

Editorial Team

Editors

Anna Svedberg
Stephanie Mountzouris
ph: (08) 8303 5404
e-mail: ondit@adelaide.edu.au

Advertising Manager

Alexis Buxton-Collins
ph: (08) 8303 5404

Current Affairs

Andrew Turner

News

Sophie Donoghue

Media Watch

Ola Bednarczuk

Film

Jakin Ravalico

Darren Broad

Literature

Karlie Goetze

Sunshine Cooper

Music

Jenn Soggee

Chris Burford

Performing Arts

Benedict Coxon

Theatre

Sahil Choujar

Visual Arts

Katie Shriner

Sport

Ashleigh Newton

TV

Anais Chevalier

Kalista Campbell

Science

Thomas Tu

Gaming

Daniel Purvis

Vox Pop

Claire Wald

Andrew Fleming

Fiction

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

Guru

Tristan Mahoney

EDITORIAL

Don't you just love it when celebrities try to find More to Life™?

Tom Cruise- yawn. Has Katie Holmes had her baby yet? Steph's parents went to Hollywood and did some hardcore schmoozing with a few agents that consequentially produced Ringo Starr's latest album *Choose Love*. They divulged perhaps the industry's worst kept secret- Maverick has been shagging his Limo driver for 7 years and keeping Nicole under wraps via a tightly stitched-up contract. She gets a movie career by being Mrs. Lamb Roast for under 10 years; he gets all that happy family media coverage, makes some pretty average movies, and as a result, keeps his rampant homosexuality unbeknownst to the public. There's some legal schtick in America where you have to be married for exactly 10 years for a pre-nup to dissolve. Hence divorce #1. Katie was actually sloppy thirds after Scarlett Johansson and Jessica Biel, who both refused temptation and kept their souls intact. Remember Chris Klein, that cute and dawdy guy from *American Pie*? He was Katie's fiance and teen sweetheart for 4 years, only to be dumped for Tom and the illustrious 'contract' as it is know. Bam. Joey Potter gets the female lead in *Batman Begins*. Tsk tsk.

Anna and Steph +H

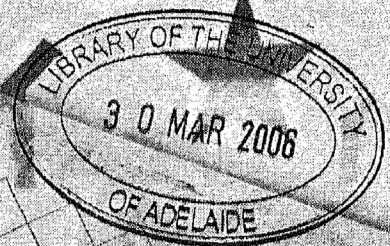
About the cover:

"On Dit.I.Y" by Anna Svedberg.

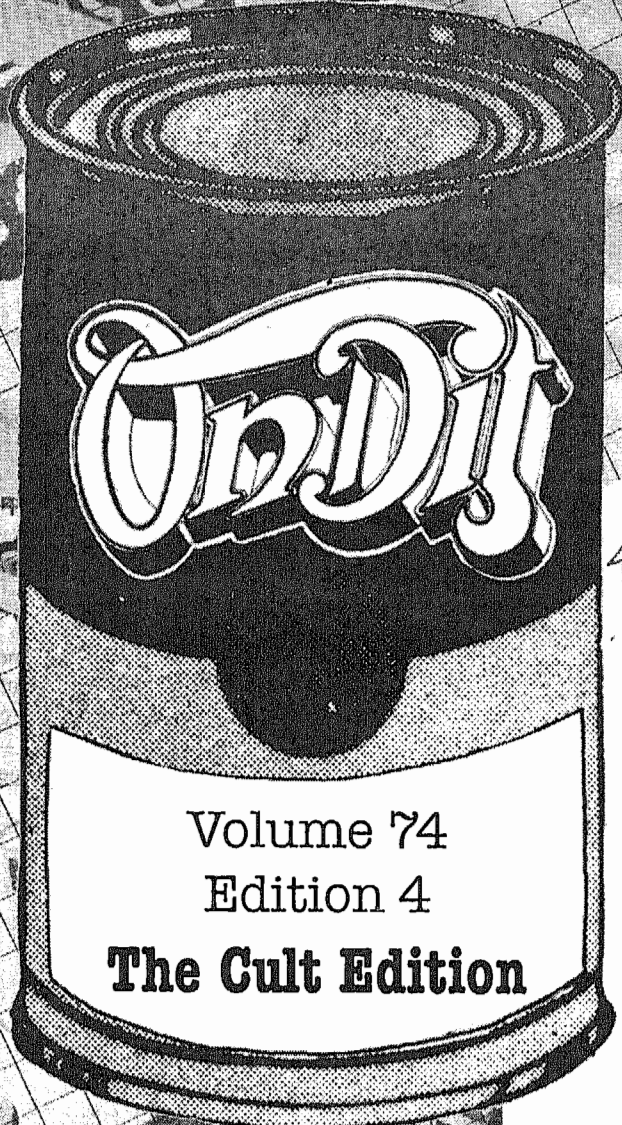
Come on down to the lawns this Wednesday between 12-4 or our little dungeon and we'll make you a badge out of this highly lucrative front cover. May we suggest Admiral Ackbar; he's a keeper. Of course, we'll have to charge \$3 a badge, but that's just the nature of the post-VSU beast. Let's see...with 3,000 copies a week, if all these babies are sold, that's \$459,000 to fund On Dit for the next 6.5 years...pwetty please?

THANKS

Everyone who chilled on the lawns at Dit Day. It was nice, huh? Especially Mandala Project, Stanley, Potter, Hannah, Holly, Claire, Steven, Ashleigh, Rowan, Russy Wussy, Anais, Karlie, Sunni & her friend the Belly Dancer that didn't get to perform, Brendan, Chloe, Ash, J & Dazz and Dr. Love for ensuring the masses a lovely afternoon (chaos aside). The lover-ly peeps at Media Rites, Alexis for raking in the dough, Robin, the aloe vera plant outside the Badger Labs, Matthew 'The PUNisher' Salleh, Ianto, everyone who wrote letters in this week (we've been hanging out for them), Steph's Dad for the bar fridge, Prashant, Naomi, Tyson, the plentiful Borders dumpster, Purvis and that bastion of evil, pop culture, for the unrelenting bile and fantastic layout opportunities. Oh, and the idiot parking inspector who fell for Anna's ingenious ploy xoxo

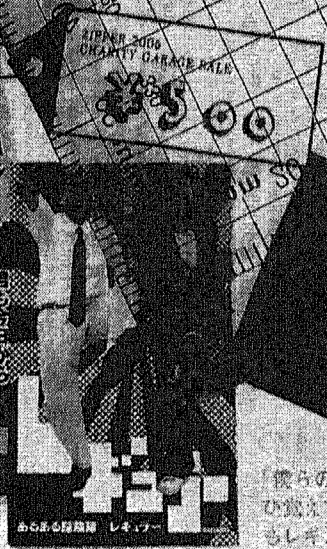


< condensed page



- 4-5. Letters
- 6. News
- 7. Media Watch
- 8-10. Current Affairs
- 11. Disease of the Week
- 12-13. Dit Day Reportage
- 14-15. Sport
- 16-17. Office Bearers of da SAUA
- 18-19. Criticisms of the World,
Shiny & Ireland & Astrolondit
- 20-21. Literature
- 22-23. Fiction
- 24-25. Vox Pop
- 26-29. Film = J & Jazz @ the Moopies
- 30-32. Music
- 33. First Impressions of The Strokes
& The Time Tunnel
- 34-35. Nomadelaide
- 36. Sneaker Freaker
- 37. The Epic Song
- 38-39. Video Games
- 40-41. Tee Wee
- 42. Theatre
- 43. Work & Study
- 44-45. Performing Arts
- 46. 8 Rules of Night Club
- 47. Visual Hearts.

On Dit is the publication of the Student' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed therein are not necessarily those of the University or the Students' Association or the Editors. Actually, they really are, because we've laboured night and day to make sure On Dit exists for another week. We agree with everything- except the Liberal schmuck whooping for the army. But hey, who reads the letters page anyway?



僕らの名前みたいなのなのでぜひ読んでください！これでおんなもレギュラーを獲得しちゃおう！

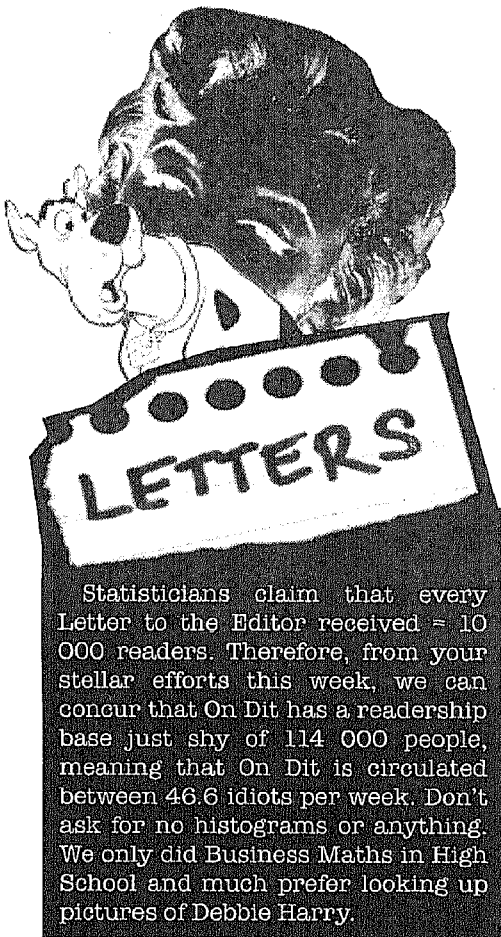
サイン入り本とDVDセット

サイン入り！

150号で、まさにどんだん150 (いこお) じゃないですか！おめでとうございます。まだまだよろしくお願ひします

012

プラネタリウム
メールプロク
シングル「プラネ
ース記念グッズ
れてしまった商品
特別に...



Statisticians claim that every Letter to the Editor received = 10 000 readers. Therefore, from your stellar efforts this week, we can concur that *On Dit* has a readership base just shy of 114 000 people, meaning that *On Dit* is circulated between 46.6 idiots per week. Don't ask for no histograms or anything. We only did Business Maths in High School and much prefer looking up pictures of Debbie Harry.

La femme...la fever. Oh!

Dear Sahil Choujar,

This letter is a response to your review of the Fringe production *M[O]th* that appeared in the last issue of *On Dit*, where you dislike it so vehemently that you seem to pronounce indistinct threats against any person who would go to see it should they ever perform it again. You claim that the main problem was that they did not 'attempt to deliver the story' and later that the story 'didn't exist,' whereas I personally walked away with much brain-food afterwards, and I do not believe the actors have presented us with a story that is hard to follow to simply "self-profess" themselves as "theatrical marvels" but rather they present us with human emotion and recognisable social phenomenon in an absurd manner so as not to preach but to allow the audience freedom of thought coupled with crazy confusion (ie much fun). I think they have created a world in which dialogue is not essential for communication, a world/hour in which body language, facial expression, and (for myself at least) the confrontation of familiar scenes in an alien setting may perhaps allows a spectator to connect/empathize with the characters and happenings on a level abstracted from language.

But then, I may just be a pretentious twat. I think what I want to say is that, like, sometimes you just, like, totally need to open your heart and mind to, like, the universe... duuude.

much love,
Collette

PS. STEPH!! If you (or anybody reading *On Dit*) ever finds ANY Commander Keen compatible with XP you simply MUST let me know. You have reawakened my once-dormant desire to get pixellated with the little dude...

Thanks Collette, I highly recommend www.dosgames.com for all those late night 90s cravings- eds

Robin Heart's On Dit xoxo

Dear Student Council member,

I am distressed and angered to hear that our excellent, unique, informative and entertaining student newspaper, *On Dit*, is being threatened by a completely absurd 'budget' proposal which disregards the editors' full-time, Herculean effort, and would effectively mean the paper's almost immediate ruin. I understand that your association must make cuts somewhere under VSU but *On Dit* is ABSOLUTELY NOT the place to start. To let go of this - the MOST accessible, regular, direct and entertaining forum for diverse student voices - would be to voluntarily and irreversibly accelerate VSU'S erosion of campus culture ...something the student's association and union should be fighting tooth and nail to counteract!

I have been reading *On Dit* since I was sixteen years old, just starting year 12, and my older brother started bringing it home. I was immediately enthralled by the glimpses it gave me into uni student life and culture, not to mention informed and stimulated by the ideas and issues it discussed - issues rarely covered by commercial newspapers, and even when they were, NEVER attacked with the objectivity and zeal - nor presented with the youth-enticing style and humour - that *On Dit's* student scribes achieved again and again. I swiftly fell in love with *On Dit* and have since then contributed to it and other student papers, gotten involved with activities and actions advertised within it, seen friends become editors and the past editors I hero-worshipped become my friends. The office has always been a haven of friendliness, creativity, enthusiasm and encouragement in an otherwise increasingly commercialised and anonymous environment. The paper is a way for students in this bustling and sometimes overwhelming and isolating institution, to tell their stories, express their ideas and jokes and discover other students who share their passions. It is and has been a sounding-board and catalyst for further campus culture and action: social, creative, environmental, political and musical!

For all these reasons and more, *On Dit* is without a doubt the most visible and valuable aspect of the Students' Association/Union's activities and the very thought of crippling it with a skeleton budget (wait, no - more like a single vertebrae budget) should be entertained no longer. Look elsewhere for your budget cuts, *On Dit* must stay (and the girls must be paid at least a half-decent pittance for that to be possible!)

Yours very sincerely,
Robin Tatlow-Lord
Studying BA (Spanish, Biological Science)

...of the SAUA and gonads.

Dear Students...people who pay Union fees,

Have you ever been kicked in the left testicle? Upon hearing the news that the SAUA President may receive a decrease in their pay, whilst the Union President makes an application for an

increase in theirs, I think to myself that an injustice has been committed with stark irony. How many times do you hear of cunning politicians receiving increases in their wage, whilst taxes, necessities, booze and smokes increases? I myself am all for decreases in salaries within the student organizations as I believe that the nineteen-and-a-half SAUA president and twenty PLUS Union President wages are in excess of what they deserve. Granted that comment is scathing, it must be hard writing e-mails and attending some paid-for function wearing a tie.

My two cents is to cut their pay ONCE THEIR TERM EXPIRES, and that it should be a blanket rule for both Presidents in regards to their wages.

Anonymous

On Dit Heart's Victoria xoxo

I'm one of those few lucky students whose parents pay for my student services fees and so I figured that when VSU comes in I'll keep paying the fees anyway because I don't want to give the union any more reasons to sit around doing nothing. But if the student union reduces funding for *On Dit* to a level where they can't survive, then the union can forget about it, as I am more than willing to give all of what would have been my student services fee to *On Dit* to help keep them alive and I strongly urge everyone that reads this great student paper to do the same

Victoria

Sure you're not, Sven

Dear *On Dit*,

I am an avid reader of your publication and I am, one of many people that turn straight to Vox Pop. I just like to see if there is any one I know adorning the pages. If there is it gives me further insight in to their lives though their quips and answers to the seemingly superficial, deceitfully insightful questions that they answer. However, in this last year Vox Pop has taken a dive. It now looks like The Advertiser's Adelaide confidential (waste of space). It is clearly designed to give the impression that Adelaide Uni students are all really attractive. Come into my Anthropology classes and I will prove to you that this is not the case. Gay rights is no longer an issue, the women's rights movement is pacing around looking for things to do and Racism has not existed since Mandela was released. Some of my best friends are unattractive! If any social demographic is being marginalised in our community and in need of a voice it is THE UNATTRACTIVE. On average, they get paid less, have trouble finding partners and are far more likely to be abused in night clubs. Vox Pop should be their voice too, they are the most interesting people, they have the most to say because they are so often ignored. We never seem to hear from the unattractive in this year's Vox Pop. Maybe they just don't want to be photographed, I don't know, but it has to change! Vox Pop translates to "the peoples voice" not "Pretty people's voice".

Sven "no I'm not ugly" Jaensen

Imagine there's no heaven

Dear *On Dit*,

Last week I was lucky enough to score tickets to see 'Honk If You Are Jesus' as part of the Adelaide Festival. It was really well done and made an interesting statement about some contemporary issues. However, the fact that a majority of the conflict in the play centered around differences in religious and non-religious ideals got me to thinking.

What would the world be like if there was no religion? In fact, what if there never was? Would it really be so bad? I'm sure there would still be love, truth, beauty and song in the world, but would there be less war? Would people be more tolerant of others and of difference? Would women be treated as equals with men? Would people be able to choose their sexual orientation free from stigma and judgement? Would there be less burning embassies? Less children being sexually abused? Would there be less people having to work at 4:00am on Dec 24th? Would our understanding of science and the natural world be 500 years more advanced? Would Blacks, Whites and every colour in between be united by our common biology? Would there be less STI's, less death and less hatred? Less backward conservatism? Would people be able to wear whatever the fuck they wanted on their heads? Would the world just be a hell of a lot nicer place to live?

Maybe not. Maybe we would just find something else to worship ...Jimi Hendrix is pretty cool. Then again, so are cheese and pickle sandwiches. The point of this letter is not to offend, these are just some thoughts I was having in the sun while on the bus this morning. Think about it.

Peace
Dalton

He he, sorry we never got back to you about music reviews!

Hey girls,

If there is one thing that will discourage many students from paying their voluntary student fees it is the withholding of funds from the aspects of campus life that they value most.

On Dit is a vital part of life at Adelaide Uni and I know many students value its contributions to the uni over the occasional successes that may miraculously result from the squabbles of student politics.

Leave our *On Dit* alone!

James Apps

More veherent praise (yawn)

Dear Steph and Anna,

I don't know if it was the hotties printed throughout the paper (see pages 30 and 31, who's the spunk rat and tell Jenn I want to marry her, she is such a babe!!!!) or the Japanese cut outs or the fantastic fonts, but I loved every bit of the Mating Game Edition. You are dream girls.

Love
Leo G

To the SAUA council,

Yesterday evening as I was indulging in my usual habit of browsing the pages of *On Dit* on my long bus ride home, it was brought to my attention that future publications of my favourite university rag may be in question. As far as I am aware, the reason for this appears to be the impending wake of VSU, and resulting budget cuts planned by the SAUA. For several reasons, outlined below, I believe that such a prospect is not only absurd, but also unreasonable.

As a postgraduate student, one year from completing my PhD in Engineering, I have now been a full time student at the University of Adelaide for six and a half years. During this time, as a consequence of compulsory student unionism, I have paid over \$2340 in union fees (oh sorry, make that "student services" fees*). And what has an impoverished student such as myself received in return for this obscene amount of money? From what I can figure, approximately 150 editions of *On Dit*. Now, I rate *On Dit* pretty highly but lets be conservative and put its value at two bucks a pop (Hey... its at least twice as good as *The Advertiser***). So, very roughly, as far as I am concerned I have been screwed out of around \$2k.

You are probably wondering where my cynicism stems, so here is compulsory student "unionism" as I saw it. Every semester students were confronted with the prospect of another contribution to the fascist regime. Why did they oblige? Because if they didn't they faced the prospect of being unenrolled from their degree. We paid the fee with a gun to our intellectual heads. We were then told that as a reward, we were provided with an array of wonderful services like sporting clubs, food outlets and childcare. Let me address the last two of these "services" individually. Firstly food; if outlets like the Mayo refectory need to be propped up by additional funding, then they must be the most poorly managed businesses in Adelaide. Food and Drinks are sold at standard Deli prices and the place is only really busy for the same predictable two hours a day. Students are not stupid, and they recognise this. So stop telling us it is a service you provide.

As for childcare; two years ago when my partner gave birth to our son, I inquired at the university CC centre about the prospect of sending him there. I was told I would have to wait at least 18 months. Made me really grateful that I had been paying my "student services" fees to support a service I could not use. But this begs the question; Why should other students pay for my son to go to CC anyway? This is something addressed by the federal government when a contribution is payed to his CC fees each week. And don't give me that BS "SS fees are just like taxes argument. The SAUA is not a micro government any more than it is an actual union.

As you can probably guess, I am in favour of some form on VSU (all be it not in its impending form). I would be happy to pay a reduced fee to fund essential services like counselling and legal advice, but I was not happy to fund people's luxuries. Why the hell should I pay for

someone else's sporting equipment, "free" BBQ's, etc. Furthermore, I am completely disgusted by the prospect of forced association with a "union" of which I have no interest in. By now you have probably dismissed me as another VSU loving, liberal voting bastard. But as with everyone, I can't be painted either black or white by such a polarised view. I recycle, oppose the current IR reforms and agree that VSU was most likely introduced by the Howard government to put a lid on student activism. Oh, and I don't vote liberal.

As I am sure you are no doubt aware, my loathing of the now abolished "student services" fee is not atypical amongst students. If you take the time to wander the corridors of any engineering building (or any other faculty with degrees requiring a ridiculous amount of time per week) I suspect you will find many undergraduate students with opinions not to dissimilar to my own. I should know as I was amongst them for four years and lectured 200 of them only last year (cutose to any of my Auto Control students reading this). The thing is, most of these students did not have the time, or thought it futile to voice their opinion.

So what is my point? Well, when I started writing this I only had one point to make, and I seem to have gone off on a rage driven tangent so I will try to summarise the real reason for this letter succinctly. You want to preserve campus culture? *On Dit* IS CAMPUS CULTURE! You want to cut some fat from the SAUA? See if you can locate the wall on which \$2k was pissed up against.

Regards,
Rohin Wood

PhD Student
School of Mechanical Engineering
The University of Adelaide

P.S. - One last thing, at the recent Dallas Crane gig in the Unibar (\$25 on entry) my hand was stamped with the words "VSU = NO MORE SHOWS". Give me a f**king break.

* I tend to reserve quotation marks for sarcasm.

** I realise that comparing *On Dit* to the Advertiser is probably a major insult to the *On Dit* editors, so for this I apologise.

Mesdames et Messieurs, nous sommes floating in space...

Dear Anna and Steph,

My apologies for not being able to make it in on Wednesday for *Dit Day*. I hope the event was a big success. I have been faithfully reading *On Dit* from cover to cover each week and wanted to congratulate you on the stellar job you ladies are doing. Should I ever feel inspired to contribute i'll let you know.

A+
Gabrielle

As a student at Adelaide Uni and serving member of the Australian Army, I found Andrew J Turner's piece 'On Dit v Australian Defence Force' to be ignorant and offensive in nature.

I understand that no Australian need be in full agreement with their government's policies, especially so with matters of national defence. However, when individuals (Andrew J Turner) perpetuate falsities in a public forum on matters of policy and express stupid opinions on attitudes towards the ADF, they deserve to be made accountable for their remarks.

The Australian Defence Force embodies much of what we claim as Australian culture. Our history on the global scale was forged when we were given a 'baptism of fire' on the shores of Gallipoli, through two world wars and throughout a number of modern conflicts.

The vast majority of the Australian Defence Force's active operations have been performed under the constraints of the peacekeeping mission. These countless operations been effective in ensuring peace where peace was previously thought unobtainable.

Serving soldiers, sailors and airmen/women have died in the pursuit of peace as well as in combat roles.

When I was receiving training as a basic soldier I was told that central to the notion of the Australian soldier was that we were trained to think compassionately, and that the profession of arms was to be used only as a last resort. The ADF trains its 'people' to care and its soldiers to react.

The ADF does not take people out of university. In fact it encourages its members to undertake a tertiary education, it facilitates undergraduates to attain a position in their field of studies and it pays for all of these opportunities.

I will continue to salute my flag when it is raised and I will feel an overwhelming sense of patriotism course through my veins. I will also experience this same feeling when I see Australians exercising their democratic right to march through the streets against a war they may not believe in. Patriotism is not to be pigeonholed, and it is not to be used as a tool for promoting one set of ideals. In doing so you only raise the hypocrisy recently witnessed during the race-riots in Cronulla.

While I have no strong sentiment for Dr Nelson, I stand by my Minister and will always support the serving men and women of the Australian Army, Royal Australian Navy and Royal Australian Air Force.

So Mr Turner, while you sip on your Coke Zero, supplied free of charge to *On Dit*, writing your trivial pseudo-emo bullshit. I hope you think of the men and women in Iraq, Afghanistan, the Solomon Islands and elsewhere serving their nation with a true patriotic spirit.

Oliver Gaillard

Andrew Turner does not drink Coke Zero. Make Love, not War- eds

Dear Eds,

Sure, *On Dit* provides a valuable arena for student voice. Sure, it's independent, blah, history, blah politics. That's cool. I'm not knocking it. But here are the three reasons why *On Dit* rocks the hard one:

1. The layouts. They're frickin hilarious. They make the thousands of long and closely-printed words, if not easier to read, certainly more fun.

2. Pop culture! Pop culture makes my world go round and the revitalised sections this year have been a blessing. Where else do you see passionate Jake Gyllenhaal loving (he's smokin) and Oscar frock-bashing (Charlize, why?) alongside a thoughtful and 100% accurate history of music?

3. Vox pop. I know it intuitively, but it's always nice to have external confirmation that I'm both smarter and have way better taste than the hoi polloi.

To everyone with the power: fund the shit out of this baby! My Monday bus rides home would suck otherwise.

Love,
Jessie.

Wow, so much love

Dear On Dit Eds and (some of) SAUA council,

If you do one thing this year, keep the student voice intact. No, that doesn't mean the union or the association. That means the one remaining student-run, for students, read by students media outlet, *On Dit*. In order to do this, you must treat the editors fairly, affording them their honoraria and a decent budget as has been previously planned for this year. Reading *On Dit* has been an integral part of my 2-3 years so far at Uni - and it's one of the few weekly youth publications in the country.

Don't kill student voice with greed.
I Heart On Dit.

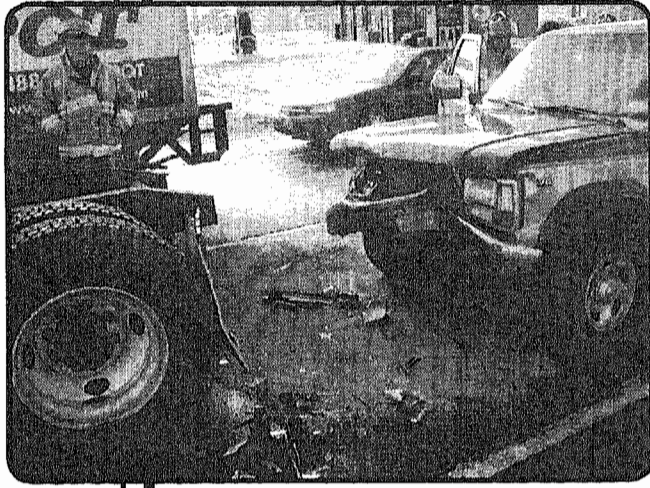
Edie P

maybe not.

Dear Editors,

During Andrew J. Turner's studies (made so much a deal of), did he encounter the phrase 'ad hominem' or the concept of the straw man? The constant use of the title 'Mr.' when referring to his opponent and the (apparently deliberate) misreading of the opposing argument were somewhat disturbing. Perhaps he missed those lectures. When I am in the market to hire a professional philosopher, perhaps I'll over look Mr. Turner.

Dr. Dan

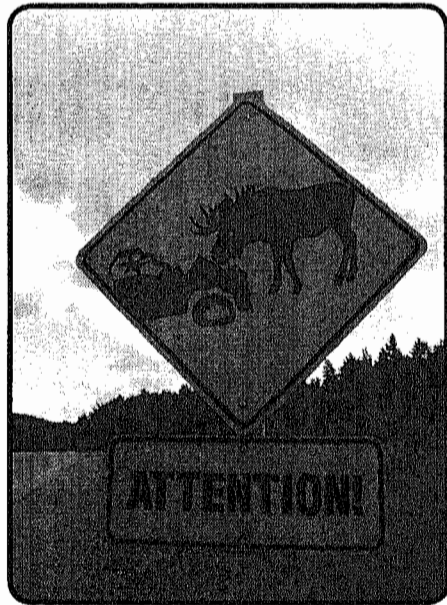


n.b. this is not the actual accident, sensational photo huh?

Stupidest Lawsuit of The Week

If someone carelessly backs their truck into your car, you sue them, right? Californian Curtis Gokey followed that line of thought after a truck owned by the city council drove into his vehicle, and started legal proceedings. There was only one tiny flaw in his plan: he was the one driving the truck at the time. Although the crash was entirely his own fault, Gokey continued his quest for U.S.\$3,600 in damages. When it came out that he was suing himself (which is obviously very silly, and generally frowned upon), he had to change tactics: He got his wife to sue the city (and himself) for him. According to several lawyers, this won't fly either. Apparently you can't sue a spouse for negligence, as a married couple are considered to be a single entity in legal terms. Try telling the Gokeys that. They've actually increased their claim to U.S.\$4,800. According to Mrs Gokey, the increase occurred because she isn't as nice as her husband. Hmm...

Yet another reason why it's a stupid idea to drive...

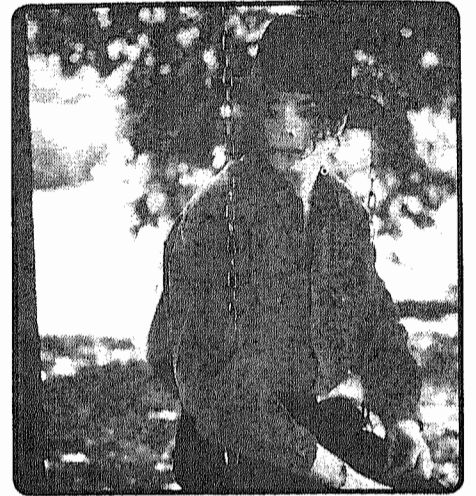


What's the last thing you would expect to happen when you're driving along a highway in Massachusetts? Projectile moose, I hear you say. Good guess. Julieigh McDowell was more than slightly surprised when a 500-pound (226kg) moose came through her windshield. The unidentified moose landed in the passenger seat of Ms McDowell's car after her vehicle collided with it. Although she sustained no serious injury, the moose wasn't so lucky. Due to the severity of its injuries, it later had to be euthanised. You have to wonder how she failed to spot a moose in the middle of the road.

News Editor:
Sophie Donoghue
sophie.donoghue@
student.adelaide.edu.au

Media Watch Editor:
Ola Bednarczuk
olabalooza@hotmail.com

One person is missing following the eruption of a volcano in the South Pacific. A team from the New Zealand Conservation Department was monitoring conditions on Raoul Island when the eruption, which lasted for 30 minutes, occurred. A male member of the team was reported missing, but everyone else managed to escape to a safer part of the island, where they are awaiting evacuation. Raoul Island is a nature reserve located over 1000km from Auckland, and last erupted in 1964.



A family of five were beheaded by villagers wielding machetes in India's north-east last week. It was thought that 60-year-old Amir Munda used witchcraft to create a disease which resulted in the deaths of two plantation workers. After a show-trial, it was decided that Munda, along with four of his children, should be executed in order to appease the gods.

Rescue efforts are underway following the collapse of a metro tunnel in Moscow. Reports from the emergency services suggest that a beam fell from the roof of the tunnel onto a train, piercing one of the carriages. Following the collapse, a fire broke out on the train. Thus far, no information concerning possible casualties has been released.

Alexander Lukashenko has been declared the winner of Belarus' presidential election, amid claims of vote-rigging. Prior to the ballot the opposition alleged that the election would be rigged to the extreme, to ensure Lukashenko won. They called for protests in order to ensure that the vote would be honest. The security service (eerily enough known as the KGB) stated that any protests would be viewed as terrorist actions, but this did not prevent 10,000 citizens from taking to the streets in Minsk. The U.S. and the E.U. are both of the opinion that Lukashenko has been rigging elections since 1996, a claim which he obviously denies. The U.S. and the E.U. have promised to heighten their sanctions against Belarus if independent observers rule that the election was a fraud.

China's Ministry of Public Security has drafted a new set of rules governing the registration of names. From now on, parents must select their child's name from a list which excludes many thousands of the rarer Chinese characters. The new regulations were prompted by the introduction of electronic identity cards, which now makes writing rare characters by hand (a common practice to accommodate people with unusual names) illegal. This presents something of a problem for the 60 million people whose name already contains at least one rare character, as their names will make it difficult to do simple things such as opening a bank account.

Controversial pop star Michael Jackson has closed down his residence on Neverland Ranch, but a spokesman has said that some areas of the estate are still in operation. Jackson, who is currently shackled up in Bahrain, got into trouble earlier this year when approximately 30 of his staff issued complaints that they were owed back pay amounting to

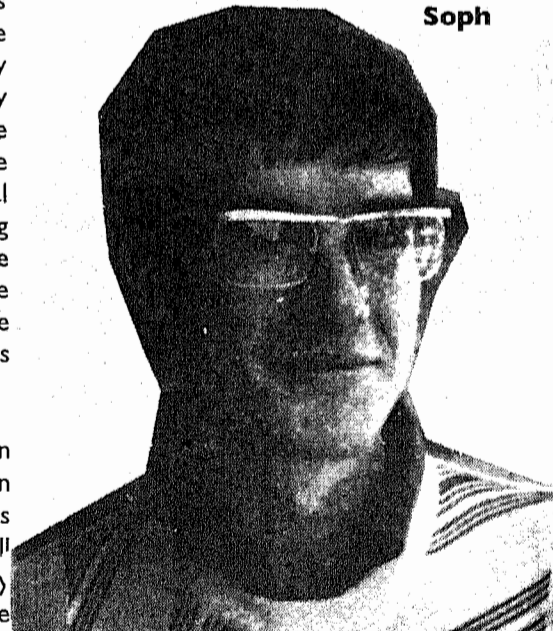
hundreds of thousands of dollars. Jackson paid up, and narrowly avoided a lawsuit. You probably hadn't heard that story, but let's face it, as Jacko headlines go, it just ain't that controversial.

Cyclone Larry has caused substantial damage in north Queensland, snatching the roofs off properties and cutting power supplies as it travels inland. Although Larry started out as a category four storm (out of five), the Bureau of Meteorology has since downgraded it to category two status. Queensland's Premier Peter Beattie gave local authorities the power to enforce the mandatory evacuation of towns predicted to lie in Larry's path.

U.S. Secretary of Defence Donald Rumsfeld has stated that pulling troops out of Iraq now is comparable to delivering post-war Germany back into the hands of the Nazis. In the face of claims that Iraq is on the brink of civil war, Rumsfeld expressed the opinion that insurgency in Iraq is clearly failing, in a column published on the third anniversary of the U.S. invasion of that nation. Meanwhile, thousands of anti-war protesters also commemorated the occasion by gathering in various locations across the globe. Polls show that George W. Bush's approval ratings have plummeted to their lowest level ever, with just 36% of Americans surveyed saying that they approved of his performance as president, and 65% stating that they disapproved of his handling of the Iraq war. Perhaps more telling is a poll conducted among troops serving in Iraq, where 72% stated that the U.S. should pull out within a year.

Oh, and Labor won the state election. Nick Xenophon also did very well for himself.

Soph



1977: The Year of the Babe.
Nick Xenophon, On Dit Editor.

...In which two forces attempt to take over the world - one through politics, the other through fashion.

THE CULT OF THE POLITICALLY ACTIVE 'CONTEMPORARY SECT'

Bitchy advertisements, MPs soliciting votes on your doorstep, the odd politician holding a baby, accusations flying left, right and centre... it can only mean one thing: State elections are near by. It's the time when we learn of suspect dealings and surprising partnerships - perhaps the most interesting of which has been seen in the lead-up to the Tasmanian elections. An anti-Green, pro-Liberal advertising campaign taken out in Tassie newspapers targeting the Greens' "socially destructive" stance on transgender rights, same-sex marriage and drug use has been revealed as the work of a religious group called the Exclusive Brethren. This group has also been active in the past in propagating pro-Bush campaigns during the US elections and pro-Nationals campaigns during elections in New Zealand. The Exclusive Brethren are a Christian Fellowship (don't call them a cult - apparently people have been taken to court for this) who see themselves as "Christians in an ungodly world." For this reason they choose to shun many aspects of contemporary society, opposing assimilation with non-Brethren - this includes everything from establishing their own schools and

businesses to forbidding their members to eat with anyone not belonging to the Fellowship.

Why would a group that purportedly rejects democracy and forbids its members from voting, believing that the only true government is that of God, align itself with political parties and take an active role in State and Federal elections? As revealed on Triple J's *Hack* programme, Exclusive Brethren schools receive significant funding from Federal and State governments. Is it a case of one hand washing the other? The Exclusive Brethren as a community are quite wealthy, and pride themselves on their ability to make money - they subscribe to what the *Sydney Morning Herald* terms a "prosperity gospel" view in which wealth signifies God's favour and poverty is the fault of the poor. Hence the ease with which the sect was able to raise the \$500 000 necessary to fund a glossy ad campaign. Although maintaining on their website that theirs is a non-political approach, they state that part of their mission is to "represent Christian conscience to Government and those in authority." Thus contact with members

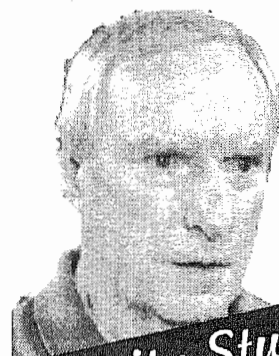
of parliament is deemed acceptable and desirable insofar as it allows the Brethren to "express a moral viewpoint of legislation in relation to the rights of God." It's also personal - Brethren leader Bruce Hale reportedly predicted "the rapture" (or the end of the world) if Howard and Bush weren't reelected.

What, then, can be said of the Liberals' involvement with a controversial ultra-conservative group like the Exclusive Brethren? As Marion Maddox, senior lecturer in religious studies at Wellington's Victoria University observes in an article for the *Sydney Morning Herald*, it is well-known that electoral success in the US relies heavily on the vote of fundamental religious groups. No wonder the Liberals, too, are jumping on the conservative Christian bandwagon.

Oh, did I mention that the Exclusive Brethren are opposed to what they term "the conduits of evil communications - TV, radio and the internet?" Check out www.theexclusivebrethren.com for more information.

Ola B

Publicity Stunt of the Week



where the bloody hell are you, you flaming mongrels?

This week's honour goes to those "Where the bloody hell are you?" masterminds, who have succeeded in making a vaguely offensive word a talking point even several weeks after the initial launch of the Australian Tourism ad campaign.

Judging from the official website and the exhaustive information booklet detailing the history of the word "bloody" which was presented to the press at the campaign's launch, it's evident that the media mayhem following the ad's release was premeditated - countless discussions in the press, opinion pieces and editorials, vox pops in local newspapers. It's even led to a backlash against the British in response to the UK Broadcast Advertising Clearance Centre (BACC)'s decision to censor the ad on UK TV (where it will appear as "So where the hell are you?" - although if a uniquely Alf Stewart-esque Australian touch is what they're after, why not add "you flamin' mongrels?")

"The campaign was designed to achieve cut through and get people talking, especially online," says Tourism Australia Managing Director Scott Morrison in a press release found on the company's website. "We had always factored in the prospect of [a censored version] in the UK. We decided to press ahead knowing that a ban would only increase interest in the campaign." When filming the ad, it was made sure alternative versions were made - one of which is now being used in the UK. And, to make the most of the interest sparked by the commercial, Tourism Australia plans also to place ads in British newspapers inviting the public to log onto the official website to see the untouched, 'uncut' version of the ad.

"The best way to find out what all the 'bloody' fuss is about," continues Morrison in a press statement directed at UK audiences, "is to log on to the ad's official website and see for yourself. And while you're there, send a copy to a friend." What a stunning example of PR gold! And for this reason Tourism Australia deserves the coveted award for Publicity Stunt of the Week.

Ola B

The Cult of the Svengali Stylist

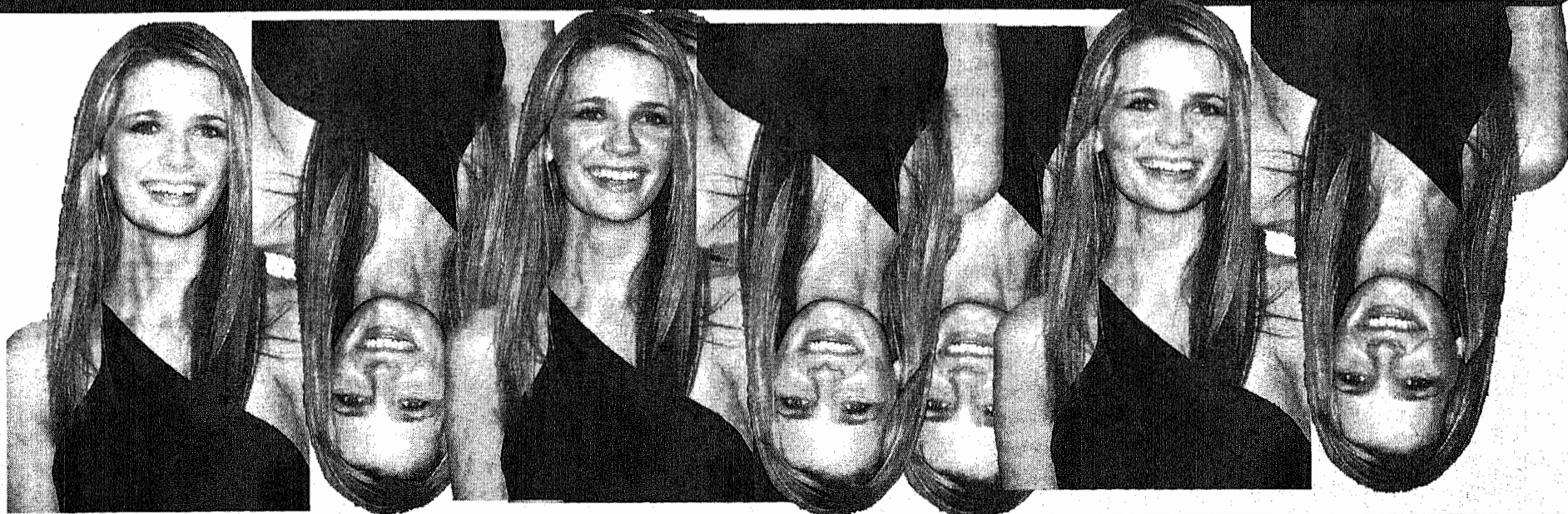
What would Media Watch be without the token celebrity reference? A recent article in that bastion of journalistic integrity and hard-hitting reporting - yes, I mean *Cosmopolitan* magazine - revealed the secret behind the dramatic weight loss and image transformation of young starlets Nicole Richie and Lindsay Lohan. It seems they have fallen prey to Svengali celebrity stylist Rachel Zoe, the fashionista whose other clients reportedly include regular teen magazine covergirls Jessica Simpson, Hilary Duff, Mischa Barton, Kate Hudson and Jennifer Garner. Zoe, an almost-skeletal, peroxide-blonde, smoky raccoon-eyed 33 year old who sports

boho chic by day and wafty evening gowns by night has been accused of attempting to turn Young Hollywood into what the magazine calls a "Skinny Mini-Me Brigade." The dramatic transformations of Richie and Lohan in particular can allegedly be traced back to their involvement with Zoe. Since becoming her clients they, too, appear to have developed a penchant for peroxide, kohl eyeliner, wafty clothes and weight loss.

