



**On Dit**  
**Fanatic Edition**  
**76.4**

# THE FANATIC EDITION

## ON DIT

### ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY'S

### STUDENT PUBLICATION

### VOLUME 76 EDITION 4

#### Thanks to:

Our most enthusiastic subby **Goldy**, for rocking up at 9am on *On Dit* delivery morning to distribute when no *On Dits* were in sight.

The reluctant work experience girl, **Natty R**: you only wanted us for our references (although we still got a few errands out of her...watch this space).

All of our subbies for last edition's **AMAZING** distribution, special mention to whoever did the law building...damn that place was plastered with our little sexual baby!

The fanatical submissions from non-subbies (not all could be printed this edition).

#### \*TWEAK\*

Clubs for letting us stay in our office this year.

*Lot's Wife* for thanking us in their thanks last edition, thanks.

TJ for being the first article submitted but the last article layed out.

Clappy for the uber awesome chicken salad dinner and for being ignorant towards vegans.

Busty Rusty, for her delivery of MSG-filled dumplings \*drools\*

Proofies rock, especially Millsie, Clare B, Benji and Hannah.

Catty for the malt-flavoured chocolate treats.

Loved ones and not so loved ones for keeping us sane and fed and nurtured and loved.

Birds of a Feather themed *On Dit* - the edition that will never be. Amanda from On-Campus...more like OFF-CAMPUS, we don't need you!

Jeff, Hairiest Dog in the World (Incoming), D-Link and The Beige House of Pleasure for hanging in there for this edition (please don't crash until our new computers come along).

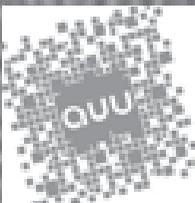
Lavinia - for being a great source of our amusement.

Finally, our fanatical cover man; someone who loves collecting

The Simpsons' paraphernalia THAT much has GOT to be cool.

#### On Dit:

Proudly sponsored  
by the Adelaide  
University Union



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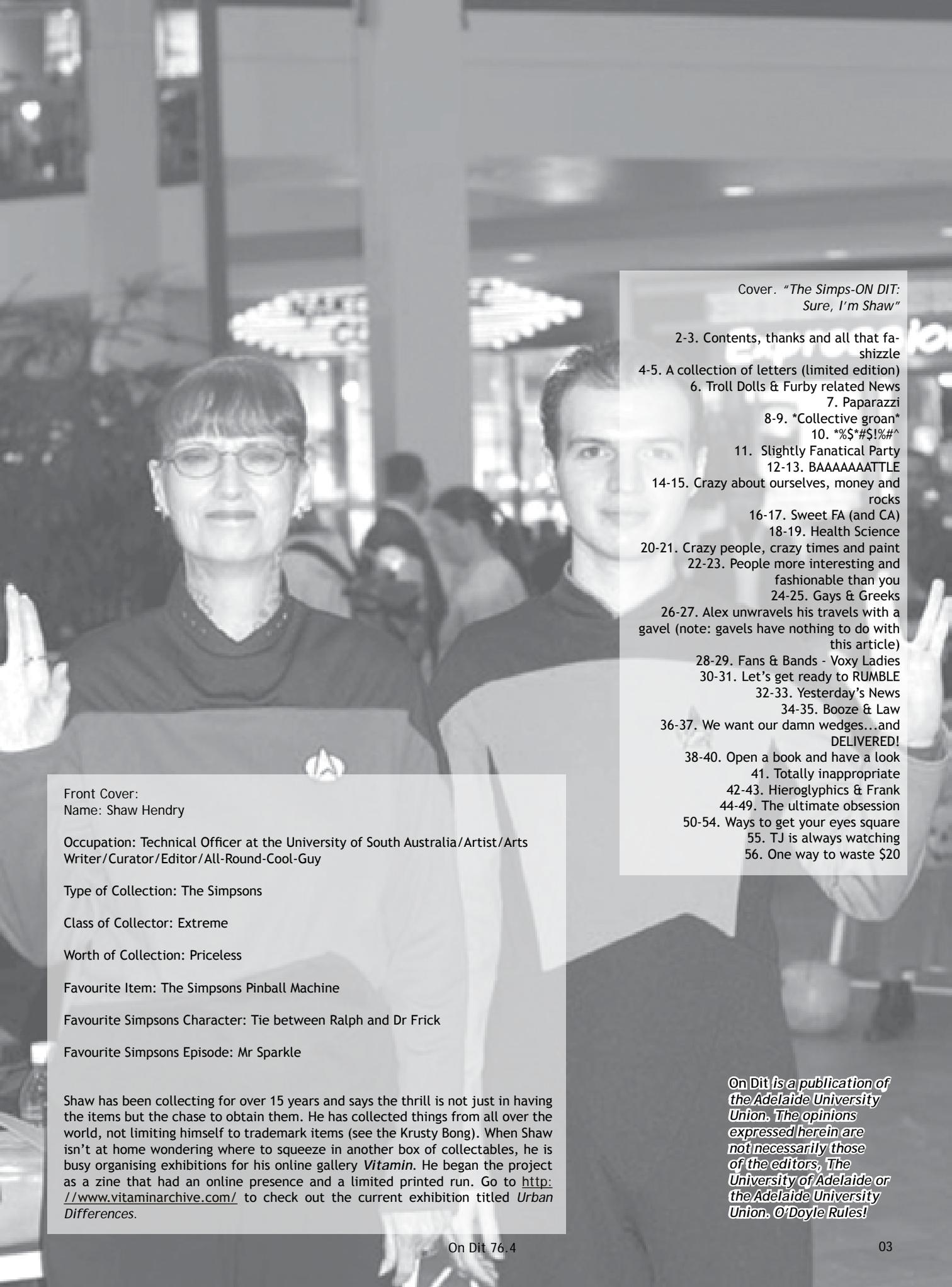
Clara Sankey

Lauren Sutter

Vox Pop

Clare Buckley

Claire "Waldo" Wald



Front Cover:  
Name: Shaw Hendry

Occupation: Technical Officer at the University of South Australia/Artist/Arts  
Writer/Curator/Editor/All-Round-Cool-Guy

Type of Collection: The Simpsons

Class of Collector: Extreme

Worth of Collection: Priceless

Favourite Item: The Simpsons Pinball Machine

Favourite Simpsons Character: Tie between Ralph and Dr Frick

Favourite Simpsons Episode: Mr Sparkle

Shaw has been collecting for over 15 years and says the thrill is not just in having the items but the chase to obtain them. He has collected things from all over the world, not limiting himself to trademark items (see the Krusty Bong). When Shaw isn't at home wondering where to squeeze in another box of collectables, he is busy organising exhibitions for his online gallery *Vitamin*. He began the project as a zine that had an online presence and a limited printed run. Go to <http://www.vitaminarchive.com/> to check out the current exhibition titled *Urban Differences*.

Cover: *"The Simps-ON DIT:  
Sure, I'm Shaw"*

- 2-3. Contents, thanks and all that fa-shizzle
- 4-5. A collection of letters (limited edition)
- 6. Troll Dolls & Furby related News
- 7. Paparazzi
- 8-9. \*Collective groan\*
- 10. \*%\$\*#\$!%#^
- 11. Slightly Fanatical Party
- 12-13. BAAAAAATTLE
- 14-15. Crazy about ourselves, money and rocks
- 16-17. Sweet FA (and CA)
- 18-19. Health Science
- 20-21. Crazy people, crazy times and paint
- 22-23. People more interesting and fashionable than you
- 24-25. Gays & Greeks
- 26-27. Alex unravels his travels with a gavel (note: gavels have nothing to do with this article)
- 28-29. Fans & Bands - Voxy Ladies
- 30-31. Let's get ready to RUMBLE
- 32-33. Yesterday's News
- 34-35. Booze & Law
- 36-37. We want our damn wedges...and DELIVERED!
- 38-40. Open a book and have a look
- 41. Totally inappropriate
- 42-43. Hieroglyphics & Frank
- 44-49. The ultimate obsession
- 50-54. Ways to get your eyes square
- 55. TJ is always watching
- 56. One way to waste \$20

*OnDit is a publication of the Adelaide University Union. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors, The University of Adelaide or the Adelaide University Union. O'Doyle Rules!*

# LETTERS &

Next Edition:  
Deadline - May 5  
Theme - Equality-dit  
Come one, Come  
all!

What better way  
to get an equal say  
in student culture  
than through the  
equality edition?



## Apology:

The "Studio 2000" labelled photo of our Prez, Lavinia, was taken by everyone's favourite University of Adelaide photographer, Robert Fletcher. Sorry for not crediting it in the Festival Edition.

Dear Eds,  
Just a short note to say kind hearted people still do exist despite the way things seem. I'd like to say thanks to the fellow student who so kindly bought me the pastie I'd been planning to buy but found I had no cash for. She saved a tired mum a walk to the bank and gave her the chance to do a bit of study!  
Thanks again!

Sarah Kuchar

Dear Eds,

'Busty Rusty' from last edition's cover... WHAT.A.BABE!!!  
Can I have her number or know where she hangs out?  
Keep up the good work!  
George

SENSATIONALADELAIDE

Are you a positive and constructive thinker? Hate people who whinge but do nothing to change the status quo? Want to learn more about what's happening and help to improve Adelaide and South Australia?

Join us and help us make a difference!  
<http://www.sensational-adelaide.com>

## Notice of an Annual General Meeting

Adelaide University Sports Association Inc will be holding its Annual General Meeting on Thursday 29<sup>th</sup> May 2008 from 1:10pm in the WP Rogers Room level 4, Union House to be followed directly by Sports Council.

Nominations for the following positions will open on the 5<sup>th</sup> May:

A one (1) year term for:

President  
Deputy President  
Hon. Secretary  
Hon. Treasurer

(Please note that the Secretary and Treasurer **MUST** be currently enrolled students of the University of Adelaide)

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

Have you ever felt that more can be done to make change among youth in Australia? Are you interested in youth empowerment, environmental issues, or social justice? Do you want an experience that will challenge you, build community, and spread positive ideas about sustainable consumption...

We might just have the answer...

The Otesha Project (Australia): Cycling for Sustainability has finalised our bicycle tours and are now seeking out 4 coordinators (2 for each tour) that will help us make our New South Wales (starting in November) and Victorian (starting in January) tours something amazing.

You will help to coordinate one of two tours that will create a mob of 15-20 youth that wish to "be the change they wish to see in the world", create a collective roving community of hilarious actors, help empower rural Australian youth, and all the while learn amazing skills (to pay the bills) while setting the tour up with your other side-kick.

For more info:  
[www.otesha.org.au](http://www.otesha.org.au)  
[shane@otesha.org.au](mailto:shane@otesha.org.au)

## Research Participants Needed

For a project examining headache psychophysiology, being conducted by the School of Psychology.

### Wanted:

Headache sufferers = headaches 3 days a week and not Migraine diagnosed  
'non-headache' = rarely or never get a headache, and had none in the last 3 months.

Participants will have their sensitivity to stress and pain assessed in a laboratory procedure lasting up to 2 hours. They will also receive a chart to take home and record headache in over a 24 hour period.

Participants will be compensated \$30.00

For more information please contact Stuart Cathcart.  
EMAIL: [stuartcathcart@hotmail.com](mailto:stuartcathcart@hotmail.com) TEL: 0438 002151

Send letters, comments, announcements, requests, edition ideas, submissions, free money etc to:  
[ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au)

Our inbox just got upgraded and it is very lonely!

three (3) general positions for a two (2) year term to be determined at the Council Meeting following the AGM

Nomination Forms will be available from the Sports Association Office (ground floor George Murray Building) from 9am Monday 5<sup>th</sup> May 2008.

Nomination Forms **MUST** be submitted by 4:45pm Friday 16<sup>th</sup> May to the Sports Association Office and must be signed by two (2) members of the Association. Only **FINANCIAL** members of the AUSA will be eligible to nominate for a position.

Voting will take place from 9am Monday 26<sup>th</sup> May - 5pm Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup> May, if necessary (with campaigning to run from Monday 19<sup>th</sup> May - Friday 23<sup>rd</sup> May), for the 4 Executive positions at the Student Hub, level 4, Union House.

If anyone has any queries please contact the Sports Association Office on 8303 5403.

The Adelaide University Fencing Club wishes to notify students that its AGM will take place Tuesday May 13<sup>th</sup>, at its training venue, the Sports Centre at the Thebarton Campus, off Winwood Street. The meeting will start around 7:30pm.

Meredith Coleman  
Secretary of AUFEC.

# Collectable News

Welcome to a bright new term at the University of Adelaide, and another edition of *On Dit* News with Eric Smith. This time we're focusing on fanatics, so strap in, it's going to be a wild ride!

In sports news, the recent 20/20 Premier League in India was derided as terrible. Cricket fans the world over turned off as wickets fell during commercial breaks and the standard of what was actually shown was abysmal.

Adelaide soccer fans have been more unreasonable than usual, demanding a new multi-purpose stadium in the city to host AFL matches and assist in a potential bid by Australia for the soccer World Cup in 2018. Apparently people still believe in the rain following the plough. It didn't work north of Goyder's line, and it's not going to work here. We barely fill the stadium we have, building a second, larger, single-use stadium is the whitest pachyderm you could hope to see. The problem with AAMI is not location, but transport. If the design of the grandstands is wrong, it wouldn't take more than a couple of seasons to re-build them all on a rotating basis to match current criteria. Fans of a flutter will have to troop down to Morphettville from now on, with the South Australian Jockey Club officially withdrawing from Victoria Park. Given their treatment of the heritage-listed grandstand they had, good riddance, I say.

On to that other home of the fanatic, religion, and what's new? Well, Osama bin Laden issued a warning on the 20th of March to Dutch newspapers that published the controversial caricatures of Mohammed, also threatening the Pope as an "accessory to the crime".

I haven't heard anything from Australia's very own fundamentalist Christian church, Hillsong in Sydney, so we can only assume they're behaving themselves for the time being.

Hamas, the fundamentally anti-Semitic political party representing Palestinians, is busy exposing the West's hypocrisy over Israel. Every time the Palestinians shoot an Israeli, there is uproar, but Israelis are killing Palestinians daily and with impunity. Are we over-compensating for WW II?

And of course religious fundamentalism in Tibet is headline news lately with every leg and arm of the Olympic torch relay beset with anti-Chinese protesters. But in essence, Tibet would be a theocracy ruled by the Dalai Lama, a leader born with the divine right to rule. I wonder sometimes how it is the West supports this. Sure he's a nice guy - this time round. But can you guarantee it every time?

For all those pop-fanatics out there, a new show by Japan's Andy Warhol, Takashi Murakami, has opened in the Brooklyn Museum. Pointy-headed aliens surrounded by marshmallow sentries are not even the highlight, but the shop in the middle. The artist describes it as "the heart of the exhibition".

I hope that by the time this goes to press, either Clinton or Obama have won, but at the time of writing, Clinton needed a 60-40 win in Pennsylvania to genuinely stay in the race. In an interesting twist, both Democrat candidates supported their Republican rival's legitimacy. To be a president, one must be a natural-born citizen. Mr. McCain was actually born on a US military base in Panama, but has been declared natural-born by a Senate vote. It makes me wonder why he left it so late. And imagine the blow to the Republicans if the vote had gone the other way!

Finally, my African and Asian sections will ably be taken over by Foreign and Current Affairs with their exposes on Mugabe and Reinado, respectively.

# MEDIA WATCH

## CELEBRITY STALKING

Celebrity is the new cult of the modern era. Everything from fashion magazines to clothing labels, brands of tyres, chocolates and even teeth whitening products use celebrity status to create gossip, sell magazines and products or establish a fashion fad. In the media, celebrities are stalked night and day by "reputable" news reporters and paparazzi alike. We have grown used to the daily presence of stars like Britney Spears and Michael Jackson in our lives, and even if we don't always like the exaggeration of their talents, we have learnt to put up with their influence. In the lives of those celebrities who court fame they expect the attention of fans and dissenters alike. But when fandom crosses the line into fanaticism and stalking, their lives become a lot riskier.

Stalking can be roughly defined as a fanatical obsession a person may have for a celebrity or non-celebrity that involves relentless recording and watching of their movements, while often trying bizarre methods to get their attention such as constant mail, violent displays of devotion, cyberstalking and repeated physical following. Most stalkers have either a real or imagined connection to their target which drives them on, often made worse by mental illnesses like schizophrenia. Celebrities such as Jodie Foster, Mel Gibson, Halle Berry, Catherine Zeta-Jones and Britney Spears have all experienced stalking, and the stories that came from their experiences serve to remind us of the darker side of being famous.

Jodie Foster's stalker John Warnock Hinckley, Jr. first formed his obsession with the actress by watching the film *Taxi Driver* repetitively, and then deciding that he must move closer to her and become known to her in any way necessary. His techniques involved constant calls, letters and notes, and when these avenues failed to create a relationship he resolved to hijack a plane, assassinate President Ronald Reagan or commit suicide publicly. He was caught but found not guilty

on grounds of insanity, and has lately been granted conditional release from a psychiatric hospital. While nothing happened to Foster, cases involving stalkers threatening violence are not unusual. Catherine Zeta-Jones received countless death threats via telephone and letters, which often stated that her stalker Dawnette Knight would "viciously slice up Jones like Sharon Tate was", causing Jones to suffer a nervous breakdown. Other female stars such as Gwyneth Paltrow and Britney Spears experienced burglary, unwanted visitors and constant harassment, leading them to resort to restraining orders and criminal charges to get them to stop.

Stalking is a more wide spread phenomenon than most people believe, with most targets being women. Figures from the United States say that at least one out of every 12 women will be stalked at some stage during their life, while one out of 45 men will receive the same treatment. This equates to over one million women and about 380,000 men being stalked annually. Of course the majority of cases don't reach the media unless it is a particularly wacky case or a celebrity is involved. The media capitalise on our insatiable desire for gossip surrounding celebrities, and stalkers provide that combination of violence, desire and scandalous obsession that the public love to hear about. However it is this same publication which potentially gives rise to other stalkers. In other words if its publicity celebrity stalkers crave, they certainly get it in spades, with their obsessional antics rarely failing to get the attention of their subjects.

When it comes to stalking male celebrities a whole new range of weird theories seem to crop up. For instance Mel Gibson's stalker Zack Sinclair became obsessed with the idea that God had given him the divine mission to pray with Gibson, and accosted him while at mass and demanded that they

**YOU WRITE WHAT YOU'RE TOLD!**



**THANKS, CORPORATE NEWS!**  
**We Couldn't Control The People Without You**

A MESSAGE FROM THE MINISTRY OF NEWS LIMITED

pray together. In this case Sinclair was successfully prosecuted and sentenced to three years in jail for his behaviour. Female stalkers following male celebrities are more common, such as Richard Gere's stalker Ursula Reichert-Habbishaw, who showed up at his office and telephoned Gere over a thousand times, although she avoided jail time by being deported. Perhaps the most bizarre case on record is Diana Napolis' belief that Steven Spielberg and his wife belonged to a Satanic cult intent on inserting a micro-chip in her brain to "catch her soul". The Spielbergs successfully placed a restraining order on Napolis, although there is no record of her getting the psychiatric treatment she obviously needs.

For all of us in blissful obscurity we can be thankful we don't have any of these stalkers hounding us. For those in the spotlight however, the case does not end when they are granted restraining orders. The media ensures that it cannot be forgotten, and will often link any illness, loss or gain of weight or breakdown to their stalkers. Because of cases like these I believe it will be a long time before we can successfully discourage stalkers, because regardless of the legal consequences, the stalkers gain the attention they so desperately want.

Genevieve Williamson

# AUU WATCH

The big deal in campus politics at the moment is whether the Overseas Students' Association (and the Postgrad Students' Association, but they're less angry about it) have been made redundant by the new Students' Representative Council. The SRC has been brought in to replace the old Students' Association, making sure that every minority on campus has advocacy services and that there's student organisation of political campaigns. As part of this, every student minority - including postgrad and overseas students - have a representative on the council.

The issue here is that Dilan Morragolle (President of the OSA and general member of the Union Board) thinks that the representative should be drawn from the OSA's executive committee, whereas Ellen Ketteridge (President of the SRC and general Board member) and Lavinia Emmett-Grey (President of the Board, for all you casual readers) think that after this year they should be chosen through an election in which all students (at least, those who care) will vote.

Dilan is worried that the OSA will be made redundant if the SRC takes over advocacy, but Simone McDonnell told the board that

Dilan had already said to her that none of the SRC budget would be spent on advocacy this year, which suggests he doesn't actually care at all, and is just being paranoid. Confusion reigned.

This resulted in a small level of complete chaos in the meeting, with Dilan blasting everyone he thought was working against him, and Lavinia selectively enforcing the standing orders to force Dilan to speak far less than he would have liked. Lavinia's good friend Rhiannon Newman, on the other hand, spoke whenever she wanted to, whether she was interrupting or not.

In the end, Dilan's motion was defeated soundly, with only Ellen voting in favour of it (Dilan voted against the motion he'd been fighting for all night. Go figure). Paris Dean, Matt Taylor and Justin Kentish abstained.

In other news, the so-called 'Barratt Clause' was passed at the meeting, ruling that a President can only take their honoraria in fortnightly chunks at the end of each fortnight that they've earned it (*Eds - Where's the 'On Dit Clause' for our honoraria?*) The idea is that it prevents anyone claiming honoraria that they haven't already earned,



*Disclaimer: I campaigned for Matt Taylor during student elections last year, but this does not affect the content of this article.*

which they could do when it was a lump sum payment.

And finally, the funding agreement between the University and the Union Board is 'very close to being signed'... just like it was when the first *On Dit* was published this year. There have been some suggestions that now the University has everything it wants out of the agreement there's no reason why they shouldn't hold onto the money for a while and keep the interest they're getting on it. Personally, I hope they hand the money over soon, so that some fragment of stability can be restored to the Board.

Hannah Mattner

## State of the Union



The Adelaide University Union is currently conducting a two minute online survey to find out what students think about our existing services, what new ones we might offer in the future and what issues are important to you. You can find it at [www.union.adelaide.edu.au](http://www.union.adelaide.edu.au) and just by responding you go in the draw to win an i-Pod shuffle, a \$50 Coles Myer voucher, a \$20 Coles Myer voucher or one of 10 t-shirt and backpack combos. Aside from the prizes though, this is a chance for you to tell us what you think, so that we can help make your time at uni the most positive experience possible.

On another note, one of our board directors asked me to find out about the availability of after hours car parking for students on campus. For many students, walking alone on campus to and from their cars places them at risk, not to mention the headache of finding a park on Victoria Drive at times. The university offers a student rate for after hours campus parking permits which is half the price of staff rates. At \$44 per year for motorcycles and \$88 per year for cars, this is an option students may find useful. You can check it out at <http://parking.adelaide.edu.au/index.php>. Always remember that if you do feel unsafe on campus, Campus Security is able to provide an escort by calling 8303 5990.

Finally, the new Student Representative

Council is nearly up and running. Interviews were conducted during the holidays for Office Bearer positions and it was inspiring to hear the broad range of issues and insights that candidates raised. Some may sneer at the idea of student representation, but the passion of so many applicants demonstrated to a jaded hack like me that the current generation of students has a genuine role to play in affecting the university community and the world.

If you would like to contact me with any comments, queries or just to give me a big hug, you can email me [lavinia.emmett-grey@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:lavinia.emmett-grey@adelaide.edu.au)

AUU President  
Lavinia Emmett-Grey

P.S. Dear Eds (specifically Mike), I am not ashamed of going to Mansions. Who are you to talk when you probably spend your Saturday nights at alternative bars with overpriced goon and enough dim lighting for you to convince yourself that you're cool?

*\*\*Eds - We were going to be nice but you had to go there didn't you!  
Britney hat, nuff said.*

*P.S "That's the worst one by far"  
- Past editor Ben Henschke's words... NOT OURS.*



It has been a busy couple of weeks for the Clubs Association, even with the slow down associated with the mid-semester break. The first event in the inaugural UniBar Clubs Cup (a Dance Off) is approaching and will be held on the 15<sup>th</sup> of May at 8pm, so all clubs should be practising their dancing moves. There are ten events scattered throughout the year for clubs to compete in, so join us at the UniBar to witness the challenge between clubs.

The Clubs Association has recently released a new set of contact sheets for clubs, so if you are looking for a club to join, come in and pick up a sheet. Additionally, I am pleased to announce that a series of club 'how to' guides have been completed and are available for anyone interested in starting a new club, or those who are running an existing club and want some tips on how to run it. You can find these at either the Clubs Association (Ground Floor, Lady Symon Building) or Union Reception (Level 4, Union House).

On a final note, now that most of the book keeping for the Clubs Association has updated, we have found that there are a number of clubs that are listed as active, although we are unaware of them. If anyone out there knows anything about any of the clubs listed on the right (or any club that has not been in contact with the Clubs Association) can you please get in touch with me at [clubs.association@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:clubs.association@adelaide.edu.au) as soon as possible.

Until next we meet.

**Matthew Taylor**  
President  
Adelaide University Clubs Association

## COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE?!?!

Stage Affairs  
Naha Cultural Re-enactment  
Spanish  
NORML  
Socialist Workers  
Pagan  
Snudemenko  
Parting Company  
Smug  
Performing Arts  
Friends of the Green  
Pro-Life  
Geology  
Quan in  
Gender & Law  
Republican Association  
Footlights  
Renaissance  
Zen  
Rocketry  
Youth against Indifference  
Role Players  
Wildcat Co-Op  
Russian  
Urban Rhythm  
Shrapnel  
Fetal Focus  
Polish  
Poker  
Esoteric Discussion  
Sideline  
Students for Free Enterprise  
Food Technology  
Community Aid Abroad

Catholic Community  
Community  
Campus Movement  
Composers Club  
Buddhist  
Country Students  
Christian Med and Dental  
Cross Cultural Dance  
Anthropology  
The Dark Side  
Students for Animal Liberation  
Student Christian Movement  
Ukrainian Society  
Underground Film & Music  
Student Broadcasting  
Mudla Wirra  
Agricultural Science  
Disciples On Campus  
Edmund Rice  
Architecture Students  
Alternative Film Maker  
Environmental Youth Alliance  
Asian Studies  
Esperanto  
Asia Pacific  
Dental Studies  
Greenery  
Astronomical  
Engineering Law Students  
Society  
Guinness Appreciation Society  
Anglican Students  
Japanese TV Club

# CENSORSHIP IS DEFEAT

Recently my communication has been cut off with friends in Indonesia due to the government's choice to censor networking websites MySpace and YouTube. The reason? Recently, everybody's favourite neo-conservative, Dutch politician Geert Wilders, decided he would piece together a video which runs footage of radical Muslim dictator hate speak, the 9/11 terrorist attacks, the Madrid train bombing and general atrocious warfare alongside quotes from the Koran provocatively placed to infer association.

In a situation such as this, I find myself unsure of where to direct my frustration. Free speech often throws this dilemma at us. Do we condemn Wilders for abusing his right to free speech and using it to mislead and incite racism toward Islam, or do we condemn countries such as Indonesia for enforcing censorship?

**"I detest what you write, but I would give my life to make it possible for you to continue to write."**

Such are the trappings of free speech. To paraphrase the Voltaire cliché, in no way do I endorse or agree with the material in Geert Wilders' viral video, but I have to accept that he has the right to make it. It is unfortunate that Wilders' chooses to utilise his freedom in creating bigoted commentary; it is even more unfortunate that he is not the only one.

YouTube has become quite the forum for religious argument, sometimes informative and enlightening, at other times, misleading and ill researched.

