

Adelaide University Student Newspaper
76.2

ON THE

THE FESTIVAL EDITION

Carny or Carnie is a slang term for a carnival employee,[1] as well as the language they employ.[2] A carny is anyone who runs a “joint” (booth), “grab joint” (food stand), game, or ride at a carnival. [1]

- Wikipedia.org

THE FESTIVAL EDITION

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ON DIT

Adelaide University's Student Publication
Volume 76 Edition 2

Thanks to:

The 40 degree heat wave and our office's lack of air conditioning - you make a wonderful couple and we hope you have many more happy years together - CLIMATE CHANGE IS IN THE NOW!

Carnie guy

John (the Mac guy) - You are by far, our sun, moon and star. Thanks for fixing our server. We'll pay you later

Matt for lending us the key

ITS for being a pain in the arse

Clare B for finding us John

Claire K for the sushi and salad

Claire "Waldo" Wald for everything general and the t-shirts

Ben for fielding constant questions

Friends and loved ones for putting up with us, generally understanding and providing us with food

Free ticket providers (Mardi in particular, Festival shows are reeeally expensive and she let us experience some of the best)

Chaperones to shows (good and especially bad)

Clara for trying to organise the photoshoots

And of course, our beloved sub-eds!

P.S Props to Phatt Natty O's iceblock looting skillz

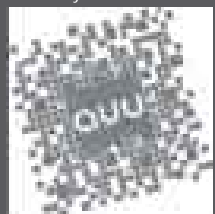
On Dit is a publication of the Adelaide University Union. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors, The University of Adelaide or the Adelaide University Union..but one thing we can all agree on.. March in Adelaide is PARTY TIME!

Cover. "A Festivus for the Rest of Us" with The Space Cowboy

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Thanks to the Space Cowboy for being our cover model. The Space Cowboy, sideshow extraordinaire and freakshow historian, has collected the odd and the unusual from over 40 countries, and for the first time his magnificently grandiloquent mutations of anatomy has been displayed to the public at the Garden of Unearthly Delights. To find out more about the Space Cowboy and his Mutant Barnyard visit www.myspace.com/mutantmuseums

On Dit:
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LETTERS

Sorry Dude!

Quick apology to Sean Stockham whose article on Nine Inch Nails in the previous edition was accidentally published under my own name. Begging forgiveness, setting the record straight,

Alison Coppe
(Music Sub-Ed)

Dear Readers,

I am writing on behalf of the University Senior College to raise awareness of our participation in the World's Greatest Shave Day, a fundraiser for the Leukaemia Foundation.

Five members of the school are having their heads shaved to raise money for the Foundation. We are aiming to raise \$1,000 per head, to support research and buy medical equipment.

A close family friend of mine died from leukaemia early last year, leaving behind a young family. Her death gave me an insight into the pain and heratache of leukaemia sufferers and their families.

Time is running short to raise funds, which will go directly to the Foundation. There is no pressure on you to donate, but if you do feel free to send to the University Senior College or contact the Student Counsellor, Nadia Lovett, on 8223 7000.

Thankyou for considering my plea.

Esther C.
(Year 11 student at USC)

To Whom It May Concern,

We are two backpackers travelling through South East Asia during our university break*. Throughout our travels in countries such as Indonesia, Philippines, Malaysia and Thailand we have experienced and witnessed varying degrees of poverty and government corruption, though none so bad as in Cambodia.

The problems in Cambodia are frustratingly numerous and colossal. The legacy of the Khmer Rouge regime is still rampant in the streets, with amputee and land mine victims reduced to beggars on the street, and orphaned children fending for themselves. Furthermore, lack of capital and international concern will soon see the remnants of the Khmer Rouge regime, such as the Choung Ek Killing Fields and the Tuol Sleng S-21 torture facility become delapidated and forgotten. Unfortunately, just as the world passively watched on as the Khmer Rouge killed and estimated 1-2 million Cambodians, it will continue to look on as the history becomes forgotten.

Nowhere else in Asia have we seen such a transparently corrupt and impotent government than here in Cambodia. The Prime Minister himself is a former member of the Khmer Rouge, and rules his people appropriately. Hun Sen runs a solid propaganda machine in rural Cambodia to guarantee the uneducated vote, and where he faces criticism, he responds with assassinations and threat. The government continues to make money from illegitimate investments and bribes, while the people continue to suffer from injustice and inferior infrastructure across the board.

One sad and current example is the Boeng Kak lake and lakeside area, the traditional backpacking area with budget accommodation, eateries and bars. This has been good for the people around

the lakeside having created jobs, community and livelihood. Unfortunately, in light of a recent foreign investment oppurutunity, the government have approved plans for the lake to be filled in for development, irrespective of the fact that the move goes against Cambodian law and constitution. Many of the lakeside guesthouses will be forced to not only shut down and make redundant all staff but also sell their property for unfairly low prices. Furthermore, peasantry who live, work and farm on the river will be evicted and moved to live in a newly constructed ghetto.

In a country where poverty runs so rampantly, foreign investment seems like an appropriate gateway to provide wealth for the people in the form of employment, and a greater flow of tourism. Sadly, this is not the case. This development will see the lake drained of 80 of it's 90 ha, having devastating results on the environment as well as its people. The lake acts as a drainage point for the cities excess rain and to remove such a large portion of the lake would mean that Phnom Penh could flood with even minimal amounts of rain. These environemental concerns are ones which have not been fully researched or taken into consideration by the government.

The reason such environmental concerns have not been taken into account is because of the large profits that stand to be made by members of the Cambodian People's Party (CPP), specifically Loa Meng Khin, who is not only the director of the company Shukaku inc., who have been given the lease to the lake, but also a CPP senator. Such corruption demonstrates the nature of the social situation in Cambodia, where the upper class is allowed to stay rich and powerful, while the lower echelons of society continue to struggle with little hope of improving their social standard. Perhaps this development could all be called a small sacrifice for the

benefit of the greater good of Phnom Penh, but due to the fact that the moves to fill in the lake for development are technically illegal and against Cambodian constitution, all it can be called is an injustice.

2001 Land Law states that "lakes are state public property and cannot be sold", and Article 8 of the 1996 Law on Environmental Protection and Natural Resource Management reads: "The natural resources of the Kingdom of Cambodia, which include land, water, airspace, air [...] shall be conserved, developed, and managed and used in a rational and sustainable manner".

Throughout learning and witnessing all of these things - the decay of a countries histories and museums, the extent of poverty in a country with so much potential and most importantly the blatant corruption of an allegedly democratic government - I have to ask myself; how long can we, the western people, sit and watch. The west purportedly stands for freedom, liberty, democracy and human rights, yet one travels through Asia and sees that much that could be being done, is not. We realize that the situation in Cambodia is perhaps beyond helping in some ways, but in many, it is not.

With the correct ethical foreign investment and perhaps the right political and popular pressure, much could be done to help the Cambodian people. In this letter we urge you to use whatever power you are capable of, whether it be publishing this letter or further investigating the discussed problems in Cambodia. Don't let this injustice continue when you have the power to stunt it.

John de Jong and Justin Kentish
(History Students at Adelaide University)

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*this was written during the university break

Dear the SRC,

I read with some interest the recent Position Descriptions that were released. I must admit to being more than a little disappointed. I had become disillusioned with the SAUA and was greatly excited that we were finally replacing it with something that, by all accounts, promised to usher in a new and much improved era of student representation and advocacy.

It was with growing dismay that I read through the position descriptions and came to the startling realisation (though, in retrospect, it shouldn't surprise me at all) that two groups at the university shall be under-represented - if they're represented at all.

Mature-age students have no particular representation on the SRC - despite every other special-interests group of students gaining a position.

More worryingly for myself, if you belong to the supposed majority of students - straight white men - you are

unrepresented. Sure, there's an Education Officer and a Welfare Officer - but they do not represent the unique difficulties faced by straight, white men.

For those who would refute this fact, please consider that males between 15 and 24 are 4 times more likely to commit suicide than females in the same age bracket - this increases to 5 times more likely between 20 and 24. Suicide is the second leading external cause of death in 15-24 year olds. The rate of youth male suicide has been increasing over the past few decades. The rate of youth female suicide has been decreasing.

Men face difficulties that are not faced by women. Much as women are we are pressured by society to adopt certain beliefs and behaviours. Beliefs and behaviours that may not reflect our own. Do these students not deserve the same level of advocacy as other students shall be receiving? Or in an attempt to help other students will these students be left to face their own problems, unsupported and unwanted?

Daniel O'Brien

In 2008, UNICEF and the University of Adelaide are working together with the introduction of a new program. The UNICEF University Liaison Officer (ULO) Program is specifically designed for students who want to get involved with a worthwhile cause and experience international charity, without sacrificing study or extracurricular commitments. Sometimes the world's problems seem to outweigh the solutions; the UNICEF ULO Program is an easy and effective way to make a difference. With varying forms and levels of commitment, we're positive you'll find something to suit your hectic uni schedule. If you're feeling curious about this cause or would like to show your support, check out our website or send us an email.

The UNICEF ULO Program is a great way to get involved with campus life, meet like-minded people and make new friends. Hope to see you all around!

Your Adelaide Uni UNICEF ULOs

For more information, email ua.ulos@gmail.com, or visit <http://www.unicefulo.org.au/> and follow the links.

Last Friday the 14th of March two students and three staff members from the University Senior College, a senior secondary school in Adelaide shaved their heads as part of the World's Greatest Shave, a fundraiser for the Leukaemia Foundation.

We would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge the generosity of the University Senior College community for their sponsorship and support. Special thanks go to San Remo Pasta, and the following Charles Plaza businesses EFM Physiotherapy, HR Ladies & Mens Hairdressers, Blue Lemon, Fresh on Charles, Johnnies and the Chinese Asian Gourmet.

Nadia Lovett

Our next deadline is April 21st. If you would like to write for us please send your enquiries or articles before this date.

Love us or love us not,
we want your feedback!
Please send your responses to
ondit@adelaide.edu.au

dear mike of mike and tj fame, as I peruse on dit on the flipped o'week side I notice you telling me where and where not to drink. I would like to object to my beloved shotz being defamed in such a fashion to be featured on the negative side. I demand a retraction in the next issue. kthxbi

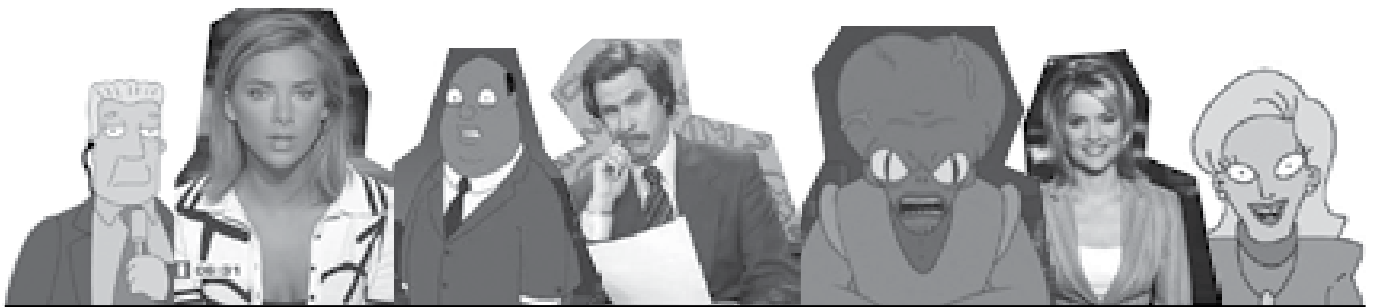
A text message from Shotz Jess
***Eds - A retraction ain't goin' to happen!*

*Sexy, naughty 76
year old seeking
young, fun, intelligent
company. in large
numbers for good
time...*



Respond to: ondit@adelaide.edu.au

Next edition is the Sexuality Edition so look out for it guys!



NEWS

Welcome once again to the News, *On Dit*-style. This edition is themed "Festival", so as well as the hard-hitting news that matters, I'm going to devote some space to the delightful frivolities which are South Australia's claim to number-plate fame.

The Fringe made headlines last fortnight when it equalled its previous record ticket sales for the entire festival three days before the opening night party. It can safely be assumed that it went on to smash its record, thus silencing the critics of the decision to go annual. Your correspondent attended the opening night party, and was impressed by the crowds, and their complete control of the roads, even those not officially closed. The party was again cause for controversy as protestors longing for a parade staged a mock protest with signs such as, "My other placard is a banner" and "Nothing to see here". This reporter can see scope for the parade as an opening to the party, thus accommodating everyone except the Clipsal 500 goers.

This year the 'Clipsal' was blessed with cool and largely fine weather. This is not to say the action was any less hot than in previous years. Indeed, V8 Racing claimed its first victim in its 23-year history (RIP). This occurred in the same week as two high-speed crashes which resulted in deaths. One was in Holden Hill, and the other just up the road from your correspondent's church in Lockleys. They are now discussing speed restrictions in the area, as though that would have saved their lives. Your intrepid journalist draws no link between the V8 role models and the crashes, but suspects others may.

Being the dutiful *On Dit* writer he is, this journalist also managed to drag himself down to the opening of the Adelaide Festival on North Tce. While he was a bit disappointed, he blames a teenage desire for immediate and constant gratification and his distance from the action rather than any lack of intrinsic worth on the part of the performers. The lights which currently adorn our 'cultural boulevard' each night are truly spectacular and well worth a look for anyone who hasn't yet. They are on every night of the Adelaide Bank (bless their local hearts) Festival and change every five minutes. *On Dit* may yet procure free tickets to WOMAD or prompt him to Writers' Week, but what with the Fringe, the lines at UniBooks and the eager anticipation of a move out of home, this writer might find it difficult to attend many more functions himself. All the more reason for all you non-drone *On Dit* readers to get out there and live Adelaide!

To the future of festival now and Prime Minister Rudd has announced that we are to bid for the 2018 World Cup. In his preliminary prospectus, Adelaide was omitted as a potential venue. This sports-ambivalent sees perfectly why this should be so and suggests that AAMI, with a lick of paint, might be fine for one or two preliminary matches, training and maybe hosting a minor team. But to build a brand-spanking new stadium with a capacity of 80,000+ seems slightly over the top, given that we may fill it once, twice, thrice and pay its maintenance for ever more. (Lest it turn out like the dilapidated grandstand in Victoria Park: anyone thought of turning it into a racing museum and borrowing Phar Lap's heart?)

Glancing at our neighbours over the border and Brian Burke is still causing new Prime Minister Kevin Rudd some angst. While it is a little disturbing, the lengths the man seems to be prepared to go to in order to get his hands on power, I think he deserves a shot at it now. Give the man a break and save it up for the next election campaign.

In Melbourne they are just as obsessed with their rate of development as we are. Having just journeyed there, this traveller can report that foreshore redevelopment in St Kilda (see: Glenelg), a tollway from east-west across the north of the city (see: South Road) and the dredging of the Port Phillip Bay deep water channel (see: enlargement of Mt. Bold reservoir) are all hotly debated with much the same arguments as in Adelaide.

From Canberra we have the huge success that was Sorry Day, marred slightly by an inappropriate response from our first-ever single-digit-popularity Leader of the Opposition. But we know he was between a rock and a hard place, so lay off him, guys! In other political news, Julia Gillard is fast becoming your correspondent's favourite politician. For an insight into why, look up 'crikeymedia' on YouTube and watch their videos of her dealing with WorkChoices paraphernalia. Utterly hilarious. I'm sure there's something happening in Sydney, but unless it's an Olympic Games or a riot, we don't hear about it over here. Same goes for the other capital cities. Better luck next edition!

To the world now, and Mr. Obama is finally putting us all out of our misery and starting to lead Hillary. May this finally come to a conclusion! In Kenya talks are, at the time of writing, wrapping up and a government agreed to by all parties being formed. In Pakistan, elections have been held, and while this Wiki-fan can't find a name, the new President is sure to have been informed of his/her new job. In Russia, cheap food and free movie tickets are being used to encourage people to vote in the up coming elections.

And that's all I could cram onto the page. Next edition is themed Sexuali-Dit, which should be as interesting for us as it is for you. See you then, faithful reader!

Eric Smith
eric.f.smith@student.adelaide.edu.au

Adelaide's Festival Frenzy: Too much of a good thing?

Media Watch

Well, it seems the old adage "It never rains but it pours" is especially applicable to festivals in Adelaide. Not only has the fabulous Fringe descended upon us in a wave of live shows, kooky costumes, and fantastic performers, but the Clipsal roared (literally) through our lives, WOMAdelaide danced, sang and partied from side to side of the Botanic Park, Writer's Week brought the world's best and brightest authors to talk in small hot tents and Adelaide Bank's Festival of Arts sat tastefully in the corner and charged a fortune for punters to see select acts. The end of February and the month of March are busy times to be in Adelaide, but the question must be asked: just who has the time, money or energy to see all of these wonderful events? And doesn't putting all of these events on at more or less the same time inhibit their success because of this fact?

The Fringe opening night party was a great free event to be at, despite the crowds and the rainy weather. One group called "Seeds of change", an environmental group advocating organically grown plants took people for "rides" in a car composed of a wooden frame covered in growing plants. While walking in a car like Fred Flinstone isn't the most exciting way to get around the packed Rundle Street, it certainly got people's attention. The Garden of Unearthly Delights was packed, and live bands like I Heart Hiroshima and The Presets revved the crowd up to great effect and retained their audience, even when it starting bucketing down. But while this great night rocked on, the Clipsal 500 second night show was chugging away, with headlining acts Powderfinger, Kiss Chasy, Expatriate and Special Patrol attracting a large crowd. With an estimated 40,000 people in the city, and large numbers at the Clipsal, I wondered if there were any people in Adelaide not at these events. Publicity in the media was evenly split between events, although the ten year anniversary adverts for the Clipsal took slightly greater prominence. However while there seems to be no obvious bias, there is a media preference for larger and more spectacular shows and performances, over smaller and lesser known ones. This may seem obvious, for smaller shows have correspondingly smaller budgets, inhibiting their public outreach. However it's worth keeping in mind when making decisions on what to go and when, that the most publicized event may not always be the best for you.

One show that attracted rave reviews, despite the strangeness of its style was "The smile off your face" by Belgian theatre company Ontroerend Goed (or "feel estate"). This theatrical experience is almost entirely based on arousing the audience members' sense of hearing, smell, taste and touch, while leaving them blindfolded and leading them in a wheel chair one at a time. Some experiences include being wheeled through rooms filled with incense, being fed chocolate and marzipan and talking to people in strange costumes. The emphasis, Ontroerend Goed insists on their official website, is that of removing the passive viewer out of the spectator, and forcing them to use their imagination to "fill in the blanks" of what is happened around them. While I'm not sure I would sign myself up for such loss of self control, I can see what my brother Jamie might be raving about when he came back from this experience. But for this avante garde theatre

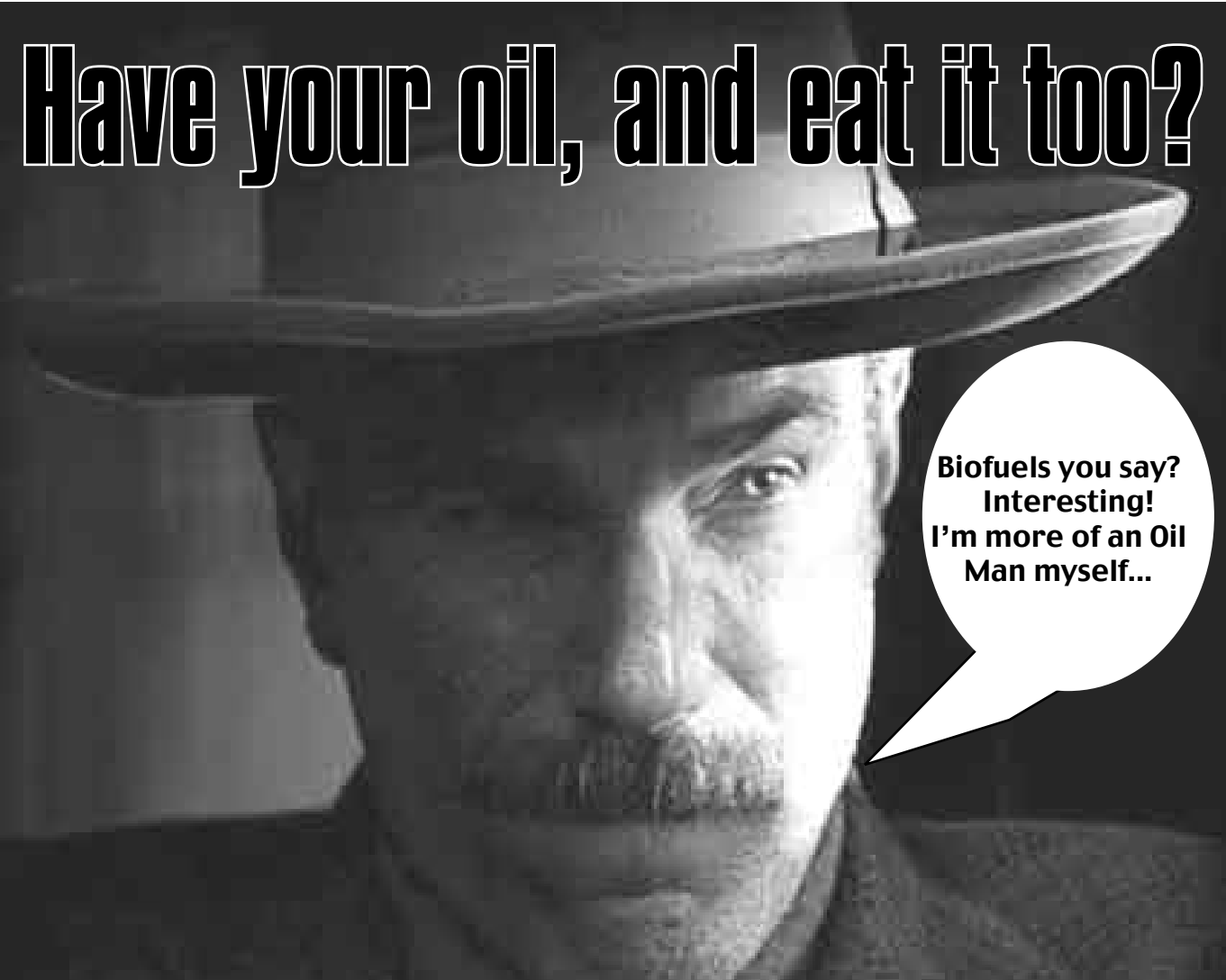
company, loss of control and sensory arousal is the whole point. Other experimental theatrical performances that were slightly more publicized included the ever popular La Clique, the burlesque turned circus turned comedic show. Festival regulars often attract their own niche audiences, rarely needing to overly advertise their presence to gain a following. Camille has established a strong reputation due to her presence at past Adelaide Cabaret festivals and has attracted such a strong following here that most of her shows sold out completely. I was lucky enough to get a ticket in time, and boy, was I impressed by her amazing vitality as a singer, the richness of the works covered and her ability to take the audience on a whirlwind ride of different characters and stories, the audience crying and laughing with her.

The media helps us make important decisions on what to see and do and what not to, simply by saturating us with promotions regarding larger shows, and leaving smaller shows virtually nothing more than a line in the guide. Shows such as Frank Woodley's solo act "Possessed" was widely advertised in print, radio and television, although many viewers commented that his show was barely more than controlled slapstick. Publicity during the Fringe also favours interstate and overseas acts, including Edinburgh Fringe hit shows, popular comedians and shows with adequately large budgets. I always pity local acts performing during the Fringe in a way. While interstate and overseas visitors can be attracted to the Fringe, the sheer volume of performers often means that cheaper (although not always), local acts are ignored by permanent residents of Adelaide in favour of more exotic, popular and unusual acts, who are often better advertised. It is generally better for most Adelaide theatrical troupes to hold off performing until the Fringe and the other festivals have calmed down to ensure any audience at all.

Some local shows can rise above their humble status and achieve popular success. One great show "Centrelink: The Musical" is one example of a brilliant show determined to shine over the visiting theatrical heavy weights by selling out all shows. Local comedians such as Mark Trenwith with his show "Danger" achieved critical acclaim and the interactive eatery murder mystery game "Death by Chocolate" also sold out due to popular demand. So it is certainly not all bad news. However perhaps next time the festival season arrives, you may want to consider the difference between what you want to experience, and what you are being told to want.

Genevieve Williamson

Have your oil, and eat it too?



Biofuels you say?
Interesting!
I'm more of an Oil
Man myself...

