

On Dit

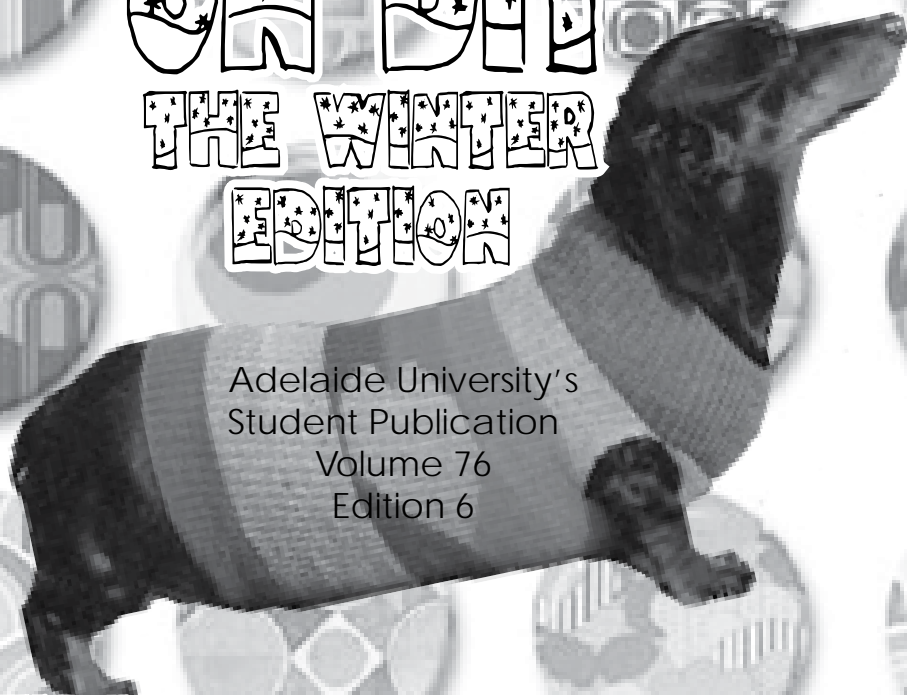
The Winter Edition

76.6



ON DIT

THE WINTER EDITION



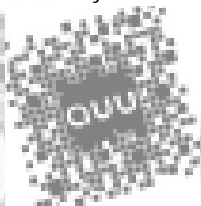
Adelaide University's
Student Publication
Volume 76
Edition 6

THANKS

Barbara, Amelia, Hannah, Ben, Tess, Passa and Mel for proofreading and moral support
 John for all of your patience and new computer goodness
 The Union for letting us have new computers
 Eric for the non-generic brand caramel-nougat treats
 Lavinia for informing us that she's a 'good shag'
 Us for being the coolest ever *nudge*
 Loved ones and not so loved ones for keeping us sane and fed and nurtured and loved. Thanks for your patience too
 Mike for mentioning 'Christmas in July'
 Les Mis for being awesome but distracting
 ITS for being big meanies
 Everyone who distributed last edition
 The holidays - thank you so much for coming along and relieving us with this much-needed break
 And our favourite competition; *Entropy*, 'An Urban-Lifestyle Magazine' LOL.
 MSG
 And finally to our sub-eds who are leaving us. Not because we are sick of you but for your amazing contributions to the last 6 editions. Hannah, Clarry and Tess, we salute you! Enjoy your trips, we hope to year from you soon.



Proudly sponsored by the Adelaide University Union



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. Now let's all go and get a hot chocolate!



Editors
 Catherine Hoffman
 Michael Nicholson
 Natalie Oliveri
 Phone: (08) 8303 5404
 e-mail: ondit@adelaide.edu.au

Printing
 Cadillac

AUU Watch
 Hannah Mattner
Current Affairs
 David Kaczan
Dit-licious
 Hannah Frank
Fashion
 Jenifer Varzaly
Film
 Jerome Arguelles
 Vincent Coleman
 Aslan Mesbah
Finance
 Myriam Robin
Foreign Affairs
 Barbara Klompenhouwer
Health
 Ross Roberts-Thomson
Law
 Peter Bosco
Literature
 Alicia Moraw
 Connor O'Brien
Media Watch
 Genevieve Williamson
Music
 Amelia Dougherty
 Bianca Harvey
News
 Eric Smith
Performing Arts
 Edward Joyner & Co.
Pitch
 Claire Knight
Politics
 Ben Henschke
Science
 Goldy Yong
Sex
 Alexi Tuckey
Slightly Political Party
 Harry Dobson
 Will Martin
Social
 Tess "TJ" Farrell
Travel
 Alex Rains
TV
 Samuel "Sammy Boy" Stearne
Visual Arts
 Clara Sankey
 Lauren Sutter
Vox Pop
 Clare Buckley
 Claire "Waldo" Wald

CONTENTS

- Cover. "Making Winter Bearable"
2-3. Thanking you Mrs. Robinson, what does your paper contain?
4-5. 'Mr. Po-oh-oh-oh-ost Man'
6-7. 'What's going on, what's going on?'
8-9. 'Spinning Wheel'
10-11. Is 'politics derived from 'policy'? Oh yeah.
12-13. BAAAAAATTLE
14-15. The Ugly and the Fashionable
16-17. A Currant and a Fair
18-19. Sweet FA
20-21. Get out your baster!
22-23. Money, money, seasons.
24-25. Travellus Fantasmagoricus
26-27. Warm and Spicy
28-29. Winter Wonders
30-31. Warning! This article contains orgasms.
32-36. Film
37. Fiction
38-39. Dancing and Prancing
40-41. Stuff more interesting than you
42-43. Priceless Kitsch
44-47. Curl up with a good book
48-53. 'We didn't start the Fire!'
54-55. Get off yo ass.
56. Contribute to On Dit!

FRONT COVER

"Making Winter Bearable"

So we decide; "ok we're gonna meet at 10 am tomorrow to do the photo shoot. Cool." Friday morning dawns. "Cat? Check. Paddle-holder? Check. Camera? Check. Photographer? Check. Props? Check. Vincent? Check. Polar bear suit? Um...

So after traipsing around Adelaide trying to swap our back cover advertising space, for the free hire of a furry skin, we ended up on Marion Road's - Costumes For You. In vain, we eventually exchanged \$25 for the hire of bear for 1 hour, which was nice seeing as she was going to charge us \$45. So that's the story. Not that elaborate except that the funniest thing was when a dog went ballistic at Vincent's furry exterior on the beach. Couldn't stop LOLing.

Stay warm this winter, *On Dit* will be back on campus July 29 with more googled pics and wanky front covers. Until then muchachos...

Natty O xx

Letters



Hi On Dit,

I just wanted to let people know about an amazing conference which is coming up this mid-semester break. The Students of Sustainability conference (SoS) will be held in Newcastle this year from the 5th-9th of July. SoS is a camping conference for anyone interested in creating a more ecologically and socially sustainable world. The five days are filled with great talks and workshops with students coming from all around Australia. <http://www.studentsofsustainability.org/>

Climate Camp will be held straight after SoS (10th-15th) and will be five days of workshops & direct action aimed at shutting down the world's largest coal port in Newcastle. <http://www.climatecamp.org.au/>

If you might be interested in either of these exciting events please contact Nikki asap for more information on the conference, camp and transport from Adelaide, as there will be a group of students heading across from Adelaide Uni.

Email nikki.brookman@student.adelaide.edu.au.

Nikki

I can't take it anymore.
Everywhere I look, I'm surrounded.
I deal with the situation; they next day, there they are again.
I am trapped.
I am a prisoner in my own house.
I am overwhelmed by socks.
Mismatched socks. Hundreds of them.
Socks with memories attached that I can't bring myself to throw out.
Expensive socks I've never worn.
Gifted socks I've never worn.
Bags of expensive gifted unworn socks I have been meaning to take to charity for months.
Foreign socks purchased in exotic countries.
Socks with holes, and socks in perfectly good repair that I just hate the look of.
Gym socks that beg me to use them (their requests fall on deaf ears)
Long socks; short socks; thick socks; thin socks. Ankle socks; stocking socks; socks that are 'invisible' when you put them on; trekking socks; school socks; bed socks (and that's just in the immediate five square metres).
Well socks, it's time.
You're all going.
That's right - out, finito, done, gone, finished, canned, banned, down the pisser and out the door.
I'm throwing you all out today, and then I'm going to the shops.
I'm going to buy five pairs of socks. They're all going to be white; they're all going to be the same; I can mix and match and not worry that one is a blue stripy knee sock and the other a red and white love heart clad ankle.
The new socks won't adorn every floorspace available.
The new socks will live in the drawer (and they will take up only a fraction of the drawer, not spew out of it every time it is opened, depositing yet another spray of mismatched, homeless, hopeless socks onto the floor).
The new socks and I will live in harmony.
I will reclaim my house; my floorspace; my storage spaces.
Out with the old; in with the new.
I can't fucking wait.

Hannah Frank

Dearest On-Dit,

I was a little dissatisfied by the cover of this year's "Equality Edition." There are eleven people on it. Five are male, six are female. There are two elderly people, one child, and a good mix of ages in between. There are also various sizes and shapes, and ethnicities and skin pigmentation. In fact I think blonde people are the only ones under represented.

Here's the problem: it's such a cliché to do something like this with an equality/diversity edition. It's exactly what Coles or Westpac or Centrelink would do to show they love people of all types and flavours. Not to accuse you of tokenism, at all. But it does seem like you drew up a table of different groups and made sure you had one of each (Elderly, Asian, tick!). What would be HEAPS more interesting would be to have eleven Anglo-Celtic men on the cover. THAT would make a statement. You could even include a short article saying something along the lines of "We love all kinds of people, whether they descend from the England OR the Scots."

It would be ironic. Racist/sexist people would pick it up, and have their minds blown apart. They'll say, "why, this student publication doesn't support the status quo at all!" But it will be too late. They'll be changed, subverted.

Upright people won't get it. You'll have edge. You'll be pirates. Perhaps just something to consider for next time. Do the opposite of what is PC, and challenge the safe and sterilised.

Yours truly,
Justin.





Dear Editor,

The latest news is that the Burmese regime is letting foreign aid workers in, my question is how realistic is our optimistic hope? This is a regime that has excellent PR skills; they have hired a PR consultant that worked for the American Republican party to improve their international image after the monk demonstrations of 2007, in which more than 1000 were killed, by their guns.

To analyse this requires little effort, the aim is to placate the world media and UN demands. Ways they will do this is to delay visa applications, allow the aid workers only in Rangoon and not to the Irrawaddy Delta, where 80% of the damage is. Any number of possibilities and everything but god forbid, help the people. To quote the BBC: "But for them, security and control have always come first; the lives of their people come second. Those priorities will not have changed." Speaking to some optimists here, they were quite jubilant at the promising signs, but the regime is all about delivering promises that due to some technicality, never eventuate.

Why is the regime afraid of international presence? Simply because the people in isolated Burma will finally realise that they are living in a propaganda bubble. Since birth, deprived of all the advances of the world and any chance to gain access to it, the regime is worried that once the people get a glimpse of what is outside the illusion of, this is as good as it gets, that they have created, resentment will grow. Also there is the overwhelming concern that the international presence will compromise their iron-fist control over the people. They rule by instilling fear, if the people sense that someone will be on their side i.e. international presence, the fear will absolve.

The message simply is to take the news with cynicism, those aware of the ways of the regime will know that it is a tactic, they have done it before, and diverting attention is their forte. And why do i have any authority to speak you may ask, simply because I'm a young Burmese-Adelaidean Uni student, having lived in Burma surrounded by the propaganda, poverty and coming here to realise exactly what the regime is doing. It really opens your eyes to see Burma from the outside world, and the regime is afraid the people will have this view.

In the words of the Nobel Prize laureate who is the elected leader of Burma (although not allowed to take office, but rather imprisoned) Daw Aung San Suu Kyi, "please use your liberty to promote ours". I encourage the UN and ASEAN and all other supporters to persist with the efforts and continue to apply pressure until we see some REAL change.

Yours Sincerely,
(Med V Adelaide Uni student)



Dear On Dit,

Thank you for your timely email. We are glad you took our constructive criticism on board; we're committed to improving student media across South Australia, and do anything we can to help. That's how dedicated we are.

We're pleased that Entropy magazine continues to be the benchmark for media excellence on South Australian university campuses, and we're glad that you keep trying - you are a true testament to tenacity and perseverance. We applaud you.

We're excited that more and more students like yourself are turning to Entropy magazine for their university news and lifestyle choices. We do all we can to keep our readers happy. Mr Bloom was particularly chuffed about your comments and praise, and is ecstatic that you enjoyed the quality of the stock. 'Only the best for SA students' is his driving force.

We sincerely apologise for not italicising *On Dit* in the magazine - a formatting oversight; I trust you will forgive us. The person responsible for the mistake has been severely reprimanded, and we have been assured that it will not happen again.

In all truthfulness, in deference to tradition and in case the point hasn't occurred to you yet, it's vastly more likely that we're just baiting you into a war you can't win.

Kind regards,
Aaron MacDonald
The Chip on UniSA's Shoulder
[Former Editor: Entropy]

BRRR... IT'S THE NEWS

Winter is finally upon us. It was only a week ago I noticed for the first time that the temperature in my German exchange town of Rheinbach was warmer than the temperature in Adelaide. Winter is Adelaide in a funny thing. The introduced plane trees turn orange and then brown, lecturers mysteriously go missing for weeks at a time with the flu, you miss tutes because you are sick, and it all culminates at exam time in a couple of weeks from now. Sorry, but it's true, and a fact you'll all have to face soon enough.

So I was thinking about what news items could be tied in with the Winter Edition, and I have come up with the following:

A lot of people take the cold snap at the beginning of the month to indicate that global warming is a myth. In fact, scientists insist that while average temperatures will rise only mildly, this does not represent a uniform two degrees on the graph $y = \text{daily temperature}$. In fact, global warming will result in deeper troughs and higher peaks which more than compensate: a slight rise in average temperatures, but greater extremes.

This brings me to the next major news item which isn't front page news, although I think it should be: Farmers are likely to get 0% irrigation allocation this coming water year. Adelaide has used less than average, so no further water restrictions will be imposed, but despite rain topping up our reservoirs, farmers are likely to get nothing. With appropriate monetary compensation, I think this is probably a good thing. While it takes seven years between planting and harvesting some citrus fruit and nuts such as are grown in the Riverland, this is a small price to pay to maintain the Murray as a viable ecosystem.

The building of the weir at Wellington has also a g a i n b e e n

delayed, and frankly I'm glad. If building the weir means cutting off the Coorong, that is an unacceptable price for Australia to pay to maintain our Riverland food production.

It's interesting, because farmers are the key to a lot of debates lately. The Doha round of the World Trade Organisation stalled over American and European subsidies to farmers. I think the European ones are *almost* fair, as they enable small-scale farming and good animal husbandry practices. But the American model represents a massive income distribution away from third world farmers to agribusiness in the US.

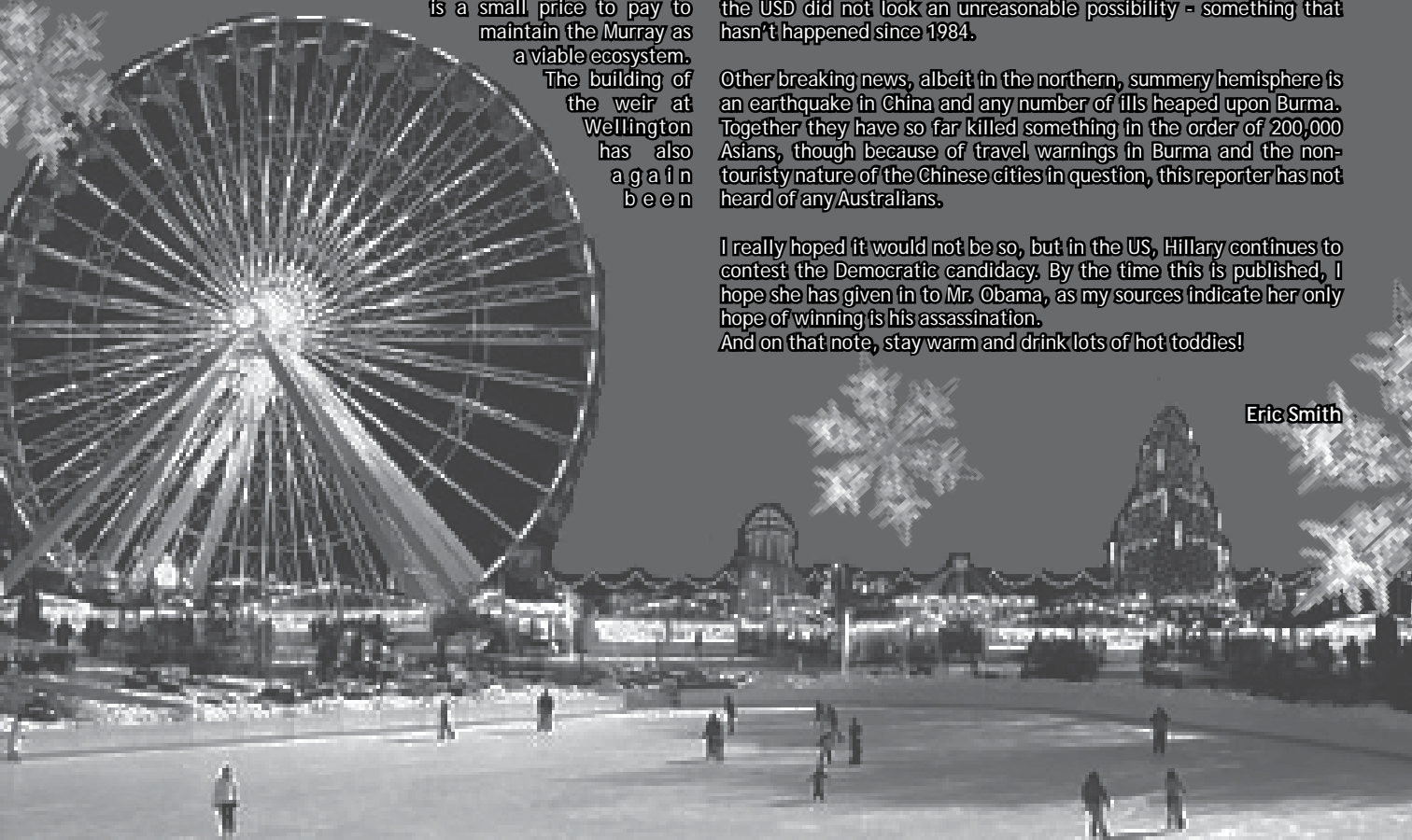
Then there's that whole debate over biofuels and the price of food matching the price of fuel. As I see it, it was intended that farmers only use the chaff to make biofuels, continuing to sell the wheat as food. But this was so profitable, they switched to whole-fuel production, reducing the supply of food just as demand is increasing from China and India. Either you mandate a minimum food production - perhaps 100%, and allow farmers only to convert chaff into fuels, or you quit subsidising altogether, and just admit that solar cars and electric trains are the transport of the future.

Speaking of the price of oil, it continues to increase. (Surprise surprise! But we have to keep saying it, in case one day it does go down.) And we're all merrily complaining about the price of petrol, but keep in mind that these increases have been mitigated more than slightly by a massive appreciation in the AUD. At the time of writing, parity with the USD did not look an unreasonable possibility - something that hasn't happened since 1984.

Other breaking news, albeit in the northern, summery hemisphere is an earthquake in China and any number of ills heaped upon Burma. Together they have so far killed something in the order of 200,000 Asians, though because of travel warnings in Burma and the non-touristy nature of the Chinese cities in question, this reporter has not heard of any Australians.

I really hoped it would not be so, but in the US, Hillary continues to contest the Democratic candidacy. By the time this is published, I hope she has given in to Mr. Obama, as my sources indicate her only hope of winning is his assassination. And on that note, stay warm and drink lots of hot toddies!

Eric Smith





Political Correctness gone Wrong

The "Climate Change" versus "Global Warming" Debate

"It's very important to understand that climate change is not just another issue in this complicated world of proliferating issues. Climate change is THE issue which, unchecked, will swamp all other issues."

— Ross Gelbspan, author of *Boiling Point*

In an era when countries still continue to wage war against each other, there seems no better reason to unite than that of global warming. While the existence of global warming has become an established reality in most peer-assessed scientific journals, the world is still very divided on how to fight it. In George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* we learnt about the concept of Newspeak that implied we could change how we thought about the world by rearranging meanings for words, leaving us with only a handful of words, often only polar oppositions. Terms like 'thoughtcrime', 'doubleplusgood' and 'doublethink' are well known by those who have read the novel. However this reforming or the meaning of words is not confined to novels. Day to day we have seen a shift in the media, from the use of the words 'global warming' to 'climate change'. There have been many reasons for this shift in terminology, not least regulations which restrict media organisations from acting any other way. However it doesn't stop me being worried that in our pursuit of politically correct terms we are minimising both the impact of global warming on our consciousness and removing the blame from our own shoulders.

To those of you out there wondering what the difference between these two terms are, it's pretty simple. Climate change is a fairly general term. It can refer to natural, cyclical changes in the environment, such as droughts, floods, and 'normal' temperature shifts. It has also come to take on the contemporary meaning of the effects of human activity on the planet, such as the burning of fossil fuels, the release of other forms of pollution or water usage. Yet it is not so heavily laden a term as global warming, and can arguably be seen as its milder cousin. Global warming is a slightly different kettle of fish. This wild-child of a term specifically relates to the unnatural or highly dangerous

warming of the planet caused mostly by humans. This is often blamed on the past 200 years of industrialisation, which caused huge greenhouse gas emissions through things like old CFC-based cans of hairspray to smoke stacks, erupting volcanoes and mining.

Most of us use these terms virtually interchangeably. However there has been a distinct trend in the media to use climate change over global warming, not only because it arouses less panic in the minds of the public, but because it has become a way to remove the blame. Global warming implicates humanity as the cause of all this environmental change, climate change almost suggests that we only helped things along a bit.

I'm sure we all remember that one of Kevin Rudd's major campaign platforms was how well he was going to tackle climate change. His standpoint on "the great moral and economic challenge of climate change" (2/4/08 speech) appears fairly positive if slightly too mild, placing stronger focus on rain water tank subsidies rather than cutting greenhouse gas emissions (although I heartily agree with the signing of the Kyoto Protocol). And not only the news media have changed their tune. Environmental organisations, such as the U.S.A's Environmental Protection Agency states on its website that according to the National Academy of Sciences "the phrase 'climate change' is growing in preferred use to 'global warming' because it helps convey that there are [other] changes in addition to rising temperatures." (U.S.E.P.A) These may include, for instance, changes in ocean circulation, or Earth's orbit. This term very clearly places humanity as just one cause, rather than the major contributor, to climate change.

While global warming skeptics, particularly in the world of science, are greatly outnumbered by those who agree with the conclusions reached from current research, by using the term climate change exclusively, it is possible the media is unfairly creating a bias against the majority. To anyone interested in watching international media, I would heartily recommend Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting (www.fair.org), a site dedicated to revealing bias, censored information and inconsistencies, particularly in news media. They argue the focus is not on objectivity of news reporting, but on balance, which almost presents the notion of global warming as a debate rather than as a generally accepted fact. But as they state, "Balanced coverage does not, however, always mean accurate coverage." This allows skeptics a greater voice than strictly necessary to represent environmental concerns to the public. It would be a shame if the media sacrificed objectivity at the altar of balance, when both can, and should, work together in news media.

I think I shall always be a stickler for the use of the term global warming over climate change, if only to impress upon people the importance of our own involvement in such a giant problem. We have to take responsibility for what we are doing to the planet, whether we like it or not, and admitting we have a problem is the first step to helping solve it.

Genevieve Williamson

AUU WATCH



When the National Wine Centre came in to take over the commercial operations, I was quite excited. I'd walk into the Mayo, the Badly Named Café and Backstage Café, and it looked...better. Most strikingly, it looked professional. The food was generally more edible (although we saw this in the prices as well as the plates), the staff were well presented, and everything seemed to work better overall.

