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# On Dit

ADELAIDE UNI STUDENT RAG  
VOLUME 73 EDITION 10 24/05/05



**On Dit**

**Volume 73 Edition 10 24.05.2005**

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

**Editors**

Clementine Ford  
Daniel Joyce  
Danny Wills  
ph: (08) 8303 5404

**Advertising Manager**

Melissa Fisher  
ph: (08) 8303 5004

**Printing**

Cadillac

**The Press Gang:**

**Current Affairs**  
Nick Parkin  
Alex Solomon-Bridge

**Opinion**

Nerissa Schwarz

**Film**

Lauren Young  
Sophie Plagakis

**Performing Arts**

Benedict Coxon

**Visual Arts**

Leo Greenfield

**Literature**

Now Hiring

**Music**

Jennifer Soggee  
Ben Vistoli

**Local Music**

Heather McGinn

**About the cover:**

**Wanna Write?**

Come down to our friendly little office. We're down in the basement of the George Murray building, next to the boy's loo (to our chagrin). Otherwise you can get in contact with us via email at [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) or call us on 83035404.

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**Flagons of wine to:**

Alexis for the endless proofreading, Stanley poo for moving our office around, the Union Stewards for doing such a bang up job on painting the walls, merchants of independent media, precious Anna, Hélène, Ozz, Pappa T for last week's logo, Nerissa for being such a hot date, little ducks that waggle their bottoms in the air when it's raining, cous cous for being so delicious and time economical, hot showers, and finally the sense of abandon and desparation one gets when they fall in love with a fictional character.

No thanks to Stanley poo for not putting the office back.

People who would play  
**Darth Vader better than  
Hayden Christensen.**



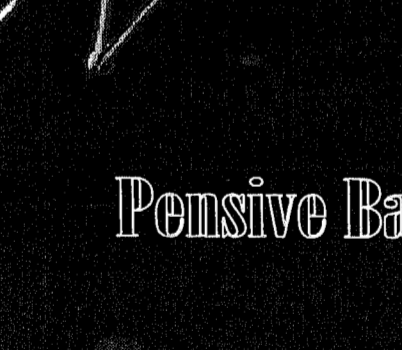
Bob Francis



Joan Crawford



Skullie



Pensive Baby



Ham Action Figure



Cigarette Bucket



**MEDIA WATCH  
WITH AUDREY HEFFERNEGGAR**



Donald Rumsfeld is a putz. George Bush is a jerk and Condoleeza Rice once mistakenly slipped and referred to el Presidento as her husband. How a trio of such hapless Decepticons can possibly be running the free world is beyond me.

Yet run it they are and in recent weeks the wrong arm of the right has extended itself once more to slap the wrists of the modern day indomitable Gauls still holding out against the invaders of so called 'inalienable' American constitutional rights.

Last week, award winning journalist Greg Palast awarded America's *Newsweek* his self created Cowardice in Journalism award for its hasty backpedalling on a story run regarding torture tactics employed in Guantanamo Bay. The reasoning for the rapid retreat? Well, there are three:

- Condoleeza Rice was "appalled that the story got out there".
- George Bush was "angry".
- Donald Rumsfeld said, "People lost their lives. People are dead."

Of course, the Axis of Evil aren't upset about the events leading to the story. Rather, they're distressed about the reporting of it.

Here's the lowdown - unfortunately I have to base it on second hand reports (of which Palast's column is the main proponent - hey, I trust award winning British journalists willing to say it like it is) because *Newsweek* has already pulled the article out of circulation. Veteran journalist Mike Isikoff (he of the

Clinton/Lewinsky scoop) wrote an article claiming torture tactics were being utilised in Guantanamo Bay (tell us something we don't know Mr. Isikoff). Based on statements made by an anonymous US Official, Isikoff further alleged a Qu'ran had been flushed down the toilet. It may not sound like much to us, but to a race of people who consider eating pork equivalent to eternal damnation, the backlash was severe. Upon hearing the allegations, Muslims across the Middle Eastern bloc took to the streets in protest, resulting in the deaths of 15.

As Palast points out, these deaths occurred at the hands of the Afghan Military Police - who operate under Rumsfeld's command. Palast quips, "Maybe Rumsfeld was upset that *Newsweek* was taking away his job. After all, it's hard to beat Rummy when it comes to making people dead."

Unfortunately, Isikoff's original source has now retracted his own allegations, claiming confusion over whether or not they actually occurred. Of course, it's easy to become confused when the entire country is calling for your blood.

**Rumsfeld has issued a warning to journalists and citizens alike: "People need to be very careful what they say."**

*The Washington Post*'s opening paragraph in the coverage of *Newsweek*'s retraction describes the article as 'an inaccurate report'. The article then dwells substantially on the perceived 'negative' effects of the "demonstrably false" story. Nowhere does *The Post* question the integrity of the Bush Administration's response.

*The Washington Post*'s managing editor is none other than Bob Woodward, one half of

the duo that broke the Watergate scandal back in 1973. Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein received Pulitzer Prizes and went down in journalistic history when their source, Deep Throat, handed them the scoop of the century. Their source was named after a misogynistic porno and they receive the highest journalistic prize possible. As the *Newsweek* palaver demonstrates, these days you need a lot more than a titillating moniker to cut the mustard. Of course, this is entirely dependent on which side of the mustard you're cutting. Palast claims countless unnamed sources are quoted with authority in the American press as long as they're saying nice things about the Government.

Most terrifying in this debacle is *Newsweek*'s ensuing public commitment to having its reports vetted by Rumsfeld's Defence Department before publication. Vetted. Before. Publication. As Palast says, "Why not just print Rumsfeld's press releases and eliminate the middle man, the reporter?"

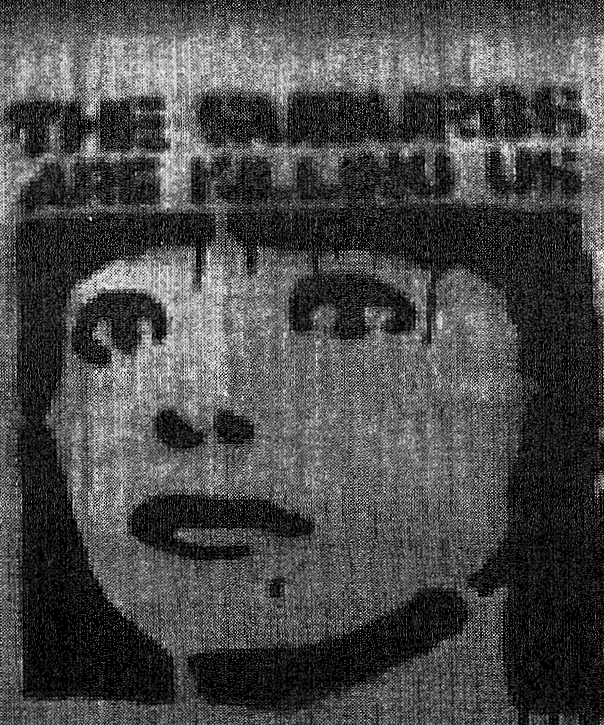
Okay, so we live in an age of apathy. People aren't down with protesting because they don't see any change being effected from it. But the fundamental right to freedom of the press is something everyone should be taking to the streets to protect. As soon as the press is silenced, we may as well give up any hope we have of living in a free and democratic world. Consume the news - endlessly question, critique and compare. Make a zine, learn how to stencil and always, always remind the powers that be that it is we the people who keep them accountable, not the other way around.

**Greg Palast's article can be found at:**  
<http://www.gregpalast.com>

**The Washington Post's article:**  
<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2005/05/15/AR2005051500605.html>

**Audrey Hefferneggar welcomes criticism. Email it to her at [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au)**

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# Editorials

A few specific encounters this week have gone a long way to confirming for me a long held suspicion that University has ceased to be the home of open minded, free thinking intellectuals, if it ever was at all.

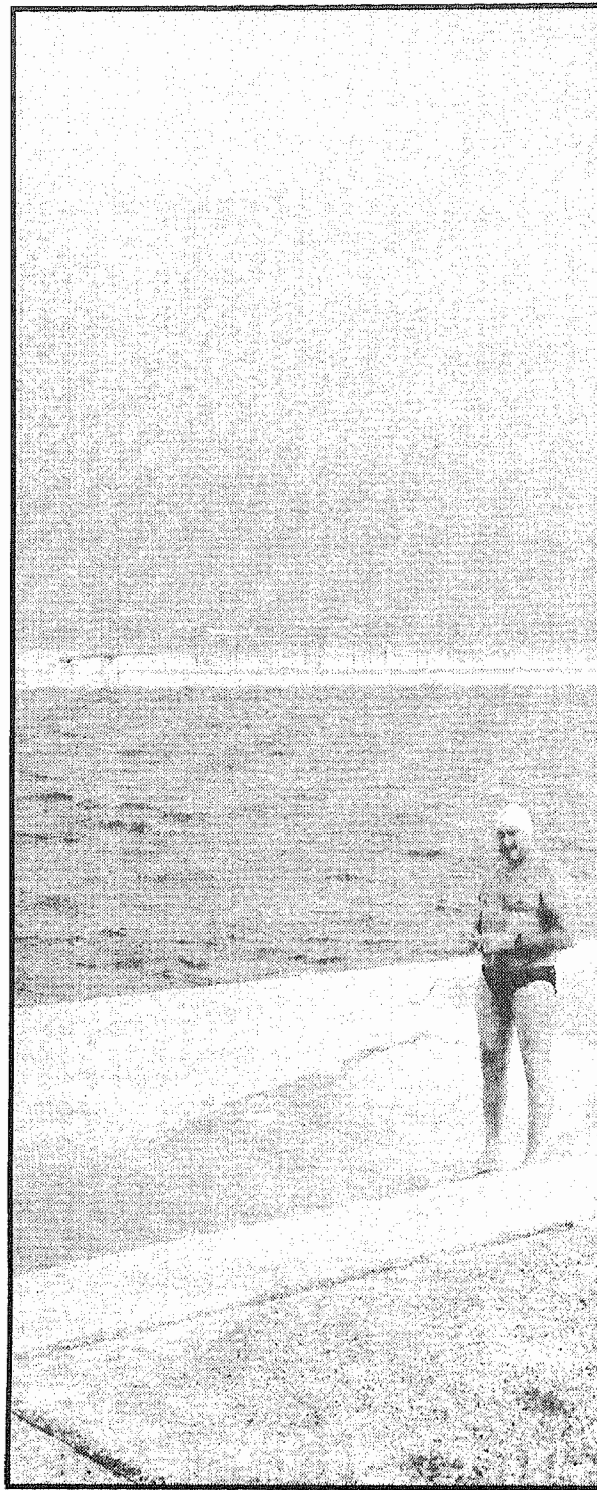
It's acknowledged across the board, happily by some and ruefully by others, that the modern University is not a place that produces complete citizens with a broad intelligence who are equipped to deal with the many curve balls life can throw at them, but rather specialised professionals custom built to fill their position. Even the humanities degrees (which, if their reputation is earned, should be abounding with boho geniuses) seem to be producing students who lack an understanding of the world outside that of their chosen discipline and lack the autodidactic approach to detect and rectify their deficiencies.

*On Dit* aims to serve two functions, to inform students of the issues that effect them and provide an arena for them to debate said issues, hopefully in a respectful and intellectual way. Instead *On Dit's* letters pages are often filled with arguments between opponents who are unwilling to budge even slightly on their position and unwilling to entertain, even for one clear, logical second, the views of the other side. Individuals clutch onto ideologies holistically leaving no room for independent thought. As a case study, lets use VSU.

Debaters fall into either the 'for' or 'against' categories, leaving no room for any intermediary positions. If one agrees, for example, that there is a lot of money unnecessarily wasted by Union bureaucracy, or that it's *not* unreasonable for the sports clubs to fund themselves through membership fees and fund raisers, one is unable to also be supportive of student representation and the sustaining of other essential services such as legal aid, child care and the EWOs.

All reasonable people (read: most students) acknowledge that the palate of life is comprised of thousands of shades of grey but we often refuse to allow ourselves the appropriate freedom when making ideological choices.

Danny



Dan J (photographed above) was taking 'time out' by the sea at the date of publication.

Here is a list of things that I love:

- Eating cous cous. It's such an easy meal to prepare and is a delicious alternative to rice. It can even be prepared while intoxicated, it's that easy. I like to eat it with chicken, vegetables and a dash of lemon juice. Scrumptious!
- Washing my hair. Nothing beats the feeling of a nice hot shower and hands working green tea shampoo into your scalp. Luckily, I have a big shower so I can sit down on the ground and really relax. It's a very clean shower too, so I don't have to worry about germs.
- Having a king size futon but decadently crawling up into the corner. I used to hate making the bed, but Anna taught me how to make the bed while you're still in it. You have to spread eagle yourself so the blankets all fluff out, then you crawl out of the corner. Voila!
- Falling in love with fictional characters. Currently I'm in love with Ryan O'Reilly from HBO's *Oz*. He's dreamy. I used to be in love with Christian Bale but he got married.
- Smoking. I know you're not supposed to like it because it's bad for you, but fuck it's good sometimes, especially when you've been waiting all day to have one and when you take that first suck it feels like you're going to fall over you're so excited.
- Reading bad teenage poetry on the internet. I used to follow this one site when I was Japan that had been set up as an arts project in Oregon. There were three regular girls that used write about 20 poems a day talking about how much they either loved or hated each other depending on what day it was. The poems were so bad sometimes I almost wet myself laughing.
- Looking at old couples who still walk down the street holding hands. It makes me want to cry that they're still so in love.
- Walking along at night listening to music and pretending to be in a music video. Everything's so much more fun at nighttime.
- Reading my old diaries. What a loser.

Bye!

Clementine

## Open Up The Family Court To The Public

A Family Court judge has jailed a man indefinitely in Perth's maximum security Hakea Prison. He was found to have transferred nearly \$500,000 into his girlfriend's Thai's bank account. This was after a property settlement went wrong.

The judge found him guilty of contempt of court. However no details were provided about the property settlement that caused the problem in the first instance? Was it fair or not?

The Court is silent. The decision cannot be reported because of secrecy provisions of the Family Law Act.

People are often ruined as a result of Family Court decisions. The general public should have the right to have access to information about what the Family Court is doing.

In the United Kingdom, their newspapers can

provide the names, addresses and occupations of the parties and witnesses in family court matters, the grounds of the application and a concise statement of the charges, defences and counter-charges in support of which evidence is given, submissions on any point of law arising in the course of the proceedings and the decision of the court and any observations made by the court in giving it.

Freedom of the Press should be one of the hallmarks of our democratic society. Therefore there is generally no justification for a "blackout" of family court proceedings.

John Flanagan

## Rupert Murdoch's Plan To Brainwash Adelaide Students

Letter to the Editors,  
The new American style University planned for Adelaide will be a setback for education

in South Australia. There is no doubt that it will be little more than a US tool for attracting overseas students from the region and brainwashing them with American ideas.

US propaganda will be rife throughout the texts as it is through most educational material. Infact, I was surprised recently by the purchase of an Oxford Grammar book (printed in USA 2000, as it turns out). The examples contained about 30 paragraphs with references to Saddam - Lets get him etc. Is there nothing sacred? When I wrote to the publishers asking whether the misuse of this book for propaganda was intentional, they replied that it was just incidental. Odd that a book on Grammar, where the placement of every word and full stop is important, that 30 pro-war references should be incidental.

A recent survey in the US of Fox News viewers found that the more people watched this channel the more misinformed they were by the propaganda. Our media is already doing the same, and it would be sad to see our Universities follow. I would strongly urge anyone studying at Adelaide to reject the new University.

Regards,

Peter Smernos

## Come For The Enlightening Political Discussion, Stay For The Hot Girls

Howdy Chaps,  
Congrats to the SAUA for organising the VSU debate the other night. It's just too bad that the only people who rocked up were current Office Bearers, random Labor hacks and a handful of Young Libs.

But then again, it wasn't the most engaging topic. I know I only rocked up to cop a perve at the Super Spunk, Demi Pnevmatikos. She spins my wheels. On top of that though, I'm keen to get a hold of the video recording, just to see how many times that bird in the front row nodded off during President Dave's 25 minute ramble.

Thanks to the Flinders NOLS crew who caught the bus up from the Vales. How did the NUS meeting go anyway? Let me know when the next road trip up to Baxter is, I hear the fishing's pretty good around Port Augusta this time of year.

Oh and finally, what a bloody shame it was that Senator Stott Despoja had 'parliamentary committee duties' to attend to that night and couldn't rock up. I hope the *Star Wars* premiere was good though (refer *The 'Tiser 'Adelaide Confidential'*, 19/5/05) - just what 'committee' was that for Tash?

Regs,

Alby Longbottom

Liberal MP for Boothby, Dr Andrew Southcott



Anonymous Hot Girl

## Under VSU This Sticker May Not Exist

To All,  
Again it seems that the Union has out-done itself with idiotic slogans and messages. "Under VSU this service *may* not exist" stickers attached to anything even remotely linked in less than six degrees to the Union. What is going to be next? Statements that the universe *may* collapse under VSU? Let's get a grip here Union, and start telling things straight.

As you have been telling us over and over, arms of the Union such as Mayo, Unibooks and the Unibar all run without funding from the Union, in fact they run at a profit and hence help the Union with fund-raising. So tell me, what retarded Union representative decided that these services may not operate under VSU - seems like no-one over there understands how to run even a basic business - profit is a good thing people.

These stickers are even placed on things such as disability ramps, because they might disappear under VSU, not being solid fixtures of the University, and rubbish bins - yeah, again bins might all vanish without union fees...

To the Union: Get a hold on reality people, most of these things will not disappear, so stop trying to pretend that the student population is at your own level of stupidity and that they *may* believe those blatantly false slogans. Tell us, how much was spent on the recent Make Some Noise day, on these jokes of stickers and on the construction of graveyards on lawns, and further, was this the best way to spend that time and money if the Union is going to be facing massive funding shortages in the near future under this 'evil' VSU?

Wilko

## Gagging For It

Ever come home from uni feeling like you've just been molested by a sleazy rhinoceros? Well, me too. It may have something to do with the fact that the money we fork out for those bastard uni fees would be better spent on heroin - for the elderly. Personally, I reckon there are two matters that need to be addressed in order to rectify this crime against humanity. The first being my sex-life - which is, at present, about as lively as road-kill...and then there's my academic situation, which is in a worse state than I care to acknowledge.

If you were to ask my mother, she'd tell you that I'm just a 'witless monkey' who is 'bereft of intelligence'...but she has to say nice things like that, cos she's my mum! Even so, her compliments never seem to get me anywhere with the ladies, so what I'm after is a young, intelligent and gorgeous babe who is eager to finance my escalating alcoholism...and exhausted porn collection.

So if there are any ladies out there seeking a talentless boyfriend - who has about as much charm as bowel cancer - then please get in touch with the Editors of this fine publication who will pass on my mobile number. Sure, at \$4.95 per minute you can expect your phone bill to take a hammering...but bear in mind that true love is priceless.

Sincerely gagging for it,

Josh Noonan



Life is short, get off as often as possible, with a complete stranger if need be.

## Looking Back at WW2, 60 Years On

On May 8-9 most of the world will mark the 60th anniversary of the end of World War II - the celebrations in Russia hosting some 50 world leaders. However, the feelings evoked by this day for the people of the Baltic countries (Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia) and many of the countries of Eastern Europe, as well as for their descendants, are less than celebratory.

While acknowledging the end of Nazism as something worth celebrating, for many, the end of the war simply replaced one horror, Hitler's, with another, Stalin's, that for many turned out even more horrific. The 8th of May 1945 continued the illegal occupation of the Baltic countries - an attempt to extinguish their statehood by incorporation into the Soviet Union. While the Western European countries could recover from WW2 and rebuild both economically and culturally, the Baltic countries and other former Soviet republics suffered inhumane occupation and subjugation. Using Latvia as an example of a country ravaged by Soviet aggression, during the five decades of Soviet occupation there was a concerted effort to Russify the population, deport large numbers of people to slave labour camps in Siberia and extinguish the Latvian language and culture leaving lasting scars that are still felt today.

As we celebrate this anniversary of the fall of Nazism it is a matter of great regret that the Russian Federation treats the war as an untarnished triumph and still refuses to recognise the fact that the Baltic countries were occupied and subjugated to Soviet rule for almost 50 years. Such an acknowledgement by the Russian Federation would improve relations with the Baltic countries and strengthen goodwill and stability in the region.

With the disintegration of the Soviet Union, Latvia regained its independence on August 21, 1991. Australia was one of the first countries to recognise Latvia's restoration of independence. Latvia was admitted to the United Nations on September 17, 1991. In 2004 Latvia became both a member of NATO and a member of the European Union.

Talis Putnins

**No one listening to your long winded complaints? Send them to us and we'll print them on our letters page!**

If you want to compliment or condemn *On Dit*, the SAUA, the University, the polities in Canberra or the public at large, send a letter to [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) and get it off your chest.

# A Moment with Adelaide University Vice-Chancellor Prof. James McWha

Last Monday our roving Current Affairs editor caught up with our very own Vice-Chancellor, Professor James McWha, for tea and biccies. The University of Adelaide will undoubtedly face many challenges in the coming few years as the Liberal government uses its Senate majority to do a major overhaul of higher education. The Vice-Chancellor is concerned...

## Government Interference

Brendan Nelson recently released a document "Building Better Foundations for Higher Education in Australia" in which there is talk of government "ownership" of universities. McWha had recently used his editorial in the *Adelaidean* to launch a fiery attack on the government's use of the word 'ownership' in this context. He continued the theme in our interview. "You have to say 'why would you choose to use the word ownership?' I mean, they don't own our legislation. They're responsible for it but they don't own it. 'Own' is different from being 'responsible for'. The government, like anybody else, can contract with us to do some work for them. They contract with us to provide education for students, they contract with us to provide research outcomes etc..."

"We could have the government coming along—we've heard them already sounding about 'cappuccino courses', whatever cappuccino courses are—that they don't want certain types of course taught. That's only one step away from saying 'well, in economics courses we don't want a certain type of economics taught. We just want you to teach this particular form of economics.' Or in a political science course saying 'we won't give you any money if you teach about communism or authoritarianism. We only want you to teach about democracy.' I mean, they could specify anything... a view of history: 'we'll only fund you for history courses if you don't talk about the war'."

I asked him if, in that respect, he thought that this government was verging on totalitarianism. "It's certainly—well, it is totalitarian in a sense—it's certainly authoritarian. But it is exercising the rights of ownership... Some countries actually write into their national constitutions—we haven't—but some countries have written in that universities have the right of academic freedom and the right of institutional autonomy to prevent this sort of thing happening. In fact, it's accepted that the news media have it, it's accepted normally—although you sometimes wonder—that the courts have it. The government makes a law, the courts implement that law provided it's constitutional. And the government cannot influence the court in how it does that... And the other component of that should be that they cannot influence universities on the content of material that goes into teaching programmes, or, indeed, research programmes. Now that is distinct from them coming along and saying 'we want to fund some work in a particular area'. That's terrific if they want to do that and we do that for them already, they fund us to work in a whole raft of areas. But they shouldn't have the right to come along and specify things that we're not allowed to do or particular lines that we're obliged to take. Once you do that you're starting to creep into a rather authoritarian approach to things."



## The Government's Attack On Unions

On VSU, the vice-chancellor saw two options. Plan A relies on pressuring the government at this late stage into allowing some sort of provision for a reduced (but compulsory) student services fee. McWha imagines a fee "of \$80 a year or something" which would fund essential services that the uni could not provide (because of a conflict of interest) such as student counselling. Plan B, in the event that the government doesn't allow a student services fee for essential services, is for the uni "to contract with the student union to provide some of the services but for the university to pay for it out of money that would otherwise go towards teaching." McWha sees student political representation and political bodies on campus as "not something we don't want to have" but, nevertheless, a non-essential service. "I think it's something that people would pay a club membership to belong to and engage in it that way."

The government's attack on staff unionism—by requiring universities offer all employees Australian Workplace Agreements (i.e. individual contracts)—showed an ignorance of university workplaces, said McWha. "They seem to believe that there's no reward system in place for high-performing staff. It simply isn't true... We know that AWAs are a clumsy mechanism in themselves. I've got no idea how they're going to introduce it. They do actually still have to be approved, and there is something like a 2 month waiting list at the moment to get an AWA approved." This could affect students to the extent that "[i]t may cause a little industrial unrest among some of the unionised members of staff because they'll be pretty unhappy about having their arms twisted."

## University Strategy

McWha sees the University of Adelaide as "a university that caters for an international community of students" rather than one which caters largely to an international market, "the subtle difference being that whenever our students go out of here they've got to go and work in workplaces, many of them in

workplaces that are internationalised. They'll be working for companies, for organisations who work across international boundaries... so we need to have students who already understand the dynamics of working with someone from Europe, from America, from Asia, from India, from wherever..." When asked whether sourcing funding from international students and full-fee paying students is the way of the future, McWha responded, "looking at the current government's policy, you would have to say the answer to that is probably yes."

