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PULP FICTION COMICS

PRESENTS

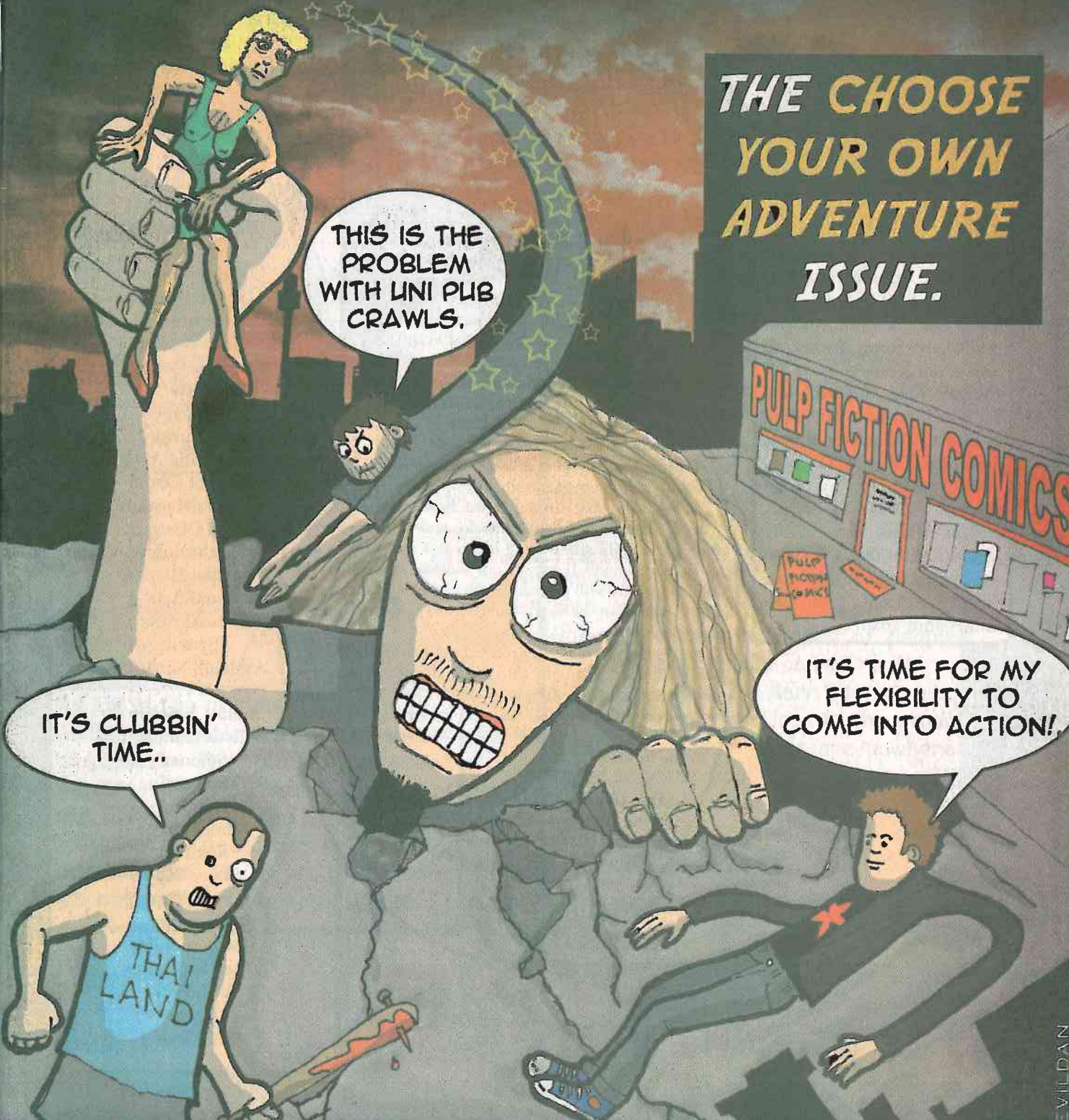


Adelaide Uni
Student Paper
Volume 74 Edition 5
26/4/2006

FREE

On Dit

**THE CHOOSE
YOUR OWN
ADVENTURE
ISSUE.**



THIS IS THE PROBLEM WITH UNI PUB CRAWLS.

IT'S CLUBBIN' TIME..

IT'S TIME FOR MY FLEXIBILITY TO COME INTO ACTION!



Editorial Team

About the Cover:

"Pulp Fiction On Dit" by Evil Dan

Any similarity to any persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

Pulp Fiction Comics:

34a King William Street in the City

THANKS

Pete & Dan at Pulp Fiction Comics, Stan the Womblar (who knows), our resident Virgoean adventurer Matthew Salleh and his pyjamas, Robin, Laura, Evan, Andrew and Claire, Russy, Potter, all our goorgeous sub-eds for the shuffling around, Jess for the lover-ly salad, Mum & Dad to the power of two, Jessica & Nicholas, Clementine, Pete Bochmann, John for the kurazy ice-cream, Naomi, Marie, Mel 'Size 6' Vine, Aaron for the phat movies, Ashleigh Newton, Constable Cool, The Slits and Peanut xoxo

Did anyone see *The Advertiser* on Saturday? Apparently, *On Dit* might be going out of business. It seems that some mischievous kids from the Students' Association have snuck into the weekend paper to spread the rumour that we're on our last legs. Fortunately, rumours of our demise have been, as usual, greatly exaggerated. The world keeps turning down here in the office. People are still submitting articles and writing letters, the cleaners are still waking us up at 4 am, stoners are still playing handball outside our window, sanctimonious doomsayers are still preaching the end of student media, and - believe it or not - advertisers are still buying advertisements. Despite what you read, we aren't about to let this 75-year-old newspaper go quietly into the night. It's your paper, not ours. Our job is merely to keep it safe and healthy so you can fill it with all the random strangeness that has so far made *On Dit* what it is, and what it will be in the future.

And so, to highlight this fact, here is a special Choose Your Own Adventure © edition, for your idle pleasure. Enjoy!

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and Steph

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Nightclub

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Visual Arts

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Ashleigh Newton

TV

Anais Chevalier

Kalista Campbell

Science

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Adventure

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Zines & Comics

Doll Face

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Evil Dan

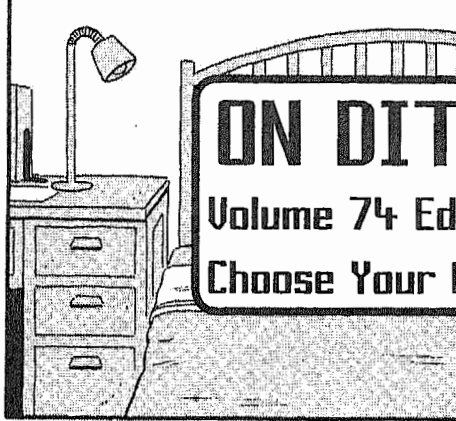
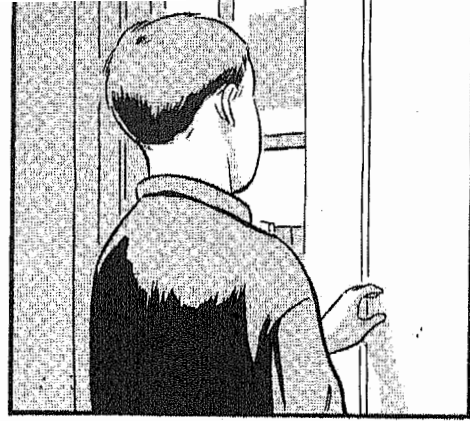
Images Used - Pulp Fiction Comics

Buy Yourself to Sleep by Jeremy Tinder

Ghost World by Daniel Clowes

Summer Blonde by Arthur Tomlin

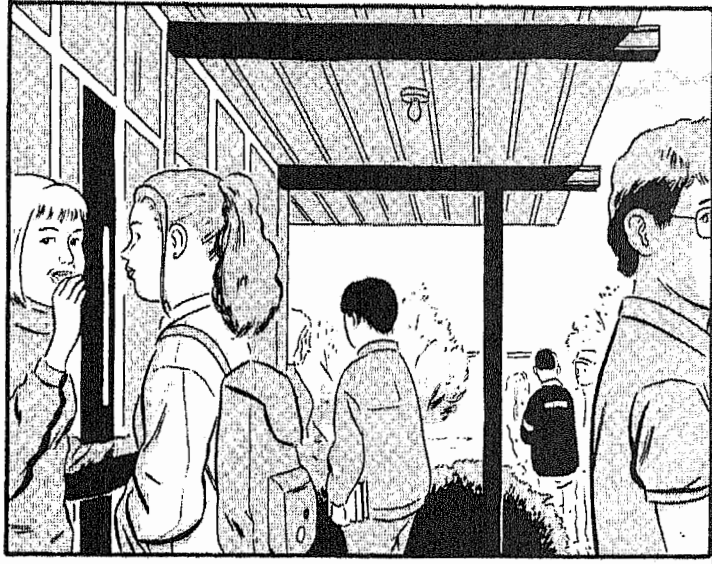
Dead Enders: Stealing the Sun by Bruhaker/Pleese



ON DIT

Volume 74 Edition 5

Choose Your Own Adventure...



THE ADVENTURE...

"I thought student newspapers were supposed to be fun," you grumble. You love comic books. And a comic club-come-student rag sounded cool. But it's run by Horace Grumbacher, the dumbest kid at Uni!

How could someone make a subject like comics boring?

Horace manages.

"Here's the fifth issue," says Horace.

"It's supposed to be a more comic-bookie-artie version of the original newspaper" he drones.

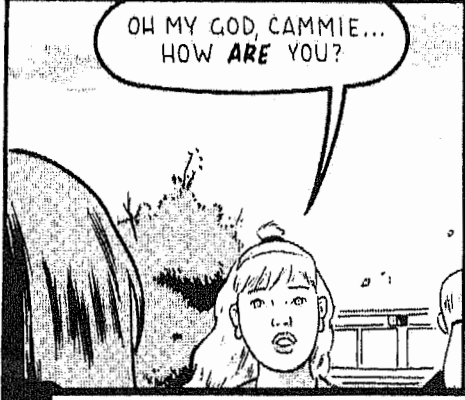
"Yeah yeah," you mutter under your breath. You know that Horace has had some crackpot ideas over the years.

You also sigh at having to return to Uni after the holidays. You won some pleb drinking contest and went to the Bahamas with a truckload of people you don't emotionally connect with.

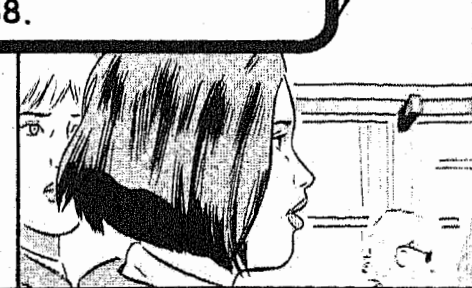
Upon arriving at the Barr Smith lawns, you spy Horace and look in the other direction. Your friends are nowhere to be seen. Do you:

Talk to someone whom you've never met. Turn to page 24.

Go off to the library to read books. Turn to page 38.



On Dit is the publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the University or the Students' Association or the Editors or Pulp Fiction Comics. We're yet to discover whose opinions they actually are...



Dear On Dit,

From all accounts I hear your recent On Dit Day and enterprising badgemaking scheme have been terribly successful in securing your ongoing existence. So you will forgive me for not writing directly to the Union and pleading with its members to ensure that On Dit receive the funding it deserves... Oh wait a minute, what's that? OnDit's future is still in doubt.

What a travesty of epic proportions we face as students. Where else will we turn to receive our weekly dose of Bob Ellis penned discourse on the perils of democracy? What about the ABC? They have always been sympathetic to the lowly-left winger, it seems they employ them all after graduating. Thank God Natasha is in the Senate, she'll look after the students, just like she did when she and her brethren made deals with everyone (including the Nats) and sold-out their voters. Shit, now it looks like even Natasha is pulling the plug on us to spend more time with Conrad (what kind of a name is that?). Obviously her parliamentary pension will more than adequately provide for Conrad's textbooks.

Editors, its time to wake-up to the status quo, left is dead. You are now the minority and VSU is not the nightmare it was 25 years ago. It's beautiful reality. It's a reality that comes without compromises, except if you're a uni rugby-union club, because the unions behaved liked indignant pinks and lost everything.

So, while I am happy my money isn't going to the 12 student activists who played truant from their philosophy lectures to attend a 'your rights at work' meeting, I will feel for the student groups who could have used the funds in a meaningful way, but at the end of the day got screwed over by years of neglect. I might even feel bad for you guys as you churn out what could be the last few issues of OnDit from within your less than salubrious pit.

Back to the existence of OnDit, which just last week called me a 'Liberal schmuck'. I hope you survive and continue to churn out the mindless anti-capitalist tosh that you do so well. I hope that directly opposite these articles you publish adverts for Coke Zero. I hope that the ADP gets a nice full-page spread with lots of guns and bombs before the end of 2006. Finally, I hope you vox-pop a student who thinks it's great their or their parents' dosh is going to the least accountable body (the Union) the world has seen since HIII merged with EM.

Warmly,
Oli G

PS If it helps you to stay in business I will kindly recycle the volumes of ink that ends up on my hands every time I open OnDit.

At the very best it will save you a buck or two.

PPS Can you please publish a picture of Bob Ellis, so all those idealists can see what they will look like in 40 years? Go on, you've published worse.

PPPS 'Liberal schmuck', come on lets see you do better than that, I would have at the least used the word 'dickhead'. But, seeing as how I am a Liberal who is terribly worried about the general moral decay of society I'll leave it well alone.

ondit@adelaide.edu.au

ST THE BEST

Hey Oli G,

We think it's tops that you read On Dit cover to cover. Come on down to the office & we'll make you an 'I Heart On Dit' badge or similar...

Dear On Dit,

Love Anna & Steph

Thanks for sending me copies of On Dit this year: it's always good to read. I just wanted to say that I love On Dit #4. It is such a good edition. I am so friggin jealous of what you guys have done with your mag this year. I will send you some copies of Crossfire soon: I am waiting for a couple of boxes to be sent from Wannambool (I've run out here).

Well I hope it continues to go well for you guys this year. It looks like you're having fun.

Ciao
Kate Gladman
Editor-in-Chief Crossfire Magazine

Dear Vox Pop,

Youse guys do the cutest layout in the world.

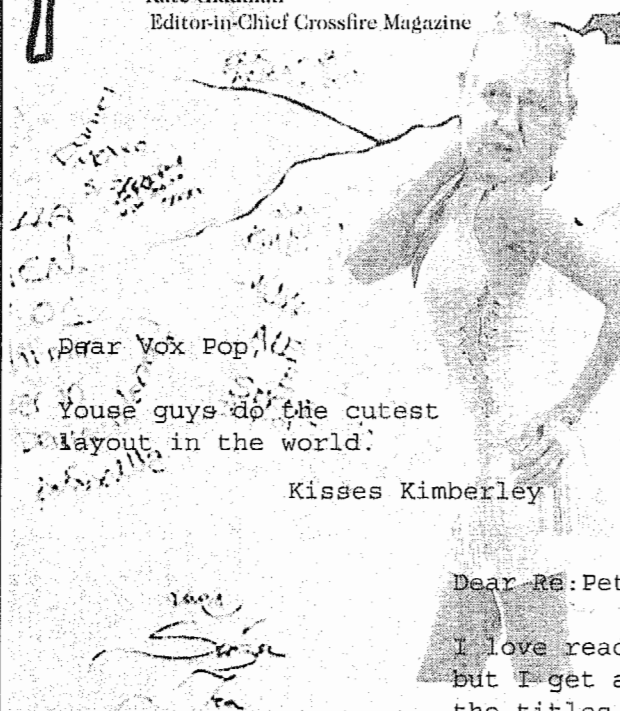
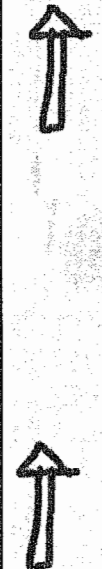
Kisses Kimberley

Dear Re:Pete,

I love reading your articles but I get a little confused by the titles.

From Frangipani

Letters
You become a brilliant On Dit Editor. Unfortunately, the hard work and long hours bring you to the brink of despair.
Do you become an alcoholic?
Turn to page 42
Do you continue working doubly hard and catch some disease?
Turn to page 17



BIRGIT KINDER

Dear Editors

In On Dit Vol 74, No 4 Dr Dan accuses me of three things, the most accurate claim being that I misrepresented Andrew Fleming's article. I intend to rebuff two of his claims, but first must say something to Andrew. Andrew, if you're reading this I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to get dirty with your article here to justify my response to Dr Dan.

First I admit, on re-reading Andrew's article, that I did miss an important claim. Andrew asked which was more superficial, a man who goes out with a woman more on her looks than personality or a woman who goes out with a man more on what he earns than personality. I did need to deal with this claim: I did not and for that I apologise to Andrew. I ignored an important part of your article. I intend to rectify this mistake, but will do so in relation to Dr Dan's third charge.

Second, Dr Dan asks if I know what an ad hominem is. I do, it is an informal fallacy of reasoning where you attack the person, rather than the argument given by the person. Yet in my article I focused on Andrew's argument, so am not guilty of this (implied) charge. The only explanation for this charge I could think of was my use of Andrew's title 'Mr' to refer to him, and the inclusion of some of my qualifications (I left out the BSc (Bronze Swimming Certificate)). If this assumption is correct, Dr Dan seems to construe my citing qualifications as an attack on Andrew's status. I hope Andrew did not take it that way and it certainly was not meant that way. What it was, was a demonstration of my, albeit unremarkable skill in the analysis of argument. As such I was demonstrating that I know what I am talking about in this area. As such it is not an ad hominem. An ad hominem would be challenging Andrew's authority to say something instead of rebuking the argument. I did not do that: I addressed the argument.

But this brings up the third charge. Dr Dan accuses me of constructing a straw man out of Andrew's article. For what follows Andrew, please forgive me! A straw man is a version of an opponent's argument so weak that it is easy to rebuke. An example would be that evolution says man is like a monkey; look at man, look at a monkey, they are clearly not the same, therefore evolution is false. This is not what evolution says, but is construed in such a way that it is obviously false. This is not what I did with Andrew's article. What I did, and I still think that this is what I did, was present the strongest argument I could find in Andrew's article, this is not a straw man, it is a man in a (steel) suit (sorry Andrew).

True I did not mention the issue about wealth. Andrew said women preferred driven men, and gave several qualities, only one being wealth, others being a focus on career, and some success in it. He then claims that on the basis of this, 'driven' means earning \$60k. Dr Dan has attacked my ability as a (once again I assert - quasi) philosopher, so I should deal with this claim as a philosopher. The claim is that a person focused on their career and being successful in it entails that the person earns \$60k. But this entailment is entirely weak and easily shown to be false. Suppose that there is a person who is a health worker. They are professional, study to maintain knowledge and set career goals. This hard work is recognised at work and the person is well regarded by fellow workers and bosses. Clearly this meets the first two claims. He is career focused and successful at it. Does it follow that he earns \$60k? Clearly it does not. A concrete example, Person A works in a Pharmacy at the highest level possible in his career. Person A has been promoted to this position because of his skills and so on, person A earns \$36,900.

What this shows is that Andrew's argument here is extremely weak. I focused instead on Andrew's claims that women tend to be attracted more to a man in a suit, which is given some empirical support. The claims about being 'driven' entailing wealth is a weaker argument, since the only support offered is Andrew's assumption that when a person sees a fat bloke in a suit (note 'suit') with a babe, they automatically ask how much he earns? The assumption being that the guy must be loaded.

Yes I should have mentioned the wealth thing, but to accuse me of constructing a straw man when I put Andrew's case forward in its strongest sense does not wash. I'm afraid. I'm sorry that Dr Dan thought I was attacking Andrew's authority by citing my own. It was not intended. I will not apologise for a wrong I did not commit but I do hope that Andrew didn't take it that way too. Once again Andrew, sorry about getting down and dirty with your article (again). I congratulate Dr Dan in saying so much in so few words.

Andrew J Turner
BSC, RDN (Red Dwarf Nerd)

background image from the east side gallery in berlin

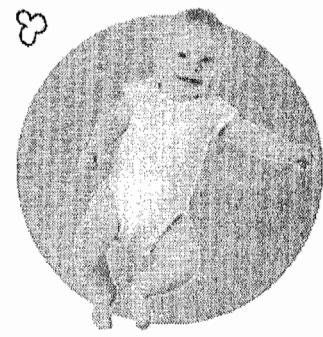
What's News?

Upon hearing the news, you

Become critical of media bias, and choose to find out more on page 5

Ponder...does life imitate art or art imitate life? on page 40

On the whole, I'd much rather be a Jolie-Pitt...



Several disgruntled generals have lashed out at U.S. Secretary of Defence Donald Rumsfeld, claiming that his handling of the Iraq War has left a lot to be desired. One critic, retired Major General Paul Eaton, went so far as to write in the New York Times that Rumsfeld has proved himself to be '...incompetent strategically, operationally and tactically'. Although Rumsfeld is, by now, probably used to taking a few hits when something new goes wrong in the Iraq War, the highly personal nature of the criticisms have apparently taken him by surprise. Never fear, the Donald has struck back, and claims that the criticisms are fuelled by sour grapes about changes he has initiated within the military. Meow.

Oh dear. Just when you thought Tom Cruise couldn't get any weirder, he goes and announces that he wants to eat his newborn daughter Suri's placenta. That in itself isn't so weird; it was the way he said it that will make you cringe. Cruise is quoted as declaring: 'I'm gonna eat the placenta. I thought that would be good. Very nutritious. I'm gonna eat the cord and the placenta *right there*.' However, it seems Katie will be spared that sight. After someone pointed out that the placenta is actually quite big, Tom seemed to get a bit squeamish, and reconsidered his plan. This from the man who attacked Brooke Shields for using anti-depressants to help with her post-partum depression. (Apparently vitamins and exercise will cure all psychiatric and hormonal issues, but won't help you to digest a placenta.) Hmm. Not to cast aspersions on our sofa-leaping friend, but the birth occurred just as the 'Mission Impossible III' publicity binge began. There's timing for you.

DO THAT IN ?



An interesting new way to play soccer

Thousands of Southern Europeans have been forced to flee their homes after heavy rains and melting snow caused the Danube to rise to record levels. People living anywhere near the Danube – or its tributaries – have been told to take their animals and belongings and run for it, as local authorities attempt to limit the damage caused by rising water levels. Serbian authorities are certainly leaving nothing to chance in their efforts to build a 250km sandbag wall: they have issued an appeal urging women not to walk over sandbags in high heels.

A Japanese soldier who was officially declared dead has returned home after being missing in action for over 60 years. Ishimosuke Uwano apparently decided to settle in a Russian territory after his regiment was disbanded at the end of World War II. Aged just 20, he started work as a wood cutter, and never looked back. Unfortunately, word that he was still alive never reached his home, and in 2000 his relatives asked the Japanese government to list him among the war dead. A little later, through the wonder that is international diplomacy, it was discovered that Mr Uwano was in fact still alive. Mr Uwano is soon to take a ten day trip to Japan, accompanied by his son.

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OW... ATTAINABLE.

URSE SHE'S OUT OF LEAGUE PHYSICALLY... AND I'M DEFINITELY TOO OLD FOR HER... BUT I THOUGHT MAYBE SHE COULD SEE PAST ALL THAT

The *Australian* recently reported an exciting new trend in the world of media and, in particular, advertising. Companies have begun to turn to the public in search of new ways of promoting their products, by allowing consumers to create their own advertisements.

So what can we expect from this exciting new Choose Your Own Ad Venture? Still currently in its early stages, in many cases the amount of creative control given to participants is somewhat restricted, and the forum is still primarily online. Last month in the U.S., General Motors and Donald Trump's *The Apprentice* teamed up to provide the public with the occasion to create an online commercial for a new model of Chevrolet, in return for prizes. Entries were to be made available for viewing on the competition's website. Participants were limited to choosing from video footage and music supplied on the site. Nevertheless, the ability to input one's own text gave numerous environmentally-minded and road safety-conscious applicants the opportunity to make their *real* thoughts on General Motors heard (Source: www.autoblog.com). The results are hilarious – shots of 4-wheel drives perched on cliff tops as the sun sets over the horizon and string music plays majestically in the background, accompanied with the following captions:

*Larger than any mortal needs
With 4WD for conditions you'll probably
never encounter
And sized to intimidate other drivers and
damage others' cars more than yours,
Give you false confidence so you can continue
to drive like a heedless jerk...
This SUV...releases tons of carbon every
year
That'll stay in the atmosphere for 100
years
Temperatures are rising
Polar icecaps are melting
Global warming is happening now
...What will you tell your kids you drove?*

Amazingly, the competition's organisers appear to be as yet unaware of some of these entries, or perhaps they subscribe to the any-publicity-is-good-publicity school of thought. Check out www.thevapprentice.com to see the entries for yourself in all their glory!

Ideally, these do-it-yourself publicity projects will in the future allow aspiring advertisers and filmmakers with creative opportunities and more outlets for getting their work shown. Advertising shorts are the perfect medium for developing filmmaking skills on a smaller scale – think Ridley Scott and Spike Jonze, for example, who honed their art in commercials. (Incidentally, Jonze still dabbles in the odd ad campaign or two, his most recent work including spots for "IKEA" and the "GAP" clothing company in the U.S.) There is also, however, the possibility of a barrage of low-budget low-concept shockers. Two words, kids: Mr Bankrupt.