However, it seems that this improvement hasn't continued to other areas of the NWC's takeover. The Clubs Association has received a number of complaints from the different clubs, ranging from a lack of bins to an inability to access rooms that have been booked to clubs having to pay to use rooms after 8pm. The Clubs Association (note: I'm on the CA executive committee, so there's some bias here) has also had difficulties in dealing with the NWC, and an event in the Clubs Cup was cancelled as a result. The underlying issues between the NWC and student groups, however, have not been solved. Even the AUU Board meetings have been rushed as a result of the 8pm curfew on rooms in Union House. The University has apparently called NWC management to order over this, resulting in what I expect was a heated meeting on May 20.

Furthermore, questions have been raised about the NWC's negotiating methods. Firstly, there was the suggestion that the NWC was looking to use the AUU's membership of the TAG buying group (a group that the NWC could not access independent of the AUU, and which caused the level of acronym use in this article to become quite ridiculous) in a way that would preclude the AUU from using it for their own purposes as well. This was followed by Union President Lavinia Emmett-Grey commenting in the AUU meeting that the NWC's tactics felt awfully like bullying. This could be seen as a weakness in that she can feel bullied in negotiations or a strength in that she feels able to tell this to the Board and spectators, including the one who will go and publish it for the rest of the uni to read.

Lavinia declared herself 'shocked' (apparently in a good way) that the Australian National Union of Students has been so active this year, and Simone McDonnell echoed this with a mention that the NUS President (who is visiting on May 21st to meet with the Board) had been promoting student issues on Triple J. There was some concern that the Board might find it difficult to meet their NUS fees this year, but Rhiannon, who has

been on the relevant committee, explained that the affiliation fees are based on each student union's ability to pay as well as their membership.

There was also discussion of the formation of a committee of the presidents of all the faculty clubs on campus. The idea behind this is to develop an authoritative group to look at education issues around the university and take action on them. I expect it will be interesting to see how this initiative pans out, as getting clubs to do extra work can be very difficult.

Hannah Mattner

Upcoming Board Meetings:

5th June

8th August

14th September

6pm in the Harry Medlin Rooms.

Feel free to come along and see what's going on in student politics for yourself.

State of the Union

FREE ALCOHOL!!!

That's right. The government has just put up the price of "alco-pops" (I had never heard mixers called that until Wayne Swan used it - I just refer to these drinks as my friends), but the Adelaide University Union is there to help. We're holding our first members-only party at the Electric Light Hotel on Friday May 30 from 8pm. There will also be food available in case you go a bit hard on the booze. Just bring your AUU membership card and we'll sort out the rest.

THE FEDERAL BUDGET - this is relevant to YOU, so keep reading!

Aside from the increased alcohol tax, the Federal Budget introduced changes in the area of tertiary education. Much of this information is provided by the National Union of Students and many of the positives can be attributed to NUS' tireless campaigning during the Howard era.

An Education Investment Fund (for higher and vocational education)

This will combine the \$6 billion already committed by the Howard Government to the Higher Ed Endowment Fund with an additional \$5 billion committed across this budget and the next budget. This money is for capital expenditure and research facilities ONLY.

A one-off \$500 million Better Universities Grant

This is a one off payment to be given directly to universities this July to go towards urgent capital expenditure and infrastructure including and LIMITED TO: IT infrastructure, labs, teaching space, libraries and student amenities (NOT SERVICES)

The Compensation for the abolition of full-fee degrees

\$249 million over four years based on negotiations with individual universities. This is a significant win in the name of equal opportunity in education. It means that those with up to a ten point lower TER score than their HECS counterparts cannot buy their way into university and that the government is committed to ensuring those places are still accessible, but now only on the basis of merit.

Doubling undergraduate commonwealth scholarships

This was a core election policy worth \$238.6 million over four years for new national priority and accommodation scholarships, which will help lower income and rural students. However, as the Adelaide University Union's submission to the government highlighted, without significant change to the eligibility requirements for Commonwealth Scholarships, these scholarships will not reach those who need it most. Many universities do not reach their quota of scholarships that they are able to access because they are restricted to students on Youth Allowance. As long as the means testing and requirements for Youth

Allowance remain so ridiculously restrictive, this election promise will sound hollow.

Targeted HECS reductions

Again this is core election policy to reduce HECS costs for science, maths, nursing and early childhood courses. This will cost \$779.2 million over four years.

Doubling Australian Postgraduate Awards by 2012

A core election policy worth \$209 million over four years.

Establishing the Australian Youth Forum

Core election policy worth \$8 million over four years, which includes funding the re-established Office of Youth.

Assuming you made it though the budget highlights, then I wish all of you the best of luck with your upcoming exams and assignments. Remember, the Adelaide University Union is there to help you, so if you want some support during these high stress time, you can contact us. Whether it's counselling, questions about how to get a supplementary exam or rescheduling an exam time, or if further down the track you feel you received an unfair assessment or mark, speak up!

Alternatively, if you want to procrastinate with me during Swot Week, you can email me at lavinia.emmett-grey@adelaide.edu.au.



World Environment Day

Thursday June 5th



Bring your bike helmet and get a FREE "Bob Brownie"

KICK THE HABIT!

TOWARDS A LOW CARBON ECONOMY

FREE Multi-Trips to be Won!

FREE information and propaganda!

FREE entertaining (yet informative) games!

All Day @ the Barr Smith Lawns

Presented in part by:

ECOS: Environmental Collective of Students

Young Greens on Campus

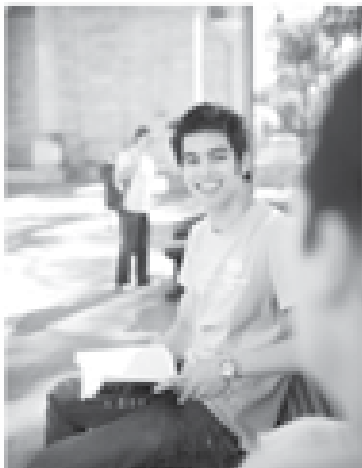
CLUBS ASSOCIATION

We have reached the pinnacle of Clubs Cup! Come to the Unibar on Wednesday the 11th to show off your amazing strength or determination in the bungee run from 3pm. Then join us after the holidays for events like sumo wrestling, bull riding and paper plane races. Have a blast and contribute to your club's fame and glory while you're there.

Council went very well the other night, and we are proud to announce that the CA can now offer grants to the clubs around campus. If your club has plans for the future that it can't quite finance, come and see us. We can now help you out with the money side of things, whether you're looking for a new chess board or the money for your next event.

There's also a few new ways to advertise your upcoming events to the rest of the student body. Come down to the CA and borrow a spot on our white board in the Cloisters to let people know about what you've got coming up, or email Lara at lara.mieszkuc@adelaide.edu.au for a spot in the 'Bread and Circuses' section of the AUU newsletter.

Finally, don't forget to keep in touch! The CA is always interested in hearing about what you've got happening, and we're there to help out in any way we can. Come down to the office on the ground floor of the Lady Symon building sometime and see what we can do for you.



WINTER SCHOOL MORE OPTIONS MORE OPPORTUNITIES

ENROLMENT NOW OPEN
LAST DAY TO ENROL: 23 JUNE

Postgraduate and undergraduate courses available.

Life Impact



Telephone: 8303 7063

Email: summerandwinter@adelaide.edu.au

Web: www.adelaide.edu.au/summerandwinterschool

COUNTING YOUR CHICKENS



*Budget News with
Bartholomew Huxtable*

RISING PETROL PRICES FORCING UPSTANDING CITIZENS ONTO PUBLIC TRANSPORT

A DECENT, middle-class man caught the bus today, in a shocking glimpse of the human tragedy of rising petrol prices.

"I just could no longer justify driving to work," sobbed Ronald Collins, 63, of Toorak Gardens, obviously shaken from the experience and smelling faintly of urine. While Ronald was previously was able to drive his car from his Toorak Gardens home to his office on Currie Street, petrol prices, which topped \$1.60 a litre this week, left him with no choice but to commute on the 145 bus.

The recent large jump in public transport usage has resulted in decreased traffic congestion, but a large strain on those handholds that hang from the roof of buses. There have been several reports of breakages, resulting in many commuters complaining of being "off-balance" and "almost touching the person next to me before I quickly corrected myself."

Doctors have also been inundated with an alarming number of patients complaining of symptoms of a particularly vicious strain of the Proletariat Virus, a disease whose main cause is person-to-person contact in public transport.

"It's fully shit," said Angus, a 21-year-old apprentice mechanic, standing at a bus stop outside McDonalds on West Terrace. Though relief is on the way for youths such as Angus, with new services being introduced on Friday and Saturday nights, travelling along Hindley Street from King William Street to West Terrace and return. According to Patrick Conlon, the State Government's Minister for Transport; these buses are to include retractable windows, so as not to impede these youths' critiques of any attractive females, or males looking vaguely homosexual. New stereo systems are also under consideration, with



in-bus music to range from obnoxious house, to obnoxious hip-hop.

The situation is not bad news for everybody, however. Dry cleaners are experiencing an unparalleled boom in trade, with many anxious commuters cleaning their formerly pristine suits as often as daily. "Trade has been good, yes," said Jason Fisher, operator of a local dry cleaning shop. "But I don't know how much longer our machines will be able to cope with the level of dirt on these suits. Two of them have already exploded in a cloud of V8 exhaust."

When approached for comment on the alarming increase in public transport usage, the Prime Minister's response was mostly

incomprehensible. However, sources close to Mr Rudd assure *Counting Your Chickens* that a committee has already been formed to devise an ambitious long-term, national strategic plan to combat rising public transport usage, with accompanying benchmarks and measurable outcomes.

Opposition Leader Brendan Nelson, on the other hand, has vowed to reduce the government excise on petrol by five cents per litre. Policy analysts say this decision should leave him in good stead for the next election, when he is driving to his electorate to campaign for Malcolm Turnbull.

Ben Henschke is on leave.

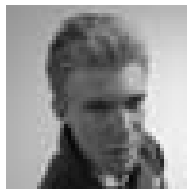
REVENGE OF THE SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY

*"May we who
illuminated this,
illuminate you..."*



The Dub. Hon. Will Martin, MP
Minister for
Defence and Policy
Undevelopment.

Today marks a momentous day for the Russian people. And I specifically refer to the Russians because presumably no one else gives a toss. Russian space scientists have declared a new 'breakthrough' in space technology. Their pet space cockroach is now a grandmother. "And?" I hear you ask. No, that's it, that's all they're celebrating. Apparently the original offspring of the cockroach (named 'Hope') matured at a faster than normal rate, however the grandchildren did not. Again, what the hell? Has the definition of 'breakthrough' changed recently? What were they trying to prove - the plausibility of Men in Black? We've already put a MAN on the moon you stupid Russians, 40 friggin years ago! And what 'Hope' does this actually achieve? That when we migrate to mars there will still be employment opportunities for pest control? In a country of economic crisis, I think the Russians could put their money to better use, like housing, abolishing poverty, and training more Bond villains- none of that Indiana Jones IV rubbish.



The Dub. Hon. Harry Dobson MP
Minister for
Offense and
Haircare.

Sssh! Fizzzz! That's a sound you won't be hearing anymore - at least from the opening of an alcopop. This tax-hike not only represents an interference into the drinking habits of those looking to get shickered on a Friday, Saturday or even Monday night; this also affects one of the SPP's few legitimate business arms - Slightly Political Pops! Soon to be unavailable from your bottle shop shelves will be delicious flavours such as 'Legislative Lime,' 'Passionfruit Policy' and Bindi Irwin's favourite 'Judiciously Jungle.' 'Huzzza!' the wowsers may shout as they quaff their green tea and skewer their carrot sticks, 'about time something was done about rowdy teenagers and young adults,' they'll say and the tea cups will be placed down in nodding unison. The SPP has and always will stand against wowerism, and if we could get our political act together we would try and outlaw it borrowing on methods from Pol Pot. So from a drunken, staggering and hedonistic stance the SPP wants you and you and you and you with the freckles to stand up and fight for your right to get silly on Slightly Political Pops! Save our business and enjoy a shot of 'Pork-barreling Pear' today.

SPP DECLARE WAR ON NUMBERS



SLIPPERY DIPSHIT: Dobson calculated the SPP's budget reply on a playground's toy abacus.

Pseudo-Minister for Financial Mismanagement and Insolvency Harry Dobson delivered the SPP's budget reply speech last Thursday to try to establish his party's economic credentials.

Speaking outside the old 'Magic Mountain' site, Dobson clearly dishevelled, gave a speech which can only be described as 'incoherent.' He later admitted that he had been seeking counselling for his alcohol abuse through 'Psychiatry in the Pub' an SPP

mental health programme.

As to the detail of the budget, Dobson was supportive of Brendan Nelson's decision to block tax hikes on luxury vehicles. 'This will lead to more old cars on the road and slow sales, doesn't Kevin realise people buy new cars every year for a reason!' said Dobson.

The SPP also unveiled its tax policy at the budget reply speech which included a

controversial 'poor and ugly tax.' 'This follows from my fellow miscreant Will Martin's speech on the baby bonus - we must dissuade poor and ugly people from being visible in our society. By placing these taxes on them we will guarantee them a life of fortunate servitude for those much richer and better looking.'

Overall Dobson's speech was received warmly by an audience that frequently took off and flew around - this is because they were seagulls. It was later revealed many had attended because of the complimentary hot chips that were on offer. When asked for an opinion on the budget and Dobson's address a seagull who wished to be known only as 'Sammy' said 'SQUAAWK!' Clearly, if Dobson and the SPP are unable to have policies that resonate with birds they have little chance converting the public to their way of thinking.

MARTIN NARROWS PRIVATE EYES

The Labor Government is under pressure by the Opposition to address needs for pensioners, fuel prices, and inflation. This week it was targeted by the Suspiciously Political Party regarding its 'blatant discrimination' of the wealthy. The uproar emerged when Wayne Swan removed the baby bonus from income earners of over \$150,000.

"This is an outrage!" Said Pseudo Minister Will Martin underneath his 'Don't Ditch the Rich' banner. "If the wealthy lose this bonus they will have no incentive to have children, and that means we'll be a country overrun by poor people!" Martin predicted the cut will create a 'working class plague' that would challenge



the economy and the Australian people. "Who will my children play polo with if this bonus is revoked?" he questioned.

Martin, who is believed to earn an estimated \$300,000

'over the table', answered questions and attacked the Swan budget from the stairway of his private jet. When asked how he would have promoted his budget, he replied "something like the Adelaide Furniture and Electrical ad."

The SPP also rallied fans, supporters and the out-of-work cast of 'Young Lions' outside Parliament house yesterday, flying banners accusing the Rudd Government of Communism, tall poppy syndrome and impotence.

"Better education, better money!" Martin chanted. "Send the poor into the sun!"

He was assassinated shortly after.



War of the Political Clubs:

The majority of political focus in the past months has been on the federal election fall out, but with the 2010 SA state election drawing ever closer, what do you see as being the key issues for your party to address?

Greens:

One of the most important issues for the Greens heading into the 2010 state election will be workers' rights. The State Labor government is currently attempting to make significant changes to the WorkCover scheme, which rob people of their right to fair compensation when they get injured or sick at work. These unfair workplace laws will dramatically reduce the pay of workers who lose limbs at work, severely cut the pay of workers only thirteen weeks after their injury, kick nearly all employees off the WorkCover scheme two and a half years after their injury and also prevent workers from suing their boss for negligent and dangerous workplace practices.

In what was a sad twist of irony, the government passed the bill in the lower house on May Day, the international day for workers. After defeating John Howard and his unfair WorkChoices legislation, these new set of laws are a slap in the face to everyone who fought for a just Australia. While the Labor Party may try to spin this as an attempt to "get the balance right," the reality is they are robbing some of the most disadvantaged in our community and betraying their own legacy as a great representative of the working class.

There can be no defence for this cowardly, traitorous act, and the Greens will fight every step of the way to ensure fairness in South Australian workplaces. The attack one often hears against minor parties is that they are too small to make any difference, but this is a lie of the powerful. Mark Parnell, our state legislative councillor, is doing more for the working families of South Australia than the entire parliamentary Labor Party who all voted in support of the new laws. Mark will be moving more than 100 amendments to these unfair workplace laws, and the Greens are working closely with SA Unions to make sure the major parties are held accountable for this despicable bill.

We understand that some Labor politicians have grievances with many clauses of the legislation as it stands, but until these politicians are prepared to vote accordingly in parliament and nail their colours to the mast, these sentiments are worthless. We will be holding a stall on campus to send postcards to Upper House Labor politicians, asking them to make significant changes to the bill and stand by injured workers. We are also aware that television advertising is on the way.

If you see us on campus please say hello, sign a postcard and support injured workers.

Jake Wishart
Greens on Campus
g.orwell.1984@gmail.com

Democrats:

There has been a huge focus on federal politics since the 2007 election, culminating in repeated calls to address national and transnational issues such as the war in Iraq, terrorism and climate change. In 2010 South Australians will potentially participate in two elections; the South Australian state election and a federal election. As Mike Rann and his sidekick Michael Atkinson, continue to develop a police state in South Australia, the inevitable 'law and order' question will be a key issue throughout the next election period.

The perceived threat of terrorism was enough to warrant the draconian anti-terror laws granting excessive powers to control and detain individuals. Rann and Atkinson modelled legislation on these laws in an attempt to crack down on bikies. Interestingly, when introducing the anti-terrorist legislation, John Howard used the rhetoric of a 'new threat' as justification. Since this doesn't apply to South Australia's bikie 'problem', we should question this approach to security and crime prevention.

Poverty, illiteracy and drug use are major causes of crime, yet the government does not acknowledge the benefit of addressing these issues in the fight against crime. Increasing penalties, criticising the judiciary and talking tough have done nothing to prevent crime in South Australia. The Democrats will continue to speak out against the curtailment of civil liberties. In an election climate, however, it is difficult to convince the public that inroads on civil liberties are not necessary to prevent crime.

June 30 will mark the end of the Democrats in federal parliament. With our remaining parliamentarian in South Australia, there is a lot of work ahead for the party for it to regain its position in Australian politics. While as a Democrat, I lament the thought of being totally excluded from parliaments across Australia, I am mostly concerned about the future of progressive thinking in policy making in this country. At the height of the Democrats' popularity there were 11 progressive senators - nine Democrats and two Greens. At July 1, that number will be reduced to five, a considerable deficit. With only three progressive members in South Australian Parliament it will be crucial for the Democrats to illustrate to the public the need for progressive thinking in parliament.

We need people in parliament who recognise the effect of all the environmental challenges of our time. Peak oil is an example of an issue that we can no longer afford to ignore. On a related issue, with an incompetent transport minister, we can only hope that public transport will become an issue at the next state election. Our population is growing, and our road use is not sustainable. South Australians need options - safe, environmentally sound, sustainable options. I wonder if it is really this idea of 'progressive thinking' that our state parliament needs, or rather just common sense.

Aleisha Brown
Australian Democrats
aleisha.brown@sa.democrats.org.au

Battle for SOUTH AUSTRALIA 2010

***Eds (Mike) - I generally stay out of these debates but I particularly enjoyed the Liberals using the one way Expressway and lack of duplication as leverage *rolls eyes* and also Labor and its constant disregard of public input in relation to the Marj.. State politics, gotta love it*



Liberals

The overarching issue is that South Australians will be better off, under the fresh and energetic leadership of a Martin Hamilton-Smith Liberal Government that has a comprehensive plan and bold vision for our future rather than the tired and stale Rann Government, which has achieved little and is dithering away the most prosperous years of SA's economic development.

The Economy

Since 2002, State taxes have increased 56 per cent, earning the Rann Government the title of the highest taxing government in South Australian history. What has been achieved with the extra \$5 billion per annum? Nothing! So we must have a big surplus right? Wrong - we are borrowing more! Well obviously there has been tax reform to give some revenue back? No way! The simple fact is Mr Foley and Mr Rann have whittled away the best years of economic development spending our money like a young kid in a lolly shop. Although, they have not spent it on new schools, new hospitals, new roads, public transport or water infrastructure but on increasing the public service by 10,000 unbudgeted positions. A Martin Hamilton-Smith Government will engage in tax reform to make our state more competitive, support our small businesses, give some money back to the hardworking mums and dads of this state and with responsible financial management will be able to build new infrastructure so that no longer can the Victorian Labor Premier refer to Adelaide as a "backwater".

Water

The State's water shortage is the biggest challenge we face. A government cannot make it rain, but it can build infrastructure to maximise our water resources. The Hamilton-Smith State Liberals believe water restrictions can end, our irrigators and farmers can be supported and we can ease our reliance on the River Murray by building a desalination plant and utilising stormwater and wastewater recycling among other initiatives.

Transport

Our roads are a joke; no longer can we proudly boast we are the twenty minute city. Our State Government has been asleep at the wheel. When will work begin on a North/South Transport Corridor? Why has the Southern Expressway or Victor Harbor Road not been duplicated? Why do we have a road maintenance backlog which is shameful? Why do our trams not work in the wet? Why do buses never run on time? Why are we the only state that has an obsolete diesel fuelled train system?

Health & the future of the Adelaide CBD

Premier Rann has announced he is going to build a \$1.9 bn hospital at City West and secret work has been prepared to turn the RAH site into apartments. The Hamilton-Smith State Liberals oppose this move and will rebuild a brand new RAH at its current location saving \$500 million, which could go towards upgrading city west. The possibilities are endless at city west, just imagine a Federation Square and Docklands-style development, with a brand new multi-purpose world-class stadium and restaurants, cafes, art galleries, investigator science centre all connected by a public transport hub underneath.

For more information visit www.martin2010.com.au or www.saliberal.org.au

Labor:

Today *On Dit* asks hacks to look into their crystal balls. Although much may change between now and 2010, there are some certainties in political life. The permanent mediocrity of Liberal opposition springs to mind. Martin Hamilton-Smith has released his 2010 vision, or as Pat Conlon aptly terms it, his squint.

The dystopian squint reads as follows: abandon the hospital, build a massive sports stadium, seize the parklands from councils, build more and bigger roads. Inspiring.

Health care is a critical question for the future of the state. The Labor government has a plan to build the \$1.7 billion Majorie Jackson-Nelson Hospital to relieve the strain on our public hospitals and serve the people of SA. Our own Professor Justin Beilby of the Medical School describes the plan as "visionary". The State AMA president agrees. The Liberal response? SA does not need another hospital, says Martin Hamilton-Smith. What we need is apparently a massive sporting stadium: in the city. The SANFL, the AFL, Adelaide Football Club, Port Adelaide Football Club oppose the proposal. Nonetheless, the Liberals vainly persevere. The choice before voters is clear: excellent medical care versus a disused sports stadium.

The Labor government must also strike a balance between protecting the rights of injured workers and ensuring a financially viable WorkCover system. These two aims need not be at odds. The defence of workers' rights will likely be a key issue in the 2010 election.

Developing public transport infrastructure is obviously a critical task for the state government. As petrol prices, sea levels and carbon emissions continue to rise, public transport becomes an increasingly important service. It is not only morally incumbent on the next government to fund public transport, it is a practical necessity. This is true regardless of which party wins the election.

The Rann government is working with the federal government on key areas such as social inclusion and water to achieve positive outcomes for the state. The federal and SA governments have joined forces to provide homes for many of our state's homeless in an innovative program. Rann is working with Federal Water Minister Penny Wong in providing communities around the Murray with water and resolving sustainability challenges. Meanwhile, Martin Hamilton-Smith stands as the lone champion of a sports stadium nobody wants.

Todd Hacking
President
Adelaide University Liberal Club

Nicholas Grealy
President
Adelaide University Labor Club

Fashion Winter Warmers

*How to keep warm and look good this winter
with Jenifer Vargaly*

This season you can venture into bold colours, graphic prints, vintage cuts, and oversized knits to keep warm and look ridiculously good.

