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POM DIT

Adelaide Uni Student Magazine

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About the Cover
Chav-a-licious: Chavs at tea

A chav (council housing, alcohol, violence) is a wonderfully British sub-culture. Often seen roaming the Sun Hill Estate, chav and chavettes have a penchant for tracksuits, RnB and Top40 music, bling, fake tans and anything Burberry. The chav has more recently emerged as a legitimate culture popularised through musicians like Lady Sovereign and characters such as Vicky Pollard. For more insight into the world of chav and how to be one (chav is the new black) visit www.chavscum.co.uk. It's on our favourites. Innit.

Models: Nick and Bridget
Accessories from *Dangerfield*
Clothes from *Globalize*
Photo taken at Ayers House Museum.
Thanks to The National Trust and
Hannah Phillips for allowing us to use
the museum.

Britain. It's difficult to know whether to be grateful or hateful. They've given us Shakespeare and *The Sun*, the wit and the wank, Oscar Wilde and *Eastenders* and all that bleedin' comedy. In any case, they give a hell of a lot of layout opportunities, so we've decided to embrace the Crown and give you *Pom Dit*, our celebration (and mockery) of all things British.

We apologise for the use of a derogatory term in our title, but a good pun can't be resisted.

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Performing Arts

Edward Joyner

Vox Pop

Catherine Hoffman

Natalie Oliveri

Nightlife

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Gaming

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pg 1. Chav-a-licious

pg 3. Pom Dit Page 3 Girl: Julie From Essex is currently working part time as a waitress and trying to get herself through uni

pg 4-5. Letters, spam, spam, eggs and spam.

pg 6. Not the Nine O'Clock News Bytes

pg 7. Media Watching Schapelle

pg 8-9. Mikey Adams, Pom Dit's Political Reporter and newest kid on the airwaves

pg 10. British Affairs of a British nature

pg 11. Slightly Political Party in Peril

pg 14. The Pressies

pg 16-17. Oblique

pg 18-19. Psych D with Lord Angus

pg 20. Match the Chin to the PM

pg 21. Geezers Need Excitement

pg 22. Fringe Reviews

pg 23. Ain't it Dandy

pg 24-25. Vox Popping the peasants

pg 26-27. Dit-licious

pg 28-29. Literature

pg 30-31. Television

pg 32-35. Music

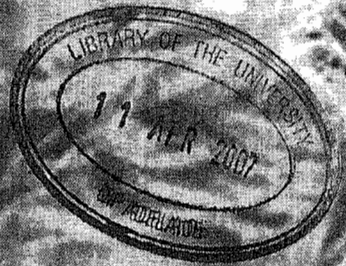
pg 36-37. Fashion

pg 38-41. Film

pg 42-43 Performing Arts

pg 44-45. Gaming

pg 46 Nightlife - The Ed



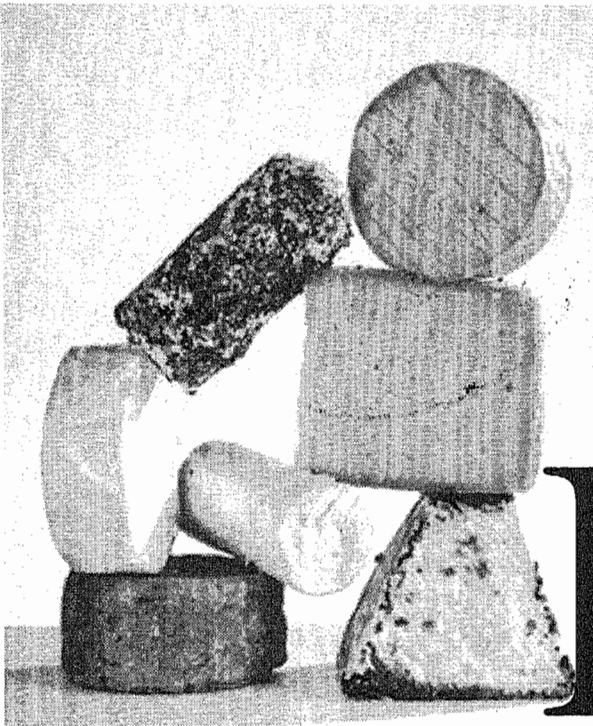
On Dit is a publication of the Adelaide University Union. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors, the University of Adelaide or the Adelaide University Union.

Thanks: RHIANNON! oh girl, your like, tha bestest, the rats and other visitors for making our days pleasant (if not interesting) especially Dave - you saucy minx, proofies & subbies: Alicia, Brendan, Terry, Mikey and Potter x, and Nick n' Bridge, oh and Siobhan for fixing my eye, and Stephen Fry for embodying everything that's good about Britain.

So somebody at The Sun came up with this bright idea to market their shitty newspaper and made it the best-selling newspaper in the world. We need you to do this for us! Be our advertising manager! Payment in commission and first props on the lost property box. Contact Ben and Claire on 8303 5404 or at ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

NE: unashamed exploitation of breasts as a marketing tool is not allowed as far as we know, but we'll see what we can do.

PAGE
3



Hey, we have two pages of letters this week! We would congratulate ourselves if it wasn't just made up of all student polities, shoo! shoo! No really, we love the bitching that these pages contain, as well as the random nature of layout possibilities (does anyone remember the cartoon called *Bangers and Mash* about monkey's? Google Image Search sure doesn't).

Let us know if you have any nostalgic television show memories at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or give us a call on 8303 5404 - we might give you some chocolate covered coffee beans if we don't eat all of them first.

Letters

Freak Cheese, t.Riddy Thanks You

To the Editor(s),

Astounding, the amount of white suburban trash you managed to squeeze into your last edition without the slightest mention of Cophia. I take it your research was potent and full-bodied, like a lump of Gorgonzola discovered by an empty wine bottle the next morning.

In particular, I found t.Riddy's 'I Hate the Southern Expressway' incredibly accurate.

As a part-time non-molesting taxi driver, I have an above average relationship with Adelaide's suburbs, and believe t.Riddy's piece was flawless... a true marvel. More, please!

I also found Sam Cohen's article 'Found: Jesus' Bone Coffin Thingies' to have been refreshingly original and thought-provoking, and hereby promise to use his arguments as my own in future discussions with non-*On Dit* readers (the poor bastards).

By the way, I don't know how you managed to distribute around Flinders Campus so effectively, but you put the (late) *Empire Times* folk to shame.

Well done!

Felix

(Oh, and I found two spelling mistakes!)

Dearest Felix,

Thank you for the compliments, we spent a whole day trekking around that concrete jungle of yours - there are so many stairs, and so few people sitting, drinking coffee

and smoking, much unlike Adelaide Uni. We hope you appreciate the extra white trash references we put on the cover of *Pom Dit*, and if you like you can think they're just for you. We (or rather Claire) would also like to take this opportunity to apologise to Sam Cohen for titling his well written article so appallingly. It goes to show, you should always submit articles to *On Dit* with a title, or face the possibility of unoriginal editors not doing your work justice.

Eds

(who would prefer in the future, if the matter arises, for their research to be compared to Kraft Cheese slices; artificial and just a bit shit)

Apathetic? Me? I Really Don't Care.

Dear *On Dit*,

In your previous edition Sandy Biar raised the issue of the extra \$7000 of honoraria paid to the President of the AUU and how this threatened the existence of *On Dit*. Firstly, how can it be economically prudent to pay any elected official to the Student Board given the restricted finances of the Union following VSU? Isn't this the money of ordinary, some might say battling University students? Wouldn't this money be better served if it were invested into things the mainstream of Adelaide University students actually cared about? As long as the Union finances are run irresponsibly and it continues to post a budget deficit most University students will be apathetic to it and everything it stands for.

Regards,

HJ Dobson

Puppetry of the Pretentious

Dear Eds,

The AUU Board finally was able to achieve its quorum on Thursday the 15th of March in what turned out to be the most blatant demonstration yet of the complete inability of the Board to govern in students' best interests. Frustrated by the lack of attendance and participation at the Board by its members and their consistent abandonment of the priorities of students and the Union, the President Alex Barratt announced her resignation on March the 20th, rejecting the formally approved honorarium increase.

Doing absolutely nothing to address the ever-increasing deficit budget, the Board was more content to spend the time back-slapping each other in what can only be described as Rayner's unthinking dictatorial orchestra. Amongst gag motions to remove voices of dissent, Ross Roberts-Thomson and I moved a motion to remove David Wilkins' Vice-Presidency honorarium (he'd earlier stated at the meeting he had no comprehension of his roles or responsibilities as VP). The Board in its infinite wisdom agreed with us, but voted down our motion and transferred the equivalent payment to the Union Activities Chairman (also David Wilkins), effectively cutting the Activities budget by 25%. The Board also deemed it appropriate to begin naming rooms after each other, making a mockery of the rooms in the Union Building named after dedicated students and benefactors who had spent years of their lives and tens of thousands of dollars for the sake of the Union. The Chin Woon Cheah International Student Lounge (as it is now known... no joke) is such an example that shows the absolute vanity and self-flattery that this Board is so obsessed with. Other name changes rumoured include the

Joshua Rayner Student Hub and David Wilkins UniBar...

All of this while passing a motion to allow them to fund a 'No' referendum campaign from the AUU's budget. While sensible Editors such as yourself can probably see what needs to be done, I encourage all readers to vote 'Yes' for the Referendum next week (April 2nd - 4th). Give Clubs, Sports, Student Media and Activities the funding and representation they deserve. We've got to take the power back.

Regards,

Sandy Biar

The Fate of the Union

A petition was recently submitted to Union Board for a referendum to recall the Board in its entirety. The basis for this recall is fiscal irresponsibility in the Union. So why, may I ask, are Sandy Biar and his merry band of Liberals attempting to put the Union's financial future at jeopardy even more by organising an expensive referendum and possible By-Election potentially to the tune of \$10 000?

What makes the situation even more 'amusing' is the antics of the now former AUU President, Alexandra Barratt. The Barratt regime was brought to an end with a very public resignation in front of the Vice-Chancellor on Tuesday. While I for one am ecstatic at this development believing the AUU to be better off without the incompetence of this unendorsed Labor Right ladder-climber, the resignation was done in such a way as to attract as much negative publicity as possible within the University. This thinly veiled attack on Unionism is almost ironic coming from Barratt (a paid up member of the Labor Party) who is a blood relative of Brendan Nelson, the Liberal politician who pushed through the Voluntary Student Unionism legislation a year and a half ago. To top this (and the huge spending on marketing instead of actual services) Barratt has taken the entirety of her year's wages upfront pre-resignation to the tune of \$28 000. Fiscal responsibility? I don't think so.

What just makes even more sense (and perhaps clarifies this for the average student) is that the charge to take down the AUU is being led by none other than Simon Le Poidevin. Most widely known for his support for VSU two years ago and his abuse of the Clubs' Association mailing list almost leading to a black-listing, he has recovered from this fall from grace to the dubious honour of Clubs' Association President. From this position he has started the process of taking down the Union from within aided by his able-bodied right hand man, Sandy Biar.

Sandy Biar. How to describe this enigma in student politics is a difficult concept.

Beginning as an idealistic minion in the old 'STD' (to quote Lavinia Emmett-Grey) of Student Politics the faction entitled the 'Independents' he then went on to create the dubiously titled SMACK, hoodwinking yours truly in the process. Declining to run in last years elections he has since attempted to pull the puppet strings of the Union through various major players. Being unsuccessful in this he has now started the Australian Democrats on campus, an admirable concept for a stronger democracy but the more cynical student may see this as step up for his underhanded power-grabbing.

The 'humorously' titled Counter Union Movement (CUM) as you may be becoming aware is now an intriguing mix led by an interesting assemblage of student polities past and present. Sandy Biar, future Democrat Senate candidate and non-factional (unless you count the two factions he has founded...) Alex Barratt, Labor Right recruit, pro-Union except when it doesn't suit her to be, pro-choice depending on who she's speaking to and very pro-Liberal (on the side). Of course, last but not least, Simon Le Poidevin, Liberal, Union-hating misogynist. What is the world coming to?

So vote 'No' in this referendum if you want to ensure that capable people remain in charge of your student body. Not a coalition of those seeking to destroy Unionism and all of those things that students for so many years have fought so hard for.

One wonders whether this unholy alliance of Liberals and Democrats will continue on to the Federal election. I shudder at the thought.

In Union,

Rhiannon Newman
Rightfully elected AUU Board Director 06/07

AUU (Confidential)

It's been an interesting week for student politics with the president of the Adelaide University Union resigning from her post. AUU (Confidential) reckons it might be (allegedly) because all those stairs to the office are (allegedly) difficult for someone to navigate holding an (allegedly) big Bag O'Incompetence with a side of Crap.

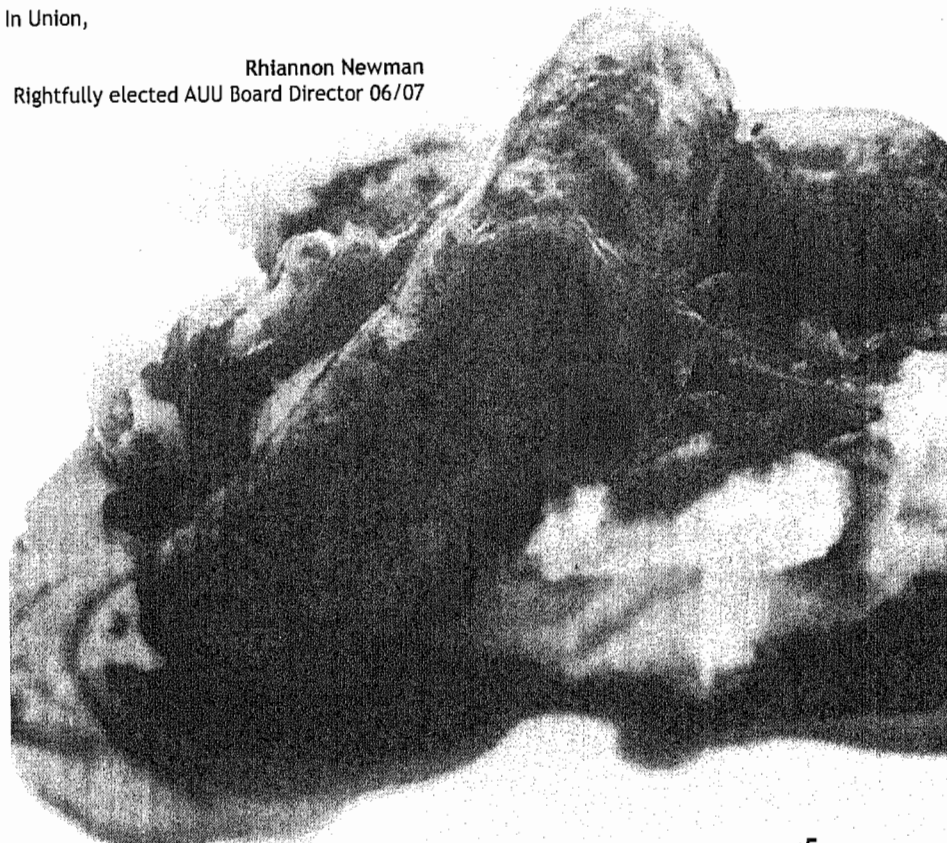
Meanwhile, a source tells us that the little scamp decided to reverse the principle of 'if you can't beat em, join em' by running around trying to get signatures to dissolve the Board of Directors when they finally realised that her alleged shagging of faction enforcer for several months didn't equate with deservedness for a Presidency.

Luckily, though, the ex-President has (allegedly) cheered herself up by taking all \$28 000 of her honorarium and (allegedly) running off for a pat on the head from whoever told her that it would be the best thing for her career to do so. Our opinion is that it was a cheap price to pay for her resignation.

AUU (Confidential) wish Alex Barratt the best of luck and hope that she finds work overseas. Soon.

From the Go Guy,

Lobby the Activist Lobster



News Bytes

with Soph the Pom

Archaeologists & theologians shocked by Jesus tomb claims, even more shocked that they agree with each other

James Cameron dropped a bomb on the world when he claimed that the tomb of Jesus, Mary of Magdala and their son had been found. The tomb, containing many 2 000 year old ossuaries, was discovered near Jerusalem in 1980. The combination of names amongst some of the ossuaries raised speculation, as there was a group containing a 'Jesus son of Joseph, a 'Judah son of Jesus' and two Marys, near another one reputed to be that of Mary of Magdala. Cameron stated that finding a the last ossuary next to the others was like finding a grave marked Ringo next to others marked John, George and Paul (although we can safely assume that the Beatles will not, in fact, be buried together). Archaeologists and theologians alike have both come out swinging at Cameron's claims. It has been noted that although the combination of names is striking, they were all very common at the time. The more cynical point out that all of this is very useful publicity for Cameron's documentary *The Lost Tomb of Jesus*.

Cause of plane crash still unknown

Garuda Airlines Flight 200 overshot the runway as it was coming in to land at Yogyakarta airport. As yet, no one knows what went wrong. What is certain is that less than a minute after the pilots received clearance to land, the aircraft crashed and burst into flames. Most of the passengers either managed to escape from the plane or were rescued, but 21 people - including five Australians - did not survive. Sabotage has been ruled out as the cause of the crash.

Leaders set green targets

Leaders of European Union nations have settled on targets aimed at reducing greenhouse gas emissions. The targets include the goal that 20% of the EU's power will come from green power sources by 2020. Wind power is high on the list of alternatives, as is nuclear power, after France insisted it should be included. 10% of the EU's cars will ideally run on bio-fuels by the same date. The target deal was reached through a compromise between established EU countries who called for more rigid compulsory goals, and newer additions, such as Poland, who stated that they don't have the funds to fulfil more binding targets.

Israel boycotts new Palestinian government

Israel says that the newly-formed unity government does not meet the three conditions necessary for it to be accepted: 1) to recognise Israel, 2) to renounce violence and 3) to accept previous peace agreements. The policy framework of the unified government is still unclear. However, the European Union (including Britain) seems to be willing to deal with the new government, and the U.S. has not ruled out doing so. The unity government was formed as an attempt to end factional fighting between the more secular Fatah, headed by President Mahmoud Abbas, and Hamas, led by Prime Minister Ismail Haniyeh. Many important positions have been given to moderates, and it is hoped that this move will encourage the international community to lift financial sanctions against Palestine.

McCartney collection causes chaos

Stella McCartney launched her one-off collection for Target, creating pandemonium nation-wide. The collection hit Adelaide on March 13, a day later than everywhere else because of the lovely Adelaide Cup Day holiday. This reporter was on hand to witness the horror that occurred at Target Newton. The store opened at 8:30, and by 8:50 the mad shrieking hordes dissipated, leaving carnage and an eerie silence in their wake. The empty mannequins and piles of discarded coat-hangers were a poignant reminder of just how desperate the women of Australia are for a little fashion.

Pizza now haute cuisine

If you happen to be jetting off to the U.S. anytime soon, be sure to swing by New York. Why? Because it is now home to the world's most expensive pizza. Toppings on the pizza include six types of caviar, fresh lobster (is there any other kind?) and *crème fraiche*. The inventor, Nino Selimaj, told Reuters that he has already managed to sell one. *Bellissima*, the only one of Selimaj's restaurants to offer the Luxury Pizza, needs 24 hours notice in order to make you one. How much? A measly \$US1,000 (AUD=\$1,270) per pizza, or about \$AUD160 per slice.

Scientists make heart in dish

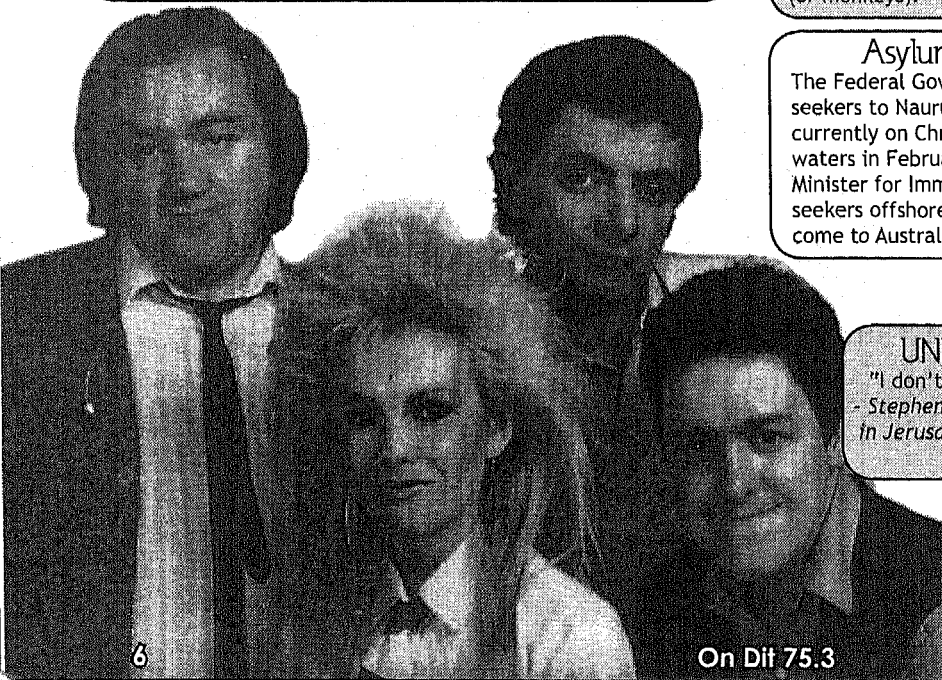
An Israeli research team have managed to make a piece of heart muscle from embryonic stem cells. The tiny muscle, although less than one square centimetre in size, has its own blood vessels, and actually beats. Admittedly, it doesn't sound like much, but the team hopes that this development has set them on the path to being able to produce more tissue, and eventually an entire heart some day. Apart from the obvious implications for people who need heart transplants, being able to produce heart tissue means that new drugs could be tested without having to actually use people (or monkeys).

Asylum seekers to be bundled offshore

The Federal Government plans to transfer 83 Sri Lankan asylum seekers to Nauru for processing. The asylum seekers, who are currently on Christmas Island, were apprehended in international waters in February by *HMAS Success*. Kevin Andrews, the federal Minister for Immigration, has stated that sending the asylum seekers offshore will send a message to people attempting to come to Australia illegally.

