

OWN A TIC



The Environment Edition

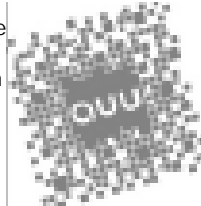
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**ADELAIDE
UNIVERSITY'S
STUDENT
PUBLICATION
VOLUME 76
EDITION 7**



On Dit:

Proudly sponsored
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University Union



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IMPORTANT!

Nominations for student
elections - including *On Dit*
editorship close in week 3 so
please contact the AUU office if
you are interested.

**GET NOMINATING NOW
and keep student media alive!**

THANKS:

The Rat (Modigliana) for making its debut appearance.
Marcellina Pizza for the free pizza for our *On Dit* office party.
Our new babies (computers) for getting us through our 64 page edition in no time, no late nights for us - nuh uh.
Our subbies for getting into the spirit of this edition's theme.
Do we have an environment officer? - VSU I'm looking at you...
The Dark Knight and Heath Ledger.
Kirk V. Special, Miriam, Vincent & Hannah our lovely proofies.
People who proof their work before sending it in...
Most of our subbies for getting everything in well on time.
Claire and Clare for saving the day.
David Coluccio for quickly springing into action as rat-catcher extraordinaire!
Justin Kentish for saving us the trouble of getting the key to enter our office and being a lovely fill in.
Kimmy for printing our proofs.
Mills and Boon for making Nat's life so much easier.
Our new work experience girl - or as far as Centrelink is concerned...
Everyone who is going to distribute this edition *nudge*
Of course our family and friends for putting up with our absences, feeding us and loving us - your understanding is always appreciated. Love You!
Mother earth for putting up with all our shit - keep on truckin'!



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Nong Oui and owner Tong sai Bamroongtai

BORN TO BE GREEN

While laying out the Winter Edition, Cat was only too lucky to come across our frog stomping buddy - Nong Oui. He is a frog out of Thailand who is believed to possess magical powers. Apparently if you hold the frog on his back and stroke his stomach, lucky numbers will appear on the skin of his stomach. He has helped ten people win the lottery. He has since been grounded and no longer helps people predict the lottery because he has apparently lost his magic. Instead he graces the cover of *On Dit* promoting the Environment Edition...



Nong Oui ready to take off on his environmentally-friendly motorbike

LETTUCE

Got ramblings? Insults? Sexual favours?
Personals? Send them to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.
au. We Love Lettuce. Now go hug a tree.

TV GOES TO THE DOGS

Dear Editors,

Chloe Langford (*On Dit*, Winter Edition) was so correct in referring to television as a "dying genre." On Thursdays now it is death by a thousand barbs. The bungling but astute Stockinger, his vegetarian gun-toting assistant, Antonella and the erudite philosopher and chief of police, Brunner (separately rendered by Herbert Fux) have been replaced by an episode of *Inspector Rex* which now has a time slot of almost two hours.

Stockinger was entertaining with its witty comments on Austrian society, divergent backgrounds and a variety of crime scenarios. *Rex* runs to a set formula; its characters are one-dimensional and the plots dull and repetitive. *Rex*, of course is many IQ points in advance of both the police and the crooks. And I fear it will get worse. Soon we will have *Rex Goes to Washington*, *Rex at Eurovision* and *Rex Transfers to Man United*. The only beacon of Thursdays is the five minutes of Brian Daw and John Clark at the conclusion of *The 7.30 Report*.

Dean Broadbent
(ex-PGSA - still *On Dit* reader)

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Dear Eds,

Normally I write in about issues political, but since the relief and consequent disillusionment of the federal election I've not found the energy.

Today I'm writing to respond to Hannah Mattner's claim that the Mayo's food is more edible than previously. Almost two decades ago, when I was an undergraduate, we all complained about the quality of food provided by the union refectories (We two, the Wills - asian and hamburgers etc., and the Mayo - slop). I doubt anyone then could possibly have imagined that it could have got worse; by the standards of the Mayo today, the food from the Mayo and the Wills in the late '80s and early '90s was Cordon Bleu.

It is hard to imagine how a business that has a captive clientele with a reasonable level of disposable income can so completely demolish its business base. No other university cafe or refectory I have seen, having studied and worked at or visited quite a few universities, has ever sunk to the levels now demonstrated by the Mayo, or done things so stupid as to destroy the quality products that were being provided by places such as Rumours.

If UniSA can run a highly successful quality cafe, like Aroma, with reasonable pricing, why the fuck can't Adelaide?

Cheers,

Dr. Dan

***Eds - Looks like your prayers have been answered, this semester will see the return of Briefs and Rumours. Time to get your grub on Dr. Dan.*

HAVE BOOZE, WILL TRAVEL

Dear Sirs,

I was enlightened to read in the Winter Edition of *On Dit* that the union organised a members only party at the Electric Light Hotel. Maybe Adelaide will eventually catch up with UK universities in holding multiple union sponsored and organised student only nights throughout the week.

I'm an exchange student from England, my home institution is The University of Birmingham where our weekly line up of cheap student nights starts on a Monday and ends on Saturday; each event is pre-ticketed and sold out, all year. If I remember correctly, before my Antipodean adventure, Monday night kicked off with 'The night before at Risa' which was a two thousand cap night, always sold out, £1 alco-pop bottles (very reasonable), Tuesday was 'Forbidden Fruit' which did five sambucas for £5, very messy night indeed, Wednesday hosted 'sports night' at the union, 'Wednesdays are the Works', and massive night at Oceana. Thursday was the biggest night of the week - Vodbull, which needs no explanation other than three thousand people and a lot of Vodbull. Friday was a bit of a first year night at Bar 1. Saturday night was hosted in the Union and called Fab n' Fresh.

Anyway my rambling does have a point. Adelaide has heaps of pubs and nightclubs where any old Joe can frequent, which means safety problems (drink spiking, fights), expensive drinks and pretence. What we need is massive student nights regularly organised at external venues by the union with cheap drinks, student only policy, pre-ticketing policy, well advertised and well attended and most importantly lacking any pretence (after all we are there to get tipsy and have a good time). The night at the Electric Light is a step in the right direction, well done chaps now let's see more of it.

Clayton
(Exchange, Geology)

***Eds - *sighs* Clayton, clearly a boy after K-Rudd's own liver. Good ol' binge drinkers.*

P.S There are actually two females as well as one male editing this paper. Just for next time, Sir.

LETTERUCE

This is our crazy contribution page.
Anything goes. Read on.

SEXUAL EXPLOITS OF THE ELDERLY

Dear French Youth Newspaper,

Sine Earl passed away I've felt an empty space inside me, a hole that needs filling, this is why I write to you today. It's been five long weeks since his death and I was wondering, at what point is it acceptable to attempt a new relationship? To be honest I lost Earl long before that, he hadn't been himself since the dementia took over in 1998, but he satisfied a senior woman's needs.

I've had my eye on one of the carers at my nursing hospital for quite some time and would be grateful if you or your readers could share any advice. She's one of those butch gothic girls and while that isn't particularly attractive to me, she has several piercing which I would find particularly stimulating. I discovered I was bisexual during the War, I became obsessed with the forbidden juice of the velvet cup while Earl was off fighting the Japs.

I'm concerned that she may not, in fact, be lesbian (though I believe that rather unlikely) and I'm also worried about the age gap (she's 65 years my junior). I'm also concerned about the reaction of my children should I embark on this relationship. My daughter Rosemary is a very conservative Christian and I would hate it if she stopped bringing the grandchildren round to see me.

Yours Faithfully,
Ester Joyce Smith

PETER HORTHORN'S CORNER

Dear *On Dit*,

I write to you today to clear up any misunderstanding. On the night Sunday June 1st I was indeed at the public toilets off University Drive. However I was not, as some have suggested, there for any reason other than to relieve myself.

As my wife can confirm, I called her at eleven to tell her I would have to stay longer at the office. The facilities at parliament house were closed for cleaning so I used the public conveniences by the river.

It was there that I noticed a gentlemen who had become entangled in the shrubbery. I asked if I could help and he explained that his foot was stuck in the undergrowth. I knelt down to help him out; seizing with both hands the opportunity to help a member from my constituency. A considerable amount of tugging climaxed when he surged forth from his snag, narrowly missing my face.

With 20/20 hindsight perhaps I can see that it may be possible for some to misinterpret my actions, but at the end of the day it was a straight forward affair.

A member of the public needed help with a root so I pulled him off.

Regards,

Peter Horthorn MP
The Honourable Member for Foxy

Editors,

People have been so quick to criticise and condemn Peter Horthorn and I would like to speak up in his defence. As the Member for Foxy has explained, the entire event was merely a misunderstanding.

It does not wipe away his years of service to our community, his passionate defence of values or his strong moral advocacy. He has served in our nation's military and has three young children. Remember this next time you make a cheap joke about him.

I salute you Mr Horthorn.

Alison Clementine xx



By your powers combined... THIS IS ON DIT NEWS.



Welcome, readers, to the new semester! A time when, for a week at least, we all keep our promises to attend all lectures, participate in all tutes and do all the readings.

This issue is environment themed, and what a month it's been for the world which sustains us. The drought and its continued effect on the Murray, as well as the Garnaut report have somehow combined into a media superstory which has impact on almost every facet of our daily lives, from our morning shower to the daily commute to the food we eat and the way we spend our leisure time.

To begin with: climate change. Everybody's favourite opposition leader, Brendan Nelson, should really start a political acrobatic troupe, he has back-flipped and flopped and twisted and turned so exquisitely on the issue of emissions trading in Australia. First it was unconditional by 2012. Then we were going to do it in 2012 - but only if China, India and the US did too. Then it was some other date, indefinitely in the future. Then it was unconditional by 2012 again - perhaps after Malcom Turnbull had a stern word with his leader. So no one is really sure what the liberal party's line on that is at the moment. Neither are we convinced we know where Prime Minister Rudd ('Kev') stands. At the election he stood for all that is right about Australia, as opposed to all that is wrong about America as did his opponent, former Prime Minister Howard. Yet despite a huge majority in the Lower House, he governs as though it were wafer thin. Kev is so populist, no one is quite sure whether exempting

petrol from an emissions trading scheme (which it does seem certain he will introduce in some form or another) is beneath him or not. As far as Kev's own favourite, Prof. Ross Garnaut is concerned, it is not. But due to the fear of a voter backlash (they all know he's spanking them because he loves them) he might just go ahead and do it.

To the weather now, and *The Advertiser* reports that it might be a wet winter after all. By the time this is published, we will know for sure, but it won't help the farmers. Because of the drought, the soil in the Riverland is so dry that rather than running into the river, water is soaked up on impact. Thus irrigation allowances will not be increased from the 2% allocated at the beginning of the water year, on July 1. In all seriousness, the Murray is in dire danger. Crikey reports that of the basin's 23 rivers, only one is 'healthy'. I've never understood precisely the term 'healthy' in relation to rivers, but I assume about 50-75% of average flow, normal salt levels, low levels of nitrogen and other contaminants and limited invasion by introduced species. Happily, Adelaide has done well in reducing its water use, but given low inflows, the net effect on the Murray is essentially neutral. The desalination plant will help, when it is finally built. I supported it as an immediate and necessary emergency measure to tide us over the next sixty years while we build a rainwater harvesting system on the plain to become self-sufficient, and eventually cut the pipe from Mannum altogether.

When clamouring for more water (and occasionally stealing it) farmers are only doing their job. Having regulated them into this

mess, it is undoubtedly the government's job to get them out. The states (and I am gradually coming to the conclusion that they should be abolished- a story for another time) lead the way into the mess, and despite "ending the blame game", Kev has done little to undo the damage his predecessor helped to cause. While the Nationals bang on to get changes altered to suit the status quo and support "struggling towns", one wonders how sustainable those very towns will be when there is no water, even to steal. They are intent on discounting environmental flows as a luxury Australia cannot afford. But in a time of record terms of trade and unprecedented mineral wealth, Australia is well placed to compensate the farmers for their loss of income in the name of the environment. We poke fun at Russia and lament its Aral Sea, but are we any better? Can we respond any more effectively?

Finally, on a personal note, I am very angry at the State Government this week. They have stripped the Adelaide City Council, whose ranks I plan to join, of their planning powers for developments worth \$10mil or more. While many see this as a great step forward for progress, we are not Beijing where entire neighbourhoods can be bulldozed for an Olympic Stadium. People who live in Adelaide have rights too, no matter how inconvenient for property developers.

For further debate on this or any issues, feel free to email me:
eric.f.smith@student.adelaide.edu.au

Rick



Art or Porn?

Nude Children and the Media



Every now and again it appears that media likes to throw itself into a good, old fashioned moral panic. In days gone by it might be about the depravity of single mothers, or the legalisation of homosexuality (or even, heaven forbid, those crazy left handed people. I mean just what are they trying to prove?) It seems like the 'in' thing to damn at the moment is the supposed abuse of children by the likes of Bill Henson and *Art Monthly Magazine* with their use of photographs of naked children and young adolescents. Since Henson's arrest, the seizure of his works and subsequent release, the media has launched a civil war, with art media throwing its weight behind the artists and the conventional media behind children's rights activists. What started out as a legal investigation has snowballed into a clear case of moral panic where artists may fear to photograph anyone naked who is underage, regardless of the circumstances. While this issue has increasingly become a sledging match, the real issue seems to have been drowned out by the noise of argument: What is the difference between pornography and art?

The artists themselves have no qualms with their work. For instance, Henson defended his work by stating that art authorised people to free themselves from a "world of moralism and opinionation and claptrap" (*Telegraph* 11/7/08). Henson's photographs (in case you have been living under a rock that doesn't have a TV) have exhibited provocative images of naked or semi-nude adolescents, occasionally with violent, sexual or other influences. His work explores boundaries of light and dark, and transitions from the innocent world of childhood to the shady reality of adult life. These images suggest the sense of emerging sexuality and vulnerability we all experienced through puberty. To me, not depicting these issues with images of teenagers would be denying a vital part of this phase. Where the media starts to have a problem is the nudity involved, particularly in the case of those subjects who were underage. Many examples of his work were recently seized and subjected to the Classification Board, but have since been released when they declared the images "mild and justified". However, this victory for Henson did not absolve him from public scrutiny. Recently he spoke at the opening of an exhibition at the National Gallery of Australia in Canberra, carefully avoiding the loaded questions reports threw at him. Even figures like PM Kevin Rudd have jumped on the sledging Henson bandwagon, stating that his photographs are "absolutely revolting". However artists such as Cate Blanchett have voiced their support for Henson's work, as well as institutions like *Art Monthly Magazine*.

When *Art Monthly* published a nude image of a then aged six Olympia Nelson on its front cover, it did so to align itself with the likes of Bill Henson and encourage the view that images of nude children can be beautiful and artistic, not pornographic examples of child abuse. The Classification Board, by the request of Attorney-General's board director Donald McDonald, has forced the magazine to submit this edition for review, suggesting that the cover may become reclassified, or censored in some way, potentially inhibiting further financial support from the Federal Government (Advertiser 11/7/08). Again, this image drew comments from Kevin Rudd, who suggested they could constitute a form of child abuse. An irate Olympia, now eleven, has come out and told of her disgust at his comments. She told Sky News reporters that "No, it's not child abuse, in no way. I think that the picture that my mum took of me has nothing to do with being abused".

One reason for this public outcry against such images is the threat of inciting child abuse or encouraging paedophiles. Professor Nelson, an Associate Dean in the Art and Design faculty at Monash University said that "a very, very weak link" exists between child abuse and imagery. (*Herald Sun* 7/7/08) He went on to say that just "seeing a child naked" does not constitute child abuse. The panic which has followed these images has played on these fears of creating child abuse without clearly assessing the link between an image and abuse. Nelson and others attest that research indicates abuse is fostered within unsafe families, with causes as varying as drug and alcohol addiction to Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. This suggests that nude images of children are only dangerous, pornographic examples of child abuse if the context of the image attests to it, like in genuine child pornography.

Sadly the ramifications of considering artistic and safe nude representations of children as dangerous are vast and may restrict future artists from exploring these subjects in their work. These civil wars among media institutions will peter out when the next scandal arrives; yet the damage already done may outlast the media circus. I believe there is room in the art world for nudity, provided the environment for the subject is a safe one, however as long as the moral panic surrounding these images continues to permeate, I fear this avenue of artistic expression may be cut off for good.

From top to bottom:

1. Famed photograph from Vietnam War including a naked child that was seen in world wide media.
2. Art Monthly Magazine's protest supporting Henson
3. One of the controversial Henson images.
4. The artist himself, Bill Henson

Genevieve Williamson

STORIES FROM THE

JUNGLE

A few weeks ago, one of the questions in my French exam asked me to construct a sentence about Ingrid Betancourt being held hostage by Columbian rebels for six years. Ironically, only hours later Betancourt was freed in an incredibly dramatic fashion. The drama has been likened to something out of an action movie, so much so that Columbian director Simon Brand is collaborating with Hollywood to turn the tale into a blockbuster. His experience includes directing videos for Enrique Iglesias and Shakira so no doubt he will come up with something exciting. It is hard to go wrong, though, with material like this.

Betancourt is a French-Columbian citizen and former Presidential candidate, who was kidnapped by rebels in 2002 whilst campaigning with her aide in troubled territory. Columbian born, her father was a diplomat in Paris where she grew up. She later married a French diplomat that gave her French citizenship. On her return to Columbia she became involved in politics before her ill-fated presidential campaign led to her capture. FARC rebels have been fighting against the ruling parties for over forty years, with drug profits helping to sustain the conflict. Betancourt thus became a high profile bargaining chip for the group labelled as terrorists by many Western countries. They used her to try to secure the release of captured rebels and the establishment of a demilitarised zone. However Columbia's president has always maintained a hard line stance during negotiations and despite grave concerns for Betancourt's health, there was little hope for her safe release. Her rescue thus came as a surprise to many commentators.

Betancourt and the other freed hostages, including three captured US defence department contractors, believed that they were being transported to another location. When their 'captors' stripped the rebels who were with them naked and tied them up, they realised that they had actually been rescued. The operation was enabled by an unhappy member of the group, who convinced others that their commanders wanted the hostages moved to a different rallying point. He's likely to receive a great amount of monetary compensation for his troubles. A Colombian general described FARC's communications systems as "medieval", so this is probably why the story was believed. Colombian President, Alvaro Uribe said, "It was an intelligence operation comparable with the greatest epics of human history, but without a drop of blood being spilled, without one weapon being fired." The operation has left FARC in disarray, with allies such as Fidel Castro and Hugo Chavez calling on the rebels to release all remaining hostages. Betancourt herself plans to write a play about her experiences and has received a hero's welcome, not only in Columbia, but also in France.

Speaking of South American jungles, prior to exam stress there were a series of articles about an uncontacted tribe in the depths of the Brazilian rainforest. My friend became obsessed with the idea that there are people out there who have no idea about the comforts of modern life, so much so that I caught him watching BBC 4 documentaries about the topic on YouTube. There are estimated to be around a hundred uncontacted tribes in the world, over half of which live in either Brazil or Peru. Some people can't bear to leave these people be however, with one tour operator claiming to bring tour

groups to view tribes people in West Papua. There are of course many critics of this, with a spokeswoman for Survival International saying, "Were the first contact genuine it would be incredibly irresponsible and we would condemn it very strongly. Uncontacted peoples are uncontacted because they choose to be and we need to respect that."

However, many of these tribes may not in fact be 'uncontacted'. BBC journalist Mark Anstice comments, "In fact, a lot of anthropologists will tell you that there is no such thing as a first contact any more. Even in the Amazon...it often turns out they're resisting contact because of atrocities carried out by white invaders perhaps two generations earlier." There have been brutal cases of interactions with resentful tribes, such as two Indian fishermen who drifted onto an island where they were hacked to death. A helicopter sent to recover the bodies became the target of a barrage of arrows. The Sentinelese tribe is believed to have suffered mistreatment from Arab slave owners, the British, the Japanese and Indians; their anger can certainly be understood. The biggest threat to the survival of these tribes is deforestation, which is happening at a frightening pace. The photos on the cover of the newspaper were released by the Brazilian government purely because of the danger posed by illegal logging, and to prove the existence of these people. Destroying them and their way of life is just another reason that serious action has to be taken against deforestation.

To round off, the horrific situation in Zimbabwe is only getting worse. After the opposition withdrew from the elections citing violence against MDC supporters, Mugabe declared himself victor and legitimate president of the country. South African 'mediator' Mbeki has refused to even sound vaguely critical of the dictator, despite other African nations beginning to argue more strongly that what's happening is wrong. China and Russia have also prevented any sanctions being placed on the regime. I can see why the MDC would have reservations about a power-sharing situation, as Mugabe clearly cannot be trusted and such effort would effectively recognize his illegitimate rule. Moving to Europe briefly, Ireland voted no the EU Lisbon Treaty, an action with serious consequences. The Treaty is supposed to come into effect at the beginning of next year, and is meant to replace the failed European Constitution. The treaty aims to streamline the European Commission and importantly create a permanent president (for two and a half years) of the European Council and a stronger foreign presence for the EU.

Barbara Klompenhouwer

Wong's Pennies: the Price of Carbon

*The price to pay fuels apprehension
yet adaptation.*

*David Kaczan and Tom Swanson
investigate the treacherous road to
emissions trading.*

Unfortunately for environmentalists, there's nothing cute about an emissions trading scheme. You can't pat it, you can't serve it to your vegetarian friends and you definitely can't plant it next to the arugula lettuce. But the lack of emotional appeal in this growing policy colossus has not calmed the cries of alarm that are emanating from politicians, industry titans, and of course the ubiquitous and mysterious, recently rebranded and much sought-after working family. As green-tinged Australians and their nemeses of old mark the 25th anniversary of the Franklin River campaign, a new environmental battleground is emerging. The emissions trading scheme issue simultaneously promises to be less gratifying and more pervasive- it may be sexy for the first six months, but it will entail hip pocket consequences almost by definition. In doing so it forces Australians, climate-conscious or not, to pay for what has been up until now free - their green credentials.

Cap and trade schemes are the economist's equivalent of the plumber's wrench - a tool to rework the economic rulebook to ensure we pay for what we use. Previously, we didn't appreciate that carbon had a cost, but now, it would seem, it does, and we ignore the bills at our peril. Economics is the art of making the simple really complicated: there's only one card to play - price, and an emissions trading scheme (ETS) plays it with gusto. By adjusting prices of everyday goods the scheme alters our behaviour, and thus, our carbon output. The magnitude and direction of price adjustments is left to the market, as companies will have to buy and sell permits to pollute. The advantage of this is that it sets the total permissible emissions in stone, letting the prices change accordingly, and that it avoids the word 'tax', which most people dislike. But for the consumer, the difference is moot: we will pay more for stuff, especially petrol, and the poor will feel it the most. As Chris Richardson, director of Access Economics puts it: "If it doesn't hurt it won't work."

Yet the arrival of this prickly policy problem at a time of rising living costs has brought on a growing whine from battler-land, and a tedious but altogether predictable response from the parliamentary members to the speaker's left. Raging safely from the luxury of opposition, the good Doctor's new conservative compassion would extend a full \$3.65 to your average Holden Commodore

driver, and in the process has cashed in at the polls. Five cents off per litre, we are told, because the opposition feels your pain. Meanwhile Mr. Rudd is offering the dubious Fuelwatch scheme, written by bureaucrats on a 35-hour shift and rejected by four out of five major departments. If it were Weet-bix, you wouldn't touch it.

The major parties would not pursue these policies - costing hundreds of millions of taxpayers' dollars, if they did not expect some political mileage in return. Indeed, polling confirms this: when it comes to petrol prices around 80% of us want the government to kiss it better for us. Yet in doing so, both parties perpetuate the sanguine fiction that government can do everything, and in doing so, set the seeds for their own unmaking. Governments cannot ultimately control the price of petrol; however, they can control Australia's carbon emissions. Worryingly, the bipartisan commitment to emissions reduction has also started to look less secure, with the Opposition resources spokesman David Johnston describing the Government's 2010 ETS starting date as "completely unrealistic." These cracks are appearing despite the nation's salubrious living standards and record unemployment levels - it is likely that a fall from this feather bed would slam the doors shut on action of any kind.

Emissions trading represents is one of Australia's biggest economic reforms ever. It would be hard enough without these high petrol prices, rising due to the demand for crude oil. Unlike in the seventies, the current price rise is not being dictated by the whims of cartels and their political soap boxing - we simply do not have enough left to match the increase in demand. Whilst Saudi Arabia agreed to boost production last month, the same amount of capacity was taken offline by a terrorism attack in Nigeria, proving that the liquid retains its political allure. China's insatiable demand for crude oil coupled with their projected economic growth will ensure that the 'back in my day' stories about petrol prices will not end.

The rising price of petrol, indeed unpleasant, is a potent message for consumers, entrepreneurs and investors. To consumers, it signals that behaviour should be changed and less petrol hungry alternatives sought. This means alternative modes of transport to increase the carbon-lite choice, and it would appear that Mr. Rudd has this on his agenda also. Here in Adelaide public transport has received a long-time-coming cash injection to expand the number and frequency of services provided.

The rising price of petrol presents an opportunity for innovation. Toyota were faster off the mark than Holden or Ford, and have been dully rewarded with the Lion's share of new-car sales, both in terms of the total number of sales and the most popular model, with the Corolla ending the much-larger Commodore's dream-run. The dominance of Toyota and the increasing popularity of hybrid

cars have promoted Holden to declare it will be selling a hybrid Commodore by 2010. Other manufacturers have gone further, with Tesla Motors, a product of Silicon Valley rather than Michigan, commencing production of fully electric high-performance cars this year.

The Federal Government's Green Paper on emissions trading, released mid July, has precipitated a barrage of commentary. Prime Minister Rudd proposes a scheme to cover 75% of all emissions, the most comprehensive in the world, and an ambitious timetable to compliment. However, neither is the Government being stingy with the handouts, with 20% of all carbon permits to be given away to high polluting businesses. In each exception, however, the scheme tempts failure: the proposed cash handouts to coal generators, for instance, make a mockery of transition. Likewise, the cent-for-cent guarantee against petrol price rises is simply an exercise in tax rebranding. Voters don't actually care how they are taxed; if the end figure is the same, the influence on behaviour is nil. What it has the potential to do is to raise electricity prices even further, due to the same emissions cuts being required from a reduced number of industrial sectors, whilst at the same time, delaying the research and development of petrol-free innovations.

Other response to the proposal have ranged from the Opposition's vacillations to the Green's enduring disappointment - "It's not green enough." Minerals Council Chief Executive Mitch Hooke supplies the plain absurd, threatening that mining companies will head offshore if their emissions are taxed. Presumably they are planning to take Australia's mineral deposits with them?

The Australian points out that on average we're paying historically low amounts for petrol as a proportion of income: 'Petrol myths fuel whinging' one smug title decries. Furthermore, it's quite easy to wax lyrical about the functioning of the market. However it would be unfair not to point out that some people will indeed find the ETS repercussions very difficult - economic change is inherently traumatic. Providing support through income tax relief, however, maintains the price inventive whilst allowing people to cover the costs of living.