Muslim members on YouTube have it tough in the post-September 11 climate. Often their religion is taken out of context and humiliatingly butchered; still I see calm and thoughtful responses, attributing to the Muslim YouTubers' claims that Islam is indeed an understanding religion.

In light of Muslim YouTube users' capacity to handle such antagonising criticism, there is little logic in Indonesia's censoring of the websites; just another example of Islamic leadership crumbling under antagonistic pressure.

Wilders' video quotes the Koran in one part of the movie:  
*"Prepare for them whatever force and cavalry ye are able of gathering, to strike terror, to strike terror into the hearts of the enemies, of Allah and your enemies."*  
The true context of this quote is describing a battle between Muslims and a Pharaoh, and is followed by the verse:  
*"If they incline to peace, make peace with them, and put your trust in God. It is surely He who hears all and knows all."*

Such childish manipulation of the Islamic faith is only given authority when Islamic leadership responds to it in such a dramatic manner as censoring the internet. Surely Wilders has already won the battle by the arousal of such an extreme response.

Attesting to the wit of Muslim YouTubers, a response video was posted to Wilders' video which took such Bible quotes as:

*"You must completely destroy them; you shall make no peace treaties with them, and show no mercy to them"* (Deuteronomy 7:2)

*"And kill every woman who has slept with a man"* (Numbers 31:17)

*"Utterly destroy all that they have; do not spare them, but kill both man and woman, infant and suckling baby."* (Samuel 15:3)

*"I did not come to bring peace, but a sword."* (Matthew 10:34)

*"And he brought out the people that were in it, and cut them with saws, and harrows of iron, and with axes..."* (Chronicles 20:3)

In two separate videos, quotes such as this were screen alongside images of animals ferociously attacking each other in one instance, and American soldiers committing atrocities in the Middle East in another.

The end of each video contains a message which reveals the purpose of the responses as showing how easy it is to bring quotes from a sacred text to make said text seem evil. It should be noted that neither of these videos are malicious, and both purport to exist solely to prove a point.

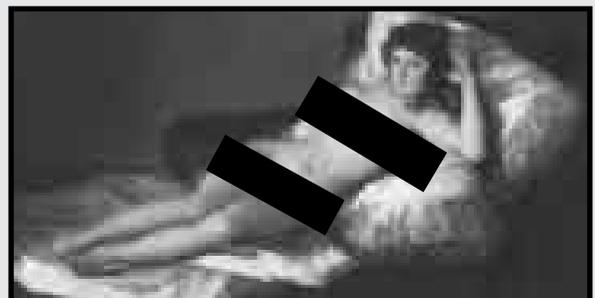
Given that the Muslim YouTube community is so well-equipped to deal with and respond to such harsh and cruel criticism, it is completely unnecessary to censor the networking websites from the entire country. There are always going to be criticisms and debasement of one's religion; in the information age there are numerous platforms where people choose to make cowardly and faceless attacks on just about anything.

The leaders of Islam, and offended Muslims alike, need to learn how to ignore such provocation. By banning websites such as MySpace and YouTube, the Indonesian government has done nothing but demonstrate that Wilders' video was successful in rousing feathers; in utilising censorship, they will implore others to make similar attacks. The schoolyard bully is more likely to kick the kid who cries.

Free speech is important, and people who choose to ignorantly antagonize the faiths of others should be ignored.

**John de Jong**  
john\_dejong@hotmail.com

In response to:  
'YouTube, MySpace blocked in Indonesia' - AP  
*The Age* (Melbourne, Australia). 09/04/2008



# REVENGE OF THE SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY

"Because there's no right  
in the Left-Wing"



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

As a socially superior member of society, it is extremely important for me to keep up appearances. Now I confess, I'm only ever up to date with the news when I'm sober, so when the 20/20 was announced I had no idea what the hell it was, and felt somewhat apprehensive as to why Burke wanted me of all people to attend. I then went to my PR advisor for a consultation, and enquired into the ordeal. He explained to me the I.P.L. was just a money-grossing publicity stunt whereby it could destroy fundamental traditions of Australia. He did however mention it was drawing incredible crowds containing an IQ calibre so ordinary, they could even believe Britney Spears was nominated for 'Mother of the Year'. His shameless play to my vanities compelled me to attend.

When I arrived at Parliament House confronted with the smug smirk of Kevin Rudd I immediately fired my PR advisor and stabbed myself in the knee. This was another gimmick summit; for dweebs and do-gooders 'randomly selected' to preach about their sissy values to a leader who has no good ones of his own. After a small medical interlude, I changed out of my 'Mumbai Indians' uniform and reluctantly went inside. There I met with Mr Harry Dobson, and attempted to establish how we both ended up in this outrageous position. The investigation was unsuccessful, due to a communication breakdown between us. Whether this was due to his 'frisky whisky' or my overdose of morphine, I'm not sure. When I woke up sprawled across the summit floor in a pile of my own vomit some twenty minutes later, Dobson had vanished.

The actual summit was, to be put lightly, boring as hell. As a politician, I don't need to, nor care to, listen to what children think. I was forced to pause and reflect however, when a small Malaysian student helped me up and wiped down my tie she said to me, "I really believe the SPP can make a difference if they reconsider Australia's shifting ideal towards a National Republic." Immediately, I wrenched her hairpin from her and thrust it into my other knee. I'm sorry, but we've already voted on that. Making another referendum after ten years is like asking "Are we there yet?" during a cross-continental trip on horseback - eventually you'll get there but by God, the journey is annoying as hell.

Young people.

## 'GIVING MARTIN' WINS BLAIR



This week Pseudo-Minister Will Martin announced a somewhat unprecedented need to create a new charity fund for retired politicians. Despite their substantial pension schemes, Martin claims politicians do it harder than most Australians when it comes to retirement.

"Politicians are not ordinary people," he said at a door stop yesterday. "The super scheme is adequate, yes, but when it comes to the end, they still will probably

end up stuck in a home with regular middle-class Australians. This charity is to help relieve pressure and give them back that edge they once had over everyone else."

The announcement was given full support by former British Prime Minister Tony Blair, who was recently caught on a train without a ticket and completely out of pocket.

"I don't have 24 pounds to just 'throw away' on some ticket!" cried Blair, who has earned over a million dollars on the speaking circuit since standing down.

"People like Mr Blair are out there doing it tough. I mean look, the poor man's catching public transport. Look what he's been reduced to!" said Martin on the issue. "It is our responsibility to help get this poor man off the streets! The same goes to all politicians. Except Paul Keating. He's just a stinger."

## DOBSON IN DEEP FANDANGO



Pseudo-Minister for Nose Candy, Harry Dobson, is facing allegations he supplied *Dancing with the Stars* host Todd McKenney with illicit substances.

Speaking from Colombia where he was visiting 'family', Dobson refuted the claims made against him. "Any statement from Mr. McKenney is entirely false!" said Mr. Dobson. "Furthermore, my colleagues Escobar, Sanchez and Ricardo will support me in that I have never sought to provide anyone with drugs

to improve their dancing ability..."

McKenney, one of TV's most boring individuals said he did not regret taking drugs as it was a ploy to attract more viewers to the programme. When interviewed, Mr. McKenney said he was "on his ceiling" and that Dobson was entirely to blame for the fiasco. "No one in their right mind should trust Mr. Dobson he has foxtrotted me into a deal of lambada." Dobson not wishing to continue with poor puns relating to dancing declined to make further comment.

\$\$ SPP ARE  
PROUD TO ENDORSE  
'TECHBO NASAL  
DELIVERY SPRAY' \$\$  
A lengthy political term  
for the hardest of sexual  
campaigns'



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

I arrived in Canberra on one of those evilly chilly nation's capital mornings and of course I was disastrously hungover from several days of drinking binge. My destination was the 2020 summit at Parliament House. My mission was to infiltrate it in order to listen to the new-wave ideas that Australia's 'best and brightest' were to put forth and hopefully to suggest some of my own. A 24-hour fish and chip shop and dry sock vending machines were certainly of national importance.

But for some reason I was sceptical of the 1000. I couldn't put my finger on why... Then it struck me! The 'best and brightest' were none other than a delegation selected by Rudd in order to ingratiate himself with Australia's best academics (as if he needed too), business leaders (union heavies) and celebrities (where was Bindi Irwin?! I almost choked on my nineteenth beer as I made this discovery in the Canberra airport bar.

After three hours of waiting in the blistering Canberra cold on the day of the Summit, I realised my chauffeur-driven Commonwealth car was not coming to pick me up and I was late for most of the delegates' arrivals. After evading security I made my way in to Parliament House's Great Hall where I was just in time to hear the beginning of Rudd's address. He began: "I welcome you, Australia's 1000..." He scanned the crowd and noticed myself and SPP comrade Will Martin staggering and giggling maniacally. "Ah, 1002. You in the back! Seize them! (Then something in Chinese!)" shouted Rudd. I thought we were done for as members of the Chinese Torch Relay Protection Squad charged towards us with Tianamen Square-like desire to kill us!

After spending a day in detention at Parliament House I realised my only hope was to escape. Fortunately, I was able to disguise myself as Ignatius Blanchett and although many remarked at the alcoholic stench and three day growth on a six-day-old I managed a brilliant performance. All things considered the 2020 Summit was a good place to have a yarn. But when dishonest, average buggers like those in the SPP aren't invited it's like a pub with no beer.

D.

# War of the Political Clubs:

“What do you feel is the place or role of religion in relation to Australian politics?”

## Democrats:

The Democrats believe in a society that reflects values of fairness, democracy, and freedom of the individual. An important aspect of a fair society is the freedom to practice or not to practice a religious faith. It is undeniable that individuals bring their own values into politics that may be based on religious belief or that churches have an important role in public debate, but it is pertinent to assess the nexus that should exist between government and religious authorities, especially in a multicultural society such as Australia.

The line between religion and governance in Australia has been blurred. More, now than ever, we see many public schools, hospitals, universities, aged care and employment services run by churches. There are two problems with this scenario: First, churches can use these services to proselytise or exclude those with other beliefs. Secondly, the relationship with the Government restricts the traditional role of churches to speak out against the government on social justice issues; such as Australia's treatment of asylum seekers or the war in Iraq.

In conjunction with conservative religious organisations funding campaigns to elect their own candidates (yes I am referring to Family First), alarmingly, these groups are also having an increasing influence on the major parties. The 2004 ban on gay marriage is an example of how the religious right influences the decision-making of the major parties. Both the ALP and the Liberal Party voted to destroy rights. Regularly, debates on euthanasia, abortion and gay marriage centre on religion; the real merits of the arguments are not even considered.

Despite Edmund Barton's resounding support for secular society in a federation speech of 1897, the Australian Constitution does not provide for a formal separation of church and state. Section 116 of the Constitution serves only to prevent the Government from establishing a state religion. For the Democrats, secularism is about more than that. Secularism is about freedom of religion and freedom from religion. While it is arguable that religion can have a positive influence on morality, a person is not entitled to believe that their morality is superior because it is founded in a religious belief. A push for adherence to Judaeo-Christian values in government is simply a way to infer this inferiority and give a privileged position to the dominant religious group. Secularism ensures that society is fair for all and ensures that governments fulfil their function to treat all citizens equally.

For more information please refer to:  
[http://www.democrats.org.au/docs/2006/DiscussionPaper\\_SeparationChurchState\\_Oct2006.pdf](http://www.democrats.org.au/docs/2006/DiscussionPaper_SeparationChurchState_Oct2006.pdf)  
[http://www.democrats.org.au/campaigns/separation\\_of\\_church\\_and\\_state/](http://www.democrats.org.au/campaigns/separation_of_church_and_state/)  
[http://www.democrats.org.au/docs/2007/Voting\\_WITH\\_Jesus.pdf](http://www.democrats.org.au/docs/2007/Voting_WITH_Jesus.pdf)

Aleisha Brown  
President

Adelaide University Australian Democrats Club  
aleisha.brown@sa.democrats.org.au

## Liberal:

The question of separating church and state is about as old as democracy itself and many theorists, philosophers, academics and politicians far smarter than I, have attempted to provide an answer.

In Australia, the issue has always bubbled away in the background and has roots back to the Constitutional debates of 1897, when Sir Edmund Barton outlined what he thought was meant by separating church and state.

Of course, the Australian Constitution included section 116, which reads:

The Commonwealth shall not make any law for establishing any religion, or for imposing any religious observance, or for prohibiting the free exercise of any religion, and no religious test shall be required as a qualification for any office or public trust under the Commonwealth.

The question for academics and political commentators is whether this section sufficiently separates church from state.

Obviously this, whilst an interesting question, is unable to be answered sufficiently now so I will stick to the lay-man's answer, which if my experiences with US television are accurate would dictate a strict, constitutionally enshrined separation of church and state.

However, in Australia, there are many practical examples that would suggest otherwise, for example:

Want to ask the political clubs a question?  
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P.S Hey Greens, we want your input too,  
don't miss out next time. Mazza and Jay-C  
still love ya!

#### Labor:

The role of religion in politics is always a contentious issue. Sadly in recent times one's faith (or lack thereof) has increasingly been used to scapegoat members of society rather than to promote tolerance and understanding. Left unchecked, religion and the topics surrounding it, can easily become a wedge issue for any political party with a broad supporter base.

One must remember that an individual's religious belief is just that, their own belief, and is just one of many possessed across our community. As such, churches and other religious groups are just one of many voices which form the various lobbyists in our community. All of which should be given the respect they deserve and have their concerns listened to by the government. No religious group can self-appoint itself with the moral high ground on issues facing our society simply because of their faith. It can be argued that those with no faith form decisions with an equal, if not greater, moral authority that those who form an opinion based entirely on religious convictions.

Fortunately Australia's democracy is underpinned by the notion of separation of church and state. That said an individual politician may convey an opinion based on his or her religious viewpoint from time to time, but at the end of the day it is up to the electorate as to whether this is appropriate when the said politicians face the polls.

Finally I'd like to take the opportunity to address what I believe to be unfair criticism of the ALP and the Labor club in the Greens' contribution in the last edition of *On Dit*. It was implied in their article that the government is not committed to implementing the recommendations of the HREOC report into discrimination faced by same sex couples in Australian Law. This is simply not the case.

In no section of the HREOC report was the issue of same sex marriage raised, rather the report focused on rights same sex couples would be entitled to if they were in a heterosexual de facto relationship. I once again point out that the Rudd Government has committed itself to adopting the recommendations of the HREOC report, removing all discrimination in terms of inheritance law, taxation law and social security law for same sex couples.

The issue of same sex marriage is another important issue and is one that I have already stated the club would like to see further developments on during the term of the Rudd Government.

My advice to any person wanting to see more advances in these sorts of areas is to lobby the government & get involved, even join the party. The views expressed by individual politicians are just one of many held by members of the ALP. The ALP is a democratic party and its rank and file members have a say in ALP policies. There is no better way to affect change than from within, in fact this is why the majority of ALP members choose to join in the first place.

- Ministers of the Crown being able to swear on the Bible an oath to office;
- The reading of the Lord's prayer at the opening of parliament; or
- The public funding of religious based schools.

Then there is of course the rise of the Family First Party or the influence of Christian based lobby groups, such as the Australian Christian Lobby and Festival of Light.

Nonetheless, I would argue that the separation of church and state is accurately reflected in s116 and requires the state not to establish a church or endorse a particular religion.

In consideration of this answer, I have to ask myself what the strict separationist would say to a candidate, with strict personal faith, seeking public office. Would they ask them to denounce their religious beliefs prior to entering Parliament? or require them to declare a conflict of interest prior to debating a moral issue?

Obviously that is absurd. I believe the balance is right and like anyone, religious based organisations are entitled to participate in democracy as vehemently as the next and if anyone has a problem with that, it is their democratic right to join the Secular Party.

Todd Hacking  
President  
Adelaide University Liberal Club

Scott Cowen  
President  
Adelaide University Labor Club



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**"WE SAY"**

# alfredo reinado: proudly friend and prouder enemy



Alfredo Reinado, the renegade East-Timorese military leader, died this February in an assassination attempt on the President, Jose Ramos-Horta. Along with an injured president and a shocked nation, the dead rebel left behind an intriguing past of associations: with the Australian military, with his intended victim and politicians from both countries. Whether or not Reinado was mistaken in his eventual, tragic choice of enemies, he drew them from the ranks of his friends. The Australian Military, his President, the infant East Timorese Armed Forces, all at one stage considered this fervent dissenter an ally. The demise of this one fanatic and the near death of Ramos-Horta is more than just senseless violence; it indicates the difficulty for Australia to play peacekeeper, and for any nation to host a foreign force no matter how benign their intentions may be.

Reinado, like his country of East Timor, had difficulties getting along with bigger neighbours. When the Dutch left in 1975, the nation celebrated an entire nine days of independence before the Indonesian invasion. Australia issued no protest at this aggression, despite knowing about the plans eighteen months in advance.<sup>1</sup> Reinado was captured by the Indonesians, and worked as a porter for their military until his escape to Australia twenty years later. After a stint in an immigration detention centre (the standard DIMIA welcome), he worked in a West Australian shipyard. He returned home after East Timor's independence mark II: an event once again spoilt by the marauding Indonesian Armed Forces who this time voiced their displeasure with a scorched earth policy and the murder of 1400 East Timorese.

Reinado's experience in the shipyards landed him a position as commander of the Timorese navy, in charge of their two small patrol vessels. He spent time in Canberra training with the Australian Defence Force. In 2006, Reinado mutinied after the army was ordered to fire into a crowd of demonstrators, protesting at the sacking of 600 soldiers. Subsequent arrests, negotiations, prison break-outs and sieges punctuated a tumultuous two years in the mountains. Whilst his close friendship with Ramos-Horta

disintegrated, he managed to garner extensive village level support during this time.

At the order of the East Timorese government, Australian soldiers squared off against the rebel in a dramatic siege in Same, a small highland village in early 2007. The Australians surrounded the town for a week, searching on the ground, house to house, and from Black Hawk helicopters. Their efforts culminated in a brief fire fight between rebel members and troops, and whilst four Same residents were killed, Reinado remained unapprehended. Subsequent inquiries found the ADF's actions appropriate, however, the failure was embarrassing and did nothing to help local opinions of the Australians.<sup>2</sup>

A foreign military presence has few friends, regardless of its intentions. The host government can blame it for security failings, justified or otherwise, often with a domestic political motive. The people hold it responsible for any deaths and mayhem regardless of the foreigners' assiduity. Unsurprisingly, word on the streets of Dili turned slightly cynical when Australian Special Forces, international police and local authorities all failed to catch 50 prison escapees in a country as small as East Timor, especially when journalists had no such problems.<sup>3</sup>

The reputation of the Australian forces in East Timor is mixed. It would appear that the military command is highly attuned of the sensitivity of their task, and the chief regularly appears in the local media, speaking the local language and informing East Timorese of progress.<sup>4</sup> That said, the unfortunate inability of most Australian soldiers to communicate in the local language does the relationship no favours. Small incidences quickly become political point scores: a strip search of an East Timorese policeman by an Australian officer caused outrage, "an abuse of East -Timor's rights as an independent country," according to Parliamentary President Francisco Guterres. Australians cop it in street art: "Xanana - fuck your mother and fuck Australia." And another: "we are not Australians, we are Timorese and not yet Aborgins (sic)".<sup>5</sup> However, journalists claim that this hostility

is not widely shared by the population.

Off the streets and in the halls of power, Australia's reputation remains tarnished by our insistence of maintaining old maritime borders, which, conveniently, give us access to the bulk of oil and gas resources in the Timor sea. Australia's reward for its quick recognition of the 1975 occupation of East Timor was a generous sea boundary arrangement with the Indonesians, far in excess of what modern international law specifies (equidistant between countries).<sup>6</sup> Australia's failure to recognise this law, and to return maritime boundaries to their rightful position has angered East Timorese politicians.<sup>7</sup> Our \$570 million in aid money is less impressive when compared to the \$3.2 billion in oil royalties collected by Australia. A settlement was reached in early 2006, although East Timor still gets less than the equidistant arrangement would provide.<sup>9</sup>

Reinado was a self styled folk hero, proud yet distressed in interviews whilst on the run. He spoke passionately about what he considered to be the military's betrayal of its people. His charisma earned him the support of the unemployed, the young; those who had lost confidence in a government struggling in the nation-building endeavour.<sup>9</sup> His poster boy prominence in graffiti art was testament of a romantic appeal, Che Guevara style, to a generation disenchanted by the poverty following independence. Electricity remains temperamental, unemployment savage and refugees number in the tens of thousands. Unfortunately, Reinado offered East Timor nothing more than idealistic armed struggle against a spurious adversary: a cause more inspiring than building a country from rubble, but ultimately pointless.

David Kaczan

*\*\*Eds - As always, apologies to David (and also Barbara), but if you require references, hit us up at [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au)*



# FANATICISMS

with  
Barbara Klompenhouwer

For once I am actually sticking with the theme of an issue - fanatics are a big part of foreign affairs after all. According to [www.dictionary.com](http://www.dictionary.com), a fanatic is "a person with an extreme and uncritical enthusiasm or zeal". The always quotable Winston Churchill gave the definition, "A fanatic is one who can't change his mind and won't change the subject." Fanatics often are the leaders who make the news, as their actions can be brutal, shocking or just because they're mentally not 100% there. They are usually part of a dictatorial regime - logical when you think that they are so committed to their beliefs that they can't bear to loosen their control over events. Rashidian has written an interesting piece called "Mad Leader", in which he makes some astute observations about the characteristics of fanatical politicians. He says,

*Mad leaders surround themselves with mad people, devoted followers and blind killers who are equally clueless about what it means to be a feeling human being. A mad leader is not a funny caricature for political satire, but a sad picture of a possible catastrophe. He is a dangerous psychopath. According to most psychiatrists, mad leaders are individuals whose narcissism is so extreme and grandiose that they exist in a kind of splendid isolation in which the creation of the grandiose self takes precedence over legal, moral or interpersonal commitments.*

With this in mind, it's interesting to look at *Parade Magazine's* annual list of the world's top 10 dictators for 2008<sup>2</sup>. There's some old 'favourites', such as Kim Jong-il, who has managed to pull off top spot, and less well known leaders such as Isayas Afewerki. The list is as follows

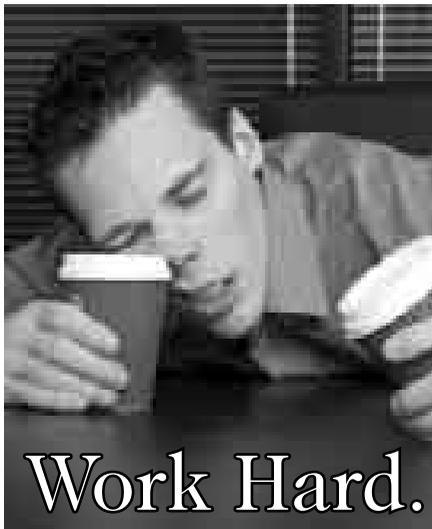
1. Kim Jong-il (North Korea, in power since 1994): Last year ranked #2
2. Omar Al-Bashir (Sudan, in power since 1989): Last year ranked #1
3. Than Shwe (Burma, in power since 1992): Last year ranked #6
4. King Abdullah (Saudi Arabia, in power since 1995): Last year ranked #5
5. Hu Jintao (China, in power since 2002): Last year ranked #4
6. Robert Mugabe (Zimbabwe, in power since 1980): Last year ranked #7
7. Sayyid Ali Khamenei (Iran, in power since 1989): Last year ranked #3
8. Pervez Musharraf (Pakistan, in power since 1999): Last year ranked #15
9. Islam Karimov (Uzbekistan, in power since 1989): Last year ranked #8
10. Isayas Afewerki (Eritrea, in power since 1991): Last year ranked #13

The list usually brings some controversy and I'm sure this one will as well. It is an American publication and so the writers obviously bring their own prejudices to the table. Not all of these leaders would be 'mad' (although I definitely have Kim marked down as pretty crazy), and I think the inclusion of Hu Jintao is a criticism of the Chinese regime in general rather than him alone. As you have probably seen, several of these men have been in the news frequently during the last month. Robert Mugabe

of course is currently embroiled in the biggest battle of his political career to remain in power in Zimbabwe. The opposition MDC party, led by Morgan Tsvangirai, has claimed victory in both the presidential and parliamentary result. Weeks after the election took place however, votes from many constituencies are being recounted and the presidential result withheld. Mugabe has been in power for a long time and has enjoyed support from South African leader Thabo Mbeki, so I doubt he will just roll over and accept defeat - this fight will inevitably be a drawn out affair. Interestingly, a Chinese shipment of arms destined for Zimbabwe was unable to unload in South Africa because dock workers did "not agree with the position of the government not to intervene." A court then ruled that the shipment should not be transported through South African territory, and the ship is now heading for an unknown destination (rumoured to be Angola). I would like to think that this action has saved the lives of at least a few Zimbabweans, even if it is only a short reprieve. Many Western leaders had hoped for a scenario where Mugabe 'gracefully' resigns and retires somewhere in Zimbabwe to enjoy his wealth and immunity from the new government. Instead Mugabe is resorting to blaming everything on British imperialists again, whilst Tsvangirai has fled the country citing fears for his safety. Kofi Annan has asked "Where are the African leaders?" in this turmoil, and warned that without action Zimbabwe could be heading towards bloody riots similar to those in Kenya after their controversial election.

Hu Jintao has also been fending off international criticism. The widespread protests during the Olympic torch relay have brought continuing attention to human rights abuses in the Tibet region and constant debate in the media about whether it is right or wrong to interrupt the Olympic flame. The footage of a runner in the London leg being mobbed by a crowd was certainly a confronting image. Most nations are committing their support for the August Olympics, including Kevin Rudd, although he did dare to mention the human rights issues in a speech in China. It's interesting to note however that after insisting there would be no Chinese security during the Australian leg, Rudd has now allowed Chinese forces to accompany the flame. They will be confined to vehicles however, and have been threatened with arrest if they scuffle with protestors. The diplomatic situation is tricky - as *Parade Magazine* itself states in its justification for including Jintao, "China is a close economic ally and our (America's) second leading trade partner. Our country's trade deficit with China stands at almost \$1 billion a day, and the U.S. government owes Chinese lenders \$388 billion". Nobody wants to offend China and so condemning events in Tibet has become difficult for world leaders. Those who have, such as French President Nicolas Sarkozy, have been widely criticised. Protests are set to continue though, and while this article will have been submitted before the flame arrives in Canberra, I'm sure there will be large demonstrations here as well and perhaps clashes between pro-Tibet and pro-China supporters.

*I'd like to dedicate this article to my biggest critic Christopher Byrne and to apologize to him for my lack of Northern Ireland content so far.*



Work Hard.



Play Hard.



People often use quotes as some kind of higher philosophy by which they should live their lives. "Work hard, play hard" is a philosophy patented by Nike and embraced by many young people around the world. However, whether this is a feasible or healthy way of living, even for a short period of time, remains to be seen.

Our generation live hectic lifestyles, attempting to do as much as we can as quickly as possible. We are contactable 24/7 with mobiles, the email, and instant messaging rarely switched off. Along with this, sleep has become a low priority. Although the data suggests that we're becoming successful faster, there is now evidence of the high price we pay. For the sake of random facts and good trivia, the record for the longest period without sleep is 18 days, 21 hours, 40 minutes during a rocking chair marathon. The record holder reported hallucinations, paranoia, blurred vision, slurred speech and memory and concentration lapses. Although this is extreme, almost all students have reported to have "pulled an all-nighter" at least once before. Some have even done it two or three nights in a row. Personally, it's against my religion to start an assignment more than a day before it's due. The short-term effects of even one night of reduced sleep have been well documented. Being awake for 17-18 hrs reduces your alertness to that of a blood alcohol level of .05. After being awake for 24hrs, your performance is similar to having a blood alcohol level of 0.08-0.1. This is approximately a three fold lengthening of your reaction time. To be blunt (and not like James), when you deprive yourself of sleep and then drive, you are endangering yourself and every other road user. 7% of motor vehicle accidents in Australia are due to sleep deprivation and because they are often high speed collisions, they account for about 20% of road deaths.

