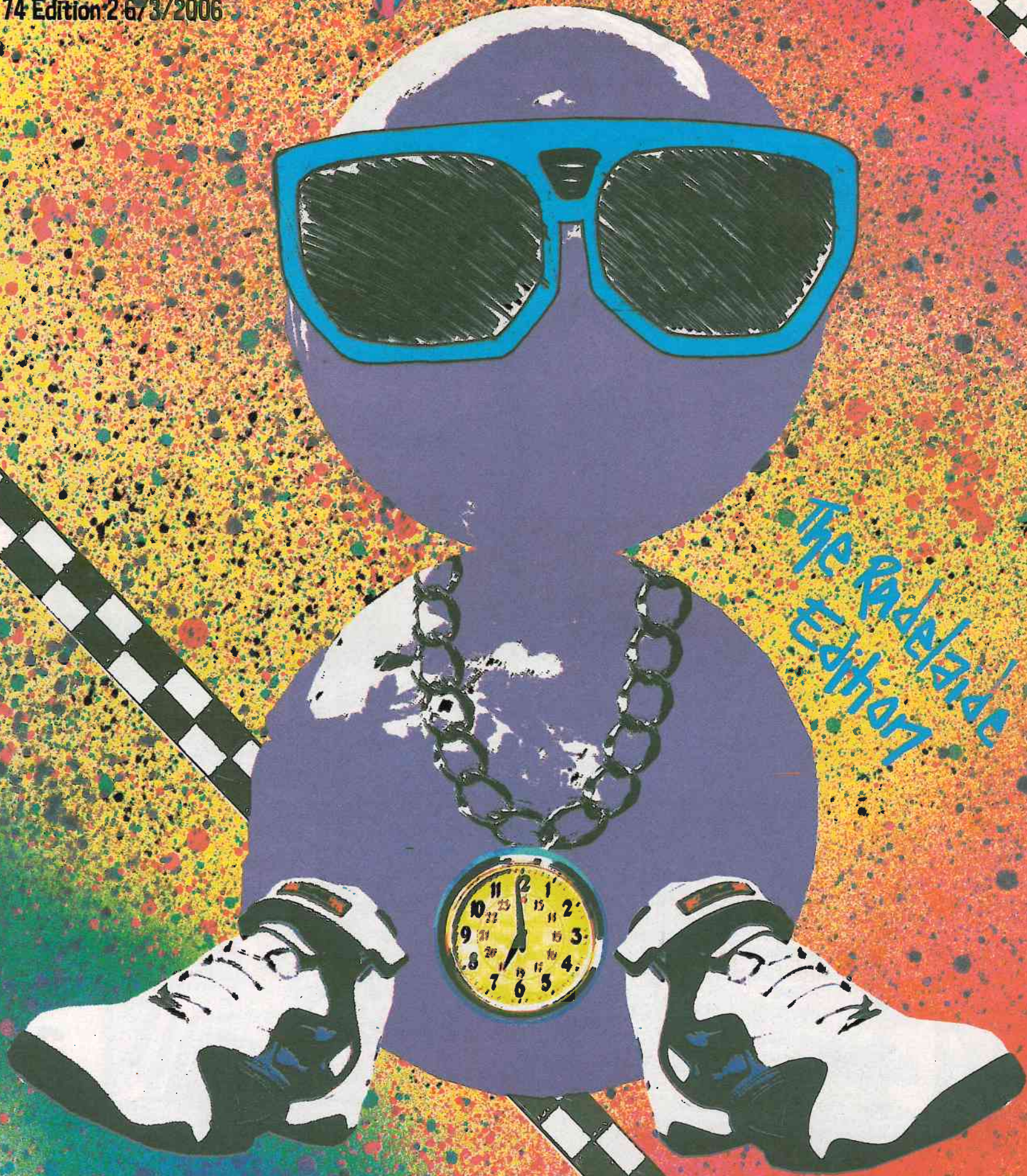


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Adelaide Uni Student Newspaper
Volume 74 Edition 2 6/3/2006



The Adelaide
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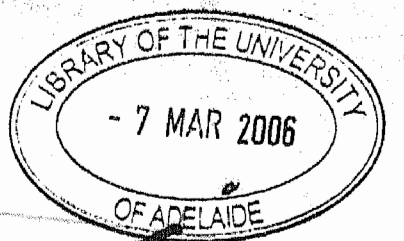
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RA'06

On Dit

THE RADELAIDE EDITION

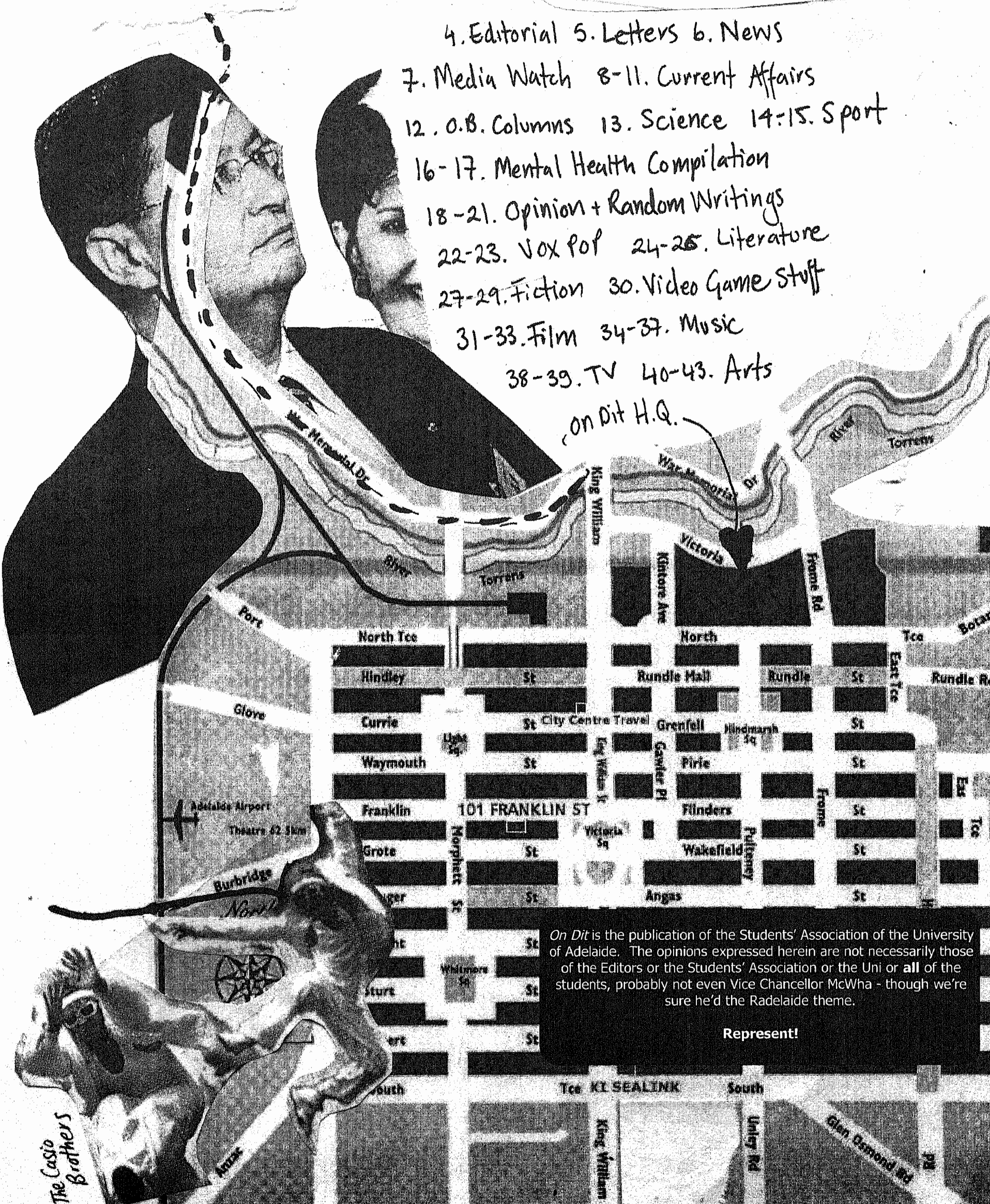


VOLUME 74 Edition 2

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On Dit H.Q.



On Dit is the publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Students' Association or the Uni or all of the students, probably not even Vice Chancellor McWha - though we're sure he'd the Radelaide theme.

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Editorial

When you type 'Anne Wills' into Google Image Search and get a few measly Pomeranian dog pictures in return, it becomes all too clear that Adelaide is truly the hole everyone seems to be renouncing faster than Tom Cruise. Every decent, upstanding Adelaidean learns those merry mantras of self-deprecation from birth . . . stuff along the lines of, "It's like a big country town", "There's nothing to do", "Everyone is moving to Melbourne" etc. Being 16 in Adelaide with no fake I.D. and no boyfriend/girlfriend was announced in the 2006 Almanac as the worst thing that could happen in the entire world (besides Ebola- see page 13).

Call it youthful optimism, call it the Generation Y brand of hope, call it 1 hour before this baby goes to print, but after years of whining and pining for European soil, we at On Dit have decided to embrace this goddamn city. It's not a question of socio-economic status, how many Frog Cake's you've consumed in your lifetime or how efficiently good ol' fashioned ennui was injected into your bloodstream. It's very simple. Badelaide. Or Radelaide. Milk the God/Mephisto dichotomy for all it's worth (Satan is just God in drag, anyway). How fitting to take an extremist view on a city which, judging by its own history, is rife with conflict between our omnipresent friends light and dark. Isn't Glenelg beach simply gorgeous? Best wine in Australia. Rundle Street is fabulous, would you like to purchase a shiny new Von Einem cap?

So before you move to Melbourne/Sydney, spare a thought for the gorgeousness and gorgeosity that's found within the geometrically perfect streets of Radelaide. Sure, we've had a few unsavoury murders, but really, it's all just bad press. Revel in the Fringe and Festival (for the moment), rejoice in the ridiculously cheap parking and ignore the wafting stink emanating from the Torrens. Radelaide. Hey, at least it's not Schmobart.

love anna and steph xoxo

Thanks to...

All of our lovely sub-editors for yet another week of toiling when the office was boiling, Alexis for yet another stellar performance. Proofies: Natashka, Sophie, the boy from Donny, Stan for editing the incessant bleating and spicing up the pages with proofie notes, Reece for the plunger and cookies, Pezy woo hoo! Claire for the Stix (the way to the editors' heart is through her stomach), Josh Rayner for supporting our move to the Log cabin in The Hamptons, Russy Wussy, the 'scumbag' for his phat rhymes at the window, Lisanne and Jemma for the love, the B-52's for yet another 400 hours of work, Anais, Karlie, Sunni, Chloe, Jimmy and everyone we love and stay in Sadelaide to be with. xoxo

Skullduggery: the nightmare of modernity?

Allan Smithee: Salt of the Earth

Finally. Ample debate maketh an enjoyable letters page. And good ol' fashioned flattery don't hurt either.

Letters

MM

After the debacle of last year's Skullduggery, I'm surprised that the Students' Association would still want to be involved with such an event (especially as it pretends not to condone binge drinking). Nevertheless, I decided to check it out, the bitter smell of stomach acid mingled with the aroma of crushed rosemary bushes still fresh in my mind from a year ago. I found the nautical theme of skull and crossbones somewhat appropriate as I watched a wave of humanity surge towards the bar, its arrival heralded by the occasional splash of foam arcing across the sky. Why all you can drink events encourage people to douse themselves in beer in this way is beyond me, but judging by the smiles on some of the faces, there must be something in it. As the night wore on, the beer line became smaller, the crowd less inclined towards modesty and the advances of some of the older men in attendance considerably more sinister. The state of the toilets by the midway point of the night was simply appalling, with filth stretching from wall to wall and ever-spreading pools of urine emanating from the piss troughs (some small consolation for the *On Dit* Editors, I guess, who were locked out of all the accessible toilets by their caring benefactors). Unsurprisingly, destruction ruled the night (how long till the Med students replace the handbasin pulled down during their event, I wonder), and by the time I left half of the security was swarming to prevent a fight that had spilled out onto Victoria drive and the other half was ushering an ambulance into the grounds to help some poor soul and I couldn't help thinking that this event really does add nothing at all to Orientation. The pub crawl that existed before it had less people on it, did not take place in such a confined environment and had more helpers looking out for the welfare of those attending. It sure wasn't perfect but I don't remember leaving with the same stink of fresh vomit and rank hypocrisy in my nostrils.

ABC

Russell is bigger than Jesus

I'd like to congratulate Michael Adams on his succinct examination of the AWB scandal. There is, of course, much, much more that needs to be said, but it would take more than even the four (4) pages Mr Rayner wants for free AUU advertising each edition for the next year. For anyone remotely interested in the accountability of our political leaders, the AWB scandal has been equal parts engrossing, shocking and entertaining - seeing cabinet ministers attempt to extricate themselves from sticky situations on a daily basis provides a certain amount of morbid curiosity for me at least. It's interesting to see ministers Downer and Vaile being caught out having told Parliament bald-faced lies, and neither the Speaker, the commercial networks, the newspapers, nor the general public, seems to give a grain of barley. While the ALP searches for the smoking gun within John Howard's definition of ministerial responsibility and John Howard's definition of Australia's responsibilities to the UN, we acquiesce in apathy and ineffectiveness at the corporate sector's takeover of the Australian nation. Welcome to John Howard's Australia, for those who've just woken up.

Russell Marks

Dear Anna and Steph,

First, allow me to congratulate you on a solid start to your tenure as editors of one of the oldest and most successful student papers in the whole world. I'm sure you and your readers know that this will be a tense year for student media and the student movement as a whole, but I'm confident you're up to the challenge, champing at the bit and raring to give it a red hot go. *Rah!*

Nevertheless, allow me to offer some advice. Your subterranean office, although unfortunately located next to the men's rooms, is one of the more sacred locations on campus. Seriously. That dank little lair of yours is more or less the heart of the university, right next to the lawns and across the cloisters from our hallowed Association of Students.

Through your windows you have the privilege of watching students reading, writing, playing handball, throwing frisbees, catching butterflies, smoking blunts and getting to the bottom of the more meaningful things in life. And there you are, tapping away at those crusty old keyboards, drinking bad coffee and chain smoking into the wee hours, trying to record as much of it as you can so that those frolicking lawn bunnies can keep a little piece of their time at university to show to a future generation of kids that, now that I think about it, mightn't even be able to afford the privilege of higher education.

At least, that's how I remember the job.

My point is this. If anybody tries messing with you or your 74-year-old newspaper, remember that the students are on your side. They voted for you in comparatively substantial numbers, and I wager that a hefty number of them would be only too happy to stick up for their paper.

I'm not long for this university. This is the last year of my long suffering degree, but I hate the thought of *On Dit* losing its place in student culture, squirreled out of the way and at the mercy of phoney-baloney politicians. I like the idea of coming back to Adelaide decades from now and catching a glimpse of cynical young gadflies hanging around the stairs to the basement, laughing and joking and talking about art and politics and pretentious music.

And fonts.

Ladies, enjoy your time in the office, and don't forget to look out the window once in a while.

Sincerely,

Allan Smithee

you wanted debate AJ

Hi Andrew,

I've just finished reading your Current Affairs piece in *On Dit* 74.1 and wanted to write in and thank you for a concise and informative article. What I really liked about it was that you introduced the two concepts of 'fact versus opinion' and the illegitimacy of the ad hominem attack.

Since the ... for want a better term ... mainstream news services seem to delight in pushing unverifiable second-

hand conjecture and the opinions of politicians as facts, and modern political rhetoric mostly consists of schoolyard bullies squabbling over someone else's lunchbox, it's really nice to see an article that tells people to stop and think.

As an aside over VSU, I've always thought that the major problem with student unionism was more terminological rather than ideological. Unions usually function in specific ways to provide key services, arbitration, wage brokering and fair representation, to their members. Our union had the facilities to do that but it stepped beyond that with the diversity and operation of the service arm - and once you have protection, representation and service provision, it really starts to smell like you're running a microstate. Our student fee mechanism worked more like a taxation system and we paid tax towards the support systems of our microgovernment and corresponding microstate of the University of Adelaide. Yes, there is a market force component and we get to choose our leaders but the service provision aspect always looked like the tax-provided services of a small government to me. (I could, of course, be wrong - I'm a computer scientist not a political scientist.) However, seen from this angle, VSU is obviously flawed and it also discriminates against one type of 'government' - the student union.

I don't have a choice about my tax. I can't write to the government and say "I'm not having kids. You're paying a baby bonus. I don't want to pay the share of my taxes that go towards that." Well, I can, but I think you can guess what the outcome would be. Now I get a choice about my student union fees and, as far as I can see, all this choice will give me is less choice because, ultimately, there will be fewer services. Another victory for deceptive dialogue and a silent senate.

Anyway, my rantings aside, thank you again for a great article.

Regards,

Nick

Amusing at 4 a.m.; downright rude any other time

Dear *On Dit*,

Election Week came and my posse of boys were unable to compete with the short skirts of the *On Dit* girls. Steph had the hot, hot stockings and Anna was Swedish (need I say more?) However, the week's real winner was Phil, the misogynist who won the vote for the current *On Dit* team by exemplifying the intellectual and physical attributes that signified the superiority of the elected team. Neglecting these materialistic considerations, the girls have taken over with pure marketing power and immigrant mystique. Whether they can fairly represent the silent majority of students remains to be seen.

Phil Stojan

Immigrant mystique? Earth to Phil: the opposite of misogynist is NOT feminist -eds

Business of Government Made Trickier for Hamas

Following the swearing in of its members of parliament, Hamas must now get down to the business of creating a coherent Palestinian government. Never the easiest of tasks, their mandate is further complicated by the group's militant tendencies and hard-line attitude to neighbouring Israel. Ehud Olmert, the Israeli Acting Prime Minister, recently ruled out contact with the Palestinian Authority now that its parliament is controlled by Hamas, and has reportedly stated that future dialogue would be tantamount to negotiating with a terrorist organisation. Relations between the neighbours further deteriorated following recent comments by exiled Hamas leader Khaled Mashaal that negotiations with Israel under current conditions would be a complete waste of time. He went on to state that Hamas would only be willing to enter talks if Israel withdrew from occupied territory. This sentiment has been echoed by others within Hamas, who suggest that although they will not commit to a permanent peace, a long-term truce might be negotiated if Israel first withdraws from the West Bank, East Jerusalem and the Gaza

Strip. Although the likelihood that this demand will be met is spectacularly low, it does indicate that the main political body of Hamas has not closed its mind to the possibility of future negotiations. Even so, many interested parties, such as the United States, are alarmed by the very distinct possibility of there being absolutely no dialogue between Israel and the Palestinian Authority.

Although the situation between Israel and Palestine's newly inaugurated parliament can be safely considered to be pretty bad, Hamas might have more pressing problems closer to home. It seems that other factions within the Palestinian Authority may be looking to sideline Hamas, after the media got wind of 'secret' talks between Israeli and Palestinian officials in the United States last week. In a speech delivered to the parliament following the official appointment of new Prime Minister Ismail Haniyeh, Abbas clearly demanded that the incoming government should honour all agreements with Israel brokered by the previous administration. Given that one of Hamas' key objectives is the destruction of Israel, along with the reservation of its right to resist Israeli occupation, it is likely that the already

delicate political relationship between Hamas and President Abbas will incur further damage.

Hamas faces further obstacles in the form of a lack of funds, with foreign donors such as the United States and the European Union threatening to withhold aid if the group doesn't tone itself down. Although Hamas hopes to cajole other Arab and Islamic nations into making up a possible shortfall of AUD 150 million per month, they may be disappointed if Condoleezza Rice's current tour of Egypt, the United Arab Emirates and Saudi Arabia is a success. The U.S. Secretary of State is taking the opportunity to urge these nations to force Hamas to renounce violence and rethink its political stance on more moderate lines. Following its January 25 election victory, Hamas has certainly been given quite a lot to think about by the international community, as well as by elements within the Palestinian Authority. However, it remains to be seen whether Hamas will shelve its hard-line agenda for the time being, in order to concentrate of the practicalities of governance.

Sophie Donoghue

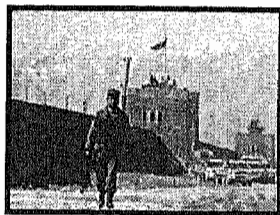
...wishes there was more happy, feel-good news to report this week

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Newsbytes

Officials have announced that none of the 65 coal miners trapped underground by a massive methane gas explosion in Mexico could have survived. Attempts to rescue the miners had to be delayed by two days, due to the possibility of more explosions. The firm which owns the mine has offered compensation to the families of the victims, and also has plans to create a trust fund to help pay for their children's education. An investigation into how the explosion occurred is pending.



1,500 prisoners have barricaded themselves into two wings of an Afghan high security jail, following riots sparked by changes in uniform regulations. Taliban and al-Qaeda inmates have been blamed for inciting greater violence, which has reportedly left several dead and 30 injured. Negotiations to end the siege are ongoing, with the military standing by with tanks and rocket launchers in case they fail. Changes in the prison uniform were implemented after an incident a month ago, when seven Taliban prisoners simply walked out of the prison by posing as visitors.

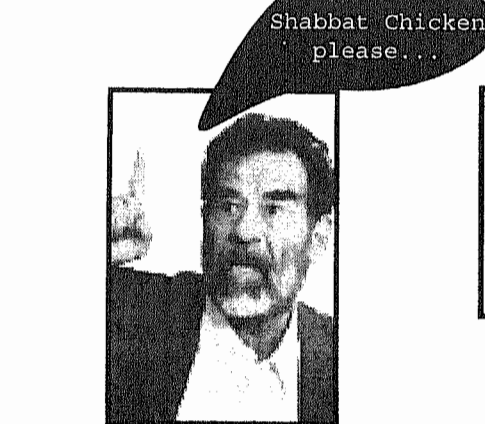
Five people have been arrested for their possible involvement in the biggest cash robbery ever to occur in Britain. The three men and two women, along with other unidentified persons, are

believed to be responsible for taking £50 million (AUD 117 million) from a security firm, where it was being held for safe-keeping. A team of 100 police is conducting a manhunt for the gang members still at large.

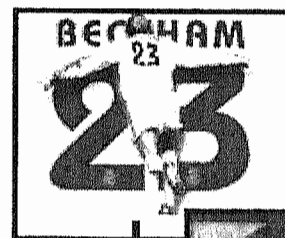
Protesters have attacked the British embassy in Tehran following the bombing of a Shiite shrine in Iraq. Although it is not certain who actually bombed the Imam Ali al-Hadi shrine, British military presence in Iraq has made the embassy the scene of frequent protests. Petrol bombs and rocks were hurled at the embassy by a group of 700 protesters, in a violent follow-up to another protest earlier in the day, which was peaceful. A mourning period of seven days has been declared for the damage suffered by the 1,000-year-old shrine.



Armed thieves have stolen several priceless works of art from a Brazilian gallery, including pieces by Picasso, Monet and Dali. The men - who also mugged five tourists - easily eluded capture by disappearing into the tens of thousands of people who packed the streets for the nation's Carnival celebrations.



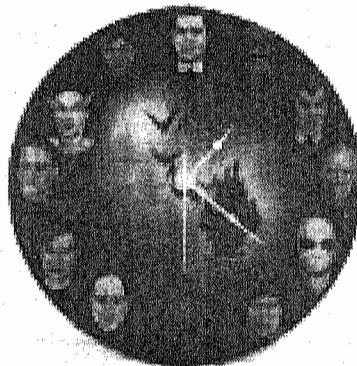
According to his chief lawyer, Saddam Hussein has ended an eleven day hunger strike - which he began in order to protest against his trial - due to health reasons. **



Footballer and clothes-horse David Beckham has admitted that he often has trouble getting his head round his six-year old son's maths homework. Apparently it's got to the point where he has to ask Posh to help him out. *The Mail on Sunday* gave the example: "What is 12 divided by 3?".

Sophie Donoghue

*** When the editors attempted to find out more about Saddam's 'health issues' the most they got was 'he lost weight'. Derr!!!*



The global population has just ticked over the 6.5 billion mark, according to the U.S. Department of Commerce's Census Bureau's clock. Current growth trends show that 4.1 people are born and 1.8 die every second.

...In which we find out How to Snack like the Stars (seriously!)

One of the latest in a line of publications to hit service station shelves recently is a magazine entitled *Famous*, its first issue dated 27 February. At first glance, despite the word "NEW!" in bold yellow print in the top right-hand corner of the front cover, the first issue does not seem to offer anything we wouldn't find in about a dozen other weekly magazines - stories about 'busting' diet myths, finding the right handbag, and celebrities who are referred to only by their first names ('Katie and Tom', 'Kate and Pete', 'Lindsay's Brush with the Law'). The arrival of a publication like *Famous* on the already saturated magazine (and especially women's magazine) scene may at first seem a little surprising. In such a highly competitive business where new publications constantly appear and then disappear without much notice, how viable can 100 pages of the same old celebrity gossip really be? However, it appears that the demand for trashy weekly magazines is on the rise. According to *The Australian's* recent round-up of national magazine circulation and readership, a 2% increase in sales was achieved during the second half of 2005 - the majority of which can be attributed to the 'dynamic' women's weekly market. Old favourites *New Idea* and *NW* both saw considerable increases in both circulation and readership. The big winner, surprisingly, was *Shop Til You Drop*, a monthly magazine dedicated entirely to, according to the mission statement on its website, 'the rush of shopping'. I remember seeing the first-ever issue of *Shop Til You Drop* in a newsagency and marveling at it, thinking it was the most hilariously ridiculous thing I'd ever seen. Now it appears that there is a massive market out there for guilty pleasures such as this one.

Whereas some magazines attempt to balance or disguise their celebrity gossip content with real-life stories and glossy features, *Famous* makes no excuses for its content, in the same way that *Shop Til You Drop* relishes the fact that it is completely dedicated to shopping. *Famous'* title makes its purpose clear. On the one hand, it's about celebrities - we learn about Nicole Richie's alleged conversion

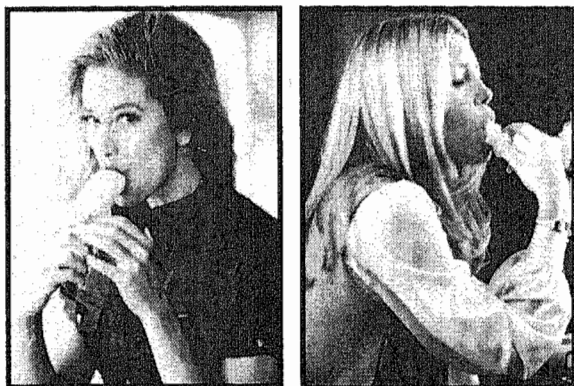
to fashionable religion Kabbalah; we see shocking evidence of Jessica Simpson wearing the same outfits twice; and we learn that Mischa Barton likes wearing hats. It also provides lifestyle advice for readers, all based on celebrity actions, with headlines such as 'Snack like the Stars', 'Stay in shape star-style', its information backed up with a paparazzi image of a snacking celebrity leaving the gym.

It seems that what we are seeing is a move toward a style of publication that unashamedly embraces its trashy status. In its opening letter from the editor, *Famous* lays no claim other than to provide "lots of great goss and celebrity insight to get you through the ups and downs of the working days." No opinion pieces or current affairs stories here - just pure unadulterated Brad and Angelina gossip. This style of publication even deliberately lives up to stereotypes. 'Women just love to shop. It's fun', reads the tagline on *Shop Til You Drop's* internet subscription page. The magazine's mission is clear: '*Shop Til You Drop* is simply 100% fashion, beauty, and lifestyle entertainment'. Similarly, the just-launched Australian version of British men's magazine *Zoo Weekly* has no qualms about the purpose it serves. It promises 'top sports stories, latest cars, gadgets, babes and weirdness. And a pub's eye view of the stuff worth talking about'. It also makes its target audience clear: 'normal blokes who like girls and watch sport. They drink beer, go to the pub regularly and enjoy having a laugh'. As the magazine seems to imply, guys like this shouldn't be ashamed of reading a magazine like this - thus putting those old 'I read *Playboy* because of the fascinating articles' clichés to rest.

Whether magazines like *Famous*, *Zoo Weekly*, *Shop Til You Drop* and the newly launched *Star* magazine, which promises only celebrity and entertainment news, will prove to be long-lived is yet to be seen. But the sheer number of these, and similar publications, on the market at the moment show that trash is definitely something to be enjoyed completely guilt-free.

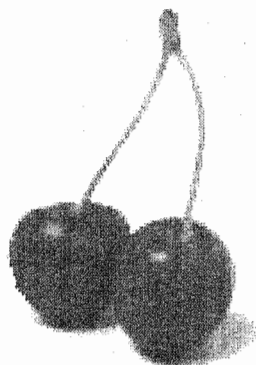
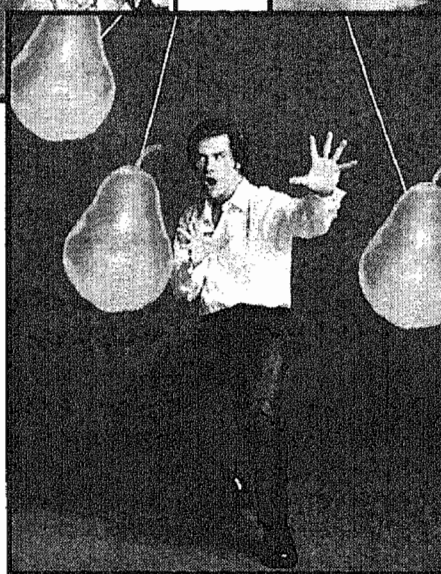
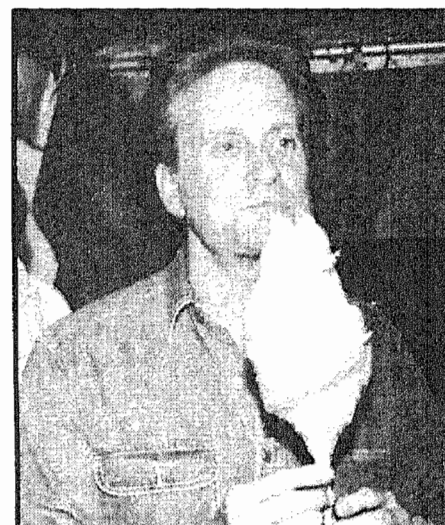
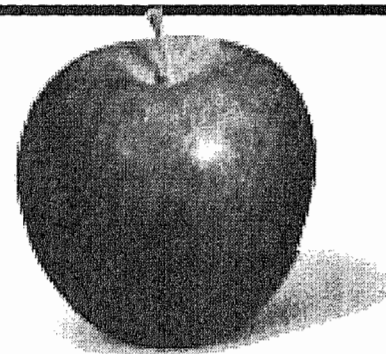
Ola Bednarczuk

Exhibit A



You may have noticed that there is an uneven proportion of men and women eating in this collection of photos. Super! We would like to note that it was difficult to find photographs of women eating as opposed to feigning climax through performing fellatio on foodstuff.

Thank you to celebrities-eating.com for providing such a vital resource.
xoxo



Speaking of Food & Sex... There is an overabundance of online dating sites especially for you vegetarians & vegans out there...

www.veggielove.com www.veggieconnection.com www.veggiedate.org www.veggieglobal.com/dating



Editor: Andrew Turner
acaondit@gmail.com



Thank you to the small child who drew this beautiful portrait of John. Kind of looks like Mao

What the F***?

John Howard ABC News
7pm February 16 2006;

"The Government gets expert advice so should make the decisions."

John Howard, SBS News
9.30 pm February 16
2006;

"The issues are too complex for the experts so the Government should make the decision."

In last weeks' *On Dit*, writing about the Australian Wheat Board (AWB) scandal Michael Adams wrote that "any person who does not care enough to push for transparency and public disclosure of business practise in the global marketplace is neither in a position to make commentary nor to undertake responsibility for proclaiming the virtue of their country's moral and ethical standing overseas self-righteously" (*On Dit* 74.1). I disagree. Those who do not care take on some of the responsibility for any corruption done in their name. Even those who do care are culpable. This is part of being a democracy.

Democracy, or government by the people, can be interpreted in two ways. Aristotle thought that there is democracy whenever the free and poor are sovereign. People participate as equals in the political system. Call this the equality model. Raphael¹ thinks that the distinctive nature of modern democracy is that it secures liberty. The only restrictions are those necessary to maintain that liberty.

Our definition of democracy reflects our preference for equality or liberty. Old-school communists claimed that by addressing the material of the greater number, communism is more democratic than capitalism (which addresses the needs of the ruling elite). The capitalist responds that this equality comes at the cost of liberty, and liberty is central to democracy.

Further distinctions can be made. Small 'l' liberals value political and personal freedom, giving a minimal role of protection to the state. Liberals also allow for a certain amount of redistribution of income from the wealthy to the needy. Today's democracies are chasing headlong into a particular form of liberalism: libertarianism. The Libertarian values liberty over equality, with little or no redistribution of income. The libertarian thinks the market economy is the just system for the distribution of wealth.

Australia is adopting the libertarian model as the best way to secure our freedom. This is the reason, I think, that free speech is being posited as a central function of democracy. But in the libertarian model, freedom is not a function of democracy but a consequence of it. Democracy is the political tool to give us such freedom. We have other freedoms, freedoms to buy a house, freedom to negotiate with employers over contracts, freedom to choose to join a student union and so on. Anything that restricts freedom is being removed in an attempt to apply choice to all aspects of our lives. Though social engineering still plays a role., w're not free to smoke in restaurants, speed or assault each other. The libertarian believes that the state should

only protect us from harm and so on.

What are we prepared to put up with for this freedom? The AWB scandal suggests that we're prepared to put up with a lot. First, a few remarks about the role of the market. The market is said to be the best economic system for meeting the needs of society. If the population wants a product this creates a market need, and along will come a business to fill that need. The market helps support businesses and provides for the needs of the consumer. This sort of reasoning is being expanded. The market is becoming the mechanism for the provision of education, health and government services. Once it was the role of the state to govern the market, to ensure fairness. But this seems to be changing. The role of government seems to be to facilitate business. The AWB scandal points to this.

