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On Dit

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Timewear by **Casio**

Editors Choose To:

Layout with **Mac** computers

Listen to **Mac** iPods

Correct with **Stabilo Boss** highlighters

Photograph with **Canon**

Make notes with **Post-It**

Shop for groceries at **Woolworths**

Fly with **Virgin Blue**

Sleep wonderfully warm with **Linda**

Dine at **Ky Chow**

Celebrate with **Sparklers**

Chew with **Hubba Bubba**

THANKS

Fuck you very much Laura, fank you very much Evan, spank you very much Ianto, Stanny for da advertisin', Troy for the Turkey Slap footage, Jean Pezy, Naomi, Rhiannon for the Sandwiches, all our precious sub-ed, Dazz & triddy and his, ahem, wet food, Campus Security, Mikey "Can't we all just get along?" Fyfe, Marie Cynthia Totsikas for coming home :) Jessica for giving Steph the best massage EVER, Matt Salleh and the Unibooks vending machine.

We nominate the Phantom of the SAUA for 2 points. He affects our time in the office because he stole all 15 of our sandwiches, which makes us feel hurt and really sad that he isn't honest. I point to Incoming. As always.

Next Edition: The Mediocrity Edition
Deadline for Submissions: July 2
Published: August 7

Wanna write for On Dit? It's not that hard. Try selling a back cover; now there's a new definition of bleugh. Send all your boring-as-filler for the Mediocrity Edition to ondit@adelaide.edu.au and gloat as you attain a level of E-Grade celebrity. Or call 8303 5404 and we'll chat for a bit, ask you how you're goin', maybe offer you advice or rope you into proofreading. Whatever.

On Dit

Volume 74 Edition 8

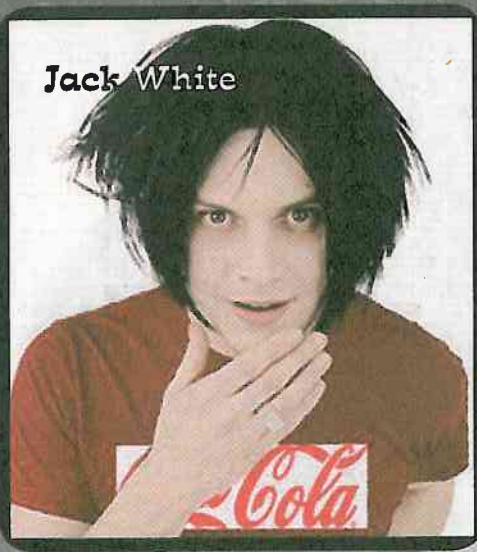
"The Advertising Edition"

- 4-5. Celebrity Vox Pop
6. Letters
7. How to deconstruct an ad
8. Media Watch
9. News
10. Andrew Love talks Media
11. Turkey Slap This
12. A-2 of Anarchism
13. Redefining Unemployment
14. Advertising Abuse
15. Welfareism causes Paedophilia
16. Debate on Drugs
17. What the Fuck.
18. Running Australia for Dummies
& on the Tip of The Iceberg This week
(next week we will feature tip of the Svedberg)
19. Are you sure that's Ecotourism?
Blaming the US for the World's Problems
- 20-21. The Culture of Apocalypse
Shiny & Ireland
- 22-23. O to the B, yeah you know me
- 24-25. Genuine Advertising.
26. Disease of the Week
27. Sport
28. Literature
29. Comics
30. Re: Peters Icecream. mmm.
31. Consumers consuming
32. Gaming
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- 38-41 MUSIC
- 42-43 Performing Arts
- 44-45 TV Stix by Arnotts
- 46 Theatre
- 47 Moving Art.
- 48 BANXIA



On Dit is the publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors or the University or the Students' Association or the rich old guy who bought Wayne's show and changed its ideological value and belief system to some slick, full-scale hoey with production value and a blue screen.

TORTILLA CHIPS



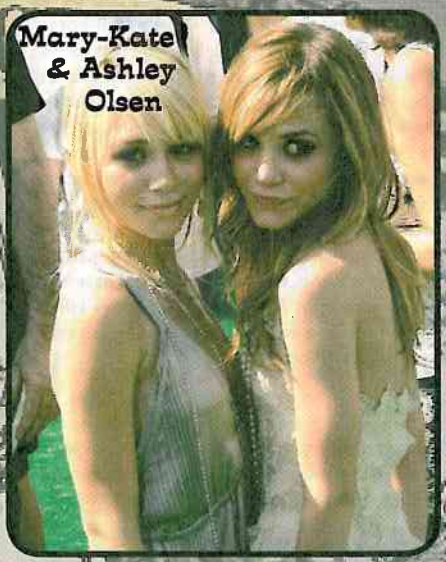
Jack White

- 1. Coca Cola
- 2. Pretended to be cool
- 3. Being so obnoxious and pious that people took me seriously.



Puff Daddy

- 1. Sean John and ProActiv©
- 2. Bullshit and 'bitchez'
- 3. Combining mediocre 'R'n'B' with some of the most watchable music videos created



Mary-Kate & Ashley Olsen

- 1. Us
- 2. Anorexia
- 3. Designing a line of super-cute tween clothing now available at all good retailers near you! Sigh.



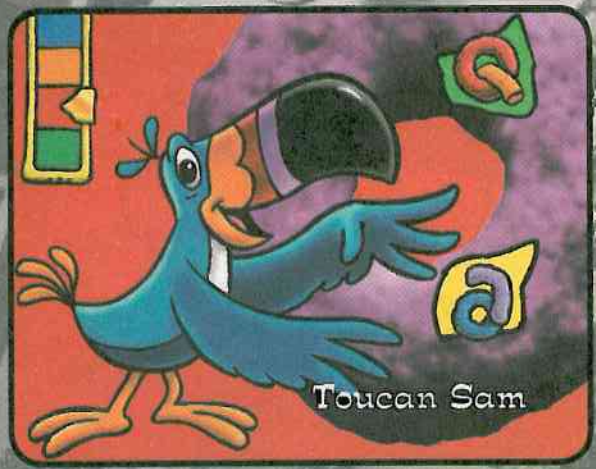
Paris Hilton (pictured right)

- 1. Von Dutch
- 2. Millsy
- 3. I'm OK at making pie



Ronald McDonald

- 1. Vego & Loven It
- 2. Pretending to be friends with a giant purple turd looking animal (possibly one of the genetically modified cows used to provide burger meat)
- 3. Being, hands down, the most creepy mascot ever invented



Toucan Sam

- 1. Fruit Loops
- 2. Involved in epilepsy inducing cartoon ads during children's shows.
- 3. Convincing kids to harass their parents into buying a food with the nutritional value of PVC piping

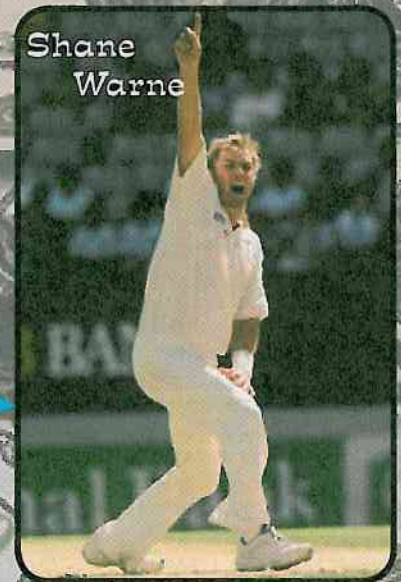
VOX POP!

On Dit went all out this week and made a few calls to get the vapid vacuity of the rich and famous right at your fingertips!



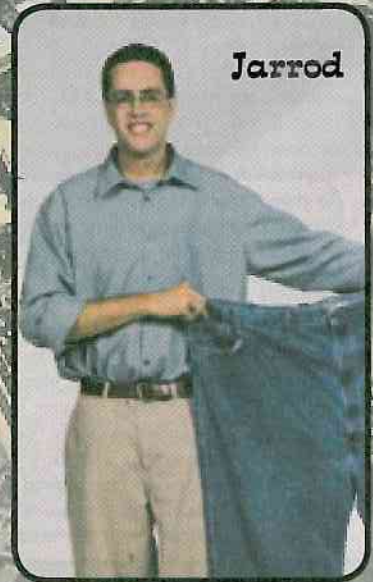
Micael Chang

- 1. Energizer Batteries
- 2. Battling an animated battery
- 3. Trying REALLY hard in tennis games because I'm now on the end of my athletic tether. I also made a brief appearance on Sesame Street in the early 90s.



Shane Warne

- 1. Quit (Anti smoking campaign)
- 2. Kissed a 16 year old and left 'dirty' phone messages on a pretty average English nurse's phone
- 3. Being an elite athlete and a fattie. I'm alright once you get to know me. Honest.



Jarrod

- 1. Subway/Doors Plus
- 2. Held my jeans up an inhumane amount of times
- 3. Ingested a shit-load of bland tasting sandwiches when there were WAY better options on the Subway menu. Like the cookies. But hey, at least we got beetroot back!

1. Favourite Brand?
 2. What have you done for publicity?
 3. Claim to fame?



...with the guy who sold Diana's life to the tabloids. It's always the Goddamn butler.

Good day, *On Dit* and *On Dit* readers.

Before I lock myself in my room and go into full exam mode, I'd like to make a comment on ideas that came up during my reading of the environmental edition of *On Dit*.

When people talk about 'saving the environment', what do they mean? Ask any hippy-grade arts student (or person, for that matter) and you'd probably get something around the lines of keeping endangered species alive or maybe keeping existing biospheres in balance. Some bullshit like that.

As a biologist of sorts, I believe that there is basically nothing we (as humans) can do to disrupt life on this planet. Sure we can kill off a few hundred species, but that's really nothing in the grand scheme of things. 99.9999% of all species have died in giant climate changes, disease, famine, sudden lack of shelter, being completely eaten by other species and the like. Death occurs whether we're here or not. If not killed by us, bilbies would possibly die out due to a virus epidemic that they are particularly vulnerable to or (if they survive as a species until then) an upcoming ice age.

Let me anticipate your argument. Perhaps we should preserve these environments because we caused its "destruction". Let's take an untreated sewer outlet streaming into the sea for example. On our human scale, we can see algae forming and fish lying on the beaches gasping for air, slowly dying. Whales and whatever other cuddly fish-feeding animals also die out in the local area. Plants on the seafloor get no sunlight and wither and die. It's what is seen as destruction of an ecosystem.

However, if you look closer, the algae now thrive and blossom. Snails and other organisms that feed on algae, instead of being eaten by predatory fish and the like, get to live out their wonderful life and explode in numbers. Bacterial swarms of *Vibrio cholerae* run free, spread out and reproduce. Although the algal bloom may be said to be out of control, given enough time, the algal-eating niche will be filled in by wandering algae eaters and them proliferating where there is this new food source. A new equilibrium is formed. The ecosystem is not destroyed, it is changed.

As a knee-jerk reaction, some might say that it's a horrible ecosystem. Well, screw you and your primate sensibilities. You either have said all life is equal (in which case, this ecosystem is the same as the last, except with different organisms) or that life is not equal (in which case, you're not worried about saving the environment, if it means you live). Actually, you can still say that life is not equal and still have a problem with this new ecosystem by saying that animals are somehow better than bacteria, so the former should have preference over the latter (which leads me into my next point).

Others may say that biodiversity has decreased because of the whole animals dying thing. On the contrary, in fact. In a bacterium's "eyes", there is little difference between you and an amoeba. There are groups of bacteria that are more distantly related than you and baker's yeast. What we have termed under the heading "bacteria" is actually a giant supergroup of organisms. To put it in perspective, all animals, plants, fungi and amoebae are simply the foam on the sand's edge in a sea of bacteria¹. We are nothing. Bacteria are more diverse than any macroscopic creatures that we've encountered. Biodiversity belongs to them. This begs the question, are there any meaningful qualities that we possess greater than bacteria, indeed any other organism, anything that makes us better in some way?

Intelligence comes to mind straight away. I'm not talking about being smart by some IQ test, but something more basic. Merriam-Webster defines intelligence as "the ability to learn or understand or to deal with new or trying situations". This is fair enough, but it's completely arbitrary. Intelligence is simply a physical attribute. This can be proven by removing or otherwise disabling what are termed "higher brain structures" in people and observing a complete lack of intelligence. We don't have to go into an obscure lab somewhere to see this, we simply have to look at people who are severely developmentally retarded or have experienced serious head trauma. There are some people who have completely lost the ability to learn or understand or to deal with new or trying situations, which, by literal definition, means they have lost intelligence. So if we're saying being the most intelligent specie on the earth makes us better, what is stopping someone else saying that being the most bacteria-like species on earth makes bacteria better? As I said, this type of thinking is completely arbitrary.

Perhaps we are better because we have a soul. There is not enough space here to discuss this topic. I mean, religious scholars have been on that subject for millennia. I doubt that the existence of the soul can be dealt with in a paragraph by a third year biomedical science student. However, I firmly disbelieve in the existence of the soul. I put this question to those who disagree: what information does the soul encode? That is, what does the soul contribute to, say, your character? I have yet to be convinced of an attribute that is present among all people (with a soul) and that has no physical source. I will leave it at that.

In the end, I find there is nothing better or worse about any organisms with relation to each other. It is for this reason that I hate this mental partition between humans and nature that seems so prevalent in people. We are nature, nature is us. To think otherwise is arrogant. It is beyond our (practical) ability to destroy it; we can simply make it worse or better for ourselves. This is the crux of any environmental act: selfishness.

Whether it be for our own salvation (such as the case of not letting untreated sewer effluent into the fishing seas to stop the spread of cholera and people dying) or aesthetic pleasure (such as not killing cuddly animals because it makes you cry), selfishness underlies every "Let's save the environment" statement. This isn't bad in itself; selfishness (to an extent) is required to survive in this world. All I ask is that you, you self-proclaimed environmentalists to which this article applies, to

acknowledge this, get off your fucking high-horse and realise that you are just like the rest of us selfish bastards. And stop supporting stupid ideas just because it saves a certain cute or cuddly creature. Instead, be practical and think of the future of our existence in practical terms.

I also had comments about the genetically modified food articles, but that shall have to wait for another opinion piece. Hrm... perhaps I can have a semi-regular article about calling people idiots. How about it, eds? Oh, and if you have any praise, comments or flames about what I've said, I encourage you to e-mail me at thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au. Woo.

Thomas Tu

¹ Not actually my metaphor. I stole it off Richard Dawkins (from his book *The Ancestor's Tale*) who stole it from someone else.

Praise Ye Re: Pete

...with Graham Cornes, the Human Wrinkle



Dear *On Dit*,

I feel I must thank Re:Pete for his consistently entertaining and worldly musings, particularly his *EnvirOnDit* contribution. How sweetly did he transport me back to the good old days of Dumber and Dumber, chocolate topping and dutch ovens as I sat alongside fair maiden in the library. I admit there was sweat on my palms and a tear in my eye as I struggled to stifle a chuckle, but alas, my laughter would not be denied of freedom and snuck out uninvited south of the border with a joyous retort. Verily had I been forewarned. Regardless, keep up the good work guys, you rock!

Peacé
Dalton

Merci Lily

...with George "The Fat-Free Griller" Foreman



Hi Anna and Steph,
Loving your work this year, the quality of *On Dit* has really picked up this year, despite all the crap w/ money etc. Keep it up and I hope some really good advertising comes your way for the next edition, but its a shame you have to rely on that for printing :(

Ta
Lily

MS Praise-a-Thon

...why can't we just call Band-Aids adhesive strips?



Hello Editors
Long time reader, first time writer!
Always enjoyable to read on the bus. Very one sided, but oh well - all depends on who puts their hands up to contribute I guess. I assume you don't turn more Right thinking students away.....

MS

This is How the Bastards Fool You.

Alejandro Slickstream talks Image, Text and Representation

Confucius say, lighting from the above left hand side of the ridiculously good looking model casts light onto his ridiculously good looking righthand side. Confucius also say that in reality, the photographer's face would also light up, suggesting that the subject is the photographer. We can then ponder, along with Confucius, is this advertisement about the female viewer or about the ridiculously good looking man? Confucius is too busy watching 7th Heaven to care.

The camera angle places the viewer in the position of the photographer. Its close proximity creates an intense feeling of closeness as though the photo was taken whilst sitting right on top of Monsieur M7. Convenient, non?

From where the viewer is positioned they would (generally) place their finger at the top right hand side of the page to turn it. This gets the viewer to touch his face. Literally. Isn't that tricky? What absolute fucksticks. They can't taunt us like that. Can they? Surely not. He's just too ridiculously good looking. What absolute fucksticks. Can they?



YVES SAINT LAURENT
M7

From this angle, dream boy appears to be life-size, creating a more intimate and realistic feeling between the model and viewer (or voyeur). He's looking into his armpit, which then guides the viewer's gaze down the dark side of his body to the bottle, finally landing on the minimalist type 'M7'. Funny how the bottle is shrouded in darkness. Is this what the XX chromosome demands of her masculine ideal? Exploiting stock standard lothario swagger...yawn. The appeal of darkness to the female viewer lies in the fact that she can mentally insert herself into the negative space of dream boy's lusty XY-exuding armpit.

Our Zoolander archetype isn't doing a good job of challenging gender myths. In fact, he positively reeks of masculinity's greatest hits (body hair, prominent jawline, toned arms). His body language and nakedness - as far as the eye can see - is something more commonly aligned with females in advertising. Although he isn't clothed, he ain't sexually objectified the way that women usually are. He's strong. He's unshaven. And ultimately, he's in control of your fragrance consumption.

Ladies, imagine yourselves nestled under his muscly, manly and protective arm. Feelin' warm? Maybe a bit comfortable? Maybe just a wee bit protected? YSL is going evolutionary on our asses by evoking the whole 'me hunt, you gather' gamut and you know what? We fall for it hook, line and, err stinker.

...In which we sip on our refreshing Cokes and explore a brief history of product placement.

Brand names have been strategically placed onscreen since 1951, when Katherine Hepburn threw Bogey's supply of **Gordon's Gin** overboard in *The African Queen* - Gordon's, of course, approached the film's producers prior to filming and paid to have their product featured in the film. 1984 Emilio Estevez "classic" *Repo Man*, although it doesn't contain any brand names as such, is a 92-minute advertisement for those little tree-shaped air fresheners, which can be seen in almost every vehicle featured in the film. Numerous companies have one-man product placement machine Tom Cruise to thank for increasing their business. Everyone wanted **Ray-Bans** after he wore them in *Risky Business*, **Red Stripe** beer reported a 50% rise in sales after Tom swigged it in *The Firm* and **US Navy** recruitment skyrocketed after *Top Gun*, doing more for the armed forces than I imagine the Village People ever did.

In TV world, reality shows are always excruciating in their merciless plugging of products. In one episode of *The Apprentice*, Donald Trump met with Microsoft executives and told them, "I use your products and they always work". American reality show *The Contender*, in a season of fifteen episodes, managed to accommodate an average of 500.9 instances of product placement per episode.¹ An impressive result for a show with a running time of 60 minutes!

In music, hip hop fans became cognac drinkers after Busta Rhymes told them to "**Pass the Courvoisier**", and Tanqueray and Seagram's sales went up after Snoop Dogg extolled the virtues of "**Gin and Juice**". Recently, McDonald's has been offering rappers who namecheck Big Macs in their songs a payment of up to five dollars each time the song is played.

Even the world of literature dabbles in a bit of product placement. In 2001, British author Fay Weldon published the novel *The Bulgari Connection* after the Italian jewelry designers approached her with the offer of a rather hefty payment.² Originally intended only as publicity to be distributed by Bulgari themselves, the work has since been published as a novel in its own right. Disturbingly, books for children contain the most instances of product placement. Kids can learn to count while learning about nutrition with the *M&Ms Brand Counting Book* and *More M&Ms Brand Chocolate Candies Math*. Or there's *Skittles Riddles Math* for those with a fruit candy preference.

Now product placement has made its way into cyberspace. Payerpost.com is a newly-established company that hooks up bloggers with corporate sponsors. Companies can specify if they would like bloggers to include photos of their products and if they'd prefer for the blogger to only comment positively on them.³ The more widely-read the blog, the higher the premium paid. Of course it was only a matter of time before companies began exploiting the medium for advertising purposes, but the idea that product placement has made its way into what is for many the last bastion of unmediated expression of opinion is enough to put me off my Big Mac.

Schweppervescence, noun. A state of being carbonated and possessing refreshing properties.

I still cringe when I think of the brief period during which, when expressing discontent, people would utter the words "**Not happy, Jan!**" And who could forget that 90s catchphrase "**G-O, G-G-O.**" It can be a nauseating experience when advertising slogans enter the vernacular.

It's funny how we often take these catchphrases for granted. A friend told me recently that he once looked up "Schweppervescence" in the dictionary and was surprised to find it wasn't there. After conducting a bit of my own research, I'm disappointed to report that it still hasn't made it into the Oxford Dictionary. And neither has "fruiterience" (*noun*; the nourishing goodness of fruit; primarily found in shampoos and conditioners).

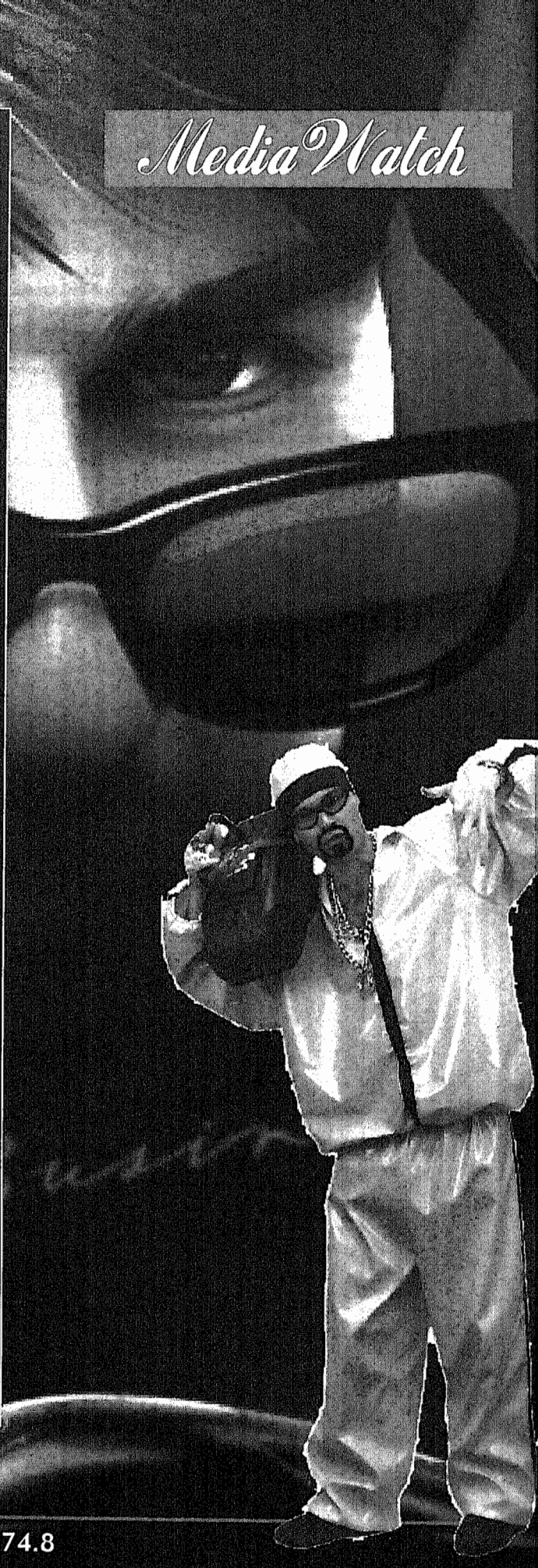
Ola B

(Footnotes)

¹ Source: www.productplacement.biz

² Source: <http://archive.salon.com>

³ Source: www.commercialart.org



The Advertiser

by Soph

This week's Newsbytes proudly brought to you by Time™, the only product guaranteed to stand staunchly between you and the looming deadline.

For those of you who have had better things to do than watch the news, here's a rundown of some of the stuff that happened during the break:

181 people were killed and hundreds more injured when several bombs exploded on a train in Mumbai on July 11. Several militant and terrorist groups have denied responsibility for the bombings, and it is not yet known who perpetrated the incident. The Indian media have published photos of two men believed to be suspects in the bombing, but no formal arrests have been made. Approximately 350 people were taken into custody soon after the train exploded, but nearly all of them were released immediately.

At least 41 people were killed after masked gunmen terrorised a district of Baghdad. The gunmen, believed to be fundamentalists retaliating for the bombing of a Shia mosque, constructed roadblocks and ordered people to hand over their identity cards. They then shot anyone who was believed to be Sunni. The massacre is the latest incident in a round of worsening sectarian violence in Iraq.

Italy won the World Cup, and then saw three of its best teams relegated to the second division due to claims of match fixing. Juventus, Fiorentina and Lazio were all bumped down a division, and also docked points for next season. Juventus was also stripped of its league championship titles for the last two seasons. However, it could have been worse, as prosecutors had asked that the team be relegated to the third division or lower. AC Milan, who also faced charges, was allowed to remain in the first division, but received point penalties, and will also be barred from competing in the Champions League this season. All four clubs were charged with influencing the appointment of referees and linesmen in the 2004-5 season. 25 officials are also facing charges of match fixing, and if found guilty are likely to lose their jobs.

The Episcopal Church in the United States elected a woman as its leader. The Church, which is equivalent to the Anglican Church, will now be led by The Right Reverend Katherine Jefferts Schori, Bishop of Nevada. The decision to elect the first woman ever nominated for the position of presiding bishop has infuriated conservatives, many of whom are still reeling after the consecration of the first openly gay Episcopalian bishop three years ago.

The United Nations has voted to impose sanctions on North Korea, following that nation's nuclear tests which resulted in failed missiles falling into the Sea of Japan. Japan is understandably worried, as no one likes experimental bombs going off in their backyard. The UN has also demanded that North Korea abandon its nuclear program, an idea which took the North Korean government only 45 minutes to reject. North Korea has stated that it will continue its program, but this may prove difficult in light of a UN resolution which effectively prohibits any member nation from selling to North Korea any technologies or resources which may be used to build missiles. The resolution also bans all countries from buying weapons technologies from them.

The beleaguered Bush administration suffered another blow after the U.S Supreme Court ruled that prisoners being held at the Guantanamo Bay detention facility (or whatever it's called) should be accorded the rights bestowed upon prisoners of war, under the Geneva Convention. Commentators have speculated that the Bush administration is in fact relieved that this particular political nightmare has been somewhat resolved.

Two bushfires ravaged vast areas of national park in California, destroying hundreds of buildings. After five days of destruction, the two fires then merged into one blaze, which is threatening thousands of homes. Strong winds are making it difficult for firefighters to control the blaze. Many residents have already fled and California has declared a state of emergency.

Premier Mike Rann married his partner Sasha Carruzzo, but the more striking piece of news is that the Wine Centre actually got used.

NASA launched the space shuttle 'Discovery', which is the first American shuttle to be launched since the Columbia tragedy in 2003. Discovery is on a mission to the International Space Station, which until now has had to rely on the Russian space program for supplies. Although concerns were voiced about a small piece of foam which broke off the ship, the shuttle's launch went off without a hitch.

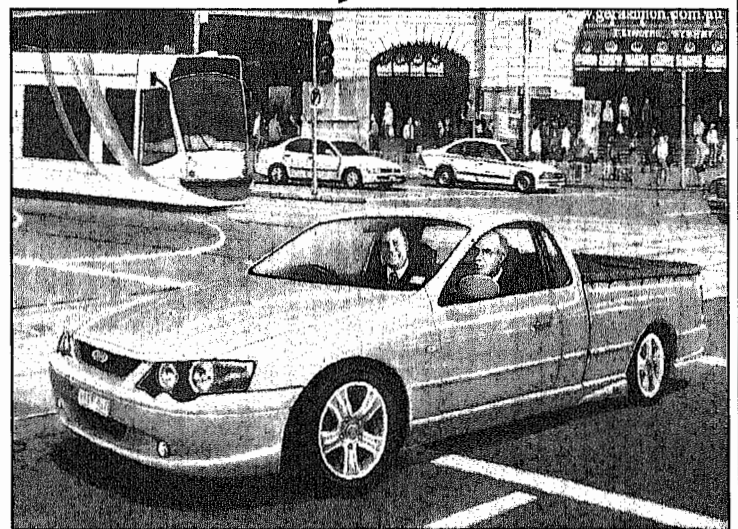
ISRAEL launched an offensive in Gaza on June 28, after an Israeli soldier was captured by Palestinian militants. Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Olmert announced that the campaign, which involves air strikes, artillery bombardment and armoured troops, could go on indefinitely. In response, Palestine launched rocket attacks against Israel. Although it has been suggested that Corporal Gilad Shalit will be returned and rocket attacks halted in return for the release of Palestinians prisoners and Israel's withdrawal from Gaza, Mr Olmert has ruled out any chance of a deal being done. Just when everyone thought the situation couldn't get any worse, things went spectacularly pear-shaped when two Israeli soldiers were kidnapped by Lebanese militant group Hezbollah. In response, Israel launched an aerial bombardment of Lebanon, which began with the shelling of the nation's only international airport. This resulted in thousands of foreign nationals being trapped in Lebanon, their attempts to flee further complicated by the fact that Israel consolidated its attack by targeting major road networks. Several nations have begun to evacuate their citizens by land, sea and air. Civilian casualties are high, and continue to rise. The current situation effectively kills any efforts to create a peace process in the region, and probably makes even *thinking about talking* about a peace process impossible.