Ola B

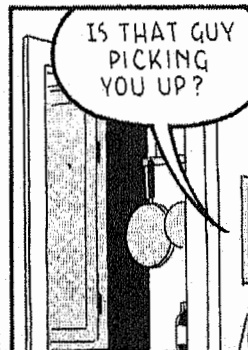


Media Watch
You become so disillusioned with the media that you...
Go to the library in search of a better literary medium page 38
Compose a tear-jerkin' ballad page 28
Sell your video games on E-Bay page 44
Go to bed with a torch & read comics page 13

Media Watch personal Vendetta #1

'I Was Misquoted in the Sunday Mail's Vox Pop'
The Victim: Kalista, 21.
The Question: *What do you think of the 'Where the bloody hell are you' tourism campaign?*
Alleged Response: "I don't think it's a huge deal because I don't think people will view it as a serious portrayal of Australia."
Setting the record straight: "I didn't say it exactly... But I did ramble on for ten minutes so I guess some artistic license was needed in shortening it... But still, I didn't say it. I feel used and violated – and you can quote me on that!"

Ever been severely wronged by the media? Ever had anything you said taken out of context or misquoted, or have you perhaps just looked terrible in a photo printed in a major daily newspaper? Share your grievances with *Media Watch* and set the record straight once and for all!



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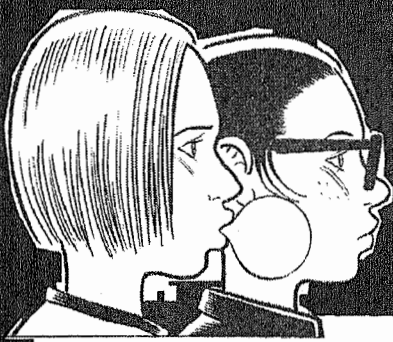
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On Dlt 74.5

7



What the
F***

Kevin Andrews on the new IR rules: "This is significant legislation, but it's fair legislation"

Details of legislation: An individual can be fined \$6 000, and companies can be fined \$33 000 for asking for workers to have protection against unfair sacking in contracts.

John Howard (about the decision not to provide confidential cables to the UN inquiry into the oil-for-food scandal): "Bear in mind that the United Nations itself, in a lot of its agencies, was up to this thing to its cars".

That was the point, the UN role was being corrupted by participants in it. It was the UN oil-for-food program. Does this mean that we should not tell the police anything because the police are involved in the investigation?

David Hicks is not being held in solitary confinement; he's just being held in a solo use cell with no access to other people.

Andy Turner

CURRENT AFFAIRS

Your insatiable appetite for news has lead you to the current affairs section. You thought that your endless desire for indulging in high journalistic integrity would never end, but now your eyes are real hurty...you need a change of pace sweet pea.
Turn to page 28

I Here's a funny thing about identity. Because of a mistake in printing, the article I wrote for On Dit last year was signed Andy Thomas, instead of Andy Turner. So I should apologise to Philip Ruddock if, and only if, Andy Thomas is identical to Andy Turner. They are not. They have different names, so cannot be identical. Even if we were to think that a different name is insufficient to remove identity, Andy Turner now has different memories to Andy Thomas, and this should count as a significant difference to remove identity.

But I'll still apologise.

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*One pair per uni!

HELP STAMP OUT SWEATSHOPS



What is it to urge disaffection? To urge is to advise, advocate, beg, drive, desire, insist on, support, recommend. Disaffection is being in a state or feeling of dissatisfaction with people in authority and no longer willing to support them. Dissatisfied means not pleased or contented. To urge disaffection is to advise someone that they should not be content or satisfied with those in power.

I ask this question because the recent Anti-terrorism legislation has serious consequences for those who urge disaffection. Those who do commit Seditious Intention. In the final issue of On Dit 2005, Andy Thomas claimed that committing Seditious Intention gets you 7 years imprisonment. Phillip Ruddock in an editorial in the Age on Monday 14 November 2005 pointed out that Seditious Intention in the Anti-Terrorism (2) Bill 2005 is for purposes of definition only. As such, you do not attract a charge of Seditious Intention with a commensurate sentence of 7 years. Andy Thomas was wrong.

However, Philip Ruddock was being egregious with the truth. He claims that Seditious Intention plays only a definitional role, so we might think that no punishment accrues. But punishments do accrue, and they have serious consequences for free speech. But first we should look at what I am talking about. Section 7 (3) of the recent Anti-Terrorism Legislation:

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

As stated there is no crime of committing Seditious Intention, and so far Mr. Ruddock is right. But let's look at some more details. Schedule 7 inserts the section on Seditious Intention into section 30A of the Crimes Act 1914. This places Seditious Intention into the section on unlawful organisations.

30A Unlawful associations

- (1) The following are hereby declared to be unlawful associations, namely:
- (a) any body of persons, incorporated or unincorporated, which by its constitution or propaganda or otherwise advocates or encourages:
 - (i) the overthrow of the Constitution of the Commonwealth by revolution or sabotage;
 - (ii) the overthrow by force or violence of the established government of the Commonwealth or of a State or of any other civilized country or of organized government; or
 - (iii) the destruction or injury of property of the Commonwealth or of property used in trade or commerce with other countries or among the States; or which is, or purports to be, affiliated with any organization which advocates or encourages any of the doctrines or practices specified in this paragraph;
 - (b) any body of persons, incorporated or unincorporated, which by its constitution or propaganda or otherwise advocates or encourages the doing of any act having or purporting to have as an object the carrying out of a seditious intention as defined in section 24A.
- (1A) Without limiting the effect of the provisions of subsection (1), any body of persons, incorporated or unincorporated, which is, in pursuance of section 30AA, declared by the Federal Court of Australia to be an unlawful association, shall be deemed to be an unlawful association for the purposes of this Act.
- (2) Any branch or committee of an unlawful association, and any institution or school conducted by or under the authority or apparent authority of an unlawful association, shall, for all the purposes of this Act, be deemed to be an unlawful association.

Section 30A Paragraph (1)(b) clearly shows that Seditious Intention

gets you prescribed as an Unlawful Association. It pays to be thorough!

So yes I have to apologise for saying that Seditious Intention gets you 7 years, but Mr Ruddock is either confused and wrong when he claims that Seditious Intention plays only a definitional role, or he is deceiving us. If an organisation commits Seditious Intention it gets prescribed as an Unlawful Association .

Let us see what being an Unlawful Association gets you. Section 30AB gives the Attorney General the power to demand any information from an Unlawful Association. Refusal gets you 6 months. Section 30B sets out the following punishment for officers of Unlawful Associations:

Any person over the age of 18 years who is a member of an unlawful association, and any person who occupies or acts in any office or position in or of an unlawful association, or who acts as a representative of an unlawful association, or who acts as a teacher in any institution or school conducted by or under the authority or apparent authority of an unlawful association, shall be guilty of an offence.

Penalty: Imprisonment for 1 year.

Section 30D punishes anyone financing an Unlawful Association with 6 months. No book, newspaper or magazine is allowed to be published by Unlawful Associations. Anyone who sells said publications gets 6 months. Anyone who rents out property to an Unlawful Association gets 6 months. Any committee members or executives of Unlawful Associations get removed from the electoral roll for 7 years. All property of Unlawful Associations is forfeited to the Commonwealth.

Yet Mr Ruddock claims that Seditious Intention is only a definition and as such is no threat to free speech. This is not true. He claims correctly that individuals cannot be charged with Seditious Intention, and this is why I am apologising for claiming that you can. However, Mr Ruddock is playing hard and fast with the laws. Yes, you cannot be charged with Seditious Intention, but committing Seditious Intention entails that you and the publisher get declared an Unlawful Association, and punishments accrue because of that.

Return to my original question; what exactly is it to urge disaffection? The main worry is that political criticism can be construed as urging disaffection. The anti-terrorism legislation could be wielded against those who encourage or recommend that people feel dissatisfied with the Government. Political criticism does exactly that; it points out reasons why we should not be content with the actions of the Government. At the end of my piece in On Dit Vol 74, No. 2, I could have put On Dit into deep water by suggesting that civil disobedience is required when the state becomes corrupt. This could be construed as urging unlawful means of bringing about social change. Good job I only expressed the thought and did not endorse it!

Mr Ruddock claims that Seditious Intention has been enshrined in law since 1914. This has not prevented criticism etc., of government policies and so on. This is true, but he is also playing hard and fast here. Why? Because in the Crimes Act 1914 Good Faith Exemptions apply to the sections on Seditious Intention. But under the Anti-Terrorism (2) Bill 2005, the Good Faith exemptions applying to Seditious Intention get repealed. Even were they left alone the Good Faith exemptions in the 1914 Crimes Act apply to Sections 24A to 24E, not Section 30A. Good Faith Exemptions do not apply to Seditious Intention. Mr Ruddock claims that they do, but he is wrong.

To return to the issue at hand, as we have seen, the Crimes Act 1914 does apply Unlawful Association to individuals. It will impact on free speech, for what publisher, newspaper, radio station in their right mind is going to publish material that may get their executives locked up for 6 months and taken off the electoral roll for seven years, all property confiscated and so on. Whilst Seditious Intention does not strictly apply, committing Seditious Intention does entail punishment.

We can pose a dilemma to Mr Ruddock. Either he is aware of these issues, which means he is attempting to deceive us, or he is not aware of these issues, which means he is incompetent. There is no escape from this dilemma. I am getting tired of having to pose this dilemma.

Andy Turner nee Thomas



IN DEFENCE OF RADICALISM:

The limits of Rational Debate

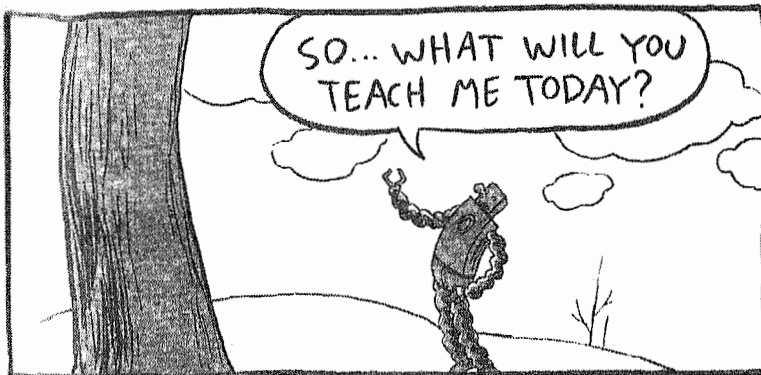
You should know by now that things aren't all doom and gloom for the future. In the mass of humanity that is Adelaide University's student body, there exists a growing awareness of environmental and social issues, a growing number of people who are willing to act on their beliefs - and, encouragingly, an increasingly informed and intelligent public debate surrounding these beliefs and their practical application.

It is in the spirit of contributing to that debate that I write this, which is a direct response to two articles published in recent editions of On Dit. Tom Brookman's "Presenting your Politics: The image of Professional Protesters and the Environment Movement" (vol.74, ed. 3) and Michael Adams' "Fascist Killer Smackdown" (vol.74, ed.4), when taken together, present us with what is essentially a very, very basic introduction to some of the issues that face people and groups whose actions bring them into direct conflict with the Government, or who commit the unpardonable crime of coming between a corporation and its profit margin. I should get one thing straight first, though: both of these articles were fucking great. It's heartening to see that people are genuinely considering these issues rather than simply following a prescribed ideology in their activism. However, I do think that the true complexity of the issues raised was not really given adequate consideration by either article.

Tom Brookman's article 'Presenting your Politics' was the more interesting of the two for me, both because it was clearly a more considered and less polemical piece, and because forest activism is my particular area of interest. The thing is, many of the theoretical arguments in his piece appear to rest on a single (stated) observation, that being the perceived lack of opportunity for "reasonable debate about the livelihood of forestry workers and their families or sustainable logging theory" at the Weld Valley blockade camp. This makes me wonder exactly how long Tom actually stayed at the blockade in question, since the situation I observed in the several weeks I spent living and working at the Weld valley camp was much more complex than the one Tom describes.

Sure, much mention was made of "fucking forestry", and often with good reason. In the situation that Tom is talking about (which occurred before I got to the camp), Forestry Tasmania workers locked the gate that gave public access to the road leading up to the protest camp. That meant that members of the public concerned about the fate of old growth forests were effectively locked out of the site, somehow the key did end up in the hands of individuals who shone bright spotlights at the camp late at night and fired off several gunshots. Fucking forestry all right.

It also might interest you to know that Forestry Tasmania is not synonymous with



the oppressed 'forestry worker', by which I am assuming Tom means those people whose livelihoods actually depend on being able to cut down trees. Forestry Tasmania workers are basically the bureaucrats of the forest: government employees, whose job it is to regulate access to various areas according to logging activity, to visit the protest camp and take photographs for evidence, and generally to smooth the way for logging operations. They also have scary powers like the right to declare an 'exclusion zone', effectively making anybody inside the area liable for arrest.

As for the debate regarding the livelihood of logging communities and sustainable logging, I was surprised at how much people *did* talk about these issues around the Weld blockade camp. The general feeling that came out of these conversations was that trees are, essentially, a renewable resource when used intelligently. Furthermore, old growth logging can *occasionally* be justified, but only if the extremely high-quality wood is used for making equally high quality products. And although the current approach to logging is completely irrational and unsustainable, we as protesters accept that we will never be able to stop it completely.

A protest camp, like the one at the Weld, goes up when we finally have to say that this is enough; that this area is too beautiful, too important, too close to the clean water of the Weld River, to even think about cutting it down. In my experience, a primary concern of any activist is to at least attempt to consider things from the opposing point of view; at the Weld camp, perhaps more than anywhere else I have been, this was definitely the case. Now I'm not saying that this makes Tom's arguments any less valid. I've been to many protests/ blockades/ activist meetings/ hippy feral camps/ anarchist squats where the 'us and them' mentality is well and truly alive. But I do wish that people would look into things a bit more carefully before they make these gross generalisations and assumptions. Tom Brookman clearly has a point to make in his article, but he does so at the expense of a genuinely well researched and considered argument - the same charge that he levels at protesters.

Tom touches upon the concept of an 'us versus them' paradigm as being fundamentally harmful to the environmental and social justice debate in general. As far as this question is concerned, I'd just like to point out a small logical flaw in the argument that, whilst I am sure he has considered it, he didn't see fit

to mention. Essentially, what we are dealing with in these issues is a conflict of interests. Group A wants to cut down these trees, and Group B wants the trees to remain standing. Whether the locus of this conflict occurs in the forest, in a meeting room, on the streets, or in Parliament House, it is nonetheless a conflict of interests. So, whilst I understand that Tom is just making a point about the perceived unwillingness of activists to engage in rational debate and considered discussion, I think that it is counterproductive to attempt to simplify the issue into a process of mending the divides between 'us' and 'them'. More to the point, Tom glosses over or ignores the many, many instances where activists - and, indeed, loggers - have attempted to engage in the process of mending this divide by taking the interests of the other party into consideration.

In Michael Adams' 'Fascist Killer Smackdown', we are presented with an all-too-familiar scenario: at some protest action or another, the journalist has inevitably managed to find the dumbest person on hand for their sound bite. I'm not arguing that people often have confused motives for protesting. What I take exception to in Michael's argument is the ridiculous assumption that he is qualified to throw around 'fascist' just because the Law department of Adelaide has managed to teach him how to use an online dictionary.

Basically, his argument seems to be that the people protesting Condi's speech were, ultimately, doing little more than "stifling democratic dissemination of ideas". So in denying people access to ideological views that they disagreed with, the protesters were essentially exercising fascist control over the attendees. Right. Now there are many different reasons why one would want to blockade such an event, but let's allow Michael this one point, eh? We take the definition of fascism, we hold it up against what the Condi protesters were doing, we call them fascists. Whatever. But as a law student, Michael should have learned by now to restrict his 'conclusions' to those that can be made about the actual situation in question. What could have been an interesting article about the hypocritical tactics used by some protesters at this rally, quickly turns into yet another dull polemic against anybody who adopts protest tactics that fall outside the realm of what Michael considers to be 'acceptable'. Anything else is "un-democratic". I wonder if Michael is referring to the archetypal idea of democracy, or it's far-distant cousin the Capitalist State?

There is a difference.

Here's some news: rational debate and prepared argument is not the be-all and end-all of social action. Let's go back to the example of the Weld Valley, where rational debate about the area's proximity and eligibility for the World Heritage area, its importance in maintaining fresh water supplies to local communities, and its historical and biological significance has ultimately failed to produce any results. This is because, surprise surprise, the logging industry is able to wield a huge amount of influence over government policy because of its financial status and close personal connections with the Tasmanian premier, Paul Lennon. The public education campaign continues in the form of scientific and rational debate, consumer awareness campaigns and government lobbying. In the meantime, are we willing to let that piece of forest be carved up and turned into a desolate clearfell? Fuck no.

Michael might think it's really clever of him to expand the definition of 'fascist' to include anybody who does something outside of his own comfort level, but these issues are incredibly complex, and Michael's article doesn't even scratch at the surface. It's not a question of fascism versus democracy, it's a question of conflicting interests and conflicting ways of perceiving the world. Are we to be condemned as 'fascists' for holding our ground, ideologically and physically, when rational debate has been ignored and the interests of Capital have prevailed? Well, luckily, most people give things a little bit more consideration than that.

Now this isn't moral relativism, and I'm not justifying all forms of direct action. But I do urge people to examine issues in detail before they draw their conclusions. Sometimes, when we are campaigning against enormous amounts of resistance from industry, the government and bureaucracy, rational debate fails in the face of smear campaigns, biased reporting, public apathy and institutional aggression. Both parties in any conflict will inevitably call upon rational debate and statistics to support their own agenda. Statistics can be twisted to suit any perspective, and rationality is not an absolute measure of truth.

Last time I checked, the human world was composed of a myriad of people with different perspectives on life, each one informed by a particular mode of rationality and approach to the world. By holding up 'rational debate' as the absolute future of social activism, and by pretending that all our problems get solved if we just get enough people to give a shit (hello? Iraq war!) we fail to recognise that action for social and environmental change must occur on a variety of levels if we are to have any hope of succeeding.

So when you see us locked onto a bulldozer, hanging 40m up a tree, shaking the gates of the WTO, or stopping a destructive corporation from doing business, don't come up to us and tell us to have a fucking rational debate. Don't you worry; we are trying. But sometimes, you just have to stand your ground.

Matthew Allen

Comments on Today's Society Fear & the rise of indifference

There are many who bemoan aspects of the world we live in today. A myriad of issues draw commentary and criticism, ranging from impatience on the roads or refusal to wait in queues, to more global concerns such as terrorism and international military response actions. However, if there were one common thread in this vast fabric of discontent, it would be the existence of fear. People experience many different types of fear. Yet ultimately almost all forms of fear are derived from two fundamental issues of control. The first is a fear of the loss of influence over one's own fate, while the second is a fear of the loss of influence one perceives oneself as having over the fates of others.

While being far from a new phenomenon, more than ever before fear eats at today's society. Alarming, fear is fostered, within the individual by large, external events such as the rise of terrorism, and governments that are intent on profiting from this climate of fear for their own political gain. Increasingly, individuals within Australian society are made to feel afraid.

Such basic emotions and feelings draw some sort of behavioural response, and it is only natural that individuals seeking to address this fear will respond in a variety of ways. What is concerning is not the existence of fear - such a concern would be both utterly hopeless and pointless, since, conceivably, fear will, always exist within the individual in some form - but rather the responses individuals have developed in relation to the fear that they feel.

Historically, the natural response to fear has been anger. Indeed, many individuals today still respond to fear with this emotion. One only has to look at instances of road rage to see this response exemplified. However, recently, people have developed a new and more sophisticated reaction to cope with the fear: a reaction of indifference. Indifference is a quick and absolute means of dealing with external events and situations that create a sense of fear within an individual. Through being indifferent to other people, places, and events, one is spared the pain and anguish of helplessness.

A difficult question that arises from this notion is, why has indifference only recently become a commonly used method of coping with fear? The decline of religion is one possible explanation. In the past, when people were confronted with situations that were outside their control, where anger itself was inadequate to cope with their fear, they could attribute the situation to 'the will of God' and be comforted in the idea of a greater purpose.

However, with the rise of individualism and the sense of controlling one's own destiny, this has become, for many, a defunct means of coping with fear. People cannot cope with the notion that things are outside of their control. Thus, when individuals

are confronted with an undesirable and uncontrollable circumstance, they become either angry or indifferent. The latter is an increasingly popular response in which the individual decides that the circumstance is inconsequential to their life and develops a sense of apathy because it is easier than dealing with the issue at hand, and the fear that it engenders. This response also spares the individual the pain of possible conflict with the opinions of others in relation to this issue. Non-committal has become the flavour of the day, as is reflected in the rise of divorce and infidelity amongst married couples.

It is important, at this point, to state two things. First, the decline of anger as a response to fear, if one is right in assuming that it has indeed declined, cannot be considered a bad thing since anger often only serves to tear a society apart. Second, indifference is just as dangerous to social balance as anger is to its harmony. As people become increasingly apathetic, they lose interest in important events and issues and require more fantastic and horrendous examples to shake them out of their indifference. What begins as a response to fear spreads to other areas of one's life and eventually, if left unchecked, consumes the individual entirely. In this case, people will cease to care about anything at all. Indifference becomes a means of dealing with all kinds of pain.

In extreme instances, people may cease to care about loved ones so that they are spared the pain of their passing. Many already find it easier not to care, not to love, not to feel the rising passion of emotion. They come to accept events in their lives, while remaining silent on fundamentally important controversies because it is easier not to become involved. What people fail to understand, however, is that the decisions one makes now echo into the future. So often, important events pass one by and we don't even blink. We don't stop to comprehend the enormity of the situation and its consequences.

It is unwise to encourage passionate emotion, as one will always, in such situations, toy with uncontrollability, and there is always the risk of anger developing in response to a fear that one cannot control themselves or perhaps the situation. This is a consequence which only serves to make the matter worse. Therefore, such a promotion would be folly. What is required, is a balance between those in society who respond to fear with anger, and those who respond to it with indifference and those who understand enough of themselves, their motives, and the world they operate in, to recognise the existence of their fears, and who actively seek to control them.



...continued page 14

Zines+Comics

drop your stuff into the on dit office for doll face to read...



One of these days I gotta get myself organized

Travis Bickle in Taxi Driver

Many years ago I did an email interview with my friend Matt Banham regarding his time as a taxi driver. I'm pleased to present it for your reading pleasure. Matt now works at the Uni of Adelaide, so you may wish to keep an eye out for him.

Your Ianto Ware

Ianto: I know you've said in the past that driving a taxi sucked shit. What would you say to the young person schooled on film like *Taxi Driver*, who thinks that it will be a life of adventure, or the perfect job for the aspiring artist? What do you think of the romance of the taxi driving life compared to the reality?

Matt: Well, I have to say, firstly, that being a taxi driver was probably the most stimulating and interesting job I have had in my life full of shit jobs. It was a damn sight more interesting than sniffing boxes in a freezer and delivering junk mail to letter boxes with jagged edges. I think it's a risky thing. They don't want cheap stuff going into their mail boxes so they guard it with sharp edges or crazy dogs to keep you out.

Anyway, when I first started exploring the idea of becoming a taxi driver, I was really excited by it and looked forward to it. The two main reasons for this were being able to work the hours I wanted without putting up with the hassles of a boss and sitting at the airport, something I've always liked to do. The first of these two ideas came from a lie that the taxi owners like to perpetuate in order to get new drivers/snipers to work for them. They tell you fairy tales of working the hours you want, when you want, and tell you how easy it is to make money. It's all crap. They can't get people to drive for them because it's a shitty job and so they have to resort to a well of deceit. The standard for a taxi driver are 12 hour shifts, usually starting at either 4 or 6 in the morning for the day shift. Which is what I wanted to do to avoid the crazies. And the average takings for a 12 hour day for the driver, around \$100-130. CRAP!

The airport thing proved to be bad because they don't let the taxi drivers sit around at the airport. You may notice as you drive into the Adelaide airport, a large field in the middle of nothing, full of cabs. That is where you can sit for an hour waiting for a plane come in. It's like a desert for cabs. There is no shade so when it's hot, sitting in your car in the middle of a field for an hour can be very uncomfortable.

So my romantic notions of taxi driving were quickly destroyed by stupid reality.

Ianto: You've said in the past that there's a lot of little tricks, like watching for incoming planes and stuff, involved in taxi driving. Would you care to highlight your favorite taxi driver nuances of this nature? Is there much competition between drivers for fares? Do you develop any sort of passenger related skill sense?

Matt: Um, This is stretching my memory. The plane trick was my favorite and I still find myself looking at the planes to check if they are domestic or international, when you need to see which terminal to go to (this was when the old terminal was still in use). It can be dangerous as you tend to take your eyes off the road for a long period to stare into the sky. Another 'trick' I used, which you can see drivers doing from time to time, is to read the street directory while you drive, another dangerous occupational hazard. I had a few near misses doing this. The other tricks are just sorta knowing where people are at certain times, like special events etc. People tend to go into the city before lunch, and after lunch they leave the city, so in the morning you wait in the suburbs and after that you wait in the city. All the other tricks are made possible by the computer system, which is kinda hard to explain if you haven't used it.

