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FEMME DIT

Volume 74 Edition 12



UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE
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ADELAIDE

FEMME DIT

Volume 74 Edition 13

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Thankyou

All twenty sterling sub-editors without whom On Dit is rubbish. Bonnie and the kind alcoholics at Cadillac printing, Naomi Vaughan for being the voice of reason, Jean Pezy, Nerissa, Mikey Adams, Mikey Fyfe oooh!, Evan Cooper Clarke, Ben 'the Bearded Paris Hilton' Moss, Ben Henschke is a dream boy in training, Clementeen, Alexis, Mel Vine, Ianto Ware, Stanny, Jess & Dot Mahoney, Re: Pete, the Moofie crew, Matthew 'Mogul' Sallah and everyone at Urtext films, Dan Murphy, Tara Bates, Hannah Frank, Amanda Van Rooyen, Dashiell Lawrence for occasional phone support, Mansha Tandon, Potter, Simon Gray- not sure what for, but you is wicked, Nat Teakle/Nat Reception, D-Bag the magnificent, Emma Haslam, Dan J, Elise Duffield/wouldn't be here without you, Fiona Bailey, Ponna, Joel Catchlove for bein' cruisy, Shiny N Ireland, Maaaax, Prashant, Reece Kinnane, Robin, Rowan, Russy Wussy, Phillip Stojan, Jarvis Cocker et leur incarnation locale Monsieur Jimmy Trash, Laura and Marie: we are home, respective Mummies and Daddies- thankyou and sorry, Jessica I love you and lucky last, the hairiest dog in the world. Phew. FIN.



TODAY

I walked through uni today and the sun was shining, there were hundreds of uni students milling about the place. I turned to Stephanie and asked if this was normal. Where did all of these people come from? The last thing that I wanted to do in my final year editorial was be philosophical, but by golly, I feel like I'm slowly emerging from a coma, or have been in rehab, but in reverse, like I was fine and then endured this year of hell only to come out the other side feeling worse than when I began. I'm tired.

I'm disappointed that I didn't write more in *On Dit*. Stephanie and I had a drink with a friend at the Uni Bar on Friday and he commented on how there was no editorial opinion in the paper. He was right, there wasn't. I think we've let a fair bit of our personalities dribble through the paper through design and an abundance of hugs and kisses, but I suppose there hasn't been a whole lot of 'Anna thinks this' anywhere.

It's been for a few reasons, but largely because I haven't had time. Now that sounds ridiculous, I know, but even reflecting I don't look back and think, oops, I wish I had've written that article or editorial instead of staying up playing Commander Keen and smoking blunts. No, it was more a case of, this week I can choose to spend time making 100 phone calls in an attempt to secure a few thousand dollars to print this baby OR I could write an article on how I feel about freedom of speech, or abortion, or the war in Iraq or dating tips.

There was never any point writing an article if we couldn't afford the paper to print it on.

THE WAR

This year has been bollocks from beginning to end. Stephanie and I have done nothing but try desperately to pack a whole lot of good vibes into *On Dit*. But, Ohhhh ooohhh, don't mention the war! Well I'm mentioning the war.

WHAT'S THE POINT?

Recently I was invited to speak on a panel at Newcastle's 'This is Not Art' Festival, on the topic of DIY publishing in the future. The panel consisted of myself as a newspaper editor & zine publisher, a blogger, another zinester and a creative industries lawyer. There were other student editors in the audience, independent publishers and magazine editors from around Australia. We spoke about a whole range of topics but largely about our splendidly conservative government.

I'm going to be honest now and tell you that from time to time I have questioned the importance of student media. People endlessly ask, why is *On Dit* important? I have been asked this so many times this year that the words have stopped meaning anything. This constantly having to justify why what you're doing is worthy is exhausting and degrading. While independent and left leaning media are never going to take over the world, we most certainly need some kind of public discourse that challenges the mainstream and the government, derr! Student media is one of the biggest places this happens and John Howard knows it, he's always known it and from the sound of Bob Ellis' article published in the Mating Game Edition, it's been the small man's personal mission to squish it forever.

It's really perplexing to watch our president who claims to be labour and a unionist get so excited over VSU. Claiming he is anti-VSU, but being thrilled by the challenge it poses. VSU is not exhilarating, it's a tragedy. Howard's anti-student media and anti-political protest has plopped straight into the mouth of Rayner like a wide-eyed bird. Joshua, are you trying to impress John? Seriously. You've done what he wants to a tee. You're an actual, full blown moron!

When recently interviewed by a journalist, I was asked what I thought could have been done. What did I want the president to have done for us under VSU? The Union hasn't offered us one iota of support all year. That's what I wish for, support. Instead, Josh was the number one driver in the 'don't pay the *On Dit* editors' campaign,

An Editorial in 13 Parts

Anna Svedberg

don't give *On Dit* any money for printing, move them into a shitty office claiming it to be for two weeks and leave them there for the rest of the year. Josh is the kind of person that gets things done, Adrian (Homme Dit pg 40) describes Rayner as 'charismatic'; I'd sooner call him smarmy. If Josh wanted to help, he would have. All I wanted was more support and honesty. It's as simple as that. I don't know why Josh is so anti *On Dit*. Perhaps if we established that at the beginning of the year, we could have worked together.

To be honest, I'm positive Josh doesn't even read the paper. He would consider that to be beside the point. It's clear Josh has no respect for the paper because if somebody as 'important' as him doesn't read *On Dit*, who would? I wish Josh would visit the specials collection in the library and tell 74 solid years of *On Dit* that student media is not important. Then again, from where I'm sitting, he's botched the union up too and that supposedly is his passion.

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION IT'S FRENCH FOR MAGIC MOUNTAIN

The union had better come up with something snappy over summer or they're going to find themselves in a pickle. It's just a given for me that I will join my union whether it be at university or in the workplace. The union's marketing campaign is laughable though. Seriously, I know what a union is and I can't even decipher what 'your life on campus' means. What does it mean? Who came up with that? Why did you choose to use giant airbrushed actor's faces to sell 'your life on campus'? I tried to join the union in semester two and had to ask around how much it cost and where to do it? I work for the organisation for goodness sake; you think I might have caught a glimpse of a little flyer or something somewhere. When I enquired about joining I was given the most mediocre, black and white photocopied page of discounts I could get around Adelaide with my new 'Ambassadors Card', some food and movie discounts. Is that what I was joining the union for? I suppose so. Seriously, I don't know if it's Mr Rayner, the marketing department, the board or some silly mob of professionals orchestrating this mess, but at the rate you're going you're just slotting perfectly into the little cardboard cut out of the PM's plans. Is the union where Magic Mountain came to die?

THE GIRLS

Stephanie and I are the first all female editorial team in 74 years of *On Dit*. That's pretty fucking unbelievable for such a supposedly progressive organisation. From the moment we decided to run for elections as three female editors (Svedberg, Mountzouris & Young), we were told that three girls would never win. I'm not sure why not, perhaps they didn't believe that 3 women could edit a newspaper or because they were sexist and imagined that everybody else was too. Well, sadly Young wasn't able to edit with us, so it was just Svedberg and Mountzouris. We were happy for it to be just the two of us, sure it was an extra workload, however, we were endlessly urged to take on a third party, a male. I think this had something to do with needing a man to do the important bits like the news and current affairs section or something. From the moment we were elected as *On Dit* editors, we became known as 'the girls'. Girls is not an endearing term. It is patronizing and sexist and I don't know how many times I have asked to be called by my name or referred to as an editor. Seriously, you should check the council minutes, I'm sure our roll in history will go down as 'girls'.

Further to this, there have been suggestions that we are lesbians and that the only reason that boys have anything to do with the paper is because they want to have sex with us. Everything that a woman does becomes sexualised. We've seen that first hand.

Being women and further degraded to 'girls' from day one meant we had to work a whole lot harder to prove ourselves. People had little to low expectations of what we were going to produce. Before even asking us what the paper was going to be like, there was this assumption that it was going to be fashion and other 'girl' stuff. People were actually shocked when we created a darned good paper.

WHY IS ON DIT IMPORTANT?

So what is the point of *On Dit*? I still can't answer it without sounding like a brochure, but I can tell you, I haven't spent 70 hours a week making a newspaper, for \$220 a week because it is a superfluous hobby.

THEFT

I'd just like to say, we all know who stole the Sexuality edition. As for my earphones and the fifteen sandwiches, it will always be a mystery.

APOLOGIES

I personally apologise for laying out Peter Burdon's article in size 7 font in the Enviro edition.

ALEXANDRA BARRETT FOR PRESIDENT

I don't have a whole lot to say on the issue of Alexandra Barrett. I've never seen her do anything but eat a pizza on the floor of a council meeting. I'm sure she'll be very good at being the president of the Adelaide University Union, so long as her earpiece doesn't fall out.

GUERRILLA NEWSPAPER

Even writing this editorial now I'm feeling a little bit guilty. Maybe if I praise the Union and the president I could set it up nicely for next years' editors to walk into. Maybe by writing an honest editorial I'm jeopardising them getting a few thousand dollars in funding for next year. Fuck I hope not. Sorry guys. As it stands though, I don't imagine you'll be getting a penny. What is it Josh has suggested? Ummm, no help with funding the printing of a paper that costs \$3000 a week, the paper that has been an inherent part of Adelaide Uni since 1932. It was generous of him to suggest that you keep a percentage of the advertising revenue you raise, above and beyond whatever. Excuse me? You may aswell start your own wikkid guerilla newspaper where you don't have to worry about constantly pleasing or displeasing anybody. I've got a computer and a phone at home. Rock on.

TIP OF THE SVEDBERG: FOR BEN & CLAIRE

If I had my year over I would say exactly what I thought about the University, Government, Union and Joshua Rayner in print every single week. The Howard Government has reached this frightening point where we are made to be scared shitless about what we print, with chumps like Rayner gleefully enforcing it. John Howard has been busting to get rid of student newspapers since he was at uni himself. And now he runs the country from inside his god-awful walking leisure suit. He's done it. He's actually made it harder for us to speak up. We were supposed to put out about 20 editions this year; we've done 13. I wish that I had done more to encourage you to overthrow the government each week instead of laying out ponies and robots.

Don't be afraid. Say what you want to say, but say it in style. xoxo

THE BRIGHT FUTURE

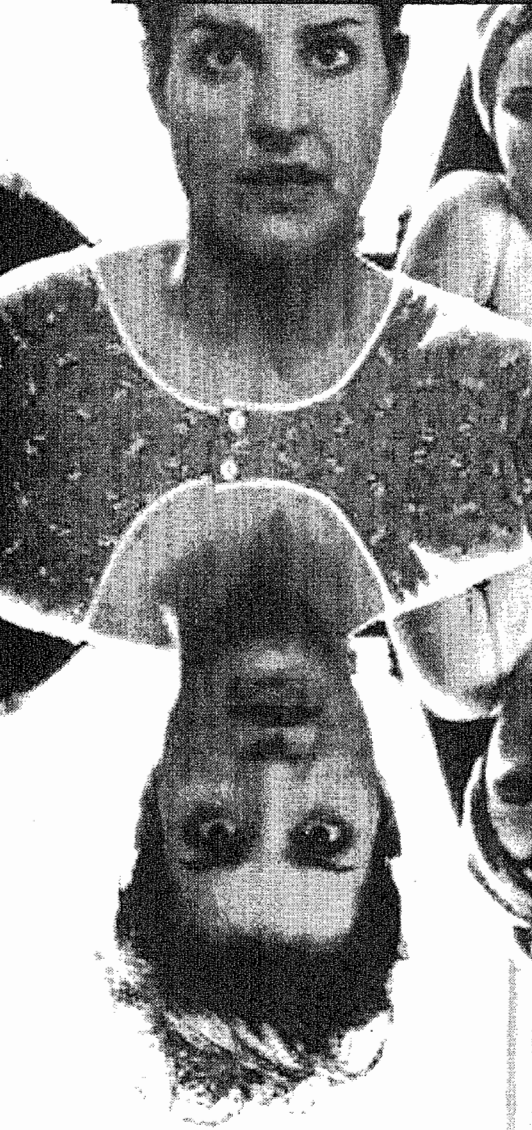
I can't wait til next year. I'm going to sleep til noon, play video games, shop at the markets, drink beer any night or day of the week, write letters to my friends, make zines, learn more magic tricks, have a clean room, have tea parties, sew, go to the movies, go on dates, brush my hair everyday, be nice to my sister, go for long bike rides with my best friend and take up some kind of superfluous hobby.

STEPHANIE MOUNTZOURIS

Watch this space. Stephanie Mountzouris is an artist that you're going to be saying 'yeah, she was the editor of the newspaper when I was at uni' and people are going to be telling their friends about you. There is nobody else in the world quite like Stephanie Mountzouris. She is a whirlwind of fab, with a beating heart of gold.

I love you xoxo

My Big Fat Stinking Greek Family . . .



My grandmother felt me up the other day. I swear, I am not joking. It was like something out of *Sixteen Candles*. And if she's not telling me how much she hates my hair or that I'm putting on weight, she's lecturing me on how good Greek boys don't go out with Greek skanks who kiss lots of boys and do I know any good Greek boys because she recently met a 30-year-old priest who might be interested. Hmm. Her entire interest in my chosen path as a medical student revealed itself one day when, after getting dressed in my smart clothes for a day at the hospital, she turned to me in all seriousness and asked "Why don't you put some effort into your appearance? Put some make up on. You might catch a doctor!"

Hmmm. I don't think the feminist revolution has quite reached my grandma's generation. They must've forgotten to translate *The Female Eunuch* into Greek...

My Greek heritage has long been a source of amusement for my friends. I don't think they've ever quite understood why their friend Sophie has to be home for family dinner without fail, why she can't argue with what Dad says, why she gets interrogated by Grandma, why she never takes boys home, or why her grandparents (despite being in Australia for over 40 years) can't speak English. And I've never understood why my friends' mothers get cleaners to clean the house, and don't just set their army of children to the task every Saturday morning. Like we do.

If you've seen My Big Fat Greek Wedding you'll have some idea of what goes on in ethnic families. Family gatherings are massive and the girls are expected to wait on everyone. I've never seen my brothers (or for that matter, my father) make a coffee for guests. The woman is the hostess, and the 'host' just serves alcohol. We have big parties at our place every few months - mum spends the day cooking, I spend the first hour when everyone arrives giving out chocolate and alcohol, then I set the buffet up, and within ten minutes of eating I'm out there gathering the dishes and washing, in the meantime preparing for the next course and next lot of dishes. My dad cooks the barbecue. My brothers play Nintendo. And that's about it. Greek girls are well trained, and the highest compliment you can be paid is to be called "prokomeni", which refers to your diligence, your obedience, your housekeeping

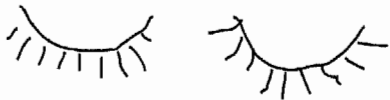
and your cooking. If my mum feels overworked on the day, it's my fault for not working hard enough - a girl who doesn't help her mother is ungrateful and will never please her mother-in-law. No one appreciates whether you're intelligent or not and no one cares about your opinion. My mum didn't learn how to speak up for herself until after she got married. Being Australian, I have learnt the hard way that the Greek men do not appreciate your views on the Socialist threat during the Vietnam War, they do not appreciate being shown up in knowledge about Liberal/Labor politics or health economics, and above all do not expect anyone to disagree with them when they pontificate on the superiority of the Greek civilization.

Eh. There's plenty to bitch about. The fact we're still expected to be good Greek virgins living at home until we marry good Greek boys, stay at home and raise the kids. The fact that my birth was a major disappointment, and everyone was just hanging out until my parents had a boy. The fact that I had to attend Greek school every week for 12 years, and church services are in an ancient language. The fact that I really shouldn't be trying to educate myself, if I'm just going to marry and breed anyway - here, I must admit, this is mainly what you hear in Greece where it's an embarrassment for a woman to work. And finally, the fact that, no matter what you do, no matter how nice or "prokomeni" you are, your mother-in-law will inevitably hate you.

There are good things too though. There is the 'Family', that indomitable support structure that you can never escape, but will almost never turn you away (unless you get pregnant, slap your grandma or have an affair). There are the traditional roles - the stay-at-home house mum and working father - which make it all nice and easy. And there is the humungous dowry with piles of little doilies and satin sheets just waiting for me when I move into my own marital home. Aah, to be Greek ...

Sophie Plagakis

If it makes you feel any better Sophie, I too was lamented at birth by stuffy old relatives because of my apparent lack of XY. Thankfully, there's no Greek word for wanting to be white, so if you'll excuse me Uncle Taki, I have a newspaper to publish - Steph xoxo



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THE DOCTOR - MY FAVOURITE MAN

Many important things happened in 1963. Martin Luther King delivered his 'I have a dream' speech, Kennedy was assassinated, and on the very next day, November 23rd, the first ever episode of 'Doctor Who' was aired. About teatime, apparently. It was in black and white, and brought about a new kind of television experience. Imagine a series that can take you to any time and any place. Now there's an idea that doesn't get old quickly. You can be in revolutionary France one day, war-torn Skaro the next or perhaps medieval Britain or at a black hole at the edge of the universe thousands of years from now if you would prefer. Imagine a man; well a humanoid at any rate, who can morph into a completely different person - with new quirks, new ideas, and as was pointed out to us at the end of last series, new teeth. He's somewhere between 800 and 1200 years old, but really doesn't look it. We aren't sure what his name is, but the Daleks call him 'The Bringer of Darkness', or 'The Oncoming Storm'. He has two hearts, and can read minds if he wants to. (But often doesn't, because he is an ethical being). This man is the Doctor, one of the mighty Time Lords of Gallifrey. And even better, he has in his possession a sonic screwdriver. Oh yes. I'd kill for one of those babies. More to the point, I'd face down the Sycorax, an army of Raston Warrior Robots, the Sontarans (scary potato-head people) and the Master to get my hands on one.

For you skeptics out there, I'd like to point out that 'Doctor Who' has given a lot to sci-fi. There's the TARDIS, - a Type 40 TT, in case you were wondering - the Daleks, the scourge of the known universe, K9, robo-dog extraordinaire, and that theme song...I know there are people who experience the same shiver of pure joy as I do when we hear the theme, painstakingly created by the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Sure, there were a couple of dodgy renditions in the 70's and 80's, what with the disco vibe and all, but they

were still great, relatively speaking. The new orchestral theme certainly doesn't disappoint. If anyone hasn't heard it, the original theme is my ring tone, so come find me.

The current incarnation of the Doctor is David Tennant. I say Huzzah and Hurrah for him. Apart from being a good actor, he is the first Doctor who is genuinely fanciable. (It's not necessary, but it's nice.) Doctors One, Two, Three, Four and Seven were too old, Five wore celery in his lapel, Eight was pretty but not quite attractive enough, and the Sixth Doctor was Colin Baker. Nuff said. Oh, and Doctor Number Nine was a bit funny looking. But the Tenth Doctor is lovely, in a smiley, slightly manic sort of way. Better and better was Rose - simply chav-tastic. Who would have thought that we would have come to love her so? But alas, she, like so many other companions, is gone, never to return. Therein lies the poignancy, even the curse, of the Doctor's existence. Although he is a Time Lord, a traveler in time and space, he is the last of his race, the only survivor of the epic Time War with the Daleks. He can never bring his people back, and is utterly alone. There are always companions, but they come and go. Some want to go home, some want to stay on a new world, some are wrenched away by fate, some die. Even if one stayed with the Doctor all their life, no good could come of it. They would age and die, and the Doctor would keep regenerating, staying forever young (ish). The Doctor gives so much to our world, but can never be a part of it. Even though he is half-human on his mother's side, he isn't like us.

Leaving the philosophical aspects aside for the moment, the regeneration concept is, quite frankly, brilliant - mainly because it means that 'Doctor Who' can go on forever. It's the perfect get out of jail free card, as whenever an actor gets bored or bolshy, you can always get someone else in to replace them. Initially the idea was that a Time

Lord could only regenerate 12 times, but the writers later added a loophole that one could nick regenerations from other Time Lords, thereby increasing their life span exponentially. (For the record, there are Time Ladies, but they are usually called Time Lords too. It's a personal choice thing.) Ultimately, this is what 'Doctor Who' has over all the other sci-fi series. Unfortunately for William Shatner, Captain Kirk could not change his appearance at will.

It was the final episode of the series on Saturday the 7th. I stayed home to watch it. I cried, and I'm not ashamed to say so. Poor Rose. Poor Doctor. Wah. (As I write this, I am mightily pissed that two pillars of my TV universe, the good Doctor and Green Wing, have been wrenched away from me within two days of each other. It's a very emotional time.) I console myself with the thought that from December 7 1989 to March 25 2005, no new 'Doctor Who' was made, bar the TV movie. At least I only have to wait until next year.

Who would have thought that all this would have come to pass? In 1963, a bunch of people thought they could make a television program which was fun and educational. 42 years and 11 months (and over 700 episodes plus 1 movie) later, 'Doctor Who' is the longest running sci-fi series in history. A lot of things have changed in that time. Production values have definitely gone up. In the past, they had to make their monsters out of tin foil, crepe paper, noodles and mops, but no longer. Now they can play with CGI and green-screens. Even so, it's nice to know that some things never change. The TARDIS will always be stuck as a police box, there will always be planets to save, one alien race or the other will always decide to invade Earth, and the Daleks will always find a way to come back. There will always be a Doctor. And I'm quite happy about that.

