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On Dit

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Murder Mystery
7th August

1800-MURDER!

Wilson examined the gruesome scene with the detached air of someone who had seen thousands of strangulations by telephone cable before. "Looks like another one who won't be upgrading to cordless," he quipped to his partner, Johnson, quietly impressed with his own wit. Sensing the possibility of an intriguing short story brimming with murder and deceit, the two took it upon themselves to bring the heinous perpetrator to justice. Of course, being police detectives, this, conveniently, was their job.





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Hello. Tom? . . . Now, listen. I've got something for you. Here it is: Jacoby and Thursby were killed by a man named Wilmer Cook . . . Yeh. He's about twenty years old, five foot, six, wearing a gray overcoat. He's working for a man named Kasper . . . Gutman . . . Naa. You can't miss Gutman. He must weigh three hundred pounds. That fella Cairo's in with 'im, too. And they just left here for the Alexandria Hotel, but you'll have to move fast. They're blowing town. Now, watch yourself when you go up against the kid . . . Yes, that's right. Very. Well, good luck, Tom.



Spade: When you first came to my office, why did you want Thursby shadowed?

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The victim, they ascertained after a quick recognition of her fabled *coiffure*, was one Lady Catalina, a photographer of some renown, regularly spotted amongst socialites at the most exclusive venues in the city. Next, he drew his eye over the desk next to the body, and after spotting the wrench, candlestick, lead pipe and rope on it, he came to the conclusion that a telephone was rather a curious choice for a murder weapon.

night," the forensic examiner told Wilson. "I'm not sure I need to explain the cause of death." Wilson took another look at the telephone cable tight around the corpse's neck and concurred.

"Thank you, doctor. I'd best start asking around for information. Let me know if you find anything else."

"I'd say she's been dead since around six last

Turn to page 7



Thanks:

Steph for the rich cake and equally rich conversation, Cat for being the prettiest dead person I ever saw and for the proofing, Ben's Mum and Dad for the proofing and the plane food, Natty for being OK with her physical and mental afflictions, Potter for eating our leftovers, Fiona for the 40 phone calls, Dylan for the six pack and dismal layout attempt, Alicia for the muffled giggles and most of all the mastermind behind MasterMind^(R) for giving us minutes of mind-bending, code-breaking enjoyment. Bestest game ever! Of course, because of this we were very late. Bastards.

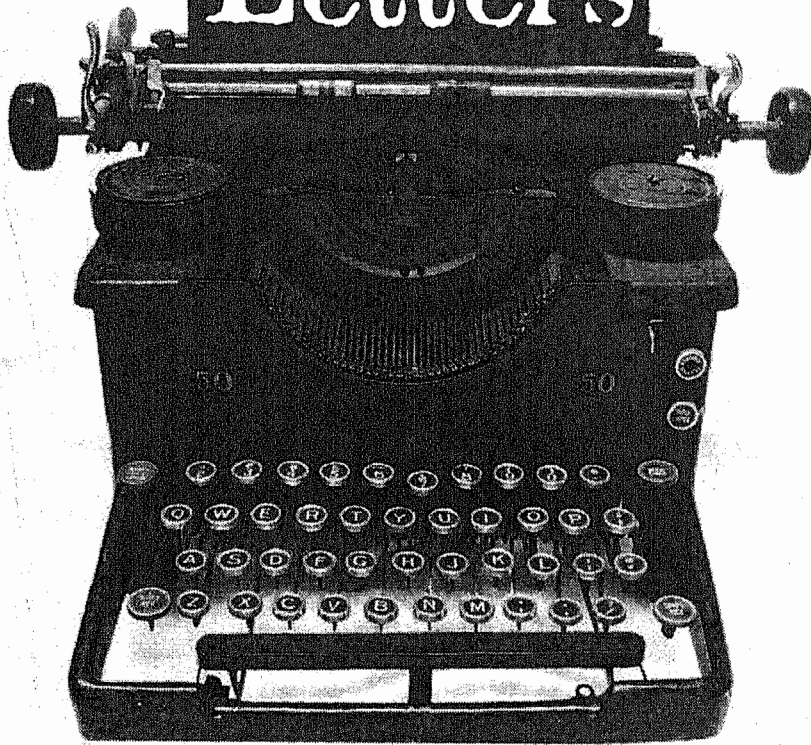
P.S. Happy Birthday to Remon, Ben's Dad and to Steph.

Disclaimer:

On Dit is a publication of the Adelaide University Union. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors, the University of Adelaide, the Adelaide University Union or the dapper chappie on page 19. He just likes to be naked whilst looking thoughtful.



Letters



Dear Sirs/Madams,
Please send your letters
via telegram to the
following address:
ondit@adelaide.edu.au
Due to malfunctions with
our telegram machine,
please keep any telegrams
to 400 words or less.
Thank you kindly,
Editors.

Dear Eds,

Please relay to Chloe the Work Experience Girl that I would be most interested in undertaking a Spice pilgrimage to fully realise the glory and magnificence of what was missed in Istanbul all those moons ago. Or at the very least, I don't mind facing Sydney five times a day in platform sneakers and blue nail polish until my tax return gets in. Whatever, say Confucius. Just tell the lady she's a vamp and that's that.

You two fine editors must be very handsome indeed to produce such a publication of fine quality amidst all that yawn-worthy AUU quaffing. There sure is Somethin' Kinda Funny brewing before the elections, don't you think? Who Do They Think They Are? Certainly not Generation Next, that's for sure. Never Give Up On The Good Times eds, although too much of something is just as tough.

Yours faithfully,

Sarina Mountbatten

Dear Sarina,

We are quite handsome, in our opinion anyway, but what would you say if We Can't Dance?

Right Back At Ya,

Eds

PS. If you haven't already noticed, you stole all the good song titles.

Dear Editors,

I have just a simple question for your 'War of the Political Clubs'.

Tony Abbott recently made the infamous comment that "shit happens", in reference to matters discussed in John Howard's biography and involving comments made by Peter Costello.

My question: What anatomical feature, starting with the letter A and commonly used as a derogatory epithet, makes shit happen? And as a follow on, what does this brief insight say about the leadership of our current government?

I did have a few other questions dealing with expanding censorship legislation, diminishing voting rights, ignoring environmental issues and failing to address even one of the recommendations in the 'urgent' rush to respond to the 'Little Children are Sacred' report (which include actually talking to indigenous people and starting a realistic reconciliation process, probably including a little matter of saying 'Sorry' for what has been done in the past), but the question above seems to cover all those.

Cheers,

Dr Dan

Dear Editors (and Dr Dan),

I took great joy in reading Dr Dan's insightful letter in the last edition of *On Dit*. It seems anyone can become a doctor these days...

Just a quick reply on a couple of points raised: by 'union buddies', I was referring to the 60% of Federal Labor politicians that are former union officials... a bit misrepresentative, considering only 16% of working Australians are members of a union.

It is true that the Greens are not only focused on the environment. Well done Dan. However they do not have policies for all Australians, and they do not plan for the long term future of this country. They simply make a lot of noise for a minority who wish to push a narrow-minded agenda. Since we haven't heard from the Greens in *On Dit* yet, they can't seem to clarify their policy, so whenever they are ready we can have a proper debate.

You are also correct in saying that there are many variables involved in unemployment levels. However current government policies encouraging investment in Australia are a way of helping maintain and further decrease the unemployment level. These are policies that ensure national prosperity into the future.

If you can provide some stats on the claimed increasing divide between rich and poor and rates of work related stress, that would be great. There's no point in making claims without backing them up.

And on a final note Doctor, you should feel free to wear fishnets and high heels. Not really my thing, but whatever tickles your fancy, mate.

Chris Browne
President
Adelaide University Liberal Club

Dear Eds,

I'd like to take the opportunity to respond to David Wilkins' poor attempt at misleading students in last fortnight's edition. In his letter he stated that Clubs could not claim they had not been funded, when in actual fact they still haven't received any formal funding agreement from the AUU. The Clubs' Association let go of \$4,000 worth of sponsorship during O'Week, and were promised the equivalent funding from the AUU, of which it has seen none. David mentions Clubs received \$70,960 of in-kind support, but this is based on the overpriced commercial rate, which the AUU could never charge to student groups because it would breach the contract made with the University (who owns Union House), and that room space is a fundamental right of all students on campus. The fact that is even questioned suggests Labor President David Wilkins is considering cutting those services. The AUU is merely a caretaker of the property; it has no right to withdraw the University's services to students. The 'discounts' to Clubs and Societies could easily be attained elsewhere, and the only barrier to this happening is the AUU's enforced monopoly on liquor supply on campus.

The AUU Activities Grant Scheme, while potentially beneficial for Clubs, is a direct attempt at undermining their

representative body, the CA Council. This grant program is designed to win influence and control of clubs away from the Clubs' Association proper. By making clubs and societies turn to the Union rather than funding the Clubs Association directly (so that it could distribute grants to clubs, rather than allowing the Clubs' Association Council to distribute funds as it sees appropriate) it undermines the CA, and aims to centralise power of clubs to the AUU Board Activities Committee. In addition it gives the impression that the AUU is providing additional support when in fact it is really only shifting funds from one cultural budget item to the next (the funds given as grants are part of the Activities budget, which an active activities committee is supposed to use to complement the Clubs budget, not in place of it).

Finally Labor President David Wilkins has lied through his teeth, as he does consistently, about his honorarium. He claims that he took a discounted honorarium, when in fact he has again *increased* his payment. He effectively elected to take a twelve month Presidential

wage for a seven-month term, representing an *increase* of \$8,750 (an *additional* 71% of the entitled amount) for the year. Even if David added his honorarium received from the Union Activities Chairman position (a title he still holds, but no longer Chairs the committee or fulfils his responsibilities) he would still only be entitled to \$19,138, rather than the \$21,000 he currently enjoys (plus \$3,000 of benefits such as a daily meal and mobile phone allowance). And to top it all off David hypocritically states he is introducing measures to cap honoraria withdrawals (which he voted down when we proposed the same measures at the 15th of March Board Meeting, because it would risk his own payments). Keep this all in mind at Student Elections later this month, we've seen how corrupt and deceitful this Labor Board has been.

Sandy Biar

CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS



Dear Eds and readers,

I would like to take this opportunity to clarify the remarks of David Wilkins in a previous edition of *On Dit*, and also make a few points about the Clubs' Association.

David kindly pointed out last week that the Union has provided \$71,000 of services in kind plus fixed costs. I cannot verify the exact dollar figures involved, however I will say that the Union has been helpful to the Clubs' Association - In the past!

In the current financial year Clubs' is receiving \$0 from the Union. How can we run functions and support clubs with that kind of scratch?

Presently Clubs' is paying for every expense it incurs out of its OWN cash reserves, which includes the payment of telephones (of which Union bookings is the sole user) and photocopying (once again... Union bookings uses).

Clubs' is presently furnishing the first floor of the Lady Symon Building using its own furniture. So when you call to book a room... you're talking to a person on the Clubs' phone, sitting on a Clubs' chair, using the Clubs' bar fridge and if they call you back, it's at Clubs' expense.

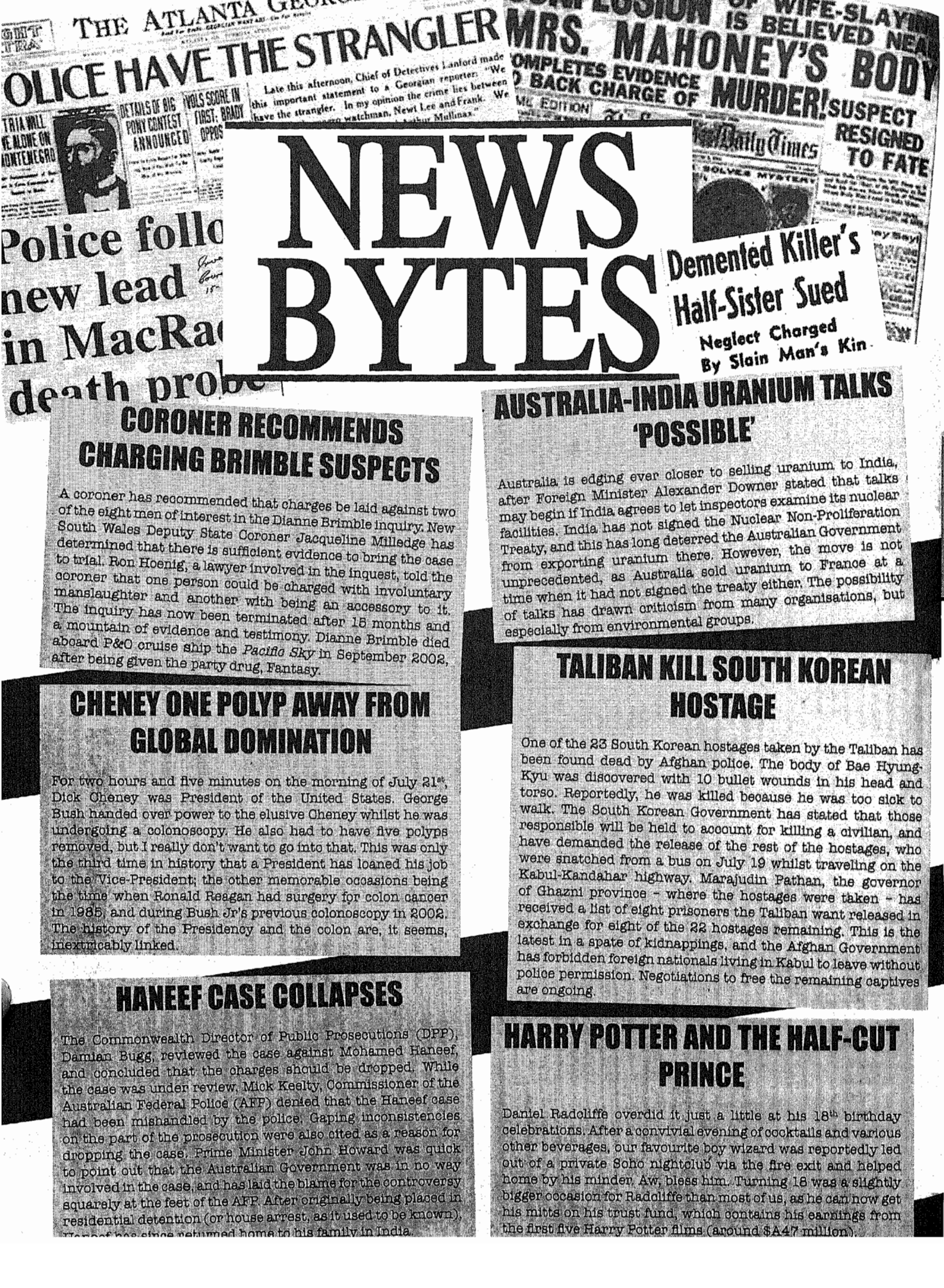
Don't get me wrong, Clubs' is quite happy to support the Union, after all, Clubs' has cash reserves of about \$20,000 whereas the Union is making an operational loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

So when you hear that Clubs' is being supported, take a moment to think about what the real situation is. If you would like to speak to me about Clubs', please come by the Clubs' office. It may be a little Spartan and you do need to bring your own sugar for a coffee and I may need to borrow a couple of bucks from you to use the pay phone outside - but hey! Isn't that what being a uni student is all about?

Cheers,

Simon Le Poidevin
President
Clubs' Association

PS. If any clubs want to tell me how the Union is or isn't helping you, email me at simon.lepoidevin@adelaide.edu.au



POLICE HAVE THE STRANGLER
Late this afternoon, Chief of Detectives Lanford made this important statement to a Georgian reporter: "We have the strangler. In my opinion the crime lies between [redacted] watchman, Newt Lee and Frank [redacted] Mullins."

MRS. MAHONEY'S BODY
COMPLETES EVIDENCE
BACK CHARGE OF MURDER!
SUSPECT RESIGNED TO FATE

TRIA WILL BE ALONE ON MONTENEGRO
DETAILS OF BIG PONY CONTEST ANNOUNCED
VOOLS SCORE IN FIRST: BRADY OPPOS

NEWS BYTES

Police follow new lead in MacRae death probe

Demented Killer's Half-Sister Sued
Neglect Charged By Slain Man's Kin

AUSTRALIA-INDIA URANIUM TALKS 'POSSIBLE'

Australia is edging ever closer to selling uranium to India, after Foreign Minister Alexander Downer stated that talks may begin if India agrees to let inspectors examine its nuclear facilities. India has not signed the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, and this has long deterred the Australian Government from exporting uranium there. However, the move is not unprecedented, as Australia sold uranium to France at a time when it had not signed the treaty either. The possibility of talks has drawn criticism from many organisations, but especially from environmental groups.

TALIBAN KILL SOUTH KOREAN HOSTAGE

One of the 23 South Korean hostages taken by the Taliban has been found dead by Afghan police. The body of Bae Hyung-Kyu was discovered with 10 bullet wounds in his head and torso. Reportedly, he was killed because he was too sick to walk. The South Korean Government has stated that those responsible will be held to account for killing a civilian, and have demanded the release of the rest of the hostages, who were snatched from a bus on July 19 whilst traveling on the Kabul-Kandahar highway. Marajudin Pathan, the governor of Ghazni province - where the hostages were taken - has received a list of eight prisoners the Taliban want released in exchange for eight of the 22 hostages remaining. This is the latest in a spate of kidnappings, and the Afghan Government has forbidden foreign nationals living in Kabul to leave without police permission. Negotiations to free the remaining captives are ongoing.

CORONER RECOMMENDS CHARGING BRIMBLE SUSPECTS

A coroner has recommended that charges be laid against two of the eight men of interest in the Dianne Brimble inquiry. New South Wales Deputy State Coroner Jacqueline Milledge has determined that there is sufficient evidence to bring the case to trial. Ron Hoenig, a lawyer involved in the inquest, told the coroner that one person could be charged with involuntary manslaughter and another with being an accessory to it. The inquiry has now been terminated after 15 months and a mountain of evidence and testimony. Dianne Brimble died aboard P&O cruise ship the *Pacific Sky* in September 2002, after being given the party drug, *Fantasy*.

CHENEY ONE POLYP AWAY FROM GLOBAL DOMINATION

For two hours and five minutes on the morning of July 21st, Dick Cheney was President of the United States. George Bush handed over power to the elusive Cheney whilst he was undergoing a colonoscopy. He also had to have five polyps removed, but I really don't want to go into that. This was only the third time in history that a President has loaned his job to the Vice-President; the other memorable occasions being the time when Ronald Reagan had surgery for colon cancer in 1985 and during Bush Jr's previous colonoscopy in 2002. The history of the Presidency and the colon are, it seems, inextricably linked.

HANEEF CASE COLLAPSES

The Commonwealth Director of Public Prosecutions (DPP), Damian Bugg, reviewed the case against Mohamed Haneef and concluded that the charges should be dropped. While the case was under review, Mick Kealty, Commissioner of the Australian Federal Police (AFP) denied that the Haneef case had been mishandled by the police. Gaping inconsistencies on the part of the prosecution were also cited as a reason for dropping the case. Prime Minister John Howard was quick to point out that the Australian Government was in no way involved in the case, and has laid the blame for the controversy squarely at the feet of the AFP. After originally being placed in residential detention (or house arrest, as it used to be known), Haneef has since returned home to his family in India.

HARRY POTTER AND THE HALF-CUT PRINCE

Daniel Radcliffe overdid it just a little at his 18th birthday celebrations. After a convivial evening of cocktails and various other beverages, our favourite boy wizard was reportedly led out of a private Soho nightclub via the fire exit and helped home by his minder. Aw, bless him. Turning 18 was a slightly bigger occasion for Radcliffe than most of us, as he can now get his mitts on his trust fund, which contains his earnings from the first five Harry Potter films (around \$A47 million).

JOB SEARCHING BEYOND AUSTRALIA

You're part of the global job market, right?

If you're thinking about working outside Australia when you graduate, don't wait till the last minute. Start early to explore who the employers are, and how you find information about jobs.

Early in Semester II, University of Adelaide students will get full access to goingglobal.com, a website full of information about the labour market in more than twenty-five countries around the world. The information is updated regularly by in-country representatives, and there's a Jobs Board listing currently-available jobs.