Admittedly most of the information in *Cosmo's* article appears to be based on anecdotal evidence and the "whispering" of people purporting to be industry insiders. Zoe's claim that she is not

attempting to turn anyone into a clone of herself is quickly dismissed by the magazine with the phrase "Whatever her defense is..." Should we be concerned about the allegedly negative influence of Zoe, who is reportedly responsible for the appearance of at least a dozen young female celebrities who feature quite heavily in the media? Or has she simply become a scapegoat for the proliferation of the very same body-image messages magazines like *Cosmopolitan* are so often accused of putting out themselves?

Ola B



Editor: Andrew Turner
acaondit@gmail.com

What the F***?

Condoleezza Rice, responding to interruptions to her speech at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music: "I'm very pleased to see that democracy is alive and well at the University". Actions of democracy; the protesters were removed.

Does this mean that Dr Rice's interpretation of democracy is that those who promote alternative views get removed from the process?

Alexander Downer, responding to news that Australian Spy agencies knew of the corrupt actions of AWB in 1998; "What the assessment agencies do, is they assess the intelligence that they perceive at the time, and of course in the context of the time, that's likely to be useful to the Government in relation to the issues that we're dealing with, ...I mean this wasn't perceived, I guess, by anybody at the time as being a major problem"

The fact that the actions breached UN sanctions were not pertinent or useful?

In my column in *On Dit* [Vol. 74, No. 2], I said that we have no choice but to condemn the actions of the Australian Wheat Board (AWB). This implies that what AWB did was wrong; we condemn them because they did something *wrong*. The AWB engaged in corruption. But to make such a judgement we need an account of right and wrong; we need an account of the ethics involved. To do this we have to turn to moral theories. I do not have the space to go into all the moral theories but I will go through the most important and relevant: utilitarianism; deontology and Social Contract Theory.

Utilitarianism; Utilitarianism assigns the moral worth of an action according to its consequences: of some act, A, does that act produce the greatest amount of happiness over unhappiness amongst all those effected by the act? The Utilitarian, such as John Stuart Mill (1806 - 1873) or Jeremy Bentham (1748 - 1832), set out the principle according to which we judge an act. That act is good which promotes the greatest happiness of the greatest number. If an act produces greater unhappiness than happiness, then it is bad. Morality should serve humanity by promoting happiness over unhappiness.

This theory has some appeal. Utilitarianism is democratic, everybody's happiness counts, and does so equally; all count once, and only once. It is practical and does not require intense study; it is a simple guide that helps us produce good in the world, if we equate happiness with good. Many do. If, by bribing its way into Iraq, AWB promoted the greater good of the greater number, then we should not condemn it. Indeed, if it produced the greatest good available, AWB were morally required to bribe its way in.

Critics have pointed out that Utilitarianism can lead to what we might think wrong conclusions. Suppose you are a tourist in a racist town. The majority white people hate the minority black people. A particularly violent assault on a white woman occurs, with no witnesses. The majority form the opinion that a black person is to blame and are about to riot and attack that minority. You know that you can prevent this riot, and thus prevent a significant amount of harm, by bearing false witness against a black man you know is innocent but has no proof of his innocence. If you are a Utilitarian, you should bear false witness because it is the right thing to do; it is the act that promotes the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

We might think that the black man's right to justice has been ignored. But under Utilitarianism, there is no such thing as a right. The only right is that each person has equal status in the Utilitarian calculation. Nor is there any justice, since it is right to convict an innocent person. The Utilitarian is aware of these criticisms, and has several sophisticated responses, they think we can use the principle of utility to generate rules, not acts. And no rule that allows an innocent to be convicted intentionally would promote the greatest happiness of those involved for example¹.

Deontology; Deontologists hold that there are certain moral rules that guide our actions. The consequences of an act is not the source of its moral worth. An act is moral if it confirms to a rule, bad or otherwise. The most famous deontologist was Immanuel Kant (1724 - 1804). Kant thought that there are certain moral

imperatives that apply in all situations. These he called categorical imperatives. He compared these with hypothetical imperatives, which only apply if we wish to bring about something else. Smoking is good for getting cancer, for example. If we want to get cancer, we should smoke. To get a categorical imperative we consider an act and ask if we can generate a rule, without contradiction, which would apply to all people and every circumstance.

Suppose that you are in debt and driven to borrowing money in order to survive. You will not get the loan unless you promise to pay it back, even knowing that you will be unable to pay it back. Can you will the maxim that 'whenever I am short of money, I will borrow money and promise to pay it back, even though I know I will not be able to' into a universal law? Kant thinks not, since to make a promise is to act in a certain way in the future. If you promise to act in some way without intending to act that way, the very concept of promising becomes impossible. No one would believe a promise, so promising would become vacuous. To make a promise is to break a promise, and this is a contradiction.

According to Kant, the AWB were wrong. You could never generate a categorical imperative that says that to help a people (by feeding them through an oil-for-food programme) you should financially support the dictator persecuting them. Indeed, that looks like an absolute wrong.

Deontology too has its critics. The most serious being that it cannot deal with conflicting rules. If we have two absolute rules that conflict we have no way to resolve that conflict. Suppose one rule says do A, and another says do not do A, then we become deadlocked. Kant specifically thought that the consequences of an act play no role in determining its moral worth, so we cannot appeal to the consequences of doing A, or not doing A.

But there are more Deontologists than there is Immanuel Kant, and they too can escape these criticisms. One way is to specify the circumstances under which an act is good, or bad. But this then makes the moral reasoning incredibly complex and unworkable. We could, however come up with one categorical imperative, that we should always treat humans as valued individuals capable of autonomous moral action, if we were to treat them solely as a means to our end then we are doing wrong. This seems to apply in all circumstances, irrespective of consequences².

Social Contracts; since ethics is about the way people should interact, social contract thinkers believe that the solution is more of a political nature, than ethical in the traditional sense. Morality is the solution to living together, even when we pursue our own self interests. As a community we form a contract that sets out acceptable and unacceptable behaviour. Rightness and wrongness are then determined by these social rules. The contract clearly sets out which rules we have to follow, and sets out the reasons for following those rules. If all involved in the AWB scandal obeyed commonly agreed rules, then they did the right thing. We have such rules, and according to them AWB acted in error. According to the United Nations, the actions of AWB were corrupt.

Again there are criticisms of social contract theory. It is an historical fiction. No-one has ever signed a social contract;

if no one has ever signed a contract it cannot be binding. The UN is only a guiding body, not an arbiter of moral rules. Even if such a contract had been signed, social contracts cannot allow civil disobedience. If we inherit a system once thought good, now thought bad, we cannot agitate for change. Take slavery. It was once thought acceptable to keep and trade slaves. But if a contract existed setting this situation in force, then we could not agitate to change that situation, because we would be advocating replacing good acts with bad acts. But we do, as a matter of fact, attempt to improve society. Since social contract theories are held to be entirely practical they prove themselves to be problematic.

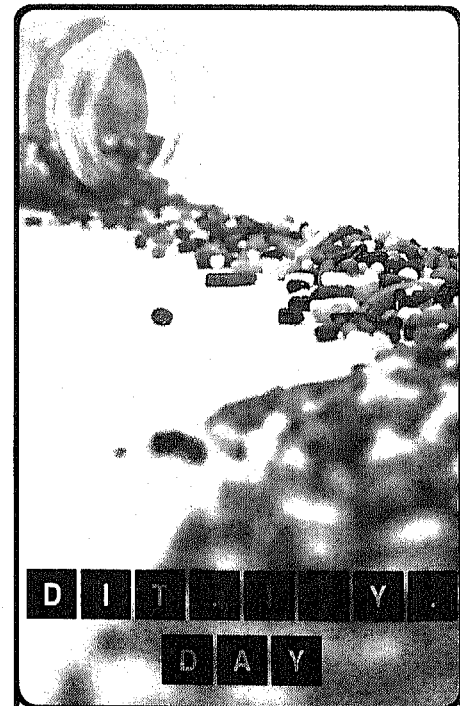
I said we should condemn the AWB. Michael Adams said it is up to you whether you condemn it or not. Michael is right, we first have to develop a clear concept of ethics. Once done, this should guide our judgements about the AWB scandal. I have not done that here, but will give you a hard and fast argument for that condemnation; the AWB used the Iraqi people, and their suffering as a means to their own end, and this is wrong. (Yes I am a Kantian, but I am not Kant!)

Andrew Turner

(Footnotes)

¹ A response that we call the 'Outsmart' response is named in honour of J. J. C. Smart who advocated it. The response is; that if it is a consequence of my theory that this innocent black man be punished, then so be it. This move accepts the criticism, but thinks nothing much of it. The accuser has been outsmarted.

² This is another formulation by Kant of the Categorical Imperative.



Wednesday
& Thursday
(28-29 March)

12-4pm
Barr Smith Lawns

Bring down your On Dit cover, scraps of material, photos etc. to make your own badges
+ D.I.Y.
Fairly Bread, music

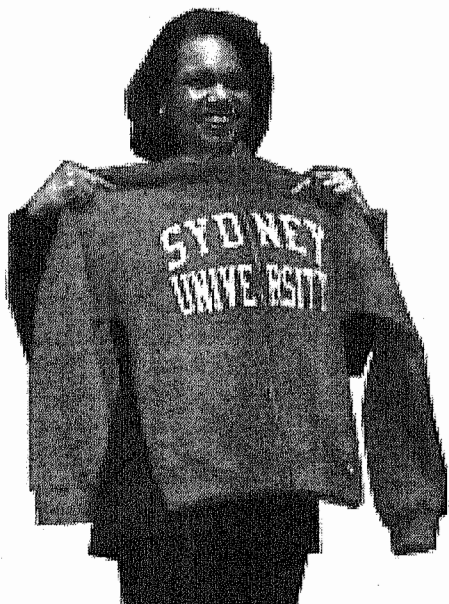
AUMA Speed Dating & End of Term Pub Party

Thursday April 6, 6pm
@ The Elephant
Free for Members or \$5 @ The Door
DRINK SPECIALS

Fascist Killer Smackdown

Part XXIVIVIX

Preface: Before you begin reading this article, promise yourself that you will finish it. Otherwise you will leave it with a very twisted (and wrong) idea of what I'm trying to say.



So...Condoleezza Rice, eh? The very name invokes controversy. Saviour of the oppressed Iraqi people to some, callous and calculating murderer to others, dear old 'Condi' (as I call her in private) is quite the controversial figure in modern global politics. Seems Condi got the travelling bug recently and visited our fair shores – our very own 'rock star politician' tour! I'm informed tickets are only available after a thorough racial profiling! I'm a Scottish-Dutch 1st generation Australian, do I qualify? It's too late anyway; tickets have sold out. I called Venue-tix but they hadn't even heard about it! How unprofessional!

Seriously though, people have been cutting sick left, right and centre (polticial pun, ahah, ahah) about Condoleezza Rice, US Secretary of State, visionary, neoconservative and warmongering capitalist dog (depending on who you talk to), visiting Australia in what is presumably a pre-ambule to the announcement of the new US ambassador to Australia – we've been neglected for roughly a year. Where's the love from our buddies in illegal international activity! What's the point of being a part of the 'Middle Eastern Nation Smackdown' club when you can't even picket the US ambassador's home! 'Leezz' is also here to lay some verbal bitch-slaps on China, Iran, and basically any other country, religion or science that Dubya can't pronounce when he's reading through his 'Encyclopaedia for Dummies' (although apparently he says 'evangelical' real well). Essentially Condoleezza and the American administration support a containment policy of China, which we Aussies disagree with². Also on the agenda is the support of Indonesia's democracy, nuclear deals and of course Iraq and Afghanistan. You can read about this anywhere though, and the subject of the talk is not what I wished to address today.

I had the inspiration to write this article when I was listening to *Hack* on Triple J. They were covering 'Ondol's' visit to Sydney University and the resulting protest-fest that always takes place whenever she, or any other American, goes anywhere, anytime. Ronan Sharkey (who did a fantastic job in the face of unilateral stupidity) was obviously questioning the biggest, stupidest, most fucking narrow-minded, ideological fucking fuck face, moron he could find. It was hilarious! I almost crashed my car as I listened to this guy attempt to explain why he was stifling democratic dissemination of ideas. It went along these lines:

Ronan: Why aren't you letting people into the theatre to hear Condoleezza Rice speak?

Moron: Because we don't agree with her.

Ronan: But don't you think that allowing students to hear both sides of an issue is an important function of democracy?

Moron: OH MY GOD! YOU AND I HAVE DIFFERENT IDEAS OF WHAT TALKING CAN ACHIEVE! RAAAGHH!

Ronan: Wouldn't you prefer to ask her questions directly?

Moron: NO MAN! WE NEED TO INTIMIDATE HER! SHE IS THE ENEMY!

Ronan: She isn't going to be scared of you.

Moron: RACIAL PROFILING! THEY ASK WHERE YOU ARE FROM! DEFINITELY RACIAL PROFILING!

Rayman impression
(I swear I have hardly exaggerated, go

listen to the program on the net if you don't believe me)

Now then, Ronan took quite a conciliatory line on this little program.

This is what I would have asked.

Me: Isn't it true that by disallowing people access to a forum in which a particular ideological view is being extrapolated, no matter how much you disagree, un-democratic, egotistical, is fascist both in definition and nature? Is it not true that you are giving the left wing an even worse name than it already has, because of your narrow-mindedness, fanaticism and overt ignorance of the merits and failures of any view but your own? Are you a fucking MORON?

Moron: BLAH BLAH BLAH I'VE BEEN FED A PARTY LINE AND AMA DRONE

Now some of you may be thinking, 'Michael you right wing fuck! Obviously you support the war because you aren't mindlessly condemning it!' If you are, please write on the blackboard forty times, 'Nothing I ever say, do or think is right' and then stuff the chalk up your ass. I am, comprehensively and completely, anti the commencement and justification of the Iraq war. I believe it was a land grab, influenced by a kneejerk reaction and an overdose of political pragmatism on the part of the neo-cons. It was a waste of resources, time, money, and most importantly, human life. I think that every single weak ass excuse we've been given for the war is easily disproved, and is an insult to our collective human intelligence. I also think it's a bit rich that we and the Americans are starting to cry uncle because some poor American babies are actually dying. In a war! How unusual! ANYWAY, that is a discussion for another time.

What really chaps my grits is the brash hypocritical actions of these so called protesters. As a proud supporter of the social progressive movement in general, I am avowedly anti-fascist; and being a law student (and thus completely unimaginative) I interpret fascism in the strictest manner.

Taken from the Merriam-Webster Online Dictionary Main Entry:

fas cism

Pronunciation: 'fa-"shi-z&m also 'fa-"si-
Function: noun

Etymology: Italian *fascismo*, from *fascio* bundle, *fascas*, group, from Latin *fascis* bundle & *fascas* *fascas*

I often capitalized : a political philosophy, movement, or regime (as that of the Fascisti) that exalts nation and often race above the individual and that stands for a centralized autocratic government headed by a dictatorial leader, severe economic and social regimentation, and forcible suppression of opposition

2 : a tendency toward or actual exercise of strong autocratic or dictatorial control <early instances of army fascism and brutality – J.W.Aldridge> ³

I'm going to make this real goddamn simple. If you suppress and prevent opposition to your own world view, through lies, physical or mental intimidation or by any other pressure, then YOU ARE A FASCIST. Simple. Here's a little gem from one of the protesters that made me laugh: "If you want to have a debate about the war, why don't you come outside and come into the anti-war movement?"⁴ This makes the assumption that everybody going into the debate is pro-war, which, judging by the amount of academics in attendance,

was highly unlikely. Secondly, Condi addressing a bunch of screaming fanatics? Who admitted, on radio, that they purely wanted to intimidate with no debate? I've got a debate for you: why the fuck are you screwing up the anti-war movement with your stupidity? Another guy made a rambling excuse about why he wasn't listening to the speech: "I'd like to (hear Condi's speech) but I think they are doing racial profiling...(but) I'd probably get in, I've got blond hair and blue eyes."⁵ So Harry the Aryan rendered his point effectively mute.

My enlightened associate Tom Brookman made an excellent point in his article about forestry that irrational debate serves no purpose; it is only sensible presentation and prepared argument that will truly sway the general population, who are clever enough to understand the difference between an ideologue, who loves his or her's ideas, and a person who is genuinely attempting to do the best for everyone. I'd like to add to that point by saying: I don't care if you call yourself Communist, Marxist, Nationalist, Liberal, Labor, Anarchist, whatever. If you use fascism to fight fascism, guess what that makes you? None other than a dirty fascist.

Now, I am NOT saying don't protest. I'm not saying that you shouldn't scream your hatred of Condi and her warmongering buddies to the high heavens. Tell people why you disagree and facilitate the ideas circulating out there. Get people informed! Present the facts that you believe are crucial to defeating the warmongering conservatives! These are all legitimate, important parts of functioning in a democracy. Hopefully, enough people will end up taking you seriously, and we can make some real changes to the moral agenda of our society, although I've always been of the opinion that a strong federal opposition (see last week) works wonders when fostering dissent, otherwise the dominant government can simply portray the protesters as being insane fringe lunatics. Obviously, the behaviour displayed at Sydney University by some devoutly unintelligent human beings makes them right.

As soon as the 'progressive, left-wing, communitarian civil rights' movement begins to exercise un-democratic principles and conduct in order to further its own agenda, it simply becomes a case of fascist A versus fascist B. If you don't believe that people can hear both sides of an issue, test their beliefs and make up their minds objectively, ESPECIALLY members of an institution of learning, then please don't affiliate yourself with any democratic movement, most of which have been poisoned by dangerous, cynical propagandists such as yourself. Don't forget your principles in the pursuit of ideals, ladies and gentlemen. Oh, one more thing: if you actually do believe in un-democratic ideas which precipitate your own world view upon society to the detriment and opposition of the unwilling masses, do this planet a favour and take a long walk off a short pier, you egotistical wank.

Michael Adams

(Footnotes)

¹ Steve Cannane, Hack, Triple J, Thursday 16/3/2006

² Walters, Patrick. 'Containing China a big mistake: Downer' in *The Australian* Thursday March 16 2006.

³ <http://www.m-w.com/dictionary/facism>

⁴ Steve Cannane, Hack, Triple J, Thursday 16/3/2006

⁵ Steve Cannane, Hack, Triple J, Thursday 16/3/2006

boohoo mikey, why you gotta be so mad?

Market Fundamentalism, On Dit and the ABC

We must be concerned this week with three proposals, emanating from very different levels of policy formation and even from ostensibly very different 'sides', or 'faces', of politics.

From one face, that of Senator Helen Coonan, Minister for Communications, Information Technology and the Arts, we hear of a serious proposal to have the Australian Broadcasting Corporation (ABC), Australia's publicly-funded and government-owned broadcaster, seek commercial advertising dollars to support its programming initiatives.¹

From another, that of Joshua "Your Life on Campus" Rayner, President of our Adelaide University Union (AUU), we hear of an equally serious proposal to strip On Dit of its AUU/Students' Association (SAUA) funding and to have the paper financed solely by advertisements.

Coonan and Rayner do not share membership of the same political party: whilst the former is a senior member of John Howard's Liberal Party, our AUU president is (unless things have changed dramatically and recently) a paid-up member of the Australian Labor Party's right faction, and has been ever since a deceptively unremarkable defection from the Indies during the 2004 campus election leadup.² But as the Australia Institute's social commentator Clive Hamilton has noted,³ the alleged 'difference' between the two major political parties is merely a matter of branding, despite the keenness of marketing professionals to convince us of the dichotomy in the parties' philosophies.

After all, Labor, formed during the latter 19th century on democratic socialist ideals, has for the past 23 years (at least) agreed with the Liberal Party that capitalism and the mostly unmitigated freedom of Adam Smith's 18th-century god "The Market" is the best (or the only) way to achieve social change. (Actually, since the 1996 electoral loss to Howard, the ALP has adopted the "Third Way" unpolitics of Britain's New Labour, and has arrived at the conclusion that the greatest way to achieve social change is to not seek to change society at all.)

Such uncritical acceptance of the moral goodness and practical efficacy of The Market leads to an unshakeable faith in the status quo that masquerades itself as "pragmatism". And "pragmatism" has emerged as the main justification for each of the proposals outlined above.

Coonan's proposal, to compensate for years of neglecting the ABC by suggesting that its board (conveniently stacked with Howard government appointees like right-wing hacks Janet Albrechtson and PP McGuinness) look at amending the Corporation's charter to allow SBS-style advertising, is another appeal to 'pragmatism'. The ABC must produce more local drama, but it won't receive any more funding from the government to do so, and anyway, "there's nothing wrong with marketing" according to health portfolio Jesuits Tony Abbott and Christopher Pyne.⁴ (I guess not, if you see nothing wrong with marketing-employed psychologists spending hours with young children to find out which buttons they need to push to sell their products.)⁵ If the ABC's current chair Donald McDonald, whose contract

expires in July, is replaced by ex-Channel 9 CEO Sam Chisholm, as is being tipped, the push to allow advertising on the ABC will hardly lose strength.

Nothing need change, say advocates of the commercials-on-Auntie proposal including Liberal Party Senator Gary Humphries:⁶ instead of producing drama funded by the Australian taxpayer which the vast majority of taxpayers will never see, the drama would be produced with private dollars, taken in return for 30-second commercial slots. Of course, advertising would change the ABC, in the same way that it changed the SBS enough for 'Movie Show' married couple Margaret Pomeranz and David Stratton to defect away from their home broadcaster of 17 years.

And advertising, particularly of the type being advocated by Joshua Rayner, would change On Dit. Rayner calls On Dit's conscientious objection to being funded at least in part by ADFA "precious", and his own position "pragmatic". He views the situation thus: during the 2005 election, On Dit editorial nominees, like all SAUA office bearers, knew that their honoraria were not guaranteed; an AUU budget passed in December gave the SAUA a \$90,000 cash injection, from which all On Dit funding and honoraria must come. Given that SAUA president John Pezy, whose position is equivalent to at least a full-time loading, can legitimately claim his circa-\$20,000 honorarium (indeed he has taken it, as a lump sum, and the cheque has cleared), there remains \$70,000 to distribute among the other office bearers and On Dit.

The original On Dit budget, which included \$10,000 of honoraria for each of the three editors (who now appear to be two) and which provided that all printing costs be funded through advertising, was under \$40,000. The Rayner proposal would reduce this budget to \$1,400, with all printing costs, honoraria and advertising commission to come from commercial sponsorship.

I say 'Rayner proposal', although the AUU president is quick to point out that the proposed budget has very little to do with him. He does so immediately prior to explaining that he can't justify to students the spending of \$40,000 on On Dit. What he means is that he doesn't feel able to 'justify' this amount to his fellow students; he goes onto justify his own position with statistics. Even if all 3000 copies of On Dit were picked up and read each edition, at least 4 out of every 5 students would not receive a copy.

Here, he completely misses the point, and in doing so makes a similar error to the Howard government regarding the ABC (and student unions, for that matter). Rayner and Coonan, blinded by their unquestioning faith in The Market, find themselves believing in the "user pays" principle. According to this principle, that the majority of taxpayers or AUU service fepayers do not derive immediate 'benefit' (defined as 'watching ABC programs' or 'reading On Dit') is unfair and unsustainable. This simplistic and anachronistic interpretation of Adam Smith's 18th-century work (when markets often existed within specific geographical areas and knowledge was reasonably equal among all participants) leads followers to deduce that, in order to justify the continued expropriation of tax or service fee dollars, the product itself must become 'mainstream' enough

to appeal to a majority of its financial contributors.

Both Rayner and Coonan miss the inherent benefits of the very existence of such services as On Dit and the (commercial-less) ABC. Those who read filmwriter Bob Ellis's column in the last edition of On Dit would be aware that the inherent benefits of having a space in which all students can 'have a go' at writing, drawing, experimenting, and having their work exposed to the judgements of friends and strangers is extremely important at university. No less important is the opportunity for students to engage with what their fellow students are writing and creating. Likewise, the inherent benefits of having a space such as the ABC, which provides a welcome haven away from (most of) the shiny pressures of psychologically-tuned, corporate advertising (and its related programming, which is always chasing the ratings and so attempts, like each successive season of Big Brother, to reach the lowest common denominator), and which does not feel the need to fall into the "news-by-demand" trap of the commercial networks which treat their news-and-current-events hour as a springboard into the lucrative prime-time advertising slots, is extremely important for the society as a whole, regardless of its direct viewership.

It is not merely "pragmatic" for an AUU president to expect ADFA to fund a student newspaper, which is generally looking to test its own boundaries, and which, almost by definition, has its own highly-developed moral radar. (It is not unreasonable, or "precious", for On Dit to refuse ADFA funding while the Australian "Defence" Forces are involved in major international military "offensives": such activism is what educated students should be engaged in.) If the AUU president was able to see the inherent benefits of On Dit, he would feel able to "justify" its funding to his fellow students, regardless of Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU), which is itself being used as a justification far more than Brendan Nelson ever imagined that it would have been.

As former AUU president Rowan Nicholson has acknowledged, ADFA has become symbolic of the issue for both 'sides' of the debate. The future of On Dit funding is likely to have been determined by the time you're reading this, so we can only hope that the views of the Labor Party's resident Market fundamentalist, who was "elected" effectively unopposed following a grubby cross-factional deal before the 2005 election, have not prevailed.

Russell Marks

(Endnotes)

1 Helen Coonan, interviewed by Paul Daley, 'The Bulletin' (PBL), 21 March 2006.

2 The author confesses that he ran on the very same "Stroke" (read: ALP right) ticket as Mr Rayner in 2004.

3 Clive Hamilton, 'What's Left? The death of social democracy' (2006), 21 Quarterly Essay 1.

4 See forthcoming Christopher Pyne interview (conducted way back in November '05), as well as Tony Abbott, quoted in 'Generation O', 4 Corners (ABC), 17 October 2005, transcript: <<http://www.abc.net.au/4corners/content/2005/1484310.htm>>

5 Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, 'How the kids took over', 4 Corners (ABC), 6 March 2006.

6 Gary Humphries, quoted in 7.30 Report (ABC), 15 March 2006, transcript: <<http://www.abc.net.au/7.30/content/2006/1592674.htm>>

There are definite rumblings in France at the moment, with many citizens, particularly students, taking to the streets to protest a new labour law. Currently, 64 of the nation's 84 universities are on strike, with some students opting to initiate an occupation of university buildings. Police have had to evict students from several universities, including the swanky Sorbonne.

The new legislation, known as the First Employment Contract, gives employers the power to sack employees under the age of 26 *without cause, and without prior warning* during the first two years of employment. The government says that the law, set to be implemented in April, was designed to ease France's woefully high levels of unemployment. Opponents (and there are many) claim that it is an attack on employee's rights, and constitutes discrimination against young people. It may be argued that such a law could leave young workers vulnerable to all kinds of exploitation, if employers choose to go down the 'do it or I'll fire you' route.

Students and workers aren't the only ones up in arms over the new legislation. Unions are also distinctly irritated, as they claim that the government failed to consult them in the matter. Consequently, they are ruling out talks with the government, and are encouraging student protesters in their endeavours. For their part, the protesters have stated that they will carry on as they are until the government backs down. It has also been suggested that the government must remove the law before any dialogue can begin.

The protests represent a major crisis for Prime Minister Dominique de Villepin, who now faces the threat of a general strike if the law is not revoked. As de Villepin harbours aspirations for the Presidency in 2007, his political ambitions, if nothing else, should dictate that he should acquiesce to the protesters demands before the nation grinds to a halt. Another worry for de Villepin is that the protests have also served to fuel dissent within his own party, which provides ammunition for their political opponents. Members of de Villepin's party are also concerned that the law could drive disaffected young people to support the Socialists.

Another major concern for the French government is the fact that the protests aren't restricted to Paris, with demonstrations taking place in more than 150 cities and towns across the nation. Also, many public figures, such as Bertrand Delanoë, the Mayor of Paris, Francois Hollande, leader of the Socialist Party and various other notables have joined the protesters. While President Chirac has asked the protesters to remain calm and show respect, police in full riot gear have utilised tear gas and water cannons to dissipate an escalating level of violence in some areas. However, the protests have, for the most part, remained peaceful.

With the nation sliding into a state of uproar, it seems as if only de Villepin can diffuse the situation. He believes that the new law should be given a chance: will he take that chance at the expense of the welfare of his nation and to the detriment of his political career? At this point, what will happen next is anyone's guess. But, in the words of a French political commentator: In the end, a good general should know when to retreat.

Soph

with Thomas Tu

Stomach Ulcers

<insert horrible pun about "having a gutful" here>*

Well, I might as well advertise here. If there are any science students who think that science is sexy and would like to string some words together in some semblance of an English sentence, please contact me at thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au. Now the moment you've all been waiting for...

*I'm serious about the contributing to On Dit. We need to even out all these Arts bums. Look at them... with their sandals and big smelly arts faces. Just submit a piece of work to me (thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au). That E-mail again is thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au and I'll probably say you're in.



Family Helicobacteraceae
Genus Helicobacter
Species pylori

(Picture stolen from Max Planck Institute for Infection Biology - <http://web.mplib-berlin.mpg.de/cgi-bin/pdfs/2d-page/extern/indox.cgi>)

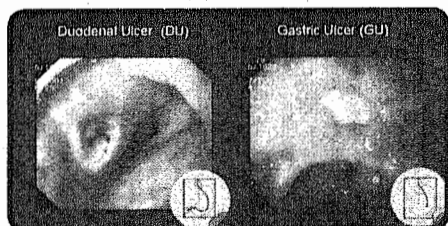
Read and learn, you misshapen donut!

Peptic ulcer disease (the technical name for stomach and duodenal ulcers) infects a stupidly large number of people in the world. In America alone, 10% of all people are expected to come into hospitals with the flaming-dagger-like pain in the heart at one time or another.

The gastro-intestinal tract is basically a tube leading from the mouth to the anus. We can be thought of as a misshapen donut. This tube has several layers seen in the diagram taken from my physiology IIB notes (complete with my scribble that's guaranteed to appreciate in value year after year!*). These layers may vary in thickness down the tube (e.g. in the stomach, the muscle layers are much thicker than in the intestines to really churn up food) but, by and large, still occur in the same order and type.

The most important layer in this story is the mucosa, which is the only part of the tube to touch food and is covered in a layer of mucus. In the stomach and duodenum (the first third of the small intestine), this mucus provides a buffer between the hydrochloric acid and the enzymes used in breaking down food that are released by stomach cells.

Stomach and duodenal ulcers occur when the mucosa of the gastric tract is inflamed. This is called gastritis. The acidic juices and lytic enzymes released by secretory stomach cells eat away at the inflamed site and thereby form a deep sore, called an ulcer.



(Picture stolen from The Helicobacter Foundation - <http://www.helico.com/>)

Ulcers hurting are basically the symptom of peptic ulcer disease.

Increased acid (which occurs around eating times and times of anxiety) or spicy foods may worsen the pain. They are rarely cause death, although one may bleed to death if the ulcer is bleeding badly. Also, materials from the stomach may flow into the ulcer and therefore into the bloodstream, causing sepsis, but again this is rare. Some ulcers can cause cancer by an unknown mechanism.

People are idiots.

We know now that the majority of these ulcers are caused by an infection of *Helicobacter pylori*, although they may also be caused by prolonged use of NSAIDs (Non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs), such as aspirin. In the past, however, stress, spicy or acidic foods were thought to be the cause, since they were found to make them worse.

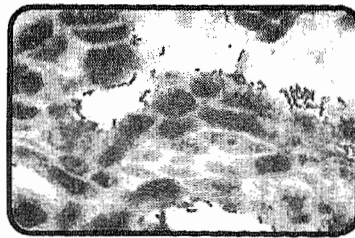
To treat them, people used to just stop eating spicy and acidic foods. Since stress is such a hand-wavy, vague term that can be applied to anything, it was thought that ulcers were incurable and were to be managed instead. People ended up spending tonnes of money on antacids, Histamine2-receptor antagonists and proton pump inhibitors (both which slowed the stomach cells from producing too much acid). Ulcer treatment also made up a third of all surgeries in the US. These ranged from simply cutting out the ulcerated portion to cutting out the acid secreting cells to cutting off nerves to the stomach that made it produce acid (vagotomy).

Today, a combination of antibiotics (first discovered by Sir Alexander Fleming and made practical by Sir Howard Florey, who grew up in Adelaide (*BING!* Tenuous theme tie-in reached)) and acid suppressors are used to kill the bacteria and cure these ulcers. These have reduced medical expenses dramatically. "What entertaining story precedes this wonderful discovery?" I hear you ask. Well...

Woo, drinking.

In the early 1980s, Barry Marshall had found *H. pylori* bacteria infecting the stomachs of the majority of people with ulcers. He tried to convince the scientific community that this was probably the cause of peptic ulcer disease. They all rejected him, saying that the pH in the stomach is 2 (which is bloody acidic, in the Adjective scale) and so full of lytic enzymes that it is sterile, nothing could even hope to live in environment of the stomach.

Tired of trying to convince them with words, Marshall drank a broth spiked with *H. pylori*. He felt fine for a week or so, but then he started getting headaches, feeling hungry even after he was full, feeling nauseous and began vomiting. An endoscope (a camera shoved down his gullet) revealed that he had gastritis. A now-famous micrograph of Marshall's stomach biopsy revealed that the squiggly bacteria had indeed colonised his stomach.



(Picture stolen from Helicobacter pylori Research Laboratory - <http://www.hpylori.com.au/picturebook.html>)

Later research revealed that the bacteria can live under such conditions using a beautiful (in my microbiologist eyes, at least) mechanism. Once reaching the stomach, *H. pylori* burrow under the mucus layer to buffer against the acidic contents. Under this mucus, the pH is still around 4 (kinda acidic), so the bacteria take in urea (which is present in saliva and foods) and convert it into ammonia (a base), which neutralises the acid and leaves a nice neutral liveable environment.

The bacterium usually causes no problem (60% of Americans are infected with it, but the majority don't get ulcers), but sometimes there is an immune response against it. But since the white blood cells can't get through the mucus layer or mucosa very efficiently, the immune system gets frustrated and opens up blood vessels (thereby causing inflammation) to send more WBCs to the site of infection. These burst near the bacteria in an effort to spread their death chemicals onto them. This causes further inflammation => gastritis => ulcers.

The scientific community was eventually convinced and gave Marshall and his colleague J. Robin Warren the Nobel Prize for medicine in 2005. However, some scientists are disputing their claim.

They say that they haven't proven that the bacterium causes ulcers, since they haven't managed to induce ulcers in a lab setting. Even more importantly, they think that *H. pylori* may be protecting us against oesophageal cancer in a symbiotic relationship, since we've evolved with each other for such a long time (other mammals also have Helicobacters colonising their stomachs). I haven't found any stuff supporting or deny these claims, so once again, I'll have to leave this article annoyingly open.

*Thomas Tu is not legally bound in any way to guarantees made while under the influence of caffeine... which he is right now (let's give it up for Chinese tea! WOO!). Also, that cross-section diagram of the GI tract was obviously not drawn by Thomas (no comically large genitalia are included), but if anyone wants to sue him for including it in this article, you all have to forget you ever saw it. By reading the last sentence (or even having it read to you, you sneaky bastards), you agree to all the conditions put forth by the aforementioned last sentence.

Sources:

- Hamilton G (2001). Dead man walking. *New scientist*. 2303:30-33.
- Lynch NA (1998) *Helicobacter pylori* and Ulcers: a Paradigm Revised. *Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology* (website accessed at <http://www.faseb.org/opa/pylori/pylori.html>)
- Marshall BJ (1994). *Helicobacter pylori*. *The Helicobacter Foundation*. (website accessed at <http://www.helico.com/index.html>)
- Schwarz J (2005). *Anatomy of the GI tract. Gastrointestinal physiology 2005 notes (Physiology IIB)*.
- Shayne P (2005). *Gastritis and Peptic Ulcer Disease*. *eMedicine.com* (website accessed at <http://www.emedicine.com/EMERG/topic820.htm>)

Students & Staff get 20% discount

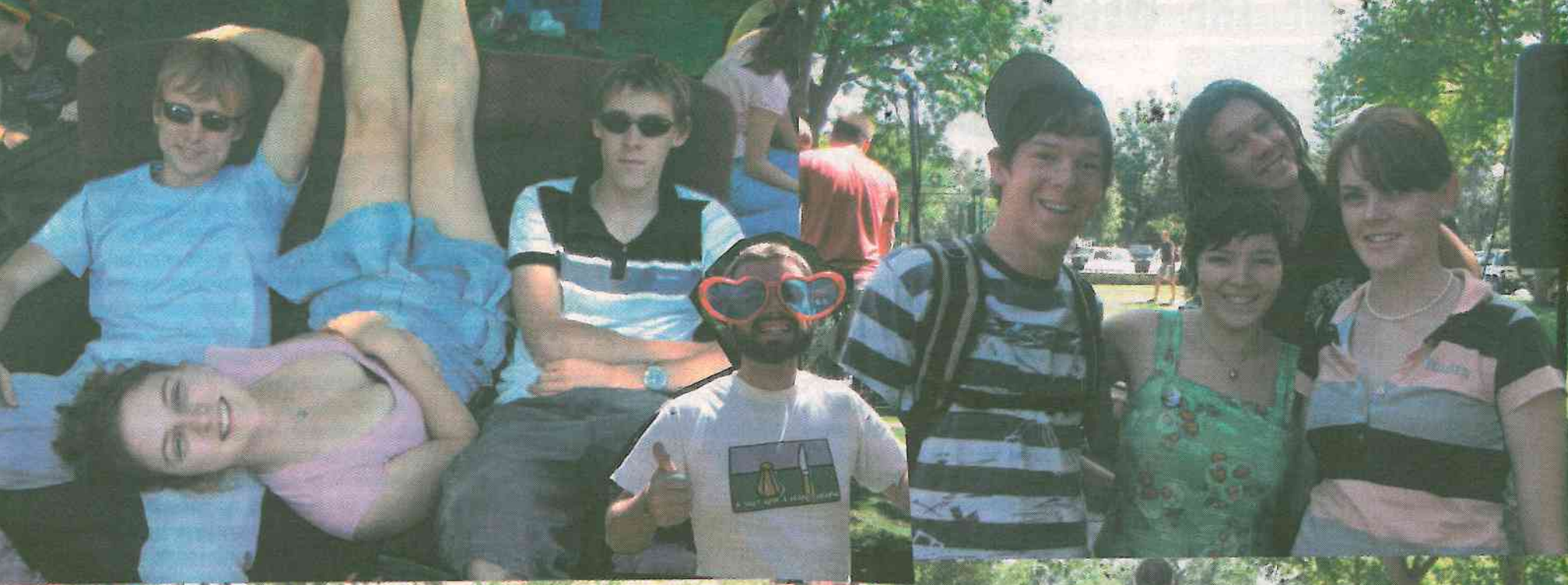


Need New Glasses?

North Terrace Optometrists

231 North Terrace (directly opposite Adelaide Uni)
T (08) 8223 2713

We bulk bill eye examinations!