Sophie Donoghue



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Yikes. I'm a really liberated woman. Beautiful - 'cos at least you can always prove that you're smart once you verbally crush the idiot who said you were stupid.

We're more threatened by the beautiful ones 'cos they're always getting their nails done and damn those claws are dangerous!

My brother feels that he's more threatened by smart chicks tho...

Women are almost always trying to impress people with their looks and/or smarts and because of this, we are offended if we are seen as either ugly or stupid. However, I do think that because of the pressure put on us by society and the images we see in many magazines and other forms of media that we are threatened more by those women who have something that we don't. That can be either beauty or brains.

Lisa Ireland

While it's insulting to not be considered intelligent when you know you are, I find the concept of not being considered beautiful considerably more horrifying. We live in a society that is driven by appearances, where people can get by with relatively little brains based on their looks, where you are 5 times more likely to be employed in a job interview if you have white teeth.

If given the choice between having looks or intelligence I would choose intelligence every time, but that fear of judgement and conformity means I would be far more offended not to be considered beautiful!

Obviously the most intimidating women are those who are both smart and beautiful, those are the ones who are going to rule the world when we finally get rid of the patriarchy!! But seriously, a beautiful woman on the street is far more intimidating than a plain one, but once you have gotten to know a person, their intelligence holds a far greater importance and thus makes them more intimidating.

Rhi
xoxoxo



DERR BRAIN

D vs Pretty

Are we more offended at not being considered beautiful or not being considered smart?

Are we threatened more by women who are smart or who are beautiful?

From a young age, girls are taught to walk a certain way, hold themselves in a specific manner, wear particular clothes, shave/wax our legs, pluck our eyebrows, apply makeup, wear high-heels, match our bags to our shoes, wear bras, paint our toenails, have pretty underwear...and other such exciting activities. Most of our growing-up experiences are devoted to making ourselves look (and feel) pretty and sexy and beautiful. If we were to fall in love, most of us would go weak-kneed at our heart's desires calling us 'beautiful', 'adorable', and 'sexy', as opposed to 'clever', 'brainy' and 'bright'. Considering so much of our lives are concerned with looking 'beautiful', then it is no wonder that most of us would be more offended at not being considered beautiful. It is not simply the shallow idea of being 'not pretty', but rather that we are failures - that we have not done our 'best' - failing at something we have practiced for such a long time.

However, as a gangly, tall and awkward-looking girl growing up, I began to realise that there was nothing more satisfying in this world than out-smarting someone, getting good grades, making a clever comment, knowing an answer in a Trivia Night, going to university, saying I go to university, getting a university degree, getting a great job, and knowing that I will be able to support myself in my later life! I began to place all my hopes and aspirations on my intelligence - not my beauty - and from this, I would definitely be more offended at not being considered smart than beautiful.

Tara Bates

My boyfriend told me he thought I was pretty once. It made him feel guilty that he noticed. He never told me I was smart. Both made me feel sad.

A xoxo

We're more offended at not being considered smart, because in the mind of the ubiquitous modern woman, brains are prized over breasts. It is recognised that intelligence gains a woman a career, and therefore security and respect from her community. Thus (theoretically) beauty has less importance. Are we threatened more by women who are smart or who are beautiful? However - and I'm gonna delve in to a personal experience I think EVERY honest gal will recognise - when confronted with a woman who was loved/crushed on/lusted after/befriended by/engaged to the current object of one's own affections, the most reassuring thing a chickie needs to feel is that she is more attractive. TRUTH!!! We might still intensely dislike a woman for being smarter and envy her future success, but what rattles your concentration and keeps you up at night is her appearance. And that is what makes women (perhaps it should just be woman, if no one agrees with me ;0)) stupid.

Sarah Reid

I've got to say, I'd be more offended to be considered not smart, rather than not beautiful. Beauty fades but knowledge is forever! And another cheesy quote that still holds quite a great deal of resonance today - Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. My girlfriends and I constantly disagree over whether a guy is good-looking. (For example: The 'IT' boy of our year causing much controversy; seen as a "golden boy" worth drooling and obsessing about for decades, or in stark contrast a scrawny, egotistical pretty boy!) If one guy doesn't find you attractive, it doesn't mean others won't. But to be honest, I'm probably more threatened by beauty than brains. A stunning woman is more likely to have me acting ridiculously jealous than a fully qualified brain surgeon or nuclear physicist! They ARE juicy questions!

Megs
Xx

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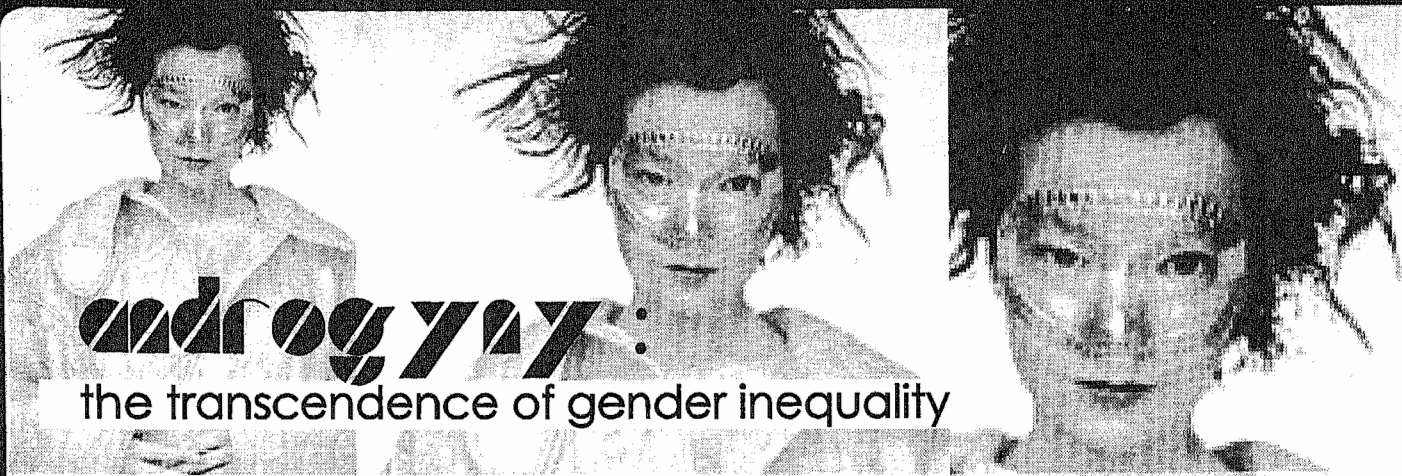


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androgyny:

the transcendence of gender inequality

Why should gender matter in this opportunity-ridden, free speech, democratically driven, education based society? Ha, I'm SO glad you asked me that.

When I heard of the *On Dit* theme of "What does it mean to be a man/woman" it really got me thinking. The real question as it appears to me is why should it matter if I am a girl or a boy? The problem is, it does. Think of the first question that is asked at your birth: Is it a boy or a girl? (unless of course your parents cheated and found out beforehand). How are you sitting now? How have you done your hair? Would you even think about your hair? It's a difficult business trying to separate the learned gender differences from the "natural" or biological differences. Beyond physiology, and subtle hormone differences, why should we so strongly separate ourselves through genderization? Wouldn't it be better to recognize the inherent presence of both male and female within us in a theoretically androgynous type state?

Given the fantastic opportunity to read Ursula Le Guin's *The Left Hand of Darkness* I suppose I've been thinking about the concept of androgyny and gender a lot recently. The novel, written in 1969 is basically a science fiction story (but one of the better ones) set on the planet Gethen, which is populated by humans who are simultaneously both male and female, only entering periods of sexual activity, known as Kemmer for a short period each month, in which they become either male or female. If while in this state a female Gethenian becomes pregnant, "she" carries the child to full term, and after the birth reverts back to an androgynous state. The great thing about the story is that it

approaches the ambisexual people from our perspective by placing a strictly male "earthling" known as Genly Ai into the scene, and basically, seeing if he'll sink or swim. At first, as a female reader I found it near impossible to like him, when asked whether or not female humans are mentally inferior he replies "I don't know." And often describes the worst traits of those around him as feminine:

*"There was in his attitude something feminine, a refusal of the abstract, the ideal, a submissiveness to the given which rather displeased me"*¹

But, as Genly becomes assimilated, he begins to recognise gender without the restrictions of his earthly preconceptions. He even begins to feel sexually attracted to a specific Gethenian, Estraven, who is said to epitomize the Yin/Yang symbol, encompassing male and female, light and dark, good and bad, etc. In a nutshell Le Guin hypothesizes an androgynous society that is strangely similar to our own, minus the gender inequality we've all come to know and hate. A proposed possible utopia? How idealistic of her. But then again it was the 60's and that feeling was in the air. However the society works, and its easy to see how. Androgyny apparently is a good way to be, it leaves gender limitations by the door, whilst at the same time encouraging sexual intimacy and individuality.

Not that androgyny is in any way a new concept. In the Greek myth of Hermaphroditus who in one version was the child of Hermes and Aphrodite (as pictured) was born a double-sexed being, and in another version was the union of the originally male Hermaphroditus with the nymph Salmacis who at the moment of their union cried out

"O Gods! Grant that nothing may ever separate him from me, or me from him".

And of course she got her wish. In this picture they are encircled by the world snake, called Ouroboros, which is supposed to be both male and female, self-impregnating, self-feeding, immortal and complete: thus representing both the Gods and Nature at once.

If, we can accept that within us all are the presence of male and female "energies" (or concepts more like), then supposed "issues" such as same sex attraction no longer can be seen as "weird" but completely natural. The attraction of opposites to opposites transcends gender through the concept of androgyny. Furthermore transgendered people are simply more enlightened than the rest of us gendered, imprisoned drones.

Approaching androgyny is not as difficult as it seems. It's not solely about transgenderism, but more about the embracement of the inherent ability to develop whatever trait we choose, regardless of whether it is allowable for our sex. It about being consciously aware of the gender restrictions of society, and rejecting them if necessary.

The best thing about Le Guin's novel is the depiction of not male, and not the female face, but of the Human face. She gives the reader hope that one day, the only question asked at a birth will be "is the baby healthy?". After all that is the only thing that should matter.

Genevieve Williamson

(Footnotes)

¹ Ursula Le Guin *The Left hand of Darkness* Virago: London 1969. Cheaper at Borders (for some reason...) than Unibooks unless you paid your Union membership. Well worth a read.

RECLAIM THE NIGHT

RECLAIM the NIGHT
Friday 27 October 2006

An annual event in Australia since 1978, Reclaim the Night is a peaceful protest by women against the perpetration of sexual violence against women and children within our community. It is the right of all women to feel safe and be able to participate fully within society without feeling vulnerable and afraid. Recent figures published by the Australian Bureau of Statistics in the 2005 Personal Safety Survey Australia show that women's safety is still a major issue to be addressed.

32.1% of South Australian women experienced physical assault since the age of 15;

19.1% of women in South Australia have experienced sexual assault since the age of 15;

Women are more likely to be sexually assaulted by a current or previous partner [28.8%] or a family member or friend [39%] than by a stranger [21.8%]; Levels of sexual assault against women are significantly higher than for males. Nearly three times as many women as men experienced sexual violence in the last 12 months.

Reclaim the Night acknowledges that violence against women is unacceptable and that those who use violence must accept responsibility for their acts. The dominant societal construction of women as being in some way responsible for violence perpetrated against them by men needs to be addressed in order for all women within our community to live safely and without fear.

Reclaim the Night is being co-ordinated this year by a newly formed Collective. Comprising representatives from the Office for Women; YWCA; Working Women's Centre; Student's Association, University of Adelaide; Feast Lesbian and Gay Cultural Festival; and women's health, community and service organisations, the Reclaim the Night Collective is working toward re-establishing the event as a major public response to violence against women.

Women are invited to join us on Friday 27 October at 7pm in Victoria Square for a rally and march down King William and Hindley Street to a festival at CAOS Café and Register Street.

For further information on Reclaim the Night and events planned across Australia go to www.isis.aust.com/rtn

**Reclaim the Night Collective
2006**



I know a word that causes more offence and pain to the average male than 'castration.' I know a word that has caused me more bar fights with women than the phrase 'you're a slut.' You all know where I'm going (please don't stop reading) oops I used it, Feminism.

Wash out your mouth.

I have never come across such a relatively innocuous word that causes such an uproar across the board. The big problem that I have is, What's so wrong with Feminism? What is so strange about wanting equal rights for all people? Why do people insist on making generalisations about what feminists are like? Why are women so horrified to be labeled feminists?

I could write for paragraph after paragraph about my thoughts on the feminist movement, where its been, what our generation have done about it, where its going, subgroups and issues. Instead I've just selected a couple of things for you all to think about. Dale Spender once said that whenever a woman told her that she wasn't a feminist she replied with, 'Why? What's your problem?' Indeed. What is your problem? The stigma that surrounds the word 'feminist' is such that even those people who have beliefs that well and truly fall under the broad idea refuse to be called this.

The reality is that if you are a woman reading this it means you attend University. It means you believe women should have equal access to education and that my friends (sorry to break it to you) makes you a feminist. In simple terms feminism is merely the belief that women are as equal as men and should be treated as such. I do not believe this is a radical notion, in fact it seems to make rather a lot of sense to me.

Think about some of these questions-
- Is it ok for a woman to be discriminated against because of her gender?
- Regardless of your opinion on the concept of abortion, should women have control over their own bodies and reproduction?
- Why is it ok in our society to label women as 'whores,' 'skanks,' 'Hos' or 'easy' because they have multiple sexual partners while men are referred to as 'players' or 'studs'?

- Why is there such a focus on unattainable physical characteristics for women in the media?

- Is women's role in pornography or the sex industry empowering or degrading?

- Should Australian workplaces support paid maternity leave?

- Why do women still make up the majority of places in nursing and teaching and men in engineering and other similar degrees?

- Why are these the professions that are the lowest paid and arguably receive the least respect?

- How many women who will admit they are feminists are 'man-hating, hairy, lesbian, bra-burning, unnatural, ugly' women? How many are just ordinary women?

We live in a society that we should constantly question. We need to be discerning, aware, proactive and most importantly we need to be tolerant and respectful of the opinions of others. Women need to learn to accept that being labeled a feminist isn't a bad thing and men need to learn that 'you don't have to be anti-man to be pro-woman.' I'm not out to get the males of the population. In fact I quite like the males of the population... The point is though the sooner our society accepts that feminism as a concept is actually ok the sooner real gains for equality can be made (then maybe we can focus our full attention on to Queer rights, Indigenous Rights etc.)

The next time you hear the 'F' word just think about this quote that my delightful pro-Feminist friend Steve thinks is fantastic:

*"Feminism is the radical notion
that women are people"*

That wasn't so bad was it?

Rhiannon Newman

(Who didn't get to write her last OB column so would like to thank Emma 'Scone Queen' Durdin, Hannah Frank, John Pezy, Lavinia Emmett-Grey, Natalie Teakle, Naomi, Jess Cronin, David Pearson, Bill Fuller, Sandy Biar, David Wilkins, Matthew Allen, Jessica Tucker, Reece Kinnane, Sarah Reid, Steph M, Anna Svedberg, Tara Bates, Cheeky and Wilky (amongst a vast number of people) for their support in her role as SAUA Equity and Welfare Officer this year.)

BREAKING UP WITH



CD 5106

In September 2006, Janet Jackson released her ninth studio album. Entitled *20 Years Old (20Y.O.)*, the album is intended as a celebration of the 20 years of Janet's career since the release of the *Control* album in 1986.

Control featured 'What Have You Done For Me Lately', 'The Pleasure Principle', the ballad 'Let's Wait Awhile' and Janet's first number one single, 'When I Think of You'. The album went to the top of the Billboard chart and sold over five million copies in by the end of 1986.

Control was awarded a Grammy Nomination for Album of the Year, six Billboard Music Awards, four American Music Awards, three MTV Video Music Awards and three Soul Train Music Awards including Album of the Year.

20Y.O. has so far failed to hit the top 40 in both the UK Official Albums Chart and in Australia, debuting at numbers 63 and 55 respectively.

Of the new album, Janet says it is about taking charge. "Here I am. I'm coming on. Musically, I have it. You want it. And I'm giving it to you."

The album completes Janet's \$80 million deal with Virgin Records ... and led two long term Janet devotees to do the unthinkable.

Subject: Oh Dear... We Suspected As Much...
From: Naomi
To: Dale

Found this posted and it confirms the worst.

Naomi

OK boys and girls it's official... Janet Jackson's album is a worldwide FLOP!! She failed to sell in the major worldwide markets of the UK, Germany, Australia and Ireland - two of which are the biggest markets in the world (2/3 of the world's music sales are from outside of the US!) Here are the chart positions for those countries in the first week as of October 1st 2006:

- UK - # 63 (3 000 SOLD) Ironically this is just one place higher than Justin Timberlake's re-entry at #64 with his 2002 album *Justified!*

- AUSTRALIA - Failed to chart in top 50 albums (no chart position given as sales less than 1000 copies)

- IRELAND - Failed to chart in top 100 (no position given as sales less than 750 copies)

Her furious promo blitz of the US and the Oprah effect have yet to prove their effectiveness... Will the US sales save her?

[Source: www.celebrities.netscape.com]

Subject: RE: Oh Dear... We Suspected As Much...
From: Dale
To: Naomi

What started as a quick reply seems to have turned into a short essay, but I think it needed to be put out there.

Dale

Janet, oh Janet. What went wrong? We danced to 'Control' and your funky Motown-inspired tunes as you questioned your lazy, poor excuse for a boyfriend with young, sassy feminist

gusto as in 'What Have You Done for Me Lately?'

We donned our black caps and prejudice-kicking boots, and rallied to your call as you proclaimed us all part of the great *Rhythm Nation*. We rocked out on air guitar to the kicking solo in the attitude-packed 'Black Cat'.

We watched you transform from angsty tomboy to a sensual *femme* (who wasn't afraid to show off her washboard abs) and declare in lush tones 'That's the Way Love Goes'. We swooned vicariously as you made out in the rain with Gary Dourdan in the video clip for 'Again'.

Our hearts and dancing shoes moved with multicultural groove as you leapt around the world, uniting people of all cultures in the 'Runaway' clip (and felt a special sense of patriotism at the scene of you running up the Sydney opera house).

We ventured with your newly tattooed and daringly pierced self into the urban realm of 'The Velvet Rope'. We paid respect to the Joni Mitchell sample on 'Got Til It's Gone'. We giggled, a little nervously, during the interlude where you put your girlfriend on speakerphone so you could free up your hands to "take care of business." We were a little puzzled when you started to speak to yourself in second-person ("Hey J, it's been a long time since I saw you last...")

We cheered the collaboration with Carly Simon (and later Missy Elliot) on 'Son of a Gun' but had to wonder what was going on with the rest of the *All For You* album. While we hailed the topless cover photo of Janet as a progressive and sexy contribution to pop cultural art, we were left to wonder as to the artistic merit of you lying naked on a bearskin rug for *All For You*. We tried to appreciate the tribute to your 80s roots, but couldn't help but squirm uncomfortably at yet another interlude consisting of a breathy Janet climax. We squirmed even more when you shared in interview that such 'interludes' were real and not faked.

We held off on buying *Damita Jo*, your next offering, and the couple of singles we downloaded didn't do much to challenge our hesitation. Your interviews became less about expressing opinions and more about talking like a potty-mouthed sailor about picking up boys in clubs.

We shook our heads with shame and sorrow as you buckled to the conservative, nipple-fearing, American Super Bowl-viewing audience and apologised profusely, after your

MS. JACKSON

wardrobe malfunction, for the glimpse of your once-righteous and -honoured breast.

We noted with great apprehension and distant memories of better times that your new album has hit the stores. We couldn't help but think your decision to title it *20 Years Old* is an attempt to cling to a youth which you should have blossomed from many moons ago. We were upset to see you gracing the cover of *FHM* magazine with the quote "I've never worn so little clothes before!" We felt like a dirty perv when we flipped to the centrefold-esque photo shoot which not only proved the truth of your statement, but which would have made LaToya "Strip-Me-Down-Grease-Me-Up-and-Put-Me-in-Bed-With-a-Big-Phallic-Snake" look like a blushing, virginal Catholic school girl.

Janet, oh Janet. What happened? You were at the top of your league. You were a role model, an icon, a boot-stomping, mid-riff flaunting, boundary-pushing, culturally embracing, sweet-smiling, incredibly sexy and talented woman. You were always a rubbish actor, let's make no illusions, but even that was also part of why we loved you.

You had a good heart. Now you're 40 years old, gracing the pages of a cheap magazine, posed on all fours in lace panties for a sweaty-palmed reader who wasn't even born when the *Control* album exploded onto the music scene:

*"I'm in control (and I love it, that's right)
Control, now I've got a lot,
Control, now I'm all grown up,
I'm in control, I'm in control,
Don't make me lose it"*

Sadly Janet, it seems you were capable of that all on your own.

Subject: RE: Oh Dear... We Suspected As Much...
From: Naomi
To: Dale

I feel like we're breaking up with her.

"Janet... it's not us, it's you."

Naomi

I hate to ask... but Janet, what have you done for us lately? We never wanted it to come to this... a Janet Jackson album doing nothing besides eating up valuable space on our iPods!