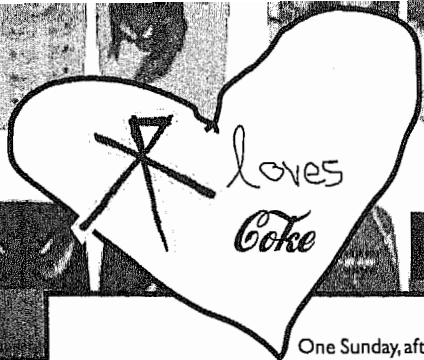
And finally, to give you that warm glow of superiority...

Two men were understandably pleased with themselves when they managed to steal computers and televisions worth \$17,000. However, when they got outside they discovered a tiny flaw in their cunning plan: they had forgotten to bring a getaway car. As they were both obviously bright sparks, they soon solved the problem of how to get their loot home at 1 a.m. without looking in the least bit suspicious....They hailed a taxi. As taxi drivers are by nature obliging, the driver helped the pair load their spoils into the car, and drove them home. Being honest citizens, they paid the fare, and gave the nice man a big tip for being so helpful. The taxi driver then phoned the police, who raided the hapless thieves' house and discovered that it was stuffed with loot from previous burglaries. Moral: taxi drivers are smarter than the average burglar.

HE SAID, SHE SAID



John Howard and Peter Costello had a bit of a 'he-said, she-said' incident, wherein Costello claimed that Howard broke a promise made in 1994 to hand over the leadership after a term and a half. Howard's response can be handily condensed and encapsulated as: 'Yeah, whatever...' This did not faze Costello, who is sticking to his guns and maintaining an air of righteous indignation. It turns out Costello had a witness to the said deal. So John Howard went back on his word. Like that's never happened before. For the moment, Howard and Costello are staying together for the kids (or voting public, as we like to call ourselves).



'WHERE THE FUCKING HELL ARE YOU?'

One Sunday, after a debauched night whiskey, cigarettes and karaoke, I stumbled blearily into my lounge. Avoiding my cleanliness obsessed housemate (who had been scrubbing the shower since nine o'clock) I settled down to watch *Video Hits*, something I love but hadn't done for long time. To my shock I found that film clips, once a highly respected art form, had degenerated into hip hop rubbish. There is no originality, no talent. Everything looks and sounds the same. However, what they do have in abundance, is product placement. This is where my gripe with music television that morning began. I must admit, I don't mind watching hotties shaking their thang. I think most red-blooded men would agree when I suggest that there is something intensely erotic about watching a woman move. I get frustrated when these women feel the need to dance, sing, grind or look longingly into the camera while on their mobile phone. What the hell? Hip hop males are no exception. They are just a guilty as their female counterparts. My problem is that mobile phones have become the ultimate fashion accessory.

Why do these 'stars' (most of them gone before you can blink) feel the need to sing and dance with their mobile. Does including their mobile give them added street cred? I think not. Anyone singing and grinding like that into their mobile in the real world would be considered a tool, de-sexed and removed from their community. It's all about the money and the product placement. The mobiles seem to be screaming "you too could be as cool as [insert name of flash in the pan hip hopper here] just buy me." These product placement techniques should not make you want to buy a new phone. Rather they should make you want to distance yourself further from these most invasion of status symbol.

My morning continued. I toughed out the mobile phone scenario and made it to the *Coke Live '06*. I knew from experience that *Coke Live* is a little dull, but Xavier Rudd was playing that particular morning. Although I don't mind a bit of Mr Rudd I would have normally switched off by now. However, I couldn't help but think to myself 'Xavier Rudd and Coke, there's an incongruous match' and continued to watch. I was fascinated by the willingness of the modern hippie (pseudo-hippies I like to call them, empty hippies without the soul of original hippydom. The only difference between the modern and your average dumb consumer is the clothes). To watch Xavier Rudd in a tent emblazoned with Coke logo's while drinking Coke products. I counted no less than seven occurrences of Coke bottles on screen and at least five appearances of the Mt Franklin bottle during the half an hour *Coke Live* is on. This doesn't include adverts or the Mt Franklin Xavier was drinking during his interview. I'm concerned that people cannot see the dichotomy of Xavier Rudd and Coke, wouldn't they usually be opposed? Surely they stand for totally different things?

So, how successful was Coke's product placement campaign in appropriating Xavier Rudd's environmentalist image for themselves? Certainly the modern hippy couldn't see through the thinly veiled disguise as they happily chugged down Coke. But what was Xavier doing there in the first place? Surely he hasn't sold out has he? Or is it just possible that capitalism and conservation can live hand in hand? I think so, a carbon emissions tax (which Zimbabwe has of all places. I know because I had to pay it) would be a good start. We are a long way away from that happy balance right now.

Although I must admit I have enjoyed this current series, you can other amusingly transparent examples of product placement on Big Brother. Drink Mixt and be as gay David, eat Snickers and appropriate Krystal's false bosoms or get in touch with inner bogan-ity by drinking Coopers with Darren, etc.

This article is not ringing endorsement for Channel Ten. Rather Channel Ten is mentioned most because they are the ones to continue to perpetrate their product placement crimes against humanity.

Andrew Love



Tourism Australia has asked the world 'Where the bloody hell are you?' hoping to use cheeky Australia humour to draw punters to our fair shores. How many of us feel comfortable being represented on the international stage in this way and how laughable is the controversy that the ad created?

When was the last time any of us had to shampoo camels, get sharks out of a pool or shoo kangaroos off a golfing green? I would suggest for most of us, never. And what are the chances of a tourist seeing any of things while they are actually here? Zilch. It's not going to happen because it doesn't happen. Not all Australian are beer-swilling, animal loving, beach-going, tanned, country bumpkins and I for one resent the fact that we had been advertised in this light. Perhaps the most insulting suggestion comes towards the end of the ad where an Indigenous woman declares "we've been rehearsing for 40 000 years." Is Tourism Australia suggesting to the rest of the world that indigenous culture is only useful as a marketing ploy? If I see visitors being greeted by boomerangs and didgeridoos I swear I'll throw up. I think cultural cringe is the buzz word here. It worth visiting the ads site <http://www.wherethebloodyhellareyou.com/live/index.html> to gawp at the ad and then click on the post-cards button to listen to the cheesy muzak Tourism Australia has created... It keeps asking me 'where the bloody hell am I?' and winding me up further.

Examining some of the controversy the ad created internationally. Personally I found it laughable that the UK could justify censoring the ad due to its strong language. Surely replacing the word 'bloody' with a bleep suggests that the language is stronger than it actually is. I love the idea that Tourism Australia could be asking the Pom's 'where the fucking hell are you?'. At any rate, the English love to swear. I can understand the problems the Americans might have with the ads. Having not ventured beyond the borders of their armchairs for the last two decades swearing at Americans might not be the best way to encourage them to come to Australia. Personally, I see no problem with the ad. I find the use of the ockerism 'bloody' amusing and don't really want Americans to come here anyway. Although I had to think twice about announcing for all its faults I like when I heard that John Howard likes it too. And those wacky Canadians banned the ad due to their alcohol advertising laws. Apparently you're not allowed to advertise unbranded booze on Canadian TV. Hopefully it wasn't VB, that would really make me cringe. Through all this we must remember that there is no such thing as bad press. It's all free advertising.

Tourism Australia created my favourite Australian celebrity when they started the 'bloody' campaign: Lara Bingle. What a meteoric rise to fame hers has been. From the bikini-clad babe asking us where the bloody hell we were, Lara Bingle has gone on to bigger and better things, like suing *Zoo Magazine* for showing unauthorised images that could stain her image. Since then Bingle has done a shoots for *Mens Health*, appeared on *Burts Family Fued* (bwom-bwoooow the scoreboard says that was a bad idea) and attached herself to the flopping Torvill and Dean's *Dancing on Ice*. Lara Bingle, I salute you for you have taken the road the b-grade stardom by attaching yourself to shows that will stain your image more than the topless shoot in *Zoo* ever could.

I think we can all agree that the campaign and Lara Bingle, are as hilarious as they are insulting.

Andrew Love



TURKEY SLAP THIS

BIG BROTHER

We're watching and we don't like what we see

We all know the story I'm about to discuss, the so-called 'turkey-slapping' incident that once more drew the nations attention to the 'phenomenon' which is *Big Brother*. This was the first episode I had watched in the entire series and it was only because I had been told that an incident involving sexual harassment had led to two male housemates being kicked out of the house. I admit my naivety in expecting to see some kind of eternal damnation for the two criminals and the household bending over backwards to support the victim.

Ya Right. What I did see was the all wise and powerful *Big Brother* saying that two housemates had broken the house rules (as opposed to the law) and thus had been taken out of the house. I'm not sure if there has been a new law passed while I wasn't paying attention but I was still under the impression that the laws of Australia were more important than the laws of the *Big Brother* house. Clearly I was mistaken.

Another observation I made while watching this charming episode was the reaction of the other housemates to Camilla. *Yarrow Place*, Adelaide's Rape and Sexual Assault Service lists the best ways to assist a victim. Namely that is; a victim is to be believed, to be listened to, to feel safe, a non-judgemental attitude, to understand what has occurred, to be in control, encouragement, support, validation of her experience and reactions and to be able to talk about the assault at her own pace. How many of these were present in the episode in question? I saw other housemates trying to negotiate with BB for the return of the two men, I saw people talking over Camilla, I saw judgement and I saw one very confused and upset girl who appeared to be feeling guilty for 'causing' this stir. Worst of all I saw one rather dimwitted girl dashing about exclaiming 'they were just mucking around' to anyone who would listen without knowing the story and with no respect for Camilla. Support for the victim? I don't think so.

This one incident has created a myriad of problems which will now be prevalent for a substantial amount of time. Like it or not *Big Brother* is hugely influential especially on young people. By exhibiting the text book definition of what not to do Channel Ten and the housemates have perpetuated a common misconception of how to deal with sexual harassment. Instead of an environment of support for the victim we have seen the virtual ostracism of Camilla to the extent that she has spent a considerable amount of time apologising to other housemates for being the cause of Ashley and John leaving. This is unacceptable and it is unacceptable that people may take this as an example of correct behaviour in the face of sexual harassment.

The other issue that cannot be ignored is that of the role of *Big Brother*. At which point is it acceptable by the law and the ethos

of the show for BB to intervene in a situation? To what degree must housemate break the law (or indeed the 'house rules') before *Big Brother* will intervene in events? The housemates are monitored 24 hours a day and the event in question was planned by the two perpetrators. Even if someone wasn't paying attention in the lead-up it is surely impossible to not notice something like this occurring especially in the bedroom where most of the 'juicy' events occur and after the housemates had all been heavily drinking. The saying goes 'if she's too drunk to say no, she's too drunk to say yes' and I would argue that in a situation such as this BB should be exercising at least a nominal duty of care. While I applaud the decision of Channel Ten to remove the housemates and not return them, the way that the event itself as well as the aftermath were handled can be considered atrocious. *Big Brother* is absolutely unique in that it is surely the one place where someone can be assured of intervention because of the constant monitoring.

To clarify- censorship BAD! I am still of the opinion if you don't like it don't watch it and don't let your children watch it if that is the issue. However, as one delightful website put it "Channel Ten turns sexual assault into a ratings opportunity. A new high point for Australian television." (reasonsyouwillhateme.blogspot.com) At what point will Australia say no to 'reality' shows which put people and in particular women in dangerous situations for the enjoyment of others? One would have thought with microphones and cameras everywhere that the *Big Brother* house would be the safest place in Australia from acts of sexual assault and harassment. However, the continuing culture of chauvinism and the acceptability of the excuse of 'just mucking around' has been allowed to permeate even deeper into the Australian psyche. Without using Camilla as a pin up girl for sexual harassment we need to find a way to promote that the way that this was dealt with was unacceptable and if the show is to continue airing this is a situation that can never occur again.

Rhiannon Newman

If you, or someone you know is the victim of Sexual Harassment or Rape get in contact with Yarrow Place, Phone 82268777 or 24-hour service 82268787

Alternatively the University's Counselling Service can be found on the Ground Floor of the Horace Lamb Building or at 8303 5663

Further information can be found at the Student's Association by calling 83033899 or dropping in to see me or anyone else who's around!

The A to Z of Anarchism:

An attempt to demystify a political alternative

In 2002, I took the course 'Anarchism and Libertarianism'. During the semester, I made some significant friends and also grew close to the subject's lecturer and tutor, Paul Nursey-Bray. Paul was an incredible person: a staunch critic, a very well published and respected academic and a person who was happiest discussing diverse topics with anyone. Even though, like so many academics, his expanding duties made his spare time scarce, he would rarely turn anyone away, preferring to discuss anything from the horrors of Howard, the problems (and there are many) of capitalism, to rugby union.

At the end of the course (before we all went on to take his second semester course, 'Marx and his Successors'), we had the idea to put together a series of articles called the 'A to Z of Anarchism'. Five people contributed articles. The idea was to present some of the main ideas of Anarchism, a generally misunderstood and demonised school of thought, and provoke conservative students and therefore debate. Paul agreed to look over the articles and *On Dit* agreed to publish them. No one responded to the articles, either positively or negatively, but several people since then have assured us that they read them.

In December of 2005, Paul passed away from cancer. He is deeply missed by many on both a personal and ideological level. Consequently, 'Anarchism and Marxism'—among the other subjects Paul taught—are no longer available in the politics department. Some will rejoice at this fact. However, this is where the A to Z comes in to it again. *On Dit* have agreed to republish the articles and we do so as both a gesture of thanks and tribute to Paul and as a means to publicise Anarchist ideas (We think he would have liked that!)

Since we are attempting to say what Anarchism is, perhaps it is best to leave you in the capable hands of Alexander Berkman, who, in his book, *ABC of Anarchism*, wrote:

I must tell you, first of all, what anarchism is not. It is not bombs, disorder, or chaos. It is not robbery or murder. It is not a war of each against all. It is not a return to barbarianism or to the wild state of man. Anarchism is the very opposite of all that.

For anyone interested in the ideas presented, they could do worse than check out Paul's *Anarchist Thinkers and Thought: An Annotated Bibliography*. We hope that readers find it interesting. Also, Paul's staff link with a list of publications is still available at <http://www.arts.adelaide.edu.au/history/politics/people/politics/pnurseybray.html>

A is for Authority

"Whoever denies authority, and fights against it, is an anarchist." This is a satisfyingly simple definition of the anarchist approach to authority. It is also wrong.

Anarchism is a call for individual autonomy; authority, by its very nature, limits autonomy. The state, as the supreme authority in a given territory, is the last, as well as the greatest, obstacle to individual self-determination. Furthermore, state power is the only form of authority that we cannot escape, have not consented to, but are forced to obey. It is, therefore, the negation and antithesis of moral autonomy.

The anarchist opposition to authority, however, is not a juvenile reaction against the frustration of individual caprice. Authority is a pervasive force throughout society; as numerous thinkers, ranging from Michel Foucault to contemporary feminists, have pointed out, authority – and more importantly, its underlying legitimating discourse – has a 'normalising' effect on individuals. As a result, authority, especially as wielded by the state, has the capacity to legitimate, and thus to entrench, certain views and norms of behaviour. These, in turn, erode the capacity for autonomous self-direction.

Moreover, it is the state, as the guarantor of an unequal social order, which is frequently the cause of, as well as the catalyst for, social tension and disharmony. Representative democracy, although a real advance over arbitrary rule, is thus a superficial solution to the pervasive effects of state authority. Moral autonomy has been abdicated.

More disturbing, however, is the threat of force – the complete antithesis of individual consent – that stands behind governmental authority. If the individual does not acquiesce to the world-view legitimated by the state, that is to say, if he or she does not abdicate the right to moral autonomy, then retribution frequently follows. Individual self-direction is not compatible with coercion.

Nevertheless, this does not mean that anarchism opposes all authority. Some rules of conduct, necessary for the survival of any community, must still apply. The anarchist goal, therefore, is the wide-scale devolution of authority, thereby placing power back into the hands of the people. Direct, local democracy is alone compatible with individual autonomy. If we legislate for ourselves, without the threat of centralised authority at our backs, then meaningful autonomy is preserved. Of course, to the extent that some rules of conduct will apply, authority still exists. This is inescapable. It need not trouble the anarchist, however. Since anarchism only advocates the abolition of arbitrary, despotic and largely unrepresentative authority, it is not the political theory of chaos.

Is this hopelessly utopian? Perhaps – and yet, as an alternative 'ethical framework', anarchism is a useful corrective to a passive acceptance of authority. As Benjamin Tucker pointed out: "If the individual has the right to govern himself, all external government is tyranny." This is the anarchist challenge.

B is for Mikhail Bakunin (1814-1876)

Bakunin was born a Russian aristocrat. However this was soon foregone in return for a life in pursuit of absolute liberty and the revolution that would bring this about. Unlike other revolutionaries of the nineteenth century, Bakunin utilized his philosophy in a course of action and not just as rhetoric. Although first this had him advocating Pan-slavism, it was soon put to better use. In the revolutions of 1848, Bakunin was seen at the barricades in many of the epicentres: Paris, Prague, and Dresden, where the authorities finally caught him. His infamous reputation led him to finally end up in the Peter and Paul Fortress, St. Petersburg. Here, Bakunin contracted scurvy, lost his teeth

and his ravishing health, although his revolutionary fervour was too voracious. Bakunin escaped from Siberian exile and turned up in London, the place of exile of his fellow revolutionary, Alexander Herzen. Bakunin thereafter turned his energies towards absolute liberty, gaining followers in France, Switzerland, Italy, and more importantly, Spain.

Bakunin's thought hinges upon action. He did not necessarily formulate a philosophical system; rather Bakunin's zeal was solely devoted to the razing of oppression. Bakunin entered the First International and the debate between himself and Marx over the statist principle eventually forced Marx to murder the International; for Marx, and the proletariat, this move was essentially a pyrrhic victory. Bakunin's legacy nevertheless lives on, especially in Spain, where his thought still has a legacy today.

C is for Community

Anarchism and community appear to be opposing ideals. If the maximisation of autonomy is central to the anarchist project, would its practical application lead to a society of individual 'atoms', each following their own egocentric path. Would anarchism, in short, lead to social atomisation?

It would not. Unlike varieties of liberalism, anarchism does not see individuals as wholly self-sufficient 'utility maximisers', forming political communities solely for selfish ends. For anarchists, the community, as a necessary precondition for autonomous action, is of central practical and theoretical importance. Since every individual is, at the very least, part of a number of defining communities, a purely utilitarian conception of society is incapable of acknowledging the social origin of our identities and beliefs. Meaningful self-definition requires a defining community.

The removal of state authority, therefore, is merely a precondition for an anarchist society. The rejection of all hierarchical political authority requires, as its corollary, an affirmation of the importance of community. Since anarchism strives for the creation of genuinely free societies, autonomy exercised outside of, or in opposition to, a defining community is fatal to the anarchist project.

Moreover, autonomy cannot be conceptualised in 'isolationist terms': self-determination is only applicable – indeed, is only meaningful – within the context of a community. To be free in complete isolation, that is to say, to conceive of autonomy as logically distinct from community, is a hollow theoretical ideal. Anarchism and social atomisation are wholly incompatible. Autonomy is not a synonym for isolation. The anarchist project thus requires – indeed, is logically committed to – an affirmation of 'autonomy in community'. It is only within a community and more importantly, in a community founded on the equal liberty of all, that moral autonomy is genuinely meaningful. In the words of Mikhail Bakunin: "absolutely self-sufficient freedom is to condemn oneself to non-existence".

...to be continued

By the Adelaide University
Autonomy Union, 2002



Position Vacant: Required;

Redefinition of Unemployment in an Australian Context

Woo hoo! Australia's unemployment has dropped below 5 percent (4.9 to be exact) and if John Howard's reaction is anything to go by, we have just seen a resounding tick of approval for his new workplace relation reforms and neo-liberal policies. The media savvy PM isn't about to let this opportunity go by and was quick out with the banter, "This is a wonderful symbol of the success of the Government's economic policies. It's a reminder to everybody that there's nothing more important in what a government does than provide opportunities for people to get work". Hey PM, ever heard about peoples health? Can't work unless you're healthy! Ever heard of education? Can't work if you're stupid! But hey, I've got a job digging ditches. Whoopee!

Now before this article disIntegrates into offensive personal narrative on said PM, let us resume the discussion with some important facts about our "unemployment" rate. Undoubtedly, 4.9 percent is the lowest unemployment rate since the mid 1970s. So what happened in the 70s that was so good for employment? Australia had "full employment" where the Australian government assumed the responsibility for securing the economic conditions to ensure all that wanted work could have it ("all" meaning white males but the point remains). Since the mid 70s full employment effectively ended and the number and type of jobs available has been left for the market itself to regulate, what this has caused is rises in unemployment and underemployment. Industries in capitalist economies like our own make no apologies for putting profit before workers and since the deregulation of the Australian labour market industries have been cutting hours, wages and sacking workers in an attempt to keep company profits high. Between 1988 and 1998 part time, casual employment grew from 19 to 27 percent². In 2005, The Australian

Bureau of Statistics reported that less than half the labour market (not population), 47.5 percent³ was in full time employment, the rest were part time, unemployed or had given up looking.

The evidence suggests that unemployment and underemployment are problems facing the majority of Australians. So why is it we have a Prime Minister who seems to be rejoicing in a figure which holds no bearing over the population? This is because the unemployment rate does not count anything that is "real"! Now, I don't for one second believe that unemployment isn't a social and personal experience that affects many people, but the way in which unemployment is counted depends on whose doing the counting and what definitions are being utilised to classify someone as "unemployed".

The Australian Bureau of Statistics makes the unemployment rate and in doing so creates a definition of who the unemployed are and just as importantly, who they are not. A respondent participating in the survey can only be officially unemployed if they fit into a certain category; they must be over 15, have actively looked for work in the past four weeks, are able to start work immediately and have not worked more than one hour (that's right, one hour!) during the survey week⁴. If you fit into those guidelines you then can be classified as part of the labour market, then unemployed. So what if you don't fit into these definitions? Well you don't count and the official definition excludes vast numbers of Australian's because of this.

So who are some of the people the ABS's definition of unemployment excludes? Well those who are jobless and who the ABS has defined as not actively looking for work cannot be counted as unemployed but placed in another group all together, the "discouraged jobseeker". The ABS also fails to recognise those who continue their

full, part time education, such as those who may have returned to university or tafe because their hasn't been any work available. Many people do stay in the education system because they cannot gain full time employment. These students may also work 10 - 20 hours a week casually to pay for uni books, car registration, living expenses e.g. So when is it that a student is a student or a member of the labour force? That distinction is extremely blurry and highlights how data on unemployment is not an actual count of all people who are without adequate employment. Rather the figures are used to construct certain definitions of who the "unemployed" are. These issues reflect the problematic approach of an unemployment rate and its limitations and restrictions in counting the number of unemployed and underemployed persons in Australia. These processes most certainly remain hidden when John Howard jumps in front of the cameras and declares the successes of his government and its policies.

Michael Potter

Sources

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² Australian Bureau of Statistics, 4102.0 - Australian Social Trends, 2000

Previous ISSUE Released at 11:30 AM (CANBERRA TIME) 04/07/2000.

³ Australian Bureau of Statistics, 4102.0 - Australian Social Trends, 2005

Latest ISSUE Released at 11:30 AM (CANBERRA TIME) 12/07/2005

⁴ Australian Bureau of Statistics, 4102.0 - Australian Social Trends, 2005

Latest ISSUE Released at 11:30 AM (CANBERRA TIME) 12/07/2005, in Australian Labour Market Statistics (ABS cat. no. 6105.0).

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ADVERTISING ABUSE

I want to look here at the restructuring of the reporting the news where news has become something to be consumed, just as other 'products' have been consumed. I wonder if this has any connection to advertising. Dubious link to this weeks theme for *On Dit* I know, but I thought I'd at least make the attempt to fit in. I suspect that, if writers such as Wolfgang Fritz Haug are correct, then our very connection with society gets distorted by advertising. If so, then our perception of what should be reported might also be distorted. I'm no expert here, but I thought I'd go through some thoughts in any case.

Haug identifies 'commodity aesthetics', ways the look and feel of products are manipulated to entice the observer to want the product. Commodity aesthetics, Haug believes, shapes consumer values, behaviour and perceptions within capitalist societies and, in effect, integrates them into the lifestyle of consumer capitalism. If Haug is right (and I'm in no position to expertly judge) then advertising has causal efficacy on our behaviour and perception. Jean Baudrillard suggests that packaging, and presentation (or 'signs') help integrate people into a consumer society.

There is some support for these claims. We tend to naively think that we are directly in contact with the world; that our view of the world is unmediated. But results in psychology, and some philosophy has shown this view to be false. Perception is mediated, both by theory and also by the brain. To turn to philosophy, for example, physical descriptions of the world do not refer to colours, taste, smell and so on, yet we see the world as coloured, we like the taste of food, and note that our neighbour smells bloody awful. Something is going on here that needs explaining. The world is perceived in ways that it is not (we think). What counts as a good theory is itself theory laden. For example, we want theories to be simple, have explanatory power, to prove useful for making predictions. This in itself is a theory, so is it simple etc? The claim that adverts and signs affect our perception, our analysis of the world might be sustainable.

The question is then could adverts affect our view of the world? This seems absurd. An ad for an iPod is not going to affect how we see the colour(s) white. But the shortness, and information richness of advertising on TV, radio and the colour etc, of printed adverts may affect how we pay attention to information. Consider the claims that 'youngsters' today have no attention span; that to get your message across it needs to fit within a small attention span and so on. There is some psychological support for the restricted nature of this attention span; information processing models suggest that we can only hold 7 bits of information (+/- 2) in our short-term memory at once. Haug suggests that the effectiveness of advertising can be explained not because it creates these conditions, but because it manipulates it. Manipulation involves tweaking our abilities, not creating them. These theories deal with consumerism, with art and with advertising. What relevance have they for current affairs?

I think there are two concerns about advertising and news. It has manipulated how we interact with mass media. It also ties us into consumer society, thus reducing critical engagement with bigger issues. The second claim is a significant one, but first I will look at the manipulation claim.

Advertising, as an industry, has developed several strategies for imparting messages; short, sweet, relevant to the audience and so on. As such, the industry has identified, perhaps, the best ways for information to be received by the target audience. This message has been heeded by other industries. It is reasonable first to say that the industry might just have identified human capacities and exploited them, so there is no suggestion here that advertising has moulded our abilities. The other industry that has learnt from such developments seems to be the news industry. Reports have to be short and sweet; be attractive and relevant to the viewer. News is no longer something we keep up with, but something we consume. If a particularly harrowing report does appear on the TV news, often there are complaints (in the press etc. from letter writers) claiming that such reports should have a warning attached so as not to shock. If we do not want to know about the starving people (25 000 die a day), or the latest catastrophe we can turn off the tele when given appropriate warning. It seems that current affairs is morphing into *A Current Affair*. Be afraid, be very afraid. This is all very whimsical though and quite indicative of my unfamiliarity with the field. You might like to write in and complain. I would if I knew what I was talking about.

What of the second claim; that advertising is tying us into the consumer society and reduces our critical engagement with bigger issues? This is what I want to look at in the short time left. If Haug and Baudrillard are correct then advertising ties us into consumer capitalism. As consumers we only want stuff that meets our needs. News and public debate should then be modified to meet our needs; put in the warnings, let the consumer know that 'bad' news is coming up. *Do not raise issues that challenge the society in which we live*. Do not question the consumer mentality; do not question the market economy; in other words do not rock the consumerist ethos; no big picture analysis. If news is something we consume, then unpalatable news is not welcome. A bad product does not last long in the market. Producing a news product that is not welcomed by consumers equates to economic suicide.

There may be a distinction here I am missing. An advert for the product is not the product itself. The product might well be worthy. For example, would I be complaining if someone advertised Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*? Would a 20 second ad for Kant reduce the intellectual rigour of *The Critique*? No. But the point is not that the news is being advertised, but that the news is taking on the techniques of advertising. Short, pretty, little in-depth analysis.

What news should be is news; an account of the days occurrences, good, bad, but complete. Here's an example from the ABC News, Thursday 13 July 2006. Senator Vanstone is accused of supporting cruelty to pigs by Animal Liberation. Senator Vanstone points out that as she is only a shareholder in Wasley's Piggery Management, she cannot be responsible for the conditions of the pigs. Fair enough. The ABC leaves it at that. Wasley's is owned by Australian Pork Farms Group Ltd. Senator Vanstone and her husband own shares in this too. Her husband is a director of Australian Pork Farms Group Ltd. So to claim that she has no influence over the running of Wasley's seems like dissembling. This analysis took two lines to set out. It should have been included. It is relevant, but it gets ignored. What gets reported is the simple sound-bite; the bit of information immediately relevant. What is required however, is some more analysis.