However, it is the effect of chronic sleep deprivation that is of greater concern. Chronic sleep deprivation seriously and detrimentally affects both mind and body. Teenagers today average about an hour less sleep per night than 30 years ago, for which

I am sure the introduction of Facebook is entirely to blame. Unfortunately this change in sleeping habits is occurring too quickly for our genes to keep up and we are left to suffer the consequences. Chronic lack of sleep causes neurons to lose their plasticity making them incapable of forming the synaptic connections necessary to encode a memory. While I sit here at 4.49am (liar!) writing this article, apart from the obvious irony, I know I probably won't remember much of what I've written in the morning. A US study found teenagers who receive an A-grade average get 15 minutes more sleep than those who average Bs, who in turn get 11 minutes more than those who average Cs (way too many 'average's). Sleep deprivation actually affects 18 to 24 year-olds more than older adults, as our brains are still developing. However, just like George Bush being President, feeling tired can feel normal after a short time, even though it's still hurting us (ha.ha.). Those deliberately deprived of sleep for research initially notice greatly the effects on their alertness, mood and physical performance, but the awareness drops off after the first few days. You may be sleep deprived and not actually know it.

Chronic sleep deprivation is a risk factor for many diseases including cardiovascular disease, depression, cancer and diabetes. In fact, restricting 20-year-olds to four hours sleep puts them in a pre-diabetic state, similar to that of an 80 year old. Further, adequate sleep has recently been found to be as important as diet and exercise in preventing obesity. Sleep deprivation increases grelin levels, making us hungry, and reduces leptin levels, decreasing the feeling of satisfaction following a meal. Our bodies go into a starvation state and we crave sugar and fat-rich foods. It is now increasingly believed that sleep deprivation is partly responsible for the obesity epidemic sweeping the world. As sleeping time has decreased, waist lines have increased. Children who sleep less than ten hours at the age of three are much more likely to be obese when they are seven years old.

The irony is that the medical profession itself

is the worst perpetrator of sleep deprivation. An article published in the NJEM showed that every extended work shift that was scheduled in a month increased the monthly risk of a crash during the commute from work by 16.2 percent. In a study of 2,700 interns working in ICU across the US, 1 in 5 reported making a sleep-related mistake that resulted in a patient being injured, and 1 in 20 reported making a fatigue-related mistake resulting in the death of a patient. The odds of interns piercing themselves with needles or scalpels while caring for patients, and thereby exposing themselves to potentially contaminated body fluids, are 61 percent greater when they have been working more than 20 consecutive hours, as compared to when those same interns have been working less than 12 consecutive hours. Despite this overwhelming evidence there are no formal caps on doctors' hours in Australia and doctors seem unable to take their own advice. The AMA has reported that some doctors are working 39.5 hours straight. However, even as I write, the pressure for formal caps on working hours is rapidly increasing and it may not be long before we find the "good old days" of 24-hour shifts are gone.

But how can we counteract this movement of adolescents towards the 24/7 lifestyle? How do we change the sleeping habits of a person, a household, a community, a nation? I leave that for you to ponder. In the meantime, I'm going to try to change the habit of one person... myself. So I'm off to bed. Good night.

Ross Roberts-Thomson  
Health Subby

# SCIENCE WITH GOLDY



*\*\* Eds - Goldy's Theme Song  
(to the tune of The Grates - 'Science is Golden')*

*Science, science, science with GO-LDY  
Science, science, science with GO-LDY  
Science, science, science....*



## *Obsessive Compulsive Disorder*

Do you find yourself avoiding the footpath cracks when walking? I know I do. Though commonly thought to be superstition, compulsively avoiding the cracks on the footpath can be linked to obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD). However, if you are just avoiding the gaps between the slabs, it does not mean that you have OCD. It just means that we are acting on an irrational superstition.

How about the way your clothes are arranged in your wardrobe? At times I have this compulsive habit to arrange my clothes according to colour. Is this a ritual taken to relieve stress or anxiety? Well, David Beckham was reported to do this while at home. If England's greatest living footballer does it, it can't be that bad, can it? But, in severe cases, this can interfere with people's life if they were to spend long periods of time colour-coding their clothes. Yet, it is arguable that people who arrange their clothes in this way are often just tidy or plain organised.

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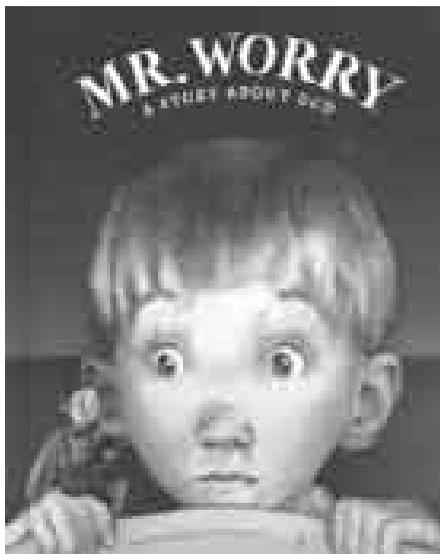
**"There is nobody as enslaved as the fanatic, the person in whom one impulse, one value, has assumed ascendancy over all others."**

Milton R. Sapirstein, Author

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I just love this. How about shopping!?!?! How many times have you bought something, only to realise that you don't need it? Tough luck for people with this disorder. Throw in a credit card and hey presto, they would end up with huge credit card bills they can't pay and might even commit fraud to sustain their habit. The age of onset is normally between 18-30 years, and the symptoms usually wax and wane throughout a person's lifetime.

For another example, children, and might I say adults, are often fascinated with fire. Children can show a fascination with fire, as they do with many phenomena they do not yet fully understand. However in the case of adults, if they are obsessed with starting a fire, could be identified as pyromania. Pyromaniacs, by definition, cannot resist the urge to set fire to things. Maybe it is just another way to relieve tension.



Some people have the tendency to pull hairs out of the body. The most common part where the sufferers would pull hairs from are the scalp, eyelids and eyebrows. In the case of extreme condition there can be large areas of bald patches. This disorder is known as trichotillomania and it is much more common than expected as it affects about 2% of the population. But rest assured, if you occasionally pick hairs out of your body, you are unlikely to have this disorder. This is because trichotillomania sufferers usually have extensive hair loss as a result of their habit.

After a string of losses in a poker match, do you place a higher, riskier bet? Pathological gambling is an obsessive-compulsive spectrum disorder. But unless your love for the roulette wheel is ruining your finances and your relationships, you are unlikely to actually be one. Sufferers might start to sweat and shake uncontrollably before entering a casino. Their anxiety is then relieved after they sit down and begin gambling. The brain shows intensified activity following a string of betting losses and the increased brain activity coincided with subjects placing a risky bet. The brain appears to believe it is due for a win after a series of losses and this belief is what turns some people into pathological gamblers.

I can resist anything but temptation. Kleptomania, a failure to resist the urge to steal objects not needed for personal use or for their financial value. As with most obsessive-compulsive spectrum disorders, there is an increase in anxiety before the theft, followed by a feeling of gratification afterwards. It is estimated that six in one thousand people are kleptomaniac, however this could be an underestimate as most people with the disorder are too ashamed of their behavior to confess. Winona Ryder fits the profile of a kleptomaniac. She cuts holes in clothes to get the tags off - which makes one wonder if she going to wear them?

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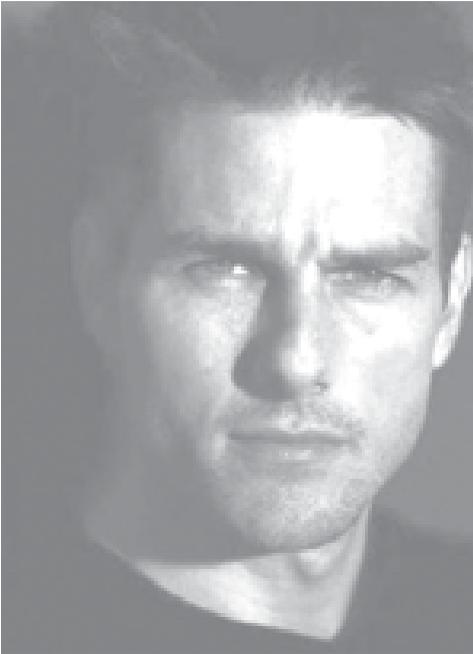
**"Defined in psychological terms, a fanatic is a man who consciously over-compensates a secret doubt."**

Aldous Huxley, Author

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Do you habitually bite your nails and find it hard to stop? Nail-biting or onychophagia is a common human compulsion. This compulsion could be loosely categorised as a part of the obsessive-compulsive spectrum disorders like trichotillomania and kleptomania. Like other OCDs, Onychophagia can be treated with drugs called selective serotonin re-uptake inhibitors (SSRIs). Serotonin is a normal neurotransmitter in the brain, but an abnormality of the serotonin system is thought to be one of the underlying causes of obsessive-compulsive behavior.

*\* The writer does not suffer from any of those obsessive-compulsive disorders mentioned above, though she might exhibit some mild symptoms. Don't we all?*



# “See Ya Later Ma, I’m Joining A Cult” i.e. Economic Insights into the Short-Run Functioning of your Garden-Variety Weirdos.

Few things send the shivers up the spine of the comfortable middle-classes more than the word ‘cult’. Conjuring up images of Jonestown and UFOs, or perhaps of Tom Cruise on Oprah’s couch, most would like to believe that those who join cults are brainwashed into it. What other reason could there be for entertaining such strange and abnormal beliefs in such bizarre social arrangements? Economists however have this habit of assuming everyone is perfectly rational. Perhaps the greatest critique of economists, this assumption does nonetheless yield insights into just about anything you apply it to. The appraisal of the cult is no different. Larry Iannaccone is one such economist interested in the economics of religious belief. His hypothesis regarding cults goes something like this:

For one reason or another some people are dissatisfied with society. Perhaps they desire a greater level of trust between neighbors. Or maybe they’re sick of everyone thinking and reacting differently. The nine-to-five slog may not suit them, but they are still unable to give up the collective security offered by doing things with other people. Maybe they want a purpose, a dream, a shared set of values. Whatever, the point is some people prefer to be in a cult. The definition of a cult is a quasi-religious movement, usually charismatic in nature, which requires its members to live their entire lives within the movement, often in communal living arrangements. Socially, there are definite advantages to belonging to such a commune. Philanthropic, hardworking, efficient and independent of the outside world; it’s highly appealing to say the least. There are many things that people value, such as love and community, which can only be produced in cohesive, committed groups. A cult is one form of such a group.

“But what of the weirdness?”, you say. You don’t want to join a cult that makes you eat nothing but whole grains, wear white all the time or chant. Say there exists a cult where everyone trusts each other, shares their belongings and lives in peace and harmony. Nothing freakier than that. Sounds boring to me, but given the absence of anything stranger I might well give it a go. I drop in, eat, drink and be merry, and leave in a month once I start missing home. I may be personally better off, but the cult certainly isn’t. The cult is a free resource, and I chose to free-load and go home, contributing nothing to the group. Such a cult wouldn’t stay functional for long.

So what do the cult leaders do? Why, they up the price. Only those who are truly devoted to the cult would put up with doing anything out of the ordinary, especially if it is costly. Would you sell your home and pool the money into a community if you were planning to leave

soon? Things get really efficient once you make your members do things like stop shaving, wearing pink or trying to contact aliens. Now not only is it financially expensive to join the cult, but the rest of the world starts thinking you’re bonkers too. It gets to the stage that the only like-minded people you encounter, or the only people willing to hear you out, belong to or are related to your cult. As such, leaving the cult becomes extremely difficult. Given the high entry and leaving costs, you wouldn’t contemplate joining if you’re not committed. If the benefits offered by the cult are worth it to you though, you may well put your lot in with the cult. As such, the things we see as extremist (or to utilise this issue’s theme, fanatical) exist to ensure a high level of commitment, making it possible for a sect to produce goods and services very difficult to produce in the outside world.

We only ever hear about the cults that go wrong. This may indeed be a significant number of them. I’ve tried to show the attraction of cults, and why cults chose to act the way they do, in the short run. However, the maintenance of such a cult in the long run requires a great level of trust. If this trust is broken by the rank-and-file members, then the cult simply falls apart. If the trust however is broken by the leadership, much more dire results can occur. I’m not suggesting we all join cults. Some cults are scary. And naturally I don’t approve of any organization that stops you thinking for yourself. I’m saying is that we as a society should stop being so shocked. There are perfectly logical reasons people join cults, and perfectly rational reasons why cults are strange. In fact, the two are linked: cults are strange *because* the people who join them are perfectly rational. Maybe if cult members really were brainwashed, there would be no need for the weird antics, and we would have no trouble accepting cults alongside mainstream society.

If you’re interested in learning more, Econtalk has a podcast of Larry Iannaccone describing his research at [http://www.econtalk.org/archives/2006/10/the\\_economics\\_o\\_7.html](http://www.econtalk.org/archives/2006/10/the_economics_o_7.html)

Myriam Robin

*\*\*Eds - I think we will all be checking the back seats of our cars after printing this image of Tom Cruise. Don't fuck with those Scientologists!*

# International Student's Lounge: **Fanaa**

The English word "fan" is derived from fanaa, which comes from "fanatic": someone who has lost their reason in devotion to something.

Fanaa is the Sufi term for extinction. It means to annihilate the self, while remaining physically alive. Persons having entered this state are said to have no existence outside of it and be in complete unity with God. Fanaa is similar to the concepts of nirvana in Buddhism and moksha in Hinduism which also endeavour for the annihilation of the self. The state of Fanaa may be attained by constant meditation and deep contemplation on the attributes of God, coupled with the denunciation of accepted human attributes. It is the death of the subconscious mind, or so to speak. Some people find this state relatively easy to attain, easy of course being a highly relative term. It liberates one from all necessities outside of their spiritual quest; the ultimate aim is the truth and peace.

The Sufi fanaa in its triple manifestation, fanaa of acts, of attributes and of the essence, does not have an exclusively negative effect or action. It is the annihilation of everything contingent, whether this be in the form of action, attribute or essence. More precisely, it is the annihilation in the mind of the person of everything that is not God; at least that is what the word and its implied meaning is for a person hoping to achieve inner peace.

There are three ways in ones journey towards the state of fanaa. The first is the way of ignorance, through which each must travel. It is like a person walking for miles in the sun with a heavy load on his shoulder, who, when fatigued, throws away the load and falls asleep under the shade of a tree. This is you and I, who spend life blindly under the influence of our senses and gather our loads of action and consequence, our belongings and necessities creating a difficult

environment through which we all traverse anyway to reach the destination of our own goals and expectations.

The next way is that of devotion, which is for the lovers. One may be the lover of people or the lover of God. But the one who loves devotion to the point of worship is intoxicated in that very act and finds his world has been overwhelmed by his object of affection which lasts him in his mind, to the end of his journey.

The third is the way of wisdom, accomplished by but a few. Where one disregards life's momentary comforts, unties oneself from all earthly bindings and turns his eyes to the everlasting, inspired with divine wisdom. He gains command over his body, thoughts and feelings, and is thereby enabled to create his own heaven within himself that he may rejoice in until he is merged with his eternal goal.

All must journey along one of these three paths, but in the end they arrive at one and the same end. Perfection is attained by the regular practice of concentration, passing through the three grades of development. In the end, one annihilates his subconsciousness in the pursuit of his fanaticism. The intention is to attain inner peace and not be affected by the vagaries of life and to fill oneself with the peace. It is true that each and every one of us yearns for that peace, and our means of achieving it are varied and diverse, whether we know it or not. But for just one second look at it this way; "There is no other reason to fight, but to find peace and love." And therein lies the paradox. Such is the truth of the fanatic.

"Whether a particularly obsessive attachment is a fixation or a defensible expression of love is at times debatable."

Sheik Jamal

## ...and another thing



The Dulux Colour Awards provide students with a rare chance to delight in industry and public recognition and on Wednesday March 19th the 2008 student specifier winner, Kitinan Kiertgumjorn from Melbourne University, was

elated to have his work recognised at such a prestigious and highly regarded event.

22-year-old Kiertgumjorn will take home \$1,000 prize money, media attention and specialized industry experience; an ideal career kick start for any colour creative. The 2008 ceremony, held at Dock 5 in Melbourne's Victoria Harbour, saw the conventions of colour challenged in an extraordinary event environment transforming the raw exclusive venue, fit to acknowledge the inspired projects of architects and interior designers.

Dulux's 2008 esteemed panel of judges included, international guest interior designer Dr. Frederique Houssard-Andrieux, Cox Rayner's Michael Rayner and Jimmy Possum's Margot Spalding.

Kiertgumjorn's project was acknowledged amongst a plethora of acclaimed architects and interior designers, from firms such as McBride Charles Ryan, Matt Gibson Architecture and Design and Carr Design Group, reaffirming the standard and high calibre of designers drawn to this program. Kiertgumjorn saw the Awards as a stepping stone, to showcase his work, as well as an arena to network with industry greats on the evening- opportunities that are critical to emerging designers. "Dulux is such a well known brand and to be acknowledged and awarded at this prestigious event is very humbling, I feel privileged for being given this amazing opportunity," said Kiertgumjorn.

Recognized as Australia's most prestigious program of its kind, the Dulux Colour Awards celebrates and fosters the talent of both industry professionals and aspiring innovators. Over the past two decades the Awards have amplified the profile of several budding designers, including Danielle Atkinson, Michael Bernacki and Drew Williamson, and in 2009 looks set to hit new heights. For your chance to make a colourful entry into Australia's design profession keep a watchful eye on [www.dulux.com.au](http://www.dulux.com.au) or email [dca@couture.com.au](mailto:dca@couture.com.au).



Student and budding architect, Kitinan Kiertgumjorn, tickled pink with Colour Award

# Fashion with Jenifer Vargaly

Well, you know the old saying 'what goes around comes around'; it's what the fashion world brings to us each year.

Let us observe; we all sat and laughed at the ridiculous fashions of the '80s. Who could believe that high waisted jeans were fashionable? I mean who would be caught dead wearing a pair of pants that sat as high as Steve Urkel's?

We all made fun of that era, laughing in passing at the bargain bins outside Kmart sporting non-hipster jeans or pants for \$10. Who would buy that? If it didn't show your navel it wasn't worth buying (and most of the time it showed more than that too - many of us can vouch for seeing many an unwanted sight sitting behind someone in a lecture wearing low sitting tight pants or jeans).

Yet none of us can laugh now...because *we are* those people wearing the high-waisted, tight jeans that we scoffed at seeing in the Kmart bin. Yet, and perhaps even worse, to be in the latest fashion jeans and pants at the moment will set you back a whole lot more than \$10.

Not only that, but to take another obvious feature of the hard-wearing denim jean, the cut, we find another cruel repetition of fashion history.

## Fashion Karma

For many years we all had to have wide leg jeans or boot cuts. We would never want to be seen wearing a straight leg version of the jean, it would be far too obvious that we purchased from the Big W jean bin, as there was no flare effect. It would have been a heinous fashion disaster in the making.

Yet now, once again, we are the dancing puppets of the fashion world, who has commanded that skinny-leg, ankle-hugging, almost ridiculous-looking (in that they give an insect-like leg effect, particularly in black) are the new 'it' thing.

Once again, I have to laugh at our karmic misfortune, but only before I look down at my own skinny leg jeans and realise that I have been duped just as much as the next fashion-conscious victim.

When will the madness stop? I am sure that the puppet masters in Paris, Milan, and New York watch with glee at those of us who so readily laughed at previous fashions now donning the same fashions we so happily teased, and paying top dollar to do so.

Yes, we are victims of fashion karma. The vicious cycle that will inevitably repeat itself over and over again. As the designers are no doubt chanting while laughing evilly in their studios in Rome, 'dance my puppets, dance'.

### Gemma Ward

Sorry, but nothing can save this outfit. It looks as though she made it herself out of various fragments from the scrap material bin.



### Sienna Miller

Three words: wear some pants! It's like one of those dreams where you're out in public and half-naked...pity this is not a dream.



### Beyonce

So sad to see this normally well-dressed celebrity in such an outfit, even teaming the jacket with a simple pair of pants or a high waisted skirt would take this outfit out of the tragic category.



### Kirsten Dunst

It looks as though she raided her grandmother's wardrobe for this outfit. The sweater is far too long and completely lacks any shape, and this is simply not dear Kirsten's colour.



## celebrity Fashion Disasters!

It is really hard to believe that some of the worst dressed people in the world have access to so many of the best fashion designers, stylists, and advisers on the globe. Yet, tragically, they seem to get it so wrong all too often.

Even around our campus the worst dressed offenders only commit minor wrongs in comparison to the photos we present in this issue. Sure, you can walk across the Barr Smith Lawns and see track pants, high school graduation jumpers, and careless other misdemeanors - but it really takes effort to look this bad.

One would think that having a great deal of money would lead to better fashion; but in these cases that theory did not hold true.





# PITCH

PEOPLE MORE INTERESTING THAN YOU  
WITH CLAIRE ELIZABETH KNIGHT

## ANDREW RUSS – ACADEMIC/MUSO/PRODUCER/ ENTREPRENEUR EXTRAORDINAIRE

*When I was in first year, I had THE coolest tutor for Euro studies. Not only was this guy oh so wise and worldly on the paradigms of post-modernism and impressionist art, but he had a mad 'young Johnny Depp' / Beatnik style going on, brought a guitar case to class and was uber generous with his early minutes every odd Friday arvo, rushing off to exotic interstate locations to record with and play in bands, write music for theatre and cook vegetarian cuisine in between hardcore PhD studies. Need I say more? Two years on, after hearing his name attached to upcoming artists in music and on stage I thought it was about time I caught up with the renowned Andrew Russ.*

**Claire:** You're certainly keeping yourself busy, you're involved in music production, you're a musician as well, how many instruments do you play?

**Andrew:** Um.. ah well... a bit of everything! Mainly piano, synthesisers, computers and guitars.

**You're also a university lecturer and tutor.**

Yes yes, when they can find the time to let me in. I studied international studies, a bit of philosophy and European studies and ended up teaching visual arts and literature which was not really what I studied but...

**Ah it works. And you're a bit of a chef too? Opening a new restaurant I hear?**

Not myself, I'm just helping out. A little place on The Parade, a vegetarian takeaway.

**Is there anything else I've missed in that line-up of jobs? Anything else you want to throw in there?**

Well I used to work in a water factory once.

**Whah? They make water in factories now? The conspiracy has been unleashed...**

Hah, a water bottling factory!

You obviously have a solid involvement in music production; I've heard your name linked to Adelaide band Bakewell Street...

I used to play in a band with the lead singer's brother... I've pretty much just helped them do a couple of demos to begin with. They've just recorded elsewhere and are doing overdubs I've got in a little studio at the back of my place.

**What other bands have you been involved with?**

I used to play in a band called Special Patrol, who you may remember, they play around the traps. I left them about five or six years ago but about two or three years ago they came to me, heard I was doing a bit of recording so we demoed their whole last album in my bedroom in Norwood, then went to Sydney and recorded it properly in the studio.

**And I've heard your name linked to The Audreys as well...**

No, no... I'm in a theatre company and one of the head actors, Cameron Goodall, I used to play in a band with him called The Freelance Republic. I got into theatre through him and he had a bit of a side project going, called The Audreys which did pretty well for itself. I just lent Trist (Goodall), Cam's brother and the other guitarist in The Audreys an amp the other day.

**You're in!**

So tell me more about your theatre involvement, you said you got into theatre through a friend from your band?

I ended up starting a band... with these guys from the Flinders Drama department. The band sort of petered out but when they set up their theatre company they asked myself and another guy to come in and do the music. We did this huge show at the Queens Theatre, you know that big, cacophonous warehouse... big loud guitars, drums, synths. It was good fun, after that they asked me to join and since then we've been slowly and slowly getting bigger and better.

**And that's the Border Project? I saw your Fringe production, the 'choose your own adventure' style *Trouble on Planet Earth*... what else is the company behind?**

The idea of the theatre company is to get young people who don't really go to theatre anymore, traditional theatres kind of left them behind. We sort of try and get them back in. Our last three shows that we've done have tried to do that in various ways. We did a show called *Please Go Hop*, which was basically a four-hour board game we did for the Fringe. It was based on the '80s and people loved it! Some even sat there for the entire four hours and watched the game unfold. I think the fact that they could drink while they were doing it helped... The next show we did after that was called *Highway Rock and Roll Disaster*, pretty much a theatrical rock and roll gig, which we'll be doing in Sydney around August/September. We got asked by the Sydney Theatre Company to be part of their second tier theatre, with Cate Blanchett now working there, she's taken over the directorship of Sydney Theatre.

**Wow. So have you met her?**

No, but we'll see what happens. (laughs) ...At the moment the music stuff's going quite well, especially all the theatre work. We're getting quite a bit of funding and lots of opportunities...

*After Andrew returns from his Sydney rock and roll disaster with Cate Blanchett, he'll be doing a show called Disappearance at the Festival Centre's Inspace program in October.*

# *Dit-vicious on extremism*



this I have seen my bestie leered at many a time, although I do still concede that anyone wearing skin tight bright purple female pants (when they have a penis) deserves to be laughed at. These two snap incidences aside, my life has basically been bliss with boy on boy action at the pub never seeming to bother anyone.

Teddy bears made way for real 'bears' and candy canes were swapped with real canes to appease those who were into bondage. Free love filled the streets and the choir sang out in harmony until that fateful day when BANG, the AIDS virus became an issue again. Unbeknown to many in the 'breeding' community, Adelaide currently has the highest increase in HIV infection of any major gay community in Australia. Us filthy faggots deserve it, as I am sure the closeted priests that touch little boys in their no-no parts would say. An abomination against god, our way of life simply must be stopped, mustn't it? Why else is AIDS only considered a gay problem ... well no not only a gay problem, but also a problem the blacks face. Can't convert them? Instead, let's introduce a way to wipe them out. I'm sure that the woman who protested at Heath Ledger's funeral would be happy with the severity of painful punishment that our kind are dealt. After all, AIDS does not exist in the straight community, I'm sure she would have you believe. Oh poor woman, I raise my glass to you. Here's to wishing that you have a lazy ovary and never produce hate-filled offspring.

On a lighter note however, with the current era has come a fascination with the gays. Ten percent of the population, supposedly 'that way inclined' has made the topic of gaydom much less taboo. A friend of mine was rather chuffed with the fact that she boasts four gays on her facebook. Good on you love, I have more than 100.

It saddens me when religion gets in the way of friendship and understanding but to be honest, in the opinion of this poof, there really is not much of a divide anymore. If there is; then is it actually noted or all in your head? Though there may be only one official gay bar in Adz, there's more more to it than that. There's Rundle Street, various pubs and clubs, many disgusting beats that should be avoided at all costs and even Australia's largest gay and lesbian festival hosted in our most wholesome city of churches.

It may be the city of churches, but Adelaide is damn near one of the most accepting cities, for Australians who love a bit of double breasted, or sausage sizzle action. Feast festival draws crowds both interstate and internationally. Perhaps it is because there is a rather butch looking female named Shaniqua guarding the entrance to Picnic, or perhaps it is because straights have matured enough to accept us as Adelaidians. Here, we boast a relative freedom from religious fanaticism and hate. Whichever the reason, I for one am glad that I can walk the streets in my leather thong - note: until I get an ass to be proud of, that ain't happening!

