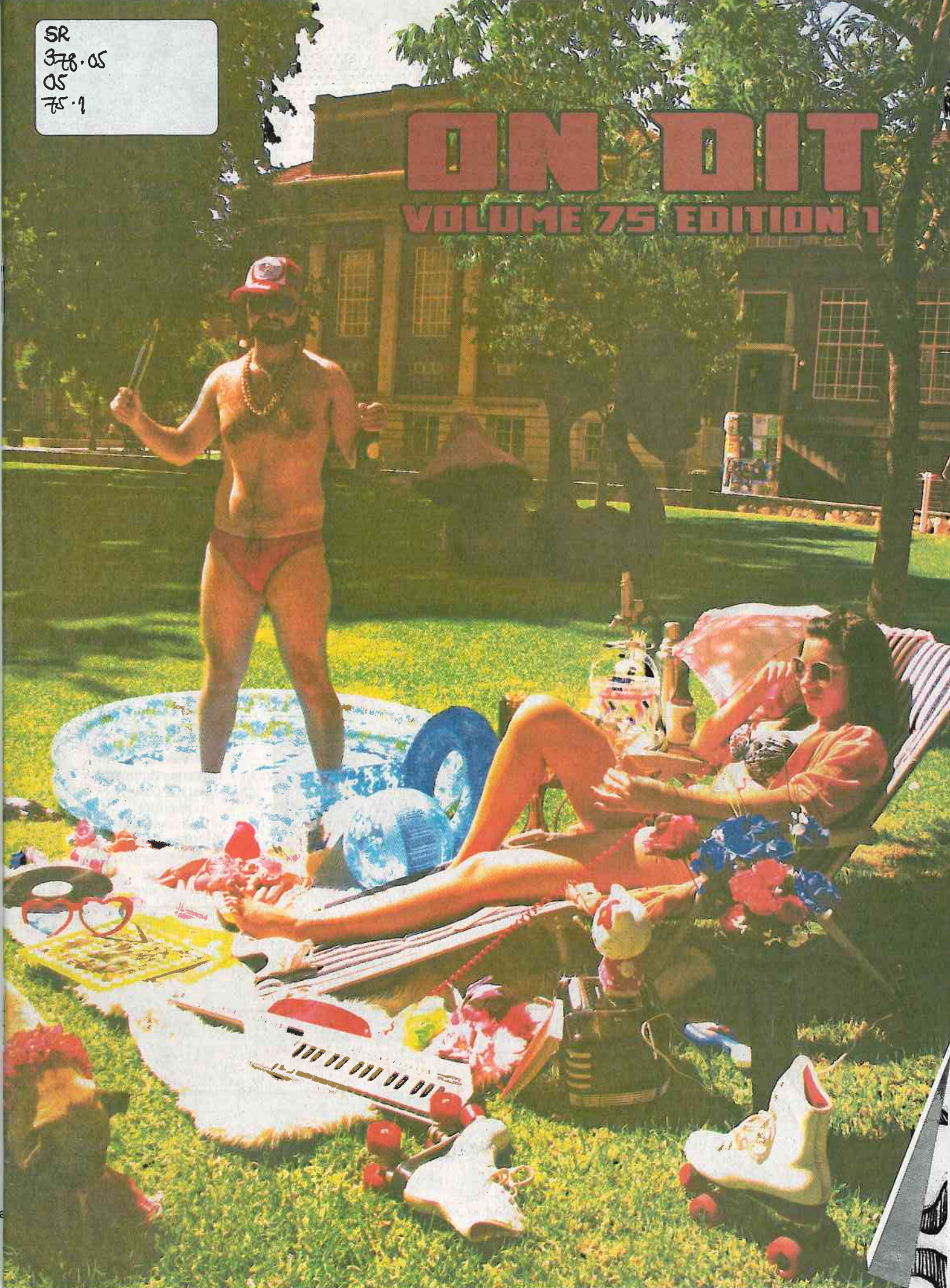


SR
376.05
05
75.1

ON DIT

VOLUME 75 EDITION 1



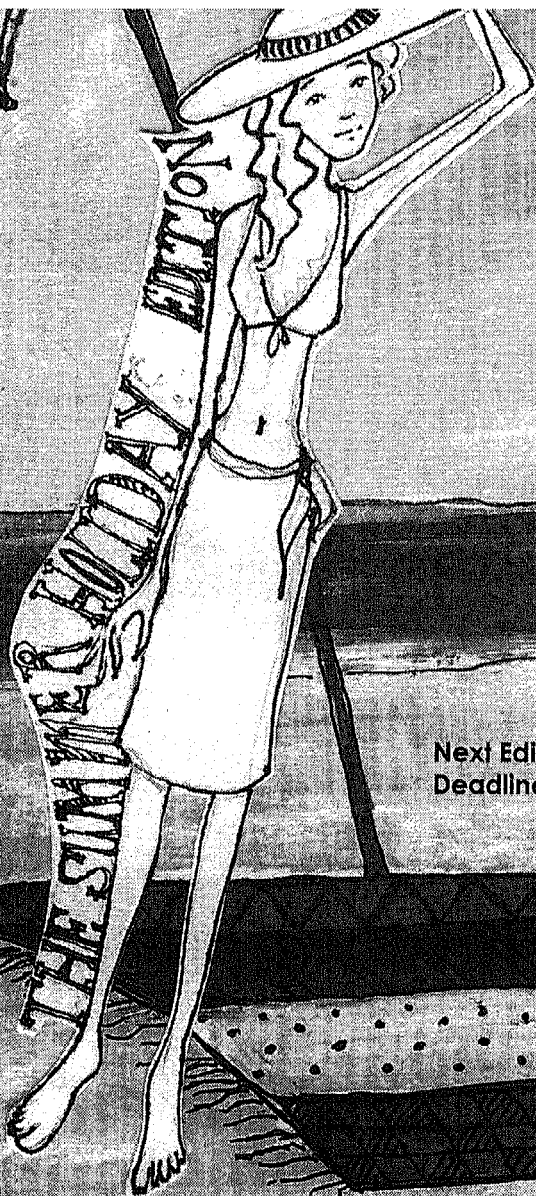
editorial:

Twenty past none in the morning. Editorials are horrid to write. Cute stories often don't cut it, I don't think we can think up any witty anecdotes, or defining moments, or funny conversations we've had in the last six weeks of organising, planning, cold calling, selling advertising, PDFing, being inspired, being uninspired, laying out great pages, laying out terrible pages, Google Image searching, forgetting to attach attachments, listening to Cream and Elvis Costello on vlnyl, scanning Tiny Teddies and writing incredibly long sentences with shitloads of commas in them (15). Our heads hurt way too much for any kind of coherent summer lovin' re-tellings, or state of the nation-type soap-boxing. It all sounds so lame. Editorials are intrinsically lame so we may try and hit the 'irony button' and make it so lame it's funny. Is it working?

I've always been a big sleeper (10 hours a night), a huge procrastinator and a shocking speller. And I ended up editing On Dit? Hah! - Claire

I've watched High Fidelity like, zero times in these holidays. My normal late-night occupation has been replaced by staying in an office for 38 hours straight, searching for pictures of Magnum P.I. that resize comfortably to magazine dimensions, visiting Stephen Fry's Wikipedia way too many times and listening to lots and lots of Strawberry Switchblade. Rad. - Ben

Love Ben and Claire



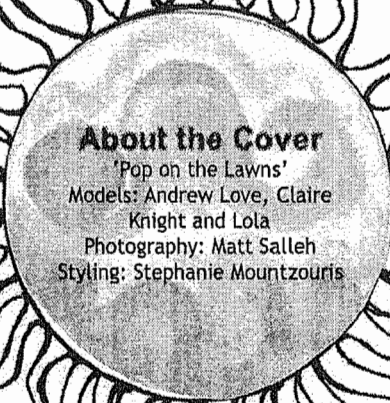
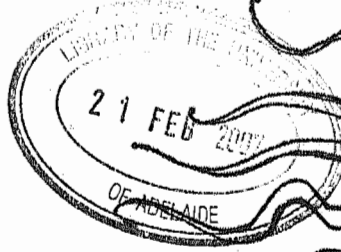
Next Edition: Mockin' the Suburbs
Deadline: March 2nd

Editors
Ben Henschke
Claire Wald
Phone: (08) 8303 5404
E-mail: ondit@adelaide.edu.au

Advertising Manager
Joel Irwin
Phone: (08) 8303 5404

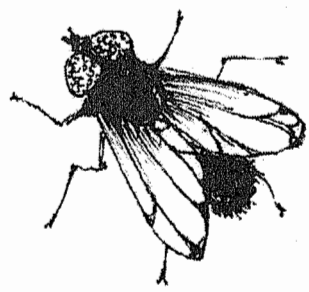
Printing
Cadillac

Current Affairs
Michael Adams
News/Media Watch
Sophie Donoghue
Lisa Ireland
Foreign Affairs
Lia Svilans
Film
Ben Crisp
Aslan Mesbah
Music
Chelsea Sinnott
James Swift
Literature
Alicia Moraw
Oblique
Brendan De Paor-Moore
Science
Angus Maxwell-Clark
Food & Wine
Clare Buckley
Cass Selwood
Fashion
Kimberley McDonough
Olivia Scott
TV
Brianna Rositano
Performing Arts
Edward Joyner
Vox Pop
Catherine Hoffman
Natalie Oliveri
Nightlife
Tara Tahmasebi
Gaming
Daniel Purvis
Artiste
Alissa Cannon



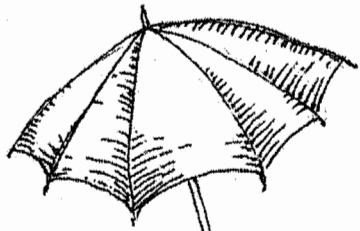
About the Cover

'Pop on the Lawns'
Models: Andrew Love, Claire Knight and Lola
Photography: Matt Salleh
Styling: Stephanie Mountzouris



CONTENTS

- 4. Letters
- 5. News
- 6. Media Watch
- 7. Foreign Affairs
- 8-9. Current Affairs
- 10. The Slightly Political Party
- 14. Oblique
- 15. 'A Life Worth Dying For'
- 16-17. Psychiatric Disorder of the Week - Trichotillomania
- 18. Student Radio Program Guide
- 19. Shney
- 21. t.Riddy Talks Sex Ed
- 22-23. Fashion
- 24-25. Vox Pop
- 26-27. Food & Wine
- 28-29. T.V.
- 30-33. Music
- 34-35. Performing Arts
- 36. 'Choke's Holiday' a comic
- 38-41. Film
- 42-43. Literature
- 44-45. Gaming
- 46. Nightlife



THANKS:

Our lovely sub-eds, those who tried their hand at layout - even if it did mean getting woken up by late night phone calls (sorry Olivia), Matt 'Will Work for Meat' Salleh, Claire K and Dr. Love, Kim and Lola, Alissa for the wonderful pictures, Linh, Brendan, Yana and Cass the proofies, Natty and Catty for the juice, Stanley and Jess for the liquid cake, Curtis from ITS, Potter and as always, Anna and Steph.



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.

LETTERS

A Curse on Thieves

Think this page is pretty boring? We do too, despite the, erm... unusual nature of our two contributions. Help us spice it up by sending your bitching, praise or whatever to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. Or leave an irate phone message on 8303 5404. Or come down to our office in the Students' Association and do some proofing. Hah.

A message to all you thieves and vandals, and those of you who know of them.

An ancient Coptic curse has been placed on that person or those persons who have been vandalising and/or stealing bikes and/or bike parts on campus.

Yea, at once, at once, at once!

Its cure is to donate 22/7 times the amount in financial value of the loss you have caused to charity with no thought of other gains.

Adieu.

Thank you.

A concerned student

We got nothin' - eds

Hate Call Numero Uno

Look, er, just wonder if it was you who said that Prince Charles went to Potsford University, whose national anthem was the "clap clap" sound; and was it you who also said *in print* that Stanley Chasm was going to be named after Queen Camilla's crack? I think you should stop that sort of thing!

Anonymous caller on *On Dit's* voicemail

Dear Anonymous Caller,

As alumni of Potsford, we are deeply offended at your contemptuous view of our alma mater. Also, we promise never to mention any part of Camilla's anatomy again. Ever. Seriously.

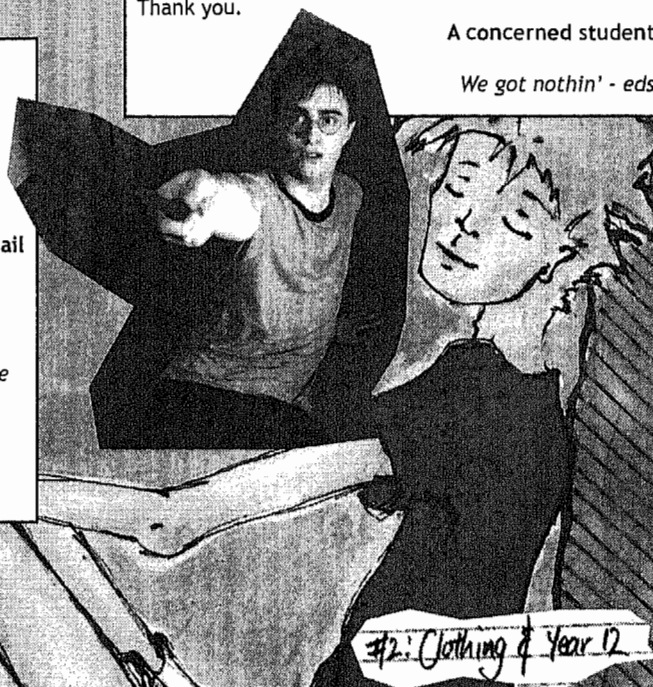
Love Ben and Claire



P. Chi's Tips for Thriving in O'Week

#1: K-I-S-S-I-N-G

Congratulations on meeting your heart's companion at the first O-Week function. What a cute couple (or triple) you two (or three) make. True love lasts forever and it's just adorable the way you peer drunkenly into one-another's eyes. Nevertheless, it's not a good idea to rearrange your timetable to ensure you spend every tute together. Not that your love will ever turn sour, but, it is widely considered to be university law that anyone you lick honey off in O-Week will turn out to have a hideously deformed 'personality' in week three, once all the alcohol and the optimistic glow has worn off. And, if you have been careless enough to change your life to fit around this person, you're going to find the rest of the semester very uncomfortable.



Adelaide Uni was built by an architect with a stair fetish. Darling-of-the-Nightlife, you do look hot in that micro mini, and Allen Glow Fake Bake. I too am proud that you entertain at the Crazy Horse. You are a very gifted artist and I'm a pro-sex feminist. Nevertheless we want to get to know you, not Britney Spears post-divorce. By the way, it's only the first two weeks that people actually care about what you look like or how you were Dux. After that, all mentioning of year twelve and micro skirts are old hat. Yes, you'll occasionally meet a renegade who discusses his TER results right up to the last exam of semester two but to do so is just a very clever way to socially isolate oneself.

#3: I.D.

One of the truly wonderful joys of university life comes from the constant consumption of alcohol in the Uni Bar. However, the bouncers seem really keen on ID, so make sure you have some on you at all times even if you are on the northern side of fifty. Being asked constantly for ID is a great ego boost, and much cheaper than a face lift. As they say, learning keeps you young! Keep up your fluids, and note that alcohol is a diuretic so try to ensure that at least some those fluids are water.

News Bytes

with Sophie Donoghue

For those of you who were otherwise engaged, here's a rundown of a few important things that went on during the holidays:

Former Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein was executed by hanging. Hussein was sentenced to death in November following an epic trial, where he was charged with causing the mass murder of 148 Shi'a Muslims in the Iraqi town of Dujail. The actual moment of his execution was not broadcast, but images of Hussein's body were later shown on television. His body was reportedly flown to an unspecified location, and was later buried *somewhere* in Iraq. A spokesperson for Hussein's daughters Rana and Raghad stated that they had both watched their father's last moments on television, and that they were proud that he faced death so bravely. He was 69 years old. Hopes that the execution would bring an end to sectarian violence in Iraq were premature and overly optimistic, as the level of violence increased.

A new argument erupted about the introduction of recycled water. Queensland Premier Peter Beattie created a media storm after announcing that the population of his state will be getting recycled water whether they like it or not. This prompted our very own Mike Rann to state that we won't ever be drinking it on his watch. Just when you thought water management couldn't get any more exciting, the debate intensified when John Howard announced that he wants the Murray-Darling system to be put under exclusive Federal control. Mr Rann is pretty peeved about the proposal, and argued that rather than the Federal Government, a fully independent body should take charge of the river. Whether the proposal is a cunning plot to undermine state power, or indeed a genuine attempt to improve water management, no one can yet say.

A serial killer stalked the suburbs, picking off beloved family pets. At least twelve dogs were killed in the southern suburbs, all poisoned with pesticide. Pet owners have been advised to keep a close eye on their furry friends. Police and the RSPCA are investigating the poisonings, and have warned that anyone found guilty of the crime - or anything similar - could face a \$10,000 fine, or a year in the stammer.

Former U.S. President Gerald Ford died on Boxing Day, at the age of 93. Famous for being the only president in U.S. history to have gained the offices of both vice-president and president without being elected, Ford is the longest lived president yet.

George Bush unveiled a new plan to send 21,000 more troops to Iraq. Dubbed the 'surge' policy, it is designed to quell an increasing level of sectarian violence. A statement from the White House acknowledged that its previous strategy was a little dubious, and based on dodgy intelligence. The plan was met with more than a few raised eyebrows. The Democrats intend to block any proposal to send further troops to Iraq, and some disgruntled Republicans may help them. Protesters marching against the war and the new policy pulled out the big guns (metaphorically speaking) when Jane Fonda made a speech at her first anti-war protest since Vietnam.

New charges were laid against David Hicks by the United States military. Hicks, who has been in detention for five years, is now charged with providing material support for terrorism, and attempted murder. Major Michael Mori, Hicks' military lawyer, has already questioned the latter charge, and claims that it does not tally with the admission from the military prosecutor that he never actually fired a shot in anger. John Howard said that he is pleased by this new development, as it means that progress is being made. However, Hicks' lawyers responded by stating that the wheels of justice aren't likely to go any faster, and that a trial is still a long way off.

Former Soviet spy Alexander Litvinenko died after he was somehow given a lethal dose of polonium. Mr Litvinenko fell ill soon after eating at Itsu, a popular London sushi restaurant on the 1st of November. He was later admitted to hospital, and died on November 23rd. Before his death, Litvinenko dictated a statement in which he accused Vladimir Putin of being involved in poisoning him. The United Kingdom granted Litvinenko asylum in 2000, after he claimed that he was being persecuted in Russia. The Kremlin has denied any involvement in the poisoning.

On the bright side...
70 unsuspecting Portuguese people got a huge surprise when they were named as beneficiaries in an aristocrat's will. Luis Carlos de Noronha Cabral da Camara chose 70 random names from the phone book, and named them all as his heirs. As he was a childless bachelor, his estate would have been given to the state if he died intestate. Instead, the lucky beneficiaries will share his estate, which consists of a 12-room apartment in Lisbon, a house, a car and 25,000 Euro (SAUD40,000). Here's to eccentric aristocrats.

Oh, and Kylie broke up with her boyfriend.

MEDIA WATCH

For this first edition of *On Dit* for 2007, I thought I would stick to the theme of 'Summer Holiday' by discussing and analysing the fantastic world of summer television that seems to creep onto our screens every December, and manages to stay there until February. You know what I'm talking about. Those late night reality TV programs that you become glued to against all your better judgement, the nightly episodes of *That 70s Show* that have become regular viewing since high school because they took over the seven pm timeslot of *Home and Away*, and those re-runs of *Seinfeld* that you feel you have seen a thousand times before.

Why do television networks feel as if they need to show the worst programs that have ever been created during the long summer days, or bore us with endless repeats of the not so bad ones? After all, most of us are bored out of our minds over Christmas and want to distract ourselves with GOOD TELEVISION. Sorry folks, you'll just have to settle for the copious numbers of re-runs and American comedies full of canned laughter; what fun! So in this first Media Watch column of 2007 I thought I would discuss the standout performers that are running in the 'lame television' race that has become the summer holidays.

We'll begin with a favourite that is generally screened in the Australian summer because at any other time of the year its ratings would have gone through the floor. I understand that reality television is cheap to make and produce, as well as allowing the commercial networks to fulfil their quota of Australian media content, but aren't we sick of *Australian Princess*?

These 'ladies' are nothing but gold digging hussies and if they represent the majority of the female population of Australia, then we are seriously screwed! What happened to independent women providing for themselves? It seems to me this show takes us back to the middle ages, or at least to before the 1960s, when a woman's full time career was not to provide for herself, but to impress the male of the species and be looked after, while cooking in the kitchen, barefoot and pregnant. Is this ideal still relevant today? I think not.

Another show that caught my eye late one sleepless night was another 'reality' television program. "Ooh! Is it the new episodes of *The Bachelorette*? That show wasn't that bad!", you ask in eager anticipation. No my reality TV loving friends, the program I am referring to is Channel Seven's extraordinary smash hit, *Beauty and the Geek*. Wow. It's fantastic how Americans are trying not to reinforce stereotypes anymore isn't it? Let me give you a brief low-down. There are around eight teams of two and on each team is one blonde bimbo and one rocket scientist (NB: I'm trying not to further reinforce stereotypes, honestly). Each group must work together to complete "tasks" in order to advance to the next round. In the episode I watched, the women had to make a rocket and the men had to choose clothing for models in a fashion show. Sounds like skills everyone should have. It has all the elements of a smash hit: gorgeous women, horny men, romantic chemistry and last, but definitely not least, little "tasks" that the teams have to complete. I was especially intrigued when one of the "geek" contestants, who proudly admits that he has never kissed a woman, stated, "I think that fashion is kind of frivolous. I'd rather read the gospel according to Luke". Riveting television.

Another perplexing phenomenon that was apparent throughout the summer months was the long and often repetitive commercials that advertised each stations' new shows for 2007. The Seven Network did this during the broadcast of the Australian Open tennis in order to keep the crowds awake while Channel Nine kept screening "sneak peeks" of their new shows when the time suited them, often using Eddie McGuire to do

so. Channel Ten was a standout in this area, however, with "celebrities" such as Sandra Sully and Daniel McPherson (Who? Oh that guy from *Neighbours*) talking about the new episodes of *The Simpsons*, *NCIS*, *Law and Order* and *House* on commercial breaks during programs such as *Ready, Steady, Cook* over and over again until we began to shout, "WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO BE ON TV?" at the television screen. Stop building us up just to let us down, it isn't fair! You are acting like an annoying boyfriend! Lucky we still had new episodes of *The Bold and the Beautiful* to entertain us.

So there you have it. Just a few snippets of the summer that was and the television that wasn't. Sorry if you did not want to be reminded of all the bad shows that managed to find their way into prime time viewing and onto your screens. At least you didn't have to take notes! I suppose the best way to survive next year's array of prime time madness is to either get Foxtel and further Rupert Murdoch's empire, or to become a life-long member at Blockbuster.

Lisa Ireland

So, summer holidays are over and a return (or a start) to university looms. Doubtless most people would prefer to still be on holidays enjoying the things that, in Australia, constitute summer holidays. A mixture of sun and heat, sunscreen and sunburn, cricket and bad TV, drinking, beer, white wine, beaches, sand and swimming pools defines summer for many people. Picnics in parks and balmy summer evenings spent at outdoor movie theatres or long evenings at the beach or by the pool are things that we look back on with a dreamy look in our eyes and smile. Summer in Australia comprises all these things and many, many more. Perhaps the summer holidays' most defining feature is the heat. It is the heat that enables so many of the other activities. One can spend long nights outside because of the heat, indeed one often feels that one must spend as long as possible outside in the evenings because of the unwanted containment forced upon us by the intolerable heat. It is hard to imagine summer without heat, but many countries around the world do not experience heat to the same extent as us Australians.

