful this was! With images from Hitchcock's film running through the minds of anyone who had seen it, the orchestra brought the score to life and did justice to Herrmann's exceptional skills in revealing character through music.

This was followed by the only work on the program not to have been written by an American: the *Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini* by Rachmaninov (although the composer was resident in Beverley Hills by the time of composition). At the piano as soloist was Nikolai Demidenko, who was as virtuosic as the piece demanded, his dexterity and lightness of touch ensuring that he was always the centre of attention. It was a pity that he was not given the chance to perform a more substantial work that would have given more scope for displaying his musicianship.

Ives' *Decoration day*, the second movement of his *A symphony: New England holidays*, was a perfect example of Ives' musical portrayal of specific events, in this case the American equivalent of ANZAC day. Conductor Edwin Outwater, an American, had greater success in steering the orchestra through the various fragments of the piece than he had in introducing it. Letting the music speak would have been a better idea.

Equally evocative, though arguably easier on the ear, were Copland's *El salón México* and *Billy the Kid suite*. The former contained a mixture of Mexican clichés, for example a (deliberately) out-of-tune trumpet, and sweeping themes that reminded listeners of Elmer Bernstein's score for the film *The Magnificent Seven*. The *Billy the Kid suite* took the musical language north of the border, though only just, and the orchestra, while successfully negotiating the 'bang-crash' passages, was also at home with the serene *Prairie night (Card game)*.

Ultimately, the works performed did not cohere, but this was perhaps simply reflective of the different paths that twentieth century American composers took. However, an exploration of American orchestral music should probably be spread over several concerts, and soloists such as Demidenko deserve more than a seemingly token appearance.

Benedict Coxon

MAESTRO MARATHON

International Piano Series
Recital
Nikolai Demidenko
Grainger Studio
August 31

Russian-born pianist Nikolai Demidenko proved to be a popular attraction at the second International Piano Series recital for 2005, presenting a marathon of showpieces to an enthusiastic audience.

The program started with a somewhat quirky sonata by Clementi (No. 1, Op. 12). Demidenko's performance was refined in character, containing an equal amount of wit and tenderness and displaying impressive tonal and articulate control.

A bracket of works by Chopin followed, beginning with the *Fantasia-Impromptu in C sharp minor*. Demidenko's precise rhythmic control was evident in his execution of the three-against-four juxtaposition in the turbulent opening section. In the lyrical central section, often over-Romanticised by performers, Demidenko displayed refreshing restraint that served to heighten the emotion intensity of the music.

The three Rondos performed, Op. 1, Op. 16, and Op. 73, are rarely heard, and would have been unfamiliar to most members of

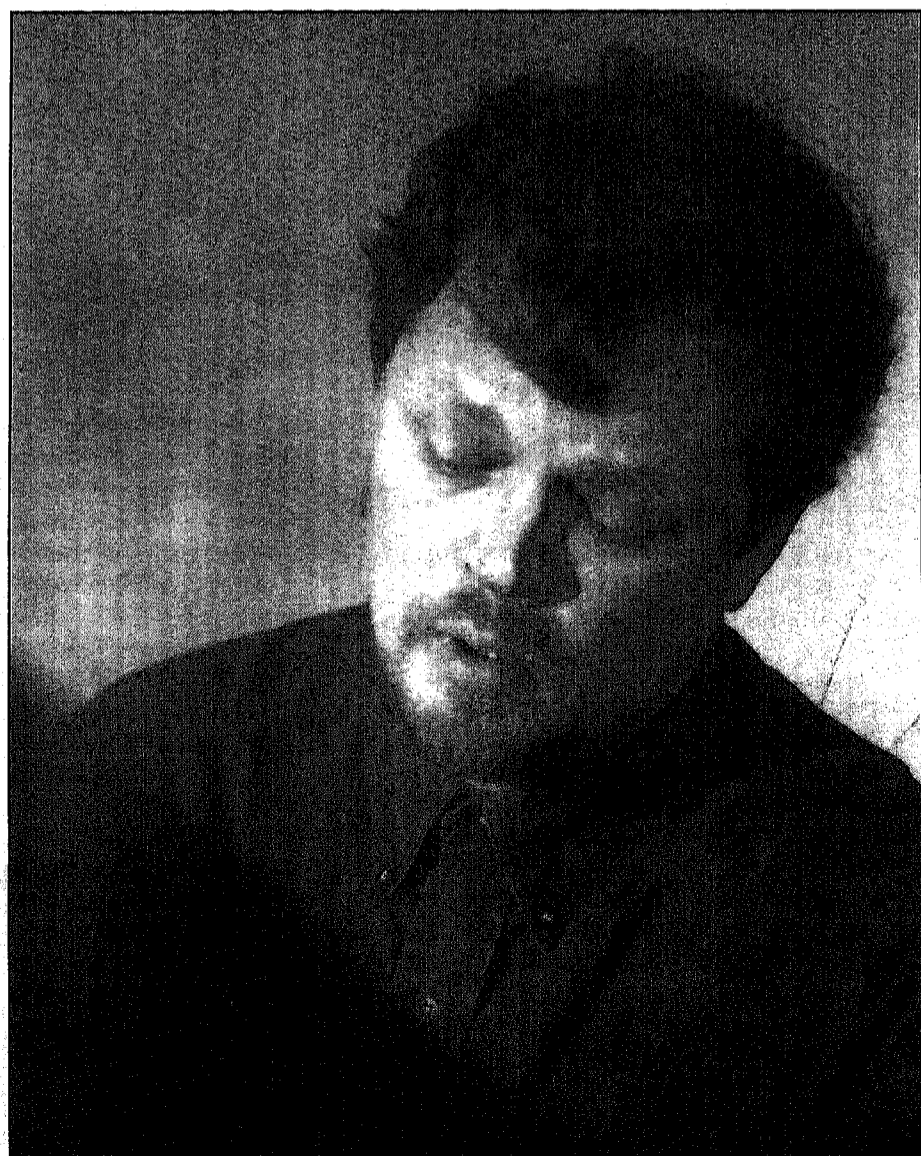
the audience. Although examples of Chopin's more mediocre compositions, Demidenko brought to them intelligence and understanding, giving a sense of unity and direction to relatively large-scale works.

After the interval came two Polonaises: the little-known and elegantly portrayed *Polonaise in D minor* (posthumous) and the *Andante spianato & Grande Polonaise*. In the latter, Demidenko's lightness of touch and restrained *forte* passages instilled energy and humour into the performance to produce a result that was both delightful and invigorating.

The program ended with three *Hungarian rhapsodies* by Liszt. Clearly chosen to demonstrate the pianist's technical prowess, Demidenko proved that he was up to the task. Any indication of restraint he may have exhibited earlier in the evening vanished with his rousing performances of these works. Such was his technical mastery that Demidenko had the audience quite literally 'ooh-ing' and 'ah-ing'.

Following a standing ovation, Demidenko ended the recital with two encores – a serene, melodious piece by Gluck, and a dazzling Scarlatti sonata.

Karl Geiger



Consumer' us Art

The stigma of Adelaide being a cultural backwater is no longer just a passing thought but a pandemic. It seems that everyone, everywhere thinks Adelaide is off the mark and left behind. If you know any retail hipsters you are sure to have heard them harping on about Melbourne and how *cool* London is. But to be *interested* you have to be *interesting*, and get out there and explore this city. As there is quite a bit happening if you take the chance and make the effort to discover.

The thing is, *cool* events are often ephemeral and hard to pinpoint. If you're not in the know or on the mailing list you often miss out. Perhaps that's half the problem, Adelaide can be a little 'cliquey'. But on the other hand if you're willing to head out on the town you're most likely to see something or someone that tickles your fancy. And why not follow the white rabbit or in this case the blonde *Emo* 'down the rabbit hole'?

