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# On Dit

Volume 74 Edition 3 20. 3.2006



MARCH 2006

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MONDAY  
072/293

DIT  
DAY

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STUDENT  
VOICE

JANNA  
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OnDit  
SAVED  
MY  
MARRIAGE





# DIT DAY!

Wed 22nd March

Barr Smith Lawns

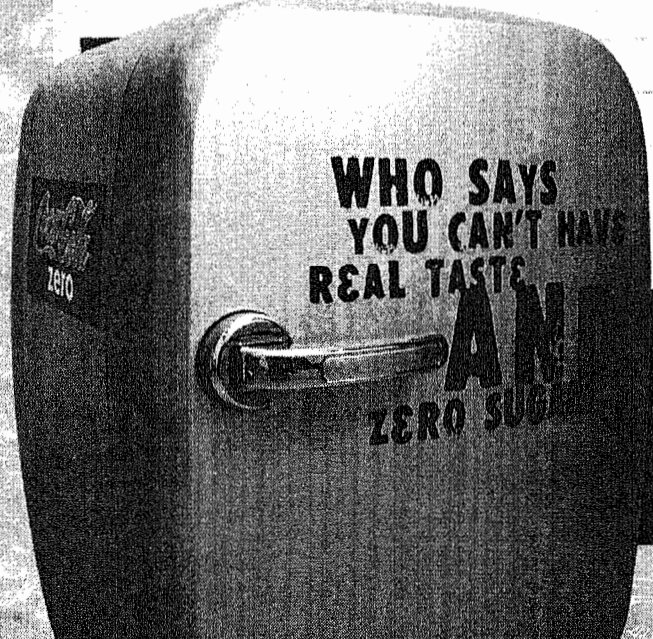
12-4 p.m.

Want to show your appreciation for the little student newspaper that could? Hang out on the lawns and talk politics, art, music and fonts with a bevy of likeminded students? Skip a boring old lecture to win a fridge full of saccharine goodness?

We thought you might.

## Featuring:

- The Mandala Project- Improvisational orchestral divinity. Cute bass player too
- On Dit readings and experimental noise brought to you by past On Dit editors™
- Zine king Ianto Ware - bring zines to trade or \$\$ to buy
- Free BBQ!
- Live art on the lawns with Leo Greenfield and Robin Tatlow-Lord, resident art droogies
- Live badgemaking! Live DIY culture! Woot!
- Muchos CDs, movie passes and video games to give away



Thanks to the kind peeps at Coke, we have a fridge full of Coke Zero to give away. All you have to do is tell us in 25 words or less why you love *On Dit* by 4pm Dit Day. Submit your answers into the 'I heart On Dit' box or e-mail [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au). These competitions are always harder than they sound...



♥'s On Dit

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# EDITORIAL

when the stars in "Women's Weekly" tell you to focus on work instead of love, and the most interest you get from the opposite sex, is a letter from Robert Hill asking you to vote for Dave Pisoni - cause he would - you know it's going to be a long year.

During the week a friend confessed that as a child she had a crush on Agro. I laughed mysteriously. But this friend is very good at dating; it's one of her favourite hobbies. So instead of making her love interests I decided I should learn from her.

Agro was funny, intelligent, successful and reliable. He pushed the banners of conventionality in his prime time tv show 'Cartoon Connection'. He had a great group of friends and was interested in the same things that she was; cartoons, colouring in competitions and prize packs. Agro was a dreamboy.

I on the other hand grew up watching Rage and Video Hits and as a result have no attention span and believe that nothing lasts forever.

I can't help but wonder, had I shown more of an interest in establishing a relationship with a star such as Agro, would I better understand the concept of love and commitment? Would I know what qualities I valued in a mate? Probably, instead I became cynical, counting down the Top 40 songs, experiencing the true slump of an anti-climax when number 1 was crap.

I still expect the number 1 to be amazing but maybe I should just be content with Agro.

n.b. Stephanie Mountzouris believes in love

Hannah and Steph



Front cover by Stephanie Mountzouris

"A Date with Death"

Back cover, from Ed Brubaker's


"A complete Lowlife"

A very special thankyou to our guest editor, Mr. Stanley George Mahoney for a wonderful night down memory lane (& having faith in Bob). Once again, those wacky, daffy sub-eds who choose to put so much sweat into On Dit for peanuts, specially Claire and Anais for le food, Karlle + Sunni, Dan P and Re:Pete for getting hold of VICE. Wankers. Reece the enviro angel, Alexis (rest up toots), Bill, Russy Wussy and Rowan baby, Hannah \*mwa\* and the Media association, the two loveable Architects who stopped by our window, Maddie, Jess and Sooty, Robin, Thomas, Tara, Katie, Naomi the sneakerfreaker, the Star Wars guy who made Steph's day, Mandala Project for playing at Dit Day, Laura, Marie, Chloe, MTK, Ryan for the date & JC for everything. N.B. this is the mating game edition, so technically we should thank our parents for indulging in the practical biology lesson that ensured this edition of On Dit a place in existence. xoxo

if this is not your idea of a good time call on dit on 8303 5404, we promise to return calls xoxo

# The Mating Game Edition

Volume 74 Edition 3

- 
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On DIT is the publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide - and that's where it should remain if anybody should ask. We would like to note that the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Students' Association or the University.

Dear Eds,

There are some things I will never understand. For example, I don't understand people who dedicate their lives to collecting every single Barbie doll ever manufactured. Likewise, I'm baffled by people who pour thousands of dollars into frou frou weddings that are most likely going to be forgotten by everybody who isn't the 'special bride' on her 'special special day'. I also think it's weird that there is a man out there who actually bought the disco floor from Saturday Night Fever. I think that people like this are strange.

**Love Annabel**

**Get Aeon Flux's hair. Hot.**

Dear Eds,

Thanks so much for the Celebrity Hair Book that you included in your last edition. I have been wondering what to do with my hair this autumn for a while now but being able to look and see what all my favourite celebs are doing with their locks really helped me out. I think this season I'm going to go for a Sienna meets Angelina 'do' with a hint of the uptight woman from Desperate Housewives.

Also, where can I get me one of those spunky I heart On Dit badges I see all the cool kids sporting?

Yours,

**Tamara Binkle**

**What On Dit means to me**

In 2004 I edited the On Dit Student Newspaper with Tristan Mahoney. We coughed up 21 editions that year between the two of us. And *Jesus fuck* by the end of the year I was a sickly boozie monkey with relationship problems and impending glandular fever. Thank god that for all of the 70+ hours spent in the office per edition week, a debilitating amount to work a week, we were paid an honorarium that paid for our rent and food for the week. It would have been impossible for us to work a normal-person job for that time. No maniac would hire someone with "only able to work after sleeping after an edition, and not in the day when we take calls from advertisers or at night when everyone is finally out of the office and we can get some layout and editing done" on their resume.

So, these girls need to be paid a healthy wage. They work for a fucking *Union*, don't they? Unions exist solely to protect workers' rights and uphold humanity among working systems.

That said, *On Dit* itself also needs to survive. It is a glorious opposition to mass media, an Adelaide University institution, and the most challenging and diverse free read you can get in this city. Steph and Anna have proven themselves already as some of the finest editors the paper has had in a while. And the students will sorely miss out if the Union goes ahead with their diabolical plans to either crush *your* Student Newspaper, or even more grotesquely, turn it into their own little propaganda machine.

Please students, let those relevant individuals know that *On Dit* is not to be compromised.

**Jimmy Trash/JC/James Cameron**

**Anonymous Hearts On Dit**

On Dit is an independent media outlet. It is evidence that there exist in Adelaide a spirit of improvisation, public space and the ability to from and play with identities in freedom. Its destruction would be a terrible advertisement for the rise of consumer-fascism in our culture. It is one of the few places where work and play blur, and is a singular and broken voice of honest and affirmation, open-cynicism and deliberate idealism. Fine shut it down, RESTRICT IT, MAKES US PAY FOR IT LIKE YOU MAKES US PAY FOR THE WATER WE DRINK, AND THE FOOD WE EAT but if so, its war! You pig-faced sons of bankers!

Bring it under the quiet policing of the market, or the join it to the dying carcass of the irrelevant union, but in doing so, you tear out our souls.

**Anonymous**

**White riot . . . I wanna riot**

Dear Editors,

A wise man once said that politicians are like toddlers. Judging by the last SAUA Council meeting (08/03) I believe the same can be said of student politicians. Regardless of your stance on the somewhat contentious issues being debated there is a standard of etiquette that needs to be followed (hint: meeting procedure.) It is a sad day indeed when the Union President is forced to take control of a SAUA Council meeting blurring the already hazy line of autonomy.

As Council Secretary for this meeting I had the distinct 'pleasure' of recording one of the biggest cat fights I have ever seen in Council. I have taken great pleasure in recording every personal attack and vicious comment made as well as the comings and goings of all councillors from the meeting. While I understand the justifications behind the pulling of quorum I still fundamentally disagree with the use of this especially when Councillors are supposed to be acting as elected representatives of students. However, on this note I would also like to apologise to Sarah Reid and Reece Kinnane for my actions after council I should have taken my issues up with you personally instead of behaving so immaturity.

On the issue of the SAUA's operational budget I pass no comment except these two points.

1. The SAUA needs radical change to ensure its survival until revenue can be sourced from elsewhere

2. The SAUA is already operating for 2006 yet Council is still hesitating to pass an operational budget. Does anyone else have a problem with this?

So that's my two cents. Despite my earlier comment on autonomy I would like to thank Josh Rayner for taking control of the meeting when it looked as though some people would not make it out alive. For all students the next Council meeting is at 5:00 on the 22nd in the Margaret Murray Room. I encourage you to attend because all students are free to speak at these meetings and general students should take an interest in the actions of their elected representatives.

**Rhiannon Newman**

*Letters*



e-mail [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) with your submissions. Or don't. Whatever cuts your treacle

**We try not to Corri, honest!**

Dear On Dit,

It might be a good idea that when putting out On Dit's for people to read, you cut off the packing straps. This morning I had to wrestle with the damn stuff to get one out of the stand outside the Mayo in the cloisters today. Unfortunately I don't carry around a stanley knife with me. I only did this because I have been here for 6 years now and and I don't really care about wrestling with a pile of On Dit's at 9 in the morning in front of about 50 first years hanging out in the cloisters. But I can tell you they will not do it...none of THEM were reading On Dit and there was no sign of wrestling with this stack before I got to it. So if you want first years to get into your paper...you know what to do.

**Corri**

PS. It is also of environmental concern to me when I see all these papers still in their packing straps left lying around at the end of the week without even

**Muchos babes in Anthropology**

Dear On Dit,

I am writing to tell you about my undergraduate crush on one of my lecturers. Dr Tom Burton is the spunkiest man in the English Department. He teaches about ye olde type texts. I would quite like to ask him out on a date but am not quite sure how to go about it. I even have the most excellent date planned, we could go and see the Fringe show 'The Rap Canterbury Tales'. Isn't that perfect?

We could watch it together, perhaps sway to some funky beats and then after debate the pros and cons of transferring sixteenth century verse into a modern rap arrangement, perhaps whilst drinking mead.

This will never happen seeing that I can't even mutter a sentence in his tutorials in the fear that he will scoff at my mediocre observations. He would scoff secretly because he isn't in the business of belittling undergraduates. But sometimes the secret scoff is worse..

You all seem like savvy girls about town. Any advice for a hapless second year in love with an authority figure?

**Naive in Napier..**

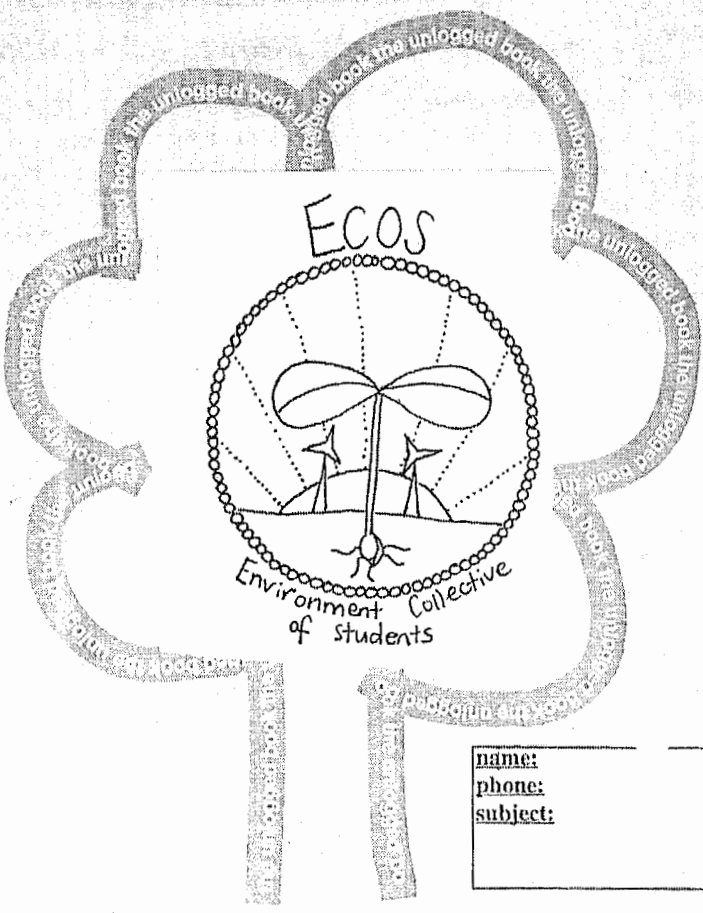
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name:  
phone:  
subject:

# the unlogged book



ECOS meets  
4pm Tuesdays  
Barr Smith  
Lawns

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE ENVIRONMENT DEPARTMENT OF  
THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE + ECOS Environment  
Collective of students



This is a picture of Jarvis Cocker.

ECOS, the environment collective of students have been collecting scrap paper to make re-usable lecture pads...this means less paper wastage and reduced demands for premium forest sourced paper. Re-use and then recycle people! It's free!

Pick some up on the lawns on Wednesday 22<sup>nd</sup> March on Dit Day and again Wednesday 29<sup>th</sup> at the Eco.s Recycled Paper Stall, or from the On Dit office if you can stand the smell. Contact [eco.students@gmail.com](mailto:eco.students@gmail.com) for more info

## A Love Poem:

by a rogue romantic traveller stopp'd at our window in the dead of the night. Bless him.

SHAY CUFFORD

I love you I do  
Believe me its true  
But does not happy,  
And ~~either~~ as you.

I wanna make you ~~happy~~ smile  
I dont wanna see you sad  
Stay with me forever,  
And I'll never treat you bad,

Until you get that ring,  
lets make with what we've got,  
I'll stay with you forever baby,  
Promise you won't forget.

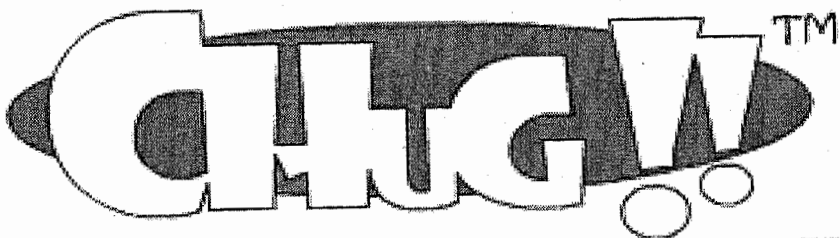
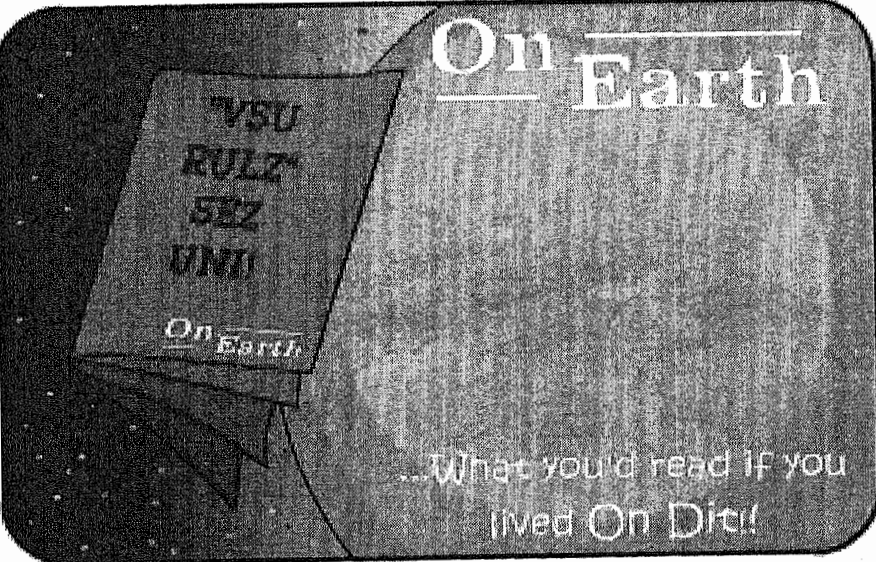
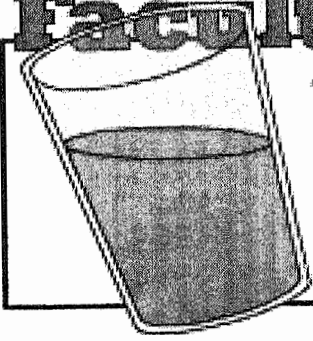
I could see the stars shining from your eyes,  
Bright from the very start,  
Although people said I needed help,  
I needed a bigger heart.

James Richards'

jellykingdom@hotmail.com

## Faculty of Errors

This episode is brought to you  
by Chug Beer:  
...9 out of 10 Earthians prefer it...



# DO TH SOMETIMES COUNSEL TAKE - AND SOMETIMES ON DIT

## On Dit through the ages

Unlike some other newspapers, *On Dit* has not yet brought down any national governments or started any major wars.

But this is not to say that it has never tried. In the 1960s it was at the forefront of student activism. In 1972 it changed its name to *Heresay 14* in protest against the French nuclear tests. And it was *On Dit* that launched and won the campaign to make a student—rather than a staff member—the Union President.

Over the years *On Dit* has been sued for libel, suspended completely (during the Second World War) and moved many times. It began as the “official organ of the Union”. Then it fell under a student editorial committee, then the Students’ Representative Council, and only then, most recently, the Students’ Association.

It may surprise some current student unionists that *On Dit* is forty years older than the Students’ Association, which dates only from 1972.

It may also surprise them how much work the *On Dit* editors do—sometimes, I think, more than the whole rest of the Students’ Association put together. *On Dit* is almost like a cult, working zealously at

all hours of the night and on weekends in the deepest and darkest dungeon of the Union, next to the men’s loo.

Its original philosophy still rings true, though our editors today—reflecting changes in student life—should probably amend “tea” to “beer”.

## Save On Dit

So why am I bothering with this wistful little history lesson?

It is to show how significant *On Dit* is to our campus culture. Right now the Union, including its political off-shoot the Students’ Association, is debating how to allocate its budget now its membership fees are going to be voluntary. And I am worried that it will neglect much of this history.

Long ago, when I was Union President (2004), we set up a History Project to reclaim the history of the Union. We wanted you to know, for example, that the Mayo Refectory is named not after the main ingredient in its food, but after early South Australian feminist Helen Mayo. We already had an ideal set of historical records—every edition of *On Dit* since 1932.

One of my best memories of the Union is the launch of the renamed Harry Medlin Rooms, when former student unionists as old as eighty returned to the

Union for the first time in many years.

Sadly, the Union did not continue the History Project after 2004.

But, all the same, today it is not enough to think about merely how much each service costs the Union or how many students use it (though *On Dit* reaches further than most other Union services). Some parts of the Union we can lose and one day rebuild, but others will be lost forever if we do not keep them alive now.

In the words of a letter to *On Dit* from 1933,

*On Dit* is well worth your trouble, Sir. It gives us an interesting and informative summary of what is doing at the 'Varsity, and it furnishes, also, much food for thought and opportunity for cheerful bickering. I hope that the present level of amusing recrimination will continue. On with the dance, let joy be unrefined.

*On Dit* was well worth the trouble then—and it is still well worth the trouble.

**Rowan Nicholson**  
Happily retired from the Union

### (Footnotes)

<sup>1</sup> All quotations are from Margaret M Finnis, *The Lower Level: A Discursive History of The Adelaide University Union* (1975).

Our Union’s “chief activity”, someone wrote in the 1930s, was “lounging around the cloisters and enjoying the company of the pretty society girls”.<sup>1</sup>

Today this is only partly right, because the Union also prints *On Dit*.

Now do not get me wrong here—the Adelaide University Union’s other parts are important too. I devoted enough hours to that organisation when I was its President to know how important they are. Without Sports, Clubs or the Unibar, our campus culture would probably die a slow, embarrassing death.

But *On Dit* is the Union’s beating heart. Only *On Dit* has been at the centre of every academic and political debate on campus for seventy-five years.

Take this debate, for example, from the days when Union meetings were alive with politics and passion and reasoned argument:

One side held that a university was not, nor should it be a mere knowledge-shop. The other faction held that that was precisely what it was and should be....It was between these two extremes that the strife arose about...the compulsory membership of the Union which was, about the time of which I am speaking, imposed on all students....

Were these the heady days of 2005—when the Howard Government legislated to make Union membership voluntary? No, though take away the reasoned argument and they might well have been.

No, these were the early 1930s. Around the time when *On Dit* was born.

## The birth of On Dit

Without *On Dit*, things might have been very different. The previous student newspaper, *The Varsity Ragge*, was sponsored by the Adelaide University Christian Union (from which the more conservative Evangelical Union later split away).

In 1930 the Adelaide University Union set up a subcommittee to “assassinate” the “low standard” *Varsity Ragge*. It recommended that a new student newspaper

- Come out at regular fortnightly intervals;
- Provide “news on all current matters of student interest” and a “platform for discussion of such matters”;
- Be free to every undergraduate member of the Union; and
- Be funded from the proceeds of the Exhibition and the Carnival.

In 1932, the first year of *On Dit*, the editor summed up its philosophy with a quotation from Alexander Pope: “Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea”. He meant that *On Dit* is a forum for both student opinions and the social side of University life.





# BOB ELLIS

In our time of trouble, the infamous writer and film maker reflects on his helcion campus days.

In 1960 when Robert Hughes, Clive James, Les A. Murray, Germaine Greer, Mungo MacCallum, Laurie Oakes, Richard Walsh, Richard Wherrett, Richard Brennan, Richard Butler, John Bell, John Gaden, Bruce Beresford, Michael Kirby and I all wrote for the Sydney University newspaper *honi soit*, and Martin Sharp drew cartoons for it, nobody much among us thought each other particularly talented (while quietly each of us assessing ourselves to be an above-average genius) and the paper came out each week without fuss. Nothing then written, apart from perhaps five poems by Clive and Les, has endured. Nothing has been preserved in their collected, or selected, works of any of the participants. Each of us was feeling our way, uncertain, egocentric, blustering, scared of what we were each week handwriting, then typing up on our Olivettis, and laying out in the paper's pages, afraid we were making fools of ourselves.

But we began. And some of us -- Greer, Hughes, James, Bruce, Les, Michael Kirby, Richard Butler -- in different fields (with *The Female Eunuch*, *The Fatal Shore*, *Unreliable Memoirs*, *Breaker Morant*, *Fredy Neptune*, there is High Court judgements, the charging of Saddam Hussein with WMDs) changed the world. *honi* gave us our grounding in courage. We filled up our fountain pens with Quink, and got to work.

It was a different world back then, of course. Having won World War 2 our side seemed surely on the way to a good, enduring, liberal, humanist civilisation. It was conceivable we might after, say, ten years of teaching, make our living as novelists, journalists or screenwriters, or editors

of some adult weekly, like *Nation* or *The Observer*. The riches of *Nation Review* were still unimaginable. But we saw a future in which, in England perhaps (and many of us went to England), we would make modest names, modest incomes for ourselves as manufacturers of literature or, say, television comedy. Making millions, as some of us did, was unthinkable. Almost indecent.

We learned, too, how good things come in clusters, in groups like the one we were in. And how, admixed with our team spirit, our esprit de corp, was a stirred competitiveness that moved us, rubbing up against each other, to do better than each other. We wrote reviews of each others' stage performances. We wrote and sang new songs. We gave speeches at Union Night defaming one another. We played those student ego games that we still see played in federal parliament.

Our contemporary John Howard, then also at Sydney Uni, never contributed to *honi*. He never tested his eloquence, his gift of words, against Clive's, or Bob's, or Germaine's. And so he went on into the ghastly banality of speech which has characterised his long career, never having been tested against talented contemporaries. Living, and prattling, in his own world, and slowly dragging his nation into his diminished vision of reality.

And it's a pity. We would, I think, have sorted him out. Taught him there were different ways of looking at life, at art, at politics. Embraced him in the grand, expanding humanism of the day.

But he never turned up at *honi soit*. Or at SUDS. Or at Union Night. And those things that so enlarged us

he's now abolishing with his anti-student fees laws, from undergraduate life. More and more a university is now a degree factory, less and less a kind of Grand Tour of the Humanities, the Arts, the Literary Life. More and more that instinct, that first, fine careless rapture of student life, is being punished by Howardism, which seeks in the end to erase it.

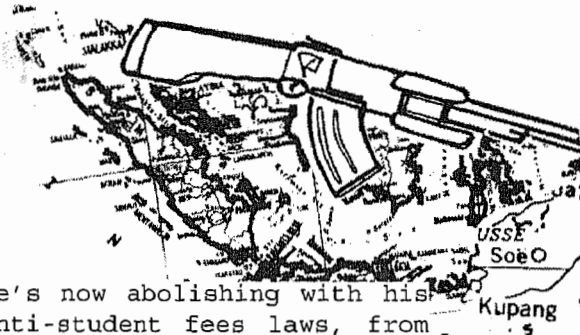
Are student papers a good thing? Well, in my case they were. They got me writing, and from that sort of writing into the ABC, and screenwriting, and film direction, theatre owning, books on politics, plays. They taught me -- and Clive, and Germaine -- the variety of things we could possibly do with words and punctuation. They gave us a new dimension to work in. They gave us hope, and pleasure, and lifelong friends.

But we were the lucky ones, in a golden age, when compulsory unionism gave us a civilisation we reveled in, grew in, prevailed in.

What a sorry contrast it is today, as John Howard, the undergraduate illiterate, rewrites humanity in his image.

What a pity.

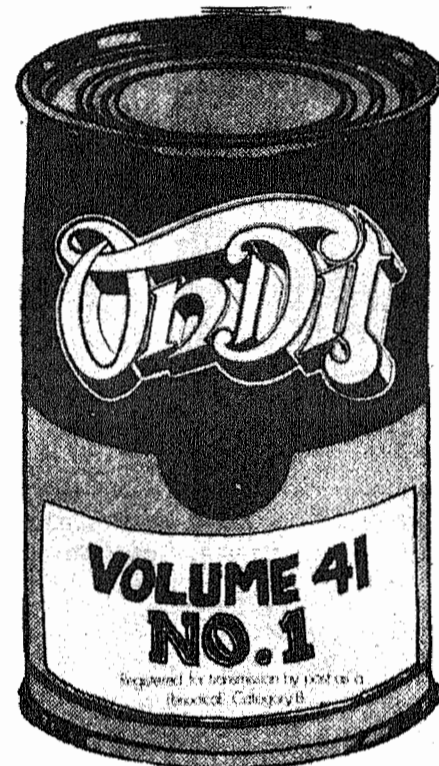
BOB ELLIS



The following motions were passed at a meeting of students on Thursday 6th March on the Barr-Smith Lawns.

1. That this meeting supports the demonstration, to be held this afternoon, against the threats of an Indonesian invasion of East Timor.
2. That this meeting supports FRETILIN in their struggle for an Independent Timor.
3. That this meeting calls on the Australian Government to take all possible steps to stop any Indonesian invasion and support Timorese self-determination.

**Clockwise from top:** On Dit pre-empted the Howard Government by 23 years (Volume 43.2, 1975); cover logo (1973); cartoon strip commemorating "banned" edition of On Dit (Volume 72.5, 2005); how times haven't changed very much (Volume 41.6, 1973); cute gratitude (Volume 46.5, 1978).



Association (nominations for both bodies close 5 p.m., FRIDAY JULY 6).

## THE BUSINESS OF PAID EDITOR

The following motion was passed at a Publications Committee meeting last week: That the Publications Committee strongly urge the Union to provide in 1974 an amount equal to weekly Government unemployment benefits during the academic year for payment of an ON DIT editor, and that this be published during the elections for that year. The Union (and the SAUA) have both passed motions in support of payment of ON DIT editor, but the money has not been forthcoming. In the budget which 1974's editors submit, this allowance will be included and will most likely be provided by the Union.

**STOP PRESS:** A referendum will be held at the same time as the elections to determine student opinion about payment of editors.

Dear Sir,  
I was surprised on reading in ON DIT 7 to find myself used as an

Under the terms of the SAUA constitution the ON DIT editor has to be a student, i.e. he (she) has to do at least one subject, so giving him (or her) an allowance won't affect that.

An ON DIT editor cannot devote the necessary time to the paper and still participate fully in university life even now.

People, even now, leave everything up to the editor. He is expected to produce regular good quality newspapers without much help or else there are constant and bitter complaints. Instead of a direct employer-employee relationship there is a producer-consumer relationship which can be just as dehumanising, especially when the Editor has to work or get other financial assistance in order to live thus reducing the capacity to produce a good paper.

People on campus demand professionalism in their campus newspaper. Then we come to the argument of priorities, i.e. other activities ought to be financed in preference to paying a full-time editor. By adopting that attitude you could be saving up to \$1000 and virtually throwing away \$13,000 (which is about the size of the annual ON DIT budget), through having an incompetent editor.

To protect the investment in ON DIT and overcome the problem of editorial irresponsibility, two things are essential:

1. That the responsibilities of the editorial position are specified and there are sufficient means open to the campus to ensure that ON DIT is fulfilling its proper function. Under the present SAUA Constitution the members at a General meeting can take appropriate action but I do feel that the responsibilities should be specified more.

**On Dit**

Sharp:  
ANS, PETER, LOINE,  
TERRY, TERRY, NICK,  
NONNET, KERRY, BRANDON,  
DAVID, BARRY, MRSO,  
MICHAEL, PETER, STEWART,  
BRONWYN, SPORTS CLUBS,



NIFF SAIN

O

# News & Media Watch



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## Milosevic dies in Prison

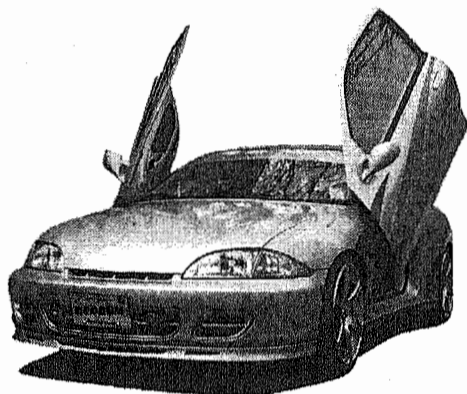
Slobodan Milosevic, former president of Yugoslavia, has died of heart failure at the age of 64. Milosevic, dubbed the 'Butcher of the Balkans' was found dead in his prison cell in The Hague, where he was standing trial for war crimes, crimes against humanity, and 66 counts of genocide. In Belgrade, Milosevic's remaining supporters lit candles for him.

Although Milosevic had a long history of heart problems, and an even longer history of refusing treatment, claims that he was poisoned are not likely to subside anytime soon. Milosevic himself declared that his doctors were trying to kill him by deliberately administering the wrong medication. These allegations prompted Milosevic's lawyer to request that the autopsy be conducted in Moscow, claiming that if he had indeed been murdered, The Hague could not be trusted to carry out the procedure. This request was denied, although Russian experts will be allowed to attend the autopsy. Whatever the findings, rumours of poison and murder are sure to continue regardless. It was later announced that Milosevic's body will then be released to his family, who may then decide where it shall be transported and interred. This presents something of a problem, as his widow, Mirjana Markovic, is currently living in Moscow in order to evade prosecution on charges of abusing her power. This precludes her from collecting Milosevic's body, as she is wanted by Interpol, and consequently can't go near The Hague without risking arrest. In an interview, Markovic stated that she would return to Serbia for her husband's funeral if she was granted amnesty. Serbian president Boris Tadic has since ruled out any possibility of amnesty being granted.

It remains to be seen whether those who suffered under Milosevic's regime will be left with any sense of closure after his death, as although he was standing trial, he had not actually been convicted of any crime. Has justice finally been done, or has he escaped punishment? Only time will tell.

Milosevic is also survived by a son, Marko, and a daughter, Marija.

Soph

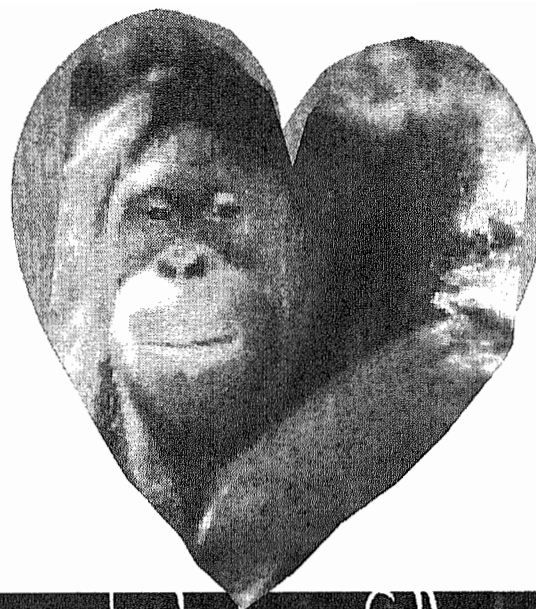


Just to make everyone out there feel a little bit smarter...\*\*

Michael Chapman had just stolen a shiny car for himself, and was making his getaway when it dawned on him that he didn't really know his way around Ohio. He randomly decided to stop at the house of a certain Thomas Eltringham, who kindly obliged him with the directions he needed. At this point, Mr. Chapman must have thought it was going rather well. However, only 25 miles later he found himself being pursued by police, so he dumped the car and ran off. They still caught up with him, and he was arrested. It turns out that a woman had notified the police that the car was stolen after she received a phone call from her dad, asking her if she knew where her car was. Her Dad: Thomas Eltringham, the dude our crook asked for directions. Supremely bad luck, stupidity or karma, you decide...

Soph

\*\* This is not actually the stolen car, but it does look rather shiny.



## feelgood story of the week

Tondalayo the orangutan was depressed. The 45-year-old resident of Zoo World, Florida, had lost her mate two years ago, and was too old to be given a new love interest. Nor could she be moved to another zoo. The future looked pretty bleak for Tondalayo: she faced a life alone. She had some ducks and turtles for company, but it just wasn't enough. The zoo staff were at a loss as to what could help her with her grief, but luckily for them, the solution was at hand in the form of a stray tabby cat called T.K. In a fluke act of bonding, the pair have become completely inseparable since they were introduced last year. They play together, sleep together (in a platonic way) and apparently share lots of hugs. Zoo staff say that Tondalayo is a much happier orangutan, now she has a friend.

Now don't tell me that I give you nothing but doom and gloom...

Soph

## NEWSBYTES

The CIA is feeling the heat after an American newspaper revealed that the identities of 2,653 of its operatives could be easily found via Internet searches. Although not all of that number were covert agents, the agency was still disturbed (and somewhat annoyed) to discover that any of them could be found through simple methods such as checking out voting records and telephone listings. Worse news for the CIA is that the Chicago Tribune also managed to unearth at least two dozen of its secret facilities.

Michelle Bachelet has been sworn in as President of Chile, making her the nations first, and South America's second, female president. The former defence minister was imprisoned and tortured during the Pinochet regime, before fleeing the country and seeking refuge in Australia.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture has revealed that it is studying a suspected case of mad cow disease. If it is confirmed that the cow, which hails from Iowa, has Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy it will become the third definite case discovered in the United States. Meanwhile, the government is going into panic mode, and is in the process of trying to reassure importers of American beef that there's no cause for alarm.

Dan Brown is being sued by two historians who claim that his best-selling novel 'The Da Vinci Code' is based on their idea. Michael Baignet and Richard Leigh are not suggesting that Brown plagiarised from their own book, but that he has actually nicked their entire premise. The trial is expected to revolve around the question of whether ideas can actually be subjected to copyright.

The world could soon see the end of ironing, according to a British inventor.

Oliver Blackwell has apparently invented a machine which not only washes and dries your clothes, but irons them as well. Now there's progress for you.

The newest attempt to sell Australia to the world as a wonderful tourist destination has been banned in the UK. The ubiquitous "Where the bloody hell are you?" ad has been deemed too offensive by the Broadcast Advertising Clearance Centre (BACC), the organisation which gets the final say as to whether ads may be shown. Despite the fact that 'bloody' may well be considered the British national word (second perhaps only to 'bollocks'), it is apparently ranked as the 27th most offensive word, according to BACC guidelines.

Venezuelan president Hugo Chavez has unveiled a new national flag, which he says pays homage to Simon Bolívar. Although Chavez asserts that the flag is a part of his 'Bolivarian Revolution' to aid the poor, others have criticised the new flag as, at best, a whim, and at worst an egotistical stunt which wastes state funds. Changes to the current flag include an extra star, a white horse going left (instead of right, as it is now), and additions to represent the workers and the nation's indigenous population.

Kite-flying has been banned in Lahore after the deaths of seven people in the past two weeks. The ban comes just ahead of the city's annual festival, where kites are flown to mark the arrival of spring. Apparently some people reinforce the strings of their kites with a paste which includes powdered glass, so that they can duel against other people. The latest victim, a four-year-old boy, had his throat slit by a stray string.

Soph

## MEDIA WATCH:

# The Mating Game

Ah, the Mating Game. Such a wonderful, perplexing thing. Easier for some to partake in than for others. And it seems that in recent times it has only been made easier by the wonder of modern technology that is online dating. Think about it – it's how Kip Dynamite met La Fawnduh, how Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan overcame their contempt for each other and formed a romance in that horrible, horrible *You've Got Mail* film. \*\*\*

For this week's *Media Watch* segment it seemed like a good idea (um, for research purposes only, of course) to have a look at the many ways in which the Internet facilitates the mating game. Online dating services are a lucrative business and have become more and more specialised as it has been made apparent just how many lost 'n lonely people with specific needs there are out there. There is the dating site actually programmed by Harvard maths graduates – thus GUARANTEEING its success in matching you up with your dreamboat. There's *datemypet.com*, which brings pet-lovers together. This one seemingly has a high success rate – one satisfied customer writes "I never thought I would meet anyone who loved dogs as much as me. Dates without pets didn't let me see how a person really feels about dogs." As mentioned in last week's *Media Watch*, vegetarians can try their luck at finding like-minded lovers through *veggielove.com* and *veggiedate.org*. For the

shallow-at-heart, there's *sugardaddy.com*, where it seems you can only fit into one of two categories: "Wealthy Men" and "Attractive Women."

Then, of course, there's the Easter Dating Method, which provides a simple way of determining the date of Easter for any year from 326 to 4099 AD (FYI, next year Easter falls on April 8<sup>th</sup>, and the year after that we will be celebrating Easter in MARCH).

There are also the "online communities" like *makeoutclub.com*, where emo kids (when not hanging out outside/inside Borders) post photos and profiles, including their interests, music tastes and profound thoughts. This site was set up in 2000 and prides itself on "uniting like-minded nerds, loners, indie rockers, record collectors, video gamers, hardcore kids, and artists through friendship, music, and sometimes love." Makeoutclub administrators maintain that their site is not exclusively for dating. However the number of girls posting photos of their chests, and people proclaiming their loneliness and love of "making out" suggests that a lot of them don't just want to discuss the new Dashboard Confessional album.

Forbes reports revenues from online dating services as exceeding US\$214 million in the first half of 2003. This number was 76% higher than that recorded the year before. The Online

Dating Magazine Media Centre also provides some staggering statistics.