Basically when you arrive in an area, they put you in the queue to wait for the next phone job on the computer. You can tell the computer that you are heading to the area so that you can jump the queue if you get there faster than the other cars...which is one reason taxi drivers drive the way they do. The other thing you can do, which is actually banned by the taxi companies but everyone does it, is this: when a passenger gets into your car, you start the meter and the computer puts you on standby mode until the passenger gets out, meaning you can't get any more phone jobs. However, if you turn off the computer and turn it back on quick enough, it goes back to the normal screen and doesn't know you have a passenger, so you can get new phone jobs while the passenger is in the car. This is banned because the person who called has to wait a lot longer to get the cab because you gotta drop someone else off first. This must be a pretty boring, but if anyone reading this wants to be a taxi driver, you should really do this cause it almost doubles your work.

There is a little bit of competition, like sometimes business customers, riches, call two cab companies and take the one that arrives first so the slow cab has wasted his time. Sometimes you arrive at a building and find another cab pulling up at the same time. When you ask who they are getting, and they are after the same person you have to be the first one to get to the person to get the fare. This involves a lot of running up stairs and into office buildings. Luckily, as I was younger and not as fat as most cab drivers, I usually got there first, which of course pissed off the old fat cabbie.

There's no real sixth sense, but you do spend a lot of time thinking 'where are the people today?'

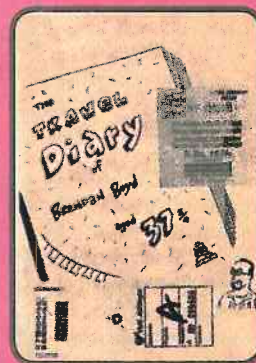
continued next edition...



Taxi

You've been bustin' your ass, & for what?

The End



The Travel Diary of Brendan Boyd aged 37 3/4 by Brendan Boyd

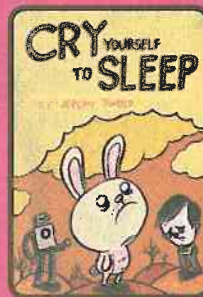
Brendan Boyd self-published a bunch of comics years ago in Adelaide. They were mostly under the title 'Tales of the Lost Generation' and were pretty good reads. A little on the hippie side featuring a lot of esoteric musings about love & life and all that vaguely relevant stuff. For a comic, that's saying something considering a lot of the conventional trappings of self-published comics falling into trying to be, really funny or really violent, or just trying so hard to be anything.

'Tales of the Lost Generation' is quite different in that respect as there is some legitimate self-expression going on that doesn't try too hard to be anything else. There are other things that would probably refute this if I went back & looked at them, but the comics I speak of were made last decade, which was actually a while ago now. My memory informs they were nice, that's all.

Just as the title would suggest, this is much more of a travel zine with accompanying cartoons from previous comics. The travel diary accounts Brendan's mountain trekking trip through Nepal. He journeys up a mountain, visits a bunch of monasteries & gets tired & hungry along the way - so he's glad to return home. The writing's fairly straightforward & frank. There's not too much poesy in his prose but I guess he reserves that kind of thing for the sketches & cartoons he peppers the travel diary with inside. It's not a wild journey of self discovery like travel zens you may have read by zeners making their first forays overseas, younger than 37 & 3/4. It's a bit less pretentious & fanciful than that. I'd compare it to Sam Rodgers' 'You Will Appreciate the Sleeping Dragon', which didn't stray too far from the beaten path either.

This one has a yellow paper cover & is A5 portrait format. \$2 from Pulp Fiction Comics or e-mail boydiecomic@hotmail.com & huggle.

Simon Gray



Cry Yourself to Sleep by Jeremy Tinder

Poor little strumpets... why's life gotta be so tough?

Jim is the spawn of a rabbit & human that just wants to make a buck. Pretty tough when they don't even make plastic gloves for paws. Awww, honey bunny. Andy is an uninspired, unpublished author who is downright boring, but he tries. And Robot is searching for something more outta life - looking to the pleasant tweet of birds for inspiration.

Sure these three lamb shanks have got it hard, but while they're questioning their self worth, they're adorably angsty. Tinder's teeny graphic novel is a sweet treat with lotsa little giggles.

Love from Doll Face

Suddenly you hear a scream, you...
Go outside, see a damsel in distress & save the day page 48
Do the thing that you do best page 36
Do nothing. You're so engrossed in your comic that you read that darned screeching away. That's the life *ahhh* page 1

Pulp Fiction Comics

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DIY

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Preacher, Volume 1: Gone to Texas
Garth Ennis

Preacher represents my first comic book experience, not withstanding the Tintin and Asterix I would read in the library at primary school to avoid doing work. Wasn't quite sure what to expect... comic-book nerds are typically a scary type. They have knowledge about stuff I didn't even know existed, and they have an equally foreign lexicon to back it up. It was with anticipation then that I picked up this seven volume anthology and dived into a new world.

The foreword by Joe R. Lansdale sets the scene (I have no idea who this fella is, but an aforementioned nerd told me he is a man of exceptional note in these fields): 'It's kinda part Western, part Crime story, part Horror story, and partly just fucked-up strange. Well, a lot fucked-up strange'.

My usual staple for critical analysis is film, and I have noticed comic book styles and references seeping into cinema (particularly American cinema) for a good while now. It's in Tarantino as homage, in *Ghost World* as a way of life, and now we have the moving graphic novel *Sin City*, a veritable comic book on screen. In fact I feel like I already know the comic-book aesthetic without opening one up.

But the first thing you notice with *Preacher* is how much it relies on quite traditional filmic narrative to get you from scene to scene. I was imagining settings fading from one place to another just like the movies, and this comic book certainly needs such a seamless device. One moment you're with three texans in the 'Five Ages Diner' downing coffees and cheeseburgers and talking bout God and grillin' T-Bones. Turn the page and suddenly we're in Heaven (which is actually a giant spaceship in the sky), with some winged guy called a Seraphi and some Adepti dudes called Pilo, Fiore and Deblanc. But it doesn't take long for the randomness of setting to give way to quite a steady and engaging plot. All the staples of comic-book violence are there: heads exploding and characters engaged in quiet dialogue despite a large proportion of the back of their head missing... for one example. Oh and there's the usual dumb Texan sheriff who blames a mysterious explosion in a church killing two hundred of them 'martian niggers'.

Now that I think about it, *Preacher* has just about everything you could want out of a comic-book. Fast paced dialogue, superb artwork, a cracking good plot, and much that is a lot fucked-up strange.

Matthew Salleh



It seems that this balance has been tipped in favour of indifference, while the group of individuals who analyze their fears and thus, by implication, their actions, is rapidly becoming smaller and smaller.

Perhaps this in itself is a result, albeit a remote one, of indifference consuming society as a collective group. Perhaps this is what the majority of individuals in society want. However, those who retain their passion and those who are self - and socially - aware, should not disappear without at least making their point of view heard. If enough passion is expressed in the right area, and most importantly right manner, perhaps it may shake some others out of the state of apathy into which they are gently slipping.

Currently, however, those who understand fear and its powerful motivating factor, remain silent, standing back and allowing others to use and abuse the influence of fear to meet their own ends. Attempts have been made by some, who recognise the existence and effects of fear, to counter the abuses of fear by others. However, the technique currently being employed by these individuals is to counter fears relating to a lack of control, with another, more potent type of fear: the fear of change. One could see this during the campaign against the industrial relations laws recently passed by federal parliament.

Unions countered the proposed laws with a campaign rooted in fear, and are thus as socially and morally culpable as the government they stood against. Individuals should care about current issues such as these laws, but they should care for the right reasons, not because they are being manipulated by the manifestation and application of their own fears.

Perhaps the best recent political example of this, aside from the aforementioned industrial relations laws, was the issue regarding illegal immigrants. Several years ago refugees, some of whom could be considered genuine and some not, began arriving on the shores of Australia, in large numbers, seeking asylum.

Clearly many individuals within Australian society displayed an initial sense of fear at this new, uncontrollable and external 'threat' to their security. Some responded with anger and demanded that this source of fear be countered and removed. The majority responded with indifference, shrugging their shoulders and convincing themselves that they didn't really care what happened. This allowed the angry to gain a monopoly over the government's ear.

What is most concerning is the whole manner in which the issue was dealt with. Maybe the government policy was the right course of action it pursued. Maybe it wasn't. It can be argued vigorously by proponents of both persuasions. However, the fact that the government seemingly explored and then exploited the fears of the Australian public, and that the vast majority of individuals remained indifferent to the issue throughout its duration, reflects not only a clear absence of sustained thought and reflection on the whole process, but also is substantial and conclusive evidence of the rise of indifference within Australia society.

The process is just as important as the outcome, since that largely defines who we are. Take the example of a murderer being brought to justice. He or she could either be tried fairly in an impartial court or be summarily hung in the street by an angry mob without even the chance to defend themselves. Which group would you wish to belong to? Perhaps you are afraid at such a suggestion and after a moment's thought, shrug your shoulders, convince yourself that you don't care, you don't want to be troubled by such grievous thoughts, before


dismissing the issue from your mind.

Given all the criticisms that have been highlighted, what should be done? Reflection, deep and deliberate, is a useful starting point. People must learn to reflect upon their actions. This piece was written in an attempt to inspire people to analyze the nature of each act, its motives, and its moral worth. Too often, people clamour about issues which supposedly infringe on their 'rights', but fail to understand that with these 'rights' come responsibilities. This lack of understanding develops because of an initial lack of reflection upon these rights. Furthermore, people seem to ignore important issues because they don't want to reflect on them, they become indifferent to them, either because of laziness or, more probably, because deep down they are afraid, and refuse to confront or even acknowledge this fear, this supposed weakness. Most people in society are good people, people who have moral standards. However, in a world that is ever-changing and, with each passing moment, becoming seemingly more morally despondent, it is time that the good people in society say something. To do this, they must gain the courage to reflect on their own actions, and the actions of wider society.

I do not suggest that by reflecting on people, events and actions everyone will become loving individuals who are motivated by causes greater than their own, governed by ideals such as honour, truth and compassion. There will always be those who have appallingly low moral and ethical standards. What concerns this author is that fear and fear-mongering has given rise to indifference and kept good men and women silent on important issues. It isn't easy to voice an opinion, particularly when one feels powerless and afraid, but it is the small acts, the small steps individuals take, which teach society how to walk. All big things need a beginning and a society must respect itself before it can respect others. We, as a society, seem to have lost this. So next time you make eye contact with someone passing you in the street don't look down, ashamedly afraid. Instead smile at them. You may receive a funny look back, but there is always the chance that you may be the spark that your stranger in the street needed to gain the confidence to act likewise.

Tom Besanko

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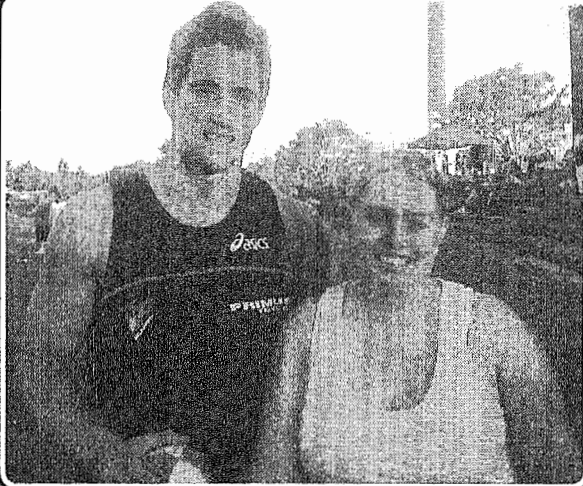
We bulk bill eye examinations!

SPORT

You revel in your own physicality and become a mega sports star. Unfortunately, an injury renders you legless. You go back to uni. Do you...

Become a student poli? Turn to Page 22.

Become an On Dit editor and sort letters to the editor for the rest of your milquetoast existence? Page 4 bucko.



Ashleigh Newton on Daniel Bell

Injury of the Week

Where: Hockey Game
When: 23rd April 2005
What: Bruised Leg
How: Hockey Ball left turf and hit leg



PREPARE
YOURSELVES:
THE BLACKS
ARE COMING!

While a university career is often considered to be the social normality, many choose a different path. A career in the elite sports of Australia is not easily attainable, and very few aspiring sport stars will ever make it to the elite level. However, it is never an unattainable dream. Daniel Bell grew up in the small country town of Kingston in the South East of the state. Through many tough years of proving himself in local leagues, Daniel was the Melbourne Football club's first pick in the pre-season draft of 2002 and the #14 pick overall. I spoke to Daniel about how he got to where he is, and what it is like to be an AFL footballer.

When did you first think that you may want to pursue a career in the AFL?

Ever since I started playing at age 5 or 6 my dream was to be like the players on the TV. It wasn't until I was about age 15-16 when I actually believed I might make it. Although, when I was 12 I made a state side and can still remember the coaches saying that three of the players in the team would be drafted. I remember saying to myself that I would be one of those. Since then myself, Adam Cooney, Dylan Pfltzner, Harry Miller, Tim Schmidt, Henry Slattery and David King have all been drafted to the AFL.

Explain the process that it took to get you into the AFL?

Well I myself was lucky enough to make pretty much all the sides you can make as a Junior but this is not needed for someone to be drafted. I just happened to be lucky enough to be fit and play well at the right times. It is really only making the under 18 state and all Australian sides that really mattered. Also playing for my zoned club Glenelg is where selectors get to gauge how good you are. After that you are sent to draft camp and tested on various physical tests like a 20m sprint test and a Beep Test. You are then interviewed by a few clubs that are interested just so that they know what type of person you are.

What feelings did you go through when you heard you'd been drafted to Melbourne?

Well shock at first. They were one team I hadn't really thought about going to. We had

spoken but their first pick was a little later than we expected I would go. Then a bit of excitement that had finally been drafted and my dream was about to start. Also a little disappointment as my mate Jarrod Gillings was there and didn't get drafted.

What was the best game you've ever played and why?

In the AFL, I am still yet to play an exceptional game. I've had a couple of good games where I stopped a really good opponent but haven't been able to gather possessions in every quarter.

As a kid, did you ever think that it would be possible for you to play in the AFL?

It was a long shot but in the back of my mind I always thought I was a chance.

If there was anything you could change about your career, what would it be?

Injuries. I have had a lot of injuries at crucial times in seasons that have definitely cost me a few more games of AFL footy.

Do people recognize you, and if so does it freak you out when they do?

Not often. A few more times recently as I have been going out a bit more during the pre season and bumped into supporters. It's always a buzz to meet a follower but you still hope they only talk to you for 5-10 minutes and not chat your ear off for an hour! But I'm always very grateful for their support and will talk to anyone. We need all the support we can get!

Growing up in a small country town, do you think that your opportunities were more limited than those who grew up in the metropolitan areas?

Definitely but you just have to make do with the opportunities you have. A lot of players get drafted from the country and it's usually only the ones that travel to Adelaide on the weekends to play that get picked in sides and spotted. There are no talent scouts in the country.

What advice would you give to anyone who wanted to be an AFL footy player?

Practice, practice and more practice. And never give up because I know a lot of players that have been drafted in their early twenties after a growth spurt or general maturity as a

Dr
Jamie Witt

Pre-requisite newspaper advice column.
Now with conveniently packaged stereotypes!



Q. My girlfriend has cheated on me and I don't know whether to forgive her or not, what should I do? -Marc, Economics

Psychologist: Work out what it is that you are accountable for, change that in your own life, tell her what you require and then it will be up to you whether or not you want or need her back in your life.

Feminist: What did you do! I am sure you deserved it! Obviously not adequate enough!

Aussie Male: Dump her dude, you could probably do better anyway!

Q: I am a 20 yr old woman and I have been propositioned by another female. What should I do? -Sarah, undisclosed

Psycho: You should determine if it is what you want, and whether you can deal with any possible consequences, and then you can make up your mind based on that.

Feminist: You go girl, like the psych said if that's what you want, go for it. Do not be afraid of your sexuality. If it's something you would be happy with then go for it.

Aussie Male: Send in the pics or video!

Q: My boyfriend wants us to go into an adult shop for kicks, but I am a bit shy. Should I go with him? -Jess, Law

Psycho: Discuss it with him, tell him your anxieties and see if you feel more comfortable afterwards. If not, then tell him to respect your wishes.

Feminist: Don't do anything you don't want to do girl, tell him that things happen only if you want them too.

Aussie male: Send any pics or video!

Send in your vehement cries for attention to wittj@adelbride.edu.au and we'll reward your problems for a mass audience and attempt to make them snappy and, ahem, witty.

*man may be considered chintzy

MURPHY'S BULL S*%IT LAW: ALCOHOL AND PARTYING

Many of us enjoy a night out in a favoured bar or club, which is often accompanied by a drink or two. Sounds like a pretty normal idea of fun, doesn't it?! Why then do outside circumstances have to work against you?!

Before you get started, work gets in the way either that night or the next day. Plus, you have to organise travel there and home, as well as working out who to go out with. Once you've worked all that out, however, the effects of Murphy's Law doesn't end there.

Have you ever been out and needed to go to the bathroom really *really* badly to the point where you really just can't hold it anymore as you've already waited like, eight songs because you were having so much fun...and then your favourite song comes on just as you decide to go?! And then once you've finally relinquished, about ten minutes later, you have to go again! Your night is then interrupted every half an hour or so after that because you've broken the seal. And to make matters worse, you spend most of that half an hour in the line to the toilets.

Your next mission is then to go to the bar. You spend another wasted half an hour in the line at the bar just trying to buy a drink. Have you ever thought to yourself, "Well, if it took this long to get one drink, I may as well get another one to save time." By the time you've

reached the front of the bar again, you've finished your first drink! This time, you decide to get two drinks at the bar. So you reach the front of the bar again (having finished your second drink by this time, of course) and purchase two drinks. This generally takes the entire time of the "two for one" specials as everyone else is also at the bar all grapping for the same thing, and you've only got one or three drinks out of it. You get back to your friends and now realise that your faced with the dilemma of holding two drinks, which often renders you incapable of dancing, or one of your friends kindly "holds it for you"!

Much time is wasted at the bar getting drinks for not much fun in return. Plus, three or four drinks later, you realise you're fast running out of money and could have bought a *bottle* of alcohol for the same price!

My advice is to stay home and get drunk with your friends - which is much cheaper and more fun! Or, if you're too much of a young "go-getter" : to beat the bar lines - line up just before the two for one specials start and buy several or (if a place doesn't have 2-4-1) just stand at the edge of the bar, down a few drinks then go and party. And as for the toilet lines, the best time to go is just after the 2-4-1's have started, as everyone else is more concerned about getting trashed!

Tayo Halligan

PARTY CENTRAL

Gosh, going out is totally overrated.

To read some phat zines, turn to page 13.

To buck the stereotype, learn more about politics shmolutics on page 8.

DR JAMIE WITT

Love *sigh*. Go to page 19 to live life, OC style.

Play footy on page 15. Grunt.

Paris Hilton: drunk.

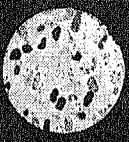
Leprosy

Jesus thought
it was cool

DISEASE OF THE WEEK

with Thomas Tu

THE END



Genus *Mycobacterium*
Species *leprae*
(Picture stolen from wikipedia.org
- http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Image:Mycobacterium_leprae.jpeg)

Society lies once again

Leprosy is a disease wherein the slightest tug to a limb will tear it off like a well-cooked chicken. It is also highly contagious, such that simply touching a person with leprosy will infect you and will certainly and very shortly cause your arms and legs to fall off. "SLAP!" You useless child! "SLAP!" You know nothing about leprosy! Now before I lock you in the basement, I'll straighten you out... and stop listening to that wretched rap music!

Leprosy 101

Leprosy is caused by the bacterium *Mycobacterium leprae*. (Funky fact: In 1873, *M. leprae* was the first human-disease-causing bacterium to be identified!) Depending on the strength of immune response incited after infection, one of two types of leprosy may be experienced: tuberculoid, which tends to produce more nerve damage; or lepromatous, which manifests itself in a more skin-oriented way. A not insignificant disease, leprosy infected an estimated 410 000 people worldwide in 2004, 75% of whom lived in the poorer countries of Africa, Asia and Latin America.

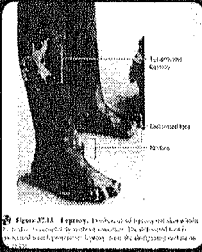
It is rather difficult to transmit leprosy. A specific mechanism hasn't been found, but studies have shown that sneeze droplets from long term sufferers may be a significant route. However, only people with continuous exposure to these droplets are infected. The bacteria in the droplets were observed to be viable after 9 days outside the body, so infected linens or clothes may also be a factor.

After exposure, there is a stupidly long incubation period of six months to fifty years before any symptoms may surface. This is due to the *M. leprae*'s extremely long generation time (the time it takes for a colony of bacteria to double) of two weeks. In comparison, it replicates about 1 000 times slower than *E. coli*, which replicates on average every 20 minutes.

How the leper got its spots

Once it infects the host, *M. leprae* burrows itself into host cells (usually the specialised cells that surround and insulate neurons, called Schwann cells, or white blood cells) to hide from the immune system. Eventually, a discoloured or reddened blotch appears on the skin surface. 75% of infected people have strong enough immune responses against the bacterium that the patch goes away by itself and they are unbothered by the disease.

If their immune system sucks, the patient is likely to develop tuberculoid leprosy. This is when the body, in absence of a proper immune response, launches a type of allergic reaction against the nerve sheaths that contain the bacteria. In this non-progressive (it doesn't get any worse over time) form, only a single hypo-pigmented (not coloured) patch of skin appears. This patch usually loses its hair, sweat glands and other skin organs.



(Stolen from Prescott, Harley and Klein *Microbiology* textbook - see sources)

Significant nerve damage also occurs, especially the ones leading to the extremities and the ears. This causes first insensitivity to extremes in temperature, then inability to feel light pressure, pain and finally deep pressure in the affected area. The loss of function is permanent, even if the leprosy is treated. The nerve damage also causes atrophy (wasting away due to non-use) in the affected limb. If the patient is not careful, little nicks and cuts on affected limbs can be opened up unintentionally, since they can't feel pain. These sores can then become aggravated, infected and may require amputation of the affected area.

However, if their immune system really sucks and doesn't even launch an allergic response against *M. leprae*, the infected may take on lepromatous leprosy. This form causes discoloured patches, nodules and sores all over the body. These preferentially gather at the cooler areas of the body (such as the toes, fingers, face and testicles) because the optimum growth temperature for the bacterium is around 27 - 30°C, significantly lower than normal body temperature. Further disfigurement happens as body hair follicles die, starting from the eyebrows downwards. Nerves are also damaged in this form, but not to the extent of tuberculoid leprosy.



(Stolen from University of Iowa Department of Dermatology - <http://www.lib.uiowa.edu/hardin/md/ui/tray/hansen02.html>)

This is the only version of leprosy where significant amounts of bacteria are formed, so it's thought that it is the only infectious form. Reservoirs of the bacterium also exist in nine-banded armadillos (due to their strangely low body temperature), but they don't play a role in transmission to humans.

Treatment used to be limited to a single antibiotic called dapsone. But after some medical research and observations that the bacteria were building up a resistance to it, treatment was replaced with multi-drug therapy, a combination of three different antibiotics. This cures the disease and reverses many of the disfiguring nodules, but not the nerve damage. No real prevention is required as long as symptoms are recognised early and treated quickly due to incredibly slow nature of the disease, although a relatively successful vaccine has been found for it.

Even though treatment is free from the World Health Organisation (or the WHO, named so that many a hilarious Abbot and Costello skit can be performed by everyone, healthy and sick alike) and the disease readily diagnosable, people are still letting the disease go into the debilitating late stages. Due to the societal ostracising of lepers (justified by tradition, passed down from generation to generation from biblical times), people are hesitant to come forward and be branded a leper. Combating stupid human behaviour like this is the main focus of stopping disease outbreaks, not miracle drug cures. Medicines are useless if people don't take them.

thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au

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name tags on a ...

yes I am a Gemini



See that guy over there at the end of the bar? Jack Valentine, his heart is hung low like the back of the old Valiant that he uses for work. One breakdown of a relationship too many like one more bag of cement. He'll drink then he'll drink then he will drink but when it looks like it's all about to get out of hand he will retreat to the realm of 1 cement 2 lime and 9 sand. Look at that dude, Mr. Everything all the time, he's got a little something for you. Shaved head and rumour has it that it's going bright blue. He's up, charged, every second sentence contains fucker, preceeded by mother. With an Adicolor tracky round his neck, a whiff of amyl nitrate and a white label on the decks, he's your new best mate when our pupils dilate. Nah, fuck that. Hey it's the 'oh my god look at your hair' dude, I think you know this guy from uni, I saw him drinking mango tea, he said something like: "Techno *per se* is passé" or some shit like that, its all about mature house and rock now. Are you in a band? No, but baby I'll be your six foot something front man, fall into feedback with me, I'll make it feel like your first c. Amongst screeching SG's we'll fall out of line in time. Rack me up some lines and I can tell you about the times I drift into dreamscapes, I fall in my sleep, catch myself then I'm lucid. Magill road morphs into a carnivalesque Paris backstreet in the 30's through the door of an Italian butcher shop. The Tin Cat Café has a slab of Double Bay transfused through the back garden, I'm spinning round and I'm going down with some Kent Town kink. The Central market merges with a Marrakesh bizarre, time and space collapse into the mirrored valleys of Manhattan. I can choose. "Wanker, wanker!" I can hear the cries from the lawns; Pete's really lost it this time.

Then I wake up and I'm like; this is Australia not New York. Sex in the city? More like shagging in the suburbs. He's just not that in to you? He's probably not that into himself at the moment, if he could work out what the fuck you wanted he would have been all over you like name tags on a schizophrenic.