As well as international and full-fee paying students, strong marketing strategies are also becoming more and more important for two reasons. Number one "is that there are a lot more universities about. And so the distinction between universities has kind of got lost. There were only maybe 10 or 12 universities in Australia. ... There are now 40 universities in Australia. People are getting a bit confused about what the difference between them is. So the point about marketing is to get a message out there to potential students, to their parents, about the sort of uni we are: 'if you come here, this is the sort of thing you will learn, this is how you will learn, this is what you'll be able to do after you've learned'. The other [important reason for marketing] is to attract organisations who want to associate themselves with us." And if you're worried that marketing the uni is taking funds away from your educational experience, McWha says, "I think we only ever spend a very, very small amount on it. Marketing costs compared with any other organisation are very, very low."

As for the SAUA's dystopian vision of 'degree factories' after VSU, McWha agrees there has been "continued pressure" on the ability of unis to produce well-rounded, critical students "probably for ten years now". It all comes back to government funding. "A good example is the indexation issue, where just in the last week [the government] refused to properly index universities. So what they're saying is that as costs go up every year, the amount of money they'll give us will rise more slowly. So every year we lose about 1.5 to 2% of our funding relative to the previous year. And over a period of ten years that gets pretty significant."

It seems the less the government funds unis, the more say it wants in the running of them. And if the Liberals go ahead at full steam with their university reform, they could possibly be the first government in history to cobble together the worst parts of both market capitalism and state socialism and make it look like they're 'sweeping out the cobwebs'. But why should the government care too much about tertiary education anyway? "Governments thrive—well, actually, governments don't thrive—countries thrive on the investment they make in education. Of course, governments don't because they get elected every 3 or 4 years and you never see those sorts of impacts over 3 or 4 years. The sort of impact of under-funding universities will be felt in 30 years, not 3 or 4 years." McWha may not be in Australia for that kick in the pants 30 years from now, but he'll certainly be around as the university community takes its first below-the-belts post-July.

Alex Solomon-Bridge

# VSU Fight Night

Wed. May 18, Napier 102



Last Wednesday shaped as being the most productive and mature chapter of the VSU debate so far at Adelaide Uni. In their infinite wisdom the SAUA Education Department invited six speakers from opposing sides of the issue to speak to students as well as answer their stimulating questions. SAUA Education Vice President Jess Cronin managed to assemble a fairly distinguished panel of Adelaide University alumni in ex-Labor, Now Green member Chris Hannah, Labor Minister Penny Wong, Liberal Member Dr. Andrew Southcott, WISA President Cathy Paterson, AU Liberal Club President Tom Dawkins and SAUA President David Pearson. Democrat Natasha Stott-Despoja was unable to attend due to other commitments but issued a short statement read by chair Felix Patrick Keith. Family First member Chris Evans was also unable to attend but issued a statement saying that he supported any policy that "was in the best interest of families" which triggered the largest (perhaps only) laugh of the night. The assorted speakers all took their turns

outlining their stance on the issue and spoke in the predictable manner. Hannah, Wong, Paterson and Pearson all gave the usual lines about how VSU would have a "devastating impact on students". Of the four Wong was by far the most entertaining and articulate speaker. With humour and clarity she outlined her major objections as being two fold. Firstly that VSU would remove many services vital to the welfare of students, but more insidiously that it is one of many policies of the Howard Government's that she sees as being designed to limit oppositionary voices in the broader community. To her VSU is "another attempt by the Howard government to implement their sectarian, bias views on the greater community" and that the perceived anti-student position of Howard's government is "because many of you oppose the things they support."

Liberal Member for Boothby Dr. Andrew Southcott described his position of speaking to a group of university students as akin to Daniel being thrown into the lion's den and, although slightly grandiose, he's not far wrong. The crowd was a predominantly left, and embarrassingly hostile, group, most seeming to have already firmly made up their minds who's main function was at the forum was not to listen, but rather yell abuse at any opinions they didn't endorse. Luckily they stopped short of chanting shame.

Southcott and campus Liberal Tom Dawkins outlined their positions as being firmly pro-choice. Southcott asked the forum to consider whether "it is fair to ask an external student to pay for services they'll never come into contact with". He listed several examples of students who pay their union fees and never use the services and suggested that students who do, such as those who use the sports clubs, would be encouraged

to pay for what they use under VSU.

Dawkins main gripe was a common one. Facing a crowd comprised mainly of SAUA members and affiliates he bravely explained what he saw as a waste of thousands upon thousands of dollars on student politics. Dawkins said the SAUA had no mandate to claim that students want a union. Given that 15,000 students didn't vote in student elections the Union wants students, not the other way around.

Unfortunately opening the discussion up to allow questions failed to broaden any of the arguments or anyone's perspectives. It simply allowed specific interest groups, such as the Sports and Clubs Association, young Liberals, mothers requiring childcare and Flinders NOLS kids to hurl accusations at the speaker of their choice. It served mainly to display a rampant and corrosive lack of open mindedness within the student body. Rather than being open to being convinced by compelling argument most attended just to reaffirm their prejudices. Neither Mr. Dawkins or Dr. Southcott were called to comment on what would happen to the many students under VSU who are simply unable to pay for necessary services and none of the lefties were asked to explain why students are so reticent to join a union that is supposedly has so many great things to offer them.

The SAUA is to be commended for doing something other than simply hurling rhetoric and money at the gaping void of apathy on the VSU issue. It's just a shame that the event was too under-promoted to reach an audience who would have been willing to listen.

Danny Wills



# How Mickey Mouse is Dest the Pharmaceutical Benefits

Australia's Pharmaceutical Benefits Scheme (PBS) is one of those rare flashes of bureaucratic brilliance. With its genesis in the post-war Australian Labor Party's (ALP) desire to ensure that the new wonder-drug, Penicillin, should be available to all, the PBS as we know it came into operation with the *National Health Act* in 1953,<sup>1</sup> although benefits had been available since June 1948.

The PBS works like this: as new drugs are developed, they are submitted to the Therapeutic Goods Administration (TGA), which decides whether they are safe and beneficial. The Pharmaceutical Benefits Advisory Committee (PBAC) then 'evaluates [their] relative cost-effectiveness and therapeutic value..., and recommends whether the drugs should be listed or not'.<sup>2</sup> Finally, the Pharmaceutical Benefits Pricing Authority (PBPA) determines the prices of listed drugs for consumers. These prices are heavily subsidised by the Scheme, meaning that needy people have access to drugs they would normally, in a 'free market' environment, be priced out of using.

A scheme entitling those who served in the Boer and first 'World' wars to free prescription drugs was first implemented in 1919. When John Curtin's ALP government attempted to broaden the provision of free and low-cost pharmaceuticals to all Australians, its legislation was challenged by the British Medical Association and was subsequently declared invalid by the High Court of Australia.<sup>3</sup> A rare Constitutional amendment was made at the 1946 Referendum,<sup>4</sup> giving Ben Chifley's ALP-controlled Parliament the power to enact the *Pharmaceutical Benefits Act 1947-1949*.<sup>5</sup>

The extensive provisions of this Act didn't last long, as Robert Menzies' newly-elected Liberal government provided a more limited list of 139 'life saving

and disease preventing drugs' free to the public. Part of the consolidation of this legislation included the establishment of the PBAC in 1953.<sup>6</sup>

When Australia entered bilateral 'Free Trade' negotiations with the United States in March 2003 (the same month both nations invaded Iraq), Australia's Minister for Trade, Mark Vaile, repeatedly emphasised that the PBS would not be interfered with. 'There's one issue we need to get clear', he said, 'that in negotiating this FTA the government is going to

'loss' by charging US consumers more. So, according to Big Pharma, schemes like Australia's PBS directly results in higher US drug prices. The companies claim that US consumers are effectively funding the total research and development costs. All this is mostly lies, of course. Big Pharma appears to operate like a massive cartel, fixing prices, overcharging US government-run drug schemes,<sup>10</sup> and spending more than a third of all revenue on advertising. Most of the 'research' is actually still performed in

Particularly after the collapse of multilateral trade talks between 1999 and 2002 (bracketed by massive demonstrations in Seattle and around the 'developing' [sic] world), and after it failed to have its copyright laws pasted directly into World Trade Organization (WTO) agreements, the United States has aggressively pursued a policy of negotiating bilateral FTA's through which the other nation agrees to implement sections of US patent law into its own domestic system. Try to tell the difference between the intellectual property

provisions in the United States-negotiated FTA's with Morocco (Article 15), Singapore (Chapter 14) and Australia (Chapter 17). Can't? That's because they've mostly been copied directly from the *Digital Millennium Copyright Act 1998* and the *Copyright Term Extension Act 1998* (both US).

Major holders of patents (a type of intellectual property) in the United States, of course, are the Big Pharma companies. Traditionally, patents have worked to (at least ostensibly) encourage innovation, by giving the patent-holder exclusive proprietary rights over the contents of the patent for the life of the patent. When the patent expires, every other manufacturer in the field can produce and sell the previously patented product. In Australia, this is where the 'generics' industry comes in, and is where true competition exists.

Enter Mickey Mouse. Up until 1998, copyright owners retained exclusive control over an original design up to fifty (50) years after the author's death. Michael Perelman contends that one of the main motivations behind the *Copyright Term Extension Act 1998* (US) was intensive lobbying by Disney Inc and its CEO, Michael Eisner. Perelman claims that some of Disney's exclusive rights to exploit the Mickey Mouse trademark were due to expire in 2003;<sup>14</sup> the Act lengthened the copyright protection period from 50 to 70 years after the creator's death. And while Vaile appeared to be initially resistant to this

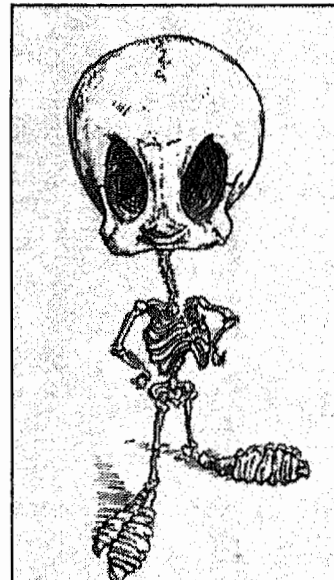
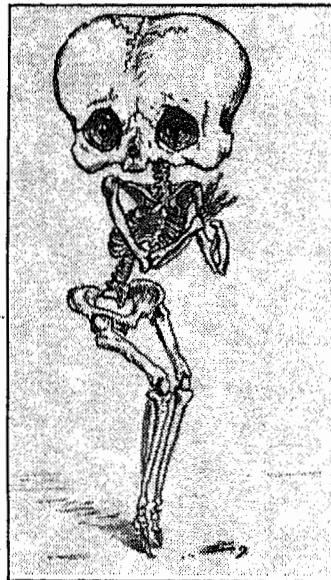
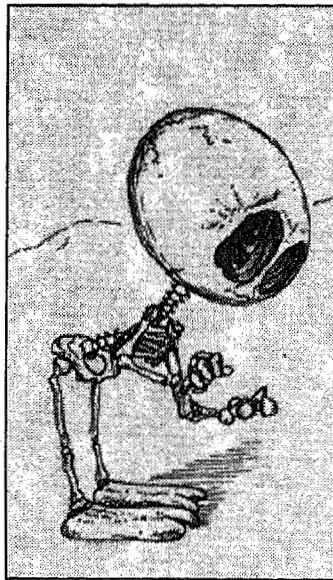
government and university laboratories, and funded by taxpayers; 'innovative' drugs are often minor variations on already patented ones.<sup>11</sup>

Under the Australia-US Free Trade Agreement (FTA), Australia agrees to trade freely with the United States, while the United States retains many of its most important protectionist devices. And, surprise surprise, tucked away in Annex 2-C is a heading entitled 'Pharmaceuticals'. Nowhere in Annex 2-C is the PBS mentioned. Furthermore, the goals of the PBS, which since the 1940s have centred around the provision of free and/or low-cost (heavily subsidised) prescription drugs for everyone, have mysteriously been left out. Instead, the FTA commits Australia to rewarding 'innovation'.<sup>12</sup>

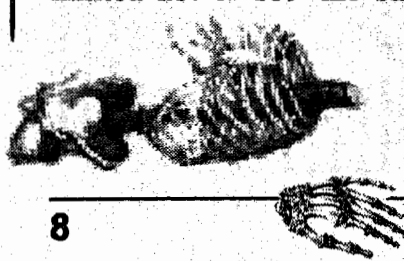
ensure that anything we negotiate is not going to be an impediment or weaken our position in terms of the delivery...of public services like [the] Pharmaceutical Benefits Scheme'.<sup>7</sup> Further, 'it's a very clear policy objective of ours to ensure that the population in Australia can get access to affordable drugs'.<sup>8</sup>

But the PBS was one of the 'trade barriers' the US wanted Australia to remove. The US government was (and is) influenced by a major corporate lobby group made up of the über-wealthy US pharmaceutical companies, unaffectionately nicknamed 'Big Pharma', which sees anything other than unrestricted advertising and zero price controls as 'trade-distorting'. These companies are huge. In 2002, the profits of the top 10 US pharmaceutical companies were greater than the combined profits of the remaining 490 members of the *Fortune 500* list.<sup>9</sup>

Big Pharma's argument goes something like this: because the companies can't charge what they would like to in overseas countries (like Australia), they compensate for this



Little did Mickey realise that without the PBS, the unremedied pain of carpal tunnel left animators unable to sketch more than a skeletal form of his friends Daffy, Marvin, Betty, Tweety & Eggbert.





# roying Scheme



provision's inclusion in the FTA,<sup>15</sup> included it was, in Article 17.4, paragraph 4 (in the face of strong recommendations against such an outcome by the Intellectual Property and Competition Review Committee in September 2000).<sup>16</sup> It is estimated that Disney earned US\$8bn from licensing Mickey Mouse products in 1998 alone.

Further to this 'Mickey Mouse clause' (to borrow Vaile's phrase), Big Pharma successfully lobbied for 'compensation' clauses to be included in the FTA, which would increase pharmaceutical patents in some cases from 14 to 25 years. Meanwhile, operating behind this major profit protection device, Big Pharma will no doubt continue its strategy of buying out generics firms and artificially raising prices.

The upshot of all this is that, after a couple of years of FTA operations, Big Pharma will have firmly established itself in Australia. Interspersed among our TV shows (even more of which will be American due to concessions granted in the FTA) will be glitzy advertisements for the products of US drug companies, which we can then purchase at overinflated prices from the local pharmacy (not chemist).

In short, the PBS will have ceased to promote our collective health (by providing heavily subsidised prescription drugs for all) and will instead be protecting the superprofits of massive United States pharmaceutical companies.

### Russell Marks

\*The author apologises for the grossly misleading title to this article. While Disney may (in the opinion of one author) have influenced the increase in the length of copyright protection in the US and therefore Australia, it patently had very little to do with the increased duration of medicinal patent protection. On the other hand, Disney is a massive corporation, and therefore evil - so, by definition, it can't be doing anything to protect Australia's Pharmaceutical Benefits Scheme, whose philosophy sounds almost socialist by today's standards...

### (Endnotes)

<sup>1</sup>National Health Act 1953 (Cth), s.85(1), Section 85(2).  
<sup>2</sup>Linda Weiss, et al, *How to Kill a Country* (Crows Nest, NSW: Allen & Unwin, 2004).  
<sup>3</sup>Attorney-General (Vic) v Cth [1945] HCA 30; (1945) 71 CLR 237.  
<sup>4</sup>Constitution Alteration (Social Services) 1946 (Cth), amending s.51 of the Constitution, inserting para (xxiiiA), giving federal Parliament the power to make laws with respect to pharmaceutical benefits, among other things. Section 51(xxiiiA) remains today.  
<sup>5</sup>The *Pharmaceutical Benefits Act 1947-1949* (Cth) was declared valid by the High Court in *British Medical Association v Cth* [1949] HCA 44; (1949) 79 CLR 201.

<sup>6</sup>National Health Act 1953 (Cth), s.101.

<sup>7</sup>Mark Vaile, 3 March 2003, transcript online: [http://www.dfat.gov.au/media/transcripts/2003/030303\\_usfta.html](http://www.dfat.gov.au/media/transcripts/2003/030303_usfta.html).

<sup>8</sup>Mark Vaile, interview with Chris Bath and Glenn Milne, *Sunday Sunrise*, Channel 7, 26 October 2003, transcript online: [http://www.dfat.gov.au/media/transcripts/2003/031026\\_sunrise\\_vaile.html](http://www.dfat.gov.au/media/transcripts/2003/031026_sunrise_vaile.html).

<sup>9</sup>[www.citizen.org](http://www.citizen.org). 'Pharmaceutical profits make us sick', the *Guardian* (London), 8 May 2002.

<sup>10</sup>Gardiner Harris, 'Guilty plea seen for drug maker', *New York Times* (NY), 16 July 2004

at 1; Alice Dembner, 'Drug firm to pay \$875M fine for fraud: US alleges bribery, price manipulation', *Boston Globe* (Boston), 4 October 2001 at A13.

<sup>11</sup>'Drugs in 2001', 11 *Prescribe International* 58-60.

<sup>12</sup>*Australia-United States Free Trade Agreement*, Ch.2, Annex 2-C, Article 1(a):the Parties are committed to [and recognise]...the important role played by innovative pharmaceutical products in delivering high quality health care'.

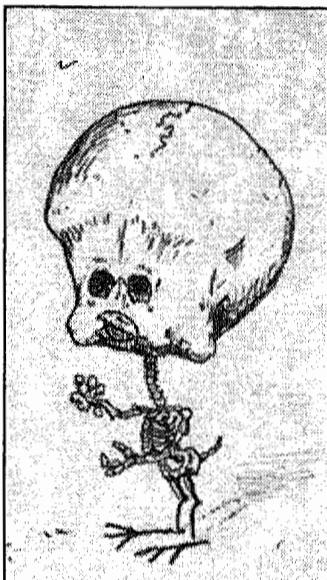
<sup>13</sup>Agreement on the Establishment of a Free Trade Area between the Government of Israel and the Government of the United States of America, 22 April 1985: Article 14.

<sup>14</sup>Perelman, *Steel This Idea: Intellectual Property Rights and the Corporate Confiscation of Creativity* (NY: Palgrave, 2002).

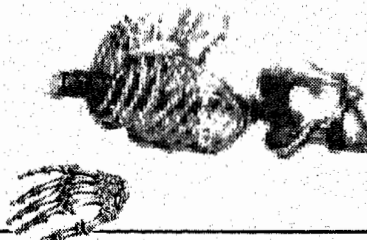
<sup>15</sup>Mark Davis, 'Mickey Mouse holds key to the future', *Australian Financial Review* (Sydney), 8 December 2003 at 8.

<sup>16</sup>ICPRC, *Review of Intellectual Property Legislation under the Competition Principles Agreement* (September 2000).

Russel Marks' *Complete Guide to Endnoting, Footnoting, Referencing and Word Count Extension* is available at all good book stores now.



"Curse that pesky little rat"



# An Incentive for Costello to Kiss My Ass

The recent Costello/Howard budget outlined as its main aim to provide tax cuts for all tax payers, beginning at \$6 a week for most tax payers, increasing to over \$40 a week for high income earners.

An editorial in *The Advertiser* later that week explained that people 'Can't receive tax cuts if you don't pay tax'. Well, whoop de doo dah. Thanks go to that ever-enlightening publication for teaching us another valuable lesson about the world. What this editorial is really saying is that income earners should get a tax cut proportional to their tax paid. So if that means a low income earner gets \$6 while a high income earner gets \$40, well that's fair isn't it?

Who ever said that the goal of public policy is to 'give tax cuts'? Shouldn't the main focus of public policy be to achieve an ideal after-tax/welfare income distribution? If tax cuts are never disproportionate to tax paid then the existing tax structure is indefinitely preserved. How then can there ever be a change to after-tax income distribution?

The alternative budget proposal announced by Beazley, proposed a \$12 weekly tax cut instead of \$6 for the bulk of tax payers. Of course this naturally imposes a cost - that being that the top marginal tax rate would cut in at \$100,000 rather than \$125,000. This proposal can hardly be said to radically reshape the tax structure and bring into play dire disincentive effects or reflect radical socialist attitudes of the Labor party. It is undoubtedly a fairer structure and it would hardly damage our 'strong economy'.

I don't deny the existence of incentive issues. Of course, when taken to the extreme it is clear that very high marginal tax rates could strongly influence people's motivation to work. It is also undoubted that people deserve to get an adequate return for a hard day's

work. But I certainly question the extent of the incentive/disincentive influence, particularly relating to high income earners.

If anything, Beazley's proposal seems more likely to positively influence workforce participation than Costello's because it targets greater tax cuts for the group for whom incentive issues are most influential - those on low incomes. It can hardly be suggested that high income earners - business owners, lawyers, doctors and the like, specifically choose every week to only work x amount, because the tax increases on work done exceeding x. Therefore, large tax cuts for high income earners can't be justified on the ground of incentives. Whereas for someone on unemployment benefits who is able to obtain an irregular one or two weeks of casual work, low tax rates at this level are much more influential in promoting incentives and unequivocally demonstrating to them the benefits of working. Presently, effective marginal tax rates at low incomes are high because the bottom marginal income tax rate of 15% is coupled with the effect of clawing back social security benefits. As such, low tax rates at the low end are vitally important to promoting workforce participation - this of course being a major goal of government in promoting a stronger economy.

And if Howard really believes in a strong economy as much as he says he does, and is not just appealing to the shallow and self-righteous desire of high income earners to get even more money, then he might have recognised this.

Nerissa Schwarz





## The Radioactive Tour

is coming to take you away...

by Peter Burdon 

I first heard of the Radioactive Exposure Tour from a friend who I work with at the Aboriginal Legal Rights Movement on King William Street.

"Here Peter, I think you would get a lot out of this", she said, placing a Friends of the Earth newsletter in front of me. The primary purpose of the tour was to give people the chance to learn first hand about the nuclear industry and its effect on the environment and indigenous communities in northern South Australia. I had no previous experience in this area although indigenous rights, and in particular land rights, have been a strong personal interest for many years.

I had never done much travelling north, except a four-day adventure into the Flinders Ranges, however the chance to visit places such as Woomera, Roxby Downs, Beverly and Lake Eyre and stay with the traditional owners of these lands seemed like too good an opportunity to pass up. My mind was made up on the spot and I immediately signed up for the weeklong tour.

As I look back on the tour several days after returning to my life at home, several key events stand out in my mind.

The first is the amazing people who took part. I have never had the privilege to meet so many down to earth, beautiful people in one spot. Coming into the tour I knew no one, but from the very beginning I felt completely comfortable. It is very rare in this day and age to meet people who are kind and warm for no other reason than that is how they are. The group unity and cohesion was such an important part of the success of the tour and will be a pivotal feature of the work which will follow from the tour.

The second is the amazing country we saw. If you have never travelled up north and camped outside, no recreation, picture or movie can substitute sleeping under the stars in places such as Finnis Springs or walking onto Lake Eyre. I am not a religious man, but there is something truly spiritual about this country. The indigenous people have recognised this for a long time, but sadly many people, such as those behind uranium mining companies WMC Resources Ltd or Heathgate Resources

cannot see past the financial opportunities the land has to offer. Looking at the world through dollar shaped eyes blinds us to what an object or place truly is. This perspective also drives our behaviour into destructive patterns which damages the environment and as a natural consequence, ultimately damage ourselves.

Finally, I was privileged to be given the opportunity to meet and speak with indigenous elders such as Eileen Wingfield, Robert Starkey and Kelvin Johnson. One thing which I am learning as I grow older is that you can read 10,000 books on subjects such as Native Title or the connection Aboriginal people have with the land. But to speak to an Aboriginal elder such as those mentioned above for 10 minutes is far more valuable. To hear them speak in their own words, to see the emotion on their face and to share an intimate conversation is truly amazing. One particularly affecting moment was after we had been given a tour of the Roxby Downs mine and in particular the 400 hectare radioactive waste tailings dam which they have created and which continues to grow. For those who don't know what a tailings dam is, picture an ocean of green, yellow and red waste being pumped into a humongous swimming pool. We took Eileen, her daughter and granddaughter and a friend of theirs to the mine. They had never seen the destruction, which has been taking place on their land, and to see their pain and feel a small part of their emotion was truly personally effecting.

Once we had left the tour bus Eileen, who is approaching 60, stood face to face with a Roxby Downs representative and confronted him about the destruction of her people's land, lives and sacred sites. Despite the most intimidating and slippery tactics of the mine's representative, Eileen stood her ground and was the picture of strength. Eileen has been fighting for her rights since she was a young girl, being chased by the protector of Aborigines. All her life has been an uphill struggle against racist policies or money driven enterprise. But to see the life, passion and strength which this women possessed was deeply inspiring. If all of us possessed just an inch of the strength and wisdom which this women possessed the world

would be a far greater place.

While there are countless other unforgettable memories I could speak about, I must cease before the nostalgia takes over. But before I do I would like to finish by describing the feeling of returning to Adelaide. In many ways Adelaide is a beautiful city, but I could not help but be overcome by a feeling of sadness as our bus drove through the city. After spending only a week in the desert I could not help but notice the amount of pointless crap which our city has. I feel that the things which I missed while I was away are all that matters. They were the love I have for friends and family. Things like fast food, cars, clothes, gadgets feel so unbelievably unimportant. If nothing else the tour gave me a chance to re-evaluate what is really important in my life and gave me a perspective from which I can stand back from all the crap around me and see it all for what it really is. If we have love, family and friends the rest is mere detail, which can give us short-term happiness but should never be prioritised over what really matters in life.