You can check out the top pages of goingglobal.com now; and when the

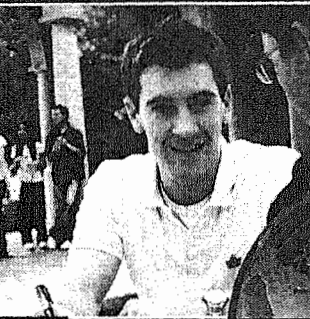
University's subscription goes live, you will have access beyond these to the full collection of goingglobal's resources. Students will be able to sign in with their student passwords, and establish a personal account to store information and searches.

Whether you're an international student going home, or an Australian student heading offshore, goingglobal will have information that will help you.

Watch the university's Careers page for news of when goingglobal goes live: www.adelaide.edu.au/student/careers

The Careers Service can also offer information about other useful web sites for job searching in more than a dozen countries, with a focus on those countries that the largest numbers of our international students come from. When you next visit the Careers Service on level 6 of the Hughes Building, ask about the new internet job search leaflets.

Where in the world will you work when you graduate?



Watch the Careers website for news about **goingglobal.com** - your best source of information about working around the world.

In Semester II the Careers Service becomes a subscriber to **goingglobal.com** - giving you access to:

- more than 10,000 country-specific resources for finding international employment
- employment opportunities and trends in more than 24 countries around the world
- detailed resource descriptions
- recommended web sites
- Insider tips and professional advice

www.adelaide.edu.au/student/careers

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EUROPE GETS HEATWAVE, BRITAIN UNDERWATER

10,000 homes and businesses may be affected by the latest floods in Britain, according to the British Government. Parts of England and Wales have been hit with the wettest May-July period since records began in 1766. Areas along the Thames and Severn rivers have been flooded, forcing evacuation in some regions and leaving others without power and clean water. Although floodwaters along the Severn have reportedly begun to subside, it may take weeks to restore services to the 350,000 people who are cut off. This has raised issues of sanitation, as emergency workers are running low on portable toilets and tankers to distribute water supplies. There are also fears about the possibility of damage to many historic locations, the latest being Oxford University, where surrounding areas have been flooded. The latest floods, when added to those earlier in the year, have caused over \$3 billion (\$A7 billion) worth of damage. Meanwhile, other parts of Europe are experiencing a heatwave. British weather

After interviewing many of Lady Catalina's acquaintances and colleagues, the detectives ascertained that only two people had shared her company that day. One was Antoine Devereux, the famous scientist, recently returned from a trip to England promoting his new book,

101 Things to Do with Arsenic, Not Many of Them Pleasant. The other: Miss Natalya, a journalist and dilettante known for her lurid, sensationalised contributions to the city's trashy magazines. In an admirable use of the detectives' powers of deduction, these two became the primary suspects.

Turn to page 18

HOLLYWOOD STARLETS IN THE MEDIA

Is it just me or does it feel like the only news coverage young female stars in Hollywood seem to be getting these days are negative stories that involve the terms 'DUI' and 'drug possession'? Why is it that women like Paris Hilton, Britney Spears, Nicole Ritchie and Lindsay Lohan are spinning out of control and breaking the law when it seems as if they have it all? They have celebrity, status, fame and wealth. There is no denying that the public has always loved the trashy gossip that comes from Hollywood, but are the paparazzi and others who report on the 20 somethings of today causing the demise of these stars? Would these individuals have done the wild and crazy things they did if it weren't for the constant snapping of the paparazzi?

I bring up this topic because of the recent news that Lindsay Lohan has again been arrested by the Los Angeles Police. The 21-year-old entered a 45-day rehabilitation program in late May after she was booked for driving under the influence. On May 26,

she drove her Mercedes Benz into a hedge after she lost control of the vehicle and media footage of the crash shows that the paparazzi were following her throughout that evening. After completing the rehab program at a Malibu location, the star of *Mean Girls* returned to California and has again been arrested for being drunk behind the wheel and having a blood alcohol level of 0.12.

Would this behaviour have occurred if the paparazzi hadn't been following Lohan's every move? Having a substance abuse problem must be hard at the best of times, but being constantly under the media spotlight while you're battling it must make it even worse. The question here is, why are celebrities forced to deal with the constant media attention that comes with the pressure of being a Hollywood star? Does the behaviour of these celebrities result because of the attention that the media places on them? With incredibly bad press surrounding the likes of Britney Spears, Paris Hilton and Nicole Ritchie lately, it's no wonder that they have occasionally resorted to violence and/or drinking to escape from the often brutal world of the media.

The one positive news story that I found on young women in Hollywood was entitled 'It's Hip to be Square' by Peter Mitchell. The first sentence pretty much says it all: "There is a revolution bubbling in Hollywood and it has Paris Hilton, Lindsay Lohan and Britney Spears in its sights. Good Hollywood girls are in and the not so well-behaved are on the outer." But wait a minute, didn't these 'bad' Hollywood girls rise to fame because of their innocence that was constantly reflected on in the media (well, except Paris)? Britney Spears was seen as an influential role model for young girls by the media because of her stance on celibacy before marriage and Lindsay Lohan was pushed by her mother to become a child star and rose to fame in the remake of *The Parent Trap*. Now Britney has attempted to bash paparazzi with umbrellas and shaved her head whilst Lohan has put herself in two stints of rehab this year.

Shouldn't the media look to itself as part of the reason that these young women are spiralling out of control? The pressures that this industry places on these women and the constant intrusion into their lives can only lead to anger which is taken out in dangerous ways like shaving one's head or getting behind the wheel of a car whilst drunk. In no way am I condoning the actions of these young women or suggesting that they should be given preferential treatment because they are famous. It is, however, about time that the media realise what kind of impact they are having on the celebrities they are following. How would you feel if you were constantly being photographed and told that you were too thin or too fat in tabloids every week? Nicole Ritchie has even been accused of getting pregnant just so she can't serve jail time if she is convicted of her DUI charge. Mitchell looks at these pressures in his article when he states that, "With 24-hour-a-day teams of photographers following a celebrity's move, it creates a bizarre, superficial world." The article then goes on to look at the new breed of Hollywood 'good girls'; Amanda Bynes and Emma Roberts. These girls swear that they are clean of drugs and alcohol and that they are normal people.

One must ask the question, however: didn't Lohan, Spears and Ritchie begin their careers with the intention of being like this? I guess time will tell us if the new generation of female stars will be tempted by the dangers of Hollywood and if they will be able to handle the media pressure that is placed on them. In the mean time, we shouldn't be so judgemental of public figures like Lohan who was raised to be a star and pushed towards this goal whilst growing up. If you were placed under the same constant scrutiny, how would you handle the pressure?

Lisa Ireland

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"It's Hip to be Square" http://www.news.com.au/entertainment/story/0,10221,21976059-10388,0,0.html?from=public_rss

MEDIA WATCH

On Dit 75.7



THE
DEPARTURE
OF BRACKS:
ARE WE
VOTING FOR
INDIVIDUALS,
PARTIES OR
POLICIES?



Steve Bracks, the Premier of Victoria, has quit his post. Citing the fact that he "could no longer continue to give 100 per cent into the future", Bracks quit on July 27th, as did his deputy, John Thwaites. Proclaimed by *The Herald Sun* to be 'the most tumultuous day in Victorian political history', this unexpected departure of the Premier and his second in command has thrust John Brumby, the Treasurer of the Victorian Labor party, and supposedly "the real power in the back room of the Labor Government", into the Premier's chair. Brumby has led the Labor government before; he was deposed by Bracks in 2001. If, as some claim, Brumby truly was the brains behind the Victorian Labor Government, then it will be apparent by the extent to which policy changes in the state; particularly the continuing issues regarding jurisdiction over the Murray River.

Why should we care? Because it allows me the opportunity to ruminate exactly upon what people vote for when they step into the polling booth on election day. People, parties or policies? More importantly, how does the criterion that influences our votes affect the conduct and efficiency of democracy at large? There has been a drift towards the 'cult of personality' in Australia, with individuals becoming associated with aspects of government policy. This 'cult of personality' is manifested in leaders like John Howard and Mike Rann, where a certain image is projected to the public in order to create an atmosphere of necessity to that individual's leadership. Hence we begin to see styles of leadership associated with certain political outcomes - this ignores the entire effect that factional battles and behind the scenes *Realpolitik* has upon the outcome of policy within the parties.

This is completely understandable. Human beings seem to enjoy associating stereotypical traits and the temporal together, like 'a representative democratic structure' and 'moral superiority', or 'minorities' and 'soaring crime rates'. However, the idea behind voting for individuals creates a set of problems of its own. If society, in its infinite wisdom, indulges in a form of democracy that resembles the show *Big Brother* far more than the post-revolutionary French National Assembly, or the communitarian

assemblies of civil war-torn Spain in 1939, then the fact that politicians can simply abscond from their thrones at will belies the very nature of that 'democratic structure'; and perhaps renders it illegitimate, and shows it to be impractical. Voting for figures that may simply reject the faith seemingly placed personally in them by voters at any time renders this style of politics fundamentally flawed. What is needed is a development of policy that doesn't require figureheads to push agendas - easier said than done in this age of media proliferation.

In this market-driven age, people seem to feel like they are 'purchasing' politicians to perform tasks which they, personally, have undertaken to achieve, rather than voting that party in on the strength of its policy. This undermines the reasons we have the systems we do; the media, acting as a buffer between the people and the government, has a responsibility to represent parties as parties, rather than parties as individuals. I reiterate - this is easier said than done. Visual media creates associations in people's minds, and written media can be interpreted in a variety of ways. In the end, it is up to the individual to make an educated, reasoned decision... presuming they have the benefit of the former and the capability for the latter.

In conclusion, people should be quite careful when they vote. Are we voting because Kevin Rudd's MySpace says that he likes *The Chaser*? Or because Malcolm Turnbull had a picture of him in his swimmers posted online? Or because the policy is well thought out and comprehensive? Think it through!

Michael Adams

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War of the Political Clubs



No doubt you would all be aware of the media circus that has started over the Mohamed Haneef case. With all this hysteria over a possible link between Australia and the attempted terror attacks in London, it is easy to forget what it is Dr Haneef has to do with this. In fact, over the past weeks it has become increasingly clear Dr Haneef has really been charged with guilt by association rather than any substantial evidence.

After being arrested, Dr Haneef was subsequently imprisoned without charge and interrogated by police for the maximum allowable time under Australia's new anti-terror laws. At the end of this time Dr Haneef was charged, with police claiming he left his mobile phone SIM card with one of his cousins in Britain, presumably with the knowledge they were planning a terrorist attack. The judge, based on the evidence brought against Dr Haneef and argument from his defence lawyer, decided that he should be released on bail while he awaited trial for these charges.

This is where the peculiarity of this case begins. Before Dr Haneef was released, the Immigration Minister announced it was his opinion Dr Haneef was no longer of "good character" and as such he would revoke his visa, effectively sending Dr Haneef back to jail. The timing of this is extraordinary; it is as though the Minister, for whatever reason, has decided the court's decision was not appropriate and so took action into his own hands to ensure Dr Haneef would remain imprisoned.

Two weeks later the case against Dr Haneef completely unravelled; all charges were dropped and he was allowed to fly home to be with his family. Whether he wanted to fly back to India is not the point; the reality is that Dr Haneef had no choice, he had no visa and could not stay here. The refusal to reinstate his visa shows the Government still believes Dr Haneef has a link with the British terror attacks.

To date all evidence in this decision has been kept secret; we are simply supposed to trust the government. With this government's track record on WMDs in Iraq, the AWB scandal and the Children Overboard fiasco the Australian people have a right to be sceptical.

A full inquiry is needed to detail the actions taken by the AFP and the Government over this case. This is what Federal Labor is calling for and as an Opposition it is all it can do. Currently we are faced with the situation where a man was jailed for a month for leaving SIM card overseas with a relative, and subsequently effectively deported from the country. This hardly seems like a reasonable punishment. On the other hand the Government seems to imply that Dr Haneef did have a connection with the terrorist attacks, in which case the question must be asked why he has been allowed to leave the country.

What we have seen in the Haneef case is looking more like another one of the Howard Government's attempts to exploit the Australian public's fear of terrorism for political gain. Australians deserve better!

Scott Cowen
President
Adelaide University Labor Club

Debate Question:

I don't know about everyone else out there, but I am more than happy for the Australian Federal Police and ASIO to use anti-terror powers to protect us from terrorism. Why? Because I don't believe we should be taking risks when it comes to the safety of the Australian public.

But wait! I can hear the cries of the civil libertarian movement! "ASIO can question you and the AFP can hold you at any time. This can happen to anyone." Well, not really. They have better things to do.

Put simply: if you have been dealing with terrorists and terrorist organisations, if you are related to and in contact with terrorists, or you are acting in such a suspicious manner that you pop up on counter-terrorist radars, then yes you will probably be investigated. If you aren't involved in any of these activities, you will be fine. It's a pretty basic principle isn't it? If you don't speed, you don't get pulled over by the police. If you don't get involved in terrorism or with terrorists, you don't get investigated by the Federal Police. Simple!

I am more than happy for those people who have been dealing with organisations and individuals who are involved in plotting and killing innocent civilians to forego some of their civil rights. It is only once they are detained and questioned that information can be gathered and used by intelligence services to better protect our society.

I do not wish to pass judgement on Mohamed Haneef, because much of the evidence in the case has not been made public. Anyone who does wish to pass judgement either way without evidence is incredibly naïve. However I will say that I strongly support the Immigration Minister's decision to cancel Dr Haneef's working visa. The Minister had a reasonable suspicion that Dr Haneef had been associated with an individual or group involved in criminal activity, namely terrorism. This is the reason that the visa was cancelled.

Hopefully within the coming days the classified evidence presented to the Minister will be allowed to be made public. However because it is likely to be a part of ongoing Australian and British investigations, this may not be the case.

I feel secure knowing that the Minister was able to make such a bold decision in the face of a loud (but not necessarily large) group of civil libertarians. The Government is simply trying to do what is in the national interest and do what they can to protect Australians from being exposed to terrorism. It is better to be safe than sorry.

Chris Browne
President
Adelaide University Liberal Club

This is a particularly sticky debate question for both of my adversaries and I am thankful for it, as they will have to dodge and weave to answer it trying to cover the mistakes of their party colleagues. If either of the political opposition from the major parties here argue anything less than supporting Kevin Andrews, and supporting the detention of innocent people on weak unsubstantiated evidence, they will have gone against the party line. While the Labor party tried to act high and mighty over David Hicks, they apparently can't see the parallel of using our detention centres as another Guantanamo for Haneef.

The powers of mandatory detention without trial (Migration Act 1992) and the power of the minister to recall/refuse a visa on character grounds (Mig. Act 1998) both used to detain Haneef, were supported by both Liberal and Labor in Parliament. Democrat Senators were quick to criticise the actions of Kevin Andrews and the Government (and years earlier the provisions above in the Mig. Act), immediately seeing the abuse of the executive powers granted to them. The case of Mohamed Haneef has also provided another example of the Howard Government's willingness to act on flimsy intelligence and abandon the rights of others for the sake of the 'war' on terror. Subverting the justice system for the sake of appearing tough on terror, the Liberal Government showed its true colours in the lead up to the election. While the Government came to the same conclusion as the courts (albeit two weeks later) it was time enough to show the little trust they have in their own terror laws (perhaps because they still protect some human rights). Even after proven wrong, the Government was still attempting to talk its way out of accepting responsibility for the major injustice committed against Dr Haneef.

Intelligence leaked as rumours by the Federal Police fought the media propaganda war, which were then followed by accusations against Haneef's lawyer for doing the same. Mind you the Labor party danced in line with the Liberal agenda unquestioningly, K. Rudd keen to prove his security credentials and in the mean time proving his willing to compromise his integrity to tow the populist line. So hasty to convict and name Haneef as a terrorist, the Government showed just how pathetic the evidence gathered was. Destroying his public reputation, and conducting a 'trial by media', it shows just how much the Government (and Labor Party) is willing to sacrifice an innocent Australian resident's livelihood for nothing less than political point scoring.

Sandy Biar
Australian Democrats
0423 170 159
sandy.biar@adelaide.edu.au

"What are your views regarding the handling of the case against Mohamed Haneef, in particular, the Immigration Minister's decision to cancel his work visa after he was granted bail?"

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14, 15 and 16 August
7.30pm in the UniBar

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Missing the Vote:

Why New Enrolment Legislation Hurts our Democracy

Just quietly last year, the Federal Parliament made some small yet serious changes to the electoral roll laws. Passed with impeccable timing between election cycles, the new laws may conceivably have serious implications for both students and prisoners. Most of us fall into (at least) one of these categories, and so with the onset of election year brouhaha some students will have to pay a bit more attention than during previous campaigns. In essence, the laws remove the one-week grace period for those not on the roll to register following the calling of an election, prisoners forfeit their suffrage altogether regardless of their term of incarceration, and the maximum amount which can be legally donated anonymously to a political party has been increased from \$1500 to \$10 000. The process of enrolling to vote now requires a full A3 page of details. The Government has argued that its amendments are necessary to tighten the electoral system, to prevent fraud and to reduce the administrative burden on the Australian Electoral Commission (AEC).

There is possibly something in this. 'Giddy Goanna', for one, managed to successfully lodge a vote for an unknown candidate in the last federal election (our money's on the Nationals). But has the Australian electoral system really been so compromised of late as to warrant this legislation - legislation amendments that might kindly be described as strict and less charitably as self-serving? If compromise is such an issue, you might expect the AEC to have said something about it. As it transpires, there is scant evidence of anything so much as a bureaucrat's sneeze on the matter. Last month, an AEC spokesman told ABC Radio that electoral fraud "ha[d] never been an issue that has loomed really large for the AEC". Surely, then, the Government is moving to ease the strain on the independent arbiter during the week following the calling of an election, when it is presumably swamped by frantic hordes eagerly chanting Rousseauian slogans and falling over each other to enrol within time? Curiously again, the AEC maintains that the last week rushes have never been unduly arduous.

Furthermore, under the terms of the Government's amendments, prisoners, who number roughly 23 000 (equivalent to one quarter of one electorate) in this convict motherland of ours, are now ineligible to vote, regardless of their crimes or the length of their sentence. This is a fundamental shift; the new legislation means that any person convicted of and imprisoned for a crime causally forfeits his or her right to participate in the democratic process. Prisoners have become unrepresented observers in the political process. Whether or not this represents a violation of the Commonwealth Constitution is presently before the High Court.

Constitutional or otherwise, the amendments sure are convenient: statistics suggest that young people, renters (more likely to be moving), non-English speakers and prisoners are more likely to vote for the ALP or for minor parties than is the broader electorate, especially after the redistribution of preferences, despite contrary claims by the Government. In the last federal



election, over 400 000 voters, including almost 80 000 new voters, successfully enrolled during the week after the election was called. That's equivalent to five electorates. Despite \$12 million spent on advertising by the AEC, many more will probably miss the boat again this year. In view of the controversial Florida recount which gifted a certain Mr. Bush to U.S. voters in 2000, we should be wary of underestimating the power of a small handful of votes to influence the outcome. Apparently the lesson has not been lost on the Coalition Government here; it ought not to be lost on us either.