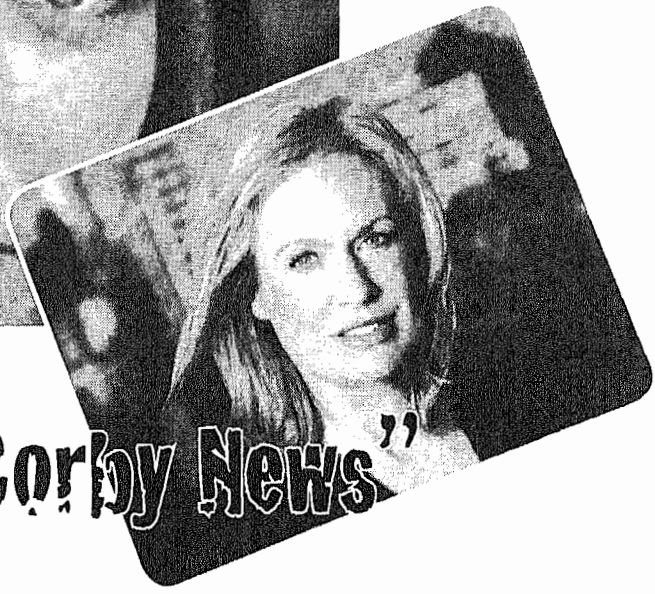
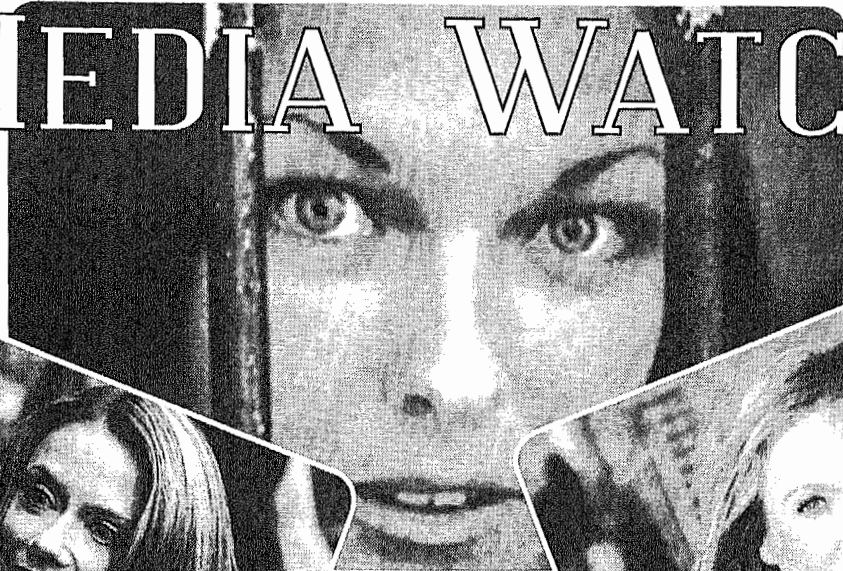
UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE WEEK!

"I don't think that Christians are going to buy into this."
- Stephen Pfann, scholar at the University of the Holy Land in Jerusalem, commenting on the discovery of the alleged tomb of Jesus.



Pip pip, tally ho and TTFN
until next time, old chaps.

MEDIA WATCH



“Who’s Who of Corby News”

Where should I begin my discussion of Schapelle Corby and the recent drug allegations against her and her family? I think the more relevant question is, how many more battles are going to be waged between *Today Tonight* and *A Current Affair* over this issue? Since being sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in 2005 for smuggling drugs into Indonesia, Corby has often been painted as an Aussie battler by television networks and her every move has been analysed and critiqued by the media. From having a book written about her and a website created by her supporters, to having her trial broadcast live on Channel Nine with millions of viewers watching, Schapelle constantly finds herself in the media spotlight and the public eye. The most recent incident that was reported in the media, however, focused not on Corby herself, but on the conduct of a *Today Tonight* reporter and his investigation into allegations against her sister, Mercedes.

A new scandal began in February of this year when former best friend of Schapelle, Jodie Power, was interviewed by *Today Tonight* and was paid an undisclosed amount to inform Australia of previously unknown facts about the Corby family. Power took three polygraph tests to prove that her allegations were true. After failing the first two tests because she answered the first few personal questions incorrectly, the last test showed that she was indeed telling the truth about her claims surrounding Corby. According to the results of this test, the following allegations were proved correct. It was found that Schapelle had taken a variety of drugs, including heroin and ecstasy in her younger years. As well as this, the polygraph showed that Power was telling the truth when she stated that Mercedes Corby had tried to convince her to smuggle drugs into Indonesia prior to Schapelle's conviction. This is when the media war began. The networks went crazy over the story and Channel Seven and the Nine Network seemed to forget media integrity. Each presented a view that took only one opinion into consideration when reporting news about Corby.

The Nine Network proved to be a sympathetic ally for Corby's cause early on and when Schapelle's first trial began in 2005, the rest of the media seemed to follow suit. After all, this was the station that broadcast her tearful testimony live around Australia and ran a number of programs asking for the public to support her. These programs were usually hosted by Ray Martin and were shown during prime time. It was when *Today Tonight* screened a segment

suggesting that the Corby family was a bunch of drug dealers that a divide in the media began to form. After interviewing Power about drug allegations, *Today Tonight* (which was recently dubbed the most complained about program on Australian television) decided they would interrogate Mercedes and give her a lie detector test to hear her side of the story. So they sent journalist Bryan Seymour to do so. Instead of being upfront about their intentions, Seymour and his crew contacted Mercedes, assuming the position of an Australian official with ties to Indonesia. After Seymour falsely stated that he had acquired new information that could free her sister, he was able to lure her under these false pretences.

Not long after the tactics of Channel Seven and *Today Tonight* were revealed, the news reports in support of Mercedes Corby began to screen on the Nine Network and it was revealed that she was planning on suing *Today Tonight*. According to *A Current Affair*, Mercedes, and one of her children were ambushed by six cameramen after arriving at a McDonalds restaurant on the Gold Coast to meet the anonymous source that turned out to be *Today Tonight*. Nine, being 'the 'pro-Corby' network, discussed the sickening tactics used by Channel Seven journalists in order to gain information. One such despicable act included *Today Tonight* reporters using the name of a deceased Australian diplomat as a contact in their telephone negotiations with Mercedes Corby. The diplomat in question was Liz O'Neill, a young mother who died in the recent Indonesian plane crash.

The actions by both networks, especially *Today Tonight*, not only destroys the credibility of journalists and undermines the media in general, and proves that the commercial networks generally do not care about the way they find or report the facts of a story. It is clear from this situation that Channel Seven and the Nine Network will do anything to win the ratings war when it comes to their current affairs programs. So, while Schapelle Corby sits in an Indonesian jail cell serving her twenty year sentence, it is clear that the media in Australia are having a field day. Information about Corby's apparently sordid past is going for big bucks. Maybe one day we will learn what actually happened after Corby packed her suitcase and flew to Indonesia instead of hearing constant media speculation and irrelevant gossip.

Lisa Ireland

Khalid Sheikh Mohammed confesses to killing Jon-Benet: an essay on Why Torture is Bad



A tasteless title, perhaps, but somewhat indicative of the circus surrounding the confession of the individual reportedly responsible for 9/11, the Bali bombings, and numerous other foiled nefarious terrorist plots.¹ Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, or 'KSM' as he has affectionately been dubbed by the mainstream media, is deigned to be "more responsible than anyone else for inventing the movement's strategy of spectacular, no-warning, mass casualty attacks."² Obviously, the man is worse than Osama bin Laden, mostly because we actually managed to CAPTURE this guy. So now he is going to take the fall for everything, which, if you ignore the legal issues involved, this individual probably deserves anyway.

Snide comments aside, taking the fall for everything is what he in fact appears to be doing. The so-called "super-terrorist"³ has indeed confessed to a myriad of crimes after spending years in secret prisons and Guantanamo Bay. These crimes, in addition to the ones described above, include assassination attempts on Jimmy Carter, Bill Clinton, and John Paul II.⁴ That's a rather substantial list. If true, it makes this man one of the highest profile terror co-ordinators of all time. It is the circumstances of this confession that is under scrutiny by the media and the public. By implication, this means that the very veracity of this confession is in doubt. The confession in contention was conducted in Guantanamo Bay, and was recorded by a US military official.⁵ In the same confession, he claimed that he was tortured extensively by the CIA after his arrest in Pakistan in 2003.⁶

As to the methods that may have been used to extract this confession; it is rumoured that extended sleep deprivation, slapping of prisoners, keeping prisoners in cells at low temperatures, and the infamous 'water boarding' which basically simulates drowning, are all routinely employed as interrogation techniques.⁷ The detainees were also allegedly tortured by being made to listen to Eminem non stop.⁸ Water boarding is one thing, but enforced listening to Eminem? I think I'd probably confess to killing Mother Theresa if I was subjected to such brutality. Joking aside, the philosophical

justifications put forward to excuse the torture used are somewhat inconsistent with the circumstances of KSM.

In order to critically examine the reasons for his alleged torture, it is important to focus upon the nature of the processes actually being employed in the interrogation and prosecution of KSM. The treatment of this individual is not unprecedented; there have been many other reported instances of detained individuals who are awarded no clear legal status, shifted outside of US jurisdiction and are then allegedly tortured by members of the US secret services.⁹ This action indicates an increasing contempt for the philosophical roots of our legal system by Western nation-states, traditionally the most vociferous defenders of the rhetoric of a static and constant system of law that can be relied upon and applied equally to all its citizens. The observation that the state will inevitably shift its definitions of 'freedom', 'security' and even 'rights' depending on global circumstances, the nature of wars it is fighting, economic conditions and internal security concerns is one that has been made by legal philosophers such as the eminent Phillip Bobbitt (who does not necessarily champion it), Alan Dershowitz and more locally, Mirko Bagaric. To be clearer, this legal theory looks at the way that the nation-state is currently trying to maintain its integrity and sovereignty in relation to its own citizenry, who are increasingly identifying with a global community. The argument goes that the nature of the nation-state's legal system will form how that state interacts with the world community.

The concept is drawn from the philosophical position of utilitarianism, which dictates that the common 'good' must always trump the rights and freedoms of the individual. Very broadly, legal philosophers of this type argue that it is necessary for legal policy to be 'flexible' or dependant on external situations - almost a post-modern form of argument in that there is a rejection modernist forms of absolute, constant morals or values in favour of a system of morals defined by environment - not traditional, static morals, but rather reactions to perceived threats. One could argue that this

concept is similar to the moral position taken by political realism, but political realism bases its ideas on the antagonistic nature of nation-state relations - this new utilitarianism does no such thing.

Ignored in their political analysis is the idea that in our hierarchal system somebody has to inevitably decide what will benefit the majority and this very act of decision removes power from the public; in my opinion it takes a far too idealistic view of the way in which the law is used by a government against the public. To champion this position requires the adoption of neo-liberal idealism in the first place. To be fair to Bobbitt, he does believe that the extent to which laws should be adapted to strategic concerns must be constrained by the original legal and moral intentions of the constitution¹⁰ - but this brings up the issue of constitutions being read contrary to intention - which occurs when a government and the court that it appoints effectively read whatever outcomes it wants into a constitution, as one could argue has happened in Australia.

This legal philosophy may justify the torture of KSM (although none of the above have done so publicly) because it perceives the integration of "law and strategy" (to quote Bobbitt) to be integral both to the historical and thus future development of the law in relation to the citizens under its jurisdiction. In other words, torturing accused terrorists becomes necessary at those times where the nation-state committing torture is under threat from terrorism. Bagaric in particular advocated the use of torture only when it is deemed necessary to prevent the deaths of many other civilians.¹¹ Putting aside the fact that the definition of 'necessary' may be defined by those in authority at leisure, it is difficult to see this principle justified in the case of KSM, who had already been detained for several years and (as far as the public knows) had no information that would be necessary for the imminent protection of civilians. The other problem with the 'desperate times call for desperate measures' mentality is that the results can only be assessed with some level of objectivity after the fact, after the torture, after the military intervention. Collating statistics on the success of torture is woefully inadequate because statistics fail to account for the vast array of circumstances that can arise in justifying the need for torture.

I have little doubt that KSM was a man without any sense of moral accountability or shame. After all, he supposedly viewed his war atrocities as simply being PR exercises, a 'language of war'.¹² I also have no doubt that this mentality is not unique to nationality, religion or any other creed. That is not the point. What KSM's case study does is highlight problems in the treatment and prosecution of alleged terrorists by the United States. I, like the vast majority of the world's population, remain completely in the dark as to the veracity of KSM's confession and the exact circumstances under which it was obtained. This brings up so many issues of moral values and accountability that it serves to undermine the very reason for the existence and protection of our democracy - for how can the citizenry of a nation exercise their vote properly and fairly unless they understand completely the circumstances in which and the ideology for which they cast that vote? The point of democracy is that the people are in control of their laws and their government. As long as governments can shift the definitions of morals and values at whim, and selectively inform its people of the principles behind these decisions, this lessens the value of one's vote and one's citizenship.

Also, English people whine about the weather a lot and have bad teeth. Thus endeth the lesson.

(Footnotes)

¹ Close up: Khalid Sheikh Mohammed' in *The Weekend Australian* 17/3/2007 page 32

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ 'Al Qaeda Kingpin' on *BBC News* 16/3/2007 http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/south_asia/2811855.stm

⁵ 'September 11 Mastermind 'confesses' in *Al Jazeera* 15/3/2007 <http://english.aljazeera.net/NR/exeres/BA2B7119-DF1D-427E-857E->

5C44E3479F2A.htm

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Brian Ross, Richard Esposito, 'CIA's harsh interrogation techniques described' *ABC News Investigations* 18/11/2005. <http://abcnews.go.com/WNT/Investigation/story?id=1322866&page=1>

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Philip Bobbitt, *The Shield of Achilles*, Part III


¹¹ Mirko Bagaric & Clarke Julie; 'Not Enough Official Torture in the World? The Circumstances in Which Torture Is Morally Justifiable.' *University of San Francisco Law Review*, Volume 39, Spring 2005, Number 3, pp. 581-616.

¹² Adam Liptak, 'Suspected Leader of 9/11 attacks is said to confess' in *The New York Times* 15/3/2007

NEW! ELECTRONIC ACTION SUPER HERO

SUPERTERRORIST

THE LATEST, GREATEST, HARIEST AND MOST PROLIFIC TERRORISM ACTION TOY
BY GUANTANAMO TOYS



TORTURE HIM, THROW HIM AGAINST WALLS, JUMP ON HIM, STAB HIM WITH THE VOODOO PINS PROVIDED AND LISTEN TO HIM CONFESS HIS INVOLVEMENT IN EVERY ACT OF TERRORISM SINCE 1963. WITH SAYINGS SUCH AS: "I TRIED TO KILL BILL CLINTON" AND "I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE 9/11 OPERATION FROM A-Z!"

BATTERY ACID INCLUDED
IF DROPPED IN WATER, WILL BECOME FAIRLY

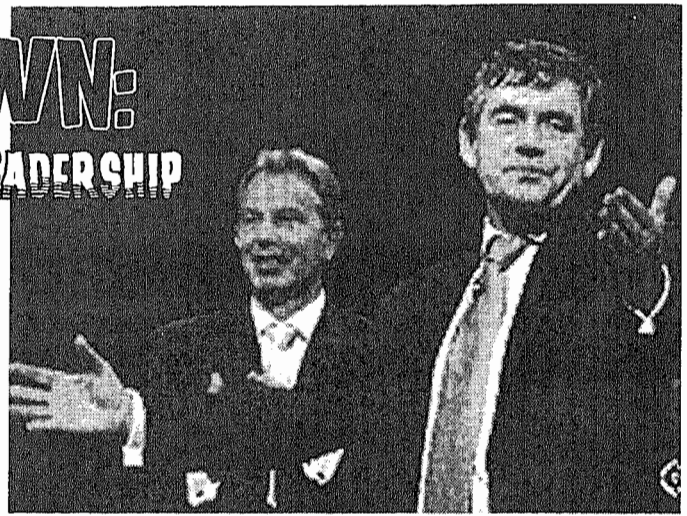
BLAIR V BROWN: THE BATTLE FOR THE LABOUR LEADERSHIP

So, this is *Pom Dit*. It seems that foreign affairs is ingrained in the very theme of this issue. However, British foreign affairs really aren't that interesting. The British aren't doing too much apart from the war in Iraq, which incidentally, they appear to be withdrawing from - a considerable troop withdrawal before Christmas has already been suggested. There is one issue, though, that has attracted some media attention in Britain: the battle for the Labour leadership.

Unfortunately, and quite surprisingly, not enough attention has been paid to this issue in the Australian press. Those who still believe Tony Blair is the Prime Minister must be the people who are actually doing all their readings and assignments and not paying attention to the real world. Blair is the Prime Minister of Britain in the same way that the Queen is ruler of Australia - in name only.

Gordon Brown, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, physically lives at No. 10 Downing St already and has more or less 'taken over the keys', even before an official hand over from Blair. But what kind of a guy is Gordon Brown and how will his leadership be different from that of Blair? What does it mean for Britain's relationship with the US and Britain's role in Europe? And what does all that mean for Australia?

Within Britain, Brown is nowhere near as popular as Blair and polls have suggested that if or, more accurately, when he takes the Labour leadership that Labour's popularity will fall even further. So why have him as leader? Basically Blair has been doing a shit job and everybody is really upset with him and his Government, particularly over the Iraq war (surprise, surprise). For Blair and the Labour party to deny Brown the leadership would be like denying leadership of the Australian Liberal Party to Peter Costello. This is quite an accurate analogy actually: a lot of people dislike Costello; just many dislike Brown. The consensus among Costello's dissenters is that he's bit of a control freak and the same applies to those who dislike Brown.



Brown is considered to be more left-leaning than Blair. It is thought that he will draw the Government's policies away from Blair's New Labour policies. Yet, voters are not confident about his ability to handle the economy in as successful a fashion as Blair has.

And the relationship with America? Analysts presume that Brown's relationship with America will not be quite so close and loving. Blair's gesture in bringing British troops home is seen as part of the transition to a more independent foreign policy, as would be characteristic of Brown's Labour policy.

So, will it really matter that much to Australia if Gordon Brown becomes the new leader of the Labour Party? Probably not - Labour took a battering in the polls in local elections last year, which was seen as a general dissatisfaction with Blair and his inability to listen to the populace. Recent polls have shown that Brown will not alleviate that dissatisfaction should he become leader, but would rather drive Labour further down in the polls. All this is happening while David Cameron's Tory party gains more and more votes as he takes a firm centre stance.

Lia Svilans

Polo: Quintessentially British

Polo is something quintessentially British, but it's a passion sadly unknown to most people. I don't mean Ralph Lauren or some kind of aquatic pursuit, but proper polo - the sport of kings, or at least of princes, and one of the greatest sports consistently played for centuries. It's been transported around the world, including to our fair country, but unfortunately it's generally overlooked.

Perhaps it is the huge cost in playing and getting started - a very average player will need at least two horses. People make a living out of this though. In an idea that seems decidedly un-British and un-sportsmanlike, people in England who want to play polo and win tournaments pay other, better players, to play with them. There are four players in a team. One of them will probably be the patron, the person with the money, and he or she will pay the other three players different sums, depending on their handicaps, to play with them. It's good living if you can make it. Top players behave like celebrities and earn similar paycheques: thousands of pounds for a match. They often only play one or two tournaments in a six-month season.

Handicaps range from -2 to 10. There are very few 10-goal players in the world, and all of them are Argentinean. The highest-ranked

Australian player is rated at seven goals.

Predictably, England is not the best at the sport it adopted and spread. Argentina is undoubtedly the best country for players and horses but Australia ranks up there as well. In 2005 Australia won the prestigious Cartier International Tournament at Windsor, one of the highlights of the polo calendar.

As British as all this sounds, few are aware of a thriving polo community in Australia and particularly in Adelaide. Polo is played regularly at the Adelaide Polo Club, which was founded in 1879 and originally based in the centre of the Victoria Park Racecourse. It is now based in Mount Barker. One of the players of the first recorded game in SA was the University's own Robert Barr Smith. I strongly advise people to go up on a Saturday, take a picnic and make a day of it. Polo is a fantastic sport; it's violent, fast and rough, and we are lucky to have a quality club so close to our own city centre.

Lia Svilans

'UNDER INVESTIGATION SINCE 1978'

YOUR SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY



The Dub. Hon. Andrew Love, MP

Pseudo-Minister for Veteran's Affairs AND Immigration

Last week, in what can only be described as an 'unfortunate incident' Dick Cheney 'peppered' me with the rifle known as 'Ol' Whittington'. I was certain that Brian Burke had invited me to the Peace Talk. Unfortunately, Mr Cheney disagreed with my stance and took "steps" to remedy the situation. Since then I have been Woomera Community Hospital. The care here is second to none and I am pleased to announce I am making a rapid recovery. It was a nice surprise when my old friend and British PM, Tony Blair, came to visit. Unfortunately he failed to recognise me from his father's junior tax inspector days in Adelaide. Although he was indifferent to my pleas regarding Mr Martin's incarceration, I am extremely pleased to announce that someone more competent will be taking over the portfolio of Immigration: me. Thanks Tony, we'll have to catch up for a game of badminton soon.

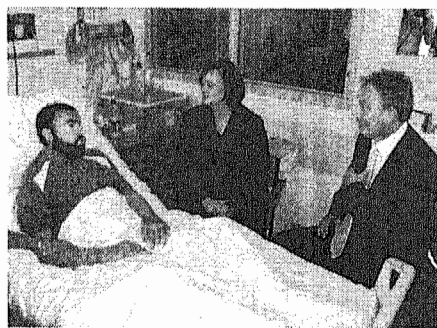


The Dub. Hon. William Martin, MP

'Inmate 23751'

It's been 14 days since my incarceration and, quite frankly, I don't see what David Hicks is complaining about. The benefits outweigh the negatives. After my 'initiation ce-rear-mony' they were so impressed with my 'assets' that I was ordained 'The Tasman Dragon'. Admittedly, the new nickname's made me uncomfortably popular during shower time, but the only thing that hasn't been inserted into me here is despair. Soon enough I'll be free and can cherish the whole ordeal in the backseat of an all-terrain vehicle with David Koch, as I recite what will undoubtedly become the next cheapest best-seller since *The Latham Diaries*. Assuming my \$20 million in book sales, I'll retire and if I ever have to face a problem more challenging than choosing between my mithril or ivory cane, then some Third World country will reap my disgruntled inmate wrath.

LOVE: "FREE WILLY"



There's a Blair in there: *Andrew Love is visited by UK PM Tony Blair (and some woman).*



Fasc-ion conscious: *Martin sports latest prison fasc-ial hair whilst refusing to leave until he receives more book material.*

After what was one of the most politically damaging fortnights in Australian history, the Slightly Political Party are in disarray.

After a bizarre shooting mishap by the US Vice-President, Andrew Love has spent the last two weeks recovering in hospital.

"He's quite delusional; sometimes he thinks he's Spiderman, other times Fran Drescher," said Dr Buzz Stanton.

"And if you think that's bad, you should see him after he was shot."

Mr Martin, who was sent to Guantanamo Bay, seems surprisingly excited by the incident, using his one phone call to contact publishers

for his upcoming autobiography, *Into the Lion's Den: The W. Martin Story*.

When asked about David Hicks, Mr Martin replied, "Obviously he's a real threat to my book sales. I'll see to it that Bazooka Joe is very, very comfortable... Then he'll have nothing to bitch about."

Mr Martin was permitted to leave but is appealing the decision due to his unfinished three chapters. Meanwhile Mr Love seems sceptical of Martin's imminent release.