FOOD VERSUS ENERGY - THE BIOFUELS DILEMMA

Nine of the ten biggest companies in the world rely directly on the oil industry. The names are all familiar: Exxon-Mobil, Shell, BP, Toyota, General Motors - empires of the oil age unbounded by national boundaries, and sometimes, ethical considerations. People who have made their fortunes from this fossilised wealth find it a difficult habit to kick, which is why a statement from General Motor's Chief Executive so surprising: oil is running out. In an industry first, the car maker heavyweight said the unthinkable at the petrol-heady Detroit motor show: that peak oil is here and the switch to ethanol and electricity is inevitable¹. Peak oil has until now been a theory for fringe academics and geologists, and although the idea that the world is running out of oil is simple in essence, setting a date for the all crucial half-way point has been a controversial task. Estimates vary between now and 2040. And with oil prices hovering just under \$100 dollars a barrel, the temptation to burn food instead, in the form of biofuels, is greater than ever before. The implications of this on drivers' wallets may be painful, but it is the fortunes of the third world that hang in the balance.

The idea of peak oil doesn't seem like anything to lose sleep over - after all, if we are only half way through the supplies, we don't have to suffer public transport just yet. But the immutable geophysics of oil reservoirs means that the second half doesn't come easily. Hence the supply per day slows; whilst the world's seemingly insatiable demand continues to rise. Demand is currently 84 million barrels per

day and rising, whilst supply hasn't budged for four years. Geologists are quick to remind us that there's plenty of oil around: the problem is that it's no longer in great thumping pools close to the surface. Instead, it's locked solid in the oil sands of Canada, deep below the ocean or in small, disparate deposits.²

Current high prices, however, are due to a combination of factors, geopolitics being a big one. A war in Iraq, instability in Nigeria, administrations hostile to the west in Iran and Venezuela - all spell bad news for oil consumers. In fact, high oil prices seems to be doing wonders for the friendship of Venezuelan president Hugo Chavez and Iranian president Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. On top of the international politicking, skittish traders buy and sell oil in commodity markets around the world, causing many of the daily fluctuations seen at the bowser. One person who doesn't mind the price of petrol is former Exxon CEO Lee Raymond, who in 2005 took a \$350 million retirement package, testimony to healthy bottom lines in the oil industry³.

There is nothing particularly novel about biofuels: wood heats the homes of some 2 billion people every day. During petrol shortages in the Second World War, vehicles in Britain and Germany were partly powered by potato and grain distillates. Biofuel can be produced from almost any vegetable matter using the fermentation process, although in practice crops such as wheat, corn, sugar beet and sugar cane are almost always used. In theory, biofuels... (cont. over the page)



University Senior College Joins in Australia's Biggest Fundraising Event: The World's Greatest Shave.

Leukaemia Foundation

**WORLD'S
GREATEST
SHAVE.**



Leukaemia Foundation

VISION TO CURE
MISSION TO CARE



Nadia, Igor & Candy

Staff members: Igor, Candy and Nadia and students Alistair and Michael will be shaving their heads on Friday the 14th of March at 12.30 in support of this worthy cause.

University Senior College is a Senior Secondary School which caters for Year 11 and 12 students and is affiliated with The University of Adelaide.

Since 1998, World's Greatest Shave has raised in excess of \$67 million for the Leukaemia Foundation. 2008 is the 10th anniversary of the World's Greatest Shave.

Each year around 100,000 people across the country pledge to shave or colour their hair to raise funds for the Foundation.

Money raised will care for patients and families

living with leukaemias, lymphomas, myeloma and related blood disorders.

The Foundation sets an international benchmark in the care and support of patients and their families. We also fund cutting edge research into better treatments and cures through our National Research Program helping to improve survival rates for adults and children.

Nadia Lovett
USC School Counsellor

We are hoping to raise at least \$1000 per person for the foundation.

So here's how you can be part of the event....If you would like to make a donation please contact Lee at the school on 82237000 or contact the Leukaemia Foundation on 1800 500 088. Cash, cheques, visa payments accepted. All donations over \$2 are tax deductible.

...are carbon neutral - the carbon released when burned is equal to the carbon taken in when grown, however, the energy used by the agricultural industry and distillery processes makes this equation less favorable⁴. What the enthusiasts are waiting for, then, is a second generation of biofuels, which will be made not just from food crops but any plant tissue at all. Algae, lawn clippings, wheat chaff, old growth rainforest - a method for their conversion to fuels is under development, and CSIRO researchers claim they will have a pilot plant running within two years⁵.

But until such technology has been mastered, the push to burn food is growing. Wheat, corn and sugar prices are at record highs as western nations endeavour to replace shaky petroleum supplies with ethanol. Food prices are at record highs, but peculiarly, they are at record highs at a time of record supply. In fact, last year the world grew 1.66 billion tonnes of cereals, a record despite the drought in Australia. The reason for the price hike then has nothing to do with supply. Instead, its cause is both a sudden surge in the consumption of meat in increasingly wealthy China and India (it takes a lot of grain to feed a cow), and the biofuels bonanza, pushed along by subsidies and targets in Europe and the USA. According to the World Bank, a single refuel of a SUV is enough to feed a person for a year⁶.

Higher food prices are not necessarily a disaster though. 2.5 billion of the world's poor depend on rural farming for a living in one way or another. If they receive higher prices for their efforts in

the fields, that's more spending power to them. The poorest countries are primarily agrarian, so higher prices may provide the poverty alleviation that has been so slow in materialising. But not surprisingly, the impact of higher food prices is highly variable, and in early February, 75 000 protesters hit the streets of Mexico City after tortilla prices quadrupled.⁷ The Italians launched a boycott of pasta in their own moment of demonstration. The free market is a brutally blunt instrument and it is likely that many urban poor will be caught by the food pricing predicament.

So in a world where food and oil are interchangeable, the price of peak oil may well be starvation for some. For the others, poor farmers who have struggled to find decent product markets for years, the outlook is sunny. Whether the gains offset the losses on the swings and roundabouts of free market agriculture will depend on the policies of individual governments.

David Kaczan

(Footnotes)

¹Dowling, J (2008) 'General embraces electrics as oil slips away', *The Age*, 15th January
²Jonathan Holmes (2006) Four Corners: Peak Oil, ABC Television, first broadcast 10th July
³Schwartz, N and Birger, J (2006) 'Slick operators', *Fortune*, 18th May, available online: http://money.cnn.com/magazines/fortune/fortune_archive/2006/05/29/6378002/index.htm

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AUU WATCH

After the kerfuffle about suspension I mentioned last week, the Board finally concluded that there had in fact been a 2/3rds majority in the vote to suspend the President. So the suspension proceeded as normal...not that I'd ever suggest something like this was normal for the Board.

A meeting on Thursday 21st February was called to decide the issue of the Presidency before O'Week so that there was no confusion during Orientation ('cause I'm sure no-one's confused about this now). A huge range of arguments were put forward by Board members and involved non-members alike. Hannah Frank (former Board member and Dit-licious sub-editor) was particularly vocal about keeping David, along with Simone McDonnell and Claire Wong. Lavinia Emmett-Gray, Matthew Taylor and Andreas Munoz-Lamilla (President of the Sports Association) were the main speakers in favour of electing a new President. The arguments were:

In favour of keeping David as President:

- The Board is not prepared for a new President
- There is no-one who can take over the role effectively - David has already proved that he can do the job.
- There's no-one on the board who could do better
- The rest of the Board doesn't realise the work involved. David is doing a lot of work that they don't know about, and they aren't aware of the good work he does.
- It will damage relations with the Uni - they will not want to fund a Board that's not credible or sustainable.
- So many of the AUU staff are new that there will be no-one left with an understanding of what to do, and with new staff there needs to be stability more than ever.
- It makes the board look incompetent and unhealthy [author's note: this was particularly important with O'Week - the major membership drive for the year - approaching]
- The point isn't whether there were problems or not, everyone acknowledges that there were. The point is the Board's survival.
- If he had to stand down as President, the Kevin07 block mount in the President's office would have to leave with him.

In favour of electing a new President:

- The board needs a leader who will communicate with them - previously the actions of the President were not reflecting the direction of the Board as a whole
- David does not care enough about the Board.
- The reputation of the board is not an issue, their actions are. Sacking a President who is seen as incompetent shows that the Board is actually taking an interest in their direction and has the strength to do something about it.
- The fact that there is no-one prepared to take over is an indication that there needs to be a new president - a president should communicate with their VP in a manner that makes it possible for them to take over if necessary.
- The majority of the affiliates actually support a new president (the Presidents of four affiliates were there and said this outright).
- University funding is attached to key performance outcomes, not the identity of the president.
- If he had to stand down as President, the Kevin07 block mount in the President's office would have to leave with him.

The motion to sack the President was (eventually) carried, but the election of a new President was postponed until after O'Week so that the six absent Board members (David Wilkins, Yang Shen, Zhen Ji, Zheng Lim, Tom McDougall and Simon LePoidevin) had a chance to be involved.

This meant that an interim president had to be elected to fill the role until O'Week, as Emilio was finding it taxing after a month and a half. Simone and Lavinia both nominated for the position. Simone ran on the platform that she knew what was going on with O'Week, but that her presence was not necessary due to the exceptional work of the O'Week directors. Lavinia argued that Simone would be overstretched between O'Week and the Board, whereas she could take care of the Board while Simone looked after O'Week. The board voted in favour of Lavinia, who is now EI Interim Presidente. The election of a new President looks set for March 13th.

Lavinia and Emilio (as VP) both seem to think that the Union is still functioning well without David in the hot seat. When I asked Emilio how things were going after the change in President, he appeared tired of all



the politics, though still positive. "It's all starting to die down now, which is good." Lavinia was looking more to the future, and the direction of the board from here. "It's a good board, despite what everyone thinks", she said.

This echoes what I'd been told by a whole range of Board members during the holidays. Many of them appear to think that once they're sure about who's President and where their money's coming from, everything will work well (someone to give money and someone to give orders, what else does a Board member need?)

Lavinia has declared O'Week a success, with a great turnout over the four days. The Clubs area and the bar area on the Barr Smith Lawns both did a reasonable trade over the week, and four people volunteered for White-or-otherwise Fear on every day, which is apparently a sign of a healthy student culture. By the same report, Skullduggery 'did great', although it lacked some of the 'Adelaide Uni flavour' that it had when it was in the Cloisters.

All up, it looks like the Board will be moving forward from here, although no-one seems entirely certain what they're moving forward with. By the next issue, there should be a President chosen for the rest of the year, and we will hopefully start to see some of the wonders promised to us during elections last year.

For more AUU goodness:
adelaidestudentpolitics.blogspot.com

Hannah Mattner

Disclaimer: I campaigned for Matt Taylor during student elections last year, but this does not affect the content of this article.

Acting President's Address

First of all, I'd like to congratulate everyone involved in O'Week for such a fantastic success (**Eds - especially On Dit for the AWESOME O'Guide), from the fabulous and voluntary O'Week Directors, Sophie and Thu, to the random guy who won Brown Fear by vomiting in his opponent's dreadlocks. O'Week is a great time for demonstrating what campus culture is all about - friends, beer, sunny days and a spattering of masochism.

For those of you that chose to become members of the Adelaide University Union, I salute you. Speaking to general students in O'Week, the response of support was overwhelming. It's a pretty basic concept. The AUU provides you with events like O'Week, with participation through Clubs and Sports, with support services through the Education Welfare Officers, with representation through the Student Representation Council and much more. It's not just about all the fab deals you get with your Ambassador Card. It's about giving back to the student community that provides for you. At the end of the day, your \$20 membership fee will come back to you in the form of cheaper gym membership, free members only events, or general feelings of enlightenment.*

Congratulations also to Matt Taylor for being elected Clubs President in the recent Annual General Meeting. Clubs has recently relocated to the Ground Floor of the Lady Symon Building and anyone who spent time up on Hughes Plaza during O'Week will have noticed the buzz and energy up there. I wish Matt the best of luck in his new role.

If you would like to contact me with any comments, queries or expressions of adoration you can email me: lavinia.emmett-grey@adelaide.edu.au

Best of luck for the new academic year!

*The AUU does not guarantee enlightenment with your \$20 Membership

AUU Acting President
Lavinia Emmett-Grey

**Eds - lovin' the "Studio 2000" shot! #P



Clubs Association

It has been a while since you last heard from the Clubs Association, so below for those who are unaware or have forgotten, is a handy definition.

Adelaide University Clubs Association Noun (Abbr: Clubs Association or CA)

The Clubs Association is a federation of non-sporting clubs from the North Terrace, Waite, Roseworthy and Thebarton campuses. It provides information and administrative support to clubs, as well as being a contact point. It offers financial assistance and promotion for clubs by bringing them to the attention of the University proper.

In 2008 you can look forward to a greater club presence on campus. The CA's relocation earlier this year to the Ground Floor, Lady Symon Building (just off the Cloisters) means we are (after

the last few years in exile) in a position to provide services to clubs. From facilities and resources to financial and administrative assistance, the Clubs Association is setting the stage for a big year.

The CA facilitates club activities from the smallest BBQ to the largest of the clubs' annual events. Additionally, the CA hosts and organizes a number of special events, such as the Clubs Orientation Week (located on Hughes Plaza, it was a huge success for clubs this year), Clubs Week and Awards Nights. We are also working to provide clubs and all students on campus an engaging and exiting year.

So in between your lectures look out for the latest club event. There is at least one event run every week by clubs on campus, so join in the fun!

Matthew Taylor
President
Adelaide University Clubs Association



Foreign Affairs

The World is going Ape-shit!

The past month has seen lots of international action - the assassination attempt on the East Timor President, the controversial birth of the new nation of Kosovo and the tense continuation of the Democratic contest for the presidential nomination (At the time of writing Obama seems to have the upper hand). With so much going on it's hard to decide what to include as sadly there's only limited space, so I've tried to include a bit of everything. In later editions I think I will have more of a focus on certain regions with a bit more depth given to each issue, but for now enjoy reading stories from all over the place!

An assassination attempt is always a headline grabber, and this was certainly the case on February 11 when rebels took fire on East Timor President Jose Ramos-Horta. Ramos-Horta, who was shot in the stomach three times in the attack at his home near Dili, was taken to Darwin where he was put into an induced coma. He is set to make a full recovery, and in the meantime Prime Minister Xanana Gusmao, who was also attacked, has taken charge of the country. Alfredo Reinado, leader of the rebel movement, was killed during the incident. He had been arrested in 2006 for possession of fire arms and later for charges of attempted murder, but managed to escape prison with 50 other inmates. He had been on the run ever since, proving to be a headache for the country's government. At the time of the attack, he had been demanding that foreign troops leave East Timor, and that his own troops (who had been sacked from the army by the previous government) be reinstated. Analysts are not agreed on the catalyst for the violence - one theory is that it was Reinado's upcoming murder trial in March that triggered the attack. Ramos-Horta however had promised to pardon Reinado, so it may be some time before it is known what really caused the ambush. Prime Minister Rudd flew to Dili the day after his Stolen Generation apology, showing the gravity of the situation. Australia has been actively involved in the small nation since Indonesia withdrew in 1999 (although we share a much longer history than that), the same year as the international deployment to the Balkans. It has almost been a decade since that

NATO led intervention into Kosovo following violence between the KLA and Serbian forces. The former Serbian controlled territory has just become independent, but only in the eyes of some nations and international bodies. Serbia of course has strong objections to the move, as do other states such as Russia and Spain who hold fears about it setting a precedent for separatists within their own borders. Serbian authorities have threatened to expel diplomats from nations recognizing Kosovo and also to withdraw its own representatives from these countries. Australia has recognized Kosovo's sovereignty, and as a result we look set to lose our Serbian ambassador from Canberra. Violence has flared in Serbia, despite the President's official condemnation and regular protests have been held. The entire region is incredibly complex, with a rather confusing landscape of large ethnic groups living between artificial borders. Some commentators have predicted further disintegration of current state lines but that remains to be seen. Regardless, problems in the Balkan region look to continue into the foreseeable future.

On a lighter note, Ghana has just finished playing host to the African Cup. Despite being knocked out by Cameroon in the semi-finals, the celebrations and party atmosphere continued in the West African nation. 'Fan Zones', where large groups would gather to watch the action on big screens, were almost as exciting as actually being in the stadiums, with DJs and dance parties into the night. Egypt ended up taking out the cup over Cameroon, to the relief of many Ghanaians. Ghana had four new stadiums for the event, and received widespread praise for their organisational efforts. The event has focused attention on the issue of a 'leg drain' from Ghana however. Many talented members of the 'Black Stars' leave the local competition to play for overseas leagues (quite like the situation in Australia when you think about it), with only 3 players staying in Ghana. In comparison, 18 of the 23 Egyptian players are returning to play in their home country.

And as for the token strange story of the week (as reported on the BBC), a pretty unusual wedding recently took place in Sudan. A man was caught having 'sexual relations' with

a goat, after his neighbour was awoken by loud noises in the night. The neighbour, a man named Alifi, rushed outside where he tied up the offender before going to council elders for advice on the problem. The elders had some interesting instructions - "They said I should not take him to the police, but rather let him pay a dowry for my goat because he used it as his wife" said Alifi. The amorous gentleman was forced to pay 15 000 Sudanese Dinars (around \$50) and now has the pleasure of being able to live with his spouse.

Finally, I thought I would mention that Castro did in fact retire as President of Cuba this month, with his brother Raul now officially taking over as head of state. The announcement fuelled discussions about the future direction of the regime, but most analysts agreed that the senior Castro will continue to hold influence over political decisions and that Raul will be very cautious with any reforms. Whilst I'm adding onto stories from the last edition, further controversy has erupted around the Beijing Olympics. Stephen Spielberg resigned as artistic director in protest against China's lack of action in trying to end the violence in the Darfur region of Sudan. In response International Olympic Committee members have publicly stated that awarding the games to China will actually help improve the country's human rights situation, by putting the spotlight onto the state. IOC official Francois Carrard commented to a BBC journalist "I wouldn't be sitting here talking to you if China had not been awarded the Games - there is interest from the media and people concerned by what are very important issues." He also used the opportunity to criticize Spielberg's actions - "I respect what Mr Spielberg says but, respectfully, I totally disagree with him."

Barbara Klompenhouwer



Why Feminists Should Support Polygamy

Heard of Gary Becker? If you like interesting and quirky theories, you should have. Becker, however, is more than a philosopher. He won the Nobel Prize for Economics in 1992, so he's no pushover on the mathematics behind it all. Furthermore, he's considered a political conservative, so you'd be hard-pressed to dismiss this as nothing more than left-wing theorizing. He's come up with a lot of other great stuff apart from his work on marriage, of which I will attempt to illuminate one small part. In plain English this time, I promise. Shoot me if you see the words 'consumer surplus' or 'welfare maximization'. Although really, is it too much to ask for you all to have economic dictionaries in your phones or something?

But anyway, if you're reading this, it's probably because the title got your attention. Let me first explain my assumptions. I am assuming that feminists are driven solely by self-interest and no higher motive. If this offends, well, I don't intend you to take this too seriously.

Despite the assumption that polygamous societies are ones that oppress their women, polygamy in fact benefits women more than it does men. The logic behind this isn't too difficult once you think about it. As a woman, I want nothing more than to get the best deal possible out of the marriage market. Not all men are of the same quality, and it is vital importance to me to get the best possible man that I can. However, due to the legal and societal restrictions on the types of marriage allowed in countries like Australia, I can only get one shot (or at least one at a time). This is fine by me, as all I really want from a man is children (and a hand raising them), money (his income added to mine should vastly improve our respective standards of living) and a good home environment (by this I mean

a guy who isn't a jackass). Love, companionship and all that jazz are great too if I can get them, but if not, I'd rather a decent contract than a fruitless search that leads to disappointment and embitterment. Say the state then decides to allow women to marry multiple partners. Suddenly, as I have no limits on my 'consumption of men', I find myself competing harder than ever before in the search to attract husbands. Since in a polyandrous society no woman is 'unavailable', men become pickier than ever before in choosing their wife, and the women deemed more attractive attract several husbands while the ones on the bottom of the ladder have great trouble attracting a single husband. Basically, as a woman I lose. If I was a man however, I would gain from such a situation (it might be hard to swallow my pride for a while, but once I got used to it, things would be sweet).

Polyandry is very rare. Historically, polygamy is a recognizable phenomenon, and is still practiced today. This might make it a bit easier to implement in a country such as Australia. Also, as a feminist, I want nothing more than to make things easier for women, at the expense of men if necessary. So I'm inclined to advocate polygamy over polyandry. Say the opposite happens, and the state allows men to marry multiple wives. I'm a female of average intelligence, looks and a mediocre personality, so my odds of attracting a high quality male are less than half. Suddenly however, men aren't as picky anymore. They know they can have several wives, and so are more willing to give me a go. I, on the other hand, am more cautious as I know I can have any man I want who isn't hostile to the idea. I pick the best man I can, the most mature, good-looking, rich one, and settle back to a life of, if not bliss, then one that is certainly preferable over my previous situation. As my

household is likely to have several working adults, specialization and economies of scale result in a higher standard of living for all members. Every additional wife, in other words, makes my life more comfortable, whether it's through another working adult or through someone to help with the housework. Dad men get used to bachelorhood.

From an evolutionary point of view, such a situation is likely to promote the cultivation of preferable characteristics as men with low desirability are less likely to be able to reproduce. Undesirable characteristics in women might take a bit longer to weed out, but given that women have male children, the effect should work with a slight time delay.

Does the theory have flaws? Certainly. I like it though- it's so counterintuitive. Am I oversimplifying? I have a thousand words, what do you expect. Do I want to offend? You bet. Offending you may well be the first step to making you think.

So, let the hate mail begin.
ondit@adelaide.edu.au

(For a more detailed analysis, see Becker's *A Treatise on the Family*. Anyone who has done first-year economics should get the gist of it. It's hard to get through though, so for a more colloquial discussion of the theory go to the appropriate chapter in *The Armchair Economist* by Landsburg.)

Myriam Robin

***Eds - Finance sub editor and advocate of "Free Love: Improving Finances for All"*



This time last year

"I thought I'd have to
sell my soul to make it"

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NAMASTE! ON DIT'S TRAVELLING JOURNALIST ALEX RAINS FROM KATHMANDU, NEPAL!



Kathmandu, as a city is not at all what I was expecting, I was expecting it to have an urban hub with tall buildings and people doing business and then slums but was proven wrong to find that the slums made up the whole city. Thamel - the city hub was the tourist area with The Khatmandu Guesthouse and a Kathmandu institution at the very centre. There are a lot of shops in dense proximity with locals trying to pawn remarkably similar rip-offs of camping gear, bright coloured Nepalese inspired clothes, local instruments and your normal run of watches, nick-nacks and out-of-date food.

My initial reaction of Kathmandu was on my taxi ride from the airport to my guesthouse. The traffic was absolutely insane, for all I could see there were no road rules whatsoever. It was a bizarre, organised chaos with one golden rule; don't hit anyone. Cars were speeding past each other on the right hand side of the road into oncoming traffic and darting back in before some one hit them. There were no lanes to speak of and people on motorbikes and pushbikes were risking their lives, weaving their way through cars and honking their horns continuously.

My main purpose for traveling to Nepal was to go trekking. I trekked on the Annapurna Circuit through the Annapurna Ranges of Nepal. The Annapurna Circuit is widely regarded by trekking communities as the one of, if not the best trek in the world. It is so highly regarded due to the large variation of climate, altitude and terrain as well as having some of the most breathtaking views the world has to offer.

On the circuit, I trekked through sub-tropical, sub-temperate climates up to thick snow and within 3 days back down to tropical again. The altitude varies from 500m up to 5416m above sea level at the top of the Thorung La Pass. A pass is considered to be the

path between two mountains and the Thorung La Pass is the highest pass in the world; an exciting point I didn't realise when I started the trek. The Thorung La Pass is the pinnacle of the trek, it is the point you are walking towards and looking forward to at the start of the journey and the point you are walking away from and talking about when you leave.

I met up with my group in Kathmandu, there would be eleven paying trekkers, made up of eight Brits and three Aussies as well as four guides and five porters making the group size twenty in total and a lot more than I was expecting.

Now as a group of twenty we set off, first by bus, four hours from Kathmandu to a beautiful, old Nepalese town on a hill called Bandipur. We stayed overnight at an inn called the Old Bandipur Inn which has been open for roughly sixty years and people come from all around the world purposely to stay there, due to its history and stunning setting. From Bandipur we went to Besi Sahar where we ditched our bus and let the real trekking begin.

For the next twelve days we trekked through the mountains towards the Thorung La Pass. Each day would consist of waking at seven, breakfast at seven-thirty and set off at eight; we would hike for eight hours including an hour for lunch.

Most of the food in Nepali teahouses is based around a western style menu and are basically the same all the way up the mountain.