We know that from 1999 onwards AWB were paying at least \$300 million in 'trucking fees' to Saddam Hussein's regime, one known to be corrupt² and one that tortured its own people. Then came the WMD claims. Still AWB paid these fees, even though we were gearing up for an invasion; even though the money would help Saddam prepare for that invasion. The justification for this action is that it was required because that is how business works in the region. Michael Adams last week certainly put the case for this quite clearly (without condoning it). He left it up to us to decide whether we condone and condemn it. I give you no such choice. We must condemn it.

One claim, certainly one promoted by John Howard in the House on 16 February, is that AWB had to pay such fees to secure the market for the good of our farmers. Here is Michael Adams again; "...if AWB did not provide kickbacks to the Iraqi government, then the business tender would most likely not have been awarded to them" (*On Dit* 74.1). At this point we need to make a clear distinction. Australia deals with corrupt regimes on a daily basis. To refuse on moral grounds to deal with such regimes would cut the throats of many of our businesses by excluding them from these markets. But there is a difference between trading with such regimes and joining in with their corruption. Suppose that a customer, upon whom you relied for a significant amount of your income, was a wife beater. Your economic situation suggests you continue trading with the man. But there is no reason for you to go around to the man's house and help him beat up his wife. This is the distinction at play here. It is one thing to deal with corrupt regimes, another to engage with them in their corruption. AWB became corrupt and should be condemned for doing so, not understood as in some way forced to do so by their circumstances.

What role did Government agencies play? Evidence suggests that DFAT was aware of such payments and had queried them. AWB claimed for tax deductions on the basis of these payments. Foreign Affairs officials accompanied AWB executives to Iraq. Mark Vaile, Alexander Downer and Warren Truss have been linked to this scandal. At the time of going to press (25 Feb) evidence was emerging that ministers were sent reports in 2001. John Howard, who has denied knowing about the scandal until the Volcker Report was published in October 2005 had spoken with Volcker about AWB and the oil-for-food program on 13 September 2005. All claim ignorance of the affair. We can, and should hit them with a dilemma (alluded to by Michael Adams); either the minister was aware of this and is guilty of corruption, or the minister was not aware of this and is incompetent. A classic example of a dilemma that should force all out of office; they will not go and we will not force them out. Why not?

Business is business! The Americans are 'only' whinging because they were excluded from the market. The idea seems to be that the right or wrongness of the act is determined by the market, not by a moral standard set through democratic processes. The Government is only there to facilitate the success of businesses, not to monitor or restrict that business in any way. It didn't seem to occur to government departments that they should rigorously investigate a situation where Australian interests were being well served. The market was working, why question it?

Who is responsible for this corrupt behaviour? Logic says that we are! Democracy is government by the people; the government is corrupt, therefore we are corrupt. The AWB scandal demonstrates a level of corruption prevalent within society. Corruption we are prepared to put up with because the system allows us to be free.

However, we do have the power to remove such corruption. Democracy involves elections, and we should vote, not just on economic issues, which is what the parliamentary parties want, but on all issues. Until then we have to put up with the corruption.

But do we? Mahatma Gandhi thought that 'civil disobedience becomes a sacred duty when the state becomes lawless or corrupt'. Quoting our illustrious leader, I'm not saying that this is what I believe I'm just putting the view 'out there'. Sounds a bit shallow doesn't it.

Andrew Turner

(Footnotes)

¹ Raphael, D. D., 1970, *Problems of Political Philosophy*, Macmillan Education Ltd., Basingstoke

²Which is obvious since AWB bribed its way in.

SUPER HAPPY CYBER ELECTION FUN HOUR



Well ladies and gentlemen, it's that special time again where our political masters get together and try to convince us that they're the best choice to waste our money on expensive offices, crappy looking public buildings and non-functional international and local transport. With the election polling on March 18, Mike Rann, Rob Kerin and all the other pollied will be champing at the bit to get as much taxpayer sponsored propaganda out to the public as possible. I'm sure all the 'serious' issues will be mentioned, such as the MASSIVE CONTROVERSY surrounding Adelaide Airport (Gasp!) and something about trams (it's so important!). Hey, did you hear that Mark Brindal was GAY? (Shock!) Or that Lea Stevens SOMEHOW got sick! (How unusual!) It's like reading a particularly uninspired copy of Woman's Day, which I have obviously never, ever read. Hey, yours truly gets worked up about stupid crap like not being able to get decent broadband internet (it's sad, I really do) at my joint in Salisbury. I know, I'm pathetic, but at least I've got the balls to admit that I'm another one-dimensional, middle class, ignorant prick.

But enough about me. Rob Kerin and his crew are going to have to pull some pretty smooth moves to even get a whiff of winning this thing. Rob Kerin has described himself as the underdog¹. I, however, have an odd feeling in my bones that the election may be closer than we suspect. People are weirdos at heart, and will change their vote on a whim. Just because I think it doesn't make it so however, and most of the pundits and polls are predicting a Labor smackdown come election day. Neither leader is a fool, although Rann seems to be a natural at using the media to get his views across, as opposed to Kerin who almost looks uncomfortable in the spotlight.

It's worth examining why the Liberals are seemingly so disorganised. The state Liberal party apparently suffers from the same infighting, disorganised factionalism that plagues Federal Labor. The generic Left and Right factions within the party divide the scraps of power like dogs fighting over a piece of meat. Mike Rann has a few things in common with John Howard; the most relevant to this situation being that he knows how to keep the rank-and-file of his party where they belong – in his shadow. Rob Kerin is by all accounts described as being a 'nice guy', which is probably why he does not have his factional groups completely in check. Rather it is they who appear to dictate ministerial appointments. An example of this can be seen with the unusual departure of Dean Brown pre-election.

In the period following his departure, Vicki Chapman (of Brown's Left faction) and Ian Evans both waged campaigns, independent of Rob Kerin's opinion or influence (to some extent) to be elected into the breach². Ian Evans was eventually victorious. This kind of infighting polarises parties and distracts the apparatus in general from fighting enemies (other parties). Yet all the parties are guaranteed to experience this, since the nature of any successful politician is to get to the top by whatever means necessary. It's almost a 'democracy within a democracy' and just as complex and convoluted.

So I figure I'd do you all a massive service and take a quick look at the platform that each major party is standing on. If you weren't lazy you could go to their websites and look for yourself, but hey, I know you guys too well, right? I could barely summon the energy to force my hangover ridden body to write this crappy article!

The reigning Labor party is talking up its economic credentials, the Triple A credit rating and the balancing of economic success with sustainable environmental policies³. An issue of particular controversy is the Defence contracts won by this state recently. Correctly or incorrectly, Mike Rann and his team appear to be attempting to take the credit for economic success, to the great chagrin of the Federal Liberals, who believe that it was their decision alone that bestowed the economic victory upon SA⁴. The reality, as with most political stoushes, is that both points of view have elements of truth to them; the best way to determine who you believe is to decide who is telling *more* truth. In this instance, Mr Howard argued that "states could influence the rate of economic development". However, he also claimed that Labor "could not claim the credit for it being in good shape."⁵ Labor is also boasting its law and order credentials, claiming that crime fell by 6.4% in 2003-2004⁶. It has also offered to increase police numbers by 400 over the next four years⁷. One of the more populist policies of Labor is the somewhat dubious idea to 'name and shame' teenage vandals in public. One would think that disenfranchised and neglected youth would simply be driven further away from co-operating with mainstream society through this measure.

The Liberals are basing their campaign upon 'honesty' 'the economy' and "making sure that the services that people want are there when they need them."⁸ The Liberal party seems to be taking an almost reactive stance in its methods of waging political battle against the Labor

party. For instance, its policies include such actions as re-opening Glenside Hospital, repealing the tram extensions, and criticising the economy (which was damaged by Howard's little pep talk). Truth be told, the Liberals are also focusing upon law and order, offering to employ 400 more police officers in their first term⁹. Of course, Labor is also offering this, so it is not an exemplary detail.

The Greens and Family First are both fairly bold parties in that they state their agendas openly. The Greens are anti-nuclear, pro-environmental conservation and protection, anti-fascist and pro transparency and accountability in government. Their first priority is sustainability, and everything else is tempered, controlled or constricted by this consideration. In my opinion, they can be considered the archetypal 'left wing progressive' party. Family First is a conservative party with ties to the religious right that is well summed up on their website – "If it's good for the Family- I vote for it. If it isn't- I vote against it."¹⁰ Family First is conservative on issues such as abortion, drugs and family relationships, but surprisingly, believes the Iraq war was 'premature'¹¹. The Democrats are a party that have had a spectacular fall in Australia, going from being the 'balance of power' in Federal and State politics to a fringe party that has perhaps 2% of the vote. It's a great shame too; the Democrats were an excellent check and balance to government excess and ideologically motivated policy. The Democrats are still around though; their policy revolves around 'keeping the bastards honest' and promoting equality and social justice¹². I wish I could go into greater detail on the various platforms of the parties, but I don't think *On Dit* has enough pages and, honestly, go find it out for yourself, it'll be more rewarding, you lazy fuck.

Those who would view this election through rose coloured glasses would say that elections are the time to reward good policies whilst punishing less successful ones. I guess that's true, and far be it from me to smash your rose-coloured glasses, dear reader, but did anybody notice that there isn't that much difference between the two major parties? Both are purporting to be tough on 'Law and Order', both are flirting with the idea of tax cuts, and both accuse the other of being responsible for every single one of the state's problems... I mean, honestly. If you let the parties wail on each other for past mistakes then the resulting shitstorm of incrimination would stretch back to biblical times. The privatisation of ETSa is the prime example, with the

Liberals expecting Labor to fix the utility that the Liberals sold to try to fix Labor's 'deft' handling of the State Bank. It seems that each incumbent government spends all its time and our money 'fixing' what the last government did until it gets voted out for spending millions on crap like office refurbishments. Such is the bane and benefit of the modern parliamentary system. I know, I know, the system is the best thing our minds have thus far managed to come up with, and it works, to a great extent (we aren't all dead). Without our modern system we'd probably be living in the equivalent of Medieval Europe, with guns. Politicians aren't evil, they're just people. They have a myriad of faults, just like us; pettiness, vindictiveness, self interest, etc. They can also be genuinely passionate about issues that resonate with the people (my idealistic side insists). The trick is to find the issue and pollied that resonates with what you believe, and vote. To be honest, politics wouldn't be as intriguing as it is without the petty day to day factionalist warfare that goes on behind the scenes.

Now I know that there will be some people out there (politicians) who may say, 'Michael, its pretty easy being a cynical asshole, sniping at politicians and calling them hypocrites when you've never been a part of the political process.' To them I say, you're absolutely right! It's even easier then you think! So here's to the easy life!

Michael Adams

(Footnotes)

¹ Richardson, Tom. 'Libs launch star and sniffer dogs' in The Australian http://www.theaustralian.news.com.au/common/story_page/0,5744,18051814%255e2702,00.html

² Adelaide Review, 'Old irritations play out in vote for Evans' <http://www.adelaidereview.com.au/archives.php?subaction=showfull&id=1132880356&archive=1134092913&startfrom=&ucat=1&>

³ SA Labor Platform http://www.sa.alp.org.au/download/now/sa_alp_platform05.pdf

⁴ Starick, Paul. 'PM tells Rann: Credit where credit's due on economy, ships' in The Advertiser February 23 2006

⁵ Ibid

⁶ SA Government Achievements <http://www.ministers.sa.gov.au/achievements.asp#8>

⁷ SA Labor police policy <http://www.sa.alp.org.au/download/now/police.pdf>

⁸ Liberal SA campaign platform http://www.saliberals.org.au/news/news_item.asp?NewsID=4524

⁹ 'Liberals Commit 400 extra police for SA' SA Liberal Campaign 2006

http://www.saliberals.org.au/news/news_item.asp?NewsID=4636

¹⁰ <http://www.familyfirst.org.au>

¹¹ Family First Policy <http://www.familyfirst.org.au/documents/WARINIRAQ.pdf>

¹² Democrats Policy <http://sa.democrats.org.au/election/issues.html>



Why John Howard is Not a Good Leader...

PM RULZ OK



J.W.H.
4
GST
4 EVA
I.P.A.T

(How Russell fit this into one page I will never know.)

To become the Prime Minister of Australia, one must first become a politician.

Such a statement may be so obvious to appear nonsensical, but it is nevertheless true. To become Australia's Prime Minister, at least for the foreseeable future, one must first join one of the two major political parties, and spend years – even decades – becoming a 'good politician'. This involves 'earning' enough support from within one's party (through a seemingly endless myriad of factional deals and electoral victories) to contest a general election as the party's leader.

Now, the 'career politician' is no longer the exception, particularly among those who harbour ambitions of the top job. Consistent electoral 'success' provides (more than) adequate remuneration, leaving the politician free to pursue her 'career path' within her party.

But is 'politics', where 'success' is measured almost purely by election victories, necessarily an adequate prerequisite for 'political leadership' – the role of constituting a figurehead for a community (albeit an imagined, 'national' one)? Of course not, because 'politics' and 'leadership' are two vastly different things.

John Howard is a very 'successful' politician, but he is not a good leader of the Australian 'community'. With leadership comes authority and, hence, responsibility and accountability. A leader must act as a moral compass for her or his community, a role which involves a mix of educator, student, fortitude and mutability.

That Howard commands authority is beyond doubt. Indeed, within the structure of the Liberal Party as formulated by Robert Menzies, the party's leader is the principal authority on policy matters. **While the Liberal Party might be in one sense a 'broad church' of opinion (albeit a seemingly ever-narrowing one), it's also very much true that 'the PM rulz, OK'.**

But the other side of the 'authority' coin – responsibility and accountability – appears to be consistently lacking from John Howard's Prime Ministership. Neither the Minister for Foreign Affairs (Alexander Downer) nor the then Minister for Trade (Mark Vaile) was 'responsible' when the AVB paid \$300 million worth of illegal, extra-contractual 'kickbacks' to Saddam Hussein's regime between 1996 and 2003. Neither Minister for Immigration (Phillip Ruddock or Amanda Vanstone) was accountable when Vivian Alvarez Solon, an Australian citizen, was illegally deported to the Philippines in 2001 and remained there until being discovered via a 'Missing Persons' TV segment in 2005. No Minister was responsible when fellow Australian citizen Cornelia Rau was detained at length inside Baxter Detention Centre from 2004 to 2005. No Minister was responsible when Iraq turned out not to have any 'weapons of mass destruction' despite frequent statements to this effect by many international experts.

And certainly, no-one told the Prime Minister anything. Indeed, the PM has re-defined what it means for a Minister to be 'responsible' to Parliament under the Westminster system: he doesn't believe that Ministers should be held responsible 'for things they clearly had no knowledge of'.¹

During the early days, with his 'strict' Ministerial Code of Conduct,² Howard appeared to be displaying almost unprecedented accountability to the Parliament and the people: the list of Howard Ministers who were forced to resign over conflicts of interest and the travel rorts scandal is quite long. However, he quickly announced changes to the Code to protect 'people who are successful in business and the professions' from having 'every single...business transaction in which they have been involved' scrutinised by the Opposition and the press.³ Immediately, John Moore and Warwick Parer were spared the axe for similar indiscretions.

Some commentators have suggested that Howard's much-celebrated Code of Conduct was used merely as a political tactic to weed out enough 'wet' Liberals so that Howard and his band of right-wing social and economic hard-liners could get on with the job of transforming Australia into a neo-liberal's paradise. This remains a matter of conjecture, but it certainly sits well with the idea that Howard's idea of 'success' is primarily measured by election victories rather than by being a good leader.

Howard's admirers often point to his government's economic record as proof of his leadership credentials. They say its unpopular implementation of the GST, its record of consistently posting budget surpluses, and its record of debt reduction have led to low levels of inflation, interest rates, and unemployment – and that this makes him a good leader. But such analysis glosses over the inequitable consequences of Howard's economic reforms.

Indeed, if we look at Howard's economic 'credentials' through a political lens, it quickly becomes obvious that Howard is ever the politician, and hardly ever the leader. He gives frequent tax cuts to 'middle Australia', at the expense of lower income earners, because 'middle Australia' is where the votes are. He funds today's economic 'growth' by stealing from the future (when he won't be around) – his vision for the future is, if anything, 'more of the same'. At a time when joining the Kyoto Protocol's carbon-trading scheme would make excellent economic sense, Howard instead keeps Australia's economy afloat by selling off raw materials to India and China. He props up the unsustainable coal industry, and effectively kills off the solar industry by withdrawing the federal rebate scheme for panel installation. Meanwhile, Australia's current account deficit (import payments minus export receipts) continues to swell to

record proportions (though because this is fuelled by the private sector the fact that we're living beyond our means is not perceived as a problem), and the level of foreign debt was recently announced at a record \$473 billion,⁴ or 52% of total GDP, putting upward pressure on interest rates and impeding growth by up to 0.5% in the short term.

Howard the politician has far more interest in winning votes in the here-and-now than in strengthening the foundations of Australia's economy to make it sustainable. Doing so would have meant increasing funding to schools and universities, and sponsoring far more research and development than it has. Instead, John Howard's government has earned the dubious honour of being the only OECD government to have reduced funding to these key areas.

La Trobe politics professor Judith Brett argues that what drives Howard is simply beating Labor.⁵ Consistent electoral victories over the ALP makes him 'successful', but he, like most of Australia's media, erroneously equate political success with being a good leader. Apart from financing Australia's economic growth from stealing from the future (and relying upon the fortuitous international demand from Australian raw materials), his electoral 'victories' have been grounded in the appeal to his constituents' most basic fears – of financial insecurity (hence the 2004 'interest rates' campaign), of foreigners (remember the 2001 'Tampa' election?), of difference and of change. Often these appeals to fear have been downright nasty. The lengths to which he went in 2001 to demonise and dehumanise people seeking asylum, who, as stateless persons are among the most desperate on the planet, could easily be described as evil. At any rate they were unnecessary: most of 'Howard's battlers' who bought the "we will decide who comes to this country" line would've also agreed with a much softer stance. His stances on gay marriage and Indigenous politics have been exclusionary and judgmental rather than tolerant or empathetic.

Australian political leaders should be committed to democracy as a matter of course, but Howard's commitment is questionable at best. He has silenced non-government organisations by preventing them from agitating for changes to government policy, threatening them with withdrawal of funding. He has decreased the pool of people eligible to vote in federal elections, by withdrawing the privilege from prisoners, and by cutting the electoral rolls on the day an election is announced. His government has been the only one to give public support to the US government's detention facility in Cuba, which breaches the Geneva Convention. **The number of questions asked inside and outside of Parliament that he simply doesn't answer continues to increase.** Upon gaining control of the

Senate last year, he rushed through major pieces of legislation without affording adequate time for questioning. He ignores issues of major concern to the informed electorate – namely, the Iraq invasion, the industrial relations reforms, privatisation, and the GST. He has placed media bans on immigration detention facilities. He keeps record numbers of secrets from his constituents by claiming commercial-in-confidence and national security concerns. His government's anti-terror laws, which include the revival of the ancient crime of sedition, are a direct assault on the freedoms of speech and association in the name of 'protecting' Australians from a potential threat he does almost everything in his power to actualise.

John Howard has a polarising effect on the Australian electorate with his 'divide-and-conquer' style of 'leadership' (which might more accurately be described as 'followership' given his unprecedented tactic of following the advice of ill-informed focus groups and acting on the results of internal polling). Anyone who disagrees with him is humiliated, discredited and ignored, dismissed to the outskirts as a 'Howard hater', a representative of 'special interests'. **Ironically, there has probably never been a government which has listened so intently to the wishes of the extremely right-wing business groups, the Business Council of Australia and the Chamber of Commerce and Industry.** Christian Kerr, former adviser to two Howard Cabinet Ministers, sees 'a Government lacking people and ideas but – like all long-serving regimes – one that thinks it knows everything'.⁶

Howard will retire if it looks as though he'll lose an election, and he'll only lose an election if the economy takes a nose-dive. His legacy will be his political victories, but he'll leave in his wake an Australia that has squandered an irretrievable opportunity to establish a solid foundation for the next half-century, which is viewed with distaste on the international stage, and whose residents are trained to be insular, unquestioning and fearful of difference.

John Howard the 'consummate politician'? Maybe. John Howard a good leader? I don't think so.

Russell Marks

(Endnotes)

¹ Amanda Vanstone (quoting John Howard), quoted in Michelle Grattan, 'No contrition from a joking Vanstone', the Age (Melbourne), 7/10/05.

² Check it out: <http://www.dpmc.gov.au/guidelines/docs/ministerial_responsibility.pdf>

³ Howard to ABC Radio, 18/9/98, quoted in Mike Seccombe, 'PM in plan to water down code of conduct', Sydney Morning Herald, 19/9/98.

⁴ ABS final quarter 2005 figures: <<http://www.abs.gov.au/AUSSTATS/abs@.nsf/mf/5302.0?OpenDocument>>

⁵ Brett, 'Relaxed and Comfortable: The Liberal Party's Australia' (2005), 19 Quarterly Essay 1.

⁶ Kerr, 'Drifting in stagnant waters', the Age, 23/2/06.

Mushy Multiculturalism and the facts of aborting ourselves out of existence!

In the past few weeks the Liberal Government has had a real struggle keeping the mouths of its more, ahem, ham-fisted backbenchers speaking on the delicate issue of race relations with the current Muslim influx into Australia. So in order to assert party solidarity, the main players have all recently waxed lyrical about their ideas on the subject. However between Costello, Ruddock and Howard, they have forgotten to meet up and get a straight line for the press – and it has been a very painful experience for them. In a time when it is hard for Labor members to get more than thirty seconds of evening news space, Liberals are having more and more sound bites used when they aren't used to *everything* they say having to be sharply media savvy.

It all started when Danna Vale, Federal Member for Hughes, let this classic housewife line slide out during an interview about the abortion pill debate:

"I've actually read in *The Daily Telegraph* where a certain imam from the Lakemba mosque actually said that Australia's going to be a Muslim nation in 50 years' time... I didn't believe him at the time, but you know when you actually look at the birth rates and when you look at the fact that we are aborting ourselves almost out of existence by 100,000 abortions every year and that's on a guesstimate".

What? Facts? A guesstimate? Surely the constituents of Hughes have the

best sense of voter humour to let this lunch lady represent them to the rest of Australia.

The situation is reminiscent of an event four years earlier when another 'renegade' Liberal candidate had to apologise for a fellow member's supercilious lips (Fred Nile called for a ban on the Muslim chador, which covers the hair and entire body, because it "could be used by terrorists to conceal weapons and explosives").

Which brings us up to speed on some very similar debates currently floating round Liberal chambers. Last week in a morning radio interview on Southern Cross Broadcasting, Prime Minister John Howard was asked about the amount of Backbenchers advocating to ban the hijab. To which he replied, "I don't mind the headscarf but it's really the whole outfit, I think most Australians would find it confronting... I don't believe that you should ban wearing headscarfs but I do think the full garb is confronting and **that is how most people feel.**"

He cited the troubles with legislation on clothes from experience in France and Turkey, where they have tried to introduce bans on religious garb. (In fact Turkish Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdogan's wife Emine, a devout Muslim, cannot accompany her husband to functions in government buildings because of her dress).

Do you find full body headscarves intimidating? Are you brought into distress when you see a flock of middle-aged women with baskets walking down Rundle Mall? This type of carefully placed vocabulary has helped Howard build up a solid racist presence in Australian popular culture. There is no way in Hell he could get away with a quote like that in a public address, but safely tucked away in the realms of redneck talk back radio he is only fuelling the fires of his supporters.

Treasurer Peter Costello has also gone on the attack of late, suggesting Muslim leaders should be pledging themselves and their followers to Australian values. He said "If you don't want to take your shoes off, don't go into a mosque. If you want to come into Australia, you will be asked respect for its values," he said. Unfortunately, you can't argue with the simplest, blanket explanation that this asks for; that Australia simply could not take in violent dissidents that would make a menace in our society. Yet at the same time, this statement is not referring to one-legged pirates after our women and booty. It is the targeting and demonising of a religious sect, and rabble-rousing of the highest order. Similarly Ruddock has stood behind Costello and what he has defined as "mushy multiculturalism".

However one of the sanest comments on the whole matter has come from one of the most snivelly of rats – Tony Abbott.

He has warned against ostracising or "shouting down" hardline Muslims, declaring it would be "a big mistake" to dismiss those advocating sharia law as "un-Australian".

In an article published in *Quadrant's* March issue (prepared before the Costello speech) Abbott wrote, "It would be a big mistake to dismiss this as 'un-Australian' rather than to begin the kind of engagement that eventually made Christianity less bloody.

"Why shouldn't the Muslim version of the Enlightenment and an Islamic doctrine of the separation of church and state be fostered in Australia? Especially as the task is so urgent."

What? This is far too poignant and progressive for a Liberal to be dealing with. What is he getting at? He even condemns Costello's push for an 'ideological correctness' test, claiming it would be a modern version of the notorious Immigration Restriction Act of 1902. I just can't fathom a man with such crooked views on women's rights could write like this. Last election I was given Labor pamphlets begging for the Green vote by saying 'we care about trees 'n stuff too!'. Could next election the Liberals be bending for a bleeding heart vote?

Nah, but it's a scary thought.

JC

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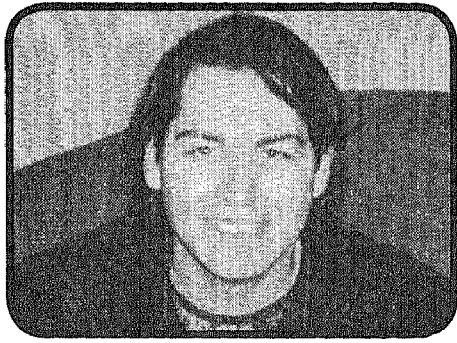
David Stratton, AtTheMovies

M Moderate coarse language
Moderate sexual references
Moderate drug use
Moderate violence & Themes

STARTS THURSDAY

AT CINEMAS EVERYWHERE

John Pezy
SAUA President



Hi everyone!

As part of our campaign to be more visible to students, office bearers of the Students' Association will be going out each week to get your views and answer questions about the Students' Association. We also want to ask you what your opinions are of recent developments in higher education, as well as other issues affecting students. This is our opportunity to find out what you as students really think of the Students' Association and the issues we are dealing with.

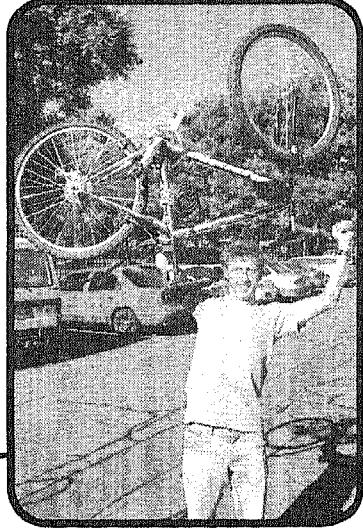
Some of the issues you may like to discuss with us include the recent suggestion from the Centre for Independent Studies that students should be able to borrow up to \$160 000 to study medicine, veterinary science or dentistry, the impact of VSU from July 1 this year, any issues you'd like to see our office bearers tackle this year, or even if you want to see the office bearers around more on campus.

The Students' Association can only function properly and legitimately if we have input from our members. One of the best ways to get this input is through the SAUA's collectives. Each department has a collective that exists to help the office bearers fulfil their duties. It is a point of direct contact for students to their elected representatives, and is the best way to get involved in the SAUA's activities. Our office bearers will be carrying sign up sheets when they are out talking to students, so when talking to them sign up to a collective or two as well.

Remember, uni isn't just about lectures. It's about having fun and getting involved too!

Cheers,
John Pezy
SAUA President
john.pezy@adelaide.edu.au

Reece Kinnane
Environment Officer



There are a couple of things I don't really like about the world that we live in. One of these is how it is harder to do the right thing than the wrong thing a lot of the time. Another is how annoying drunks are when you're not one of them. One thing you may have noticed throughout O' Week is that there was a lot of waste. The amount of this waste recycled was minimal. For my failure in avoiding this apologise, but there are others to blame, many others. Drunk people, for starters are really hard to control, they have very little regard for which bin they use, recycling or not. They put recycling in waste bins and waste in the recycling bins. This year was our first attempt at recycling waste during O'week and it will not be the last. Listen up punks! err... drunks! Next year we will have security next to each bin and if people put stuff in the wrong bin they will be deemed intoxicated and barred from drinking any more, so there! And this is just the first measure, if things don't improve we will start to target water wastage on campus. All the water you consume as beer is wasted, it dehydrates you, and you urinate at a higher rate, you flush using water and you need to drink more water to rehydrate, it's a really wasteful process. This can be solved for next year when we launch our water-recycling program that diverts sewerage to a plant that will separate the water from the waste. This high-quality water will be used to rehydrate the alcoholics, so whether they're trying to get plastered or sober up they can always hit the piss.

Reece Kinnane
Environment Officer
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Kate Walsh
Activities Officer



Hey everyone, hope your 1st week back at uni hasn't been too much of an anticlimax since O' Week. I should introduce myself. I'm Kate Walsh and I'm the activities officer and boy do I have some fun times planned. In week 3 on the 16th of March, the Activities Department will be presenting the Media Association Pub Crawl. T-shirts will be going on sale soon on the lawns, and boy oh boy will they be keepers.

17th of March is St Patrick's Day, so in true Irish spirit, everyone should head to the bar. I'll be organising cheap drinks for everyone wearing GREEN. WOOOO!

PROSH IS COMING!!! Prosh week is an annual week of fun and games that cause a little havoc and simultaneously raises money for charities. This year I plan to take it back to its former glory!

So, this is a call out for all people interested in becoming Prosh co-ordinators. We're looking for a General Pranks Co-ordinator, World Record Attempt Co-ordinator, Celebrity Kidnap Co-ordinator and PROSH Parade Co-ordinator.

ACTIVITIES COLLECTIVE!!! All people who believe that university life should solely entail books and studying should contact me for further information on how you can become involved.

Kate Walsh
Activities Officer
selina.walsh@student.adelaide.edu.au

Tara Bates
Women's Officer



Be rowdy... be there! International Women's Day is this Wednesday March 8, and to celebrate all women are invited to the March and Festival on Saturday March 11.

The history of IWD dates back to 1928 in Australia. The day had been variously seen as a time for asserting women's political and social rights, for reviewing the progress that women have made, or as a day for celebration.

'It Can Just Ruin Your Whole Sunday' is a project which looks at young women and alcohol. On Wednesday, we'll be launching this program and distributing safe partying packs to women with goodies galore, and also provide entertainment, challenges and much, much more! The 'superstars of hip-hop comedy', *Sister She* will also be here, perhaps Vox-Popping general students to create a radio segment. So come check this out at 12ish on Wednesday.

The big IWD event for South Australia is the March and Festival on Saturday. All women are invited to rally in Victoria Square at 10.30am to hear guest speakers before taking to the streets and marching down King William and Grenfell Streets to the festival site in Rymill Park. We'll then share in a festival of food, drinks, info stall, produce, second-hand books, t-shirts, entertainment and a Speakers Corner. This day always promises to be exciting, inspiring, interesting and a great way to meet other women!

I hope to see you there!

Tara Bates
Women's Vice-President
womens.saua@adelaide.edu.au

Dave and Rudenka
Sexuality Officers



Well, you've now all had your first week of lectures and tutorials and now you are all aware of the irrelevance of the majority of your lectures! That means you have more time to engage in CAPMUS CULTURE so I hope that you have all joined one of (if not more) SAUA collectives!

I'd like to take the time to share some things that I have learnt over the past week that have been extremely intriguing...

O' Camp Freshers are the best... Each and every single fresher is a little angel in my mind and I love every one of them... One spent a quarter of an hour explaining to Naomi and myself how the security guards for the beer garden think that they are better than uni students, when in fact they dropped out of school and took a 6-week self-defence class and now have to look after pissed uni students, so that makes him far superior (nice work Christian!). As well as this, it continues to amaze me how this bunch of freshers still manage to gain access to Skullduggery WHILST UNDERAGE! Take that, Med Students!

My good friend Dorothy provided an education insight into a 'moment of

passion'. While Dorothy and Billy were having a fiddle and decided to take it to the next level, Billy, being the very responsible uni student reached for a condom... ironically once he ripped the 'condom', some form of liquid squirted out, to which Dorothy and Billy shocking screamed 'What the fuck was that?' Needless to say, Billy had actually grabbed lube rather than a condom and Dorothy and Billy spent a night with a sticky chest!

- Reece Kinnane poked me with a pink stick (not saying anything...)
- Rhiannon is a GODDESS who rocks my world – thanks for the great O'Week
- Josh Rayner sucks too many lollipops (practicing for something??)

Well that's all I have time for this week, but look forward to an insight into eBay and chaffing next week! Until then, remember that lube won't prevent pregnancy!

TIP#2: Looking to get rid of headaches? Have an orgasm! Sigh. Sex sells- eds

Rudenka Roylance and Dave Wilkins
Sexuality Officers
femalesexo.saua@adelaide.edu.au
malesexo.saua@adelaide.edu.au





DISEASE OF THE WEEK

with Thomas Tu

Ebola Haemorrhagic Fever!

Family *Filoviridae*
Genus *Ebolavirus*



"If you are bleeding from all orifices, contact your closest doctor or best friend, it'll really freak them out. Also, this article does not give you super powers."

*People are Idiots.
Part Deux*

After mentioning to him that I was going to write the next *Disease of the week* article on Ebola, a friend remarked "Ah, yes. Emulsification of the bodily organs...". Movies and books (such as *Outbreak*, *Rainbow 6* by Tom Clancy and *The Hot Zone* by Richard Preston) give Ebola a face that's melting, disfigured and zombie-like. This is all Total Bullshit™. As a rule of thumb, anything entertaining is built of lies.

Lies corrected.