Janet, we miss you so much. Where is the Janet who had us mimicking impossible dance moves in the 'If' video? Where is the Janet who confronts with rage a destructive lover in 'What About' when you ask, "What about the times you said you didn't fuck her, she only gave you head?" Where is carefree Janet, who joined Luther Vandross in confirming that 'The Best Things In Life Are Free'?

FHM interviews may tell us that you're now wearing less clothing than ever, but the lyrics on *20Y.O* bolster our fears that you are using less brain cells than ever before as well!

How do you get from the simple eloquence of 'Rhythm Nation':

*"With music by our side
To break the color lines
Let's work together
To improve our way of life
Join voices in protest
To social injustice
A generation full of courage
Come forth with me"*

To 'Do It 2 Me' on the new record:

*"Now you can bounce with me, wit me, wit me
Can you, can you, lean wit it, rock wit it
Can you, can you, can you, do it, do it, do it wit me
Can you, can you, can you bounce wit me, wit me, wit me
Come on"*

What happened? 'Sexhibition' on the *Damita Jo* album was bad enough. 'Sexplode' and 'sexplode' are not real words! But this? When did you stop thinking about what you were singing?

20Y.O opens with a spoken word intro. You proclaim, "There is something to be said for not saying anything". Indeed, there most certainly is Janet. You once told the world that your "first name ain't baby - it's Janet. Ms Jackson if you're nasty." well, Ms Jackson... *20 Years Old* most certainly is that. Nasty.

Janet, we think we need some space. We still care very much about you... you're just not the same person we fell in love with. You changed. The Janet we knew didn't need to dumb herself and her sexuality down to compete with the conveyor belt line of pop princesses flooding contemporary culture. You're better than them, you always were. We just thought you knew that too. The Janet we fell for would never have apologised for the Super Bowl stuff - you did nothing wrong.

Our Janet danced like no one else, and sang with genuine style and substance. She was everything good music should be - bold, sexy, original, defining.

If you ever find that person again... we'd love to hear from her.
sigh

Naomi Vaughan



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WORLD TELLS NORTH KOREA IT'S TOTALLY GROUNDED NORTH KOREA GOES BALLISTIC

North Korea has caused an international stink by claiming to have conducted its first nuclear weapons test. The claim was not verified immediately, but South Korea and the United States confirmed that they had detected 'seismic activity' in the area that the underground test is alleged to have been carried out. The international community has been quick to condemn North Korea - including China, supposedly North Korea's greatest ally - and the United States and Japan are expected to press for more heavy-duty sanctions. North Korean authorities are claiming the test was a complete success, and have expressed the opinion that now the country has proved its nuclear capability, greater stability will ensure in their region. South Korea has apparently escalated the alert level of its military, and the South Korean stock market

AMISH GIRLS KILLED BY SUICIDAL GUNMAN

Four Amish girls were killed and eight more wounded when a gunman opened fire in their Pennsylvania classroom. Witnesses told police that Charles Carl Roberts burst into the classroom, ordered all the boys and adults to leave, and took the girls hostage. He then executed three girls by shooting them in the back of the head, and opened fire on the rest before killing himself. Another girl died hours later. Witnesses said that one of the girls, 13 year old Marian Fisher, asked Roberts to shoot her first because she thought it would save the others. Her younger sister Barbie, 11, asked Roberts to shoot her next. Barbie survived, but Marlan did not. 32 year old Roberts, who was not Amish, apparently dropped his three children off at their bus stop, left a suicide note, and then headed for the one-room school. Roberts was armed with a shotgun, a 9mm semi-automatic pistol, a rifle, 600 rounds of ammunition, two knives, tools including a hacksaw, and a stun-gun.

THAI GOVERNMENT UP AND RUNNING

The King of Thailand has approved the nation's new cabinet, which was formed after a coup that ousted the then Prime Minister. The King gave the nod to the list of ministers submitted to him by the new Prime Minister, Surayud Chulanont. Royal approval was necessary before the new lineup could be announced to the public. As the new Prime Minister was only installed on the 1st of October, he has, rather impressively, managed to form a government in less than a week. The new government is expected to govern Thailand for one year, until a new constitution is drafted and elections are held next October.

REBELLIOUS FOOD MAKES HUNDREDS ILL

Authorities have been left wondering what exactly happened when around 650 Iraqi policemen fell ill after eating an evening meal. 11 men died according to the Environment Ministry, but this report has been denied by the governor of the province where the incident occurred. The men were affected to various degrees, and although contaminated food or water are suspected, there are suggestions that they were the victims of deliberate poisoning. An investigation is already underway.



IT'S NICE TO HAVE A HOBBY

A part-time Thai snake charmer has become the world's champion snake-kisser. Khum Chaibuddee kissed 19 extremely venomous king cobras in an attempt to break the previous world record of 11, set in 1999. A medical team was on standby, as were four other snake charmers who were ready to step in if things got ugly. The event was organised by Thailand's 'Ripley's Believe It or Not' museum, which now plans to submit Khum's record attempt to the *Guinness Book of World Records*. Khum, and any other sane person, urged people not to try this at home.

REPUBLICANS DUCK AND COVER

The House of Representatives has been gripped by a sex scandal in the time leading up to congressional elections. Republican representative Mark Foley is now under investigation by Florida state investigators and House ethics investigators - not to mention the FBI - after it was discovered that he had sent sexually explicit emails to an unspecified number of teenage boys. This scandal is a disaster for Republican party members, as they were already facing a tough election. The fact that the Republican hierarchy, who were to some extent aware of Foley's behaviour, did nothing to prevent it is obviously not going to help them. Apparently everyone referred it to their bosses, who referred it to their bosses, who thought it wasn't their business. A high-ranking Republican in the House of Representatives commented that although he knew about the emails to one boy, he merely thought they were 'over-friendly'. The POTUS and the White House are staying out of it. Foley, who has resigned and checked into rehab, was the chairman of the House caucus on missing and exploited children. Huh.

ET PHONE LAWYER

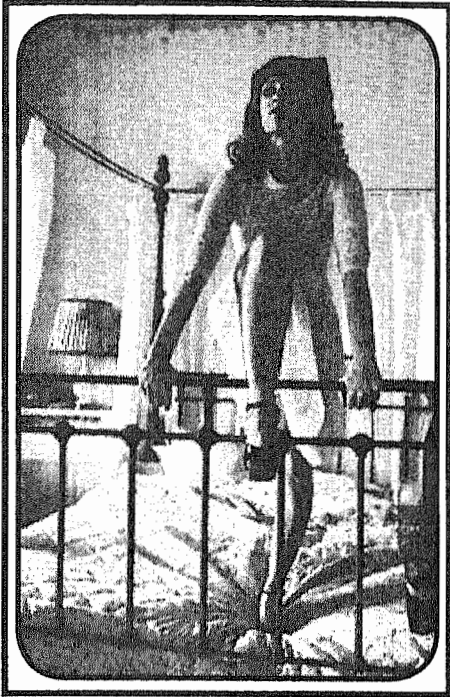
A German lawyer is hoping to increase his client base by representing people who claim to have been abducted by aliens. Jens Lorek hopes that he can get these clients compensation from the state, as well as free therapy and medical treatment. Under German law, victims of kidnap have the right to apply for state compensation, and Lorek thinks the same should apply to those who have been abducted and cruelly probed by aliens. Lorek is tapping into what he sees as a vast unsatisfied demand for legal advice, quoting extra-terrestrial watchdogs who report hundreds of abductions each year. When asked if he was worried about looking a tad silly, he replied that 'Nobody has laughed about it up until now.' Lorek has yet to win an alien abduction case, but is hopeful.

A CAUTIONARY TALE

An Austrian man has been found dead in his apartment - five years after he died. Franz Riedl was apparently in his late 80's when he died peacefully in his bed. No one noticed because his rent was paid through a direct debit. Neighbours didn't detect any bad smell, and so blithely went on with their lives. When Mr Riedl's body was found it was apparently well preserved (hence no smell). A neighbour said that a woman had been caring for Mr Riedl, and had assumed when they didn't see him any more that he had moved in with her, or gone to an old people's home. Moral: always have contact with people in the outside world, and pay rent in cash. This could happen to you...

That's all for this year kids. Watch the news, cos it's nice to know what's going on in the universe. (And no, Fox doesn't count, because it only becomes journalism if you are very, very drunk.)

It's "polyamory", not "polyfuckanythingIcangetmyhandson"



You know that feeling when a young kid asks you an awkward question? Well, the truth is, I don't like to lie to them, so I do tell them the truth... although a little bit simplified and candy-coated. Still, even the simpler, candy-coated truth can cause some confusion, as I discovered the other day.

Picture this: I'm pottering around my new home, and there's a young eight-year-old lounging around in my beanbag, perusing the various things strewn around the room.

Kid: Is that yours?

Me: No, that's my boyfriend's.

Kid: Does he live with you?

Me: Well, no, not exactly, he's overseas at the moment.

Kid: Who do you live with?

Me: Oh, this other girl.

Kid: Who is her boyfriend?

Me: Um... the same guy, actually.

At this point, you can probably hear the crickets chirping for a few moments before the conversation resumes.

Kid: That's weird.

Me: Why is it weird?

Kid: It's cheating.

Me: No it's not. It's only cheating when your boyfriend/girlfriend doesn't know or isn't okay with it. We know, and we're okay with it, so it's not cheating.

Kid: Well, that's dumb.

Well, it's not my place to criticise other people's opinions and beliefs, but I couldn't help but be saddened to see that an eight-year-old girl was already this narrow-minded. She isn't anywhere near having to deal with that issue herself yet, but has already decided that having more than one partner, or being one of a few is a bad thing. A lot of us seem

to have decided that without ever having tried it. My only explanation is that we are all conditioned by society to believe that anything but monogamy is a bad thing. But could it just be a fear of the unknown? Let's face it, what the hell are the alternatives anyway?

From my own experiences, I can say that polyamory comes in many different shapes and guises. I know one couple who accept and more or less condone their partner occasionally having a fling or a one-night-stand, but they don't want to know about it if/when it does happen, so I guess it's an agreement to keep these things secret from each other.

Then there's what seems to be the most commonly known breed of polyamory, which is the existence of "primary", committed partners alongside "secondary", more playful flings which last long enough to be considered partners as well. Alternatively, there's also the existence of a primary partner while each of the two parties involved occasionally go off and have their dalliances, but inform each other of them.

Another beast in the word of non-monogamy is swinging, in which couples go out together and pick up, or swap partners with other couples. And then of course there is simply a general free-spiritedness of having a few fuckbuddies at a time, but no real commitment.

Personally, I take the word "polyamory" quite literally. I consider it to be the freedom to love more than one person, because I don't see why I should limit myself in that sense. Why should there only be so much love in your life? Okay, I admit it, I have my occasional one-night-stands, but I am quite happy to have more than one "primary partner", so it's certainly not just about being able to fuck whoever you want. There are still other people's emotions to consider, no matter what breed of relationship you have. The question is, is "infidelity" really a threat to love, or morally wrong? What proof do we have of that? For starters, lust and love are two very different things, although granted, they do overlap a little bit. I see absolutely no proof of sexual relationships with someone other than your "primary" partner in any way diminishing your love for them. From what I can see, fidelity is simply a value this society has, which is of Christian origin. As an agnostic leaning towards atheism, Christianity really doesn't apply to my beliefs. I have yet to see proof of fidelity being the cornerstone that actually keeps love strong and true.

When a couple breaks up as a result of infidelity, what are the feelings involved? I would expect jealousy and betrayal to be among them. Well, I can empathise with betrayal. A friend of mine once said,

"Cheating is whatever you wouldn't want your partner to know". That part is easily fixed with simple, upfront honesty. It's jealousy that tends to be the problem. Some people are more jealous than others, and I really wouldn't know whether it's in their nature or whether society nurtures that ugly little emotion. But, call me cynical, I can't help but think that (potential) jealousy plays a bit too big a part in most monogamous relationships.

The fact is, there are some definite advantages to polyamory. Not only do you combine the freedom to let your eyes (and hands, and everything else) roam with the comfort and security of a relationship, but it takes away all the pressures and suspicions related to potential infidelity... provided you do manage to shed that jealousy factor. The possibilities of what to do with a polyamorous relationship are many and varied. However, that being said, there also are more possibilities for strife, simply because you do tread into less rigid territory, and there are more than only two people whose feelings you have to take into account. In a case like that, communication, respect, and consideration become all the more important. They already are a must in a relationship, if you ask me, although some couples do seem to manage to get by without them for a while. The big thing really is to maintain openness and honesty, unless your relationship happens to be of the "I don't want to know about your dalliances" kind. It's a good idea to know about your partner's flings, so when there's a contraceptive accident or something of the like, they can give you a heads up without the potential awkwardness of first having to explain who the hell this person was anyway.

I'm not going to lie to you, polyamory does tend to take extra work, but at the same time, you are likely to reap extra benefits, so it can turn out to be worth it. Really, it's a bit like an expansion into all directions. While you are potentially open to more strife, it is often worth it for the extra fulfilment you get, provided you feel confident that you can tackle the potential extra difficulties. Still, polyamory will probably never be everyone's cup of tea, which is fair enough. In my book, monogamy is the default type of relationship, and polyamory is a designer relationship that you cobble together yourself. In the end, it depends on what importance you place in safety and freedom, respectively, and how you choose to compromise the two. But beyond that, monogamy, if it really works for you, does have a certain X-factor in terms of romantic fidelity. But that's not for all of us, either.

by Yana

The 8 Rules of Nightclub...

Electric Circus

17-19 Crippen Place, City
www.myspace.com/electriccircusmusic

I Love Love Love Electric Circus.

After clubbing interstate and enjoying new and exciting places and music you come home and develop ANID (Adelaide Nightlife Induced Depression) but there is only one cure for all you electro/house freaks and that's Electric Circus. Especially when the OneLove parties are on, which are now every Friday.

Electric Circus is an underground club and certainly has that feel when you get there. It's dimly lit with lots of sexy red hues, has plenty of white leather couches around the place to chill out in and enjoy a cocktail and cigarette in, and there is also a generous dance area in front of the DJ who plays eye to eye with the crowd. There are two well stocked bars and a varied cocktail menu (try the Coco Chanel, my drink of choice there) and advertised drink specials on the night. The service is impressively quick and efficient especially as they are serving standard drinks and making cocktails. If we're not dancing we always enjoy hanging out near the bar closest to the entrance as the drinks are great and you always meet some good looking random to have an in depth conversation with about the state of Russia's political climate, or the best

method to get home etc. One thing that used to annoy us was how there are only two ladies' toilets downstairs so you could sometimes be waiting for ages to go (not cool! especially if you're on the cocktails...) but then my sister discovered that there are more toilets upstairs, with a powder room too! I would never have found them by myself but to get there you back up the stairs to the entrance but don't go outside, keep going up and listen out for people gossiping.

The music at Electric Circus is a variation of House/Electro/Techno/Minimal/Funk/Electronica depending on the night and/or DJ playing. Sometimes you wander in and there is funky house music or other times it's *jackin'* electro. The place is not very commercial and adheres to its underground feel by playing songs you won't really hear in the top forty. Having the DJ play eye-to-eye is pretty cool, it gives the place a very intimate feel so you forget that the person behind the decks is an international act, or chart sensation or a local DJ, and instead accept them as just another person at the party. Electric Circus plays host to lots of interstate or international guests and is now host of the weekly house/electro gig "OneLove". OneLove is famous for its weekly party held in Melbourne and Sydney and their series of house/electro compilation CDs, and

events around Australia and overseas. Resident OneLove DJs include John Course, Dirty South, Acid Jacks, Grant Smillie and Ivan Gough (TV Rock), Andy Murphy and a host of others, while Adelaide residents include DJ Reelax and Minx.

Have you ever gone out and wondered, "where are all the good looking super cool people in Adelaide?" Well, they are at Electric. I have not seen see so many Fun-Loving Whorebags in one place all at once! There was eye candy everywhere! And perhaps there is something in the drinks or the air down in Electric Circus but the vibe is definitely flirty... Dress codes do apply here but funky/trendy/sexy is the look that fits best.

The door staff are friendly (except one smart arse bouncer, he's got a mouth on him) and entry to OneLove will normally set you back about \$15. Normal Saturday night entry varies. Don't go if you are into neon lights or lasers or thrashed mainroom tunes. Go if you want to hear different sounds and see great DJs while you sip on a cocktail and mingle with new (hot) people. Upcoming attractions include Dirty South (awesome!), Alex Kidd from France, Grant Smillie and more. Check the website for details or keep an eye on street press.

Peace, Love and Electro forever!

Natashka Miernik

You are what You Drink

My parents always used to tell me before I started going out that what drink you order from a bar says a lot about what kind of person you are. So here are a FEW drinks you normally find at bars and what each says about its drinker. According to experienced beer drinkers you can write a whole thesis on beer and who drinks what so I'll leave it to them... same deal with wine I guess?

Scotch and Coke is a bogan drink. Sorry, Boys drink this who are protective of their masculinity. In fact any spirit mixed with Coke is pretty bogan (who the FUCK drinks vodka and Coke?) which brings me onto...

Pre-mixed bottled drinks! They are sweet as, but with heaps of booze so you're trashed and hyper in no time. All pre-mixed bottled drinks are daggy unless you are in a large club with hoards of people knocking you about in which case they are a smarter option. Therefore in a big club, smart people drink them but a person who orders a Breezer or Slammer etc. in a cocktail/lounge bar/elite club has no idea about anything in life or no pride and should not have been let in.

PS. Fun-Loving Whorebags are the new uber cool sex'lectro freaks who reject the "reach for the lasers 'feel the love'" image that ravers carried. FLW's don't just feel the love, they make-a-the-love whilst looking fantastic...

According to a bartender friend, really cool looking people order Frangelico on ice, but there is a thin line with this drink as losers/pussies order it mixed with lemon squash or something similar. Only bogans or pirates get rum.

Cocktails with heaps of fluffy whipped cream all over them and covered in fruit and loads of sugar and just stupid looking, but a good cocktail is always a treat to be savored and enjoyed. People who skull cocktails just want to be drunk in a hurry so they can act like Fun-Loving Whorebags without bearing the image of the polyester girls/guys drinking Vodka Red Bulls.

Midori is very sweet. People who are either underage or don't like the taste of alcohol get this mixed with lemonade or lemon squash. Midori Illusion jugs are a good way to get you plastered (and really sick).

French Pussies are the new Cowboy or QF (did you know the whole name for QFs is actually "Quick Fuck on the Lawn"?). Shots are a FLW favourite to get down quickly between songs.

Champagne is a celebration drink. Ordering it in clubs in flutes (the long thin glasses) went out in the 80s and is now seen as tacky unless you are indeed celebrating something when you're out. Ordering it in little bottles and sipping it through a straw has become somewhat trendy thanks to Vogue and Moet.

Vodka: people who appreciate it as fine spirit (or hardened drinkers) drink it straight. Vodka is the easiest drink to mix, but some combinations are better than others. Tonic, lime and vodka drinkers don't particularly want to drink vodka straight but still want to hold the taste of the vodka (classy), or if you want sweet go the lemon lime and vodka. Raspberry and vodka is embarrassing to be seen with, as is a Vodka Sunrise. People who want to get drunk but don't know what to order normally go for Vodka Orange. Vodka Red Bull is a crime. It's expensive and extremely daggy; people drink them because they're scared to take drugs but need a "pick me up" and the drunk feeling all at once. Lame. Same deal applies to Jagerbombs. I died of embarrassment when some friends ordered a round in an exclusive lounge bar.

Bailey's goes down so easy that normally inexperienced drinkers drink this. Yes it is nice, but you don't really want to be seen out with it. Girls who giggle lots and wear heaps of polyester normally stick to this if they're not on raspberry or blue Cruisers, or Malibu or Vodka Sunrises.

Avoid men who order Malibu Pineapple, or Malibu FULL STOP for that matter. They tend to be sleazes (well the ones I've come across) or pussies.

Apparently people who drink gin and tonic are depressed. Does that count for Bombay Sapphire Gin? I hope not...

Drinking is fun but remember to be smart and safe. Never leave your drink unattended and never take your eyes off it. Don't accept drinks from strangers unless you saw the bartender make it. It doesn't matter how trendy you or the drink is, spilling or vomiting it all over yourself is really embarrassing.

Cheers!

By **Natashka Miernik**

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MEDIA WATCH with Ola B



...in which we look at the trend of the year: the multi-million dollar sell-out.

I can hardly remember what I used to do for procrastination before I discovered Youtube. There was a brief affair with Paperdoll Heaven, a site where, with the click and drag of a mouse, I would put together colourful outfits for two-dimensional figures vaguely resembling various celebrities and models. Then I think there was thesmokinggun.com, which provided hours of fun in the form of famous mugshots. From Bill Gates to Sid Vicious to Macaulay Culkin, they're there in all their glory. One late night when "researching" the site for an essay I came across notes and legal documents from court proceedings against Winona Ryder when she was caught up in that shoplifting fiasco. There were numerous hours of guilty procrastinatory reading there, plus it was really quite enlightening – The Smoking Gun's good like that.

None of these sites even come close to the distraction offered by Youtube. At two o'clock in the morning before an assignment is due, rather than play Solitaire, devise an outfit for Kate Moss or read about what well-known musicians demand in their backstage riders, you can watch that cameo Johnny Cash did on Sesame Street in the 80s, or see the guy who broke a world record for the number of T-shirts worn at one time (155). Film clips and live concerts sit alongside homemade videos of people in their bedrooms performing amateurishly endearing covers of their favourite songs.