The menu mainly consists of Italian dishes, curry, macaroni, rice-based dishes and one traditional Nepali meal; Dal Bhat. Dal Bhat is the one, the only meal eaten in Nepal, eaten twice day at ten am and five pm. Although I did try to stick to Dal Bhat because I enjoy eating local produce and recipes, I was also interested by the Nepali versions of western meals. For instance, Pizza was undercooked bread with BBQ sauce, lots of cheese and unknown ingredients (actually that sounds quite similar to Pizza Haven) served in the same dish you would get sizzling chicken in. Spring rolls were essentially spinach and onion fried, then rolled in bread and fried again. I wasn't game enough to try the Hot and Sour Egg Drop Soup or the Tuna Lasagna. Because tuna comes in a can and doesn't go off it seems to have made its way into every dish.

After about five days of trekking we came across our first snow. It was pretty exciting because I've been an Adelaide boy all my life and had never seen snow (Mt Thebarton doesn't count). As exciting as it was seeing snow at first, it lost its appeal quite quickly. Sometimes when the day was long and the snow was cold; getting sick of trudging through snow, I liked to put my blinkers on and pretend it was pure white sand and I was walking to a magical beach. It helped if I was above the clouds and the sun was beating on me, even though it was freezing.

The scenery along the way was picturesque with basically every moment a photo opportunity. I wasn't so much rushing to get my camera out, but more so trying to put it away so I could enjoy the scenery unimpeded by my cameras lens.

Sometimes when the day was long and the snow was cold; getting sick of trudging through snow, I liked to put my blinkers on and pretend it was pure white sand and I was walking to a magical beach.

After twelve days of trekking we reached our penultimate destination before the Thorung La Pass attempt. The next morning we woke at 3am and I piled on all of my clothes including 3 pairs of socks, my hiking boots, thermal long-johns, thermal top, long sleeve shirt, pants, thin jumper, thick jumper with hood, waterproof pants, waterproof jacket, scarf, balaclava, beanie, headtorch, thin gloves and thick waterproof gloves. I was literally covered head to toe in gore-tex and my hands and feet were still freezing. After some porridge we set off at 4am, it was still dark and everyone was excited. I wondered to myself if Björk felt the same way when she got up early to climb to Mt. Hyperballad.

At first was the ascent, 900 metres up to the peak which took us about 4 hours of hard work. At such high altitude, the air is

extremely thin and lacking in oxygen, which makes it hard to breathe and therefore, hard for your muscles to get warm and work. As I walked along at a mediocre pace, I could hear my pulse racing through my body, past my ear and into my temple. At 6am the sun started to come up over the mountains and flow into the valley, it made for some beautiful views but also a disturbing realisation. Now that the sun had risen I could see that there was a corpse about 10 metres from me down the valley, someone had died recently attempting the pass. At first I thought it was a joke, as if someone had put a pretend dead body there to scare people but it dawned upon me that no-one would do anything that cruel and that it was very real. It also dawned upon me the very real risk and danger we were in.

After a couple more hours of walking, I began to see hundreds and hundreds of prayer flags and I knew I had reached the top. At 5416m I was at twice the height of Mt Kosciusko and higher up than the Everest base camp just a couple hundred kilometers away; I felt a great sense of self-achievement. Along with the prayer flags, there were many stone cairns built by the thousands of trekkers that had crossed the pass over the years, I added a stone, just one more to the pile but the only one added by me. It wasn't Everest, but it was my Everest, it was my Rushmore, I felt elated.

Seeya soon,

Alex.

In light of the Government's apology to the Stolen Generation, what do you see as the next step required for Australia to have a more cohesive society involving both Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australians?



Admittedly, I am not the biggest fan of Kevin Rudd. That being said, I was brought to tears when I heard the Prime Minister say sorry to the Stolen Generation. It was a long time coming, but it was executed with the utmost respect to those people so negatively affected by a policy endorsed by both the Labor Party and the Liberal Party. The Government finally recognised that this policy was simply wrong. For that, I am grateful. Unfortunately, almost in the same sentence Kevin Rudd declined to commit to ending the Northern Territory intervention. This is at odds with the supposed commitment of the new Government to true reconciliation. The intervention is clearly not an appropriate way to deal with the issues confronting Indigenous communities in Australia and evidently, the first step after the apology should be ending this deplorable regime.

It is time that the Government began to work in cohesion with Indigenous community groups and community leaders to improve the lives of the Indigenous population. The intervention is a type of policy that can be so closely aligned with the forced removal of children from their parents because not only is it irrational and the most hideous form of a bandaid solution, it breaks down civil society institutions, stifling development and causing social problems. It is obvious that many issues facing Indigenous people today are related to the experiences of the Stolen Generation. The Northern Territory intervention will simply form part of the vicious cycle between Government action and disarray in Indigenous communities. It is simply something a future Government will need to apologise for.

Regardless of whether a person believes that the Government should financially compensate victims of the Stolen Generation, the issue of compensation must be dealt with and put high on the Government's agenda, whatever the outcome. I personally believe that it is difficult to apologise for the infliction of such a horrible wrong against another person without acknowledging the role that compensation must play. Quite obviously, compensation will not take away what was done, but is the next vital step in the recognition of the harm suffered. In addition to facing this issue, another essential step is implementing the recommendations of the Bringing them Home report. There has been some action on these recommendations in terms of family reunification and counselling support, however these things need to improve and continue

as Australia comes to grips with its past. A number of the recommendations either were poorly implemented or not at all, and this needs to be addressed.

There is obviously not one clear answer to closing the gap on life expectancy or infant mortality between Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australians, nor is there one answer to achieving universal literacy amongst our Indigenous population. Achieving these things however is a crucial step towards reconciliation. There are a number of mechanisms that could be implemented to significantly close the socioeconomic divide between Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australians. Some of these things could include reviewing the native title regime, addressing the issue of stolen wages and Aboriginal deaths in custody, formally recognising Indigenous people in the Constitution, and greater recognition for Indigenous culture, perhaps through finding a place for it in our legal system. Education is the best way to empower the Indigenous population socially and economically, and on this front, improving education opportunities, encouraging cultural awareness within the general education system and furthering Indigenous involvement in decision-making at local levels and curriculum development are methods to achieve this outcome.

These are only a small number of potential mechanisms to improve the lives of our Indigenous population and consequently achieve social cohesion. Whichever policies the new Government decides to implement, above all, it is necessary to think beyond the immediate outcomes and truly analyse the potential negative effects before hastily acting in the name reconciliation.

Aleisha Brown
Australian Democrats

POLITICAL CLUBS

Kevin Rudd's apology to the Stolen Generation marks the first step in what will hopefully lead to a bipartisan approach in working with our indigenous population to achieve true reconciliation. It is my hope that under the strong leadership of the new Rudd Government that this will occur; already in its early days in government the signs are promising.

For too long, issues involving our indigenous population have been used as a political football. The apology offers an opportunity to reflect on and accept responsibility for injustices of the past, and move forward together to improve the lives of Aboriginal people. During his speech to parliament the Prime Minister announced a joint policy commission between the government and opposition to work towards developing policy to help close the gap between our Indigenous and non-Indigenous populations. It is through initiatives such as this that we can hopefully move forward as a nation to rebuild our relationship with our Indigenous communities.

Within its first one-hundred days in office the Rudd Government has set itself what will be rather challenging goals to achieve. They are to halve the gap in infant mortality rates, halve the gap in reading, writing and numeracy for Aboriginal children within a decade, and to close the 17 year gap in life expectancy within a generation. This will require a sustained effort by the government and support from the opposition. The Government will also need to work with Aboriginal communities if it is to achieve these goals.

This is perhaps the most imperative step. If the Government is to have success in achieving these goals then it must work with Aboriginal communities to help provide a better quality of life rather than imposing what it deems to be appropriate solutions on them. There is no single solution to what are systemic, complex problems. What may work in one remote community may not

necessarily work in another; rather this has to be tackled community by community, with local input every step of the way.

The willingness to do this has already been displayed by the Rudd Government both when drafting the apology, and by incorporating our Indigenous heritage into the opening of the Australian Parliament. This cooperation must again be displayed when the planned review into the former Howard Government's Northern Territory intervention strategy takes place later in the year.

In short, education is the key to create a more cohesive society. By that I mean education for both Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australians. Non-Indigenous Australians need to be taught about Aboriginal culture and the wrongs of the past in schools. Indigenous children living in remote communities need access to education if they are to have the opportunity to have a successful life and make a positive contribution within their communities when they grow older. Legislation has already been introduced to federal parliament to help target improvements in Indigenous education. This includes committing funding to employ an additional two-hundred teachers, and to build an additional eighteen classrooms in the Northern Territory this year. An additional forty-nine million dollars has also been announced for more substance and alcohol rehabilitation services in remote Indigenous communities.

The election of the Rudd Government creates an opportunity to move on from the arguments of the past and take steps towards achieving reconciliation between Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australians. It deserves to be commended for the steadfast approach taken so far.

Scott Cowen
President
Adelaide University Labor Club

To write an article on social cohesion for Aboriginal Australians in 500 words is practically an insult to indigenous people and will inevitably lead to an oversimplification of issues. The apology by Kevin Rudd was a significant moment in Australian history bringing many to tears, myself included.

A testament to the status of "social cohesion" in Australia can be found in the Australian legal system. Indigenous men, who make up 2% of the total population, represent 25% of the total prison population. The stat is higher still for indigenous women.

Many of these individuals find themselves seeking legal aid through the Aboriginal Legal Rights Movement (ALRM). Instead of simply re-gurgitating Greens' policy documents for this article, I spoke to Neil Gillespie who is the CEO of ALRM:

Neil: We as an organization have been grossly under-funded since 1996. We have experienced a funding decrease, in real terms, of 40% in the last ten years. Mainstream legal aid has increased 120% in the same period. But we don't live in a racist society, do we?

Jake: What is your reaction to the Apology?

Neil: "I'm rather pleased that Prime Minister Rudd has apologised, however he needs to get runs on the board. The apology was great, however our negotiations with the Attorney General are same-old same-old. We put in a submission for additional funding, nothing has happened. At the end of the day if we don't get an increase in funding we are lodging a formal complaint to the Prime Minister. If that doesn't work, we go through to the United Nations special commission for human rights."

Jake: "That will be a nightmare for Rudd."

Neil: "Stuff him."

ALRM lawyers are preparing for strike action in the coming weeks over pay and conditions. These desperate measures are a result of discriminatory legislation at both a state and federal level by Labor and Liberal Governments. We are failing to provide our most disadvantaged with access to legal representation, supposedly a fundamental right of white culture.

From the Greens' perspective, we support a multi-faceted approach to indigenous policy. The following measures are vital to social cohesion:

- Substantial funding increases in health and education to close the gap in life expectancy and educational outcomes.
- National and regional democratically elected bodies responsible for service delivery for indigenous Australia.
- The establishment of a compensation fund and a set criteria (much like the Tasmanian model) for indigenous Australians affected by the stolen generation.
- The full implementation of the recommendations of the following:
 - Bringing Them Home Report
 - The Royal Commission into Aboriginal Deaths in Custody (1991);
 - The Gordon inquiry into Family Violence and Child Abuse in WA (2002);
 - The HREOC Social Justice Report (2005) into achieving equality of outcomes within a generation;
 - The Senate Community Affairs Committee petrol sniffing report (2006);
- and Report on the Commonwealth Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Heritage Protection Act 1984 (1996 'The Evatt Review').

For more information on the Greens policies on Indigenous issues go to: www.greens.org.au/about/policies

Jake Wishart
Convenor
Young Greens on Campus
Additional Thanks to Neil Gillespie

One of the most polarising issues within Australia over the past few years has been the apology to the 'Stolen Generations'. Our former Prime Minister John Howard refused to apologise fearing the legal ramifications, yet expressed regret for the acts committed by previous generations. We have since witnessed bi-partisan support for an apology forwarded by Kevin Rudd and Brendan Nelson in the Parliament in February this year.

The televised apology was viewed by thousands of people. Many indigenous and non-indigenous Australians watched with great joy as Kevin Rudd gave his apology. Rapturous applause and tears followed its conclusion.

Brendan Nelson was then given the opportunity to speak. The Opposition Leader, on behalf of the alternative government of the country, offered his apology to the 'Stolen Generations'. Crowds around the nation booed and turned their backs on Brendan Nelson and even unplugged the broadcast, refusing to listen to him. This even happened in Parliament House - started by two of Mr Rudd's own staff. This act of non-acceptance, this act of non-forgiveness and indecency proves that the cause for saying sorry was, to many people, little more than an anti-Coalition political movement rather than a meaningful apology. Such actions were rude, not only to the Opposition, but also to the indigenous persons who were hoping to take a serious step towards reconciliation as a result of the bi-partisan apology.

John Howard knew that apologising to the 'Stolen Generations' would make no difference to the poor conditions that so many indigenous Australians still live in. He knew that it would lead to widespread compensation claims against Australian governments - money spent with no result in these impoverished communities.

So, the apology has been made. What now? Has the child abuse and sexual assault in remote indigenous communities ceased? Has the substance abuse and petrol sniffing stopped? Has unemployment dropped and have these communities begun to stand on their own two feet? Have incidences of violent crime declined? No, they haven't. It has not made one bit of difference. A symbolic gesture and a screaming/booing crowd cannot rectify such deeply entrenched social problems.

But what did the apology achieve? It has achieved a preferred Prime Minister boost in the polls for Kevin Rudd. It achieved some excellent photo opportunities for anyone involved. It claimed the headlines for a few weeks. It probably cost employers a lot of sickies on the day of the apology. Finally, it will probably cost the hard working Australian taxpayers a lot of money.

Many alleged members of the 'stolen generations' were removed not because they were indigenous, but because they were in danger or had been abused or assaulted in their communities. The saddest part is that this abuse still goes on today in many of these communities. Compensation will in no way rectify this problem.

The real help needs to be in the form of continuing the intervention that the Howard Government initiated in the Northern Territory last year. The intervention should be spread across state borders to encompass all communities at threat. This shouldn't be too hard for our new Prime Minister, considering that all of his state comrades are of the same Party, and theoretically of the same mind.

If the Prime Minister wants to continue doing media and PR boosting stunts he is more than welcome to. But he should remember that the indigenous children living in abusive communities today were not apologised to on February 13, nor will they ever be. The public have heard the apology to the 'stolen generations'. The question now is: can Mr Rudd's actions speak louder than his words? Can he act to prevent future generations from questioning why they too were removed from their families? I certainly hope so.

"Eds - Chris thought it should be noted that this article has previously appeared in the O'Week edition of the Liberal Club magazine, The Reporter."

Chris Browne
President
Adelaide University Liberal Club

SCUMBAGS. ALL OF YOU.



IT'S refreshing when politicians venture down into the gutter and engage in some verbal mud slinging, especially in these tawdry days of media-managed speeches, sound bites and self-penned report cards (here's looking at you, Kevin Rudd). While we can expect little of this from the current PM, we need only look as far as his Labor predecessor, Paul Keating. The ex-PM's florid - sometimes baffling - choice of words and often razor-sharp insults make for interesting viewing, whether behind the lectern or in print.

Recently, Keating wrote a letter to *The Australian* criticising conservative columnist and ABC board member Janet Albrechtsen. Never one to speak plainly, Keating called Albrechtsen a "blackguard", a "looney tune" and a "no-talent proselytiser" and labelled her journalism "nothing more than belligerent and partisan fiction" and "vilification of the most added variety". Albrechtsen responded with pride at becoming a member of the 'Keating Scumbag Society'.

Here are some other Keating gems (along with wholly unnecessary translations), because really, childish name-calling is what politics is all about.

To Former Labor MP Jim McLelland over the phone
"Just because you swallowed a fucking dictionary when you were about 15 doesn't give you the right to pour a bucket of shit over the rest of us."
- *"Your large vocabulary does not preclude you from being an arsehole."*

On Former Opposition Leader John Hewson
"(His performance) is like being flogged with a warm lettuce."
- *Translation: "Mr Hewson's attacks on my credibility are strangely pleasurable."*

On John Howard
"He's a pre-Copernican obscurantist."
- *"Mr Howard's views are somewhat outdated. They're like the disco of political thought."*

"I am not like the Leader of the Opposition. I did not slither out of the Cabinet room like a mangy maggot..."
- *"Keating 1, Howard 0."*

"The little desiccated coconut is under pressure and he is attacking anything he can get his hands on."
- *I don't see how "desiccated coconut" has any meaning in this context.*

On Peter Costello
"He has now been treasurer for 11 years. The old coconut is still there araldited to the seat."
- *Nor in this one.*

On the Liberal Party
"The Opposition crowd could not raffle a chook in a pub"
- *"The members opposite should hone their skills at the local RSL."*

On the National Party
"...their existense is putrid. It is absolutely putrid."
- *No translation necessary.*

Bartholomew Huxtable



For Students, Individuals, Families and Organisations

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Barredo Holland offers a high quality migration advice to suit individual and family needs. Desiree Holland is a registered migration agent (MARN 0746641) who can provide:

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Please contact Maria Barredo or Desiree Holland on 8238 3222 or email info@barredoholland.com.au or visit www.barredoholland.com.au

International Students' Lounge

Let the Festivities Begin!

I see children with candy and happy couples holding hands and hear the permeating sounds of giggles, laughter and mirthful conversation. I smell the wondrous fumes of distant firecrackers and the moist earth infused with the fragrance of exotic food being served hot. I nearly dance to the flavour in my taste buds. I feel the overwhelming sense of euphoria, joy, wonder and an immense sense of belonging. Its festival time!

Families together with friends, young and the young-at-heart on endless stretches of rolling grass, littered with confetti, paying slightest regard to tension and endless work that wait for sure. Enjoying a quantum of solace in a magnitude of chaos. It is a stolen moment of peace in an otherwise hectic era, not unlike the moments of passion that lovers yearn to steal. No enmity exists between man and foe here. Everybody seeks pleasure in good company, hoping that the day lasts into the night and all nights wear likewise.

The dance and music refresh the spirit; plays in theatre ponder thoughts to enlighten the very soul. Sights and sounds of foreign lands, of people near and far lets you feel the part one plays on this great stage of ours. Other beasts too, can hardly hide their curiosity, of this great gathering of men and children and the merriment that they seem to indulge in. As if to ask, "What is it that calls for such extravagance, please?" and the only answer good enough is that is a celebration of existence and the joy that good company brings.

Get out and enjoy the festive air, make the most of this that is so rare. Make memories to cherish and tug you along the bad times because they are inevitable. But for now smile, make merry and enjoy the festivities. I do think I've outdone myself here. So if all this pseudo-poetical mumbo jumbo makes any sense to you, then rest assured you will have a good time. If not, suffice to say 'Throw this book away, mindless reader and go grab your slice of the festivities and savour it while they last!'

Sheik Jamal

If you would like to contribute to this section please send your questions or articles to ondit@adelaide.edu.au

ALLY
MCBEAL
100%
ENDORSES
THIS
ARTICLE.



Quick! Call My Lawyer?

Stupid lawyer joke #77:

Q: What do you get when you cross a bad politician with a crooked lawyer?

A: Chelsea Clinton

Workplace relations law has been flavour of the month for well over two years now. It all started in November 2005 when amendments were made to the *Workplace Relations Act 1996* (Cth) by a policy called Workchoices. Trade unions and Labor hailed it as the end of workers rights, whilst the coalition argued it brought IR laws in line with globalisation.

And now, with the coalition coming to terms with their election loss and reluctantly agreeing to scrap Workchoices, IR reform does not look set to go away any time soon, with a bill already before Parliament. Given that it will still be some time before these changes take effect, why not see what all the fuss was about to begin with. This way you can decide for yourself whether Workchoices was really the antichrist for Australian workers.

Workchoices applies to federal employees, an estimated 85% of the Australian labour force. If you are employed by a trading, financial or overseas corporation (e.g. a company with 'Ltd' on the end of its name), the Commonwealth public service, are engaged in trade or commerce or live in the territories or Victoria, Workchoices applies to you. If you don't, you are covered by a State Act, here the *Fair Work Act 1994* (SA).

Under Workchoices, awards were to be "rationalised", meaning they were phasing out as many as possible. No new awards were to be made and some existing awards were to be preserved to fulfil the promise that no employee would be worse off under Workchoices. Awards were underpinned with five legislatively guaranteed safety nets discussed below, called Australian Fair Pay and Condition Standards (AFPCS), which many argued to be insufficient.

The first is a guaranteed basic rate of pay determined by the Australian Fair Pay Commission (AFPC). Since wages are no longer set by awards, the AFPC is rationalising wage-setting awards into Australian Pay and Condition Standards (APCS). If you are covered by an APCS then it sets your wage. Generally if you were previously covered by award you are now covered by APCS. If not, you are guaranteed at least the federal minimum wage, currently at \$13.74. Remember these are the bare minimums - often higher wages are determined by collective agreements incorporated into contracts or through individual bargaining. Special wages apply to minors and disabled workers.

The second is a guarantee of 38 hours per

week. This guarantee can be averaged over the year, meaning you can work 0 hours this week, and 76 the next, so long as the yearly average per week is 38. It is not a guarantee of 38 hours per week every week. The third, fourth and fifth guarantees are annual leave, personal leave and parental leave. All parental leave under the safety net is unpaid.

Workers are also given minimum entitlements under the legislation. The first of these is an entitlement to a meal break if you work more than 5 hours. However this can be displaced by an award, a workplace agreement or a prescribed industrial agreement.

The second is an entitlement to public holidays. However, this is somewhat qualified. The employer can request for you to work on a public holiday and you can only refuse if you give a *reasonable* ground for doing so. Otherwise you spend ANZAC day at work. The third entitlement is one that allows the Australian Industrial Relations Commission (AIRC) to make orders for equal remuneration for work of equal value.

Now for the big one: unfair dismissal laws. Employees are able to appeal to the AIRC if they were unfairly or unlawfully dismissed. Unfair dismissal is when the dismissal is harsh, unjust or unreasonable. Workchoices modified who and when you can appeal. Below is a list of when you cannot appeal to the AIRC, which has made lots of people cranky:

- You have worked for the employer for less than 6 months
 - You were a casual employee and you were not working on a continuous basis for 12 months
 - You were fired for genuine operational reasons or reasons that include genuine operational reasons
 - At the time you were laid off, your employer employed 100 or fewer employees
 - You are an independent contractor
 - You are a Trainee employed for a specified period
 - You are not covered by an award and your salary exceeds \$94 900 (as you are considered rich enough to look after yourself)
 - You are employed on a seasonal basis e.g. a fruit picker.
 - You are on probation
- However under Labor this is set to change.

The above exceptions do not apply to unlawful dismissal. Further, unlawful

provisions apply to all employees, as it gives effect to an International Labor Organisation (ILO) recommendation. You are unlawfully dismissed if:

- You are fired because of illness or injury
- You are a member of a trade union, or alternatively, you are not a member
- You are seeking office as or have acted as a representative of employees
- You file a complaint against your employer alleging violation of a law
- You are fired because of race, colour, sex, sexual preference, age, physical or mental disability, marital status, family responsibilities, pregnancy, religion, political opinion, national extraction or social origin
- For refusing to negotiate, sign or terminate an AWA
- For absence during maternity or parental leave
- For temporary absence from work because you are carrying out a voluntary emergency management activity e.g. CFS volunteers

Employees and employers were encouraged to work together through an AWA. AWA's were introduced in 1996, not as part of Workchoices, but they are nonetheless portrayed in a negative light. AWA's are statutory instruments that allow employees and employers to undercut the common law, State law, awards and enterprise bargaining agreements (but not the five AFPCS above). Common law contracts cannot do this. This is what landed Therese Rein in hot water those few months back when her subsidiary company used a common law contract to undercut a condition set by an award.

AWA's allow employees and employers to bargain ideal working conditions, often by scarifying one thing in favour of another, such as less annual leave for increased salary. The amount of bargaining power a single employee has over their employer has been fiercely debated. With the economy at near full employment, it has been said that only skilled employees and/or those in high demand can exercise some degree of bargaining power over their employer. Under Labor, existing AWA's will be allowed to continue but there will be no new AWA's.

These are some of the things Workchoices has done. Unfortunately word limits prevent discussion of other changes.

Peter Bosco

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If you're interested in getting references please email ondit@adelaide.edu.au



Red Lanterns in Japan

Squashed up against the door and swaying slightly as the train speeds its way towards Kishiwada, I check my watch. Almost 40 minutes have passed since we stepped onto our first train at Hirakata Station. Jay notices my action.

"We're making good time," she comments and I nod in agreement. My whole concept of time has changed, here in Japan. So used to a life of 10 minutes everywhere, living in the convenience of Adelaide-fringe suburbia, it's hard to believe how quickly one can adapt.