Take a sip of cherry lemonade lovers, use protection and we can all share the candy / leather canes together.

Tyson Shine

*\*\*Ed's - Tongue firmly in cheek*

*War* in Iraq, genocide in Rwanda; the world is full of extremists so it would seem.

Let's then take a walk down memory lane and talk about another type of hate crime: minority abuse. Oh sure, you love God and God loves you and Jesus sits on his perch up in heaven, looking down on the heathens with his judging eyes. The sun is shining, it is a beautiful day and the world of Christians, Muslims and in fact, almost every religion imaginable is filled with rainbows and puppies. The most spectacular rainbow is vomiting love, which flows down the rivers and into every home through a series of complex water treatment facilities. The world really is a magical place until the distant sound of a record scratching in the background halts this blissful existence.

"Hold on," the narrator's voice calls out. Rainbows may be eminent in the world of gay, but they certainly aren't vomiting love, or are they?

Very much in vogue in the late nineties was lesbianism. The noughties however, have seen a new age of homosexual love with the gay male being all the rage.

So while fanatics the world over still fling religious hate against the homosexuals, one can not help but draw the similarities between them and monkeys flinging poo. The difference being that monkeys are actually considered intelligent animals - bible bashers are not. Now happy homos, let's not forget that we are in Adelaide. There is no Deep South and no slack jawed yokels here; no overly powerful religious sects. How then can A-town's gay scene scream rape when there is a severe lack of gay hate? Perhaps I am just blindly oblivious to the fact that hate crimes and minority abuse run rampant in the town, but for someone who has only lived in Adelaide's inner suburbs, one can draw the conclusion that homophobia is on a slow and sure downward spiral.

This quaint little city has moved ahead in leaps and bounds since the 1972 bashing and drowning of renowned gay Adelaide University professor, Dr George Duncan. The murder of Dr Duncan resulted in the decriminalisation of homosexual sex in the state, and since then, South Australia has had a relatively good rapport with its homosexual community.

Undoubtedly there are still those bigots roaming the streets of our fair city, making the odd remark. I myself have experienced the line "oh I know where you boys are going - filthy faggots" one gay day in May, walking towards the southern parklands with my ex boyfriend (for totally wholesome activities I assure you good reader). Further to



# THE ORIGINAL FANATIC



▲ few things come to mind when I think of 'Fanatic' but nothing intrigues me more than the Maenad. I don't know if this is because most Saturday nights I pretty much become a Maenad or what, but these crazed women are the original fanatics of booze, freedom and sex. My kind of party person.

(Ooo, that was a good one!)

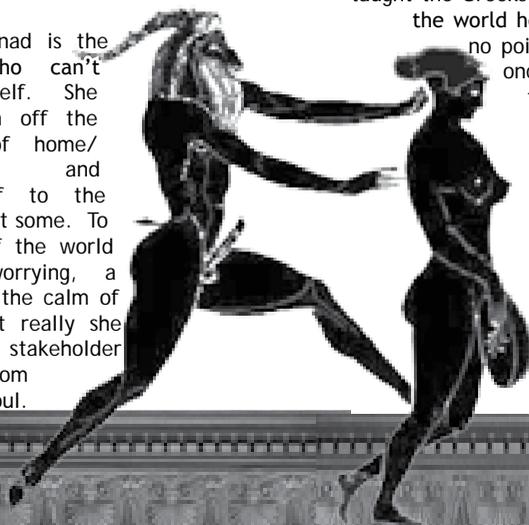
But who or what is a Maenad and how do I bed one, you ask boys? A Maenad is the manic, fanatic and dramatic lover of Dionysus. She belongs to the most ancient of fan clubs, where she actually believes the star is present at the meetings and sometimes he is (depending on the story). Maenads are famous for ditching their husbands at home and taking to the hills, dancing nude, singing to the moon, eating the raw flesh of a wild animal and praising the beauty, sexuality and ecstasy that Dionysus provides them. They are the sort of girls that live in a trance so beautiful that you just can't wait to join them. They are the girls who devote themselves to someone they can never attain, but always remain in hope that he will come for them one day. Sound familiar ladies? How many times have you pined after Brad Pitt or Johnny Depp? How many times have you ached deep in your heart knowing that you will never be with them secretly hoping that one day, you will be their chosen one. It's the same here.

So what is so good about this Dionysus and how does he get all the girls naked and running around in honour of his glory? Well, firstly he is a god and if that doesn't do something for you then nothing will. He is also a god that can never be revealed to you. The Greeks believed that when you saw the true face of a god, you would instantly die. This particularly works in Dionysus' favour. His Maenads could therefore come up with any image of the perfect man/god for themselves and spend the rest of their days dreaming about it - E.g. Johnny Depp. Secondly, he is beautiful. Some describe him as almost effeminate, which to most women, seeing part of themselves in a man is a mystical and attractive thing. He is sensitive, a great lover and knows how to have fun. He is almost always depicted nude with flowing locks and if any of you have ever read a Mills & Boon, you'll know this is the ideal man. Being half human, he can identify with the ladies but is also a god which makes him highly desirable as a potential lover/father.

out centuries ago without the intoxicating properties that make the most boring human being a delight to be with.

He was the original Mick Jagger where sex, drugs and rock n' roll took place of hard work and stale bread. And how did these people get away with such behaviour? Whack the label 'religion' on it and voila you've got a license to get as crazy and erotic as you want. It is any wonder that these Maenads went gar gar over the big D, it's because they were drunk! And how many times have you convinced yourselves that you had your very own Dionysus/Aphrodite getting nasty with you on the dance floor. And were you drunk? Nothing's changed people! We have to have a great respect for a god who wants us to have a good time, who thinks getting nasty is all that, and no matter what disease you pick up or how many pregnancies you endure/terminate, as long as you're still partying it's cool. (Was that too harsh?)

The Maenad is the woman who can't help herself. She has shaken off the shackles of home/study/work and fucked off to the forest to get some. To the rest of the world she is worrying, a menace to the calm of society, but really she is a giant stakeholder in the freedom of the soul.



However, the most important thing about this love god, is wine and the freedom/loss of inhibitions that comes with drinking it. He taught the Greeks and therefore the rest of the world how to make wine (there's no point denying it, the Greeks once knew their shit). Now this is the sort of god we like. He basically wanted all of his peeps, which were mainly women to have a good time and he was more than willing to help them out. We have Dionysus to thank for teaching us mere mortals to make wine and where would we be without it? Certainly, the human race would have died

So next time you pour yourself a glass of red (which will most likely be tonight), thank that sexy god on top of the hill for helping you to lose your virginity. And then thank him for giving his Maenads a way out of the boredom of housework. And then thank him again for letting the fanatic in us be accepted and admired because there is nothing wrong with dancing naked in the forest in worship of something greater than us if it makes us feel good.

Without D-man and the M-girls, we'd all be done for. (And bored shitless.)

Love Lex xx

# LONDON CALLING, ALEX ANSWERING



Nepal, Tick.  
India, Tick.  
Next stop, United Kingdom.

I had high ambitions rocking into London, I had it all planned out: how wrong I was. I was going to go by myself and I was going to be by myself. I had friends in London but I didn't want to see them; The plan was to ignore my friends, to not fall into the safety of it all and to start up my own little version of Adelaide in London. The plan was to check into a hostel for a week, get a house to live in, get a job, make new friends, be happier than I've ever been in my entire life, etc. A couple of days prior to arriving in London I had an inkling of how ridiculous my plan may be and I called up my friend Bobo to ask if I could crash at hers for a couple of days until I found my own place.

So, I got into London, stopping over briefly at Frankfurt, with little to no problems. Except that Lufthansa lost my luggage, but I was on such a high and the airline assured me I'd get it in a couple of days, so I didn't care. I had my day pack and I was ready to go, I proceeded with random-guy-on-plane's advice to catch the tube, so I walked to the tube-stop and hesitantly climbed aboard. I asked random-guy-on-tube if he knew where we were going, he was as lost as I was, I smiled, it seemed we were both on the same train. A couple of phone calls and a couple of tube rides later, I eventually found my way to my friend's house.

I spent the next day walking around London with my head spinning. The culture, the people, the diversity and the sheer size of it all overwhelmed me; there was a lot to take in. The following day, I became sick as a dog and stayed that way for the next four days. It almost seemed as if my body was putting off being sick while I was India, waiting for an appropriate time to hit me in the guts, and it did. That was the first time I felt lucky I'd made the decision to go to my friends house instead of a hostel. The idea of paying to sleep in another shitty bed whilst being sick, made me feel more ill than I already was.

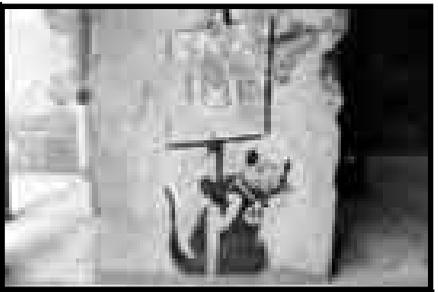
A week after I'd arrived in London, I was over my illness and was ready to take action. According to my original plan, I would have already had a place to stay and a job by now, what I hadn't taken into account was how very little I actually knew about London, i.e. how to even get a place to live, or where to begin looking for a job.

Before I knew it, a couple of days turned into three weeks and I'd finally organised a cheap room and found myself as reasonable a job as I was going to find. The house is shit and the room is small, but all the cheap houses are shit. At least I have my own room, unlike a lot of people or tourists living temporarily in London. My job at a 'trendy' café is actually an all right job, but the pay is shit, but all pay is shit for hospitality in London.

My whole plan was out the window, it had taken me ages to find a house and a job and my only friends at this stage were people I'd known from Adelaide, but I'd come to realise some things. See, even though I was hanging around with my friends from Adelaide I was still completely immersed in London and there was no way of avoiding that. I'd hang out with my Adelaide friends but we weren't hanging out in Adelaide, we were hanging out on Brick Lane, Camden, Oxford and Soho: all new. Having forgotten about my naive plan, I'd gotten to know two people way better than I'd known them at home, and that made me happy. The one thing that hadn't registered to me was how lucky I was to know anyone at all in a foreign city. So many people come over here and don't know anyone: it's hard enough settling in to a new city without having anyone to complain to. I'm starting to make some new friends now anyway.

So, the first couple of weeks were hard. Despite the fact I had a shoulder to lean on, I would find myself thinking a lot 'what the fuck am I doing in this god forsaking country?'. A friend once told me 'if you can survive a winter in London, you can survive anything' and I've since found that to be true. It's cold, it's wet and there's no sun, so you're already hating it but you're not getting any sun, therefore no vitamin D and more sad faces for me. They put vitamin D in the cereal over here, describing it as the 'sunny, happy' vitamin. No joke.

The turning point for me was the day I bought a bike, the sun came out over London and the sun came out on my perception of London. Being a completely bike obsessed nut, buying a bike was high up on my list of things to do, but due to procrastination and not being able to able to find a cheap, good bike, it had taken me longer than I would have liked. I eventually settled on the best I was going to get in my price range. I paid more than I would have liked and had to spend more on it to get it to spec, but the sun was out and I had wind in my hair and that's all I needed to put a smile on my face.



Now that I had a bike, my entire life changed. The best thing being I didn't have to catch the tube. Although the tube is a relatively quick form of public transport, it is a complete rip off and is always fucked. In fact, if my tube was fucked as often as London's is, I'd be a very happy man. The other advantages of having a bike were that after a couple of months of being a bit slobbish I was getting fit again and riding in London's traffic is truly an enjoyable experience. What makes it enjoyable is that on a bike you will beat a car every time on any path because you can just keep riding and they are constantly hindered by all the other cars. Now that's true for any city but the difference in London is that car drivers have to put up with so many bike riders, so often that they have become a lot more aware. You can just pull out right in front of a car and they will slow down for you. If there's a car in your path and you need to go around it, the car in the next lane will give way accordingly.

There's also a certain amount of camaraderie

between bike riders. You can ride along with a pack for a while, pull off and catch up with another one; everyone pretends to not be racing each other but secretly are. Sometimes I see the same people on my daily commute which, because I live in the outer suburbs, is nine miles away and takes me roughly forty-five minutes to ride. To put it in perspective, nine miles is 14.5 kilometres. In Adelaide, this distance is like riding from Rundle Mall to Port Adelaide.

After being here for nearly a couple of months, I'm beginning to get settled in. I work in an attempt to save money but it always seems like a futile task. On my days off, I either have a hangover or I try to see a new part of London I haven't seen or some days I do both. There are some incredible things to see and do in London; it's just a matter of taking the time to find them. I always miss home, but on the days that I miss it more, I just remind myself how long I worked to get over here and why I'm here and it makes it all right.



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# The Questions

1. If you could be the founding member of a fan club, who or what would it be in honour of?
2. What is the craziest thing you would do to meet your idol?
3. What television show do you never miss an episode of?
4. Who are you not a fan of?
5. Just as Paris Hilton has perfume and Elle and Kylie have underwear, what would you brand if you were famous?

# FANATIC

Ted Bundy  
Abduct the President of the United States and steal his time machine  
Dexter  
Avril Lavigne or Lars from Metallica  
Tampons

Edward Norton  
I'd pay a maximum of \$200 to meet them  
I don't watch TV  
Roger Waters from Pink Floyd  
Hosiery



# THEY

## Dave

Me - Dave's Official Fan Club  
Genocide  
Scrubs  
Anyone who likes house music  
Lipstick



Roy Orbison  
I'd apply for permission to marry a dead person  
Scrubs  
Tom Cruise  
Jewellery

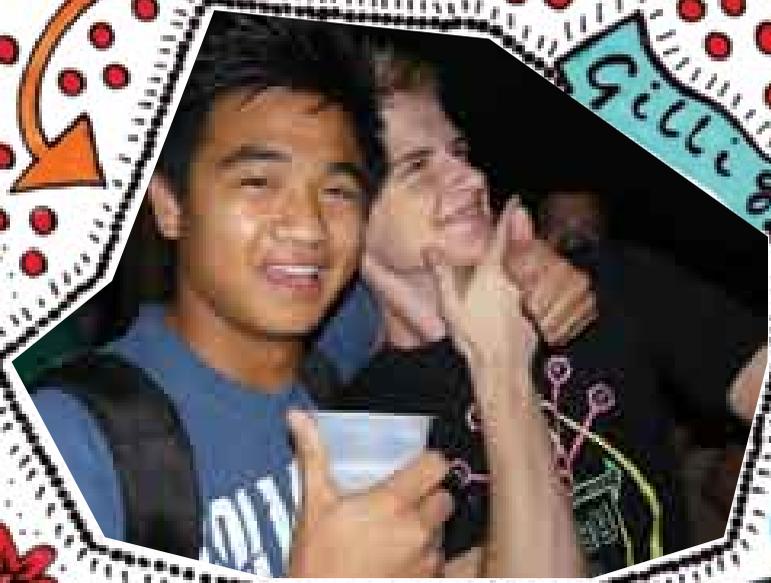
Dave's Official Fan Club  
Nudey run down Rundle Mall  
The Simpsons  
Tooheys (the beer company)  
S&M gag balls

# James

Gene Simmons – because  
 he's a pimp  
 I would kill  
*Sex and the City*  
 Shaquille O'Neil  
 Arseless pants

George Clooney – he's  
 smokin'  
 Bash up his Security Guards  
*The Moment of Truth*  
 Brad Pitt  
 Men's Cologne

Rachael McAdams  
 I'd be their slave for a week  
*Supernatural*  
 Amy Winehouse  
 Perfume



"Justin Timberlake"  
 I would flash them my  
 breasts  
 Channel Seven News  
 Kerri-Anne Kennerley  
 Undies

Thirsty Merc  
 Anything, anything at all  
*One Tree Hill*  
 Mike Goldman from *Big Brother*  
 and Grant Denyer  
 Burgers



Slayer  
 Pretty much anything  
 Weeds  
 All, any and every reality TV  
 show  
 Rifles

The Libertines  
 Summon the dead  
 Lost  
 Pineapple on pizza  
 T-Shirts

Alcohol  
 Sign up for *Big Brother*  
*The O.C.*  
 Sobriety  
 Lettuce



# Sammy Boy WRESTLES with fanaticism



The installation of my Foxtel IQ box this year has revived my passion for a lot of things, and along with the obscure soaps, trashy reality TV, and *Jesus Christ Superstar*... my fanaticism for Pro Wrestling has suddenly hit boiling point of its second wind.

Throughout this year I have been able to watch (and occasionally pay-per-view) the latest from the WWE. While the illusion of reality has now been lost, surprisingly, it seems the WWE has been pushing the envelope for the 7ish years that I was blindly enjoying my teenage hood. The crazy storylines and intense action are still there, but has kicked into overdrive for the 00's audience. After the company's largest pay-per-view event *Wrestlemania*, we begin a new-season of storylines, with new superstars beginning their climb to dominance. So, we will take a look at this most recent PPV, the 'granddaddy of them all', *Wrestlemania 24*.

Ok, so the WWE is now split in to three sub-promotions; *Smackdown!*, *ECW*, and *Raw*. Each has exclusive superstars, and each hold a title belt match at *Wrestlemania*. There were also several non-title matches that fill out the lineup and provide us with acrobatics, gore, stunts and plots, which hold the WWE together.

Up first was John "Bradshaw" Layfield squaring off against Finlay, who were both embroiled in a feud over Finlay's dwarf son Hornswoggle (left). They got the crowd pumped by pummeling each other to pieces with makeshift weapons (namely 'aluminum' garbage cans)

making each other bleed and putting on an exciting, however aged, performance for the 75,000 odd fans. JBL managed to pick up the victory in a fairly meaningless match. This acted as the pay-per-view's catalyst for the coming matches, where the wrestling quality began to improve (with few exceptions) as the card<sup>1</sup> went on.

Then came the coolest thing ever: the *Money in the Bank ladder match*. This match has been a *Wrestlemania* exclusive for a few years now, and it acts as a platform for mid-card wrestlers to move up to the big time. This match kind of transcends the basic 'good guys versus bad guys' formula, and throws seven dudes in the ring to slug it out, climb a huge ladder and grab a briefcase suspended high above the wrestling ring. This briefcase holds a contract which guarantees a title-shot<sup>2</sup> at any time, for any promotion's title. After half an hour of intense stunts and incredible feats of strength, CM Punk (a straight-edge punk-themed strongman) overcame his six opponents and brought the briefcase from the ceiling, emerging as the victor.

Next was a showcase match for 'brand supremacy' where both *Raw* and *Smackdown!* sent in their finest to slug it out to prove which promotion was best. The clever writers (?) at WWE managed to create this feud from nothing, allowing for a dramatic, action-packed match which excited the crowd and showed off some good old fashioned

wrestling, where *Smackdown!*'s Batista emerged victorious over *Raw*'s Umaga.

Following on from this was ECW's title match, where Chavo Guerrero faced off against Kane, who'd won a title-shot in an earlier, non-televised match against some jobbers<sup>3</sup>. This squash-match<sup>4</sup> ended with Kane as the victor, likely a last-hurrah for the veteran. Kane pummeled Chavo with a surprise 'choke-slam' from behind, winning the ECW championship belt.

The fourth match on the card was a 'career-threatening' match between the two very recognizable faces Ric Flair and Shawn Michaels. The conclusion of this feud at *Wrestlemania 24* was nothing short of a work of art. After a great contest, Shawn Michaels finally had Flair in a position where he was able to finish the wrestling legend off. Michaels prepares for his finisher<sup>5</sup> staring intensely at Flair, tears welling up in both sets of eyes. Michaels mouths the words "I'm sorry. I Love you." And charges at Flair, nails him with a superkick<sup>6</sup> gets the 3-count<sup>7</sup> and ends the career of Ric Flair. Michaels leaves the ring in tears. He has just seen to it that the greatest legend in WWE history will never wrestle again. Amazing. You can't see drama like that just anywhere.

Next involved the WWE divas<sup>8</sup> (below right). The white-trash in the audience go crazy for this stuff. It's sort of like softcore pornography for kids who play with Action-man toys. Anyways, Beth Phoenix (how cool is that name?) and Melina defeated Maria and Ashlee. Snoop Dogg was the MC for this match for some reason, and he is a freaking badass.

The sixth match on the card (*Wrestlemania 24* went for about four hours) was the *Raw* champion Randy Orton against challengers Triple H and John Cena. Orton defied the odds and retained his title in a spectacular match, but on the night my drunken entourage and I agreed it was overshadowed by the awesomeness of a few earlier matches. It was also interesting to have such a huge heel<sup>9</sup> beat two face<sup>10</sup> wrestlers at *Wrestlemania* for a championship belt.



Towards the end there was this crazy waste of time match where the returning giant 'Big Show' faced off against Floyd 'Money' Mayweather (a professional boxer) for some reason. Mayweather won, and nobody really gave a damn.

The conclusion of the event was an epic *Smackdown!* Title match between The Undertaker (an undead-themed badass from Death Valley) and Edge. The Undertaker had achieved 15 straight *Wrestlemania* victories up until this point, and Edge, the cocky titleholder, hoped to break this incredible streak. What followed was a very solid *Wrestlemania* headlining match, however again the action and risks were not up to the standard of the mid-card matches.

Ok, so after that fanatic rundown, I realize that my pay-per-view money was not wasted, and the nostalgic "I'm too old for this" experience was one I'll consider doing again at *Wrestlemania 25*. Reliving this aspect of my youth reminded me how into it I was as a kid, and that the WWE can still put on one hell of a show after all these years. We can all rest assured the envelope will be pushed miles further in 2009.

Sammy (Jobber) Boy

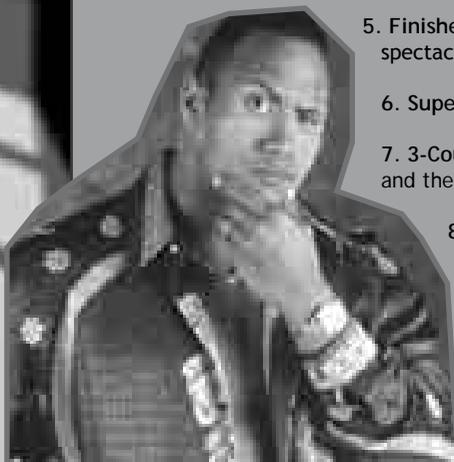
*\*\*Eds - OK, John Cena never won an Oscar, but did anyone see the stinker that was The Marine... didn't think so.*

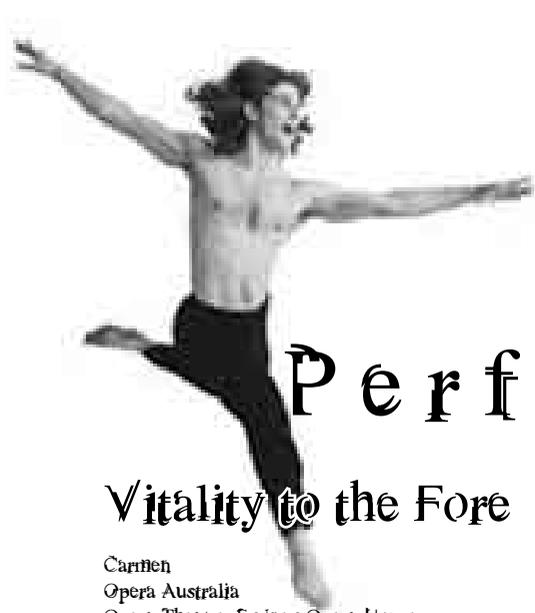


(L-R) The Undertaker, Edge and Oscar-winning actor\* John Cena

## CAN YOU SMELL WHAT THE ROCK IS COOKING?... IT'S A MOTHERFUCKING GLOSSARY!

1. **Card:** The list of matches for the event. Low-card wrestlers are generally less popular than high-card ones. "Moving up the card" means increasing in success and popularity.
2. **Title-Shot:** Feuds between wrestlers generally revolve around title belts. Gaining a "title-shot" means you get the chance to challenge the titleholder.
3. **Jobber:** An extremely low-card wrestler, who no one in the crowd knows, usually used to feed more popular wrestlers' careers. Term can also be used in real life social situations to describe unpleasant people.
4. **Squash Match:** A match that ends in an obscenely short amount of time, with one wrestler dominating for the entire match.
5. **Finisher:** Wrestlers usually have a set of prescribed moves that people recognize. Their most effective/spectacular one is called their finisher.
6. **Superkick:** Shawn Michaels' finisher. AKA "Sweet-Chin-Music". It's cool. YouTube it.
7. **3-Count:** To win in pro wrestling, usually you have to pin your opponent to the ground on his/her back, and the referee will count to 3, then declare you the winner. This is called a 3-count.
8. **Divas:** The WWE's word for "female wrestler". They don't usually wrestle, they have pillow fights and stuff. Awesome.
9. **Heel:** A "bad guy" wrestler. Heels get boos from the crowd and are essential to sports entertainment drama.
10. **Face:** A "good guy" wrestler. Faces get cheers and hi-fives from the crowd and win titles more commonly.





# Performing Arts

## Vitality to the Fore

*Carmen*  
Opera Australia  
Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House  
January 24-March 28

What do you get when you throw together an array of barnyard animals, a large chorus and some flamenco dancing? Opera Australia's new production of Bizet's *Carmen*, that's what. Based on a 2006 Covent Garden production, this offering from Francesca Zambello is brimming with vitality, with a lot of bustle in the crowd scenes, and the performances from the principal singers draw on this energy to great effect.



Catherine Carby is a playful Carmen, but the lightness of the characterization is nicely matched by the darkness of her mellifluous voice. Rosario La Spina as Don Jose proves once again that he can hit all of the notes, often thrillingly, but perhaps needs to cut back on his busy performance schedule to spend some time learning not to 'scoop' up to them. His acting of the part gave weight to his performance, with an air of naivety that was entirely appropriate.

Joshua Bloom as Escamillo on the other hand was vocally more controlled but didn't succeed in putting across the confidence and arrogance of the bullfighter. The depth of OA's ensemble was on display through the imposing Shane Lawrence as Zuniga, Tiffany Speight as Micaela, Amy Wilkinson as Frasquita and Sian Pendry as Mercedes.

Stephen Mould ably led the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra through the well-known score, and the chorus was well-drilled, with special mention going to the clear-voiced children's chorus. With a donkey, a horse and some chickens on stage at various times, Zambello's production runs the risk of gimmicks taking the focus away from the drama. However, they are incorporated so well that they seem as natural a part of the design as the walls, and add some interest to this fast-paced version of Bizet's famous work. This pace combines with a strong Australian cast to provide a refreshing experience for those who've seen *Carmen* before and an exciting introduction to the opera for those new to it.

Benedict Coxon



## Arabella

Opera Australia  
Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House  
March 7-25

'When one presents a piece to the public for the very first time, one owes it to the work and to the public to do it straight.' So says John Cox, the director of Opera Australia's Australian premiere production of Richard Strauss' *Arabella*, and this principle dominates the veteran English director's take on this rarely-performed work. Having said that, it is important to note that there is enough interest in the sets and costumes to make an impact in combination with the star-studded cast that has been assembled.

Cheryl Barker in the title role plays the nineteen-year-old in search of a soulmate with wide-eyed innocence and is at her best vocally at the end of the first Act. Peter Coleman-Wright makes a dashing Mandryka, capturing the character's rustic charm and impressing with the warmth, clarity and strength of his voice.

The assortment of minor principals impresses - particularly Conal Coad as Count Waldner, Milijana Nikolic as his wife, Emma Matthews as Zdenka and Richard Roberts as Matteo. Kanen Breen as Count Elemer looked every bit the Viennese society-type but often struggled to make himself heard over the orchestra. Lorina Gore, by contrast, had no such problems and positively sparkled as Fiakermilli.