This is practical environmentalism - it doesn't feel nice and it's full of dense, sombre economic jargon. The worst part of it is, it may not even work. We could pay ten dollars a litre for petrol in Australia, but if the world blithely ignores our gallant contribution our sacrifices amount to nothing. Australia is a 'climate-taker': we have to accept the global outcome without having much influence. In that case, the political leadership of taking the ETS plunge may well be our best bet, and by demonstrating our preparedness to make tough decisions we can pressure other countries to do the same. In many ways, running our own ETS will not prove too difficult; the real challenge lies in convincing the rest of the world to join us.

AUU WATCH



By and large, students are a lazy bunch. Many of us skip at least one or two lectures a week and sleep through the remainder. When we skip class, when we hand our assignments in late, we hurt only ourselves. When our Board directors skip meetings and can't be bothered attending important workshops, they hurt us all. It shows the university, already reluctant to part with their money, that we are just as incompetent and unprofessional as they suspect. It impacts on the accountability and transparency of the Board. Most importantly, it represents a broken promise to those who elected these members, a failure to live up to a basic commitment. These directors were quite willing and able to set aside a week of their studies to campaign in the first place, stoking their over-inflated egos and gaining a useful line for their resume, yet they can't put aside three hours a month. Pathetic.

With five notable exceptions, every Board director has missed at least one meeting since their term started in October last year. Six missed two of the eight meetings. Tom McDougall missed three. Yang Shen has skipped out on four. Simon Le Poidevin got off to a good start, attending both the October and November meetings. Sadly,

since January he has managed to attend but a single meeting. You have to wonder why he bothered running in the first place.

At the May meeting, the Overseas Students Association was placed on notice for (allegedly) failing to meet its Key Performance Indicators. This is the first step towards suspending its funding. Dilan Moragolle, Board director and President of the OSA failed to show up to that meeting. More disturbingly, despite the obvious importance of the June meeting, he failed to attend until some snack-seeking Board directors retrieved him from the OSA-sponsored party he was at. He apologised profusely to the Board and the OSA's notice was extended to August. It's a true shame that an important organisation like the OSA risks having its funding cut due, in part, to its slack President.

That same meeting, important electoral changes were discussed (including the notion that at least four board members each year must have previously served on the board) - yet of the fifteen directors who bothered to show up (a number which includes the summoned Dilan), three felt the need to leave part way through.

Earlier this year the Board, following the advice of its General Manager, David Coluccio, organised a governance workshop to examine how the Union runs and how it should run. He touted it as the most important event of the year for Board Directors. Appallingly, seven directors neglected to attend - Tom McDougall, Justin Kentish, Simon Le Poidevin (surprise), Matthew Taylor, Yang Shen, Zhen Ji, and Dilan Moragolle.

After all this griping about the pathetic laziness of many of our Board directors, I would like to congratulate the following directors for showing up to the governance session and every Board meeting so far this year: Lavinia Emmett-Grey, Rhiannon Newman, Emilio Roberts, and Claire Wong.

Daniel O'Brien

briefs

Briefs Café is back!

Opening 28th July.

Open Monday to Friday 8am - 3pm

Located Ground Floor in the

Ligertwood Building (Law Building)

ph. 8303 4782

SRC & Clubs Noticeboard

Starting in semester 2, I will be kicking off a campaign to change the internet quota provided to students by the University.

Currently undergraduate domestic students are provided with 250 Megabytes (MB) per semester. When students exceed this quota, external internet usage is disabled until students purchase additional quota at a rate of \$50/GB! Australia's Academic and Research Network (AARNET) charge universities an excess usage rate of \$5/GB.

The University of Adelaide offers the lowest internet quota, the highest excess rate of all the 'elite' Group of 8 Universities and the lowest quota in South Australia. The Student Representation Council (SRC) Education Department believes that the University profiteering from students with what has become an essential service in the 21st century is completely unacceptable and demands change. The internet quota provided has not kept up with changes in technology and is not realistic of students' needs.

The SRC Education Department advocates for an internet quota system similar to the system present at Flinders University, where students are provided a daily quota of 32MB and do not pay for usage beyond this limit but are "shaped" to 64k/s. Shaping is where the speed of internet access is slowed to dialup speeds. Shaping is used by most ISPs and allows users to still access websites without paying extra. A new system with shaping could address the access and equity issues students face.

The SRC will have a petition for students to sign available during Re-Orientation Week.

Robert Fletcher
SRC Education Officer

Hey Clubbers

Welcome back to the second half of the year. I hope you hightailed it up to the UniBar yesterday to cheer, heckle and boo the participants of the sumo-wrestling event of the Coopers UniBar Club Cup. The competition is getting fierce and is looking like it is only going to get bigger as the year goes on.

Kudos to clubs who are out and about participating in the Clubs Associations' 'One Day in Re-O' this week.

The big announcement over here is the revival of the great and glorious festival now known as Clubs Fest. It will run from the 7th to the 9th of October and be a festival-style celebration of everything that Clubs can do. We are currently looking for clubs with ideas for events that they would like to run during that week. The Clubs Association also has many events lined up, so if you want to be involved come by the office and see what events your club can run for fun and profit. Ideas for food stalls and demonstrations of any sort are particularly welcome.

So clubs come and get in touch with us at clubs.association@adelaide.edu.au

Justin Kentish
Acting CA President

Got something to
say, email [ondit@
adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au)

REVENGE OF THE SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY

"Now with Andrew
Love...Yay..."



The Dub. Hon. Will Martin. MP
Minister for
Defence and Policy
Undevelopment.

Last week *The Advertiser* called me a 'Man of Law & Order'. Though I was actually misquoted from being a 'fan', I still acknowledge the sentiment this review brings. After all, Justice is my middle name. Lousy hippy parents... But I digress.

This week police are complaining about a "monstrous" decision to remove cup holders from their cars. Thanks to this atrocity, they will now have to juggle tasers and lattes. Oh the humanity. First they want to shut pubs early so they don't have to deal with drunkards, then it's "I can't drive in high speed pursuits resting a macchiato between my thighs." When did our police become such a bunch of ninnies? The next thing we know, they'll be wanting a 7pm curfew so they can be home in time for *Battle of the Choirs*. Appalling. Cop cars should instead feature TV screens playing the '94 season of *The Bill* on repeat. Those hardass loveable cockneys would be sure to teach our caffeine deprived sissies a much needed lesson in police work.



The Dub. Hon. Andrew Love MP
Minister for the
Left and Lonely.

Citizens! I return! And just in time it seems. Whilst I have endured hardship, torture and way too much Alan Alda, it seems the SPP has spiraled out of control. In my absence the party has become a bunch of right wing privateers and I won't stand for it, and not because my legs are both broken...

No, I promise to restore the balance to this broken party, to bring equality, peace, order, justice, and all the other inspirational words that were used in *Star Wars*. To all those who feel you have been left out or neglected by this party, send me your bribes immediately so I can begin to swiftly rectify the situation.

LOVE RETURNS... WITHOUT PUN



BACK AGAIN: Love hitch-hikes back to the campaign trail.

Andrew Love has seemingly returned from the dead this week demanding his portfolio be reinstated, and ending ongoing speculation as to his disappearance.

The once prominent member revealed he was kidnapped late last year, and sent to a third world country prison which produced scarves and booties for the 'Osh Kosh' underworld.

"It was hell" he said. "They made me work 26 hours a day to the same episode of *Mash*. Of course there were times where I thought I wouldn't make it."

After showing immense skill, Love revealed he escaped using his widely known "centipede impression", and was removed from prison having been mistaken for a revolting insect.

But most controversial was his accusation fingering his captor - Mr William Martin.

"He's been out to get me for

years!" Love claimed. "And as soon as I'm gone, who should replace me but another right-wing clone!"

"Complete Rubbish!"
Refuted Martin.

"I agree with the above statement" Agreed Mr Dobson.

Martin has furiously denied the accusations, claiming he "liked" Love, however his reasoning was even more muffled and less convincing than Howard defending Peter Costello.

He has been taken into custody; for the seventh time this year, whilst Mr Love has been "re-elected" in a bi-election, after shooting his opponent.

SPP LOWERS STANDARDS AND TROUSERS



Shite Photoshop Job: SPP illustrate Salisbury Standards

This week Network Ten announced a new local reality TV show, which is to be hosted by the Slightly Political Party.

Salisbury Idol is the latest competition searching for undiscovered talent in SA's most unusual places.

"Where *Big Brother* meets *Australia's Got Talent* and brawls in the mud over a five cent piece" Revealed Mr Martin regarding the shows synopsis.

"This is a great opportunity for SA's underdogs to scrub up and prove themselves." Affirmed Harry Dobson at the network launch yesterday.

The decision comes after the Party came under fire again last week by protestors for having no policy to help middle to low income workers.

Mr Martin adamantly rejected the accusations.

"We are giving these people

a chance. A real chance. It's not ethereal like a tax cut. It's real. We are giving them the chance to win something fabulous - a residence in Medindie!"

Whilst the Government has mocked the SPP for selling out to a "Kyle and Jackie O Level", Network Ten has defended the show's proposal, even after the recent axing of their once popular *Big Brother*.

"This time we aren't offering glamour, celebrities, and witty hosts. We aren't spending loads on gimmicks and product placement. We're giving audiences trash hosted by rubbish. With such lousy expectations, reviews can only be positively surprised." Said CEO Graham Willoughby.

Another source has revealed the show's outrageously low budget was established as the funds had all been used to buy the silence of newly reinstated Pseudo Minister Andrew Love, a Salisbury resident.

Though it remains to be seen how SA will react to the new proposal, there has already been significant criticism from anti-reality TV show lobbyists, and Medindie.

REVENGE OF THE SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY

"200% less
calories than the
Greens

LETTERS TO THE PARTY

Dear SPP,

Is this the 279 bus? Anyhow let me join because I have an idea.

Basil Storch

Dear Basil,

This is without doubt the strangest correspondence we have ever read. We suggest you contact the counselling services on campus. You may have issues. Thanks for your letter!

Dear SPP,

I listened to your radio programme last year and frankly it was disgusting. Your *On Dit* section is also disgusting, although it is better than *Art Monthly*. Please clean up your act.

Regards,
Kevin Rudd.

Dear Kevin,

You should know by now having read our puerile diatribe we are nothing but a pair of immature right-wing morons. Except Love – he's rubbish. We suggest you focus on another of our kind, his name is Brendan Nelson. Thanks for your letter!

If you wish to berate us, criticise us or forward general abuse we'd love to hear it! We may even print your rantings! Contact or stone us at this address: 13 Mallbury Lane Pennyside.

FEATURE COLUMN



Bob Stove
Low Income
Earner

G'day, I'm Bob, an avid supporter of the SPP. I'm pretty surprised the Party gave me a column to tell youse the truth, being a bit of a lefty and all. So I'd just like to say...

This column has been deemed "useless crap".

My Store Myer - Great Winter Bargains.

Dear SPP

I can't help notice you seem to favour the more wealthy. Have you got any policies to assist low to middle income earners?

Bob Stove

Hi Bob. No.

Dear SPP

Your laundry has been cleaned and is ready for pick up.

Annette Lint-Basket

Hi Anette. Thanks, we will pick it up at three.

Dear SPP

You're shit. You're jokes aren't funny, and you aren't real politicians.

Brian Brollyman.

Dear Brian.

Where do you live? Do you have any loved ones? We would love to meet them. See you very, very soon.



The Dub. Hon.
Harry Dobson MP
Minister for
Offense and
Haircare.

The SPP went slightly papal this week as I ventured to Sydney as a pilgrim for World Youth Day. In my capacity as SPP Ambassador to the Vatican I was to be responsible for thawing the frosty relations that had developed between the Holy See and ourselves. "Best steer clear of the Holy Water," I thought to myself as my plane touched down. My plans were far bigger anyway, having heard of the Pope's planned apology to victims of sexual abuse I realised this would pave the way for a litany of court cases and hence compensation and hence a deficit in the Church's collection plate! Luckily being the corrupt, I mean clever entrepreneur I am I knew I could fix this. The Pope would definitely be interested in endorsing a Holy Cola and helping the SA tourism industry by carrying an advertisement for Robe on his....robe.

After hours of waiting to see Pope Benedict XVI or "Eggs" as he is known within tight circles at the Vatican, I observed a strange thing. It was none other than Kevin Rudd giving the Holy Father a stern lecture. Pricking up my ears, I heard distinctly the PM say "let's be clear, I said Sorry first!" My business plans were shot to bits by the self-righteous Rudd! At least he wasn't using some obtuse syntax. That was that I thought, now to try and make sense of the Green paper....

SPP: The Musical!

"Poor and amateurish."
- *On Dit*

"I liked it"
- Nigel Caps-LOCK

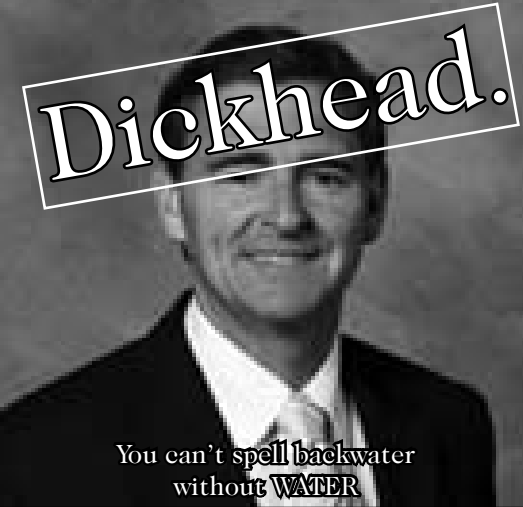
"Not enough puns!"
- Mac Daddy

Coming Soon



ENJOY THE SNACK THEN DISPOSE OF THE PACK, THOUGHTFULLY
(*Enviro-Dit-sclaimer*)

Dickhead.



You can't spell backwater
without WATER

WAR OF THE

'Global warming, climate change, droughts, renewable energy, carbon footprints... the list goes on. Where do you feel the priorities should lie in relation to the environmental issues facing this state and the country?'

Greens

Reducing greenhouse gas emissions should be the number one environmental priority for Australia. Currently, we are the world's highest emitter per person, and (as ECOS will tell you) we would need five Earths if every person on the planet produced as much carbon as the average Australian. If we are to have any credibility in asking developing nations to cut emissions, we must take the lead. The governments proposed Emissions Trading Scheme attempts to address this by putting a price on carbon, but as always the devil is in the detail.

Both deforestation and agriculture (huge contributors to emissions) have been excluded from the scheme, meaning business as usual for devastating logging practices and unsustainable agriculture.

In terms of coal (which makes up almost 50% of Australia's emissions), I have just come back from Newcastle NSW, where 500 students shut down the worlds biggest coal port for one day. These students did more to reduce coal emissions in that single day than the entire ETS. Coal-fired power stations will receive cash payments from the government to compensate for increased costs, once again reducing the incentive for change. This is a huge social justice issue, as it will be the workers trapped in dirty industry who are hardest hit by climate change. This is not to say we shouldn't phase out dirty industries, but it will take strong government welfare and training programs to ensure a just transition into sustainable workplaces.

Whilst petrol has 'officially' been included in the scheme, the government has pledged to foot the bill for oil companies and consumers (much like the Liberal party), reducing the incentive for greener alternatives.

I think most Australians understand a reality that both major parties refuse to accept: oil prices are going nowhere but up. We can do one of two things: stick our heads in the sand and continue to subsidize oil companies or seize the opportunity to invest in public transport infrastructure. I know this is not a popular thing to say, but maybe we should be spending less on tax cuts and more on vital services? That's another difference between the old parties and the greens: They tell you what you want to hear, we tell you the truth - whether you like it or not.

At the risk of once again attacking my beloved comrades in the ALP, the ETS is similar to many actions taken by this government: a beautiful gesture devoid of real substance. Unfortunately, Mother Nature will not be fooled by a glossy press release. Climate Change is a great opportunity for creative policy, but the longer we run from reality, the harder it will hurt when the penny drops - both environmentally and economically.

Until next time, keep riding your bike.

Labor

Climate change is without doubt the most serious environmental threat of our time. The effects of untrammelled climate change include rising temperatures, glacial retreat, shrinkage of the polar ice caps, rising sea levels and an increase in extreme weather events, such as drought and flooding. Australia is at greater risk than many developed countries, given the severe impact of a rise in temperatures here. The Great Barrier Reef, Kakadu and the Murray Darling Basin are all threatened by climate change. The Rudd government recognises that urgent action is necessary.

The government is committed to the introduction of an Emissions Trading Scheme (ETS). An ETS is an essential step in combating climate change, as the Garnaut report highlighted. The scheme will be a 'cap and trade' scheme, in that it will impose a cap on overall emissions by issuing a finite number of permits and allow the trade of these permits. Revenue raised will be directed at compensation for increased costs. The ETS, in conjunction with investment in low emissions technologies and improving infrastructure, offers a serious response to a dire risk.

The Liberals once again serve up a distinctly unappealing policy cocktail of indecision, populism and inertia. The Liberals appear hopelessly divided and directionless on this critical issue. Opposition Leader Brendan Nelson tore into the government's plans in *The Australian*, arguing that Australia should refrain from acting before the developing states. Heaven forbid Australia should lead the way! Bizarrely, Nelson performed a remarkable back flip and ended up supporting the ETS regardless of anyone else's involvement. Master of the policy flip-flop, here the good doctor has outdone himself, performing a perplexing policy pirouette. Nelson's attempted ETS backtrack reminds us that the Coalition is still in the thrall of the greenhouse mafia, the nefarious vested interests dictating environmental policy to the right. Nelson's approach recalls the dark old days of Howard's climate scepticism and his "let the planet burn" approach.

The Howard government's persistent inaction on climate change is a disgraceful legacy that the Liberals appear determined to uphold. Malcolm Turnbull has argued that the system should not be implemented until 2012. As Ross Garnaut noted, "Delay is a decision in itself". It defies belief that reactionaries in the Opposition still believe that ignoring the problem is the appropriate response. Climate change is the defining environmental issue of our era. The Rudd government has demonstrated leadership and responsibility in its commitment to reducing carbon emissions.

Jake Wishart
Greens on Campus
g.orwell.1984@gmail.com - www.greens.org.au

Nicholas Grealy
Adelaide University Labor Club
President

POLITICAL CLUBS

Democrats

"The River Murray is our number one priority." These are the words that South Australians have heard from Premier Mike Rann since his government was elected in 2002. Despite six years of rhetoric there has been little action on the River Murray, and certainly no results. The federal government should hold a referendum to bring the River Murray under federal control. This will ensure that solutions are not undermined by the actions of other states.

While for South Australia, addressing the issue of the River Murray is of the utmost importance, I find it truly impossible to prioritise any environmental issue over another. They are all interrelated and the longer we keep denying the reality and effect of these problems the worse they will become.

We all know that climate change is simply a euphemism for global warming, and droughts are one of many of the effects of this phenomenon. Carbon footprints are simply a tech-savvy way of measuring a person's impact on the environment through their daily activities and the use of renewable energy is simply one of the many steps we can take to resolve the issue of climate change.

Environmental issues are so frustrating because the solutions are so simple, yet government after government has done nothing. Thirty years ago, the CSIRO predicted severe droughts. What we are experiencing now is far worse than those predictions because we've done nothing. We've known about renewable energy for a long time, ignoring it means that it is no longer a question of priorities, but implementing a number of strategies in different areas to address the problem.

Public transport is pertinent to this debate. We need to provide viable alternatives to entice people to use public transport and get cars off our roads. Along with the use of renewable energy, improving public transport is a step to addressing climate change. Providing viable public transport options will also address the issue of peak oil, illustrating that both the environmental issues and their solutions are inextricably interrelated. The best approach to our environmental concerns is a holistic one, rather than a piecemeal priority approach.

The final point that needs to be made is that, to be fair, the bullshit about needing to put the economy first fundamentally ignores the importance of addressing climate change in preventing future damage to our economy that will eventuate due to environmental issues. The market economy can and will adapt to new situations, and developing a low carbon economy is crucial.

Aleisha Brown
Australian Democrats

Liberal

My care and love for the environment was harnessed during my formative years glued to my childhood hero Captain Planet. I would have loved to use this column to talk about the Garnaut Report, which recommends taxing the rich and redistributing it to the poor (and here I was thinking socialism was dead) but I have chosen to focus on SA's greatest economic challenge - water.

It is now 18 months since the former Prime Minister, The Hon John Howard AC announced a comprehensive \$10 billion plan to secure the future of the Murray Darling Basin. It is well recognised that the State Premiers played 'good cop bad cop' and stall the plan for political gain but whilst they had their eyes on the ultimate political prize, many South Australian irrigators and farmers were going broke.

South Australia, being at the end of the line, has always faced enormous challenges. We need a national system, managed by an independent authority. We need to end over-allocations. We need to build adequate water infrastructure, such as desalination plants. We need to invest in stormwater and wastewater. We need to price water at its proper value. We need to provide incentives for business and residential Adelaide to be more water efficient. We need a holistic approach.

The State Liberals have four comprehensive water policies available at: www.martin2010.com.au - Waterproofing SA: A Framework for Action; the Liberals Plan to help the Riverland; the Liberals Plan to help the Lower Lakes; Stormwater Harvesting: Securing Our Water Future, which address all of these issues and more.

I want to focus on two components of these policies. Firstly, our plan to build a 45GL desalination plant (similar to Perth) which would provide 22% of Adelaide's water, initially criticised by the Rann Government but eventually taken up. Recently, Martin Hamilton-Smith announced a \$400 million plan to capture and recycle 89GL of stormwater per annum. Remember that 160GL of stormwater runs out into the Gulf every year and on an average year, Adelaide draws 80GL of water from the Murray.

Despite these holistic plans, the Rann Government continues to pray for rain, whilst it imposes unfair water restrictions on metropolitan Adelaide, when all the while it has 'reallocated' \$2 billion from SA Water to the Government's General Revenue account (I have carefully decided not to use the word stolen) and has the lowest capital water expenditure in Australia.

Mike Rann Gets Results, unfortunately this time, his result has been to cripple the agricultural sector, abandon SA's farmers and irrigators and sell out our interest to Victoria and the upstream states - if you don't believe me just ask the people living in rural and regional South Australia but the ALP couldn't care less because as far as they're concerned, SA finishes at Gepps Cross and Glen Osmond.

Todd Hacking
Adelaide University Liberal Club
President

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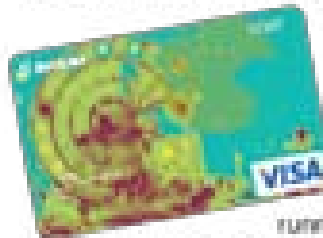
COOPERS
1862
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And the winner is...

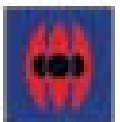


Thanks to everyone who entered the **BankSA UniCard Design Competition** - the standard of submissions was extremely high!

Congratulations to Felicity Jones, who has won the competition with her bold and eye-catching design, pictured left. Felicity, who is currently studying Masters of Architecture/Landscape Architecture at Adelaide University, entered a digitally enhanced photo that was taken in the Garden of Unearthly Delights during the 2008 Fringe Festival. She says she is "so so happy" to have won and plans to put the prize money towards her car, a new computer and art supplies. As well as an extra \$1000 in her pocket, she will see her design used on BankSA promotional material and printed on all UniCards in distribution throughout South Australia.



Congratulations also go to the two runners up: Liam Mugavin of UniSA, who won \$500 in second place, and Suryani Kamarudin of Adelaide University who won \$250 in third place. If you would like to check out the top three entries, visit www.banksa.com.au/unicarddesign/ **We're closer. BankSA**



Isolation of Man

My highest aspiration for while I was abroad was to ride my bike from Paris to Rome. From the moment I decided I was leaving Australia to come to Europe, it was all I dreamed of doing. I bought several books on adventure cycle touring and it consumed my thoughts and obsessed my mind. I researched it on the internet before I left and constantly during my time in London in the months leading up to my departure date. All my free time and my free money that wasn't being sucked away by London's astronomical rent prices and night life (although an admittedly worthy distraction) was put into buying equipment for my great bike journey.

I had everything organised, I had it all worked out, and I knew exactly what I was doing. There was a festival being held in a town a couple of hundred kilometres north of Paris that I wanted to go to. It started at the beginning of July which was also the start of the French summer so it made a perfect time for me to leave and a good first destination.

The first day's ride was to be 120 kilometres from London down to the south east corner of England to a town called Dover where I would catch my ferry to Calais in the north of France. I left London as I planned to at 5am on the 1st of July, giving me four days to get to my festival, which would be plenty of time. My bike was fully loaded with two thirty litre panniers on the back, two fifteen litre panniers on the front forks, a bag attached to my handlebars and a tent and camping mattress strapped on top of the rear panniers. Although it sounds like a lot, it is fairly standard for bicycle touring.

I got about thirty kilometres before my bike started to break. Being a travelling hobo I didn't have enough money to afford a good bike so I had bought a second hand racer from the seventies and somehow expected it to hold the load I was putting it under. With each push of my legs my bike's frame was bending and contorting with the weight. The braze-on eyelets on the front forks were bending and therefore pushing my front rack into my spokes. The biggest problem was that the spokes themselves were fraying and loosening and were surely going to snap and once one spoke goes the rest generally follow in quick succession. Even my left brake lever, after months of being fine, decided to spontaneously come loose. I pulled my bike to the side of the road, weighed up my situation and, considering everything, appropriately freaked out. I lost my shit, I felt like crying and I think I had a panic attack. After little deliberation I resolved I would have to turn around.

Getting back to my friend's house after a few hours instead of a few months was one of the most depressing things I've ever done. A year of dreaming, months of planning and thousands of dollars wasted. I didn't even care about the money, it was the dream in my head that was most destroyed.

I spent the next few days lying on a couch feeling sorry for myself and thinking. I thought about the events that unfolded that day and had to concede some things. See, bikes if broken can be fixed and if the load is too heavy then equipment can be thrown away but that wasn't where the real problem lay. What I really lacked was the confidence to push on and the reason I established was because I was riding alone. The idea of being by myself for the next few months with no one to talk to or rely upon if anything went wrong was too much for me to fathom. It would appear I had more ambition than I had confidence to back it up.

After my failed expedition, I lost more of my confidence than I had prior to leaving. Even flying to Paris to go to my festival (which I'd paid for) seemed to be more than I could handle so subsequently I missed the festival too. The idea of flying to Paris instead of riding there seemed like a cop out compared to the fantasy I had.

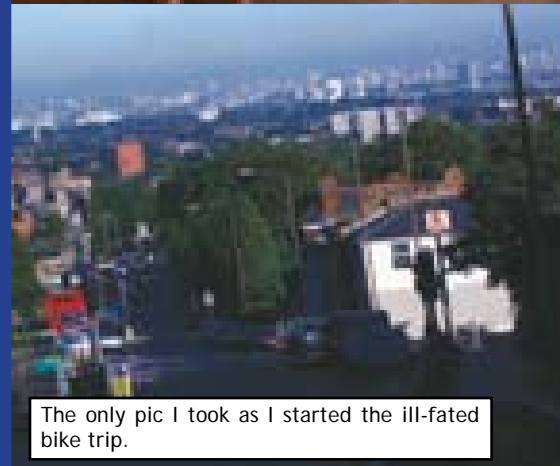
Two weeks later and I've finally got my feet back on the ground. I gave it some time and thought some more and I realised that perhaps flying to Paris isn't the cop out I previously thought it to be. Naturally it's not as I pictured it but that was gone and I had to get over it. I've wanted to go to Paris for as long as I can remember and not going now would be a massive mistake. What does it matter about how I get there when the end destination is the same? Not only that, but flying instead of having my bike opens up other opportunities for me as well, for instance, I may go work on a farm for a month in the middle of France.