Living on the outskirts of cosmopolitan Osaka, 40 is the new 10. Jay is no stranger to commuting though, catching trains in and around Melbourne. She only wishes they were as fast and punctual.

I glance over at the other half of our group. Leah, from Hong Kong has her head down and is nodding indiscreetly, as Riley, our resident American yabbers on mercilessly about his adventures in Shinsaibashi. The size of a small suburb, Shinsaibashi is one of the hip hang-outs in down-town Osaka, which I am reluctant to compare with comparably tiny Rundle Street.

Fellow Japanese commuters are intently focused on Riley's talk. I am curious as to whether they understand the English conversation taking place, but judging by the speed of Riley's speech, I am doubtful. It is more likely that the volume of Riley's talk attracts their attention.

It is Sunday and there are few businessmen on the train. Instead, high school-aged kids and casual others line the cars. It is possible that we are all heading for the same event, which is one thing I love about Japan. No matter what time of the year it is, no matter what festival is at its peak; when you travel in Japan, the Japanese will always be there doing all the touristy or cultural activities alongside you. Some may find the seamless crowds intimidating, but compared to the vulture-like, foreigner-orientated tourist culture of places like Bangkok and Vietnam, it's a breath of fresh air.

A high-pitched automated voice announces "Kishiwada", and our small group fumbles through the many bodies to congregate on the platform. The sticky air contrasts sharply with the Train's air-conditioned interior as we make our way to

the exit.

On noticing a steady stream of people heading away from the Station, we rush to follow them, having no idea for ourselves where the festivities lie. This method of navigation never seems to fail and between us there is usually someone semi-fluent who can ask directions in Japanese when we find ourselves lost.

Finally, we turn onto a main street where a sea of stalls awaits us and the smells of sizzling squid. Among them are two delicacies Osaka is famous for, Okonomiyaki and Takoyaki. Okonomiyaki is commonly described as a savoury, pancake-like dish, made primarily with cabbage and other grated vegetables. It is cooked atop a hot plate and then dressed with rich sauce, dollops of mayonnaise, spring onion and bonito flakes which also compliment the Takoyaki; small, round, savoury balls filled with octopus, cheese and pickled ginger, among other ingredients.

Although it is likely that these particular foods are available from a local sushi train in Adelaide, nothing compares to eating them fresh, hot from a vendor, on the side of the street.

And as we sat there enjoying our steaming takoyaki, the parade began.

I can't help but be amused by the efforts made by local police, as they order people, using loud speakerphones, to get off their bikes and walk.

With an outsider's preconceived notion of the law-abiding, scrupulously clean and tidy Japanese citizen, the Danjiri festival offered a new perspective.

In Japan, there is an idea that less bins equal less litter and surprisingly I have found this theory valid - the stations and streets are far-cleaner than you would ever expect humanly possible in one of the highest density countries in the world. The Danjiri festival however is an exception to the rule.

With so many food stalls and not a rubbish bin in sight, the streets are lined with polystyrene cups and napkins. My astonishment only increases when witnessing the number



The Kishiwada Danjiri Festival

By Meilin Goh

of people blatantly ignoring the police officers' commands. However, this invites no confrontation, rather the police change their instructions to "Please ride bicycles slowly".

Red lanterns come into view. More than one hundred are attached to the festival floats like bright sails and they shimmer as they're hauled through the streets. As the floats make their way closer towards us, I can see that the number of float-pullers rivals the number of red lanterns and their faces glow a similar shade of red. Whether it is from effort or alcohol, I can't be sure, but then I notice teenage boys and girls walking alongside the float-pullers. They wheel bins full of beer and sweet mixed drinks.

"Well, now we know where all the bins went," Riley observes, grinning with obvious approval.

It is truly a festive sight, seeing both old men and tiny children in traditional blue and white dress with hachimaki (headbands) decorating their foreheads, hauling these massive floats down the road, celebrating this 300 year old tradition. All awhile they are singing and chanting and having a merry old time, regardless of the muggy late-summer air and the threatening exhaustion a weekend of parading imposes on a puller.

Mingling amongst the crowd of spectators and float-pullers, we follow the stream of floats as they make their final procession, closing the Kishiwada Danjiri festival. The lantern lit Danjiri parade is a tame display of float-pulling compared with the Hiki-dashi; a mad race of the floats, likened to the 'running of the bulls,' in which float-pullers have been crushed to death in previous years.

With our camera memory crammed and bags of omiyage (souvenirs) in tow, we make our way through the finale-party atmosphere towards the station from whence we came.

"This is awesome!" yells Riley, but I laugh shaking my head at his incomprehensible words. I can hardly hear myself think save for the constant rhythmic drumming.

As we finally cram aboard a homeward bound express train, I yawn and stretch, resenting the crowd. Securing a seat at this

hour is out of the question.

"That's one more Japanese festival to cross off my list!" exclaims Jay, her eyes still bright from excitement. As we speed through small town stops, I gaze off into the distance, looking beyond the bright lights and billboards. I can still see red lanterns in the blackness of the night sky.

The image below explains features of the Danjiri and is sourced from the Kishiwada city website:

<http://www.city.kishiwada.osaka.jp/danjiri/english/>

- 1.Oo-yane(upper roof)
- 2.Ko-yane(lower roof)
- 3.Mae-teko(front lever)
- 4.Ushiro-teko(rear lever)
- 5.Daiku-gata(carpenters)



REVENGE OF THE SLIGHTLY

“IN SPP WE DARE TO TRUST”

MR WILLIAM MARTIN

Dubiously Honourable Minister for Defence
'Prick'



Betrayer.

That's what they called me. Who would have thought filling a political party with yes-men could now be construed as 'unethical'? I loathe the modern world. But still I have prevailed. The last election saw to my utter delight the dissolution of many renowned politicians, one of which being my left-wing nuisance counterpart, Andrew Love whose whereabouts are currently irrelevant.

But I come back to you now, at the turn of the tide and as you can see by my stunning new outfit, I'm more pure and trustworthy than ever. Now witness the full power of this fully armed and operational political machine with revised and suspiciously conservative colour scheme! The fact is we are at war. A war against terrorism and nasty things like that and it's time to toughen up. Being something of a veteran myself, and examining the disasters of Vietnam and Iraq, I deem constitutional warfare silly and outdated. As the new Pseudo Minister for Defence, I plan to safeguard the country the traditional conservative way. We can't afford to waste our precious uranium on nancy-boy things like power and exports. When it comes to crunch, you're not going to be able to destroy a country with a building or a trade certificate. It's time we made bigger bombs than the Aquatic Centre's 'Fat Lady' end.

NEW DAWN FOR SPP



The November 24th 'Ruddslide' saw the establishment of a new Labor Government, leaving the former Howard Coalition depleted and struggling under new leader Brendan Nelson. Even more surprising was the fightback of the dubiously successful Slightly Political Party, who has re-emerged suspiciously more political than ever before. One man who did not make the party room however was former left-wing powerhouse, Mr Andrew Love, who is now appearing regularly on *Crime Stoppers* due to his unknown whereabouts.

His abrupt absence from the political arena did not seem to surprise nor deter his untrustworthy political ally Mr William Martin, who was labelled 'Almost Fascist' by Mr Love shortly before he disappeared.

Filling his seat however is the Dubiously Hon. Mr Harry Dobson. Although his political background is unclear, it appears his conservative attitude will swing the party completely to the right. Mr Martin appealed to

the public saying this was nothing to be concerned about.

"In essence we are still the same car, just now with tinted windows," he said at their new campaign launch today under the oddly sinister banner, 'Vengeance'.

"My court suppression order prevents me from commenting at this moment," followed Mr Dobson.

The party's new direction has startled politicians, some claiming the SPP has become violent and malevolent.

"We declare war on everything!" heralded Martin before being muzzled by party lawyers.

The party's motives are unknown however their swift conversion of youth group 'The Young SPPollies' into a deadly militia indicates an explosive campaign.



POLITICAL PARTY

“NOW WITH 30% MORE FASCISM”



SORRIES FOR SALE

An intricate financial scheme has been unveiled by the SPP for pushing the ‘inflation genie’ back into the bottle.

Following the ‘rousing ideological back-slapping and political self-righteousness’ that was the Apology to the Indigenous, the SPP has unveiled a centre to ‘offer’ additional apologies in exchange for cash to the hard done by. The ‘McSorry’ scheme is set to fund the SPP’s new campaign to an astronomical ‘almost Coalition’ level.

Joining the ever-growing crew of unhappy Australians were baby-boomers, stepping forward with hands out for the L-A-W tax cuts promised by Paul Keating. Former PM John Howard never left the queue, frequently dissecting the menu for his apology for the electoral thumping given to him by Kevin Rudd.



Difficult work choices: John Howard scours ‘McSorry’ for an extra large ‘McOut-of-touch’ meal.

“This scheme, which will raise ire amongst lefty sippers of Apolo-gin and tonics must accept that this distribution of welfare is primarily for Labor élites to shed their un-ending self-hating.” Said SPP Minister for Offence Harry Dobson. “My mother told me sorry means you will never do it again,” he then added – ‘which explains why she had no more

children after me.”

A ‘McSorry Meal-Deal’ is selling at \$8.95 whereas the ‘McSorry Deluxe’ charges slightly extra but features a pocket Rudd Figurine that utters 3 different over extended apologies.

“The perfect travelling companion for prissy whingers,” beamed Mr Dobson.

SPP CONDEMN ARTS FESTIVAL

In a shocking attack this week, the rebuilt Slightly Political Party has ferociously threatened the Adelaide Fringe, claiming its art has created ‘evil heathen ideology’.

The Party has demanded an immediate stop to the State’s biggest annual festival, warning that its continuance will be a danger to state and federal Governments.

“This festival is no more than terrorism dressed as jugglers,” stated Mr William Martin. “Its formulation gives rise to ideas and artistic licenses which ruin the compliant, mundane conformity the SPP strives to achieve.”

Mr Martin was previously an accountant.

Meanwhile new frontbencher Mr Harry Dobson had another message for the arts. “Free speech leads to free thinking! War on free speech!” He bellowed at a protest rally yesterday before muttering madly about thought crime and a traitor called ‘Winston’.

Mr Dobson was unwilling to comment on the lengths the party would take, however he refused to rule out a violent intervention.

Three months prior the SPP ordered a dozen ‘Tiger-Class’ tanks from Iran, however the designs



ARMORON:

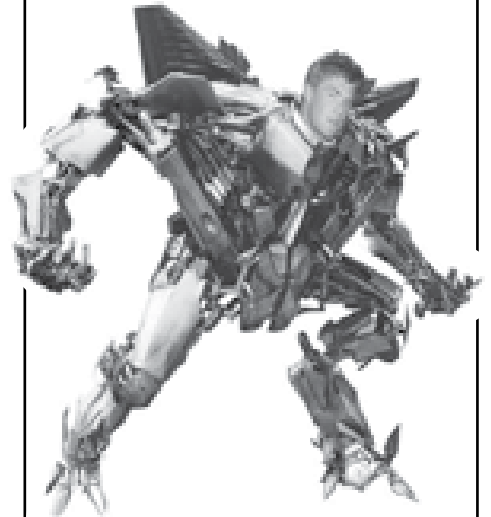
Martin demonstrates the power of the SPP’s new ‘Tomy Tiger’

labeled ‘Diagrams to scale’ returned only several armored vehicles designed by toy manufacturer ‘Tomy’.

“Dynamic, powerful and only take C batteries!” The party boasted.

MR HARRY DOBSON

Dubiously Honourable Minister for Offence
Official SPP Yes-Man



Revenge.

For some a dish best served cold, for others such as yours truly, it’s best served Slightly and Politically. As a new member of the party machine, my first task has been to hack away the dead wood that was one Andrew ‘Loverboy’ Love. As part of the revenge strategy enacted by the SPP, ‘Love-ins’ are to be a thing of the past. And this, as far as I can see, can only be a good thing. After all if we fail to adapt, change and remain flexible (like a political plasticine man) we will be swamped by our rivals left and centre. I do omit the right in this instance as this is the SPP’s home ground. In fact at the last election the SPP was left so far out on the right wing no one would pass us the football let alone vote for us!

As the SPP’s new Minister for Offence I submit that the organisation become more corrupt, susceptible to bribery and far, far more incompetent. If we succeed in fulfilling these three ambitions (which through a lack of effort we no doubt will) only the Unions will stand before us for control of this great nation. So go forth our millions of minions, undermine, underachieve and underwear.

SCIENCE WITH GOLDY



*"Eds - Goldy's Theme Song
(to the tune of The Grate's - Science is Golden)*

*Science, science, science with GO-LDY
Science, science science with GO-LDY
Science science science...*

"That's gold.... H!"

Goldy's Own Quotes
*Formula 1 fanatic? It's not my fault, ask my genes.
Workaholic? Born with the gene.
Chocolate-addict? It's in the genes.
Don't let the genes get me.
I say GENES not JEANS.*



"THE JEANS (GENES) DON'T FIT!"

Inheritance does not always come in a pretty package does it? Acne, heart diseases, color-blindness, breast cancer, you name it - everything is pretty much inherited from your mum and dad. Now here is another reason to thank your parents, or possibly blame them.

~ I'm one of those people you hate because of genetics. It is the truth. ~
Brad Pitt, Actor

Ever imagined why some people are so outgoing while others are shy? Do you ever wonder how much of your personality is determined by your genes or how big the role of the environment is? Or maybe marvel at different hair or eye colors?

Well, say thanks to "genes"! Genes control traits such as the color of your eyes and hair. Genes also outline our health and appearance more than they revolve around our personality. Studies show that genes can determine whether a person will be heavy or light, however we cannot always blame our genes for weight problems. This is definitely a good excuse to use "It's all in the genes" or "My genes make me do it".

So what's the big deal about genes? Gene is a region of the deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) that controls a hereditary characteristic and usually corresponds to a sequence used in the production of a specific protein or ribonucleic acid (RNA). Genes are the body's guide and they have a huge influence on one's physical appearance and health. A gene carries biological information in a form that must be copied and transmitted from each cell to all its progeny.

~ Scientists have found the gene for shyness. They would have found it years ago, but it was hiding behind a couple of other genes. ~
Jonathan Katz, Comedian

Nowadays, genetics are very much on people's minds. Even though a trait is influenced by genes, it does not mean that you have no control over it. That is right - genes DO NOT act alone. Gene activity is molded by behavior and vice versa.

You have a choice to alter how you and your body cope with your genes. (So much for being able to blame these poor babies).

Love it or hate it, there are restrictions imposed by our genes. Sad but true, some of us will never be tall, whereas some can eat a giant's meal and still have an hour-glass figure. We could wish to look like David Beckham or Brad Pitt, but alas, it's not always realistic, unless we have the EXACT same genes as them. Jennifer Lopez will always be pear-shaped and Justin Timberlake will always be sexy.

*~ I dream about a girl who's a mix of Destiny's Child.
Just little touch of Madonna's wild style. With Janet Jackson's smile, throw in a body like Jennifer's.
Angelina Jolie's lips to kiss in the dark.
Underneath Cindy C's beauty mark. When it comes to the test well Tyra's the best. And Salma Hayek brings the rest. ~*
(Liquid Dreams by O-Town, Band)

At some point, though, genetic technology will make it possible to fiddle around with our genes. When that happens, it is possible to create the "perfect" person and in the pursuit of a genetically ideal being, parents can resolve genets to improve their children by getting rid of undesirable characteristics before they are born.

Genes are like maps - they guide us, show us all the main roads/intersections, but it is up to us which path we decide to follow. For some genes can be excused for unwillingness to act, while for others they help to plan their route in life.

Goldy Yong

***Eds- Fan Mail for Goldy can be sent to ondit@adelaide.edu.au*

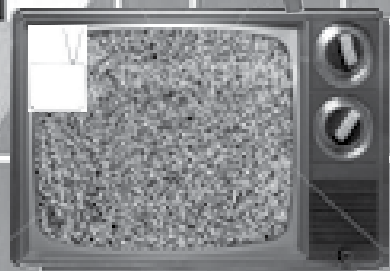
Stacks of Television

The American Writer's Guild strike, as I mentioned briefly last issue, has had a profound effect on television this year so far, it is now more of a struggle than ever to get a respectable show off the ground and running. Over the last 5 years, television's saving grace has been the popularisation of the "hour-plus" long programming slot, particularly in ensemble dramas. As a keen viewer of American television, I have to give writing staff all the credit in the world for the radical change which has occurred in television drama, and the cult shows which have become successes so far. It seems that series are becoming (or at least should be) far more comparable to the film medium, as long-term development of story arcs and characters are being explored and developed by industry types all the time. We are being shown that you can do as much, if not more, with thirteen 40-minute pieces, as you can with a 2-hour movie.

If a program is lucky enough to survive cancellation, it can go on to use its acclaim and run a memorable and purposeful string of seasons, rather than crashing into a fast-finish (*Arrested Development?*) **Eds - FUCK YOU FOX NETWORK, or worse, a "we're out of ideas" extra couple of years (*Lost?*). Obviously the first of these successes that should come to mind is *Six Feet Under* which seems to have spawned its own army of admirer-shows, but is nonetheless a glorious example of what good writing brings to TV. HBO certainly knows how to pick them. *The Sopranos* should probably be the next on your "To Rent" list, as the show is a clear winner in the writing stakes, and an example of a network having faith in its talent, which is rarer and rarer these days.

Deadwood is, in my opinion, the strongest of the group, as it was something that had never been attempted before. Drawing from drama, action and historical pools of ideas, this western-themed period drama lasted a full run of 3 seasons and is some of the most profound television you'll see. These kinds of programs should be encouraged, as innovative writing is extremely hard to come by. All the pay-disputes aside, the true talent behind televisual entertainment certainly does not lay solely in the hands of the actors.

Sammy Boy



VOX POP



For this wonderfully festive edition Vox Pop joined the party and kicked it down to The Garden of Unearthly Delights to chat to the throng. We met some really lovely chaps and chappettes and conversed about their festival experiences. Most were having a whole heap of fun so we took their photos to share with you and immortalise the Fringe Festival 2008 forever in the pages of *On Dit*.

Annie was fluttering around the Fringe looking for a good time and hot boys (although sadly, she feels the Festival often lacks the latter). Vox Pop is delighted to have assisted in using *On Dit*'s reputation to introduce Annie & her hero, the ridiculously attractive and hilarious Arj Barker (although some would describe him as a looming vampire). Check out her stunned mullet face!



Soph loves how the Garden of Unearthly Delights means that Adelaide is a radical party town all through the week. Yet, her shopping addiction for quality Fringe merchandise was thwarted by the lack of popcorn and hula-hoops for sale.

Paul likes "the vibe, man" of Adelaide during Festival time and everyone's chilled out attitude. That is until 1am when it gets ugly and people mistake him for a tree and want to urinate on or near him. He misses the Spiegeltent, which has unfortunately been absent for the last two years, and laments about the lack of quality music at the Fringe. Paul believes The Garden of Unearthly Delights would be perfect if his baby daughter was hanging out with him, climbing the trees.





Ah, the attractive Danish boys. Christian & Troels are here in Adelaide to study Law at Flinders but have so far preferred to spend their days at the beach. Both of the Scandinavians wish that the Garden included more naked girls. At this particular junction, one of the Cla[i]re's wishes she had quickly removed her threads. Christian is undeterred by the lack of nudity but loves the fact there are few noisy, drunk British backpackers, as he raves it up in the silent disco. Troels believes it is morally wrong that there isn't a student discount for beer (a case for our Union perhaps?) and is considering suing the Department of Foreign Affairs for the cost of psychological treatment after being chased around a house in Adelaide by a young boy with a shotgun!



Ian is a quiet "carnie", swigging away at his liquor & unfiltered cigarette. He enjoys just relaxing in the Garden of Unearthly Delights and only wishes the carnival continued for longer. His favorite aspect of the Festival is the Ferris Wheel. He is pleased by the simple things in life.



Ruth, Nadia and Candy are friendly and pretty and talk a lot about food and booze. Nadia makes an excellent point when she furiously attacks The Garden's organisers for the lack of Coopers beer. She cannot understand why The Garden only sells expensive 'imported' beer and not the juice that makes Adelaide great. On the other hand, Ruth praises The Garden for selling the oh so delicious corn dogs and making space for a secluded make-out corner which she hopes to frequent. Candy simply enjoys the pretty lights and the magical mood they create but wishes the dance floor was bigger so she could bust some more creative moves.



FRINGING !!

CELESTIAL DELIGHT OR TIME-WASTER?

PHAT NATTY O DELIVERS THE BEST AND WORST OF HER FRINGING EXPERIENCES



COMEDY
Hooray for Everything... In Aid Concert Aid
 Presented by Hooray for Everything and the Garden.

The Garden Shed is always a gorgeous little venue, kitschy and cosy in a dank corner among the trees - it's just such a shame it's not sound-proof. These three talented guys, very *Tripodesque* become the bands set to relieve the drought imposed on the Live Aid Concert. Nowhere near as successful as they used to be, plagued with commercialisation and corporations ready to make a quick buck out of someone else's misfortune - they're portrayed as particularly lame. The three terribly talented musicians became the forever cheesy boy band, hip-hop outfit: Hip Hop Hooray (brought to the gig by a slab of AC Cola), and The Theresa Fallen Trio, who were the obligatory hippy group that sang about the whales crying. Of course they didn't fail to mention that you can't see their tears because they're in the sea. Thanks guys.

Pretty funny, good concept, incredible vocal harmonisations and some wicked acoustic bass. There was a recorder, who doesn't love recorder? They're good dancers. Hot too.

Heath Franklin's Chopper in 'Make Deadshits History'
 Presented by Laughing Stock



Just really funny, what more can I say. A couple jokes fell a bit flat towards the middle but Franklin's lightning-speed wit always dazzled. Intelligent without flaunting it and appealing to the masses who don't mind the 'c' word. Just like to add that if one in three people are 'deadshits' like Chopper says; then I was surrounded by them. No offence.

CABARET

La Clique
 Presented by Spiegeltent International and Arts Projects Australia



Imagine walking into a smoke-filled room, lit in reds and blues accentuating the circus-tent drapes hanging from the ceiling. The audience making their way to their seats in a circle around the podium, elevated from the middle of the room. That's just the set up, but it set the scene for a truly magical two hours. Each performer took the limelight when it was their turn, juggling, comedy, contortion, acrobatics, gymnastics, all with the flair of someone who knows they have something you want. Filled with carnies of all descriptions, each with a searing sense of sexuality, I could not help but revel in and be captured by the strange and mystifying movements, stories, voices and talents of the thoroughly satisfying troupe they call *La Clique*.



The Idol's Idol
 Kevin A. Legend
 Presented by WOW Factory

Oh my lord. Like my best friend Mel put it, I'm going to have to be mean. I feel it's my duty, no one else should have to endure what we went through that night. Kevin (A. Legend) put me to my greatest shame that sad, sad night. I never thought I would do it in my life, but I walked out of a show... during intermission. *Gasp*!

It all started when we pulled up to the Adelaide Bowling Club. Can't be too bad, surely - Mel and I looked at each other. We've been through a lot together. We walk into a room with tables and chairs; a cabaret-style venue, I saw the poster and cringed on the inside, this was going to test the friendship. You see, the title is not as deceiving as I felt deceived. Kevin 'A. Legend'. I should have known.

Cabaret is my new hate. We knew that the night had no redemption when we went to the bar and we asked for a carafe of white wine and a bowl of wedges and they rejected us both. "Not even chips?" I asked. Too hard apparently. Deflated, we sat down to a bag of chicken flavour (the worst kind!), two pints of TEDs and braced ourselves for the worst.

Kevin walked on and he was everything I had feared. Mel leaned over to me and whispered, "his pants aren't even leather, they're pleather." Nice one. And then added, "do you think he has a sock down there?" Mel! Seriously, geez.

Fake hair, horrible impersonations and worse jokes. I don't know if all of you are familiar with the 'Dad joke', but they're notorious in my household. Often they leave you slightly sick in the stomach or groaning with disbelief. That's Kevin A. Legend down to a tee.

E.g.
 To the tune of Amy Winehouse's *Rehab* -
 "They won't make me go to Jihad,
 oh I said no, no, no,
 I wear something on my body,
 and then I blow, blow, blow."

Not only did he make bad dad jokes, but lots of them were racist. Now, people in glass houses should not throw stones, but man, even I admit they were bad.

A racist joke about Australia being 'overrun' by Asians made a smooth transition into the fact that Rudd speaks Mandarin. This was lamely followed by a poor impersonation of Mandarin and then an even worse impersonation of Peter Garret, where the most convincing part was his donned bald cap. On the upside, his segues were always somewhat relevant.