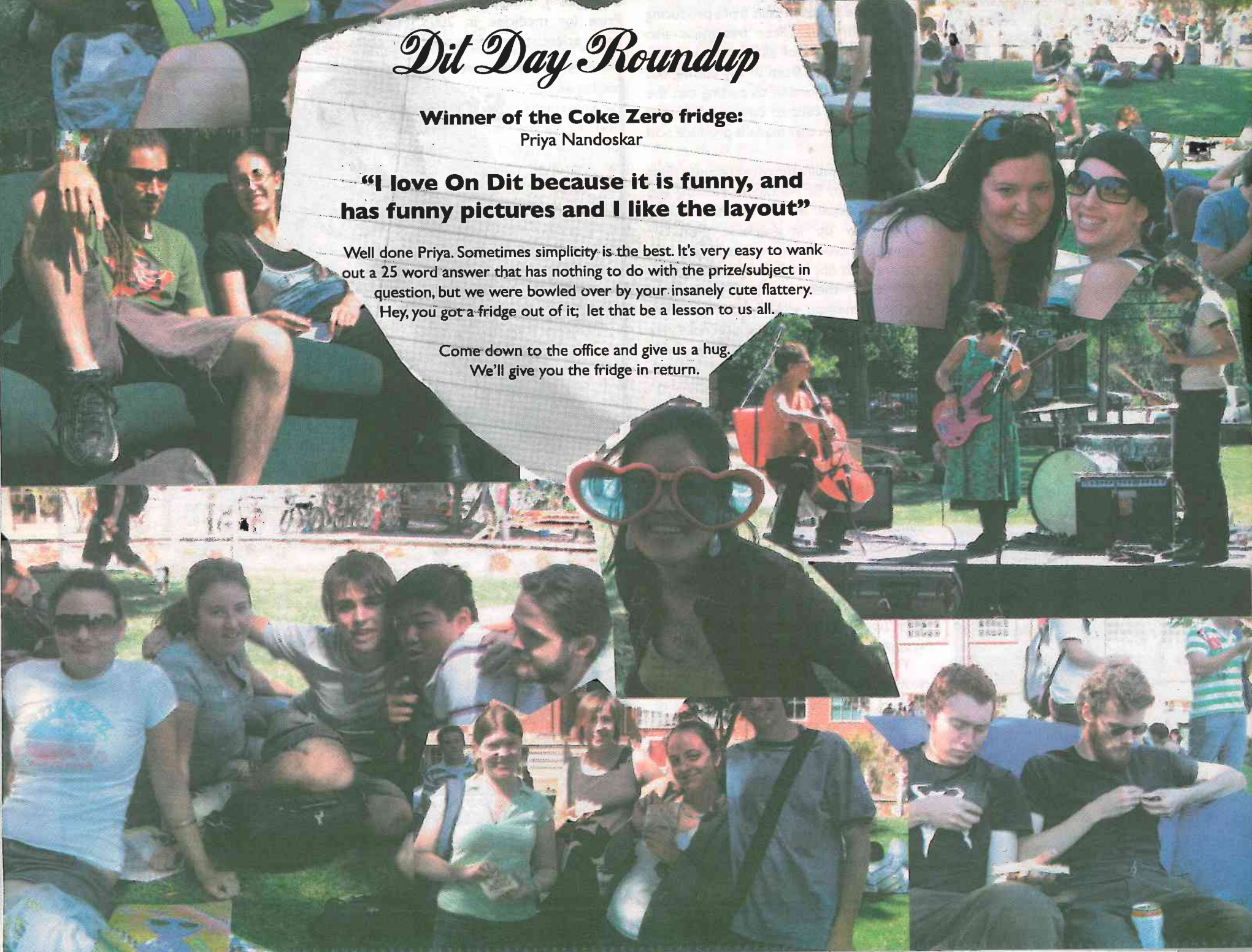
Dit Day Roundup

Winner of the Coke Zero fridge:
Priya Nandoskar

"I love On Dit because it is funny, and has funny pictures and I like the layout"

Well done Priya. Sometimes simplicity is the best. It's very easy to wank out a 25 word answer that has nothing to do with the prize/subject in question, but we were bowled over by your insanely cute flattery. Hey, you got a fridge out of it; let that be a lesson to us all.

Come down to the office and give us a hug.
We'll give you the fridge in return.



Funny, intelligent and relevant musings from Dit Day*

"What are we doing people! I mean, is there an awareness out there that there is an absolute connection between pleasure and death? And if we just let ourselves float out over this sea believing that somehow everything is guaranteed to us – believing in a deity we don't believe in to guarantee us some kind of future happiness – then all we're doing is opening ourselves up to that death pleasure, that final status..."

"When I first came to University, I envisaged it as a place where people came together to share ideas, and it was a pretty progressive place where everyone is of a certain level of intelligence and everyone contributes....And then when you get here, you realise there is a very small pocket of people that revolves around *On Dit* and Student Radio and clubs and stuff, that do participate in these kinds of things. The vast majority of people just don't give a fuck. They just come here, do their degree. They don't really want to meet anybody new, they don't want to do anything interesting, they just want to do their degree and get out of here... For me it's just a bit of a shame to have my hopes and dreams crushed by reality."

"It's amazing to think that people like Bob Ellis, Germaine Greer and Justice Kirby, who holds a special place in my heart, came through the student movement, they came through student media. These are people that have gone on to do amazing things, and I'm sure their views and their opinions and the way they formed them, would never have been as interesting, or as diverse, or groundbreaking, if they had simply just come to University and done their degree and then left..."

"I think [the council] underestimates the importance of *On Dit* to the student population as opposed to their own departments... Most people's only connection to the Student's Association is *On Dit* and they need to keep it going for the health of the entire association, not only for the health of the paper."

"If you star withdrawing funding and have to use advertising funding, it's quite conceivable that they'll have to alter content, maybe not immediately, but eventually. For instance, if the Defence Force wanted to advertise a lot in *On Dit*, which there has been talk of...some articles could have to be changed or, down the line, an article could be published and they would say 'right, we're withdrawing support'. And you could understand why they would do that, because it wouldn't serve their purpose..."

"If the paper was to get some fantastic advertising, presumably it's going to come from someone that would want to have some say in what goes in the paper. It's just market reality."

"I think that *On Dit* is a necessary part of student culture, and that the Union, by attempting to cut it out of the culture, it is simply doing the same thing that John Howard did to the Union when he put in VSU."

"I think it's good for students to have a forum to express their opinions if they want, or lack thereof. I think it's good to have something that is both apart and separate of the Union hierarchy, and that can be used to criticise or applaud the actions of the Union and the government and the university hierarchy."

"For me personally [I write for *On Dit* because] it's good practice. It makes me present and clarify my opinions and to have them open for criticism, which is very important. There's no point in having an opinion unless it stands up to harsh judgement."

"*On Dit* is sort of like the bonding, the cohesive agent, amongst students. It's not only an important outlet for student creativity and artistic endeavours, but it's more important for the office bearers as well. The same office bearers that may be voting against *On Dit*... they're sort of cutting off their nose despite their face. They're sacrificing an outlet that is of value for them. If you take away the resource of *On Dit*, you've lost one more opportunity for sponsorship, funding and communication amongst students."

"While I realise that relying on advertising and sponsorship is a reality that we are going to have to face in the future, I believe that if it is not implemented on a sliding scale, or gradually... the paper will die in the short term."

"I love *On Dit* because *On Dit* is by the students, and the students are the last people on earth, and when the students go there will be no hope left... Children are not the future, students are the future."

"Students need an association in which they can associate with one another, and smoke pot and have promiscuous sex and binge drink and discuss how they're going to change the world. And we don't have a place like that other than *On Dit*."

"It's like the last safe haven for turtles, but for students."

"If we don't have a voice that's reasonably educated, we going to have to, like, watch Channel 7 or read *The Advertiser*. And come on, who wants to do that?"

*Even your Union President has expressed interest in joining the fun next year as a 2007 editor. Isn't that nice?

Because any friend of student media is a friend of mine.

Because it is the only value I get from my "Student Services" fee.

Because Mr Babble says that the children like to play on the beach eating fish in *On Dit*!

Because Thomas' column helped me diagnose my Smallpox

Dit's on the money.

Every week they bring out wild and crazy stories about us uni students.

Funny stuff to read.

I fukn rule the skool, I also read On Dit, therefore On Dit rules the skool therefore I love the shit that rules the skool and me and On Dit.

I have no pants on and somehow I'm still socially acceptable. Seriously, *On Dit* rocks. Keep up the good work.

I like cheese.

I love *On Dit* because they don't sell out to multinational corporations, and they only ever print top quality art and articles.

I lurve left wing student writing. Where the hell else am I gonna get some healthy food for thought idealism. Viva la On Dit.

If I could marry a zine I would marry *On Dit*.

Independent media is integral to maintaining the balance of public expression that is dominated by shit.

It affords me all the paper mache fun I can handle – next issue glue and water would be nice!

It always makes me laugh.

It brings freaky fashionistas to the Barr Smith lawns.

It called me a 'mind fuck'!

It gives me something to read when I'm all on my lonesome self at uni. (It also makes me look like I DO have a reason for sitting on the lawns by myself **It gives me the courage to face each new day, and it's the only reason I don't cry myself to sleep every night.**

It has cartoons.

It has humorous articles & pictures & merriment.

It justifies waking up on Monday mornings for lectures and anyone who works next to men's toilets deserves love.

It makes a new gal feel a part of campus! It's almost as good as NZ student newspapers.

It's a rockin' newspaper, with interesting features and cool editors!

Conflakes, cornflakes, cornflakes.

It's colourful, playful & funny! (Sounds like a sex toy)

It's the only student newspaper left in Aus (except Sydney), and you published me, topless! Woohoo!

Its father promised me a large dowry as soon as we wed and produced an heir.

More than 25 words or less can describe.

Oh so stimulating, (k)nowledge is propagating. **Dear** it is not. It makes me more excited than Michael Jackson in a daycare centre! **Transmogrifying!**

On Dit is the student voice. Taking it away is like collectively getting our tongues cut out.

Open, Naughty, Direct, Independent, Tremendous. People run and write it because they can, not because the rich bastards running it have interests to protect.

When I was 16 it was reading my older brother's copies of the sassy, unique, intelligent *On Dit* that first got me excited about uni!

Pink goes purple as does yellow and blue. So On Dit must rock, cos Anna & Steph do!

Supports local artists and lets the student community know what's going on.

Tell me in 25 words or less why I SHOULDN'T love On Dit. On Dit RULES!!!

The laughs get me through the week! It's the best way to know what's going on at uni!

On Dit taught me what love is. I've been waiting for someone special to watch sisterhood of the travelling pants with. Steph, it's you. *I'm flattered, but I'd rather watch Family Ties*

There is no better way to kill time between lectures than chilling out on the Barr Smith Lawns with the latest *On Dit*, bliss!

They write cool articles that make me think.

Umm...cornflakes, cornflakes, cornflakes, cornflakes, cornflakes! Oh, and *On Dit* helps me appreciate the cynical students' points of view without having to be one myself!

Thomas Tu loves On Dit. (Snappily folded Origami)

Who says you can't have real taste and zero sugar?

You guys are a bunch of fucking wankers who have no shame at ripping into others...and THAT'S entertainment!!!!!!

You're just too good to be true, can't take my eyes off of you, you're like heaven to touch, I wanna fridge so much.

Sport Fanaticism: it's a freakin' cult...

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

onditsports06@yahoo.com.au
for further details.

Cult, from the Latin word for worship *cultus* is defined as a system of religious worship directed toward a particular person or object, a small religious group regarded as strange or imposing excessive control over members and something popular or fashionable among a particular group of people. Sport has often been perused with devoutness similar to that of religion. Sport has a firm grip on society and shapes lives for better and worse in major and minor ways. Therefore, is the fanaticism that some have for sports a cult?

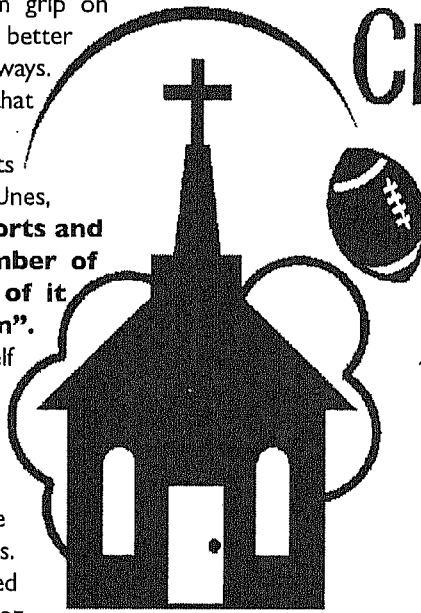
According to sports psychologist Arnold LeUnes, **"people are drawn to sports and are fans of it for a number of reasons, but a big part of it has to do with self esteem"**.

Part of a person's positive self image comes from identifying with success, associating oneself with a particular team and identifying with that team is a reflection of this desire to be associated with winners. This need to be associated with winners is another reason that many people 'jump on the bandwagon' or switch sporting teams on a regular basis.

On the outer, sports fanaticism has all the qualities of a religion or a cult. You pray to it, you pray to the sporting gods that your team will win the game that it is playing. You make a time every week for it, and in the sporting world Saturday

is usually the Sabbath day. It is a major, and sometimes consuming, part of your life which also at times can threaten to take over your entire being. Yes, sport and religion are intrinsically linked and according to Joseph L. Price, for many

"sport [does] constitute a form of popular religion"



In the past few years, other popular religions have given in to the pull that sports have. In the United States, churches have cancelled services on SuperBowl Sunday and some have even held SuperBowl services where fans can go to church, have a complete church

service where they can pray for their team's success and then watch the game. Oh yes, the religion of sport is no match for popular religions, it stands at the be all and end all.

While it can be conceded that sport is a religion, it really depends on how far you take it. Sports are a massive part of many people's lives, but it is always their choice as to how far that fanaticism goes.

You can make it part of your everyday life without it being the only important thing.

The key to managing sports fanaticism is balance. Yes, go to the footy game every week, scream at the umpires and call them names, have arguments with the fans of opposing teams. Let your aggression out and celebrate until dawn when your team finishes the game victorious. But then go home and listen to soft music, don't jump on the internet and re hash every tackle, scream at every missed opportunity and criticise every umpire decision. Be a part of your chosen sport and of your team, but don't let that part become the only part. Sport is meant to be enjoyed and is meant to be fun, whether you play or just watch and it is those fans who make sport their whole life that miss this point. Sports fanaticism can be a cult... but that only depends on how far your belief system will let you take it.

Ashleigh Newton

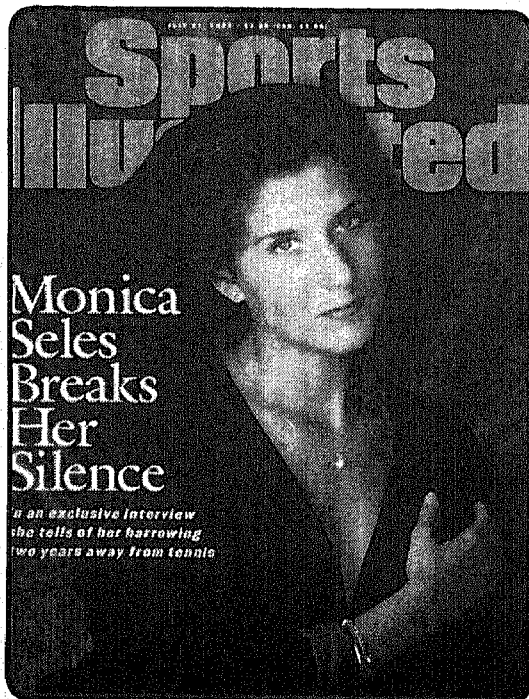
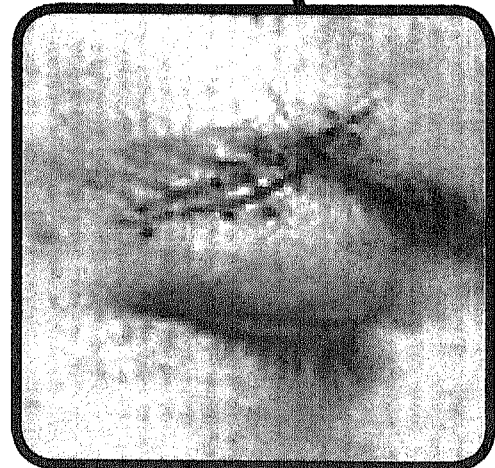
Injury of the Week*

*Bruised Eye -
7 Stitches*

When: July 2005

How: Playing Hockey

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



In 1993, Monica Seles was stabbed with a steak knife by a demented & obsessive fan of Steffi Graf. The man was charged but not jailed as he was found to be 'psychologically abnormal'.



Urtext Film Productions Pty. Ltd. will soon begin production on the mini-feature 'The Man Who Poisoned the Sun', to be directed by Aaron Schuppan and produced by Matthew Salleh.

Shooting will begin mid-May. The following parts are being auditioned by open casting call:

Ricky, 16 year old teenage boy.
Tabitha, 16 year old teenage girl.

Alman, early 30s male.
Gedgier, early 30s male.

Brian, mid 40s father
Janice, mid 40s mother.

Audition Dates (April): Saturday 8, Sunday 9, Wednesday 12.

Those Interested need to call Matthew Salleh on 0433 8080 33, or email matthewsalleh@urtextfilms.com by Friday April 7, to arrange an audition.

Sports Editor:

Ashleigh Newton
onditsports06@yahoo.com.au

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY JUDO CLUB

The Adelaide University Judo Club welcomes everyone to come and try this exciting world sport.

If you have not tried judo before you can come and have two free sessions. Learn to move and develop your style under the guidance of our expert beginner's coach, Karelyn Curran. Karelyn has been coaching the beginners for over five years and has been a judo Black belt for 5 years, with a Level 1 National Coaching Accreditation. The Beginners section is run separately, with special soft landing mats used to ensure that players develop in a safe and supportive environment.

AU Judo Club is part of world judo, as they are a member of JudoSA, which is part of World Judo!!! For more info about judo, look up these sites!

State Judo: www.judosa.com.au.

World Judo: www.ijf.org

And if you want to just have a look at what judo involves before you come, then look it up on the great Judo Info Site: www.judoinfo.com

If you have done judo before, then just come along! You will be looked after by Michael Headland, a level 3 NCAS coach and sixth degree black belt and his team of experienced black belts who are keen to assist you in getting back into the action. They include Marc, the light weights coach and Lenny the middle weight coach and Meera, the women's coach. Come and Get Back into it!

Senior players and coaches of the club will assist you in getting into the free practice or "Randori" (sparring) side of judo. Alternately, if you are more interested in technical training and getting coloured belts then you will be able to do that too! Here is a list of the most recent coloured belt recipients.

Shane Rogers, Senior Brown Belt
Kathryn Pugh, Senior Brown Belt
Elizabeth Pugh, Senior Blue Belt
Janusz Bigaj, Senior Green Belt
Adrian Bigaj Senior Green Belt
Craig Cowling Senior Green Belt
Utsman Abdul Aziz Senior Orange Belt
Lisa Speyer Senior Orange Belt
Daniel Bigaj Senior Yellow Belt

And for those who really want to get serious Adelaide Uni is the venue for ongoing elite state squad training.

The Club enters people into all the State Events including Zone Titles and State Titles and International Opens... But what we really want you to get involved in this year is the Australian University Games. Yes, we are looking for the biggest and best judo teams ever!!! If you want to be involved in the greatest University Sporting event of all time, come and learn a bit of judo and then party with 5000 other students from all over Australia. Don't miss out on this one!!! And so reasonable too! Here are the prices!!!

The first two lessons are free! And when you join you will find the fees particularly reasonable!

Club Membership:	\$10.00
Semester Training* (Student)	\$50.00
(Non Students)	\$70.00

or:

Casual Visit: (Students)	\$4.00
(Non Students)	\$6.00

*Non AU Students pay a Sports Assoc Fee of \$66.00

But the best way to join is to take out full Year Membership and Training because it includes Membership to Judo SA which is: **\$50.00** for the year! This means that students can play this exciting sport at a very reasonable rate indeed!

For more information click onto our web site:
www.adelaide.edu.au/clubs/sport/clubs/judo.htm

Ph: 0413 359 407

e: michael.headland@adelaide.edu.au

CLUB COACH'S REPORT 2005

Club Training

Club training has forged ahead this year with a significant number of additional coaches stepping up to help with training on Monday and Wednesday evenings. Meera Verma has added her support to developing the beginners when Karel was not able to fully commit herself early in the year. Tony Oats has chipped in on a regular basis to add support too. The result has been the largest number of white yellow and orange belts on the mat seen for a long time. In addition to this the senior players have been looked after by Leonard Hall, Will Tamblyn, Marc Miller and Michael Headland. The club has been also more effective at developing the coloured belts too! 2005 has proven that when we have such a talented team of coaches working together we get excellent results. The proof is the number of people on the mat at present, well over 30 participants with 80 members this year..

Competition Judo for 2005.

There have been a lot of good efforts this year Here are some results.

Victorian International Open Results

Chelisa Chester 3rd, U/52Kg Senior Women:
Bartosz Kowalski 3rd, Young men's U/81Kg.

South Australian International Open

Marc Miller: Gold Medal in Men's Open, **Will Tamblyn:** Gold in Men's U/90Kg Bronze Medal in Mens Open, **Bart Kowalski:** Silver in the Men's U/81Kg Division, **Yoshi Toden:** Bronze Medal in the U/81Kg & Bronze Medal in Men Open, **Shusuke Toden:** Bronze Medal in the U/73Kg, **Lizzy Pugh:** Gold

Medal U/63Kg Young Women's Division, **Katherine Pugh:** Gold Medal Senior Womens U/78kg Division.

National Titles Results 2005 AU Judo Club Results from the Nationals

Elizabeth Pugh U/70kgs Junior Women Silver.
Sarah Hunter, U/70kgs Young Women Gold.
Bartosz Kowalski Under 81kgs Young Men Silver,
Chelisa Chester Under 52kgs Senior Women Silver
Sarah Hunter Under 70kgs Senior Women Bronze
Will Tamblyn U/ 80Kg Senior Men Seventh
Tony Clarke U/ 90Kg Senior Men Seventh:
 Well done to all those involved in competition this year.

Super Referee in Residence!

Marc Miller goes from on the mat as a top quality competition player in 2004 to being on the mat as an "A" Grade National referee in 2005. Quite an achievement for Marc and the Club.

Black Belts 2004/5

These Gradings conducted by Judo SA Grades Committee so far the following members have received the following rank AUJC has club coaches Michael Headland and Dr Meera Verma on the State Grades Committee.

Iain Walker to Shodan, First Degree Black Belt.
Vivien Drummond to Shodan, First Degree Black Belt (Now transferred to UniSA)
Marc Miller to Nidan, Second Degree Black Belt.
Chelisa Chester to Sandan, Third Degree Black Belt
Club Gradings:

There has been 40 club gradings this year. Well done to the coaches involved for putting in the time to develop our up and coming members.

national
youthweek
 1 - 9 April 2006

National Youth Week:

> 9 days

> 99 + events

> across SA

Events Include:

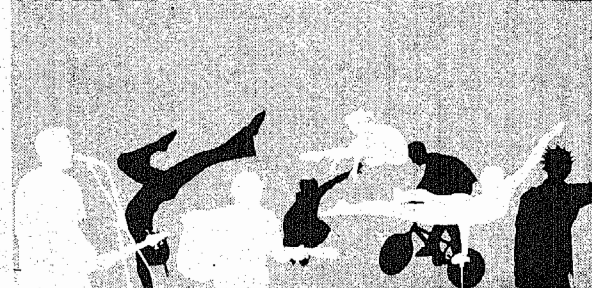
- > health + education info
- > forums on youth based issues
- > music
- > film festivals
- > radio voices
- > Indigenous performances
- > surfing
- > circus skills
- > celebrating cultural diversity
- > aerosol art
- > hip hop
- > skateboarding
- > disco
- > sports
- > cooking
- > salsa
- + much more

For a free booklet of events:
 08 8207 0640
www.officeforyouth.sa.gov.au

The South Australian Government
 and the Office for Youth
 would like to thank the
 60 councils and organisations
 who have initiated programs.



Government
 of South Australia
 Office for Youth



**AUU Members Cost \$30
(\$40 non-AUU members)**

- Lunch and return transport from Adelaide Uni provided
- All equipment (wet suits, boards etc) included.
- Lessons conducted by professional staff.

Henry Ellis (Boardriders Club) - 0422 813 582
henry.ellis@student.adelaide.edu.au
or Sandy Biar (Union Activities)
0423 170 159
sandy.biar@adelaide.edu.au

Surfing Day Out

This Saturday!!!

**Union Activities is a service of
the Adelaide University Union**
"your life on campus"



SKIRMISH!

This Sunday!!

**South Australia's Biggest and
Most Student Friendly
Paintball Skirmish Outing
Only \$45 and includes;**

- A Full Days Play
- BBQ Lunch (Vegetarian /
Vegan Options available)
- 200 Paintball Shots
(additional shots \$12.50 per 100)
- Return bus trip to and from Adelaide Uni
to the playing field.

Contact Sandy Biar - 0423 170 159
sandy.biar@adelaide.edu.au

**Union Activities is a service of
the Adelaide University Union**
"your life on campus"



your guide to events on campus

RANT!

- **Thursday March 30th**
- Live Music & BBQ on the Barr Smith lawns by Union Activities.

- **Saturday April 1st**
- Surfing Day Out (brought to you by Union Activities)
AUU Members Cost \$30 (\$40 non-AUU members)
-Lunch and return transport from Adelaide Uni provided
-All equipment (wet suits, boards etc) included.
-Lessons conducted by professional staff.
contact: Sandy Biar (Union Activities) 0423 170 159
sandy.biar@adelaide.edu.au

- **Saturday April 1st**
- HILLTOP HOODS - Cloisters
with guests: Cross Bred Mongrels, Funkoars
Doors open 7:30pm. Licensed All Ages.
Tickets \$25 + bf available from Venue Tix & CIB Ticketing

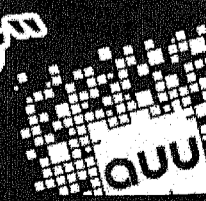
- **Sunday April 2nd**
- SKIRMISH! (brought to you by Union Activities)
Only \$45 and includes;
- A Full Days Play
- BBQ Lunch (Vegetarian / Vegan Options available)
- 200 Paintball Shots (additional shots \$12.50 per 100)
- Return bus trip to and from Adelaide Uni to the playing field.
contact; Sandy Biar 0423 170 159

- **Monday April 3rd**
The Bouncing Souls, + special guests
Adelaide UniBar
\$25 + booking Fees
available from Venue Tix & CIB Ticketing
Doors Open 7.30pm

- **Tuesday April 4th**
- Market Day, Barr Smith Lawns (brought to you by Union Activities)
If you would like to have a stall to sell any arts, crafts or bric-a-brac,
please contact:
maggie.watson@student.adelaide.edu.au

to have your event listed email activities@adelaide.edu.au

**Union Activities is a service of
the Adelaide University Union**
"your life on campus"





Sexuality Officers

Well this week I'd like to continue on the topic of dating as there have continued to be some extremely interesting examples of the complexities of dating over the last few weeks. However, before I get into that there are a few things that I would like to let you all know about...

•First of all, I hope that you've all seen the posters for the 'Youth Voice: Get Active' workshop being run by the Sexuality Department on the 5th of April from 9:30am - 2:00pm. This interactive workshop, featuring guest speaker Dr Maria Pallatto-Chiarolli, will allow young people

to have their say about relationships, dating, sex in the media, gender, sex education and anything else relating to sexuality! Your views will then form a report presented to business and community leaders. So if you're keen to have your say and let our state leaders know what you think AND score a free lunch then come down to the SAUA to complete a registration or email d.wilkins@student.adelaide.edu.au with your name, contact details and dietary requirements for catering BEFORE 31st of MARCH!

•Secondly, now that the State Election has been completed, the Sexuality Department will look to work with the new Labor Government in ensuring that the Same Sex Legislation passes both houses of parliament and will also look at working with the Minister assisting the Premier with Mental Health, to discuss ways of ensuring young people dealing with their sexuality are supported mentally.

• Thirdly, I support the *On Dit* girls receiving an honoraria and hope that they will give me the fridge full of Coke Zero... seriously, the creator of Coke Zero is a GOD! Hey, I don't even really want the fridge, just give me the Coke! Or I could go halves with someone... maybe my housemate... Lauren loves it too... she just gets shitty when I drink all of hers... Sorry love!

Now to the issues of dating... Over the last few weeks I've seen that those who are involved in a relationship, or dealing with the initial stages of a relationship, have had a tough time... those of you who have been in a relationship for a while will be well aware that at times it's difficult. Having to communicate, negotiate, and compromise sometimes isn't achieved and it leaves the two of you in a hostile state. But what's more fascinating is the journey through the initial stages of establishing a relationship... who would have thought that it would be so fucking difficult! I mean, it seems that saying 'Yes, we're a couple' is the hardest thing anyone has to do! The fact that two people can be in limbo for so long, being that they are on again, off again seems just utterly frustrating... It's also hard to take into account what the other person wants too... Are they looking for a relationship? Still distinguishing as to whether they have feelings for you? Simply looking for a one-night stand? Only want to randomly pash you?? These are all things that make establishing a relationship so difficult... I think instead that everyone should just attend Media pub crawls and partake in the debauchorous action there! Cheers to Hannah and Kate!!

As always feel free to email us... we do get bored often and would love the opportunity to read something, from someone... PLEASE! And now for the tip of the week:

TIP #4: When sharing a bed with someone, don't be afraid to hit them over the head and tell them to get out... especially if you were the one that brought the pillow and the other forgot!

malesexuality.saua@adelaide.edu.au
femalesexuality.saua@adelaide.edu.au



President

Hey everyone,

What does it mean to be a student? It's a question that many people ask themselves at University, particularly if they are involved in a lot of student-run extracurricular activities, and again even more so if these activities are under threat.

Unfortunately, this is what is facing the Students' Association, the Adelaide University Union and the other student organisations on campus, and it's a question that was answered time and time again last year: Being a student is not just about studying. Oh sure, you will come away from this University (hopefully) with some form of tertiary qualification but that should not be all. A university is a melting pot into which we pour our ideas and experiences. While we are here, we have access to some of the best minds in the world. We have the opportunity to explore and create with a freedom we have nowhere else. This is why publications such as *On Dit* exist.

At university we have the opportunity to get involved in so many different activities ranging from political activism with the Students' Association through to the Clubs and Societies on campus as well as university sport. As students we have the potential to do so much more than sit in lecture theatres. With the ability to engage on so many levels, with so many different activities, it is hard to believe there isn't something here for everyone.

Ultimately, life on campus would be so much poorer without student organisations. Orientation would be a series of faculty stalls. Representation would become non-existent. There would be no bands on the lawns, or PROSH or *On Dit*. This year will be definitive for the student organisations on campus. It is only through the involvement of students that we will survive. So join a club, get involved with the Students' Association and remember the next time an event is on that only student organisations make them possible.

John Pezy

john.pezy@adelaide.edu.au

Students' Association Office Bearers

I ♥ On Dit

...and so did everyone who chilled on the lawns at Dit Day, our last-minute attempt at showing students a lovely DIY-licious afternoon out. We know the Coke Zero fridge was a bit puny, but the fairy bread was cute, right? Full credit to Hannah of ye olde Media Association, boy did those sprinkles go down a treat. The dreaded council meeting will have occurred a day before this baby goes to print, but you'll know soon enough if *On Dit* lives another day. If so, there'll be more live music/art/badgemaking on the cards. Keep in mind, you're always welcome to let your student reps know what you think. Rah!

Hannah and Steph



Women's Vice-President

Women in Black Vigils

What: silent, non-violent vigils by women in protest against violence, war and militarism.

When: this Wednesday March 29, meet out the front of the SAUA at 5pm - usually the last Wednesday of each month; 5-6pm in winter; 5.30-6.30pm in summer.

Where: steps of Parliament House, Adelaide City.

Dress: black clothing.

Why: black is worn as the colour of resistance and disagreement with the politics of war; silence is chosen as a message that too many words have already been said!

Hope to see you there!

Tara Bates

ph: 8303 5601

womens.saua@adelaide.edu.au

BLACKLISTED



Environment Officer

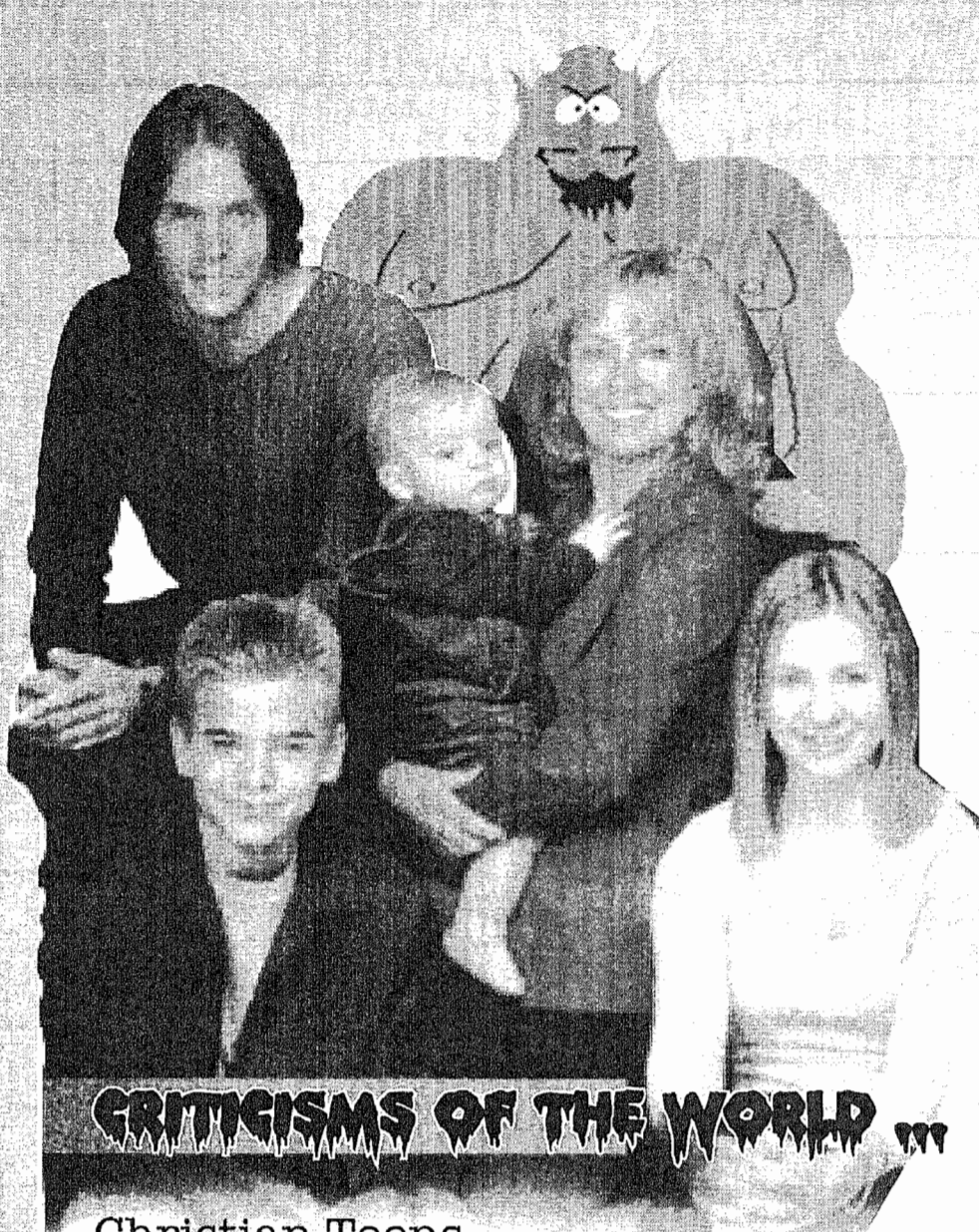
The SAUA is, above all else a political organisation. To reaffirm this we are compiling a conscientious objections list. In these dodgy times where impending VSU is forcing us to seek ever more advertising and sponsorship dollars **we do not want to find our credibility and autonomy threatened in any way.** E-Mail and Let me know about any organisations that your students' association should not be dealing with. Likewise if you want to jump to the defence of any of these corporations then feel free to do so. If they make the blacklist **we will not advertise, use or receive sponsorship from these companies.**

reece.kinnane@adelaide.edu.au



the proposed list so far...

- coca-cola
- shell
- anz
- gunns limited
- bhp billiton
- monsanto
- nestle
- australian defence force



CRITICISMS OF THE WORLD

Christian Teens

Oh I'm sorry kiddo, but Satan's out to destroy you. He and his horde of minions control the very air you breathe. Your secular 'friends', the television, the radio and your Monday morning science class, are but pawns in the plight of eternal damnation. Do you know what happens when you fall away from God's Glorious Kingdom of Light?

Let me remind you, precious lamb. You'll scream and scrape your bleeding nails, begging for forgiveness through grinding teeth upon deafened ears. Flames will scald your naked flesh, demonic beasts will violently penetrate you in places you thought impossible and there will be no end. Strobelight images of your loved ones doing unsightly things with bodily function and excretion. There are no picnic luncheons in Hell. God hath warned you: hand-jobs before marriage, cursing, failure to attend youth group...

And then there's *The DaVinci Code*. Shut up. Shut up... Dan Brown is the dawn of the anti-Christ. He, like every other tool of Beelzebub you meet outside Church, is trying to suck you into the sinful life of the world. Debauchery and darkness might look fun, but don't be deceived, *The DaVinci Code* was one of the shittiest books ever written.

Any Mel Gibson movie is fine. He's one of us. When Jesus Christ is brutally beaten, fixed like Bi-Lo meat to the cross and mocked by pesky Jews, ensure someone sees you and thinks 'believer'. The guy playing Satan is so hot your balls will tingle with carnal delight. Your body is a vessel that thou shalt not want, resist your urges, masturbation made baby Jesus cry...

God works in mysterious ways. Like all His beautiful creation, all is for and by him. Be careful, he's a jealous bitch. MP3 players weren't designed for your satanic Indie pop music. Thanks to the wonders of creation science, you can store and listen to every version of The Holy Bible. You'll be the coolest kid at bible camp with the New King James on your iTunes playlist...

Harry Potter, the death of Kerry Packer and Disney Entertainment may be amusing at first. However, if you're spiritually cooler than the third row at youth group, you'll see they're all just cogs in the doomed plan of the fallen one, Lucifer. Do you really want to be flung into the flaming pit of despair these school holidays, where the blunt axes of human pride crush the skulls of whimpering aborted babies? I don't think so.

What would Jesus do? Jesus, now seated at the right hand of God, converted the masses with bread sticks and fishes. Surely you could convert the whole party this Friday night, fill their heathen lives with hope and light. If you need to instil faith, why not make use of pancake mixture and mescaline? Perhaps all the boys and girls will see the truth. Anything goes on hallucinogenic drugs... what've you got to lose? You're performing Gods' will. It's like The Holy Crusades; raping and pillaging was just a means to an end. If you get arrested you're a martyr. Think of the hot virgin wives on the end of your knob... sucking and massaging and...no, that's the other one. No hot virgin bitches this round. Sorry.

When God feels the time is right, he'll test you on some things. You must be strong my Christian soldier. Maybe a boy will come up to you at lunchtime and beat the living shit out of you for no reason. You must forgive him and bless his soul. Maybe your parents will be pecked to death in the woods by a small group of puppeteers. You must forgive the puppeteers for they know not what they do. Maybe someone will write 'Religion sucks the progression of mankind'. Forgive them and blow yourself up. Oh wait, I'm confused again. I mean, scrub it out and doodle Jesus fish and sunflowers. Hallelujah. Amen.

Dillon Tepper
...clearly has some stuff to work out

This week's article will encompass (I like that word, encompass) anything that sporadically pops into our heads. No introduction, just typing and seeing where it takes us (*psychic automatism- eds*).

Shiny:

There comes a certain time in every boy's life when all of a sudden (but all too subtly), you start kissing your friends goodbye. A sign of class? Maturity? Am I the anomaly? Doesn't this occur with everyone else? The funny thing is, I can't actually remember when and where this ritualistic departure began. Today, however, if I part ways with a beloved and don't receive my greeting goodbye kiss, then I feel as if something is missing from my encounter. The sad part is that I'm talking about greeting obligations when there are a lot more pressing topics confronting me every day as I walk to University. Only last week, I noticed that there is a man who sleeps each day in the North Adelaide parklands. Every day for a year, I walked past this person laying asleep on the grass. It was not until last week that I saw him for the first time. Why do I worry about such trivial topics as a friendly greeting,

when there is a man too afraid to sleep at night for fear of his life? It's sad; I walked past him almost every day for a year and saw nothing. It took the open mind of a friend to lift my ignorance of this fellow human being that sleeps in the sun in the park. I was so enthralled in my own life, my own bubble, that I just didn't see him there. Did I want to, or did I block him out because life is a lot easier to handle when there is no reality involved? So ask yourself next time you're walking through the park. What are you really concerned with during your day? Don't live in the ignorance, what of the man in the park? Do your thoughts include him?

Ireland:

Tyson, you always manage to pull such random topics and turn them into thought provoking issues! While we're talking about things that have been bugging and perplexing us lately, I'd like to look at the incredibly lazy people that seem to have engulfed our society lately. Being a checkout chick part time whilst studying at Uni (not all of us can get cushy jobs at David Jones in the couture

section darling), I have encountered some incredibly rude and bizarre individuals who I have to serve! Asking for a bag for a chocolate bar, blaming me for the recent increase in Avocado prices and asking where Lebanese cucumbers are produced are just a few of the regular occurrences that come my way. But the most annoying thing that occurs at least five times every shift is that an incredibly lazy customer who expects you to unpack their basket for them when they're incredibly capable of doing so!! Do you expect us to take your groceries to your cars next time?! I think not! So next time you're at your local supermarket, remember that the people that work there are individuals too, probably working with a lack of sleep, and preoccupied with thinking about what they're going to write about for next weeks edition of *On Dit*...

Joint Conclusion: I'm still laughing about the title!

Tyson Shine + Lisa Ireland

Rambling #4:
 Take note of this number
 and report difficulties to the
 information desk

Mitsubishi and Mitsubishi

Rising fuel prices and general environmental concern has triggered a new interest in the sale of small cars. The Mitsubishi Colt seems poised to overtake sales of its Mirage range. Jointly developed with DaimlerChrysler, the Colt meets global safety standards and is hoping to follow the lead of the Honda Jazz. The Colt's front-end styling complements design features of other vehicles in the Mitsubishi range and the Colt has....hang on, that's the phone.

It's Anna and Steph (probably having a badge making day or something): "What's that? Oh, the edition is about Cults with a 'u'. OK, no that's alright, cars suck anyway, what about horses? No horses don't suck, but I saw this video once where this chick....oh, sorry I'll get back to the article, see ya."