Estimates show that revenue from online dating will reach \$642 million in 2008. It seems that whereas online dating may have had a certain shame attached to it in the past, it has lost its stigma. This can certainly be seen in the sheer number of sites, and the specificity of demographics which they target (did I mention *cowboy.com*, which helps Western lads "hook up with a cowgirl or two for some 2-steppin' action?"). Ah, the mating game and the internet... a match made in heaven!

In other media watch news...

*The Australian* recently reported that the Federal Government's Muslim advisory committee – a group set up six months ago in the wake of the London bombings to provide advice to John Howard and Co. on matters concerning the Australian Muslim community – are to be issued with a series of instructions, courtesy of the Immigration Department, on how to deal with the media. The draft copy of the Muslim Community Reference Group handbook reportedly contains the following handy hints for becoming more media-savvy:

Napoleon, don't be jealous that I've been chatting online to babes all day.



"Times have changed – many journalists are women. Deal with them in the same manner and with the same respect as you would their male colleagues."

"Don't lie, don't bluff, don't panic and don't apologise."

"If you know you will have to lie during an interview, don't do the interview. Sooner or later the truth will come out, and you will lose all credibility."

How generous of the government to offer such sage advice. Makes me wonder if part two of the booklet will contain any tips on what to do in the event of lies being made public. Expect chapters devoted to backtracking, claiming ignorance and palming the blame onto someone else.

Ola Bednarczyk

## MEDIA WHORES OF THE WEEK

Stephanie & Anna



This week's illustrious honour is shared by none other than your *On Dit* editors Anna Svedberg and Stephanie Mountzouris, who have emerged briefly from the dank depths of the *On Dit* office and launched a blistering pro-*On Dit* media campaign. You may have heard them on 3D Radio, Fresh FM and Radio Adelaide, or seen their product placement handiwork on *Today Tonight*. In coming weeks their two-woman media assault hopes to take in SAFM, Nova and the *Advertiser*. Why all the exposure, you ask? Are they starring in a new film? Have they gone mad with power and decided to take over every Adelaide media outlet they can get their hands on? Actually it's all a bid to raise public awareness and support for *On Dit*. Faced with further impending budget cuts, *On Dit* has to prove its worth and significance as the voice of the student body and an all-round super cool publication. And for undertaking this noble cause Anna and Steph have earned the title of Media Whores of the Week (it's a compliment... really!).

## MEDIA WAR: On Dit v Australian Defence Force

Brendan Nelson has criticised schools for not promoting the Australian Defence Force (ADF) as a viable career choice for students. He does not want to force people into the ADF but does not want teachers to use pejorative ways to dissuade them either. He would be happy for his children to choose the ADF as a career. In its desire for funding for *On Dit* we might think *On Dit* might ask Dr Nelson to supply advertising revenue by placing ADF ads in *On Dit*. The trouble is, that *On Dit* would probably not accept such funding. Here are some reasons why.

\* Whilst we like the idea of true contradictions, well those in Logic classes above year 3 do, we don't like contradictions that harm people. 'This sentences is false' is fine, but an Australian Defence Force that is used aggressively is a contradictory position that has brought harm. As such, no thank you. Note this is not pejorative, we're just setting out our claims clearly and succinctly. A statement that, if true, must be false, and if false, must be true, has never invaded Iraq, for example!

\* The ADF promotes a false sense of patriotism. You have to salute the flag to be an Australian. Perhaps we should promote patriotism as the adherence to peace, forthright discussion of views (over a Barbie) and being good at sport. It is not obvious that joining the ADF promotes these values.

\* The ADF teaches people to kill. We like to teach people to live.

\* *On Dit* does not in any way want to be seen to be condoning the current activities of the ADF, in Iraq.

\* We don't want to accept help from the person who introduced the need for advertising in the first place. (Remember VSU, Dr Nelson).

\* Dr Nelson has a medical degree, which means his title is only honorary. This is pejorative, but what the hell.

The ADF takes people out of University. We want advertisers who encourage people to go to university.

Note that *On Dit* is making an ethical decision, rather than chasing the money. Still, if the ADF do come calling, we're not in on that day! Should the Australian Daffodil Fellows wish to advertise, we're more than willing to help. We like yellow flowers. Agree? E-mail [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au).

Andrew J Turner

# The Rann Government and Anti-Social Behaviour

## Current Affairs

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In the lead up to the March 18 State Election, the Rann Government has started talking about the aspects of behaviour that can cause distress to local communities. Michael Atkinson has referred to such behaviour as 'anti-social behaviour'. But what does this mean? Well, as a term it has many roots, but the one that the ALP cite is the introduction of Anti-social legislation in the UK. So, how would such legislation operate in South Australia?

Take the claim that this legislation would allow the naming and shaming of youths. The police, note the police, and the courts will have the opportunity (power) to advertise the actions of local youths (13 years+) by placing photos etc., at relevant positions. Let's look at the reasoning behind such a move.

By doing this Michael Atkinson thinks that a spiral of descent into criminal activity will be avoided. Naming and shaming an adolescent will act as a circuit breaker and prevent the youth from entering the criminal system. How exactly would this work? By bringing the police and the courts into the equation. The police and courts will have such power to stop the youth from coming into contact with the police and the courts. That makes sense. Decriminalise the youth by making them a criminal.

We have yet to see the details of the legislation. In the UK, the legislation places the youth into a situation where they have to act in certain ways. Anti-Social Behaviour Orders (called ASBOs) are placed on the youth, and action plans are put into effect. So if the child - note child - is having problems, the theory is that they can obtain enough help to prevent them turning anti-social behaviour into criminal behaviour. This seems acceptable.

Return to the definition of anti-social behaviour. Since this is only a policy statement, I will look at its inspiration; the UK legislation. In the 1998 *Crime and Disorder Act*, to act in an anti-social way is to act 'in a manner that caused, or was likely to cause harassment, alarm and distress to one or more persons not of the same household as himself' (Part 1, Chp.1, Section 1). This, of course, makes it by definition, impossible for a woman to act in an anti-social way. Letting that slide then, what is it for a person to act in such a way?

It seems sufficient that a person feels distressed, or feels that they might be distressed by that action. Michael Atkinson thinks that civil orders should combat things like 'street drinking', 'intimidating behaviour', 'truancy', 'nuisance neighbours' and 'vandalism', without resort to criminal sanctions. No going to the Footy then.

But why highlight the fact that such orders can be brought about without resorting to the criminal system? The criminal system places a rigorous evidential burden on the prosecution. If a person is guilty of an offence, then

there will be evidence of that guilt. The police are responsible for gathering that evidence, which gets passed onto the Public Prosecutors to use in the courts. What happens when we introduce punishments that do not need to go to court?

This burden gets diluted. This requirement for sufficient evidence to convince a jury of the accused peers of his (note his) guilt, disappears. This suggests that a suspicion, an accusation, a belief and so on, are sufficient to give the police grounds for applying Anti-Social behaviour procedures. Could the police become judge jury and executioners? We shouldn't panic just yet, but should ask questions of the candidates about having some sort of evidential requirement. If the Rann Government does follow the UK legislation then it seems that the evidence can be hearsay. All the 'victim' need do is tell the police that they did feel, or might have felt, harassed, alarmed or distressed. Under the current Anti-terrorism laws, an accusation is sufficient for punishment. It seems that the Rann Government is adopting this line.

## Fee-Help and HECS

More than one quarter of all HECS debt will not be repaid, according to the Federal Education Department (\$2.9 billion). Andrew Norton thinks that the current Government system for reducing losses is inefficient. He starts with Fee-Help. Fee-Help is the system set up by Brendan Nelson in 2003 to assist those wishing to study, but have not obtained a government funded HECS place. Fee-Help is currently capped at \$51 000, for normal degrees and \$80 000 for medical degrees. Norton thinks that this is insufficient because it cannot help full-fee paying students with very expensive degrees. To become more efficient, Norton proposes a commercial arrangement, delightfully called "financing personal human capital investment"<sup>2</sup>. Fee-Help, instead of being capped should be provided according to the likely ability to repay.

At present, Norton thinks the caps on Fee-Help can not remove the inequitable nature of up front fees for medical related degrees, which can cost over \$160 000. If funds were provided according to an ability to repay, then these up front fees would not disadvantage those willing to take on full-fee paying places.

"Financing a \$180 000 medical degree for a talented, committed young person would make sense, since their earnings would easily cover repayment obligations. Financing a \$30 000 arts degree for a 70-year-old pensioner would not make sense, since pensioners do not earn enough to repay huge loans"<sup>3</sup>.

Yet Fee-Help would fully fund the pensioner and only part fund the medical student.

This all sounds very rational. Here commercial arrangements are applied to

a commercial arm of university places. Those students who wish to fully fund their places at university can enter into commercial arrangements for funding. Such a system would involve a radical revamp of the Higher Education sector.

Norton further proposes that the current divide between HECS financing and Fee-Help financing be removed and a single commercial arrangement be instigated. The rationale behind this streamlined arrangement is that the distinction between government funded HECS education and Full-Fee funding is breaking down.

But if we were to combine the Fee-Help and HECS systems all funding provided for every tertiary student would be awarded based on a projected ability to repay. This is supposed to remove inequality. But if funding were based on purely commercial strategies then inequality would become institutionalised. Who would the commercial lender finance; the young ex-St. Peters student who, whilst clever is not a genius but whose capacity to earn is great, or the extremely bright but older single mother from the Northern/Southern suburbs wishing to educate herself to re-enter the workforce? If funding were awarded purely on commercial grounds, the single mother would be struggling. At the moment, the government funded HECS system at least goes some way to alleviating inequity based on circumstances, and rewards ability. Norton's proposed system would remove any semblance that an education is available to those with academic ability, rather than an ability to pay. Education is one of the great poverty breakers, opening opportunities to those less fortunate but with the determination and ability to escape the poverty trap. This gets destroyed if funding is solely awarded on commercial grounds.

Note Norton's use of a biased example. The young student for a medical degree is "talented" and "committed". The alternative, supposed to make us think that Norton is talking common sense, is a pensioner studying, shock horror, an Arts' degree, fast becoming a pejorative term. Question, from an Arts graduate: if the young student is talented, how come he could not secure a HECS place, since these are based on academic merit, *not* an ability to pay? The use of "talented" here is supposed to persuade us, it should be seen for what it is: rhetoric.

**Andrew Turner**

(Footnotes)

<sup>1</sup> From the Centre for Independent Studies: cis.org.au. The CIS pretty much sings from the same song sheet as the Liberal Party.

<sup>2</sup> Andrew Norton, Loan help half-baked, *The Age*, Monday 27 February 2006

<sup>3</sup> Andrew Norton, Loan help half-baked, *The Age*, Monday 27 February 2006, Education Supplement p. 16.

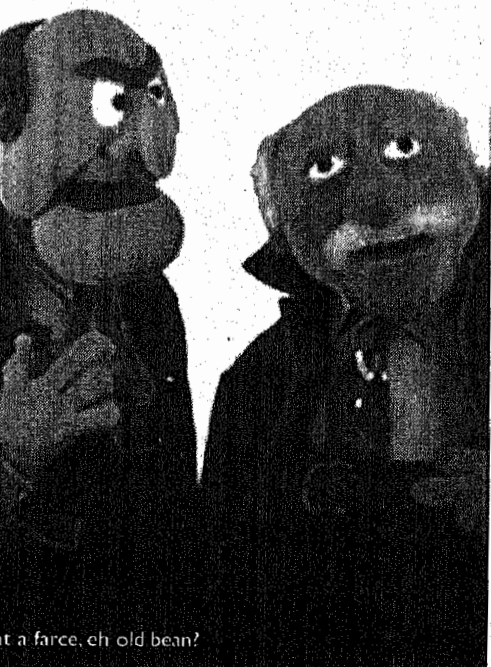
## WHAT THE F\*\*\*?

**SAUA Website:**

"Get involved,  
Read On Dit"

**SAUA Council:**

"Let's stop  
funding On Dit"



at a farce, ch old bean?

# Presenting your Politics:

## The Image of Professional Protestors and the Environment Movement

Our way of life needs to change; that change needs to be drastic and it needs to be rapid, if not immediate. Of this there can be little doubt as the scientifically backed evidence continues to expand for global warming, the greenhouse effect and most significantly in the short term context of our society, the oil peak.

Unfortunately, however, a 'Them and Us' attitude exists in Australian society and politics. It is just as prevalent in the environmental left as the corporate right, with various levels of zealous behaviour exhibited by both of these stereotypical sides of the environmental debate.

In a recent journey to Tasmania, the heart of Australian environmental debate for over 20 years, this segregation was plain to see. On the streets of Hobart as a dreadlocked youth I was offered the intelligent, original advice of 'get a fucking haircut you hippie' from passing cars, some of which, no doubt sported the environmentally minded bumper sticker 'fertilise the forest, doze in a greenie'.

Far more worrying was the evidence that such simple, hard line views extended right through to our government. Senator Eric Abetz's move to the position of Minister for Fisheries, Forestry and Conservation, a position which involves a great deal of environmental sensitivity, began with the Senator flying his right wing, industry driven flag in the most aggressive and least constructive way possible. In his first 24 hours as minister Abetz not only labelled the Greens involvement in Australian politics as insidious, he openly admitted that he has 'never sought to work with Bob Brown in a constructive way because he is in fact an anathema to my political beliefs.'<sup>1</sup> Senator Abetz could not have more clearly flagged his intention to pursue his own brand of extreme thinking without opportunity for compromise. Surely an individual supposed to represent Tasmanians, approximately 20% of whom are expected to vote Green in the upcoming state election<sup>2</sup>, and Australia's best interests as a senator, should try to work constructively with his political colleagues. While Senator Abetz struggles with Senator Brown's views, to discount Green views out of hand is one-eyed, unprofessional and unproductive.

On a trip to the Weld Valley, an unprotected pristine area bordering the World Heritage Area and the new flashpoint between protestors and forestry, the flip-side of the political coin was revealed. A phonecall to the Huon Environment Centre, the staging point for the blockade active in the Weld (See image 1), yielded the advice that it was now more difficult to gain access to the Blockade because 'fucking forestry have locked the fucking gate (to the logging road)'. 'Fucking forestry' turned out to be a phrase used with monotonous regularity at the blockade. There seemed to be little opportunity for

reasonable debate about the livelihood of forestry workers and their families or sustainable logging theory as protestors prepared their 'dragons'<sup>3</sup> should the need to chain themselves to the road to prevent its extension arise. Whether sustainable logging is a realistic possibility or not is a completely separate issue, not addressed here. What is important is the idea many activists seemed to have of forestry and forestry workers as an entity entirely separate from themselves, a 'them' to their 'us' if you like.

Here was first hand evidence that the old stereotypical battle between greens and rednecks was alive and well in Tasmania. The strength of this famous culture whose continued existence I had previously viewed with some skepticism, based on a naive hope that humans were moving on from petty divisions, was reinforced time and time again during a month of travel. This entrenchment of the two sides, each viewing the other, and periodically the government, as the enemy, is what Dr Arthur J Deikman, Harvard Scholar and University of California professor of psychiatry, identifies as the core formation of a 'cult' mentality in 'Them and Us: Cult Thinking and the Terrorist Threat'. While the parallel with terrorism in the Australian environmental debate may be extreme, there is little doubt that elements of Deikman's core cult behaviours, devaluing the outsider and avoiding dissent<sup>4</sup>, are frequently present in both sides of environmental politics in Australia.

This attitude hampers the effective exchange of information and the maintenance of meaningful dialogue on important environmental matters; environmental matters with huge implications for our current lifestyles. Consequently, the presentation of green politics will play a huge role in our future, both as Australians and human beings.

From the point of view of a politically green and left aligned thinker this idea is more pertinent for the environmental movement than any other party involved. While radical action is needed, green activists must realise that for their actions to be most effective they must avoid, whenever possible, acting in a manner that allows the broader spectrum of society to dismiss them as radicals. They must make a move to bridge the prevalent 'Them and Us' psychology and show people that they too are reasonable human beings with valid and important political beliefs, rather than crying 'fuck the system' and reveling in the idea of their separation. Even small issues like the language used in their publications can make a huge difference; it's hard to take a group seriously when their publication that could be based on scientific argument originating in current research, includes articles that begin with 'the fucked thing is' and then move on to a left wing political diatribe<sup>5</sup> rather than

a reasonable environmentally conscious scientific or political piece. Even if an effort to 'bridge the gap' achieves nothing other than slightly divorcing environmentalism from dogmatic, fanatical activism, it will be a huge positive for the progression of environmental thought.

Such a change in the environment movement would be of much greater gain if a similar softening of industry dogma was to occur concurrently. Everyone knows that forestry workers need jobs and have families to support, but many people also know that forestry affiliates attack and terrorise peaceful activists, drag their cars along roads, shoot out their windows (See image 2) and fell trees to which protestors are chained<sup>6</sup>. Extreme and violent acts by a small faction of this particular industry robs reasonable people striving to make a living of a fair hearing in the media and the ears of people who might otherwise take the time to understand their predicament. This situation is not unique to Tasmania or to forestry.

For green politics to succeed in a country where it must contest with the interests of huge primary industry, environmentalists must understand that presentation is important. Presentation does not mean that dreadlocks must be shorn and patched clothes abandoned in favour of suits. It means that argument should be conducted in an intelligent manner and dogma abandoned in favour of rational thought. This will help ensure that the amazing work done by many of the intelligent, progressive thinkers amongst the environmental movement (of which Green's lead legislative council candidate

Mark Parnell is a prime example) will no longer be undermined by the lingering stigma of 'radical hippies'. The views presented do not need to be, and indeed cannot afford to be, less radical in an age of littered with environmental crises, but they must be presented in a fashion palatable to a broader demographic. There can not afford to be a 'Them' and an 'Us' because in the end everyone bears the consequences of human action or inaction related to the environment.

For those of you who are environmentally minded and want to get involved, check out the new environment collective that started up just recently; contact Reece, the environment officer for details ([reece.kinnane@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:reece.kinnane@student.adelaide.edu.au)).

### Tom Brookman

<sup>1</sup> Jeanes, T. 2006. *New Forestry Minister rebuffs Greens*. The World Today - Wednesday, 25 January, 2006, ABC Radio

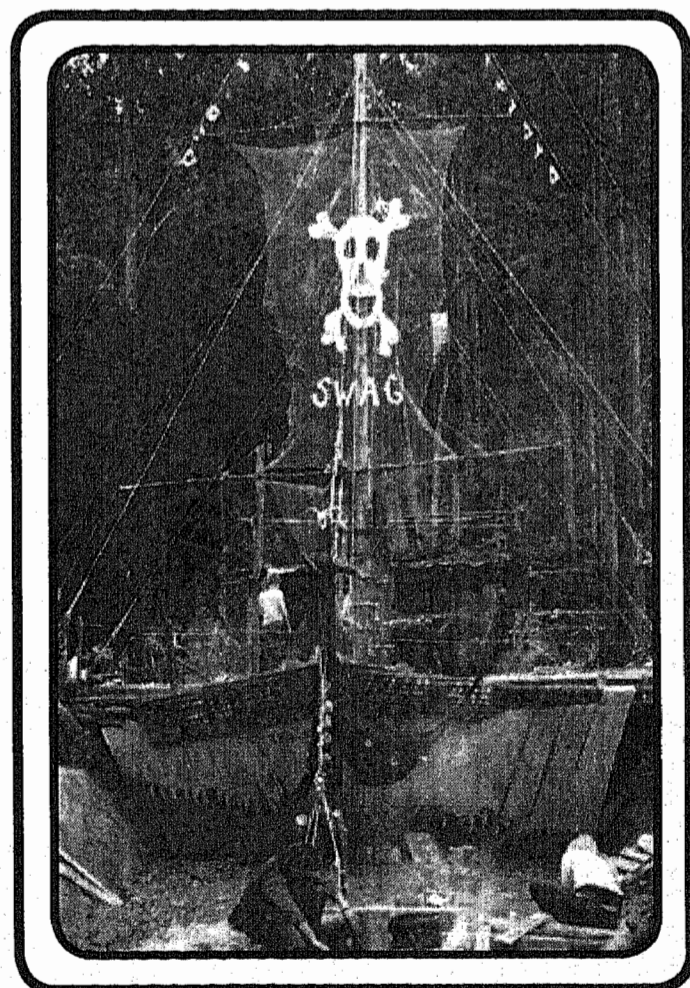
<sup>2</sup> Denholm, M. 2006. *Grafted on Greens*. The Australian, March 1 2006. Available (online) 3<sup>rd</sup> March 06, URL: <<http://theaustralian.news.com.au/>>

<sup>3</sup> 'Dragon' - a collection of wire and rubble concreted approximately half a metre below the ground with a ring attached. A PVC pipe is run from the clip to the surface, allowing a protestor to insert their arm to the shoulder, clip to the ring and lie in the path of oncoming machinery. Effectively the only way to remove the protestor without their cooperation is to excavate the foundation, a time consuming and costly exercise.

<sup>4</sup> Deikman, A.J. 2003. *Them and Us: Cult Thinking and the Terrorist Threat*. Available (online) 28<sup>th</sup> Feb 2006, URL: <<http://www.deikman.com/wrong.html>>

<sup>5</sup> SWAG, 2005 (Save the Weld Action Group) Newsletter

<sup>6</sup> Brown, B. 2004. *Memo for a saner world*. Penguin, Camberwell



The Weld Ark - A huge pirate ship made of salvaged materials, blocking the end of the logging road into the Weld Valley to prevent extensions of forestry activity (Photo 11/2/06)

# YOU IDIOTS!

(A calm, rational look at modern Federal Labor caucus)

## “Why is John Howard still in Government?”

This is an interesting question. I'm not pretentious enough to pretend that I'm knowledgeable enough to argue the minute details of responsibility of economic management (e.g. “ZOMG HOWARD IS TEH EKONOMIX GENIUS!!1111” v “Howard sux, OMG he so rode US and China's coat tails, what a L4mez0r LOL2”) or that my opinion is in any way more valid than anybody else's when it comes to reading the psyche of the modern Australian voter. However, somehow, **I think that I have stumbled on the secret to Howard's success. His political Ambrosia, his Jedi Force, his Mojo. Born of the Union movement, beloved of the middle class, thy name is Labor.**

“LABOR!?” the cynical reader cries in disbelief. “What the fuck? Even for a misanthropic conspiracy theorist like yourself, Michael, that is almost the most ridiculous idea that I've ever heard.” Well stay with me, dickhead, because it makes a lot more sense than one would credit the idea with. Think about it. Howard has been in government for 10 years. This creates the logical conclusion that the majority of voters want Howard in there. Now, following this particular stream of logic, one could surmise that the reason that voters keep putting Howard in government is because a) he (in their opinion) is the best choice for the job and b) that he is the best choice for the job because he is the only VIABLE choice for the job (in the eyes of the public.) I realise that this is a fairly major leap in logic and that there are alternative explanations for the Howard party's domination of the federal landscape, such as supposed media bias, masterfully conducted scare campaigns etc. My own personal theory though, does have some grounding in fact. A big fat caucus load of fact.

Take, for example, the recent shenanigans involving the Labor factions. Can I honestly say, holy crap, what a disaster. Here's the lowdown for all you 'news challenged' folk out there. Recently, Julia Gillard, herself a product of the factional system, came out and denounced the factions as being detrimental to the stability and unity of the Labor party. She claimed that “Most members of the federal parliamentary Labor Party fully understand the problems with the factions, it's now time to do something about it”<sup>3</sup>. This outburst occurred at roughly the same time that her ally Simon Crean won a fierce pre-selection battle that was orchestrated by Stephen Conroy, a factional warlord<sup>4</sup>. Simon Crean grandly

proclaimed: “I call on all members of the Labor Party to rise up all around this country against the factional dealings”<sup>5</sup>.

Simon Crean's real problem was that Kim Beazley refused to officially back him in the pre-selection. Does one sense hypocrisy in this? Isn't going in to a supposedly democratic selection process with heavyweight support from the leaders on your side just another version of factionalism? Simon Crean didn't complain about factionalism when he was supported by it. Crean only decided that he didn't like it when it turned against him, a sure sign of a hypocrite, a cynic and a coward, in my opinion. Crean also made the claim that Victorian Energy Minister Theo Theophanous and the Police Minister Tim Holding were heavily involved in the factions<sup>6</sup>. This, coming from the ex-leader of the ACTU, is almost beyond belief. Are we idiots? Are we children?

The thing is, Crean and Gillard are correct, factionalism is killing the Labor party. It creates a culture of distrust and infighting amongst the caucus, this is evident in the South Australian Liberal party as well. It was evident in the federal Liberals in 1989. **Howard's greatest internal strength is keeping the rank and file where they belong, under his jackboots.** Example: Costello. This guy WANTS the leadership. I reckon he'd almost kill for it, it is evident in his blatant populism. Yet where are the massive factional challenges? There were some rumblings for a while, but they died down with almost inordinate haste. This is because Howard, for all his flaws, for all his amorality, appears to be an excellent judge of human strengths and vices, emotions and fears. He understands how to play on these to get what he wants. Look at his masterful depiction of asylum seekers, of the apparent need to go to war in Iraq, etc. So Costello, knowing the difficulty of his situation, goes back into his kennel. Sadly, Kim Beazley does not seem to have the same ability, or if he does, he is unable to exercise it due to the ingrained culture of factionalism in Labor. **It could be (and this is pure speculation) that if Beazley acts to end factionalism, the factions will end him.** Of course, the fact that this outcome would not be undesirable for Crean and Gillard's clique is entirely co-incidental. Am I paranoid? Definitely (and medically) but even paranoids can be right sometimes.

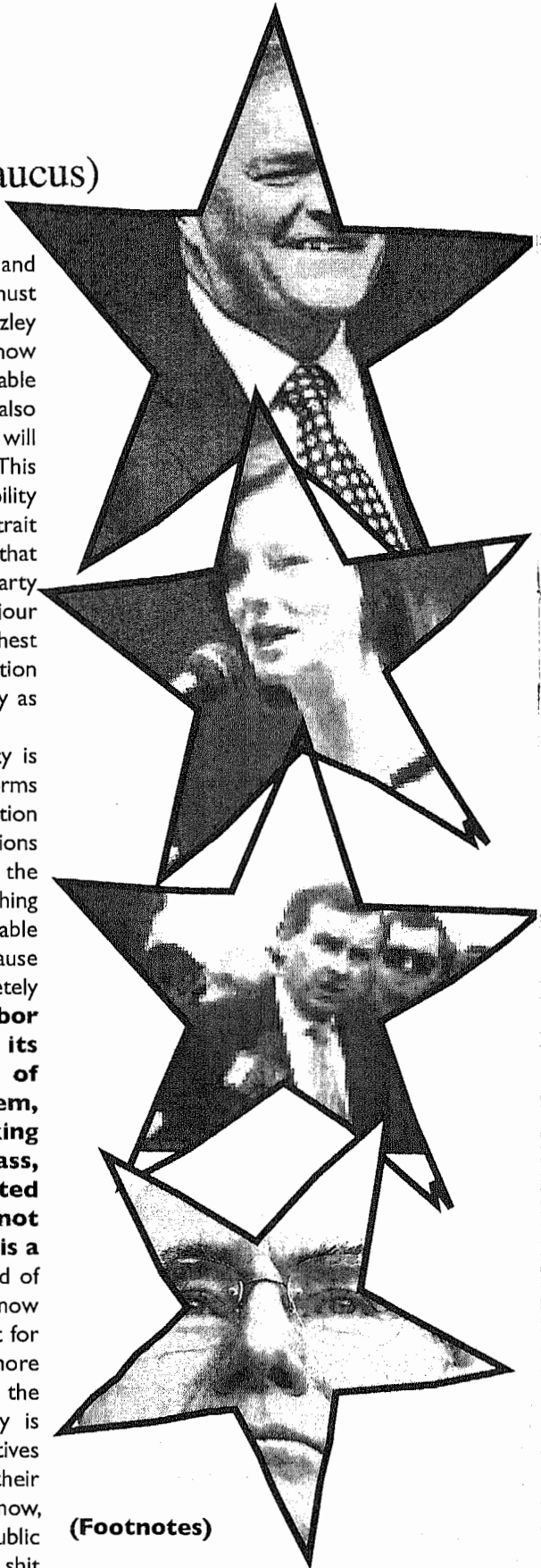
This, however, was not my ultimate point. My point was that factionalism is killing the Labor party in two ways; firstly, because of the nature of its existence, and secondly, because dwelling

on it is annihilating any credence and oppositional focus that Labor must have at this crucial time. As Beazley said, “There's an obligation on us now to hold this increasingly unaccountable Government accountable.”<sup>7</sup> He also claimed that “Voters don't want and will reject a navel gazing Labor Party.”<sup>8</sup> This is not necessarily true, as accountability and the ability to adapt is a desirable trait of any government. What is true is that voters absolutely will reject a Labor Party that engages in self destructive behaviour and fails to discharge to the highest standard it's obligations as an opposition party. This is Labor's primary priority as the Opposition party.

At a time where the Liberal party is pushing politically volatile IR reforms and increasing steadily it's harsh sedition laws and is also weakened by allegations of corruption in the AWB scandal, the Labor party is presenting itself as nothing more than an infighting rabble, incapable of attacking the Liberal party because of its own problems. This is completely and utterly unacceptable. **The Labor party has a duty to present its view; which is the mandate of the people who voted for them, be they middle class, working class, upper class, donkey class, whatever. These people voted for them for a reason, they do not believe that the Liberal party is a viable government.** Now instead of fucking around with internal bitching, now of ALL times, here is a novel thought for you Labor polities: DO IT LATER! I, more than anyone appreciate the right of the people to understand what exactly is happening with their representatives in order to better be served by their government, but for Buddha's sake, now, of all times is not the time! All the public navel gazing in the world won't mean shit if you're relegated to opposition for all of eternity! So DO YOUR FUCKING JOB and Oppose!

I know this week was a bit of a rant; but it needs to be said and stressed, again and again, in every single democratically thinking publication that has a politics page. The Labor party has to pull itself together, and offer rational, alternative economic, environmental, and social policy. The purpose of the Labor party at the moment is not to sit around scratching its nuts, pontificating on the meaning of life. It is to Oppose. And it's not doing it very well. Howard's 10 years are an undeniable testament to this.

Michael Adams



### (Footnotes)

- <sup>1</sup> “John Howard is an excellent economic leader”
- <sup>2</sup> “John Howard is not an excellent economic leader”
- <sup>3</sup> <http://www.abc.net.au/news/newsitems/200603/s1586188.htm>
- <sup>4</sup> <http://www.abc.net.au/news/newsitems/200603/s1585390.htm>
- <sup>5</sup> <http://www.abc.net.au/news/newsitems/200603/s1585390.htm>
- <sup>6</sup> Bachelard, Michael. ‘Cambodian Coup’ from *The Australian* Wednesday March 8 2006. Features Page 1
- <sup>7</sup> <http://www.abc.net.au/news/newsitems/200603/s1586084.htm>
- <sup>8</sup> Coorey, Phillip. ‘Besieged Beazley: Let's just move on’ from *The Advertiser* Wednesday March 8 2006. Page 4

Amnesty Adelaide Uni proudly presents...

## PROBLEMS WITH ARMS: IMPACTS ON AFRICA

A public lecture convened by Dr Tanya Lyons



DAY: Monday, 3rd April

VENUE: Union Cinema

TIME: 5.20pm arrival for a 5.30pm sharp start (Approx 60 mins)

[amnestyadelaideuni@hotmail.com](mailto:amnestyadelaideuni@hotmail.com)

## I Sedition: insurrection, rebellion. Conduct or language inciting rebellion against the authority of a state.

It's a word that is traceable to Indo-European origins, when language was mutable and the antecedents of English, French and Latin were making their way from the plains of sub-continental Asia, across the Mediterranean and into western Europe. The word and its ancient ancestors are likely as old as the idea of 'authority' itself.

Its modern meaning, in British law and its derivatives, appears to have been first used in Elizabethan England, to refer to the 'notion of inciting by words or writings disaffection towards the state or constituted authority'.<sup>1</sup> The US Congress has passed legal instruments criminalising acts of sedition on at least three occasions between 1798 and 1918, when the Sedition Act prohibited Americans from using 'disloyal, profane, scurrilous or abusive language' regarding the US government, its armed forces or its flag, during times of war.<sup>2</sup> Whilst this particular Act of Woodrow Wilson's was repealed by his successor Warren Harding in 1921, a variant of the prohibition of sedition still remains in the US Code.<sup>3</sup>

Sedition was defined in Australian federal law in the Crimes Act 1914, but by 2002 a feature in the Law Society of South Australia Bulletin was celebrating the heroics of Malaysian lawyer Karpal Singh who had been arrested in 2000 under that country's own Sedition Act: 'the Australian crime of 'sedition', while remaining technically on the books, had fallen into disuse and was described as 'archaic'. It was waiting for a Parliament to strike it from the books in an act of legal spring-cleaning that would finally remove the prohibition like a homeowner discarding those ugly vases which were a housewarming present twenty years ago.

Make no mistake, such Parliamentary spring-cleaning is eminently necessary. In 1916, most legal authorities believed that the surviving Treason Felony Act of 1848 was a hangover, a British relic from an era when the colonies were young and transportation still not completely outlawed. Despite this belief, a dozen members of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) – an international workers' collective with its roots in the USA which was instrumental in the establishment of the Communist Party of Australia – were arrested and charged with 'treason'. Each of the 'Sydney Twelve', as they became known, was sentenced to between five and 15 years imprisonment (only to be released four years later after much public agitation and at least three official inquiries).<sup>5</sup>

The lesson for us is that however 'archaic' and tyrannical a law appears to be, the only way we can be sure that politicians and public prosecutors (representing the state) won't use it against individuals is if the legislation is finally repealed. The Law Society of South Australia (which, it must be said, does not represent the opinions of lawmakers, the state, or even the majority of its citizens) may well have believed that the crime of sedition was 'archaic' in 2002, but in hind-

sight, we can probably label the Society's beliefs naïve.

## II

**Ostensibly as part of its response to the 'new threat' of terrorism, the Australian government on 6 December 2005 amended the Crimes Act 1914 (Cth) to include an updated definition of 'seditious intention'.<sup>6</sup>** Essentially, the amendments constituted an act of Parliamentary spring-cleaning: they merely 'cleaned up' the language of the existing sedition provisions,<sup>7</sup> replacing expressions such as 'Her Majesty's Subjects' with less antiquated terminology. But it was not the spring-cleaning the LSSA expected.

John Howard, in a typical act of sophistry, called the provisions merely 'a modernisation of provisions that have been there for a long time and those provisions have not left journalists being in jail for attacking John Howard [yes, he spoke of himself in third-person!] or Kim Beazley or anybody'.<sup>8</sup> By 'answering' in this way, he did not address the concerns of the Law Council of Australia and of human rights lawyers like Julian Burnside: that lots of people assumed 'sedition' to be a thing of the past, a relic from a time when autocrats and dictators ruled kingdoms, not nation-states. Why, in a functioning democracy in which free speech and discussion and disagreement was valued, were these laws necessary? On this point, Howard remained silent.

He said 'there's nothing in these changes that are going to curtail vehement political criticism of anybody'. Perhaps he hadn't read them. (Or perhaps, as he is apt to do, he was steering his public away from the core issues and comforting them with rhetoric designed to muddy the waters.)

### Here's the full text of the new s.30A, subsection 3:

'Seditious intention' means an intention to use force or violence to effect any of the following purposes:

- (a) to bring the Sovereign into hatred or contempt;
- (b) to urge disaffection against the following:
  - i. the Constitution;
  - ii. the Government of the Commonwealth;
  - iii. either House of the Parliament;
- (c) to urge another person to attempt to procure a change, otherwise than by lawful means, to any matter established by law of the Commonwealth;
- (d) to promote feelings of ill-will or hostility between different groups so as to threaten the peace, order and good government of the Commonwealth.

On a technical analysis, the words 'to use force or violence' (which are new to the definition) do appear to narrow the ambit of the sedition prohibitions to words which incite violence. Most people who criticise government policy and government activities do not urge a violent overthrow of the government or the state, and so journalists appear to be protected from being prosecuted under the provision.

But such an analysis does gloss over the most strident criticisms of the prohibition. On one hand, if what we're trying to prevent is groups and individuals urging the commission of violent acts, then why retain the remainder of the definition (the focus on the government)? And more fundamentally, shouldn't people be allowed to express their opinions, whatever they might be, in a functioning democracy? (Isn't the idea of 'democracy', by definition a melting-pot of ideas, more important than the idea of limiting the freedom of speech of the odd group or individual?)

These criticisms can be answered. If you believe that the state both protects and facilitates the expression of its individual citizens, then it's likely that you'll also believe that the state has every right to ensure its own continued existence. Likewise, if you believe, as Rousseau did, that the state's sovereignty is constituted in its citizens, then surely the state and its institutions should be afforded protection against violent overthrow. (You might, on the other hand, believe these views to be inherently conservative and/or pragmatic, and not sufficient to justify the continued disadvantage of minority groups and non-citizens.)

And of course, the idea that speech should be 'free' is not to afford that 'freedom' the highest priority. In everyday life, we all know that speech is not truly 'free', that there are certain things we may think but never say, for fear of social censure or of hurting other people. Whether particular speech should be prohibited by law is another matter, but you may feel that no-one should feel 'free' to urge violence against other people without consequence (and, further, that anyone urging the violent overthrow of the state, as in a bloody revolution, should indeed expect an equally violent repudiation!).

## III

If we think of a democracy as a melting-pot of ideas, based on the utilitarian assumption that educated, collective thought nearly always produces more favourable outcomes to the greatest number than the thoughts of any one

individual, then surely as its democratic function improves, the ambit of opinion that it can withstand increases correspondingly.

Even if the above criticisms can be answered satisfactorily, we are left with a sour taste in our mouths about what the 2005 sedition provisions mean for Australian democracy. We can think of the provisions as symptomatic, perhaps: symptomatic of an Australia that remains ironically 'lucky' for many (and decidedly unlucky for others) despite the woeful level of our public discourse, and our low standards of collective decision-making.

And while we know that Parliaments do not often pass laws that they do not intend for practical application, perhaps what we should be most wary about is the potential for these laws, misunderstood by the majority of a population trained to be fearful in ignorance, to further adversely affect our social lives. What of a passionate school teacher who, in attempting to imbibe in her charges a true sense of civics, organises a trip to Baxter Immigration Detention Centre, only to be overruled by her management-trained principal who is worried about how the general public (and the Murdoch press) will perceive such an excursion? What of a group of friends at a barbeque, who react to one friend's jocular remarks about 'sedition' by nevertheless changing the topic of conversation away from the politically contentious? And what of ourselves, who begin, perhaps subconsciously, to censor our own thoughts?

**Russell Marks**

### (Endnotes)

<sup>1</sup> See Curtis Bright, *Surveillance, Militarism and Drama in the Elizabethan Era* (London, 1996), 89.

<sup>2</sup> Espionage Act 1917, 3 (as amended by the Sedition Act 1918).

<sup>3</sup> 18 U.S.C. §2383, §2384, §2388.

<sup>4</sup> 'Karpal Singh: A Man of Principle Comes to Dinner' (2002), 24(5) Bulletin (LSSA) 16.

<sup>5</sup> See Ian Turner, *Sydney's Burning* (London, 1967).

<sup>6</sup> Anti-Terrorism Act (No.2) 2005 (Cth), sch.7, amending Crimes Act 1914 (Cth), s.30A(3).

<sup>7</sup> Crimes Act 1914 (Cth), s.24A (prior to amendment).

<sup>8</sup> John Howard, interview with Alan Jones, Radio 2GB, Sydney, 15 November 2005: <<http://www.pm.gov.au/news/interviews/Interview1678.html>>.



# Students' Association

Your Students' Association is calling for submissions for its conscientious objections list. Send us info on any corporate or non-corporate bodies that you think deserve to be black listed. emails to: Reece Kinnane.