Is advertising to blame for this? No. It was a decision by the ABC. But was it affected by the lessons of the advertising industry? Who knows (yes, and who cares!). The questions I have addressed here have been inexpertly dealt with and I apologise for that. I have just raised some thoughts to ponder over the next two weeks whilst *On Dit* staff look for advertising revenue for the next edition. All I can say is that advertising and news do not go well together for many reasons. The two I focused on here are that it has reduced the desire for in-depth analysis in us; news is just one amongst many consumer choices available to us. Advertising has also altered the way that news gets reported: two sides of the same coin. Toss the coin I say!

Andrew J Turner

Welfarism Causes Paedophilia

In a report to the Northern Territory the Crown Prosecutor for Central Australia, Dr Nanette Rogers, has detailed years of domestic violence in the territory. Mal Brough has rattled the cage of many people by claiming that paedophile rings are operating in Aboriginal Communities. He has been abused on many sides for grandstanding, of blaming a culture without providing any resources to solve the issues involved. Keith Windschuttle, writing in *The Australian* on May 23 2006, thinks that it is right that no resources should be provided. He thinks that the provision of welfare to Indigenous males has robbed them of their manhood, and that this entails, (i.e. causes), their sexual abuse of children. In other words, the system is at fault, but not because it hasn't provided enough resources to intervene and stop any alleged child abuse. The system is to blame because it has provided resources. Stop the resources and the Aboriginal men will stop the abuse. It's a law of nature (apparently). We might agree with much of Windschuttle's analysis of the historical causes of the situation but disagree over the solution.

Windschuttle claims that whilst Indigenous cultures have a long history of persecution of females, child sexual abuse is only a recent phenomenon. The reported frequency today suggests something has gone wrong. Windschuttle thinks that the present system has emasculated Indigenous men living in remote communities.

The root cause is that white Australia has deprived Aboriginal men in remote communities of their manhood. The instrument we used was social welfare: giving handouts that did not require them to work. The social policy of the past 30 years is the principle culprit.

(Windschuttle, 2006, p. 1)

Four claims are offered in support for this conclusion.

1. The male is biologically engineered, communally socialised and psychologically primed to provide for their women and children.

2. This role has been usurped by the state.

3. Men without social status, who do not work, have no sense of self worth and their lives are meaningless. "Others think badly of them and they think badly of themselves" (Windschuttle, 2006, p. 1).

4. Aboriginal boys are directly affected by loss of manhood. They have no motive to go to school, and when they reach adolescence they descend into crime and substance abuse (and pornography).

From these four claims we are to infer that welfarism has caused the abuse set out by Nanette Rogers and Mal Brough. #1 comes across as a mere assertion, but one we might think reasonable. #2 seems to be a factual claim; since the state does provide resources for the women and children etc. He backs up #3 with claims that sociological studies show that men in all cultures respond to such circumstances with alcoholism and domestic violence. #4 is an application of #3 to Aboriginal communities. On the face of it perhaps Windschuttle's claim is a reasonable one.

The question is, what can we do about it? Since

the cause has been welfarism, Windschuttle thinks the solution is the removal of welfarism:

"The only solution is to stop funding and thus close down all those settlements where unemployment is chronic and where there are no economic prospects. Which is most of them."

(Windschuttle, 2006, p. 2)

He thinks that the root of the problem is the inability of Aboriginal communities to participate in the economy. The welfarist system applied to Aboriginal communities ignored the capitalist notions of industry, agriculture and mineral development. "Without capitalist institutions such as consumer markets and private property" (Windschuttle, 2006, p. 2), sustainable development of such remote communities remains impossible. Aboriginals in outback regions have two economic handicaps; there are limited business opportunities, and they have no motivation for self-improvement.

Windschuttle thinks this the only solution. This is a false dichotomy; we either let the abuse continue or we remove welfarism. There are other options. We could give them their land back, together with absolute rights and rule over that land. Not just lands we cannot mine or develop; give them their lands back. Instead of trying to show why his solution is the best solution, Windschuttle offers it as the only solution. He has employed a rhetoric device to convince when he really needs a full blown argument. He may set out the problem in ways we think correct. But his conclusion that the only way to solve it is to remove welfarism has no legs. More of this shortly.

He also thinks that an opponent who thinks welfarism could be rescued, you know, if we fully resource Aboriginal Australians in such a way as to allow them to express and develop their identities etc. equates to a propaganda campaign. Guilt by association or at least an implied one. Such campaigners use propaganda. Nasty regimes use propaganda (e.g. Nazis), ipso facto, opponents are nasty. Windschuttle also rejects possible responses by academics, bureaucrats and Aboriginal activists because they will try and protect the system, at all costs, via propaganda. He thinks the creators of the system would prefer to maintain the system at the expense of the abuse publicised by Brough. Some evidence for this would be appreciated.

Windschuttle has brought out a central issue here; attempts to develop a compromise between giving the land back in the way that I suggest, and full assimilation, are *not working*. We might not be able to compromise. Windschuttle suggests that we fully assimilate Indigenous people. He thinks that this does not equate to genocide and this is right. But it does amount to the destruction of a culture. To do this we will have to bite the bullet and say that in-order for a single (white) Australia to survive, we will have to destroy indigenous culture. However, such a solution would come at a cost. We would have to make up for the inequalities created by positive intervention on behalf of Indigenous Australians. Full participation in our system requires us to give them resources to be able to participate as equals.

Instead of integrating them into white Australia,

however, we could give them their land back properly. None of this dual use, where they can have it back as long as we can dig the uranium out. None of this giving them the land we have no use for. Give them the land back and let them live as they did before White settlement. You know, instead of keeping the present system give them all the resources they need to survive as a culture as a separate nation. Here no culture would have to be destroyed, though the markets free use of the land would have to stop. The point is that other solutions exist.

Before finishing I want to look at the heart of Windschuttle's solution, which is highly problematic. The claim is that because the Aboriginal male doesn't have to fight for survival, he has turned on the females and children. Remove the need for a man to fight for the survival of his family and he will abuse that family. Perhaps, so another solution suggests itself, to remove domestic violence in society in general.

Nobody should have a job for life; a job for life equates to safety, so abuse will follow, naturally. Nobody should be paid more than the bare minimum to survive. No-one earning \$1 million pa needs to fight for economic survival. Well, perhaps this is a bit harsh; we want to encourage enterprise at least. But certainly no family should earn more than \$100 000 a year. They might be able to afford to buy their own home outright. People must have mortgages, otherwise the security of owning a home, rather than renting it from the bank, would entail abuse. No one should be able to save money in extra-ordinary ways, otherwise at some point they will have sufficient funds to survive: abuse follows. No-one should be allowed to retire. All those pesky people with loads of time on their hands and nothing to do; paedophiles! I could go on.

Astute readers would recognise this as a *reductio ad absurdum*. I'm reducing Windschuttle's solution to absurdity to show that it is highly problematic. His point about the causes of the abuse might well be accurate however and we have to at least take note of that. If he is correct about the root causes of this abuse being in the system of welfare support given, we should re-evaluate the system. Note to students. If you have an idea you think worthwhile, clearly set that idea out. Do not dress it up in abusive language, nor attempt to persuade others of your position by dismissing opponents as propagandists. If the idea is good, it will be taken up. Ideas win arguments; abuse only shuts down debate.

Andrew J Turner

Windschuttle, K, *Manhood Whitewashed*, *The Australian*, May 24 2006, downloaded from <http://www.theaustralian.news.com.au/printpage/0,5942,19222151,00.html>

¹ Note that I spell paedophile in the proper way, from *paedo* (child) *phile* (love), not the recent spelling of *pedophile* which comes from *ped* (feet), *phile* (love), or *lover of feet*.



DEBATE ON DRUGS:

'Raving Mad' or just plain 'Skank-e'?

Another day, another 'controversy'. Whether it's Howard and Costello pretending to be Bob Hawke and Paul Keating or Jessica Rowe getting 'boned', the Australian news media always manages to keep me entertained, if not necessarily informed. An issue that is more interesting to me than any of these people however is the furore that has arisen over Democrats MP Sandra Kanck and her observations of the drug MDMA, better known as ecstasy. Kanck has made various comments about the use of this drug, and has essentially been cut down by the media, other political parties and even sections of her own party, despite the apparent tolerance for radical or off-kilter views in our society. There have been various reasons given for this absolute refusal of the establishment to even consider her opinions, some good, most bad. The focus of this article is the fact that the local news media, in one of the most obvious and empirically useful examples that I have ever seen, departed from even a remote facade of objective reporting and resorted to blatant attacks on Kanck's position. It was like reading a series of opinion pieces, all venting their rage upon this woman for daring to voice her own opinion, an opinion she supposedly has a right to act upon in public.

There are a few topics, however, that are not considered proper to debate in public, such as the social and political influences on terrorists/insurgents/freedom fighters/whatever term the kids are using nowadays (they're obviously all mindlessly evil slaving monsters) criminals (ditto) and drug users (you guessed it!). Drug use is one of those topics where it is accepted without question that drug use is 'evil' and that the best way to control drug use is to ban all drugs. This 'evil' tag doesn't apply to alcohol and cigarettes, because our government is good at ignoring tremendous inconsistencies in its policy. Well *actually* the justification is that alcohol and cigarettes are not as great a burden on society as 'hard drugs'. They are considered 'socially acceptable' by conservative elements who thrive on the argument 'they have always been accepted, by that fact alone they are sufficiently distinguished from illegal drugs' as well as applying the converse argument to illegal drugs. There is also the legal argument that runs along the lines of 'alcohol and tobacco are legal because they are legal. They are legal because they are accepted by society. Other drugs are not accepted, and thus are not legal.' Obviously the latter argument leaves room for the situation to be altered. The argument has been made that the more varieties of drugs available to people, the more people will be tempted to indulge in such unhealthy activity. There have, of course, been studies that provide for the argument that alcohol and tobacco are just as bad 'gateway drugs' as the much vilified marijuana, as well as simultaneously providing a basis for the argument that prohibition is not effective in preventing the circulation and use of drugs.

There isn't really any point debating the legal validity or moral implications of censoring drug use in this article, because the argument is endlessly circular and essentially depends on one issue, whether you believe society should permit people to do drugs or not. Obviously WHY you believe one way or the other is important, but that's where readily accessible objective education should come in (if we had any). There are too many poorly conceived myths and ideas about drugs and drug users to cover in an article of this scope, and it's all been done before. I also understand that there are religious and philosophical arguments against the legalisation of drugs – personally, I don't put much stock in these arguments, and if somebody wants to write an article which is anti-drug legalisation, I leave it to you to simply pick up a 'pen' (read: keyboard). I'd just like to add that believe it or not, it is possible for somebody to regard drugs as a negative influence on human beings and still advocate for their legalisation for the purposes of controlling the strength and safety of the drugs whilst simultaneously removing a profit venture from crime syndicates – going against the tired stereotype of the 'pot-head' who just wants dope legal so he can smoke it.

ANYWAY, on to the articles in question. *The Advertiser* published several articles, including 'Raving Mad' and 'Rave drug 'named' in honour of Kanck'. Despite its terrible reputation amongst the intellectual class, I quite enjoy *The Advertiser* as its populist style is an interesting indicator of what is impacting on the public consciousness. Sometimes it does it too well though, because articles such as 'Raving Mad' do not provide a reasonably objective assessment of an issue that has a surprisingly large significance to the running of our society. The article responds to Kanck's suggestion that a rave party is a "far better environment" than a hotel bar² by asserting that police arrested 4 men and intercepted "500 drug deals" at the rave. The

On Dit 74.8

article appears to use this fact to reject Kanck's suggestion. However, all these facts suggest to me is that there were drugs present at the rave, and that men were arrested because ecstasy is currently illegal. None of this contradicts Kanck's suggestion. In fact, the entire point of her suggestion was that despite the presence of drugs, a rave party was a safer environment than a bar.

Now, the actual validity of parts of her immediate statement may be contested; in fact, the Advertiser brought up some important points on the damaging effects of ecstasy in "Sandra, here's the truth on ecstasy."³ Kanck's definition of 'safe' leaves much to be desired; thanks to our State government's 'law and order' rhetoric, testing drugs for bad ingredients is not legal at rave parties, so people taking drugs have no idea what is in them. The fact remains that articles such as this attacked Kanck's position not based on the validity of what she was saying, but a static and hypocritical moral concept of 'good' and 'bad'. Many of the current arguments that are applied to a harsh stance on drugs can also be applied to tobacco and alcohol. Yet we tolerate, even celebrate, these legal 'gateway' drugs in our society. I repeat the statement that these drugs are legal because they are accepted by society; therefore the distinguishing of drugs that are 'legal' and 'illegal' is not based on the harm they do but is merely a by-product of societal norms. Societal norms are flexible. 1000 years ago, it was a societal norm to burn heretics at the stake. 100 years ago, a 'woman's place' was in the kitchen.

As well as this, some economic and social policy journals have pointed out that current 'Wars on drugs' have been abject failures⁴ and may have even contributed to artificial control of the price of drugs by drug dealers, inadvertently benefiting those behind the illicit drug trade⁵, such as terrorists and 'rogue states'. Crikey.com made the point that Kanck "had simply said what most experts would regard as uncontroversial: that ecstasy is a relatively safe drug (provided it's not adulterated), and that in both personal and social terms it's less harmful than alcohol."⁶ As you can see, the greater history behind Kanck's position is not one that is based on some simple desire to access drugs cheaply and abundantly. Her most recent statements are an attempt to push the issue of drug regulation into the spotlight, to have the issue considered rationally, without any self-righteous, hypocritical moral outrage from politicians and the general public. There is every need to push this debate into the public consciousness as soon as possible because drugs are an intensive burden on society, much like most rights.

The article 'Rave drug 'named' in honour of Kanck' appears to be treating as serious business what is either a prank by drug dealers or a childish stunt by political stooges - the apparent creation of the admittedly hilariously named 'Skank-E' MDMA pill. In my opinion, the latter is likely, due to the overly political tone of the email that went around anonymously. For instance, "The producers of the (Skank-E) would like to make it clear that this new pill was inspired by the glowing parliamentary endorsement delivered in the South Australian Parliament by Sandra Kanck."⁷ I feel my eyebrows climbing as I write that, and not just to get away from my face like usual.

Some would point out that Kanck is not worth taking seriously because she is nearing the end of her parliamentary term and will not re-contest in 2010. Aside from the fact that there is no real evidence to support this view, would not one suspect the opposite in this instance? Kanck is a member of a self avowed 'progressive' party, and it seems to me that she is daring to say what is not politically expedient for a change. We all at some point have suspected that politicians lie often and easily for the purposes of sustaining their career, so why would Kanck lie at this late stage in her career? She has nothing to lose. Her statements don't please anybody, not the wary and cynical public, not drug dealers (she stated that those who broke the law through selling etc should be arrested⁸), not politicians, not anybody, except progressives, and that's her job! Although Kanck's comments are not the best example of reasoning, the fact remains that drug legislation has never been properly addressed or debated in the mainstream news media.

Reasons for prevention of drug testing at raves are based on self-righteous morals and beliefs rather than any overriding desire for protection of citizens. Do we inform members of the public about the risks of drinking alcohol and smoking tobacco, yet sell it legally in full knowledge of the adverse affects? Yes. Do we treat citizens for alcohol poisoning and the damage done to organs as a consequence? Yes. Do we treat citizens for lung cancer, whether self inflicted by smoking or inflicted upon them by a smoker? Yes. Do we allow doctors to test illegal drugs belonging to members of the public in the hopes of reducing or preventing mental or physical damage that then must be treated using taxpayer's dollars in a similar manner to the aforementioned legal drugs? No. What is the difference between legal and illegal drugs? Some would say potency, potential for harm, physical and mental effects and addictiveness, and some would say it's just a matter of outdated, ineffective attitudes and a section on a legal document. We will never find out for sure unless we allow rational, unrestrained discussion and debate of this issue in the news media. And until we do, people will continue to die, from drugs both legal and otherwise.

Michael Adams

(Footnotes)

- ¹ April 1995 *Marijuana Policy Report*, taken from the *Marijuana Policy Project's* assessment of the annual Office of National Drug Control Policy Report, US.
- ² 'Raving Mad' in *The Advertiser* Thursday July 6 2006, page 1
- ³ 'Sandra, here's the truth on ecstasy' in *The Advertiser* April 7 2006
- ⁴ 'Drugs - Illegal and Legal' in *Prospect Magazine* Britain April 1996 volume 7,
- ⁵ 'War on Drugs a failure, Americans say' in *Harvard University Gazette*, March 19, 1998.
- ⁶ 'Just Say Maybe' in *The Economist* April 3 2003
- ⁷ Effective National Drug Control Strategy 1999 <http://www.csdp.org/edsct/innocent.htm> (Compiled by various US drug reform groups) and 'Just Say Maybe' in *The Economist* April 3 2003
- ⁸ 'The Death of the Democrats - Its about policies, stupid' *Crikey.com* July 7 2006.
- ⁹ 'Rave drug 'named' in honour of Kanck' in *The Advertiser* Monday July 10 2006
- ¹⁰ 'Kanck says rave parties safe, police say otherwise' in *The Advertiser* Monday July 10 2006

What the F***

with Andrew J Turner

John Howard praises the new Iraqi Prime Minister; "The world should be a little more generous in praising them for what they have achieved, a little less critical, a little less cynical, a little less desirous of finding fault."

Mr Howard so praises the new regime that he says it will not affect any decision Australia will make about its troops and forces in Iraq. I'm sure Hitler respected the Vichy Government.

==

Peter; 'hmm, Lord Howard lied about Children being thrown overboard ... I'm happy with that.'

Peter; 'hmm, Lord Howard lied about Weapons of Mass Destruction in Iraq ... I'm happy with that.'

Peter; 'hmm, Lord Howard lied about the Government knowledge of AWB's activities ... I'm happy with that.'

Peter; 'What? Lord Howard lied about handing over power to me, the bastard!!!'

Tim (Peters brother); 'I can confirm that our parents taught us to tell the truth'



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It sat gleaming on his desk. The lettering, printed neatly in yellow and white on the front seemed as though it was beckoning to him. The book rested invitingly on his large mahogany desk, which was covered in a neat array of stationery and important looking manuscripts. He leaned back in his leather armchair, assessing the book.

Lately, well now that he thought about it, for a long time his dear wife of over 30 years had taken a strong interest in both his social and work life. She enjoyed sojourns to various countries, and found it enlivening to be accepted into high society. The same applied to his youngest son too, frolicking around with people who had, well, connections. And good on him too, he mulled, after all, if he himself didn't have those sorts of connections, too, where would the country be?!

He looked again at the book lying on his desk, he had used it many times before, but once again, it had resurfaced. No doubt this was a hint from his wife, perhaps another delightful excursion to America due? He hoped so, like his wife, he also enjoyed getting out of the monotonous atmosphere in Australia to live it up in the real world. I like to be in America he tapped a tune out on the edge of his desk. Anyway, he was running out of ideas here—that was the problem with Australia—so narrow minded and constrictive. He needed an atmosphere of contemporary thoughts and new ideas to work in, not this stale, boring environment by Burley Griffin.

He leaned forward and gently caressed the cover of *Running Australia for Dummies*, picked it up and flipped through the chapters: *How To Introduce GST By Pretending It Won't Happen*, *Maintaining Your Popularity With The Upper Class*, *A Basic Guide To Warmongering*, *Tried And Tested Techniques*, *Refugees, Who Needs Them?*, *Staying In Touch With Nearby Oil Reserves- East Timor Doesn't Really Need It*, *Make The Students Pay For What They Learn*, *Protect Your Borders*, *Don't Worry, Children Sink Quickly*, and his favourite, *Of Course You Weren't Advised About The Matter- Getting Out Of Sticky Situations*. ... Very big deal in America... That damn song again, keeps popping up. Concentrate. What I need, he pondered is a new project and I know just how to get it- this book is no good- I've executed every idea in it- time for a holiday.

Three days later the private plane landed in Washington DC, to a beautiful reception of various army personnel and his oh so successful son, greeting them fervently and whispering to his dad that some exciting business proposals were in store. Ah, he thought, what a breath of fresh air this country is, only just landed and ideas are flinging themselves at my feet.

It was a charming holiday; he was treated to many of the excitements of the American life- living up the Dream with red-carpet treatment, ceremonial tree planting, and a small wave in a trading pit (no doubt attempting to privatise his own grandmother with a flick of his little finger), black tie dinners, America had it all and, on top of that, a new idea (go nuclear), yet another link in the chain to eternal bondage with his dear friends, but, let that wait for his return... Wire-spoke wheel in America, very big deal in America.

Thanks mate- I'll be sure to visit you again next time I need any ideas on how to run my country, be sure that "our economies will get closer together and our world view". It's most definitely true that "with American leadership, we can build a better world..."² Cheers, you're a good man and a good Christian.

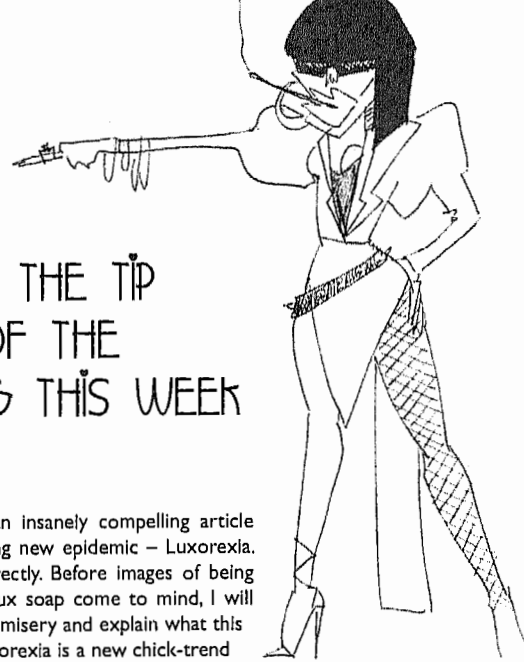
*"And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there...
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!...
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"*

Lily Hirsch

(Footnotes)

¹ <http://www.theage.com.au/news/national/we-want-big-role-in-nuclear-club-howard/2006/05/13/1146940775888.html>

² <http://www.theage.com.au/news/national/world-would-be-a-darker-place-if-not-for-us-howard/2006/05/18/1147545456364.html>



ON THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG THIS WEEK

I recently read an insanely compelling article entailing an intriguing new epidemic – Luxorexia. Yes, you heard correctly. Before images of being addicted to using Lux soap come to mind, I will put you out of your misery and explain what this is in all its glory. Luxorexia is a new chick-trend "disorder" which is said to affect both men and women (David Beckham being referenced here as one of the few male victims) but predominantly women. This new "it" term describes the overly high emphasis on consumerism and the shift in women's lifestyles in order to mirror as closely as possible those of young, rich (but slowly becoming broke) and beautiful Hollywood set. So having said this, you know if you're diagnosed with luxorexia if you give up a weeks worth of chocolate to purchase that highly lusted after uber-cool Balenciaga bag. On E-bay of course, because Adelaide doesn't even sell Balenciagas. Shame, but that's beside the point though. Maybe you give up your weekly ritual of Friday night drinks or a weekend of clubbing, for those D&G sunnies, who knows. Whatever the case though, if you deprive yourself of something for fashion's sake, you have been diagnosed with luxorexia. Even more ironic is the fact Australia was first embraced with the concept of luxorexia in the July 2006 issue of *Cosmopolitan* magazine, which also happens to feature Miss Lindsay Lohan on the cover. (The maths here is simple, for every Chloe or Balenciaga, she gives up a weeks worth of lunch) Poor lil' LL, she has had such a whirlwind of a year, it's clear she should slow down, soon. Now she has hit an all time low, allegedly being so incredibly fashion-obsessed (remember that fashion disorder that we were just talking about?) that it's put a huge dent in her bank balance. So it's easy to see why she's been appearing "boozy and bloated" as many tabloids are depicting her as. However, we have to cut Lohan some slack here. Because at the end of the day, she's just like the rest of us 20 year old girls out there, whose endless procession of partying has just caught up with her. This past year she has had arguments with rap mogul P. Diddy, movies that have totally flopped at the box office, dramatic weight fluctuations, had her every move splashed across the press on a daily/hourly basis (hanging out with your crew, consisting of fellow "it" girls Nicole Richie and Mischa Barton, can be hard work!), released a controversial cry-for-sympathy song that also didn't do much in the charts, admitted to dabbling in drugs (Newsflash: it is Hollywood..who hasn't?), had run-ins with the law – literally - and to top it all off of late, the *Mean Girls* star has been spotted having dance-offs with her nemesis Paris Hilton! (Yes, I read way too many gossip magazines....) Ah, such is the lifestyle of the rich and the famous. The partied out starlet has attempted to shed her typecasted image of just that- a party girl- by spending time aka posing on the front cover of *W* magazine (can't wait to see her paycheck for this public display of endorsement) with her mentor Meryl Streep. Seems like the next big thing to do when it's become a known fact that you're voice sounds like you've been swallowing razor blades due to excess drug-taking/partying. Memo to young Hollywood starlets: clean up your toxic act ASAP. Seek solace in the arms of Hollywood's veteran actors and actresses. Follow this by doing a nice, relaxed lunch at the Ivy and hang out with your dogs, waiting for an army of photographers to stop by and say "hi." And finally, add a certain hotel heiress's Greek shipping heir-ex into the picture. Aaaaah, all in the name of fame.

Marissa Barris

Are you sure that's ecotourism?

So you've booked a great holiday, staying at an environmentally friendly ecolodge in a beautiful tropical rainforest. Designed with the latest architectural features for sustainability, suspended on posts above the forest floor, you think you won't be producing any negative environmental impacts. Your rubbish is recycled, the shower is solar-heated, and you certainly won't be hiring any trail bikes and riding off-road. You know not to feed the native animals or get too close to them, and you won't be picking any flowers. The ecolodge employs local people, sells local produce and offers environmental education for visitors to learn about ways to reduce their negative impacts and learn about the ecology of the rainforest. It sounds like you know what ecotourism is.

But how are you getting there? If you live in South Australia, then you are probably flying. So what about the impacts of your flight? Did you know that by taking a flight from Adelaide to Cairns you are creating a climate impact of 940kg CO₂? (www.atmosfair.de/index.php?id=5&L=3) Or if that rainforest is in Indonesia, the emissions amount to 4340kg CO₂. Put into perspective, this is twice the amount you produce driving your Commodore for the whole year, or five times the amount the average Indonesian resident uses per year. You don't even want to think about how high the emissions would be if you were going to a rainforest in Brazil! Air travel is a huge contributor to the enhanced greenhouse effect, and if we want to keep global warming within sustainable limits, we need to stick within a budget. According to Atmosfair (2006) this budget allows each person in the world to use about 3 tonnes of CO₂ per year, so theoretically if you were going to an Indonesian rainforest, you shouldn't participate in any other activities that affect the climate (e.g. using electricity) for the rest of the year.

This is the trouble with so-called ecotourism, which by its name suggests minimal negative environmental impacts – destinations are often remote, requiring long distances of travel to reach them, and tourists often only consider the impacts of their holiday once they arrive at their destination. It is at least encouraging that the tourism industry has now started to acknowledge that it produces environmental impacts and that it needs to operate in a more sustainable manner if it is to protect the very resources on which it relies. But we also need to remember that it is not only the (often protected) natural sites that we may be damaging. It is the surrounding sites, the sites further a field, and all the sites we pass along the way. If you want to be a real ecotourist, make sure all of your holiday is sustainable, not just those bits that make you feel better about yourself. I'm not saying never go on an aeroplane, but think about reducing emissions in other ways, and check out www.atmosfair.com where for only \$135 you have the option of saving those 4340kg of CO₂ by donation to a worthwhile climate project such as generating electricity from municipal waste in Brazil or installing solar heaters for kitchens in Indian schools, hospitals and temples.

Emily Moskwa

For help making responsible travel choices, try www.planeta.com or www.tourismconcern.org.uk.

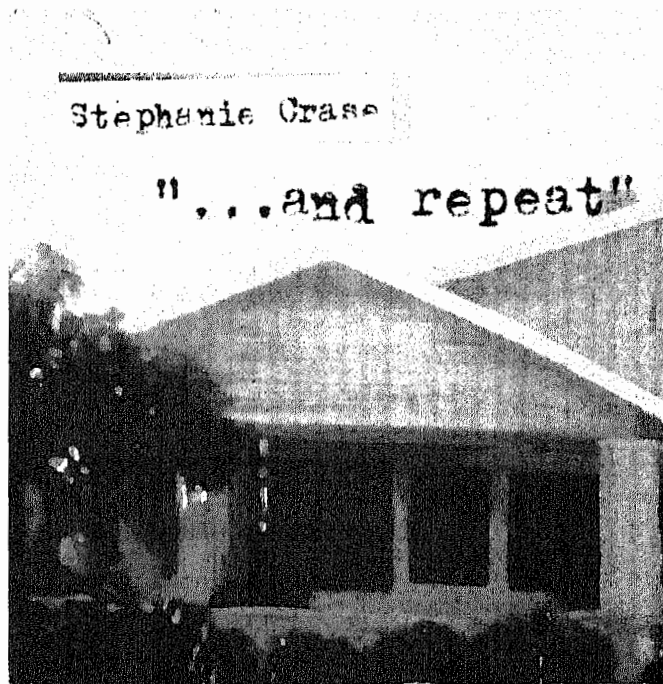
Blaming the US for the World's Problems...