As I was saying, cars suck. There's a shitload of them circling around the end of my street as I type and I think the fumes are affecting me. Anyway, I bitched about all that in the Radelaide edition. Every March as the V8's approach, I think I should get away from the city for the weekend but true to form, I neglect to organise anything. The ideal location would be Second Valley, drinking a shitload of wine with a nice girl in a Bed and Breakfast in the hills. Perhaps just a weekend with some like-minded individuals on a secluded property, strawberries, chai, honey, mushrooms and ambient beats. Hang on a second, that's starting to sound more like the foundations for a cult.

Anyone watch *Home and Away*? I'm more of a *Neighbours* man myself, however a few weeks ago I was lured into the dramas of Summer Bay via the adventures of Tash and a cult. Tash, possibly the hottest girl to grace the soap screen, was in a cult. You know how all the old cult leaders make the first law of their cult that they have to have sex with all the females? Well, let's just say that she would be the type of recruit you were looking for. Anyway, she had gone off to the local hippy commune lured by the promise of chai and lazy days picking flowers. Next thing

I know, Alf Stewart has uncovered a flaming conspiracy (and I believe there was fire involved). Seriously, it looked worse than when some dodgy eccies were being passed around at the surf club.

I guess that's how it is with cults. You go in hoping for a bit of relaxation, peace, unity and possibly a bit of casual sex. The next thing you know, you're staring at a cup of cyanide-laced Gatorade. You're waiting for the 'leader' to take you on the Magical Mystery Tour to Melmack and you're thinking to yourself: shit, maybe I should have joined a gym. When that bush doof finished, why did I choose to catch a lift with the fucken weirdoes in the kombi?

I think that's how we see cults; deviant, intellectually-void entities built on hollow dreams and illegitimate spiritual followings. Fair enough, there are a bunch of total nut jobs out there and they need to be identified for ridicule and abuse. However, a major failure in this country and the contemporary media in general is the inability to differentiate between the cult and culture. We're a bunch of Cronulla surfies, scoffing down our cultural falafel one minute, and in the next breath yelling 'Fuck off Leb'. Sure, we'll eat your food, but your culture is now a cult: deviant and stereotyped. Spoilt by choice we think we can pick and choose. The good become beacons of diversity and multiculturalism, the rest gets filed in the 'too hard' basket.

On one morning in 1995, a young girl died. Due to naïve friends and a severe reaction, Anna Wood merged with the infinite and became Australia's first highly publicised ecstasy death. In the following moral panic perpetuated by the media, the dance music community was portrayed as a subversive entity with code words and a language of it's own indecipherable to parents. DJ's and promoters became maniacal leaders. Electronic music culture became a temporary evil cult. Now the same self-reflexive codes are used to sell everything from confectionery to cars. The mystique and associated

culture, but something has been lost in the extraction.

A few years later, I stood in the middle of a dance floor, lightheaded, desperate for water, thinking I was about to become the next Anna Wood and then bang! My world exploded around me into a series of a bass lines, black lights and beauty. I was lucky enough to be taught the traits of a culture about to dissolve into a fluid media: PLUR. A code of peace, love, unity and respect. Almost ten years later I sit here and think shit, why aren't those ideals being used to sell cars and candy.

It's like things have been inverted. In our quest to constantly renew the new and transform the ordinary into the extraordinary, culture and cults have become an indecipherable slick post-modern sludge used to promote/sell everything from reality television to beetroot. It's a trend that extends beyond the media.

Pub culture has been invaded by the cult of melodramatic art-rock retro types and club culture has been invaded metro bo-gan types. House/electro is back in vogue, and I find it ironic that several years ago, I was labeled as 'gay' for attending certain clubs/events with a group of mates. A few years later, they are populated by packs of collar up, faux mo footballers dropping hard candy like it's...well, candy. The Fitzzy types are becoming the Mitzy types.

Some girl just described Ryan Fitzgerald to me as an element of pop culture. 'Culture'? What are you tripping on? He's a demented derivative of the cult of personality; he should be leading a cult of thong wearing, beetroot-loving dimwits tattooed with Chinese characters and skanky blondes with exposed t-bars and lower back pieces. In commercial radio stations, boardrooms focus groups and 'brand probes' around the country, everything from skateboarding to homosexuality have been dissected. The cult of 'cool' is not constructed in a commune.

They are coming to a subculture near you; turning something beautiful and organic into something catchy, memorable yet ephemeral. Guess what? Sorry, but PLUR just doesn't look like it is going to translate into sales this next quarter.

Sorry, maybe it's noise pollution, low blood sugar or a slight hangover. This was meant to be a fun article, but somewhere

rant. I don't know about you but I sort of lost interest a few hundred words ago.

Uni students in France are setting fires and smashing up shit which looks like fun and makes us guys look pretty soft. Nothing would have said no VSU like a few Molotov's and tear gas. Looks like there could be a shortage of bananas soon. Palestinians are starving in Gaza. Child soldiers are dying in Sierra Leone. I just saw on TV a five-year-old Iraqi boy leading investigators into a mass grave where he watched his father, brothers, uncles and 40 or so other males shot, mutilated and thrown in a pit.

"Just turn it off and get ready!"

Get ready for what? You stupid bitch. I'm thinking maybe I could join a cult. Boinking one of my five wives and relaxing with some herbal tea would be a welcome break, but what would that do? You tell me to just change the channel as you don Chanel and stick another pill down your anorexic neck. You want to go out, cop-out amongst the cult of cool, watch the scene. Maybe peace, love, unity and respect just aren't cool anymore.

Tolerance, acceptance and a super harmony. We joined metaphysically, and are amazed that it can happen.

Love (obviously) Re:Pete.

Pete now lives with a cult and promises that the next edition will be a little more coherent and cheery. He is currently searching for a fourth wife and if any one has any questions regarding the above tripe please join our cult, oh, I mean, free seminars on the lawns next week ????



ASTROLONDIT HAIRU

if you were a car...

Aries
Hydrogen Hummer
Arnold Schwarzenegger drives one. Shiny and blue

Cancer
Home away from home
A luxury campervan,
wafting of cookies

Libra
more like a bicycle
automobiles - mainstream
you flurring dandily.

CAPRICORN
Kept safe in the shed,
a Holden Statesman
Maybe in some club

TAURUS
an Aston Martin
practical with 4 doors but
still seventy grand

Leo
Something simple. a
Ferrari F355
Spider. Perhaps red

Scorpio
Harley Davidson.
paid by Hells Angels member
skull or flame on side

Aquarius
You're a panel van
painted with hippy motifs
you fucking weirdo.

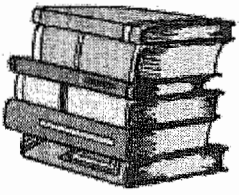
Gemini
Yellow Baring
Zipping around from A to
Z, visiting friends

VIRGO
Your vehicle of choice.
white volvo station wagon
safest in the world

Sagittarius
a 4 wheel drive ute.
'The discovery' series.
tearing up the land

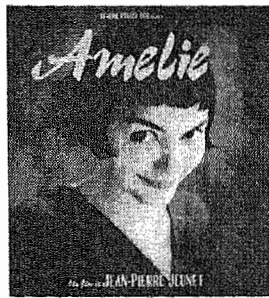
Pisces
A rusty V. dub.
Unregistered. You forgot.
Windows wide open.

Literature



Editors:
Karlie & Sunshine

E-mail Address:
onditliterature@yahoo.com



I've always wanted to be French. *Je ne sais pas pourquoi*. When I was younger, I used to study the atlas for hours deciding where I would travel... Czechoslovakia, Spain, Italy, Ukraine etc. The country I longed to immerse myself in was France. I dreamed of living in Paris,, having a weekend house in the country, working as editor of a leading fashion magazine wearing Chanel suits and sipping French Champagne. I even attempted French in first year but spent every lesson trying to remain inconspicuous as I struggled to string a sentence together correctly, not to mention my pronunciation was terrible.

I'm sharing this embarrassing information because I've started reading Sarah Turnbull's *Almost French* and it's sparked some long suppressed dreams. Though not the most articulate book ever written, it's an entertaining read for a budding journalist who dreams of travelling abroad (the protagonist is a former SBS journalist who eventually carves out a freelance career in Europe). The book does well in pointing out the

cultural clashes between Australia and France in a more realistic fashion.

Yes, I'm not quite so naive about the quintessential French life I once dreamed of. And thanks to the negative feedback from friends of an overrated country with a filthy capital, my notions are a little more realistic. I still long to walk those cobblestone streets one day... If there was a cult I should join it would be the "I dream of France" cult.

xx Karlie

Comrades! We must abolish the cult of the individual decisively, once and for all.

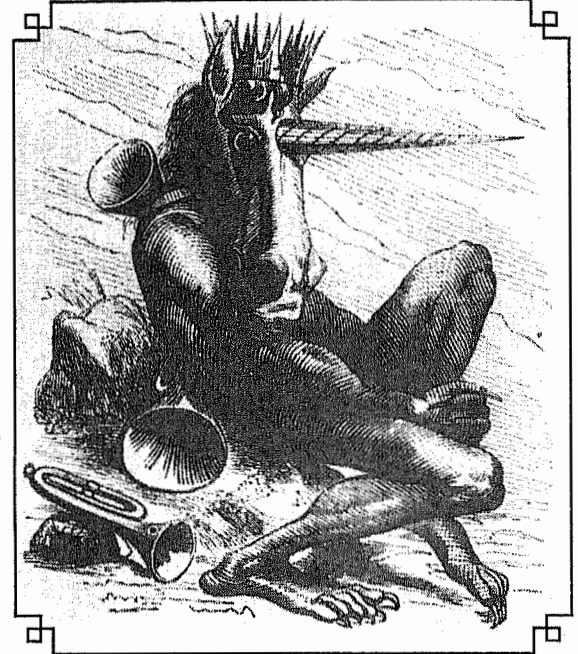
Nikita Khrushchev

Well, what can be said about the Cult Phenomenon? In terms of literature, not all that much, really. Perhaps the most interesting movement is the Cult of the Author. This is a movement that sounds way cooler than it is. The veneration and complete and utter hero worship of authors - any and all authors - is a little ridiculous. Don't get me wrong, author's are cool. They have a very awesome job. But they are not necessarily cool people. They can be as silly and as disgusting as anyone else.

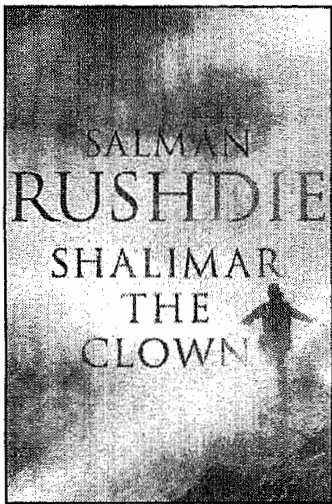
But I see the whole thing of literacy as a bit of a cult. The idea of everyone paying so much attention to little squiggles on a page is intriguing. I myself am a firm devotee of this cult, as anyone who knows me will attest. In fact, think that far more people should join this cult. Read more! That's the most important thing to remember. But, along with the cult of the Reader and the cult of the Author, there are also various books and series that have spawned cults all of their own. Talk to any science-fiction reader and you'll feel a little as though your not speaking the same language. Ditto for fantasy nerds. Tolkein's *The Lord of the Rings* has a cult all on its own - one that spans readers, gamers and movie watchers. (Lions and tigers and bears, oh my!)

As the saying goes, the pen is mightier than the sword. Books are powerful things, why else would Hitler have bothered burning them? So, embrace the cult of the Reader - and recruit everyone you know!

Love Sunshine



Horny Guy - a cult object



Shalimar the Clown

Salman Rushdie
Random House Australia

I started to read this book expecting a murder mystery. Boy, was I wrong.

The book started off with the murder of an ex-Ambassador, Maximillian Ophulus on the front doorstep of his illegitimate daughter, India.

Within a page or so the murderer is revealed: Shalimar the Clown, from a small town that only exists officially on maps but isn't really a town anymore. OK, something was up. The author obviously missed the chapter in the murder mystery writers' handbook about keeping the identity of the killer until the end of the book. It was about here that I realised that this

book was either going to be marvellous, or absolutely horrid.

Thankfully, it was the former. It was complex, thought provoking and interesting, to say the least.

Rushdie went on to explain how this Clown from India came to murder an ex-Ambassador. To do this he had to interweave two very different cultures. He hurtles the reader back to India in the 70s and 80s and starts to tell the story of Boonyi Kaul (a Hindu) and her love for Shalimar the Clown (a Muslim whose real name was Noman Noman, creative parents there). They go through many trials, but manage to get married. But Boonyi had set her sites higher than just being a housewife in a little town. She was a terrific dancer, the best in the village's troupe, and she gets the opportunity to dance for the American Ambassador to India. Guess who that is. Yep, the dead man, Maximillian Ophulus. He was once a great hero of WWII, and had a famous marriage to another WWII hero, but their love was stale and stagnated. He sort after a love affair with Boonyi and she rushed to it with open arms, abandoning her village. She succumbed to life in a big city, and fell in with drugs, addictions and repulsive habits. However, she had a trump card, she was pregnant. After giving birth the Ambassador's wife stole the baby and named her India, and Boonyi was sent packing back to the little village, now crippled with addictions, and an outcast for abandoning her husband. Shalimar swore an oath to himself to kill Boonyi and Maximillian for shaming him & breaking the promise of marriage. Right, got that? Now it gets tricky.

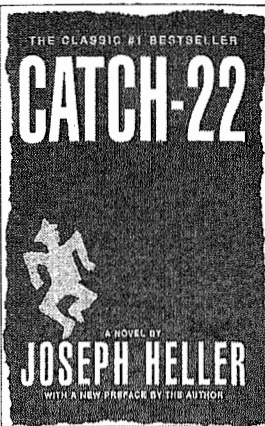
This is a multi-layered story. Along side telling the story of Boonyi, Shalimar, Maximillian and India, Rushdie also explored how the insurgence groups in India came about. Shalimar and many other young men from the region joined the group, believing they were doing good. As at that time there was much turmoil, many attempts to claim parts of India to themselves, and to control the people. It is a very controversial

& confusing subject, so I won't try to explain much more here, because I do not wish to get it wrong. It is heavy reading, as Rushdie manages to present the groups as sympathetic, and you start to cheer them on, wishing they'd win. Then he reveals one of the main group's (many) names: the Taliban. Warning bells go off, and you start to worry about what you are reading. By presenting a group that these days is synonymous with terrorism and evil in a good light, is he advocating that they are good? The book may be set prior to 1991, but it was written in 2005, so you have to wonder what the author was up to.

For me, this book raised many questions. You could look at it as a love story turned wrong, with the man scorned (isn't that such an oddity) taking his revenge in a roundabout fashion. He used the training he had received from the insurgence group to kill the man who had an affair with his wife. It is hard, however, to ignore the talks of the insurgence groups. They are interwoven into the story, so you are forced to deal with them.

Jessica





Catch-22
Joseph Heller

When I was younger I was told that *Catch-22* was one of the books to read. Myself, I wasn't too sure. The copy that we had at home was old and creased (I was going through a phase where I would only read brand new books) and also it looked really boring. However, I must utter the cliché 'don't judge a book by its cover' because once you begin to read this book, your imagination is captured and you're immediately taken back to 1944 when World War II was taking place. The book was a cult hit in America, even though the critics were initially against it when it was first published. The Vietnam War saw a resurgence in the novel, with its points becoming more valid and relevant to the time.

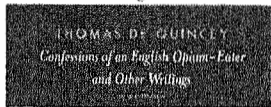
We begin by being introduced to Captain John Yossarian, the central character in the book. He's a bombardier in the 256th Squadron of the Army Air Forces during the war. In the first chapter we see Yossarian in the base hospital on Pianosa (an imaginary island in the Mediterranean between Italy and Corsica) where he is stationed. He has discovered that being in hospital is an excellent place to be in war time and that having an undiagnosable liver ailment was a good way of remaining in hospital. He doesn't want to fight in the war any more. While the story begins in 1944, it has flashbacks to earlier times when Yossarian is in training. The contrast between flashbacks and present time stand out as you see a man eager to get his mission over and done with. The horror of war is something that is vividly pointed out in the book. The contrast of humour and wit with seriousness is what makes the novel speak to people.

For all of you who love *M*A*S*H**, *Dad's Army* and *'Allo, 'Allo*, *Catch-22* is definitely for you if you haven't already read it. For all of you who have read it, do pick it up and read it again. The themes in the book will give people something to talk about around the dining table. Some parts are also relevant to issues that are happening in the world today. I suspect that once people hop on the bandwagon and start reading this book once again, there is a huge potential for it becoming the next *DaVinci Code*... again.

Alicia



I WANT YOU



Confessions of an English Opium Eater
Thomas De Quincey

"Paint me an eternal tea-pot for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four o'clock in the morning."

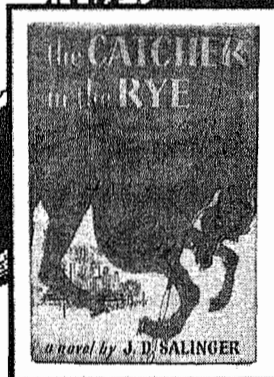
First published in 1821 and then revised with additional editorial notes in 1856, Thomas De Quincey's, '*Confessions of an English Opium Eater*' has placed the author as somewhat of a literati father figure of the drug underground. Beginning with an account of his youth, in particular his time at the Manchester Grammar School, wanderings through Wales, and finally his tribulations in London, the novel is supplemented by his thoughts and specific events surrounding his opium addiction. Unfortunately this autobiography is plagued by constant ramblings that veer off to anecdotes that leave you lost and wondering where he's about to take off again. There's a lot of self absorbed 'soul mining' to a point where the reader is unable to take a step back and make sense of his examination. Superficial to a frustrating extent, if you are not educated in Greek or eighteenth century English, you, like me, are going to struggle. It was an interesting insight to the throes of addiction, though there is very little digression towards the visionary experiences that were induced by the copious amounts of opium which he claims he was taking. One of the few memorable moments in the '*Confessions*' is his liaisons with the fifteen year old prostitute, Ann, which gives De Quincey some saving grace for being one of the first authors to detail childhood suffering. If you want to know about a junkie, and for an entertaining read, I would recommend picking up something like '*Trainspotting*', but if you dig personal reminiscences and self professed genius, then it's the '*Confessions*'.

L.J.W



What's a cult? It just means not enough people to make a minority.

Robert Altman



Catcher In The Rye
J.D. Salinger

It is difficult to describe *Catcher in the Rye*. While you could describe it as a 'coming of age' type book, there is so much more to it than that. It has remained such a cult classic for all these years because it speaks to the adolescent's soul, with the main character's confusion and disillusionment in people something that all teenagers seem to go through at one moment or another. The book is incredibly well written in the first person, creating a kind of conversation between the reader and Holden, the protagonist of the book.

Holden Caulfield is in a mental hospital at the start of the book. It is here that he begins to tell the start of his story from the time he was expelled from his school until ending up in the mental hospital. Upon leaving Pencey Prep, Holden embarks on a journey to New York, and his home. From here things rapidly spiral out of control. Holden arrives in New York City, and rents a hotel room in Manhattan. It is here that he has some trouble involving a prostitute and her pimp. After a failed attempt at losing his virginity, Holden feels that he needs some company. He calls up Sally, a girl he frequently dates. He doesn't particularly like her, finding her 'phoney' and snobbish, but still he asks her to run away with him. After this request leads to a fight with Sally, he heads to his home and a little sister who he is very close to. He has a questioning run in with an ex-teacher, which leaves him even more disturbed.

As mentioned earlier, *Catcher in the Rye* is incredibly well written. The body of the story is written as one long flashback, all the events taken from Holden's memory. It takes you back to 1950s New York, where teenagers 'necked', guys wore ties, girls had embraced the 'sweater' trend and at home, men wore slippers, bathrobes and had highballs in one hand. It captured the time, when people tried so hard to believe that everything was perfect, but, in actual fact, things weren't. For those of you wanting to revisit times of angst, confusion and cynicism, read *Catcher in the Rye* and embrace the inner Holden Caulfield, as this book perfectly captures the emotions of a confused and disillusioned teen.

Alicia

Catcher in the rye...



I ate a baby. Oh, aye, Baby: the other, other white meat.
- Fat Bastard

Editor:
Lavinia Emmett-Grey

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

X

Friday March 14, 2003 11:02 pm

Scotch hates parties.

It's not just the music. Parties remind him of the lowest of humanity, the kind of bullshit that spawns teen movies.

Scotch presses the tip of his tongue against one of his plastic canines, his false vampire teeth and watches the party, ever the observer. Mike, the token gay guy, is regaling a group of girls with fashion horror stories. He feels somehow obliged to fill every homosexual cliché in the book with his Cher costume and his falsetto voice, laden with lazy, drawled vowels.

'-and I waaahs waaaiting in line and this girrrl in hipster-jeans bends oh-ver in front of me and she's wearing, like, a g-string. Excuuuuse me!' Exuberant hand gesture. 'Haaaaven't you heeheard of high-rise Leviiiis?'

In the living room, five males sit on the couches (not too close to one another, of course - a manly distance), wielding stubbies and not speaking. The girls are dressed uniformly in tank tops and jeans/skirts. The males will inevitably begin competing for the blonde and the alpha status. First with the pick-up lines - 'I've lost my virginity, can I have yours?' or 'I'm the Titanic, you're the iceberg: let's go down together'. The aggression will follow - two fights in which blood is drawn are compulsory for a good party. And finally, the mating. It is the primary reason he allows Chardonney to have these stupid parties - the idea of other people fucking in his father's bedroom, his father's study, his father's den.

Scotch also doesn't mind the alcohol and the drugs. Not that he engages in their consumption, but he enjoys watching their effects. As Johnno once declared rather drunkenly, your truest friend is one who will drag you through your own vomit.

He sees her enter the room with a flood of others. She looks lost and a

little intimidated, but is making a valiant effort to conceal it. In fact, Scotch doubts anyone could have picked her fear, or her anxiety... except him. A fairy... his fairy. Her hair hangs in tangles around her face. His fingers itch to sink into its depths, palms pressing into her scalp.

Down the hallway a group are playing tenpin bowling, with empty beer bottles as pins. Somebody gets a strike and then everyone realises that the smashed bottles will need to be replaced. A skulling competition begins. Scotch slips around the edge of the room, watching as she moves to the drinks' table and pours herself a glass of lemonade. The bowling ball rolls by her feet. She places her drink on the table and bends to roll it back. She turns away from her glass for only a moment and a moment is all it takes, to slip the tab into her drink. It isn't Rohypnol, but it is in the same family. She will feel a little drowsy and he, knight in shining armour, will lead her into the bedroom, where she will pass out. Like all the others. And like the others, he will lose interest after that.

'Scotch!' Johnno, a demon, comes into his vision. 'Where is she?'

'Where is who?'

'Chardonney.'

'I dunno. She hasn't come out of her room yet. Why?'

'That was the point of this whole exercise.' They both watch the stubby-wielding boys in the lounge room cheer on a pair of girls kissing.

'Yeah, whatever man.' Scotch thumps him on the shoulder and disappears.

Johnno stands awkwardly, then decides if he can't have Chardonney tonight, then that Marilyn Monroe in the corner will do.

X

Friday March 14, 2003 11:18 pm

Poppy stumbles out of the apartment block into the cool night air. She places a limp hand against her overheated forehead. Her breath comes in short, shallow gasps. Someone has slipped something in her drink. She's been around drugs enough to recognise that. She rests her head back against the wall. The gentle wind soothes her like a mother's hand.

That was strange. She hadn't thought about her mother in a while. Her mother is completely mad. The whole of her life had fucked up, compartment by compartment, husband, job, friends, health, everything. Everything except Poppy. So in the end, all her faith and hope and dreams had rested on Poppy's far too slender shoulders. Poppy's revenge had been to move away, to move in with Oliver. Imagine watching your dreams pack their bags and move house. Poppy giggles a little then, remembering her mother's face when she'd told her she was leaving. She'd probably broken her mother's heart.

Yet, there were things she missed. The smell of her mother, the methodical way she put on her moisturiser, the way she folded laundry, the things Poppy could never replicate. All the independence in the world cannot replace a mother's hug.

How horribly sentimental, Poppy thinks, before stumbling across the road toward the dark, green safety of a park.

XII

Friday March 14, 2003 11:40 pm

'So I'm down there, giving him a blow job and all I can think is how if I swallow, it'll up my calorie count more than my nutritionist recommends.'

'The trick is to let him cum on your chest. They like that, plus it's a great moisturiser.'

'But you can't get semen out of Charlie Brown.'

Chardonney and the Lip-Gloss Brigade dominate the bathroom. Flic is holding Lauren's hair back as she regurgitates seven vodka cruisers into the toilet bowl. Amber and Chardonney are reapplying make-up while Flic regales them with her sex life.

The party is almost perfect.

Almost.

Oliver is late.

Chardonney pauses, her mascara wand hovering in the air. Her nostrils quiver. She can smell him, the overt, false masculinity of Lynx. Scotch is usually the one who deals with Oliver, welcoming him in, circulating him and his wares, taking the party to the next phase.

Tonight he is hers.

Chardonney wafts into the lounge. He stands in the hallway, dealing to a tenpin player, a couple of buds wrapped in aluminium foil. The sheer size of him nearly blocks out the hallway light. Chardonney shivers. She waits until Oliver has sold all he can, then pounces, like a great cat. She catches him by the wrists and leads him to her bedroom. He follows, an older, wiser grin on his face than any she has seen on boys her own age. She seats him on the edge of her bed.

'I want to try cocaine,' she states, simply and precisely. Oliver laughs at her. Chardonney is not impressed. She does not appreciate being mocked.

Chardonney walks to her door and turns the lock. It only makes him laugh more. Chardonney lights a cigarette. She isn't a smoker. She walks toward Oliver.

'I have money,' she says, her eyes glittering.

'I'm sure you do, but I can't help you, sugar. It'd be like dealing to Malibu Barbie.' He laughs again. She snatches his wrist and in a sudden movement, stubs out her cigarette on his arm. He yells, wrenching back his arm and cradling it like a wounded bear.

'You fucking bi-!' He yells, but it ends on a far higher note than he intended. Chardonney holds his crotch in her hand. She smiles, a skeletal smile, all teeth and no sincerity.

'Pretty please with a cherry on top.'

XIII

Saturday March 15, 2003 12:01

Scotch walks away from the party, disappointed. He has lost her. There are nearly one hundred teenagers sprawled throughout the apartment, but not the one he wants.

He ambles into his bedroom and tells the couple making out on his bed to fuck off, directing them to his father's bedroom. He likes the idea of them defiling his father's home. He goes to his window, staring out into the streetlight-studded night. His eyes catch the glitter of fairy wings across the street, magnolia-white in the darkness. He squints. It is her.

Scotch runs from the bedroom.

Poppy wanders through the darkness of the park. She has lost her shoes somewhere and likes the soft bed of grass beneath her feet. She falls into the seat of a swing, rocking unsteadily. She leans against the linked chains and sighs. Her mind wanders, no longer linked to the real world and its laws of time and space. She dreams of a field of poppies, white buds with black hearts. She dreams of the old wives' tale, the battlefields soaked red with blood, the fragile white blooms dyed a fatal scarlet. She dreams of Dorothy before the gates of the Emerald City, the opiate effect of the poppies dragging her into a deep, deep sleep. Except it's not Dorothy, it's Poppy in a gingham dress and ruby slippers, being dragged under, like a swimmer into an undertow. She slips deeper, dreaming of arenas and stages, spectacular concerts, crowds. She stands on a stage, thousands of faces black and anonymous in the darkness. And then they're taking photographs and the flashes are like twinkling, sparkling diamonds lay out before her.

Poppy smiles, then promptly passes out and slides onto the grass.

Scotch crosses the road, finding one shoe on the pavement, another beneath a tree. He takes them deeper into the park, searching. He sees the swing, still swaying from where Poppy left it. He walks a little further and stills.

Lying among the greenery, illuminated by a solitary street lamp, is Poppy. With her fairy wings, she is like the sleeping Titania, childlike and ethereal. Watching her in this vulnerable state, seeing her so peaceful and infantile - he finds he likes the perversion of it. He kneels and flicks her hair out of her face. Bad thoughts. He fingers the lacy edge of her top, trailing along the ribbon tie. He pulls the edges of the silk bow and the knot slips apart. The implications of this action send thrills up his spine. His pulse rate increases. He peels away the two edges of her top, like peeling the skin of a banana away from the flesh, a small, frothy excuse for a bra exposed.

His other hand reaches down and touches her foot, running along the bones that extend to her toes. He cups the arch of her foot. His hand moves higher, tracing the curve of her calf, the indent of her knee, the plane of her thigh. Up under the tulle and lace skirt and his breathing becomes just that little bit faster; shallow and fractured.

The hand goes higher. He can feel the edge of her panties now. His thumb slips under the edge of her panties. His erection is uncomfortable now. His fingers dig into her thigh and reflexively, her legs fall open. His hand moves higher and then his thumb is pushing, probing, invading the cotton of her panties.

And then, he notices...

Poppy murmurs and shifts like a child in sleep. Her hand curls up by her cheek and she sighs, rosebud lips parting. Scotch, for the first time, falters.

Roughly and abruptly, he changes his action and lifts her, holding her in a scooped embrace. Her arms coil instinctively around his neck. He stands awkwardly and heads toward the apartment, the vampire carrying the fairy.

to be continued ...

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

Untitled

I am very bothered when I think of the bad things that I have done in my life.

Not least that time in the chemistry lab when I held a pair of scissors by the blades and played the handles in the naked lilac flame of the Bunsen burner;

then called your name, and handed them over.

O the unrivalled stench of branded skin as you slipped your thumb and middle finger in,

then couldn't shake off the two burning rings. Marked, the doctor said, for eternity.

Don't believe me, please, if I say that was just my butterfingered way, at thirteen, of asking you to marry me.

Simon Armitage

...he who despairs over an event is a coward, but he who holds hope for the human condition is a fool.
Sigh.



Teen Poetry

... with Donnie Darko

Scene

The Chemical History of a Candle by Faraday lay open on the table
There was a tar-spotted abalone shell
a blind marble in it and an ammonite
touching a tongueless bell without a handle.

The smell of a chewed lead pencil met
the smell
of storm brew they agreed the thing is
not to
let them shrink your head to make it fit
the hat
even if it's solid gold or guaranteed
to hold water and two little ducks as
well.

I was starting to get worried when a cat
came in the window and put a graceful
print
on a plate of the "philosopher's candle"
fueled with zinc filings and sulphuric acid
but so many things forgotten why not
that?

Chris Andrews

Snow Dance

Remember this
photo of us
slow-dancing on
New Year's Eve -
Your arms slope down
to rest on my
shoulders my head
is level with
your breasts the edge
of my skirt whirls
at my ankles
and is fringed with
the same silver
and red of your
dress (breathless yet?)
though the black and
white doesn't show
the thread we share
doesn't show my
hair striving from
my shoulders to
be like yours at
the lower back.
You are looking
down towards me like
you'd said something
teasingly or
tenderly but
my head is turned
away to face
the camera.
Are they snow flakes
at the window

ferries in the
distance witches
shooting stars or
dust on the lens.
Let's say it was
snow piling up
high to my waist
in the old year
reaching up to
yours by the new
to meet your black
hair at the edge
of that bare-back
dress snow closing
us in snow snow
closing us in.
My arms enfold
your waist rest in
the nest at the
small of your back
as you sway in
dance your hair laps
against me
no gap between us
except for my gaze
turned away
the shock of flash
open shutter
twelfth strikes too late
snow and midnight
seize our embrace.

Lidija Cvetkovic

LONDON
TAVERN
ADELAIDE

CHEAP UNI CARD SPECIALS

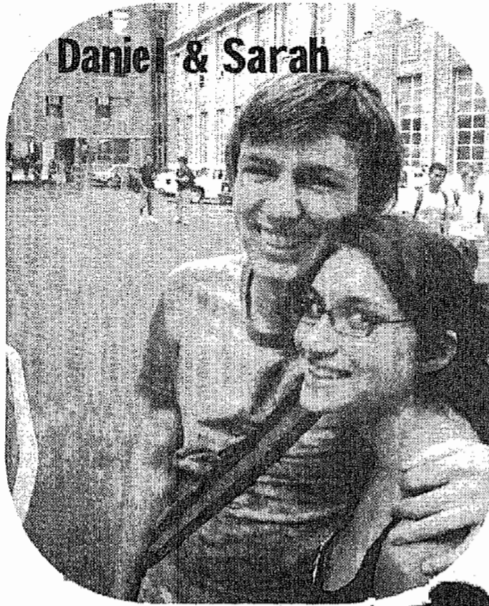
\$7 JUGS OF COOPERS

\$2.50 VODKA SUNRISE
\$3 TOOHEYS EXTRA DRY
5-8 pm MON-SAT

\$10 PARMIGIANO & PINT

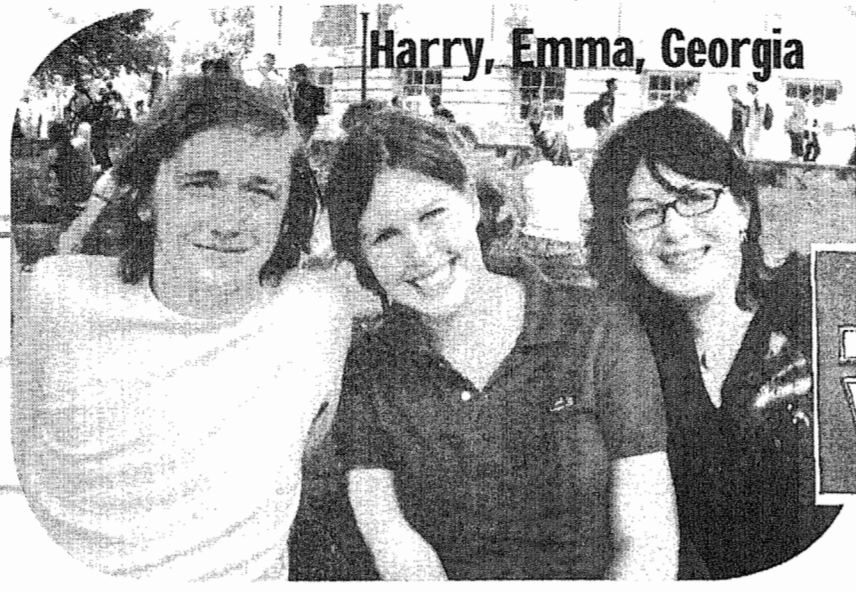
MON - WED LUNCH

CHECK IT OUT NOW!!!
www.thelondontavern.com.au



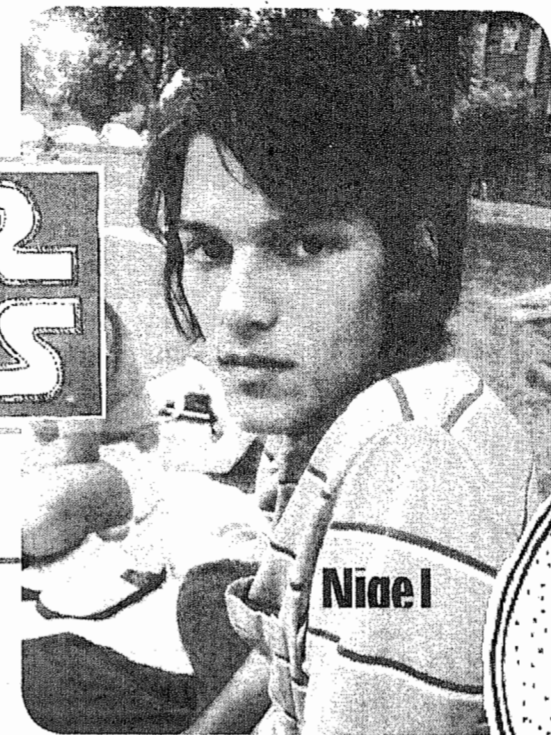
Daniel & Sarah

- 1 D: "Cult of the Malting Budgie", collecting budgie feathers.
S: "Cult of the Rising Air", travelling in Hot-Air balloons.
- 2 D: "Grand Wizard of the Budgie Chapter"
S: The Silent Traveller
- 3 D: Thunderbirds
S: Spungbob Square Pants
- 4 D: Michaelangelo
S: Donatello



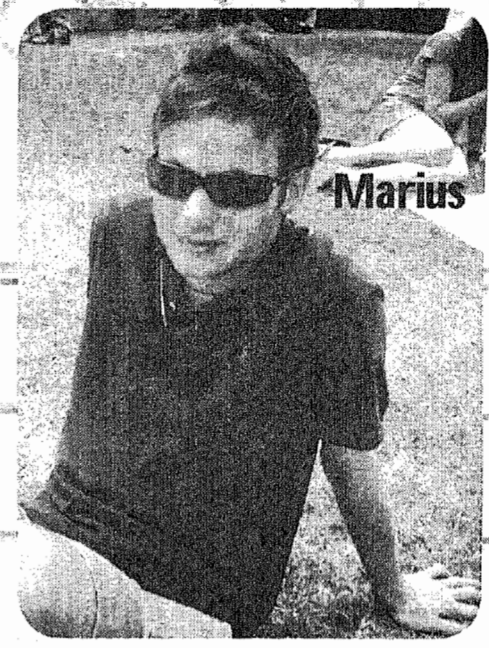
Harry, Emma, Georgia

STAR WARS



Niall

- 1 "Hernando", Play some poker.
- 2 Sir Hernandes
- 3 Mike Oldfield
- 4 "Michelangelo, because I love a good nun-chuck"



Marius

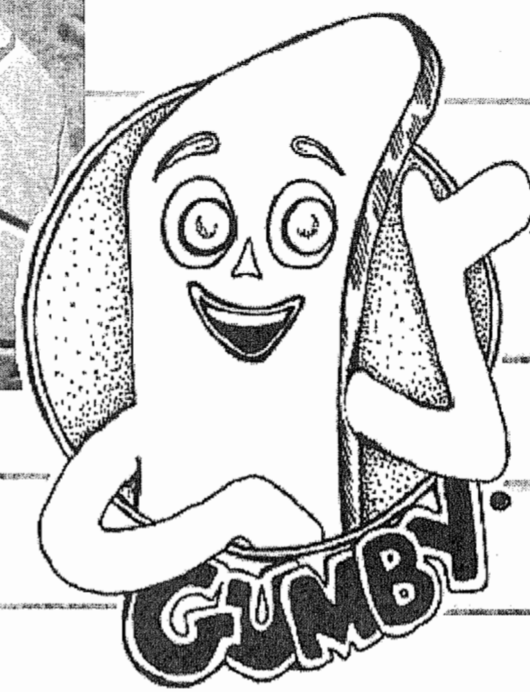
- 1 "The Kiss Army", march and support the greatest band in the world
- 2 Star-Child
- 3 Kiss
- 4 Michaelangelo

Buffy



Claire

- 1 H: "Ears with feet", devoted to Tori Amos.
E: "30's revival cult", adhere to 30's values and style.
G: "Dictatorship of the literary", enforce correct spelling in SMS and Email.
- 2 H: Mr Zomg
E: Vivien Lee
G: Zomg
- 3 H: Dancer in the Dark
E: Spirited Away
G: Rocky Horror
- 4 H: Raffael
E: Raffael
G: Donatello



GUMBI

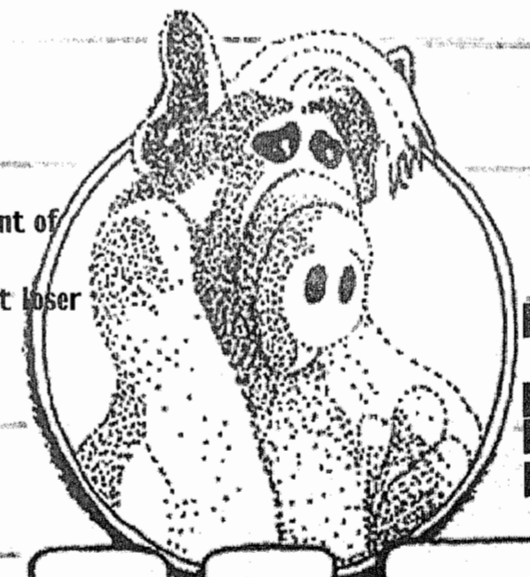
VOX-POP - cult -

- 1 "The Golden Door", Shins fanclub
- 2 The Pimp of Gore
- 3 Harry Potter
- 4 Donatello, he was purple and comfortable with his sexuality

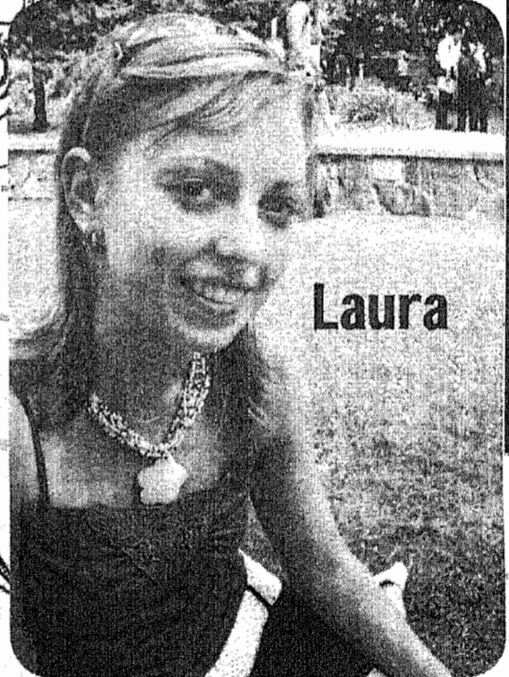
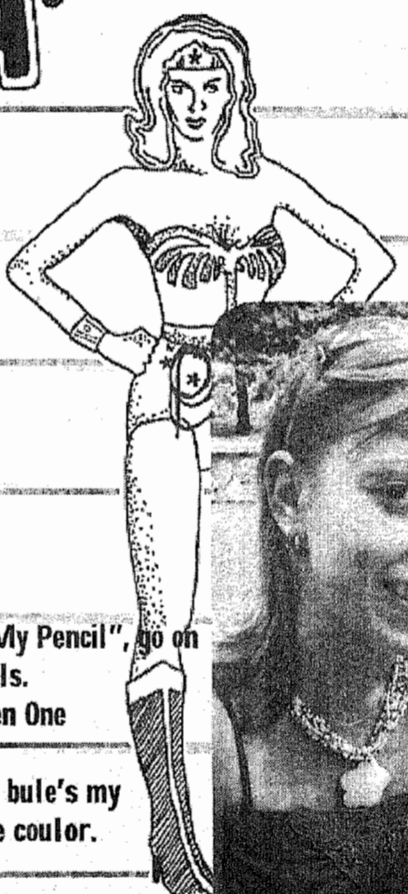


Dan, Arty Dave, Matt & Pru

- 1 D: "Mr T Cult", The worrip of Mr T and his general doings
A: "Kraut rock cult", lo of german music
M: "Anna Nicole PortierCult", dedicated to the training and development of dedicated young attraive girls to marry old (almost dead) men
P: "The Cupcake Eaters", everyone must eat cupcakes, like on the biggest loser
- 2 D: Chief BA Baraceas
A: Klaus Dinger
M: "The Gold-Digger"
P: "The Big Cherry"
- 3 D: The A-Team
A: Devo's 1st Album
M: Sound of Music
P: The Mighty Booshe
- 4 D: The lady Ninja Turtlerom the real actor series.
A: Shredder
M: April, she has inspired-heads the world over
P: Michaelangelo



- 1 "Clutch My Pencil", go on pub-crawls.
- 2 The Chosen One
- 3 Kiss
- 4 Leonardo, bule's my favourite coulor.