*The 18 people who took part in the tour from South Australia will be meeting Monday nights at 5.30pm on 120 Wakefield Street. If you would like to become involved please contact me at [peter.burdon@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:peter.burdon@student.adelaide.edu.au)*



# THE LIBERALS?

## LET'S SHANK THE BEJEEZUS OUT OF THEM.

I have a lot of opinions. One of my new ones is that if you are going to throw your opinion out into the public sphere you'd better be able to back it up. There are some issues that need informed, intelligent debate for any good to come of them. An example of a situation where informed debate isn't necessary is when you are passionately discussing whether Gretel Kilcen looks shit with blonde hair. One of those where informed debate is vital is Australia's Refugee/Immigration/Asylum Seeker policy.

I know, another rant about refugees. It's become its own sub-genre of bleeding heart opinari/journalism and it can really start to wear you down. Who wants to hear about abused, distressed and displaced people every day? Especially when there is a chance (or a certainty, depending on your POV) that you are in someway culpable for their situation?

The word 'refugee' has become tightly linked, in the minds of most Australians, to leaky boats, children in the water and desert camps surrounded by razor wire that are declared 'no-fly-zones' (even for kites). The 'boat people' who were rescued by the MV Tampa in late August 2001, and those that came before and after by similar means, have become the poster children for the refugee movement in Australia.

But these people are asylum seekers and not necessarily refugees.

The United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) is the UN's refugee agency. They are responsible for some 17 Million Refugees, Asylum Seekers and Others of Concern world wide. Please note that the UNHCR includes asylum seekers and others of concern within their reach, not only those who have been granted refugee status by a State. These asylum seekers and others of concern are those portrayed as 'queue jumpers'. You've heard of them, maybe you've discussed them in relation to 'real refugees'.

The phrases like 'queue jumpers' and 'real refugees' are divisive and unhelpful to a debate regarding refugee and asylum seeker issues. They are thrown about by people who seem to fit into one of two main categories, the ignorant (who are uncomfortable with adhering to the 1951 Geneva Convention as it applies to asylum seekers, even if Sir Bob Menzies signed

it, but who are not essentially heartless) and the ruthless (who know that by appealing to the ignorant they can maintain their grip on power).

Australia is in an unusual position when it comes to our treatment of those that fall within the UNHCR's scope. On the one hand we have a policy that imposes mandatory detention on many of those who seek asylum on our shores - a practice that is not supported by the UNHCR's policies and in fact outright condemned in the case of children (Article 31 of the 1951 Convention). However, Australia accepts more refugees from the Offshore Humanitarian Resettlement Program than all but two other nations (The USA and Canada - who's populations are far greater than ours) and we are applauded for the high level of support that is given once refugees arrive here.

The difference in these approaches is one of the reasons that debate surrounding these issues is of such a poor standard.

On all sides.

When so few understand the complexities of Australia's Refugee/Immigration/Asylum Seeker policies those who oppose the Government's stand on asylum seekers sound like pratts when they condemn Australia's 'refugee' policy because the Government can hit back with 'we have one of the best *refugee* policies in the world - and the UNHCR agrees with us'.

Having an opinion is just great, I mean it. I've just chewed up 10 minutes of your life telling you about one of mine, and for that I thank you. Having an opinion is a good starting point, but sometimes doing a little research is an even better place to begin. Especially on an issue that is so contentious. And when so many lives can be so dramatically affected.

[www.unhcr.ch](http://www.unhcr.ch)

The United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees

[www.immi.gov.au](http://www.immi.gov.au)

The Federal Department of Immigration and Multicultural and Indigenous Affairs

[www.ausref.net](http://www.ausref.net)

The Australian Refugee Association.

**Anais Chevalier**

wants to marry Ryan O'Reilly and kiss him on the lips

# 'Day Surgery' So You Want To Know About Abortion...

I am a selfish ex-mother of one (sex unknown) who decided that it would be better for me not to have a child while studying and carving out my (rather meagre) place in the world. One day (touch wood), I will have children with someone I love, but only when I am able to be the best parent possible. In the mean time I feel that I am in a good position to explain exactly what an abortion entails and hopefully end the disgusting rumours that have been flying through *On Dit* in the last couple of months. The abortion took place 12 months ago and unless there have been sweeping changes to the system, there are no open grated floors where the bodies of foetus' are discarded like so much cow shit.

I went to a doctor when I was late and was referred to a clinic. This was easily the worst part of the experience. When I called the number I was told that I was not to tell anyone where or why I was going into the clinic, I was not to give anyone else the procedure time and I was not to ring up again to confirm the details, because they would not give them to me a second time. In addition to these seemingly paranoid security measures, the procedure, being classified as 'day surgery', meant that afterwards I would be spending a small amount of time in a general hospital ward and I was not, under any circumstances, to tell anyone why I was there. Later, when I got the medical certificate that would excuse me from two days of work, it simply read 'medical reasons.' Sure, the lady on the phone was nice and I understand that it was probably the twelfth time that week she'd have gone through the exact same speech, but the secrecy of the whole operation made me feel as though we aren't too far away from coat hangers in back bedrooms after all. Before even committing absolutely to the idea of getting a termination, I was being judged by the wider community. The fact that these measures are even necessary reflects damningly on our 'free society'.

On the day when a woman gets an abortion, she arrives at a clinic in the early morning and the expectation is that procedures will not even begin until mid to late afternoon. On this occasion, there were about ten other women in my group. Partners and friends are allowed to stay with a woman until about an hour before the procedure and allowed to pick them up about an hour and a half afterwards. The first of four appointments a woman has in the morning is with a social worker. During this appointment, the social worker discusses the procedure in a less medical than emotional way and makes sure that the patient receives a bundle of literature on the procedure, the risks, and forms of birth control. The social worker is the first person to tell you that you can walk out at any time without explaining anything to anyone. There is absolutely no

credence to the allegation that social workers are there to talk women into abortions. They are there to make sure a woman is making the right choice and to this end they will happily discuss other options and offer to see you later in the day if necessary. It is a requirement that a woman makes an appointment to see either a nurse or counsellor a week after the procedure to ensure her medical and emotional well-being.

While in the ward she will be given a tablet that will relax the muscles in her cervix. This is the point of no return, once a patient has taken this tablet she has decided to go through with the termination. The nurse in the ward asked me three times if I wanted to take the tablet, knowing what it would mean.

Shortly afterwards a patient gets a general anaesthetic (or only a local if she elects, but apparently that's very rare) and in a matter of minutes is in the recovery ward. During the procedure, a woman can elect to get a birth control device fitted. Half an hour later, the sedative wears off and an hour after that a patient is free to leave the hospital.

There will be no point during the entire day where the staff of the clinic will make a woman feel as though she has to go through with a termination.

If I had kept this child, I would have dropped out of uni five months ago. I would have collected the baby bonus and would probably spend the next three years on welfare. At no point later in life would I have the time or the financial resources to return to school to finish my education degree. I accept that it was my and my partner's wrong that led to this problem and I feel suitably ashamed of myself for allowing it to happen. However, mistakes will happen and the test of whether this child served a purpose will be whether I let it happen again. I do rest easier in the knowledge that my child was little larger than a kidney stone when it was terminated, a mere zygote, more the idea of a person than anything recognizable as human. I know that, if it had

been aware (incidentally, one of the criteria of being a human animal and so deserving of human rights) and able to reason, I might have had trouble explaining that its sacrifice would immeasurably benefit the lives of its half brothers and sisters, but thankfully that isn't something I have to worry about. I would rather live with the hope that my future children will be happy, loved and fulfilled than live with the guilt of not being able to provide a single child today with everything that it deserves.

Christians and others unhappy with abortion laws, just be happy that these children are being returned without sin, back into whatever fold they came from. No-one is excited or happy about getting an abortion, people just quietly thank goodness for the choice and do something that is entirely legal and should be much more socially acceptable. I don't see many saints walking around campus these days, so before throwing stones at anyone for whatever reason, why not check and tend to the state of your own immortal soul.

Anon

Next, the patient will see a nurse, who will go through a brief medical history and again tell you that you are in no way compelled to go ahead. After that, a doctor, who takes a mammogram to determine the age of the foetus. At this point, you can ask to see the baby, but the screen is turned away as a matter of course. The literature tells us that many people are disturbed by the image and so it is entirely a woman's decision whether to look or not. After hours, a few blood tests, and checking in as a day surgery patient, a woman will see an anaesthetist and be taken to a ward.

*"Even though I was trained as a medical expert, it wasn't until I began to see how Jesus treated women that I understood how I, as a doctor, should treat them."*

**Dr W. David Hager, excerpt from introduction to Hager's book, *As Jesus Cared For Women***

Well, I don't know about you ladies, but I find it just a wee bit hilarious that Dr. David Hager will be examining the ovaries of countless American women based on his consultations with Jesus. That is, I would find it hilarious if Hager weren't one of the most powerful obstetric gynecologists in the United States. Since his nomination to the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) was first floated in the fall of 2002, Hager has stood at the centre of blazing debates regarding RU-486, more commonly referred to as the morning after pill. In fact, Hager's name first came to the attention of the Bush Administration in August of 2002 after the good doctor helped the conservative group Concerned Women for America submit a 'Citizen's Petition' to the FDA to halt the marketing and distribution of RU-486.

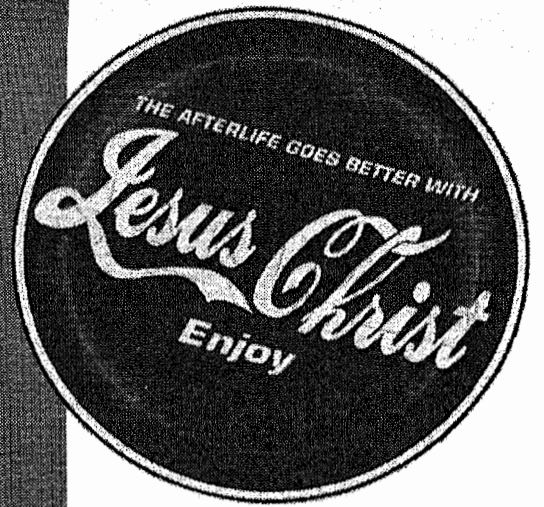
Despite the best efforts of liberal pundits, Hager was appointed to the FDA's advisory committee of 27. In today's uber religious America, it comes as no surprise that his appointment was supported by the Bush Administration. What is startling is that it demonstrates the rapidly decreasing power the left has to influence such influential boards, even when that particular left is led by Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton. Only a short time before the FDA nomination, John Klink was rumoured to be the White House's choice to head the State Department's Bureau of Population, Refugees and Migration. Klink's own conservative views saw the left fight his appointment, and win. Tellingly, Klink's disappointment came in the spring of 2001 - America post September 11 certainly is a very different place.

So he's against abortion, but how much difference can one man make? A disturbingly great deal if Hager's history is anything to go by. In December 2003, the 27 member advisory committee voted overwhelmingly at 23 - 4 to allow the sale of RU-486 over the counter. Previously, it had only been available via prescription, and that was if a woman was lucky enough to have a doctor not conflicted

by his own conservative moral codes. (Hager refused to prescribe the drug, believing it to be an "abortifacient".) Regardless of the committee's vote, Hager submitted a minority report to the FDA focussing on his "concern" for the welfare of teenage girls who may be adversely affected by the greater availability of RU-486. Although other members of the committee hadn't been made aware of the commissioning of such a report, the FDA overturned the committee's ruling. Chalk one up for the God botherers.

Unfortunately, the story only gets more twisted. A staunch conservative, Hager seems to be anti just about anything that, in his opinion, contravenes Biblical morality. If recent allegations made by his ex wife are anything to go by, Hager doesn't appear to consider rape outside of the teachings of Christ. According to Linda Carruth Davies, herself a religious conservative and co-author of *Stress and the Woman's Body*, during the last seven years of her marriage to Hager she was repeatedly raped by the good doctor. Although she claims sexual and emotional violence had always been present throughout their 32 year marriage (at one stage Hager was paying Davies to perform the sex acts she disliked such as oral and anal sex, even going so far as to request she allow him to videotape them). It wasn't until she began suffering narcolepsy in 1995 that the abuse really hit its peak. Davies claims she would wake up in the middle of the night from Hager painfully sodomizing her. Sometimes she would manage to fight him off, only to have him rape her later in the same night. Other times, she says she relented to get the experience over and done with. Fear of poverty, isolation and Lordly damnation kept Davies from seeking an end to her marriage.

Finally, in 2002 Davies mustered the strength to walk out on her husband and her life. Largely shunned by a community that sided with her 'respected' husband, Davies now lives in Georgia with her second husband in a modest parsonage, a far cry from the affluent lifestyle she 'enjoyed' in Kentucky. She declined to cite rape as cause in her divorce



proceedings, not wanting to upset her grown sons. However, it was hearing Hager speak at Asbury College in October last year that prompted her to go public with the allegations. In his speech to approximately 1300 students and attendees, Hager emphasised his concern for the health of women, suggesting himself to be God's appointed watchdog for the ethical and moral issues facing America. As his ex wife listened (she had attended to watch one of her sons sing), she was astounded to hear him use the breakdown of their marriage to garner sympathy from the crowd, painting himself in the light of the scorned.

As yet, no formal ramifications appear to be coming Hager's way. His term on the FDA's advisory committee is set to end on June 30, but it is widely believed he will be reappointed. The emphasis on the public versus the private is pivotal here. Technically speaking, a person's private life shouldn't impinge on their ability to perform a job. However, when that job involves the determination of women's bodies, the private merges seamlessly with the public. Very few women would willingly allow an accused sex offender to assign barriers to their bodies, let alone perform simple gynecological medical functions. When Hager's close relationship with the Bush Administration is taken into account, the necessity for an investigation into Davies' allegations becomes even more immediate. It was only a few short years ago that the same religious conservatives rallying around Hager were calling for the head of President Bill Clinton on a platter - and that sex was at least consensual. As evangelist and Hager supporter Franklin Graham put it at the time, "The topic of private vs. public behaviour has emerged as perhaps the central moral issue raised by Bill Clinton's 'improper relationship,' but the God of the Bible says that what one does in private does matter. There needs to be no clash between personal conduct and public appearance."

Unfortunately, as conservative America stands now, one can have little hope that Dr. David Hager will get all that's coming to him. As the fist of the religious right squeezes tighter, we can only lament the unlikelihood of Hager's next appointment being to a cell in the Kentucky State Penitentiary, where he too may one day have known the delights in being woken at midnight with a hard cock rammed painfully up his ass.

**Clementine Ford**

For a more in-depth picture, read Ayelish McGarvey's *Dr. Hager's Family Values* at [www.thenation.com](http://www.thenation.com)



**Desperately Seeking Drums...**

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[anna.svedberg@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:anna.svedberg@student.adelaide.edu.au)

# Sexual Violence, Fuck The Myths

**1.2 million Australians have experienced sexual violence since the age of 15**

That statistic doesn't surprise me, which is disappointing in itself. But it does make me fucking angry. Nothing is more indicative that the patriarchy is alive and kicking than the fact the sexual assault is continuing almost unchallenged in the twenty-first century.

It bothers me that when choosing whether or not to proceed with prosecuting a case, the Crown will take into account obscene factors like the ethnicity of the perpetrator and the number of sexual partners the victim has had. 1,218 victims of sexual assault (all ages, both sexes) reported to police in one year (1997) in South Australia. South Australia has the lowest rate of conviction in sexual assault cases of any state in Australia. Precedent tells us that between 0.5 and 5% of these will result in successful convictions.

**In America, every 90 seconds, a woman will be raped**

**One in three women will be sexually abused in their lifetimes**

Some of the effects on a victim of rape can be feeling unsafe, self blame, trouble sleeping, anxiety, depression, suicidal thoughts, mood swings, feeling dirty, irritability, lack of confidence, sexually transmitted infections, pregnancy, nightmares, eating difficulties, post traumatic stress disorder or feeling judged.

**In a skirt that short, she was asking for it.**

In recent years, a case went before a NSW court where a Catholic schoolgirl had made an allegation of rape while on a school trip in Italy. During her cross-examination by the defence, she was asked how short her school uniform was. Fuck that shit.

**If she didn't scream and fight, then it wasn't rape.**

Less than 10% of rapes involve weapons. In fact, it is far more likely these days that a rape victim is under the influence of alcohol or drugs at the time of the incident. The law does not require a victim to resist in order to define the crime as rape.

More than 85% of rapists are known to the victim. Rape in darkened alleyways does happen, but it is far less common.

**It's not that I don't believe you, I just don't think he's capable of it.**

In the moment that sexual assault happens, the most common response is denial. If the victim has the strength to admit that this horrific act has occurred, that they must now go through life labeled as a "victim", the next available steps are even harder. When an allegation of rape is made, the victim needs two things: to be listened to and to decide themselves how to deal with the assault.

The thing a sexual assault victim needs more than anything else is **TO BE BELIEVED**.

It seems pretty obvious, doesn't it? But the reason that all existing literature on sexual assault emphasizes this point again and again is because, even in the most progressive of environments, it's easier to believe that one person is a crazy liar than that a friend might be a rapist. Why? Because if you are friends with the alleged rapist, then it kind of reflects badly on you.

**RAPISTS DON'T WEAR BADGES - if they did, there would be no rape.**

998 men aged 14 - 26 completed a questionnaire about their beliefs related to heterosexual acquaintance rape in 11 scenarios. 316 young men (31.7%) agreed that it was OK for a male to force a female to have sex in one or more of the scenarios. There are some serious systemic problems in our societal attitudes to sexual intercourse and consent. We need to start challenging and questioning them, because until we do, it's just going to keep happening. Every day, lives are shattered and people are broken because as a culture, we are uncomfortable talking about scary words like "rape" or "abuse". Fuck uncomfortable; it's pretty uncomfortable being trapped in an abusive relationship, or having your boyfriend offer you to his friends after he's done with you, or waking from a drunken stupor to find a man inside you without your consent.

Sit with your friends and for a change, instead of discussing the latest Winter catalogue from FOUK, or the character arc of Anakin Skywalker, perhaps take a moment to ask some difficult questions.

- Can a prostitute be sexually assaulted?
- Can a woman be raped by her husband?
- If a man is raped, does that make him gay?
- Is there an expiry time on the right to say no?
- If you're unconscious, can you say no?
- How often do you think people lie about sexual assault?

Is there any circumstance where it is okay for someone to force another person to have sex? What about when:

- they have had sex together before
  - s/he has had sex with other people before
  - s/he has let him/her touch her/him 'above the waist'
  - s/he has let him/her touch her/him 'below the waist'
  - s/he has spent a lot of money on him/her
- Bring it up as dinner conversation. If we talk about it, if we start accepting that this is happening every day in our a society, then maybe we can fucking change it.

## Yarrow Place

For anyone over the age of 16 who has been raped or sexually assaulted, or their family and friends. South Australia has a fantastic support service in Yarrow Place. It provides immediate and long-term support for victims including medical care (including collection of forensic evidence which will only be passed on to the police with permission), counselling, support groups, 24-hour Crisis Response and legal advice.

If I could ask one thing of sexual violence victims, it would be, please, make a formal complaint. A Police Incident Report can be lodged at any police station; the police will not proceed without your consent. If it means that you just make a statement and one day, if the bastard does it again, it will always be there on his permanent record.

Most importantly never be ashamed. You are never to blame for something that was not your fault. Never allow other people try to make you feel guilty.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey  
SAUA Female Sexuality Officer

# MYTHS OF SEXUAL VIOLENCE

*The bitch deserved it.*

*He said sorry afterwards.*

*In a skirt that short, the slut was asking for it.*

*Women like being raped.*

*Straight men don't get raped.*

*Nice girls don't get raped.*

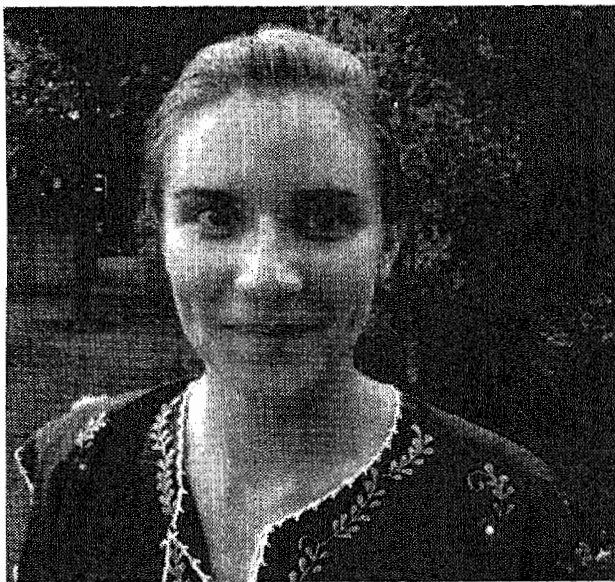
*It's not that I don't believe you;  
I just don't think he's capable of it.*

*She was unconscious, she didn't say no.*

*He just did what any man would do.*

*If she didn't scream and fight,  
then it wasn't rape.*

**SEXUAL VIOLENCE - DECONSTRUCTING THE MYTHS**



Do you remember when you were 6 and you got your training wheels off your first bike? Do you remember how cool you felt riding down the street with two wheels instead of four? Well you can still feel just as fantastic about riding your bike now! Because if you ride your bike, not only do you look totally cool, but you are

helping out the environment as well! Cycling is cheap. Once you have bought your bike and accessories, it costs very little to get around. Cycling to uni or work beats the traffic jams and saves you money on petrol and parking. We all know what those terrible fossil fuels do to the environment don't we? Normally, sunlight passes through the atmosphere, warming the earth's surface. In turn, the land and oceans release heat into the atmosphere, balancing the incoming energy. Water vapour, carbon dioxide and some of the other trace gases absorb part of this radiation, allowing it to warm the lower atmosphere, while the rest is emitted to space. This absorption of heat, which keeps the surface of our planet warm enough to sustain us, is called the Greenhouse Effect. Cars pump a lot of CO<sub>2</sub> into the air, causing the amount of CO<sub>2</sub> in the atmosphere to increase. Higher concentrations of greenhouse gases in the earth's atmosphere lead to increased trapping of heat. As a result, the lower atmosphere is likely to warm, changing weather and climate. The changes will add to the natural greenhouse effect, producing an enhanced greenhouse effect (the

enhanced greenhouse effect is often referred to as climate change or global warming). Currently, about 7 billion tonnes of carbon (as carbon dioxide) are emitted each year during the combustion of fossil fuels. Carbon dioxide concentrations are now higher than at any time in the past 420,000 years. The current rate of increase of carbon dioxide is greater than at any time in the past 20,000 years (a lot of this is also due to land clearing). By riding your bike you are helping cut down on carbon emissions and doing your bit to stop global warming. You are also keeping healthy (we all know that Australia is the third fattest country in the world), and you are saving money on parking, registration and petrol (damn petrol prices going up, I bet good old Johnny boy doesn't have to pay anything for his petrol). But I guess the best and most logical reason to ride a bike is that you will always look cool, no matter how gooby you are.

**Milijana Stodjanovic**  
Environment Officer



I was looking at some statistics the other day which stated that 1 in 4 women (and 1 in 6 men) will experience some form of sexual violence by 18 years, and I was sent back to a time in high school when my friends and I would go to each other's houses and drink whatever we could get our hands on. Later, paralytic, we would wander the backstreets of North Haven. The next morning, laughing,

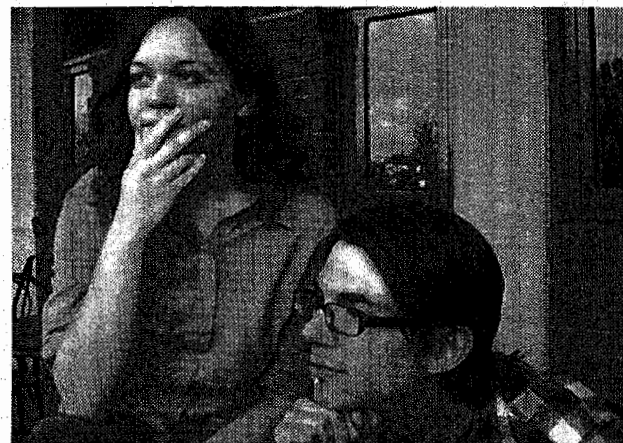
we would recall the fractured memories of the night before, the stupid things we had said and done. Sometimes there was a girl who would sit in silence, experiencing shame and regret from hurried, drunken sex with some guy at a party or in a park. Sometimes there would be tears, "But I didn't want to", they would say. Other times there would be dismissal - "it doesn't matter really- I was just drunk". The other girls would just laugh and ignore the situation - it had all happened to them before. It never occurred to us to say, "you should go to the police, what happened was rape" or "this wasn't your fault" - we simply did not know how to support each other. Fortunately, I never experienced sexual assault - but I wished I knew what to say to them then, how to help them find other support.