The beauty of Youtube is its diversity of content. Users can upload anything, from homemade movies and montages to entire television shows. It is this diversity, and the unprecedented rise in popularity of the site during its two years of existence, which have caused controversy in recent months. A large part of what is seen on the site is copyrighted material, whether it be the music used to accompany slideshows of users' personal photos or the many film, TV and music video clips that can be viewed. Approximately 72 million users have logged on to Youtube since its inception in February last year, and the site has become a worldwide phenomenon – to the irritation of the

large media conglomerates who legally own the copyrighted content. Youtube's moderators remove any copyrighted material on request, however the sheer number of videos and the ease with which they can be shared makes them difficult to properly track and monitor.

Some of the world's largest media companies appear to be taking an "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em" approach by negotiating agreements with Youtube founders Chad Hurley and Steven Chen. These include Warner, Sony BMG, CBS Corp and Universal (who originally threatened to sue before realising the immense audience potential the site holds and changing tack). Youtube's commercialisation continues with the recent \$2.2 billion acquisition by Google. Although all these new developments promise to make the site more efficient and comprehensive for its users – not to mention profitable for its shareholders – many die-hard Youtube users see this as the selling-out of their little video-sharing-website that could. Sean "Diddy" Combs recently teamed up with Burger King to launch his own DiddyTV channel where, as well as hearing him promote his new album, we can see him waking up in the morning, getting a haircut and going to the toilet (where he goes on for a minute about how great it is to pee, then warns the viewer to "always wash your hands").

Although Youtube's dealings with its high-powered new business partners will no doubt lead to even more cringeworthy self-promotional rubbish like DiddyTV, there is also immense potential for more varied quality licensed material and exclusive releases from film and record companies. Let's hope that the "selling out" of Youtube does indeed benefit, rather than harm, the quality and diversity of its content – providing many more hours of the entertaining study-avoiding distraction we have come to know and love.

Media Watch Women: in no particular order, some of the ladies who have rocked Media Watch, caused unbearable pain or just made everything a little more interesting this year...

1. Naomi Robson.

Sure we don't even get her version of *Today Tonight* here in Adelaide. But how I wish we did. Who could forget her heartfelt mission to save West Papuan boy Wa Wa, or her touching tribute to Steve Irwin (which involved khaki gear and a lizard glued to her shoulder). Having spent most of 2006 releasing apologetic statements to the press to try and preserve her dignity, Naomi has had a tumultuous (and for us, hilarious) year.

2. The Advertiser's Go-Girl.

For subjecting *Advertiser* readers to banal Carrie Bradshaw-lite pap every week, she deserves a mention. Just 'cos it's the last issue and I can.

3. Sandra Kanck.

Provoked an incredible amount of anger and debate over her comments concerning ecstasy and suicide methods, giving editorial pages weeks of material. Actually went to a rave to try and dispel rumours surrounding what she said.



Media Watch Men: in no particular order, the men who have flouted Media Watch's boat, caused unbearable pain or just made this segment possible in 2006:

1. Borat Sagdiyev.

There's nothing like earning the wrath of a foreign nation's government when promoting your new film. Sacha Baron Cohen's alter-ego was the best example of bad-publicity-being-good-publicity I've seen all year.

2. The Advertiser's Go Guy - (see "Go Girl" entry).

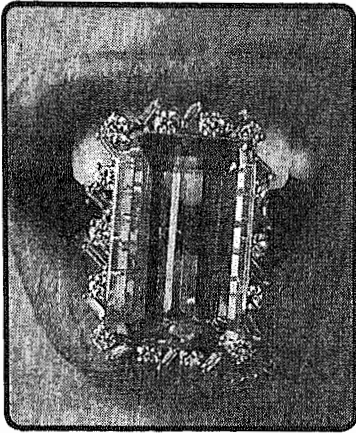
3. Steve Cannane.

Ex-Triple J radio presenter and TV reporter exudes credibility and integrity, all the while making current affairs cool for the kids.

4. Grumpy Old Men

...in the print and broadcast media who make the world just that slight bit more bigoted and narrow-minded. They suck.

media watch cont.



...in which the news, the world's first reality show, starts behaving like one...

Remember when the boys from CNN came up with the idea of giving people the stories they wanted to see - for example the channel focusing entirely on feel-good stories, or *CNX News Slam*, which showed only explosions, natural disasters and Parliamentary punch-ups? Real networks now appear to be taking on a similar approach to news, letting viewers decide for themselves what they consider newsworthy. Season after season of *Big Brother* and *Australian Idol* have made "interactive" television, in which viewers participate in the series' progression either online or by telephone, an everyday aspect of TV watching. Now, an increasing number of television news networks in the United States are embracing this trend, allowing their audiences to vote for stories they would like to see featured. One New York cable news station broadcasts a nightly half-hour show entitled *The Call*, the content of which is selected in advance by viewers who vote for stories online, phone in or take part in polls via their remote controls. Several other news networks give their audiences the chance to vote for a particular news item to be screened at a set time during the broadcast. These practices are not exclusive to television news, either - one Wisconsin newspaper lets its readers decide the next day's front-page story by choosing one from a selection on its website. In his online digital-media blog *MediaShift*, Mark Glaser writes that this form of audience participation allows news to become a conversation rather than a lecture, with the public taking an active role in the editorial process of newsgathering¹.

Whether this is indeed an opportunity for viewers to take on the role of citizen journalists and editors, or merely a gimmick aimed at giving the illusion that audiences are in control of what they watch, will be interesting to see as the practice becomes more widespread. Traditional media outlets are facing increasing competition from non-traditional, mainly online sources such as Google and Yahoo, which claim to offer

more convenient and interactive access to information than print or broadcast media. Digital technology has changed the nature of news content and widened its scope - online blogs, for example, are just one of the ways in which the public can access alternative viewpoints and content. Interactivity in television and print news is no doubt an attempt at recreating the sense of control and democracy people usually expect to only find in the alternative media.

In a recent interview with *Time* magazine, News Corp CEO and media mogul Rupert Murdoch emphasised the need for news content to be professionally selected and edited. "Somebody has to assemble it and say, Look, here it is, rather than just Google news where it's all put there according to the number of hits that it took. You might miss a lot of very important things in the world."² Some critics fear that allowing the public to choose the news items they read or watch undermines the traditional values newsrooms employ to carefully select and rank the stories based on their "newsworthiness." However, those stations and newspapers who have passed the selection process over to their audiences have by all accounts found it to be revealing and rewarding. Rather than voting for tabloid stories or puff pieces, people have tended to show interest in stories that directly affect them the most. This is exciting as it shows the potential interactive news services have for their audiences, by being of actual immediate relevance to them. No longer is newsworthiness decided by network bosses, but by the people for

whom the news is ultimately created. This could mean the end of "blanket coverage" of stories which are of little real interest to the public but only serve to reinforce the station's agenda. Says John Schiumo, host of *The Call*, "The news media, I sense, always focus on what they think people think is important, but nobody ever took the time to actually ask the people what they cared about until now. A fire affects the person whose house burned down and maybe their neighbours, and that's it. Yet a fire will lead a newscast nine out of ten nights, even if it affects six people, maybe. Whereas a flooded subway tunnel affects a million in New York, and that's what sells [on our show]."³

"Letting our readers actively participate in setting the news agenda is one step into a new world built around interactivity and conversations more than traditional one-way delivery of news," says Tim Kelley, managing editor of the Wisconsin newspaper which encourages its readers to take part in selecting its lead story⁴. A utopian idea yet to be proved, but one which will no doubt change the way we access and receive our daily news.

Ola B

(Footnotes)

¹ Glaser, Mark. 'Digging Deeper: Big Media Slowly Giving the Audience Some Control.' http://www.pbs.org/mediashift/2006/06/digging_deeperbig_media_slowly.html. Accessed 11.10.2006.

² *TIME*, October 16, 2006.

³ Glaser, Mark. "Digging Deeper..."

⁴ *Ibid*

FRIDAY 27 OCTOBER 2006

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8 AM CHIBRATOLI FESTIVAL AT CAUSWAY REGISTER ST (Hindry, St West)

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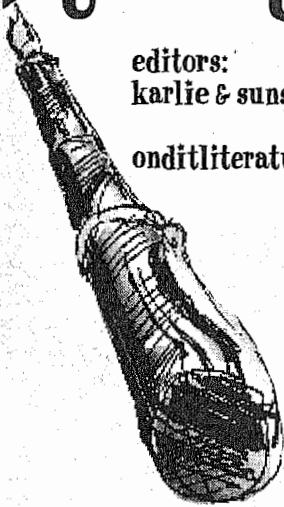
(However, the whole tongue piercing thing we struggle with.)

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literature



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karlie & sunshine

onditliterature@yahoo.com.au

Around the On Dit Office: My Bible

Anna (ed): A complete lowlife, Ed Bruker

Stephanie (ed): Fabulous Nobodies, Lee Tulloch

RePete American psycho, Brett Easton-Elli & It's called a break-up because it's broken, Greg Behrendt & Amiira Ruotola-Behrendt

Karlie (lit): The Celestine Prophecy, James Redfield

Sunshine (lit): Blessed are the Cheesemakers, Sarah Kate Lynch

Anais (tv): Cold Comfort Farm, Stella Gibbons

Ben (proofie): Wind up Bird Chronicle, Haruki Murakami

• THINGS TO LOOK FORWARD TO IN THE • WONDERFUL WORLD OF LITERATURE... •

• Paolo Coelho's latest book *The Witch of Portobello Road* is due to be released in August 2007. If you can't wait that long, and happen to understand Spanish or Portuguese, Coelho's posted the first part of the book on his blog. You can access it at <http://www.paulocoelhoblog.com/>

• The devilish conspiracy theories about 06/06/06 will be overshadowed by the conspiracy theories that Harry Potter Book 7 will be released on 07/07/07. The final Hogwarts adventure is sure to become one of the biggest marketing campaigns and what better day to release it when the magical significance of the number 7 is explored throughout the books.



• However no official release date has been set so stay tuned.

• Elif Shafak's novel *The Bastard of Istanbul* is due to be released in January 2007. Shafak is currently facing charges of 'public denigration of Turkishness' because of the opinions of her fictional characters in the book. The 2006 Nobel Literature Prize Winner, Orhan Pamuk, is another Turkish author who also faced similar charges, which were dropped due to international outrage. If Shafak's book is worth going to prison for, it's probably worth reading.

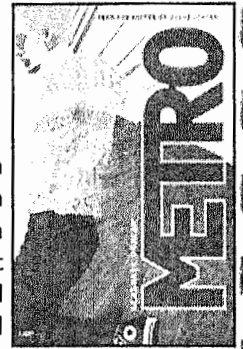


• Another controversial novel making it's debut in 2007 is *The Children of Hurin*, J.R.R. Tolkien's last unfinished piece of work. Tolkien abandoned the epic novel in 1918 and it has taken his son, Christopher Tolkien, 30 years to complete. Bring on 2007!!

• Karlie •

Metro

Alasdair Duncan
University of Queensland
Press



If this book is supposed to be an accurate portrayal of the modern male, as stated on the blurb... then I'm switching teams. I don't doubt that there is plethora of rich, good looking, arrogant private-school guys out there (I have been to the Havelock after a P.A.C. football game and seen them in the flesh) but I find it hard to believe that one could be as pathetic and shallow as the main character, Liam Kelly.

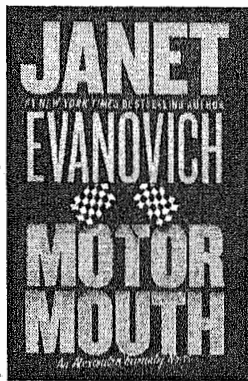
So the story is about the aforementioned guy who has a gorgeous girlfriend, is the envy of every guy and has got it all figured out. But wait, his girlfriend heads overseas for six months and he secretly has random sex with guys, usually with younger and inexperienced guys. Meanwhile he acts like a complete homophobic and each time he has it off with another guy he says something along the lines of "I guess you'd think he was good looking... If you were gay, which I'm not." He hooks up with his best mates little brother and beats him up when he threatens to tell about their affair. Anyway after acting like a total prat the entire novel his girlfriend returns, he realizes he loves her and decides to abandon his penchant for boys. After all it was just a phase he clearly had to get out of his system. Sorry to give it away but I just had to share how truly awful it was and spare you a few hours of your life that you would never get back.

In summary if you would enjoy reading about the pathetic existence of a rich, arrogant, drug-taking, uni student tool and his mates then this will just curl your toes in delight. However if you enjoy books with some substance (not to mention a plausible storyline and interesting characters) you'll cringe at this one.

Karlie

Motor Mouth
Janet Evanovich
HarperCollins

Now, I'll be the first one to tell you that I am a big fan of cotton candy literature – full of flavour but with no true nutritional value. But I like the good stuff on the stick, not the crappy bags of compacted stuff. And it has to be pink.



Janet Evanovich is a brilliant example of this kind of story: totally character driven, quite well written, and requiring minimal intellectual effort. I first became a fan of her Stephanie Plum series (I even bought my perfume 'coz Ranger wears it!) but I have to say that *Motor Mouth* has made me a Barney fan. The thing is, Evanovich writes great women. They are a little formulaic, but they have balls, brains and they look cute some of the time. And they always find themselves taking perfectly logical baby steps until they're in an absurd situation. It doesn't hurt that Evanovich started in romance, and always gives her heroines at least one hot guy that wants to fool around. In *Motor Mouth* Barney manages to help the good guys, kill all the bad guys, save her ex-boyfriend and his dog, and finally get back together with said ex. All while stumbling along without any true skills, and avoiding various State police departments. For most of the book, she doesn't even know why people are cranky and trying to kill her. And the supporting characters are great – my favourite if Rosa, who rolls cigars, drives dump trucks, and disrobes in hotel foyers, all in four inch rhinestone platforms. Barney's a mechanic and race spotter, and these skills are very rarely overlooked: she dismantles no less than three cars, and figures out how to hide illegal wireless traction control in a race car. A whole lot of fun, women who hold their own, and more fast food than is really good for you.

Sunshine

Tied to the Tracks
Sara Donati

My mom bought this book for me as a present, knowing that I'm a bit of a fan of the author. And to tell the truth, the cover kinda put me off. Let's just say that I wouldn't have bought it for myself. That being said, I also have to acknowledge that this is not one of the great pieces of literature of our time, or, really, of any time. But the feeling of the book is fantastic. The actual story is completely predictable – I had it down by half way through chapter two – but if that doesn't bother you, that characters are nice, and the descriptions of food made me constantly hungry. I even tried to track down Fritos for a Frito pie. Donati usually does the historical fiction thing, so *Tied to the Tracks* is a bit different. Her two protagonists are clearly loved by the author, and there's never any doubt about who will



Soul
Tobsha Learner
HarperCollins

Soul features the intertwining of two extraordinary women's stories across two significantly different eras and explores their common struggle with obsessive love, revenge, sexual jealousy and betrayal.

Lavinia Huntington is a highly intelligent, spirited and passionate Irish daughter of a Protestant Minister, who marries a much older and wealthier anthropologist. He admires her intellect, youth and beauty and needs to produce an heir. She obsessively loves him.

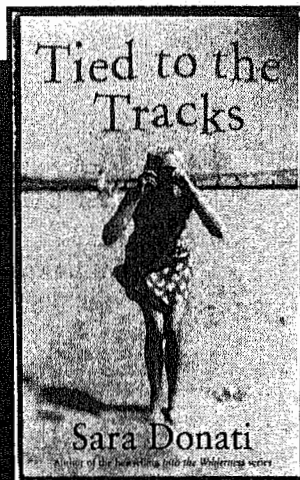
Julia Huntington is Lavinia's great-granddaughter, happily married and a leading geneticist who receives an illustrious commission from the US Government to research a possible genetic predisposition to kill without remorse.

The book weaves between the two stories and had a tendency to switch perspectives whenever a crucial moment came along, leaving you unable to put the book down until you found out what happened next. As the story reaches its climax the chapters get shorter and the parallel worlds become precariously close. I find it's usually difficult to maintain interest in multiple stories simultaneously but the underlying connections between the two women make for fascinating reading.

Learner's ability to combine historical fiction with science, romance with psychological thriller, murder mystery with erotic fiction has made this book her greatest in my eyes. It poses some interesting questions such as 'Is a killer born or made?' 'Are crimes of passion justified?' 'Does nature or nurture determine our actions?'

Both women are wronged by the men they love and how they deal with revenge is worth reading for anyone who is passionate, curious or just after a good story. Read it and admire these amazing women.

Karlle



end up with whom. And this is absolutely and unapologetically a romance. It is the important step away from Mills and Boon, in that most of it is well written, and the characters, especially Angie, are almost three dimensional. Donati clearly appreciates all of the stereotypes of Southern US life, especially those concerning Southern women. However, while stereotypes are undeniably used, they inflect the writing, instead of dominating it.

All together, I enjoyed a couple of hours with this book, and it's an easy summer read.

Sunshine

Sunstruck!

It's only mid-October yet it feels like summer is here! The legs are out as girls attempt to turn their lily white winter coloured skin to a sun-kissed bronze. Ladies it's time to put those thick heavy winter jeans on hold through these warmer weeks and get out your short shorts!

Put on some bright colourful clothing - reds, yellows, blues and greens! This summer is combining trends from all eras, the 1940s, 50s, 60s, 70s and 80s! It's time to express yourself, wear something different, unusual, stand out from the crowd and look spectacular!

Fashion
BY *Sasha Catalano*



Shopping Tip

Don't forget to check out online shopping for both original vintage items and also unusual overseas pieces. You can often find a great bargain and you can guarantee you won't see anyone else on campus wearing it!

www.theadless.com - this US site has a huge range of crazy T-shirts made by different designers. The T-shirts are both good quality and affordable.

www.80spurple.com - the site has all men's and women's clothing and accessories from designers around the world. Items have a funky vintage appeal! Check out the sunnies.

www.modcloth.com - A very cute little site with vintage-inspired items. Bright, colourful little finds - definitely check it out!

www.ebay.com - how could we forget this site! You never know what you'll find here for a bargain - beware, it's addictive!



Girls Spring/Summer Must Haves

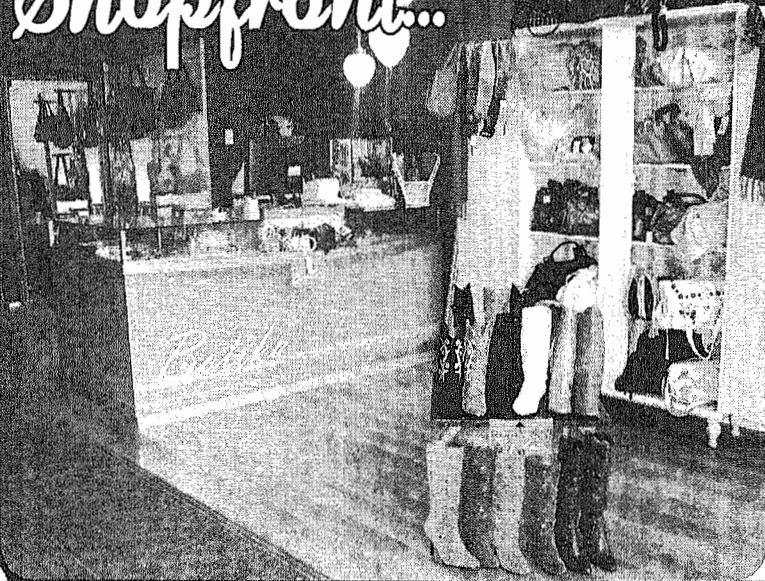
- A pair of ridiculously oversized sunglasses (you'll look cool and also be able to cover up your eyes on those Sunday mornings!)
- Summer short shorts (if you still have winter legs wear leggings underneath!)
- A cute cardie
- A vintage T-shirt
- Sexy summer sandals
- A funky frock!
- A Pretty pendant

Guys Spring/Summer Must Haves

- Military hat
- Bright coloured retro T-shirt
- Big bold buckled belt
- Grungy jeans



Shopfront...



Botika

234 Rundle Street, City

This awesome little boutique mixes both funk and femininity combined with a vintage look into all of the individual pieces. All pieces imported from Asia, Botika aims to cater for all ages and styles. Only opened six months ago, Botika's mixture of styles range from pretty, delicate, feminine items to the other end of the scale with scull cropped jackets and way out funky items. Botika has a large range of colourful bags, unusual shoes, belts and all other accessories ready for the summer months. Also in stock is an abundance of gorgeous spring dresses, so head in there and frock up!

On Dit has some lover-ly \$20 gift vouchers for NADIA'S HOUSE OF SERENDIPITY and \$25 MOLOKO.Q vouchers to give away to she who e-mails ondit@adelaide.edu.au with 'freebies' in the subject xoxo

Botika

Present this voucher at Botika to receive

10% off

any full price purchase!! Woow!!

Moloko.Q

396 Greenhill Road, Glenside

Open only a month and owned by three sisters, this new stylish boutique offers a great range of casual, formal and evening wear. At first glance one would not notice all the individual and trendy pieces, but once you've had a more thorough look this boutique has much to offer. There are many casual and elegant pieces to choose from, featuring stocking designers such as White Suede, Cooper Street Clothing, Olive, Milk & Honey, Liza Emanuelle, It Girl, Lee and Mooks, and also stocking Fleur Delis, which are exclusive to Moloko.Q in Adelaide. There are many little one-off summer dresses and that are not overpriced. Moloko.Q has a range of trendy bags, shoes and accessories to match any of the dresses, short shorts, jeans or T-shirts in store. There is something in this boutique for all, and the friendly staff are more than happy to help you choose some great pieces bound to make you look fantastic this spring!