Assistant conductor Lionel Friend stepped in at the last minute for the indisposed Richard Hickox, but looked comfortable with the complex score, ensuring that the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra was on the button. The small chorus had the dual challenge of singing and dancing on a revolving stage (as it revolved!) but the benefits of this device outweighed the risks. How should a director deal with the fact that the action in Act II takes place in the ante-room to a ballroom and the fact that an audience will want to be shown some of the ball itself? The answer is to have a couple of pieces of furniture fixed to a revolving disc, allowing for seamless scene 'changes'; the disc spins and gives a different perspective on the space, as in a film in which the camera sweeps from one room to the next and then back again.

This sort of technique shows that 'playing it straight' doesn't mean that a production can't be as interesting as another that employs shock tactics to engage the audience. Add a talented cast and you can be guaranteed an enjoyable night at the opera.

Benedict Coxon

# Mixed Reaction to New Production

Adelaide Bank Festival of Arts  
A Midsummer Night's Dream  
Her Majesty's Theatre  
29 February - 8 March

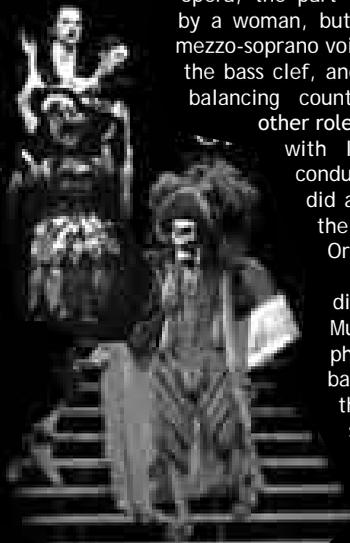
Tim Supple's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* looked fantastic. I and my more visual sister loved the set design, and the fairies' dancing, acrobatics and colour was great to watch. The use of a vertical set, and cast members that hovered and darted about in the air, terrifically expanded the performance space, and added to the sense of magic in Oberon and Titania's domains.

For the most part, too, the cast didn't count the iambic pentameter as they spoke, and delivered performances that challenged and developed preconceived interpretations of the characters and their relationships. Even Bottom and the mechanicals, customarily played solely for laughs, were represented more sympathetically.

For most of the audience, however (as evidenced by interval eavesdropping), there was one make-or-break element: the language. Drawing its cast from multi-lingual India, the production mixed Shakespeare's original dialogue with translations into Tamil, Malayalam, Sinhalese, Hindi, Bengali, Marathi and Sanskrit. Interesting theory. If nothing else, it neatly demonstrated the complete lack of connection (outside magic) between Helena (Shanaya Razaat, my pick for best in cast) and Demetrius, as they never held a conversation in the same tongue.

Other than that, however, I was left with the big question of "Why?" Sifting out the poetry to isolate lines relevant to plot development? Well, unfortunately, I like the poetry. And the comedy; some very good lines were lost in the translation. Verbally conveying the exotic, magical other world in which the mortals suddenly find themselves? Fine, except that it was also used in the opening 'real world', where all is mortal if not exactly tickety-boo.

Other reviewers have loved the wordplay; perhaps if you've seen enough productions to know the script, you can appreciate the freshness, without feeling like you're being left out of the conversation. For mortals, however, the production - though enjoyable - leaves you with the sense that the 'offending shadows' are as much the lines left in the dark, as the sprites themselves.



Emily Cock

# Font of Success

Adelaide Bank Festival of Arts  
Ainadamar (Fountain of Tears)  
Festival Theatre  
29 February, 2 & 4 March

Easily the most anticipated classical music selection offered up by this year's Adelaide Festival, the Festival opera once again proved to be relevant, yet accessible. Osvaldo Golijov's Grammy Award-winning *Ainadamar* was as impressive as the hype surrounding the work in the lead-up to the opening.

The music itself was powerful and rhythmic yet delightfully approachable. An abundance of drumming belied Golijov's roots, sending percussionists scurrying backwards and forwards on a constant basis. The vocal lines were hauntingly beautiful, perfectly suiting the rather ghastly story. The tension created by the swirling flamenco-style music and constant drumming was palpable; the music also seemed to include snippets of Jewish temple music.

Reading the synopsis made one expect that following such a complex plot would be impossible, yet the music and the simplicity of the production made comprehension easy. Sung in Spanish, the dying actress Margarita Xirgu tells the story of her meeting and liaison with the famous revolutionary poet, Federico Garcia Lorca. The three "images", rather than acts, are each flashbacks to situations in which the couple find themselves.

Jessica Rivera made her name singing the part of Margarita Xirgu, and her wonderfully clear soprano negotiated the difficult part with incredible ease, not losing any quality in the upper register. Unusually in a modern opera, the part of Lorca was also sung by a woman, but Kelley O'Connor's rich mezzo-soprano voice delved far down into the bass clef, and offered a wonderfully balancing counterpart to Xirgu. The other roles were adequately filled with local talent. Imported conductor Giancarlo Guerrero did a fantastic job directing the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra.

The production was directed by Graham Murphy, and the sensual physicality of his usual ballet direction shone through. Described as a semi-staged production, the sets were sparse, consisting merely of 4 or 5 movable white concave and convex "office dividers", for want of a better description. These were moved around creating different environments, often aided by lighting effects and digital projection.

Edward Joyner & Edward Ananian-Cooper

# Pining for Paris

Pascal Roge  
International Piano Serie  
Elder Hall  
April 8

Once again, the International Piano Series has brought a world-class artist to Adelaide, and, once again, the artist has delivered an exceptional performance. Pascal Roge has long been regarded as a master of French piano music, and for his first recital in Adelaide in almost twenty years he selected a program that gave him every opportunity to show why he has this reputation.

Right from the beginning, Roge's extraordinary concentration was apparent in Faure's *Nocturne No. 1, Op. 33*, as he leaned over the keyboard with eyes firmly fixed upon it, a position from which he barely moved all evening. The perennial favourite, Satie's *Gymnopédie No. 1*, followed, and though familiarity can sometimes breed contempt, one could only ease back into the seat and enjoy the pure simplicity of the pianist's playing in this 'short and sweet' offering. After *Gnossiennes Nos 3 & 5* by the same composer came the classically-inspired *Sonatine* by Ravel. In contrast to the Satie works, this provided some flourishes, and led nicely into the even more virtuosic *Trois Pieces* by Poulenc. The striking aspect of Roge's performance of this was the clarity of the melodic lines over the myriad of notes that provided the characteristic harmonic colour.

Book 1 of Debussy's *Preludes* formed the second half of the program. From the serenity of *Voiles* to the nimble playing in *Les collines d'Anacapri* to the raucous *Ce qu'a vu le vent d'ouest*, this was a performance to savour. *La fille aux cheveux de lin* was enjoyable in much the same way as the *Gymnopédie* in the first half: a simple piece that is well-known but which was played with such extraordinarily careful phrasing that a new experience was created for the listener. The majesty of *La cathédrale engloutie* was something to behold and Roge brought the playfulness of *La danse de Puck* fully to life. The humorous final prelude, *Minstrels*, was followed by two encores, the first of which, *Clair de lune*, was described by the pianist as his favourite piece. At the conclusion of the performance, the audience could understand why, and the recital-goers might well have left pining for Paris.

Benedict Coxon



# Rousing Sounds



There's nothing quite like hearing the music of Verdi at full tilt. Anyone seeking this extraordinary experience will be served well by Opera Australia's presentation of the Italian master's *Un Ballo in Maschera* ('A Masked Ball'), in which Dennis O'Neill as Gustav and Nicole Youl as Amelia use their substantial vocal power to stamp their authority on John Cox's 1985 production.

O'Neill occasionally seemed short of stamina but when it counted was able to soar over the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra and switched moods between jovial and passionate with ease. Youl powered through her role as the woman who comes between the two main protagonists, the second of whom, Michael Lewis, is an at first gallant and later dark, Anckarstroem. The darkness is present both in Lewis' voice and in his gestures and facial expressions, bringing credibility to the character's transformation from 'goodie' to 'baddie'.

*Un Ballo in Maschera*  
Opera Australia  
Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House  
February 28-March 29



Richard Anderson and Richard Alexander as Counts Ribbing and Horn respectively earn praise with their solid performances and Bernadette Cullen as the fortune-teller is another strong voice added to the mix. The chorus is equally capable of singing up a storm, and conductor Andrea Licata extracts every ounce of drama from the score, handled marvellously by the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra.

Cox's production looks a little of its time, especially John Gunter's sets, but costume designer Michael Stennett's aim of emulating the Swedish court dress of the late eighteenth century is an effective nod towards historical accuracy. In the end, it's the music that is most effective in telling the story and the fine principal singers, along with the rousing sounds of the chorus, are more than qualified to do it justice.

Benedict Coxon



## May Performance Diary

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra - Master Series 3  
Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> @ 8pm & Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> @ 6:30pm  
Adelaide Town Hall

Australian String Quartet - Concert 2  
Thursday 8<sup>th</sup> @ 7.00pm  
Adelaide Town Hall

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra - Master Series 4  
With Elder Conservatorium Chorale & Adelaide Chamber Singers  
Friday 16<sup>th</sup> @ 8.00pm & Saturday 17<sup>th</sup> @ 6:30pm  
Adelaide Town Hall

Australian Ballet  
May 23<sup>rd</sup> - 27<sup>th</sup> (check [www.australianballet.com.au](http://www.australianballet.com.au) for details)  
Adelaide Festival Theatre

Musica Viva (Barker, Coleman-Wright & Lane)  
Saturday 31<sup>st</sup> @ 8.00pm  
Adelaide Town Hall

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**Quick! Call My Lawyer?**

Dumb lawyer quote # 66  
"Litigation is a machine which you go into as a pig and come out a sausage" - Ambrose Bierce.

## **An Australian Republic**

*"A republic may be a logical form of state organization; but it would be a wanton act to destroy an institution which is woven into the history of the country without being very sure that the alternative would make for greater unity and cohesion" - Geoffrey Kirk.*

*"People who feel their lives need a vicarious glamour from the monarchy will still be able to read about Queen Elizabeth in the Women's Weekly" - Donald Horne.*

The *Commonwealth of Australia Constitution Act 1900* (Imp), a British Act of Parliament, creates Australia as a constitutional monarchy. This means that the British monarch, Queen Elizabeth II is the head of state, with the Prime Minister as the head of government.

Lately the republican debate has resurfaced after nine years of hiding. A republic is a state in which sovereignty is derived from the people. With the passing of the *Australia Act 1986* (Imp), British power to legislate for Australia formally came to an end. It also saw the High Court and not the (British) Privy Council become the final and highest court of appeal "in the land". For constitutional and legal purposes the United Kingdom is now considered a foreign power and has no legal power over Australia. This was made clear by the High Court in *Sue v Hill* (1999) 199 CLR 462. Technically speaking then, Australia is a republic - it is a fully independent, sovereign nation. Australians govern themselves through elected officials and can only change the constitution via referendum. However Australia retains the Queen as the head of state (not the Governor-General, who is the Queen's representative) and republicans argue that Australia should remove the monarch as the head of state and replace the position with an Australian President.

Further to this, some argue that republicanism should encompass more than just replacing the monarch, the so-called 'minimalist' view. There exists debate that Australia should adopt a U.S. style President and combine the head of government and head of state in one person. This would involve a drastic overhaul of government in Australia. Some have also argued that Australia cannot be a republic unless and until the constitution is re-enacted as an Australian Act. The constitution needs to be re-enacted as an 'autochthonous' constitution which has force through its own native authority, not because it was enacted by the UK Parliament. However the popular movement seems to be to simply replace the monarch with a President.

This is the issue that went to referendum on 6 November 1999. Two questions were asked:

1. To alter the Constitution to establish the Commonwealth of Australia as a republic with the Queen and the Governor General being replaced by a President appointed by a two-thirds majority of the members of the Commonwealth Parliament; and
2. To alter the Constitution to insert a new preamble.

Both questions failed nationally and in all States and Territories, except the ACT who voted yes for question one. Under this model Australians would nominate a President, the votes would be short-listed by the Prime Minister and Parliament would then elect the President. Many reasons were put forward as to why the referendum failed. Largely though, many were unimpressed with the appointment process of the President. And of course, others wanted the monarch to remain. Of the appointment models devised, the one put to the people for referendum was arguably the most unpopular, as it removed the people from having a direct say in who became the President.

With a republic back on the agenda, the issue of appointment will need to be considered, as this is arguably the most controversial point. Determining the most popular way to appoint is difficult. The Prime Minister, the Parliament and the people all have the capacity to appoint the President. If the Prime Minister appoints the President it is essentially the same now with the Governor-General. Appointment by Parliament is said to be democratic because elected officials appoint the head of state, but will ultimately result in a political appointment by the government of the day - a puppet President. Others want the people themselves to appoint the head of state. This is said to be entirely democratic and allows the people a voice in the process, but can see 'interest groups' with resources and power mounting wide political campaigns for their candidate of choice. Each has their advantages, each has their flaws.

Many people support (and continue to support) the status quo and do not want a republic. Many arguments are put forward by monarchists for retaining the monarch as the head of state, including "if it ain't broke, don't fix it"; that the status quo works fine; that immigrants from shattered republics came to Australia, a constitutional monarchy, for its stability; that if you abolish the rules of the Crown which bind the Governor-General, you may have an 'activist' or 'political' President; that Australia's political stability under the current system was the envy of many other countries; and that the Governor-General was "effectively" Australia's head of state.

Republican arguments include building nationhood; recognising Australia was developed from various cultures; that the Crown is a symbol of oppression for Aboriginal Australians; the current system is outdated; a hereditary office is un-Australian; and that the head of state should be someone who epitomises what Australia has become - a strong, robust and proud country.

Peter Bosco

# dib-licious

by hannah frank



**hannah's top 5 interactive foods**  
...because we all like to play with our food.

## 1. steamboat



Steamboat is a dish originating in China that involves cooking ingredients at the table in a communal pot of boiling broth. It has the magical ability to not only keep one entertained for hours but also provide a delicious and healthy meal. See my review of Bazu restaurant below for more details.

## 2. vietnamese cold rolls



Get some round rice paper wrappers from your local Asian grocer. Finely slice up some cooked meat and veggies, pick some fresh mint and coriander, peel some prawns and then wrap a bit of everything up together with some chopped peanuts and rice vermicelli. Use hoisin as a dipping sauce. They're fresh and nutritious, although it takes some practice to roll them up without mini disasters occurring. You're also going to want to learn how to dip the rice paper in hot water for just the right amount of time so they neither crack nor disintegrate when you roll them up.

## 3. crustaceans



There's nothing quite as satisfying as peeling a fat fresh prawn, or cracking a juicy crab claw open. When I lived in Barcelona I would regularly visit the famous La Boqueria food market to choose live seafood off counters lined a foot deep with crushed ice. Massive crabs and lobsters still waving their arms never made it home with me to my student budget but the prawns got their revenge in what I can only describe as 'the accident' one night at a restaurant at the Port. In Adelaide, head to the Central Market to find yourself some nice ones and don't forget to buy a lemon.

## 4. Fondue



Be it chocolate or cheese, it's the same principle. You're going to melt it down, add some booze and then dip things into it, all at the table. For the cheese fondue, get a couple of different kinds of cheese (the traditional ones are raclette and gruyere), some white wine, a splash of cherry brandy (Kirsch) and some garlic. Rub the garlic around the inside of the fondue pot, then melt down the grated cheese and the alcohol. You can add spices such as nutmeg too, then serve it up with a couple of crusty French sticks. Chocolate fondue is simpler - just add liqueur, cream or both to your fondue pot along with the grated chocolate and make sure there's plenty of fruit, nuts or biscuits to dip. Skewers are a necessary evil for both.

## 5. toasted marshmallows



Hot coals, stick, marshmallows. No further explanation needed. Not strictly only for campfires, either. One night at the Grace Emily Hotel I had gotten through quite a few Frangelicos when I suddenly ran round the corner to the servo, returning with a large bag of Pascalls and a couple of sticks cracked off a nearby tree. I spent the rest of the night happily taking orders from patrons for marshmallows toasted to their desired crispiness. I believe the fun ended when we ran out of marshmallows and I tried to toast a beer instead. Try it in your fireplace, over the barbeque, or on the beach. Not during fire ban season though.

## Food reviews

### monbezuma's 🍷melbourne st, north adelaide🍷

Meh. Okay if you like the same ten or so ingredients recombined fifty different ways. Standard stuff including tacos, nachos and chill con carne but also some wacky entries like the dubious sounding garlic prawn nachos. There are better places to eat round there.

### curry chongs 🍷food court, central market, adelaide🍷

Still doing the best damn chicken curry in this town, and at a ridiculously cheap price. You can eat in the food court and sympathize with fellow Chong customers as your stomach slowly fills to bursting point as a result of being given a platter sized portion of delicious rice, curry and veggies from only \$6.50. The Laksa House two stalls down also rates a mention here, as does the Vietnamese stall near the entrance with their made to order cold rolls, and the ever popular Ricky's Chicken Rice. Not sure what's in that green sauce they serve but damn, it's good.

### goodlife organic pizza 🍷170 hubb st, adelaide🍷

If you haven't been here yet, do it. I went to a birthday dinner here the other day and our 'private function room' was the garden shed, whitewashed and complete with tealights and music from speakers on the walls. Now that's atmosphere. Not only do they serve my favourite wine, the hard-to-find Rockford Alicante Bouchet, but the swiss brown mushroom pizza with garlic aioli (\$14.50/21.90) is bloody amazing. Everything is organic and local and there is just no comparison. How people should eat.

### wild thyme organic market & cafe 🍷melbourne st, north adelaide🍷

The way the world is heading. These guys have the right idea with their café shop front and organic supermarket out the back, where you can buy all the ingredients of the quinoa salad or organic chicken ceasar wrap you just ate. That said, it's surprising to see so many brands and products there that I already buy, so clearly everyone's jumping on this bandwagon into the organic, free range, free trade products. You can takeaway or eat in, and they also do awesome coffee. Like a younger, more environmentally and socially conscious version of The Store. Lots of young trendies spotted here recently.

### bazu 🍷33 gouger st, adelaide🍷

Fuck yes, hot pot! Get excited because this Schezuan restaurant serves one of the world's greatest interactive meals. The hot pot involves cooking your own food, morsel by morsel, right at your table in a steaming vat of aromatic broth. Take the checklist and choose between paper thin slices of lamb or beef, pork dumplings, fresh tofu, Chinese spinach, bean vermicelli and seafood. Get some sesame garlic sauce for the side and you're ready for action. Chuck in anything or everything and wait for the magic to happen. Then, as each spinach leaf is steamed, dumpling stewed and tofu slice tender, it's your job to locate the ladle (which has often slipped unnoticed to the bottom of the broth, thereby requiring excellent chopstick skills to retrieve it) and remove the morsels as they become ready and whack em in your chops. You'll find Bazu upstairs between the Buddha Bar and Cibo. I'll probably be there too.

# come all ye Faithful

**the unibar has been reborn this year amid controversy, uncertainty and death threats. but who's actually running the joint now, and more importantly, where the f% are the wedges? hannah frank reports.**

Last year before the Adelaide University Union handed its commercial operations over to the University, the President at the time, David Wilkins, began receiving threatening anonymous phone calls, warning him that there would be trouble if the Board of Directors were to give up the UniBar.

Fast forward a few months and the doors still open every day at 12pm sharp; beer is still \$4.50 a pint and there are familiar faces pouring them. Meanwhile, the Adelaide University Union is getting on with its core mission of promoting student life on campus without the threat of bankruptcy.

The new owner of the UniBar is actually the University itself, and they're also running the Mayo and other campus cafes through the catering department of the National Wine Centre. Steering the ship is new bar manager Alan, and the bar supervisor Ash, whose controlled chaos approach so far seems to be winning over suspicious student groups and regulars who have cautiously begun returning to see what the deal is with the relaunched venue - but not everyone is happy with the changes. There are hate groups on Facebook denouncing the new bar, and everything, from the salad to the setup to the brands of beer, has come under fire. So what are the new managers going to do with our bar?

"We're here to make sure students are happy," says Alan. "We want them to feel that this is their bar." The UniBar has already sponsored ten clubs and societies on campus this year, giving them drink specials and discounts in order to encourage them to come in after meetings and for special events. The biggest so far has been the AUES pub crawl, which packed out the venue with yellow-clad engineers clamoring to claim their free tequila shot, paid for by the bar. But there are bigger plans, too. "We want to bring things to the Unibar no one has ever seen before," says Ash. "We're going to have rodeo nights where you can ride a bull."

It's but one of many plans to make the Unibar bigger and better and more inclusive than ever - others include the Clubs Association Cup, a year-long tournament of ten competitions culminating in a karaoke grand final, as well as a newly installed cocktail bar, novelty drinks, a wider selection of wine and imported beers, and ongoing pool competitions. But while this all sounds great in planning, do these two have the skills to pull it off? Only time will tell. Alan has just returned from the UK where he spent five years running student bars around Oxford. Ash began his hospitality career as a kitchen hand in the Whitsundays and worked his way up through positions at the Seacliff Beach Hotel and the Hilton International in Adelaide as well as cocktail bars at the ski resorts of Thredbo and Mt Buller. His new position of bar supervisor at the Unibar is just the next step; "I wanted to get into the management side of things." For Alan, coming back to Adelaide Uni is a bit of a homecoming; "I did my honours in philosophy here. It was about the morality of war and we were going to Afghanistan at the time so it was very topical."

Hospitality background aside, there is a certain comic disparity between the two. Alan likes pubs; Ash likes clubs. Alan would rather listen to a live band while Ash would cut up the dance floor with a DJ. Alan smokes; Ash doesn't. For all their differences though, it seems to work in the anarchic environment. Alan prefers early mornings and works during the day, while Ash prefers late nights and takes the late shift every night. Ash is keen to get more live DJs into the UniBar, while Alan wants to make sure local talent has a place to do their fledging gigs. There is one thing they have in common though; having worked in hospitality for years, it is safe to assume that these boys like a drink. Alan says his usual drinks of choice are Coopers Pale, a good glass of wine or a 'Russian Monk', which is made of vodka, Frangelico, milk and cream with a dash of cinnamon or nutmeg on top. "Believe it or not," confesses Ash when I ask him about his favourites, "for me, it's scotch, scotch and more scotch." Realising that this perhaps doesn't quite add up with his cocktail obsession, he offers, "For me, the enjoyment in making cocktails is seeing the person smile when they take a sip. Believe it or not, there are actually more ingredients you can use to make a cocktail than a chef could use to cook." I don't believe him, but at the same time, I've tasted his drinks and they are pretty damn good. We're just waiting on some more equipment, he says, before a fully equipped cocktail section is operation in the UniBar.

Throughout the interview, there have been constant interruptions: suppliers calling about the next promotion, student groups want to know what their drinks specials are, and bar staff needing to go on breaks. At about the seventh knock of the door I see the usually calm Ash snap; the place he ordered lunch from got his order wrong. He throws the bag down on the desk, with an exasperated look. "Can't they get anything right?" Getting it right is what it's all about, and the new managers are acutely aware of the need to widen the appeal of the UniBar from recent years. "We're trying to bring the reputation back to the UniBar as a live venue and to make it a place where people can go for a good night out, not just a place to go for a drink after a lecture," Alan explains.

So now comes the test of the UniBar fanatic: what do Alan and Ash think of The Guru? "You mean the dude out there?" asks Ash, and I nod. "Yeah, it's like a culture sort of thing." Well, yes. The Guru, for those who haven't heard the legend, is a portrait of a man sitting partly submerged in a deck chair, encased in a wife beater, with a few stubbie cans floating about. Its removal a few years ago prompted an engineer called Bill Fuller to run a "Save the Guru" pub crawl and the painting was reinstated to its place on the back wall. "I like the Guru," says Alan. "In fact, after six weeks I couldn't imagine not having him here. When I come in the morning at 9am I grab a coffee, light up a cigarette - outside - and on my way I walk past The Guru. I look up at him, he looks down at me and together we get ready for a big day."

Touching as this newly formed friendship is, I am keen to point out that the most pressing issue is still unresolved. Repeating my demand for answers, Alan leans back in his chair and pauses for a moment. "The wedges," he says "are in planning. When we got here the kitchen wasn't what we considered standard for this sort of food, so for now we're just waiting to see how things go. Baby steps."

Wrapping up the interview, I ask them if there is anything else they want to add. "I suppose we just want people to know that we're young - well, Ash is young - and that we want it to be a fun place to be. We're willing to take ideas and turn this into a place where everybody on campus can go."

The UniBar is open from 12pm weekdays, and is located on Level 5, Union House on the North Terrace Campus of the University of Adelaide.

Disclosure: The author was a Board Director of the AUU in 2007. Minutes of meetings held are available from AUU Reception.

# LITERATURE

EDITORS :

ALICIA MORAW &  
CONNOR O'BRIEN

In Adelaide for Writers' Week, with a new book out *On Births, Deaths and Marriages*, Georgia Blain sat down with me in between giving talks to chat about her new book and talk about Adelaide and the movie coming out based on one of her novels.

**In your new book, you write about your family, was it difficult to remember things?**

In terms of remembering, no, it's not that difficult and obviously memories are pretty blunt instruments and we all remember things very differently. That wasn't really the challenge in the book, to recall stuff. I think the challenge of writing a book like that is dealing with what you reveal and what you don't reveal, knowing that in telling your own story you're telling other people's stories as well and how you tread around that.

**Do you get your family to read the manuscript before it gets published?**

My mother looked at it and my partner looked at it, they're the kind of two people most closely involved. So they certainly looked at it before it was published. I needed to know that they felt happy with it coming out.

**Did they have any problems with any parts of the book?**

There weren't any major problems but there was kind of a discussion of various parts. I mean, they both work in telling stories in different ways so they both knew what the process was and believed very much in letting me do what I needed to do which certainly made it easier.

INTERVIEW WITH AN AUTHOR :  
GEORGIA BLAIN

**Was this latest book a conscious decision to write your memoirs or did it just sort of eventuate?**

It wasn't so much that I wanted to write my autobiography, it was more that I wanted to write a whole series of separate stories on how I saw the world. I suppose what I was doing was looking from the perspective of being bang in the middle of my life and finding myself as both a parent and a child and a sibling, having all those different relationships and feeling that I wanted to look at what those relationships were actually like in reality. Not the stories that we hear about relationships, but what they're like.

**Now one of your books, *Closed For Winter* has been adapted for the screen and was being filmed in Adelaide recently, how do you feel about that?**

I haven't seen a thing as yet, so I don't know what it's like. I'm looking forward to seeing it. I think it's fabulous because it gives the book a new life and I think it's interesting to see how somebody visualises your work.

**Have you been visiting any old haunts while being back in Adelaide?**

I've caught up with friends which is always nice and it's always that kind of strange thing where I know the town well and I've been giving writers tips on where to go. It's been nice.

Alicia Moraw

## BOOK REVIEW

*On the Smell of an Oily Rag* by Ouyang Yu  
Wakefield Press

Ever thought you were so completely awesome and right you needed to write a book containing drifting prose about loosely connected ideas punctuated by comments about how right you are about everything? Well, you really should read this book because it will give you some great tips on how to write your own self-indulgent dribble.

From reading the title I thought that this book would be a novel expressing the author's life and times as an immigrant in Australia. After reading the first few paragraphs I redrew my expectation of the book to be an essay of Chinese language and culture differences, a book which someone with an interest in linguistics could adore. Sadly its comments are simply not as avant-garde as the author assumes. Those of you who don't know that languages do not translate directly will be shocked but I wasn't inspired by the author's revelations. The book begins explaining how the Chinese use double expressions in their language. After explaining the subtlety of the translation of a few phrases from Chinese to English I was expecting a definitive point to be made. This was not the case; instead the text wanders from conclusions with no direction or point. The author then goes

onto explaining how the English language is nowhere near as expressive as Chinese and how much better Chinese poetry is than English poetry. After several wry snipes at how dull English is compared to Chinese the chapter ends and the next equally irrelevant idea is addressed.