The trends this season have been described as 'far from boring' and 'original' by many industry watchers. As always it is necessary to choose the style that best suits your look and helps to define your personality. However, as we can readily observe from the many apparent fashion disasters walking our streets, this can be easier said than done. One useful tip is to always ask your family and friends what they think of the look you're creating before you strut your stuff in public.

Simplicity takes the cake

It is often a good idea to start simple. There are many minimal and neutral coloured dresses this season, which can be easily combined with a short crop jacket. Alternatively pick yourself out a warm woollen jacket which can be teamed with soft wide-leg trousers or a pencil skirt.

Waist not, want not

Basically the emphasis of many designs is on the waist this season. Whether through skirts, pants, or the use of a belt; it's all about creating shape. This looks great and very feminine, but does make keeping the winter weight off even more important if you're donning these waist-hugging fashions. If your waist is not one of your assets, then don't wear these clothes. You should dress for your body type, not for what's 'in fashion' if it doesn't suit you.

Which colour won't make me look like a Sherpa?

There is nothing wrong with choosing a more subdued colour, it can make for a very elegant outfit. On the other hand, if deep purple or burgundy is your colour, then go crazy as these colours are hot this season. Certainly stick to quality fabrics if you want to keep warm, and accessorize with simple boots or pumps. Open toed shoes are of course out of the question if you want to keep your feet from freezing. Patterned tights are also in fashion this season, but readers be wary; these do not suit everyone.

Suit up!

Pants this season are high-waisted and softly pleated. Shirts and vests have also made the fashion lists and catwalks this winter, along with three-piece suits making a comeback. Jackets are shown in leather this season, with various shades of brown being particularly showcased. Be aware that quality really makes a difference when it comes to leather, as you don't want to be wearing a stiff jacket or one that makes squeaking noises when your arms brush past your torso.

Fuzzy and Fluffy fashions

Another twist to fashion showcases this winter is the use of fur. It's big, it's back. Not only in the form of the more classic and evening ensembles, but now it's being shown in the form of coats, short jackets, trimming hoods, cuffs, and hems. It is even being shown with denim as an ultra hip, casual look. It's everywhere this winter! And it sure will keep you warm if you feel comfortable to pull it off as your look.

Rain, rain go away

For Pete's sake, get yourself an umbrella. I really don't understand why some students think it's 'not cool' to have an umbrella and would therefore prefer to get soaking wet and look like a drowned rat instead. Not only is that not fashionable, but it's just plain stupid. A nice umbrella can be a fashion accessory just as much as a bag. Don't underestimate the umbrella. It is this issue's fashion accessory pick for winter.



Adelaide
WORLD YOUTH DAY

**Mission
Ignition**

MISSION IGNITION

Adelaide Entertainment Centre

10 JULY 2008

www.cathyouthadelaide.org.au

On Campus Fashions

with Jenifer Varzaly & guest photographer Betty Kontoleon

Fashion

The fashion team took to our beautiful North Terrace Campus on what turned out to be a glorious autumn day, to seek out some of our more fashion-conscious students for this edition of On-Campus Fashions.

We had one of On Dit's fashion photographer friends, Betty Kontoleon, on site to take some happy snaps of those students who didn't come to University wearing track pants, slippers, or year 12 jumpers. Well done guys!

Vikki and Chris

Chris and Vikki are both Business School students majoring in Accounting. We were particularly impressed with their accessorizing. With brands like Vivienne Westwood and Gucci, you can't really go wrong. Their clothes were sourced mainly from shopping trips to Japan, Hong Kong, and mainland China. And they were even colour coordinated to match each other, how cute.



Scott

Scott is a Business School student majoring in Accounting. His outfit really stood out from the crowd, and his shopping skills (his clothes are Target, YD & Quiksilver) just go to show that you don't always need to spend a lot to look fashionable.

Nav

Nav is a Media student who went for an understated classic look; it is simple and does not date due to the neutral colours and designs. Investing in a nice cardigan and a great pair of shoes can nicely complete almost any outfit.



Ray Zane (Lei Zhang)

Ray Zane is a Business School student majoring in Accounting and Management. He provides a good example of how well the Business School students seem to be dressed this issue. Let's observe, three out of our four On-Campus Fashions candidates are from the Business School, coincidence? I think not. Therefore congratulations to the Business School for stepping up this issue. Secondly, he provides another example of how well our international students are dressed this issue! The fashion photographer and I noted that many of our international students seemed to put a whole bunch of effort into their on-campus attire. So great job to all of our friends from far off lands! Once again, to the local students, track pants and a year 12 jumper just do not cut it. As a rule of thumb, if you wear it to bed, don't wear it out.

It just goes to show that it always pays to put in a little bit of effort when coming to campus - you never know when we might be around with the next take of On-Campus Fashions!

Jumping through Hoops

Stephen Smiley and David Kaczan check out the Chinese, European, American and Australian views on the Beijing Olympics, media bias and the rise of China's political power.

2008 will go down in history as the year the world remembered China. Newspaper pundits were not alone in making these predictions; many in China also thought and dreamed that the world would finally award the Middle Kingdom the respect it has long deserved. It seems, however, that China's big moment in the international spotlight has thus far been despoiled by a motley crew of chai-drinking, long-haired tree-huggers, malevolent undercover agents of the 'Dalai clique', the chronically-biased Western media and the ungrateful Tibetan unwashed. This has been a source of great frustration for the Games' organisers and for the Chinese people generally. The year, the relay, the upcoming Games - all would reveal to a sometimes scary, sometimes scared wider world that China had made it. Emerging from great leaps forward - and more than a few great leaps backward - China had hoped to be wowing us this year with its sparkling new buildings, its disciplined and successful athletes, its cultural and historical wealth and, above all, its unified and prosperous society. "We're back", these Games will be saying. "And, while we're at it, we've got here without your Western moralising." So, will we be buying it? And if not, why not?

In March of this year, IOC President Jacques Rogge said that China would change, and that the opening up of China to the scrutiny of 25,000 media personnel would herald the arrival of a new era. "The Olympic Games are a force for good," he enthused. "They are a catalyst for change, not a panacea for ills." Be that as it may, the official and unofficial Chinese reactions to pro-Tibetan torch protests in London, San Francisco, Buenos Aires, Islamabad, New Delhi, Kuala Lumpur, Canberra and especially Paris, have looked less like the new, car-driving, KFC-eating, open China and more like the old, bicycle-riding, noodle-slurping, xenophobic China of days bygone.

When and why did it all go awry? The Olympics undoubtedly mean a lot to China - more than they do to the rest of us. It is, after all, much the same shot-putting, pigeon-shooting and pole-vauling of every Olympiad, with slight tweaks to the décor and level of air-pollution. But for China, poised to reclaim its Middle Kingdom status after 160 years of foreign humiliation and internal bun-fighting, the Olympics are a symbol of its coming of age. Like a 21st birthday bash - the world is supposed to take China seriously from here on in.

But if truth be told, the West really gave China the Olympics as a dog biscuit. Keen for China to "improve", the IOC awarded the enthusiastic Mandarins the '08 Games as a pre-emptive reward for executing less people and barking less at the neighbours (bad boy!). Given this harsh reality, is it really all that surprising that we are now angrily told to keep out of 'internal affairs'? After all, a good behaviour bond was never what the Chinese had in mind for their Second Coming. Perhaps it's understandable that the Chinese are a little cranky. Clearly, it's their party and they'll cry if they want to.

China has accused the Western (particularly the French) media of waging 'asymmetric warfare' on the Middle Kingdom. "Some Western media entities have long held a biased, even hostile attitude towards

China" and "[have been] going out of their way to slander China," concluded the *People's Daily*, the CCP mouthpiece which "reflects the views of the Chinese people". In an opinion piece published last month, the *PD* featured a discussion between Song Luzheng (a contributor) and his 'French boss', identified as 'Bastien'. Song dutifully trots out the official Chinese line; "Tibet enjoys the most preferential treatment as far as human rights are concerned", the "Dalai clique" is advocating a return to "serfdom" and is "mixing religion with politics"; the French media "fabricated news and made slanted reporting". For good measure he throws in a few dramatic flourishes of his own; the Dalai Lama is just itching to get his greedy Tibetan paws over "a quarter of China's territory" and (our personal fave), the Dalai Lama "attempts to carry out 'ethnic cleansing' by driving the Han Chinese out of Tibet". The Frenchman, no doubt bowled over by Song's persuasive arguments (and who wouldn't be!), interjects regularly - "I'm sorry, I don't know very much about it", "Oh! I didn't know that!" But ultimately, as Song graciously concedes, the Frenchman is to be pitied: "a French person [has] limited information and knowledge about Tibet and the Dalai Lama and [is] fed by the media's selective or even manipulative reports." Oh! That our press were more like China's, eh?

So just what do we think of China? Are we in the West, really unavoidably biased towards the Middle Kingdom, or are our assessments objective and fair? Well, as any good Arts student worth his or her weight in paper will know; we should first deconstruct the notion of the 'West' to see whether a united 'Western' take on China really exists.

The Europeans have indeed been going hard on China in recent months. The Germans, the French and the Brits have been consuming a diet of stories about China's muzzled media ever since the Olympic Torch passed through their neck of the woods in early April. Meanwhile, footage of devastated swathes of Sichuan province, broadcast last week by Deutsche Welle, France-Télévisions and by the BBC (but yet to be picked up by Auntie and the kids at the time of writing) spreads a critical message. Emphasising the level of discontentedness with the Beijing administration, these broadcasters have highlighted the military's firm-handed tactics, and its attempts to block Western media outlets' access to the quake epicentre, before rescue workers (a.k.a. the Army) have set themselves up. Watching some of the news stories flying around Europe last week, you could be forgiven for thinking China was more like its more touchy neighbours, Kim Jong-Il's DPRK and the junta's Burma, than its Olympic sloganeering ('One World. One Dream'), might lead us to surmise. So, harsh and critical? Yes. But fundamentally biased? The jury's still out.

Across the Atlantic (and more often that not drowned out by the ceaseless stream of trollop emanating from a certain Mrs Hillary Clinton) a similar chorus is nevertheless finding voice. The August (and pro-Democrat) *New York Times* condemned the US government's decision to remove China from its 'Top 10' list of human-rights violators, thundering that the "Beijing government cannot control its authoritarian nature" and "does not take seriously" its commitment,

Jumping through Hoops (cont.)

made to the IOC in 2001, to improve its human rights record. The *NYT* concluded that China was blowing its chance to shine. Across in California, however, the *Los Angeles Times* was bucking the trend, giving column inches to the Chinese view that Western media condemnation of the Beijing administration was all part of a concerted campaign to "dismember or derail China". Many in China "have little respect for European leaders when they make grand gestures on human rights in front of their domestic audiences" having "behaved like poodles in Beijing", the *LAT* suggested. Who's throwing the dog bikkies now?

And what of our own press here in Lu Kewen's homeland? Well, make of this what you will, but that bastion of quality journalism; our very own *Advertiser* has courageously bucked the trend in the West, penning an editorial effusive in its praise of the Chinese response to the tragic disaster in Sichuan province. Comparing the cuddly and photogenic Chinese Premier Wen 'I'm-from-the-government-and-I'm-here-to-help' Jiabao with the truly awful Burmese junta, the *'tiser* eds wrote, "the swift and well-organised response of China's leaders to the crisis has earned that nation well-deserved acknowledgement and even admiration".

True as that may be, the Chinese find themselves in a different position from that of their errant, stalwart Burmese buddies. Apart from the Hansonesque observation that, yes, Burma and China do both happen to be in 'Aishia', they really don't have that much in common. Is Burma currently hosting an Olympic Torch relay? Has Rangoon recently constructed the world's largest building to accommodate the 86 million passengers - many of them foreigners - arriving each year in the national capital? The answer, (in case you were in any doubt), is no, and any such comparison is frankly, a wee bit condescending. If one really wanted to compare disaster relief efforts, perhaps doing so with New Orleans would be more illuminating.

Nevertheless, *The Australian* had in fact pre-empted the *'tiser* in its pre-Olympic, backhanded back-slapping of the Beijing brigade, if you'll excuse the mixed metaphor. Conceding the fairly self-evident in an editorial in March; that China has a "poor human rights record in Tibet", the *Oz* went on to say that it was "legitimate to criticise the actions of Tibetan rioters" and cautioned against "romanticising... Tibet's historic rulers".

So, why the apparent discrepancy between the Aussie press and the Western heavyweights?

It would seem that, hidden underneath its congratulatory enthusiasm for the new world superpower, the West is really quite terrified. China's sheer scale is simply breathtaking. It uses 40% of the world's concrete. It has 14 cities bigger than Sydney and most Westerners probably couldn't name more than three. The discrepancies between the media coverage here and American and European views, are more than likely a reflection of the way China's rise has been unevenly affecting Western economies and societies. Europeans are nervously fumbling their imported chopsticks, as their strained economies shed jobs to the new Eastern powerhouse. Americans are skid-braking their SUVs in the realisation that the numbers are ultimately stacked against their superpower status, even though they may be safe for another generation. It's not surprising that the West and its press criticises China on human rights; when it comes to feeling superior, there are not too many cards left in the pack.

And what of we lucky Australians, here in the land of milk and honey - or perhaps more significantly, yellowcake and dirty coal? "Well," we say, grinning at each-other broadly and perhaps inwardly a little embarrassed about our timely good luck, "looks like China's a great

way to earn some cash." With Mandarin Kevie turning on the charm and an enthusiastic army of Chinese uni students kindly subsidising study for the rest of us, the Middle Kingdom ain't looking that bad from down here. Sure, they're a bit prickly when it comes to free speech, but China's going to be a real goldmine over the coming decades and you've got to be in it to win it, right? Whilst not the whole story; this arguably provides an explanation of our lower levels of Sinophobia.

These Games will indeed be a revealing litmus test for the State of the New New World. Communist control, capitalist drive, patriotic fervour and the latest technology: the Chinese bureaucracy is busy proving it can move mountains; quite literally in devastated Sichuan province. Whether it works for you or against you, it cannot be denied that the Chinese do get things done. They've tripled the distance of Beijing's underground in four years; Athens couldn't build four new stations in the seven years before its Olympics. They're halfway to building the equivalent of the US Interstate Highway system in a third of the time. The era of American hegemony has been comfortable for us, but it should be remembered that it's been decidedly uncomfortable for many others. Just ask a Cuban or an Iraqi. The century of China will be no prettier, no more moral; it will simply be different. Time to practice that "ni hao".

Inevitably, more power comes with a catch, and more scrutiny. 'Internal affairs' quickly become world affairs. China will increasingly have to accustom itself to outsiders' criticisms of its police state, its human rights abuses, its covert support of despotic regimes and its general propensity to employ strong-arm tactics. It may be hypocritical, but that's by the by; you can't escape the trade off between influence and anonymity. Journalists will forever push their own national-interest barrows and they will forever be biased but, providing they're asking the tough questions, it mightn't matter. Tragedy it may be, when the West fails to recognise its own shocking misdemeanours when criticising China; but more's the tragedy when the West fails to criticise China at all in the name of balance.

Written in respectful memory of those killed in natural disasters in our neighbourhood this month.

References:

Statement by Jacques Rogge, President of the International Olympic Committee, released 23 March 2008. Available electronically at http://www.olympic.org/uk/games/athens2004/presscenter/pressrelease_uk.asp?id=2520

*"Why some Western media wage 'asymmetric war' on China", *People's Daily Online, 'Opinion'*, 16 April 2008.*

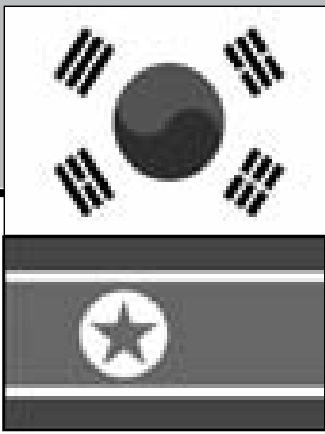
Available electronically at <http://english.people.com.cn/90001/90780/91342/6393940.html>

*"China Terrorizes Tibet", *The New York Times, Editorial*. Available electronically at http://www.nytimes.com/2008/03/18/opinion/18tue3.html?_r=1&scp=6&sq=China+Tibet&st=nyt&oref=slogin*

*"China's view of Tibet: Western leaders' grandstanding ignores both history and the situation on the ground", *Los Angeles Times, Opinion*. Available electronically at <http://www.latimes.com/news/opinion/commentary/la-oe-mahbubani25apr25.0,2235462.story>*

*"Contrasting tale of two disasters", *Editorial, The Advertiser*, 16 May 2008.*

*"Tibet is China's Olympic challenge: The world is watching how Beijing responds to protests", *Editorial, The Australian*, 24 March 2008. Available electronically at <http://www.theaustralian.news.com.au/story/0,25197,23419926-16741,00.html>*



FOREIGN

Korean Kaos

Floods in North Korea's capital Pyongyang sparked a terrible famine during the 1990's. Now, it looks like a case of history repeating itself as the most reclusive country in the world faces yet another famine as a result of a poor harvest following last years floods.

The country cut off from the world so much that it is referred to as the "hermit kingdom"; is so secretive that no one really knows the exact number of deaths from the famine in the 90s. However, analysts say it killed one million people at the very least. Moreover, 37% of children in North Korea are consequently still malnourished.

Deforestation is a significant contributor to North Korea's flooding. Every piece of wood has been used by energy-starved locals to cook food and build fires to get through the harsh winter. As a result, the natural protection the trees would have provided is gone, leaving the country susceptible to flooding. Ironically, from the 1970s North Korea began stripping hillsides for farming in an attempt to advance food production. However, North Korea's policy has only intensified its food scarcity.

The floods of 2006 killed about 54,000 people while the 2007 floods killed about 600 people. The main difference here is that while North Korea tried to conceal the damage of the 2006 floods to the world, they surprised everyone when they asked for help in 2007. These floods destroyed 11% of the country's rice/corn crops, ruining large fields of farmland and hindering the states ability to grow grain.

The balance between supply and demand is at its most precarious since the 1990s, with North Korea's farming sector suffering damage worth \$275 million. Now they need at least 5.3 million tonnes of food until autumn 2008, but will only be able to provide 3.9 million. In addition, the cost of rice has more than doubled within a year, with 1 kg worth about 1/3 of the wage of a typical North Korean worker. Soaring global food prices and hesitant donors such as China, who are facing their own problems stabilising runaway grain prices and thus cannot afford to donate as much food, are resulting in a tighter strain on North Korea.

The Venerable Pomnyum, Buddhist monk and leader of the charity "Good Friends", has stated that while most of the large cities in North Korea are secure, it seems this won't be the case for long. Tragically, yet not surprisingly, it is the children who are feeling the worst impact. Some parents are ditching the burden, and the children become "kkotjaebi" (orphans). The police gather them all together and put them into orphanages, where nobody bothers to feed them. To say this is heart-breaking is an understatement.

While the famine of the 90s saw city dwellers suffering the most, this time around the farmers are in the worst position. This is a direct result of North Korea's government policies - crop confiscations, anti-market crackdowns, the prohibiting of farming on private plots and of course dictator Kim Jong-Il's eviction from the World Food Program and its refusal to ask South Korea for aid. Jong-Il, you're triflin'.

Marcus Noland is an expert on North Korea who has been referenced in several news reports for his analysis of North Korean famine. Noland however, says to not believe reports that South Korea is declining to provide food aid unless the North Koreans agree to human rights improvements or denuclearisation. The South Korean government has said that humanitarian aid, as opposed to economic aid, is based on humanitarian reasons and will be presented if the North Koreans request it. What it depends on is Kim swallowing his pride and putting aside the Juche ideology of self-reliance, which is the belief in absolute political and economic independence for the Korean nation.

It does seem the isolated country is taking very, and I emphasise, very, small steps to becoming more 'included' in the world. For example, they have only just lifted their mobile phone ban this year and for the very first time in history, Pyongyang participated in the Olympic torch relay. As Pyongyang supports China's policy in Tibet and endures no public protest, it was a peaceful event unlike those of London and Canberra where pro-Tibet and pro-China protests broke out.

While Kim was a no-show at the relay, according to the chairman of the countries

Olympic committee, the ruler stated he was "paying great interest to the success of the Olympic torch relay". That's great Jong-Il. You're still an asshat.

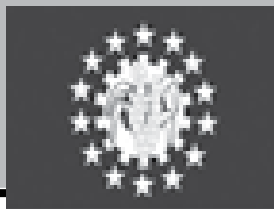
In February 2007, Pyongyang agreed to surrender its nuclear programme in exchange for large amounts of aid; this agreement being an outcome of six-party talks between North and South Korea, Japan, Russia, China and the United States. As part of the agreement, North Korea closed its Yongbyon nuclear reactor, but they missed a year deadline to present a full report of its nuclear actions. Attempts to convince North Korea to give up its nuclear weapons, as well as an alleged uranium enrichment program and technology exports in return for economic aid are currently being performed by the Bush Government. The communist states release of 18,000 documents linked to its atomic weapons program is expected to occur in the next few days.

It is a complicated situation. On one level, it is understandable that some countries are withholding aid until North Korea gets its act together in terms of their nuclear issues. But even so, we must remember it is the innocent people who are suffering; they should not have to starve as a result of Kim Jong-II's mad choices. They have known no other way; they live in a world where they have no freedom of speech. Politics should not mess with the welfare of innocent people, especially children. As former American president Ronald Reagan said, "a hungry child knows no politics".

Sophie Perri

***Eds - For article references or if you are interested in submitting an article to On Dit email us at ondit@adelaide.edu.au*

AFFAIRS



Burma: A tragic situation

So I have a real problem sticking to themes...here's an environment story in the winter edition...but that's OK! It's pretty hard to ignore the focus on Burma/Myanmar after the devastating Cyclone Nargis hit the controversial state on May 2 (when the international community won't agree on your name it's never a good sign). With well over 2.5 million people affected - at least 78 000 dead (both the UN and Red Cross predict the toll is likely to rise above 100 000) and 56 000 missing - the event itself is catastrophic enough to gain worldwide attention, but the actions of the ruling military government have put the story on a whole other level.

Aid agencies and governments across the world are becoming increasingly frustrated as the dictatorship prevents foreign aid and rescue workers from reaching the worst affected areas of the country. Reports have emerged that survivors have no fresh water and very little rice, and that only the capital Rangoon has seen serious clean up efforts from the government. Governments from across the world, as well as kind-hearted citizens, have donated millions of dollars and all of it will go to waste until the regime allows aid agencies to do their job freely. Burma's government is of course happy to accept capital from other countries, but is restricting entry of foreign experts to help organize relief efforts. Many workers are stuck at the border awaiting visas, and even after they have been approved are restricted to working in Rangoon. EU aid official Louis Michael said passionately "You know, relations between Myanmar and the international community are difficult, but that is not my problem. The time is not for political discussion. It's time to deliver aid to save lives."

As Sophie wrote in her article on North Korea, it is children who are suffering the most in the aftermath. The 'Save the Children' charity found that 30 000 children under the age of 5 were already malnourished before the cyclone hit. Now they are at severe risk of starving to death. Despite this, French and US aid ships are still waiting off the coast for permission to enter. Some workers have been given access - according to the ABC, Asian doctors have been allowed to visit disaster areas, "the biggest group of foreigners so far allowed in to help cyclone victims". However, Burmese leader Than Shwe, in a sign of his maturity and compassion, has refused to take calls from UN Secretary-General Ban Ki-Moon. Two letters also went unanswered, but the Secretary-General has now been given permission to visit the stricken Irrawaddy delta. The New Light of Myanmar newspaper (state-run of course) said the people "will not rely too much on international assistance and will reconstruct the nation on a self-reliance basis". There are many indicators thought that the military government is not seriously committed to its own clean up work.

In the middle of the chaos the junta decided to continue with a vote on a new military supported constitution - clearly the public had nothing more pressing to worry about in the government's opinion. The military government claims that 99% of the population voted, and that unsurprisingly 92% of the turnout voted 'yes' to the changes. The constitution supposedly will pave the way for a democratic election in two years time, a highly doubtful claim. To begin with, it will make it illegal for Aung San Suu Kyi to ever hold power. The last time elections were held, in 1990, she won by a landslide. Instead of ruling the country however, she was rewarded by being placed under house arrest and remains so until this day.