David Kaczan and Stephen Smiley

(Footnotes)

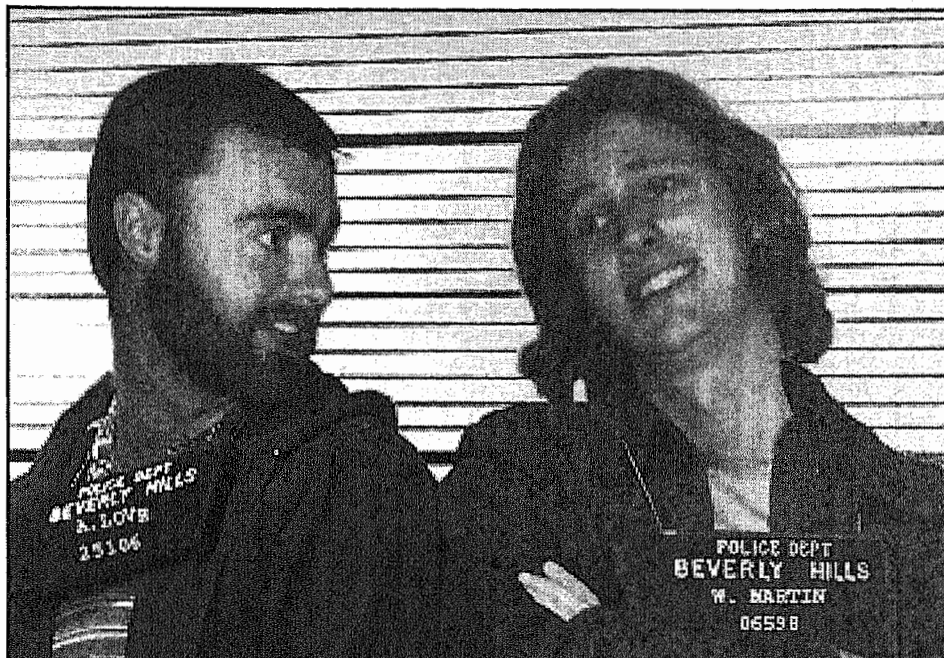
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WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE



THE SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY



HIGHLAND, LOWBROW:
Mr Love stuns authorities by revealing whats under his kilt...

Dub. Hon. Andrew Love

Wanted for extortion, blackmail, cursing at children, wearing women's clothing and crimes against literature.

Mr Love was last seen in the Scottish Highlands yelling his newly coined catch phrase, "There can only be one!"

Mr Love is armed with political satire and is considered highly dangerous.

Dub. Hon. William Martin

Wanted for grand theft auto, treason, witchcraft, burning ants and crimes against *Home and Away* stars.

Mr Martin was last seen cunningly disguised in Fiji telling authorities, "You don't need to see my identification..."

He is considered to have arms, possibly legs.



I'M NOT THE DROID YOU'RE LOOKING FOR...: Mr Martin escapes the uncertainty of Death Star political machinations.

REWARD

\$2.25 exc. GST & one free night and day in the bed of Kevin Rudd's daughter.

Eurotrash INDEED!



A few months ago I was invited to a party/sig that was 'Soviet themed'. While this may sound like a bit of fun to some, it certainly didn't to me so I asked the person just exactly why it would be fun to wear CCCP clothing and party on all night with hammers and sickles on their shirts. Sounding a bit cautious after noticing my perturbed look, he hesitantly answered, "Oh, we're just making fun of them (the Soviets)." Just making fun of them? Sounds convincing because I'm sure many Europeans also thought it funny living under Soviet rule; how even though many ex-Soviet states are doing better with their own independence, still have many problems left over as a post-Communist bad taste. I of course poke fun all the time at how of the ten countries worldwide with the highest suicide rates, seven are ex-Soviet states (Russia is number one), how there have been at least five self-immolations in Europe protesting against Communist rule in Soviet pilot states (some of them as young as 18 years old). It is timelessly amusing how, according to scholarly estimates, the number of deaths under Stalin could be as much as 61 million, and I never get tired of reading the comic works of Solzhenitsyn.

Being of Latvian extraction, all this is not distant to me. I had family spend sentences in the Gulag prisons in Siberia, my grandparents and other relatives fled the Soviet regime to Australia and other Western countries. Recently while visiting the Baltic States I couldn't help but notice the remnants from the Communist regime which had lasted almost 50 years: low wages, corruption, sex-tourism, racism, homophobia and high levels of emigration to the United Kingdom and Ireland where there are many Latvians and Lithuanians working as cheap labour. Of course the situation is always improving and the conditions are better than they were under the Soviets, but after more than fifteen years of independence there is still a long way to go. Tensions between Russia and the Baltic States are high, especially after the recent riots in Estonia after a Soviet statue

was removed, manifesting the conflict that has always been there between ethnic citizens and Russians who populated the countries during Soviet occupation.

Do the CCCP letters on someone's chest today represent all that was the Soviet empire and all that it did? Does the hammer and sickle on a uni student's T-shirt in some way stand for the estimated 100 million deaths under Communism worldwide or have these symbols separated from their past connotations and are now just simply fashion (don't start me on Che t-shirts)? I might be painting a grim picture but when I see a 'hip' young person stroll by me with a hammer and sickle on their shirt I am surely reminded of all that my family and millions of other people went through. I'm pissed off, not at whoever decides to wear these fashion items, but at the fact that this is rarely regarded. Why, I ask, are we always reminded of what happened in Nazi Germany and the Holocaust, but so few people care to take the time to remember the victims of the Gulag or young Romas Kalanta? Maybe I should have gone to that party with a swastika on my shirt so everyone can 'make fun' of the Nazis. Let's educate ourselves and throw away this double standard.

Martins Medenis

Rummel, R.J. (1996) *Lethal Politics: Soviet Genocide and Mass Murder Since 1917*. Transaction Publishers

<http://www.lithuanian-american.org/bridges/bal99/dorr.html>

The Beginner's Guide to the Potterverse

Now that there are no more books and only two more films to look forward to, I need more and more reasons to justify my Harry Potter obsession. I can now claim it's research for this segment... I've tried to keep it spoiler free, but if in doubt, look away.

by Sophie Donoghue

Harry Potter a.k.a. The Boy Who Lived

Think you had it tough at school? Having someone try to kill you every three minutes would get a little trying after a while. He gets lots of points for being in the title of every book and film. Plus, he was really sweet in the first movie. Like a little pocket person. Unfortunately, he turns into a teenage boy, and loses a lot of appeal. He'll grow out of it though.

Hair Factor: Long vs short hair debate raging **2/5**

Wardrobe Factor: Improving **3/5**

Nastiness Rating: Can be quite unpleasant when in lashing out mode **1.5/5**



Ron Weasley a.k.a. The Ginger Ninja

Being 'That kid that hangs around with Harry Potter' can get a little tough. However, Ron has his heroic moments. He's also a lot easier to like once he realises he fancies Hermione. Kudos to Rupert Grint for doing 'cringing with fear' mode so very, very well.

Hair Factor: Varies widely **2.5/5**

Wardrobe Factor: Hand-me-down chic **2/5**

Nastiness Rating: Can be a bit of a git **1/5**

Voldemort a.k.a. Tom Riddle a.k.a. He Who Must Not Be Named a.k.a. You-Know-Who a.k.a. The Dark Lord

Nobody loved him, everybody hated him, and so he decided that he would start killing everyone. To be honest, I didn't find Voldemort all that interesting until the later books, and Ralph Fiennes' wonderfully physical performances in the last two films. However, he's still the big cheese of evil. Cruciatius curse, anyone?

Hair Factor: He's bald. But it looks good, so **3/5** anyway.

Wardrobe Factor: Simple is best **4/5**

Nastiness Rating: He's evil and he likes it **5.5/5**



Severus Snape a.k.a. Batman

What's not to like? He's thoroughly unpleasant, right from the off. However, as many of us suspected, he's not horrible for the sake of his health. There's some deep childhood and adolescent trauma there, and he hasn't *quite* managed to sort it all out in his head yet. Alan Rickman may have actually been *born* to play this role.

Hair Factor: It looks ok, but wouldn't want to touch it **2/5**

Wardrobe Factor: Who doesn't love black, and flowing cloaks? **4/5**

Nastiness Rating: As distasteful as it obviously is to him, the fact remains that he keeps saving the lives of Harry and friends. **3/5**

Part One: THE DUDES

Sirius Black a.k.a. The Dog-man of Azkaban

Has 'Just escaped from prison with sanity barely intact' chic down to a tee. If he hadn't got thrown in Azkaban for 13 years, who knows what he could have become? He lives vicariously through Harry, and although he's fundamentally decent, he's also (understandably) bitter.

Hair Factor: Tousled from all the running away **5/5**

Wardrobe Factor: Scrubs up nicely when not actually on the run **3/5**

Nastiness Rating: Usually nice, but unreasonably horrible to Kreacher **1.5/5**

Albus Dumbledore a.k.a. Mr. Now You See Me, Now You Don't

A seriously powerful wizard, former Headmaster of Hogwarts, and a very comforting presence most of the time. Whilst Dumbledore is around, surely nothing can go amiss? Wrong, but it's better to have him there than not. He's a complete enigma, until the later parts of the last book. We miss him, but he seems perfectly happy where he is.

Hair Factor: Films 1-2: **4/5**, Films 3-5: **3/5**

Wardrobe Factor: Films 1-2: **4/5**, Films 3-5: **2/5**. I hate that lavender number.

Nastiness Rating: Are you kidding? He's nicer than nice. (Except for his misspent youth, but we can forgive him that) **0.5/5**

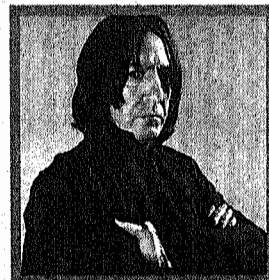


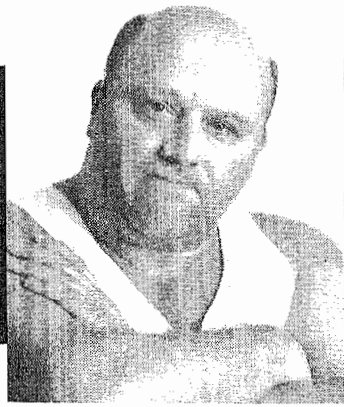
Lucius Malfoy a.k.a. Sir Sneers a lot

He's that guy you love to hate. He's got a sneer for all occasions and a slime-ball of a son. Great character. Great hair. Plus he's got a funky wand-cane thing, which is the pride of the online shopper's collection. Admit it, you all think he's a bit pretty.

Hair Factor: His wig improved dramatically in the fifth film, **5/5**. Wardrobe Factor: We like our wizards to dress like wizards! **4.5/5**

Nastiness Rating: He's vile, but no one can out-nasty Voldemort **4/5**





Guys won't ask for help

When something traumatic happens in life, whether it be relationship problems, stress at the workplace or the death of a loved one, how we deal with it differs between individuals. Men are often brought up being told that boys don't cry; a "real man" just sucks it up and gets on with it. But men have problems in just the same ways that women do; often the circumstances are beyond their control, and they just don't know what to do about the problem.

Being told that you should deal with it yourself stops many men from seeking help with their problems. There is enormous pressure on men to be the one in the family who has everything under control. This is reflected in those everyday situations where (some) men will drive around in circles for half an hour rather than ask for directions, or won't go to the doctor until a limb is about to fall off.

The problem is, not all situations are as harmless as driving in circles. Research shows that men seek help for health and mental health issues at much lower rates than women. This often means that problems are more chronic for men when they do finally seek help.

In Australia, one in five people will have a mental illness in their lifetime. The rates are roughly the same for men and women. However, only about nine percent of Australian men who have a mental illness seek help.

So how do Aussie blokes cope? Some might drink a bit too much, pick a fight with a mate or their partner, or be rougher than usual on the footy field. They know something isn't quite right, but they are suffering in silence. And whilst these coping methods might work for a while, they don't make the problem go away. Often it gets worse.

Where to go for help?

- Your local GP
- University of Adelaide Counselling Centre
- Ground Floor of the Horace Lamb Building, North Terrace Campus: A drop in service is available daily from 1-4pm with no appointment necessary. Or call 8303 5663.
- Adelaide Emergency Mental Health (ACIS): 13 14 65 (24 hours, 7 days)
- Emergency Department of your local hospital
- Local mental health numbers are available in the white pages under "mental health services".
- Look up "Psychologists" in the Yellow Pages
- Men's Line Australia (Info, support, referral): 1300 789 978 (24/7)
- Lifeline :13 11 14 (24/7) or www.lifeline.org.au
- www.beyondblue.org.au

"Not right now, if you wouldn't mind. I'm rather occupied." Devereux told Wilson dismissively upon Wilson's entering his laboratory. This comment was met with a small explosion from whatever experiment he was working on. Obviously irritated, he turned towards Wilson. "What do you want?"

"Mr Devereux, I expect? I have some information regarding your friend, Lady Catalina. Or, I should say,

dead friend." Wilson often had trouble being tactful.

"She's dead?" Antoine gasped. "How?"

"Asphyxiation by telephone cord." Wilson explained, in a suitably deadpan manner.

"Horrible," replied Antoine. "We'd just begun to get to know each other. I was quite fond of her actually."

Often it is the role of partners, sisters, mothers or female friends to push men to get some help. But men need to know that services are available, and that there is no shame in using them. Services are generally free or at little cost under Medicare rebates. Psychologists and mental health workers are trained to help people identify what is problematic and give them plans of attack for dealing it. This doesn't mean people have to lie on a couch and talk about their parents! It is just a normal conversation between you and someone who has expertise in that area, someone who will be guided by you and what you want out of seeing them.

If men want advice on how to deal with stress at work, relationship issues or career direction, talking about this with someone who has learnt skills to deal with it is a lot easier than trying to do everything themselves, no matter how much they've been told that is what they should do! If you get help with your haircut, your tax, your broken leg, why shouldn't you get help for other problems in your life?

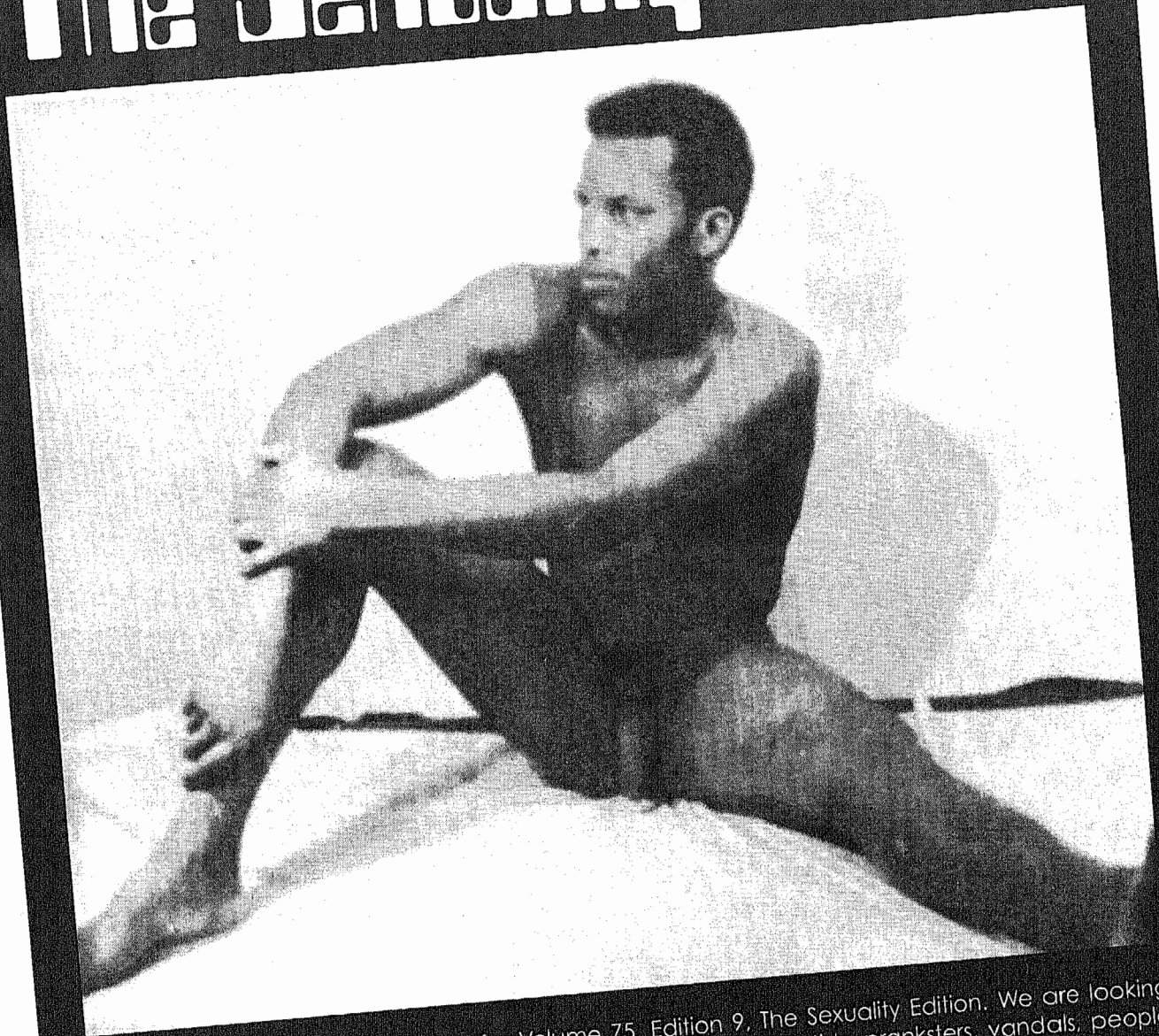
A research study at the University of Adelaide is looking into what stops South Australian men from seeking help. Researchers hope to determine what can be done to improve both the rates of men seeking help and the services currently provided. To do this they are interested in the experiences of men who have experienced significant stress, relationship problems, or mental illness to take part in interviews on this issue. Interviews will be focused on men's experience of seeking (or considering seeking) help. They will not require participants to discuss the issue for which they sought (or considered seeking) help.

If you are male and interested in being involved in this research aimed to improve services for men, please contact me on (08) 8303 3101 or email nicole.bevan@adelaide.edu.au for more information.

Nicole Bevan



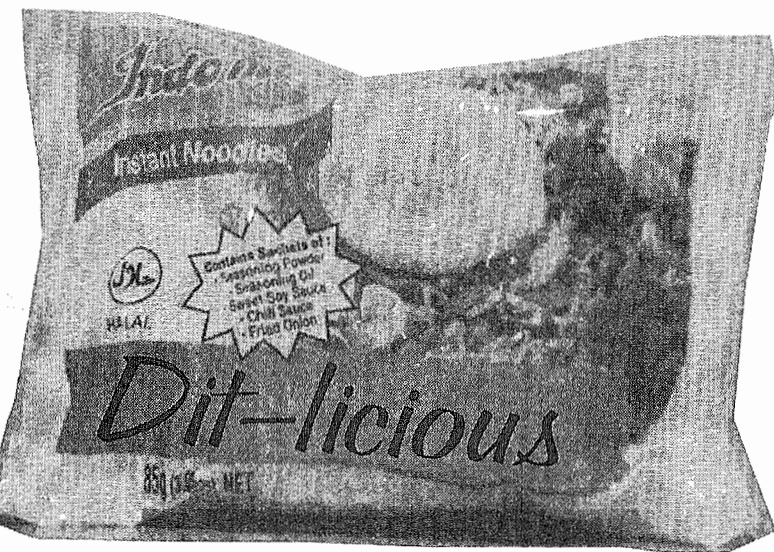
The Sexuality Edition



On Dit is looking for a front cover for Volume 75, Edition 9, The Sexuality Edition. We are looking for artists, photographers, graphic designers, sculptors, graffiti artists, pranksters, vandals, people who paint or make mosaics, are in to macrame, papier mache or origami, anyone willing to pose nude for the sake of art (see picture above) and general creative and eccentric people who understand the aesthetics of a good magazine cover. Your design/artwork will appear on 3,000 copies of a quality publication (again, see picture above) and distributed in all the 'it' places around Adelaide.

Requirements of entry: Your cover has to do with the theme of SEXUALITY, however vaguely, and include somewhere on the cover the words On Dit, and the volume and edition numbers. Submissions can be brought in to our office as hard copies or sent in JPEG or PDF format to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. Other than that, you can do what you damn well please within the 296mm by 210mm specifications.

Submission Date: 27th of August. (To be published on the 4th of September, the date when the accolades and glory you receive from your peers will change your life forever)



Just like exams and beer, being poor is an essential aspect of the famous student lifestyle. This does have an effect on your food budget, so I've tried to write some tips on how I survive. I don't promise that these meals will taste nice. Anyway, if you are truly penniless you'll eat anything. The ideas may not even be useful unless you're really struggling. How poor are you? Have you scrounged every inch of the house, scaped off the green bits on the cheese and tried busking with the neighbour's bagpipes?