Somewhere between those suburbs, school and the sports field exists the matrix from which the over medicated boy primed for drug addiction in an affectionless system is born in to a man. Something no femoerat could ever understand. The constant attempts to simplify and categorise the modern male are merely perpetuating the so called crisis in masculinity in this country.

Authors offering a breakdown of the full range of male emotions with simple catchphrases and short stories are kidding themselves, an unfortunate number of women, and at the same time reducing them to pathetic stereotypes all waiting to be rescued by a "Mr. Right" constructed by Carrie Bradshaw. So to is any one who thinks they can quantify their one particular personality; we are all a touch schizophrenic to a certain degree, a problem compounded for men forced to exist in the social realm somewhere between the "too hard" basket and the "too soft" basket whilst being treated like basket cases all the same.

Guys and girls, I urge you trust your own instincts and choose your own adventure. Easier said that done I know. Maybe just:

Work Shop Eat Sleep Repeat

love Re:Pete

RE:PETE

Deciding that he/she is just not that into you:

Talk to someone else on page 24.

Go doosh doosh nighclubbing on page 40.

Shiny & Ireland:

Choose your own adventure!

This week we could have written a *Goosebumps* type adventure where Tyson gets eaten by werewolves after saving an innocent child from a runaway carriage. Alternatively, we could have discussed Lisa's life long fantasy of dressing up as *Wonder Woman* for a day-but lets not....No, this week, we will discuss adventure in a world full of monkeys infested with rabies, just waiting to bite you!

GENERIC COMPUTER WOMAN VOICER PLEASE SELECT FROM THE FOLLOWING

- (a) Scripture in Pre-Communist China
- (b) Human beings who care (do they exist?)
- (c) The effects of green underwear on your love life.

Reader: Mmmh, A sounds like a fun topic. I select A

Generic computer woman voice: You have selected B

Reader: No, I wanted A. Pre-communistic China floats my boat

Generic computer woman voice: YOU HAVE SELECTED B!!!

Shiny:

(B) Human beings that care, do they exist? Well up until last night I was one of the cynics (it comes from being a media student). It's amazing how one event can change your whole night. While doing the rather repetitive tasks that are required of me at work this Monday, I was approached by two girls who came into the bakery and flashed me a photo. They were inquiring as to whether I had seen the man who stood beside them in the matte-finish frozen memory. I hadn't seen the man, nor had anyone else at work. After the girls instructed us to tell the man to contact home if we saw him, it got me thinking. Were these girls friends, relatives, or just two human beings who actually gave a fuck about their fellow man? It has been a long time since such a simple act has brought so much into perspective. It was quite humbling. Friends, family, fellow human beings, we all live together on the same planet. Good on you girls for taking the initiative to find your friend. Your act of concern is to be commended, because it shows you are one of those rare people who honestly care about someone other than themselves. Well done girls, I do sincerely hope you find your friend safe and well.

Ireland:

Everything is an adventure in life these days, but it is a question of whether we are willing to take a chance on something which truly makes an adventure a reality. From choosing to ask that guy out, deciding to dye your hair bright purple, or move to another city in order to fulfil a dream, life presents many opportunities, and when we begin to see these opportunities as adventures, it makes life that little bit more exciting. As Ronan Keating once said, "Life is a rollercoaster, you just gotta ride it!". So next time your contemplating a life altering decision, think of all the good that could come from it, and try to ignore the consequences that tend to build up and overwhelm you, its better to make a mistake than regret not trying something new.

Joint Conclusion: Choose your own conclusion...



The Life And Times Of Marissa Cooper

Previously, television has shown some semblance of reality, be it exaggerated or abbreviated, glossing over the more mundane elements of our everyday lives. However I do believe Network 10's *The OC* has lost its grip on reality and Marissa Cooper is the main culprit.

Marissa Cooper is your average, incredibly wealthy girl-next-door with fashion straight from Milan and an innate ability to say 'Hey' before and after every sentence spoken. Life was pretty 'normal' until her world is turned upside down by a boy from the wrong side of the tracks named Ryan. (The so called 'bad' district that he hails from, Chino, is actually a pretty nice middle class suburb comparable to Gilles Plains so don't let the stereotype fool you.) The fifteen year old at that stage was dating the captain of the water polo team named Luke, a strapping but ethically challenged youngster.

At the same time as Ryan's arrival, Marissa's father, a wealthy financial planner, embezzled his client's money, all but bankrupting the family. Due to this reason, his then-wife Julie Cooper dumped him and over the course of the series ended up married to the property mogul Caleb Nicholls who also happened to be the father of the couple who adopted the boy from the wrong side of the tracks. Later on in the second series she plans on killing Caleb when she finds out that he is going to divorce her leaving her with nothing, but decides against it at the last moment. He dies of a heart-attack anyway. How convenient. But this is about Marissa.

Due to her father's crimes, he is punched out by an unhappy client at Marissa's 'coming of age' ball, the Cutillion. This whole time she and Ryan are flirting, but when he decides that they couldn't work as a couple because of their class differences she becomes angry and sleeps with her boyfriend Luke to make Ryan jealous. She succeeds in her quest while Luke just sits back and enjoys the ride. At this stage as well, she becomes a raging alcoholic, looking for any excuse to delve into the neck of a bottle.

With all these emotions still flying around, the kids decide to drive their parents Range Rover down to the 'quiet' Mexican town of Tijuana or the TI. When they arrive, they stumble across Luke passionately kissing one of Marissa's close friends. After seeing her boyfriend she lost her virginity to doing this, she is sent on a downward spiral after overdosing on painkillers and tequila. Marissa is found passed out down a dark alley in the heart of Mexico, however this scene does allow an extremely symbolic scene to occur where Ryan, the boy from the wrong side of the tracks is the saviour to the perfect little rich girl.

When they get back to Orange County (which by the way isn't a suburb, but an entire county and encompasses hundreds of suburbs including Anaheim where Disneyland is. So when Luke says, 'Welcome to the OC,' it's the equivalent of us saying, 'Welcome to the Northern and North-eastern suburbs.') Marissa's crazy mother tries to ship her off to a troubled youth centre in San Diego without her or her father's knowledge or approval. Her friends end up saving her and take her to her father's house with the intention of never letting her live with her mother again. However when her mother becomes rich again, her step-father Caleb Nicholls blackmails her into living with her. Before this happens though Julie embarks on a self-defeating tryst with Marissa's ex-boyfriend who she lost her virginity to and who cheated on her with one of her best friends. This period known as the 'booty call' stage was a time where Luke and Julie would sneak off to a hotel and was eventually cut off when Luke began falling in love with her. When Marissa found out about this (which happens with everything) you can imagine she wasn't in the greatest frame of mind and started having a purely platonic relationship (on her end) with a guy named Oliver whilst still dating Ryan.

Oliver met Marissa in therapy and manipulated her and Ryan's relationship to the point when they broke up, and when he finally expressed his undying love for her, he pulled out a gun when the feelings were anything but mutual. After this exercise, she went back

to Ryan assuming everything would be alright now that Oliver was out of the picture, but he dumped her for not believing him. They are only broken up for a week, but during that time, Ryan's ex-girlfriend from the wrong side of the tracks arrives on the scene and he proceeds to impregnate her. After realising she is pregnant, Ryan does the honourable thing and goes back to Chino to live with her. The girl from the wrong side of the tracks lies to Ryan telling him that she lost the baby after realising how good his life in Newport is. Then Ryan returns to Newport and in turn into Marissa's life.

Then after her over-bearing mother tries a little too hard to make her into the perfect daughter, she becomes a lesbian in rebellion. After kissing the girl once (much to everyone's chagrin) Marissa forgot she was a lesbian and started dating the aggressive Ryan again. Ryan's brother from the wrong side of the tracks tried to rape her and then came a huge cover-up operation knowing that if Ryan found out, sparks would fly. When finally Ryan did find out, he went to defend his girlfriend's honour and after seeing him almost getting killed, Marissa picks up a gun and shoots Ryan's brother in the back.

That is where Marissa's life is at the end of Series 2, and I don't know whether the show is actually trying to reflect reality, but it's amusing to think that there are people who live lives like this every day. For those who are interested, thus far in series 3 she has been kicked out of school for shooting Ryan's brother in the back, then Ryan punched out the teacher who kicked her out.

Callum Hes





Choose Your Own Guilt

What is it to be guilty, in the most common and therefore most extraordinary sense? (common and extraordinary by reason of its current plague-like proportions). What is it to be wanting in one's image of the good?

Imagine first a crime committed without guilt being suffered in any way by the prosecutor of the act. Does this add or subtract from the act? Have they already defeated our efforts to prosecute their guilt, to dramatise their guilt before the appropriate judicial machine of public perception? (What is the jury if not the public perception carefully calibrated to become a lens in which the either/or of guilt is perceived and no other object?) They are beyond the image of guilt we have, in a place it presupposes but cannot capture. A monstrous purity which the ordinary, middling humanity can touch, as little as they can touch the saints.

Cop shows display this pure villain again and again, by immobilising them and then moving in an ever-reducing narrative circle until they are face to face. The final symbol of guilt is this "facing-across", which makes guilt and innocence irreducible, final and identified through each other to the point where they threaten to reveal a final identity. Such is the dream we dream in the depths of post-modern middle class self-hatred. The detective can defeat them, but never make them feel guilt. The morals in question have passed over to being irreducible absolutes. They inhabit the fact of the criminal and the law being eternally opposed, they are the principles of the situation. Both criminal and law-man accept them and accept the terms of their duel as opponents, as though in their roles are kept in subspace, prior to every manifestation.

It is quite clear what both of these images desire, the sociopath and the guiltless killer. The criminal feels the usual torment of the veil, but has felt this without mercy for so long that they have come to accept it as reality and the only confirmation of their being. The expression and replication of this torment being the only means through which they can be seen to exist. Or, the criminal feels our own pleasures and sentiments, but lives in them like a shell. Because this innocence, our own innocence, exists in him in such extremity as to make evil acts indifferent, enjoyable, and without any depth. In the first case, the inversion occurs in a total field, substantially the same throughout, bounded on either side by two inaccessible poles. The second imagining is broken in the middle by a sort of wicked mirror, one line of fragmentation that sets the inversion more deeply in the hideous by making it identical to our own banality. Indeed, what is a deeper horror than a perfect image of ourselves, which we see but do not recognise, an abyss in the mirror?

So, by guilt, we reassure ourselves that we are not these figures, that we can still recognise ourselves.

We require these figures to see ourselves and we see ourselves in the righteousness of our self-persecution, for they in the images have failed the test of the righteous, which is to feel guilt.

Now, please recognise that I have not yet slipped into relativism. These figures of evil are simply productions of collective imagination. Those bonds which allow us to imagine existing collectively must be made to instinctively tighten and close when the evil touches them. To misquote: if evil didn't exist we would have to invent it. Therefore it exists, and our imagination subsists by it.

When we confront our own guilt, we find all these images again. In every act of punishment to which we have been subject, we receive a mingling of these discourses. We are punished because we have undermined an authority which guarantees the fundamental structure of our lives. Do not parents often have arbitrary rules which function just to enable a very precise enactment of this form of punishment? Equally, we are punished because we commit acts which are cosmically wrong.

Looking back, one can see it, no? The moment we tore ourselves in half by admitting that we are not infinitely within the good, we can suddenly become, without our witnessing it, that which bites into innocent flesh; that which seeks the death of exactly what we ourselves are felt to be.

Then there is the more formal application of guilt as punishment that can occur only once we have learned to feel guilt. The progressive schools of my childhood had a method of punishment at once designed to affirm the personhood of the child and reaffirm the validity of the rule. Under such an idea, the personhood of the child is learning to apply the rule to themselves. How? Rather than being punished, we would be removed and put 'by ourselves', ourselves being put by us, as it were. We were in fact never punished, punishment itself had vanished. We were only made to consider and then state why we should be punished - to be deserving of punishment was punishment enough, and was enough to release the stinging sensation of guilt. Afterwards, we were supposedly released from the condition of being punished by being told that we had learned our lesson. Punishment had misty edges due to this. One could never be sure whether it began in one's self or in one's teacher. Equally, its finalisation never really came. How can we recognise ourselves as the guilty and then come to un-recognise ourselves and return to innocence? It was obviously assumed we would glow with the brusque confidence of the new moral itself and become the happy overcomers of iniquity by its ever-more frequent application. But, in fact, the only tool we were given was a ghostly whip.

Looking back, one remembers such punishments as a high stakes game-of-self. One could escape the punishment yet still formally undergo it, one simply had to avoid feeling the guilt, the . I almost succeeded in this gambit on one occasion:

Teacher: Do you understand why what you did was wrong?

Myself: I understand why you would want to punish me for it.

Teacher: That's not the same thing.

Bang! Guilt! Not only for the crime, but for wanting, so desperately wanting to escape feeling guilty. How could I even attempt something like that? How could I presume an equivalence between the exterior and the interior aspects of punishment? The only equivalence over which I had command was the equivalence between the pain I had given and that which I had to give to myself in replay, and in the formation of this reflection, this equivalence, I had failed. Now I was beyond all the neat symmetries of normal feeling, all the equivalencies of the world were snapped in two. I could wish as much extra guilt on myself as I liked, indeed I grimaced with the effort, but to no avail, one was guilty at the right time, in the right way or one was metaphysically guilty. Or so I feel, looking back.

Of course, we do not look back. What we see in 'retrospect' is ever seen now, this now is our looking, and what we look at is not at all the past. Memory is an extraction from the past which always has a present, it moves at the same speed as the rest of our being. It does not summon itself up from the past, it is, instead, used and focused by the present. The past is dead weight. Memory is always first and foremost an instinctive desire to be released from the past. There is only a past by way of its present actualisation. So guilt is always present: a warm oblivion which never quite ceases to let the light of the world in to touch upon this soreness.

Ultimately, to lose one's innocence is to unlearn one's oneness and to submit to the learning of the "I am one". I am one in that I can be identified according to an external system which names the guilty and excludes them from innocence.

Yet guilt is more than a construct. Guilt is a feeling, built from a powerful impulse of the body in which the body identifies itself to itself, depicts the state of its sociality in terms of its own sensation. Yet there is the whole investment in this impulse of the structure of naming the state 'guilt' and reacting to this guilt according to a socialised ritual. The real connection is broken deeper than this feeling. We are no longer at one with the injured party in our guilt, instead we may lose them entirely. I imagine a murderer who kills because he cannot bear the guilt of the first blow they strike. Because, at the moment the other is eliminated, we are eliminated too; and, in the moment of that elimination there is no guilt. There would be a moment in which the guilt of the first blow is forgotten and the guilt for the murder has not yet arrived. Furthermore, the second guilt comes as a self-inflicted punishment for the first. Perhaps it has happened; in fact, it happens everyday. There is no-one who is convinced of their own guilt who does not try the wild gamble of eliminating that guilt by attempting to create it anew, for guilt is truly madness: the madness of subjecting oneself to the Supreme seat of Judgement. This performance has as its theme the threat of one's own elimination, and simultaneously the assurance that this has not happened, for the guilt can still be felt, hung onto; it is still alive even if we are not.

And as we are the 20 percent who own 80

percent of the world, is this not our situation? Is this not the blind alley of our guilt? Are you not breathing your own guilt and the guilt of others right now? The body releases chemical cues in love and in hate, but in guilt? What form of pollution would these guilty chemicals be classified as?

Guilt is an accurate identification of a real disconnection, but also a premature closure of the wound, presenting a totality to the self. The urge behind guilt is the urge to be free of guilt by acting to rebuild the connection to the other. Not so as to re-establish them as being identical, as in original oneness, but as they are established in their difference.

The basic statement of guilt is "I am now afraid to desire, and I wish to retreat into the isolation of myself as one, and be submitted to the judgement that confirms that I am a single self". This is why the third world child is so useful as the fetish of guilt. This guilt is different from the recognition of one's responsibility, because this guilt is bitten deeply by the hypocritical double movement of the self. To be isolated, one and whole is also to cease exist through the perfection of a separation that eradicates their connection to the world itself. Those who desire 'to be themselves', I always say truly desire also elimination. Ha!

In order to take responsibility, one cannot submit to one's guilt, no matter how rationally true that guilt is. The desire to act is the basis of responsibility. Desire and guilt are incompatible because guilt leads desire into a regress of selves, towards elimination and cessation. Guilt as the perception of disconnection produces the basic reality captured and distilled in the full guilt reaction, as is the intelligence that needs to be released for ethical efficacy in one's life to be accomplished.

So we need a release, not *into* guilt as the finalising process connected to a hysteric ritual of the I-am-one performing before an all-seeing eye of judgement, but rather onto that *other* guilt, the ever moving, vague sense that we have slipped from a connection to life itself. Our ethical construction produces 'noise and chaos', reduces us, threatens us with elimination. For we are so threatened... Can we be grateful for this truth, rather than reacting through guilt and fear?

The threat of imminent personal elimination leads either to regression into guilt or serves as a reminder to act in order to build new methods of connection.

To complete this line of questioning I shall have to interrupt it.

I have hinted at a perverted 'enjoyment' of guilt. So what is ethics in relation to enjoyment? Ethics can only be an impingement on an idea of an unlimited enjoyment, because an ethic marks a limit. Yet, equally, only the idea of an unlimited enjoyment can propose ethics to life, because ethics must live, and life always enjoys, either hiding this enjoyment from itself by complex mechanisms, or admitting this enjoyment and opening it to transformation. Only an unlimited and open enjoyment can dare to enjoy limiting enjoyment. The question is, "should ethics get in the way of a good time?"

Are ethics only ethics on the *a priori* condition that they perturb enjoyment? Yes, but equally, enjoyment is only enjoyment in that it perturbs enjoyment. I oppose to the ossifying idea of ethics as a regime of punishment. The idea of ethics as the practice of the positive production of new selves who come about through the determined effort to reconnect to the other and to the surge of life itself.

One preliminary requirement: an admission of our enjoyment of guilt. This enjoyment is largely intractable and it provides guilt with a new sense, a sense which is mobile rather than bound to a self-perpetuating cycle bound to the fixed gravity of the self. It is in this immediate zone where guilt is first felt, before guilt becomes the being of the guilty self, where the production of truly useful ethical action can occur. It is through direct connections that all ethics exist (connection being appreciated in its full sense as also being the disconnection of a production of a new situation). It is precisely this directness and constant newness that marks ethics with an enjoyment.

Brendan De-Paor Moore



I'm better than guilt. Well, most kinds of guilt, not that fancy snow-bought guilt. I can't compete with that snit.

GUILTY GUILTY GUILTY

You are so absorbed in your own filthy, guilty, blackened universe that you don't leave your bedroom for a few days. Slowly but surely, you long for a bit of pop wisdom to help you snap back into the plane of the real.

Are you pissed because T.V. now constitutes real in the 21st century? Find out why on page 36.

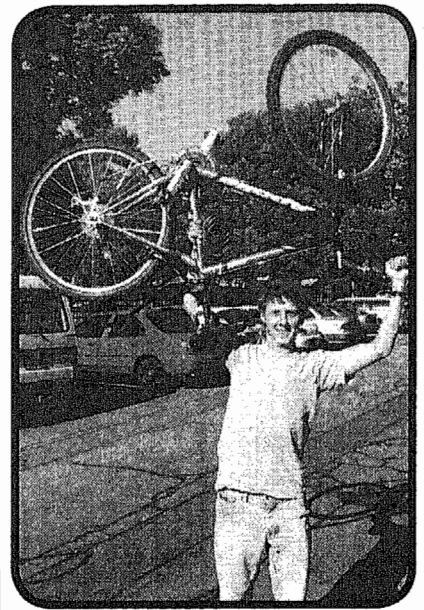
Philosophy is for dummies. Gaming: now there's a quality mode of expression. Flip the bird to ennui on page 44.

OFFICE BEARERS

Nothing says 'selfless social conscience' quite like student politics. With VSU coming in, you must ensure that all students are represented on campus. You work damn hard as a volunteer.

If you continue your desire to serve and protect, turn to page 48.

If you'd rather watch Sir Gadabout, skip along to page 37.



Eco Babe ...

South Australians may not feel that they live in the worst place environmentally, but we sure are hypocritical. In recent years we have refused to accept nuclear waste dump being built in our backyard. "Why should we have to accept the waste of others?" was the accepted argument. A couple of years later and we're expanding Roxby Downs' Olympic Dam to make it the world's largest uranium mine. The hypocrisy is as obvious as the massive hole itself.

We, as a state, need to make some bloody decisions. Being the supposedly self-proclaimed "green state" should not mean that we can make a shit load of cash out of selling dangerous stuff to the world and then not take responsibility for it. If we want to sell uranium then we should do so as a service rather than a commodity. We should dig it up, transport it, follow its use, transport the waste back and store it ourselves. And charge for the whole service. Otherwise, we could just not sell it and feel damn good about it, knowing that although we may not be a ridiculously rich state we are a good and responsible state that is truly green.

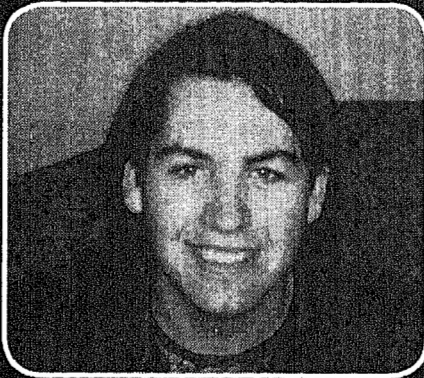
Poll: Do we...

- A: Sell it and store it?
- B: Leave it in the ground as it is?
- C: Profit from it and leave it to other, poorer, less capable places to look after it?

Reece Kinnane

Environment Officer
 reece.kinnane@student.adelaide.edu.au

Prez Sayz ...



Two weeks ago (when you were all on holiday), the Federal Education Minister, Julie Bishop, announced the details of the \$80 million VSU 'transitional fund'. To recap, when Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) was passed through the Senate in December last year with the assistance of Family First Senator Steven Fielding, the Federal Government agreed that \$80 million would be made available to assist student organisations in the transition to VSU. Further details about how this money would be allocated, or what it would be allocated to, were either not agreed on or were not made public. Until now that is. The Education Minister has said that the \$80 million will not be made available until 2007, six months after the introduction of VSU and will only be available for sporting and recreational activities. In addition to this, universities will be competing for the funding.

Sport and recreational activities are an important part of campus life, but are by no means the most essential services that

student organisations offer. Legal and tax help, academic advocacy, childcare and welfare assistance are all provided by student organisations around the country, are utilised heavily and often by students who are only able to be students because those support services exist. The extremely narrow limits on these 'transitional funds' show once again that the government does not care about student welfare. If it did, the confines of this funding would be much wider. Actually, if it cared, it would not have introduced VSU at all.

Yet another indicator of the government's wish to see student organisations cease to exist is not releasing the funding until next year. Many student associations and unions will have already collapsed by the time this money becomes available and it doesn't take a genius to see that this is the overall objective.

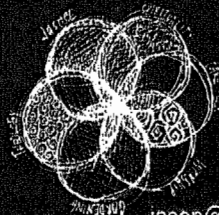
And to cap it all off, \$80 million is a pittance in comparison to the more than \$600 million in student fees that were collected every year under Universal Student Unionism. In truth, the fund will probably not make that much overall difference to the survival of student organisations.

What can the average student do? You can write letters to the newspaper and your federal Member of Parliament. If you wish to call the office of the federal Minister of Education, the Students' Association's phones are ready and waiting for you. But most importantly, JOIN THE AUC NEXT SEMESTER! Get your friends to join and then use the services on offer. It is only through membership that student organisations and the services at this university will survive.

John Pezy

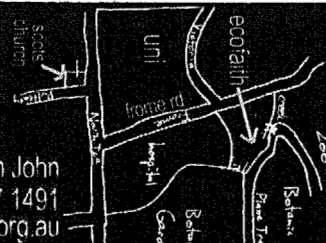
SAUA President
 john.pezy@adelaide.edu.au

ecofaith.org
 speakers corner, botanic park
 sundays @ 10, rain hail or shine
 all people of good will are welcome, human or otherwise!



Rev. Jason John
 8227 1491

jason@scotschurch.org.au





Sexo Spiel

Before I begin to write this week's OB Column, I would like to inform the general student population that Rudenka Roylance, the Female Sexuality Officer, has resigned as an Office Bearer of the Students' Association. Therefore, if you require any assistance in dealing with female sexuality issues, you are more than welcome to come and see me. You have the option of speaking to our Women's Vice President, Tara Bates if you feel more comfortable. As such, this department will focus more on male sexuality issues, as SAUA Council feels that I am unable to represent female sexuality issues. *Anyone who is concerned about the lack of female representation should contact Tara Bates -eds.* Don't concern yourselves too much with this; I'm just bitter that I continue to have only half a vote when everyone else gets a full vote... Also, a separate article on the 'Youth Voice: Get Active' workshop that was run by our department will feature in this edition of *On Dit*, so have a look out for that too...