Nadia's House of Serendipity

4 Partridge St, Glenelg

This funky little shop, just off Jetty Road stocks all sorts of recycled vintage and retro clothing. Predominantly pieces from the 1950s, 60s and 70s, you're bound to find something original and to your liking here. Nadia stocks everything from bags, shoes, necklaces and all sorts of clothing with many 50s-style dresses in for summer. Recently colourfully renovated and nearing now the seven-year anniversary of her shop's opening, Nadia is beginning to stock a few of her personal designs. Some items are brand new and completely unique, made from designers in the 50s and 60s. This shop is a definite must see. I couldn't help but make a few purchases myself!



Grrrl Power

MACROMANTICS

Rocket Bar

October 12 2006

To promote her new album (Moments in Movement) Macromantics gave a rousing performance in a set sandwiched between Linsay Low Hand and My Disco. At the end of a balmy Thursday you just need to watch a rapper with a motor mouth spill off lyrics at a high speed.

This was a high energy show with Romy Hoffman (Miss Macro) and her DJ, Amy. The best parts of the night were Miss Macro rhyming (or spitting lyrics in her terms) without any music. Her first rap was performed this way and steadied a crowd who could have been, and many were, there for My Disco, a completely different musical genre.

The set mostly consisted of songs from her new album, not surprising as this is her launch tour. She didn't perform Darkside of Dallas, since she'd have required the presence of the Ground Components, who she has also collaborated with on their new album (an eye for a brown, a tooth for a pick).

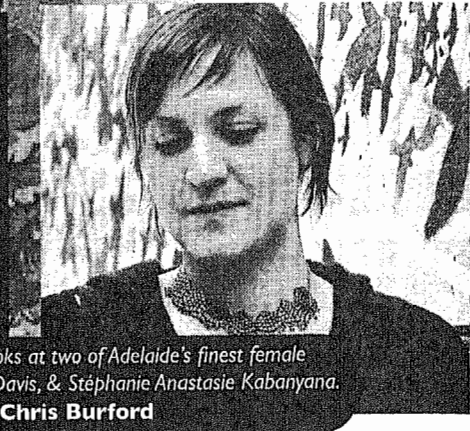
Macromantics rap in a world of politics and personal highs and lows. I love the way she throws in some absurd lyrics. The current focus being 'Free love laws cut lemony spicket' from Scorch; but I could be mis-transcribing here. The show was fantastic and worth checking out. They're back at the Rocket Bar on November 22, I suggest you check them out.

Andrew J Turner



This week On Dit looks at two of Adelaide's finest female performers, namely Emily Davis, & Stéphanie Anastasie Kabanyana.

By Chris Burford



Name: Stéphanie Anastasie Kabanyana
Describe your music:

Contemporary Classical/Avant Garde/ New Music multi-arts based ruminative sound structures based on Rwandan and north African modes, using standard and non-standard instrumentation & ensembles. Most works have a visual as well as aural component; as a synaesthete I'm unable to separate aural/visual experiences and cogitation. I write music to make people think, not for them to switch off. There is a world of uncultured mass media for that.

Current Releases: *Quadrivium, Ya Hbibi Malek Sahi?!, Double Entendre* (Visual/Music DVD with PJ Noack in our Les Deux composer duet)

Best Gig so far: *Quadrivium*, November 20th 2004 @ Adelaide Uni: A one hour concert of my work involving over 25 percussion instruments, an Electone, a Contrabass, 8 musicians, a Video Jockey and an accompanying DVD of astronomic constellation and geometric pattern footage.

Biggest Female Influence: Nina Simone

Where you want to be in 5 years: Director of a contemporary music concert series commissioning composers and artists; Co-Director of an Arts Management company with Krista Durand, release a DVD of my entire work catalogue; Direct an ongoing Music Summer School in Rwanda.

Next Show: In Fringe 2007: *Double Entendre* by Les Deux.

Name: Emily Davis

Describe your music: It's probably best described as a folky poppy series of stories. I use a lot of acoustic guitar too. Most of my songs are simple, lyrically driven accounts of the beauty and fragility of everyday things.

Current Releases: 24th Feb 2007 Debut Album Launch at Governor Hindmarsh - "Moving in Slow Motion". With a 5 piece band and featuring special guests Monique Brumby, Susie Keynes Duo (Fruit) and Emily Smart (Illicit Eve).

Best Gig so far: Father's Day, Wheatsheaf Hotel. I was playing with my new band members and it was our first gig together. My music has evolved in a wonderfully way because of the collaboration with these great guitarists and vocalists. And everything felt new and fresh and lovely. The room was alive, the sound was excellent, the crowd was really supportive and warm. We had some brilliant moments on stage. I also broke my "no alcohol" rule with spectacular results..

Biggest Female Influence: There's so many great women, how could I possibly pick only one! I'll have to cheat. I love any woman who is willing to share her spirit through music. At the moment it's Patti Griffin. In my youth it was a combination of Janis Joplin; in Australia it's Monique Brumby and Katie Noonan; of all time? It's probably Sarah Maclachlan... there are about ten thousand other women that the page clearly can't cater for!

Where you want to be in 5 years: In flight, in transition, making a new home in a foreign place with my love, my guitar, some coffee and my backgammon set.

Next Show: Tuesday 10th October @ Grace Emily

www.emilydavis.com.au

www.myspace.com/enmilydavismusic



GIG GUIDE

Wed 18/10: C W Stoneking, The Kill Devil Hills - Grace Emily Hotel

Thu 19/10: Arch Enemy (Sweden) - Fowlers Live

Fri 20/10: Avail (USA) - Enigma Bar

Fri 20/10: Love Outside Andromeda, Subaudible Hum - The Gov

Fri 20/10: Nathan Kaye - Jive

Sat 21/10: Jimmy Van M (USA) Sugar

Sat 21/10: Kumfy Club Spring Edition - Crown and Sceptre Hotel

Sun 22/10: I Killed the Prom Queen - Fowlers Live

Wed 25/10: Soulfly (USA) Fowlers Live

Thu 26/10: Snowman - Rocket Bar

Fri 27/10: 200 Motels ep-launch- Jade Monkey





Yann Tiersen

...an interview

6' | 7 | 7' | 9 | 8 | 6' |
A a a A a a D d d D d d A

Stephanie Mountzouris *had never interviewed any musician before she spoke some truly awful français with Yann Tiersen, musical genius and dream boy extraordinaire. She caught up with Monsieur Tiersen right after he played a fat concert in Paris. Merci beaucoup to Emma Haslam for all her assistance xo*

How was your concert? Are you tired?

It was good. Yes, I am a bit tired.

When and where did you start to write music?

I always made music, ever since I was a teenager. I played the guitar and playing music made me want to write it.

What influenced you in your music?

I listened to many different and diverse things. I don't really want to name who my influences were because I'd rather keep that for myself. They're influence me on a subconscious level and I'd rather not acknowledge them out loud for that reason. I couldn't possibly name one group anyway as there were so many. They were there and they were diverse.

Do you approach your solo albums differently to your soundtracks?

Not really. I've only really created one soundtrack, that was Goodbye Lenin. The rest were pre-existing songs of mine. I prefer not to know where I'm heading when I create, I like the unknown.

How did your collaboration with Jean-Pierre Jeunet happen for the 'Amelie' Soundtrack?

He just took pieces from my various albums. It was more of a request than a collaboration. At the end of the day, I only really wrote 3 songs specifically for Amelie. The rest of the soundtrack were pieces that were spread amongst a selection of my previous albums.

How do you feel about working with invited vocalists like Jane Birkin and Liz Fraser? Do you think that your songs become less personal and confessional with the inclusion of other artists?

Well, with my last album for example I did it all by myself, everything musical anyway.

But I've loved Liz Fraser's voice since always and wanted to invite her for a long time to join me. And with Jane Birkin, it was a common desire to collaborate and work together.

I love her song with Serge Gainsbourg 'Je t'aime... moi non plus'. She's so beautiful.

Yes, she is beautiful. And so is that song.

Your music is often considered traditional, folksy, modern and avant-garde. What do you think of journalists making such generalizations and belittling the personal nature of your compositions?

I don't know. I think that journalists always have an urge to label you. To describe something about the music and to put it into a category. It can often belittle the music. What we're doing now on stage is electric. It's very rock. The labelling that's the job for the journos, it doesn't bother me, I understand that they need to do this in order to tell a story about the music. I generally don't pay attention to it.

Are you sick of people describing you as the French 'Philip Glass'?

Considering what I'm currently doing, I'm very very very very far from that label.

Why do you think more traditional forms of music, particularly French chanson, are becoming popular?

I don't feel very French. I was born in Brittany, and have always experienced a culture more focussed towards Ireland and the Anglo-Saxon countries than France. For example I went to London long before I ever visited Paris. I don't feel typically French.

Are you happy to be associated with the new wave of successful French musicians like Air, Camille and Daft Punk?

I feel distanced from them because I don't feel French. I feel more European.

I'm saying that because, for Australians your music is very French.

I can imagine....

If you could be famous for anything in the world would it be for making music?

I only know that it's what I do best and it's the only thing that I want to delve into and to better. I don't really want to elaborate on that one.

Would you be satisfied if you made music for the rest of your life? Have you got any unfulfilled career aspirations?

I only want to do what I like in life. This is what I do. I can't see myself doing anything else.

What's your favourite item on the McDonalds menu?

None, it's rubbish.

Yann Tiersen is playing at the Alliance Francais French Festival, 25-26 November at Carrick Hill Gardens, concession tix \$17

FRENCH
FESTIVAL

Carrick Hill
Gardens
25/26
November

New York 2000

by Mara Priedkalans

A photographic glimpse into pre 9/11 NYC. Documentary-style photo series include 'Hansome' Dick Maitoba, Roni Size, CBGB's, ABC No Rio & other offbeat subject matter.

Opening Fri 3rd Nov @ Crown and Anchor until Sun 3rd Dec

CD Reviews



DJ Shadow
The Outsider
Island

Do you remember when Bob Dylan switched from acoustic to electric and as a result, his entire fan-base turned their back on him? Probably not, so you'll have to take my word for it when I tell you similar shit is going down with this latest effort from the Bay Area hip-hop producer.

The comparison is apt when you realise that in *The Outsider*, he's turned his back on the atmospheric instrumental hip-hop he's known for and has focused his attention on a genre called Hyphy, which is supposedly San Francisco's answer to Crunk. Apparently, it's all about letting yourself go and having fun. It doesn't take itself as seriously as Crunk, but the comparisons are understandable and it is definitely an acquired taste. Needless to say, a majority of Shadow's fan base have turned on him with vitriolic outbursts on the blogosphere and all that nonsense.

Hyphy is only a third of *The Outsider's* story though. This is one of the most eclectic albums in recent memory and it has a tendency to change style and influence at an alarming rate. Technically, the production on this album is hard to fault as Shadow succeeds at just about every genre he attempts here.

The Hyphy tracks themselves for example are driven by deep synth hooks. Where the tracks are let down is in the rapping itself. I can appreciate how light-hearted it's all meant to be but there doesn't seem to be any real wit or subtlety at work and the flow can be jarring. That's what I say when I'm sitting at my desk listening to it though, it's clearly suited for a different environment. The album opens with a number called 'This Time', with a summery vibe, laid back guitar licks and lingering strings, it sounds like it's really caught in the groove of 1970s soul, vocals and all.

Another standout track is 'Backstage Girl' featuring Little Brother's Phonte Coleman. It's a blues-rock-rap hybrid which sounds god-awful on paper but in practice it works surprisingly well. The track has a real sultry groove to it as Coleman gives his verses about a groupie in a fine story-telling rap style which culminates with a great punch line and even a Bonham-esque drum solo.

The album is rounded off by some instrumentals, some guest stints from British indie singers, and a pop-rap track called 'Enuff' featuring Lateef and Q-Tip, marking his five millionth guest appearance on a record, which is undermined slightly (or is it?) by a cheesy synth driven chorus.

The Outsider definitely suffers as an album from its lack of cohesion, but it makes Shadow's future an interesting prospect as he is making strides forward as a producer and you just know the next album is going to be completely different to this one. How much you like *The Outsider*, though, is likely to depend on how broad and tolerant your taste is.

Angus Chisholm



The Sleepy Jackson
Personality
[EMI] 2006

In Luke Steele's own words, the new offering by The Sleepy Jackson, *Personality* is "foam shakers and programmed waves". The album washes over you in a warm saline solution of choral and orchestral lines, punctuated by Steele's rhythmic, gravely vocals. Water is universally symbolic of birth and rebirth, cleansing and renewing. Here too, Steele draws on the symbolism of water, citing the birth of this album from a churning pool of 'internal wars'- namely the reconstruction of the band, following the departure of Justin Burford and Rodney Aravena, who you may recognise from End of Fashion. There is a barely masked dig at his former band mates in 'Play a Little Bit for Love': "This is the start of fashion not the end".

This is The Sleepy Jackson's second album, after a three year hiatus. Fans of *Lovers* (2003) may be disappointed as the jagged edges of their debut have been tide-smoothed. However, the bizarre themes and dense vocals are still staple. Mind the pun: it certainly has personality.

Pru Hart

Big Day Out

That's right kids, it's on again for young and old. Our beloved Big Day Out festival is shaping up to be a cracker in 2007, with live appearances from:

Tool

Muse

Violent Femmes

The Killers

My Chemical Romance

Peaches & Herms

The Sleepy Jackson

and more to be announced....

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 27 2007

Wayville Showgrounds

Tix on sale now from Venue Tix & Big Star
\$115 adults. Roar!

Tony Font Show

Secret Steps

I'll admit it; I am not much of a metal fan. The heaviest music I get into would be something along the lines of You Am I, and let's face it, those boys just aren't heavy.

However a copy of *Secret Steps*, the latest release by local four-piece Tony Font Show, happened to land on my lap so I gave it a rotation or three.

"Damn!" I catch myself thinking as the funky intro to 'Go to Sleep' hits the speakers. But then the funky riffs give way to fat power chords and soul shredding vocals. And it works. *Secret Steps* showcases Tony Font Show's energetic and unique funk/rock style in a way that will impress even the most staunch indie scenester. 'Candyman', track two on this EP, is a great example of Tony Font Show's versatility. It demonstrates their musical ability as they contrast and integrate phat bass lines, fast paced energetic vocals and funky interludes skillfully and seamlessly. Other highlights are 'Loader', which at times almost smacks of early Regurgitator (think New), and 'Hold On', although the Faith No More influence sticks out like dogs balls.

All in all this is an impressive release that TFS should be proud of, however it is no good for Sunday morning hangovers or as background music for when your granny comes to visit. It is well produced although the vocals are a little buried — but it gives a good grounding for what to expect live. And believe you me, these guys are worth seeing live. *Secret Steps* is an intense, energising EP by a very talented local group, and definitely worth your time (it'll only take 25 minutes). But if you want the whole experience, check them out at Fowler's Live, 13th October. Satisfaction guaranteed, or I'll eat my review (one copy per disgruntled audience member per day only).

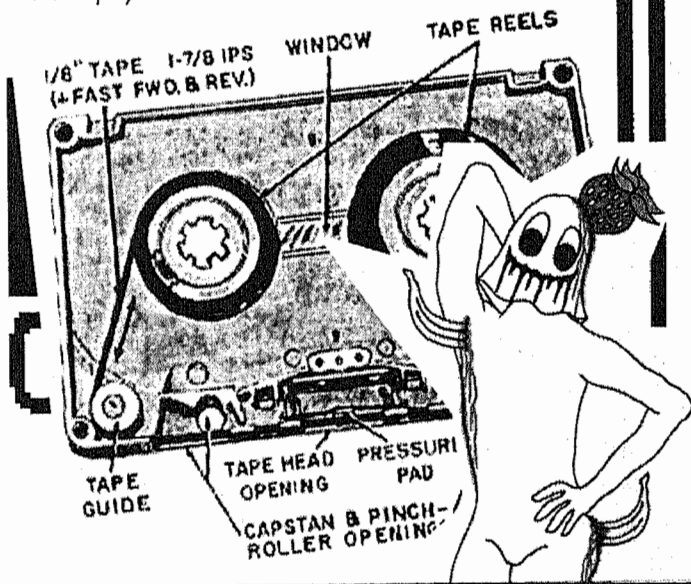
Jimmy

MIX TAPE A-GO GO

compiled by Andy Citawarman of Snowman

- Boredoms - Vision Creation New Sun**
A great japanese band with amazing percussive skills. This song summarizes how awesome they are and it is my dream to see them live.
- Dirty Three - Some Summers**
(*They Drop Like Flies*)
How do you spell respect? D.I.R.T.Y.T.H.R.E.E...enough said
- Liars - A Visit From Drum**
These guys have gone more experimental and tribal over the years and that's how I like it. This song is a mixture of Boredoms and Radiohead, check it out!
- Bonnie "Prince" Billy - The Way**
A beautiful song from an amazing artist, the lyrics on this song is the highlight for me.
- My Disco - A Moment of Revelation**
The new album from these guys is incredible but this song has got all the essential stuff for those who have not listened to these guys before, it has great time signature, great melodies and Miles Davis's Bitches Brew-like trumpet. What more could you want?
- Silver Mt Zion - God Bless Our Dead Marines**
There must be something in Canada's water that they produce some totally amazing musicians/hippies lately, this song has the best outro I've heard in a long time.
- Deerhoof - Come See the Duck**
This is a very cool song and a great introduction to Deerhoof if you haven't heard any of their stuff before.
- Cinematic Orchestra Featuing Roots Manuva - To All Men**
This is a great hip hop/jazz song and one of the best collaborations of musicians for the two music genres.
- OOIOO - Mountain Book**
This is Yoshimi (Boredom's Drummer)'s other band and again I love these guys. This song has a great repetative vocal melodies and mind blowing percussions.
- Zombi - Legacy**
A great two piece (drum and bass) band from the US, these guys remind me of Colditz Glider mixed with Fantomas.

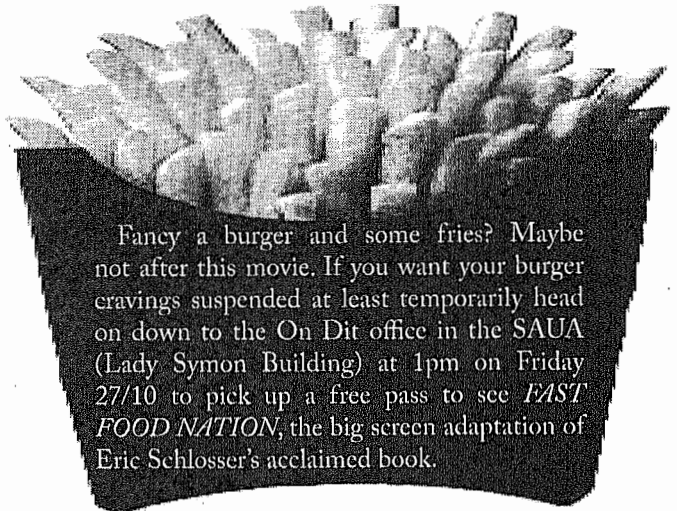
Snowman play Rocket Bar Thu 26 Oct.



J AND DAZZ AT THE MOOFIES

It's with a tear in our collective eyes, and a sadness in our hearts that we bring you the last edition of J and Dazz at the Moofies. In true *On Dit* style, we're taking this one out with a bang, bringing you our most chocked full edition yet. As always ahead of the times, your moofie section has been a bit femme/homme all year, but to celebrate the theme this week we're bringing you not one, but two directors of the week, as well as two classic moofies. What more could you ask for? Well add to that nine new moofies, a stack of giveaways, the very best moofies of the year, as voted in by movie buffs from all over, and the last Trash Talk for the year and you've got more monkeys than you can fit in barrel. Before we sign off for one last time we have to give a big mega moofie thank you to all of the people who made J and Dazz at the Moofies more reality than imagination, to all our contributors for actually submitting the reviews and making sure they were mostly grammatically correct, to Anna and Steph for giving us the print space, to t.Riddy for taking over the non-gender-specific sub-ed role while J and Dazz both ventured around the world and making trash-talk a regular feature, and of course we couldn't have done it without our Mums...

J and Dazz



Fancy a burger and some fries? Maybe not after this movie. If you want your burger cravings suspended at least temporarily head on down to the On Dit office in the SAUA (Lady Symon Building) at 1pm on Friday 27/10 to pick up a free pass to see *FAST FOOD NATION*, the big screen adaptation of Eric Schlosser's acclaimed book.

Stormbreaker (M)

Showing Pretty Much Everywhere

Aimed at the pre-pubescent male demographic, *Stormbreaker* is yet another bloodless teen spy movie full of slick action, implausible situations and ridiculous plot and dialogue. Starring 16-year-old newcomer Alex Pettyfer as Alex Rider and based on Anthony Horowitz's popular series of novels, *Stormbreaker* abandons all believability in depicting Alex's transformation from unsuspecting schoolkid to spy prodigy in time to save England.