I read a comment along the lines of, "If this is how the military regime behaves when the whole world is watching, imagine what it does when it thinks no one is looking." I couldn't agree more. Their blatant disregard for the well being of the Burmese people is evident in the fact that they held a 'vote' on a new constitution in a disaster zone, in addition to the disgusting denial of aid. Reports have emerged that children of senior leaders of the junta have in fact been studying in Australia. This is despite financial sanctions being placed in October against 418 members and supporters of the regime. It's nice to see that some Burmese people are being looked after by officials.

There has been discussion of humanitarian intervention in the area, but the UN is obviously not keen to commit on action unauthorized by the Burmese military. UK Prime Minister Gordon Brown has labeled the situation a "man-made catastrophe", and I again would have to agree, especially when you compare the response to China's handling of its own environmental crisis. At the time of writing a conference was being held by the Association of South East Asian Nations (ASEAN) on the issue, and hopefully will produce results. As France's ambassador to the UN warned, "[the tragedy is turning] slowly from a situation of not helping people in danger to a real risk of crimes against humanity, and we cannot accept that."

Barbara Klompenhouwer

Light of Burma

...is a group of medical students dedicated to raising awareness of, and raising money for, the plight of the victims of Cyclone Nargis, which left over 100,000 dead and millions more homeless. To date we have raised nearly \$1000 to go toward World Vision's work in cyclone ravaged Burma.

If you wish to donate, participate, or would just like some more information, we would love to hear from you.

Please contact us at:
light.of.burma@gmail.com
OR,
drop by our blog:
<http://www.light-of-burma.blogspot.com/>

Additionally, we are in the process of organising a fundraising concert, called Rock For Relief. Please keep your eyes and ears peeled for this exciting event!!!



Chikka bow wow!

Grab your blankie these cold winter nights and snuggle up with your favourite campus stars. It's student radio's winter season!

Student Radio on Radio Adelaide 101.5 FM
More details:
<http://student.radio.adelaide.edu.au>



Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

11 pm - 12 am

Break it Down
Hannah + Megan

Break it Down
Jordan + Matt

Break it Down
Joel + Susan

Midnight - 1 am

Left, Right +
Centre

Midnight
Breakfast with JP
NEW

The Big Lean

Can't Stop the Serenity

The Can't Stop the Serenity (CSTS) global event was started in 2006 by a fan from Portland, Oregon, who decided to show 'Serenity' on creator Joss Whedon's birthday as a charity event to raise money for one of Joss' favourite charities, Equality Now.

These events range from simply showing the movie, to Browncoat feasts. CSTS is not an organisation, but is a world first where fans use their numbers and power globally for the benefit of the community, not just trying to get their favourite show renewed by sending thousands and thousands of any one item to the networks. In two years, these dedicated Browncoats from nine different countries and three continents have raised over US \$170,000 for Equality Now.

Equality Now was founded in 1992 to work for the protection and promotion of the human rights of women around the world. Issues of urgent concern to Equality Now include rape, domestic violence, reproductive rights, trafficking of women, female genital mutilation (removal of labia and clitoris often without anaesthesia or sterile instruments at puberty), and the denial of equal access to economic opportunity and political participation.

In Ireland, a 14-year-old girl, raped by the father of her best friend, learns she is pregnant. She is prohibited from travelling to England where abortion is legal. Only when she indicates she will commit suicide if forced to carry the pregnancy to term does the Supreme Court allow her to proceed.

In Kenya, at a boarding school, 300 boys attack the girls' dormitory. Seventy-one girls are raped. Nineteen are trampled to death in the stampede to escape. The school's vice principal remarks, "The boys never meant any harm against the girls. They just wanted to rape."

The 3rd Annual CSTS Adelaide Event will be held on the 4th of July at the West Adelaide Football Club. 'Serenity' will be shown on DVD projector for \$5 a ticket, and followed by a general knowledge quiz night for \$10 a person. There will be an auction, a raffle, games, and a door prize for everyone. For more information, see www.CSTSANZ.com



Goodbye Sex, Hello ART!

Have you ever thought about having kids? Have you ever thought that you may not be able to have them? Approximately 15 percent of Australian couples have difficulty with conception. Around 40 per cent of problems originate in the woman, around 40 per cent originate in the male and the remaining 20 percent; it is a joint problem or the cause is unknown.

Australians are increasingly turning to artificial reproductive technologies (ART), including in vitro fertilisation (IVF) to conceive children. In fact, so many people are doing this that in 2008 almost 1 in 20 children will be conceived through ART, an ever-increasing number. With these statistics, we need to seriously consider the repercussions of this technology.

IVF treatment is just one form of ART. IVF involves placing sperm and eggs together in a culture dish allowing for the egg to become fertilised. Once the egg is fertilised, it is then placed in the mother's uterus where (hopefully) it will grow into a baby. The eggs can either be the patient's own or can come from a donor. Likewise, the sperm can come from the woman's partner or from a donor.

However, IVF treatment is not without its own issues. Women under 40 undergoing IVF treatment have a 30 per cent chance of achieving a healthy pregnancy, a figure that declines with age. Women aged 43 to 45 have a six to eight percent chance of achieving a healthy pregnancy. And remember that the couple has to personally pay for this treatment - around one to two thousand dollars per cycle, making this a very expensive option. Some women have been known to pay over a hundred thousand dollars before giving up on having a child through IVF. The money buys you not only a child, but the choice to regulate how many embryos are implanted in the uterus and screen for genetic abnormalities.

Intrauterine insemination (IUI) is another technique to combat infertility, and involves placing semen directly into the female's uterus around the time of ovulation, to increase the chances of an egg being fertilised. This procedure is cheaper than IVF, with each treatment costing only about \$1500 compared to \$7000. On the other hand, IUI is considered low tech and has a slightly lower success rate of 13-20%.

Australian state policy regarding IVF is controversial to say the least. South Australia is currently the only state that limits access to IVF to those who are infertile or carrying a genetic disorder. Recently, Victoria became the latest government to change its legislation following a review of their Infertility Treatment Act. This is because women who were "socially infertile" (lesbians) would wait until they were older and clinically infertile and then try with IVF. This posed huge health risks to both the mother and the child. But by changing the law the Victorian Government is just pandering to people who are trying to circumnavigate the law. This just seems idiotic.

But what cost is there to the future of human health? The children born of IVF are smaller and sicker than those naturally conceived, and need longer and more intense care while in hospital. They are more likely to develop diabetes, obesity and cardiovascular disease as they get older. And what about the fertility of these children of infertile parents? People who have trouble conceiving may be perpetuating and propagating a population of poor reproducers, thereby increasing the need for ART in their offspring. What does the future look like? A society dependent on ART for the survival of the species.

Sex becoming unnecessary could be the most devastating impact of ART. Rather than a child being born out of an expression of love, children would be created with Mum and Dad in different rooms. The whole parental dynamic would change. When children ask their parents where they came from, rather than talking about two people loving each other very much it would go something like, "Well, honey, there was this plastic dish and a long needle ..."

Ross Roberts-Thomson

LIKE STEALING CANDY FROM A BABY, ... OR IS IT?

A lot of people were outraged at Rudd's recently increased tax on premixes. They whinged, called him un-Australian and a lot of other, less polite things. The source of their anger is easy to locate: namely, who wants to pay more for a night out. The more articulate among them however put it in terms of civil liberties, questioned the policy's effectiveness or accused the government of taking a moral stand to raise revenue. Trust your local finance writer to take you through some of the various arguments for and against the tax.

Firstly, were the taxes a morally unavoidable response? Messenger keeps sending me news updates claiming that drunken teenage violence is on the rise. I make a point of not believing ninemsn. The 2007 National Household Drug Survey found that, since 1991, alcohol consumption patterns for Australians aged 14 years or older actually remained largely unchanged. Mind you, it is a survey, but you would still expect it to show some increase if drinking was reaching unprecedented heights. Furthermore, the report found that the percentage reported as bingeing weekly was 10.7 in 2001 and 2004, before falling to 9.1 percent in 2007. Reports such as this cannot prove beyond doubt that some bingeing hasn't increased. Yet surely the responsibility is on the government and ninemsn to prove that it has, rather than on me to prove it hasn't. From what I can see they haven't done this conclusively. Sure, they've got lots of ugly pictures and claims to 'research' that proves 50% of under-eighteens binge. In that fine tradition of journalistic integrity, my 'research' tells me that they are lying.

There is no 'silent endemic', no 'wave of violence sweeping our streets'. Drunk people do what drunk people do. Nothing newsworthy there. It's hard to tell what came first, the media hysteria or the government action. If I was more of a conspiracy theorist I would look into this further. Nonetheless, it is slightly disturbing the amount of almost exclusively emotive coverage a total non-issue has received. But then again, should I be surprised.

While I'm not too concerned about violence from drinkers, I am more concerned about their livers (never mind that it's none of my business, that's a totally different ballpark.) And for this reason perhaps the tax increase could be justified. Unfortunately, as any economics student, or anyone with common sense will tell you, taxing a good which has a lot of substitutes won't really do very much at all. For one thing, it won't reduce alcohol consumption. Neither will it raise government revenue. The Federal Opposition is threatening to block the Budget tax hike, saying it's more about the budget surplus than stopping binge-drinking. They might as well save their energy - Rudd's gotten himself into such a pickle with this one he'll be liable to self-destruct all on his own. Such a tax won't raise much revenue at all. Naturally, people won't keep buying the same amount of premixes.

The only possible way you could justify this tax hike is through the argument that premixes were undertaxed previously, given how much alcohol was in them. While one of the more intelligent views on offer, even this one has holes in it. There was not, and still is no uniform tax per unit of alcohol. Cask wine is quite potent, and hardly taxed relative to other drinks. For this reason the Australian Medical Association has

called for a volumetric approach to the alcohol tax. Even if a standard alcohol-per-volume tax was introduced, I would however still argue that premixes should receive a slight tax concession. Not because I like the things - way too sugary for my liking. Nonetheless, there was an advantage to premixes everyone seems to have forgotten in all the fuss. They were reliable. You knew exactly how much alcohol was in them, and they made drink spiking very difficult, especially if you bought them yourself. By encouraging people to mix their own drinks, we may see a rise in the amount of drink spiking.

The most effective way to curtail drinking would be to increase the tax on all alcohol as well as making it uniform. After all, alcohol isn't easy to manufacture (I've got a friend who's tried making his own beer to attest to this), and given how much regulation and taxation already surround it, increasing the tax would not be difficult. However, doing so would be risky for a number of reasons. Instead of targeting and ostracising one group of society, as the current approach does, albeit unsuccessfully, a uniform tax would suggest a wider net is necessary to curtail the effects of binge drinking. It would suggest that as a society, Australia drinks more than it should. Such an approach would be politically risky, not least for a prime minister who was forgiven for a drunken mishap which emerged during election time. Rudd's tax is not unfair, or particularly evil given some of the previous government's acts. It is a bit ironic. Most importantly however, it will not be effective. Like much else this administration has done, such a tax is nothing more than a statement. I just wish we'd been given the real reasons for its introduction. It's a minor issue that's been blown out of proportion, thus giving the government room to deal with more important things while the media interviews bogans. Clearly Howard wasn't the only 'clever politician'.

Myriam Robin



SCIENCE WITH GOLDY

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

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

"That's gold....Y"

Seasons

Seasons. They are so influential, they affect our daily activities, the food we crave, not forgetting the clothes we wear and the mood we are in.

Why do winter and spring come? How does it happen? We could look at it mythologically or scientifically. According to the Greek mythology, the story goes something like this:

Demeter (the Goddess of Agriculture) had a daughter named Persephone (by way of Zeus). Persephone was snatched away by Hades (God of the Underworld), to live with him in down in the Underworld. No one knew what had happened to Persephone. Demeter heard her cries but did not know where she was. Distressed by Persephone's disappearance, Demeter left all the harvest alone and as a result, mass famine struck. One day while Apollo was making his rounds through the underworld (as he does through the sky), he spotted Persephone down there and reported the finding to Zeus. Zeus then sent Hermes (the Messenger God), to bring Persephone back. Unfortunately, Persephone ate six pomegranate seeds given to her by Hades in the Land of the Dead. This trickery bound her to return to the Underworld for six months every year. When Persephone returns from the Underworld each year, Demeter makes the earth bloom and grow beautifully which is the time of year known as spring and summer. When Persephone returns to the Underworld, Demeter stops, hence autumn and winter arrive.

In actual fact, the seasons are marked by solstices and equinoxes. Solstices mark the points at which the poles are tilted at their maximum towards or away from the sun. Earth's tilt causes the North Pole to be tilted toward the Sun for half of the year and the South Pole to be tilted toward the Sun for the other half of the year. The hemisphere that is tilted toward the Sun has a longer day, receives the Sun's rays more directly than the hemisphere that is tilted away from the Sun. When it is summer in the northern hemisphere, it is tilted towards the Sun; this corresponds to winter in the southern hemisphere where it is tilted away from the

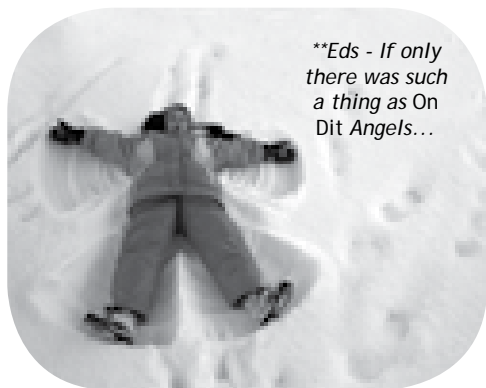
Sun. The vernal equinox and autumnal equinox indicate the beginning of spring and autumn, respectively. At these times of the year, the sun appears to be directly over Earth's equator, and the lengths of the day and the night are equal over most of the planet. In March of each year, the northern hemisphere reaches the vernal equinox, that's when it's spring. At the same time, the winds are turning cold in the southern hemisphere as the autumnal equinox sets in. The year's other equinox occurs in September, when summer fades to fall in the north, and winter's chill starts giving way to spring in the south.

From year to year, there is always some variability in the solstices and equinoxes because of the way Earth's changing tilt complement with its orbit around the sun.

From a mythical point of view, the season changes involve the Greek gods and goddesses. Scientifically, seasons exist because of the tilt of the Earth on its axis and because of the Earth's orbit around the sun.

Goldy Yong

***Eds - If only
there was such
a thing as On
Dit Angels...*





An Australian

I was in London the other day and I was asked why I became a vegetarian. As I started to explain, I stumbled on my words and couldn't give an answer as precise as I would have liked. Later on I thought about it a little more deeply and realised that my decision to become a vegetarian came from the very core of who I was as a person.

Just like Sgt Joker in *Full Metal Jacket*, I also believe in 'the duality of man, the Jungian thing'. I feel the duality of myself because, firstly, I can be quite hedonistic as I like the taste of meat. I don't think that many vegetarians would be willing to admit that, but I must be honest. The duality comes in to play in that although I act hedonistically sometimes, I'm also an atheist. However, hedonism takes a second place to atheism because pleasure comes and pleasure goes but if you act only towards your primal urges, you will ultimately lack real satisfaction. Real satisfaction for me comes from truth and atheism is the closest thing I've ever found to that. Although spirituality is rarely associated with atheism, that's what it has become for me. I digress, I could continue further but I expect you're wondering what atheism has got to with vegetarianism, I'll tell you.

I am an atheist, let's leave that at that. I won't go in to why too much, nor try to scrutinise religion (or more to the point Christianity) too much either. You don't become an atheist, there isn't a ceremony, you don't get water on your head or half of your penis cut off, you merely observe religion and then reject it. This has slowly happened for me all my life. When I was a child, I was sent to church in some vain attempt by my parents to give to me what they assumed was a good up bringing. Even then, when my brain was still goo, I didn't really believe in all the gobbledegook that was being spilt out of the chaplain's mouth and forced into my tender ears. All the information I received from going to church actually fuelled my thoughts and helped me understand why I feel the way I do today, retrospectively, that's probably a good thing. As I grew older my thoughts became more and more atheistic and I began to understand the world around me more. The biggest problem with being an atheist is that at some stage you have to face your own mortality. If you don't believe in religion, then for you there are no pearly white gates, your soul doesn't go on to be put in someone else's body, there is no afterlife. You know when you have the television on for ages and it's blaring away and then you hit the off button and the screen

shrinks down into the centre and you hear a little sound like 'zip' and then just silence? That's how I imagine death. Even now that I'm a little older than I was earlier, and I feel I've faced and therefore understand my own mortality, I don't look forward to death (although I wouldn't have it any other way, but that's another story).

I feel that my life has as much meaning as any person or animal because by the time you die, nothing matters, your life is over and it didn't matter who or what you were when you were alive because it's finished now and it's not coming back. So knowing that, and knowing that I don't want die I would assume that no other person or animal would want to die either. Just like I don't want to be killed, I don't want to kill anything. If we are essentially all exactly the same thing, - experiencing life as best we can - when you kill something; it is the same as killing yourself because your life had the exact same amount of meaning, perhaps not to you but in the grand scheme of things.

Atheism is considered by religious people as immoral; I disagree. Christians would say that if you don't have a book of rules to follow, written by the same person who created you and the earth, then you lead a life without meaning and are also acting immorally. I feel the complete opposite, I feel that letting your life be governed by ten rules prevents you from ever making any real thoughts towards how you should actually act towards yourself, others and the environment. Also when you do break one of the laws, all you have to do is take a walk down to confession and all is 'forgiven'. This is awful, absolutely awful! Christians are running around doing what ever they feel so long as it's okay with a book but just in case they slip up and kill someone, they can just tell someone else who is more brainwashed than them, and all is absolved. The worst part is that they now don't feel any guilt, and they consider atheism immoral!

When you are forced to make your own decisions on how you are going to act, it expands your mind and makes you think about the sort of person you actually want to be; which is so much more important and fulfilling than doing what daddy tells you. I don't believe in a heaven or hell, I know that if I killed someone else - so long as the police didn't catch me - there would be no repercussions for my actions. But I don't need threat of consequences to act morally, doing things not because I'm scared of being punished but simply because I know it to be





Vegetarian in London

right is real morality, and it couldn't be more pure that. I conduct myself in such a way that I treat other beings, in the same way that I would want to be treated.

(something about Atheism too...)

Now I'm aware that Christianity claims to feel the same way in the form of *Matthew 7:12*; "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you". However this exact same philosophy is represented in some form, in nearly every religion around today. For example; the Hindus believe; "never do to others what would pain thyself", Buddhists believe; "hurt not others in ways that you yourself would find hurtful" and the Sikhs believe; "treat others as thou would be treated thyself" - the list goes on. There is a reason for this being that all religions are fictional and all text associated with the religion was at some stage written by a human. The reason these three quotes seem oddly similar to the way I feel is because that philosophy is at the very core of humanity's psyche.

Now that I can act however I feel without fear of retribution in a burning hell, I act more morally than I ever have, aspiring to be the best possible person I can because my rewards don't await me in heaven, they happen every day when I be the person I want to be. Without religion, the only thing that binds us all together is our humanity, the fact that we are all exactly the same, going through the same thing. If I don't do what I feel is morally right, why should I expect anyone else to? So when I do, it feels good. I am the supplier of my own happiness, no-one else and I'd like to supply as much as possible; I do this by being the best possible person I can be every day.

Now that I'm done rambling, I'll reiterate. Why am I vegetarian? Just like I don't want to be killed, I don't want to kill anything. If we are essentially, all exactly the same thing; experiencing life as best we can, when you kill something, it is the same as killing yourself because your life had the exact same amount of meaning.

I believe that meat is murder, I don't want to die so therefore according to my own philosophy I don't want to kill anything either. And I like that.

Oh yeah, it's heaps good for you too, ay bro.

I've had my bit, I'll leave now, go buy a salad or something.

It got a little existentialist towards the end there didn't it.....

alex



ADULTS WITH IMAGINARY FRIENDS ARE STUPID



Dit-Licious

Groovy 60's
Sounds from
the Land
of Smile!

presented by Hannah Frank

Regent Thai (O'Connell St, North Adelaide)

If you're cashed up, this is the pick of the bunch for Thai restaurants in Adelaide. I hear the décor has been majorly overhauled recently into some sort of stainless steel wonderland, but as long as the food is the same you're going to be in for a treat. Order a plate of the best pad thai in town or take some friends along and enjoy a whole steamed barramundi with spring onions and ginger. Their Mussaman Beef Curry is also a must.

Suree's Thai Kitchen (Unley Road, Malvern)

I'm not sure if it was the rather attractive Thai man who served us, the food, or the attention to detail, (like putting our takeaway order in a cardboard box to reduce risk of container explosion en route home) but they're doing something right at Suree's Thai Kitchen. You can eat in or takeaway at this medium sized restaurant which is almost too Thai for its own good, with advertising for 'discount massages' by the door.

Thai Gourmet (North East Road, Collinswood)

This tiny shop faces some heavy competition, sandwiched between Andy's Yiros and the takeaway chicken shop at the Collinswood shopping centre. A few years after opening the takeaway, the Australian man and his Thai wife are still turning out delicious spicy noodles and curries for the locals. Drop in on a Friday for freshly made cold rolls. Although they have a table or two inside, it's really a takeaway with prices to match.

Lime and Lemon Thai Café (Gouger St, Adelaide)

I used to go here a bit, but the food's on the average side and the service can be very patchy. For a restaurant which is a stone's throw from Chinatown, this isn't good news for the Lemon and Lime. Punters, including myself, are likely to head across the street and get a bowl of soup or noodles for half the price and at twice the speed from the hole-in-the-wall food stalls at the Central Market, where service is friendly, fast and no fuss.



Café Michael 2 (Rundle St, Adelaide)

My favourite Thai place in Adelaide's CBD. I have begun many an enjoyable evening out on the town at this excellent restaurant, which is right on Rundle St. If you're on a tight budget, follow my lead; order Tom Kha Gai soup (chicken and coconut soup) with a side of steamed rice (\$8.90 and \$2.00) and choose whether you want it mild, medium or hot. Be warned though, the chilli factor can differ significantly in dishes; I didn't realize that the coconut milk in the Tom Kha Gai mellows the chilli so much, until one night I ordered a medium level Tom Yum instead of the usual medium Tom Kha Gai. I nearly had to be rushed to the RAH choking and coughing by my amused dining companion. Quirky but attentive wait staff are very accommodating and helpful. Be warned though; the spring rolls are nothing to write home about, especially for \$7.90.

Tiger Lily Café (Melbourne St, North Adelaide)

Admittedly I've only ever ordered some takeaway pad thai from here, but I'll be back because the minute I walked into this place, the staff were on top of their game, having everything organized and waiting for me as promised in exactly the five minutes they said it would take. The atmosphere was really cosy with several young professional-type couples relaxing in their seats as they perused the menu. A good alternative if you're sick of all the regular Melbourne St hotspots and can't be arsed going into the city. There's 10% off if you get takeaway too.



All Thai'd Up!

Rhys, 18, (mining engineering) is not cold but on a winter's day he enjoys a nice hot chocolate, roaring fire and a good book. He is undecided on the crucial boys wearing scarves issue, but he is open-minded and wouldn't mind trying it out one day in the near future. Rhys is down with the sexy smoking jacket and cigar combo, his winter fashion tip, and on rainy days he likes to spend the day inside with a good comedy DVD. Rhys thinks that everything is better in pure, clean, white snow.

Ashlyn, 19 (social sciences) is a little bit cold today. On a winter's day she enjoys a homemade hot chocolate. Ashlyn argues that Jude Law made the man scarf sexy and that as long as the boy wears a nice scarf it is definitely a hot accessory. However, if it's a "fug" scarf she is not a fan. If it was raining today, Ashlyn would be in her pjs curled up with six blankets watching comedies starring Chris Rock or Jack Black. Ashlyn wishes it snowed in Adelaide so that we could enjoy a White Christmas in July and make snow angels and snowmen.