Some people have said that when we insult others around us, it's actually a sign of our affection. It's interesting when you think about it. I mean, in my friendship circle, you'll be lucky to survive a day where you're not laughed at, ridiculed and quoted about in an e-mail which finds itself in New Zealand. They wonder about the crazy things that us Aussies get up to. But because we know them, because they are our friends, we don't seem to mind taking the piss out of them. Even if it is every five minutes. On the other hand, it's not like you'd ever say anything remotely as rude to a complete stranger (unless you're drunk and looking to start a fight with an 80-year-old bum) *how rude -eds.* Think about it the next time that someone insults you. Are they just rude bastards? Or is it the new way that people ask for your number? Consider this, when two people deny that they have feelings for each other and take it upon themselves to pay each other out and refuse to accept that they are going to get married in Sydney in May, begin to question whether anything is actually there. I mean, it's almost like a protection tactic. Our society is so afraid of rejection. We try to divert our nervousness and our vulnerability by taking a sarcastic view of the world. Now, I'm not saying this is a bad thing, but it places an interesting dynamic on the relationship that two people have. My housemate Lauren describes this

quite well (when drunk) by saying that when people are interested in one another, but are afraid of the ramifications, they will do something that she scientifically calls 'hovering'. What they will do is hover around that person, assessing the risk associated in talking to that person, making the first move. Will that move be reciprocated? Or will they be left out on a limb about to crash back down to earth? When we are disappointed with the outcome, we will continue to deny that anything is there and often will waste that opportunity. As you can see, I've been watching too much *Oprah* for my own good and should actually take a lot of the things I say and implement it in my own life - and that would perhaps divert my attraction to a criminal. But tell me that you'll take what I've said and do your own little experiment. Consider what your friendship group does, do a little anthropological research and go that little bit deeper into the interactions that we have with other people. Take into account the strategies that we as humans employ while being involved in this game we call love. Find out the true feelings behind those sarcastic remarks.

That's about it from me, as always feel free to contact me... It can get very lonely sitting in the SAUA and frustrating as well (especially when you sit next to Reece). And those of you who take on my challenge, I'd like to hear what your results are. And now for the tip of the week!

TIP #5: I'd advise against dating a criminal. You never know what it may bring. Stick to dating people who like more down to earth things like lavender or embroidery. *If anyone would like to lodge a complaint with the equal opportunities commission, do so -eds.*

David Wilkins
Male Sexuality Officer
d.wilkins@student.adelaide.edu.au



Hey people! My name is Rhiannon Newman and I was recently appointed to the position of Equity and Welfare Officer for the Student's Association. I'm the first person to hold this position, so most of my time this year will be devoted to establishing the department so that it can be a visible and useful addition to your life at University.

I find it somewhat ironic that the day of my appointment to this position was the day that the Howard Government's new workplace 'reforms' came into being. If you have a problem with this legislation, why not come down to the lawns on May 16th and take part in an information session designed to raise awareness about this concern and others affecting students. There are five main aims of the campaign, which is a national one called 'Your Rights at Uni' being headed by the National Union of Students. These are-

- *Increasing Youth Allowance to the Poverty Line
- *Decreasing the Youth Allowance Age of Independence from 25 to 18
- *Allowing AUSTUDY recipients to be eligible for rent assistance
- *Getting rid of GST on textbooks
- *Adequate funding for student-run organisations.

There will be bands, a BBQ, union representatives, stalls and other delightful things to keep you interested, so make sure you check it out!

The other current campaign of the Equity and Welfare Department is 'Women in Black.' This is a silent vigil to promote peace and protest human rights abuses, war and rape as a tool of war all over the world. Based around the idea that 'too many words have been spoken', it encourages visible silence and is part of an international peace network. If you are interested in attending, the vigils start at 5:00 on the last Wednesday of the month at Parliament House. Black is worn as symbol of sorrow for all victims of war, for the destruction of people, nature and the fabric of life.

That's all from me. If you have any questions, comments or suggestions feel free to email me at rhiannon.newman@student.adelaide.edu.au or just come and talk to me if you see me around. I don't bite and I might even have something interesting to say. Also don't forget that the Students' Association offers free faxing of Centrelink forms as a service for students so come and see us in the ground floor of the Lady Symon building in the Cloisters.

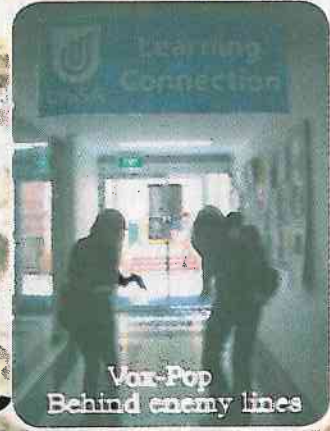
Rhiannon Newman
Equity and Welfare Officer
rhiannon.newman@student.adelaide.edu.au



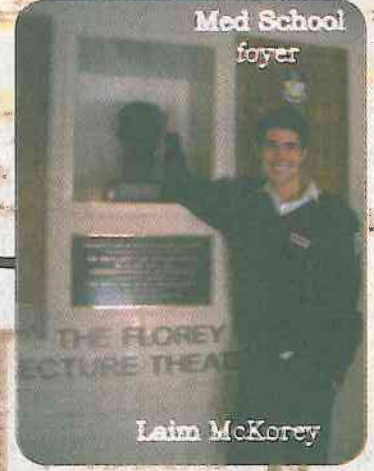
Andrew
Clairo
X is were the party's AT!



Margot Defelice
Please direct enquiries to the next customer service point
Bank SA



Vox-Pop
Behind enemy lines



Med School
foyer
Laim McKorey



There are some genuine babes floating around campus. You're not quite sure if you're aesthetic enough to approach all of them. You decide to be a little more selective, and hone in on:

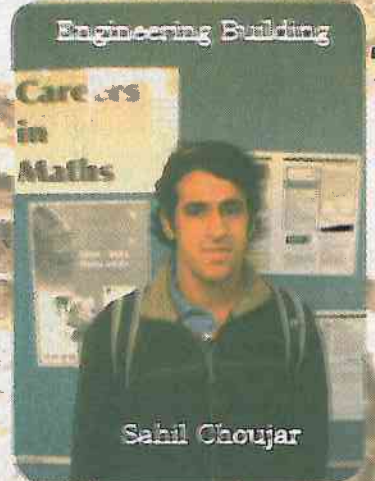
Andrew and drink wine. Go to page 42.
Margot and discover the New Age on page 26
Jelly and listen to tunes with him as he's wearing sunglasses, on page 30

VOX-POP

Choose your vox-pop path!



Union House Lift
Pugger*



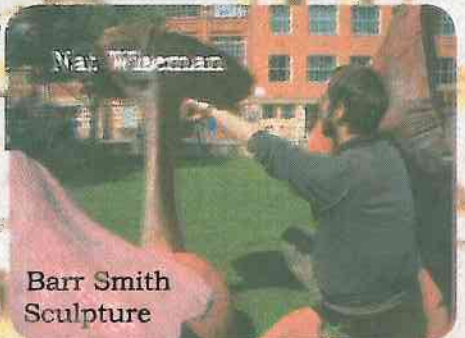
Engineering Building
Careers in Maths
Sahil Choujar



Reginald*



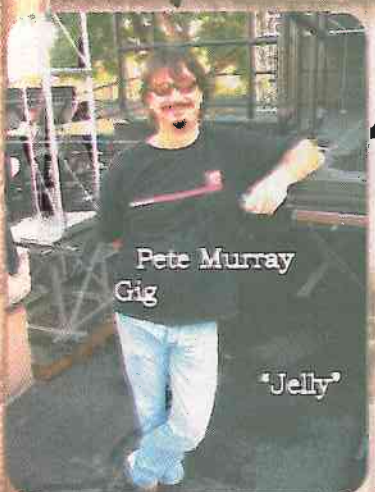
Mayo Refectory
Christian



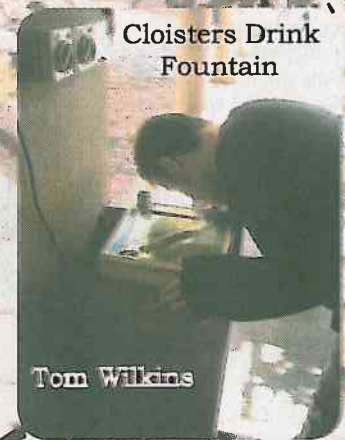
Nat Wilbeman
Barr Smith Sculpture



Religious Center Cloisters



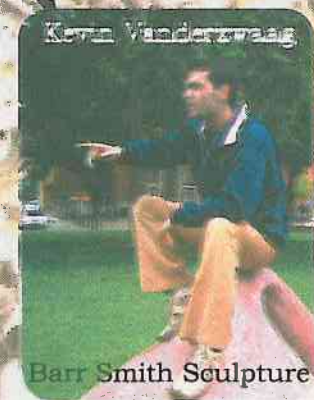
Pete Murray Gig
"Jelly"



Cloisters Drink Fountain
Tom Wilkins



Men's Toilet
Andrew Lowe



Kevin Vanderwaag
Barr Smith Sculpture

SECRET

Welcome intrepid *On Dit* explorers to the Vox-Pop adventure edition. Choose a path and join us as we go on a journey in search of treasure and other spoils (like virgins, UniBar vouchers etc...) Our adventures will bring us to strange and unseen places, such as inside the Med building and throughout the infamous 'Corridors of Mediocrity' (Uni-SA for those who don't speak Latin). So go ahead and join us on our search for THE LOST TREASURE OF ACADEME!!!!!!!!!!!!

* Due to File Misplacment Those Names With an "*" Are Fictional

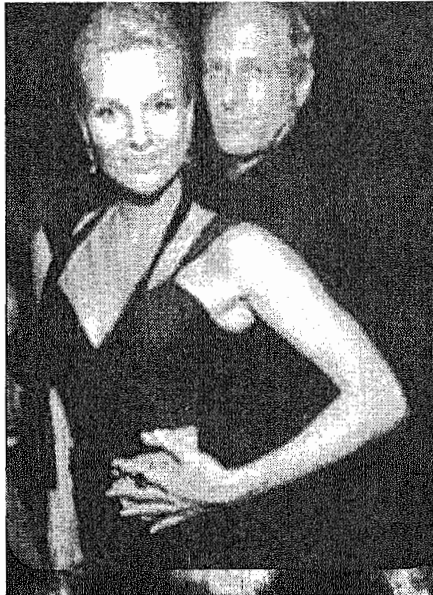
B-Grade celeb compatibility:

Nicolette Sheridan and Michael Bolton

"Is she with Michael Bolton? The question is: is anyone with Michael Bolton?"

The freak occurrence of Michael Bolton actually scoring with someone may have everything to do with his hairdresser and nothing to do with the stars. Having said that, the blossoming union of the high priestess of post-40s angularity and the high priest of the mid-90s power ballad embodies the kind of water-sign tenderness that astrologers worldwide get the heebie jeebies over. You see, Nicolette is a seductive Scorpio and Michael, her princely Pisces. Although the New Age is quick to pigeonhole all Scorpios as sex-obsessed death freaks, a more accurate portrayal of this fixed water goddess would be *femme fatale*. Scorpio oozes femininity right to her cosmic core, upholding high standards for herself and even higher for her mate, bidding potential shags to 'come hither', but at their own peril. Pisces man is the zodiac's consummate poet, drifting in a sea of reverie like a lucid dreamer, imagining his intentions into a beautiful reality, becoming distracted along the way by the evils of modern living. Together, this pair is confident, conscientious and ready to act out on their dreams together, floating over sanguine fields of shimmering sentiment. Downside: a bit of emotional Samsonite must be shed before such actions come into fruition. When they do, you can be sure that a Pisces and Scorpio relationship will transcend mediocrity and ascend to new glorious heights of passion and watery goodness. Tear indeed.

The All-Seeing Eye of Stavroula



Other famous Scorpio women:

Björk
Julia Roberts
Chloe Sevigny
Goldie Hawn
Joni Mitchell

Other famous Pisces men:

Kyle MacLachlan
Lou Reed
Billy Crystal
Jack Kerouac

new age
hooey

Twin flame (n):
Term assigned to the person with whom one's soul was divided from eons and eons ago at the dawn of the expanding universe. We search for ourselves, reflected in our twin flame, by healing to restore balance at which time we will reach Zero Point, - the merging of our matter and antimatter selves. Maybe. Woof.

NEW AGE

God this page is hooey. You want some sweet, sweet reality?

Try on page 32 for size. Hahahahaha.

Read a goddamn book on page 38.

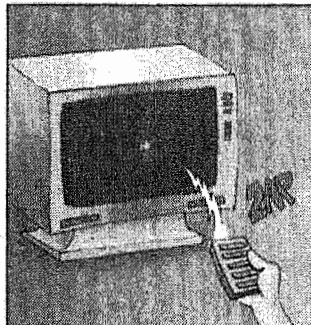
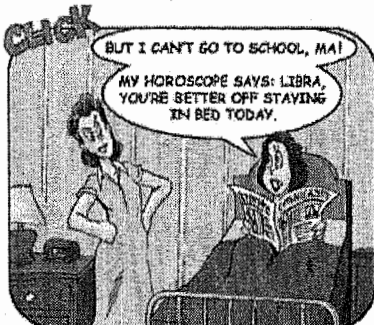
Or listen to Re:Pete on page 18.

SO CALL ME NOW FOR AN ACCURATE ASTROLOGICAL READING OF YOUR FUTURE. YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED!

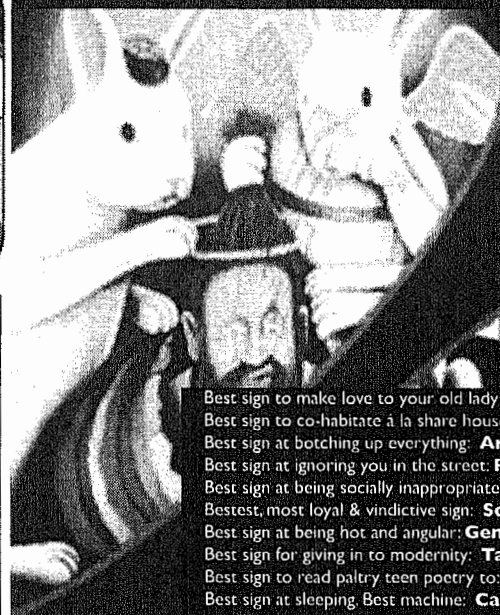
1-900-GYPSY-GAIL
Only \$3.99 a minute

AND SO I SAY, WITH AN ABSOLUTE DEGREE OF CERTAINTY, THAT THIS BELIEF IN ASTROLOGY AND ITS SO CALLED INFLUENCES HAS NO SCIENTIFIC FOUNDATION WHATSOEVER.

IN OTHER WORDS, DO NOT BELIEVE THE HYPE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.



Mass Generalisations with the fluffy pagan bunnies

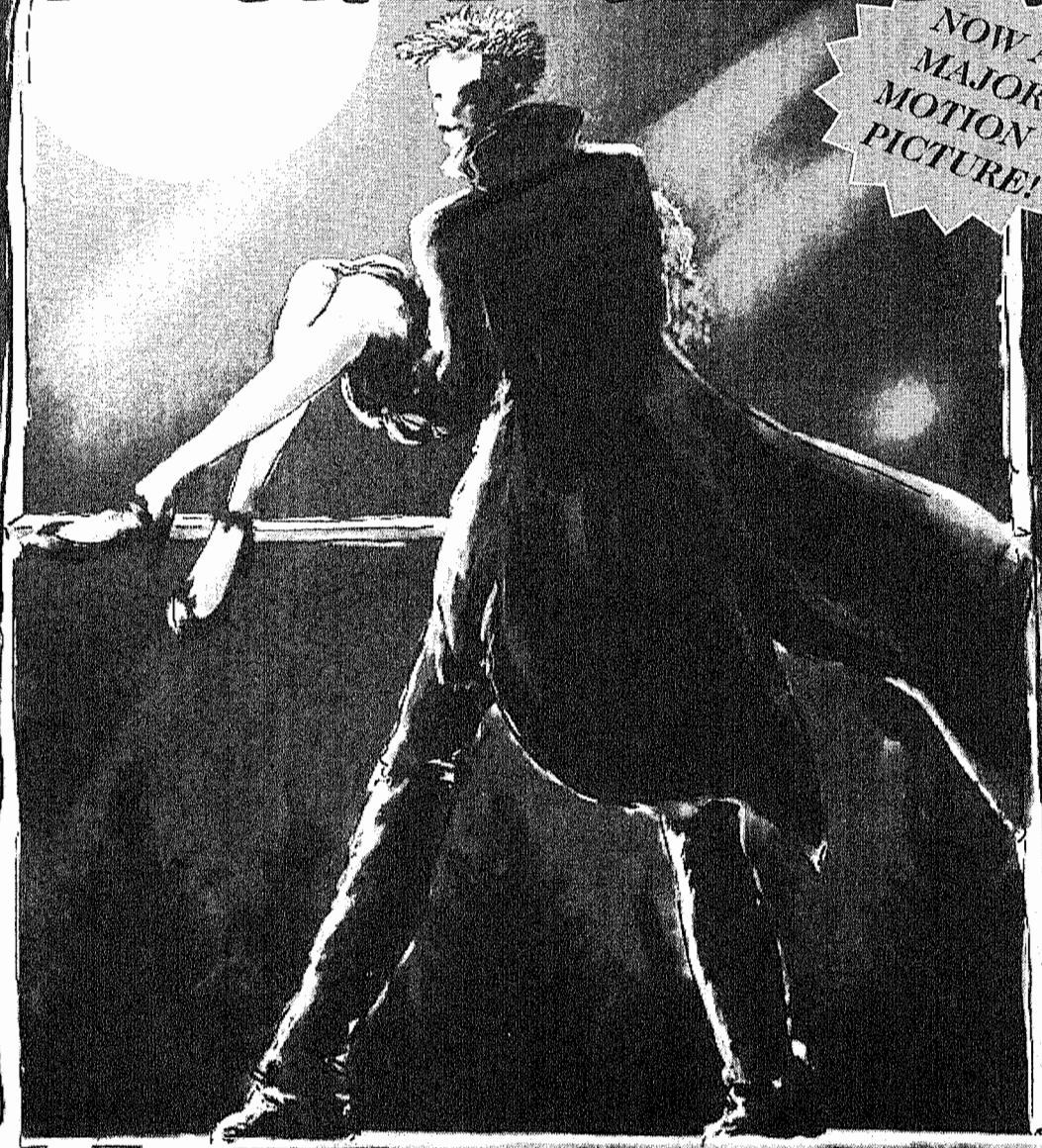


Best sign to make love to your old lady by: **Capricorn**
Best sign to co-habitate à la share house with: **Virgo**
Best sign at botching up everything: **Aries**
Best sign at ignoring you in the street: **Pisces**
Best sign at being socially inappropriate: **Aquarius**
Bestest, most loyal & vindictive sign: **Scorpio**
Best sign at being hot and angular: **Gemini**
Best sign for giving in to modernity: **Taurus**
Best sign to read paltry teen poetry to: **Libra**
Best sign at sleeping. Best machine: **Cancer**
the other two are fiery fucks who aren't compatible with me

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John from THE GRATES calls from Brisbane.

MUSIC

You've raped your friend Matt's iTunes and are now able to contribute to a well-oiled discussion about My Bloody Valentine B-sides. You're feeling particularly sprightly, and turn up The B-52s so loudly, you go deaf by the time you get to 'Lava', track 5 of their self-titled 1979 opus.

You attempt to learn a sport in order to strengthen other parts of the body that have yet to fail on you. Turn to page 15.

Nothing compliments The B-52's more than a solid round of Wolfenstein 3D. Shimmy on down to page 44.

Classical music is heaps cooler. On page 46, that is.

Cutesy Brisbane band The Grates are three best friends who, according to their website, play "music". We spoke to guitarist John Patterson.

You guys have recently toured with The Go! Team and We Are Scientists. How did that go?

It was great. We all made friends really quickly. The guys from We Are Scientists are still actually sending us emails saying how sad it is that it's over. One standout gig from that tour was at a place in Portland called Doug Fir Lounge. It was a big log cabin that had a fake fireplace and big glass moose heads. It was very fun.

Earlier this year, you toured on the Big Day Out. Did you guys enjoy those shows?

Yeah they were great. When you're under 18, you can only see some of those bands at festivals like the Big Day Out. So it was great

to be able to play to everyone, both the older kids and the underage kids who might not get a chance to see some of these bands normally.

You and the girls are about to set out on your own Australian tour. Are you excited about that?

Yes we are, it's just fantastic to be back home. It's very different to overseas. In America, hardly anyone knows you and it feels like you're playing your first show. But to come home and be headlining our own shows is weird. It's great, but it's a different feeling.

The tour around the country is to support your new debut album *Gravity Won't Get You High*. How is it having your debut album out in stores?

It's both exciting and scary. It was actually really funny this morning. On the way to the office today, to do these interviews, some random guy noticed us. He was just sitting in his car at the traffic lights and shouting at us while he showed us that he bought the album [laughs]. It was really funny.

Are you guys recognised often?

Alma actually got recognised twice yesterday. We're hardly ever home though, so we're usually not recognised overseas.

Now I read on both your album cover and vinyl single for '19 20 20' that you guys do your own artwork. Is that for creative control?

No, we do our own artwork because we love artwork. We feel that the artwork is

just as fun and important as the music itself. It allows us to present ourselves how we want, and who we really are. I actually can't understand other bands that don't want a say in their artwork.

For *Gravity Won't Get You High* you guys worked with Brian Deck, who has produced albums for bands like Modest Mouse and Iron & Wine. What was that like?

It was great. It went really well. When we were looking around for a producer, we found it really hard. Due to our EPs being self-recorded, everyone was saying "Oh we'll keep it really raw and live" and that isn't really what we wanted. Brian said that we could just experiment and go wild. He said that we could "do anything, try anything". It was just great. It really allowed us to grow as artists, and now we're really close with Brian and his family. We even attended his 41st birthday and his daughter wrote a rhyme that you can hear at the end of 'Inside Outside'.

After working with Brian Deck, do you have any other dream collaborations, whether it's a producer or artist?

I would actually love for The Go! Team to do a remix of one of our songs. We both have similar feelings in music. We don't have the same type of music, but we do have the same feeling.

I once read an article that said you guys were like Karen O, backed by Queens of the Stone Age. Who would you consider as your influences?

Personally, I would say one of my influences is my inability to play guitar [laughs]. The bands that I love are bands like Weezer and Eels. We don't really listen to that much music anymore. It's more fun to just write songs. I once read an article that said we sound like Talking Heads and Blondie. I have only ever heard one Blondie song, and I have never heard Talking Heads [laughs].

So you do your own artwork so you can be seen for who you really are. Is that the same



with the '19 20 20' video clip? How much did you guys contribute to that?

We basically went to the studio with ideas, and then they came back with ideas, and it went back and forth like that. It's actually quite a funny thing. We said that we want four big pony piñatas and a computer suit, and we got them all. We also got a burger suit. (Laughs) The video was done all outside at a mansion in Redcliff. It belonged to this lady who used to have a restaurant filled with Taxidermy Animals. She sold the restaurant, but still has all those animals. She also has one room that's the size of my bedroom, which just holds shoes. It has like 300 pairs. The pool also had slippery slides and elephants that spit out water.

Have you guys ever had any weird fan moments?

Not really. The girls get them more than me. (Laughs) Smoosh, a band we toured with, had some weird fans. It was Chloë's birthday and some old guy flew from New York to London to see the girls. It was weird.

How does it feel to have your album as Triple J's feature album?

It's fantastic. We were secretly hoping that it would be featured, and then it was. Throughout the past few days, we've heard our songs played so much and we haven't been searching for them either. (Laughs).

Most of your songs are fast paced rock songs, so I found it interesting to find a ballad at the end of the album. What's the story behind the song 'I Am Siam'?

Years ago, Pae said that to every five rock songs that we write, we have to write a ballad. That song was actually written ages ago, but we realised that we didn't have enough slow songs on the album.

Anything that you would like to add?

No. (Laughs)

Simon Finck

Meanwhile, how good are The Mandala Project? On Dit saw them play for the first time in a while last Friday at the Essex, and they were better than good. Thanks to Luke (probably) for the artwork that we stole from Mandala's webpage, www.gluegunrecords.com

CHOOSE YOUR OWN Gig Guide [®] 113

Wednesday 3rd June

Mandala Project & BAU – support gig for ECOS and SAUL @ The NEW Lizard Lounge (whatever it's going to be called) with MKB. 9pm, \$5 entry.

Friday June 9

Glaswegian Indie dreamers Belle & Sebastien will transform the Thebarton Theatre into your teenage bedroom on Friday June 9. Tickets at Venue Tix for no less than \$62.35. cough.

The Adelaide City Council is having some sort of live music thing in Light Square on Saturday June 29, between 3:30 and 7pm. We hear Mr Wednesday and Bit By Bats are playing, and probably something to do with Zines.

101.5 FM Student Radio

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	FRIDAY
WEEK 1			
10pm	THE BEAT GOES ON with Jakin & Tim	LOCAL NOISE	THE SOUR KRAUTS with Ben and Phil
11pm	THE BURNING DARKNESS EXTRAORDINAIRE with Tim & Matt	KRUSHGROOVE with Lisa & Ocky	THE SPICY GHERKIN with Hannah & Holly
12am	SPOT THE DIFF with Jacqui & Dan	3 MEN IN A BOAT with Dave, Kev & Patty	MORONS WITH SAFETY with Andy & Steve
WEEK 2			
10pm	CHUBBY CHEEKY CHUMS with Geoff & Kyo	LOCAL NOISE	RADICAL TIMES with Calvin, Luke & Kosta
11pm	CHIC GEEK with Andrew & Victor	BEST SHOW EVER with Luke & Tom	KEEPIN' IT REAL with Sasha & Hannah
12am	NICO & THE WOOKIE with Matt & Nick	PUNK ROUTINE with Daniel, Ben & Nathan	COUNTER CANON with Marco & Matt



The Sparrows
The Sparrows
SonyBMG

Any preconceptions I had about this Melbourne four-piece (due to the promo pic's strategically placed liquor bottles and an ashtray with, mysteriously, the butts photoshopped out) were quickly swept aside in by the first 30 seconds of their self-titled EP.