During summer in Australia, in the middle of the day most people are forced inside and forced to restrict their activities as much as possible because of the heat. People avoid going outside in the middle of the day, so people working outside get up early to do as much work in the morning while it is still cool. In more sophisticated countries than Australia they have adapted a technique to deal with this heat: the *siesta*. The daily routine consists of a late start, followed by an afternoon break and a very late night. Such advanced societies include Spain, Portugal and Greece. These coping methods have been designed and refined over thousands of years and anyone who has been to these countries or, in fact, anyone who partakes in an afternoon nap, will know the benefits of this idea.

In other, more northerly countries, the daily routine of summer has an a very different flow. Many northern European countries barely reach above 20C even in the height of summer, during which outside activities are frequently interrupted by rain. So what if you are a student living in northern Europe or the UK? What is summer to you? Many of these countries experience endless sunshine in summer, with sunrises as early as 5 and the sun noticeable in the sky until 10 or 11 at night. These long days, when coupled with long nights in winter, encourage everybody to make the most of them. Summers are still marked by increased drinking and partying and other 'Australian' pursuits but not as we recognise them. The drinking is different; less beer and more shandy, less wine and more Pimm's. The beaches are different, often stony and covered street-to-shore in people baring all, trying to get a year's worth of sun in a week or two.

Most marked though are the activities of the young. Many young people around Europe travel in summer for work and play. The proximity and ease of employment within the European Union enable them to travel to Greece for a summer working in bars and fraternising intimately with members of the opposite sex, or the same! How many students in Adelaide, or indeed most Australian cities, would head to foreign climes for a little holiday work in a resort or in a bar of a resort town? This practice is commonplace not just amongst students in Europe but also amongst young, travelling backpackers including

Summer Around the Globe

those from our own fair country. Students, despite the cost, can usually travel a great deal, if not in Europe then easily in the UK. There is also an overabundance of music festivals attended by the most amazing music groups who either do not come to Australia or visit only the east coast. These music festivals are an integral part of summer for a large part of the youth of Europe; many travel from their own countries to attend festivals, combining a holiday in the time-honoured student tradition of *el cheapo* camping with an amazing musical and social experience.

There is also a much greater sense of philanthropy among young people in the UK, and they are just as likely to spend their summer holidays doing volunteer work as they are lying on a beach. Of course everybody wants to work and/or travel but volunteering is increasingly being seen as new wave tourism, giving something back and getting closer to the people of the country you visit. A large population in their own countries as well as such propinquity to other countries and different socio-economic levels promotes a greater awareness among these young people of their situation and good fortune as well as the unwarranted misfortune that has fallen on many others. This sense of philanthropy is somewhat lost in Australia because of our fortune. There is little 'in your face' poverty and suffering and there are not enough people suffering for it to be a major political issue or attract mainstream media attention.

So for young people and students in Europe and the UK summer is marked by many of the things that define summer for us in Australia. In terms of weather, their summers are characterised by summer rain, long, warm (but not hot) days and cold nights. There is also a greater proximity to foreign interaction through summer entertainment, travel, volunteer work and paid summer work in a foreign country, in a holiday destination for preference. Is it better? What could be better than our unspoilt beaches, our unbeatable cricket, our open spaces and long, warm summer nights?

Lia Svilans

Like to win an all-expenses paid trip to Ireland?
Enter the International Rose of Tralee!

If you are a female, of Irish heritage, aged between 18 and 27 and would like to know more about this amazing opportunity, please visit www.roseoftralee.ie or contact Laura Watson on 0411 433 781 or e-mail laura.n.watson@adelaide.edu.au.





Our Refugee policy achieves its objectives, but is unforgivably inhumane

There is a coherent theme in Australia's history regarding the traffic of human beings to and from its shores. The First Fleet, the White Australia Policy, and the 'Australian Diaspora' are all events that have sculpted, for better and for worse, the national and international image of the country. Australia is often referred to as a multicultural country, but it is sadly true that the original white immigrants to Australia have always welcomed succeeding waves of ethnic immigration reluctantly - a fact evidenced by the reluctant acceptance of refugees up to about World War II through the 'sweetener' deal of the White Australia policy. The policy was designed to admit as narrow a range of ethnic peoples as possible yet still maintain economic growth and social development.¹ Ironically, the Australian socialist labour movement was founded on such overt racism and insular thinking,² perhaps giving a clue as to the seeming cross-ideological disdain of racial outsiders. (It brings to mind the infamous paradoxical South African Communist Party motto 'Workers of the World unite for a White South Africa'). In a remark typical of the attitude at the time, The Australian diplomat T.W. White remarked at a Swiss conference in 1938 that 'as we have no racial problem we are not desirous of importing one'.³

So, one could rather convincingly argue that Australia has structured the cultural and subsequent racial identity of its people by maintaining its constant fear of 'the other', that 'other' being those shadowy, barbarian foreigners who have no concept of law or human rights and are incapable of evolving out of their own backwards political systems. This relates to an argument made by some of those dirty commies in the academic world that people construct their own identities and sense of individuality partly by what they are not - so because I'm not black, I'm white, etc. To digress slightly, a immigration policy of the Australian Government based along the lines of integration over multiculturalism is somewhat inconsistent with the policy of spontaneously implementing systems of Western democracy into countries that have neither had experience with a representative democracy nor shown inclination to adapt significantly to any new system that is been forced upon them (as was evidenced by the Afghan resistance to the Soviet Empire's attentions in the '80s). ANYWAY...

In Australia, we are often told by politicians that the legitimacy of our system of government relies entirely upon the fair and equal application of the law. Phillip Ruddock, the Attorney General of Australia, has stated categorically in 2003 that, "The law is the basic and essential building block upon which all civilised life is based."⁴ He expanded upon this concept at the same function by stating that the law must enshrine and protect human rights. He also said at the same conference that, "When it comes to the war against terrorism, many of the subtleties usually associated with the fair and even application of the rule of law are not neatly applied."⁵ Now, obviously the agenda of the Government towards refugees and the agenda towards terrorists are two different subjects. By the same token, however, there is an underlying common fear in Australian culture which our various governments have exploited to cement their own political well-being. I am referring once again to racism, or for those who dislike the label, the Australian public's distrust of races not integrated or perceived to be culturally unadaptable to our political system.

What does this even have to do with those refugees judged to be 'illegals'? It's simple: the Australian public has always been reluctant to allow those of a unfamiliar and unassimilated race to come within its shores because of a perceived threat to social cohesion, although Australia has often participated in the wars of 'liberation' that forced these refugees to flee their countries, the three main examples being Vietnam, Afghanistan and Iraq. Although eager or ambivalent about the need to go to war to 'rescue' the citizenry of those nation-states perceived to be in need, the public is more concerned when these 'others' bring their culture to Australia's shores. A more cynical assessment of the government's hypocritical attitude is that a Government will always look after its own interests in order to preserve itself, be this satisfying the desires of the majority at the expense of the powerless to win votes, or applying short term solutions to long term problems - the case in point being detention centers.

The detention centres are simply a particular manifestation of politicians exploiting the dislike of the 'other' that has existed in Australia since its inception. These asylum seekers are casualties

of a system which was created to ensure Australian social identity. "Now wait a minute," say those of you who support the measures taken to prevent extensive illegal immigration to Australia, "these measures have been proven to be effective! Illegal human traffic entering Australia has dropped considerably since these measures were put into place!"⁶ If you like to restrict results to terms of immediate cause and effect over a short period of time, sure. However, when held up to moral standards often invoked by politicians to justify their actions, this justification becomes significantly more blurred. Additionally, one must take into account the fact that historically, Australia has always been a destination for refugees and similar 'undesirables' fleeing war and other forms of persecution. Y'know, the whole 'founded by convicts' thing?

The media depicts refugees as having much more sinister motives and gives them more credit over their decisions than is actually the case - it is ludicrous to believe that a person fleeing their country has complete control either over their destination or their thought processes. 'Calm' and 'rational' are not two words associated with people in danger of their lives. The constant suggestion that people can simply wait in an orderly line⁷ while their very lives are under threat is the most cynical rhetoric. As one would expect, the stories of these asylum seekers have supported the rejection of that premise.⁸ As such, our 'solution' to the refugee problem will most likely be sustained indefinitely as new waves of refugees flee wars, including those wars that the West invariably starts or escalates. This means that seven year old children will continue to be assaulted with batons and tear gassed with no delegation of civil or criminal responsibility to members of the public service and government (even the guard was 'unknown'),⁹ and it means that interned refugees will continue to become so desperate that they will sew their mouths together, go on hunger strikes, and perform other acts of self-mutilation.¹⁰ In all our modern history it is unjustifiable that such a situation could so obviously and permissibly exist within Australia's jurisdiction. Refugees are being given less legal recognition, less emotional and physical protection and fewer avenues of appeal within the system than convicted paedophiles and murderers.

So, taking into account that Ruddock has stated that the law should be used to preserve human rights, the question has to be asked: "Whose?" The rights of Australian citizens? David Hicks and Mamdouh Habib would probably disagree. What about Mulrunji, the Palm Island resident who died under suspicious circumstances in 2004? The fight for fair and equitable justice continues¹¹, but he is still dead, and justice was obstructed for too long in his case. Perhaps the only human rights that matter are those of the broad demographics that vote governments into office. Certainly, in a time of amoral government, the fate of asylum seekers will remain unimportant until the greater consensus is convinced otherwise.

Michael Adams

(Footnotes)

- ¹ *Our Population, our Future: Belonging and Exclusion* - <http://www.manningclark.org.au/papers/belonging.htm>
- ² Raymond Markey, 'Race and Organised Racism in Australia, 1850 -1901' *The Historian*, January 1st 1996.
- ³ Frank Brennan, *Tampering with Asylum - a universal humanitarian problem*. Page 1
- ⁴ Phillip Ruddock, National Forum on the War on Terrorism and the Rule of Law. 10th November 2003.
- ⁵ *Ibid.*
- ⁶ 'Howard claims Nauru an 'outstanding success' *The Age*, October 24th 2005 and 'Australian Immigration Fact Sheet' from <http://www.immi.gov.au/media/fact-sheets/73smuggling.htm#>
- ⁷ Alexander Deane, 'The Tampa refugees: John Howard was right' *Online Opinion* 9th September 2004. <http://www.onlineopinion.com.au/view.asp?article=2463>
- ⁸ Frank Brennan, 'Four Waves, Tampa and a Firebreak' in *Tampering with Asylum - a universal humanitarian problem*.
- ⁹ Letter of Garry Fleming, Assistant Secretary, Detention Policy Branch, DIMIA, 23 December 2003.
- ¹⁰ Mark Metherell, 'Hunger strike puts pair in hospital' in *Sydney Morning Herald* December 15th 2003.
- ¹¹ 'Palm Island cop charged' in *Sydney Morning Herald*, February 5th 2007. <http://www.smh.com.au/news/national/palm-island-cop-charged/2007/02/05/1170524008271.html>

Right On!



Hi, I'm Michael Adams, apparently the Current Affairs sub-editor for *On Dit* this year. I WANT YOU. Anybody with an opinion that can be backed up with a reasonable amount of fact is welcome - right-wingers, left-wingers, anarchists, Christians, Muslims, Jesus, Buddhists, nihilists, Kantians, realists, idealists, and even objectivists (there must be one of you jerks at this fucking university). Whatever you get the idea, Mike worshippers (I know you're out there) seriously! By the end of the year I haven't got an effigy of me burned, I'll eat my hat, and also random clothing articles of anybody near me. So write in and experience the glory of being read by the masses! It's addictive, I assure you.

You can send articles to me at brimstoneater@hotmail.com or just to the *On Dit* address (I forget what it is). Oh yeh, try to be reasonably punctual please, because as much as I love checking articles that are 2 weeks after deadline, sometimes a guy just needs to... you know, not do that!

PLEASE DON'T: write in stupid crap that has no basis in fact. Because I will eviscerate you. With the written word, of course. Opinion is one thing, even invective is funny when its based in some deeper point, but writing "I HATE GAYS/WOMEN/MEN/JEWS/MUSLIMS/PADDINGTON BEAR/SMALL FURRY ANIMALS" 200 times gets old very quickly. Although those small furry animals are a pack of bastards, so I hear. They rule the world, didn't you know?



YOUR SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY



The Dub.
Hon. Andrew Love, MP

Pseudo-Minister for Veteran's Affairs

I'd like begin by thanking the people of Australia for their support, particularly those we paid off or blackmailed... thanks for your silence! Without you victory would have been impossible,

Before my appointment as Pseudo-Minister for Veterans Affairs I had no idea how many affairs Veterans actually have. I mean honestly, they're at it all the time... like rabbits. But I digress.

The Howard Government has promised \$6.7 million over the next four years to ensure veterans receive quality support, including projects such as cookbooks and exercise regimes. Not enough, Mr Howard. I will fight tooth and snail for the right of every veteran to have one of those scooter things... and the right to drive as dangerously as they like.



The Dub.
Hon. William Martin, MP

Pseudo-Minister for Immigration

It is an absolute thrill to be the newly appointed Member for Girder. I must confess, I was sure the sorting hat would give me Gryffindor.

Nevertheless, this is certainly an exciting time for Immigration. Although deportations are at a record high, there is still much more work to be done before we can ultimately assure Australia's safety from threats like terrorism, disease, and Marcia Hines.

My key concern is citizenship. Simply ticking boxes of a questionnaire is insufficient. If migrants can't handle at least 52 VB tinnies on their illegal boating exodus, or allow their marriage to be ruined by Lara Bingle, then they are both worthless and dangerous. The high, unsavoury walls of the SPP will keep these threats out, and bad pop culture clichés in.

VICTORY!



WALK OF SUCCESS: *Slightly Political Party members William Martin and Andrew Love, triumphant after their landslide win into Federal Parliament.*

Move over Kevin Rudd and Julia Gillard, there's a new hot couple in Federal Parliament...

Australia witnessed a political milestone yesterday after the Slightly Political Party (SPP) was instated as an official Federal party.

The SPP won what could be considered Australia's greatest political landslide victory.

The final election tally resulted in a spectacular swing, making the SPP the first party to ever win 100% of the votes.

Representing the party were political powerhouses William Martin and Andrew Love.

"I suppose the real thrust of our campaign was having no opponent," said the Dubiously Honourable Mr Love concerning their suspiciously convenient victory.

The SPP had previously emerged 20 years ago, however was disbanded due to morally ambiguous circumstances.

"Shady past? What do you know about our shady past?" laughed the increasingly perspiring Pseudo-Minister.

"We're not going to get overzealous... yet... We've been instated, now it's time to fight, and put a chicken in every Australian's garage."

SPP WELCOMES GRETEL KILLEEN



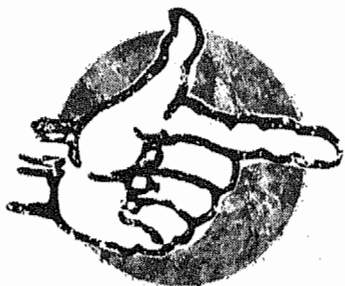
Killeen: *Thrilled to be part of a bigger joke than Big Brother 06*

The Slightly Political Party revealed their first front bench candidate today, quashing rumours of an attempt to create a dazzling celebrity cabinet merely to win cheap votes. "Finally we can prove these rumours are ridiculous," said

Mr Martin in his latest press release. "We absolutely condemn shamelessly showboating a cabinet of popular celebrities. For this reason, Gretel seemed the perfect choice." The rumours follow the appointment of Peter Garrett to

Labor's front bench. "We aren't trying to toot our own pumpkin," misquoted Martin, "but let's see how Mr Garrett fares in question time against our other new political slugger, Bindi Irwin."

**The quicker
you get**



Loaded,

the

better off

you'll be.

Student life has never been easier. When you're Loaded you get brilliant discounts on everything from food, clothes and sunnies to movies, music, stuff for your car and even skydiving. Do what you usually do, but pay much less than you'd usually pay.

www.get-loaded.com.au



Need a VISA Card without the debt & the hassle



- No credit check required
- No bank account needed
- No debt or interest payments
- Easy to add funds to your Card
- Use your Canvas Prepaid VISA Card for internet purchases, ATM withdrawals or at any merchant worldwide where VISA is accepted
- Available in a range of funky designs!

free point of sale transactions
so you can use it as many times as you like!

Check out the website www.mycanvascard.com

Define Yourself!

CANVAS

*This does not include payment surcharges, optional tower mark up, or foreign exchange fees that may be charged by some merchants.

Card and product issued by Heritage Building Society Limited AGN 32 057 652 024 AFS Licence No. 240984.

This advertisement has been approved by the issuer but any advice it does not take into account your financial needs, objectives or circumstances. It is important for you to consider these matters and read the Product Disclosure Statement (PDS) before you decide to acquire the product. You can get a PDS at www.mycanvascard.com.

JERLIN

Environmental Solutions



acer

All Ex Lease Refurbished Systems



Acer Veriton 3500V
Intel® Celeron™ Processor 2.6 GHz
Microsoft® Windows® XP Professional
Ram 228MB DDR
40GB (7,200 rpm) HDD
CD ROM
Keyboard Mouse

\$229



Acer Veriton 5600G
Intel® Celeron™ Processor 2.6 GHz
Microsoft® Windows® XP Professional
Ram 256MB DDR
40GB (7,200 rpm) HDD
DVD CD-RW
Keyboard Mouse

\$249



Jerlin Environmental Solutions 9 Emily St Wingfield SA 5013 Ph 8268 4145 Fax 8268 4146

Keg Party!!

Friday 9th March @ Colonel Light Hotel

DO SOMETHING

YOU can do something –
YOU can have your say.

★ **Seventeen or older? – you can enrol**

★ **Eighteen or older? – you can vote**

Pick up an enrolment form from any
Post Office, AEC office or the website at

www.aec.gov.au

For further information call the AEC on

13 23 26

And don't just talk about it – do it!

Australian Electoral Commission

AEC

Helping you have your say.



AND THE SILENT IDEOLOGIES

This year in *On Dit* I will be utilising this space and text for the specific purpose of unearthing the ideological constructions that govern our society in these strange times of perpetual war, perpetual pleasure, perpetual surveillance and perpetual threat. I want to see what kind of thought-structures are lurking behind the everyday façades of our consumerism, our wars and our political landscape. I also hope to unearth some exotic beasts from the social subconscious to subject to your gaze.

It seems to me that the realm of the 'human' is really the realm of significance, or that our 'selves' can be explored as instances of social code which allow and determine our interaction with society. I also believe that the reading and rewriting of these codes is a way of unleashing pent-up creativity that is locked into structures of self-defeating repetition. And, locked into self-defeating cycles of repetition is - allow me to say it in advance - exactly the state I find our advanced capitalist social form. So from pop-culture, advertising, high-art, political theory, left-wing and right-wing radicals and moderates I'm going to be stealing bits and pieces, attempting to show what is going unthought in the fabric of our daily mental lives and the structures that socialise us. The bizarreness, the violence, the repression, the greed, the numbness, the automatism, the general despair and the awkward, shallow-seeming optimism that we face every day, I want to subject all this to the rigours of thought, and from an angle it doesn't quite expect. I hope, equally, to entertain. Be aware, however, that any such entertainment will be a spectacular façade equal to that I will analyse. Ha. Ha.

So, welcome to *Oblique*, Adelaide's best two pages of private mental resistance to our mindscape of highly coded and the profusion of fractured oppositional ideologies and the absolute dominance of capitalist ideology (or perhaps ideologies) that is our political reality.

We live within a highly determined structure of concrete images: personal styles, impressions of class, ethnicity, gender, messages of status, power and sex. Amongst these the image commodity places a central and forceful role. To buy the ability to imagine oneself as part of a luxurious expenditure of desire and excess is the ideological component of consumerism. To keep reminding us that each purchase is the utopia of immersion in the enjoyment of objects (that is, to hook up our primal limbic system to a series of cues that dissolve the 'mind' and release our basic drives, and to orient those drives towards a product) is the game advertising plays with our desires. Heighten, capture, expend: the structure of consumer reaction, but what is this expenditure? How are we enticed to make it? There is often a very simple structure at work in an ad. For example, observe the recent Coke campaign, "the Coke side of life": here we have a simple binary pairing, two sides of life, that which the ad honours with its luxurious flourish of images (on a brilliant white

background, from a Coke bottle held by a gorgeous, smiling woman dressed in the white robes of New Age cultist, pours a baroque snarl of images, butterflies, bits of gold, sensually splayed human forms. This profusion and confusion clearly tells us that a rapturous overcoming of limits has occurred, one has entered a new realm where objects do not have to maintain their forms, so enhanced is the energy of pleasure emanating from them to our senses) and that which the ad does not deign to speak of. Coke is not being advertised directly, you will notice; the direct message to be transcribed here is: On one side of Coke, the regular world of boredom (is not boredom the feeling that our senses have been reined in by a repressive regime?) and on the other side of Coke, the world of sensual release after one tastes a Coke (the world in which we buy our freedom back at a good price, getting to experience another world without the repression of form). The white background suggests that the regular world has been blissfully annihilated by the experience of Coke. So Coke is not being sold as such, Coke is presented as mere mediator between two worlds, two sides of life, it is not any direct quality of the product being advertised; in fact, Coke is but the vanishing limit between the two sides of life, you are on one side, then on the other, Coke lets you pass through. Its value is that, purportedly, Coke alone allows such an experience, but, as such Coke is nothing, just a point to pass over in one's experience of primal release. (Note the flow of images pouring from that phallic bottle, in the hands of a virginal woman... Suggestive of anything?). It is interesting to note that this kind of advertising strategy is more likely to succeed amongst bored citizens of a desensualised and repressive world, as long as they are not so deadened that they have given up on the memory of pleasure and the possibility of further pleasure. Isn't this whole division in life, at the point of which Coke places itself as the signifier which splits the world in two, and also the secret password, or gateway which allows one to access the perfected world, a billboard-sized archetype of capital's social relations? On one side the perfect producer, on the other side the perfect consumer - aren't these the two subjectivities we are all asked by capital to assume? To make products efficiently and accept the necessity of the burden of work, and on the other hand to surrender to the allure of all our desire for the possession of these products, and experience through commodities all the pleasures of life. On the one side, the factories in Columbia where Coke's affiliates are being pursued for murdering workers who were attempting to unionise (Google it), on the other, the self-contained bliss of a consumer seeking relief from a boring, repressive and invasive regime of sensations with the world of sensations Coke releases (but is not this ad, and perhaps even that odd, blasé beverage itself, part of this regime from which they promise escape?).