## Office Bearers

### I ♥ On Dit

The movers and shakers of the Students Association are finding themselves in a bit of a pickle at the moment. You see, this Voluntary Student Unionism thing has meant that there's not a great deal of \$\$ to go around.

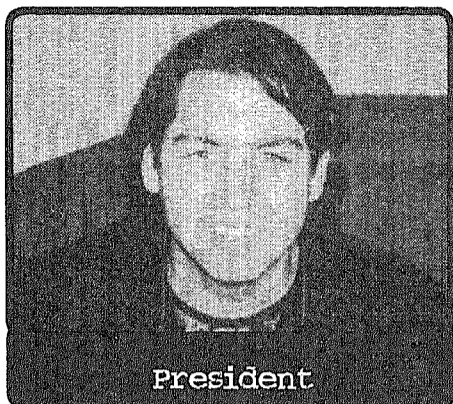
This Wednesday, March 22, councillors are meeting to discuss, amongst other very important business, *On Dit* funding.

At the last meeting a budget magically appeared proposing that *On Dit's* funding be cut to a level that essentially means, no *On Dit*. Pretty sad considering this baby is 74 years old.

"But that's crap", you say throwing your hands in the air "I love *On Dit*, it's what I live for" etc. It's absolutely absurd we know, so instead of flailing your arms any longer, let your decision makers know what you think.

We've provided a list of the people on council in the box below. If you're clever you could just about figure out their email addresses and send them a little letter, OR you could e-mail [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) and we'll present it at the meeting.

*Janna and Steph*



President

Hey everyone,

The SAUA is the peak representative body on campus, but getting involved in it is not the only way to be a student representative. It is compulsory for all schools and faculties to have at least one undergraduate and one postgraduate representative sit on their governing bodies. These are positions that come with voting rights and give students direct input into the workings of their area of the University. The beginning of the year is when most schools and faculties open nominations for student representatives.

Unfortunately, a lot of schools struggle to get enough students to nominate for these positions. Representatives often have to be appointed, which gives little meaning to their position as 'representatives'. I am currently sitting on a working party looking at the University's internal student representation, and one of its focuses will be to find out why the nominations are so sparse.

Being a student rep is not hugely demanding. A few meetings a semester is all it takes to ensure students have voice in the University. Being a representative is also a valuable experience and can give you insights as to how the University works on the inside. If your school has called for nominations, I urge to consider the benefits of representing your peers. If it hasn't called for nominations, make enquiries as to when it will. You and the students around you need to be represented in this way if you are to receive the best education possible.

Your classmates need YOU!

Feel free to contact me anytime at the email address below.

Bye for now,

**John Pezy**  
[john.pezy@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:john.pezy@adelaide.edu.au)



Women's Vice-President

Howdy!

I hope everybody is not too overwhelmed with uni study and chugging along quite nicely. I decided to write my OB column a little differently this week, so I hope you enjoy it!

Funniest thing said during Orientation, second runner-up:

**"What time does the 10'clock popeye cruise leave?"**

- dimwit fresher.

Funniest thing said during Orientation, runner-up:

**"Don't you think women's popeye cruises are racist?"**

- another dimwit (male) fresher.

Funniest thing said during Orientation:

**"On no! I think I just accidentally created porn"**

- O'Week Director  
Rhiannon Newman, after witnessing the jelly wrestling.

Cool website to check out:

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

Inspiring / feel-good book:

**"Real Gorgeous" by Kaz Cooke (special bonus fact: you are not your buttocks)**

Random quote found in 'Women's Wit' calendar:

**"Normal is just a cycle on the washing machine" - Whoopi Goldberg.**

Must-hear radio segment:

**She-D Radio**, 9-10pm Wednesday nights (on Three D 93.7fm) - "Interviews, News and Your Views in High Heel Shoes"

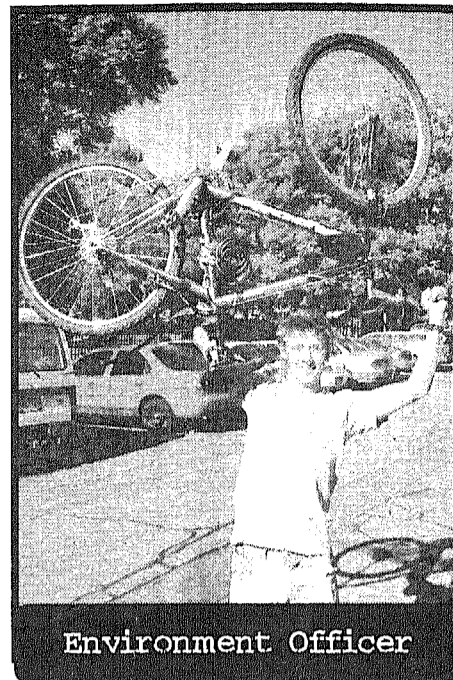
Most outrageous justification for a most outrageous event:

**"Skullduggery was a success - only two ambulances were called!"**

- everybody involved in Skullduggery.

**Tara Bates**  
ph: 8303 5601

e: [womens.saua@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:womens.saua@adelaide.edu.au)



Environment Officer

I'm reading a great book at the moment. I haven't finished it yet but I'm still going to review it anyway. It's Tim Flannery's latest *The Weather Makers: The History and Future Impact of Climate Change*. It is a great read for anyone looking to get an accurate insight into the issue of climate change. You'll find it in all bookstores - even the crap ones. It is shelved in the Popular Science section of Dymocks and not because it lacks any real scientific evidence but because it has been written to be accessible to everyone. You do not need any prior knowledge on the subject to read this book. If you're already familiar, this book is a great tool for strengthening arguments and providing examples of the already devastating impacts of Climate Change.

Its key feature is that it connects everything together in a way that makes to world seem so small and our influence over it so powerful. It is this realisation that will lead most who read it to feel more responsible for the problem and more empowered to help solve it.

"Across the globe, the majority of industries and governments take the middle ground, and a large, albeit informal, group of businesses is slowly shifting its stance. Even most fossil fuel industries no longer argue - at least publicly - about the veracity of climate predictions, but instead seek to reassure the public that there is no urgency about the issue." Tim Flannery, *The Weather Makers*.

This book forces people to consider themselves within the concept of nature. You cannot read *The Weather Makers* and still feel like we are merely witnesses to a "natural world" that lives in parks and seas and does not include people. Nor can you read this and feel that we are above nature or the vital link holding it all together as the chosen ones. We are one species in the myriad of interdependent biological communities that constitute the global ecosystem and we are letting down the team.

"If you are not yet convinced of the gravity of the problem, or our capacity to solve it, you should buy and read this compelling book." -The Age

"At least look at any first year biology textbook" -Phil Stojan, The Misogynist

This book is no fear-mongering beat up. Read it, ignorance is no excuse.

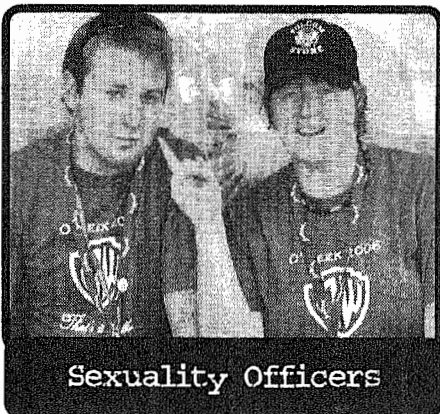
**Reece Kinnane**  
**Environment Officer**  
[reece.kinnane@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:reece.kinnane@student.adelaide.edu.au)

## The Movers & Shakers

Sarah Reid  
Sophie Plagakis  
Bill Fuller  
Chin Ching Yam  
David Kavanagh  
Thomas Dawkins  
Julia Phillips  
Emma Durdin  
Andrew Wilkins

Hannah Frank  
Chris Kelly  
John Pezy  
Tara Bates  
Kate Walsh  
Reece Kinnane  
Rudenka Roylance  
David Wilkins





Sexuality Officers

Firstly, you want me but also I hope that you are all finding our weekly tip useful in having to deal with the stresses of Uni life. If you have any handy tips that you've used in the past send us an email and let us know! What I want to talk about this week is dating as it has been quite an interesting topic to view over the last couple of weeks, especially with O'Camp and O'Week. Now those of you who went to O'Camp would be aware that points are awarded to freshers and teams who can complete crazy dares and tasks. Considering that O'Camp is often referred to as 'all about the freshers' I thought that on the first pub night we needed some hot fresher lovin'. Surprisingly though, freshers didn't jump at the chance to pash their dance partner for 25 points each. One guy even started preaching morals to me about how he had a girlfriend and everything (you know who you are... JASON!) Things didn't look so great until a guy and a girl who clearly were digging each other and under the influence of our friend - alcohol, were willing to take my offer of 25 points each to pash each other. Generally, when dared to pash someone it lasts for about ten seconds... Not for these freshers! They

locked lips for the rest of the night... and every other night for that matter! At the close of the camp, they walked away with the 'Cutest Couple' award and as a couple, literally. All seemed great... until they reached the beginning of O'Week. The guy had left his girlfriend at the O'Hop night while he attended a concert, so seeing as the boyfriend wasn't around, the girlfriend looked for comfort elsewhere. Feeling bad for cheating on her boyfriend, this was soon swept away when she learnt that her boyfriend had pashed four random girls during the concert. Girlfriend dropped the boyfriend and started dating this new guy and the boyfriend was left with nothing. Cheating clearly wasn't worth it... but this is not where this tale ends. Now that this new guy has starting dating the girlfriend, she has found that he's not paying as much attention to her, now that he's finally got her... I predict that by the end of the week they won't be a couple.

So as you can see the life of a fresher can be extremely complicated without having to deal with tutorials and textbooks as well. All I can say is it's made my life more interesting and rivals even Oprah! The next time you think of taking 25 points for the team to pash someone, make sure you aren't going to any concerts the next week!

As always, if you need any support in dealing with sexuality... or perhaps have a great story yourself, get in contact with either myself or Rudenka at the SAUA or via the email addresses below... Now to the tip of the week!

Tip # 3: When in close proximity to others... KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF!

femalesexo.saua@adelaide.edu.au  
malesexo.saua@adelaide.edu.au

**April 5 It's FREE! & FREE lunch too!**

At the University of Adelaide, Union Building Level 4, Equinox Building

**9:30 - 2:00pm**



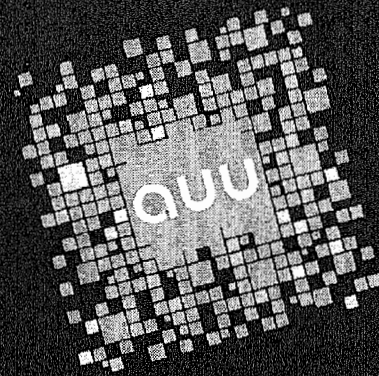
YOUTH VOICE:

**GET ACTIVE!**

PLUS SPECIAL GUEST SPEAKER  
MARIA PALLOTTA-CHIAROLLI

Registration form available from the SAUA  
For more Info contact - David Wilkins 0411 238 450  
d.wilkins@student.adelaide.edu.au

# AUU RANT



SPECIALS / PROMOTIONS:

## Coopers/UniBar Mountain bike promotion!

Each Friday night during term the UniBar and Coopers are giving away one mountain bike. To enter simply purchase a Coopers product and enter your name into the barrel, so head up to the UniBar and grab a Coopers for your chance to win!

## Bean Around Coffee Club!

Welcome Bean Around Members to another year of great tasting coffee, discounts and specials. This year the catering team are preparing a couple of great specials to help our members enjoy their "hot cuppa" during the working day.

Several members have been asking about collecting new members cards as their expires on the 31st of March. Currently we are having new members cards printed to be distributed after the old card expires. The new cards will have an unlimited life therefore allowing our members to continue their membership without having to find the time to re-join. If you have misplaced your card please ask at the counter of any of our outlets displayed below to receive a replacement card. Remember to present your members cards or mugs to receive your discounted hot beverage at any of the following outlets:

- ~ Mayo Café
- ~ Rumours Café
- ~ Union Bookshop Café (UBC)
- ~ Briefs Café
- ~ Lirra Lirra

## Cafe & Bar Opening Hours!

When's the UniBar open? What nights can I grab dinner at Rumours? For these answers and more, check out our complete list of AUU Cafe & Bar opening hours here: [www.union.adelaide.edu.au/cafebar/hours/](http://www.union.adelaide.edu.au/cafebar/hours/)

## Weekly Specials!

Check out all the great menu options designed to save you money, everyday!  
<http://www.union.adelaide.edu.au/cafebar/promotions/>

## EVENTS CALENDAR

Thursday March 23rd

Free lunch for postgraduates and Honours students  
12:30pm - 2pm, Thursday March 23

At the University of Adelaide Club ('Staff Club').  
RSVP by Monday March 20 to [pgsa@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:pgsa@adelaide.edu.au)

Thursday March 23rd

AU Film Society presents: Metropolis (1927)  
7pm Union Cinema, level 5 Union House

Admission is free for members; membership is available for \$8 at the door. Door prizes will be drawn at all films.

[aufs@aufs.org](mailto:aufs@aufs.org) or visit the site for details: <http://www.aufs.org/>

Thursday March 30th

Live Music & BBQ on the lawns  
Presented by Union Activities.

Saturday April 1st

Surfing Day Out (brought to you by Union Activities)  
AUU Members Cost \$30 (\$40 non-AUU members)  
Lunch and return transport from Adelaide Uni provided  
All equipment (wet suits, boards etc) included.  
Lessons conducted by professional staff.

Contact: Henry Ellis (Boardriders Club)

0422 813 582 [henry.ellis@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:henry.ellis@student.adelaide.edu.au)  
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Ranting #3 =  
4967731; the number of times you've  
been turned down!

NO, this article is, in fact, not even closely associated with its title, so don't for a second delude yourself into thinking that anything either Lisa or I write in this piece is about you! We're media students, therefore, we're too self involved. Self involvement can be a good thing, however. It's what we've decided to write this week's article about. So go to the toilet (to get it out the way, and please do refrain from using this valued article as lavatory paper), take a deep breath and be prepared to enter *The Dating Game*

#### Shiny:

In this week's edition, we are looking at *The Dating Game (TDG)*. What's more, you may have noted from the introduction that I can, at times, be an arrogant asshole. The question is, however, does that work for me or against me when it comes to TDG? I've changed a lot since high school (as I am sure everyone has). More mature, one would hope, and all the other things that come with moving up in the world. That being said, it came as quite a shock to me when confronted just last weekend with one of my best mates from high school getting married, just how much I had changed. The wedding, in Quorn of all places, was very country, right down to the RM Williams moleskins the groom was wearing to match the brides white veil sewn onto a black cowboy hat. Looking around the reception, I was met with the awful truth that I was one of two people in a reception of some 200-odd that had a tie on. Moreover, I was the only one in a full suit. Then the confidence kicked in. I quite literally felt like the best looking man in the room (not to take away from the fact that I WAS the best looking man in the room), perhaps because I was the only one in the room who now lived outside the country ignorance bubble. Whatever the feeling was, it was good.

That snobby group of girls, who never spoke to anyone at school, because they were too pretty, were all of a sudden my best friends, and I milked it for all it was worth.

It's difficult being seen in a new light by everyone who once knew you for who you were, not for what you looked like. Come to think of it, I don't even know the old me anymore. Sure, I pick up more nowadays, and I do consider myself to be of some standard of attractiveness, but that has changed me from being the good wholesome country boy with morals to being the shallow, vein city kid that exudes charisma. I like the new me, really I do, but this week I ask myself the question, as do I ask all who are reading this, when it comes to TDG and being the centre of attention, who are we? What is the price we pay for being involved in such a dangerous game of cat and mouse? Some would call it confidence, I would agree, but don't think for a second that confidence isn't just nice way of describing someone who is egotistical. Being 'confident' (read: conceited) may work when it comes to taking someone home for the night, but in the long run, vanity is a sure fire beginning to ending up as that man who gets found dead, having been half eaten by his cats.

#### Ireland:

First off, let me say that all media students aren't self involved! Wow, that's quite a D&M coming from you Tyson! Here I was thinking that TDG theme would give me the chance to write like my idol Carrie Bradshaw from *Sex and the City*! OK, maybe I still will! Let me give you a look at this issue from a woman's perspective. A guy may be incredibly good-looking, but if he's an arrogant prick then the chances of a beautiful, intelligent woman (like all Adelaide Uni ladies are)

falling for him are slim to none. Picking up and looking for a relationship are completely different things, and therefore, different tactics need to be employed when trying to achieve either of these. If you want to pick up for a one night stand, confidence is incredibly important because most of the girls you pick up are usually seeking attention and are often quite intoxicated; meaning that they only notice incredibly cocky guys. She may be as gorgeous as Jessica Simpson, but she probably has the personality of a wet mop!

Now it's time for me to overanalyse things to do with relationships because apparently women do that a lot. (the author of *He's Just Not That Into You* claims that a woman once asked him what '...' meant after a sentence a guy she liked wrote in an email meant- weird!!!) As we are looking at dating as a 'game', I must ask, is the rush of hooking up for one night REALLY satisfying? Or is the thrill of the chase the most exciting part of a hookup? Going back to Carrie's infamous column in the *New York Star*, she once posed this question in season two: "Do you have to play games to make a relationship work?". If the answer to this question is yes (which it is because the writers of *Sex and the City* know everything and are never wrong), then it's clear that the dating game doesn't end once your permanently hooked up! It is a never-ending saga, mwahahaha!

PS: Tyson, you were never a good, wholesome, country boy.

Our Conclusion: Shiny secretly loves to wear RM Williams and Ireland is too obsessed with *Sex and the City* (the TV show, peoples- get your mind out of the gutter!!!!) .....

Tyson Shine + Lisa Ireland

# SEX

...game theory just got a whole lot more attention grabbing

Ann and George are promiscuous, and do not speak the same language as each other. In fact, they can only communicate through having sex. They like having sex with strangers, at strange times and in strange places and with other friends in a friendship circle of sexually promiscuous people. They like having sex and have particular people that they like having sex with. Assume that Ann and George are sexually-goal directed people and have a hierarchy of desires. Ann likes having sex with George and George likes having sex with Ann. But they only like having sex with the other person when they are outside and in winter. But George does not like having sex with people that Ann

has had sex with, and Ann hates having sex with people George has had sex with. In fact, they *hate* having sex with people who have had sex with the other. Ann and George do not like having sex with Jim, but will do so if Jim is the only person available.

In the summer, Ann and George are taken to a party and find that there are only two people available for sex; Jane, a rather attractive woman up for most things, and (the hated) Jim. They do not want to have sex with each other because they are indoors and it is summer, not winter. So the only choices available are Jane and Jim.

Ann and George sit in opposite corners of the party and try to decide who to have sex with. Remember that they cannot communicate with each other in any way. Nor can friends translate for them.

Ann reasons as follows

I want to have sex with Jane, she's cute and has a nice smile. I do not like Jim. But I know that George will not want to have sex with Jim and will want to have sex with Jane. So given the choice, I will have to have sex with Jim.

George reasons the same.

I want to have sex with Jane, she's sexy and has a lovely body. I won't want to have sex with Jim. But Ann won't have sex

with Jim and will have sex with Jane. So given the choice, I will have to have sex with Jim. Bugger!

It follows that even though both would prefer to shag Jane, Jim has a night full of sex, and Jane goes home frustrated, whilst Ann and George do the one thing they absolutely hate; shagging Jim, and shagging a person that the other has shagged.

This is an example of the Prisoners Dilemma from Game Theory; see [plato.stanford.edu/entries/prisoner-dilemma](http://plato.stanford.edu/entries/prisoner-dilemma)

Andrew Turner

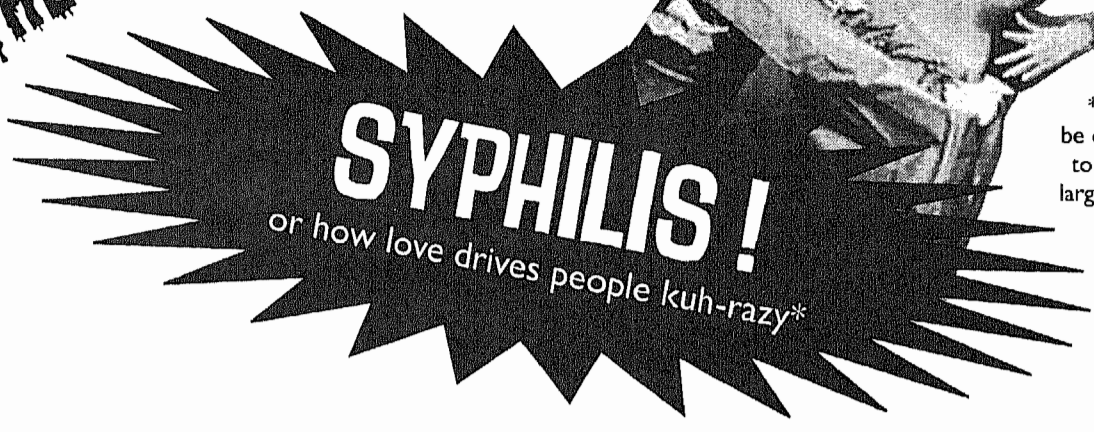


**DISEASE OF THE WEEK**

with Thomas Tu

**DISEASE OF THE WEEK**

...just in time for that post-Valentines Day rush!



\*Large sores on your genitals are not to be dismissed. Australia says "No"! They are to be respected and given equal status to large sores on any other body part. Go to a freaking doctor already.

### I CAN'T find a good pun for syphilis

Syphilis is a well-known STD (sexually transmitted disease) because it has a funny-looking name and because it infected an estimated 11.8 million people in 1999 alone. It is caused by the corkscrew-shaped bacteria *Treponema pallidum*. It survives a very short time outside the body and only spreads by direct contact with the open sores, so its transmission is almost always associated with sexual contact. Transmission between a mother and child during birth can also occur. In these cases, there is a high chance of still-birth or death of the child after birth, if not treated immediately.

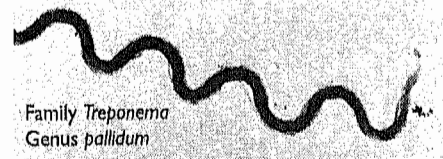
After infection, there is an incubation period of 10 — 90 days. Primary (or early phase) syphilis is characterized by a hard, painless, ulcer-like sore at the site of infection (usually the penis in males and the vaginal canal or labia of females, although the rectum and mouth can also be transmission sites). This heals by itself after 3 to 10 weeks.

The disease becomes latent (i.e. presenting no observable symptoms) until 4-10 weeks after the primary sore. The symptoms of secondary syphilis are incredibly varied. They may include a general unwell feeling, muscle aches, joint pain, fever, rash and/or swollen lymph nodes. People may not even go to

a doctor because they may feel like they have the flu and just stay at home for a while. Again, these symptoms go away by themselves without treatment.

Once again the disease goes into a latent period for an indeterminate time. In the early latent phase (defined as the first couple of years of the infection) the primary sore may flare up from time to time. After this time, in the late latent phase, the patient is generally non-infectious and asymptomatic. However, around one third of untreated patients go through to get tertiary syphilis. This can cause infection of the tissue surrounding blood vessels leading to destruction of local organs, muscles, bone or membranes. Organ failure, stroke, blindness, dementia and aneurysm formation are only a small number of serious outcomes that can come from this. 20% of people with tertiary syphilis end up dying from these complications.

In any stage, syphilis can be cured by penicillin. In early stages, only a single dose is required. However, the damage done to organs cannot be reversed. Research is being done into a vaccine to limit transmission.



Family *Treponema*  
Genus *pallidum*

### I still CAN'T find a good pun for syphilis...

A famous research project on the effects of syphilis was carried out in Tuskegee, Alabama in 1932. 600 'Negros', 399 with tertiary syphilis and 201 without (acting as controls), were part of a study, although originally planned for 6 months, lasting 40 years. Free annual medical care, hot food, burial and trips to and from the city (all subjects were from rural communities, working as sharecroppers) were offered in exchange for X-rays, physical examination, burial assistance and eventual autopsying of the farmers. All of the subjects consented out of free will, however they were later found not to have been informed, saying that they were being treated for "bad blood". The real purpose of the experiment was never revealed to the men.

Furthermore, when penicillin was found to be an effective treatment in 1947, subjects were not given a choice to quit the study (which required them to stay off any treatment) or were even informed about the drug. In other words, the scientists let men die to fuel their own research.

The study was stopped immediately when the practices were leaked to the New York Times in 1972. Then, in American tradition, the lawsuits came a'flyin'. The U.S. government settled out of court by paying off the living participants

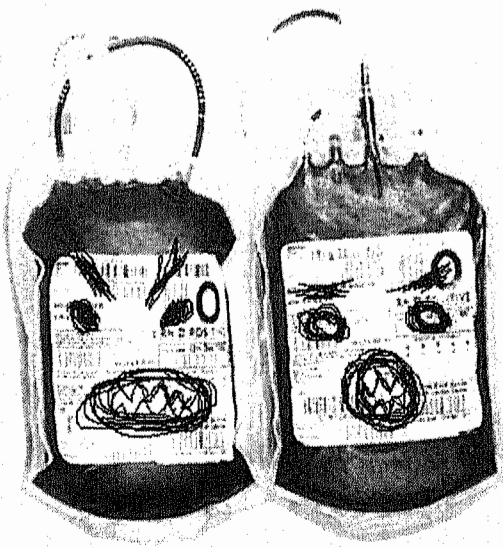
\$9 million, free health services and free burial services to them and their family members. Finally, in 1999, the government accepted responsibility publicly when President Clinton presented an apology on behalf of the USA and installed a bioethics committee to oversee the ethical regulations of scientific projects.

Abrupt ending.

**Thomas Tu** hopes you have a **WIGGLY** day! Next time you're going to a fancy dress party, remember that going as a Wiggle is cheap as. It's also much better than coming as a lame-ass ghost and more socially acceptable than coming as Pantsless Joe. EnL4RG3 y0Ur W1GgLe @ thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au

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Bad Blood

**CONCEPT: IMMUNE SYSTEM EVASION #1**

Pathogenic (disease-causing) microbes need to learn to hide from the immune system, especially those that are latent for long periods of time. If they don't, they are quickly disposed of and aren't passed on to another host. In the case of *T. pallidum*, it does this via two mechanisms; covering itself in the body's proteins and a thick polysaccharide coating.

*T. pallidum* has a molecule on its surface that binds to fibronectin, a protein naturally occurring in the blood. So as it spreads from the infection site to the entire body, these proteins stick to the outside of the bacterium. Thus the cell gets through without getting noticed by the immune system, who have been "trained" not to attack things that usually occur in the body (if this system breaks down, you get auto-immune diseases, such as MS or arthritis). Even if it is found by the immune system, it has a thick coating that makes it resistant to attack and much more able to survive.

## Fat Fitness

Smart, body-conscious people of the Modern Age finish their indulgent meals by puking into the toilet bowl. The truly clever don't waste their time with such teeth rotting behaviour: it's one of those efficient, go-getter-time-is-money things. Half a cabbage leaf for brunch; at noon, plenty of rest; half a teaspoon of 99% fat free vitamin supplement before bed. An exposed rib is an attractive rib.

Nothing screams 'Oprah, you've inspired us all' quite like a single, middle-aged tub of disgusting blubber with earphones, jiggling arms and a sweaty, red tracksuit. Good for you. Every community park is riddled with them. Power walking away those delicious buckets of delicious, tender chicken. Crying themselves to sleep, praying nightly to Jesus, 'Lord, help me be a better person by being slim and attractive'. Yuck. Don't make me sick. You've been walking for weeks and even God thinks you still look like a monstrously lazy piece of fat shit.

Yes, you are repulsive. The novelty of your personality wears very thin when your thick arms are perspiring like slashed camel humps. Yet there is hope for you yet. Apparently, in some African jungle country, where the likes of Coca-Cola Amatil hasn't distorted the natives' sense of sexual attraction, fat is hot. Actually, it's so hot they'll do anything to be with you. So what are you doing? You're here, alone and willing to do anything.

Look at the fatties: riding bikes, swimming, jogging... Fit and healthy, what a scam. Isn't exercise the most fun you've had since Christmas pudding? Ab-Crunch 2000 machines, howler monkey penis stretch yoga (all the rage in Europe), hundreds of dollars later and you still want to jump off a bridge. Hold that thought and repeat it.

Don't put yourself through this. What you need is a warm hug and someone to say, 'I love you'. You're a generous, loving, kindhearted person with feelings like everyone else. Well, that just don't cut it, bitch. You're nothing but morbidly obese trash. You need to get out of here immediately. I'm gonna make you a star.

Throw away your dead-end desk job. Feel your clogged arteries palpitate with joy rather than stress. Waddle breathlessly to the nearest travel agent. Grab a cab cause you're too tired. You're going to Africa.

The Ebola Virus melts your organs, causes you to bleed from every hole in your body and kills you in roughly two days if you're lucky to live that long. All they can really do is sit back and let you writhe in horrific, indescribable pain. HIV epidemics, genital mutilation, irreversible famine, inconceivable poverty, corruption, guerilla war, disease, little to no hygiene standards, leopards, lions and elephants. The drums of Africa are calling your name. Boom Boom Boom...

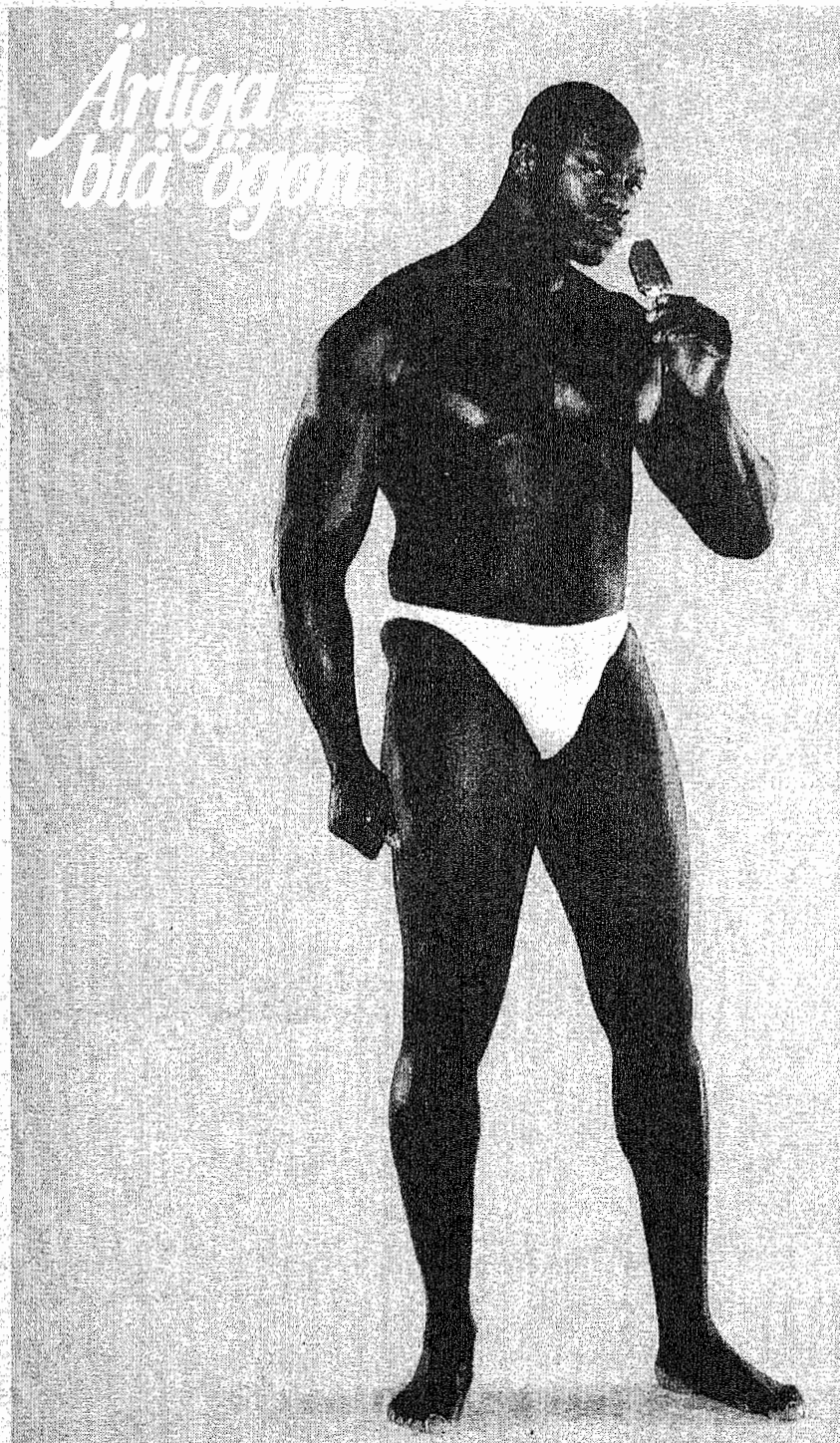
Don't stress yourself. The moment your hot piece of fat-ass arrives, the place is your oyster. Travel business folk always try to ease the guilt of screwing the third world with words like, 'experience', 'amazing journey of self discovery' and 'culture shock'. Don't be a dickhead with this sordid banter. You're an Australian. You have no culture.

Your puny perspective of the world will become so gloriously broad. Your dinner party conversations will be so intriguing, the Dalai Lama will line up just to touch you. Enjoy the warmth of popularity later. First, see the sights, take a few pictures of some animals or some dying children and avoid the British Backpackers. This is your health here, you'd rather Ebola than the company of the British.

When the time is right, you'll finally get kidnapped and raped. Sitting in the back of a rat-infested, airless truck, the moment of clarity will arrive. The fear, absence of nutrition and malaria will produce a hefty sweat. You'll dine upon dog faeces, human faeces and bits of your own hair. There's a one in three chance you now have AIDS so hello weight loss program. There, don't you feel better?

Perchance you scrape yourself out of this whole debacle alive, you'll have shed so many kilos. Your face on the cover of your new book, 'Rape, The Ebola Virus and Me' will look great. Fame and objectification are the completed pinnacles of western society. Use heavy make-up to mask the lesions. Track down the bastards who used to tease you about being fat. Seduce them all - give them HIV. Mock the fat idiots in the park, jogging away their spare time. Just sit back, sip herbal tea with your new group of sexually appealing, New Age friends and laugh. Baby.

**Dillon Tepper**



## Teen existential rant about EVOL #27

\*may have been extracted straight from a diary entry. Maybe not.

Up your ziggy with a wah-wah brush, modernity. Thousands of years of ritualised courtship out the window, and all we got was this stupid t-shirt. You bastard Duchamp. Nay, you flaming *couchon*. Let's break down preconceived social etiquette/norms with flotsam and jetsam, and in the process, flash a big 'whatever' to Austen-esque ideals of courtship. Screw you Enlightenment. Love is now an upside-down bicycle wheel plopped in a gallery and squawked at by emotionally stunted art world hobknobs with too much time on their hands. Suck on it Western World. Die horribly, horribly alone with nothing but a 60GB iPod to keep you warm at night. Does anyone remember when you stopped 'dating' and started 'seeing' someone? How did referring to your current crush as an indefinite article replace the humble ol' girlfriend/boyfriend paradigm? If God created everyone in His image, and we spend our lives striving for the utmost greatness, then we're really playing a huge game of reverse narcissism with Her. So given such formalities, why doesn't the oh-so-hallowed bf view yours truly as the joyous offspring of divinity that she really is? Why is he merely 'seeing' her, hesitating to exclaim to the world in neon technicolour prose, "This is my Girlfriend and I'm not afraid to call her so"? It's only a little word. It's not hard to say. Every time it fails to escape his mouth, a little tiny XX chromosome cries out in delirium and is suddenly silenced. And I blame Duchamp. Frowning on both ethnicity and emotionalism. Girls/boys in said echelon are well and truly done for- it's not efficient nor productive. It makes you want to find solace in 'Magic Happens' bumper stickers and cute kittens in overalls. No room for diametric opposites in the modern world, baby. Be content with a murky I heart you and the odd text message inscribed with sweet nothings and emoticons. The dating game: the mating game: the hating game. Each sold separately, batteries not included.

**Persephone**

# COURTSHIP AND CONTRADICTION

...move with me, with me removed

Generally I like to think of myself as a pretty happy and optimistic individual, however, I am discovering an increasing urge within myself to spit and hiss at obviously blissful couples with their over the top PDA's and playful banter. I was in the supermarket the other morning buying some typically bachelor-like breakfast supplies and I'm visually assaulted by the scourge of Sunday morning: a city-dwelling, health-freak partnership. She was wearing some gym/triathlon garb complete with sweaty camel toe and heart monitor while he was sporting shorts, shaved head with matching legs and a chartered accountants t-shirt which he probably wears to gym as well. Stupid jerks were clogging up the dairy section, who do they think they are bouncing around on Sunday morning, happy fuckers. Oh sorry, did I say fuck? Sorry to offend you buddy but why don't you take it as advice: Sunday morning is for fucking, what are you doing here, looking for bacon and egg flavored pussy? You could be at home eating your girlfriend instead of discussing bio-dynamic yoghurt. Oh sorry, do you prefer to call it "making love"? Well, stop kidding yourself dude. What am I doing here then? Well mate, I've been up all night and I'm a tad edgy amongst other things and in case you can't tell I'm quite SINGLE!!! (Yes I know girls, what a catch).

What I have just described is an example of how easy it is to become jaded with the 'mating game'. It happens to the best of us at times and while I still believe in true love and have surrendered myself to fate and destiny as far as that is concerned, I still get a little impatient, depressed and perhaps jealous at times. Let's try and break it, break it down.

It can be a bit tricky and at times hard. What's that? Hard? Yeah, you like that don't you? Hard! Yeah harder! Oh yeah, you're my best mate! See, that doesn't sound right at all, firstly let's identify that in the mating game there is a definite difference in the notion of a mate/mate ship and the search for a potential partner/courtship. A great example of some of the core elements that define both can be found in the work of Henry Lawson, particularly in Joe Wilson's *Courtship*, in which earning the respect of mates is intertwined with gaining the beautiful affection of a girl. The story contains some words of advice from Lawson:

*"Make the most of your courting days, you young chaps, and keep them clean, for they're about the only days when there's a chance of poetry and beauty coming into this life. Make the best of them and you'll never regret it the longest day you live. They're the days that the wife will look back to, anyway, in the brightest of times as well as in the blackest, and there shouldn't be anything in those days that might hurt her when she looks back. Make the most of your courting days, you young chaps, for they will never come again."*

Of course in the 1800's the courtship had quite different connotations to the pre-marital, sex-ridden, binge-drinking

shambles journey of love today, which has greater chance of finding its way in to family court rather than literature concerning courtship. But maybe some of this advice can be adapted.

Keep them clean hey? Well, the best way to do this is to keep your dirty stinking mates out of your love life and you don't meddle in theirs except for in extreme emergencies. Sure you're going to have mutual friends now or eventually and that's all cool and going out in a group is fun and all but if your serious about it allow for that quality time (shit, I feel like Dr. Phil). Don't become a complete limp dick and cut your mates out of the loop because they'll still be there when she is gone, but just aim for a healthy balance.

Food and drink helps me clarify the division: A night out specifically for a partner would be like a plate of oysters dressed with cucumber, mint and salmon roe, something light summery and refreshing. Sparkling white and a sparkle in each others eyes, start early and leave early it should be the aperitivo hour prior to a truly sensual banquet for the senses.

A night out with the mates would be a dish ridiculously spicy and containing meat of questionable origin or something heavy, like the music you should be seeing later in the night. With more of a winter feel; wearing the woolen jumper you've had since you were into Soundgarden and glazed eyes squinting into the cold night air. It should be the anesthesising hour prior the sensory banquet of 14 pints and capsicum spray.