On Ebenezer Place just off Rundle Street, there is a small collection of stores that are trying to create the same sense of artistic consumerism that is found on the streets of Melbourne and Sydney. These include the famous Midwest Trader (formally down an ally near the Austral), local socialite Chloe's Shop 5, Raw Canvas and graffiti artist KAB 101's new Area 101. Although often missed by the conservative shoppers, each destination's business charter is dominated by a desire for more artistic presence in our society (of course, they are still trying to sell stuff too, you know, we all have to eat).

On Friday the 2nd of September this usually

quite street was alive and kicking with an eclectic assortment of coolsters gathering like I'd never seen before. The night had a hint of electricity in the air and the congregation added to the atmosphere. If only that trashy magazine *Vice* had been there this one-night-only-show would have been captured and mass produced.

I felt it was my duty to capture the chic-ness of Area 101's art opening *Wiley*. Around the art milled mysterious girls with white bleached hair, tight back jeans and hints of bright red lipstick. They were paired with equally fashionable guys that all had a taste of the artistic with their *moppy* brown hairdos.

Wiley, the show was totally cute, and all works were underlined with a retro sensibility for the street. The artists presented were new to the scene and the tags on their art noted all names as 'Introducing...Yenzo, Pixel, M, Saga and Hoper'.

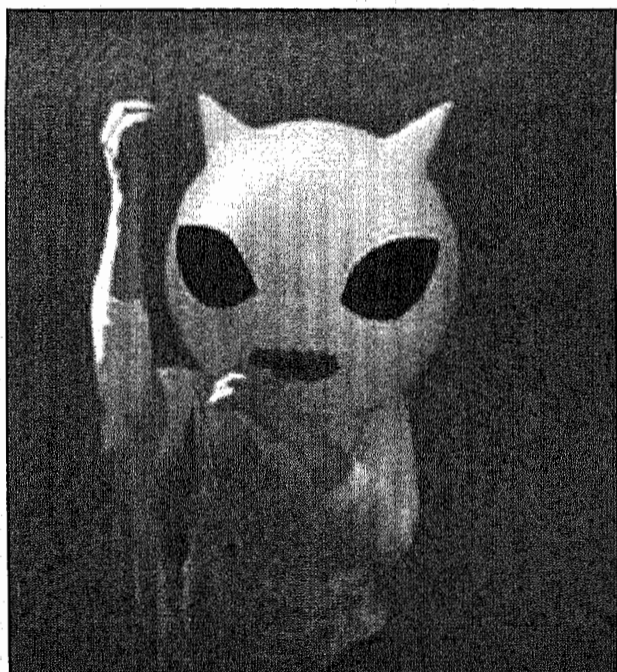
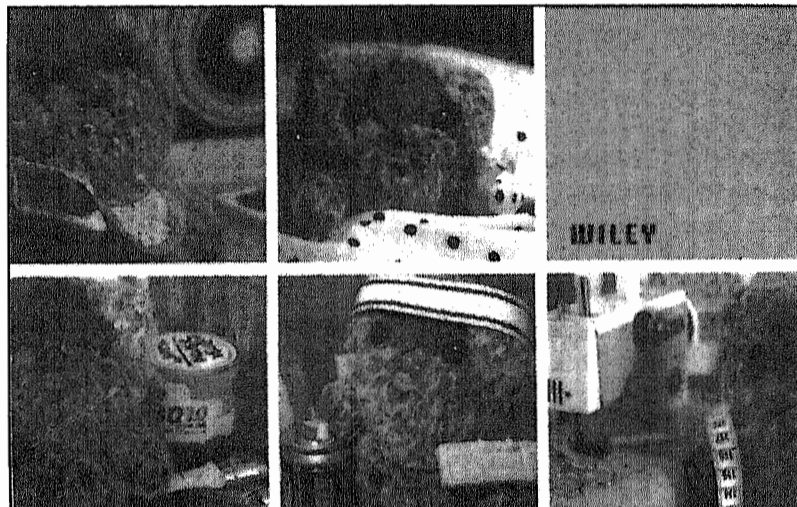
Most absorbing were the soft sculptures by Yenzo, a fluffy piece made from fabric like a genetically altered soft toy. The colours of the work were bight and alluring, while its cuteness seemed strangely cynical. All the works in the collection follow on from what I'd call a *Cynical Cute Movement* in the arts that Adelaide has seen well since 2003 and is epitomised in the work of famed Japanese

artist Takeshi Murakami and local artist Chris Tamm.

Such events are happening all the time in Adelaide and involve the most interesting of people. It just goes to show that you can't judge a city or its people too harshly, as all around us are bohemians with creative spirits. They could be anyone, from the girl that served you at the bar, the kid delivering newspapers around the city, the glassies at the Exeter or that loud mouth in your tutorial. Don't complain about the lack of creativity in Adelaide, that just wastes time, get out there and contribute like the great people from Area 101.

Area 101 and Raw Canvas are constantly showcasing local creativity and style. They can be found on Ebenezer Place just off Union Street that runs off Rundle. Also be sure to give their website www.area101.com.au a check its brilliant.

Leo Greenfield



Above: *The Joy of Beauty*, DVD, 2005.

Below: *The Promise*, Digital Photography, 2005.



The Conditional Joy of Beauty

Bodily presence makes an impact in the works of Sarah Crowest. Alien figures reflective of those in Japanese pop media serve as vehicles to redraw conclusions on the way we use and abuse our bodies in the name of betterment.

Cosmetics are never far from the world of the cute and the kitsch and Crowest makes that very clear in her enchanting installation of soft sculptures. The walls of the Experimental Art Foundation are currently adorned with a jewel-like array of finely crafted creatures that are intended to delight and disturb.

Crowest's world of cute and cuddly is coldly interrupted by darker elements; one of her furry friends continuously drips with blood. From its velvety green hide stains of red splash on the white of the cube gallery.

The creatures are so animated with their *hello kitty* eyes, they are the *cynical cute* of contemporary art, a movement resinating in the works of many street artists and Japanese stars such as Takeshi Murakami and Yoshitomo Nara (which a quick click on the Internet should reveal).

In our image obsessed international culture of brand names and sub par celebrities it is no wonder artists are trying to smash conventions of the 'image'. This makes the dialogue behind Crowest's work absolutely necessary to making an escape from the zone of Paris Hilton and *Cosmo Magazine*. How can we truly view ourselves, when we are conditioned into set standards of beauty?

Crowest suggests that we are destroying ourselves in a vulgar and unnatural manner.

The film accompanying the glowing sculptures, *The Joy of Beauty*, DVD, 2005 uses seemingly simple disguises to imitate the mode in which we demean our bodies.

The film takes on the path of a humorous yet chilling performance piece where the identity of the artist is hidden beneath an alien-like head piece. The mask acts as a force of the 'other' and exposes the harsh fashion in which cosmetic surgery and notions of beauty are forced on us. The alien exfoliates to extremes with sandpaper, hydrates with mountains of moisturiser and tries on countless types of noses, opting for the smallest possible.

Despite its otherworldly appearance the viewer relates directly to the alien creature seeing him or herself in its place, suggesting that we are all victims of image propaganda. Perhaps only a few hours before, the viewer too was indulging in a similarly contrived beauty routine.

Sarah Crowest's exhibition *Get Rid of Yourself! NOW!* runs until the 24 of September at the Experimental Art Foundation, and is a tremendous example of the exciting and entertaining artistic creation coming out of Adelaide.

The Experimental Art Foundation, Lion Arts Centre, North Terrace at Morphet Street, Adelaide from 11 - 5 Tuesdays - Fridays and 2 - 5 on Saturdays.

Leo Greenfield

Objects, Not Images

The white, cold cube gallery was filled with organic shapes that appeared to be growing off the walls. Had I stepped into a cave encrusted with ripe stalactites and stalagmites, or had the gallery director just let the building to decay? The series of sculptures that faced me were the works of Chris Mulhearn, and beautifully articulated they were. Made from what resembled drift wood and collected objects the sculptures stretch their arms out constructing a canopy over the viewers.