Following the death of his uncle and guardian Ian Rider, played by Ewan McGregor, who he didn't know was a crack MI6 agent rather than a banker, Alex is faced with the task of finishing his uncle's last mission - thwarting the evil Darrius Sayle (Mickey Rourke). Alex is charged with infiltrating Sayle's hideout to gather information about the *Stormbreaker*, a super-computer Sayle plans to 'donate' to every school in England, because - you guessed it - they are part of his heinous plot to kill millions of schoolchildren. Why would he want to do that, you ask? To exact his revenge on the British school system after being ostracised at school when children, including the now-Prime Minister (Robbie Coltrane), gave him the nickname "Darrius Smell" when they were at school together. It sure beats religious, political or financial motivation!

With a cast that includes Bill Nighy (*Love Actually*, *Shaun of the Dead*), deadpan comedian Jimmy Carr and the incredibly funny Stephen Fry, I at least expected some of the dry wit that usually slightly



redeems otherwise average British movies - think most Hugh Grant films. Sadly, this is absent as well. Fry, as the standard 'gadget guy', graces only one scene and Nighy's character, the bumbling head of the incompetent MI6 organisation, is a bit irritating, though Nighy seems to be enjoying himself in his caricatured performance.

Of course, jaded 19-year-old film nerds aren't the target audience. Pre-teens, having not yet seen this kind of movie countless times and far more able to suspend their disbelief, would probably find it enjoyable. The many kids in the preview screening audience seemed to find it relatively appealing. Are you a pre-teen? Probably not, so if you have light-hearted espionage pangs, go hire a Bond film or something. Otherwise you might end up leaving with a bad taste in your mouth, asking yourself, "Did I really like this stuff when I was younger?"

Ben Henschke



Like Minds

Showing at Palace Nova from November 9

Forensic psychologist Sally Rowe (Colette) is given the task of analysing the brutal murder of teenager Nigel Corby (Tom Sturridge) possibly by the hands of 17-year-old Alex (Eddie Redmayne). With insufficient evidence to convict Alex of murder the police, headed by Snr. Dt. Martin McKenzie (Richard Roxburgh), employs Sally to find the real story. Both boys went to a highly influential boarding school who's principal, and father to Alex is putting pressure for his son's release. Sally investigates Alex and Nigel's complex and bizarre camaraderie, seeking to understand the psychological effect the manipulative Nigel still has over Alex.

Filmed mainly in South Australia *Like Minds* is a very disturbing thriller that remains rich in its stories (like if *The Da Vinci Code* worked properly). A slight caution may be warranted for those with a weak stomach when it comes to violence or to be honest, grossly vicious murders. Whilst filmed in SA, the picture is set in the UK and exhibits Nigel Bluck's stunning cinematography (notice shots of Adelaide Uni and North Terrace). The soundtrack complements the films themes, all in all - you're left on the edge of your seat.

The superb acting by the young leads is complemented by the stars who make room for such impressive up and coming talent. *Like Minds* is disturbingly, sophisticated and visually compelling.



The Steph

After that glowing review, who wouldn't want to see this movie? Head down to the On Dit office at 1pm on Friday (27/10) to pick up your FREE pass.

"A woman is the most fiendish instrument of torture ever devised to bedevil the days of man." - Ulysses Everett McGill (George Clooney), *O Brother Where Art Thou* (2000)

The Book of Revelation (R)

Now Showing at Palace Nova

Sexual abuse is a difficult issue to address convincingly in film, both because of the sensitivity of the issue and the complex ways in which it can affect the victim. Last year's excellent *Mysterious Skin* elegantly handled the experience of two children by avoiding any easy answers. This year's *The Book of Revelation* fares just as well, creating an experience possibly even more challenging than *Mysterious Skin* did, and exploring another facet of abuse: the experience of a female perpetrator by a male victim.

The central story is deceptively simple – Daniel, a dancer (played brilliantly by Tom Long, who skillfully handles many difficult scenes) is abducted one day by three unidentifiable women, sexually and psychologically abused for almost two weeks, and



then returned to the world without explanation. This causes a shift in his relationship to girlfriend Bridget (Anna Torv) and his dance instructor Isabel (Greta Scacchi), eventually leading Daniel on a strange journey to find his abductors, knowing only what their bodies looked like. To say more would be to ruin the experience, although the dreamlike, at times almost David Lynch-ish narrative leaves many questions open. What the film does so effectively is to twist the audience's perceptions along with Daniel's – slipping deeper into his psyche and giving a sense of his trauma without ever reducing it to cheap histrionics. It may not be an easy ride by any means, but *The Book of Revelation* is one of the most eerie, unsettling, strangely beautiful films to emerge from Australia in a long time.

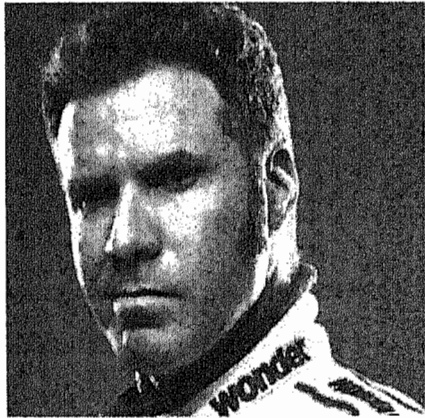


Brian O'Neill



Talladega Nights: The Ballad of Ricky Bobby (M)

Now Showing Pretty Much Everywhere



After being brought into the world by some fast loving, fast driving and even faster braking, Ricky Bobby (Will Ferrell a.k.a Ron Burgundy?) grows up wanting nothing else, but to go fast. Some years later, Bobby gets his break in the NASCAR circuit and driven by his father's words: "If you ain't first, you're last", he is an overnight driving sensation. However, Ricky Bobby's dominance is challenged both on and off the track when gay, French, former Formula 1 champion Jean Girard (Sacha Baron Cohen, a.k.a Ali G) moves onto the scene and sets his sights on Ricky Bobby's tall. Such is the plot of the second film in Will Ferrell's so-called trilogy of the mediocre American, which this time makes fun of NASCAR racing and the white-trash, redneck culture that spawned it.

Team Ferrell is in fine form and those who

enjoyed *The Legend of Ron Burgundy* will most likely enjoy this ride too. Surprisingly though, some of the more hilarious moments come thanks to Ricky Bobby's ever-absent, peyote-smoking father (Gary Cole); the antics of his two sons: Walker and Texas Ranger; and the running dig at advertising and product placement in NASCAR.

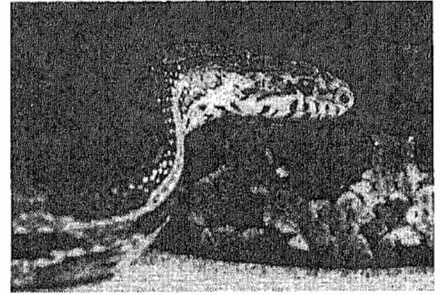
Afficionados of the genre should be accustomed to the propensity of parody films to come across more like a montage of loosely related comedy sketches, and *Talladega Nights* nearly runs out of gas in places. However, the improvised scenes and characters are consistently funny enough to get this one across the line.

Bobby "I wanna go fairst" May



Snakes on a Plane (M)

Now Showing Pretty Much Everywhere



A not-so-serious review of a not-so-serious film.

The extraordinarily imaginative title of this action-thriller-horror-comedy-satire cinematographic stew is, incidentally, also its premise. To expand upon this plot in one sentence: the original badass himself, Samuel L. Jackson (of *Pulp Fiction* fame/notoriety) stars as FBI Agent Neville Flynn, protecting a witness on board a plane that is taken over by hundreds of pheromone-enraged snakes released by a ruthless assassin bent on killing said witness. Naturally, the snakes proceed to bite passengers in a dazzling variety of places, from the eyes right down to the, ahem, nether regions. A particularly gruesome scene featured one snake leaping out of an unexpected location to latch onto another snake, of the trouser kind. And of course there was the boa constrictor scene... However, I digress. If it's low-engagement, high entertainment, broad disaster film appeal, then this is a movie you have to see. Of course, it wouldn't be complete without a hint of dialogue: the best line of the film comes when ol' Sam Jackson declares with refined elegance: "I have had it with these motherfucking snakes on this motherfucking plane!", which was understandable given the circumstances. Mother-loving status aside, the snakes were no doubt the best actors in this schlock, and in my opinion would make an excellent Summer collection of wallets and belts (except for those that Mr. Jackson and others killed brutally, especially the one that was microwaved to explosive perfection). Nonetheless, *Snakes on a Plane* turned out to be a guilty pleasure in the end, much like that giant Haigh's frog I consumed last week, only less scrumptious and fattening. Oh, and it was scarier than Paris Hilton launching a singing career.

Angus



to Anna, Steph, tRiddy, Space Monkey, Brian O'Neill, Dr. Craig Willis, Frances Duncker, Audrey, Cyclist Dude, Mothic, Clami W, Bobby D, T. Bari, James Michalopoulos, The Steph, Q, Maximillian Pendleton, Daniel Joyce, The Grump, In 19f, HE, Stewart Jones, "The Ox", Jay Oxford, K*, James Apps, Stacey, Thomson, fhqwgads, Alexis Buxton-Collins, Ben Henschke, Maddy B-B, Aristotle, Jimmy Trash, Sukl, Sarah, Susie Q, Angus, Bobby "I wanna go fairst" May, and Alice, thank you very much for all your contributions this year.

"We're the Spice Girls, yes indeed. Just Girl Power is all we need. We know how we got this far, strength and courage in a Wonderbra!"
- Spice Girls: *Spiceworld* (1997)

Classic Movie of the Week - Femme

Barbarella (1968)

Directed by Roger Vadim



Suave, sexy, independent, and ever-practical Barbarella is an astro-navigatrix earthgirl whose specialty is love. Her mission: to retrieve a wayward scientist, Duran Duran, and prevent the advent of war in a galaxy that has been pacified for centuries on the ideals of love – and where ironically the old fashioned vulgarities of love making have been outdated in favour of the Pill (exultation transference pill that is).

Crash landing on an uncivilised planet “still living in a primitive state of erotic irresponsibility” she makes her way to Sogo, the city of night, where a multitude of life-threatening and garment-tearing dangers await

her! Populated by the sadistic and depraved, powered by a molten lake that feeds on negativity, and ruled by the Great Tyrant who matches Barbarella in feminine style and prowess, Barbarella needs all her talents –and the help of Pygar, a blind angel who’s lost the will to fly - to stay ‘on top’ of the situation. She takes on the persona of a female James Bond, vanquishing evil, and rewarding in an uninhibited manner the handsome men who assist her.

This movie has it all; funky space music, psychedelic costumes, mid-air missile attacks, rabid children with wind-up, flesh-eating dolls, underground revolutionaries and euthanasia rooms that offer the most fashionable and

“Meet the most beautiful creature of the future, her name is Barbarella, and she makes science fiction something else”.

exciting means of death. Not to mention fantastic one liners (“de-crucify the angel or I’ll melt your face”), great special effects that only the ‘60s could achieve, and sets that

are unsurpassed in the halls of B grade sci-fi, from purple-bunny-populated snow fields to Barbarella’s futuristic wall-to-wall fur-lined spaceship. From start to finish nothing disappoints, and you can forgive the numerous plot anomalies for the sheer enjoyment provided. Anything that features Jane Fonda stripping off a space suit in zero gravity has my vote. It also provides a limitless stock of drinking games; try every time Barbarella is in mortal danger, every time she changes outfit or loses a piece of her skin tight space suit, or every time you wonder if this movie is for real. The ending, illogical and anticlimactic yet enjoyable, leaves you staring blankly at the screen wondering if this is what going mad feels like.

Suki

Femme Director OTW - Ana Kokkinos

The Book of Revelation is not a film you can easily put into a single genre - and a lot of the issues are quite confronting and reasonably unfamiliar to film. How would you hope that audiences respond to this?

Some of the screenings we’ve already had, we’ve already started to get feedback. The film has a great impact on people - and I know that for some people it’s very challenging material, and very confronting, and provocative. But I had hoped that people would see all the different levels and layers in the film... I found a very strong story in the central character of Daniel, who is a man who has to find a way coming out of this experience to find himself again, to put various pieces of himself back together, and so that threw up really interesting questions about how one heals, how does one recover from something like this? So even though it would appear like an uncommon situation, there are really common themes that come out of it. So I think for an audience, each and every person will respond individually to the film. The film allows you the space to do that.

The film has a very dreamlike atmosphere a lot of the time - at times, almost brooding. What motivated you to go with that sort of style when you were shooting this film?

There was a moment in the book that always really struck me, which is the moment when Daniel is abducted by the women - the actual abduction in the laneway. And the way Rupert [Thompson] described that was very evocative - it was really about him falling backwards, almost being swallowed up by darkness. I remember that to be a very compelling idea. So when we wrote the screenplay, I



was walking the fine line between reality and that slightly dreamlike quality, because for me the film hovers between conscious state and subconscious state, dreamlike and real, surreal and palpable, and I was interested in those tensions stylistically. It felt really important to kind of hover in that way.

How much thought had you given to the experience of sexual abuse victims when you were trying to create the film?

I read about abuse victims, prisoners of war, I even went back and read stuff about the holocaust, and one of the sort of common themes that kept coming up psychologically was this whole issue about the ability to speak. And so I was also captivated by that idea of Daniel who returns a kind of a broken man, a man unable to communicate,

a man unable to speak about what’s happened to him. There is a silence that surrounds it, because he doesn’t know how to put it into words. So I was really fascinated by that idea.

How do you think the sexual explicitness of the film helped the film itself as a whole?

I walked a fine line between how much to show and how much to suggest. To the extent that there is explicitness in the film, I didn’t want it to be gratuitous or exploitative. It was very important that it was only there to serve a story.

Especially when dealing with victims of abuse.

Absolutely. So when Daniel is naked and being humiliated, that’s because that is actually what’s going on with the character. So in a way, the audience has to experience something about that in order to understand why this man is so traumatised when he is thrown back into the real world. So I was very conscious of giving the audience enough of the sense of the experience without actually them ever having to turn away either. Someone who read the script - the script in some respects was more explicit, because you have to be when you write these things - she said, ‘I kind of thought it was going to be really explicit and I couldn’t watch it, but in fact I found it emotionally very beautiful,’ and I think that’s really what a lot of people are saying - that there’s a real heart to the film. There is beauty, it’s a very beautiful looking film, and there’s a mesmerising quality - but in the end it delivers a really strong message about trust, and about love, and redemption.

Brian O’Neill

“I’m a man who discovered the wheel and built the Eiffel Tower out of metal and brawn. That’s what kind of man I am, You’re just a woman with a small brain. With a brain a third the size of us. It’s science.” - Ron Burgundy (Will Ferrell), *Anchorman* (2004)

Classic Movie of the Week - Homme

Mischief. Mayhem. Soap? Yup, there's an inextricable link between the three. If you don't know what I'm talking about then you need to watch *Fight Club*. If you do know what I'm talking about then it's time to shave your head and suit up for Project Mayhem, fellow space monkey.

Fight Club (based on the novel by Chuck Palahniuk) is, like most good films, pretty much impossible to do justice over the course of a few paragraphs, but let's give it a go. At its most basic, it's the story of Jack, an average everyday working Joe who isn't a special and unique snowflake, but rather just another slave with a white collar. One of the downtrodden masses who will never be a millionaire or a movie star or a rock god. He meets Tyler, who does what he wants when he wants, to whomever he wants. Tyler helps open Jack's eyes to the possibilities and Jack starts to follow Tyler's path to 'enlightenment'. No fear, no distractions, just the ability to let that which does not matter truly slide. Throw into the mix an interesting look at minimum wage jobs and the unique opportunities they afford, self-help groups and the ever-present Marla, and you've got front row seats for this theatre of mass destruction.

Despite the considerable amount of violence throughout the piece, it is never the real focus of the film. In my mind the film is more about

Fight Club (1999)

Directed by David Fincher



learning to be alive, and finding the boundaries that define your life. The theme of modern masculinity and emasculation in modern culture is also rife throughout the film and forms the undercurrent for the situations that evolve. Though strongly anarchical and anti-authoritarian (in a deeply cynical and ironic way), the film carries a message akin to 'Nothing of worth is achieved without pain', whether the pain be physical, in the form of underground boxing, or psychological, in the form of self-harm. But does that message extrapolate to 'Pain can create something of worth?' Tyler seems to think so.

Directed by David Fincher (of *Se7en* fame) and starring Brad Pitt and Edward Norton, this film rocks. The slick use of repetition in the narration (perfectly narrated by Norton) is nicely handled by Fincher's edgy style and he adeptly flickers between black humour and Tyler's increasingly deranged notions. The self-referential scenes throughout the film break the piece up whilst giving valuable background and character development and after reading the book it's hard to see where Chuck's influence ends and Fincher's begins. This is one of the few films which I consider better than the original text in that it adds to the text, rather than being merely derivative. In any case, this film has a lot to say and it does it with style as it speeds along like a fully loaded passenger train on a collision course with an oil tanker. Remember, life insurance pays off triple if you die on a business trip!

Go and watch *Fight Club*. Then watch it again. At the very least you'll learn how to make soap and nitro-glycerine, and that alone makes it worth the price of admission. In Tyler we trust.

Space Monkey

Does not constitute legal advice.



Homme Director OTW - David Cronenberg

Also known as the King of Venerable Horror and Baron of Blood, David Cronenberg has been a leading, if underrated, pioneer in the fields of horror and science fiction. He is one of main contributors of the 'body horror' genre, which explores common fears of bodily transformation, mutation and infection, focusing on the links between the psychological and physical. His dark and confronting portrayals of technology gone wrong delve into the inner recesses of the human psyche and the nether region between the real and unreal.

Born in Ontario, Canada in 1943, he graduated from uni with a degree in literature (having switched from science) and began an experimental apprenticeship in independent filmmaking and Canadian television, reaching the cult status of horror-meister with the gory vampire renditions of *Shivers* and *Rabid*. He is most well known for his adaptation of William Burrough's book *Naked Lunch* (widely considered unfilmable), which straddles the line between personal chaos and psychological confusion. His surreal and nightmarish scenarios provide social critiques of modern society and its ideals and morals. "Everybody's a mad scientist, and life is their lab. We're all trying to experiment to find a way to live, to solve problems, to fend off madness and chaos." Cronenberg has said that his films should be seen from the point of view of the disease, the pathologies and ensuing disaster they create - less problems to overcome than



"I think of horror films as art, as films of confrontation. Films that make you confront aspects of your own life that are difficult to face. Just because you're making a horror film doesn't mean you can't make an artistic film."

agents of personal transformation. Throughout his career Cronenberg has generally steered clear of mainstream big budget film making (even deferring his own salary to make *Spider*), instead a vocal supporter of government-backed film projects in the face of Hollywood domination. He was even offered the chance to direct *Star Wars: Return of the Jedi* but declined. He has been recognised on various fronts; awarded the president of jury at the Cannes Film Festival in 1999, an Officer of the Order of Canada in 2002, the Cannes Film Festival's lifetime achievement award (the Carrosse D'or) and even a fellowship of the Royal Society of Canada, the distinguished national body of Canadian scientists!

Suki

- Scanners (1981)
- Videodrome (1983)
- The Dead Zone (1983)
- The Fly (1986)
- Dead Ringers (1988)
- Naked Lunch (1991)
- M. Butterfly (1993)
- Crash (1996)
- Last Night (1998)
- eXistenZ (1999)
- Camera (2000)
- Spider (2002)
- A History of Violence (2005)

"I never liked you. You know why? You don't curse. I don't trust a man who doesn't curse. Not a 'fuck' or a 'shit' in all these years. Real men curse."
- Captain Yardley (Raymond J. Barry), *Falling Down* (1993)

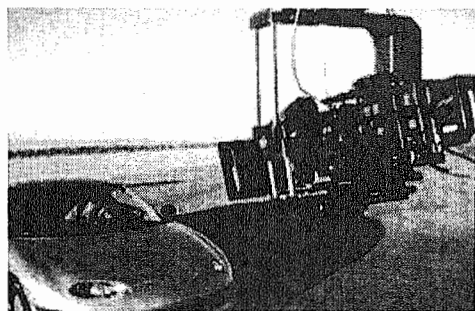
Who Killed the Electric Car

Showing at Palace Nova from November 2

Did you know that 100 years ago there were more electric cars on the road than internal combustion cars? No, neither did I, until I saw this doco. I also didn't know about General Motors' EV1 (Electric Vehicle 1). This sexy (for the late 90s) little sedan car did 160 km to a charge and had a top speed of 90km/h.

In 1990, California introduced a mandate that by 1998, 2% of all new cars sold would have to be zero-emission vehicles. Naturally, the major car manufacturers jumped on board and GM released the EV1. The car enjoyed moderate success due to its unfamiliar technology, however, this wasn't the only factor hindering sales. Politics reigned supreme, leading to GM recalling the entire fleet of EV1s. Yes, that's right, they took back all the EV1s (as they were all leased) and... Coincidentally, just after the demise of the EV1, Bush and the Governor lead a huge push for hydrogen fuel cell development. This is a very twisted tale of politics, money, oil, money and pollution.

You don't have to be a car nut or an engineering student to understand the arguments presented by the director (Chris Paine). This was a very clearly detailed documentary, quite similar to the good parts of *Fahrenheit*



9/11. Interviews include Mel Gibson, the Governor and EV1 engineers. While it may be hard to understand how people can become emotional about cars, this documentary is a very heart-felt tale about the demise of the EV1. There's

even a good Bush bash. Because after all, what American doco would be complete with out it?