Far from being an isolated thing, many women and men have experienced sexual assault or rape (or have a friend who has experienced it) - and yet, many of us are not equipped to deal with assault when it happens. Friends have come to me since that time at high school, and although I have felt an instinctive need to comfort them, sometimes I was at a loss for the right advice. Since I have been involved in the feminist community, I have learned that Yarrow Place Sexual Assault

Service (amongst others) offers support to women who have experienced rape or sexual assault - but for many, friends or family would be the first people they approach for support... and so I believe it would be beneficial for the government to direct funds into teaching the community how to support people who have experienced assault. This community instruction would help raise awareness and understanding of this common experience, as well as equip the community with skills useful in supporting victims/survivors.

The SAUA sexuality department will be running a campaign on sexual violence in week 11, exploring the myths about rape, promoting awareness of support services available in our community. For more information, please come into the SAUA and see Lavinia, Kavy or myself.

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



This Thursday, the 26<sup>th</sup> of May, the SAUA Sexuality Department in conjunction with The Golden Keys Society and Union Activities will be hosting Australia's biggest Morning Tea to help raise money for The Cancer Council Australia. This fundraising event is the largest of its kind in Australia and The Cancer Council Australia is hoping to raise \$7 million dollars nationwide.

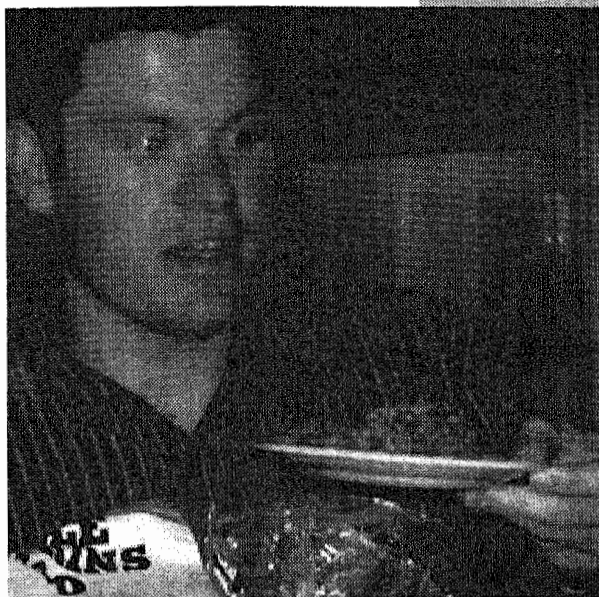
This event will be happening at Adelaide University on the Barr Smith Lawns from 11am with live music, brought to you by your Union Activities Committee, at 1pm. Come down to the lawns on Thursday, join us for a

cup of tea and a scone and help raise money to fight cancer.

For more details on the event log on to <http://www.biggestmorningtea.com.au/> and any inquiries regarding the event on campus can be directed to [david.kavanagh@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:david.kavanagh@adelaide.edu.au)

**Lavinia Emmet-Grey**  
**David Kavanagh**  
Sexuality Officers





The last couple of weeks I and others in the SAUA have been critical of *On Dit* and it's coverage VSU and SAUA or lack thereof, and although we have had reason to be frustrated, I'll admit personally that sometimes I may have taken it a bit far. For that I am sorry, but I'll explain why as it's part of a wider frustration that I've had this year as president when facing VSU, and in the past as an active member of the Students Association.

The Make Some Noise Festival is, I guess central to all of this. The problem is what do I as a student rep do when we are facing VSU? Do I just organise a protest, well no because we've been criticized for just jumping up and down and being feral lefties salivating at the mouth. So instead we organised a day of festivities to celebrate student organizations, but incorporated a protest to involve as many people as we could. Especially since at elections every year people are always telling us they want more activities and things to increase campus culture. Yet, in spite of this we were still heavily criticised, especially for how much money we spent (which we are still working out exactly).

We seem to be damned if we do and damned if we don't. My frustration stems from not knowing what to do. I refuse to do nothing. I ran and got elected to this position on the platform that I would do something, often I will admit, a unique concept to the Students' Association. But what can I do? I realise that the SAUA has a credibility problem with general students. That's why I ran. I also recognise as hard as it is, that despite the fact that the Make Some Noise festival was the most ambitious event that has been organised in a long time, and despite the fact that most student representatives thought that it was

really successful, that in the eyes of general students it was a waste of money!

But if we don't have protests, and we don't do the celebrations what should we try? What about an intellectual approach to the issue, say a forum where we invite the major stakeholders on the issue to discuss it? Well we did that last week and we got just over 100 people there, and only a handful of actual general students, which is who I helped organise it for, not for the student polities and their friends.

So what should the Students' Association do? What should I do? I'm not opposed to criticism, in fact I welcome it, so long as it's not "the SAUA's shit", "the SAUA's corrupt" and "they're just trying to save their own honoraria!". I find it tough to cop criticism from people who have shown no interest in getting involved, but especially so when they offer no constructive criticism. So please lets have a debate, write to me, and write to *On Dit* about what the Students' Association should do to reform itself, to make itself more relevant, and what I can do to ensure that student representation survives VSU.

Cheers

**David Pearson**

(An increasingly Frustrated) SAUA President  
 david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au



ED CONFERENCE

Education Conference is fast approaching. This year it will be held in Perth, Western Australia from the 29<sup>th</sup> June to the 2<sup>nd</sup> of July. Education Conference is a National Union of Students (NUS) based conference where students get to have an input into policy making for this peak representative body. There will be plenaries, seminars and workshops where experts and peers get to skill-share, inform and educate students.

There will be some funding provided through the Students' Association. If you are interested in attending this conference please submit a letter, addressed to SAUA Council, stating why you would like to go. This must be submitted by 5pm on the 4<sup>th</sup> June to the front desk of the Students' Association of the University of

Adelaide. Decisions about funding will be made on the 8<sup>th</sup> June at SAUA Council. Applicants should be available for this meeting to make a brief statement.

FREE STUFF

If you would like any folders or environmentally friendly shopping bags, please drop into the Students' Association and collect them.

If you have any queries about Education Conference or any other education issues don't hesitate to contact me.

**Jess Cronin**

Education Vive-President  
 83035406  
 jessica.cronin@adelaide.edu.au



# Christianus Economicus

## A brief glance at Christian Economics

Economics, as every first year student in the field learns, is looking at how to allocate scarce resources. It is a discipline built on utilitarian principles. In much of economics, the only thing that matters at the end of the day is the effect that a decision has on people. Utilitarianism focuses exclusively on consequences, ignoring any other effects of the processes needed to achieve them. While that sounds fine to begin with, a bigger claim that all economics students have to swallow is happiness is derived from having stuff (both goods and services). In general, more of anything is better, and the only person that you care about is yourself. As a Christian, I find some of these claims unpalatable. I do not find that they reflect reality or experience, and so am searching for a better basis with which to look at 'economic issues'. This approach can be loosely called "Christian Economics". I propose this as an alternative paradigm, one which I find more instructive, particularly when looking at these questions in a non-academic context. The way I see it, you can divide Christian Economics into a few different sections: questions of how to analyse economic outcomes, questions about government and questions about individuals.

**Questions of Analysis** First of all, we fundamentally need to consider how we look at human behaviour. Christians don't believe that there is anything that *we* can do that will get us to Heaven. This is often misunderstood. We believe that it is only God that can act to save us, and our actions should be a response to that love of his. We do not act to earn anything, but out of thanks for what we have already received. The most obvious question that springs to mind when looking at material wealth from a Christian perspective is, 'is it good at all?' After all, we've all heard the classic misquote, "money is the root of all evil". This is not really enough to glean all that the

Bible says on the topic, as at the same time we can see numerous examples where God gave people physical wealth as a blessing – if it was simply evil, this would be a curse

instead.

Another general principle of analysis that Christian Economics must look at means as well as ends. In most economics we focus purely

on the outcome, ignoring what process we go through to get there. Christians must consider the process, as we believe some actions are simply wrong, no matter what the consequences (e.g. rape). I think that most people would agree that there is a difference between asking someone for a donation towards a cure for cancer and stealing money for it from their wallet, even though the net outcome is the same. If we simply ignore the means of achieving a result we disregard important ethical problems, particularly when it comes to social and 'natural' justice. We can learn from Christian Economics that things will never be perfect. Most of us know this, as there will always be people who are greedy, cynical and unwilling to cooperate. At the same time, we can look towards a better goal, and try to move towards it.

**Questions about Government** For the Christian, the government has an interesting role. In our society, we look at government mainly as a democratic representative of the will of the people. Christians see this as incomplete, as government will eventually be answerable to God. Government is charged with various tasks – ensuring the good order of society, to coordinate and provide structure for people to live (e.g. providing a monetary system, roads, police, etc...), and (more controversially) to help redistribute wealth to those who need it. Government is in a unique position to be able to intervene in the economy, through forcing taxes, rates, (student unionism,) etc... and being able to use these funds to provide 'public goods' (e.g. roads or police), and also to provide basic services. Government does this as it is best equipped to deal with some social problems, and it is of importance to all that these are dealt with. The Bible is explicit about the duty of Government to foreigners (e.g. refugees), widows and orphans, and generally to those that cannot help themselves. The Government must intervene in these matters, and act in a way that protects those who need it. When it comes to redistribution, the Government is in a unique position to provide for the needy. This doesn't mean that a government should simply have a slush fund that anyone who doesn't have a job can dip into, as this would discourage people from working.

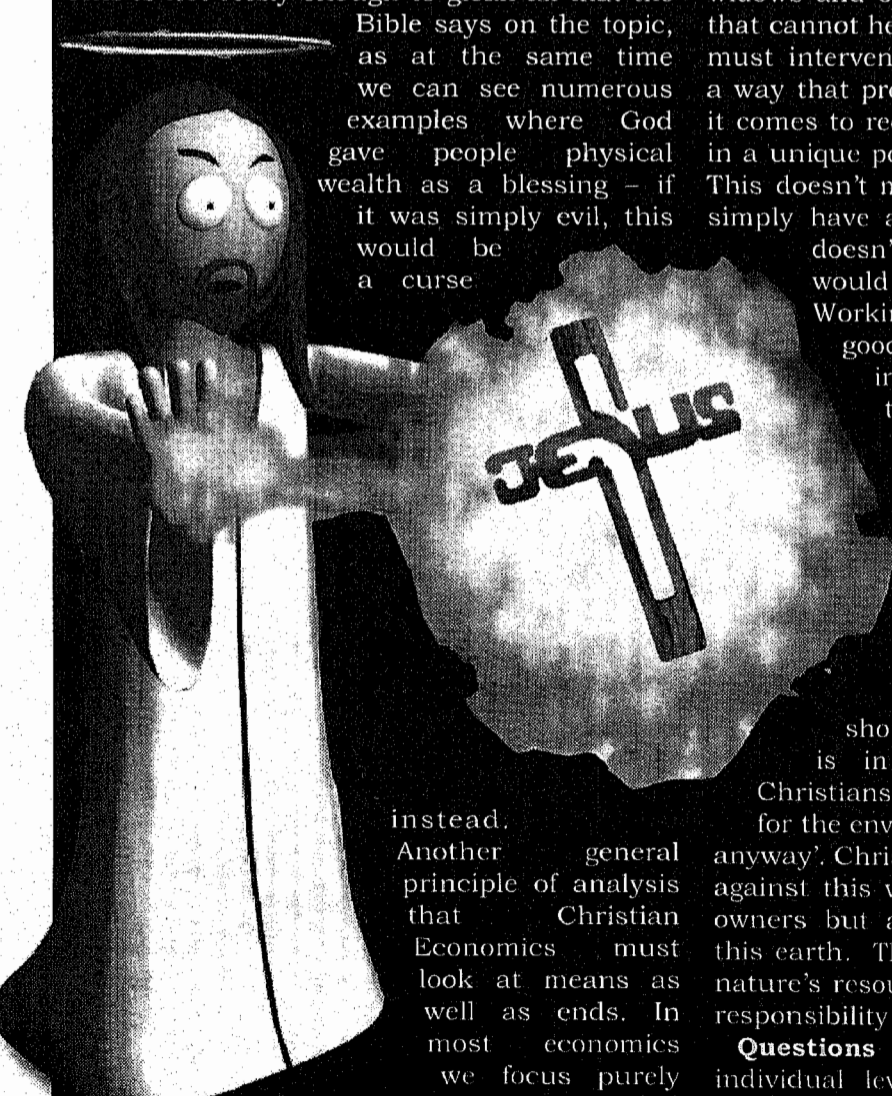
Working and being productive is a good thing, allowing people to be independent and provide for themselves and their families. This also does not prevent or preclude redistribution coming from the private sector, however Government does have a distinct responsibility to ensure that redistribution does actually occur. On a side note, another area that Government should intervene in particularly is in environmental issues. Some Christians have been accused of not caring for the environment as 'its all going to burn anyway'. Christian Economics goes completely against this view, as we see our role not as owners but as stewards and 'gardeners' of this earth. This role entails the rights to use nature's resources, but more importantly the responsibility not to abuse them.

**Questions about Individuals** At an individual level, our aim is not simply to

amass wealth for ourselves. 'He who dies with the most toys wins' is not good enough. There are more important things than money – in particular, the welfare of others. Some people in the 'Christian Right' seem to forget this, and start defending 'economic liberty', regardless of its actual effect. Christians are obliged to feed the hungry, help the stranger, look after the sick, give clothes to the naked and love our neighbours as ourselves (and to do these things as if we do them for Christ himself. Christians need to remember that all material wealth is fundamentally pointless. Given that 'you cannot serve God and money', Christianity argues against a simple payoff structure, towards one where (ideally) your own happiness is also dependent on the happiness of others. For this simple reason, Christians should work to prevent exploitation, whether it is in their favour or not. This does not mean that we are to all completely disregard our own needs. The important thing is that we keep our priorities straight – money comes after the welfare of others, and far behind our relationship with God. Finally, remember that even within Christianity there is a fair amount of room for debate and difference of opinion. I know Christians that range in their opinions from 'moderate' capitalists to near complete communists (apart from that entire 'religion is the opiate of the masses' stuff). To me, which side is right depends on the situation, but that's only my own opinion. I hope this article has caused a few of you to think again about what you're being fed in your first year microeconomics course, by giving you a (very brief) overview of an alternative economic paradigm.

**Samuel Cohen**

**Sam is a 3rd yr Maths/Finance student. He loves talking about this stuff, so please send (reasonable) questions, comments & criticism to [samuel.cohen@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:samuel.cohen@student.adelaide.edu.au) or come and see him in person at the EU Bible talks each Wednesday 1pm.**



# An Instructional Guide to Becoming a Successful Hobo

## Part 1: The Artful lodger

Hobos have an undeserved reputation as the scourge of society, but if your first thoughts when you read the word are of unkempt tramps that smell of urine, then you have a thing or two to learn, bucco. You've seen the ads telling you that "rent money is dead money", and with just a little forethought you'd be able to circumvent the system and pay neither rent nor the exorbitant interest on a home loan. The simple solution: homelessness. Sure, it takes a modicum of resourcefulness and like most things, it's hard the first couple of times but before you know it, you'll be hard pressed finding time to spend all the money that you're saving. The first thing is to find a home base- by nature, hobos are itinerants and you must be prepared to move around, but it's always nice to have somewhere that you know you can go to sleep. Prime sites abound all over our CBD from close to home at uni and in the Botanic Gardens to building sites and empty warehouses further south. On weekdays, you'll probably have to raise yourself fairly early to make sure that you don't get in anybody's way, but that just gives you a chance to get more done during the day.

If you absolutely can't handle the early morning sun, though, a squat may be the simplest solution for you. Adelaide doesn't exactly have a thriving squatter's community, but this may work to your advantage as you won't have much competition when you find a likely site. Look for old houses earmarked for demolition, as these will often be left standing for months or even years before the necessary permits are approved, and even then demolition is not an overnight process. The ideal situation is a heritage home that has been condemned- nobody can live in it, but no-one's allowed to knock it down either, so you'll be left entirely to your own devices. Important things to remember are that you won't have any electricity or water, but there are a few easy to follow tips that will save you any inconvenience. A bucket of water kept by the latrine will allow you to flush even without water, while candles can provide the necessary light as well as lending a romantic air to your abode. If you still want the ability to cook, a small portable stove (using either gas or

firelighters) that you can set a billy over is an option, and even if you don't use it for meals, there are few more life-affirming experiences than a steaming hot cup of tea enjoyed by candlelight in a decrepit abandoned building while rain streams down the window panes. As an added bonus, if you happen to encounter the owner and live in a building for 10 years in their knowledge without paying rent, by law it becomes yours- a squatter in London recently acquired a £400,000 house this way.

Don't despair if you haven't found your dream squat yet though- the other options are a long way from rock bottom. If you find yourself residing at uni, you'll be able to avail yourself of their facilities as there are showers and toilets all over campus, with microwaves and even stoves hidden in many a meeting room. On the other hand, the Botanic gardens are one of the most restful environments and there are few more calming experiences than awakening in the circle of silence that surrounds a group of geriatrics practising Tai Chi on a perfectly manicured lawn circle against a verdant green backdrop. Sure, there are security guards employed to run you off, but they don't do it maliciously, and if you greet them with a smile they'll give you a hand packing up and might even let you stay if you simply tell them that if you had somewhere else to go you wouldn't be sleeping in the botanic gardens now, would you?

The watchword of any successful hobo is always adaptability, and you shouldn't limit yourself to these options, for there are a million other possibilities ranging from car parks to back yards and beyond (if you don't suffer from claustrophobia, sheds are fairly easy to commandeer unnoticed), and if you're travelling, you will certainly need to make use of some of these options. Many are the hobos who have found themselves stranded in some unknown town and been forced to find shelter. If in a small town, train stations are often the best bet as there will rarely be anyone around after dark and you should be able to get a good night's kip. In larger towns and cities, there are often guards to make sure that you don't avail yourself of this possibility, but there are always ways and means. If you hang around a bus station until you are kicked out, there's a chance that you'll find others in the same position as yourself, and they may be able to guide you to a mission or other convenient resting place - this has happened to me more than once. Alternatively, you can seek out a hidden corner of the stations - in Sydney, for instance, if you head into the regional section of Central Station and walk down platform 1 you can find any number of nooks and crannies to bed down, all under cover (and you can break into the YHA from the end of the platform the next morning for a shower). Parks are ok in summer, but keep in mind that most park benches are purposely made to be shorter than an average person, so you will be more comfortable on the ground. Sleeping under trees or bushes provides some shelter, and reduces the effect of dew in the morning, though it's useful to have a second resort in case it begins raining heavily. If you're worried about your possessions, a simple trick is to hand them in at the police station under a false name reporting that you found them lost, then pick them up the next day assuming your real identity. Alternatively, if you simply sleep with your arms through the straps and use the



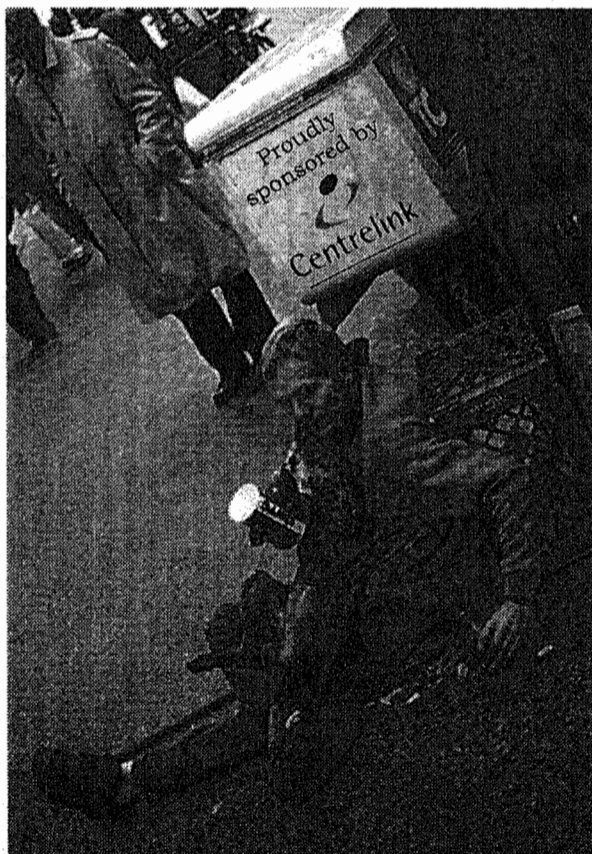
bag as a pillow, potential thieves will usually pass you by.

Tyler Durden taught you "it's only after you've lost everything that you are free to do anything", but being a hobo is about far more than romantic notions of freedom (though that's certainly a part of it) or dropping out of mainstream society (there are far more glamorous methods, but this is an element, too). It's about practicality and once VSU comes into effect, there may be no student accommodation service meaning that, as our university community disintegrates, there is less and less of a support network for students in trouble. Rent prices are increasing, Centrelink makes the architects of the Spanish Inquisition look like amateur gumshoes when you apply for Youth Allowance and quite simply, it is often a matter of necessity to find a cheap place to stay. Well, they don't come cheaper than this, baby, so quit making excuses, cancel that lease agreement and join the swelling ranks of hobos that are finding accommodation the intelligent way.

Oh yeah, and you can avail yourself of missions if you don't mind sitting through sanctimonious preaching every step of the way, but I prefer to find my own bed and enjoy the associated freedom to sleep where I want, choose my own housemates and religion and wake up when I want.

**Aristotle Bucksworth-Colby**

Has not paid a red cent in rent all year



Be creative, make the oppressive New World Order work for you!

Words of Advice From Other Successful Hobos:

*Discarded pizza boxes are an inexpensive source of cheese*

**Herbert Powell**

Winner of Springfield's "Most Improved Hobo" award in 1998

Is it foolish to consider oneself in control of such an illusory word like love? Or is there comfort in the feeling of being conquered, like those who are victim to coyness and curiosity, who bow toward the other, more easily revealed and accessible personality? For in every relationship there is sans doute, the active and the passive, the supine palm that beckons for physical correspondence as two hands, complimenting each other, paddle through the campus center bazaar. The on-air embrace of sets of arms - forearms gripping coffees and on dits, chests support brands whilst wrists support the fading yellow LiveSTRONG (a phrase that once had the momentum of the man who truly does), and hand tied to hand, in the belief that these minds attached to these bodies attached to these hands have the same definition of the word that will not be defined.

What are the university requirements that measure such a word? It is a lion in a lamb suit hiding amongst the ordinary. Teenage wisdom suggests "Dinner and a Movie," while Frampton's Fender asks "Do You Feel Like I Do." Is it the insecurities about our standards in what we like, enjoy and appreciate that make us feel there should be a common interest to share in life's extra-curricular? I do not want your apple in exchange for my apple. I am walking on Escher's staircase, I am gripping the rail. I am that faceless man hanging over that railing deciding what is up and what is down, debating if my next move will be classified jump or fall.

I cannot say with any certainty that my instincts change. My heart is on my sleeve, but it's cold today, I'm wearing layers.

How will you be dressed when I meet you, I ask myself as anyone will when fashioning for an emotional inundation. What baggage do you carry? How long since your last? Your first? Are you? Have you? Would you like to? Everyone is in a constant state of transformation: cycling, transitioning, folding and unfolding. There is hope, tension and awkwardness, and then there is that unsettling anxiety that pits your stomach in just a way that you know only she can do, and you know it's either love or happy hour.

Robert Frost wrote, "A mother takes twenty years to make a man of

her boy, and another woman makes a fool of him in twenty minutes."

Before you parenthesize or excuse me of anything else, there is a simple mantra: one and one. When experience, friends, stories, films and literature all tell you that there are going to be a myriad of variables down the road, there is that first meeting. When everything else in the world for that instant dips into a blurry "eventually" because this girl could be now. I want her to be now. There are inviting eyes, shining teeth in small lips and a freckled face carried above a soft neck cuddled in a cozy hoodie. There is long, thin hair straight and down grazing over shoulders, finding bag straps and books, and you can clearly see that she is the warmth of winter. She is your anticipation of summer after the long football season. You know this with a measured certainty because it is the story that you have developed for yourself time and time again.

And then there is the first hello, followed by the first smile, and "you make me laugh." It's all great, because I already think that you're just that ... and I don't know your last name, your birthday, your friends, your car or your degree, and vice versa. When none of that matters, is that love? Because what is that when we know so little, but feel so much? Irrational? Maybe. Stranding? Yes.

That first night when you separate and drive home belting out the song playing in your car, brush your teeth smiling and lie down above the covers. You face the ceiling when you normally sleep on your side, and you put your hands behind your head and say, "this has been a good day." You cannot sleep, only to wake and realize that you slept better than any other night before. Is that something?

Maybe there is a word for the gut-straddling attraction that all at once consumes the temptations, the wants, the needs, the desires, the fears and excitements that rush through your core and build behind your chest until you can't swallow. Maybe that one gulp is harder to get down than all the others because you want to say everything all at once, but you don't know where to start. Or maybe you just had happy hour at the Unibar.