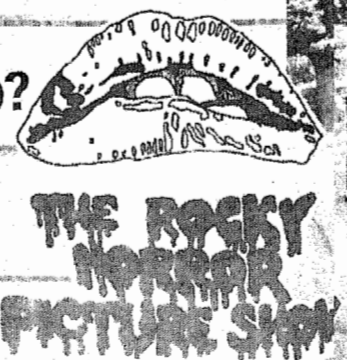


Laura

Cheers

CULT QUESTIONS

- 1 If you had your own cult what would its name be, and what would it do?
- 2 As cult leader what would your title be?
- 3 What is your favorite cult T.V. show/movie/band/comic/etc...?
- 4 Which is your favorite Ninja Turtle?

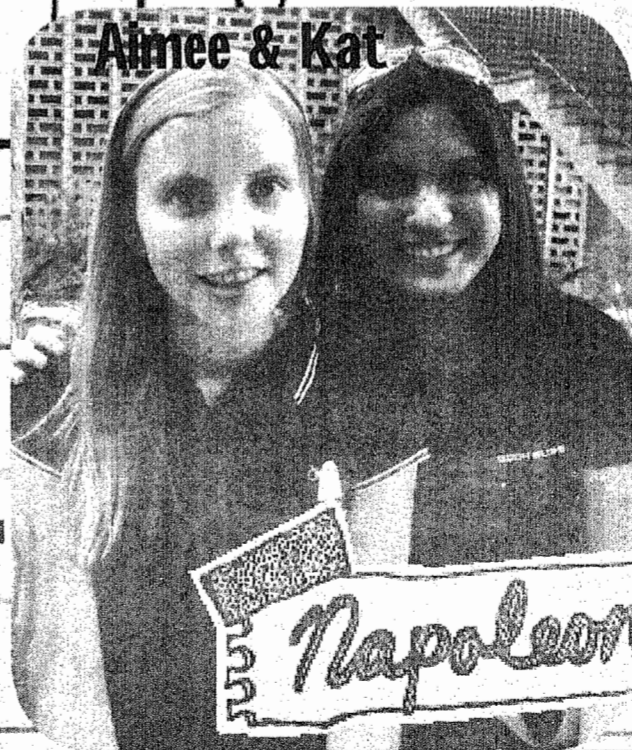


THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW



Chris

- 1 "The Science Degree Cult", do nothing all day
- 2 Chief Do Nothing
- 3 Pulp Fiction
- 4 Leonardo, he's the leader and good with the sword



Aimee & Kat

- 1 A: "The food Cult", eating copious amounts of food
K: "Chocolicious", living purely on chocolate
- 2 A: The Grand Obese One
K: The Great Coco Bean
- 3 A: Morrissy
K: Charmed
- 4 A Michaelangelo, cool name
K: The green dude

Napoleon Dynamite

Vox-Pop has been very concerned at the proposed revival of *On Dit* from campus. *On Dit* has served as a 'cult' to many students tirelessly producing hundreds of editions for Adelaide University consumption. Far be it from Vox-Pop to judge the merits of the different tertiary papers produced in Adelaide, but suffice to say that *On Dit* (and especially its Vox-Pop section) beats the pants off its Uni SA counterpart *Entropy*. It will be a sad day when *On Dit* no longer exists as a student voice. Vox-Pop wishes to thank those people who are, or have been involved in *On Dit*, even those who simply give there time to be interviewed and stalked by the Vox-Pop sub-editors.



Waco, Charles Manson, the Labrodorians, dare I add Scientology...? J and Dazz at the Moofies has a different kind of cult for you this week, more the kind that takes over your life through a voluntary chaining to the television, although many of its members have been known to dress-up in theme and venture out to mass worship sessions, often called screenings. Our Cult movie of the week gives you a taste of Hunter S. Thompson, idol of the cult

of gonzo journalism (what's that you ask - why not read the review and find out?), and lets you worship at the alter of none other than the great David Lynch himself. While they may not hold legendary cult status just yet, we have some great new movies that may one day make it to those dizzying heights including *Happy Endings*, *Proof*, and *Aeon Flux* and then some others that might not make it up there. Don't skip past the Audio Commentary this week, we've

delved into the cult of Brad Pitt with *Se7en* and *Fight Club*. Finally we'll leave you with this thought...a cult movie is one whose popularity is infinitely increased by its unpopularity.

Happy Moofieling,
J and Dazz

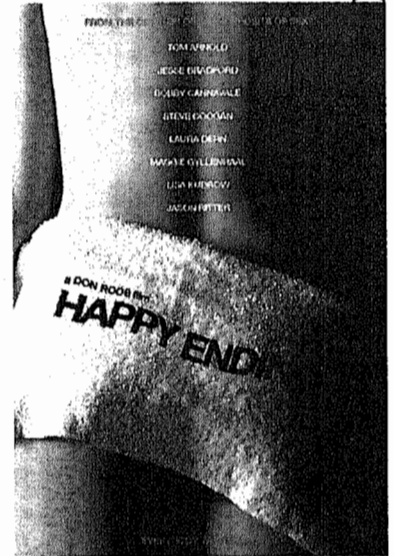
Editors: J & Dazz
j.and.dazz@gmail.com

Giveaways!!!

For all you film buffs out there, the good people at Palace Nova have provided us with 15 double passes to see *Happy Endings*. If you'd like a pass email us at

j.and.dazz@gmail.com

with the subject heading "Happy Endings giveaway" and complete this famous ending:
"And they all lived..."



Happy Endings (MA 15+)

Showing at Palace Nova Cinemas
Written and Directed by Don Roos

Don Roos is best known for penning quirky character studies (*Bounce*, *The Opposite of Sex*). His latest, *Happy Endings*, feels less focused in some ways. It does, however, map out a much larger assortment of characters - and seeing as most of these characters seem to be dealing with a sense of detachment and ennui in their own lives, the haphazard structure of the film might just be appropriate.

To put it simply (if that's really possible), the film starts with Mamie (Lisa Kudrow) and Charley (Steve Coogan), who had a one-night stand as teenagers. Mamie has now been approached by Nicky Kunitz (played with suitable ambivalence by Jesse Bradford), a documentary filmmaker who knows that Mamie had a son. He wants to

film their reunion. Charley, meanwhile, is gay and running the last of his late parents' restaurants. He's fixated on the paternity of a baby his lesbian friends (Dern and Sarah Clarke) have conceived. A third story revolves around Otis (Ritter), whose band plays at Charley's restaurant. He's gay as well, but this doesn't stop the uninhibited Jude (Maggie Gyllenhaal) from seducing him so as to crash at his house, later setting her sights on his father (a surprisingly subtle Tom Arnold).

Even with some points feeling vague or, at times, unnecessary, there are so many points of interest and offbeat insights into the assorted cast of characters that it becomes almost dizzying. The quality of the cast helps this; in particular, Kudrow, who is equal parts sardonic humour and understated regret as Mamie, her performance here more complex than the similar role she had in *The Opposite of Sex*. Ritter's naiveté also plays nicely off of Gyllenhaal's shrewd turn as drifter Jude.

Helpful captions onscreen also offer a silent narrator, who clarifies the characters' motivations. The captions also make fun of the film, much in



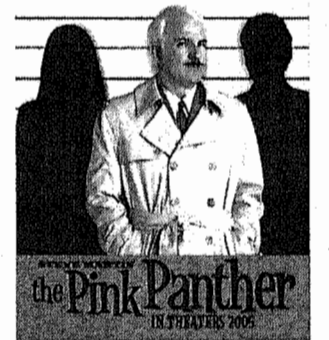
the same way as Christina Ricci's narration did in *The Opposite of Sex*. It doesn't allow one to completely make sense of things, but it does reveal more about the characters, the lies they tell others and those they tell themselves. *Happy Endings'* tendency to drift may be a potential liability, but it is also reflective of the characters. After spending two hours with this colourful cast, I was too interested to mind.

Brian O'Neill



QUICKIE CORNER

Pink Panther (PG)



In my opinion, this film is worth the price of admission alone for the cameos of Clive Owen (*Frank Miller's Sin City, Derailed*) and Jason Statham (*The Transporter, Snatch*). Add to that, a comedy that absolutely obliterated my (admittedly very low) expectations and you have some pure popcorn movie indulgence...!

Dr Craig Willis



(for those little "fortwo" cars)



"It's 106 miles to Chicago, we've got a full tank of gas, half a pack of cigarettes, it's dark and we're wearing sunglasses."
- Elwood Blues (Dan Aykroyd), *The Blues Brothers* (1980)

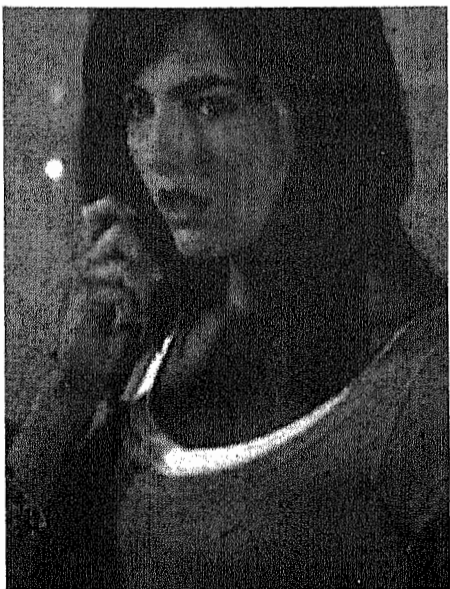
When a Stranger Calls (M 15)

Showing Pretty Much Everywhere

Thank the likes of *Scream* and *Urban Legend* for reacquainting a whole new generation of filmgoers with the classic horror-movie situations. The virgin survivor, the drink-spiking victim who wakes up in a bathtub full of ice, the murderer hiding in the back seat of the car, the death of Paris HiltonTM; such are the staples of the genre that have seen many an eager teenager handing their ten dollars (thankyou, student discounts) up at the box office. *When A Stranger Calls*, a remake of a 1979 film by the same name, revives yet another classic situation: the lone babysitter who receives increasingly threatening prank calls.

This time around, the victim is Jill Johnson (Camilla Belle), a high-school student assigned to baby-sit the Mandrakis family's kids. I could probably stop the review right there (heck, I could have written the entire plot in five wordsTM), suffice to say the remake does nothing new with an old idea. Instead, what the lucky members of the audience are treated to is the demurely pretty Belle, alone at night in a very nice house (and when "nice house" is the strongest compliment one can give a film, something is very wrong). She gets mildly threatening calls, a few other distractions are thrown in, and she eventually discovers that the caller is somewhere inside. That's it. No twists, no real scares, very little gore. In fact, the entire film could probably have been written over the phone in little more time than our lady Jill spends talking on one. Films like *Scream* tried to do something new with the genre by turning it on its side and ironically exploring the rules such films were supposed to follow. Without the irony, humour, halfway passable cast or gore of *Scream*, the overly tame *When A Stranger Calls* consequently winds up without a reason for anyone to bother watching.

Brian O'Neill

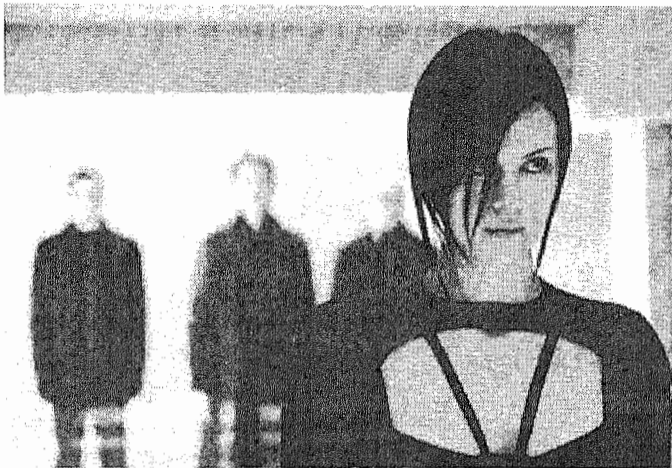


* The Paris Hilton bit refers to last year's *House of Wax*. Paris Hilton dies in it, which is really the only distinctive thing about the film.

** Babysitter... gets... prank... phone.... calls. See, it is possible in five words.

Aeon Flux (M 15)

Showing Pretty Much Everywhere



Once again *Aeon Flux* has been 'resurrected' but not into Peter Chung's libidinous, acidic world of playful espionage and psycho-surreal experimentation. Instead Aeon finds herself (well, for one thing, as the debatably appropriate Charlize Theron) in a another created world she, and most fans I suspect, would find a little too sterile, dull and constricted by Hollywood values for her fetishistic and innocently amoral lifestyle. But hey, it was always going to be difficult for a mainstream production to faithfully recreate in live action a show which made its name through physically warped characters, staccato narratives and a concerted attempt to break with the norms and clichés that were making the entertainment industry so dull in the first place. So what kind of movie have they managed to create in its name?

Unfortunately for Karyn Kusama (director) the film simply doesn't stand up without the prior knowledge about the characters and their motives (or lack there of) contained in the animated series, which most of the audience is unlikely to have seen. Whereas the retelling of *Spiderman*, *The Hulk* etc was already informed by wide-spread knowledge of those classic (but ultimately mundane) stories of vengeance and heroism, *Aeon Flux* has an extremely sparse narrative, which when thrown onto the screen without Chung's more complex concepts, shows up as barely tangible character motivations and unimaginative sci-fi elements, impatiently glossed over by Kusama and then padded out with some fairly dreary and coarse moralising about human freedom and duty.

Initially, an overdressed Charlize Theron plays the character

intelligently, in the sense that unlike stereotypical heroines, Aeon was tender, human and subdued in her briefly alluded to social life. But as if on day four of shooting Kusama had forced Theron to watch the entire *Matrix* trilogy, her acting begins to darkly announce the overly serious and pedestrian script while relishing the kind of "just doing what has to be done" mode of killing that dominates the personae of American good/tough guys.

Marton Csokas' performance on the other hand is of interest because it is a surprisingly faithful rendering of Goodchild, both in appearance (once you get used to it) and personality, having adopted the animated Trevor's calm scientific arrogance. However without the original character's philosophical ambling, sexuality and sweeping movements Csokas comes across more like one of Goodchild's labotamised subjects rather than the acutely intelligent anti-villain.

Fortunately the film uses CGI sensibly, managing to create believably unreal environments but once again the action concepts just aren't there. The fight scenes mostly take place in hand to hand, flat ground scenarios that we've all seen dozens of times - the result being tragically *Xena*-esque sequences. The action is bolstered by amusing gadgetry but without any mental geometry or more imaginative experimental genetics it amounts to little more than middle of the road sci-fi/action, with a flash of excitement as Charlize rises from her bed to get a sip of water (you'll know what I mean). It may still sound like I have a poster of the animated Aeon taped to the ceiling above my bed and just can't deal with a 'modernization' of the script, but if there was more to say about the film I would.

The sterilisation and homogenisation of Hollywood (which was also brought to bear on the last of the *Aeon Flux* animations) and the lack of guts from Kusama or her producers, has meant that the material that could have easily been incorporated into live-action and traditional narrative, while still heavily contributing to the feel of the animation, was shied away from or censored. Apparently motiveless action, amoral decision-making, or a tongue in an ear (or perhaps on a toe) were all just too vulgar for us to witness. To find out what might have been look for the review of the *Aeon Flux Complete Animated DVD Set* in coming editions of *On Dit*.

Tra la la...

Daniel Joyce

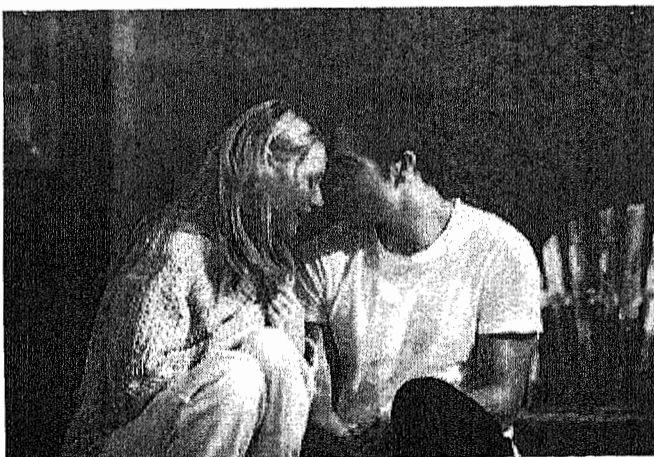


Proof (M 15)

Showing at Palace Nova and selected cinemas

Director John Madden (*Shakespeare in Love*) is reunited with Gwyneth Paltrow in *Proof*, exploring the interface between genius and madness. Anthony Hopkins plays mathematician Robert, whose mind has degenerated from ephemeral genius to prolonged insanity. He is solely accompanied by faithful daughter Catherine (Paltrow), who sacrifices her own intellect and lives a secluded existence, ultimately infiltrated by Hal (Jake Gyllenhaal, every movie in cinemas), a devoted graduate mathematician searching for traces of lucidity in Robert's final years. Catherine's genetic predisposition towards insanity is tested when she provides Hal with a brilliant mathematical proof from her father's room. This triggers a fight for the authorship of this soon-to-be infamous work, which Catherine claims as hers, against the logic of the annoyingly incessant and (almost mathematically) regimented older sister, Claire (a brilliant

Hope Davis, *American Splendor*) and even her lover, Hal. Indeed, the movie begins to focus on Catherine's fight for liberation from the overbearing shadow of greatness cast by her father's legacy. *Proof* is a theatrical adaptation and is heavily reliant



on dialogue, but remains interesting (on account of excellent performances). However the film ultimately fails to deliver any sense of revelation, the answers add up like 1 + 1...

The Grump in 19F



QUICKIE CORNER

Long Weekend (MA 15+)



This is clearly an *American Pie*-wannabee: fart jokes and smut aplenty! But if you know that going into the movie and you like that sort of thing, you'll love it!

What's worse would be expecting to see, say, a Chinese martial arts movie and finding out that everyone is speaking Afrikaans! But I digress. This film has none of that, but does have horse-cock and tittie-bars.

Dazz



"Your mom goes to college!" - Kip Dynamite (Aaron Ruell) - *Napoleon Dynamite* (2004)

Cult Director of the Week

David Lynch

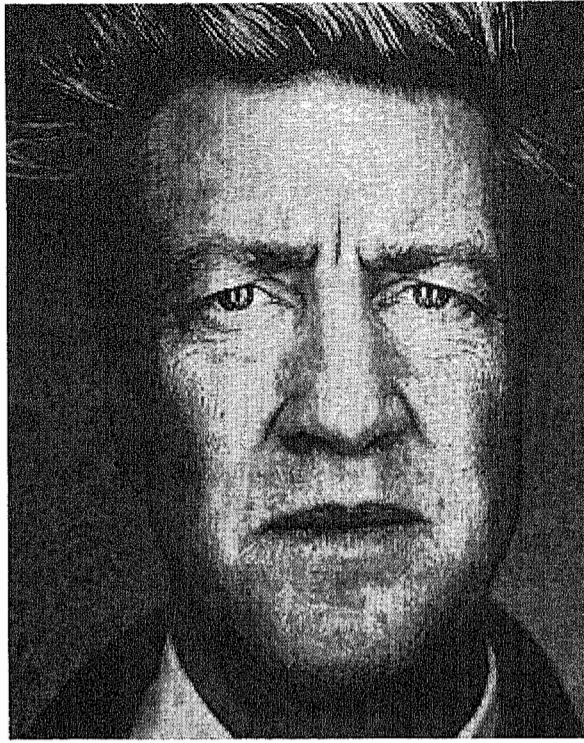
David Lynch is what you would call a cult director - not quite a household name, yet many of his films are instantly recognisable, and those into the art house movie genre adore him.

My first introduction to the world of David Lynch was through the TV series *Twin Peaks* in the early 1990s. Right from the outset with the ethereal Julee Cruise theme song and the small town, secluded USA setting I could sense a feeling of uneasiness and obscurity that kept me watching and wondering "who did kill Laura Palmer?"

Since *Twin Peaks* I have been exposed to many more David Lynch experiences including *Eraserhead*, *Elephant Man*, *Nadja*, *Lost Highway* and his most recent feature length movie from 2001, *Mulholland Drive*.

Lynch was born in Missoula, Montana USA in 1946 and grew up in central USA which is probably where the inspiration for many of his movie settings comes from. He attended the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts (PAFA) in Philadelphia and has designed many of his own sets as well as the furniture for his films. He turned to making short animations and films in the mid 1960s but his first feature film came in 1977 with *Eraserhead*.

Eraserhead was produced several times, originally as a short film, initially having only 20 minutes of dialogue. The final cut is slightly longer than 80 minutes, encapsulating the pregnant pauses that are still a trademark of Lynch's movies. Now renowned



as a cult classic, *Eraserhead* took approximately 5 years to complete due to the dual difficulty of Lynch's perfectionism and the usual budgetary issues and was originally branded too weird to be released.

Lynch films are characterised by a few common

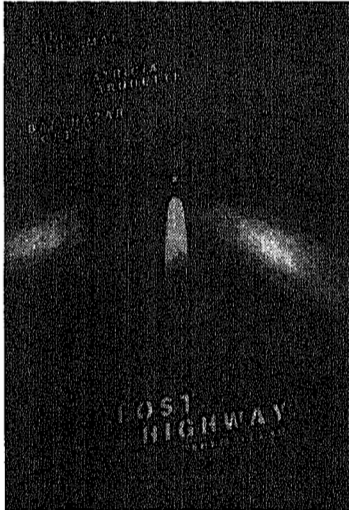
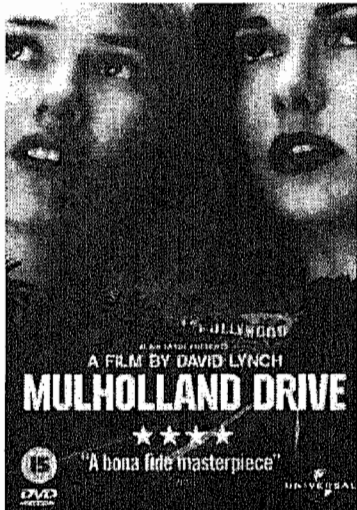
threads - that feeling of uneasiness and obscurity brought about by themes or characters, the use of music and abrasive sound effects that engage and unsettle the viewer (his favourite band is Rammstein), and the use of dream sequences to connect the story - to the point where the viewer has difficulty distinguishing between what is real and what is not; what is the present and what is in the past or future.

Lynch uses these elements as a formula or recipe to actively and completely engage the viewer to enter the world of his story; one gets the feeling of doing more than just watching a film, you are experiencing it also.

David Lynch's next movie *Inland Empire* is due for release this year; it is currently in post production and is set outside of Los Angeles. The basic plot outline given is that of a mystery film about a woman in trouble. One certainly gets the impression that this is likely to be an over-simplification given the previous works of this director, but Lynch is renowned for saying little and letting his stories speak for themselves.

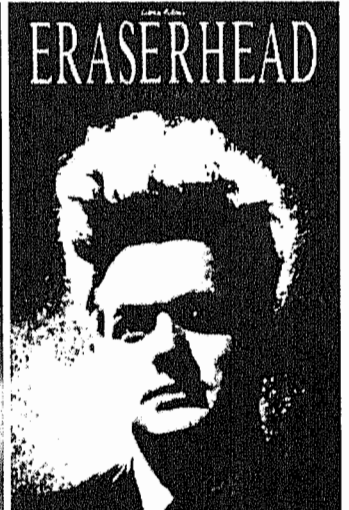
If your interest in this cult hero has been raised by this biography you can learn more on his website (you can become a member too). Apparently he frequents the chat room and converses with those online; www.davidlynch.com.

HE



Selected Filmography:

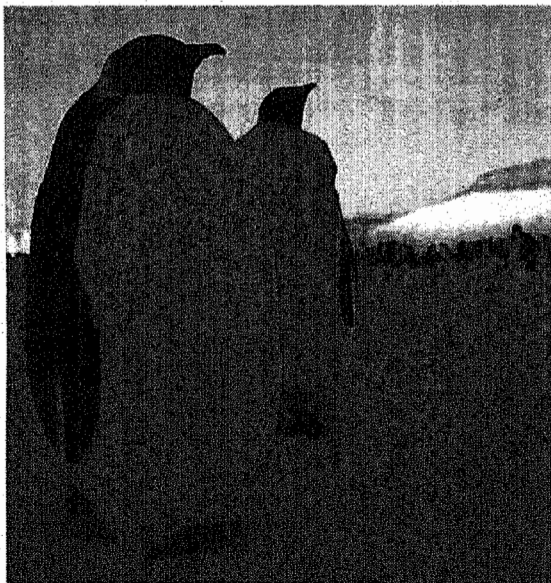
- Inland Empire (2006)
- Mulholland Dr. (2001)
- The Straight Story (1999)
- Lost Highway (1997)
- Wild at Heart (1990)
- Twin Peaks (1990) (TV)
- Blue Velvet (1986)
- Dune (1984)
- The Elephant Man (1980)
- Eraserhead (1977)



March of the Penguins (c)

Showing at Palace Nova and selected cinemas

Directed by Luc Jacquet



Imagine wanting to stand around butt-naked for nine months of the year in the coldest place on Earth. That's pretty much what these emperor penguins hangout for, for the other three warmer months. *March of the Penguins* follows the journey of Antarctica's population of emperor penguins from the start of winter when they leave the ocean to migrate to their traditional breeding grounds. The film makers follow every step of the penguins while they court, mate and tend to their single eggs, all while evading the constant dangers of mother nature.

Cinematographers Lauret Chalet and Jerome Maison with a superb soundtrack create an aura hard to parallel, especially with narration of Morgan Freeman. Although his dialect and emotion are very similar to his narration of the *Shawshank Redemption*, he's a pleasant change to the esteemed David Attenborough. All in all though, this is really



just a movie length documentary with a couple of fat penguin gags and lots of snow and ice. The storyline does pull at a few heart strings, but if you want to save ten bucks, just read the back of the flyer - it's all there. It's worth seeing if you're into the nature

thing, but a widescreen plasma and surround-sound will do it justice.

Stewart Jones



"Well I'm a mushroom-cloud-layin' motherfucker, motherfucker! Every time my fingers touch brain I'm SUPERFLY T.N.T, I'm the GUNS OF THE NAVARONE. In fact, what the fuck am I doin' in the back? You're the motherfucker should be on brain detail. We're fuckin' switchin' right now. I'm washin' the windows and you're pickin' up this nigger's skull!"

Jules (Samuel L. Jackson) *Pulp Fiction* (1994)

Straight to DVD

Land of the Dead

DVD Release: Sometime ago...

George A. Romero, the man who single-handedly invented the zombie genre of films, is cultier than Culty McCult, so what better film to review for this special cult only edition of *On Dit*, than his latest "tour-de-force", *Land of the Dead: Director's Cut*.

Land of the Dead is not your typical zombie flick. Set some indeterminate time after Night/Day/Dawn/Dusk/Evening/Naptime of the Dead, it opens with a bit of a Mad-Maxian feel, showing a rag-tag bunch of survivors pottering around on their souped-up Harleys-of-Doom in a post-apocalyptic war-zone. However, the tables have turned on the zombies. The remaining survivors have banded together and with their superior firepower, can easily outwit/outshoot the rampaging hordes of 'stenches' (as the zombies are affectionately known). But these ain't your grandpa's zombies and Mother Nature (bitch that she is) ain't gonna take this lying down. The



zombies are learning, using simple tools and communicating (much like modern chimpanzees or rhinoceroses). Can the humans overcome their own power struggles and unite to face a common foe? Will more than one major character avoid getting bitten by zombies? Will anyone ever learn to completely finish searching a room before declaring it a 'Zombie-Free Zone'? What form of social representation will the United Federation of Zombie States take? Will I ever stop asking rhetorical questions?

Extras wise, the single DVD comes packed to the gills with a multitude of goodies. This is really how DVDs should be, why some films feel they need a second disc to hold two documentaries and a film trailer is beyond me. There's heaps here, we've got deleted scenes, doco's covering the

making and special effects of the film, commentary from the man himself, and my personal favourite, a short 10-minute documentary entitled 'When Shaun met George', which documents the journey of Simon Pegg and Edgar Wright, better known as the duo behind the awesome *Shaun of the Dead*, as they head to Canada for their cameo appearance in *Land of the Dead*. Keep an eye out for Zombies A and B!

If you love George A. Romero's work, chances are you've already got this. If you're just a fan of zombie flicks in general, you'll dig this new take on your lovable slow-moving animated corpses. But if the sight of decroded-pieces of decaying-corpses consuming live human flesh makes your skin crawl or causes you to retch, then perhaps you should stay away from this one. If pain persists, please see your doctor.

Film:  **Extras:**  **Space Monkey**

Cult Movie of the Week

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas

Released: 1998

'And then suddenly there was a terrible roar all around us and the sky was full of what looked like huge bats, all swooping and screeching and diving around the car, which was going about a hundred miles an hour with the top down to Las Vegas. And a voice was screaming "Holy Jesus! What are these goddamn animals?"'

Welcome to the beginning of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, A *Savage Journey to the Heart of the American Dream*, Hunter S. Thompson's foray into Gonzo Journalism. An exciting merger between fact and fiction, Gonzo Journalism tells the story from the inside, without the objectivity that is generally considered pivotal to journalistic genre.

Fear and Loathing came about when Thompson took a \$250 job for Sports Illustrated to report on the Mint 400, a motorcycle race in the Nevada desert. After spending significant amounts of money on drugs, hotels, fast cars and other assorted vices, Thompson found himself with very little coverage of the Mint 400, but rather the piece he had been trying to write for some time on the disintegration of the American Dream.

The film is the on screen version of the book, originally published as a series in Rolling Stone Magazine. Directed by Terry Gilliam (*Monty Python's Holy Grail*, *12 Monkeys*, *The Brothers Grimm*), the movie production was overseen by Thompson, and stays true to the book.



The story line follows Thompson and his Samoan attorney as they travel to Las Vegas in search of the American Dream, whilst also attempting to (although not particularly intently) cover the Mint 400 motorcycle race. Particularly, the film shows the story through the eyes of one Raoul Duke (Johnny Depp), a doctor of journalism, as he and his attorney travel through the desert to Las Vegas, and take copious quantities of drugs, manging to stay one step ahead of everyone else as they go.

The film is narrated by Depp, and it is this narration that gives the film a particular feeling of fast paced excitement, as if anything can and will happen in the next five minutes. Similar to

"This is the American Dream in action."
-Raoul Duke

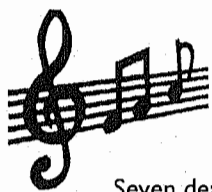
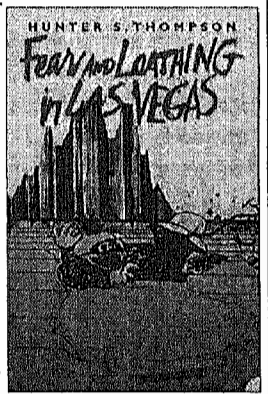
the text, the film leaves you with a feeling of uneasy excitedness, almost as if you've just been on the journey yourself.

Depp spent two months living at Owl Farm (Thompson's residence in Colorado) with Thompson in preparation for the role, during which time he developed a close friendship with the author. The result is a stunning and comical performance, where Depp shows the fluidity of movement that he has since shown in *Pirates of the Caribbean*, and is entirely convincing in his portrayal of the doctor. Benicio Del Toro is superb playing the seedy and quite off-putting attorney, who manges to cause as much trouble as he talks them both out of.

With so many brilliant moments, its hard to choose a highlight from the film, although Duke's attendance at a police conference on the evils of drugs as an out of state police officer does spring to mind.

Edgy and somewhat disturbing at times, *Fear and Loathing* did not perform fantastically at the box office, but has since developed a cult following, and if you haven't seen it, it should be on the top of your "films to see list".

J.



Audio Commentary

Dr Craig Willis



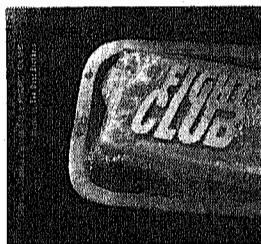
Seven deadly sins.
Seven ways to die.



Film: SE7EN
Artist: Nine Inch Nails
Song: Closer (Precursor)

As the opening credits roll, the haunting strains of this remix confront us as we delve into the meticulously kept pages of the notebooks of John Doe... Available on the 'Closer To God' single, this instrumental piece sets a suitably disturbing mood, setting the scene of ominous things to come. The combination of David Fincher and Brad Pitt can do no wrong in creating this masterpiece of a film. Ernest Hemingway once wrote, "The world is a fine place and worth fighting for." I agree with the second part...

Mischief.
Mayhem.
Soap.



Film: Fight Club
Artist: The Dust Brothers
(Featuring Tyler Durden)
Song: This Is Your Life

The first rule of Fight Club is - you do not talk about Fight Club... The second rule of Fight Club is - you DO NOT talk about Fight Club...

Sneak Preview...

French Film Festival @ Palace Nova Cinemas
March 30 - April 5

Happy Endings @ Palace Nova Cinemas
from March 23

V for Vendetta @ Academy Cinemas
from March 30

Worlds Fastest Indian @ Palace Nova Cinemas
from March 30

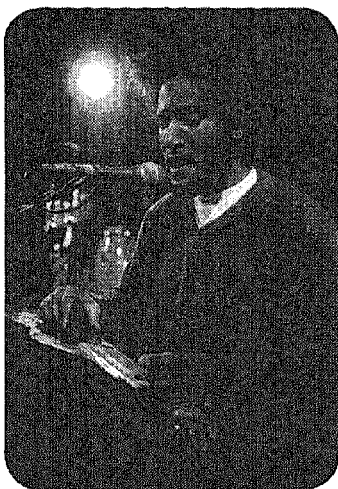
March of the Penguins @ Palace Nova Cinemas
from March 30

Tsotsi @ Palace Nova Cinemas
From April 13

The Squid and the Whale @ Palace Nova Cinemas
From April 13

"Death to MAINSTREAM CINEMA!" - Cecil (Stephen Dorff), *Cecil B Demented* (2000)

Music Editors:
Jennifer Soggee
Chris Burford



While we are still on the subject of 'roots', **Ben Harper** brings his band **The Innocent Criminals** to town on May 10th for a show at the Entertainment Centre. This coincides with his new release *Both Sides of the Gun* which hit stores last week. If you listen to any national youth radio stations you would have more than likely been receiving a fair helping of the new single "Better Way", and not surprisingly so. Ben has toured Australia over ten times, and has sold over 1 million albums in this country.



Not enough all ages shows in Adelaide? Unless your one of those child prodigies who is at Uni at 14 eg. Doogie Howser, you probably don't care, right? Well **The Grates** make their way to our very own Adelaide Uni for an all-ages affair on April 29th with guests from Perth, The Panda Band & Brisbane's I Heart Hiroshima.



This is all on the back of their new album *Gravity Won't Get You High*, which features the infectious single '19-20-20'. Tickets are on sale.....
..NOW!

The South Australian Government has been providing financial support to the tune of half-a-freakin-million per year through the Live Music Fund. So where does it go? Is it being used effectively?

How can it be used more effectively? And more to the point "Where the hell is MY cut! Goddammit!" Check out the MusicSA website this week (www.musicsa.com.au) and add your input to this very important issue as the money is currently up for review.

The Suicide Girls are not your average pinups and this Wednesday they will be performing their own punk-rock Burlesque show at Fowlers. Call it an internet community connecting individuals with shared interests, or call a blatant display of soft porn. We really don't care. With performances by Ground Components, & Dr El Suavo in support The Suicide Girls are sure to leave some kind of impression on us all.

Got some music news? In a band and have something to tell us? Just bored and lonely.. Text "flirt" to...I mean drop something in our inbox; onditmusic@gmail.com and we'd be most grateful.

Love Outside Andromeda

Enigma Saturday 18th March

Once there was a girl who liked to read books about monsters and gods and heroes and villains. About golden fleeces and wooden horses. One day she read about a young girl, who was subject to being eaten by a sea monster after her mother dared insight the gods by boasting possession of a far greater beauty. The girl was already betrothed to a stately figure, but along came a boy on a winged horse, with the head of a snake haired monster in his bag. He then continued to save her from the monster in exchange for her hand in marriage. Imagine there would have been an ensuing battle for possession of the girl between the hero and the man promised. I mean these things just happen don't they? Love is a tricky beat at the best of times, but this was all happening around the poor girl. She had not much choice nor control. The love was outside her.

So when that girl, Sianna Lee, founded her band, the lyrical content of spiraling situations of love, who better to name it after? Andromeda, later Love Outside Andromeda (as naming rights always turn out monsters themselves...).

Love Outside Andromeda have quite a distinctive sound; jumping between acoustic guitar and soft heady vocals to heavy dark filled out drums, electric guitars and bass edged with deeper vocals and the occasional high growling screams. Infused with ideas of gods, goddesses and other mythologically based figures (well Freud is considered by some to be rather fictional) the sound dances around portraying frustration, yearning, desire, lust and the pains of love and desire for some sort of normality in a relationship.

The four figures from Melbourne take to the stage, under soft red light in the dark recesses of the Enigma stage. A comfortable crowded audience look on as front woman, Sianna Lee, takes to the stage looking boyish

with her new short bob and vivid red and black checked jumper. The others are less imposing, her brother Jesse Lee on bass, the high school friend, Jamie Slocombe, on guitars and her current beau, Joe Hammond, on the drums. A tight knit group indeed. And this time, much to their bemusement, they even had guitar technician, "You know you're going up in the world when you have your own guitar techy!"

Jumping from deep throaty desire reverberating through the floorboards to the squealing screams of frustration, it's not hard to see why so many compare the sound to the likes of PJ Harvey at times. Also I've never felt that moment, between dropped vocals of desire wrung lyrics and the exploding outburst of sound as an instrumental moment ensues, quite so pensive and brimming with emotion. The band put on stunning performances of many of their favourite and well know releases, such as 'Boxcutter Baby' and 'Something white and Sigmund', many of us dismayed that 'Tongue Like a Tether' wouldn't be played until they fulfilled our hopes. Also impressive were the freer renditions of 'Achilles', 'Juno' and 'Your Baby My Blood'. However, being a pre-emptive tour to their new release later this year, we were honoured to get a glimpse of the new material



(as we were honoured to have special "Love Outside Adelaide" t-shirts printed just for us).

The new material they showcased was so beautifully promising of those vitriolic and insanely aching traits that make them stand out from the crowd. As Jamie said "It's hard to stand there and really get into new songs you've never heard before" but the crowd were exceedingly receptive, and the tracks a beautiful progression, leaving me and many others eagerly anticipating the release of the next album, *Longing is a Safe Place to Hide*, in June/July.

As you can imagine it was one hell of a show, and not only did we get one encore, but two, Sianna finally taking to the stage for an acoustic version of 'If you really want so little from me' to end the evening.