And what fuels this escape? Coke's new product 'Mother' seems to rely on some almost-too-Freudian codes to pull off its

tricks. Clearly it is to be related to the stock 'hip' phrase 'bad mother', but it is also an image of nature i.e. Mother Nature, the nature from which its various stimulants are derived. So, we have 'bad Mother Nature' - replete with the Darwinian reality of killer plants eating birds in the background images - condensed, packaged and utilised in the form of a fuel for the overworked, overstimulated minds of this hyper-paced society, which by its very speed and efficiency tends to declare itself as wilfully unnatural. The glorious viciousness of nature unrestrained can be yours! Drink up! However the ad could have been put together by very overeducated people, who might know, for instance, the Freudian reading of the neurotic mother relationship wherein we are driven into life by the witnessing, behind our mother's love of the force by which she pushes us out into the world, the force, one might say, of both her connection to onwards-facing nature by which she birthed us and the force she exerted on us to wean us and separate us from dependence on her. Hence we are given to progress, align with our Father and eternal identity, secure patriarchy, build outwardly and do the many inventive things we do as a society, perhaps, by the force of a hidden fear of the (Freudian) 'bad Mother' who will again forcefully reject,

expel us if we attempt to regress and re-enter the blissful escape of the womb. Not to say that this ad works against the message of the other ad, i.e. escape into the blissful world of a Coke, because the 'Coke side of life' ads are fundamentally about daring to experience something new (or daring to experience Coke as if it was new, as if you didn't actually like it because it holds no surprises whatsoever). The Mother ad works to place its product in the position of the fundamental drive onwards, to both harness and escape 'bad Mother Nature', but as with the first ad, the product is presented not in itself but as an almost inconsequential cipher in one's attempt to gain liberty.

My point is merely this, you might think I'm a bit paranoid, but insane, or that I've simply read too many books. I think that if it is possible that ads are playing such sophisticated game with our heads, it might be time to get paranoid and to think 'to what ends, beyond my buying Coke, and by what means, beyond suggestive images, are my self and my thoughts being shaped?'

Brendan De Paor-Moore (drinks Coke)

A LIFE WORTH DYING FOR

THE OTHER SOLDIERS OF AMERICA

Inside America you are constantly reminded that this is a nation at war. Not only in Iraq against the "terrorists" and others who disagree with their ideology there. They are also at war with themselves.

When asked, "What is America really like?" I immediately think back to my conversation with Carlos, whose real name I will not give, in respect for his privacy and because as an inmate within a California prison his image and body are the property of the state. I met Carlos on a crisp Friday morning in the California Youth Authority Facility in Chino (a correctional facility for 18-25 year olds) as part of a visit with my college class. Once we had passed through security we entered the prison we were taken to the chapel, and after a brief introduction were paired off to speak one on one to with the inmates. By chance I was paired off with Carlos. We sat and talked together for about forty minutes. We shared stories about where we came from. I know no more about him than from what I learned in those forty minutes but from similar conversations I've read or heard about he is hardly unique, neither in personality nor demeanour. He is a man scarred by war like any soldier.

Carlos was twenty and a half when I met him; he has been incarcerated since he was twelve. He is originally from northern Mexico although he doesn't speak the language of the area and can barely remember it. All I know of his criminal past is that he was convicted of murder. Fortunately, he was tried as a juvenile rather than an adult and is expecting to be released in the next six months. When he entered the prison at twelve he was part of the southern arm of the gang Mara Salvatrucha (MS), who motivated the killings. When he was imprisoned they moved him to a facility in northern California near San Jose. He was placed with many of his enemies, and went through a rebellious phase. After moving through a number of different facilities he ended up at the CYA.

He spoke about how he had quietened down over the last few years. He had managed to get involved in some positive programs,

he was getting his tattoos removed and he was loosening his ties to the gang. He spoke about how his role within the gang was as a fighter because that was what he was good at. He spoke of how within the prison environment there was a clear distinction between the black population and the Latino population and that he felt it was his duty to defend his race and attack any black inmates he came into contact with. He told me of several incidences of this behaviour which I will not share, but whatever happened he was a soldier for the gang and if he was needed he would step forward for the cause.

He was also scared about being released, and being sent back to Mexico where he feared being unable to survive as an outsider within his own country. He feared being sent back to where he grew up and the inevitable pressure to resume the fight that got him locked up in the first place. He dreamed of being able to be paroled out of state with a cousin, where he knew he could get a fresh start. His new life of freedom will be an alien experience as

INSIDE AMERICA YOU ARE CONSTANTLY REMINDED THAT THIS IS A NATION AT WAR. NOT ONLY IN IRAQ AGAINST 'TERRORISTS' AND PEOPLE WHO DISAGREE WITH THEIR IDEOLOGY THERE. THEY ARE ALSO AT WAR WITH THEMSELVES.

he was incarcerated during the time most of us learnt how to drive, how to interact with the opposite sex, how to get a job etc. He knew nothing of the world beyond the prison walls other than what he saw on TV. He was a soldier who had done his duty and his time and was now faced with the uncertainty of what was before him. He may not have shown the remorse you would expect, but would you of a soldier returning from Iraq?

On my return to Adelaide in late December I read about the new 'tough on crime' laws targeting the 'evil' gangs terrorising our suburbs, aimed at trying children as adults and increased jail terms. I beg you to ask, "What other options do these people have?" For Carlos the gang would have offered him protection from race and immigration related abuse. They would have kept him fed, housed and socially included and at twelve what did you know of the world outside your own neighbourhood?

When we had finished talking individually we came together for a group discussion where we asked what we could do for these boys. The general mood I took away from the discussion was that they wanted people to understand them, to somehow cover up that five, ten, twenty year hole in their résumé. They wanted respect from the community and most of all, like everyone, they wanted someone to just listen to them.

Jonathan Burrow

TRICHOTILLOMANIA

(TTM)

- A bad hair life

Ah, the sweet, sweet pain of hair pulling. For anyone who's ever tried it, you can probably attest that it's a fairly unpleasant experience, akin to walking face-first into a spider web at night, which once happened to me and has haunted me ever since. Some of us may have our hair pulled out by accident. Some of us may have it pulled out for cosmetic reasons. Some of us may have it pulled out in a bitch fight. But a very small fraction of the population, perhaps 0.6 per cent, feel psychologically compelled to remove their own hair for more interesting reasons. These people suffer from this issue's Psychiatric Disorder of the Week... *Trichotillomania*



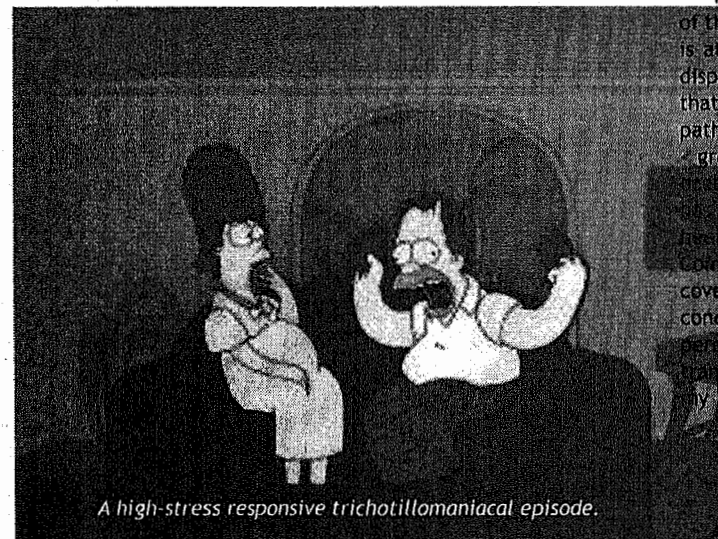
Fascinating Fun Facts for Free

According to the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, trichotillomania "is characterized by recurrent pulling out of one's hair for pleasure, gratification, or relief of tension that results in noticeable hair loss." TTM falls under the diagnostic category that psychologists term Impulse-Control Disorders - those in which an individual fails to resist the temptation or compulsion to commit an act that is harmful to the person and/or others. In this case, the sufferer experiences a feeling of mounting tension, unease or even itching before the hair removal, followed by feelings of pleasure or relief when the hair is removed, which reminds me of the irresistible urge to procrastinate, followed by the intense relief of finishing the damn exam.



Is this a pet you know?

What drives this odd behaviour, did I hear you ask?



A high-stress responsive trichotillomaniacal episode.

For a person to actually suffer trichotillomania, he or she must present noticeable hair loss, experience relief or pleasure when pulling out the hair but impairment or distress in social or job functioning. Additionally, the loss cannot be explained by other factors such as delusions, medical disorders or stimulant abuse.

The most common sites of hair removal are the scalp, eyebrows and eyelashes. However, the conscientious trichotillomaniac who seeks to avoid public embarrassment or family shame may

remove hair from less noticeable areas, including bodily, pubic and, ahem, perianal regions. Interestingly enough, hair pulling episodes can regularly occur in states of relaxation and distraction, such as when winding down in front of the television after a long day. Of course, episodes may also occur during periods of high stress as a means of tension reduction. These hair-pulling periods can be short-lived and scattered through the day, or can be less frequent remove-a-thons lasting hours. We all have our secret habits (personally, I take seven minutes to brush my teeth).

It may concern some people to learn that trichotillomaniacs do not always limit their hair-pulling efforts to themselves. Some may feel the urge to surreptitiously pull the hair from strangers, although how a stranger might fail to notice his or her hair being torn away you may find difficult to imagine. Other sufferers may focus on less resistant, more available objects, such as clothing items, toys or pets. If you have noticed a friend's cat undertake a mysterious transformation from Persian Longhair to Sphynx, ask about it.

Well, I didn't, otherwise I might be experiencing a hallucination of the auditory modality, but nonetheless I'll assume you did. There is at least some evidence suggesting that genetics plays a role in disposition to the disorder; specifically, the homeobox B8 gene. Mice that have had a version of this gene knocked out display excessive pathological grooming behaviour analogous to trichotillomania - grooming to the extreme. Additionally, the disorder appears to occur more frequently within family groups. A neurobiological basis has also been proposed, as similar structural abnormalities have been found in the brains of TTM sufferers and those of Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder and Tourette's Syndrome, which I may just cover in later issues. Finally, some suggest that the behaviour is conditioned, or learned, over a variable time period, with the perception of pain associated with hair-pulling being gradually transformed to feelings of pleasure. Perhaps when I've finished my major I'll be able to explain how that happens more clearly...

Therapy n' Drugs n' Sht

Along with many things in life, there is no 'cure' for TTM, but a number of treatment options are available to sufferers, depending on a clinician's approach. Firstly, there are drugs. Drugs, you'll find, are used a lot when it comes to psychiatric disorders, for better or worse. There have been a small number of poorly controlled trials using drugs such as lithium (a mood stabiliser), Prozac (Fluoxetine, the archetypal antidepressant) and Anafranil (another antidepressant). Although SSRI antidepressants such as Prozac have been shown to be more effective than other drugs, in general,

treatment with these substances alone has been found to have limited effectiveness in treating TTM, and there are possible side-effects. Some of the more horrifying are conditions associated with Prozac withdrawal such as Post-SSRI Sexual Dysfunction, in which the dysfunction can last for months or years after the last dose is taken, and anorgasmia, the definition of which I'll leave to you to work out.

More effective treatments come in the form of behavioural therapies such as habit reversal training and stimulus control techniques. The former encourages TTM sufferers to increase awareness of their behaviour by recording and learning when, where and how it occurs, thus giving foresight and the ability to predict when it may occur in the future. Next, sufferers are trained to identify, concentrate on and reduce the tension that precedes the hair pulling. The final part of the treatment involves the sufferer redirecting the tear-hair impulse to an inconspicuous movement that is the opposite to, and incompatible with, the original impulse. Thus, the original, harmful behaviour is replaced with a harmless substitute behaviour. That's psychotherapy in practice!

Stimulus control is similar to habit reversal training, in that it aims to help sufferers identify and then avoid, alter or eliminate activities or circumstances that trigger trichotillomaniacal episodes, with the goal of achieving control over the circumstances and by extension the mania, and pairing the impulse with new, learned behaviours; this last paragraph consists of one sentence.

Sources:

The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders IV (Text Revision) (2000).

American Psychiatric Association.

Hyman, B. & Pedrick, C. (1991). *The OCD Workbook - Your Guide to Breaking Free from OCD*. Oakland, CA: New Harbinger Publications.

Trichotillomania

URL: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Trichotillomania>

PSYCHIATRIC DISORDER

The Final Diagnosis

Unfortunately for those affected, trichotillomania, like many disorders with a genetic basis, is chronic. It may come in waves and it may be mild or severe, but there is no current cure, although a person can recover from it with persistent treatment.

Angus Maxwell-Clark is a 2nd Year Psychology/Anatomical Sciences student. His hobbies include shameless self-promotion and alliteration. These articles are intended to inform and raise awareness in a light-hearted manner and are not meant to cause offence. Having said that, if you have any questions, complaints or comments, hit me up like a piñata at angus.maxwell-clark@student.adelaide.edu.au

(Whispers) *On Dit* is run by arts students. If any science students want to see themselves in print, send in an article on any science matter or else Tom Cruise will have another child.

Coming Up Next Issue: Alien Hand Syndrome - 'The Claw, the CLAW!'



OF THE
WEEK

WITH ANGUS MAXWELL-CLARK

ADELAIDE UNI STUDENT RADIO

LIVE ON AIR, LIVE
ONLINE AND LIVE ON
THE LAWNS IN 2007!

PROGRAM GUIDE

Tuesdays 10pm till 1am on Radio Adelaide
101.5FM
Broadcasting commences Tuesday 6 March
at 10pm (Week 2)

DANCING IN THE DARK

James Duffy, Daniel Kiley, Matthew Anderson and Will Cibich

The Directors have decided to directly quote the presenters' radio application form, because we really have no idea what the show is about. James Duffy, Daniel Kiley, Matthew Anderson and Will Cibich say 'Our target audience is uni students and hot women'... 'a segment of this comic level has never been seen before'... 'everyone who listens will benefit from the extreme humour involved'... 'we are the planetees of Captain Humour'.... From what the Directors can gather, it seems the show is intended to be at least mildly amusing.

THE ALICE CAMPBELL EXPERIENCE

Alice Campbell

Storming back onto the Adelaide Uni scene Alice is here to play you some great music and wake up your brain with insight into the latest issues. She's also got an abnormally good ability to remember music trivia so if you're keen to test your knowledge then tune in and hear her live on Tuesday nights on Radio Adelaide 101.5FM.

Join the Student Radio crew as we deliver hilarity, commentary and debauchery to your ears. Listen to us on Radio Adelaide 101.5FM on Tuesday nights from 10pm till 1am and have your say by calling 8303 5000 during the shows. Talk on air and tell 'em what you think!

Live on the Lawns outdoor broadcasts will be happening on the Barr Smith Lawns from 12pm to 2pm throughout the year playing you funky tracks in your lunch break. Keep an eye out for us to win some awesome new CDs and enter our infamous contests such as 'White Fear' and the annual Umbrella Ball Championship Trophy.

If you want to get involved in the excitement that is Student Radio send the 2007 Student Radio Directors, Hannah Frank and Tyson Shine an e-mail at studentradio@adelaide.edu.au.

MIXED GRILL

Felicity Rai, Dawn Goh and Friends

Student Radio's first postgraduate radio show. Felicity Rai, Dawn Goh and a gang of postgraduate cohorts combine easy rock with interviews from celebrities, politicians, unionists and unsuspecting tourists to create an entertaining show for those who actually managed to finish their undergraduate degrees. We say that's something to be mighty proud of, especially if you ever got involved in student politics.

VINCENT AND GUMPCH: THE SUPER ADVENTURE CHRONICLES

Kye Elliott-Moyle and Geoff Stone

Lost at sea one year ago, Vincent and Gumpch have managed to build their own radio transmitter, which they use to broadcast from a different location every week. Follow them on their epic quest to return to Radio Adelaide battling mutant spiders, jungle chiefs and their own hilarious incompetence.

THE SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY

Eva Entenmann, Andrew Love and Will Martin

In 1976 a new political party was created to shake up Australian politics. Unfortunately, the Slightly Political Party (SPP) collapsed from within due to arguments about Aboriginal Reconciliation and which 'In A Biskit' flavour tasted best. 30 years later, the SPP has re-emerged onto the media scene. Although undecided on Reconciliation, the SPP determined that 'Crispy Bacon' is the answer to the other issue. Now Eva Entenmann, Andrew Love and Will Martin return to revive the SPP with shameless plugs and witty debate. If that's not enough Eva speaks fluent German, which may not be useful, but sounds really hot.

See page 10 of this edition for the latest in propagan-tainment.

PIRATE RADIO

Christian Reynolds and Hannah Mattner

Buckle up for a panel based comedy that stimulates your brain and possibly other parts of the anatomy by tuning in for this hour of improvisational comedy loosely following a *Thank God You're Here* format. Hosted by Christian Reynolds, Hannah Mattner and their 'many nerdy friends'.

IGNORANCE CAN BE BLISS

When people think of summer vacation, imagery of poolside parties, the beach, scantily clad models and ice-cream pop into mind. Those poor deluded people. Yes, I too as a young child spent many, many hours training for swimming, down at the beach or just generally horsing around with the sprinkler to escape the heat. This memory for our generation, sadly, is not going to carry into our children's future.

Gone are the days of jumping on the trampoline, soaked in ever-so-cool water from the running sprinkler underneath - "Watch out dear children, don't you dare put on a hose or the State Government will come and slap you on the wrist, whilst issuing your parents with a hefty fine for breaking the Level 3 water restrictions!" Gone are the days of children actually playing at the beach, as now over-protective parents refuse to subject their children to skin cancer - "Tell me dear child, how are you enjoying the beach today? It does look like you are having so much fun trying to reach for your beach ball, only to find that your arms are actually shorter than the wide brim on your hat, thus making a never ending game of chase the unobtainable ball along the beach!" Gone, are the days of a child having an ice-cream at the beach, because little Susie has been put on a diet from her 'special' doctor to help combat the obesity epidemic that is sweeping the nation. Oh what a sad world we live in, true, but justifiably so.

'Luckily' for us we're in the decade that gave the world such documentaries as Morgan Spurlock's *Super Size Me* and Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth*. Couple such films with the increasing impact the drought is having on us and it's a simple equation of 'knowledge + consequence = paranoia.'

The mean temperature of the Earth's surface has been drastically increasing since the beginning of the industrial revolution, or at least, so say well-credited sources at Wikipedia and the US Environmental Protection Agency. Back in the old days it was volcanic eruptions that produced carbon dioxide, thusly impacting on the natural greenhouse gasses that surround the earth. Today, however so it would seem, human activities emit 150 times as much carbon dioxide annually compared to that of volcanic activity. Quivering in your boots yet? Wait, there's more! It has been noted that the number of high category cyclones has doubled in the last 30 years. Furthermore, in a 2004 'Arctic Climate Impact Assessment', researchers from Cambridge University predicted that by 2050 the human race may very well be seeing an ice-free Arctic Sea.

Notably, the world's climate has changed drastically over its entire existence; but never in such short a time frame. Bad news for Australians however, is that not only do we have to see Mike Rann and his pretty face crap on about the worst drought in over a decade on television every day; we have to deal with the fact that there is a big 'fuck off' hole in the ozone right over our heads. Hands up those who think they are, or have already, contracted some form of skin cancer from running around at the beach with no sunscreen, hat, or 'Slip, Slop, Slap' Sam's help? I know my hand is raised! I look at television today, and it isn't the content that shocks me, rather, it is the public awareness campaigns that are being forced down our throat. Propaganda to fool the unsuspecting public into thinking that the government actually give a damn about our wellbeing, just so we will vote them back into power? I think not!

Eighty one per cent! That's how many new cancer diagnoses skin cancer accounts for in Australia each year. That means that each year, the public health system pays for some 382,000 people to be treated for this disease. So whilst I do feel sorry for little Johnny who walks with a funny step because Mum has wiped sunscreen in every imaginable crevice of that little boy's body, I must give kudos to dear Mum for being so bold and well informed as to 'zinc' him to within an inch of his life. I only wish my mother had done it, but ignorance was high back then, as it was in Nazi Germany. Too strange a tangent

to go off on? Maybe. So i'll contine along the long line of childhood memories that are now crushed because of an 'informed public'...

Ooh dear, darling Susie. Don't cry into your tub of non-fat sorbet dear. Mummy may be trying to cut fat from your diet, but instead she's just given you a bowl of sugar, which you're now spoiling with the salt from your tears! And as any clever fat girl knows, we can't mix tastes; it would ruin the pleasure of gorging ourselves! Congratulations Australia, we just overtook America as being the world's fattest nation! Pat on the back, seriously. Fact: 19% of 7-12 year olds in Australia are overweight. Fact: On top of the 19%, a further 6% are obese, thus meaning 25% (that's one quarter, a whole fourth!)

of children in Australia have a weight problem. The Dieticians' Association of Australia have found an increase of obese children from 1.5% in 1995 to 6% in 2005. Ronald McDonald, you dawg! Stop charming the pants off little Susie, who incedently wont be wearing pants because she'll end up wearing a moo-moo. Poor little Susie, we all know you're just a product of consumer advertising in the corporate analytic... who am I kidding, you're fat! Stop eating girlfriend!

Yes summer vacation, I'm so glad this year I got to watch a fat kid get stomach staples, see a 13-year-old die from skin cancer and hear that within ten years, the Great Barrier Reef will be dead due to climate changel I can't wait for the next summer, can you? Heart, as always!

Shiney



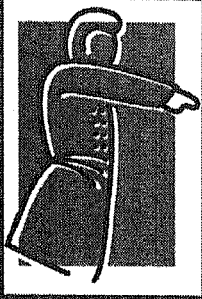
Students and Staff Get 15% Discount

North Terrace Optometrists

231 North Terrace (directly opposite Adelaide Uni)

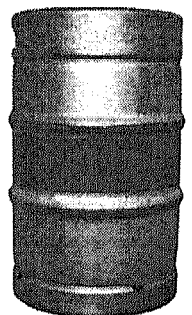
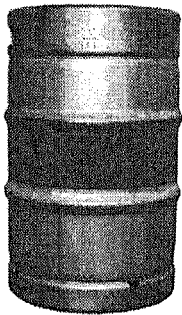
T (08) 8223 2713

We bulk bill eye examinations

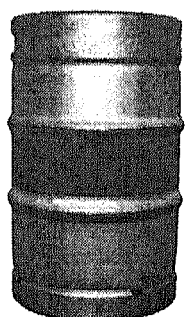
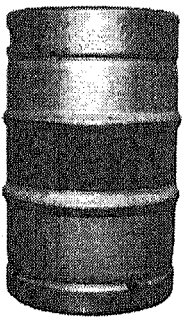


FREE BEER !!

that's right... its a Traditional Keg Party!!



Free Keg of Coopers.
Every hour, on the hour !!
Free BBQ 8pm



8pm til late!!

Friday 9th March

Colonel Light Hotel

(light square)

This event is organised by the Colonel Light Hotel & the Executives from a variety of Academic Societies & Sporting Clubs from both Adelaide University & UniSA.
All are welcome to attend.

PS. Colonel Light Hotel encourages responsible drinking!

I Nearly Dated a

Kite Surfer

(or What They Should
Teach Kids in Sex Ed)

By t.Riddy

If you're anything like me, I'm sure you all remember those lessons in the middle years of high school where the PE teacher, having always had questionable sexual motives anyway, was flushed out of his or her natural habitat of the oval or equipment sheds into one of the spare classrooms on campus by the principal. Looking decidedly uncomfortable and with an expression earnestly trying to convey a matter-of-fact disposition, you could never be sure if the source of their unease was the substitution of the heady aroma of sweat-imbibed softball gloves with chalk dust, or because they'd just had to walk all the way from the staff room, past the murmuring canteen line and into the furthest classroom with a large wooden cock in their hand. For a while I thought it was the absence of grass under their Aerosports, or the lack of impulse overspray that could be unsettling them, but on further reflection, I don't remember any space on campus without readings of Brut 33 elevated above internationally recognised background levels.