It is easy to say that the reason for all the death and destruction in Iraq is due to the American invasion. We have seen incidents in Abu Ghraib, where prisoners have had severe violations of their religious rights, and have suffered severe humiliation – and possibly more traditional, pain inflicting torture. There have no doubt been a number of civilian casualties which have been a direct cause of US mistaken identity, circumstantial pressure, probably at times carelessness, and miscalculation. And none of this is excusable. Those responsible should be held accountable. But this is not to say that these incidents are not grossly overwhelmed in force and in number by worse in Iraq. Where have the majority of deaths/atrocities/acts of barbarianism been inflicted? In the ethnically charged conflict between mainly Shi'ite Muslims and Sunni Muslims. The first observation that becomes apparent is "well, they weren't fighting before the US invasion – it's the US' fault". It is uncontested that it was due to Saddam's tyrannical and oppressive rule that the country was able to maintain some degree of stability. But where is the causal link between the US invading and Muslims killing Muslims? Frankly, such division through racism and hate clearly existed before – and the US invasion gave this hostility to translate into hate. But how one could shift the blame of all of this onto the US is far beyond me.

The word atrocity is thrown around a lot these days. Here a few examples (of many) of the ones I refer to. A man gets killed for being a Shi'ite. His funeral is then bombed and his family killed. In the last week a bus was stopped by gunmen. The men were separated into two groups – Sunni and non-Sunni. The non-Sunni were shot execution style. Some tried to run but were mowed down. There is simply nothing worse that can be done – only if it were on a greater scale and made more systematic. And this at the hands of Iraqis – not Americans.

So what then is the worst case scenario from now? The insurgency winning out, one of the ethnic groups gaining power, and subjugating the others. The best? Trudge through a whole lot more of death and violence – but alongside the democratisation. Alongside the parliamentary meetings, delays, elections, etc. Though long and difficult, the process is surely the only potential path for peace, stability, and a reformed Iraq. One where you can choose to be as religious as you like – or as secular. To not be persecuted, killed, tortured, mass murdered, decapitated, kidnapped, or watch your children be burned to death, all because of the religion you most likely were born into. This democratisation and reform cannot happen without aid. Military aid. From the international community. And yes from that evilest of evils (I still don't know why) – the US. These sick, cold blooded monsters who are killing each other must be stopped, and should not be seen as the voice of Iraqis. They are not. Iraqis want peace. The insurgency/terrorists want genocide and oppression. Perhaps instead of blaming the world's problems on the US, perhaps if we take the tall poppy lens away, as well as stopping automatically favouring the underdog and instead finding the real causes, the real problems, and give credit where it is due, then perhaps we can become a greater force in stopping those responsible. In stopping those damn decapitators.

MS



an exhibition of recent
paintings by

Stephanie Crase

These paintings, along with accompanying catalogue essays, explore the effects of repetition in a suburban setting.

What

Exhibition opening: July 27, 6pm-8pm

When

July 27 – August 20, 2006

Where

Big Star Art Gallery
147 The Parade, Norwood
South Australia 5067
Ph: 83334322
Tues - Sat 10-5pm - Sun 11-5
Or by appointment

The

Culture

of

Apocalypse



What exactly is happening to us? One point of orientation would be the saccharine anthems I've heard coming from car radios and Boost Juice soundtracks, the sweetly strident voice of an African-American woman over the background of bliss-inducing trance. This is rave anthemic pop, pleading the world to 'hold on' because the time is soon at hand when we'll experience 'the judgment of the skies'. This particular song was everywhere I wandered for two weeks; I very much felt hunted down. Besides revealing the problem of mass-culture's ability to absorb any message, even suitably-packaged ecclesiastical hymns to Judgement Day, this particular song reveals some structural features of current culture which tend to autonomously produce the thought of the "Apocalypse". The song holds in sway, absorbs, the sweetness of its sound is completely unrelated to any terror at the message of biblical reckoning that it holds. It is the release the song's sound offers from our tensions which is identified with the 'judgement of the skies' so the song informs us, upon analysis, that it is not the Day of Judgement which is, in fact, the apocalypse in its true sense of a world ending moment, but our current condition: this is the crisis from which both the song and the myth of passage into the Kingdom of God offer release. To be Judged, and Judged absolutely, so she sings, is to be considered a sweet relief, a certainty for which we will be so incredibly grateful as long as we can 'hold on'. The song perpetuates its message especially in the situation where no-one listens to the message or even thinks about the possibility of apocalypse, because it is that very quality of pure, absolute and omnivorous absorption without any effective result which creates the kind of paralysis that makes our times, effectively, the end-times. What does the song construct? At one end, the 'world', addressed as though somehow an individual, is asked to maintain a rigid and desperate attitude of endurance without possibility of change and in rejection of the possibility of transformation, until, at the other end, we are released into the absolute by the 'Judgement of the Skies'. Well now, that sounds like pathological fun.

OK, so it has been established that I consider this particular song to be revealing sort of aberration, that is, revealing because of its popularity and its apparent suitability to our environment of highly regulated, stylised and largely pointless 'task and activity stations'- I have heard it played

in retail outlets, fast-food outlets (can we pause to consider the disgusting connotations of the word 'outlet' for a second? I swear kids, the seeming neutrality of everyday language reveals a smorgasbord of fascinating pollutions once you prod a little), gyms, workplaces. I almost feared it would be declared the national anthem. There are other songs too, more interesting in themselves, songs which I knew and loved first, which are also a reading of the contemporary as an apocalypse. The Gorillaz ask "we are the last living souls", by the end of the song it has been confirmed. Both the question and the answer hover with a dissipated indifference, but at the same time something has been affirmed, a sort of necessity has been identified and 'the last living souls' are imaginable as a set of characteristics indicated by the tone- perfect acting- a stoic romantic, who is granted a sort of innocence by being able to dream in a world doomed, but only if he accepts that the dreams ultimately lead nowhere. This last living soul is a creature to be nourished as well something to be. But again, the challenging question which begins the song, which might have opened the idea that we might be able to decide this for ourselves, is closed down. The song serves to produce an image and to lock it in place, lock it to our imaginations which then wither with it. The hysterical immersion in the single image in 'White Light' from the same album is perfect demonstration of the fixation with simultaneous opening and closing, opening in order to lock, which describes the play of the imagination in so much of apocalyptic pop. In fact these inseparable movements are the movements of apocalypse as it has always been imagined. The Kingdom of God opens, and Judgement is fixed onto the world, even for the saved time stops and the eternity that was always 'behind' time re-emerges. In 'The Last Living Souls' there is remains an unnamed eternity external to everything that somehow infects and declares that we are finally with inexplicable power. It's a bland God, who bores us, but a God nonetheless.

Muse react with desperation: in 'Apocalypse Please' the audience is addressed and taken as an agent who must wield and provoke an apocalyptic change, the feeling of Apocalypse is vivid 'urgency'; which must be taken and spread, it is a particular energy which is more like a destiny and which is human rather than distantly cast upon us. 'It is time for something Biblical' is a statement which provokes and demands a rupture in eras, it seems to

me the religious references are to be understood as provocations of the scale of our situation. The biblical is a demonstration of the kind of energies we have within us, the Apocalypse is a definite situation we can react to, are reacting to, there is no finality invoked, only the immediate which you can see the Gorillaz attempt to reach, but fail. Nonetheless, Muse also keep us locked into something, this time the very force they cause to erupt, a brief overview of the lyrical content show a single continuous theme dialectically played out, a need to maintain and venerate the power and life-giving urgency of initial intuitive reactions, because they are the first authentic discovery and engage the whole being; and the desire to make this immediacy and force the medium of one's existence itself threatening a hysterical rigidity and collapse as one attempts to hold onto each of these responses, objectifying them and exposing oneself to a brittle form of consciousness. So, the same movements which are simultaneous in The Gorillaz, opening and collapsing, are no longer simultaneous but still fatally bound (through interacting through a more complex structure, in Muse).

It has been seen that micro-cultural forms like songs can create and distribute through their structure not only the idea but also the psychological form of 'the end of the world', in multiple ways. One then begins to wonder what other structures are, accidentally, formed into this same apocalyptic movement. The condition for actual apocalypse might well be the preponderance of cultural and social forms, such as songs, which are apocalyptic in their very structure: that is, everything they open onto, they immediately collapse.

Songs, in terms of the overall structures of a culture are not mere objects, but something in-between a complex of object, image and motion, quite like a film, except that act of projection occurs through the ubiquitous and invisible air, thus creating a single point of reference which is nonetheless distributed through a whole space. Thus the song collapses the experience of space. [Even on the dancefloor or in one's living room this makes the song, especially once disembodied as a mere electrical signal immediately unidentifiable with any real source (a musician, a composer, a band), perfect for the projection of the idea of apocalypse. The drama of unity/disunity between the words and human voice of the singer and the rest of the music similarly makes the medium especially capable, in fact structurally likely, to evoke 'the big A.']. A clothing store can employ this to create the synthesis of sensation that is required to make its 'style' present. While the song does at one level simply associate the store with whatever hot song, create a continuity between consuming and enjoying life and culture, this association is predicated on the ability to create a disassociation with one's immediate surroundings and an imaginative relocation into the song's world and web of references. Further, the too-white/too-bright lighting compresses the visual realm increasing the impact of the design, the blur of references and slogans, images and colours. One is aware of being inside on image. Generally one discovers a strategy of disorientation at work (to experience it fully, one should have at least one dinner at Kent Town's Tap Inn) where a host of juxtaposed decorative themes and types of spaces are thrown together, each annihilating the referential capacity of the next. All signification refuses to form. Any stable sense of place is allowed to collapse into a sort of comfortable soup of nowhere-ness.

The annihilation of home, which should create a space of reflection where in thought becomes possible has allied itself with the annihilation of thought. The attempt to build a home in whirl of images is the new promise of each commodity; this object will stabilize the whirl of images and simultaneously allow me to possess this whirl and unify myself with it, one purchases the object because one is ephemeral, its stability will sustain your doomed fragile form. One the other hand, with regard to something bound to go out of style, one purchases not the object but the very speed of its obsolescence, one purchases the ephemera of a dying moment, and hence reaches a death-denying stability by the differentiation of oneself from it. Its is doomed, you sustain it, therefore you are stable. Two types of movement, one result of enclosure. Commodities no longer have to try and imply a distant utopia, simply by being objects where everything else is caught in the blizzard of images, they create an attraction. Stabilization requires the relationship between the consumer and the commodity to take form in such a way that the consumer forms a link based not just on the ability of the commodity to form a piece of their 'Identity', but instead on the basis of the commodities to form a part of their psycho-social environment: the object's differentiation from them is important. The consumer is composing a dynamic of commodities about them, a mobile shield from the storm of images, which is itself an image. A personal world, that is what is on sale. A pleasure dome, a home, a place where one can safely differentiate oneself from the brute matter of the world through the mediation of objects. One composes a delineation from everything outside. Yet, the very absence of the outside world, the very success of bringing oneself into the a sphere of one's own devising, will suggest its presence, it becomes faceless, a threat imprinted everywhere, an uncanny beyond, a termination. These little worlds, in their fragility always involve the deep psychological threat of a sudden termination, rising up from outside. The commodity creates the world of images, but booth it and images are only mediators, and if we lose the capacity to deal with what they mediate, then this takes on the nightmare form of apocalypse.

People think of culture as something ephemeral, yet it is as material as your body. The emergence of Apocalypse as the primary form of culture can be seen as culture's own materiality becoming indistinctly known. I am not trying to pose the culture of Apocalypse as a culture based on a illusion thrown up by its structure, I am trying to demonstrate how the idea, emotion and image of Apocalypse is both a central product of culture and something inherent to its workings. In fact the culture sustains itself with images of its own destruction. The threat is required to make us identify our mortality with its mortality, fear that which lies outside it, seek a haven within it from which we need not relate to reality, and at the same time, it is the key idea which allows us to alter it, demonstrate its toxicity, and its neurosis, once more it is the shared conduit into which we can project our own hysteria. Once a culture fails to find any medium in which to relate to nature, to an idea vaster than that of culture, to an idea of a nourishing source, the culture. To call this Apocalypse what it is: the . We see here, with the spread throughout pop of an apocalyptic tone (I don't pretend to have authoritatively documented this, but I feel confident that you have all sensed it, especially on the 'alternative' side of pop), this

culture which is built around perpetuating an orbit around each individual cannot seal itself off as is its wont, it will begin to reverberate with the sense of decay and imminent threat which is real in so many ways. Culture is real and cannot disconnect from the whole of reality, there can be no escape through any culture form without provoking your own personal collapse, perhaps contributing to the apocalypse itself. If one wishes for human culture to survive and continue to mutate one must address the reality behind and work in order to create a culture which encourages such maturity, whilst one hope, remaining youthful, vivid, experimental.

"Is there a culture of apocalypse?"... not a question you turn to songs for answers, however what songs demonstrate is how does this apocalypse which is our world enter into that most sheltered of areas- the pleasure-culture of music. Leonard Cohen did it in the eighties with "The Future" and Marilyn Manson's whole career has been devoted to embodying it, but when it goes beyond cult and you begin to hear it while you are buying socks- the end of the world! The end of the world! Don't worry the end of the world is just another pop song! You begin to wonder if absolutely everything in our culture is not beginning to resonate with the idea of a final collapse. The consumer culture, wherein the consumer has a productive force extracted from them, their enthusiasm, their person, their willingness to devote energy and creativity to consumption being necessary to the whole exchange, (we need your psychological energy to animate the dead matter of these products, please, thank you), does tend to suggest a constant acceleration to the point of neural exhaustion on the part of the consumer, physical exhaustion in terms of resources, creative exhaustion in terms of new distractions and advertising devices, human exhaustion in terms of the dehumanised workers, social exhaustion in terms of the inability to contact anyone who might exist behind endlessly strained referentiality. The culture of Apocalypse? This culture is the Apocalypse. And yet, one has hope. Why? Yes... Why?

Brendan De Paor-Moore

Shiny 'n' Ireland

Rambling # 28:
Mmmh Kraft Peanut butter, ...damn subliminal advertising.

Do we put on a façade around strangers? Does our attitude suggest that we are better than others who walk the streets of Adelaide beside us?

Ireland:

It wasn't until Tyson and I were talking over coffee about individuals and their attitudes to others that we realised that we both showed different 'sides' of ourselves when dealing with strangers. Tyson on the one hand admitted to "making people I don't know think that if they come near me I'll tell them to fuck off" while I, however, realised that

being the optimistic individual of this dynamic writing duo, tended to smile and show courtesy to most strangers in order to gain their approval. Why was it that we both treated strangers in such a varied way? Did I need a boost of self confidence or did Tyson need to curb his confidence (AKA his arrogant streak)?

While I am quite a confident person and have no qualms about walking into a crowded room, not knowing anyone and starting a conversation with someone, I have found that I feel good about myself if I am courteous to people I have no need to be kind to. So this brings me to the question, what provokes us to advertise ourselves in a certain way to the outside world? We see models advertising certain products in certain ways all the time, but when it comes to advertising ourselves, why do we constantly accept the fact that people often take us at face value and judge us based on how we act or what we wear; even if that perception is incorrect? Is this done because of the way that advertisements have infiltrated our increasingly shallow society? Onto you and your self confessed egotistical point of view on this issue Tyson...

Shiny:

Take a stroll along the red carpet at any major film premiere, chances are Joan Rivers will be screaming "darling, darling, who are you wearing", whilst showing a slender black microphone in your face. Now, before you digest that microphone after mistaking it for candy, sit and think. Who are you wearing? Clothing label, my ass...she's referring to your façade. The clothing you have chosen for the event merely reflects which face you will be wearing tonight.

Lisa's right. Think about every group situation you've ever been in in your life. Are we really being ourselves? I know I'm not. Personality traits that I expose to some friends, are oblivious to others. It all comes down to the façade that you put on the second you walk out your front door. Judge me, go on I know you want to, however the perception you may have of me one day is contradictory to the one you have the next. The question is however, how many façades can one possess? At last count I have 27 major ones; at home; uni; with friends; alone; college; sports, the list goes on. Divide these then into the individual faces one portrays to people in a one-on-one basis and you have thousands, nee millions of different faces that are subconsciously or consciously exposed to the viewing audience. And in the long run, that's all society is, an audience...and that's all you are, a walking billboard of emotion. So whilst sitting and reading this article,

Tony Says: "It really works!"



SAUA Office Bearer Columns

Bum A Lift



Offer A Lift (To/From University/Work)
Take a couple of passengers and split the petrol and parking costs.



Bum A Lift from someone going your way.

FREE FOR STUDENTS



Lift Alerts - automatic email notifications.

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Prez Says...©



SAUA President

Hi all,

Welcome to Semester 2! I hope you all had a great mid-year break and are rested for the upcoming semester.

As many of you will be aware, Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) was introduced on July 1st during the mid-semester break. Of course, we who run student representation, activities and services here at the University of Adelaide plan on being here for a long time to come. But to do so we need your help, and the help of every other student at the University of Adelaide. The Adelaide University Union has put together a great membership package that you can check out at:

www.union.adelaide.edu.au/student/memberships/membership.html. Remember that your membership fees enable us to provide you with essential services and representation to give you a more enjoyable experience for you at university.

The introduction of VSU forces student organisations to consider what will attract voluntary student members, but as well as that it forces us to look inwards and think about way we conduct our activities. Some have said that it will force us to consider questions like 'Is this what students will value?' and 'Is it what they want?' And while this is true up to a point, we still need to consider the question 'If the answer to either of the above questions is "yes", is it because students still do not know or understand enough of what we do?' Unfortunately this is the ongoing problem of student representatives across the country and across history. So while this semester you might notice structural and governance changes, there is still very much a feeling of 'business as usual'. While this is undoubtedly a testing time for the student organisations here at Adelaide Uni, we're all looking forward to being able to implement changes that will bring you better representation and services than ever.

To stay informed join the Students' Association's newsletter, just email saua@adelaide.edu.au with 'join newsletter' in the subject heading.

Cheers,
John Pezy

SAUA President

RE-ORIENTATION

Cloisters Little Theatre UNIBAR Wednesday July 26th

Go Troppo with us during Re-Orientation!

Head down to the AUU complex for the very best in tropical delights....

Live Music including Jazz bands and percussionist Nick Parnell

Cultural displays and performances

Free pancake brunch and sausage sizzle

Tropical outdoor Cloisters Bar

Madam Tong, Rock-climbing wall, inflatable twister, circotron, Jim Beam games

Alumni guest speakers, Debating Society, badge making, and more

It's all about.....

**your life
on campus**



Sexo

I hope that you have all enjoyed your holiday break and are enthusiastic as ever that you are now back at Uni. I have an interesting theory in terms of academic performance and that is that most people will generally perform better in second semester than in the first semester. This is largely due to the fact that Orientation Week really doesn't last a week — it goes for a month... and by then there really isn't much left of first term at all!

The Sexuality Edition of *On Dit* will be coming very shortly so if you have any articles that you would like to publish around the theme of sexuality please let the *On Dit* crew know! I'm really keen for a wide range of articles to be published, which cover a number of issues and sexuality in its broadest form!

For those of you playing at home, I also attended that National Union of Students, Education Conference at Monash University, Clayton over the holidays. You thought student politicians were hardcore here at Adelaide. You ain't seen nothing until a whole group of Socialist Alliance students harp on about mobilising the student movement. So here are the top ten things that I learnt at Education Conference.

10. DANGERFIELD seems to be the greatest store in the history of all great stores! And we now have one here in Adelaide... YAY!

9. It's worth getting up at 9am when someone offers you a free breakfast.

8. Just because you are in an other state, that doesn't mean you should rack up \$40.00 worth of calls to *Big Brother Up late*, thinking that you've got some chance of winning.

7. That if you disagree with anyone from the Socialist Alliance you don't care about the Student Movement and you should just go home... Even if you happen to be Rhiannon Newman, the biggest student unionist I have ever met... and the greatest 'I'm-in-denial-about-being-in-the-left'

6. LETS HAVE A RALLY!
5. That every question should include the word 'mobilisation' otherwise you aren't a passionate unionist

4. That Louise O'Shea is from another planet
3. You should always try and stay with someone who is similar to you... particularly in regards to your sleep patterns. Otherwise you may find that your room mate will ring you, then 5 minutes later have your alarm go off but they have sneakingly put it on the other side of the room, just so you have to get out of bed to turn it off, only to find a sign which says "Wake Up BUM FUN, GET YOUR ASS TO CONFERENCE!"

2. You shouldn't, but three quarters of a Bacardi bottle with a 1.25 litre bottle of Sprite to scull on the way to the restaurant... Everything looks really weird and you end up having to go to the toilet heaps which looks kind of suspicious

1. Michael De Bruyn is my new Californian Dream Boy (sorry Sandy) constitutional reform... mmm.

Well, that's it from me, make sure you get all your articles for the Sexuality Edition in because otherwise I have to write them all... which as you can see from the above article, isn't such a good thing...

Now for tip of the week
Tip # 8: That if someone touches you on the shoulder, they have actually touched you in the private parts and OH MY GOD I THINK THEY WANT YOU!

Cheers, David
Male Sexuality Officer



Equity Babe

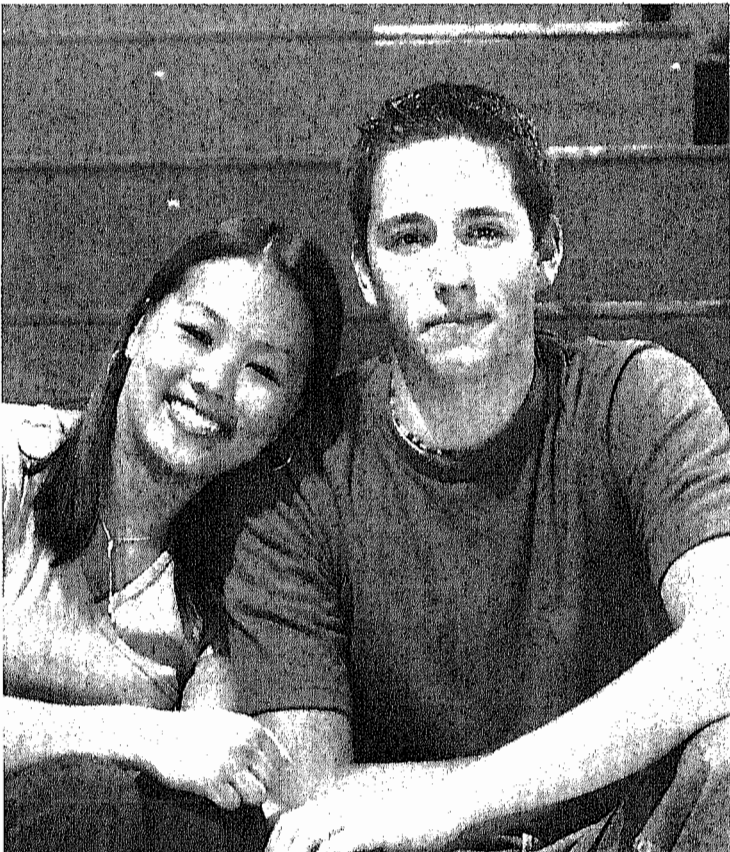
Hey Guys! Welcome back I hope your holidays weren't too bad- what with all long hours of underpaid work you were forced to do to pay for this semester's text books. Ah the joys of the new Industrial Relations laws and being a young worker!

This semester I have heaps of plans to make your stay at University more enjoyable! On the 4th of August, we are having a 'Jam for Genes' day up in the bar to raise money for 'Jeans for Genes Day'. Come along, listen to some live music and watch me prance around in a Genie costume- you'll get a toasty glow knowing that every beer you drink is helping genetic research!

The big issue that you might see some of us jumping up and down about this term is JOIN YOUR STUDENT UNION! On July 1st the Voluntary Student Unionism Bill came into effect seriously jeopardising the ability of student unions around the country to continue to offer the same services and assistance as was previously available. The only way to counteract this is to make sure that you sign up and receive all the benefits! Check them out on the union website at www.union.adelaide.edu.au.

Other things happening this term include 'Women in Black' the 'It can just Ruin your whole Sunday' project and heaps more! As always feel free to contact me if you have any issues on anything- I promise again that I don't bite and am very good at replying to emails!

Rhiannon Newman
Equality and Welfare Officer
rhiannon.newman@student.adelaide.edu.au



Making tax easier for young people

Are you aged between 14 and 25 years?

Do you know that our website has a youth section?

Designed in consultation with young people, the view takes you straight to tax information that is relevant to younger taxpayers, including:

- how to do a tax return
- what to do when you start a job
- how much tax you have to pay.

You can access this tax information 24 hours a day, seven days a week – simply visit <http://www.ato.gov.au/youth>



Australian Government
Australian Taxation Office

Notice of 2006 annual student elections

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE & THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

Election week for the 2006 Annual SAUA & AUU Elections shall be:
Monday, 28th August until Friday, 1st September 2006.

AUU nominations open: 9.00am, Monday 7th August 2006.

SAUA nominations open: 9.00am, Thursday 3rd August, 2006.

All nominations close: 4.00pm, Friday 11th August 2006.

Compulsory briefing sessions²: 1pm Monday 14th August 2006, 5.00pm Wednesday 16th August 2006, Margaret Murray room, level 4 Union House.



NOMINATION FORMS SHALL BE AVAILABLE FROM AND LODGED WITH:

- Union Information Office, ground floor, Lady Symon Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- RACSUC Office, Union Building, Roseworthy Campus (8.30 am - 3.00 pm)
- WISA Office, Waite Campus (9.00 am - 3.30 pm)

Please Note: Nominations close at RACSUC and WISA offices at close of business, Thursday 10th August.

Nominations from Roseworthy & Waite Campuses can be forwarded to North Terrace until 4pm, Friday 11th August.

ABOUT NOMINATIONS

Nomination forms will be available from the opening of nominations at the above locations. Completed nomination forms (including 200 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for AUU Board, Union Activities, and SAUA positions, and a 100 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for all other positions) shall be lodged at the above locations by the close of nominations. Policy statements and photographs will only be accepted in electronic format. Upon lodging a nomination form a receipt will be issued, and candidates will receive instructions on the compulsory briefing sessions and details on where they can access; the AUU's Rules Concerning the Conduct of Annual Elections, the AUU Constitution, the SAUA Bylaw for the Conduct of Elections and Referenda and the SAUA Constitution (available at www.union.adelaide.edu.au/student/elections/index.html) Students who cannot get to the above locations during those hours may receive and/or lodge their nomination form by contacting the Union Information Office by telephone on (08) 8303 5401 or by registered mail (The Returning Officer, Adelaide University Union, The University of Adelaide, 5005), or the Students' Association office by telephone on: (08) 8303 5406 or by registered mail (The Returning Officer, Students' Association, The University of Adelaide, 5005). Nomination forms by post **MUST BE RECEIVED** by the respective offices by close of nomination.

Only students of The University of Adelaide who are financial members of the AUU may nominate.

A compulsory briefing² for all nominees will be held at 1pm on Monday 14th & 5pm Wednesday 16th August to outline conduct during the election and responsibilities of all elected officers, including the payment of honoraria.

NOMINATIONS RECEIVED AFTER THE CLOSE OF NOMINATIONS SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

Only students of the University of Adelaide who are financial members of the AUU may nominate. For time and place of voting, please see the forthcoming notice that details polling places. For further information, contact the respective office bearer Joshua Rayner - AUU President or the Returning Officer. Telephone (08) 8303 5401. John Pezy - SAUA President. Telephone (08) 8303 5406 / (08) 8303 5401

¹ Please note that all Office Bearer positions MAY NO LONGER EXIST by the time of election, and also that it is NOT possible to nominate for an Office Bearer position AND a General Council position. All regulations are currently under review and subject to the outcomes of the upcoming SAUA referendum.

² Please note that candidates can be disqualified from nominating should they not attend one of the two compulsory briefing sessions.

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16th August 2006, Margaret Murray room, level 4 Union House.



POSITIONS AVAILABLE FOR ELECTION:

AUU

GENERAL MEMBER OF THE AUU BOARD (18 positions) AUU board is the governing body of the AUU and is responsible for managing its affairs. The AUU also provides funding for affiliate bodies of the organisation. The Board meets monthly and has various sub-committees in which Board members are expected to participate. Any members wishing to stand for this position must be over 18.

GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE (10 positions) The Union Activities Committee is responsible for organising AUU activities for students. The Committee meets monthly and members are expected to be actively involved in creating and running AUU activities projects.

ON DIT EDITOR(S) (1 position, up to three students may nominate together to be joint editors) Responsible for the publication of the AUU's student newspaper which is published during academic term-time. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have some knowledge of print media (if you are considering nominating please find out what is involved).