The book does evolve from here, but not very far. The book is cut up into chapters which are loosely based on a topic about the language differences, for example chapter 11 is about the concept of face. These chapters do not have clear messages or arguments in which the author is trying to present an idea to, or educate, the reader. The chapters are simply rambling prose, which the author takes where ever his fancy takes him. This directionless dribble is broken up by constant sniping at the English language and at English writers in general. The author simply cannot help himself from breaking his own witless ramble to give some anecdote about how his friends from some university think he is completely awesome. While there are some very decent perspectives about the nature of cultural exchange between China and Australia to find them you need to wade through too much crap for it to be worth it.

If you are a Chinese speaking student who is a little pissed off that you chose English to study then this book will probably suit you. I think everyone else will find it completely irrelevant, tactless and stupid. Why would you write a book like this? I have no idea. All I know is that this book was a complete waste of my time. Please don't bother with it.

Hayden

## TWO THINGS:

1. For no good reason, Alicia and I decided to make this issue of the lit section travel-themed, even though you can't actually go travelling for at least another month and a half because you have to finish your exams first! Haha! We are total bastards!
2. I have been asked to help pimp out the Barr Smith Library's Facebook group. To join, just go to [www.adelaide.edu.au/library](http://www.adelaide.edu.au/library), click on the Facebook link and join the party. If you join the group then you automatically get updates about Barr Smith-related things. Also, if you join then all of the photos people have posted of you will automatically become a little more attractive! It's true!

xoxo Connor

## LEAD ME, GUIDE ME

## Finding a travel guidebook that will treat you right

If you are heading overseas, pretty much the most important decision to make is which guidebook to bring along with you. Because, let's face it, if you accidentally forget to pack your skinny-legs or your toothbrush, you can easily buy replacements at your destination no problem, but if you pick the wrong guidebook, your whole holiday is basically fucked from the outset. A guidebook should be your most trusted travel companion, so if you pick a bad one, it will be like spending thirty days straight with that ex-girlfriend you broke up with four years ago who still hates you. (By that I just mean that you will have a really shit time).

## Part 1: Tips to finding a good guidebook

Here are some things to think about when evaluating guidebooks. These three things are important:

## 1. Euphemisms

There are a lot of things that can make a guidebook bad. The main thing to look out for is guidebooks where the authors use a shit-load of euphemisms. Most guidebooks use euphemisms purely because they don't want to get sued for libel. So instead of saying, "This area is a hideous housing estate suburb with flaring ethno-religious tensions and race riots", they will instead say something like, "This area is lively and spirited", and expect you to be able to 'read between the lines.' How fucking frustrating. One guidebook I used while backpacking through Europe said that Venice was "like a chocolate cake with jam filling". I still don't know what that was supposed to allude to, but I became convinced that jam filling referred to human blood, and ended up feeling uneasy the whole time I was there.

## 2. Pretentious bullshit

The other thing to look out for and avoid is guidebooks that are in any way pretentious. You can tell a guidebook is pretentious if it says on the front cover something like, "Designed for travellers, not tourists" or "Discover the real [wherever]". These claims about 'authenticity' are all bullshit, and will set you up for disappointment. You will read in your guidebook about some really cool 'underground' club, and you will think that it is the place that all the cool local people go to, but as soon as you get there, you will find out that every single other person in the club is a tourist just like you, and they all found out about the club from the exact same guidebook that you did. Lame. Best just to go for a guidebook that says, "We show you the same old tourist shit that all the other guidebooks do." At least then you won't have high expectations, so you won't be able to be disappointed.

## 3. Personality

Different brands of guidebooks are pitched at different sectors of the traveller market. The main article on the Fodor's internet site when I last checked was about the top 15 savoury steak-houses around the globe. The main article on LonelyPlanet.com was about Sydney transvestite strippers. Not a lot of overlap there.



## Part 2: A-Town Showdown

It seems to me that the only way to weigh up the relative merits of the different brands of guidebook is to test-drive theme in a well-known environment. So I bought four different brands of guidebooks about Australia and flicked to page 720, which is for some reason the place where Adelaide is located in nearly every guide. Weird.

## Lonely Planet

Lonely Planet is the guidebook that uses the most annoying euphemistic language, which can be funny when you get the real meaning, but less than funny when you miss their innuendo. So when they say that the Exeter has a "touch of grunge", I know that what they really mean (they mean that it is an endearing shithole). But when they say that HQ is like "nectar for clubbers" with "dazzling sound and light", I'm confused. Did I miss the joke? Are they actually encouraging travellers to go to HQ? WTF?

## Frommer's

This guidebook confused me. According to Frommer's, the best pub in Adelaide is the British Hotel because you can "cook your own steak". Who goes to a pub to cook their own steak? What's so fun about cooking your own steak? Isn't the point of going on

holiday not to have to cook your dinner? Also, the Frommer's said something about how lap dancing is one of the premier nightlife attractions in Adelaide. If you are the person who thinks the ideal night involves the cooking of steak followed by a full body massage, this guide is for you, I guess.

## Rough Guides

This guidebook was pretty good, because it had a whole section about Unley, which is near where I live. It also had sections on Norwood and Port Adelaide. Making Adelaide's suburbs seem like world-class tourist attractions deserves some serious props. This was also the only guide that included Supermild, and not only that, they called it "one of the best clubs in town". Ace. And they included Sarah's at Port Adelaide in their picks for the best vegetarian restaurants. Also, I learnt something new about Adelaide from this guide apparently, there is one restaurant in Adelaide per thirty people. I'm going to pull that little factoid out at my next dinner party and impress everybody with my knowledge! Thanks, Rough Guides!

## Dorling-Kindersley Eyewitness Guides

This guidebook is much better suited to places which have a lot of tourist attractions, because the main selling point is that it has full-colour pictures. So if you are going to Egypt to see the Valley of the Kings, this guide is helpful. But for Adelaide, there is basically no point. There is a full-page colour diagram of Ayers House, but what sort of person wants to know that much about an old house?

## The Verdict

I guess you are now expecting me to tell you which guide to buy. No way! If I tell you which guide to buy, and then you go out and buy that guide, and your holiday is shit, then you are going to blame me for your shitty time. Make up your own bloody mind. (PS Don't buy the Frommer's though, it's complete and utter toss).

Connor



BOOK  
REVIEW

*The Kindness of Strangers* by a lot of different people; it's an anthology  
Lonely Planet

*The Kindness of Strangers* is a collection of short travel essays written by a plethora of different travellers. The book is very unique in what it attempts to accomplish. The publishers, Lonely Planet, put out a call for travellers to share an experience where they have been in need of, and received, the kindness of a stranger. Some of the writers in the book are career travel writers, and others are travellers who have never published anything in their life.

The book is a strange and eclectic mix of different experiences in a variety of different styles and prose. In this way the book lacks the cohesion of a firmly polished novel but it draws an innocence from the knowledge that these are real stories by people not so different from yourself.

My first impression of this book was that it would be an equivalent of chicken soup for the soul for travellers [*Lit Ed: wha...?*]. I thought, a book which gives you a warm fuzzy feeling but really contains no substance [*Ed: oh, fair enough*]. It has all the hallmarks, even a preface by the Dalai Lama I mean, what is going to make you feel warm and fuzzy if not a few words from the Dalai Lama?

The individual stories themselves are fairly short and have no real connection to each other, which I found broke up the atmosphere of the book. Despite this, I found myself drawn into each of these people's experiences. Most of the stories are of the sort of mundane problems that people have all the time, except that when you're in a foreign place they can become extremely distressing. In one of the essays

the author locked his keys in his car - not such a big deal when you've got the RAA, or you're like me and can't afford a car that you can't break into. But when that happens in the middle of a monsoon far away from any civilisation on a back road in Hawaii it's a completely different story.

Every story is completely different, so while one story may give you a feeling of nostalgia others educate you and others inspire your imagination.

The stories themselves are well written, though it felt as though many of them could really be extended and turned into their own book, which is why I think that the 250 pages this book offers is a bit light. The book is certainly not an epic attempt at making each and every reader see the world in a different way, it is fairly light and there are no heart wrenching tales that will make you want to cry. If you are completely depressed from watching too much *SBS World News* and are afraid to leave your house, then this book is great.

Hayden

**Step on a crack, break your mother's back...  
Smoke some crack, break your mother's  
heart...political.**

A letter by Jordan in the middle of the Lit section

Dear Eds,

I start this letter at the university and tell you that there is a REALLY hot nun sitting to my left. Know what? No guilt. This may make me a scumbag in many religious circles, don't care, she is hot and I would. Indeed I am thinking of sporting a beard and sandals and trying to convince her that I am Christ. I may suggest we go behind the history department (I know where that is now) and I will show her the second coming. Zing.

So here is the story.

I was sitting in a net cafe a fortnight ago, innocently typing away. To my surprise this guy with long scraggly hair runs in and starts screaming. He has his right hand inside his jumper as though he is concealing something; something like a gun.

Now every self-respecting man entertains dreams of being Bond-like in situations of adversity. Diving across the room, wrestling with the villain, saving the day and shagging whichever insanely attractive woman happens to be around. I learnt three and a half years ago in Brazil that when anything really dramatic happens, you instinctively shit yourself and run. As a naive 19-year-old I always thought that I would fight off my would be attacker valiantly, ultimately shagging which ever insanely attractive woman happened to be around. In reality, I once heard a gun shot in a street and ran like Matt Shirvington, (my oversized genitals swaying in the wind also).

Having already established my cowardice, I got on the ground as the good gentleman instructed me to. He continued to scream and soon everyone was on the floor

except a Canadian girl who didn't understand Spanish. After some more yelling she got on the ground with the rest of us.

After overcoming pure fear and losing hope that the Canadian would be our human sacrifice, I evaluated the scenario. I realised that the guy was not armed and found it strange that he wasn't paying attention to the guy behind the counter, who could have quite possibly had a gun. (Just got a better view of the nun, eyebrows need a wax. Still on green though).

What I found utterly bizarre was when the screaming unarmed assailant began to count as he jumped up and down screaming. "Cinco, cinco yo hay cinco", ("five, five I have five") Then he stopped jumping and ran off into the street.

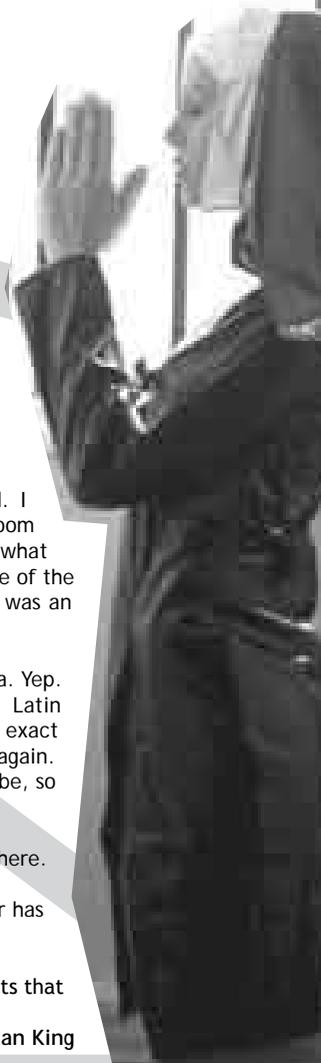
Those of us on the floor were perplexed as to what happened. The room was now silent and confused. I went back to my email. Four people entered the room and began apologising and attempting to explain what happened. There was crying and screaming, and none of the women in there took it too well either. I thought it was an advertising ploy and turned around in disgust.

Turns out it was the Chilean version of candid camera. Yep. Better still it is broadcast over Spanish speaking Latin America. So, half a billion people are going to see the exact moment that I thought my Mum would never see me again. It goes out in April and apparently it will be on YouTube, so I will put the URL in the next "letter".

Apparently jokes with guns are considered gold here. Next week they are going to tell a father that his daughter has been raped...comic genius.

The nun walks away and I finish off with dirty thoughts that don't require habit...zing.

Jordan King





# CRIME PAYS IN LITERATURE



Whoever said crime doesn't pay obviously hasn't ever spoken to a writer of literature. Writers such as John Banville (who write crime novels under the pseudonym Benjamin Black) have taken to writing in the crime genre to pay the bills, as although they may win literary prizes, they may not always sell the most books. Crime readers are a easy going bunch, they will read anything recommended at least once. The popularity of the genre shows this as fans of one particular crime author is always welcome and willing to try someone that is new and emerging as crime fiction readers are a voracious bunch impatiently waiting for the next book, so they are willing to try new things to kill (pardon the pun) a little time.

So from one crime reader to another, and lets face it, everyone has read a little crime, whether it's the original father of crime Edgar Allen Poe (I know you wouldn't normally associate Poe as a mystery writer, but it's true) to classics such as Sherlock Holmes mysteries or even literature classics such as *To Kill a Mockingbird*, let me introduce Denise Mina. Denise is a rising star in the crime genre, with her Garnet Hill trilogy and her latest heroine, Paddy Meehan. You may not have heard of her before, but if you were around Writers' Week this year, you should have. Since Writers' Week I know I have increasingly become aware of more and more people reading and recommending her novels. I see people reading them on the bus, waiting for the bus and killing time on benches in the city. There has been an increase in sales of her books, not to mention they have become extremely popular at my local library — I've actually had to put myself on the waiting list...I'm tenth in line!

Actually I think the reason for this is because Denise is such a lovely person who speaks with such enthusiasm about her books and the crime genre in general. Not to mention, is willing to talk and swap book recommendations during an interview with me. Her novels also are a drawing point. Her characters are realistic (flaws and all) and intriguing. Her plots are thoughtful and interesting. They are the kind of crime novels for the highbrow reader and the reader who wants something that is so good that they can't put it down.

ALICIA MORAW

Talking to Denise in the Hilton Hotel lobby area was a delight. She candidly admitted that she probably wouldn't have the patience to continue to submit manuscript after manuscript to publishers/agents upon rejection. In fact she says that it was just luck that on her first try she landed herself an agent. She freely tells me that she would never have carried on if she had been rejected. Luck for us her talent was recognised otherwise we may have missed out on a great writer.

A Lawrence Block fan, Denise also admires Richard Stark. She admires the fact their writing style is so pared down. She really admires writers who can take themselves out and just tell the story. This is impossible for Denise, who readily says that she's too opinionated to do this herself. Originally an academic feminist, she wanted to change people's lives, so to do so she decided to first apply to the UK equivalent of *That's Life*, to make a difference through writing for a popular female magazine, however they didn't want her. So she changed directions and thought that she would use a different type of medium to help change people's lives. At the time she wasn't happy with crime fiction that she was reading at the time. "A lot of the print fiction I was reading was very right wing and although there were female protagonists, they were all tall, thin, athletic... basically men — with tits... They didn't have a mum they had to explain everything to, they didn't have children depending on them — or if they did it was always a niece or someone they could give back. It was the concept of a female, not a real woman."

Denise's books are never the mainstream crime novels; rather, she takes a different spin on things and approaches topics which are often not covered due to the fact that they are too controversial or sensitive. For example, her first novel is about a mentally ill character who then uses rational deduction to solve the mystery. This was to challenge common assumption that if you were mentally ill, you could never be rational.

With crime being more than just about murder these days, I asked Denise how she copes with the more gritty side to crime writing. She tells me that that her partner is a forensic psychologist, so if she needs help or wants to find out more, she goes to him and picks his brain. It was at this point of the interview I learnt something interesting from Denise which she learnt while researching one of her stories. "While most people would be aware of the surroundings around us, you know, you're over here and the man over there is moving — your attention will be drawn, but psychopaths see somebody and they have a pin point vision. They only see one thing and that's what lions do."

Not only does Denise write crime novels, she is also a writer for the comic *Hellblazer*. After doing thirteen episodes, she was then asked if she wanted to do her own graphic novel, so that's coming out soon. She was telling me that she puts all her friends into the comic, as when they draw the pictures of the characters, the writer has to send pictures for the artist to base their drawings on, so she sends pictures of her friends. She also uses her friends' names. In her first book she uses a friend's name as a baddie, and Denise doesn't think that her friend has ever really forgiven her for that. But she was quite shocked to learn that people seem to think that the bad characters are the ones who are based upon them when in reality the good characters are based on them. But Denise thinks that the reason is "...people are quite leery of being represented, and unless you're a nut case, you're never going to think 'if I was in a book I'd be fabulous.' They're always going to think, 'oh God, she's going to put my faults in.'"

At the end of the interview, Denise was planning on heading to the beach with her cousin who was down from Canberra. We parted after she promised to check out my crime recommendation, *An Interpretation of Murder* by Jed Ruebenfeld. One thing that stuck me by Denise was her genuine willingness to talk about crime readers being one of her main motivations. She really means it that the readers are the important thing to her, not just the sales of books.

Alicia Moraw

# SUB ROSA: Secret Societies and Other Obsessions

There is something exciting about secrecy. It is such a typical human quality to quest for the Great Unknown, regardless of what we may eventually find at the end of that dark, mysterious tunnel. There has become a sort of fanaticism in unveiling so-called 'historical secrets'. I admit that I am one of the few people left that has not yet read Dan Brown's *Da Vinci Code*. And to tell the truth, I was so confused just trying to figure out which version and which author was the 'authentic' one I decided that the many shrouds of secrecy withheld by the book would surely slip straight over my head.

Besides, if Da Vinci was part of a secret order, would I see his work differently? And, if so, is that a good thing anyhow? Sometimes I wonder whether the secret is better than the truth, regardless of how many fanatics may be born trying to find it. Perhaps there is truth in wanting stigma over dogma, and perhaps the secret can be more effective than the truth anyhow.

Take, for example, one of the most widely known of the secret societies (oxymoron, no?!), of whom members still walk amongst us - the Freemasons. What an interesting society it is to display Christian symbolism, Egyptian hieroglyphs and Pythagorean principles in equal stead, and to revel in the secrecy which, ironically, is the key to its popularity.

For some, the closest exploration of the Freemasons is in the film *National Treasure* (2004), wherein Benjamin Franklin is the inventor of special code-reading glasses and, as *National Treasure 2: Book of Secrets* (2007) describes, matching secret codes are guarded by the Queen and the President of the United States (the treasure, by the way, is hidden in Mount Rushmore. There, I just saved you two long boobless hours).

However, for those wanting more of an honest look inside the halls of the fraternal organisation, I can recommend the online exhibition, *Oft Unseen: art from the Lodge and other secret societies*, by the Halsey Gallery Online, Halsey Institute of Contemporary Art. The flash-based site takes a look inside a Grand Lodge, describes over 50 commonly used symbols, initiation ceremonies, rituals and regalia. Of particularly bizarre interest are late 19<sup>th</sup> century catalogue advertisements for 'initiation goats' and 'assorted hoodwinks'. The initiation goat, by the way, is advertised as a "Ferris Wheel"-like contraption wherein

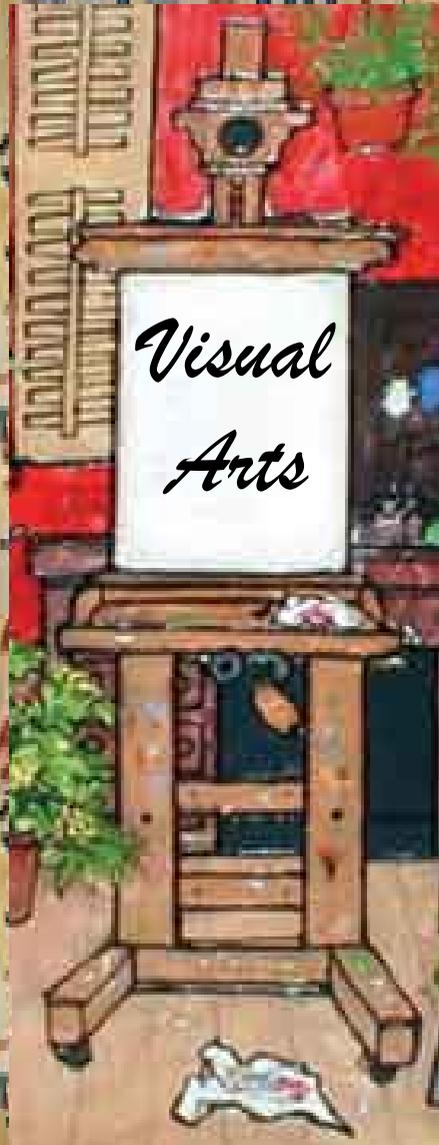
the new initiate is blindfolded and strapped to a wooden goat. The wheel is then coasted along until the initiate rolls right over onto his head. A blank cartridge is fired to "add to the conservation" and "a ba-a attachment also makes this goat more goaty". A fountain attachment can be purchased at extra cost, which produces a spray of water from the back of the goat where the candidate sits.

*DeMoulin's Patent Hoodwink*, on the other hand, is advertised as "superior to all others", displaying three interchangeable visibility disks, with "no springs, eyelets or buckles [...] no other has such light, positive action". The hoodwink (or blindfold) is, according to the gallery, a powerful symbol of secrecy. It would be opened at brief times during the initiation ritual, thus "heightening the drama of the experience" for the candidate.

Such mysterious phenomena, however, are not limited to online viewing. Indeed, the Port Adelaide Masonic Centre is ripe with symbolism and mythology. Drawing heavily upon Egyptian stylistic and symbolic attributes, the building itself is architecturally designed to imitate the hieroglyph for 'temple'. This architectural symbolism is repeated regularly across the buildings façade, with hieroglyphs for 'heaven', symbols of the Tree of Life and the Sacred Waters of Nun bracing frescos and flush wall details. The entrance is flanked with a carved depiction of the Winged Disk, combining the sun, a double-headed cobra and eagle or vulture wings. The engraving contains several other symbols, all of which combine to create an over-arching narrative. The symbols that flank the buildings exterior are fascinating in that they reflect not only mythological narratives but also describe mathematical and astrological phenomena. For full descriptions of these symbols, visit Audrey Fletcher's *Freemasonry: The Legacy of the Ancient Egyptians*, as cited below.

Although attitudes towards Freemasonry were initially marked by disapproval within the developing Australian community, the organisation has grown to be accepted and officially supported within Australian society. However, there seems to be a growing indifference toward the Order, with membership declining since the advent of television and changing attitudes toward gender equality and community involvement. According to *Freemasonry Australia*, over 50% of the present membership is now aged 70 years or older.

At the time of researching this article, cooped up on the couch with ever-widening eyes at the splendour of such symbolism and intrigue, I obtained quite interesting information regarding the Grand Lodge of South Australia (located ever so close to the Adelaide University campus!) Indeed, I was more than excited to be able to promote the guided tours of the building to *On Dit* readers, and to explore for myself the many mysteries of the museum collection. Over night, however, the site has strangely



disappeared, ever to be lost amongst the tubes of the internet. And so I realise, as I methodically finish off this article with an open-ended question, that the Freemasons truly are secretive, and the facts that we so fanatically search for can never be truly grasped. I am not disappointed, however, for the secret is well worth the search.

*Oft Unseen: art from the Lodge and other secret societies* can be viewed online at:  
[http://www.cofc.edu/halseygallery/exhibitions/spring\\_04/02\\_offt/offt\\_flash\\_page.htm](http://www.cofc.edu/halseygallery/exhibitions/spring_04/02_offt/offt_flash_page.htm)

Information on the Port Adelaide Masonic Centre can be viewed online at:  
<http://ancientegypt.hypermart.net/freemasonry/index.htm>

Information on Freemasonry in Australia can be viewed online at:  
<http://www.freemasons-freemasonry.com/freemasonry-australia.html>

Lauren Sutter

# A very Frank interview

## with Clara Sankey

As I arrived at the little unit at Novar Gardens, I genuinely had no idea what to expect. My mum had described Frank as very sweet and a hard worker. Inside the unit no wall was left bare. One was covered in Women's Weekly posters from the early nineties, others with Van Gogh reproductions, and spliced in between were the works of Frank, well known at UniSA and TAFE for being a part time art model and full time artist. My mum has been one of the few lucky people to receive regular envelopes bursting with new drawings from Frank.

So what inspires Frank? Often he will have found something that interests him in books and on T.V. When I meet Frank on a gloomy Anzac Day he has already created a handful of lovely pieces since dawn, mainly focusing on Egypt. He proudly shows me the yellowing books he has been reading about Tutankhamun etc.

When I looked up fanatic in the dictionary I found that it is often described as a person's enthusiasm towards politics or religion. But it is also described as someone who is marked by excessive enthusiasm to a cause or idea. This brought Frank to mind immediately, if not just for his extensive portfolio of work. Growing up in Adelaide as an orphan, Frank has seen the harder side of life - living on the streets for five years. He has worked as a tram driver in three different states.

Frank has always been interested in art, but it was only fifteen years ago that he picked up a texta and began to draw. Apart from the workout it gives his hands (he is beginning to get arthritis) Frank said he just likes it. Without any formal training Frank's style is incredibly unique with a particular emphasis on colour. He also writes poetry and many of his works involve text, sometimes stating facts about the art he is drawing and other times retelling parts of his life.

His drawings are often on envelopes, and when I asked Frank about this he explained that he began to do it because he often made them for friends when he was sending them letters. With so many works that Frank has given to friends (he generously offered me several pieces while I was there) I asked him if there were any pieces he would never give away. He said he's thought about it, and had one book that he thought he'd keep, but ended up giving that one away too.

Frank's favourite artists are Van Gogh and Toulouse Lautrec - he has made hundreds of drawings inspired by their works and his dream is to visit the artists' haunts and watering holes in Paris. When he was starving on the streets as a young person at one point he was forced to eat snails and grass. He would like to try some French snails one day.

Keep an eye out for Frank's work in the next SALA week and hopefully you too will be drawn into Frank's colourful world of drawing.

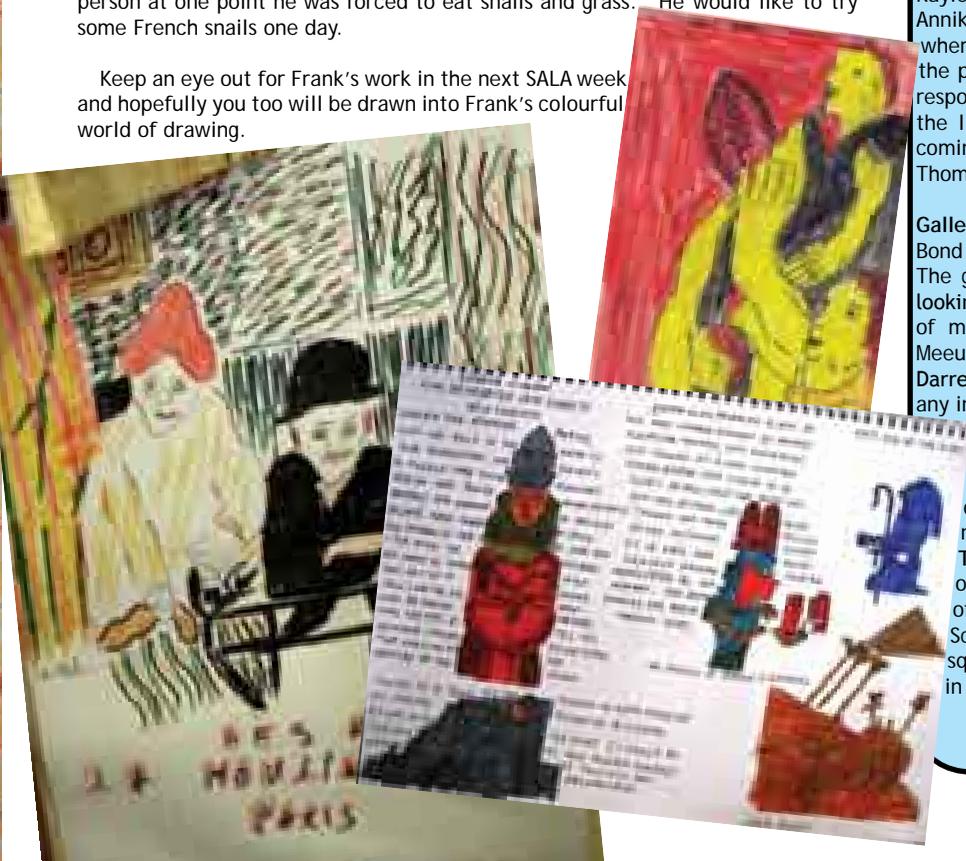


### WHAT'S ON...

Two new galleries have opened in the last month which are definitely worth checking out. Felt Gallery, which can be found on Compton Street - an artist-run space perpendicular to the trendy Chinatown area of Gouger Street. Five ex-Honours students (Monte Masi, Rayleen Forester, Logan MacDonald, Brigid Noone and Annika Evans) have teamed up to create a space, where up and coming new artists can get their work to the public. Their opening in early April had a massive response with hundreds trying to squeeze through the little doorway to see the work. The next show, coming up on May 7th will feature Adelaide artists Nick Thompson and Jenzo.