Poetry hey? We all know that text messages can spark love or trigger the absolute destruction of a relationship. Sending a friend or lover a genuinely honest and compassionate message or sending the filthiest drunken booty call 2 minutes before passing out, I love them both. Here are two examples of sex text good, bad you decide:

*"Warm air on slightly sun kissed cheeks in the comfort of the chalet, whiteness slowly softens the exterior. White sand pushes through toes delightfully close to the edge of discomfort, a cool breeze off the sea enables the recognition of salt on tight skin. When I think of tranquility distance becomes intertwined. When I'm here, when I think of a bright room, white sheets and us on the interior. I'm there. I feel like nothing could be closer. And I love it"*

Or:

*"In ducked: In the best dual you ever had, come sound to mind and we can dual like drunk monkeys it will be book, bring done"*

Beauty hey? Beauty defiantly shouldn't be predictive. Bring beauty into the lives of those around you. I think the problem is in this post-post modern age we live in is that all the guys are terrified of performing random acts of beauty or writing poetry, scared they are going to be labeled too full on or make things weird. Meanwhile all the girls are reading *He's Just Not That into You* or some shit like that and wondering where all the guys are. Send random text, buy or steal those flowers or whatever. When it comes to sharing lives; keep the beauty coming in spontaneously and you'll keep coming in beauty spontaneously.

Hurt hey? Yeah damn straight it can hurt, but it doesn't mean you have to wander around like some detached sour misogynist or hang out the front of Borders and listen to shit music. So your last relationship stuffed up in sensational fashion, perhaps were sold on fashion not passion.

I think we have all been there; you ducked in to town for some food and fell in love with the chick in the corner of the Exeter. You know the one trying to pull off that impoverished inner city, po-mo-meets-shabby-chic shit when you know she can flee back to the turf of the leafy eastern burbs and get wired a few g's from dad. That top really cost \$1000 from an interstate boutique oh but the rest is op shop, whatever. Or maybe it was her male equivalent; the dude rocking down to uni barefoot with his calico / recycle-reuse bag when he's just another old collegiate trying calculated boho. When he retires from his 'uni years' he'll cut his hair settle down and perpetuate the same old shit he thought he was rebelling against.

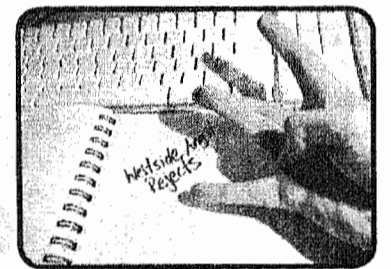
So you went out for some falafel and came home with the courtship equivalent of camembert: A pretty firm casing of culture on the outside but pretty soft cheese on the inside. Don't worry about it, just get on with things, it's not like you have to make some sweeping generalisations and write them in *On Dit*. Seriously though, courtship is about finding out what you don't want as much as what you do want so the best way to

deal with things is just to leave those things unsaid. Not only do they have the potential to hurt someone, they might hurt your chances of hooking up with their best mate a few months from now (ouch that's got to hurt). No really, Adelaide is too small to be a total asshole.

Even I recognise the irony in me offering advice on relationships but I think no matter who we are, we all want a bit of love and respect. So feel the fear, let down the barriers and jump in head over heels.

**Love Re: Pete.**

Ps: One at a time (except on special occasions) and don't argue / "discuss" drunk, just don't.



The other day I was walking across that bridge into the city - I forget the name. It connects whatever road runs between the top of Port Road and Henley Beach Road with the intersection of North Terrace and King William Street. If you know the name of it write me and I'll send you a prize. Although, actually, the name and the location aren't really all that important to the story. So it probably won't be a very good prize. Anyway. So I was crossing that bridge, and there's like this bowling club building below it, next to the train lines and an oval. On the side of it someone had spray painted "Die In Hell!" which seemed kind of a stupid thing to write. Well, maybe not stupid because I suppose the intention was to express a deep, abiding hatred for the reader (in this case, me) and it was certainly very effective in that

regard; I knew quite clearly where I stood in the author's approximation. But it showed a theological ignorance, because (if I understand correctly) one needs to die to get to hell in the first place. One isn't alive, and then goes to hell and dies. One dies and goes to hell. And if one did die in hell, many questions would arise. How did one get to hell without dying first? Once one was dead, where would one go from there? Because I believe one of the key aspects about death, from a religious perspective, is that it marks a separation of the body and the soul, and that can't occur when they both remain in hell which is, by its very nature, a realm for spirits. It just doesn't make sense to write 'Die in Hell'.

Ianto Ware

ON DIT 74.3  
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Presenting the inaugural On Dit...



# BATTLE OF THE ANDREWS



不義野味の...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...

## Andrew #1

"Women are more superficial than Men in the Mating Game"

A female friend and I had a discussion on the weekend in which she argued that women were less superficial than men when choosing a prospective partner. Her argument was based on her belief that women were more concerned with personality than men, whom she claimed were superficial in the way they concentrated mostly on how a girl looked. This assertion, that women are less superficial seems to be an accepted urban myth and is stated routinely as a fact supporting the proposition that women are more 'emotionally mature' than men. However, I think that when one looks closely at what it is that drives attraction between the sexes it is clear that when it comes to superficiality it is men, not women, who occupy the high moral ground.

When you see a fat middle aged man in a business suit walking down the road arm in arm with an attractive woman clearly of superior beauty (not an uncommon sight) I bet you don't look and go "wow... that guy must have a great personality to have picked up that girl!" my guess would be you look and go "I wonder how much that guy earns a year?" The simple fact is, in my opinion, for around 80-90% of the female population the amount of money a man has plays a significant role in his suitability as a partner. I'm sure many women are at this point thinking "I don't particularly want a rich guy so that's a lie." However, the question is; would you date a guy that earns significantly less than you? I'm betting that for a very large number of girls the answer is no. It all comes down to 'respect', meaning that girls can't respect a guy enough to date him unless he earns more than they do.

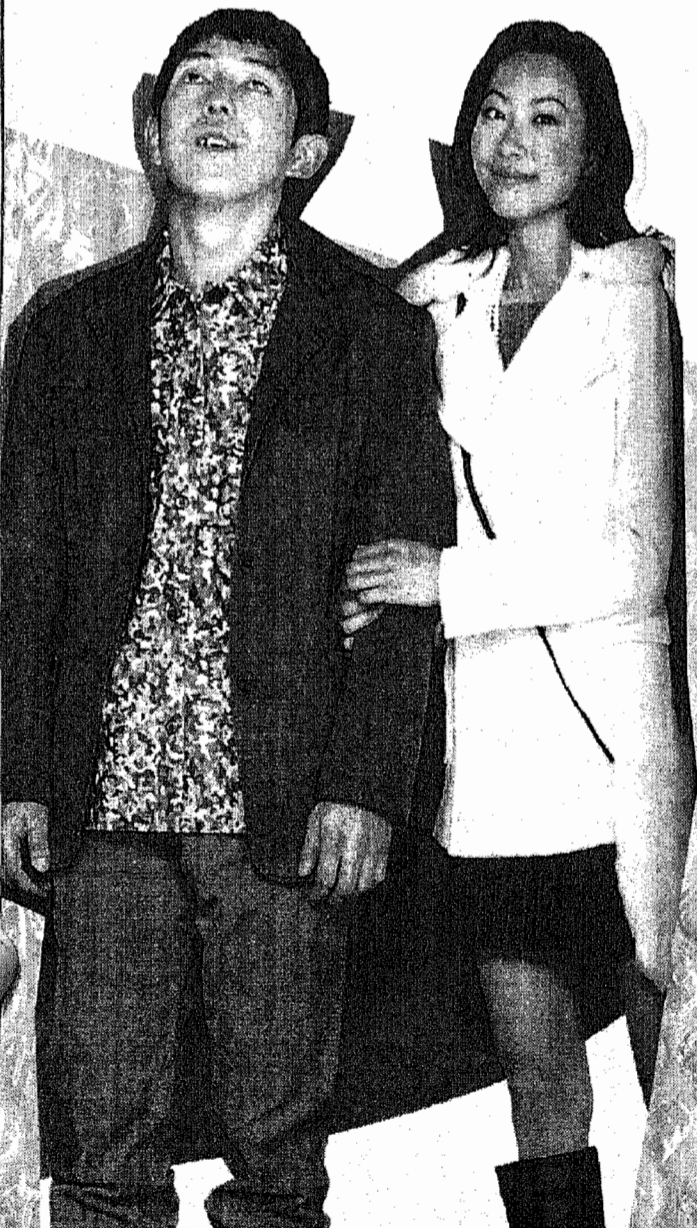
The terminology used is very important here, because girls are more clever in the way they term what is desirable. As above, 'respect' is used to justify dating a guy who earns more. When asked what they like in a man, a typical female answer might go along the lines of "good sense of humour, sense of adventure and they must be *driven*". The key here is that being *driven* doesn't mean a committed stay-at-home dad, or a guy who is really into his free-poetry, it means a guy who earns \$60k plus. What being driven means is that you care a lot about your career, and, more importantly, have had a measure of success. Guys stating that they 'like a nice

rack' sounds far more crude, yet the substance of the statement is, on balance, less superficial than liking a guy who is 'driven', despite first impressions.

The clincher is in the closet. It's generally true that when it comes to what guys like girls to wear, very little seems to be the order of the day. But we're not that picky, we certainly wouldn't knock back a hot girl in a full-length dress. For men, clothes come off. They're of little importance. But for women, the story is very different. What's the most desirable get up for a man in women's eyes? It's that symbol of wealth, power and conservatism...the suit. The 'suit effect' is incredible. Suddenly that skinny dweeb from Modern History becomes a figure of great sexual desire. It shows a man in control, on the move and ready to tackle the corporate ladder of opportunity. In my own experience, I have taken to wearing a shirt and tie out simply because the response I get from the opposite sex is so much greater. Now you can talk all the bullshit you want about how personality matters but the cold reality is that girls across the social spectrum from those 'alt rock types' through to the young libs will all go for the guy in the suit. I don't think the story is simply that the suit is a great looking garment, its what it symbolises (wealth) that's important.

Now I ask you, which is the more superficial; a man who dates a woman more on what she looks likes than on her personality or a woman who dates a man more on what he earns than on looks or personality? I think the latter. I'm not saying that dating people on what they earn is necessarily moral reprehensible and I also admit that there will, obviously, be degrees to the importance of wealth to a girl (and to looks for a guy). However, I am saying that girls in no way occupy the moral high-ground when it comes to the mating game as is often stated. Men are, on average, the least superficial of the two sexes.

Andrew Fleming



### ASTROL ON DIT: Your best chances at mating with ♡ ♡ ♡

- ♈ **ARIES**  
Fast and furious, mystery and challenge will burn their pants off, ooh.
- ♊ **GEMINI**  
The eternal teen. poetic and eloquent. Woo them with your mind.
- ♌ **LEO**  
Exhibitionists to hide their low self-esteem. Just tell them they're hot.
- ♉ **TAURUS** xoxo  
Conventional, yes. Deep need for security makes them good in bed.
- ♋ **CANCER**  
So much emotion. Don't be fooled they really want to be bent over.
- ♏ **SCORPIO**  
Schedule in time for Maid/secretary to somewhere quite

# Andrew#2

"That's bollocks and I can prove why"

Mr Fleming argues that women are more superficial than men, because they use the possession of a suit as a guide to the man, whilst men are not interested in the woman's clothes.

Before I respond to this and show it plainly false, let's look at Mr Fleming's article from an Argument and Critical Thinking (ACT) perspective. He sets out his claims by first promoting his opponents' view, which is that 'Women are less superficial than men. Women are more concerned with personality than men. Men mostly concentrate on how a girl looks.'

Mr Fleming thinks this a mere assertion. Well, what it actually is, is an argument. An assertion is a mere statement without support from evidence or other reasonable, and reasonably relevant, statements. For the uninitiated, an argument is a series of statements intended to support a conclusion. In this case we can break the claims into premisses (statements that are offered in support of a conclusion and capable of being true or false) and a conclusion (a statement we are asked to believe because of the premisses offered in support). An argument is a series of statements, put forward in support of a conclusion. These statements can be true or false, as can the conclusion. Arguments can only be valid or invalid. Here endeth the ACT lesson. So the breakdown of Mr Fleming's opponents' argument;

1. Women are less superficial than men.
2. Women are more concerned with personality than men.
3. Men mostly concentrate on how a girl looks.

The order, as presented may seem weird, because (1) is the actual conclusion, and we are asked to believe (1) on the basis of (2) and (3). So Mr Fleming is wrong when he claims that his opponent makes a mere assertion. This clearly is an argument, calling it an assertion only

comes across as abuse. Deal with the argument don't abuse the person giving the argument! This is by way of an aside.

Let's look at Mr Fleming's own argument. Mr Fleming argues that;

- A. Hot chicks date men, some of whom are fat and old, because they wear suits
- B. Suits indicate that the man is driven.
- C. Driven is used as a synonym for wealth and power.
- D. Women date men because of their wealth, not because of 'personality' as traditionally claimed.
- E. Men who date women are not that picky about the material wealth of women; we are only interested in taking the clothes off, whereas women are interested in the clothes.
- F. Men are less superficial than women.

This is a complex argument, for those doing ACT, the main conclusion is (F), this is drawn from the sub-conclusion (E) which is based on the premisses (A - D). Now we may question the premisses (on both sides), but since we have not been given Mr Fleming's opponent's, I'll look at his. When a fat man in a suit is spotted with a hot chick, we automatically think that she must be with him for his money. What is the evidence for this? The claim that we do not think 'wow, that fat bastard must have a brilliant personality'. Mr Fleming is asking us to believe a conclusion based on an ascribed belief. It does not work. Show us the evidence that this is what women think. That men think it, is no proof that women do (even were we to find a man that did think this way).

Most psychological evidence (note evidence, not personal belief), points

## 水瓶座

1/21 ~ 2/20

### この冬のLOVE

冬は人恋しくなる季節。そんな中で水瓶座のアナタが寂しい思いをしないためのこの冬のキーワードは「変化」。もともと、変化を愛する水瓶座のアナタにとってのこんな変化を楽しむのに良い時期。たとえば、いつもはクリスマスは一人だと寂しいという人は逆に一人を楽しんだり...。自分の価値観を大事にするのも水瓶座の良い所だけど、無理せずにその場の状況を楽しむように心の変化があればなおよし。友達を紹介は吉で、良い出会いを運んでくれそう。また、12月の中旬に告白をうまく決めている方があとの流れがスムーズにいくぞ。ただ25日はトラブルを起すので恋人と一緒にではなく友達などと遊んだ方が無難かも。

### 水瓶座BOYの落とし方

ボーイで気さくな水瓶座の男はなかなか落とすのが難しいかも。という

## 射手座

11/21 ~ 12/20

### この冬のLOVE

射手座の冬の恋を素敵にするためのキーワードは「楽しむ事」。その秘訣は、もし、最悪クリスマスに好きな人と一緒に過ごせなくても仲の良い友達とパーティして楽しむ事と余裕を持つ事です。射手座のアナタは、余裕があってナンボの人! 天真爛漫に楽しんでる姿が一番キュートな射手座の魅力! 焦って何も良い事はありません。それに、もともとクリスマス前は射手座の星に入っているので運気は良い時期なのです。だから、純粋に出会いや合コンでも良いので楽しむ事。あまり、欲張らずにいたら自然と彼氏候補が見つかりそう。クリスマスの日も運気は良いので心配なく楽しめます。恋が友情か悩んだ時は楽しそうな方を選んであげよう!

### 射手座BOYの落とし方

射手座には、明るいタイプの射手座と暗いタイプの射手座がいます。どちらも共通していることは自由である事がテーマです。なので、自分の思い通りに動かそうとするのではなく、自分も彼の自由にまかされるぐらいの気持ちが必要です。ただ、あんまり軽いノリ過ぎるとずっとなんか軽められるので注意。手綱を握るぐらいの感じが丁度良いでしょう。基本的なこちらが追うより向こうが追うのを待たせよう。射手座の彼と付き合ったら、あんまり、細かい要求すると自由を

towards women looking first at the eyes, then at the rest of the man. The evidence also suggests that men first look at the tits, then at ways to get hold of them! Next comes terminology. Women want men who are driven. Driven, Mr Fleming believes, means that the guy earns \$60K plus, not driven to read poetry and wash nappies. Well, this is just a question of definition. He's defining his conclusion into existence. Again, we need evidence, not persuasive definitions (Go back to ACT and start again!)

But, Mr Fleming thinks the best support offered in favour of his claim is that women prefer suits. Now, for the purpose of the argument, I think we should allow this claim to succeed. Does this show that Mr Fleming is more correct, that women are more superficial? No, it does not. In fact, it shows that Mr Fleming is wrong. I love ACT!

Suppose we attribute this desire for a suit to a woman, call her Mary. First, as Mr Fleming claims, a suit indicates power, control, on the move, ready to tackle the ladder of corporate opportunity. The suit then is a symbol of the man's abilities. This means that the suit is a guide to the person wearing it. How exactly does the size of a woman's chest indicate the ability of the woman? Is a 34DD more intelligent than a 32AAA? I mean, is there a correlation between the size of the breast and the size of the intellect? The type of woman? Hope not. What about the size of legs then? Do these demonstrate desire to climb the corporate ladder? Clearly focusing on a

woman's body is no guide either to her personality, nor her intellect.

If, as Mr Fleming claims, men are only interested in women's clothes because we are trying to get into them, then those clothes mean nothing. We are really interested in the woman's body. But women who prefer suits are only interested in the suits, so must be more superficial. But this does not follow. Indeed, Mr Fleming has given us the argument for women being less superficial. Women are only interested in a man because he wears a suit, and that suit demonstrates that the "man [is] in control, on the move and ready to tackle the corporate ladder of opportunity". Mr Fleming's own words. If this is so, she is interested in the reasons why the man has the suit, and wears it. Whereas the man is only interested in the body of the woman. QED, women are less superficial than men. So if what Mr Fleming says is true, then his conclusion is false. Hope this helps?

Andrew J. Turner

MA (Philosophy) BA(Hons)(History and Politics) B(ed)

(Footnotes)

<sup>1</sup> This is a joke, by the way, I really look at the eyes, though I do think that a woman's eyes are in her chest!

<sup>2</sup> PS, if you haven't done ACT, I suggest you do, it's quite a laugh.

~LIBRA~

A renaissance man.

Eminem is a libra, send poetry/rap

SAGITTARIUS

Life is adventure  
Glamazons drive them crazy  
Strike a pose baby.

CAPRICORN

Secret romantics  
That place more value on respect  
but find stockings hot.

Scorpio

Threesomes, pain, secrets,  
S + m, porn, death, blood, sex.  
what more could you want?

Aquarius

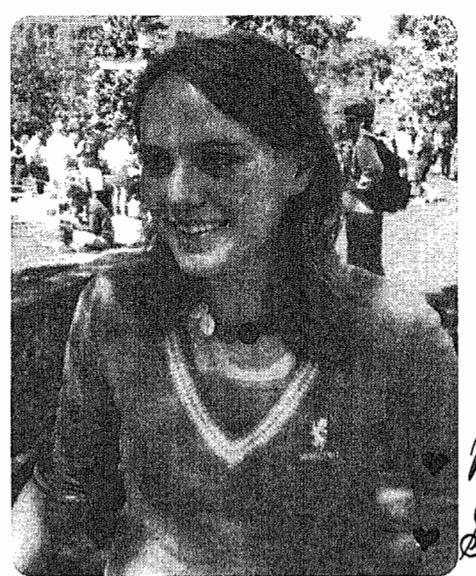
The true democrat,  
emotionally distant. You're  
a true mind fuck boots

Pisces

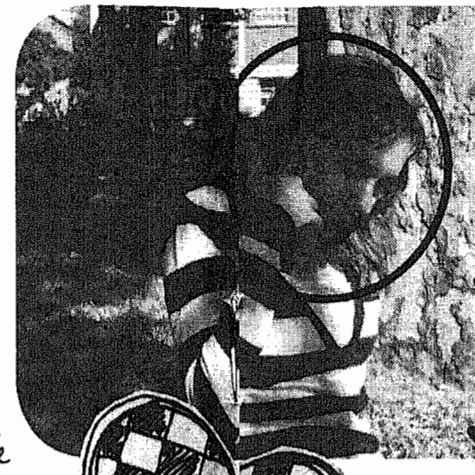
In love with a dream  
take the feelings as they come,  
but they give great head.



Erin, 19  
Gemini  
♥ Beyond Borders  
♥ Bomba  
♥ ... musical, brooding, obsessive and very political  
♥ John Butler



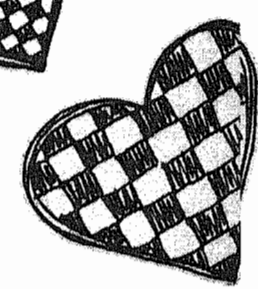
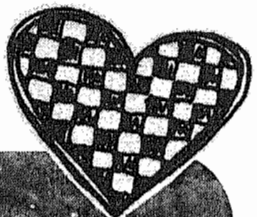
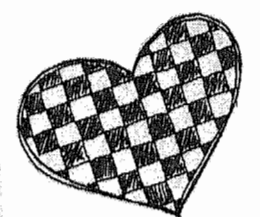
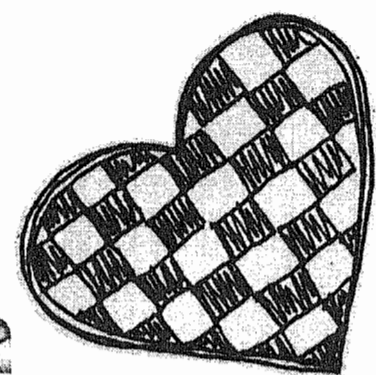
Hannah, 18  
Virgo  
♥ Rage in Placid Lake  
♥ Special Patrol  
♥ ... poetic and complex  
♥ Adam Mills



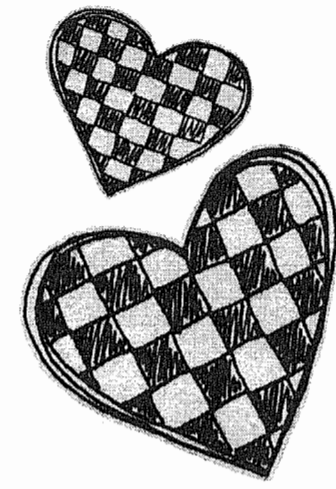
Ellen, 17  
Aries  
♥ Donnie Darko  
♥ Placebo  
♥ ... not wearing denim shorts  
♥ Johnny Depp



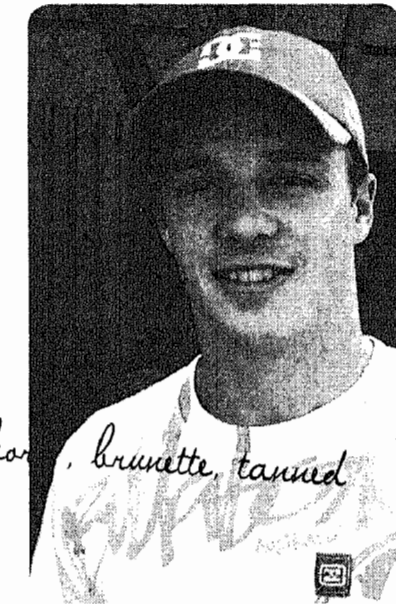
Nat, 19  
Leo  
♥ Love Actually  
♥ Motor Ace  
♥ ... willing to experiment  
♥ Jennifer Aniston



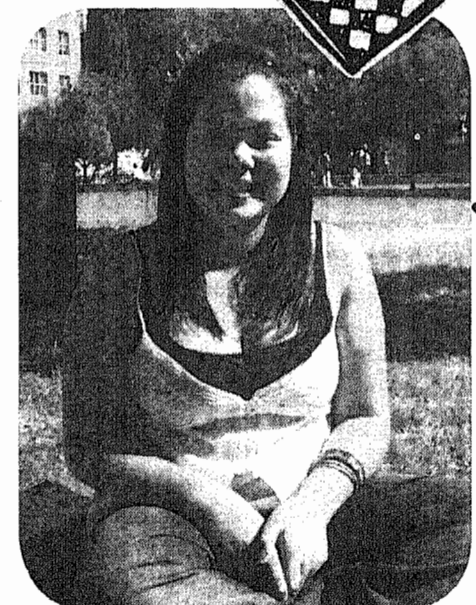
*Erin*



Robbie, 20  
Aries  
♥ Super Troopers  
♥ Trispoon  
♥ ... english accent, short  
♥ The Hoff

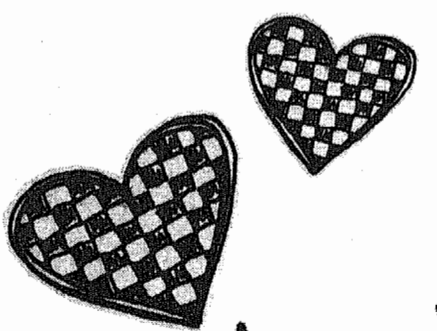
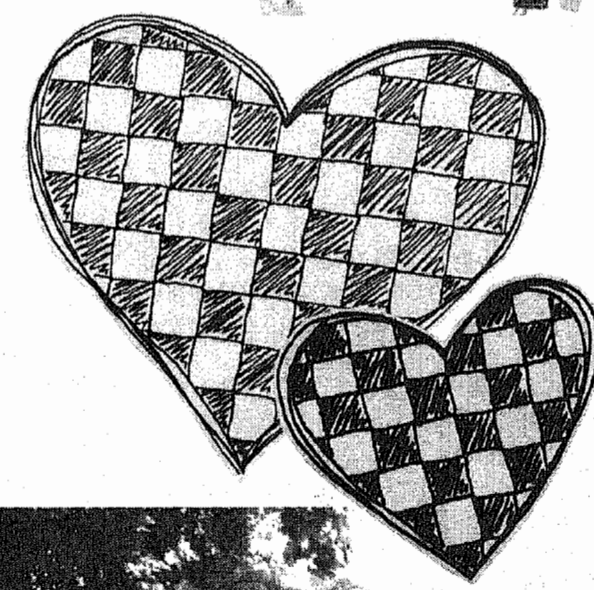
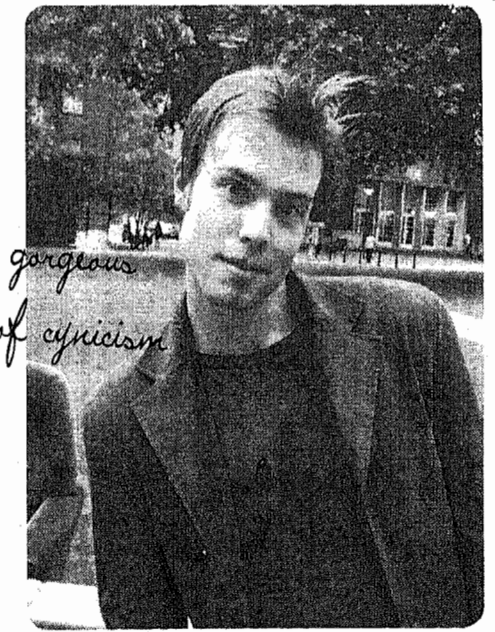


Alice, 18  
Sagittarius  
♥ 10 Things I Hate About You  
♥ Beautiful Girls  
♥ ... good in bed, good in the kitchen  
♥ Heath Ledger



Jess, 17  
Leo  
♥ Empire Records  
♥ Kings of Leon  
♥ ... wearing a black t-shirt  
♥ Jake Gyllenhaal

Brendan, 20  
Gemini  
♥ Downfall  
♥ 13 & God  
♥ ... sophisticated, confident, generous, gorgeous and with a touch of cynicism and subversiveness  
♥ Nina Nastasia

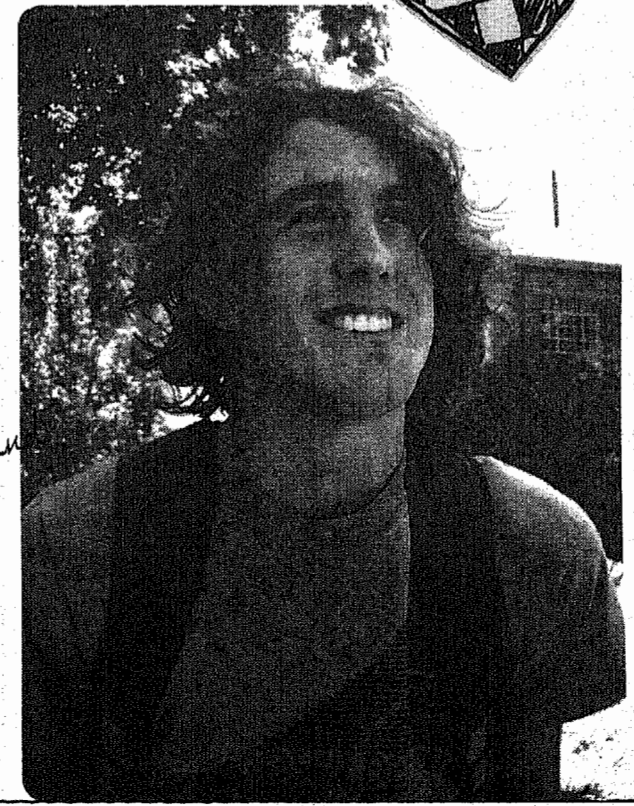


*Kristina*

Ben, 19  
Scorpio  
♥ Pulp Fiction  
♥ K&D  
♥ ... everything (Thurman in Kill Bill)  
♥ Madonna



Max, 21  
Taurus  
♥ Pulp Fiction  
♥ Incubus  
♥ ... curvalicious, cute and curious  
♥ Penelope Cruz



Here at ondit, it's well known that we like to share the love around - so much so that it reaches into all the nooks, crannies and orifices of this university. Vox Pop thought there would be nothing better than to search out all the hot and single guys and girls who roam campus just waiting for that crush they had in their first year European Studies tutorial to approach, take their hand and whisk them away to a life of sublime happiness... \*sigh\* So here they are, email us at voxondit@gmail.com if you feel a jolt of unbridled passion as you stare into their grayscale faces, and help us play ...

♥ 1) Favourite Movie ♥ 2) Favourite Band ♥ 3) My dream girl/boy is... ♥ 4) The celebrity I would most like to mate with.



# On the Heroism of 'The Woman':

## A FANTASY ABOUT A GAME

By Brendan De Paor-Moore

Woman, in the attempt to claim herself, in the moment of recognition that she inhabits and collaborates in the building of a male artefact within her own space of life, bases her self, at this moment, on the very misrecognition of her self. She has realised that the self to which she has given recognition is surpassed by denied potentials. In the history of feminism, which we are trying, without much detail, to imagine a general pattern of, there is at least one inevitable series of occurrences. The assertion of woman must occur. The entire semiotic plane on which this assertion must be inscribed, however, is dominated so heavily by the assertion of the man, that assertion itself is considered a male property. To be asserted in any form woman must disturb the entire balance of the plane by a strategic perturbation of the fixity of male identity. At some point, the mere assertion of a woman's right to exist in her own terms is enough for the idea of 'the man' to disappear, at least for an instant. Women, also, have to convince themselves that they want to be men. This is a mistake, as they only wanted to be able to contest the same positions of authority that men contest, and to be able to use more various and interesting strategies than 'feminine wiles' or influence over men to achieve them. In fact, this too, is not quite their desire. Their desire is indescribable. Because it is a desire to assert something that does not (did not?) exist, the desire to confront man with a woman which is not of male design, a woman which is woman's, but for which the woman fights because she no longer knows it, because she has been forced to forget it by thousands of years during which men shaped her by their domination of the public sphere. In some sense, her fight is for the right to leap into an empty space. If you told her that there was nothing there, she would have nonetheless leapt into it. This space may be empty, nonetheless, even vacuums have a power, especially when we are talking about vacuums in the symbolic, as we are here.

Paradoxically, the woman cannot masculinate by becoming more 'like a man' in the way she exercises power. The subjected woman is the masculinated woman, as she is defined only by and through the masculine and its effects. The woman who wears aspects of the masculine may indeed doubt and even lose that which marks her as feminine. In some cases, this may indeed be regrettable because she thereby sheds potentials, but precisely because she believes she can gamble on claiming a masculine space, she affirms a femininity, as the outside from whence she makes this claim.

Men cannot possess the woman. Women naturally possess the woman, but cannot be the woman, because the woman stands for the power of the vacuum which surpasses being, the particle/wave process of the quanta enfolds itself at the very zero point of the vacuum.

Therefore the woman cannot be expressed aside from her heroic aspect, the that-which-cannot-be-possessed. The history of feminism as such is the history of this heroism being proven to exist.

It seems that 'the woman' has claimed

completely this space of unforeseeable adventures in new self-assertions. This is the mark of some small, female victory within the symbolic arrays of social power, perhaps the only victory that is so far completely secure in an on-going struggle.

Any male who wishes to be new, to open himself to this surplus will have to open himself up to the power of this space, and will have to navigate through the concept of 'the woman', will have to open himself up to the same leap that women have made, a heroism which cannot be male. The 'vacuum' is more a sort of absolute limit which nothing obeying the rules of 'the man' can access. In this sense 'the woman' is not a feminine essence. It is a space. It is the space of a symbol, yet there is no symbol there. The feminine is a set of attributes, some imposed, others real; the woman is the point that has to be accessed for attributes of the feminine and the masculine to be reconfigured. It is the trigger point for new releases of energy in the phenomena of gender. This can be described in terms of a game. 'The woman' is a mobile space in a game, both a piece and a site of play. Women and men have different relationships to it. The relationships can be described by relative distance and intentional modes. 'The woman' exists because it is space in the game of identity betwixt men and women. Women play at being 'the woman', men play at possessing 'the woman'. The ultimate rules of this romance are as above. The woman does not exist in any stable point, she shifts as the game continues and the game is played only because no one knows where she is. Women might use a specific knowledge of an intimate discovery of her location to give themselves a positive definition. Men position themselves according to a set of attributes (the feminine) which they believe they will be able to manipulate to gain possession of 'the woman'. Both can use this game to radically alter themselves. 'The man' is not exactly an opposite space to 'the woman', because it pre-supposes 'the woman', it is to men as the 'the woman' is to women and to women as 'the woman is to men', but the man is not the object of the game. It is the piece/space 'woman' the play of which alters the sphere of the game. Every time 'the man' or 'the woman' shift positions the whole field is altered. 'The man' and 'the woman' are separate things from men and women and the masculine and the feminine: the masculine and the feminine are both pieces used in playing the game and strategies of play, and rules of play which change depending on where 'the man' and 'the woman' are and are completely separate from the game, actually in the physical world, different rhythms and methods of being natural to sex but which are so indescribably fine in their difference and so radical in the multiplicity that this game was actually invented as a way of perceiving them and defining them. This is the heterosexual game. Each heterosexual plays a slightly different version but nonetheless participates and is some degree 'stuck in' the general game. I imagine homosexual games are in many ways similar, but I

won't presume. Between all men/women and the man/the woman is a space of separation. This space is where the game is played.

This game is not the only game but it is the game which we are trained to play, and which everyone begins to play. It is all that is suggested by the act of seeking to claim someone who is profoundly other than oneself in a most fundamental way. It is only a game to suggest a description of this game, of course, as one can play it in a myriad of ways and does so, in fact, all the time, mainly with strangers. To claim yourself is also to play the game. So is refusing to play it.

Am I suggesting an essential feminine and an essential masculine? Not outside the rules of signification and sign games and the need to inhabit these games in order to exist in a social realm indistinguishable from language.

Love might just be the moment the game breaks, or, rather, the moment in which, and for the mere duration of which, the game breaks. If love means to recognise someone as an all, for a second, let us say, then let us also say that in some fragment of this second one must recognise this all as one's total destruction, both immediately in encompassing, self-erasing recognition of the all and in the yet-to-come through their vanishing. If one cannot destroy you they are not loved by you to the full extent of love. In this context, 'the man' can only exist as lover under a feminine mode. Indeed he has to hear the woman take on the aspect of 'the man' and declare herself as in love, otherwise his existence is threatened, this is why he feels motivated to extract this confession under a mode of subjugation, thus negating the threat to his symbolic placement.

There is possibly now a flourishing of the kind of man who subverts and oppresses women through his own feminisation. He can be identified in the fact that he turns being a man into a game. He at once refuses to embrace the most difficult and worthy of masculine qualities and refuses also to expose himself to the feminine. His fascination with his own attraction to women is carried out under the governing apparatus of his fascination with the idea of being near this by being alike to this. It all reeks of a repressed yet subtly assertive desire to dominate. Given that there is a certain amount of largely beneficial discouragement of the male-dominance normality in our media and our schools, as well as in our techniques of parenting, we males of left-liberal middle class background can have this type of maleness repressed within us without our having consciously confronted it. We have a fully-developed program of censorship, but this is a system founded only on a negation. The repressed will reassert itself in another form whenever its repression is carried out not to institute any succession of orders, but simply to close off the possibility of an order. Unable to identify with the masculine the self-assertion of this being is a covert one. He consecrates upon himself the denial of the masculine, and in this actually transposes the masculine to another level, above the first: after all, the strictness of his dislike for the masculine is

masculine. But, beyond this, his measuring of himself against this masculine to assert his superiority to it ultimately means he includes himself within the masculine and his whole project is to covertly assert his masculinity in exactly the same manner as his 'enemies', the 'crude and unsophisticated men of the old-style', by placing a claim on femininity. This time, however, he claims his own femininity. He has fooled himself, after all his femininity, after the femininity of all men, is beautiful: at this level of illusion, there are no lies only beautiful excesses. In this gesture, he ensures that the heroic aspect of the feminine is eclipsed, and that his masculinity, masked and protected by the false gesture of repudiation, is secured from the openness, the vacuum which with 'the woman' threatens him. In this way he cannot constitute a relation to any woman, or to himself. Is the woman to whom he is paired, if she exists, fooled? Perhaps, as long as she looks at him, judges him, inspects his behaviour: certainly he follows all the rules. The game is too subtle to follow on the surface. Yet, within herself, does she feel something barring her from herself? This is the question which a woman has to ask, it seems, if 'the woman' is to have an honorific place for her being. This disease of his is weak, it saps his strength pointlessly everyday. She will know how to confront it by instinct, perhaps, in any case it can only be confronted by her, as she is the other whose radical and active absence he attempts to seal.

Because dominating or subjugating the woman means the prevention of the existence of the woman, because, in human terms, existence requires an assertion, the man himself ceases to exist in this process. This may well be his actual aim. After all, his whole programmatic is sketched and inked in the negative behaviour of a repressive action, his whole conception of 'the man' is the static Archimedean point on which this system of barriers, weights and monuments rests: a statue, a certainty, a tradition, a nation. He is afraid of the real man who lives within him and who is always moving and who constitutes his relation to woman in terms of the actual bond and not the identities which can be fixed at either end. Even in this question of unfixed identities though 'the man' and 'the woman' continue to persist, the woman's heroism continues through her mode of transformation, the mode of existence that can only exist by transforming itself radically and accepting the challenge of this constant transformation. The man's transformation, on the other hand, even though he is that which declares itself, also occurs, but under the mode of crystallisation, immobility and freezing, withdrawing inwards by an infinitesimal movement that shatters everything unexpectedly, making himself rigid till he is bound to snap, he escapes his own motionless form. Woman the shape-shifter, man the escape-artist. Magic acts. Both should be learnt as far as possible by all practitioners of the carnivalesque.

And there you have what used to be called love, maybe still is... To those of us left.