Jenn

Augie March

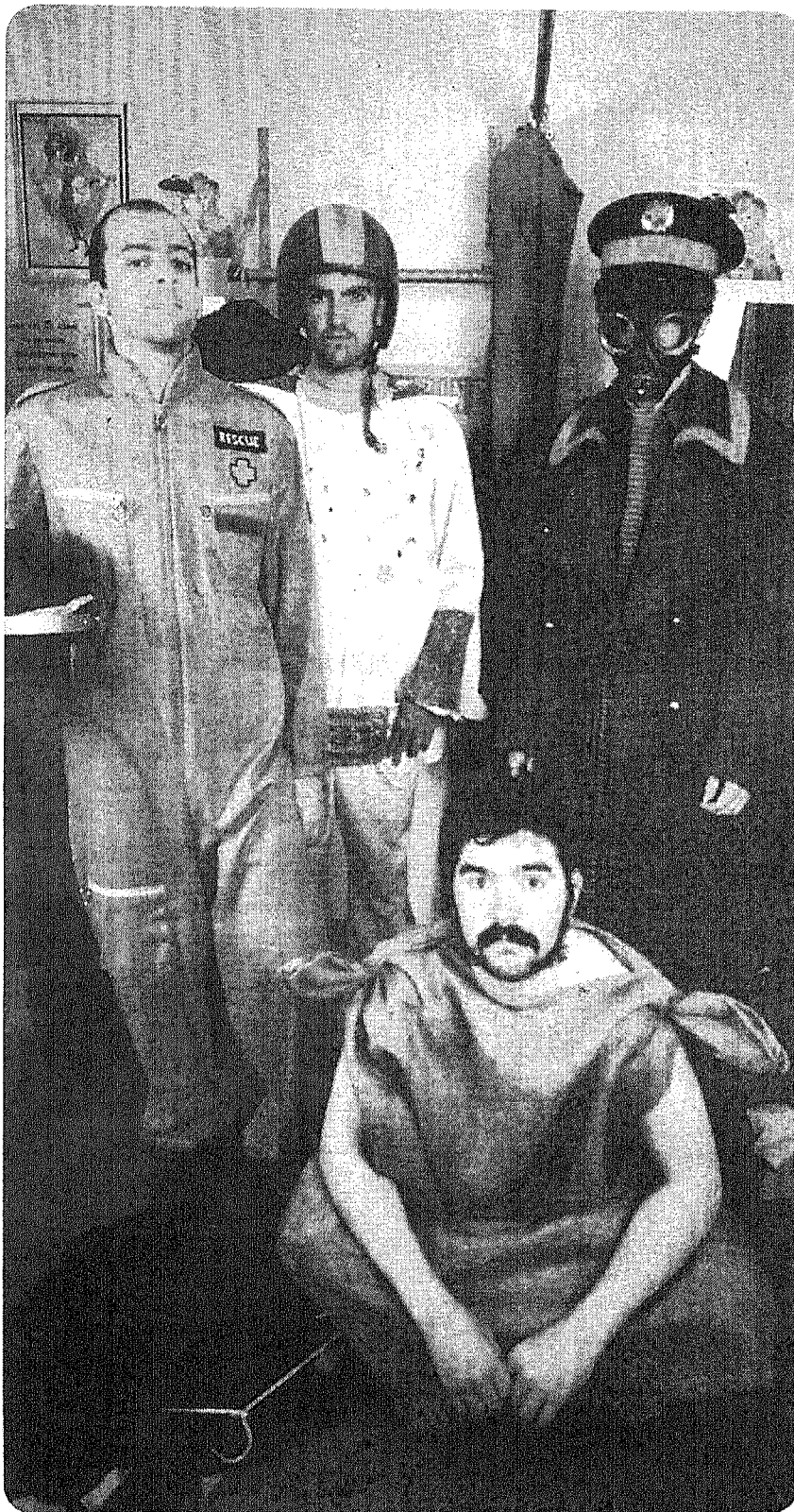
Interviewed by Chris

Four years is a long time in football. In an age where one music fashion is replaced by another faster than you can say "NME rates them as the next big thing", longevity is a realization for a lucky few. Enter Augie March, who exploded onto youth radio in 1998 with the single 'Asleep in Perfection' and have been through all the highs and lows of this unforgiving industry. Their debut LP *Sunset Studies*, featured the aforementioned single and was nominated for five ARIA's (winning one). It's follow up *Strange Bird* (2002) was a less grounded attempt, but eventually found the band some well deserved international acclaim. *Moo You Bloody Choir* is the highly impressive return for the Melbourne four-piece. The first single 'One Crowded Hour' returns them to a level of airplay saturation that they have not experienced since they began releasing albums.

I spoke with guitarist Adam Donovan, and began by asking him if he is personally satisfied with *Moo*.

"I think it sounds good. I don't feel better or worse about it (compared to the others). The feeling is that we've got a better one in us in the future. But we're very happy with where we are at. The process is such a strange one, and coming out of it you feel you could have done a bit better. But still we are very happy with the outcome." Recording for the album commenced in San Francisco in November 2004, but additional recording was done in Melbourne, and at singer songwriter Glenn Richards' house. Was this a more erratic process than before? "I think that's the way Augie March tend to do things. It sounds like we recorded it over a really long time, but it was more short bursts over a concentrated time. The time in San Francisco was six days of fairly dense time, because we were staying one of the seedier parts of town. The hotel was just around the corner from the studio, so we woke up in the morning and went to the studio and at night we went around another corner to this bar called the Hemlock and drank a lot. Went home to the hotel and started the process again. That was it for a week." Adam adds "We saw some great documentaries on Guns'n'Roses on cable in the hotel. Glenn was a big Queensryche fan, and he met the guitar player in this bar. We had a really good time. That was at the end of a fairly grueling tour, and it was nice to stay in one town for a while."

While in San Fran' the band worked with legendary produced Eric Drew Feldman. You might recognize him as the guy in the background on the cover of PJ Harvey's



latest album *Uh Huh Her*. "PJ Harvey actually came into the studio while we were there. She came in around 10am which is too early for us. It was around about the time her last album came out. She came and gave Eric a meter-by-meter copy of her album. He was very personable and friendly. But not too generous when it came to shouting drinks at the bar."

Not many Australian bands like Augie March are able to work on major labels. Augie, who signed a five-album deal with Sony/BMG, are now halfway through this

contract. Whilst the majors are often dealt with negative press by artists, I asked Adam what the positives of working for a major might be. "Positives are, we collectively have less money than a very poor family" laughs Adam, before again slipping again into seriousness. "The positive is we get to make these grand sounding records. They pay thousands of dollars for us to go and do that. Through the years we wouldn't have been able to achieve what we've been trying to do. Through the years we've also set up the situation where we can achieve that in our own right." With *Strange Bird* being the band's ticket to America, I asked where the band currently sits on an international level and the overseas plans for *Moo*. "That's the negative part about being on a major label in this country. It's more difficult to get something overseas. If Sony doesn't want to touch it in Europe or America then you have to look elsewhere. *Strange Bird* came out in America through the perseverance of our label over there Spin Art. That was two years after the fact (2004)." So hopefully it's not 2008 when *Moo* reaches the states? "Well you said it!"

Whilst hardly a political band, Augie March definitely come across as a band with a social conscience. Had the events of the last few years (in particular the Iraq war) been of any influence to their music? "Well that sort of thing influences everything. You sort of carry that around with you everywhere. If you're a musician it will carry through with that. It's not a direct influence, but it's definitely there." I asked if Melbourne is an easy city to stay inspired in. "I love it. I just moved into a new house in Brunswick. I have a lemon tree out the back and grow lots of parsley and rosemary and oregano. Cuts down on the grocery bill a little bit. And the food tastes great. The weather is cold and hot in the same day. I think environment plays a big influence in music. A lot of people talk about a Melbourne sound, but that's more of a Melbourne way of thinking." So is it easier to be Augie March in 2006 than in 2002? "I think we're a bit more realistic about what happens around us. When the last album came out everyone was saying "how great it was" and "how good we are" and that sort of thing. And life just went on. Life goes on. We'll keep doing it 'til we stop enjoying it."

Augie March's new album *Moo You Bloody Choir* is out now through Sony/BMG. We'll be giving away some copies of the album over the coming weeks, so stay tuned. Augie March play the Governor Hindmarsh Hotel on Saturday March 27th.

Gig Guide

Monday 27th March

HARRY MANX (Canada) – The Gov

Tuesday 28th March

Fred Neeson Jazz Explosion -Worldsend

Wednesday 29th March

KANYE WEST (USA) – Thebby
PAUL VAN DYKE – Earth Nightclub
TIM FREEDMAN (NSW) - Jive

Friday 31st March

THE GIRLS FROM THE CLOUDS – Fowlers Live
PENDULUM – Earth Nightclub
Qantum Kaos, Tony Font Show, Sledgehammock - Jive

Saturday 1st April

HILLTOP HOODS – Adelaide Uni Cloisters
FAKER – The Gov

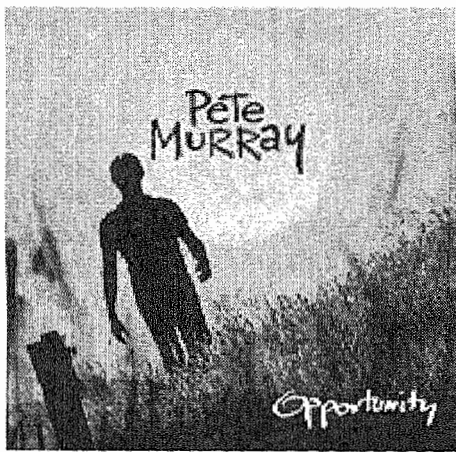
Sunday 2nd April

THE BREAKFASTAZ (UK) – Rocket Bar

Music Sardines

For all of you music loving sardines out there who would like to join us on our quest to review music in all it's shapes and forms..don't be afraid to drop us a line or two at onditmusic@gmail.com. We're always happy to adopt new writers under our wing! Your ever loving music editors,

Jenn and Chris



Opportunity EP
Pete Murray
SonyBMG

After his phenomenon *So Beautiful*, you'd think these songs would hold their own ground. Unfortunately, they meld into one big mess and I can't say I'm a Pete Murray fan anymore. Okay, they're not that bad, but they are disappointing. He used to be a step above Jack Johnson, but this EP is a slow and lethargic mix of acoustic tunes. His voice still has that Casanova edge and the guitar strings contribute to the easy listening undertones. But I struggle to find the individuality of *Opportunity* let alone the strength of the harmonic medley that is *Sinner*. The track *Empty* had a slightly funky hint to it, but sadly it arrived too late at the tail end. *Unfinished* is painful and reminds me of *So Beautiful* from his last album *Feeler*. It is about remorse and finding something to hold on to at the end of the day. This guy writes some beautiful poetry, but for some reason, I can't quite capture the melody of any of these songs. This is perfect for a cozy night in (or out at the beach), but I'll stash it with my background music collection.

-K*



Get Lifted
John Legend
SonyBMG

There's a new cult in town... say goodbye to trashy RnB and welcome the fresh sounds of John Legend. It's refreshing to see an RnB artist who isn't selling albums by using explicit lyrics or depicting nearly naked women shaking their booty on their film clips. John Legend is the male version of Alicia Keys; soulful lyrics combined with expressive piano playing. His style is an eclectic mix of gospel, old-school soul and modern hip hop. It's this bizarre combination, combined with his witty lyrics, that makes John Legend stand out from the overflowing cup of RnB artists in the market.

Legend's collaborations with artists such as Alicia Keys, Jay-Z, Janet Jackson, Eve, the Black Eyed Peas, Lauryn Hill and Kayne West helped pave the way for his solo career and perhaps explains his particular "flavour". The album, *Get Lifted*, features Kayne West who also co-wrote

and produced a number of the songs, a collaboration with Snoop Dogg and production input from Will.I.Am from the Black Eyed Peas.

The songs on the album are a mixture between poignant ballads with simple piano accompaniment such as the first track *Ordinary People* and more upbeat tunes like his #1 hit *Used to love U* which has the catchy gospel feel with an almost latino beat and great lyrics. This song is a perfect example of Legend's ability to fuse various musical influences into the one track.

The track #1 featuring Kayne West tackles the old infidelity issue where instead of the old remorseful tricks of "It wasn't me" or "Sorry" they've taken the approach of "Yeah I cheated, but I'm a guy so what do you expect..." Hmm at least they're honest! My favourite is the title track *Get Lifted* for being a catchy feel-good song which has soulful piano playing and the strongest gospel feel, which surprised me as I never thought gospel would be my thing.

Get Lifted also features a DVD of one of his live performances (I just love when you get two for the price of one... hey I'm a povo student!). The live performance is fantastic, no flashy OTT theatrics and costumes, just a sexy black man dressed in a classic white linen suit. This guy is all class but don't despair ladies, he still works up a sweat with his vivacious piano playing and working up the audience.

As you can tell I loved the album and would highly recommend it as a great background album for studying and chilling out.

Karlle



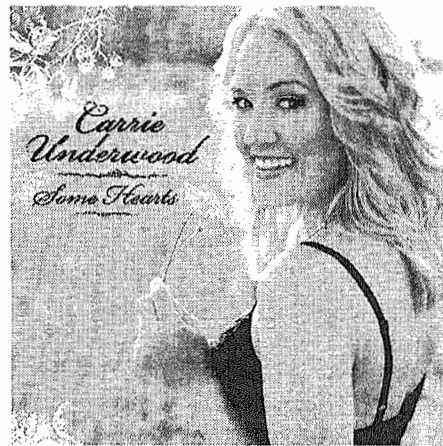
Ta Det Lugnt
Dungen
SubCDIO

I have a real thing for Sweden. Nay, an obsession. And not only out of a deep-rooted respect for Abba's delectable contributions to pop music as a whole. Sweden was responsible for the best bits of the post-millennium New Indie influx (think The Concretes, The Crash) that had many-a Chuck Taylor-wearing sweetheart pining for colder climates and even cooler friends. When receiving Dungen's sophomore release *Ta Det Lugnt*, yours truly was expecting yet another well-orchestrated opus drenched with melancholy and strawberries.

Put it this way: *Ta Det Lugnt* is the soundtrack of falling in love with a ridiculously angular video-installation artist from Helsinki, obsessed with plum jam and the physical properties of human tears. *Ta Det Lugnt* is a perfectly structured psych-pop oddity that should be the soundtrack to everyone's late summer daydreaming. *Ta Det Lugnt* is the bastard offspring of *Revolver* and the Cheshire

Cat. *Ta Det Lugnt* is the flawless oeuvre of 24-year-old multi-instrumentalist Gustav Ejstes, who obviously grew up in a remote cave with nothing but Sgt Peppers and tinned rollmops to keep him company. Gustav Ejstes is a dream boy. Listen to his music and lull yourself into a post-adolescence frenzy of friends and feelings. Sigh indeed.

Stavroula



Some Hearts
Carrie Underwood
SonyBMG

For those of you who aren't avid followers of American culture, Carrie Underwood is an *American Idol* winner. Winner of season four, *Some Hearts* is Underwood's debut album.

With a powerful voice, it's no wonder that *Some Hearts* utilises ballads to allow Underwood to show her full range. However, she does manage to produce some faster paced music. She has a few great fast paced country songs. Yes, you read correctly. An *American Idol* winner has produced a country/pop CD. All Underwood's songs have strong country influences in both music and lyrics; the exception being 'Inside Your Heaven', the song chosen by *American Idol* executives.

The album is a great blend of pop and country, with well known pop songwriter Diane Warren (writer of the Leanne Rimes pop song 'Can't Fight the Moonlight') penning three songs for the album. Not to mention some great country music writers (Troy Verges, Hillary Lindsey, Trey Bruce, Brett James, Rivers Rutherford) contributing as well. Underwood straddles the two genres well, making it all seem effortless.

Her song, 'Jesus, Take the Wheel' was number one on the US Country Charts for six weeks. It is a great country ballad with excellent strings which blend well with Underwood's vocals. 'We're Young and Beautiful' is a great country dance song, with an energy which almost makes you want to round up some cowboys and get out those line dancing boots. Underwood also debuts as a songwriter with the autobiographical 'I Ain't in Checotah Anymore' which has a great honky tonk feel to it. However, I really love 'Before He Cheats'. One of the best songs on the album, it is a great tale of revenge of a unfaithful male. Definitely perfect for someone who has just suffered from being cheated on.

This is definitely a great attempt at a debut album. However, one major criticism I do have is that there is an over abundance of ballads on the album which, while Underwood does them well and they allow her voice to stand out, her best songs are ones where she moved away from the mainstream ballads. While clearly an artist to watch out for, Carrie Underwood is immediately more

noticeable from previous *Idol* winners because she has ventured out into a different genre. I must warn though that if you're looking for something different, this is not your album. But if you are looking for a beginner's guide to country, Carrie Underwood is for you. She eases a person from mainstream pop to country extremely well.

Alicia



What's Wrong With This Picture?
Lee Harding
Song BMG

Although he didn't take the crown in *Australian Idol*, Mr Harding didn't walk away empty-handed. He left with a large number of fans (mainly teenage girls) and still managed to secure a recording contract. Good on him. But you still can't help but feel sorry for this boy.

What's Wrong With This Picture? finds Lee Harding singing the same kind of songs, mostly about the same issues. Although there is no problem with tracks about girls and enjoying your weekend, the issue gets a little tedious when there are no other circumstances mentioned. For the image that Harding wants to portray, you'd think that he would include more variety into his music. Yet he continues to sing songs that I think even Simple Plan would knock back.

For a lot of the tracks, it seems as if Harding doesn't even understand what he is singing (*much like on Australian Idol, non? -Jenn*). He sounds bored with a lot of the songs, and it is quite evident in his voice that its not emotive. The only song that has Harding contributing to creatively is called 'L Is For Loser', and I'm not even going to touch that one.

Although most of the songs on this album disappoint, there are one or two diamonds in the rough. The obvious choices are the single that have been released. 'Wasabi' is pop punk song that is fuelled with energy and sees Harding actually using his voice to impress. Another song that Harding puts his all into is 'Call The Nurse'. This song somehow manages to stand out from the pack, with a different feel to all the others. Harding actually puts some emotion and feeling into this. The last song that stands out is, surprisingly, his cover of the Rocky theme 'Eye Of The Tiger'. Although in print it looks like it should never have happened, on CD the punk twist definitely gives it refreshed zest.

With more time and the correct songs, Lee Harding might have been able to release a good album. Hell it might have been great! But this is the here and now demanding society. Thus we will have to wait longer to see results, but you won't be loitering too long until you can buy this one in the bargain bin.

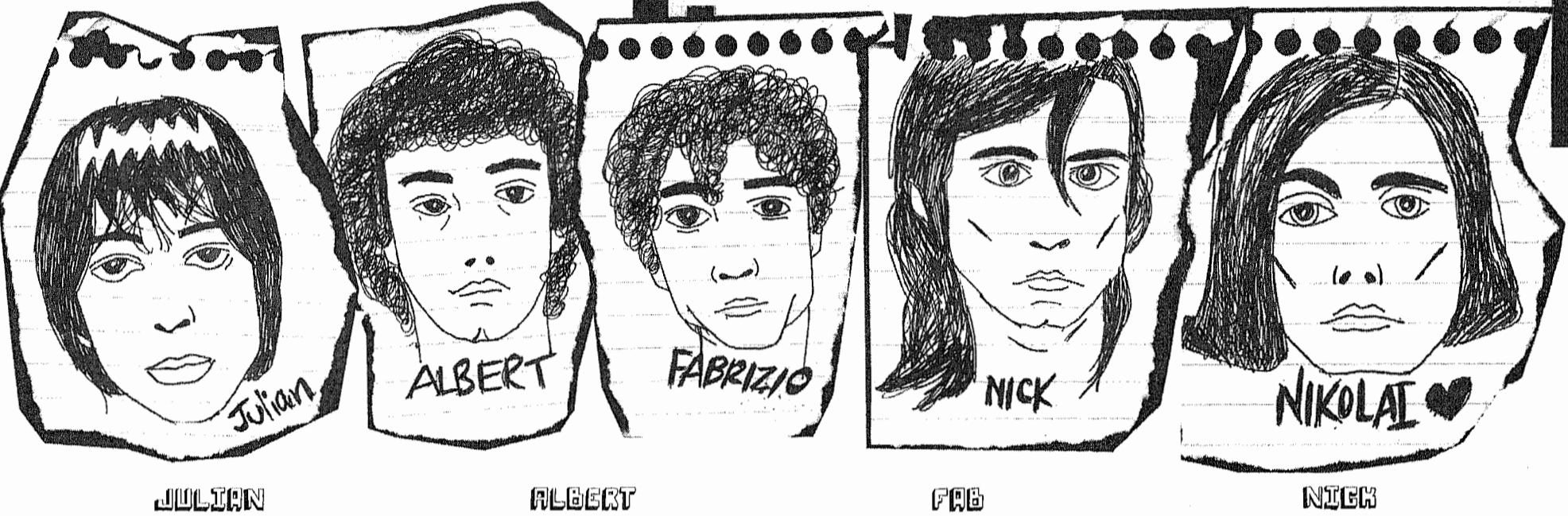
Finky

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE STROKES

I heart the *Strokes*. This wasn't so easy to admit after the release of the spectacularly mediocre (and hideously over-hyped) *Room on Fire*, but luckily for us sexed-up, aesthetically malnourished culture vultures, they didn't fail with their third album. Julian, Nick, Fab, Nikolai and Albert are older, wiser, a (little) less smug and a whole lot cuter to boot. The cult of these Noo Yawk auteurs is potent to the *n*th degree; you may have noticed the international paradigm shift from bootleg to skinny leg in the denim department of your local retail outlet. Blame Nick Valensi for that, not The Used.

In accordance with such cataclysmic changes to the societal mould, we at *On Dit* have kindly provided a break down of these five purveyors of new millennium cool for your pop psychology pleasure. Let's do what every self-respecting student newspaper does, and dissect the kind of image-driven tripe the music press is hyping in lieu of the music itself! *Zing*.

Stephanie Mountzouris



JULIAN

ALBERT

FAB

NICK

You smug, smug pinko fuck. Nothin' much to do growing up on the Upper East Side, huh. Daddy Casablanças, the Managing Director of Elite Models sends you to the über exclusive DWIGHT School (Dumb White Idiots Getting High Together) with classmates Paris and Nicky Hilton. Paris probably lends you a copy of *The Velvet Underground & Nico's* eponymous debut (Warhol's so hot right now) and voila...mimic Lou Reed's infamous Noo Yawk drawl, assemble your best looking friends and start jamming in the Trump Towers penthouse. Fool the world into believing you're a bonafide sex symbol when in fact, you're positively the most overrated front man the music world has ever been duped into worshipping. Baby, you're a star. A star plagiariser.

Every boy band has a dud. Unfortunately, The Strokes' answer to Ringo is Albert. As a general rule of thumb, the dud isn't as aesthetically pleasing as his chiselled cohorts. Sure, he's probably the most technically gifted, but come on. You mentally play off Guitar licks vs. that Other kind of licking by cute boys in bands, and you get the idea. I really feel sorry for the dud. In the end, the truly enlightened fans will take pity on his plight and crown him their 'favourite', especially us Aussies and our disposition to, ahem, root for the proverbial underdog. But come on, who are you kidding?

Let's face it, Fab is only cool because of his gal. Sure, the Jew fro is kind of endearing, but come on, it's all about the Drew factor. You'll never hear "Fabrizio is such an amazing drummer" escaping the mouth of frenzied scenesters. Since when have drummers ever experienced the same level of notoriety usually reserved for lead singers and unusually good looking bass players? I personally think Fab is muchos underrated. Julian may indeed possess a gorgeous set of eyebrows, but no member of Les Strokes pulls off the stovepipe jeans/white Chuck Taylor combo quite like Fabrizio, and that's something to really admire.

When good mops go bad. 'Nuff said.

NIKOLAI

Sigh. The Stroke with the expression unto which a thousand meanings can be read. Structurally speaking, Nikolai is one big block of indie dreaminess. Does Nikolai ever do interviews? Has anyone ever seen any pictorial evidence that he is indeed is a living, breathing entity? Maybe he's simply DreamBoyBot v.2.0, engineered to rock and nonchalantly stare away from the camera in promotional photos. Sigh.

THE TIME TUNNEL

So, you're at a party. The usual loud-mouthed, look-at-me schmuck who's hogged the limelight for the past hour actually strikes up a conversation with your hopelessly bored self, whisking you out of a self-induced coma by posing the question, "If you could go back in time, which event would you go to?"

Hmm, very interesting. In the age of virtual everything, where would I go? Could one experience history or the future in a truly living sense, and record the evidence on a DVD camcorder, in order to bring it back to the present day and create a web page, thus releasing it to the world via the Internet? If so, which point in the fabric of the space-time continuum would I go to? Back to a time in my past, where I could advise myself not to make a potentially stupid decision? The dawn of creation? A thousand years from now, where I would be viewed as a relic?

To my surprise, one of the party droogs exclaimed that he would go back to 1972 when Led Zeppelin played at Memorial Drive. I plucked up enough courage and proceeded to inform the present company that I had in fact attended such an event, thus capturing the spotlight to recount a piece of rock history.

I was there with Bobby Plant, Jimmy Page, John Paul Jones and the skin thumper John Bonham (wow, this now carbon dates me against all the youthful and chic *On Dit* purveyors). At the time, we knew that this band was IT, but as 19-year-olds, did we think that our current idols would manifest into future rock royalty?

Ask yourself: will Franz Ferdinand still be revered in 30 years time?

As capitalism reigned supreme (and still does), buying tickets to the concert was scarce and beyond most tertiary income budgets. On a balmy Saturday night at

Memorial Drive, the Zeps did their thing to around 10 000 paying patrons and 3 000 eager loyalists on the fenced-off outer. I remember hearing 'Stairway to Heaven' and peering through the Hessian fence to sneak a glimpse of Robert Plant in action. Their performance was stunning, note perfect, just like the record. The excitement swelled, and the external crowd started to rebel against their visual exclusion from the main action. In a hypnotic trance-like euphoria, the barrier had fallen, almost as a precursor to the Berlin Wall. Now as a free concert, the external faithful had voted their power to the people.

There I was, up front with the throng, looking straight at Robert Plant, his golden mane thrashing to the beat, extended crotch teasing the masses as they belted through 'The Immigrant Song'.

Few moments in one's life exceed the pure joy of that magical night. It was a

night to be chronicised and recounted. To have been a time-traveller for just a moment, the keeper of an event that future generations would come to desire...wow.

Alas, I finished my story, having stolen the limelight from the party hog whilst sharing my experiences with the other revellers of the night.

Time sure has its moments!

Jim Mountzouris





After weeks of diverse artistic activity occurring across the state, cramming 450 visiting 'world music' artists into a three day festival may seem like an excess to our cultural sensibilities. Indeed, there is something just a little scary about the attitude to the arts our Festival State takes during this part of the year. In a town where local performances often struggle for crowds big enough to pay the bills, having tens of thousands come out to see *La Bottine Souriante* and *Kanda Bongo Man* perform on a stage as big as the Big Day Out's might seem ill-fitting. After all, 'world music' acts visiting here outside the Womad season never seem to cause much of a stir. What precisely is it then that makes Womad such a success?

Perhaps it is the allure of the awesome programme that Womadelaide puts together year after year that brings the crowds roaring in, with such powerhouse performances as Dr L Subramaniam and Amjad Ali Khan. Or it could be the baby-boomer set with heavy wallets and unburdened weekends who remember names like Miriam Makeba and Jimmy Cliff, back when 'world music' was just beginning to emerge as a popular western form of alternative music.

For many who braved the forty degree days and rain-filled nights this year, it seemed to be the sheer critical mass of diversity that appealed. The knowledge that, amongst the dozens of obscure names and previously unheard harmonies, it was impossible to find something that wouldn't be rewarding. Many of the people I spent time with at Womad had never heard of a single group present, except perhaps for Paul Kelly and Clare Bowditch. But it didn't take long for people to surrender to the music. After three days in there, it seemed like the world outside was just a little further away. For the most part, the politics of the Western World were kept at bay by the temporary fencing and security guards, and the music was allowed to speak for itself. By the end of things, people cheered for Orchestra Baobab like groupies who'd been following them for years. All the performers took their sudden celebrity with modesty, without the arrogance of super-stardom that seems to shadow musical integrity nowadays, and so the link between performer and audience seemed truly genuine. There's something about someone unknown stepping onto the stage and creating a history with their audience by the time they've finished their set, it seems to recall something of the more traditional modes of entertainment

that begun the careers of many of the artists who performed this year. The crowds at Womad never seemed 'big', despite the fact that they stretched as far as the eyes could see.

There are so many groups playing, often two or three at once, so your musical experience at Womad is more often than not determined by where you're standing at any given time, and which stage was closest when you were waiting in line for a curry or trying to find a friend. It was hard to see a single performance all the way through, you were either leaving a show early to catch the start of the next one, or running late because you had to stay for that second encore on the stage previous. Each performance is strangely affected by the music that follows and precedes it, so I've decided to look at the weekend chronologically.

FRIDAY

Miriam Makeba, the Grandma of African music, kicked off proceedings. Despite being the first act of the weekend, the crowd gathered was quite formidable, and savoured the opportunity to see a true superstar for the final time (this being her farewell tour). She still pulled off a performance full of energy and life, and simply hearing her voice cemented her place at the top of the 'world music' food chain. Unfortunately her backing group provided us with an unavoidable reminder of where her celebrity spawned from. A time and a place (the 60s and 70s) where 'world music' only gained legitimacy in the west by being associated with the pop music of the time, her music seemed to be grounded in that somewhat dated musical style. Not that I don't love saxophone and electronic keyboard... but there was something very plastic about the backing that seemed at odds with her style of singing. Despite this though, there was something in merely witnessing such a monumental performance. An old teacher of mine who I ran into put it perfectly: 'I saw Marlene Dietrich perform when she was eighty. She could barely knock out a tune but it was still something special'. Well... Miriam Makeba could certainly still knock out a tune, and the crowd were clearly moved by it. I came back to see a heartfelt and genuine standing ovation, but I missed the latter half of the performance, because I had run across to stage four to see...

Jalsa Creole. This group was made up of performers from Mauritius and

Australia. They were all about bright colours and fun. The songs were never too serious, and their native dance (called Segá) was quite entertaining. This set was attended by perhaps the smallest crowd I saw during the entire Womad festival, everyone being at stage one for Miriam Makeba. The smaller sets like this are a rare and special treat; there is an intimacy despite the large-scale nature of the festival, but only a few groups can engage their diminished audiences sufficiently. Jalsa Creole knew exactly how to play a smaller stage. When the main singer walked out into the crowd to sing a song about searching for her man, she weaved in and out of the crowd, sitting on the laps of lonely bachelors and serenading them seductively. One of these lonely bachelors was my good self, and when a beautiful singer from Mauritius sits on your lap and asks you to give her kiss on the cheek, there's little you can do not to join in. And well.. um... yeah... Jalsa Creole were definitely one of the highlights of the festival, two thumbs up. I think these guys would have handled the larger stages well, unfortunately they never got the chance.

The **Musafir Gypsies of Rajasthan** were from India, and they were not the only performers from that country this year. The other Indian performers were Indian Classical performers, and hearing all the different groups painted a good picture of the diversity of Indian music. Their music combined the organic feel of gypsy music with the precision and complexity of Indian Classical music tradition (although I don't think Indian Classical was any sort of direct influence here). An interesting element in this performance was the interaction of the music with circus art; one performer not only performed feats of juggling and the placing of swords down throats, but he did it with a commendable amount of rhythmic precision. The only downside to this workshop performance was the overbearance of the neighbouring stage; the leader of the group, who was trying to explain the instruments and their role in the ensemble, was clearly put-off by the disruptions.

Most people have probably heard of **Clare Bowditch and the Feeding Set**. I hadn't, but only because I'm not very cool. I very much enjoyed my introduction, and this was perhaps one of the only sets all weekend in which I stayed from start to finish. I think the crowd was made up entirely of already dedicated fans, and I was just glad that I wasn't exposed as the illiterate I truly am.



However my newfound love for Clare did mean I missed about eighty percent of what I have deemed my number one highlight of Womad 2006: the Indian Classical violinist **Dr L Subramaniam**. What upsets me even more is that I somehow missed his performance the following day. In the two pieces I managed to catch, quite simply I was floored. The technical precision of his entire ensemble, but in particular of Dr L Subramaniam himself was astounding; I could safely say on that level that it was the most impressive performance I have ever seen in my life. But by the end of his second piece his playing reached somewhere beyond technical perfection; there was an expressiveness and life within his violin strokes that seemed to transcend not only the rigid impositions of the Indian Classical form (which is as restrictive as the rigid classical systems in the West), but the constraints of his own virtuosity and of the performers accompanying him. Somewhere in between his blistering notes and the unfaltering drum was something not just enlightening but also full of personality and individuality. Amjad Ali Khan commented on the Saturday that instrumental music (ie specifically music without lyrics) is the musical path to true enlightenment. It's something I've always believed strongly, and Dr L Subramaniam's performance has become my current proof of this.

The crashing movement from the enjoyment of Clare Bowditch's set to and the subtler reward Dr L Subramaniam's performance, between having a fun time and an enlightening one, was set to continue over the rest of the weekend.

SATURDAY

Eitetsu Hayashi opened on both Saturday and Sunday, and in both instances were the only group playing at that time. A rare occurrence at Womad, it meant that I had no other choice to listen to them play on both occasions. And I'm going to make quite a bold statement: I'm not a fan of Japanese Taiko drumming. There is a visual majesty in the performance: traditional clothing, big drums (lots of them, lots of big drums), disciplined and intense performances, but I just wasn't excited by it, which is a shame because I am such a keen follower of traditional Japanese music.

I'm going to skip through to Amjad Ali Khan, just to say that, once again, I'm disappointed that I only caught the last

quarter of what was another highlight. His style and attitude to music was obviously very close to Dr L Subramaniam, and one could instantly catch the air of respect that the audience had for a world class performer.

At Womad you're either part of an audience or a crowd. An audience sits attentively, they've come to focus purely on the music. They clap politely, often they'll stand... then they go home. The crowds at Womad are completely different. Vocal and energetic, they convey their appreciation for the performance physically... and they dance like mad. For almost the complete remainder of the weekend I submitted myself to the latter.

Those who caught our preview article for Womad would have seen my interview with **Kanda Bongo Man**. From the Democratic Republic of Congo, Kanda brought Soukous music to the world, and to Adelaide for his second time. He spoke to me about the reception of his music in the West, and the way that audiences instantly responded to his music with dancing. Adelaide this time round was no exception, and his infectious music quickly spread across the whole crowd. By the time he came on the nearly forty degree day had finally started to cool, the sun being replaced with a giant dust cloud that had arisen out of the tens of thousands of stomping feet traversing from stage to stage. By the time Kanda had finished his set, the stomping feet from the dancing had reduced visibility even further. We all went home that night with just a little more dirt in our lungs than a ten year smoker's, but it was well worth it.

SUNDAY

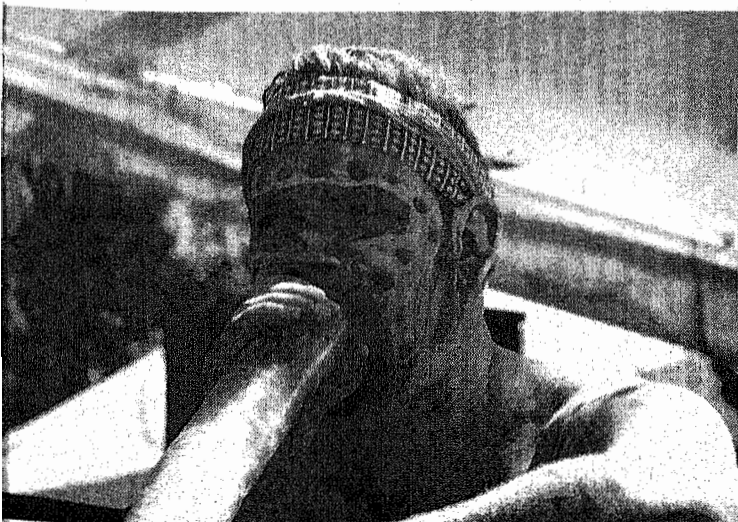
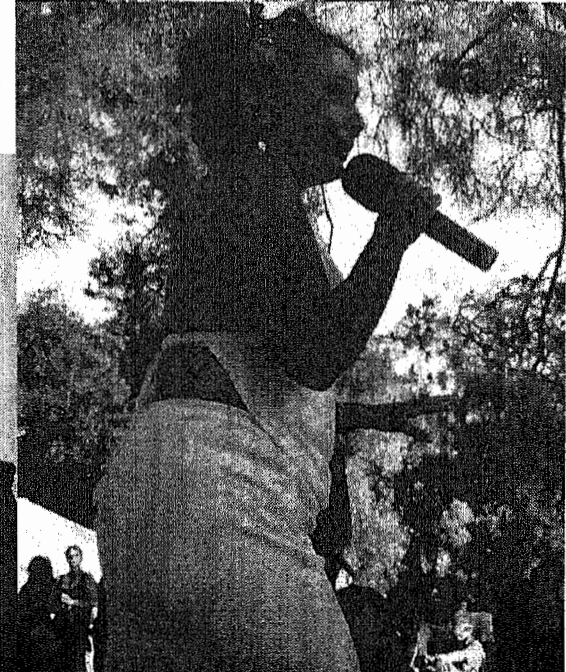
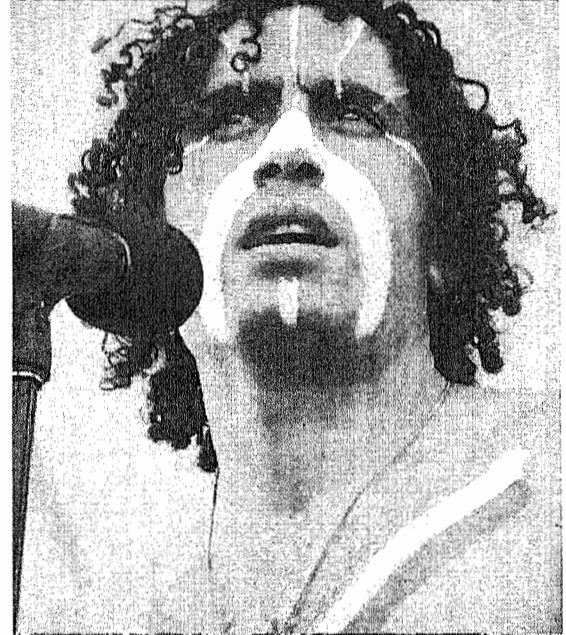
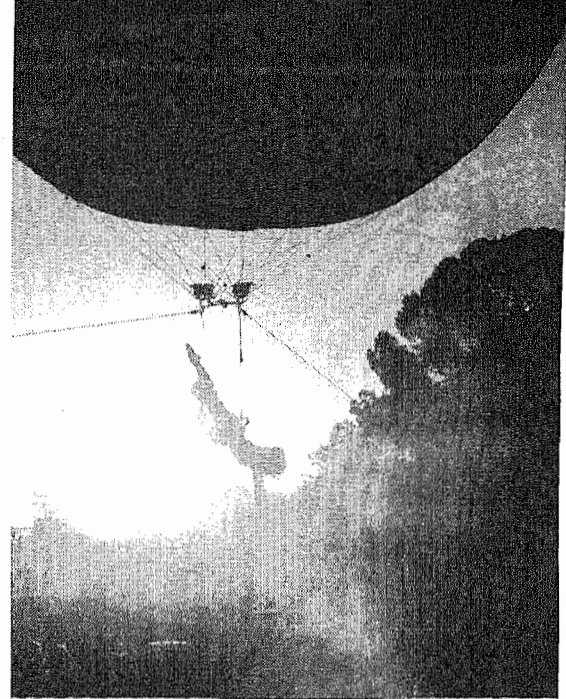
Not only was Womad geographically in its own cordoned off world, it seemed to have its own isolated weather system. A whole year seemed to be compressed into the three days, as the forty plus weather of Saturday gave way on the Sunday to rain and then a little more rain. It was refreshing though, and provided respite for the energetic dance acts, for which there was little chance of not joining in.

The beat, the rhythm... rhythm was clearly the focus of this year's Womad. The first half of Sunday was dedicated almost entirely to rhythm. We searched for a melody, a harmony, something plucked, bowed or blown, but every stage was covered with drums and nothing

but **Eitetsu Hayashi** again at midday, followed by **Evelyn Glennie** and then the **Renegades Steel Orchestra**. All three groups seemed to be obsessed with quantity: Eitetsu Hayashi filled stage one with gigantic Taiko drums, Evelyn Glennie showcased just part of her 2000 instrument collection, and at least a dozen performers took to the steel drums for Renegades. Combine it with the gigantic found objects that passed for instruments in Saturday night's **Scrap Arts Music** (a Canadian group), and you can't help but feel sorry for the person that had to organise these performer's luggage.

But the highlight of the drumming schedule was clearly The Dhol Foundation. With the charismatic Johnny Kalsi at the helm (former leader of Afro Celt Sound System), and a performance that not only involved the traditional dhol but modern influences courtesy of pre-recorded backing tracks, The Dhol Foundation won over its crowd from the very first instance, and was clearly the popular favourite this year. Later they lead the **All-Star Jam**, which involved many groups (including Evelyn Glennie and the Musafir Gypsies of Rajasthan) in an improv session that must have lasted for half an hour straight. There were a couple of rough patches, and it was interesting to note how the Caribbean drumming patterns wouldn't always gel at first with the African ones, but Johnny kept things together, usually by just counting to four.

The main act of the night was **Jimmy Cliff**, another popular hit for the baby-boomers who has managed to continue his popularity through to the modern day. Many instantly identifiable hits were there, including *Hakuna-Matata*, but once again there was something just a little too pop and plastic about his performance. His call for peace, for 'an end to all the fighting', although laden with good intentions, was just a little artificial when compared to the final act of the night, **The Dala Lama's Namgyal Monks**. After the giant crowd left Jimmy Cliff's performance, those dedicated few stayed on to witness what for me personally was a very moving performance. There words between songs, including prayers and a 'dedication to compassion', seemed to carry with it so much more weight than Jimmy Cliff's words. After all the frenetic dancing and madness of the night passed, and the chaos of the entire weekend, it was a fitting reward to experience an almost religious musical experience, before the night finally died away.



The Epic Song (Chicken)

What garage recordings are to fledgling minstrels, truancy is to the budding rebel and karaoke bars are to hopeful nightingales; backyard videos are to amateur filmmakers, whose minds unsettle with a grating need to paint the celluloid. These afternoon escapades into boring old backyards with a rickety handycam often typify that youthful zeal found in enthusiastic escapists, visual philosophers and butterflies who hope to one day make a point, make a mark or simply make a proper movie. They all start in the humble 'backyard', prowling manicured lawns, dolly-ing down pebbled pathways, dodging potted cacti and zooming in on a slug. It gives me great pleasure to review one such valiant effort here today.