Turned out he didn't actually need the bald cap because the ferret-like wig came off and we actually got to see a little bit of the real Kevin.

When he wasn't trying to sing like the Bee Gees, or Rod Stewart it was quite obvious that the guy is actually talented. Why he hides behind the tacky façade of 'The Idol's Idol', I don't know.

Quite a capable guitar player, he actually reminded me a little of Paul Kelly with a smooth (if not versatile) voice. Two hours of that, I could have endured. But it was when Kevin insisted that all of the women in the room squeal when he gyrated his bejangles (or sock rather), I knew that we would have to leave if we were going to survive.

Intermission was sweet and as we ducked stealthily from the toilets to the exit, ignoring the catcalls from the men in the bar playing darts, we revelled in our freedom.

Then I went home and did awesome things like clean my room and cut my toenails.

THEATRE

Mommie and the Minister

By Ash Flanders and Declan Greene
Presented by Sisters Grimm

Utilising the basement of Big Star Records on Rundle St.

possibly the funniest play I have seen ever: *Mommie and the Minister* is twisted, perverse and hysterically funny. Harriet and Edmund Lovely are locked in the basement by their 'Mommie' while she entertains the Minister. Having outgrown their clothes, it only becomes too clear that these kids have been down there for a very long time. Indulging in mixed adolescent and child-like fantasies, they play games like hide and seek, 'find the bean' and daydream of guys, rubber panties and mechanical bulls. This creepy insight into the warped and stunted minds of two neglected children makes one marvel at the reality and incredulity of their dementedness. The acting performances of the two children were flawless and they most certainly didn't mind getting dirty. Loved it!

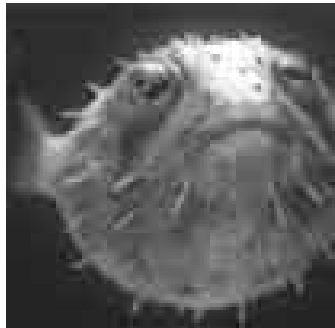


MUSIC

Future Music Festival

Presented by Future Entertainment

Exactly as expected, it was really hot, drunken, sloppy then messy. Just like a music festival should be. An impressive line-up, The Chemical Brothers killed with their Salmon Dance and kicked ass just as expected.



WOMAD Opening Night

Electric. The atmosphere was electric and exciting but also so awesomely chillaxed. The food was incredible - I love a bit of food, cultural and delicious. The firey clay pots were a spectacle to be adored, suspended from cranes in giant spheres and gracing the entrance in giant structures. The smoke was a bit crap though - especially for asthmatics. Dust didn't help either.

The stand-out act for the night had to be Mavis Staples with her

booming voice, unbelievable stories of inequality and beautiful stage presence.

Of course, John Butler drew the crowds too.

A gorgeous night and the heat just added to the summery festival atmosphere.



GEORGE KAPINARIS A BURNING SENSATION



You'll probably recognise him from the RAA Ads. In his natural Adelaide environment - Scuzzi on O'Connell Street - Melbournite George Kapinaris beams from under a baseball cap. Friendly and enthusiastic, it was like I had jumped through the television screen and was sitting next to a man that's totally familiar and yet maybe a little less neurotic. Needless to say, he grabs your attention, and I grabbed the opportunity to interview him while he's here for the Fringe with *From Burnside with Love*.

Natalie: How did you get to where you are today?

George: Where I've come from is 20 years of experience. My final year of drama was '84 and I started comedy in '85. I've got a Bachelor of Education in Drama and Media Studies from Rushden, which is now called Deakin University. By trade I'm a qualified Drama teacher. I've done some emergency teaching but I think that after seeing *Summer Heights High* with Mr. G, I won't ever do drama teaching again. I think he's actually destroyed any passion that I've had for drama teaching. Destroyed it, killed it, I don't want to do it anymore!

N: A friend of mine told me that when she was studying Maths in high school that you featured in a calculus video that was shown to the class...

G: I was! I did do a calculus video. It was funny, it was like John Cleese with his instructional videos - a funny look at serious stuff. I remember, on the day of the shoot they gave me a Triumph Convertible - it was manual and I don't drive manual and I absolutely destroyed the gear box as I drove all over Sydney, over the Sydney Harbour bridge...

N: What does that have to do with calculus...?

G: I think it has to do with distance and acceleration...

N: Oh, of course. I'm not mathematically inclined.

G: Me neither (laughs).

N: How did you get into doing the RAA ads?

G: I auditioned for the RAA ads and in the brief I got, they were looking for someone that was like George Costanza. So when I got my script, I did it in a New York accent and imitated Jason Alexander in the show: "Who can you trust?" like a Jewish Italian. Once I'd learnt it off by heart, then I tried it in an Aussie accent. So when I went for my audition I wore an American-type bomber jacket and casual slacks and a checked shirt so that I looked like George Costanza and I got the part! So 36 ads later, I come here (Scuzzi) and I do at least six a day and out of six they'll use four. At www.georgesays.com.au you can see some of the better ones.

N: Oh cool, because my favourite's the 'trust' one.

G: That's my favourite too.

N: So tell me about your Fringe show *From Burnside with Love*.

G: Well, it's a stand-up show with a difference because I'll be using a musician in the show - it'll be a live sound-track going throughout the show from start to finish. I'll be playing as well as singing and stand-up, unfortunately I can't play guitar at the same time, but actually, some bits I do.

N: Impressive.

G: I think the favourite bit I'm working on is... well I had a fair bit of trouble learning Shakespeare at school but if I set the dialogue to heavy metal music, it used to help me learn it. For example if you put Romeo and Juliet to *Smoke on the Water*, it sounds really cool, but most of Shakespeare's stuff sounds really cool when you set it to heavy metal music. That's how I learn things, by association but I think it also has something to do with the leather...

VISUAL ARTS

SENSITIVE ANXIETIES

"All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream."

- Edgar Allan Poe

Hanging around Elder Hall during Artists Week is like loitering on a northern suburbs street corner waiting for a hit. And so we flit, cardboard coffee cup in hand, like social seagulls picking at brains for scraps of inspiration. There is a certain dignity - demarcated by the velvet curtains, the leather couches, the neckerchiefs and the scarves - to the Festival of Art. A quiet veneration that comes with wandering the gallery halls, sporting our quizzical (but clearly educated) masks. The lovechild of Government and Institution, the Festival is revered as the lofty pinnacle of culture, our society in perfect display. Equally, though, it can be seen as a bastard child¹ - the abhorrent conjoining of music and art - that somehow cannot be fully trusted.

Indeed, for many artists the Fringe and Adelaide Festivals herald scary, alienating times. The exhibiting process can often be likened to a dance along a carnival tightrope between dream and reality. And so, in festival spirit, the artist becomes a carnival in themselves. In Umberto Eco's definition, a "disturbing ensemble of diverse and not completely homogenous phenomena, such as humour, comedy, grotesque, parody, satire, wit and so on."² In such a state, it is little wonder that fear runs rampant. But then, the very heart of 'carnival' beats deep into a history of fear, spectacle and violence. Historian Monica Rector describes a carnival that "has its origin in ancient times, when it was remarkable for merry dances, masks, and above all for a striking licentiousness"³. By the 14th century - home of the Little Ice Age and the Black Death - the local carnival often involved boisterous games and bodily self-indulgence, alongside floats, hunch-back races and "violent games where people threw all sorts of objects and one another"⁴. It is questionable whether much has since changed, except perhaps that insult throwing and snobbery is now a more widely popular warfare. So why do we continue to involve ourselves in these fascinatingly offensive rituals? Should we succumb to the sinuous concoction of glamour, theatrics and unyielding indulgence, and what is it good for anyhow?

This year's Festival raises a number of questions regarding the role of fear and anxiety within a culture that is becoming strangely (but not surprisingly) insular - feasting upon, as one arts writer describes, a "nebulous amalgam of insecurity"⁵. *Handle With Care* - this year's Adelaide Biennial of Australian Art - captures, in curator Felicity Fenner's own words, "that nebulous idea of anxiety and fragility"⁶. These fears are not limited to the social experience, but extend with dark twisting tendrils to encompass environmental concerns - both global and free-floating - and the sense of loss within a culture that seems, more often than not, to be in a state of transit. At the same time, however, there is a beauty inherent in fear, a sensitivity that is brought out by anxiety⁷. Such beauty has an unmistakable presence in the gallery.

The carnival shows us a world where fish fly and birds swim, where everyday behaviour is inverted - a time of ritual, masquerade and play⁸. Amongst these dreamy carnal days, creatures are personified and humans become animals in intoxicating glory. The streets are hunted by lions and tigers and bears. Searchlights roam the city facades, the illumination spilling through windows and over banisters, dripping onto pavement dwellers, acrobats and revelers. Murmurs of music fill the tense big top air, whilst competitive clowns can be spotted mumming amongst the mall crowd. Students kit up with text books and HECS fees forget the future alongside a folly of carnies, smoke stacks pursed between pierced lips and ringed fingers.

Never have the streets seen such spectacle!

As Linda Marie Walker once wrote for *RealTime Arts*, "there is art 'all round'⁹". With Graffiti Research Lab in cahoots with the locals¹⁰, it is becoming increasingly difficult to ignore the creative presence on street walls and sidewalks, legal or otherwise, both ephemeral and staid. With this, I do not refer solely to the recent redevelopment of our city facades into ephemeral illuminations of intrigue, but more to the visual opulence occurring under our very feet, upon the pavement and the brickwork. Though some may see street art as little removed from dog piss on a fire hydrant, the government is funding GRL's Australian descent, and that's proof enough for me. Adelaide city offers up an abundance of surfaces, textures and sounds - a choir of social interactions playing out in brilliant technicolour. Artists' Week keynote speaker, Doug Aitken, describes a "kaleidoscopic concrete landscape"¹¹, wherein buildings communicate - a flowing landscape of narrative¹². Adelaide, too, has seen a recent reactivation of its social spaces. The Festival pleads with its interstate relatives that it is not just a city of bureaucracy - of paper-pile apartment blocks and housing divisions of regulation and responsibility - though, for 364 weeks a year, I could almost beg to differ.

Art has the ability to transform a site, not just through its physicality, but also through an alteration of awareness. There is an energy - "a space", in the words of Isabel Aquilizan, "that we create and occupy"¹³, the byproducts of artworks that are trampled into the street along with catalogues, coffee cups, and renewed inspirations. It is a place built on the energy of dreams and ideas, both fragile and bold. A city of fear, insular and alone. An anxious space, sensitive and unknown. It is a transitory space - we exist within it only momentarily. And then, amongst the 300,000 commuters to Adelaide's grid¹⁴, we return to our own private spaces, to the comforts of our kitchens, our sofas and our beds. And then, at night, we wrap ourselves into sacred sheets and dream of sensitive anxieties, both beautiful and spectacular.

Lauren Sutter

¹ I refer, here, to artist Philip Brophy's forum presentation, "Like a cat fucking a dog", wherein he matter-of-factly states that music and art, like the cat and dog, can never have children, and each are left wondering what in the world they are doing to the other.

² Eco, U., in Eco, U., Ivanov, V.V., & Rector, M. *Carnival!*, Mouton De Gruyter, New York, 1984, p.1.

³ Rector, M. in Eco, U., Ivanov, V.V., & Rector, M. *Carnival!*, Mouton De Gruyter, New York, 1984, p. 39.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Keehan, R. 'Brisbane so much to answer for', *Broadsheet*, Vol. 36, No. 1, p. 39.

⁶ Fenner, F. in conversation, *Forum: Adelaide Biennial of Australian Art*, Adelaide, 3 March 2008.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Eco, U., in Eco, U., Ivanov, V.V., & Rector, M. *Carnival!*, Mouton De Gruyter, New York, 1984, p.2.

⁹ Walker, L.M. 'Unseen, all too visible', *RealTime Arts Magazine*, Issue 59, February 2004, viewed 1 March 2008, <<http://www.realttimearts.net/article/issue59/7359>>

¹⁰ The Graffiti Research Lab workshops and masterclasses, at Adelaide Festival Centre's 'Artspace', combine digital and analogue street art practices, reveling in the wholesome act of teaching others how to be illegal artists in all the right ways.

¹¹ Aitken, D. in conversation, *Keynote Address: Doug Aitken*, Adelaide, 2 March 2008.

¹² Ibid.

¹³ Aquilizan, I. in conversation, *Forum: Adelaide Biennial of Australian Art*, Adelaide, 3 March 2008.

¹⁴ Committee for Adelaide's Roads, *Adelaide's Road Infrastructure: Its Role in Achieving Social Inclusion Objectives*, viewed 3 March 2008, <www.car.asn.au/documents/Briefing-RoadsandSocialInclusion_002.pdf>

HOW LONG WAS I DREAMING FOR ?

Since the Fringe Festival became an annual event (so that it is in its 3rd consecutive year in 2008), I have obligingly cleared my calendar for the entire month from mid February to mid March. For me, the month of The Fringe and The Festival of Arts feels similar to riding a gigantic metaphorical rollercoaster. The highs of seeing a brilliant performance and treating money like confetti while I socialize at The Garden of Unearthly Delights are evened out by the dips and dives of waking up at midday with a horrible hangover, dust-filled lungs and an empty wallet. I, for one, plan to sleep for the entire month of April, and once all the carnies have left town, I imagine the rest of Adelaide will seem as though it is doing the same. Ordinarieness can become a treasured thing.

For one month of the year during the Fringe, every funky cafe and decent pub is turned into a mini art space, with interesting and often bizarre "art" tacked on those beer and coffee splattered walls. There is no shortage of work to feast your hungry little eyes on, but the trick is to try and find the good stuff.

*"everything you can think of is true
and fishes make wishes on you
we're fighting our way up dreamland's spine
with black flamingos, expensive wine
everything you can think of is true
the baby's asleep in your shoe
your teeth are buildings with yellow doors
your eyes are fish on a creamy shore"*

Is there anyone more lyrically interesting than Tom Waits? I think not. No, this isn't going to turn into an homage to that brilliant man, although the words do (in my mind) conjure up the bizarre nature of this Fringe. Rather it is lyrics that relate to the first artwork that grabbed me as I walked into the *FIRST* show (a collection of works created by visual arts students graduating with first class honours from the S.A. Art School at UniSA.).

Heidi Kenyon's, *Everything You Can Think of is True*, is a striking installation. Like the lyrics of Tom Waits' that titles this piece, Kenyon's work encompasses a sort of fantastical imagery and sense of dream like wonder. From a distance it resembles a cluster of giant bugs, clinging to the far wall of the gallery. Upon closer inspection it becomes clear that Kenyon has carefully cut up a series of records and displayed them in a fashion that adheres to the childlike visual mind that connects us with our youth.

Similarly Kristel Britcher's work in glass appeals to the viewer. There is a strange sense of warmth that emanates from Britcher's

egg-like creations. The glass radiates a sort of glow that, at least for me, is somehow comforting in a very womb-like way.

Having seen and enjoyed Annika Evans' previous work in other shows, her *Untitled* installation piece is similarly engaging. In *FIRST*, Evans has set up a construction whereby milk drips from a large, triangular shaped object attached to the ceiling into a decorative plaster bowl filled with black ink. This somewhat sensual piece takes the viewer to a place where the lines of the emotional and physical meet.

Monte Masi's video installations question whether the performance of the artist is an art object or simply a piece of documentation. Always with a sense of satire in mind, Masi's *Crying Challenge (I'm not really that sad)* sees the artist try to squeeze a single tear onto a piece of paper.

The Fringe Guide was brimming in 2008 with newcomer artists and some of our own past editors at *On Dit* can be found on this list. 2006 *On Dit* Editor, Stephanie Mountzouris along with fellow Urtext Studio member Aaron Schuppan, held a photography exhibit titled *Scary Chicks and Boring Dudes*, and past *On Dit* Visual Arts editor Leo Greenfield held his own, stylishly magnificent show in the recently established *A Room of Her Own* gallery on Queen Street. Having only skimmed the surface of the deep ocean of visual art that was available to you all this Fringe and Festival, I can only hope that many of you were able to see something new and different that challenged you as a viewer.

By the time you read this article the State Library will no longer be lit up by mesmerising Northern Lights, the possums will have resumed their rightful ownership of Rundle Park and Adelaidians will return to hibernation for another year. But let's not forget what an amazing city Adelaide is capable of being when we let it.

*You haven't looked at me that way in years
You dreamed me up and left me here
How long was I dreaming for
What was it you wanted me for*

*You haven't looked at me that way in years
But I'm still here.*

[Tom Waits - I'm Still Here](#)

Clara Sankey

PITCH

PEOPLE MORE INTERESTING THAN YOU...

From docos to current affairs programs, Quentin Kenihan's rare disability is ratings gold, "capturing the nation's heart with his wit, humour and never-say-die attitude". His recent work in the media industry has propelled him even further into the public eye, but what you don't know about Quentin is that he is exactly 'like everyone else'...with a pretty impressive résumé to boot.

Claire Elizabeth Knight

Claire: You've just been in Sydney is that right?

Quentin: Wheelin' and dealin' yeah

C: Wheelin' and dealin', I like that. What are you working on at the moment?

Q: I was there for a job interview... to be a programming consultant. Basically, you know the shows you see on Channel 10? I pick which ones go on Channel 10 and where they go. So last year I chose where Californication went.

C: So how do you get involved in having a job like that?

Q: I don't know... I just got sent some DVDs one day and asked to comment... after a while I wrote a report for the network and they liked it. It's all about what makes a good TV show. I was taught how to break down ratings demographics, how to judge, you know, market share and all that kind of crap...

C: Last time we spoke you were working as producer on a few shows, how did that go?

Q: I made a documentary series about disabled artists for SBS... that was really good, and then I did a show for community TV and Foxtel last year called *No Limits* and just a lot of corporate videos and stuff like that. So I didn't actually make any commercial TV, but this year I'm looking at doing a TV series.

C: We've previously seen you in front of the camera in the TV series *Quentin Crashes* and in short films. Is that something you're keen to do more of in the future?

Q: Behind the scenes pretty well these days. I'm not young and cute anymore, I was 33 on Wednesday... I'm Old.

C: (laughs) Well happy birthday! So in regards to your on camera appearances, I'm sure lots of people would recognise you from your work and all of the media attention you've received from being, well, just the person you are. Do you get approached a lot in public? What is the general response?

Q: Yeah, heaps. Some is good, some is bad. You know, it generally is really a mix of people, most are supportive though. Oh, a hilarious one I had though was when I was in hospital, in the emergency department after falling down the stairs and breaking both my legs... and this nurse wanted to come in and ask for my autograph.

C: And did you let her?

Q: Well, no, my friends kind of ushered her away. But it was the fact that she wanted to ask for my autograph while I'm writhing in agony, it was kind of interesting.

C: So speaking of being in hospital and health... is that a constant issue for you in terms of work?

Q: It's not a constant issue, but it's a mindful issue. I've always got to be mindful of you know, my health and I've got to look after myself just as anyone would, but I've just got to be more careful.

C: So tell me a bit about the disease you've got, it's a pretty unique bone disease is that right?

Q: Yep, brittle bone disease.... Osteogenesis imperfecta.

C: Do you reckon you've counted how many times you've broken a bone?

Q: Six hundred and fifty three.

C: Is that some sort of record?

Q: Nope.

C: No? There are people that have broken more bones than that? Wow. That would be pretty cool, to get into the Guinness World Records or something.

Q: I don't think I'm there... yet.

C: Not yet? Still got a couple of hundred in you?

Q: It's not something I'll be striving for either.

C: No plans to take up dare devil work on a motorbike or something? I wouldn't put it past you, after all, you do call yourself "Australia's most unique celebrity."



Q: Well I am Australia's most unique celebrity! There's no one like me! I'm short, cute, cuddly...

C: And you can break more bones than...

Q: Anyone else. Almost.

C: So I saw on your website, your 'personal motto' is to "always be better than you think you can be". What does that mean to you?

Q: I kind of see it that, you've always got to try and be bigger than the sum of your hearts. Because you may be in a wheelchair, or you may have no money, or you came from a different background... or you're struggling in some way, it doesn't mean that you can't be successful and achieve your goals. The only person that can stop you is you. In the end, nothing can stop you unless it's basically yourself. Cause, if one person says no, there's always going to be one person that says yes. The only person that can really say no to you is yourself.

C: To many people, you're an inspirational figure...

Q: Yeah but I don't see it that way. I just see myself as me, just getting on with my day. If some people see that as kind of inspirational then, so be it. I'm not out there to be a role model, I still enjoy getting messed up and falling out of pubs. I still enjoy running amuck with my mates, you know, I don't claim to be a paragon of virtue or... anyone completely perfect. I try to live by certain morals but...

C: The dark side of Quentin, the side you don't see on A Current Affair...

Q: Everyone's got a dark side! I've been known for the odd one night stand... you know, the stuff that normal people do.

To find out more about Quentin's many wheelings and dealings, check out: <http://www.q.kenihan.net/>



Dit-vious

With the festivals bring festivities...

I attended the opening of the Garden of Unearthly Delights and to my unearthly delight I was met with a sea of beautiful people, some new and some familiar, but all with a common goal - to get as naughty as possible. I wafted through the Garden with a look of glee on my face, be it the bottles of champagne the girls and I polished off before arrival or the love of the unknown pleasures waiting to happen. There is nothing I love more about Adelaide than the Garden. For me it is a sublime place reaching out to you with open arms like the lover you've always dreamed of. And, oh so many lovers are tempting you with every drink, cone of chips, ride on the Ferris wheel or organic corn slathered in butter and salt - delicious and very bad for you! Like last year and the year before that, the Garden has become the centre of our social lives, we grow with it and into it and become part of the scenery as much as the SOCO club and street performers. The opening marked the beginning of the end of the summer party set in our hometown and I know it's going to be just too good.

However, there seems to be a tad of... (shall I call it?) bad behaviour during carnival...

Just because it is Festival time and everyone is feeling a little loose, doesn't mean you all need to get really nasty. The stories that have leaked out recently are just unforgivable! Where do these people come from? Let me share with you a couple of these incidents and you'll see why you need to leave the city if this was you.

My girlfriend, at a recent music festival, needed to go to the bathroom. That's not unusual. When she finally got into the cubicle, already sweaty, slimy and revolting with fluids from drunk and skanky people, she notices something in the corner. Upon closer inspection she realises that she is faced with a pair of pink knickers and a used condom. WHERE DO YOU GET OFF? How on earth can you be that foul - sex is for bedrooms, couches, kitchen tables, washing machines, backyards or cars but not public portable toilets that are probably

covered in the worst diseases around. Putting aside doing it in public, is it really necessary to leave everyone a memento of your, no doubt, unfulfilling and uncomfortable sexual experience? GROSS.

Another friend was witness to something even more horrific than part 'concealed' public sex. There's a girl, who in a state much less than sober, slinks up to a boy and asks if she can get into his pants. After about 3 seconds deliberation he consents, on one condition, only if he can get into her pants too. So there is this 'couple' sans kissing, getting dirty, in the daylight, by the bar, for most of Adelaide to watch. WHERE DO YOU GET OFF? Seriously rat bags, I know we're young and beautiful and free and all we want to do when we're a bit pissy is get a bit nasty but this is just ridiculous...

Now, I've done rat bag things and am no sexual missionary saint either but the least I can do, for the general public and my own personal hygiene is put my knickers back on. I just can't stand people being so revolting and inconsiderate. I moved into a new house last year and despite the agent assuring me that the house was clean, I found four used condoms in my room alone - one behind a wardrobe and the rest in the fireplace. THAT IS NOT COOL. No matter what, you can always find a bin so HAVE SOME RESPECT.

Was this you? Hopefully not!

If you want to get nasty this festival season with whomever (or whatever) just think about the rest of us who a) have to see it or b) have to clean it up. But then again, if you didn't get all skanky like the Britney, we'd have nothing to talk about on Sundays, would we?

Keep it safe and knicker free - for us, not you.

Lex x

PS Have you got a special story about someone not so special? Send them to me at sexylexiondit@live.com.au and don't worry, I don't kiss and tell... names!



Dit-licious with Hannah Frank

Gastroporn (or, Why I Want To Be a TV Chef)

It was all over in just one minute. I had expected things to take a bit longer considering his experience, but apparently the creamy substance wouldn't wait any longer. This lemon curd tart was ready.

"Gastroporn" is a word I first heard used in my anthropology lecture. I can't actually remember how the lecturer defined it, but I liked the expression so much that I have adopted it. I use it to refer to any televised food related show which favours overly enthusiastic presenters, scripted jokes, producers with emotional connections to their food, and a reliance on trivial, insignificant details in order to make a dish sound more complicated than it actually is.