The teachers at my school were a little luckier than most. To save schoolyard embarrassment, their demonstrative dildo was made of plastic and came, so to speak, sheathed in what could only be described as a faux-nana. Peel back the waxy yellow skin and instead of sweet, pale flesh you were faced with an impressively proportioned (though, I've since discovered, ridiculously urbane) polymer reproduction of a penis. This uncovering was the sole event of the lesson to induce either shock or awe. The teacher (one unfortunately named Mr. Horne) would battle his own internal discomfort at delivering The Condom Talk for the next 45 minutes. In all honesty, the majority of the class were nonplussed and went back to carving their initials in the desk alongside those of the person with whom they'd most like to utilise the exhibited hardware. When considered objectively, condom use is pretty self-explanatory for at least half of the population, and probably well tried in many a not-so-dry run before kick-off on match day. The other half? Well, they don't exactly need to worry about one if a member of the former 50% wasn't in attendance. Besides, they come with instructions, complete with comic line-drawings detailing the ins and outs of the procedure.

Where is this rather protracted foreplay leading? See, I got to thinking about what the true essence of summer holidays was and came to the conclusion it could only be days spent on the beach in a languid display of sexuality, spending far more time socialising than during the cooler months, and lowering one's morals through the use of inebriants - not wholly unlike the taste of two-for-one Bacardi Breezers on a Thursday night at The Grand. Although many a condom may have been donned over the summer months, I'm sure none of us had to sit and think about what Mr. Horne and his peers had told us in years gone by. Yet still we're left with the damage that those summer trysts have rent upon our collective lives. I'm not talking unfortunate rashes or procedures Brendan Nelson and Tony Abbott would have banned if they could, but the emotionally transmitted disaffection that can result when prophylactic measures against the longer-lasting effects of a brief summer fling aren't taken. What we really needed back then in room 15A wasn't an uneasy demonstration that suggested the teacher may have been the only one in the room

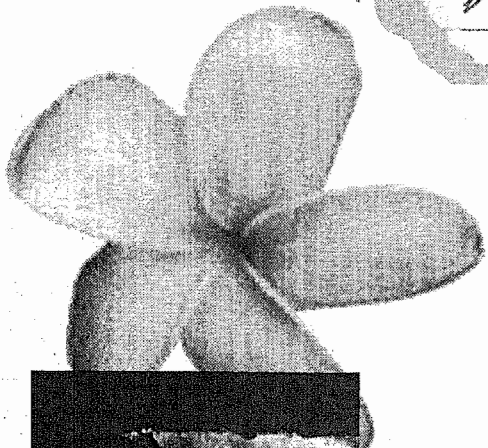
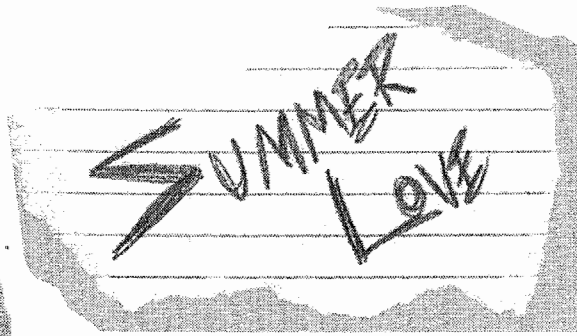
to have never fitted a frenchie, but a no-nonsense lecture on the derivation and use of an emotional condom to guard against ETDs.

Just like their more tactile counterparts, these emotional condoms provide an impermeable barrier against foreign invaders that can wreak havoc on our lives, seeking out healthy specimens and reducing them to a shadow of their former selves. If worn properly, they can be shed after a hasty withdrawal from a sticky situation, leaving nothing that a sobering shower wouldn't cure. There are, naturally, horses for intercourses. No one's happy with a Checkmate all the time, so it's important that you select the correct fit for your liaison. The raw materials are usually at hand on any given night out, and friends are usually able to lend components (often mistakenly referred to as 'advice') depending on their own exposure status.

One of the more important notes to make is the complex role that the mobile phone plays in this situation. Be wary that, like Vaseline, while your trusty Nokia might make things run more smoothly and prevent social chaffing in daily life, it's likely to cause some of these emotional condoms to rupture or be ineffective if not used wisely. The post-coital text message is not unlike a blood test for HIV - every time you send a message to your co-participant, the wait for the result can be excruciating. Even then, the true result may not be known for months. Carry on texting and the lab reports may come back clear, but evidence of any terminal condition resulting from that first shag can (and all too often will) appear a long way down the track. In chronic cases, joining a support group may be necessary. Happily, unlike the pathogenic version of immunodeficiency virus, the emotional one can often be cured by a purge of the memory of your phone. This must be complete. All associated numbers, messages and voicemail must be eradicated. Leaving a single skerrick of emotional DNA from this person on your phone can lead to relapses, usually brought on by moderate to excessive alcohol intake, the assumption that enough time has past for any infective agent to now be inactive or, most potently, the realisation that your only option for Saturday night is to watch *Beaches* on TV because you have too many fines at all DVD stores within the same time zone.

Being a novice in the application of these form-fitting barriers, my only parting advice is make sure you surround yourself with as many useful tools of construction as possible. Ones I've found useful in the past include taxis, the ability to identify what appear at first to be pickup lines for the emotional rubber bullets they really are, a Swedish-English dictionary and well timed (yet factually incorrect) revelations about my religious beliefs. Truly one of the most reliable methods of broad-spectrum protection is the employment of a Goose to your Maverick. Just hope that in the event of a double flame-out and a hasty ejection he or she is wise enough to avoid the canopy. Collateral damage is never pretty, and good wingmen are hard to find.





My earliest summer fashion memory is of my eccentric grandmother swanning around her pool in one of her handpainted kaftans that she made herself. - Kim

My earliest summer fashion memory is of my fabulous mother sitting around the pool wearing bright pink high heels and sporting some very big hair! (a wide-tooth comb and hairspray were her two biggest friends!) - Olivia

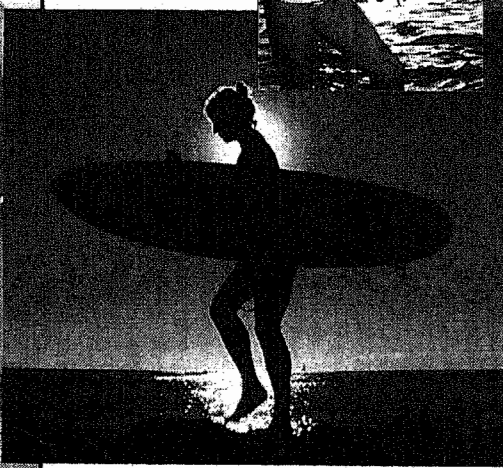
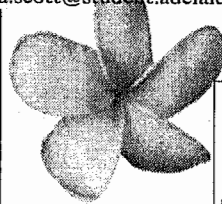
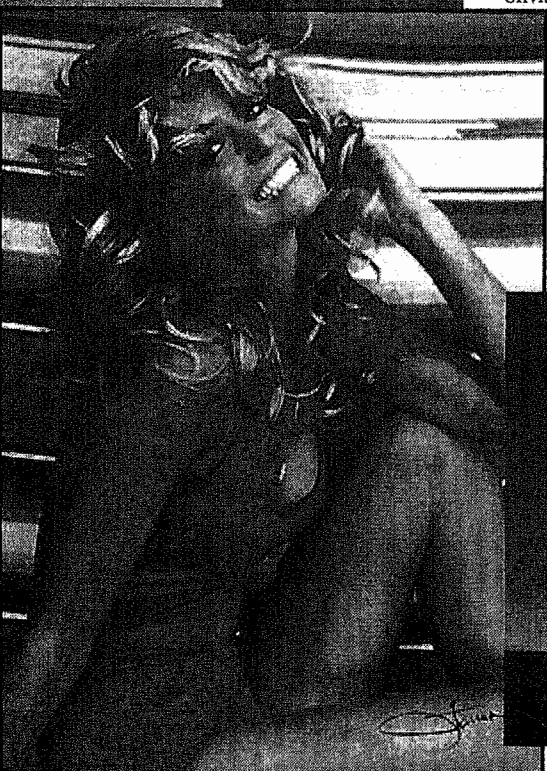
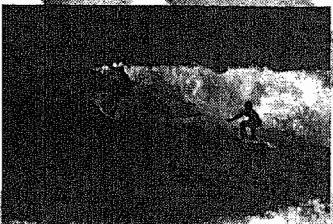
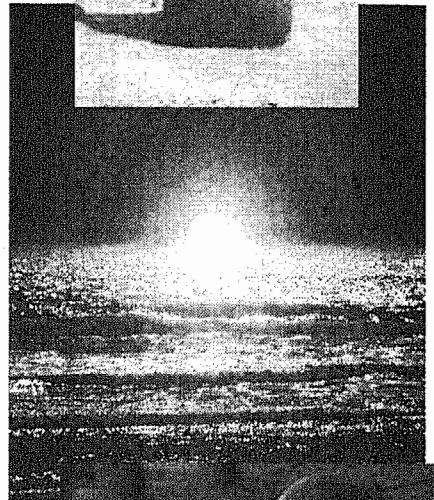
Now, summer is about short shorts, skirts, loose fitting tops, thongs and of course big sunnies.

It's now O'Week and there are a few things you should take into consideration for O'Week. Drink lots of water and wear clothing that you're not too attached to. This is because you will most likely be splashed with beer, vomited on and experience the left over sweat in the sumo suits, which all never quite wash out. Most of all have fun and don't hold back, you only live once.

As the new *On Dit* Fashion editors we are going to include a small section about our favourite local shops.. We will include when they are getting in new stock, what labels they carry and most importantly, when they are having sales.

If there is anything that you would like to see in the *On Dit* fashion pages or just have a question please e-mail us on either:

kimberley.mcdonough@student.adelaide.edu.au
olivia.scott@student.adelaide.edu.au

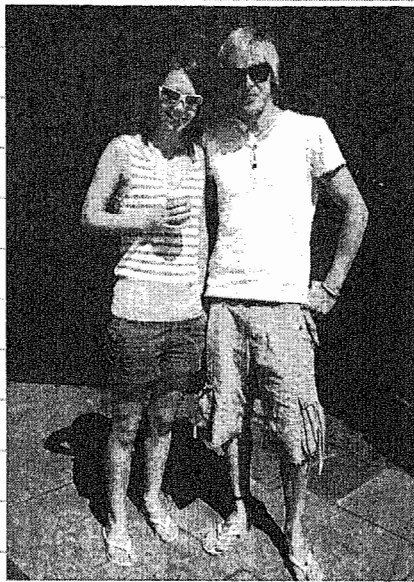


The Streets.

Fashion trends are born in two ways, one is the trickle-down factor, the other the bubble up factor. The trickle-down factor is when the top fashion houses dictate what's stylish through their haute-couture-parades. This is the trend in its purest and often most outrageous form. From there, diffusion lines are developed and sold as pret-a-porter (ready-to-wear) in stores. Other less influential designers then copy these trends and fit them to suit their own label. These are basically a watered down version of haute couture, produced on a mass scale. The bubble-up factor is when what people wear on the streets becomes high fashion. The bubble-up factor kick-started Vivienne Westwood's career in the late seventies. Westwood took inspiration from the punk trends found on the London streets at the time. Westwood took the scruffy, dirty, poverty-stricken look and remade it with luxurious fabrics and gold thread and diamonty studded safety pins. So, we decided to take to the streets to see whether Adelaide has the potential to influence high fashion.



Name: Rebecca
Work: In hospitality
Describe your style: Something that no one else has, vintage, unique.
Fav item of clothing: My big sunnies.



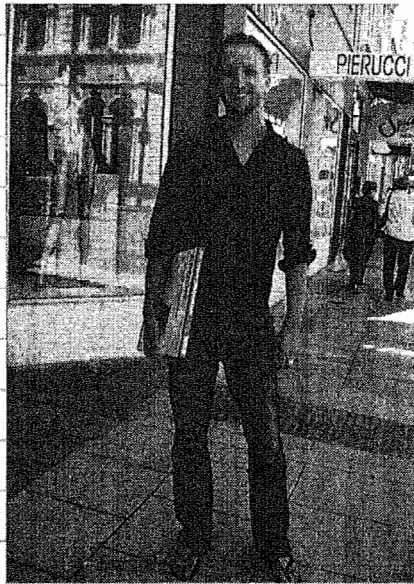
Names: Troy and Emma
Work: Personal trainer, Sales assistant.
Describe your style: Beach, casual.
Fav items of clothing and why?: Thongs...easy, Sunnies... I wear them all the time.



Name: Neff
Work: Full-time student
Describe your style: Different, vintage, mixture of colours.
Fav item of clothing: My high-waisted pinafore skirt.



Name: Michaela
Work: Sales assistant at Sooki and Adelaide Uni student.
Describe your style: Simple, layered, fun.
Fav item of clothing: Jeans... easy to wear.



Name: Danny
Work: Graphic designer
Describe your style: Convinient and clean.
Fav item of clothing: The shirt that I'm wearing, because it's new and clean.



Name: Claud
Work: Waiter
Describe your style: Modern, but classic (I didn't know Von Dutch caps were a classic, or modern for that matter).
Fav item of clothing: My Com De Guscon tie-dye jacket. (What the?)

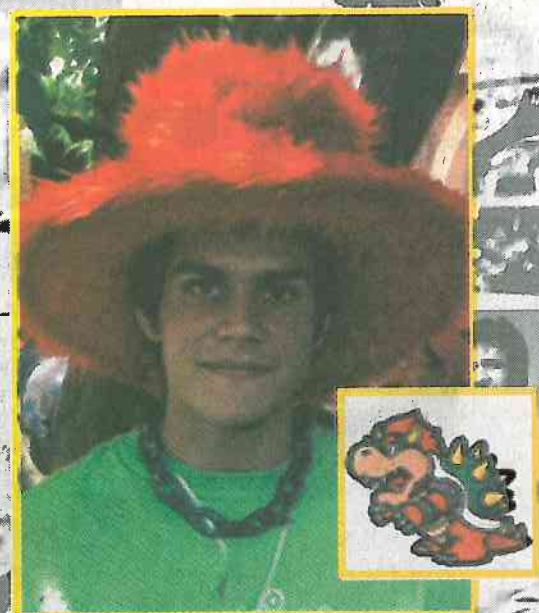
(We'd just like to add that Claud was so stylish that he couldn't stand up for his photo so you guys don't get to see his white pleather loafers with no socks and his hair toes eewwww...) This guy is just too cool for school!

VOX POP

Summer holidays means O'Camp and O'Camp means debauchery, drunkenness and summer lovin'. So take a long, hard stare at this group of bright, young hopefuls, the future of our uni population, the freshest posies in the posie - they're O'Campers! Intercepting them as they step out into the wild wilderness of the unknown, we dish the dirt on what might happen at O'Camp (because when we interviewed them, it hadn't happened yet... so yeah).

The Questions

1. How do you feel setting off on this adventure?
2. What do you plan to achieve at O'Camp?
3. Embarrassing thing that's happened to you that you hope doesn't repeat itself at O'Camp.
4. Nickname you plan to have when you return.
5. Tips your parents gave you before you left.
6. In retrospect, what did you enjoy most about O'Camp?



Alex - O'Camp Crew
Engineering 4th Year

1. Filled with anticipation and nervousness. Looking forward to binge drinking!
2. Pass out at least twice. Oh, and make new friends so we're not loners when we rock up to uni!
3. F: Once I fell in the Torrens...but there won't be any Torrens at camp. Not drowning would be good.
4. F: 'Open to Suggestions'
Sh: She Stole It
Sa: Goddess of All Things Drunk
5. Don't involve yourself with things beginning with an 's'.
6. Passing out on a boogie board together.



1. Pretty good, just like when I was a fresher myself. But now I know what's gonna happen. Lots of drinking and nudity. Plus, people'll just be sitting normally and then a football will fly in and hit someone in the face. And it's funny!
2. Pull some chicks that I can get with once camp is over.
3. Getting wasted and waking up naked where everyone can see me.
4. Gus.
5. They didn't.
6. Making so many friends.

Shandy Sarah Felicity
Arts/Economics Arts/International Studies

Note: These young whippersnappers weren't original as individuals and so voted to reply mostly as one entity.

1. M: Excited and open to anything
J: Ready to settle in
A: Jolly
2. M: Chill out for a couple of days
J: Do nothing
A: A relaxed state of being - Shandy style.
3. M&J: Waking up with texts all over me!
A: When I couldn't think of an answer to a really simple question.
4. M: Jesus
J: J-Train!
A: Just not 'A-hole'
5. J: They laughed at me because there's an itinerary. Does that count?
A: Got your pyjamas?
6. M: Just chillin' (without the g!)



Jordan
Social Sciences



Jacob Alyssa Matty
International Studies Development Studies Development Studies



1. Unsure, it's a surprise.
2. Nothing. Just to relax and have fun. People told me I'd have the time of my life on this camp - more so than Schoolies!
3. Get dicked.
4. People saying my name properly would be nice.
5. They offered to pick me up if I wanted it to be over sooner rather than later.
6. The beach.

Brigitte

International Studies

1. A little bit excited, a little bit nervous: looking forward to it. It's good to experience new things.
2. Drink heroic amounts of alcohol and make a complete fool out of myself.
3. Hope that I don't wake up with half of my beard shaved off.
4. Anything but 'Cuddles'.
5. "Don't plant your lettuces in cement"
6. Bumming around.



Dit-licious!

with P. Chi and Cass

Orientation Week is an inspirational time of year. More than New Year's Eve, it feels like the whole world agrees that this year, it's going to be your year. The air is bright and clean and the campus is buzzing with colour and nervousness. You tell yourself, 'This is the year I'm going to get all HDs and will be colloquially known as the most fascinating and charmingly popular person on campus.' When you're a Fresher, the feeling is incredibly intense. For that first week, everyone looks far more interesting and intelligent than you'll ever be. You've never felt so gauche and clumsy. The stairs alongside Union House are terrifying, because one small slip and you will be completely humiliated in front of hundreds of aesthetically gifted people.

In these gorgeous summer months, the famed uni lifestyle definitely has its luxuries. The joy of learning, the self-obsession with the inside of one's own head, witty and optimistic conversations, Barr-Smith Library (even though they should be called Bar-P. Chi-From-Entering Library) being your own boss, Mr and Mrs Duck waddling through campus, crush-worthy lecturers with delectable British accents and (who could ever forget) the three wonderful months of summer holidays! These are the reasons why the University of Adelaide is a beautiful place. Yet, due to lack of material wealth, the good things in life tend to be left on the wayside. Undoubtedly, the choice to study will end up being a bountiful investment in your brain and also in improved future lifestyle. Until that luminous epoch, it's essential to find ways to incorporate into your limited student budget these pleasures that give life texture; the sensual fragrance, soulful wine, seductive food, flippant travel, extravagant clothing and weekends free from study. As a person who thrives only when all five senses are being utilised, I intend for the food and wine column to take you on a journey to a place where you can not only enrich your mind but also your senses. This column is about the things that make life worth living, the affordable luxuries that make summer last forever.

In those first few expensive weeks of uni, food is frequently the first essential to go in order to pay for the alcohol expenditure and your constant social life. This is a disappointment, especially as many smart young things about campus exploit makeup in order to appear as the lowest cost sexual services providers. Healthy and interesting food is essential to maintaining a brain that works, so please enjoy this quick recipe my sister Alexis taught me whilst living in a share-hovel. It's great as you only need a few kitchen implements, thus saving on the never ending war on washing-up! Try to get into the habit of going to the heaven-sent Adelaide Central Market as your food budget will go so much further than at your local supermarket.

Cooking for the
Financially-Challenged

Fragrant Chicken and Mango Salad

Serves 4

Cook this bit in a fry pan over medium-high heat:

- 1 tablespoon of very good quality extra virgin olive oil, poured into frying pan. (I recommend 'The Olive Tree' who sell their own brand at the Central Market. It's opposite the Smelly Cheese Shop. It's about \$18 for a litre, which is enough to last all year. Unless you're me, who drinks it just for the sharp sensation of freshly cut kikuyu grass and lucerne hay.)
- 400g of chicken breast, if possible, free range. It tastes much better & makes you feel good but realistically, sometimes students simply can't afford ethics. Slice into strips about 1 cm thin and 4 cm long.

Cook half of the chicken until it's white all the way through. Set aside on clean plate. Cook other half so it's white, and also put it on the plate with the cooked chicken. It's now really important to remember to turn off the stove.

Chuck all this stuff in the bowl:

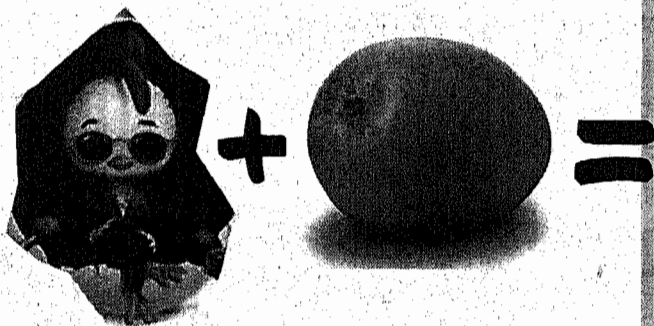
- 2 ripe mangoes (must smell yummy), Holding her gently in your palm, slice in half along the mango seed (mind fingers), Score the flesh into squares and turn the skin inside out. Repeat for the other half
- 1 stick of fresh lemon grass, slice only the white bit as thin as possible
- 1-2 fresh long red chillies, slice one side, open her up & scrape out the seeds with the knife. Wash fingers before putting near eyes or girl/boy parts
- 1 handful of snow peas, trim ends & chop diagonally
- 6 green onions, like the lemongrass, just the white bits
- 1 handful of fresh coriander
- 1 handful of fresh mint
- 1 handful of basil (Thai basil if you can afford it)

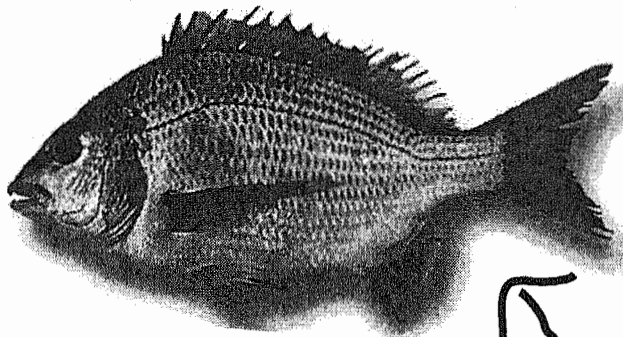
Rip up and tear the fragrant herbs.

Dressing

- 1 lime, juiced. To get maximum juice, roll over serrated sink with firm pressure. Grate a pinch of zest.
- 1 tablespoon fish sauce or soy sauce (whatever is cheapest, but fish sauce will taste better)
- 2 tablespoons grated palm sugar, or 1 tablespoon of brown sugar if you don't have any
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed (one if you have a hot date tomorrow)

Place ingredients for the dressing in the screw-top jar, and screw on the lid. Shake it baby, shake it real good. Throw in the cooked chicken, toss, and pour the dressing. Enjoy with chilled people, music and fruity white wine.





Pan Fried Bream on Saffron Rice

Serves 2

Fish Stuffing

- 1 brown onion
- 3 cloves garlic
- 1 bunch coriander
- 1 small knob ginger
- 1/2 teaspoon each of...
 - paprika
 - ground coriander
 - ground cumin seed

Saffron Rice

- 1 cup Basmati rice
- 1 small pinch saffron strands
- 1 generous pinch of salt

Flour Mix

- 1 cup plain flour
- 3 teaspoons paprika
- 2 teaspoons ground coriander
- salt & pepper

After gutting and scaling the fish, finely chop the onion, garlic, ginger, coriander stems and chilli, then sauté ('fry in a pan' in French) all that with the paprika, ground coriander and cumin seeds. Once this softens and the aromatic spices have blended together nicely take it off the heat and stuff it into the fish's cavity (where the guts were until five minutes before).