The earth-formed patterns on the wood were revealed in this sculptural collection that glowed in silvery grey. *Asian (Lotus)*, 2004 was a particularly elegant piece that rose up and bloomed, created through the meticulous placement of pieces of wood. It is not hard to believe this was formed naturally and not by the hand of the artist. Each shard of timber fit into place perfectly, like a petal in a flower.

South Australian locations such as the Kangarilla Ruins, Kings Head on the Fleurieu Peninsula and McLaren Flats all serve as inspiration for this wondrous garden of decaying objects. Mulhearn collects drift wood smoothed by the tide, metal and street signs to create his objects of desire.

The collection in the upstairs section of the gallery contained Mulhearn's metal works that reminded me of Iarrakin memorabilia of road trips and stolen street signs. It does make you wonder, 'who really owns this art work?' As it is wood taken from our environment, signs from our council's districts then reorientated and placed in a bourgeois gallery up for sale.

Pieces such as *Road Closed*, 2003, are archetypal rustic fragments seen in institutions since the popularity of 'ready-mades' by artists such as Marcel Duchamp and Robert Rauschenberg. Such metal pieces

do dissolve traditional aesthetic conventions, but for this collection it comes just far too late in art history. The works seemed out of touch and out of date, like a 1990's Calvin Klein T-shirt still being worn today. The *Stand of Trees* collection below was far more successful and related more to our post-pop, post-modern world that is hopefully becoming more environmentally aware.

Contrasting against this first space of 'natural' wonders is the plastic fantastic collection by Christian Lock. The exhibition contains large washed-out abstract paintings and a beautiful collection of polyester resin works that look fit for any disco-tech fad. Lock works continually to find relevance in painting to contemporary life, technologies and culture. Lock does this by creating works that see painting as a tactile object rather than just an image. Lock is also the man responsible for the bar design at Sugar nightclub on Rundle, this back and white work where you order your G & T's shows his trademark style.

The atmospheric large scale paintings show ephemeral markings reminiscent of botanical drawing and microscopic creatures. Lock's technique seems at first simple but on closer inspection is fascinating and delicate, as it appears the paintings have been created through sophisticated layering of markings giving the works a three dimensional depth. These are images from within the psyche, as valva-like foliage blooms across the canvas. *She Likes Changing Her Story*, acrylic on canvas, 2005 shows in a plummy pink the sensuous glow of these washy works. They are large and beautiful, but sadly more useful as background pieces for a dinner party.

In a post-modern milieu, artists continually appropriate imagery and collage eras and events with allegory. Photography is considered the greatest allegorical media¹, as it recreates images and captures the ephemeral moment. We are as much interested in images as we are in the fleeting moment and due to this we are continually trying to capture fragments of time. In the Lock's polyester relief tablets the transitory moment of the swirling brush stroke is suspended in time.

Using skills from his surfboard crafting days, Lock finely uses layer upon layer of resin with bush marks and holograms into the shapes of gothic and baroque mirrors. The opaque works are rich and decadent, shimmering in a Coca-Cola like skin of plastic. Lock, who strives to make painting relevant and contemporary, hits it right on the mark with this collection, which fits in with the current Baroque revival and interest in plastic mediums.

Living Like a Rich Kid, polyester resin, holographic material, acrylic paint on board, 2005, is an opulent piece that captures a consumerist pop-culture atmosphere in its marble-like veneer. These are fashionable works, sellable works, ship them off to Japan fad works, so get in quick and have a look before they all disappear.

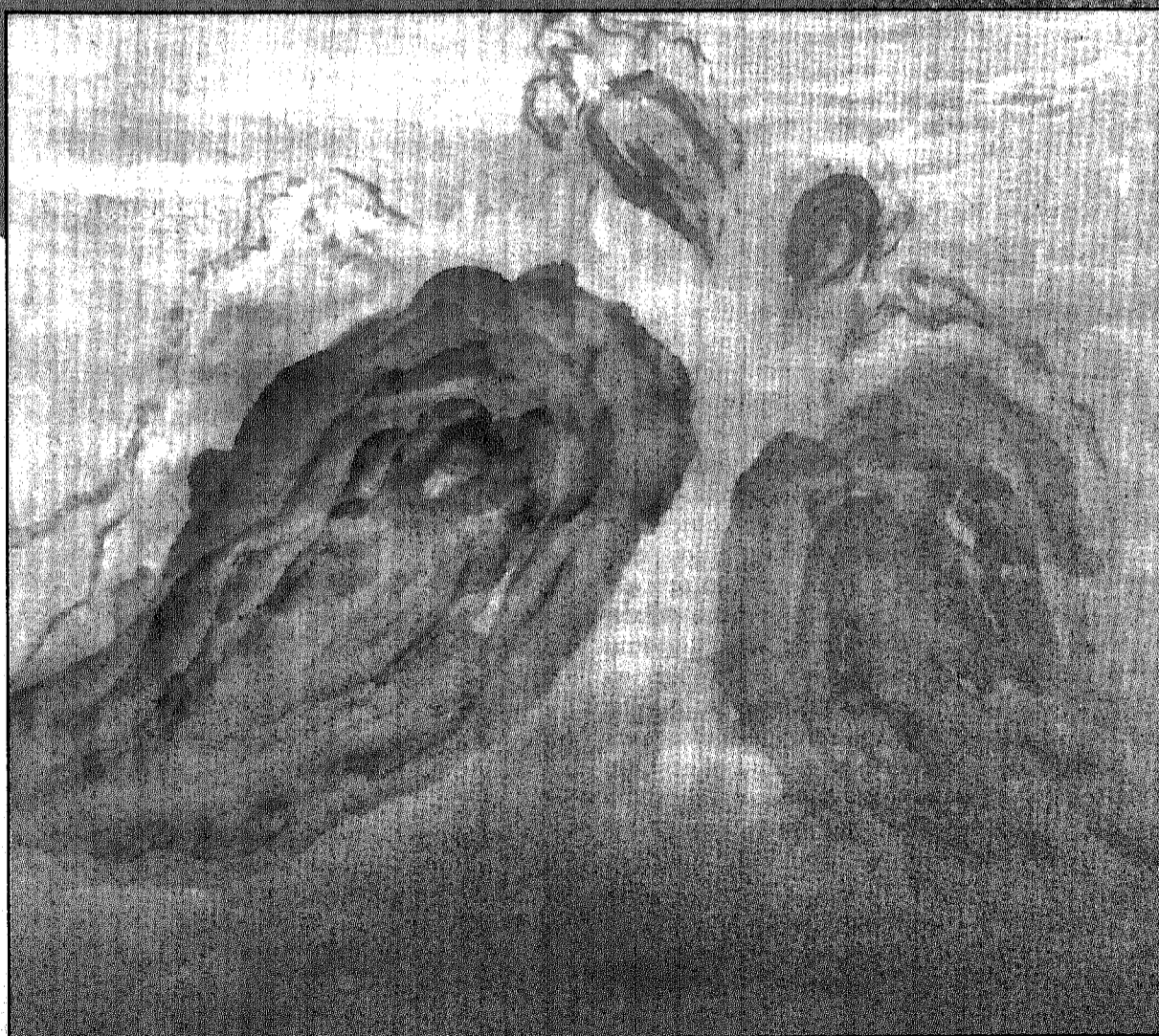
This current show at Greenaway Art Gallery is one of the finest seen at the gallery this year. The work of Chris Mulhearn and Christian Lock is refreshingly accessible art that can be appreciated by a diverse and wide range of viewers, which is fantastic to see in an art scene that over intellectualises and isolates artists and their work from the general public.

These works will be on display at Greenaway Art Gallery, 39 Rundle Street, Kent Town from 19 August to 18 September.