Patrick, 18, (civil engineering) reckons 'Nah, it's not cold' today. On a rainy day he likes to wear a cotton jumper and trackies as he watches movies. Patrick is not down with boys wearing scarves as he thinks it's a bit too feminine. Yet he enjoys playing soccer in the rain and getting down and dirty with 21 other men. Patrick wishes it snowed in Adelaide so he could have snow-fights with Rhys and Sam.



**BRRR. IT'S
VOXX**

Feel free to cut them
cutest pap

Lauren, 19 (arts & teaching) is usually cold but isn't today as she is sitting in the sun. On a rainy day she loves a good pumpkin soup. Lauren weighs in on the contentious 'boys who wear scarves debate' and argues that it is hot as it shows that the man is comfortable in his masculinity. She also thinks that on confident guys cardigans are very sexy. On a rainy day Lauren likes to watch romantic comedies like *The Notebook*. Lauren gets excited when she thinks of it snowing in Adelaide because it could be like having a white Christmas (like in the old Ice Arena ad with people ice-skating on the Torrens). She thinks that if it snowed in Adelaide it would be like New York with sleigh rides everywhere and the Christmas tree in Victoria Square looking like the one in Times Square, New York (Like in *Home Alone 2*).

Sam, 18, (civil engineering) isn't cold today because he's made sure he's hanging out in the sun. He enjoys staying in bed on rainy days and wearing his undershirt, but he refuses to be seen in itchy woollen long-johns. Sam is also not down with boys who wear scarves as he thinks those scarf wearers are mixing gender fashions and look androgynous. However on a rainy day he enjoys watching boys getting muddy playing football and hitting each other on the behind. If it snowed in Adelaide, Sam would love to toboggan down the freeway. He would also design a chairlift to cart people around the uni. This is an ecologically sound idea, as it would save on petrol.

Sarah, 19 (media & arts) says it's not cold today but if it was, she would like some pumpkin soup with sour cream and crusty bread. Sarah doesn't have a problem with boys who wear scarves as she thinks that it's fair enough that the boy wants to stay warm. On a winter's day, she enjoys watching a good trilogy like *Star Wars*. If it snowed in Adelaide, Sarah would start snowball fights instead of going to class, as she enjoys pelting people with stuff. She also argues that we would then have snow days in Adelaide and would ask the Vice-Chancellor to change university policy.



S WINTER POP

out. They'd make the
per dolls!



Thinking Inside the Box



Vincent Coleman and the Sexpo Experience

Meeting Belladonna Part One

I first met Belladonna at Love Mechanics, possibly the nicest, friendliest and classiest adult shop I have ever visited. (Great, now I sound like a weirdo who visits sex shops constantly.) My friend works there and hosts adult parties, (see what HECS forces bio-chem students to do!) and gave me a heads up about the in-store signing Belladonna was doing.

Meeting Belladonna was an experience. We were feeling somewhat nervous on the way there. What do you say to someone who you've seen having a lil' slugger inserted into his or her rectum? Is it rude to bring it up? Can you be rude to a porn star? Upon entering the room and purchasing a double photo op, all anxieties were laid to rest when we met a sweet, down-to-earth young woman. Dressed in a toga-like dress, torso and arms beautifully tattooed, she seemingly sensed our trepidation and we were embraced with a soft hug and a polite yet affectionate kiss on the cheek. We spoke about her trip, how small and green Adelaide was and so on before I popped the question.

Vincent: "So what is it like having a baseball bat up your, erm, self".

Belladonna: "Which time? There's been a few."

V: "Baseball bats?"

B: "Yeah, the first one I did was in Prague. It isn't as bad as it seems, the baseball bats there are quite thin. Which one did you see?"

V: "The 'homerun' on Redtube, we haven't seen your films before actually."

B: "Really! Wow, that's so exciting! [looking at the DVD we purchased for signing purposes] Normally everyone who meets me has already seen my films. Will you be at Sexpo?"

V: Probably on Sunday.

B: "That's great, you should come and tell me what you think."

Belladonna signed our DVD and had a photo with us and we all got to touch her bottom. And wow, was that a nice butt. We drove home, confused yet beaming, having met a sparkling diamond in the rough - a girl who is all at once an artistic film director, down-to-earth, girl-next-door and 'filthiest girl in porn' award winner. Belladonna, we shall not forget you.

Belladonna Part Two: Sexpo

Having met Belladonna already, I was looking forward to the 'second coming' so to speak. As I promised, I watched her film *Belladonna's F**king Girls... Again!* with fellow Sexpo goer and writer extraordinaire Monsieur Milton and was thoroughly shocked. Appalled. Intrigued. It was by far harder and more intense than anything I've happened to see. Talking with Belladonna again was going to be an experience.

We quickly found the stage, an enormous video screen broadcasting a five-metre high image of Belladonna doing what she does best. Approaching the stage, I was greeted with a smile and a warm sense of familiarity.

Belladonna: Hi! I remember you. I met you last week.

Vincent: At the Love Mechanics instore.

B: Yes, I remember your face. [I reintroduce myself, we move to the couch and reclining comfortably, begin to chat]

B: How have you been?

V: Good. I'm actually writing an article about Sexpo and meeting you.

B: That's awesome! What for?

V: *On Dit*, it's a university magazine, newspaper kind of thing. We have a regular sex column.

B: That's great. What are you writing about?

V: I was reading about [porn actress] Bobbi Starr and her decision to study Gynaecology, to work within the Adult Film industry; so I'm looking into that.

B: Yeah. I mean, we have a medical health organisation with doctors, but they're usually men and don't have any idea what it's like to do porn.

V: It must be much more comfortable to have a female doctor you can work with.

B: Exactly.

V: I watched the DVD I picked up at the instore and I was really quite set aback by it - its really quite hard!

B: You think so? [laughs] Wow, you're only getting into it. [laughs again]

V: You're very aggressive.

B: I'm not always that aggressive. For me, it's all about what turns the other person on; if they like that sort of thing then I'm happy to do it.

V: So it's more about the other person's pleasure?

B: Exactly. A lot of guys don't like that sort of thing though. If that's so, I'm more than glad to suck his cock slowly and passionately.

V: [laughs] I get that.

B: Do you want a photo? [motions to some a photographer] Nice, or naughty? [Belladonna gives me a devious look]

V: Hmm, this has to go to print, so lets make it on the nicer side of naughty.

B: We'll do it standing up.

V: With some boob?

B: [nods] Boob.



Bobbi Starr

One of the more underrated stars of Sexpo, Bobbi Starr is not only a porn actress, but is also currently studying to become a Gynaecologist in the adult film industry. Her stage was sparsely decorated and almost devoid of fan boys. While she may not command the fame (or is that infamy?) of Belladonna, her direction within the industry makes her a unique character in the pornscape.

Bobbi Starr: Hi there, how are you?

Vincent: Good, I'm here writing an article on Sexpo for a university newspaper, *On Dit*.

BS: That sounds really cool.

V: It is. I read that you were studying to become a gynaecologist for the porn industry.

BS: I was studying medicine already, but from working in porn I decided to specialise in gynaecology.

V: What was it that drove you to make that choice?

BS: In America, the public health system is really poor and there aren't any of those services available. Also, its much more comfortable working with a doctor who has worked in the industry and knows what it's like.

V: Does that go for directors too? Are there many female directors in the industry?

BS: Belladonna is one of the biggest female directors in America, but there aren't a lot of female directors that have actually done porn. There are female directors around, but they haven't done porn. They're...

V: Artier?

BS: Yes. They don't really know what doing porn is like.

Sexpo Roundup

Sexpo is a bit like the Royal Show. It's tacky, over-priced and stuffed with 'value-packed' showbags full of crud you'd never actually buy. The rides and jokes are lame and kitschy at best. Also, it's full of the creepiest, most lecherous people you're ever likely to come across. But just like the Royal Show, and its screaming children and overweight punters, it's still a hilariously fun day out with the right group of friends.

If anything, we bonded, like never before.

The main stage featured strip shows, both male and female, including some fantastically death-defying acrobatics on the part of Penthouse playmate Arianna Starr (no relation to Bobbi). There's the typically crass hypnotism act and a lapdance class, featuring one woman so drunk she was a good few moves behind everyone else.

The Sex Machines Australia stand was an eye opening experiencing. They claimed they're only designed for women, but my friends Nathan, Monsier Milton and myself showed them! We staggered off stage giddy, a little shaky and not walking quite right...

Time for a daiquiri! Slushy machines, full of icy cocktail mix. Amazing. I love you Daiquiri Factory.

Fleshlights. Oh my. Latex genitals, in a handy torch-like unit. Terrifyingly realistic. A bargain too, at just \$99! Think of the money you'll save on dates...

We met a Bollywood centerfold, who was lovely. I said how I thought that would be frowned upon, but she replied plainly 'well, it's Australia.' Then she made me touch her boob and get a glossy photo taken. Good on us. And her.

The Hamster is infamously lame. It's terrible, but it had to be ridden. Monsieur Milton and myself linked arms and sauntered up to the booth for a (discounted) couples pass. Ushered onto 'George', we jolted and jerked into a dark, murky ghost-train track of mannequins engaging in hilarious sex acts, peeing and sitting on one another's faces. Occasionally someone would jump out and scream; not really scaring anyone. It was over too quick - if that is possible and was a fittingly kitschy way to end our day at Sexpo.

Just like the Royal Show. Trashy, cheap, potentially shit, yet ultimately fun.



For my 21st birthday, I had my first public orgasm
Warning: This is a somewhat graphic post about sex. If it offends your sensibilities, don't read it.

On the 25th of May 2008, I turned 21. Being the busy girl I am, I forgot to organise an event of some sorts. But, some friends were going to check out Adelaide's Sexpo and I didn't really have any better plans. I figured that I'd get the chance to meet the lovely Belladonna again.

But I'm sure you want more details on my shocker of a headline. One of the stalls featured Sex Machines Australia. The first thing you see when you approach the stall is a man with a dildo attached to a jack hammering power tool. Intimidating and hilarious at the same time. They had the Sybian machines on display, which is basically a saddle with vibrating nubby things to stimulate certain areas of a woman. I've recently become the proud owner of my own vibrating companion and I was curious. One of the guys was encouraging attractive ladies to come and touch the Sybian. As I am brazen and always up for something that will result in a good story, I walked forward. The vibrations were far more intense than anything I had ever experienced, and although I was fairly certain it would be too intense for me; it didn't take much to convince me to climb on.

Clearly, the men at the stall enjoy getting women off. They probably enjoy some of the discomfort and shock with which orgasms in such a strange environment produce. The man started to talk me through it. At first there was the clinical stuff, like leg positions. I was about to look up, but he started the machine and told me to look down. I submitted, agreeing that a view of all the strange people watching me was unlikely to help. At first it just felt strange and tingly. Then it started to feel really good and I could feel my orgasm building almost instantly. He started talking, lulling me with words about great sex; biting, sucking, licking and fucking.

At this point, many of my friends had a better idea of what my sex face looked like. Nobody in the audience was talking much, but I was fairly oblivious. I imagine that they were wondering whether I'd come.

After about a minute, I came and simultaneously cracked up laughing at the absurdity of it all. The orgasm itself was not overly great, and I don't know if anyone could actually tell when it happened. I need a lot more gentle build-up than a minute for it to be earth shattering, though, different strokes for different folks. The tension in the air relaxed as people started talking again and I dismounted, slightly sweaty and flushed to rejoin my companions.

The weirdest thing? Definitely the post orgasm euphoria in a group of friends. Trying to make conversation when your knees are about to buckle is... interesting.
<http://sagacious-sycophant.net>

Film

Editors: Aslan Mesbah, Vincent Coleman & Jerome Arguelles

Shorts Outback Film Festival 2008 : Cinema under the Desert Stars

Review By Genevieve Williamson

Parachilna: a tiny outpost in the middle of the Flinders Ranges. This site is the setting for possibly one of the most unique film festivals in the world. The Shorts Outback festival recently descended upon the Prairie Hotel, swelling its normal population of seven into hundreds of avid cinema goers. I went up there along with Paul Briske to review this extraordinary experience, and came back all the richer for it.

On Saturday April the 26th rain swept across the Prairie hotel, sending the festival staff into a flurry. However the cold (and the flies) did not deter many avid film goers, or some film makers from seeing their entries on the big screen. Animators such as Michael Richards came out to see the premiere of their work, bringing a real sense of immediacy to the festival. "The emphasis on judging all these films", says one Director Terri Whiting, "is on the stories". Telling a story in the short film medium is somewhat a challenge, given the lack of time for building characters, dialogue, and the list goes on. This focus on narrative has been present since the festival's conception back in 2002, and has helped to encourage high production values as well as creating coherent messages for the audience to take away. Certainly the festival did not fail on this point, depicting a wide range of shorts, ranging in setting from the rural comfort of NSW, to the urban nightmare of Melbourne.





In terms of the actual films I was quite impressed. Most of the winning entrants were from Australia, with a few from Britain. The highlight for me in the live action drama genre was *Pleasance*, a New South Wales production which told the bittersweet story of two brothers, Errol and Les, and the rift caused between them by Errol's emerging love affair. Director Amy Gebhardt used the green, luscious country setting to highlight a sense of nostalgia, plunging the audience into another era of the past. The standout in the animation section was, hands down, *Sam and Picolo*, a Tasmanian production that emphasized the importance of love over greed. The quality of animation in this short is staggering, lending a very professional quality to the finished product. While viewers went to feast on exotic wild life, I marvelled at the range of films on offer during the interval. Dotted throughout the line up were little gems of films, including the short but hilariously macabre depiction, of hit and run victims in *Slab*. Audiences enjoyed the struggling single mother comedy of *Would Like to Meet*, although I found it a little too trite. Local offerings included the marvellous *Stanley and Dean*, a cartoon harking back to the silent era of comedy. Surprisingly a few entrants included were documentaries. *Virtual Freedom* was a poignant expression of two lovers forced apart by the brutal Burmese political regime, interjecting animation throughout the story to emphasize their separation. The film with the most emotional impact for me was *Tattersson*, the poetic tale of the last moments of an Australian soldier in World War II.

Many of these pieces of film-art will be sent to screenings at film festivals around the world; including the Rushes Soho Shorts festival in Britain. This fostering of ties between festivals and across borders is admirable, and proves just how important an international film community is to filmmakers; allowing them artistic acclaim and a far reaching influence. But what truly makes this film festival work is the sense of community it encourages, where film makers, reviewers and audience members can truly come together and share in the exceptional experience of film.



If you have any Short Films you would like to enter in the Festival, the deadline is August 1st 2008. See www.shortsfilmfestival.com for more details.

Winter

Winter is a great season for film. Mainly because it's too fucking cold and wet to do anything else and there's nothing like a smoking ban and torrential rain to keep pubs empty and damp. The cinema candy bar however is well stocked, and there's always that warm cozy blanket at home to snuggle under in your woolly Holeproof Explorer socks, with a hot cup of cocoa/chai/brandy.

Winter films never seem to grab me all that much, maybe due to our mercilessly hot sticky summers, and the fact that most of these chilly pieces of celluloid are set in that jolly season. Did anyone actually watch *Miracle of 42nd Street*? Christmas films always seem to be aimed somewhere at that in-between audience of kids and parents, usually failing on the second front. I feel for any parent dragged to *Home Alone 1, 2, 3* or any of its vile incarnations. I saw *Elf* recently and started to wonder whether Will Ferrell was actually ever funny in the first place. *The Santa Clause*. 'nuff said.

Somewhat
inversely, bar those
dreary Christmas holiday
midday movies, winter is often a
harsh mistress in film. Emphasizing
the brutality of nature, and the
frailty of mankind, it has the
hallmarks of isolation. *Fargo*
gives us a delightful Canadian

township, where very bad things happen. Like people being put into a wood chipper. Spoiler. Or *30 Days of Night*, similarly Canadian folked (okay, Alaskan), bloodier, and utterly isolated, as you get to see the good folk of Barrow battle both Vampires and the cold bitter winter. *The Day After Tomorrow* similarly shows mankind's vulnerability when pitted against the implacable power of an eternal winter. Awesome, and brutal.

Tim Burton always manages to bridge these opposing cinematic islands. *The Nightmare Before Christmas* is a beautifully rendered piece of claymation art that is not only dark and spooky, but funny and cute, with brilliant musical escapades. A staple of Goth kids everywhere, be ashamed if you haven't seen it at least once. *Edward Scissorhands* is another Burton winter gem, telling the tale of how a weird little pasty Frankenstein's monster-esque boy brought snow to a town of pastel suburbanites and rockabilly high school jocks. Plus it has Vincent Price!

Narnia: The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe is my pick for best winter movie all-up. Pretty and crisp, with its driven white fields and stark black trees reaching out, *Narnia* has enough action and adventure to keep you interested, and enough good feelings to melt the iciest of hearts. Like *Lord of the Rings* lite.

Whether you like a driven-white dreamland or a barren plain or icy sorrow and pain, there's something for you all.

Vincent Coleman

Love in the Time of Cholera (M)

Now Showing

For all you recent initiates in the terror of Javier Bardem in *No Country for Old Men*, director Mike Newell has come up with an antidote, and it works a charm. *Love in the Time of Cholera*, a faithful adaptation of Gabriel García Márquez's novel of the same name, chronicles the life of Florentino Ariza (Bardem) and his never-ending love for the beautiful Fermina (Giovanna Mezzogiorno). Bardem is the ultimate violin-playing, poem-writing, vomit-inducing romantic as Florentino, the only character who has ever made cholera seem preferable to love. Bardem manages to make this wet-blanket of a character entertaining, though Mezzogiorno simply walks around looking pretty, as required, in the role of Fermina. Benjamin Bratt, on the other hand, has a lot of fun as the arrogant Dr Juvenal Urbino, Fermina's husband. Unfortunately, Bratt's version of a Colombian accent is so bad that it's difficult to hear him deliver any lines without cringing.



Which is not to say that *Love in the Time of Cholera* is without its good points. Newell obviously relishes the task of bringing to life the sights and sounds of Colombia at the turn of the last century, to great effect. The saturated colours of the settings and costumes make the film a visual feast, and Ronald Harwood's screenplay retains much of the humour, if not the magic, of Márquez's book. Even better than all this is the fantastically terrible use of ageing make-up throughout the film, which makes much more of an impact than the story of Floren-whatsit and his great love, Fermentation. Unfortunately, though, laughably bad make-up does not a good film make. The interminable love story is not entertaining enough to carry the rest of the film, and it loses interest long before its 139 minutes are up. We can all thank Newell, though, for ensuring that Bardem is no longer the most terrifying man alive, and now only slightly nauseating.

Reviews

21 (M) Now Showing

If you were a mathematical genius who'd developed a means of beating Vegas by counting cards playing blackjack, would you really store all your cash - nearly 300 grand - in the ceiling of your college dorm? Would it really be so hard to, I dunno, put it in the bloody bank? Not such a genius after all, eh?

I digress. *21* is based on the semi-true story of a bunch of MIT students who developed a card counting system which meant that they could make a healthy profit playing blackjack in casinos. Jeff Ma, the Chinese-American real life figure on whom the film (and the book that it's based on - *Bringing Down The House* by Ben Mezrich) is apparently based, is conveniently replaced with handsome white kid Ben Campbell (Jim Sturgess). Ben needs \$300,000 to pay for Harvard tuition fees. What follows are a series of plot contrivances and a story with highs and lows so predictable that you could set your watch to them.

There are the scorned best friends, left behind for the glitzy Vegas lifestyle, the barely fleshed out token love interest, the rise to incredible wealth and the inevitability of losing it all, realising the error of his ways and then going back in for one last chance to make things right via a bland plot twist. It's utterly mundane in its predictability.



To make things worse, director Robert Luketic presents it in a glossy sheen that puts style ahead of substance but forgot to make the style interesting or particularly stylish in the first place. Vegas is presented like a tourist infomercial with higher than usual production values, the sleazy, humid surreality of the place making way for rooftop nightclubs and boutique shopping. The soundtrack, even with some decent songs, is forced upon you to the point of exhaustion. The supporting cast float in and out of the movie but you never really care enough to be happy to see any of them.

Incidentally this isn't the first movie made on the subject. I happened to catch a Canadian telemovie called *The Last Casino* a couple of years ago on Foxtel. That may not sound terribly appealing, and it's not a masterpiece by any stretch of the imagination, but its relative lack of ostentatiousness and desperateness to take itself seriously make it a better, fun alternative.

There's a compelling story to be told from the elements of the real-life tale that are actually true. Maybe it's told in the book, but supposedly even that has been sexed up to a large extent. Either way, a compelling story told well is just what you won't find here.

2/5

Angus Chisholm



Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull

(M) Now Showing

Oh my. This review is a warning, nay, a portent of doom to all those who would go and see this movie, believing it to be a golden era Indie flick, like those of old. It's not. It's fucking preposterous is what it is. Beware, this review contains spoilers. If you want a laugh, go and see *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull* just to watch the faces of those around you as they come to the realisation of what is happening before their eyes.

The Nazis are gone. It's 1950-something, and now it's the Communist threat. The thinly veiled political stab of McCarthyism in *Indiana Jones* makes *Iron Man* look like a thesis on political action in the western world. The action scenes drift from cool to ridiculous. There is tarzan-esque vine-swinging, with monkeys, standard running-from-angry-natives fare, swordfights amidst jeep-chases, Milk Bar fights between greasers and jocks, an A-Bomb proof fridge, and too many further 1950s references to count. The action is fun, although all the length of the film, clocking in at over 2 hours, seems to come from the overly long and intense action scenes, which seem to go on forever. The jokes are corny, but weren't they always? That's just Indie. Hell, Indie always had an air of the supernatural in it, from Voodoo to the Holy Grail itself, but the 'twist' in *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull* is just flabberghastingly trite.

Spoiler Warning

Greys. Fuckin' Greys.

My credulity was already stretched by the time the film hit the conclusion, that there were aliens from *another dimension* involved, and something snapped inside of me. Is this a joke? How much ice is Steven Spielberg smoking? What the hell is going on at Skywalker Ranch?

This isn't just a bad movie, it's character assassination. George Lucas and Steven Spielberg, you have a duty when you take on a classic celluloid legend the likes of Indiana Jones. Indiana Jones movies were always tongue in cheek, but this is ridiculous. The communists are trying to steal the alien bodies from Area 51, worshipped as Incan Gods ala Erich von Däniken's Chariots of the Gods, so they can brainwash the minds of good honest Americans.

It's long, it's action packed, it's not actually funny, and the plot left me smouldering in rage. Screw you Spielberg.

2/5

Vincent Coleman

The Orphanage (El Orfanato) (MA15+)

Now Showing

The Orphanage is a haunting and beautiful thriller which will have you on edge. The film is in Spanish, but please don't let this put you off from seeing a brilliant movie. Those who usually avoid subtitles like the plague will be missing out on a great ride. The film is highly-acclaimed, having won numerous awards which secured its English release. I had high expectations for this film and as soon as I saw the opening credits - which featured some fantastic graphics - I was not disappointed.

The film hovers between past and present with the story of Laura, who lived in the orphanage of the title as a child but has now returned as an adult with her own family to re-open it. The scenery is stunning and the old house deliciously creepy; the cinematography is simply beautiful. The story unfolds as Laura's young son Simon begins to speak of an imaginary friend named Tomas. At first, not much attention is paid to him as it is not uncommon for him to have imaginary friends. But strange happenings begin to occur resulting in his disappearance and turning Laura's world upside down. Frightening coincidences begin to appear between the orphanage's past inhabitants and Simon's new 'friends'.



The film delves into questions of the supernatural, the past, present and future while Laura's sanity is questioned by her insistence that the ghost of Tomas has taken her son. Gradually, some shocking truths are revealed. While perfecting suspense and blending fairytale with touches of horror, *The Orphanage* is also a psychological thriller and takes an introspective look at relationships, in particular between that of Laura and her husband, and between parents and adopted children. All in all, I loved this film - it had me sitting on the edge of my seat with a sense of dread filling me. *The Orphanage* is not an overtly scary film, it is more intelligent with its use of chills. Things that you would think simple and non-frightening are apparent in this film and this aspect will have you feeling tense. This is quite refreshing in this genre. Get ready to have your heart strings played upon. The conclusion is as unexpected as it is perfect.