At this point put the fish to one side and put the rice on to boil. That done, make up the flour blend. Dip the fish into this mix, being careful to not spill any of the stuffing, so that it is evenly coated all over; this helps to stop the fish from sticking to the pan when you cook it and creates a delicious crispy layer on its skin. Once this is all done, heat olive oil over a medium flame in the same pan you used before and, once it's hot, place the whole fish in the pan, cooking it on each side for about 7-8 minutes.

When the rice is about 30 seconds away from ready, drop in the pinch of saffron and stir it in gently. Strain it off without mixing it around too much, so the saffron strands only bleed a little into the rice. This is a bit of chiefly showing off and totally unnecessary to the final meal but sometimes I can't help myself. It means that as you're eating it you come upon patches of brilliant yellow in the rice and get a hit of the distinctive saffron flavour that goes quite well, incidentally, with freshly caught bream.

We ate the fish plonked on top of a pile of the saffron rice, stripping it back to bare bones in a matter of minutes. It wasn't a huge fish but it was easily enough for two, in combination with the rice.

Cass

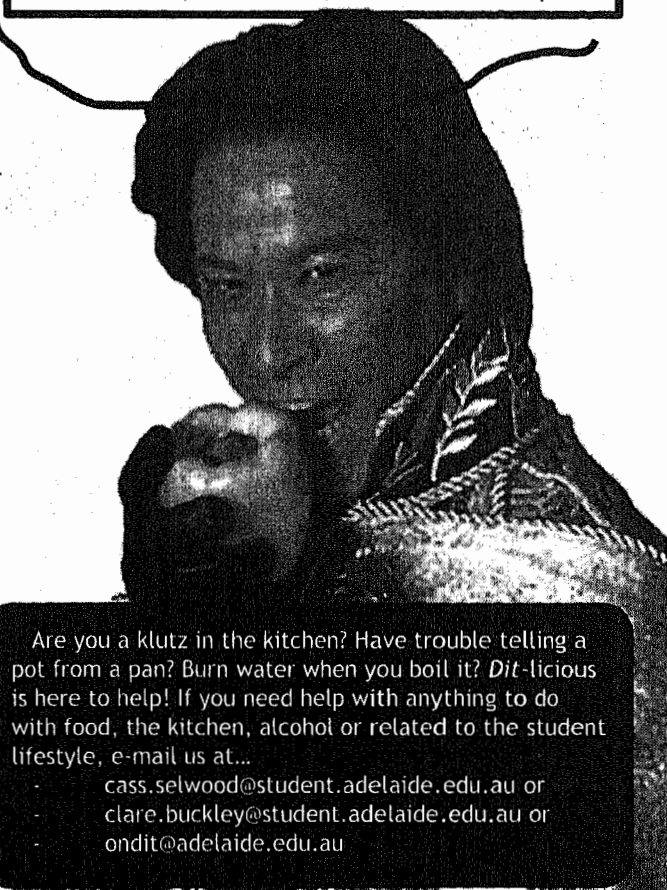
The first question on everyone's lips when they heard that I was moving from Byron Bay to Adelaide was inevitably "why?" Well, it's a long story and not one that I'll go into here, but suffice it to say that, with taunts about great white sharks and serial killers still ringing in my ears, I chucked the dog in the car, strapped the surfboard to the roof and headed inland and South towards a strange land where people enunciate properly and the sun sets into the ocean.

And I must say that after a full year I've yet to find cause to regret my decision. Why? As someone for whom the last fifteen years have revolved around the discovery, production and appreciation of food and drink, moving to Adelaide has been like a spiritual homecoming for me. I mean, you make *Cooper's* here; need I say more?

But seeing as this first edition of *On Dit* for 2007 is the Summer Holiday Edition, I'll tell you about what I did, and ate, on my Christmas holidays. My lovely wife and I, with a surfboard, two fishing rods and a tent, set off on our honeymoon. We followed the coast from Adelaide all the way round to the North Coast of NSW then cut straight back through the middle, a journey of over 6000km all told, that took us just under a month to complete.

We only broke down once, fought properly once and caught one lonely legal fish the whole time we were away. Not a bad record really (except for the lack of fish; that was disappointing). As well as that, we managed to skirt around the edges of a startling variety of natural disasters including, bushfires, then snow on Christmas Day in Gippsland, king tides on the south coast of SA, gale force winds that blew us north out of Victoria, and then floods in Broken Hill just days after we'd passed through. Either it's climate change in action or I've done something that really pissed the weather gods off.

Anyway, summer holiday food... hmmm. Well, I did catch one fish, so I'll tell you how I cooked and ate that. For a start, it was a bream... and here's a picture.



Are you a klutz in the kitchen? Have trouble telling a pot from a pan? Burn water when you boil it? *Dit*-licious is here to help! If you need help with anything to do with food, the kitchen, alcohol or related to the student lifestyle, e-mail us at...

cass.selwood@student.adelaide.edu.au or
clare.buckley@student.adelaide.edu.au or
ondit@adelaide.edu.au

Ahh the long summer holidays! A wonderful time when we can forget the stress of exams and focus on more enjoyable pastimes. Of course one of these is retiring to the couch at any time of the day, guilt free, for a good old tête-à-tête avec la télévision. Also a perfect time to mock those younger siblings who have to go back to school while we uni students get another month to laze around.

In the summer holidays, for those lucky enough to have cable TV provided by their parents, I feel that light programs are the most suitable, with The Comedy Channel and MTV always a good choice for the discerning viewer. Programs with no intellectual component whatsoever are perfect because you can relax and rest those worn-out brain cells in preparation for the hard work ahead (depending on what you are studying) when uni starts once more.

These holidays I watched *Cheaters* (it's on Fox 8) for the first time. For those who haven't had the pleasure, *Cheaters'* cameras film the experiences of members of the public who have doubts over their partner's fidelity. These people write to the show and then are awarded free private investigation into their partner's activities. They are then shown a video of their partner caught in the act of cheating. Each episode culminates in "the confrontation" where the cheating partner and the person with whom they are cheating are confronted and then, in most cases, a fight ensues.

It is a funny show, but there are some sad moments when people are clearly highly distressed, and there are some crazy psychos! The host, Joey Greco, is absolutely hilarious. I really enjoy Joey pretending to care about the people whose partners have been cheating on them. He says things like, "I'm really sorry that you had to see that" after he has shown them a video of their partner with member of the opposite sex. What a load of crap! He's not sorry; them being upset is the whole point of the show! If they weren't in pain, he'd be out of a job! Meh. It's still amusing. When flicking channels one day I noticed that on E! there was a countdown of the most amazing TV moments and there was footage of a cheater stabbing Joey as he was pursued on a boat! What a dangerous career!



PRISON BREAK

Finally, the return of *Prison Break*! I didn't think anyone could draw out a jailbreak for so long, my congratulations to the writers! For those readers who haven't watched the show, the title is quite self-explanatory, but omits the huge government conspiracy that sees Lincoln on death row for a murder he didn't commit. Well no one committed the murder actually; the person he is alleged to have killed is still alive... So his brother gets himself incarcerated so they can break out together. Awwwww...

Season two started with the group of inmates on the run, closely followed by police and guards, having just escaped Fox River Penitentiary. The first episode this season was pretty good in my opinion, especially T-Bag carrying his hand around in an esky full of ice and then forcing a vet to stitch it back on again. Surely he would have bled to death or at least be unconscious by now! But then, he is a pretty tough bloke, isn't he? You would have thought he would be aware that a standard veterinary practice doesn't have the facilities to perform microsurgery, particularly without any assistants present, and without anaesthetic. Still it was a pretty good program apart from that. Oh one more gripe, how did that clever detective figure out so easily what R.I.P. E Chance Woods meant? What a genius!

Having just had a whinge, I have to say that I do think that the characters in this program are very well created and acted. They are strong and interesting enough to allow you to overlook the little areas in which the show departs from reality, and to thoroughly enjoy the program.



I watched the first episode of the new series, *Heroes*, and to be honest, it wasn't nearly as bad as I had expected. Every time I heard the ad on Nova about the character called Claire I thought it was a joke... and then I remembered how I thought that last time and that no, it was an actual program. I must have a short memory. The ad went something like this (and I may be paraphrasing slightly here): "I threw myself down a big hole and didn't hurt myself. Waahaaa I just wanna be normal like everyone else... I just wanna be a cheerleader boohoo." It was the part about cheerleading that pissed me off. I see it as an anti-feminist suggestion that every single girl wants to wear skimpy clothing and cheer on a bunch of boys.

Anyhoo, I was expecting it to be really bad after such a melodramatic ad, but after watching it, I've decided that the idea and the scriptwriting weren't too bad at all, I just wasn't impressed with some of the actors' abilities.

But back to this Claire girl. So having established that you can heal yourself, why have such a whinge about it? Isn't it a GOOD thing?! Minimising injuries is pretty important, especially for an athlete. I think I'd be pretty HAPPY to find I could self-heal. Well, I guess you can't please everyone! Why on earth did they have to demonstrate that ability by showing her hand getting mangled by a food processor! Ewww!

The comic-loving guy, Hiro, was definitely a favourite, as he strives to bend the space/time continuum, just by squeezing his eyes shut and trying really hard. His enthusiasm was the best part of the show. What could possibly be humorous about a comic book geek jumping up and down with excitement after finding he has a special power?

WHAT'S NEW!

I'm looking forward to the season premiere of *Ugly Betty*, perhaps for the sole reason that it is about time there was someone meant

to be ugly on TV, even if by ugly they just mean someone with glasses and braces who wears bad clothes.

I remember when I was little I was always shocked when my parents watched the UK police dramas and murder mysteries to find that the actors were almost like a cross-section of society, there were fat ones, skinny ones, tall ones, short ones and ones with big noses and bad teeth. Good on them I say! The idea of *Ugly Betty* doesn't sound too original to me though. A terribly unfashionable assistant lost in the big league... isn't that pretty similar to the plot of *The Devil Wears Prada*?

The Biggest Loser airs soon, but the Australian version is never as entertaining as the American version. For one thing, I personally can't stand the host. I don't quite know why that is, I haven't watched it recently enough to remember. The main reason why the American program is usually more entertaining is the weird attraction that the American trainers, Bob and Jillian, seem to have

for the members of their teams. I worry that they might have some kind of fat fetish thing going on, because they are always so physically intimate with the participants of the program. Jillian is always leaping into their arms or being carried around on their backs, and Bob is always holding hands and giving hugs. I think they go a little beyond the normal line of duty for personal trainers. A little too personal, if you catch my drift! Oh well, whatever floats their boat!

Hope you all had great holidays!
Brianna

Anyone wanting to contribute anything towards the TV section, please email me! Brianna.Rositano@student.aclatec.edu.au It doesn't have to be on the theme of the edition. Feel free to write about anything you like!



Latest Celebrity Shame

Pete Doherty has checked into rehab yet again. Exclusive to the UK's *The Sun*, the turtle-faced rocker was caught on tape shooting up cocaine in a less-than-smashing Thai hostel. Australian fan Jess Lea, 21, recognised "the sexiest man on the planet" jumping off a motorbike taxi and fleeing to the chemist to buy needles and syringes. Star struck Lea, a student backpacker, invited him to her room to party with her and two female friends. Doherty injected himself as he was telling worried lover and 'man expert' Kate Moss he is "fine" on the phone. While the Gorillaz song 'Clint Eastwood' plays in the background, Jess asks Turtle Man if the rumours were true that he had married Kate. He replied, "No, I love her, but I wouldn't marry her if she was the last woman on Earth. She's too paranoid." After he contacted Kate on Jess's mobile, Kate kept calling him, worried about where he was and who he was with. Jess said, "Peter kept telling us Kate was paranoid and wanted to know where he was and who the girls he was with were. He kept telling her there were no girls... When we got him downstairs, he asked the man on reception where he could score some heroin. Then he went up to every taxi driver asking if they could score him some drugs."

Since this story came out, Moss and Doherty have split. Hallelujah!! Not so soon people. There will be no rejoicing, as Kate has already visited him in rehab. I am certain that by the time you read this Kate will be sperminated and would have married turtle man! Kate, will you ever learn??? Pete apologised outside Kate's house to cameras recently. "That shit that was in the papers...I was really off my nut and that's why I went to rehab." I love this guy! Bad relationships, rehab; it makes for great summer gossip.

To see the disturbing clip of Doherty shooting up go to <http://www.thesun.co.uk>. Highly recommended for those people who are even thinking about taking drugs. It is more powerful than any anti-drug campaign.

Natalie Shiners



C E L E B R I T Y C O R N E R

Hook-up and Break-up

Josh Hartnett and Scarlett Johansson (Break-up)

Josh: "It was difficult spending so much time apart with all our different commitments and both of us flying all over the world." What a boring bloody break-up. We want him to say "I hate the b***h and I never want to see her ever again!"



Mandy Moore and DJ AM (Hook-up)

Ex-fiancé, Nicole Richie, is not going to be happy about this! Moore to *Seventeen* magazine:

"Oh, God! I tell you what: In this industry it's my job to look a certain way or whatnot - and it's weird for men too. But I'm much happier to present this type of person. I'm not Nicole Richie. I'm not like a toothpick, and I will never be. I'm just a regular looking person - and that's okay. It's taken a while to come to grips with that since it's definitely not the norm in my business. But, like, who cares? If anything, that makes someone more special - or at least that's what I tell myself."

Justin Timberlake and Jessica Biel (Hook-up)

Johnny Knoxville and wife Melanie have split after an 11-year "open" marriage.

Kirsten Dunst is on fire! (Hook-Ups)

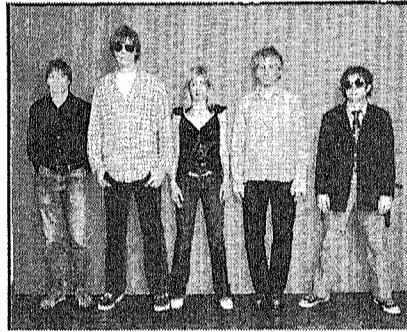
Adam Brody, Drew's ex & Strokes drummer Fab Moretti, *Entourage's* Adrien Grenier, *Saturday Night Live's*, Andy Samberg.

Natalie Shiners

MUSIC

Editors: Chelsea Sinnott
and James Swift
onditmusic@gmail.com

CD REVIEWS



Sonic Youth *The Destroyed Room* Geffen

Sonic Youth's *The Destroyed Room* is transient soul search for the aural palate. Am I overeating? Am I biased? Sitting on the floor in my room on a Sunday afternoon in a Sonic Youth-induced, drug-like state has left me somewhat overwhelmed.

The album itself consists of B-sides and rarities and are each from a different part of Sonic Youth's reign on the experimental psychedelic art rock underground. Having said that, don't expect any straight out dirty rock songs a la *Dirty* or *Goo*. This is not a pick 'n' mix album. This is a cleverly thought out, themed and instrumental piece of work with more aesthetic relevance within their sounds rather than catchy licks.

The booklet that accompanies the album contains short paragraphs denoting the origins of each song and details to some extent the concept of the band itself regarding their aims, influences and politics. As with all works of art, words aren't necessarily essential but it certainly helps give a clearer perspective on the music.

The album opens with the grittiest-sounding song of the album, 'Fire Engine Dream'. This ten-minute rock and roll meditation will create a divide between the masses. Sonic Youth quote the Hair Police by saying, "Let's see who's here and who's not."

Through *The Destroyed Room*, Sonic Youth are showing their maturation, education and rebellion from the political norms. It

contains an air of romanticism which is soul-wrenching. In essence, it is probably most relevant to a live show where the crowd, more often than not, gets blown away by the all-encompassing beauty these people create. The build up. The crescendo. The plateau. It takes you, the individual in the crowd, on a journey to meet the divinity of the maker.

The album ends with the 25-minute-plus version of 'The Diamond Sea'. Everyone privy to this life-affirming event live at 1997's Somersault festival will attest to the group's ability to create a sound world where falling down the rabbit hole is welcomed and expected. *The Destroyed Room* is more creative and artistic; aesthetic rather than direct. It is sincere, introspective and beautiful and lends time to ponder the subtlety of the human condition. After that, God, I need a cigarette.

Sally Kitten

BLAST FROM THE PAST

The Zombies *Odessey and Oracle*

The brevity of the summer has always been the thing that plagues me most during my holidays. Lounging around, not caring whether it's day or night, yet still knowing that soon enough the uni semester will start again, I needed something to take the idea that it will all end soon out of my head. The Zombies did that for me this summer.

Who are the Zombies you may ask? They are one of the many British invasion bands of the 1960s. Yes, they are among the group that have gone down in history as arguably the most influential on the popular music that followed. It's usually the Big Four that come to mind: The Beatles, The Who, The Stones and The Kinks. Digging your way to them you'll find The Zombies on your way. Known mainly for the singles 'She's Not There', 'Tell Her No', 'Time of the Season' and perhaps 'The Way I Feel Inside' which featured on the soundtrack to *The Life Aquatic*, they never really took off in the UK and sank like a stone amidst all of the psychedelia around them. Indeed they only released one true LP in 1968, *Odessey and Oracle* (for those who noticed, yes, it is misspelt like that) months after they disbanded in 1967.

That is the pop masterpiece that I fell in love with in early December. An album totally of its time but still not sounding dated, it's about the changing seasons, the passage of time, naivety, lost love and new love. The beautifully composed tracks with carefully crafted vocal melodies coloured by heavenly harmonies and smart lyrics highlight everything that is good about summer.

Most of the tracks are light and bright. One of the defining songs of the sixties has to be the last track on this album 'Time of the Season'. A classic summer tune, this became a hit for The Zombies in 1969, two years after they disbanded. With the catchy call-and-response verse that arguably popularised the term 'Who's your



daddy?" you float on air and notice the little things that you will miss in summer. The feel of the soft grass that you take afternoon naps on. The sound of the bees buzzing. The sight of gorgeous girls at the beach. If you hear one Zombies song, make it this one.

I am so in love with this album I can't find fault in it at all. Perhaps its only flaw is the fact that like all good things in life, *Odessey and Oracle* finishes too soon, clocking in at just under 35 minutes.

Now as the uni semester starts I know that the summer holidays have gone for nine months. It doesn't concern me. No matter what season it is outside, I'll always feel the warm sun and serenity of summer throughout as I listen to the sounds of *Odessey and Oracle*.

If you liked:

- Pet Sounds* - The Beach Boys
- Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* - The Beatles
- Oh, Inverted World* - The Shins
- You will adore *Odessey and Oracle*.

Bobak Bahrami

You may be familiar with Sydney's three-piece band Sick Puppies due to their highly successful promotional YouTube film clip 'Free Hugs'. They have just toured the country with the Big Day Out, released an EP *Headphone Injuries* through Sony BMG, and are currently living in LA, attempting to break into the US market.

But what about the music?

Headphone Injuries is one of those incredibly overproduced products that attempt to convince you that because an absurd amount of money has been spent on the band, they must be of some substance. Unfortunately not.

The songs themselves are repetitive, leaving little to the imagination. Lyrically it's hard to believe the band members themselves finished high school. Lyrics like, "My life's so pitiful/Gimme one good reason why I shouldn't end it all," and, "Welcome to my world/Where everyone I ever need always ends up leaving me alone," don't even make it to the CD booklet, and are instead found on one of the most difficult to use multimedia components I have ever attempted to utilise.

Musically, Sick Puppies have nothing to offer that has not already been done to a higher standard. If you like My Chemical Romance, but think you would have liked them better if they joined forces with Jerk, then Sick Puppies are probably the band for you.

Chelsea



Sick Puppies
Headphone Injuries EP
Sony BMG

Big Day Out

Ahhh the Big Day Out. There's nothing else quite like it in Australia. From the 32,000 sweating people lining up at the gates, the 40 degrees lining up on the thermometer, and the somewhat stunning array of musical treats lining up to play, it was lining up to be a good day. If you went, you are probably currently still shivering with fear and loathing in reference to the words 'line up'. The day was plagued with them. This year saw the introduction of drink tickets, which you lined up for after getting out of the line up for an ID wristband, and before the line up for the actual bar, then the toilet line up, before lining up to get into the D barrier, to finally see the band you came to see.

So onto the bands. First off the bat was Adelaide's own **Tony Font Show** on the Green Stage. The Font Show farked it up to an ever-increasing crowd, starting the first mosh pit and subsequent crowd surfing of the day. The band were utterly infectious, great to watch and an awesome sound for the start of the day.

Next up was a wander over to the local stage for a quick look at **Antony of the Future**. These guys won the Triple J Big Day Out position, and watching them I had to wonder why. Antony of the Future were a solid enough act, but the crowd seemed they were there more for the shade than the music.

After some beers and food, it was then time to catch **Fire! Santa Rosa, Fire!** on the local stage. The local stage was great for these guys, the sound was clear, crisp and fantastic, and the crowd loved it, as did I.

Eskimo Joe did a pretty decent job of sounding like that typically wind-washed afternoon act, and lost my attention within about a song.

Kasabian, however, were fantastic. I had never heard of these guys before, although I recognised a couple of tracks, and proved quite convincingly their right to be playing the Green Stage. Kasabian's vocals were the standout in this set, beautiful harmonies and

gorgeous tones backed with funky tunes; well worthwhile.

Next started the line up for **Muse**. This was the first time for the day I had ventured into the D Barrier, and the squishy, sauna-like battle for the sheep pen was not for the faint-hearted at this time of day. Once in, Muse took the stage and all was forgotten in admiration and awe of the musicianship of this band. Muse played tracks from a vast repertoire to a very appreciative crowd. Unfortunately, most of them thought that it was a karaoke day, so here's a note to all you bastards that paid to see Muse and then sang over the top of Matthew Bellamy, you suck.

Next up, **Tool**. The headline act of the 2007 Australian Big Day Out were absolutely fucking awesome. I find it hard to describe just how good this band is live. The production was studio quality, the performance was mesmerising, and the choice of songs was perfect. As for the audience, I have never been in a mosh pit where the participants were so well behaved. Those who fell were lifted, water was passed to the thirsty, those who suffocated were led to the front, and no one sang over Maynard. So way to go Tool, and Tool fans, for being the most kick ass people at this year's Big Day Out.

Chelsea



Photo: Scott Oates



A day before their debut Big Day Out performance, I had the pleasure of catching up with the lads from local group Tony Font Show. The boys were anything but nervous, sitting down in the Worldsend beer garden over a few quiet ales and sorting out final details for their gig the next day. They gave me a few moments of their time to bring *On Dit* readers up to speed on themselves, their music and their experiences. Tony Font Show are Richard Clift, Matt O'Callaghan, Lee Cowen, and Phil Meakin. The lads were quite short on their introduction, but it seemed to break the ice on what would end up being a pretty interesting conversation.

"Hi, I'm Richard and I play the guitar."

"I'm Matt and I play bass for Tony Font and I sing in the band"

"I'm Lee."

"My name's Phil, I play with myself. And the drums. I'm good with my hands."

So it began.

When asked about their musical style, all the members had something to say. "Really, really good. Wicked. Fun. Happening." Lee offered. "Energetic," added Matt. "Lively," Richard interjected. "Talented," Phil suggested. After a bit of coaxing they went on further. "I guess we like to refer to it as disco metal," said Lee. "A bit of Bungle, a bit of System of a Down, a bit of Chilis I guess, but not really," Richard added. "A bit of us, a bit of Tony Font, we are creating our own style. We're pioneers." After a bit of a laugh, the guys relaxed a bit more and went on to relate how they met.