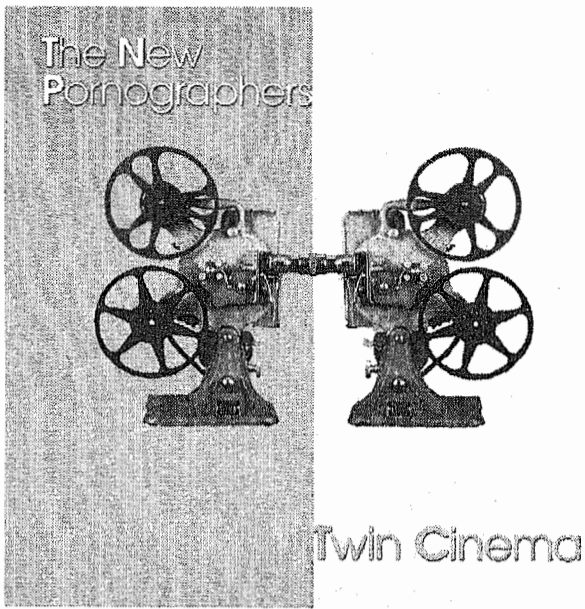
Leo Greenfield

Chris Mulhearn, *Asian (Lotus)*, 2004

Christian Lock, *Living Like a Rich Kid*, polyester resin, holographic material, acrylic paint on board, 2005



Christian Lock, *She Likes Changing Her Story*, acrylic on canvas, 2005



Twin Cinema
The New Pornographers
Matador

In a way it seems a shame to have to dissect this music into review form after becoming accustomed to enjoying listening to it on a purely base aesthetic rather than critical level, but here goes...

The first airing I gave this CD only lasted about 2 minutes into the first track, by which time I thought I could accurately judge the remaining aural content. However, as my reviews for *On Dit* have become almost non-

existent and my raiding of their 'sacred metal box' has continued relentlessly, I felt more than obliged to proceed with this particular review. I just hoped that something could help me recover from the disco-rock blandness of Killers rip off 'The Departure' that I had to endure (albeit once) the previous week.

The Bones of an Idol' is the first indicator that this album may perhaps be something worth more than a half hearted listen followed promptly by a fling in the direction of the nearest bin. From here on in, it becomes delightfully less eighties and more musically digestible, not that digesting music is the way I like to think about immersing myself in it. Instantly noticeable is the level of thought put into the filling of the musical space, but not so haphazardly as to flood the music with too many ideas. This is especially true of the drums, which pound their way through and across in a musical and original way I haven't heard since listening to The Who's early pop phase. But the comparison is not that simple, to say the drumming is a combination of Keith Moon and John Bonham would be a more accurate description of this drummer who clearly gets off on doing his job and adds his musical stamp where most others would brown themselves at the prospect of actually being heard in the mix.

'Jackie Dressed in Cobras' took a few tries before I was won over by the stilted chorus, wacky lyrics and Beatlesque (*Revolver* era) interludes, but 'These Are the Fables' is one

of the albums most aesthetically attractive prospects. Slowly building from a simple combination of guitar/piano/almost foreign lyrics and uniquely phrased vocal lines into a child like sing-along, cellos add an eerie feel to the otherwise carefree nature of the tune in the second verse. It's after the drums have eased their way into the 3rd and 4th verses that the song paradoxically 'kicks off'. I say 'paradoxically' because all that remains in this section is piano and drums with specks of guitar and vocals. It could be argued that this is a sloppy and ill thought out finish to a great tune, and I found myself almost believing this line of thought, but ultimately I'm more inclined to hold that this section is the strongest and carries the most force.

This is pop music of the highest order; innovative, original, and formed only for aesthetic reasons. The vocals are delivered by a number of personnel, and this maximises the number and use of ideas, and formulation of melodies and lyrics. That they do not always reveal their meaning blatantly gives their lyrics yet further appeal

This music, if it was imperative that it be defined, could be described and therefore pigeon-holed as pop-rock, judging purely by the overall sound of the band. But it seems an insult in this case, for while this music certainly carries a pop quality, it is of a more aesthetically, technically and even ethically positive quality.

Tony Marshall

Gig Review

Martha Wainwright
The Gov
Friday Sept 9

by **Audrey Heffernegar**

moods and idiosyncratic nature. He has never seen Martha Wainwright either, but like me, has been going through a bit of a funk. We decide to give it a shot, and if nothing else, get determinedly fuck eyed on cheap house red.

As usual, the Gov's back bar is overwhelmingly packed and we arrive far too late to do anything about it. We perch uncomfortably at the counter and survey the crowd. Linley and I appear to be part of only a few under the age of fifty, which signals either a group of discerning attendees who know their shit when it comes to folk, or a revival of the vast mistake John Spencer made when he settled on the name John Spencer Blues Explosion.

A hush sweeps across the room and a folk music goddess steps onto the stage. She's breathtaking in unselfconscious rhinestone glory, slouch boots propping her up. She opens her mouth and a single golden chord propels her soul into my chest. Slamming those slouch footed heels into the floor, hips thrusting and head thrown back she yanks me through an hour and a half of intense foreplay. I want to be her guitar and feel her cigarette stained hands manipulating my body into heights of ecstatic beauty. I want to stroke her hair as she falls to sleep at night and tell her everything will be okay.

In a world of beautiful cliché, Martha Wainwright would be the musician I'd listen to



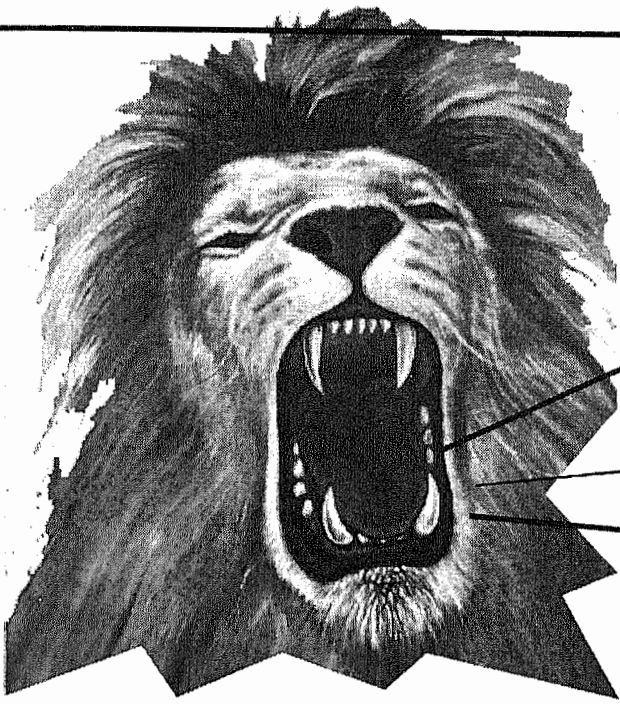
while driving down a dark desert highway late at night, destination unknown. Her voice is a journey in itself, taking you from subtle lows to impenetrable highs. She stands, her guitar her only prop, and fucks the audience like a new school Janis Joplin. She's perhaps perpetually half stoned or a little crazy. Maybe a little of both. She's the kind of sexy that makes it seem like you could be friends with it - unassuming, slightly goofy with the only indicator of its rough edges a cigarette hanging nonchalantly out of the corner of its mouth. Martha Wainwright is my new idol. When I grow up, I want to be her, and if I can't be her, I at least want to fuck the way it looks like she does.



Martha Wainwright comes into my life on a drizzly Friday night. The weather matches my mood - dispassionate anger. I almost don't make it to the Gov, determined that nothing and no one can drag me out of my funk.

God bless the burden of responsibility.