This is a great flick if you're interested in world politics or just love corny accents. On a deeper level, you'll gain a good understanding of the American (and subsequently world) car industry.



Stewart Jones

Metal: A Headbanger's Journey

Showing at Palace Nova from November 16

In *Metal: A Headbanger's Journey*, Sam Dunn, a self-confessed headbanger since the age of 13, takes us on his journey to explore the world of heavy metal. The film is put together brilliantly with footage, pictures and performances edited together and interviews with fans, producers, sociologists and the musicians themselves helping him explore the origins of metal and the culture surrounding it. Sam's anthropological background gives the film structure and questions for the audience to think about; and he makes an enthusiastic narrator, with his love for metal shining through.

The origins of this 'devil music' are explored in the film along with the conflict between religion and heavy metal not to mention its obsession with death and violence. Another interesting area looked at was the examination of gender and sexuality. The genre is generally hyper-masculine and aggressive, but then this was contrasted with the homoerotic undertones inherent in the performances of the



written about surgery that a member of the band had and if members interpreted that as being about S&M, he couldn't help it if they had dirty minds. The interview segments show just how well spoken and eloquent a lot of the musicians are, although it was a bit hard to take Slipknot seriously, with band members in their masks and face-paint looking like they just stepped out of Middle Earth.

One element of metal culture that is hard to defend or even comprehend is the extreme Norwegian death metal scene. Bands in the early 90s burnt down churches throughout Norway

bands.

Dec Snider's appearance before US Congress is great fun to watch, as he comes in with his big hair and rock-star swagger. In defending the Twisted Sister song, *Under the Blade*, he comments

that the song was

and murdered members of other bands. There is fierce competition between bands as to who is the most evil. Members of Mayhem made necklaces for themselves from remnants of their lead singer's skull after he shot himself. The creepy lead singer of Gorgoroth claims that Satan is the inspiration behind all their music.

For the fans, the music is an empowering social force, giving them self confidence and a place where they belong. In the immortal words of Rage Against the Machine the attitude of most metal fans can be summed up as: "fuck you, I won't do what you tell me." If you are already a heavy metal aficionado, the film is a great look further into the genre. If you can't tell Iron Maiden from Led Zeppelin, Slayer from Metallica....what are you waiting for? Head out and see this one to see what all the fuss is about and maybe come away with a greater understanding of this often stereotyped and misunderstood genre of music.



Sarah

Wordplay

Showing at Palace Nova



There are many people who enjoy the challenge of the daily crossword. Their tools of choice include a pen or pencil (depending on confidence), a cuppa, and maybe even a bite to eat. Not many people would even consider the need of a stopwatch. And fewer people would

bother to keep meticulous records of every effort.

Once a year in Stamford, Connecticut (USA), people gather for the annual crossword championships. These normal people come together for a weekend of furious crossword battles concluding in an iron-chef styled play-off. The major competitors (typically musicians or programmers) practise all year just for this event. So good, they'd be able to complete an Advertiser crossword in about 3 minutes flat.

The documentary starts out introducing five past and possible champions. These people ranged from a twenty year old computer programmer to fifty year old piano genius. Anyone of whom could be your next door neighbour. As well as the champions, crossword fans Bill Clinton, Mike Mussina (NY Yankees), Bob Dole, the Indigo Girls and Jon Stewart shared their tactics.

With the stage set, the players converged on Stamford for the annual tournament. The favourites enjoyed success with Trip, Tyler and Al making the final. For the duration of the last crossword, not only the spectators, but the preview audience, hung by every pen stroke.

As an aside, Merl Reagle (crossword creator for the NY Times), created a crossword, right in front of the camera. No computers, just a pencil and paper. This film featured some truly remarkable people.

The lack of narration was very refreshing. It's nice not to have opinions and flowery language forced down your throat. It would be fantastic to see more films like this, something other than big-shot actors pretending to emulate the characters they portray. This film isn't about the crosswords, but about the people who solve them.



Stewart Jones

"We're a generation of men raised by women, I'm wondering if another woman is really the answer we need."

- Tyler Durden (Brad Pitt), *Fight Club* (1999)

QUICKIE CORNER

THANK YOU FOR SMOKING

Both cigarette companies and the lobbyists that lambaste them are targeted with astonishingly good humour in Jason Reitman's sharp satire. Nick Naylor (a brilliant Aaron Eckhart) is VP of a tobacco research institute who promote smoking through any good publicity they can get. Katie Holmes is a bit miscast as a journalist with an eye to expose Nick, but the film otherwise manages to be witty and insightful in its digs at political correctness. Watch out for *The OC*'s Adam Brody as the slick, bratty assistant he was always meant to play.

Brian O'Neill

AN INCONVENIENT TRUTH

Former politician Al Gore hosts this extremely important documentary on global warming and the increasingly horrendous effects it has on our planet. Hardly a sombre documentary – Gore injects enough humour into his delivery to make it thoroughly engaging – but *An Inconvenient Truth* is certainly a sobering film. It's also the most terrifyingly crucial piece of viewing to hit cinemas in a long time. Consider this a must-see.

Brian O'Neill

BOYTOWN

From the writer/director/star of such comedic TV gems as *Bargearse* and *The Mick Molloy Show* comes the new feature film *Boytown!* Mick Molloy's new film tells the tale of a group of washed-up ex-members of the boy band BoyTown. The flashback scenes were very NKOTB – which certainly took this reviewer back to her tweenie-days. Now you know you're going to get gold when you have Glenn Robbins accompanying Mr Molloy. And the film certainly has some funny moments. But the highlights are definitely the songs, including "Special Time of the Month", "Picking the kids up from school" and the most difficult song to hear when you're struggling with monogamy, "Do me!"

Susie Q

UNITED 93

Based on the experiences of passengers who took down one of four hijacked planes on 9/11, *United 93* is given an immediate feel by the use of handheld cameras and unfamiliar actors. Paul Greengrass' screenplay effectively conveys the terror of the passengers on the plane and the bewilderment experienced by the people on the ground. Yet it also feels like a step backwards in dealing with the theme of terrorism, especially after the far more insightful *Paradise Now* and this year's doco, *In the Shadow of the Palms*. In the end, *United 93* doesn't give any new food for thought, but takes us a puzzling step backwards.

Brian O'Neill

Best of 2006

It's been a long year of film and *On Dit* has had its finger on the pulse for 12 solid editions. You've been hanging out week after week, waiting to read the opinions of J and Dazz and our band of wacky reviewers. Some people might say it wasn't the greatest year in cinema, but those people are clearly forgetting that 2006 was the year of *Garfield 2*, *When A Stranger Calls* and *Pink Panther*. So as a little end of year treat, our finest reviewers have given us their opinions of the movies of the year. And we took those opinions, realised after a whole year that they don't know what they're talking about, threw them away and replaced them with our own... Joking! We collated the thousands of votes and processed them in the Rankomat2000 to come up with *On Dit's* best of for 2006. And since you respect the opinions of us sub-editors so much we thought we'd give you our own personal top fives too. Yes, even that fillerinnerer sub-ed, t.Riddy... Huttah!

J's Top 5

1. C.R.A.Z.Y.
2. Tsotsi
3. Candy
4. Match Point
5. Friends with Money



Dazz's Top 5

1. The Squid and the Whale
2. Kenny
3. V for Vendetta
4. Brokeback Mountain
5. Happy Endings

t.Riddy's Top 5

1. Brokeback Mountain
2. Candy
3. Kenny
4. Transamerica
5. The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada

On Dit's Top 10

1. V for Vendetta
2. Brokeback Mountain
3. Thankyou For Smoking
4. Hidden
5. Kenny
- 6*. Candy
- 6*. The Squid and the Whale
8. An Inconvenient Truth
9. Proof
10. Hair Candy

*Equal 6th

Now not everybody will agree with this list, and it's all a matter of opinion anyway, so please direct all complaints to:

j.and.dazz@gmail.com.



Trash Talk

with t.Riddy

I was starting to feel a little misty-eyed when I contemplated the upcoming hiatus of *On Dit* over the summer months, and then I did some research into just what's been going on in the tormented lives of film stars and I felt much better. It's always very grounding to know that out there in the land of celluloid and silver screens, there are so many people that are just so much worse off than us. We really should just thank our lucky stars...

I know we all tend to think of **Madonna** as more of a chanteuse than actor, but with such credits such as *Die Another Day*, *A League of Their Own* and the seminal *Desperately Seeking Susan* under her crown of thorns, it's about time she got the respect she deserves. Reports state that **Madge** and her mockney husband **Guy Ritchie** have decided to buy, I mean adopt, a baby brother for Lourdes and Rocco in Malawi. It seems those party-pooing human rights groups have objected to the process, given that Malawian children aren't normally allowed to be adopted out overseas. There also seems to be a bit of controversy about the fact that **Mads** has somehow managed to have the legal process sped up to take just months rather than years. Leave her alone, meddling do-gooders! Don't they know she's a busy woman? If they need evidence of how hard she works, they really should just watch the clip to *Hung Up*. You don't get to dance in fishnets and a leotard in public without putting in some serious hard yards. On second thoughts, no one should get to dance in fishnets and a leotard without the written consent of all viewers. Ever.

The next hard-done-by starlet of the week is the underrated **J.Lo.** C'mon, don't tell me she wasn't fantastic in *The Wedding Planner*. Anyway, apparently all she wanted to make a recent flight a little more bearable was a black-half-double-skinny-soy-mocha-frappé-latte or similar. Unfortunately, when the flight attendant informed **Ms Lopez** that given espresso machines weigh about two tonnes and thus weren't typically installed in your average 737, she went off the handle, finishing her volley of abuse by telling the hostie that her uniform shoes looked cheap. Yeah right, because Jen honey, you are the definition of high class.

When it comes to the **CruiseHolmes Corp.**, there's but one thing left to say: who's your daddy. **Katie Holmes Suri Cruise** father conspiracy **Chris Klien**. Google. Do it.

And of course it just wouldn't be the final *Trash Talk* for the year without a mention of one **Jacob Benjamin Gyllenhaal**. He's obviously hard done by because he's yet to find my phone number and give me a call. Just call the *On Dit* office mate, the number's just inside the front cover, and I'm sure the eds would love to have a chat and pass on my details.

That's all we have time for this year, my friends. Until next we meet, stay trashy.

"Believe me, Bob, these days gentlemen are an endangered species. Unlike bloody drag queens who just keep breeding like rabbits."

— Bernadette (Terrance Stamp), *Priscilla* (1994)

So we come once more to the ever controversial Women's Edition of *On Dit*. As the cries of 'sexism' abound I'd like to take this opportunity to look at women in TV, well one woman, The Big One: Oprah Winfrey.

Oprah is the undisputed queen of TV. If she plugs it, it sells; she has her own spin off show (*Dr Phil*); a magazine; a film company; political clout that Hillary would kill Bill for and 'Godmother to the Nation' status. And she's now worth muchos spondulicks, but you already knew that. Her power is incredible, but she is also in a rather unenviable position. She is TV's most powerful celebrity, yet she hits the 'disadvantaged trifecta': being black, female and from an extremely poor background.

No other celebrity (or media mogul) is subjected to the same criticism and debate as Oprah. Conservatives use her as the rationale for denying non-whites, women & poor people opportunities to even the balance with their white, male and wealthy counterparts. The 'If Oprah can do it with out a hand-up, anyone can. So quit bitching and wash my jocks' defence.

Meanwhile liberals and others of the left eviscerate her for interviewing George W. Bush and the like. They say that she is betraying women, blacks and poor people by not taking a public stand against the Republican agenda. They expect that she

should speak for *all* members of *all* three groups *all* of the time.

Her untenable position as TV's most successful poor, black, woman means that she can't win with either side. No other figure attracts this much heat. A wealthy, white, male celebrity/pundit/mogul's actions are never taken as being representative of all wealthy, white, men's actions, they are his own (can you even name any mainstream celebrity/pundit/mogul's who aren't wealthy, white and male? Except for Ms Winfrey?). Oprah maybe the most powerful celebrity in TV-land, but she is also the mainstream media's *only* female (black, poor, etc) voice there is. It is because of this that Oprah is expected to correctly speak for all women (and blacks, and poor people etc) all of the time.

Having a women's edition of *On Dit* is one way of being able to answer back to the mainstream media's marginalisation of women. Claiming that one edition of *On Dit* a year that is focuses on women is sexism is as ludicrous as saying that having one Oprah Winfrey somehow evens the balance with all of the Bill O'Reillys, Rupert Murdoch, Richard Bransons, Eddie Maguires, David Lettermans, Jay Lenos, Dr Phil etc.

Love, loathe or ignore her, Oprah is out on her own, the only member of her club. Isn't it time that changed?

Anais Chevalier

TELEVISION!

...with Kallista Campbell and Anais Chevalier

Australian Idol!

Anais and Kalista's tip to win :

Bobby Flynn

He not only resembles Side Show Bob (good enough reason to win than any) but little Bobby Flynn is simply on another playing field than anyone else on that damn program. He ain't a star, he ain't even a supernova, he's the whole space-time vortex baby. As one wise fan painted on a poster the other night "voting 'Bobby' is my hobby". Woot!

CHECK THIS!

If you're a fan of **Strangers with Candy** check out this link to a YouTube clip showing the inspiration for 40 something college student Jerri Blank: www.youtube.com/watch?v=uoQwDKsnOqE

Gold!

POCKET TOTTIE

I could never choose between these two, so in honour of Oz finally being back on our screens (10pm Mondays, SBS - WATCH IT!!) allow me to present our Pocket Tottie double feature:

Christopher Meloni

DoB: April 2, 1961

Marital Status: Married for 11 years.

2 kids (awwww)

You may know him from: *Law and Order: Special Victims Unit's* Detective Elliott Stabler

Big Break: The completely lickable predator (with a thing for preppy lawyers) Chris Keller in *Oz*.

See him now: *SVU* & *Oz*

Trivia: Before reaching cult, then mainstream fame status with *SVU* & *Oz* respectively, Meloni was best known for his work as a comic actor.

Dean Winters (right of picture)

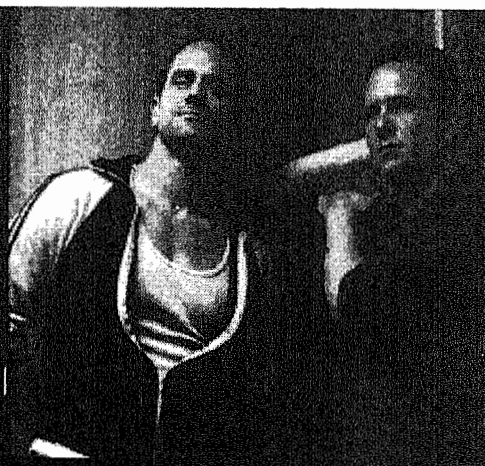
DoB: July 20, 1964

Marital Status: Dating random sexpots around New York

You may know him from: *Oz* & *SVU*

Big Break: Cunning schemer Ryan O'Riley, the head of the Irish faction in HBO's brilliant prison drama *Oz*.

Trivia: He was the eponymous character in the *Sex and the City* episode 'The Fuck Buddy'.



TOP TEN DOCTOR WHO'S EVER

1. David Tennant
2. Tom Baker
3. Jon Pertwee
4. Peter Davison
5. Christopher Eccleston
6. Patrick Throughton
7. Paul McGann
8. Sylvester McCoy
9. William Hartnell
10. Colin Baker

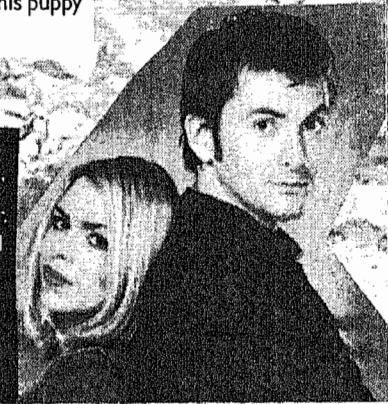


THE I.T. CROWD

If you're a fan of budget yet highly hilarious British comedy then this show is not to be missed. Written by Graham Lineham the writer of *Father Ted* and various other brit coms and who incidentally was the man responsible for getting the *Little Britain* TV series up and running, helping Matt Lucas and David Walliams film their pilot. Anyway back to the show at hand. It stars Chris O'Dowd, Richard Ayoade (*Garth Marenghi's Darkplace*) and Katherine Parkinson who are all v. entertaining and slightly odd in their own precious way. It's loaded with computer nerd jokes and pop culture references. So if that sounds like your cup of chai definitely check this puppy out - if you haven't already.

ROSE TYLER: A Tribute

Rose Tyler (aka Billie Piper), the "travelling companion" of the ninth and tenth *Dr Who*'s is unfortunately no longer. She's not dead, just trapped for all eternity in a parallel universe with her parallel father and her real mother. Thanks for all the good times!



The Buffy Qwazy

1. What is the name of Buffy's town in *BTVS*?
2. How many times did Buffy die during the 7 seasons of *BTVS*?
3. What was the name of the last ever episode of *BTVS*?
4. Name the three principles of Sunnydale High School
5. The spunky Miss Eliza Dushku portrayed which character on *BTVS*?
6. Does Xander Harris possess any supernatural abilities?
7. Which recently deceased American sitcom stalwart played Buffy's Mom's robot lover?
8. What is the name of the goddess that Buffy & the Scoobies battle in season 5?
9. In the Buffyverse, can vampires fall in love?
10. What event leads to Willow embracing the dark side of magic in season 6?
11. In the episode 'Buffy vs Dracula', what happens to Xander?
12. The Trio, Buffy's self styled arch nemisisese (sic), are Jonathon, Warren and who?
13. When Angel isn't being tortured and soul-bearing, what is his name?
14. What is the name that Buffy and co are collectively known as?
15. Why was Spike known as 'William the Bloody' before he became a vampire?
16. Everyone knows that Dawn was The Key (and a kleptomaniac), but was she a Potential?
17. What was the name of Oz's band?
18. Is Tara part demon?
19. What small, fluffy animal is ex-Vengeance Demon, Anya terrified of?
20. Who is the creator of *Buffy: The Vampire Slayer*?

Warning: TV ain't all the truth

Okay okay. So we're all told from a young age not believe everything we see on TV. It's all fake, just people acting and making up stuff and shit. Despite knowing this (although it is an undeniable fact that everyone in the *real* OC is super high) it's really hard to stop the subliminal messages seeping into your subconscious mind only to become engrained there and consequently affect your daily life. Ordinarily, this would not be a problem. Sure, you make a dick of yourself by trying to explain what the job of PR really is to someone, then realise that your only knowledge of the profession comes solely from *AbFab* and *Sex and the City* which means that if you're in PR you're a) blind drunk b) an insane dresser c) have no bleedin' idea what you're doing d) have anything with a heartbeat. Possibly all of the above.

The time when all this subconscious infiltration becomes problematic to, oh say, your career, life choices and your general lifelong happiness and fulfillment, is when shows based around certain professions such as detective, doctor, lawyer, teacher, forensic scientist... the list goes on, lead you to believe all the entertaining and somewhat desirable alleged characteristics of that profession as it is portrayed. More often than not these are all false. I'm not telling you anything you don't already know. Yes we know this. But the subconscious does

not. I'm not sure but I think it's got a lot to do with all that crazy word association neuron link stuff.

I have a friend who is considering going into Medicine. She's a fan of *Grey's Anatomy*, *Scrubs* and *House*. She is under no illusions that these shows have given her a false impression of the job, but it's hard to resist, non? I too freely admit that TV has duped me. I have been taught by the long tradition of teachers on TV that it's as simple as asking a poignant question about Shakespeare, or Pöe and to set them homework at the end of class. Never mind all the paper work: photocopying worksheets, marking, writing reports. And don't get me started on behaviour management. Susan Kennedy has a lot to answer for. Jesus! I even considered becoming a receptionist after watching a few too many episodes of *The Office*.

It is obvious that, whether we like it or not TV is a huge force in our lives. Just look at the massive jump in enrolments for forensic science courses over the last 5-10 years. This is despite the fact that there ain't much demand out there for people with those qualifications, but peeps just keep on enrolling. This is just a warning... either prepare yourself for a rude shock and years of disappointment, or choose to live in a fantasy world fuelled by alcohol for a very long time.

Kallista Campbell

with Ashleigh Newton

Well, another footy season has come and gone and things seem to be not much different from last year. We saw the Crows dip out in the prelims, again. We saw Carlton win the wooden spoon, again, and we saw West Coast and Sydney play off in that one day in September for the Holy Grail of the AFL. Thankfully, this year we saw some differences beginning with West Coast being able to overcome the Swans with a thrilling one point victory.

Considering how great last year's Grand Final was, to see anything within the ballpark of that game was inconceivable by most footy fans, but the footy gods smiled upon the MCG that day and we got a game that was not only as good as, but better than last year. Fremantle finally started to show something and finished in the top 4, and the Western Bulldogs made the finals after so many years of finishing just outside the 8. Sadly, we saw the Bombers take a nosedive and fall down, and down, and down the ladder (sad for me, maybe not for everyone else). Port Adelaide decided that finishing just inside the 8 was not bad enough, so decided to fall further and with that fall down the ladder came a fall of attendances at their home games. However, on the good side, we saw some of Port Adelaide's emerging talent and hopefully that will be enough to see them at least pull a crowd next year.