Lee confided, "It was Twinks and Daddies night at the Mars Bar. Me and Rich are older, and they're (Matt and Phil) younger, they were looking for some elderly gentlemen to show them what's what." Really? "It's true actually," offered Richard, "we were looking for some young arse to tap." At this point Matt and Phil must have thought it time to set me straight. "It's not that exciting man, pretty standard really." Phil continued, "Me and Matty went to school together, Lee and Richard went to school together. Me and Richard knew each other..." "But the Mars Bar story sounds a lot more appealing to the readers though - we're just trying to help you shift units," Lee offered. At this point in the conversation the sexual innuendo started to get a little out of hand, so I thought it best to move the conversation along. Matt quickly asked in regards to their response, "Can you get something from that?" "It's all going in," I said. "That's what Lee said to me," added Richard.

Unsure as to why they named their band Tony Font Show, I thought it best to ask what inspired their band's name. Lee revealed, "Tony Font is an Italian world champion table tennis player. Her real name is

Antoinette Fontarelli. She was a world champion table tennis player but she didn't care about it too much." "She was a hussy," Phil interrupted. Lee continued, "She knew how to get down, cutting lines of coke off the table with her paddle - and she used to put on one hell of a show. So we named our band after her." Interestingly enough, a quick Google search to verify her existence turned up fruitless.

TFS's latest EP *Secret Steps* was released last September and was recorded at studio 301 in Byron Bay, a pretty exciting experience for a newly formed band. "There were a lot of problems - everything that could go wrong went wrong. The bass was stuffed. The whole computer system crashed, and we had to reboot the system," Richard said of the experience. Phil added, "We actually had to fly back up to Byron to remix it again. The first mix didn't work out." Matt continued, "It was pretty subtle, pretty chilled out, a bit of booze but mostly just hard-arse hours."

Lee offered, "Twelve hour days, we didn't really get to see the daylight. We had seven days to do seven tracks." "Six tracks," corrected Richard. "Well, 'Interlude' (track five of their new EP)," Lee interjected, "But we did that by accident!" revealed Richard. "Shut up!" Lee offered, laughing. "Really it was eight tracks, but we cut one because it was too good," Matt claimed. "It was good to get out of the state, we made some good friends and good contacts," Phil continued. "It was great to record it at such a good studio, 301's is probably one of the better studios in Australia, Paul Pilsneniks (who engineered, mixed and helped produce the EP) was a cool guy, easy to talk to." "Yeh, and he has a really hot girlfriend," Lee added.

TFS have a film clip available for all to see on their website for their track 'Chill Bit' off of their first, self-titled, EP. Of the experience, Lee said, "It was lengthy. It took about a year to make - if you have a keen eye you can see that I age about a year from the beginning to end. The product was worthwhile in the end, people dig it, and it's on YouTube." So what about the guy who gets his penis out? "That's our mate Dave. He'll only agree to be in films or on camera if he can get his dick out. They're his conditions and we work with them (laughs). So we wrote it into the clip." "Wrote it in well," Matt added.

So, is there anything else that you want to share with the *On Dit* readers? "If anyone wants to buy me a new drum kit they can," shared Phil. Lee stated, "We love you. We want to party with you." Phil added, "Let's make friends and drink beer and stuff. The way it should be. Come see us after the show and hang out with us." Sounds like a plan, boys.

Jimmy.





Why Emma Donovan is Lovely, and How Recording Devices Get You Into Trouble

My first ever interview for *On Dit* began a little like this:

"Alright Ben, speak loudly this time."

"Um, hello, Claire? This is Emma calling from WOMAdelaide, I'm calling to introduce you to Emma Donovan. You're scheduled to interview her this afternoon."

"Shit, I mean, sorry Emma, yes, sorry. It's just that I'm trying to get our phone-recording device thingy to work, and we've been, I mean my co-editor and I, have been testing it. So that's why... Oh, I'm so embarrassed, how unbelievably unprofessional, I apologise."

"I'll just put you on hold and Emma will be with you shortly."

It was MORTIFYING. I looked at Ben, while listening to some bad muzak coming out of the earpiece, and he had a look on his face that was a mix of laughter, confusion and pity. "You're an idiot," it said, "but I feel slightly bad for you." This did not make me feel any better. After a few deep breaths I was very much put at ease by the friendly voice on the other end of the line: "Hey sis, so where were you from again?"

Emma Donovan is lovely. Of course she had no idea about the strange exchange that has gone on seconds before, but her cheer,

genuine pleasantness and passion made me feel good again; warm and fuzzy inside, kind of like our mouldy office.

Emma Donovan is one of the acts playing at WOMAdelaide this year. An indigenous artist with a penchant for soul and reggae, Emma is coming off the back of her debut solo album *Changes*. She has been to WOMAD before when she sung with The Stiff Gins, but this time she is performing all of her own work and she is clearly thrilled to be involved. "I just get so excited when I talk about WOMAD. The people that you meet, the things that you see, it's just a big eye-opener. You feel like you're somewhere else in the world, but you're not, you're in Australia." I suggest that especially because of the setting of the festival, it's like your living in another world altogether for a weekend. She agrees, adding, "I think the saddest thing about those festivals is that we finish them and we have to go back to reality."

Emma comes from a very musical background with grandparents who sang country music and a mother and uncles who were encouraged to form a band from a young age. She finds she is unable get away from the Donovan tradition or the Donovan name and finding her own style and expressing her identity within her music is something she is conscious of. "You've gotta venture out and do your own thing. You've gotta do what makes you, you... who you are." A large part of this is connecting with her indigenous heritage, acknowledging and learning her people's stories, and being actively involved in helping to keep the Gumbaynggir language and culture alive. "I try not to be too political and I try not to get in anyone's face about it." You can tell from her demeanour that this would definitely be the case.

Emma is playing twice during the festival: 8.15pm on Friday on the Zoo stage, and 7.00pm Saturday on the Moreton Bay Stage. She cites Celenod an artist from New Caledonia - (she's really into the kanack sound and flavour) as one to see.

Claire

Bright Summer Sky

Summer is the season to laze about, take time out from work and spend time doing all the nothing you didn't have time for when you were busy doing something. However, Sky Ingram is one very talented South Australian singer who spent her summer not only representing the state while promoting her brilliant performance skills, but also won the national MBS Young Performer of the Year award.

It's not just the glory of the title, but the \$10,000 prize for overseas travel and studies that made the win more exciting for the Adelaide soprano.

"I suddenly thought 'Oh Gosh, the next year's worth of stress and finding money to fly myself overseas to audition for various schools, is no longer a worry'. I'm just so privileged and so lucky. It was really a hard competition," she said.

Sky's future study plans may include attending audition rounds and scouting around England for possible entries in various courses.

"It's not confirmed yet, but I would really like to head over to England in December for auditions and see where it takes me. It's mainly to scope out the atmosphere because I'd like to study there, I would love to study anywhere really, but I think England is a good place to start. If anything else comes my way, then I'll have \$10,000 at my disposal, so it's a fantastic thing to have."

Sky joined three other finalists, NSW cellist Kenny Mizushima, Queensland trombonist Jamie Kennedy and Victorian violinist Xenia Deviatkina-Loh in a tough competition. She was impressed with the finalists and praised their outstanding performances.

"They were amazing! I was the only singer, so it was four completely different instruments - violin, cello, trombone and then voice. They all performed at a high standard and at an amazing level,

but I was lucky enough to win on the day. It was not only the technique and your training or how good you are at that particular time, but also your performance and how you communicate with the audience. It was really tricky, so I don't know how they chose the winner."

Sky's summer of success is not over yet as she heads off to WAAPA (the Western Australian Academy of Performing Arts) to study a performance course for the next few months. The talented singer is well rounded in her vocal abilities; even tackling genres outside of her classically trained operatic styles. Sky's placement at WAAPA will further enhance her singing and performance skills.

"I was doing *Carmen* with Alexander Productions in Sydney, and I was there for three weeks working with world class directors. Soon, I'm heading off to WAAPA to do a course for a few months and they're going to be doing *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It's all very exciting."

With so much on her plate, you'd think Sky never has time to chill out with her friends, but she assures us that while forging a singing career is hard, the support from family and friends makes things a lot easier.

"I would love to have more time to chill out with my friends and I try to do it as much as I can. Yet, it's important to grab any opportunity that comes your way and if you miss it, the opportunity might not come around again. It's all about being in the right place, at the right time with the right people. I do end up doing too much, but I love it and my friends and family are very supportive and behind me because they know I love it."

Linh Chung

PERFORMING ARTS 2007



Edward Joyner previews the major companies' seasons, gives his picks and highlights the best ticket deals. Get out your diaries and start planning your year of cultural enlightenment!



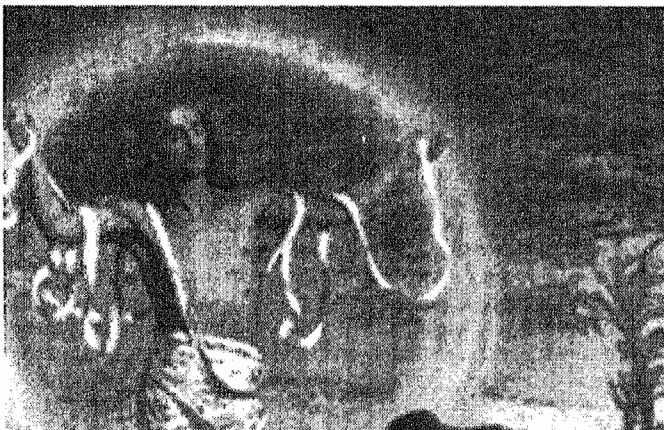
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
www.aso.com.au

The orchestra's Master Series season this year is a strong programme of serious orchestral music. The ASO will present a Sibelius festival over four nights, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of his death. There's a plethora of Russian music by composers such as Rachmaninov, Stravinsky and Prokofiev and a focus on the violin with concertos by Dvorak, Sibelius, Prokofiev, Beethoven and Elgar. Outside the Master Series, there are a number of more popular concerts including a performance by Herbie Hancock, Led Zeppelin and Queen tributes and the Gospel Messiah.

- The best student rush deal around is the ASO's \$10 student tickets, available to full-time students 30 minutes before all ASO performances. Your best bet is on Thursday night performances, when good seats are usually available.

Pick of the season

Master Series 10, 'Resurrection'. Friday October 19, 8.00pm & Saturday Oct 20, 6.30pm at the Adelaide Festival Theatre.



Not performed in Adelaide for 35 years, the return of Mahler's vast *Symphony No. 2 'Resurrection'* will make a triumphant return in 2007. Requiring huge orchestral and choral forces and two soloists, this work is big enough to fill an entire programme. The Adelaide Symphony Chorus makes its only appearance for the year with soloists Nicole Youl (soprano) and Fiona James (alto).



Australian Chamber Orchestra
www.aco.com.au

The ACO probably needs no introduction as Australia's best chamber orchestra and probably the best ensemble as well. Anyone who attended their electrifying 'Inner Worlds' concert of 2003 or their breathtaking interpretation of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 5* in 2006 will know how thrilling an ACO performance can be. Their 2007 season features typically adventurous programming, including a number of new works, lesser-known music by well-known composers, folk music and of course, some classics which are sure to please: Beethoven's *Symphony No. 3 'Eroica'*, Vivaldi's *Violin Concerto in D major 'il grosso mogul'* and Saint-Saëns' *Carnival of the Animals* with narrator Michael Leunig. As usual, the ACO season features a number of soloists including trombonist Christian Lindberg and guest director and violinist Patricia Kopatchinskaja.

Pick of the season

Tour 7, 'Rapture'. Tuesday November 6, 8.00pm at the Adelaide Town Hall.

Something the ACO do very well is music from the Baroque era, and the pick of the 2007 season from me is their final performance of the year, featuring recorder virtuoso Genevieve Lacey. The programme features Corelli's *Concerto Grosso Op. 6 No. 10*, Verdi's *String Quartet in E minor* and two new works by Tüür and Ledger. Lacey, one of Australia's leading performers, will perform Telemann's *Recorder Concerto in C major*.

- Student rush tickets are \$18, available 1 hour prior to the performance - but beware, ACO concerts often sell out! With a free Fringe Benefits membership (www.fringebenefits.com.au) you can book \$36.60 tickets. If you want to see all 6 concerts, go for an 'under 30' subscription for \$144 (\$24 per concert).



'Music to inspire' is the name of Musica Viva's 2007 season and there are certainly some gems to keep in mind. Australian composer Ross Edwards is the featured composer for the year, with the Brentano Quartet playing a newly commissioned string quartet. The Jerusalem Quartet returns for a second year of residency and will perform alongside the Australian String Quartet to perform Mendelssohn's *Octet in E flat major*; it will be interesting to see how the two quartets compare. Aside from the usual string quartets, piano trios and pianists, TaikOz, a fusion of Japanese ritual drumming and western percussion will make for a thunderous change and is one of two MV concerts in the Festival Theatre in 2007.

Pick of the season

Concert 6, Choir of Westminster Abbey. Saturday October 28, 8.00pm at the Adelaide Festival Theatre.



The real coup for Musica Viva is that the Choir of Westminster Abbey will be touring Australia for the first time this year. The Choir, which is responsible for providing the music for services in Westminster Abbey including coronations, royal weddings and other state occasions, are one of the finest choirs of men and boys in the world. It is unfortunate (but no doubt an economic necessity) that they are performing in the Festival Theatre, as the acoustic and organ are less than ideal; however, their programme promises to please and includes music by Purcell, Handel, Walton, Taverner and Ross Edwards.

- Musica Viva's student rush tickets are \$15, with tickets for 'under 30s' priced at \$30. Their student subscription deal is amazing - you can subscribe to all 7 concerts for \$84 (student) or \$168 (under 30).



The State Theatre will again present a varied and interesting season of plays in 2007, including two world premieres and the 2005 winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Drama. The Company does well to programme plays which appeal to both young and old, and this year's selection looks a treat. The season begins with a joint production between the State Theatre and The Firm, an Adelaide-based group of composers. Then there's a triple bill of three one-act plays by Tennessee Williams, Caryl Churchill and Woody Allen. For hard-hitting drama, the State Theatre has included the Sydney Theatre Co.'s production of the award winning *Doubt* by John Patrick Stanley.

Pick of the season

Hamlet by William Shakespeare. March 30 to April 21. The Dunstan Playhouse, Adelaide Festival Centre.

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is one play everyone should see at least once on stage. One of the master playwright's most probing and profound works, *Hamlet* questions how one should live and what happens after death. Of course, it's also a fantastic ghost story and an action-packed tragedy! Starring Helpmann Award nominee Cameron Goodall as Hamlet and directed by the Company's Artistic Director, Adam Cook, this promises to be a great performance.

- The State Theatre Co. has a great youth subscription scheme: 7 plays for \$136.60, 6 for \$126.60 and 5 for \$106.60. Otherwise, Fringe Benefits tickets are \$25 per play.



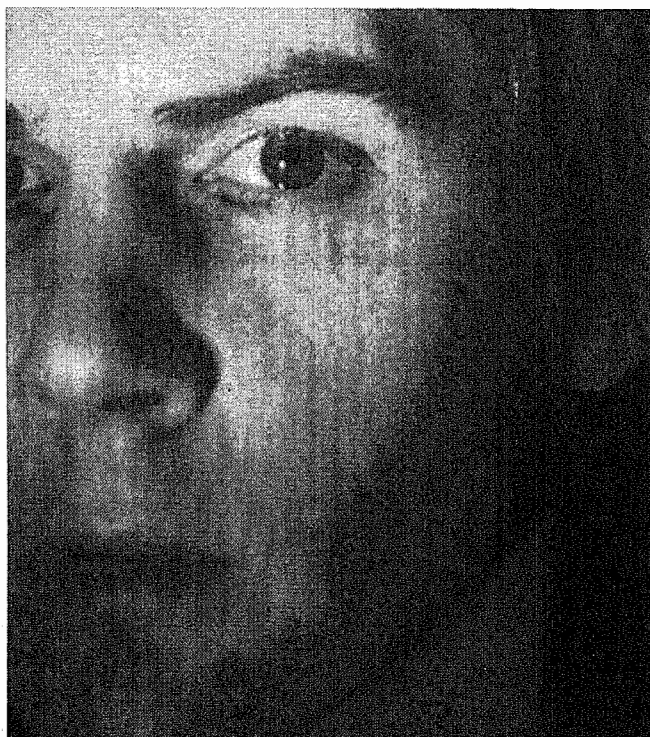
The State Opera will put on three main-stage productions this year, an increase from the two of the last two years. Donizetti's *The Elixir of Love*, Verdi's *A Masked Ball* and a new production of Rossini's *The Barber of Seville* make up this year's season. Mark Adamo's *Little Women*, directed by the State Theatre's Adam Cook, could turn out to be a gem and will feature Sally-Anne Russell, Jessica Dean and other favourite Adelaide singers. On Dit will again cover a selection of Opera Australia productions from interstate this year.

Pick of the season

A Masked Ball (Un Ballo in Maschera) by Giuseppe Verdi. September 1, 4, 6 & 8, 7.30pm at the Adelaide Festival Theatre.

A SOSA habit of not importing specialist opera singers for Bel Canto operas means that Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera* should be the best of this year's season. This opera is a well-liked favourite and it should be a pleasing production, but make sure you get your tickets early, as they tend to sell out!

- The State Opera Co. offers a limited number of \$18 student tickets for weeknight performances, but you need to book well in advance as there is a limited allocation. From time to time there are student rush tickets available at the door, but call ahead to make sure. If you aren't a student, but you are aged under 26, you can buy tickets to all three main operas for \$120 with an opera26 subscription.





by korshidosoo
www.lairofthetwistedkitten.co.uk
© 2007

Choke the RABBIT

"choke's holiday"

1 AT LAST! UNI HOLIDAYS! SOON MY PHONE WILL BE BUZZING WITH OFFERS OF PARTIES & ROAD TRIPS!



2 THE BEACH! SUN! SAND! SEMI-NUDITY!



WHY DID I LEAVE THE HOUSE?
WA-HAY HA!

3 SUSIE HAS THE DAY OFF TODAY! I'D BETTER NOT MAKE ANY PLANS!

GOSH! I WONDER WHAT WE'LL DO TODAY! I CAN'T WAIT FOR HER TO CALL!



et c.



WIRELESS

WIRELESS LAUNCH PARTY THURSDAY 22ND FEBRUARY

EVERY THURSDAY HQ PRESENTS WIRELESS

YOUR RADIO COMES ALIVE EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT WITH WIRELESS AT HQ. THE BIGGEST RADIO TUNES OF TODAY WITH FREE ENTRY BEFORE MIDNIGHT, CRAZY DRINK SPECIALS AND HAPPY HOURS ALL OVER 2 ROOMS OF "WIRELESS MADNESS!"

FROM **KILLERS TO KANYE**, FROM **BLINK 182 TO BEYONCE**, THIS IS MID-WEEK MADNESS THAT COVERS ALL YOUR BASES!

WIRELESS DJ's

SAM / RMAC / BURGE / SEDUKT / TOMMY & WHITEY
+ LOCAL BANDS EVERY WEEK OVER 2 ROOMS

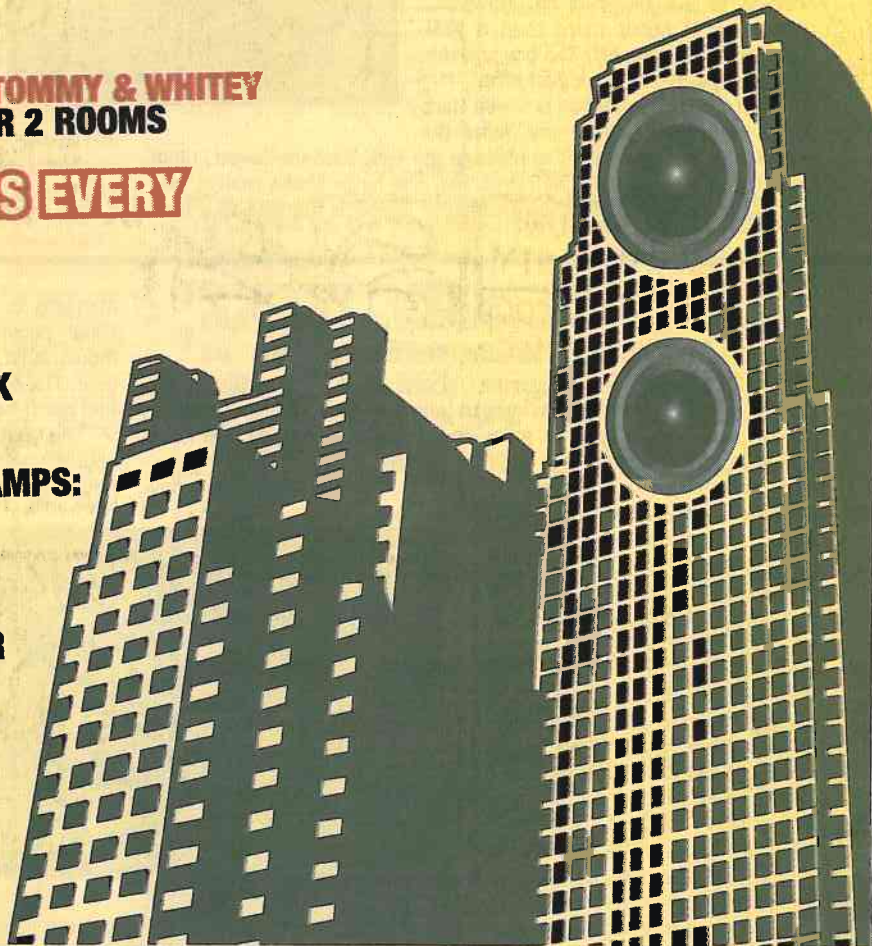
CRAZY DRINKS SPECIALS EVERY WEEK INCLUDE

\$3 TOOHEYS PINTS ALL NIGHT
**\$5 COCKTAILS: FIRE TRUCKS/
VANILLA SUNRISE/ABSOLUTE HUNK
CAPE CODDER/FRUIT TINGLE**
HAPPY HOUR 9PM TILL 11PM
\$3.50 BASE SPIRITS & HOUSE CHAMPS:
**SMIRNOFF/JOHNNY WALKER
JIM BEAM/BUNDY/CC**

DOORS OPEN AT 8PM TILL LATE.
FREE ENTRY BEFORE 12, \$5 AFTER



HQ COMPLEX
1 NORTH TERRACE
ADELAIDE 5000



WWW.HQCOMPLEX.COM.AU

WWW.MYSPACE.COM/HQCOMPLEX

FILM

Editors: Ben Crisp
and Aslan Mesbah
onditfilm@gmail.com

Contributors Wanted!

Do you like going into darkened rooms full of strangers and then writing about your experiences? *On Dit* wants you! We always need reviewers, so drop us a line at onditfilm@gmail.com and we'll start hooking up the free tickets!



Notes on a Scandal (MA) Coming Soon to Cinemas Everywhere

There are people in this world who remain in a pool of isolation. No matter what they do, the loneliness remains, lapping quietly at the edge of their consciousness. *Notes on a Scandal* examines how deep-seated that isolation can get, and the extent to which people might be driven in order to experience a sense of connection.

A soccer game unfolds in a schoolyard in London. A year ten boy shoots a goal, then indicates to the teacher on duty that the goal was for her. He then takes his shirt off to celebrate. The boy, Steven Connolly (Andrew Simpson) is instantly ordered to put his shirt on. However, that scene is about more than a goal and a bit of showing off. The boy and the teacher on duty are having an affair.

The teacher in question is Sheba Hart (Cate Blanchett). When she joins the school, she finds it difficult to manage the kids. Barbara Covett, (Judi Dench), an older teacher befriends her. She helps Sheba realise that her job is mainly about 'crowd control.' Sheba is married to a man



much older than herself. She is lonely and the attentions of a Steven, a young, talented art student prove too much to resist.