"Sure the party's suffering, but he'll be forgotten after my new *Dancing with the Stars* gig!"

www.myspace.com/slightlypoliticalparty

SPP IN MEDIA TAKEOVER BID



Mmm I'm lovin' it: *SPP's new propaganda, now available free with every Happy Meal.*

After their thrilling success of making 'Page 11' in last issue, the SPP have released a new media campaign to spread their 'important messages'.

The Slightly Political Party are the latest of many upstanding

politicians to appear on Radio Adelaide's most prestigious and informative political talk show, *Politics Tonight*, with the delightful Eva Entenmann.

Politics Tonight airs fortnightly from 27th March on Radio Adelaide on Tuesdays at 11pm.



Blatant Hypocrisy: *SPP encourages the destruction of Western Capitalism.*



auu activities 29th Nov 06

JIM BEAM GAMES NIGHT

every thursday in the unibar

QUIZ NIGHT last thursday of every month

FOOTY TIPPING

free entry • prizes

VISIT WWW.UNION.ADELAIDE.EDU.AU

LIVE ON THE LAWN!

every thursday

BARR SMITH LAWN

live music • games

JIM BEAM END OF TERM PARTY

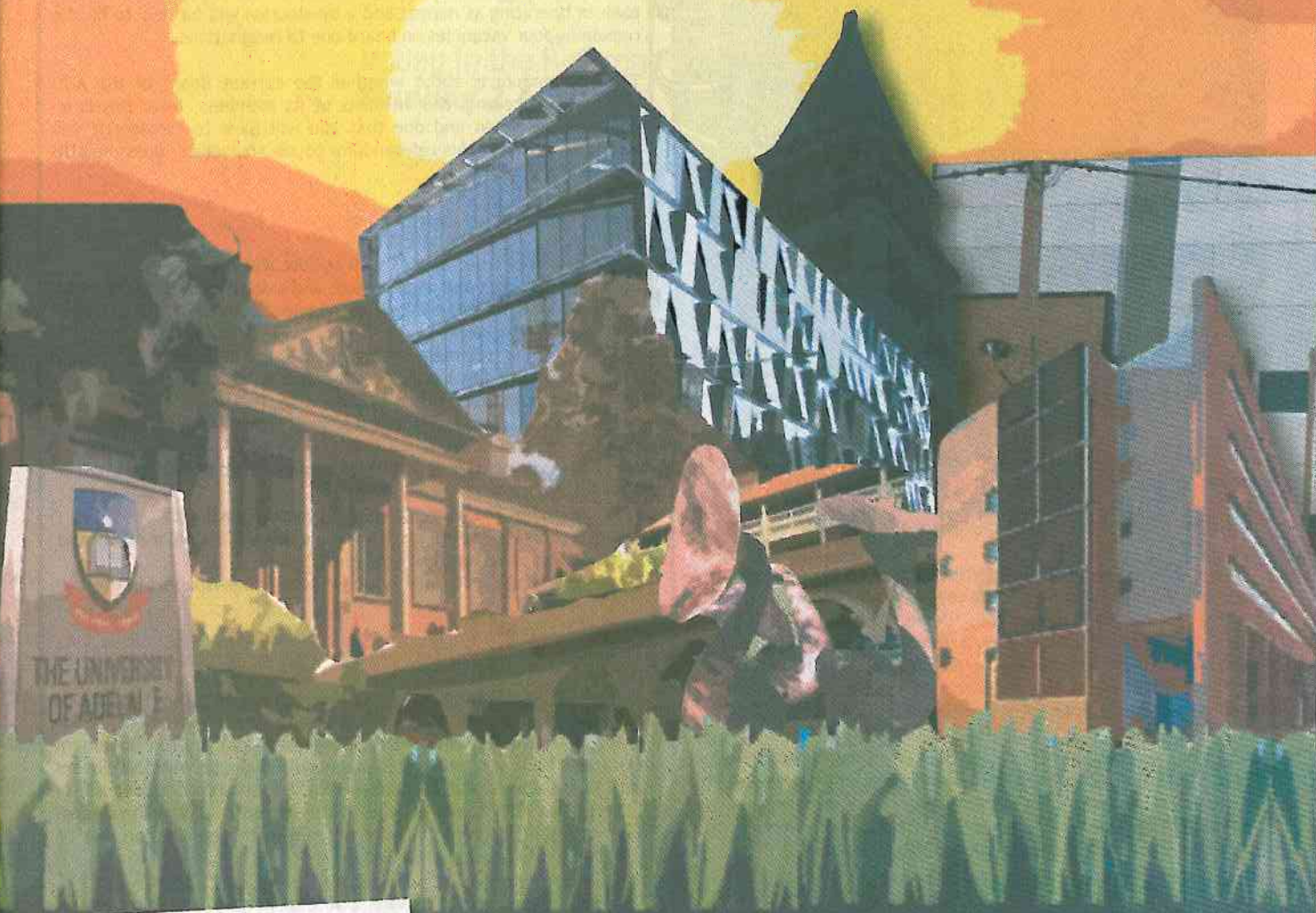
5th of april at the unibar

live music

prizes • give aways

UniBar

LEVEL 5 UNION HOUSE



HAPPY HOURS

Monday - Wednesday

4pm - 5pm

Thursday 4pm - 6pm

Friday 4pm - 7pm

all day everyday specials

\$3.50 pints of Tooheys

old & new

\$4 pints of Tooheys Extra Dry

\$5 Tooheys platinum

STATE OF THE UNION



Hey people,

My name is Rhiannon Newman and I am the President of the Students' Association and the South Australian Branch of the National Union of Students. These organisations are your voice on campus, intended to represent you both within the University and the wider community!

The National Union of Students (NUS) is your peak representative body as a University student. This year NUS are running a campaign for the federal election entitled, 'Demand a Better Future'. This campaign has been developed by activists all over the country and is designed to be as inclusive as possible as we all join together this year to get rid of the regressive government most of us have endured since before we were even teenagers.

The three main focuses of the campaign are: Quality and Accessible Higher Education, Student Rights at Work, and Climate Change 'The future is clean energy.' These three pillars are issues that affect everyone in the University community, check out the website www.demandabetterfuture.com for more info!

We will be running events for 'Demand a Better Future' leading up to a National Day of Action on the 2nd of May- an event where activists all around the country simultaneously protest the injustices of the Howard Government and put pressure on the other political parties to adopt our policy surrounding these issues!

So get on board if you think students CAN make a difference, feel free to call or email me and get involved! It's time to Demand a Better Future for everyone!

In Union,

Rhiannon Newman
sa.pres@nus.asn.au
0400 273 335

As a result of a petition submitted, the AUU will be holding a referendum on April 2, 3, and 4 around the question:

"That as the AUU Board no longer represents the interests of its members; the members declare a vote of no confidence in the AUU Board."

What this referendum seeks to do is to have the Board of the AUU 'recalled' (which is a fancy word for 'sacked'). Though I hear you ask, "What does this actually mean?"

Essentially, the answer to this question is simple - and that is the outcome of the referendum if it is voted up. If the referendum is voted up then the Board is recalled, meaning that the Board of the AUU is entirely vacant and another election needs to be held to fill the vacancy. As a result of this referendum, the operation of the AUU has ultimately come to a stand still with future initiatives and important projects placed 'on hold'. Once the outcome is known, either a full election is held (of course at a significant cost to the AUU as well as the cost of the referendum) or the organisation can get back to operating as normal and a by-election will be held to fill the remaining four vacancies on board due to resignations.

This referendum is about whether the current Board of the AUU no longer represents the interests of its members. Now, this is an important question and one that you will have to consider if you intend on voting in this referendum. So ask yourselves: does the AUU represent my interests?

Does it represent my interests by:

- o providing free services such as Education and Welfare Officers, tax and legal advice, and assistance with Centrelink?
- o lobbying the University and the wider community for a better deal for students?
- o providing free membership and a \$2 coffee card?
- o supporting Clubs and Societies, Sports Association and the representative affiliates (SAUA, OSA, PGSA) ?
- o holding an awesome Orientation program which included O'Camp, O'Week and O'Ball?
- o providing catering outlets on campus and cheaper food for students?
- o providing discounted textbooks through UniBooks?
- o organising activities on the lawns, awesome UniBar nights and a host of other great activities?
- o providing *On Dit*, one of oldest student newspapers in the nation?

And so much more...

What I find interesting though is that the major supporters of this referendum only seek to provide a counter union movement, which is unproductive and destructive. I ask them: did you run in student elections? Have you engaged in meaningful dialogue with the current AUU Board about your concerns? Have you presented a proposal or idea to the AUU Board or even attended an AUU Board meeting? Instead of this referendum why not run in the by-election and be involved in the process directly?

So... before you seek to express a vote of no confidence in the AUU Board, think of what this will do to the Union and make sure you fully understand the implications of this referendum before supporting it. If you have any amount of doubt or concern or believe that the AUU does represent your interest than make sure you vote 'no' to the referendum question. Don't vote 'yes' just for the sake of it!

If you have any questions about the referendum or anything at all, please don't hesitate to get in contact with me! Contact me via email: david.wilkins@adelaide.edu.au or mobile: 0411 238 450.

In Union,

David Wilkins
Acting President

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION REFERENDUM 2007

MOTION:

"That as the AUU Board no longer represents the interests of its members, the members declare a vote of no confidence in the AUU Board."

Voting in the Referendum will take place between
Monday 2 April and Wednesday 4 April 2007

POLLING STATIONS & TIMES:

Monday, 2 April 2007

09.00 – 16.00 Barr Smith Lawns

09.00 – 16.00 Hughes Plaza

Tuesday, 3 April 2007

09.00 – 16.00 Barr Smith Lawns

09.00 – 16.00 Hughes Plaza

11.00 – 15.00 WISA Offices

11.00 – 15.00 RACSUC Offices

Wednesday, 4 April 2007

09.00 – 16.00 Barr Smith Lawns

09.00 – 16.00 Hughes Plaza

PERMITTED MATERIAL:

All material used in relation to the Referendum must comply with Clause 25 & 26 of the AUU Rule Concerning the Conduct of Annual Elections, By-elections and Referenda. To view this rule visit <http://www.union.adelaide.edu.au/student/about/policies.html>

Any material concerning the Referendum, that explicitly mentions, or comments visually, literally, or figuratively on the issues involved, must be authorised by the RO before that material is displayed or distributed.

ELIGIBILITY TO VOTE:

- Must be a member of the Adelaide University Union (free membership available through Access Adelaide)
- Only members signed up prior to 5pm Thursday 29 March are eligible to vote
- The University of Adelaide Student ID Card must be presented when voting
- Only one vote allowed per AUU member

Oblivion

As they pass outside myself, crimes for which the world must be redeemed
I feel nothing I am waiting for
Waiting in the midst of echoes and phosphorescence of a fragment's dream
Waiting for a knock, knock at my door
I'm too far, too far walled in, here slips my essence, the fading.

I own it all
I'm guilty as they come

The trigger of silence and mind
The difference there, not even a line
The zero oscillates, seems electric

Nail your life to the nothing closest
I've seen it in myself
I've seen it in those I love most
I've seen it in myself

I want a silent nail
A white nail
A painless nail
I want to be sure nothing is felt
Keep the operating room
Silent as anaesthesia
Do not tear my skin
I can forget this prosthesis
Fix the world to emptied Jesus

Brendan De Paor-Moore

It must be made clear. I am about to repeat myself, again. I do not know the number of this repetition. I recognise the words written just before.

On the glass of the window there was a room in reflection, I rested against the window and focussed my eyes on the starless night beyond. There was no need then for anything further to mark the moment. I removed my hand from the window. The light in the room was a slow electric yellow; it made the night rich and unreal. In this light I watched the freshness of my fingerprints disappear from the glass and then I observed the still reflections of the now deserted room. The vacancy of two dead bodies on the large bed, their hands held together, fingers entwined in an intricate embrace which is the prayerform of our people. Soon after this I would disappear.

That night there were many other acts of murder. Behind an oaken door crouched seven men, all armed, all whispering to each other with their eyes. On the other side an old man knew already of their presence and felt sure he had enough time to prepare and accept the tiny, indistinguishable object which they bore in his name. I wish those that I had slain had been as noble. Their praying hands

were joined in spiteful challenge to me, as I remain their priest. They would cheat death by their insult to me, and they would dirty the pristine atmosphere of my religion, was this what was intended?

On the streets the soldiers were ordered to begin shooting into the crowds. The commander had to shoot a soldier for his refusal. A man stood naked on church spire and then leapt to his death. The crowds kept coming, and they wielded fire.

The air touched him. Was his gesture a mere figment, or was it the very world itself? His rage was very deep. He felt that God was dragging him upwards. The truth of this could only be expressed in reverse. Yet only a theologian would say as much, he died because something had become solid within him, the polarity between himself and his impulse to suicide did not exist; it was existence. I discuss this not knowing anything of why the act occurred. It occurred because he was gripped by something that was as impenetrable as the act itself. It was not internal to him, it was the multitudes who broke open madhouse doors and produced a suicide, in my act of murder I defended reason with an madness opposite to the mad. It is misery to become a symbol. Yet think,

he was free, he tore himself into the night, he stripped himself of the clothes which bore the monarchy's insignia, he reached the spire during the peak of the battle below, he was in the air as women clutched their own hearts blood in their fists and fell with him to the ground, and who but he understood their deaths? Had he found the point in death that surpassed deaths and broke death into charged fragments, each one living? This stinking madman, I announced his canonisation, though many refused to recognise my decision and the shrines I had built to him were sometimes destroyed. I suppose I must be a saint by now as well, I am still unsure of his right to sainthood, much less so of my own.

I am in an orb. I have never seen the outside of the orb. I have vanished and could occupy any position. Any position I occupy will be the centre of things. Therefore I am nowhere. I am either heading towards the end of the journey or I have just arrived. I presume I will either be notified or somehow, painlessly or painfully, be eliminated without having a warning or leaving a trace and that will be arrival. The world I am still attached to by the unintelligible but positively assured fact of my momentum away from it is everything. It is both a vicious cold machine and a

mother. It is made of pure light and perfect darkness. I am a secret messenger from it. The sacrifice made is to be no longer of it. I consider these facts, but what is it that forces me to recognise them? I am in the decadent position, just as I was when I shot the twin princes in the head. I cannot take any pleasure in the clear statements made by reason, yet it is in service of reason that I act; the glow of the most logical explanation has been, logically, superseded by an ornate umbra which must undermine reason, it can be said that this is to strip reason itself back so that it can again become simple, to injure it homoeopathically, or it simply could be that reason is no longer pleasurable and sophism is.

The above series of statements regarding my position I can hardly accept as truth. I should accede to them, at some level I do accede to them. Yet they cannot occupy the position of the truth, they do not satisfy the symbolic condition of finality that makes

truth into something that can be received and transmitted as a disclosure. Because they would leave me dead and unable to continue thinking I cannot accept them as a final thought. Yet, surely this is just the quality a final thought should have, unless a truly complete thought is both the completion of an equation and a articulated unit that allows a reconnection with all the unthought that drove the process of thought. Logical connections are not strong enough to bind a system together, for thoughts connect through their own logic. What I have said suggests an infinite circuit of thoughts, again, a completion; no, the final thought 'the truth' is only ever a penultimate event, the ultimate thought is almost an unconscious gesture: it serves to reopen and re-sensitise the bare surfaces of thought to accept new stimulus. Unless the universe lies fallow thought is incomplete. Therefore logically complete thoughts in themselves are incomplete and their structural resistance to permitting this insight unnerves you and

pushes you to be reactionary towards the revolutions of your own logic. Perhaps I just wish to avoid writing about my confinement. In that case I shall write about a sensation.

There was a wind on the sweat on my back and the linen shirt was tight on my skin so the evaporation was rapid and immediate in its transference of heat which disappeared like the traces of a spiritual relation, the fires in the sky were angry hot and I ran towards them forgetting everything that did not serve to fuse the act of running to all the physicality of the night, and the gun in my hand wore the face of a saint and these are the thoughts of the hero who has just killed.

They were dressed in black, their heads were clean-shaven and scented with cream of rosewater and aloe, they wore dusty white make-up and the dust in the room that floated, caught in lights was of the same visual tone as this ornamentation.

Brendan De Paor-Moore



REPUBLIC VS CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY

In this federal election year, many issues such as climate change, nuclear power and water management will continue to be at the forefront of the political agenda. Is the republic debate still as contentious an issue as it was a few years ago? New South Wales Convenor* of Australians for Constitutional Monarchy, Professor David Flint, spoke with me about the importance of a constitutional monarchy.

"The Crown is central to our constitution, and is our oldest institution which transcends the Federal and state constitutions. We're a Westminster constitutional system which requires a power at the centre that's non-political and it's made more important in Australia because we're a Federation. It's one of the oldest democratic constitutional systems in the world; it's one which works superbly well and has stood the test of time. Republicans must establish what the faults are with it and their proposals must be better than or as good as what we've got. So far they've failed to do that in the 1999 referendum and I doubt they can do it now."

Republicans believe the constitution is outdated and reflects Australia centuries ago rather than the Australia of today or of the future. Professor Flint argues that the constitution does reflect the values of Australia today and not that of our English ancestors.

"I'm surprised they say it's outdated. You'll get very few people in the United States saying their constitution is outdated and theirs is twice

as old as the Australian constitution. It's rare to get a constitutional system which works well and works over time, in particularly during times of war and depression which Australia has experienced. The fact that it brings a lot of the institutions of Britain to Australia is something we should not be embarrassed about, as our language is English and our political institutions are basically English. I think Australians who have come from all races and societies around the world recognise, in their hearts, that this country has a constitutional system which would be the envy of most countries in the world."

Despite a united stand on a republic for Australia, there is disunity among republican supporters about the republican model and Professor Flint believes they are being unclear on their proposal.

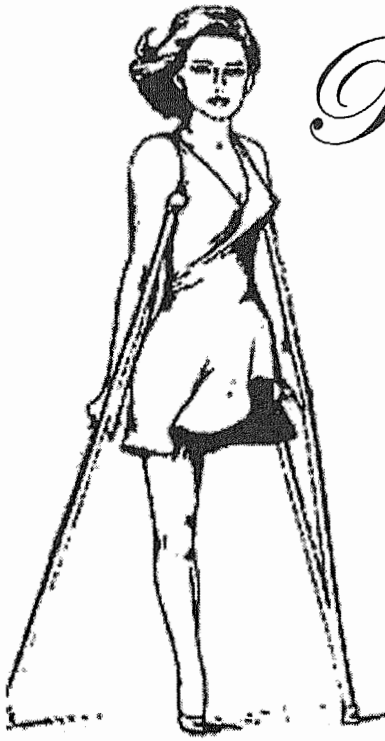
"The republic is a meaningless proposition because until you know what sort of republic, that proposition has no meaning. The word 'republic' is a very vague word and some political philosophers, in particular Montesquieu and others, would say Australia is already a republic. One English philosopher said it's a "disguised republic". Republicans would have to ask the public what sort of republic they want, yet they are irrevocably divided as to what sort of republic is best for Australia. It's pointless to talk about a republic or being republican unless the republican movement can explain precisely what they mean."

Republicans say a republic means independence for Australia whereas under a constitutional monarchy we have a Head of State who lives overseas, and rule is through birthright not merit. Professor Flint explains that Australia has independence in its own right and is not under the rule of the British Crown.

"Australia is clearly a very independent nation, and the fact that the Queen has a number of Crowns doesn't mean that Australia is not independent. The High Court has ruled that the Australian Crown is a separate legal institution from the British Crown, and recognises Australia as independent from the British Crown. Australia is not subservient to the United Kingdom, and that proposition was established in the 1926 Balfour Declaration that all the realms were equal to one another."

Linh Chung

*South Australia does not have an ACM convenor.

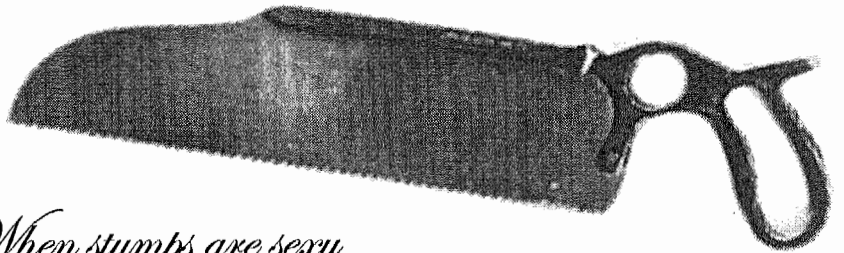


Psychiatric Disorder

~ of ~

the Week

With Lord Angus Maxwell-Clark



This week...

Apotemnophilia - When stumps are sexy

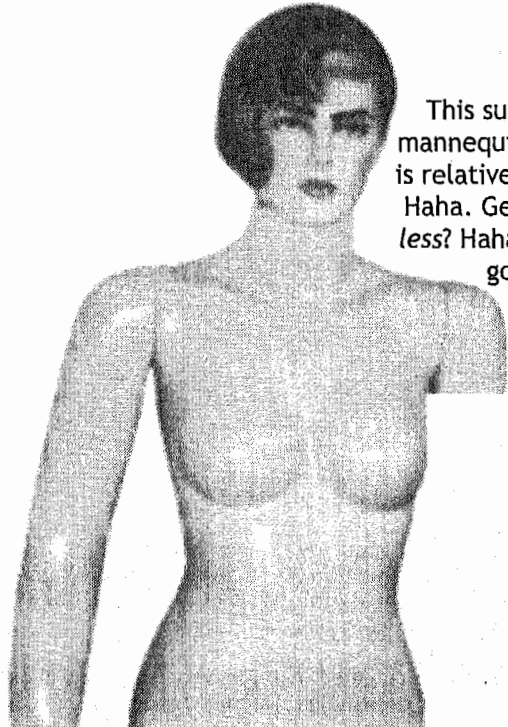
What comes to your mind when you think of amputation? Victims of landmines, frostbite, gangrene, horrific industrial accidents? Well, yes, there are those. And then there are those with the passionate desire to have healthy limbs amputated *voluntarily*. These people want to have *stumps*.

They suffer from this issue's Psychiatric Disorder of the Week... *Apotemnophilia*

amputation! In addition to home amputation, a sufferer may resort to more extreme measures to self-amputate a 'superfluous' limb, such as lying it on a railway awaiting the inevitable separation from body, shooting it, going at it with an axe, having an 'accident' with a power tool, starting and furthering an infection in the limb to the point where it is no longer viable, or otherwise mutilating it so much that it must be amputated. For those not wanting to endure the pain and hassle of these measures, behaviour reducing the desire for amputation, such as moving around on crutches or a wheelchair, may be displayed.