I'm very qualified to talk about penny pinching. I'm a economiser extraordinaire! For our first date, I took him to Tight-Arse Tuesday. If Handsome and I ever get hooked, my new surname can be accurately translated to 'Clare Bosnich the Cheap' in English. In the past weeks I've done some terrible things to my savings accounts: I took up another overpriced and mildly dangerous sport, had my laptop stolen, replaced it with a snazzy Mao Book, and finally bought a beautiful pair of earrings - especially pointless as I still haven't pierced my ears. While it was a bundle of fun showering the world with \$100 notes, it's now having a detrimental effect on my stomach. So, enjoy!

mighty meatloaf

There is a reason why this is known as a family meal: many home cooks are trying to maintain a tight food budget and also want to squeeze in vegetables without anyone realising. I put heaps of random stuff in mine, just because it's in the pantry.

- Put all this stuff in a bowl. Mix together.
- 400g of lean beef mince
- 2 brown onions - chopped finely
- 1 egg
- 2 carrot - chopped into little bits
- 2 root vegetable that's in the fridge (parsnip etc)
- 1 teaspoon of cardamom seeds
- A bunch of parsley - roughly chopped.
- Cashew nuts
- Whatever else that's in the fridge that would work.
- Keep this on the side
- Grated cheese

1. Turn the oven onto 180 degrees.
2. Cover the baking tray in baking paper (this saves on washing up)
3. Empty mixture into a baking tray and put in the oven for 40 minutes.

4. At 40 minutes, take it out and check that it's cooking well. Cover with grated cheese.
5. Take out when the cheese has melted and when the mixture is firm with no runny water.
6. Eat.

Makes 3 servings.

NO MONEY NOODLES

If you are truly desperate: a truly affordable meal that's hot, somewhat tasty and cheap. Boil up some rice or noodles (it's very cheap in Chinatown & in home brand packaging at the supermarket) and add some stock cubes. This is MUCH cheaper than two-minute noodles. It's not really healthy or very exciting to eat, but it's food.

45CENT VEGETABLE SOUP

Let's say your husband has left you in New Orleans with 45 cents and a can of beans, because he thought it was right to fight for his country, woopsy-do. Men. What can you eat?

INGREDIENTS

- 1 can of beans (any kind - what's in the pantry? I used kidney beans)
- 25g pearl barley
- 25g split peas
- 25g green or red lentils
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 1 large parsnip, chopped
- 1 large potato, chopped
- 2 medium carrots, chopped
- 1.2 litres vegetable stock
- 2 sprigs fresh rosemary
- 2 sprigs fresh thyme
- 3 tsp soy sauce
- Black pepper

1. In a sieve, wash the beans, barley, split peas and lentils under running water until it runs clear.
2. Empty into a pot, add the veggie stock & bring it to the boil. Then reduce the heat and keep simmering for another 15 or so minutes.
3. Chuck in the veggies, herbs & soy sauce and let it simmer until the veggies are soft enough to give but not soft enough to nice for old people without teeth.
4. Taste, and add as much black pepper as you enjoy.

"Mmmm." Wilson paused for a moment, and the two stared awkwardly into one another's eyes. "Well, did you do it?" he continued abruptly, to which Antoine, of course, replied in the negative. On the whole, Wilson's detective skills left quite a lot to be desired. "Does the name Miss Natalya mean anything to you?" he continued.

Antoine looked startled; a crushing wave of fear swept over his face. "She... she's the scariest woman I've ever met. Severe sociopathic tendencies, rampantly delusional; she's long entertained the fantasy that she and I are deeply in love. Not true of course; I can't stand the woman. However, that

never seems to stop her from referring to me as her husband and asking me what we should call our first child."

"How odd. Do you know where I could find her?"

"At the governess's residence, I would imagine. I believe the governess is hosting a function tonight. No doubt Natalya would be there, hoping for a scoop."

"Thank you deeply, Mr. Devereux. You've been very helpful." said Wilson, shaking the scientist's hand.



Turn to page 26



MAGICAL MYSERY TOUR

FREEBIE FRIDAY AT THE ADELAIDE CENTRAL MARKETS

On Friday nights, it's freebie Friday! Even when you're flush, the Central Market is definitely the best dinner menu in Adelaide. When you're poor it's the culinary high point that will encourage you to rob banks.

Enjoy this little tour.

THE YOGHURT SHOP with their cute little taster tubs full of goodies. Sometimes they run a promotion of a cup of yoghurt for only \$1, so keep an eye out. Another bonus is that they only hire perky jailbait.

Next you must go to **THE OLIVE TREE**. They don't skimp on samples either - you can have as many of their olives as you like! I'd live at this store if I could. I've raved about their lemon and garlic olives and also their olive oil in another article.

THE SMELLY CHEESE SHOP. Start at the Australian shop first (it's the one closest to the elevator). Once you've sampled every one of the cheeses, move onto the European cheese shop on the other side. This is nirvana and like many holy spaces it is guarded by a stern adversary. She is determined not to pass out to many freebies to starving hobos like me. Perhaps its the challenge that gives these cheeses an extraordinary aroma, or maybe the French just make good cheese. Nevertheless this is the perfect meal. Should I get the opportunity to choose my last meal, I'll get 'She of the Rainbow Glasses' to serve me her heady cheeses. The samples regularly change but when I last fought up the courage to take on my foe, I loved the goat's cheese wrapped in vine leaves. Also, you can buy single free range eggs here, if you bring your own egg carton.

Occasionally, my favourite bacon butcher (the pork is free range, thick cut and is the sexiest meal on Saturday morning) **BAROSSA FINE FOODS** fires up the BBQ and then you get to taste their sausages.

Slightly off the beaten path, is **LUCIFER**. Lucia's tastes like family love, they don't use short cuts and you can taste the difference. They make a seriously yummy basil pesto with lots of olive oil. My pesto never tastes like this, maybe its because they fertilise the basil with wine and read the plants bedtime stories.

Unfortunately, my favourite butcher **FRESH** doesn't do samples. Anyway unless you earn more than a hundred thou a week, you can't afford it anyway. My dream is to one day find a sugar daddy that will treat me to wagyu dry aged steak. They love meat - and I really like the Hay Lamb (when its in season of course) and Dry Aged Angus porterhouse.

SANTOS SEAFOOD also fire up the BBQ and feed lucky people their Greek marinated calamari. Fish can make a cheap meal too.

I'm always rolling out the door of the markets once this exciting tour is over and even though I've been inspired to finally learn to cook and give my life to food, I've never had the motivation to go home and put dinner on. I'm stuffed.

Next door you'll find our favourite green grocer, **LE FRUIT**. We love them for their service, especially the lovely mother and son who tell us what is in season and tastes yummy this week. We are often allowed to try a bit of fruit. Maybe if you're nice, you'll be allowed too as well. Say hi from me!

If its not Friday night and you're hungry, check if the Market is open. The big day for bargains is Saturday at 3pm. You'll find lots of food for one dollar, and a dangerous grandmother stabbing you in the foot for that grapefruit. Grab anything you can afford and get your hands on, hey I know a guy who lived on cucumber sandwiches for two weeks. One bag was \$1. He didn't like it either and enjoying food is not the point when you're starving. However, I'm not sure if I could do it. Maybe you'll be braver than I. There are also *some* bargains available late on Tuesday evenings.

Unfortunately, **VINTAGE BELLARS** aren't doing the freebie drinks on a Friday night anymore but keep an eye out. Let's face it, its no good having dinner without a nice glass of wine or two.

Erin

1. Dr. Cutts.
2. Gretel Killeen and possibly the entire *Big Brother* cast.
3. With a **REALLY BIG SPOON** - the magnitude and magnificence of the spoon will overcome all spatial and time-frame issues... apparently.

James

1. Kleptopatra.
2. Andrew Denton - I'd love to see him squirm!
3. Disguised as someone else, I would use a ring with poison in it. I would open the **POISONOUS GEMSTONE** and kill him on his own show after asking him stupid questions.

Mira

1. Black Widow Spider.
2. Kevin Rudd.
3. Seducing him in the bedroom just before election time and **GOUGING HIS EYES OUT** with his own glasses.

Harry

1. Bjork.
2. Tim Burton.
3. **KILLING HIM SOFTLY** with a flute at the seaside.

Michael

1. Dr. Michael Trixie.
2. Harry Potter.
3. After performing a **SEX-CHANGE OPERATION** in a dark back-alley, I would leave him to bleed to death. Let your wand save you now little man!

Emma

1. Detective Glenn Miller (a killer masquerading as a detective).
2. All of the Pussycat Dolls.
3. Volunteering at the State Library, I would take the girls down to the archives where they would be **BORED TO DEATH.**



1. Your Murder Mystery Alias.
2. Who would you like to murder?
3. Describe the perfect murder and your weapon of choice.

Sirs and Madams,
 It has come to the attention of Lady Natalie and Mademoiselle Caterina that the students of the fine University of Adelaide have particularly sick and twisted minds with rather a murderous bent. We would like to offer our sincere gratitude to those students who were able to express their darkest and most humorous desires with the little provocation that we provided. Their enticing new personas are certainly as magnificent as their heads are disproportionate. We would like to advise that students watch their backs when touring the darker corners of the campus after sundown. Have an enthralling second semester you good for nothing delinquents!
 Kisses,
 Lady Natalie and Mademoiselle Caterina.

Visual Arts

Roundup

What do George Lambert, Arthur Streeton and Jackson Pollock have in common? The most obvious connection is that their work was on display during the first week of July in major Australian galleries.

George W. Lambert Retrospective: Heroes & Icons
National Gallery of Australia, Canberra
June 29-September 16

The National Gallery of Australia is currently hosting a retrospective of the work of George Lambert, one of the most important Australian artists of the first few decades of the twentieth century. The most striking aspect of this exhibition is the artist's sheer technical skill. A number of pencil drawings are included, and those found in the penultimate room, dating from the last decade of Lambert's career, are nothing short of stunning.

One painting deserves mention for what it says about Lambert's own faith in his extraordinary ability - *the convex mirror* mimics the effect of such an object, giving a warped view of a dining room in which a family is going about its business. From a few steps away, the viewer feels like he or she is looking through a portal to another time and another world. The figure in the foreground peers back as if sensing the intrusion, and this cleverly adds to the viewer's feeling of interaction.



George Lambert
the convex mirror

While Lambert's work as a war artist receives significant attention (and the huge canvasses depicting events such as the Gallipoli landing are indeed impressive), it is gentler subjects that seem to bring out the artist's best.

The old dress [Portrait of a Lady] is reminiscent of Sargent in the broad brushstrokes used to convey the folds of the material. Viewed from a distance, the effect is stunning; viewed up close one can marvel at how Lambert achieves this sort of realism with such economy. *Girl with dog* [Nora Mond] displays similar qualities, with the play of light on the delicate fabric of the girl's dress.



George Lambert
The Old Dress (Portrait of a Lady)
Girl With Dog (Nora Mond)

As if one last gesture of showing off was needed, the final room houses two war-related sculptures, the skilful execution of which suggests that Lambert could succeed at any artistic outlet that he pursued. The collection of work in the exhibition is large, but needs to be to cover the various phases of Lambert's life and career. Anyone interested in the history of Australian art should see it if they can.

Australian Impressionism

National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne

March 31-July 8

Incidentally, the history of Australian art has been receiving quite a bit of publicity lately, thanks to the National Gallery of Victoria's exhibition of Heidelberg School works. This term has been dropped in favour of 'Australian Impressionists', and the familiar names of Charles Conder, Frederick McCubbin, Tom Roberts and Arthur Streeton have been joined by Jane Sutherland, whose rural scenes look at home alongside those of the more famous artists.

This is a blockbuster exhibition, with a staggering number of works to see, an intimidating number of rooms to navigate and hordes of people to push past. Taking it all in after only one viewing would be quite an achievement. That said, there are plenty of highlights, and enough variety that everyone should be able to find something that they'd be happy to stand in front of for a small eternity.

The works are set out largely chronologically, tracking the development of the group of artists from their time at camps near Melbourne in the 1880s up until 1897, when Streeton left for London. The first few rooms are dominated by bush scenes painted while the artists were based at places like Box Hill. A handful of works depicting a bustling Melbourne and a room of portraits, mostly by Roberts, add extra dimensions.

Then there's the centrepiece: around sixty of the works displayed at the famous 9 by 5 Impression Exhibition of 1889. These

vignettes, many painted on the lids of cigar boxes, are difficult to get close to when the room is full of people. However, it's well worth jostling for a position up close, from where the viewer can see that only a mere handful of brushstrokes have been used to create what appears from a distance to be a more detailed image.



Charles Conder
England 1868-1909, lived in Australia 1884-90
An early taste for literature 1888
oil on canvas
61.4 x 51.2 cm
Ballarat Fine Art Gallery, Victoria
Mary Helen Keep Bequest, 1944



Arthur Streeton
Australia 1867-1943, lived in England 1897-1919
'The purple noon's transparent night' 1896
oil on canvas
123.0 x 123.0 cm
National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne
Purchased, 1896

The light then changes, as the artists move to the Hawkesbury region of New South Wales. Suddenly the reds, purples and greys of Victoria give way to the yellows and greens of sunnier climes. Many of Jane Sutherland's works are displayed together in the penultimate room, a slightly puzzling move since if the works should be there at all (and there's no reason to suggest that they shouldn't), they should be fully integrated into the exhibition...

The final room is a tour-de-force of iconic Australian images - Roberts' *Shearing the rams*, McCubbin's *Down on his luck*, among others. These impress with their size as much as anything else, but there's a risk that after seeing more than two hundred works, the optical fatigue will have set in by the time viewers make it to this room.



Tom Roberts
born England 1856, arrived Australia 1869, lived in Europe 1881-85, 1903-19, died 1931
Shearing the rams 1890
oil on canvas on composition board
122.4 x 183.3 cm
National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne
Felton Bequest, 1932

A different sort of exhaustion might follow a visit to the National Gallery of Victoria's other blockbuster exhibition for 2007: Guggenheim Collection: 1940s to Now. It's not the number of works that viewers have to worry about - it's the energy needed to work out what many of them are about! The best advice is probably not to think too hard.

Starting with works by artists like Alberto Giacometti, Mark Rothko and Jackson Pollock, the exhibition hurtles through the second half of the twentieth century at a blistering pace. Several of the pieces are interactive like Bruce Nauman's *Floating room* (Light outside, dark inside), a large wooden box suspended from the ceiling that eerily only lets light in from a small gap between the floor and the walls.

Huge images by Roy Lichtenstein and Andy Warhol dominate the pop art section, while the next room focusses more on photography. By this point, many of the works require short theses to be painted onto the walls to explain their meanings, which makes one wonder whether the artists are just trying too hard...

The final room has everything from a display of human and animal teeth (Ann Hamilton's *Between taxonomy and communion*) to a polyester dummy hanging from a coat rack by the collar of his suit (Maurizio Cattelan's *We are the Revolution*). One work sure to be a popular favourite is Felix Gonzalez-Torres' *Public opinion*, which looks ominous and tastes delicious - a pile of what look like metal shards turns out on closer inspection to be a spill of cellophane-wrapped liquorice lollies, which viewers (should it be tasters?) are encouraged to take and eat!



Ann HAMILTON
between taxonomy and communion 1990
steel table, iron oxide powder, and approximately 14,000 human and animal teeth
78.7 x 487.7 x 137.2 cm (table)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York
Gift, Ginny Williams in honor of the artist, 2004
Photo by Richard Loesch
© Ann Hamilton, courtesy of Sean Kelly Gallery, New York

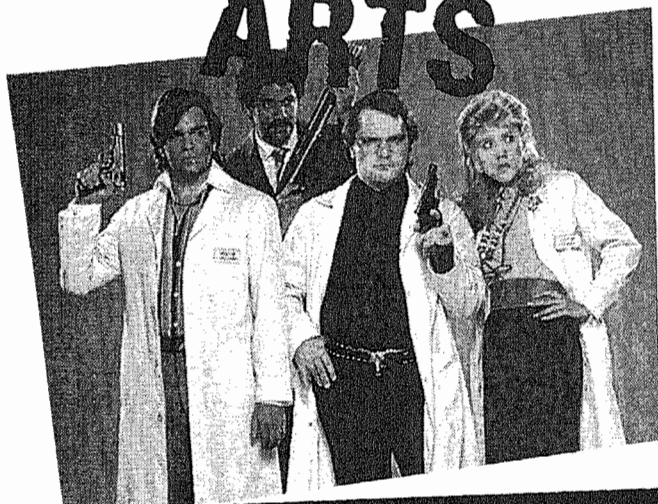


Maurizio CATTELAN
We are the Revolution (La Rivoluzione siamo noi) 2000
polyester resin figure, felt suit, and metal coat rack, ed. 3/3
123.8 x 35.6 x 43.2 cm (figure); 189.9 x 47 x 52.1 cm (coat rack)
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York
Purchased with funds contributed by the International Director's Council and Executive Committee and Sustaining Members, 2000
© Maurizio Cattelan, courtesy of Marian Goodman Gallery, New York

There are a few laughs guaranteed at some of the more cheeky works. There are also likely to be a few raised eyebrows, or even blank looks of incomprehension. But the chance to see some famous artists' work and some cutting edge contemporary art are not to be missed. If you're an art buff or are just interested in taking a crash course in modern art, this exhibition is for you.

PERFORMING

ARTS



Preston Still a Musical Force

Adelaide University Choral Society with Simon Preston

June 23
St Peter's Cathedral

As part of Pilgrim Church's scheme to bring internationally recognised organists to Adelaide, Simon Preston visited Adelaide for three performances - including one with Adelaide University Choral Society, better known as AUCS. Conducted by Peter Kelsall, the concert was an exploration of English cathedral music, with anthems by the likes of Parry, Stanford, Elgar, Howells, Britten and Vaughan Williams.

To begin with, AUCS must be congratulated for taking on such a project. It is always risky for a non-church choir like AUCS to programme an entire concert of such a distinctive (and not particularly mainstream) breed of music. They also did a very good job of covering a lot of repertoire, which again, is not well-known outside of church music circles. Of course, they did have Simon Preston, one of most highly regarded organ virtuosos of the last 40 years, on their side. Preston is known for his time at Westminster Abbey and Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. He was also organ scholar at King's College, Cambridge, and has played with and conducted many of the world's leading choirs and orchestras.

Generally speaking, AUCS was on top of the repertoire, although there were enough intonation problems to warrant a mention here; in particular, the sopranos and altos seemed to struggle. The clear, crisp consonants of English cathedral choirs were also somewhat missing; having said that, AUCS makes a big sound and sings in a positive and enthusiastic manner. The highlight of the evening was Vaughan Williams' *Lord, Thou Has Been Our Refuge*, which is a tricky piece whichever way you look at it. Simon Preston's playing was nothing short of superb, proving that despite his years, he is still a musical force and a very fine organist.

Edward Joyner

Sibelius Festival - Concerts 1 & 2

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
June 28, 30
Festival Theatre

It's an ambitious undertaking: all seven of Sibelius' symphonies in the space of ten days, and with extra works added to the mix. Yet such is the ambition of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra that it will take on such a challenge with little hesitation and pleasing results. This confidence seems to have been imbued in no small part by chief conductor and music director Arvo Volmer.

The first two of the four concerts featured the orchestra in as fine form as one will hear. Over the years, Adelaide audiences have come to appreciate Volmer's affinity with the music of Scandinavia, and this was again on display in these performances.

The strings swept, shimmered and did everything in between, the brass were especially impressive in their chordal passages and the woodwinds made the most of their solo parts. In this regard, special mention must be made of Peter Duggan on cor anglais for his efforts in *The Swan of Tuonela* from *The Lemminkainen Suite*, the opening work of the second concert.

The well-known tone poem *Finlandia*, with its memorable hymn-like theme, was an obvious choice to open the Sibelius Festival. The brass fanfare was effective and the strings milked the theme for every ounce of nationalist ardour that could be wrought.

The symphonies were not programmed sequentially, so the first one played was actually the *Symphony No. 3*. This three-movement neoclassical work represented a departure from Sibelius' previous symphonies, but in the context of this program it was used more as a way to ease the audience into the composer's soundworld.

The second half of the first concert took the audience backwards in time to the *Symphony No. 1*, a work with moments of cheekiness, such as the *pizzicato* conclusion, but also examples of what were to become typical features of Sibelius' music.