One day, Barbara happens to see Steven and Sheba having sex in the art room of the school while everyone else is at the school concert. She is supposed to report the matter instantly to the police. However, what she does is something entirely different. She confronts Sheba with the information but decides not to report it. Not for the moment, anyway. That way, she has a form of leverage over Sheba and can use it to get what she wants. And what *does* she want?

That is what this film, based on Zoe Heller's novel, explores. Barbara keeps a diary and we hear extracts from it as a voiceover. The film turns on the loneliness of two women and the avenues they seek to assuage that loneliness. Dench is superb as a terrifyingly mean woman who keeps her true character well hidden under a mask of 'caring.' Blanchett too, is utterly convincing as a naïve teacher who is taken in by Barbara. The film is quite vicious at times. Scenes of women slapping each other might make viewers flinch. Yet, it is *precisely* from the way women relate to each other, that *Notes on a Scandal* draws its raw and shocking energy.

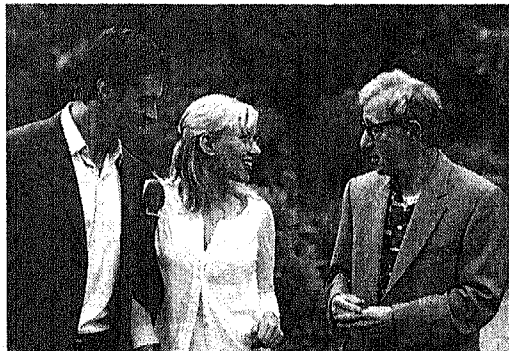


Cherian Philipose

Scoop (PG) Coming Soon to Cinemas Everywhere

For years, Woody Allen has kept us laughing in his role as a neurotic Jewish man with a slew of jokes about sex and therapy. We have grown to love the little man with his worried face and flailing arms. Allen serves up much of the same in this charming comedy starring Scarlett Johansson, Hugh Jackman and of course, himself.

Like *Match Point* before it, this film has Americans mixing with the English aristocracy. Allen is a conjurer, Splendini, who has the usual gamut of onstage tricks: making cards appear out of a hat, putting people into boxes and making them "dematerialise". One day, the volunteer he puts into his box is Sondra Pransky (Johansson), a journalism student. Once in the box, she is visited by the ghost of dead journalist Joe Strombel (Ian McShane) who believes that Peter Lyman, a respected businessman, is the dreaded 'tarot card killer.' The 'ghost' tells her that she ought to investigate Mr. Lyman and write an expose on him: this could be the 'scoop' of a lifetime. Sondra emerges from the box and sets off to investigate Lyman. She even



manages to enlist the help of Splendini on this mad caper. Lyman (Hugh Jackman) turns out to be the handsome son of Lord Lyman, the industrialist. Sondra manages to get to know him and the two fall in love. The only trouble is that she had resolved to investigate him and find out if he was a serial killer!

The plot is helped along by vintage Allen moments. He is his neurotic self as he helps Sondra track Lyman around London. He even helps her appreciate the wonders of Indian cooking, "where they bring out their prawns in hydrochloric acid." The humour is not in top form, however, and a lot of the jokes do not quite hit the bull's eye. Still, even a second-tier Allen film is a wonderful thing, and comedy that is funny, without being mean and offensive, is always welcome in these days of *Borat* and other lesser players.

Jackman is a spiffy businessman; he must have the best-tailored suits in London. Johansson is refreshing in a role that is not particularly sultry; her bespectacled nerdiness is something we can get used to. Allen, of course, is just Allen, and in the role of Splendini, he has found a fitting part for himself; a bumbling conjurer whose efforts

to help Sondra find the serial killer set the stage for some sparkling



Cherian Philipose

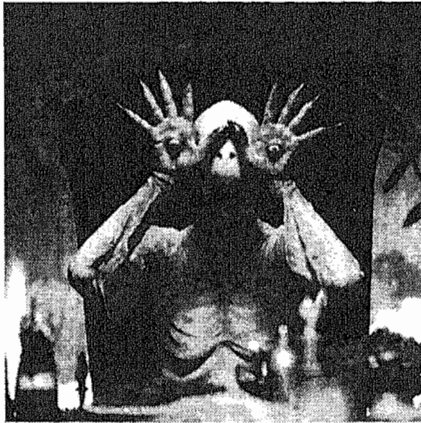
Pan's Labyrinth (MA)

Now Showing at Selected Cinemas

When you see a fairy get its head bitten off by an incredibly ugly monster, you realise that Guillermo del Toro hasn't exactly made a kids' film.

Pan's Labyrinth is set in 1944 Fascist Spain and it follows the story of Ofelia (Ivana Baquero), a young girl who moves to a mill in the countryside with her pregnant mother, Carmen (Ariadna Gil). They go to live alongside her new stepfather, Captain Vidal (Sergi López). Vidal is the commander of the soldiers stationed at the mill, fighting a group of guerillas in the area. Ofelia's first encounter with the stepfather is quite cold and things don't really improve.

However, despite Ofelia's loneliness, she finds an ancient Labyrinth near the mill where she meets Faun, or Pan (Doug Jones), a half-goat half-human creature. Faun explains that Ofelia is a princess and he offers her immortality, but she first has to prove herself by completing the series



of tasks that Faun sets for her. Ofelia's tasks take her on adventures around the area, where she meets giant slimy toads and other repulsive monsters. At the same time, the grim lives of the others around Ofelia continue. Her mother falls ill while Vidal seems to only care about himself and his unborn son. Vidal also begins to suspect his housemaid Mercedes (Maribel Verdú) and his doctor (Alex Angulo) of helping the guerillas. The fighting between the soldiers and guerillas is quite fierce and brutal as captives are tortured.

The special effects in this film are amazing, both in Ofelia's imaginary world and in the real world. There was one wound in particular that the captain had, which I could have sworn was real. Although it can be quite gruesome at times, it is still mesmerizing.

However, the creatures that appeared in Ofelia's world did not actually seem to be those from a child's mind. Furthermore, the film seems to excessively villainise the military characters, to the extent where it seemed a bit overblown.

Despite this, the film is still very good and probably worth seeing.



Aslan Mesbah

Air Guitar Nation

Adelaide Film Festival

February 22 - March 4

"Air guitarists of the world unite and take over!"

Air Guitar Nation is a documentary about the World Air Guitar Championships held every year in Oulu, Finland. Despite most people dismissing it as a bunch of silly people jumping around and looking ridiculous, this decade-old event has been growing in popularity every year. The founders of the championships advocate world peace and they believe that if everyone had an air guitar in their hands, they wouldn't be able to hold weapons.

The United States has made a huge contribution to rock music, but there has never been an American contestant in this competition. So it is that this doco follows the story of a couple of Americans, David Jung a.k.a. C. Diddy and Dan Crane a.k.a. Biörn Türoque, as they kick, jump and scream their way to the 2003 Championships. Their journey sees them meeting many interesting characters and the audience learns to appreciate air guitar in its own weird way.

This doco is well directed and edited, and it keeps the audience interested in the story as they watch people wipe away all their pain, sweat and shame.

All in all this is a really fun movie and even if you don't find yourself laughing your arse off, you will enjoy watching these people bring their bedroom act to the stage. As one of

the air guitarists said, "To err is human, to air guitar is divine."



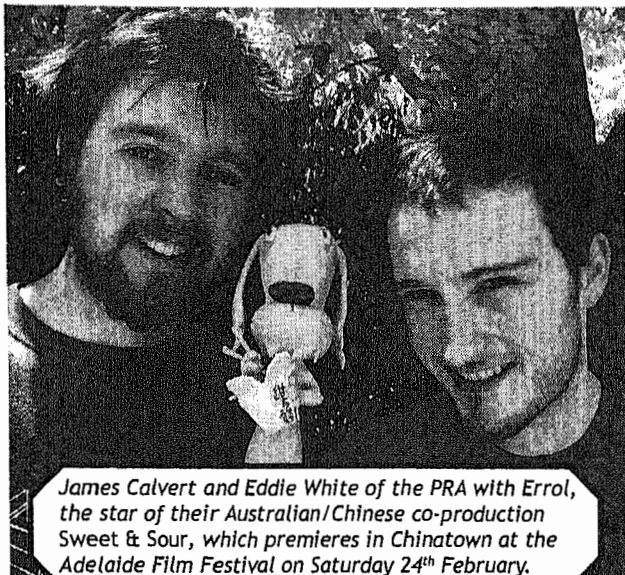
Aslan Mesbah

Want to be unassailably cool like these guys? On Dit has five free passes to give away to see *Air Guitar Nation* at the Adelaide Film Festival. All you have to do is e-mail onditfilm@gmail.com, telling us which song you most like to air guitar to. We won't laugh. we promise.



THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF ANIMATION

interviewed by Ben Crisp



James Calvert and Eddie White of the PRA with Errol, the star of their Australian/Chinese co-production *Sweet & Sour*, which premieres in Chinatown at the Adelaide Film Festival on Saturday 24th February.

With the Adelaide Film Festival just around the corner, James Calvert and Eddie White of the People's Republic of Animation (PRA) took a moment out from their busy schedule to chat with me about their 15 minute short film *Sweet & Sour* which will be premiering at the festival.

"It's definitely our biggest project yet," says Eddie, the film's director and co-founder of the PRA. James agrees, "It's our biggest, longest, most ambitious... lushest."

The pair have come a long way since they first began collaborating in grade nine as schoolmates at Christian Brothers College (CBC), and have attracting more than a little attention on the way. Over ten years the PRA has developed into a studio of talented artists, animators, sculptors, computer designers and producers with a tight repertoire of multi-award winning films under their belts. Last year saw the 7 minute short *Carnivore Reflux* take out top prizes in the SA Short Film Awards, Inside Film Awards and St Kilda 'Top 100' Short Film Awards, as well as being chosen as one of 16 finalists in the career-making Tropfest competition and a nomination for best short animation in the Australian Film Institute (AFI) Awards.

Despite the presence of other successful animation

studios in South Australia (such as Anifex and Rising Sun), the PRA is confident that theirs is a unique approach.

"We're all about characters. With interesting characters, interesting stories, it doesn't matter what media you use - a good story will adapt to any media," says James with passion. Eddie agrees, "We've done work for the big screen, television, XBOX, Playstation and for iPods and mobile phones. It doesn't matter how big the screen is."

"Mind you, iPods and mobile phones are definitely better suited for shorter films. I don't know many people who watch features on a screen that big. I mean, I'm technically retarded! (*I think he means he can't use computers good - eds*) But that doesn't stop us from keeping our finger on the pulse of the rise of digital media."

"At the end of the day though people remember characters, not special effects. You come away from *Lord of the Rings* appreciating the SFX, but you remember the characters."

Now the PRA are on their way to building an even bigger name for themselves by becoming one of the first companies to crack the difficult Chinese film market in a collaboration with the prestigious Shanghai Animation and Film Studio (SAFS).

"Sam [White] went over to China for a conference and through a bit of networking got our script noticed. It's about Errol, a hungry little dog looking for food in the big city and thinks he's found what he's looking for in Chinatown. It's about cultural awareness, about an individual's struggle to find a place in the face of strongly defined cultural surroundings."

Eddie believes that *Sweet & Sour*, a rich combination of 2D and 3D animation which will be premiered outdoors in Adelaide's Chinatown during the Adelaide Film Festival, will be the first of many Chinese collaborations for the PRA.

Sweet & Sour premieres at the Adelaide Film Festival in a free outdoor screening in Chinatown at 8.45pm on Saturday 24th February, along with a screening of *Carnivore Reflux* and SAFS' *Monkey's Fish For The Moon*.

SELECTED FILMOGRAPHY:

Sweet & Sour (2007)
Errorism: A Comedy of Terrors - Series Two (2006)
'Clown Prince' (Hilltop Hoods video) (2006)
Carnivore Reflux (2006)
Errorism: A Comedy of Terrors - Series One (2005)

ATTENTION: BUDDING animators!

"It takes two things to make it in this industry - persistence and passion."

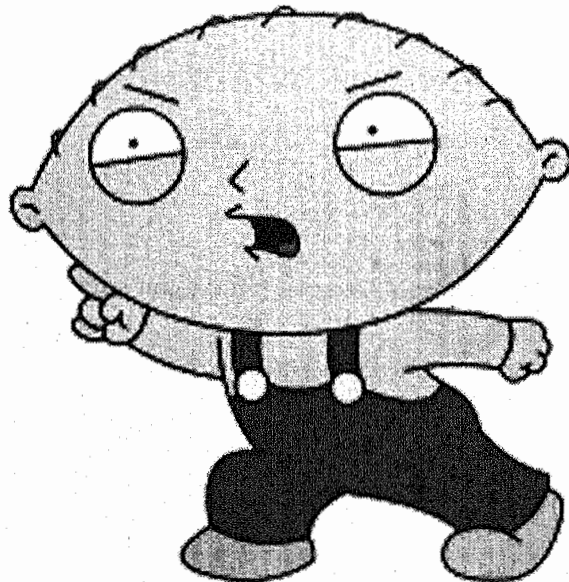
James and Eddie of the PRA have plenty of advice for aspiring animators and film-makers, and as directors of one of Adelaide's award-winning studios they know what they're talking about.

"Animation is a slow process, and it teaches you the patience you need to make it in the world of knock-backs and rejections you experience when you're first getting started. You've got to be persistent, it won't happen overnight. I mean, it took twelve years to get this studio to where it is now, and a lot of work."

"Get out there and keep up-to-date with what's going on. Be passionate. If you don't show you're passionate when you approach a producer or an employer, there's going to be ten other guys who will. It's passion that hooks people."

"We're always looking for talent. And not just animators - anyone who is skilled at drawing is always useful in the animation world. Sculptors, colourists, producers, editors, we look for creative people with passion and great ideas."

If you think you've got the talent and the passion to make it in animation, portfolios can be forwarded to the PRA at: portfolio@thepra.com.au.



Ben Crisp

ADELAIDE FILM FESTIVAL

2007

You may have seen posters of these weird people with eyeballs for heads around the place lately, and thought, "What the hell is that about? It doesn't make any sense!" Well, put aside all those fears of eyeballing aliens invading and taking over the earth and wearing fancy clothes while us unfortunate headful types are stuck mining resources to build a throne for their massive eyeball king Xartong, because the posters are actually about the upcoming Adelaide Film Festival. I caught up with festival director Katrina Sedgwick to see what this one-eyeball festival was all about.

The Adelaide Film Festival is a very young festival, with this year being only the third time the festival has been held. Katrina explained the purpose of this bi-ennial event: "We are a festival that really sets out to celebrate screen culture, we're interested in films and cinemas; we're also interested in all the other places where the moving image is getting into our lives." She continues, "I think that for anyone who is interested in film, it gives you fantastic access to films that you would not get to see otherwise. I mean, 60% of our program will never get distributed in Adelaide. There are films from 44 countries around the world."

The film festival has a series of different themes, including world cinema, animation, political satire, documentaries, shorts, forums and many more. One of these themes is 'new Russian cinema'. I asked Katrina what had made her focus on Russia this year: "We were looking at the way that particular nations that appear to be under a kind of tyrannical regime or literally are under tyrannical regimes, somewhere like Iran for example, where there's just an extraordinary kind of film culture, cinema culture there. And this idea of if you're in a kind of state that doesn't allow you the kind of freedom to tell a story from beginning, middle to end in a kind of literal way that we can in the West. Does that mean then your leading more into the metaphorical, the philosophical, the symbolic and so on...what happens then to filmmakers who set out for democracies."

"Russia is a very interesting place right now that has come out of a communist regime and is democratising in a very peculiar way. It had an incredibly important film industry. Some of the greatest films of all time and some of the greatest filmmakers of all time have emerged out of Russia." She goes on to explain the influence this had on Russian cinema: "And we are now seeing a re-awakening of Russian cinema. And it [the festival] has really put together a program that gives a snapshot of the diversity of films that are coming out of Russia, you just would not expect. All my stereotypes of what I thought Russian film would be have been completely blown apart. There the absolutely stunning documentary called *Blockade*, which is made up of archival footage with almost no soundtrack looking at the siege of Leningrad. We like each festival to focus on a region and this time it's Russia and were really delighted to have such a strong program in there."

There are also a lot of political films that are part of this year's festival. Katrina explains why the political strand is so strong this year: "This year there's a very overt political strand throughout the program. And in response, we have tackled that with a political satire strand." She goes on to explain, "We're seeing six years down the track from September 11, the kind of impact that has had right across the globe, no one can avoid the fact that, whether it's perpetuated by governments or by the media or simply individuals, there the kind of sense of 'all bets are off' and is the terror from within. That kind of collective anxiousness is showing up in films now, where we're seeing a lot more overtly

political films. Films like *Bamako*, where there's an African filmmaker from Mali who literally puts the IMF and the World Bank on trial in the courtyard of his home. For the kind of crime against African nations." Katrina goes on to explain why there is such an increase. "Well it's simply what filmmakers are engaging with... Something like *Bamako* is overtly political, something like *Death of a President*, which is set in the future and is set up as a documentary looking at the events around and immediately following the assassination of George Bush. And it's a very controversial documentary."

Katrina also explains the reasoning behind showing some classic political satires like *Dr. Strangelove* and *The Great Dictator*. "Well, they're such superb films in and of themselves. It's a wonderful way to make a very overtly political statement in an entertaining and engaging way. Humour is a wonderful way to relax an audience and at the same time persuade an audience. And they're two fantastic films that you couldn't not have in a strand of political satire."

The festival also includes some local produce, so if you are a filmmaker and would like to get into the festival some time, Katrina would advise you to "straight away become a member of the Media Resource Centre. It's a great organisation here and they are set up exactly to help young people in film. You should be going and seeing as much as you can of the film festival. There are some great directors and artists that are coming to Adelaide. So go and see the sections and ask them questions afterwards."

I ask Katrina whether she thinks the festival will ever become an annual event. "It's discussed a fair bit. And I think it will happen at some point in the future. Probably not right now. We're reasonably new. Being only two years old is really good in terms of the thinking time we get to establish distinct and special projects, but inevitably I think that it will become annual but I don't think it will for the next 5 or 6 years"

If you're not sure of what to see during the festival, here is Katrina's advice: "I would recommend the whole program, of course." She also explained, "I would encourage people to go outside your safety zone... I think that one of the highlights in the program is going to be *Air Guitar Nation*, which is a doco about the air guitar championships held every year in Oulu. It follows a couple of Americans who do really well in the heats over there, and it's gold, it is so funny."

Aslan Mesbah



Literature

Welcome to the literature pages of *On Dit*. I am your fearless, yet accident prone and neurotic guide in all things literature. This year I hope to introduce a variety of new (and old) books for all to discover and to teach you to never go into a bookstore without a title, an author's name and only a general description of the cover ('It is red and has a picture of a pirate and a parrot on it').

This was the first year I found myself in Adelaide without any real reason for staying. Usually I'm lucky enough to travel to another Australian capital city, or find myself injured and needing to stay home. But this year, I was completely at a loss of what to do. I had no injury holding me back, yet no little excursion was planned. Luckily, working in a bookstore, I was surrounded with books to entertain myself. However, summer is a busy time of year for those of us in the book trade. Before Christmas, people are in and out, constantly purchasing Christmas presents - I'm convinced it's because books are the easiest things to wrap - and then post-Christmas, people are buying the books that they wanted for Christmas, but didn't get. Not to mention people who want books to read while on their Christmas break. Summer is chaotic, yet, when you're not working, it is the best time of the year to relax.

Jo B. and Charlotte, while in Europe, taunt us with their list of books they read on their little European jaunt, while Dagna reviews a real life adventure. My own review is of one of my latest and favourite summer reads.

I invite anyone and everyone to contribute reviews and articles (hint, hint). Contact me at onditliterature@gmail.com to express your interest. Enjoy the rest of the summer while it lasts!

Cheers,
Alicia



Absurdistan
Eric Campbell
HarperCollins

Next time you get on a plane put Dan Brown back on the shelf and pick up a copy of this book. *Absurdistan* is a travel book with a difference. The true story recounts Campbell's exploits as a foreign correspondent as he reports from some of the most backward and misgoverned corners of the globe. His book trails a career that travels from 'the recesses of Australian television' (comparing toasters and profiling strippers for so called 'current affairs' programs) to a post in the outlandish, corrupt and over-sexed post-Soviet Russia. It sees him travel through conflict-ridden Kosovo, take up residence in an interesting share house in Kabul and battle paranoid officials as he endeavours to pursue free speech in China.

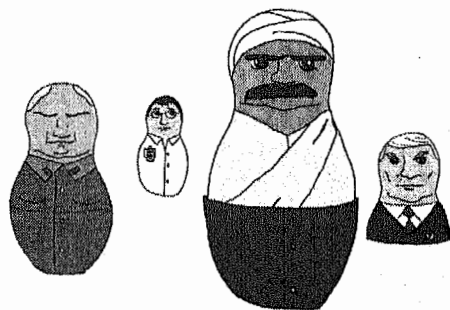
Whilst Campbell's main focus is the people and places he encounters, the historical events unfolding throughout

his work and the curious anecdotes of his travels (including having happy snaps with the Dalai Lama, witnessing a Tibetan monk punch out a fellow journalist and the bizarre ransom of B1 and B2's banana suits in Moscow), he also offers honest albeit brief personal insights into his experiences and relationships as he finds his way through extraordinary destinations. This is perhaps most profound following the death of his cameraman Paul Moran, the first journalist to be killed in Iraq. Campbell captures his characters well and we meet with some engrossing people that we love and hate, including Sebastian the Singaporean-Chinese hippy cameraman with a passion for Pink Floyd, as well as Jack, the angry American military man who finds in the Iraqi conflict an opportunistic playground.

Although Campbell's book is autobiographical it reads much like a fictional work whilst offering a good historical read as well, providing a rare glimpse into the cultural under happenings of key episodes in history. Campbell has a simple, candid delivery that gets straight to the point and exposes the raw humanity that exists beneath a society whose progress has been hindered by politics. It is this which separates *Absurdistan* from this summer's popular film *Borat*, comparable in that it too addresses the apparent absurdity of some of the world's more out of the way places. As Campbell describes the oddities and injustices present in some societies

he does not neglect to tell the whole story and he does so with a blunt, dark and intelligent humour that does not resort to cheap stereotypes and jokes, in a way that *Borat* fails to achieve. Ultimately Campbell offers a scary insight into humanity, but also points to a sense of survival and continuity that resides in the darkest of places. His book suggests that no matter where you go, travel will always provide the invaluable experience gained by new perspectives. A good read...no other travel book will have you wanting to spend your summer in Afghanistan.

Dayna



ABSURDISTAN

Eric Campbell
ABC Correspondent

Shopaholic & Baby
 Sophie Kinsella
 Random House Australia

I find myself at a point in my life where I feel that I should read more books with serious content, but am drawn to light, entertaining reads which allow me to relax and giggle a bit while reading on the bus. *Shopaholic & Baby* by Sophie Kinsella allows me to do so. I've been addicted to the *Shopaholic* series ever since I discovered *The Secret Dreamworld of a Shopaholic* at a bookshop three years ago. When I got to the part in the book where the main character, Becky Bloomwood, admits to editing the cost of a pair of boots so as to not shock her mother, I instantly felt a connection, as I constantly find myself doing exactly the same thing.

