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It’s hard to go past the Lion’s famous steaks when you’re after seriously satisfying food. A spontaneous culinary stop late on a weekday night, our corner table looked out over groups of suited business men, a birthday gathering and a few older couples sipping their way through bottles of good reds. Comfort food also calls for favourite wines, and tonight an ordered glass of Rockford Alicante Bouchet turned into a bottle when the waiter pointed out the mere allocation of two-and-a-bit glasses per person between us. Nice one.

With my hypochondriac of a dining companion declaring he definitely needed steak ‘because I’m all pale, I probably have anaemia’ we decided that the Coorong Angus MSA Graded Scotch Fillet with Coriole Olive Oil Mash, Beerenberg Tomato and Beetroot Relish and Peppercorn Sauce would be the best cure for his clearly morbid announcement.

“My favorite animal is steak.”
- Fran Lebowitz

Perfectly tender and juicy on the inside, our request for them to be well done was dutifully executed in the most skilful fashion, the fat slightly blackened and crisp. The distinctive Coriole characteristics of the olive oil shone through the mash and the peppercorn sauce was delectably rich and meaty but surprisingly un-peppery for its name.

Vegetables are interesting but lack a sense of purpose when accompanied by a good cut of meat. - Fran Lebowitz

Unfortunately the arrival of our Asparagus and Broccoli with Sweet Lemon Emulsion a few minutes after we has swept up the last few drops of sauce from our steaks, meant that they probably weren’t enjoyed to their full potential. They were, however, delicious and the emulsion that dressed broccolini and asparagus certainly livened the dish up to create something of an accidental palate cleanser before dessert. The mistake was dealt with graciously by the staff, who were clearly lacking in numbers on a night where folks like us - ‘walk-ins’ to those in the industry - and a couple of people off sick had thrown the carefully considered table/waiter ratio off balance. We were generously offered a dessert each on the house as well as the cost of the vegetables deducted from our bill. Nice one.

I want to have a good body, but not as much as I want dessert. - Jason Love

We finished our evening with a silky hazelnut truffle desert and a tangy lemon pudding whose beautiful sauce pooled onto the plate once the spoon penetrated the centre of the pudding. Once again the waiter’s recommendation was spot on, and to their credit they remained helpful and cheerful until we, as the last table, left the building, content, full, and determined to return soon.

Hannah Frank

F1 GRAND PRIX: MELBOURNE & MALAYSIA

Formula One Albert Park, Melbourne (14th-16th of March 2008)
Out of 22 cars, only 7 managed to cross the chequered flag. It was a great race for McLaren, the worst for Ferrari (yes, I am a strong Ferrari supporter), despite Ferrari fairing real well during winter testing and the build up to the race. The results for qualifying & the final race came as a shock as most (if not many) would have thought that Ferrari would grab pole & of cause take the chequered flag. Alas, that was never the case. It was a nail-biting race until the very end, in which Lewis Hamilton in the McLaren Mercedes winning the race with Nick Heidfeld in the BMW coming in second and Nico Rosberg in the Williams-Toyota finishing third. With just 4 laps to go, reigning world champion, Kimi Raikkonen in the Ferrari had a spin & hence did not complete the race.

He ended up in ninth. Ruben Barrichello in the Honda came in eighth, but he was disqualified for running the red lights in pits. With Ruben’s disqualification, Kimi moved up to eighth & scored just 1 point for the race in Melbourne.

Formula One Sepang, Malaysia (21st-23rd of March 2008) Ferrari did bounce back, but not fully. This time, Kimi Raikkonen drove superbly to take the chequered flag while team mate Felipe Massa suffered a spin & did not finish the race. Melbourne race winner, Lewis Hamilton only managed fifth. Lewis Hamilton & team mate Heikki Kovalainen were penalized 5 places down the grid for impeding Nick Heidfeld (BMW) and Fernando Alonso (Renault). However, despite the penalty, Heikki drove fantastically to secure third. Robert Kubica (BMW) was in a league of his own as he was 20 seconds behind the race leader and 20 seconds ahead of third place, Heikki. After 2 races, Lewis is leading the drivers’ championship by 3 points, with Kimi and Nick tied for second place with 11 points each. As for the constructors’ championship, McLaren-Mercedes is leading with 24 points while BMW is 5 points down from the leader and Ferrari is trailing with 11 points.