Ebola haemorrhagic fever is a rather rare viral disease (totalling only ~1900 cases) that was discovered in 1976 after an outbreak in Sudan. It comes in four different subtypes, named after the place they were found in first: Ebola-Zaire, the most common and deadly strain with a 50-90% mortality rate; Ebola-Sudan, which has killed 404 of the 760 people it has infected; Ebola-Côte d'Ivoire, of which only two cases have been seen and so far non-fatal; and Ebola-Reston, found in Reston, Virginia in a bunch of macaques imported from the Philippines. Ebola-Reston was not found to cause disease in humans.

Ebola affects humans and other primates in much the same way. After an incubation period of 2 to 21 days, the infected patient will suddenly feel tired, extremely weak and feverish. Patients also are lacking in blood platelets and white blood cells.

Other possible early symptoms include muscle aches, headaches and loss of appetite. Later stages may produce abdominal pains, nausea, diarrhoea, painful or difficulty in swallowing, bleeding into the gastrointestinal tract, bleeding at puncture sites and mucous membranes and, strangely, hiccups. In past outbreaks, hiccups were only present in the more serious cases, whereas survivors showed no sign of them.

Severe cases of Ebola haemorrhagic fever can also cause dangerously low blood pressure, rapid breath, shock, decreased urine production, widespread tissue death (particularly in the liver) and coma. Death usually occurs due to organ failure (usually kidneys or liver) or shock due to low blood pressure.

The name of haemorrhagic fever is a bit of a misnomer. Although the virus does attack blood-vessel walls and make them leakier, not all cases produce uncontrollable bleeding as a result. In the last large outbreak in 1995, excessive bleeding occurred only in half of the patients. These leakier vessels can leak fluid into surrounding tissues, thereby lowering blood pressure, and cause pulmonary oedema (fluid filling the lungs).

There is little treatment available to Ebola victims. Generally, patients are simply pumped full of fluids to prevent

dehydration and sinking blood pressure, and left to their own devices to get over it. Patients who recover from the disease are emaciated and weak. Many months of rehabilitation have to be endured for the survivors to even walk again. The virus can still be present in fluids for over 60 days after recovery.

Contracting the disease occurs when coming in contact with the fluids of dead or alive infected animals or people. Health care workers have been infected due to improper isolation techniques and reuse of non-sterilised equipment. There are no treatments or vaccines for humans that are effective against ebolavirus, although there have been some successful experimental vaccines for other primates.

As you can see, although it is based on a foundation of truth, even the worst case scenario of Ebola is nothing like the glamorised tripe of Hollywood. Next time *Outbreak* is on, you can tell your friends all the bullshit it purports and be shunned like the intellectual snob you are. Do it for Uncle Thomas. Do it for the truth.

As an endnote, if I was an 18 year old, bi-curious cam-whore having sleazy old men buy me things with an appreciation for stuffed things, this would so totally be on my wish list...



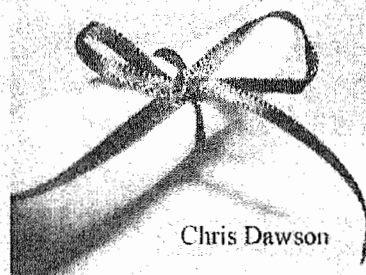
Tu

Sources available on request.
Go on, ask him. He's cute.



Smart Memory

A practical guide for learners



Chris Dawson

For students
For their teachers
And for anyone who needs to remember anything at any time

Whatever you're studying in 2006, you will probably need to:

- Learn something 'by heart'
- Identify how important ideas fit together
- Master how to solve specific problems
- Become an expert with new skills

Smart Memory has the background and strategies for doing all of these efficiently and effectively.

"A great aid for all learners."

From UniBooks at \$19.00.

CONCEPT: RESERVOIRS

A so-called 'reservoir' for the Ebola virus has not yet been found. A reservoir is a host species which the virus causes (usually) asymptomatic disease, so that it can survive in the environment. Viruses just lying around for long periods of time are usually degraded, so must be sustained in some living species. Since primates are equally as affected as humans, the reservoir is not likely to be a species of monkey. Viruses that kill their hosts so efficiently are selected against by natural selection. This is because a virus requires living cells to keep replicating. If its host is dead, it can no longer spread and therefore it becomes less common. Fruit bats or insects living on monkeys are suspected to be reservoirs, but no studies have confirmed it.

Thomas Tu was wearing a hat made out of cups during O'Week out of political protest against the continual cup genocide that occurs during O'Week beer guzzling. In hindsight, he realised that making a fashion accessory out of their corpses probably wasn't the way to go... To join the cause, e-mail thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au.

Adelaide:
Centre of the Sports Universe or Deluded & Self Centred

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

E-mail

onditsports06@yahoo.com.au
for further details.

Adelaide. What can we say about our darling little city? In relation to sports, we're one of the most successful cities in Australia. With the Crows and Port in the AFL, the Adelaide Thunderbirds netball team, the 36ers in the NBL and the Adelaide Fellas (formally QUIT Lightning) in the NBA all winning premierships in their respective sports in the last decade. Add to that our sometimes successful Redbacks in the domestic cricket cup, minor premiers in A-League Soccer the Adelaide United and the countless numbers of successful single sports players who are Adelaide bred including Tennis player Lleyton Hewitt, Cricket players Darren Lehman and Jason Gillespie and Soccer player John Aloisi and Adelaide could easily be referred to as one of the main sport cores of Australia. But what if you're not from Adelaide originally? What if you don't follow the Adelaide teams in their respective sports? What if you want to find information about any of the Melbourne AFL sides from a newspaper? Well, bad luck, because our local paper, *The Advertiser*, is the last place you will find any information about any other team than those who are Adelaide based.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying *The Advertiser* never runs a story about interstate clubs, I'm just saying that it's a cool day in hell when they do. It takes a bad news story for *The Advertiser* to run much on any other football team than the Crows or Power teams. For example,

how often does *The Advertiser* run a story on the state of the West Coast Eagles AFL side? Lately, we're hearing more than ever and this is due to the actions of one player - Ben Cousins. In case you don't know, the short version of the story is that Ben was driving home from a club late one night and spotted a booze bus. Instead of going through and risking getting caught for drink driving, he abandoned his car and walked home. Because of his 'irresponsible' actions, he stood down as captain of the club and the Eagles are now on the hunt for a new captain. This rates as back page news (i.e. front page of the sports section) for *The Advertiser*, and why shouldn't it be? Its news and it matters to those of us who are sports mad, but what about the antics of players in Melbourne? Do we ever hear about them? With the exception of Wayne Carey and his on going marital issues, the answer to that question is no.

On the third of February 2006, Melbourne Football Club player Colin Sylvia found himself in court facing charges relating to the alleged physical assault of his girlfriend and the alleged threatening of a witness to the alleged assault. According to *The Age*, Sylvia was sentenced to a "12-month order with conditions that he not assault, harass, threaten or intimidate" his girlfriend. Moreover, the Melbourne Football Club fined Sylvia \$2000. What does this have to do with the coverage of interstate

sports by *The Advertiser* I hear you cry; well the point is that this story was not covered... at all. As an avid AFL fan, I like to know everything about every club in the league and while I do like to spend time on the internet, I do not believe that sports fans should have to delve through millions of pages on the internet to find the latest news on their clubs.

Now before all of you write in trying to explain to me that *The Advertiser* is a South Australian paper and therefore should report only on South Australian teams, let me remind you that *The Advertiser* reports on interstate and worldwide news as evenly as it can, so why not apply the same formula to the sports pages? The Melbourne *Herald Sun* does this brilliantly, and while it gives more coverage to the Victorian teams, it at least acknowledges that the other fourteen teams in the AFL actually exist.

This is my personal plea to *The Advertiser* and if anyone else has anything else to add, please write them in. Please sports editors, report on more sports teams than simply those based in Adelaide. There are 16 teams in the AFL - not two. Please give all teams' in all different sports fair coverage and stop pretending that Adelaide is the centre of the universe, because let me remind you, its not.

Ashleigh Newton

Sports Editor:

Ashleigh Newton
onditsports06@yahoo.com.au

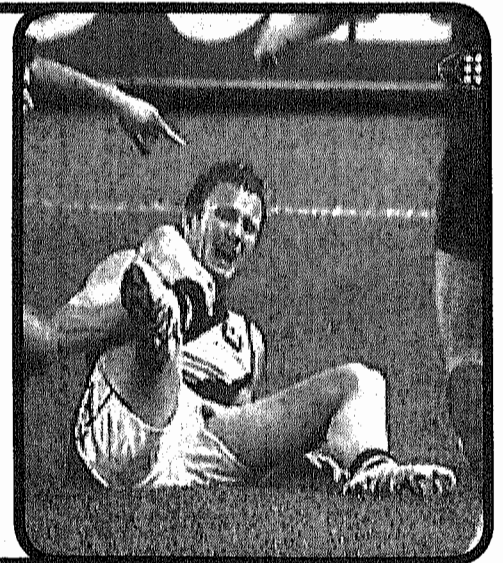
Injury of the Week*
Broken Ankle!

Where: 27th May 2005, Telstra Dome, Melbourne

When: During Round 10 of the 2005 season

How: During a final quarter collision with Melbourne's Matthew Whelan

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



ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY
TAE KWON DO CLUB

Self defence, fitness, flexibility, concentration or just because its an interesting thing to do. Whatever your reason, now is the time to be trained in Tae Kwon Do with the Adelaide University club. For 2006 Adelaide University Tae Kwon Do offers all students and university staff a complimentary training session. Just turn up with something loose fitting to wear on Monday or Wednesday at 1pm or Tuesday 6.30pm in the Irene Watson Room, level 5 in the Union Building.

For the unsure, Tae Kwon Do is a Korean martial art involving dynamic

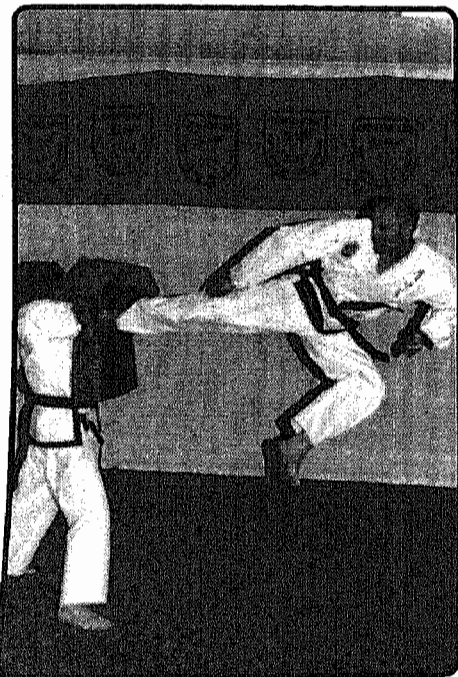
techniques of unarmed combat for self-defensive purposes, combining the skilled application of powerful punches, kicks, blocks, dodges and interceptions. Practitioners apply well-trained hands, arms and feet to affect a practical and efficient system of self-defence.

The physical exercise of Tae Kwon Do enables one to relax when the day has been stressful mentally through study. Similarly, the concentration and discipline developed during training aids comprehension and you can walk on campus at night with more confidence in your well being than a non-practitioner.

The above reasons are only touching the tip of the iceberg and many more factors encourage the large amount of tertiary students involved in Tae Kwon Do.

Success on campus dates back over 35 years for Adelaide University students. The Adelaide University Tae Kwon Do club was the first one established on campus in Australia. The amount of professionals who have been Tae Kwon Do practitioners is immense and the high percentage that continues to train upon graduation is a source of great pride to our club.

If you would like to be involved just attend a class or for more info contact University Officials John O'Brien on 8277 4670 or 0411 831 650 e-mail job@senet.com.au or Danielle Glynn on 83034092, 4012 672 538 or danielle.glynn@adelaide.edu.au.



LET THE BADMINTON GAMES BEGIN . . . BABY

On your marks, near the centre of the court, **get set**, with that shuttle poised, ready to drop and **Go**, hit that shuttle, see it rise smoothly, expertly arching as it falls, to land near the back line of the court. As the shuttle rises, perhaps the penny has dropped; yes, it is that time of year again, where with a flurry of feathers and flash rackets, the Adelaide University Badminton Club is opening its doors to you, ready to compete – celebrating our fiftieth year of bringing the games to you.

Watch closely, ladies and gentlemen, as this sport is not for the faint hearted. Great hand eye coordination and quick reflexes are valuable, when during some extreme rallies shuttle speeds have been recorded to exceed 289KPH.

Although at University level, where of course perhaps not all of our games are of Olympic standard, we aim to cater for all levels of Badminton play. The Club offers two levels of play this year, both Social and Competition, providing you, the player, with all your badminton needs.

Social players are welcomed for two hours every Sunday from the 26th of

February. Our club provides shuttles, and also good quality rackets for hire. Social trainings are held between 4-6pm, at the new, state-of-the-art facilities offered at the St Peters Collage Gymnasium complex (opposite Botanic Park). This convenient location has been chosen specially because of the eight courts we can offer to our players – where even the official headquarters of the South Australian Badminton Association (SABA) has only seven – and also because it is within minutes of the city centre and University Campus.

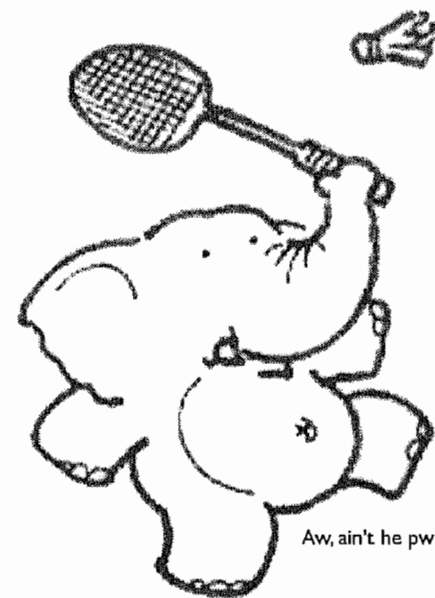
In contrast, Competition players not only experience the benefits associated with being a Social member, but are also welcome to train with us at the Lockleys courts on Saturdays, while being placed in a University team to play either on Tuesday or Wednesday nights. A positive for all those keen players out there, as Badminton can be a part of your life three times a week.

Similarly, with three grades on offer within the competition, where the highest, the A team, are of a State Level but with also the B and the C grades available, the

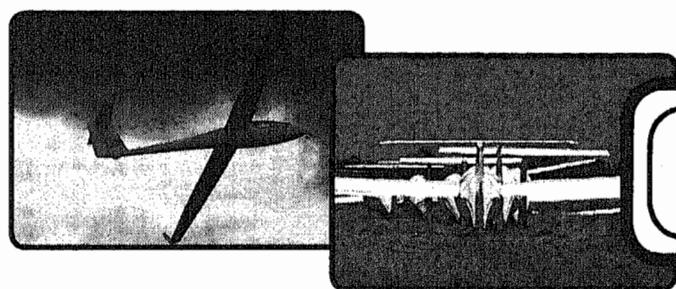
competition is open for all skill levels. As a member of this Competition, you will be placed in a team of six, four men and two women, and will have a chance at playing single games, doubles and also mixed doubles – making the experience both valuable and interesting.

Overall, one of the greatest advantages we can give our players is the discounted price we provide to all Adelaide University students. Not only do we subsidise our competition players' initial joining fee, and the shuttle and court costs from there, joining with us as either a Social or Competition player also provides you with SABA registration, meaning that you can have reduced court hire rates and access to weekend tournaments offered at Lockleys.

With such offers provided by the club, including convenient training locations, and discounted prices, come and celebrate our club's fiftieth year by joining up today. Whether it's for a casual hit with friends, for fitness reasons, or just because you know you'll enjoy the competition, the Adelaide University Badminton Club is for you.



Aw, ain't he pwetty?



Gliding . . . simply magnificent!

In early December last year, I entered my first gliding competition: the Australian Junior National Gliding Championships 2005, affectionately known as JoeyGlide '05. Although I have been flying gliders with the Adelaide University Gliding Club (AUGC) for four years, this was the first time I had flown competitively.

Gliding is the art of using naturally-occurring updraughts of hot air ("thermals") to keep an aircraft aloft without an internal power source. Competition gliding is the sport of using thermals to navigate aerial courses, or tasks, as quickly as possible. Gliders in competitions routinely achieve average speeds of 100km/hr or more over tasks of 3-400km. Gliding competitions are typically held over seven or fourteen days, with a different task set each day.

The Junior Nationals is a seven day competition, and is held annually. Last year it was held in Leeton, near Wagga Wagga in southern NSW. A group of ten South Australians, six of us competing, made the 800km road trip a week before the competition started to allow time to practice and learn our way around the local skies.

Before arriving at Leeton, I had very limited gliding experience - I had flown a glider cross-country only once. I was there mostly for the experience, as were many of the other 22 competitors, but the top pilots had hundreds of hours experience in gliders and were jostling for the title of National Junior Champion and a place on the team to represent Australia at the Junior World Championships.

The practice week provided the opportunity for me to fly cross-country a few more times before the competition started. One of my flights that week proved particularly memorable, as the weather that day was the best we saw for the whole fortnight. The thermals were going very high and I climbed to an altitude of 10,000 feet above the ground - roughly 3km straight up. This was the first time I'd been that high in a glider, and the view up there is remarkable. I completed a 220km task at an average speed of 75km/hr that day - a decent effort.

The first day of competition proved challenging. I was flying a light, relatively low performance glider that had difficulty making much progress into the strong winds. Each time I stopped to circle in a thermal, I drifted backwards in the wind almost as far as I had gone forwards whilst cruising between thermals. Although the task was set for three hours, I took four and a half to complete it, travelling 200km at only 44km/hr. However it was a challenging day for many others, and neither of the other Adelaide University pilots completed the task, temporarily making me the top AUGC pilot in the competition - a position I couldn't hope to hold for long. I was just happy to make it home on my first ever competition flight.

Another new experience for the fortnight was performing a real out-landing. If a glider pilot can't find the next thermal in time, they are forced to land in a paddock. We're trained in how to choose a good paddock to land in from the air. I'd done a few under supervision

from an instructor, but before Leeton I'd only been cross-country once. I made it home that time, so this was the first time I'd out-landed a long way from home during a cross-country. I out-landed twice during the fortnight; it's not an uncommon occurrence during competitions and is usually quite safe. Often the landing sites are outside of mobile phone coverage and out-landing provides an excellent opportunity to meet the local farmers after walking to the nearest farm house to use their telephone.

At the end of the competition, I was placed 16th - not bad for my first competition. The winner was David McManus of Queensland. The top placed South Australian was Sarah Allen, who came 7th and also won the trophy for highest placed female pilot. South Australian Jade Palmer won the "Joey Cup" trophy, which is handicapped based on the pilot's level of experience prior to the competition.

Gliding as a sport or hobby is open to almost anybody. It takes no more skill than driving a car and is one of the cheapest forms of aviation. The Adelaide University Gliding Club aims to provide affordable flying to its members - our instructors are volunteers and we perform most of our own maintenance which helps keep costs down. Once training has begun you may pay as you go at our very reasonable rates, or purchase a training package for \$310 which includes all flying costs up until your first solo flight. If you dedicate one or two days a fortnight to learning to fly you can expect to "go solo" by the beginning of next summer's soaring

season, and be flying cross-country next summer.

Going solo is a significant achievement but it is really only the beginning of learning to fly gliders for sport. Several of our instructors are also experienced cross-country pilots and there are regular coaching events around South Australia where you can learn to push your glider further and faster. From there you can move into flying competitively on a national or international level, attempting to break records or attaining significant milestones, or just flying for fun and personal achievement.

Flying cross-country involves learning about meteorology, navigation, human physiology and tactics. One of the club's two-seater training aircraft is capable of performing a variety of aerobatic manoeuvres and most instructors love being asked to demonstrate them. As mentioned the Club performs most of its own maintenance, and there is plenty of scope for those with a technical bent to learn about the design, manufacture and maintenance of gliders. Gliding is one of the cheapest ways of learning to fly and is a great way into powered flight - several of our members also have private pilot's licences and a few of our former members have gone on to fly with the Air Force or the airlines. Gliding is a sport with something to interest nearly everybody.

For more information please visit www.augc.on.net, or contact our club contact person Tom Wilksch on 0412 870 963. Alternatively, email contact@augc.on.net

Introduction & Compilation by Edie Pedler

plus photographs of famous folk with a thing or 2 in common

"Our world begins to end the day we remain silent about the things that matter"

One day not so long ago, Martin Luther King said this or something very similar about a matter that, on the surface was completely unrelated. Please read this compilation of South Australian university students speaking out, choosing to create discussion about things that matter instead of remaining silent as could so easily and sometimes painfully be done.

As students we aren't immune from illnesses, even though our minds are one of our biggest assets. Some people experience first hand the darkness and difficulties of mental illness, but let those who don't experience it remain in the dark of ignorance and myth. Only by talking can we begin to shed light on common troubles, and find balm for our sore spots, even preventative measures or solutions. Living with mental health problems can be hard, but it can be said that living with those with problems or illnesses can be at least equally difficult at times. So it is in all of our best interests to know what good mental health is all about. Mental health is much more than the absence of illness, it is also the existence of a self awareness of emotions, what makes you content, what keeps you well in good and bad times and how you best deal with stress, pain or suffering. Being in top form is gold, and to be aware is to be even better, because you can learn to appreciate and maintain the many riches that good mental health contains and to understand those around you who are not so well off. Herewith I present our views.



Hospitalised for depression

Greetings all. I'm currently studying a Bachelor of Behavioural Science at Flinders University and whilst doing so, I have learned about some of the common stereotypes associated with mental illness. For instance, when people think of someone who is mentally ill, they will often assume it is something obvious and easily noticeable to your average passer-by. This is often not the case, as in reality, many individuals who are mentally ill behave normally and their illness is not easily spotted. Another myth is that people who are mentally ill are dangerous either to themselves, or to others. In actual fact, very few mentally ill individuals are dangerous. It is also commonly believed, by the ignorant, slack-jawed lowbrows out there who constitute 'the masses,' that mental illnesses are incurable. Far from it dear On Dit reader. Many sufferers of various forms of mental illness, from depression to schizophrenia, can make, if not a full,

then a partial recovery and go on to lead normal, mental illness-free lives and some have even become world leaders*. As for the stereotype of the dangerous, incurable and conspicuous mental patient, you'll find that these types are typically over represented in the fictitious world of film and television... quite possibly because acting makes one crazy.

*if you want to know some famous world leaders who suffered from a mental illness. Here's some I found:

- Winston Churchill
Prime Minister of Britain
Bipolar disorder
- Abraham Lincoln
(President of USA)
Depression
- Theodore Roosevelt
President of USA
Bipolar disorder

David M. Green
Undergrad BA
Behavioural Science
Flinders University



Anger & Depression

I do suffer from a mental illness, I have obsessive compulsive disorder-I used to feel that my house, my own home, was "dirty", although the sense of contamination unfortunately wasn't related to germs or chemicals or anything. A university counsellor has been very helpful to me in this regard. I get worried and anxious over all sorts of things as well, but I do have support from friends and the aforementioned counsellor.

Something that gives me a sense of well being, or at least some sort of happiness, is going down to the beach on a warm day and being in the water. It's peaceful and pleasant there. If anyone does have a mental health problem, I would advise them to seek out support from friends and/or family, along with professional help. It's an illness and, like any other illness, steps can be taken to treat the illness, and support is out there for mental health sufferers. Don't suffer alone!!

Name Witheld
Postgraduate
Faculty of Health Sciences
University of Adelaide

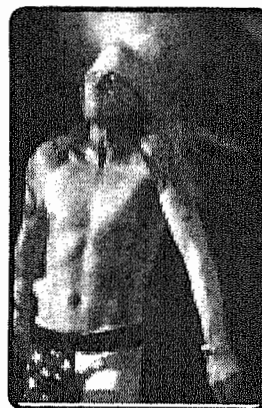
EDIE: What good advice. The counselling service at uni is just near the Horace Lamb, or drop in to the Education and Welfare Officers in the cloisters for an ear or a hand.

Books and movies tend to keep me calm when I'm feeling at my lowest. It may seem like I'm hiding from a problem, but that element of escapism, of stepping into

something totally different for a couple of hours, allows me to separate myself from the problems I'm currently having. That way, when I return to what I was thinking/feeling, I can look at it in a more rational manner. Conversations with friends also tend to break negative thought patterns, through that positive connection with other people.

I think that awareness of what is meant by "mental health" is starting to come out in the open a lot more than it was previously. However, that's just the beginning. I know that myself, and other people, when faced with friends who were going through a stage of depression/anxiety, often felt at a loss of what to do. The frustration of not being able to motivate them out of the negative, and often to us, unrealistic thoughts that they were expressing, sometimes seems like a problem with no solution. Even though we have access to definitions and checklists of "good" and "bad" mental health, there's no step by step guide for how to help a close friend. You just be there for them, and hope that they realise that you care about them.

EDIE: In fact, whilst there is no recipe for helping somebody and it isn't widely known what to do, there are some tips and facts on the beyond blue website, and this can be highly helpful. <www.beyondblue.org.au>



Manic Depressive

I have a friend who is depressed. He "hates his job", and thus has trouble getting out of bed every day. He has trouble socializing for more than two hours at a time. I try to have fun with him whenever something is happening, however he always has a dazed (sleepy) look in his face. He has fun making up cute words like "Babelicious" and "Wiggler". I can't help myself around him; I feel like it's my duty as a mentally well person to patronise him and attempt to keep him content and energetic. However, it is difficult and I have made no permanent progress so far. The cause of the depression is a mystery to me; he does not seem to have any self esteem problems. He has not gone to see a psychiatrist yet, I am not sure why. He has no problem talking about how he is affected: Excessive crying, lack of motivation, constant fatigue, etc. It is having a detrimental effect on his studies, he decided to drop out of most of his subjects just before the exams last year. He constantly complains of stress from work, study and family issues. He has gone to see a GP who has prescribed him some

kind of mood altering medication. I have never seen him off-the-happy-drugs, yet he still seems constantly non-energetic. He also seems to self-diagnose his mental state and condition, claiming that his happy drugs are having unbearable side effects. I don't know how I am supposed to deal with this kind of issue. Perhaps if he went to a professional psychiatrist then that would help.

Undergraduate Engineering
University of Adelaide



Multiple personality disorder, obsessive compulsive disorder, depression & agoraphobia

I enjoy feeling useful or needed. That is what gives me a sense of well being. Also, in a much more self-serving way, fulfilling the agenda I set up for myself each day gives me a sense of well being. I suppose that's just an extension of feeling useful. I don't suffer any mental illness, and neither does anyone who I have close contact with, but I think everyone out there needs to know that: mental health rocks! Get as much of it as you can. I think that the average person doesn't know jack-shit [about MH and MH issues]. This is because my opinion of other people is rather low. People tend to not know the most basic of things even if they can remember all the kings of Denmark and associated cousins. What is MH? Mental health is the prevention or treatment of mental disease, disorders affecting the "higher" brain (as opposed to the more primitive part of the brain). Many (if not most) of these have a physiological basis. I think prejudices are always held against people with mental health issues. A common one is the stigmatisation of the "crazy" people who inhabit the CBD by people of all ages (for example, the man who rides a bike while making motor noises with his mouth). These people are treated with good humour, but never malice. In my experience, suicidal people tend to either get pity or are recommended to suck it up, depending on the person talking.

Well, I don't know how you would stay healthy as many mental health disorders have physiological/genetic causes. I guess you could do obvious things like "if you're prone to anxiety attacks, don't get yourself into anxiety-causing situations, if possible" and "If you're afraid of death, don't die". Recognition of such things isn't that important, just treat everyone with equal consideration.

Thomas Tu
Undergrad Biomedical Science
University of Adelaide



I haven't really told this to...[close uni friends]: parts of it, but not everything, because I don't want them to know everything. I don't want them to be afraid of my dad. So, my father. He's never been diagnosed with a mental illness. He has a really short temper and sometimes the smallest things will send him off the edge. He has never laid a finger on my mother, but he used to really bash me and my sister around. I remember this time when he grabbed me by the neck and said he would chuck me down the stairs if I didn't do what I was told. He often has his mood swings. Every so often he will just stop talking to everyone in my family and go and sleep downstairs. This will usually last a couple of days, until my mum gives in and goes to talk to him. Then his behaviour returns back to normal and he'll start talking and eating with us again. The year I started year twelve he had a major episode. We were going to leave that day for our beach shack, but we hadn't packed the car yet. He was lying in bed, watching TV and told my sister to go and pack the esky. She replied with 'why can't you do something to help?'. Over that remark he refused to come with us to the beach. My mum, my sister and I went anyway and when we returned a week later, he was sleeping downstairs, not eating with us and basically just pretending that we did not exist and that he was alone in the house. I went through nine months of year twelve living in a house where my father wouldn't even look at me if we passed each other in the hall. He didn't speak to any of us once in those nine months. He would come back from work at six, then go for two hour long walks where he would get himself something to eat along the way. He hated all of us and told my mother that she had poisoned us against him. He believed that we talked in [another language] to each other so that he couldn't understand what we were saying. On weekends he was gone for most of the day and would only come back at night to watch television. He wouldn't do anything around the house. He even hated the dog. If the dog needed to be let outside to go to the toilet, my father would just ignore it and we would come back to a mess. He wouldn't even pick up the phone. Then for my 18th birthday I decided to invite him. I just thought it would be the right thing to do, so I went downstairs to his bedroom and asked if he would come. He just stared straight ahead at the wall and didn't say anything. I got really angry and chucked a vase at his door. The next morning he said he would come to my birthday party. After that he started eating with us again and acted as though those nine months hadn't ever happened. He still behaves like that. He never talked about those nine months with any of us : it's as though they have been edited out and the months before and

after have been spliced back together. So that's my dad. I hope this helps with your article.

Name withheld Undergrad

Thanks for sharing hope it's good to get it out ☺



The Blues

Something that keeps me positive is the belief that others have in me and my abilities. Having others give me support encourages me to be positive about my own life and responsibilities, rather than see challenges as burdens. I stay calm and focused through taking time out for myself, usually I just spend the time sleeping or relaxing in bed, but often I read or listen to music. I find that I need to spend time thinking about something meaningful every now and then as a break from life which can sometimes seem a bit chaotic and pointless.

I think that mental illness is very widespread, and although I have not suffered from it myself, I believe that many people have and proceeded to work through it, with it and despite it to do great things and be great people.

There are some people I have acquaintance with who have mental illness, and I often find it difficult to deal with - mainly because I feel ill-equipped, and I worry about saying the wrong thing and making them 'worse'. I also feel sometimes I lack the necessary compassion and conversational skills to give support to someone, and then I wonder if that is what they are seeking anyway, perhaps they just want a conversation! I think that there can be many artificial support networks (things like support lines etc) but the personal network of friends and family is the most important to someone with mental illness, and yet unfortunately the family/friends situation is challenged because of the illness, so it's a bit of a paradox, but on the whole I don't feel there is that much support out there.

I don't spend enough time on campus to know if people have a good enough understanding of mental illness, but I think there is awareness out there, but not enough concrete knowledge of what to do if you or your friend is actually mentally ill.

To me mental health is the ability to lead a self-determined life, have a reasonable degree of happiness and be able to engage with other people in a comfortable way. I think that the idea of being a recluse is something that has only developed in recent human history, our societies have always been intense with human contact - so I think being able to deal with people every day is actually a necessary part of human mental wellness.

I know that one time my dad was applying for health insurance, and in the past he had suffered depression

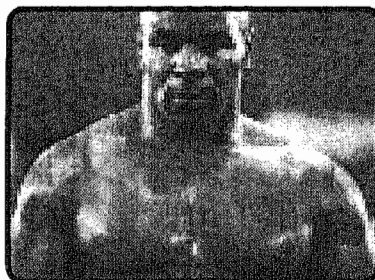
- he got a letter saying he was refused the life insurance plan because of his history. He sent a letter explaining that he had suffered an extremely common illness over 20 years ago, and it was discrimination to use it now as a basis to refuse him health cover. I think this is an example of somebody lumping all mental illness into the 'crazy' category and it having negative consequences.

I am not sure how Uni best supports mentally ill people, I think it should be done through group meetings, education of teachers and staff on support etc., but I really don't know the best method of achieving this.

Undergrad Law Flinders University

I find two things that keep me calm, positive and generally happy are listening to music and keeping myself busy in general. I believe the worst thing to do when you are upset is to sit and brood over it with nothing to do. Going to itunes and listening to some good music (and this will vary from person to person) can put a lot of things into perspective. Doing something to keep your mind off what's bad is also important. I think when you're busy there's no time to brood on problems.

James Gould Undergrad Adelaide University



Low self-esteem & mild depression

"What helps me keep on balance is friends who don't mind giving the odd soft warm bear hug when it's appropriate, or moreover desperately needed! My joke I use to justify this sometimes goes 'do more hugs; less drugs' and that goes for legal ones like alcohol and prescription ones especially. May as well self medicate with some naturally induced feel good chemicals I say. Eating and sleeping at regular times as much as possible also has helped, and exercise is great. When I'm well, keeping the brain ticking over also helps. Oh and well-timed sex or chocolate eating or simple feel-good stuff. List making also helps keep the mind uncluttered.

The most irritating and self-esteem lowering aspect of my depressive illness is that at bad times I have little-no short term memory at my disposal, so I lose things, forget stuff I was supposed to do or was saying three seconds ago, wonder 'what's for lunch?' five minutes after I just mustered my enthusiasm to say 'yes please' to somebody making me my favourite sandwich. I love it when I'm well and don't have these problems - it feels like a load off when I can just do this stuff normally. The most back-breaking, soul crushing aspects number many, including: being bedridden or house bound by constant feelings of utter sadness, misery then self-hate or helplessness alternatively hijacking any rational or reasonable thoughts or emotions.