Cutting It All Off

More properly known as Body Integrity Identity Disorder (BIID) or Amputee Identity Disorder, the name of this disorder comes from the Greek 'to cut off' and 'love of', which is a fair summation of what BIID is all about. Basically, a BIID sufferer wants to have their bodily integrity altered by having one or more of their limbs removed. This might be understandable if they were to suffer from last issue's disorder, Alien Hand Syndrome, but is in general is considered a highly abnormal condition, hence it being referred to as a disorder. It is the irresistible yearning to have healthy body parts cut off, or the body's integrity otherwise compromised. Well, the yearning isn't exactly irresistible, but it is fairly strong nonetheless. Because so few doctors are willing to amputate healthy limbs, and partly because of the shame and embarrassment, some sufferers take it upon *themselves* to amputate, according to Wikipedia, 'their own limbs and/or penis'. Ouch. Especially considering that effective anaesthetics aren't readily available to the home surgeon. I've been told that there are videos showing such surgery available on the internet, but after watching one, I'd strongly recommend that you don't. That is, if you don't want to develop your own personal Psychiatric Disorder of the Week for life. BIID sufferers, most of whom are white-collar well-educated white males, might complain that they don't feel 'whole' or 'complete' without having a limb amputated (life can be ironic). The desire is often fixated on a single limb, the most popular choice from records being interestingly enough the left leg above the knee. However, BIID does encompass other desires, such as the desire to be deaf, blind, paralysed or otherwise bodily impaired. Back to



This surly-looking mannequin amputee is relatively *armless*. Haha. Geddit? *Armless*? Haha! God, I'm good.

BIID is an annoying acronym to say

In recent years, as society grows more open and connected by the internet, more and more sufferers have come forward with their desire to undergo amputation, and a BIID community has emerged online and in the real world, complete with its own lingo. For those who aren't down with that, yo, a 'wannabe' is a BIID sufferer who still craves physical impairment, whilst a 'pretender' is a sufferer who isn't impaired, but walks around with crutches or spins along on a wheelchair anyway. And then there are the 'devotees'. The devotees are termed acrotomophiliacs - people who are sexually attracted to amputees, with some being both apotemnophilic and acrotomophilic. But hey, acrotomophilia's another issue, and not necessarily a disorder, that you can look up yourself and which we don't have the word limit to discuss today. Next paragraph!

Why?

Well, fair question. Psychologists are currently unable to pinpoint the exact causes of BIID, but a few theories have been put forward. One suggests that a child who feels unloved will believe that becoming an amputee will give them the sympathy and attention they need (I would just throw a tantrum). Alternatively, a child may see an amputee at an early age and adopt this body image as their own 'ideal'. Finally, there may be an irregularity in the sufferer's cerebral cortex, the higher part of the brain that manages, among other things, perceptual awareness of the body. As in many areas of science, more research needs to be done to establish more concrete theories of causality.

Give the people what they want?

In general, trying to stop a sufferer of BIID wanting an amputation is like trying to stop Osama bin Laden hating the West. Psychotherapy and counselling can, at most, teach a person to control their desire, but it cannot abolish it. Neither can medication address the issue, although drugging Osama might help him. Medication can only help if the desire for amputation is brought on by another disorder, such as psychosis, which can be chemically addressed. In cases where BIID sufferers have had their desired amputation, most are left feeling happier and more 'whole'. It seems that the only effective treatment and indeed the cure for BIID is amputation!

The Final Diagnosis

Although it may seem easy to make the judgement, BIID sufferers are not psychotic, although some psychotics do want to get rid of limbs because, for example, they believe that the limb is 'evil'. However, psychosis is a separate disorder from BIID, where the desire to get a limb off is merely a symptom of a deeper disturbance. BIID sufferers are not crazed and are aware of how abnormal their condition must seem to other people, and keenly feel the shame and embarrassment it brings. Given that once the desired amputation has been performed the sufferer often feels much better in the long-term, and considering the extreme measures that some go to in order to have an amputation, should doctors really deny sufferers what they crave? Or would this simply be a waste of money, time and expertise when our health system is occupied enough as it is? Would more amputees harm the economy? Or would the amputation treatments actually lessen the burden on our stretched mental health system by reducing the need for counselling? You be the judge. The debate is so delicious I could microwave and eat it. Figuratively, of course. To deliver your verdict, emaillez-moi at angus.maxwell-clark@student.adelaide.edu.au!

End Article

Sources n' shit:

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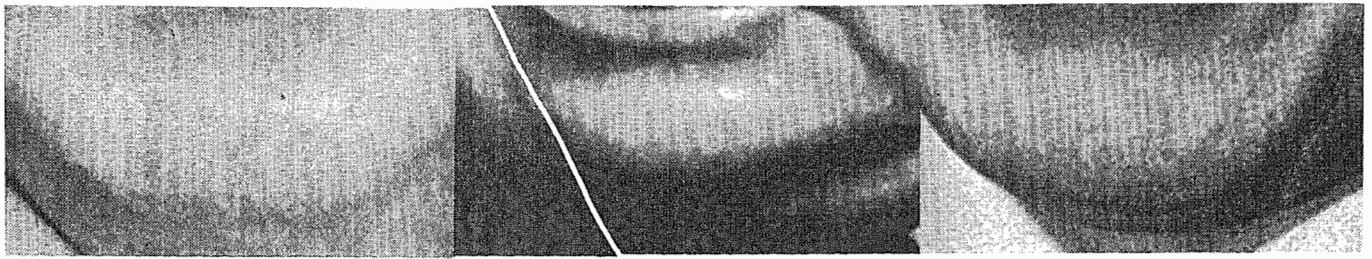
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Body Integrity Identity Disorder - <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Apotemnophilia>



*Coming up next week: Emotional
Incontinence - No, it's not
'pissing yourself with laughter.'*



MATCH THE CHIN TO THE PM

A chin is often the focal point of a man's face. Strong chins dictate that the man himself is masculine, physically powerful, robust and dominant in the face of those he has social interludes with. Hold the phone. Tony Blair doesn't have a strong chin. How the bloody hell can he lead the British nation? Take our Johnny for instance: he's got a strong chin, as strong jaw line and a forest for eyebrows. Is it really the jaw that a nation looks for in its leaders? Hawke had a strong jaw line, but do you think Margaret Thatcher had one? Maybe it's just the English and their inbreeding. Sorry guys, but you've been stuck on an island for the better part of a millennium, there was always bound to be inbreeding. Who would have thought it would have lead to your messed-up teeth. Is that the issue perhaps? British people don't have strong chins because they did the dirty with cousin Suzy way back when and now their thin little jaws have to house the same amount of teeth that us good-jawed Aussies have to.

Maybe it's not the chin at all that the Pommies look up to. I mean after all, we have had the longest serving Prime Minister in desperate need of a good saloon eyebrow wax. That could be it: perhaps it's the hair. Old Margz had a head full of hair that children often mistook for a jumping castle because it was so high and springy. I know where those thousands of dollars you asked for to send troops to the Falklands went, Margie. They didn't go to feeding the troops, or to fuelling the boat, but instead to the hairspray and curling irons you used to get your hair looking so ravishingly beautiful for the press conference. Sweetie, no matter how high your hair looks, people are still going to notice the fact that your teeth are stained and at right angles to each other. Perhaps you'd do better to grow a long fringe to hide your face. Johnny's doing it with his eyebrows, and he's pretty damn close too. There would already be no forehead left if he wasn't balding. Now if only his eyebrow hair covered his masculine chin that I have come to fall so deeply in love with.

Just as deeply as I have also fallen in love with good ol' Winnie Churchill. Now *there's* a chin you can hang a coat on. Perhaps the only well-chinned British PM there was! Does that really come as a surprise though? The man was voted as the most popular British PM in history in a 2002 BBC poll. That's what the Brits really needed: a good solid man with a good solid chin who could lead them to victory in the face of weak-chinned Hitler and his well-groomed eyebrows. Those perfectly chiselled German eyebrows, which comes from eating *wurst* for years and years. Something about the protein and amino acids in *wurst* makes one's eyebrows long, luxurious and smooth. It's true, I read it in a fiction book somewhere. I mean after all, the British and Coalition forces did win World War Two, but where do they stand in the current Iraq invasion? Perhaps Blair could go a good chin implant. I know a few plastic surgeons who could hook you up a good deal. Why not get some pec implants at the same time? Hey, if Thatcher wasted her salary on hair products instead of good orthodontic and oral hygiene work Tony, why not waste yours on becoming a 'real boy'?

The British obviously must have had a thing for strong faces during wartime, further demonstrated by the change of governance during the Great War. Poor weak-chinned Herbert Asquith had to deal with the 'out with the thin, in with the grin' and oh, what a grin David Lloyd George's was. Here was a well-nourished, surprisingly well-groomed leader of a nation who, much like Churchill, sported a convincingly masculine chin with less need for severe dental work than previous British PMs. Furthermore, if memory serves me

correctly, was it not a victory for the Monarchy in the Great War, much as it was in World War Two? Is anyone else seeing the direct line of correlation here?

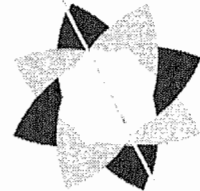
So kiddies, next time you're escaping Australia on a fake English passport, don't forget to stick in a set of stained dentures for your photo, otherwise you may just get found out at the border!

N.B. *On Dit* and Shiny don't condone illegal activities such as fraudulent documentation. Should you need a fake passport, please feel free to write to the Australian Government. They are too busy screwing social welfare and university culture in the ass, so chances are they won't even be checking the legitimacy of the documented evidence of your 'identity'.

Liefs, als altijd [love, as always]

Shiny

ANSWERS (left to right): 1. Tony Blair 2. Winston Churchill 3. John Howard



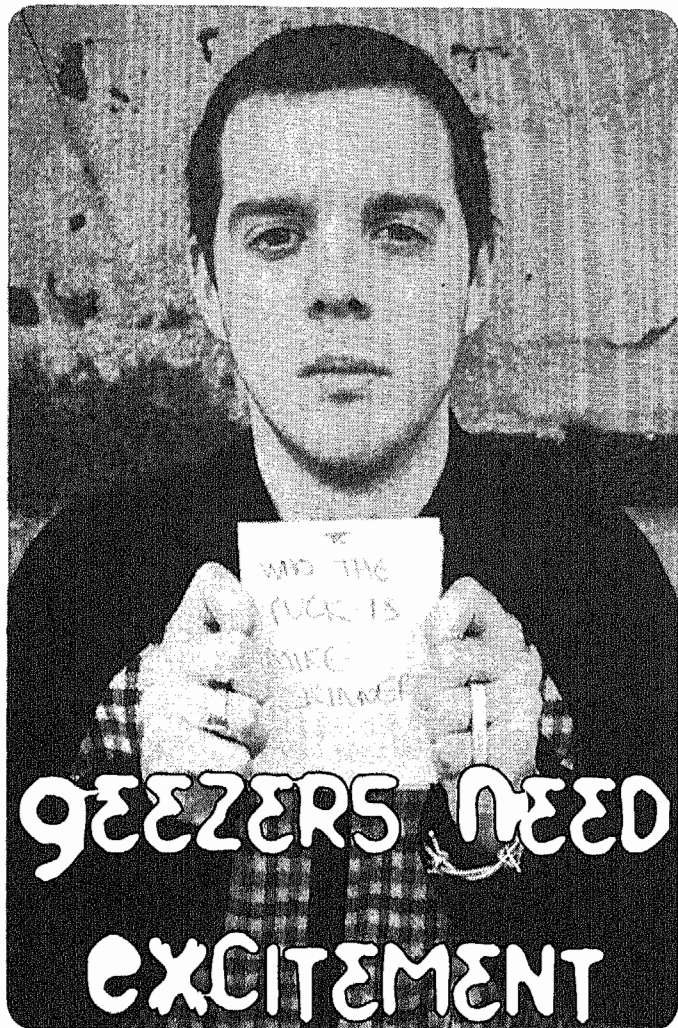
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(or Just Coz It's Bri'ish Don't Mean It Ain't Bollocks)

BY T.RIDDY

Britain. So hot right now. Britain. What is it about our northern cousins that mean they seem to be able to pass everything off with a patina of cool with less effort than it takes to say "cor blimey"? Are Brits and their soggy islands really that much more 'it' than any of the rest of us? To borrow a sentiment from Reg of *Life of Brian* fame, what have the Poms ever given us? Well, besides the legal system, democracy, parliament, the monarchy and right-hand drive vehicles...

Scoff as you may at this question, I feel it is my duty (as *doyen* of some unclassified realm of integrity) to explore this further. Don't for one minute think that it is just me who's noticed the seemingly unlimited ability for all things British to be considered beguiling. Just this week, *BBC Online* reported (by way of none other than the sublimely articulated Stephen Fry) that all a Briton must do in order to have favours thrust upon them by Americans on their home turf, is speak. Nay, simply murmur. Pure and simply, Mr Fry asserts - persuasively as always - that all one must do to make one's way in the tempestuous struggle of one-upmanship that is American society is to open one's mouth and let forth any trivial utterance. From dashing dandy to cock-eyed cockney, it seems not to make a difference; all one must do is ask and the favours flow. Try that as an Australian in the US and you'll probably get the whole "your accent's real cute!" response, but followed

closely with comments about cooking additional crustacea on the backyard barbie. For fuck's sake, we don't even call them shrimp, and Paul Hogan's not actually real. How could anyone take a guy seriously whose face has had more work than Tori Spelling's cleavage?

But I digress. This is about the British, and how they pass the crappy as kooky and the repulsive as resplendent. Don't get me wrong, there's plenty to come out of the UK that is as wondrous as can be. Mike Skinner for example, is one of my favourites, along with Jamie T, Ray McCooney and the Violet Crumble. I've even kept a message on my voice mail from an English friend for some time so I could indulge in gratuitous listening to his velvety accent. But the fact remains, while their gold is sweet as can be, their shite is masked with some cultural equivalent of Glen-20.

As evidence of this, you'd be a mug to go past the prime example of the royal family. Name me a good-looking royal. Sorry, what was that? No, I didn't think so. Yet cast your memory/web browser back 30 years or so. Our next king was touted as the hottest thing since Jack Thompson. Sorry, but did no one notice that beyond the cable-knit jersey, skivvy, kilt and what appear to be some 'manly' manifestation of the Homy-Ped, that Charles is quite possibly one of the ugliest men on the planet, second only to Bert Newton? One can only think it was some kind of rebound infatuation after the Beatles era, in which Britain was, in fact, cool.

Skip forward to today and they're trying to sell them to us again. I actually feel sorry for William and Harry, they were the most liquid commodities the house of Windsor had at their disposal when positive PR was in short supply. Yes, they were cute and grieving back in the '90s, but as a current day sex symbol? I think not. Bachelors or no, surely anyone's eligibility is sorely dented by the globally known fact that their father professed his desire to be their stepmother's tampon. Oh, and did I mention that they're not even hot?

Admittedly, the motorway of mediocrity goes both ways. We got the Spice Girls, and they got Peter Andre. They inflict *The Bill* on us, but they actually pay for *Home and Away* and put it on commercial TV. Somehow this ability of theirs to lap up our own schlock adds to the illusion of coolness in a cultish kind of way. Allegedly in the UK *Neighbours* was considered so daggy it was cool, though the ratings would suggest otherwise. Kylie, Jason *et al* were often viewed by more Britons than the whole population of Australia. They were hooked - spiral perms, mullets and all - and they weren't calling it satire. At one point, it appeared there was a strong correlation between the performance of the British financial markets and the trembling of Harold Bishop's jowls. Every time Madge's concrete-mixer voice aimed criticism likely to cause indignation at her wombat of a husband, investment bankers got nervous and the FTSE started looking shaky. Not cool. Surely even the fact that Craig McLachlan and his band, Check 1 2, had three (yes, three!) hits in the UK is enough to decimate the reputation of the whole nation. We were only foolish enough to fall for *Mona*.

In closing, could any article (or words aspiring to be one) on the ability of the Poms to sell their crap go past the phenomenon that is the Beckhams? Sure, David's not that bad with his boot, but the hair, the wife, the fact that they name their children after the location of their conception...need I go on? As if Posh wasn't bad enough when she was gadding around with Ginger, Scary, Sporty and Baby, she decided not only to stick to her manufactured persona but to amplify it and marry a dude with a fauxhawk who talks like a 12-year-old jockey. Of course, all this could be looked over if it weren't for her recently reported attempts to have a friend. Usually I'd be all for this kind of behaviour, but she had to go do it with Katie Holmes, didn't she? If anyone were eligible for British citizenship on the basis of their ability to be crap but think they're cool, the Cruise-Holmeses would be at the head of a very long, slow-moving queue.

A BIT OF THE FRINGE



THE GURU: LETTING GO OF OUR INNER BITCHES

Higher Ground Projection Room

If the name alone didn't give you enough clues, *The Guru...* was a very strange performance. The Guru, or Seb Carboncini when he is sans wig and robes, began his performance with a 20-minute meditative mantra, complemented with projected images that turned his words into toilet humour. For example, "Learn to let go of our urges," was accompanied by an (admittedly hilarious) photo of what looked like two male water polo players having sex. Although these kinds of images were funny for a while, after 20 minutes the single joke had become quite old.

This was followed by an uncomfortable question time, which involved The Guru finding humorous ways to evade questions on the drought and climate change, along with some stand-up that contained the kind of lowest-common-denominator humour that you can't help laughing at, but you hate yourself for doing so. Case in point: "What's black, white and red all over? A nun that's been stabbed to death." All that plus a bit of stripping.

The idea for the performance was quite intriguing, but I can't help thinking that it wasn't used to its full potential. There are plenty of ways to make religious figures funny other than simply making them say something obscene or juxtaposing their words with a funny picture.

The main question that arose from the performance is where he got so many ridiculous photos from. Obviously the road to self-discovery involves a lot of Google image searching.

Bartholomew Huxtable

BREAK

Holden Street Theatres

Break, an amalgam of partially improvised live performance and pre-recorded video footage, tells the story of Ben, a hapless 26-year-old virgin, who tells his devoutly Christian parents that he is finally getting married to a girl - unfortunately, one who doesn't exist.

Enlisting the help of a PR rep, he sets about finding a wife, which first involves some sex education courtesy of a Brian Burke-Amanda Vanstone analogy and a book entitled, *Where Did I Come From?*

The projections were quite well incorporated, being used to show many off-stage characters at once (all played by the same actor) and entertaining advertisements for things like 'Essence of Ben'.

Audience participation, in which two audience members (one of them me) were brought to the stage to participate in a *Blind Date*-style interview sequence, added a nice touch to the performance. Unfortunately this section was slightly underdeveloped, though that may have been my fault; I seemed to mess them up with a stupid answer.

On the whole, the fact that they are amateur performers showed, but this wasn't always a bad thing. They certainly made a conscious effort to make the audience feel appreciated, especially when the lead actor shook everybody's hand as they left.

Also, any show that places *The Advertiser* at the butt of so many jokes can't be bad.

Bartholomew Huxtable

LEHMO: CONFESSIONS OF A HARMLESS MIND

Rhino Room

I have seen Lehmo before, once, opening for Arj Barker. I liked the way he ripped the shit out of torn flannelette shirts but alas, I was not to be subject to such topical humour this night. Lehmo's gig is basically about him, growing up in Adelaide, getting smashed and doing stupid shit, and it primarily revolves around the Havelock, some private colleges and North Adelaide.

I do have to congratulate him for now being able to start a story, take off on a tangent, and come back to it with an attempt at a joke, but the punch line fell a little short for me. Hilarity ensued though, when for some bizarre reason Lehmo decided to run a tape of his abysmal failure on *Red Faces* many moons ago.

If you like the idea of Lehmo beating himself up onstage, this was probably the gig for you, but for wit and humour, there was plenty more out there at the Fringe with more bang for your buck.

Chelsea



LIVING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE: THE STORY OF THE DANDIES

Dandyism was an 18th and 19th century cultural movement in which men who lacked a noble background sought to mimic outward aristocratic characteristics, whilst retaining a haughty sense of self-superiority over the upper classes. Dandies created their own personalities and consciously portrayed themselves as the physical manifestation of pure elegance, complete with barbed, taconic wit. Perhaps partially through disdain and partially through envy, they refused to conform with any prevailing social class, and pursued aesthetic perfection in everything they did. They considered themselves above aristocratic fashion, preferring understated simplicity rather than the gaudy excess that was previously in vogue, such as powdered wigs.

Dandies often had reasonable inheritances or allowances, which made employment unnecessary. This gave them more time to fill perpetual idleness, and allowed them to devote their entire selves to leisurely pursuits, such as fencing, philosophising, smoking cigarettes from a cigarette holder and generally looking rather dashing. The French poet Charles Baudelaire, himself a dandy, stated that a dandy "must have no profession other than elegance." He meant this quite literally - they often spent hours a day dressing themselves in preparation for an evening spent mingling with the right people in the right places. Their inheritances also gave them plenty of money to spend on their sartorial desires. Decadence was also often the cause of their downfall. The normal fate of dandies was to die broke as a result of massive gambling debts, after having carelessly squandered their fortunes, living beyond their means in order to maintain the outward impression of opulence.

The man who brought dandyism early popularity in England and France was "Beau" Brummell, an Oxford undergraduate who claimed he took five hours to dress each day. His favoured attire - dark pantaloons, in favour of the previously in fashion breeches; a frilled, lacy "poet shirt", freshly starched; a plain, dark blue coat, most elegantly tailored, and a fine cravat - quickly became the *costume du jour* in England and bohemian France in the 1790s. He was an early incarnation of the modern-day celebrity, with an innate ability to dictate popular fashion without having achieved anything notable to put himself in the position to do so. Unfortunately, he suffered the archetypal dandy fate - bankruptcy from gambling debts - and died insane from syphilis in 1840.

Other than a few notable recent dandies - Andy Warhol for example - dandyism as a culture has largely disappeared since the 19th century. The recent rise in mens' care for their image post-*Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* has a few characteristics of dandyism, but the reasoning behind the cultural shift is not a rejection of social norms as it was in the 1790s. It's more to do with the influence of the cultural elite and mass media - a topic thoroughly too complex for a dandy to concern himself with.

Some musicians, such as The Smiths' Morrissey and The Dandy Warhols' Courtney Taylor-Taylor, have tried to imitate the dandies' bored, narcissistic pose. Despite their name, though, The Dandy Warhols are post-modernists rather than dandies, embracing anything with an adequate degree of retro-cool (as song titles such as 'Bohemian Like You' and 'Be-In' attest). Plus, anyone who saw Taylor-Taylor's shaved-except-fringe cut circa *Welcome to the Monkey House* will know that he certainly didn't inherit the dandies' tasteful *coiffure*.

In essence, dandyism was one of the first instances of proud non-conformity. Unable to fit into the society they thought themselves worthy of, they created their own set of values, using a heightened sense of aesthetics as its basis. Not surprisingly, it's Oscar Wilde who best sums it up: "The only way to atone for being occasionally a little over-dressed is by being always absolutely over-educated."

Bartholomew Huxtable



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NEVER MET THE BOLLOCKS HELPS VOX POP

1. What is your favourite British food? Bangers or mash?
2. Which British personality would you like to do a nudie run through a tube station with?
3. Is Jane Austen an insipid boring old (dead) woman or a witty (dead) literary genius?
4. What is your opinion on British teeth?
5. In a wrestling showdown comprised of British kids' show characters, who would come out on top?
6. What's the best phrase or saying to come out of Britain?