Veering surprisingly afar from his naturalistic debut offering *The Insect That Decided to Die*, young independent filmmaker Matthew Schumann from Adelaide unveils his poignant sophomore creation, titled *The Epic Song (Chicken)* with vivacity and depth utilizing an evolved subject matter. Gone are the elements of calculated existential agnosticism that oared the gentle story of Insect Ironheart, the headstrong little protagonist of *The Insect That...* whose ultimate demise was tinged with as much melancholy as ghastly prudence. Matt it seems, has moved on and grown out of the overdone existential drivel of nascent thinkers, who so profusely grow around library lawns. Matt's new hero, the portly German Chicken in bittersweet-yellow, rather edifies the viewer with a subtle layering of spiritual transcendentalism in the apparently unifying guise of a linear storyline. One only has to crane a neck and peep out the box to find the myriad connotations and thematic morsels that lay scattered about.

The 4-minute short follows Herr Chicken one sunny afternoon as he makes his way out of his shelf-home for the first time in his life, leaving behind a plastic Homer Simpson and other exhibitory brethren to venture forth into the vast, unknown wilderness of a suburban backyard. An apt nod to an already well-known allegory, *The Epic Song (Chicken)*'s premise is a subtle salutation to the story of Plato's Cave. Also, in a bizarre way for sly writer Matt to entertain leitmotifs, the Chicken in fact is very likely Insect Ironheart himself in a comparable reality where he seeks to explore and eventually demystify the obtuse subject of universe, its nature and one's place within it – something Ironheart doggedly refuses to consider. Chicken represents the path Insect chose not to take, despite having glimpsed it, and in that lies the story's most substantial realization of its notion of causal evolution. The Chicken similarly represents Insect's polar opposite. Wrapped up in an asphyxiating shroud of existential perplexity without the necessary self awareness pre-required to deal with such hard plumbing, Ironheart met an end that made most sense to only him, purely due to his point of view. Chicken on the other hand took it in

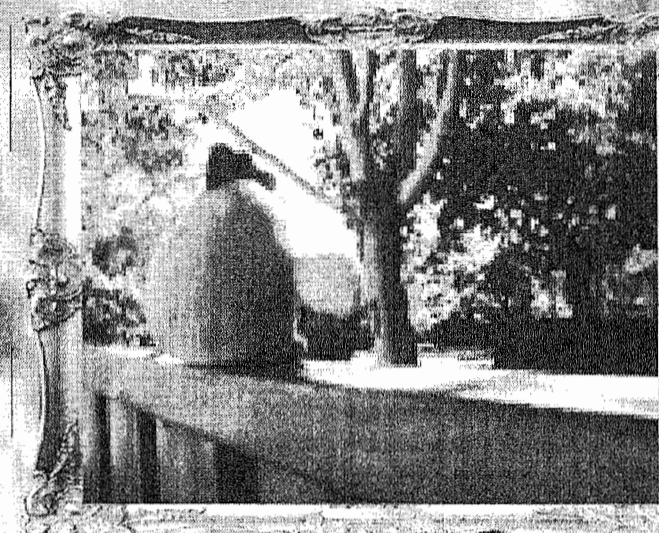
stride. He was no wiser than Ironheart, perhaps much duller and earthly even, but that's just the seed of irony I'm sure Matt must have spent many sleepless nights to perfectly brew. Chicken ignored apparent empirical truths, secular demands of a constipated reality and sauntered right through and out the gates of Chickenkind's evolutionary menopause. Through childlike eyes, Chicken saw the fallacy of Chickenkind's 'achievement' and 'prosperity'. He saw how the sheltered indoors, though safe and with Homer Simpson beside him was warm, cosy and normal as he knew it, there was the rest of the world he had never seen or understood. That was enough to lead him astray. As he pranced around the backyard looking across the fence into streets that led to many different directions, as he peeked into the cellar to examine the unknown, as he played with Harry the Labrador fifty times his size yet noble and friendly, Chicken questioned and obliterated an entire set of beliefs he had thus far nurtured. He could never go back now. Chicken suddenly fathomed the ever present predicament of the search for meaning and embraced the quest with a great thirst to keep peeling the layers in this onion. Chicken saw conflicting realities, many pretty things and his own reflection for the first time in the unruffled gleam of a clean pool. He also saw flaws in things and the sun in the sky and quickly got distracted by something else equally perplexing, because when everything is so new, it is hard to contain a thought long enough to mull it over.

Almost by combining two films into one, Matt ultimately makes Ironheart and Chicken's diametric co-existence the pivotal underlying message of his artwork, which he then places on a desk for the pondering privilege of the viewer. In filmmaking and in subject matter, Matt employs a raw naivety that demands attention with a crude call until he is ready to divulge the real story. In a venerable nod to DIY punk ethos and an astute decrual of kitschy entertainment, Matt delivers visceral cinematic craft packaged in the infallible aptitude of a master storyteller, or perhaps, an accidental visionary?

Add to all this goodness the brilliant soundtrack, recorded in some beat-up rats-arse tape recorder and composed by Matt with jamming buddies from seminal underground Adelaide band Grog-Bog, *The Epic Song (Chicken)* makes for an unmissable Backyard hit. I tried interviewing him last Friday for the purpose of this article, but all I could taunt out of an inebriated Matthew as he spilled his beer everywhere was "Yea man, it's like when a point vibrates between point A and point B, it has to go through a line. If the point vibrates fast enough, the one dimensional point becomes a two dimensional line."

My question was – "Hi Matt, can you cite your influences. And can someone please get Matt a new pint."

Reviewed by Prashant



Hot chick.



SNEAKER FREAKER



Naomi Vaughn is obsessed, we tells ya...

Sneakers, trainers, kicks, baskets - whatever you want call them - there is no escaping the fact that sneakers are no longer relegated to the sporting fields of the world and have well and truly moved in to the global realm of popular culture.

The first pair of shoes that I absolutely pined for was a pair of royal blue and pink Nike Air Icarus - I got them for my birthday when I was 13. They were white with royal blue side panels and a hot pink Nike Swoosh. My parents took me to Footlocker after school, reluctantly parted with their cash and looked bemused at my excitement, perhaps already knowing the only pair of Pumps their daughter would ever feel at home in were Reeboks. Later that year I found a pair of black Reebok high tops with bright red and white stitching. My mum told me they were only for basketball players, so I joined my high school basketball team and back to Footlocker we went.

After that I was hooked ... but why sneakers?

I guess at some point I just stopped getting rid of my old shoes, I started picking up new pairs that I thought were cool and bringing out some old favourites every now and then. There was never a point at which I decided to collect ... I gradually became more and more interested in what I was buying and intrigued with the way the shoes on my feet fit in with the world culture around me.

There are no absolute hard and fast rules when it comes to racking up an impressive sneaker set. Some people scour e-bay and on line swap sites, others only buy in person from outlets or swap meets. You can buy super rare releases to keep, to resell trade or to wear with pride. Or you could keep them boxed and pristine, ready to show off in the future, or wear them fresh.

Collecting habits are as diverse as the shoes we track - there are collectors who hunt out each Air Jordan release, those who go to the extremes of DJ Clark Kent for example. This iconic New York DJ has over 1400 pairs of Nike Air Force 1's, often snatching up to 30 identical pairs of particular stripes. Indulgent? You bet - but there is something ultimately cool about having a pair on ice to show off ten years down the track.

In a subculture that is unmistakably male dominated, women who collect are forced to overcome barriers of invisibility and sexism. While most guys are beginning to wake up and welcome the female collectors on board, there are still hotheads who assume girls at release parties and collector swaps are there to pick up boyfriends, and not the latest drop. Some traders go as far as refusing to sell rare kicks to girls because they are not considered true collectors.

Collector books and sneaker advertising is an area that does not mirror the growing role of women in sneaker culture. One of the most respected sneaker books available, *Where'd You Get Those?* by Bobbito Garcia, does not feature a single picture of a girl - not one. The latest release of *Sole Collector* has advertising

featuring a woman wearing the latest Air Jordan release ... and nothing else. Sneaker magazines have background ads of guys on skateboards, playing basketball - whatever. The girls in the background however - half naked staring at their feet, or half naked holding a pair or kicks in their teeth. In the *Weekend Australian*, there was a picture of Naomi Campbell advertising Pirelli sneakers in the nude. Now - this is not how I show off my new sneakers; it's not how my friends like to show them off. Trying to participate in a community where you struggle to find representations that reflect who you are is extremely alienating; you begin to question whether or not you belong.

Sizing also presents a hurdle for female sneaker fiends. Female collectors want to participate. We are willing to put in the effort and the cash to track down the hottest shoes - we just want to be able to wear them once we find them. The Nike Pigeon Dunks and Nike De La Soul Dunks are only a couple of examples where the hottest and most limited release shoes available do not get a women's size release. A real push is underway to pressure the major labels to reevaluate the sizing of the big release shoes. It's more than just a push for girls to get kicks that fit - it's recognition that sneaker hunting is more than just a boys club. There are women all over the globe who are serious about their collection, who can match it with the guys but are left with the choice of owning shoes they can't wear, or missing out on some prize releases. The message is clear - if you make them, we will buy them.

Sneaker culture is not a sustainable subculture in itself - it gains momentum from other areas of popular culture and the prominence of influencing subcultures is always shifting. It used to be sport influencing what was on the feet of young kids worldwide. Nike's Air Jordan were the biggest thing to hit the streets and over times countless number of sport stars has shoes emblazoned with their name. Andre Agassi, Charles Barkley, Steffi Graf, and Ilie Nastase are just a handful. Asics designed shoes for the McLaren Formula 1 Racing Team - which if you can get your hands on them, are an insane find.

However, the last 10 to 15 years have seen the music industry and its continual supply of superstars having the biggest impact on the sneaker community. Whether it is name-dropping their favourite shoe in a track or new designs, the examples are endless. Adidas has collaborated with Missy Elliot to release the *Respect ME* line, Nigo/Reebok and Pharrell Williams developed the Ice Cream range, and Nike has shoes inspired by De La Soul and the Wu Tang Clan. Reebok is on board with Jay Z and 50 Cent. Sometimes things develop into working relationships - Rev Run of RUN-DMC heads up the footwear division of Russell Simmons' Phat Farm label. Adidas Gazelles made the transitions from early hip hop shoe to being the shoe of choice for many Brit Pop superstars in the late 90's. Damon

Albarn and Liam & Noel Gallagher were often seen sporting Gazelles.

Part of the Anniversary celebrations of the Adidas Superstar included the Music Series featuring design collaborations with Ian Brown, Underworld, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Bad Boy, Missy Elliot, Rock-A-Fella and of course, RUN-DMC. The endorsement between RUN-DMC and Adidas is one of the most notable pairings in sneaker culture.

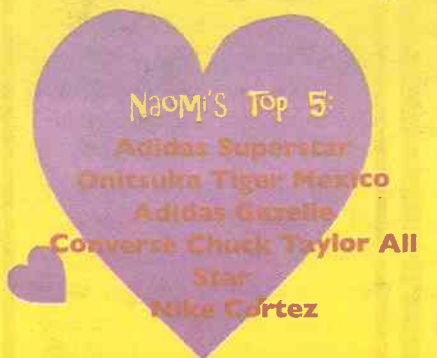
In 2005, Adidas celebrated the 35th anniversary of the Adidas Superstar - perhaps the most recognisable shoe on the planet (OK ... maybe second to the Converse Chuck Taylor) and my absolute favourite shoe of all time. With the unique shell toe, triple stripe side panel logo and the hot Adidas Trefoil on the heel patch, the Superstar is a classic. Some think the rubber shell toe heats up your feet too much, some think the updated metal eyelet wrecks the look - I think they are damn near perfect! Regular updates, reissues and a culture of customisation have made the Superstar one of the most prominent shoes of the past 30 years. The 2003 Superstar collaboration with A Bathing Ape produced four new models and remain some of the most sought after shoes across the globe.

There are no hard and fast rules about sneaker freaking. You have to make it your own, as simple or as glam as you want it

be. For me, it's about loving the shoes I wear. I won't buy what I won't wear, I always keep the boxes and I wash my laces every two weeks. A toothbrush is perfect for getting rid of the muck around the eyelets. I dress according to my mood for shoes and leaving the house knowing your kicks match your t-shirt perfectly is a great way to start the day. I've stopped stressing about what the boys might think about my collection and started listening to the girls who share the passion for the shoes and the culture.

So back to the original question ... why sneakers? I still don't have an answer - but it doesn't matter. Being a sneaker fiend means that you love your sneakers, that's it - sneaker hunting is something you get or you don't. People not understanding doesn't make it any less of an amazing culture to participate in and if they don't get it - its' OK.

Just remind them that if they step on your sneakers, you'll strangle them.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE ENTREPRENEURS' CHALLENGE

Are you up to the challenge?

echallenge

Win over \$50,000 in cash & prizes!

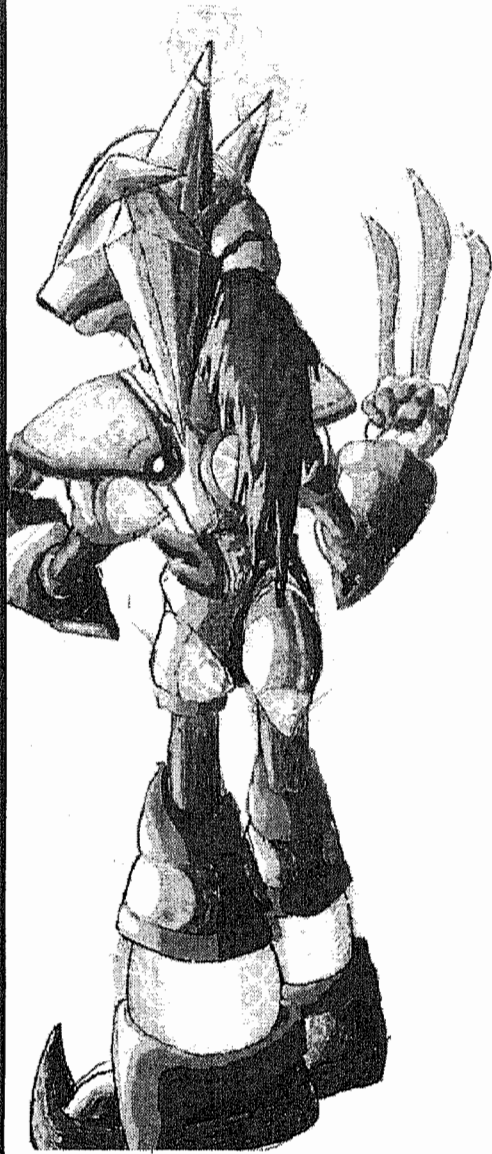
Contact Zrinka Tokic at ECIC
tel 8303 7422 email zrinka.tokic@adelaide.edu.au
www.adelaide.edu.au/echallenge



Life Impact The University of Adelaide

Read a nice book instead...

Video Games



Well, they've done it. They've finally done it. They've actually taken an old classic, ripped it apart, strapped on some new technology, slapped it around a little, and compressed it into a tiny little disc that, by sheer coincidence, fits into a Playstation Portable. Oh, did I mention they renamed it? *Megaman X* is now... pause... raise expectations ... *Megaman Maverick Hunter X*. That's right ladies and gentle-game-loving-men (if there are any gaming women that like my work, email me *wink*), enjoy the classic on a sparkling, wide screen, LCD screen that (hopefully) is stuck in your PSP.

The original was an anime-flavored Megaman game, requiring the player to run across and up various platformer screens, develop calluses by mashing the fire button to blast enemies, and defeat a variety of bosses in order to gain their weapons in order to defeat more bosses in order to complete the game. It was awesome, addictive and downright impossible for a dunce such as myself.

After a brief introductory level, you are presented with a screen from which to choose the next level and boss to defeat. Theoretically, you could choose to defeat the bosses in any order, practically however, you've got to discover for yourself the right order to defeat bosses, thus lessening the chance of you mashing your head into the headlight of a car (voluntarily I mean).

This side-scrolling platformer has been dished up on PSP with superior graphics, enhancing the background into three

dimensions and rendering Megaman in a variety of polygons and cell shading! And...it works. Something amazing has been added as well, anime style movies and great voice-overs. Pump up the volume and watch the introduction to be completely awed by Megaman X and Zero blasting away at the big baddies in full color animation. Supoib! The music has been remixed and is still recognizable, though maybe not as supoib as the actually animations.

Pace, intensity, charge shots, enemies, upgrades, weapons and button mashing are all here again. A few changes have been made to upgrade placements within the levels and boss attack-patterns have been slightly altered. This changes the order of boss fights only slightly. Whilst this may irritate die-hard fans, for others there probably won't be a noticeable difference at all. So, I don't care, whiny fans can bite my uncaring ass if they have a problem with this.

Capcom is outdoing itself at the moment, bringing the SNES classics back to life in supreme fashion. It's the same game, with a new crisp package. Definitely check *Megaman Maverick Hunter X* on release. Soon it comes...I think? Out shortly as well, another classic brought to life, *Street Fighter Alpha 3 Max*. Review next edition. It's looking good for PSP, and now is as good a time as any to invest in one.

Dan Purvis

PGR3 REVIEW

Owning several garages filled with high-performance cars, including Lamborghinis and Ferraris, is beyond the realm of possibility for most of us (nigh impossible for those of us addicted to games). That's where Bizarre Creation's *Project Gotham Racing 3* comes in handy, allowing YOU to take control of various exotic cars in various real-world locales.

PGR3 starts you off with some fake cash; from there you can buy your first car. A large number of manufacturers exist to choose from, including; Ford; Jaguar; Nissan; Mercedes-Benz; and more. Enter a racing championship, which will see you competing in a series of events, such as street-racing and one-on-one races. Thrown into the mix are unique challenges, some requiring tricky driving combos while steering through a series of cone gates.

Tricky driving manoeuvres involve things you've done in other racing games before; drifting around corners; driving on two wheels; getting air. What's different in comparison to other racing games? The way these tricks add up to something called 'kudos' points. The trick/reward system might seem like something out of the *Burnout* games, however, instead of being rewarded for blowing the shit out of everything (eds- *Burnout rawks!*), you're rewarded for your driving skill and it makes for very satisfying gameplay (don't get me wrong, *Burnout* can be very satisfying) (eds- again, *Burnout rawks!*). If you chain together several driving

manoeuvres you get extra points, so the kudos system bears more resemblance to the *Tony Hawk Skateboarding* series than anything else (substitute board for exotic cars and you've got a pretty picture). Set a high score with your kudos points for a given track and try and beat it, lending a nice old-school gaming flavor to the proceedings.

It's now worth mentioning the driving mechanics. If this is your first foray into the PGR series, as it was for me, you might be frustrated by how the game plays in the beginning. Initial attempts to drive in the game will involve you careening into walls at every available opportunity and, consequently, swearing heavily as a result. PGR3 has a superb learning curve! Once you figure out how the cars handle and get a feel for things, game pace picks up and the sense of progression is second to none.

Over 20 different cups exist in the game, each with a number of events that can be attempted at one of five difficulty levels. From 'novice' to 'hardcore' (eds- lml). Gradually, you'll gain confidence until your core is sufficiently hardened to take on the highest difficulty.

Driving skill counts for nothing without a variety of tracks to drive on and fortunately PGR3 doesn't disappoint. A large number of courses across four cities, London, New York, Las Vegas and Tokyo, are available as well as tracks based on the real-world driving circuit at Nürburgring.

The game looks stunning. Cities are

modelled in exceptional detail. I bought this game in London and when I played it, I recognized the building where I bought the game! It's this attention to detail, which is just bloody impressive. The cars look brilliant too, looking very much like the real deal inside and out. Visually a large amount of research must have gone into making the game look just right (eds- thanks to outsourcing the building of car models to an Australian company! WOOT!) and it really puts the 360 hardware through its paces.

The game sounds really good too. If I knew better, the engines sound like the real deal. In terms of music, the game comes with a wide variety of songs to cruise to: some solid underground hip-hop as well as great classical music (although there's a bit too much generic doof-doof techno for my liking).

If you're after a racing game on your brand new Xbox 360, this is definitely my recommendation. There's a great balance of realistic and highly polished presentation mixed with an arcade style scoring system, as well as single player and online multiplayer careers modes which will keep you going for a long, long time as you compulsively try to beat your previous scoring efforts. The gameplay is brilliant and well refined, making this the benchmark racing game on the 360.

Angus Chisholm

Editor:
Daniel Purvis

E-mail:
daniel.purvis@
student.adelaide.edu.au

SHADOW OF THE COLOSSUS

Platform: Playstation 2

Forget the conventions of gaming you have grown used to. *Shadow of the Colossus* is a gaming experience like nothing else you have ever played. The prequel to the critically acclaimed 2001 cult hit *ICO* (one of my personal favourites), *SOTC* tells the story of a young wanderer pitted against the seemingly impossible task of defeating the sixteen colossi that roam the land in order to save a young girl's life. Few details are given beyond this, no further motivation is provided, particularly as to why the girl lays dead and why you wish to save her so desperately. Like its predecessor, one of *SOTC*'s greatest qualities lies in its truly human nature. Dialogue is kept to a minimum in the game, yet you still feel a strong drive towards your goal. The colossi remain speechless throughout, however with each one you defeat, you feel both a sense of triumph and compassion. Some of the colossi don't even attempt to wilfully hurt you. Truly, you feel like a bastard when stabbing poor colossi in the head, blood gushing Tarantino-style, bringing it to its knees.

Unlike *ICO*, *SOTC* takes a far more action filled approach, pitting you in epic battles against (you guessed it) towering colossi. Your first encounter with a colossus is a truly intimidating sight, its feet shaking the ground beneath it with each step. The odds truly seem against you. Unlike any other game you've played before though, these 'boss battles' don't just appear at the end of the level. They are the level! The game has been reduced to finding the colossus (a simple map and compass affair) and destroying it. All the filler in the game has been removed. As a result, the game can be a rather lonely affair at times, as you bound over endless fields, passing no other life except the occasional bird or lizard. In some ways you long for the occasional lesser enemy to break up your journey.

The bulk of the gameplay and challenge is not so much in killing each colossus but in working out how to reach their vital points. Equipped with only a sword and bow, you need to think hard to use these

two weapons to your advantage. Clearly no match for the stone limbs of one colossus, you need to discover how to hit it where it hurts. Prior to playing the game, I thought the challenge would be in climbing the colossi, but the challenge lies simply in boarding each colossi. The final boss was the only colossus to meet my prior expectations. Others colossi felt more natural and more unique, forcing you to learn their behaviours and actions.

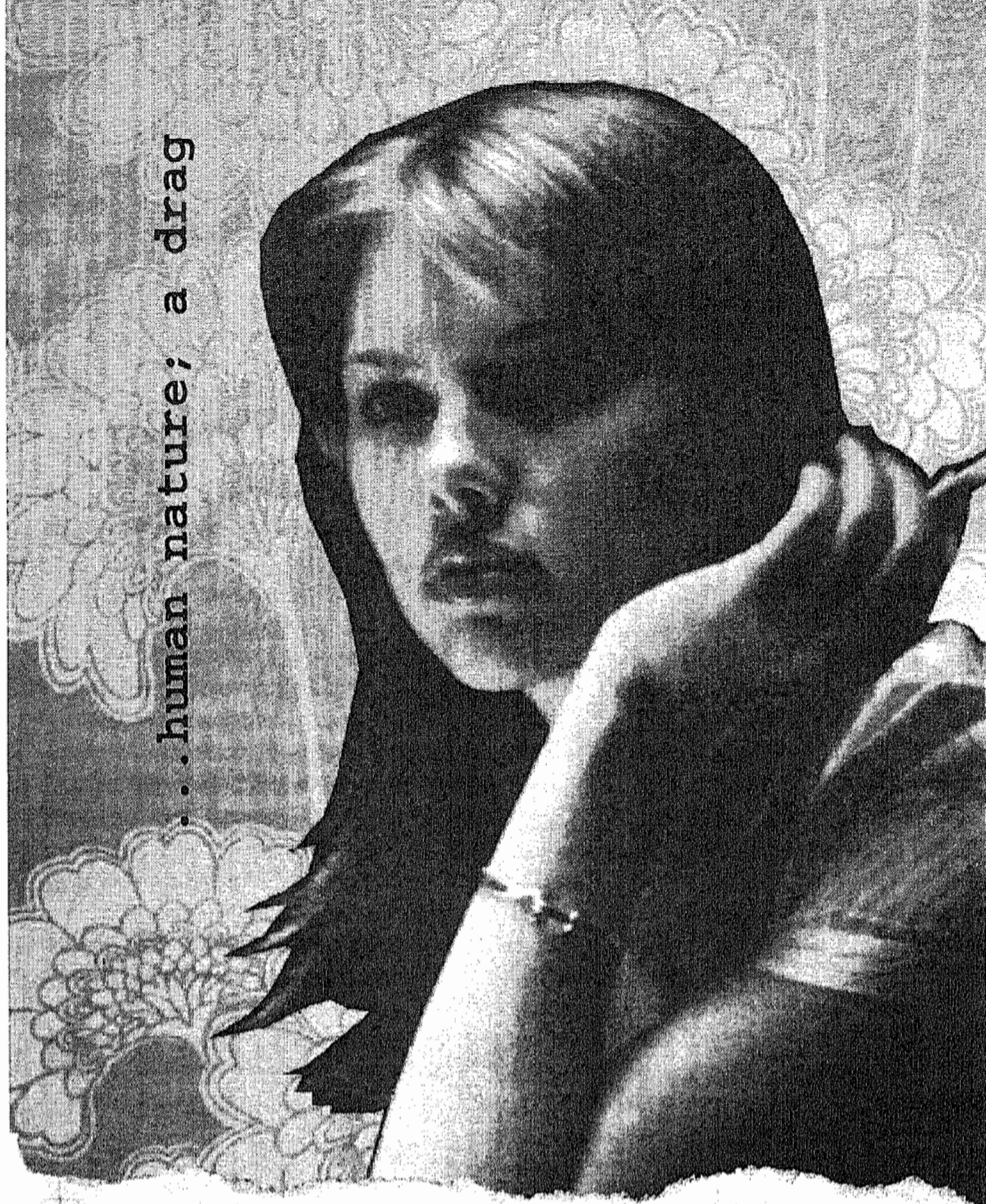
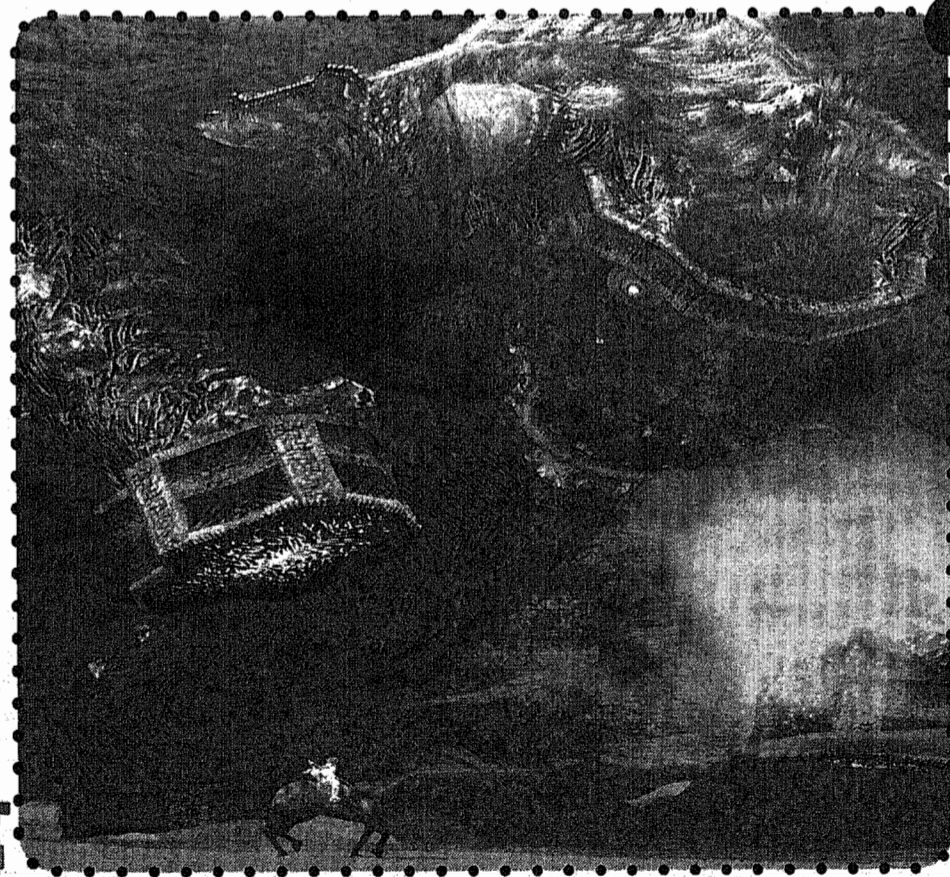
The repetitive, puzzle solving nature of *SOTC* ultimately lead to some disappointment. By about the sixth colossus I found I had become almost used to the colossi and I was taking them down in rapid succession. No longer was I pulling my hair wondering "how on earth am I to down this colossus" but instead it began to seem straightforward (*eds- gaming logic kicks in*). This seemed to remove some of the epic nature of the game, it didn't seem like a fight against the impossible anymore, but a senseless slaughter. Thankfully this picked up in the last five colossi, which were truly some of the greatest in the game.

Graphically, the game pushes the dying PS2 hardware to its limits, with beautiful naturally flowing character animations that serve to preserve the organic nature. The art direction is truly impressive, serving to cover the PS2's faults, not highlight its inabilities. Unlike most games on PS2, load times are kept to minimum, with all movies running on the in game software, leaving your experience uninterrupted. Playing the game on a large widescreen TV as intended is pure gaming bliss.

Until its re-release, *ICO* was one of the hardest to find games available for PS2 and still serves to be one of the greatest games on the console. Whilst a sequel to *SOTC*, the story is best realised playing *ICO* first. By no means feel compelled to play it first though, the gameplay is significantly different and *ICO* isn't for everyone.

Both games are available in stores now with *SOTC* retailing for around \$90 and *ICO* at the budget price of \$50.

Matt Williams



...human nature; a drag

Does anyone find that in everyday life, the feeling of fellowship within your community is lacking? I take no classes in philosophy but as a University student with a fair bit of time on her hands, I have considerable time to reflect on issues such as society, relationships and existence.

Walking pensively down North Terrace one day last week, not in any particular hurry, I found myself thinking about all the people around me. There were so many personalities and life experiences drifting past, yet no one else seemed intrigued to understand or appreciate them. Have you ever gone up to someone else and asked him or her not how they are but who they are?

I went on to think about my day's events - work, a couple of lectures - nothing much at all. This led me to consider what would happen if something was to happen right then - a glance, a smile, a conversation with a stranger, something that could change the course of my day and make it...unusual.

Moments later I heard someone call me from behind saying; 'excuse me!' I turned around to see a relatively young disabled man, probably in his late twenties, come up behind me. I thought he was going to ask me how to get to a bus stop or where Pultney Street was, so I was surprised when he asked me if I wanted to do a survey which I agreed to do, having nowhere in particular to be. He told me that he was a naturopath and wanted to ask me a few questions regarding my breathing. He himself seemed to have difficulty breathing as he patted me on the back and got me to cough. Despite my prior thinking, I could not believe the unusual and random interaction that I was having

with this stranger, nor did I believe that he was a naturopath. However despite this and the bemused and confused glances I was receiving from passers-by, I felt strangely at ease. I felt like I was making a difference and fracturing that threshold that causes people to cross sides of the footpath when they see that someone else is approaching on a deserted street.

Like many Adeladians, We spend hours a week catching public transport, and everyday we sit next to someone different that we do not even make eye contact with, let alone greet. We will fill up seats where we can sit by ourselves rather than sit next to another human being, even though chances are that the bus/train/tram will fill up, and you will end up sitting next to someone else anyway. Is this a comfort issue, a love of the window seat or merely our abilities to engage with others drawing itself into a protective shell, fuelled by an age where people spend less time talking and more time communicating through electronic means?

While the friends and work colleagues that I have told about my encounter with the 'naturopath' have called me deranged or foolish, the situation did not make me feel violated or threatened, as one would expect. It made me realise the social restrictions that we are under everyday caused by our own inhibitions. With a little effort: maybe a smile, a joke, a kind word or even a complimentary naturopathic consultation, we can create a feeling of community where people are unafraid to engage with one another and again, bring to life the art of human interaction.

Natalie Oliveri

T.V.

Editors:
Kalista Campbell &
Anais Chevalier

E-mail:
ondittv@gmail.com



"I'm a happy go lucky scamp"

When I first get in to a show I have to Google it and bask in the results. And I'm not alone. All of the shows discussed, adored or worshipped on these two pages have extensive websites dedicated to all aspects of the show, it's stars and even it's writers. The impact of the web on shows achieving cult status is hard to appreciate if you have grown up in the era of web-based fan forums, official sites and Blair Witch style marketing campaigns. While shows like *Star Trek*, *The Young Ones* and *The Twilight Zone* had to wait for enough people in one area to all find each other and start geeking at conventions etc, before they could be considered 'cult', TV shows today just need a couple of fans to find each other in cyberspace.

In the early 90s, shows with suitably geeky fans started up websites. Using

It had to happen. This is the *On Dit* edition that was made for the TV pages. After trying to link the Radelaide theme to TV ('rad' and 'Adelaide' were easy, but we struggled to combine the concepts), we finally got a theme that we can work with. These shows make up the majority of my conscious viewing, though I'll happily indulge in some crap TV to while away an evening. The selection of programmes on these pages are representative of *On Dit* TV's favourites. We will have missed great shows that have every right to be called cult (for which we apologise), and we will get emails asking us why we didn't include *Friends* or *Dharma and Greg*.

Defining 'cult' is a little tricky and there are many definitions available. The one I prefer is a moderately popular show that has a loyal (even die hard) fan-base who can discuss the characters, plot and 'universe' in nausea-inducing detail. Clearly this is a little arbitrary, I'm not sure I'd include *Big Brother* in my cult list, despite the cult-like supplication of the housemates to BB's will and the huge

DEFINING CULT

number of sites dedicated to bitching about the housemates.

You may be watching a cult show if:

-The show becomes impossible for a newbie to watch. Some shows quickly become self-referential and abound with in jokes and lines that refer back to 3 seasons previous. This usually means that the show becomes complex (or convoluted) enough to maintain a cult audience. It also makes it nigh on impossible to introduce to a non-cult member.

-The subject matter is either obscure, concerned with the supernatural or 'unsavoury' to the average viewer, thus ensuring that it will never attract an enormous audience, but it will have an in-built fan base to support it. Examples: *The X-Files*, *Buffy*, *Queer As Folk*, *Da Mighty Boosh* and *Oz*.

-It is imbued with the spirit of the times. Zeitgeist. If your show seems to elicit, 'That's just the way I feel' comments as the hero battles an intergalactic mutant that is operating as a metaphor for the SARS virus

and world poverty, then you have a show that is tapping into the zeitgeist.

Ultimately, what makes a show cult is its fans. You could combine all of the elements from all of the cult shows ever made and never hope to replicate the status of the originals. Occasionally, networks attempt to create a cult show without thinking about giving it an internal logic and integrity of its own. They recycle devices and plot-twists aimed at recapturing the original glory of the cult show. These productions can become runaway successes, they can even good shows, but they are not cult. *Desperate Housewives* is fun, at times clever, pretty sexy and everyone is 'safely' married, it's not a patch on *Sex and the City*. *Prison Break* is set in a prison, occasionally stylised violence occurs and the boys are pretty, it's Oz-lite*. Popular they may be, cult they aren't.

Anais Chevalier

A MARRIAGE IN CYBERSPACE; CULT TV AND THE WEB

Word mock-ups and irritating navigation they provided a forum for like-minded souls to commune with each other and discuss whether B'Elanna was hotter than Seven of Nine. Production companies and studios soon caught on, and fan sites were joined by slickly produced official sites. Shows like *The X-Files*, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, *Oz*, *Star Trek: The Next Generation* and *Red Dwarf* all have huge numbers of websites dedicated to them, both fan and official. Joss Whedon, creator of *Buffy*, even credits the web fans of his show with keeping the pressure on the WB (*Buffy's* studio) to keep *Buffy* on air for 7 seasons despite average ratings.

The sites are as varied as the shows, actually, even more so. There is a *Red Dwarf* site dedicated exclusively to explaining its English slang to the American viewers. *The X-Files* has multiple sites where the 'factual' basis

of the show's UFO theories is discussed (apparently creator Chris Carter is very well connected in this galaxy). *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* has it's own refereed journal *Slayage* where people discuss all aspects of *Buffy* using academic disciplines and theories to concoct theses. And then there are the more ordinary, and most popular sites, those with lists of episodes, quotes, trivia, biographies, timelines and fan-fiction. Ah, fan-fiction, truly the best and the worst gift to cult TV from the Internet. It provides a much needed and sometimes intelligently executed outlet for fans when a show gets cancelled. It also provides a forum for every 12 year old with a pubescent crush on Seth from *The O.C.* to devote precious pixels to their fantasies with irrational grammar, amusing spelling and a scant regard for characterisation.

A warning to the newbie, if you do decide to Google your new TV obsession,

be prepared to get more than you bargained for. During my first flush of Oz-mania I found myself staring at a page that listed every character who would die by the end of Season 6. I was only up to Season 3.

Anais Chevalier



"There's something in the air. And it ain't love."

POCKET TOTTIE

Sacha Baron Cohen

DOB: 13 October, 1971

Marital Status: Long Term squeeze of Isla Fisher (*Home and Away*, *Wedding Crashers* etc)

Big Break: *The 11 O'Clock Show*, as Ali G he interviewed well known people who thought he was Channel 4's new 'Youth' reporter.

You may know him from: He's the brain and bod behind Ali G and Borat. Woot.

What's he doing now: *Borat*, the movie.

Trivia: It took 6 weeks for him to grow enough facial hair to play Borat.

Weblink: www.boyakasha.co.uk

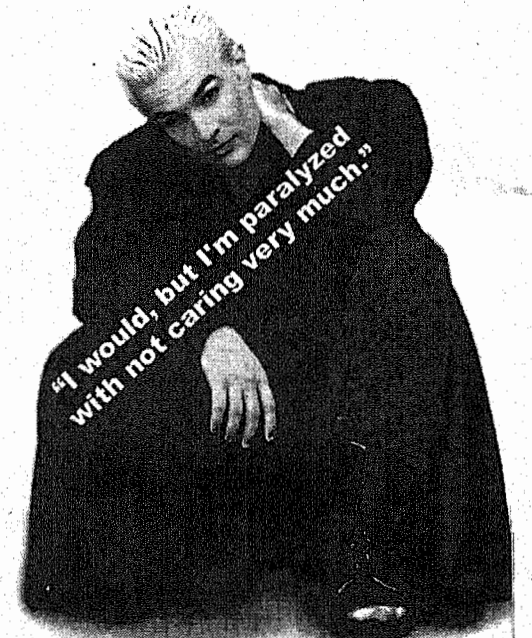


NEW TO CULT, WANT TO JUMP ON A BANDWAGON?

This is a list of various shows that are currently on TV that have either stood the test of time to become cult, or those that have the potential to become cult - if their parent networks keep them on air long enough...

1. *Shameless*
2. *Ali G In Da USAiii*
3. *Inspector Rex*
4. *Southpark*
5. *Iron Chef*
6. *Little Britain*
7. *Mythbusters*
8. *Futurama*
9. *Family Guy*
10. *Ghost in the Shell: Stand Alone Complex*

Answers to last week's Qwazy Qwiz:
1. John 2. Dexter 3. Angel, Riley, Spike (Angel again??) 4. Beau Brady 5. Dr. Gloria Nathan 6. Assumpta FitzGerald 7. True 8. Kelly Bundy/ Christina Applegate 9. 98° 10. Dolores



CHANNEL 9'S RECIPE FOR A CULT TV SHOW

Serves 20 episodes

- 4-5 attractive youngsters
- 1 older wiser cult-ish attractive man
- 1 Big Bad
- 4 pop culture references per episode
- 1 low screen time "outsider"
- 680g of in-jokes
- 250g water cooler quotes
- tbl of supernatural activity
- dash of easily dated clothing
- marketable soundtrack (cd crossover)
- on set camera crew for DVD purposes
- 1 seemingly insurmountable obstacle
- moral fibre as necessary
- post modern self referential moment (add to taste)

METHOD

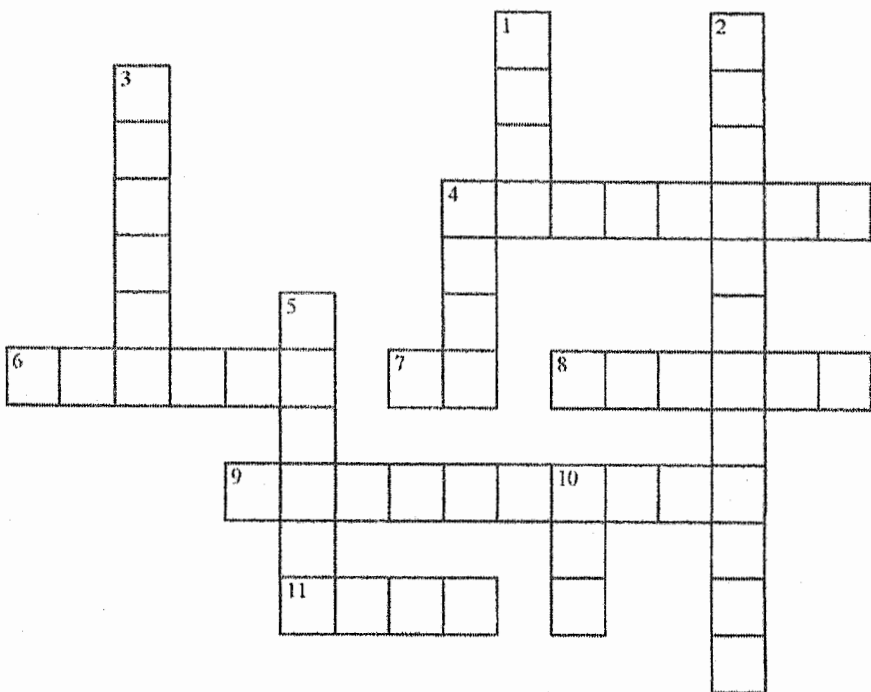
Assemble your youngsters in potential romantic pairings. Simmer uncovered for 4-5 episodes. Introduce "outsider" to the youngsters (increase screen time of said character if ratings plummet as per Screech from *Saved By The Bell*). mAdd 170g of in-jokes at regular intervals, throughout the season. Stir in wise cracking Big Bad at end of episode 10 - monitor ratings; adjust character to suit. Drizzle pop culture references as necessary throughout season. Add remaining ingredients, remembering to arrange suitable distributor for CD and DVD. Marinate older wiser cult-ish attractive man in 50g of water cooler quotes and season with moral fibre (serve as side dish).