4.5/5

Alexandra Blue



Shutter (MA15+)

Now Showing

The recent spate of Asian horror movie remakes that have hit our cinemas of past years put me in a state of caution when going to see *Shutter*. Sure, the first time we all saw *The Ring* we were sent under our cinema seats, but there's only so many times long black haired ghosts crawling out of television screens/bed sheets/air conditioning ducts/toasters will scare us shitless. They're like the Japanese version of over-sexed-teens-sliced-up-on-summer-camp-by-masked-psychopath. After the umpteenth time, it gets old.

Fortunately, I was pleasantly surprised, nay, even scared somewhat by *Shutter*! And once the menace made itself known, the movie still held interest! Make sure you don't need to visit the toilet mid-film however, as it is utterly and crushingly undercutting of the film's tension.

Actually a remake of a Thai horror movie of the same name, part supernatural-horror, part psycho-drama, *Shutter* concerns a newlywed couple Benjamin and Jane Shaw (Joshua Jackson and Rachael Taylor, respectively) who travel to Japan for their brief honeymoon before Benjamin

starts his new job as a fashion photographer. A horrific motor accident involving an eerie disappearing Japanese girl ensues. It takes a while for the tension to build, but once it does, it is constant and ever-growing. The suspense is real, substituting special effects for moody lighting, interspersed with intense scenes of confusion and panic in dark rooms illuminated sporadically by timed camera flash units.

The best thing about *Shutter*, is that once the supernatural horror has been established, a detective-story begins, as Jane begins to unravel exactly why these horrific events are taking place concluding in a disturbing climax with a terrifying twist, and finishing without the commonly clichéd Hollywood closure that cheapens so many western horror movies.

Classy acting on behalf of the Jackson and Taylor, terrifying menace from Megumi Tanaka, decent support performances, and some of the most suspenseful and outright scary directing and cinematography seen in a western movie in far too long, makes *Shutter* a standout horror flick.

In a world of gore-porn of the likes of *Saw* and *Hostel*, and pseudo-J-horror of *The Grudge* and *The Eye*, *Shutter* lurks head and shoulders above the competition. Or on it.

4/5

Vincent Coleman

Trains and Meteors

An oddly placed piece of short fiction by Jimmy Gartner

When the black hole opens, I think I'll dive right in. The silent tear in the arterial smog I suckle will pull me out like a speeding afterbirth, the mechanical placenta following the wailing earth itself. Fall asleep on the ship. Wake up, find yourself drifting north. Follow it all until the time comes to feed the sea. Closed eyes find it too easy to forget, the immortal amnesia, that even ashes do not rust. The earth prays like a cripple, falling like the hungry prey. Mirrors watch the sky, or is it water puddles in the sun?

Alone in the field I sit, rope in my calloused hands. Every orbit of the pigeon, I pull the threads tighter. Every time the chirping sounds, I freeze a little colder. I could dive from the nearby cliffs, but that just frees the comatose bird inside me, a new madness wedging into the mind and duty of a man I cannot see.

An iron scavenger chewing on magnetised scraps.

I do not want to turn the lights back on. May the denizens learn to live nocturnally. But then how their eyes expand and glow, like well-salted eels. Fragile like the king, eternal like dust; my senses sink like a shrinking galaxy and I find myself at the landslide's bottom, pushed forward by all before me. A mud cage. A snow cell. Pallbearer ants carry me home.

Her worm is unique, a deaf radar dish with no reception. But how it blows pollen from place to place, building cities for the bugs.

Few know the disappointment of spontaneous combustion. The initial joy of burning as an entirely alien cell, something with no past and no future. But then the bitter realisation of the silent and invisible comet that soared the universe to meet you, touch you, into the pregnancy-charred dirt below.

I thought I had erupted, but everything just fell into place. A burning house on ancient traintracks.

I lay down on those traintracks
Bones pressed tight against the floor
The rumbling quaked my eyes wide
And above me shot a meteor
Frictioned sparks electrified me
As it hit a car left on the tracks
No different to its collision with the earth
The riptide took me back

A pool cue thrusts like the glorious breed spasm, the landslide roars above me.



Australian National Academy of Music

"It's like a year-long masterclass, conducted by some of the finest pedagogues and thinkers in music from around Australia and the world."

Brett Dean, Artistic Director

Australia's leading training centre in music performance is now accepting applications for auditions from instrumentalists for the 2009 program. Based in Melbourne and under the leadership of Brett Dean, the Academy offers a year-long intensive performance program in solo repertoire, chamber music, ensemble and orchestra.

Members of Resident and Guest Faculty in 2008 include Dr Fala Andrievsky, violin ■ Roger Benedict, viola ■ Prof. Boris Berman, piano ■ Prof. Willem Boustary, flute ■ Oleg Caetani, conductor ■ Richard Gill, conductor ■ Ben Jacks, French horn ■ Michael Keran Harvey, piano ■ Prof. Boris Kuschner, violin ■ Ian Munro, piano ■ Alexandre Ogury, oboe/Cor Anglais ■ Howard Panny, cello ■ Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin/conductor ■ Gary Tuckwell, French horn ■ Alice Water, violin ■ Matthew Wilkie, bassoon

2009 Auditions:

Applications for the Academy's 2009 Program auditions close on Friday 11 July

Auditions will take place in your state soon.

For further information and to obtain a prospectus or lodge an application, please visit

www.anam.com.au or phone 1800 248 881

ANAM
Australian National Academy of Music



Performing Arts



Pilobolus

'Pilobolus (crystallinus) is a phototropic zygomycete - a sun-loving fungus that grows in barnyards and pastures. It's a feisty thing - only 1/4 inch tall - that can throw its spores nearly eight feet. Right over a cow. It is also a highly unusual dance company...'

When it comes to reviewing a dance production, I feel incredibly unqualified. Although probably equally unqualified to review film and theatre, the fact that I've briefly studied gives me both a false sense of knowledge and superiority. Your confidence in me having been completely dashed, I'd now like to share my musings about the recent performance given by US company Pilobolus.

The show of the same name received rave pre-reviews on several news programs (I say several, but I actually know of only one - one that I didn't even see but was told about by my lovely mum) and thus my expectations for the show were high. Entering Her Majesty's Theatre, breathless after running from the *On Dit* office, I quickly took my seat, managing to find a gap between the heads of the two people in front of me to peer through. A quick assessment of the program as the lights dimmed, allowed me to ascertain that there would be five dances split into two halves.



My enjoyment of the first dance was slightly ruined because of two things, both of which can be traced back to the positioning of my seat. Firstly, I was missing pretty much all of the action happening on the far left of the stage (the annoyances of Her Majesty's). Secondly, I was sitting behind three of the most insipid, chatty high-schoolers I have ever overheard. And catching public transport, I've overheard a few. Still, the first dance was spectacular to my untrained eye and once I learnt to tune out the sound of the girls' voices, I was able to thoroughly enjoy the performance.

Each dance had a different idea behind it as explained in the program. Although these ideas didn't always quite communicate themselves to me, this didn't make the dances any less wonderful. The dancers were paired or grouped differently for each dance and the minimal costuming, lighting and set for each one made the feats of physical strength more striking. The music got slightly irritating after awhile (with the inclusion of Brian Eno and Talking Heads in 'Day Two' an exception), but was appropriate for the dances and may not have bothered others so much. What was more irritating was the way the house lights came up between each of the dances. This ruined the mood, especially as it took some time for people to quiet down again for the beginning of each dance.

Overall, however, Pilobolus was an enjoyable show. The strength of the actors and their willingness to embrace semi-nudity were thoroughly impressive. Although, perhaps just as impressive for me was the way one dancer could spurt water out of his mouth - you know, the way fountains do? That was good. But maybe that's my immaturity and lack of dance knowledge coming through...

Catty who conveyed nothing about the actual dance. Sorry.

Adelaide Cabaret Festival

June 6th - 14th 2008

The Burlesque Hour... SIZZLES!



Vibrant and eccentric, Moira Finucane is no doubt the 'Queen of Cabaret Bizarre'.

Out of Melbourne but a tell-travelled performer, she's here with an impressive troop to put on Adelaide Cabaret Festival burlesque show; *The Burlesque Hour... SIZZLES!*

Speaking enthusiastically of the baby she has co-written with cohort Jackie Smith, she expressed to me the most exciting acts that will grace the show. She divulges the risqué and fabled; in particular Maude Davey's infamous 'Strawberry Act' - an act never before performed for the regular show-goer but may have been found previously in venues dank and rickety for a fortunate few. You may remember Azaria Universe from the 2006 Adelaide Fringe; a Moscow Circus trained performer, her strengths are physical theatre including striptease, drag and dance on the fringe of contemporary circus and burlesque. The other headlining act is she-clown, Clare Bartholomew. She is Pierre! Magician and Love Machine! Charmingly, she is also a Clown Doctor at the Royal Children's Hospital. Finucane is also passionate about the show's music that ranges from hardcore industrial to Opera which sounds like an eclectic, electrifying mix.

You can't go past such an eccentric without prying a little into her personal life. Her show for the Adelaide Cabaret Festival is the first after the birth of her twin girls in March. I asked what she had planned for them; "twins are every showstopper's dream, I think they'll get tap lessons." She performed burlesque right up until she was eight months pregnant; "I did this vampiric act with the pregnant stomach out; it was very gothic, very grotesque".

The show has been given standing ovations all over the world with ten, on one night in particular in Trieste, Italy. *The Burlesque Hour... SIZZLES!* Provides and ignites 'intimate theatrical spectacles where cabaret, fairy tale, the gothic, variety and burlesque are melded into indelible visions of gender, power, violence and desire.'

Catch The Burlesque Hour...SIZZLES! with the Adelaide Cabaret Festival @ The Space Theatre, 5 & 6 June, 7.15pm, 7 June, 7.15pm & 9pm and; 8 June, 6.45pm.

Natty xx



FREE TICKETS!

We have two double passes to give away for *The Burlesque Hour...SIZZLES!* If you can make it to the Thursday night show (June 5), just write in to ondit@adelaide.edu.au, and in 25 words or less, tell us the sexiest thing you've ever heard.

Stephanie Mountzouris

Visual artist, costume designer, filmmaker, writer, Russian hip-hop lyricist... is there anything this girl can't do? You might remember Stephanie Mountzouris from her stint at *On Dit* in 2006... now the pocket rocket is back, with a stash of good ideas and advice for the rest of us struggling arts students...

First things first Miss Steph, you used to be the editor of this stunning little publication...How did you find your year with *On Dit*?

I loved my year with *On Dit*, being an editor was great... I would recommend it to anyone because *On Dit* is just so good to get involved with. But when I wasn't editor I think I enjoyed being a contributor, a regular columnist a little bit more. You didn't have the responsibility and pressure to keep a struggling newspaper going. During my year it was struggling cause it was the first year of VSU whereas when you could just contribute you'd just get to kick back, hang out with friends, do a bit of proof reading, write your articles and you basically had access to a whole group of people at uni that you never would have met if you just hung out at your lectures. So *On Dit* was the best thing that I ever got involved with at uni... and all the people that I met during my time writing for the paper, we're still friends in some sort of capacity and we've all gone on to do separate things that are of interest to each other. A few started a short film company called Urtext and others are going off doing lots of exciting things interstate, overseas and we still keep in touch.

And you're quite involved in Urtext Studios yourself aren't you?

Yeah I am. I help run the studio space and I'm costume designer and production designer for a lot of Urtext Films. Now we're being contracted to work for other filmmakers around town making feature films, which is really cool.

So would you say your main job right now, if you had to pick one, is costume designer?

I would say costume design, purely because that's what I'm getting paid for but I guess my spiritual jobs are... I still love writing and I contribute to *DB (Magazine)* doing music reviews and a couple of interviews... I think because once you start writing, in my case for *On Dit*, you kind of get used to it and if you don't keep it up its like a muscle, you kind of lose the strength and it just feels rubbish... there's that little thing that goes "must keep writing! Must keep getting review CDs!"

pitch

people more interesting than you

with Claire Elizabeth Knight

How did you get involved in *DB*?

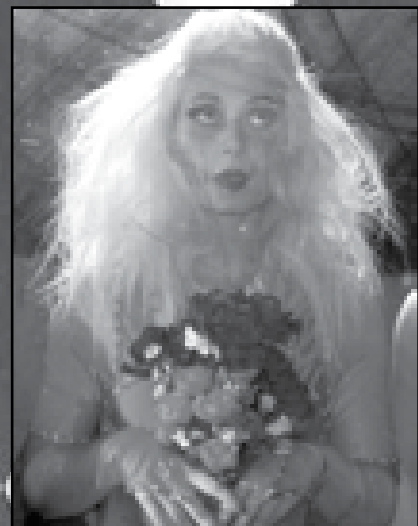
I got involved because the editor at *DB* at the moment I met through *On Dit*! He was the advertising manager during my year, a cool cat called Alexis, and now he's editing *DB* so he's used *On Dit* to launch his career in print media as well... so its all this kind of cool, sometimes nepotistic network where everyone helps each other out and all you have to do is ask, "hey, can I come write?"

What advice would you give to students wanting to get into the media/arts industry either now or once they graduate?

Anyone that wants to get a cool job, and basically if you're doing an arts/media degree, everyone wants a cool job... No one wants to end up being the marketing executive at the *Yellow Pages* in the Adelaide office, you know. Well, I didn't anyway; I had bigger dreams than that. But my advice would be, you've got to start young and you've really got to do extra curricular stuff other than your media internship and stuff that you have to do as part of your uni degree. You've got to meet the right people and be with a group that are similarly motivated and like-minded. I'm still young and I'm still not making mega bucks from what I do but I'm managing to creep into the industry, which is how it works. Those jobs are not advertised. You've totally just got to make your own way. If you love radio, go to Radio Adelaide and volunteer there, if you love film, come and talk to me at Urtext... practical experience is important... you have to work for free and do what you like in order to do what you like and get paid later on.

You also dabble in a bit of visual art as well... tell me about your involvement in *The Fringe*.

I had a SALA exhibition last year with my friend Anna, another *On Dit* connection. It's really, really easy. All you have to do is pay \$300 and you can have an art exhibition with your best friends. The art world is something that can be pretty hard to get into if you really want to take it seriously... my art is all about, you know, video art installations with people running around with hearts in their hands and doing fake DIY heart surgeries. So its not exactly the most user-friendly thing in the world. If you want to make money from art, draw pretty pictures, but if you



want to be experimental, don't expect to make any money. If you're feeling arty, *Fringe* registrations are around September, SALA registrations are now. If you've got that inkling, go on the website, call Lisa Dunstall, say you want an exhibition and then do whatever you like. It's really self-motivated work. Everything that I've done has been self-motivated, not because anyone's told me to or I had any real contacts in the industry, it's all because I just really wanted to make it. You do have to start from the bottom but that's how you know you really like it because you enjoy the bottom... then once you start working, as I am now on a film with a budget, you've been to the bottom so anything more than that is fantastic! You can bowl them over with your amazing talent and your great work ethic because you're not being a diva about your job, which is always nice.

So you've got your fingers shoved into a lot of proverbial pies shall we say, tell me a bit about some of your current projects.

I'm working on a feature film called *Road Man*, which I just started in pre-production, that's a paid gig. I just finished work on Urtext Film's first feature film, *Offside*. I've worked on an MRC Raw Nerve short film doing production design so that's like sets as well as costumes. Besides the *DB* writing which I try to keep up, um... I'm in a communist Russian hip-hop band which is currently on hiatus because one of our group members is an astro-physicist, the other is a lawyer and the other is an international business man so we're a little bit busy. Yeah I try and include music, print, writing, visual arts...

And banana splits?

Hah, yeah! Banana splits. I work at the Elephant Walk as well, so you got to pay the rent some how and making waffles in North Adelaide sounds like a pretty good way to do that. Basically I just want to do as much as I can and take over the world because that's just something that I have to do... In a totally non-megalomaniac-take-over-the-world-and-just-make-sure-it's-full-of-some-good-vibes-again kind of way.

MUSIC TELEVISION

Music television is a sector that is generally considered to be pretty darn awful. Even with the eight extra cable music channels there's about... two hours of decent programming across them all. Throughout my wasted nights at 3am in my underwear, I've managed to discover these couple of hours and would like to share them with you all. Firstly we'll start with the channels on offer.

On pay-tv we have Channel [V]1 and Channel [V]2. They specialise in youth orientated programming with mostly the pop charts playing all day. They even go as far as to break it down into genres, with an Urban hour, a Metal hour, a Rock hour and something called 'left field' which is generally very good. So aside from that, stay away unless you're into really obnoxious promos, twenty-something-year-old presenters that try way too hard, and the most enormous picture-on-picture song titles (they actually take up about a third of the screen.) Also, tune in to a show called *MXC* if you see it come up in your guide: hilarious.

Also on Foxtel there's MTV which is equally insufferable. MTV tries to tune into pop culture and has a bunch of wacky shows they hope the kids will talk about at school the next day. Unfortunately it succeeds and has blasted many unknowns into the spotlight, with *Pimp My Ride*, *Cribs*, *The Osbournes* and *My Super Sweet Sixteen* being the most popular American shows we have crammed down our throats. And speaking of cramming things down your throat, both the aforementioned channels have an overkill of Jamster ads running 24/7. Steer clear unless you see *Rob & Big* come up in your guide as that show is great.

Vh1 is the last remaining ultra-pop-culture music channel, but has far more to offer than the previous two. It has many, many stupid things running this year, but can also provide a quality hour or two with entertainment every now and then. In the 'stupid' column we have *Flavour of Love* (Flava Flav from Public Enemy wants a wife; hilarity ensues) and *Hogan Knows Best* (Hulk Hogan is wrestler. Raises children. Is great.) In the 'quality' column we have *Classic Albums*. This show is amazing because it is basically a huge series of documentaries about the making of some of the great albums in history. It interviews entire bands

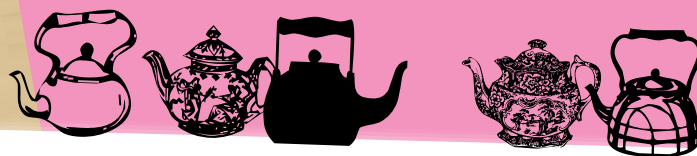
and producers and shows the technical, musical, and emotional side of making a blockbuster record. Watch out for *Nirvana - Nevermind*, *Fleetwood Mac - Rumours* and *Metallica - Metallica* for a particularly interesting hour.

Last up in the subscription-stakes is MAX. MAX is basically the AM radio of music TV. It's safe to have on when your grandmother is in the room, and has very little controversial or obnoxious content. The trouble is, it's not very interesting. Anyways, obviously we all know about *Rage* on ABC. *Rage* is badass and is in no danger of being usurped by any of the shows on the previously mentioned commercial TV networks. It's watchable at almost any hour that it is on (unless a metal band is programming on Saturday night), and the Friday play lists are always fresh and not heaps lame like all the other indie shows. Everyone should watch *Rage*. Let's party.

Sammy Boy

I wonder how much Garth was paid to be in that piece of shit *Master of Disguise*? Can't wait for the Oscar nominations to come through when *The Love Guru* comes out...





Art on a Coffee Budget



Images from www.etsy.com

blocks and retro toys transformed into affordable hand-made jewellery. *Vintage Kid* also picked up the proverbial fun ball and ran with it, boasting an eclectic mix of vintage-look fabrics and prints for the fashion-toting toddler. The hand-made bibs, blankets, toys and trinkets are beautifully made and will abate the most demanding retro addict. And if the weather is just too much for your fickle little fingers, take the couch cruiser's option and check out the online store at www.vintagekid.com.au.

On the other side of town, the Gilles Street Market is quickly becoming a coveted haunt for local designers and fashionistas alike. Although most stalls specialize in vintage fashion and clearance jewellery and shoes, there are a number of home- and hand-made spoils for any taste or budget. *Make & Do* specialise in screen printed tea towels and decorative sewn objects, using natural fibres and environmentally friendly inks. *Miss Polly* brings hand-stitched charm to the world of children's accessories, whilst *m i e u*'s limited edition hoodies and tees relish in rock star style. Never fear if you missed them at the Market, though; they also keep stock in Miss Gladys's Sym Choon. But don't go to the Gilles Street Market just for the art - an abundance of sweet and savoury treats are sure to warm even the most frosted of hearts.

To finish off the day, *Higher Ground Inc.*'s Art Café on Light Square is worth stopping off at. With an easy atmosphere and a regular exhibition schedule that often supports student or emerging artists, the Art Café brings art and food together into a glorious winter-friendly bundle. The not-for-profit incorporated association also supports theatre initiatives and runs a rehearsal space and theatre within the complex.

So as we ease into Ugg boots and slip seamlessly into heater heaven, have a thought for our struggling artists who are, most likely, slaving away in freezing studios or knitting well into the night. Unless, of course, they are like me and have given up on creativity entirely in exchange for an online and television-saturated existence. Should you too choose to forego outdoor outings, for a stroll down Ebay lane, make some time to check out the latest offerings at www.etsy.com. The Ebay for art and craft practitioners, *Etsy* is a cheap and innovative alternative to studio door sales and gloating gallery conglomerates. At the very least, it is a convenient hub for inspiration should you decide to pull out Grandma's knitting needles this winter and try your hand at home-spun crafts. But really, you can't stay under that blanket all day so make the most of it - go get a coffee, warm your hands and exercise your eyes with some old fashioned art appreciation!

Lauren Sutter

Things get difficult in winter. Cold fingers make writing impossible. Thoughts are frozen; creativity slips lazily into a deep hibernation. Everything goes quiet - the streets, the birds, the warm buzz of summer; all are gone. Budget living bemoans a spectacle of blankets and dreams of household heating only our parents can seem to afford. And so we resign ourselves to the warmth of a pot of tea or mug of coffee, clasped fingers extracting whatever heat they can from the cheap ceramic.

In these times art appreciation passes through its own quiet solstice. And the best way to celebrate is to be immersed in the clatter of cafes and the warmth of borrowed heat. We are lucky to have a few cozy art cafes to choose from within walking distance of the city. The *Tin Cat Café* (a quick 10 minute trek up Rundle Street) is known as one of the more popular city art cafes. Behind a cactus frontage, white wash walls lay stake to a regular exhibition turnover, with local artists making recurrent appearances in the lineup. Slinky jazz and a spectrum of vinyl chairs and vintage tables make the *Tin Cat* a worthy roost for the avid art watcher.

Only minutes away on East Terrace, the newly established *Tapedeck Razorblade* glows in all its neon glory. The new spot for the cool kids in town, *Tapedeck* hosts two levels of designer fashion, art and coffee. The current exhibition features work by Kara Gillet, Adele Ouslinis and Adriana Salegio, studded around racks of designer hoodies, shelves of shoes and a spattering of retro token tape decks. The artists, working in aerosol, photography and illustration respectively, bring together a combination of punchy and playful styles that work well in the space. And for those that feel like following suit with the inherently playful attitude, a tabletop chessboard, comfy couches and arcade machine brings *Tapedeck Razorblade* into full fashion swing.

For those willing to brace the cold to save the pocket, a multitude of markets cropping up across Adelaide offer a variety of champagne art for those on a beer budget. Whilst in the general direction, the East End Markets continue to draw crowds despite the drizzle and frost. *Miss Pixie* came out in style with computer keys, Lego

VISUAL ARTS

Priceless?