Gallery 139 (Magill Road, Stepney) run by Tony Bond had a similarly spectacular opening in April. The grand space containing two rooms and a creepy looking basement is currently filled with the works of more Adelaideans, including Ian McFarland, Erik Meeuwissen, Talia Wignall, Thom Buchanan, Driller and Darren McDonald. Definitely worth a visit if you have any interest in contemporary art.

And of course there are plenty of other galleries to keep your eyes on. The new Samstag Gallery on North Terrace showcases plenty of exciting national and international artists. Also check out The Contemporary Art Centre of South Australia on Porter Street - currently showing the video work of ex-skateboarder and Venice Biennale exhibitor, Scott Redford (beware of the last room if you're a squeamish, some seriously painful stacks are caught in slow motion-ouch!)





Ever since I found out a few months ago that the Smashing Pumpkins were coming to Adelaide, I could hardly believe it. After their split in 2000, I never thought I would have the chance to see this amazing band live. Needless to say, I went off to the gig with big expectations and uncontrollable excitement.

I rocked up to the Entertainment Centre as soon as the doors opened, as I was definitely not going to miss this support act; Queens of the Stone Age. Interestingly enough, the QOTSA's set received mixed responses. As a strong supporter, but not an avid fan, I was really impressed by the Stone Age, although a few other people I talked to were a tad disappointed by their set. The lack of enthusiasm by the crowd was perhaps one of the reasons why the QOTSA did not rock out as much as some people had expected. In fact, the crowd found itself at the brunt of criticism from the night's subsequent events...

When the Smashing Pumpkins first took the stage, I thought for a moment that this could possibly be the best gig that I'd ever experienced. They opened their set with a few awesome tracks, including the beautiful 'Tonight Tonight', and Billy Corgan sounded just as amazing as ever. Playing on stage in what appeared to be a silver pleated skirt and a tight long sleeve lycra-looking top, Billy's strong projection of his amazingly unique voice reminded me of why I fell in love with this band back in the 90s.

The first half of the show was brilliant, with the Pumpkins playing a set which successfully integrated the old hits with new songs from the band's latest album *Zeitgeist*. The Pumpkins were belting out a sound that was absolutely huge, and the atmosphere onstage was electric. However the mood of the night seemed to turn sour once Billy asked the crowd if we liked his old songs better than his new songs. The answer, was of course 'yes', and Billy seemed to be insulted by this response. The old hits suddenly vanished from the set and soon the band launched into a 25-minute jam session and then walked off the stage. This jam was interesting for the first five or so minutes, but soon became very tedious, as you could tell that the crowd was hanging out to hear some of the Pumpkins' old songs that they know and love.

When the band left the stage the crowd looked shell-shocked, and needless to say, the encouragement for an encore was quite pathetic. I was actually surprised that Billy even came on for an encore, and I was hoping so much that he was going to play 'Disarm'. However I was left disappointed as Billy strummed out an unfamiliar acoustic song and then left the stage for good.

The vibe from the crowd as we walked out of the Entertainment Centre was low, very low. A lot of people said that it was Adelaide's own fault that the show ended up the way it did, that once again the crowd's lack of excitement and enthusiasm is the reason why another band will probably not return to this city. Others said that if you want to hear the band's old songs, then go ahead and give *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness* a whirl in your stereo. However, I have to say that although I enjoyed hearing the band's new songs (and I do own *Zeitgeist* and listen to it often), I was longing to hear some of the old tunes that have made the Pumpkins the amazing band that they are. You cannot expect after reforming a band, and going on tour after a decade, that nobody is going to want to hear your old songs. And if you don't want to play your old classics, then why not reform the band under a different name?



# Music

The Fans, the bands, the reviews and more!

Read on...

I respect that the Pumpkins are moving in a new direction, and we cannot live in the past, however it is not much to ask a band to finish their set with a song that will leave the crowd feeling good. All in all, I found the concert disappointing. And I don't think that the crowd in Adelaide should cop all the blame, as after reading comments online I found out that the band has done exactly the same thing in other cities. The sad thing for me is that I think perhaps I should have never gone to see the Pumpkins, as I could've allowed my amazing memories of the band to live on, instead of walking away feeling empty and disappointed.

Amelia



My top five at the moment are:

1. 'Just Dropped In' (to see what condition my condition was in) by First
2. 'Edition Under the Milky Way' by The Church
3. 'Hold the Line' by Toto
4. '50 Ways to Leave your Lover' by Paul Simon
5. 'Great Southern Land' by Icehouse



## SOMETHING ON BROADWAY

Something on Broadway are an Adelaide five piece just starting out on the local scene. I spoke to drummer, founding member and songwriter Jeremy Goldring, (hereafter Jez) about how the group got together, what they've achieved and where they want to go. The band is the brainchild of Jez and his brother Ray. The two have been writing songs since they were teenagers and playing in bands around Adelaide on and off since the late nineties. Having amassed a hundreds of songs they decided to demo 50 or 60 and seek out the best musicians they could find. "We always wanted to set ourselves up with better musicians" the drummer tells me "musicians who bring something to the songs." The two auditioned at least ten guitarists, ten singers and several bass players before deciding on the right line up. The final product is Jez on drums, his brother Ray on piano, frontman Adam Barnett-Pierce, Brett Benham on bass and multi-instrumentalist, and incidentally all round Australian hero, Ryan Sanders who struggles to restrict himself to guitar duties.

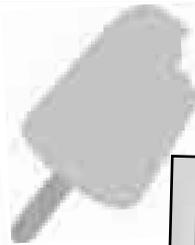
As the conversation continues Jez's determination to make something of his current group becomes more apparent. "We really wanted to set ourselves up to get somewhere. I mean what a dream to be doing what you love and what you love to be music." I couldn't agree more. Although Jez admits the band have taken a slightly different approach. "Traditionally what a

band does is they get together, play a few shows, start building up a bit of a fan base and then head into the studio and record a few tracks." Sure, that sounds like the way it's done, I say. "Well, we've kinda done it in the reverse order'. On the insistence of lead singer Adam, the group decided to head into the studio first and fund their own record, effectively becoming partners in the band. Now the band has a 13 track album in the pipeline with at least half of those mixed and the other half scheduled to be ready for a July-August release. From the tracks that have already popped up on MySpace and Triple J Unearthed, it's clear the band made the right decision.

Doing things differently already appears to be the way Something on Broadway prefer to operate. When the band first got together and tried to find common musical ground, only Billy Joel and Queen were common to all of them. Consequently their sound defies definition. "We have a hard time explaining our sound to other people. But if we ever got compared to Queen we'd be really happy."

More than just a musician, Jez is also music fan. When I asked him what he was listening to at the moment, he rattles off the names of some local Adelaide groups like We Grow Up, The Battery Kids, The Finishing School and Brother Sister. Local music also forms an important part of Something on Broadway's plan for world domination in the form of a local music night called Popsicle. Read on...

Mitch Waters



## Popsicle

**Popsicle LAUNCH PARTY**

**FRI MAY 2 ED CASTLE 8PM-11PM**  
 WINTERMILD + WE GROW UP  
 SOMETHING ON BROADWAY  
 (NO LANGUAGE BARRIERS) (NO BTL)

**Coopers**  
**EXPLOSIVE PROMOTIONS**

Popsicle is the brainchild of Jez and Prue, part of local act We Grow Up. It was developed to strengthen the local pop music scene. According to Jez, "There is a problem with people not wanting to go and see music they haven't heard on the radio." Consequently Jez and the Popsicle crew plan to distribute a free sampler CD of bands who grace Ed Castle stage once every few months. "The plan is to build a collective up from the ground and expose people to local indie music." Jez's enthusiasm for his music and promoting the local scene is palpable. That coupled with the expressive collection of musicians he has surrounded himself with make Something on Broadway a band to watch.

Something on Broadway play the Ed Castle on Friday, May 2<sup>nd</sup> as part of Popsicle along with We Grow Up and Wintermild.

Check out their music at [www.myspace.com/somethingonbroadway](http://www.myspace.com/somethingonbroadway) or; [triplejuneearthed.com](http://triplejuneearthed.com) where you can rate their tunes. You can find more on Popsicle at [www.myspace.com/adelaidepopsicle](http://www.myspace.com/adelaidepopsicle)



"We always look forward to playing Adelaide," confides Nasrine Rahmani, percussionist and one ninth of Melbourne based Salsa act San Lazaro. It's no wonder they feel this way. Last time the group was here it was part of WOMADelaide 2007, where the crowd lapped up their energetic brand of Latin beats which combines 'South American, Afro-Cuban and Caribbean folkloric rhythms' with 'funk, rock, reggae and hip-hop.' The result is refreshingly unique, as demonstrated by their latest release *Mestizos Urbanos*. But for San Lazaro, playing live is what it's all about. "It's difficult to capture the vibe of a big band like us in the studio."

Being in a group with nine members also presents other challenges. Every decision the group makes is put to a vote. Nasrine admits it would be easier to have one person calling all the shots but at the end of the day "it's better this way." In contrast to the South American nations from which the group draws some of its members, the democratic process appears alive and well in San Lazaro. Political and social commentary actually does form a large part of the band's lyrical subject matter. Nasrine tells me that through the lyrics of Chilean vocalist Franshresco Viran, the group try to be a "voice for people who don't have one right now." Heavy within the group's lyrics are references to Chilean history and politics while even the title of the group's latest refers to the urban mixed races of South America's larger cities who often the subject of discrimination.

Apart from the lyrical content, the song writing process within the group is generally more spontaneous and organic, with instrumental sections created almost entirely in the practice space. The success of the group can also be attributed to the stability of the line-up. Since the group became a nine piece in 2005 the line-up has remained constant. The story of the group, however, stretches back a little further.

## Something in the Beer

The 11<sup>th</sup> of April saw the beginnings of the Papers Scissors/Bluejuice national tour. The 'Less Talk, More Problems' tour began in Adelaide at the Jive Bar. As I spoke to Jai Payne from the Paper Scissors, he had nothing but good things to say about Adelaide. Apparently, their last gig in Adelaide was one of their best, whether it was the water, beer or atmosphere, Adelaide was awesome for the Paper Scissors. The 'Less Talk, More Problems' tour is their first lengthy tour they've done, with previous tours only being along the East Coast, with Adelaide thrown in. However when I spoke to Jai just before they started their tour he was really enthusiastic and excited, raring to begin.

For those of you who have no idea who the Paper Scissors are, I'll introduce them to you. Based in Sydney, the Paper Scissors can be described as a 'post-indie/soul four piece' band. It's difficult to describe really. I love 'Tipped Hat' for its dancing beat, it reminds me of a Sneaky Sound System album, but 'The Bandit' and 'Yamanote Line' are more folky, Sunday arvo songs meant to be played while cooking or entertaining. When asked to describe the Paper Scissors sound, Jai wants the listeners to make their own decisions, rather he feels that he is a bit too close to the music sometimes to describe it properly. They formed around three years ago, with Jai describing it as all rather a blur. They have changed the line up around a bit though with their new drummer Ivan joining the band last October. Their first EP was released in 2006 with the track 'We Don't Walk', which was picked up by Triple J and Rage. Last year they released their first album *Less Talk...* which was an instant success.

The founding members met while studying music in Melbourne. Drawn together by a desire to play Latin music, the group began gigging as a four piece. Nasrine was working at a music store in Melbourne which sold lots of Latin American percussion instruments and studying at the VCA. It was during this time that she met the members of the group and they started jamming. For Nasrine, though, joining San Lazaro was only the most recent step in her musical development. From an early age she had a love of music, learning to play the drums and guitar at school. An early infatuation with dance music led to an appreciation of salsa and particularly its percussive elements. Although I initially struggled to make the connection, Nasrine assured me that making the move from the infatuation with South American beats to playing the timbale was no quantum leap. 'You can't really dissociate the timbale from Latin American music. It was just a natural progression.'

I asked Nasrine if there had been any career highlights or moments which made her stop and realise if things were really starting to happen. "WOMAD was almost like the end of the beginning. It was amazing but probably not the best show we've played." Nasrine highlights the band's set at the Woodford folk festival as particularly memorable. "We got there the day before the show and saw so many bands, that by the time we hit the stage we were pumped." Playing after Paul Kelly at Queenscliff also makes the grade as a career highlight. Nasrine tells me that the band is still trying to find "the secret recipe that makes a great show." According to the percussionist "the size of the crowd is not important. As long as we're all working together that's the main thing." It's something I look forward to seeing for myself.

Mitch Waters

The band are influenced by David Bowie, Talking Heads and The Rolling Stones, not to mention more contemporary artists, such as hip hop acts Mad Lib and J Diller and rock acts like the Strokes and Vampire Weekend. Jai talks enthusiastically about Arcade Fire being one of his favourites, mentioning that he saw them in January.

This tour has been the result of lots of hard work and persistence. While the Sydney music scene is very supportive, it also is a lot of hard work. Several pieces of advice that Jai can give to up and coming musicians who are looking for a starting point are:

1. You are going to have to play for free for a while... but not for too long know your value.
2. Hound people. You have to be out there meeting people and other bands. If there's a band that's a bit bigger than you, hassle them and make them listen to your music.
3. Have fun and make sure that you have decent PR.

When asked, Jai admitted that he did actually go out and hassle bands. He went on to say that while it's a bit of an annoying thing, it is important to do as you can't get your music out to people if you don't go and promote it. Obviously it has worked for Paper Scissors, with their first national tour taking place at the moment.

The tour title comes as a combination of the two bands' album titles. Piggybacking each other, Jai hopes that this tour is not only going to be a crossover of bands, but they may bring their music to a whole new lot of fans, not to mention introduce Bluejuice to their own fans if they haven't already heard them. While you may have missed their Adelaide gig, you can still check their music out on their MySpace page: [www.myspace.com/thepaperscissors](http://www.myspace.com/thepaperscissors) or you can grab their songs off iTunes.

To check out their touring partner, see their MySpace page [www.myspace.com/bluejuice](http://www.myspace.com/bluejuice).

Alicia Moraw

# Elvis has left the building

Being what could be termed as a 'music fanatic' (although I loathe to use that word, I'm just choosy and excitable) there are some things that just push me over the edge. True music fans are quite particular and like their music done a certain way, on record and in a live show. Call me a misanthrope, but more than not having my music done in the way I like it, it is the nature of people at gigs—musicians and punters alike—that really boils my blood.

Firstly, I cannot stand girls in bands who sing with thin girly voices. News flash ladies, you can be a chick in a band and not sing like a stereotypical girl, with a voice that sounds like you'd get a nice hollow whistling sound if someone blew into one of your ears. You're not doing your gender any favours.

Secondly, drunken bogan men at gigs who yell randomly moronic catchphrases and then push through the crowd with their sweaty, meaty arms to stand in front of everyone. Yes, I'm referring to you, arsehole. Have a little respect, will you? No one wants your sweat on them (unless you ask nicely) and of course they are going to be annoyed when you stand in front of them. So don't act like you've been unfairly dealt with when you get a swift and pointy elbow to the kidney.

Then there's the girl who gets on some guy's shoulders. That was only acceptable when your bra-less mum did it at Woodstock, where there were 400 000 people and she had pretty much no chance of seeing Jimi's fingers skim the frets of his Stratocaster.

And finally (I could go on but I'll spare you) premeditated encores.

Now, I appreciate that encores are premeditated to an extent. A band can't very well be called back on to stage and then engage in a discussion as to whether they're going to play their hit single or an obscure B-side. And I appreciate that it is in a band's best interests to do an encore, because they need to make the audience feel like they're getting more value for their money, even if the band has hated every minute of playing on some shitty little stage in some two-bit town.

What irks me the most is the amount of time some bands make you wait. You know they're coming back because (a) you've seen it on their set list, (b) their roadies are re-tuning guitars and (c) the house lights have not yet come back up. No one is surprised when they finally do come out. Honestly, how long does it really take to snort some coke and get back out on stage? Sorry, I do generalise...for the straight-edge bands out there, how long does it take to sip a Coke?

And then there's the generally stupid audience behaviour. It's polite to clap after a performance, OK, but is there any point in doing that clapping where it starts off slow and gets faster and faster? You invariably peak too soon, and then have to start all over again.

Waste. Of. Effort.

I have been to numerous gigs in my time and never has a band come out when the clapping is at its fastest. Give it up. Don't think that you are at all influencing their decisions. They are going to come back, just wait. The band just doesn't care about your clapping, because they've already got your money. The joke's on you if they don't come out again, and there's nothing you can do about it. All they can hear is snorting backstage anyway.



The Eels know how it is to be done. It's unlikely that anyone who was there is reading this, since only about 30 people showed up (another thing that pisses me off, FOR SHAME!), but let me tell you when they played at Thebarton Theatre it was special. After several (possibly planned) encores, E ran back out onstage after the house lights were back on and after about half the patrons had left, and banged out a few more tunes. And then again. Then, he invited us to the car park for a post-gig gig. I didn't stick around to see if that happened. I doubt it did. That night, it was like he was throwing out little perfectly wrapped Willy Wonka parcels of love to the crowd. That was special. It made me smile.

And that is what bands should do: reward the crowd for being appreciative. Make it special to get an encore. Don't patronise us by saying 'This has been the best show of our tour, Adelaide!' because we don't believe you for a minute. Better than New York City? London? Berlin? Puhlease. Don't think that you can abuse the fact that we have paid good money to see you play, and that we will hang around to soak up just a drip more of your presence, by making us wait forever and a day while you faff about backstage pontificating about your contribution to the history of music (chances are, you'll be forgotten in two years' time and grandparents will never play your music to their grandchildren. Face it, you're not The Beatles). If you're going to give us an encore, make it mean something. Otherwise, it's just like getting a green clinker—utter disappointment.

ic reviews aHH! madonna, Have my babies! m



Anti-Flag  
The Bright Lights of America  
Sony BMG

Prior to receiving this album I'd only heard the title track and had pretty well decided how I was going to review it from that: always a bad idea. Let's start with that track, 'The Bright Lights of America': it's catchy, well produced, easy to listen to and I hated it.

I don't buy an Anti-Flag record for a catchy pop song. I buy it for raw energy and political outrage. So that was case closed, they've signed to a major label and had an established producer do the work and it just wouldn't live up to albums like *Mobilize* and *Die For the Government*. The album sounded like it might be OK for a few radio-friendly tunes but as far as I was concerned it would be crap for Anti-Flag.

Nonetheless I listened to the album in full and found myself reversing my judgement instantly. I still didn't really care for the title track but working with Tony Visconti (you may have seen his name attached to records by David Bowie, T. Rex and Morrissey) certainly seemed to work for the band. They hadn't softened their stance, they had included some heavier tracks, the lyrics are still laced with obscenity but the sound is more diverse, with the inclusion of a choir of children's voices and orchestral instruments on several songs. After reading the press release I learned that they had wanted to create a greater depth for their lyrics which has definitely been achieved.

Strangely, for me the highlight is the unlisted acoustic track, 'Tar and Sagebrush', which details the hypocrisy of many 'Christian patriots' in America. The song relates the tale of a 20-mile journey where the narrator is subjected to humiliating torture from these 'defenders' of America for refusing to kiss their flag.

As a whole, the album is less overtly political than previous releases with most of the songs detailing personal experiences. Unlike *For Blood and Empire* and *The Terror State*, the liner notes do not explain the motivation behind the songs. Instead they provide four pre-written postcards urging listeners to post them to various government offices in a plea for certain reforms.

So don't let first impressions fool you. This album doesn't resemble anything from their back catalogue but, yes, it deserves to be there. This is the sound of a band moving forwards.



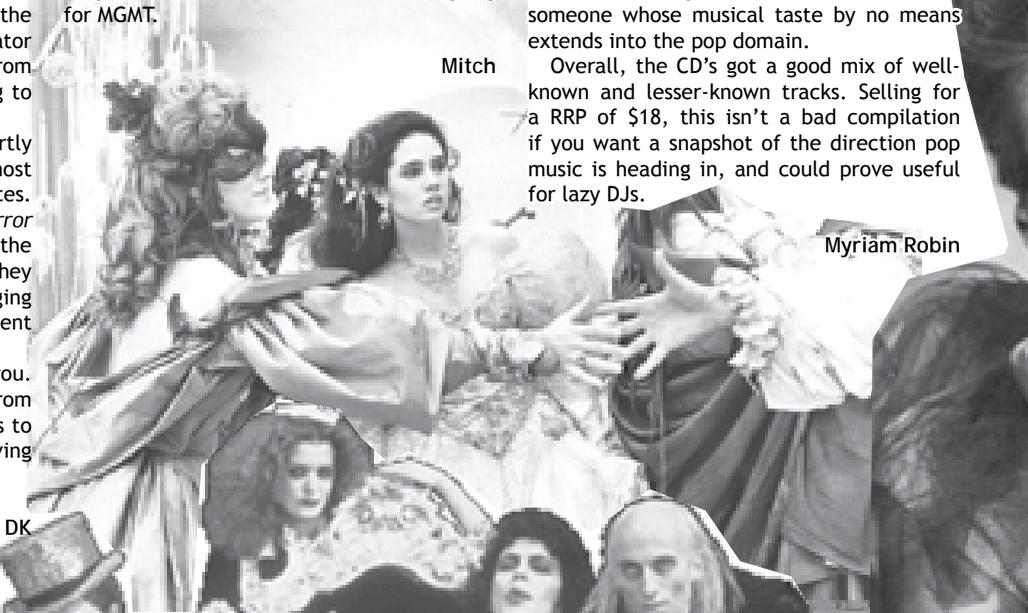
MGMT  
Oracular Spectacular  
Columbia

I was a little sceptical of this CD when it was handed to me in the *On Dit* office. I pictured another electro band with little talent and too much money to spend on fancy gadgets that practically write their songs for them. Normally I don't really give this kind of music the time of day. In fact I usually describe my musical taste as 'anything, as long as it has a guitar in it.' But how wrong I was to be sodismissive.

In *Oracular Spectacular*, electro duo (I guess that's what you call them) MGMT have produced one of the albums of the year so far. Self described 'psychic pilgrims' Andrew VanWyngarden and Ben Goldwaser, whose paths first crossed at university in America, have worked together to create something that is both original and catchy.

This work comfortably stands alongside recent releases from other artists in the emerging electro genre which I take to include Cut Copy, Muscles and the Presets. The already recognisable opening track 'Time to Pretend' is destined to be one of those songs that we will remember 2008 by, while 'Electric Feel' sounds like it has been around for years while still managing to give us something different.

This CD is full of surprises including the almost folksy 'Pieces of What' and 'Weekend Wars' which sound like they could've come off of a different CD by a different band and incidentally fulfil my above mentioned musical taste criteria. Surely this first full length release is the start of something big for MGMT.



Various Artists  
Future POP  
EMI

When I read that this CD was available for review I hurried to the *On Dit* office expecting to hear a mix of the dark, electronic dance music of the type made by VNV Nation and Apoptygma Berzerk. It was them, after all, who first coined the term 'future-pop' to describe their particular brand of quasi-gothic, intellectual trance.

The bright fluro cover of this compilation warned me however that this is not what awaited me. *Future POP* is a lot more, well, poppy than I expected. The sleeve lists most of the bigger names in vocal electro-dance music (the Presets, LCD Soundsystem, Moby) as well as some unexpected additions (The Killers?). On a side note, perhaps this collection isn't so futuristic at all: the songs kept reminding me of eighties films.

The tracks are unmixed, with hooks and wobbly synths dominating. *Future POP* is likely to have a broad appeal, as is the point of compilations I suppose. Not to sound disparaging however, this really isn't a shabby collection. EMI marketed *Future POP* as reclaiming pop music from *Idol* and *Home and Away* crossover stars. That just about nails it. The tracks were obviously chosen on merit rather than popularity, and as a result almost none of the songs got on my nerves (barring one: my first reaction to 'Marina Gasolina' was to skip, and no matter how many times I forced myself to listen to it I just couldn't ever resist the impulse for more than half the track). Quite a few of the tracks are gems. And this comes from someone whose musical taste by no means extends into the pop domain.

Overall, the CD's got a good mix of well-known and lesser-known tracks. Selling for a RRP of \$18, this isn't a bad compilation if you want a snapshot of the direction pop music is heading in, and could prove useful for lazy DJs.

Mitch

Myriam Robin

DK



**Goldfrapp**  
**Seventh Tree**  
**Mute Records**

I've reverted somewhat back to female artists; sick of grating voices and generic guitar chords, Goldfrapp is one that I'm glad to have in my collection.

What can I say other than this album is positively beautiful. It opens with Alison Goldfrapp's charming voice, guitar and strings that make for a heavenly mix. The synth throughout is what traces Goldfrapp back to her past - a comparatively heavier electro-pop I guess.

Some of the songs seem almost Air-esque and take you to a place on a cloud or to the echo of a bathroom where everyone sounds great. 'Happiness' is an obvious stand-out song, it's catchy and you'll recognise it as played on high rotation on the J's at some stage. 'Caravan Girl' doesn't do anything outstanding musically but creates that unashamed feeling of being able to revel in a typical catchy pop song. The only injustice is that *Seventh Tree* ends all too abruptly and you feel a bit gipped that it doesn't keep going for just a bit longer.

A gorgeous sunny album to help you 'come to' on a lazy Sunday morning.



**Fuck Buttons**  
**Street Horrrsing**  
**Remote Control**

The end is nigh.

Britain's Fuck Buttons have made an album that sounds like in the implosion of the world and the destruction of everything you know and love. And who would have guessed that they actually use a Fisher Price Karaoke Machine to do it!

Opening track 'Sweet Love For Planet Earth' initially sounds dreamy but then heavy distortion kicks in over the top of the magical-sounding Casio keys. It feels like being ripped from sleep to find that you have been bound and gagged and are being dragged through the mud (at least, so I imagine).

In fact, the whole album sounds like a nightmare. But a good nightmare, in a *Twin Peaks* Black Lodge kind of way. There are animal sounds, screeching and an overwhelming sense of urgency and danger that oozes from this recording that you can't help but sit up and listen. Although it's bleak, at no point are Fuck Buttons alienating, something which doesn't happen often in noise.