The gratuitous use and abuse of food on our screens is present everywhere; look no further than the primetime slots these sorts of shows are often afforded. Much like real porn, gastroporn allows the viewer to substitute actual interaction with the subject matter for an exploitative, illusory relationship with screen bound fantasies of improbably buoyant soufflés and impossibly short cooking times, ever assisted by that magic phrase '... and here's one we prepared earlier...'

I feel that it is this over-abundance of TV food shows that are ruining our appetite and spoiling our palates when something decent (and hell yes, that means anything starting with Jamie) comes along. Most

TV food shows are just repackaging old information, sometimes with a promotion that mentions the associated magazine which just happens to be sold in your local supermarket. But that's not what food shows should be about; they should, like sex, be fun, be funny, and be flawed. No one likes to see someone else prepare a perfect dish; it's not human. It was pointed out to me that one of the best things about *Huey's Cooking Adventures* is the lack of script, meaning that sometimes he completely forgets to add an ingredient before realising at the end and telling us 'whoops, we'll just throw that in now, then'.

Just to clarify and appease the fans out there, *Ready Steady Cook* escapes this categorisation by maintaining an underlying yet tangible sexual tension between the somewhat homophobic French chef Manou and the effeminate, charmingly naive Peter Everett. But this is also an example of a show where imperfection makes it endearing. Despite the blatant Coles product placement, the show manages to keep fresh by choosing contestants that are unflinchingly exploiting their five minutes of fame to tell Australia (or at least the dole bludgers, students and pensioners who watch the show), their grandmother's secret recipe/tradition/bunion treatment. This 'family origin' approach is heavily favoured by the producers of the show, perhaps in order to inject some personality into these highly made up, overly chatty women.

Rather, the shows that I am referring to all featured on the Lifestyle Channel, and included such delights as a show about fat people having to poo to the satisfaction of a tiny pink-clad dietician. Following this,

a huge American lady showed us how to arrange a few morsels for a cocktail party before - get this - flying across the Atlantic to give exactly the same party, with the same food. This was presumably to reinforce the notion that as long as you're somewhere civilized, darling, you should be able to manage a bit of pate on a plate without looking like too much of a pleb.

It was the third show that broke me. Through the drone of scripted, pre-worked dialogue, a twenty-something, personality-less presenter failed to offer any opinions of his own. During the fifteen minute construction of his eggplant lined mug'o'couscous the only opinion he offered was on his choice of onions - he finds the ones he used "a bit sweeter".

Foxtel, what's going on? Even my sister would do a better cooking show, and she lives solely on pasta and cheap tomato sauce, day in, day out. At least she's got some sort of personality, like the way she bursts into a room shouting 'No pants!!!' before proceeding to boil water and heat sauce wearing precious little more than a pair of Bonds and a t-shirt.

Words cannot describe the injustice of the most boring man on the planet getting his own TV show when there are plenty of people out there (and, lets be honest, I include myself in that) willing to replace this guy and his eggplants with the perfect combination of acid sarcasm, proper food that you would actually want to eat and dashing good looks.

Call me Foxtel and give me a show.

Hannah Frank

Restaurant Review: Restaurant Sixty Six

66 King William Road, GOODWOOD
Ph: 8271 8262

There's a sense of doom that comes with forgetting your credit card when you're supposed to be shouting someone a birthday dinner. Forgoing all the eateries up the 'popular' end of the street near the Hyde Park Tavern, we had zoomed merrily towards Restaurant 66 before I realised that my credit card was sitting patiently on my desk at home after making some pay-day eBay purchases earlier that afternoon.

Back home again on the other side of town with the required card now returned to its rightful top slot in my wallet, we called Restaurant 66 to ask them if we could still eat at the rather late (for Adelaide) hour of 9:45pm. 'No problem' came the reply, and so we sped back through the city to arrive at a nearly empty restaurant, bar two women dissecting their relationships in great detail over some luscious looking desserts.

I'm always a bit nervous going to a new restaurant. You never know what might happen, especially as the last three months overseas had produced some Fawtly Towers, like the time when I had asked for a spoon and been presented with two black coffees, spiked with whiskey. At Restaurant 66, the charming entrance down a lantern lit path and proprietor Greg's friendly approach ensured we were in for a good night.

Offered the prime pick of tables in front of the window overlooking King William St, the atmosphere was cosy if a little quiet due to the lack of other diners. But no complaints, because it meant we had Greg's full attention.

The menu showed somewhat schizophrenic tendencies, with elaborately sauced French style dishes sitting awkwardly alongside Asian style offerings, including a pub-esque Salt n Pepper Squid. A Quail entrée which sounded more like a chocolate bar with its fruit and nut glaze and a Massaman Chicken Curry ended the list of French style main courses.

The special of the night 'two things which turns into five' was a red and green curry, which came with beef or duck for the red curry, and chicken, prawns or interestingly, salmon with the green.

The website describes Restaurant 66 as 'Provincial French and Modern Australian' but, on the night we were there at least, it was more accurately 'Provincial French or Thai'. Don't be fooled; there's no fusion going on here.

Beginning with some sparkling mineral water and a bottle of Skillogallee Rose, which Greg told us was 'in the style of Alicante' and therefore our pick of the night, we pondered whether to go down the French or Asian path tonight before both settling on the European continent. I chose the Salmon Béarnaise (\$30.50) with its asparagus, crushed potatoes, baby spinach and '66's Sensational House Made Béarnaise Sauce' while my companion went for the Duck Montmorency (\$31.50), which appealed for the sour cherry and cherry brandy glaze.

On enquiring about how the salmon came (I have been wary ever since working at a restaurant where the default was 'medium rare') Greg assured me that Restaurant 66 was 'traditional, not trendy', and my salmon would be cooked through.

After an appropriate pause, say one or two glasses of wine, the food arrived on large, square plates. Now, decent plating will impress me anyday, but there was something special going on in front of me. Not only did my salmon proudly wear a corner of its crunchy crust under the béarnaise, but, perched on top of a few nicely crisped baby potatoes, it managed to still look like food, and good food at that. Extra points here in a time where artistically arranged titbits on a plate often masquerade as your meal.

The duck was similarly impressive, though a heavy note of rosemary, unmentioned in the menu, made it difficult for me to taste the sour cherry. Apparently it was splendid though. The 'Snow White' mashed potato was by all reports deliciously creamy, though it came moulded into a somewhat unnerving round shape. I prefer my mash served in a bit more of an anarchic fashion, sprawling across the plate so that it can do its job of looking after stray juices that escape from the meat.

After such an impressive meal, we were happy, pleasantly full and a little tipsy. The desserts we had seen looked luscious, but looking over the menu Greg told us that our two choices weren't available. 'We just tried the pannacotta and it's not set yet. It was horrible!'. It's not often that you'll get such honesty from a restaurateur, but it was this charming candour from Greg that endeared him to us. Earlier, he had poured the wine in what he considered to be in the wrong order, and we assured him that we didn't really mind about these things. Later, as we finished our mains, he rushed over looking a little sheepish. 'It's probably a bit late to ask, but is everything ok?'

With nothing else on the dessert menu that particularly appealed to us, we decided a cheese platter would be a good way to end both the night and our bottle of wine. It arrived with the heavy wooden board dwarfing the slivers of cheese. Now, it's often the case that you feel slightly ripped off ordering a cheese platter - perhaps because it doesn't seem like much effort or product for your money - but in this case, it seemed worse because the mains had been spot on.

Here we had a few slivers of cheese (including a delicious yet inexpensive cumin infused one I regularly buy at the Central Market), a single cherry tomato, a strawberry, a few sultanas, almonds and cashews, and some standard-issue crackers. It took us all of five minutes to inhale the morsels while we finished the wine.

Another sting came when the bill arrived. It turned out that my 300mL bottle of sparkling water, from some all natural granite source or other in Victoria, had cost me ten of my hard earned dollars. The bottle of wine we had enjoyed, which sold for \$16 or so down the road had enjoyed a 100% mark up at \$34. Though probably not uncommon in the restaurant industry, after the cheese platter and alongside a \$10 bottle of water it didn't slide down so well.

Win some; lose some. Restaurant 66 was a bit hit and miss for us, but the food is damn good, doing justice to its style, and worth the outlay for the mains. Assuming the Modern Australian sector performs equally well, then this restaurant has all the ticks where it counts - pricing issues and cheese portioning being issues only for those of us who are poor and starving - probably not Greg's usual clientele. It's friendly, not fussy, and worth a visit for a special night out or a celebration.

Hannah Frank



Life and Writing with Peter Godwin

I was waiting by the Adelaide Festival statue in the bottom of the Hilton Hotel. I was puzzled by it because I didn't realise that it wasn't actually anything at all. I had puzzled over it with co-workers, friends and alone. I finally found out that it is an abstract representation of the Adelaide Festival which is printed all over the front of the Adelaide Writers' Week programs. I write this because I was so distracted that I failed to keep an eye out for the person that I had come in to interview. Eventually another woman came over and I didn't notice at first, but as it dawned upon me, I approached her and she was the publicity person who was to introduce me to Peter Godwin journalist and author. I had just finished reading Peter's latest memoir, *When a Crocodile Eats the Sun*, about when he returns to Zimbabwe in 1996 to find his father ill and his country descending into a chaotic place, full of racial tension.

Originally a barrister, Peter, to put it into his own words, became a journalist more by accident than by any conscious decision. He originally studied law at Cambridge University and international relations and African history at Oxford after military service. His journalistic career as a foreign correspondent for television and print media is impressive and he is currently teaching a writing course at Columbia University in New York City. His first book *Mukiwa - A White Boy in Africa* was about growing up in Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe).

His writer's week picture (in the program) was of a clean-shaven man gazing into the distance. I was introduced to a man with a beard, wearing glasses and looking slightly older than I expected from the passport photo sized printed. But somehow, he fit the image of a journalist and globe trotter; very distinguished and impressive. He also has an accent which sounds British, but has an undertone of something else... which is probably to do with growing up in Zimbabwe. That finished off the image for me. I knew then and there this was a perfect example of one of the foreign correspondents that I had imagined from reading Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*. If he had been wearing a bespoke suite (the kind Cary Grant wears in the famous chase scene in *North by Northwest*), tie and a crisp white shirt, it would have made my day.

As we sat down to chat and talk about journalism, his memoirs and living in a metropolitan city such as New York, it was interesting to talk to Peter about whether journalism aided his writing of any of his memoirs, his latest one specifically. He doesn't think it does. Journalism to him is about distancing oneself. While British journalism is now becoming more personalised, he is of the school that has learnt to take a step back and just observe. There is a totally different process going on compared to the writing of a memoir where one needs to be subjective. He also defines the difference between autobiography and that of memoir, stating that an autobiography has the camera being pointed directly at you, where as in memoir, the camera is more on your shoulder filming from your perspective, but you're not in the view constantly.

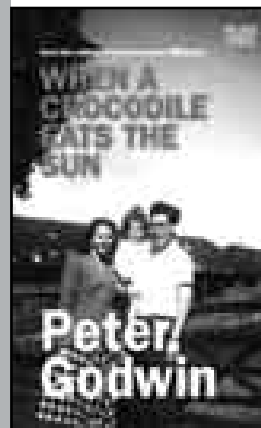
Peter didn't set out to write *When a Crocodile Eats the Sun*; however, *Mukiwa* ends in the mid 1990s and is more a coming of age tale. However, certain events were taking place after the ending, with Zimbabwe becoming more and more turbulent, and Peter's father becoming ill and revealing a family secret that is extremely surprising. However Peter saw that this could all be tied together and felt that with all Zimbabwe's troubles that he had a story to tell. It was going to be told by him whether he wanted to or not. So he began to write. During writing this book however, Peter's father passed away and he was unable to write the book for just under a year. When he went back to it though, the book had changed from that experience. Instead of writing in the past tense, he then changed to writing in the present tense which changed the tone of the memoir.

In times of memoirs being contested and exposed as being fraudulent (see James Frey's confession on Oprah), Peter points out that in a memoir; it is from the writer's perspective. No one person sees the same event in exactly the same way. He admits that to write a memoir, one does sometimes portray family members in negative light sometimes, however, he stresses that a memoir is only one view and it is only partial. From his mentioning that he actually runs his manuscripts by his family, it is obvious that he comes from a close and caring family and he allows his family to make notes and if it's about them and he gets it objectively wrong he will change it.

In Peter's first memoir, he was writing from his childhood memories. He didn't want to get adult memories; he wanted to use a child's more impressionistic views on life. But when he gave the manuscript to his parents to review it, they were late in getting back to him. So he decided to begin the changes from their point of view. Just as he was at the end, his parents sent their notes back and there was almost no overlap. They were not really upset about much. Rather it was the smaller things such as protocol that his mother was worried about.

Currently none of Peter's family lives in Zimbabwe. His sister and mother are in the United Kingdom, where his sister moved in *When a Crocodile Eats the Sun*, and he himself lives in Manhattan, New York with his family. However, he does say that his mother is not convinced that she wants to stay in Britain forever. But the current situation in Zimbabwe is worse than it was at the end of the book, it is exorbitant to live there and the average lifespan is now 35 - 37 years, there's 80 - 90% unemployment and huge amounts of malnutrition. It has really disintegrated from a successful post-colonial country it was.

Peter was in Adelaide for Writer's Week where he gave three talks. One was Expats, talking about moving to different countries; another was The Honesty and Dishonesty of Life Writing which is self explanatory. He also did a Meet the Author session. *When a Crocodile Eats the Sun* is an interesting and moving memoir on a country falling apart and a family learning about one another. A book to recommend to anyone who is interested in learning more about the Zimbabwe crisis or reading from a different perspective about a topic already known to them.



Alicia Moraw

Literature

Editors: Alicia Moraw & Connor O'Brien

Writer's Week Reviews



Meet the Author: Germaine Greer
Pioneer Women's Memorial Garden
Sunday, March 2

The first day of Writers' Week, I had planned to see Germaine Greer talk about her new book, *Shakespeare's Wife*, but had no idea which tent she was supposed to be speaking in. I was already late, and didn't want to have to make a detour to pick up a copy of *The Advertiser* just to check the schedule. Luckily I didn't have to, because as I got closer to the Pioneer Women's Memorial Gardens (read: about a half kilometre away), I could distinctly hear a woman ranting loudly (and rather nasally) about the misogynistic nature of the Ox-Bridge university system, somewhere near the East Tent. I have coined this phenomenon GPS - the 'Greer Positioning System'. GPS works under the principle that if you happen to hear a middle-aged Australian woman shouting outlandishly in a mock-British accent about gynophobia in sixteenth century English literature (or any other topic that nobody really

gives half a damn about), there is 95 percent probability that Germaine Greer is somewhere in the general vicinity. The moral of this story? I found Greer's tent without buying a copy of *The Advertiser*, which I was pretty gosh-darn pleased about.

Anyway, here's the thing about Greer: a lot of people can't stand her, and a lot of other people adore her (including my girlfriend, which quite frankly terrifies me). To me, however, she is just an interesting sort of psychopath. On the one hand, if I ever happened upon the misfortune of finding myself alone in a room with her, I would fear for my life, but on the other, on Writer's Week Sunday, she gave, hands down, the most entertaining speech about Anne Hathaway (i.e. Shakespeare's wife) in the history of speeches about the maligned wives of sixteenth century English literary masters. Which probably doesn't say much, actually.

Connor O'Brien

Evening One with Visiting Writers: Linda Grant, Denise Mina, Deborah Moggach, Tim Parks
Adelaide Town Hall
Monday, March 3

Going to see a literary panel discussion isn't like going to, let's say, the Future Music Festival. There are many differences, actually, but the biggest difference is that you get assigned seating positions. The second biggest difference is that the audience members for literary panel discussions tend to be much, much older than your average punters. I wouldn't have minded either of these things, were it not for the fact that I was seated next to a ninety-year-old man wearing a socks and sandals combination, with severe hearing problems, who snorted hardcore whenever he laughed (which was surprisingly often). To tell you the truth, I had this same problem (of finding myself somehow seated next to 'eccentric' elderly gentlemen) at almost every Writer's Week session I attended.

The panel was interesting, and I mean 'interesting' in that very particular way that the word 'interesting' is used when a person asks, "Was it absolutely amazing?" and you reply, "It was... interesting."

Each author was allowed to speak for twenty minutes on any topic of their choosing. Up first was Linda Grant (who wrote *Sexing the Millennium*, about the

political history of the sexual revolution, and who is at the moment plugging her upcoming novel, *The Clothes on Their Backs*), who was not nearly as eloquent as I had hoped (actually, expected). When Linda Grant writes about politics, she writes forcefully, and by that I mean that when Linda Grant writes politics, she writes hilariously bitchily. (As an example, the most recent thing I read by Grant was a great article she wrote for *The Australian* recently, in which she argued that people who do not dress well are dimwits, which is hard to deny, when you really think about it). Anyway, the point is that I sort of expected Grant to have the same sort of hysterical intensity in person. She didn't. She was nervous. She wasn't funny. She said "Um" really *really* loudly every four seconds (yes, I really did start timing the intervals - I am absolutely OCD). She also looked really angry, like she wanted to be someplace else. Et cetera. It was a bit sad. Now every time I read one of her books or articles, I will mentally say "Um" to myself at the end of every sentence. It will be very annoying.

But then there was Denise Mina, who was a treat, and I mean 'a treat' in that very particular way that the word 'treat' is used when a person asks, "Wasn't that writer we saw completely unexpectedly out-of-the-blue want-to-have-their-babies fantastic?" and you reply, "Oh-my-god-yes, I-can't-believe-I-have-never-even-heard-of-them-before-what-is-up-with-that, they were

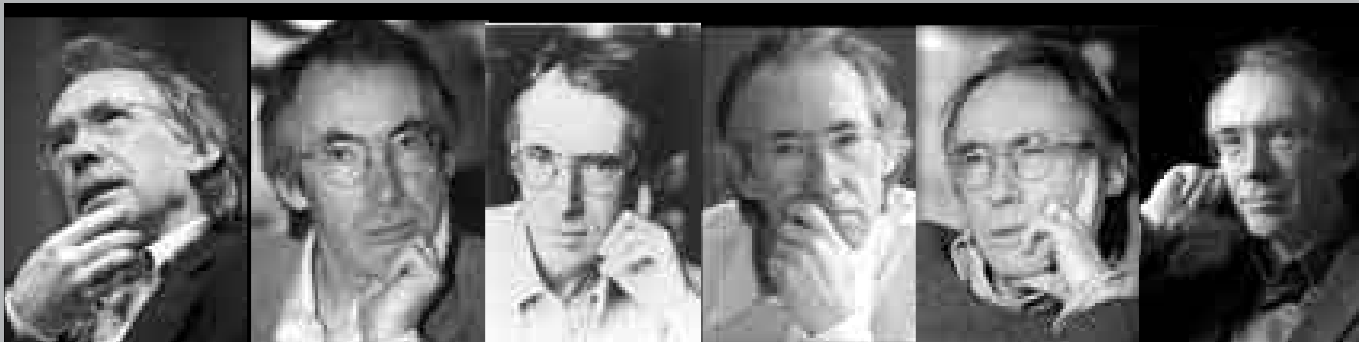
a treat." Denise Mina is a writer of crime fiction. I normally hate crime fiction. The titles, alone, have always put me off, and (let's get this out of the way) it's not like Mina's novels are any exception to the rule that all crime novels must have overblown, unoriginal titles: her three most recent releases are titled *The Last Breath*, *The Dead Hour*, and *The Field of Blood*. But seeing Mina on stage has convinced me of two things. Firstly, that crime fiction might not be so bad after all. Secondly, that I want to marry her. Her books might be rubbish, but I'm recommending them purely because she seemed like such a cool babe, and that's really enough, isn't it?

That leaves Deborah Moggach and Tim Parks. Moggach was the woman who wrote the screenplay for the 2005 *Pride & Prejudice* film starring Keira Knightley, and Tim Parks has written a lot of books about the life and times of a British bloke in Italy (like *Italian Neighbours*, which reads like a more hardcore version of Peter Mayle... if that even makes sense?). I liked both of them. Moggach was lovely like your grandma is, and Parks was cynical and darkly humorous.

When they got bantering, the night turned into something like a more intellectual version of *Big Brother*. But even better, because there was a woman from *The Age* literary supplement compèring, and mercifully not Kyle or Jackie O.

Connor O'Brien

Writer's Week Reviews (continued)



The many faces of Ian McEwan. Does he like having his hand near his face much?

Meet the Author: Linda Grant

Pioneer Women's Memorial Garden
Wednesday, March 5

Just over an hour with UK novelist Linda Grant was worth the afternoon heat for two reasons. She jumped straight into a description of the themes of her latest novel, *The Clothes on Their Backs*, with heaps of directness and enthusiasm. The honesty that came across while she admitted never really feeling like she fit into society roles, such as the middle class

English woman, made her novel's migration, survival and outsider themes seem perhaps a bit autobiographical. Also, this directness reminded of the blunt, funny voice that I loved in her earlier novel *Still There*. But I quickly stopped with these easy similarities between author and her works when she firmly said she avoided writing about herself. All the personas of her characters were in fact ways to "get away" from talking about her own experiences. This left me confused, but in a really good way.

Kate Bryson

Book Reviews

Heaven's Net Is Wide by Lian Hearn

Hachette Australia

A trilogy is supposed to have three books. Three only. The Otori trilogy has gone past the original three... it is now at number five, and the author has promised that this is the last one. Not that I mind. I love the Otori trilogy, which I began to read in the last year of high school, five or so years ago. It combined the perfect blend of mysticism, history and great characters.

Heaven's Net Is Wide is the prequel to the Otori trilogy. Hearn promises to bring the entire series to a complete full circle. It is about the two supporting characters from the first three books and their love story.

Lord Shigeru is the heir to the Otori clan and is facing hostility from the Lida clan in the East. He also has to combat with his treacherous uncles who want more power. Although he has been trained to lead and fight against those who oppose him, his fate and inexperience brings war to the Three Counties and he faces devastating defeat at the battle of Yaeahara which has many consequences for Lord Shigeru. However, Shigeru rises from his defeat and patiently waits, showing a weakened façade, to trick his enemies into false complacency so he can strike and win back the Middle Country and return to the woman he loves and one of his most faithful allies, Lady Maruyama.

His enemies desire Shigeru's death and Shigeru's life is constantly under threat, but Shigeru has friends among the Tribe

who are assassins who are willing to help protect him. However they also reveal the existence of a boy who is of the secret sect known as 'The Hidden', who might be the key to the entire fate of the Middle Country.

Hearn crafts a wonderful and intricate story. Her research and knowledge is obvious and is conveyed through the descriptions of characters and scenery. Her characters are intense, but they always have a humanising side. They never act certain ways without motivation. The love between Shigeru and Maruyama is beautiful but by no means soppy.

It seems very complex I know. And it is. However, if you read the previous novel first, all will fall into place. It is a great story and if you haven't read them before, do. I command all of you who haven't read this series before to do so upon pain of death. It doesn't only appeal to those who are into the fantasy genre. The fact is that this series is so very well written (unlike this review). While I don't quite understand the reasoning behind there being five in the Otori trilogy, I'm glad. There's more to read, which is fantastic for fans.

Alicia Moraw



***Infidel* by Ayaan Hirsi Ali**

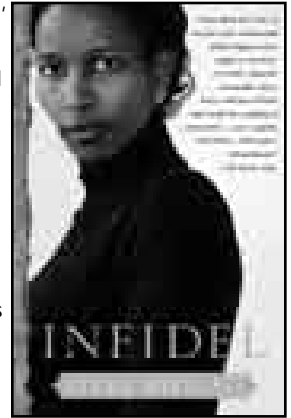
Free Press

Ayaan Hirsi Ali is already infamous throughout both the Muslim world and Western Europe for her outspoken opinions regarding the subjugation of women in Islamic culture. Born in Somalia, Hirsi Ali was forced to flee her homeland at the age of eight due to the growing instability and violence brought about by feuding Somali clans in the wake of the nation's independence from Britain and Italy. After stints in exile in Saudi Arabia, Ethiopia and Kenya, she was eventually granted political asylum in the Netherlands in 1992.

Thanks to her peripatetic past, Hirsi Ali experienced life in a disparate collection of nations: her early childhood in Somalia, practising a form of Islam that borrowed from the customs and superstitions of the indigenous culture; her experience of dogmatism and Sharia law in Saudi Arabia; and finally, her encounter with the ultra-liberal and tolerant Dutch community that she applied for refugee status in.