# Late night musings Part I

By Sophie Donoghue



It's a perfectly nice, ordinary day. You are innocently winding your way to the bar after two gruelling hours of sitting down and playing noughts and crosses with your neighbour, whilst pretending to listen to the lecturer in an appropriately intelligent, yet not creepily observant, manner. At this moment in time, there is not one single grey cloud in the sky that is your life. However, in one nauseating second, that's all about to change, and you aren't going to like it. You have just spotted the bane of an untarnished social life: an Ex. And what's worse is that they have clocked you as well. An odd impasse develops: you both know that neither of you can simply do a quick 180 and run (although you are invariably both hoping that the other one will panic and make a break for it, to save you from the shame of having to commit this grave social *faux pas* yourself). Furthermore, you both recognise that neither of you can afford to *not* make an attempt at friendly banter (as this would imply that you are still carrying baggage, thereby giving the other party a cheap victory). So there is only one plan of attack: both advance, meet in the middle, and try to look nonchalant.

It's a situation that pretty much all of us have to negotiate as we work our way through life. Relationships, though shiny at the beginning, can rapidly sink into a quagmire of despair (or worse, boredom), accompanied by much wailing and gnashing of teeth. Worse is the fact that once you break up with someone, your dealings with them will probably not end with the relationship. They will be around the place, and so will you. Granted there are some relationships that end nicely, or barely get off the ground, thereby making such encounters a Good Thing, because you can Catch Up, and reminisce about the Good Old Days™. Good conversation may also ensue if you haven't seen The Ex in question for over five years, as this wonderful temporal displacement may bestow an air of mystique upon them. Another plus is that you've definitely had sufficient time to forget the bad shit that went down, and can be pleasantly reminded of all the nice, sparkly things that came out of the relationship. Unless of course they tried to burn your house down, in which case you have every right to be bitter, and can snub them accordingly.

The Mating Game can be tough on everyone. There's the jarring optimism of singledom, or the flipside: strident denials of the need, or even the desire, for any form of relationship. Significantly higher levels of complication may be expected when you genuinely aren't that interested in finding a partner (or partners), and the perfect person waltzes into your life. It feels like you are being thwarted at every turn, like you just can't win, like the universe is laughing at your every attempt at free will. Then there

are the wonderfully intricate dynamics of actually being *in* a relationship, but that's a ramble for another day. Then comes the endgame: the stuff that happens after you eventually break up. You put a full stop after a particular period in your life, and trundle off to find out what else the universe has lined up for you. That's probably why encountering an Ex can be so peculiarly disturbing; it's a piece of your past coming back to haunt you. It's the cosmos letting you know that although you have moved on to pastures new, your past is still there somewhere, and neither throwing colossal wads of cash around nor swearing profusely can change it.

And that's the joy of uni: you will find that there are Exes everywhere. Old flames from high school pop up all over the place, the first person you kissed is in your tutorial, and you are forever bumping into people you hooked up with back in first year. That's just how it works. It's great and terrifying at the same time. Out of nowhere, all those silly notes, four hour long phone calls, somewhat dodgy SMS's and 'just because' hugs all come back to you. And therein lies the truly scary part: it's not that you thought at one point that person was actually attractive, intelligent, or funny. Nor is it that they know so much about you, or you about them. (Strange as it may seem, the details of their parent's dodgy business deals, their past drug use, or their concerns that the person they think is their sister might actually be their mother don't really seem that significant after a time.) No, it's not that we are seeing *them* again that scares the proverbial shit out of us. It's coming face to face with the person that we used to be that can be difficult to deal with. Every single one of us has changed in the last five years, the last six months, even in the last few weeks. Some changes are obvious to all, whilst others can be difficult to detect. Either way, none of us are the same person we were back then. So when an Ex emerges from the ether, memories of The Old You invariably bash their way into your brain. No matter how fabulous your life is right now, confronting your past incarnations can be mildly traumatic.

So remember, it's not meeting the Ex that completely fries your cortex, it's meeting the person you once were. And *that* you can definitely deal with. At the end of the day, there's something to be gained, or a lesson learned, from every experience you have. No matter who you were eons ago, all those experiences have played a part in creating the undoubtedly fabulous you that exists today. So next time an ex comes into view, look at the encounter as a kind of performance appraisal: you can see how far you've come since then. And feel quite happy and smug as a result.

## Sport

Do you belong to a sports club at uni?  
Do you want free coverage of your sports results and meet details?

E-mail

onditsports06@yahoo.com.au  
for further details.

Sports Editor:

Ashleigh Newton  
onditsports06@yahoo.com.au

## A DELAIDE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAIN CLUB (AUMC)

Adelaide University Mountain Club (AUMC) is one of the largest and most active clubs at the University of Adelaide. AUMC members are involved in a wide variety of outdoor activities including bushwalking, rock-climbing, mountain biking, canoeing, regaining, cross-country skiing and 'eco-challenge' (multi-sport and endurance).

AUMC activities are usually organised as trips to a particular destination, and have a certain core aim or activity (e.g. Victorian High Country to climb Mt. Feathertop). Many trips are organised and run by experienced members of the club. The participants share costs (petrol, food etc) and there is usually no other charge. Transport is mostly by private vehicle and is arranged by the organiser. The club also strongly encourages members to organise their own trips, and assists with providing information, contacts and discount equipment hire.

AUMC members include Australian and international students, graduates and non-graduates. Regular BBQ's, pub nights and other events give the club a strong social side and provide many opportunities to meet new people with an interest in the outdoors.

For more information email the club at [info@aumc.asn.au](mailto:info@aumc.asn.au) or jump on their website at [www.aumc.asn.au](http://www.aumc.asn.au).

# Privacy and Sports Stars: Men behaving badly?

As many people would know, a bad news story is much more likely to sell a newspaper than a good news story. How many times do we pick up the paper in the morning to headlines of '2 Killed in Road Smash' or 'Jobs Slashed in Local Area'? However, in the past few years, our preoccupation with sport as a nation has begun to impact on the way the media report on sports stars and their behavior both on and off the playing field. Media analyst Carley Jennifer Jellett believes that "sports journalists are no longer content with reporting on the on field aspects of professional sport. These days, there is a great amount of coverage of sports stars as personalities, even celebrities. Their private lives and personal antics are considered fair game in media reportage. When a sports star is caught out doing something unacceptable, the media devour it". As members of the viewing public and as fans of particular clubs or sports, we often believe that we have a right to know everything and anything that happens to the members of that club or team, but when does the curiosity of fans become stalking? Is there a line that the media have crossed or as sports stars, do players relinquish their rights to privacy?

Over the past few years especially, Australia's sporting public (i.e. players, supporters, viewers, families etc) have been rocked with story after story of player related scandals. Recent scandals have included rape allegations against both Australian Rules (AFL) footballers and Rugby League (NRL) players, driving offences, illegal drug use and many incidents of unruly behavior, usually involving alcohol. However, when thinking of those scandals that 'blew minds' none match the Wayne Carey affair.

Wayne Carey, a celebrated footballer who was often referred to as the "King of the Game", had become involved with Kellie Stevens, wife of teammate and close friend Anthony Stevens. On the 13<sup>th</sup> of March 2003, Carey resigned as captain of the Kangaroos Football Club and quit football altogether. This set the media into a frenzy and both the Carey and Stevens families were hounded relentlessly. Because of the enormous coverage of the story, questions were raised about the fairness of Carey's treatment by the media and if it was fair to treat him as a

celebrity or a role model purely because he was a good footballer.

As a result of the Carey scandal, even more questions were raised about the validity of sports stars as celebrities and if there in fact was a distinction. Celebrity, defined as 'a famous person' by the Oxford Dictionary would seem to encompass sports stars, but the true distinction between celebrity and sports star will always depend on your point of view. Director of the Cultural Industries and Practices Research Centre at the University of Newcastle, David Rowe states that "sports celebrities often seem blind to the preconditions of their own celebrity... [2004 Brownlow Medalist] Chris Judd protested on his ... web column **"let's be brutally honest, all I really do is play football and comment on it. I, for one, am still unable to see why I'd be viewed as anything other than a footballer"**. The truth of the matter is that sports stars are seen as role models for the simple fact that kids want to be that person. There are countless people who can tell you that their childhood dream was to be Wayne Carey... how many people would want to be him now?

The Wayne Carey scandal may have taken place in 2003, but it still captures the attention of audiences across the country. On February 24, 2006, the media had another field day when Carey and his wife Sally announced their separation only weeks after Sally gave birth to their first child. However, it is important to remember that it was not simply the fact that Carey was a sports star that caused the scandal that followed his departure from the Kangaroos. Journalist Peter Ker went on the record in mid 2003 saying that "the Carey/Stevens affair is not particularly unusual in terms of social behavior. It was the disparity between Carey's on field behavior - his camaraderie with teammate Anthony Stevens - and his off field behavior, which saw him totally betray and humiliate Stevens, that caused it to be so scandalous".

So where is the line that separates a fan from a stalker and where is the line between journalists reporting news and simply reporting the intimate details of the lives of sport stars? These questions are ones that may never be answered. While many believe that there are

distinctions between sports stars and other celebrities, it seems that our passion or sport has unlocked the door to those who are involved private lives. However, what must be remembered is this as stated by David Rowe, "In itself, sport is a meaningless display of certain physical skills and talents, but acquires meaning mainly through the emotion projected onto it. Sports fans give sport its heart and soul - without their passionate identifications and rivalries, sports would be [only] a mildly enjoyable, if eccentric, pastime". In short, sport does not exist without fans, and with this said the passion can be taken as far as that particular fan is willing to take it. The privacy barrier therefore depends only on what the fans want... and the thought of how far this idea can be stretched is almost frightening.

Ashleigh Newton



## Injury of the Week\*

*Broken Finger & Severely Bruised Hand*

**Playing Hockey**

Do you have a cool injury you want everyone to see? E-mail it along with a short description of where, when and how it happened to [onditsports06@yahoo.com.au](mailto:onditsports06@yahoo.com.au). The best injury at the end of the year wins a prize! Takes voyeurism to a whole new level, really ...



# ROWING

## FIRST GRADE SA

### STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

26/02/06

The Adelaide Uni 'Blacks' took out the First Grade Mens and Womens Eights SA titles Double Sunday at West Lakes with convincing victories over the Olympic 2000 metre distance.

The Mens Eight won for the second year in a row but this was a significant victory because their winning time of 5 minutes 44.99 seconds was the fastest by a SA Club crew for over 20 years.

Chris Morgan, who set a new course record in the Single Scull on Saturday, was also a member of the winning Eight, coached by Roger Moore.

Adelaide Uni took the lead ahead of arch rivals, Adelaide, right from the start and held almost a boat length ahead of Adelaide until the half-way mark when they answered a push of power effort by the Adelaide crew with a stronger one of their own that took them away to a two boat length lead which they held until the finish line.

These two crews were too fast for the other five boats in the race but there was an excellent contest for third place, which St Peters College won just ahead of Pulteney and Torrens.

Adelaide Uni were stroked by Alistair Walsh, with the experienced Alex Worthington at number 7, giving these two a treble of titles having previously won the Coxless Pairs and Coxed Four over the weekend.

The Adelaide Uni Womens Eight and Torrens raced almost side by side for over half their event before the 'Blacks', with three former world champion scullers aboard, Amber Halliday, Sally Causby and Marguerite Houston, powered up and simply rowed away from the field to cross the line more than three boat lengths ahead, leaving the other four boats floundering in their wake.

Athens Olympian, Halliday, also won the First Grade Quad Scull title to go with the two Lightweight titles she won yesterday, to be un-beaten for the weekend.

The only victory in the First Grade Sweep titles won by the Adelaide Club on day 2 was in the Coxless Four where Trent Collins won his sixth title in a row in this boat, this year teaming up with Tim Hennessey, Mitch Oliver and Bryn Coudraye.

Adelaide Uni won the Mens Quad Scull, again with Chris Morgan stroking the boat, in a close tussle with Adelaide whose crew contained the two visiting Hungarian World Lightweight Champions, Tamas Varga and Zsolt Hirling.

Closest race of the day was in the Womens Youth Single Scull where Steph Monson, Adelaide Uni, and Anna McRae, Murray Bridge, re-played the National Schoolgirls Single Scull title race that they rowed 3 years ago at Lake Barrington in Tasmania, with, again, Monson winning by just 0.84 seconds.

For more information on the rowing club, please contact Phil Mangelsdorf on 8269 1720.

We're angry. We're loud.  
We're women and we're proud....

This was the sentiment of the week that was IWD (International Women's Day) – passion, anger, frustration, unity and hope. For me, IWD is a time where I get re-inspired all over again by women and the women's movement, and re-affirm the need for feminists and my desire to be one.

The IWD celebrations were kick-started on Wednesday March 8. This was a perfect occasion to launch the new campaign, 'It Can Just Ruin Your Whole Sunday', that deals with young women and their attitudes and behaviours in relation to alcohol. This was an idea developed last year, and has since received funding to be a full-scale, 18-month-long campaign. The brilliant YWCA Young Women's Program Manager Tammy Franks and I thought the best way to launch this campaign would be in a celebratory manner – so we invited hip-hop comedy duet Sista She, bought doughnuts, hired 'beer goggles', sought girlie music and prayed for sunshine. And the day turned out to be perfect!

First up was a quick welcome from me, and then I got the pleasure of introducing Sista She (I never thought I'd ever do that!). Sheila and Rasheda were very excited about this new project, and agreed to vox-pop young women on all things relating to their 'poison', as Sista She dubbed alcohol. We taped their conversations and hopefully will be able to make a short radio program out of it. While this was going on, we had a competition of 'Pinning the Condom on Mr Right' (our deepest apologies for the heteronormativity), while wearing 'beer goggles'. We also had a banner that could be signed by anyone answering "What's your #1 strategy for dealing with drunk blokes?". We got answers ranging from "kick them in the balls", "go to a lesbian bar", "tell security", or "leave them at home". We had free bottles of water and doughnuts to give away, plenty of information, and signup sheets for those who were interested. We also had *The Advertiser* come down and take some happy snaps.

**"If chicks don't drink alcohol, then how do we get them drunk enough to sleep with us?"**

Yep, there was one incident that put a dampener on what was otherwise a lovely day. Smart-ass Engineering boys with over-sized mics. "Make my dinner", "What do you need a women's day for?" and "Get to the kitchen" were just a few of the derogatory and repulsive comments aimed at myself, Tammy and our helpers. And then they had the audacity to ask if we were coming to their pub-crawl! And yet these boys are usually the first to comment on the lack of 'chicks' in their Department!!

This is just one of many examples of the attitudes of men towards women in non-traditional areas of study or work.)

The biggest event on the IWD Calendar is the IWD March and Festival, which celebrates, challenges and unites women and the women's movement. This event is always eclectic, inspiring, re-affirming and overwhelming.

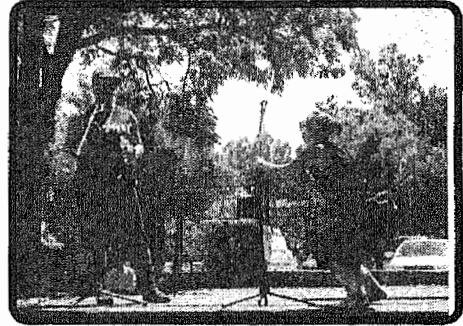
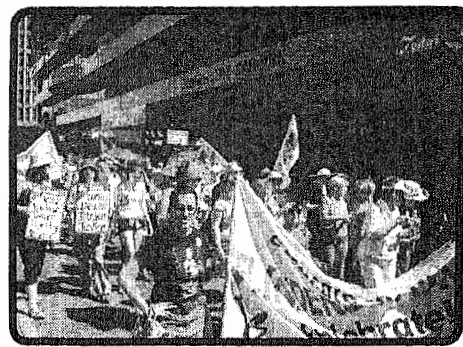
The March began at 11am on Saturday March 11 from Victoria Square, and consisted of an assortment of union officials, students, mothers with babies,

old-school feminists, young feminists, politicians, artists, public servants, and women from all nationalities, age-groups and sexual orientations. Even our 'brothers' were there in support of the movement, though they were asked to walk at the back to keep it a women's march. 86-year-old Alison, who had been to every Adelaide IWD march since the first one in 1972, was not capable of walking the distance to Rymill Park, so instead led the march in the front seat of the truck. Despite the exhaustive heat, we marched proudly and loudly (the theme this year was "be rowdy...beat the drum....be there!"), with women blowing whistles and banging on empty water containers. There was a group of us dressed up as previous generation feminists: the suffragettes from the turn-of-the-century, and the second-wave feminists from the 1960s and 70s. I, myself, dressed up as a 1970s feminist, though I felt sorry for those wearing the old-time dress in such heat! One obvious thing that was missing, though, was the media. "Where is the blokey-bloke media?", taunted one woman later. A large grouping of women demonstrating their energy and commitment to making change, and yet the mainstream (or 'male-stream') media didn't even come out and take a few photos or hear a few stories.

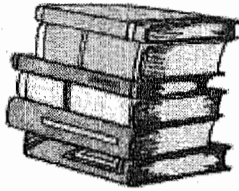
The hot and energised crowd made their way to the IWD Festival in Rymill Park, where there were stalls with watermelon, egg sandwiches, brownies, glasses of juice, 20-cent books, badges, t-shirts, information and petitions. The entertainment was the 'Speaker's Corner', where women could talk, sing or express whatever made them angry, optimistic, impassioned or distressed. Although there were the usual polities and old-school feminists making speeches, I was impressed by the number of young women having the courage to get on stage and also contribute. These young women (who I hope would identify as 'feminists') expressed themselves in ways that previous feminists never have – they beat-boxed, sung hip-hop music, wore crazy costumes, stood on stilts, danced with snakes, and dressed and performed as 'cheerleaders'. These women were angry like older feminists with the patriarchy and government, but were also pissed-off about the media and its unrealistic images of the female body, and they were excited about falling in love and showing off their girlfriends.

This year's IWD celebrations was everything it promised to be. But more than anything, for the first time, young women (myself included) felt comfortable enough to challenge the old feminists and contribute to the movement in their own way. To survive and prosper and achieve more, the women's movement must continue to not only recognise the diversity within itself, but also encourage young women to play a role – one that doesn't just simply complement the old, but motivate and arouse the new!

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# Literature

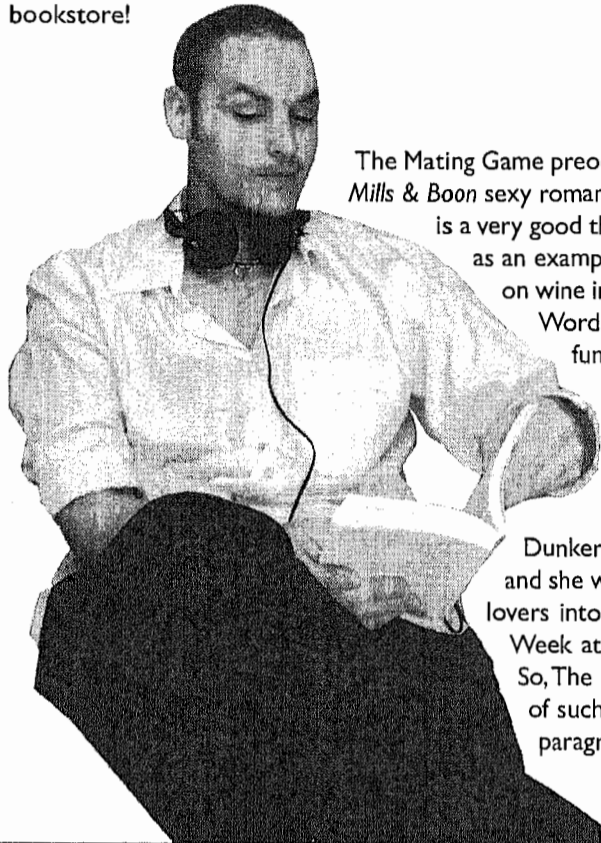


Editors:  
Karlie & Sunshine

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I'm exhausted. As a first timer at Writers' Week (don't gasp I'm not from Adelaide!) I was mentally and physically unprepared for the marathon of literary geniuses, food and wine, bombardment of books and basking in the sun's rays that Writers' Week brings. It was a week of extraordinary highs and lows... I interviewed prominent foreign correspondent Robert Fisk and was completely overwhelmed by his presence. A geriatric tried his luck picking me up (he was probably excited to see a female under the age of 60 attending). We met the crew at the newly established *Wet Ink Magazine* (stay tuned for the interview next edition). We sat on soggy grass thanks to the brainless mob at the Adelaide City Council who soaked the lawns during the event. We drank champagne out of plastic cups and got sunburnt. All in all it was an eventful week and I lost my Writers' Week virginity in style!

This edition is huge and we had so much more we wanted to include but alas, we don't have the money to print the pages we could fill (sob) so we've tried to cram as much as we can into these two pages... Remember you can find all you need to know about the mating game in literature, whether you prefer the quirky romances, classic romances, *Mills and Boon* style romances, romantic comedies or perhaps advice on how to participate in the mating game... You can find it all in your local library or bookstore!



xx Karlie

The Mating Game preoccupies a lot of literature... not quite as much as love, but damn close. From *Mills & Boon* sexy romances to high literature to erotica, sex takes up a lot of word space. And this is a very good thing. But the Mating Game is more than just word space (see Writers' Week as an example). This past week saw many old couples happily getting each other drunk on wine in the lovely sun. Doubtless, there was a lot more mating than other times...

Words are fun! OK, Writers' Week was fantastic, obviously. Patrick Gale was funny, and hugely entertaining. Robert Fisk was brilliant, if a little scary. Actually, the whole journalism panel was a bit scary. Apparently, tanks don't actually "roll across borders". Who knew? I maintain against some opposition that the organisers need to include more shade - attendance has grown - and I have the sunburned legs to prove it. The food and drink are, if anything, even more ridiculously overpriced than previous years' offerings. Patricia Dunker gave a talk to the Adelaide Uni English department about Creative Writing, and she was lots of fun. So all in all, a great week. This influx of authors and literature lovers into the city can only be a good thing. However, the average age of Writers' Week attendees needs to drop, if only to assure the festival's continued presence. So, The Mating Game is not only the subject of great literature, but also a product of such. Never underestimate the sexual, sensual power of a wonderfully written paragraph.

Love Sunshine

## LEGENDARY LOVERS IN LITERATURE

### Hercules

Hercules, or Herakles, is a Hero from Ancient Greece. He achieved his legendary status by completing a dozen seemingly impossible tasks. He attained his Legendary Lover status by sleeping with fifty sisters (all princesses) in one night... forty-nine of whom then gave birth to sons. He also seduced the Amazon Queen, Hippolyta, famous for her hatred of all men, in order to steal her girdle. He was married twice, as he killed his first wife and children in a fit of madness. He also lived as a sex-slave to the Queen Omphale for about two years (dressing exclusively as a woman), before finally being killed by his second wife.



### Casanova

Unlike Hercules, Casanova is an actual historical figure. Most of what we know, however, is from his autobiography, which may be partially fictionalised. Despite any questions of accuracy, Casanova has been unequivocally established as one of the world's most famous erotic heroes. According to his own count, Casanova had amorous adventures with one hundred and twenty-two women, but completely

and totally scorned orgies - a popular pastime in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. He attended University and Seminary school (from which he was expelled) and worked in many jobs, including as a clergyman and as a spy. His life was dogged by various venereal diseases, and he was abandoned by his one true love. However, Casanova became a millionaire, and had decent health (otherwise) until old age.



### Don Juan

This infamous lover from Lord Byron's epic poetry started his affairs at an early age. At age 16 he had his first liaison with a married woman and was subsequently sent away to escape the scandal. He gets shipwrecked and washes up on a Greek pirate island. Juan beds the pirate's daughter but when her father returns, he sends Juan to slavery in Turkey. The sultan's wife purchases and disguises him as a girl, but he enrages the sultan's wife by bedding many of her female slaves. His next adventure saw him dress as an English mercenary where he saves an orphan girl (who is very grateful to the Don) and attracts the attention of Catherine the Great who sends him to England. There he again beds more married women and gets into more trouble.

### Cleopatra

Despite Cleopatra's glamorous image today, ancient coins depict her with masculine features and a hooked nose... But this woman had something. At the age of 17 she married her brother, as per ancient Egyptian customs. When her brother exiled her she fled to Rome and into the arms of a bewitched Julius Caesar. Caesar invaded Egypt, restored Cleopatra to the throne and knocked her up. When Caesar returned to Rome he was assassinated and his successor, Mark Antony, took over the Roman Empire and Cleopatra's bed. They married, despite Antony already having a Roman wife, and had two children. Antony was killed and Cleopatra took her own life in despair.



### The Whore of Babylon

Ok, so the Whore of Babylon isn't actually a woman... but it sounds like it should be, doesn't it? The Whore is in the Bible, and some people suggest that it's a metaphor for the Holy Roman Church. Which gives the whole thing a bit of a new image, huh?

### Mary Magdalene

Another Biblical figure, Mary Magdalene was a prostitute forgiven by Jesus. She was the one woman present at Jesus' crucifixion and the first person to see him resurrected. The Gnostic Christians also believed that she was an apostle. As all we know comes from the Bible, there's nothing as juicy as the details

we have for Casanova and Hercules. She was rid of "Seven Demons," which may correspond to the Seven Sins. She does have a particular correlation to the sins of vanity and lust... Unfortunately, she wasn't as forthcoming in her sex-life as many of the guys.



### Marilyn Monroe

Marilyn Monroe is an international sex symbol and her list of husbands and lovers is extraordinary. Her first marriage to Marine, Jim Dougherty, was for convenience and lasted four years before she moved to Hollywood to embark on her movie career. There she became lovers with her mentor Johnny Hyde. Joe DiMaggio requested a date and their love blossomed as did her career. DiMaggio was jealous of her popularity with men and they divorced 274 days after the wedding. Monroe had an affair with Arthur Miller then married him but they too divorced after 3 years. She was due to remarry DiMaggio but died 3 days before the wedding date. Over the years Monroe allegedly had affairs with JFK, Bobby Kennedy, Frank Sinatra, Marlon Brando, Yves Montand and Joan Crawford...

Karlie & Sunshine



## The Sicilian's Mistress

Lynne Graham  
Mills & Boon

I have a bit of a story to tell about my very first Mills and Boon romance. I was lent the book *Contract Baby* by this very same author, in high school. The exact year, I'm unsure, but I have a sneaking suspicion that it was in year nine. I came to realise that it was exactly what I was looking for when it came to a stress free, mind-numbing entertainment. It was thin, easy to read and satisfied the rampant romantic in me.

The book starts with Faith, who is an unwed mother living without her memory for three years after a hit-and-run accident. By chance at an airport, she bumps into Gianni D'Angelo, a wealthy Sicilian who has been searching for her these past three years. She discovers that she is

actually Milly, his mistress who disappeared while pregnant with his child. After greatly distressing her and turning her life upside down, he proposes marriage as a way to get Milly back and be a father to his son.

In typical Lynne Graham style, the formula is the same: Guy and girl are together, guy suspects that girl is cheating on him/not who he thought she was, big trauma happens, girl leaves guy, to get girl back marriage is proposed, situation is resolved when baddie is exposed (usually a family member or a female), all is happy in the end. The formula is comforting as knowing what to expect is part of the charm of these books. While the writing style is simplistic, yet highly descriptive, these books always supply me with a new word that normally would never enter my vocabulary. This book's word is 'diametrically'. If anything, this is a classic example of a Mills and Boon novel.

Now, while many people look down on the Mills and Boon reader, convince them to read one and they'll get hooked on the novels themselves. There is something strangely addictive when it comes to reading these books. No matter what the reason; I have known people who read Mills and Boon books because they believe them to be hilarious, romantic, relaxing or the books will help save their marriage (don't even want to know about that reason). Regardless of the reason, don't be a closeted reader, embrace the Mills and Boon!

Alicia

## The Rocky Road to Romance

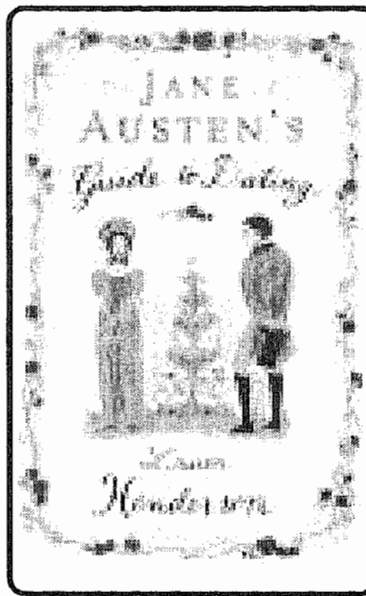
Janet Evanovich

As a chick lit kinda girl, Janet Evanovich is one of my favourite authors of the genre. Her *Stephanie Plum* novels appeal to me on the level that I'm a klutz with a love of junk food; I think relationships are freaky and I'd love to have two guys vying for my attention. However, instead of reviewing a book from a series that is already well known, I've decided that Evanovich's earlier work needs to be brought into the spotlight. *The Rocky Road to Romance* is a favourite of mine. I stumbled across it in the local public library where such classics can always be found. It was a battered, well read copy with seven other people waiting to read the book after me.

Daisy is an overworked graduate student with five different jobs to earn a reasonable living. One of her jobs is radio DJ and her boss is Steve, the romantic lead in this novel. Certain events lead to Daisy taking over the traffic report, which draws Steve's attention to her. When she accidentally runs over a mob gunman, Daisy's life is threatened, therefore leading to the hiring Elsie, a grey haired, granny bodyguard who carries a .45 magnum long-barrel in her handbag to defend her charge from the baddies. While Daisy and Steve are trying to outsmart the villains in the story, they fall in love along the way.

While reminiscent of Evanovich's Plum series, one of the reasons as to why I adore Evanovich's novels is her wide variety of characters. They always have something outrageous about them. One of my favourite characters in this novel is Elsie, whose philosophy about defence against threats is to always 'aim for the privates. Word gets around when you shoot off a man's privates.' Plenty of laughs can be found in this book, with a dog that eats anything and refuses to be left alone, a teenage brother who is constantly hungry and of course, Elsie the gun-totting, elderly bodyguard (although she probably wouldn't want to be described as elderly). Even the most cynical and serious book reader would find something to laugh about if they read this book cover to cover. A highly recommended romantic comedy, especially for those uninitiated to the genre.

Alicia



## Jane Austen's Guide to Dating

Lauren Henderson  
Headline Book Publishing

Sadly, this was actually given to me. The state of my romantic life is apparently a source of concern to those close to me. Despite this, I was kind of looking forward to reading it, as I assumed it would be intentionally funny.

I believed that this was a send up for almost the entire introduction. This declined into a fervent wish with the "About the Structure of the Book – and How to Use it." By Chapter One, entitled "If You Like Someone, Make It Clear That You Do," I had abandoned all hope.

It is hilarious, but not intentionally. The opening sentence, "Dating nowadays can be like walking through a minefield, and every single person I know is confused about how to navigate it," is yet

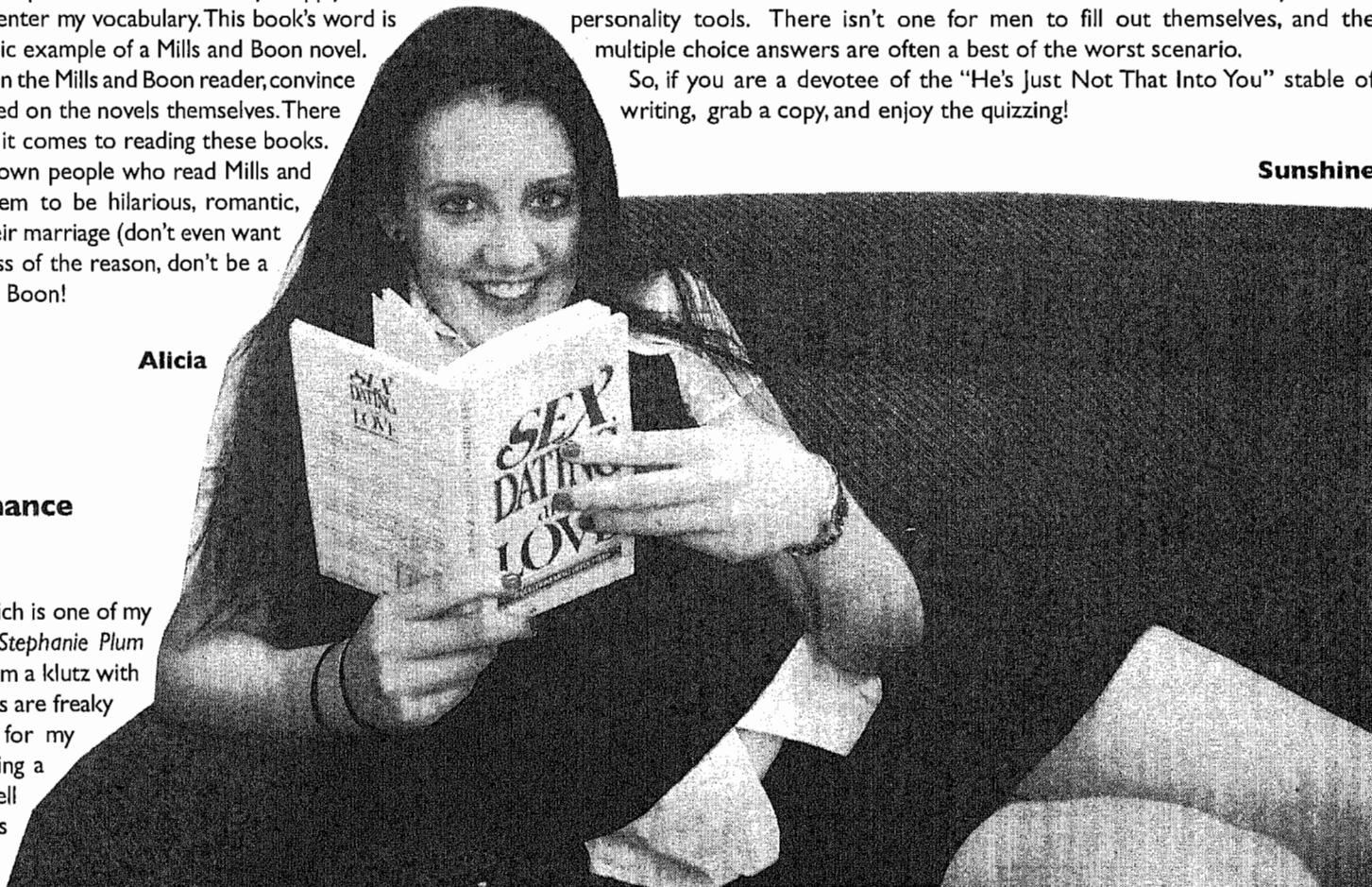
another clue to the writer's belief that we really can learn how to date from reading Jane Austen. And that we should.

She begins to critique the highly ritualised and competitive nature of American dating, commenting on the high number of dating books as a negative thing. She then goes on to write one, and make her own contribution to this already over-represented genre.

The most attractive feature of this book is undoubtedly the quizzes "Which Jane Austen Character Are You?" and "Which Jane Austen Character is the Man You Like?" These are lots of fun...however there are limitations to these fantastically incisive personality tools. There isn't one for men to fill out themselves, and the multiple choice answers are often a best of the worst scenario.

So, if you are a devotee of the "He's Just Not That Into You" stable of writing, grab a copy, and enjoy the quizzing!

Sunshine



## Shopgirl

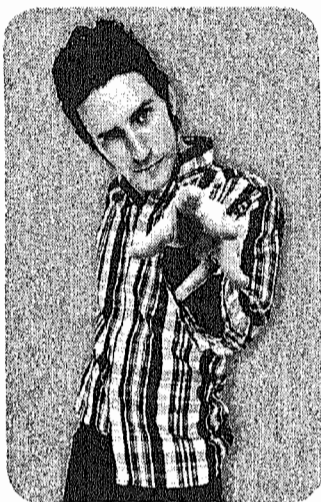
Steve Martin

The thought that Steve Martin... the silver haired comedian of *Parenthood*, *Father of the Bride* and *Cheaper by the Dozen* fame could possibly write such a poignant novella plagued me throughout the reading of it. *Shopgirl* explores a bizarre love triangle between the three main characters; Mirabelle, Jeremy and Ray. Mirabelle is a fragile and lonely girl who spends her days idly working behind the glove counter in an exclusive department store. At night, she swings between bouts of complete melancholy and short bursts of inspiration as she draws abstract self-portraits. Mirabelle meets Jeremy, a graphic artist and social plebian at a laundromat where they embark on a short and dysfunctional relationship. Ray is a character in stark contrast to Jeremy, a mature and successful businessman who lives between LA and Seattle. Ray courts Mirabelle after meeting her at the glove counter, wines and dines her, pays her bills and offers her love and security, but not commitment. It is during this passage that the novella really touches on the psyche of relationships, how two people can run parallel but never seem to intertwine through lack of understanding others inner emotions and thoughts. When her relationship with Ray crumbles, re-enter Jeremy, who has been away on a spiritual journey of sorts and become rich and successful. You don't need to be a genius to figure out what the ending is. Written from a neutral perspective in the third person, the characters feelings were conveyed in a matter-of-fact manner, a refreshing change from the usual overdone florid prose that generally plagues most relationship stories.

Karlie

Music Editors:  
Jennifer Soggee  
Chris Burford

# NEWS



After seven albums and seven ARIA's, legends of

Australian rock You Am I have signed with EMI. Says frontman Tim Rogers, "I'm calling it a comeback. We're back fools!....or mmm, We're back, we're fools". From Warner, to Ra, to BMG, their first release on their new label *Convicts* will be hitting stores on May 13. Add to that, their new single 'It Aint Funny How We Don't Talk Anymore' will be released digitally (iTunes store) on April 8.

Late last month the Awesam awards recognised the movers and shakers of the SA Music industry. Firstly, you'd think that *Awesam.org.au* (their official site) would have posted results by now (March 8<sup>th</sup>), but kudos to *MusicSa.com.au* for filling us in on the winners, which included; Blow Up Betty (best pop AND alternative rock?? plus best vocalist), Casio Brothers (best dance), Kineman Karma (best indigenous), Poetikool Justice (best hip hop) and Brillig/Leigh Stardust for their three



track release *Fashion*, which won best album.

Hey, anyone remember KoRn? If you were between the ages of 12 and 16 in 1998, chances are you owned at least one KoRn album.

They were friggin' massive! Now they have a new album titled *See You On the Other Side*, and they're coming to Aus. But (as per bloody usual) they won't be headed to Adelaide. They will be joined by more masters of metal Disturbed, Hatebreed, & 10 Years. This festival of black-shirts and songs with shoe-brand acronyms hits Brisbane, Sydney & Melbourne in late April.



Well as you'd probably know by now, U2 has cancelled their Australian tour, and more specifically, their Adelaide show at AAMI Stadium on March 28<sup>th</sup>. With over 250,000 tickets sold across Australia, this no doubt is going to leave many fans in a state of intense frustration. Joe Wednesday of Pooraka says "I've been camping out at Footy Park since their last tour in 1998, and I still haven't found what I'm looking for". At time of printing there was no rescheduled date.



Mad March is nearly over. Spoilt for culture and entertainment, we are delighted to hear that the tour bus is headed our way for some more great shows in April & beyond. In particular the news that Scot-pop septuplet Belle & Sebastian is performing at the Thebby on June 9. Other fine tours include Hilltop Hoods (April 1), Snoop Dog (April 6), Public Enemy (April 11) The Drones (April 15), Martha Wainwright (April 22) David Gray (April 24), The Living End (May 17), Augie March (May 27), Split Enz (June 14), & Coldplay (July 5).



Coldplay: [www.sadbritishboys.com/](http://www.sadbritishboys.com/)  
everythingsoundsthesame

# DaVinyl



**Fleetwood Mac: Rumours**  
Classic Album, Average Café

The intergenerational mixing of vinyl is an interesting thing. Sooner or later, we're going to dig into our parents' crate and start an audiophile 'nature versus nurture' debate.

I don't think that scientists have discovered a genetic pre-disposition specifically for folk music, but they have for emotion, and this album never fails to make me aware of my serotonin levels, high or low. It's an aural reminder that love, lust and loneliness are ephemeral, as is any good band. Before alcohol and infighting blew these beautiful musicians apart, they created something that could be a gentle warm breeze or an ice-cold draught blowing through a house built by ex-lovers and a million memories. Subtle guitar, sensual understated percussion and tear inducing lyrics; bit is truly representative of all the intricacies of intimacy.