Not all is lost for my bike ride either; I still have all the equipment I bought and also have friends coming over soon. Summer in Europe will happen again next year and although it's a while off, I can already hear the road calling me again`.

alex



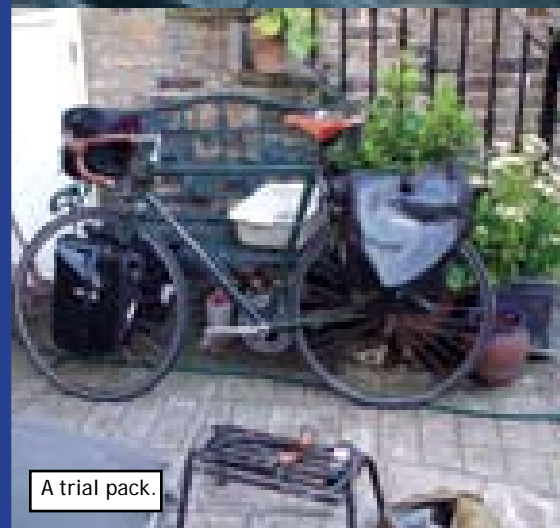
Depression: The first picture I took after aborting the trip; eating sandwiches for the journey.



The only pic I took as I started the ill-fated bike trip.



"The Whip"



A trial pack.

PROSH RETURNS

4-8th August

The City of Adelaide will be held under siege by Adelaide University Students, as traditional prankster week Prosh returns for its 101st time.

A long standing tradition at Adelaide University, Prosh has been on hold for the last two years due to VSU affecting the funding and model of the Student Association and Union Activities. However, due to the hard work of the Adelaide University Union, it is back and set to be bigger and better than ever before.

Prosh will take place from the 4th-8th of August, and the money raised from the week will go to the charities The Smith Family and Reach Out.

The Smith Family supports families and children in financial hardship participate more fully in society, through supporting educational needs. Reach Out is a branch of the Inspire foundation, which supports young people through 'tough times' by providing internet-based help and support.

PROSH PRANKS

Pranks will be held through out the week at various university and city locations, Warning: have plenty of spare change during the week, you never know when a door-bitch might rock up to your lecture theatre expecting a cover charge.

PROSH PARADE

This traditional event will be held on Thursday 7th of August from 12:00noon leaving from Victoria Drive. There will be different floats in this years parade including the traditional St Marks Truck and newcomer the 'Prosh Bomb'.

The Prosh Parade will be followed by a scavenger hunt across Adelaide, in which teams of 6 will register to undertake a list of dares with the aim of raising the greatest amount of money for our designated charities.

PROSH AFTER DARK

Prosh after Dark will be held at The Electric Light Hotel on Friday 8th of August kicking off from 5:30pm. It is set to be one of the biggest nights on the Uni Calendar.

The night will include 'Around the World' from 8pm which for \$5, participants receive a passport for 5 different nation-themed countries, and will aim to go 'around the world' by drinking the designated discounted drinks of each country.

The Olympic Games Opening Ceremony will also be on big screens around the bar, and there will be two different DJ's in the beer garden and Cocktail bar, as well as local and interstate bands in the Producers bar. Entry for the night will be gold coin donation for our designated charities.

For more information or if you want to get involved, please email UAC chair, Simone, at simone.mcdonnell@adelaide.edu.au

Simone McDonnell

Go further, faster at Melbourne.



Graduate Study Information Session

5 August, 4-6pm
Mercure Grosvenor Hotel
 125 North Terrace, Adelaide

The University of Melbourne's graduate schools offer more than 140 programs, delivering unparalleled career and research outcomes. Voted No. 10 in the world for employability*, our graduates enjoy enhanced opportunities for professional and personal development, in the heart of one of the world's most vibrant cities.

Come to our information session and find out how we can help you go further, faster.

Register online at
www.futurestudents.unimelb.edu.au/grad

*No. 1 in Australia, No. 10 in the world,
 Times Higher Education Supplement (UK, Nov 2011)

dream large



Melbourne Graduate Schools

State of the Union

So here it is. I've been involved in student politics since 2004. These days, as President, I've lost the capacity to talk about anything but the Union. I've seen Presidents come and go in the Adelaide University Union. There comes a point when they all go mad - not just a bit eccentric, but crazy enough to eat their own foot. There's a real irony in student politics: you go in trying to make a difference in the wider community and, in the process, your perspective becomes limited to the confines of the university grounds. Each On Dit deadline, I sit in front of my computer and try to write a column that informs students about activities and issues that may interest them.

The problem is most students couldn't give a fuck.

I've been spending a lot of time on the Bradley Review of Higher Education, released by the federal government last month. It makes me angry that university students from low socio-economic backgrounds make up only 15% of students at most universities - at our uni, it's around 11%. It makes me angry that because the Liberal government has starved the tertiary sector of funding for the last eleven years, most universities are dependent on fee paying international students. But by the same token, both universities and government are not addressing international student welfare issues, such as exploitation in the workforce (as international students have working restrictions on their visas and are often forced to work illegally), loneliness, depression and horrible statistics, like a disproportionate number of female international students who are having abortions.

When I went to the Higher Education Review Panel in Melbourne, all the student representatives from campuses in every state bar Queensland and New South Wales were given one hour to respond to a 100 page paper on higher education. The key issue that was highlighted by every representative present was that of student income support. The maximum student payment on Youth Allowance, plus Rent Assistance, is only 59.84% of the Henderson Poverty Line. The Age of Independence is set at 25, which means that many students attempting to get income support are subject to the ludicrous parental income support test i.e. if your parents' combined income is greater than \$31 400, then you are not eligible for support. Even if you are lucky enough to receive support and still live at home, you receive an "at home" rate which is half that of the "living away" rate, on the expectation that your parents will subsidise your living expenses (which begs the question, if you parents earn so little that you qualify for youth allowance, how can they possibly support you??). The Curtin University President pointed out that even though there is a mining boom in WA which means there is a desperate need for engineers, enrolments in engineering are dropping over there. Why? The reason is simple. When you are presented with the choice between entering the workforce and earning a good wage, or struggling below the poverty line as a student, why would you choose the latter? If society does not value students enough to provide them with basic financial support, then our future is grim because the current situation can only continue as long as the job market is buoyant. The Labor Party has pretended it is addressing the issue by doubling the number of Commonwealth Scholarships available to students - the only problem is that you are only eligible for a scholarship if you are receiving income support. It is a populist, band-aid solution that does not address the problem at all.

In an AUU survey earlier this year, 27% of students said that the high level of HECS was something that concerned them. Yet the Bradley paper suggests that HECS is not a disincentive to study. If this is the Labor Party line, then why are they dropping HECS for priority courses like Nursing and Science in order to attract more students? The paper also queries why indigenous participation was increasing up until 2000 and then took a nosedive. In 2000 the Liberal government restricted ABSTUDY eligibility requirements... coincidence? Staff/student teaching ratios have gone from 12.9:1 in 1990 to 20.3:1 in 2005. Because academic staff feel the effects of this as much as the students, faculties start imposing absurd late penalties so that marking periods are not ridiculously protracted but it's your transcript that is affected. On top of this, full time undergraduate students are working an average of 14.8 hours per week. If you have a read of your course outlines, you'll see that the university expects students to be putting in 48 hours of study per week. No wonder so many of us spend time cramming before due dates and exams.

These things make me angry. Education is a vital thing. It's good for the economy; particularly a developed nation like Australia and it is the most fundamental way of addressing the imbalance of rich and poor. No wonder I drink Passion Pop and hook up with inappropriate men. What makes me even angrier is that I know very few students care. I know that AUU membership has still not reached 10% because students can't be bothered to shell out the \$20 it takes to support the union that fights on their behalf. I know that very few students will read this because they don't read On Dit and don't support student media. Of those that do, most of you will just put your iPod back on and think about where you're going on Friday night to get trashed. Thanks to Voluntary Student Unionism, student organisations across the country have been crippled and this means that your voice has been silenced. But do you even care?

Don't forget, the AUU is also there to provide the social aspect of campus culture. There's ReOrientation in Week 1 with an International focus on Tuesday, Sports on Wednesday, Clubs on Thursday and the Student Representative Council on Friday. Then in Week 2, there's PROSH, the student charity event run by the AUU for 101 years where students play pranks but can justify it as it raises money for the Fred Hollows Foundation and the Smith Family. Previous high profile events include the suspension of a car under the footbridge (thanks Engies), the theft of Ronald McDonald from the Myer Centre and the Skiing Club who covered the Cloisters in fake snow. Check out the Facebook group by searching PROSH 2008!

If you found my rant amusing, or if these issues make you angry too, drop me an email at lavinia.emmettgrey@adelaide.edu.au. Until then, yours in union.

1. National Union of Students Student Welfare Policy Briefing, www.unistudent.com.au.

Adelaide University Union President
Lavinia Emmett-Grey



HARVEY
BIRDMAN 100%
ENDORSES THIS
ARTICLE

Quick! Call My Lawyer

Stupid lawyer joke # 12
Q: What's the difference between
God and a lawyer?
A: God doesn't think he's a lawyer.

Euthanasia

Whether the law should allow terminally ill people to actively end their lives is a fiercely debated topic. It is also one that has nothing to do with this issue's environmental theme, but is interesting nonetheless.

The active taking of life of a patient by a doctor is not legal in Australia. It was for a brief period in the Northern Territory some years ago, but this was quickly overruled by the previous Commonwealth government. However the Senate is now hearing an inquiry that would revive these laws. For the time being, any act by any person to help a sick patient die, whether that patient consents to it or not, is illegal.

There are some qualifications to this. A positive act by a doctor (and only a doctor) with the primary purpose of pain relief, where a hastening of death is an unintended but foreseen bi-product, is legal. This is because the primary intention is to relieve pain and not kill.

There is also the act of 'passive euthanasia.' This is where a patient of sound mind instructs a doctor to withhold medical treatment. The patient then dies. In this case, it is the pre-existing medical condition, and not the withholding of treatment, that has caused the death. Think back a few years to Terry Schiavo. This caused worldwide controversy. Right-wing hicks had their seven year old kids holding pro-life banners outside hospitals. Politicians yabbered on about right-to-life. Bush and the Pope spoke out. Every newspaper in the world had a story on it. But legally, it was plainly uncontroversial. It involved the withdrawal of treatment, not the active killing of life. Whilst Terry Schiavo was unconscious, her legally appointed guardian, being her husband, had the legal right to determine whether or not treatment should be withdrawn. In this case, her husband decided to stop treatment.

There has been no more fierce a proponent for euthanasia than Dr Phillip Nitschke. So notorious is he that he travels the world pressing for and supporting euthanasia. He gained the support of Senator Bob Brown, who in 2001, presented him with a medal for "outstanding contributions in the right-to-die movement." He gained anything but support from the previous government, who in 2005 passed a law preventing him from communicating suicide methods through the internet.

Some countries have legalised euthanasia, namely Switzerland and Belgium. The U.S. state of Oregon has also legalised it, and its law has stood many tests by the Federal government to overturn it. Other countries, including the UK, are considering "loosening" their euthanasia laws. Switzerland is the only country that allows non-residents to legally die, which sees swarms of people flock in from all over the world to take their own lives.

Further, Mexican media has reported that since 2001, at least two hundred people worldwide, including Australia, have visited Mexico to purchase a cheap and widely available euthanasia drug, Nembutal. Nembutal is used to put down animals and costs US\$20-40 per one hundred millilitres bottle.

The trouble with euthanasia and assisted suicide laws is the various and widespread attitudes that people hold about it. It presents a variety of ethical and religious issues that will never be agreed upon. This makes it difficult for the legislature to pass a law that reflects the view of the community. Parliament is meant to reflect community values, but what are community values with euthanasia? It boils down to a battle between self-determination, being the individual, and the sanctity of life, which reflects the community's attitude to life.

There are also deeper medical issues. When, for example, is a patient terminally ill? Can a patient ever be able to make a neutral decision that they really want to die? What happens if two doctors disagree? Further, the AMA has submitted to a Senate inquiry that if euthanasia laws are enacted, Indigenous Australians in remote communities may opt for euthanasia rather than medical treatment.

Those who support euthanasia say patients sometimes suffer pain that cannot be relieved by medicine available to the patient. They also point out the inconsistencies in the law, by not allowing patients the active right to die but by allowing them to die by refusing treatment. Various opinion polls, however reliable, show community attitudes are changing with regards to euthanasia.

Opponents say that doctor's save lives not take it. They point out that in sad but true situations, patients are pressured into dying from greedy relatives eager for their inheritance. Medical opinion is widely divided, with some arguing pain can be generally relieved if the patient is kept unconscious. Opponents refer to the Hippocratic Oath, a pledge dating from 400BC, which has trainee doctors swear to "give no deadly medicine to anyone". Christian attitudes generally disapprove. St Augustine in the 4th century interpreted "thou shall not kill" as meaning suicide (being euthanasia or assisted suicide) as well as murder. In a country founded on Christian principles, agreement on euthanasia is unlikely to be reached.

Ultimately it will be a very bold and politically risky move for any Australian legislature to legalise euthanasia.

Peter Bosco

NEVER TRUST AN ENVIRONMENTALIST: ONE MAN'S GREEN WARRIOR BEING ANOTHER MAN'S TERRORIST

Dearest readers,

I would like to take this opportunity to tell you how appalled I am by the world we live in. I shudder to think of the legacy we will leave future generations. Things appear safe and prosperous on the surface. But a growing menace lurks, and it threatens everything we hold dear. It has corrupted our behaviour and our conversation, fuelled our national debate. It has our politicians squabbling, forgetting the very thing they are charged to guard and protect. I am speaking, hearty gentlemen, of the demise of our natural instincts. I am speaking of the fall of industry and the resurgence of the most fundamental ludditism.

The conventional wisdom would have you believe that the most natural of human motives are leading to the worlds end. They argue that the very thing that has brought about the comfort and advancement of our proud civilisation shall be the ruin of not only us but the entire planet!

The truly poor man knows the value of capitalism. It is not the destitute who calls for an end to the greed that leads to all that is good. No, it is much worse, dear friends, the enemy is among us. The cancer is in our elites and students, in our career men and our housewives, in our working classes and our dainty-handed rulers. It makes them feel guilt for spending their hard-earned reward to make their lives easier. It has them do things the hard way, taking the inefficient path out of some religious impulse, at the behest of something they do not understand. And like so many bleating lambs they follow, blind, to their slaughter.

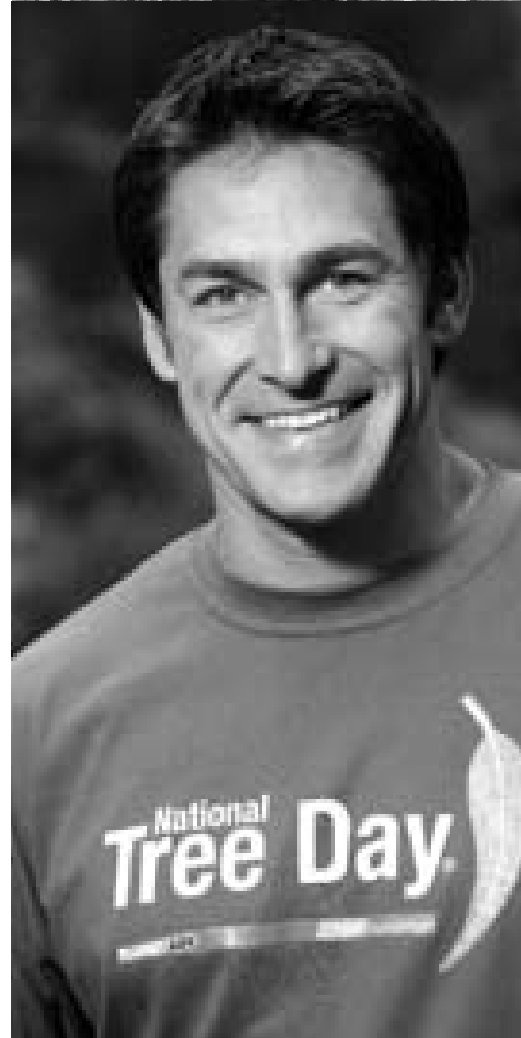
The eyes of future generations plague me in my sleep. Their accusatory glances pursue me as I organise my rubbish into glass, paper and garden waste. Who are you to take away our inheritance, they ask, you who have so much? It is easy for you to make yourself feel good, you with no material hardships. But what right do you have to make that decision for us? We would be living on Mars by now, were it not for your socialist ways. Your parents left you money, power to do with as you wished. And you squandered it, donating to Planet Ark and PETA, cleaning up the air and encouraging biodiversity. You cared more for other species than you did for us, you took away the profits of industry, you left us nothing but greenery!

Heed the call of the unborn. I pray, hearty gentleman, do not give in to this green fever sweeping the fashionable parts of our planet. Our age stands on the precipice: the continuation of our glorious civilization on the one hand, its decadent downfall on the other. For the sake of our children, we must see the light. The environmentalist lobby demands sacrifice. Do not give them the future!

In this time of dire catastrophe, I remain,
Sincerely Yours,

M Robin

***Eds -Spoken like a true economist...
"Fuck the environment, what about the
economy????"*



International Students' Lounge

Of Dicks and Ducks

by Sheik Jamal

Extinction:

"The end of the line for creatures that cannot or will not adapt to an increasingly hostile environment, which is why the future belongs to cockroaches and MBAs."

It is all well to say that we treat our planet as if we have another one to spare, but if we really think about it, in order to put a complete stop to these issues, we need to put a stop to progress because that is exactly what is causing these issues. Someone once said, "Earth has enough to provide for man's need but not for his greed." The fact is that luxuries have merged at least to a certain extent with man's wants, and man's unlimited wants it seems, are leading us into hot water.

Environmental decline has been discussed so much over the past few years, especially in the media, that it has positively negated one's view of it. Whether this is the result Al Gore had in his mind when he set out to 'save the world' can only be answered by him. But what irritates me is the fact that countries like America and wealthy European nations seem offended at the manner of progress in countries like India and China. In tackling the ever-changing attitudes of the people and the sheer diversity in peoples' mentality, these nations are doing the utmost to ensure that the overall progress is beneficial to all groups of society. Yet, in the words of 'Leaders of the Free World' or Dicks (elaboration to follow in coming lines), somehow the policies in these growing countries seem to leave much to be desired. Like what, Uncle Sam? A prehensile nipple, perhaps?

The crux of the matter is that as human beings, we do not like to be forbidden from anything. Just like touching wet paint to see if it is wet. Like that itch at the back of your mouth that will go away if you only stopped yourself from tonguing it. That is the same as the obese bully in a baseball cap who just gobbled all the other kids' candy patronizing the newbie by reasoning about the pain and horror of excess sugar causing childhood obesity or tooth decay in the long run.. I don't know about you, but that just sounds ridiculous to me.

That is exactly what "developed countries" (or Dicks for short) cannot tell countries which were called "undeveloped countries" until someone exclaimed, "Oh! Wait a minute. That is not PC!" and so coined the meaningless term "developing country" (or Ducks. Don't ask me why it isn't the other way round. This is my article and I can call myself God if I so please). These Ducks have been longing to be able to experience the pleasures that Dicks have enjoyed for so long, and in so many ways at the former's expense. The Ducks have brooded over a century to be able to decide their fates on their own and not spend their comparatively short life, deploring the probability of the next meal of the day. The Ducks are smart enough to understand that at some sane level the advice meted out by the Dicks is probably well-founded, considering the issues that they, as Dicks have been through and the dark spots in history that they have negotiated. But the Ducks are not afraid of these dark spots because they do not know what these strange corner issues that the Dicks keep talking about are, and will probably never know until these issues have something specific to do with them or the end of the world whichever eventuates sooner. The Ducks then have a totally different problem, one that the stupid Dicks will never have to worry about because they have already gobbled up the candy. The poor Ducks have been both looked down upon and exploited for their simple minded efficiency for centuries and now some Dick wants them to buy codswallop about carbon offsets and Toyota Priuses? No thank you Mr Dick, we are happy in our little ecosystem.

Dicks and Ducks aside, what is so ironic about the whole fighting for the environment cause not spreading enough in these 'economic powerhouses' is that ancient civilizations like China and India have been more "environmentalistic" than most environmentalists for a very long time. In both these cultures, nature has been taken to the point of worship from time immemorial. Even today one can find elements of these in both cultures. It is a ritual of progression then, and one has to find an individual attitude and desire to truly be hopeful of conservation. It is easy to tell others that they are not doing the right thing. To inspire others to do something about the threat to the environment and the irreparable damage that will be caused by the inevitable progress of these nations is a whole different matter altogether or in the words of Jane Austen, "You have delighted us long enough." And the simple fact of the matter is this, the Dicks are not inspiring.

"Reader, suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself."
-Mark Twain

SCIENCE WITH GOLDY



"BIB - Goldy's theme song
for the town of The-Goldberg - Science is Golden"

Science, science, science with GO-GOLDBERG
Science, science science with GO-GOLDBERG
Science science science...

"That's gold...!"

Global Warming and the Greenhouse Effect



You got my temperature rising – and fast...

Glaciers are melting, sea levels are rising, cloud forests are drying, and wildlife is scrambling to keep pace. It is clear that we are behind all these. As the Earth spins each day, new heat swirls with it, picking up moisture over the oceans, rising here, settling there. This changes the rhythms of climate that all living things have come to rely upon. We call the result global warming. What will we do to slow this warming? How will we cope with the changes we have already set into motion? While we strive to rectify the mistakes, the damage has been done: the fate of the Earth hangs in the balance.

The "greenhouse effect" happens when certain gases in Earth's atmosphere trap heat. These gases let in light but keep heat from escaping, like the glass walls of a greenhouse. When sunlight shines onto the Earth's surface, it is absorbed and then radiated back into the atmosphere as heat. In the atmosphere, greenhouse gases trap some of this heat, while the rest escapes into space. The more greenhouse gases are in the atmosphere, the more heat gets trapped.

Recent warming coincides with rapid growth of human-made greenhouse gases. The observed rapid warming gives urgency to discussions about how to slow greenhouse gas emissions
~ James Hansen, Al Gore's science advisor

Higher temperatures will cause a melting of ice in Greenland and Antarctica. This will speed up the rise of sea levels. Lakes in the Arctic have disappeared in the past few decades, backing up the idea that global warming is working fast nearest Earth's poles. Research into the locations of the missing water points to the probability that permafrost underneath the lakes thawed out. When the normally permanent frozen ground thaws, the water in the lakes can seep through the soil, draining the lake. Once the lakes disappear, the ecosystems they support also lose their home.

Not only is the planet's rising temperature melting massive glaciers, but it also seems to be thawing out the layer of permanently frozen soil below the ground's surface (permafrost). This thawing causes the ground to shrink and occurs unevenly, which could lead to sink holes and damage to structures such as railroad tracks, highways and houses. The destabilizing effects of melting permafrost at high altitudes could bring about rockslides and mudslides. There is a possibility that long-dormant diseases like smallpox could re-emerge if ancient corpses thaw along with the tundra and get discovered by modern man.

**Modern technology
Owes ecology
An apology**
~ Alan M. Eddison

As global warming brings an earlier start to spring, the early bird might not only get the worm but its genes will be passed on to the next generation. As plants bloom earlier, animals that wait until their usual time to migrate might miss out on all the food. Those who can reset their internal clocks and set out earlier stand a better chance at having offspring that survive and thus pass on their genetic information, ultimately changing the genetic profile of their entire population. The speed at which global warming is occurring is faster than what most plant and animal species will be able to cope with. Some will adapt but others will suffer and may become extinct.

Goldy Yong

Dit-licious

with Hannah Frank



A Two-Minute Chat About Instant Noodles

They've been your comfort food, your midnight snack, your study nosh and your drunken feast. They saved you from starvation in foreign countries when you couldn't recognise - or afford - anything else.

Everyone has their favourite brand, their favourite flavour. Chicken or Beef? Maggi or Mi Goreng? Microwave or boil? And most importantly, to drain or not to drain?

Choices aside, this iconic student food has done more than just tide you over till pay day. One hundred million packets of them were sent as humanitarian aid during crises in North Korea, India and Russia. Fortified with additional vitamins and minerals, they provided a calorie dense, non-perishable food source for thousands of refugees and people who had lost their homes.

In Thailand, instant noodles were used as an economic indicator during the East Asia Financial Crisis. Mama brand instant noodles were able to demonstrate through their increased sales that people could no longer afford to buy more expensive foods, and were turning to cheaper alternatives.

The BBC last year reported that the Chinese Communist Party had "slammed" instant noodle producers after accusing them of contributing to inflation by illegally colluding to raise prices by up to 40%. The three producers were found to have met three times to fix prices, which the government said "damaged social stability."

In a country which consumes forty-four billion packets of them, more than half of the yearly total consumption of noodles, it's a feasible claim. If only the ACCC would admit that Kevin Rudd has done the same by raising the price of RTD's.

With over eighty-five billion servings of instant noodles now eaten worldwide every year, it is hard to believe that the Japanese food industry considered instant noodles to be a novelty when a Japanese company called Nissin Foods first launched them in the marketplace in 1958.

Forty-two years later, in 2000, instant noodles were voted as the most important Japanese invention of the century, in front of karaoke (second place) and CDs (fifth place). Momofuko Ando, the Taiwanese inventor employed by Nissin, also invented cup noodles, which are most popular in the UK sold under the name 'Pot Noodle.'

Before being voted the most hated brand in the UK in 2004, Pot Noodle made headlines in 2002 by producing a limited edition 'Edwina Curry' flavour, after a female politician of the same name revealed she had a four year affair with former UK Prime Minister John Major. The company is renowned for their tongue in cheek advertisements, one of which, with the tagline "Have you got the Pot Noodle horn?" received 572 complaints. An earlier campaign which titled Pot Noodles 'the slag of all snacks' was banned.

So what makes instant noodles so popular? Undoubtedly it has a lot to do with the low cost, ease of preparation, and versatility of the product. Almost any flavour can be added to instant noodles, which have branched out from traditional varieties like chicken, nori and satay to more creative varieties like pizza, cheese, sausage roll and turkey and stuffing for the festive season.

In countries as diverse as Nigeria, Peru, Russia and Saudi Arabia the popularity of instant noodles is rising, and have been adapted into regional variations, suited to the local economy and environments.

In the Philippines, instant noodles are often eaten for breakfast, served with garlic rice and dried fish. In Mexico, where a common name for instant noodles is 'lazy soup', chilli and lime is added.

In Australia, instant noodles have a reputation as a student food, a junk food and often nutritionally void. One packet supplies almost half of the average person's daily recommended intake of salt, along with a quarter of the daily recommended intake of fat, but negligible contributions to essential vitamins and other minerals.