An ominous building of guitar noise was followed by a groove not out of place on The Stone Roses. A voice resembling, okay, sounding *exactly* like Richard Ashcroft then took over. It wasn't until the chorons hit that my nostalgia trip was brought firmly back to earth:

"Hello, my name is anything you want/Shut up, let me talk and tell you what I've got" Hmm. The chorus aside, lead single 'Where Do You Wanna Go?' is a thoroughly enjoyable song, that recalls the best of the more druggy early 90's British scene.

Singer/guitarist Michael Badger's capability of writing great pop melodies shines through on the radio-friendly 'Thought You Should Know' and 'About My Game', while 'Why Do We Fight?' is a rather unengaging anti-war tune, that seems reluctant to offend anybody.

While the closer, 'Heroin Boy' does rock quite hard, I could not get over what seemed to be the use of heroin as a promotional tool. It worked for Lou Reed, guys, but he had the

songs to back it up. "I'm your heroin boy/Cause you're my heroin girl!" doesn't exactly scream credibility.

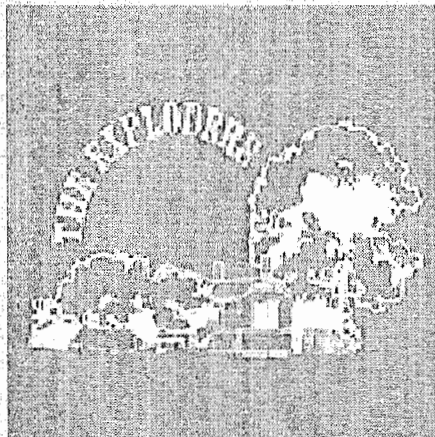
The Sparrows, consisting of Badger, Tim Wheatley (bass/vocals), Dylan Boyd (guitar/vocals) and Brett Wolfenden (drums) have released an EP full of catchy retro pop/rock that will divide audiences, but is more than ready for airplay. Wheatley is the son of Glenn, the manager of John Farnham and essentially Australian music royalty, though understandably the band downplays this fact to avoid the reasons for their signing being brought into question. And so the band should, they are far more credible than much of SonyBMG's roster.

With a major label deal under their belts, I'm sure we'll hear more from The Sparrows.

Badger's lyrics can be rather nauseating at times, but this is far from a fatal flaw, since the songs are held firmly together by his melodies and the other three are more than capable musicians. With any luck, the band will have dropped a bit of the pose and Badger's songwriting will have further matured by the time their debut full-length is released. They should be able to build upon the potential shown in this release and it will be interesting to see how their as-yet-unrecorded album fares with mainstream audiences, particularly if it's released around the same time as Jet's new album which, lamentably, is in the works.

Ben Henschke

the Sparrows



The Exploders
The Exploders
EMI

RAM!

It took me a while to get past the idea that this album felt and sounded more than a little derivative. My first impression of The Exploders did not come from listening to the album itself, but from my girlfriend. After listening to the band's first full length release on the short two song drive from University to my house, Monique handed it to me saying, "They sound like a combination of Jet and Powderfinger". Although I tried hard to pretend I hadn't heard this comment and approach this album with objective ears, there is no doubt that The Exploders belong to the same guitar driven rock family as Jet

and that at times, lead singer Matt Britten sounds uncannily like Powderfinger frontman Bernard Fanning. However, the comparisons don't stop here. The Exploders remind me a lot of Dallas Crane, with the heavy pulsing guitar rifts and screeching vocals of tracks like 'Big Hair Revolution' and 'Please Please', while 'Stepping Out' and 'Everybody Knows' will inevitably remind savvy listeners of mod rock bands like The Strokes and The Killers.

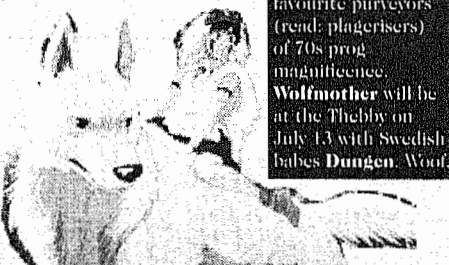
There is no doubt where The Exploders' influences lie. Like so many current bands, the Melbourne three piece are revisiting the sounds of the sixties and seventies with spine tingling vocals, heart thumping melodies and guitar solos guaranteed to moisten the crotch of any groupie. So perhaps I was a little too quick to label The Exploders as 'derivative'. It seems it may be fairer to say that they are simply purists with a soft spot for the bands that pioneered rock 'n' roll. And fair enough too. I'm not ashamed to admit that, on more than one occasion, I've found myself a little aroused at the thought of one day inheriting my Dad's incredibly retro rock CD collection. Of course when you're attempting to recreate the sound of any musical era, it's going to be difficult, if not impossible, to escape comparisons and many such bands struggle to be seen as original and unique artists with their own specific style.

Once I overcame the similarities between The Exploders and other well known acts, I finally realised that they really were good; very good. We are toe-tapped into the world of The Exploders through the exceptionally cool and

outstandingly catchy 'My Country Brain'. Matt Britten is a master of lyrical story telling and most notably through the Country Western inspired 'Cowboy Jim', listeners are transported into a fresh melodic universe born straight from his own marvellous mind. The Exploders is full of hand clapping crescendos, butt shaking guitar solos and lyrics that will lodge in your mind for days at a time. The band's musical landscape is rich and diverse. They are far more than just a heavy hitting party band. Quiet, mellower, tracks like 'Hugh's Lullaby' and 'Fuzz Bomb', reveal a softer more sensitive side and allow listeners an opportunity to rest their senses.

The Exploders' self titled debut album is a must hear for any self respecting fan of the rock genre. It is full of awesome musical references to the golden days of rock 'n' roll that will leave many music fans reminiscing about - and perhaps even shedding a few tears for a period long past.

Sam



Here's more hype for Australia's favourite purveyors (read: plagiarisers) of 70s prog magnificence. **Wolfmother** will be at the Thebby on July 13 with Swedish babes **Dungen**. **Wor!**



'Don't Listen to the Radio'

The Vines
Capitol

I must say that when I first heard The Vines' debut single, I hated it. I loathed it with a passion. However, as you get older, your tastes change. And as my tastebuds evolved, so did my music. While I admit The Vines are not for everyone (their last album only got lukewarm reviews), I must say that 'Don't Listen to the Radio' signals a brilliant return to their original form. With fantastic harmonies, strong guitars, joyful tambourines and enjoyably bizarre handclaps, it's a reminder of the 60's pop, while mixed with something of the grunge genre in the background. Regardless of a missing band member, they've definitely found their feet.

Alicia

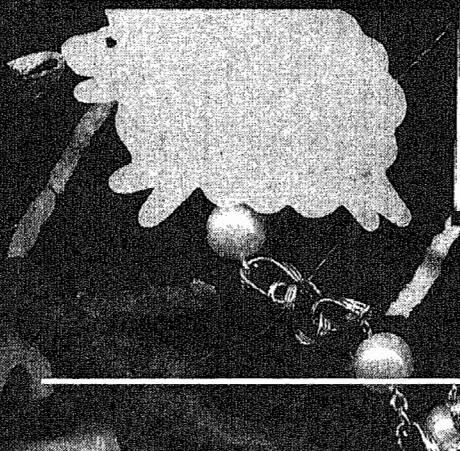


'(Don't) Give Hate a Chance'

Jamiroquai
Sony BMG

Released off their album *Dynamite*, this is a single which embodies everything that fans have come to love about this band, with Jay Kay's individual vocals and a fast paced beat. It has a great positive feel to it. Immediately upon hearing it, my head began to bob in time with the beat. It's definitely one destined for the dance floors, with a great disco feel to it. While it isn't something completely new or have anything innovative about it, it is definitely along the lines of 'Cosmic Girl'. '(Don't) Give Hate a Chance' is unquestionably a feel good pop track which will be a fast favourite with Jamiroquai fans.

Alicia



Faker For Sale

Faker 'Love for Sale'™ tour
Governor Hindmarsh, April 1 2006
supported by My Sister the Cop, The
Valentinos and Van She

The punters started chanting at around 11:30pm. Had I closed my eyes to the familiar surroundings of the Gov, ignored the skinny jeans, hoodies and big hair, I would have guessed I was at a Power game, for all the clapping, shouting and singing. Having warmed up during three muscular sets starting with the My Sister the Cop at 9, followed by The Valentinos and Van She, the crowd were ready for "Faker! Faker! Faker! Faker!"

It wasn't until just before midnight that Faker graced the stage. Stefan Gregory (guitar) and Nick Munnings (bass), tuned and ready, chatted with the audience, while they waited for the other band members Paul Berryman (Drums) and Phil Downing (Guitar). Front man Nathan Hudson sauntered on last, grinning cheekily in recognition of his tardiness before launching straight into 'Bodies' with an energy that didn't waver for the entire set. He mounted the foldback speakers. He ran across the stage. He climbed the walls. He swung off rafters. Nathan was unstoppable.

The set was a strong live reproduction of their album *Addicted Romantic*, which came out in June last year, with not much extemporising, which would be my only criticism. In addition to the three EPs, *Teenage Werewolf*, *Kids on Overload*, and *The Familiar/Enough*, which preceded the album, two singles have been released subsequently; 'Hurricane' and 'Love for Sale' (the latter precipitating the tour). 'Hurricane' reached number 21 in the Triple J Hottest 100 2006 vote and was a clear favourite at The Gov. While all singles/ EPs were given powerful renditions, it was 'Hurricane' that whipped

the kids into a dervish. With the opening chords, the crowd surged forward and a crocodile of thirty people clambered onto the already cramped stage. According to My Sister the Cop, the stage is seven metres deep, but with thirty-five gyrating bodies, two guitars, a bass, a drum kit, foldbacks and an amp a piece, every inch was precious. It didn't seem to hinder the band though. They laughed and rocked out all the harder.

The advantage of live gigs is you often get a sneak preview of new material. In this case, it was 'Next Door', which is a 'Quarter to Three'-esque track about the loneliness of being a single person staying in a thin walled hotel room: "I can hear them having sex in the next room". Not a good experience, but a good tune. There were two perfunctory encores, 'Fucking the Exhibits' and 'Psycho Killer', before the band rushed off at about 1am to sign posters and the other very, very cool tour merchandise.

It is interesting to reflect on the rise and rise of Faker using their billing at The Gov as a meter. In February 2005, they supported Perth band The Panics. One year later they are the headline act of an Australia wide tour. In the interim period they released *Addicted Romantic*, consolidating material which had been released over a four year period (it won the J Award for best Australian album). Although it is only April, Faker are already on their second tour circuit, having played Big Day Out Australia-wide during the summer. And, lucky us, they even headlined the Adelaide Uni O'Ball. Who knows where they will be this time next year and how much 'Love' they will have to sell to get there.

Check out the website: www.faker.com.au or their myspace: www.myspace.com/fakertheband

Pru



On the heart's first-ent fashion angst

Film

You go to catch one of the movies recommended below. Upon leaving the cinema, you encounter a mugger who steals your backpack. Do you chase after him (because only men ever attack)?

Yes: You chase him down, arrest him, and get such an overwhelming sense of civic pride that you join the police force. *Go to page 48.*

No: You blame yourself for the attack and go home feeling guilty. *Go to page 20.*

Um: You catch a taxi home after feeling horribly indifferent about everything. *Go to page 12.*



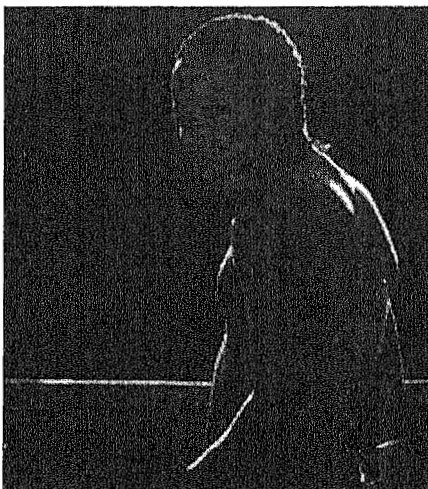
Tsotsi (M 15)

Showing at Palace Nova

Set in and amongst the sprawling poverty-stricken townships surrounding Johannesburg, *Tsotsi* tells the story of a week in the life of one of the many gang leaders of the more desperate side of South African society. Tsotsi (also the name of the lead character, played by Soweto-born newcomer Presley Chweneyagae) is struggling to put his stamp on his patch of Soweto when the apparent course of his life takes an unexpected turn during a somewhat bungled carjacking. Acquiring a baby whilst stealing a BMW, Tsotsi is confronted with having to think far more deeply about the value of life, that of both others, and himself.

The storyline for this film seems somewhat predictable, however to the credit of the director and screenplay adaptor Gavin Hood, it is told such that the audience remains attached to the characters throughout the developing saga. There are several shocking moments in the film, which help to create a sense of suspense and keep the viewer engaged through to the very end, and help deepen the understanding of the social inertia the characters are fighting against. Most non-South Africans are aware of the inequality between white and black South Africa as a legacy of the apartheid era, however one of the most interesting aspects of this plot is that the violence exists between classes based solely on socio-economics, rather than motivated by race or some sort of cultural revenge.

The texture of this film is interesting – production seems very slick, maybe too slick at times given the gritty nature of the plot, however the use of fast camera action at appropriate moments lends some level of street cred and helps give depth to the story. The opportunity to hear the soundtrack alone at cinema quality is almost worth the ticket price, well at least on a Tuesday. It really adds to the film and its story as it is predominantly Kwaito



music, a South African mutation of house with African rhythm and vocals usually in indigenous languages. Speaking of which, the whole film is subtitled, with most dialogue in Zulu, Afrikaans or the click-happy Xhosa. This has led to Tsotsi being nominated for various foreign language film awards, including the BAFTAs, Golden Globes, and Oscars, where it took home a statue of its very own.

Personally, I really enjoyed this film. While there is some violence in the story, it left me contemplating the ability humans possess to pick themselves up when they're a long way down, unlike some other recent releases that left me wondering if my own mother was, in fact, a psychopathic killer. A bit of a heads-up: invest in a cache of tissues to go with the choc-top.

Q Maximillian Pendleton



V for Vendetta (MA 15+)

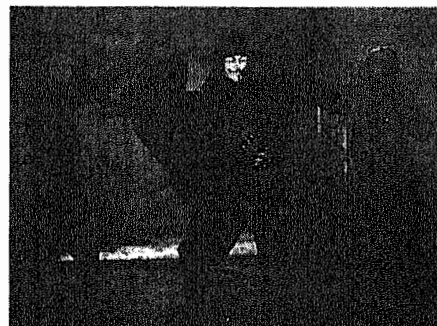
Showing at All Major Cinemas

People being charged with sedition; foreigners being herded into detention centers; homosexuals treated like second-class citizens in their own country; conservative governments using fear to get elected. Thank GOD this is only fiction! >cough< sarcasm >cough<

Hugo Weaving plays V, a revolutionary/terrorist determined to complete the job Guy Fawkes intended – to blow up the British Houses of Parliament. V's England, in the not too distant future is a world not too dissimilar to ours. Director James McTeigue's choice of creating a realistic future, rather than a stylized noir setting makes *V for Vendetta* that much scarier.

This film is extraordinarily timely and should be viewed by everybody. You'll walk out of the cinema wanting to blow up parliament yourself. Note: *On Dit* does not condone the destruction of parliament, or any other governmental buildings for that matter... well, maybe the new Commonwealth Law Courts on Angus St, because they look horrid.

Dazz



"The question isn't 'What are we going to do?', the question is 'What aren't we going to do?'"
- Ferris (Matthew Broderick), *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* (1986)

Interview of the Week

Roger Donaldson - Director of "The World's Fastest Indian"

Australian Born Director Roger Donaldson began his film career after immigrating to New Zealand in 1965. He has since worked in Hollywood both directing and producing. Having worked with an excellent caliber of actors that includes Anthony Hopkins, Mel Gibson, Tom Cruise, Al Pacino and Ben Kingsley, he approaches his work with a perfectionism that demands fantastic performances from his casts.

I had the opportunity to interview Donaldson to discuss his latest movie *The World's Fastest Indian* when he was in Adelaide last week. I talked to Roger about returning to New Zealand, about directing and about the inspirational story of Burt Munro.

Originally a stills photographer, Donaldson's films are patented by his sense of imagery, which is particularly evident in *The World's Fastest Indian* and *The Bounty*. 'One of my very strong points of view, with this particular film was to keep my own ego as a filmmaker back and push forward the story and the acting and the photography.'

As screen writer for *The World's Fastest Indian* Roger felt a particular connection to the material. 'There is something about having written the script, where you have a unique insight, you know it inside and out. Directing is knowing what you want out of a piece emotionally; the better you know the piece, the easier it is to get out of it what originally attracted you to it'. Donaldson collaborates in some way with the writing team on all his projects. 'Every movie I've ever done, I'm looking for that connection to it'.

Donaldson first learnt of Burt Munro's experiences when he made a documentary about



Filmography

- The World's Fastest Indian (2005)
- The Recruit (2003)
- Thirteen Days (2000)
- Dante's Peak (1997)
- Species (1995)
- The Getaway (1994)
- White Sands (1992)
- Cadillac Man (1990)
- Cocktail (1988)
- No Way Out (1987)
- Marie (1985)
- The Bounty (1984)
- Smash Palace (1981)

him in 1971 called *Offerings to the God of Speed*. It was this documentary that greatly served as the research for his recent feature, which sees Anthony Hopkins play Burt. 'He was just a very unique character, an unforgettable character...and when he died that made me even more determined to make a movie about him'. 'Yet I didn't want to make a dramatized documentary, there's a lot of fiction in the movie'.

Donaldson has continued to have strong ties with the New Zealand film industry, having co-founded the New Zealand Film Commission in 1978. 'I haven't made a film in New Zealand for many years, and of course the New Zealand film industry has progressed enormously in that time. In saying that, here I am in Australia, I am an Australian and I had a lot of Australians working on the film; there's a lot of cross fertilization between the two industries'.

Finally I asked Roger what advice he would give to students wanting to break into the movie business? 'Just make them, use your own money, don't wait for other people to give you the chance, because they won't, and it's easier now than it ever was, you can now get high quality gear, relatively cheaply. There's a lot of movies being made and some real gems are coming out of it. Sometimes when your young and you don't know the rules, you do more original work and out of it sometimes you discover new ways of doing things'.

Frances Dunker

CRY WOLF

(MA 15+)

Owen Matthews (Julian Morris) transfers to Westlake Preparatory School during the time when a murder has recently occurred. When he first arrives he meets a female student by the name of Dodger Allen (Lindy Booth) and she invites him to a meeting which involves people meeting up and they play a game of deceit and treachery between each other, a game where there are all sheep and one wolf. The game starts to get too dangerous when the kids get bored of playing just within their own group so they decide to extend their game and include the whole school. They setup the whole school to be sheep and they are the wolves in the game and use the previous murder to their advantage and use the murderer they called The Wolf in their game to scare the students and faculty at Westlake Preparatory School. The game starts to get dangerous as the kids are getting threatening messages from The Wolf and they start to get suspicious towards one another and they start to believe that there actually is a murderer on

the campus and is intending to finish off what the stories they started. *Cry Wolf* is a thrilling movie which leaves the audiences guessing who The Wolf really is. *Cry Wolf* follows the same style as movies like *Wild Things* and it leaves you wondering.



"The Ox" Jay Oxford

Giveaway!

We have 6 in-season passes to Deepta Mehta's new film *Water* to giveaway. So come down to the *O/Dit* office (George Murray Building, next to the Barr Smith Lawns) at 1.30 Thursday 27 April to pick one up.

"You take the blue pill - the story ends, you wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red pill - you stay in Wonderland and I show you how deep the rabbit-hole goes!"

- Morpheus (Lawrence Fishburne) *The Matrix* (1999)

Classic Movie of the Week

The Princess Bride

Release Year: 1987

The Princess Bride, boasting more minor stars than you can shake a stick at (approximately eight, mileage may vary depending on the stick in question), is perhaps the quintessential adventure film and one of the most loved films of all time.

In keeping with the traditions of adventure films, there are equal parts of comedy, action and romance, and enough variety to keep viewers enthralled throughout. Those new to the film will probably pick up a strong *Robin Hood: Men in Tights* vibe, mostly due to the style of humour and Cary Elwes portrayal of Westley (essentially the same as his Robin Hood).

The comedy throughout the piece alternates between reasonably clever and utter nonsense ("never get involved in a land war in Asia"). The scenes between Fred Savage and Peter Falk help ground the piece with some self-aware humour based around the nature and expectations of the genre. Very post-modern. I could describe it as a "rip-roaring fun-frolicking adventure for the whole family", but I'd feel stupid doing so. Don't



take it seriously and just enjoy the ride.

While the special effects are nothing to write home about (in particular, the RoUSs have aged poorly) the energy of the characters carries the film quite nicely, and Andre the Giant is practically a special effect on his own. No hobbit-style size-distortion camera tricks required here; the man is quite simply a giant (as his name suggests). The stunt work is fair if minimal, except during the set-piece duel where it is mind-meltingly good. Both Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin are flawless with their blades and the ease with which they blend both comic timing and action is simply superb.

All in all, *The Princess Bride* is a film that hearkens back to the golden days of the family adventure film, a genre that has been slowly dying for some time now. With something for everyone it may sound like a Jack-of-all-Trades-Master-of-None, but if you haven't seen it, give it a chance and you'll be richly rewarded. If you have seen it, dust it off and give it another view. It's that good. Screw Flanders.



Space Monkey

Lassie (PG)

Showing at: All Major Cinemas

Whoever said that you should never work with children or animals was probably right, not because it's hard but because generally the movie will suck. However, there is one dog which defies this trend, Lassie (I'll bet you didn't see that one coming). Yes, Lassie, the adorable collie with the uncanny ability to know unfailingly when someone has fallen down a well. Thankfully the good folk at Icon Film Distribution have realised that what the world needs now, more than anything, is another Lassie film, so buckle up for Lassie's 11th trek to the silver screen.

But this is not just another Lassie film. This is a remake (or *re-imagining* if you will) of the original short story that spawned the entire Lassie franchise. It is also incidentally the plot of the first Lassie film. So forget the vast open countryside of Anywhere, USA. Lassie is back where she belongs, in pre-war

England. So we not only get cute animals, but also period piece drama replete with a foxhunt, disgruntled coal miners and class-difference comedy aplenty.

Complaints about remakes notwithstanding, *Lassie* does hold some merit. I admit to being well outside the target demographic for this one, yet even I found myself smiling at a couple of the scenes in this film, although that may say more for my warped sense of humour than anything else. However in other parts the film depends on well-



worn hackneyed scenes to drag some semblance of emotion from the viewers. Also the comedic set pieces involving cunning canine outwitting obviously moronic men feel stale. A man losing his pants was probably comedy gold in the original, but I'd be guessing the kids of today need something with a bit more spice. Speaking of the kids of today, is it too hard to get some decent child actors? Apparently it is.

Overall, the film doesn't really have too much to offer. *Lassie* is best approached as a series of vignettes, with some touching, others less so and some completely unnecessary (Loch Ness Monster? What the?). There's a bit of a dark edge to some of the scenes and it's not all fun and games, but in the end it's mostly just a chance for a film studio to make money by digging up a golden oldie, dusting it off and throwing in some English accents.



Space Monkey

Inside Man (MA 15+)

Showing at: All Major Cinemas

Whoever said there was no such thing as perfect surely did not catch the theme of this movie. All the *Dog Day Afternoons* couldn't have led to a more concise bank heist. From each foreseeable cop reaction to a back-up plan, Clive Owen's composed mastermind manages to pull-off the perfect crime. In a side street in downtown New



York, bank employees and customers are held hostage for hours by a group of masked criminals. Denzel Washington plays a detective with a flaw he is desperate to conceal. He runs the hostage negotiation tactfully, or so he thinks. His moves are predicted to a T and before anyone can say 'freeze', the tables are turned and the ball is back in the criminals' court. Jodie Foster is a suave cover-up who steps in to complicate the situation. She delivers a cool performance as a mysterious broker with a much sought-after skill. Much of the story is left open to speculation and it isn't until the final moments that you know what is really going on. Unfortunately, Willem Dafoe and Chiwetel Ejiofor (most celebrated in *Dirty Pretty Things*) play second fiddle to Washington's driven detective while Christopher Plummer is comfortable in

his role as the wealthy bank owner with a secret too important to reveal. With a cast like this, director Spike Lee brings a much-needed change of direction in popular cinema – a smart story. The sharp screenplay and confident cinematography are testament to the high level of talent involved in this production. The message, if any, is simple – there is right and there is wrong. But there is also getting away with it.



K*



"You must choose. It is like that movie 'Sofie's Choice' only it is Nathan's choice. Do you know that movie, 'Sofie's Choice'? It is like that. Only it is this." - Gabrielle (Miranda Otto) *Human Nature* (1999)

Actress of the Week

Laura Linney

The oft-overlooked and underrated actor Laura Linney was born into a theatrical family (including playwright father Romulus Linney) in New York in 1964. After graduating from Brown University in 1986, she studied acting at the Julliard school in the US and the Arts Theater School in Moscow. Then commenced a career on Broadway - with notable performances in plays such as *Six Degrees of Separation*.