Muted senses like taste, smell, touch and visual/audio processing meant that

not only do you not care if you look like a mess and can't eat a thing without forcing yourself, even when you do begin to care it takes a good while to notice whether or not you are looking after your own basic needs, and for food to actually taste good. This is the kind of mess I descended into only a very short time after mid-semester one year. I had been studying and handing in quite passable assessment tasks. I was capable of looking after my person over the course of a university day; washing, eating, sleeping normally and working at a part time job one day a week. Slowly I got better, but I had to change, starting with giving up a lot of things that made me feel good to think I could manage, but I wasn't managing. My relationships: family, close friends, distant friends, with everybody have changed for the better and for worse. It has made my life different - inspired me to do a lot, but made a lot seem out of reach. Since I have become more functional and content I have had to work a lot on building my confidence to go forwards and do the things that have seemed so impossible only a short time ago. I still need a lot of support, and I'm still on prescription drugs, but life is for living and that is what I am doing - the best I can, and for the most pleasure with the least harm, and most benefit I can for everybody. In short I have learnt to be my own best friend, not my own worst enemy. And I'm practising that at all times. I think the best thing each of us can do to look after our own and others' mental health is to be aware of what it is.

Interested in getting more information? Visit some sites like www.beyondblue.org.au www.mifsa.org.au Interested in contributing to future projects? Contact edith.pedler@student.adelaide.edu.au



Severe Depression



'Westside Angst' Reject

1: All Australian Girls

A couple of weeks ago I went to the Central Markets and visited one of those places that sells lots of pointless crap - bootleg toys, shoes that fall apart when you put your foot in them, postcards and calendars and whatever else. One of those shops that doesn't really seem to have a purpose, and sells stuff that slips through the gaps of all normal consumer outlets. It has heaps of postcards and calendars of scantily dressed women striking poses whereas they look like they're about to attack someone with their breasts, because some people find that alluring or something. They sort of poke them outwards, like they're about to charge, or possibly they're just doing that thing like when hippos show off their teeth; parading their fighting equipment to ward of potential rivals. Like one of them might be thinking of taking a spot of beach from another one, and then she'll see her opponent and go "Shit, that bitch has giant knockers! I better clear out of here pronto! Before I lose an eye!" So I walked past this shop one day and I noticed one of the calendars was labelled 'All Australian Girls'. This raises a significant question regarding identity, nationality and authenticity. I began to wonder, "If I was looking for a calendar of 'All Australian Girls' what assurance would I have that those featured in the calendar were in fact, all Australian? How would I know they weren't just Germans with a tan?" Would they, perhaps, feature prominent Australian landmarks in the background? I doubt that would really convince me of their authenticity, because with the aid of computers photographs can now be 'doctored' to show pretty much anything. I could, for instance, 'doctor' a photograph to show an alien working in my office, and people would be unable to tell that it was, in fact, a forgery. That's the problem with technology. It's meant to make our lives easier, but in reality it makes things so much more confusing because it opens up new frontiers of trickery. So that wouldn't assure authenticity. It seems a little elaborate, but perhaps along side the photo they could also include a birth certificate. But that ultimately just opens a whole new can of worms, because at what point does 'real' Australianess begin? If one of the models was born in, say, Ethiopia but was an Australian citizen and had lived here since the age of two, would she qualify as an 'All Australian Girl'? What if she'd only lived here six months? What if she was a New Zealander, but both her parents were Australian? What if she was born in Australia to Ukrainian parents, and had spent most of her life in Australia? What if she had always lived here, but her parents were both from Indonesia? You see my point: When would someone qualify as 'All Australian'? Their own birth certificate might not be enough; they'd have to prove their parentage. Perhaps the calendar could work in degrees, starting with recent immigrants, moving to second and third generation Australians, six and seventh, half Anglo half Aboriginal and then full blooded Aborigines. That would seem to

be the most all encompassing perspective, and would give those who were most fanatical about 'All Australianess' a chance to get excited, as well as those with less defined concepts of Australianess. On the other hand, we live in an accepting and multicultural country. Do we really want to forward the idea that some Australians are more 'authentic' and 'real' than others? Personally, that's not the kind of ideal I pay my taxes for. This country needs to be more accepting, not more inclined to force barriers of authenticity into our national identity. We're a nation of immigrants, honestly.

Ianto Ware

Ianto is officially Adelaide's biggest zine geek. He is the author of two zines, *Das Papierkrieg* and *Westside Angst*. In the latest edition of *Das Papierkrieg*, Ianto renounces his heterosexuality for cyclosexuality. If you need a platform to discuss your sexuality or similar, Ianto will be co-facilitating a D.I.Y workshop during Artists' Week with Din Heagney & Lily Hebbard. The workshop is called 'Word Up: Publishing, Zines & Blogs'. Cost is nix but you need to register. Call Lucy on 8216 4421 or email lguster@adelaidefestival.com.au.

MARCH 2006



12.8 % Australian Babe

IWD Calendar of Events

Saturday 4

'The How, Where, Why & When of Caravanning & Camping'
1pm-4pm; 365 Prospect Rd, Blair Athol

'Men as Allies to Women's Liberation'
2.30pm-4.30pm; 235 Hutt St, Adelaide

Monday 6

'Living with and + surviving depression' info session
3pm; Station Arcade 136 North Tce, Adelaide

Tuesday 7

'Your rights + the Law' info session
'Health + wellbeing for Aboriginal women' info session
10am, 12.30pm; Station Arcade 136 North Tce, Adelaide

'Stick Figure Forum + Workshop'
10am-1pm; Bliss Café, 7 Compton St, Adelaide

'Kitchen Table Therapy'
1pm-3pm; Playford Community Health Centre, 50 Peachey Rd, Daveron Park

'Sea Sponges' discussion group
7pm-9pm; Alexander Kelly Dr Noarlunga Centre

IWD Luncheon
12noon-3pm; Adelaide Convention Centre

Wednesday 8
UNIFEM Adelaide Breakfast
7am-8am; Adelaide Convention Centre

'It Can Just Ruin Your Whole Sunday' launch with Sista Sheila; Barr Smith Lawns

'Women + employment' info session
3pm; Station Arcade 136 North Tce, Adelaide

'The History of Aboriginal Women in Port Adelaide'
5.30pm-8pm; Dale Street Women's Health Centre, 47 Dale St, Pt Adelaide

'Celebrating Australian Women Artists'
Art Gallery of South Australia, North Tce, Adelaide

Thursday 9
IWD Union Women's Breakfast
7.15am-8.30am; Australian Services Union

'Body image' info session
'Same-sex attraction' info session
'Women's sexual health' info session
10am, 12.30pm, 3pm; Station Arcade 136 North Tce, Adelaide

'Drawing on Courage: Celebrating IWD'
10am-1.30pm; Noarlunga TAFE Theatre Foyer

Friday 10
'Women gambling' info session
'Issues facing refugee + migrant women' info session
10am, 3pm; Station Arcade 136 North Tce, Adelaide

'Where we've been, where we are & where we're going'
8.45am-5pm; Adelaide Convention

WHAT R YOOZE
GIRLS DOING?



SISTA SHE

Sheila MC Eila &
Rasheda MC EDA

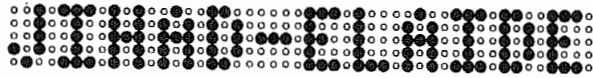
Are launching

'It Can Just Ruin Your
Whole Sunday'

on The Barr Smith Lawns
on Wednesday @ 1 pm

VOX POP

They'll be asking why
yooze drink....



With a depiction of the prophet Re: Pete



My Sunday evenings usually consist of a leisurely stroll from Kent Town to North Adelaide for a BBQ with the family. It is usually whilst on this journey I appreciate and contemplate some of the many threads that combine to form the rich tapestry that is life in lady Adelaide.

So this one particular sunny arvo I'm drifting down Frome Road as the sun sets over North Terrace and I see a girl on a bike. Now, chicks who ride bikes are usually pretty cool and fit but this girl was exceptional: Slick blonde hair glistening in the sun as was the Lycra stretched over a phenomenal figure; I'm talking about some seriously sweet candy! Just as I was day dreaming about doing some riding of my own, some fat, sweaty, hairy shouldered dude rides alongside her and she reaches out and pats him on the arse. My usual Sunday arvo response would be 'why do so many absolute treats of women hang around fat jerks?', but I was feeling particularly good so I was like, 'oh isn't that nice, a little love tap'. Then I thought what if she was trying to push him away or into traffic! **I came to the conclusion that the little scene played out before me was quintessentially Adelaide.**

Adelaide is a totally hot chick, riding a bike, and you're never sure whether she is pushing you away or reaching out to you. Adelaide is the girl you know so well that every conversation could be totally captivating or entirely boring, Adelaide is the girl that seems shallow at one party but is an absolute social dynamo at another. You love her, you hate her, you're passionate and inspired one second then disinterested the next, it is a form of familiarity with constant surprises.

Some people are pretty quick to bag Adelaide; mostly boring types that fail to interact and have an effect on their surroundings. My advice to them is to change what they don't like. Every good trait has a bad streak and visa versa. Change what you can and have a laugh at the rest. Think of the fat dude on the bike, he was fat but working on it and it looked like he had a damn good incentive.

Funnily enough, if you are a fat dude Adelaide is a pretty good place to live. We have some of the finest food and wine in the country, if not the world. It is also mostly flat compared to some other cities so if you are lazy or want to start riding a bike that is cool. But there is plenty more to our city than hotties, fat dudes and fine larder.

We are in the midst of a festival bonanza with Fringe, Womad and the Festival of Arts injecting a dose of cultural custard into the Adelaide Berliner. These events are rad for obvious reasons; some seriously funny and diverse artists with depth entertaining us whilst inspiring and providing opportunities for local talent.

One thing that is not so rad, but entertains me none the less, is people wearing their Fringe passes 24/7. Ok, if

you are attending a function at which you need to be identified, fair enough but I see dudes just wearing them everywhere, like getting a coffee. Do they think that a performance is going to spontaneously appear in front of them? I guess it could and that is a rad thing about Fringe, if I was to walk up to you, stick a bird cage on my head it would be a performance. You could flash me your media pass, I would talk shit to you for a while, then ask for an artist pass. But seriously Fringe dwellers, remember that sticking a lanyard around your neck has the potential to make you a king among losers, but a loser among kings, try sticking it in a pocket.

Soon our fair city will be invaded by a massive hoard of lanyard wearers, V8 fans. These dudes are absolutely mad for a lanyard, especially if it has got a HSV logo or something like that on it. The fans are truly representative of the sport; mostly masculine, reeking of fumes, loud and could entertain you for about ten minutes at the absolute most. Sorry, that is just my personal opinion and I can definitely see how it would be entertaining if you're into it... and they have some good music there for only \$30.

Another thing that I enjoy on a Sunday is a cooked breakfast Al Fresco, I love walking through the parklands then eating the fattest breakie on offer. So I'm walking along dreaming of treats for breakfast (not the girl on the bike, but hey I wouldn't kick her out of bed for dropping a few crumbs of toast) then I'm stopped in my tracks. Race infrastructure surrounding me and I'm like, well I can't get my latte or pistachio and ricotta muffin I may as well just sew my lips shut now. I mean there is a row of barbed wire and concrete barriers all around me all I need is an orange jump suit, **a prisoner in my own suburb, a racetrack refugee.**

Now I may be exaggerating a little and yes I know that the race brings hundreds of young men together while showcasing millions of dollars worth of machinery. It also makes a lot of money as well but do you know what? So does war. I am only a prisoner at the moment but soon the torture will start, helicopters hovering 20 meters above my bedroom, explosions, fighter jets, loud noises in the morning (sleep deprivation).

Ok, "boys love their toys", and the media loves those "larrikin petrol heads" but Iraqi families loved their homes which are now destroyed in a quest for fossil fuel all so some drunk, sun burnt wankers can "party". Party in this case means yelling obscenities at women, urinating in public vomiting on city streets, themselves and making unfunny shit comments about two brands of family sedan. Yes when Robo or Bazza come down from Yokella Station or whatever delightful regional center they populate wearing their Pirtek Racing top and Akubra they sure know how to party. Oh, they're pretty smooth with the ladies

as well some of the great lines: "Show us your tits" or a classic I heard last year "Can I see your fuck hole". Now I know you girls probably find this behavior irresistible, but just try and think of dying Iraqi babies or else you'll find yourself in a Ute with a "No Root, No Ride" sticker on it faster than you can say Shazza or surprise sex.


I don't want to upset too many people here and if there is one thing I have learnt in these post S-I-I times is the only way to make peace is to start more wars, obvious isn't it? So what I propose is a holy war, let's face it nothing happens in April anyway. Enjoy the race and enjoy the festivals but come to Adelaide in April for a cultural jihad. **Bogans versus bohemians, artists versus arseholes, champagne socialists versus moto-colloquialists what do you reckon?** The fringe dwellers whipping people with their media passes and the motor sport guys vomiting domestic beer all over them, and then themselves.

The point I am trying to make here is that you could come here for one month and formulate two totally different and pretty stereotypical views of two great


events. Hey, the V8 fans probably come here and think it is a city overpopulated with arty wankers, weirdoes, clowns and fire twirlers, everyone is free to form their own opinion. There are some obvious cultural clashes in this city but too many residents' diss Adelaide interstate based on stereotypes: "When you go out you see the same people, people wear the same outfits etc."

Well guess what? the kid around the corner is making his or her own outfits while you're complaining and if you're seeing the same people try some different nightspots. I'll be at the V8's this year and hope to meet someone or see something that will totally blow my stereotype out of the water. If you observe the hot chick from a distance you will never know whether she is pushing you away or reaching out to you. Get amongst it, explore all aspects of your city, find something to blow your stereotypical perceptions out of the water. Just don't drink the water. Anyway, I'm off to Sydney were everyone is racist and gay!!!

love Re: Pete.



Government of South Australia
Children, Youth and Women's Health Service



Women's & Children's Hospital

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More information on www.cywhs.sa.gov.au

Badelaide, Sadelade, Radelaide...

WARNING:
This article could be considered
ridiculously offensive and should therefore
be read with a pinch of discretion. Or not at
all. But you should read it, he's right.



Unemployment was a tough gig for Fat Cat in the early 90s

CRITICISMS OF ADELAIDE

Any mass murderer would agree: Adelaide is a wonderful place to live. Stick 'em in a few acid filled barrels, whack 'em in an abandoned bank and when another long day of brutality is through- relax in The Botanical Gardens. Sip upon some local wine and let all the stress of slaughter and severing limbs be calmed. Feel free to inspire your guiltless, pulsating soul with a cultural journey to The Art Gallery; observe the circle of ravens and the school excursion...

Kidnapping children is a demanding yet rewarding hobby. Take a break to The Aquatics Centre and loiter away your worries in the change rooms. This half-city, half-country town is your oyster. On your next nightly walk through The Parklands, ensure you kill a closet homosexual politician while you're at. Now you're one of The Family.

If you're feeling lost in the highly structured, well-planned grid we call home- don't fluster yourself, take more lithium. A legless, blind llama suffering from the later stages of leprosy could somehow navigate itself from Victoria Square to Rundle Mall. Don't confuse the sensation of 'lost' with malignant boredom, as similar as they may be. Don't think too much, go shopping on The Parade. Yeah.

Patiently line up at a Grenfell Street bus stop. Whether or not the same bus is to be caught, make a neat, little, stupid line. This way, everyone feels orderly and secure. It's carefree, efficient public transport home from a full-on day of full-on fun, slurping herbal tea at cafés on

Rundle Street for hours on end. Adelaide: what a state of festivities...

The speed limit is merely a guideline in Adelaide. If you're driving 40 in a 60 zone - veer into the left lane and indicate right for the next half hour while you fall into deep sleep. Drive between both lanes if you're in the mood. If the large truck behind you has a problem, check his plates, the Victorian bastard stole our Grand Prix. It'd be best to slow down to 35.

When the hustle and bustle of the buzzing King William Street gets you stressed, get out of the metropolis and take a trip to Victor Harbour. On the way, take a drunken swerve into a tree. You'll be a little black marker for the next generation. A continued legacy.

The tap water doesn't taste or smell like chlorinated filth. Like fine South Australian wine, one must mature and appreciate it for the swamp faeces that it is. Two large, vertically aligned testicles work like glands of art (*Malls balls. It took us a while- eds*). Producing culture and endless sexual stimulation for the Santa hat wearing, gum boot striding, keyboard bashing homeless.

So what if the rest of the country think we're a bunch of well-spoken rednecks? At least we're not sullied convict scum. Besides, the Eastern States get all the British tourists. If a tourist has the balls to travel to the blandest, squarest city in the world and they happen to be a sausage-munching German, simply direct them to Hahndorf. They'll feel right at home.

... err, Badelaide?

as found <http://ilx.wh3rd.net/thread.php?msgid=2201620>

Stephen King said Adelaide was the creepiest place he'd ever been to.

Adelaide is so weird that if someone tells me they're from Adelaide it sends shivers up my spine.

-- molery (mol...), November 13th, 2005.

yeah well stephen king is the shittest "author" ever

-- ESTEBAN BUTTEZ~!! (estebanbuttezz...), November 13th, 2005.

He makes a living scaring people, Esteban. That's his job. He scares people for money, and sells millions of books. He is a professor of fear. He is a nabob of nightmares. And yet, Adelaide is too frightening even for him. Get out man. You are in danger.

-- molery (mol...), November 13th, 2005.

I quite liked Adelaide.

The Crows and Port give us the excitement and entertainment we need to fill the empty void in our lives. Let's start a civil war. May Crow fans massacre Power fans and so on and so forth. It's like Northern Ireland, except more confusing and Sandra Sully will have twice the fun. The lower socio-demographics can churn out the revenue needed for arms deals with Russia. Pokie machines are useful after all. Is the referee blind? What anthrax? Sydney had the Cronulla Riots, why can't we have a slice of the violence pie?

Colonel William Light independently built something over the Quagmire Torrens, in the hope of a fresh water supply. He named it after the scabies-infected, plague-ridden, good for nothing slut Queen Adelaide: whore of King William IV. Go look at her glistening glory this weekend, make a romantic trip to Mount Lofty, spend a day out at Glenelg.

Why don't you take a picture of the finished roadworks on Portrush Road? It'll last longer. Go to Church, there's more of those than 24-hour convenience stores. Go out on the town, which consists of roughly four bars, two nightclubs and a casino full of ugly patrons. What are you complaining about? The size of your in-bred chin? If you don't like it, take your psuedo-English accent to rainy old Melbourne, where it's basically the same shit but they 'chance' instead of 'chance'.

Dillon Tepper

showing some respect to A-Town for a change





RANDOM RAMBLINGS

with Shiny and Ireland

With this edition of *On Dit* looking at 'Radical Adelaide', we thought that we, writing the random column and all, would discuss how Adelaide isn't radical (NB: We're using the term radical NOT how the Ninja Turtles once did, but in the more traditional sense - e.g: 'left wing radical ratbags'). Our fair city is often payed out by other large cities such as Melbourne, and it has been said that we don't have anything of interest here. On the contrary, the fact that Adelaide isn't radical is a welcome change from the rest of the nation.

Ireland:

Adelaide is often referred to as a large country town, which means that everyone knows everyone; a fact that makes life incredibly interesting when you have a big mouth and tend to diss people who have been rude to you in the past, only to find out that the friend your confiding in is actually that persons sister! This 'everyone knowing everyone' can be a good thing, however, because of the fact that when you're out partying at an esteemed establishment such as Mansions or the London Tavern, you usually run into friends from high school and scream for ten minutes during this reunion because of the copious amounts of alcohol consumed during the evening. These reunions can also occur with people that you've hooked up with on the dance floor back in the day and can enable you to remember just how embarrassing random scores can be.

One further advantage of not living in a radically modern city is that such random places can be heritage listed and you can laugh at the people who want to preserve a decaying toilet block in Victoria Square-

and people wonder why QANTAS pilots who fly from Melbourne to Adelaide welcome passengers by saying: "You are now in South Australia: please wind back your watch 100 years".

Shiny:

Placing the shoe on the other foot, so to speak, I tend to take the view that, yeah, Adelaide is a small country town, but is it really that bad? Explanation time; I've lived overseas in Holland for a year, and originally come from the country... now that you know my life story, I also enjoy long walks on the beach and eating ice cream while watching kittens put on mittens...but back on topic. Coming from that international side of things, initially I found it difficult assimilating back into the slow paced life that is South Australia. Time continues, however, and eventually your life seems to accommodate the slow paced lifestyle here.

Moreover, coming from Port Augusta, (Yes, diss me now, I know you are) I find that Adelaide, even though it is a big country town has so much to offer. The Adelaide Hills, great beaches just minutes from the CBD, historic museums and art galleries...yes tourism SA is commissioning me for this piece (Sucked in Lisa)...Adelaide has nothing to offer, but that is why it offers so much! We all take Adelaide for granted. It isn't as fast paced as Sydney, nor is it as morbidly artsy as Melbourne, but take the time to realise that Adelaide isn't radical, it's restful. Take the time man!

Our conclusion: Oh Adelaide how we love thee for thy churches!

Lisa Ireland + Tyson Shine

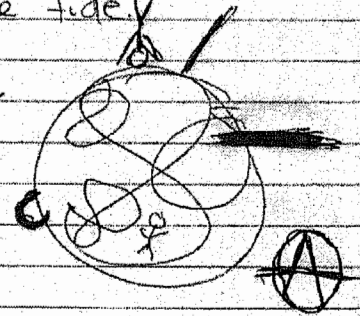
This guy showed up at our window and offered to be our Advertising Manager. We made him write poetry instead. This is what he came up with in no less than 20 minutes...

Backwards Land by Jake "the scumbag" Clark

Take away the good, you're left with what you had
all along just a pile of shit
Dig deeper and deeper and come out the other side
Everything is upside down
The words are jumbled and all the streets
have the same name
When I Scream, all goes white
When its night the sky goes loud.
TAKE ME HOME, I wanna go home!
MY OLD HOME, Corruption and cruelty,
MY NEW HOME? Random backwards land

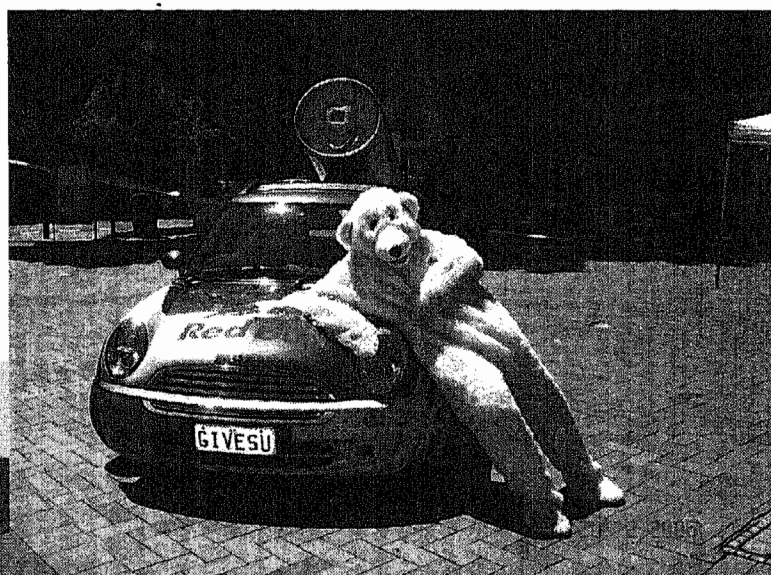
This place is bizarre, or so I thought
until I met the government.
Punk Ideals and Brotherhood
I think of EARTH and wish it would
wash away, away with the tide.

Viva la backwards land!



"Adelaide is the Bronx of Australia"

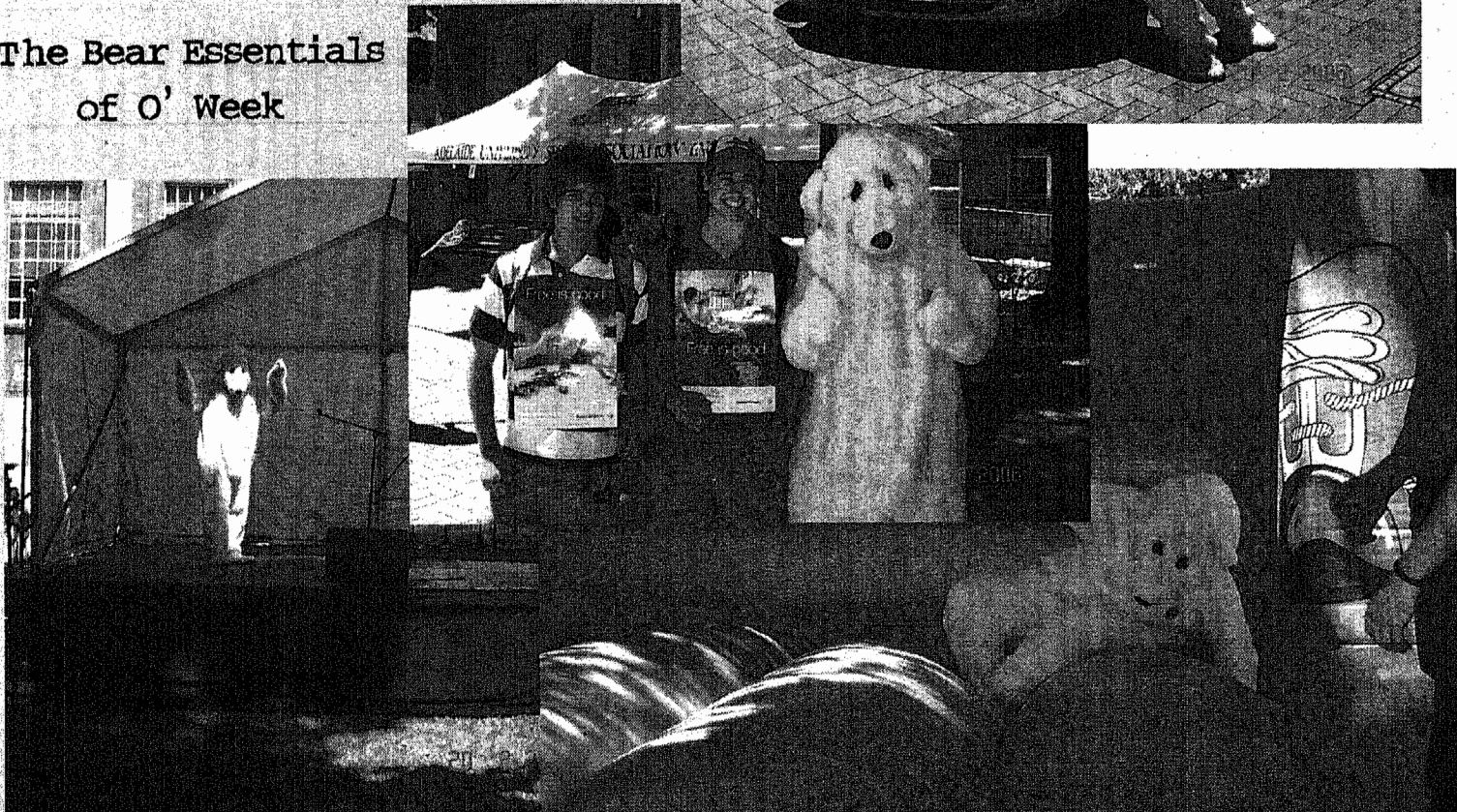
- The Casio Brothers, I'm from Adelaide



The Bear Essentials of O' Week

Throughout your academic career, you'll notice that most University functions aren't complete without the presence of ye olde novelty bear. Always attractive to the discerning eye of Freshers and Engies' alike, simply dress a Science student in a bear suit, add Hunter's and Collectors and voila. Guys will laugh at the bear's inappropriate gestures towards the female sex and girls will wonder whether the dude inside the suit is a robo babe. Makes for thrilling filler material.

That's Adelaide!



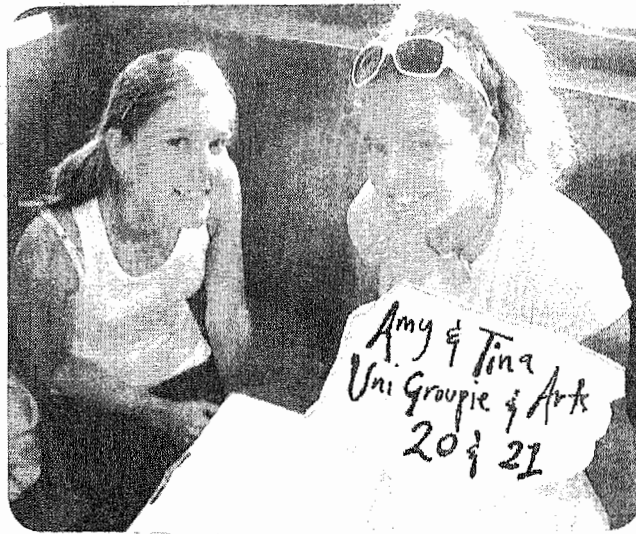


Mon-Sat 3pm-5pm
 Lugs at Coopers Pale 50
 Vodka Sunrise 53 50
 Trobys Extra Dry 53
 www.thelondon Tavern.com.au

THE LONDON TAVERN
 BOTTOM OF



1. A & J - Better social life, the weather and more choice of hot guys.
2. A - Everyone knows everyone else.
 J - I don't necessarily think that's a bad thing!
3. A - I can only think of footballers. What about Andrew McLeod?
4. A - The Uni Bar or down at the Bay.
 J - The Jetty Bar for near the beach, or if in the city The London Tavern.



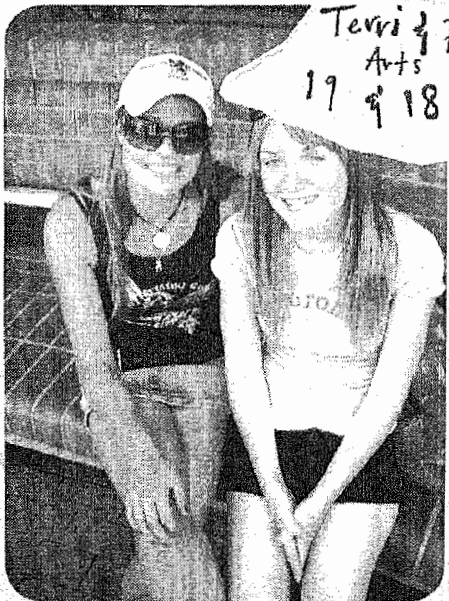
1. A - We have beaches, and hotness... a bigger gene pool and no gross knitted sweaters
 T - The good thing about Adelaide is that there's no Tasmanians here.
2. T - The same places and the same people
 A - I agree, it's too small.
3. T - Are there famous Adelaide people?
 Me!
 A - The Hilltop Hoods
4. T - Brighton beach.
 A - Victor Harbour or if I have to choose somewhere more specifically in Adelaide, I'll choose The London Tavern.

STREET

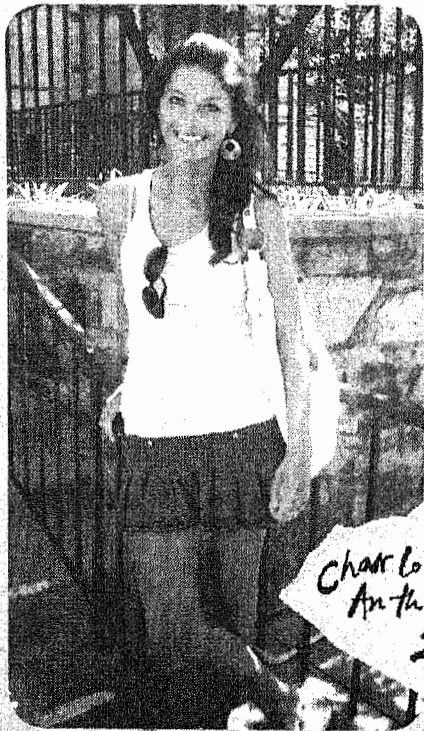
Questions

1. How is Adelaide better than Hobart?
2. What is the worst thing about Adelaide?
3. Who do you think is the most famous Adelaidian?
4. Where is the best place to hangout in Adelaide?***

*** Answers may be subject to change.



1. P - Adelaide is incestuous, but not that incestuous.
 T - Yeah, Adelaide is small so I can't imagine living in Hobart.
2. P - There are no good tourist attractions.
 T - And no theme parks.
3. P - Tom Spall.
 T - What's-his-name, the director of "Shine".
4. T - I love Brighton beach, but it would be even better if there was a tavern like the 'London' there.



1. I have heard Tasmania is a total hole, and I assume Adelaide is way bigger.
2. That people think I'm American. I'm Canadian people!
3. Paul Hogan.
4. Probably not The Oxford. Maybe The London Tavern.

ON TAVERN

THE MYER CENTRE

LONDON
TAVERN
ADELAIDE

Kelly, Norris & Josh.
Arts, Commerce
and Psychology
all 19.



1. K - It's warmer here.
J - We can get to other parts of Australia without using a boat.
K - And there's no penguins
J - We don't have to worry about invasions from Antarctica.
2. J - Our highly deficient transport system.
N - No crispy creams
3. J - Leyton Hewitt.
N - Gary Sweet.
K - Andy Thomas (his neice use to live live across the road from me) and Ben Folds.
4. N - Adelaide Uni.
J - The Mall Balls, or Norris's house.
K - The State Library.
N - The Torrens is always nice for a swim. Then afterwards, up the road to The London Tavern for a meal and a drink.



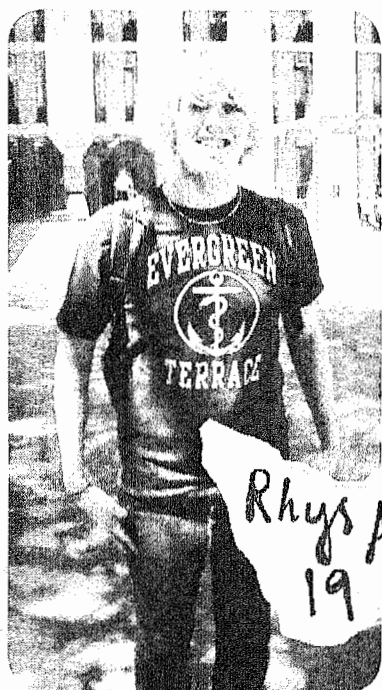
Jevon & Michael
Mechanical Engineering
and Computer Science
18



Dolce & Craig
Engineering
19

1. M - Hobart's a hole, Adelaide's not.
J - We're not inbred.
2. J - Refer to the above, and the lack of amusements
M - Layton Hewitt.
3. J - Don Bradman. He wasn't originally from Adelaide, but he died here. That counts for something.
M - The Testeagles.
4. M - The front of the T.V. after getting home from having a beer at The London Tav.
J - The beach.