After having wangled free tickets from Chris, resident door bitch at the Gov, I feel I owe it to him to show up. After all, I don't know him very well. I usually wait a little while through the development of an acquaintance before I begin turning up late to appointments, if at all. Linley knows this all too well. Linley is my date for the gig. He's an old friend who's well accustomed to my



Beast(D)ie similes

While hip-hop rose out of the storytelling traditions of West African griots, many current performers believe that punchlines and similes can replace the narrative valued by these originators, and if record sales are anything to go by they're largely right. Referencing any number of topics and personalities from antiquity through to contemporary times, these similes can be clever or socially relevant and sometimes even educational but at other times they can be sadly misleading or downright nonsensical, especially when a certain trio from NYC is involved. With that in mind, here is a brief appraisal of a few of their similes, both quotable and disposable, with comments on their accuracy.

Right like Orville and Wilbur

"I'm like Lee Perry, I'm very odd"

An innovative musical genius who helped pioneer the roots reggae and dub sounds, Lee "Scratch" Perry is nevertheless

better-known to readers of *Q* and *Mojo* for looking like a cross between Sun Ra and George Clinton and making the antics of most rock stars look distinctly pedestrian. The most oft-recounted story involves him building his own studio from the ground up to allow for uninhibited musical experimentation, then promptly burning it down when he became convinced that Satan was living there. When it was rebuilt a few years later, among the many unique features was a pond in the drum booth. The man known as the Upsetter is a very, very odd man.

"I've got mad hits like I was Rod Carew"

Both a simile and a pun, this reference is, unfortunately, largely lost on Australian audiences. Rod Carew is a Major League Baseball hall of famer who played in the 70s and 80s and is one of only two players to have topped the batting averages in three consecutive years.

"I'm like Spoonie Gee, I'm the Metropolitan"

More people can recite this line than have heard Spoonie Gee's voice, but on "Spoonin' Rap", one of his biggest hits, the love rapper does indeed declare himself to be "the metropolitan on the microphone."

Lame like an old nag

"Like Don King I've got the crazy hairdo"

Don King is probably the world's best-known boxing promoter, having been in the game for four decades and sponsored many high-profile fights including the "Rumble in the Jungle" and "Thrilla

in Manila". Here's a picture of him. He has a crazy hairdo. None of the Beastie Boys do.

"Your knees'll start shaking and your fingers pop like a pinch on the neck of Mr. Spock"

In the world of Star Trek, the Vulcan Neck Pinch was a technique used by Vulcans to render other humanoid unconscious. However, no reference is made to knee shaking or finger popping, and most Trekkies will happily tell you that Spock was to be found inflicting the neck pinch rather than on the receiving end.

"And everything I do is funky like Lee Dorsey"

Arguably the most successful singer from the crop of 60s New Orleans RnB artists, Lee Dorsey's work has an easygoing charm and

creeping boogie beat that's very catchy. This notwithstanding, anyone who has listened to his childish breakout hit "Ya Ya" can testify that it is definitely NOT funky.

"So like a pimp I'm pimpin'"

Seriously, you couldn't think of anything better? There are a million pimps in the world. Iceberg Slim. Don "Magic" Juan. Goldie. Even Ice-T, for god's sake.

"We're international like Matt Takei"

I don't even think Matt Takei is a real person. Google doesn't either. Which means that the Beastie Boys are simply lazy rhymers.

Aristizzle



Think you can out Beast(D)ie the Beastie Boys? Send in all your best/worst rap lyrics to On Dit by Friday Sept 16 and you could feature in our upcoming novelty edition!

Here are some examples from my own private rapping collection:

So get down
Wid da folk in da bars
Go driving
Wid da hoods in der cars
For life is
Just a spiritual journey
And for every you
There is another of me

See! It doesnt even MEAN anything! It's easier than donning a pair of lurid nylon basketball shorts and wearing a cap backwards.

Word.

My top 5 songs regarding Fear

by Ben Vistoli



Jackson before he got scary

'Thriller'
Michael Jackson

I would've been three or four. I remember my slightly older cousin subjecting me to loops of the count Draculian laugh at the end of this song whilst telling ghost stories in a blackened room. I'd run out of the room hysterical and ever since have been fearful of the King of Pop.



Acid inspired marketing

'They're coming to take me away'
Napoleon XIV

Essentially a boy loses girl song, it's creepy twist and use of chains [reminiscent of the 'Ghost of Christmas Past's], theremins and high-pitch reverse playback evoke a decent into frightful madness coupled with lyrics such as "They're coming to take me away, ha-haaa. They're coming to take me away, ho-ho, hee-hee, ha-haaa. To the funny farm, where life is beautiful all the time and I'll be happy to see those nice young men in their clean white coats and they're coming to take me away, ha-haaa!!!"



Hanson - confusing teenage males the world over. Did you know Taylor (right) is married? Weird...

'Mmm Bop'
Hanson

How this song got so popular scares the shit in my ass to the point where it oozes out, solidifies, mutates into a serial killer and produces their second album.



From the band who brought every stalker's anthem to life.

'Don't Stand So Close To Me'
The Police

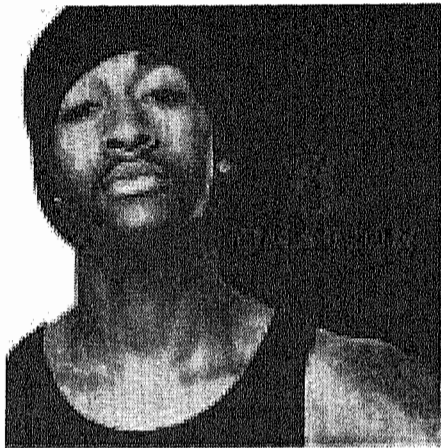
Let it be said, primarily, that a guy who plays funk/reggae bass and calls himself 'Sting' is scary enough despite the lyrical content of this number. Subversive in it's mood, until the catchy chorus, the verses tell of a darker world where a teacher [Sting's former profession] battles the lure of young girls. "Sometimes it's not so easy to be the teacher's pet. Temptation, frustration, so bad it makes him cry. Wet bus stop, she's waiting, his car is warm and dry..." - yes everyone, Sting is a p!ed@#*^%\$.

'Don't Fear the Reaper'
Blue Oyster Cult

This song isn't to be feared all that much. Maybe the fact that I once wanted to learn its guitar solo and rock out is quite scary though. Which begs the question of whether those who learnt guitar playing Metallica, Steve Vai, Satriani, etc, and now play in 'post rock' bands are afraid of the wank factor sometimes associated with virtuoso axe grindage, something to think about.



For some reason, Blue Oyster Cult makes me think of the B52s' Rock Lobster which makes me think of hurting people.



Omarion
O
Sony BMG

The sparsely titled O is the debut solo album of one of RnB's more illustrious and broadly talented figures: Omarion. Most of the genre's fans will know Omarion from his B2K days, and failing that the rest of us at least should remember him for his role in *You Got Served*.

This album has a lot of elements, but definitely shows Omarion's growth into what we can probably expect to become his signature flavor. It's got a great general RnB vibe; with some classical ballad and soulful tracks as well as a couple that you can really get up and get your hips into.