STUDENT RADIO DIRECTOR(S) (1 position, up to two students may nominate to be joint-directors) Responsible for the co-ordination of the Student Radio programs on Radio Adelaide and the co-ordination and training of students involved in producing programs. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have knowledge of producing radio programs.

SAUA¹

SAUA PRESIDENT (1 position) Responsible for the overall co-ordination of SAUA's activities, chief spokesperson for the SAUA and Chair of SAUA Council.

SAUA EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT (1 position) Chief student advocate in academic matters and assists students who are having problems with the University's academic procedure.

SAUA ACTIVITIES/CAMPAIGNS OFFICER (1 position) Co-ordinator and facilitator of SAUA's activities for students and campaigns to promote student interests during the year.

SAUA WOMEN'S VICE-PRESIDENT (1 position, candidates must be female) Responsible for promoting a positive role for women within the University and the community at large, an advocate for women's interests, co-ordinator of women's action on campus and assists student with problems such as sexual harassment and discrimination.

SAUA ENVIRONMENT OFFICER (1 position) Responsible for co-ordinating SAUA and student projects designed to promote, protect and/or regenerate a sustainable environment in Adelaide, Australia and/or the world.

SAUA SEXUALITY OFFICERS (2 positions- 1 female, 1 male) Responsible for creating awareness of sexuality issues, and to act as a referral service to assist students in locating appropriate organisations, persons & social groups.

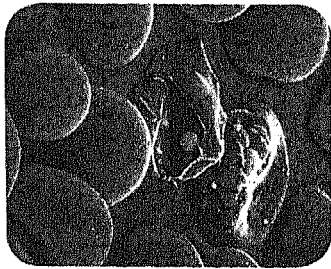
SAUA ORIENTATION CO-ORDINATOR (1 position) Responsible for SAUA's 2007 Orientation Programme which includes O'Week, O'Camp, O'Ball and O'Guide.

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA COUNCIL (10 positions, meets fortnightly) The group responsible for determining SAUA policy and the watchdog of SAUA Office Bearers. Members are expected to contribute to the activities of SAUA.

NUS DELEGATES (6 positions) The National Union of Students is the body that is charged with the responsibility of representing student interests. Delegates will be invited to attend State and National conferences of NUS and are expected to contribute to the development of policy and action at a State and National Level.

DISEASE OF THE WEEK

Malaria – not an Eastern European country... yet!



Plasmodium merozoites escaping from a ruptured red blood cell.

Malaria Sucks

Malaria infects and kills the most people out of any parasitic disease. Parasites are any organism which requires any other particular organism (the host) to survive. The WHO gives a conservative annual death toll of "at least 100 000" but since many cases (especially in Africa) are simply not reported, others have estimated the actual figure as two to three million, with up to 500 million cases of malaria. Even at the most modest estimate, this means two deaths every minute. Most deaths are African children under five (in utero included).

Malaria is caused by Plasmodia, single-celled parasitic protists (woo, alliteration). Protists are known as the junk-pile kingdom; it basically consists of things that aren't animals, plants, fungi or bacteria. Algae and amoeba are some more examples of protists. There are four species in particular that cause disease in humans: *Plasmodium falciparum*, *P. vivax*, *P. ovale*, and *P. malariae*. They differ slightly in incubation times, geographic location and intensity, but we'll discuss the worst case scenario of infection with *P. falciparum* (causing the majority of deaths).

Mosquitos Suck (Haw! Haw! I'm so funny)

As you would know, malaria is spread by female mosquitos while sucking blood from infected people then uninfected people. The Plasmodia in the form of sporozoites (just a phase of the parasite, like the tadpole phase of a frog) are injected into the victim's bloodstream while the mosquito bites them. An incubation period of a couple of weeks (other species may have incubation periods of months) is the calm before the storm, as the parasites find themselves in the liver and invade the cells there. Within the liver cells, they clone themselves and mature into a different form called merozoites.

Merozoites can invade either red blood cells or liver cells and clone themselves inside them. In order to free the produced merozoites, the Plasmodia make the cell explode in a burst of

merozoites, toxins (produced in the process of cloning) and bits of cell. The patient's immune response towards this causes flu-like symptoms: chills, fever, headaches and muscle pain. Merozoites live on the sugar available in the blood, causing fatigue in the subject.

Occasionally, however, an infected red blood cell will turn into the equivalent to a precursor of a sperm or egg cell (actually called a microgametocyte and macrogametocyte respectively). Making these doesn't make the red blood cells explode, but may be ingested by a mosquito biting the infected person. Within the mosquito's gut, the sperm-esque and egg-esque cells mature and combine. The fertilised cell burrows into the gut wall and produces lots of sporozoites that are released into the serum of the mosquito. The mosquito's saliva is derived from its serum and therefore passes on the Plasmodium to the subsequent animals it feeds upon.

Back to the human side of things, people with strong immune systems experience the flu symptoms for a while and get back on their feet. However, children, the immuno-compromised or travellers from non-malaria-affected to malaria-affected areas may come down with more severe symptoms.

The fevers and immune responses to infected blood cells that stick onto blood vessel walls cause fluctuations in blood flow to places, most importantly organs. This can cause organ failure in many places. However, in the brain, this combined with the hypoglycaemia (low blood sugar) that's caused by excessive merozoites all sucking sugar out of the blood, can cause seizures, coma and death.

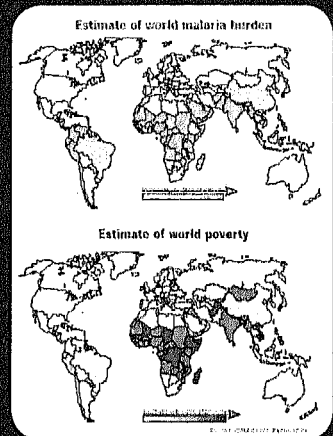
Repeated infections with the parasite can decrease red blood cell levels to dangerously low levels (i.e. anaemia). Bits of broken RBCs can lodge in the filters of the kidneys and cause inflammation and tissue damage there. Furthermore, large numbers of parasites can be filtered out of the blood at the spleen, engorging it with gunk. If the spleen gets too full, it can rupture, causing toxicogenic shock and death.

Treatment is available in the form of drugs (e.g. Primaquine, chloroquine, amodiouine, etc.) that kill the parasites within cells. However, *P. falciparum* has become resistant to some of these, forcing already poor people to fork out for more expensive meds. Prevention is carried out by either eradicating the vector with insecticides or a prophylactic dose of chloroquine. Many researchers are working on a vaccine for malaria.

Thomas Tu really, really (REALLY!) likes parentheses. E-mail him about this or any questions you have about anything infectious or pus-producing at thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au. By the way, that isn't reflected flash in his pelvis, he's just happy to see you.

SOCIAL CONSEQUENCES OF DISEASE

There are so many concepts/anecdotes that can be introduced here: the discovery of the cause of malaria in 1880 by Charles Louis Alphonse Laveran, a French army surgeon; the 1902 Nobel Prize for medicine awarded to Sir Ronald Ross for finding out the lifecycle of Plasmodia; Nobel Prize laureate Camillo Golgi's work in the field; or how the genetic mutation that causes sickle cell anaemia provides immunity to malaria (a very, very old and overdone example of evolutionary explanation for the existence of some genetic diseases – probably older than the rubber sheet analogy to explain General Relativity). But diseases aren't all Petri dishes and lab coats; there's some real life stuff as well. Perhaps I'm catching "the arts" from the unwashed masses that work for this magazine, but this article's issue is the social implications of malaria. To illustrate this, here is a convenient comparison between the worldwide spread of malaria and the worldwide burden of poverty:



At a glance, you can see that there is a high correlation between the two maps. Of course, there is always the question of cause and effect. Does the suffrage of malaria create poverty or does poverty increase the amount of people suffering from malaria? In my (non-politically-educated) opinion, it is the former. True, the more rich you are, the more you can treat malaria and can afford insecticides to kill mosquitos. However, most rich states still have mosquitos and they still develop cases of malaria as a vaccine is not available.

"But how could malaria produce poverty?" I hear you ask. Well, aside from the obvious extra costs of malaria medicine, insecticide-treated mosquito netting and transport to hospitals, there are somewhat hidden costs of increased sick leaves from work, maintenance of health care services and increased pest control costs. In the big picture, corporations are less likely to have their business in a malaria-infested country. Tourism also drops for the same reason. All these factors can combine to screw over a country's economy and social structure.

The point to take away from this is that diseases affect not only an individual or a community of people, but can shape entire countries and political powers up to a global scale.

Sources

Centres for disease control and prevention (2005). Frequently asked questions about Malaria. CDC.gov. (Website accessed at <http://www.cdc.gov/malaria/faq.htm>).

Daily JP. (2004). Malaria. eMedicine.com. (Website accessed at www.emedicine.com/MED/topic1385.htm).

NOT ANOTHER BLOODY AD!

Why There's Advertising in Sport

Being the advertising edition, I got to thinking about advertising and sport. To begin with, you can see no correlation between the two, but with further examination, sports and advertising are becoming more and more linked. As most sports fans, especially those of AFL would be aware, the recent sale of the television rights to the AFL for the next five years went to channels 7 and 10 for a record \$780 million. Think about that for a second. That's a total of \$156 million per year. The question then occurred to me, how the heck can television channels afford to spend that much money on the rights to televise a sporting event? Well, the plain answer to that is that television channels get money from companies that want their products to be advertised and the higher rating the show or event, the more the TV channels can sell time for. For example, in South Australia, selling time during an AFL match would cost advertisers more than selling time during *Big Brother Up Late* or daytime shows shown during the week. So, sports generate a lot of money for television companies and advertisers, but is that all the advertising that we see, is it only the ads that are on during the sports while they are televised on TV?

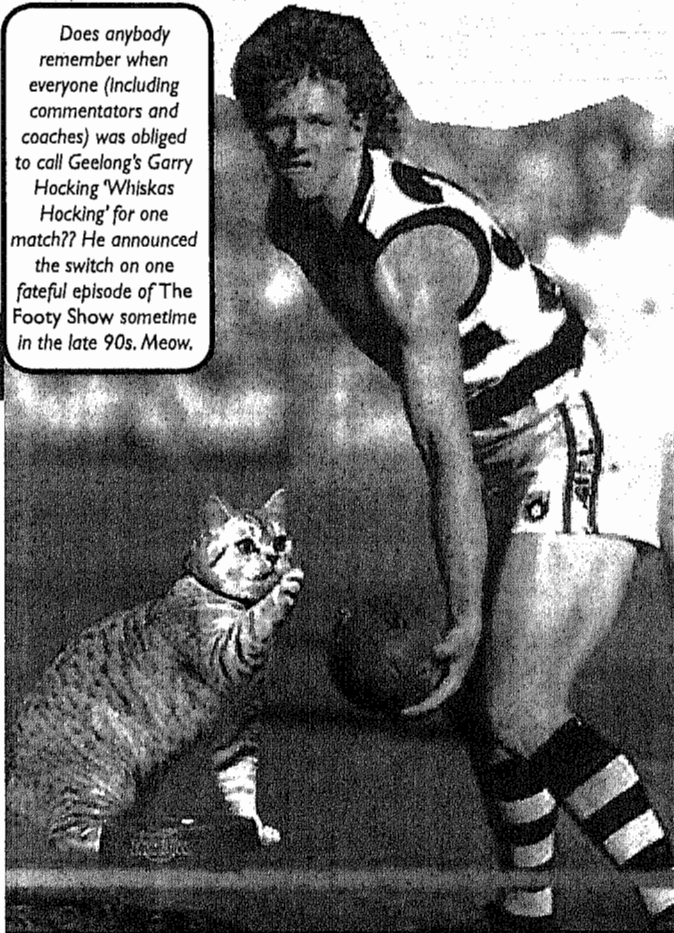
A lot of the advertising that occurs is through the players themselves. The first is through the guernsey that the players wear. Next time you're at a game or if you see a close up of a player, check it out... they're covered with labels. For example, Essendon has a '3' logo on theirs, Port Adelaide has Vodafone, and Scotts Transport, and the Kangaroos have Primus Telecom. These are known as the

clubs major sponsors and they pay lot of money to have their logos appear here. Another kind of advertising we see through sports are the major sponsor of the actual kind of sport. Toyota is one of the main ones for AFL, and until recently, the Tour Down Under was sponsored by Jacob's Creek. Also, the balls at AFL matches all have logos on them. At a game a few weeks ago, I noticed that the ball was sponsored by Kmart. Even the stadiums have sponsor. The Telstra Dome and AAMI Stadium are both stadiums that originally had different names (Docklands Stadium and Football Park respectively) that have been changed due to sponsorship agreements.

But is all this advertising in football the way to go? What do the fans get out of it? Well, the fans that go to matches are helped by all of this advertisement because it helps to keep the price of tickets down. Now, I know that it is occasionally hard to get to matches, especially those played in Melbourne and Perth and I know how annoying ads can be, in fact, they're the main reason I choose to go to games instead of staying home and watching on TV, but think about it. Without the ads, we wouldn't see sport on television. It's the same really with any show. Advertisements cover the cost of the shows we like to watch, and if it means that I can watch my favourite team play, even if they're playing in Melbourne, I'll gladly deal with a few ads here and there, as long as they don't take over the whole telecast.

Ashleigh Newton

Does anybody remember when everyone (including commentators and coaches) was obliged to call Geelong's Garry Hocking 'Whiskas Hocking' for one match?? He announced the switch on one fateful episode of The Footy Show sometime in the late 90s. Meow.



Injury of the week!



Brought to you by Band-Aid™

What: Bruised Hand, lovely welt included

How: Hit with an oppositions hockey stick
spoed note: OW!

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\$7 JUGS OF COOPERS

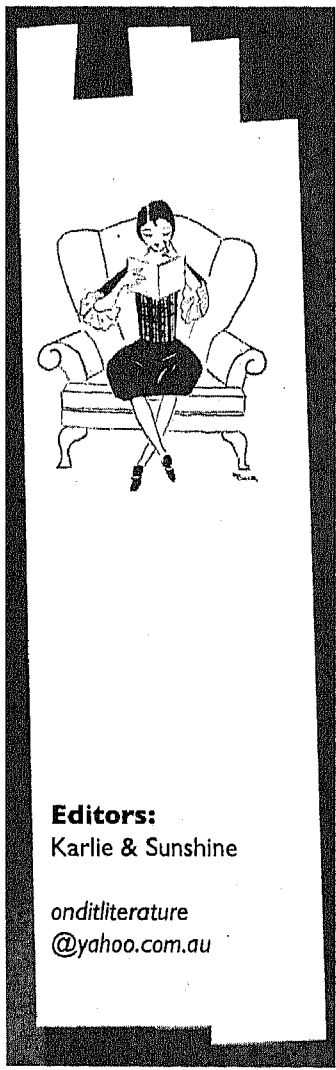
\$2.50 VODKA SUNRISE
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\$10 PARMIGIANO & PINT

MON- WED LUNCH
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Lit era tur e



Editors:
Karlie & Sunshine

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Switched On: Conversations with influential women in the Australian media

Catherine Hanger

Media students and reality TV junkies stay tuned because John Wiley has just published two non-fiction media delights. OK, maybe delights is not the word, but they make for far more interesting reads than some of the 'shit sandwiches' we're forced to swallow as recommended readings.

Switched On comprises a series of short bio's written by some of the countries most successful and powerful women in the mainstream media; Sandra Sully, Liz Jackson, ex-ABC producer Sandra Levy, Wendy Harmer, Julia McCrossin, Mia Freedman and many more. From a feminist perspective, it's inspiring to read about



no it's not a weird coincidence that media related books made into this edition... if only this got us on Murdoch's payroll.

their struggle for success in a male dominated industry and the career vs family debate. And from a patriotic perspective, there's quite a few Adelaideans in there (providing a glimmer of hope for impending graduates) including the only female editor of a metro newspaper, Jeni Dowd.

Andy Warhol quoted in the swinging sixties that "in the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes". In the seventies he said "I'm bored with that line. I never

TV Land: Australia's Obsession with Reality Television

Kerrie Murphy

use it anymore. My new line is, "In fifteen minutes everybody will be famous." Either way it appears he was onto something. The Australian's TV Editor, Kerrie Murphy, has explored the reality tv phenomenon in her book *TV Land*. Chapter titles such as "Get the swatter, there's a fly on the wall: observational docusoaps", "Hell is other people, especially housemates: formulated docusoaps" and my personal favourite "Backstabbing and worm-eating... oh wait, there's a prize: game show reality" help to categorise various styles of reality tv. The history of reality tv is explored along with other random facts so if there's ever a question over who was runner up of BB3 this is your bible.

Karlie

THE ON DIT IDIOT'S GUIDE TO STUFF ADVERTISING



Advertising in the world of Literature appears somewhat less insidious than its counterparts but closer inspection reveals advertising techniques are just slightly different from traditional methods. I've compiled a list of some great ways to advertise books...

1. CONTROVERSY = FREE PUBLICITY

First select your target... the three most prevalent options being government, religion or society in general. Create a piece of "fiction" (label it thus to prevent major dramas) that either closely resembles fact or at least plays up some widely believed conspiracy theories. Once the government/church/society brands it seditious/blasphemous/debauched sit back and enjoy the masses read the book just to see what the fuss is about. It worked so well for novels such as *The Da Vinci Code*, *A Clockwork Orange* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* why wouldn't you swallow the notoriety!

2. OPRAH'S BOOK CLUB

I have a theory that Oprah would make a great cult leader. She's arguably one of the most loved and respected personalities in the world and has access to the masses through her successful talk show. Her show features a regular segment called Oprah's Book Club where she discusses her favourite books and encourages her viewers to read along with her. As if being mentioned on the show isn't enough, the selected works of literature are also rewarded with a special sticker to identify it as part of Oprah's Book Club... instant publicity and \$\$\$.

3. CHANNEL 7 SUNRISE

On local shores Mel, Kokie and the Sunrise team are infiltrating society through television... the Sunrise breakfast show is frequently discussed at water coolers around the country and hence have access to quite a large audience in Australia. I've only witnessed them discussing a book on a small number of occasions but I bet the sales of said books increased greatly after the exposure. I particularly like how Channel 7 attempt to mask the blatant advertising by claiming the book illustrates some wider issue in society... mmm because Sunrise really tackles the tough issues!

4. BREAKFAST RADIO

Does anyone else remember when Tim Winton's *Cloudstreet* was discussed almost every morning on "The Cage" breakfast radio show when Triple M was "cool" (I say that because it was never really "cool" but I loved listening to the Adelaide's favourite misogynist James Brayshaw... ah good times). Anyway I'm getting sidetracked... so *Cloudstreet* was discussed frequently on the show, because they were trying to connect with students who were forced to study it in English. It was enough to make anyone who hadn't read the book go out and see what the fuss was about. Well played.

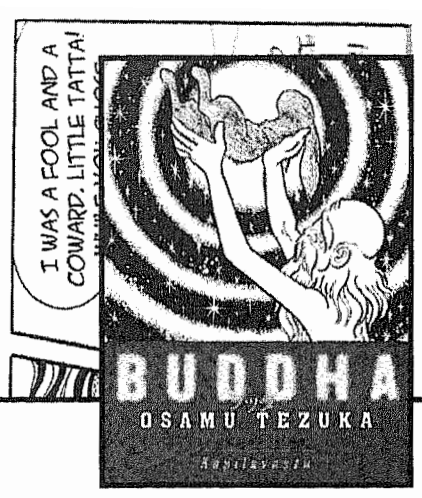
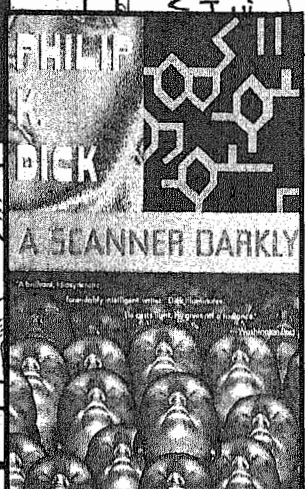
5. WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

Swallow your pride and admit the fact that you've flicked through a *Woman's Day* or *Woman's Weekly* and against your better judgement started reading one of the Harlequin-esque chapters that fill the pages... Has it prompted you to then purchase the book? Probably not... but there are probably plenty of fervent readers who have. Note to self: if ever writing a passionate romance novel... send the juiciest chapter to ACP.

come join my book club oops I mean club!



KARLIE GOETZE



A Scanner Darkly
Phillip K. Dick

When it comes down to it, I'm an Enid Blyton gal at heart. I put down Huxley's *Doors of Perception* after four pages; alas, somehow I knew a drug-fucked psychosomatic portrayal of the future wasn't really going to be my cup o' tea. Considering Phillip K. Dick is the modern sci-fi trendoid's *auteur du jour*, I thought I'd at least give it a Good Aussie Go. You never know- cyberpunk could potentially take the reigns of my heart and leave all that pansy childhood rubbish behind for the dogs.

Famous last words.

I love you Tolkien. I love you Frances Hodson Burnett. I need you Paul Jennings (even though *Wicked* with Morris Gleitzman was a bit shit). I want to know nothing of future dystopias if it ain't from Orwell's mouth. I can recognise that Dick is a genius and I really enjoyed *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* and *Clanes of the Alpine Moon*, but there's something about a semi-autobiographical amphetamine-fuelled tripefest that makes me wanna go to sleep.

Set in the future of 1992, *A Scanner Darkly* follows the adventures of Bob Arctor/Agent Fred, our faithful anti-hero who becomes addicted to Substance D (known simply as SD), a potent psychoactive drug. We follow him down a downtrodden path of reality deconstruction and subjugation to the autocratic police system at large. Bob meets his Julia, a SD dealer called Donna only to find himself in a Ministry of Love-type rehab centre where the chilling truth of 'the system' and the origins of SD is revealed. Oooh.

Throughout the whole book, I wasn't quite sure what was going on, but the last chapter made everything crystal. For obvious reasons pertaining to conventions of 'the book review', I can't say what happened 'cause it would ruin everything, silly. Dick wrote it in the amphetamine haze of the late 70s and *A Scanner Darkly* remains one of his most chillingly confessional novels (excluding the mammoth *Exegesis*). But if you really want fun fun, spend an afternoon with *The Famous Five* instead.

Atticus Finch

Available @ Pulp Fiction Comics

Buddha Volume One
Osamu Tezuka

I don't know enough about Buddha, Buddhists, Buddha's life or Buddhism to tell you if Tezuka's graphic novel *Buddha* is accurate enough to actually make it informative. But, given that this is the first of eight volumes, I imagine that an immense amount of research and passion went into the stories to make it feasible.

Tezuka is most famous for *Astro Boy*, and his style of manga in *Buddha* is still true to the old comics. The illustrations are simple, yet the facial expressions and landscapes are rich enough to tell the rich, profound story of Siddhartha Gattama's life.

In *Volume One*, we follow Chaprra, his mother and Tatta on a journey. There are many magnificent moments when Buddha's philosophies of compassion, ego, non-attachment, impermanence, self-mastery and equanimity come to light. Though it is not until chapter seven of twelve, that Buddha is actually born but to be honest, the story would be just as good without the birth of Buddha. Perhaps that is the point.

Buddha could best be described as 'sweet'. There are many scenes and stories that are hilarious, either because they are genuinely funny, or because they give you the impression that it was written by a super-nerd. There's a whole heap of BIFF! BANG! POWING! Some tender moments between mother and child - verging on Oedipus syndrome, and of course a bit of romancing.

Tezuka hasn't scrimped on panels which has given the story plenty of time to unfold in a 'washing over you' kinda way. For \$30, you're not going to reach enlightenment, but you are most certainly going to have a lovely book that you can read a few times over that'll make you feel really good.

Alejandro Slickstream

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Branded New World



"I thought we'd be more...more together here with nothing but the sea and moon. More together than in that crowd, or even in my rooms. Don't you understand that?"

"I don't understand anything," she said with decision, determined to preserve her incomprehension intact. "Nothing. Least of all," she continued in another tone, "why you don't take soma when you have these dreadful ideas of yours. And instead of feeling miserable, you'd be jolly. So Jolly."

Soma: the fictitious drug used to seduce and sedate the masses in Audous Huxley's *Brave New World*. A wonder drug to make complex emotions unthinkable. Anxiety, loneliness, depression, self doubt: gone in a gram. Soma: also a record label of reasonable quality, purveyors of mostly tech-house. Like most dance/electronic music, you sort of know what your getting based on the label, a branded aural experience, if you will. The last soma record I pulled from the box was probably Ewan Pearson's *Small Change*, an oldie but a goodie; for those playing at home, it has a mix of Nemo's *Darkest Day* on there that's probably the most emotionally intense breakup song ever. Funnily enough, when I'm playing at home, it is usually just after I've pulled something else from the box that breakup songs and the aforementioned emotions cascade through my mind. And no, it's not a baby.

There you go readers, drugs, music and smut in the first paragraph. That's got to be some new kind of record. Anyway, *Brave New World* and *Nineteen Eighty Four*. References to these dystopian masterpieces are speckled across mainstream media like flecks of crushed pill on a mirror (Orwell would be 'turkey slapping' in his grave). Usually with regards to the effects of drugs, conditioning and eugenics, the two are compared and contrasted against society as a whole. However what interests me more is the personal narratives; the struggle with, and subsequent exploitation of emotions in relation to the contemporary media environment. Emotional potency; like the bit in *Turner and Hooch* where the old man dies, you know? And Hooch is just like, hanging around the body. Maybe that's what it's going to be like when Marissa Cooper dies on the O.C. That delicious little bottle conditioned sparkling ale.

Speaking of personal narrative and delicious treats, you're probably wondering where the emotionally retarded inane social ramblings are by now so here we go. This is the story of two girls (yes, real actual girls). For the sake of this story I'm going to call the first girl ummm..Ms C. Now all the Caroline's, Carla's, Cori's, Claire's, Camilla's wipe up the drink you just spat out, put the phone down and read on because Ms C actually may not be a real girl (sorry). She may be a figment of my imagination

or a compilation of previous crushes, that elusive 'one' who can reduce the most confident of men to all smiles and blushes. She's the captivation of imagination personified, memories of mistakes, heartache and lies shattered by bright eyes. For those of you playing at home, Ms C may even be a he, he might even be a she, what ever works for you.

The second girl in this little ditty (yes an actual girl, promise this time) I shall call Ms B. She is not a compilation or any of that bullshit; she is just a pretty straight / bit shy girl (you thought I was going to say bi there didn't you? Yes you did). Boring is perhaps being a little harsh but whatever, I'm sure she's back stateside now and will never read this. I wouldn't say it's a burden but I do fail to see how anyone could possibly see me as a suitable host for overseas visitors. Outside of a few dank nightspots I hardly see much of Adelaide myself these days. I'm always left feeling like an extra square within four terraces: "Sooo ummm, bet you don't have money shoved in your sidewalks? You want to go see a Koala? We'll if you want to hold a furry drunk I'm sure I can hook something up".

Yeah so I met this Ms B for a few drinks, found out that she didn't really drink, was pro-Bush and a full on right-wing Christian. You can imagine how well things went as my friends tried to get her drunk and assured me that it would be un-Australian if I didn't try to boink her. The night was shaping up like a cruise on the Pacific Sky, so feeling mildly sea sick, I offered to walk her home like Winnie Cooper from *The Wonder Years*. And no, nothing happened.

As hangover, depression and guilt set in, I thought being in Adelaide for only a week, I'd at least show her around a bit. So I walked around Adelaide feeling weak and dull like a tourist. It was alright, cheaper than getting loaded and it sort of had this innocence about it. I wasn't really making conversation, just tuning in and out. As we crossed the river, she was telling me that *Dawson's Creek* actually was filmed in her home town or something. I thought holy shit this is boring, I wonder how she would react if I just jumped in the river. Still contemplating death by algae I was suddenly warmed as the sun broke through the clouds. Everything seemed calm. Struck by an epiphany (phany ha ha wonder if she really is pro bush) I thought if this really was *Dawson's Creek* we would kiss right now. She's an uncomplicated, intelligent girl of good morals, this feels so cleansing. It's what I've been told I should want wrapped in a beautiful neat little package and by the time I had crossed the footbridge I thought.....fuck that!

Who wants everything to be easy, happy information? Great tits don't always equal quality relationships. The promise of quality will always be overridden by a touch of sensuality.

I want every thing in sight to sparkle,

crystallize the meaning of lyrics and smell something to incite passion. Taste it in the back of your throat, feel it coursing through your veins and simultaneously cloud and clear your mind.

*"Hug me till you drug me, honey;
Kiss me till I'm in a coma:
Love's as good as soma."*

Ms C is a consumer; she should consume you like an addiction. Ms B is a brand you probably could consume her but someone is going to be left unsatisfied eventually. Something that has been recognized by advertisers as they renew their attempts to connect with raw emotion. From Saatchi & Saatchi's 'lovemarks' to George Patterson Y&R's 'scarygood' out in Ad Land, love is being packed up, branded and pushed like drugs. Fair enough, who can say no to more love in the world?