Two nights later, the faithful returned to the Festival Theatre. After *The Swan of Tuonela*, mentioned above, the time came to explore one of Sibelius' less accessible symphonies, the fourth. The dark character of the work took the orchestra into new territory in the context of the festival's program. The understatement with which several of the movements conclude underlines the odd nature of the work, and the orchestra produced sombre tones to underscore the bleakness of the soundscape.

The *Symphony No. 2* is a more triumphant affair. Volmer was in his element at the work's conclusion, with huffing, puffing and flailing limbs. The orchestra's response was to produce a rousing conclusion to the *Finale*, which had the audience stumbling out in an excited state. By the end of the symphony, it was clear that the earlier movements had all been building towards the work's crucial moment.

The first half of the Sibelius Festival showed that the concept is a good one. Attendances were high, as was excitement at the orchestra's playing under a conductor with an intimate knowledge of this music. Bravo.

Benedict Coxon



Wilson proceeded promptly to the governess's residence. He was now quite sure that Miss Natalya had a motive, plus she was seen with Lady Catalina on the day of her death. Almost too easy, he thought, slightly disappointed.

Immediately upon his entering the enormous doors, the governess's manservant appeared as if out of thin air. He addressed Wilson pompously, in a voice filled with contempt for Wilson's grubby attire.

"Excuse me, sir, may I help you?"

"Detective Wilson, I'm looking for a lady named Natalya," he announced, more to the crowded room than to the manservant.

"Yef?" came the muffled answer from Miss Natalya; she had either declined or forgotten to remove her cigarette holder from her mouth. She put down her drink and stepped towards Wilson inelegantly, obviously quite drunk.

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Syntony's Alchemy Yet to Yield Gold

Syntony

July 7

Bethlehem Lutheran Church

Syntony's 2007 season, *Alchemy*, uses the elements of earth, air, fire and water as the basis of their first four concerts, with the final concert being gold. Their latest offering was inspired by air, with music such as the Gloria from John Taverner's *Western Wind Mass*. A vocal sextet, Syntony focuses its efforts on early music and contemporary compositions, including works by Australian composers.

Syntony have been around for a while now, so those who have been to a few of their concerts know what to expect. They usually have quite pleasant programmes, and this season seems to be particularly well-themed. The highlight of the concert is almost invariably something to do with either Emma Horwood (soprano) or Matthew Ruddy (countertenor); in recent times the bass line has expanded to include Thomas Flint, which has proven to be a successful move.

Syntony do some things very well - the final piece on the programme, Byrd's *Laudibus in sanctis*, was very well sung. A whole concert of music performed at that standard would have been simply delightful. Tallis's *O Nata Lux* and Ockeghem's *Alma redemptoris mater* were also pleasing. I would suggest that works such as Arvo Pärt's *Solfeggio* and *Da pacem Domine* should have been left off the programme completely. Performing works by Pärt is a trendy thing to do, but Syntony simply doesn't have enough singers to create the sustained lines essential for Pärt's works. I would like to see Syntony performing simpler works at a higher standard, rather than more difficult works, which suffer in terms of pitch and sound under-rehearsed. There are small touches which would be helpful, too: the plainsong in White's *Christe, qui lux es et dies* should have been performed by all four men, rather than as a tenor solo; there was also a bizarre lighting display which we could have done without.

Edward Joyner

Piers Lane

International Piano Series

June 19

Elder Hall

The International Piano Series continues in 2007 with the return of the two pianists who gave recitals in 2006, plus a visit from the Brazilian Cristina Ortiz in October. Piers Lane's June 19 recital was the first in the new, larger venue (recitals were formerly held at the Grainger Studio), but even on a cold night the hall was full.

Lane presented an all-Chopin program, starting with a lively reading of the *Ballade No. 1*. More relaxed were the *Nocturnes Nos. 13 and 14, Op. 48*, which were the sort of pieces that tend to make people sigh, sink back in their chairs and feel oh-so-relaxed.

The *Sonata No. 2* was the most substantial work of the first half, and many gasps of recognition could be heard at the beginning of the famous third movement, the *Marche funebre*. The second movement *Scherzo* presents challenges to the pianist in terms of clarity, but Lane was always in control and punched out the octaves forcefully. The first and third movements were full of drama, and the fourth was thrown off almost casually.

After another short piece, the *Barcarolle, Op. 60*, the program was capped off with the *Sonata No. 3*. Lane's interpretations of the first and fourth movements were as graceful as the second movement was frantic. His dexterity in the *Presto finale* was impressive, and led him to choose more sedate works for the encores.

The first was a Chopin work, of course - another moody, lilting piece, while a transcription from Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* provided a welcome change of style. These brought an end to a fine recital that was warmly appreciated by an enthusiastic audience.

Benedict Coxon

FASHION THROUGH THE AGES.....

The "Roaring '20s"

When I think murder mystery I think flapper dresses, I think feather boas and elegant ladies sitting at a card table smoking long cigarettes surrounded by men in hats. I am of course referring to the sensational 1920s. If some of you are unfamiliar with the 1920s then think of the movie *Chicago* starring Catherine Zeta-Jones and Renee Zellweger.

From a historical point of view, the flapper dress did not truly emerge until 1926. A typical fashionable flapper has short hair, a shorter than average shapeless shift dress, a chest as flat as a boar's, wore makeup and applied it in public, smoked with a long cigarette holder exposed her limbs and embraced the spirit of a reckless rebel who danced the nights away in the stylish jazz clubs. In France the flapper fashion was better known as the '*garçonne*'.

Like Renee Zellweger and Catherine Zeta-Jones in *Chicago*, women kept their hair short and more radical than the curtain styles of the war era. Hair was first bobbed, then shingled and then Eton cropped in 1926-7. An Eton crop was shunned by the older citizens of the era since women had always been taught how important it was to have a full head of hair. By the 1930s the Eton was replaced with the softer waved hairstyles.

Another big fad of the 'roaring twenties' was the cloche hat. A cloche hat could only be worn by women who sported the Eton. Like so many women before them the cloche required the wearer to become a 'slave to fashion' Women wore these hats even though they affected their posture as it was pulled well over the eyes. This meant that young women held their heads at a specific angle in order to see where they were going. This awkward posture meant that many women of this era developed many back problems. It was considered unfashionable if women showed their foreheads!



Flappers and their makeup rituals

Oddly during this era women made it almost like a ritual to put on makeup in public. No longer were women confined to the powder room to put on their 'face'. It was highly fashionable to have an engraved compact and apply lipstick and powder whilst in the company of women. Ox blood lipstick was also a must for the flapper style, but rouge was still used occasionally. The compacts of these women are still a much sought-after antique for the collectors.



WAS IT THE STILLETTO OR THE T-BAR SHOE?

The T-bar shoe was regularly seen during this era and so were shoes with straps and bows. During this era the design of the Mary Jane was first seen. Footwear was also made more of a feature of an outfit: because of the short dresses, the shoes were now more visible. Heels were over two inches high and waisted until the 1930s when they were lower, straighter Cuban shapes. In the 1930s shoes began to look heavier, but the toes were less pointed and more rounded, often of peep style. In 1936 Ferragamo the Italian shoe designer made wedge heel designs and by the 1940s, chunkier wedged platform shoes with thicker soles made the wearers feel they could walk for miles if needed.



Youthquake

The 1960s appears to have a strong influence on this season's must-have pieces. Miniskirts, babydoll dresses, wedges with a bit of Pucci print thrown in, all take inspiration from a period in time that captured the essence of being young. What goes around, comes around, when it comes to fashion. So, where did it all begin and why is it such a distinctive time in fashion history?

You may have noticed in portraits prior to the 20th century that children were basically dressed in miniatures of their parent's clothing. Styles were mimicked and not exclusive to adults. High infant mortality rates during the 19th century and the hundreds of years prior to it meant that children were few and far between. Children were considered small adults and were dressed accordingly; this reflected the social structure and the isolation of children from other children, particularly in wealthy families. Today, we know better: children are treated like children and dress more functionally and socially appropriate for their age (most of the time anyway).

Fast forward to the end of the World War II, penicillin was used extensively and soldiers were coming back from war and their wives were waiting with open arms. The Baby Boom from 1945 to 1966 resulted in a doubling of the population in the United States alone. Similar demographic patterns existed in the UK, Australia, Canada and even India.

The baby boomers were the first to define themselves as a generation separate from their parents. Previously, adolescents merely dressed in the same style of clothing as their parents. The baby boomers were the first to grow up on television, which led to the birth of pop culture. The youth of an entire country were visually exposed to celebrities and the latest "radical" fashions. The pairing of pop culture images reaching the masses and around half the population being in their teenage years meant that an entire generation could generate their own sub-culture. Defining themselves from their conservative, war-torn parents. Female baby boomers adopted youthful fashions such as the miniskirt and the babydoll dress which accentuated the slummy, curvless childlike frame that was desirable at the time. Twiggy embodied the era with her boyish figure, bobbed hair and doe eyes. With the rising of hem lines, tights or stockings became a necessity, especially in England's winter, the vast range and reasonable price tag for a pair of stockings meant that a girl could keep up with the latest trend and not break the bank. The miniskirt was a first for hemlines, they had never gone above the knee prior to the '60s. Mary Quant was one designer at the forefront of fashion. She embraced bright primary colours in bold prints to emphasise the childlike mood of the time. Quant's daisy logo is often recognised as a symbol of the time. Parents were mortified that their daughters had everything on show and rock 'n' roll was the devil. The Beatles were all over the television, Andy Warhol took his inspiration from pop culture and celebrities and everyone was exercising their rights.

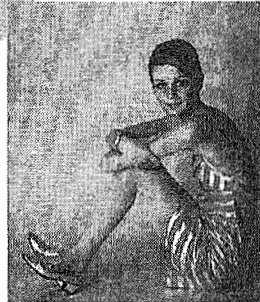
The baby boom generation can be attributed with establishing the rights of women, gays, the handicapped and the right to privacy. Major political events were broadcasted across the globe, the assassination of JFK, the Vietnam War and the man on the moon showed young people that anything was possible. The Pill was also developed, which gave women sexual freedom.

In stark contrast to the days of World War II, by the mid-'70s the baby boomers moved towards ideals of peace, love and tolerance, which led to the environmental movement, sexual freedom and experimentation with recreational drugs. This produced loose, flowing fashions in natural fibres and the long hair of the hippy era.

So, as you can see, fashion is often the result of major social and economic change and not merely pretty colours. Next time you slip into your mini babydoll dress appreciate that it defined a generation and that your mother probably had one just like it.



Elizabeth (CLARKE) Freke/Frakes and their youngest child, Mary, Boston, Massachusetts, New England.



Twiggy in the 1960s



Twiggy's most famous covers during the 1960s.

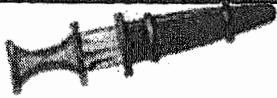


Mary Quant



Milly dress by Michelle Smith

THE DARKNESS (PS2)

**DEVELOPER: STARBREEZE****PUBLISHER: 2K GAMES**

Jackie Estacado, hitman for the Franchetti crime family of New York City, has had some "altercations" with the don of the family, his Uncle Paulie. Never seeing eye-to-eye, Jackie sees Paulie's allegiance with the bent police chief Eddie Shrote and new connections between the Franchetti family and drug rings as a disrespect to the old ways. On the night of the Jackie's 21st birthday, everything goes to shit and he finds himself wedged between a fat Uncle, painful losses and a dark place. A murderous being called The Darkness has manifested itself within Jackie, both controlling him and providing him with a range of strange but strong powers. *The Darkness* is a dark, moody, atmospheric and emotionally-charged struggle of revenge, as Jackie fights his way through the grit of New York City, the pits of hell and back to take his revenge out on one callous son-of-a-bitch.

The Darkness has my highest recommendation. If there's nothing more you take away from this review it's at least to play this game from beginning to end. Even if you don't like FPS shooters, you don't like gun-play and you have no interest in murder or killing, then play *The Darkness* for the unique way it tells the story or constructs its characters. Although, the murder and violence is half of what's enjoyable...

The characters are brilliantly constructed, believable and extraordinarily well voiced. Jackie, played by Kirk Acevedo from *Oz*, is dark, cool, strong and confident. Lauren Ambrose, the delicious red head from *Six Feet Under*, plays Jackie's love interest, Jenny. The extended cast includes Dwight Shultz, James Mathers and Mike Starr. Taking the best voice-actor in a video-game award, however, is the legend of voice manipulation, Mike Patton - lead singer of Tomahawk and former groups Fantomas, Mr. Bungle and Faith No More. As the voice of The Darkness, he provides a stand-out performance. He gives *The Darkness* a great deal of emotion from

anger, frustration, manic happiness and even fear, making this mystical entity so much more real.

Combat in *The Darkness* is pretty standard First-Person Shooter affair, with the staple weapons being a set of specially crafted, dual wielded 9mm pistols. A host of other guns are available, including shotguns and assault rifles, but the pistols actually suffice for the entire game. To spice things up, *The Darkness* provides Jackie with five additional abilities. When summoned, two heads appear to the right and left side of the screen, providing additional protection from damage and the ability to sneak up on unsuspecting enemies, spear them with a tentacle, summon a dark hole, wield two Darkness Guns and finally, summon The Darklings from holes in the ground. These little critters provide some comic relief to *The Darkness* - running around stabbing people with jackhammers and cutting them down with rusted saws, all the while screaming random shit like, "7 2 off suit" (the worst hand in Texas Hold 'em Poker) or, "Let's kill some commies" for no good reason. Unfortunately, all breeds of Darkling (either Berserker, Light-Killer, Gunner or Kamikaze) are in possession of the worst AI imaginable, rendering them essentially useless.

Exploration of the grimy New York City setting is encouraged in *The Darkness*, by rewarding you with phone numbers, which when entered into the phone box result in some quirky conversations and bonus content - including comics,

art and director diaries. A variety of settings are open to Jackie, including drug dens, a church, an orphanage, the city streets and hell. Linking all these areas is the subway system, complete with graffiti specially designed by leading artists for the game. You'll also discover load times when exploring and travelling to new areas. Thankfully these are disguised by soliloquies spoken by Jackie, which provide better insight into his character and motives as well as progressing the story.

There are many minor irritations you'll encounter when playing through *The Darkness*, however these are so insignificant I can't think of any at the time of writing. As I mentioned in my obligatory opening paragraph (I guess all reviews NEED an opening paragraph anyway), *The Darkness* is a game you simply must play. Well, there are some people who shouldn't play: those who can't tolerate the image and sound of a heart being ripped out of a corpse's chest cavity and consumed by a snake head, don't deal well with certain aspects of sadistic voyeurism or are under the age of 18 (I know our limits are only to MA16+ but I think this game is only really fit for the more mature). Still, buy the damn thing, give it some time and experience a remarkable and moving story of murderous betrayal, revenge and love.

Daniel Purvis

GUITAR HERO ENCORE: ROCK THE '80S (PS2)

**DEVELOPER: HARMONIX
PUBLISHER: REDDOCTANE,
ACTIVISION**

For someone such as myself, a guitarist, song-writer, big time metal/grunge/hard rock head, the *Guitar Hero* series was a god send. Hell, I won the *Rock Out!* competition at the AVcon just gone (even though there wasn't MUCH competition). Having pounded my way through *Guitar Hero 2*, then *Guitar Hero 1* on Expert in a day, I've been waiting for the next iteration to laude my rock skills over most of my mates - okay, all of my mates. That time has come with the release of *Guitar Hero Encore: Rock the '80s*.

Featuring master tracks from Flock of Seagulls, Twisted Sister, Scandal and Judas Priest as well as re-recordings by the house band of The Police, Iron Maiden, Anthrax and the Dead Kennedys - you'd think that this incarnation would absolutely rock your jock socks (on cocks? ... eww). And, for the most part, *Rock the '80s* does. Well, it's the same game as *GH2* so it has to be of a fairly high standard. However, for all the new tracks and pastel makeover there's a lot missing, making *Rock the '80s* feel partly like a cash-in as opposed to a full-fledged title.

The full cast of characters fails to make a return in '80s, but those that do have had a nice retro refit, with neon and pastel colors plus hairspray. However, only one set of costumes is available and only the Grim Reaper is a buyable extra. I'd say that the lack of additional tracks for purchase beyond the stock 30 is a huge let down, however I've found the majority of bonus tracks on *GH* and *GH2* are thrown in out of novelty, or to promote the bands Harmonix developers play for. For this reason, I can overlook the lack of extra tracks, as I doubt there's much lost.

Aside from the basic gameplay and the small niggles I've got with the lack of content, there's other elements that make this version FEEL slightly rough, rushed and not wholly complete. A few examples: the introductory sequence is pretty much identical to the *GH2* intro, save for the additional pastel; the comments appearing at the load screens are practically identical to *GH1* and *2* with only a few new phrases; and the game doesn't feel as difficult as the previous titles.

Thankfully, the PS2 exclusive *Rock the '80s* isn't going to bust your account, retailing at only \$69.95, which is just short of full price. This I see as a very nice redeeming feature. If you've nalled *GH1*, *2* and are looking for that little extra to last you 'til the end of the year when two more full-fledged next-generation titles are released, *Guitar Hero 3* and *Rock Band*, *Rock the '80s* should satisfy.

Oh, did I mention that 'Ballroom Blitz', 'Turning Japanese' and 'Heat of the Moment' are some of the playable tracks? Yeah, that about sells it alone I think. Go on, rock! And next time, bring some competition to AVcon...

Daniel Purvis

SHADOWRUN (X360)

**DEVELOPER: FASA STUDIO
PUBLISHER: MICROSOFT GAME
STUDIOS**

Shadowrun is a team-based online first-person shooter. Set prior to the events that shaped the *Shadowrun* universe, the game sees forces from RfNA Global at war with the resistance team known as "The Lineage".

On initial play, *Shadowrun* has a distinct *Counter Strike* feel to it. Two teams are divided into either offensive or defensive sides, with the beginning of each round set aside for the purchase of items and the rounds end when all team members from one team are dead or the objective has been accomplished.

Separating *Shadowrun* from the vast array of other online shooters are the available fantasy races, magical powers and futuristic technology, which keep the action fresh and frantic. Character races include humans, dwarves, trolls and elves, each with their own respective strengths and weakness. You are given three equipment slots, allowing you to assign abilities, such as teleportation devices and hiding abilities, and fleshing out your character to your own tastes.

Shadowrun works great as a team game. More than simply just having a band of sharp shooting team-mates, it is essential to your success for you to communicate with your team to ensure that there is a balance of magic, tech and weaponry between you. Abilities such as Tree of Life and Resurrect mould a medic-type role and are typically used by dwarf players who have greater supplies of essence (magic power), whilst those attacking may opt for a rocket launcher and mini gun combo, whilst adding Enhanced Vision to their inventory to hunt down their prey, typically a troll-type role. Greed never seems to be an issue; if you don't share and co-operate then your team-mates won't be willing to help you out and transfer of funds is possible between teams.

The title has received a wealth of criticism for unstable connections and poor search times. Thankfully in the time I have had to review the game, problems plaguing connectivity and stability have been rectified.

As a vehicle to push the connectivity between Xbox Live and Vista's 'Games for Windows - Live', the question must be asked, how does the game stack up when fighting between computer vs console? The answer is "quite well". The development team have implemented features that both aid console gamers and disadvantage Windows users. Xbox players are provided with aim assist technology that provides a slight attraction as the reticule hovers over an enemy. This is not game-ruining and only evens out the precision offered by mouse over console. Also, as you move, the size of your reticule increases as your accuracy depletes thus bridging the divide behind the fast-paced turns console gamers can only dream of.

For all its strong points, *Shadowrun* still feels like a beta. You just have a sense that it was rushed to provide support for the sluggish sales of Vista. With only nine maps and three game modes it leaves a lot to be desired. Hopefully in the near future we will see downloadable content (free preferably!) emerge on the marketplace.

I hope that Microsoft allows a sequel to emerge and flesh out this bare-bones package. It's not the most impressive game around but it is fun and shows a lot of promise.