For ages, I only ever listened to 'You Make Loving Fun' because I loved that retro bass. But one particular day at one particular time when patience and sentimentality were at a precise equilibrium, the album in its entirety swept me off my feet. If you haven't been totally captivated by a crush or dropped like a hot rock, then perhaps give this one a few years and it will mature like fine wine. *Rumours* is like Dr. Phil on vinyl to me and while David Gray's 'Please Forgive Me' will get played at my wedding, the Mac will sure as fuck get played at my divorce.

Deep Dish have remixed 'Dreams'. It's a fairly good trance-tinged house track and I'm usually a sucker for remixes, but I just could not think what I'd play it along side. Dreams don't mean anything if they can't be put into context so wait for the right time in your life then drop the needle.

*But listen carefully to the sound  
Of your loneliness  
Like a heartbeat...drives you mad  
In the stillness of remembering what you had  
And what you lost...  
And what you had...  
And what you lost...*

Pete

# Musatorial

Music seems to have a moment for all occasions, and the mating game is certainly no exception. Far from it, if you consider the amount of songs that seem to revolve around love.

Music; it touches everyone without prejudice, opening the door for us to share how 'love' breaks and love divides, love laughs and love can make you cry...love can give and love can take away (e-mail [onditmusic@gmail.com](mailto:onditmusic@gmail.com)... first correct answer for artist and song title will get a prize!).

In the intricate dance before a relationship forms there's the tantalizing chase, then the pulsating desire of the bump and grind at the local club with all that illustrious dirty dancing. Hell, America's biggest download to date is 'My Humps'. How much more sexually fuelled could that be? Closer to home, courtship is acted out in the pub, with local bands playing in the background, buskers drumming drums as you walk down Rundle Street, hands gradually reaching for the other's.

I know all of you, whether you admit it or not, would at some point have sung along with Ariel's 'Wish I could be part of his world' or with Jasmine and Aladdin as they flew over the sandy cities of 'a whole new world...for you and me.' No one can deny that the crescendo of strings at the poignant first kiss in a movie perfectly embodies The Moment. There's an over-abundance of

music to cover all the mushy goings-on of being in love, not to mention all the little ups and downs that frequent relationships along the way.

Break up songs themselves split down (appropriately) into their own little genres, ranging from the I Hate YOU! of Kelis's angsty rant of the same title; to 70s folkly melancholia a la Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours*, to the likes of Amelia, who pens her experiences to share with us under the guise of 'another stupid love song'. Some find solace in bad love songs, others just amusement. All of us will have a CD to sit and bawl our eyes out to, in order to get it out of our system, whether it be Missy Higgins's *Sound of White* or Radiohead's eponymous sob fest *OK Computer*.

Then there are those CDs you just can't listen to again, or for a very long period of time because of the memories they bring. Damnations to the depreciation of music this unfortunately causes!

And who could forget, despairing that we'll ever find someone we could end up singing along with Bridget Jones 'don't wanna be, all on my own!' drunkenly to ourselves at home.

Indeed, where would we be without a touch of music for every moment of the mating game to aide us? We are, after all, living our own little movie strips everyday.

Jenn

# Gig Guide

**Thursday March 23<sup>rd</sup>**

Day on Fire, Sumi, Alan from Save and Exit – The Prince Albert Hotel

**Friday March 24<sup>th</sup>**

Silverchair, Shihad (NZ), The Hot Lies – Clispsal 500 CBC Oval.

Hans Theessink - South Australian Folk Federation

**Saturday March 25<sup>th</sup>**

dRIVEN 2006 - Dextron

DJ GTB, Dantrax, Daly, Jon E, Digits - Enigma Bar

**Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> March**

Parkway Drive – Fowlers Live

**Monday 27<sup>th</sup> March**

Harry Manx (Canada) - The Governor Hindmarsh

# Central Deli Band

At the first ever show they said it was the worst thing they'd seen in 10 years. But that was good... There were complaints in the newspaper

If you think furry animals, b-boy rap and Sophie B Hawkins have not yet found their place together in art, think again. Central Deli Band started as a bedroom project for Whyalla duo Luke Eygenraam and Matthew Hayward. Now the band has evolved into a genre-mixing high-energy live act, and are creating quite the stir across Adelaide. With appearances at the Big Day Out 2005, and more recently our own O-Ball, the band has a new EP on the way titled *Live at the George Foreman Grill*. What better time we thought, to chat to Luke from the band.

You guys fuse punk, hip hop, electronica, and pretty much every other genre imaginable, did this happen by accident, or is was that always going to be the direction of the band?

We just talked a lot about playing live before we even started practicing, we all still lived in Whyalla and it was really about doing a different, fucked up kind of rock show. We wanted samples and effects and noises and things. I wanted a party vibe and Matt (Hayward) had some more guitar-orientated music. And I guess the punk thing was Jimmy and Corey, they came from a real sort of Biafra-influenced band before they joined. So the mix came about by necessity and by accident. Whereas pretty much everything else in our history was by accident alone.

Whyalla eh? How are you received in regional shows as opposed to city shows?

Gigs in Whyalla are almost uniformly disastrous. It's not even so much the audiences, it's the sound people. The sound company in Whyalla just doesn't know what the hell we are, they really loathe us I think, so it's this bizarre tension in the air. At the first ever show they said it was the worst thing they'd seen in 10 years. But that was good, we put it in the bio, we were proud of that. It was our goal to be loud and just out of control, unlike anything our town had really seen. We got a reaction, rather than passive listening. There were complaints in the newspaper.

Whenever we're back home I try to show people that we've developed and can put on a tight, professional show, but it just never happens, it doesn't work with us, as a band, for some reason. It's almost a lost cause.

You guys were quite obviously robbed of the SAMIA/AWESAM award for 'Best Regional Act'. How did it feel to lose out to Third Best? Does that make you Fourth Best?

Yes, I'm glad you spotted that. And there were only four nominees, so we in fact came last.

Those were publicly voted awards, you can encourage your friends to vote so it probably just shows that the winners have more friends than us. I don't know, I forgot to vote. My mobile phone is broken.

In your b'boy track 'Goldfinger' Mofo' you sample 'Damn, I Wish I Was Your Lover' by Sophie B. Hawkins. Mockery or Tribute?

That's only in the live version of the song. It's a definite tribute. I really love the sound of that track, the atmosphere and the sentiment. It reminds me of summer nights in the early 90s, and I hope it doesn't

Photos courtesy of Matt Carty



come across as mockery because I honestly believe there's no room for irony in music.

So *Damn...* is in there because I love it, and I noticed the drum beats matched up, and it's like a big sing-a-long section -- we can't really expect people to know the words to the rest of *Goldfingerin' Mofo*, which are ninety-nine per cent bollocks anyway.



Tell us about O-Ball. What was the experience like? Any stories from backstage?

It was nice to be invited onto a big stage and hopefully it's not the last time. The sound crew were freaking out at us because a water-balloon busted all over their foldback system. So there's a definite pattern developing with sound people and Central Deli Band. Backstage is more or less boring. Oh, aside from getting a photo with Peter Coombel Kitschy for some, but we couldn't stop smiling when his band got up on stage.

CDB also played at Big Day Out 05, and got in trouble there too, for asking for twelve backstage passes. (other festival appearances include) Off The Couch 04, Royal Adelaide Show 05, Fuse Festival 06, and supports for The Avalanches' and The Presets' most recent tours.

What can we expect from the new EP 'Live at the George Foreman Grill'? Experiments in terror, art-rock soundscapes, or just more of the same shit?

It will be nicer to listen to than previous output, nicer recordings and catchier songs. A handful of good songs like *The Sound* and *Talk To Me*, more guitar songs probably.

How did you record it differently to your first release?

Well, we haven't, *Live at the George Foreman Grill* doesn't even exist yet and it's already had about 4 incarnations. It was just silly demos first, and then maybe a 7" vinyl single. And now it will probably be a normal CD, if it ever gets finished. I started recording this one track exactly 12 months ago and it's still not done, so it's kind of ridiculous in that regard. Start with a great title and then work on the bass drum tone for four months! But the production values are much better. The last CD *May Contain Traces of Nut* -- at

least half of that was just junk that was never meant for public consumption. Then a CD launch was booked and suddenly there needed to be a CD. So half of that album sounds okay, and the other half is like, absolutely fucked up and broken nonsense. It's truly astonishing.

You seemed to have built up quite the MySpace community, do you think the site has revolutionized the way bands communicate on the web?

It probably revolutionized Tom Anderson's (MySpace founder) bank account but other than that I don't know. I don't use it, it took me six months to work out how to log in. It's good networking I guess. Mainly it just confuses me, really... it's like a terrible incestuous mess. You need to ask someone else in the band about it. I do like that you can listen to unsigned groups on there, for free.

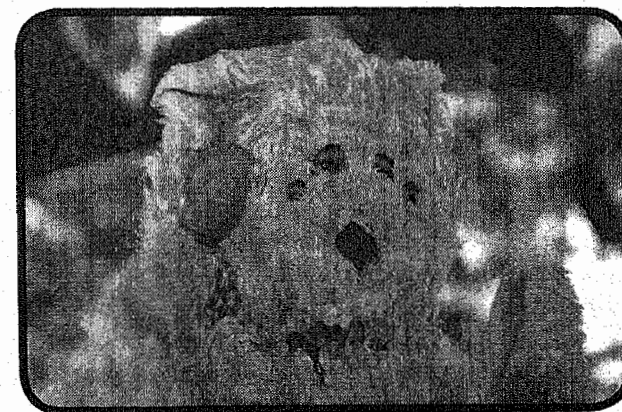
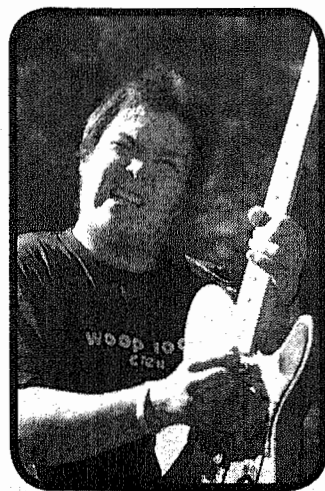
Which Adelaide bands do you guys enjoy playing with? Does Adelaide still suck?

I think Adelaide's great even before considering that we were raised in kind of a cultural backwash. You can go see any local show and there's usually at least a song or two from each band that really inspires you. But my favourite Adelaide band unfortunately broke up years ago.

Anything else you wish to add?

I don't wanna say too much else about the future because, you just never know what will happen. I'm sure we will all be doing in music in SA for a while. Matt was talking about a gangsta-rap side project. You know that rapper Israel that came out a year or so ago? Matt is going to start a rap project called Palestine and get into some ghetto warfare with him. I want a band called The Ringtones that only plays covers of old monophonic Nokia tunes. Then there's the *George Foreman* disc (inspired by that famous smooth-fingered cooking boxer) a prog-rock soundtrack, maybe DJing somewhere, etc. etc.

Check out Central Deli Band's website [www.centraldeliband.com](http://www.centraldeliband.com) and their My Space site [www.myspace.com/centraldeliband](http://www.myspace.com/centraldeliband)







**Yes Virginia**  
**Dresden Dolls**  
 Roadrunner records

Just in time for the Mating Game edition the Coin Operated Boy (Brian Viglione) and Amanda Palmer, his human mistress, decided to grace my desk. This definitely treats the game in question as painful and intrinsic and very much like a drug. However it's not quite the oxytocin that in most cases consolidates love.

I was not glad to discover this release only because it was the Dresden Dolls, but because it was something completely different from everything else on the market. Sure, they have their more mainstream catchy songs. But which band doesn't do that: everyone has to earn a living.

As can be expected, there is more of the stunning cabaret style story telling. It is acrid and potent, with heavy raw vocals that come across angsty, desperate and neurotic above clunky piano and complementary piano and percussion where needed. It balances quite well, with vitriolic lyrics to boot that jump up and down and in and out as much as the vocals. I guess I'm looking forward to seeing the videos for this album too. I mean I know they shouldn't be what the songs are about, but as with the last release, I think they would give a better insight into the meaning as well as providing more quirky images to compliment the impulsive music they represent.

It's refreshing to hear the Viglione actually adding to the vocals in 'Backstabber' and it adds a quiet new dimension to Palmer's raw and deep sound. In fact it almost softens it to have a masculine touch, yet not marring the angry-girl fuel infused in every track. In 'First Orgasm' there's still the hint of child play, the desire to slip back to the world where ignorance is bliss. The piano chords and vocals are simple and straightforward, yet the lyrics reflect a deeper founded despair in society.

"I'm too busy to have friends. A lover would just complicate things." She embodies love in fear and hatred. And ultimately that's what we all fear. Love so quickly becomes hate and hate too can become love. And fear is the single thing that holds most of us back from both, which is why I think it is so effective. But too much of something isn't always good thing; so, maybe by 'Me and the Minibar' you may start to wonder if wallowing in such a quagmire of self indulgent hatred for love is actually all that interesting after all. Yes, I was starting to get a little bored, but then the last track, 'Sing', comes soft and faith is restored. For a moment you see that she can believe in the quiet beauty of small moments of intimacy. Even if her visions of it are brief. It also invites everyone into their music, "Life is no cabaret, we'll invite you anyway".

'Mandy Goes to Med School' posses a sultry, deep jazz sound that Palmer pulls off quite smoothly, considering how rough

she normally takes things, and definitely stood out from most of the other tracks! Also it underlines clearly the black humour the two propagate. However, it's lacking a little of the velocity that we saw in their original release, in tracks like 'Girl Anachronism' and 'Gravity', but track 'Shores of California' and 'Necessary Evil' work their way a little as it warms up.

It is more of the same from the Dresden Dolls but that doesn't mean it's boring. It still posses that panache that only a neurotic, unafraid and in your face duo could provide and still not be a fad.



**Birds**  
**Bic Runga**  
 Sony BMG

I'll be honest and admit that when I got this record my first reaction was Bic who? I now feel somewhat ashamed after discovering that *Birds* is not only a brilliantly written and produced album, but that Bic Runga is an internationally acclaimed musician and the most successful female talent ever to emerge from New Zealand.

Raised by her mother, a Chinese cabaret singer, and father, a Maori soldier, Bic was exposed at a young age to works by the likes of Shirley Bassey, Dusty Springfield and Mamas & the Papas. Initially learning drums at the age of eleven, Runga went on to learn a myriad of instruments, displayed in both of her previous albums *Drive* (1997) and *Beautiful Collision* (2002). However, Bic has held herself back in the production of *Birds* only appearing on Vocals and Guitar. Nevertheless, she has acquired the help of Crowded House frontman, Neil Finn, for vocals & piano as well as incorporating an eight piece string section to the mix. Bic once again took the reigns as album producer and with the desire to capture the emotion and magic of a live performance, spent a month in the studio making take after take, a grueling task familiar to jazz and pop recordings of the late 50's.

Runga's efforts and attention to detail are clearly rewarded by the rich, warm quality of the entire recording. *Birds* offers a variety of subtle yet inspiring pieces, layered with feelings of melancholy and romance. I am also happy to report she has steered away from past successful 'pop' hits like 'Sway' (some of you may remember from the soundtrack to *American Pie*) and focused more on her soft, jazz/blues arrangements, whilst maintaining some slightly more upbeat numbers the likes of 'Winning Arrow' and 'Blue Blue Heart'. Folk song 'No Crying No More' is a welcome addition midway to the album and helps to mix up the flow of the record. My favourite track however, would have to be 'Listen' with its sweet, catchy chorus and melancholic undertone.

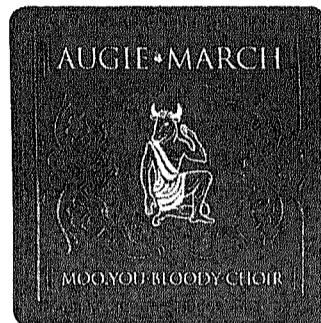
The best comparison I can make to *Birds* is the work of Norah Jones, although Runga's vocals are stronger and much more direct, and the music, while still mellow, has a greater presence to the

Jenn

listener. There is also a greater focus on the song as a whole in relation to Jones, who has a tendency to drift into the mood of the music, sometimes letting the meaning and heart of the song get lost.

This is one of Bic's finest achievements and, following her past two albums which sold seven and eleven times platinum respectively, *Birds* is sure to be held in high esteem by those who appreciate well crafted, heartfelt music. The album's only drawback is that it is perhaps a bit too soft for the majority of our generation. Nevertheless, I am sure there are still a multitude of people out there who are looking for a more easy listening, quality artist that combines both old jazz/blues and modern contemporary music.

AUBS



**Moo, You Bloody Choir**  
**Augie March**  
 SonyBMG

I'm starting to have my suspicions about Augie March. I'm thinking that maybe they aren't as tortured as their previous work has led me to believe.

The five-piece have been playing together for more than a decade now, with this, their third full length album almost as eagerly anticipated as the follow up to their spectacularly melancholy 2001 debut *Sunset Studies* – an album that remains an indisputable landmark in the recent history of Melbourne wuss rock. With mopy, maudlin songs like 'Asleep in Perfection', 'Heartbeat and Sails', 'The Good Gardener' and 'Hole in Your Roof', theirs became the sound of a maritime city with its back to the sea: wintry, melancholy and hauntingly, unashamedly poetic.

Front man Glenn Richards is largely responsible for this. His lyrics are so dense with ideas, his voice so engagingly laden with wistful regret, that it's hard not believe that his personality is every bit as funereal. If you've ever seen their live show, you're probably familiar with his temperamental perfectionism, and his ability to be disappointed with even the most overwhelmingly successful show.

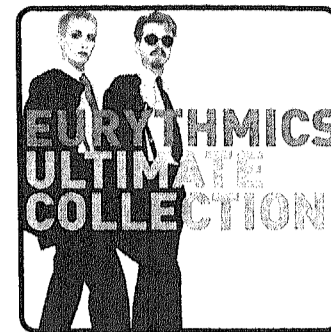
*Moo, You Bloody Choir* has a different sound to it. It's a sound that remains unmistakably that of Augie March – that old sense of maudlin resignation is retained in the likes of 'Bolte and Dunstan Talk Youth' and 'Cold Acre', among several others spread out through the album. But there is more than a hint of hope – even satisfaction – in alarmingly upbeat songs like 'The Baron of Sentiment', 'Mother Greer' and the celebratory closing track 'Verona'. Such moments are often more than a little bit country, departing from the rare sea shanty larks of the band's previous two albums.

'Thin Captain Crackers' even has the quirky, overproduced sound of a late Split Enz B-side, while 'Just passing Through' has an uncharacteristically garage, almost post-rock quality to it. Although not quite

as eclectic as some critics claim, Augie March are certainly diversifying for the better. This album is easily more fun than all but their earliest releases.

Fancy listening to Augie March in springtime – will wonders never cease?

Tristan Mahoney



**Ultimate Collection**  
**Eurythmics**  
 Sony BMG

You know what really irks me? When Artists put out a 'best of' album and feel that the two new songs they have written in the last goodness knows how long are good enough to sit alongside their other songs which have been proven themselves as classics over a vast period of time. Well they're not!.....although I must say, they aren't actually that bad and have been placed as first and last song on the album, so you can skip the first track and not worry about returning until the end. They also sound the same as they did in the Eighties. A touch of glam rock/pop fused with dodgy drum machines and synth keys combined with powerful, catchy, high pitched choruses, all the while sporting atrocious fashion and hair styles. I love it. Makes me wish I had tight leather pants and big shiny disco ball.

The Eurythmics are one of those bands that when you hear their name you picture them in your mind, have a chuckle, sing the chorus of 'Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This)', smile and then have another chuckle. Yeah, you know they were popular in their time, but it's not until you sit down and listen to their *Ultimate Collection* that you realize just how incredibly Ultimate this duo really was. It blew my mind to discover I knew fourteen of the nineteen tracks on the album and a vast majority of the lyrics too. 'Who's that Girl', 'Here Comes The Rain Again' and 'When Tomorrow Comes' to name just a few. Who would have thought that my parent's insistence on playing 5AD as the background music for my childhood would have such an effect. I thought maybe I was just a little strange, but when I played it Friday night, everyone else joined in too. Good times had by all.

Since their debut album release *In The Garden* (1981), the Eurythmics have gone on to sell millions of records worldwide, reach number 1 on the U.S. & U.K charts on numerous occasions and become a household name for the majority of us. Over their career they have collaborated with many great musicians but most memorable would be the classic duet with Aretha Franklin 'Sisters Are Doin' It For Themselves' - also from the film which I regret to say I have witnessed, *The First Wives Club*.

Enough said, this album is cooler than Chuck Norris. If you can't make a mix tape of the Eurythmics hits from your folks record collection, I suggest you get out to your local music retailer pronto and join the party.

AUBS

# A Short History of Music

The year is 1851. The venue, The Great Exhibition of New Technology, housed beneath Joseph Paxton's huge Crystal Palace, north of London.

Tourists from all over Europe and the United Kingdom marvel at the elegant Moorish architecture, hewn almost entirely out of recycled bottles of Pepsi. The fledgling carbonated beverage company's logo distorts and refracts thousands of times across the monstrous glass dome. Rumours spread about the dozens of Mexican labourers who died during its construction.

But the tourists aren't here to marvel at Paxton's glass monstrosity. Impressive though it may be, it constitutes little more than a sideshow. The main attraction is an unlikely band of Australian phonic technicians, here to demonstrate an entirely new art form.

The band is AC/DC, and they call their innovation "music".

They are the original supergroup. Ludwig Van Beethoven is resplendent in typical glam rock finery, poised next to his patented electrified double bass. At centre stage, Bon Scott adjusts his jaunty cap and taps the clumsy prototype microphone. Behind him, Pyotr Tchaikovsky is visibly nervous behind the thirteen-piece drum kit. Rhythm guitarist Anton Dvorak patiently waits for his cue.

Finally, lead guitarist Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart signals a young Brian Eno behind the mixing desk. The onslaught is about to begin, and so too more than 150 years of music history.

Until the band's spectacular debut, the only thing close to actual music had been a bizarre, atonal cacophony called *folk music*, consisting of sentimental lyrics set to one of a finite combination of rhythmic noises. Unchanged since the Middle Ages, Folk was largely the preoccupation of an older generation of nomadic druids, who would roam about the European countryside presuming to entertain those villages patient enough not to have them stoned to death or burned at the stake. Traditionally, these druids would produce their noise whilst either copulating or travelling between towns and villages, usually by sealed road – hence the phrase 'fucking-middle-of-the-road folk music'.

Without music, an entire industry of musical instrument craftsmen had for centuries struggled to eek out a living. There was even less of an income for producers of press-studded denim and vinyl pants. Indeed, the world prior to AC/DC's Crystal Palace debut was wildly different from the one we know today.

- MP3 players seemed useless (although they would remain so until portable batteries were developed in the late Twentieth Century).

- Savage beasts were far more difficult to pacify.
- Philharmonic orchestras found it even more difficult to raise funds.
- Films by Ron Howard and Steven Spielberg were far less emotive.
- People in fashionable clubs had nothing to shout over.
- Austrian nuns aimlessly wandered about the countryside, unclear as to what it was that the hills were alive with the sound of.
- Music boxes were practically the same as regular boxes.
- Poorly rehearsed banter sounded more forced on amateur student radio shows.
- Public lavatories and elevators seemed eerily silent.

It seems the world was ready for AC/DC to take the long overdue initiative. Audiences were pining for pleasant listening material, and the idle leisure classes represented at the Crystal Palace Exhibition would not be disappointed.

Most of them were too frightened to be disappointed. Even before the end of 'Highway to Hell', cracks had already begun to appear in the glass dome above their heads. Tragedy struck during the second chorus of 'Sink the Pink' when the entire artifice came crashing down. Hundreds died, and thousands more were brutally injured.

Nevertheless, it was for all intents and purposes a highly successful debut. The critics raved, and all but two members of the band survived the show unharmed. (Henceforth, successful performances were said to have 'brought the house down'.) Nevertheless, Beethoven's hearing

was damaged irreparably, and, tragically, Bon Scott failed to dodge a falling shard.

Music had been unleashed upon an eager European public, but more had to be done to solidify its standing as a legitimate artistic medium. The solo careers of the surviving members of AC/DC went on to embody several of the major musical genre we are familiar with today.

Dvorak, after travelling to the new world, became an adept singer and songwriter, founding the early principals of Country and Western Music. Tchaikovsky went on to found what came to be known as rave culture, his teeth-grinding followers dubbed 'Nutcrackers' by a flourishing music press. Beethoven, robbed of his hearing, turned his disability to his advantage by mastering the brutal, atonal subtleties of Cock Rock.

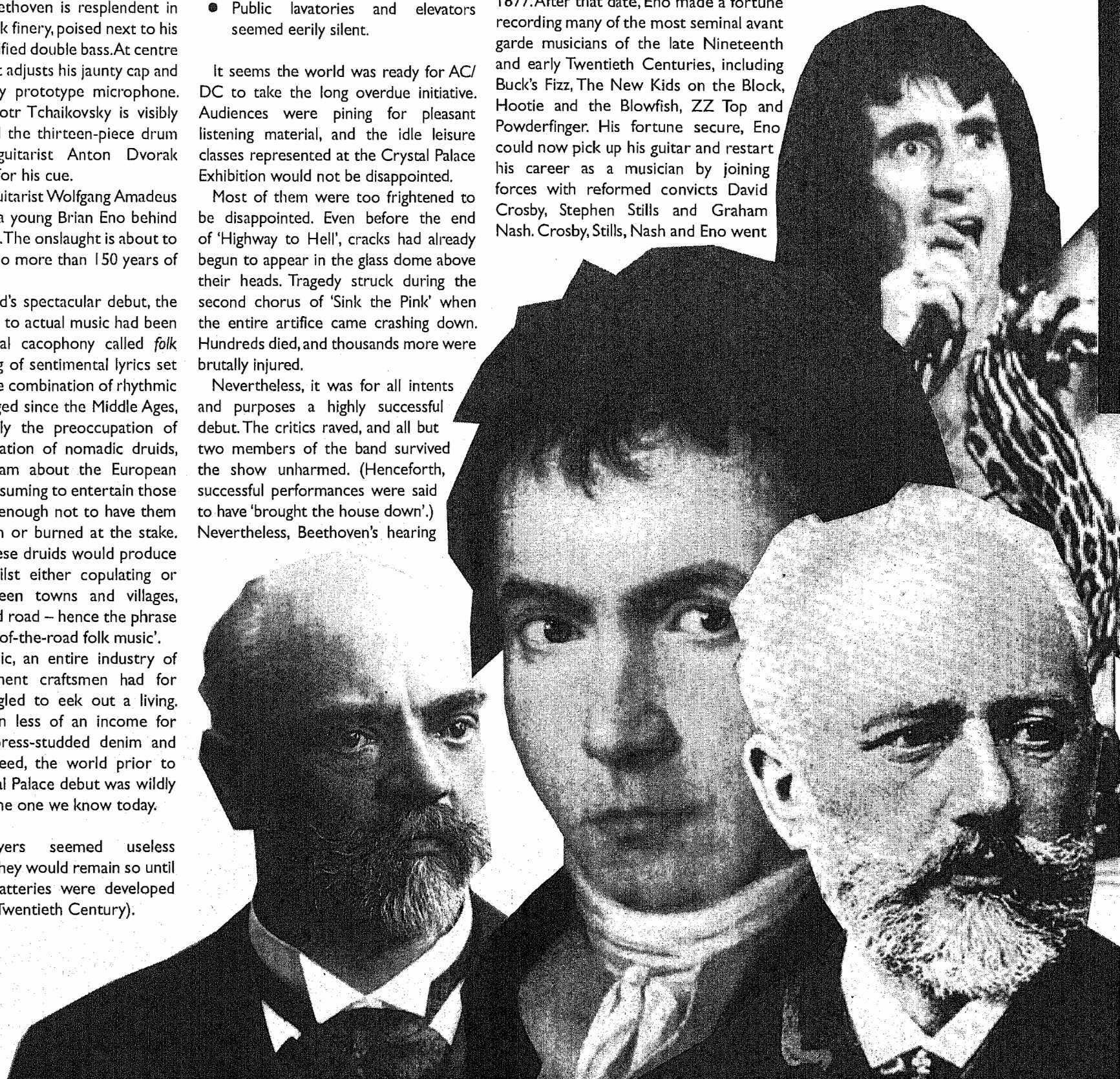
Meanwhile, Eno ploughed on as a record producer, but found little success until the invention of the Phonograph in 1877. After that date, Eno made a fortune recording many of the most seminal avant garde musicians of the late Nineteenth and early Twentieth Centuries, including Buck's Fizz, The New Kids on the Block, Hootie and the Blowfish, ZZ Top and Powderfinger. His fortune secure, Eno could now pick up his guitar and restart his career as a musician by joining forces with reformed convicts David Crosby, Stephen Stills and Graham Nash. Crosby, Stills, Nash and Eno went

on to sell more than eighteen records, and toured Europe and the Americas well into the 1920s.

Sadly, Mozart's career never again reached the heights he had achieved prior to the Crystal Palace show. For well over a decade he was more well-known for his public battles with bulimia, anorexia, gigantism and Metamucil addiction. Prior to his death in 1901, a moderately successful cabaret career in Las Vegas provided little solace. In a poignant tribute, his casket - a porcelain tub filled with his own vomit - was ceremonially paraded down the main street of his native Warnambool.

Today, Mozart remains a cautionary example to modern musicians - and example that is perhaps responsible for their enthusiasm for modesty and clean living.

TM





Back in 1993, ex-IOC president Juan Antonio Samaranch somehow managed to pronounce 'Beijing' as 'Syd-en-ee' and the 2000 Olympics were ours. It wasn't a particularly severe mistake as they were an overwhelming success and Beijing will have their chance in 2 years time. Nevertheless, it was a mistake. Flash forward 13 years to the 2006 Academy Awards where Jack Nicholson was announcing the winner of the best film for 2006. Now, who knows what went wrong exactly, but old Jacky-boy

"chucked a Juan" and pronounced 'Brokeback Mountain' as 'Crash'. Was it an honest mistake or did Mr Nicholson open the envelope and malevolently think "Hmmm, nope, sorry Ang, sorry Heath, sorry hot-Jake, not on my watch"? Sydney managed a good Olympics, and similarly *Crash* is great film, but there is no way it is better than *Brokeback Mountain*. You got it wrong Academy!

Moving on, this week we have no Oscar winners, but four great new movies in *The King*, *A History of Violence*, *Hustle & Flow* and *Kinky*

*Boots*. Our special features this week include a Studio Ghibli double to satisfy our myriad of anime fans: *Howl's Moving Castle* is out now on DVD, while *Space Monkey* looks back at the classic *My Neighbour Totoro*. Director of the week is Ridley Scott, while this week's Audio Commentary looks at music collaborations (or 'matings' if you will) that have made it to the big screen. Finally, T.Riddy gives us a full review of all things Oscaratic.

Happy Moofeing,  
J and Dazz


Editors: J & Dazz  
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**Giveaways!!!**

To celebrate the DVD release of award-winning director Hayao Miyazaki's latest Oscar nominated film, *Howl's Moving Castle*, on DVD, *On Dit* has a Studio Ghibli prize pack up for grabs thanks to Madman Entertainment! To get your hands on a *Howl's Moving Castle* tee and a *Spirited Away* DVD email us at [j.and.dazz@gmail.com](mailto:j.and.dazz@gmail.com) and [tell us why you love anime...](http://www.ondit.com.au)

Entries Close: 24 March 2006

Visit [www.madman.com.au](http://www.madman.com.au) for all your anime needs!



**Dit Day!**

As part of the Dit Day festivities J and Dazz have HUNDREDS of FREE movie tickets to give away, so come down to the Barr Smith Lawns on Wednesday, show how much you love *On Dit*, and get some free movie passes in the process!

**A History of Violence (MA 15+)**

Showing at Academy and selected cinemas

Viggo Mortensen stars as the very non-Aragorn-like Tom Stall in David Cronenberg's latest film, *A History of Violence*. Tom is living the American Dream; he's married with children; owns his home in Anytown, USA; runs his own business; has a shotgun handy in his closet (just in case); and goes to church every Sunday. He's an all-round good, honest man and very much in love with his wife Edie (Maria Bello).

Joey Cusack, which is what Fogerty knows Tom as. Initially dismissive of Fogerty's claim, Tom's family starts to become suspicious, and in true Cronenberg style, reality becomes blurred (think *eXistenZ*, but with less mutants and bioports). Has Tom been living the ultimate deception of his family for 20 years? Does he have a history of violence, or is it just a case of mistaken identity? How much can you accept (or ignore) to keep the dream alive?

Cronenberg manages to avoid clichéd scenes, even when it would have been easy to do so, such as when local cop Sam attempts to scare bad-guy Fogerty out of town with the expected "we don't like your kind 'round here" warning. Everything from the dialogue and violence to the actions of characters in *A History of Violence* is realistic, while at the same time being surprising. A different take on what could have been a formulaic ending was quite refreshing.

Dazz



**Kinky Boots (M 15+)**

Showing at Academy and selected cinemas

Boys and girls, put your steel shank stilettos on and grab hold of the rails for 107 minutes of Morpheus look-a-like drag queen action. *Kinky Boots* is this year's *The Castle* of feel good, happy-ending, dry-humoured classic films.

A stereotypical beginning makes the audience wonder if this is going to be two hours of drag queen coincidences leading to a somewhat predictable ending. But contrary to first impression, a packet of queer one-liners with well smoked Cuban characters, turned the preview audience into a well-rolled joint.

Charlie Price, played by Joel Edgerton, inherits a dysfunctional fourth-generation shoe making factory due to his father's passing. Through coincidence, he meets Simon (aka Lola), played by Chiwetel Ejiofor, who provides him the inspiration to start making drag queen boots.

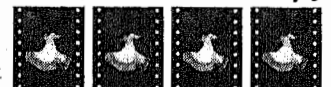
Although technically not the main character, the film is centred around Lola as she inspires Charlie while teaching his workforce about her queer underground world. The feel-good nature of the film leads to an instant happy ending with every tiny confrontation which comes before them.



For those who like a musical number, sequins fly as the queens do a few, well choreographed, dance numbers. The classy soundtrack adds mile highs to the characters' odd-defying feats and doesn't miss a beat.

My fellow reviewer T-Bar (a well-lubricated, drinking machine) and I had no problems leaving our mechanical-macho stereotypes at the door as we rolled around the isles with every other audience member there (most of which were on oxygen). We give *Kinky Boots* 16 out of 20 – one for every AUFS member who scored a free ticket to the preview screening.

Stewy J and T-Bar



*"Joel, I'm not a concept. Too many guys think I'm a concept or I complete them or I'm going to make them alive, but I'm just a fucked up girl who is looking for my own peace of mind. Don't assign me yours."*  
-Clementine Kruczynski (Kate Winslet) - *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* (2004)

Showing Everywhere

I sat through the badly 'Photoshopped' cinema ads, the pretentiously stylistic mobile phone spots and even beared a badly shot *Da Vinci Code* trailer that had the middle aged salivating, because I was sure of at least one thing; Tarantino's name means quality. Also, I was clambering at the opportunity to see a good horror pic; something that Hollywood hasn't presented to the multiplex masses for years. But unfortunately, I was more than a little let down on both parts. Don't get me wrong, this film was better than average, but it could have been great if handled in a different fashion. Eli Roth, who showed some promise in the otherwise completely flawed *Cabin Fever*, returns with his sophomoric effort that seeks to make you as uncomfortable as possible in as many different gruesome gut-wrenching ways as possible. The film begins outlining the tale of two goofy frat boys who travel to Europe to get some



kicks, smoke hash in Amsterdam and get laid as much as their boorish American personalities will allow them. If this sounds like a hoot then you're in for at least half a movie's worth of teenage shenanigans and bared flesh that makes this film come off like a cheap crossbreeding of *Eurotrip* and *Porky's*. But for most of us who thought this was supposed to be a gore-fest, the first half of the movie drags on and on with no clear point except to establish one dimensional characters who we can't wait to see chopped up anyway. When the characters eventually travel to Slovakia to a mysterious hostel that seems to be a pubescent boy's paradise with buxom beauties and crazy drunken parties, the interest in the movie and the behind the scenes wheeling and dealing picks up. Eventually people go missing, a mysterious factory down the road looms eerily in the distance, and Jay Hernandez's character unfolds a strange plot that involves luring tourists in to sell them off to future serial killers and practicing sadists who torture them for a price.

The premise itself is incredibly interesting and frighteningly realistic, and at times the movie shows sparks of ingenuity, such as the constant references to Europeans' views of Americans, and the fact that post-Iraq war tensions between countries and people have been heightened to a degree where the killers have to pay extra to torture a 'Yankee'. If this path had been taken more thoroughly through the picture we could have had a tense disturbing movie that would have stood out against the current trend of Hollywood horrors. Instead it's slapped with a 'Tarantino Presents' sticker and served up to the MTV remake generation to the glee of producers wringing their hands with the prospect of delivering a *Hostel II* or *Saw 12*, light on substance but high on bloodlust.



James Michalopoulos

# Oscarama

with T. Riddy

Oh wow! Ohmigod. I can't believe this! I've been...like this has been my dream and I never thought I'd be here, writing for all you people. I really can't...wow. Well let me just tell you it's a privilege. I feel truly honoured to be here today...

Let's face it, there's no escaping the Academy Awards®. We get Golden Globed and BAFTAed and all Who Magazined for at least a month before they're on TV, and come awards day, you've no choice but to be informed of the winners, the losers, the hotties and the noddies. I mean, come on - even ABC online had up-to-the-minute-who-won-what popups throughout the day. Who would have thought that those chardonnay-sipping, left-leaning intellectual elitist types that make things difficult for the government by mentioning things like, I don't know, human rights and accountability for example, would be interested in something so self-indulgent as the Oscars®? But on the other hand, what of Johnny H's battlers? What were they watching? CSI: Red Carpet of course - *The English Patient*-length premiere episode.

That's right. We were all watching, listening to, or reading it, at one point or another. There's no use denying it. I'm betting even Ted Kaczynski watched it from his cell. After much obsessive reading of weekly gossip magazines, and only a little stalking, I've come to the conclusion that if you can't hang out with them, bitch about them. So come with me on a journey, Dear Reader, as we relive the cheers and the tears that were the 78<sup>th</sup> Annual Academy Awards®.

If you ask me, the Oscars® are 95% about the tottie anyway. This is the exact reason that they have that special non-telvised award ceremony the week before for the geek-laden fraternity of motion picture 'sciences'. So lets get rating.

Now the majority of the ladies were looking rather lovely on the night I thought. I must say most attendees had obviously gone to great lengths in order to fit with the theme of the night, *A Touch Of Glamour®*. From my perspective, that was a little bit of a strange choice for the organisers. I thought the idea of a themed party is to let people embrace their alter egos and dress as something they wouldn't get a chance to usually? I would have preferred it if they'd gone with something along the lines of 'A Touch Of Syphilis' or 'A Splash Of Neptune'. It's not as if our favourite Hollywoodies really need an excuse to frock up, is it? That said, there were certainly some frocks to be had on the night. Our Nicole looked pretty hot

## Hustle & Flow (M 15)

Showing Everywhere

*Hustle and Flow* follows the modern mantra of a new breed of American director: "Music related movies = success". For writer-director Craig Brewer however, his film may only reach *Sister Act* success rather than *Ray* pandemonium.