It is thanks in no small part to her diverse upbringing that Hirsi Ali is such a pertinent political figure. Despite being a devout Muslim when she was younger, Hirsi Ali eventually became an outspoken critic of Islam when she contrasted the freedom with which most women in Europe were able to lead their lives compared with the treatment that their Muslim counterparts received.

Hirsi Ali's life makes for compulsive, and at times, harrowing, reading. She was subjected to clitoral excision at the age of five, suffered beatings from her mother on a regular basis, and was forced into an arranged marriage with a man that she barely knew. Following the murder of filmmaker Theo van Gogh, whom she collaborated with in creating a short movie that offended Muslim radicals, she is now forced to live in hiding and has received numerous death threats.



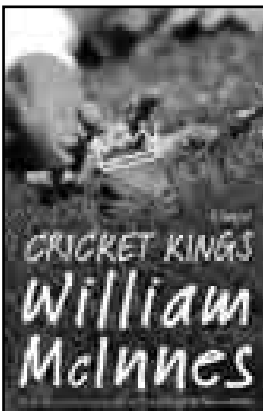
However, it is not the chronological recollection of the events in her extraordinary, tumultuous life that makes *Infidel* such compulsive reading. Hirsi Ali beautifully captures her intellectual and spiritual progression "from the world of faith to the world of reason", sharing with the reader all of the self-doubt and vacillation that she struggled to come to terms with.

A fascinating individual, Ayaan Hirsi Ali's salience was recognised when she was named one of *Time* magazine's 100 most influential people. Her erudite elucidations regarding the difficulties in reconciling liberal society with Islamic culture touch on what will perhaps be the most important and divisive issue of the 21st century. *Infidel* was one of the best non-fiction works of 2007, and the book thoroughly deserves a wide readership.

Liam Somers

***Cricket Kings* by William McInnes**

Hodder Books



On the Cec Bull Memorial Oval every Saturday, a straggly bunch of men (and a few boys to make up the team) meet in their cricket whites to play a game of cricket. Chris Anderson, committed family man and union lawyer, is the manager, coach, captain and of course a player. He is what keeps the team together; he motivates them to play and makes sure there are always enough players on Saturdays.

William McInnes' first book was the touching and enjoyable *A Man's Got to Have a Hobby*, about his father. However, his second novel is just as good as his first. Chris Anderson is a likeable guy. He goes through life at an easy-going speed and deals with his overbearing mother and peace-keeping father with an ease that only children with difficult parents have. His one passion, though, is cricket. He's following in the family tradition of keeping up the Saturday cricket team, but nowadays it's getting harder to find people willing to give up their Saturdays for cricket.

This motley crew that Chris does manage to scrounge up, all have different reasons for joining the cricket team. Some are there to appease their loved ones, some are there to have fun, and some are there just to attempt to play a sport. However, by the end of one extraordinary Saturday, they all learn something about themselves, not to mention each other, that they have never known before.

Cricket Kings is an easy read. It is very pleasant and fun. While better known for his acting, McInnes is actually very funny. His writing has a sort of charm which draws you in and makes you start to sympathise with the characters. Set in Yarraville, McInnes draws the history of the place into the novel and makes it a kind of metaphor for Australia today. His characters are varied, with such examples as Brian the intellectually handicapped young man and Michael, the doctor suffering from trauma suffered before coming home.

The book is about cricket and I'd advise that if you don't know much about cricket to find out a little bit or it will be a tad confusing for you, but if you're willing to risk it, do. It covers more than just cricket in the end. It touches you emotionally and makes you come to certain realisations without any real effort.

Alicia Moraw

FASHION

with Jenifer Vargaly
and photographer Betty Kontoleon



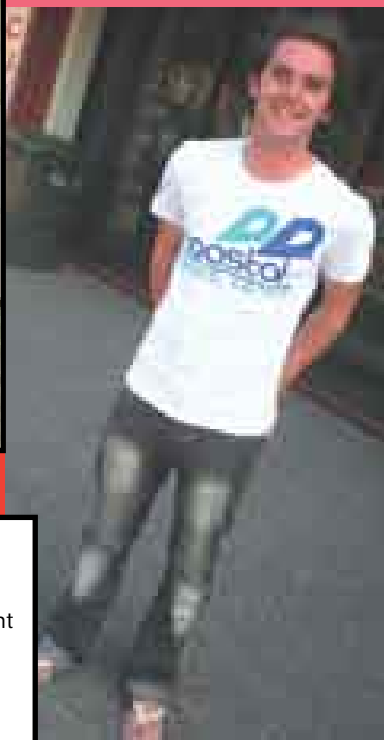
Well, the fashion team took to the O'Week festivities to seek out some of our more fashionable students for this edition's 'On Campus Fashions'. We had this issue's fashion photographer, *Betty Kontoleon*, on hand to take some happy snaps of the fashion conscious.

On Campus Fashions



Jessica

Arts Student
Sunglasses - Roberto Cavalli
Top - Wild Child
Jeans - Wrangler from LAX
Shoes - Sportsgirl



James

BioMed Honours Student
Top - Cotton On
Jeans - Diesel from David Jones
Shoes - Havaianas



Bill

Medicine
Sunglasses - Ray Ban
Top - Polo Ralph Lauren
Bag - Lonsdale
Jeans - Industrie
Shoes - Nike



Shannon

Media & Law Student
Top - Op Shop
Jeans - Bettina Liano
Shoes - Havaianas

Edwina

Media & Law Student
Top - Op Shop
Skirt - Saba
Shoes - Robert Robert

It just goes to show it always pays to come to campus well dressed - you never know when we might be around with the next take of On-Campus Fashions!



FASHION

ROLE



MODELS

Who do we look up to? Who do we try to emulate? As shocking as it may seem, people we know as models, actors, or just plain famous for nothing tend to grace our magazines, newspapers, and perhaps most shockingly help to frame our aspirations as young individuals.

It is high time that it should matter more what someone's intellect holds instead of what designer brand they wear; it should be the case that someone's achievements count for more than their beauty. It is time we demanded more from our fashion role models.

A role model has been described as any person who serves as an example of positive behaviour, how sad that such individuals are few and far between in fashion media.

To become a size six should not be an aspiration, yet for many people in the fashion industry it is. To walk down a catwalk should not be viewed as a greater achievement than getting a distinction in a university subject, yet many young women would disagree.

Being pretty doesn't change the world, yet being intelligent, generous, and community service oriented can. We are not advocating that fat chicks with no makeup should be our new pin-up girls, but rather that a broader definition of fashion must be promoted.

There is no reason why the next fashion icon should not be someone who is beautiful, educated, community service oriented, and has never been caught drink driving. Instead we have girls like Paris, Britney, and Lindsay that are always making headline news and fashion pages. This is really hard to comprehend when considering that jail time, DUIs, poor parenting, and being excessively drunk are not fashionable characteristics.

One positive example we can leave readers with is former supermodel and now tragically deceased Katoucha Niane, one of the first African women to attain international stardom as a model and a vocal opponent of female genital mutilation. CNN International reports that after Katoucha quit modelling, she turned to speaking out actively against female circumcision, describing her own experience at age 9 in a book, *Katoucha, In My Flesh*, which was published last year. Katoucha was the daughter of Djibril Tamsir Niane, an archaeologist and writer. She said that her father was at first disappointed that she didn't become "a professional intellectual, with a university degree", but later was accepting of her other successes in speaking out to advocate human rights.

This kind of success is what we all should be aspiring to.

Jenifer Varzaly

Film Feature

Written by contributor
Art Zinoviev

The Ten Greatest Italian Horror/ Exploitation Directors of the Seventies and Eighties

The latter half of the twentieth century saw the Italian film industry cement itself as a world leader in pure schlock cinema output. Sure, there were your Fellinis and your Bertoluccis, your Leones and your Viscontis providing so-called 'high art cinema', but a new breed of director would soon arise - one who often eschewed any semblance of plot, character development, and oftentimes, 'proper filmmaking' itself.

B-grade cinema was flourishing in Italy as early as the fifties, with peplum films providing a cheap method of capturing both the national and the foreign market. These films were hokey little sword-and-sandal costume adventures, usually with a bodybuilder portraying a hero of yore, such as Hercules, or the majestic Samson.

It wasn't until 1962 when a little film entitled *Mondo Cane* was shown at the Cannes Film Festival that the shocking and violent underbelly of Italian cinema came into light. The film was a cheaply-made

pseudo-documentary-style travelogue of various exotic rituals and sights, meant to shock or appal the Western viewer.

The film opened the floodgates for a torrent of filmmakers to make their own visions of terror, sleaze, and various other unsavouriness usually aimed squarely at the foreign, English-speaking market. Directors would often cast washed-up or desperate English and American actors in roles - Donald Pleasence would not have had food to eat in the eighties were it not for his countless appearances in low-budget Italian action and horror films.

After a wave of giallos in the seventies (precursors to modern-day erotic thrillers), Italian directors began concentrating on cheap, violent knockoffs of Western hits - the most prominently emulated films being *Rambo*, *Conan the Barbarian*, *Mad Max*, and George Romero's *Dawn of the Dead*. I present now a list of my personal favourite Italian exploitation-movie directors, in no particular order.

1. Dario Argento: An incredibly stylish director, Argento is most well-known for a string of violent and often supernatural-themed slasher flicks, such as *Tenebrae*, or the witch-themed *Suspiria*. He worked with a very young Jennifer Connelly on *Phenomena*, in which she could control insects. His films are characterized by a startlingly eerie atmosphere, as well as his brash and powerful use of colour. Sadly, the quality of Dario's work plummeted in the nineties, and his current work is seen by many as being inferior to his earlier output. He used Donald Pleasence in *Phenomena*.

2. Lucio Fulci: Fulci is known by the epithet "The Godfather of Gore", and upon seeing his films, its easy to see why. His work features some of the most notoriously bloody scenes ever put on celluloid - his film *Zombie* features a harrowing shot of a wooden splinter puncturing an eyeball. However, he also lines his films with absolutely badass moments, such as zombies battling sharks, and its easy to see why fans still chant "Fulci Lives!" in admiration of this horror maestro. He did not use Donald Pleasence.

3. Joe D'Amato: D'Amato's films are so firmly entrenched in gore, filth and sleaze, that it's been suggested that he possessed a general dislike for humanity. However, many fans would disagree, stating that his cheaply-made zombie and barbarian films possessed a seemingly unintentional camp quality. Joe did make one masterpiece though, a film called *Buio Omega*, before succumbing to a career in hardcore porn. Best D'Amato film title: *Porno Holocaust*. Joe did not use Donald Pleasence.

Film Editors: Vincent Coleman,
Aslan Mesbah and Jerome
Arguelles
onditfilm@gmail.com

4. **Ruggiero Deodato:**

Deodato is famous for one reason: *Cannibal Holocaust*. To this day, one of the most shocking films ever made, its realism was so intense that he was forced to bring his cast into court to prove that they were still alive. The film also began a string of copycat cannibal films which continues to this day. Other Deodato masterpieces include *House on the Edge of the Park* and *The Barbarians*. He used Donald Pleasence in *Phantom of Death*.

5. **Antonio Margheriti:**

Although not having as prominent a body of work as the above mentioned directors, Margheriti was a mainstay in Italian exploitation cinema. His most famous work is probably *Cannibal Apocalypse*, which took the theme of Deodato's *Cannibal Holocaust* and attempted to take it to a modern city setting. He used Donald Pleasence in *Der Commander*.

6. **Mario Bava:**

With names like *Hercules vs. the Vampires*, *Planet of Blood*, *Viking Massacre*, and *Kill Baby Kill*, Bava could be likened to an Italian Roger Corman. He did not get a chance to use Donald Pleasence, as Mario passed away in 1980.

7. **Lamberto Bava:**

Mario's son, who followed in his father's footsteps, creating the respected *Demons* series in the eighties, with Dario Argento. Lamberto did not use Donald Pleasence either.

9. **Jess Franco:**

Okay, so Franco is Spanish and not Italian. He still belongs to the same school of sleaze that defined Italy's output of the era. Franco could well be the most prolific European director, making well over 180 films in his career. Many view *Vampyros Lesbos* as his masterpiece. Its about lesbian vampires, as the title suggests. He did not use Donald Pleasence.

8. **Umberto Lenzi:**

Lenzi was one of those dudes who would notice a trend or a successful film and attempt to emulate it, often with amusing and endearing results. His film *Cannibal Ferox* was a direct response to Deodato's *Cannibal Holocaust*. Lenzi's *Ironmaster* was one of many Conan clones at the time. He did not use Donald Pleasence.

10. **Bruno Mattei:**

The most overlooked treasure of Italian cinema. Bruno's films are hilariously incompetent to the point of being loveable and endearing. His most well-known film is a bad clone of *Dawn of the Dead*, entitled *Hell of the Living Dead*. A maker of blatant film clones, some other titles include a killer shark movie titled *Cruel Jaws*, as well as a film actually called *Terminator 2*. Bruno used Donald Pleasence in *Double Target*.

FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE

Want to win free tickets to see *The King Of Kong*? Just answer the following simple question and send your response to onditfilm@gmail.com. Feel free to cheat by asking friends. Friends such as Google, for example.

In what year did *Donkey Kong* come out?

Film Synopsis: Billy Mitchell, hot sauce mogul and named the "Gamer of the Century" in the 1980s, scored 874,300 points in *Donkey Kong*—a record many thought would never be beaten. After stumbling across this record online in 2003, Steve Wiebe—a high school science teacher—perfected his game every night when his family went to bed and not only surpassed Mitchell's record but ended up with 1,000,000 points, a score all thought was impossible. Steve quickly became a celebrity in his hometown, while meanwhile Billy Mitchell hatched a plan to reclaim his fallen *Donkey Kong* record...

Elissa
(second
from left)
with her
young cast,
from left
to right:
Luke Ford,
Gemma
Ward
and Rhys
Wakefield



interview with a filmmaker

**Elissa Down, director
of recently released
film *The Black Balloon*
is interviewed by
film contributor and
enthusiast, Cherian
Phillipose.**

CP: One of the themes in your film is about what happens when a boy who has a brother with autism goes to a new school, and falls in love with a girl there. It deals with the difficult ways in which his brother's disability affects his friendships and his romantic relationship. The central focus is not on the person with autism, but on his brother. Could you talk a little about why you decided to explore this theme?

ED: I wanted to make a film that told the experience of what it is like to be a sibling of a special needs child. You grow up with this complicated set of emotions, you love them and want to protect them, but at the same time you resent them and are embarrassed by them.

CP: The film was set in the eighties (we see that from the video game equipment and cassettes) and some of the characters are really very mean to Charlie, the boy with autism. Do you think attitudes to people with disabilities has changed since then? If so, in what way?

ED: (To be exact the time of the film is around 1991.) I don't think attitudes have changed too much. A lot of treatment and educational opportunities are now available which has helped those living with autism. In rehearsals, Luke and Rhys went out in public in character and they encountered a lot of ignorant attitudes and negativity.

CP: Model Gemma Ward turns in an impressive performance. What was it like working with her?

ED: Gemma and I first worked together back in 2001 on a short film of mine, *Pink Pyjamas*. She was 13 at the time and [it was] before she was discovered by the fashion world. Gemma is such a natural and giving actor and is so much fun to work with. She is this wacky tomboy which surprised many of the cast and crew.

CP: Producer Tristram Miall has produced some famous Australian films (*Strictly Ballroom*, *Looking For Alibrandi*). Was it easy to convince him to work with you?

ED: Tristram was out tending to cows when we called him! He really connected with the script and was really moved by how it made him laugh and cry. The thing we admire most about Tristram is that he produced the *Cane Toads* documentary which is a classic.

Cherian Phillipose

If you think you'd do a fabulous job interviewing, reviewing or otherwise writing about films and those involved in them, then please contact our film sub-editors. The lovely chaps can be contacted at onditfilm@gmail.com for free* movie passes or other information.

***free as long as you promise to send them a review!**

Film Reviews

In the Valley of Elah (MA 15+)

Now Showing

Paul Haggis's latest film, *In the Valley of Elah* was inspired by a true story of a returned veteran of the Iraq War. The film begins as Hank Deerfield (Tommy Lee Jones) is called and is informed that his son Mike (Jonathan Tucker) is back from Iraq; however Mike has not returned to the barracks where he is staying and will soon be considered AWOL (absent with out leave). Using his skills from his time in the military police, Hank begins to search for his son. In his search he meets Detective Emily Sanders (Charlize Theron) who is mocked by her colleagues and is at first reluctant to help Hank. The search ends abruptly when one morning Hank is informed that his son's body has been found. However, the cause of the death is shrouded in mystery. Hank becomes determined to know what happened to his son and he continues to hustle Det. Sanders about the investigation. In their search, the two find a very dark side to the effects the Iraq war is having on American soldiers and American civilians.

It is obvious that a fair amount of research has gone behind this film. The film looks at the consequences of the Iraq War on many different parts of American society: from the grieving father desperately trying understand what his son was going through, to the soldiers struggling to reintegrate into their community after what they had experienced. And this is where one of the faults of the film lies. The film is trying to portray too many viewpoints and it is not able develop emotional connections with its characters. Some may find themselves not really connecting with some characters such as the grieving mother (Susan Sarandon) as she finds out that her son is dead.

This film has done a descent job in looking at the American victims of this war (this is not to say that there aren't Iraqi and other victims). If this is a topic that interests you, then I would highly recommend this film, otherwise you may find it slow or boring.



Aslan Mesbah



Farce of the Penguins (M)

Now showing (although you really don't want to see it)

I can't judge *Farce of the Penguins* in its entirety, as I could only stomach 14 minutes of this steaming pile of cinematic trash. It really is that godawful.

Judging from the DVD cover, I expected a CG animated penguin caper ala *Happy Feet*, *Surf's Up*, etc. Alas, upon clicking 'play feature' I was greeted by a parody of the award-winning documentary *March of the Penguins*. Narrated by the tragically unfunny Samuel L. Jackson, we have a story about a group of young lewd penguins journeying the 500 miles across the Antarctic tundra to pickup female penguins.

Directed by *Full House*'s Bob Saget and starring Bob and the rest of the cast from that hilarious sitcom, the laughs just don't flow. The first joke made is about the poor voice dubbing, followed up by more crass jibes.

Farce of the Penguins is not funny. It is not clever. It is like trying to watch *March of the Penguins* while 5 drunken middle-aged idiots yell obscene call-outs over the film.

Truly, tragically awful.

0

Vincent Coleman





Death Sentence (MA)

Out on DVD

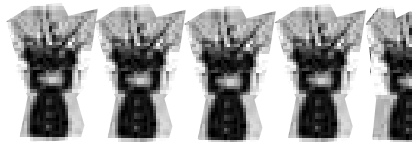
Out this month on (straight-to) DVD, *Death Sentence* is a revenge movie by *Saw* director James Wan. Starring Kevin Bacon as caring family man and company executive Nick Hume pushed to the edge and John Goodman as the menacing, bespectacled chop-shop owner and gang-runner Bones Darley, along with an excellent cast of unknown, yet not unskilled actors

Nick and his hockey-wizz son Lucas are travelling home and upon stopping for petrol and slushy drinks, are caught in a gang-related robbery, climaxing in Nick (Kevin Bacon)witnessing the brutal execution of his son at the hands of a gang initiate Joe (Matt O'Leary). The killer in question is hit by a car and arrested, but once he is brought to trail Nick refuses to testify, choosing the take justice into his own hands. So begins the war between Nick and the family of the man he killed, avenging his son. Thus, his death sentence is decreed.

Don't write *Death Sentence* off as a simple revenge action film. It's not. Beneath the simple premise of a man being dragged into a violent and unforgiving world, we see Nick not as a bloodthirsty vigilante, but as a father driven to violence to protect his family. *Death Sentence* delves into the drama of families dealing with death, both Nick's and Joe's. There is no defined good or evil, just people defending themselves and protecting their families.

James Wan's direction is slick and fast, similar to that of *Saw*. The dark violent world is shown in moody hospital green hues, with shaky handheld camera work adding urgency. Combat scenes compliment the plot perfectly. Fights are not executed with finesse or macho one-liners, but amidst a jumble of confusion and opportunity with improvised weapons. The chaotic choreographing adds to the feeling that Nick isn't a warrior, but a man battling in extreme circumstances.

Summing up: Revenge flick meets moral tale of innocence and corruption by the way of family drama, with a healthy dose of action, chases and suspense. A *Deathwish* for the new millennium.



Vincent Coleman

Sleuth (MA)

Now Showing

Kenneth Branagh has achieved quite a reputation as a director willing to bring classic stage plays to the big screen. His Shakespearean adaptations (including *Henry V*, *Hamlet* and *Much Ado about Nothing*) generated a good deal of critical acclaim. His latest venture is another stage adaptation, this time exploring the menacing and absurdist style of Anthony Schaffer and Harold Pinter in *Sleuth*.

Sleuth stars two of the most formidable English actors still living, Michael Caine and Jude Law and cunningly pits their minds and their talents against each other in this psychological thriller. The scene is set when Milo (Law) visits the home of a famous detective story writer Andrew Wyke (Caine) in his Georgian manor, in the hopes of convincing character name to divorce his wife. Instead Andrew makes him a proposition which may make Milo very rich, and able to keep Andrew's wife "in the style in which she has become accustomed". However can Milo trust the mysterious writer? Both characters motivations are unknown and their relationship breeds a sense of menace.

The sterile, modern interior of the house truly maintains the tension brought by the characters. Disco lights, revolving doors, falling ladders, and cage-like elevators create a claustrophobic atmosphere where the characters alternatively threaten and coax one another. Connections between actors and their films are utilized subtly but with a good sense of humour. *Sleuth* is a remake of the 1972 version, which starred Michael Caine in the opposite role. Also both actors played the character *Alfie* in the films of the same name in different versions, and the character Milo makes use of this commonality by stating "what's it all about?" - a line not originally in the play. But make no mistake, *Sleuth* is anything but light. The characters discuss the weighty issues of fidelity, death, sexual attraction, mortality and the façade we all present to the world to hide our true selves, while continually trying to sabotage each other. This is a top notch, multi-layered psychological thriller, which despite its stage origins translates into film beautifully.



Genevieve Williamson



Set in the pouring rain, a dream-sequence for lovers of an iconic band revelling in a night of rock in a laneway.



With a wry grin, my friend says to me as he wipes the beer from his mouth, "I think we're two of the youngest people here."

"Yeah," I say, "all these people are cool Gen-Xers. I don't know anyone else who's coming tonight."

"I'd say that makes us cooler than our mates," his tongue flaps through his cheek.

"Yeah... but not quite as cool as some of these people who've probably seen them before."

A flannel-shirted man in his thirties walks past and gives me a quick look, upon which my generational inferiority complex projects his probable disdain towards me.

We step outside of the bar into Fowler's Courtyard, into a deep but intimate sea of people anticipating indie legends Sonic Youth, scheduled to play in a couple of hours. I see an oxygen-wasting security guard who has hassled me at other gigs and establishments around town and I contemplate the notion of goading him into an altercation, or possibly a polite debate regarding the status of the alpha male figure in modern society. Not worth it though, there's no way in hell I'm going to risk missing this show.

Cult Australian band The Scientists appears and takes the stage to play their compilation album *Blood Red River*. They rip through an endearing set of songs which would go on to influence bands like American grunge icons Mudhoney and resonate with current Australian groups such as The Drones. Their music rocks hard and does the best thing a support act can do: inspire my interest in their music.

On cue to the pulsating desires of the crowd, four familiar faces appear just to the side of the stage, and soon, Sonic Youth are picking up their instruments. Diving into the opening chords of *'Teen Age Riot'*, waves of euphoria sweep across the fans, before propelling us into a pogoing wave as the main riff kicks in. The band is here as part of the Don't Look Back festival, in which bands are invited to perform their "magnum opus" album in its entirety - in this case, Sonic Youth are playing their 1989 classic *Daydream Nation*. While Steve Shelley's drumming propels the song's dynamics forward, guitarists Thurston Moore and Lee Ranaldo and bassist Kim Gordon take turns on vocal duties between different songs while providing the texturing

for them. Extended jam sections of the instrumental sequences of the album provide the perfect transition from song to song, clouding a brilliant atmosphere in the slightly rainy venue. All four members radiate with energy, and the band's unique blend of hooks, alternate tunings, and noise experimentation seems as fresh now as it would have when the "Youth" in the band's name was a reflection of their age and not just their timelessness. Highlights from the main set include *'The Sprawl'*, *'Eric's Trip'* and the album-closing *'Trilogy'*. After the crunching final riffs of *'Trilogy - Part Z (Eliminator Jr)'* fade away, the band waves goodbye and exits the stage before returning for an encore, in which they play several songs from their newest album, *Rather Ripped*. The good vibes that emanate through the crowd during *'Incinerate'* are almost undecipherable, and the silhouetted figures of ticketless people dancing in the balconies and passages upstairs of the neighbouring university building are inspiring of a subversive pleasure - sadly ended by the appearance of killjoy guards lumbering up to exorcise the distant figures from their free show. With additional band member Mark Ibold (formerly of Pavement), the band plays *'Incinerate'*, *'Jams Run Free'* and *'Pink Steam'* as an unwinding and enjoyable encore before leaving the stage.