Stuart Lohan



# Love in the time of Happy Hours

Despite the hipster crowd that hung there, legendary New York nightspot Max's Kansas City in New York was a seedy place. This is where Andy Warhol picked up the extras for "Midnight Cowboy." Lou Reed survived for 3 years by getting a free meal here every afternoon. It was a place frequented by transvestites and homosexuals when friendly venues were few and far between. And somehow, walking along the Missouri river in the pre-dawn glow, I could see the connection. The overgrown disused train depots that I passed through were far from lifeless, and even though the only company I had as the sun began its ascent was a couple of stray dogs, it felt like the type of place a group of misfits might gather clandestinely, might even settle

fine in Des Moines, and nobody seemed to mind too much in Omaha but for some reason, the Kansas City bus stop closed at 1 AM. Nobody had the foresight to warn me of that when I bedded down at 10, though, so after a few hours of fitful rest I was brusquely woken up and mugged on by a none too sympathetic security guard. What little sympathy I did get came from the fact that I was young and white, but Thomas wasn't so lucky. As a nearly toothless 50(?) year-old African-American who carried about with him a scent not unlike that of mothballs steeped in urine, he seemed fairly used to this treatment, and as fellow outcasts, we struck up a conversation and decided what our next move would be- it felt kind of like we'd just been run out of town by the sheriff. He

roommates with my possessions (or my anal virginity), and was reluctant to disrobe, I spent the night in a nervous sweat, wrapped up in my thin coat with my wallet stuffed down the front of my pants and was glad when we were woken up at 6. After a brief shower, we were led into the breakfast room where we were treated to hot grits (imagine something what people who can't afford porridge eat) and stale donuts while our sanctimonious hosts intoned neverending prayers and it was at this stage that I had to make my move. Shovelling down a steaming hot bowl of grits piled high with sugar and stuffing some donuts in my pockets, I made my way out into the crisp morning air, and down to the rail yards... which brings me back to the present. I was hoping to catch someone commuting West to get me over the river into Kansas and eventually Topeka, but it wasn't until 11 that I finally got a ride from a young guy heading about 30 miles down the road, but I happily hopped in and was glad to be back on the road again, at least for a little while. After being dropped off at a turnpike with a decent amount of traffic, I figured I'd get less local traffic, and figured on being in Topeka before sundown. Little did I know that I would be stuck in Bonner Springs for 5 hours. While it was true that there was a lot of traffic, it was all heading back the way that I'd just come and my cause wasn't helped by state troopers coming by and warning me off every half hour or so. My spirits were buoyed by some of the people who pulled over, one woman even offering to give me \$50 for a cab to get me closer to Topeka, but I didn't really think that it was the best allocation of resources, and simply thanked her for her sympathy. When it started to rain an hour later, I was forced to question the wisdom of my decision. Despite fondly romantic Australian ideas of the snow, I reached a nadir when the rain turned to snow and began to reconsider the whole hitching thing- I was only doing it to prolong my trip, but if my trip was going to consist of me standing by the side of the road in the snow, I'd just as soon head back home. Unfortunately, I was kind of stuck and had no way of telling when I might get a ride, so I just decided to hop in the next car that stopped. So I met Bernice, who was on her way home to Pleasant Springs, and actually on the other side of Kansas. A 29 year old single mum who was one of the most generous people I ever met, and immediately offered me a ride. As well as offering me a ride, she shared with me a book (the cover of whose wall was covered in signatures), an offer that I couldn't refuse, she bought me dinner, and she got me on my way (and she no longer refuse charity). Bernice was one of the nicest people I've met on my travels, she and her boyfriend showed me around her town, proudly pointing out that the bar we spent the rest of the night in was the oldest west of the Mississippi, and suddenly I had a reason to keep on hitching. After a good night's sleep, she gave me a much warmer coat, courtesy of her ex-husband's stint in the navy, and offered to take me back to the turnpike where she'd picked me up despite my protests that it wasn't a great hitching spot. Despite myself, I couldn't help but agree, and so it was that only a day later, I found myself in exactly the same spot, madly looking forward to the rest of my trip to Oklahoma City.

To Be Continued...

Alexis Buxton-Collins

## Kansas City to Oklahoma with ABC

and form a makeshift community. Romantic notions of grungy scenester culture aside, it wasn't exactly prime real estate, and I had to be going anyway, because I had places to be. Specifically, I was trying to get to Oklahoma City to visit a pool hall that also acted as a live venue for rockabilly music situated on the original Route 66 that passed just north of town. Unfortunately, I had no idea how long it would take me, because I had been reduced to asking strangers for rides. Once I got into town, I had ample time to reflect on my new means of transport, which I had adopted only a week earlier, but with the sun shining down on my smiling face, I had no doubt it wouldn't be too long before I was picked up. After traveling around North America for some 6 months, I discovered that I didn't have anywhere near enough funds to get me through the remaining 3 months that I had planned to spend in the American South, and decided that I had nothing to lose by giving it a shot. So far, I'd had mixed success, but I'd made it to all my destinations eventually, so there didn't seem any reason to find a new way of getting around just yet. Unfortunately, America's Midwest isn't exactly replete with hostels, and my monetary woes meant that I couldn't fork out for a room in a motel either, so I'd been temporarily reduced to sleeping in bus stations. That had all worked

was in town to visit his son, and ex-wife, as it turned out, but she didn't really want to see him, and he'd been unable to get into contact with his son, so he just wanted to find a place to sleep so he could leave the next morning, and as the more experienced hitchhiker took the lead and said he'd lead me to a spot. Not really having a better option, I decided to place my trust in him, and he led me to a spot about 4 blocks or so, found myself in the front of a Christian mission. We exchanged glances, and it was clear that he wasn't exactly relishing the thought of entering either (the bus depot was his first option, after all), but with the temperature hovering just above freezing, we didn't linger. Despite the 10 PM curfew, they ushered us inside and after quickly signing us in ("do you accept Jesus Christ as your lord and saviour?"), gave us each a mattress and blanket. I have spent few more uncomfortable nights in my life. With the heaters cranked up, the fetid atmosphere was reminiscent of a ski lodge's drying room, complete with the smell of layer upon layer of damp, unwashed clothes and when I finally found a spot on the floor wide enough to lay out a mattress, I was assailed by the stench of rotting feet being aired out on one side and chronic halitosis accompanied by snoring on the other. Coupled with the fact that I didn't exactly trust my new

# The radioactive world is inevitable

Foucault shows the life-governing, life protecting function of the modern state has already extended this complex's protective/ destructive ability to the level of the species by the introduction of the nuclear weapon. In this way the essential ground of being has become, to a new degree, the citizen, the subject as a relation to the political world. This was the experience of the cold war. It was existence in the offing, not the state. At the nuclear level it would be appropriate to speak of these things as simultaneous. Though the nuclear weapons have become hidden, distanced and ostensibly stabilized, we will soon be in contact with this fact imminently. The drive that has seen military techno-science become totalising in this sense will soon be extended to the economic sphere, in the realm of energy production. Even some staunch environmentalists are advocating a switch to nuclear energy. This will happen. The campaign to resist the nuclear dump in South Australia may seem at first hand irrational. This waste has to be stored somewhere. The aboriginal people again are to

be displaced, the use value of their land diminished to pure techno-scientific notions of a productive machinery's energy and waste, there are no such things as psychospiritual energies or energies of placement and connection in its ratio, and besides, what value this loss? We are now more involved in metaphysics than they were in theirs before its rupture (hopefully never entire) by colonialism. We are now ourselves in possession of life, we have capability to negate, the inverse of the sun which has called all this to being, we have the possibility of a paradise of cheap electricity, we are caught between this hell and heaven permanently, there is no social system that recognises any connection to this place or to this time, only to the management of the system itself, and its flirtation with total disaster on its path to total utopia. Culturally we have come to occupy our own projections, celebrities are our myths, and technology is our god.

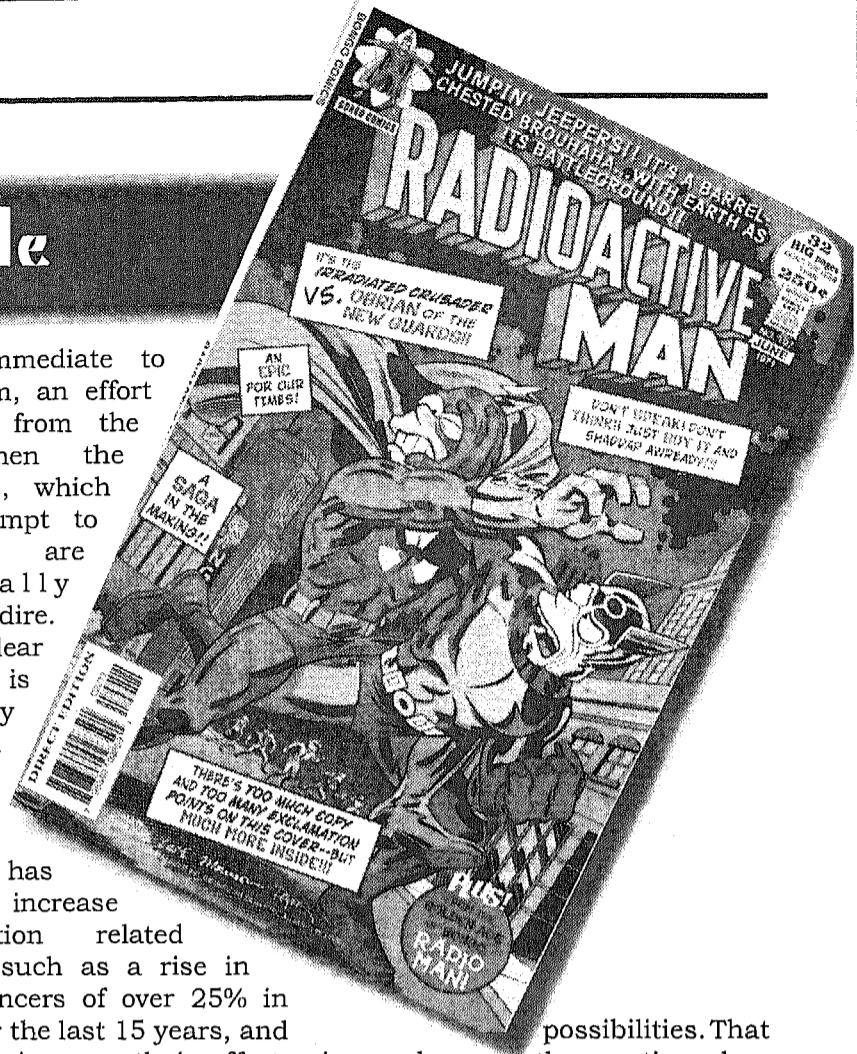
Even if we agree with the necessity of the dump, we are still beholden to protest it, to limit it. If there is not a culture

that is immediate to the problem, an effort against it from the outset, then the possibilities, which I will attempt to dramatise, are potentially quite dire. The nuclear economy is necessarily a fearful society. The poisoning of the Irish Sea has led to an increase in radiation related conditions such as a rise in rates of cancers of over 25% in Ireland over the last 15 years, and a court case is currently in effect. Frequent minor leaks are the reality with most nuclear power plants, apparently still within safe levels. 6 million people in Belarus live on radioactive land. Babies are born with their brains outside their skulls, cancers have increased by 250%.

In a nuclear age, the necessity of maintaining the machine is the only necessity. That is life/death. Inertia occurs only to the degree it threatens us with meltdown. This is the basic ground of reality that we have touched, Robert Oppenheimer said it best by quoting Vishnu in the Mahabharata after the Hiroshima blast: "I am become death, the destroyer of life." Is this what is necessary to sustain the man-god of the technological society? Am I advocating a neo-luddite perspective? No, what is required is to see that this is a path of absolute crisis. Once the nuclear reactor becomes the main source of power we will have crossed a threshold, and to turn back? I am afraid the cherubim, the flaming sword, the complete poisoning of the earth would be the cost. To destroy the system would be to destroy life, they will be the same. The only option at this stage would be to literally deconstruct the system. What I hold out hope for is the possibility inherent in this realisation. Once our life, all life, is entirely contingent on the success of the system, we will not be able to destroy it without destroying our selves; the reactors will have to be shut-down, not blown-up. Contrary to this the system will see all social instability as a threat to the fine balances of control required to prevent the final winter. The only option will be non-violent dissent and non-cooperation. Only the emergence of a new moral order, a new manner of life entirely, will be presented as

possibilities. That is why the anti-nuclear resistance is so vital, because it is the avenue of resistance that addresses most directly the logics of the techno-scientific capitalist model, that is, the containing of all life within the control of human devices. It is vital not because we want to stop nuclear power as such, but because with its advance will come an attendant logic of complete control. Obviously this has not occurred in nuclear-dominant countries like France, but once a world order is in place, the sheer amount of waste and destructive potential involved will provoke a new authoritarian necessity. There is nothing like the apocalypse that is both central to our imagination of death and to the reality of a nuclear age. Nuclear power must keep us alive long enough for a new kind of life to emerge. The basic logic is this: no nuclear power, we do not survive the greenhouse effect and society collapses with food supply, but neither will we survive an entrenched nuclear powered state. If the advancement of alternatives to nuclear power is held back as long as the alternatives to fossil fuels have been, then we will be locked into a binary position of obedience or death. At the moment of the nuclear threshold we have two alternatives; contain it, or be contained by it. Really? I don't know, if you think there is a third or fourth alternative, start to fight for it. Do not be passive in this, for the system is precisely that which always responds, and which always responds to maintain its control. This is often a good thing, but this is dependent on the citizen as the individual who grounds reality by reacting to the system to restrain its power.

**Brendan de Paor-Moore**



## Midyear Entry 2005

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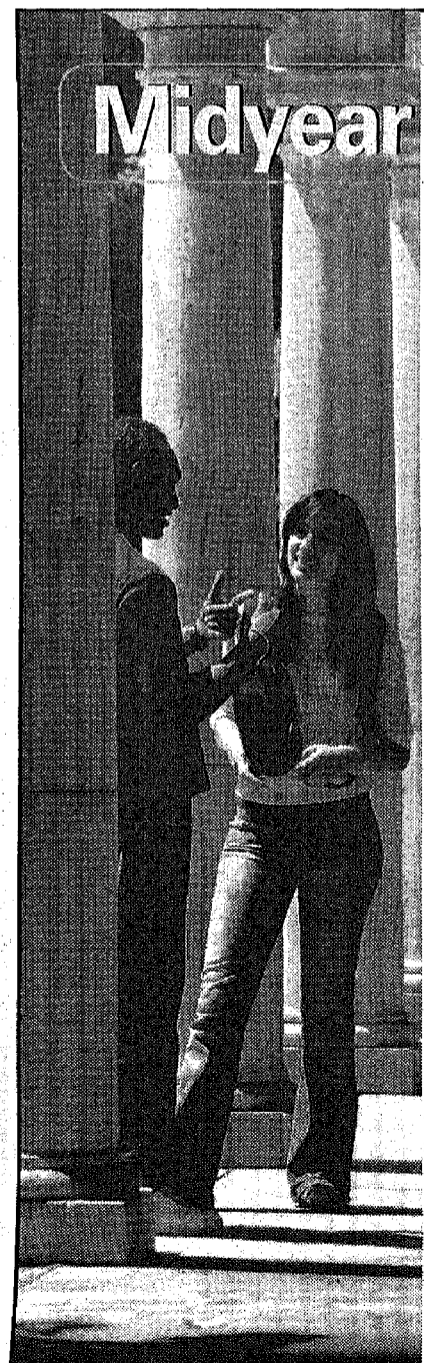
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**Wed. 1 June, 7.30pm**  
**Rennie Lecture Theatre**

Call 8303 6447 to reserve your place.

**Life Impact**



## TODAY I RECEIVED THIS EMAIL:

Do you remember February 1993 when a young 3 yr old was taken from Liverpool, United Kingdom, by two 10-year-old boys. Jamie Bulger walked away from his mother for only a second and Jon Venables took his hand and led him out of the mall with his friend Robert Thompson. They took Jamie on a walk for over 2 and a half miles, along the way stopping every now and again to torture the poor little boy who was crying constantly for his mummy. Finally they stopped at a railway track where they brutally kicked him, threw stones at him, rubbed

that 72 hours to reach the world. I hope this one does as well. We need to protect our family and friends from creatures like Robert and Jon. One day they may be living next door to you and your small children, without your knowledge.

Hmmmm...so these kids were 10. Yes, most 10 year olds understand the difference between right and wrong, certainly to the extent that most 10 year olds (or 5 year olds, or 20 year olds, or any year olds) would never act the way they did in 1993.

But hey, what are we really asking for here? From the wording of the original email, I'm guessing the author really doesn't want them to have a "life". From what I can gather, at the very least they

wholesale: we justify further removal of rights from more classes of people.

It's also interesting to note that these moral panics/outrages etc are mostly directed against individuals, rather than systemic or bureaucratic processes. I guess it's easier to target a person (definable, visible, demonisable) than a system (indefinable, often invisible). But while Eugene McGee accidentally killed a person and is being mobbed by mass media-driven citizen hysteria that has led to a ridiculous Royal Commission purely BECAUSE HE DIDN'T STOP, how many early deaths result from systemic discrimination and disenfranchisement, for instance?

We should all be aware that these "targets" we're finding (at an increasingly rapid rate) - Jon

seekers and Aborigines, if indeed there is to be lynching. But why do we feel the need to lynch? At one point a few decades ago we were (collectively) beginning to realise the futility of widespread punishment - now, it's all we're after.

I would encourage everyone to examine just why it is that they want these people to be either continually punished (by way of imprisonment - one of the most heinous forms of punishment going around) or even killed. Since when has violence ever actually solved anything? It's more true that "violence begets violence"....if we ever really want to work on reducing the level of violence in society (if that's even possible), then we need to work on reducing our tolerance for it. Just because the State is the actor doesn't make it any less violent.

Maybe I'm naive. I \*know\* the outrage that I feel when someone commits violence against me - but I also know that retaliation will achieve little more than add fuel to the fire. Pretty soon, though, we're going to have to find another island to colonise, so that we can find somewhere for our prison overflow. Actually I heard Nauru might be interested...

Russell Marks

## The curse of the vigilante

should be locked up for the rest of their lives, according to the author.

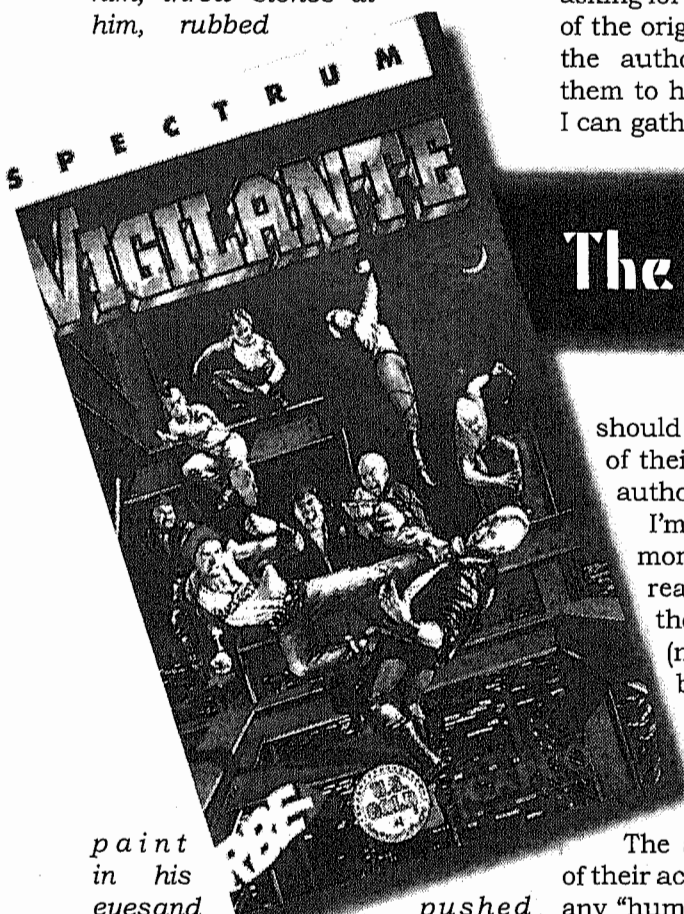
I'm highly sceptical of this moral crusading. What is really being argued is that the rights of these two (now) young men should be permanently curtailed, or even removed completely...for something they did when they were 10.

The argument that, because of their actions, they have forfeited any "human" rights to which they were once entitled, is simplistic, (un)fortunate and quite frankly false. "Human rights" (rights which attach to us purely due to the fact that we are human) aren't hazy - either they are inalienable or they are not. They can't be "inalienable but conditional".

Yet, we have the situation whereby convicted criminals are once again having their action(s) pasted onto their body - so even after the law has finished with them, they are still worthy of punishing, over and over again. Yet these people are people against whom the State has already exercised its powerful monopoly on violence.

When we've reached a stage in our society where certain groups are having their rights stripped from them, there is cause for major concern. One of these groups is convicted criminals. No matter how heinous their crime, they remain human (despite the emotive declarations of victims and sympathisers to the contrary), and as such have moral and legal rights that cannot be taken away, no matter how much someone might want them to be. Because if we start removing the rights of particular classes of people, the problem rapidly becomes

Venables, Robert Thompson, Eugene McGee, Paul Nemer, Henry Keogh, etc - are in this sense "soft". They are easy targets. In fact, lynching these characters is (as one member of the Labor Right recently put it to me) much preferable to lynching asylum



paint in his eyes and batteries pushed up his anus. It was actually worse than this ... What these two boys did was so horrendous that Jamie's mother was forbidden to identify his body. They then left his beaten small body on the tracks so a train could run him over to hide the mess they had created. These two boys, even being boys, understood what they did was wrong, hence trying to make it look like an accident. This week Lady Justice Butler-Sloss has awarded the two boys anonymity for the rest of their lives when they leave custody with new identities. They will also leave early this year only serving just over half of their sentence. They are being relocated to Australia to live out the rest of their lives. They disgustingly and violently took Jamie's life away - in return they each get a new life. Please... if you feel, as we do, that this is a grave miscarriage of justice .. copy entire email .. then add your name at the end, and send it to everyone you can! If you are the 500th person to sign, please forward this e-mail to: cust.~.gov.uk and attention it to Lady Justice Butler-Sloss. Then start the list over again and send to your friends and family. The Love-Bug virus took less

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## North Meets South

## Guests Aplenty

## Not Fit For a King

### 'Earth Cry'

Goldner String Quartet & William Barton  
Musica Viva  
Adelaide Town Hall  
May 3

The most intriguing feature of the latest Musica Viva concert program was the rare juxtaposition of a string quartet and a didgeridoo. Perhaps surprisingly, it was effective. Works from eighteenth century Europe were contrasted with contemporary Australian pieces in a concert that had an unusually casual feel.

Haydn's *String Quartet in F major ('Dream')* started with first violinist Dene Olding having some intonation problems, but after a brief tuneup at the end of the first movement he worked his way into form. The other players, particularly violist Irina Morozova and second violinist Dimity Hall, relished their difficult scale figures and worked well together where they shared fragments of a single phrase.

Didgeridoo player William Barton began his original solo by processing from the back of the auditorium to the stage. Considering the audience's curiosity in his instrument, this was a clever way of allowing the audience to see him playing 'up close'. His piece progressed from a slow opening to a frantic close, allowing Barton to demonstrate skilfully several different playing techniques.

Unfortunately, the *String Quartet No. 15* by Peter Sculthorpe had only one movement that was of any interest. The harmonies of the slow movement made it a pleasant interruption to the rest of the piece, with the Goldner Quartet handling the conversational style well. Barton made the group a quintet, in only the second time that the work had been performed with didgeridoo. The addition was welcome. The didgeridoo provided some much-needed interest in an otherwise forgettable work.

Mozart's *String Quartet in D major ('Prussian')* was given a seemingly impromptu didgeridoo introduction. Well, why not? The whole concert had an informal feel to it, as summed up by Barton's habit of waving to the audience after each time that he took a bow. The quartet seemed more comfortable with Mozart than Haydn, and their ensemble was impeccable, cellist Julian Smiles providing a solid grounding.

More Sculthorpe brought the evening to an end, his *String Quartet No. 12*, entitled *'From Ubirr'*, was difficult to distinguish from No. 15, except it lacked the beauty of the latter's slow movement.

Only time will tell how important a place Sculthorpe occupies in the history of art music. However, it should be clear that draping giant sheets onto which stage lights are shone has no place in any concert hall. Using a different colour for each movement, and patterns that supposedly look like desert sands is a waste of the electricity that is so hard to come by in South Australia. If the music cannot draw a response from an audience, stage lighting is not the way to solve that problem. This concert featured fine playing by highly-respected musicians and did not need lighting designer Stephen Hawker's gimmicks to make it enjoyable.

Benedict Coxon

Gypsies in G  
Macquarie Trio  
Elder Hall  
May 8

With the North Terrace redevelopment nearing its completion, providing improved access to Elder Hall, it was no surprise to find the venue filled for the Macquarie Trio's second subscription series concert for the year. However, a surprise did come when it was announced at the beginning of the concert that Nicholas Milton, violinist with Macquarie Trio for more than eight years, had unexpectedly resigned from his position. Invited to act as Milton's replacement was Daniel Kossov, a prominent violinist from Jerusalem and former concertmaster of the Western Australian Symphony Orchestra.