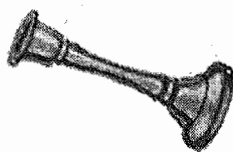
Matt Williams

MUSIC

Sub-Editor: Chelsea Sinnott
onditmusic@gmail.com

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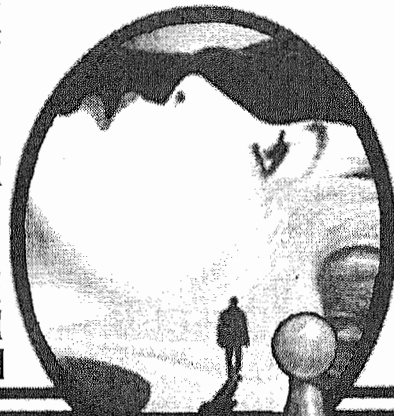
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Hailing from Queensland's sunny Sunshine Coast, Veya are a brand spanking new four piece who have just released their first EP, *Slanted City*. Veya are very, very fresh. This is evident not just in their music, but also in the limited amount of information you can find about them online.

Slanted City is a five-track EP that covers a lot of musical ground for the band. The opening song 'habit' (sic) is a driving, guitar-heavy, vocally intense track that has hints of AFI and Death from Above 1979. Track two, 'Goodnight Goodbye', is a much more restrained, mellower attempt that highlights the band's ability to write a good pop song, complete with emotive, building verses and guitars. Veya then take a page from the book of '70s rock with 'Four Questions', a thumping track which for the first time, actually utilises the bass player, before adding just a hint of punk to 'Battery Powered Killer'.

Veya's youth is evident in their musicianship, however that can be pretty easily overlooked by the standard of song writing that the band possesses. *Slanted City* is out now through Roadshow Music.

Sydney band Peregrine have recently released their new single 'Dear John Letter', and in all honesty I'm not quite sure what to make of it. The bass line to this track is really quirky; it doesn't go where I'm expecting it to, and that I love. The chorus, vocally and musically, has hints of early Nirvana, and the track itself is a straight-up pop-rock song. Its verse, chorus, verse, chorus, bridge, chorus repetitiveness is straight out of the books. Then again, it's not such a bad thing.

Peregrine have been playing in Sydney regularly for about six years now. They have had a two-year residency at the Excelsior Hotel, which is renowned for being a hotspot for good, original live music, and perhaps Peregrine have picked up a little of their quirkiness sharing stages with acts like Lior and Andy Clockwise. 'Dear John Letter' is the single from the band's second album *Stay Inside and Misbehave*, and you will probably hear it on a radio station near you soon. It's one of those catchy tracks that you already half-know, so you're singing along before you're consciously aware of the band.

Keep an eye out for the album though; if it's anything like the single it should be quite rewarding.

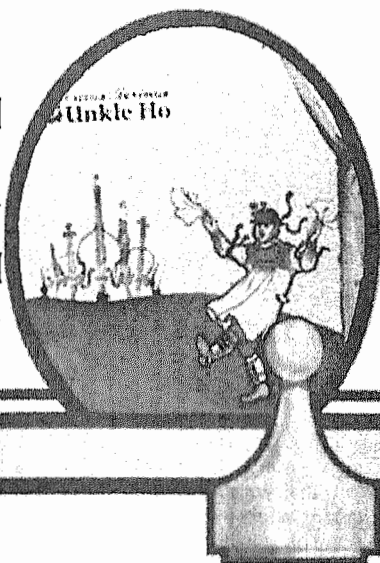
Sigh. What have we done to deserve this endless procession of Australian boy bands that continuously pummel our airwaves with the same, bland, safe, regurgitated 'rock' sound? It's seriously beginning to drive me insane. Enter Small Mercies, a Brisbane band whose various attempts at success over the years have ultimately created a sound that sounds a little bit like all the other good bands over the years, but without the edge, without the emotion, without the balls and without any hint of originality.

Taking courses from Nickelback, Enrique Iglesias, Muse, and Incubus, Small Mercies' EP *Beautiful Hum* presents us with five tracks, complete with pretty-boy promo pic artwork, rhyming 'deep' lyrics, a 4/4 drum beat and the most repetitive chord progressions that I have heard in some time, this band actually surprised me with its predictability - not a good thing. This release will get a couple of rotations on a commercial radio station and then be left to collect dust. There's nothing remarkable about it, nothing inspiring and nothing ingenious.

UNKLE HO

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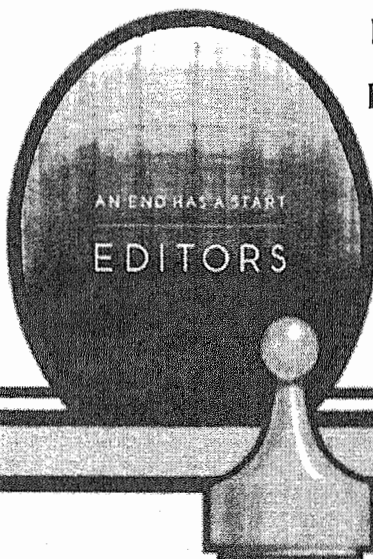
From what I can gather, Uncle Ho is a DJ of sorts. His bio is one of those ultra-confusing ones that basically detail the millions of tracks and compilations that he has worked on with other artists, until finally releasing something on his own. *Circus Maximus* is his second full-length release. I'm coming at this as a jazz listener, rather than one who appreciates the delicacies of sampling and records. I think you could pretty much come at this album from any genre, though, and still find something in it that you like. It's upbeat, cool, quirky, fun and definitely a good addition to any summer play list.

The album starts on a light note with 'Affogato', then steps it up a notch with 'Bar Chutzpah', an upbeat circus music track with a beat to get you dancing, followed by 'Bally Broad', which is the first track on the CD to actually have lyrics and vocals of any significance. What I love about *Circus Maximus* is the layering. You can listen to it and enjoy it with different levels of consciousness. As a background CD it's fantastic; it has the perfect mood of lazy summer afternoons about it. On closer inspection, though, the music is constantly doing something. There are a multitude of instruments utilised on this CD: double bass, trumpet, clarinet, harp, flute, guzheng and guitar, and the music fits the instrument. Nothing is there that shouldn't be, but at the same time, the use of instrumentation is far from minimalist.

If you are looking for something fresh for your CD collection then I thoroughly recommend you grab a copy of this. *Circus Maximus* is out now through Elephant Tracks.

EDITORS

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An End Has a Start is Editors' second full-length album, and as I had never even heard of this band prior to opening the CD, you'll have to forgive the lack of retrospect regarding their earlier material. Never mind; there are plenty of other things that I can compare this release to anyway. Singer Tom Smith's voice is instantly recognisable, and any Tea Party fan won't have difficulty drawing comparisons between him and Jeff Martin.

Luckily, Editors show their variations in their music, and this album is chock full of keyboard- and guitar- driven pop songs. The opening track is the newly released single, 'Smokers Outside the Hospital Doors', which has been getting a fair bit of exposure on national radio of late. From here, the title track, 'The Weight of the World' and 'Bones' are all driving indie rock tracks, tempo-wise somewhat similar to The Killers.

The tone of the record changes slightly with 'When Anger Shows'. This track highlights the lyrical maturity of the band, and slows the pace. Vocal melodies and piano are layered to a really effective crescendo in this track that manages to convey emotion while really dragging the audience in. The pace picks up for 'The Racing Rats', which lyrically entreats the audience to have a look at their own self worth, and the album picks up pace again for the closing tracks 'Spiders' and 'Well Worn Hand'.

This is a really strong release from Editors. There's no fluff on this album; it plays well in its entirety and it is definitely worth a listen. *An End Has a Start* is out now through Sony Records.

MADINA LAKE

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Madina Lake's debut, *From Them, Through Us, To You* has a reasonably complex title for an album that is incredibly digestible. The Chicago fourpiece are basically a punk rock band, but unlike their contemporaries, instead of whinging and whining their way through a track, they can actually sing.

Interestingly, they financed this release by taking a *Fear Factor* challenge, having to hang from a helicopter, eat cow parts and clamber through a trench, winning them a bout of illness and \$50,000 with which to record this record.

Unfortunately, lyrics like, "I must hate myself cuz I also knew one day you'd destroy me," are littered throughout this release. The music makes up for the somewhat adolescent themes though. Tracks like 'House of Cards' demonstrate the band's musical ability and propensity to play around with genres out side of the traditional pop-punk realm. This makes Madina Lake more listenable and more interesting than bands like My Chemical Romance and Good Charlotte.

'Now or Never' has hints of rock bands like Foo Fighters and Linkin Park, adding another dimension to the song writing, and 'Me vs The World', nearing the end of the release, mixes crunchy guitars with strong vocals to give something different again. Although the album does include some different genres and styles, *From Them, Through Us, To You* isn't disjointed in the slightest; far from it in fact. The production and placement of the tracks has been carefully selected, giving the album a really nice flow to it. This release offers both a selection of great individual tracks and a strong album overall.

BEASTIE BOYS

THE
MIX-
UP



How old is too old to be a rapper? As one of the newest genres on the block, as it were, it's interesting to see rappers from the heady days of the late '80s and early '90s still try to be relevant and hip today, often with predictably insipid results (I'm looking at you, Public Enemy). The problem is threefold for the Beastie Boys. As if being white and Jewish wasn't unfashionable enough (and a detail mentioned in every single article ever written about the band), they've each entered their forties now, following a stellar career as one of the most creatively consistent popular acts of the past two decades. Their last album, 2004's *To the Five Boroughs*, mixed old-school rap sensibilities with squeaky clean, largely unadventurous new-school production. The result was a hit-and-miss collection of tracks which sadly lacked the memorability of their more fruitful albums released during the '90s.

The last year has seen the release of two pet projects from the Beasties. The first was the excellent live film, *Awesome, I Fuckin' Shot That* (well worth watching if you have even a passing interest in the band), and *The Mix-Up* is the second. Perhaps sensing that their staying power as a rap group is on the wane after *To the Five Boroughs*, or perhaps just missing their instruments, *The Mix-Up* sees Ad-Rock, MCA and Mike D take to guitar, bass and drums respectively. With assistance from percussionist Alfredo Ortiz and keyboardist Money Mark, they created an album which is reminiscent of their instrumental compilation *The In Sound From Way Out* but with original material.

I call it a pet project because it doesn't feel much like a fully realised album and more like a scattershot collection of tracks with a lot of dub/funk influence. That's not necessarily a bad thing, but the end result is an album that feels more like a recorded jam session than a carefully prepared and conceived album. In fact, compared to some of the clumsily intoned political messages from *To the Five Boroughs*, it's a welcome change of pace and although the band aren't really stand out instrumentalists they can still play a bit. Some tracks are surprisingly progressive like 'Off the Grid' and 'The Rat Cage'. On the other hand, a couple of tracks are pretty forgettable and the production is too modern, clean and ProTools for its own good. An album like this deserves dirtier, funkier production.

From start to finish *The Mix-Up* plays out like a fun, accessible and light-hearted summer album but it won't force its way into anyone's CD player (cough) for very long and with limited appeal to any prospective new audiences it really feels like one for fans only.

Angus Chisholm

THE WHITE STRIPES

ICKY
THUMP



The White Stripes return after a two year leave of absence with *Icky Thump*, their sixth album and a sound that long time fans should generally be more familiar with after their last effort, *Get Behind Me Satan*. Jack and Meg White return to that whole blues-rock sound coupled with their bizarrely stubborn obsession with the colours red, white and black. It's seen them become a success over the years and one of the more interesting, likeable rock bands in a time where too much new popular rock is uninspired, faddish garbage propagated by bands where the lead singers have a ridiculous fringe.

The lead single, which shares the name of the album, is the standout track of the bunch, with unpredictable riffs, great hooks and a vocal delivery to match it all. It all combines really well to create a song which feels unique. Unfortunately, as a lead single it's a bit deceptive because the rest of the songs on the album are either a lot more straightforward and conventional, or are experimental without ever totally capturing the imagination. 'Conquest' goes down quite well though, mixing the band's dirty rock style with mariachi trumpets (!) and doing so with some success. Some of the album's other slightly off-kilter tracks aren't quite as memorable though. If I wanted to listen to the bagpipes, I'd have a lot more Scottish folk music in my collection, I can tell you that much.

Looking at some of the more conventional tracks, there's quite a lot to like here even if nothing sticks out as truly outstanding. 'Bone Broke' is a hard-and-fast, typical White Stripes track while '300 M.P.H. Torrential Outpour Blues', as well as being brilliantly named, is a slow burner which bursts in to life at the right moments and Jack White excels, as he often does, with his vocal delivery. Meanwhile, in between these two types of track you have the likes of 'Little Cream Soda', 'I'm Slowly Turning Into You' and 'A Martyr For My Love For You', which all share stylistic similarities but remain distinct enough to stand on their own feet.

With Jack White proving that he's an excellent guitarist throughout as well as impressing with his lyricism, and Meg White's drumming as dependable as ever, fans should have a fair idea of what to expect here. Even with some stylistic detours the album has very little filler, making it another quality, consistent addition to the band's catalogue.

Angus Chisholm

LIVE REVIEW

MAGIC DIRT

The Gov
July 20th

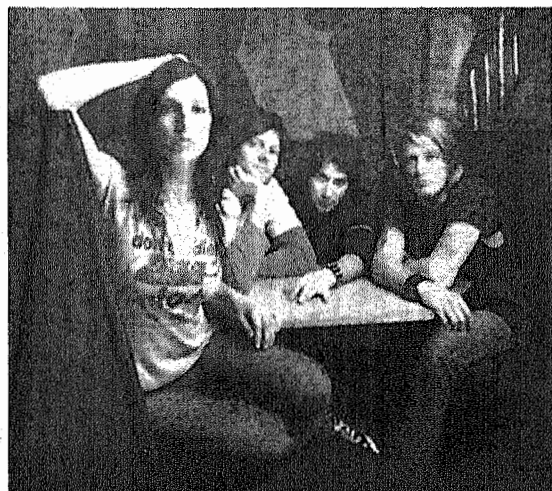
The last time I saw Magic Dirt was at the Gov a couple of years ago for the *Snow White* tour, supported by a not-quite-as-well-known-as-they-are-now Airbourne. I enjoyed that show immensely, so I'm happy to write a review of this one!

I arrived at the Gov just in time to miss local act Peterhead (I still can't work out how they won the competition to support Magic Dirt) and just in time to catch surprise package of the night Modular Lounge. Almost-indie rock laden with pop undertones, Modular Lounge allow their harmonies to permeate the crunchily distorted guitars and driving rhythm section to create songs that are simultaneously feverous and melodic. When I can afford it, their brand new album will be the latest to join my CD collection.

By the time Magic Dirt took the stage (running about an hour behind schedule) the crowd was well oiled and wound up with anticipation. Thunderous applause and wolf-whistles greeted Magic Dirt as they took to the stage amidst screeching guitars, feedback and a wall of noise progressively added to by each member. It was a taste, perhaps, of what we can expect from one of their new mini-albums, *Roky's Room*, touted as an album of noise only and featuring no vocals or drums. However, it was the new material from their second new mini-album, *Beast*, which really defined the night. New songs like 'Don't Panic' and 'Sucker Love' sit well alongside old favourites like 'Watch Out Boys,' and new single 'Bring Me The Head Of...' only goes to show what the crowd attending apparently knew all along - Magic Dirt are back and rockin' harder than ever before.

Roky's Room and *Beast* are available now through Sony BMG.

KD



INTERVIEW

SOMETHING FOR KATE

Everyone has that band that, for whatever reason, is there during the defining moments of their lives. For me, that band is Something For Kate. So when I was offered the chance to interview Clint (drummer with SFK) I jumped at it... then I got really nervous. What do you say to someone who is part of a band you love so much?

How about, "Can you believe it's been ten years? Does it make you feel old?" My question is met with a laugh. "Yeah! I see all these bands in their early 20s and I'm like, 'Wow, remember that?'" We are, of course, talking about the ten years SFK have spent recording for their soon-to-be-defunct label Murmur. Their new release, *The Murmur Years*, is a 33-track compilation from across all of their albums, EPs and singles, explained Clint. "The three of us picked the ones that we wanted, and it was really hard. There were many arguments 'cause you can only fit so many songs on two CDs." When asked if he had pushed for any of his favourite tracks to be included, Clint interjects straight away. "'The Astronaut'. I remember every bit of discussion over that one. It was also cool to include songs like 'Whatever You Want' and 'California,' which shows that this album is more about the songs on there and not necessarily the singles."

The Murmur Years contains one new track: the single 'The Futurist'. Clint assures me that this is a one-off and will not appear on any future SFK albums. "For it to be included, it had to be as good as the rest of the stuff on there. I think the track complements the record, and is possibly the most commercial (but not intentionally) song we've ever written. I really wish that it had gone on *Desert Lights* 'cause it's great."

Now that the serious part of the interview is out of the way, I can get on with asking those questions that I've always wanted to know, like 'What was it like to support David Bowie?' "One of the absolute highlights of playing in this band," says Clint proudly. "We didn't get to talk to him much, but his band were great and we got along well. Watching him from side-stage every night was awesome, because his set was never the same - different songs in different states." Can we expect changing set lists for the forthcoming SFK tour? "It'll be a normal SFK show, but we only play for two hours so some of the songs will have to change each night." I suggest that the band might consider dressing up in '90s clothing to commemorate the occasion. "That's a good idea! Although I have done the flannelette shirt thing

for periods since the '90s." Clint, we'll put Paul in happy pants "and Steph in a hyper-colour T-shirt. She'd love that!" I think we all would!

The Murmur Years arrives in stores August 18. You can next catch Something For Kate at Fowler's Live for an all-ages show on September 14.

KD





"MURDER IS ONLY EXTROVERTED SUICIDE"

The brilliant, but sadly late, Graham Chapman, playing a wacko criminologist in a *Monty Python's Flying Circus* episode once said something along the lines of, "It is easy for us to judge murderers too harshly. After all, murder is only extroverted suicide. He (the murderer) only did what most of us simply dream of doing," (he then pulls a really funny face). You should watch that skit; it's awesome, and this was about the only way I could bring my beloved *Monty Python* into an article supposedly about murder-mystery.

Hopefully it is not true that the majority of the population fantasises about killing people, but crime is undoubtedly one of the most popular genres on television today. Indeed, on pay TV networks there are channels dedicated entirely to programs about crime, which leads one to wonder why the police seem to have such trouble recruiting enough officers. Maybe it is the ratio of possible violence and likelihood of dealing with the scum of society to salary. Speaking of applying to the police, why did I get an email suggesting that media students should apply? How the hell would my media degree aid me in anyway whatsoever in apprehending a criminal?

Unfortunately the specific category of murder-mystery programs seems to have been neglected of late. I'm not a big fan of most of the American crime and forensic science programs shown on commercial free to air TV. To be honest, I'm not a fan of many American programs, although my boyfriend has managed to get me sucked into *Prison Break* and *Lost*.

But back to murder-mystery. I'm not particularly good with gratuitous violence and icky corpses. The problem I have with these programs is that they really have more murder and violence than mystery. This may be a massive generalisation, but as far as I am aware, these crime programs focus on the emotional experience faced by police, detectives, forensic investigators, and sometimes victims, rather than on the crime itself, the motivation for committing the crime and how the perpetrator was discovered.

They contain lots of glamour, overacting and seductively dressed women, but not a lot of suspense, and perhaps should be categorised as soaps and drama programs rather than crime.

The award for the most murder mystery programs shown on a free to air channel will clearly go to the ABC. This may be just because 99.99% (possibly a slight exaggeration) of ABC programs are from the UK, and they seem to be pretty fond of this genre over there, and produce some decent programs. One of these I have glimpsed now and then (the parental unit watches it), and enjoyed, is *Midsomer Murders*. This program explores both the problems faced by police and victims, as well as the motivation for the crime and how the police solved the mystery. Plus, it's set in a pretty little village, which appeals to me.

Programs set in the past, with the classic Sherlock Holmes an outstanding example, seem best qualified to truly encapsulate the murder-mystery theme. The BBC's adaption broadcasted on the ABC yonks ago was excellent. I also enjoyed *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, another of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's wonderful books adapted to TV. Modern crimes just aren't so mysterious anymore. What a shame.