1. D - I don't really like Hobart.
C - Adelaide definitely has more last names.
2. D - Being interviewed by OnDit.
C - The lack hots chicks.
3. D - Andy Thomas.
C - Don Bradman.
4. D - Club 210 (otherwise known as Dolce's house).
C - Pubs around North Adelaide, and The London Tavern of course.



Rhys Arts
19

1. There are better bands here and a better nightlife. There's probably not that much going on in Hobart.
2. I've just moved here from Perth, I'm yet to experience Adelaide's darker underbelly.
3. Hans Heysen.
4. Fowlers Live, oh and I'm a big fan of The London Tavern.

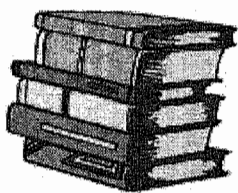


Shafiq & Usha.
Law/Arts
and
Law/Commerce
23

1. S & U - Tons better! There is heaps more happening here and it's too cold over there.
2. S - Repetitive clubbing.
U - Not enough cultural events throughout the whole year.
3. S - Guy Sebastian.
U - Johnny, the leotard and gumboots guy.
4. S - Zoots at Henley Beach.
U - Coffee in North Adelaide.
S & U - (in unison) And The London Tavern!!!

Vox Pop

Literature



Editors:
Karlie & Sunshine

E-mail Address:
onditliterature@yahoo.com

This week in Literature we're sticking true with the edition theme "Adelaide" by bringing an assortment of literature delights. We have reviews of books written by Adelaide authors as well as books written about Adelaide (or more accurately things that happen in Adelaide... and it ain't pretty). There's feature interviews with two fantastic authors, our overview of writers week and some Adelaide poetry. Adelaide is rich in culture and rich in literature, we could fill the entire paper but alas that would be selfish of us. So here's our pick of the crop, enjoy!

xx Karlie

My grandpa used to tell me "They can take anything in the world away from you, but they can't take your education" That's why I'm now on my third degree! - Ilze

Hi Y'all, hope you've enjoyed the last week...As Karlie mentioned, we're showcasing Adelaide and some of the talented people who originated here. So take this to Writers' Week, drink some stupidly overpriced Australian wine, lay under our un-ozone-protected sun, and indulge in some quality time in our city. Enjoy the feast of festivals while they're here - the Dionysian acceptance of idleness goes by so fast.

Love, Sunshine

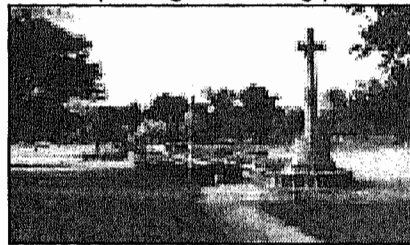
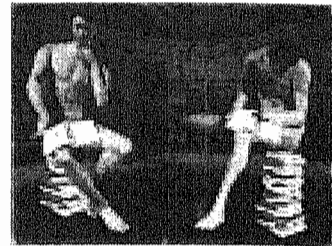
ADELAIDE WRITERS WEEK 06

Unfortunately by the time this edition hits the press Writers Week will have just begun so instead of reporting all the wonderful things that happened we're going to dust off our crystal ball and give our predictions as to the highlights of the week ahead.

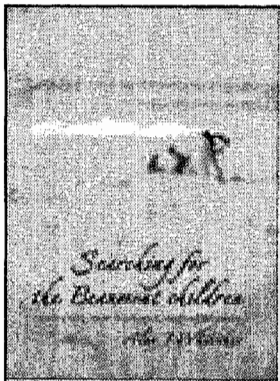
The event is held at the Pioneer Women's Memorial Gardens, on the banks of the glorious Torrens, which is particularly stagnantly pungent at present. Writers Week runs from Sunday 5th March until Friday 10th March so clear the schedule and enjoy one of life, and arts, few freebies.

Besides enjoying some blisteringly hot days in the sun, in a pretty garden, there are some slated specials that look like they'll be fun. On Sunday, there's a Meet the Author with Patrick Gale (a new favorite of mine), and two launches: a poetry one and one for Alan Whitticker's *Searching for the Beaumont Children*. Monday has a couple of great looking panels, a launch for a new magazine called *Wet Ink*, and some cool writer's hanging around. Tuesday likewise, with a Meet the Author with Helen Garner (yay!). On Wednesday there's a Meet the Author with Michael Cunningham (he wrote *The Hours*, so first year English students can benefit hugely), as well as the Writers' Week Lecture, delivered by Robert Fisk. Thursday sees some crime-orientated action, as well as some poetry. There's a book launch for a book edited by former Adelaide Uni Professor Wayne Cristaudo. Nicholas Jose, the current Chair of Creative Writing, also appears. The final Friday focuses on audience and different cultural backgrounds, and sports a Meet the Author with Ben Rice, an English author whose first novella has been turned into a film, due for release sometime this year. And this is just a taste - previously, my favourites have always been ones I haven't gone specifically to see.

All in all, Writers' Week is a great event. You get to laze around and listen to intelligent people speak. If you belong to the Cult of the Writer, there's no better place to be. There's also a book tent, where you can get anything that peaks your fancy, and if your lucky, you will probably be introduced to something you've never come across. Just be wary: the Italian shod, blue blazer brigade tend to turn out in spades, and the food is ridiculously overpriced. So, be prepared with your own lunch, absorb the literary atmosphere, and revel shamelessly!



New Release...



Searching for the Beaumont Children
Alan J Whitticker

"Adelaide should not be called the City of Churches, the City of Light or even the City of Restaurants. Adelaide remains the city of lost children."

Every city has skeletons in its closet but I wonder if any have such chilling and downright bizarre skeletons as Adelaide. During the final weeks of the summer holidays I took a whirlwind short course in Adelaide History 101, thanks to the newly released *Searching for the Beaumont Children* by Alan J Whitticker. The disappearance of the three Beaumont Children from Glenelg beach on Australia Day 1966 is arguably Australia's most chilling unsolved mystery. So what prompted Whitticker to tackle this story? After writing 5,000 words on the Beaumont Children mystery as part of a short book, *Crimes That Shocked A Nation*, which was published in the popular lifestyle magazine *Madison*, he was approached to write a full novel on the case. Initially Whitticker declined

because "I didn't believe there was enough information. The SA Police don't cooperate with the media...and there's not a lot on the public domain." Eventually he agreed to write the book, "because I really wanted to do it, and secondly I think we were able to tap into the social impact rather than rely heavily on forensics, DNA or technological advances."

Whitticker builds a compelling book by laying down the foundations of Adelaide itself; from the initial establishment, settlement and further development. After establishing some major political, social and cultural changes in Adelaide Whitticker provides a snapshot of the life and times during the 60's. Although Whitticker was criticized in *The Age* for "throwing in too much quasi-historical padding" he defended his initial chapters as an integral part of the book. Whilst frankly admitting that "the known facts of the case would only take up 15 pages" the book was written for a new generation who may not be familiar with the case. The other factor being people outside of Adelaide, particularly outside Australia may not be familiar with the life and times and Whitticker claimed he didn't want to be presumptuous in assuming their level of knowledge.

Whitticker also outlines Adelaide's most notorious crimes; The Snowtown 'bodies in the barrels' murders, The Family murders, the Truro murders, The Adelaide Oval Case, The Bartholomew Family murders and The Beaumont Children Case. The premise being that Adelaide is not the only city to experience gruesome crimes, but rather Adelaide crimes seem to be so extreme. Whitticker notes that Sydney and Melbourne also have equally

horrific criminal pasts, but whilst these cities accept their pasts Adelaide retains a prim and proper facade where secrecy and embarrassment limit our acceptance of events.

The book is written in a logical, sequential order, each chapter tackling a different perspective of the story. Whitticker emphasises that the purpose of the book is not an attempt to solve the mystery, or even bring new evidence and assumptions into the fray. The book was about the search for the Beaumont Children (as the title obviously states) and who was affected during the search. The Beaumont Children case had a profound impact on many people's lives, and this is what Whitticker includes in many of his chapters. From the police detective in charge of the case, the journalist who befriended the parents, and prominent businessmen who became tangled up in the case are just a few of the people affected by the missing Beaumont Children. Whitticker copped some criticism over revealing new tidbits of information towards the end of the book which they felt should've been revealed earlier but the book was written in a tight chronological order; "the timeline was an important factor in the book and information revealed in the 80's or 90's would not make sense being written in the same chapter as what was happening in the 60's".

I couldn't resist asking Whitticker the big question: what did he believe

happened to the Beaumont Children? To my disappointment he didn't give away too many details. Yes he believes they were abducted and said "it didn't surprise me that (the case) was never solved because it was a crime totally out of the experience of all the people in that time". Multiple abductions from the beach were, and still are, rare and not only in Australia. One thing that puzzles him though is why a public inquest into the disappearance was never conducted; "I think they're should've been one so that all the known facts were tabled. This would've stopped a lot of speculation."

Whitticker's next work will see him return to the sport literature genre with a book focussed around rugby. Towards the end of the year he'll be releasing a book, *Crimes of the Century*, which outlines the top 100 iconic crimes worldwide, such as the JFK assassination and the OJ Simpson case. And yes there are a few Australian crimes in there, namely the Backpackers murders, Port Arthur massacre and the Pyjama Girl mystery. That should appeal to the voyeuristic or sadistic nature in us all.

Karlie Goetze



The Betrayal of Arthur

Sara Douglass

If you are expecting a fictional account, based somewhat on the myths of Avalon, Camelot and the Knights of the Round Table, be aware that this is not that story. Instead, *The Betrayal of Arthur* is a scholarly text, tracing the origin and development of the legend of King Arthur, his family, and his famous Knights.

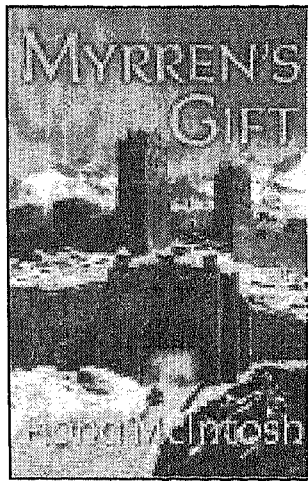
For me, an uninformed fan of the Arthurian myth, this book was somewhat disappointing. That may be a little harsh. Douglass is incredibly well researched (as one would expect from a woman with a PhD in early modern English history). The book is written very well, and makes good – and frequent – use of clichés. However, as Douglass intends, *The Betrayal of Arthur* debunks many of the more romantic associations many people associate with the stories.

The back of the book says that Douglass “explores the fascination, manipulation and permutations of this captivating myth that has intrigued the western world for centuries.” I found her discussion of the uses that the Arthurian legend has been put to absolutely captivating. He appears to have been a fairly active political puppet – something that I had never considered previously.

Apparently, a monk named Monmouth created most of the legend that we now know, and claimed that it was a literal history. He “quoted” from another historical text that, so far, no one has been able to either identify or find. This, along with the promised return of Arthur, has led to the forming of groups that believe in Arthur's eventual, literal return. There are also those scattered about the place who profess themselves to be Arthur reborn. And a number of Gueneveres. In fact, Douglass dedicates an entire chapter to the modern belief in Arthur's return. And mercilessly explores every tangent and element that makes this belief seem misguided at best, and ridiculous at worst.

If you can get in to academia, and appreciate non-fiction, this is a fun read. Douglass displays her usual intelligence and wit, and gives a very detailed exploration of this traditional legend.

Sunshine



Myrren's Gift

Fiona McIntosh

One of my favourite fantasy authors, not to mention a local author, Fiona McIntosh always weaves a fantastic and unique tale for her readers. I know many of her fans were waiting in desperation for the third in *The Quickening* trilogy to be released, as every fan wanted to know what would happen in the end. *Myrren's Gift* is the first in this trilogy and one of my favourite fantasy books, with enough twists and turns to keep readers captivated, despite its thickness.

The protagonist of the story is Wyl Thirsk. It seems that a Thirsk general has served the Morgravian King for centuries and when his father dies, Wyl is the new general at the tender age of fourteen. He is taken from his home and, with his younger sister and his mentor, travels to the king's home to begin his training to become the commander of the king's army. It is hoped that in raising Wyl with the king's heir, a bond will forge, similar to the one their fathers shared. However, this is not to be as the heir to the crown, Celimus, is cruel and ambitious. An instant dislike transpires between the two young men.

Their distaste for one another is cemented when Celimus forces Wyl to watch the torture of a young woman accused of witchcraft. It is here when Wyl's life is changed forever as Myrren, the young woman, gives Wyl a gift which alters the course of the future. This is where the story really begins, with danger and treachery unfolding at every turn as Celimus sends Wyl on a mission of certain death.

One thing that stands out in the novel is the characters are all true to life. Wyl is the clear hero, an embodiment of all the virtues a hero requires. However, even though he is clearly the hero, he is humanised by the fact that there are times you want to pull your hair out with the choices he makes. Another example of how McIntosh creates believable characters is her villain, Celimus. Although you hate, or immensely dislike Celimus, legitimate reasons are given for his warped personality.

Highly descriptive, McIntosh establishes a whole new world in this first book. With complex characters, excellent settings and a flowing style, *Myrren's Gift* begins a fantastic trilogy with adventure and danger which will certainly thrill fantasy lovers.

Alicia



Adelaide Poetry

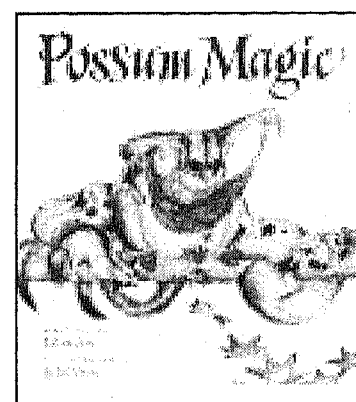
Apparently, Adelaide has a thriving poetry scene. And lots of people know about it. (Even if I didn't.)

For one thing, Adelaide is the home of the Friendly Street Poets, a group that meets on the first Tuesday evening of every month to have, as far as I can tell, an orgy of poetry. Their website says “Formed in 1975, Friendly Street hosts one of Australia's longest running live poetry readings. Friendly Street aims to encourage the development of South Australian poetry by providing a supportive venue for the live performance of poetry and regularly publishing collections of South Australian poetry.”

And, evidently, Friendly Street is doing just that. *Friendly Street Poets Thirty* (their anthologies are numbered) is the 2005 collection, and is being launched, along with *Friendly Street New Poets 11*, *Women with their Faces on Fire* (by Annette Marner), Neil Paech's anthology *Beached Rd.* and *At the Flash & At the Baci* an anthology by Ken Bolton, at Writers' Week this year.

Poetry is clearly booming in Adelaide. Check out Friendly Street's website at www.friendlystreetpoets.org.au/home.htm, or just enjoy the anthologies that come your way.

Sunshine



Classic...

Possum Magic

Mem Fox

Who doesn't know and love *Possum Magic*? It's a fundamental staple for kids in Australia, and one of the integral books of my childhood. If nothing else, it made me want to love Vegemite sandwiches, pavlova and lamingtons. Sadly, I have only developed the lamington appreciation, and even then, my Grandma's are the best.

My new friend Chloë admitted that she loved *Possum Magic* mostly because it is dedicated “For Chloë” – and spelled it correctly, with the two dots above the e. Perhaps a calculated attempt by Fox to bring the Chloës of the world inside, but I doubt it. But I am a little envious of the original Chloë, what with her having such a great book and all.

For those of us not called Chloë, *Possum Magic* also holds other charms. Firstly, there's Grandma Poss, who wears a blue apron with stars, and can do any magic I could ever want done. And every time she changes some animal's colour, or makes them behave in ways contrary to their character (but much nicer), multicoloured stars drift out of her claws. Grandma Poss is also a reader. Does any possum get cooler than that?

Grandma Poss is also a bit of a practical possum – she makes Hush invisible to protect her, wears very sensible glasses, and brushes her teeth. And she has super-possum problem solving skills – faced with the difficulty of making Hush visible again, Grandma Poss does the necessary research and plans a course of action. She's not afraid to use the trial and error method, and after swapping her stripy slippers for prudent sneakers, sets off on an environmentally friendly bicycle. She even manages to turn their beach umbrella into a boat to get them to Tasmania.

As much as I love *Possum Magic*, I loved going to hear Mem Fox at book readings even more. My recollections are a bit hazy, but I distinctly remember my Mom taking me to a library for one specific reading. I was about four, and Mem Fox was everything a happy, bookishly orientated little girl could hope for.



Sunshine

A Garden in the Hills

Christine McCabe

Christine McCabe started her writing career as a journalist, and this is not a fictional story. These two things are probably what lead me to my rather ungenerous first assessment. The writing is so close to good, and the story... well, actually the story is factual, so it has none of the grace and nice symmetry one can impart to fiction.

That being said, *A Garden in the Hills* is filled with some great characters, not least the garden at The Oaks, all of whom have been captured very competently. The pig is one of my favourites.

The really great thing about this book, for me, was the reminder of what a great place I live in. There are references to many places, people and events that everyone will recognise. There are also recommendations of restaurants I have never been to, and some that I now really want to try. I take for granted many of the things that Christine McCabe, coming from Sydney, finds so amazing, and her fresh eyes remind me, not only of the value of these things, but also the uniqueness.

I read a guide to Adelaide the other day that said something like *A series of food and wine festivals keep South Australians fat and happy*. Now I know that we're not all fat (or, perhaps, happy) but we do live in a place that makes a great big brouhaha out of wine, and, especially wine.

This book has reminded me how much food there is to appreciate in Adelaide, and just how many cool places there are just a few minutes away.

Sunshine



All Things Bright & Beautiful: Murder in the City of Light

Susan Mitchell

Salman Rushdie described Adelaide as 'an ideal setting for a Stephen King novel or horror film' after visiting for one writer's week, further comparing Adelaide to a kind of Amityville. In her book, Susan Mitchell introduces the question: is Adelaide a 'city of light or city of murder'? Written about the Snowtown bodies in barrels, the book was banned in South Australia at the time of its publication due to the ongoing Snowtown murder trials. However, the book also delves into Adelaide and the fact it was founded as a Utopian city, but has failed. After reading this book I felt that I must be completely blinkered to the side of Adelaide that Mitchell presents to her readers.

This true crime novel uses narrative forms and personal anecdotes to illustrate the points and facts that actually happened. Mitchell's initial descriptions of interactions between the killers and victim in the first part totally engrossed me. She made the crimes read like a detective mystery where you are told straight away who the killer really is. However, I find that when she breaks from the actual trial, into her personal life and opinions, she loses me. She described who she meet, how she felt and what she did outside the trial and introduced things that have nothing to do with the trial and more to do with the city of Adelaide being a place where the really bizarre crimes occur.

Mitchell's descriptions are well done, if not, in my opinion always correct. For example, her portrayals of the northern suburbs of Salisbury and Elizabeth lead readers to believe that only no-hopers live in these areas. She exaggerates about the hopelessness of these places and neglects to mention that these places are getting redone and developed so that there can be more in these areas. Generalising statements are also made about the people of Adelaide that are also not positive, and in my opinion make us sound like close minded and ignorant people.

All in all, this is not a book that I would put on my top ten list. As I am not usually a fan of the true crime genre, this is not a surprise, but the continuous negative comments about Adelaide furthered and hastened my dislike. Nevertheless, for fans of true crime, it is one that they will enjoy.

Alicia



The Vodka Dialogue

Kirsty Brooks

I was eager to read this novel, not only because it was written by local Adelaide gal Kirsty Brooks but also because of the funky title. I had expected another pathetically flimsy "chick lit" (don't get me wrong I have many of these on my bookshelf- it's called escapism!) but I was pleasantly surprised by Brooks' somewhat daring

combination of detective crime mixed with romance and comedy.

The story is about a girl, Cassidy Blair, who is bored with her life working at DVD World (hmm a substituted name for Blockbuster me thinks) and decides to become a 'sexual sleuth'; basically a P.I. to test out unfaithful lovers. Now as crazy and weird as Adelaide gets (that's a whole other story), I find it hard to believe that anyone in Adelaide would require the services of a 'sexual sleuth' considering it's really the equivalent of a small country town with 2 degrees of separation. Not to mention the Adelaide gossip mill is the only thing that runs 24-7 aside from Maccy D's on West Terrace. My slight disparages aside there's certainly a sense of nostalgia about recognizing the various Adelaide settings and the characters are both entertaining and convincing... particularly the drunk guys at the Vodka Bar (we've all been there!).

The heroine, Cassidy, is refreshingly realistic; smart and sassy but still clueless in so many ways. As Cassidy investigates dodgy partners through elaborate schemes a predictable love story emerges (it's still a romantic comedy after all). It's a fun fast-paced story that's an entertaining read but not one for those who prefer more gripping crime novels. The Vodka Dialogues is the first in a series that follows the adventures of Cassidy Blair, amateur sleuth.

Karlie

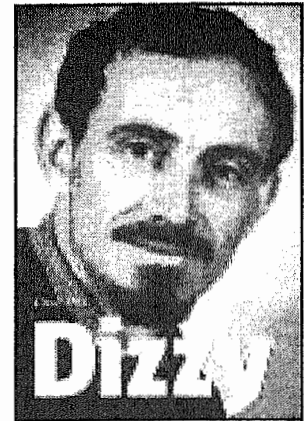
**KIRSTY BROOKS:
QUINTESSENTIAL
ADELAIDE GAL**



Born in Whyalla (I'll assume you all know where that is!) the family moved to Adelaide when Kirsty was 4 years old. She attended Wilderness School then studied Journalism at Uni SA Magill (we won't hold that against her), Fine Arts at Underdale and topped it off with Professional Writing at Adelaide Tafe (whom she now lectures for). She has written for *db Magazine*, *On the Street*, *Orb Magazine* and *The Republican*, to name a few. Kirsty now owns and runs Driftwood Manuscripts in Adelaide, runs various workshops and is a mentor to upcoming writers. She is addicted to Diet Pepsi & Ebay (aren't we all!) but hates people who litter.

She recently married Sean Williams, an internationally published sci-fi writer and best friend. Stay tuned for more inside info from this author in our literature section.

Karlie



Dizzy

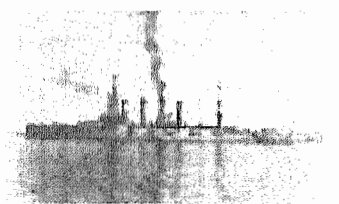
Dave Diss

Autobiographies are not usually my first choice in the bookstore, perhaps because I think it's pretentious to assume people are interested in reading about your life... Having said that I think my opinion may be clouded by the overwhelming amount of attention seekers on reality tv seeking the same fifteen minutes of fame, or maybe it's because deep down I know my life isn't interesting enough to write about! So with some trepidation I embarked on an autobiographical journey of one Dave Maurice Diss, or "Dizzy" to his mates.

What I discovered was a remarkable story that I found hard to put down. Yes I'm now enjoying a plate of

The book explores in great detail Dizzy's childhood, which I found the most amazing part of the book. The fact that he retains such vivid childhood memories impresses me no end, I scarcely remember anything. His family was poor, his father an abusive alcoholic, his younger sister was given away to relatives and Diss relays these in such a composed, matter-of-fact manner without any trace of self-deprecation or pity.

Diss's account of being a child through World War II was nothing short of engaging. From the start of the war right through to the end his memories shed light on a time in history that we don't learn from the text books. It reflects how the war affected everyday life; the soldiers patrolling, bombs being dropped and being evacuated to inland Britain.



Diss joined the Royal Navy and gives a detailed and honest account of life at sea. His travels around the world were fascinating, but his detailed account of everyday life as a sailor were even more more fascinating for it allows the reader to engage in the story on a deeper level.

I have to admit my interest started to wane when it came to the full blown adventures in the navy. This was most probably due to my overtly feminine persona being incapable of relating to the male comradery of it all. I did find his stories entertaining, Dizzy is definitely a loveable larrikan and doesn't gloss over any personality disfunctions he may have had.

Part history lesson, part social and cultural insight I really enjoyed this autobiography... who knows maybe I'll join the Navy!

Karlie

A Short History of the English Language

By Fristan Mahoney

The English Language as we speak it today was devised in 1917 by British Military Intelligence as a means to encode Allied communications to the Western Front. Shortly after the war, English became the official language of the British Commonwealth and the United States, thus replacing the traditional mode of communication via now redundant scent glands located in the anus. Today, skilled forensic linguists are still translating some of the more pungent works of this extinct language into the English, the most notable of which is the epic *Beowulf*, chronicling the life of a valiant Danish warrior and his battle with chronic fungal infection.

Little is known about the authors of the earliest works in English, not least because these traditional folk tales were originally transmitted orally. Indeed, the earliest known manuscript was produced in 1929 by a Celtic goat farmer named Geoffrey Chaucer. *Portrait of the Artist as a Kid* won the young Chaucer accolades throughout the United Kingdom for its innovative arrangement of letters into words and sentences. Naturally, none of these words made any sense, because the first dictionary wasn't to be written for another eight years.

Finally, in 1932, a group of undergraduates at the University of Kent compiled an alphabetical dictionary of English words and their meanings. Tragically, few actually knew how the reference was to be used, largely due to the fact that the students had neglected to include the word 'dictionary' in the list. It wasn't until 1945 that German code breakers managed to interpret the dictionary, precipitating the end of the Second World War, and unlocking the elusive mysteries of the English language.

The following year, 1947, saw a young William Shakespeare write his first play, the seminal *A Street Car Named Desire*, soon to become the successful

Broadway production of the same name. Shakespeare himself became the pre-eminent artist of his day, spawning a myriad of genre, including Romance, Tragedy, Tragic Romance, Romantic Tragedy and Vampire Porn. Before his death in 1949, Shakespeare wrote and produced over eight thousand plays, including *Henry V*, *Henry VI*, *Henry VII*, *Henry VIII*, *Henry IX*, *Henry X*, *Henry XI* and the masterpiece of symbolic naturalism, *Jesus Christ, Super Star*.

Shakespeare's death marked the end of an era. This would later be referred to as the "Shakespeare Era". After the Shakespeare Era came the Age of Enlightenment, closely followed by the Romantic Era, another Shakespeare Era, some more Enlightenment, another Romantic Era and then another Age of Enlightenment, sometimes referred to as the Age of Reason (from the French *Reason*, meaning partially dried fruit – popular amongst the post war intelligentsia).

Much of the literature that emerged from the Enlightenment is trivial at best, and scarcely rates a mention in the present history. Joseph Conrad's darkly satirical novel *Isn't Art Rubbish?* stands out as a notable exception, as does Thomas Hardy's enthralling work of social commentary, *Isn't the Countryside Lovely?* featuring the famous line, 'gosh, Tristram, isn't the countryside lovely?' – a line many critics and scholars believe is the first sign of the transition from the Enlightenment to the unprecedented Romantic Era.

The Age of Romance saw the single greatest proliferation of homoerotic poetry in the history of English. While Continental poets were still waxing lyrical about explosions, car chases and burlesque, the British poetic tradition had already produced the likes of William Wordsworth, John Keats, Percy Shelly, Quentin Crisp, Oscar Wilde, Noël

Coward and Julian Clairy. By 1950, the letter 'Q' had been formally introduced into the English alphabet in an effort to accommodate words such as *Quiver*, *Quaint*, *Queer* and *Queen*. Prior to the letter Q, John Keats' famous line from 'Fairy Queen' read:

Her frock all akwiver, the kwaint fairy kween

Cried, Ooh, Vicar! How kweer you have been!

At the time, it was thought that the replacement of 'Kw' with 'Q' would save a considerable quantity of ink. In his *Wealth of Nations*, Adam Smith correctly predicted that the letter 'Q' would increase the United Kingdom's quarterly Gross Domestic Product by between 10 and 15 percent.

Despite such technical innovations, the early Fifties was a tumultuous time for English literature. In 1952 the famous Romantic author Truman Capote wrote *Tropic of Capricorn*, winning him the Nobel Prize for Literature. Two years later, when Henry Miller produced precisely the same text, Capote was stripped of his Nobel Prize for plagiarising the entire book, including the title. When it was revealed that Henry James had plagiarised James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* in a similar fashion, few novelists were brave enough to produce any significant works of fiction, for fear of plagiarising the work of future writers.

By now modernism had become the pre eminent artistic movent, incorporating Surrealism, Symbolism, Futurism and the flourishing new genre of Expressionism, which consisted of reputable authors making ugly facial expressions at one another, sometimes for days on end. In 1960, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald baffled the public by blowing raspberries at one another for a month, finally calling it off when a young John

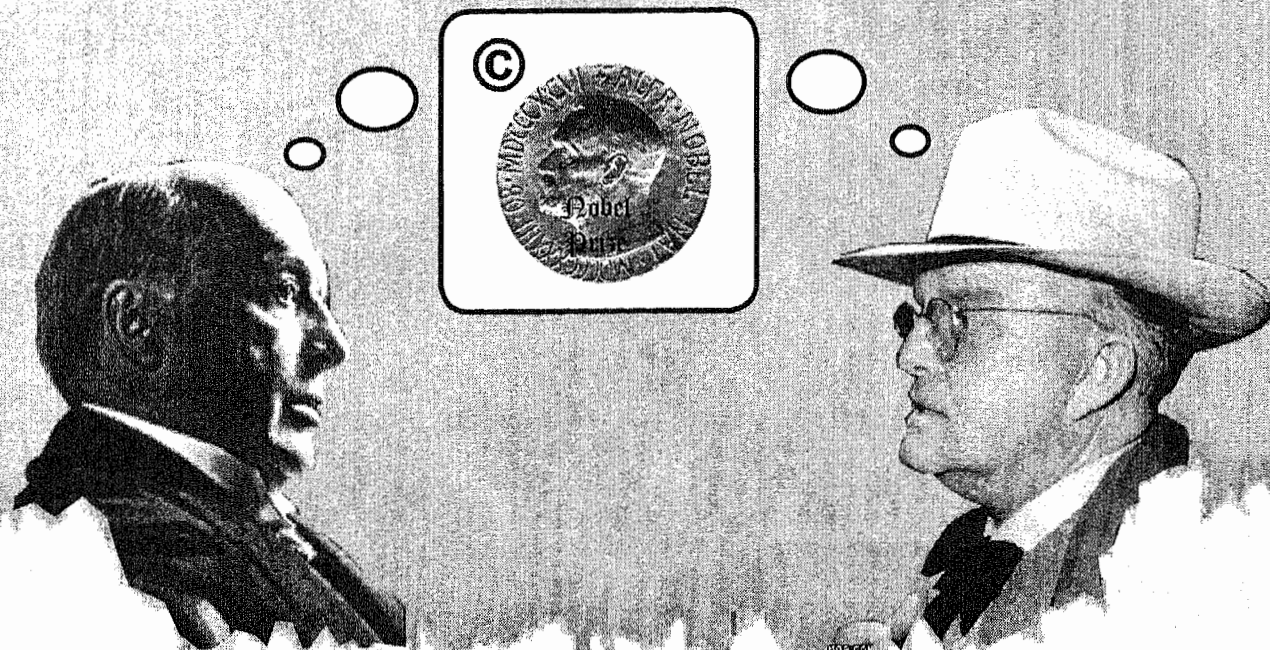
Steinbeck intervened with a dry martini and a jar of olives.

These were dark times for English Literature, and for the language as a whole. Literacy rates were plummeting, and many had forgotten how to speak entirely. Several regions of the deep south of the United States had reverted to primitive odour-based dialects. Tabloid newspapers in parts of Scotland and Wales were still transmitted via anal scent gland, right up until they were finally outlawed by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher in 1984. Throughout the Sixties, Australian authorities addressed the growing illiteracy problem by rounding up thousands of gland users for systematic internment in desert detention centres.

This was a tragic period in Australia's history, chronicled in Banjo Patterson's moving 1968 novel, *Talking out of Their Arses: The Lost Generation of Australian Arse Talkers*. Patterson's fictionalised account of an Arse Talker from Tasmania who was imprisoned for publishing a clandestine newsletter won that year's Booker Prize, and is the subject of the successful feature film *Glandestine*.

It was an American innovation that finally rescued the English Language from obscurity. In 1973, eminent Californian author Charles Stainsborough invented Post modern literature in his backyard shed. Using only a set of pipe cleaners, several dozen expired telephone directories and his own spittle, Stainsborough demonstrated that any old shit could be cobbled together and called 'Literature'. This idea was revolutionary, and continues to influence luminaries such as Wilbur Smith, Tom Clancy, Dan Brown, Bryce Courtenay and Candace Bushnell.

Next week: *A Short History of Music*



Opium Continued ...

Fiction

Monique enters the room with needle in hand. Chardonnay lies back on the bed. She was scared the first time; she hated needles. But it was worth it. She is too young to have wrinkles, but she sees it as a preventative procedure. All her friends have it done. It only takes twenty minutes; but remember to sit upright afterwards. Sure, you can't make many expressions for six weeks, but what's emotion against perfection? Some people call Botox surgery. How silly. It's only a facial, but with needles.

VI. Thursday March 13, 2003 5:08 pm

Johno and Scotch sprawl on the living room floor, watching *Guess Who's Cumming at Dinner* starring Rock Staffblaster. It's a comfortable male silence, occasionally broken by monosyllabic conversations on James Bond, motor sports and the anatomical realism of the pornography they're watching. They tilt their heads to one side in unison, trying to conceptualise the sexual act being performed.

'I think there's two of them,' Johno suggests.

'Ahhhhhhhhh that doesn't interest me,' Johno says.

'What does?' Scotch says, not really caring.

The front door opens. Scotch is staring at the television, but Johno's head turns automatically. Johno watches as Chardonnay enters the kitchen and dumps her schoolbag on the floor. She wears knee-high socks, a pleated skirt, a white blouse and a tie. She sits on the kitchen counter, legs swinging, toying with her pigtail, sucking on a lollipop and texting on her pink mobile. A 'School Captain' badge gleams on her chest.