With these dietary credentials, it's unsurprising that school tuckshops have replaced instant noodles with healthier alternatives. However, their ubiquity in supermarkets, Asian grocers, petrol stations and student accommodation indicate a continuing appreciation for instant noodles in Australia - backed up by all those packets in your bin.

Inside Your Noodles:

Dave Gilbert pre-flavours and microwaves his noodles, which are preferably what he describes as a tasty Maggi Chicken flavour.

Meredith Gee swings between Mi Goreng and Maggi and has different cooking methods for each. She calls Mi Goreng "ugly noodles" on account of the egg pictured on the packet.

Alice Campbell is also a Mi Goreng fan, but in the past has admitted a fetish for adding curry powder or cream to Maggi noodles.

Chris Luong thinks Fantastic noodles are, well, fantastic, especially in Pizza flavour, and likes to add leftovers to make them a bit more exciting.

Tyson Shine will only eat the soup of his noodles "if it involves home brand shredded cheese... oh yeah baby!" He also likes to "leave them long so I can put it in my mouth and swallow about ninety per cent of the noodle before I pull it back up my throat and drop in my sisters bowl so I get hers too." Sick.

Scott Cowen buys five packs of Home Brand instant noodles which have no individual packaging, thereby saving the environment.

John Fulbrook remembers when No Frills brand instant noodles were seventeen cents a pack and recommends eating all the raw bits that come off the main clump.

RUMOURS


American Style Pizzeria & chill out area

Fully licenced café.

Open Monday to Friday 10am - 6pm

Level 6, Union House

(ph) 8303 5834



An Instant Noodle Vox Pop

Andrew Love is a fan of the noodle bowl style noodles and thinks Maggi have nothing on Asian brands with their little packets of sauces, powders, oils and vegies. Spicy Beef is his flavour of choice and he likes to stick with the instant theme of the noodles by adding things like frozen peas, chilli sauce and peanuts that you don't have to fuck about with too much.

Demi Pnevmatikos eats her noodles out of a cup with what she calls a 'splade'. We think she means 'spork'.

Emma Durdin's favourite instant noodle recipe involves sweet chilli sauce and grated cheese and apparently tastes best at midnight. She made her boyfriend type the recipe out at length on Facebook, only to have me edit it down to this. Sorry.

Claire Knight keeps a stash of instant noodles in her pigeonhole at Radio Adelaide and suggests adding steamed carrots, zucchini, broccoli or capsicum along with a little soy sauce.

Jonathan Brown eats his noodles raw after adding the flavour to the packet and shakin' it round a bit (maybe that's where Claire's supplies have been disappearing to!)

Leah Marrone says that she wasn't allowed instant noodles because her parents didn't think they were real food, and still thinks there is no excuse not to eat real pasta now either. She says if you want some recipes for cheap easy food, so you don't have to stoop to the level of instant noodles, email her.

Danna Cooke would really prefer that none of us ate instant noodles because they are made with palm oil, the production of which she says is going to cause the extinction of orang-utans in the wild within ten years. She says she can no longer eat instant noodles because, after her daughter alerted her to this fact, all she can taste is orang-utan.

Cass Selwood thinks one should never microwave their noodles and is a strict boiler. He prefers Ayam plain noodles but adds all sorts of exciting things like garlic, ginger and chilli along with mushrooms, tuna, soy, coriander and oyster sauce.

Fiction



CONTROL THE FLOW OF OXYGEN

BY JIMMY GARTNER

Thank you, Grandfather, for experimenting on the twins. We use your scalpel every day. Thank you, Grandfather, for your paper cup cures. You watched me turn blue just to resuscitate. Thank you, Grandfather, for sending epidemics to their cities. I'm still here to worship you.

I'm a sentient car with no designer, beeping beeping beeping like a skeleton. Sterilised by an airbag kiss, my son's survival burns collision but we're going extinct.

Thank you, Grandfather, for building radar dishes in mass graves. You'll hear me babble nothing while air raid sirens stagger backwards in time. Thank you, Grandfather, for throwing your brother overboard. His lungs are cooking and he's too starved to satiate the cruising sharks. Thank you, Grandfather, for the plutonium flakes in mother's tanned skin and in the farmer's arthritic hands and in our exported milk. Thank you for the global tumour clusterbomb. Thank you for the tattoo.

The petrol station attendant greets me with a migraine smile, longing to burn this sterilised shed to its core. We dance under the loudspeaker's monotony, the sedative waltz an overused aphrodisiac. Taking to the pumps, he controls the flow of oxygen, oblivious to his role as god. He is everybody, mapped upon the king.

Thank you, Grandfather, for rewarding my silence. A trophy for my atrophy. Thank you, Grandfather, for the scapegoat. It is easier to crucify symbols than children. Thank you, Grandfather, for freezing me where steam is stillborn. It was my journey through your eyes. Thank you, Grandfather, for the sanitised air. Not even the fleas can survive. Thank you, brothers and sisters, for stealing their jewels. The fattest ape survives.

Hereditary toppling, the only way I can sleep. The fallout shows one thing, that no fingerprints have been left here in centuries. Tire treads and oil bleedings circle treesap mausoleums. The boat isn't sinking but it's immune to the wind. I dive off with the anchor, aging like the flies, a cannibal like the unborn sharks. I'm sickened with the bends every crushed morning, diving to the bottom of time, a radio on the boat calling me back home, but it is just the same, encased in salt or entombed in ash. It is not a weight, it is a symbiosis. Memory, codependence, wheels, life support, god, hateful rallies, power - the death of evolution.

Thank you, Grandfather, for the surgery. I hope my autopsy taught you everything.

INSIDE OR OUT? MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR LOVE-MAKING

Sex is not always for the bed.

In fact, it can pretty much be done anywhere or anytime, and the only thing you have to worry about is not getting caught and arrested, right? Wrong. Dreams of being laid down by a man in a field/forest/beach are instantly dispelled when in the actual 'moment'. In case you've never noticed - nature hurts! It is rough, hard and unforgiving. Are the bruises and scratches really worth it when they come from the trees? Is it really necessary to find sand in places that didn't even touch the sand for weeks on end, post the frolic on the beach?

It seems all very romantic and James Bond to be thrown down mid-conversation/mid-stroll/mid-drive but when you break it down it's really nothing more than a short, unsatisfying experience that has left you black and blue.

Let me elaborate. So you're driving along some lovely country road with your lover of the moment. You've both decided that a simple lunch and wine taste would be the perfect way to spend your Sunday. You both dress up for the occasion, he in jeans and a nice coat, she in a pretty dress. There has been a bit of drizzle but the sun pops his head out just enough to make the day sparkle.

You're both feeling pretty loved up and quite amorous toward each other. Whilst he is driving, she places a hand on his knee. The hand is accepted with a little thrill on his part. The hand moves slightly upward making a suggestion that will not be refused. A smile is exchanged and then all of a sudden that leisurely Sunday drive has turned into a frantic dash for somewhere secluded. You drive around and around getting more excited by the minute hoping to find some field of flowers to ravage each other in. Finally a spot is chosen to park and a promise of a short walk in the scrub. It is bound to take you somewhere lovely. The excited walk full of anticipation slightly wanes when no field of flowers emerges - it is easy to forget that Australia is mainly scrub - so a sturdy looking tree looks good enough to make out against. It all starts happening. Minimal clothing is torn off and the kissing is as hard as the tree. The ground looks a little too uncomfortable so it's against the tree you go. The ground is uneven, the tree is not as sturdy as you thought. To make things easier your lover flips you around so now you are the ultimate tree hugger. It all seems like it should be fun, in fact it really should be, but once it's all over you realize how ridiculous the whole thirty seconds was.

Ladies and Gents - that is crappy sex. What is the point of getting all feverish just to be mildly enthralled for less time than it takes to blow your nose? Bore bore.

Look, spending time with your lover in inappropriate places is certainly fun but you've got to think it through. Make the moment a little more special and enjoy the outdoors with a bit of flair. Pack a picnic, choose a grassy spot, lay a rug down - there are heaps of small adjustments you can do to make the great outdoors even greater.

I know I seem as harsh as the bark in you back but I suppose it all comes down to personal preference. I'd rather quality over short, sharp and pointy. Just remember when you take your lover out for a stroll that you can wait to get back to the indoors and make it an afternoon to remember - relatively unscathed.

Sex in the environment - close to nature - doesn't necessarily mean anywhere under the open sky and in public, the environment is what you make of it. You can dress it as you will and do it in all places. And as you introduce your lover to that environment, make it as gentle as a summer breeze.

Be safe (and free from grazes)...

Lex xx

Five Days in the Kokatha Mula Region

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This is a story of wild dogs, wild peaches, camel carcasses, rockholes, starry nights, sacred places, mining, wombat and goanna meat, bush medicine, the largest stunted mallee forest in the world and a beautiful land and people, all just a day's drive from Adelaide. This is a story which should concern everyone.

Recently I went to Yellabinna Regional Reserve and Yumberra Conservation Park near Ceduna, a nine hour drive north-west of Adelaide, on a rockhole recovery trip with indigenous custodians of the area, the Kokatha Mula people (pronounced Goo-gatha Moola). The purpose of the trip was to clean water rockholes which sustain birds, animals and people. The rockholes accumulate soils and the carcasses of animals that are unlucky enough to fall in during their search for water in the dry landscape. These sites have huge cultural significance for the Kokatha Mula people, as does the rest of the land.

The trip ran for 6 days during which thirteen people from SA, Victoria and the ACT were involved in the cleaning of many different rockholes in the area. Sue Coleman Haseldine, the winner of the 2007 Premiers Natural Resource Management Award for Indigenous Leadership took the group out to learn about the land, the culture and to help with this special form of Aboriginal land management. In the past one or two families would have lived around each of the rockholes and maintained them but currently expeditions are carried out twice a year, in March and October, to do the work. The trips are open to anyone and are amazing; they provide a better understanding of the traditions and stories of the people who have inhabited Australia for tens of thousands of years, while eating delicious food, four wheel driving through dunes and experiencing spectacular flora, fauna and scenery.



A rockhole at Narla

Other highlights of the trip were the opportunities to cook and eat kangaroo tail, goanna and wombat meat, pick bush medicine, as well as collect and eat bush bananas and quandongs or native peaches. There were many sites of ancient workshops with rocks which had been chipped into tools and weapons. The days were warm and clear and the nights were fresh and starry. Having the opportunity to spend time with a great group of people from around Australia, travelling and cleaning rockholes during the days and sharing a few drinks around the camp fire in the evening was also a real highlight. The stories of wild dogs were a little daunting and may have resulted in me avoiding going to the toilet at night. Wild dogs have developed through the abandonment of pet dogs, often dobermans or other large breeds. They breed with dingos and the cross combination means they are often bigger and more aggressive animals.



Rocks at Yellabinna

The rockhole cleaning was not only practical and educational, but also a lot of fun. It involved pumping out the foetid water, bucketing what could not be pumped and then pulling out the bones of kangaroos and camels and in the process becoming a little fragrant yourself. The significance of these sacred sites to the Indigenous people is humbling; an example is Dinah, one of the rockholes which can only be cleaned by women. For the Kokatha Mula people, the rockhole's health affects the wellbeing of women and children around the world, so its vitality is essential to everyone. To be a part of caring for something so significant is overwhelming.

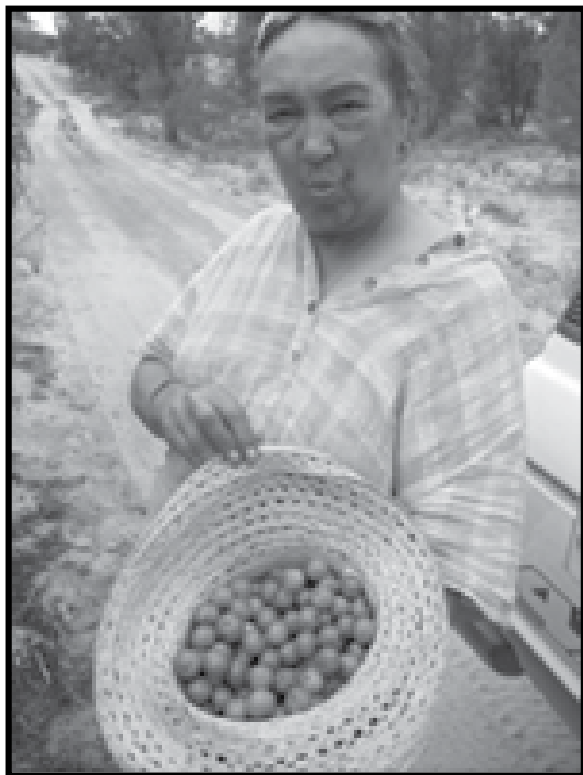


Ancient tools

Nikki Brookman takes a journey into South Australia's north-west to get an inside look at the traditions and stories of the Indigenous Kokatha Mula people and the environmental issues they face.

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This semi-arid area is extremely ecologically significant; it is fourmillion hectares and the largest expanse of intact stunted mallee forest in the world. It supports a diverse ecosystem which depends on the interconnected underground water supply. It is home to rare, threatened and endangered species, including the mallee fowl, the hairy footed dunnart, the kularr, the scarlet chested parrot, pimpin mallee, the sandlewood tree and likely home to the endangered miniature marsupial mole.



Auntie Col with Quandongs

'Auntie Sue', 'Auntie Col' and the other people on the trip took great care to make sure everyone was comfortable, enjoying themselves and learning. Auntie Sue is one of the most inspiring women I have met; she grew up in a mission near Ceduna and has a strong connection with, and understanding of, the land. Since her childhood she has roamed the area which acts as a "school, pharmacy, grocery store, garden and church." Unlike the European concept of ownership, the indigenous people lived with the land, and are caretakers rather than owners. Spending a week with the aunts made me appreciate this more fully; they knew so much about living from the land, about food, medicine, animals, birds, plants and water. They noticed things I never would have seen, were passionate about protecting the land and were more than happy to share their knowledge with interested people.

This amazing area is under threat from mining and the Kokatha Mula people are constantly fighting and campaigning against this incursion on their land. There are around 16 companies which have exploration leases in Yellabinna, Yumberra and Pureba despite Labour's 2002 promise of stopping mining in Yumberra "if the current exploration lease proves fruitless and expires." The lease expired in February 2003, but the government still granted further licenses. Iluka, one of the mining companies, carries out most of the exploration in the area and there were signs of mining exploration throughout our trip; cleared roads, stakes and drill sites. The possibility of the underground water being tapped for the mining process would have serious negative consequences in the already dry landscape; the rockholes,

flora and fauna would all suffer. The excavation of heavy metals and toxic tailings could impact on the land, as could imported weeds and further land clearance. This land and its ecosystem is too fragile and precious to damage and as Auntie Sue points out "the wealth and the future of this country lies in the preservation of its beauty, not in the short term mining projects that have a legacy of problems for the environment and for the local community."

Not only will the mining impact on the land, it will also further devastate Aboriginal cultural heritage. By law mining can take place 200 metres from their sacred sites. The 200m measurement is taken from the edge of the visible site and often soils have covered up sacred rock which means the mining actually occurs on the sacred site. This kind of basic disrespect is inexcusable; mining 200m from a site such as Dinah could be likened to mining in Bethlehem or the Vatican, it just wouldn't happen. However, because the significance is for a minority of Australians it seems to be considered less important. While this sort of injustice may not directly affect us, the knowledge that it is happening in our society and the lack of action which occurs is, in a way, condoning what is happening. The Aboriginal history is ancient and full of life, far more than the brief history of European occupation in Australia and is something which should be embraced before more stories and traditions are lost. The Aboriginal past and present are integral to our own heritage and as Lila Watson, an Indigenous activist, said "if you have come to help me then you are wasting your time. But if you have come because you know your liberation is bound in mine, then come, lets us walk together." Mining in places like Yumberra and Yellabinna is something which affects us all as it degrades our environment and our heritage; it is our responsibility to care for it.



A goanna near Googs Lake

I could recommend nothing more highly than going out on one of the rockhole recovery trips, whether you know a lot or very little about these issues; the people are friendly, open and inspiring and will teach and share amazing things with you. There is the opportunity to learn about the native plants of the area, bush medicines, the different fauna and how to eat from the land, as well as learn about sacred sites, traditions and the impacts of mining in such areas. The land needs people to care for it and the Kokatha Mula people welcome all the support they can get, with the ever nearing prospect of mines opening.

To learn more about the trips email Cat: catikah1@yahoo.com.au
Visit the website: <http://kokathamula.auspics.org/>

Sign a petition to support the Kokatha Mula people: <http://www.petitiononline.com/googtha/>

Write letters to the Premier asking him to honour his election promise.

Are You A Shopaholic?

Fashion

with Jenifer Vargaly

Q1. You go on an online shopping binge. Right afterwards, you feel:

- A. Psyched. After all, you don't do this everyday.
- B. Fine. But after this you're going to have to stop - unless you want to be eating instant noodles every Saturday night for the rest of your natural life.
- C. Excited, but then sick to your stomach. Oops, you did it again!
- D. You would never, ever, ever do this.

(A = 3 points; B = 2 points; C = 4 points; D = 1 point)

"An individual can improve her style, but it's better to be born with it." Karl Lagerfeld

Q3. You are planning a shopping trip to Melbourne. You start thinking about whether you should set yourself a budget and decide:

- A. Obviously you will set a shopping budget. You will lay down realistic limits and stick to them. It's really very simple.
- B. You will make yourself a budget, although you will make the limits fairly broad and flexible. It's always a good idea to allow some extra leeway for great finds.
- C. You don't need a budget. American Express has already set one for you - when your credit card is declined it's time to stop, but not a second before then.
- D. Budget! You laugh in the face of a budget. You need to be fashionable at any cost. Budgets are for losers.

(A = 1 point; B = 2 points; C = 3 points; D = 4 points)

Fun Fashion Fact - Marilyn Monroe's fashion accessories were sold by Christie's Art Auction House and included a lipstick that sold for over \$200,000.

Q2. You go shopping for a nice outfit, you find something that you like but don't love. So you:

- A. Don't buy the first thing you see. You like to research your purchases so you shop around for the best value buy.
- B. There is more to life than new clothes, it's okay to wear old things that you already have in your closet so you don't buy the outfit.
- C. Sometimes the best way to shop is quickly - so you go in, buy the outfit, and leave.
- D. You would never buy an outfit that you don't love.

(A = 3 points; B = 1 point; C = 4 points; D = 2 points)

"There is new strength, repose of mind, and inspiration in fresh apparel." Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Q4. You find the perfect pair of shoes, but they are ridiculously expensive. You:

- A. Buy them! You don't care if you'll have to live in your car, it's worth it.
- B. Don't buy them! You can find a pair that looks like these at Spendless for one hundredth of the price.
- C. Write down all the specifics of the material, colour, and style - then you go to Lincraft to buy all the things you need to make them. It may take over a year, but that's the way it goes. You are a penny-pinching shoe artist.
- D. Would never buy them. There are more important things in life than shoes.

(A = 4 points; B = 3 points; C = 2 points; D = 1 point)

Interpreting Your Score

1-4 points

If you scored this low you mustn't have been shopping in years! It's time to go on a major shopping spree to update your badly dilapidated wardrobe. It's ok, you'll have plenty of money saved up from your sensible penny pinching ways.

4-8 points

You're obviously a very rational shopper, spending money only when necessary, reusing classic pieces when you can, but it's ok to splurge sometimes. You won't rack up many frequent flier points on your credit card this way, so get to it.

8-12 points

You always look amazing, but your finances look dismal. Try wearing your most expensive and awesome outfits more than once, you don't need to give it to Goodwill once it's been worn one time! Spend more time rearranging your wardrobe so you can mix and match your best shoes, purses, and jackets with new buys - it will save you some time shopping and you won't need to sell your furniture just so you can eat.

12-16 points

You are crazy! Stop right now. This calls for immediate action - go to your purse and cut up all your credit cards, if they haven't already been cancelled, that is. You have the most amazing wardrobe imaginable but you will very shortly live on the streets and need to use your best winter coat as a quilt and birds will be living in your new faux fur winter hat.

Environmentally Friendly Fashions

Who would have guessed that being environmentally friendly and fashionable can be done all at the same time? Apparently it can with the emergence of environmentally friendly fashions, otherwise known as 'eco fashions'. These terms refer to designer clothing implementing environmentally sensitive fabrics and responsible production techniques, therefore taking into account the environment, consumer health, and the working conditions of people in the fashion industry.

Clothing and accessories that meet these criteria are usually made using organic raw materials, such as cotton grown without pesticides, or recycled materials. Environmentally friendly fashions do not involve the use of harmful chemicals, and they are made by people earning fair wages in healthy working conditions.

At the beginning of 2005 environmentally friendly fashions hit the catwalk in the famous New York City Fashion Week for the first time. At this event, famous and up-and-coming designers showcased outfits made from eco-friendly fabrics and materials including hemp, recycled poly and bamboo. It just goes to show that you can look great and help the environment at the same time if you are careful with your shopping choices as a consumer.

One of the top designers at this New York fashion first was designer Richie Rich who told reporters that "people often perceive the fashion world as superficial, so it's great to work with materials that are actually good for the environment. I had my doubts, but when we actually saw the fabric swatches we were blown away. They were gorgeous, and it wasn't hard to design with them."

Shortly thereafter, at the beginning of 2006 the world saw the first ever 'green issue' of Vanity Fair, signaling the start of what editor Graydon Carter called an "increased commitment to reporting on the threat to our precious environment."

Companies have been focusing on different areas, with some concentrating on environmentally friendly production and minimising environmental waste, while others, are looking more towards Fairtrade - but all of the environmentally friendly fashion companies are reportedly trying to look at the bigger picture in everything they do.

Environmentally friendly fashion lines can be created in a matter of weeks, but you won't find ethical fashion companies making copycat designs of celebrity fashions. Instead, original pieces and colourful accessories are being created to show that high fashion need not be detrimental to our environment.

So, if your conscience is troubling you over the electricity you waste every morning taking that long shower or the carbon emissions you cause driving to university every day, then make up for your mistakes by purchasing environmentally friendly fashions. For those of you that may decry the fact that Adelaide does not have many such products currently available, you will be happy to know that most of the big eco fashion houses have online stores which are easily accessible.

What's being used to make our clothes?

Copious amounts of pesticides and valuable water are routinely used in cotton production, which may make you hesitant to buy a cheap pair of cotton underwear or socks from now on!

Moreover, the world's second largest exporter of cotton, Uzbekistan, reportedly uses forced child labour and pays cotton farmers around \$2 per month. While most clothing manufacturers don't share where they purchase their cotton from, in all likelihood some of it comes from Uzbekistan. Hence it is best to purchase organic, Fairtrade cotton,

or one of the new ranges of fabrics increasingly used by ethical designers - bamboo, wild silk or even soybean fabric. Companies such as People Tree and Pants to Poverty (pictured) offer organic cotton and Fairtrade certified underwear for around \$25 for a pack of three, which is reasonably priced for the environmentally concerned.

While only around 2.5% of all farmland worldwide is used to grow cotton, a worrying 10% of all chemical pesticides and 22% of insecticides are sprayed onto it. While an organic cotton t-shirt (pictured) is a little bit more expensive to purchase, it is definitely worth a few extra dollars to help the environment.

Even brands like American Apparel and Marks & Spencer have introduced organic cotton t-shirt lines now.

Finally, for those who want to find a nice dress, there are many organic and Fairtrade options which are fashionable and environmentally friendly. The black dress pictured is made from organic and Fairtrade satin poplin, yet still has a touch of elegance about it. It is a great basic for any wardrobe and it can be dressed up with evening accessories and high heel stiletto shoes, or dressed down with flat shoes for day wear. Most of all, these items can all be worn with the pride of knowing that you are doing your bit for the environment, and all the meanwhile looking fantastic.

Jenifer Varzaly



Beck

1. Water restrictions - I like my garden to be plush.

2. Mitcham Reserve; it's beautiful to walk by the river.

3. Butt Out! My greatest pet peeve is when people don't put their cigarettes in the bin.

Daniel

1. I used to live by the river, so the dire state of the Murray River is of concern to me. Particularly the lifestyle the river provides for people who live or holiday there - there will be no more fishing, swimming or skiing, and it's already started to smell really bad.

2. I still enjoy the river, especially Waikerie where I'm from. I know Mark Ricciuto.

3. Stop driving so much. I think car-pooling is the answer because I see too many people driving by themselves.

Ashleigh

1. Global warming and air pollution are the biggest concerns right now. We need to make some real attempts and implement some true approaches to fix the problem.

2. Flinders University; the hills and the river are beautiful on a summer's day.

3. Be conscious of how you affect the environment, little things do make a difference.

Questions

1. What are some of your concerns about the environment?

2. Where is your favourite place to walk?

3. What is your environmental goal?



Emilia

1. My greatest concern is how the media have been portraying environmental issues. Dramatic and sensationalised reports that play on scare tactics rather than the facts. I'm also worried about how the current government is tackling the issues. I thought the signing of the Kyoto Protocol was simply a symbolic gesture and has become redundant. A national approach rather than a global approach is necessary.

2. I like to go for walks around my house. I have a park and a lake near where I live.

3. Vote One for The Greens.

Chloe

1. The dire lack of water, particularly in South Australia.

2. Flinders University; you can sit on the hill and adopt a duck, or have geese hiss at you. It's just beautiful.

3. Have shorter showers!

Vox Pop

turns off the lights when they're not in the room

Dr. Jack Stone

1. Global warming, corporate companies who just don't care, corporate lies, too much talk and not enough actions, the success of the Emissions Trading Scheme, the banning of plastic bags, the development of better alternative energy sources and the need for better education.

2. I think Adelaide is really lucky, we have the hills and forests, as well as the beach so close for us to enjoy.

3. Reduce, reuse and recycle. Dispose of your rubbish responsibly and be more conscious of your consumption across the board.

biggest concerns about

the best place to enjoy nature?

an environmental hot tip?

1. I have great concerns about plastic bags. I hate them! People should use paper bags or nothing. People should even use cupped hands if they need to.

2. The cliffs and waterfalls of Norwood-Morialta Reserve.

3. We need to have more environmentally focussed education in schools. And a ban on plastic pens.

John

INTERNET TV



I miss adult swim - the incarnation of this magic block of shows we Foxtel subscribers are exposed to is watered down at best, and only the sometimes-funny *Harvey Birdman* and *Robot Chicken* are available to us regularly on the Comedy Channel. One spectacular program which I'm fairly certain hasn't hit Australian airwaves yet is the ruthlessly absurd *Tim & Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!* (pictured) an ambiguous sketch comedy show made by the genius duo of Tim Heidecker and Eric Wareheim. It is almost completely lacking in structure, it's open-ended, aimless and above all; it's brilliant.

The comedy is subtle in many ways but in an overpoweringly larger sense, it is brash, and merciless. The duo have an array of ridiculous characters to play with, (most of these are versions of themselves) and have employed a menagerie of elderly men to deliver hilarious lines with senile innocence. They love their made-up words, loud noises and inappropriate reactions to commonplace actions. I realise more than ever, whilst writing this paragraph, that this show is clearly impossible to categorise or describe with much faith, but believe me when I say: you have to see this shit.

Some picks from various episodes include: (find as many as you can online!)