Another (almost) murder mystery genre of programs are the reality programs, such as *The New Detectives* and *Forensic Files*; documentary style programs, albeit with incredibly dramatic narrators, which follow real police, detectives, forensic scientists and other investigators, who give their thoughts and reasons, and methods of how they determined who was the perpetrator. I find these programs pretty interesting. It is also enlightening to realise that most criminals are pretty dumb. One murderer, for example (I can't remember which program this was from), had removed distinctive red carpet in his home after the body of a girl he had murdered was found by police. He neglected to remove all the fibres caught in the nails that had held the carpet in, and so was caught anyway. Why remove most of it but not all? How relieving that he was that stupid. And one of the ways that investigators had suspected that he was the perpetrator was because he had bought a large number of expensive dog collars, which he had used to tie the rubbish bags around the body. This same sicko had killed his own pet dog to avoid suspicion because police had publicised that the perpetrator owned a white and tan terrier. Bizarre and sick I know, but it makes for interesting viewing!

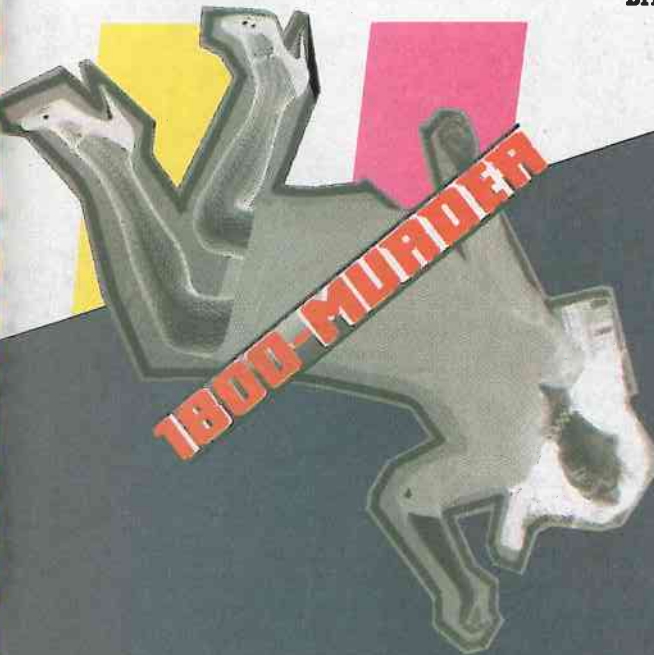
The most recent program I have viewed that fits into this

category for an Australian crime was *The Donald Mackay Disappearance*. Firstly, let me point out this was clearly not a mere disappearance but a murder, given the quantity of blood at the scene. For those unfamiliar with the story, Donald Mackay was a business man and politician in a small city in New South Wales, who virtually signed his own death certificate by costing local drug mafia a fortune by stoically tipping police off about marijuana crops. What was shocking and highly disturbing about this program was that corruption had infiltrated all the authorities that should have been available to assist and protect Donald Mackay. It appeared that both politicians and police had members working to aid the mafia.

It is questionable whether it is a good idea to broadcast some of the information supplied by police and forensic investigators on these programs. Should we be showing potential criminals the ways in which we may catch them if they commit a crime? I suppose there may be a deterrent effect by showing the diverse ways the police are able to identify that a specific person was involved in a crime, but the possibility that we are instructing potential criminals in how-not-to-be-detected remains. An interesting program airing on Foxtel this month is a documentary on *The Black Dahlia*, an unsolved murder to which (according to the advertisement) 30 people have confessed. I know I'll be watching!

Yours in watching the black box when I should be doing my voluminous Corporate and Admin Law readings,

Brianna



"Do you know a Lady Catalina?" Wilson asked impatiently.

"Yes, the conniving harlot," she spat angrily. "Trying to steal my man, she is."

"Well, my dear, I must correct you there. She was."

"Dead, then?" she replied, obviously able to decode Wilson's vague news despite her condition. Wilson nodded. "I bet she deserved it too," she continued. "Wasn't she though. I assume that's why you're here. Now if there's nothing further..." She motioned towards her martini on the table and the circle of people



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among whom she was originally standing.

"I'm afraid there is, my dear. I have witnesses who say you were with Lady Catalina yesterday before she died. Incredibly, what?" Wilson picked up a drink from a platter that a waiter was carrying around and took a mouthful, keeping his gaze firmly fixed on Natalya.

"Well, yes. We both work for *The Tribune*. We were forced to work together to cover a celebrity wedding next week. That fine Jacob Armistice, the film star?"

Wilson shuddered, almost spilling some of his drink. Both *The Tribune* and Jacob Armistice produced trips of an equally awful quality. If he were Lady Catalina he would have strangled himself with a telephone cord. He looked at her, trying to hide his thoughts for her work.

Turn to page 37



SICKO

See this and you will gain newfound appreciation of Medicare.

A few years after the release of *Fahrenheit 9/11* (2004), Michael Moore's latest release takes aim at the North American healthcare system. The main goal of the film is to explore the shortcomings of 'HMOs' (Health Maintenance Organisations) which provide health insurance to people in the United States. We hear the horror stories from the people who have been denied insurance, the people who have had treatments denied by their HMO, the people who have lost family members because of the refusal of HMOs to payout. Teamed with the facts and figures and the contrast of the US health system to other international healthcare structures, at the end you do wonder the ways in which the US is the best country in the world, because it's definitely not in healthcare.

All the ingredients of the Moore Formula are there. There's a nicely orchestrated protest, a reference to Canada, people from Flint and some 9/11 stories. The story is nicely constructed. Moore utilises his ability to edit together a great narrative and combines this with nice visuals which all add to the strength of his political commentary. There's no doubt that this film will make you think. However, if you're a Moore fan, you may find *Sicko* less punchy than his previous films. There are less of the uncomfortable interviews with big wigs and less face-to-face confrontation. One thing that also reduces the impact of *Sicko* is its lack of sensitivity for an international audience. Obviously

the film has greater relevance to North Americans. However, it would've been nice to be given some more detail about how exactly the health care system and HMOs work because as Australians, most of us have not experienced the system first-hand.

Despite these minor limitations, *Sicko* is ultimately thought-provoking and will have you leaving the cinema more aware of healthcare policies, making this a film for all to see.

Rating:



Emily Brindal

WE HAVE OBTAINED INFORMATION REGARDING A GIVEAWAY. SEE PAGE 41 FOR BRIEF.

SNOW CAKE

Rated M

Now Showing in Limited Release

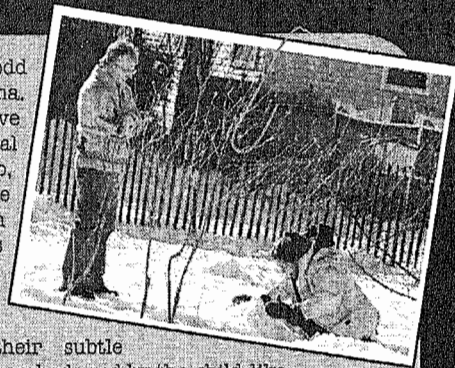
Alex Hughes (Alan Rickman) is a blunt and quiet man with a criminal record who is driving to Winnipeg, Canada in order to meet up with an old friend. While taking the trip, however, he is cornered by a teenager named Vivienne (Emily Hampshire) who coerces Alex into giving her a lift to Wawa.

Vivienne's oddball sense of humour, naiveté and outgoing personality begins to charm the rather sterile and sarcastic Alex. It is not long after their first meeting that Alex is in a very serious car crash, the only fatality of which is Vivienne. From then on we follow Alex, whose remorse and anger run simultaneously, as he deals with the police, and decides to speak with Vivienne's mother, Linda.

Linda, as Alex soon finds out, is autistic, and now that Vivienne is dead, her ability to function and look after herself is diminishing. Linda (Sigourney Weaver) agrees to let Alex stay in her home for the funeral under the proviso that he takes out the rubbish bins the day after the funeral. In the time between his arrival and Vivienne's funeral Alex meets the townsfolk of Wawa and comes to understand Linda and himself, as they both deal differently with their grief.

The synopsis of *Snow Cake* may seem rather cliché and overly emotive, it doesn't force emotion out of the audience nor does

the storyline seem so odd once you sit in the cinema. Weaver will receive credit for her portrayal of Linda, rightly so, as she delivers the character with an authenticity that does not falter through cliché. Rickman and Hampshire really deserve note for their subtle performances, often overshadowed by the child-like character of Linda.



Director Marc Evans, working from Angela Pell's screenplay, architects a film that is startlingly poignant, yet not ruthless. It is often easy in films dealing with mentally challenged characters to create a caricature. What is striking in *Snow Cake* is that each character seems unique in dealing with their particular dilemma. The soundtrack, with an original score by Broken Social Scene, adds greatly to the film's themes of society and life.

Rating:



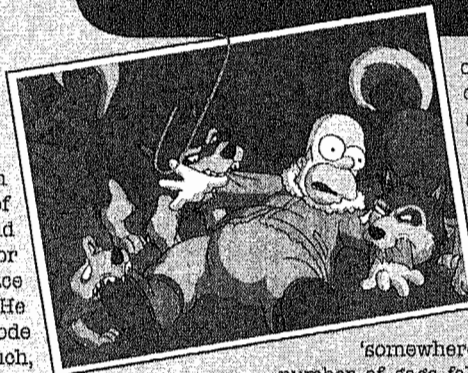
Steph Walker

THE SIMPSONS MOVIE

Rated PG

Now Showing Everywhere

There's a classic 'Treehouse of Horror' episode of *The Simpsons* in season four, I think, where the citizens of Springfield turn into zombies and said family is ultimately responsible for putting an end to the zombie menace ("Dad, you killed Zombie Flanders!" "He was a zombie?"). At the end of the episode the Simpsons are sitting on the couch, relieved at the end of the zombie outbreak and the fact that their lives can return to normal. They turn their attention to the television when Homer, responding to a show as though he were a brain-dead zombie, says, "Man fall down. Funny."



It turned out to be a prescient glimpse into the future for this once-great TV series. The show still rates highly, but the content of the show has degenerated from a near-perfect blend of slapstick, satire and the totally inane to a series of simple gags that involve Homer getting hurt repeatedly and poorly-conceived celebrity guest appearances (Michael Jackson playing a mental patient who thinks he's Michael Jackson? Outstanding. Tony Hawk appearing as Tony Hawk? Fiss off). It's not the worst show on TV by any stretch of the imagination, but it pales in comparison to its past glories.

This brings us - in a roundabout way - to *The Simpsons Movie*, a project which is surely long overdue, even as a money-making exercise if nothing else. The state of the show in 2007 compared with several years ago could lead many fans to approach this movie with trepidation, to say the least. The pre-release info showed a healthy assortment of writers from the early days

of the series was on board. The trailer, on the other hand, showed the familiar shtick of Homer hurting himself in the completely daft ways that only Homer can. The question is: Does *The Simpsons Movie* mirror the uninspired development of the TV show or does it see a return to the halcyon days of old?

The answer, dear readers, is a thoroughly unsatisfactory and inconclusive 'somewhere in between'. The film has its flaws: A number of gags fall flat; the moments that are meant to be poignant don't quite hit the right notes and the film has a largely flabby, forgettable second act. On the other hand, there are a number of well-crafted gags that got some reasonably hearty laughs, gags which I won't bother spoiling like some reviews tend to because that just ruins the fun.

The Simpsons is a show that's dear to many of our hearts, a lot of people our age grew up with it and it was arguably very influential in forming a lot of our generation's sense of humour. Hardly a day went by at school when you couldn't hear someone quoting the show. In that sense, this review is a pretty pointless one because either you have no interest in *The Simpsons* at all and you won't see it, or you've loved the show at some stage and you will. Nevertheless, even though it's a kick to see all the characters on the big screen in a feature length outing, it feels as though if this movie was made ten or so years ago when the creative forces behind the show were peaking, it could have been something classic. As it is, it's okay but not great.

Rating:



Angus Chisholm

THE HOME SONG STORIES

Rated: MA

Released: August 16th

The Home Song Stories is the story of an a Shanghai nightclub singer, Rose (Joan Chen), who migrates with her two children to 1970s suburban Australia. The writer/director, Tony Ayres, has told a very personal story, based on his own life.

Rose's job of entertaining servicemen leads her to meet an Australian sailor Bill (Steven Vidler). She accepts Bill's offer to go to Australia and live with him. However after a week, Rose, with her two children, Tom (Joel Lok) and May (Irene Chen), leaves Bill and makes her own way. The audience begins to get a sense of Rose's reckless and unstable nature, as the children find themselves moving from "Uncle" to "Uncle".

Eventually, the family is able to settle and Rose meets a young migrant Chinese chef Joe (Qi Yuwu). But things still remain chaotic for this single mother and her two children as they attempt to assimilate to their new environment. The children's attempts at dealing with their mother's increasing mental instability is

beautifully depicted, in a sympathetic tone, rather than a bitter one.

The film does very well at capturing the issues and problems that migrant families had when coming

to Australia. Walking out of the cinema, one could see that the film touched many members of the audience, and I think that members of migrant families will find this film particularly touching. It's a beautiful drama with a dignified look into many problems dealt with by migrant families.

Rating:



Aslan Mesbah



ZODIAC

Rated: MA15+

DVD release on September 26th

The term 'Based on a true story' is bandied about a lot with movies these days, to the extent where it has largely become meaningless as we discover that, while the story may be true, certain liberties with the details of the story may be taken: ham-fistedly adding a redundant, large-breasted love interest, for example. It almost concedes that the story on its own is not compelling enough to sell the movie and so a number of movies that claim to be based on a true story tend to use a bit of creative license.

Mercifully, this is not the case with David Fincher's excellent *Zodiac*. The film details the serial killer who went by the alias 'Zodiac' in San Francisco in the late 1960s and 1970s who seemed to arbitrarily target his victims. The case remains officially unsolved to this day. The movie is told largely from the perspective of Robert Graysmith (Jake Gyllenhaal), a humble cartoonist at *The San Francisco Chronicle*. He learns about the case and begins decrypting coded messages left by the killer, gradually becoming obsessed with the case and trying to solve the mystery of just who the Zodiac really is, at the expense of his own state of mind. He crosses paths with other characters in pursuing his obsession including eccentric crime editor Paul Avery (Robert Downey Jr., lightening the mood somewhat) and the police inspector in charge of the case, David Toschi (Mark Ruffalo, in excellent form).

Everything about the movie seems so objective, and the attention to detail feels so obsessive, that it's easy to get caught up in the film despite its lengthy running time. It feels like a film that bridges the gap between documentary and narrative and in doing so really engages the audience in a way that few films of this nature do. When the Zodiac is active, his killings are depicted in an abrupt, matter-of-fact way - most notably a gruesome stabbing near a lake. There's no faux-emotional investment in who is killed; there's no melodrama; it is laid out in front of the audience in a straightforward way based on what information was available about the case. It feels incredibly authentic, however this authenticity never comes

at the expense of any aesthetic expression on David Fincher's part. Fincher adds to his thoroughly impressive body of work with a film that captures the era flawlessly through wonderful visuals and a soundtrack that works brilliantly in the context of the movie. He is never hesitant to get creative despite the possible constraints of a story based in reality. Particularly memorable is a transitional shot showing the passage of time depicting the construction of the TransAmerica Pyramid in San Francisco.

Robert Graysmith went on to write the book upon which the movie is based. The latter half of the movie details Graysmith's search for the real killer, the facts that would prove it and the process of writing the book. The audience is inundated with information, which makes it hard to keep track of all the details, but that's the point. As the audience, along with Graysmith, is burdened with all this information, the problem remains as murky as ever. He isn't always able to make complete sense of it, and the case comes full circle. Eventually, the movie ends on a note that seems conclusive but leaves a hint of chilling ambiguity.

A ruthlessly captivating story, told convincingly and with great passion, makes *Zodiac* one of the most compelling murder mystery films of recent years - possibly of all time - and a must for any true crime aficionados.

Rating:



Angus Chisholm



THE THIRD MAN

FROM THE CASE FILES

Rated: PG
Released: 1949

Those of you uninitiated into the delights of the media course's staple classic, *The Third Man*, may be in for quite a surprise. Born in the ruins of Vienna post World War II, in that golden film noir era, this classic 1949 murder mystery subtly subverts everything you expected from Hollywood. The scene is set when American author Holly Martins (Joseph Cotton) comes to Vienna on the request of his friend Harry Lime (Orson Welles). However, when he arrives, he finds Lime murdered. But who did it? In a city packed full of spies, language barriers presented by the occupying Allied forces and old grudges, even strangers passing by appear to be suspects. When Holly meets Harry's girlfriend, the sultry Anna Schmidt (Italian star Alida Valli) he (of course) falls in love with her, despite her obvious duplicity. With Anna, Holly investigates his friend's death in an attempt to discover who the unknown third man was who left the scene of the crime. Just when you are crying it was Colonel Mustard in the drawing room with the cheese grater there is a turn of the screw, and the plot changes tact dramatically.

The trouble with most murder mysteries of the past is that we tend to know the end from the start. Dr Jekyll's inner Hyde surprises few modern readers and Hitchcock's *Psycho* killer is synonymous with mother issues. This is not necessarily an issue with *The Third Man*. While the focus of the mystery stands on the figure of the unknown man, the true mystery is that of the human mind: how it could allow such callous destruction of life, both during the Second World War and in the black market aftermath (particularly in the selling of faked or watered-

down medicine). The psychological trope of the film would not have been half as successful without the hypnotic effect of Welles's presence. Despite his short screen time, his character fills the screen with grave suspicions and fears. Yet he is so at ease, even jovial, at suggestions of profit and success, regardless of cost. Even knowing the ending of the film, I was nevertheless chilled in the final sequences.

Carol Reed's famous work achieves a subtle balance of directorial power, namely that the film can clearly be seen as a successful piece of their work without their name being the sole reason for it. Settings of shadowy, crater ridden streets, deserted fair grounds and dark sewers are textbook film noir traits, particularly potent when accompanied by the relentlessly cheerful music of the zither, implying a black comedic sense of irony. *The Third Man* still boils with the suspicion that fueled the Cold War and by depicting the relations between countries within the confines of Vienna, Reed created a masterpiece not to be ignored.



Rating:



Genevieve Williamson



Competition

To win FREE tickets to see Michael Moore's new doco, *Sicko*, all you have to do is get out your magnifying glasses and trawl the pages of *On Dit* looking for murder weapons. Find all six and send the secret code (each page number) to onditfilm@gmail.com, and like good little detectives you will receive your REWARD.

"Well, we left work together and caught different taxi-cabs home. That was all I saw of her that day."

"And after that, what did you do?"

"I went to my physical therapist for a six o'clock appointment. You see, I'm paralysed in my left arm. Indeed, she was. She picked up her left arm with her right and let it drop lamely back down to her side. Wilson was dumbfounded. Not only did she have an alibi for the time

when the murder was committed, she was physically unable to commit the crime.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Wilson replied politely. "Well, here is my card if you hear anything," he went on, producing a business card decorated with only the words WILSON, DETECTIVE and a contact phone number.



Turn to page 45

I love mysteries. I've never been adept at solving them like some people, but I like the intrigue of them all. I progressed from Nancy Drew and The Hardy Boys to Agatha Christie and Kathy Reichs. I think the defining moment for me was when I was eleven and seeing Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap* being performed in London's West End. I loved it; it made me totally embrace the crime genre. I must admit, I did drift away from the genre when crime actually touched my life, however, as the years have passed, I find myself enjoying it again. A good mystery novel on a cold, rainy day curled up inside with the heater on and a cup of hot chocolate and my cat on my lap is the perfect day. I've decided that for this edition I would offer you all a slice of crime from different decades which are worth reading. So enjoy.

Literature
 sub-editor: Alicia Marow
 email: ondit.literature@gmail.com

1930s

Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe.

Debuting in 1934 was one of the great heavy weights of detective fiction - literally (all readers of Rex Stout sigh at the obvious joke). Nero Wolfe, the overweight, home-loving, orchid growing gourmand, who only exerts himself to solving crimes when he needed the money to keep up his unique lifestyle. Provided the clients didn't cry. Or talk to him all that much. And were polite. Doing the legwork, and the narration, is smart-cracking, milk-drinking wise guy Archie Goodwin who also doubles as Wolfe's secretary. Unlike other sidekick foils (*cough* Watson, *cough* Hastings), Archie is a more than competent detective in his own right, with a three-dimensional, winning personality.