'Schoolgirls,' Johno says on a rushed exhalation. This is the best part of his day.

'Did you ask Dad about the party?' Chardonnay calls from the kitchen.

'Nah. All I got was Message Bank.' Scotch doesn't turn from the television, though the images do not interest him. Chardonnay kicks off her shoes and heads into the lounge, her socks sliding on the polished floorboards. 'Besides, if anything like last time happens, insurance will cover it.'

'Have you called Oliver?' Chardonnay asks.

'Of course. There's no party without him.' Scotch turns then, glancing at Johno's glazed over expression. 'Where've you been all afternoon?'

'Beautician's,' Chardonnay replies.

'Is that your mothership or something?'

Chardonnay pokes out her tongue and heads for her bedroom. Johno watches the pleats of her skirt sway hypnotically until she is gone.

'Are you coming on Friday?' Scotch asks, anticipating Johno's nod. 'Well, wait till Chardonnay's plastered, then try hitting on her.'

'Shouldn't you be more protective of your sister?'

'You don't know Chardonnay. I should be more protective of you.'

Poppy watches him in the Latin lecture. She had noticed him before. It was his height initially. She was always drawn to tall people. He stood easily at six foot four. She always put it down to some genetic instinct, a primitive desire to ensure her children were taller than herself. There is something familiar about him, like an actor whom you're sure you've seen somewhere else before, but can't place them.

The lecture ends and Poppy walks down the stairs of the Hughes building, across the paved plaza, down to the Barr-Smith lawns where students mill around. Posters cover pylons, political posters, advertisements, STD warnings: all things student related. Poppy heads toward the girl's toilets in the Union Building. She likes to read the graffiti there at least once a week: debates on the gender politics of Brazilian waxes, phone numbers for lesbian sex and general slander about those on campus who have the smallest penis or the most crabs.

As she reaches the end of the steps, the crush of students heading to lectures or the library suddenly compacts and she is smothered. She is jostled around; she is used to that. Being so small, she is used to being trampled. Then she feels a breath of wind blown at her neck. She feels a shiver run down her spine. She turns to her right, searching. Something is pressed into her left hand and she feels someone large brush past her. She turns and sees a boy, a man, blending seamlessly into the crowd. Seamlessly, but for his height.

'Wait!' she cries.

But he is already gone.

Poppy looks down at the piece of paper in her hand. Black ink scrawled on lined paper. An invitation.

A Costume Party

Date: March 14

Time: 9pm

Address: Penthouse, Grand Apartments, Park Terrace

VII Friday March 14, 2003 7:53 pm

Oliver dresses for work...he tries to play the part of a player... baggy Fubu sweater, the baggy Adidas trackies (yeah, it's like mixing your drinks, but what can you do), the Sketchers, the parachute jacket, the hot mobile phone with the 50 Cent ringtone. He mentally writes a shopping list. Coke, E, Mitzies, Ice, for the more placid partygoers some buds. He is down to his last 8-ball of crystal meth, so tonight he leaves that under the mattress with the Ox's Blood which is a bit out of this party's league. Vodka and coke. And marijuana smoke. That's what eastern suburbs girls are made of

Adelaide was a good market. It was small, and in small places, the boredom threshold was lower. The demand was greater than in Sydney and Melbourne. Per capita of course. Sydney and Melbourne were booming, but there were fewer dealers in Adelaide. They were like a club here. Bikie warfare was only an issue if you went outside the inner suburbs, his market niche, or got too big for your skate shoes. He was like the home delivery service for all the spoiled, bored WASPs of South Australia.

With all the competition interstate, he'd only ever been a pawn. And any chess player worth their salt knows that pawns

are the most expendable piece on the board, which would explain why he had so many warrants for his arrest in Victoria and New South Wales. Adelaide had seemed like a last resort then, but Oliver has a tendency to take a bad situation and find the opportunities.

For example, if he had not come to Adelaide, he would not have had the chance to live with his baby sister. That would be a shame. He genuinely likes her. And if she hadn't had him, she would've been forced to go and live with their Dad in Alice Springs. It isn't her fault her mother is a psycho, whose catch phrase is "I can't go on like this". It probably would be better for Poppy if the woman didn't go on. At least then Poppy would get the insurance pay out.

He hears her then. He hears Poppy more than he sees her. She echoes up the hallway. The exquisitely painful sound of her playing always tugs at his heart muscle, as if she is playing him as much as she plays her violin. It's that season thing, by that Vivaldi dude. She tries to educate him, but all he knows is that when she plugs her violin into an amplifier, it's like she's crying to the whole world. He follows her notes, like a trail of breadcrumbs, up the hallway.

He opens the door quietly, watching her. She's going out. She scrubs up well. He tries to see the family connection between them, but all he can see is the colour of their eyes and hair. They both followed after their different mothers. He is tall and well-built; she is tiny and fragile. And she is brilliant, a prodigy, whereas he...

She stops playing, the trance broken, her bow held gently aloft.

'How's your song goin', sunshine?' He asks, eyes shining with genuine adoration.

'It's not ready yet.' Poppy lowers her violin and places it lovingly in its velvet lined case, covering it in cloth as tenderly as a mother blankets a child.

'I'm dropping by Phil's tonight, you know, that producer guy,' Oliver says, going over to Poppy's rocking horse and lifting the saddle, removing packets of illicit drugs from its belly. A Trojan horse. 'I keep telling him about my talented baby sister who got into the Con. The next Vanessa Mae with attitude.'

Poppy smiles patiently. Trying to explain an artist's instinct is like trying to explain astronomy to someone who's never seen the stars.

'I'll know when it's ready. It'll be a magical moment when everything falls into place. A compositional epiphany.' She smiles brilliantly then. 'And then you can give it to your producer friend and he can call me a songwriter.'

Oliver smiles, ruffling her hair affectionately. He looks down at her sparkly dress, at the sparkles in her hair, the iridescent powder on her cheeks.

'What are you s'posed to be?' He asks, laughter in his voice.

'Tinkerbell.' Poppy lifts her glittery wings from the floor. 'It's my first real university party.'

'Be careful, kid.' Oliver kisses her forehead briefly, feeling her ever slipping away from him. As if he ever really held her.

to be continued...

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

Editor:
Lavinia Emmett-Grey

E-mail:
molly.emmett-grey@
student.adelaide.edu.au

V. Wednesday, March 12, 2003, 5:32 pm

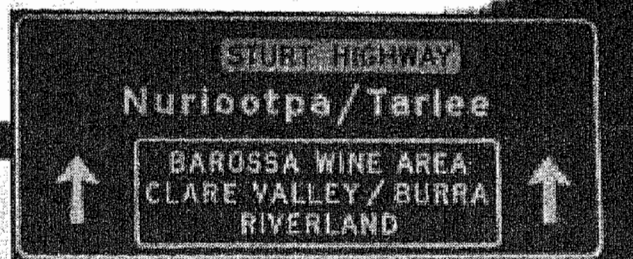
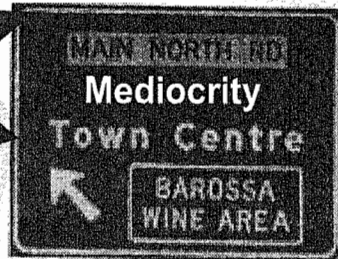
Chardonnay waits, staring at the mirror in front of her, grading herself like a teacher. She does not consider this vain or shallow. It is the rest of the world who undervalues the importance of beauty.

Her voice is perfect. Like Marilyn Monroe, without overt sexuality tipping her tongue. Breathily and hesitant, like a little girl, the curious result of years of imitated coyness. She always smells wonderful. Chardonnay never sinks to the depths of wearing cheap, supermarket bought perfumes or aerosol deodorants. Her signature scent is Baby Doll, Yves Saint Laurent. She wears a complementary deodorant and Herbal Essences in her hair. She always smells delicate, floral, fragrant. People like to smell her.

Chardonnay is well proportioned. Tall, but not too tall. Nice breasts, but not big. A small waist. Delicate features, certainly not ugly, but not remarkable either. A flawless, all over fake tan. Blue eyes. Like a china doll. Fantastic hair. Daniella at Toni & Guy keeps it a natural-looking golden blonde, shoulder length, inch layer with an off-centre part. If she doesn't, Chardonnay can have Daniella fired. Her mother taught her how to do that.



**Bertie's
RadeLaide
poetry!**



Suburban Sex

Suburban sex
in tightening spaces
in predictable places,
behind bars and locks
drawn chains and shutters
that slowly grind down
and stop suddenly
with a metallic judder.

There in the darkness
electronically watched,
like robots
metal against metal
too quick to heat
and spark.

Toms, Davids and Sams
roll back
sweating
and slip
quickly into sleep
but the women lie still
awake
and rust

Meg Giles

Jaded Love

What rose is love that would treat me
so.
To tempt me with the sweetness of a
loving soul.
Jilted, jaded, unloved and torn
May you find your rose,
I'll be your thorn.

Geordie Murray

Ode to Adelaide

Adelaide Adelaide,
Melbourne's rainier

Adelaide Adelaide,
At least it's not Tasmania

Chloe O'Hare Carroll

Radelaide Haiku

Adelaide you have
really bad short man syndrome
you are not New York

Miss Svedders

Aww . . . Pisces Poetry

The soft red glow of a jade light
& the blurry buzz of a pint
Listening to the buskers' drum
in the heat of the night

People coming & going
Buses, always running late, driving
with a cup of coffee in my hand
The city, passing

Towering green trees & fast red cars
This track & the races, made for the stars
Students heavy with words written on
their faces
& we're told why they reach for the moon
when you could get Mars

Jenn

Ode to the Australian Wheat Board

So farewell then,
Australian Wheat Board
You sent wheat and money to Iraq!
\$300 million in kickbacks,
The thought we might invade ignored.
You've upset the United States,
So you're not all bad!

The Cole enquiry called you a cheat
You nearly got away with it.
Still,
You used to export wheat,
Now you just fertilize it.

AJ Turner



Behold, your average group of randomly selected Radelaideans loitering in the midsummer sunshine without a care in the world. A joyous existence, that of the Uni Student. Romping through post-adolescence in one of the World's most well-fed and easily navigatable cities. Are these the faces and smiles of Melbournians hunched over in concrete rage, squabbling over cheap Crown Casino meals and the rising costs of e-tag? Just look at us. Free parking and good looks. Thankyou First Fleet.

PETER JACKSON'S KING KONG: THE OFFICIAL GAME OF THE MOVIE

A director takes actors and crew to Skull Island to film a movie and, hopefully, make lots of money. Very hairy people capture the lead actress of this film. The hairy people in turn sacrifice the actress to a huge gorilla that falls in love with her. The crew attempt to save the girl and get home. Giant dinosaurs get involved, stuff gets set on fire (in the game anyways) and the giant monkey is captured, taken to NYC and dies whilst being very angry and lonely at the top of the Empire State building. Yay! Now onto the game...

In Peter Jackson's King Kong: The Official Game of the Movie, you can "Play as Man", or "Play as Kong". In other words, play as a feeble man with a pop gun, or as an angry giant gorilla that loves throwing things and makes loud noises by beating himself. To put it differently again, play as Jack, who attempts to save said actress using spears, guns and fire to avoid spiders and dinosaurs. The game isn't your standard first person shooter, instead of focusing on unleashing bullets into things, KK forces you to use tactics to defeat enemies. No visible HUD makes the game more immersive and instead of using cross-hairs to aim your spear, Jack points his finger like a little league baseballer and fires his pistol by looking down the shaking barrel. It works very well and makes things slightly difficult, yet realistic. A flashing red screen and

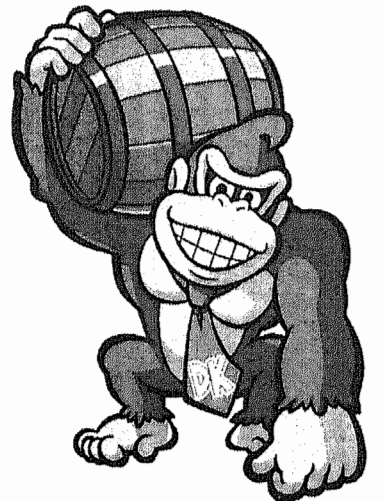
irritatingly slo-mo epic 'someone is about to die' musical entourage indicates damage and imminent death. Fire must be used strategically to burn out paths ahead and to kill Dinos! Kong sections are simple idiot-proof melee death matches and running sections, which get a little draining but are still quite amusing to play through. Hell, what other game allows you to bust the jaw of a Tyrannosaur? None, that's right, none. Savor the moment. Light team efforts are also present in the game and NPC's can hold their own in a fight, thank god, so enjoy being covered by a woman who can handle a spear.

For a game featuring giant battles between gorillas and dinosaurs, this falls a little short. The game strategy can be summarized as 1) run from dinosaurs 2) shoot or spear dinosaurs 3) find fire and light things 4) find wood to put in big turny things, which need to be turned to open gates 5) run from dinosaurs. It gets a little repetitive, but at 5 hours the game does provide a satisfying retreat from reality. My heart has received quite the cardiovascular workout whilst running from dinosaurs, and you can make the game a lot more fun yourself by attempting to complete sections without killing dinos and by trying to just kill with fire, fists or jabbing. Personal lateral thinking will make this game a success and determine how much you get out of it.

The sound effects go a huge way to immerse the player. Music is taken from the film, and the voice-overs are spot on. Graphics are on par with some new release titles, however they aren't entirely brilliant. KK has a nice atmosphere and in a darkened room, the game gets quite intense.

For naught replay value, it's not worth the full price, but it's definitely worth the purchase if you can get \$60 from somewhere.

Dan Purvis



Who's the Kong? I be serving that Eastside o' the Jungle mutha f**kka a barrel of whoop-ass faster than yo mamma can pop out bitches. Know what I'm sayin'?

James RJchards' jellykingdom@hotmail.com

Faculty of Errors

This episode is brought to you by Chug Beer: ...Putting the 'Laid' back into 'Adelaide'...

The brains of the bunch, but the kind we all used to beat up at school! He enjoys long walks on the beach, margaritas, colonoscopies, and ICEY-COLD stethoscopes...



Finance Has gotta be the only person alive who doesn't giggle at the words 'anally retentive'. Methodical, fanatical, bureaucratic, and just plain fISCAl...



The overrepresented faculty. Pointlessness in A-Major. Hence he gets the least text... ..and I ran out of insulting jokes.



engie The true hero of the university, for he has the best pubCrawls! Sports a 'slight' superiority complex. But the joke will be on him when he ends up designing a portapotty construction line...



RADDEST GAME TRADERS EVER!!

So we all know how outrageously radical Adelaide is, otherwise we wouldn't bother staying here. I mean, it's not really difficult to leave, especially with cheap flights to Sydney through Virgin or Qantas etcetera. Well, the most raddest place ever to buy second hand games in this most radical of Adelaide is GameTraders in Prospect. Here's why:

- 1) There's a HUGE number of old NES, SNES, Mega Drive, Dreamcast, 64 and even Saturn games for purchase there
- 2) The store is more than willing to help a fellow gamer find that priceless gem lost in the sands of history
- 3) The manager, Tony, is a slightly eccentric and possibly senile older man who has an insane passion for all things dated, collectible and in mint condition.

Basically, if you're bored and really, really want to go purchase a bunch of old NES cartridges in their little licensed Nintendo slips, then head on over. If NES isn't your thing, just ask Tony about his collectible tenth anniversary Sonic the Hedgehog compilation featuring every possible obscure Sonic game, plus artwork and movies for the Dreamcast. Once he starts he just can't stop. GameTraders in Prospect located in the shopping center just off Main North Road. By the way, this isn't a paid for plugging, I really do adore the senile old git! And they care...

Dan Purvis

RADICAL RATBAG IN ADELAIDE

So how easy is it to find game developing work in Adelaide? Not very, especially when a larger company such as Midway decides it's an absolutely brilliant idea to acquire an awesome studio such as Ratbag, then shaft them by closing it down. WOOT. We love you Midway for destroying a company that can produce a game as radically awesomeful as Powerslide and that was continuing to place ingenuity into racing games. So, I thought I'd do a quick review of ... Powerslide!

Powerslide was developed in 1996 by Ratbag studios, based in Adelaide, for the PC platform. Powerslide incorporated some of the most ingenious gameplay into a racing game and earned studio respect, which earned them jobs developing games such as Dukes of Hazzard and other titles. Mainly under Ubisoft. Encouraging aggressive driving and tactical racing, winning was often accompanied by slamming opponents into walls and pushing cars harder and faster, before breaking and cutting in on other racers. Like the original Wipeout was difficult to master, so was Powerslide. The game started insanely easy, before becoming ridiculously challenging! Its enemy AI was challenging and with the ability to race up to 7 AI and player controlled cars against each other, it was a great LANning success. Why it was never revamped for newer consoles is beyond me. The graphics were smooth, and the controls intuitive, the tracks were sparse, but the environments were beautiful, the dirt was real and the sliding was powerful. Locate this game and be prepared to Powerslide!

Dan Purvis

Editor: Dan Purvis

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J AND DAZZ AT THE MOOFIES

Hi Folk! J and Dazz here again for all your filmic needs. Three more new movies this week, including Woody Allen's first non-New York movie, *Match Point*. We've also got *Imagine Me and You* and *Capote*, starring Dazz's favourite actor Phillip Seymour Hoffman.

And speaking of all things Radelaide, both our Classic Movie of the Week and our DVD Review feature home grown. You can see the Radelaide of today in *Look Both Ways* and the Radelaide of yesteryear in *Bad Boy Bobby*. To round out our little section you can learn all about the HotHotHot Natalie Portman; and the music of The Vampire Chronicles.

And don't forget our weekly competitions. All year we'll be giving away free passes to see the latest release movies, free DVDs, and special prize packs.

Finally, if you want to get involved with On Dit Film this year or if you just want to tell us how awesome a job we're doing, you can contact us at:

j.and.dazz@gmail.com

Film

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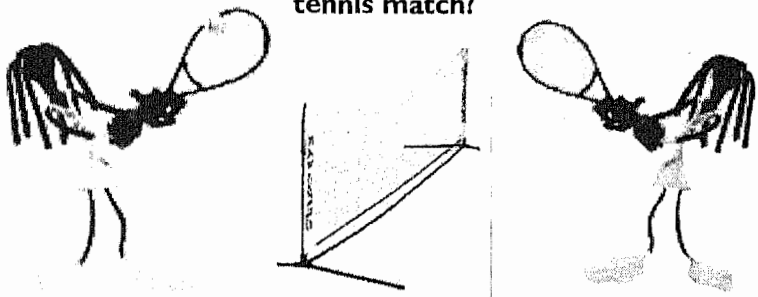
Editors: J & Dazz

Giveaways!!!

We have a heaps of double passes for *Match Point* to giveaway. Simply send an email to j.and.dazz@gmail.com

and answer this simple question:

What is the name given to the final point in a tennis match?



Match Point (M 15+)

Showing at Palace Nova and selected cinemas

Match Point is Woody Allen's first film shot outside of New York. Set in London, focusing on the wealthy upper class, we're shown a London full of culture. Opera, theatre come as somewhat of a contrast to the ever prevalent films of the London underground. The beginning of the movie shows the broody Chris (Jonathon Rhys Meyers), a professional tennis player, bowing out of the touring circuit and taking on a job as a tennis coach at a London country club. Assigned to coach Tom (Matthew Goode), the two strike up an immediate friendship after discussing their mutual appreciation of opera. A relationship develops between Chris and Tom's sister, Chloe (Emily Mortimer), but Chris appears ready to throw this away upon meeting Nola (Scarlet Johansson), a struggling American actress, who is also Tom's fiancé.

This is a movie about luck. From the outset we're reminded of the ball hitting the net in a game of tennis. For a second it can either go over or drop back, and, with a bit of luck, it goes over and you win. Playing on this idea throughout the movie, Allen's script sees chance encounters and examples of luck going both ways, while exploring the nature of human relationships. Is it love, lust, ambition, or survival that drives our actions? And which of these is it that makes us happy? This exploration of different relationships with different driving forces has fewer dialogues and more time for thought than



some of Allen's previous films. He also unexpectedly shows us a darker side than we've seen previously.

There is nothing particularly likeable about any of the characters within the movie, and there's no stand out hero/ine, although the film focuses most strongly on Chris and his interactions. The movie hits a slow and frustrating point somewhere around the middle and at times I found the characters unbearable to the point of wanting not to watch. That said, however, the underlying depth of the movie and the themes that it addresses stay with the viewer longer than the annoyance with the characters and affect more deeply. While not at all likely to win 'feel good movie of the year', this was one very affecting movie and very worth seeing. And if you don't go for the story, there's always the Johansson/Rhys Meyers eye-candy to tide you over until the end.



Capote (M 15+)

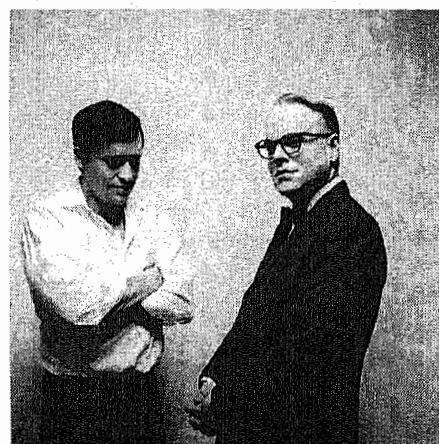
Showing at Palace Nova and selected cinemas

Bennett Miller's biopic, *Capote*, chronicles the life of Truman Capote (Philip Seymour Hoffman) as he researches and writes his most famous book, *In Cold Blood*. Truman himself described the book as the first of a new breed of book, "the non-fiction novel". *In Cold Blood* is based on the real-life murder of a family of four in Holcomb, Kansas. Over the four years it took to write the book, Truman Capote regularly interviewed the two men arrested for the crime and developed a strong bond with one of the accused, Perry White (Clifton Collins Jr.).

As biopics go, *Capote* is quite good, managing to maintain a tight narrative by covering a relatively short period of time. However, as the adage goes, the truth is slower paced than fiction. Which is not to say the film is bad, per se, just very

slow moving. Philip Seymour Hoffman embodies the role of Truman Capote, the childish mannerisms and voice he effects belies a cold, manipulative man, Truman Capote is truly a character not to be judged by his manner, he hides behind so many masks it's hard to find the real Truman, although his old friend, Harper Lee (Catherine Keener), seems to bring it out. In public, he is the toast of the town, a consummate entertainer, yet with Perry White he is raw and emotional, but certainly not honest. The scenes between the two of them are probably the most interesting, Truman is certainly using Perry for his story, but perhaps there is some genuine friendship too, reality is not as clear-cut as fiction.

Overall, *Capote* is a complex film about a complex man who changed the face of modern literature. If you like slower paced films with an emphasis on character interaction, you'll love it. Otherwise, wait for something better to come along.



Space Monkey



"That's RAD!" - Pepper (Jason Bateman), *Dodgeball* (2004)

Actress of the Week

Natalie Portman

Unfortunately most people know Natalie Portman as "that chick from Star Wars," since her best works are not the films she is famous for. If poorly directed Star Wars films were all there was to Natalie Portman she would hardly have the admiration of myself, and several cults on this planet - which I may, or may not be a part of.

So where do I start? Firstly, she is easily one of (if not) the most attractive actresses in the world. She is a rare combination of cute, hot and Audrey Hepburn rolled in to one! Despite the fact she was 14 in her first major film (*The Professional*) playing a "Lolita" style role, (resulting in a lot of elderly fan letters) she never got dragged down into thriving on being a 'sex symbol.' You won't see her showering naked in the Resident Evil mansion or anything crass, in fact the closest she has gotten to the "Femme-Fatale" image is as Queen Amidala in *Star Wars*. A nominal reason for this is that Natalie has chosen her roles carefully and committed herself to them. In the upcoming *V for Vendetta* film she starved herself and shaved her head to better play the tortured prisoner Evey. For *Closer* she actually researched her role as a stripper, and filmed the strip club scenes nude (which were later edited as required, rather than faking the impression of nudity, whilst the actor was wearing clothing).

She is one of the few intelligent actors who aren't 'fake' when it comes to her principles. She has a Psychology degree from Harvard University, has been a vegan since she was 9, and has only wavered marginally on her early ideals. For example, she actually is a smoker, but uses a special vegan brand of cigarettes. She uses her star status to aid charitable



causes, and then only if she actually knows what they are about. Sorry Tim Robbins, she doesn't just fly to third world country to be seen, but has actually spent considerable amounts of time in the Middle East learning about and promoting organisations such as FINCA International.

To summarise, she is an attractive, smart, idealistic actress, and one of the few actors out there trying to be involved in films that have an impact socially, not financially. As a result her films are getting better and better.

Mothic

Selected Filmography:

- The Professional (1994)
- Beautiful Girls (1996)
- Mars Attacks! (1996)
- Where the Heart Is (2000)
- Star Wars Episodes I - III (1999, 2002, 2005)
- True (2004)
- Cold Mountain (2004)
- Garden State (2004)
- Closer (2004)
- Free Zone (2005)
- V for Vendetta (2006)

Imagine Me and You (M 15+)

Showing at Wallis and selected cinemas

Whilst sufficiently well crafted, Ol Parker's directorial debut pivots on pure fantasy, falling painfully short of anything remotely convincing in the actual world of romance. *Imagine Me and You* centres on newly-wed bride Rachel (Piper Perabo) who, directly after marrying her long term lover and friend Heck (Matthew Goode), decides that she believes in love at first sight and that the florist at her wedding is the one for her. The florist is however a woman and her name is Luce (Lena Headey).

At this point you might think that perhaps after a whole life of being heterosexual we might see Rachel examining her sexuality and how her newly discovered lesbianism affects her previous understanding of herself etc, etc, but Parker chooses to take the more safe path and we watch Rachel taking it all in her stride. It's very nice when people take things in their stride and are very reasonable about traumatic and life-changing events, but unfortunately people aren't generally that reasonable and they love, hurt and hate passionately and irrationally. Therefore I was left feeling incredulous at the calm and rational way in which Heck takes Rachel's infidelity, even telling her "I only want you to be happy". Ah, but it's a feel good romantic comedy, it's doesn't have to be realistic does it; the only problem with this genre is that it's so much more effective when it is believable.

But it's not all bad, the acting is surprisingly good, the script flows with ease and the all-English cast saves the film from being just another Hollywood paint-by-numbers. And if you do like romantic comedies you walk away with that familiar warm feeling in your tummy, even if you are still unconvinced that love at first sight exists.



Clemi W

CHRIS KLEIN

BRENDAN FEHR



TWO BROTHERS. ONE WEEKEND. NO SHAME.



IN CINEMAS MARCH 16



"We're English! English, do you understand? This is Australia, yes? Where is Adelaide? - Girl (Jenny Agutter), *Walkabout* (1971)

Straight to DVD

Look Both Ways

DVD Release: Feb 2006

"Everyone has to find a way to face their own death – and life." Despite those words, director Sarah Watt's feature debut, *Look Both Ways*, is not a dark, depressing, dissection of the horrors of death. Rather, it is a realistic portrayal of how people connect with each other, when they have to deal with death.

Look Both Ways takes place over a hot Adelaide weekend, beginning with the accidental (or was it?) death of a man who was hit by a train. Meryl (Justine Clark) saw it happen; Nick (William McInnes) photographed the dead man's wife's (Daniella Farinacci) reaction; Andy (Anthony Hayes) wrote about it; while the train driver (Andreas Sobik) struggles to cope. From this point, *Look Both Ways* shows that from something so bad, good things can come. Not a revelation, but Watt's writing and directing handles it with such sincerity and



DVD Extras:



Film Rating:



realism. The only criticism that I can find in the realism of the film is that there is no way a good Adelaide man would ever sit down to a Toohey's New after a hard day's work.

While *Look Both Ways* was filmed in Adelaide, it is good that Watt wasn't local, as she manages to make all the recognizable locations (Art Gallery, Museum, Port Adelaide, Norwood Pool) appear simply as backdrops, as well they should.

Extras on this DVD include trailers and a director/actors commentary. But you'd certainly have to be a fan of DVD commentaries, as while it is somewhat interesting, it does veer towards the "oh-yeah-he/she-was-great-to-work-with" type of commentary.

Dazz

Classic Movie of the Week

Bad Boy Bubby

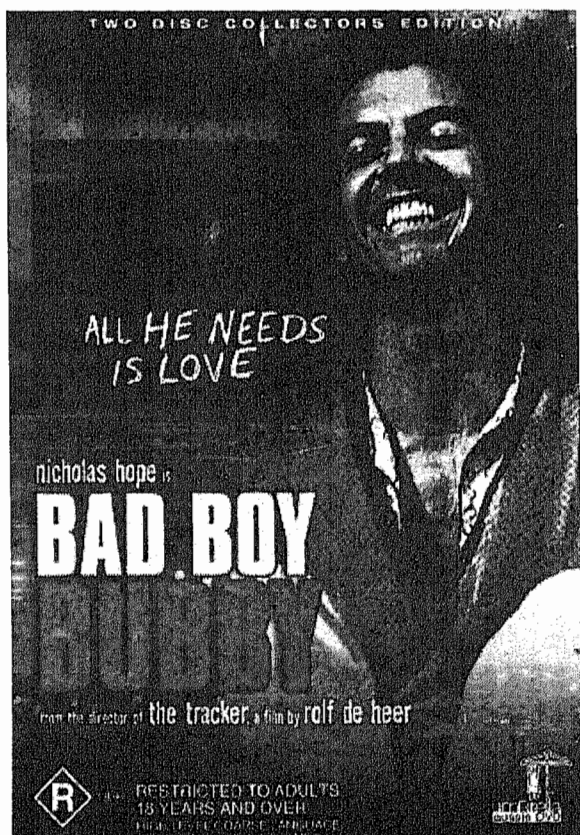
Released: 1993

Cling-wrapped cats, poisonous gas, incest, pet cockroaches and alcoholic priests. Welcome to the world of *Bad Boy Bubby*. Nicholas Hope plays Bubby; a thirty-five year old 'man' who has been kept locked in a filthy, decreed apartment all his life by his religious freak mother. So when he finally gets to venture into the real world armed with just the few phrases he has learnt by rote from his mother, needless to say he struggles to cope with reality.

Director Rolf de Heer's (*Alexandra's Project*, *The Tracker*) debut is disturbing to say the least. The difficult early scenes of abuse eventually give way to a journey of discovery for Bubby, which is comedic at times, but no less disturbing. On his journey, Bubby joins a band who have a song called "If you see Kay", he has a very-brief affair with a member of the Salvation Army, and has a painful stint in prison.

The acting performances are all excellent, particularly Hope and Claire Benito (Bubby's mother). So it's a shame that we haven't been able to see much of them since *Bubby*.

Filmed locally, de Heer creates a version of 1990s

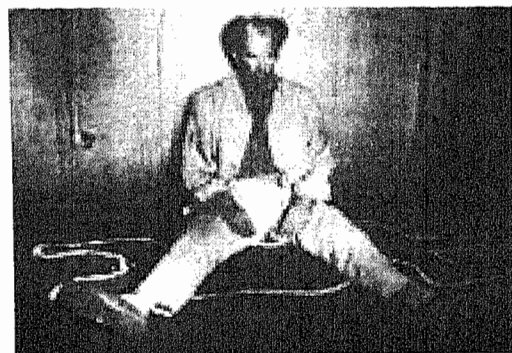


Adelaide that is both dark and familiar at the same time. And while I'm sure it wasn't his intention, it reminds me of another Adelaide; the Radelaide of my formative years. Who remembers West End Super or the STA?

In the end, *Bad Boy Bubby* is a simple, familiar story of someone trying to find his place in the world. And just like the rest of us, all he needs is love.



Bobby D

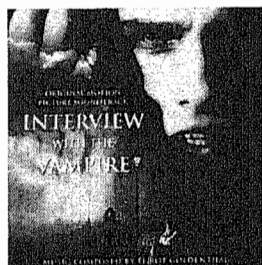


Audio Commentary

Dr Craig Willis



Drink From Me And Live Forever



Film: *Interview With The Vampire*
Artist: Guns N' Roses
Song: *Sympathy For The Devil*

"Please allow me to introduce myself / I'm a man of wealth and taste / I've been around for a long, long year / Stole many a man's soul and faith..." This cover of The Rolling Stones song is accompanied by orchestral score for the remainder of the soundtrack. It serves as the perfect conclusion to the first of *The Vampire Chronicles*, as the vampire Lestat (Tom Cruise) introduces himself to Malloy (Christian Slater). The lyrics parallel the nature of the vampire and beautifully serve to highlight the atmosphere of Anne Rice's timeless character...



This Time There Are No Interviews

Film: *Queen Of The Damned*
Artist: Static-X
Song: *Cold*

"Cold, we're so cold..." Lestat (Stuart Townsend) prowls around and bewilders two unsuspecting groupies before they meet their demise. This film is in stark contrast to *Interview With The Vampire*, so it is fitting that this is reflected in the soundtrack that exudes the mood and style of the film, while embracing Lestat's new lease on the afterlife - becoming a rock God. Several songs written by Jonathan Davis (Korn) and Richard Gibbs, are 'performed' by Lestat further reinforcing the powerful lyrics and dark temperament of the music...

Sneak Preview...

- Cineasia @ Mercury Cinema now until March 22
- A History of Violence* @ Academy Cinema City from March 9
- Free Street Cinema @ 153 Hindley St 8pm-dawn, March 10-19
- Proof* @ Palace Nova Cinemas from March 16
- The King* @ Palace Nova Cinemas from March 16
- French Film Festival @ Palace Nova Cinemas March - April
- Happy Endings* @ Palace Nova Cinemas from March 23
- March of the Penguins* @ Palace Nova Cinemas from March 30

"Now that we're official, you think we have room for one more on the Rad team?" - Wesley (Laura Jacoby), *Rad* (1986)

AGAINST ME

It was a Thursday night in Adelaide and punks of varying widths of jean came out to play. The politically charged folk influenced punk band from the Deep South, Against Me, were playing at Enigma Bar along with guests Death in the Family and The Disables.