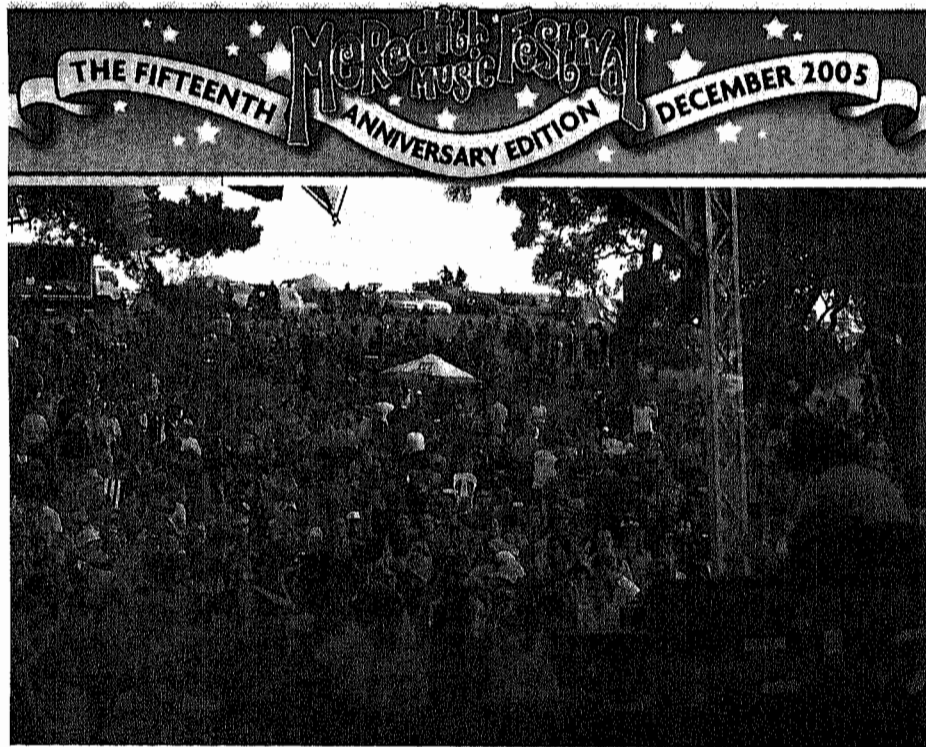
'Drop That Heater' has a mid-

paced tribal feel to its rhythm that, if you like to feel the groove where it counts, will certainly make you feel conducive to a bit of busting-out, slow grind style. 'Take It Off' is another track that will make you want to work-it-out, with a dirty feel to its beat that's prime for getting in touch with the naughty ghetto princess in every girl, and is equally good for its pimping atmosphere for the boys. 'Never Gonna Let You Go' has got a bit more of funky flavor and features the extreme talent of Big Boi, which alone makes it worth a listen.

Omarion's certainly got a silky voice, which conveys a lot of emotion. This adds a truly personal feel to the album's slower tracks, evoking the listeners' empathy, especially in the cases of 'I'm Tryna', and 'Growing Pains'. All the tracks share a consistent theme: Love; whether it be its ups, its downs, or its grey-area elements. And let's face it, we can all relate.

This album is definitely a must have for anyone who claims to be a real fan of the RnB genre. It's something to sit and chill to, something to be in love to, something to mourn your love-life to, but also something to get you hot when you need it.

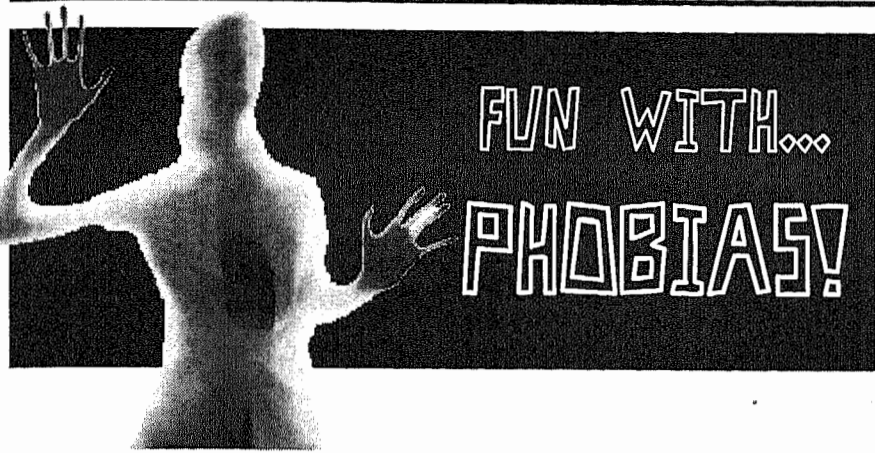
erialc



The Dirty Three were playing their only Australian show for the year. As the sun set, thunderclouds were massing in the background and as the set progressed they eventually erupted into a spectacular lightning show that always threatened to wash out the show, but never did. This awesome display of mother nature's power reached it's climax as the sublime trio's own soaring cinematic exhibition was peaking and I wasn't there. For the past year, I've heard how fucking ridiculously awesome the 14th Meredith Music Festival was and now that tickets are on sale for this year's event, there's no way I'm missing out again. The

first half of the artists have been announced with another 15 to follow soon, and they will all play one after the other on a single stage over the course of a 3 days from December 9-12. Here's the list so far... The Avalanches DJ Show, Stephen Malkmus and The Jicks, Cut Copy, The Grates, The Nextmen, Wolfmother, Clare Bowditch and The Feeding Set, You Am I, Billy Childish and The Buff Medways, Architecture In Helsinki, The Mess Hall, Johnny Idem, Airbourne, OkkervilRiver, plus a mystery act that won't be revealed until they step out on stage.

Alexis



PHOBIAS THAT COULD IMPEDE YOUR DATING AND SEXUAL PROWESS

Anuptaphobia- Fear of staying single.

Bromidrosiphobia or *Bromidrophobia*- Fear of body smells.

Cacophobia- Fear of ugliness.

Cypridophobia or *Cypriphobia* or *Cyprianophobia* or *Cyprinophobia* - Fear of prostitutes or venereal disease.

Dishabiliophobia- Fear of undressing in front of someone.

Erotophobia- Fear of sexual love or sexual questions.

Eurotophobia- Fear of female genitalia.

Genophobia- Fear of sex.

Gymnophobia- Fear of nudity.

Heterophobia- Fear of the opposite sex. (Sexophobia)

Medomalacuphobia- Fear of losing an erection.

Medorthophobia- Fear of an erect penis.

Philemaphobia or *Philematophobia*- Fear of kissing.

Philophobia- Fear of falling in love or being in love.

PHOBIAS TO PROVIDE TO UNI LECTURERS

Allodoxaphobia- Fear of opinions.

Arithmophobia- Fear of numbers.

Bibliophobia- Fear of books.

Decidophobia- Fear of making decisions.

Didaskaleinophobia- Fear of going to school.

Doxophobia- Fear of expressing opinions or of receiving praise.

Gnosiophobia- Fear of knowledge.

Graphophobia- Fear of writing or handwriting.

Logizomechanophobia- Fear of computers.

Logophobia- Fear of words.

Sophophobia- Fear of learning.

My all time favourite:

Hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia- Fear of long words.

JUST PLAIN WEIRD PHOBIAS

Agateophobia- Fear of insanity.

Alliumphobia- Fear of garlic.

Anablephobia- Fear of looking up.

Coprastasophobia- Fear of constipation.

Athazagoraphobia- Fear of being forgotten or ignored or forgetting.

Eleutherophobia- Fear of freedom.

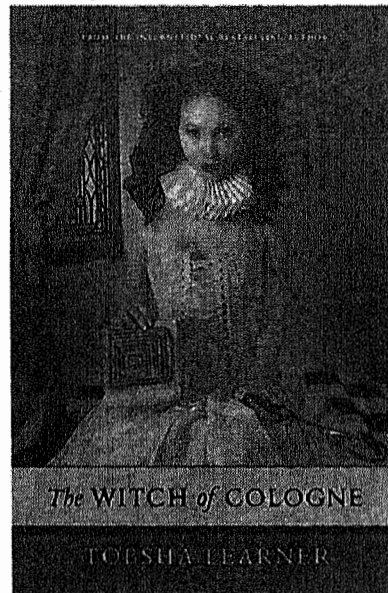
Paraskavedekatriaphobia- Fear of Friday the 13th.

Parthenophobia- Fear of virgins or young girls.

Autodysomophobia- Fear of one that has a vile odor.