Like every detective Wolfe has a regularly appearing cast of characters, most notably: irritable Inspector Cramer (who appears in other Stout books), sometimes a friend, sometimes a nemesis, who doesn't like Wolfe interfering with his cases but smart enough to know when he can help; and Saul Panzer, Orrie Cathur and Fred Durkin - who help Archie out when he needs more man power (or when Wolfe wants to hide something from him). Like every great detective, Wolfe also has an evil arch-nemesis Arnold Zeck (who, I must admit, I am unable to take seriously because I just keep picturing Marge Simpson's ex-boyfriend Arnie Ziff), a crime boss with an annoying penchant for rubbing things in. Which is his undoing - his tragic flaw, if you will. Any resemblance to *other* evil nemeses is purely coincidental (*cough* Moriarty).

In a career spanning 33 books, 39 novellas and forty years, writer Rex Stout was awarded best mystery series and best mystery writer of the 20th century at Boucheron 2000.

PD James: *An Unsuitable Job For A Woman*

Following her debut in the 1960s, P.D. James (aka Baroness James of Holland Park OBE) has risen up the ranks to become a HUGE name in crime fiction, with an impressive list of titles to her credit over the past five decades.

An Unsuitable Job For A Woman, first published in 1972, skates across the edges between a cosy Christie-esque tale of English manor life suddenly racked by murder (including, of course, the retired army Major), and a forensic thriller complete with sexual deviance Miss Marple would have blushed to acknowledge. Cambridge students rebel from their neck-ties and gowns, yet Woolf's beadies still guard the lawns like the snarling heads of Cerberus. Our young detective, Cordelia Gray, similarly alternates between acting the serious, intelligent, even downright duplicitous private eye, and musing upon the nature of love, lounging in the sunshine to half-heartedly 'interrogate' suspects, and go all gooey at visiting the University of Cambridge. Which is why you like her.

Upon the suicide of her business partner/boss, Cordelia assumes control of the detective agency just in time to be summoned by Sir Ronald Callender to investigate the death of his son, Mark, who has hanged himself to the accompaniment of a suicide note full of William Blake. As you do. Particularly after mysteriously dropping out of uni only two weeks before to work for a pittance as a gardener. Though engaged to discover Mark's motives for suicide, it is not long before Cordelia suspects another hand on the noose. And so the fun begins.

1970s

1980s

Val McDermid: *Common Murder*

The eighties don't seem so long ago until you are confronted by a detective rushing frantically between payphones, banging out copy on a type-writer on the dust-jacket, and discovering top-secret computer files on a device akin to a cassette tape. Nothing ages a book like cutting-edge technology.

Fortunately, murder doesn't date as easily, nor does Val McDermid's snappy prose and sense of plot. Now a big name in crime fiction - particularly through adaptations of her edgy *Wire in the Blood* series - McDermid began in the late eighties writing for the low-key Women's Press. These early novels feature investigative journalist Lindsay Gordon, who, in the grand tradition of amateur sleuths, is followed about by murders she subsequently sets out to solve.

In *Common Murder*, the obliging corpse is that of Rupert Crabtree, the not-so-nice leader of a citizens' group that has been protesting against a camp established by a group of peace-lovin' women on the local common. The women are, in turn, protesting the storage of missiles within the nearby U.S. base. Lindsay, visiting the camp, is compelled to investigate when suspicion falls on her ex/sporadic lover, Deborah. In doing so, the feisty Soot (her surname surely a nod to Stephen G.) uncovers grand ol' Cold War-era conspiracies, spy circles and terror plots, the

suppression of which threatens to dam the course of justice, all in the name of 'National Security'. Hmm. Who said the eighties were so different?

Douglas Adams' *Dirk Gently*

In the late 1980s Douglas Adams managed to create the greatest, sci-fi/detective novel to date. *Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency* and *The Long Dark Tea-Time of the Soul* feature detective and failed fraudster, the brilliant Dirk Gently whose Holistic Detective Agency solves crimes (well, cases, usually missing pet cases and divorces) by exploring the fundamental interconnectedness of all things. For example, as he explains on his expense account, how thorough research on the sunny beaches of Bermuda can reveal clues as to a missing cat's whereabouts in London. (Or, if it helps, how a butterfly flapping its wings in the Amazon basin leads to a tornado in New York). Gently accepts the impossible as often being a better solution than the improbable, and seeing as how his career involves encounters with ghosts, aliens, robots, time travel and gods, his seemingly ridiculous theories are often proven correct. No sidekicks, no amusing mannerisms, Gently's motives are often mysterious (in a Jack Sparrow kind of way - which is really not that mysterious after all).

1980s

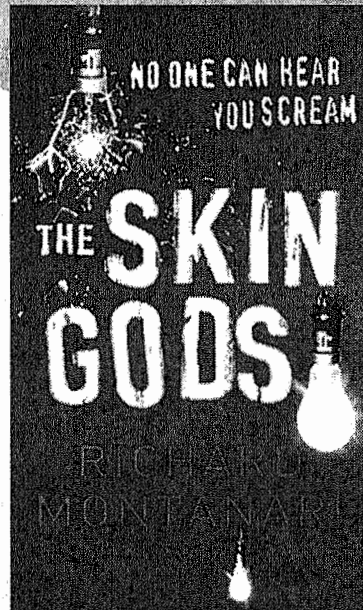
2000s

Richard Montanari: *The Skin Gods*

I was intrigued by this book whose cover promised it to be quite possibly the worst crime novel in creation. Covered with exploding, red-tinted light globes, the phrase "No one can hear you scream" and a blurb that promises; "they're not just chasing a homicide suspect. *They are stalking evil itself...*" I wondered if any book could be quite as bad as this one seemed. I guess its true that you shouldn't judge a book by its cover, not so much because the book wasn't as dreadful as feared - but more because *it had nothing to do with the cover.*

The plot basically concerns a series of homicides in Philadelphia performed by a killer dubbed 'The Actor' - so called because he recreates famous (and often grisly) murder scenes from films and tapes them onto the original film, then returns the video tapes to the store. There are no red-tinted exploding light bulbs, *everyone* can hear the victims scream over and over again because he *taped* the murders and, as with all modern crime novels, the killer ain't so evil after all. Oh, and the title (taken from a film mentioned in the book) has *nothing* to do with *anything* (including the film it gets its name from).

The two main characters are detectives Jessica Balzano and Kevin Byrne. Jessica is of course an attractive, separated mother of one whose hobbies include boxing. Kevin is of course an attractive, more experienced cop, divorced father of two whose hobbies include learning sign language with his daughter and crossing that fine line between good and bad cop. Both of them naturally have personal lives which interfere and



coincidentally overlap with the case in hand. Oh, and Kevin is psychic. But that doesn't come up much and so I don't know why it's even written in, because it removes credibility (whatever was there) from the book. The causal factors behind the killer's actions include revenge, films, bathrooms and of course - society.

This is the second book written by Montanari with these main characters but the first of his I've read. It's an easy read; the murders get a bit grisly but there's a lack of graphic detail. It also lacks a lot of suspense and has short chapters so it's easy to put down if you can only read in snatches. Basically the book is mind-candy and if that's what you're in the mood for you could go worse. But I definitely recommend a new cover design to the publishers.

El Dorado Dorothy Porter

I have a dislike for poetry. I don't know whether this dislike stems from Year 12 English Studies and having to dissect poems or whether I'm a person who has no patience for the nuances and symbolism that poetry is 'supposed' to be about. However *El Dorado* by Dorothy Porter is an intriguing read. A mystery

thriller written completely in verse, it is something different. If I hadn't had to review this I seriously would never have picked it for something I would be interested in reading.

El Dorado is a mystery about a child killer. Not your everyday paedophile child killer, instead one who wants to preserve the innocence of childhood. This book also delves into friendships, which can endure decades, even if they are spent apart. It does take some dedication to read this, as the poetry form tended to confuse me, but it is worth persevering through. I would definitely recommend it to crime fans who want something different from their regular mystery fare.

Marlene

Without Consent Kathryn Fox

There is one thing that you should know before delving into this novel: if you don't like dark mystery/crime novels, this is not the book for you. Otherwise, keep reading. *Without Consent* is the second novel by Kathryn Fox featuring her forensic physician Anya Crichton. Currently a divorced mother of one, Anya is fighting to keep her head above water and get more custody of her son. Her private forensic physician practice is not as profitable as she needs it to be, so to supplement her income, she works part-time at the Sexual Assault Unit, dealing with victims of rape. It is this part-time work which has her stumble upon a serial rapist. The main suspect is a recently-released convicted rapist and murderer. However, Anya is not convinced that the suspect was indeed guilty of his original crime, let alone the rapes that followed upon his release.

Reading this book was heavy work. While it does move quickly and draws you into the plot, it also deals with depressing issues. Reading the victims' memories of their rapes and the aftermath of their attacks is pretty intense. Fox's descriptions of the police

and lawyers who deal with these victims are not very complimentary either, with defense lawyers, one in particular, causing me to feel like I never want to trust them again (sorry law students). The police and the Sexual Assault Unit administration are depicted as only wanting to gather convictions rather than actually caring for the victims of these terrible crimes. Maybe it's just me that is reading too much into the characters. Who knows? I would definitely recommend this book to fans of Patricia Cornwall, Sue Grafton or Kathy Reichs.

WITHOUT CONSENT

'Kathryn Fox has created a forensic physician who readers of Patricia Cornwall will adore'
JAMES PATTERSON

KATHRYN FOX

Jo B's Top Five Mystery Writers

Agatha Christie - Have you been living in a hole? The Queen of Crime! My favourite kind of mystery because the reader is presented with clues and suspects and can actually solve it as they go along, but quite often don't.



Enid Blyton - Whether investigating smugglers or discovering who kidnapped their dog, any mystery written by EB abounds with adventure, intrigue and sex (err... only if you read symbolically).

Val McDermid - VM writes the best of the ' profiler' mysteries, good for fans who like to really get inside the killer's head (and be seriously disturbed by what they find).

Dorothy L. Sayers - For those who prefer more high brow, literary, mysteries, the detection of Lord Peter Wimsey should appeal. Should also make fans of John Donne happy - there are a lot of references.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle - Where would the world be without Sherlock? We'd lose a whole lot of period pieces and a cool saying. The mysteries themselves aren't actually all that solveable to the reader; the less said about Watson the better; the nemesis Moriarty is kind of lacking and Holmes himself has an annoying personality, but Holmes' attention to detail makes him the original CSI guy.

Greta

On Dlt 75.7

1800 MURDER!

Deflated, he resigned himself to restarting his investigation from square one. Then, just as he was about to leave, Miss Natalya picked up her drink clumsily, shattering it in her hand in the process. Wilson ran over to her quickly.

"Are you alright?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I'll be fine. I guess I just didn't know my own strength," she said, holding her bleeding hand

in the air for lack of being able to clutch it with the other.

"It was as though you *didn't* have control of your hand," Wilson said accusingly.

"Oh, I've just had a bit to drink," she replied awkwardly. Wilson wasn't so sure, and kept a distrusting eye on her hand.

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Master of the Macabre

When I was told that there was a murder mystery theme for this issue of *On Dit*, I was overjoyed to think I could introduce people to a remarkable, award-winning author: Christopher Fowler. Fowler is an English author mostly known for his thriller-style novels, whose literary career spans 20-plus books. However, he is also known for his stories in the horror, satire and crime genre. Fowler uses dialogue that doesn't simply move the plot line forward, but delves into the characters in surprising (and sometimes hilarious!) ways. One of the most interesting projects he has done of late is an audio drama based on Sherlock Holmes for BBC 7 entitled *The Lady Downstairs*. This was, as he claimed, "one of his hardest tasks as so many have tackled the character before and (he) didn't want to either repeat old ideas or break the literary rules."

In recent times, Fowler has been working on a series of books surrounding detectives Arthur Bryant and John May, partners in the London Police Department's Peculiar Crimes Unit, originally titled the Experimental Unit in the war. He begins the entire series in a completely unexpected manner - killing off one of the lead characters, compelling the reader to only know him retrospectively. As weird as it sounds, it really does work, however I am somewhat biased towards Christopher Fowler's work as he is an author who does not take the most common or the easiest road when writing. Currently there are five books in the series with more expected in the future, beginning with *Full Dark House*, the story of their first case in the 1940s Blitz during WWII and why the lead character was killed in the present day some sixty years later. Others in the series are *The Water Room*, *Seventy-Seven Clocks* and *Ten Second Staircase*. This series, as with most of his stories, are based in London, using its 2000-plus years of history to his advantage, as he knows it so well having grown up in the aging metropolis. What makes Fowler's Bryant & May series stunningly first-rate is not the strangeness of the mysteries; it's the interaction between the characters, the inner monologues of Bryant & May and Fowler's killer writing. Not only do we get to see the duo at various stages in their lives, but because they have worked in the same department for so many years, we also see them surrounded with different team members during different decades.

Here is a taste of one of the characters from the Arthur Bryant series:

Bryant's informants include those on the wrong side of the law, outpatients, migrants, fringe dwellers not recognised as reliable witnesses in a British court of law, and, on at least one occasion, a convicted murderer. He refuses to document his investigations in accordance with official guidelines; his office is little more than a rubbish dump; his personal habits are disgusting and,

I suspect, illegal. He smokes and drinks on duty, requisitions police vehicles for personal use, falsifies reports, and is said to have on one occasion borrowed clothes awaiting DNA tests from the Evidence Room in order to attend a fancy dress party. He has an infested Tibetan human skull on his desk, and has been known to keep animal parts in the unit's refrigerator for experiments. Little wonder the powers-that-be continually try to shut the Peculiar Crimes Unit down.

He has used Bryant and May previously as secondary characters in several other novels, one of those being *Soho Black*. In *Soho Black*, the lead character is believed dead. It is a delightfully wicked story of an utterly stressed-out film executive, who is clearly going nowhere in his field. He has a heart attack and dies, but he's still up and walking around. Because he's passed through the last great fear, he becomes bold - even rash at times; he doesn't have to act with a conscience anymore, and he becomes very successful. The unforgettable twist at the end of the novel is outstandingly wicked and totally unexpected.

Another novel Fowler wrote was *Disturbia*, and any of you who were in my Video Production class last semester might recognise the story. *Disturbia*, in a nutshell, is a series of crossword puzzles. A young journalist is set a series of tasks that he must achieve in only one night. The consequences if he should fail will be disastrous. It's one of his more fun novels; the lead-up to solving the telecom puzzle had me howling in laughter, forcing me to stop reading for a good ten minutes. Another unforgettable novel is *Spanky*, a delicious ride and outrageous look at the Faustian contract between a demon and a man wishing to be more than who he is now. This, incidentally, is in development as a film produced by Martin Scorsese and directed by Guillermo Del Toro.

This is not the first time one of Fowler's stories has been made into a film. His short story 'The Master Builder' was made into a movie entitled *Through The Eyes of a Killer*. The world of motion pictures is not unfamiliar to Fowler being the co-founder of Creative Partnership, a film and design company producing film campaigns and working with directors such as Quentin Tarantino, Baz Luhrmann and Ridley Scott. He was born in London, where he still lives with a laptop and a cat; on his website claims that both are exceptionally temperamental creatures. This year I am waiting in anticipation as to what will happen in the future adventures of the duo in Fowler's new novel, *White Corridor*. This is not the only new creation from the mind of Fowler; his tenth collection of short stories, *Old Devil Moon*, is definitely worth checking out.

Gryphon T. Jackson

Back in his office Wilson was reading a copy of Antoine Devereux's first work, *So I Slap Myself Involuntarily; What Now?*

Johnson jumped as Wilson slammed down the heavy volume with excitement and a look of accomplishment. "Come, Johnson," Wilson declared. "We have a murderer to arrest."

"Oh? And who is that?" replied Johnson, his mouth half full after a recent bite of his cucumber sandwich.

"Patience, Johnson, patience." Wilson assured.

Wilson stopped the car in front of Miss Natalya's lavish house and pulled up the handbrake.

"You're insane!" Johnson protested. "She couldn't possibly have strangled somebody with a telephone!"

"That's correct." Wilson replied, though he said nothing further. His newfound coyness was beginning to irritate his partner. He rang the doorbell and was greeted by Miss Natalya, who was still dressed in a bathrobe despite the fact that it was 3pm on a weekday.

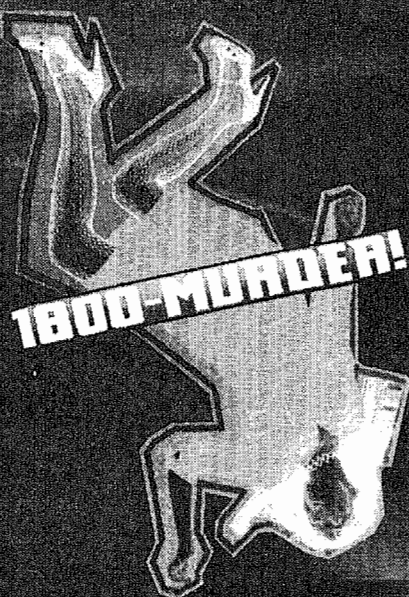
"Miss Natalya, I'm arresting you for the murder of Lady Catalina." Wilson said before she could greet them.

"But how could I have killed her? I only have the use of one arm!" she objected.

"That may be so, but you only needed one arm to kill her! You didn't go to the physical therapist that day. You were so frustrated after your meeting with Lady Catalina, whom you cannot stand, that you went straight home and made yourself a martini, your drink of choice. Regrettably, the alcohol left your brain less able to control one of your other unfortunate conditions: Alien Hand Syndrome, which causes involuntary movement of the hand. It's a condition I saw in full effect last night at the governess's function."

Johnson put his head in his hands.

"Slightly drunk," Wilson continued, "you decided to pay Lady Catalina a visit to warn her off of Antoine Devereux, who you knew was in love



with her. Then, while there, the Alien Hand Syndrome took over. Without you knowing, your only good hand clasped itself around her neck. Only after she was dead did you realise what your hand had done."

Johnson returned to the car ashamedly, fearing for his partner's sanity.

"This I'm proud of you for: thinking quickly, you saw the telephone, grabbed it with your right hand and wrapped it one-handed around her neck. Surely someone with only one usable arm could not strangle somebody with a telephone, effectively absolving you of suspicion. Ingenious."

Miss Natalya knew that she had been found out. Without a word, she offered Wilson one hand, which he triumphantly cuffed to the other.

After he and Johnson returned to the police station and Johnson had taken the cuffed culprit inside, Wilson leant against the wall and lit an unfiltered cigarette calmly. "Mmm," he mused, removing it from his mouth and examining the burning end as though it were somehow different from the other thirty-nine he smoked a day. "Tastes like justice."

THE END

Bartholomew Huxtable

THE PLAYERS

News SOPHIE DONOGHUE
Media Watch LISA IRELAND
Current Affairs MICHAEL ADAMS
Propagan-tainment

... ANDREW LOVE and WILLIAM MARTIN
Food CLARE BUCKLEY
Vox Pop

... CATHERINE HOFFMAN and NATALIE OLIVER
Visual Arts BENEDICT COXON
Performing Arts EDWARD JOYNER

Fashion
... KIMBERLEY MCDONOUGH and OLIVIA SCOTT
Gaming DANIEL PURVIS

Music CHELSEA SINNOTT
T.V. BRIANNA ROSITANO

Film ASLAN MESBAH, STEPH
WALKER and GENEVIEVE WILLIAMSON
Literature ALICIA MORAW

Produced by PAUL MASON

Directed by BEN HENSCHKE and CLAIRE WALD

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Candidate Information Sessions will be held

Tuesday, 7 August at 12.30 pm
David Spence Room, Adelaide Town Hall

Wednesday, 8 August at 6.30 pm
David Spence Room, Adelaide Town Hall

Thursday, 16 August at 7 pm
Prince Alfred Room, Adelaide Town Hall

**Nominations open Tuesday 14 August.
Nominations close 12 noon, Tuesday 28 August.**