I feel I need to give a bit of background to my own preconceptions before I go on. I recently saw the Against Me DVD 'We're never going home' which

was basically a documentary of the band on tour and how major labels were trying to woo them with record contracts. The documentary ended with the heroes of the story turning down the majors and staying loyal to the independent Fat Records, kind of thing that can bring a tear to your eye. Since the DVD was produced in 2002 our conquering heroes have shown that their convictions were perhaps not so independent by signing to Sire a subsidiary of Warner. It's a tired old debate I know and hey I can't promise I would turn down a million plus dollar contract. So any way I was interested to see if major label-dom had changed the passionate energetic band that had brought out that DVD 2 years earlier.

The first support act was a band from Melbourne, Death in The Family. I think the name probably indicates the kind of band you could expect. Five piece 'emo' rock. Refreshingly they had a woman, Sarah, on guitar and vocals. In fact Sarah was the only woman performer at this punk rock show (another tired old story).

Next up were The Disables, mused as Queensland's

Against Me : The Disables : Death in the Family



answer to The Jerks. The Disables got a good reception from the Adelaide crowd.

You could feel the excitement looming as Against Me set up. The Enigma bar was packed but I guess this can be expected for the band that has been dubbed our generations answer to The Clash (hummm...). I grabbed a prime position at the front. I love a punk rock show and always think that I'm tough enough to stand at the front but as usual, second song in I decide I prefer to dance in my own space knowing that it's my own sweat dripping down my back.

The set consisted of about 50% of their old stuff but as the tour was to promote their recent album, *Searching For A Former Clarity*, the rest consisted of songs from the aforementioned new album. The crowd really got into the show and I have to say so did I. Although I usually tend to reject bands that are surrounded by hype - especially those who have sold out - the cocktail of punk

rock and folk is one I like better than Guinness.

There were a few in murmurs of 'old school' fans heckling the band for playing too much 'new shit'. I also heard more that a few people, who were lucky enough to be at the show the first time they played in Australia, say that tonight's show didn't measure up to the previous show (as usual). But it seemed that mostly people were really into it and I found myself singing along and having much fun!

Yes the Adelaide crowd were into it.... perhaps more than Against Me themselves. As one very cool punk rock grrrl said 'they probably will go home because they weren't that into it, not saying there not a great band because they are, but maybe that's what the major label did to them. Less personality more generic-ality.'

S. Rose

Interview : Ash Grunwald

Friday February 24th, 2006



You seemed to have much of January off from performing/touring. Was this Ash-time, or were you busy doing other things?

I was super flat out for Dec/ Jan and started slowing down towards the end of Jan. I wanted to take some time off and I also recorded a new album in that time off as well.

You are performing in the famous Spiegeltent for the 2006 Adelaide Fringe Festival. Have you made it to Adelaide for the Fringe before?

No I haven't, so I am really looking forward to playing the Spiegeltent again, but in Adelaide.

Did you enjoy the Falls Festival? What artists did you hangout with, and enjoy seeing perform?

The Falls Festival absolutely rocks! I loved playing there both years, this year was even better getting to play on the main stage. The energy from the audience was just really full on and intense. I got to hang out with Eric Bibb at the airport in Tassie, so I was pretty stoked about that.

Your Live at the Corner release received tremendous acclaim. Do you think that your music best translates in a live setting?

For sure... infact I think the live thing is more what I am about sometimes... I love performing live and talking to

the audience and getting people involved, creating a vibe. I guess doing an album is a totally different creative trip.

Some people prefer recording (which I do like) but playing live is more what I love.

Tell us about your upcoming album (when can we expect it/any changes in approach etc)?

Oh yeah... it's still a lot like my stuff but there are a couple of really different tunes on there. It will be interesting to see what people make of them. I also played drums, bass, and more percussion on this album.

Hosting Triple J's Roots'n'All program must have been daunting at first. Do you consider yourself a radio-pro now? What has the experience taught you?

HELL NO! No, I am still trying to fumble my unorganized lazy arse through each week. But I am really enjoying it and it is such an eye opener being on the other side of the radio desk. What has it taught me?? Um, that radio presenters get sent about one million demo's and CD's per week.

You also will be performing again at the (brilliant) Byron Bay Bluesfest. What would you say to our readers to encourage them to make the pilgrimage east for the festival?

It is just an amazing festival... The acts there are just amazing, the whole thing is awesome. It rocks!!

Does your busy schedule allow you to get out to many other shows? Who has impressed you recently, or who are you looking forward to seeing?

I don't really get to see a lot bands unless we are on the same bill, last week I did a support for James Brown and he was pretty awesome. . . I always look forward to sharing a bill with The Rudd as well.

Who are some blues/roots artists that we should look out for in 2006?

Rob Sawyer, Blue King Brown, Danni Carr Band. ☺

Anything else you'd like to let us know?

Um ... nope. ☺

Chris

Gig Guide

Monday March 6th

Richard Thompson (UK)
Norwood Concert Hall

Off the Couch; Poetikool Justice, Patti, Snare & Bornski, Business As Usual, Co4sure
Fowlers Live.

Tuesday March 7th

Tripod (Vic)
Thebarton Theatre

Wednesday March 8th

DJ Tr!p
Crown & Anchor

Thursday March 9th

Bindi Blacher
Greenaway Art Gallery

Friday March 10th

WOMADELAIDE (430 Artists from 27 countries)
Botanic Park

Parallel, Patch, Fiction, Filter, Del, Backup, Fluke
Black Cat, White Cat, Hellfire, Protues (Finland)
Earth Nightclub
Psycroptic, Omnium, Sarsekim
Enigma

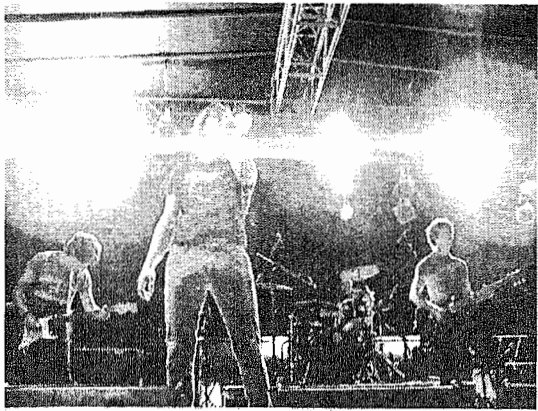
Saturday March 11th

WOMADELAIDE (430 Artists from 27 countries)
Botanic Park

Ash Grunwald (Vic)
Spiegeltent
Gyroscope (WA)
Enigma Bar

Sunday March 12th

WOMADELAIDE (430 Artists from 27 countries)
Botanic Park



O'Ball 2006

O'ball 2006, and what a line up this year! What with the predominance in local artists and the return of the likes of **Little Birdie** it was set to be a corker. It was a hot and sweaty afternoon on the lawns of the cloisters, yet the audience persevered and enjoyed a fantastic show, despite some problems with sound levels.

Wolf & Cub also were champions in actually performing this year, literally jumping from their set onto a plane to play in Melbourne that night – which other band has done that for it's home city's O'Ball?

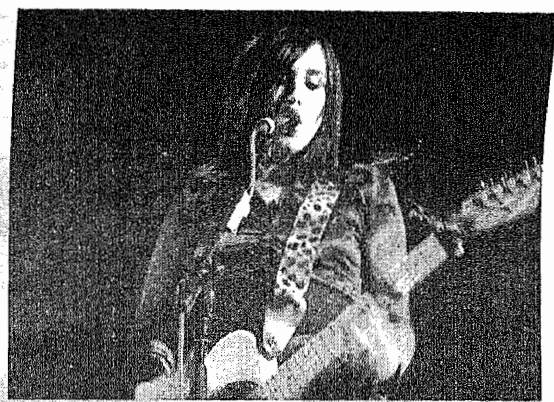
Other local acts included **Central Deli Band** (originally from Whyalla) and up-and-coming band **No Through Road**. Also **A Tribe Is Forming** received a weary reception, but the numbers arriving began to grow as they continued on, although the venue didn't really fill out until the next act.

Surprisingly (for someone who grew up unaware of who this man was) **Peter Coomb** was the first act of the afternoon to really pull the crowds. Hell, he even had the 'kids' singing along to every song whilst they gave him the horns.

The Vasco Era then played beautifully in their suits and waistcoats, and **The Pharaohs** also played well in their stand-offish indie image.

The Hot Lies were hard pushed to put a better set on than **Faker**, who had rocked the crowd, front-man Nathan hanging from the scaffolding as he sung. In fact **The Hot Lies** were a little disappointing in their tuning, but still put on a good show.

Once again the pint-sized Katie Steele and her unusual bird-like vocals led the crowd to a slightly slower end to the evening, ending the night on a high note.



Katie Steele : Little Birdie

1. Didn't see him and don't know who he is...
2. Making films – I love editing. Worst moments were sitting around trying to learn stuff and you've got really shithouse lecturers.
3. 4am flights, when everyone's tired and everyone's hangover and just doesn't want to be there. Best moments are probably when we're in the rehearsal room and there's that intensity with the band that you only get when there's that good energy.
4. Study hard, have faith in yourself, and whatever you want to do you can. I didn't think it was possible but I'm living my dream right now, so follow your heart!

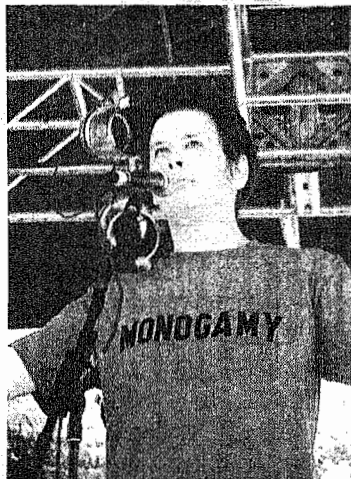
Phil : Faker

1. I haven't heard any of his stuff...but I've heard great things.
2. Best: Playing these O'week gigs actually this week – it's been full on. We've been to Ballarat then to Sydney, Brisbane and now we're in Adelaide. But it's O'week and the kids are just going crazy and I love it. It's like seriously some of the best gigs we've done.
- Worst: Playing to four people in Newcastle.
3. Best: Learning to play poker in the bar.
- Worst: After not showing up for any exams, getting my results and I failing everything.
4. "Take of your skin and dance around in your bones" that's a Tom Waites' quote.



Ted, Michael & Sid: Vasco Era

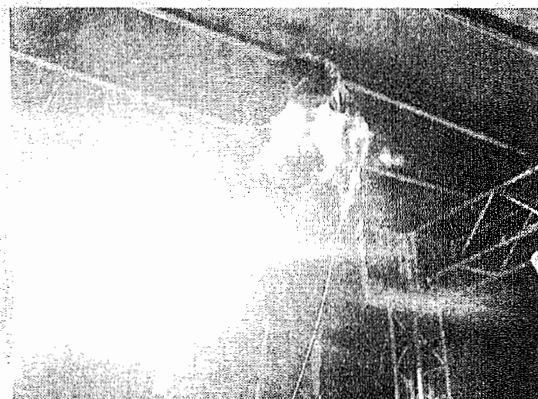
1. T: He's the best – he's my new idol!
- M: I was shit scared to go on after him because the crowd absolutely loved him! He was good, reminded me of my childhood.
- S: It was really good, except for I didn't know all of the songs – I thin it's an Adelaide thing.
2. Best and Worst Band Moments:
T: Falls. Worst and funniest is when our a beer bottle sticker got stuck in the throat of one of the band, and he couldn't breath for a minute and a half. All the crowd thought it was part of the act for a while and then they just went "holy shit!"
- M : Falls was the best. The worst is the car trips with the others...it's just boring because you have to drive everywhere.
- S: Falls was the biggest crowd we played to and it went really well and the worst was when we played in Swan Hill....there were thirty people, and we were supporting a pop kinda band...no one liked us and it was really embarrassing.
3. Best and worst uni moments:
T: O'Week and the uni in Geelong where I failed.
- M: People who have too much opinions and try to force them on you, because that's just annoying.
4. T: Work hard and have fun. No fuck it, just have fun!
- M: Strive to do your best, always give a 110% and you know live life to the fullest and be happy with who you are.
- S: Probably party lots, but if you feel like you don't want to don't let everyone else make you party.



Matt : No Through Road

1. He was alright. But I would rather hear songs that were written now than were written twenty years ago.
2. Best: Big Day Out
- Worst: O'Ball – sounds were awful but the crowd was good.
3. Best: I dropped out and I had to go back again.
- Worst: I dropped out and I had to go back again.
4. Drink a lot and stop sounding like the fucking Peter Coombs

Jenn



Pete : The Hot Lies

1. It was a really enlightening experience – I didn't realise how massive he was and how much of a following he still had, but obviously people have been dusting off their records or never really forgot the songs or I don't know. Those sing alongs – I wasn't quite expecting that!?
2. Best: Big Day Out, even though I can't remember the set, I can remember having a really good time.
- Worst: At Big Day Out a few weeks ago. Accidentally didn't eat breakfast and didn't eat lunch and had a few drinks before we came on, and I can't remember any of the set. Apparently it went alright; I just wish I could remember it.



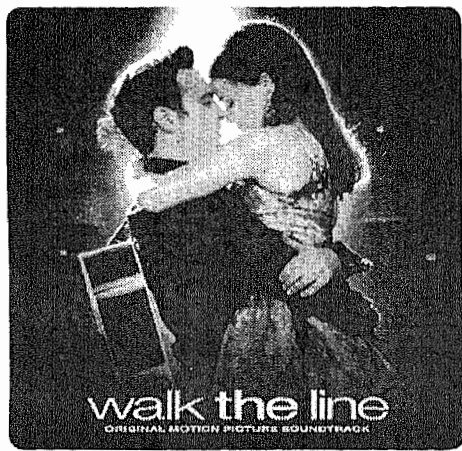
Joel : The Pharaohs

1. I thought he was very good and I got to shake his hand! It was very exciting and I know a lot of people who'd be jealous.
2. Best: Supporting Spoon.
- Worst: I have no idea...
3. I don't go to uni yet.
4. work hard and one day you might be able to build refrigerators and such.



Questions
 1. What did you think of PETER COOMBS?
 2. Best & worst moments w/ the Band...
 3. Best & worst moments @ uni/afe?
 4. A few words of worldly advice...

the cure to mpls black is... drinking



Walk The Line Soundtrack
Various Artists
 Wind Up/Sony BMG

The success or failure of Walk The Line (the movie based on the Johnny Cash/ June Carter love story) was always going to hinge upon the musical performances of the artists chosen as leads. Unlike Ray where the music of Ray Charles was dubbed over miming actors, Walk The Line features original recordings of songs by Johnny Cash, June Carter, Jerry Lee Lewis, Roy Orbison, Waylon Jennings & Elvis Presley. The focus is of course on Cash and Carter, performed by Joaquin Pheonix and Reese Witherspoon respectively, and the task of paying tribute without falling into traps of mimicking or even mocking (particularly in the case of Carter), was never going to be easy.

For this task, the film's producers called upon Executive Music Producer T-Bone Burnett, who picked up the Best Album category at the 2002 Grammy Awards for O-Brother, Where Art Thou? Burnett's production coupled with Pheonix, and Witherspoon's performances on the Walk The Line (Soundtrack), could well find them on the podium at this months Academy Awards. Witherspoon will more than likely make an extra appearance on the podium for 'best actress', but those predictions are not my responsibility. Pheonix's performances are at their best on 'Get Rhythm' (the bouncy album opener), 'Cocaine Blues', 'Cry Cry Cry' & 'Folsom Prison Blues'. Incidentally the film offers insight into the songwriting mind of Cash, as well as June Carter's autoharp-brainstorm 'Ring of Fire'. The Pheonix version of the aforementioned track is flat in comparison to other performances on the album, and is without the songs trademark mariachi horns. Album highlights are the fine Pheonix-Witherspoon duets of 'Jackson' and Bob Dylan's 'It Ain't Me Babe'. Whilst on her own, Witherspoon's rendition of 'Juke Box Blues' borders on cringe-worthy, but in contrast 'Wildwood Flower' is much more tolerable, and in-fact rather impressive. Waylon Molloy Payne has the job of 'Lewis Boogie', by Jerry Lee Lewis. To be frank, I've always found Lewis's white-boy-college-sweater-boogie rather irritating, with this rendition being no exception. Unfortunately the scandal of Lewis marrying his 13 year-old second-cousin is exempt from the film (cue: Deliverance theme). Tyler Hilton has the hardest job on the album; to sing the songs of Elvis Presley and avoid the term "impersonator". His performances of 'That's All Right' and 'Milk Cow Blues',

are both competent, but one must again lay credit to producer T-Bone Burnett. Shooter Jennings pays a fine tribute to his father on 'Long Way From Home', and Jonathon Rice's 'You're my Baby' does justice to the work of Roy Orbison. As a bonus, the disc contains exclusive video of two Carter/Cash numbers that were deleted from the film. An under-used feature that was popular in the mid-late 90's when the technology arrived (anyone remember the CD-ROM?).

Country-music-scoffers can steer clear of this disc. The movie however is still worth catching whilst in cinemas. For those (like myself) who are fans of Cash, be relieved that James Mangold has made a fitting tribute to the man-in-black. Reese Witherspoon (who would have thunk it?) and Joaquin Pheonix can do me a favor and announce a tour when the Oscar-dust settles.

Chris



Corinne Bailey Rae
Corinne Bailey Rae
 EMI

There is much hype on the other side of the world about this young lass. Emerging from Leeds in the UK is an exotic sound that is far removed from its origins.

A classical upbringing, singing within a church and playing classical violin until she was handed an electric guitar has led this girl to have a very strong landing in music from which to work with. Experience and practice, the key to anything, have been thoroughly worked through in her days as a Hatcheck at a local jazz bar, helping her to define the sound she wanted to create as a soloist. Thus sprung her self-titled debut album. Without the hype that it has received in the UK, at the first song I was taken aback. 'Like A Star', featured on Grey's Anatomy, and it stopped me in my tracks. This wasn't to be just another CD review I had to write. The opening to this track sounds somewhat like Emiliana Torrini's soft vocals, but as the album progresses the sound matures and you're left thinking of Billie Holiday, and occasionally the warm sound of Norah Jones. Another stunning track is 'Choux Pastry Heart' the opening piano and vocals draw you in and build into a beautiful heartfelt song. Yet the album manages to keep the balance between slow and upbeat, with tracks like 'I'd Like To' and 'Seasons Change' bringing a happy funk that reminds me of a more classical version of Sia. There's also the more tailored for mainstream

poppy track, 'Put Your Records On' but it still manages to avoid a total pop classification.

Rae manages also to infuse a little R&B into the equation, and it works well, even if it is a little overproduced. 'Like A Star' would prosper lacking this, but it does draw in a much wider audience without marring her sound too much. However, there is a lack of climax within several of songs, but somehow the interest remains, in that soft silky voice that speaks of intimacy and emotion.

Overall it's a beautiful mix of jazz, soul, and pop, with soft indie influences; I can't help think Lior, but female and with a richer sound. As such this is one I would definitely go out and buy!

Jenn



Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not
Artie Monkeys
 Domino

No. Not another northern English band, accent cued, rock-pop band I hear you cry. Haven't the likes of Oasis and The Strokes filled that position already? It really does make you wonder if "There's only music so that there's new ring tones". But apparently as they have died away they have left an aching hole, and Artie Monkeys seem to have taken up the appropriate formula that is so loved and come out with instant success and interest as a result: rags to riches in only six months.

Their sound is raw and a little unpolished, a little like their roguish attitudes and approach to life. It brings the music down to earth. Sturdy and rough. Guitars and drums and words with letters dropped off the end. You can here touches of the Libertines, the aforementioned Strokes and Oasis, and occasionally that deeper heavy tone that Franz Ferdinand boasts. But their musicianship is fairly simple, and Alex Turner's lyrics raw and real, keeping them to in a different caste, although obviously influenced.

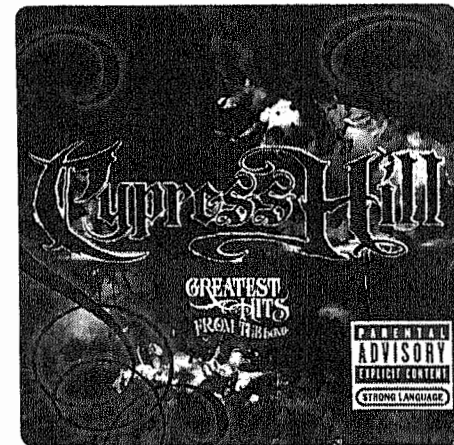
The lyrics strike me as being a step towards emo, talking about the woes of life living in and around the northern suburbs of the UK. But if its only run-ins with cops and being turned down by girls, and the daily trivialities we all go through, then I don't find it quite so...imposing. If that's all they have to worry about then life must be pretty sweet, growing up as any person should.

There is a good balance of tracks, "I Bet You Look Good On The Dancefloor" and "Mardy Bum" providing upbeat and lively tracks that just pulse on. "Red Light

Indicates Doors Are Secure" evidences a funky and very catchy riff that speaks of the typical repetitive downfalls that we face in daily life, as does "Perhaps Vampires Is A Bit Strong But..." whilst the finishing track "A Certain Romance" has an almost punk twist.

"Because all you people are vampires, and all your stories are stale, and though you pretend to stand by us, I know you're certain we'll fail." No Turner, the people are vampires, and that's what you're here for. But you are feeding them oh so very well!

Jenn



Greatest Hits
Cypress Hill
 SonyBMG

I have to apologise to Cypress Hill, I didn't listen to this album in the spirit they intended - I wasn't high. I wasn't even drunk. I was playing Mario. So I'm sorry. It's kind of fitting though, the album itself isn't quite what it should be either. The greatest hits album spans 15 years and 6 albums (one album and a live album get passed over) - that's 105 dog years. And 42 dog albums! There are some great tracks on this album: 'Insane in the rain' is included of course but 'Hits from the Bong' is missing. Why, Cypress Hill, why? There are two new tracks 'The Only Way' and 'EZ Come EZ Go' and, to be honest, it just shits me when bands try to sneak in new tracks on a greatest hits album. The time on the album could have been used on far more worthy songs, and the more I thought about what songs it's missing, the more I realised they should have just re-released *Black Sunday*. Diehard Cypress Hill fans will buy it for the new tracks, but people who are just looking to pick up an album with all the Cypress Hill songs they know should probably check out the second hand stores instead for their earlier albums. It's actually a good album to listen through, but it should have been so much better. I'm sorry, but your greatest hits album is in another castle.

2.5 bongs out of five.

Ash

DON'T FORGET

For all of you music loving sardines out there who would like to join us on our quest to review music in all it's shapes and forms, there is a meeting today (Monday) in the On Dit office at 1.30pm! for those who can't make it we would still love to hear from you at: onditmusic@gmail.com. Your ever loving music editors.

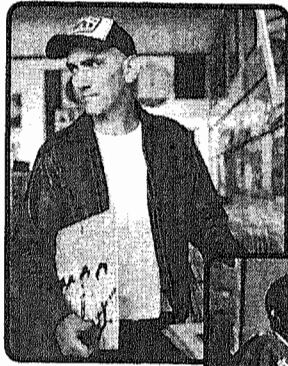
Jenn and Chris

womadelaide

SOUNDS OF THE PLANET 2006

MARCH 10-12
botanic park
ADELAIDE

Womadelaide 2006 is less than a week away. Like usual a gigantic heap of the world's best musicians will be coming to our neck of the woods to perform, and offer unique cultural perspectives on all things musical. A healthy mix of big names and new names will be served up on a large three day platter, including old familiars like Jimmy Cliff and Miriam Makeba, local artists such as Paul Kelly and Chakrini, right through to lesser known acts, such as the Musafir Gypsies of Rajasthan. Whether you've heard of any of these guys or not, it won't take you long before you're dancing round the Botanic Gardens like a madman. To tide you over until then, we caught up (and by caught up, I mean 'talked on a low-quality conference call') with two of the artists who'll be appearing this year, and since they were so friendly to us we thought we'd share some of their words with you.



Paul Kelly



Miriam Makeba



Musafir Gypsies of Rajasthan

To those slackers who don't have their tickets yet, call 1300 30 40 72 or go to your local Aussie Post. Womad's one of the coolest events we have, and we're bloody lucky to have it... you'd be a silly fool to miss it.

KANDA BONGO MAN



Perhaps the best known Congolese artist to emerge out of the country in the last half-century, Kanda Bongo Man has been successful on the international stage for many decades now. He was instrumental in spreading the Soukous dance style, native to his country, which focused on dual electric guitar parts that together created quite an intense experience on the dance floor. According to Kanda, in the sixties Congo was the first country to incorporate electric instruments and fuse it with native music traditions. And although

traditional quarters were slow to accept this style of music as representing the Congolese consciousness, the style was soon picked up in Senegal and then spread across Africa, making Congo the musical centre of Africa. Now, the use of electric instruments in African music is commonplace, with each country similarly combining tradition and technology to forge individual national styles.

In addition to Kanda's continued success in his native country, his music is received well internationally. When I spoke to Kanda, he had just finished a tour of England, and had just recorded a concert in Manchester for the BBC. Womad 2006 marks his second tour to reach Adelaide, having appeared here in '94 and in Sydney in '91.

I asked Kanda about his transition from local Congolese artist to a star of the western 'World Music' scene. He told me that when he came to America to perform, his style of music was previously unheard in the west, and that he was worried its differences from conventional American rock-'n-roll would cause problems. But it was the beat, the rhythm, he says, that brought people around, and it didn't take long to get everyone to dance along.

Adelaide will certainly be no exception.

Matthew Salleh

Clare Bowditch @ the Feeding Set

The thing about Clare is that she's very nice.

The Melbourne folk princess was nice enough to come to Womadelaide this weekend with her band The Feeding Set, consisting of Marty Brown (of Art of Fighting and Sodastream) on drums, J Walker (of Machine Translations) on guitar, French horn player and vocalist Libby Chow, and bass player Warren Bloomer.

She was nice enough to agree to talk to *On Dit*. She was nice enough to forgive me for admitting that I hadn't heard a great deal of her work, and to indulge me by telling me all about her trip to Canada to study journalism and - wait for it - ethnomusicology. The Womad people must have seen that on her resume.

Also, I'm pretty sure Clare will be nice enough to forgive me for screwing up the tape of our interview, so that when I played it back there was nothing but a low, tonal hum. *Ooooooooooooooh*, is what the interview sounds like on my dictaphone. What's with that? I plugged it in to the phone properly, and I even bought a brand new tape.

So anyway, from what I remember, Clare mostly talked about her interest in writing and her tendency to agonise over every line in her songs. This is evident in her lyrics, which are genuinely more sophisticated than most mainstream pop/folk, as evidenced in songs like

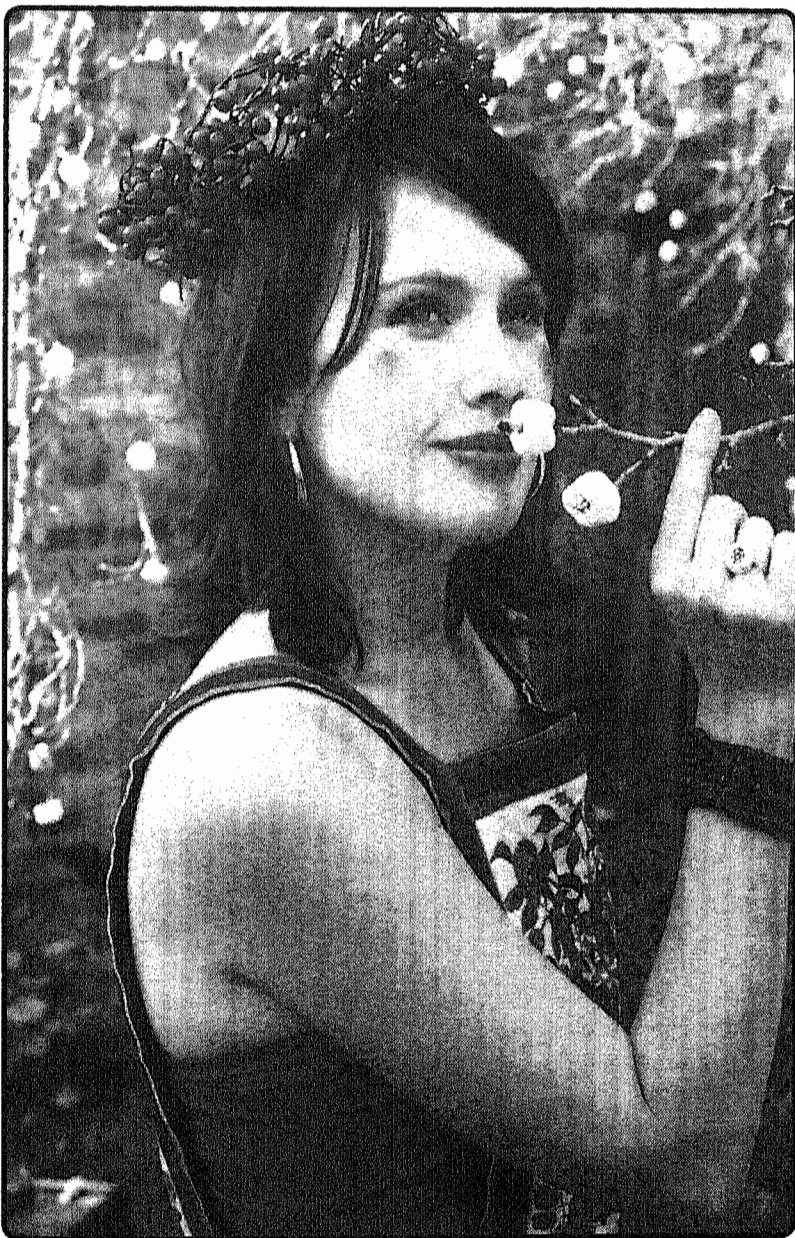
'Divorced by 23', about a stranger she watched walking on the street who had that haggard, world weary look about her. She is not offended by comparisons to the likes of Cat Power, New Buffalo or even Paul Kelly, with whom she has played many times, and will be joining her on the Womadelaide bill.

Naturally, Clare is ecstatic to be playing Womad with some of the musicians who have influenced her throughout her musical career.

Until recently, the band had been relying on grants from organisations such as Arts Victoria and were fiercely proud of their DIY approach to recording and producing - an ethic that remains with them, even after nationwide success. Their new album *What Was Left* - The Feeding Set's first release with EMI - was recorded by new husband Marty Brown at their studio in Melbourne. It's well worth a listen.

Clare Bowditch and the Feeding Set will be playing Sunday afternoon at Womadelaide.

Tristan Mahoney



It's bad for your soul, you know...

T.V.

Name: David Walliams

Birthday: 20th August 1971

Marital Status: very much single

Big Break: *Little Britain*

Where you've seen him:

Little Britain, Rock Profile, bit parts in Plunket and Maclean, Miss Marple, and Spaced.

Where you'll see him next:

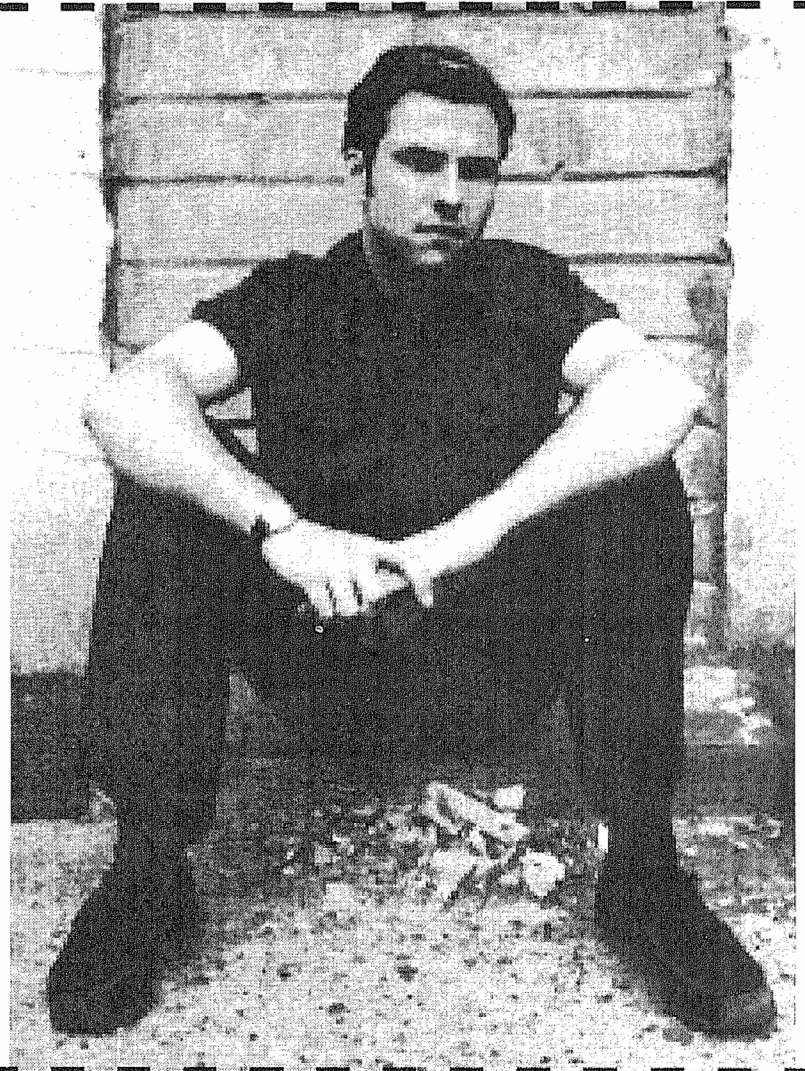
More *Little Britain*

Trivia:

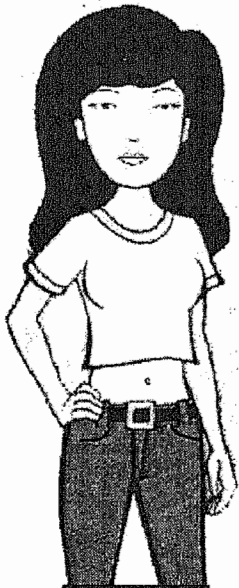
David is a notorious ladies man. He used to date Liam Gallagher's Ex, Patsy Kensit (among others) and has had rumoured romances with everyone from Billie Piper to his *Little Britain* partner in crime Matt Lucas.