<http://www.phobialist.com/>

Fearful book o' the week



The Witch of Cologne
Tobsha Leaner
HarperCollins Publishers

A complex and intriguing historical novel about love, religion and politics in 17th century Germany. The story is based around a Jewess, Ruth, who is denounced as a heretic and witch for her remarkable talents as a midwife. Despite her talents deriving from an acquired

knowledge of the latest medical expertise combined with the spiritual charms of the Kabbalah, out of fear of the unknown her methods were interpreted by Jews and Catholics alike as witchcraft. Add a handsome Catholic cleric as the knight in shining armour to the story and you have a true romantic tragedy a la Romeo & Juliet. Partly based on historical facts and figures the novel is well written with engaging characters and a constantly dramatic storyline; which is impressive given the size of the novel (definitely not light springtime reading). Fear is a significant factor within this novel, not only the fear of the mysterious Jewess which leads to her being persecuted and outcast from all societies, but the fear within the individual and given that the story is told from numerous perspectives the story provides a deeper insight into the raw human emotions that drive us all. Many may find it difficult to wade through the complexity of this novel but for the dedicated reader you will enjoy this book for its lessons in history, humility and humanity.

Karlie

*'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.
Through the Looking Glass, C.S Lewis*



The beauty of the world has two edges, one of laughter, one of anguish, cutting the heart asunder

- Virginia Woolf

NOSH

5 Wyatt Street and Light Square
0400 263 470
Price Range \$5 - \$7

The great thing about being a food reviewer is that every now and again, I get to discover a real gem of a venue- the kind of place that I wish a could review every week, and Nosh is definitely one of these. With a range of soups, pie floaters and salads, this unpretentious little eatery has a rotating menu that changes every week, and the fact that you never know what's going to be on the menu for any given week certainly goes a long way to creating the charm. Somehow, though, the manager Andres makes sure that there's always something to suit every mood (and any weather). The highlight of last week's menu has to have been the delicious Moroccan sweet potato, a rich creamy concoction with a tantalising hint of exotic spices that was perfect for the balmy spring weather while the more traditional pea and ham soup with its rich smoky flavours was an excellent way to warm up on the colder days, especially with a hearty beef steak pie situated like an island in the middle.

The flaky crust, rich gravy and thick chunks of meat would give any Balfours product a run for it's money, while the alternative, a pumpkin and cauliflower pie, was no less enticing. All soups and floaters are served with a ciabatta or wholemeal roll and biscotti, but for anyone otherwise inclined, there is also a range of delicious salads and an antipasto platter that's perfect for enjoying on the terrace outside the Light Square store. While the quality of the food is excellent across the board, it's the small things that really set Nosh apart, things like the rotating menu that always includes both vegetarian and meat-based soups and salads (and usually vegan options, too), and the fact that everything in both stores, down to the falafel, is made on site from scratch. To be honest, it's hard to find any faults at all.

9.5/10

Alexis Buxton-Collins

Jerusalem Sheshkabab House

131b Hindley Street
8212 6185

Pass through the enormous doors that partition Jerusalem Sheshkabab off from Hindley Street and you'll immediately notice the hushed atmosphere inside. Even on a Saturday night, the sounds of posers and p-platers don't penetrate the interior, leaving only the unobtrusive music to underscore the sounds of conversation. The décor is pretty sparse and the waitstaff are only a step up from comatose but that just helps foster a relaxed environment that suits the style of service. The food is best enjoyed as mezze (similar to Spanish-style Tapas), with all the usual Mediterranean/middle eastern suspects available- most diners will be familiar with dishes like felafel, hommus and stuffed cabbage leaves. With a bottle of wine (it's BYO), food like this is great to enjoy when shared among a group- just

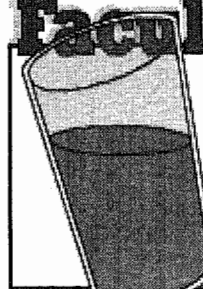
grab a slice of pita and dig in. As for the food, it's a little on the oily side but other than that the quality is about average, to be honest- neither exceptionally good nor bad, though enjoyable nonetheless. One of the most enjoyable aspects of Middle Eastern dining is the obligatory desert and coffee that follows the meal, and Jerusalem is no exception to this. The baklava is not overly sweet and though it's perhaps a little bit dry, the enticing hint of apple makes up for this, while the taste of the sweet spiced coffee lingers long after the tiny cup is drained.

6/10

James Richards'

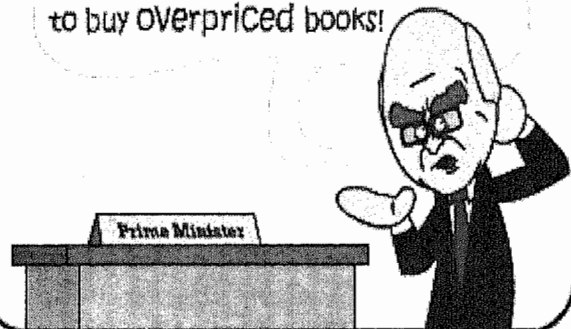
jellykingdom@hotmail.com

Faculty of Errors



This episode is brought to you
by Chug Beer:
...As seen on "Australia's Most
Wanted"...

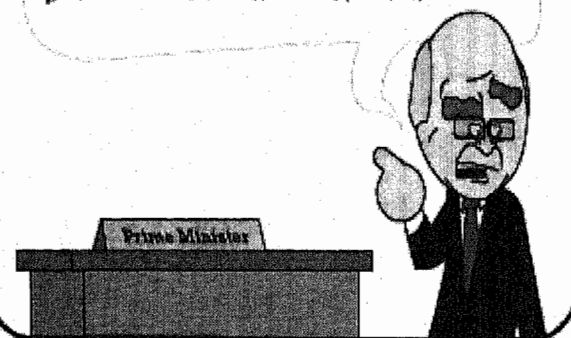
...now, if I eliminate student
union fees, the students can't
complain about not having money
to buy overpriced books!



Howard, you brilliant bald
bastard!!



well that takes care of uni
students...what about pensioners?
Subsidised metamucil perhaps...



10%
OFF

@ NOSH

5 Wyatt St & Light Sq
0400 263 470

for students and lecturers
when you show your ID!

10%
OFF

@ Jerusalem
Sheshkabab House

131b Hindley Street
82126185

for students and lecturers
when you show your ID!

& 15% OFF for group bookings of 6 or more

Classifieds.

An otherwise healthy single female student is looking for an understanding, tolerant and caring male aged 20 - 35. Non-smoking, allergy resistant, physically strong individual is essential.

When able, I enjoy late night movies, early morning breakfasts, hiking, light sports and kanasta.

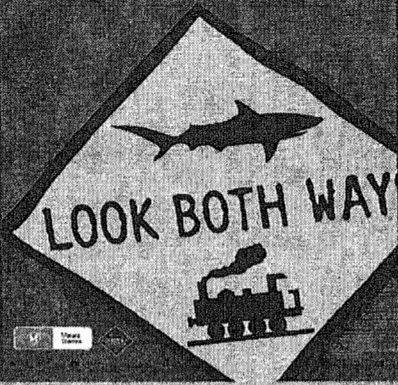
When I'm able outdoor excursions are a favourite past time and so luck permitting an *al fresco* date would be ideal. Ph: 8222 3434

I am an asthma sufferer. Though I've tried almost every remedy and seen many specialists there seems to be nothing more that can be done for my particular case. Initially the asthma was only mild but has steadily increased in severity with age, apparently inflamed by the pollution expelled by motor vehicles and industry. As there seems to be nothing I can do, I implore all motorists to find some kindness in your hearts and stop driving your vehicles needlessly, you're the last obstacle to my good health.