In the crowded nightclub of Capitalism, Ms B is giving you that knowing wink across the room but its connotations are getting lost in the hyper-real haze. Self reflexivity just isn't cutting it and the only way to generate informational 'cut through' is with a process of seduction. Ms C is out there on the D.F. and it looks like you might have some thing going there but she hasn't got over the last relationship. She remembers the sweatshops, corporate corruption and manipulation. To her *Honey I'm We're Killing the Kids* is not just about suburban fatties, it is every broadcast from the third world: Hezbollah Jews are killing the kids. It's probably going to take a bit more than appeals to love and emotion with copy like slick pick-up lines or a bit of cause based marketing to convince her this time round.

I don't know about the rest of generation (or should that be D.I.Y.) But I'm still a bit skeptical when it comes to entering the multimedia world of speed dating. There are a lot of Ms B's out there but only one C. In the mean time I'm pretty happy to find solace sleeping on the diagonal. Radio reports from wild places delivered in familiar phrases become severed. Breaking free from a Bakelite menagerie, they stampede over my sub consciousness. A bright beach, a midnight street, hidden valleys. A simulacrum constructed internally of emotions unable to be bought, sold or branded. Sometimes Ms C appears beside me, grabs my hand and then we are lucid, free...free to drift across the suburban monochrome amongst the moonlight...free to float...

"Out of space, out of time out of the prison of her memories."

Advertising love like a baby in a bottle.

Re : Pete



What does ye roam the high seas for?
Blackbeard, but without a beard, 17: "Dead Man's Chest"
Johnny Black, 19: "Rum"



Why are you keen on Cedel Hairspray?
Tim, 26: "It's a little bit of Burnside village everyday"

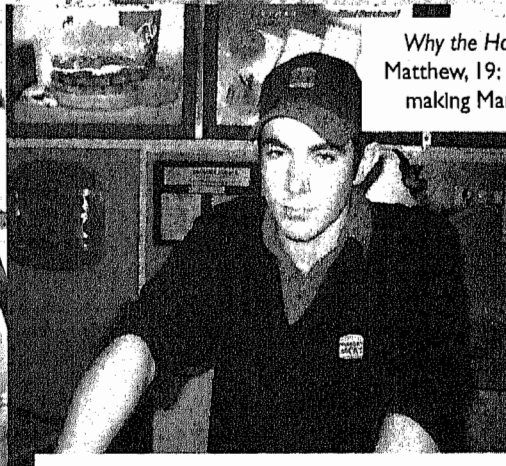
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fashion/vox pop
thingy here]



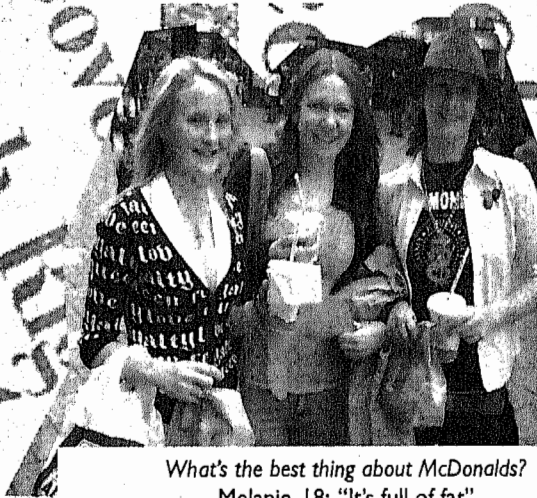
What's your favourite product in the world?
Rachel, 18: "Maya Gold sugarfree vegan chocolate"
Bonnie, 19: "Flowers. Flowers are pretty good"



Why did you purchase a Crusta juice?
Angus, 17: "I dunno. My friend just bought
it for me before"



Why the Home brand greaseproof paper?
Matthew, 19: It is a necessary ingredient for
making Mandala Project CD covers"



What's the best thing about McDonalds?
Melanie, 18: "It's full of fat"
Kim, 17: "It's cheap but it tastes good"
Bridget, 17: "That I work there"

What's your favourite Hungry Jack's burger?
Aaron, 20: "Whopper with cheese...probably"

What a fast food babe. He looks like Bernard in that
episode of Black Books -eds



Why do you drink V?
Julian, 22: "Because I get very tired at work"

Gaming!™



WINBACK 2: PROJECT POSEIDON

Koei
Playstation 2

Gamespot has this to say: "The good: not quite as bad as the first Winback. The bad: Antiquated visuals; voice acting just shy of laughable; enemy artificial intelligence is rather bad; overlapping contextual use of x button is frustrating; hiding behind boxes and shooting stuff gets tedious quickly."

I say screw them, although they may be absolutely correct, which they are, the game is still great fun to play. Remember back in the first issue of *On Dit* I wrote on *Ghost in the Shell*, and I said that although it may be slightly repetitive and nothing new it was still fun to play? The same applies for *Winback 2*. A vague overview of the story, which I wasn't paying attention to, has something to do with drugs, hostages and then weapons of mass destruction. But this game isn't about story so don't get hung up on that. The graphics are somewhat out of date and rival nothing that has been produced in this turn of the century, although the game is roughly three dimensional. Sound and voice overs are hysterically funny and draw more on stereotypes than imagination. Characters include a woman that plays a bit part, a really big black dude that holds really big guns and a Spanish guy with style and ... guns. I should mention that they weren't aiming for parody here either, the developers train of thought would have been something like this, "shit! We need a big guy with big muscles. Oh, well he should be black then, right, and he'll wear a bandanna! That'll be cool." Wrong, but amusing. The controls are pretty frustrating to begin but become insanely simple after about ten minutes playtime.

All and all, it's still a fun game. There's plenty of stuff to shoot and the missions are fun to run through. *Winback 2* is to be played through as fast as possible in order to kill sometime (and a couple of hundred people) and then put back on the shelf, forgotten, remember years later, played briefly, then laughed at. Essential to every collection! Did I mention the sole premise of the game was to shoot stuff, shoot buttons, hide, press buttons and then shoot more stuff - NOTE: substitute "stuff" for anyone = fun.

Daniel Purvis

TENCHU: TIME OF THE ASSASSINS

Sega
Playstation Portable

Having thrashed and slashed my way through every previous *Tenchu* game I was excited to receive this one in the mail (though I've vowed not to play so drunk again as to think that unlocking the bonus character, Teshu, was a dream in *Wrath of Heaven*, before waking to check the game to discover that no matter how wasted I was, the neck and arm snapping assassin from vivid memories the night before was real). *Tenchu* follows the story of many ninja who seek to wipe out their masters, Ghoda, enemies from the shadows, performing stealth kills and using a variety of items including the trusty grappling hook to move around the scenery. The levels are often large, open and have plenty of routes to follow, as well as small secret items and booby traps to locate and avoid. Often the levels are played out at night time and the enemies plentiful, with a variety of mission objectives including tracking, killing, searching and assassinating, each difficult and hard to master.

So, here are my first impressions; difficult to control, nice lighting and graphics, nice sound effects, annoying camera angles, frustrating level design, not enough in level bonus things and bloody difficult to achieve Master Ninja ranking.

The story of *Tenchu: Time of the Assassins* is predictable and breaks no new ground in the world of *Tenchu*, and many characters (if not all, even the dead ones) from previous games come back for another stab at immortality and ultimately death.

The control scheme on the PSP is restrictive and difficult to control, with the loss of analogue controls leaving the camera angles to the games programming alone. I've found that if you take a little time, it is possible to predict the camera angles but timing stealth kills from the roof top can still prove difficult. Sneaking around can also be frustrating as turning whilst crouching is near impossible and can lead to near death experiences (in game I mean). Besides these issues, the game handles the same as previous incarnations.

The graphics aren't pushing any boundaries, however the characters on screen appear rounded and clean. The draw distance is fairly limited and enemies can appear to jump out of nowhere, there are also a few small issues to do with pop-up. Character movements also resemble that of the previous games. Sound effects are also pretty good, although it feels as though they've simply pulled the soundtrack from previous titles and slapped it on this game so it feels "samey".

Levels in *Time of the Assassin* can be tough. Although it is possible to run through levels quickly, getting attacked here and there, *Tenchu* is a stealth game and is best played stealthily, taking enemies out one by one. Stealth kills are accompanied by clips of gory slaughter that shouldn't be overlooked, including: throat slitting, neck snapping, gut slicing and more!

A map, which makes navigation through levels a breeze is featured for each level, but it is still important to play through maps several times to learn enemy patterns and the best strategies for completing missions.

There are four characters to select from initially, with a bonus character to unlock at the completion of all other character missions and each character has various pros and cons specific to them, whether better speed, agility or powerful attacks. The missions are divided amongst the characters equally and the story progresses in a way that suggests you play through the characters one by one. It is possible to just throw story out the window however and play with who you want in no particular order.

To end my rambling I'll leave you with this; *Tenchu: Time of Assassins* is a smaller version of a great game (*Tenchu: Wrath of Heaven*) that, whilst frustrating, can provide hours of entertainment and fun. The multi-player, which I haven't touched on, may not be brilliant but it's playable. Grab this game when you can and try for yourself, it's not everybody's cup of Ocha but it is definitely worth a taste.

Daniel Purvis



Item #27

Sparklers!

Sparklers are the shibbiest thing in the world. And considering the folks at Acme™ have no advertising budget to promote their fine wares, we at On Dit have decided to spread the cheer with a bit o' free publicity. So come on everyone, buy a packet and watch your day sparkle away!

Available from Woolworths,
RRP \$1.25

CABARET

Festival



100 Wheels

**JB Room
June 13-17**

Ah, Cabaret- the urbane end of Adelaide's festive calendar when the audience can dress up a little, settle comfortably into their chairs and take in some culture... most of the time. As *The Beautiful Losers* begins, the audience is assailed by three loud-mouthed louts charging their midst who then proceed to take the stage and assail them for the next hour with their sinister take on cabaret that ultimately imitates the Leonard Cohen book from which the act borrows their name, being at turns "vulgar, rhapsodic and viciously witty."

Perhaps best described as black comedy, Mark Jones, Adam Murphy and Karlis Zaid's show fluctuates between the macabre and hilarious in its mix of often witty monologues, initially unassuming ditties with a sting in the tail and retakes on contemporary classics. Celebrating the seamy underbelly of society, they proudly proclaim their deviance constantly in an act that often had the audience in stitches, but it would be amiss to overlook the wonderful voices that all three possess. All three are accomplished musicians and this allows the show to careen from spoken word to moodily performed ballads and then chirpy showtunes without skipping a beat.

It is a show that thrives on the boundaries of taste that it crosses but where it succeeds by subverting a number of recognizable songs, taking Nick Cave's *Where The Wild Roses Grow* that making it even more morose and depraved simply makes for 5 minutes of gloom, while Kevin Bloody Wilson's *Santa Claus, You Cunt* will remain puerile no matter what context it's showcased in.

I've often railed against the overabundance of comedy in *The Fringe*, but if the Cabaret Festival sticks to its roots and continues to throw in a few shows like this it can only become more successful.

Amos Chuttleworth

'Noise and Smoke

**Karen Kohler
Festival Theatre Stage
June 20-21**

For good or evil, when people hear Cabaret their thoughts usually run to Liza Minelli and Weimar Germany and it's wonderful to have a chance to see this music performed by musicians who really understand it. While Kohler was originally supposed to be accompanied by baritone Dirk Weiler he pulled out due to illness and left her to perform alone.

Bringing to life the subversive music of 1930s German Kabarett that would be banned when Hitler came to power, Kohler offered pithy explanations of the songs that dealt with a wide range of social issues ensuring that newcomers and experts alike could enjoy the performance. It's unsurprising with such a performance that she has been called 'an ambassador of German culture' as this is a perfect introduction into a genre of music that doesn't often see the light of day.

While Kohler is definitely an accomplished performer, however, she did not impart quite the same sensuality that others have given the material and one couldn't help but think that the act would have been enhanced even further by Weiler's appearance. Given that it's Kohler's first appearance in Australia, one can only hope that she will return soon and bring her partner along for the ride next time.

Beaugard Amity-Orit



**Christine Andreas
Festival Theatre Stage
June 13-17**

With an impressive list of credits to her name, Christine Andreas had high expectations to meet at this year's Adelaide Cabaret Festival. It's fair to say that she didn't disappoint, even though the title of her show was a little misleading.

In fact, only the second half featured songs for which the likes of Julie Andrews and Barbara Streisand are famous. The first half, which Andreas described as 'eclectic' drew on songs that she simply felt like singing, from Rodgers and Hart to some compositions by her accompanist, Martin Silvestri.

Silvestri also happens to be Andreas' husband, which made for some sickly patter between numbers and some horribly soppy duets. Personal matters aside, Andreas' rapport with the audience was noteworthy.

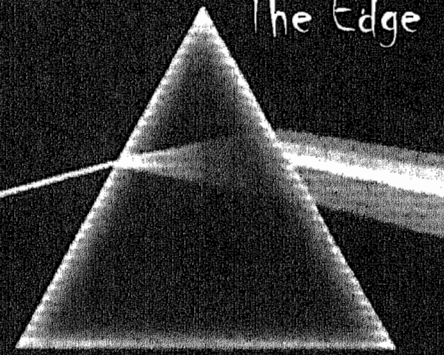
Her singing was red-blooded, with some incredible vocal control tempered by a propensity for pushing things a little too much in the climaxes.

Overall, though, the show was what one expects from a cabaret festival - a consummate performer on stage who through song and the occasional chat manages to give a glimpse of her talent, and even a little of her personality.

Benedict Coxon

The Beautiful Losers

*ASO Plays Pink Floyd
'The Edge'*



The *Pink Floyd Overture* began an evening of superb musicianship, technical wizardry and masterly deliverance. Damon Stone brought the voice of Roger Waters into the Festival Theatre, exciting ear-drums and preparing us for the delights to follow. The *Dark Side Suite* occupied the first half of the programme making the cross-generational sounds of Pink Floyd not a melancholic riposte, but an evolutionary event. Interval found conversation in the foyer quite bewildered by the clever arrangements and sonic integrity of the program. *Piper at the Gates of Dawn* opened the second half, its spectral sounds further enhanced by a full symphonic treatment and sensitive balance. Other Floyd favourites followed

and I found myself in something akin to a gigantic love-in, seduced by contemporary rock and the sounds of the ASO, exciting many goose-fleshy moments and wriggly rhythms.

The appreciation shown by the audience at the concert's completion was testament to a successful and polished performance. Each and every one of the musicians, tech crew and producers deserve mention, however space must be made to acknowledge the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra for bringing an inspiring and worthy production to my ears.

RIP Syd. Shine on.

M. Fishlock



We have a very special guest sub-editor this week, with t.Riddy joining us temporarily while I is away. Marvel at his artwork above!

Anyway, moofoes...

We've been away for such a long time and there have been many a new film released in the mean-time. Sequels and remakes aplenty, e.g. *Superman Returns*, which by

all accounts that I've heard, at least, was a bit of a dud.

And in this week's edition, we've got everything from craparama to "veritable tours de force"TM.

So enjoy, and until next time, Happy Moofoeing.

DAZZ

Half Light (M)

Now Showing Everywhere

Of all the roles Demi Moore could be cast as, she chooses to portray a mystery writer. This is just the first layer in the onion of implausibility that is *Half Light*, a film which starts off feeling like a light drama before moving into muddled supernatural-thriller territory. Moore's character, Rachel Carlson, tragically loses her son in a drowning accident while living in London. Moving to an isolated cabin in a remote part of Scotland to work on her latest novel after splitting from her husband, Rachel befriends the local lighthouse keeper, Angus (Hans Matheson).

Stop reading now if you don't want the film spoil - it turns out that (gaspl!) Angus is apparently long dead, as Rachel discovers when mentioning him to some of the local townfolk. Of course, the local townfolk are a ragtag bunch, all speaking in heavy Scottish accents and generally regarding Rachel with contempt. That is, of course, except for the local psychic lady who mysteriously seems to know Rachel lost her son and warns Rachel that she's in danger, but whom nobody believes either. I'm laughing to myself as a write this. I trust you'll be laughing to yourself as you watch the film to see how the rest of the story turns out.



FREEBIES

We have a whole bunch of double passes to giveaway for the new animated

feature film *Hoodwinked*.

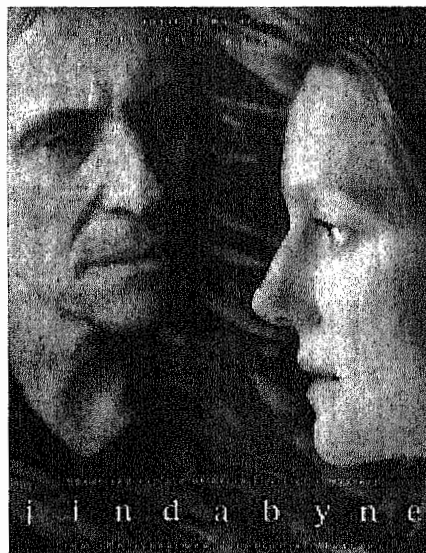
If you would like to win one, simply come down to visit us at On Dit (SAUA Office, Lady Symon Building) at 1:30pm, Monday, 31st July



Brian O'Neill

Jindabyne is an adaptation of Raymond Carver's 1979 short story *So Much Water So Close to Home*. Directed by Ray Lawrence (*Bliss* and *Lantana* only) the story is as diverse and chilling as the actors and the performances they give. Gabriel Byrne (*Usual Suspects*) plays Stewart Kane, an Irishman living in Australian town Jindabyne with his American wife Claire (Laura Linney). We follow the Jindabyne community through their lives leading up to an annual fishing trip. Stewart Kane and three other friends take as a manly retreat up to the snowy mountains. Prior to the trip we gain insight into a very conflicted community, more so of the friends that revolve around the central characters of Stewart and Claire. Both are struggling with their marriage, Stewart's mother, the wonderful Betty Lucas imposes on the fragile family. Deborah-Lee Furness and John Howard play Jude and Carl, carrying the burden of the death of their own child, subsequently bringing up their troubled granddaughter. We also witness the trapping of Susan (Tatea Reilly) a 19-year-old girl travelling through the sticks. The first scene begins as we watch an older man (Chris Haywood) watch Susan

Jindabyne (M) Now Showing at Palace Nova



in his car. We watch Susan sing in her car as a large truck stalks as the man fails to convince Susan to pull over. The audience is left startled as the man runs at the car, worrying of the impending fate of Susan in the deserted summery outback. Progressing to the annual fishing trip, the men discover the naked body of Susan in the river. Rather than return to the town immediately however, they continue fishing and report their find a few days later. On the return to civilisation Claire (not to mention the media) is shaken to hear of her husband's actions and remains conflicted with the desire to make things right. Claire and Stewart's decisions disturb the fragile community of Jindabyne and the aboriginal community to which Susan was a member. The melting pot of actors and very conflicting ethical dilemmas emerge in this truly terrific, yet startling profound film. Not only is the film as beautiful and engaging as a dream, it is as heartbreaking and conflicting as a nightmare.



The Steph

Vote for me, and all your wildest dreams will come true! - Pedro, *Napoleon Dynamite* (2004)

Hard Candy (R 18+)

Now Showing at Palace Nova

Films that deal with themes or situations as confronting as those featured in *Hard Candy* are difficult to avoid taking very personally. Like, say, *Wolf Creek*, *Requiem for a Dream*, or *Mysterious Skin*, there will definitely be parts of this film that may be too much for some viewers. A handful will actually find *Hard Candy* downright offensive, but those people should not be reading this review to begin with.

The situation begins uncomfortably enough. Hayley (Ellen Page), an extremely precocious 14-year-old Honours student, meets 32-year-old photographer Jeff (Patrick Wilson) online. They agree to meet in person at a café, where Hayley turns out to be far more intelligent than Jeff had imagined. Hayley, too, notes



that Jeff is far too attractive to appear to need to meet people online. Already, the audience is probably a little uncertain with where this is headed, although Jeff appears to set the boundaries down, mentioning that things would be different were Hayley four years older. This does not stop Hayley from coquettishly inviting herself over to his place, where she discovers Jeff's studio and most of his work. Photographs of his models adorn the walls. Most of them are of women only slightly older than Hayley. After mixing drinks several times, she asks Jeff to

Solo (MA 15+)

Now Showing at Palace Nova

Mafia/crime syndicate films are a dime a dozen these days, thanks to the successful efforts of Guy Ritchie and Quentin Tarantino. If last year's *Layer Cake* showed anything, it was that the genre is in need of a new spin. Solo achieves this to a degree simply by being an Australian film, but it still dips into too many clichés to be satisfying.

The story can be summed up with surprising ease - Jack Barrett (Collin Frelis), a member of one of many crime syndicates in the seedy underworld of Sydney, wants to retire. The men he works for including his boss Reno (Linal Haft) aren't prepared to let him go easily, even if he intends on squaring off any debts he may have first. A whole lot of double-crossing happens, some of it involving corrupt police chief Keeling (a coke-snorting Vince Colosimo in an

photograph her. He obliges, but collapses soon after getting his camera ready. When he wakes, he has been tied to a chair, and Hayley begins interrogating him about his involvement with his models, suggesting he may even be a paedophile.

To tell any more would be to spoil the film, which manages to repeatedly shift the audience's allegiance from Hayley to Jeff, and back again. Neither is a completely likeable character - the gradual revelations of Jeff's past positions Hayley as a vigilante, an ideal person to provide retribution. However, as Hayley continues to push Jeff, we are left pondering where one becomes worse than the person they take revenge upon. The audience is not really meant to like the characters. If we were encouraged to side with either Hayley or Jeff, the film's point would be lost.

As for the uncomfortable nature of the film's themes, the audience should already be warned - the film has an R rating for a reason. Judging the film based on its effect would be moot. Judging the film simply on the quality with which it was made, *Hard Candy* is outstanding. For starters, even when squirming through the more thorny moments, it's hard to deny that the film looks fantastic - a credit to both the art direction and to cinematographer Jo Willems. Even more important are the performances: a film which uses only the two leads for almost all of its 103-minute running time would flounder without good actors. While both are superb, Ellen Page's role - as an extremely intelligent girl who has not yet grasped the more complex boundaries surrounding the idea of retribution - is as flawlessly delivered as the film itself.



Brian O'Neill

unexpectedly funny role). Finally, Kate (Bojana Novakovic), an Honours student researching organised crime, latches onto Jack in an attempt to bolster her research with some actual interviews.

There's not much else to say, really - the film is one of those awkward neither-good-nor-bad films that doesn't really shine when put alongside its counterparts (the one exception is the slick jazz soundtrack). Ultimately, this will be enough for anyone hungry for another crime flick, but most of the film's smoke and mirrors comes off as a bit been-there-done-that. Furthermore, the revenge twist delivered at the end suggests newcomer Morgan O'Neill was too intent on tying up every loose end. Ultimately, *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* is still king almost ten years after it was first released.



Brian O'Neill



Trash Talk

with t. Riddy

Would someone please do me the courtesy of explaining exactly how I could possibly write this column without reference to those whom I have vowed never to type of again? Like paparazzi drawn to a mangled, yet royal, corpse on the backseat of a Benz™, I can't help but record the waning death of a star. And the good news is that when it comes to Tom Cruise®, who needs Hubble™ when we've got TheSuperficial.com™? Dear reader: the evidence.

He started off very small yet bright. He was flashy, he sparkled, he hurtled across the sky somewhat above the speed of sound. Then, in time, he drew us into his orbit and brightened the terminal night that was '90s Hollywood. But, sure enough, before you'd know it he's started growing to interminable sizes and devouring all small stellar bodies that came too close (witness Katie Holmes®), just as supernovae are wont to do. Next thing you know, all we'll be left with is a relatively microscopic invisible neutron star called Surf!, who is a theoretical construct if ever I heard one. Fifty bucks to the star spotter that can provide evidence of her existence, or even a gossipmatrician that can prove this lemma that she 'should' exist. All I can say is thank God® that OurNicole+ managed to reach escape velocity before she was drawn beyond his event horizon and lived to wed another day. All hail KUrban™, one of the many flecks of stardust broken off from New Zealand® and slung shot through the gravitational field of Australia™ before gaining critical mass on the other side of the Pacific™. See? TC®'s a goner. Q. E. fuokin'D.

Onto real movie news now, and Jennifer Aniston® has confirmed what every straight man has wanted to believe for a very long time: Brad Pitt# is a dud root. Actually I'd say nigh on all gay men are pretty relieved knowing they can strike him off their 'to do' list given his revised *raison d'être* is now to serve only as FlogFodder®. Who would have thought though that Vinnie Vaughn™ would be such a cracker in the sack? Or that Ange® would be so superficial to dump Brad® once his siring was done?

It's no secret that Keith Richards* served as inspiration for Johnny Depp's character Captain Jack Sparrow in the two existing *Pirates of the Caribbean* films, however rumour has it that the stoned Stone will actually feature in the third instalment of the franchise as Depp's father. For a Rolling Stone®, that dude sure has gathered some moss.

Finally, I must reveal that my plans to LiveHappilyEverAfter® have come to a momentary Gyllenhaal™. I've heard that myJake® is rumoured to have regressed with Natalie Portman® at a backyard barbie at Matthew McConaughey's joint. Dang. I just hope he can keep her happy enough so as not to kiss and tell. Wouldn't that just be the Pitts?

Trash on, brothers and sisters, trash on.

.....

* The word SURI and the nonexistent child device are registered trademarks of the CruiseHolmes® Corp. +, * Both OurNicole and KUrban are trading names held by FUBALFNI® (Foundation for Usurping Bee And Lleyton From New Idea™). # No longer trademarked due to age. **70% alc. vol.(v/v) †100% hot (w/w) †A product of the BoyzNextDoor 'R Us Co.

"Isn't there a law against this sort of thing? Surely you can't just buy a full page ad in the music papers and publish your divorce demands"
- Derek Smalls, *This Is Spinal Tap* (1984)

The Ax (Le Couperet) (M) Now Showing at Palace Nova

The effect of corporate downsizing is the theme of *The Ax (Le Couperet)*, the new French film from veteran director Constantin Costa-Gavras. It tells the story of Bruno Davert (José Garcia), a paper mill executive, who after 15 years of service is made redundant when the mill cuts 600 jobs in order to relocate.

Two years later and still unemployed, Bruno sees an ad on television for Arcadia, a large French paper corporation, and in it its spokesman Raymond Machefer (Olivier Gourmet). He then has a plan. He'll get Machefer's job for himself, but needs Machefer out of the way first. He decides also to eliminate the five potential applicants he thinks are more likely to get the job than him. So with his unwieldy gun and non-existent marksmanship skills, he sets out to get himself employed.

When Bruno makes the mistake of getting to know some of his victims, the film becomes a comment on the dog-eat-dog world of corporate management, and the human cost of downsizing.

Bruno and his victims all share the same sorry plight and loathing for heartless management and could well become friends if not for the circumstances.

The film cleverly mixes some humour with the bleak drama. Bruno's ineptitude as a hit-man provides many amusing situations, particularly one involving him trying to conceal a huge knife whilst being fitted with a

suit. Various side plots, such as one involving his son's borderline kleptomania, also add some humour but do not contribute much to the main plot. Perhaps some of these scenes could have been culled to shorten the film's 122 minutes, though if this were the case, we wouldn't get to hear the wonderfully absurd line, "Does software float?"

Bruno's plan is unconventional and slightly

improbable, however the film still succeeds in giving a realistic and humanised portrayal of middle-class workers pitted against each other in the struggle for employment. Those seeking a Parisian *Kill Bill* might be disappointed (no katanas!), there is more than enough in *The Ax* for anyone wanting something to think about. Go find out whether software floats.



Ben Henschke



FILMMAKERS OF THE WEEK

Joel and Ethan Coen, better known as the Coen Brothers, are the inspired writer/directors behind a number of fantastic films. With a solid cult following, and their dark comedic genius, the Coen brothers have written and directed their way through some of cinema's greatest moments. They haven't been incredibly prolific, but you can be guaranteed that what they do make is pure gold.

Although they started with the elegant *Blood Simple* in 1984, it was probably their third film, *Raising Arizona* that got them onto Hollywood's radar. Working with such talent as John Goodman (whom they have since worked with on a number of projects) and rising star Nicholas Cage catapulted them into stardom, and they soon followed up with *The Hudsucker Proxy*, which they co-wrote with another cult hero, Sam Raimi.

However, it wasn't until 1996 and the release of *Fargo* that the Coen brothers started to get the respect they deserved. *Fargo*, the story of a cop hunting down a murderer, sounds on the surface a stock-standard cop film, however nothing could be further from the truth. Did I mention the film is set in North Dakota where everyone has a goofy accent? Oh, yea, did I mention that the hard-boiled cop is really just a friendly woman ("you were such a super lady")? Oh, and she's about 8 months pregnant. Suddenly, it's a whole new story. In fact, this is a common theme throughout the Coen brother films; character never takes a backseat to the plot. Their ability to populate their films with vibrant characters is what has the

THE COEN BROTHERS



Selected Filmography

- The Ladykillers (2004)
- Intolerable Cruelty (2003)
- The Man Who Wasn't There (2001)
- O Brother, Where Art Thou? (2000)
- The Big Lebowski (1998)
- Fargo (1996)
- The Hudsucker Proxy (1994)
- Barton Fink (1991)
- Miller's Crossing (1990)
- Raising Arizona (1987)
- Blood Simple (1984)

punters coming back for more and *The Big Lebowski*, their next project, is to my mind their magnum opus. Filled with a wonderful array of characters (everyone from a grizzled Vietnam veteran to an interpretive-dancing landlord to an enraged group of nihilists) and set against a bowling alley, it contains all the major elements of a detective film barring a detective and it does this almost without a plot! And the amazing thing is the audience is so enrapt with 'the dude's journey that it doesn't really matter.