The concert began with Haydn's *Trio in G major ('Gypsy Rondo')*, which quickly set the theme for the afternoon. Kossov led well and cellist Michael Goldschlager provided a warm and comfortable bass support. Perhaps due to the understandable lack of preparation, the intonation throughout the piece was rather rough, especially in the unison section for violin and piano in the first movement. Kossov may also have been a little too soloistic, but the audience enjoyed his amazingly well-executed spiccatos.

Pianist Kathryn Selby shone in the next piece, the *Trio in G minor* by Chopin. Although it is one of the composer's early works, Chopin's use of the piano as the driving force is evident. However, unlike many of his later works, one can find a different and often overlooked side of Chopin: throughout the piece, strong and rich romanticism dominates over the melancholic flavour for which Chopin became famous.

The trio was then joined by violist Roger Benedict for the last piece of the program, the *Piano quartet in G minor* by Brahms. Benedict's playing certainly justified the existence of the viola as a (potential) musical instrument. His sound carried both the depth of the cello in the lower strings and the crystal-clear sound of the violin in the upper. The players were very much together and they created a pleasing blend of sounds, often giving the impression that one was listening to a full chamber orchestra. The forty-minute-long work did not seem to last long enough and the fast, gypsy-influenced closing movement brought the program full circle in an effervescent way.

Yasuto Nakamura

Kings and Queens  
Graduate Singers  
St Peter's Cathedral  
April 30

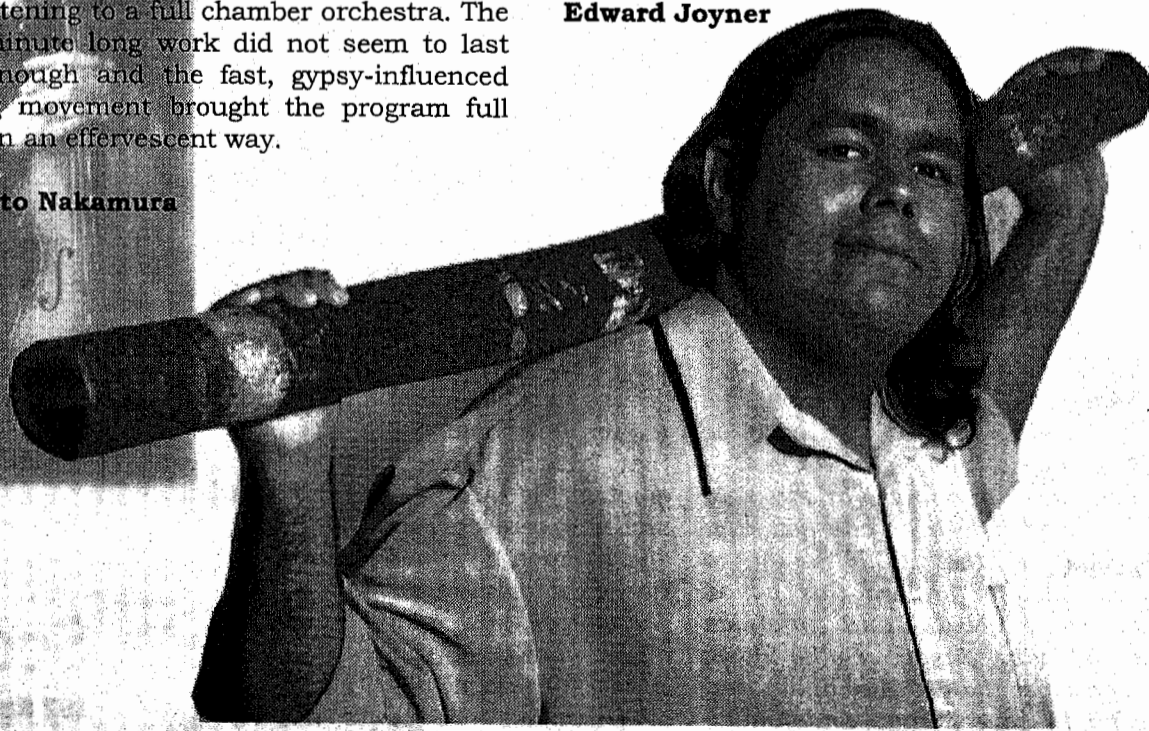
Set in the majesty of St Peter's Cathedral and with a program ranging from Purcell to Tavener, royalty was the inspiration for the Graduate Singers' opening concert of 2005. For this performance, the choir was joined by organist Peter Kelsall, oboist Bruce Stewart and soprano Emma Horwood. Under Tim Marks, the choir's sound was very pleasing, lacking the overabundance of vibrato one often finds in large adult choirs.

The concert opened with Parry's well-known anthem, *I Was Glad*, although for some reason the singers were arranged not by section, but were mixed together. This meant that the overall sound was not as confident as it could have been had the singers been standing in sections, and as a result the choir was no match for the organ. The tenor section simply lacked the numbers required to match other sections, and homogenisation didn't help them. The strange process of repositioning was to be a regular feature of this performance; a feature it probably could have done without.

Horwood, Stewart and Kelsall's rendition of Handel's *Eternal Source of Light Divine* was excellent, with Horwood displaying the talent that regularly impresses Adelaide audiences. Horwood returned for Purcell's *Dido's Lament* and *Fairest Isle*, and rather stole the show. Her style and tone was consistently excellent, and the acoustic of the cathedral added an extra dimension to her sound.

The Portuguese King John VI's *Crux Fidelis* felt rather rushed, although the choir made a good sound, the same went for Grieg's stunning setting of *Ave Maris Stella*. The highlight of the choir's performance was John Tavener's *Song for Athene*, famously sung at Princess Diana's funeral. Director Tim Marks sensibly opted to use the organ for the bass pedal note rather than leaving the basses to fend for themselves. Handel's *Zadok the Priest* was unfortunately rather messy from organ and choir alike, but ended solidly, to the appreciation of the audience.

Edward Joyner



William Barton



*Quartet Excels,  
Presenter Does Not*

*Classical Music  
Done Justice*

*Burning Up The Floor*

**Music of the Spheres**  
**Australian String Quartet and Benjamin Martin**  
**Adelaide Town Hall**  
**May 10**

In its first subscription series concert earlier in the year, the Australian String Quartet set for itself a high standard of performance. Expectations of its second offering for 2005 were therefore high, and the group did not disappoint. The ASQ presented an evening that was as technically stunning and musically glowing as their earlier effort.

The concert began with Georges Lentz's *Caeli enarrant...IV* for string quartet and four cymbals, a primarily atonal work that requires the players to use a range of twentieth century performance techniques and play for extended periods of time, using exhausting amounts of energy. The ASQ rose to the occasion superbly and with such passion that the audience was drawn in to this work which was, on the surface, often quite repelling. Long stretches of slow and tedious atonal harmonies, punctuated only by the occasional refreshing consonance, were kept alive solely by the quartet's remarkable intensity.

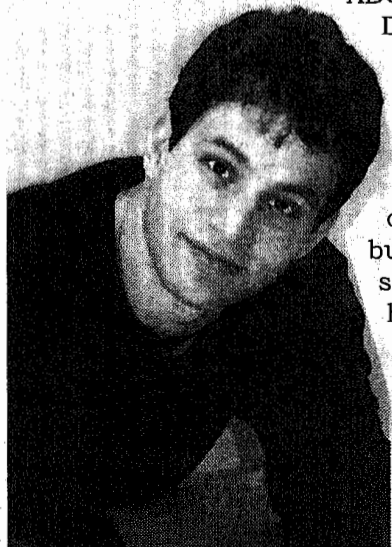
This was followed by Mendelssohn's *Capriccio in E minor*, which is significantly less light-hearted than the composer's earlier capriccios. First violinist Natsuko Yoshimoto wound the beautiful, delicate melody of the opening *Andante con moto* over the accompaniment, which was expertly provided by the other players. The group then launched into the *Allegro fugato, assai vivace* section in which the players showed sophistication and flair. Their extraordinary skills of communication helped to weave the voices of the fugue in, out and around each other to create a very enjoyable performance.

For the finale of the evening, the ASQ was joined by pianist Benjamin Martin for Schumann's *Piano quintet in E flat major*. This is a work of amazing proportions in which the composer's grand symphonic structure and force are condensed into a chamber work where the five players share equal importance. The brilliance and vivacity of the quintet were accentuated by the seamless partnership between Martin and the ASQ, as they delivered one of the great, revolutionary chamber works with ease, never wavering in either their intensity or their passion.

This diverse selection of music was presented by Julian Day, who hosts a radio program on ABC Classic FM.

Day provided a good introduction to the works and performers at the beginning of the concert, but the audience soon tired of his sermon-like servings of information prior to each piece.

**Ashleigh Gold**



**South Pacific**  
**Festival Theatre**  
**May 5-15**

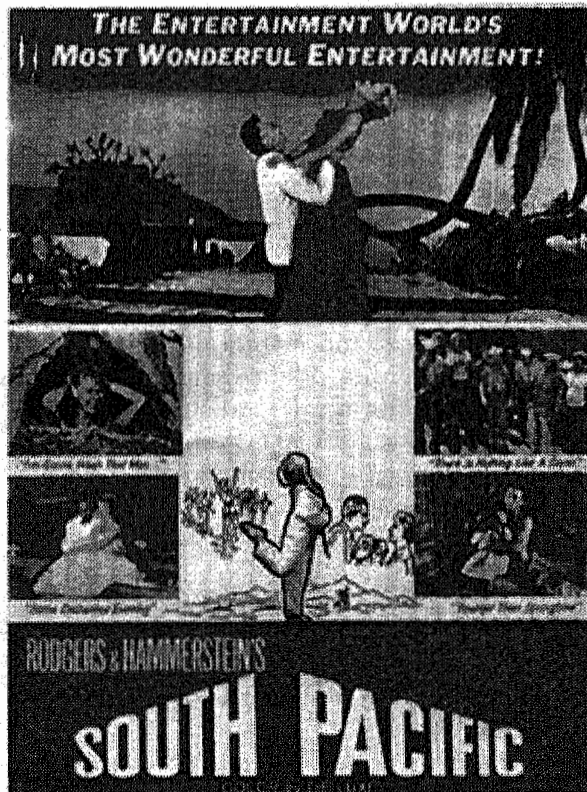
I have a confession to make. I was raised on Rodgers and Hammerstein. From *Carousel* to *The Sound of the Music*, I've seen them all. When the opportunity came to take Mum for mothers' day, who was I to refuse? The overture began, the stage in darkness, and gradually the sun rose over the South Pacific. So began a few hours spent in a fantasy world of yesteryear, where love conquered all, and the enemy was kept at bay (except for the death of Cable, but eh).

A deceptively simple set transformed a stark navy base (half-naked sailors doing push-ups, singing about dames and dancing with 'jazz hands'; enough said) into a colourful, flower-laden plantation. Katrina Retallick was superbly cast as Nellie. Her rendition of 'Cock-eyed optimist' would have won over the most hardened, cynical audience. The chemistry between her and John Diedrich's Emile was electric.

The musical lost none of its relevance with its rather blatant anti-racist message, and Hayden Tee put in his best performance as Lieutenant Cable with 'You've got to be carefully taught'. Bloody Mary was bloody great, with her perfect comic timing, and I swear that during 'Bali Hai' every audience member turned around at least once to see for themselves the island where love rules all. The orchestra was flawless, seamlessly presenting subtle background music, then surging into the fore with each show-tune.

My one complaint would be the way in which the relationship between Liat and Cable was handled by director Jo-Anne Robinson. What should have been a beautiful romance that crossed racial boundaries was presented as a cheap encounter with a whore who hung around. However, as a whole, the musical was a joy to watch, like being wrapped in a warm blanket, then slipping into the characters' world for just a few hours.

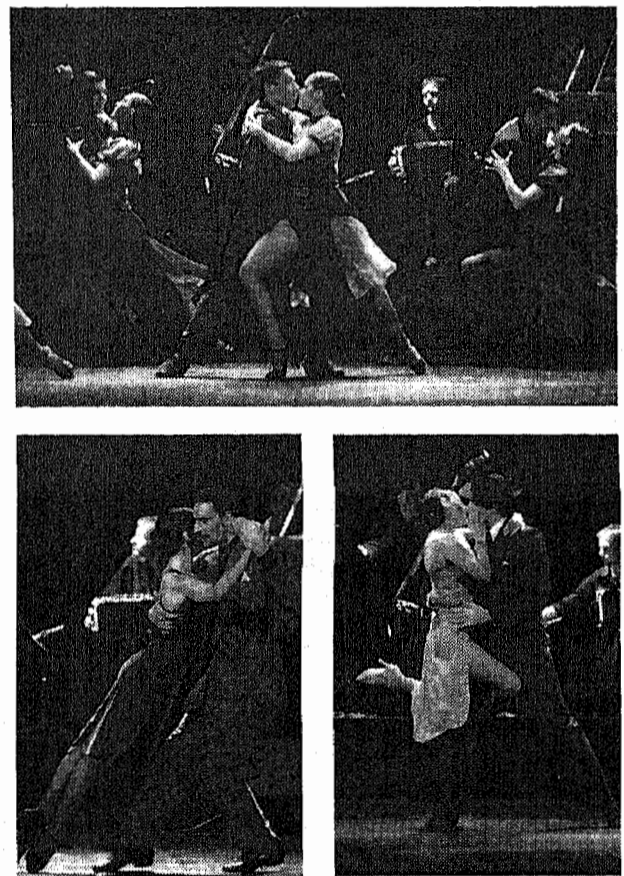
**Jessica Fishlock**



**Tango Fire**  
**Estampas Porteñas**  
**Thebarton Theatre**  
**May 25**

Fans of one of the world's most famous dances, the tango, have much to look forward to on May 25. Acclaimed Argentine company Estampas Porteñas returns to Adelaide with its presentation of 'Tango Fire', a show featuring five musicians, two singers and ten dancers. 'Tango Fire' will take its audience through the history and evolution of the tango, from its genesis in the Buenos Aires of the 1880s to the recent resurgence in interest that it has enjoyed. The performance commences at 8pm at the Thebarton Theatre. Student tickets are priced at \$37.70 and are available from Venuetix.

**Benedict Coxon**



## WHAT THE BLEEP DO WE KNOW



**Writer/**

**Directors:** Betsy Chase, William Arntz and Mark Vicente

**Starring:** Marlee Matlin, Elaine Hendrix and Robert Bailey Jr.

Documentaries are often one of the most fascinating ways to pass the time in a cinema. Be it peaceful examinations of nature (*Travelling Birds*), corporate dissections (*The Corporation*), left-wing quasi-propaganda (*Fahrenheit 9/11*) or low-key explorations of childhood (*To Be and To Have*), 2004 was a *very* good time to start learning this. According to the posters for *What The Bleep Do We Know*, however, now is the "Time to Get Wise!" (about quantum physics, or so we are initially told). I don't know about getting wise, but *Bleep* is both an interesting

and deeply frustrating documentary/drama, and yet another film in 2005 that I find myself unable to pinpoint my feelings on.

The film's sequence of events is impossible to sum up: in less than two hours, the documentary aspect of the film follows numerous professors of theology, psychology, physics and various other sciences through numerous topics. Quantum physics - the "physics of possibility" - is a starting point for forays into sociology, popular philosophy, physiology, psychology, religion and dozens of other topics linked in some way to the above. The film, through quantum physics, explores such notions as the proverbial tree in the woods that may never have fallen if nobody was there to see it, or the idea that we close ourselves to certain possibilities through patterns of thought. Neither of these two notions are representative of the documentary as a whole, and that is one of the documentary's strengths and weaknesses; that even as the audience is left overstuffed with morsels of thought, they are tugged every which way possible in 108 minutes to the point that they don't know where to start, or whether they've been given enough time on any single topic to make any aspect of the film approachable.

The fictional aspect of the film - exploring photographer Amanda's (Matlin) personal

problems and self-defeating thoughts - doesn't bode well when combined with this. As the film wavers between its disparate documentary and dramatic aspects, it fails on some level to combine the two coherently. Curiously, the film barely touches its fictional characters - intended to anchor the theories into real-life situations to make them more understandable - until quite late in the film. For a long period, then, the documentary is almost forgotten as *Bleep* forays into Amanda's antics. The awkward, trite metaphors that the film's fictional aspect mention - such as the question, "how deep down the rabbit hole do you want to go?" undercut the documentary aspect's credibility. So, too, does the filmmakers' decision to conceal the names and credentials of its experts until the end of the film. This is not to deny the fascination I had with *Bleep*, which was in many ways a highly provocative, intriguing documentary. The problem is that watching it, and thinking about it afterwards, felt akin to counting stars. Both may be quite mystifying, but I quickly end up feeling like I'm getting absolutely nowhere.



**Brian O'Neill**

## THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

**Director:** Garth Jennings

**Starring:** Martin Freeman, Mos Def & Sam Rockwell

At 10.30pm on Wednesday, 8 March 1978, on BBC Radio 4, the first episode of the original *Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* was broadcast. It opened with a description of the wholly remarkable book of its title ("better selling than the Celestial Home Care Omnibus"). The top-selling novel, published in 1979, opens with a description of Earth and its inhabitants (summing us up as people who still thought digital wristwatches to be a pretty neat idea). The Hollywood film of 2005 opens with an elaborate song and dance routine performed by a group of dolphins. ("The world's about to be destroyed/ There's no point getting all annoyed"). Still, when you have Americans take over what is a quintessentially English comedy, what else could you expect?

From radio series to novel to TV show to film *The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy* has retained its huge cult following. The late great Douglas Adams (who died in 2001) claimed he came up with the concept while lying drunk in a field in Innsbruck in 1971, and then promptly forgot about it for six years. In its every incarnation the plot alters, sometimes subtly, sometimes not so subtly - the departure of main character Trillian from the radio series in order to be forcibly married to the President of the Algolian Chapter of the Galactic Rotary Club, never to be heard of again, is perhaps the best example of this. For those not obsessed with tracking tiny changes in plot and punch lines across the various versions - for those who have, indeed, *never picked up a Hitch Hiker's book before*, the movie plot runs something like this: Arthur Dent, Earthman and owner of a rather nice English cottage and flannel dressing-gown, gets up one morning to discover that bulldozers have arrived in order to demolish his house. When he is temporarily distracted by his friend Ford Prefect (the joke behind his

name, which Adams claims the Americans never got, is very carefully explained) and several beers, his house is in fact demolished. Luckily, Arthur's distress at this is of short duration, since the Earth is soon destroyed to make way for a hyper-space bypass (this always happens) and Arthur learns that Ford Prefect is not in fact from Guildford after all but from a small planet somewhere in the vicinity of Betelgeuse. Then his day gets worse.

The basic storyline of the movie follows the fairly predictable path of the first book and radio/TV series - Arthur and Ford join two-headed President of the Galaxy Zaphod Beeblebrox and attractive astrophysicist Trillian in a quest to find legendary planet Magrathea, the meaning of life, the universe and everything (but mostly fame and fortune). Some fans may be slightly sickened (or really disgusted, depending on whether you have a high tolerance threshold for saccharine it-was-you-who-I-loved-all-along moments) by the sappy romantic sub-plot involving Arthur and Trillian (probably only inserted in the film literally over Adams' dead body). The ending takes away a lot of the series' original edge in favour of something more Hollywood/fairytale-ish.

Still the movie, while passing over some CLASSIC lines, does give as a few new jokes to laugh at, and those who got in early to see it may even have gained a towel. (The significance of which you must see the movie/read the books/listen to the radio series to discover. Frankly, we can't recommend the TV show). The special effects are of course vastly superior to those of the TV show which is another bonus. While some fans may grumble over the movie's treatment of what is arguably the funniest book/radio series ever, if you went in expecting only a faintly hilarious echo of the original, you may be pleasantly surprised.



(If you've read it)



(If you haven't)

**Rach and Jo B**

## Top 6 Things NOT in Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy



With all book to film adaptations there is an inevitable culling of some story elements.

Here are some of the great parts from the book little Mr. Jennings chose to leave out of his little picture:

**#1** Arthur: You know, it's at times like this, when I'm trapped in a Vogon airlock with a man from Betelgeuse, and about to die of asphyxiation in deep space that I really wish I'd listened to what my mother told me when I was young.

Ford: Why, what did she tell you?

Arthur: I don't know, I didn't listen.

**#2** Arthur: If I asked you where the hell we were would I regret it?

Ford: We're safe.

Arthur: Good.

Ford: We're in a small galley cabin in one of the spaceships of the Vogon Constructor Fleet.

Arthur: Ah, this is obviously some strange usage of the word 'safe' that I wasn't previously aware of.

**#3** Arthur: Ford, you're turning into a penguin. Stop it.

**#4** Marvin: Life. Don't talk to me about Life. I have this terrible pain in all the diodes down my left side.

**#5** Arthur: Ford, there's an infinite number of monkeys outside who want to talk to you about this script for Hamlet they've worked out.

**#6** Mr Prosser: But look, you found the notice didn't you?

Arthur: Yes, I did. It was on display in the bottom of a locked filing cabinet stuck in a disused lavatory with a sign on the door saying *Beware of the Leopard*.

# Dumber Than Dumb and Dumber,

## On Dit Chats to Angus Sampson



It was a warm, sticky, yet cold morning. It was 8am at the Hilton sauna. The hot steamy temptress stepped out, without her towel; my notes began to stick to my fingers. She was far-famed and was walking over to sit down next to me. This was how I imagined my first interview for *On Dit* to begin, but the reality was somewhat different.

Being new to *On Dit* I thought it appropriate to start the ball rolling with *On Dit's* (in)famous opening – postulating a sexual encounter. While the interviewee seemed a little shocked at such a classy opening question, he indulged me with a request for a three-some and “who knows where it would go from there?”

The victim of my interrogation was Angus Sampson, star of the new Aussie comedy *You and Your Stupid Mate*, co-starring Nathan Phillips as two chronic dole bludgers who have perfected milking the system, living in a quiet caravan park. What more could two dole bludgers want than to watch soopies all day and perve on the local babe, until they're found out and made to work for the dole.

While this is Sampson's first lead role, he's worked in film, theatre, television and radio. Best known for his role as Dimi from *Greeks on the Roof*, which he also co-wrote, he's also appeared in *Fat Pizza*, *The Secret Life of Us*, *Recovery* and, probably his most famous and influential role, on the Maggi Noodle Snack

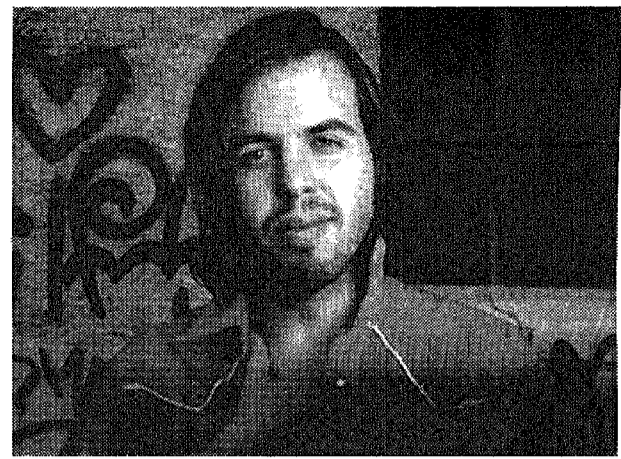
Stops TV commercials. In this film, he brings a wonderful pathos and depth to a somewhat simplistic character.

The real crux of the interview begins with the usual inquiry – how has he been enjoying the press junket? Not the usual answer, “Yeah, it's been really enjoyable, the catering's been incredible, they've been treating us well and I've been having a great time,” Sampson said, more interested on detailing the cuisine than any other experience.

Drawing on the similarities between this film and *Dumb and Dumber*, he explained, “I'm honoured for this film to be mentioned in the same sentence, as I'm a real fan of Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels and if any similarities are drawn I think that's great.” Now it was time to get serious. I pressed him on what he really thought of his film, “I truly think it's an enjoyable Australian comedy that I hope people will enjoy as much as I did. It might not be Mozart but I think the audiences will love watching two mates and connect with the trouble on screen.”

I had to return to the perks of making the film, which led us once again to the topic of food – this is one man with an eye always on his stomach. But I guess as a man there must be other things on his mind – the two beauties of the film, Madeline West and Rachel Hunter; but which did he prefer? “Rachel Hunter is an amazing girl,” not too interested in expanding for fear of the tape somehow getting out – I assure everyone this was never going to happen, maybe because of our journalistic honour or perhaps due to the lack of tape.