Weblink:

www.davidwalliamsfans.com



KIDS TV ACTUALLY WORTH WATCHING!



Girls In Love
11:35am Saturdays ABC

If you're a fan of good teen programming then definitely check this out. Basically it's about three friends and all the stupid things one thinks and does when one is a teenage girl. Okay, so it ain't exactly high drama or anything, but it is pretty fun all the same. And the theme tune ain't that bad either.

THE GOOD

Garth Marengi's Darkplace
Monday 9pm SBS

Shameless
Monday 10pm SBS

Little Britain
Wednesday 9pm ABC

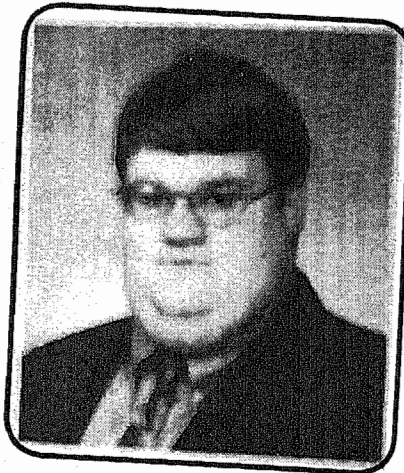
THE BAD

The Biggest Loser
Weekdays 7pm TEN

Entertainment Tonight
Weekdays 3pm NINE

THE FUGLY

Getaway
Thursday 7:30 NINE



WHAT FREAKY PETER GRIFFIN LOOK-A-LIKE LEARNT FROM TV:

From Mythbusters: The 5 second rule (you know, when you drop food on the ground) has absolutely no basis. In fact, you may as well just leave it there for a couple of hours, you filthy swine, you.

TOP 10 ADELAIDE TV PERSONALITIES!

*careers may have crashed and burned

1. Shaun Micallef
2. Peter O'Brien
3. David "Kochie" Koch
4. (the lovely) Adriana Xenides*
5. Guy Sebastian — go the fro
6. Ben Nichols (aka Stinga from Neighbours)
7. Gary Sweet*
8. Jane Reily
9. Craig Reucassel
10. Leah McCloud

Dishonourable mention:
Mark Holden



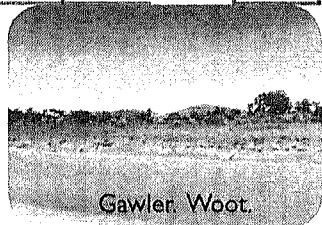
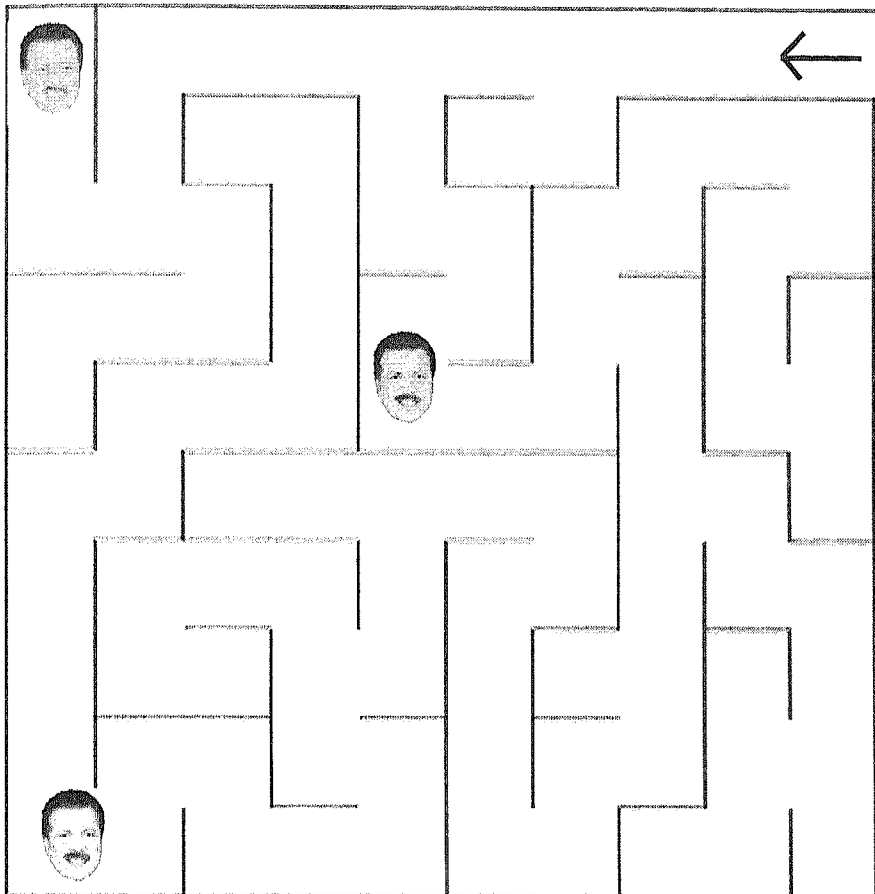
"A psychiatric drug beginning with X: X...AX. Ha ha ha ha!"

Editors: Kalista Campbell & Anais Chevalier

ondittv@gmail.com

McLeod's Maze!

Help the sisters find their way back to Drover's Run and avoid King Badelaide himself, George Donikian! Sure beats Copyright law.



Australia's Brainiest Housemate!

A Short Review

"Sandra Sully's voice drops to registers previously unheard of in a biological woman. Tim wasn't as smart as he thought and Gemma is a hippy."

Think you can do better? Send your 25 words or less review of any current show and email it to us at ondittv@gmail.com

While pondering what to write for this Radelaide edition of *On Dit*, I found myself questioning why the City of Churches produces so little TV programming. With the exception of news programs and the odd infomercial masquerading as a lifestyle show, there is very little that our beloved city is producing for TV-Land. *McLeod's Daughter's* is an obvious exception that I can only presume is part of a brilliant plan to expunge some of Australia's most irritating actors from the vibrant creative swirl of the Eastern states. I guess that plonking them in Gawler was far easier to explain to the police than the mysterious deaths of some C-list celebs.

But this arid state was once a junior fiefdom in TV-Land. Even one as young as I can remember such Adelaide-made gems as *C'mon Kids*, *Fat Cat* and *Friends*, *Wheel of Fortune* (that's right, we had it

first), *The Curiosity Show* and I'll never forget *That Kid's Game Show* with Andrew Fyfe and the former Dolly model*. So where did these shows go? And why? At the risk of being controversial I'm thinking that it's all about cutting costs. By centralising production in Melbourne and Sydney the networks can save \$\$\$\$. Ok, so that theory isn't very controversial. For those of you who prefer controversy, here's my other theory: the Lords of TV-Land moved everyone worth saving out of Adelaide, just in time for the cast of *McLeod's Daughter's* to move in.

*can someone please email me the name of this show? I need to know! ondittv@gmail.com

Anais Chevalier

NAME THE B-GRADE ADELAIDE CELEBRITY IN THIS WEEK'S...

! QWAZY QWIZ !

Answers to last week's Qwazy Qwiz:

1. Screech
2. Dustin Diamond
3. Donna and David
4. Rhys Muldoon
5. Scumbag College
6. Marissa Cooper
7. She was a demon (a Mok'tagar demon to be precise)
8. Pacey
9. Tommy Lee Goes to College
10. She needs help operating the can-opener

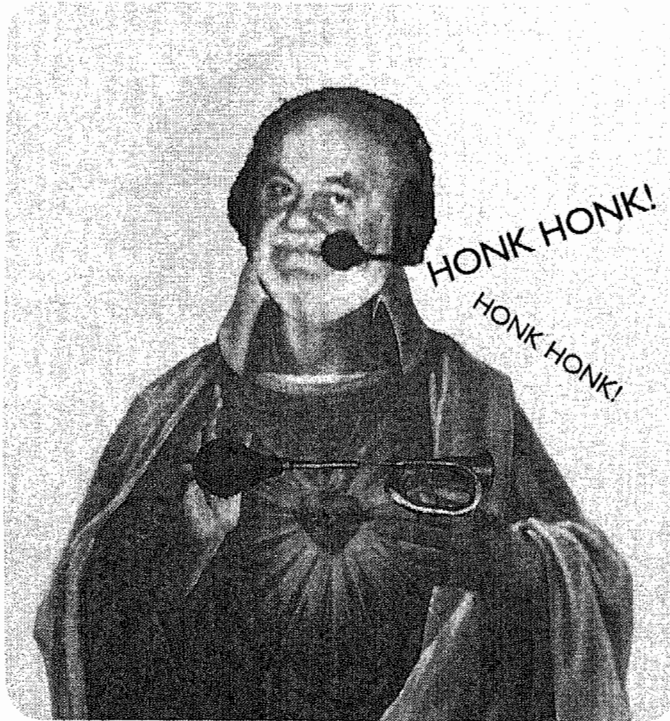


If you try and think of the most high profile celebrity Adelaide's managed to spew up, you get Lleyton Hewitt. 'nuff said - eds

World Premiere
18th Feb - 18th March
Odeon Theatre, Norwood

If you thought Dan Brown's antics in that book about Mary Magdalene were blasphemous, wait till you see *Honk*. That is if you can get your hands on any tickets. At the end of the opening night, State Theatre Company's (STC) Artistic Director Adam Cook announced that all but 4 tickets had been sold for the entire season and none of us in the audience were surprised. After all we'd just witnessed two hours of theatrical genius based on a bestselling book of the same name by acclaimed South Australian playwright Peter Goldsworthy.

Honk is a dark comedy, better described as a potpourri of science fiction (most of it being non-fiction), religious propaganda, personal ambitions, moral dilemma and a bitch-fight for creating history. Caroline Mignone, though injured, comfortably stepped into the shoes of Mara Fox, a medical research scientist whose ethical stronghold makes Gandhi look like a serial killer. Greg Stone, as Rev. Hollis



HONK IF YOU ARE JESUS

Schultz, delivers a convincing "modern age spiritual tycoon". The most outstanding of the pack was Michaela Cantwell, giving an honest and genuine performance as Mary-Beth; the pious American, choir-girl wife of Hollis Schultz. She has set a performance standard that will be hard to match even for her self. Justin Moore supported the cast with a satisfactory performance as the carefree (sometimes to the extent of being annoying), smart and womanising scientist Bill Scanlon. Jonathon Mill, playing Tad Romanowicz, the "queer sidekick to professor Fox", made sure that he doesn't slip into the stereotypical "gay guy". The only performance that "irked" me was Cathy Adamek's caricature-ish portrayal of both her characters, Mara's mother and the Schultz dynasty's PR manager Heather Sims.

As a production, from innovative and symbolic set design to haunting music, accurate visual aids to flawless acting (there were exceptions) and the use of

technology to good old story-telling, *Honk* had it all. When you walk in to the Odeon, which was the perfect choice for a play like this, you are greeted by an elaborate set, the product of accomplished designer Mary Moore's inspirational imagination. It takes a few minutes to sink in that the silver metallic wind-chime like curtains are not weirdly shaped just for the heck of it. In fact, it is in the shape of a womb. A few seconds later

it also clicks that the spiral staircase in the centre of the stage is actually in the shape of a DNA strand. And finally it dawns that the two round screens on either side of the curtain represent ovaries. Nic Mollison's efforts bore fruit in real-life videos projected on the screen taking you on a comprehensive (and graphic) journey inside the human body, particularly the womb. You see detailed processes, part fictional and part real, involved in the artificial induction of pregnancy. If all this sounds too medical, you'll still enjoy the projection aided birth scene, which talks about the implications of delivering a baby in an unhygienic stable (yes, they're talking about baby Christ). As if the symbolic set and out of the "square" projection screens weren't enough, the STC showed-off its superior production budget by recreating a scientific lab on stage. The theme music, a Stuart Day melody used very scarcely, lingers in your ears with its soft drumbeats echoing long after the actual music has stopped.

Martin Laud Gray, has proved time and again that he is one of the best in his profession (in South Australia, at least). First with *Much Ado* for the Theatre Guild, then assisting for *Virginia Woolf* and not so long ago with the excellent production of Louis Nowra's *Cosi*. He has the traits of a well balanced director, not ignoring one aspect of theatre for the other and at the same time delivering the goods. Bar the elongated IVF scene - the only "boring" moment of the play, Laud Gray kept the production moving at lightning pace. After all, he had an extensive tale to tell.

So use your contacts, pull some strings, beg, borrow, steal & do whatever it takes to get to the Odeon before 18th of March and witness South Australia's newest theatrical marvel.

Sahil Choujar
arts.ondit@gmail.com

52 PICK UP: AN INTERVIEW

... with Lyssa Holland (lead actress) and Glenn Hayden (Artistic Director, Urban Myth Theatre of Youth).

52 pickup - the concept. Apart from the writer did you guys have any input?

Lyssa: Yeah, actually I know T.J. and Rita very well. They were actually dating at the time. Rita actually comes from a dance background, hence the references to the great legs and the cute butt. I guess I'm OK. So they were just wondering that if they were to do something in a random order, would the audience follow it? Unfortunately while they were performing, they kept hitting each other's notes and you know, by the time they got to their second city (and they had two more to go) it was pretty harsh. So yeah, it was their idea and we'd worked with them and so we asked them whether we could do it when they're not.

I wonder how many of their personal experiences were used in the play.

Lyssa: Well it's like taking all the

clichés of every relationship in the world and putting them together in one show. Some of it is real and some of it is made up. Just like you do when you're telling any personal story, there's a hero and a villain and sometimes even a victim. But the tricky thing was to still keep the characters real. It's really interesting the way audiences have been reacting to the show. Last night we had a couple come up to me and say "Did my kids talk to you?" and I was like, "No, but I probably know what you mean".

You have a wide variety of emotions you go through just between two scenes. How hard is it, as an actor, to prepare for that?

Lyssa: Well, how hard is it for the audience? The big part for me, acting wise, is that you have to whole-heartedly embrace the hairpin turn that you have to take. Like when I'm crying in a scene and we immediately switch to a happy scene and my eyes are still leaking then I pretend to blow my nose. I actually love changes like that. There's something so thrilling in

having that kind of rollercoaster hitch.

So what's the best part about working with young people?

Lyssa: See the best part about working with young people is that they haven't yet been 'trained into the rules', which is why they don't realise that the rules are there to be broken. So we want them to work in a totally different way, outside of where the 'established rules' are and that's where things happen. Einstein was a self-taught scientist for most part and hence he could go where no one else could.

Glenn: One of the things we really try to convey is that when you come to one of our workshops it's not a "drama class". That's for high school. But you actually come to Urban Myth to create theatre. So for the immediate we'd like to go to Seattle next year and take a few young kids with us. We want them to experience a whole range of theatre.

Sahil Choujar
arts.ondit@gmail.com

Editors:
Sahil Choujar and
Benedict Coxon

E-mail:
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TRIPOD IN REVENGE OF THE NERDS, NO, WAIT, SELF SAUCING...

Funny trio Tripod are once again lighting up Adelaide stages, this time as part of the Fringe. They'll be belting out their now well known funny tunes from the 7th of March to the 19th of March at Royalty Theatre. Here's what they had to say when we talked to Scott (aka Scod) over the phone:

Good day mate, welcome back to Adelaide. Is there something you specifically like about coming to our little town?

So many things Sahil, where do I start? Firstly I love the Festival. I mean people really care about it and make it a point to go see shows they may have never heard of before. Adelaide was also one of our very first tours, maybe 98 or 99.

Music is a large part of your comedy, if you had to remove it, what do you think you would replace it with?

Ah Music. I dunno, maybe get a real job. It might turn out to be useful someday (laughs). Nah, seriously I see myself as a musician first and then a comedian. So I don't think my life will ever be devoid of music.

Where does your inspiration come from? Do funny things keep happening to you in life?

Not more than other people mate. You do get into the habit of noticing little things and finding the humorous side to them. You know what I mean; you kinda get a little bit more alert. But it's not like we're writing stuff all the time. It was a bit like that when we were beginners and had to write sketches. So you can get your ideas from anywhere. You just have to have faith that what you believe, other people will find funny too.

The song 'Hot Girl in a Comic Shop', which is one of my favourites, is that inspired by a personal experience?

(laughs) Absolutely, Absolutely. I went to this comic shop just down the road and there was this hot gothic looking girl. There's always one you know. This hot nerd hanging at your local comic shop and she's usually pretty aware of the power she's got cause all these skinny nerds have got their knees knocking together (Laughs), so yeah that's definitely from a real experience.

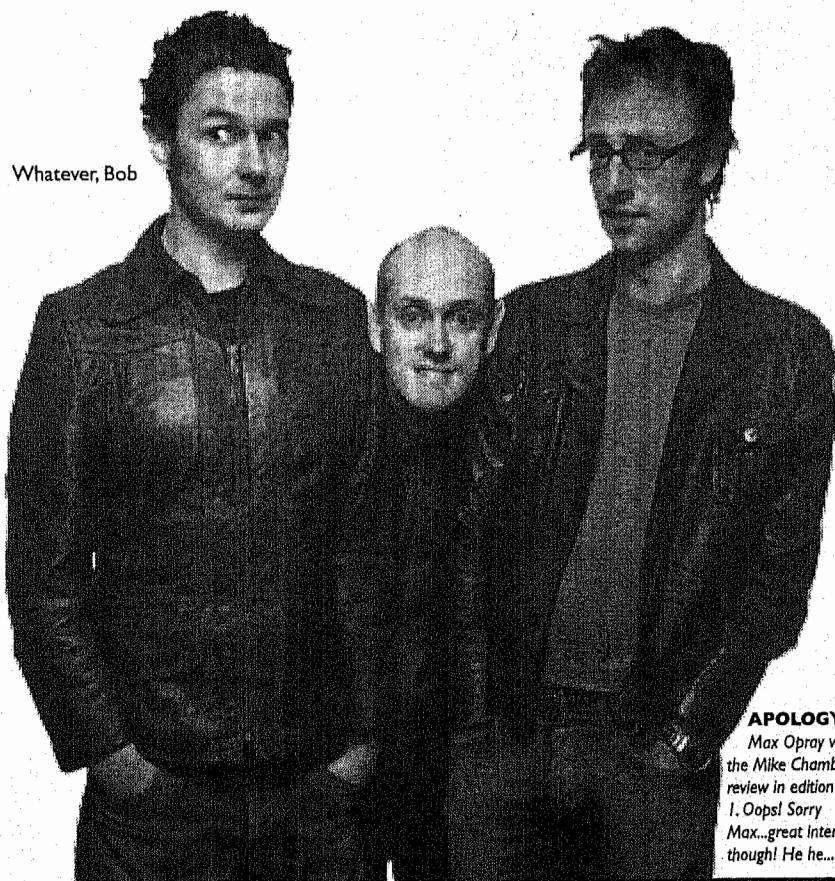
A song like 'Lingering Dad' seems infinitely more hilarious to me because it sounds like it was written about my Dad. How important is it to you that people can relate to your lyrics?

Very important. It's the key, the bottom-line really. I mean people need to relate to it. It might just be nonsense or a real life experience but as long as you can fit it somewhere in real life, that would make the song really hit home.

With songs like 'On Behalf of All the Geeks' and 'Gonna Make You Happy Tonight', do you think you are tangibly contributing to the resurgence of the geek?

Oh I think it certainly is part of the "Geek finding his voice" kind of thing at the moment. We caused someone to leave their fiancée after listening to the "Gonna make you happy tonight" track. We were playing in this pub and she came up to me and told me how she ditched her fiancée and was now having the time of her life.

Sahil Choujar



APOLOGY:
Max Opray wrote the Mike Chamberlain review in edition 1. Oops! Sorry Max...great interview though! He he...

VOX POP A GO-GO

...with Terri Psiakis



Describe your show in 3 words.
Really quite funny.

What do you do when you're not performing?
Cross-stitch, mainly, although I also enjoy hedge-burning.

Which other show besides yours will you certainly see?
Justin Hamilton's show. I hear he'll be pole-dancing.

AN AUDIENCE WITH DAMIEN CALLINAN

You're a Melbourne resident; do u hate us Adelaide folk just like your fellow Victorians?

No I quite like Adelaide folk. I even keep one as a pet. Frisky little thing, keeps trying to get out of the cellar.

What was it like being on Rove's payroll? Is he as immature in real life as he is on TV?

I wouldn't say he's immature but yesterday at playgroup he threw a tantrum in the sandpit when I used his bucket.

You played as a rural footy player, when did you realise that it was better to make people laugh with your words instead of your kicks?

I tried to mix them both but I ended up tripping over the microphone lead during a semi final and had to have a knee reconstruction.

So, Sportsman's night, is it just funny for footy fans?

No not all. I'm finding I get a lot of dressage fans in the audience as well.

What is it that is most common between being a footy player and a comedian?

I prefer to wait until the goal umpire has waved his flags before I tell another joke and I wear a lot of lineament.

Skithouse, Before the Game and numerous comedy and fringe festivals. Impressive resume, what's next for David Callinan?

Not sure what David Callinan's up to but I can give you his number. Next for me is a stint in Angola working for "Comediennes Sans Frontiers"

Our reliable sources have told us you that studied at RMIT, any embarrassing stories from "those days"?

Yes I'm afraid so. I once turned up to a life modelling class wearing the same thing as the model. Very embarrassing!

What do you do when you're not performing?

I get off the stage

What other show besides yours would you certainly see at the Fringe?

Andy Muirhead's 'A Bit Of A State' and Ben Payne's 'Duopoly Of One'. They're my room mates during Fringe and it could be awkward if I didn't.

How can your show save us from the Bird flu?

It's not on in Asia and all birds acting in the show have been screened.

Sahil Choujar

Calling all cheapskates / arts reviewers

On Dit has 5 double passes to give away to Damien Callinan's show *Sportsman's Night*, as well as tickets to *Between 2 people at 3am* and many other shows around town. In order to get your filthy mitts on such precious Fringe fodder, all you have to do is come on down to the On Dit office, freestyle a few reasons why you want free stuff

and dance a little jig. The first five people to wow the editors with their professionalism get the passes. And whilst you're at it, send in your ratings and reviews for plays you've seen at either the Fringe or Festival, cause we'd like to compile a 'Best Of', 'Top 10' thing. Don't worry, tickets are free, just sit back and ride the On Dit gravy train...

TRAVELLING FAR AND WIDE

'The Travellers'

**Australian Chamber Orchestra
Adelaide Town Hall
February 16**

Diversity of programming is generally regarded as one of the Australian Chamber Orchestra's virtues. Unfortunately, the program for the 'The Travellers' was diverse to the point that it was simply a *mélange*.

Joining the ACO as soloists were brothers Joseph and James Tawadros; the former on an *oud* (an Arabic instrument much like a lute), the latter on Egyptian percussion. The percussion was under-utilized and the *oud* did not engender interest beyond the first thirty seconds of its first appearance. The works featuring the Tawadros brothers were mostly written by the elder Joseph. These gave a flavour of Arabic harmonies and melodies, but failed to inspire.

More conventional fare provided the highlight of the evening, with

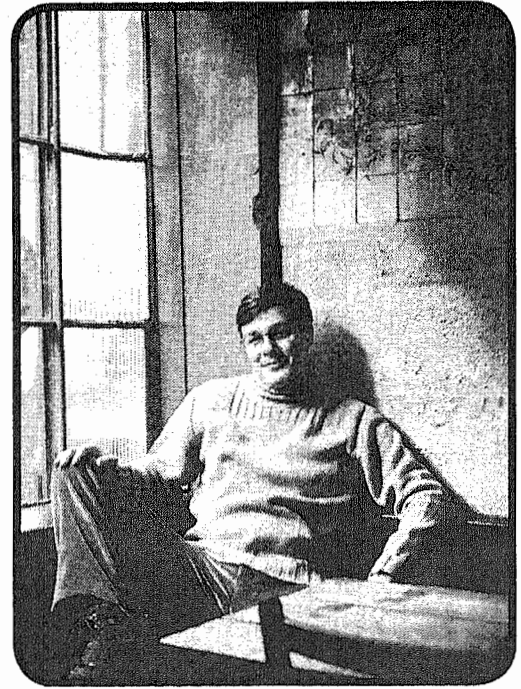
Shostakovich's *String quartet No. 7 in F sharp minor* completing a string of three pieces between which there were no pauses — it seems that radio audiences take precedence to the patrons who can be bothered making their way to the concert hall. The *Birthday piece for RRB* by Robert Saxton made a jarring introduction to the *Sonata chiquitana XVIII*. The latter was pleasant, but of more interest from a musicological point of view than any other. The *Andante* by Ruth Crawford Seeger and Richard Tognetti's arrangement of Pink Floyd's *Shine on, you crazy diamond* were full of interest, but added to the confusion that pervaded the program.

Throughout the evening, the ACO's playing was impressive, with the usual flashes of brilliance from director Richard Tognetti. With a more coherent program, it might have impressed even more.

Benedict Coxon



STUNNING STORYTELLING



**Andreas Scholl
Musica Viva
Adelaide Town Hall
February 18**

Countertenor Andreas Scholl's last visit to Adelaide saw him performing works by Vivaldi with the Australian Brandenburg Orchestra. Last month's performance was a far more intimate affair: Elizabethan lute songs and folk songs, with the only accompaniment being that provided by lutenist/guitarist Crawford Young.

One felt that Scholl was a little restrained in the first bracket of songs, but as the second bracket began with Dowland's *I saw my lady weep* it was clear that the audience was hearing something special. The melancholy songs by Dowland were balanced by Campion's upbeat *I care not for these ladies* and by some exquisite lute solos. Robinson's *Bell vedere* and Huwett's *Fantasia* provided the audience with a rare opportunity to hear refined lute playing, and Young's thoughtful interpretations did not disappoint.

The sound that Scholl produced was full and clear, and was supported by outstanding breath control. But it was the communication that took place between singer and audience that was the highlight of the evening. This was particularly on display in the second half, as the program moved to a selection of folk songs, most of which had their roots in the British Isles. The closing item, *Lord Rendall*, was a perfect example of Scholl's communication skills at work, as the singer acted out the touching story without over-dramatizing it.

The evening came to a close with an impressive encore, *Henry Martin*, in which Scholl switched between his baritone and countertenor voices with astonishing ease. Despite the vocal pyrotechnics that this involved, the element of storytelling was not lost, and this was surely the feature of Scholl and Young's recital that made the performance one to tell the grandchildren about.

Benedict Coxon

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

If you're wondering what to go to at the Adelaide Festival of Arts this year, you certainly won't be short of choice — there are events to suit every taste, from Fatboy Slim to Shostakovich. The performance calendar includes Australian and world premiere events, at venues across the city.

One such premiere is cult DJ Talvin Singh's debut concert performance in Australia. Singh's 'Tabtek' is an audiovisual spectacle that fuses the energy of Indian classical music with 'lo-fi' electronica. Singh has collaborated with artists such as Björk and Madonna and has been awarded a number of prizes for his work. **Talvin Singh's 'Tabtek' will be performed at 9pm on March 17 at the Thebarton Theatre. Concession tickets are priced at \$35.**

There will be a plethora of Australian and international bands and DJs in town for the Persian Garden, which features the sounds of North Africa and Arabia. Geoff Cobham, designer of the Persian

Garden promises that it 'will be full of exotic surprises', and challenges festival-goers to 'try a new taste, discover a new sound or just regroup and relax and recharge in our Persian pleasure garden!'

The Persian Garden opens at 9pm on March 3-5, 8-12 & 15-17. The Garden is in front of the Adelaide Convention Centre, by the River Torrens. Ages 18+ only, photo ID required. Entry fee is \$5 at the door.

Fans of hip-hop will be pleased to hear that the stars from last year's international festival of hip-hop in the UK are coming to Adelaide for the first time. 'Breakin' Ground' stars acts such as France's world champion dancers Wanted Posse, Adelaide's Terra Firma, and graffiti artists KABI01, Kano and DJ STAEN I. **'Breakin' Ground' will be performed at the Thebarton Theatre from March 4-8. Concession tickets are priced at \$35.**

One of the most highly anticipated events of this year's Adelaide Festival is the world premiere collaboration between David Byrne and Fatboy Slim in their song cycle, *Here Lies Love*. Commissioned by the Festival, the cycle is based on the Philippines' decadent and delusional former First Lady, Imelda Marcos. The event will be a multimedia feast with multiple screens and a dance club atmosphere. **David Byrne and Fatboy Slim will present Here Lies Love — A Song Cycle on March 9-11 & 13-14 at the Ridley Centre, Royal Adelaide Showground. Concession tickets are priced at \$35.**

Tickets for all of the above events are available from VenueTix unless otherwise specified. Further information about these and other Festival events can be found at www.adelaidefestival.com.au.

Edward Joyner



Helpmann Academy Aesthetic Fiesta

The 2006 Helpmann Academy Graduate Exhibition is out to impress, with its highest ever number of exhibiting artists. Inside the Drill Hall at the Torrens Parade Grounds is an impressive range of artworks, ranging from the beautiful to the bizarre.

What viewers will encounter are images of urban and domestic life, mixed media sculptures and beautifully executed paintings. Then add to this, the sculpture made of bees wax, lycra and wire and the gorgeous series of tiny sweets made from recycled plastics and rubber. With nearly 200 pieces of artwork up for purchase, opening night sales topped \$12,000.

From twenty-seven talented and creative artists, five were awarded for their exceptional abilities. Brook Bobby Harris won the Jeffrey Smart Art Prize for his powerful and simple projection, *Space Without Place*. Selected for the Peter Walker Fine Art Emerging Artists Award was Sun-Woong Bang for his beautiful silver creation *Broken Borders Series*. This year's Adelaide City Council Award was handed to Jason Milanovic for his figurative concrete sculptures, *Entomb, Liberty, Vitreous* and *Morphic*. Gritta Walker was selected by the judging panel for a High Commendation for her delicate

sculptural work, *Homesick*.

Recognised as a highly skilled painter, Rachel Smyth, was awarded the Hill Smith Gallery/Malaysia Airlines Travel Award. Smyth's young figures convey the transition period of adolescence- between child and adult. The finely painted dolls' houses and elegant fabrics in her works are representative of childhood games, where the dream is to grow older. This feeling of innocence is given a sinister overtone by the beautifully executed light and shadow in each work.

Graduating from Visual Arts at O'Halloran Hill Tafe, Stuart Burns impressed with his mixed media piece, *A Walk in the Park with Davey*. Combining sharp stencil work, fine illustration and colour washes, the work is both intriguing and playful.

On display are the top emerging artists from the four major tertiary art schools in South Australia including: Adelaide Centre for the Arts, Tafe SA; Adelaide Central School of Art; South Australian School of Art, University of SA and Vizarts, O'Halloran Hill Tafe. Running to the end of the Fringe Festival, the 2006 Helpmann Academy Graduate Exhibition is not to be missed. Entry is free.

Katie Shriner



'A Walk in the Park with Davey' by Stuart Burns, mixed media

Who would have thought that regional South Australia had a wealth of artistic geniuses running around? I know I had my doubts. But when I first saw the Port Pirie Regional Art Gallery and its bright contemporary space I changed my mind. Here, in an industrial never-never, glimmering like a distant mirage, is a new art frontier just waiting to be contemporised.

Currently on show in this white cube is a collection of year 12 artwork. As uni students, hearing that dreaded title can make one sink deep. Images of a year 12 Art show usually bring to mind huge depictions of Kurt Cobain (why can't we escape this iconoclast?). However, rock and pop aren't on the list for these regional troopers. The Gallery's Clan Rodda Art Prize showcases emerging talent and encourages political dialogue, whilst offering the chance for local artists to win \$1000.

The country is known for its conservatism and traditional ways; this exhibition proves otherwise. Who would have thought that Catholic school student Jeremy Lee Keain could explore nudity and sexuality in his work? Keain produced a collection of black and white nude photographs, capturing another side of Port Pirie. These works have not been questioned - how refreshing in an ever threatening conservative world.

Conservatism and macho masculinity often go hand in hand in any community, a phenomenon which is particularly potent in regional Australia. It seems everyone is forgetting about emotions, and instead focusing on perceptions. Leo Jordan's work, one of the most powerful in this exhibition, tenderly brakes through this façade of masculinity. A portrait of his father, the work is powerful and even more so if you know of the testosterone supplied sporting environment of Pirie.

The man depicted looks angry at first, but then his faces gets to you. This man has been totally exposed, all is revealed through an unspoken bond between father and son. His eyes are traps, there's a sensitivity there that contemporary masculinity often over looks.

With our political leaders forgetting that they too are the seed of migrants, the war on terror is ever more frightening. It's a shame that Costello couldn't attend the opening of this exhibition, in light of his recent racist comments, as one student made a bold and timely statement. In a huge digital work by Matthew Kauschke, the text 'WAR ON TERRORISM. OR WAR ON FREEDOM' screams out at the viewer. These kids are outside the metropolitan square, but they're still on the ball.

For more information on the Port Pirie Regional Art Gallery, go to the website www.pprag.org. Feel free to contact the Gallery even if it's for hints on op-shopping in this untapped resource.

Leo Greenfield

international **women's day** 2006

Get started!

Be rowdy ... beat the drum ... be there!

a week of events **march** 4 5 6 7 **8** 9 10 11

saturday **march**

11

[10.30am rally @ Victoria Square [Tarrandanyanga]
[12noon festival @ Rymill Park [end of Grenfell St, near the lake]

SA International Women's Day Collective rally and festival info: Fliss 0411 655 104 Janet 0419 825 845
Office for Women 08 8303 0961 www.officeforwomen.sa.gov.au Women's Information Service 08 8303 0590 / 1800 188 158 www.wis.sa.gov.au



Government of South Australia
Office for Women