- *Spaghet!* - A Punk'd style television show where a guy named "Spaghet" romps about town with a bowl of spaghetti, surprising people by popping out from behind corners and inside bins and yelling "SPAGHET!!!!" Nobody on the show seems to get scared or even enjoy Spaghet's antics.
- *Kitty Cat Man* - An advertisement for a heart-warming new daytime family show called *Kitty Cat Man* - starring Michael Cera, where he returns to his family from his summer abroad with a strange new power. Cera's transformation into Kitty Cat Man is a must see!
- *SPORTS!* - an electro music video displaying examples of very strange sporting activities, with the song performed on Keytars by Tim, Eric, and a band of geriatrics. The old drummer is a highlight.
- *Uncle Muscle's Hour* - A showcase-style show for up and coming singing talent, with the only participants being a character called Casey (played by Tim) and his Brother (played by Eric). The very-sick-looking Casey has a horrible voice.
- *Salamé* - A song performed by guest David Leibe Hart with his puppet Jason, about an alien race called the Corinnians, and their ways of greeting people. Truly absurdist genius.

Anyways, while I'm sure this is not painting such a pretty picture, you really must see this show to believe it. It is a miracle. The spectrum of ideas that these two men work with is endless, and their popularity is gradually increasing. This is, for better or worse - the future of teen comedy, as it is delightfully stupid and unbelievably entertaining.

Go into the light, until we meet again!

Sammy Boy



PITCH

Jai Al-Attas
speaks to Claire E. Knight

People more interesting than you.

As founder of Below Par Records, co-manager of Melbourne outfit Kisschasy and a former member of celebrated DJ crews, Purple Sneakers and Best Friends, Jai Al-Attas has been a major driving force behind a plethora of new Australian music. Leaving the decks and desks behind, he's now set his sights even higher, relocating from Sydney to LA, starting Robot Academy Films and hanging out with the likes of Tony Hawk, Green Day, Blink 182 and Pennywise in a quest to document the birth, growth and explosion of the 1990s Punk scene.

It's hard to believe that the topic of Jai's doco has not been covered much in conventional media before, "Yeah, all the people that we interviewed for the film were pretty surprised too," Jai agreed. "That was the music we grew up on, that's what got us into punk rock. We just thought it was something that we'd be interested in seeing so we made it ourselves and the bands and everyone were just like, 'yeah why hasn't anyone done this before?'"

The film's title, *One Nine Nine Four*, alludes to the build up of the 'punk rock' scene, initially in the US, from the late 80s and its culmination in the year 1994, which Jai names as the "tipping point" of punk rock and its entrance into the mainstream. "After it peaks it shows what happened afterwards and the effects that all the popularity and the attention and everything had on these bands, if it questioned their ethics and all that kind of stuff."

Jai has no formal film training and has only ever made one film before, a documentary of his friends and noted Australian band, Kisschasy. "I don't have any formal training or education in anything," he admits. "When I made the Kisschasy movie I just got a hand held camera, went on the road with them, shot it, started editing when I got home... with this one, it was a very similar thing. I had an idea, I had a story." In *One Nine Nine Four*, Jai has indeed sought the help of a professional cinematography team, but whilst he may lack practiced technical proficiency himself, believes the strength of his film is in the content, "I just went and did it and learnt as I went, and I think I'm all the better for it."

Covering a topic as broad and ambiguous as 'punk music' has not come without controversy. I asked Jai if the Robot Academy team had been met with much speculation or dispute as to what 'punk' actually is. "Yes! Not so much with the bands we interviewed but I'm just pre-empting that when the film comes out and it gets into the social consciousness... there's going to be a lot of debate about it. I know that a lot of older people would be like 'that's not punk! Green Day's not punk!', they think that it's this thing that they own because they may have grown up around it,

when it was first happening, but for me, I'm 24 years old, I didn't grow up around that so these bands and the music I listened to, that was punk rock to me and it was punk rock to the bands that were doing it, it was just at a different time..."

Someone who agrees with this sentiment is pro skater and the narrator of *One Nine Nine Four*, Tony Hawk. So how did such a well-known and commercial personality come to be involved with an underground, independent project? "...He kind of came from the underground," Jai explains. "I wanted someone who had a lot in common with the same thing that happened to the bands... he was a skater when skate boarding wasn't cool or popular." Through mutual contact, Bill Silva, the manager of Unwritten Law and the film's executive producer, Jai was able to contact Hawk, explaining why he was the perfect candidate to tell the punk rock story, "I just wrote up an email explaining this to him... Tony Hawk got back and said, 'yeah, sure'."

With the film now completed, Jai's hoping to do the film festival circuit, and then aim for public release, rolling out of the US, then Australia. He's currently in the process of writing a screenplay as a follow up to *One Nine Nine Four*. "It's sort of autobiographical... a lot of what happens is something that could possibly happen to me if I'm not careful, but that's all that I'm saying."

Check out www.onenineninefour.com for more info about the film and listen to my entire interview with Jai on www.therange.wordpress.com

Claire

"I'd never met Tony Hawk before.

I never actually thought I'd ever meet him to be honest

I just played his video games"

PERFORMING ARTS

WITH EDWARD JOYNER

French Connections

The Australian Ballet
With the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Festival Theatre
May 23 - 27

The Australian Ballet's annual tour to Adelaide is always a hotly anticipated event. For the last two years, the Ballet has presented well-known ballets and sold a lot of tickets; this year, the Ballet took a more adventurous route and presented a three-ballet programme entitled *French Connections*. The three ballets, *Symphony Fantastique* (to the music of the same name by Berlioz), *Afternoon of a Faun* (Debussy) and *Ballet Imperial* (Tchaikovsky's *Piano Concerto No. 2*) displayed just how flexible The Australian Ballet can be. The principals were typically brilliant, in particular Adam Bull, a senior artist who took on demanding principal roles in *Symphony Fantastique* and *Afternoon of a Faun*. The set and costume design for all three ballets were sumptuous, and the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra was its usual best under Music Director Nicolette Fraillon. The concurrent *Ballet Russes* exhibitions at the Gallery and Festival Centre were also excellent and well worth a look. If only they came to Adelaide more than once a year.



Barker, Coleman-Wright & Lane

Musica Viva
Adelaide Town Hall
May 31

Cheryl Barker and Peter Coleman-Wright are an extraordinary Australian story. Having met at a Geelong high school, they went on to marry and become two of Australia's biggest opera exports. Together with long-time friend Piers Lane, this was their second tour for Musica Viva Australia. The programme consisted of a variety of art songs by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Strauss, Hugo Wolf and Kurt Weill. *Songlines of the Heart's Desire*, an impressive newly commissioned song cycle by Richard Mills (Musica Viva's featured composer for 2008) was also included. I doubt whether Kurt Weill or Ira Gerswhin would look back on *The Firebrand of Florence* with great affection, but it was all a bit of fun. As you would expect, the three friends perform well together. I enjoyed the range of music on the programme, and I was particularly pleased that Piers Lane was able to play a piano work by himself, Brahms' *Four Pieces Op. 119*. Coleman-Wright in particular was quite the showman, and was really hamming it up by the encore, the well-known *Mack the Knife* (the original version, in German).

Alone of All Her Sex

Adelaide Chamber Singers
Christ Church North Adelaide
June 13 & 14

Adelaide Chamber Singers was back to sixteen voices for this performance of music in honour of the Virgin Mary. In the beautiful acoustic of Christ Church North Adelaide, the programme included a range of polyphonic works from the Renaissance by Victoria and Guerrero. Also on the programme was the intriguing double-choir *Missa Ego flos campi* by the Mexican Baroque composer Padilla. From more recent times, there was Arvo Pärt's spine-tingling *Magnificat*, as well as motets by Ross Edwards and Duruflé. Padilla's mass is an exciting fusion of Spanish Baroque, Latin American Rhythms and thick, African harmonies. Together with a top-quality band of local musicians, the singers covered the often spicy rhythmic figures with ease. The polyphonic works were, as one would expect from Adelaide Chamber Singers, excellent; of particular note was Victoria's lengthy *Salve Regina* in eight parts.

Call to Glory

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Festival Theatre
June 27 & 28

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra has undertaken to perform a complete cycle of Mahler's symphonies, an ambitious project which will eventually result in a performance of his *Symphony No. 8*, often nicknamed "Symphony of a Thousand" because of the huge performing forces required. Last year saw the performance of the massive "*Resurrection*" *Symphony* and now the similarly huge *Symphony No. 3*. The performance began with a bizarre sequence of events, stemming from the Festival Theatre's ridiculous sound system emitting a high-pitched noise and resulting in conductor Arvo Volmer actually stopping the performance a few minutes in. There was some brilliant playing in this performance: the opening from the horn section, and Martin Phillipson's off-stage post horn solo warrant particular mention. My only criticism lies with the severely under-strength string sections, in particular the violins - they were simply crushed under the power of the expanded wind sections. Mezzo soprano Ning Liang and the choruses did well - although it seems cruel to write four minutes of chorus in a one hundred minute symphony!

Petrus

Cathedral Series
St Peter's Cathedral
June 29

Now firmly established in Adelaide's chamber music scene, the Kegelstatt Ensemble embarked upon their first performance in St Peter's Cathedral - a challenge for any group not accustomed to the huge acoustic. This particular version of the Ensemble, consisting of Leigh Harrold (piano), Stephanie Wake-Dyster (clarinet) and Paul Zabrowarny (cello), performed a programme including Beethoven's "*Gassenhaur*" *Trio* and Brahms' *Trio in A minor*. Also on the menu was Alban Berg's *Four Pieces for Clarinet and Piano*, dedicated to an apparently unappreciative Schoenberg. The highlight of the performance was Harrold's playing - every note was immensely sensitive and tasteful; of course, it's difficult to pick a highlight in such a fine display. If I had to choose a favourite piece, it would be Brahms' *Trio*, one of the last works he was to write before his death in 1897. The work seems to contain an element of sadness, perhaps reflecting the troubles of his good friend Clara Schumann. A fine performance by Kegelstatt, let's hope there's more to come.

Pekka Kuusisto & Simon Crawford-Phillips

Musica Viva
Adelaide Town Hall
July 3

In typical Musica Viva style, one of the world's best violinists and one of the world's best pianists travelled to Adelaide with only about half a programme - the rest was to be made up on the way. The works in the programme we did know about were from three national traditions: Finnish, Austrian and American. They were Sibelius' *Sonatina in E major Op. 80*, Schubert's *Sonata in D major D384* and John Corigliano's *Violin Sonata*. In between these works, Kuusisto and Crawford-Phillips sang folk songs, improvised on jazz themes, and generally played anything else they deemed appropriate; a risky piece of programming, but one which ultimately worked very well. Kuusisto introduced the works in his own amusing manner. The Corigliano *Sonata* was, for me, the highlight of the programme, and gave the two performers a chance to show what they were capable of. One of the three (!) encores was the iconic *Clapping music* - and not a violin and piano arrangement, they actually clapped it.

In the Beginning

Adelaide Chamber Singers
St Peter's Cathedral
April 26

Adelaide Chamber Singers' first subscription performance of the year was, appropriately, entitled *In the Beginning*. The programme featured two major 20th Century choral works: Copland's unaccompanied *In the Beginning*, featuring acclaimed mezzo soprano Sally-Anne Russell, and Duruflé's plainsong-inspired *Requiem*, featuring Victorian organist Calvin Bowman with Russell singing the solo in the *Pie Jesu*. The third work on the programme was American composer Eric Whitacre's setting of *When David Heard*. *In the Beginning* is easily Copland's most significant choral work. Featuring a virtuosic solo part and some rather tricky choral writing, it sets text from the Book of Genesis - opening with the familiar words of the title. Sally-Anne Russell and the twenty-voice choir paid exceptional attention to detail, covering every dynamic and nuance to the highest level. An expanded version of the group performed the Duruflé and Whitacre, also to rapturous receptions by the audience. Calvin Bowman had his work cut out for him on the aging Cathedral organ console, but you wouldn't know it from listening.

Duo Seraphim

Cathedral Series
St Peter's Cathedral
May 25

The second in the 2008 season of the Cathedral Series featured a stellar cast of Baroque specialists: Emma Horwood and Greta Bradman (sopranos), with Graham Strahle (viola da gamba) and Glenys March (harpsichord). The programme was a refreshingly interesting mix of lesser-known music by the likes of Monteverdi, Handel and Purcell, whilst also exploring lesser-known composers such as Strozzi and Luzzaschi. The performance was, to put it simply, quite extraordinary. Horwood and Bradman negotiated the often virtuosic passages with ease, and the instrumental work was immaculate. St Peter's Cathedral proved yet again that it is the finest venue in town for this kind of vocal music. From a programming perspective, this is the kind of concert Baroque enthusiasts hang out for - but anyone who enjoys good singing would appreciate a fine performance such as this. The works by Luzzaschi (written for the legendary Ladies of Ferrara, who were reputed to be virtuosic performers) were particularly thrilling. Emma Horwood and Greta Bradman are quickly establishing a similar reputation for themselves!



Turandot

State Opera Company of SA
With the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Festival Theatre
July 12, 15, 17, 19

Turandot is famous for one particular moment: the tenor solo in *Nessun Dorma*, one of the most well-known in the whole opera repertoire. Well, there's no doubt everyone was looking forward to it, but in the end it was one of many, many highlights in this superb production of Puccini's opera. Graham Murphy's lavish production, the imported principal singers and the expanded chorus no doubt stretched the State Opera Company's budget - but boy, was it worth it! Australian tenor Julian Gavin was spectacular in the role of Calaf, and Slovakian soprano Lada Biriucov produced a display of pure vocal power in the title role. Local soprano Teresa la Rocca was exceptional in the tragic role of Liu - this performance should earn her further principal castings. And *Nessun Dorma*? Well, Gavin rose to the occasion in magnificent fashion, the audience erupting in cheers and applause mid-way through the final note of the phrase. The State Opera Company should be very pleased with itself - one can only hope for more offerings of a similar quality next year.

CONCERT DIARY

State Theatre Company - Attempts on her Life

August 1 - 23
Dunstan Playhouse
www.statetheatrecompany.com.au

Australian Baroque Brass

Sunday August 3, 3.00pm
St Peter's Cathedral
www.cathedralseries.com

Australian Chamber Orchestra

Tuesday August 5, 8.00pm
Adelaide Town Hall
www.aco.com.au

Musica Viva - Takacs Quartet

Friday August 8, 8.00pm
Adelaide Town Hall
www.musicaviva.com.au

Lisa Gasteen with the ASO

Saturday August 9, 8.00pm
Adelaide Festival Theatre
www.aso.com.au

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film

Editors:
Aslan Mesbah, Vincent
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if a celebrity
falls into a
cause picture,
does he make
a sound?

by Vincent Coleman



Al Gore's the-sky-is-falling documentary *An Inconvenient Truth* won two Oscars and was released to rave reviews. But did anyone turn their life around and buy a Smart Car? Adelaide has a population of (roughly) 1,146,119 peeps, and I count five of 'em. (Smart Cars that is) Mind you, the sceptic in me found a few of Al's points a little hazy. Upon some quick research, following one of my regular bouts of scepticism, found that some of the information presented was just plain wrong! A quick Google or two and I found out "...when Gore shows the slide of the ice core graph at the beginning of the movie (about twenty minutes in), the numbers on the y-axis are wrong - the average is at 0.5, and the negative numbers are flipped. This graph is correct in the book; the slide is wrong and therefore misleading." Once this kind of info gets around, all credibility pretty much slides and the effect is lost. Poor Al is now relegated to *South Park* parodying in his attempts to raise awareness of ManBearPig (half-man, half-bear, half-pig).

Leonardo Di Caprio is the latest celeb to jump on the bandwagon with his narrated, co-written and produced film *The 11th Hour*. Despite the biblical title, and slightly pessimistic/apocalyptic viewpoint, this film was fairly factual and wasn't too preachy. Unfortunately, being full of well-researched information delivered by recognised academics, it's just too damn boring. At least Gore gets a few laughs with his cherry-picker in with flakey doomsday naysaying, although Leo allegedly did go to the arctic, so props there. In my humble (hah!) opinion, film just isn't the right medium for the message. Nobody, who isn't already inclined, is going to spend \$15 at the Megaplex to be lectured about the destructive impact we are having on the planet. Hell, I doubt I'll even video store these puppies unless they're in some sort of two-overnights-&-three-weeklys-\$10 deal. Al, Leo, you're preaching to the choir.

Finally, there's the issue of those 'documentaries' which turn out to be plain batshit crazy propaganda. Pretty much anyone with moviemaker, a camcorder, a tripod and a membership with The Wilderness Society can cobble together a piece of seemingly credible cinema, most universities have enough professors to find one or two with an overstuffed bookcase, a wall of doctorates in bio-equity management and an aggressive environmental position to push in your face.

Perhaps I'm being overly cynical and a little harsh. But quite frankly, it's not my fault. When I see an entertaining, interesting and accurate environmental documentary I'll call it. Right now all I see is thinly veiled bullshit and high aspirations, and by jove, I'm calling it. Film is a medium of entertainment. There can be a message, but it needs to be discovered by the audience, not slapped down in front of you like a piping hot bowl of 'awareness'. Film is a powerful tool and once environmental filmmakers realise this needs to be used with tact and discretion, perhaps we'll be able to enjoy the message by figuring it out for ourselves. As narrated by Morgan Freeman.

It's pretty much established public opinion, that in some way or other, the world is pretty much fucked. To quote comedian Will Anderson, "If the Earth was a rental property, we wouldn't be getting the bond back."

This has opened up much debate as to how and why we're bringing an environmental apocalypse on our heads, with global summits over carbon emissions and a sly shift by the media from scary 'global warming' to the somewhat ambiguous 'climate change'. These new global fears have permeated our media not only in the news, but in our entertainment. The lines are beginning to blur, and there is an ever growing influx of celebrities attaching their names to the cause of climate change and other assorted environment hippyism. Environmentalism has hit the big time people and gone to Hollywood.

Documentary filmmaking has always been around, and every now and then a gem appears. Remember hearing the deep soothing tones of Morgan Freeman the first time you watched those adorable aquatic birds waddle through the Antarctic tundra in *March of the Penguins*? Now it appears as if celebrities think all they need is a film budget and a 'cause' and it's cashed up success paired with a heart of gold. Alternatively, one could look at it and see a human being using their fame to kick-start people into action, and why not, most people seem to be obsessed with celebrities and follow their every fashion faux-pas and bizarre baby names.

Regardless of intentions, the question remains: Does anyone actually watch environmental films? Furthermore, should people be getting their environmental education from films? Just how accurate and peer-reviewed is this material? Personally, I wouldn't advise citing el president Gore in your next essay.

The Dark Knight (M) Now Showing

Once you've seen *The Dark Knight* you can't really help but recall where the franchise was ten years ago, in the cinematic doldrums after a couple of tacky, camp and eventually financially unsuccessful flops. When you see this you realise the wonders that director Christopher Nolan has worked in turning a concept that so many non-comic book fans, like myself, would have trouble buying into (a guy dressed as a bat fighting crime) into a very respectable rebooted series which combines character drama and rewarding entertainment with admirable efficiency and panache.

Straddling the line between epic crime drama and comic book morality tale, *The Dark Knight* is long, with a storied plot that you don't often see in your typical summer blockbusters. A lot happens in this film, and there's a nice balance between wonderfully staged action, compelling dialogue and character exchanges, and surprisingly intense scenes where various events are all threaded together concurrently with some masterful editing and unpredictable danger looming at every turn.

What of Ledger's performance as The Joker? He's very good, playing a darkly funny, at times distressingly manic force-of-nature villain with great mannerisms. It's far too

early (and a little bit crass) to say that it's an Oscar-worthy performance already, but if Javier Bardem can win best supporting actor playing a... darkly funny yet distressingly manic force-of-nature villain, albeit with that evil manifested in a very different way, it's not beyond the realm of possibility. To focus on Ledger would be unfair; the cast is uniformly excellent (except Gyllenhaal whose character feels a bit like scenery), with impressive Aaron Eckhart's district attorney Harvey Dent forming arguably the heart and soul of the movie as the hero who suffers a tragic fall.

What *The Dark Knight* represents is some of the best in the business coming together to make a big budget summer film with results that reflect their abilities. Starting with Nolan's direction and writing with his brother Jonathan, from Wally Pfister's cinematography to Lee Smith's editing to the combined score of James Newton Howard and Hans Zimmer and, ofcourse, the cast. Their tremendous collective effort is conveyed with great clarity in the final product. It's top notch big, brash entertainment with material that never feels dumbed down, and manages to feel sophisticated to an extent without having to revert to condescending pop-psychology. For all of those reasons, you can't help but feel satisfied when it ends.

4.5/5

Angus Chisholm



Joy Division (Unrated at Time of Publication) Limited Screenings

Before the film had even started the atmosphere had been set (no pun intended) for Grant Gee's award winning documentary *Joy Division*. As I lined up at the back of a very lengthy queue, it seemed more like going to a live gig than a film. I was surrounded by a sea of dark clothing, sombre faces and some neat Curtis-like haircuts. Beer bottles lay crowded on tables as people waited impatiently for the already late film. Joy Division songs were playing despondently in the background. A loud cry of dismay was heard as it was announced that film had been sold out. Later, I found myself seated past the back row on a metal chair. Hearing this, a skinhead in a crombie loudly abused the staff, gaffed a poster and left. Indeed the tone had been set.

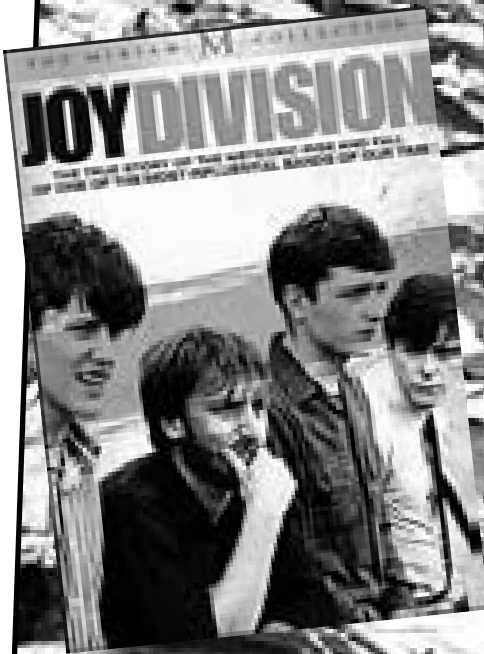
The film opened in the industrial town of Manchester in the early 70s. This bleak, working class industrial town was the backdrop for the first-half of the film. We were then introduced to the band, at first as the mildly successful punk outfit Warsaw.

The first half devoted itself to mapping the evolution of the Joy Division sound, while the second half of the documentary concentrated on the depressing demise of lead singer Ian Curtis. While the first is nostalgic and filled with laughs, the second is absolutely haunting. The audience is presented with a suicide note, a list of turning points that led Curtis to take his own life.

Fans will see their music in a new light after watching this. Gee delves deeper than Winterbottom's *24 Hour Party People* and even Corbijn's *Control*. He uses firsthand evidence to grasp the troubled Curtis mindset, which is (arguably) the major attraction of the band. His film will be a sure hit with the already Joy Division hungry audience of Adelaide. Gee has gone one step further and expertly compiled a film full of never before seen footage and audio from Joy Division, The Pistols, New Order and The Buzzcocks, brilliant interviews from remaining band members as well as Tony Wilson, Peter Saville, Pete Shelley and Annik Honoré. Gee's doco is the definitive Joy Division film and a wistful backward glance at the band, their music and the era itself.

4/5

Thomas Glaister



Mongol (M) Now Showing

Mongol is Russian director Sergei Bodrov's first instalment in the trilogy covering the life of Genghis Khan. You may recognize Bodrov; his work has been nominated twice for an Academy Award. *Mongol* grew out of a personal fascination of Bodrov's and has been nominated this year for a third Foreign Language Oscar. Like his previous entries, I strongly believe that this shall be another miss.

Transporting us back in time to 12th century Mongolia, nine-year old Temudgin (Odnym Odsuren), the man who will later become Genghis Kahn, travels with his father to secure a bride. His father's clan hopes to form peaceful ties through the marriage of Temudgin to a member of an enemy clan. In true macho Mongol fashion this plan is dropped as soon as Temudgin meets Borte (Bayartsetseg Erdenebat. This appears to be the first in a LONG series of mistakes as his father decides to accept some very obviously poisoned milk from a neighbouring camp. With his father dead, the plot cranks it in true Shakespearean fashion. His father's

right hand man loots the family home and announces himself as the new clan-leader. Upon leaving, he promises that he will kill Temudgin when he becomes a man. The latter half of the film concentrates on an older Temudgin (played by the very famous Japanese actor Tadanobu Asano [of Kitano's *Zatoichi* fame]) and his consolidation of power amongst the fragmented clans.

The film has a few merits. It boasts one of the world's most beautiful and isolated eastern locations and is shot spectacularly by one of my favourite cinematographers Sergey Trofimov (of *Night-Watch* and *Day-Watch* fame). However, the main disappointment is the content. While it establishes itself well, the film sadly drops off into predictability. Character development peaks and we are left with a typical Hollywood 'underdog' battle for glory. And battle, they do. Any interest is greatly lost in seemingly endless clichéd battle scenes, complete with annoying CGI effects. Temudgin is particularly uninspiring as Asano goes through the usual hero paces. It is sad to see such a great talent wasted. In short, an eastern-eye nasty, lacking the finesse of *House of Flying Daggers* or *Hero*.

2/5

Thomas Glaister



Married Life (M) Now Showing

Based on the text by John Bingham and set in the 1940s, *Married Life* sees Harry Allen (Chris Cooper) cheating on his wife Pat (Patricia Clarkson) with younger, prettier blonde beauty Kay (Rachel McAdams), with whom Harry is genuinely in love with, feeling a connection far more profound than that which he has with his wife. Meanwhile Harry's friend Richard (Pierce Brosnan) becomes similarly infatuated with Kay, trying to win her over. Harry decides that instead of divorcing his wife to be with Kay, which he thinks will ruin Pat's happy family existence, he'll just poison her instead and not be bound to her as a husband.

You would think the decision Harry makes to kill his wife would move the second act onwards and up a gear but the film continues at a rather disappointing, languid pace. This makes *Married Life* more of a slow, somewhat dry character study than anything else. Thankfully when you have a cast as gifted as this, it makes for a more enticing proposition than it might otherwise have been. Chris Cooper is excellent here - as he

has been in a lot of his recent work - and so is Clarkson, while McAdams and Brosnan are more than capable supports. These four are very much the collective focus of the film. David Wenham has a small role but felt underused.

Still, it seems like there's a bit of wasted potential here. The murder plot could have, and arguably should have, seen the film take a more dramatic or darkly humorous (because the decision to poison his wife rather than divorce her, and the love pentagon going on here is pretty amusing in its absurdity) turn and even though it keeps you guessing it never really seems to have the dramatic weight that it should.

That's not to say that *Married Life* is a bad film. The great cast elevate it from tediousness, the film's nostalgia for the period in its sets and soundtrack is a nice touch, and technically it is accomplished if unspectacular. Nevertheless it feels subdued and lacks the dramatic spark or climax that you feel the story warrants. In that regard the film is a bit of a letdown, despite its more obvious merits as a considered - though not especially profound - character piece.