When I was in Paris a few years ago, I spent an entire afternoon trawling through the seemingly endless rooms (about 60 000 square metres worth) of The Louvre. Housing nearly 35 000 works of art The Louvre is one of the most visited art museums in the world. To be honest, I found it all a bit overwhelming and by the thousandth painting of some Duke from the 16th century, it all began to blur. Luckily for me I was accompanied by the lovely Bianca (your trusted *On Dit* music sub-editor) and as my eyes glazed over, my ears burned as she dished out another hot piece of London gossip. But I was surprised when I finally came upon the gem of the museum, Leonardo Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*. Firstly, it was small and somewhat unimpressive. And if it hadn't been roped off about three metres back (only making it appear smaller!) I don't think I really would have given it a second glance.

So it got me thinking about what makes art work "priceless" and perhaps more than that, what makes it ridiculously expensive? If you listened to any of the a.m. radio stations a few weeks ago you will have heard that Chelsea football club owner and Russian oil magnate Roman Abramovich purchased \$119.9m dollars worth of art. Now some of you may be thinking, 'Wow the walls of his house must be choccas!', and those of you would be wrong. Abramovich purchased Francis Bacon's *Triptych* for \$86.3m (a record price for a piece of post-war art) followed by Lucian Freud's painting, *Benefits Supervisor Sleeping* for a cool \$33.6 (a record price for work by a living artist). Both Bacon and Freud are particularly important in the art world for revitalizing how the human figure is depicted in painting in the late 20th century.

So what exactly are you paying for? Is it size? If so then Andreas Gursky's *99 cent II, Diptych* might have been a bargain \$3.3m. The photograph (pictured) is approximately 22 metres long and was sold in early 2007 at this record price. Then again perhaps maybe it is the materials that an art work is made of that determines its value. In 2007 Damien Hirst (yet another YBA) exhibited *For the Love of God* at White Cube gallery in London. Costing approximately £14m to create, it consists of a platinum cast of a human skull encrusted with over 8 000 flawless diamonds. Perhaps not a work nearly as influential, Hirst's work (priced at around £50m) seems much more practical.

This article could very easily turn into some kind of essay on the sheer subjectivity of art. But for the sake of you that have read this far, I think it is safe to say that like so many things in this world, art is worth what someone is willing to pay for it. Although I still maintain that one of my favourite works is by local artist Jungle and it only cost me ten bucks. Bargain!

Clara Sankey



WHAT'S GOING ON?

The Greenaway Gallery in Kent Town is currently showing work by local artist Sally Smart. The exhibition titled *The Exquisite Pirate (Oceania)* [2008] is a spectacularly colourful set of paintings combining elements of surrealism and collage. Also showing, is young Argentinean artist Ariel Hassan with his collection, *A Few People Laughed, A Few People Cried, Most People Were Silent* [2008].

The gang at FELT space will be lighting up Compton Street again on June 11th when they celebrate the opening of James Marshall's *Dead by Dawn* and Bianca Barling's *All the Lonely Things my Hands Have Done*. Finally, pop into the Light Square Gallery to catch the last few days of *Métaphysique D'éphémère*, a mesmerizing collection of lost and found objects by local artists Evangeline Feary and Gregory Amber.

BOOK SHOP SPEAK: FLEEING OPRAH

Working in a book store, you have a lot of people coming in and out asking for books they've heard about on the radio or seen on television. *Today Tonight*, *A Current Affair* and even morning shows like *Mornings with Kerri-Anne* have influence on book sales such as *4 Ingredients* or *The Cauliflower Conspiracy* after they have been featured on these shows. However none have the impact that Oprah has on international audiences. What is it that causes Oprah Winfrey to have such an impact on the literary world (and I'm using the term here very lightly)? I guess she does choose books that have mass appeal to audiences around the world, she also features star biographies quite a bit, but the main reason she is so influential on book sales is because she seems to have read the books herself which makes the audience think, if she can do it...so can I.



I must say I don't normally watch *Oprah*, I'm more of an *Ellen* girl myself, but really, I'm not normally ever at home during the time that *Oprah* screens on Channel 10. However, I always know when Oprah has featured a new or old book on her show because all the at-home mothers come streaming in demanding (and I mean demanding) the book that was on *Oprah* yesterday. It usually makes me want to scream. Admittedly, yes, Oprah does pick some good ones, for example *Pillars of the Earth* by Ken Follett, but she also chooses some stinkers - *He's Just Not That Into You* by Greg Berlanti is a case in point. One thing which makes me want to laugh is when these busy, harassed looking mothers come in and they want John Steinbeck's novels as Oprah featured them on her show as light reading... she has obviously misrepresented these books as I have never heard Steinbeck described as a writer of light fiction.

To succeed in the world of books (sales-wise anyway), all you need is to have your book on *Oprah*. Once that happens, you're guaranteed at least another book deal. However, this can all go wrong, as in the case with James Frey and his 'memoir' *A Million Little Pieces*. For those of you who don't know, James Frey was featured on *Oprah* with Oprah raving about how brave and strong Frey was to have written about his time in rehab, etc. However Frey was exposed as a fraud, or at least stretching the truth which Oprah was quite put out about, so a few weeks after people found out, Oprah had Frey back on the show and it was pretty much an entire show dedicated to telling Frey off on international television. What I find hilarious, though, is that when repeats of the first show about *A Million Little Pieces* are on television in Australia, we get people coming in wanting to read the fantastic book Oprah was promoting... I can't ever bring myself to tell them that it's actually not what Oprah represents it to be in that original show. I actually had a customer come back in to try and return the book, even though it was obviously read, because she found out Oprah had been wrong for once in her life. If I hadn't been annoyed with the customer, I would have found it highly amusing.

Unfortunately, as long as I'm a student and need money, I'm never going to fully be free of Oprah's influence, but as soon as I'm done, I'm going to run as far and as fast from Oprah as I can. Hopefully it will be soon.

Alicia Moraw



WINTER WILES



When it's cold, a good book is a remedy. Joining the throng amid the rumble and bustle of the local is also a remedy but not one for which continuous application is advisable!

I like private detectives from literature. And I know what their appeal is and I know who they are. I prefer the hard nosed types, not the smooth ones who befuddle us with spectacular reasoning and disclosure.

Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe emerged in the 1930s, and is the archetype of his successors, including two Australian creations, the 'multi-adventured' Cliff Hardy, creation of Peter Corris and the relatively recent Jack Irish, creation of Golden Dagger winner, Peter Temple.

Their appeal centres on their independence, and capacity to hover above but engage successfully at and with the underbelly of society, mimicking and matching the coarse behaviours of those around them. They habitually and perhaps understandably resort to alcohol to ease the stress of their work and their histories of failed and tragic relationships with women. They enjoy the solace of like-minded women also working at the edge of society.

They best describe themselves:

Jack Irish observes, "She knew a bit about kissing, knew a bit about things beside kissing too," and he adds, "I took her hand and led her into the bedroom. We undressed with the urgency of people shedding burning clothes". Philip Marlowe meets a secretary who quips, "With a little practice I might get to like you. You're kind of cute in a low-down sort of way". Cliff Hardy reports, "She seemed to flow towards me and I could feel the need in her..." and Marlowe offers a quirky and almost poetic offering with, "She smelled the way the Taj Mahal looks by moonlight", and adds, "Hold me close you beast," she said. "I put my arms around her loosely at first...Her eyes were flickering rapidly like moth wings". But to return to alcohol. Cliff Hardy muses, "I think best when walking or drinking



and best of all when walking towards somewhere to have a drink', and observes of a meeting with a client, 'The first round (of drinks) disappeared like a shower of rain in the desert'. Marlowe succinctly describes his role in terms of drink: 'I'm half full of good Scotch and ready to go places and get things done.'

It's also their earthy, quirky descriptions and their capacity for repartee that enchant and warm me on a winter's night. Hardy notes, "She always wore red clothes and if her throat got cut some day, it would be a while before anyone noticed", and adds, "My bowels were agitating fitfully like an off-balance washing machine."

The characters they encounter are bizarre and threatening. Marlowe observes "He had two expressions-hard and harder", and notes, "Blackstone's voice sounded like someone pouring sand out of a funnel". Irish challenges with, "Put your life on it. On second thoughts put something of value on it". They challenge and are challenged. Marlowe says, "I have a suggestion for you. Why don't you go kiss a duck?" and adds, "Go fry a stale egg". Elsewhere he is countered by, "I've got friends who could cut you down so small you'd need a step-ladder to put your shoes on."

Comfortingly, they're all essentially decent. Marlowe sums it up: "If I wasn't hard I wouldn't be alive. If I couldn't ever be gentle, I wouldn't deserve to be alive". He has a simple role description: "There are things I can do. I can shoot, I can keep my word, I can walk into dark narrow places. So I do them."

It's cold and I have a pile of detective novels. The door bell is ringing and I won't be answering it.

Bob Sutherland



I PEED ON FELLINI:
RECOLLECTIONS OF A
LIFE IN FILM

BY DAVID STRATTON
William Heinemann Australia

In the dying genre of television there still shines a beacon for us all: *At the Movies*, more commonly known as '*David and Margaret*'. And the reason we call it '*David and Margaret*' is because - screw the film reviews - everyone loves this show because of David and Margaret. Margaret's enticing pixie ears [Note from Connor: *my mum sometimes asks me, "Did you watch 'David and the Hobbit'?" I still love Margaret though.*] and David's icy-white beard draw me in every time. That and imagining that they have sex behind the scenes. It's a fiery relationship; who hasn't wondered? Sadly my question was answered today with a little research - Margaret explained in an interview, "It's through not fancying each other at all that it's worked so well".

Getting back to the topic at hand, when I heard that *I Peed on Fellini* was being published I was excited. It was all finally explained to me - David loved men, not Margaret. I am starting to feel embarrassed by my own immaturity so I will now try and maintain a degree of gravity for the next few sentences. First off, the title of the book must be addressed. Yes, David Stratton peed on Fellini and thank god he put that bit in the prelude because I know everyone would be flicking through the book to find the chapter anyway.

Stratton chronicles the development of his obsessive love for film. It certainly makes me ashamed of my superficial knowledge of cinema. *I Peed on Fellini* (despite the title) is certainly not a biography that delves deeply into personal issues such as his marriages or children. Stratton explains a lot about how arts organisations have been formed in Australia and this is certainly relevant information for young Australian creatives today.

Lucky enough to be elected organiser of the Sydney Film Festival in his twenties, he points out, "I don't think that would happen today. I think you've got to be 50 before you get a job like that". This is the exciting part of this biography - reading about Stratton's passion turning into the formation of what are today's Australian film culture structures. As an inspiration for young people to work in their fields of interest with dedication and to start their own structures to work within, this book is great. But, fuck it, I'm just going to keep pretending David and Margaret are star-crossed lovers.



Chloe Langford

THE STONE CROWN
BY MALCOM WALKER

Walker Books

In modern day Scotland, Emlyn and Maxine are both drawn to an ancient site known as Sleeper's Spinney. When they steal a wooden figure of a knight from the site, they set into motion an ancient curse and begin an adventure. The figure of the knight is just one wooden carving which contains the trapped spirits of King Arthur and his men, having being kept captured by the long line of Keepers. The Keepers are prepared to do whatever they can to recover what was stolen.

As a debut novel, *The Stone Crown* is an excellent story. Malcom Walker is a member of the University of Adelaide's staff. The story is intriguing and I find myself wanting to read it more every time I regretfully have to put the book down to do actual work. However, my one problem is, and I have had this comment from many people that I have recommended the novel to, the writing is only average when compared to the story and plot. While I am regretful to do this, I do find myself comparing this book to the *Da Vinci Code*, where the actual plot and story were fantastic; but Dan Brown's style of writing is what lets the book down. It is the same with this novel.

I do love the idea that this is a story based on the Arthurian legends, and that Arthur is not the traditional good guy we are taught about in the normal stories we hear. It's an exciting and wonderful adventure that sweeps you away. So don't be mistaken, this is great read and highly recommended for all over the age of twelve.



Alicia Moraw

THE QUAKERS
BY RACHEL HENNESSY

Wakefield Press

Don't judge this book by its cover. Or by its title.

To all those people out there who love a good story but don't have the time or energy for an epic multi-volume series the likes of Harry Potter, read this book.

This is the first novel for author Rachel Hennessy, who was born in Canberra. *The Quakers* won the Adelaide Festival Award for Best Unpublished Manuscript and rightly so.

In just 167 pages, *The Quakers* delves deep into the mind and experiences of Lucy, an awkward fourteen year old girl who develops an intense friendship with the beautiful and popular Narinda. The narrative, sculpted in the first person, follows their relationship from its conception to its eventual demise, with none of the juicy details left out.

In the first few pages, Hennessy almost fools readers into thinking the story will boil down to no more than a formulaic tale of high school conflict/resolution. But read on, chumps. Instead of presenting yet another shallow love/hate/jealousy plot with all the intrigue of a paper bag (I've read more than my fair share of those), Hennessy delivers bold characters, suspense and a twist that is guaranteed to leave the reader feeling slightly disturbed, yet wanting more.

The Quakers is mature, captivating and readable. It could easily be consumed over a lazy afternoon and is not (pay attention here kids), I repeat, *not* a story about a religious society that began in 17th century England. What more could your average uni student want (apart from another book by Rachel Hennessy, of course)?



Jacqui Katsivas

SUNDAYS AT TIFFANY'S

BY JAMES PATTERSON AND GABRIELLE CHARBONNET

Century

On her ninth birthday Jane Margaux lost her imaginary friend. Jane was a sweet, slightly chubby child whose mother was too wrapped up in herself and whose father was enamoured in a beautiful, young girlfriend. She spent too much time in an adult world, where she was pushed to the side by her parents. Her only friend was a handsome man in his thirties, Michael, her *imaginary* friend. When he left her on her ninth birthday, Jane was supposed to forget about Michael, but she never did. And when Jane spots a familiar face in what used to be their favourite place, a journey begins that has never begun before.

I've never been a fan of James Patterson, I mean I've read his crime novels, but I never thought that he could write a romance novel. However, I was pleasantly surprised by *Sundays at Tiffany's*. It won't ever set the world on fire, but it is a pleasant and relaxing read. It's definitely a chick's book, very girlie, very sentimental, but it works and it is hard to put down once you get into the story.



THREE CUPS OF TEA

BY GREG MORTENSON AND DAVID OLIVER RELIN

Viking Adult

Three Cups of Tea is a book so fantastic that if it were fiction I would marvel at the writer's boldness and strength to create such a colossal character as Greg Mortenson, but this is no fictional account. In 1993 Greg Mortenson stumbled across the tiny village of Korphe after a failed attempt at K2 in remote Pakistan. Completely exhausted and sick Greg collapsed at the mercy of the hospitality in the village. After weeks of recuperation he committed to building a school for the impoverished people who had given freely all they had to aid him. This book is the account of the odyssey which Greg endured to build that first school. Living on the smell of an oily rag he saved and scraped the funds to deliver on his promise, only to begin to appreciate the ocean of need in that part of the world for the education we would all take for granted. Greg later set up the Central Asia Institute and has built hundreds of schools in northern Pakistan and Afghanistan.

The author has an interesting style. He chooses to jump timeframes a lot, either to leave the reader in suspense or to break up a boring bit of essential plot. It never leaves a dull moment. While the story is mostly told through the eyes of Greg, the author add many different comments from other people around him giving a real sense of the his humanity. The author doesn't laboriously dredge through the deeds and facts; he weaves a tale which is emotive and funny as well as educational.

Jane is a little hard to get to know, while she does have the insecurities that most women have, she also is a doormat which makes me want to scream sometimes, especially when you can see her boyfriend is just using her and her mother is trying to run her life for her. I did fall in love a bit with Michael, but really, what heterosexual woman wouldn't fall in love with a guy who listens as well as he does?

Patterson is such a busy author, constantly churning out books, so when two authors join forces, a lot of the time, the prominent author only creates the idea. However, with the two different voices which are discernable, you can tell that two different authors are writing two different points of view. It makes it an interesting reading choice. At least you know that Patterson has contributed half of the story to justify the main name heading on the novel. I myself am not a fan of the two different voices, but it is still a book you can read to relax and take a good feeling away from.

For those of you who want to read a feel good novel, or just want to know what book to get for a girly, feminine mother/sister/girlfriend etc, this is it. It will cheer you up and take you away from your troubles. An enjoyable read for women.



Alicia Moraw



What is so fascinating about this book is how Greg has been able to operate in the most volatile region in the world. During the course of the book he had two *fatwas* (an Islamic ruling calling for the death of a person) placed against him. He was in the region during the time when the new phenomena of the Taliban were taking root. Later to the aftermath of the September 11 attacks on New York. Mortenson offers a completely unique perspective to the situation in the world which has bred terrorism and hate against the West.

Despite all this, the book doesn't get weighed down with the daunting seriousness of the issues at hand. The book is as thick with action, humor and love as any Hollywood blockbuster. The part where Greg is caught between gunfire of rival opium smugglers on a remote mountain road on his way to find a particular Afghani warlord for permission to build in the region would be more than enough for the likes of Indiana Jones to shit a brick.

In the interests of impartiality I must attempt to offer at least some reasonable criticism of the book, but honestly I can't. The book is awesome. If you honestly can't afford it, go to the library, no excuses.



Hayden Moriarty



When the call first went out for someone to interview Atreyu, I think my response went something like "Oh my god! Yes, me me me!" You see, these Californian hardcore champions have been my favourite band for over five years, in fact I am such a tragic fan I can vividly recall the moment I first heard an Atreyu song and consequently fell in love. So, as I sat down to chat to bassist Marc McKnight I tried desperately to disguise my squeals of delight and act somewhat professional (although I'm not sure I succeeded).

open your mind and listen to some fuckin' Sigur Ros or Radiohead or something besides straight up metal... maybe eat some Chinese food, who knows?" As for the future of Atreyu's musical sound, McKnight has no idea what it will become. "We're going to do whatever the fuck we want, it's still us, it's still us doing it so it's going to sound like us, y'know?" Yes Marc, and I'm sure I'll love it no matter what.

Erin Veide

The group is in the middle of an Australian tour in support of Bullet For My Valentine and Avenged Sevenfold, two bands with whom they recently also toured America as a part of the 'Taste Of Chaos' tour. According to McKnight, it was a "no-brainer" when they were asked to join them in Aus; "they are some of the most legit rock bands that are around nowadays so were always up to partying and getting good stories with them". Atreyu are known for their energetic and acrobatic shows, so when they are non-stop touring like this McKnight says that "running around like an idiot really takes it toll". "I have to get a lot of massages... but I guess that's not really a bad thing," he jokes. Despite the 'drawback' of constant rubdowns, McKnight is really enjoying his visit to Australia, "the shows are massive every night" and the crowds are "just completely going ape-shit all the time and sing as loud as they possibly can". He even admits that we have "a bit more energy" than our American counterparts.

Their latest album, *Lead Sails Paper Anchor*, has seen the band expand the heavy music genre by incorporating aspects of 80s metal, pop, thrash, country and a whole range of instruments including pedal steel, trumpets, piano and opera vocals. McKnight says that it wasn't a conscious decision to branch away from their hardcore and metal roots, "I don't think we see it as much of a change, we're just trying to progress ourselves musically with every record and be the best we possibly can". The fans' response to the new songs at shows has been great he says, "it's surprising, kids really love the new stuff which I'm really excited about". Despite this, the band has copped a bit of criticism for this album being 'not heavy enough', but McKnight says that they "aren't abandoning anything heavy... these are just the songs that came out of us in this point of time. We're not going to make *Suicide Notes [and Butterfly Kisses]* again". Atreyu wrote that album (arguably their heaviest) ten years ago and he points to the lapse of time as the reason for their musical progression. "There're a lot of bands that write the same record a bunch of times and they do great, but were just not that band". McKnight says he feels sorry for those people that limit themselves to only listening to heavy music. "Do you treat the rest of your life like that?" he asks them. "Do you only eat at McDonalds? Do you only watch certain types of movies? You need to

Transmission
LIVE!

FEMME FATALES
The Battery Kids
Trixie Plain
Wolf & Cub DJs
Transmission DJs

Friday 27th June
 \$8 from 10pm / \$5 from 1am
Ed Castle — 233 Currie Street
www.myspace.com/transmissionliveadelaide

NOSTALGIA... OH DEAR.

NOSTALGIA - NOUN:
SENTIMENTAL LONGING OR WISTFUL AFFECTION FOR THE PAST.

What is it about nostalgia that we are so attracted to as human beings? (Yes psychology students, I'm looking at you!) Recently we have seen a resurgence in all things 90s - Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Tamagotchi's, Hypercolour tees etc. Hell, even MC Hammer was in Australia recently as part of a dance music festival- since when was he cool again?

On one of my daily train rides into town, I contemplated writing an insightful social commentary piece on our perception and recognition of nostalgia and the effects it has on the construction of our identities. And then I thought that I should probably leave that sort of piece to the people who actually know what they're talking about, and relate nostalgia to the only reference point I have: my CD collection. Like many of you, I'm sure, the mid 90s was a period when I was first exposed to music on a grand scale. I recall my dad and I hooking up a VCR to a tape deck and making mixtapes of the latest hits off of *Rage* and *Video Hits* - my superior tastes were rewarded when the latest *Hit Machine* arrived in stores, and I already had those songs in my collection. So, in a celebration of nostalgia (and as a good excuse for an article) I thought it was high time we visited some of the higher points *cough* of my CD collection...



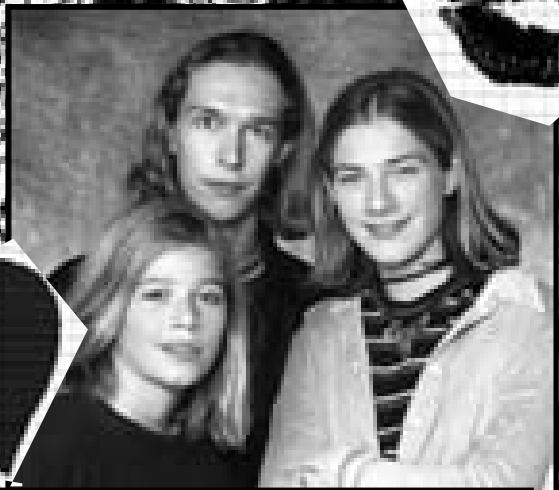
Steps - *The Greatest Hits*

The crowning jewel of my collection- I won it in a *Girlfriend* competition online! This one still gets pulled out occasionally - get plastered with a bunch of mates on something cheap and put on '5 6 7 8' - I guarantee you that at least half of them will remember the dance steps, and the other half will pick it up quickly. Macarena my arse.



East 17's entire back catalogue

Oh dear. There really are no excuses for this one, but what can I say? I had a massive crush on them! I think the East 17 boys were my first attempt at masculine attraction, which is sad, considering the baggy pants and unconventional direction of their hats. I even had the albums that sold so poorly that they're now more popular as coasters than as CDs. Still, it's not as bad as my friend's obsession with Dean Cain.



Hanson - *Middle of Nowhere*

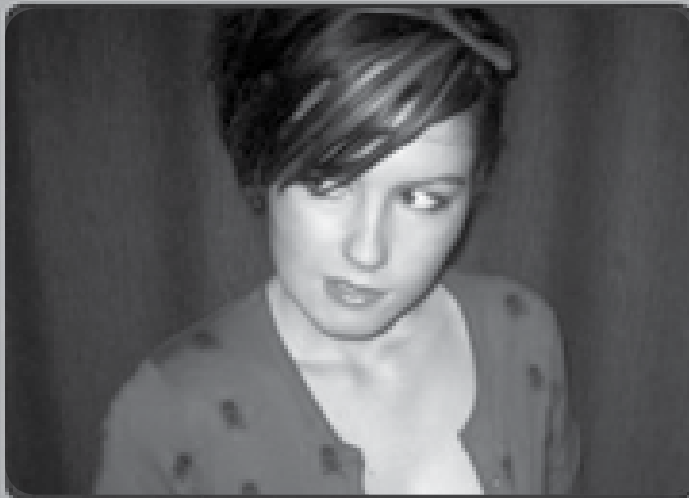
Every girl my age has had this CD, I guarantee it. Don't bother denying it girls. Although I can now safely say that my attraction to Taylor was probably due to the fact that he looked like a girl. I never stooped so low as to buy the Xmas CD, although I did learn how to play 'Man From Milwaukee' on guitar - ah, the good ol' days of Year 8 music! They were here on tour a couple of years ago too - at least I don't have to justify buying a concert ticket!