So I don't leave any team out, here's a quick rundown of the season that each team had...

West Coast:

After a few years with the best midfield, two Brownlow medalists and being so close, the Eagles broke through to win a thriller on Grand Final day. Though it wasn't all good news for the Eagles, captain Ben Cousins was replaced with Chris Judd after a run away (not run in) from the law after a night out. Also, second-tier ruckman Michael Gardiner was dropped mid-season for another indiscretion that cost the Eagles in bad press. No matter the off-field antics of the team, they pulled together and not only won the premiership, but showed they'd be a force to be reckoned with for a few more years to come.

Adelaide:

Started the year so well, but fell off the pace at the end due to injuries and illness, the Crows were the early premiership favorites, but somehow let it slip to not really improve on last year. Sadly, like the Eagles, the Crows have been marred with off-field incidents with the feuding families of the McLeod's and the Edwards' and the controversial sacking of original team member Ben Hart. The window of opportunity is closing on the Crows as their stars get older and have to deal with injury, especially in 2007. But on the bright side, the Crows unveiled some up-coming talent with Porplyzia, Maric and Douglas all getting game time and some

valuable game time under their belt. Time will tell if the Crows will get their premiership, but whatever they do, they'd better do it fast.

Fremantle:

The surprise packets really. No one, not even their coach, expected them to do so well. In fact, at the start of the year, coach Chris Connolly was odds on favourite to be the first sacked coach of 06. Freo had a blinder of a second half of the season and truly deserved their place in the top four and in the Prelim Finals and just one win away from a Grand Final appearance. Next year, they have to build on the success of '05 and go one step further by making it to that last Saturday in September. They will be helped by good pick ups during trade week.

Sydney:

If flying under the radar is a reason to evict someone from the Big Brother house, then they should definitely get votes from the other 15 members of the AFL to be evicted. Sydney's plan of making the top four, but never really looking like they would contend for the trophy was so good and worked so well (and until the first week of the finals never looked like they'd a great player in September). The 2005 premiers started the year off with a loss to the Bombers and from there went about their game unnoticed by the rest of the competition. Adam Goodes had a great year, backing up his 2003 Brownlow with another in '06. Might slip off the pace next year, but have the potential to be a great team.

Collingwood:

Oh the Pies. You really do either love them or hate them. Had an indifferent year, sometimes really looking the goods and at others, oh so far off the mark. Were the highest finishing Victorian team in the comp, but were also the first team to get eliminated from the finals race. The focus for the media was never really on the team's performance on the field, but more about what team members got up to off the field. Thankfully, President Eddie McGuire not only has a lot of pulling power and a lot of experience with the media and was able to somehow manage, along with coach Mick Malthouse to get the Pies into the finals. They really aren't a great team, but have a star in the making in Dale Thomas. Should really finish in the same middle eight next year unless something goes horribly wrong. Injury will take its toll next year though.

St Kilda:

I've said and will continue to say that the Saints will never win a premiership under Grant Thomas. The St. Kilda board obviously heard this call and so the Saints became the only team to sack their coach in 06. The

saints have a fantastic list, full of great old stars like Harvey and Gherig and present stars like Reiwoldt and Del Santo. Ruckman Justin Koschitzke had a hard year, and if the saints are to do well in '07 need him to stay off the injury list for a while. Under new coach Ross Lyon, I don't think it'll be too long before we see the Saints holding up the premiership cup.

Melbourne:

Another one of those teams that seems to be so close, but oh so far away from holding that cup aloft. The Demons are one of those teams that seems to just fall off the pace over the course of the year and really need to address this problem if they are to succeed in their dream of premiership glory. The strange thing about the Demons is that they have so many stars, that they seem to rely on the other to shine. Captain David Neitz, Russell Robertson and Adem Yze had indifferent years, but young guns Brock McLean, James McDonald and first year players Matthew Bate and Clint Bartram had blinders. The Demons now have made back-to-back finals series and need to keep the good work going if they are any chance in '07.

Western Bulldogs:

The Bulldogs are finally starting to show what they can do. A shock first final winner, the Dogs threatened to shake up the finals, but just couldn't stack up against the sheer class of West Coast at the fortress that is Subiaco. The Dogs are not far off the mark now, and with classy Brownlow medalist and goal sneak Jason Akermanis now on their list, and with many players who spent the year on the sidelines with knee injuries they can really only get stronger. The Doggies need an injury-free year to really succeed and I think after the effort they put in this year with the massive injury toll, they deserve it.

Richmond:

Ninth again for the persistent Tigers who just can't seem to break into that elusive top eight. With a list like theirs though and with a very clever coach who can find ways to beat even the best team in the competition (think back to their keepie-offies game against the Crows) they shouldn't be out of finals contention for much longer. The Bowden brothers in defence, recovering Nathan Brown and young gun Brett Deledio in the middle and gun goal kicker Matthew Richardson all firing, the Tigers are not far off the mark, but need to have a bit more luck on their side. Pray for anything except for ninth for the Tigers next year.

Geelong:

The pre-season cup curse hit the Cats hard this season, with the early flag favorites quickly falling out of contention and off the radar for most of the season. A late draw with the Demons sealed their fate in missing the finals after a final burst for the finish line. A massive overhaul is needed down at PussyLand if they

are to be any chance in 2007. Coach Mark "Bomber" Thompson is signed until the end of next year, but don't expect him to be coach in 08.

Hawthorn:

Well... the Hawks are slowly making their way up the ladder, however its been a slow and steady climb. After a pretty good start to the season, the boys in Brown and Gold fell off the pace late and never really recovered. Will have difficulty next year after ruckman Peter Everett chose to leave after the Hawks would not offer more than a one year deal. The Hawks really aren't that bad, they're a true blue collar club and will keep working their way up the ladder, but it's a long way to the top if you want to rumble with the Eagles and the Swans.

Port Adelaide:

It seems so much longer than two years since the Power won their premiership doesn't it. Since 2004, the Power has had a gradual slide down the ladder and the cause isn't helped when key players, such as Tredrea and the Burgoyne brothers are injured. More significantly, the Power has simply lost that aggression for the ball that they used to have and the intimidation factor has also disappeared. Trading Byron Pickett last year was possibly a very bad mistake, but only time will tell if the Power can bounce back and back up their 2004 premiership.

Brisbane:

The reign of Brisbane at the top of the ladder is well and truly over with the once all conquering lions now slumming it at the bottom of the ladder. With captain Michael Voss calling it quits and goal sneak and Brownlow medallist Jason Akermanis being traded to the Dogs, Brisbane are definitely in the middle of their rebuilding phase. But Brisbane coach Leigh Matthews is a man with plenty of tricks up his sleeve and Brisbane has the potential to surprise when underestimated. Don't expect miracles, but don't expect them to just go away.

Kangaroos:

The Kangaroos are a hard team to pin point exactly why they don't perform. When they want to, they are actually a really good team, but when hit with injury and a lack of belief in themselves they do seem to fall off the pace. To succeed in 2007, the Kangaroos really need to settle down. One of the main struggles that the Kangaroos face is that of financial viability, and in Melbourne they simply do not have this. The Kangaroos really need to re-locate to either Canberra or the Gold Coast permanently to be a true force in AFL footy.

Essendon:

I refuse to believe that this years slide was anything other than the effect of a lot of injuries to an otherwise great team. New

Captain Matthew Lloyd spent most of the year on the bench and while it is true that no team comes down to one player, let me pose this. Lloyd kicks an average of 3 goals per game, and this year, the Bombers lost around ten games by less than three goals. With Lloyd in the team, the Bombers not only would've finished in the top eight, but would again have been a finals contender. Don't expect the boys in the black and red to hold the trophy aloft anytime soon, but expect it before we see teams like Port Adelaide and Richmond doing the same.

Carlton:

Wooden spoon again. The poor Blues are struggling on the field, but also financially off the field. Need a massive clean out for them to get off the bottom, let alone to be a force at the top of the ladder. Although they do have some stars, including forward Brendan Fevola who last year looked to be done and dusted but came out in 06 to win the Coleman medal for leading goal kicker. Really need to do some damage in this years draft and pick up some good players to see success in '07.

Well, only about five months till footy season starts... oh please bring it back, I need it!! I'm watching soccer for goodness sake!! If you see a girl wandering aimlessly around AAMI Stadium over summer, please return me to the On Dit office.

PLAYER	TRADED FROM	TRADED TO	FOR
Jason Akermanis	Brisbane	Western Bulldogs	Traded for Western Bulldogs' second round on-traded draft selection (no.34)
Chris Tarrant	Collingwood	Fremantle	Traded for Paul Medhurst and Fremantle's first round on-traded draft selection (no. 8)
Dean Soloman	Essendon	Fremantle	Traded, with Essendon's fourth round draft selection (no. 52), for Fremantle's third round on-traded draft selection (no. 42) and third round draft selection (no. 47)
Graham Polak	Fremantle	Richmond	Traded, with Fremantle's first round draft selection (no. 13) and fourth round draft selection (no. 63), for Richmond's first round draft selection (no. 8) and third round draft selection (no. 42)
Paul Medhurst	Fremantle	Collingwood	Traded, with Fremantle's first round on-traded draft selection (no. 8), for Chris Tarrant
Peter Everitt	Hawthorn	Sydney	Traded for Sydney Swans' second round draft selection (no. 33)
Andrew McDougall	West Coast	Western Bulldogs	Traded, with West Coast's second round draft selection (no. 34) and fourth round draft selection (no. 66), for Western Bulldogs' second round draft selection (no. 29) and fourth round draft selection (no. 59)
Micheal Gardiner	West Coast	St Kilda	Traded, with West Coast's fourth round draft selection (no. 59), for St Kilda's third round draft selection (no. 43)
Shane Briss	Western Bulldogs	St Kilda	Traded for St Kilda's fourth round draft selection (no. 59 overall)

Mom.... Mom.....? mommy?"

Four weeks ago to the day, I received a call from my father to update me on my mother's mysterious liver disorder. She'd been in hospital having tests for the last few days. We thought it was an infection. We thought it was a hepatitis strain picked up from Sydney oysters. We thought it wasn't that serious.

"It's cancer," he said.

Before the cancer comes, the worst you can imagine is never as bad as what can happen. Before the cancer, the worst you will ever feel is a soaring mountain away from what you will feel now. Before the cancer, unacknowledged optimism tells you that when they go, you'll be going with them. A sort of glorious mass bungee jump from the heights of the mortal coil.

Before the cancer, you live your life in pale rosy hue of ignorant bliss, a bliss that's diminished after the arrival of the Big C. In arriving, the Big C strips the last vestiges of your childhood away and discards it in an unmarked grave.

The following day, I sit with my brother and sister in a hospital waiting room while a doctor ten metres away behind a closed door updates my parents with the details. We aren't allowed in. The exclusion suits me. In the space of 24 hours I have once again become a child. I sit rocking in my chair. I stand, walking slowly past the room trying to catch a word, any word that might tell me this is all going to be okay. I sit again. The doctor comes out. My father appears. Turns off the light and closes the door til it's only left a few centimetres ajar.

Snippets of conversation filter out. I try to catch them all, but mostly they flit through my ears without grabbing on to anything solid, until;

".....and we'll just throw a big party."

I am 12 years old again, old enough to want to be an adult and young enough to understand the inevitable mortality of a parent. I am four years old, knowing something is wrong but not understanding, not comprehending. I am 25 years old, and I'm burying my head into my sister's breast with my hands clapped over my ears.

My father comes to invite us in. Upon seeing my tears, he smiles his big smile and tells me there's nothing to worry about, 'she's going to be fine, absolutely fine, strong as an ox.' I know him well enough to know this means she's not quite fine...but maybe not quite dying.

She's perched on the side of her hospital bed. Her skin is yellow from the jaundice. She smells like sweet summer flowers. Later, I will learn that this is a new Guerlain perfume my father has bought for her. It's called 'Insolence'. For the rest of my life, I will think to myself, this smell will remind me of her.

We learn that a tumour is growing in one of her bile ducts. At this point, they think it's inoperable due to its position. All they can do is feed a wire into her body and attack it with radiation and a spot of chemotherapy. She's shocked, and scared. We all are. My father has small tears at the corners of his eyes, held in by a magnetic force. An unasked question hangs heavy in the room.



Are you going to die mummy?

We pose less serious variations of this question. Can they get rid of it? Are the doctors optimistic? Will the radiation be enough?

My parents respond vaguely. I imagine their real responses are trapped somewhere in the glances they keep shooting each other. I don't want to read them, but I do. They confuse me. I'm 12 again, after all.

Hope for the best, prepare for the worst. That's what the doctors have told them. There's an increasing success rate with this kind of thing, they say. Some of their patients are still going after ten or twelve years. Which is it? I want to ask. Ten or twelve?

I crawl onto the bed next to her and snuggle as near as I dare without hurting her. She's had tubes poking into her for the last 24 hours and she feels, she says, like she's been battered on the inside. My father leans against the wall looking at her, smiling, crying secretly. I know that behind his back he'll be playing nervously with his hands. It's his habit.

Her clothes smell of that special brand of washing powder only mothers seem to have access to. She's warm and soft, as real as she's ever been. It's hard to imagine that there's a lump of The Nothing growing inside her.

The doctors think it started about 15 years ago. Even though I know it's pointless, I think back that far and wonder at which precise moment it might have been that the first abnormal cell appeared. Conception of anything is a complicated and entirely circumstantial event. What made it that day, that minute, that second, that person? The doctors don't know. It's a mystery.

My memories of my mother come at me thick and fast, a

torrential downpour of love and anger and frustration and kindness and wisdom and laughter and and and. What I feel most when I think about her is how she is always there to protect me and to nurture me, no matter what smart alec thing I might say or which know it all tone I may take with her. She is a constant in all of our lives. She is the axis on which we all turn, through which we are all kept together. I'm scared at what may happen to us if she ever ceases to be.

If I were a child, I'd be screaming inside my head "No! No! No! No! She's NOT going to die so you can just shut up right now because IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN!!!!" In truth, part of me is screaming a little. But another part, an older and more saddened part understands that a defining part of adulthood is loss. It's something none of us want to experience, can't bear the thought of experiencing, would do anything in our power to stop from experiencing but must, eventually, suffer through.

Next week, my mother goes into hospital. The doctors discovered that the tumour wasn't affecting her main artery so, although 40 per cent of her liver is now, as she puts it, *ka put*, there is a chance that they can operate successfully. This is no easy solution however. She'll be bedridden for approximately six weeks, after which she'll still need to undergo radiation and chemo to ensure they've 'got it all'. I still find it difficult to look at her and realise that this is all happening. She's scared for my father. I'm scared for him too. She is literally the most important thing in his life. Without her, I don't know what he would possibly do. I cannot think of it.

I think sometimes that people find God in these times not because they need someone to pray to – but because they need someone to blame. We need to stand and spit at the sky and yell, "How could you?! How could you?! What did we ever do to you? Why us?" and imagine there's someone listening, someone at fault.

But we cannot blame illness on a mystical being in sky. So knowing

this, as my mother says, we know that yelling such things will only beckon that small voice from the wilderness that will whisper in our ear, "And why not you?"

When I was born, I came out with a case of jaundice. After hanging upside down for longer than usual while the birthing room stared at my uncanny resemblance to my father, I saw my mother briefly before being whisked away to an incubator. Because I was under such intense light, they needed to place a heavy bandage across my eyes to stop me from going blind. It was a small country hospital with few staff members; so even though my mother was suffering from the usual exhaustion of having just given birth, she sat with me all night to make sure the bandage didn't slip. She didn't fall asleep once. She was there when I was declared fit for removal from the egg, and the bandage removed.

Twice, I came from darkness into light. Twice, my unborn eyes opened to see the face of my beautiful mother.

My life up and until now has been a series of childish fears, a game of tag with garden witches and shadow creatures. But I have stared into the chasm of potential loss, and I can say that I am more scared now than I have ever been in my entire life.

I love you mummy.

I need you mummy.

Please let her stay.

Audrey

SUB-EDITORS WANTED!

WANT TO BE A SUB-EDITOR NEXT YEAR?

Do you think you're committed enough to make a regular contribution? Whatever area you're interested in – music, film, current affairs, literature, fashion... the choice is yours.

If you have ideas for a section not currently covered, now's your chance to make it happen.



**LADIES, PLEASE
ONE AT A TIME**



HAVE A SILKEN VOICE?

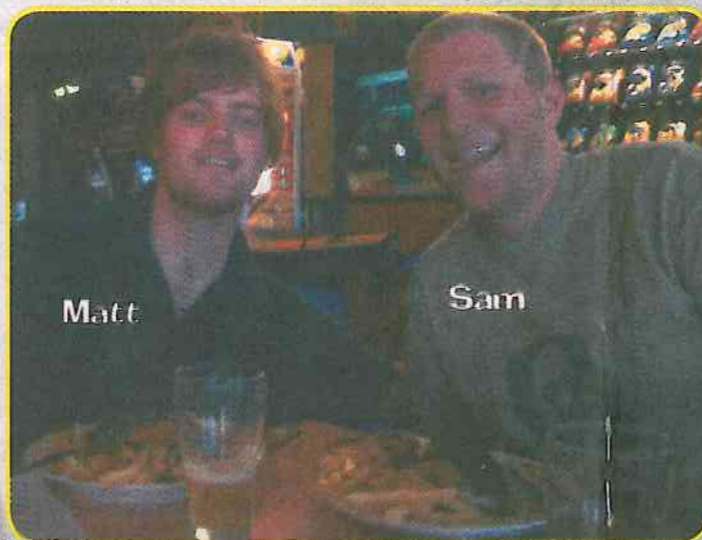
We're trying to get an *On Dit* student radio show up and running.

You could be a host!

Apply by yourself or in a team. Forms are outside the SAUA reception, ground floor of the Lady Symon building. If you have any questions, drop us a line at:
onditeds2007@gmail.com

Nicholas

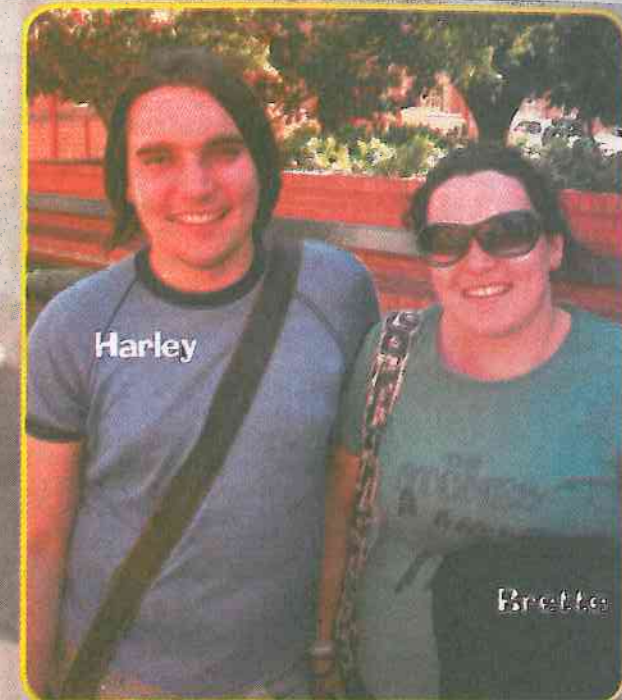
1. I think it would be a bit weird, I don't want to put my kids in childcare and I wouldn't want to do the housework.
2. Sunbaking and spending money on clothes
3. Belinda
4. Table manners



Matt

Sam

1. M - It'd be great, no dramas
S - Good
2. M - I spend hours on my hair
S - I eat shnitzels and have a shower now and again
3. M - Felica or Hannah
S - Felix (pronounced Falix)
4. M - confidence, intelligence, well-dressed and assertive
S - a classy girl is non-conformist



Harley

Brette



Aki

Natalie

1. A - ...wear small underwear
N - ...have fun.
2. A - Ladies First
N - Chivalry
3. A - Chiyonosuke
N - Phillip
4. A - A beard
N - A Brain or a golden Mercedes

W&P

- VOX & POP -

Kelly

1. ... wear a uniform
2. If they wear driving gloves they're a gentleman
3. Sam
4. If they own anything that has do with Xtreme sports

Nick

1. It would be fine, I'd be happy for them but I wouldn't bludge off them
2. Designer stubble, really more lazy roughage
3. Alice
4. A classy girl doesn't smoke or swear, and doesn't have a heroin addiction

Harley

1. I'd be down with it cause then she'd be my suga-mama and I'd be a stay at home dad with a crack addiction
2. These guns don't make themselves. I also use Pantene ProV to achieve the 10 different signs of healthy hair.
3. It would have been Harley either way
4. Breasts... and a classy girl uses a straw so they don't bang their teeth on ice

Brette

1. ...wear fights
2. A real gentleman pays up front
3. Brett... clearly
4. Aviators

girls questions

1. Finish this sentence: real men...?
2. What makes a gentleman?
3. If you were born a male, what would your name have been?
4. What is one material possession that makes a guy more attractive?

guys questions

1. How would you feel if you partner earned more money than you?
2. What techniques do you use to make yourself more physically attractive?
3. If you were born a female, what would your name have been?
4. What gives a girl class?



Elle

Tim

Elle

1. ...don't eat quite
2. Soft hands, and drives a horse and carriage
3. Chad
4. A vest

Tim

1. I'd tap that
2. I shave my legs
3. Barbara
4. A classy girl probably wouldn't talk to me.



Kelly

Nick