"We love you!" a woman near me screeches for what seems like the thirtieth time since the main set ended.

"Play some fucking music, you softcocks!" a drunkard yells at the band several times as they return for a second encore. I wonder if this eloquence is directed at all to the female bassist, in which case the inverse noun would be equally insulting. The band briefly stares towards the audience before the strike of the drum kicks the band into *'Drunken Butterfly'*, from their 1992 album *Dirty*. Possibly the highlight of the night, the song tears through the pulsating crowd, before ending on its harmonic noise reprise, and the band says its last goodbye for the night to its Adelaide crowd.

I turn to my friend and we say in dissonant unison, "Fucking excellent!" One hazy cab ride later, I am at home, setting fire to my guitars in my acknowledgement of futility - I will never be as cool as Sonic Youth.

Jimmy Gartner

CAPTURING THE CITY RIOTS WITH AMELIA DOUGHERTY



Since their formation in 2005, local band City Riots have embarked on quite a whirlwind of an adventure. It all started with recording a few catchy indie-pop songs, which has led these four lads to touring parts of Australia, the United States, and landing some pretty impressive gigs, including Adelaide's Fuse Festival and this year's Big Day Out.

'2007 was definitely the biggest year we've had so far', says City Riots' front man Ricky Kradolfer. 'There was a lot of touring. We toured our arses off.'

And he's not kidding. According to bassist John De Michele, the band covered close to 80 tour dates during the course of 2007.

It all started in January, last year, when City Riots decided to go on tour to promote their new single 'Signs'. A few months later, the band was invited to do a national support tour for The Academy Is...and Cobra Starship, playing their biggest shows to date. Soon afterwards, the boys ventured overseas for two months to play shows in the United States, and their success continued to follow.

'It was interesting, it was a really good experience,' says John of their US tour. 'We played in front of some really good crowds, but I think most importantly, we played in front of some really important industry people, who actually cared that we were there. So it was a very positive thing.'

Ricky also agrees that it was the people that the band met and who helped them out during their US tour which made the trip that extra bit worth while.

'Rather than looking at us as four kids that are playing music, they could see what we're trying to do and where we're trying to go,' says Ricky. 'The tour was completely self-funded and a lot of people ask if it was worth doing, and we totally believe it was because the people we met over there, we would've never have had a chance of meeting here and the response towards the band was all the time super, super positive.'

The US trip was certainly a new experience for the other two members of City Riots, keyboardist Matt Stadler and drummer Daniel Kradolfer, who had never ventured overseas before. But for Ricky it wasn't too unfamiliar territory since he had made a trip to the US a few years ago, back in the days before City Riots, in order to visit his mate John. And this brings us to the story of how City Riots came to be.

It was in good old Oz, a few years ago, when Ricky met US-born John during John's visit to Australia. In 2005, Ricky went to the US to visit John, where the boys wrote some songs and recorded some demos. By the time Ricky came back to Australia, he noticed that his younger brother Daniel had developed quite a knack for playing the drums. Ricky and Daniel then headed to the studio where they recorded the City Riots EP, and soon afterwards John had permanently relocated to Australia. After going through quite a series of keyboard players, the boys eventually found Matt, and City Riots as we know it was finally formed.

After recording their EP, Ricky sent the recording to Triple J who quickly embraced the City Riots' sound, playing their songs first on the Home and Hosed programs, and on Richard Kingsmill's new release show and then during the daily programs. And what was it like when you first heard your song on the radio?

'I remember I was actually driving to uni, and I was like hmmm... how juxtaposed...I'm on my way to uni and my song's on the radio,' says Ricky. Needless to say Ricky is taking a break from his studies and has not been to uni since.

Another memorable moment for Ricky was when he heard their single 'Signs' being played on Nova, which was immediately

followed by a Guy Sebastian song. 'I thought it was hilarious,' he giggles.

But my favourite story, without a doubt, was when Ricky's mum was at the checkout in a shopping centre when she heard City Riots come on the radio and she 'totally flipped out shouting; That's my boys! That's my boys!' Aww how cute!

Despite this initial excitement, the boys from City Riots are realistic about their goals and focused on where they want to go.

'I guess it's like a slow, gradual progression,' Ricky comments. 'Like the first time you see your name in the gig guide, you're like...wow that's really cool. Or the first time you hear your first recording back...or the first time you hear it on the radio. But I think you're always striving to reach that next step.'

This was particularly the case when City Riots played at this year's Big Day Out in Adelaide, whose name was on the same lineup as the massively anticipated Rage Against the Machine.

'It was huge,' says John. 'Obviously it was amazing...but next time we would like to play the entire Big Day Out tour...you always want to do a little bit better the next time.'

And City Riots certainly appear to be doing that little bit better each time, as they continue to land pretty big gigs around the place, including Soundwave, the Fuse Festival and O'Ball. And with plans to carry on touring and to release another EP or album at some stage down the track, it seems as though we'll continue to hear lots of good stuff from City Riots.



Ricky Kradolfer is lead singer of City Riots

1. The Beach Boys - 'God Only Knows' - simply because it's beautiful. The backing vocals in the outro are amazing.
2. David Bowie - 'Modern Love' - When you hear those drums start, you can't help but want to move your feet.
3. Ryan Adams - 'If I Am a Stranger' - I picked up an acoustic version of this tune while on tours in LA last year. Great lyrics delivered with a lot of sorrow. Ryan at his best.
4. Bruce Springsteen - 'Born to Run' - You can't argue with the Boss. The third verse is the kicker in this one.
5. Fleetwood Mac - 'Go Your Own Way' - I love everything about this song. The way the rhythm guitar track follows Steve Nicks' vocal is brilliant. The drums are thumping and all written while the band was going through its internal relationship breakups. A classic song from a classic record.

Send your People's Playlist into onditmusic@gmail.com

FUSE FESTIVAL.

Leah Flanagan Keeps the Fire Burning

I headed out to the opening night of FUSE at Fowlers Live looking forward to seeing the Leah Flanagan Band. After the initial shock of the fifteen dollar door fee I was ready and willing to be blown away. The Darwin based group are a mixture of styles and intriguing instrumentation that blend together under the guidance of the impeccable Leah to form the irresistible sound and experience that is The Leah Flanagan Band.

Leah was trained in Jazz at the Adelaide con and this is obvious throughout her performance, she has great technique and soulful jazz inflections. She is very generous with her audience, sharing pieces of information here and there between songs, which feels very intimate and warm, but never lingering over one spot too long, her wit and humour keep the show rolling at a steady pace.

Looking around the venue I saw that I was not the only one falling under the spell of this charismatic combo, all around me there were people dancing, laughing and smiling. The music is mature, honest and fun. Leah's beautiful voice and charm are well matched by her band. Netanela Mizrahi is divine on violin, Jimi Bonne provides the cool groove at the centre of the sound, Toby Robinson features on slide guitar adding a real country/blues vibe to the set and the whole thing comes together with the beats of Darryl Barba. This folk/jazz/alternative group set the venue aglow. High points included the contagious rhythmic sensation of 'Topsy Tango', the heartfelt rendition and the message of strength of "Stolen Child" inspired by Leah's Grandfathers experience growing up as a part of the Stolen Generation. The band was thoroughly entertaining and in my view had the best set of the night.

All and all I would say the FUSE was definitely lit for me and I'm hoping Leah and her band will make a speedy return back to the city of Adelaide. For more information and a look at their music search The Leah Flanagan Band at www.skinnyfishmusic.com.au

Alison Coppe



Adelaide Lights the Fuse

Local bands were given the opportunity to meet and impress key music industry professionals at the Fuse Festival, which was held in Adelaide late last month as part of the Fringe Festival. The Fuse Festival took place from the 27th to the 29th of February and featured informative conferences and seminars, as well as music events that showcased the talents of up-and-coming artists.

Key features of the Fuse Festival included the International and Legal Masterclass, and the Songwriting Masterclass, which gave musicians the opportunity to work with Dave Faulkner (Hoodoo Gurus), Angie Hart (Frente, Splendid) and Pete Arthur.

And while the Fuse Festival gave artists the chance to listen to key people within the music industry, there was also the opportunity for developing bands to make themselves known and strut their stuff. This was highlighted at the two performance events of the festival, Explode and Ignition.

The opening night of the Fuse Festival, Explode, featured a curated showcase of 8 bands which were selected by a panel to play their music in front of an audience at Fowlers Live, including industry professionals. While bands from around Australia were invited to play at this event, Fuse director, Alistair Cranney, said that the quality of music coming from South Australia was so strong that it was difficult to go past local bands. Alistair said that in previous years, it was mainly visiting bands that played at the opening night music event. However this year's line-up was dominated by South Australian bands, including FunkOars, City Riots, Leader Cheetah, New Season Black and The Transatlantics. Aww...good on ya Adelaide!!

While Explode was a music event limited to selected bands, Ignition, on the other hand, focused on open access. On February 29, thirty venues around Adelaide opened their performance spaces to allow anyone that registered to play a gig, which provided another opportunity to showcase new music.

Alistair said that the goal of the Fuse Festival was to give opportunities to individual bands, such as securing festival bookings, support tours for bigger bands and develop publishing opportunities.

Amelia



Would you like to be a music contributor?
If so, meet Amelia, Bianca and Alison at...
The Exeter
March 25th @ 6pm
Everyone welcome, can't wait to meet you guys!

MUSIC

MONA LISA OVERDRIVE

'The definition of refined imperfection'

An Interview with the Melbourne Ukulele Collective

Rocking the Fringe

Dean picked up the phone to a cacophony of sound, after retreating to a quiet corner Dean began to speak of his greatest passion, the Melbourne Ukulele Collective, MUK. His enthusiasm for the band is contagious. In the background I can hear as Dean tells me the Big Band practising for a gig that night in Melbourne.

For those of you who haven't heard of the MUK, it's a loose group of musicians which Dean started about 4 years ago, all brought together over their love of the uke.

How did it all get started?

"Well it all got started about 4 years ago. I was a hairdresser and in a lot of bands, I did some work as a roddie, but I was leaning towards production mixing. I was getting fed up with it and then realized that dad had given me a ukulele a couple of weeks ago, I picked it up and just played, it was just a pure pleasure no \$10,000 equipment or computer that you have to load up and then it crashes so you load it again, just fun."

Dean lived and breathed the collective for the first 3 years organizing gigs in clubs, festivals and even Federation square.

"MUK was my whole life for a while there, you wouldn't believe how much paper work is associated with something like playing in Fed square."

Is the group open for everyone?

"Yeah, we get people coming in never having played an instrument but want a bit of fun. Over the years we've had hundreds of people associated with MUK"

"The Big Band has had over 70 people in it over the last few years, they're all great people."

"Usually we have 20-30 people in the Big Band but when we played on *Spicks and Specks* we had 50 people playing, some of them I had never seen before but turned up to practice."

Sounds like you're only going to be happy once everyone in Melbourne is in MUK Dean laughs then heartily agrees "yeah that would be amazing."

"MUK is certainly a lot bigger than me, it would be pretty hard to kill now."

Dean obviously has an enormous passion for the uke and this seems to be spreading.

"I've seen at least 9 or 10 other uke bands pop up in the last couple of years."

Have you ever thought of a ukulele festival?

"It's funny you mention that, it's been on the cards for a while but it seems as though this year would be the first time



that it would ever be possible.

I would love to have a week long intensive festival with workshops and gigs. That would be great."

"I've been throwing around names like SUK (Spring Ukulele Collective) or MUSK (Melbourne Ukulele Spring Collective) I think I'll go with SUK.

So is the uke the next big rock instrument?

"I think it could be the next instrument of the people. In the 20's and 30's every second person had a ukulele and could play it. People would bring them out at parties, that's what people did."

How do these practices work?

"Well every Wednesday I run workshops for beginners at the start of the night. Then there is the Big Band."

How often are you playing gigs?

"Right now it's pretty busy, every fortnight or every week. We've got a gig at the Adelaide fringe, at the Gov, which is the first time we've toured interstate so we're really excited."

"There is about 40 people travelling over with us, there is quite a lot to organize." I have to admit, I was given a uke for my birthday. Have you got any advice for aspiring uke players? Dean's voice picks up instantly.

"Arch the fingers on your left hand. Keep your right hand moving like a machine, whether you hit the notes or not, keep it going. Remember C F G Am, if you can play those chords you can play almost anything. It's such an easy instrument to pick up, it's a lot of fun."

Any closing words?

"Uke on. Join the uke revolution. Remember 4 strings good, 6 strings bad!"

Hayden Moriarty



Their sound is electrifying and their look is authentic - Mona Lisa Overdrive are a dynamic fusion of vintage garage rock and psychedelic screeches. With incendiary lead guitar lines by David and Luke, sophisticated and sassy use of the organ by Jess and sharp vocal and drum tenacity by Alex, it is no wonder that Mona Lisa Overdrive are solidifying their place in Adelaide's local music scene. Their demo, 'The Uptight Sessions' has been a consistent entry in Three D Radio's Top 20 + 1, reaching the number one position in the last week of February, a feat which is definitely deserved considering its slick design and mix.

'The Uptight Sessions' can be likened to a miniature soundtrack of life for the ultra mod and uber cool. It is exactly what you want to hear on your way out, on your way home, around home wearing underwear and high heels or at your own fine food and wine dinner party. *Poor Little Scene Girl No 27* is the epitome of raw distorted beauty, echoing sounds which can be appreciated by both the trained and untrained ear - whilst *Obviously Sally Mae* is a pleasant rollercoaster ride of expressionistic vibrato.

Lucky enough to catch them live at the Jade Monkey on Valentine's Day, I was able to experience their on stage energy which can only be improved upon with a fancy-sounding yet deadly liquor in one hand and a highly toxic lipstick stained cigarette in the other. Their influences of The Velvet Underground and The Doors sounds alike are apparent, yet not offensive as Mona Lisa Overdrive have mastered the fine art of recreating the sounds loved yesterday to the sounds we are bound to love today and tomorrow. Be sure to catch them at various venues such as The Exeter, Electric Light and The Gov throughout the month of March, to check their upcoming gigs visit:

www.myspace.com/monalisaoverdriveau.

Amy Richards

REVIEWS



Lightspeed Champion
Falling Off The Lavender Bridge
Domino

He claims to have written most of the East Coast-West Coast Rap Rivalry entry in Wikipedia, he doesn't mind a four letter word, and he has adopted a stage name that makes him sound like a superhero. Dev Hynes, one third of the defunct Test Icicles, once the indie punk darlings of the London scene, is now making music under the name of Lightspeed Champion. But don't listen to this album expecting any rap-punk-metal ditties. He has teamed up with the Saddle Creek kids (Bright Eyes, Cursive) to produce a lush album that is named in homage to a lavender frog that his mother made him as a child. So the story goes, young Dev would curl up at night and be sent to sleep by the sweet lavender smelling frog, which would then inspire fantastic dreams.

Falling Off The Lavender Bridge sounds like a child's scrapbook: scribbles of strings in lead single 'Galaxy Of The Lost', smudges of twangy guitar on 'Everyone I Know Is Listening To Crunk', and a spattering of silver glitter by way of pretty guitar on 'Let The Bitches Die'. It's innocent and heartbroken, but sophisticated and resilient at the same time. A bit country, a bit folk, a bit pop and ridiculously catchy.

This is such a charming album that it's nigh on impossible not to fall in love with. The real triumph here is that Dev has emerged as a talent to be reckoned with. The constant high standard of the songs gives the impression that this guy writes about 15 brilliant songs each day. An album well worth your time and money.

fame), 'This Gift' is candy coated with more pop hooks, sly and sinister guitar riffs reminiscent of The Smiths and Franz Ferdinand alike.

The opener, 'Gilt Complex' is the aural equivalent of a huge shot of adrenaline. The urgent guitar lines and Adele Bethal's intense voice create a stark atmosphere like an axe wielding maniac scene in a b-grade 50s horror film. But the fear slowly subsides with the track 'Nest' and the memorable guitar rhythms coupled with the swanky drum line, that's just so damn fine. It forces you out of your seat and drags you to the dance floor for some booty-shaking 60s hornbag style. 'Chains' and 'Rebel with the Ghost' are the rockabilly tracks, with the 'whoah oh whoah's' and 'na na na's of co-vocalist Scott Patterson, who is the perfect match to Adele's scarily unhinged (yet at times sensual) voice. The standout track, not by far, is highly memorable, indie anthem potential 'Iodine'.

The entire album carries this intense and melancholy air, similar to Black Rebel Motorcycles album, 'Howl', potentially leaving first time listeners to S&D feeling emotionally exhausted by the end. Yet this can be overlooked with the jingle jangle rockabilly, dressed in black leather attitude and instead the feeling to shimmy like Elvis' love children prevails.

Stamatina Hasiotis

Into The Woods innate beauty really lies in the colours that Illicit Eve are able to create. Examining themes of love, nature, depression and hope, *Into The Woods* moves effortlessly between these light and dark parallels whilst holding the listeners attention. A much more accessible and sublime album than their last, *Into The Woods* is already receiving massive airplay and should bring Illicit Eve the accolades and recognition they rightly deserve.

KD

REVIEWS



Cass McCombs
Dropping the Writ
Domino

"Dropping the Writ", an informal term which Wikipedia defines as "the procedure in some government systems where the head of government goes to the head of state and formally advise them to dissolve parliament", is the first release by McCombs, a long-player of stylistic opposites, drawn together by the singer/songwriter's haunting vocals.

The opening track Lion Killer immediately hit me with irritation at the clunky repetitive synthesizer riff that dominates the track. In fact, the first six tracks all feature a somewhat dull 80's sounding rhythm section that sounds like it was tacked on as an afterthought via ProTools. The drums in That's That cruise along unimaginatively with the equally dreary bass lines, seldom straying from the root notes of the melody. The combination of indie-folk and synth-pop is cheesy and almost Cure-esque

Once the second half of the album kicks in, the tone of the record changes dramatically. The stale electronic backing is replaced with sweet acoustic arrangements and soaring melancholy vocals. The ninth track Windmill, with its sweet tumbling melody, Full Moon or Infinity with its Carter Family guitar runs and soaring vocals. The final track Wheel of Fortune in particular features subtle organic drumming (for a welcome change!), basslines interweaving with folky guitar lines culminating in a grand harmonica solo.

Lyrical concepts are a little vague, and seem to rely on nostalgic stories and simple lyrical hooks. Melancholy and whistful, Cass McCombs' writing brings to mind the work of late songsmith Elliot Smith.

At odds with itself at times and struggling to find a common ground between song styles, Cass McCombs' *Dropping the Writ* is enjoyable enough. Personally I think he could do well to recruit better session musicians and practised a little more quality control on his material.

Vincent Coleman

REVIEWS



Illicit Eve
Into The Woods
Mixmasters/Shock.

Local rock duo Illicit Eve has demolished all expectations with their sophomore effort, *Into The Woods*. A two-year break between releases has seen a huge improvement in song structure, production and musical ability, with Emily Smart and Felicity Freeman's immense talent and direction intertwined throughout this entire album. Opener 'The Sound' belongs in a movie, with the added element of electronica throwing something different into the mix. 'Into The Woods' sounds like a Kate Bush/Rush collaboration, whilst new single 'They Don't Make Boys Like They Used To' is inherently infectious and indicative of the rest of the album. 'Beautiful Creatures' and 'Coldest Winter' allow the girls to showcase their superb vocal talents, with the latter sounding like the product of an Imogen Heap and Bat For Lashes jam session. 'Two Tired Hands,' '11:11,' and 'Shark Bait,' follow girly pop-rock conventions, but the addition of keys, horns, programming and sublime harmonies pull these songs from the mire of "everything else" and place them up on a pedestal of their own.

B

REVIEWS



Sons and Daughters
This Gift
Domino

The Scottish; purveyors of fine haggis, loch ness, Groundskeeper Willy's kilt and let's not forget to mention, the lean, mean, flick-knife wielding, leather-clad sex-and-murder queens and kings of Glasgow: Sons and Daughters, who return for album number three, altogether more voluptuous, and booty-shaking than before. Produced by Bernard Butler (he of Suede guitar-god

im in ur barz,
stealin ur booz

TJ'S NIGHTLIFE

"She knows, because she goes"

****Eds - If you have an idea for a LOLTJ, email ondit@adelaide.edu.au**

Want more TJ-ness with an additional serving of male? Tune into *LOLs with Mike and TJ*, every Tuesday at Midnight on Radio Adelaide 101.5FM

I love the Fringe. Tbh, I'm not that into art or theatre. Probably because I don't get most of it so I just nod and agree and say I understand it so people will stop looking at me like I'm a complete dumbass. I love the Fringe because of the comedians being around to stalk. I love the Fringe because of the weirdo crazy acrobats that seem to take over the city. But most of all, I love the Fringe because of The Garden Of Unearthly Delights. To put it simply, it's an excuse to get drunk in a park with your mates and do stupid shit like you did when you were in Year Nine.

Although it opens at midday this party is a creature of the night and starts well after dark, making it the nightlife hot spot for summer. Whether you're there to wander or eat, see Arj Barker in Le Cascadeur or the Tom Tom Club in Umbrella Revolution, you are in for a treat. And here is my piece of the pie.

My night begins like all others, being checked for ID at the gate due to my striking resemblance to a 12 year old exchange student from Japan. Once proving the bouncers wrong, I head straight to the bar. (This is also how all other nights begin). Alcoholics and students alike are in luck as this place boasts four separate bars. Be sure to look behind the bar for one of *On Dit's* very own visual arts editors. Hit her up for free drinks* or better yet, just stand there making a drunken fool out of yourself in front of her and her co-workers. God knows I did. Bumping into people you know here is a given. We do live in Adelaide, people! So if you fancy seeing everyone you've ever met in your entire life, this is the place to be. To your advantage this also means that there are plenty of peeps to tag along with when your friends ditch you and your embarrassingly distasteful behaviour. (This most certainly and definitely never ever, ever happened to me).

After the shots and the small talk, dancing is my favourite activity numero uno. Feeling not so adventurous at the beginning of the night I hit up SoCo cargo, a quirky little box thing/nightclub in which I could have danced til dawn. A little later when I wanted the general public to see me shake my groove thing / was completely blind, I followed the beats to the live music tent near the entrance and danced right there in front of it. This never fails to be fun/funny. Shortly after this I am no longer able to resist the charms of the bright and sparkling lights of the Ferris Wheel. Here I enjoyed laughing at the idiots dancing on the grass below, only to realise that that was me five minutes earlier. The excitement from the Ferris Wheel left me in desperate need to break

the seal. This was a momentary buzz kill as the line was fairly impressive i.e huge. Ladies beware - this is where I issue a port-a-loo alert. My only advice is - hold your nose and squat. Oh, and don't forget to wash! Getting over the less than appetising toilet experience, it was time for me to finally tackle the Silent Disco. Usually I embarrass myself in public for free. On special occasions, however, I like to pay ten dollars to do so. I never thought dancing in a circle with a bunch of other strangers with headphones on would be fun. Let me assure you, it was. Sincerely.

At this point of the night there was really only one thing left to do - Ride the Merry Go Round. This is where my memory starts to get little hazy in a brightly coloured and shiny plastic frenzy. However, I do distinctly remember that after my Merry Go Round ride ended, for some strange reason (or the four previously consumed purple Breezers) the world doesn't seem to stop spinning. Clearly time for my favourite time of the night - food! The Turkish pancake place, Ozzie Gozleme, is the best thing to happen to planet earth, ever. The hot chip place next door is hot on its heels though, offering massive cones of oily, carb-filled goodness. As I got caught scoffing down a spicy lamb Turkish thing-a-ma-jiggy by a family friend (clearly disgusted) I realised it was time to call it quits. Stumbling my way out I waved goodbye to the bouncers in the hope that they will let me skip the line in next time. (Please note this never works).

I went home alone but had that warm fuzzy feeling you get from an exciting night out to keep me company in the cab (or perhaps it was just the pancake?).

A seriously delightful experience. Pardon the pun.

*Free drinks not guaranteed in conjunction with any other offer.



TJ

****Eds - A picture of TJ's Japanese exchange student alter ego, "Yuki-Li"**

HEY! IT'S ME...
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Amy "Kempers" Kemp relaxes with a non-brand specific beverage



Past *On Dit* editor, Ben Henschke, is camera shy!



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