Goldy Yong
For those of you who aren’t savvy to the world of contemporary literature, Bill Manhire is a modern day poet. Yes, real poets do still exist, and you should forget here any lame archetypes of English wankers and self-important, self-destructive artists you might have picked up in more pretentious English courses. You should also forget the expression ‘Drunk as a poet on pay day,’ for whilst he did spend his childhood growing up in the pubs of Invercargill, New Zealand as the son of a publican, Bill Manhire is a poet of a different breed and appears to be quite a respectable man. In addition to being an accomplished writer, becoming a poet laureate and winning the NZ Book Awards four times, he is also a professor of English at the Uni of Wellington. Some of his more recent works include Lifted, Collected Poems and What to Call Your Child.

Quizzed on his unusual pub upbringing Bill says “I think that everybody thinks that their childhood is weird and everybody else’s is normal.” But he concedes, “I think it probably was a weird childhood in retrospect, but a good weird childhood.”

Whilst he cannot pinpoint exactly when he discovered that he was a poet, Bill expresses that he always wrote, albeit “really badly.” He likens the process of learning to write to “learning to speak when you’re a child.” He states, “You sort of copy the voices around you and sound a bit odd until you can talk in sentences and so on…and learning to write on the page whether it’s poetry or fiction is just the same…you’ve got to learn to read the powerful voices…and you can occupy them until you learn to speak in your own voice. But you learn to do it by reading just as you learn to speak by listening.”

Interestingly, unlike most writers Bill’s work has taken him on a voyage to the Antarctic. After receiving an invite through the Artists to the Antarctic Programme, he had the surreal experience of travelling to the South Pole. Bill has also had the privilege of having had one of his poems, Erebos Voices, read by Sir Edmund Hillary at Scott Base in Antarctica to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the Erebus plane crash disaster. He identifies the highest point in his career as having his first book published and “seeing this thing that had physical weight in the world.”

Bill’s career has also seen him take up the post of Director of the International Institute of Modern Letters, a coveted creative writing programme. But is writing really a process that can be taught? “I think you’re just kind of fostering a process and speeding stuff up for some talented people,” he explains.

Bill manages to evade the air of pretension that sometimes wafts around literary events. He is wary of the adoption of a high cultural view of poetry and is also uneasy about literary criticism. He states, “Whatever our belief system we seem to want proof from the wisest people…I think it’s a bit dangerous when society starts turning the poets and the novelists into the wisest people…they’re not any wiser than anyone else.” So does his attitude towards literary criticism clash with his position as a Professor of English? “It does a little bit. In fact our creative writing programme is separate from the English Department now. It’s not so much literary criticism, I like talking about the detail of a poem or a novel or a screen play and trying to work out why it’s working or why it’s not, but I’m not very interested in theory, if I wanted theory I would have studied philosophy.”

Bill’s advice to his students is to ‘Write what you know and write what you don’t know.’ He explains, “Everybody feels alright with what you know. I think I’ve always felt that writing what you don’t know is much more interesting.” He rejects the idea of writing as a meticulously planned and managed activity, drawing on the words of E.M Forster, who said, “How do I know what I think until I see what I say?”

The conclusion to be drawn is that writing is an explorative venture: “The writing process is alive with its own sense of discovery and the words are the instruments of discovery. They’ve got that sort of functional power…they’re not simply just a tape recorder to be turned on after you’ve worked out what you think. They’ll make imagery somehow…I think that’s what I think.”

Dayna
Interview with Dark Horsey's Ken Bolton

By Connor O'Brien

In compiling the lit section for this sexuality-themed edition of On Dit, I thought it was necessary to include at least one interview with somebody who straddles the worlds of both sexuality and literature. Unfortunately, my interview with Jenna Jameson (an accomplished memoirist) fell through at the last minute, so I thought, “Who better to interview than Ken Bolton, the owner and manager of Dark Horsey, Adelaide’s leading indie bookshop dealing in matters of feminism and cultural studies?” And so I did just that: I interviewed Ken about general bookdealing and selling feminism.