O Brother, Where art thou? their reinterpretation of Homer's *The Odyssey*, set in the deep south of America, circa 1930, is an astonishing piece, with an amazing assortment of characters, and... music? Yes music. From the singing of the chain gangs, through to a choreographed KKK lynch mob (yes, you heard right), the music throughout this film really encompasses the nature of the times. Although they've had a number of films written and directed since, none have really achieved any major box-office success, and perhaps that's the way the Coen's like it. They don't seem to feel the need to make the films that the box-office devours, and their films are the better for it. Their later films have shown considerable maturity, moving away from their comedic roots, yet not losing any of their sharp wit, balancing bizarre characters with sharp plots and sharper writing. They continue to move from strength to strength and I, for one, cannot wait to see what they dish up next, in the upcoming *Hail Caesar*.

Space Monkey

"SONY because caucasians are just too damn tall" - *Crazy People* (1990)

The White Masai (M)
Now Showing at Palace Nova

While on holiday in Kenya, Swiss tourist Carola has a chance meeting with Lemalian, a tribal warrior. Their attraction is electric and her life is instantly changed. With next to no belongings but carrying the conviction that this is her destiny, Carola abandons her life in Switzerland and moves to Lemalian's remote village. She finds it to be a place with no electricity or running water and where the diet consists of "sugar and goats' meat." It's a place where female circumcision is still practiced, where women die in childbirth by the roadside, and where physical love is expressed in a way that's somewhat different from anything she's ever come across before. Even so, the connection of love between Carola and Lemalian binds them closely together and



she battles through every cultural obstacle to make a life for herself with him in Kenya.

Although it's based on a true story (the best-selling memoir of Corinne Hofmann), some aspects of *The White Masai* seem a little far-fetched, like the way that Carola seems to move into Lemalian's tiny tribal goat-herding community with hardly a question asked by either of their families, and how after five years in the wilderness she still doesn't seem to have learned the local language. The movie is completely redeemed though by the skill of the film-makers involved, especially the exceptionally talented actors who play the two leading roles. The performances of German actress Nina Hoss and Jacky Ido from Burkina Faso are amazing and their chemistry on the screen makes the love story between the two characters entirely believable. The panoramic photography of Kenya as well as the brilliantly colourful costumes and vibrant musical score lift *The White Masai* up into being a beautiful adventure story, and perfect viewing on a chilly winter's day.



Maddy B-B

Junebug (M)
Now Showing at Palace Nova

With family being such a universal theme, it's no surprise that the concept of a family dealing with an outsider has been covered in films many, many times over. Recent examples such as *The Family Stone* and *Meet the Parents* have attempted to breathe new life into the topic to varying degrees of success. However, as *Junebug* shows, anything can feel new again if handled with a strong cast, good writer, and a little subtlety. That's probably why it doesn't happen very often.

Junebug is a film rich with quirks, even in Madeleine, its main protagonist. As a cultured, worldly art dealer and manager of a Chicago gallery dealing in "outsider art," her poised demeanour would intimidate a number of people. Madeleine travels with her husband of six months George (a stoic, gentle Alessandro Nivola) to North Carolina to coax an almost autistic artist (Frank Hoyt Taylor) into presenting his work in Madeleine's gallery. Since George's family live nearby, he encourages Madeleine to meet them for the first time, and it is the presence of this beautiful, mannered woman amongst George's traditional, Southern relatives that shakes the precarious equilibrium of the family.



something they keep secret. George's mother, Peg (Celia Weston) eyes Madeleine warily, at one point pondering, "you came all the way from Chicago just to find a good artist?" Yet she also cries alone after seeing her son off at film's end. George's sister-in-law Ashley (Amy Adams) is the only one who immediately accepts Madeleine. One delightful scene has Ashley painting Madeleine's nails while

admitting some of the cravings she's had during her pregnancy. Madeleine then shares her surprising secret habit of biting her toenails. George surprises Madeleine - and us - at one point in the film by revealing his singing talents, and at another point, upon leaving North Carolina, where he finally breaks his stoicism to reveal his opinion of his family.

The film's admittedly slow pace will deter some viewers, but the patient pacing with which it unfolds and reveals

the family also allows it a credibility that most films of its type lack. This may not be a particularly fast film, but it is a sweet one - a film full of small moments that will draw an unexpected laugh right before it sneaks up and draws a tear.



Brian O'Neill

**Pirates of the Caribbean:
Dead Man's Chest (M)**
Now Showing Everywhere

Johnny Depp returns for a second eyeliner-filled outing as pirate captain Jack Sparrow in blockbuster sequel *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest*. It's hard to enter a film like this without bracing oneself out of fear that it will end up being another cash-in on a successful franchise (after all, there are now too many dud sequels to count). While *Dead Man's Chest* does feel a little like one of said cash-ins, it still manages to be more fun than most, kept afloat almost solely by Depp's performance.

To quickly skim the surface of the story: after going their separate ways after the adventures of *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl*, Will Turner (Orlando Bloom) and Elizabeth Swan (Keira Knightley) are due to be wed. However, they are quickly arrested for previously helping Jack to escape, only for Will to be told their charges will be lifted if they help retrieve Jack. In the meantime, Jack has his own problems to deal with - mostly involving a deal he made with Davy Jones, undead captain of the Flying Dutchman, to retrieve the Black Pearl. Jack ends up on the hunt for a chest containing Davy's still-beating heart, while Will chases down Jack and Elizabeth, once she escapes, starts looking for Will.



The film isn't quite as funny as the first - although that's largely a matter of personal opinion, and there are still many guffaw-worthy moments. There are also a number of off-hand references to the first film for those who know it well, and the sequel as a whole looks just as great as the first film did. Eyeliner-toting Depp and the delectable Keira Knightley aside, the film is laden with special effects - pretty much a staple of these films now, but done well nonetheless (particularly Davy Jones and his undead crew). Aside from that, everyone should know what to expect: a satisfactory amount of fun at sea, only less so because the first film did most of it already, and because the ending so blatantly tells us that this won't be the last film to feature in the franchise.



Brian O'Neill

"Please, Mr. Merchant of Death, sir please, sell me something that will stink up my breath and my clothes and fry my lungs" - *Chewilles Gum Rep. Clerks (1994)*

Graduating from University promised more glamour than this. You've slaved four years over a hot piano, composing, rehearsing, performing and refining your talent. You know that session work with that jazz muse you met in Perth is just around the corner. But now, some two-bit advertising agency bum with a double-digit IQ and triple-digit salary, is asking you to write a jingle for a second-hand furniture company. "Shit! What rhymes with Electrolux?" I knew I should have dropped out and bought a guitar like all those other greasy pretentious wankers. "No deposit, interest free. We are the cheapest, come and see. TV's, fridges, washers, dryers, You'll pay less or..... shit! Shit! Fucking shit!" Where did it all go wrong?

The TV & radio jingle serves an important life-or-death purpose; to aid in the sales of unimportant commodities. Jingles are there for our entertainment, for continuity, to spell out a target market, and most importantly, for memorability. They have given us some of the best and worst that hook-writing has to offer; employing thousands of musicians worldwide. Here, we look at some of the most outstanding, which have stuck in our heads, for better or for worse.

"I feel like Chicken Tonight, Chicken Tonight", complete with dance instructions, this classic had families reaching new degrading levels of self-shame. "My dad picks the fruit, that goes to Cottee's, to make the cordial, that I like best!" There were various schoolyard reappropriations of this one, which will be saved for another time. "Mammas, making Kan Tong, doesn't take long, for the word to spread around". They just don't write them like that anymore.

South Australian produced jingles offer us some fine examples. These are best experienced during mid-morning television, or late at night (in between ads offering SMS satisfaction at \$4.95 per message sent and received). "Designer Direct, you really got me now", "Carpet Giants... Giants.. Carpet Giants.. Giants". "We want Pedro's Pizza, we want it now!", and a personal favourite from the past "I've been up to Cunningham's Warehouse, Cunningham's

Warehouse Yesiree!". It brings a patriotic tear to my eye, pass the Woodies lemonade. "sob"

Then there is the "lets just shift it up a semitone, and we won't have to pay licensing fees" approach. This method has been recently utilised by the Brickworks Markets, and their appropriation of the Flinstones theme. No lawsuit from Hanna Barbera thus far, and when it does come, you can be sure that you'll be paying more than \$5 for your mini-golf. Perhaps removing the melody from the jingle all-together, should be of further consideration. "You'll find in heaps and on mounds. You'll find it at Paramount Browns". Allen Ginsberg could have really made a buck or two in this town.

Undoubtedly though, the winner of the inaugural *On Dit* Quintessential Jingle of the Millennium Award, goes to San Giorgio's Pizzeria. All the elements of jingle-gold are present; traditional melody, poorly sung, poorly phrased, menu highlights, and most importantly that phone number. How many times at 3am on a Friday morning have I had to sing the entire jingle, so I could recall their phone number? "Spaghetti Marinara, Penne Alla-Panna, One Steak Dianeeeee, Two Garlic Bread". Fucking genius. I'll have some of that, and two-garlic prawns, oh yeah, that phone number, what as it again? "Ring us now for delivereeeeee... San Giorgio's Pizzeria!".

The jingle has spoken.

**On Dit* would like to point out that it does not in any way support any companies listed in the article above, however it is agreed upon that San Giorgio's do indeed make some damn fine pizza!

Chris Burford

"More crackers please, more crackers please"

Le Tigre have done it. They've sold out.

Le Tigre have licensed/SOLD two of their songs for use in advertisements by Canadian telephone provider Telus and Australian jewellery chain Goldmark. Plus, as I'm sure you've heard, a sample from 'Deceptacon' plays in the background of a Nivea ad.

Le Tigre manager Tom Sarig says the band's happy to be associated with the brand: "It's a makeup company after all, not an oil company or car company, and the band happens to use their products."

Gag me with a spoon xo



At the end of "Touch Me" Jim Morrison sings "Stronger Than Dirt", referring to an Ajax jingle. Jim was so peeved that The Doors had sold "Light My Fire" to Buick that "Stronger Than Dirt" was his jab at the other Doors for selling out.

NIVEA



- 25/7 & 26/7 Carus (WA) & Loren (QLD) - Grace Emily
- 27/7 & 28/7 The Beautiful Girls (NSW) & The Fumes (NSW) - The Gov
- 27/7 The Mike Stewart Big Band - Adelaide Uni Bar
- 29/7 Fear of Flying (CD launch) - Rocket Bar
- 31/7 DJ Shadow (US) - Thebarton Theatre
- 1/8 Arctic Monkeys (UK), The Grates (QLD) - Thebarton Theatre
- 7/8 The Strokes (US) - Thebarton Theatre
- 11/8 Finishing School (CD launch) - Jive
- 12/8 Youth Group (NSW) - The Gov
- 12/8 Dan Kelly & The Alpha Males (VIC) - Jive
- 13/8 Bob Evans (WA) - Adelaide Uni Bar
- 17/8 The Audrey's, The Yearlings - The Gov
- 18/8 Swayback (CD launch) - Producers

Barbie
BIG DIARY

Fear of Flying



interview by Chris Burford

Rewind to 1995. Adelaide hosts its final Formula One Grand Prix, and the East End was the place to be in months other than just February. Radiohead's *The Bends* and Björk's *Post* are hailed as albums of the decade (for now). TV history is made as OJ "I-killed-my-wife-&-her-lover" Simpson is announced as "Innocent" by a star-struck jury to the bemusement of all and sundry. Meanwhile, Scott Doherty, Troy McNamara and Nathan Yabsley form the Adelaide three-piece: Timothy. One album, several EP's, hundreds of gigs, a fistful of impressive supports slots, a few band members, a name change, and eleven years later, Fear of Flying launch their new "mini-album" *Migration*. I caught up with Troy and Scott from FOF, and discussed their new release, the scene today, and most importantly, slot-car racing.

It's been ten years since the first incarnation of Fear of Flying, what do you think has changed the most in that time for yourselves?

(Troy) Lots! We used to be this semi pop-punk band but our musical tastes and experiences grew (hopefully our musical abilities too!), all of which brought us to where FOF is at today.

(Scott) I really started to delve into the world of "melody" and came to the realisation that "song is king". It's so true if you can create a song that is just bare bones (usually just a vocal melody and my guitar) and it can capture peoples attention or make them feel some sort of emotion - you've struck songwriting gold. So I've really tried to stick to that simple theory plus our line up boasts some very technically proficient musicians which allows for really creative structures and input around the "heart" of a song.

How has Adelaide changed in that time musically speaking?

(T) Musical styles have obviously changed a lot but Adelaide's music scene seems a bit quieter than it used to be back in the mid-late 90's when all of the pubs on Rundle Street used to be full of people wanting to see bands. But on the other hand places like Hindley St are now where a lot of the scene is at. Bands come and go as the scene and styles do really. Playing in a band seems like harder work these days too!

(S) I don't think things change much but just go around in cycles. There seems to be all these kids running around in tight black clothing, dyed black hair with long fringes listening to what is called "punk" now!! The whole "emo" scene is huge at the moment and is the chosen cool type of teenage rebellion - back in my day this was being a banger into metal. Oh and throwing up a high-rise apartment next to a music venue with a view to closing it down should be against the law and punishable with a public stoning of the developer.

Amen. On that point of bands coming-and-going, which Adelaide bands have been your favorites?

(T) Gee there have been so many good bands in Adelaide over the years.... Personally at the moment I think that Little Ice Age are one of the best bands we have played with in while. Great songs and loads of potential.

Agreed.

(S) Paul our guitarist used to be in the Trims which were a great band and reasonably successful. We used to play a fair few shows with Yaksbit who were really good and great guys to hang out with.

Tell us about the new EP, and where it is different from previous releases.

(T) *Migration* is the result of several years of song writing, lots of live work and changes within the band line up. The songs are probably better for it and the performance and recording quality is definitely much better.

We approached the recording fairly differently after doing our last album completely in our home studio. *Migration* was partly recorded (drums, bass and acoustic guitar) at Broadcast Studios in Adelaide with Evan James and we finished the rest off on our own Pro-Tools studio. Probably the biggest difference was the mix down, in the past we had never gone out of our way to place a huge emphasis on the mixing of a record, but a conversation with our friends from Eskimo Joe hooked us up with Paul McKercher and mixing at 301 studios in Sydney. The whole process of working with people like Evan James & Paul McKercher got some really good stuff out of us and also taught us heaps about how we would approach the next recording.

Nice. So where do you draw your lyrical inspiration from?

(Scott) Everyday life and happenings. Some times it's stories that I read, sometimes it's people and situations that we go through.... It's pretty bizarre because a lot of my songs are very personal yet they are thrown out into this very public domain on a recorded piece of work which someone can purchase and take home with them.

What about slot-car racing? Any inspiration drawn from that?

(S) I've been found out - I am and always will be a massive geek. Plus I'm a massive motor sport fan! If it has wheels and goes fast I love it. Slot cars are hobby and a bit of a release!

The Rocket Bar is a pretty cool venue for a launch. You played there before? What made you choose it?

(S) The launch will be our first gig there. Basically our managers Andrew & Meagan love the place and have said they have seen a few bands there and booked us in. The place is ultra indie, cool, but most importantly has a great in-house PA - We try and pride ourselves on putting good live performances and it really helps when you can be confident in a sound system that won't let you down and sounds good to the audience. We are really looking forward to it - I might even have to put on clean underwear for the night.

That's right. Plus, you never know when you're going to be hit by a bus. Do you guys still hear from Ben Folds?

(S) I bumped into him in an Airport in the States of all places. It was good to catch up with him - he is a really down to earth regular guy (except for the International rock star bit)

(T) I don't think he is spending as much time in Adelaide these days. He is a really nice guy and great artist. He was fantastic to us when we toured with him.

Your most recent album purchase?

(T) My last purchase was the new Eskimo Joe album *Black Fingernails*, Red Wine. Great disc that one. Before that it was *Snow Patrol*, *Final Straw*.

(S) The new Muse album and a best of Stevie Wonder. When ever I buy a new CD I always try to back it up with something old - it brings equilibrium to the Force

Lastly, why should people come and see the F.O.F cd-launch at Rocket Bar on the 29th of July?

(T) Aside from the fact that there is finally a new FOF disc out! It is shaping up to be a big night from all of the feedback we are getting with lots of extra FOF specials, plus we are pulling out all stops for this show and it is being recorded in both audio and Video for some sort of possible release later in the year. To top it off we have an extra guitar player and a keyboard player to fill the sound out a bit and we have dusted off a few favourites which go back to the Timothy days that are sounding great in rehearsal. Come along and you shall see!

Fear of Flying launch *Migration*, at the Rocket Bar (Hindley Street) on Saturday July 29th. Check the band out further at: www.feartofflying.com.au

LIVE MUSIC

Augie March

Gov Hindmarsh, 27th May 2006
Supported by Dan Kelly & The Alpha Males



By 9:00pm, fans and punters alike had started to gather and crowd The Gov. One thing that was interesting to see was the diverse crowd Augie March had pulled that night. There was the younger audience, who were probably fans of AM's most recent work. Then you had the older fans that knew all the old songs, as well as the newer ones. One thing was for sure though. Everyone was here to enjoy a spectacular night of music.

It was around this same time that Dan Kelly & The Alpha Males hit the stage. Playing old songs and previewing songs from their forthcoming record, these boys really know how to get a show started. Even though some of the crowd still insisted on talking during their set, Kelly and TAM set The Gov alight with their mix of funk and soul.

It was around 10:30 that Augie March hit the stage. Opening with 'The Cold Acre', the band was automatically prepared for the amount of praise that they were about to receive. The set was mostly made up of tracks from the band's most recent album, 'Moo, You Bloody Choir'. However, we were blessed with a number of songs from previous albums. Songs such as 'The Keeper', 'There Is No Such Place' and 'Sunstroke House' kept the older fans entertained, while allowing new fans to see where the band has come from.

Most of the highlights from the night came from the band's most recent work. 'Thin Captain Crackers' and 'Mother Greer' seemed to be crowd favourites, with the crowd getting into all the words and even busting a move or two. The first of two standout tracks from the night was the band's current single 'One Crowded Hour'. There seems to be something very special about this song, because the crowd felt compelled to break into song with the band. Singer Glenn Richards is just as great live as he is on record, and the crowd could certainly tell that night.

The second standout track from the night was the closing song. As both Dan Kelly & TAM and Augie March had been touring together, they felt it appropriate to finish the final night of touring with a duet. As both bands entered onto the stage, the crowd could only just imagine what they were going to witness. Band members picked up instruments that they might not usually play in their own band, but used them anyway for what was about to come. Appropriate for the evening (the final song of their final tour date together) the collaborative band covered Neil Young's 'Don't Cry No Tears'. The song was a fitting close to the night and even brought certain band members on stage to shed a tear (not mentioning any names). Overall, the night was filled with laughter, tears and, most importantly, beautiful music.

Simon Finck

DUNGEN

Rocket Bar

"Meanwhile, On Dit managed to score some sweet free tix to see Swedish babes Dungen at Rocket Bar. No one knew who they were before their posters showed up on Vego's door, but On Dit sure did. We had their album from waayyyy back and sang along to all their psych-pop ditties before they were famous. Central Deli Band and Artax Mission supported; AM sound like the end scene of 2001: A Space Odyssey and the bass player is a real cutie. Then Dungen showed Adelaide how emaciated glam noise is done. We told lead singer Gustav Eljström 'jag alskar dig' to his face and he smiled. Although there were more scenesters than you could poke a vintage stick at, we had a pleasant evening."

*Thankyou Rocket Bar for such lovely, err last minute tickets

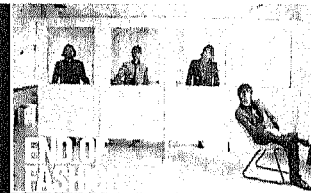
Governor Hindmarsh

Supported by Cloud Room & Van She

The lurid yellow sign pasted to the ticket window at The Gov was an unwelcome beacon for disorganised punters: SOLD OUT. Those who've been following the rise and rise of End of Fashion were not surprised and celebrated their good fortune in securing tickets early. Sales like this are usually reserved for big names and big absences. In this case, fans have not been starved of opportunities to see the band live: their last gig in Adelaide was in February.

So why the fuss? Superficially, End of Fashion has an unremarkable discography. Their self-titled album was released in August 2005, consolidating earlier EPs. Their subsequent singles (including their latest single 'The Game', which came out May 27) have done little to augment their play list either. Live, they played one new song. Dedicated fans have been ostensibly paying to see the same gig over and over...but that does little to credit the live presence of this band.

End of Fashion



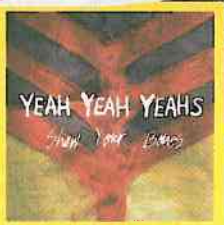
The urgency of their music communicated in tracks like 'The Game' and 'Oh Yeah' was that much more tangible live. Justin's virtuosity in his range and strength even in the upper regions of his voice is not as evident in the recordings as it is on stage. Most men strain or revert to falsetto to reach those notes. Not so Justin. And his anthemic rendition of 'Rough Diamonds' and 'In Denial' was quite beautiful. Second prize to guitarist Rodney who gave a lovely rendition of the harmony originally sung by Little Birdie's Katie Steele in "Oh Strain".

The bonus treat for the evening was Cloud Room, a melody driven five piece New York band whose following is also based on a very limited discography but with a very big heart. Most well known for their single 'Hey Now Now' their melancholia is very Velvet Underground meets Coldplay. Van She's curtain raiser was also worth a mention, delivering a neat 30 minute set with persistently rhythmic arrangements, and expressive vocals by Nick Routledge. They recently supported Faker on their Love for Sale Tour, and are definitely one to watch.

Pru Hart

curtains by Augie March

YEAH YEAH YEAHS



Show Your Bones
Modular

The affirming moniker is just the start of this good news story. This is a great new offer from New York band fronted by loud femme rocker Karen O. *Show Your Bones* is a consistently high energy rock album underpinned by driving bass and cymbals, repeated vocal and instrumental motifs. Think Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, Janis Joplin, Magic Dirt and The Howling Bells. More relevant release date in the US than here where the sunsoaked tracks are incongruous with the bleak purple July we've been barely surviving.

It's the second studio album to be released by this New York three piece suit three years after their Grammy nominated *Fever to Tell* (2003). The anticipation was so intense that all sorts of bizarre rumours about the album's title and underlying concept have been circulating. It was "something like a phenomena" in their own words ('Phenomena').

The two singles already released from this album bookend the track list: 'Gold Lion' ("Gold Lion's gonna tell me where the light is": is it about Aslan?) and 'Turn Into' ("hope I don't turn into you"). 'Way Out' has received a lot of airplay too, and is up there on my favourites list.

I'd like to say something about the cover and liner notes design: the flags in the liner design are nice (there's a huge list of contributors for these flags...) but there's no lyrics! It makes it very hard for reviewers and fans alike. Really, it's my pet peeve. You'll just have to guess like I did, hope you're not embarrassing yourself by singing along with the completely wrong lyrics or give in and find them online.

Pru Hart

PEACHES



Impeach My Bush
XL/ Remote Control

I'll impeach your bush, Merrill Nisker.

When Peaches sings about 'taking you downtown', she's not talking about the southern outskirts of the city. Nope, in true Peaches style, she is referring to you satisfying her nether regions, using affectionate requests such as 'pull back the curtains and feed the clam'.

What do you think George Bush thinks of her singing/shrieking 'I'd rather fuck who I want than kill who I am told to'? It'd be very interesting to see what kind of society Peaches would create if she were more mainstream. It'd teeter somewhere between a 60's, free-love, sexual revolution and an exploding cesspool of gyrating youth opposing war.

Peaches sexualizes everything. And although she overtly plays with traditional concepts of gender, sexuality and sex, she's done it without becoming some stereotypical, parody of femininity, masculinity or even androgyny. Peaches maintains her femininity, but uses its rawness to shock. Take the CD sleeve; she's wearing a pink jacket open so that you can see her bra, but it's her spread legs with illuminated pubic hair poking out her shorts that's controversial. Why the raw female is so freakin' shocking, I'm yet to discover.

She's still singing about fucking, threesomes and a whole lot of boy-on-boy action. Why any virile, gay man would choose to listen to Barbara Streisand or Kylie Minogue when there's Peaches escapes me.

Impeach My Bush makes you wanna dance dirty, but not in a Christina Aguilera kinda way. Like the first two albums, there's heaps and heaps of bass. She's using old and new beat making machines and synths, plus more live drums and guitars. All in all, the recording sounds a whole lot snazzier.

If you didn't like her singing about 'stimulating the prostate' on *Fatherfucker*, or 'diddling her skittle' on *The Teaches of Peaches*, you're most certainly not going to like her tips on how to get a girl off without a dick in 'Rock the Shocker'.

I have to admit, there are a few concepts in there that I just don't get. I don't know if she's inventing a Peaches sex dialect, or if she's making shit up cause it rhymes. There is also a chance I just don't know. What is 'fridge freezer' other than the literal meaning? Still, I challenge anybody to come up with a better graphic euphemism for erection than 'Tent in Your Pants'.

ELVIS

Pink

I'm not Dead
Sony BMG

Pink's not dead everyone, she's alive and well with her current album at number 12 in the ARIA charts and her second single from the album, 'Who Knew' still in the top 10. It's another tale of break up, recycled sentiments in a very presentable package, like most of the material on this album.

I loved it, superficially. The energy is consistently high, polished and I really like Pink's voice. But come any closer, look at the lyrics and its all clichés a la David Bowie. 'Nobody Knows', for example, is a piano based power ballad that, in contrast to the title, recites clichés everybody knows (that's its definition) "lost my way back home", "nobody knows, nobody cares", "win or lose". And where the actual words aren't clichés, the sentiments are: love, heartbreak, loneliness and suburban poverty.

The structure of each song is formulaic also: the title of each song is neatly inserted as the hook line in each chorus. Guaranteed to follow you all the way to (in)Sanity.

I do have a favourite track: 'The One That Got Away', tucked in the back corner of her album at track 11. It's a blues and roots acoustic track that really shows off the quality of Pink's voice, uncompromised by the bubblegum that pads out the rest of her album. The lyrics are much more original and real: "He was makin' cappuccino/ I said "what kind of man makes cappuccino?" / We laughed, we laughed, we laughed". I would like to see more of this from Pink: some Gospel even. Then I might believe her when she sings "I don't wanna be a stupid girl."

Pru Hart



Desert Lights
Sony BMG

Dear Paul, Steph and Clint,

Thank you for *Desert Lights*, your fifth album, which I received on July 1. It's been three years since I got anything substantial from you guys! The last album you put out doesn't really count as it was a collection of B-sides (*Phantom Limbs*, 2004). It's been three years since *Official Fiction* (2003). I really loved that album and anticipated something amazing to follow. Three years later I am not disappointed...even though it's a miserly forty-three minutes twenty-five...

I've had it on repeat all week and even though I abhor smoking I have been singing track three in the shower. It's a very catchy tune and was a good choice for your first single, back in May. ARIA liked the album so much they decided to debut it at no 1 which is great news! Congrats!

Already I have my favourites; you know, those thought provoking rich tunes you guys are so good at, with Steph's ranch dressing riffs that reverberate in your gut while your head tries to pick apart the obscure lyric Paul delivers with that compelling, grainy voice. I'm still turning over these lines from 'Down the Garden Path': "Reasons and answers may never be clear/ But I thank every accident for leading you here/ But I can't for the life of me/ Figure out where I went wrong". As a bit of a fatalist I am enjoying the mental athletics of this lyric. There are similar cerebral snacks in 'Impossible' and 'Transparanoia'.

The shape of this album is very satisfying as well: *Desert Lights* begins strongly with a guitar riff by Clint as rousing as a dinner bell. This initial energy is maintained throughout the first three tracks before dropping back for a ballad break. Midway we have 'Oh Kamikaze' to remind us this is a rock album, which is then juxtaposed against the ballad 'Impossible'. The album finishes with 'Washed Out to Sea' which is considerably more placid than the opening chord of the album promises, but it works.

Finally, just wanted to make mention of the cover art which features Steph's photography. Love it. Just wish you could have included the lyrics in the booklet too!

Love, Kate

SOMETHING FOR KATE



Around Adelaide in Eighty Days

Compiled by Benedict Coxon
from reviews by Benedict Coxon, Edward Joner and Yasuto Nakamura

While some students were preoccupied with preparing for exams, doing exams and then recovering from exams, our fearless team of arts writers braved the threat of low exam marks to bring you the following analysis of eighty days' worth of concerts and recitals.