Terrence Howard, of *Crash* fame, plays anti-hero DJay, a Memphis drug dealer and pimp. The audience meets DJay as he hits his mid-life crisis and resolves to give rapping and free styling another shot. The best analogy I could give would be an African-American 'ho' and drug pushing

in a decidedly icy way. I'm still undecided about Naomi Watts, she looked good but her dress was a little OTT. Not so much as Charlize Theron though. Man, that massive bow thing on her shoulder was bigger than her head. She must have had to check her blind spot every time she attempted to merge into the loo queue. And then there was Helena Bonham Carter. Really, it's no wonder they sat her in the back row of the section - her hair was so high it was rumoured her stylist got altitude sickness whilst finishing it off. And Michelle Williams gets points for being daring with her bright yellow dress, but unfortunately loses them for spending the whole night looking at her guaranteed root Heath Ledger in a "what are they talking about, honey?" kind of way.

Speaking of Heath, yes, he's hot. QED. In a year where all the blokes looked pretty much the same dress-wise (ie, just like every other year) he managed to march to somewhere near the front of the pack by looking a little Johnny Deppose with his little goatee and his earrings etc. I was also impressed with Jake Gyllenhaal's ability to look comprehensively doable trussed up with a saggy velvet bowtie not dissimilar to the one my dad wore at his wedding back in '72 and a coif that was vaguely Ray Martin-esque. But then again, I'd shag him if he were wearing a Hypercolour t-shirt with a pair of pleated acid wash jeans. Rrrraugh!

So onto the awards. George Clooney was a multi-nominee but went home with only one gong, that for supporting actor in *Syriana*, ousting favourite Paul Giamatti from *Cinderella Man* and Jake Gyllenhaal for *Brokeback Mountain*. George managed to set the tone for the whole show this year. He banged on for a while, justifying the existence of the film industry, pointing out that this year most of the films nominated for awards dealt with hard hitting issues that aren't in the public conscience. Which, I must admit, was a reasonably valid point, although I was hard pressed to see *Big Momma's House 2* or even *Date Movie* getting anywhere with the Academy®, whose members average about 52 years old. And wax on as Hollywood might about their own importance in shaping world events and bringing people's attention to the injustices of society, it's a little hard to swallow when each of the attendees took home a pair of diamond encrusted undies in their goody bags at the end of the ceremony. Here's hoping the more philanthropic members of the audience send them to their sponsor children in the Sudan. I'm guessing they have slightly higher bullet resistance properties than the

musical version of *American History X* crossed with *Garden State*. This rags to riches story, although somewhat familiar, distinguishes itself from other films not only by bling and 'mad rhymes', but the completely competent acting on all fronts.

DJay, the philosophical pimp, purchases a toy keyboard which reignites his love of music and kick starts his motivation to succeed on a higher level. After bumping into Key (Anthony Anderson), an old school chum and now music producer, they endeavour to produce DJay's songs, whilst enlisting the help of a few 'bitches' and (an oddly cast) DJ Qualls

cotton variety they usually wear.

Other winners on the night included Rachel Weisz as supporting actress for *The Constant Gardener*. Ang Lee took best director for *Brokeback Mountain*, whilst that film also won best original score and adapted screenplay. Best original screenplay, achievement in editing and best film went to *Crash*.

Philip Seymour Hoffman took the cake as best actor for his portrayal of Truman Capote in the creatively entitled biopic, *Capote*. In all honesty, he deserved it. If he hadn't slashed his wrists after however many months of playing the whining, conniving writer, he was a shoo-in. Best actress went, as expected, to Reese Witherspoon for her portrayal of June Carter Cash in yet another biopic, *Walk The Line*. She also gets thumbs up for her acceptance speech. Whilst quite long and gushy, it managed to hold short of the very fine line that saw a somewhat 'rexic looking Gwyneth Paltrow blubber all over her statue like Bob Hawke. Kudos to Reese.

There were, of course, a slew of other poly-fila type awards about sounds and effects, along with a bevy of montages which were never quite explained properly. Except for the one about gay cowboys. Yes, that was pretty funny. You know, there seems to be a bit of buzz about the fact that *Brokeback Mountain* is a film about cowboys that get it on. And that it is somehow gratuitous, and therefore can't be shown in places where real cowboys might see it and suddenly be rendered useless on horseback because they'll be sizing up every ranch hand they lay eyes on. Sorry to burst your bubble, Kansas, but it isn't really the first. If you're after gay cowboys, have a look at just about any film from Catalina or Colt Studios. Now they're what you'd call rough riders.

And so, another movie awards season gallops off along Sunset Boulevard. Was it worth the 3 1/2 hour investment in couch sitting? Well I suppose I could have used that time to drive to Port Augusta. But then I would have missed the 18 false orgasms Samantha from *Sex and the City* had every time she drove her new hatchback over a speed hump during the ad breaks. So I guess it was.

But before I go, I'd just like to thank the Academy®. Without them, I wouldn't be here today. And my sub-editors of course - J and Dazz, you taught me what it is to write. Oh, yeah, and my mum, who really shouldn't be reading this, but I love you anyway Mum!

as church piano player and token white boy. Together with the two prostitutes Nola (Taryn Manning) and pregnant Shug (Taraji P. Henson), Brewer explores each character's flaws, strengths and problems with style and a strong retro influence.

In reality, we have all seen this style of film before. Knowing this, Brewer has made the experience unique and has come up with interesting characters and twists to support this basic film. Despite this, *Hustle and Flow* may not be appealing for those not highly influenced by music, nor moved by music-centred films.



The Steph

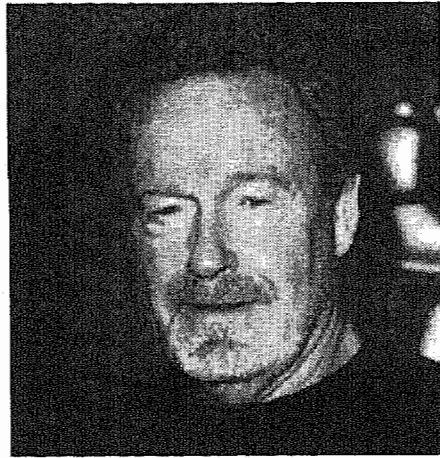
"Sex always ends in kids, or disease, or like, you know, relationships" - Dedee (Christina Ricci) - *The Opposite of Sex* (1998)

# Director of the Week

## Ridley Scott

Ridley Scott directed his first short film, *Boy and Bicycle*, at the age of 28. Featuring his younger brother Tony as the Schoolboy (director of films such as *Top Gun*, *Crimson Tide* and *Man on Fire*), it was a brief demonstration of Scott's talent, but it would be twelve years before his feature-length debut film *the Duellists* opened in France. Based on the Joseph Conrad short story *the Duel*, a tale of honour and justice set during the Napoleonic Wars, this film catapulted Scott from his work on commercials and television shows to the helm of the sci-fi film *Alien*. *Alien* was successful in both a commercial and artistic sense, with the film demonstrating Scott's flair for visual style and giving birth to a new genre, the sci-fi thriller.

While both *the Duellists* and *Alien* were filmed largely in his native England, Scott was persuaded to move to Hollywood for production of his next film, *Blade Runner*. Featuring Harrison Ford in his prime (shortly following his roles in *Apocalypse Now*, *Star Wars* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*), and based on vaunted sci-fi author Philip K. Dick's story *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, Scott again gave audiences a breath-taking glimpse of the future, set to a haunting, avant-garde Vangelis



score. Although the film failed to impress at the box-office, and received mixed reviews, Scott's dark vision of Los Angeles, circa 2019, as a steamy 'steel and microchip jungle' ensured it quickly emerged as a cult classic. Ridley Scott's fight to have his original version of *Blade Runner* released has led to his title as the 'father' of the director's cut. Unhappy

with the Hollywood edition of *Blade Runner*, Scott's Director's Cut version in 1992 stripped away the stilted voice-over, altered the ending, and inserted the 'Unicorn scene', leading to an arguably superior film and establishing a precedent of re-editing and lengthening of features that has become commonplace in this DVD-era of film-making.

Scott then entered a quiet phase that lasted almost twenty years, with *Thelma & Louise* the only blip on a landscape

of otherwise mediocre films. This changed dramatically with the release of *Gladiator*, a film which revived the long-dormant 'sword and sandal epic' film genre, won five Academy Awards and rejuvenated Scott's career. He has since directed *Hannibal*, *Black Hawk Down*, *Matchstick Men* and *Kingdom of Heaven*, all of which were commercial successes, ranging from average to excellent in terms of artistic merit. Ridley Scott was knighted in 2003 for lifetime achievement in cinema, and, despite not yet winning an Academy Award for Best Director (he has received three nominations), Scott's contributions to film and his unique visual style are worthy of recognition.

Cyclist Dude

"Sex is boring unless you're doing it."

— Ridley Scott, on why his films don't have sex scenes.

### Selected Filmography:

- The Duellists (1977)
- Alien (1979)
- Blade Runner (1982)
- Thelma & Louise (1991)
- Gladiator (2000)
- Black Hawk Down (2001)
- Matchstick Men (2003)
- Kingdom of Heaven (2005)



PO-MO CORNER!

## Dazz's review of "A History of Violence"

Showing on page 36 of this edition

J and Dazz run a pretty tight ship when it comes to their film section of *On Dit*, but what do they know about film reviewing themselves? To check out whether they know their stuff, lets look at one of their reviews in a little more detail, to wit, Dazz's review of *A History of Violence*.

Dazz's review starts with a simple exposition of the lead character, which is fairly punchy, features a couple of comedic remarks about the American Dream, nicely juxtaposing gun-ownership and church-going. We love to poke fun at those freedom-loving Yankees, and by Yankees I mean Americans in general, not just the baseball team. He then leads into the plot description, which although slightly rambling at times, gets the job done. Dazz then heads into critical review territory, making reference to the director of the piece and selecting a memorable scene from the film to back up his comments. Finally he wraps the whole thing up with a couple of adjectives (or 'describing-words' as my year-4 primary school teacher called them), opting not to sum up the review in the final sentence.

Overall, it looks like Dazz has a pretty good handle on how to review a film, the general formula can't be messed with too much, but within the constraints

he keeps the review up tempo, opening strong and keeping things fresh when generally they tend to start to drag in the middle. His use of the 'Short Question/Answer' format seems to work, fans of his early work (*Citizen Kane* anyone?) will recognise this little trademark of his. He reveals just enough to tempt the reader but refuses to spoil, a necessity when reviewing films, and particularly when reviewing a film in this genre.

Coming in at around 280 words, the review is short but nothing major has been omitted. A longer critical review section would have been welcome, but its absence is not overly noticeable. He perhaps shows his age (or is that film experience?) with a reference to *eXistenZ*, (which is well worth a viewing if you haven't seen it), but still seems to have his finger on the pulse of today's films. All-in-all his review of *A History of Violence* is a commendable effort, not his finest work, but close. Do yourself a favour and check it out.

Space Monkey

### A History of Violence (MA 15+)

Showing at Academy and selected cinemas

Yogi Berra once said that the only way to win is not to play. In David Cronenberg's latest film, *A History of Violence*, Tom is living the American Dream. He's married with children, owns his home in Arlington, USA, runs his own business, has a shotgun handy in his closet (just in case), and goes to church every Sunday. He's an all-round good, honest man and very much in love with his wife, Edie (Mena Suvari).



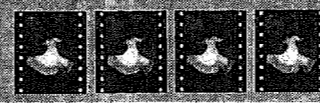
But when he suddenly becomes the media's latest American Hero after he foils an attempted robbery and murder of everyone in his town, the whole world starts to look at him differently. What happens when you're suddenly a hero? What happens when you're suddenly a hero?

Joey Cusack, which is what Fogarty knows, Tom is basically a dud. He's a dud, Tom's family starts to become suspicious, and in true Cronenberg style, reality becomes blurred (think *eXistenZ*, but with less music and tempo). What Tom sees living the ultimate depiction of the family for 20 years? Does he have a history of violence, or is it just a case of mistaken identity? How much can you accept (or ignore) to keep the dream alive?

Cronenberg manages to avoid cliché scenes, even when it would have been easy to do so, such as when local cop Sam attempts to scare bad-guy Fogarty out of town with the expected "we don't like your kind 'round here" warning. Everything from the dialogue and violence to the actions of characters in *A History of Violence* is realistic, while at the same time being surprising. A different take on what could have been a formulaic ending was quite refreshing.



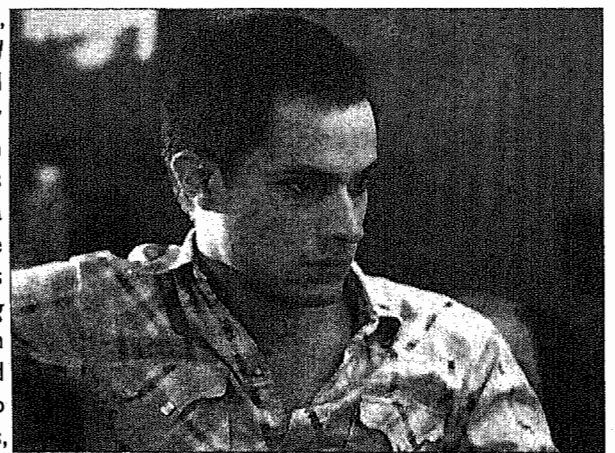
Dazz



## The King (MA 15+)

Showing at Palace Nova and selected cinemas

Elvis (Gael García Bernal, *The Motorcycle Diaries*, *Bad Education*) is a twenty year-old just released from the Navy with his sights set firmly on tracking down a father he's never known. Arriving in a sleepy, swampy town in the Texan bible belt, he finds his father (William Hurt, *The Big Chill*) leading a zealous Christian congregation, a new family, and a life which apparently has no room for our anti-hero. Elvis,



not content to become a footnote to his father's life, illicitly spends afternoons with his half sister Malerie (impressively played by Pell James), who is oblivious to her family's link with this smouldering newcomer. Time moves on, and we begin to see a portrait of a family of individuals, each dealing with a sense of obligation whilst searching for love and acceptance in widely varying places.

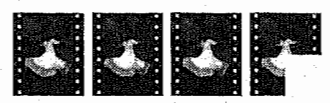
This film is no stroll in the garden; there are some heavy themes involved. The treatment of fundamental Christian beliefs and incest alone should provoke some commentary, if not controversy. *The King* should not be seen as an attack on Christians, rather an exercise in questioning the moral structure of society. Writer/Director James Marsh along with writer Milo Addica (*Birth*, *Monster's Ball*) have created a film that leaves the viewer uneasy throughout, and potentially for

some time afterwards whilst mulling over the nature of morality.

Shot at times with hand-held cameras and grainy stock, it can feel like you're watching a reel of home-shot Super8 that you found hidden under the bushes by the side of the road as you were walking home from the bus stop. Couple that with an eerily misplaced soundtrack reeking of carnival uneasiness and you could well find yourself reaching for your mobile to call the cops, because you've stumbled across something you don't want to have to deal with on your own.

Go and see it if you like a challenge, just don't do it for a first date.

Q. Maximillian Pendleton



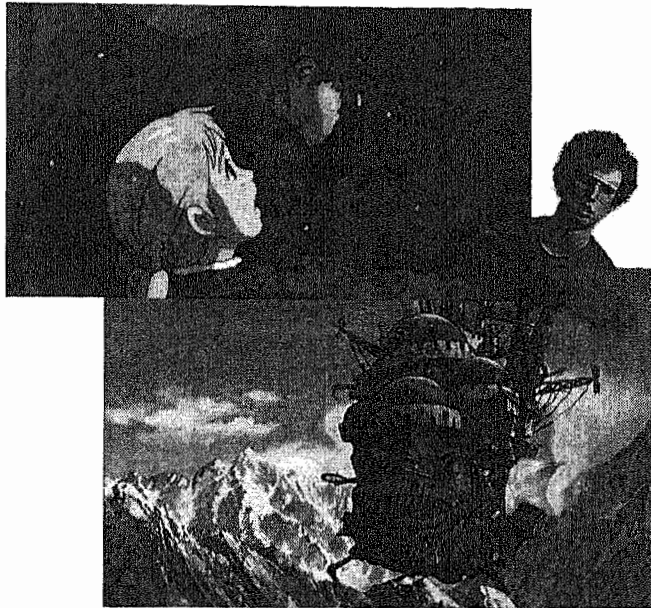
"It's that psycho next door. Jane, what if he worships you? What if he's got a shrine with pictures of you surrounded by dead people's heads and stuff?" — Angela (Mena Suvari), *American Beauty* (1999)

# Straight to DVD

## Howl's Moving Castle

DVD Release: March 15, 2006

*Howl's Moving Castle* is an enchanting expression of human frailty and the impact of our fears and the way we view ourselves affects our relationships with others and ultimately our entire way of living. We watch as Sophie, an ordinary young girl is catapulted into a world of witches and wizards. Following a chance meeting with the wizard Howl, the Witch of Waste curses Sophie. In her quest to lift the curse Sophie becomes friends with Marki, Howl's apprentice and the fire demon, Calcifer and learns the importance of compassion, friendship and love against the backdrop of a war-ravaged world. It sounds like a lively exploration of vulnerabilities we can easily relate to but in fact progresses quite slowly. *Howl's Moving Castle* follows a typical fairy tale formula (think *Cinderella*) and while it is a sweet story it seems as though there is meant to be a deeper message

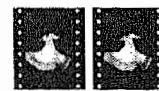


yet the way it is conveyed is childish and simplistic. This, in combination with little character development, poor linking of events and a mediocre script

gives the impression that a large part of the story and underlying meaning might have been lost in the translation from Japanese to English. The animation, however, is incredible, with amazing colours and effects. It is worth watching just to enjoy the wonder of the Moving Castle.

Stacey T

Film Rating:



## Classic Movie of the Week

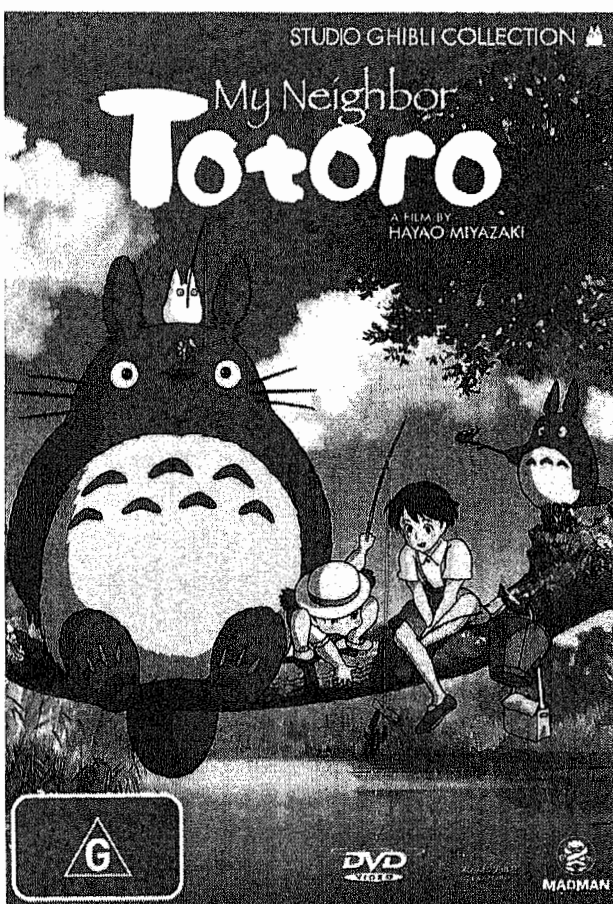
### My Neighbour Totoro

Released: 1988

One of Hayao Miyazaki's earlier directorial efforts, *My Neighbour Totoro*, introduces a world of wonder as seen through the eyes of two hyperactive young sisters. Mei and Satsuki (voiced by the young Dakota Fanning) have just moved into a country house with their father to keep close to their mother who is currently in hospital. Whilst exploring the surrounding countryside, Mei meets a phantasmal rabbit-eared creature and follows it down a rabbit hole, only to encounter something much larger, Totoro.

*My Neighbour Totoro* explores themes of childhood and fantasy, as well as the weight of responsibility that can land upon children when parents are absent for whatever reason. Satsuki, the elder sister, while still clearly a child, takes on many traditionally maternal responsibilities during her mother's absence. She prepares lunch for the family, watches vigilantly over her sister and even takes care of her father on occasion.

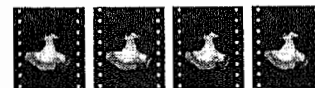
Visually, this film is a feast for the eyes; the detail in every scene is amazing, especially once one considers that this was made in 1988. The level of detail would not look out of place in most recent animation, although the lack of CGI probably would. Miyazaki also



introduces some of the wacky weirdness that characterises his work, Totoro, the friendly lumbering beast, is magnificent, but the Catbus is my personal favourite by far. A giant 12-legged cat with headlights for eyes and the ability to safely transport people inside of it, how could you not love it! Words fail to do it justice; you have to see it for yourself. The music throughout carries the whimsical nature of childhood; the main theme in particular is bright and happy, enveloping the spirit of adventure and exploration. The music follows the narrative quite closely, turning darker when appropriate, particularly during the dramatic events that unfold during the third act.

Ultimately, *My Neighbour Totoro* is a gem of a film. While not as accomplished as some of his later work, and quite slow-paced in parts, Miyazaki has managed to bottle the essence of childhood wonder. Suspend your disbelief (through use of chemical additives if necessary, although *On Dit* does not in any way, shape, or form condone the use of alcohol or drugs for film enjoyment), don't try to make sense of it and see the world through the eyes of a child.

Space Monkey

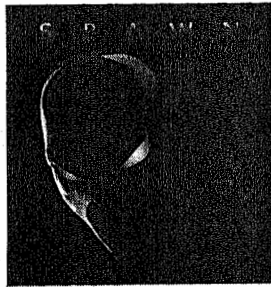
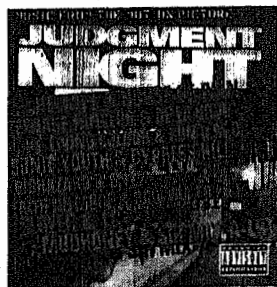


## Audio Commentary

Dr Craig Willis



Born into  
Darkness.  
Sworn to Justice



Don't Move,  
Don't Whisper,  
Don't Even Breathe

Film: **Judgment Night**  
Artist: **Faith No More & Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.**  
Song: **Another Body Murdered**

Four friends on their way to a boxing game get more than they bargain for when they get stuck in heavy traffic... When they take a short cut through gang territory and witness a brutal murder their night of fun descends into a nightmare of elusion, confrontation and judgment. The urgency, fear and vulnerability of the characters in this film is demonstrated by this song and echoed by the melodic and chaotic screams of Mike Patton. Wrong place, wrong time...

Film: **Spawn**  
Artist: **Marilyn Manson & Sneaker Pimps**  
Song: **Long Hard Road Out Of Hell**

"I Wanna Live, I Wanna Love / But It's A Long Hard Road, Out of Hell..." For Al Simmons (Michael Jai White), these words could not be more true. Double-crossed and murdered, he is sent to Hell and is offered a deal by the Devil, Malebolgia, to allow him to return to earth to see his wife. Driven by love, he accepts, is cheated and becomes Spawn. Now he must choose between good and evil, and the battle between Heaven and Hell has only just begun...

## Sneak Preview...

- Cineasia @ Mercury Cinema now until March 22
- Proof @ Palace Nova Cinemas from March 16
- The King @ Palace Nova Cinemas from March 16
- French Film Festival @ Palace Nova Cinemas March 30 - April 5
- Happy Endings @ Palace Nova Cinemas from March 23
- V for Vendetta @ Academy Cinemas from March 30
- Worlds Fastest Indian @ Palace Nova Cinemas from March 30
- Tsotsi @ Palace Nova Cinemas From April 13

"What are ya waitin' for cowboy? The matin' call?" - Lureen Newsome (Anne Hathaway), *Brokeback Mountain* (2006)

... turning brains into  
mush since 1982

GIVEAWAYS!

That's right Gamers, we've got one shiny new copy of Peter Jackson's King Kong to give away. Can't remember whether its for PC or Playstation, but hey, it's free goddammit. All you need to do is refer to last week's edition of On Dit and answer this simple question:

"Which Kong starred alongside the King Kong review? Was he a badass?"

e-mail your response to  
daniel.purvis@student.etc...

360 LAUNCH  
GAMES

Unfortunately, the price of new games is being jacked up to approximately \$119.95 for release games, which is a hard pill to swallow for any non-serious gamer. The 360 has a very promising line up of launch titles, however, which should make the pill easier to choke back.

Sure, there's no flagship 'Halo' title, so to speak (although, let's face it, Halo wasn't that great), but there are still a variety of good games on offer. We actually benefit from the late launch in Australia because there's a bigger selection of quality games from the get-go. Of particular note is Project Gotham Racing 3, a brilliant arcade racer that looks fantastic and has a great learning curve, which has you pulling off specky driving manoeuvres in no time. If you're looking for a game with lots to do that will keep you busy from launch onwards, PGR3 is your best bet.

Perfect Dark Zero is a solid prequel to the original, continuing the series' tradition of mediocre single player design but mad-multiplayer fun. Just don't expect the game to reinvent the wheel and you should have a good time.

Also on offer is the gorgeous and engaging RPG, Oblivion, which will be available in an awesome collectors edition, including sample in-game currency (eds...mmm...novelties). Another action packed shooter, Ghost Recon 3 and the bone-jarring Fight Night: Round 3.

Apparently, good things come in 3's.

Angus Chisholm

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Daniel Purvis

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student.adelaide.edu.au

DRAKENGARD 2  
DEVELOPER: SQUARE-ENIX AND CAVIA

Let's say you're fed up with Dynasty Warriors, you've hacked through legions of defenseless morons and aren't impressed by the same game being released with a different cover and the next logical number following the title, yet, you lust for hordes of fools to lay into. Let's say this is the case and you love dragons...dragons and women!

Jump into the boots of "reptile-boy" Nowe, raised by dragon Legna, who fights with the Knights to protect the five seals of the districts. What are these seals? Who really knows, apparently they're tools to enslave a whole bunch of villagers and aid in keeping the Knights elitist. A simple plot- setting up rebellion of the villagers triggering events that lead to hordes of people being slaughtered for no apparent reason.

The story isn't as intriguing or in depth as games such as Final Fantasy or Vagrant Story but for a Square-Enix fighting game, it's everything to be expected. Battles take place on the ground as Nowe, or in the air on the back of Legna the dragon. Legna unfortunately doesn't do much but spray fireballs left, right and centre. These fire-balling sections only break the spell of routine hacking and sometimes detract from the flowing feeling of battle. The controls aren't brilliant, lacking the "finesse" or "smoothness" of the Dynasty Warriors games but rolling and dodging buttons make battle a little more fluid.

Character development is limited to; 1) using specific weapons in order to upgrade them and unlock the extra combos that follow; 2) getting extra HP and strength; 3) Nagnu "evolving" into something bigger and better (though this is scribed into the story progression so it isn't part of the "development system" as such). In the end, the more things you kill, the stronger you are and the better your combos. No thought is needed in choosing better skills or between

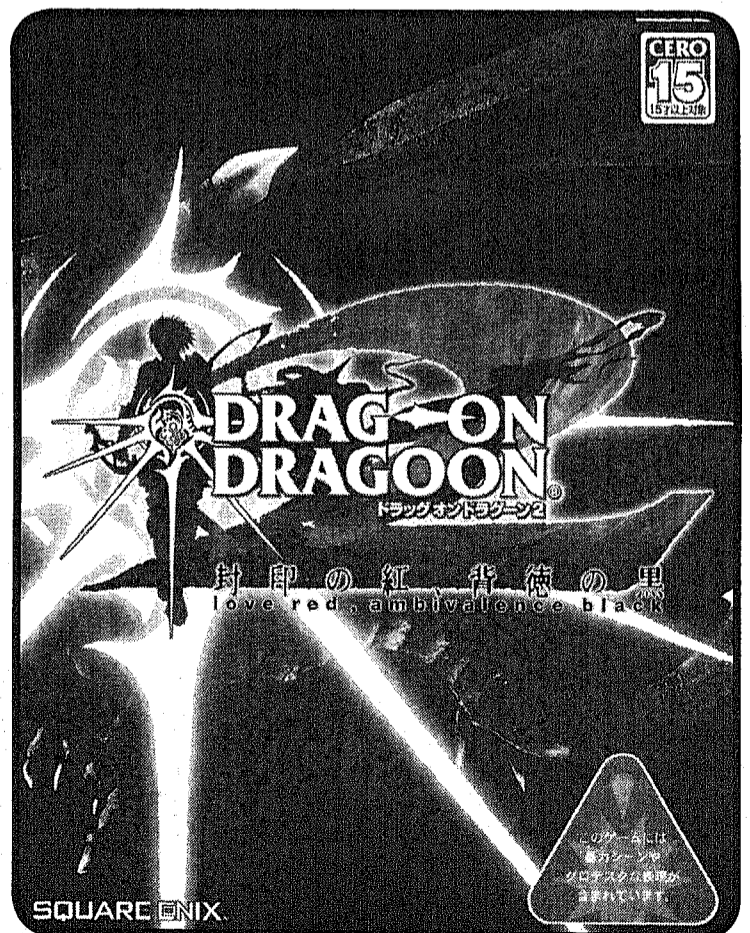
strength and magic points.

Graphics could do with an overhaul, reminiscent of old Front Mission 3 texturing, rescued from the old Playstation Console. However, they are more than adequate for the type of game this is, requiring not that enemies look brilliant, only that there are plenty of them to kill. Blood isn't absent from the game, however it didn't wholly satisfy my desire for gore after having seen the film Hostel. No worries. Magic effects are somewhat effective, though don't compare to games like Final Fantasy X. The CG movies are awesome. Like older games, such as Front Mission, Final Fantasy 7-9 and other Squaresoft games, I was motivated to unlock the next movie and watch nicely rendered, feminine-looking males and ultra-feminine looking women battle it out.

Voice-overs are used, and the ye olde English accents that are used aren't horrible, they're actually quite good. One up for the voice-acting!! The music is repetitive and is better covered with your own backing music blasted from a stereo somewhere.

For all it's worth, Drakengard 2 may not be rated as highly by some, and, for all its flaws, this is understandable. BUT...I can't help but play this game. It's addictive! I found myself wanting to slaughter the next 150 monsters and find a new weapon, or play through until the next level for another CG film. Just one more round, just one more district, just one more dragon evolution! Take some time and really play this game, it grows on you. Clumsy at first, precise and tactical on extended play. Limited combos in the beginning, countless attacks after a few hours play! I would recommend anyone run to the nearest store and purchase this game, it's definitely worth a look in.

Dan Purvis



# XBOX 360 HARDWARE

Ahh gaming, the pasttime that so many love, yet so few are willing to openly admit. Regardless of how often you 'game' these days, you've no doubt heard of Microsoft's Xbox 360, which is set to launch here in a matter of days. Whether you've seen or heard about it from promos on the vending machines around campus or from inane TV ads, it's a very confusing time. There's the supposed release of the PS3 sometime this year and the whacky-go-swipey Nintendo Revolution thing. Well, I'm here to provide you with the proverbial 'skinny' on the 360 and what it has to offer gamers. Read on I say!

The first things you'll notice when you unpack the 360 from its box: how heavy it is, or how much better it looks than the original Xbox, which looked as though it was designed by a blind gorilla. Bulky, rough shapes of the past are gone and replaced with an interesting concave design which can stand vertically or horizontally, which Microsoft seem to be touting as a revolution in home entertainment system display, even though we all know it's been done before (eds- \*cough\* PS2 \*cough\*). Wank aside, the design of the 360 is definitely the first of many steps in the right direction by Microsoft.

You might be wondering what else you get for your \$650 (a \$400 core system is also available). The \$650 package comes with almost everything you need to get the most out of the 360 including: A controller (obviously), a 20GB hard drive, a media remote control and high-definition cables. I say 'almost everything' because the Australian bundle differs curiously from the UK bundle, which comes with an Xbox Live headset and Ethernet cable, so anyone serious about Live is going to have to fork out a bit extra.

After setting everything up, grab the controller, which implements wireless technology rather effectively. In an effort to make gamers lazier than ever, the console can be turned on by pressing the 'guide button' in the centre of the controller removing the need to traipse up to the bloody machine, press a button then traipse all the way back. The controller itself is flawless. In all seriousness, this is one of the best controllers I've used, it fits perfectly in

your hand and everything just feels right. Button layout is the same as the original Xbox, except those ridiculous black and white buttons are gone and have been replaced with extra shoulder buttons.

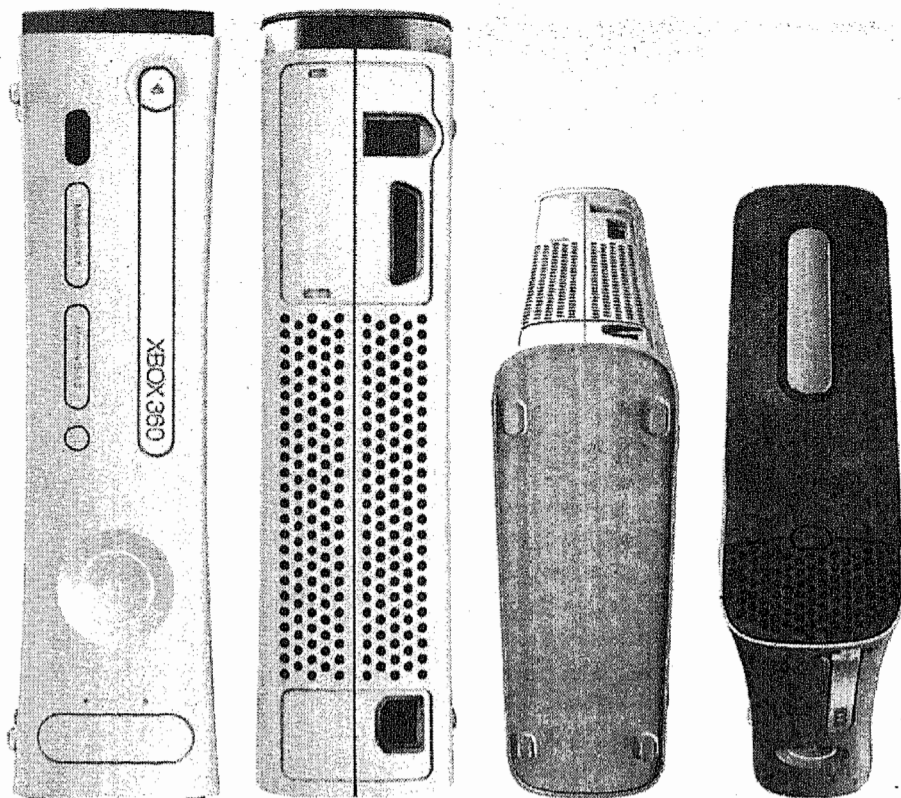
When you power up the console, everything has a distinct aura of impressiveness. The interface and presentation is vastly improved over anything that has come before it, and is very easy to use. You're able to do much more with the console such as access trailers, game demos, retro-style games etcetera. The guide button works well too, taking you from whatever you're doing at any moment back to the 360's user-friendly interface. It's a small addition but expect to see a similar service implemented in rival consoles in the future.

Speaking of Live, you're definitely going to want to take advantage of it to unlock the full potential of the 360. Live is Microsoft's online console gaming service and now you can do more than just play online with it. It now allows you to download demos and cheaper games, which are then stored on your hard drive. Some of the games on offer, like Geometry Wars: Evolved, are really cool, even though they're not likely to wow your friends with next-gen visuals or sound.

The graphics are fantastic and, as expected, surpass those of the first Xbox. Don't expect release games to blow you away with photorealism. However, better looking games are on the horizon as developers warm up to the new tech. A high-definition TV set helps make the image sharper, smoother and more vibrant. Once you go HD with the 360, you won't want to go back.

\$650 is a sizeable investment for anyone, but whether you buy your 360 on March 23 or a couple o' years down the track, it will be a worthwhile purchase with some great games and good times on offer. Particularly as Sony has virtually no legitimate information on the PS3 available, and that Nintendo are taking a distinctly unique approach to gaming this time around, the reasons for gaming fans not to buy a 360 are becoming hard to find.

Angus Chisholm



## RETRO CLASSIC:

### COMMANDER KEEN

When in doubt, milk the retro-cool creed of the early 90s. Such *modus operandi* is becoming more and more widespread within pop culture; MC Hammer here, Happy Pants there. However, a small 8-year old boy genius by the name of Billy Blaze isn't getting any coverage in this *nouveau* time warp, and I for one have had enough.

I am of course referring to the One Commander Keen, keeper of justice, protector of the Galaxy and the computer game *du jour* for most middle class 5-year olds in '91. Making the first of a blistering 6-part epic, 'Marooned on Mars' was a gaming classic that forever encrypted the words GOD Mode into our sponge-like subconscious.

The premise was simple: boy genius Billy Blaze constructs the trusty Bean-with-Bacon Megarocket and flies to Mars unbeknownst to his socialite parents and sleeping babysitter. Whilst exploring the planet's surface, the evil Vorticons steal four vital components of the ship and hide them within 4 labyrinthic, impossible-to-navigate Martian cities. Keen must retrieve the stolen parts, dodge the

stampede of green critters and find the necessary keys (TC Spacebar for the unenlightened) in order to ascend from level to level. Oh, and he drinks a helluva lot of Pepsi.

What made *Commander Keen* so damn addictive (besides the devious Pepsi contract)? Was it the ease of the Shareware distribution? The possibility of finding hidden bricks with the illustrious Pogo stick? Were we just too young to be reading, drawing pictures and generally doing something better with our time than contributing to a lifetime of severe myopia? Whatever the case, *Commander Keen* remains a true testimony to the old adage of the 'good old days'. For the true diehard fans out there, you may be interested to know that in *Aliens Ate My Babysitter*, it is revealed that Billy's full name is in fact William Joseph Blazkowicz II, the grandson of William Joseph "B.J." Blazkowicz, the Allied war hero of *Wolfenstein 3D*. His father changed his last name to Blaze for show biz purposes.

Stephanie Mountzouris

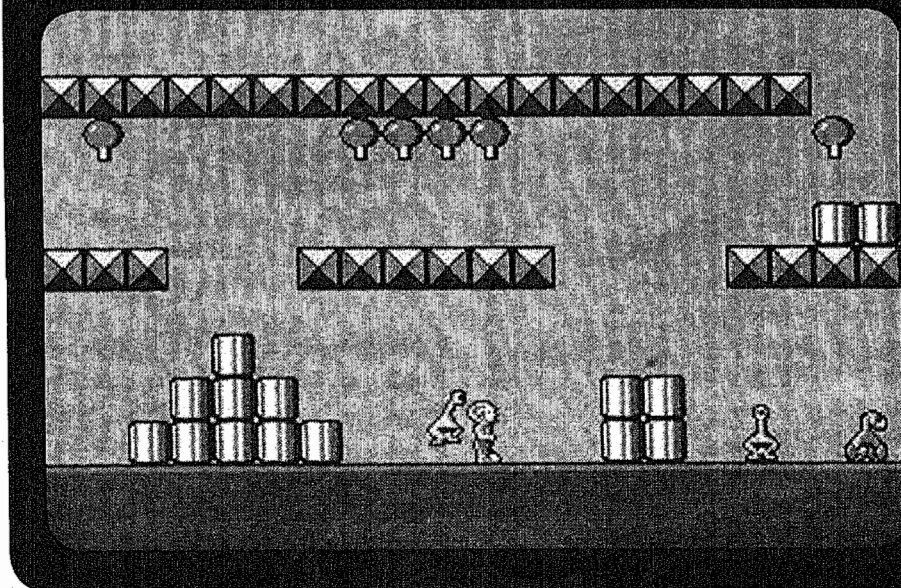
## GAMES CLUB!