3/5

Angus Chisholm



A Delicate Balance (Unrated) Limited Screenings

Following hot on the heels of the environmental trend of films such as *An Inconvenient Truth* and *The 11th Hour* is *A Delicate Balance*. It's also independently released, so points for that too. It 'appears' to be a typical environmental film. Upon rolling on past the opening credits, the truth this film speaks of becomes quite apparent. This is not an environmental film. This is a vegan propaganda film.

A Delicate Balance isn't even a very good film. The narrator sounds as though she is the Macintosh robot voice processing a transcription of the film. Hell, it may well be! Even though it is an independent film, the production values are awful. What is most disconcerting is the complete lack of direction and purpose in *A Delicate Balance*. The film takes a swing at just about every global issue from obesity, the US health system crisis, diabetes, cancer, deforestation, animal cruelty, overfishing and global warming, with the simple solution that everyone in the world should switch to a vegan diet.

Heavily supported by PETA (watch those credits), this is extremist, alarmist left-wing nonsense masquerading as a factual documentary. The evidence presented is made up of governmental footage from government closed abattoirs, and coincidental graph based statistics. I may not be a scientist,

but I know that milk doesn't cause diabetes. Diseased proteins can cause auto-immune disease (read: mad cow disease), but not all animal protein causes auto-immune disease. Correlation isn't causation!

Vile slanderous content aside, the aforementioned production values are lacking, even for an independent film. Stock public-domain backing music, decades old grainy animal cruelty footage, Microsoft Publisher style bar graphs, poor if any lighting, and awful jarring narration without charisma or flow, these aspects combine to create a truly underwhelming product you'd expect to see in a year ten health class, further bringing the overall credibility of the whole affair into doubt.

This film is infuriating. It's a clear cut case of Vegans and PETA trying to force cobbled and misconstrued science and statistics into their own moralistic framework. I've no problem with their moral views, but manipulating scientific data to fit your needs is just plain bullshit. *A Delicate Balance* is being screened across the country at the moment and I hope that people go out and see it, so they can see for themselves the kind of dangerous lies being proliferated by the so-called environmental groups.

1.5/5 (for Independent production and self-distribution.)

Vincent Coleman

Get Smart (PG) Now Showing

It has been a long wait for *Get Smart* fans to finally get a *successful* film adaptation of Mel Brooks & Buck Henry's serial spy send-up. The good news is, the wait is over. Director Peter Segal has broken the downward cycle with his new version. Steve Carrel plays Maxwell Smart; an analyst working for top secret organization C.O.N.T.R.O.L. Max is soon thrown into the thick of it as the evil organization C.H.A.O.S compromises the identities of all existing C.O.N.T.R.O.L agents, led by Agent 23 (Dwayne Johnson). Max is partnered with the beautiful Agent 99 (Anne Hathaway) in order to stop a C.H.A.O.S plan for world domination.

I loathe the cliché 'fun for the whole family', but *Get Smart* really is. It is action packed and jammed full of enough pro-wrestlers to engage even the youngest of children. At the other end of the scale, die-hard fans will no doubt be hitting up various internet forums swapping info on all of the in-jokes included in the film. And there are some very good ones. Max's original car, famous shoe-phone and revolver appear. Cameo appearances are also made by surviving members of the TV

series. If that isn't enough there are some hilarious appearances from Patrick Warburton (aka American Dad) as 'Hymie' and slightly left of centre actor Bill Murray in a Jarmusch style cameo as 'Agent 13'. It is also evident that Segal very much understands the humour of Brooks & Henry. Carell is cast perfectly as Maxwell Smart. His deadpan delivery, slapstick humour and seemingly improvised dialogue makes for a refreshing but fitting new Agent 86. I daresay Don Adams would have been pleased. Fans of other well-loved Carrel ventures will be pleased with some slightly more ballsy comedic moments. But hey that's what you expect from the director who remade *The Nutty Professor*. However, if all else fails, staring at Anne Hathaway for a few hours has to be \$11.50 well spent (to be fair she does do a fine job playing Agent 99 too).

Mel Brooks once divulged why the number '86' was used. He said that "it derived from the restaurant slang "to eighty-six something", which meant to cancel it, they were out of it." In this case maybe 86 is the wrong number. Unlike previous attempts, this one won't need sending back.

3.5/5

Thomas Glaister



My Brother is an Only Child (M)

Now Showing

Set in Italy in the 60s and 70s *My Brother is an Only Child* tells the story of two brothers divided by age, character and ideology. After being kicked out of a local seminary in the small town of Latina, the hot headed youth Accio (Vittorio Propizio) feels estranged from his family. His fighting, brawling and foul temper creates a rift between his very traditional parents, his older 'golden-child' brother Manrico (Riccardo Scamarcio) and sister Violetta (Alba Rohrwacher). Added to this list of worries is the dilapidated family. Like the family, their bonds threaten to collapse with each new strain. Accio eventually finds an outlet in a small fascist gang, run by a local merchant Mario (Luca Zingaretti). Needless to say this greatly displeases both his parents and his newly converted communist siblings. Time passes. Manrico finds work at the local

factory in an attempt to 'free' the corrupted of his co-workers (even though *he* is the only one who drives to work). An older Accio (played superbly by Elio Germano) avoids his brother and keeps to his studies. This parallel existence is corrupted as soon as Manrico falls for the stunning Francesca (Diane Fleri).

My Brother is an Only Child is based on the novel *Il fasciocomunista* and takes its name from a 1976 Rino Gaetano pop song. While the performances in this were quite solid, the film had no length or breadth to it. The interesting political storyline is promising but really goes nowhere. To her credit Fleri steals the show as the fresh-faced beauty Francesca. However, she also takes the rest of the plot focus, which at times is annoying. Also, if you have dreamt of going to Italy, this is a chance to check out some spectacular countryside. While it's no *Man of Marble*, viewers should be able to leave with something positive.

3/5

Thomas Glaister



The Savages (M)

Now Showing

Depicting everyday family dramas on film can be difficult, but *The Savages* can be looked to as an example of how to do this well. This touching, simple, and at times harrowing film follows the life of two adult siblings Wendy (Laura Linney) and Jon Savage (Philip Seymour Hoffman) who are confronted with their pasts when their father develops dementia. Their troubled lives collide as both attempt to grapple with the abuse and abandonment they suffered from their parents, and the affect this had on their lives.

The story begins far away from the siblings, in the retirement village of Sun City Arizona. Larry Savage (Peter Friedman) appears normal, until he starts to draw with his own feces. When Wendy is contacted she puts her life on hold and rushes out to help her father. More reluctantly Jon follows, more comfortable to deal with practical arrangements rather than emotions. While seemingly at loggerheads, the siblings' infidelities, lies and psychological disorders come to surface as they reconnect. This film revolves around their beautiful and troubled relationship, which at times seems strained, but bound by love, or at least good intentions. Wendy's affair with her married boyfriend and Jon's inability to commit to a

relationship are common issues, as well as the difficulty in establishing identity after such a troubled past.

The cinematography aims for seamless realism, and to force the audience to focus on the characters. While this is amiable, at times I think some other techniques of showing deep emotion beyond the close up of the face would shake up the film a bit. Music is used very sparingly, as it may damage the realism of a scene. This is a quiet film full of confrontation, with death, senility and the past which uses the immense talent of the lead actors to full potential.

Director Tamara Jenkins is not known for shying away from the horrors of reality. Her last feature, *Slums of Beverly Hills* (1998) delved into the murky world of teenage runaways, drug addiction and poverty, yet contained it within the strange setting of elite Los Angeles. *The Savages* is comparable, if stylistically a much more muted film.

Jenkins' triumph is how she deals with potentially depressing content in a way that suggests an undercurrent of hope and recuperation. These cathartic moments of understanding bring *The Savages* to a new level.

4/5

Genevieve Williamson

Speed Racer (PG) Now Showing

Think of the Wachowski brothers, and you're sure to think of slow-mo bullets rippling through the air; Agent Smith; Keanu Reeves' terrible acting; and the two most disappointing sequels ever made. What doesn't immediately spring to mind, however, is the family-friendly techno-colour world of *Speed Racer*, the film adaptation of an original Japanese animé series. Speed Racer (Emile Hirsch) is a natural-born car racer who, with the help of his girlfriend (Christina Ricci) and quirky family (including Susan Sarandon and John Goodman as Mom and Dad), takes on the most dangerous racers in the world, as well as the corporations trying to control them.

It all sounds incredibly cute and entertaining, and it is for a while. The antics of Speed's little brother Spritle (newcomer Paulie Litt) and Chim Chim, his chimpanzee, keep the kids laughing, while the self-parodying script is witty enough to entertain everyone over ten. The racing scenes, in particular,

are often exciting, although the overlay of commentating, audience reactions and special effects is difficult to follow at times. The cartoon feeling of the film is helped along by its hyperactive use of colour: everything is bright and clean, and there is even the occasional animé styled fight scene. So it looks cool, which is something we've come to expect from Wachowski films, and the storyline is only mildly confusing, which we've come to expect as well. Unfortunately the fun doesn't last - or rather, it lasts too long. At 135 minutes, no self-respecting six-year-old is going to sit through this film without having to go to the bathroom at least twice. Even the actors seem to be getting sick of the cornball routine by the time the credits roll.

It's something special that makes a good kids' film and, with a bit of clever editing, *Speed Racer* could almost have had it. However, make a children's film too long and too cute and no one's going to enjoy it.

2.5/5

Margot Lloyd



Ten Empty (MA15+) Now Showing

Iconic Australian director George Miller once described a stigma attached to many Australian films. He compared seeing Australian films with going to the dentist: everyone should, but many don't regularly. One of the main reasons behind this is the intense competition with American blockbusters. Another is the high cost of production hampering an ailing film industry. A third is in the content. While *Ten Empty* does not cover any new ground, it stands aside other harrowing kitchen-sink Aussie tragedy flicks such as *2:37*, *Little Fish*, *The Black Balloon* and *Candy*. Co-writer and director Anthony Hayes best describes *Ten Empty* as being "a father and son story about male-communication or the lack of."

Elliot Christie (Daniel Frederiksen) has returned to his broken family home, which he escaped ten years earlier. He has returned to attend the christening of his new half-brother, the son of his father Ross (Geoff Morrell) and his Aunt Diane (Lucy Bell). Elliot has a younger brother Brett (Tom Budge) who is seldom seen, preferring to spend time in his room. From the first scene it is apparent that the Christie family is deeply troubled. Ross is an alcoholic and abusive father, Diane has tried to take over as mother after the death of her sister and Ross' first wife. This leaves her character in a state of apologetic perfectionism, taking much of Ross's anger. As he returns home, Elliot becomes less of the 'metro, wine drinking'-type and more of

a troubled young man, trying to keep the family together and trying to find help for Brett who appears to be deeply depressed and suicidal.

This film is a textbook example of the kind of film Miller was describing. *Ten Empty* explores a facet of suburban life that seldom spills out into any of our public ones. The aforementioned 'kitchen-sink' element owes much to renowned British New Wave director Ken Loach (surprise surprise) as well as Mike Leigh. It seems Hayes wants this known in order to validate its gritty integrity, which has recently copped a lot of flack from various sources. Hayes also says "I was inspired by films like *Nil by Mouth*, which was a family drama, *The Champ* and *Billy Elliot*." Many will avoid this film due to its realism. It is Australian, so that halves the audience already. It also deals with dark and depressing issues in our culture. There are strands of suppressed mental health issues, male relationships as well as binge drinking. Hayes is no stranger to this type of film. He played along side David Wenham in 1998 in Rowan Wood's *The Boys* and has since appeared in *Look Both Ways*, *Suburban Mayhem* and *West*.

Ten Empty presents a very interesting social comment and one that should be properly consumed. However, I fear recent criticism as well as the need for escapism, seemingly always needed to be felt by some Australian audiences just as something challenging comes around, will not give this film the audience it deserves

3.5/5

Thomas Glaister



Want free tickets to Adelaide movie premieres for the low, low cost of a review? Thanks to Palace Nova you can live the dream. Let the film sub-eds know you're keen! Email them at onditfilm@gmail.com. They're lovely kids, promise.

We have lots of free passes to Australian film *The Square* (out July 21st). To win, email ondit@adelaide.edu.au. We accept food bribes. A big thanks to Palace Nova for free tickets for reviewers and giveaways!

"IT'S ESSENTIALLY BEGGING": ELECTIONEERING & STUDENT POLITICS

AN INTERVIEW WITH SBS DOCUMENTARY MAKERS



Those of you with good memories who didn't hide during the student elections last year may remember a film crew that was lingering around campus to shoot a documentary for SBS on the elections. Electioneering is finally ready for release, and your AUU Watch reporter had the good fortune to speak with director Viron Papadopoulos and producer Kristian Moliere in the lead-up to the event. Here are the highlights:

On Dit: You said you went to Adelaide Uni; was that why you filmed there?

Viron Papadopoulos: No. I was looking around for a story for my business partner, and he came across an article about Adelaide University on the net, I think it was in AdelaideNow. It was about Alex Barratt getting the sack and all the furor surrounding that, and I thought "well, there's something going on there, there's action happening and there's gotta be some sort of carry on from that." So I interviewed Chin Woon Cheah and David Wilkins to find out what it was like last year, and it sounded really interesting, everyone promised screaming matches and banner burnings and fights and friends becoming enemies and enemies becoming friends and they delivered. [laughs]

Kristian Moliere: And SBS saw that footage, that was one of the things that put them onto the episode and got them really excited, they saw, in particular... I think one comment David made and that was the one that hooked them.

VP: That he was only nineteen and was the figurehead of a four million dollar organisation who had to make decisions about which way that organisation was going to go and how to steer it. Yet he still had trouble paying his bills on time and didn't know how to use his washing machine.

KM: That actually played against the stereotype of Gen Y, because if you couldn't work out how to use your washing machine and you couldn't balance your bills then why the hell aren't you focussing on yourself, and here's this guy worried about a four million dollar organisation. And not himself, so we could really see that the stereotypes were going to fall if we did this sort of story.

OD: Was that the most interesting part of it for you guys, or were there other points that stood out among it?

VP: There was just so much, half an hour doesn't do it justice.

KM: How many hours did you shoot?

VP: Too many. Way too many.

KM: Eighty hours?

VP: More than that. There were so many storylines going on. Seeing back room machinations, seeing deals made, the backflips, the double crosses, the dirty dealings and the amount of paranoia and distrust, I think, was the most interesting thing for me. 'Cos no-one really trusts anyone, and it's hard... and I think, fair enough. Student politicians are investing so much of themselves and so much of their time. And going out in election week is just so awful, trying to get people to vote. It's just a horrible thing to put yourself through.

KM: It's essentially begging. It's one step away from begging.

VP: It is.

KM: You can see them on their knees in the episode, begging for votes.

VP: It was also really interesting to see a guy like Xan come along and just, not really give a toss and get elected purely on popularity and romp it in. That was great. The most memorable thing for me was at one point, somebody thought that the documentary was actually a ruse, and I was just there to get information from behind the lines of the other groups. Cos I had access to everyone, pretty free reign through all the meetings and that kind of stuff, which was great. I was really careful not to betray any confidences, but when one person was grilling another about where they got their information from, the finger was pointed at me as the one who'd spilled that info. I don't know what they were thinking. Perhaps that the documentary wasn't real and it was just to get behind enemy lines.

KM: Pretty elaborate!

VP: That's the kind of level of paranoia that's at work though.

OD: After looking at it as it came together, and filming it all during election week, were you surprised to see the UniBar go?

VP: I was and I wasn't. I think the UniBar going, as far as an issue goes, was - I could see both sides of the argument. I could see why you'd go one way and why you'd want to go the other, so I think it's sad that it went, and I think it's sad that the Uni put the Union in a really black and white either/or kind of choice, I think that's the worst of it. That shouldn't have happened, I don't think.

KM: I only watched the footage that Viron cut but it almost felt like there was no choice by the end of it. You watch David's decision-making process, and he's really trapped, there was nothing he could do. The decision he made was the right decision in those circumstances. But viewed by the rest of the student population, who didn't have our level of access, who didn't have our level of insight, weren't seeing all of what was going on in the background - it appears like a massive backflip.

Electioneering will be on SBS at 8:00 pm, Wednesday 6th of August. If you miss the documentary, it - as well as related games and information - can be found at <http://programs.sbs.com.au/mygeneration/>. The full interview can be found at <http://adelaidestudentpolitics.blogspot.com>

Hannah Mattner

VISUAL ARTS

WHAT'S IN YOUR ENVIRONMENT?



On Dit has gone into environmental overload. And with all the talk of, well, pretty much *every* environmental disaster hitting the crust in one self-destructive wave after another, there is little wonder that even the most light-hearted of publications has become immersed in a flood of environmental issues of late. Of course, there are plenty of art/ environment tangents I could string you along with: environmental art, land art, eco art, biodegradable art, self-loathing plastic art, and plenty of other things that would easily float your boat, had the river not dried up several months ago. But in this sweet city of Fake Plastic Trees there are much more exciting things afoot. Strangely, though, it seems that few people have been around to witness these recent events. In the coming edition we will hear about our usual Visual Arts co-editor, Clara Sankey. Who has been busy gallivanting around the art centres of Europe and the US (such is life for busy arts writers.) In this edition, contributor Benedict Coxon has been soaking up the winter rain in Melbourne.

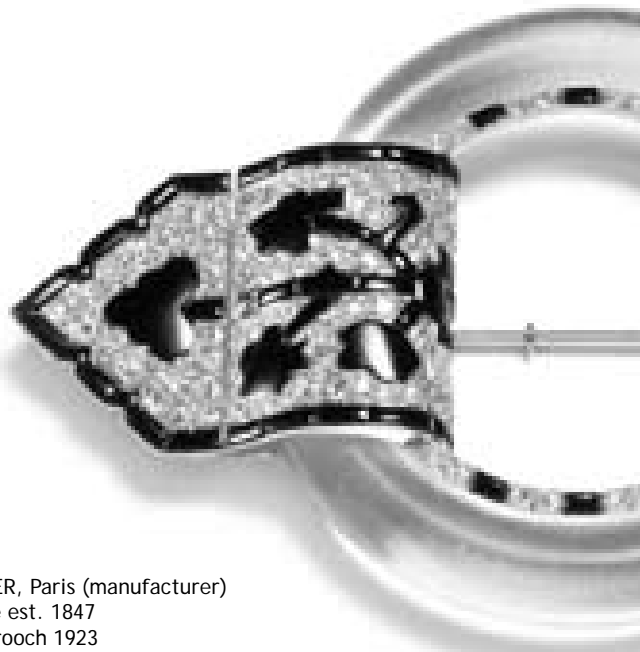
Adelaide, though, has witnessed a nice winter spattering of events in recent weeks. Adelaide boy, Store (everyone knows his graffiti pigeons!), presented the second installment of *100 bucks and Runnin'* at 5000 Gallery on 11 July. The concept, which sees local artists filling in the blank head of a comic-like running man, has made for a fascinating exhibition, with a strange sense of uniqueness and quirky variation despite the mass repetition of the running man form. *So You Think You Can Draw* opened at the Electric Light on 2 July, bringing together some of the coolest kids from Adelaide's art circles in one giant portrait art bonanza. *Stars & Dust* celebrated the glamour of 1950s Las Vegas with stencil work by the ever-intriguing Joshua Smith and photographs by the elusive up-and-comer Samantha Vodic. All in all, things are looking good for Adelaide's smaller gallery scene, so long as you know when and where to look. So people can go Louvre-hunting and National Gallery-stalking all they like... quite frankly, I'm staying right here!

If you are interested in getting your environmental art on, check out the T'Arts Collective when they present their SALA showcase, 'Habitat' - celebrating the International Year of the Frog! Exhibition opens Friday 1 August at 10G Gays Arcade, Rundle Mall.

Lauren Sutter



Jacques-Emile RUHLMANN (designer)
France 1879-1933
Armchair and cushion (c. 1930)
stained pearwood, satin, silver plated brass
76.0 x 66.0 x 81.0 cm
Victoria and Albert Museum, London
Accessioned, 1967 (Circ. 329.1-2-1967)
© V&A Images/Victoria and Albert Museum, London



CARTIER, Paris (manufacturer)
France est. 1847
Belt brooch 1923
platinum, diamonds, emeralds, crystal rock, onyx
5.0 x 8.6 x 1.0 cm
Cartier Collection, Geneva
© Courtesy of Cartier, Geneva

MORE DECO THAN ART

Art Deco 1910-1939
National Gallery of Victoria
June 28-October 5



Art Deco 1910-1939 is the fifth exhibition in the National Gallery of Victoria's highly successful 'Melbourne Winter Masterpieces' series. Subjects that hold enormous popular appeal have been a hallmark of the exhibitions to date - Impressionism being the first, and best, example - and this year is no exception. In fact, so confident are the folks at the NGV that *Art Deco* will be a winner with the Melbourne public (and the tourists whom the Victorian Government hopes will visit their capital city during the chilly winter) that the merchandising for the event includes a triple compact disc set of jazz tracks, showtunes and cabaret numbers, mainly from the 1930s heyday of Art Deco.

But does this make for an 'art' exhibition? Well, no. But, then, does anyone care? The many patrons visiting the gallery on a Monday afternoon, a couple of weeks after the exhibition's opening, didn't seem to. There were the grandparents, trying to show off how much they knew about their parents' generation and the design style with which they grew up. There are the bemused teenagers and twenty-somethings, struggling to make sense of it all. Then there are the fashionistas, poring over the Cartier jewels and Chanel dresses. Even the odd motor enthusiast might have come to see the vintage cars on display.

If the aim of this exhibition is to evoke the period during which the Art Deco style thrived, it succeeds. The inclusion of excerpts from films such as *King Kong* and *42nd Street*, and the jazz music that adds ambience to the final room, are effective in this regard. And the

thoughtful presentation of the items, laying out for the viewer the sources of the style and then tracking its development through the relevant period, gives the exhibition a logical flow.

But is it 'art'? This question could well have been posed in relation to some of the pieces in last year's MWM Guggenheim exhibition (for example, a pile of liquorice lollies in the corner of a room) but it is even more relevant this year, as the NGV's offering, courtesy of London's Victoria and Albert Museum, looks more like a nostalgia trip than an art exhibition. There are some unquestionably fine examples of artistry - the Chanel dresses have already garnered a mention here, and ballet costumes by Matisse and Bakst provide interest - but there is also much that arguably would look at home on the outdoor tables of a suburban garage sale. A bright green Bakelite radio from Sydney - we're told that green is the rarest colour, not surprisingly - doesn't quite compare with Manet, Rembrandt, Picasso or Pollock, all of whom have been represented in previous MWM exhibitions.

Indeed, there is a lot of furniture. And advertising posters - don't forget the posters. Yes, this is definitely a design show, so perhaps therefore not an 'art' show. Design? Yes. Nostalgia? Yes. Art? Head upstairs to the permanent collection. Worth a visit? Depends whether the viewer is a fan of Art Deco. Did I buy three CDs' worth of Fred Astaire, Cab Calloway *et al*? Yes, yes I did.

Benedict Coxon

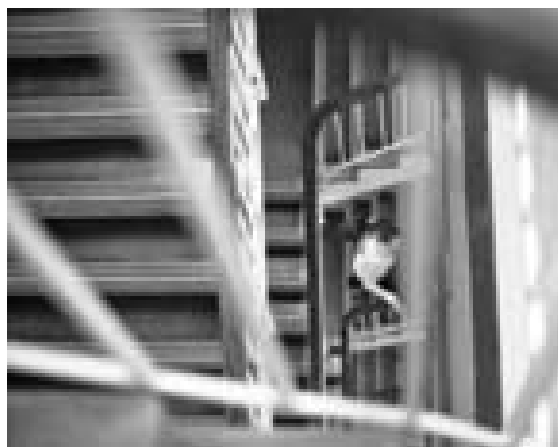


AWA, Sydney (manufacturer)
Australia 1913-
Empire State, Fisk radiolette 1936
bakelite, glass, metal
28.5 x 28.5 x 18.0 cm
Collection of Peter Sheridan and Jan Hatch, Sydney
© Peter Sheridan





Blue Breath
Véra Ada Daye
Digital Photograph



This page, clockwise from top right:
Shoegaze (Digital Photograph);
Climber (35mm Film);
Small (Polaroid).

Opposite page, bottom right:
gLing-gLo (60mm Film).



Negative Space
Véra Ada Daye
Digital Photograph

Véra Ada Daye is a second year Arts / Dip. Lang. student. She has been an experimental photographer for about three years. She uses an SLR and a medium format camera, and develops any black and white film herself. She also uses two Polaroid cameras to experiment with. She has a love of working with film, but is also a fan of digital.

To see more of Vera's work, go to:
www.veraada.deviantart.com

If you too would like to get your work published in *On Dit*, please e-mail us at ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

Your work could feature on our front cover. We are currently searching for an image for the front cover of our Japanese edition. If you have suitable artwork already or would like to create a piece especially for the edition, you can call us on 8303 5404 or come and see us in the Lady Symon building. For more details, drop us an email, otherwise just send your masterpiece into us by Monday, the 11th of August.



SERIOUS LITERATURE

WITH CONNOR O'BRIEN & ALICIA MORAW

Lit. Eds: In this issue we sort of blatantly copied the Vice Magazine 'global trend report' and called it the 'global literature trend report' because we couldn't think of anything better. We also have reviews of nice little paperback novels that you can read in the park while wearing your red beret to look like you are intelligent or whatever. Enjoy.

Global Literature Trend Report 2008, Part 1: China

MORE SEX AND CENSORSHIP.



According to an article recently published this July in the People's Daily Online (organ of the ruling Chinese Communist Party), "freedom of expression has been achieved in China and people can talk and write whatever they like. There is [sic] little taboos in China." It is difficult to gauge whether or not this statement is an accurate reflection of the contemporary Chinese literary climate - at the same time as the Chinese population is becoming more willing to enter into frank open discussions of sex, politics, and religion, the Chinese government continues to block virtually the entire internet, and is holding at least 44 writers in prison.

Some call the Communist Party's internet censorship the 'Great Firewall of China'. Typing 'democracy' or 'Falun Gong' into any search engine in China results in an immediate error message. It is impossible to access sites as diverse as livejournal.com, wikipedia.com, bbc.com, and (perhaps most saddeningly) perezhilton.com. If you want to start a blog in China, you are asked to register under your real name, for tracking purposes.

Because the government no longer explicitly states what is and what isn't acceptable to discuss (nobody knows whether or not it is now acceptable to criticise the late Chairman Mao), it is left to individual writers and bloggers to self-censor.

Forty-four contemporary writers have realised the necessity of self-censorship, the hard way. Guo Qizhen was jailed after publishing dozens of articles on overseas internet sites criticizing the Communist

Party. Kong Youping was sentenced to fifteen years in prison for writing several poems online alluding (in lovely rhyming couplets) to state-sanctioned corruption. Other writers have been persecuted for supporting Tibetan separatism, or supporting the establishment of opposition political parties.