After being taken away from the phone by publicists for a moment, I thought dodginess was in order. We heard that he farted on Quentin – “Yeah, well I guess I did, Nathan [Phillips] came up to me one day and said he'd give me \$20 if I farted on him. It was pretty psycho, as I went up to his wheelchair and

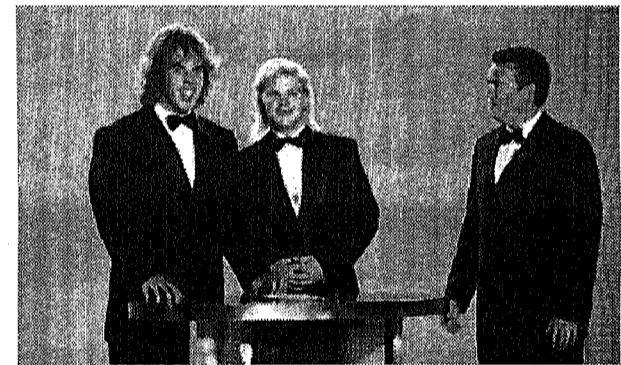


let it out, he started ramming his wheel chair into me and forcing his head into my crotch.” It seems he didn't get the money after all and while he assured me he thought Quentin was pretty cool, some people may not share his opinion so he asked for mine (quite positive seeing as I met him last year).

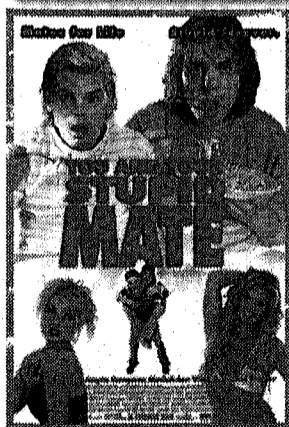
Onto the man's rising career – he told me “I pride myself on the roles I've turned down; I even turned down this role twice before my agent persuaded me to take it.” Being optimistic about the Australian Film Industry, does he have much planned for the future? Definitely – he's about to start doing some work in theatre and has a film coming out and a few in the pipeline, all proud to be Australian made.

Sampson's interest in staying here in Australia and seeing great Australian productions come out with his funny, self deprecating charm is sure to see some great stuff in the near future to look out for.

Mark Keen



## YOU AND YOUR STUPID MATE



**Director:** Marc Gracie  
**Starring:** Angus Sampson & Nathan Phillips

Most people's reaction to this film seem very similar to mine – oh no, my first review for *On Dit* is another one of those lame Aussie films (even being told by a cheeky co-reviewer that you

have to start at the bottom) – but I think they were mistaken.

Phillip (Nathan Phillips) and Jeffrey (Angus Sampson) are dole bludgers, living a life much like many students, a revelled living centred around a well timed schedule of perverting on the local MILF (Rachael Hunter) as she walks past every day and preparing spaghetti on toast two minutes before their favourite soap “Sons and Surf” starts. They work their well shuffled schedule around their “real” jobs with Jeffrey constantly surfing the net as unofficial president of the Sons and Surf fan club and Nathan as the long-running cast member

of the Scouts production while he waits to become eminent.

Like the target audience of the film, they have an indelible passion for their long-running weeknight soap and are dumbfounded when one of the insipid beauties of the show (Madeline West) is set to be killed off. On their quest as mates to save her from an untimely demise, the movie criss-crosses through a few sub-plots, which play out more like set-pieces, to progress to a fairly predictable coda. The most interesting of the sub plots being the battle with the evilly overzealous boss (William McInnes) of the local job agency, adamant on finding jobs for the boys, whilst they persistently manage to make a mockery of every job opportunity, one of the most hilarious being when they are assigned to clean up road kill off the side of the road.

While the second time director Marc Gracie doesn't really have a shock and awe factor; it is the clever and often charming screenplay by Dave O'Neil and Mark O'Toole (Co-writer of the ingenious *John Safran Vs God*) about two Aussie dumbasses trying to find their niche in life. While it does play down the same line as *Dumb and Dumber*, it's an original look at two Australian slackers who learn about the value of friendship and have something we all can relate to.

The two leads are amusing together as

you meet them as high school mates and remember similar characters from your school days (maybe you were one of them) and the story plays out like ‘Where are they now?’ (with one of the leads conspicuously wearing an Adelaide Uni shirt). The soap stars are boring and cheesy, but aren't they meant to be, with the battle of the sex-symbols Madeline West and Rachael Hunter, the former seemingly used for the bikini shots and the latter for the random reference to her ex (can you spot it?). The supporting cast probably make the film, with star spotting appearances by Quentin, Eddie McGuire (again!) and maybe a little too over-the-top performance by William McInnes.

Most importantly, the sheer fun of the story is what makes it entertaining. Yes there's a penis joke every ten minutes, but they're never really out of taste but in a good Aussie nature. I know it may look cheesy and you thought you picked it as the worst film of the year; yet I was surprised by consistent amount of solid laughs throughout the film. Call me old fashioned (well I'm from Queensland) but this really is a good solid film that's sure to entertain as a fine Aussie comedy that's better than most.



Mark Keen

# WALK ON WATER

**Director:** Eytan Fox

**Starring:** Lior Ashkenazi, Knut Berger & Caroline Peters

I know what you're thinking and no, this is not one of those Jesus of Latter Day Saints call now for free video and brain-washing films.

This one is an Israeli/German affair, with murder, intrigue, suicide, friendship, love, homosexuality, racism and a little comedy thrown in for good measure. Genre overload you ask? Well yeah, just a bit. It goes a little something like this: Eyal (Ashkenazi) is an Israeli Intelligence agent who, following the very recent suicide of his wife, is asked to off a decrepit Nazi war criminal. To find the old bugger, however, Eyal must first get to know his grandchildren, Axel (Berger) and Pia (Peters). And so we get a chalk and cheese situation with closed off, Springsteen-listening killing machine Eyal, posing as a tour guide for outgoing, idealistic, gay Axel. As the men begin to bond despite their differences, Eyal's task becomes more difficult to complete.

It all looks good on paper but when you actually watch the film there are big holes that just can't be ignored. Like how macho Eyal so easily overcomes his homophobia to go to a gay bar and ask Axel details of his sexual particulars...after only a few days!? And

how the story raises many pertinent issues regarding suicide attacks and the Israeli/Palestinian conflict, but then either discards them or ties them up with a neat little ribbon. It's as though Fox is saying "Yeah, there's some shit going down, but if we all just go down to the beach, cover ourselves in mud and have a nice little chinwag about life, the Israelis, Germans, Palestinians - oh heck, everyone! - would all get along!" (You'll know what I mean if you see the film). And for one final whinge - the ending, oh, the ending! So saccharine sweet and American Rom-Com I almost asked for a refund (until I remembered I'd seen it for free).

If the flaws are ignored (it can be done) you will find a fairly enjoyable film. There are some comic moments that gave me a giggle and the cross-cultural plot is not too common and therefore rather enlightening (at least for this out-of-the-loop-with-world-affairs pleb). The acting is definitely not part of the problem in the film, with solid performances and a comfortable chemistry from the two male leads.

If you're after a film that lightly skims the surface of some major political issues, gives you a bit of a chuckle now and then, and takes a storytelling nose-dive in the final quarter, *Walk On Water* is for you.



Lucky L.



## QUOTH THE RAVEN

**"Just because you're hung like a moose doesn't mean you have to do porn."**

If you know what film this quote is from tell us and you will win a wonderful prize. Get in touch with us at [onditfilm@hotmail.com](mailto:onditfilm@hotmail.com) and show us the extent of your nerdiness. Congrats to Ria Fahlberg who guessed *Aliens* for the quote in the sixth edition! She wins two double passes and a totally hideous and oversized tshirt! Yay!

## REVIEWER PROFILE

Lucky L.



**Fave filmmakers:** PT Anderson, Charlie Kaufman, Coen brothers  
**Most hated film:** *The Klumps*, *In & Out*  
**Worst genre:** Epic, Blockbuster, Sci-fi, Julia Roberts  
**Random fact:** In the credits of *Teen Wolf*, an extra has his fly undone.

# BLAST FROM THE PAST - THREE MEN AND A LITTLE LADY (1990)

TOM SELLECK STEVE GUTTENBERG TED DANSON

## Three Men and a Little Lady



**Director:** Emile Ardolino

**Starring:** Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, Ted Danson & Nancy Travis

Remember this, the sequel to *Three Men and a Baby* (originally adapted from a French film)? I LOVED this film as a kid. Maybe it's a girl thing - my brothers were nowhere near as obsessed with it as I was - but I just could not get enough of it. Somehow a few years back I lost my copy but, lo and behold, a couple of years later I found another and when I watched it as a 17 year old, I could still quote the damn thing!

For those who had deprived childhoods, this film's about three friends, Peter, Jack and Michael, who live with Sylvia (Jack's ex) and her and Jack's daughter, Mary. In *Three Men and a Baby*, Sylvia abandoned Mary on the housemates' doorstep and the confirmed bachelors' struggles to cope were passed off as entertainment. In the sequel they're all one big happy family, but this all changes when Sylvia decides to get married to an arsehole and move to England, taking Mary with her. The men get

a little cheesed off (Peter especially 'cos he has the hots for Sylvia), so they set off to England to remedy the situation.

Why do I love this film so? It's actually really funny, and quite touching. The men are fabulous - Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg and Ted Danson are a great ensemble. Tom, as Peter, is my favourite - he's the big daddy of the group and looks a lot like my dad so I have a bit of a soft spot for him. Sylvia, played by Nancy Travis, I sometimes want to throttle, but she can't help being a selfish twit, I guess. Her mother is a great source of laughs as the stereotypical English bitch, as is Miss Lomax, the school principal who would do anything for Peter. When I was little I wanted to be Mary, with cartoons painted on my walls and guys singing me rap songs instead of lullabies - this movie makes me yearn for my childhood all over.



Soph.

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# Tori Amos

Live at the Sydney Opera House

*She gained altitude, describing wider and wider circles, surveying the site until its every feature became familiar to her. We, her loyal drones, were on the wing too, observing the timid movements of our virgin queen. Our humming was all consuming, and it soon attracted her attention. She enlarged the circles of her flight and passed over us, inspecting, enticing, urging us to follow, and suddenly we were in full pursuit .....*\*

Tori Amos. Fan, ear with feet or not, witnessing a live performance by this woman is enough to solidify any listeners loyalty (I know at least two partners of Tori Fans who were quite chuffed at being dragged along by the end of the show!) Amos has an enormous underground following which ensured that her concert in all states scheduled to commence from the 7<sup>th</sup> of May sold out in only hours. I was lucky enough to secure myself front row seats for two shows at the Sydney Opera House, but I must qualify this by saying that I've been a Tori fan for several years now. I'm not nearly doing justice to the excitement that was building in me!

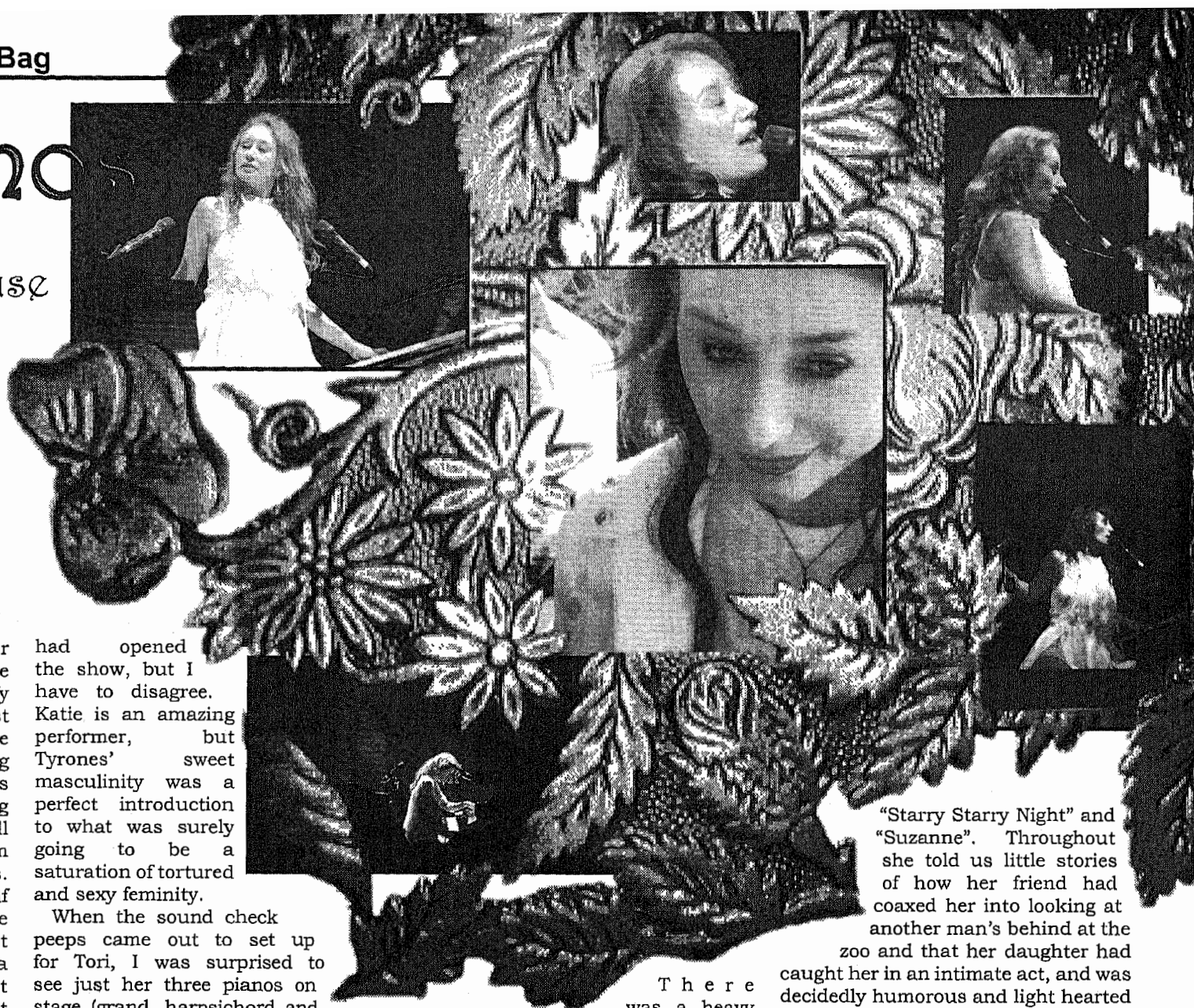
The Sydney Opera House is a beautiful venue and the show attracted a beautiful cross section of people. Goths in black makeup and purple PVC bodices who enjoy the obscurity of her lyrics, 60-something's who find intrigue in her classically trained fingers and individual slant on piano playing. There were trendy alternatives who support artists not in the mainstream field, and there were lots of people like me who attain aural peace from her musical exploration of rape, miscarriage, sexuality, femininity and sensuality.

The show opened quietly with Tyrone Noonan (of George fame) as Tori's support act. I heard a few punters make the comment that it would have been more fitting if Katie Noonan

had opened the show, but I have to disagree. Katie is an amazing performer, but Tyrone's sweet masculinity was a perfect introduction to what was surely going to be a saturation of tortured and sexy femininity.

When the sound check peeps came out to set up for Tori, I was surprised to see just her three pianos on stage (grand, harpsichord and keyboard). She has spent the last few tours with a backing band. Not that I was complaining, the opportunity to hear Tori on her own was simply too good!

A flowing white dress and a mass of red curls emerged onto the stage through a smoke machine haze, to the first of a number of standing ovations that happened over the course of the evening. She bowed to her audience and be-lined to her boses' to play Original "Sinsuality" from the new album. She did not disappoint, she was every bit as animated as what her audience expected. She gyrate over her piano seat, she stroked her microphone and she simulated maturation and orgasm as she played the piano like a fucking psycho.



"Starry Starry Night" and "Suzanne". Throughout she told us little stories of how her friend had coaxed her into looking at another man's behind at the zoo and that her daughter had caught her in an intimate act, and was decidedly humorous and light hearted during the entire performance.

No images of suckling pigs entered my mind once. Seeing her overt sexual relationship with her piano in person, despite having been prep'd for it, was intimidating and exciting, but what was far more exciting was watching her as she jumped with ease, back and forth from the Harpsichord to the Grand piano and back again. It was just a plain trip though, when she began to play both at the same time, whilst singing.

All in all, Tori Amos is an extremely talented woman. I can't even do justice to what this tour was like- if you get the chance to see her live, do it, you'll never turn back!

LRC

*\*From the Shamanic Way Of The Bee*

There was a heavy focus on her new

album, however she dove into the old school bag to play "Silent All These Years", "Leather", "Cooling", "Blood Roses", "Girl", "Cloud on my Tongue", "Horses" and "Yes Anastasia" to name a few. Her new songs, although they don't sound as tortured as her old pieces, still explored difficult topics such as the death of family members, old relationships and maintaining the connection with new ones.

Half way through her set she engaged the audience with 'Tori's Piano Bar' where she played cover requests from the crowd. The winning choices were "Shook Me All Night", an exciting ACDC cover indeed, "Like A Prayer" played in way that would bring even Madonna to her knees,

# Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds

Live at Thebarton Theatre

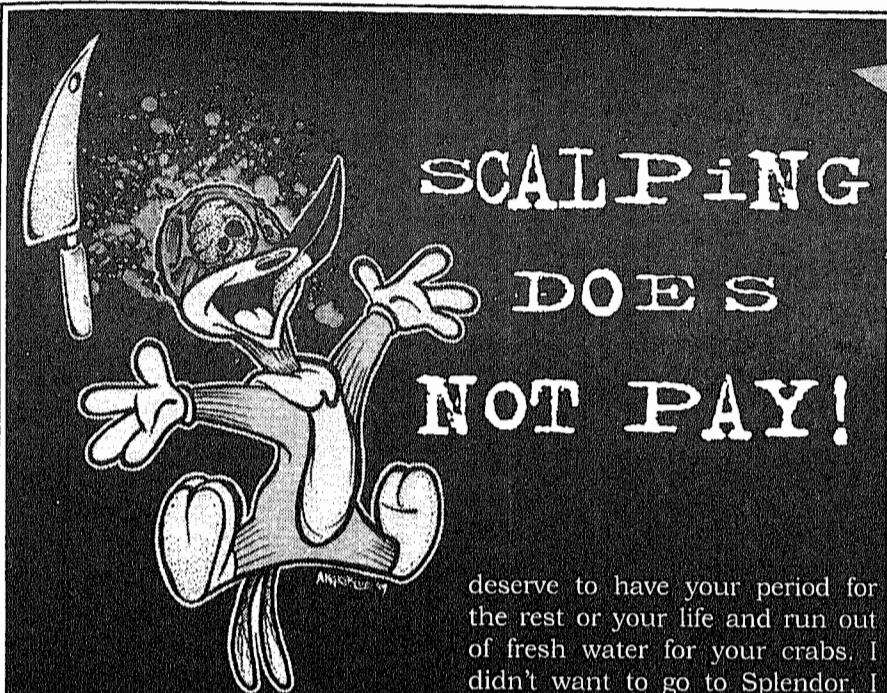
Nick Cave is a snake. On stage he slithers, bites, spits poison. However, he is a snake with impeccably good taste and capable of extreme tenderness and humour. Seeing the culmination of his artful collage of superbly cultish musicians play live is a blessing, to say the least. Who else but Nick could organise a band consisting of stellar personnel including no-wave legend and sometime Lydia Lunch collaborator John Sclavunos, the eccentric and mesmerising Warren Ellis (of the Dirty Three) and full time quiet genius Mick Harvey? Two drummers, two keyboardists and a four part gospel choir where some of the conclusions to this tour that was the largest touring version

of Bad Seeds in their complicated history. These individuals' styles and personalities would in any other band be all consuming, potent and brilliant. However next to Nick Cave's psychotic grandeur and lustful introspection, they are a backup band with an energy and soul of its own. His set list was wise - predominantly songs from his latest double album, which I was very keen to hear live, decorated with gems from the Bad Seeds' 24 year long history. With the percussion-heavy line-up, many of the noisier new songs sounded like metal machine music, particularly 'Hiding All Away'. Absolutely blissful was 'Breathless', which saw Nick buddying it up with Warren Ellis by intimately holding his microphone to Ellis's flute. I drunkenly missed hearing 'Red Right Hand' at the start of the concert, but if hearing a well-shortened performance of 'Mercy Seat' was inspiring, then

watching Nick's hip-swagger to his own version of 'City Of Refuge' was divine intervention. Blixa Bargeld's replacement organist James Johnston, was not quite the noisemsmith of his predecessor, and even sounded immature in comparison to Conway Savage, the pianist opposite him on stage. Johnston just didn't get the opportunity to shine that perhaps he needed to find a niche in the band. Nick's solo, an almost Tom Waits-ish rendition of 'God is in the House' was hilarious, and the final encore of 'Stagger Lee' was as violent and devastating as the band has ever been. Nick Cave will go to the grave a fit young man, still transcending this earth and confronting the Heavens, and it'll be in the sharpest suit you ever seen. And his live show is testament to this.

Jimmy Trash





Well well well. First of all, many thanks to my legion of fans (all three of you) who commended me on my last piece. A typical moment of praise went like this: "Della Porta, eh? The dude who wrote the Dan Brown thing? Nice." Oh how I lapped it up, though I really must apologise profusely here. I'm usually a much more humble and modest person, and those who really know me I'd like to think agree, but I've grown to using the phrase 'I'm a respected writer now for fuck's sake, you can't pull that immature stunt on me,' a lot, even though I shouldn't. But, by Christ, I'm going to milk this for all it's worth. And if it gets me booze and/or women, even better. But I digress.

Look, I'm doing this bit for your own good. Disclaimer: I am an asshole. I am one of, nay *the*, most opinionated and blunt bastard I know, I will tell you I hate you, I will say exactly what I think, and I don't give a fat rat's asshole what you think about that. I make no attempt to apologise for the way I act and/or behave, and wish for no one to apologise for me. If this makes you hate me, good. I hate you too. You're a piece of scum that I scrape from between the studs on my boots, and I hope you rot in hell.

You know what? You people piss me off (funny that, things annoying me, never had that happen before). Splendor in the Grass tickets went on sale Monday, I believe, and sold out by the end of Monday. Which is cool, as you expect tickets for that kind of a show to sell out fast, like Big Day Out in Sydney. But what shits me to tears (even more than Arsenal supporters telling me 'Gunners are still a good team, we've won championships') is dickhead asshole fuckstick wanker scum-sucking sheep-rooting scalpers that buy TWENTY-NINE tickets (yes, some bitch bought 29 tickets) to flog on eBay. At over \$250 each. Arsehole. You deprived 29 REAL fans of tickets just so you could make some money. You

deserve to have your period for the rest of your life and run out of fresh water for your crabs. I didn't want to go to Splendor, I never intended on buying a ticket, but this shits me.

At the Adelaide BDO, tickets sold out earlier than expected (i.e. before the gig), and as a result, many people missed out and were forced to line up on the Wednesday morning before the gig at 2 a.m. to buy tickets. I lined up, braved the wind, rain, cold and asshole line-pushers and got my ticket. When I got home, I looked on eBay to see if any BDO tickets were for sale and was shocked. There was one chick (why is it always women? I don't mean to be sexist but I swear I'm not making this up) who had four for sale. At 300 clams each. That's double. No, wait, over double (I'm good at the math). That's not cool. Can I just remind people that scalping is illegal, and regardless of what capitalist, profit-driven society we live in, scalping is not cool.

At the Black Keys gig, a dude was walking around trying to buy a ticket for himself. He offered me 150 bucks for my ticket in the toilet (and yes, he did say TICKET). This I haven't got a problem with, as it's a person trying to buy a ticket for himself and himself only, and I didn't buy a ticket to make money off it. God knows that I'd be doing the same thing if it was for something like Inter vs. Milan and this was the only chance I had to see that game. I declined his offer and wished him luck, but thought: if there was a heartless scalper there with a fistful 'o tickets, he (or she, in my experience) would have made a quick buck off toilet dude. I never saw him again, which makes me believe that he was unsuccessful, and for him, shit happens. Buy your ticket early next time. But for anyone out there thinking of putting in an advance order for 300 BDO tickets spread evenly over the cities, you're an asshole and I hope someone beats you up in front of some chick (or guy) you're trying to impress and breaks your fingers and makes you cry like a girl (or guy).

MDP

Bam!

Worst Album of the Week



The Bravery  
Self Titled  
Island Def Jam

Much as I would like to say something positive about this CD - because it is not inherently bad - I find it difficult to do so, basically because the one thing I really hate in music is a total and unintentional lack of any original ideas (hello Jet). Many bands these days are making fairly profitable careers intentionally recycling musical styles and genres from the 1975-85 period (hello Strokes, White Stripes, Scissor Sisters, The Kills blahblahblah...), which works as long as there's a degree of ingenuity/talent thrown in, but there's a fine line between "recycling" and "aping".

Enter The Bravery, a New York five-piece seemingly more than willing to jump on the rock-electro-trash bandwagon that has become so popular lately. Apparently the joke doing the

rou... on... interest at the moment is that the lead singer used to front a ska group called Skabba The Hutt (heehee), but, given my predilection for bad puns, this is not necessarily a bad thing. What is bad is that while listening to this CD I found myself thinking "this sounds like so-and-so" literally all the time, which brings me back to my first point - this CD relies far too heavily on sounds and styles already established by other acts. The first track sounds like Joy Division minus the LSD, and the rest of the album tends to follow suit, being a fairly standard (ie uninteresting) mishmash of 80s pop grooves layered with post-70s punk-era vocals, which sounds interesting on paper but gets a bit "samey" after about three tracks. The album in general (and the lead vocalist in particular) bears an uncomfortable resemblance to Franz Ferdinand, which makes me wonder whether they were just unlucky in releasing this album after said Scotsmen.