1. Mash.
2. Cat Deeley - The *So You Think You Can Dance?* host.
3. Never read any, so the second.
4. I kissed a British girl once and hers were great.
5. Tinky-Winky
6. "Yeah but no but."

evan



1. Mash.
2. Hugh Grant.
3. Genius.
4. Feral.
5. Thomas the Tank Engine.
6. "Compu'er says no."

kimberley



Mary Poppins says that a spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down. Medicine's pretty bad but apparently answering questions for Vox Pop is worse. Suck it up kids!

Don't say no, it hurts our feelings!

So without a double decker bus, but with a little of Austen Powers' charm, we sought out the Holy Grail and came up with this...

Happy Pam Dit!



marc

reece

1. Mash
2. The *Little Britain* guys
3. Bit of both (Jane Austen is a bit bland).
4. Absolut'ly fuckin' awf'l.
5. The Artful Dodger.
6. "Shine your shoes eh, gov'nur?"



brooklyn

1. Hot chips and baked beans.
2. David Beckham
3. Either way she's dead.
4. Get braces.
5. Fireman Sam.
6. "Do I look bover'd?" (Chav speak)

1. M - Neither
R - Mash to avoid sexual connotations.
2. M - Any member of the Royal Family
R - David Brent
3. M - The two definitions can definitely co-exist
R - She's dead? That's sad.
4. M - I've never owned any so I wouldn't know.
R - Good, because I'd like to support their public health system.
5. M - Postman Pat and his black and white cat.
R - Something downstairs from *The Trap Door*. "Berk! Feed me!"
6. M - "Bollocks."
R - "Fanny means your arse, not your minge."



blaze

Dit-licious!

Cookbook Review

I'm not a religious man by any stretch of the imagination and although I'm no Richard Dawkins (*The God Delusion*), I do have some fundamental issues with the way religion has made a mess of so many things in our world (I won't go into them here though, this is a cooking column). Having said this, however, there are some elements to our society's attitude towards food that border on the religious: the ritual of food preparation, the gathering of family and friends around the dinner table, the elaborate uniforms and fancy hats worn by professionals (not to mention the secret languages and alleged deviant sexual behaviour).

Continuing with the religious metaphor, I've found during my own career in the kitchen, two books, which I refer to as my Old and New Testaments, have been indispensable. The Old is the enduring classic, *Larousse Gastronomique*. First published in 1938, this tome is the first and last stop for many chefs and home cooks if they want to reference anything French or generally European. It's the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* of Euro food, from *Abalone to Zuppa Inglese*, and one of my most valued personal possessions. It is, however, somewhat mired in tradition and the pompous superiority of French cuisine, and falls short on other, more exotic cuisines. The wide and diverse Asian cuisines, for example, are definitely under-represented.

This is where the New Testament comes into play. My esteemed colleague, P. Chi, referred in the last edition to the compendium of culinary wisdom that is Stephanie Alexander's *The Cook's Companion*. Alexander dispenses with all the fire and brimstone of the gourmet tradition, producing a guide that's far more accessible to the average domestic cook, written in plain, no-nonsense

language that successfully conveys the author's love and lifelong commitment to all things culinary. The caption on the back of the book says it all: "The book for a lifetime of cooking." I can picture myself teaching my children, when they eventually arrive, from the pages of the Prophet Stephanie. The last time I opened the book was just after I'd harvested my in-laws' satsuma plum tree. Two days and a quick flick through the pages of *The Cook's Companion* later, two dozen jars of plum jam were cooling happily on the kitchen bench (not to mention 25 litres of plum wine aging in the cellar, but that's another book for another review).

To sum it up, if I was looking for the definition of an obscure French culinary term, or the name of a three Michelin-starred chef from Lombardy, it'd be *Larousse Gastronomique* all the way. If, however, I wanted to cook a meal with readily accessible and recognisable ingredients, that I knew would have people drooling the minute they walked in the door, I'd go every time to *The Cook's Companion*. For one, it's Australian and we should all support Australian businesses and industries, but also because it's unpretentious, amazingly comprehensive and (I say this without a hint of exaggeration) one of the most important works of culinary literature ever produced, in this country or any other.

Cass

Larousse Gastronomique, edited by the Gastronomique Committee, President Joël Robuchon, Hamlyn, 2004

Stephanie Alexander, *The Cook's Companion*, Lantern/ Penguin, 2004

Cass' Coffee Quest

Maybe it's just me, but I'm sure the world took a subtle shift to the left after my first cup of coffee this morning. The people around me were suddenly beautiful and everyone was smiling, the sunlight took on a magical phosphorescent glow and the trees all had their leaves raised in pleasure, each doing its utmost to stem the tide of global warming.

Hi, my name's Cass, and I'm a caffaholic.

Forgive me if I digress for a minute, but does it bug anyone else that people who are, for whatever reason, addicted to something, whether it be work, sex, or anything else, are called ...'aholics'? It's not like they're addicted to workahol, or sexahol. Technically, it should only be alcoholics who are lumped with that particular suffix. So maybe I should introduce myself as a 'caffic'.

So anyway, the quest...

Note - All judgements made on a standard (regular) sized flat white.

Elder Park Kiosk
Festival Centre Riverside
Fairtrade Coffee
\$3

Bean Bar
North Terrace, Opposite Elder Hall
Aroma Coffee
\$3

Quik Bite Café
Ground Floor, 10 Pulteney St
Monjava Coffee
\$2.60

Not bad, but a little overheated. I listened with ever increasing dismay as the barista blasted steam into the milk until it roared its disapproval. I applauded them for taking up the Fairtrade concept; as it behoves all of us to try to make a difference wherever we can. But a little more care in the making of the coffee would go a long way to encouraging more of us to follow their lead.

I always try each outlet twice to ensure the first experience was not an aberration. The first coffee I had here was too strong, bitter and overheated, so I didn't hold out much hope for my return trip. As it turned out, however, I was pleasantly surprised. They weren't as busy the second time 'round so the barista had time to take more care in making my coffee, and it showed. It was a good strength, with a nice, creamy (but not bubbly) layer of froth and very little bitterness. The world took a shift in the right direction after that particular cup.

Although this coffee won't win any awards, the folk at the Quik Bite make buying it a pleasurable experience. They're always up for a bit of irreverent banter while you wait, and the sheer volume of coffees they produce each day ensures a certain level of skill in its making. Good strength, no bitter after-taste and at a good price. It's by no means gourmet, but they make no pretension in that direction, so what you get is a decent, satisfying caffeine injection.

Strawberries & Cream

Organic, home-grown strawberries and double cream: it's a better match than Prince William and Kate Middleton (are they still together?) Cream is so sensual, a little like a silk scarf floating down your fortunate throat. There is nothing quite like real English strawberries. Each strawberry gives off a hospitably sweet smell, inviting you to go a-hunting for each tiny red berry hidden amongst the dark green foliage. To combine this English summer joy with rich cream proves that the British are the sexiest people on earth.

British Pubs

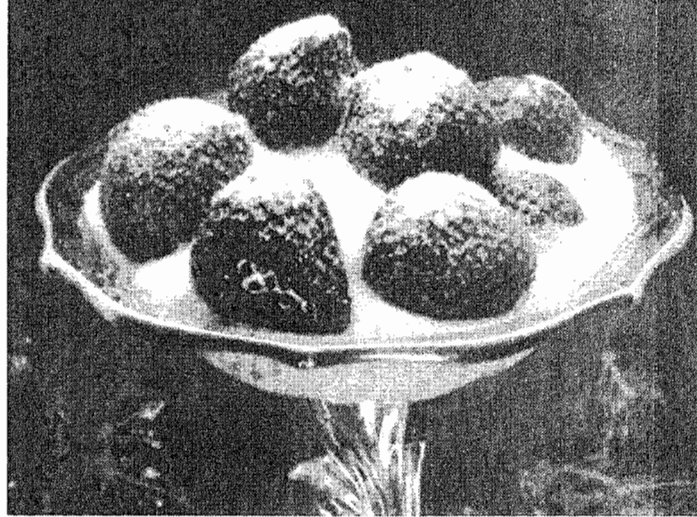
A good local pub is the ultimate in comfort, practicality and mysticism. As you enter the locals stop talking, turn and stare. You are an acceptable drinking candidate if you see the alpha male give a slight nod in your general direction and everyone goes back to the low mutter of conversation. The barman is a highly-respected artist, gently pumping the golden liquid into the pint glass. His precise technique and careful use of geometry creates a decent pint, with just the right proportion of head. The seats encourage you to sit deeply and relax into a respectable pint of real ale. Life is easy, listen to the football and it's safe to dwell on your worries.

The Ploughman's Lunch

Simple and filling, this lunch will satisfy everyone. It's a pure combination of a loaf of sourdough, a hunk of vintage cheddar, home-made mustard and a cured onion. To drink you either enjoy a strong bottle of beer or a good pull of water from the local stream. Bob's your uncle. It's a meal for a real man. Who cares about bad breath after a solid morning's work preparing for harvest?

Cucumber Sandwiches

A light delight, encouraging witty gossip about last night's ball at the estate in honour of the hunt. Did you see the vicar dancing with that loud woman in the red gown? Naturally, a lady may only have one and the crusts simply must be removed. So dainty and so soft, the white bread melts away leaving the cucumber stuck to the roof of one's mouth. How does one remove it without other guests noticing?



A Good Cup of Tea

Tea is the universal beverage, drunk by the working class and aristocracy alike. To prepare, one must use fresh water, just before it reaches the boil. Use the hot water to heat the teapot, most likely your great-grandmother's delicate Spode china. Using fragrant tea leaves, pop one spoonful for each guest into the empty pot, remembering to offer one extra spoonful to the pot. Pour the hot water into the pot and leave the blend to rest for a few minutes. Enjoy the restorative effects with either a slice of lemon or milk and sugar.

A Fish Supper

Real fish and chips. A thick hunk of cod so hot it burns the roof of your mouth. Large, thick chips coated in salt and vinegar. Yes, fish and chip shops are filthy, especially in the United Kingdom. I know, I experienced food poisoning several times. Simply, food hygiene isn't why you go to the chip shop in the good old U.K. You go because it's a cheap portable meal and it heats up your middle in the cold, damp winter.

HRH Queen Camilla Windsor

I love Camilla, she's a fine lass. She rides horses, smiles like she means it and does the decent thing. Why we had to suffer that foolish clothes-horse, I don't know. Camilla and Charles: they belong together and inspire us to love 'The One' forever. Why can't they rule the British Empire?

P. Chi

All your questions answered:

In edition one of 2007 I put the call out for those in need of food-ish advice to email me with their problems so that I could do my humble best to help solve them. Four weeks in and I'm barely coping under the strain of the *none* I've received since then. I'm serious folks, if you have any questions about food or cooking, ask away. Not only will it make me feel as if I haven't wasted the last 12 years, it will also let me know that at least someone out there is reading these words. C'mon, you know you want to... I've got a lot of love and even, dare I say it, the occasional pearl of wisdom to give.

cass.selwood@student.adelaide.yaddahyaddahyaddah



Literature

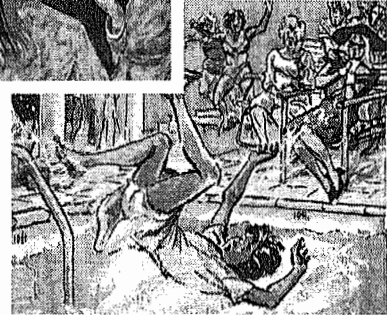
I have a real thing for the British. I love all things to do with England. I'm sure it all stems from reading Enid Blyton as a child and watching all those English comedy shows the ABC used to broadcast at 6:30pm during the week. There's something so pleasant about the English traditions and lifestyle. It's like nothing ever goes wrong. But stuff does, so, here it is, Pom Dit Literature.

By the way, does anyone read this? I'm feeling unloved. Help me feel the love by emailing me reviews, thoughts, comments at ondit.literature@gmail.com so I can then convince the lovely On Dit editors that literature needs more pages.

Hugs and Kisses,

Alicia

WELL DONE, SECRET SEVEN



Jo and Charlotte's List of 10 or so English Authors Who We Like, and You Should Too

(1) Jane Austen

With a new film based on her life coming out, she's the flavour of the moment (but then when is she not?).

(2) Charles Dickens

One of us can't stand him, due to a traumatic experience participating in musical production of *Oliver Twist* at an early age. But we're told he's important. So there you go.

(3) Enid Blyton/Beatrix Potter

There was only one place for a children's author on this list, and we couldn't agree who should fill it. Public schools, picnic lunches, plucky children, and good old British imperialism versus thieving rabbits in waistcoats and Jemima Puddleduck.

(4) Diana Wynne Jones

So it turned out there was a second spot for a children's author. One of the most original fantasy writers out there - try *Dark Lord of Derkholm* or *Deep Secret*. We're not joking about this, we really like her.

(5) Nancy Mitford/Evelyn Waugh

If you like your English upper-class, then these are the authors for you. Read *The Pursuit of Love* just for mad Uncle Matthew, and *Scoop* when *Today Tonight* is getting you down.

(6) Terry Pratchett

He created a world which is flat and carried on the back of four

elephants on the back of a giant turtle, and one of the greatest heroines ever imagined, Granny Weatherwax, a tea-drinking (with lemon), goat-raising village witch, from whom vampires, elves, and small children flee.

(7) Virginia Woolf

There's more to her than Nicole Kidman and sentences which never seem to end. For a really good biography, try Hermione Lee's *Virginia Woolf*.

(8) Stella Gibbons

Makes it in here for *Cold Comfort Farm*, because none of the others were any good, but *Cold Comfort Farm* was really good. And we're not just saying that because the editor told us we had to.

(9) Dorothy L. Sayers

Read her Peter Wimsey detective stories for the detective and his relationship with crime writer Harriet Vane, rather than for the mysteries. Be prepared to chase up many obscure John Donne quotes.

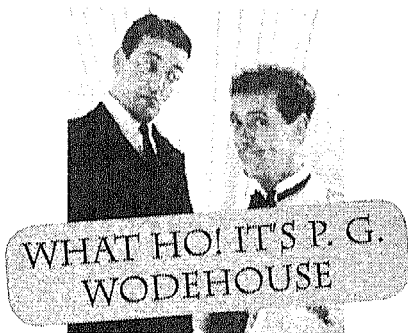
(10) Wilfred Owen

Yes, we're pretty sure everyone else studied him in Year 12 English too. But "Insensibility" - "the perfect reciprocity of tears" - how can you not love him?

Not making the list: Chaucer or Shakespeare, because they didn't write in proper English.

With the possible exception of Oscar Wilde, P.G. Wodehouse is the most distinctly British writer of them all. His stories, like Wilde's, are often fanciful farces involving the aristocracy, filled with the wit that has since become a distinctive feature of the best British comedy, from *Monty Python* to Douglas Adams to *Blackadder*.

His books, of which there are nearly 100, often portray the aristocracy and authoritative figures as vague and easily fooled. They generally rely on their valets and servants, including Wodehouse's most famous creation, Jeeves, to salvage them from predicaments resulting from their own incompetence. In fact, Wodehouse satirised the aristocracy to such an extent that he was nearly refused knighthood; the reason being that his stories were too damaging to the British upper class's image.



His plots are quite ingenious, featuring cunning twists and amusing situations, generally caused by a character's eccentricities. In *Something Fresh*, the absent-minded Earl of Emsworth accidentally purloins a priceless scarab from a collector under the assumption that it is a gift. The collector is then invited to dinner as thanks for his 'generous donation', bringing with him a struggling actress and a pulp detective writer, posing as a lady's maid and a valet respectively, employed to steal back the scarab. Oh, and they're also reluctant lovers, both chasing the scarab without the other's knowledge. Such chaotic scenarios are vintage Wodehouse, also reminiscent of classic Wilde such as *Lady Windermere's Fan*; and while the conclusion may be reasonably formulaic, the road towards it contains enough quirks and inventiveness for Wodehouse to be widely considered one of the masters of farce.

His characters, too, while perhaps not true to life, are extremely memorable. Psmith (the 'P', of course, silent), for example, is a floridly-spoken, impeccably-dressed, monocled schoolboy whose incessant witticisms would make the great Oscar himself jealous (along with your humble reviewer). He believes himself too noteworthy for the name Smith, so he decides one morning that his name will henceforth be spelt Psmith. I struggle to see how that isn't totally hilarious.

Quite.

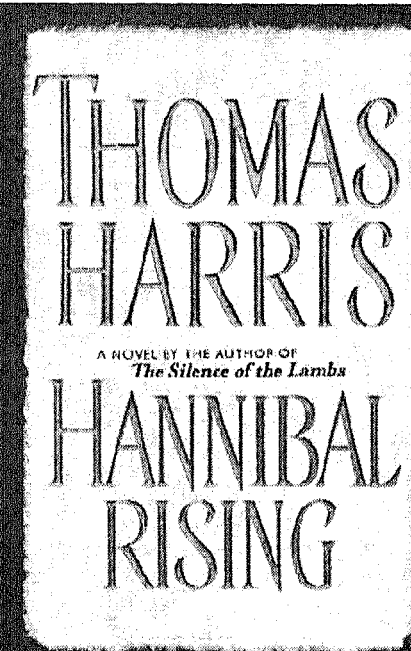
Bartholomew Huxtable

WODEHOUSE

(All Fringe Events) Monday 12th March, 2007

A mixture of poetry, prose, music and movement was presented at this year's Fringe by the Adelaide Uni Creative Writing students at the Crown and Spire on Monday night. Highlights included Heather Taylor Johnson reading poems with an Adelaide flavour for the evening, and Max Anderadi, who kept the audience gripped with a tale of a golfing disaster. Jenny Tounge gave a spectacular tap dancing performance in the interval, and seems likely to achieve her stated goal of becoming the first tap dancing poet to perform at the Edinburgh Festival. The stunning finale was a rendition of the Greek story of the child musician, Lil Pella, read by Jessica Sabatini, accompanied by Marie Therese Johnson on a wide variety of instruments, Pavlos Soteriou on drums, and Isabelle da Sylveira both singing the remains and two of her own compositions to bring the night to a close.

Jo & Charlotte



Hannibal Rising

Thomas Harris

"I would like to apologise in advance for over-analysing, but that's the effect this book has on me"

Hannibal Rising is the latest installment in the Hannibal Lecter saga, delving into his childhood to show us the events that moulded him into the creature we meet in the other books. It's the prequel (or the prequel to the prequel) of this disturbing man's even more disturbing life. At this rate, *Hannibal: In Utero* should be well on the way to publication.

The novel opens with a surprisingly idyllic portrayal of little Hannibal's life at Castle Lecter. He's got everything we could have wished for ourselves: parents who love him, a castle to play in and a little sister he adores. He has horizons to explore, and a gifted tutor to help him develop his prodigious (and slightly terrifying) intellect. There is no escaping it: this is an unexpectedly normal, quite happy little boy. Then Operation Barbarossa comes along and spoils it all. As the German army makes its way towards Russia, the SS set up shop in Hannibal's

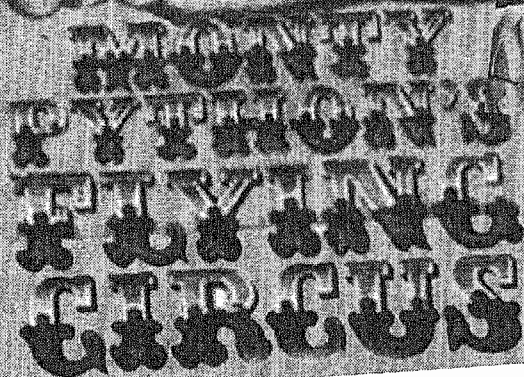
native Lithuania, recruiting locals as they go. The Lecter family hides in a hunting lodge, hoping to go unnoticed and live out the war in relative peace. They succeed for a while. Eventually they are discovered, and events are fairly inevitable from then on. Only Hannibal and his little sister Mischa are left alive. Then comes the moment which defines the rest of Hannibal's life.

From that point, bits of the Hannibal we know and dread start to emerge. From an early age, people are fascinated by him. As he gets older, that fascination starts to be edged by a vague sense of horror. This is exemplified by the policeman Poplit. He knows Hannibal murdered someone, but he hangs around him like a kindly uncle. You can't quite tell if he feels he should watch him because he is dangerous, or whether it is because he *cannot look away*. He doesn't even seem to know this himself. Although Hannibal is the main character, you never truly know what's going on in his mind. Even when it's spelt out, there is something else lurking in the shadows.

Although arguably not as graphic as Harris' other offerings, *Hannibal Rising* is deeply disturbing - but not for the reason you would expect. You find yourself identifying with little Hannibal - as well you should - and find yourself a bit appalled by that fact. It is somewhat unsettling to *empathise* with the person who you know grows up to become 'Hannibal the Cannibal'. That's the beauty of this novel: you know how it ends, you know what Hannibal becomes. It's the how and the why that are a blank. You keep reading because you have to know, you have to understand. Be warned: this is not a book where it's acceptable to get to the middle and then chicken out. It sounds slightly silly, but I needed to get to the end of the novel to get Hannibal out of my head. If you are planning to read this novel, but haven't yet read *The Silence of the Lambs* or *Hannibal*, I'd recommend that you read them first, and leave *Hannibal Rising* for last. That way you will get the full freak-out effect, and the full benefit of the novel's message: monsters aren't born, they're made, and even then, they might not be the real monster after all.

Sophie Donoghue

And now for something
completely different...



Monty Python's Flying Circus was a comedy sketch show first produced in 1969. It was groundbreaking in many ways and has been influential on future comedy. This highly intelligent English surrealist humour battles all types of issues, most commonly leading to political and social parody. It also has many hilarious sketches that border on the absurd, or transgress that boundary completely, such as the rather random fish-slapping dance.

The Python team was made up of six comic geniuses: John Cleese, Michael Palin, Terry Jones, Eric Idle, Terry Gilliam and Graham Chapman, most of whom met each other whilst writing for their various university comedy groups. All the Python team are still alive and appearing in a range of programs, except for Chapman, who sadly passed away from cancer (Cleese subsequently did him proud by using the f-word in his eulogy).

The Python team also created many hilarious songs used in their sketch series and their films. The success of their television series led to a few other endeavours, such as the *Python* books as well as a large number of albums. If you haven't heard the penis song, it is highly recommended that you do. Soon.

The *Flying Circus* TV series is a little hard to get hold of, but definitely worth the effort! Most video stores have a couple of old and well-loved VHS copies that have not yet been completely destroyed. Episodes are sometimes played on The Comedy Channel, and less often on ABC. I had to have a friend import the 14-disc series from Canada for me because only seeing a couple of episodes wasn't good enough for me. DVD helped a lot with the quality issues, although, having been produced so long ago it is still a little grainy.

The amazing thing about this series is that although it was created a long time ago in terms of such a fast-moving medium as television, it has been enjoyed by so many people of different generations, and continues to be enjoyed to this day.