This latest instalment finds Becky, happily married and pregnant for the first time. Her husband is on the way to expanding his PR firm and making them "squillionaires", while Becky is happily employed as head personal shopper for a

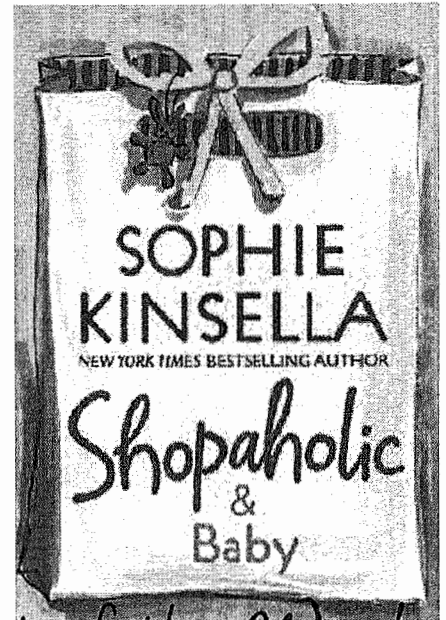
new department store in London. She finally finds her dream house (it has a Shoe Room!!) and is about to see THE obstetrician, Venetia Carter - obstetrician to the stars. However, when she discovers that Venetia was an ex-girlfriend of her husband, everything starts to unravel.

While this book covers things not relevant in my life (hello! Motherhood is nowhere even close), I find myself sympathising with Becky's best friend who is afraid she's a terrible mother because she sometimes allows her children to watch television. I feel empathy for Becky when she panics about whether or not she'll be a good mother as she knows nothing about children (and is afraid she won't even know common sense things about child rearing). There is also a strong theme of family, the relationships between Becky and her parents and sister, not to mention the family she is about to create, even the family of her best friend, are relationships which are mainly supportive and happy.

While this is not a book for those who aren't enraptured in shopping, fashion references or romance (God forbid!), it is a

novel which captures the reader and draws them in. While Kinsella doesn't actually write anything which will set the world on fire, or even create a little smoke, I find myself continuing to read. It's addictive, a guilty pleasure, something to recommend to fellow retail junkies.

Alicia



To B. and Charlotte's List of the Week

BOOKS YOU SHOULD HAVE READ OVER THE SUMMER

1. *Marie Antoinette* by Antonia Fraser – Only one of us in fact read this book. The other one wanted to do so, but was robbed of the chance when the first one WILFULLY ABANDONED IT ON A TRAIN. Read it; let me know if it was good.
2. *The Ladies of Grace Adieu* by Susanna Clarke – The follow-up to the excellent *Jonathan Strange and Mr Norrell* is a collection of short stories. Read the first one, then read this, and be drawn in by Clarke's nineteenth century English novelist/fairy tales with footnotes style.
3. *Underground* by Andrew McGahan – Canberra is blown up in a nuclear explosion, everyone has identity cards, and the CIA have moved in. Laugh – WHILE YOU STILL CAN!!
4. Your Favourite Book in Another Language – You'll probably already know what all the sentences mean, so this will help you learn a new language. If it's one of which you already have a basic grasp, so much better. And you can laugh at the translation of names. i.e. Hogwarts in French = *Poudlard*. Ha!
5. *The Handmaid's Tale* by Margaret Atwood – If the long, lazy summer days are beginning to relax you and make you think that all is right with the world, why not revisit this cult classic and get those angry and depressed feelings straight back just in time for uni?

BOOKS WE ACTUALLY READ OVER THE SUMMER

1. *The Brothers Karamazov* by Dostoevsky – Shorter than *War & Peace* (though not A LOT shorter). Funnier than *Anna Karenina* (but not A LOT funnier). But still Russian, so people will think you're deep.
2. *Madrid* by Lonely Planet – It's a page turner. We pity the fools who didn't NEED to read this cover to cover over the summer and apply its excellent advice.
3. *Love in a Cold Climate* by Nancy Mitford – Some of us were in a cold climate for this 'Summer' in which the rest of you sweltered. And we thought this was funny.
4. *The Obernewton Chronicles* by Isobelle Carmody – There is no bad time to read this. If you start reading this now, you'll still get through the 1000+ pages in a good five years before the next one comes out. If it ever does. *Are you reading this Ms. Carmody???????*
5. *The Secret River* by Kate Grenville – Amazingly, being in another country when you read this doesn't lessen the inherited guilt of colonialism at all.

VIDEO GAMES

Welcome to fresh beginnings and the start of an exciting year of fun, mayhem, drinks, drugs, fornication, study and drinking whilst studying the art of fornication and fun. OK, I ramble. If you've managed to pull yourself away from all the mischief or study you'll notice that I'm here to present you with a very games-related set of pages. I'm the Gaming Sub-Editor (it means I decide what goes onto these here pages!). For the coming year you'll hopefully find interesting and (or?) humorous information to cater to all your gaming needs and a couple of reviews in this section of *On Dit*.

Beginning 2007, the Year of the Gamer, many pockets are still reeling from the last boom of next-generation consoles, the Xbox 360 and the Nintendo Wii (or as some idiot once said, the Crapbox 360 and the Wiltarded

I quickly clapped at his amazing grasp of the English language and childlike expression). *Gears of War* was a huge hit, with *Lost Planet* and *Dead Rising* on the 360 and the awesome *Wii Games* and *Zelda: Twilight Princess* on the Wii but as these games are completed and shelved is there anything more to look forward to? Stupid, stupid question I hear myself answer. Of course there is! *BioShock*, *Final Fantasy XII*, *Supreme Commander*, *Excite Truck*, *Halo 3* and *Guitar Hero II* are all getting a 360 release. Not only that but Sony's Playstation 3 is confirmed for a 23rd of March release across Australia.

CASIO 1:30

If you feel you've got something to contribute and are desperate to write on these here pages, you reckon that there's an internet site that needs checking out or you've just written down what could roughly be described as a piece of 'games journalism' then e-mail it to me and you might end up starting off an awesome career (not guaranteed).

I'll be around here somewhere for O'Week, so if you see a drunk guy with really big headphones, a septum piercing and spiky hair push him and say, "Hey fucker, you write awesome articles!" and pray it's me, otherwise you just pissed off a punk.

Daniel 'StolenName' Purvis
(on the Internode Gaming Network
forums at
<http://games.internode.on.net>)

Lost Planet (360)

After bringing 360 gamers the fantastic *Dead Rising*, one of my favourite games of 2006, Capcom have now granted us with yet another big budget 360 exclusive, *Lost Planet*.

Lost Planet tells a story of interplanetary colonisation, as humans set to conquer new worlds in search of land and energy, finally settling on a frozen wasteland prime for terra-forming. Soon a great source of thermal energy is discovered in the bodies of the Akrid, massive *Starship Troopers*-style aliens, but not all goes well for your battling character, Wayne, as you are soon buried under snow with a case of amnesia with the memory of your father's death, killed by the colossal slug known as Green Eye.

Thermal energy is a necessity for life, with the freezing temperature depleting your thermal stocks, which are required to replenish your health and to power vehicles. Along with the Akrid, the reckless Snow Pirates are eager to mine some of that sweet, sweet bug goo too, and if your bloody goo gets mixed with the Akrids, so be it.

Lost Planet brings much Eastern influence to what is essentially a Western game. Mech-based combat using Vital Suits and plenty of guns and ammo make it feel very much like a traditional scrolling shoot'em up, like *Raiden* or *Gradius*. Enemies have big glowing weak points, indicated by the thermal energy flowing inside them and the bigger the baddy, the bigger the threat, the bigger the payout. There's a fantastic arsenal of over the top guns attached to the Vital Suits, such as grenades and gigantic chain guns, which can fortunately be ripped off and lugged around on foot.

Lost Planet also brings with it unintentionally humorous dialogue. Cut-scenes are pure cheese, right on par with your typical TV soap. Your character is Wayne, which isn't the most common action star title, but along the way you also run into ass-kicking, rebel love-interest, Basil. Don't forget to pronounce that with a French accent! It's Bay-zil, not Ba-sil. The excess emotion is laughable, soon Wayne's coffee mug begins to play a major role as the physical incarnation of his respect and love for another character (*Daniel eds. it gets passed around more frequently than I do on a Catholic Girls high-school bus trip*).

Graphics and gameplay are both crisp and precise, but lack the grittiness of games such as *Gears of War*. Really, this is a Japanese game at heart. Single player isn't the lengthiest experience, but there is an extensive multiplayer mode that is pure over-the-top fun. It certainly isn't going to be everyone's cup of whatever the hell is in Wayne's mug, especially for those looking for a realistic shooter. Be sure to check out the single and multiplayer demos on the Xbox Live Marketplace and decide for yourself.

Matt Williams

Okami (PS2)

Recently, gaming debates have swayed from "do violent video games lead to violence in youth?" to whether or not video games and their design, construction, narrative, music and visual look qualify as a legitimate art form. Beginning with *Myst*, which provided pre-rendered backgrounds, interactive pictures in effective, *Comix Zone*, which saw the game world as an actual comic book, forcing the character Sketch Turner to traverse panels and pages. Hitting better hardware, *Rez* on PS2 provided a wire framed representation of the digital world, and more recently *Psychonauts* and *LocoRoco* with their distinct visual styles (we should also include the classic and cool cell-shaded *Jet Set Radio*). In a world of games that focus on being true-to-life, and striving for "realism", there's another branch of games that are beginning to make their mark in other ways, often pushing visual boundaries with the obscure. Recently, I've had the pleasure of playing *Okami*, with its central themes focused on the act of painting in a world that could very well be painted to canvas. I was awestruck.

Okami is the story of the Japanese 'origin of what is good and mother to us all', Amaterasu, the white wolf god and wielder of the Celestial Brush as she attempts to rid the world of an evil menace corrupting the once beautiful land of Nippon (Japan duh!). Accompanied by the strange Wandering Artist Issun, a small bug with a penchant for women and a sharp tongue, your task is to cross the land searching out the other 13 gods who can bestow upon you the various godly brush strokes necessary to defeat the 8-headed demon residing within the Moon Cave. The story is pretty straightforward, drawing deeply from Japanese tradition, but its beautiful and relevant story is explained through some well written, and at times, gorgeous dialogue.

Visually, *Okami* is one of the most beautiful games I've ever played, with bright, vibrant colors when the world is healthy, green and flat, morbid, and eerily glowing pastels as the world is consumed in darkness. With flowers following Amaterasu as she runs, trees blooming in full with bright cherry blossoms as you bring them to life, with darkness glowing with red to indicate it's swelling evil and all in a strange cell-shaded light, there is not a better visually styled game. At moments, it truly is a work of art.

Closely tied to these visuals is the gameplay, which relies heavily on

PlayStation 2



action/adventure puzzle/platformer with a huge twist. The Celestial Brush that Amaterasu carries can be used to paint the world and battles in black ink, with each stroke representing a certain power. It may sound confusing but really it's very simple: using the R1 button the action pauses, an inkpot and brush appear and the world turns to paper. If the room needs sun, draw a circle in the sky and the sun will appear, when fighting draw a straight line across enemies to slash them or draw a circle with a line and a bomb will drop in and blow everything to pieces. Certain platforms can be created to navigate to additional areas and a similar idea applies to fishing, which is an absolute treat! During battles a wide variety of other, more standard attacks can also be acquired with a variety of weapons and tools too.

Other elements of the game include trading, receiving praise for good deeds, cleansing the world and helping animals, and are representative of the God receiving power through the beliefs of the people and wilderness. Praise can then be used to level up elements such as health and the number of inkpots one can carry, other items increase the strength of weapons.

Okami is a beautiful and lengthy journey (nearly 30 hours maybe?) through an extraordinary world of vibrant colors and beliefs. Even if you're not interested in Japanese culture or mythology, it's still a brilliant adventure game, though albeit a little easy to complete given the necessary time. Everyone should at least have a look at the game, if only to bask in the light of its visual appearance.

Daniel Purvis

ABOUT THE GAMIERS

NAME: Matt Williams

AGE: 20

DEGREE / YEARS AT ADELAIDE UNI: Media & Law, 3rd Year

GAMING HOLY GRAIL: An original *Out Runners* arcade cabinet

WHERE DO YOU SEE YOURSELF IN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS? Once I finally get my degree out of the way I'm hoping to get into writing for magazines or get involved with a game company or record label.

FOUNDEST GAMING MOMENT: Saturday morning lock-ins at Magic Mountain and Timezone Meridian.

FAVOURITE GAMES: *ICO* (PS2), *Jet Set Radio* (DC), *Dead Wings* (Xbox 360), *Sonic 2* (Megadrive)

WHAT ARE YOU MOST LOOKING FORWARD TO IN GAMING IN 2007? Seeing how the console wars wage out this generation.

WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING? *Street Fighter Zero 2 Alpha* (Arcade), *GTA: Vice City Stories* (PS2)

NAME: Daniel Purvis

AGE: 21

DEGREE / YEARS AT ADELAIDE UNI: Bachelor of Media (graduate, here for fun!)

GAMING HOLY GRAIL: 40 Mega Drive games, 20 Master System games, two Mega Drive consoles and enough controllers to last me

WHERE DO YOU SEE YOURSELF IN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS? Working the night shift somewhere. Preferably in games journalism, but jobs like I'm still working in public relations or advertising (that would be sweet too)

FAVORITE GAMING MOMENT: Beating Emerald Weapon in *Final Fantasy* for the first time, culminating weeks spent breeding a golden chocobo and mastering the *Knights of Round*, *Phantasy Star* and *W. Summon* material.

FAVOURITE GAMES: *Comix Zone* (Mega Drive), *Guitar Hero 2* (PS2), *Final Fantasy XI* (PS2), *Resident Evil 4* (PS2), *Gears of War* (Xbox 360)

WHAT ARE YOU MOST LOOKING FORWARD TO IN GAMING IN 2007? Release of the PlayStation 3 and the console wars in full.

WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING? *Okami* (PS2), *Final Fantasy XI* (PS2) and *Guitar Hero 2*

Nightlife



takes a look at...

Distill

Well, I kind of get the feeling that this section of *On Dit* is going to be overlooked, possibly even ignored by many of you this edition because well, let's face it, we've just had the Big Day Out, the Adelaide Film Festival is here, the Fringe is coming, Wolfmother are coming, O'Ball is coming, the Future Music Festival is coming, the Clipsal 500 is coming and so on and so on. So really, who wants to be stuck in a stinky, cigarette-filled club till 3 or in the morning?! Not me, that's for sure. Instead, let me discuss with you another option, which goes by the name of: Distill.

Now I don't know if this is a habitual exercise performed by the majority of the female gender, but the first thing my friends and I do when entering a club/bar/lounge/party is quickly scan the room and head to the ladies room. Why am I introducing a venue through its toilets? Well it's because once entering the Distill bathroom, the first thing my eyes light up to is a single phrase plastered on the toilet door: "Act like you own the joint."

Now in my opinion such a phrase sums up Distill quite eloquently. This is due to the fact that everyone has well - how do I put it? - an elitist aura surrounding them and literally look like they own the 'joint' or own some other sort of 'joint' down Rundle Street, Chapel Street, possibly even down St Tropez way, but have never actually smoked or seen a joint in their lifetimes. That's right people, this is a place that requires a good scrummage through the old wardrobe, so put on your prettiest dresses ladies and nicest shirts lads.

Don't let the bar's catch phrase deter you though, because Distill does have a very distinct and very alluring feature that cannot be overlooked: it is a NON-SMOKING bar. That is correct, all you stinky, cancerous smokers have to sit outside, near the Rundle Street gutters (where you belong) because the bar staff and the patrons of this joint aren't into developing chronic bronchitis or emphysema anytime soon. The health bar mantra is also reflected through the exotic cocktails offered, with ingredients such as lychee, acta berries, mint and cinnamon, delightfully infused together with organic alcohol. That is correct, you did read rightly, the alcohol is organic. So all you 'PJ O'Brien's \$2 vodka and raspberry' drinkers, come on down to the other side. *Live a little*, minus the 15-teaspoon

sugar-induced bloating and headaches. Okay, okay, I will point out that the exotic cocktails are matched by exotic prices, but let's look at the bright side, it also means that you only have to associate with the odd sleazy drunk instead of a room full of them.

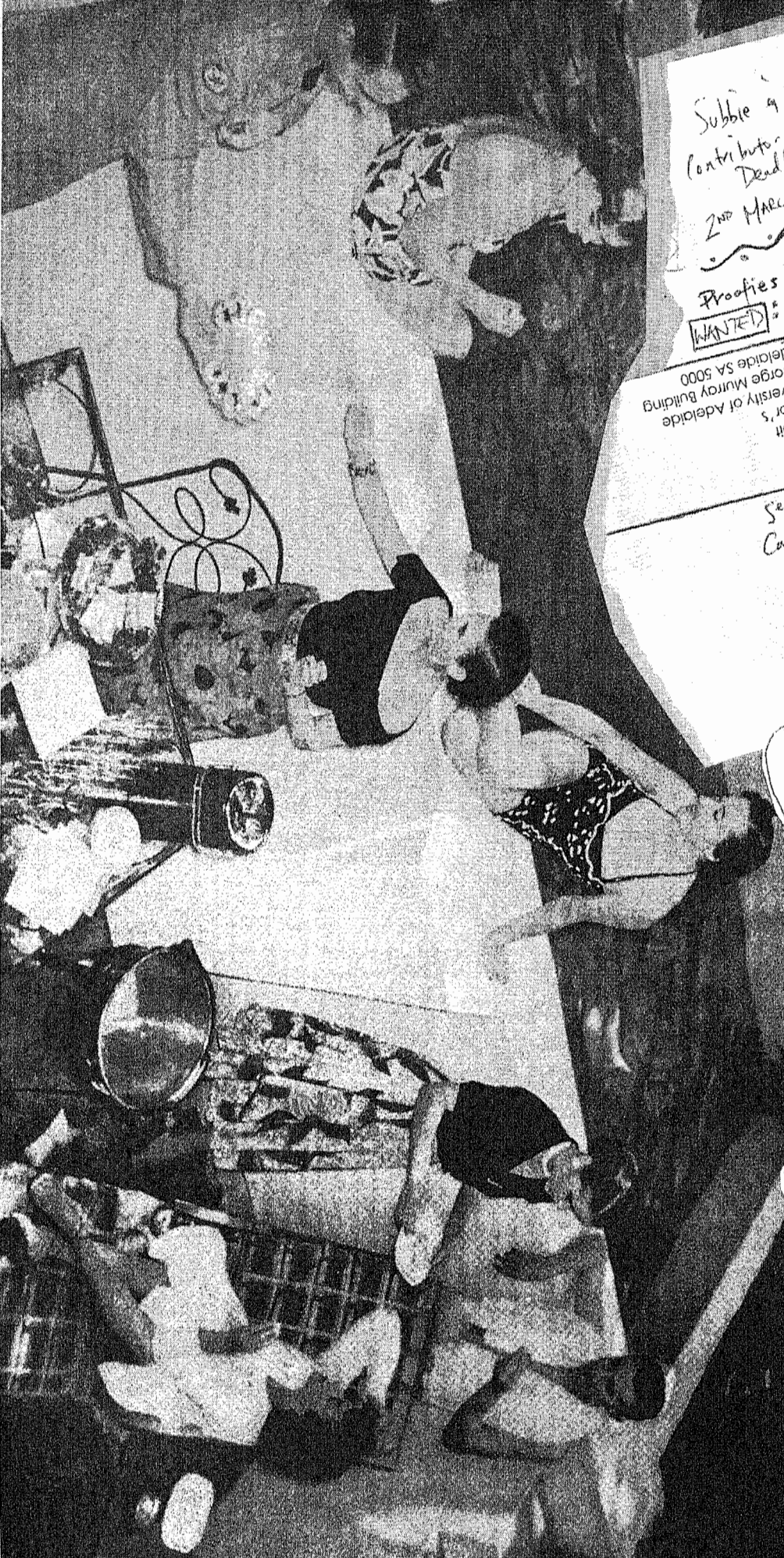
Other alluring aspects include the fact that it is a convenient place to go as it is situated on Rundle Street (106 to be exact), they are open every night of the week and most afternoons, the mainly funk, breaks and electro house tunes the DJs spin are not too loud, too commercial, or too conspicuous really, allowing for the development of good conversation. There is also only one door bitch on a Saturday night, but two super cute and super nice bouncers at the door and the place serves coffee! However I will warn you... do not ask for sugar, as I was rudely told by one of the bar staff that sugar was not possible because they are a bar not a cafe (well DUUUHHH) and I promise you this: I *did not and do not* look blind or stupid enough not to note this on my own.

The bar's décor is also a feast for the eyes, particularly the upstairs section, which has a sexy, erotic feel to it. You literally feel like you are climbing the stairs to a secret orgy club, due to the dark lighting, which is offset by red hues. Downstairs has a more pure and innocent feel to it, with the colour white being the predominant feature. The fluorescent lighting downstairs is a downfall though, as it makes even the most well-structured face look weird and E.T.-like. Either way, the luxe interior design of the venue makes it an ideal place to go for birthday drinks, a good catch up session with friends, or a nice cocktail on a sunny afternoon. Distill is also a favourite for the after-work, suit crowd.

All in all, I'd like to congratulate the Greenrod brothers, Matt Minear, Callum Stacy and Brett Baker for developing such a unique concept, which caters for those who enjoy a night out, minus the crowds, the smog and the loud head-banging music.

Until next time, drink organically, smoke never-ly and party hard-ly, or 'til the bank balance allows.

Tara Tahmasebi xxx



Subbie 9
 Contributor
 Deadline:
 2ND MARCH
 Proofs 5TH-7TH
 WANTED:

On Dir
 Editor's
 University of Adelaide
 George Murray Building
 Adelaide SA 5000

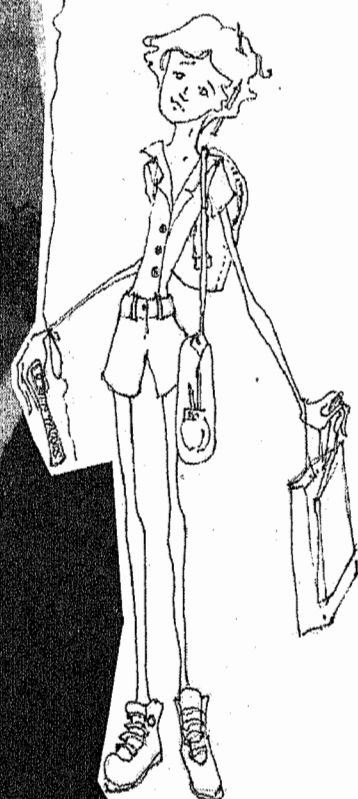
Send to
 Cadillac
 MARCH 8th

Published:
 14th March

Next edition:
 On Dir's
 Suburban
 Making the
 Edition
 Suburban
 Vol. 15
 Ed. 2
 Suburban



Send any contributions to
ondit@adelaide.edu.au
 and make this sad fresher
 happy again.



VOLUNTEERS REQUIRED

Toll free 1800 150 433

We are seeking healthy VOLUNTEERS
aged 18 and over
to participate in future
clinical
research studies



Clinical, Medical and
Analytical Excellence

Volunteers who participate
in studies will be eligible
for financial
reimbursements.

CMAX is a world-class, clinical research and drug testing facility based at the Royal Adelaide Hospital, that carries out research on a variety of medicines for the pharmaceutical industry. The types of medicines that are investigated are varied, with some already marketed and in use in hospitals and by the General Practitioners, whereas other medicines may be in the early stages of investigation and development.

CMAX
A division of IDT Australia Limited
Level 5 East Wing
Royal Adelaide Hospital
North Terrace, Adelaide SA 5000
e-mail: cmax@cmax.com.au
www.cmax.com.au

An ethics Committee approves all clinical studies carried out at CMAX.