I'll often go out with mates, put \$10 on the table and bet everyone there that they will not have a more appalling CD in their CD collection than I do. Other names I like to crank out include: La Bouche - *Sweet Dreams*, The Real McCoy - *Another Night*, Hilary Duff and Offspring - *Americana*. And I usually win my money back. Although no-one can beat *The World's 50 Best Beer Drinking Songs*, Neil Sedaka's *Greatest Hits* or anything by Val Doonican - trust me. So the next time you're browsing through your CD collection, take a trip down memory lane and remember with a fondness your youthful years gone by. Nostalgia brings back wonderful memories, and could potentially win you some cash in a drunken game comparing shocking CD collections!

KD

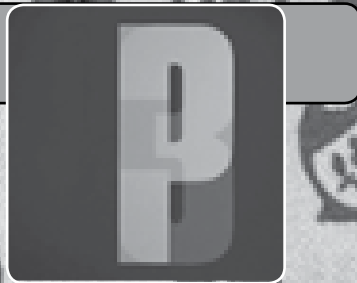
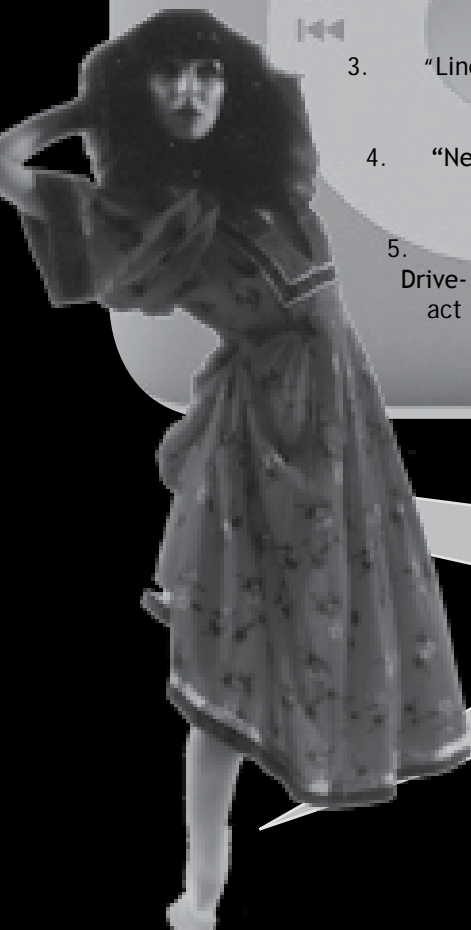
The People's Playlist

with Erin Veide



I was going to do my favourite Atreyu songs in honour of them gracing our shores, but that would basically just be their album *The Curse*, so instead, here are my top 5 random songs right now:

1. "This Flesh is a Tomb" Atreyu- the sweetest love song ever... for vampires (well, I had to put one of theirs in here!)
2. "No Transitory" Alexisonfire- I love this song. It always reminds me of drunkenly spinning around in the dark.
3. "Line and Sinker" Billy Talent- the anthem for the underdog.
4. "New Noise" Refused- classic. It was "the shape of punk to come".
5. "Smoke 'em If You Got 'em" Parkway Drive- I defy anyone to listen to this and not act like they forgot their ADD medication.



Portishead *Third* Island

It's hard to imagine a more seamless return to form after a ten year recording absence than Portishead's creatively titled album, *Third*, which can stand proudly alongside their first two excellent studio records. Accomplished and harrowing yet absorbing from start to end, it's fantastic to see an act as creative, original and musically focussed as Portishead back on the scene after an interval that was far too long.

Gone are the trip-hop pretensions of the Portishead of the 90s (band member Adrian Utley recently stated in an interview that scratching had started to sound cliché and overused to him, and while he has a point it's worth qualifying that that was never the case with Portishead), making way for an emphasis on creative synths, conspicuous percussion and a more sparse all-round electronic sound that still manages to have a satisfyingly rich texture.

Likewise, the aching sensuality of Beth Gibbons' voice is replaced with, well, aching. *Third* isn't an easygoing album by any means. The lyrics are melancholy to say the least. Often they're downright depressing to the extent that we're fortunate to have Gibbons' wonderful and engaging voice delivering them, and Utley and Geoff Barrow's brilliantly conceived instrumentation supporting them.

First track 'Silence' happens to be one of the best. Starting with a spoken word intro, it becomes a surprisingly frenetic beat, augmented carefully with strings and guitar licks, before slowing down as Gibbons lets loose, tension builds, and that irresistible beat kicks in again before it all comes to an abrupt halt. 'We Carry On' has a driving persistence to its beat which builds to an excellent riff and 'Machine Gun's suitably militaristic drum programming is uniquely captivating before it turns out like something out of the soundtrack to *The Terminator* films.

Third is at times haunting and sometimes even aggressive but never exhausting or a chore to get through. It's rare that a band that's been around for as long as Portishead can leave such consistently positive impressions as they have. Let's hope it's not another ten years between releases.

Angus Chisholm



The Last Goodnight
Poison Kiss
Virgin/EMI

A recipe for The Last Kiss Goodnight:

- 4 cups of Maroon 5
- 1 cup of 1990s Matchbox Twenty
- 2 tablespoons of One Republic (remove Timbaland before adding to mixture)
- A dash of Nickelback
- A dash of Dave Matthews Band

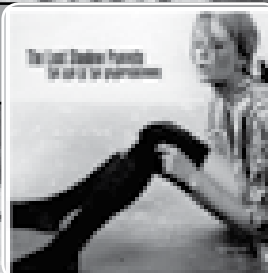
Mix ingredients together, place into a cake tin, bake at 180°C for half an hour or until brown. Can be iced with small amounts of Tonic, Vertical Horizon, Sugar Ray, Lifehouse (or any combination of the above). Serve cold with a dash of cream and hope it tastes okay.

Scary prospect, right? Well it doesn't taste okay...no matter how many times I have it playing on repeat in my car, it still tastes like SHIT!

Okay, that's harsh, but the reality is that this CD really does sound like a combination of all of these (mediocre) American soft-rock bands. Regular television viewers will be familiar with the first single 'Pictures of You' (which has been featured on shows like *Brothers & Sisters* and *Grey's Anatomy*) and this is probably the most original moment on the CD. Apart from the odd reprieve from tracks like 'Stay Beautiful' and 'Incomplete,' the rest of the album is the same monotonous, repetitive, saccharine-sweet stuff you could hear from any of the above bands.

I could write a more scathing piece about this band's total lack of originality, but I don't want to waste anymore time on them. Although I would put money on them charting well. Cake is cake, after all.

KD



The Last Shadow Puppets
The Age Of Understatement
Domino

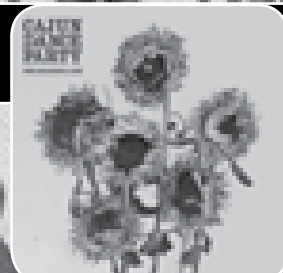
A collaboration between Alex Turner of the Arctic Monkeys and The Rascals' Miles Kane, the debut album by The Last Shadow Puppets is a soaring record, chronicling the time in one's life after youth but before adulthood sets in.

"I can still remember when your city smelt exciting/I still get a whiff of that aroma now and then," Turner sings in 'Calm Like You', summarising the mellow jadedness that envelopes the album, musically expressed through its casual yet prominent string scoring. On the climactic tenth track, 'In My Room', the strings rise and fall with the lyrics as if to convey a familiar foreplay as Turner croons "Lift up your snorting heads/ Played like dancing fools/Turning the tension round/Building up silent sounds/ Just another day/All in my room/Struck out like before/All in my room".

These are stories of regular geezers; for us, the familiar faces at the UniBar who've been around the tables a few times and go there because it is their adoptive home, grinning bitterly at the naive exuberance of first-year students. "Enticed me for a second time today/Only for me to realise the same," go the opening lines of 'I Don't Like You Anymore', lyrics which could almost summarise what the album represents - growth for the musicians from their initial youthful excitement into a more wistful realisation of the bitter cold.

The Age Of Understatement is a fun and quirky album, a warmly comfortable and epic listen for fans of the collaborators' previous works.

JG



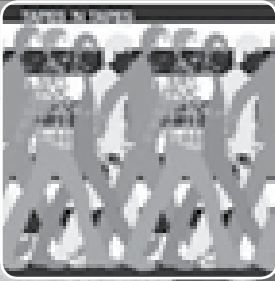
Cajun Dance Party
The Colourful Life
XL/Remote Control

You've probably all heard that catchy little line, 'you're the catalyst that makes things faster, amylase will dry up the plaster...' It certainly seems that these teenage indie popsicles from the UK have been doing their biology homework. But does the surreptitious use of quirky, scientific lyrical hooks, matched with a young English fervour necessarily spell success? On its own, probably not, but on closer listen to their debut album, *The Colourful Life*, it's pretty obvious that these guys (and girl) are destined for great things.

Yeah they've got cool, quirky lyrics "Don't have to spit out your thumb or your Wrigley's gum" and the whole 'Brit pop' thing that let's face it, is über hot right now, but they also bring to the table inventive and diverse instrumentals, beguiling riffs and melodies, tight rhythms and musicianship beyond their years (they were still in school when this album was recorded!). Add to that lead vocalist Daniel Blumberg's clearly articulated emotional state on each track, and his oh-so-curly adorable hair and kids, and we've got a winner. Its hard to define CDP into a specific genre, but I reckon if you're fans of Be Your Own Pet, The Wombats and perhaps even the Ting Tings, you're gonna like these guys.

Claire E. Knight

MUSIC REVIEWS



Tapes n Tapes
Walk It Off
XL/Remote Control

I'm not quite sure what I expected from this record, and I'm still not sure if I'm disappointed or not. Every song on the album sounded like something I had heard before, which means one of two things: 1) their influences are so obvious, or 2) that they're just damn good at writing songs that sound familiar and for which you have an immediate affection. Or maybe it means both. *Walk It Off* really confused me.

You could easily draw parallels to Clap Your Hands Say Yeah and Arcade Fire, but these comparisons would not be entirely accurate and would leave you with only a partial picture of what Tapes n Tapes are about.

Walk It Off kicks off with 'Le Ruse' which is catchy and disjointed and plain marvelous. Almost an homage to every great rock song you've loved, referencing every chorus that has ever made you sing with desperation in your voice and every guitar solo and drum break that has ever made your guts twist with delight.

'Demon Apple' is another stand out track, and starts off innocuously enough with a slow swagger but it builds and builds ending in a rock orgy of crashing cymbals, strangled guitar and distortion.

'Anvil' is a glittering, swirling fantasy of a song and is about as close to old Radiohead as you'll get in 2008.

But for all these great moments, there was something missing. I should be raving about this to all and sundry, but for some unknown reason I didn't feel like *Walk It Off* quite hit the mark it intended to. As a collection of singles it's astoundingly strong, but as an album it lacks something. Something I can't quite put my finger on, a bit like when I heard the songs on this album and thought that I had heard them before, but couldn't quite place them.

B



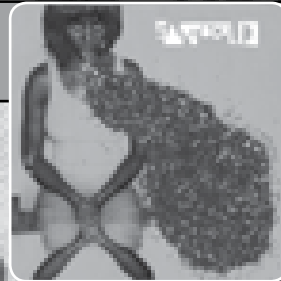
The Kooks
Konk
Virgin

I got into the Kooks in stages. I liked 'Naive' instantly, but found their other tracks somewhat tedious. Nonetheless, *Inside In/Inside Out*, their debut, did grow on me, going into my regular rotation after a few weeks. For this reason, it is only hesitantly that I express my disappointment with their second offering, *Konk*. Apparently, lead singer Luke Pritchard said "I want this album to be big... I want our singles to come on the radio and for people to literally have their heads blown off by them." Well, I didn't literally have my head blown off. Not metaphorically either. Better luck next time.

In a nutshell, *Konk* is nice; it's bouncy; it's nothing special. The first track, 'See The Sun', is brilliant. By the end of the song though, I was waiting for it to end, and the next song to start. This pattern more or less repeats itself for every track. On the better tracks it's not until the last chorus that my boredom set in; in more mediocre tracks I grew tired almost from the onset. I finished the album with no real desire to hear it again, even though I thought it had potential while I was listening to it.

The album's greatest handicap is its lack of variety. All the songs have the same happy-go-lucky mood, the same late-teen quality to them. The lyrics are nothing to rave about, generally being all over the place and lacking either insight or humour. *Konk* sounds like the Kooks. Sadly though, they don't have a winning formula. *Inside In/Inside Out* was a success because of good songwriting, and in terms of that *Konk* is a step down. I can't say if the songwriting got worse towards the end, or if I was simply tired of listening to Pritchard's voice. Either or, my opinion of *Konk* grew decidedly worse as I moved from the start to the end of the album, all three times I listened to it. At least none of the tracks are very long. The best thing I can say about this album is it's very easy to filter out when you have to concentrate on more important things such as Facebook, or that alternative thing students are supposed to do now and then.

Myriam Robin



Santogold
Santogold
Inertia

Santi White is the lady behind Santogold, and if you believe the hype, she's your musical saviour. Her sound could be described as a mix of dancehall, reggae, pop, indie rock and electro. Confused? Well don't be, because it's all very easy to swallow.

Opener 'L.E.S. Artistes' could almost be put into the 'indie rock' pigeonhole, and it sounds almost a little too Killers-ish for my liking. Luckily Santi's rolling, hypnotic voice saves it from pop trashdom and makes for a solid start to the album.

'Creator', with its erratic electro backing sounds and samples, is all power and sass. It's got Freq Nasty written all over it and consequently, is a far cry from the preceding tracks on the album that are somewhat softer. This was the first track that really attracted my attention: think M.I.A., Lady Sovereign and Peaches (but with less merkins).

Followed up with 'My Superman', the album sounds like it's taking another direction. 'My Superman' sounds like you could do a burlesque routine to it: it's slow and sexy and sounds like a hazy Saturday night.

'Lights Out' follows immediately and you realize that you're back to the safe lady sounds from earlier in the album. It's still clever, with panned spoken words during the chorus that confuse and intrigue, but reminiscent of mid to late-90's bands that were featured in teen Hollywood movies like *10 Things I Hate About You*.

My only criticism—a minor one at that—is that Santogold is a very girly sounding album. Don't misunderstand me, that's not necessarily a bad thing. Perhaps it's more that the tracks that appealed to me more were the harder, more street-smart sounding ones which were outnumbered by the girlier sounding songs. Changing from girly to ballsy to girly was a little off-putting, but not enough to make me start skipping tracks. The songs are still solid and far better than most releases out there and Santogold showcases Santi's great talent.

This alternation between styles could all just be a part of her charm. Some will love it, some will be frustrated by it.

B



Does It Offend You, Yeah?
You Have No Idea What You're Getting Yourself Into
 Virgin

Riding on the coat-tails of more talented 2007 acts like Justice and Klaxons comes this quartet straight out of Berkshire, Does It Offend You, Yeah? with their first album *You Have No Idea What You're Getting Yourself Into*. The band's awkward name comes from a throwaway quote from *The Office's* David Brent. If only this album had just the slightest hint of that TV show's wit and subtlety.

Granted, I'm sure a lot of us can find a time and a place for bombastic electro-rock in our musical diet, even if other bands do it better. Does It Offend You, Yeah? are at their best when they have the enthusiastic, ravey simplicity of tracks like 'We Are Rockstars' and 'Let's Make Out' on their side. Instrumental affairs like 'Battle Royale' and 'Weird Science' mercifully have a bit more flair and adventurousness involved. The good work they do is fleeting though, and only tolerable in moderation. Then you have a track like 'Attack of the 60ft Lesbian Octopus', fast paced but with nothing to leave a lasting impression apart from that cringe-worthy title seemingly aiming at 'LOL RANDOM' humour.

Just when you start to think that Does It Offend You, Yeah?'s biggest positive (and, coincidentally, negative) is that they clearly don't take themselves very seriously, you find that the other half of their album is taken up with horrible filler like 'Dawn Of The Dead' and 'Epic Last Song'. The band tries to sound a bit like an electro cross between Bloc Party and The Killers and sounds, as you'd expect, fucking naff.

Maybe this band has a future if they can refine their focus and mature their sound, but at the moment they don't have a whole lot going for them. Even when they do the band's appeal is pretty limited. To sum up the sound of *You Have No Idea...* in a sentence: daft (dance-) punk that wishes it sounded more like Daft Punk.

Angus Chisholm



Bliss N Eso
Flying Colours
 Illusive Sounds

The duo of American-born MC, Bliss, and Australian-born MC Eso, coupled with the magical hands of DJ Izm, have come together to produce this energetic and entertaining new album *Flying Colours*, which debuted at number 10 on the ARIA album chart. Like the trio's varied backgrounds, the album was recorded on three different continents over twelve months and really reflects the diversity of their music.

Flying Colours kicks off with the frenetic rhymes and party beats of 'Woodstock 2008', immediately followed by the more chilled 'Eye of the Storm' with sampling from Angus and Julia Stone's 'Paper Aeroplane'. The lead single, a cover of Citizen Cope's 'Bullet and a Target', features The Connections Zulu Choir and is a truly soulful, artfully constructed track. It is just one of the poignant tracks on this album and shows how the group aren't afraid of drawing attention to the big ticket issues in the environment around them. It's Bliss N Eso's ability to follow that moving song with the light-hearted, cheeky lyrics and lilting feel in 'Happy in my Hoody' that makes you want to keep putting this album on again and again.

I saw these guys perform at Sydney's The Great Escape Festival in 2007 and they went off! Touring then with their 2006 album *Day of the Dog*, the trio were doing their best to sell and celebrate Aussie hip hop which, once upon a time, was 'the underdog' in the Australian music scene. Since then they've definitely developed their own musical flavour, and *Flying Colours* is a product of their growing musical maturity and experience, as well as their ability to keep their music real and unpretentious. Bliss N Eso have supported some of the biggest hip hop acts around including The Roots and Jurassic 5, a sign that their music is respected by the leaders in their genre, and that they have a talent for whipping crowds into a frenzy with their energy on the stage live.

Their current UNified 2008 National Tour, with True Live, The Funkoars and The Winnie Coopers is sure to be an explosion of wicked hip-hop beats and good times.

Nicole Hersch



Cut Copy
In Ghost Colours
 Modular

It's always nice when Australian artists produce a record that can stand proudly alongside the best the world has to offer in their particular genre, partly because it happens very rarely. One might not have expected Cut Copy to make such a big splash with their follow-up LP, considering their first album was a fairly unspectacular affair. Nevertheless, a big splash *In Ghost Colours* shall make. It's already been out here for quite some time and found success in this country, but with its recent release overseas it should find the even wider audience that it deserves.

Part of the album's consistent excellence can no doubt be attributed to the non-James Murphy half of DFA, Tim Goldsworthy, who has popped up for production duties here. Recorded at DFA's studios in New York as well as in Melbourne, the production values throughout the album are beyond reproach. All of the disparate elements of the tracks pull in the same direction in a beautifully mellifluous way, taking care not to get in each other's way and clash at the same time.

Along those lines, opener 'Feel The Love' sets the tone for what's to come with ethereal acoustic guitar and chimes making way for a fast-paced futuristic chorus. 'Lights & Music' uses its guitar hooks to terrific effect as they swirl around its own excitable electro-driven chorus. 'Unforgettable Season' pitches its sentimentality perfectly before it's allowed space to drift towards its conclusion. The rollicking beat of 'Nobody Lost, Nobody Found' has fundamental dance appeal; 'Hearts On Fire' is just brilliant. The album has no shortage of high points. Short bridging tracks in between the proper tracks set the tone well without feeling like cheap throwaways. Meanwhile throughout the album, Dan Whitford's lyrics are simplistic yet by the same token refreshingly unpretentious.

Seamlessly mixed and perfectly sequenced, artful and relentlessly listenable, *In Ghost Colours* will surely and deservedly go down as one of the most cherished albums of 2008 by those who have the pleasure of listening to it. Pop magic.

Angus Chisholm



TJ'S NIGHTLIFE

"She knows, because she goes"

I hate people who say, "oh no, it's too cold to go out tonight". They should have their boring asses sent straight to a fiery hell! Winter is the best time to go out! The smell of B.O vacates the dance floors, the line-ups are shorter, windows fog up so you can draw on them ... OK, so I can't actually think more other reasons to go out during the winter. But hey, how about we all do our small city and social lives a favour and not let the cold keep us from the pubs and clubs this winter! Whether it's four degrees, raining or hailing, the cold is no excuse not to go out. Read on and you'll be as happy as Larry, walking in a winter wonderland down Hindley Street in no time.

TJ

**Eds - For future reference and to all of TJ's friends and loyal readers: she does NOT lay out the content of this page.

Totally HOT places for really COLD nights:

- The Maid and Magpie - 1 Magill Road**
For a much cooler take on a traditional night at the pub head to The Maid. Lots of space, pretty lighting and dark little corners plus good to great food. Heats up on Friday nights with the after work crowd as well as the young.
- The Duke - 82 Currie Street**
If you want to dance off the cold, go to The Duke! There are always drink specials, and hilarious fun happening here. Busy on Saturday nights, so get yourself onto one of the two dance floors to warm up! As a bonus, the DJ never says no requests, provided it's fantastically trashy pop!
- Ed Castle - 233 Currie Street**
Recently become not 'that drag show place', the Ed Castle has had a hot little makeover and is newly appointed home to Adelaide's 'alterna-crowd'. Keep an eye out for great live music and DJ sets that frequent here. Good times happen on a Thursday night.
- Sangria Bar - 140 Gouger Street**
Sister to the amazing tapas place Mesa Lunga, Sangria is a cute and colourful little joint with plenty of charm. The range of sangria and cocktails is impressively extensive and delicious; Perfect for a quiet or messy night. Best on Saturdays.

How To Brave The Not-Really-Very-Cold-At-All Winter in A*Town

- 1- Girls, invest in a teeny weeny umbrella. They come small enough to fit in a clutch, I swear! Works for going place to place and for line-ups. People will be so jealous of this genius idea.
- 2- Wear a jacket! Don't be idiot and save yourself a case of pneumonia. Short, skimpy dresses are for summer and skanks only. If you're going to wear one at least have a jacket, which can always be left under a table or to the side of a dance floor when not needed.
- 3- Pre-drink! Two of my favourite words put together for simple awesomeness. What a great excuse to get warm by sitting at home with a sack of goon, so you're well and truly on fire before you take on the city.
- 4- Red wine. Another two of my favourite words! For some reason - perhaps because it's alcohol - red wine makes everybody warm and fuzzy inside. A couple of glasses or bottles is sure to get you pumped for a night out.. or fall asleep. Preferably the former.
- 6- At the risk of quoting Fall Out Boy (ugh) dance, dance! Seriously though, dancing is the perfect way to beat the winter blues. It doesn't matter where you are, crank out the sprinkler or the nut bush to turn up the heat. Fun shall be had by all - especially the people watching you.
- 7- Do not be afraid of the flats! I've seen plenty of girls fall over because of slippery, rained-on cement. Put away your heels for the cold months and choose boots or flats; your future embarrassed self-will thank you for it.



HEY IT'S ME... ON DIT'S SOCIAL PAGES



Fairtrade Coffee Launch
Wednesday 14th May



Sarah's 21st
Friday 9th May



On Dit

Fortnightly during term time - it's your student newspaper
News, issues, culture, reviews and more!
Read it because it's your voice on campus
Send contributions/love to: ondit@adelaide.edu.au

ROBINHOOD
HOTEL

Pint Wednesdays

\$4 Local and \$5.50 Imported

A Pint & Schnitzel or,
S+P Squid or,
Curry

All for just \$15

Between 6 - 9pm

live music

Sean Robertson - from 8pm

A315 Portrush Road Norwood
// Ph. 83330088
www.robinhoodhotel.net.au

COFFERS
1862
BAR