It is very hard to describe *Monty Python* as a series because their sketches are so varied and cover a wide range of topics. It is very fast-moving and wacky humour, which pushes the limit by choosing conventionally taboo subjects.

There are some people who just 'don't get' the Python humour. I can understand this. As it is intelligent humour, it helps to be intelligent, which, unfortunately, not many people are. People generally either love this series to death and end up being huge fans or dislike the Python humour intensely. It is true that there are a lot of sketches that the Python team would never get away with today!

Being all male, they often cross-dress for scenes requiring women, which makes them even more hilarious. In one scene, the entire Python team re-enact the battle of Pearl Harbor as old ladies belonging to a country women's guild, fighting each other with handbags in the mud. One of the Python team mentions in an interview that they had arranged to clean themselves off and have showers at a nearby farmer's house after filming, but hadn't thought to mention that they would be in drag. Apparently the farmer was a little alarmed.

The Python team also created legendary movies such as *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, *The Life of Brian*, and *The Meaning of Life*, and the best-of sketch collection, *And Now for Something Completely Different*, so if you can't find *The Flying Circus* anywhere, these films are pretty easy to track down and are available to buy on DVD, unlike the TV series.

You might also find the DVD of *Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl*, which is a stage show they performed that included some of their most famous sketches, such as The Ministry of Silly Walks, The Argument Sketch, The Special Olympics including the 100 yards for the deaf, the marathon for the incontinent, and the steeplechase for people who think they are chickens, and one of my favourite songs, 'The Philosopher's Song', including the lyrics "Rene Descartes was a drunken fart", "I drink therefore I am" and 'Socrates himself was permanently pissed'. Some of the best sketches aren't on this though. I particularly like the Upper Class Twit of the Year.

Eric Idle adapted the *Holy Grail* movie into a stage musical, *Spamalot* which has been highly successful and is coming to Melbourne in November! Woohoo! He has also more recently adapted *The Life of Brian* into another stage musical entitled, *He's Not the Messiah, (He's a Very Naughty Boy)*

John Cleese and Michael Palin later teamed up to create two of my favourite movies, *Fierce Creatures* and *A Fish Called Wanda*. These are 'must-sees', and are easily available here, and are regularly played on free-to-air television.

Fawlty Towers is another great British series written and starring John Cleese as well as Connie Booth (his then wife who occasionally appeared in the *Flying Circus* series).

Basil Fawlty is the belligerent proprietor of a small hotel. He can't stand what he thinks is the lower class, and relentlessly sucks up to who he thinks belongs to the upper crust of society. His wife, Cybil Fawlty, has a laugh that sounds like an angered walrus, and Basil refuses to listen to her common sense pleas for him to complete tasks around the hotel.

The character of Basil was based on a real life hotelier called Donald Sinclair, whose hotel the Python team stayed at on one occasion. Palin said that this man viewed them as a complete inconvenience. He also threw Idle's suitcase out of the hotel, and when asked why he said that he had thought it may have contained a bomb (which was not such a commonly held opinion of suitcases back in those days). He also complained rudely about Terry Gilliam's eating like an American (which he is).

Basil is hilarious. He is rude to guests and staff, particularly Manuel, their waiter/porter from Barcelona (it would be quicker to train a monkey), who is played brilliantly by Andrew Sachs.

This series, like *Monty Python*, has deservedly established a cult following.

THE
END

The British and their television. Can anyone seriously beat sitting down on a cold Sunday night and watching the latest BBC mini-series? Or buying up all the DVDs of British comedies that JB hit the stock and watching them *ad nauseum*? Maybe, but if your answer was, "Golly, highly doubt it," here are my favourite Pommy shows to watch on the box.



Clara West's Slightly Indulgent List of Her Top Twenty British Television Shows
(In no particular order)

Jonathan Creek

Ahh, magic tricks. Alan Davies captures the nerdy/hot thang, with his very '90s floppy, curly hair, as well as the fact that he lives in a windmill! Crap with Julia Swahila (of *Ab Fab* and *Press Gang* fame), great with Caroline Quentin (*Men Behaving Badly*).

The Vicar of Dibley

The jokes after the credits between Geraldine and Alice were the most hilarious things in the world when you are 12, and would always be repeated at school the next day.

Absolutely Fabulous

My best friend is exactly like Patsy, so that makes me Eddy; frumpy and not really all there. Yeah, that works.

The Crystal Maze

Obscure, I know, but this was my favourite British game show of the '90s. The eventual prize was a turn in the Crystal Dome - a big glass dome that has money blowing around in it. Wickid. Watch it on YouTube, and check out the bald, scary-looking host.

Next of Kin

British sitcom at its best. Similar to *My Family*, I think it played on the ABC at 5.00 and was the best for after-school viewing.

Black Books

Dylan Moran is sexy. 'Nuff said.

The Bill

Currently it is just a bit shit, but in the days of Luke, the gay policeman fighting his personal demons, or even further back with Tosh and the bent detective Don Beech, *The Bill* was unmissable.

Spooks

Shits on *Alias*. British spy drama at its best.

Blackadder

A classic British comedy. See Baldrick (aka Tony Robinson or Fat Tulip) now presenting the archaeological program *Time Team*.

Red Dwarf

The last human in existence stuck in deep space with a hologram, a droid and a creature that evolved from his cat; this concept made for a plethora of possible storylines and hilarity, so much so it ran for eight series. Chris Barrie is a comic genius.

Good Night Sweetheart

Watch it on Sunday nights. The ABC have just put it back on. It's about a dude that finds

a portal back in time to wartime Britain. He woos his 1940s love by singing famous ditties from the '60s and '70s and claiming them as his own. He eventually makes a living in his real time (the '90s) by selling '40s antiques and war memorabilia. Classic.

The Biz

I wanted to go to a talent school and become a child actor whenever I watched this show.

The Wombles

The Wombles from Wimbledon Common taught poor students how to acquire free furniture. Stepney was my favourite because he had dreadlocks.

My Family

Even though Nick (Kris Marshall) left, this show is still hilarious.

Men Behaving Badly

My parents wouldn't let me watch this when I was young because it has too many jokes about sex in it. I know find it ironic that Neil Morrissey who played Tony does the voice for Bob the Builder.

Top Gear

My guilty pleasure. Such a dad show, but I don't watch it for the cars...

Spaced

From the makers of *Shaun of the Dead* and the new *Hot Fuzz*, this low budget sitcom has some of the weirdest characters ever thought up, and was so unbelievably British.

The Mighty Boosh

So fucking indie and becoming more and more popular since its return to SBS recently. It is hilarious and has some of the best lines I have ever heard in a comedy, ever ("It's your basic back comb structure, slightly root boosted, with a cheeky fringe."). The second season is better, crazier and more random - if that's possible.

Quite Interesting

Hasn't aired in Australia just yet, but if you can download - I mean, purchase - a copy from anywhere, do it. Hosted by Stephen Fry, it's a game show with a difference.

Art Attack

The big pictures Neil used to make astounded me. How did he get them so proportionate? Try and tell me you didn't make, or attempt to make, one of his crafty creations.

Celebrity Corner



How to stay so deadly skinny?

Live on tea! Victoria Beckham recently made jaws drop on a flight from Los Angeles to London. She refused to eat any food while on board the 22-hour flight. Her only form of sustenance was drinking peppermint tea, even bringing her own teabags.

A passenger commented that, "She was very pleasant and she's really very pretty in person, but she's very thin. If you can go for 11 hours on nothing but peppermint tea, it's little wonder she's so skinny." Let's hope people don't make this the new celebrity diet!

Robbie's Sleaze Fest



We always love a bit of Robbie. We all know he is naughty, a druggie and a sleaze, but we can't get enough of him! Just like Robbie can't get enough of women! *TMZ.com* spotted the Brit, fresh out of rehab, making out with a brunette inside *Boulevard3* on the 19th of March in Los Angeles. Then minutes later he is seen hitting on a 'front-heavy' blonde outside the club.

He was overheard proclaiming, "I'm almost off all drugs." Then uses the ever so charming line, "I like this country ... not as much as I like your breasts though." Hmm... very smooth.

Heather Puts Her Best Foot Forward

Heather Mills appeared on *Dancing with the Stars* in America on March 19th. Scoring a scary 6-6-6 across the board from the judges. Heather is currently under attack for her supposedly conniving ways during her divorce with Sir Paul McCartney in Britain. She has had so much negative press in Britain and abroad that she needs this show to help her public image and make the people realise how nice she is. If she fails to impress, she will be ruined! In an interview with *Extra*, Mills says, "Hopefully my leg will stay on... it's very unlikely (it will come off) though it'd be funny to knock one of the judges out! I have no fear, I'm quite happy to be thrown around."

Natalie Shinnars

Interview:

BLOW UP BETTY

This week I was lucky enough to catch up with the super-friendly and very energetic Kim, singer from Blow Up Betty, to have a chat about the launch for their forthcoming CD *Asking For Trouble*. Blow Up Betty have made quite the name for themselves in the SA music industry in recent times, their performances renowned for being not only great to listen to, drink to and dance to, but also for providing a little eye candy for the lads (and some ladies) as well.

I asked Kim what led to this new, shiny recording. "The need to do a recording!" Kim laughs. "The last time we did a recording was back in 2005, and we've had some line up changes since then. We were just at the point where the old CD no longer represented what we sound like." Good stuff.

Asking for Trouble is a seven-track serving that was recorded in Adelaide's Soundhouse Studios and mastered at Crystal in Victoria. As for the recording process, it sounds like the girls had a lot of fun. "Anj (Soundhouse) was a little freaked out as we are all girls, and we like to talk and analyse things way too much, but I think he has a really good time with us. He ended up treating us like his daughters, which was really cool. We had some time issues; we knew what sounds we wanted, and had some issues getting the right gear to get the right sound, we got to spend a fair bit of time on that though, which was good. We were in there for about three weeks." So where do Blow Up Betty want this recording to take them? "Well we don't really know," Kim admits, but so far it has been well received by MTV, iTunes and 3D Radio and the single 'Just Not In My Arms' has been picked up by Triple J. Not a bad start for the girls.

So where did the name *Asking For Trouble* stem from? "We sat down and went, 'What are we going to call the EP?', and I just wanted to call it Blow Up Betty, coz it's easy," Kim admits, "but our first EP was called that and we couldn't call it self-titled again. So we sat down and basically brainstormed a whole bunch of names. I have a real thing for lyrics, so I was pulling apart all my favourite bands' CDs and looking for song titles, and I don't even know where *Asking For Trouble* came from now, but I think it was a lyric in some one's song." Kim thinks it suits them, and I tend to agree. Blow Up Betty believe girls rock just as hard as guys, and the band themselves certainly live up to their own expectations. You can see them live up to your expectations on the 14th of April, launching their new EP at the Gov with support from Tony Font Show, The Idols and Save and Exit, and even better, the gig is all ages.

Chelsea



Music Reviews

Sub-editor: Chelsea Simmott Contact: onditmusic@gmail.com

Aqualung *Memory Man*

Do you ever sit in your room and wonder what bands would sound good if they collided together? No, neither do I. Yet after listening to Aqualung's latest release, *Memory Man*, I couldn't help but consider some bands mixing together.

Some mixtures scared me. I imagined Fall Out Boy colliding with the Pussycat Dolls. I almost cried. Then I realised who Aqualung reminded me of. Imagine Coldplay driving down a dark and slippery road and Chris Martin losing control of the vehicle. The car then collides with electro act The Postal Service. I've found a mix I like.

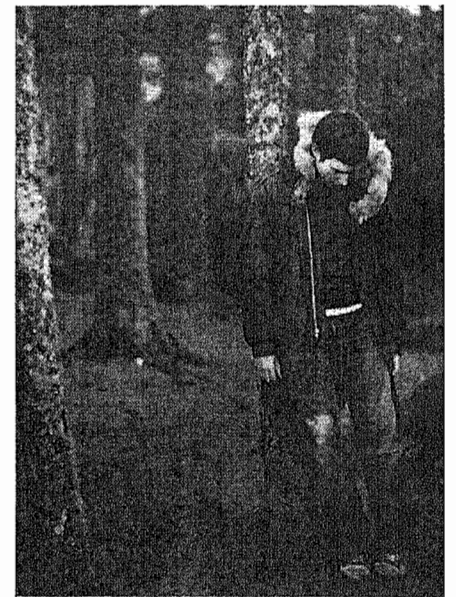
Aqualung, who is really just Matt Hales from the UK, has really outdone himself on this record. *Memory Man* is a fantastic record that shines with beautiful moments. Whether the song is quiet and just accompanied by a quiet violin and guitar, or the song is blaring with an orchestra and electro beats, the album is continually fantastic. If you're a fan of Coldplay, The Postal Service or Death Cab For Cutie, you'll love this album.

Songs such as 'Cinderella', 'Something to Believe In' and 'Vapour Trail' are just gorgeous and portray Hales' struggle with others and himself. Although the lyrics may sometimes seem cheesy, they are sung in such a way that you just can't help but believe what this man is saying.

With many singer/songwriters covering the same ground these days, Aqualung has done something that allows him to stand out from the crowd. Combining elements of different styles of music, he has created what I think will be his masterpiece.

With Matt Hales playing around 19 instruments on this album, you can't help but feel that this is his baby and that he is very proud of it. And why shouldn't he be? Even though we are only in the early stages of 2007, I can see this album gracing many of the Top Album lists at the end of the year.

Simon





The View
Hats Off To The Buskers

A lot of bands can gather a great amount of hype, and never really live up to it. Then there are the bands that never get the recognition that they deserve.

The View is neither of these bands.

A band that has surely got a lot of hype at the moment, The View will live up to all expectations. The music is fantastic and connects with its audience. The band is close mates with Pete Doherty. Enough said. In a way, I do feel sorry for them. The hype (whether it be musical hype or in the tabloids) will destroy some of their credibility, but the album is definitely worth looking at.

Starting off with songs such as 'Comin' Down' and 'Superstar Tradesman', you can automatically tell that these boys from Scotland have a knack for melody. Whether it is the extremely catchy 'Same Jeans' or the '70s sounding 'Claudia', The View has managed to produce a debut record that will blow you away.

That's not to say that The View is perfect. Some songs don't catch you quite as quickly, and stay pretty boring throughout the whole song. 'Street Lights' sounds as if we've all heard this song in 100 different ways and keys, yet it's still boring. Some songs can come off sounding as if we'd just heard them a few songs back. That doesn't mean that it's all filler, my friends.

There is one song that is worth checking out, entitled 'Wasted Little DJ's'. It sounds as if they took a Jet song and actually put some life into it. It's dirty. It's catchy. It's British. If your wanting to hear something completely unoriginal, but great, check out *Hats Off To The Buskers* and take a look at The View. (I know... It's a terrible joke.)

Simon



Emily Davis

Moving in Slow Motion

Emily Davis captures something in her music. It reminds me of sunrises over Byron Bay, morning fogs in the north east coast hinterland, the sun kissing your skin as you hit the road for that afternoon interstate road trip, sitting outside with some mates under the stars, drinking wine and philosophising until the sun comes up. Indeed, her new album, *Moving in Slow Motion*, would be a perfect accompaniment to any of these pastimes, and more.

Moving in Slow Motion starts off gradually. The first tracks, 'Billboards' and 'If', are introspective, beautifully composed and really set the mood for the album. Tracks three and four, 'Anthems and Odes' and 'The Lie', bring a more upbeat, fun vibe to the CD.

The songs are delivered with truth and beauty that echo moments from Wendy Matthews and Katie Noonan, and the production is so good I found it hard to believe that Emily Davis is, in fact, a home grown talent. Aye, she's South Australian, and one of the best musicians in her genre that I have ever heard. She had help though. *Moving in Slow Motion* was produced by Monique Brumby, who also helped out with back-up vocals and guitars. Overall this album has definitely made its mark on me, and I just can't wait to see how Emily Davis is live.

Chelsea



On Dit 75.3

KAISER CHIEFS
Yours Truly, Angry Mob



Kaiser Chiefs
Yours Truly, Angry Mob

The Kaiser Chiefs are known to be a solid Pommy band, capable of pumping out a few rocking tunes. They have released a new album following their debut *Employment*.

It's virtually impossible to review *Yours Truly, Angry Mob* without comparing it to their previous album because in truth, they're pretty similar. In their second album, you will find the same song writing style, rhythmic beats, "na, na, nas" and bash-it-out attitude which makes for another catchy and energetic album. However it seems as though they were afraid to let go of what worked in the past and come up with something if not more adventurous, at least different.

'Ruby' is an awesome opener and you can just see it going off live. It gets the album underway and leads into other catchy songs including 'The Angry Mob' which seems to comment (and rightly so) on the general public's sheep-like attitude: "We are the angry mob, we read the papers everyday, we like who we like, we hate who we hate but we're all so easily swayed." It's catchy and it would be really cool to hear a mob singing along to it.

'Boxing Champ' is a sweet ballad with just vocals and keys. It would have made a good closer to the album but instead it's awkwardly placed at track ten between two rather 'cock rock' songs. If you enjoy the characteristic beat of the album, you may find it frustrating to find this song here, as it ruins the continuity of the album.

To listen to this album from beginning to end is a little tiresome. The same drum beat seems to make a lot of the songs mush in together, leaving only a few stand-outs.

DJ Benji & Phat Natty O



33

GIG REVIEWS

The Mars Volta Thebarton Theatre

The Mars Volta finally made it to the sunny plains of Adelaide once again, after postponing the tour that was intended to kick off on the 28th of November, 2006. There were many theories as to why exactly they postponed this tour. Despite the official reason being that one of the members was ill, punters believed such stories as not enough ticket sales, drug overdoses and UFO abductions. Really, what do you expect from an audience of whom 75% were wearing Led Zeppelin t-shirts?

With no support band in sight, the holy big-haired ones graced the stage, playing for a solid two hours in the grandiose hall that we know as Thebarton Theatre. I was amazed they played about ten songs, as opposed to previous occasions where I have only seen them play two or three. Band leader/composer/guitarist Omar Rodriguez-Lopez made some sweet, sweet psychedelic love to his guitar. It was hard not to not to eventually fall down that little rabbit hole. Admittedly, it took a bit to really understand the bizarre sounds that were coming from the stage but by the second half of the set it was hard not to imagine dancing in a field barefoot in 1969. The changing psychedelic backgrounds really helped that mindset.

Lyricist/vocalist Cedric Bixler-Zavala howled like the wind and danced like it too. He climbed the balcony and ran around throwing audience members' beer over the crowd. For some reason, I don't think those people who actually get to tell the story of how Bixler-Zavala stole their beer would mind so much, however, the beer-swilling, Cooper's-loving members of the audience were not impressed. Drummer Blake Fleming, who played on the first demo The Mars Volta created, was simply amazing. He had members of the audience in a spin with his wild beats.

As the night came to a close, The Mars Volta played no encore, nor did they need to. The night was enriched as were the minds of the pretty, young things of this fair City of Churches.

Sally Kitten



Third Time Lucky Crown and Anchor

One of my pet hates is people complaining that there's "nothing to do in Adelaide", that we "have no music scene" and that basically, good ol' A-town is a shit place to be. Well that's bullshit, I say. Every weekend I pick and choose between a plethora of shit-hot bands rocking, popping and sometimes even hip-hopping it out to whoever decides that they are cool enough to get with the programme, quit bitching, and start enjoying the SA arts industry, which is off the wall with talent at the moment.

Case in point: Tuesday the 20th of March found me at the Crown and Anchor to catch Third Time Lucky. I had actually heard of these guys from various band competitions from a few years back, in which I distinctly recall that they weren't very good.

However, a slight change in line-up and a little time between gigs and I was more than impressed. Third Time Lucky brought forth some of the tightest, loudest punk rock I have heard in some time. Their catchy songs had my toe tappin' within the opening bars. Their double set contained some typically-written punk classics, three-minute sound bytes worthy of 'wall of noise' status, but the great thing about Third Time Lucky was their natural ability to diversify their set with licks, riffs and drum solos that didn't scream the obvious.

Songs like 'Boss' and 'Dominatrix' were hybrids of high energy punk rock and catchy pop lyrics and riffs. As for the musicians themselves, its been a long time since I have been this impressed by a drummer. Will is a maniac and this band should be seen just to watch him go. Add bass player Mark, who has long been considered one of the finest players in Adelaide, and you've got yourself one rockin' rhythm section. So quit complaining that there's nothing to do, go see a band and get some punk up yal

You can catch Third Time Lucky next on the 27th of April at the Lizard Lounge.

Chelsea

Eagles of Death Metal The Palace, Melbourne

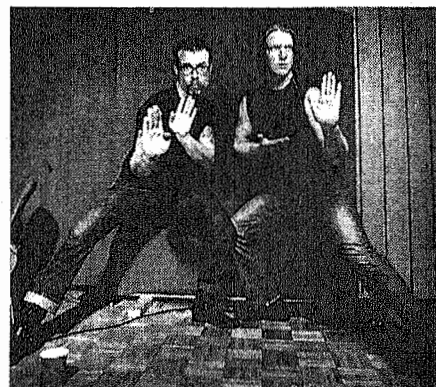
It was a bit of a journey to see the Eagles of Death Metal. I bought the tickets well enough in advance, but my reliance on cheap flights left me well and truly stranded at the Flinders Street bus terminal, as the Grand Prix weekend was taking place in Melbourne at the same time. *C'est la vie!* So ten tragically boring hours later, I arrived as the wet and steamy city of Melbourne was starting to awaken.

By the time I got to the Palace, it was 8.30, a seemingly respectable time to arrive at a gig, or so I thought. In reality, the band weren't due to take the stage for another three hours and anyone who has been to the Palace knows that its not a good place to spend an idle three hours. It's dark, it's an inferno, the beer is really, really expensive and not a drop of our beloved Cooper's in sight! So three hours at the Espy later and I arrived back just in time to see Jesse 'The Devil' Hughes and co. take the stage.

The Eagles of Death Metal are a very high-energy band on disc, and live they well and truly carried it off. Songs like 'Cherry Cola' and 'I Want You So Hard' were punched out with about a tonne of dance rock and a suitable side of sexual innuendo and just a pinch of cheese. Jesse Hughes was as animated on stage as he is recorded, and on his often hilarious film clips. If you have ever wanted to see what David Letterman's music producer, Paul Schafer, would look like on acid with a guitar in his hands, well the bass player struck a striking semblance. As for the drummer, well it wasn't Josh Homme of Queens of the Stone Age fame, as it was advertised, so I did feel a little ripped off on that one. Apparently, so did most of the punters there.

But yes, the Eagles of Death Metal lived up to the hype, and were absolutely fantastic live, they did come out and give all the ladies (and some of the dudes) hugs post-sweaty show. A good night had by all really!

Chelsea



BLAST FROM THE PAST

"Dude, I miss the La's"
"What happened to them?"
"I heard Lee Mavericks snapped... a perfectionist gone too far"
"Wait... who are the La's?"

Back in the late eighties and early nineties there was a change brewing in the British music scene, just as there was in America. But rather than crank up the distortion and grunge their way through the nineties, the musicians of Britain looked to, well, the musicians of Britain. They dug the guitar-based sound of the sixties invasion bands and the rock and roll attitude. It was the birth of Britpop.