SERVING SUGGESTION

Dish up to public at 7:30 on a Monday night before burying at 1am on a Thursday to ensure cult status.

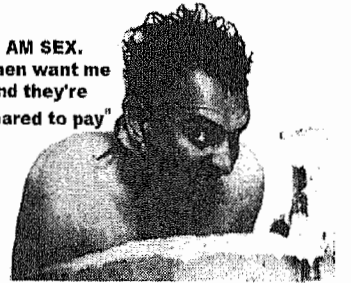


Qwazy Qwossword



- Across**
- 4 Blackadder's Servant
 - 6 Dr Who's Ride
 - 7 "Thunderbirds are ___"
 - 8 David Brent's best mate (the Office)
 - 9 The city that 'Shameless' is set in
 - 11 Buffy the Vampire Slayer's sister
- Down**
- 1 Agent Scully's first name (The X-Files)
 - 2 'Monty Python's _____'
 - 3 Red Dwarf's resident smeg-head.
 - 4 Pauly and Habib's boss in 'Pizza'
 - 5 The prison that 'Oz' is set in.
 - 10 Vyvyan's hamster (The Young Ones) initials only.

'I AM SEX. Women want me and they're prepared to pay'



IRON CHEF REVIEWED IN 25 WORDS OR LESS
Horrendously dubbed by Americans, this Japanese cook-off puts Ready Steady Cook to shame with its grandiose Kitchen Stadium and inane commentators. Fun for all. Woot.
Think you can do better? Email ondittv@gmail.com with your 25 word review

IF YOU LIKE THIS, WHY DON'T YOU TRY...

THE OFFICE
try *People Like Us*
Similar mock-u-mentary style except focuses on a different profession eg. Teacher, Real Estate Agent, Actor each episode. Brilliantly acted and executed.

SHAMELESS
try *The Royle Family*
Follows the everyday lives of a working class Mancunian family who spend the vast majority of their time in the living room and/or kitchen. Good fun.

LITTLE BRITAIN
Try *League of Gentlemen*
Definitely from the same school of comedy as Little Britain, although ever-so slightly more grotesque. Dark, bizarre and somewhat disturbing. You'll love it.



Stop whinging! Drink more.

When Cult TV Goes Bad. Case Study: The Office

Surely the most poorly conceived remake of a cult TV show is the American version of *The Office* entitled *The Office: An American workplace*. Now in its second series in the States, the series was pulled by channel 10 last year after just two episodes; despite having promoted the series for months prior to its screening. But really, it was doomed from the start. I came to it expecting not to like it. I knew fully well that nothing could even remotely compare to the original. However, I thought of the American version as a different beast entirely, which would at least prove some value in picking out all the things it changed etc. I am prepared to say that the two episodes I watched were in absolute certainty the worst hours of television I have ever had the misfortune of watching ever. Yes - even worse than Hotdogs' Up Late Game Show.

The premise, characters and what not are essentially all the same. Instead of a paper supply company in Slough England, it's a paper supply company in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Instead of David Brent it's Michael Scott. Despite the similarities, not a single facet of the remake has anything

to recommend it. The opening credits are too fussy, the promotion is all wrong and the casting! GA! Quite simply, it is appalling.

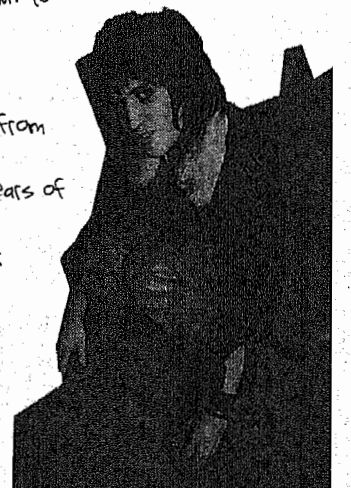
Steve Carell (yes he of *The 40 Year Old Virgin* fame) as Michael Scott is a poor substitute for the comic genius that is Ricky Gervais. For a start, he's too wacky - his Saturday Night Live humor is completely out of place in what is supposed to be a mock-u-mentary. What was so great about Dawn from the original series was that she was real. She was actually quite funny in her own right and you empathized with her. The receptionist from the American version - Pam Beesly - is nothing more than a pathetic mousy excuse for a receptionist. Dwight Schrute (the Gareth Keenan equivalent) is too obviously dorky and bizarre, besides he doesn't even have a bowl cut or a face like a weasel. The Tim character, imaginatively given the name Jim, is far too bland and uncharismatic, while the romantic sub-plot between Jim and Pam (a.k.a. Tim and Dawn) is robbed of all its subtlety and charm by over emphasis; even as early on as episode one. Every

joke in the American version is labored, ill-timed and just downright unfunny. Are American audiences so stupid? While I'm inclined to say yes, I'd like to give them a bit of credit. Here's just one example of the 'hilarity' that is Michael Scott: "This is our receptionist, Pam. ... If you think she's cute now, you should have seen her a couple years ago." Not even Basil Brush would say "Boom Boom" to that. All in all it's a classic example of a cult success being 'adapted' into a commercial failure. *The Office: An American Workplace* - just say no.

Kalista Campbell



The most powerful hairspray known to man... made from the tears of Robert Smith



'CHARACTERFUL'

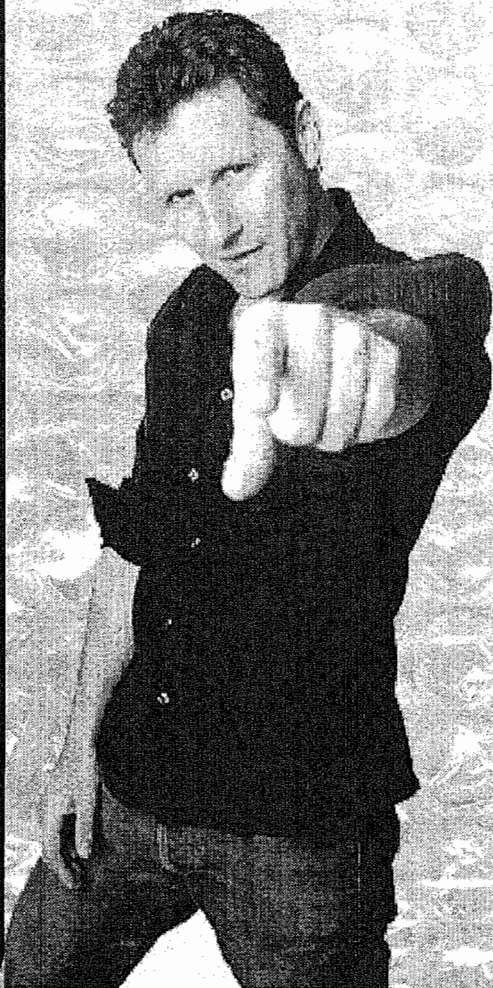
**Adam Hills
Freemasons Hall**

Having missed Adam Hills last Fringe show 'Go You Big Red Fire Engine' and loving his work on the ABC's 'Spicks and Specks' I was looking forward to seeing him doing his material live. Adam's act revolves around the idea of character, and how in this age of plastic surgery we're lacking a bit of it on our faces and in our lives. His style is very laid back and consists of random observations of human nature retold in his witty and smart manner. His show took on the hard-hitting issues in world politics, with the obligatory digs at George W, and also was a bit of a year 11 English lesson. If you've got a friend who continually uses 'surreal' out of context, drag them along to this show....the incorrect use of the word is one of Adam Hill's pet peeves.

Adam did well to overcome the shortfalls of the venue: the sweltering heat, and extremely loud air-conditioning in the back. For the first few minutes, he interacted with the crowd which was great and lent a more intimate feel to the show, and also a little scary to realise how small Adelaide is.

The best part of the show: the (x-rated) carrot given to him by an audience member in the UK, and the good-natured American guy sitting behind us, who joined in with Adam for an impromptu sing-along of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and took a lot of crap being the only American in the audience.

Sarah Pestrin



Editor:
Sahil Choujar

E-mail:
arts.ondit@gmail.com

**The Sixth Sense
Garden of Uneathly Delights**

Walking around The Garden of Uneathly Delights we were dazzled by the all the pretty lights, and various sideshows on offer. A man able to breathe through his eyes, burlesque extravaganzas in the Spiegelent and the great Ferris Wheel overlooking it all. Being a huge X-Files fan and identifying more with Scully and her rigid scepticism, than with Mulder and his blind belief in anything and everything, I was intrigued by the premise of the sideshow 'The Sixth Sense.'

The star of the show was Rob Mollien, a man who possesses a "sixth sense." Rob sat blindfolded, whilst the audience surrounded him with a random object in our hand. Using his gift, Rob was able to

tell what we were holding, and even read information from an audience member's driver's licence. Cue creepy music

After the show, the more sceptical ones among us posited extravagant theories of how it was done (video cameras in the trees, Morse code being relayed through the ground, tiny milks and headsets) but perhaps he really is gifted with a sixth sense. If you're wandering around with nothing to do, the show is a good way to spend 10 minutes working out how he's able to see what people are holding, or being amazed at his talents.

It did lost points for the sweltering heat inside the tent though.

Sarah Pestrin



**Fourplay
The Famous Spiegelent**

Sitting in the stifling Famous Spiegelent, beads of sweat already forming on the brows of audience members, one violin, one cello and two violas took to the stage ... along with the members of Fourplay. Lara Goodridge, Peter Hollo, Tim Hollo and Shenton Gregory (respectively), although on this particular night admittedly looking like The Wiggles in colour coordinated shirts, create the stunningly talented quartet that has the ability to literally send shivers down your spine. Drawing inspiration from diverse music genres such as dub, klezmer, electronica, post-rock, improv and avant-garde and showcasing arrangements including the Beastie Boys, Radiohead, Jeff Buckley and Metallica, Fourplay proved to be a show not to be missed. For those expecting a lulling, numbing and dismal hour of classical music they were sorely disappointed. Not only were audience members glued to their seats, Fourplay taught many to appreciate the astounding

sounds, harmonies and abilities of three traditionally undervalued instruments, by those not of the classical community. Two particularly chilling and achingly beautiful pieces included an original composition by Shenton (Shenza) Gregory called "Everything Was Going Fine" and "Goodbye Porkpie Hat" by Charles Mingus. Lara's strangely compelling and resonating voice is uplifting and ethereal, ever so slightly reminiscent of Natalie Imbruglia. One could only sit in wonder as some songs built such extreme excited tension, spiralling to heights that were both explorative and hair raising. One could really not express more, never hearing nor appreciating such music, the praise this awesome foursome deserves, having certainly jumped on this musical bandwagon. I would highly recommend if you have the chance, treat yourself, as never has an hour of live 'local' (Sydney based) music passed so quickly, or so joyfully.

Nicole Hartnett

The Davist Theory of Casual Youth Employment

By David M. Green

Thanks to many-a conversation about various employers with many fellow 'hard-working' youths, I've noticed some patterns amongst the places we work at, in fact, enough patterns to devise a theory. A theory about youth employment, which I henceforth will refer to as 'The Davist Theory of Casual Youth Employment.' The theory ranks casual occupations, dividing them into three categories, which I have called, for lack of creativity, casual categories '1', '2' and '3'.

Casual Category 1 "Fast Food"

Fast food: the lowest category of casual job there is. The telltale signs of a job from this category include: relatively low wages, unfavourable workplace conditions, unfavourable co-workers and virtually no trouble obtaining employment in a job of this category. No experience is necessary. Even though there is little similarity between the first 2 categories, one is more likely to progress to Casual Category 2 if one lists experience in Casual Category 1 on his or her resume. Of course, not all employers are ranked equally within this category.

There is in fact an internal classification system, inbuilt so 'first category peers' are able to compare with one another who has the better job. For example, the lowest Fast Food establishment one can work for is *KFC*, as *KFC* has the lowest wages of all Casual Category 1 employers, as well as the worst workplace conditions, due to the greasy environment. Starting wages for a 13 year-old trainee at *KFC* can be less than \$5 per hour, and this trainee may be encouraged... no, 'encouraged' isn't the right word... forced to work the graveyard shift. Thus *KFC* firmly establishes itself as the lowest of the lowest form of mainstream youth employment.

Of course, contrasting the worst Casual Category 1 employer is quite possibly the best employer from this category. I am of course referring to *Subway* (despite the lack of cranberry sauce!). Although the wages are not much of an improvement from *KFC*, the workplace environment is definitely a step up, as there is less grease and quite possibly the pleasant smell of moderately fresh salads awaiting employees at the start of every graveyard shift. Interspersed throughout Casual Category 1 are all the other Fast Food employers, too numerous and closely ranked to mention. The amusing thing is that this category only exists because it is cheaper for fast food establishments to hire young teenagers to work the register and the deep fryers as opposed to automated robots, which would probably do a better job, albeit at the expense of being more expensive for management, which would of course also be replaced by simple, random, roster-generating robots.

Casual Category 2 "Large Department Stores"

One step up from the lowest category

is Casual Category 2. Common signs of a job from this category include a large, open and slightly more pleasant workplace, as well as somewhat improved shift times. Department stores are not open 24 hours, with the exception of a few days before Christmas, thus there isn't a regular graveyard shift in both the traditional sense of digging graves for the dead and the more contemporary sense of working between midnight and around 6am. The wages are pretty much the same as occupations from Casual Category 1 and the fellow co-workers are of the same breed, particularly the older ones, where that department store is their career. Once again, there is a hierarchy within this category.

At the bottom lie your 'discount' and 'budget' department stores like *The Reject Shop* and *Kmart*. At the other end you'll find your upper class department stores, like *Myer* and *David Jones*. The key difference between the two extremes within Casual Category 2 is prestige. Casual employees at *Myer* and *David Jones* can quite often wear suits and rub shoulders with Adelaide's prominent citizens to the tune of soft classical music, whereas I was stuck stacking light globes in a *Kmart* uniform to the sounds of screaming children mixed with... (Shudder)... 'Popular' music. But at least I could feel superior to all those poor saps flipping burgers beneath the golden arches.

Casual Category 3 "Small Retail & Entertainment"

And then we come to the highest level of unskilled casual youth employment; Casual Category 3, 'casually' dubbed "Small Retail & Entertainment." Places of work that fit into this category consist of small retail stores of any kind; for example, a relatively small store that sells mobile phones, clothes or books would be classified as a small retail store. In addition, any workplace concerned with 'entertainment,' for example, a video store, arcade or cinema. Jobs from this category are the most sought after by casual employment seeking youths as they offer excellent pay, pleasant workplace conditions (quite often with carpeted floors!), pleasant co-workers and pleasant hours. There are also excellent fringe benefits from working in such places, including discounted and or free goods and or services for one's self and or friends!

Jobs from this category are also the most difficult to obtain. *Greater Union* cinema at Marion receives an average of two resumes a day. Late last year, when *Wallis* cinema placed an advert in *The Advertiser* (appropriately), they received 2,500 applications! Most small retail and entertainment related stores, especially video stores, would simply throw away resumes if the applicant has no previous experience. Preferably, employers want applicants to have experience in other Casual Category 3 occupations or if not, Category 2. When I applied for a job at



Alright! An extensive collection of nametags and hairnets...zaing!

GameTraders in November of 2004, I was chosen over the other 150 applicants because I was the only one with previous experience, although it was at *Kmart*... stacking light globes... This is because the other applicants were people who loved video games and wanted to work at a video game store and would accept no less. Sure, quite often a youth can skip Casual Category 1 and go straight to Category 2, but it's extremely rare to land your first job in Casual Category 3, without any experience at all. That's why in this day and age, in order to get the prized Casual Category 3 occupation, one has to rise the ranks. My advice is to start early. Get that job at *Big W*. Sure, you'll hate it, but when Casual Category 2 is on your resume, it's the equivalent

to having a laser-sighted rifle at a *Rogue Traders* Concert; you've what it takes to pull the trigger and get the job done.

This concludes my in depth explanation of *The Davist Theory of Casual Youth Employment*. Sure, it doesn't cover every possible casual job a youth can have, but it's a start. Maybe you'll think of something I've missed or fill in the gaps yourself. Perhaps you'll be compelled to rewrite the whole theory, with additional categories and a complete ranking of all employers within those categories. I say go for it. I'd do it myself but I have to work tomorrow, and thus I need my sleep, because I've discovered one more thing about working in Casual Category 3; they don't like it when you're late...



Work Schmerk???

Got stories of horror? Stories of glee? Stories about the time you ate pepitas for dinner cause you didn't get paid? Stories of the week you slept 4 hours cause your final essay happened to fall during tax time - 'the most important time of the year'. Stories of shutting up the video shop cause you were too hungover to go on. The Working Women's Centre is creating the tool of all tools...

Hot Tips for Student Workers

Now's the time to huff & puff, gloat, divulge, defame & share your wisdom!

Go along to one of the 20 minute focus groups...

Thursday 30th March 12-noon
Tuesday 4th April 12.30
Wednesday 5th April 2pm
Thursday 6th April 10am

WHERE: WP Rogers room, level 4 of the Union Building:

If you can't make it to the focus groups but have a story you would like to share E-mail laura@wwc.org.au.

... with guest editor Alex De Lorge

Piano Contrasts

**Recitals Australia
Pilgrim Uniting Church
March 11**

Stephanie McCallum opened her impressive piano recital with Liszt's *Les Jeux d'Eaux a la Villa d'Este* from *Annees de Pelerinage* No. 3. And who wouldn't agree that a piece about water and fountains was welcome, given the thirty-seven degree heat on the day of the recital. McCallum's playing was indeed refreshing, with the shimmering and flowing of the water being clearly rendered. Especially good were the glimmering runs from the upper end of the keyboard to the lower and back again, as if the listener was being taken for a quick, cool dip under the surface of the water.

This piece was followed by another by Liszt, the *Valse Impromptu*. McCallum's interpretation of this piece was recognisably hers in its expressiveness

and refinement, and the captivating diminuendos. One audience member privately remarked, 'she's very sure of her keys,' which is a neat way of putting it.

Aside from the *Variations in a Serious Black Dress* by contemporary composer Elena Kats-Chernin, the remainder of the recital was music by Alkan, a contemporary of Liszt. However, the music is more like Chopin's in terms of language and expressiveness, and like Rachmaninov's in scale; except that the structure of the music isn't as clear. McCallum's virtuosic

technique was matched only by her formidable concentration, although the odd lapse in the latter did result in some failures of memory.

Although the whole recital was enjoyable, the pieces by Liszt were the gems of the program, allowing McCallum to display both her special kind of musical expression and her virtuosity.

Ryan Cuthbertson



Borge Again!

**Rainer Hersch
Caos Cafe
February 24-March 19**

Victor Borge was one of the most popular entertainers of the 1950s and 1960s, at one point being the highest-paid performer in the world. But these days, aside from the odd record in people's old LP collections and some recordings re-released on CD, people don't tend to hear much about Borge, and even less frequently do they see or hear his comedy routines.

Rainer Hersch considers this a shame and brought some of Borge's routines to life in a carefully constructed show that went beyond impersonations and delved into the Danish comedian's life story. Half English and half German (he'd like to take over the world but he's too polite), Hersch interspersed classic Borge jokes with his own story about how he was introduced to Borge's work and tales of how the Jewish Borge escaped soon-to-be-occupied

Denmark to make his ultimately successful move to America.

Hersch's impersonations were remarkable, from the impressive pianistic skills to the idiosyncratic accent. For those who grew up listening to Borge's live recordings, most of the jokes would have been familiar, but the chance to learn about his background made the show interesting. Anyone not familiar with Borge would have found Hersch's presentation a suitably amusing introduction to Borge's style.

The hilarious encore took aim at Italian opera and was probably the funniest part of the show, which perhaps suggested that a little more of Hersch's humour could have come through as he regaled the audience with tales of Borge's life. But, in any event, there was no shortage of comic gems scattered throughout the show, making it one the most interesting comedy events of the Fringe.

Benedict Coxon

Editor:
Benedict Coxon

E-mail:
arts.ondit@gmail.com

Three Atmospheric Studies

The Forsythe Company
Festival Theatre
March 12-16

As much about drama as it is about dance, William Forsythe's new creation, *Three Atmospheric Studies*, makes an emphatic statement about world politics. Unfortunately, the opening night audience seemed to focus on this, being won over by the leftist ideals rather than the moments of brilliance that came out of the choreography.

The first study was the most abstract of the three, with one sentence of introduction being followed by a series of *tableaux*. Sequences of frantic, almost chaotic movement were interrupted by pauses during which the dancers were able to catch their breath. The contrast between the movement and stillness was a highlight in itself, though the young troupe's skills were impressive as its members dashed about the stage as if their lives depended on it.

The second study resembled a scene from a second-rate play. Forsythe's

intention to communicate his message was presumably what led to the use of too much dialogue in a sketch that took too long to reveal its purpose and almost completely neglected dance.

A more effective means of communication was the third sketch: as one dancer screamed into a microphone, his voice was digitally altered (a team of no fewer than four people was credited for this effect in the program) to mimic the sounds of a war zone. The other dancers hurled themselves every which way as the 'bombs' fell and exploded. The clever use of technology added to some spectacular dancing to make this part of the work its highlight.

Three Atmospheric Studies is the first work presented by William Forsythe's new company. One suspects that it will be the first of many, though a more resolute focus on dance will be a necessary element of future productions.

Benedict Coxon

Here Lies Love

Ridley Centre
KiWi Productions
March 10-14

I was really looking forward to seeing David Byrne's supposed po-mo mish-mash of a song cycle. I really was. The Festival guide, in all its mirrored glory, claimed that it was a decadent musical tribute to Imelda Marcos, first lady of the Philippines. Note to self: David Byrne + Fatboy Slim + Imelda Marcos = Studio 54 excess! Gaudy glamour! Shoes! Phat beats! This was supposed to be the musical event of the century. A technicolour neon tribute to politics' most infamous glamazon. This was supposed to make me fall in love with the artsy fartsy antics of Monsieur

Byrne over and over again. Unfortunately, disappointment is inevitably the by-product of everything deliciously anticipated. I found myself walking out of the venue after withstanding a mere 30 minutes of shoddy visuals, semi-catchy tunes and truly average theatrics. It was yet another case of all dressed up and nowhere else to go. Byrne's grand concept only would've worked as a full-scale, Jewish-financed glittering musical; not the Sauvignon set-infested, over-hyped jamboree it turned out to be. Show bags are sold at the Ridley Pavilion in 6 months time. I highly suggest you check those babies out instead.

Stephanie Mountzouris

Late at Night by Candlelight

Adelaide Chamber Singers
St Peter's Cathedral
March 11

The Adelaide Chamber Singers were onto a winner with the concept for their Adelaide Fringe event: an 11pm start in a candlelit St Peter's Cathedral. It was a warm evening as a sell-out crowd wandered up to North Adelaide for one of the few classical music performances in this year's Fringe. The program featured a combination of twentieth century, contemporary Australian and Renaissance works, two of which were conducted by visiting British conductor Mike Brewer.

The concert began with the singers processing down the nave, singing Ross Edwards' *Dance Mantras*, which was apparently written 'at hair-raisingly short notice'. It certainly sounded as if it had been, and even the presence of ASO percussionist Steve Peterka couldn't make the piece interesting. The piece was one of three Australian works on the program, and unfortunately they included a lot of hand-clapping and other sound effects. I personally find these effects very irritating, and their prevalence in Australian music is bordering on embarrassing. There are singers on stage whose strength is singing; don't distract the audience with gimmicks.

The early music was much better, and included Guerrero's *Duo Seraphim* and Gesualdo's *Ave Dulcissima Maria*. The frequent format changes on stage were at the expense of the usually exceptional ACS intonation, and didn't really add anything to the performance. Arvo Pärt's ethereal *Magnificat* seemed hurried and was performed with too much vibrato emanating from the soprano section. The concert concluded with fine performances of Rachmaninov's *Bogoroditse Devo* and Gorecki's *Totus Tuus*, but this was not the Adelaide Chamber Singers at their best.

Edward Joyner



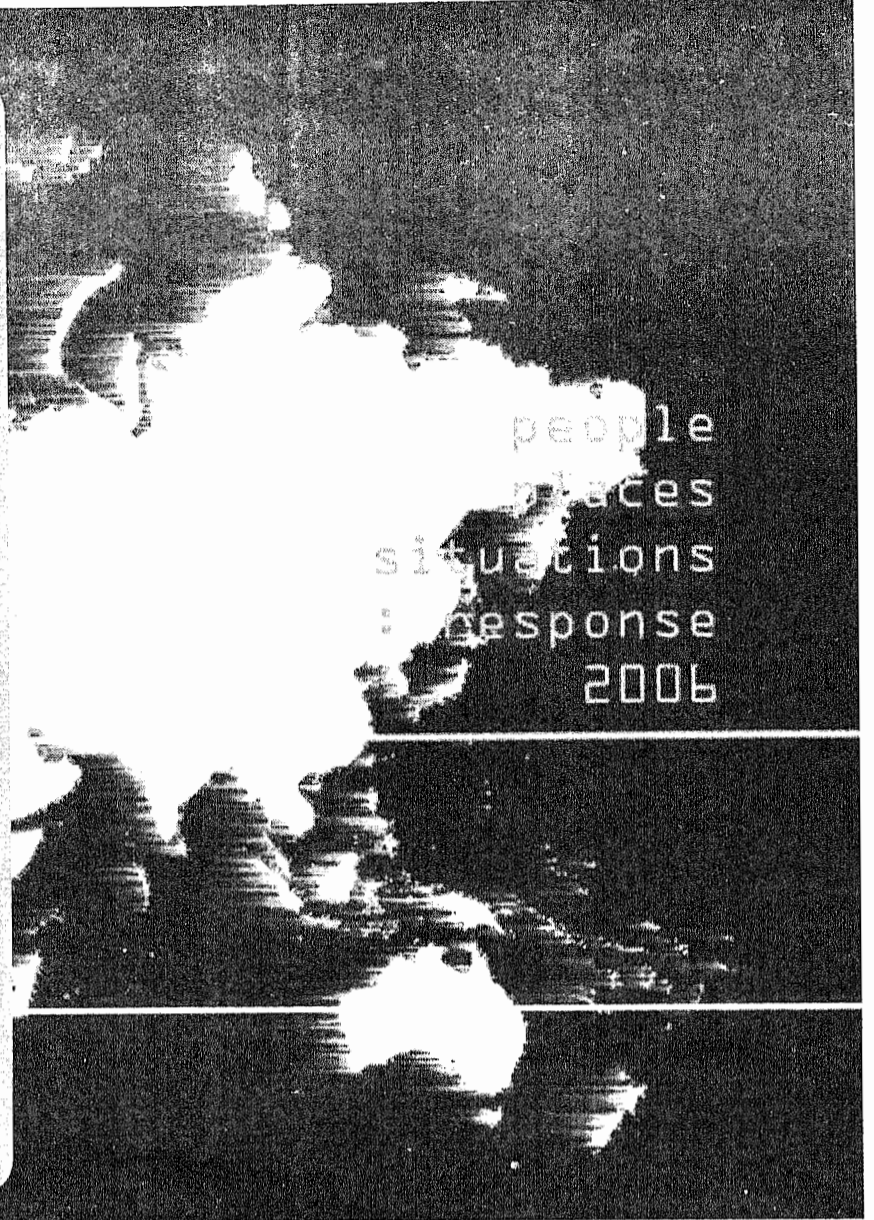
Here lies shameless consumerism

“Political and ecological crises, displacement, rapid urbanization and inequality are some of the most critical challenges facing humanity in the 21st century..”

...thus goes the modus operandi of PPSR, a travelling symposium of art/architectural theory/data/photojournalism currently showing in Adelaide at Uni SA. Essentially an exposition of 'multi-disciplinary, creative responses to the international refugee crisis', the exhibition centres upon post-tragedy re-structuring, from an architectural (re: design focus) and development (re: relationship) perspective, tragedy being the notable keyword. Video installations, essays and photomontages comprise much of the exhibition's content; all are unified by a sense of disaster/destruction and little sprinklings of that oh-so-revered human emotion, hope, a potential by-product of such calamities. Considering 'tragedy' is so freely objectified in news publications, is it aesthetically justifiable for an exhibition to elevate works dealing with such a theme to the status of high art? Personally, I think a wee bit of reality-based darkness never hurt anyone (haw haw), but such a comment is clearly rooted in that bastion of cushy Western opulence we like to call 'Australian citizenship'.

This point is perhaps best demonstrated by the standout piece of the exhibition, a 7 m photo collage by Sydney Morning Herald photographer Mike Bowers. The mural depicts a 360-degree scene of absolute devastation, gradually shifting from a grey-skied cyclone Katrina scenario into a sunny, Indonesian post-Tsunami panorama. The seamless transition is not the work of a mere teenage Photoshop enthusiast; the doubled perspective of the mural's protagonist, a man emerging out of a redundant 4WD, ultimately encompasses the whole field, lending the mural a slightly kaleidoscopic quality about it. It's muchos cool, trust me. However, upon asking for confirmation regarding said mural's geographical origins, it actually turned out to be a news photograph of one location rather than an artistic composition outlining the pitfalls and perils of humanity. Whoops. Ah, unnecessary and erroneous extrapolation—that's an arts degree for you!

Stephanie Mountzouris



The 8 Rules of Night Club...



Savvy Lounge Bar
149 Waymouth st
Light Square
Adelaide

Savvy, one of Adelaide's premier night-spots, is a place to *smik* up and listen to some of the finest house music on offer.

Savvy is a club and lounge bar, so it caters to the different needs of night owls who wish to burn up the dance floor, or relax and take in the vibe. Savvy is divided into two areas: the front room (lounge bar with plenty of leather couches and bar stools, fresh flowers, a few old-school arcade games and a fake fire place to create ambiance) and the back room (another bar, a large dance area and a bit of seating on the sides). There is also a large, dodgy light-up sign saying 'Disco' behind the DJ, this being one of the only things I dislike about the place.

Entry on a Saturday night is just under \$10. Drink prices are fairly standard here and cocktails are available for around \$12 for those that desperately need a cosmopolitan. Savvy is a House music joint. On a Saturday night, expect to hear Commercial House through to more deeper sounds as the night progresses, and even a bit of New Wave Electro House thrown into the mix. DJs include Professor X, Chris D, VIP, Didge, Mobin Master, Abe, Brendon, Ben James, Steve Hart, Jack Jones, Yanya Boston, Karina Chavez, Adrian Zac, Luke Lombe, Sarez, Minx and Heidilicious plus a whole range of guest DJs.

Savvy adheres to a strict dress code, so no runners or wife bashers allowed

(thank God). People dress to impress in all different kinds of ways, so expect a lot of eye candy. One such delightful piece kept me occupied for a large part of the night last time I was there, probably resulting in the rose-coloured view I have of the place, but everyone has a favourite and Savvy is definitely one of mine. I highly recommend it on a Saturday night to all those seeking a guaranteed good night out plus quality House Music minus the *crap* you'd expect from the more conventional commercial joints. Go early to avoid line ups. Don't go if you're into RnB, sports wear at night, or having beer spilt over your (designer) shoes.

Peace, Love and Electro.

Natashka Miernik

James Richards' jeyisingdom@hotmail.com

Faculty of Errors
This episode is brought to you by Chug Beer:
...Running out of humorous slogans since 2006...

Hey Med, YOU know how there are NO CHICKS in engineering?

well i've had enough and like any good engineer i've decided to compensate, to adapt if you will...

...so i made my own!!

quick - 5000's of self-respect, stat!!

CHUG!™

Cult artist:

The artwork for Family Tree is by a friend, a sculptor

Gabriela Fridriksdottir, Fashion Week

Gabriela

(Roots)

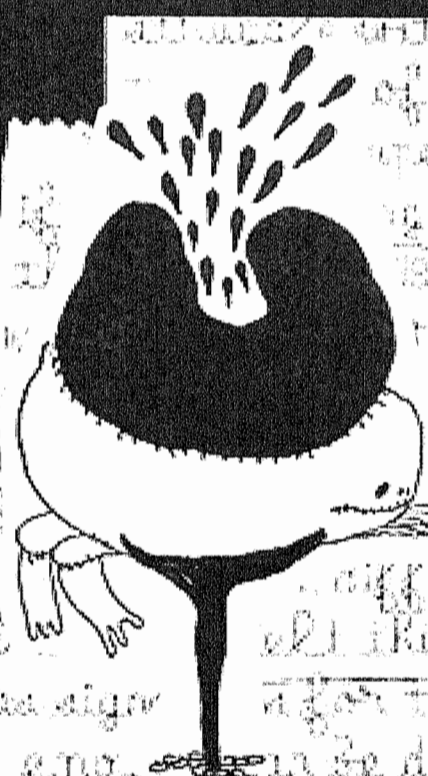
Gabriela Fridriksdottir is obsessed with melancholia, and she wants you to revel in yours. Not content with simply depressing the masses with cutesy depictions of the inner sanctum/bile within, this grand dame of Icelandic pretention has done it all, from fashioning video installations about the birth of the Devil to suspending a deforester and a crane mid-air with fellow zeitgeist-defining buddy Matthew Barney (giant copulation machines doth contemporary art maketh). Gabriela attempts to illustrate the relationships between the many faces of sorrow and the four natural 'humours' or elements of human existence; the sanguine, the choleric, the phlegmatic and the melancholy. Perhaps following Plato's lead with the whole 'We receive the greatest benefit through frenzy' schtick, Gabriela's

mission is essentially a one-woman crusade against the Western World's tendency to retreat to that idiot of lowest common denominators, boredom. By visually exploring the emotions associated with said phenomenon, Gabriela seeks to differentiate between your garden-variety modern melancholy ('mournful, heavy and dizzy with infinity') and the more omnipotent stuff known as the 'metaphysical lucidity of depression'. Oh yeah, she's also Björk's best friend, which automatically makes her cult-by-association. Check out www.gabriela.is for more supercool pictures of depressed cartoons. Love.

Stephanie Mountzouris



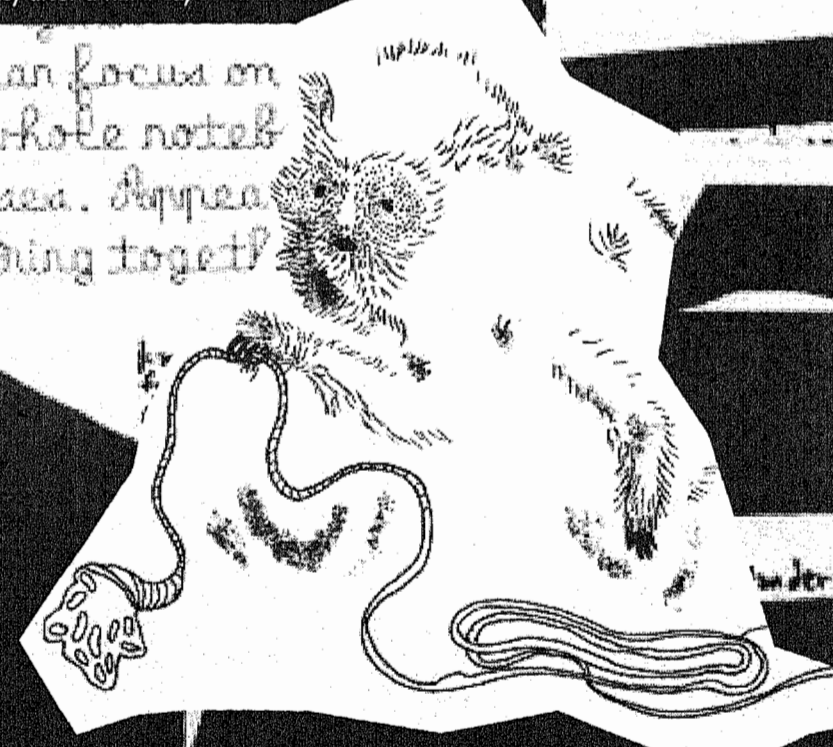
in my head...
I'm craving for modern
the near and unknown,
with foreign electronic
try to develop a peculiarly
here as some of the
90s with English electronic
Ball... strings: I'm



Looking fresh as a daisy after a hard day's On Dit ...



Gabriela Fridriksdottir, Operazione Morizia

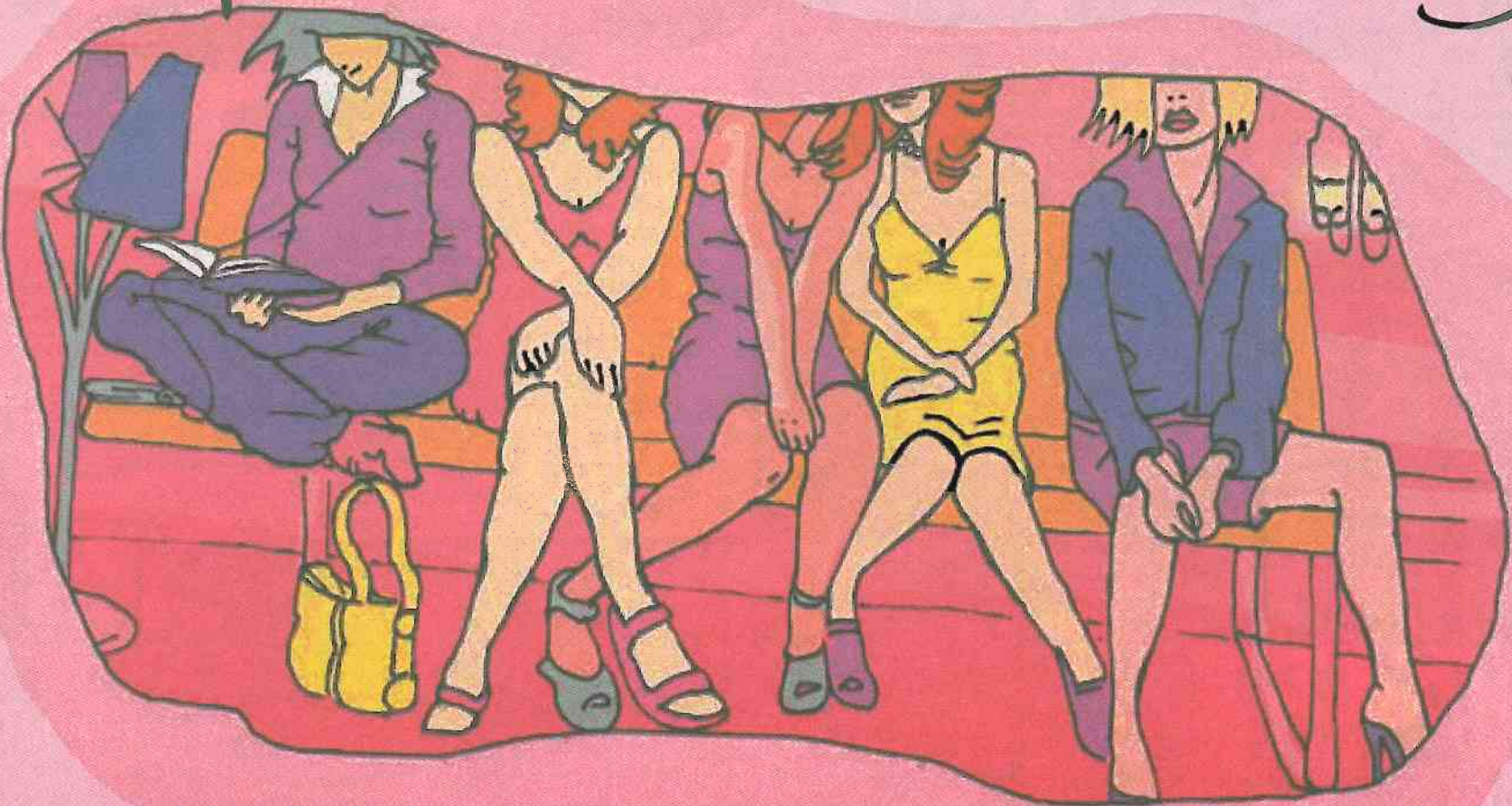


Gabriela Fridriksdottir, unfinishedfur

The aesthetic dimension is the carrier of hope

Help us help you stay healthy

Down under



We need healthy young female volunteers for a clinical Trial to help prevent cervical cancer.

Human Papillomavirus (HPV) is a common infection that is often undiagnosed. By helping prevent infection with HPV, the risk of developing cervical cancer may be reduced.

CMAX is inviting healthy young women to enrol in a trial which is investigating a new vaccine to help prevent infection with certain types of HPV.

You could be eligible to participate if:-

- you are a healthy young woman aged 18-24
- have no history of gynaecological problems and
- are able to make about 10 visits to CMAX over a 12 month period

You will be assisting in a research program which may improve a major health problem for women. Participants will be financially reimbursed for their time and inconvenience.



For further information please log on to www.cmax.com.au or call toll free 1800 150 433 (Monday to Friday 9am to 5pm).