Her film career kicked off with bit parts in *Lorenzo's Oil* (1992) and *Dave* (1993), but it wasn't until lead roles in the critically lambasted *Congo* (1995), and later the critically lauded *Primal Fear* (opposite Richard Gere) that Linney began to garner notice from audiences. Following on from this were major roles in Clint Eastwood's film, *Absolute Power*, and a memorable turn as Truman's 'actor' wife Meryl in *The Truman Show*. However, it was her lead role in the understated family tale, *You Can Count On Me* (for which Linney's salary was a mere \$10,000US), that really brought her to attention, landing her numerous Critics' awards and an Oscar nomination. Her roles since then have often allowed her to portray women who are more complex than they initially seem, and include such high-profile films as *The Mothman Prophecies*, *The Exorcism of Emily Rose*, *Mystic River*, and *Kinsey*, for which she received her second Oscar nomination for her



portrayal of the wife of sexuality researcher Albert Kinsey (for which she gained 30 pounds). She has also been twice nominated for a Tony Award, in 2002 for her role in the revival of classic play, *The Crucible*, and in 2005 for *Sight Unseen*. She landed an Emmy in 2004 for her guest role in the final season of TV's *Frasier*.

She was offered a role in *The Squid and the Whale* while dating *House of Mirth* co-star Eric Stoltz back in 2000, and accepted immediately. The reason we're only seeing it now is the four years it took to get funding for the movie. Incidentally, Linney also comes from a broken family, although her parents were separated when she was an infant. Whether Linney used this or her own divorce in the role is uncertain, as she wisely noted on her role in *You Can Count On Me* that "with big, emotional roles, it's very easy, especially if you've grown up in the American school of acting, to exploit your own pain. You have to be careful about that, because 9 times out of 10, your pain is not appropriate to the character. You can watch someone onstage cry and cry - but in the audience you feel nothing. It's easy to become indulgent. For me, what's important is the story first."

Brian O'Neill

SELECTED FILMOGRAPHY

- The Exorcism of Emily Rose (2005)
- The Squid and the Whale (2005)
- Kinsey (2004)
- P.S. (2004)
- Love Actually (2003)
- Mystic River (2003)
- The Life of David Gale (2003)
- The Mothman Prophecies (2002)
- The House of Mirth (2000)
- You Can Count On Me (2000)
- The Truman Show (1998)
- Absolute Power (1997)
- Primal Fear (1996)

The Squid and the Whale (MA) Showing at Palace Nova

The Squid and the Whale sets the crumbling Berkman family unit against the backdrop of Brooklyn, 1986. From the opening scene, an unusually intense tennis match 'friendly' that sets the tone for the remainder of the film, we are given front-row seats and a unique perspective on the changing dynamic of the family as the parents go through divorce. *The Squid and the Whale* is shot in Super 16 format, on handheld cameras, which gives an authentic, grainy finish to the film and a nostalgic aura of pleasant childhood memories to the mood - a visual cue that contrasts with the turmoil unfolding in the minds of the characters.



Not being the child of a broken marriage myself made it difficult to gauge the authenticity of each character's response to the situation, but with his own childhood to guide him (the film is largely autobiographical), Noah Baumbach's direction ensures that the subtleties of each character's reactions are well-developed and believable. Jeff Daniels' performance as the father,



Bernard, conveyed an apprehensive yet controlling nature, battling with the growing confidence and empowerment of his wife Joan (Laura Linney).

For the two boys, Walt (Jess Eisenberg) and Frank (Owen Kline), it is a coming of age - with sometimes awkward and often humorous consequences for Walt, but it is a painful and premature journey for the younger Frank, who is ill-equipped to deal with the chaos of an open conflict between his mother and father. Anna Paquin is perhaps the biggest-name actor of the film in a small role as an adoring student of Bernard, although the audience was treated to the delight of playing 'Which Baldwin was that?'TM

The script is perhaps the strongest component of the film, affording the audience an intimate perspective on the free-flowing argument and innuendo between the sparring parents, with numerous lighter moments giving the opportunity to laugh, or at times to cringe. The film was

nominated for the Academy Award for Best Screenplay but ultimately lost to *Crash*, although it won the Waldo Salt Screenwriting Award at the 2005 Sundance Film Festival, among other smaller awards.

The film's pacing and mood are very well handled, and Baumbach was seemingly careful to preserve the integrity of the film's vision - it is a single story about a single family, and while it may have parallels with others, Baumbach is not making a statement about the downfall of the family in Western society. Personally I found the character of the mother a little hard to empathise with, perhaps her overt and pity observations are to blame, or perhaps it's just the relationship that I have with my own mother (Freud, help?) All told, *The Squid and the Whale* is an excellent film, and one that I would recommend viewing more than once in order to appreciate its depth and subtlety.



Cyclist Dude



"Oh, as if you had no choice? There's a moment, there's always a moment, I can do this, I can give into this, or I can resist it, and I don't know when your moment was, but I bet there was one." - Alice (Natalie Portman) *Closer* (2004)

Before you could vote for your favourite singing badge in *Idol*, before *Big Brother* convinced you to have a say in who would be voted out when TV was as yet unsoftened by its association with Legion Interactive Pty Ltd, there was *Let the Blood Run Free* – the world's first interactive TV show.

Let the Blood Run Free (*Blood*) was a parody of the melodrama soap opera genre and ran for 2 seasons in the early '90s. Set in St Christopher's Hospital, the laughs were broad ("Do you like my period costume?" "You mean you wear that every month?"), the characters broader (Dr Good – the hero, Dr Lovechild – the feckless baddy, St Martin, Conning-Bitch – the conniving bitch) and the like blood accounted for much of the budget. What separated *Blood* from other Australian sitcoms (apart from being funny) was that the audience was presented with 2 alternative endings and then rang in to vote for their choice which would screen the next week.

It also boasted one of the most talented ensembles in Australian TV history. The cast of *Blood* may not include any (current)

household names, but if I said it had the guy who created and adjudges SBS's fabulous *Roasties*, Kim's beleaguered hubby in *Kath and Kim* and the actress who immortalised the phrase "Get your hand off'n Daryl" in *The Castle*, I'm sure you'd be impressed (Brian Nankervis, Peter Ronsbom and the late Linda Gibson respectively). Well you would be if you are a comedy nerd like me. It also includes people who don't appear to have worked since a guest role on *Acropolis Now* or *Round the Bays* in the mid '90s, but such is TV life.

I am calling on TV producers to bring out a new Loose Your Own Adventure show. But one that does not include the public humiliation of talentless wannabes (the last season of *Idol*, all *Idol* seasons), opting instead to humiliate talented wannabes, namely comic actors, for the great cause of Audience Power Reclamation. (APR badges will be available from *On Dit* if you submit a 25 word or less review to *ondit@gnmail.com*)

Anais Chevalier



what i learnt from TV #527

"Power = Strength + Time"

From Oprah when interviewing Uma Thurman



By Kalista Campbell

THE GOOD

The Ellen DeGeneres Show
12pm Monday-Friday
Channel 10

THE BAD

Entertainment Tonight
3pm Monday-Friday
Channel 9

THE UGLY

The Today Show
6-9am Monday-Friday
Channel 9

This is exactly what I want from daytime TV. It's fun, it's light and Ellen doesn't take herself too seriously. What's more, she's funny. I mean, Oprah is funny when she wants to be, but not Ellen funny. Besides, Ellen is a completely different beast than Oprah so let's not get into all of that. Any show that starts off each episode with a dance off is a winner in my books.

This show gets more and more ridiculous every year. Just how do you think it is so substantial, even more insane than one had previously thought possible. Despite all of this, it's still a really watchable, especially if one has a taste for the bizarre. I mean, have you seen Cole's latest? *Shake just*. I learned that America's Funniest is a weird and wonderful place.

I really don't know what Channel 9 was thinking with this one. The hosts, Karl Stefanovic and Karl Stefanovic, are so charismatic I feel like reaching out and slapping them repeatedly about the face. It's both unoriginal and just so *blah*. Pretty much like everything else on that fine network these days. Really, do they think Karl and Jess are any match for the Sunrise dream team of Gennie and Mel? You gotta be kidding me.

T.V.

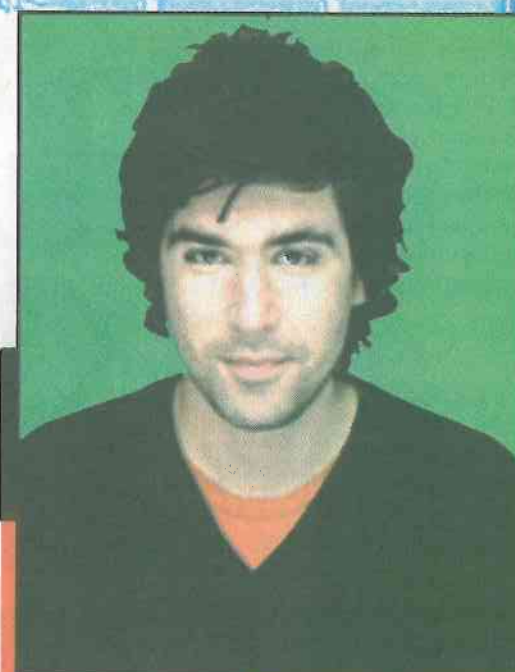
You're watching a particularly thrilling episode of *Entertainment Tonight* when your friend Matt calls you. He wants to do something fun.

Go see *Lassie* on page 32.

Go eat something on page 43.

Feign sickness and read comic books instead on page 13.

Get some new friends on page 24.



POCKET TOTTIE

Name: James Lance
Marital Status: Unknown. We're hoping single.

What's he like: The snarky, witty type with a sensational voice. Most often cast as the arrogant, lothario type. Wood.

Big Breaks: He featured in one episode of the first series of *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* but his real opportunity came when he played Barney (and Lachlan) in *The Book Group*.

Where you've seen him: *The Book Group*, *Teachers* with bit parts in *Spaced*, *People Like Us*, *Tim Allen Roundup* and *Smack the Pony* amongst others.

Where you'll see him next: *Absolute Power* (to screen on the ABC later this year) and the mini-series *The Impressionists*.

Trivia: James unfortunately shares his name with one Lance Bass (first name James) of 'N Sync' fame. It makes for some interesting google time, let me tell you.

KIDS TV ACTUALLY WORTH WATCHING... Sir Gadabout

This is a particularly silly version of the Camelot legend, although this time it focuses on the daily trials and tribulations of the Knights of the Round Table, in particular one Sir Gadabout a bumbling, clumsy knight who is very lucky to keep his job. Visually it looks just as a kids' show should: lush, bright colours and surreal settings with cartoon-ish, yet real, costumes. The actors are all excellent, Arthur and Damien Goodwin (who you may recognise as Jenny's boyfriend Alec in *Teachers*) as Sir Lancelot. It's definitely worth getting up early on a Sunday morning for. Kalista Campbell

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Life Impact! The University of Adelaide

THE PUBLIC VOTES: REALITY TV QUIZ

1. Name the first evictee from season one of Australian *Big Brother*?
2. Who recorded the original version of Shannon Noll's first single after *Australian Idol*?
3. What did *Big Brother* contestant Merlin controversially say during his eviction chat with Gretel?
4. Which ex-'Man Power' stud hosted Channel 9's *The Block*?
5. In which movie did *Dancing with the Stars*' host Sonia Kruger play Tina Sparkle?
6. What was the name of the Adelaide restaurant that won season two of *My Restaurant Rules*?
7. Name the first 'band' to come out of the Australian version of *Popstars*.
8. Name the three reality shows that Ian 'Dicko' Dickson has appeared in.
9. In which country was *Popstars* created and first produced?
10. True or False: Kyle Sandilands is the most clueless, irritating and charmless judge on *Australian Idol*.

You arrive at the library and make a b-line for the Reserve Section (an Engineering student once told you there was porno in there). You eventually find a dog-eared copy of *The Story of O*, but the pages are all stuck together. While you are peeling the contents page away from the endnotes, a loblarian-shaped shadow is cast across the book. You look up and find yourself staring into the spectacles of the cutest librarian you've ever seen. At first you think you're in trouble; you are about to explain that it's not your fault the pages are stuck together.

But wait - is the librarian crying?

You've heard librarians go nuts in the sack. If you decide to comfort the weeping librarian go to Dr Jamie Witt's article on page 16.

Librarians can be creepy, what with all that underground trolley pushing and such. Leave them to their misery by fleeing to page 21.

Lit era ture



Eragon
By Christopher Paolini

There has been an increasing return to Children's Literature. I was talking the other day to a friend of mine who has a PhD in Children's Literature who has recently submitted an article raising the idea that since it is no longer just children reading Children's Literature, a change of name should happen so there would no longer be a stigma attached to reading kids' books. I remember the time when Harry Potter first came out and I was mocked mercilessly about reading what was definitely a book for children. Over the years, this has rapidly changed, all due to the Harry Potter phenomenon. I think one reason why adults read children's books is due to the fact that adults can escape into a more innocent world. Escapism is something that can definitely be found in *Eragon*, the

first in the *Inheritance* trilogy.

Fans of fantasy epics will be enthralled with this book. Eragon, the main character, finds a blue stone in the forest. Thinking it can be sold to buy food for the winter, he keeps it, only to discover that it is actually a dragon's egg which brings disaster into his simple life. When the egg hatches, he is pushed into a world of magic and danger; he has only a mysterious and ancient sword and a old storyteller for a teacher. In an empire ruled by someone turned against all good, Eragon has to fight to survive against all odds.

Yes, it does all sound rather cliché, and yes, it does draw on influences from certain fantasy writers (try and guess, it's a fun game!), but what makes it worth reading is *Eragon's* earnest attempts to do the right thing. It has a sort of poignancy that makes you yearn to go back to your childhood, where there was only black and white, with no shades of grey. The writing is descriptive and gets you into the swing of the adventure.

Working in a bookstore, I have seen many an adult get sucked into the world that Paolini created, with adults and children eagerly anticipating the release of the second in the trilogy, *Eldest*, last year before Christmas. Currently being made into a film also, *Eragon* looks to be another in the latest stream of kids books being made into movies, with one of *Home and Away's* former actors starring in this epic. Hopefully it will live up to the excellence of the novel. Regardless, for an adventure in a different world, pick up *Eragon*

and enjoy the return to the childhood fantasy of saving the world from evil.

Alicia



The Eyre Affair
Jasper Fforde

The fact that Terry Pratchett said "Ingenious - I'll watch Jasper Fforde nervously" after reading the *Eyre Affair* was not something that drew me to this book initially. For others, such as rabid Terry Pratchett fans, this is probably the main reason for reading an unknown and strange sounding book. And believe me, *The Eyre Affair* is definitely not a book for people who enjoy 'normal' reading. Set in 'another 1985, somewhere in the could-have-been' this is the beginning of an adventuresome, alternate universe series written by an author whose world is incredibly wacky.

Editors:
Karlie & Sunshine

onditliterature
@yahoo.com

It begins with Thursday Next (who's mother's name is Wednesday), a literary detective, who is on the trail of Acheron Hades, a villain who has been kidnapping characters from works of fiction and holding them for ransom. The climax occurs when Jane Eyre is discovered missing from *Jane Eyre* and to repair the damage, Thursday must discover a way to enter the novel to fix the mess that the novel is in. Whilst doing this she discovers the love of her life, her ex-boyfriend, who she dumped after he testified against her brother during the Crimean war, is engaged to be married. She must find a way to convince him that she's the one he really loves. At the same time, her aunt is trapped accidentally in a Wordsworth poem by an invention that her uncle made and Thursday is the only sane one in the family able to save her fighting against the Goliath Company and its leader Jack Schitt. Now how can a person not love a book that has characters with names along the line of Jack Schitt?

All the characters in the novel are quirky and if you had to live with them constantly, I do believe that it would drive any average person bonkers. However, the characters are what make you enjoy the book. Not to mention Fforde's style of writing. It's a mixture of Douglas Adams, Terry Pratchett and strains of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* with a pinch of Monty Python humour tossed in for good measure. While the writing style is great and the supporting characters are hilarious, what makes the book excellent for me is the main character, Thursday Next. Very rarely do you find a believable female character written by a man, but in Thursday, not only is she believable, but you can sympathise with her. She's a character who can face life and death situations without a flinch, but when it comes to the more mundane things like facing emotions, such as love, she is utterly unsure.

Whilst totally improbable, unlikely and hilarious, *The Eyre Affair* is definitely a solid beginning to a different and abnormal adventure series for adults wanting an escape from the everyday humdrum life.



Youth Voice: Get Active

With the current debate surrounding the legislation of same sex civil unions across Australia, the opportunity for our State's young people to have their say about a whole range of issues relating to sexuality resulted in the 'Youth Voice: Get Active' workshop on April 5th. Thanks to the Office for Youth, the Sexuality Department received a grant to run a workshop to raise awareness and report on what young people thought about body image, gender diversity, sexuality and sex education among others.

Senior Lecturer from Deakin University, Dr Maria Pallatto-Chiarolli, was our guest speaker and provided a very real overview of the types of issues faced by young people. Terms such as 'gay', 'lesbian' and 'bisexual' are actually very new in Western society, along with the idea of binary sexuality – which places us in an either/or category. Interestingly in many other cultures, sexuality has been considered in five different phases with both extremes constituting either same sex or opposite sex attraction. The next two phases are for people who lean towards either extreme (so for instance I'm attracted to girls most of the time, but every once and a while I'll be attracted to a guy), with the middle being what we in the Western world refer to as bisexual.

Our society has gone through decades with different attitudes to sexuality and young people in particular have had many issues to struggle with. We may laugh at them now, but certain stereotypes of

the past were a very real belief, a belief that young people had to deal with. For instance, 30 years ago a female who wore pants or jeans might be considered a cross dresser. Nowadays, a cross dresser is a man who dresses in female clothing. As you can see, our stereotypes have changed dramatically over time, but they continue to exist in our society.

Young people in particular related well to the point made that we use terms such as gay in a negative way. How many times have you heard someone say something like, 'That pencil's gay' or 'What you just said is so gay'? When you think about it, how can an object such as a person be gay? But young people continue to use these terms when referring to something that is bad or negative in our society. Issues surrounding sexuality extend further than just the individual. When we have a family member or friend who is homosexual or bisexual we instantly view them differently. It's not the fault of any one person, but our society has created an environment where we subconsciously think of them in a different way. When we consider these things and actually question why our society is structured this way, then perhaps we can begin to understand the need for change.

Young people commented on the structure of our sex education curriculum and would like an opportunity to discuss sexuality in a social environment, rather than just biologically. As expected, young people had a number of things to say about body image and gender interaction relating to their own personal experiences as well as the issues they face with relationships. On the topic

of non-heterosexuality, young people had mixed points of view but commented that one thing they learnt from this workshop was 'that it's okay to be gay'. From my department's perspective, I couldn't ask for anything else! I know that the one thing I learnt is that if you're a twelve-year-old who doesn't have a partner, you're going to die alone... The things kids say!!

Overall, the workshop was a great success and a great day to meet new people and discuss current issues faced by young people. I hope that all participants feel empowered to make a change in their community and that they contribute to changing our society's ill-founded beliefs. A report outlining the views and opinions of the participants will be released shortly, making key recommendations to our State's leaders. I would like to thank everyone who helped make this event happen. My team of helpers, Lauren, Gabby, Finn, Melissa, Simone, Jamie and Alice – cheers! SAUA Legend Naomi Vaughan and ACU Supreme Goddess Natalie Teakle and UAC California Dream Boy Sandy Biar, thanks for your help and support. Finally, to our major sponsors the Office for Youth and the ACU, in particular our Union President Josh Rayner, who should never own a pet store. All involved should be proud of their commitment to providing opportunities for young people.

David Wilkins
SAUA Male Sexuality Officer

The 8 Rules of Night Club: Reach for the Lasers

PVD appeared at Earth Nightclub (27 Hindley St) on Wed the 29th of March as a part of his Politics of Dancing 2 tour. Paul Van Dyke is in my mind, the GOD of Trance.

We had no idea what to expect from Earth. The Bouncer looked scary as but was extremely polite, as were the door girls. It's a strange set up, you go down this corridor and the first thing you hit is the bar and there are a few arcade games about, but then the further in you go, the larger the place becomes. It was already packed when we got there at about 11.30. Redbull and bottles of water were a-plenty. We had a wonder around (tried to but the place was packed, it was impossible to move in some areas) and decided our mission was to dance on one of the raised podiums on the dance floor at some point.

PVD came on about midnight and as soon as he steps up to the Stage, the place went nuts, he hadn't even touched a thing yet. Once the MC introduced him, that was it. The energy was overwhelming.

Close your eyes
Raise your hands into the air
Hear the sounds
Then reach for the lasers

This is Trance at its best. The people at these gigs are generally lovers not haters and are so off tap they don't seem to care about anything else but the music. I practically punctured some guy's foot with my heel, he just smiled and kept dancing. All you can do there is dance and take it in. It was great just getting into the zone and forgetting about assignments and what not. Few Redbulls later and we were up on those podiums alright.

I've been a PVD fan for years now, he's part the reason I got into the whole nightclubbing scene to begin with. The guy is a dance music legend and he was here in Radelaiide at our humble Earth. He played a three hour set last night, and there wasn't a dull moment. The set was varied up with a bit of text book trance, some harder sounds, some newer gritty electro sounds and he mixed his own productions into it all. When he dropped his current "The Other Side" the place was in a frenzy.

It was a huge night for me and everyone else that was there. Despite what some critics say about the Trance scene dying, it's still a lot of fun to lose yourself like that in it. Yes there are drugs at these places, but honestly, drugs are in every scene. Deal with it. Nothing says you have to take them if you want to go to a rave or wherever. If anything, alcohol creates a rougher element but that's a debate for another day.

Peace, Love and Redbull

Natashka Miernik

NIGHTCLUB

At Earth (the nightclub), you become acutely aware of certain technicolour fairies dictating the things that happen to you before they actually do. This is all very 90s.

If you decide to go to a restaurant instead of raving, turn to page 42.

If you want to keep partying, turn to page 16.

If you'd rather learn more about the fairies and their cosmic significance, turn to page 26.

Edgar Allan POETRY

Iridescence

With down cast eyes
The shadow spies
Forward and reverse
In distant minds
The truth does lie
Lost in forgotten birth

Isolated, alone in the mist
Following hidden paths
Mischiefs minion hangs his head
Hearing the sound
Of that which he dreads
Emptiness with its deafening roar
Consumes it all.
Deserted dreams of
Distracted fantasies
Circle in the sky
A glimmer flickers in an empty eye
Rekindling flames of a
Smouldering ruin
Destroying octaves of a heartfelt poem

Demetrius Kalatzis

**ADELAIDE?
MORE LIKE
BADELAIDE!**

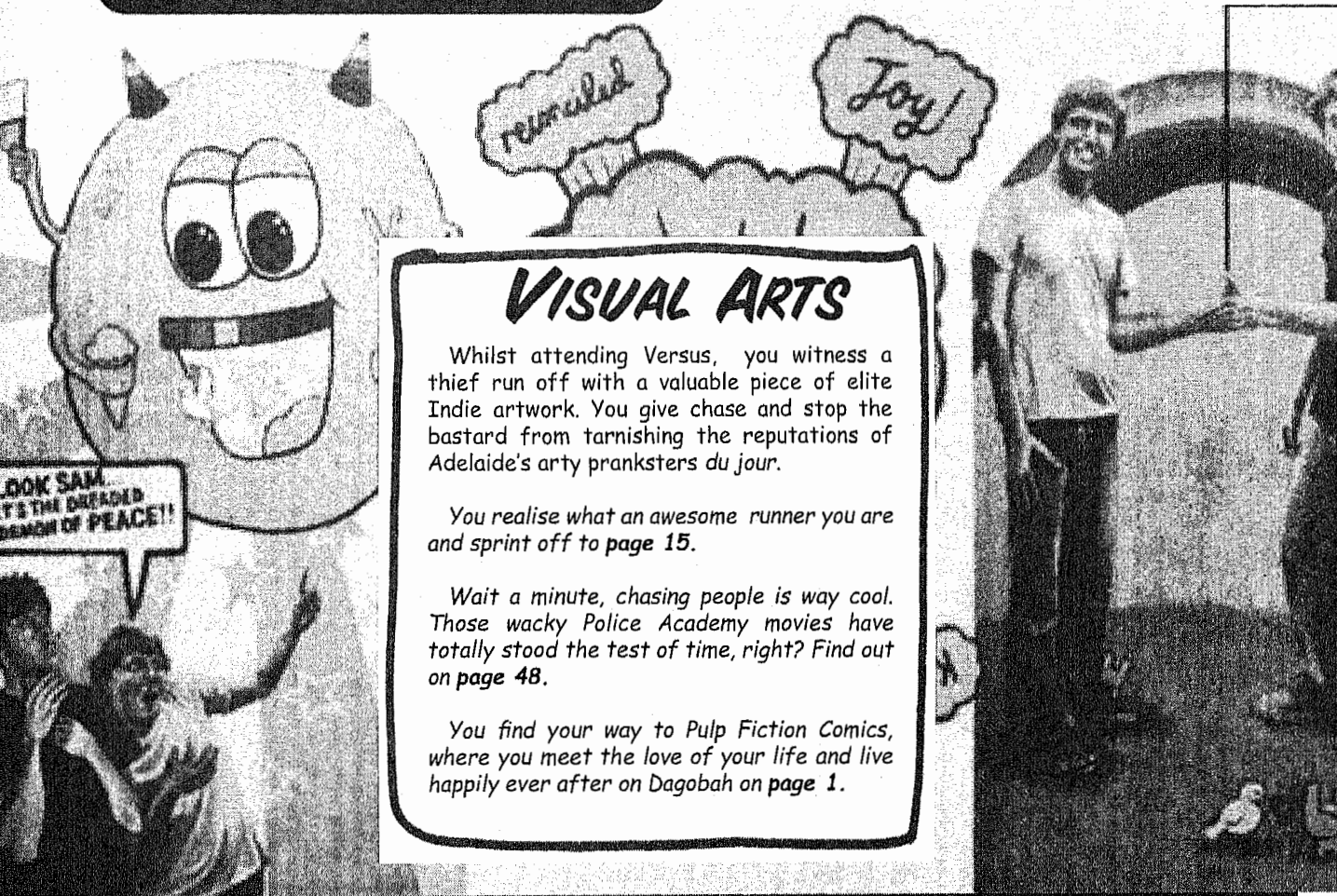
Versus

Trundle down Hindley Street, head into the Kuarna Building and check out one of the best exhibitions to ever hit Adelaide. Running until the 25th of April, **VERSUS** showcases the illustrated work of Sam Barratt and Chris Edser. Walk around the gallery to witness a battle between silly characters spawned in the imaginations of these two highly talented artists. Any work that can poke fun at the battle between Adelaide and Melbourne gets my tick of approval.