The La's were one of the bands that made it as far as releasing an album in 1990. A cult band to some extent, they had a hit in the form of the phenomenal classic 'There She Goes', which (as one of the eds of *On DIt* informed me) was later covered by Sixpence None the Richer in 1999. It's one of the simplest pop-rock love songs ever written yet at the same time one of the most potent; it is the clear standout on this great debut.

Some of the best music to come out of Liverpool not written by John, Paul, George or Ringo (well maybe not Ringo, we love him for trying though) can be found on this, their self-titled debut. Indeed, this album reminds me of the early Beatles albums in that there are a lot of strong single songs and yet no real overall message.



There is a real consistency to this album and, although initially you will have the fifth track on repeat about seventeen times, after playing through the album in order you will find some more favourites to add to mix-tapes (or playlists, whatever the kids are doing these days). 'Timeless Melody' and 'Way Out' are two of the other songs making it onto some of the mix-tapes I've made for some special people in recent times.

The closer, 'Looking Glass', is the only difficult song on the album. At almost eight minutes in length it is easily twice as long as any other song on the album. It isn't the easiest song to sit through after listening to 11 sub-three minute pop-rock tracks and takes getting used to (if you can be screwed listening to the whole thing - I knew I couldn't the first five or so times).

It's inexplicable that Mavericks (the perfectionist lead singer/songwriter/rhythm guitarist) was, and apparently still is, unhappy with this album. Frankly I couldn't care less what he thinks and whether he even bothers following it up. Part of why I like this album so much is that there is something romantic about a band making a great album and then disappearing.

Noel Gallagher once called the La's' debut album the first Britpop album. Although I debate this, the fact that Noel Gallagher said it means that it has meant something in musical history. It is by no means the defining Britpop album, not even a spectacular one, just... special.

You'll dig The La's if you liked:

(What's the Story) Morning Glory by Oasis
The Smiths' self titled debut or *The Queen Is Dead*
Any of the first four Beatles albums
Mr. Tambourine Man by The Byrds



Bobak Bahrami



British Fashion

Stella's Clothes for Target...

The Review:

For all of you out there who haven't been living under a giant rock would know about the famous Stella McCartney designing for Target (Or Targét for those of you who like to glam it up a little). Born and raised in London, Stella McCartney (Paul McCartney's daughter) graduated from Central St Martin's in 1995. Her final year collection had the rare accolade of being bought by influential stores such as Browns, Joseph, Bergdorf Goodman and Neiman Marcus. This may have had something to do with her close friends, Kate Moss and Naomi Campbell, modeling the clothing for Stella in her graduate parade. She launched her own line immediately on leaving college. A stylish combination of sharp tailoring, irreverence and sexy femininity was immediately apparent in her first collection. After only two collections, in 1997, she was appointed the creative director of the house of Chloe in Paris. Chloe's commercial success was stratospheric during Stella McCartney's tenure and her collections and advertising campaigns for the house of Chloe were universally praised by both buyers and press.

Below is a sample of Stella's collection for our very own Target'

Left to right:

1. Business chic. This will keep you look sleek and sophisticated at work, with the og so stylish skinny leg cropped pants.

Wool tailored jacket \$189.99, wool skinny leg crop pant \$109.99, silk georgette belted top \$129.99

2. We love this dress. The embroidered neckline harks on the very popular embellishment trend. And every girl always needs a fabulous coat!

Wool cashmere coat \$199.99, Embroidered silk dress \$179.99

3. It's the same neckline as the silk dress, but a top makes it so much more functional and wearable. Match it with skinny jeans as shown, or a wool pencil skirt for work.

Satin embroidered top \$129.99,

Skinny leg denim jean \$119.99

4. A more casual business chic. The navy pants almost look like denim, which is great if your work place isn't big on 'very the matching business

jacket and pant' look.

Wool tailored jacket \$189.99, Wool manstyle crop pant \$109.99, Silk georgette belted top \$129.99

5. Weekend shopping. Casual, versatile, just add your own accessories.

Silk georgette tunic top \$99.99, Skinny leg denim jean \$119.99

OK OK, now it's time for the truth! In terms of fashion it is all very flash! The materials used are good quality and the designs have you thinking that you have just walked out of a British fashion house, but there are still a few noticable flaws. The sizing is a major issue; they are not your suited to your average Aussie gal. Also some of the designs look better on the rack than they do on the actual person, but that's what you get I guess for attempting to design for "the real woman". The release of this collection has created a bit of a stir throughout Aus, (just look at the pics below!) but if we were to be perfectly honest we would have to say that the reputation of Target being a place for bargains has been slightly tarnished by this release.



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BRITISH

FASHION

FASHION WEEK IN LONDON WHAT'S EVERYONE WEARING?



INTRODUCING DAME VIVIENNE WESTWOOD.....

An introduction to dame Vivienne Westwood shouldn't be anything less than spectacular. Unfortunately, this is. Arguably the craziest woman to lay claim to the title of 'dame' in history, Vivienne shot to fame in the 1970s along with partner Malcolm McLaren by pioneering the 'punk' look. To this day she remains a British fashion icon and all this without changing hair colour.

WE LOVE YOU MISS KATE MOSS.....

Kate Moss (born Katherine) is an absolute fashion icon in England. She was first made famous as a supermodel and secondly for her party lifestyle and recently alleged cocaine use. Sarah Doukas discovered Kate at the age of 14 at JFK Airport in New York City but her career truly began when Corinne Day shot black and white photographs of her for British magazine "The Face" when she was 15, in a shoot titled "The Third Summer of Love" (it's worth having a look at Day's photos they are pretty amazing!). Since then Kate Moss has become an international fashion icon! And the best news is that here style is very easy to achieve!

Definition of Kate's style:

- Kate Moss wears what she likes. She is a trendsetter more than a trend follower. She has an original style that is eclectic, in terms of the items she put together.

Putting Together Kate Moss's Look: The Secrets....

- Mix textures of fabrics.
- Stick with earth tones, neutrals, washed out colours.
- Wear Grecian sandals and other flats. (In our last addition we told you about Madame Shoo Shoo- we suggest you get out there quick smart!).
- WEAR KNEE HIGH BOOTS (SO VERY HOT AND SO VERY KATE!) Lets all face facts not all of us have killer pins like Kate but if your comfortable enough, wear the mini with the boots (remember fashion is all about being comfortable!)
- Tuck your jeans into boots (HANDY HINT: SKINNY JEANS LOOK BEST!!) In Adelaide, there is a killer vintage treasure on Frome Road just up from the uni- it is near the Urban Cow and is showered with unique trendy vintage clothes and if you are there at the right time you may even find a barry bargain!
- Wear a skirt/dress over your jeans or pants. (Look, admittedly we love this look. In Aussie it is a little over done but still it can be cool on the odd occasion!)
- Throw a scarf around your neck or waist (Perfect for a night out on the town)
- Layer your jewellery. (There are some neat shops for jewellery but our fav is located on O'Connell St in North Adelaide and also on Unley Road in Unley, called Mudhoney)

LASTLY, BREAK ALL THE FASHION RULES!



Aslan Mesbah
Steph Walker
Genevieve Williamson
onditfilm@gmail.com



Hot Fuzz Rated MA

Now Showing at Cinemas Everywhere

In *Hot Fuzz*, the spiritual follow up to cult horror-comedy classic *Shaun of the Dead*, London-based police officer Nicholas Angel (Simon Pegg) is a cop who is impeccably qualified and married to the job. He's so good, in fact, that his superior officers deem him too good and send him to the sleepy country town of Sandford where the extent of the town's problems seem to be underage drinkers, the small loitering chav population and, of course, the town's 'living statue'. Over time Angel befriends the barely competent local constable, Danny Butterman (Nick Frost), a man with a thirst for '90s action flicks who looks up to Angel and as their friendship develops, a series of rather gruesome accidents takes place in the town, although Angel is suspicious that there may be more to these accidents than meets the eye.

Hot Fuzz is part homage, part piss-take (mostly piss-take) of stereotypically excessive American action movies and manages to fit in satire of quaint British country town lifestyle to boot. Edgar Wright's direction manages to successfully ape many of the action movie conventions that we are all well familiar with today. Frenzied, hyper-kinetic jump cuts and intense close-ups are the order of the day here. Wright succeeds at not only lovingly mocking these conventions but also at directing a successful action movie in his own right, as the action set pieces in this film are very well executed. In addition to this, the performances, given the fairly limited scope of the material, are all spot on. The rapport between Frost and Pegg in particular is always enjoyable and convincing.

On top of the direction though are the relentless gags throughout the movie. *Hot Fuzz* delivers at practically laugh-a-minute pace through a mixture of snappy dialogue, unique slapstick action emphasised with ridiculously over-the-top violence, funny characters, memorable cameos and amusing diversions. Highlights

include Timothy Dalton hamming it up as the bad guy of the piece and threatening ginger kids, the ridiculous homoerotic undertones the relationship between Danny and Angel takes on in the absence of a proper love interest and the last thirty minutes of the film. Here, a series of very funny revelations builds up to a spectacular climax which forms the action centrepiece of the film and which also happens to be riotously funny from start to finish, gleefully revelling in its own absurd excesses.

It's not especially sophisticated, but it never pretends to be and achieves everything it sets out to accomplish emphatically, namely a consistently funny and accurate parody of American action films with a unique British twist. If you can relate to that at all then *Hot Fuzz* is well worth watching and great fun.



Angus Chisholm



The Illusionist

Rated M

Now Showing at Cinemas Everywhere

Based on the short story 'Eisenheim: The Illusionist' by Steven Millhauser, this film adaptation tells a slightly different tale of the 19th century magician than we have been told in films such as *The Prestige*. Eduard Abramowitz or Eisenheim (Edward Norton) is your typical romantic lead. As a poor cabinet maker's son he falls in love with the rich and untouchable Sophie (Jessica Biel). After their love is proven impossible he travels the world learning his craft of illusion. Appearing years later (with his name changed to Eisenheim) on a stage in Vienna, he meets Sophie again and their love is rekindled. However, she is engaged to the violent and dangerous Crown Prince Leopold (Rufus Sewell), who is determined to take the throne for himself at any cost. Eisenheim must try to free her, both from her murderous fiancé and from the aristocratic world.

Within the tale of the great lovers lies perhaps the more interesting sub-plot of Police Inspector Uhl's (Paul Giamatti) struggle with integrity. He knows his patron, Prince Leopold, has murdered before, and will probably murder again, but his career rides on his ability to support the prince. This moral dilemma is subtly explored, allowing Giamatti to give humanity and depth to the shapeless police forces within the film, often suggesting an unlikely alliance between Eisenheim and Inspector Uhl.

Engaging notes of surrealism through enclosed, disorientating sets, the warm glow of candle light, sharp shadows and lush musical scores, director Neil Burger manages to build suspense and intrigue, fleshing out the often predictable and sluggish dialogue, and the clunky, underdeveloped characters. Sophie appears particularly laboured and uncomfortable, with her little dialogue and physical gestures lacking in gusto or intricacy. Leopold is little more than a cartoon villain, and even Eisenheim appears sullen and detached too often to give his character real depth. Also the half-hearted Austrian accents do little to enhance their believability.

Stage magic purists may be irritated that besides small sleight-of-hand tricks, the only magic in the film is computer-generated. Luckily, this does not affect the overall spirit of the film, which is that of a mysterious fairy tale, complete with intriguing twists, turns, and moral dilemmas caused by the privileges of the aristocracy.

Rating:



Genevieve Williamson



The Lives of Others (Das Leben der Anderen)

Rated MA

Now Showing at Selected Cinemas

Before the euphoria of 1989 when the Berlin Wall came down, East Germany was controlled by the Stasi, the Secret Police, whose mission was "To Know Everything". The Government spied on its citizens determined to punish the "enemies of socialism". Artists, who were naturally considered 'subversive' had files kept on them. Only those who toed the Government's ideological line were allowed to flourish. The rest found their careers destroyed.

Georg Dreyman (Sebastian Koch) is a young, handsome and promising playwright. His girlfriend Christa-Maria Sieland (Martina Gedeck) is an actress who loves him dearly, but is insecure about her talent. The Minister of Culture makes a pass at her and she becomes his mistress. This might help her further her career, not that she has much choice in the matter. Meanwhile Georg is being spied upon. The Minister would like it very much if they could find something 'subversive' about him. That way they can put him in prison and the Minister can have a good time with Christa-Maria. But the man they put in charge of spying on Georg is a surprising mutable personality called Gerd Wiesler (Ulrich Muhe). Gerd has Georg's house bugged. He listens to everything that happens there. He learns that Georg is writing an essay for the West German magazine *Der Spiegel*, on the high suicide rate in the GDR. Yet he covers this up in his report, risking his own career in the process. Why does he do this? We do not know. Wiesler is a brutal Stasi man, utterly ruthless. Maybe years of Stasi work have made him sick of himself, making his compassionate streak flower?

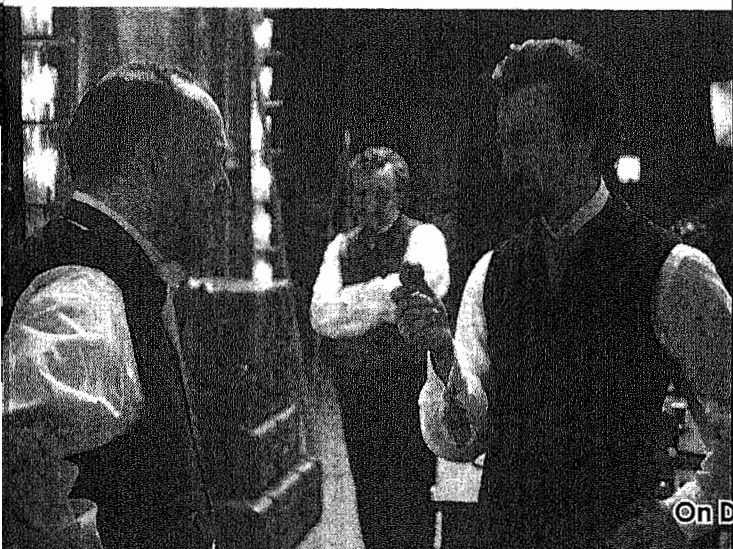
What makes one person stick his neck out for another? That is what this film explores so memorably. It is a heartless world that is depicted here, full of bureaucrats who only want to get promoted and get each other out of the way; a world of remorseless spying, in which the most intimate details about other people are collected by the government; a grey, cold East Germany in which the state is everything and the individual is relegated to an unnecessary footnote. And yet, in this moral wasteland blooms a rugged and surprising altruism.

The Lives of Others is an astonishing debut from director Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck, from whom we hope to see many more great things in the fullness of time.

Rating:



Cherian Phillipse





The Namesake

Rated M

Season Commences April 5th

The Indian economy is growing at a steady clip and the Indian diaspora continues to gain cultural and economic leverage in the West. The films coming out of the diaspora are often engaging and manage to appeal to people from all backgrounds. Director Mira Nair, who a few years back gave us the consummate *Monsoon Wedding*, returns with *The Namesake*, adapted from Bengali-American writer Jhumpa Lahiri's novel of the same name.

The film follows the lives of Ashoke and Ashima Ganguli (Irrfan Khan and Tabu) who have an arranged marriage in Calcutta and move the New York in the late seventies. Their story is the story of millions of other Indians who moved out of choking towns in the subcontinent to genteel suburbia and (hopefully) better prospects in the West. Their son Gogol Ganguli (played by the talented Kal Penn and so named because of his father's admiration for the Russian novelist) is born in New York and grows up in America. He is forced to straddle two very different cultures: the Bengali heritage of his parents, which is never entirely his, and his American upbringing, which he inevitably has a vexed relationship with. He falls in love with a pretty American girl called Maxine, and then rather inconsiderately dumps her after his father dies. He then pursues a relationship with Moushumi, a 'nice Bengali girl' who is very literary and reads French literature. He has great difficulty relating to her too, even though the two of them are supposedly from the same background. Moushumi is bored easily and cheats on him at the first opportunity.

Two generations of the Gangulis deal engage with two cultures and the results are surprising and, at times, heartrending.

Can an immigrant truly fit in? The film does not answer that question, but instead presents an experience of Indian immigrant life in a way that encourages the viewer to draw his or her own conclusions. Nair has previously made films about Indian people that anyone one can relate to, and this film is no exception. The movie moves back and forth between America and New York, and the dialogue switches smoothly between Bengali and English.

Nair tells a moving Indian story without exoticising India, or being two sensationalistic about the effects of poverty and tradition. She displays sure hand, backed up with a degree of cultural confidence that we hope will inspire more film-makers from her background.

Rating:



Cherian Philipose

Curse of the Golden Flower

Rated M

Season Commences April 25

Curse of the Golden Flower falls squarely within the tradition of the 'Asian swashbuckler,' a genre of cinema in which directors from Asian countries present their cultures as 'different' and 'gorgeous' in a bid to elicit that, "Ooh, that's so exotic!" response from the Western viewer. In these films, the sets are always elaborate, the scenery always jaw-dropping, the damsels always alluring, the lead actors always photogenic.

In this expensive Chinese film, a hirsute Chow Yun-Fat plays the Emperor and Gong Li plays his passionate wife who happens to be having an affair with her stepson. The always well-informed Emperor discovers this and decides to get rid of his wanton consort by slowly poisoning her. He instructs the Imperial Doctor to add an ingredient in his wife's regular medicine: black fungus from Persia, a poison that slowly drives the victim insane. The Empress meanwhile, plots revenge and enlists one of her sympathetic sons to help her. The court divides into a number of rival factions, all planning revenge and power. The royal family is surely one of the most perverted in cinema: incest, poisoning, fratricide and parricide are all par for the course. It's an intriguing story, though, and director Zhang Yimou does manage to hold our interest. The struggle between individual desire and duty creates intense conflict in the characters.

While this is a serious and often profound story, it is undermined by a mountain of exotica that hangs ponderously over it, threatening to overpower it at any time. Zhimou presents a China where everyone is a martial artist, and in which even a random woman encountered on the street is liable to send you flying with a well-aimed kick and a bloodcurdling yell. Besides, the martial artists don't simply fight when they are forced to jump into the air, they have the good sense to turn a somersault before they land on their feet. So the combat is ballet first, no matter if it is a fight to the death.

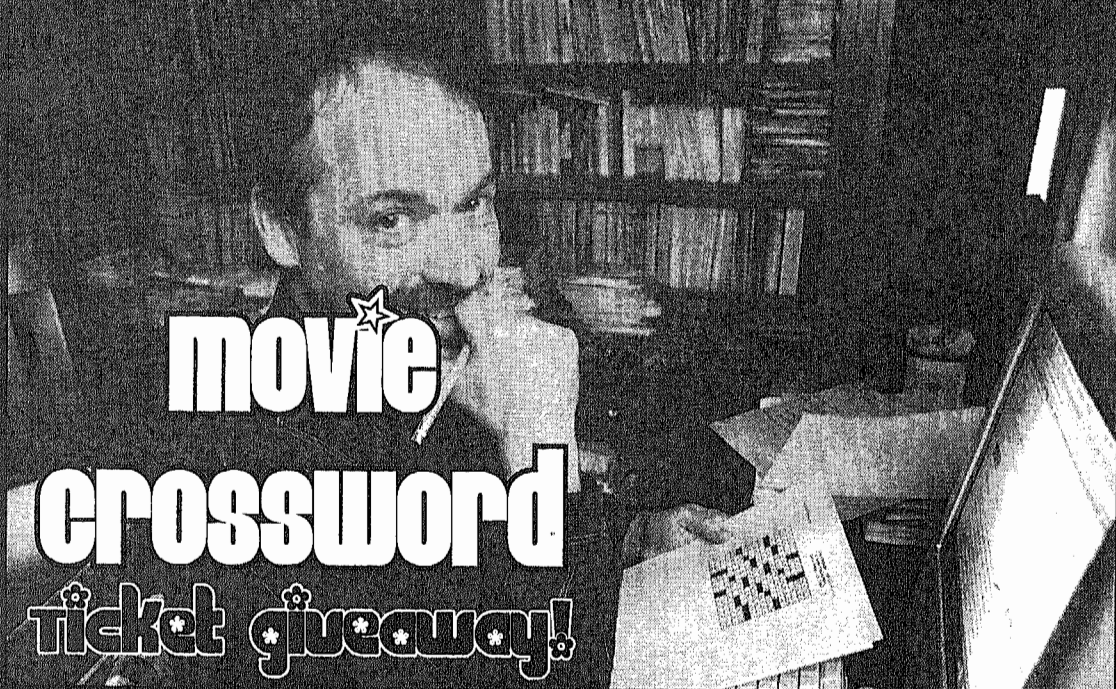
Besides, the sultry queen and her pretty maids-in-waiting all have artfully plunging necklines, leaving one to marvel at how indispensable the push-up bra must have been in Tang Dynasty China. A good story that could have unfolded with much more sobriety and authority is then overwhelmed by all that heaving cleavage and all those gravity-defying martial artists. Still, worth a look.

Rating:



Cherian Philipose

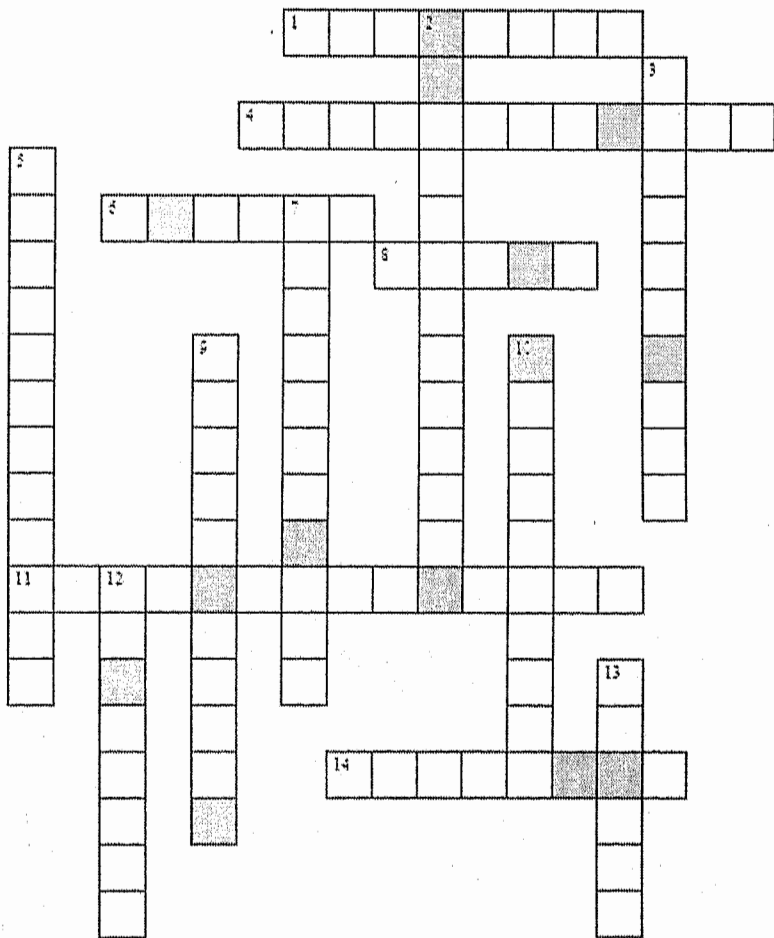




movie crossword ticket giveaway!