By the time you get to track five, 'Bright Tomorrow' seems like a change in mood, until again, it descends into mayhem. But by this point in the album you'd be a fool to expect some kind of serenity. No rainbows and lollipops here.

Morse code-esque drums propel 'Colours Move' through to its climactic finale of indecipherable vocals and bird (monkey?) caws (shrieks?) which then shrink back into keyboard twinkles. *Street Horrrsing* ends in almost the same place as it begins—a calm place, hinting at something sinister and from beginning to end it is completely engaging and eerily spooky.

I did only listen to this album through the teeny tiny speakers on my computer, so I can't imagine your ears doing anything less than bleeding if you were to listen to this through any other sound system. This is an absolutely-blow-your-head-off-and-smash-the-way-you-think-about-music kind of record. Not for the faint hearted.



**Mountain Goats**  
**Heretic Pride**  
**4AD**

Covering such expansive ground as personal religious persecution, imaginary cults, tributes to artistic greats and Chinese lake monsters; no one with an appreciation of the literate and engrossing works of John Darnielle can feel unsatisfied with The Mountain Goats' latest offering, *Heretic Pride*. Adopting a more heavily produced accompaniment to his singing, I was at first direly worried that the polish would shine up everything but the centerpiece to all Mountain Goats songs - his voice. Not to worry, my fears were soon allayed as the sparse yet unassuming backings complemented every one of the thirteen tracks without trampling the delicate beauty that is John Darnielle's voice. The album flirts with musical genius at every other turn but is unadventurous for the seasoned Mountain Goats listener. By the same token, how does one improve on near genius? His formula is a tried and proven certainty as his prolific discography attests to.

'In the Craters on the Moon' delivers an impression of an old soul thoroughly thrashed by the anticipation of life uncertain and who is finally caving to full blown existential crisis. Amidst these and comparing one's heart to an autoclave, examining paranoid xenophobia in America and sympathising with forbidden love *Heretic Pride* applies Darnielle's knack for storytelling and eloquent phrasing to a wide range of challenging and quirky subjects.

For those of you who haven't experienced The Mountain Goats yet, this album would be a good starting point, if only to prevent scaring you off with the lo-fi production qualities of his earlier works. I do understand some people out there don't enjoy falling asleep to the whirs and splutters of a tape recorder interrupting the ever present fuzzy hum of unpolished acoustic sets.

But for the avid Mountain Goats fan to expect more of the same, in no way a bad thing, you can expect lyrical agility that makes even Thom Yorke look sluggish, unpretentious conviction that reminds you why you despise Bono so greatly and a musical outfit that you would love to pat on the back as you're making love to John Darnielle. I once asked a friend whether it would be considered unethical to breed a child solely for its impeccable music taste, if 'twere the fruits of musical genius' loins. Let's just say this album reminds me that Beth Gibbons is due to ovulate any minute!

B



Natty.xx

Ben Kwe L Ler. Have m y BABIES! m usic review



# Film Reviews

Editors:  
Jerome Arguelles,  
Vincent Coleman and  
Aslan Mesbah

## Gone Baby Gone (MA) Now Showing

*Gone Baby Gone* is a gripping crime thriller directed by Ben Affleck and based on a novel by Dennis Lehane, author of *Mystic River* (also a feature film). The film stars Casey Affleck and Michelle Monaghan as Kenzie and Angie respectively, private detectives who become embroiled in the tragic case of a missing little girl. Set in Boston, the film takes a close look at the lives of those involved in the case - the girl's drug-addicted mother, Helene, the girl's protective uncle and aunt, the acclaimed Chief Detective (played by Morgan Freeman), and the low life criminals which haunt the town. Even the relationship between Kenzie and Angie is put to the test.

*Gone Baby Gone* has beautiful cinematography and has captured the essence of the lives which it portrays with amazing attention to detail. The film is not only a fascinating story but an insight into people, life, and the fine line between right and wrong. *Gone Baby Gone* addresses issues of drug addiction, family, poverty, crime, pedophilia, murder and morality with amazing insight. The plot does become slightly convoluted and confusing during the middle of the film, but all is clear in the end when the twist is revealed. For those who have a habit of predicting most twists, I am sure this one will surprise and impress you. The acting is superb throughout and conveys very realistic emotional drama, which perhaps leaves the viewer with more questions than answers with its ambiguous ending. The extent of its realism left me slightly depressed after viewing it, but impressed nonetheless. *Gone Baby Gone* is dark and compelling, I strongly recommend it.

4.5/5

Alexandra Blue



## Lars and the Real Girl (PG) Now Showing

*Lars and the Real Girl* is director Craig Gillespie's second feature and it's a warm, quaint, offbeat picture most notable for the performance of Ryan Gosling, whose stock as an actor is justifiably rising. Gosling plays Lars, a man with a mental illness which basically renders him incredibly shy and unable to open up to the world around him. One day, to the surprise of his brother and his wife, Gus and Karin (Paul Schneider and Emily Mortimer), he claims he has a guest with him. Even further to their surprise, the guest turns out to be a life-size sex doll, Bianca (playing herself) that Lars ordered from the internet, and whom Lars treats as a real person, even conceiving an elaborate history for her.

What follows are the attempts of the small town community that Lars is a part of to indulge Lars' fantasy and accommodate Bianca to keep Lars at ease. The scenes where the community take Bianca to the hairdresser and shopping and so on are a bit surreal really but they all add to the sense of quaintness and kindness that forms so much of the film's appeal.

It's all quite charming and quietly amusing. Gosling gives a brilliant performance with Lars. He's an entirely sympathetic character played with subtlety and mannerisms that are never overwrought. He's expressive without having to say too much. Most importantly, he's believable, and few actors could pull off what Gosling achieves with Lars here. He's backed up by a great supporting cast, in particular Gus and Karin. Gus provides much of the comic relief and Karin is wonderfully played by Emily Mortimer who gives a noteworthy performance as a woman filled with kind-heartedness and compassion. She really helps to anchor the film emotionally, and she shares the standout scene of the film with Lars.

The film deals deftly with its premise of mental illness when it could have turned out so differently. Opportunities for cheap laughs abound with the concept and in the wrong hands it could've been absolutely butchered (imagine if Will Ferrell got his hands on this somehow... actually, don't.). It's a credit to the writer, Nancy Oliver, and the director and cast that the film has a warmth and delicate poignancy befitting of the subject matter.

4/5

Angus Chisholm



Despite the fact that 'Fanatic' is a bloody good topic for film to engage with, general busy-ness and an overwhelming number of reviews have meant that a feature on the subject of film fanaticism has been neglected. So, enjoy the intermittent pictures of films and stars that people tend to obsess over. If you feel strongly that something should be written on film fanatics or would simply like to write a review, then please contact the film sub-eds at: [onditfilm@gmail.com](mailto:onditfilm@gmail.com).

## Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day (PG)

In cinemas from May 8th

Simon Beaufoy, writer of *The Full Monty*, takes on (with David Magee) another social comedy of working people down on their luck with this adaptation of Winifred Watson's 1938 novel. It's a wordy script, bursting with the dizzy dialogue of the story's light-headed London A-listers, while at times sobering-up as characters search for hope on the eve of World War II.

Frances McDormand is Guinevere Pettigrew, a seen-it-all governess abruptly discarded without pay by her employer and wandering the cold, mean streets. When the unemployment office refuses to refer her to anyone, a desperate Miss Pettigrew steals a job lead which takes her to the apartment of Delysia Lafosse (Amy Adams), who busily juggles the affections of three men and needs what she calls a 'social secretary' to compliment her social butterfly image.

The flighty Delysia soon comes to rely on Miss Pettigrew not only for tracking down items of lingerie from all corners of the lavishly-appointed residence (owned, in actual fact, by the richest, and meanest, of Delysia's three beaux), but for advice on what 'moves' to make. In a world where one wrong move (socially) can throw even a beauty like Delysia onto the streets, Miss Pettigrew finds in her employer a common condition.

Ciaran Hinds plays Joe, a wealthy designer of lingerie, who singles out Miss Pettigrew as perhaps the only person of real substance in the frivolous and temporary world of fashion and top-end theatre. As planes and air-raid sirens blacken the film's party decor with ever-increasing frequentness, a subtext of generational ignorance emerges in contrast to the predominantly light comedy tone upon which the film relies.

This is perhaps the film's downfall. While a lavish and genuinely amusing display of 1930s furnishings, frolickings and fashion, *Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day* is clumsy and contrived in its efforts to integrate the spectre of war into what remains to the end a pedestrian story of just-in-time love and copybook consequences. See this film if you love costumes and set design, because depth is not its strong point.

3/5

John De Laine



## Semi-Pro (M)

Now Showing

Set in the year 1976, Jackie Moon, is the owner and coach of the Flint Michigan Tropics basketball team. When the prospect of a league merger occurs, Jackie begins to learn that his team will need more than just flair to survive in the NBA.

Starring talent such as Will Ferrell, Woody Harrelson, and Will Arnett (from *Arrested Development*), this film is highly funny, packed with quotable moments and a substantial amount of cheerleader eye-candy. *Semi-Pro*, does seem to balance the craziness expected of a Will Ferrell movie with an awful lot of character development and plot depth, which was a bit unexpected. This isn't your average, funny "sports team learns to play" sort of film like *Dodgeball* or *Happy Gilmore*. *Semi-Pro* actually bears a respectable amount of emotional content. However in some regards this was out of place. The film never continuously rolled out the humour, darting from one scene of hilarity (typically with Will Ferrell) to a serious scene with Woody Harrelson, then back to the humour again. This made the film seem to drag on in some regard as you waited for the next run of jokes. Perhaps not as funny as *Zoolander*, *Anchorman* or other comedy films that forsake plot completely, but all up a more solid film.

Much better than *Blades of Glory*.

3/5

Michael Hill



## How She Move (PG)

Now Showing

*How She Move* is the latest film in the dance movie genre, and yes it is cliched. However it remains enjoyable and has many positive qualities. The plot on paper gives me a sense of déjà vu of *Stomp the Yard* and *Step Up*, but with a female lead. The Canadian film is set in Toronto, and follows teenager Reyanne as her life is turned upside down due to the death of a sibling, and is catapulted into the world of step dancing. Leaving her private school due to her parents financial strain over her sister's drug addiction, Reyanne returns to her old stomping ground, where she aims to win back medical school aspirations by winning a dance contest.



Although it is a tried and true formula, *How She Move* sets itself apart from the majority of glossy dance flicks with its gritty style and sense of reality. Although an early scene where two girls use step dancing to resolve a fight was laughable, the film improves. The dance scenes are intense and energetic; the choreography of stepping was a lot more captivating than that in *Stomp the Yard*, which I found rigid and filled with corny chants. Reyanne fights to join an all male step crew to increase her chances of winning the contest, and the film delves lightly into the inequality between the sexes in the stepping world.

*How She Move* is refreshing in that Reyanne does not get objectified throughout. She isn't presented as an overtly good looking character, and wanders around in trackies instead of skimpy dance wear. Additionally, there is a lack of sexy and provocative dance moves. Another bonus was that for a film featuring hip-hop music there was no excessive swearing or 'your mamma' insults flying throughout which you often find in this genre. *How She Move* also provides a nice insight into Reyanne's Jamaican culture which seems to be very underrepresented in film. The portrayal of the community really captures the desperation facing those who live in very difficult circumstances and the film pushes very strong morals of survival, perseverance and succeeding against the odds. I wasn't the greatest fan of Rutina Wesley as Reyanne, but the roles of her parents were well acted, and contributed to the strength of the story, even managing to pull a few heartstrings. *How She Move* is well worth a look if you appreciate 'specky' dance moves and don't mind predicting the whole plot.

3/5

Alexandra Blue



## Paris (M)

Now Showing

*Paris*, written and directed by Cedric Klapisch, is essentially a film set in Paris that follows the lives of several individuals as they try to deal with various life-changing problems that emerge from the sea of human drama. But contrary to other films that follow several interconnected story arcs such as *Happenstance* (*Le battement d'ailes du papillon*), *Love Actually*, and even *Paris je t'aime*, the film's overall mood is pensive, empathetic, and even awkward at times. While there are arguably as many as six or seven story arcs in the film, there are two primary arcs that act as the glue that hold them together. The first arc revolves around the siblings Pierre (Romain Duris) and Élise (Juliette Binoche), as they try to deal with the former's mortality and both of their internal security and happiness. The second arc revolves around Roland Verneuil (Fabrice Luchini), a university professor who finds himself stalking one of his students with whom he has fallen in love. Their circumstances influence their neighbours, their friends, their loved ones, the local markets, and their co-workers, and the viewer comes to realise that the problems are not confined within the circumstances of the main characters.



To be frank, *Paris* achieves its intent in dispelling the "fantastic stereotype" associated with the city. But the film dragged out several of the characters' issues, and would likely have viewers at the edge of their seat waiting... and waiting... and waiting for something interesting to happen. But could that be Klapisch's ultimate intention? The film also had numerous story arcs, making it very difficult for the reader to follow up on every character's struggle. One may also find a couple of these arcs to be irrelevant to the overall story. Another cause for concern is the film's highly-reputed ensemble cast consisting of Romain Duris, Juliette Binoche, Albert Dupontel, and many others. While they did not necessarily deliver poor performances (I was particularly impressed with Dupontel and Luchini's acting), I thought their roles did not showcase well what they were capable of. This is not to say that *Paris* does not have some merit. The cinematography adeptly conveys the film's underlying dark comedic mood. The shots definitely developed well up until the end, creating a satisfyingly pensive parallel to the film's premise. All things considered, *Paris* is a satisfactory film, but by no means a masterpiece.

2.5/5

Jerome Arguelles

## The Secret of the Grain (La graine et le mulet)

(M)

Now Showing

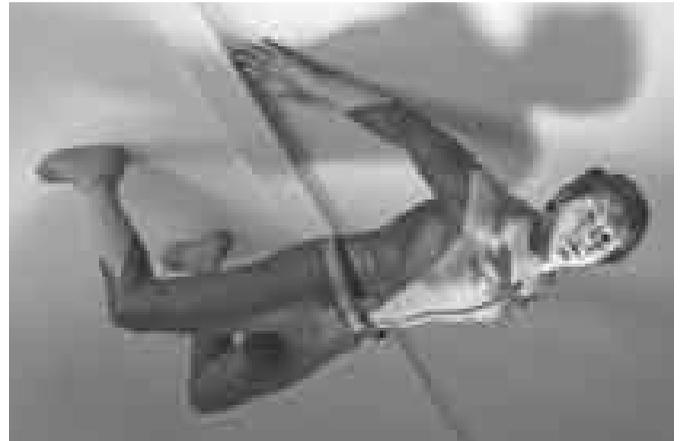
*The Secret of the Grain*, directed by Abdellatif Kechiche, tells the story of Slimane Beiji (Habib Boufares), a sixty-something year old of an unspecified pan-Arabic background (supposedly Tunisian) living in France who attempts to realise his dream of running a restaurant after losing his job at the port. To help Slimane achieve this dream, his lover's daughter, Rym (Hafsia Herzi), undyingly supports him in his endeavours against the bureaucratic system of the government and convinces his close friends to lend him a hand out of generosity. Slimane also draws support from his ex-wife Souad (Bouraouia Marzouk), who is an excellent couscous cook, as well as from the children that they had together and their own respective families. In order to achieve their mission to fulfil Slimane's dream, the two "families" of Slimane must put aside the tension that they have for each other and work together as one cohesive unit.



I was thoroughly impressed by this film. *The Secret of the Grain* refrains from any flashy, high-technology based story-telling, and I believe the viewer will find this approach to be effectively consistent with the plot premise. In fact, some of the critical events in the movie are spoken about in past-tense dialogue, instead of having been actively portrayed in scenes. As a result, conversational scenes are very extensive. But this does not take away from the experience. On the contrary, it adds to the experience by adding a sense of "realism" to the film. Additionally, every aspect of every scene is relevant, creating a secondary form of story-telling via signs and symbols. So for those who plan to see the movie, pay close attention to everything in the film. The musical score is exotically interesting, and the talents of Hafsia Herzi who plays Rym and Alice Hourri who plays Julia are especially noteworthy, as their acting will make it seem like they are actually speaking to you - the viewer. This is an exceptional film, a testament of the human will to never succumb to any obstacle. Highly recommended.

4.5/5

Jerome Arguelles



## Superhero Movie (M)

Now Showing

After being bitten by a genetically engineered dragonfly, nerd Rick Riker (played by Drake Bell) develops superpowers, and begins a quest to both fight crime and win the love of his next-door neighbour, Jill Johnson (Sarah Paxton).

As the name suggests this is another spoof movie targeting superhero films ranging from *Spiderman*, *Fantastic 4*, *X-Men*, through to celebrities such as Tom Cruise and Steven Hawkin. This time round, the culprits are the makers of *Scary Movie* and also the *Naked Gun*, with spoof veteran Leslie Nielson playing a role. Pamela Anderson has a cameo, and Christopher McDonald (Shooter McGavin from *Happy Gilmore*) plays the film's villain - the Hourglass.

Generally speaking a spoof-movie is a form of subhuman film, appealing only to mutants, losers and possibly Monty Python intelligencia (nerds). The first *Scary Movie* may have been original and somewhat humorous but the rest of the *Scary Movie*, *Date Movie*, *Epic Movie*, *Not Another Teen Movie* series were quite frankly flogging a dead horse. My expectations for *Superhero Movie* were low... limbo low... as in - how low can you go? Surprisingly though, the film did lay on hard and fast with the humour and was quite an enjoyable film. Additionally it wasn't the sort of humour that made you groan after each joke. This was due to Leslie Nielson and the inclusion of experienced spoof film directors. For example, during the latter half of the films credits, about two minutes of cut jokes are shown, that whilst funny, nonetheless were rightly cut from the film. It showed that there was a high level of judiciousness applied in terms of trying to keep the film somewhat centred instead of throwing out any and every bad joke the writers could come up with. As a result, it raised the standard from another 'dead horse being flogged' film to the spoof calibre *The Naked Gun* series had - they're still spoof films, and still in essence quite stupid - but they don't wear off so quickly.

The verdict? If you ever liked spoof films, this film will breathe some new life into the genre for you. Fact 1: It's still a spoof film. Fact 2: You will laugh... possibly a lot.

3.5/5

Michael Hill

## The Edge of Heaven (Auf der anderen Seite) (M)

Now Showing

In *The Edge of Heaven*, director Fatih Akin uses the well worn device of interconnecting narratives to weave his story to staggering effect. Nejat Aksu (Baki Davrak) is a lecturer in Germany with a Turkish background who befriends his father's live-in girlfriend, a prostitute called Yeter (Nursel Köse) who he is paying to stay with him. Nejat befriends Yeter when he learns that she has a daughter who she hasn't seen for a long time and who is struggling to receive the education Nejat feels she deserves. When Yeter dies unexpectedly, Nejat abandons his work and travels to Istanbul to find Yeter's daughter. Meanwhile Yeter's daughter, Ayten (Nurgül Yasilçay) leaves Istanbul where she is wanted as a terrorist for rebelling against perceived political injustices in Turkey. She travels to Germany to find her mother, where she meets and falls in love with a student, Lotte (Patrycia Ziolkowska), who becomes devoted to helping Ayten, giving her a renewed sense of purpose in life.



Usually in this sort of film where the narratives run parallel like this, there's a pay off at the end, where the characters might meet in one climactic scene. In *The Edge of Heaven*, this never really happens. Characters swerve near and around each other, coming agonisingly close but never quite encountering each other and making the connections that the audience is aware of, and that's a note the film ends on. Chance events have devastating consequences and the eventual result is tragic in its incompleteness. That's not to say that the movie leaves you unsatisfied. It's powerful and largely arresting, even if it does occasionally linger in its more contemplative moments.

Even when it lingers, though, you surrender yourself to the opulent photography and locations. Akin revisits the recurring theme in his films of examining the contrast in culture between Germany and Turkey as the movie travels back and forth from Bremen to Istanbul and elsewhere. The use of the locations and scenery is never overly extravagant or glossy as they might be if they were captured in a larger budget production. They feel authentic in a way that no outsider could capture and it lends a fascinating insight into the cultures explored in the film.

A powerful plot and thorough performances, including Tuncel Kurtiz as the amusingly seedy father, Ali, contribute to a great film from a very talented director.

4.5/5

Angus Chisholm

Want to win a set of *Semi-Pro* and *Superhero Movie* admit two tickets? Simply answer the following question and the tickets are yours!

'What is the name of the comic book company that produced beloved superheroes such as *Fantastic Four*, *X-Men*, *Daredevil*, *Spider-Man*, *The Avengers*, and *The Incredible Hulk*?'

Send in your responses promptly to [onditfilm@gmail.com](mailto:onditfilm@gmail.com) and get ready to laugh out loud with *Semi-Pro* and *Superhero Movie*!

## The Dinner Guest (L'invité) (PG)

Now Showing

*The Dinner Guest*, directed by Laurent Bouhnik, is a French comedy film based on a novel by David Pharaon. Gérard (Daniel Auteuil) and Colette (Valérie Lemercier) are a middle-aged childless couple who have their own respective childlike tendencies. Gérard loves toy trains and meticulously monitors an extensive train track inside his home in his spare time while Colette loves to collect novelty items and gives "childhood innocence" a totally different meaning. Upon receiving word of a promotion at work, Gérard gets caught up in having dinner with his boss Pontignac (Hippolyte Girardot). Strictly by circumstance, a neighbour by the name of Alexandre (Thierry Lhermitte) learns of this corporate dinner and he somehow manipulates the couple into appointing him as their personal consultant. While meaning only the best in giving the couple the necessary resources to impress Pontignac over dinner, Alexandre makes matters hilariously worse.



Overall, *The Dinner Guest* is a movie deserving of a rental and nothing more. While the film's comedic content is satisfactory and at times, even laugh-out-loud funny, the film is *too* typical of French comedy and offers nothing really new in terms of presentation. As a matter of fact, I found this film to be a sort of spiritual successor to *The Dinner Game* (*Le dîner de cons*), a film that came out almost ten years ago and in which Thierry Lhermitte also appeared as a principal character. The overall mood, dialogue, and presentation were shockingly similar between the two films; static, predictable, clichéd. One possible reason why this film does not work in the big screen is because it is an adaptation of a novel/play. That is to say, this film *could* work better in a play setting considering the lack of scene changes and its emphasis on dialogue and thus, should not be in the big screen in the first place.

Recommended rental. But if you are relatively new to the genre, you might find *The Dinner Guest* worth your thirteen dollar ticket.

1.5/5

Jerome Arguelles



im rownd teh uni stalkin ur peepz

For more TJ with a dash of male, listen to *LOLs with Mike and TJ* every Tuesday @ midnight on Radio Adelaide 101.5FM

# TJ'S NIGHTLIFE

## "She knows, because she goes"

# STALKING GUIDE

Some people are fanatic about sport, others about cars, fluffy toilet seat covers or even food. And then there are my favourite types of fanatics; those who are fanatic about other people, or one other person to be precise. This term is commonly referred to as 'stalking'. However, the way I see it, it's just taking destiny into your own hands. Firstly, I have to credit *On Dit's* Mac Daddy (Michael Nicholson, for those intent on stalking!) for giving me this idea. Although I don't really think being told you're the perfect person to write a stalking piece is exactly a compliment. Perhaps it was my boy-deprived all-girl school education, my brother-less family or my large pack of wild dogs, err, I mean best girlfriends. But for whatever reason, I found stalker advice surprisingly easy to give and so I pass my knowledge on to you. Whip out your camera phones and put on your oversized sunglasses, here is my Stalker How-To in three easy steps.

## STEP ONE: RESEARCH

Your mission begins here and like any well written essay, research is imperative for good results. Lucky for us kids the 21st century has done us a big favour and invented sites such as Facebook and MySpace. These sites provide masses of personal and private information about someone with just a click of a button. If you have your chosen victim as friend then well done; you have access to who all their friends are, what music, sport and TV they like and even what they look like drunk in all their photos. The most useful feature is events. You will be able to see whether he/she will, will not or maybe be attending specific happenings around town. Ah, thank the Lord for technology. Study their page; learn all you can for future 'common interest' conversations with the stalkee.

## STEP TWO: LOCATION, LOCATION

This is the pivotal yet complex part of the mission. Hopefully your research has provided you with numerous places to go and hunt your prey. Location is key and must be selected with caution. Slipping into the venue undetected is essential; don't stalk anywhere that may highlight your entrance. For example, Supermild is too small and

confined and there is no way of not being seen as you enter. On the other hand, HQ is too large, too many rooms and creepy people, the chase will soon turn into a marathon and no one likes a sweaty stalker. Please, DO NOT rock up to private soirees uninvited; no qualified stalker would. The perfect place to stalk is somewhere busy, somewhere with a place to sit and watch, has easy access to toilets to hide in case of emergency and most importantly a large bar, for courage. If you're at uni for a daytime stalk-fest, maybe you just happen to know that a friend of a friend has a lecture with your target and will be exiting Horace Lamb at 10am on Thursday morning. Position yourself outside, with a tool or distraction such as an iPod or a reader. Sit and wait, don't stare of course, make yourself look busy while you wait for just one glimpse of the stalkee. At uni, be sure to avoid stairs and food areas. These generally result in incidents of the embarrassing kind, especially for nervous first time stalkers.

## STEP THREE: THE ENCOUNTER

So you've done your research, chosen a night and secured a location; your mission is almost complete. I suggest downing a couple of white wines before leaving the house, just to make sure you're nice and happy. Walk into the location with confidence, scan quickly but not obviously. When you spot your potential lover, head straight for the toilets or the bar to gather thoughts. Then with drinks and friends in tow, engage or pretend to engage in an enthralling and funny conversation - look like good time people and the stalkee may just come to you! Only hit the D-floor if there are a sufficient number of people around for camouflage. An hour passes and if by now you've walked past without attracting their attention, stand directly behind them at the bar or ATM and poke them. This *usually* works. However, if this fails and they don't recognise you or seem annoyed then pretend you thought they were someone else and ABORT MISSION! If successful and the victim isn't completely horrified to see you then, congratulations, you did it! Remember, every stalker's first sentence should be "Heeeeeeeey what are YOU doing here?" The rest is up to you, have a witty and flirtatious conversation, pash them, take them home and live happily ever after.\*

On Dit 76.4

## STALKER ETIQUETTE 101

- Be patient. If you don't spot your target, don't freak out, you have all night and the rest of your life to hunt.

- Whatever you do, DO NOT mention Facebook or Myspace. Drunken word vomit is common for stalkers so do yourself a favour and erase "oh I read it on your Facebook" from your vocabulary. This sentence can only result in a freaked-out, boggle-eyed stalkee who will shortly run far, far away.

- Be drunk - because everyone's more charming when drunk.

- Make yourself known to his or her friends. Be nice and introduce yourself so that next time you bump into them you can drop the old "So what are you and your friends up to this weekend?" You should follow this up with "Oh yeah, one of my friends has been dying to go there too.." This way when you rock up there (which of course you will) you won't look stalker-esque.

- Bring fun friends who are dedicated to the cause. Do not allow your paro friends to speak to the stalkee.

- Perfect the look and look away. This works a charm, especially at uni. Master the art of staring at your target, but pretending you don't recognize them or that you are in a daze and looking at something in the distance. If they stop to talk to you, it's a bonus.

Happy hunting!

Love TJ.

*\*Disclaimer - Unfortunately the happily ever after is not included in this package. I also do not take any responsibility for the change of MySpace or Facebook profiles to private or any restraining orders that may occur as a result*





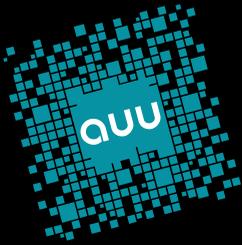
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