On now at the SASA Gallery, Kuarna Building, Hindley Street.

Katie Shiner

**ONE GUY FROM
MELBOURNE.**



VISUAL ARTS

Whilst attending *Versus*, you witness a thief run off with a valuable piece of elite Indie artwork. You give chase and stop the bastard from tarnishing the reputations of Adelaide's arty pranksters du jour.

You realise what an awesome runner you are and sprint off to page 15.

*Wait a minute, chasing people is way cool. Those wacky *Police Academy* movies have totally stood the test of time, right? Find out on page 48.*

*You find your way to *Pulp Fiction Comics*, where you meet the love of your life and live happily ever after on *Dagobah* on page 1.*

BAR + RESTAURANT

You end up at Kibbi's, drinking the highest quality house wine your paltry income can afford. 2 glasses. You are now spectacularly wasted. Do you:

Drive home? If so, you get caught by an RBT. The only way they'll let you off is if you join the police force. Turn to back cover.

Writhe around in the gutter for a bit. Turn to page 17.

Cooking
with J-MO

Whitish Stuff with
Brownish Stuff

Go into the kitchen. You are hungry. You want some FOOD.

You shall cook the RICE first, as you are time efficient. You prepare the RICE, and put it in the microwave.

Oh, no! Before you can press any buttons, the microwave starts by itself!

After much deliberation, you come to the conclusion that the microwave is CRAZY. You cannot trust CRAZY objects with your food.

You decide to cook the rice YOURSELF.

You get out a LARGE saucepan. This is NOT because you have tried this before and HORRIBLE FROTH MONSTERS tried to escape from the pan and eat you. It is NOT because you have been stupid enough to try

this before. It is because you are CLEVER.

You put the RICE and lots of WATER in the pan, and HEAT it. While HEATING, you decide that rice, however nice looking, is rather BORING. You add BUTTER, as it is yellow; MILK, because it is the same colour as rice (and might make it creamy); and SOY SAUCE, as you like soy sauce, to the water.

You WAIT. The WATER is not BOILING. After all that soy sauce, it is probably because you raised the boiling temperature to something SILLY. You are BORED, decide you added TOO MUCH WATER, and TIP SOME OUT.

The water now BOILS. You STIR the rice.

The water is BOILING. You STIR the rice.

You test the rice. The rice is not cooked.

The water is BOILING. You STIR the rice.

You test the rice. The rice is not cooked.

The water is BOILING. You STIR the rice.

You test the rice. The rice is not cooked.

You STIR the RICE.

You test the rice. The rice is now COOKED.

There is still quite a bit of LIQUID in the PAN. You STIR the rice.

You get IMPATIENT, and pour DECADES-OLD ALPHABET NOODLES into the mixture to sop up the LIQUID. You know the ALPHABETS are decades old because no one can remember when they were bought, and they seem to have become YELLOWED with AGE.

You have added TOO MANY ALPHABET NOODLES. You now have a WHITE, PORRIDGEY-LIKE substance with YELLOW LETTERS in it.

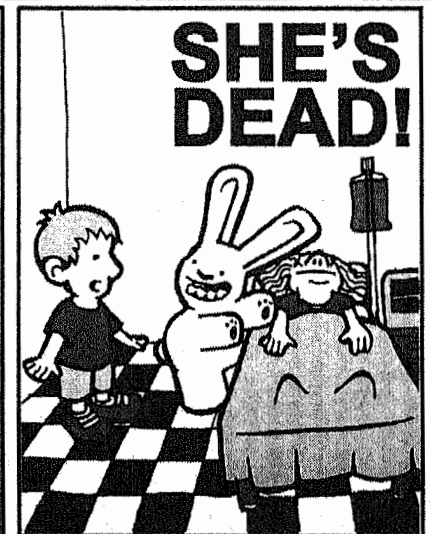
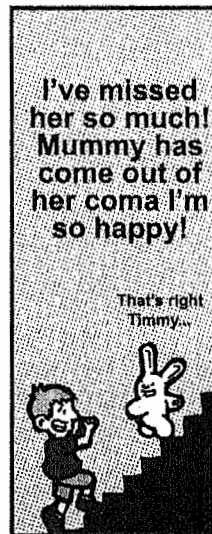
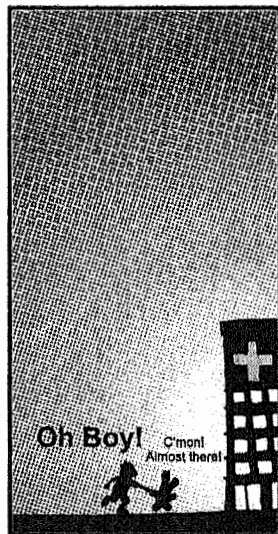
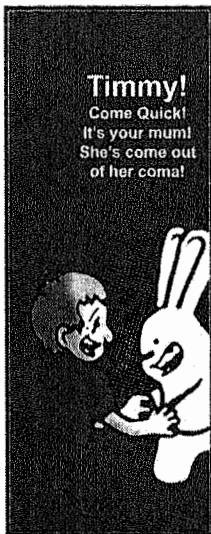
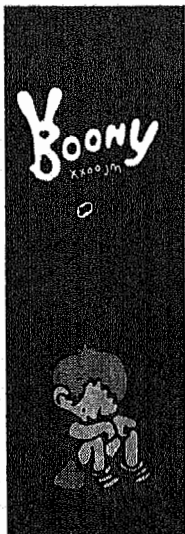
After adding more water, you manage to cook the alphabets. You now decide to have some MEAT.

You put strips of MEAT, OIL, and a spoonful of GREEN CURRY PASTE into a frying pan. You HEAT and STIR. You are not supposed to let the meat go BLACK, but this is IMPOSSIBLE.

You pour the MEAT onto the RICE. The RICE mixture seems to have CONGEALED somewhat, but vigorous stirring soon sorts this out.

You realise you have forgotten to add any GREENS. You squeeze yourself some ORANGE JUICE. As the peel of the oranges were GREENISH due to SUNSHINE, they obviously constitute a VEGETABLE.

J-Mo





Kristian is King of the Kitchen at Kibbi's

Kibbi's Cafe

185 King William Rd, Hyde Park.

Open 7 days

Ph: 8373 4545.

The Bill:

Penne con pollo with avocado, tomato, basil and cream @ \$13.90.

Warm roast vegetable terrine with Danish feta and salad greens @ \$11.90.

2 glasses of Népenthé Sauvignon Blanc @ \$6.50.

Lemon Meringue Tart @ \$4.50.

Almond Flake @ \$1.50.

2 cappuccinos @ \$3.00.

TOTAL: \$50.80.

When selecting a casual cafe with style to satisfy everyone's taste buds and wallets, Kibbi's Cafe of Hyde Park is the ideal venue.

The kitchen at Kibbi's is one of creativity, ensured by head chef Kristian Nesbitt. At just 22-years-of-age, this determined, young achiever was recently promoted to head chef.

Located upon the very trendy and happening King William Road, Kibbi's Cafe is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner 7 days a week. The menu includes a variety of Italian, Mediterranean, Lebanese and Asian dishes, as well as many delicious salads, steaks and seafood. It also caters for minority groups by incorporating several vegetarian and gluten free items.

The broad and affordable menu attracts a multitude of people from all age strata. The wooden floors, tables and chairs are tasteful and give the cafe a sense of style but still enable it to remain informal. From downstairs, Kibbi's could be classified as a trendy but casual cafe for young people, however, it also proves itself to be very family orientated.

When downstairs becomes congested, an upstairs dining area overlooking the bottom floor is also available. Decorated with modern and tasteful art and accompanied with cool jazz music in the late afternoon, a more sophisticated and relaxed environment is achieved. There are also chairs and tables arranged outside for those who wish to escape the crowds and enjoy alfresco dining.

A lunchtime meal at Kibbi's on a Saturday for two was made to be a very enjoyable experience. Customers are required to pay as they go; however, this casual approach is contrasted with quality food of a very high standard. The pasta was deliciously rich with out being too heavy or over bearing, and the Terrine tasted as exquisitely as it was arranged. Serving sizes are extremely generous and are complemented by impressive presentation and friendly, efficient service.

Light meals and lunchtime options range from \$7.00 and main meals range from \$13.90 to \$22.00. The most popular dishes are the Balinese Prawns which won a competition a few years ago, along with the Salt and Pepper Squid and the Mediterranean Chicken Salad.

Kibbi's provides an extensive wine list, of which can all be bought by the glass, except a selection of premium red wines. There is also a large assortment of nonalcoholic drinks, as well as a temptingly sumptuous selection of coffees, cakes, biscuits, chocolates, scones and gelati.

The only aspect which disrupted the classy cafe decor were the televisions, which were definitely not necessary during meal times.

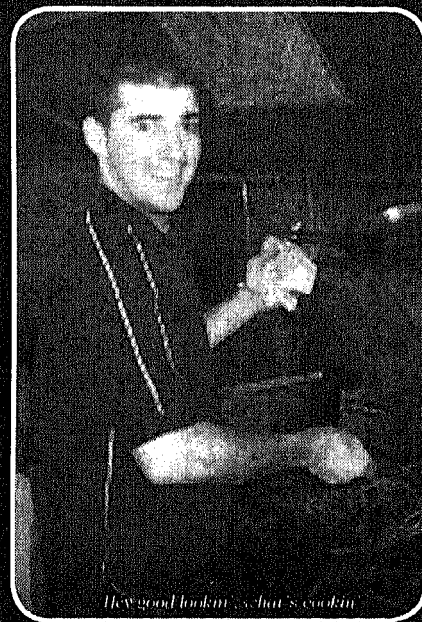
Kristian proved to be totally devoted to his career as he revealed how he is working to turn the upstairs dining area into a fine dining menu, which includes local produce in order to take Kibbi's up to the next level. While the current menu is able to offer something for almost everyone, Kristian admitted that it can be difficult to work from

causing the kitchen to become congested. However, the visible kitchen was honest and comforting as customers are able to watch the chefs at work.

Being head chef is not an easy occupation as it involves long days and long hours. However, Kristian enjoys his job, and stated that he loves being creative, with the staff ensuring that the work is achieved with joviality. In the future, he would love to use his career in order to travel around Europe.

In the midst of the upbeat and trendy place of King William Rd, Kibbi's cafe is ideal for any meal of the day as it is affordable, enjoyable and it appears that Kristian will only heighten its standard with time.

Kiri Olney



The good looking... what's cookin'



I've never been a man in need of excessive violence. I do, however, own *Onimusha*, *Resident Evil*, *Street Fighter*, *Devil May Cry*... OK, so my gaming collection is filled with violent titles released by Capcom that come with warnings stating that there are "scenes of explicit violence and gore" contained within. I guess it's no surprise that I loved *Final Fight: Streetwise*, with all that blood and fighting. Oh yeah, and the occasional story. *Final Fight* was an arcade side-scrolling beat-em-up featuring Cody Travers as a man on a mission; to beat the living shite out of people with a two button fight system.

Thankfully, the PS2 version continues the pounding, only on a slightly more complex level. You play as Cody's younger brother Kyle, who begins fighting in a Fight Club for cash. It isn't long before Cody gets into trouble, starts doing some wacky drug called Glow and the world gets turned into a Nepalese street scene. Little Italy, Downtown and Japantown all need fixing up, which can be solved by hitting and shooting things till they die. Though the story isn't extraordinary, it doesn't have to be. For what it is (an acceptable excuse for a beat-em-up), it's perfect. As well as the main story, there are little side-quests to take part in to grab extra cash. Usually these quests involve bruising your fists in a robbery or a Fight Club. Cash is in turn traded for weapons, health and power upgrades or additional fight moves. Using X and square to combo, and circle to grab creates a surprisingly varied moves list. Blocks and counter attacks are rewarding, and the battle system is fluid. The enemies aren't smart and the boss attack patterns are neither varied nor challenging, but there is still fun to be found in pounding them to a pulp. Environments aren't very interactive but it is still possible to pick up trashcans, baseball bats, guns and planks of wood before forcefully rearranging someone's face with them. Weapons are definitely useful.

The game's heavy metal and hip-hop soundtrack is pretty decent, featuring bands like Slipknot and Sepultura in the headlines, which compliment the sound effects well. Honestly, beating people down hasn't sounded this good since stumps of celery hit wood. I guess it's worth mentioning the voice-overs, but for the most part, I wasn't too concerned with the story, just who I was gonna smack down next.

Some great bonuses are unlockable, including the original arcade version of the *Final Fight* side scroller and some video clips from the bands featured on the soundtrack. A challenging arcade mode is also present, which is comparable to the worthlessness of Tekken's often-useless beat-em-up tag-ons and can only serve to frustrate.

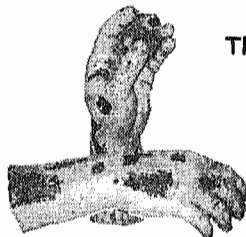
How do I sum it up? It's a fist-ball of fun. Not a huge challenge, and definitely not as long or satisfying as something like *Devil May Cry*, but it's a worthy distraction from that epic (maybe Elder Scrolls: Oblivion?) you've been playing for too long.

Daniel Purvis

Final Fight Streetwise

VIDEO GAMES

You can't get enough senseless violence and play PSP for the rest of your life until your wrists get extreme RSI. Subsequently, your hands fall off. You are now alone in the universe with no hands.



THE END



Street Fighter Alpha Max 3

Damn straight! *Street Fighter*, FINALLY on PSP, where it should be. I'll start by saying that it has every character you could imagine featured on the selection screen (forty plus in fact), the characters and battles appear wonderfully 2 dimensional, smooth and familiar, backgrounds are simplistic yet rich and all your old fight modes, combos and moves are here. This is the perfect port of an arcade classic on a portable system. For those who don't know what *Street Fighter* is, it's an intense 2D fighting game that began in the arcades alongside *Mortal Kombat*, *Samurai Showdown*, *King of Fighters* and other classics. SF however, has remained the one game immortalized in gaming history as being addictive, fast and one of the most competitive two player games around. For those who know what SF is, this port rocks.

The mode selection screen is teeming with ways to play the game, including the typical arcade, versus and practice modes. A great World Tour mode is included, pitting you against increasingly difficult battles to gain experience points, which allow you to make your character ridiculously strong. My personally love is a mode that skips directly to

the final boss, which allows you to gather all the character end stories without needing to progress through arcade mode (providing you can defeat him of course!). You can also battle against other opponents, wirelessly allowing for mates to beat the crap out of each other yet again.

The only fallible aspect of SFAM3 is the control pad of the PSP, which can make the game a little more difficult, and some special moves are nearly impossible to pull off. After a while, the d-pad became sticky and my thumb sore and calloused. While this isn't unusual for a compulsive gamer, I personally felt that the PSP itself was beginning to suffer from the battering it was receiving. Given some time to recover, though the PSP now appears to play fine again.


I can't go into much more detail, but at present there isn't another fighting game available on PSP even worth mentioning in comparison. Yes...I heard that git in the back speak up about *Darkstalkers*, which was also a 2D fighter on PSP. It sucked, get over it! Get *Street Fighter Alpha Max 3* NOW!..

Daniel Purvis

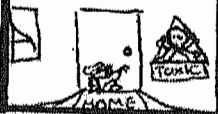
The Adventures of Captain Spandex

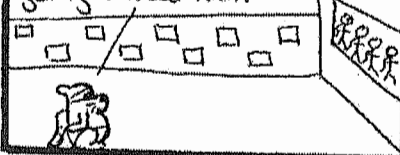
COMIC-O-RAMA!


THE ADVENTURES OF...
CAPTAIN SPANDEX
 THE EVIL ARSE GERBIL
 CK

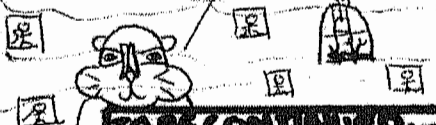
LAST TIME WE SAW OUR HERO...
 呆呆呆呆呆呆呆
 呆呆呆呆呆呆呆


F*** this, I'm going home!



THE FARTS



Damn FabMan and his psychic ninja skills! However am I going to beat him?


WHEN SUDDENLY...
 FART


THAT gives me an idea! FabMan won't know what hit him! MWAHAHAHA *cough*cough*

 TO BE CONTINUED...


Fab Man


FAB-MAN in

 IS IT THE END?
 U

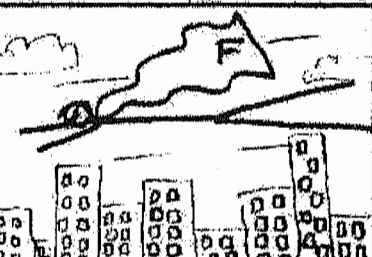
PRINCESS TURBENTINE HAD SPRAYED HER ANKLE

 HELP ME!!


SO HAD PRINCESS MONOXIDE...

 HELP ME!!

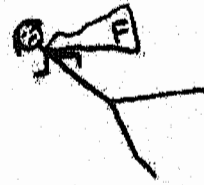
AND ALL THE CIRCUS FREAKS...

 HELP ME!!

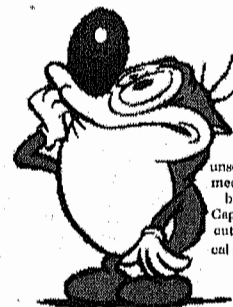
AND MOST OF THE POPULATION.

 NO ROLE

FAB-MAN TO THE RESCUE!!!


BUT SUDDENLY...

 HIS ARCH-NEMESIS, CAPTAIN SPANDEX, ARRIVED

BIFF!
 POW!
 WHOOSH!
 BANG!
 KERSPLAT!
 THUNK!


 TO BE CONTINUED...



Hmm... pretty unsettling stuff. In a semi-medical sense of course, but gosh darn it, that Captain Spandex is pretty cute. In that magnificent splinator gerbil kind way. I guess.

Nora

Schaubühne am Lehniner Platz
Her Majesty's Theatre
March 11-18

What happens when film-making techniques are introduced to a stage production of a classic play? The answer to this question can be found in Thomas Ostermeier's interpretation of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, renamed in this production after the central character, *Nora*.

A revolving set mimics the movement of a camera, pop music fades in at the end of scenes to underscore characters' emotional states, and even special effects (though strobe lighting hasn't been novel for a long time) are added to the mix. The result is something that probably has a greater appeal to younger audiences that have been weaned on film and television, but the obvious downside of the cinematic elements is the risk of taking the theatre out of theatre, as it were. What place does the 'magic' of theatre have in Ostermeier's vision?

Despite the fact that this unsettling question is raised, *Nora* is a world-class production with a fine cast. Anne Tismer, though she could do with some dancing lessons, approached the title role with an intriguing mix of navety and sex, while Jorg Hartmann as Nora's husband Torvald was convincing as the know-it-all middle-class businessman. Lars Eidinger injected perhaps a little too much humour as Dr Rank, while Kay Bartholomäus Schulze's portrait of a man driven to the edge gave the character of Krogstad added depth.

Jan Pappelbaum's slick set, the interior of an ultra-modern apartment, was fully utilised (the fish tank was over-utilised), and while the music was probably not to everyone's taste, it was perfectly in synch with the production, both in terms of the twenty-first century setting and the cinematic feel. Lars Eidinger, who played Dr Rank, won the award for 'over-achiever' for also composing the score! The biggest problems were Hinrich Schmidt-Henkel's updated translation, which suffered from inconsistencies, and the revised ending that didn't follow logically from what had gone before.

Perhaps offering a glimpse of the future of theatre, perhaps sounding a death-knell for it, *Nora* is just the sort of thing that Adelaide Festival audiences should be exposed to – high quality art that makes its audience think about the big picture. Well done, Mr Sheehy.

Benedict Coxon

Rascher Saxophone Quartet in Recital

Adelaide Town Hall
March 18

The combination of four saxophones offers composers a novel instrumental palette, and the Rascher Saxophone Quartet's many commissions are indicative of the collective willingness of composers to draw on this. The quartet's recital as part of the closing weekend of the Adelaide Festival of Arts exposed its audience to a number of these commissions, as well as demonstrating the possibilities for transcriptions of older works.

The program opened with three contrapuncti from *The Art of Fugue* by Bach. The mellifluous sounds of the saxophones and the way in which they blended were clear strengths, though a more pointed sound is probably better at bringing out the various lines of the fugues.

The four pieces by Philip Glass saw each player play one piece as a soloist, without any ensemble playing at all. This was a little strange, especially as the pieces didn't

lend themselves, being little more than sketches in nature, to inclusion on a recital programs.

More interesting contemporary works were the *Saxophone Quartet* by Charles Wuorinen and three movements from Barbara Thompson's *Saxophone Quartet No. 2 – From Darkness into Light*. The latter featured some clever effects, showing the advantage of having a saxophonist writing for a group of the instruments.

The final work for the evening, Tristan Keuris' *Music for Saxophones*, is apparently very highly-regarded by the members of the Rascher Saxophone Quartet. Having been subjected to this excruciating work, the audience was none the wiser as to where this regard springs from.

An encore drawn from the second book of Bach's *The Well-tempered Clavier* provided a more satisfactory *finale*, but this could not excuse the somewhat lacklustre programming that plagued this recital.

Benedict Coxon



Голос



Tabtek

Talvin Singh
Thebarton Theatre
March 17

One can only wonder where the appeal supposedly lay in Talvin's Singh's 'audio-visual spectacle', Tabtek. In fact, there was practically nothing capable of sparking any interest whatsoever in the entire, overly-long (nearly two hours) presentation.

Singh's 'music' was repetitive to the point of tedium, yet couldn't be described as true dance music. Those brave/drank souls who found the courage to attempt to dance were thwarted by the lack of space in the venue - rows of chairs didn't act as the most appropriate setting, as the boisterous cries of 'where's the dancefloor?' attested.

The visuals, projected onto a large screen at the back of the stage, seemed to be devoid of meaning, and any connections with the soundtrack were even harder to find. It's not surprising that the enduring image of the evening was of one of three DJs incessantly bobbing up and down in front of his computer like a demented ompa-loompa.

There were only two redeeming features of Tabtek. One was Singh's prodigious tabla-playing, which would have had any arthritis sufferers eringing for the full twenty minutes of the impressive display. The other saving grace was that the question, 'what is this popular music doing in a Festival program?' was answered - this was far enough from the mainstream to avoid the label of popular music. The problem with the event was that it wasn't clear *what* it was trying to be. In the end, whatever it was, it was mildly appalling.

Benedict Coxon

PERFORMING ARTS

Classical music has always infused your soul with the calming essence of lavender and ultraviolet. Whilst attending one of the aforementioned concertos, a visiting dignitary from New Zealand is shot dead right in front of the congregation. The crowd cries out in confusion; ladies faint, gentlemen cower. It's all very public consciousness Lincoln assassination. Amidst the kerfuffle, you witness the gunman escaping from the auditorium. Do you:

Chase after him? Turn to page 48. You're trained-up like a modern day Jedi and catch the bastard.

Do nothing? The gunman's terrorist cell releases a terrible batch of leprae virus unto the crowd. Turn to page 17.

As Night Softly Falls
Persian Garden
March 14

You have to wonder whose idea it was to have a string quartet concert in the Persian Garden; you would be hard pressed to find a worse venue for such an event. The Persian Garden, for those who are lucky enough not to have been there, is basically a roped off area by the River Torrens, in front of the Adelaide Convention Centre. It is an embarrassment to Adelaide that a world class ensemble such as the Jerusalem Quartet could not be provided with a better venue. The Garden is almost directly underneath an international flight path, and only a short distance from the roaring traffic of inner-city Adelaide. Outdoors being where nature is, there is always the risk of being blown off the stage, dived-ombomb by fat moths or disrupted by some mad, honking waterfowl. Add to this over-amplification (and regular feedback),

and it is really quite difficult to take the event seriously.

On the program were three contrasting works by composers whose anniversaries are being celebrated in 2006: Mozart's *String Quartet No. 20 in D Major*, Kurtag's *Microludes* for String Quartet and Shostakovich's *String Quartet No. 11 in F Minor*. The Quartet's playing was superb, and their tuning never wavered despite the less-than-ideal conditions. The young quartet gave an energetic rendition of the work by Mozart and although some of the subtlety was lost due to the amplification, it was at least audible, unlike a large proportion of the Kurtag *Microludes*, which were lost under the background noise. The highlight of the program was undoubtedly Shostakovich's irregular *String Quartet No. 11*, followed by the comical Polka from his *Two Pieces for String Quartet* as an encore.

Edward Joyner

Jerusalem Quartet





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