Thanks to Palace Nova Cinemas we have 10 in-season double passes to see *Running with Scissors*. All you need to do is fill in the crossword and rearrange the highlighted letters to spell a famous Australian film! Send your answers in to onditfilm@gmail.com to WIN!

EASTEND CINEMAS Adelaide's largest and most vibrant art house cinema complex - in the heart of the city
PALACE NOVA
 RUNDLE ST | 8232 3434 | www.palacenova.com



ACROSS

- 1 V is for what?
- 4 Film about the '70s music industry starring Kate Hudson
- 6 Classic scary Hitchcock movie screening at Adelaide Uni Film Society in Week 6
- 8 Tyler's love interest in *Fight Club*
- 11 Won Best Film at the Oscars in 2000
- 14 Oddball comedy starring Will Ferrell and Maggie Gyllenhaal: _____ Than Fiction

DOWN

- 2 *How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* is also known as what?
- 3 Captain Jack Sparrow is known in real life as whom?
- 5 Director of *Children of Men*
- 7 Who is the Million Dollar Baby?
- 9 Vincent Vega and Jules Winnfield are two characters in which Tarantino film?
- 10 Star of *Kill Bill* Vol. 1 & 2
- 12 Actor known for *Chopper* and *The Hulk*
- 13 Susan Sarandon is Louise and Geena Davis is ...

Performing



Concert Provides Late-Night Thrills

'Late Night at the Cathedral'
Adelaide Chamber Singers
St Peter's Cathedral
March 10

One of the few serious music acts in the Adelaide Fringe Festival this year was Adelaide Chamber Singers' late-night performance in the neo-gothic splendour of St Peter's Cathedral in North Adelaide. A trickle of concert-goers could be seen winding their way up King William St from about 10.30pm, braving the heat and clutching their Fringe Guides. Those who stayed up were rewarded with a spectacular choral display, including a rare performance of the 'original' 40-part motet. Well done to Alan McKie, who stepped in at late notice after Carl Crossin fell ill.

At a glance, Carl Crossin's carefully chosen programme was varied and interesting. The two main drawcards were Vaughan Williams' unaccompanied *Mass in G minor* and Striggio's 40-part motet, *Ecce Beatam Lucem*. Surrounding these meatier works were pieces by Arvo Pärt (*The Woman with the Alabaster Box*), Carlo Gesualdo (*Jerusalem, Surge from the Tenebrae Responsories for Holy Saturday*) and Morten Lauridsen (*O Nata Lux* from *Lux Aeterna*). The movements of the *Mass in G* were distributed across the programme, alternating with the other works.

Vaughan William's *Mass in G minor* is one of the great unaccompanied choral works of the 20th century. Made famous by Westminster Cathedral Choir, it is loved around the world for its thick, luscious harmonies and plainsong-like melodies. Adelaide Chamber Singers gave a particularly stunning performance; the solo quartet of Emma Horwood (soprano), Penny Dally (alto), Andrew Linn (tenor) and Thomas Flint (bass) were exceptional, in particular Andrew Linn, whose pure voice and effortless-sounding upper notes are perfectly suited to this kind of music.

The Striggio motet, which pre-dates Tallis's *Spem in Alium*, was performed twice, so that the audience could experience the 40 parts from two different positions. Ten choirs of four singers formed an enormous circle around the audience, creating a spectacular wash of sound.

Edward Joyner

April Concert Diary

Hamlet

State Theatre Company
The Dunstan Playhouse, Mar 30 - Apr 21
www.statetheatrecompany.com.au
Shakespeare's famous tragedy and a pick of the season.

Music for Holy Week

See featured event box

TalkOz 'The Gathering'

Musica Viva
Festival Theatre, Thursday Apr 18, 8:00pm
www.musicaviva.com.au
A fusion of Japanese ritual drumming and western percussion music.

Master Series 3 - 'Emperor'

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Adelaide Town Hall, Fri Apr 20, 8:00pm & Sat Apr 21, 6:30pm
www.aso.com.au
Beethoven - Piano Concerto No. 5 'Emperor', Polglase - Song of Stone, Bartok - Concerto for Orchestra. Piers Lane Piano, Arvo Volmer Conductor.

Rites of Passage

Adelaide Chamber Singers
St John's Church, Halifax St, Fri Apr 20 8:00pm & Sat Apr 21, 6:30pm
www.adelaidechambersingers.com
Schütz - Musikalische Exequien, Veljio Tormis - Forgotten Peoples, plus music by Lassus, Byrd & Martin.

Celebration

Australian String Quartet
Adelaide Town Hall, Tues Apr 24, 7:00pm
www.asq.com.au
Pianist Piers Lane joins the ASQ for a programme of Mendelssohn, Elena Kats-Chernin and Dvorak.

Arts

Romantic Delights

Master Series 1 - 'The Great Romantics'
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Adelaide Festival Theatre
March 9 & 10

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra presented its first Malaysia Airlines Master Series concert, 'Great Romantics', which featured three true masterpieces of the Romantic Era. The refined precision and co-ordination that the orchestra has developed under its current music director, Arvo Volmer, was immediately obvious and the trademark expressive sound of ASO matched the music of Wagner, Dvorak and Rachmaninov brilliantly.

Wagner's *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg: Prelude* was a nice introduction to the concert. The long, lyrical phrases supported by the warm bass section and the gradual build up to the climax were exquisitely executed. It was well controlled from the podium by Arvo Volmer and the warm, liberated sound never lost its quality.

One of the pinnacles of violin repertoire is Dvorak's *Violin Concerto*, well known for its technically demanding passages and expressive melody lines. A young violinist from Russia, Natalia Lomeiko, provided a dazzling interpretation of the concerto. Lomeiko's clear upper tones and expressive lower sound captivated the audience and excellent coordination and communication between the soloist and the orchestra resulted in memorable ensemble playing. The Slavonic dance of the last movement concluded the concerto with charm and full of energy.

The concert culminated in the *Second Symphony* by Rachmaninov, with its rich texture and melancholic melody lines. The precision of the players and the good integration within the orchestra enabled the heavy bass and transparent top lines to combine, producing a full and expansive sound. Arvo Volmer's interpretation was particularly beautiful and spontaneous surprises added a special flavour to the music. The ASO sounded very confident throughout the symphony and all solo passages were performed with stunning expressiveness. The third movement of the symphony was beautifully played and summed up the high quality of this concert.

Yasuto Nakamura



Artemis Impresses with Near Perfection

Artemis String Quartet
Musica Viva
Adelaide Town Hall
March 13

After last year's varied subscription series, 2007 sees Musica Viva return to a steady diet of performances by string quartets, spiced up by the occasional novelty such as TaikOz's April concert. This change in direction was heralded by the Artemis String Quartet in an impressive season-opening concert.

With a strong Viennese theme pervading the program, Webern's *Langsamer Satz* served as a pretty introduction to the more substantial items. The first of the full-length works was Beethoven's *String quartet, Op. 59, No. 2 ('Razumovsky')*. From the sparkling *Allegro* to the serene *Malto adagio*, through to the folksy *Allegretto* and the fiery presto *Finale*, the quartet's playing was astonishing. While the players' individual techniques were very much on show, it was their ensemble that was most impressive. Not only were entries and cut-offs immaculate, but the blend between the instruments was more often than not perfect.

The *String quartet No. 1 (Op. 7)* by Schoenberg was played with as much precision, but the rambling work provided only a few moments of brilliance (notably the *sul ponticello* sections), and while keeping with the program's theme it was not the most stimulating choice of piece. More pleasing was the fleeting fourth movement of Webern's *Five movements for string quartet, Op. 5*, which made a delightful encore. This was not the Artemis String Quartet's first tour for Musica Viva. May it not be its last.

Benedict Coxon

FEATURED EVENT - Bach in Holy Week at St Peter's Cathedral

A combined project between the Elder Conservatorium of Music and St Peter's Cathedral will see a feast of free performances in the Cathedral between April 2nd and April 6th.

Monday April 2, 6.00pm
Bach's *Partita in A minor for solo flute*
Bach's *Jesu Meine Freude*

Erin Howitt *Flute*
Singers from the Elder Conservatorium of Music
Anthony Hunt *Organ & Director*

Tuesday April 3, 6.00pm
Plainsong *Introit: Nos autem gloriari oportet*
Plainsong *Gradual: Ego autem, dum mihi molestieset*
Plainsong *Offertory: Custodi me, Domine*
Plainsong *Communion: Adversum me exercebantur*
Music for Passiantide by for solo soprano

The Gregorian Choir of St Peter's Cathedral
Jessica Dean *Soprano*
Anthony Hunt *Organ & Director*

Wednesday April 4, 6.00pm
Lotti *Crucifixus a8*
Bruckner *Christus Factus Est*
Stewart *The Ninth Hour*
Bach *Suite No. 5 in C minor for solo cello*
Bach *Fantasia in C Major*
Bruckner *Christus Factus Est*
Bruckner *Ave Maria*
Gabrieli *Canzon septimi toni No. 2*

Kim Worley *Cello*
The Choir of St Peter's Cathedral Leonie Hempton *Director*
Elder Conservatorium Brass Ensemble
Howard Parkinson *Director*

Friday April 6, 3.00pm
Bach *St John Passion*
Performed in German

Robert Macfarlane *Evangelist*
Keith Hempton *Christus*
Lachlan Scott *Pilatus*
Elder Conservatorium Chamber Orchestra
Combined Choirs of St Peter's Cathedral & Elder Conservatorium
Carl Crossin *Director*

GAMING

DAN PURVIS

PURVIS.DANIEL@GMAIL.COM

A quick note:

By the time this has released I'll be the proud owner of a Playstation 3! Stay tuned for a full launch review, possibly some pictures and most definitely a look into the best titles to hit the shelves!

Back in the day, there was only one cartoon I truly loved. Sure, *Captain Planet*, *Super Ted* and *Gumby* were all classic (along with *Dani-Riders* and *Transformers*), but it was four green mutant beasts (wait, remember the *Toxic Avenger?* - anyway) with hard shells, attitude and an insatiable lust for pizza and some TV news broad that really kept my attention. The *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles!* Cowabunga, as if you couldn't have guessed that!

If you haven't noticed, they're releasing a new animated film based on the *TMNT* and its set to be a hit. To coincide with the film is the release of the *TMNT* game, one for each console no less (every console. You heard me right). It's not half bad either.

The game is essentially a follow-up to the film story, so while I haven't seen the film, I can tell you the game re-unites the turtles and sees them fighting as a family. Leonardo, Donatello, Michelangelo and Raphael tell the story, recalling important events and encounters, as though flipping through a comic book. It's a nice way to identify with the characters and offers an interesting, highly-stylized method of story-telling. Considering the game is aimed at children, it's a good tactic and you can tell they'd be kept amused (to be honest, as an official adult over the age of 21, I was kept well amused [does not take into account intellectual age of approximately 15 {I like girls!}]).

As for the action, imagine *Prince of Persia - Sands of Time*, with all its wall-running, platform jumping, pole swinging action in the middle of the desert. Remember how smooth it was? How nice it was? How intuitive? Now, imagine you replace the Prince with a green-skinned, thick-shelled turtle holding a weapon, running through the streets of New York, clamouring up and across walls, down fire escapes and the like. Make that even smoother and darker with a more forgiving death system that re-spawns you almost

immediately from the last check-point (generally not too far from where you've died), and you've got *TMNT*. It's easy, fun, simple and intuitive. Nothing is difficult and the puzzles are not particularly thoughtful with level designs that let you run nearly from start to finish, excluding battles, without you needing to really expend too much energy on frustration and lets you enjoy the flow instead. I loved it.

Battles themselves are possibly too basic, requiring little more than beating down the opposition with the same combination of moves over and over. A few team moves are available and when you've defeated 10 enemies consecutively without taking a hit, you enter this kind of rage/concentration mode making every attack a single-hit kill and replenishing the now-diminishing star gauge thing.

Every turtle has its own specialty, whether its Raph's ability to climb walls by digging in his sai, Donnie's ability to leap long distances in a flash with his staff, Mikey's nun-chuk-pter flying technique or Leo's pass-through-walls-using-the-old-noggin' trick; they all fit smoothly into the structure of the game.

I've enjoyed the time spent playing *TMNT* on PS2. The graphics aren't breath-taking, the sound is average (with excellent voice-overs mind you, taken from the film cast), and the gameplay is simple. It's not very lengthy either and with a days solid play you should have it completed (as an adult, for children I imagine it would take much longer). However, it is fun even if for a moment and worth taking the time to play through. I've not had a chance to play the other versions, however, I've been informed the 360 one looks dodgy in HD. I imagine it would be pretty good on PSP, though.

Dan Purvis

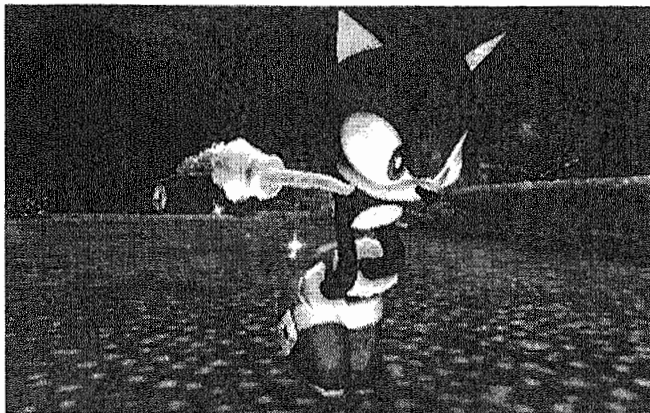
EVAC is the University of Adelaide's anime and video games club, a sister club to AJAS (Uni SA). We meet every Friday during term time at 4-8pm in the Harry Medlin Room of Union House and play multiplayer games. The anime side of the club is generally handled by AJAS, who meet every Tuesday from 6-9pm in room C3-16 of the Centenary building.

Currently, we're playing Wii, PS2 and GameCube games but people are free to suggest or bring along games or consoles. Oh, if you have a DS, definitely bring it, we tend to play multiplayer DS games too. We'll also be having a few events outside of these meetings in the future. EVAC specific anime meetings should be happening soon also.

We have at least 20 people at each meeting and more than anything, it's just a fun social gathering. You can come along without joining if you wish but if you do want to, it costs \$10. Membership gets you some pretty snifty discounts at EB Games (the closest is Rundle Mall, in Tokyo (Anime/Japanese shop on Hindley Street), Pulp Fiction (comic shop on King William St. Turn right at Haight's when walking toward Hindley St. It's downstate) and Avcon. 2007 Adelaide's largest anime/Japanese thingy festival.

If you want to get involved more, you can join our forum on the Avcon website at <http://www.avcon.org.au/forum> where club specific discussion is in the "EVAC" forum.

SONIC AND THE SECRET RINGS NINTENDO WII SEGA



Since Sonic went 3D, games starring the blue blur have gotten worse and worse. Bad controls, terrible camera controls, awful level design - culminating in the debacle that was the latest XBOX 360 game. *Sonic and the Secret Rings* wouldn't have to do much to be considered a positive step for Sonic. Fortunately, it does a lot.

In Sonic's first game for the Wii, SEGA took a big risk, and it pays off. Taking away one degree of control from the player, Sonic now runs forward automatically on set tracks through the various levels. This allows for fantastical rollercoaster levels to be made that couldn't be navigated with traditional controls. This does not mean the player has nothing to do at all. Holding the Wii remote on it's side, tilting the controller left and right makes Sonic shift to either side as he runs, dodging obstacles and collecting rings. Players must still jump, attack enemies (using a homing attack that finally doesn't suck), grind on rails and slide under obstacles - there's still plenty to do. Unlike previous 3D Sonic games, you won't be walking off ledges all the goddamn time.

Unfortunately, the controls aren't as responsive as they could be and Sonic starts off a little sluggish. I say "starts off" because as you play, Sonic gains experience points, much like an RPG character. As you level up you gain more skills, which boost speed, jumping, braking and so on. It takes about an hour for the game to feel about right (which unfortunately includes a horribly drawn out tutorial section) and from there on, it gets better. By the end of the game, Sonic is running faster than ever.

One little problem, however, is walking backwards. Some levels call for Sonic to stop and backtrack, if only for a small amount, but this is very poorly implemented. The camera stays behind Sonic and does not zoom out, meaning gamers are playing blind. Not helpful when enemies are behind you.

The game can be finished within 15 hours but each level is split up into at least 10 missions. These take place on sections of the level already completed (albeit with different item placement) or completely new sections. Missions include time trials, races, collect-a-thons and boss battles. For (100%) completionists, there's hundreds of hours of gameplay to be had trying to get gold medals in each.

Sonic also includes the mandatory mini-game-based multiplayer. By and large, the mini-games are fun, but some are so bad that you'll want to kill someone. I suggest Matt.

Sonic and the Secret Rings is a good game but not one without its flaws. It's a snap up for Sonic fans and enjoyable by casual Wii players!

3.5 rings out of 5.

Connell Wood

TOM CLANCY'S GHOST RECON ADVANCED WARFIGHTER 2 XBOX 360



When the Xbox 360 launched last year, one game stood out above the crop as a true venture into the next generation of gaming. *Ghost Recon Advanced Warfighter* blew early adopters away with rewarding strategic game play, realistic graphics and extensive online support that put you right into the battlefield.

Now here we are a year down the track (and two Tom Clancy games later) and Ubisoft have finally graced gamers with the sequel they've been waiting for... and you know what? Not a lot's changed.

At first glance you would be easily fooled into believing you were playing the same game. Graphics are largely the same except for some spiffy bullet traces and a new coat of polish. You start off fighting in the same surroundings as the same man, although a year later. Even the title screen is practically the same except for the giant number two, as it waits for you to press start to the same old background music.

Admittedly there's not too much different on the surface, but then again, presentation was of such a high standard the first time round, why change it? In a game all about strategic military combat, what really matters is the gameplay.

Single player is short. Damn short. You can easily finish it on rental. It features more of the same reconnaissance, infiltrate and escape type missions, full of grand set pieces set again in 'Iraq that's not really Iraq, but is actually Mexico'. New features have been added, placing greater emphasis on cross-com system as well as allowing for greater control in the customisation of your squad, but it still feels over a little too soon. It may be short but the action comes flying thick and fast, from start to finish.

Multiplayer is where you'll find the meat of the game; Ubisoft are really catering to the fans on this one. Multiplayer features a multitude of new gameplay options that add a greater level of depth and create a smoother experience overall, such as the ability to construct a clan. Map design is improved this time around, creating strengths and weaknesses for all character classes, ensuring a much more level playing field. It teaches you to work together as a team and plan strategies to your advantage, pushing the benefits in establishing your clan. With the new gameplay additions it is sure to offer a thriving online experience, at least until the next inevitable *Ghost Recon* game emerges. It is truly one of the most fulfilling Live experiences available to date.

To put it simply, if you loved the first *GRAW* title, what you have here is more of the same, with a few new additions and improvements that are sure to keep you entertained online for months to come. If you hated the first, it's going to do little to change your mind. On the other hand, if you've never played the series, it's certainly worth checking out, but you are probably best grabbing the original (and cheaper) *GRAW* first.

Matt Williams

Nightlife goes to



The Ed

Keeping up with this edition's Pommy theme, I didn't think it'd get much better than writing a review on the Edinburgh Hotel, or just 'The Ed', as it has affectionately been termed by verbally-slack uni students and regulars alike.

Undeniably, there are a nice collection of Pommy-sounding pubs and bars around in Adelaide. The London Tavern down the road from Uni on North Terrace is one example. Others include The Royal, The Duke of Arms and Crown & Sceptre, but what makes The Ed the standout amongst the crowd is that you kind of feel like you have to be a Pom, or look like a Pom, or have Pommy parents, or go to the Pommy private school down the road (Scotch College) to hang out there. Not that there is anything wrong with that... it just means that the crowd is quite cliquy (everyone hangs out in packs and even then, the packs seem to know all the other packs), quite young (although you do get the random 28-year-old perving on fresh meat) and quite similar in appearance...(I think all the girls there model their wardrobes - possibly lives - on Nicole Ritchie and Mischa Barton. It's quite creepy seeing masses of them, like a weird, bizarre science experiment).

Before I make any other critical observations, I should probably point out that The Ed is busiest on a Tuesday night, so anyone with a 9am Wednesday tute or work start should stop reading now.

For all you others, it's known as *the* place to be on a Tuesday night because admittedly, it does have a lively, party-like atmosphere and also because it attracts a high number of good looking, carefree (possibly bordering ditzy) young people out to have a good time and simply 'be happy'. One obstacle, which needs to be overcome before any sort of 'happiness' is achieved though, is *the line up*. On a warm, summery Tuesday night, it is lengthy to the point of bewilderment.

So be warned: I would arrive early and maybe have dinner there, or risk having to wait for up to an hour at times.

If you actually manage to shuffle your way up through the line and through the holy gates into The Ed, more than likely you will be

impressed by the size and surroundings. There are three bars and an outdoor beer garden. The front bar has T.V. screens, pool tables, a dartboard and 8 Beers on tap. The Village Bar, which overlooks the beer garden, has 12 beers on tap and over 20 wines available by the glass. It is also where the resident DJs are situated for all the dancing divas needing a good boogie after all that beer and wine. The High Street Bar is the quietest of the trio and is a good choice if you're actually there to converse with other beings.

Personally, I think The Ed is so alluring because the place undergoes somewhat of a transformation when the sun sets. During the day it's got that whole pleasant, merry, 'let's have lunch with the grandparents in this Victorian decor'd up place' feel to it, (think angelic girls and polite gentlemen!) But come Tuesday night, it transforms into the place that the 'good girls' and 'good boys' drink, dance, party and pretty much run amok (you cheeky devils!)

One of my good mates has defined The Ed as 'a big private school house party'. There's nothing wrong with that, and all Pommy-ness aside, it really is a good place to run amok without anyone caring too much. It's definitely worth checking out at least once throughout your uni degree. Hey, at least that way you'll know what all the fuss is about.

Oh, and did I mention it's also really easy to get lost on your way there? ...Apparently it's a 10 minute drive from the city, but took us 20! (And we still had to check the directory). So, I'm not implying that chicks are bad with direction or anything, but if it is your first time and you know what's good for you, definitely bring the directory, or be prepared to ask for directions.

Tara Tahmasebi

The Edinburgh Hotel and Cellars
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HEY PUNKS!

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edition 4

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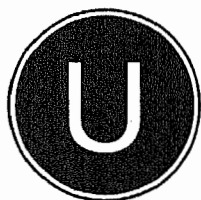
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