A good but unfortunately uninspired effort - perhaps they should take a hint from the many fantastic acts that have come out of the Big Apple over the years and stick to a less Euro-oriented rock sound.

the electric monk

turn the page for better tunes

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**M.I.A.**  
*Arular*  
Remote Control

Lauded as the new 'it' girl (whatever that means), M.I.A. (Missing In Action) AKA Maya Arulpragasam definitely lives up to the hype on her debut album, *Arular*. The cover art is testament to the fact that M.I.A. is the original artistic renaissance woman. Also famed for art exhibitions and film making, this is her first foray into music, and in short, if you don't want to read the rest of this sycophantic review, buy it, it's tops and you'll love it... For those of you with a little more time on your hands, take a deep breath and read on.

The lyrical content of much of this album reflects a life defined early by war, poverty and the cultural mish-mash of life as a Sri Lankan refugee living on a council estate in Surrey. Overexposure to details of Maya's personal life is the only thing that I can fault with this artist. Press releases hammer the history and life experiences of M.I.A. in an effort to contextualize and justify the complexity and texture of *Arular*. Perhaps it would be better if we get to live the music without the sympathetic history lesson. Life experience cannot be summarised in a few paragraphs, and any attempt to do so seems somewhat trite and ultimately unnecessary. Her music stands alone.

M.I.A.'s first single release 'Galang' was produced by Steve Mackey (of Pulp fame) and Ross Orton (Fat Trunkers - electro), with the result being a fairly unique hybrid of musical styles ranging from driving electro to dancehall beats. It's not an obvious marriage, but the combination is compelling and continues to instill the need to dance after repeated listens. The most direct musical reference is drawn from the early 70's Kingston music scene such as dancehall greats Joe Gibbs/Lee Perry, but the electro element adds something to freshen the style, perhaps defining a new genre cutely (and tentatively) titled 'electroragga' by those who should know.

DJs and the media jumped on the M.I.A. bandwagon, and soon after the release of 'Galang', many mixes evolved all over England. The hip-hop/bhangra lyrical delivery is incredibly catchy and simple vocal rhythms like "oh oh hey hey" on '10 dollar' rival the "mamasay-

mamasa-mamacoosahs" of old. You can almost feel crazy legs of breakers vibrating the nation over as 'Bucky Done Gun' opens up. My favourite track has gotta be 'Bingo' which features a loping beat over lilting marimbas. 'Sunshowers' was the first release to get mainstream attention in Australia, and was produced by the same pair, continuing the electroragga theme. The rest of *Arular* takes the same trajectory - So if you're a dancing fiend, I urge you to seek this album out, although given it's recent feature of the week status on Auntie, it shouldn't be too hard to find. If not, you're bound to hear it become a DJ fundamental in a club near you.

Fiona



**Nine Inch Nails**  
[With Teeth]  
Universal

I have a huge respect for Trent Reznor, mostly because his presence over the last 15-odd years has rescued the world from being throttled by manufactured pop groups; a trend which marketing execs have clearly decided is the best way to make money ever since the early 90s. This was never more evident than with the release of NIN's sophomore effort (the ball-breakingly successful) *The Downward Spiral* in 1994, an album that not only introduced the genre "industrial metal" to the world at large but somehow succeeded in making the phrase "I want to f\*\*k you like an animal" enter common speech. Dark, messed up, ferocious and thoroughly brilliant, *The Downward Spiral* proved that there was one man out there who had discovered the dark side to the 80s pop movement and injected it with a pop-cum-metal brand of anger, disillusionment, frenetic beats and layered guitars that clearly resonated with many people at the time.

Five years later Reznor's magnum opus *The Fragile* was released; a fractured, sprawling, magnificent 23-track epic that aimed high and ever-so-slightly missed. In a way that was what made it brilliant - it was a kind of flawed masterpiece seemingly aware of its limitations. Considering the extent to which the popular music scene had changed in the intervening years it was amazing that it debuted at number one, but thoroughly deserving for an album that

remains one of the last decades' true classics.

The end result, of course, is that Reznor has never really done a "normal" album - excepting, perhaps, his 1989 debut *Pretty Hate Machine*. But how DO you follow up two conceptual epics and a reputation as one of the true trailblazing artists of the last decade? In Reznor's case, it seems, the answer is to sit on your laurels and take a bit of a breather.

[With Teeth] is Reznor's first attempt to make a "non-masterpiece". It's more modest, smaller in scope, and it's the first NIN album in ten years that doesn't have a skerrick of the "concept album" idea around it, intended or no. But it doesn't try to be any bigger than it is, which is largely why it works. Some fans will no doubt be disappointed to find that Reznor has moved away from the more obvious metal sound that made him famous, but personally I think *The Fragile* was the beginning of that move, and any attempt to imitate the sound of Reznor's previous works is doomed to failure anyway.

Instead, [With Teeth] highlights the melodic influences which have always been the basis to Reznor's songwriting. It's still vintage NIN, with traces of all his previous albums to be found throughout, but it's more accessible, less scary, and certainly less ambitious than his previous works. However, it still retains that vital "edge" without which Reznor would have become boring a long time ago. For the first time, traces of more contemporary electronic, dance, and drum 'n' bass sounds enter the mix, vaguely reminiscent of such acts as Prodigy and Aphex Twin. Lyrically, "With Teeth" retains Reznor's ever-so-slightly existential musings on life, God, and inner and outer demons that he has previously expunged in a more violent and physical sense on *The Downward Spiral*, and with more intimacy on *The Fragile*, without losing the sometimes savage poetic sensibility that has made him one of music's most endearing, important and extraordinary artists.

The only real shortcoming of this album is that, unlike his previous two efforts, it's too "small" to satisfy fans for another five years, and not complex enough to hang on to new fans for very long. In a way it seems that Reznor was born to write epics, and because [With Teeth] isn't one, I suspect many fans will simply keep waiting. Thankfully, it seems he still has what it takes to do it. I hope he does, and soon.

the electric monk



**Trembling Blue Stars**  
*The Seven Autumn Flowers*  
Bar/None Records

Never judge a book by its cover, thus never judge a record by its case. However, in this case the wishy-washy, pensive and almost atmospheric imagery at work on the Trembling Blue Stars' latest album, *The Seven Autumn Flowers*, may be an exception to the rule. Essentially it is many tales of woe masked in crafted ambient music that drifts on by like elevator music, that you only stop to listen to when your thinking pattern is broken, and even then you don't pause to ponder it long.

Bobby Wratten, former leader of the short lived band Northern Picture Library and later the Field Mice, has made a come back to the scene with Trembling Blue Stars. Their name is drawn from a sado-masochistic novel called the *Story of O*, and they originated as Wratten tried to come to terms with the break up of relationship with Annemaria Davies, a former band mate. As such the music is marked by a touch of sorrow, exploring the darker, sadder sides of human relationships gone wrong.

However, opening the album there is a featured appearance of Beth Arzy, from Aberdeen, and it kind of offsets the rest of the songs in a peculiar fashion. Not upbeat or downbeat, there's a sense of movement and direction, despite it being through darker times. However, this slither of hope is all too soon lost and drowned in the darkness, almost like watching the rain and crying with the skies simultaneously.

It holds tribute to many bands, the influences as wide and varied as The Cure and the likes of Nick Drake and Joni Mitchell. In its melancholic candour of seventies writers it is however peppered with modern touches of electronica, bringing it up to our century of sound, and even incorporating undertones of Jamaican bass lines. And the sound is beautiful and absorbing. But the glum lyrics press for far too long, especially in the extended Australian release with four bonus tracks.

Wallowing in the sadness for all too long this record is somewhat dreary, despite being fairly well crafted. Bring some light onto the snow Wratten, life can be beautiful if you make it so.

jenn





## If Music Be the Food Of Love...

Watch in awe as I unravel the mysteries of space and time to present you with hitherto undiscovered links between music and food.

Over 20 years after his death, Bob Marley is still the undisputed king of reggae music and the inspirational messages in his music strikes a chord with millions of listeners worldwide, but have they missed the point? *Them Belly Full (But We Hungry)* from his 3<sup>rd</sup> Island album, "Natty Dread", is often cited as one of the most impassioned of his politically charged songs, a lamentation that despite Jamaica's newfound independence, its citizens were still not free. Armed gangs affiliated with political parties roamed the streets of Kingston clashing with each other and pressuring citizens to vote for their candidates, so that while their bellies were full, these poor, oppressed peoples were still hungry for freedom.

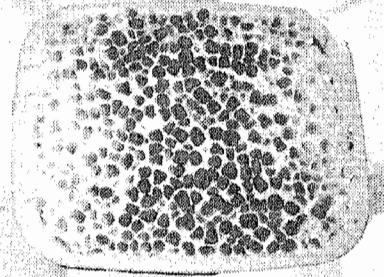
And it's a nice story, but that's all it is, because this song was clearly written about marshmallows. Let's start with the facts; dude was, like, the biggest stoner ever- I mean, no performer in the history of entertainment has ever done more to praise the wonders of ganja and it would be crazy to think that he never

wrote a song about the munchies. At the start of the song, he's as high as a kite, plus the CIA probably laced his joint with angel dust to stop him singing about "freedom", so he's on some Jimmy Cliff *Wonderful World, Beautiful People* shit when he's singing "forget your troubles and dance/ Forget your sorrows and dance." But the party can't go on for ever, and eventually "a pot a cook but you no' nough." Yeah man, he ran out of weed and so he's just chilling out except now he's got the munchies, so he goes out and grabs some marshmallows because they always seem like a good idea at 2 in the morning, and the marshmallow vendor is totally open all the time in Kingston. It's not like he's greedy or anything, I mean, the guy's the patron saint of passing to the left, but because the packets are open and sitting just in front of him, he ends up eating two whole bags. **TWO WHOLE BAGS OF MARSHMALLOWS.**

So, of course he starts feeling terribly sick and even though he's a big star, there's nothing he can do, so "rich and poor they start to cry." That's totally not cool because his stomach's full of this rubbish but he's still getting hunger pangs and he's completely powerless but obviously the happy powder's gone to his head and he comes up with what he thinks is an ingenious solution- "we're gonna chuck to Jah music, chuckin.'" Can you imagine, the guy's in so much pain that he forces himself to bring up the marshmallows so that he can then eat and satisfy his hunger. That kind of traumatic shit doesn't just go away, it buries itself in your consciousness and it's a part of you forever, but eventually Bob decides to put his inner pain into a song to try and exercise his demons. I don't know if it worked or not, but I bet that he never tried to eat two whole bags of marshmallows on his own ever again.

Soledad Slim

## Candied Yams!



The munchies are a fact of life for a stoner, and there's not really much you can do about it. If you want to avoid Marley's Remorse, though, try this little recipe out- it's still got all the goodness of those marshmallows but it will fill your belly and sate your hunger.

### Ingredients:

3 cups cooked mashed sweet potatoes  
1 cup sugar (white or brown)  
1/2 tsp. salt  
2 eggs  
40g butter  
1/2 cup milk  
1 tsp vanilla essence  
1 tsp cinnamon  
1 cup raisins or sultanas  
1 cup chopped pecans  
Marshmallows (1-2 packets)

### Directions:

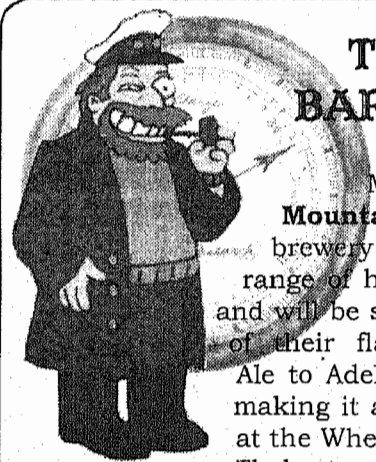
Mix all together. Put in greased baking dish.  
Sprinkle marshmallows on top. Bake for 35 minutes at 180 degrees.  
Watch the souffle toward the 25-30 minute period to make sure the marshmallows are not burning. If they don't brown sufficiently by 35 minutes, broil (grill) them just a minute or two.

## MCLAREN VALE SEA & VINES FESTIVAL

The McLaren Vale Sea and Vines Festival is fast approaching, and will take place over the Queen's Birthday long weekend this **June, on Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> and Monday 13<sup>th</sup>**. Featuring gourmet seafood from across South Australia accompanied by the Vale's finest wines, it is South Australia's largest food and wine festival, and as well as gourmet chefs, the 24 locations will feature live music from a variety of acts.

A souvenir tasting glass is only \$4 and refills another \$4, while entrée sized dishes are priced at \$10, so there's no need to limit yourself to one venue.

Some of the highlights this year will include Coriole Vineyards' bouillabaisse, a very rich traditional French seafood broth, which is accompanied by the 'Redstone' Shiraz/Cabernet/Merlot, Parri Estate's roasted salmon fillet topped with crab and crème fraiche and Hasselgrove's seafood chowder. The last is a gourmand's delight provided by local outlet Blessed Cheese that features prawns and mussels as well as a liberal dash of Hasselgrove's Chradonnay, and is topped with blue or smoked cheese. Desserts are also available, and the full menu (as well as a map and other useful information) is available at [www.seaandvines.com](http://www.seaandvines.com).



## THE BEER BAROMETER

Melbourne's **Mountain Goat** micro-brewery produces a range of handcrafted ales and will be sending 18 kegs of their flagship Hightail Ale to Adelaide this week, making it available on tap at the Wheatsheaf Hotel in Thebarton and Fad Café on Waymouth St. The brewers will be on hand to launch it at The Wheaty on Thursday May 26 (when they also celebrate their second year under the current ownership), and at Fad on Friday May 27.

Another producer of quality handcrafted brews, **James Squire**, is looking at opening a brewpub here in Adelaide, similar to those currently operating in Sydney and Melbourne. While details are yet to be finalised, they are looking to take over an existing venue and hope to have it operational by this October in conjunction with Tasting Australia. Also look out for this year's release of their very popular Strong Ale to come out soon.

**B**LUE SKY MORNING. SUNLIGHT PAVES THE railway line, highlighting the journey. The train departs, a metal caterpillar consuming iron tracks, bound for the chrysalis of the city. Suburbia greets me at 80 kilometres an hour. Bricks and mortar. Manicured lawns. Glinting cars. Reflective windows. Leafy gardens. Human habitat, contained in stone boxes. Creeks choked with reeds and rubbish. Old women weeding. Cars cruising. The caterpillar is swaying. The world sways, moving to my own internal rhythm. Birds dance, their wings a beat in my traveller's tune. I notice a tree branch for the first time, its unique, convoluted way of grasping for sunlight never apparent to me before. The train halts outside a block of abandoned industrial space. A glimmer-spray of fine glass fragments pulses in the waking sunlight, scattering the bare concrete with fallen stardust. A lone brown pigeon forages for unseen flecks of food, pausing every few seconds to appraise its surroundings.

The regular characters are here on the train. Up in front, a certain bald head I saw yesterday, exposed scalp shining beneath fluorescent lighting. The man in the tweed suit sits across from me, wearing his gold cuff links and that 1960s spy look; long, prominent nose like the fictional submarine captain figured in a television series of my childhood. When he gets off the train, he will walk down North Terrace with his morning cigarette in one hand, brown leather brief case in the other, striding towards the university with a perfectly straight, composed and upright posture like gentlemen of old.

The Nordic one is here, too, thin yellow-blond hair down to the tip of his shoulders, walking with the long, effortless strides of the tall. I rarely see his face, only that shock of blonde hair coming down over his collar. In his patterned shirts and black slacks, I imagine him to be some kind of technology man. Not the nerdy type. His walk is too self-assured, his hair too proud. He would be more of a technician, or perhaps an academic. I've seen him emerge from the university at times.

Then there is the bearded old man in shorts, looking like a grumpy Santa Claus on vacation, beer belly accentuated by a tight cotton Bonds shirt, hairy legs bare down to a pair of grey socks which emerge from black shoes and

extend up to his shins. He reads his books, bag on the floor between his feet. I wonder what he thinks about, what he has seen, where he is going and what tales he might have to tell.

Other regulars seem to leave only a few particular impressions behind in my mind: the woman with chestnut hair, a red and white handbag, and beautiful coats (I would love to know where she shops); the greasy man with glasses and a red jumper; the girlish woman with pale hair and sad eyes; the immaculate blonde who reads fashion magazines; the young, anaemic-looking man in a long, black coat and green cargo pants.

I turn away from the passengers. Outside

# MORNING TRAIN RIDE

[RANDOM MUSINGS & OBSERVATIONS ON THE WAY TO UNI]

my window, sunlight permeates the world like a tea bag diffusing its amber brew. Warmth builds on warmth. Vibrant day. Gleaming day. Morning shadows fall lazily upon the tarmac and the footpath. The leafy tendrils of gum trees and melaleucas stretch out in the shadow world.

A procession of traffic waits at the level crossing. The caterpillar makes its privileged way across Old Port Road, transecting the rat race, commanding stillness from the busy line of buzzing metal beetles. Suburbs metamorphose. Modern two-storey family homes with two-car garages and carefully mown lawns become the aged and graceful Victorian cottages and bungalows and terrace houses of the 19th Century. This is land invaded by yuppies, whose grip upon real estate is spreading ever further from the inner city realm. They paint the fences, strip the rendering back to the original bluestone, add a ficus or two, perhaps a border of white topiary rose bushes, park a sleek silver convertible and a top-of-the-range four-wheel drive outside the four car garage, and raise the real estate value to a level only others of their kind could afford.

Yuppies give way to industry, the fruit of their

ficus. Smoke stacks rise from the glass factory. The teeth of century-old industrial rooftops grip the sky. Decaying red brick. Barren lots of pale gravel. Weeds and wild grasses. Prefab concrete stacked in storeyards. Forklifts. Men in plastic yellow hats. Construction sites. Parking lots. The walls of light industry line the railway track, built upon the remains of old factories. Vibrant graffiti adorns industrial walls like hieroglyphics in the tomb of a forsaken pharaoh. Names are inscribed in the language of the street. My favourite: the Grim Reaper, scythe in hand, guarding the midnight black signature of his artist.

In the course of twenty minutes, middle class suburbia becomes the land of yuppies, yuppies flow on to industry, and industry yields to the parklands and golf courses that precede the caterpillar's chrysalis: the city. My city. Adelaide. Houses become concrete office towers. People dwell in \$500,000 one-bedroom high-rise apartments. Streets buzz with the static of traffic, the pounding of pedestrian feet, the rustling of shopping bags, the music of car radios. I leave the train behind, carrying myself through the passage of North Terrace. I reach my destination, not stopping to pause at the gates of the university.

A final, unrelated observation before I retreat for my daily dose of lectures and tutes: toilet door inscriptions provide an interesting insight into the common mentality of the people who make them. High school toilet doors, for example, were populated with derogatory remarks ('Tina is a slut', for instance) and the all-too common etchings of: 'T.R. 4 L.K.' or, 'I woz 'ere '98'. The university library girl's toilet, on the other hand, is a rich depository of quandaries and philosophies, reflecting the matured minds of the kinds of people who indulge in a bit of toilet graffiti at this particular place. After all, who else but a uni student would care to write 'dolphins are the only species, besides Homo sapiens, that engage in sexual intercourse for pleasure'?

But my university toilet door quote of the day would have to be: 'Welcome to Earth. The death rate is 100%'.

Pauline McLoughlin

## AUU News from our Food & Beverage Outlets



### Mayo ~ wrap & roll bar

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

### FREE Mintie

With every espresso coffee or tea purchase at any of our outlets we are offering a free Mintie\*. Stay Fresh - Use Us - your Adelaide University Union!!  
\*while stocks last

### Rumours after 4 Wine Bar

Free glass of "wine of the month" with every main fare purchase

Open Monday & Tuesday 8.30am - 6pm, Wed to Friday 8.30am-8pm. Licenced after 4pm

Offer Valid to 17<sup>th</sup> June 2005

Level 6 Union House, Bookings: 8303 5834

### Bring Back the Music

Back by popular demand!

James Hickey playing in Rumours Café on Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup> May and 1<sup>st</sup> June from 5.30pm - 7.30pm  
Come and enjoy this easy-listening music with a meal and bottle of wine!

### Café Boss - Super Meal Deal\*

Café Boss, located on the Hughes Plaza, is now selling gourmet baguettes, juice and yoghurt. Great when you're in a rush between lectures or have a limited lunch break and want to grab something healthy and delicious.

Only \$8.00

Gourmet baguette  
+ JuiceBAR 250ml  
+ Yoplait yoghurt

Your choice of flavours and fillings!

\*available for a limited time

**SUPERIOR PERSON'S WORD OF THE WEEK!**

**NYMPHOLEPSY:** an extremely lazy nymphomaniac? (isn't everyone) wait, of course, narcolepsy induced by constant sport fucking? While there certainly needs to be a word for these common ailments, nympholepsy relates the days of the ancients when one would come across a nymph (mythical female forest dwelling creature) on a walk through the woods. The sight of which would bring about "a frenzy of enthusiastic

emotion" in the voyeur. While such an occurrence is commonly thought of as fortunate by many a modern man, traditionally the nympholept is spied by the nymphs and becomes the hunted, eventually torn limb from limb during his ecstatic insanity by Nature's minions. A good account of what to expect after being struck by nympholepsy can be found in Euripide's *The Bacchae*.

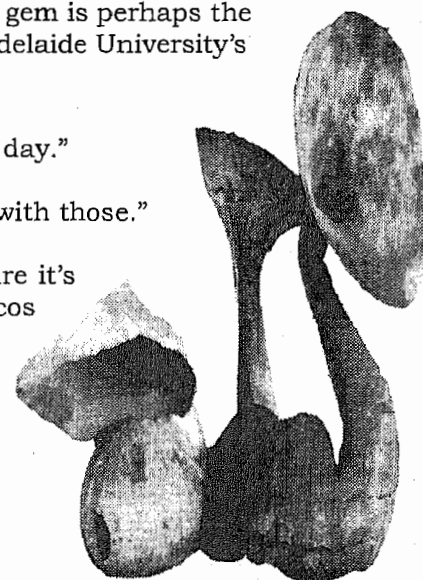
← Experiencing nympholepsy, seriously it gets ugly eventually.



**VAPID CONVERSATION OF THE WEEK!**

And they just keep on coming, this gem is perhaps the most definitive looking glass into Adelaide University's cultural chameleons yet.

"Hey, like, where have you been all day."  
 "At the solarium."  
 "Aww, you've got to be real careful with those."  
 "Yeah?"  
 "Yeah, when I go I always make sure it's turned up as high as possible, cos this friend of mine, well, she went and had it only on low, and stayed for a long time, and it, like, cooked her insides, like cooked, like roast lamb."  
 "Ohh, that's gross."  
 "Yeah, doesn't happen if you turn it up real high though".



**THE PHONES HEAR ALL!**

While this is, unsurprisingly, the easiest space to fill in *On Dit* each week, feel free to send in your critical eavesdroppings to [tristan.mahoney@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:tristan.mahoney@student.adelaide.edu.au)

**Flushing Holy Books™**

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**Colon Powell:** "Flushing a Koran each morning helps me keep my cabinet clean of Newsweek leaks."

**John Saffron:** "I can't believe they beat me to it! That shit's gold!"

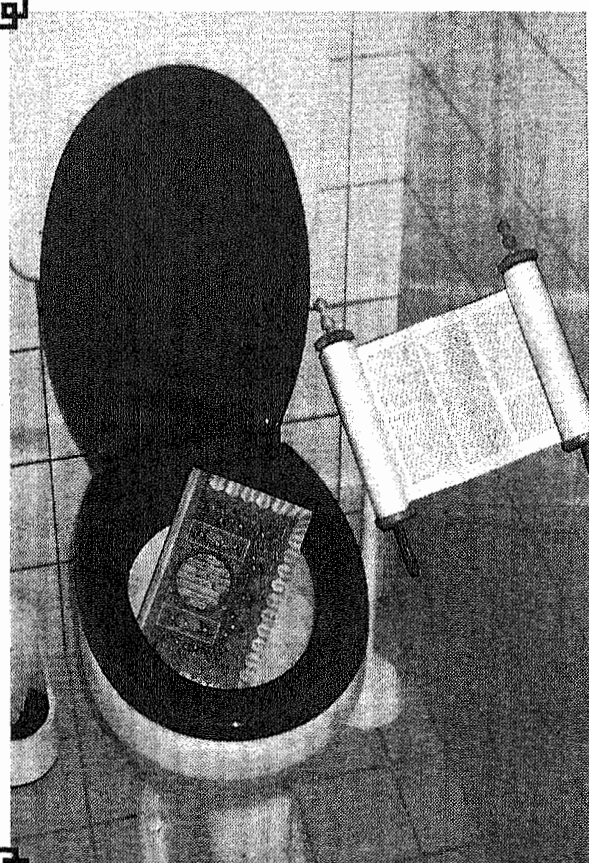
**Lt. Tod Morris:** "I was reading it on the loo and it just slipped out of my hands, who'd of thought I'd start a world wide phenomen."

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