It would be incorrect, however, to say that nothing has changed since the days of the 'Cultural Revolution'. The Chinese are writing about things Chairman Mao would never have approved of. In fact, it seems that, as long as you don't bring politics into the mix, you can write about whatever you want. Writing about sex is particularly popular. In 2003, blogger Muzimei rose to fame in mainland China after her sexually-explicit blog was featured in the Chinese edition of *Cosmopolitan*. A decade ago, another young female writer, Mian Mian, published *La, La, La*, a collection of short stories exploring in gritty detail the Shenzhen club scene, suicide, drug (ab)use, prostitution, rape and promiscuity. *La, La, La* was a phenomenon. Mian Mian was not arrested for peddling 'anti-Communist obscenity'. Instead, the young author rose to national prominence, and ushered in a new generation of novelists unafraid to explore smack and smut in Shanghai and Shenzhen.

It is difficult to work out whether Chinese writers are 'more free' in 2008 than they were in, say, 1968. You can talk about sex but can't mention separatism. You can talk about drugs but can't mention democracy. That's literature in China in 2008.

SERIOUS LITERATURE SECTION

Global Literature Trend Report 2008, Part 2: Australia, US, and the UK

BOOKSTORES BATTLE BANKRUPTCY. YOUNG WRITERS BLOG.



There is almost no interesting fiction on the shelves of Australian, American, or British bookstores anymore. Because more people are buying books from online resellers such as Amazon.com (which offers a virtually infinite selection), and less people are reading overall, it is becoming nearly impossible for 'bricks-and-mortar' booksellers to turn a profit. Reduced profitability has forced the larger booksellers to significantly reduce the selection of available on-shelf fiction, and concentrate on heavily marketing top-selling authors - think Paulo Coelho, Dan Brown, Jodi Picoult, or Janet Evanovich - instead of taking a chance with younger and more experimental authors.

The big bookstores have no choice but to focus on the bottom-line. Last year, Borders (the second-largest bookseller in the world) divested itself of its UK and Ireland businesses. Then, earlier this year, Borders was forced to sell off its Australian operation (to competitor Angus & Robertson) in order to 'concentrate on its ailing North American operations'. In March, Borders announced that it had resorted to begging its largest shareholders for money in order to remain in business in the US.

Australian book resellers are struggling as well. In August 2007, Angus & Robertson sent a letter to smaller publishers demanding stocking payments of between \$2500 and \$20,000. In the eyes of most publishers, this was a form of blackmail - 'pay us to stock and sell your books, or your sales will drop by 18 per cent [Angus & Robertson's share of the Australian retail book market]'. The result is that novels such as Alexis Wright's *Carpentaria* (winner of the prestigious Miles Franklin Award for best Australian fiction in 2007) are no longer available in most Angus & Robertson retail stores because publisher; Tower Books was unwilling to comply with Angus & Robertson's extortion-tactics.

Amazon.com could be to blame for the downturn in the retail market. Because niche books are not available at bookstores (which are limited by physical floor-space), consumers are turning to Amazon,

whose range is unparalleled - just about any book that is currently in publication in English is available on Amazon.com.

Late last year, Amazon introduced the Amazon Kindle, an e-reader intended to be the 'iPod of digital literature'. It is difficult to work out whether the Kindle was an unmitigated success or a complete failure - the device was so popular that, after going on stock in November 2007 and selling out on the first day of sale, it remained unavailable until April, but the device still has serious faults (it can't display colour images, loads pages excruciatingly slowly, looks like an oversized 1989 Nintendo Gameboy, and is not available anywhere outside the United States), and is only a novelty to most. If e-books do take off any time soon, Amazon will make a killing.

As a result of the downturn in the retail book market, young English-speaking (and writing) authors are self-publishing on blogs and online literary journals. The 'internet school of literature' presently centers around New York-based poet and novelist Tao Lin (www.reader-of-depressing-books.blogspot.com), and online literary journals such as *Elimae* (www.elimae.com), *Lamination Colony* (www.laminationcolony.com), and *Bear Parade* (www.bearparade.com). Naturally, internet lit writers blog regularly, and are in constant contact with their readers.

In Australia, the US and the UK, major bookstores, facing bankruptcy, are turning into mass-market shit-peddlers. Meanwhile, the world's largest online bookseller, Amazon.com, is living the dream. Young writers, realising that getting their books on store shelves is now nearly impossible, are self-publishing on the interwebs. That's literature in the English-speaking world in 2008.

TINY PEOPLE WRITE TINY FICTION.



You might forget this, but a decade ago, literally nobody used the short messaging service - SMS. You only sent your first 'txt msg' eight years ago, and it took you ten minutes to work out how to type 'cu l8er'. You didn't send many SMS messages until six years ago, because none of your friends were 'into it' until then. Today, our society is so perpetually sore-thumbed from hardcore textual abuse that it is impossible to comprehend the existence of an SMS-less universe.

You probably spend more time reading through SMS messages and Facebook comments than you do reading 'serious literature'.

You are also probably less likely to stumble upon antiquated words like 'great', 'too', or 'why', than you are to come across their modern equivalents 'gr8', '2', and 'y'. In France, the most popular way to write 'fuck you!' is no longer 'tais toi!' but the SMS-abbreviated 't toi!', which has deeply saddened those who are committed to preserving the integrity of the French language.

The mobile phone is central to literature in Japan in 2008.

Last year, the most popular novel in Japan was written entirely on the alphanumeric keypad of a mobile phone. Love Sky, by prolific 'cell phone novelist' Mika, sold over two million copies. 'Cell phone novels' are created and consumed on mobile phones, read as a series of downloaded TXT messages.

Japanese critics have variously hailed cell phone novels as 'modern haiku', or else derided them as 'waste sludge' - the reality is somewhere in the middle. Mika's Love Sky use of language isn't beautiful, but her story is compelling, all the more so for being composed while likely battling against the idiosyncrasies of the Nokia T9 text input dictionary.

A 'chapter' of Mika's Love Sky was translated late last year by Asian-American culture magazine Chopsticks New York (a full English translation in the future is unlikely):

"Jesus! I am sooo hungry/Can't wait no longer"/ Mika opened the bento-box/on her desk as usual/ "I hate school"/But the only pleasure I'm looking forward to/is lunch with Aya and Yuka/my new best friends in this new class/"

In English-speaking countries, cell phone novels haven't yet taken off, and perhaps they never will. The internet startup Quillpill (quillpill.com), which launched last month, provides a micro-publishing system allowing English-speaking users to 'Tell a little story, 140 characters at a time'. So far, the site has failed to attract attention and most of the micro-novels available on the site so far are either unfinished or utterly unreadable.

The Japanese are daring and experimental when it comes to fiction. Before cell phone novels, the predominant form of popular literature in Japan was manga (graphic novels). The Japanese apparently just don't give a fuck about how they are perceived by the outside world, and don't care whether their literary culture is perceived as childish or dumb-assed. That's literature in Japan in 2008.

Book Shop Speak

I like books. I really like them. So much so, that when I calculated the total amount that I've spent on books, it came to around \$6,000 and that's with 20% discount! No wonder I have no where left to put books in the house. I was talking to people the other day about what they do with their books once they've read them. Do they keep them on the shelves and read them again or do they store them and forget about them? Do they give them away or sell/exchange them? Or do they do the most sacrilegious thing in the world - throw them away in the rubbish?

Many people keep their books and lend them out to people. I'm an advocate for this, but the problem is that when you lend them to people, they end up keeping the books. Then when you want to refresh your memory of the book, it's gone and if it was one of your favourites, you have to re-purchase it like I recently did with Isobelle Carmody's *Obernewtyn*. I couldn't find my copy and I knew that I had lent it to someone three years ago... I just couldn't remember who to ask for it back. However, it is a good thing, as it cuts down on your stockpile for a while, it lets you believe you have less so you can buy more.

I have a friend who is a big participant in the book exchange process. In the city there is a little book exchange place (just down the side street next to Novo in Rundle Mall) and she has all the decent latest popular release fiction. My friend usually carts a giant bag to the exchange to sell her books or on the odd occasion if she sees something, she'll exchange for more. It's a decent system and it works out so you're getting rid of books as well as getting books for a reduced price. Who cares that someone's read them before you? It's what happens in the library.

Working in a bookstore, you do throw out the odd book or two. You have to; otherwise you're left with the rubbish books which are ripped or really old. However there is the other reason books get thrown out at my work. To clear space. In our back room, it gets so clogged up with reading copies of books (some which even I wouldn't touch with a ten-foot barge pole) so a ruthless culling occurs, and anything that's been there for over six months and hasn't been touched gets chucked. This hurts me, as I'm a firm believer in the sacredness of the book, but, I can understand why it happens.

Finally, you have my method of the books. That is keep them in piles around your bed and never give them away or sell them. It doesn't work in terms of space. I have so many piles that I would need at least five more bookcases to even clear half of them. I also have them in my wardrobe, under my bed, under my desk and dressing table and scattered artfully around the house (which is driving my mother insane as she likes everything to have a place). I just got three new bookcases and that didn't even make a dent in the books! To make me happy all anyone needs to get me is a bookcase and I'll be their slave for life.

Buying books is a habit. One I can't seem to shake. I may have to investigate this 'selling' of books situation. Or one day you'll read about the girl found in her room covered in piles of books which had toppled onto her and crushed her as there were so many...

Anonymous

REVIEWS



The Séance

John Harwood

(Publisher: Jonathan Cape, April 2008)

In the tradition of gothic novels, John Harwood brings *The Séance*, a novel set in London in the 1880s. John Harwood's second novel, *The Séance* is a thrilling, not to mention chilling tale set in Victorian England. The tale begins with Constance Langton taking her mother to a séance. After growing up in a house with a distant father and a mother who is in constant grieving for a lost child, Constance is desperate to coax her mother back from the brink of death. However, this is a mistake on Constance's behalf. The séance has tragic consequences and Constance is left on her own, with an inheritance which will cause her no end of trouble. Constance's inheritance is part mystery, part house. Years ago, a family disappeared at Wraxford Hall, a mansion on the Suffolk coast, which is crumbling away. Constance needs to find out what happened, even if it means losing her own life.

Harwood writes in a first person narrative, but switches between different characters to bring the story to life. This is a chilling tale, full of suspense and mystery. It is a traditional gothic novel, written in 2008. It has all the hallmarks, what with a deteriorating mansion, an orphan, mystical occurrences and mystery all rolled into one. This is a fantastic thriller novel, superbly written, with rich descriptions and engaging characters. A highly recommended read, but not on a cold and wintery night... unless you like to be scared.

Alicia Moraw

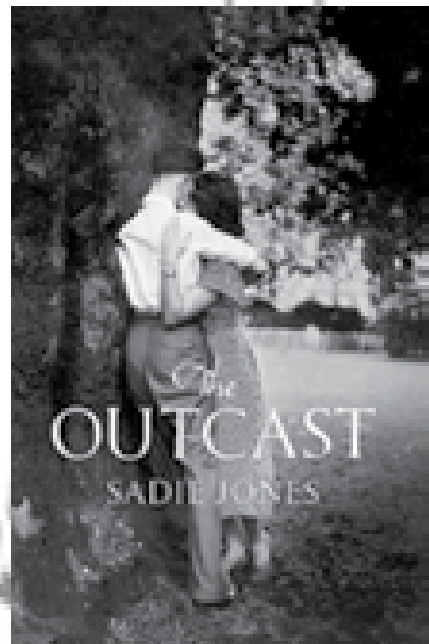
The Outcast

Sadie Jones

(Publisher: Harper, March 2008)

The Outcast is Jones' first novel. It tells the story of Lewis, who as a child witnesses the drowning death of his kindhearted, alcoholic mother. Her death leaves Lewis at the mercy of his father, a man unable to deal with his grief at his beloved wife's death. Much of the story revolves the relationship between Lewis and his father. Complicating things is the setting: a small, northern English town where one's reputation is impossible to escape. *The Outcast* is one of those novels that starts at the end, has the beginning in the middle and works its way back to the end. The motivation is more important than what actually happens. *The Outcast* is both coming-of-age novel and a story of the effects of love withheld. In my opinion the ending is not entirely believable, and lessens the emotional impact of the book. Nonetheless, the characters are convincing and complicated, and their various trials and frequent spells of bad luck had me reading on way past a reasonable hour.

Myriam Robin



Call for submissions:

If you write poetry/short fiction/essays/reviews
email ondit.literature08@gmail.com
and we will publish you
if we like you.

Music

Our totally awesome music subbies and contributors have been working hard over the semester break to bring you the latest and greatest in music. We've got the goss on Splendour, reviews and interviews. So read on tune-loving friends, read on...

Sparkadia

You have probably heard of Sparkadia. A couple of months ago their debut album *Postcards* was featured on Triple J. They also recently completed a run of national dates stopping off in Adelaide to play a show with Perth's the Dirty Secrets at Jive. At the moment they are probably still overseas having just played Glastonbury and T in the Park not to mention several other high profile festivals. I asked Alex, vocalist/guitarist, and Dave, drummer, how they felt about their recent run of good fortune. "It's pretty sweet", Dave confides. Of course it wasn't always like this. "It's been a real long hard slog and the combination of 'a lot of luck and a lot of hard work'," Alex tells me. The guys then explain how they spent nineteen hours in a tour van with The Cops to get to a show in Sydney, having just played in Adelaide.

Inevitably, I got onto the subject of Sparkadia's early days. Alex and Dave were school mates who only bonded over a love of Metallica and 'Maiden. I gasped in the realisation that I had finally discovered some like minded heavy metal fans. We spent a little time discussing the early career of Pantera and eventually got onto the subject of Megadeth. That we both shared a common belief in 'Rust in Peace' as their finest body of work, and that 'Tornado of Souls' was the highlight of the CD, was interesting. I mean how could a band who admires the ear splitting, shredding genius of Marty Friedman produce the brand of crisy pop Sparkadia are becoming known for? "There's always something good about all different types of music," says Dave. I couldn't agree more. The guys did assure me, however, that they were not drawing any lyrical inspiration from the alcohol, and 'I'm bitter 'cause I got kicked out of Metallica'-induced rants of Dave Mustaine. Definitely a positive.

The band draws musical inspiration from a diverse number of sources. Currently the guys are wrapping their ears around the new Death Cab for Cutie album and anything produced by Stacked Records. Alex also recalls how a record store just around the corner from his house would offer up ten records for one dollar. "Nothing is sacred", Alex says, "we're inspired by everything from film soundtracks to dodgy eighties music."



One of the groups defining moments occurred at Splendour in the Grass in 2003. Alex and Dave tell me how they were blown away by a set from the Doves. "We wanted to do something in a similar fashion." For the next five years the band worked hard on perfecting their craft and handed out demos to friends.

Their hard work has definitely paid off with the band spending the better part of 2007 overseas both recording and notching up some major support slots. The band now considers prep-rockers Vampire Weekend, Jimmy Eat World, The Thrills, Ben Lee and Death Cab for Cutie among their close mates. "We have learnt a lot about ourselves from touring with other bands." Their run of dates culminated in the band recording their debut album in the UK with respected producer Ben Hiller. The guys described the recording process as "very intense. We had twelve days to do twelve songs. Ben really helped us though. He is an addict for sounds."

Anyone who has heard the finished product will agree that Sparkadia is a band on the rise with a bright future.

Mitch Waters

The Wombats

The Wombats are a three piece indie-pop act hailing from Liverpool. Chances are you've caught some of their radio friendly record spinners on Triple J. By my reckoning the group first appeared on the airwaves late last year with the infectious 'Let's Dance to Joy Division'. They followed up with 'Kill the Director' and 'Moving to New York', both coming from their debut album *The Wombats Proudly Present: A Guide to Love, Loss and Desperation*.

When I spoke to drummer, and occasional vocalist, Dan Haggis, he was waiting to board a plane out of New York's JFK airport. The band had just finished adding that city to their already impressive C.V. Dan tells me that two days previous the guys were in Holland and before that were dates in Belgium, France and the UK.

He insisted that the meteoric rise of the band, who only formed in 2003, had been "...a very, very pleasant shock. All of us are really blown away and humbled by the success of the band." Dan tells me the guys are looking forward to playing Australia again. He described their last visit in March as "...a beautiful time. The sun was shining, the album was taking off and we were blown away by the crowd response." Despite the devotion of the Australian fans, nothing can compare to the fanaticism of the groups supporters in their home country. "The UK is ludicrous. Every time we play at home now we are practically guaranteed an audience of five thousand. We almost don't need to sing anymore."

The story of the band begins at Liverpool's Centre for Performing Arts. Dan and singer Matthew Murphy met while doing a one year crash-course in popular music and technology. In Dan's words, the two bonded "over a love of the absurd" and started hanging out. It was through the performing arts institute an opportunity arose to play in China for a crowd of over ten thousand. Naturally they jumped at the chance



although the band's inexperience did manifest itself on one memorable occasion. Dan recalls how front man Matthew Murphy told the crowd how great it was to be in Shanghai when they were actually in Beijing. Despite this minor hiccup, the band's first foray overseas led to bigger things. During the course of their Chinese experience the band met a journalist working for *The Guardian*. A subsequent article in that paper got people asking "Who are The Wombats?" Despite this early success The Wombats never took any show for granted. "We took each gig as it came. We never really had any goals. We just wanted to be on stage as much as we could."

Before my limited time with Dan came to an end I had to ask about the name. Was it some kind of homage to Australian wildlife? "We didn't have a name for a while, actually, but one day Murph and I saw a picture of a wombat on the internet and wondered what it was. We started calling each other wombats and one day when someone wanted to know what we were called, that was the first thing that came to head. It just sort of stuck."

The band returns to Australia in August for another run of national dates. Limited tickets are available from Venuetix for Wednesday, July 30th at The Gov (their August 7th show is Sold Out).

Mitch Waters

I admit that I have never done an interview in my life, so when the chance came up to talk to Scribe on the phone I was pretty nervous. I now have one important tip for other first timers - check whether the arranged interview time is South Australian or Eastern Standard. Trust me, this makes a big difference. Nobody told me about this, so I ended up doing the interview in Borders with a loud coffee machine in the background and some guy staring at me the entire time (thanks Emma for helping me record and transcribe my hurried efforts!) Fortunately Scribe was great to talk with - open, relaxed and very down to earth.

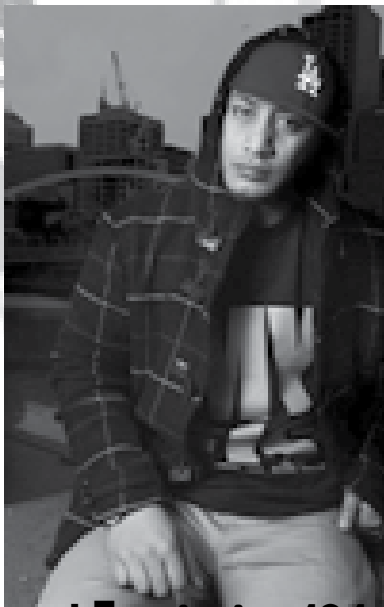
Scribe (or Malo Luafutu) is one of the big names performing at Splendour, and is particularly looking forward to seeing Devo and their "funny hats." Scribe himself should certainly be a draw card, with both NZ hip hop and his own music gaining ever more international prominence. P-Money, for example, has worked with Akon, and rapper Savage has been signed to label Universal Republic thanks to his song 'Swing' being featured on the hit movie *Knocked Up*. Scribe believes that "being signed to an American label is a huge thing for all of us because it means that the world just got a little bit smaller, and NZ hip hop will definitely be something people look out for."

Scribe's reputation has been further boosted overseas thanks to a recent remix with Wyclef Jean on the song 'Fast Cars', after he visited Australia for the MTV awards. Working with the incredibly popular and respected artist was, "...awesome, I mean back in the 90s I was a huge Fugees fan, so Wyclef is definitely someone I look up to and admired for many years. I was like a little kid, didn't know what to say, still star struck, still kind of can't believe it to this day. It was an amazing experience. It was just valuable and a huge honour." He has also collaborated with his family, with cousin Tyra Hammond providing vocals for the catchy single 'Say It Again'. "It was funny actually, I had wanted to use her on my first album to sing the chorus for 'Dreaming', she was only sixteen at the time, but it cost a lot of money to fly her out to recording and I didn't have it." He plans to continue recording with his incredibly musical family in the future, and is currently working on finishing his third album.

And for all those heading to Splendour, can you expect to hear 'Not Many', everyone's favourite Scribe track? "I'm kind of sick of it but I guess it's just one of those songs that I'm stuck with forever. As long as the crowd likes it and enjoys it, I'll keep doing it."

Barbara Klompenhouwer

Interviewing 101.
A Lesson with
Scribe



Gig Reviews

Mid-year break is a good time to get out and see some live music.

Here's some of the best stuff...

If you consider yourself a scenester or just enjoy a good gig now and then, why not write about it? To write a gig or CD review for *On Dit*, please just e-mail: onditmusic@gmail.com. We also welcome feature articles if your pen skills can hack it!



Cut Copy

HQ

June 12, 2008



I never would have guessed that Cut Copy's sound, especially some of their *In Ghost Colours* material, would have translated so well live. The show wildly exceeded my expectations, with obvious crowd pleasers like 'Hearts On Fire' and 'Lights & Music' going off but also some of the lower-key tracks from *In Ghost Colours* and *Bright Like Neon Love* getting a new lease of life from an enthusiastic and spirited performance.

'Nobody Lost, Nobody Found', combined with the patient build-up of its brief companion track 'Visions', was an excellent choice for an opener, setting the tone for the night, getting the crowd going with its obvious danceability. Mitchell Scott's drums kicked in with an unexpected, but wholly welcomed, vigour that kept the energy levels cranking all night.

This energy was reflected in his band mates, but the great thing is there was a pleasant simplicity to their performance during the night. Nothing felt try-hard and everything felt as though it came naturally to them and when bands work like

that live, with great chemistry, they really excel and let their music come to the fore.

So it proved, as the set ebbed and flowed effortlessly with the crowd on their feet loving it. I was surprised at the level of energy some of their more down-tempo tracks like 'Out There On The Ice' and 'Future' brought to the set. Cut Copy's music is pretty much classic sing-along, hands in the sky, dance all night stuff when performed live and there wasn't really a low point, with that same euphoric spirit maintained throughout the whole show.

If you have even a passing interest in what Cut Copy are about, I would highly recommend their gigs. A lot of fun and definitely worth checking out next time they're in town.

Angus Chisholm

The Black Keys

The Gov
June 23, 2008

Having missed out on The Black Keys' previous gig in Adelaide, I was not going to miss their return to our town. Rocking up at The Gov, I met my friends and waited for the support act, local group Lady Strangelove, to begin. Their psychedelic mixture of Wolf & Cub and The Mars Volta, with Zeppelin-inspired guitar riffage, confidently launched the night into a tight funnel of noise.

Enthusiastically jumping and rocking, The Black Keys looked happy to be there, and the opening trio of songs sets a high bar for the rest of the night to follow. Tearing through 'Girl Is On My Mind', 'Set You Free', and 'Thickfreakness', all classic Keys' tunes, in the first ten minutes, was not an easy task but singer/guitarist Dan Auerbach and drummer Patrick Carney wasted no time rewarding us for coming.

The main set covers all five of their albums, with highlights being 'Stack Shot Billy', 'Til I Get My Way' and 'Your Touch'. Breaking between songs to acknowledge Adelaide's sold-out show as the last stop on the Australian leg of the tour, Dan's smooth voice carried the melody to us with a raw, laidback passion. This two-piece features an extraordinary level of talent and chemistry; Patrick may be one of the best drummers I've had the pleasure of seeing live - he is today's Keith Moon, but without being fucked on uppers, and Dan's crunchy blues riffing provides an excellent texture to the songs.

After the steam-engine drumming and bouncing guitar work of the main set's climax, the band returned to the stage for a piercingly cheered encore. They tore through a few more songs, including 'I Got Mine', from this year's excellent album *Attack & Release*, and closing with a powerful cover of 'Have Love Will Travel'. With their cool and honest music, The Black Keys played one of the better gigs I've been to this year - definitely a band worth seeing live.

Jimmy Gartner



O'Clock, Diesel Witch, Kirk Special

Live on Light Square
June 22, 2008



On *Dit's* own Kirk V. Special mentioned to us that he was putting on a showcase:

"Diesel Witch are Lo-Fi surf/cowpunk weirdos with awesome riffs. O'Clock are bringing britpop back, despite being Adelaidean. Kirk V. Special rocks the blues punk, if he does say so himself." Erm, yes please!

Apologies to O'Clock, whose performance we missed because we are boozy hags.

Diesel Witch is an intriguing young band that is (thankfully) very good. And as promised, they do roll out the Lo-Fi sound with pimply enthusiasm. It's just a shame that we spent a good deal of their performance mulling over the fact that we could have been the parents of most of the kids in the room.

Two band members switch between drums and vocals/guitar, and with the change of lead vocals the sound of the band also changes quite markedly. One frontman led songs that sounded how The Kinks might have sounded if Ray Davies had been listening to The Hives, and the other's songs took on more of a psychedelic/grunge/garage feel. The dilemma is that both permutations of the band really were great, but the switching between the two makes for a confusing experience. Oh well, a decision for another day I suppose. Well worth a look if you get the chance.

Kirk V. Special closed the night with a foot-stomping swampy blues set. Perched atop a kick drum with a tambourine around his ankle, he mixed originals with covers of the likes of Tom Waits and The Black Keys. Spesh knew what his niche was and stuck firmly within that, and the kids just loved him for it.

Highlight of the night was seeing Kirk and Diesel Witch get together onstage and bang out 'Bad Kids' by Black Lips. Yes.

Music(al) Review

The Wedding Singer

(Matt Byrne Media)

I may have been a true product of the 90s but who the hell doesn't enjoy whipping out those Madonna cassettes or jumping around to Cyndi Lauper at Jive's 80s nights? In 1998, Adam Sandler and Drew Barrymore reminded us that the 80s was fun and cool, yet still quite daggy. Matt Byrne's production of *The Wedding Singer* at the Arts Theatre managed to carry this enthusiasm for a great era and a much-loved film onto the stage for all of Adelaide to witness.

The leggy Claire McEvoy seemed to be channelling Drew Barrymore but also added her own bubblyness to the character. Adam Sandler has left very big shoes to fill and when I first saw the poster for the show I was apprehensive with a red head being cast in the role! Rohan Watts, however, did not disappoint. He gave the character a far more rocky edge that was needed for this show.

Whoever was in charge of casting did a fantastic job with the supporting roles. Almost outshining the leads included the campy David Salter as everyone's favourite pulpy George, Chris Bussey's Disney-esque Grandma Rosie, sleaze-ball Glen executed perfectly by Njal Venning and voluptuous Tegan Gully's polished vocal performance as Julia's best friend Holly.

Special mention to Jessica Lynch who was hilariously awesome as Robbie's bitch of an ex, Linda. Unfortunately, she is barely in the show, but when she was, I would generally be in fits of laughter.

For fans of the film, there are differences between the two, so don't expect an 80s soundtrack because copyright laws have prevented this, but watch out for the tunes penned by Adam Sandler, they're hard to forget. Kim Clark's musical direction and the orchestra outdid themselves with their wonderful performance of the 80s inspired musical numbers.