The following survey is drawn from reviews that we simply don't have room to print in full (don't you love voluntary student unionism?). Read on to get a feel for what happens around the Adelaide arts scene when it's not caught in the grip of festival fever.

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's expanded Master Series has forged ahead over the last few months. Master Series 2 saw the return of Olari Elts, conducting a program consisting primarily of works by Mozart. The young conductor's novel interpretative ideas injected some vitality into the Master Series, but unfortunately the orchestra was left gasping for breath.

Elt's second concert with the orchestra, Master Series 3, suffered from uninspiring programming – the Chopin contributions were abysmal – but was capped off splendidly by Rachmaninov's Symphony No. 3, the feature of which was the beautiful second movement.

The International Piano Series gave the soloist from Master Series 3, John Chen, a chance to show his wares more fully. Ravel's *Miroirs* was the highlight, nicely complemented by a Debussy work and following on from a Schubert sonata.

Back to the ASO's concerts and Master Series 4 saw the homecoming of violinist Sophie Rowell. Her account of Barber's Violin Concerto was spectacular, but the standard was not matched by the orchestra in an appallingly sloppy version of the Prelude from Wagner's *Parsifal*. The infliction on the audience of Elgar's Symphony No. 2 was unfortunate.

Master Series 5 was more encouraging. The soloists in Schubert's Symphony No. 8 ('Unfinished') captured the poetry of the melodies, and the choir and orchestra collaborated well in A German Requiem by Brahms.

Master Series 6 took the honours as the best performance by the ASO so far this year. Conductor Arvo Volmer was obviously at home with the Russian repertoire and Boris Berman was on hand for a sparkling account of Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 4.

Berman backed up his concert engagements with an International Piano Series recital at the Grainger Studio. The program of works by Bach and Shostakovich was carefully considered, and Berman's playing was world-class. The IPS, one of the newest additions to Adelaide's arts calendar, is a series worthy of support. The remaining two recitals in the series, which will be given by Dmitri Alexeev and Marc-Andre Hamelin respectively, are not to be missed.

Master Series 7 marked the halfway point of the ASO's major concert series with the return of yet another pianist – Stephen Kovacevich. The decision to have him conduct the entire program backfired, particularly in Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 18, as Kovacevich took on the dual role of conductor/soloist. The ASO is not a chamber orchestra and it is a mistake to treat it as such.

Showcase Series 4 put the orchestra into a different setting. This gala event celebrating the 250th anniversary of Mozart's birth was an uneven affair, with Adele Anthony's clinical performance of Violin Concerto No. 5 ('Turkish') to be contrasted with the earnest efforts of six young singers in the second half. The operatic excerpts included many relatively unfamiliar arias, and tenor James Egglestone showed potential. Antoinette Halloran, one of the better-credentialed performers, stole the show with her singing and sheer stage presence.

Another concert featuring the combination of voice and orchestra was the first instalment of the Elder Conservatorium's Evening Concert Series. Berlioz' *Les Nuits d'Ete* was given a sterling account by Rosalind Martin who was called on to replace an indisposed Holly Wotton. The other soloist for the evening was Katrina Hermann in Richard Strauss' Horn Concerto No. 1, but the most polished performance of the evening came from the Elder Conservatorium Symphony Orchestra in Ravel's orchestration of Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*.

Turning to smaller scale concerts, Musica Viva has impressed the most this year. The Harp Consort's performance in April was simply outstanding in all respects. This was a truly enriching experience from any number of perspectives and Musica Viva is to be congratulated for taking its audience off the beaten track (string quartet performances) to a place less familiar but equally, if not more, stimulating.

Also in an early music vein, Adelaide Baroque opened its subscription series with 'Due Voci'. The concert of Italian works from the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries was lifted by guest artist Sally-Anne Russell, who not only sang beautifully but acted up a storm to bring some little-known gems of the repertoire to life.

The Macquarie Trio also continued its foray into little-known repertoire, in the form of George Rochberg's Piano Trio No. 2. Even an introduction to the piece given by cellist Michael Goldschlager couldn't save this mix of traditional tonality and serialism from sounding like a messy miscellany. Joined by violist Roger Benedict for works by Mozart and Brahms, the ensemble recovered to produce another typically enjoyable Sunday afternoon's entertainment.

The Macquaries followed this with a program featuring works by Hummel, Lalo and Tchaikovsky. The repertoire was questionable, although credit is due for the fact they are prepared to take risks

Picasso: Love and War 1935 - 1945

National Gallery of Victoria
June 30 - October 8

with this sort of material. Despite the qualms about the pieces, the playing was some of the best that the ensemble has produced in the last couple of years. Pianist Kathryn Selby wove her way through the changes in style dictated by the works with aplomb.

Finally on the chamber music front, we must make mention of The Firm. This composers' collective got its 2006 concert series underway with a program of works by Mozart, Leopold Spinner, Gyorgy Kurtag, as well as local composer Raymond Chapman Smith. Spinner's Second Viennese School work and Kurtag's typically brief fragments provided the bulk of the interest. All works were performed enthusiastically by the young Kegelstatt Trio. The second concert had a more local focus, with James Cuddeford featuring as performer and composer. He impressed in both roles, though the histrionics of the other violinist, Natsuko Yoshimoto, detracted from his efforts.

Choral music has been slower to move into gear after Fringe festival performances demanded singers' attention early in the year. The Graduate Singers presented an all-Mozart program for their first concert of the year, accompanied by a small but proficient orchestra. The choir's sound was pleasing and Tom Flint and Emma Horwood were the pick of the soloists.

Syntony raised the bar in its concert, with its program entitled 'Chant'. Drawing on music by composers ranging from Hildegard von Bingen to Arvo Part, the balance between the singers, previously a serious impediment, was impressive in the cosy surrounds of the Cabra Dominican College Chapel. The only criticism that could be levelled at Syntony was the length of the concert, coming in at barely more than an hour. For \$25 and a trip to Goodwood on a chilly May night, the performers owed their audience more.

The Adelaide Chamber Singers bade farewell before their international tour in the intimacy of St John's Church on Halifax St. The Quatres Motets sur des Themes Gregoriens by Durufle were a highlight of the first half along with Monteverdi's Sestina: Lagrime d'Amante al Sepolcro dell'Amata, for which the church was plunged into partial darkness in order to focus the audience's attention on the music. The program for the second half drew on contemporary works, including Stephen Leek's Kondalilla from Great Southern Spirits, which was given a performance nothing short of magical.

Opera performances have been as rare as hen's teeth lately, but the State Opera of South Australia finally got the ball rolling for 2006 with a double bill production. Howard Blake's *The Station* and Jake Heggie's *At the Statute of Venus* gave a young cast an opportunity to delve into little-known contemporary repertoire. Unfortunately, the performers' efforts outshone those of the composers, but the company must be commended for presenting new works.

The 'Melbourne Winter Masterpieces' series of exhibitions at the National Gallery of Victoria has impressed with the blockbuster nature of its presentations. Until now, Picasso: Love & War 1935-1945 follows from exhibitions of works by Impressionists and Dutch Masters, but is a very different collection. An academic slant is obvious in the selection of pieces – the discovery of a de facto Picasso archive in the Paris apartment of the artist's former lover, the late Dora Maar, serves as inspiration.

From an academic perspective, the exhibition succeeds. It focusses on a short and very specific period of Picasso's life – the time that he spent with fellow artist Dora Maar – and a good deal of research has gone into the informative chunks of text that adorn the walls of the exhibition space. Unfortunately, oil on canvas works are few and far between, with a large proportion of the exhibition comprising Dora Maar's photographs and Picasso's lazy doodlings on things as unassuming as scraps of newspaper. The impression that one is left with is that the exhibition consists largely of 'padding', owing to the difficulty of securing substantial and significant works by an artist whose works are so sought after.

Even if one looks past the padding, there's a reasonable chance of being put off by the artworks themselves. Sometimes looking like the work of a child, at other times looking like entries to a competition in which the winner is the most grotesque piece, there's not much to appeal to a layman's eye. Interesting ideas underlie some of the works – showing the subject in profile while also making both eyes visible is an intriguing concept – but often the aesthetic effect is lacklustre.

Then there are the works that are intended to give a glimpse into the lives of Picasso and Maar. These include photographs of Picasso posing as the Minotaur, which are juxtaposed with some of Picasso's artworks taking the mythical creature as their subject. Unfortunately, the whole idea of posing as the Minotaur is so pretentious that

seeing the photographs doesn't make it easier to relate to Picasso or to Maar, though presumably the intention behind including such photographs is to show the artists as 'ordinary people'.

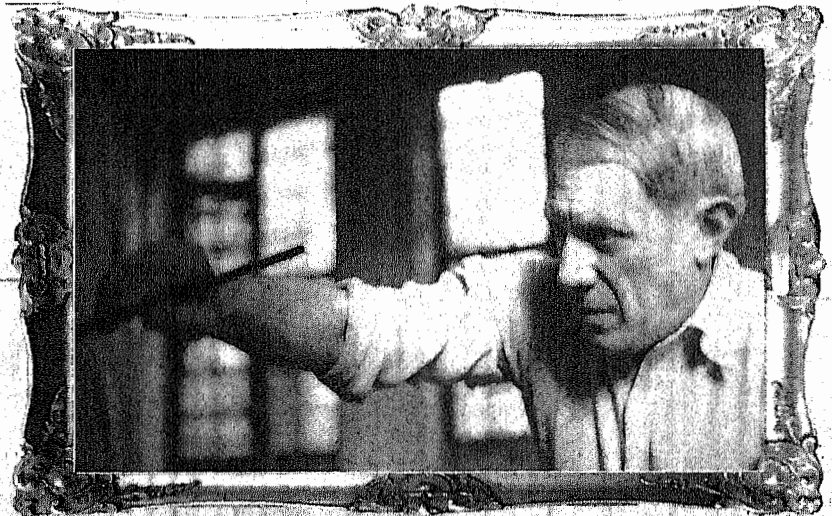
The weeping woman series is famous and is a crucial feature of the group of works on display, but seemed to draw relatively little interest from the gaggle of opening-week gallery visitors. More appealing are the works dating from the time of the Second World War. As Picasso's figures become increasingly distorted, his paintings look less like those of a child and more like those of an artist searching for new forms of expression.

While it may well be a coup for the NGV to be hosting this exhibition, the only other gallery to host it being the Musee Picasso, one feels that it would be more at home in the latter gallery. The Parisian counterpart vies for the interest of art lovers in a market where any day of the week it's possible to wander through a local gallery and see some of the most important artworks in the world. Therefore, the academic aspect of an exhibition is a selling point as it adds to the interest and offers something different from what's available elsewhere in Paris. In Australia, we count ourselves lucky to see any work by a famous master – the NGV has only one Picasso work in its collection, purchased amid some controversy in 1986 – and so when blockbuster exhibitions crop up, there's an expectation of a more general introduction to the work of an artist or group of artists.

Picasso: Love & War 1935-1945 is scheduled as the last instalment of the NGV's Winter Masterpieces series. It will be with some interest that Australian art enthusiasts wait to see the gallery's next move.

Picasso: Love & War 1935-1945 will be on show at the National Gallery of Victoria until October 8. Concession tickets are available for \$16. For more details visit < <http://www.ngv.vic.gov.au/picasso/> >.

Benedict Coxon



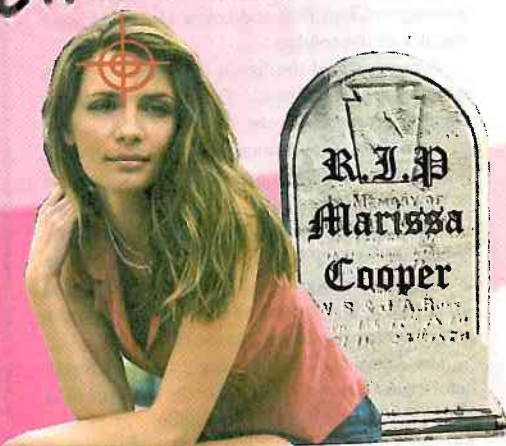
Happy 40th Birthday Play School!



Top 10 Ads!

1. Three for Free - Mutual Community
2. Balls - Sony Bravia
3. Mountain (Get Onboard) - Playstation
4. Warren the Virgin - Virgin Mobile
5. Expect More (feat. Mena Suvari) - Continental
6. Dancing Butchers - Beef and Lamb
7. Rabbits and the Great Wall - Telstra
8. People singing to that New Radicals song - Mitsubishi
9. G-O, G-G-O - Go-Go mobile
10. Not Happy Jan - Yellow Pages

MR. SPARKLE IS DISRESPECTFUL OF DIRT!



Well, after a good number of near death experiences, Marissa "Coop" Cooper has finally bitten the bullet. The OC simply won't be the same without her golden locks and wack accent. We at On Dit TV would like to pay tribute to her and welcome her with loving arms into the world of the TV dead. Her and Madge from Neighbours will get on just fine. Some inspired peeps out there on the world wide web have started a petition to save Marissa Cooper. Visit: <http://www.petitionspot.com/petitions/savemarissacooper> Conversely, for all you haters out there visit: <http://www.petitionspot.com/petitions/screwmarissacooper> "She is finally dead and we're finally happy." Check it.

Kalista Campbell

Cut-out and keep Badge-a-licious template!

I Hate Mischa Barton For No Discernable Reason



Are You Interested in a New Contraceptive Pill?

Several Australian Women's Health Specialists are inviting women to participate in an international research study investigating a new oral contraceptive pill. You may be eligible to participate in this study if you:

- are aged between 18 and 50 years?
- are fit and healthy?
- in a relationship and needing contraception?

All women taking part in this 12 month study will receive free medical checks and will be closely monitored by the research team. Study medication will be provided at no cost and reasonable travel costs will be reimbursed.

To find out more information about this study please call

ADELAIDE HORMONE and MENOPAUSE CENTRE
PHONE 8333 8151

This study is approved by the Children's Youth & Women's Health Service Research Ethics Committee

On Dit 74.8

Whilst discussing our favourite ads the other night with some friends, I became all too aware of how much they mean to us. We all have strong opinions of what we like when it comes to advertising. As Nick Hornby bluntly wrote — "It's not what you're like, it's what you like". I (for the most part) LOVE ads. They're as much of the commercial TV-viewing experience as Bert Newton and Eddie McGuire. Having said that, there are undoubtedly a plethora of ads that should be banished from the face of this planet. Designer Direct, Dreamland, Cunningham's Warehouse and of course the king of obnoxious advertising, Mr. Bankrupt, are but a few. Incidentally, have you all seen his latest incarnation — Mrs. Bankrupt?!? In a word, it's atrocious. In two, it's goddamn awful. What's next? Son of Bankrupt?

So what was my point? Ah yes. There's no point denying the influence ads have on our lives. Even the most adamant non-TV watchers can think of their most loved and detested ads when asked. When I sent out a group SMS the other day asking this very question I was literally bombarded with replies. Like it or not, ads not only influence our spending, but our language as well. Sure that whole "puff" thing really took off and Thorpedo's "fully sick" became a badge of shame, but lets face it, who doesn't quote ads? Who doesn't want more "air in their hair"? And who amongst you can honestly say you and your mates have never busted out a spontaneous rendition of the "Shoe Shed" jingle!

I really appreciate good advertising. If I'm going to be sucked into buying some hokey product, I want a considerable amount of time, money and effort put into how to suck me in God dammit! Bad advertising insults me, as it should you.

Kalista Campbell

...with Kalista Campbell and Anais Chevalier

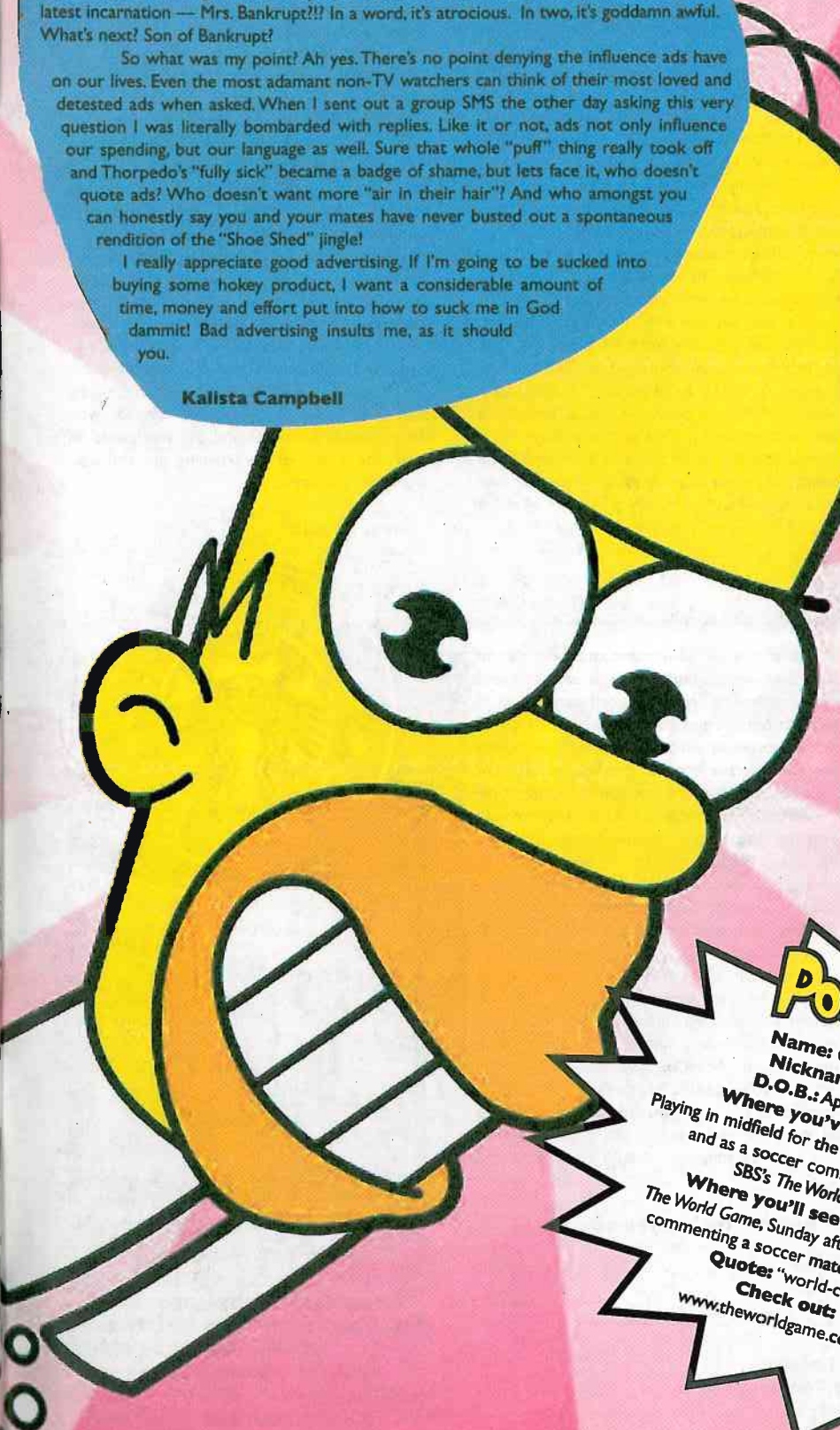
Tee Wee!



!Qwazy Qwiz!

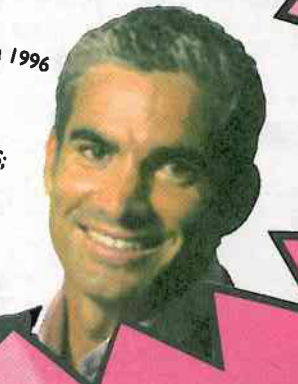
1. Which product featured Beyonce, Pink and Britney Spears as gladiators in a recent TV ad?
2. What mythical character was depicted using humans as skittles for bowling in the first Australian AIDS awareness ads?
3. Which Academy Award Nominated Australian actress gave up a dinner with Tom Cruise for her Mum's roast lamb?
4. According to Channel 9's 20 to 1, what is Australia's number one classic ad?
5. True or False: The ABC will soon start airing ads in 5 minute blocks between programs.
6. What is this commercial advertising (Carlton Big Ad)?
7. The vocals for the animals in the Optus 'Give me the Simple Life' ads are performed by some of Australia's top singers, which crooning quartet voiced the Zebras in this commercial?
8. Which Iced coffee "Was there when the wall came down...saw Cathy in Sydney...and strongly opposed the bush invasion"?
9. What animal had a kung fu showdown with a fisherman in a John West commercial?
10. Which Kath and Kim star made a series of toilet paper ads in the guise of Michael Krok a.k.a. The Little Fat Kid from Hey Dad?

Anais Chevalier



Pocket Tottie!

Name: Craig Foster
Nickname: Fossie
D.O.B.: April 15 1969
Where you've seen him: Playing in midfield for the Socceroos circa 1996 and as a soccer commentator on SBS's *The World Game*.
Where you'll see him next: *The World Game*, Sunday afternoons on SBS; commenting a soccer match near you!
Quote: "world-class"
Check out: www.theworldgame.com.au



On Dit 74.8

"Ritalin™...little...yellow...different"

The Blonde, the Brunette and the Vengeful Redhead

**The Dunstan Playhouse
State Theatre Company
10-27 May**

You knew when you read the ad for this play, there was something special about it. Penned by internationally acclaimed writer Robert Hewett (*Gulls, Walking Eve*) and performed by one of Australia's most recognised actresses, Jacki Weaver (*Picnic at hanging rock*), this play certainly created very high expectations.

The simple yet powerful story deals with murder, relationships, heartbreak and betrayal. Caught amidst the emotional turmoil are seven very unique and special characters, all portrayed by Ms Weaver. The enigmatic and committed performance of Jacki Weaver ensures that even though you just saw her change her costume and makeup right in front of your eyes, she somehow manages to lucidly transfer from one character's shoes to another's. In fact Jacki's performance is so powerful that at times, you just sit there and marvel at her abilities as an actress. Whether it be a middle aged gay female doctor, a pretentious neighbour, a sex-obsessed cheating husband, an old lady or a four (and a half) year old boy, Jacki Weaver can do it all.

Director Jennifer Hagan has made some brave decisions like getting Jacki to change her costume and makeup on stage and the simplicity of the set. But these decisions certainly played an important role in ensuring that this one-act play didn't lose any of its engaging and cathartic impact on the audience.

The simplistic collage like set (especially the background), designed by accomplished designer Laurence Eastwood, achieves the desired level of attachment with the visual elements of a character driven play like this. Eastwood makes good use of screens embedded in the back 'wall' by displaying imagery which is relevant but not obvious. The 'wall' itself is a collage made of bits and pieces from the events in the play. This creates the impressive effect of a set that 'unfolds' as the play progresses. Though the lighting, sound design and music in the play didn't require anything special, they were aptly (and pedantically) handled by Peter Neufeld, Wei Han Liao and Stewart D'Arrietta respectively.

So all in all, here was a production carefully crafted by a bunch of industry veterans who left no room for error and the result was an hour and a half of entertaining yet cathartic professional theatre.

Sahil Choujar



Theatre

...edited by Maxwell Sheffield
and Sahil Choujar

Is it Beckett's worst play? Is it three scenarios/metaphors overlaid in such a way that they never quite coalesce? Is it compassionate and revealing or nihilistic and in stark relief? Each performance, it would seem, is capable of providing different answers to these questions. If it is performed with the right balance of reserve and clownish enthusiasm it becomes a singular masterpiece. The way that it has been presented by the State Theatre this year at first seems to over-emphasise the absurd hilarity of the piece, but as it progresses the control the performers are exerting over their material and the audiences reactions becomes evident- the laughter erupts and abruptly ends in unison, bitten back by the tragedy and humiliation. On this knife's edge your laughter is a wound, unintentionally it is released and becomes a part of the play itself, just another stark object in the expressive emptiness of the setting.

The visual tone of the play is elegant and impactful, the backdrop cleverly constructed out of draping canvas painted with a scorched-sky to give sense of simultaneous infinity and enclosure.

This is one of the funniest and most painful plays ever written but it requires each joke and each relationship to be balanced perfectly or it loses its tension and becomes a mere frenzy of either agonies or ridicules, depending on which way the director errs. Yet this was at near the right note, none of the jokes fell too heavily on the receptive audience, nor did the tragicomedy obscure the more sophisticated structure of relationships: collapse of identities into interdependence; between master and slave, or those who remain indeterminate in their status, placeless and therefore always on the brink of total isolation.

Waiting for Godot has here been given a worthwhile rendition, the tension of the relationship with the audience recapitulating the tension of an indeterminate future about to be decided at the brink of despair, so that there is "nothing to be done". "Ah, that's what I feared, it often occurred to me that there was nothing to be done but then I would pull myself together and say, 'Vladimir, you haven't tried everything yet!'"

Brendan De Paor-Moore

Waiting For Godot

**The Space Theatre
State Theatre Company
7-21 July**




Helping you spend your money since 1994!



Item #342: Cedel Hair Spray

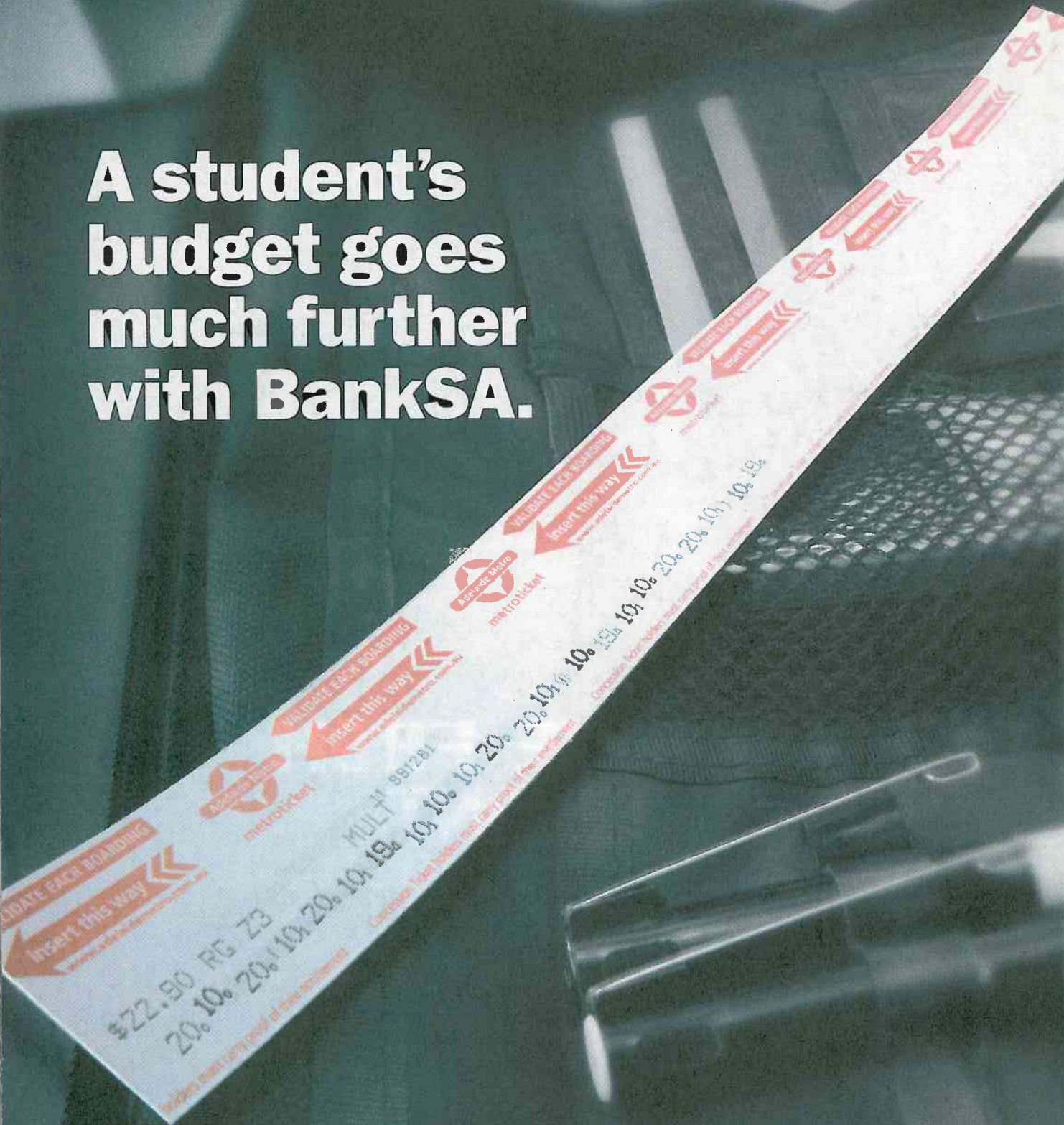
Best. Packaging. Ever. It's hard to believe gems like this still exist in the modern age. Sure the stuff smells like menopause and it's probably not far from arsenic on the Periodic table, but goddamn it's cute. Just add to your dressing table and watch the indie cred flow.
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Next Edition: **Mediocrity**, deadline July 28.
Conceptual artwork by Jenny Holzer (b. 1950)

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