Hmm, well it's the end of summer. Things are quieting down and you've all probably fallen into the little Uni groove thang we have going on here at Adelaide University. Been drinking? Of course you have! Spent too much money? If you had money you would have! Sick of hunting down women and wish you could do something more than get laid? Of course you...might not...ok, I'm wrong there. BUT if you're out of cash on Friday nights, I've the place for you. Union Cinema is the stronghold of the University of Adelaide video games club...meet and play games, sometimes watch anime (I think) and enjoy the company of like-

minded nerds such as yourselves (not me, I'm a strapping young lad with women at my beck and call...honest). There's a large selection of mainstream and odd house games to dive into. So come make some new friends and head down to Union Cinema on Friday afternoons. There's a small membership fee, like any club, but it all goes to a better cause than skiing or gliding! You can injure yourselves doing other things, remember, games are your friends and don't judge thee.

For more information get in touch with Connell Wood at [cwood@chemeng.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:cwood@chemeng.adelaide.edu.au).

Dan Purvis





M[O]TH

Holden Street Theatres

You walk into an old battered church and hear a crowd of people coughing, making you feel like some sort of weird disease has infested the theatre. You soon realise that this crowd is actually the audience themselves and they're coughing their lungs out because someone thought it'd be a great idea to unsettle the audience right from the beginning, by *torturing* them with inane amounts of stage smoke. Not a smart move.

There's absurdist theatre and then there's absurd theatre. This play was probably an extreme version of the latter. Why do more and more young artists believe that if they do something that the audience will have trouble understanding, then they have achieved some kind of self-professed theatrical marvel? Well, they're quite wrong!

The main problem with M[O]TH was that it doesn't even attempt to deliver the story. And to think that Adelaide's most prominent youth venture, Urban Myth Theatre of Youth produced the event, it makes you wonder what they were thinking. Lachlan Tetlow-Stuart, the creator, puts some actors on stage and has them deliver the lines, about 5 of them in the whole play, as if the actors are computerised speech engines. Luckily, while you sat there trying to decipher a story, which didn't exist, you could still feast your eyes to excellent set design and your ears to a compelling background score. The visual was mostly well designed; it was the 'design brief' that was missing.

If they ever perform it again, remember, you have been warned.

Sahil Choujar

The passion of Rainer Hersch for the routines and legacy of pianist comedian Victor Borge is obvious and for me, (as someone only peripherally aware of the work of Borge) the most compelling element of this show. In fact, it is the reason I feel obliged to write this review.

Most of the comedic material is quite dated; however the mature audience rather enjoyed seeing some of their favourite routines from decades past performed live. The comedic elements based on music have resisted the passing of time and demonstrate Hersch's deft talent. From selected biographical material, the audience is shown that Borge was an original, and Hersch, in the few moments we are able to observe his personality, shows his own flair particularly in a humorous (and unexpected) finale.

This show bought much happiness to Caos Cafe and I hope that it will draw fans and those interested in an uncommon style of performance. Without trying to be dismissive, it could be a good show to go to with your parents or grandparents and observe their nostalgia trip.

A word of warning: you may want to consider somewhere else to eat before the show! For the fringe, Caos has what I consider to be an expensive selection of platters and a more upmarket wine list than usual. For example, \$35 gets you a platter of deep fried spring rolls, two types of samosas, dim sims and calamari rings with sweet chilli and soy sauces (I greatly prefer their usual good quality and reasonably priced menu.)

JMW - rubberman

LA CLIQUE  
Spiegelent

If a bunch of mental patients ran away and started their own circus, the result would surely be something like La Clique. Well, to describe La Clique as merely a 'circus' doesn't do justice. It's an eclectic mish-mash of dazzling acrobatics, soul-wrenching cabaret, skewed comedy and red-blooded burlesque goodness. The show is set within the Famous Spiegelent, a circular venue that not only brings the audience right in amongst the action, but also takes them back to a long-lost age of entertainment: a time when showbiz was not only live, but *alive*, bubbling with energy and risqué fun.

While many circuses impress their audiences with astonishing tricks, what separates La Clique from the rest is the sheer personality of the performers. Aside from coming across as completely insane, they all appear to be having the time of their lives out there on stage, and this makes it all the more enjoyable to watch. Each act is injected with a healthy dose of humour and of course, sex appeal. And yes there is something for both genders,

so if you bring a partner, be prepared to let them squeal. For the ladies, David O'Mer's playful bathtub acrobatics will have you in a fluster, while for the gents, Ursula Martinez's striptease magic show is something to behold. But it must be stressed that the saucier elements are all done in good taste and ooze with class.

A highlight among highlights for the show was the antics of Swedish born contortionist Captain Frodo. I tell you what, you haven't heard a motivational speech until you've had one from a man coiled in impossible shapes whilst sitting on a tower of precariously balancing buckets. His demonstration of the realising of his own dreams and aspirations is absurdly inspiring stuff.

If you're looking for an escape from the bland drudgery of modern life, La Clique is just what you need. It is a surreal, joyous experience that will take you somewhere else, guaranteed.

Max Opray



THE FEVER

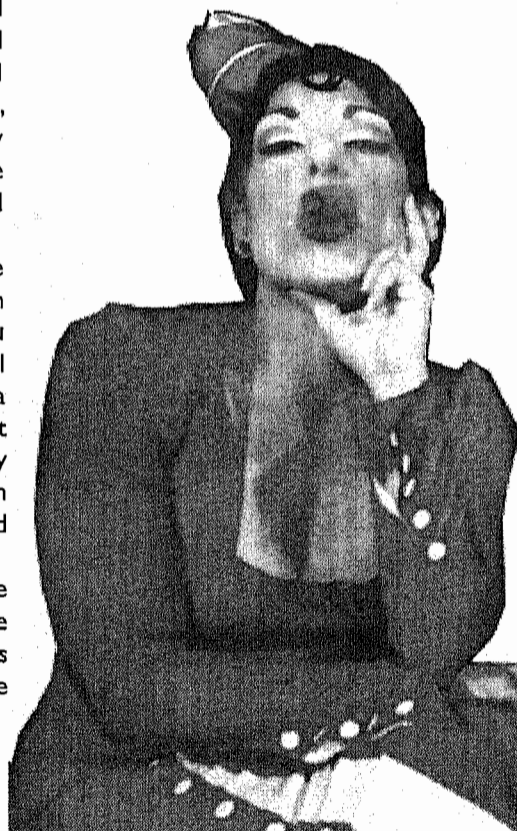
As soon as you enter into the theatre production of *The Fever*, you can't help but notice that this is something new and different. They're not pretentious about their goals; it's simple, *Theatre Simple*, actually. *Theatre Simple*, the production company responsible for bringing us *The Fever*, puts on a show of simplicity, as their name implies, and yet they manage somehow to evoke the vivid imaginations of every person in the audience, and take them on a ride between the most extreme of emotions and ideas.

*The Fever* is definitely not for everyone. It's a 90 minute monologue delving into the awkward topics of war, politics and social inequities from the point of view of a feverish speaker, sick and alone in a hotel room in some random country. Anyone looking for cheap thrills need not apply. This is theatre which focuses on the dialogue. Luckily though, the dialogue is delivered charismatically and convincingly, and more than makes up for the lack of other 'frills'.

*The Fever* is theatre at its best. It's a well-written screenplay coming together with a talented actress to form a cacophony of words and images that stayed with me long afterwards. It doesn't try to force itself onto the audience, and instead, allows each person to arrive at their own conclusions, while the frantic words of the fevered speaker act only as gentle coaxing.

Definitely recommended to anyone who is interested in socio-political issues, or anyone who simply wants to experience what it's like to let your imagination loose.

Julianna Muniak



Editors:  
Sahil Choujar and  
Benedict Coxon

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## WIL-COMMUNICATE; WIL ANDERSON

Freemason's Hall

Wil Anderson, like most other comedians, has his own style. I had seen him a couple of times before the Fringe and he'd been drinking on stage while he performed. And when he ran out of his drink he asked for more, and got it. So the end result is you have a drunken man on stage saying funny stuff. As if drunk people aren't funny already. But Wil Anderson amplifies the funny factor by a 100 and has you constantly holding your stomach.

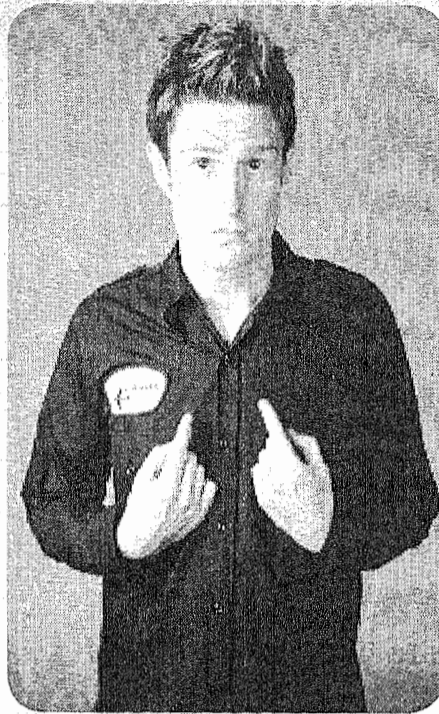
Well this time it was different. Mr. Anderson decided to stick to spring water and go through the whole show being sober. Unsurprisingly it did not diminish his funny factor. From the standard political jokes to the blasphemous, from the cheap payouts to attacking the late

comers, Wil Anderson has everything in his arsenal, and then some more. He tackles every issue from the late news and proves that even the gravest of topics can be seen through the funny man's lens.

Of course, for Wil Anderson, nothing is sacred. He takes the piss out of issues as serious as the Cronulla riots, but concealed within these jokes are messages he argues convincingly. While, the best bits of his political satire were conveyed in whiny "He's never going to leave" John Howard jokes, he was more confrontational and blatant in his religious disbeliefs.

If you missed out on seeing him (which makes you stupid), don't worry he'll probably be back again later this year for the Adelaide Cabaret Festival (Why? Since when did Wil Anderson dance?)

**Sahil Choujar**



## CHEKOV STOPPARD BITE SIZED

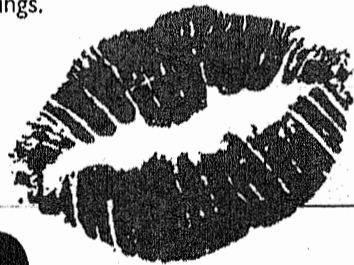
Fowler's Live

Alice Teasedale's 'This Rough Magic Theatre & Film' is no stranger to the Fringe and its ways. Having been involved since 1996, they have always attempted to conceive performances at the most orthodox venues with the most outlandish scripts. And this year they almost did it again. This year, they weren't content with performing just one classic, so they performed two plays in one show. Chekov's *A Marriage Proposal* and Stoppard's *Harris and Thelma* have similar character complexity and situational humour, although written by playwrights who couldn't be more different to each other.

I walked out with mixed feelings about the show. On one hand, you had excellent direction and set design and on the other, few actors who believed that high level of energy equals good acting. The acting was sometimes unnecessarily hyper and awkward. Georgia Dodd, Aldo Longobardi and David Thring convincingly slipped into their characters but the rest needed to spend a bit more time on their acting and a little less drinking red bulls.

The venue choices weren't as interesting as usual, but there are only so many weird places in Adelaide. The Fringe is now over but next time TRMTF put up a play, make sure you go and see their interesting way of doing things.

**Sahil Choujar**



## NIGHT OF THE BIRDMANN

Sideshow Paradiso

The name 'Birdmann' carries with it some weighty expectations. Think 'Harvey Birdman: Attorney at Law' - the greatest cartoon in the world. Or that wanker of an Adelaide crows player, Brett 'Birdman' Burton and his freakish skills.

So heading into the intimate Gaiety Grande at Sideshow Paradiso, I fully expected something special. Unfortunately, for the first twenty minutes 'Night of the Birdmann' failed to deliver. An unsettlingly offbeat comic monologue punctuated by circus tricks, the show was an interesting concept. Unfortunately, the jokes failed to match Harvey Birdman's cartoon hilarity, whilst the tricks did not compare to said footballing wanker's athletic prowess.

The show would be best described as a journey into the imagination of star and creator Trent Baumann via his Birdmann character. Throughout the act we get to meet Birdmann's quirky friends... the

only problem being he doesn't have any. The Birdmann's social grouping instead consists of different variations of himself, all of whom confide their whimsical thoughts and feelings to the audience.

Baumann had a distinct lack of energy on stage, yet he still managed to engage. There was something intriguing about his character, something that held the audience's attention despite the poor opening. And after that first twenty minutes things did start to pick up. Perhaps it was a matter of warming to the character, or maybe the material simply got better, but by the end of the night we were all hooked.

His show is one of the more unique on offer at this year's fringe, and while the comedy and tricks are often second-rate, that in itself is half the joke. As the Birdmann himself puts it, the audience may be the ones paying, but the night is really at his expense.

**Max Opray**



## IMMIGRANT'S GUIDE TO AUSTRALIA

Mark Butler, Fowler's Live

I have never been more disappointed with a fringe show failing to reach the potential of its ideas.

I saw this show on the day that marked the tenth anniversary of the Howard government and I felt the time was right for a sharp political satire. Unfortunately, sometimes interesting facts were interspersed with largely B-grade stand-up, a good deal of it irrelevant to the important issues. Much more pointed observation and political humour could be found in Greg Fleet or Judith Lucy's shows at this fringe. I cannot recommend this show on any level; one crane is too high a rating. The writer should go see someone like Rod Quantock for tips on political comedy, unfortunately this show was simply not clever or brave enough.

1/2 crane for the video clips of migrants' observations on Australian culture shown on a screen: mildly amusing, but not that surprising.

**JMW - rubberman**

## BRIT\*COMEDY

Arts Theatre

I can't decide whether I find British comedians hilarious because of their accents or genuine comedic talent... Either way BritCom...edy was right up my alley. The show features the Englishman Stephen K. Amos and Welshman Rhod Gilbert as his support act and together they make yin and yang. Amos has a huge personality; his booming voice and physical comedy make him a huge presence on the stage. In contrast Gilbert is softly spoken and appears quite meek but his jokes get just as much raucous laughter from the audience. Oh and the Welshman is pretty damn good looking too.

Both comedians interacted with the audience, although Amos's act was almost entirely dependent of the audience providing fodder. It almost appeared that his entire act was impromptu as there were some pauses where he seemed to be thinking of where to go next. Any other comedian would've flopped, but Amos has such an exuberant aura and his performance has an energy level beyond this world. I felt a bit sorry for the poor teenage boy in the front row with his parents who became quite a target for Amos's jokes but then what do you expect if you sit in the front row at a comedy show!

Adelaide seemed to be a popular source of material for both Amos and Gilbert, but of course, we Adelaideans aren't so pompous that we can't have a laugh at ourselves and our great city. This was a fabulous show, so make sure you see it next time Steve and Rhod come to town.

**Karlie**

## Adelaide Festival of Arts

### POWER TO THE PEOPLE

**Adelaide Fringe/Adelaide Festival of Arts Openings  
Various Artists/ Compagnia di Valerio Festi**

**February 24/March 3  
East End/Elder Park**

The Adelaide Festival of Arts opened on March 3 with a large-scale outdoor theatrical production presented by the Compagnia di Valerio Festi in the picturesque setting of Elder Park. Unfortunately, the setting outshone the presentation, the comfortably balmy evening providing a more convincing reason to venture into the city than Studio Festi's ultimately boring *The Dancing Sky*.

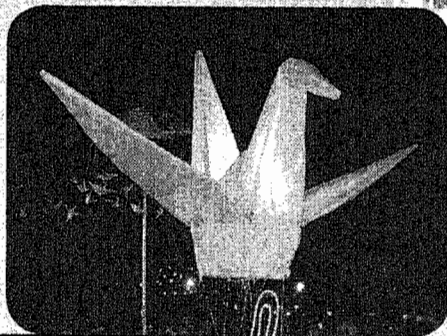
With everything from high-wires to speedboats cluttering the park and the lake, the 30,000 people who attended would have expected an impressive spectacle. Instead, what greeted them was a handful of dancers suspended in the air, who once in the air were unable to do anything of interest, and some unusual props: bicycles, a suspended piano, giant painted balloons. Don't worry. It presumably wasn't supposed to make sense. Even the ludicrous story that the narrator told failed to bring any cohesion.

There were some effective theatrical tricks, such as the puppets that appeared on the lake's northern bank in a bustling swarm, but these were too few to justify engaging in what must have been an horrendously costly exercise.

The Adelaide Fringe on the other hand, which opened exactly a week earlier than the Festival on February 24, offered a more relevant event to mark its opening: the highly-anticipated Opening Parade. The Parade gave Fringe artists a chance to get some free publicity for their shows, as they handed out material to the thousands of people who lined the Parade route. It's also a fantastic party that sees around 100,000 people converge on the east end of the city to usher in the exciting festival period.

The interaction between performers and audience in the Opening Parade was far more meaningful than a theatre troupe from overseas seemingly doing its best to bore its audience. Festival director Brett Sheehy needs to think long and hard before planning the opening of the 2008 Festival.

**Benedict Coxon**



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Benedict Coxon

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### FESTIVAL MUSIC UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

From the opera *Flight* to the Amsterdam Sinfonietta's series of concerts to the Australian Youth Orchestra's *Songs from the Yellow Bedroom*, the music program of the 2006 Adelaide Festival of Arts can't be described as lacking diversity.

The many offerings will be discussed at a special forum, 'The Critics Speak', by a panel of experts from the arts industry that will include professional music critics and arts managers. Organized by the South Australian Chapter of the Musicological Society of Australia, the forum follows the Society's successful presentation in 2004 of a roundtable discussion on the first Australian

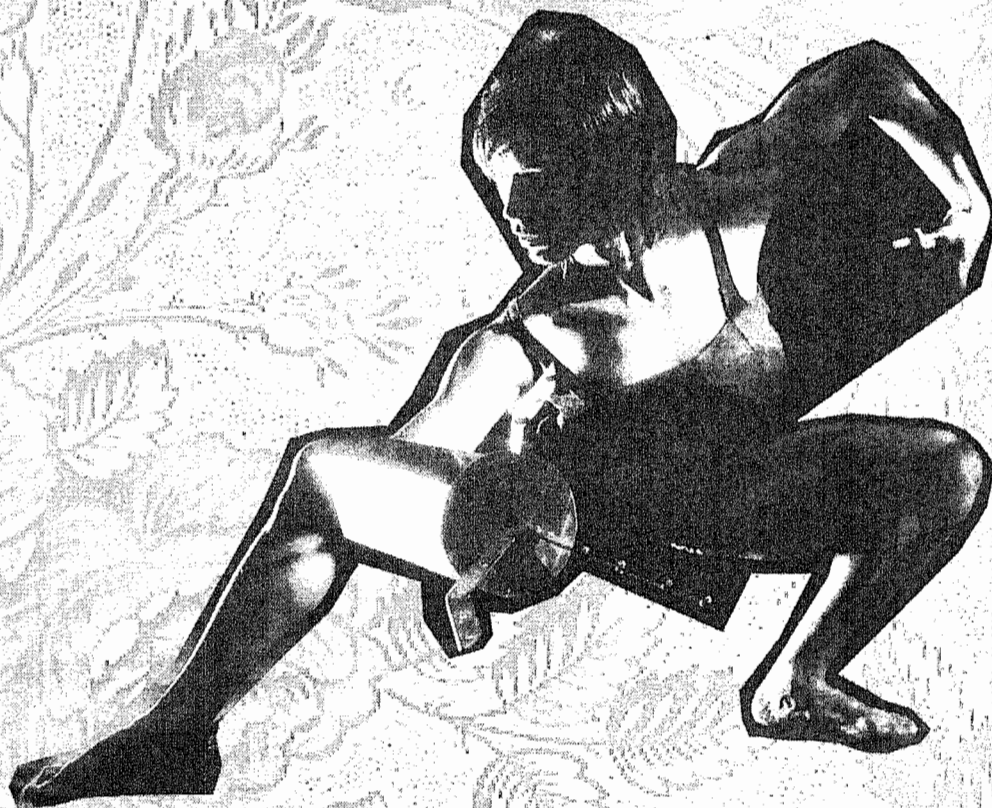
production of the Wagner's Ring Cycle.

Graham Strahle, who writes for the *The Adelaide Review* and *The Australian*, spoke of his hope that the forum 'will allow critics to give more insights about their opinions and for healthy and vigorous debate to arise.'

For those who want more than a 200-word description of a Festival concert or those who want to pick the brains of a critic, this event offers a unique experience that's not to be missed.

**'The Critics Speak' will be held at 7:30pm on March 21 in Room 1004, Level 10 of the Schulz Building. Entry costs \$5.**

**Benedict Coxon**



### DevoLUTION

**Australian Dance Theatre  
Her Majesty's Theatre  
March 1-8**

Finally the day has come when robotics and the world of choreographed dance come together. In keeping with the Festival's apparent aim to open our eyes to the fringe possibilities of mainstream theatre (for example, the open air Italian production *The Dancing Sky*, the experimental video installations of *Video Venice*), particularly now that the official Fringe seems to have spread extensively into the land of the comedy festival, *Devolution* has been billed as one of those productions that stretch the possibilities, and the bodies, of dance. While the dancers come from the Australian Dance Theatre, the robotic and cinematic talent is bolstered by imports from Canada (Louis-Philippe Demers) and the UK (Gina Czarnecki), all under the demanding gaze of director Garry Stewart in his seventh ADT presentation.

A play on the production's title, *Devolution* charts the human break with the natural evolutionary process to see just where our new technocratic integration might lead, and whether this process is truly a progression or regression. In many ways it is also the next evolutionary step for Stewart, who has gained a reputation for pushing his dancers to the limits of their physical

capacities. The dance movements from a lay person's perspective (mine) were impressive, muscular, suitably erratic considering the subject matter and slightly grimace-inducing, though not always visually spectacular. Eavesdropping on the whispers of some of the more seasoned members of the audience indicated that the production lived up to Stewart's reputation.

The gyrating robotics were novel (while working in a robotics-laden factory in first year I often thought about the dance implications of the assembly line) but the cinematics were perhaps more visually impressive and really helped the production to seem organic rather than industrially '80s. Smoky images were conjured in mid-air at the front of the stage without any screen to support them, creating mystifying and somewhat frightening visual effects around which the dancers lurked.

For the first half of the performance the dance elements were a little too adjacent to the machinery, with the joining of man and machine coming perhaps too predictably as the performance progressed. However, as long as your mind is open to the kind of abstraction of thought that is always required by non-verbal theatre, *Devolution* is one of the most interesting, substantial and challenging productions at this year's Festival.

**Tralalama**

# macbeth

Center for New Theater at  
CalArts  
Scott Theatre  
March 8-16

There was a hushed anticipation among the patrons entering the Scott Theatre for the opening night performance of *Macbeth*. Many were wondering how Stephen Dillane would approach the difficult task of portraying all of the major characters of Shakespeare's famous play. Would he be convincing? More importantly perhaps, with limited props and support, how was he going to hold the attention of the audience for the full length of the play? The rapturous applause that he received at the end of the performance answered these questions resoundingly.

As in any theatrical production, a great deal of its success hinges on the quality of the acting. Obviously, in this one-man presentation, this point was particularly pertinent, and Dillane didn't disappoint. His well-crafted characters engaged the audience, and he concentrated heavily on the examination of the guilt of Macbeth, as well as that of his wife, Lady Macbeth. Each character was portrayed from the perspective of Macbeth and all parts were played with a great degree of confidence and enthusiasm.

Director Travis Preston and his creative team adopted a simplistic approach to design. All aspects were kept to a minimum, except for the lighting, which was used cleverly to create frightening silhouettes of the protagonists on the white screen located at the back of the stage. This clever contrast, along with a simple musical accompaniment, comprising of percussion, guitar and woodwind, helped to provide some relief from long Shakespearian monologues, which, at times, and despite the wonderful acting, became a little dry.

The enthusiastic response of the sizeable audience present on opening night was testament to the success of this ambitious production. It wouldn't be surprising to learn that it played to more near-full houses over the course of the next week.

Tom Besanko



## Three Furies: Scenes from THE Life of Francis Bacon

Performing Lines  
Dunstan Playhouse  
4-11 March

It's often the case that music adds to drama – the whole genre of opera is evidence of this – but if the music is poorly chosen or poorly written (or both), it can detract from the drama. Unfortunately, *Three Furies: Scenes from the Life of Francis Bacon* highlights the second point all too clearly.

Stephen Sewell's new work is less a play than a collection of scenes or sketches (as indicated by the title). This structure begs for the addition of music as a means of linking the scenes and allowing the audience some moments to pause and reflect on the action. To this point, playwright, Stephen Sewell, and director Jim Sharman are correct in their thinking. Their mistake was their choice of composer.

Basil Hogios' score was indescribably bad. Paul Capsis, in the role of Tisiphone, was pushing uphill as the lone singer, and despite the lightweight

material succeeded in hypnotizing the audience with his rather androgynous voice. Socratis Otto's portrayal of George Dyer, Bacon's model, muse and lover, showed considerable skill, as his character's lack of ability to express himself verbally gave Otto the task of communicating in more subtle ways. Simon Burke gave his all as the tortured Bacon, to the point that he was visibly exhausted by the time of the curtain call. He was most impressive in his monologues, during which he commanded the concentration of an often inattentive audience. Why any of the actors needed microphones (let alone two each) in the cosy Dunstan Playhouse is anyone's guess. Brian Thomson had designed a simple but effective set, the dark hues underscoring the themes of the play.

This was an effortful production that offered moments of dramatic power, yet ultimately needed more cohesion in the narrative, more information about the characters so that the all-important context was not lost and a better composer. For anyone who has ever wondered what the process of workshoping a play involves, *Three Furies* gives an ample demonstration.

Benedict Coxon

## SONGS FROM THE YE L LOW BEDROOM

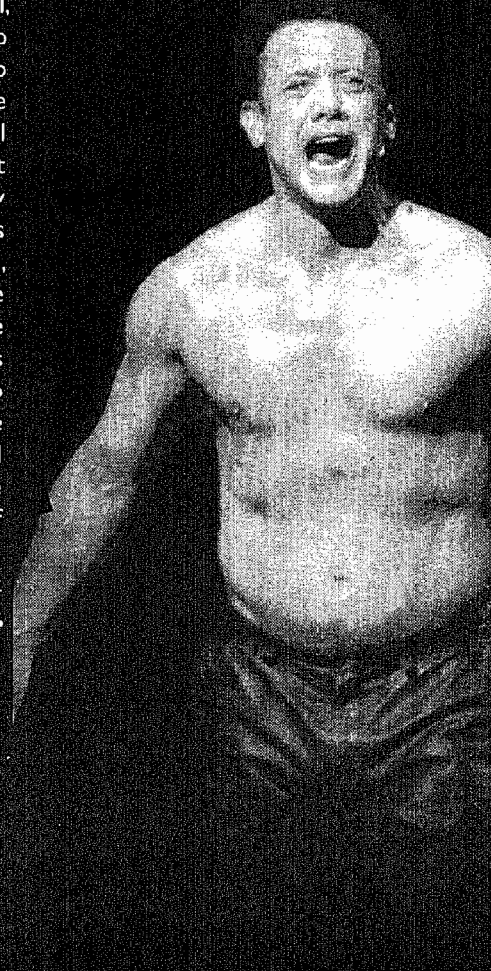
Australian Youth Orchestra  
Adelaide Town Hall  
March 4-5

There's nothing quite like the electricity that races through a venue charged with anticipation and excitement over an impending performance. The opening performance of *Songs from the Yellow Bedroom* took place on the night following the opening of the Festival, and for many of the patrons crammed into the Town Hall, *Songs from the Yellow Bedroom* was their first Festival event. On paper, it was rather difficult to imagine the concept for the concert working: Mahler's song cycle *Das Lied von der Erde* (*The Song of the Earth*) interspersed with semi-staged readings of Vincent Van Gogh's letters. The result was, in fact, pleasantly surprising, the two texts being far more suitably matched than the marketing descriptions had made out.

Tenor Keith Lewis put everything into his singing, perhaps even a little too much; the intensity was there, but his performance was overly operatic. Mezzo soprano Bernadette Cullen's performance was more detailed, and her final song was the highlight of the evening. Actor and Van Gogh look-alike David Wenham gave a strong performance in reading the letters (selected by director Adam Cook), although he was rather difficult to understand on occasions. The real stars were the one hundred or so members of the Australian Youth Orchestra, under conductor Diego Masson. Short-term ensembles such as the AYO always run the risk of sounding exactly that, but the young musicians rose to the occasion and performed powerfully and passionately. It was especially pleasing to see so many local faces on stage.

I suspect that *Songs from the Yellow Bedroom* was one of those events that most people attended and enjoyed because it was a bit different from the average classical fare we are used to in Adelaide. But the concert did leave me with one question: was there any particular reason for choosing the *Adagio* from Mahler's *Symphony No. 10* for the first half?

Edward Joyner



## the good!

Teachers  
ABC Tuesday 11pm.

Hurrah! The ABC has finally decided to repeat the fab Brit-Com *Teachers!* If you haven't caught it already (series 3 was played over the summer), you really should. Basically the series follows a group of young and not particularly passionate Teachers at a British High School. For some inexplicable reason the ABC has started the re-runs from series 2, which sees the arrival of new Teachers Penny and JP. But no matter, it's all good! Personally, I can't get enough of it - especially Brian and Kurt.

*I can't fault you on this one, stellar tv combining brit humour and a enough soap to keep me caring about them all. And it allows me to glory in Andrew Lincoln's presence.*



The twist was that in "reality" he was just a big ole dork of a construction worker. Sure it was contrived, predictable and the winner was obvious from episode 2, but it was entertaining. Ultimately it comes down to society's obsession with the mating game in general, as Confucius once said sex sells, and no more so than on TV. I mean, gawd some of these shows (not mentioning any names >cough< Temptation Island >cough<) verge on the out right ridiculous and yet we still watch them. It's debateable whether the popularity of these types of shows lies with our own desire to see the contestants happily paired off or if it's just our own sick enjoyment in seeing, as in the case of Joe Millionaire, a group of supposedly intelligent, independent, modern women acting like idiots over someone who was essentially a bogan. Think about it.

\*the driveway and adjacent shed

**Kalista Campbell**

## the bad!

Little Britain (Series 3)  
ABC Wednesday 9pm

Firstly I must state that I am a HUGE fan of Matt Lucas and David Walliams, and while I will continue to watch, series 3 just ain't cutting the mustard. The enormous popularity of the show both here and in the UK has seemingly given Lucas and Walliams the license to be as outlandish and grotesque as they see fit. This isn't necessarily a bad thing, but I fear they're in danger of alienating their audience this time. Well, at least those over the age of 10. Anne still raises a chuckle but I'm afraid it's a case of their old stuff being better than their new stuff.

*I was hoping that my responses would be more controversial than this, but I'm agreeing with the lovely Kalista once again. It is still funny, but it's slowly puttering out of gas.*

## the fugly!

The Glass House  
ABC Wednesday 9:30pm

There was a time when this show was good. There was a time when Wil Anderson was funny. The problem with Wil is he's lazy. He can be very quick and witty if he bothers ... but usually he doesn't. I mean, there are only so many times one can laugh at a 'Weekend at Bernie's' joke or a reference to Winona Ryder. I know all comedians have to recycle their material - but god! It doesn't help that Corinne Grant is the most irritating, annoying and untalented woman that ever was and that the format (and content for that matter) has changed little over the past 5 years. Dave Hughes still manages the old golden moments of bizarreness, but still.

*Yay, I get to disagree! I still like The Glass House, it would never make my 'good' list, and possibly not my 'bad' list and obviously not my 'fugly' list, so I guess I'm disagreeing for the sake of it. In truth I haven't seen any episodes this year.*

**Kalista Campbell (with unnecessary commentary by Anais Chevalier)**

T.V.

Editors:  
Kalista Campbell  
& Anais Chevalier

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As I sit at my Laptop gazing out the window onto a bustling Manhattan Avenue\* in the manner of Carrie Bradshaw, I can't help but wonder - what is it about the dating game show that we just can't get enough of? They've always been as popular as hell. In the 5 years that it screened *Perfect Match* consistently topped the ratings and was the show to watch. Channel 7 briefly revived the series back in 2002, replacing Dexter the robot with Agro (yes he of cartoon connection fame). It lasted little more than a couple of weeks. But you can't blame them for trying. The wave of Reality TV in recent years brought with it the nuveau (so-called reality) dating show. Think *The Bachelor*, *The Bachelorette*, *Temptation Island*, *Paradise Hotel*, *Date My Mom*, and the hideous *Who Wants To Marry My Dad?* A personal fave of mine is *Joe Millionaire* in which 20 or so likely lasses vied for the affections of one Joe Millionaire (Evan Marriott) the allegedly hunky filthy rich man of their dreams.

90s  
Flashback!

## MAN-O-MAN

Truly one of the most inspired Dating Game Shows of all time, *Man-O-Man* was the hit show on Australian TV in 1994. For those who need reminding, the show was effectively a male beauty pageant. The audience was populated by (usually v. inebriated) women who would vote out the male contestants after each elimination round if they failed to meet the criteria in areas of conversation, karaoke and the "beefcake challenge". If voted out, the poor lad would be pushed into a gigantic swimming pool at the front of the set. Needless to say, t'was the highlight of the show. Bring it back I say! \*lights up Marlboro Light\* -eds

That's right boy,  
get in there nice and  
deep like ...



## AUSSIE PICK OF THE WEEK

The Chaser's War On Everything  
ABC Friday 9:45pm

Finally the Chaser-Team are back! If you loved Chris Taylor and Craig Reucassel's *Today Today* stint on Triple J, you're going to love this. Essentially *The Chaser's War On Everything* is the *Today Today* show reworked for the TV format.

This time though they've brought the Chaser team along with them (Chas Licciardello is a genius!) for all the hilarity and witticisms. It's going to be on for the greater part of the year, so do yourself a favour and check it yo!

## POCKET TOTTIE



**Name:** Stephanie McIntosh

**Birthday:** July 5, 1985

**What's She Like:** Many other cutie soap-starlets before and, undoubtably, after her, but she is a cutie.

**Big Break:** Neighbours

**What you have seen her in:**  
see above

**Marital Status:**  
Dating a St Kilda footy player. Woot.

**Trivia:**  
She is the half-sister of Jason Donovan

**Weblinks:** www.neighbours.com and her wikipedia.com entry

## Top 10 TV Couples

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Ross & Rachael<br><i>Friends</i>        | 6. Tim & Dawn<br><i>The Office</i>              |
| 2. Scott & Charlene<br><i>Neighbours</i>   | 7. Buffy & Angel<br><i>Buffy</i>                |
| 3. Seth & Summer<br><i>The OC</i>          | 8. Brenda & Dylan<br><i>Beverly Hills 90210</i> |
| 4. Marty & Jess<br><i>Big Brother 2</i>    | 9. Al & Peg<br><i>Married With Children</i>     |
| 5. Carrie & Big<br><i>Sex and the City</i> | 10. Mr Garrison & Mr Salve<br><i>Southpark</i>  |



## ! Qwazy Qwiz !



1. Name the 'real name' of the character that Carrie Bradshaw was in a long term head #\$\$% with in *Sex and the City*

2. What was the name of the compatibility robot in *Perfect Match*?

3. In chronological order, name all of Buffy's love interests in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*.

4. Who was Bec Cartwright engaged to before she copped off with Adelaide's favourite son?

5. In *Oz*, who is Ryan O'Reilly passionately obsessed with for most of the 6 series?

6. In *Ballykissangel*, what was the name of the raven-haired hottie publican with a thing for her priest?

7. True or false: Agro the bathmat co-hosted *Perfect Match*.

8. Name this character and/or the actor (pictured above)

9. Name the band that Nick Lachey, of *Newlyweds: Nick and Jessica* fame, exploded onto the Billboard charts with.

10. What was the name of Jerry's girlfriend who's name rhymed with a female body part in *Seinfeld*.

*Inflatable Bodies* is a unique project, which employs evolving technologies for the new generation of robotic sculpture. American artist Chico MacMurtrie and the Amorphic Robot Works present a range of inflated, mobile arterial trunks which reach across the floor and up to the ceiling.

Held at the Experimental Art Foundation as part of the Adelaide Festival, the work entertained and intrigued the large opening night crowd. The giant robotic sculpture continually inflates and deflates in response to your every move. Complete with four, ceiling-

high telescoping totem poles and a 10-metre long artery system, the artists have created a complex and highly interactive installation.

Any signs of technology are cleverly hidden inside a small white box, allowing the viewer to appreciate the beautiful organic structures. Exploring the parallels that exist between humans and machines, *Inflatable Bodies* is a fascinating and rewarding installation for all to see.

3-19 March: 10-5 Daily; 20 March-8 April: 11-5 Tues-Fri; 2-5 Sat; Admission Free. [www.amorphicrobotworks.org](http://www.amorphicrobotworks.org)

Katie Shriner

Adelaide is a blaze of glory, with the Festival *du jour* tracing a ladder to the stars. But as corporate posters of faux uni students start to adorn our beloved SAUA building, I can't help but wonder; is darkness taking hold in the wings?

In an era where people and cultures everywhere are trying to talk to each other the elusive 'they' are trying to take our voice away. *On Dit* is on the chopping block, waiting to be contacted over with a glossy plastic mask, much like the new face of the Union.

But does anyone know just how super contemporary 'the little paper that could' is? Or just how effective such a student collective is to a stellar art career? For those wanting it all, *On Dit* has been like riding the crest of a wave.

Many will know of the 'open all doors' access *On Dit* can give a post-teen with a dream. But many a polo-wearing pleb will forget that *On Dit* is also an exciting artist run initiative with guts and go. Following the Festival's shimmering Artist's Week, it became very clear that *On Dit* is at the front of the aesthetic pack, leading the way in DIY culture.

**Day 1 of Artist's Week:** as the 2006 Biennale of Australian Art bubbles with colour and life, so does the new found excitement for artists run initiatives, artist run publications, websites and blogs. What a better way to take control of your cultural contribution than by being proactive in a cut throat industry.

**Day 2:** the famous Fiona Hall and Brook Andrews took to the stage at Elder Hall with fine presentations about their art and life, but it was really the Bloggers of The Art Life ([www.artlife.blogspot.com](http://www.artlife.blogspot.com)) that got the crowd going. Their statement that "...no art publications in the country are adequate", was like fire in the belly. No publications are quick enough to create discussion around exhibitions. Art is exhibited one day, and forgotten the next. But then again, there's always been *On Dit*. Of course, it's a Uni paper, but you can't beat good money on it, their art reviews made it to the streets well before the Advertiser. It's not perfect, but it's still

contemporary.

For any artist; be it visual, literary, political or performing, you have to pimp yourself out there. Be the 'sex' in any city, and make yourself known. On **Day 3** of Artists Week, it became clear that anything DIY is hot to trot. Lily Hibberd; artist, Melbourne scenester and the brains behind effective art rag *unMagazine* made me think of the myriad of sub-editors past and present that offered their art to *On Dit*. On this day, a trendy young thing of a Melbourne magazine wasn't really that different to our fair *On Dit*.

**Day 4's** Artists Workshops again emphasised DIY culture (and of course skinny leg jeans) as the new 'black'. Lisa Kelly of the Sydney art set was keen to promote getting in and getting it all done by yourself and your crew. Kelly's presentation was emphasised by the input of Adelaide artist Andrew Best, known for his successful collaborations in the chic Down Town art space, James Dodd of Kings ARI, Ianto Ware the Zine Professor and that dreamy Art Pimp, Din Heagney ([www.diaryofanartpimp.blogspot.com](http://www.diaryofanartpimp.blogspot.com)). All their suggestions lead me to re-think *On Dit*. It's not just a uni paper; it's an over all art piece, run by students for students. It's sustainable, effective and always contemporary.

**Day 5:** after a week of artist workshops and lectures, I was lost in the spicy heat of the city and overcome by the glittering Garden of Earthly Delights. With all the thoughts of artist-run initiatives and mags on my mind, it finally came to me, *On Dit* not only fits the criteria for DIY art projects but also captures the urban essence of our little Adelaide. And anyway, who would remember the Festival or the Fringe without a little street chronicle dreaming?

Viva la *On Dit*!

words and illustrations by **Leo Greenfield**

Glittering City; Darkening Skies