**Position Available!
Marketing Manager**

Fantastic opportunity for a final year/graduate marketing student. Required to rebuild supporter base and public awareness of Irish community group - The Real IRA in the face of a highly competitive international environment. Knowledge of cutting edge marketing techniques and unconventional forms of brand recognition a must. Need not personally align with the product but must be able to attractively and forcefully frame our key belief portfolios to invigorate a flagging market share in the face of a dynamic Arabic sector. email www.everythingsmarketing.com for more info.

Adelaide University Tennis Club Fundraiser Film Night



Margaret ★★★★★ David ★★★★★
At the Movies, ABC

Thursday 15th September

Film: Look Both Ways (Australian)

Time: 6pm for drinks and nibbles, film at 6.45pm.

Where: Palace/Nova (exact location on ticket)

Ticket Price: \$15 (including movie, drinks, nibbles)

Also a raffle on the night with some great prizes!

Tickets available until Wednesday 14th September

Purchase from Sports Association office, Level 5 Union Building (North West corner)

Direct queries to:
Kristy 0438 828 752 or
Will 0422 481 278

PALACE NOVA
Eastend Cinemas, Rundle Street 8232 3434

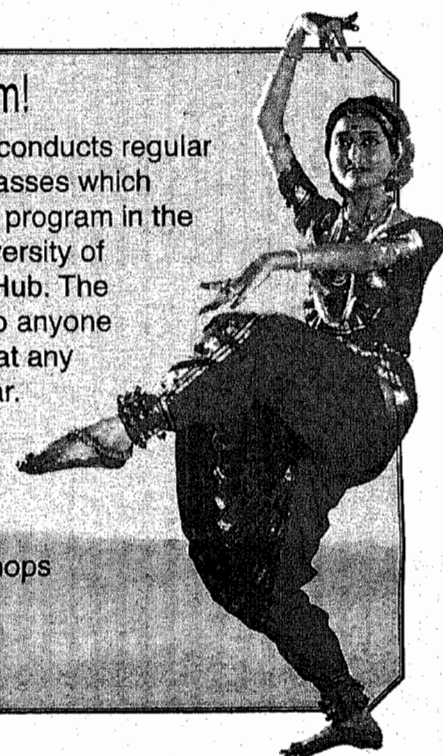
IndoOz - A new movement takes Adelaide by storm!

An ancient form of movement based on the classical Indian dance form of Bharata Natyam is making waves in Australia as a new movement style. The benefits of IndoOz are sweeping the fields of art therapy, aerobic and non-aerobic exercise, and yoga.

Classes in IndoOz offer an alternative form of exercise and are wonderful for one's overall well-being. Based on Bharata Natyam, IndoOz utilises the spiritual and physical body. Every part of the body gets a work-out right-down to the little toe, while the mind becomes clear and enlightened.

Khurshid currently conducts regular Bharata Natyam classes which include the IndoOz program in the city and at the University of Adelaide's Sports Hub. The classes are open to anyone and can be joined at any time during the year.

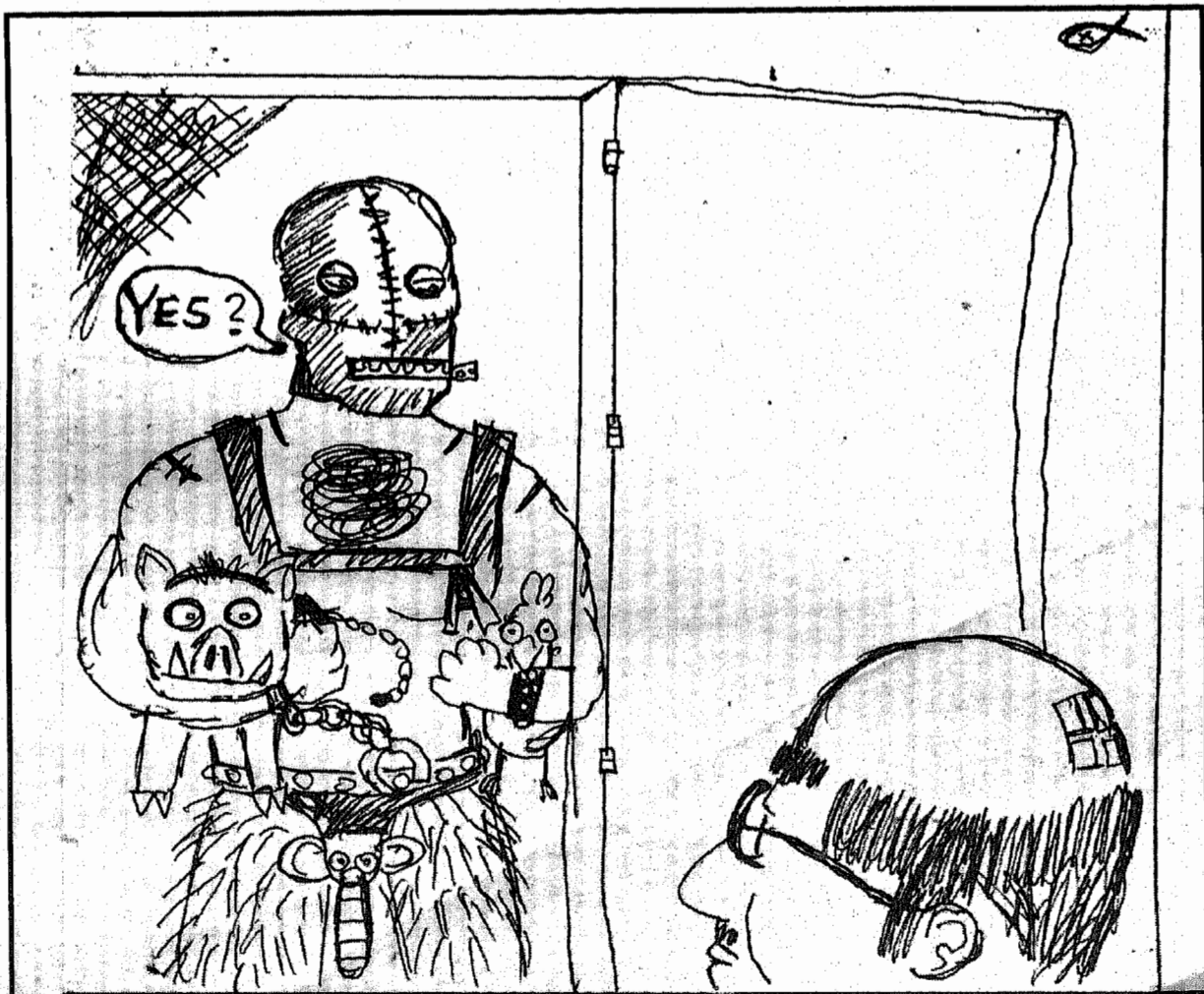
To find out more about IndoOz classes and specialised workshops contact
Dr Khurshid Shroff
on 08 8344 4482.



SPANISH CLUB CONVERSATION GROUP
This Friday the 16th September, 1:00 in the clubs common room. Directly above the Union Information Office on the West side of the Cloisters. Ask in the info office, ground floor if you can not find it. Third years and native speakers will be there to help out. Write if you can not make it or would like to organise another time. stuart.brady@student.adelaide.edu.au

SPANISH CLUB MOVIE SERIES
There is a series of Spanish movies screening on Tuesday (and Monday) nights from six o'clock in the union cinema. Level 5 of the Union building, next to the Unibar.
No Charge For Club Members!
(You can become a club member at the door for \$5)
First Tuesday back after the holidays Tuesday 4th October will be *Mujeres Al borde de un ataque de nervios*, women on the border of a nervous attack, another Almodovar film, classic from 1998, very funny.

Following films will be:
Sol de Otoño, Autumn Sun, as the name suggests it is about elderly couples, Tuesday 11 October.
Todo Sobre Mi Madre, All About My Mother, another highly regarded Almodovar Film, Tuesday 18 October.
There will be english subtitles in the cinema.



And that was when Arthur made his mistake. His sexy, sexy mistake...