Watching this production almost led me to forget that I was indeed at an amateur show. The costumes, calibre of acting, singing and production values were all of a high standard that is not always apparent in local musicals.

Kudos to all involved.

Mac Daddy

If you would like to catch a regional performance of the show in Renmark on August 2nd at 2pm and 8 pm, book via 8586 1800 (Chaffey Theatre)



Gig Guide

What's coming up...

Thursday July 31

The Breeders (USA)
8pm, Fowlers Live, Adelaide, SA,
\$50 (+ bf)

Friday August 1

British India
Governor Hindmarsh Hotel

Clue to Kalo
9pm, Rocket Bar

Funky 'n' Lively
DJ Medhi
DJ Stephen King
9pm, Crown & Sceptre Hotel,
Adelaide
free

God God Dammit Dammit
Kill A Celebrity, Guantanamo Bay
City Rollers, Laser Death Ray,
Pathetic Humans
9pm, Enigma Bar \$7

The Scissor File
Envy Parade, The Jetpack
Escapee Scene, The Fak, Chasing
Phoenix
9pm, Fowlers Live, \$10
licensed all ages

Transmission
Ross Ross Ross
Travis, Naomy-oh-my, DJ Kraig
Black
10pm, Bull and Bear Alehouse,
\$5

Your Motive For
Fear in Dakota, Raw Ether
7pm, Uni Bar, Adelaide University,
free

Saturday August 2

The Gaslight Anthem (USA)
A Death in the Family
8.30pm, Enigma Bar, \$23.80 (+ bf)

Jive's 5th Birthday
Special Patrol
The Trafalgars, Jackson Firebird,
The Beards, John Woods
9pm, Jive

The New Electric
She Said You
8pm, Electric Light Hotel

OK Peligro
Spacebong, Kill A Celebrity, Prison
Bitch, Gundum
8pm, Worldsend Hotel

Percussion Junction
Bentley
8pm, Crown & Sceptre Hotel,
Adelaide, SA

Peter Combe
2pm + 8pm, Governor Hindmarsh
Hotel \$22 (+ bf) - \$25 (at door)

Regal
10pm, Rocket Bar

Revenge!
Artist/s unknown
10pm, Enigma Bar, Adelaide, SA,
\$3

Wintercherry
9pm, Arkaba Hotel, Fullarton,
free

Monday August 4

Devo (USA)
Regurgitator
Thebarton Theatre, Torrensville,
\$88.50

Tuesday August 5

Tracer
Black Knight
5.30pm, Uni Bar, Adelaide
University, free

Wednesday August 6

Lyrics Born (USA)
Electric Light Hotel

Robert Forster
8pm, Governor Hindmarsh Hotel,
SA, \$34.40 (+ bf)

Thursday August 7

Emma Dean
Ben Stewart
8pm, Crown & Anchor Hotel

Horsell Common
9pm, Jive, Adelaide, SA
licensed all ages

Friday August 8

Carpathian
Break Even, Broderick
6pm, Fowlers Live, \$13.50 (+ bf)
licensed all ages

Emma Dean
Jayne-Anne Power
Wheatsheaf Hotel, Thebarton, SA

J-Live (USA)

Paris, T-Kash, True Justice,
Kansel, Social Change, DJ Flo
Fada, Snair
HQ

The Mess Hall
Lady Strangelove, Mona Lisa
Overdrive
9pm, Enigma Bar, \$18.50

The Sunpilots
Galleon, Master Thief
8pm, Jive, \$10 (+ bf)

Saturday August 9

DJ Kano172
10pm, Rocket Bar

Gosh!
DJ Craig
9pm, Jive, free

Lowrider
8pm, Governor Hindmarsh Hotel,
\$15 (+ bf) - \$20 (at door)

Pete Murray
The Audrey's, Gin Wigmore
8pm, Thebarton Theatre,
Torrensville, \$50

President Dick
9pm, Governor Hindmarsh Hotel,
Front Bar, SA, free

Shot In Paris
Violent Hill,
12straightmonthsofwinter, Jack &
the Giant Killers
9pm, Enigma Bar, \$8

Track Team
Bentley
8pm, Crown & Sceptre Hotel



One Love
Sound Machine
Sony BMG



Me Vs You
The Fear Of Falling
Lance Rock



My Morning Jacket
Evil Urges
Spunk Records

One Love returns with a familiar blend of ghettech, crunk, funky house and indie electro. *Sound Machine*, the eighth compilative effort by the One Love brand sees little departure from their past mixes, relying on a well tuned and profitable formula in both a musical and financial sense.

The rise of One Love to musical megalith of the electronic dance scene has been astronomical. The expanding franchise consists of regular clubbing nights nationally, One Love TV, a burgeoning record label and some of the hottest names in the business. Grant Smilie is back and is joined by One Love DJ Matt Nugent, both mixing one disc each (*Midnight* (Nugent) and *Three AM* (Smilie)). Italian duo Crookers mix the third disc *Backroom* to which most of the criticism from online forums is directed. The similar sounding styles of all three blur into a pulsating machine-like mix of beats, synths and sexy vocals as the album title suggests.

Smilie et al. succeed in creating feel-good, danceable music from a balanced mix of 'MySpace artists' and more established acts such as Calvin Harris and The Chemical Brothers, whose song 'The Salmon Dance - Crookers "Wow" Mix' is a highlight. Unfortunately, silent periods during several tracks distract from the climax rather than aid in building up to it as they are often employed to do.

The blending of consecutive songs, allows you to transport the nightclub experience into your lounge room/car/bedroom. It's like a Friday night at Electric Circus without the pretentious fluorescent-clothed, sunglasses-wearing wannabe crowd that grace the album artwork.

Hardly ground-breaking and not too different from similar offerings, at times *Sound Machine* becomes repetitive and tiresome. As the One Love juggernaut continues to roll on with ever increasing speed, is it possible that artists are not realising the full potential of their material? I would say so.

This album crosses into the mainstream and is designed to appeal to the masses. Are we really that different from the dancing robots on the album cover?

Jarrold Dean

The Fear of Falling is one of those EPs which just gets better with volume. In fact I'd suggest that the cover needs the two words 'PLAY LOUD', printed in unmistakable 'obey-me-because-you-know-I'm-right' font. Prior to listening to the EP I had read the press release detailing their energetic live set and something about them having an edge. This got me rather excited, feeling that I may be stumbling upon something akin to a Stooges' record, something capturing the frantic energy of their live set that you could carry around in a nice little plastic case. So as soon as I got to my car I threw it on and was a little disappointed. Just about to condemn *The Fear Of Falling* to the ranks of mediocrity I gave it another shot on the home stereo, a little louder this time! Maybe concentrating on the road hid something or maybe it was just a question of volume; either way I found the edge I was hoping for.

Now they had my attention, the first two things I noticed were that they had a lot of cool guitar sounds throughout the album and I didn't really think much of the vocals. I get the impression that the vocal sound may have to be heard live to be truly appreciated. The EP is pretty consistent, with the end of most of the songs leading into the beginnings of the next one. The final track brings a surprising change of pace, giving the EP an extra dimension, that hints at some depth that may be tapped into for future releases.

The cover art is also worthy of note. It depicts an anatomical person with mechanical wings, cowering on a cliff; turns out this might have something to do with the title. The liner notes continue this theme showing the dejected individual plodding towards a barn to build a much more conventional flying machine but conclude with the ominous final line of '6 Degrees Of 98 Degrees, oh and we fall again.' Maybe the wings were a better idea?

DK

Obligatory pun: Winter begins and we put on our jackets. *Evil Urges*, the new release by My Morning Jacket, expands upon its predecessors' southern rock-meets-alternative sound to create a pleasing blend of ideas.

Enveloping the entire album is a great sense of intimacy, from the beautiful refrain in 'Thank You Too': "You really saw my naked heart/You really brought out the naked part" to the pleas for human contact etched into the lactative 'Touch Me I'm Going To Scream Pt 1', where Jim James sings "I see myself in you/I can tell by the sounds you make when you are pleased/You see yourself in me".

The swirling atmosphere created by this album differs from MMJ's previous albums, by deriding itself more from the band's new ambient flourishes than James' vocal reverb. Some excellent guitar-work finds its way onto this album, from the gentle melodies of the quieter songs to the Carl Broemel riffage of songs like 'Aluminium Park'.

One of the album's standout songs is 'Smokin' From Shootin' ', which begins with an atmospheric synth line and James' melancholic vocals before rising into a subtly epic anthem. With its frenetic falsetto and crunchy riff, the almost danceable track 'Highly Suspicious' brings to mind artists like Snowman. Contrasting this is the Neil Young-influenced simplicity of 'Librarian', a narrative depicting the "Simple little beauty/Heaven in your breath/Simplest of pleasures/The world at its best".

Despite going in a number of directions, the album is in fact unified by its themes of duality - old and new, loud and quiet, bitter and sweet. A delightfully melodic and intimate addition to My Morning Jacket's catalogue.

JG.

Music Reviews



**Adem
Takes
Domino**



**The Breeders
Mountain Battles
4AD**



**Dresden Dolls
No, Virginia
Roadrunner Records**

London-based Adem Ilhan (known artistically as Adem) takes you on a sleepy ride on his third self-produced, arranged and performed album, *Takes*. Close your eyes and let the carefully constructed elements of folktronica guide you into a lucid dream-like state. A 'covers record' by definition, *Takes* challenges the original composition and direction taken by various artists, both popular and obscure, between the years of 1991-2001. Seductively simple yet technically complex, Adem consistently creates this paradox and in most cases the new recordings rival the original sound.

The track-list features Bjork's 'Unravel', Smashing Pumpkins' 'Starla' and The Breeders' 'Invisible Man'. Each was an influence in a self-proclaimed period of enlightenment and growth. In a balding, aging man it is intriguing as to why this particular decade was especially informative.

Adem remains true to his live performances by relying on his acoustic guitar and tender voice but is also able to weave unconventional sources of sound such as cups and bike locks into his delicate musical framework. These compliment an eclectic mix of instruments with glockenspiel, Appalachian dulcimer, vibraphone et al. creating a dense, rich sound.

In temporarily leaving band Fridge, Adem is able to pursue his experimental brand of musical production. This instinctual arranging of music involves the spontaneous layering of various sounds.

In a biblical sense, Adam's loneliness was alleviated by the addition of Eve and one wonders whether, in a musical sense, the addition of an accompanying female vocal or other collaborators would be of benefit to Adem.

Mesmerising and hypnotic, *Takes* is a change of pace for the mainstream music listener. Don't be surprised to see it as an addition to the sleep disorder physician's armamentarium.

Jarrod Dean

The Breeders began as a solo project of Kim Deal during her time with the Pixies, which would ultimately contribute to the destruction of that band in 1993. Since then, The Breeders have had some success, the most notable example being the 1993 album *Last Splash* featuring 'Cannonball'. *Mountain Battles* is only their fourth album since they began in 1990.

At first, *Mountain Battles* didn't grab me; there are no really strong singles on it. Nothing about the album instantly steals your attention. Despite this, I found it quite easy to listen to and happily played it through several times in a row. The energy of the album ebbs and flows; at times the beats heat up a bit then trail off only to build up again. The songs are crafted and defined. The wealth of experience shines through with the quality of production and preciseness of the timing. While many songs are disjointed and eclectic, not a single note is out of place or refined into the flow of the song. Despite this seeming perfection the album lacks a lot of energy. There isn't a trace of that old Pixies grungy sound or of the energy of youth. This album feels as though it was crafted by aging rockers who have perfected the technique with time but have forgotten how to rock out.

That's not to say that I didn't like the album. Fans of a more melodic rock or slower alternative direction will certainly enjoy this album. There is a lot about this record which is really great. The odd balance of timing and instrument composure is great. Its subtle tones create a real atmosphere which makes it possible to throw on and listen through over and over, but it's also really easy to forget its playing and leave to grab a sandwich.

Ultimately fans of bands like TV On The Radio, or any eclectic alternative sounds, will get a lot out of this album. It definitely grows on you. Just don't expect anything to stand out and draw you in.

Hayden Moriarty

I'd never really gotten around to listening to the Dresden Dolls. Sure I'd heard a few of their more radio friendly offerings on Triple J, but save for that I knew nothing else of them. I couldn't even name one of their albums. Consequently I can't tell whether or not *No, Virginia*, the follow up to their sophomore release *Yes, Virginia*, is a progressive or regressive step for the Boston-based duo.

What I can tell you is that regardless of anything that has come before, or is yet to come, *No, Virginia* is a great album. From the snappy, slightly cynical opener of 'Dear Jenny', to the melancholy 'Sorry Bunch' and the closing homage to the Dolls' home town, 'Boston', this album rocks.

Songwriter Amanda Palmer's tortured and topical lyrics, "a little global warming never hurt no one", soar above her intricately crafted, catchy piano lines. Although the duo, the other half is drummer Brian Vigilione, does clearly benefit from a small overdubbing during the recording process, I don't think they would have much trouble at all pulling these tracks off live as a two piece.

Not many duos can generate such a diverse, textured sound over the course of a whole album without resorting to extensive overdubbing. For this the Dolls deserve some serious kudos. I can wholeheartedly recommend this album for all those Dresden Doll virgins out there.

Mitch Waters



Heavy Trash

Going Way Out With Heavy Trash
YepRoc

Jon Spencer of Blues Explosion/Pussy Galore fame and Matt Verta-Ray of New York beatpoet-punks Speedball Baby first collaborated in 2005, and clearly they thought it was a good idea because since that first outing they toured a few times, got together with alt-country darlings The Sadies, and recorded another album. Ladies and germs, HEAVY TRASH are BACK!

Listening to this album is sorta like having Jon Spencer DJ at your houseparty. Most of the songs flash back to an earlier era of music. Real good times are invoked, with a touch of Jon Spencer's signature insanity. Like in 'They Were Kings' ("Misunderstood GENIUSES of rock n' ROLL, wearin' sideburns: THEY WERE KINGS, baby!"). The music flashes back, too: songs like 'She Baby' and 'Kissy Baby' get all rockabilly happy-go-lucky and Verta-Ray's rollicking guitar makes me think that he was the NYC-raised lovechild of Scotty Moore (Elvis' guitarist, cats). 'Pure Gold', 'Way Out' and 'You Can't Win' see Spencer the beatpoet; 'Way Out' even features weird *Doctor Who* sound effects (along with top-of-the-class 50s-style riffing and found-sound, chain-gang percussion). The partytime gung-ho group vocals in 'Double Line' and 'They Were Kings' rocked my world, and they can rock yours too.

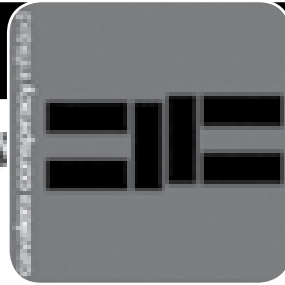
Listening to those songs is like crashing a big ol' party in the studio, and makes me pine for an Adelaide show (ha). Sounds fun. 'I Want Oblivion' stands out too. It sounds like London punk, but with breakdowns (in which the beat falls apart, Verta-Ray's guitar starts stabbing and spluttering freakily, while Jon Spencer howls gibberish). Dynamite stuff.

Oh, and the Australian version has extra tracks to the tune of 60's psychedelia-style 'Didja Hear My Name' and 'Kloi', and the poppy 'Pork Chop'.

Solid Gold Fun.

It wouldn't feel right giving this album a score out of five. If you know Jon Spencer already, you'll know what to expect. If you don't, you'll probably love it. Good time music like this should be heard more often.

Kirk V. Special



Cavalera Conspiracy
Inflikted
Roadrunner Records

A reunion that would make most metal-heads wet their beds, Max and Iggor Cavalera have again joined forces to release an album reaffirming them as one of the best brother line-ups in metal. With Max on vocals and rhythm guitar (his signature ESP with a mere 4 strings) and Iggor behind the drum kit, they produce a sound which is unlike anything heard from these two before. The rest of the band is fleshed out with Soulfly and ex-il Niño guitarist, Marc Rizzo and Joe Duplantier of Gojira, who bring the shredding guitar work and thumping bass lines respectively.

Sepultura fans should be very excited to see these founders of the band back together however this album is not a Sepultura reunion, nor is it just another album from Soulfly. This band has done well to have a distinctive sound. Certain inspiration can be found from previous bodies of work such as *Chaos A.D* from Sepultura and *Dark Ages* from Soulfly, but this album brings something different to the table with a harsh, angry sound for which Max is so well known.

Whilst I'm not the biggest Sepultura fan, and only whip out the Soulfly that I have every now and then, I can certainly see the appeal of this album: strong drums, nice guitar work, and of course Max's angry-sounding vocals (angry-sounding because they are angry, more or less).

It is a quality album right from the get-go: *Inflikted* starts off with a very metal-sounding intro followed up by some raw lyrics about the usual death, disease and general discontent. 'Heart of Darkness' shows off Rizzo's guitar in some true metal style solos with just a touch of sweeping.

If you are a Sepultura or Soulfly fan I strongly recommend you pick up this album but don't expect the same sound because Cavalera Conspiracy steps on new ground, with great effect. Even if you just want to hear what all the fuss about Iggor and Max getting back together is, then sit back and listen to *Inflikted* for some true angry metal.

Mr. Steed



Kora
Kora
Kora Ltd/Shock

Ask any of the music sub-eds about this CD and they'll probably start pulling their hair out, because THAT's how long they've been hassling me for a review. I'm not slack - I genuinely had trouble pinning this CD down.

Kora produce a brand of music that can only be categorised as 'dub' a style that evolved from reggae in the late 1960s and involves remixing, removing parts of and reshaping songs, usually with the help of effects, tonal manipulation and sampling.

Kora's self-titled album begins with a rich orchestral piece that descends into opening track 'Burning'- one of the album's best songs and additively heavy on the bass. Songs like 'Skankestein,' 'On My Mind' and 'Flow' really showcase the band's love of reggae, hip-hop, trance, heavy metal and everything in between.

'The Delivery Man' gives the album a funnier, lighter moment, whilst closer 'Culture' is possibly the album's most potent song - a greater examination of cultural genocide and perhaps an implicit reference to the band's Maori heritage.

The Kora brothers have out-done themselves with this release, and I recommend that you pick this album up next time you're browsing through a record store, if only to marvel at the artwork and ponder the future hybridisation of music.

KD

HOROSCOPES



WHO'S YOUR CELEBRITY HOROSCOPE FRIEND?!

AQUARIUS

JAN 20 – FEB 17

Circumstances will see your stability wane but holding onto your relationships tightly helps you stay grounded. You may be less confident in your new surroundings but the lessons you learn this month will challenge you and you'll come out a stronger person. Try to be more aware of the reactions of others around you. They will help you see yourself more clearly but don't let them dictate how to be happy. Ride to work.



PISCES

FEB 18 – MAR 19

If you're not happy with everyday life, you'll feel like escaping. The full moon will encourage you to find spiritual measures to apply to your current life to make the things that bind you more bearable. Weekend plans may change but prepare to be flexible and you won't be disappointed. Enjoy some sun but don't dry out. Take shorter showers.



ARIES

MAR 20 – APR 19

While you are naturally independent, this month you will find yourself swimming in responsibility. The sun is in your fifth house of self-expression, making sure you're the life of the party but the full moon will draw you back to the things that are tying up your free time. Despite these responsibilities you need to make sure you leave time to install that environmentally friendly solar panel on the roof of your house.



TAURUS

APR 20 – MAY 20

With the sun in Leo this month, creativity is flying into your lap despite your usual stable, sensible self. You will have grand ambitions in early-mid August, which may come across obstacles you didn't expect. You will also find you have an obsession with love during this time and will come crashing back to Earth soon after. Beware red capes - if you get angry, do something for someone else to make yourself feel better; like dinking them on your bicycle.



GEMINI

MAY 21 – JUNE 20

Your imagination is working overtime and you have great ambitions and dreams. There's no reason why these can't happen if you just put all of your energy into it. Early August will see you put in a lot of intelligent effort at your workplace and maybe even get a bit of recognition. You will expect more of your relationships too and a new level may be reached. Plant a tree... plant two.



CANCER

JUNE 21 – JULY 22

Look in the mirror and like it, 'cause it's all you got dude! The way you feel about yourself will reflect strongly this month with a pile of planets in your house of self-worth. If you feel better about yourself, you will see your relationships improve and you will no doubt get some. Feel hot, look hot, be hot. But don't forget to catch public transport more often because otherwise the planet will be hot too.



LEO

JULY 23 – AUG 22

With the sun in your sign, you grow like a flower in the Spring. You also get the best out of others with your fiery persona. This month will also see good stability in relationships and even a new romance. With Venus and Mercury in Leo, you will find a lust for life and love of love. Ask for the things you need and you will no doubt be given them. Don't restrain yourself - go ahead and recycle those bottles on your shelf.



VIRGO

AUG 23 – SEPT 22

Venus in your sign in late August could see you behave selfishly but don't let passion lead the way completely otherwise you will find yourself on an all-lettuce diet and in poverty. Keep your clarity to ensure you don't say the wrong thing - keeping a clear head can also help you get valuable insight. Continue to dream but show discretion in who you share with - you don't want to scare them off. Pick up your dog's poo.



LIBRA

SEPT 23 – OCT 22

You will find it hard to balance everyone's happiness this month. Put yourself first when having to choose between your projects and another's. Once the sun is in Virgo, you will find you have lots of time for those around you so why not volunteer or join a community group. There's plenty you can do for the environment!



SCORPIO

OCT 23 – NOV 21

The full moon will be in Scorpio this month and you will find yourself amidst a duel of inner and outer needs. You will find the things that you need to do and the things that you will find possible to do will differ. Expect to be highly strung in mid-August with things either going terribly wrong or exceptionally well. You will benefit better this month by being optimistic. A compost heap will turn something bad and smelly into something useful and good for your garden.



SAGITTARIUS

NOV 22 – DEC 21

The full moon will brighten your third house of information and you will find yourself discussing new and interesting ideas with inspiring people. However, you will find it hard to discern what is fact and what is reality - watch out for careless remarks or you could find yourself chewing your tongue. Use a positive outlook and high hopes to motivate you to do that thing you're dreaming about. For example; lowering your carbon emissions.



CAPRICORN

DEC 22 – JAN 19

This month will see you putting energy into what you share with others - similarities, interests and relationships. Be careful not to have unrealistic ideas about finances this month - you will quickly be reminded that you can't spend what you don't have. Modesty is the key and you will thank yourself for it. You will be more willing to talk about your desires this month. Make sure you use your environmentally friendly shopping bags.



MAC DADDY'S

NIGHTLIFE

"He knows, because he goes"



Averting the laws of masculinity...

A GUIDE FOR GEEKY GUYS

I've never been one for playing rough contact sports, one-upping mates into doing stupid things, beating on women, brawling, yelling obscenities from cars, beeping at women down Rundle/Hindley St in the hope that they will come over and proposition me etc. That's your typical Aussie guy right? OK so maybe the stereotype is a little extreme with domestic violence being a big no-no, but you get my drift. Me; a regular, scrawny dude. I thought the perfect start to my time as a nightlifer was to give guys in my category a few tips and tricks and maybe just give all you losers/geeks/non-muscular/anti-beef cake types a chance or at least a sense of not being alone!

GUIDE TO DRINKING:

Look, who really likes the taste of whiskey/scotch/bourbon anyway? Words of sacrilege down at the footy club I'm sure, but in my mind, I'd prefer not drinking something that makes me feel as though I'm slurping down an ash tray. The best way around the emasculation that goes hand in hand with drinking 'girl's' drinks like Vodka, Gin etc is to order them with Cola as the mixer. Those arse-slapping lads about the place will be none the wiser of your less than manly choice. Mac Daddy's Choice: Keep it simple, Vods and Coke.

Fortunately, for those who don't drink beer, it is becoming more and more commonplace to see testosterone toting gym junkies knocking back carb-free beers so if you wish to avoid the bloated feeling that we all thought only applied to girls at certain times of the month, never fear, carb-free is OK!

Mac Daddy's Choice: Watching the waist has never tasted so sweet than with a Pure Blonde.

My semi-accepted beer alternative comes in the form of cider. It's the all year round drink (although isn't that generally what most drinks are), great to crack open a cides with a glass of ice awaiting your chapped (possibly paw-pawed, depending on how far down the manliness scale you are) lips. Alternatively, there's nothing more refreshing than sitting around a cosy pub and having a pint of the apple flavoured stuff.

Mac Daddy's Choice: Strongbow 'Original' Draught (even I draw the line at 'sweet' flavoured cider, GROW A PAIR!)

TOILET STOPS:

It's the age-old battle, cubicle or urinal. My personal hang ups with this situation is that having to pee on a wall next to other guys does seem to be slightly archaic and just a little gross. I'm not one of those guys who sits down to pee, although surely if Larry David can get away with it, it must be cool. With that being said, I do feel as though just because I want a little privacy when taking

Memorandum for TJ

If you have turned to this page hoping to get another dose of awesomeness from TJ, it is with great sadness that I must apologise for TJ's absence... actually no fuck it, SHE HAS ABANDONED YOU ALL! TJ has jettisoned off to a land far away and has left us in the position of having to fill her little flat-footed shoes. As your loyal servant and co-editor in chief, I have taken this burden on. I will attempt to do justice to the large gaping hole that TJ's past alcohol-fuelled articles has left me. On a more serious note, we will miss her and she did us (and her liver) proud for the first six editions, but without further adieu, Mac Daddy takes over Nightlife!

a whizz, doesn't mean I should have to feel bad about it. If you don't want to do the totally unjustified 'walk of shame' to the cubicle in front of drunken louts or mosey around the toilets waiting for a cubicle to free up, in turn looking like a pervert, I have a sure fire way of getting that sought after privacy. It's nothing special, but if I need to do number 1s and haven't drank sufficiently enough to not care about who sees me use the urinal, I waltz into the men's room, scope the area, and if the cubicles aren't clear, just pretend you came into wash your hands. Sure, you don't get to actually relieve yourself but you get a quick scan of the surrounds and can judge whether it's worth waiting around or ducking back out to the D-floor for a few more minutes. Oh yeah, and don't even get me started on public pooping!

NIGHTSPOTS:

Strike these names from your list; no self-respecting male of any sort should be caught going to these holes. Places like HQ, and Shotz are passable if you aren't sure which way you're swinging or if you're so damn sure and desperate that you need a sure thing.* Specifically with HQ, if you're not wearing your low riding jeans that show off your D&Gs or Calvin Kleins, you might find yourself getting into a bit of physical trouble (and not the good kind) with girls who are on the arm of guys twice your size; it's just not worth it. My personal suggestion for a good night include partying the night away at Jive or going to the sure thing that is the Exeter for drinks with pals.

Hopefully now I have given the dweebs of Adelaide a bit more self-confidence and guidance. And to all you ladies out there, give 'em a go (read: me) just because we can't open your drinks with our teeth/eyes/biceps doesn't mean we aren't good value!

Love & MSG,
Mac Daddy

*Quality of 'sure thing' cannot be guaranteed



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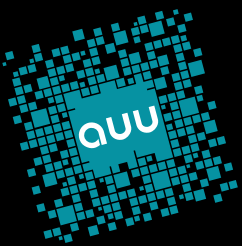


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