Connor: What I like about Dark Horsey is that you clearly take great care in deciding upon which books you want to stock. You stock a lot of small press, feminist, and avantgarde lit, for instance, whereas most chain bookstores don’t seem to really give a damn about supporting small presses or ‘out-of-left-field’ writing. Does it feel rewarding, helping to support and promote more ‘marginalised’ writers and artists?

Ken: Well selling one of those books gives a bit of a buzz, especially if the customer comes back for more of the same. Those punters are fun: they often know exactly what they want - and that guides us in what we stock. Or they ask what writers are associated, as kindred spirits, with what they’ve been chasing. In areas that aren’t my own specialty I learn from the customers - otherwise I kind of know my way. (I’ve been a small press publisher myself, so I know how surprising it can be to get a cheque back from a bookshop - & a repeat order.) The big chains can’t sell this stuff so well: there’s not much money in it, but also they don’t usually know enough to select it or talk to the customer about it.

Connor: What’s the deal with feminist lit these days - is it still culturally important? Recent standouts, etc?

Ken: Books coming out of the feminist corner are important, all right - though now less in vogue. I think the patriarchy’s backlash has successfully rendered feminism’s image ‘un-cool’ - at least with those fixated on TV & Who Weekly. But a lot of the best work on, say, subjectivity and power, comes out of feminism, and a lot of good work on film, too. Authors like Liz Grosz, Susan Butler, Donna Haraway, and old Helene Cixous.

Connor: [Uninformed rant about feminist scholarship] To me it seems as though the public perception is that feminist scholarship is very shallow and is purely about projecting that message that “women are good, men are bad.” And that seems to be the whole problem, because it seems like a selfish and politically incorrect message to be projecting. Is that stigma turning people away?

Ken: [Concise and intelligent reply] I don’t think feminism does that at all, really. The ‘public perception’ is incorrect. It’s been produced by more than thirty years of conservative media backlash. I also think that that is the big media’s agreed estimate of the ‘public perception’: I don’t think it’s accurate polling, if you know what I mean.

Connor: I’m going to be lame here and ask for your dark horse pick of the literary pack: which books have been criminally ignored recently?

Ken: Amongst literary titles? I’d say Roberto Bolaño’s The Savage Detectives has not got as much press as it deserved. Eileen Myles’ early poetry & her book Chelsea Girls should have made her name here - but didn’t. Gilbert Sorrentino’s whole career has gone unremarked in mainstream Australia. But, then, it was pretty much sidelinied in America, too.

Connor O’Brien

Dark Horsey is a bookshop specialising in books on art, architecture & design, cultural studies, feminism, philosophy, film & media, as well as small press literature, artist’s books & catalogues, and local & international art magazines. It is located at the Lion Arts Centre, North Terrace at Morphett Street (sort of near the Jam Factory and the Mercury Cinema).
Tao Lin is a 24 year-old Brooklyn-based fiction writer, poet, and blogger. He writes about bored and alienated young people struggling with relationships and the ultimate meaning of existence. His stories are really funny.

In Lin’s fictional universe, everybody is manically depressed and even the most extraordinary events (i.e. talking hamsters and NASA-employed vegan muffins) can’t alleviate the protagonists’ deep-seated ennui. This is hilarious in a ‘thank-God-other-people-are-as-insane-and-confused-as-I-am’ sort of way.

In May last year, Tao Lin had his debut short story collection, Bed, and debut novel, Eeeeee Eee Eeee, published simultaneously by Melville House Press. (Miranda July gave Eeeeee Eee Eeee a really good blurbs). I read Bed and laughed a lot of times, and felt confused a lot of times, and felt happy by the time I finished, so then I bought Eeeeee Eee Eeee and the same things happened.

Eeeeee Eee Eeee is about a vocally depressed pizza deliveryman named Andrew who befriends large bears and bored, “existentially fucked” dolphins who end up murdering Elijah Wood. It is philosophical. It is funny. Heaps of hipsters have read it because Tao has had writing published in Vice magazine. But even if you aren’t a hipster, you would probably still like Eeeeee Eee Eeee. Actually, just read the fucking book, it’s better than the Bible. (I’ll even lend it you if you want, just send me an email). Some guy called Ryan on Goodreads.com said this about Eeeeee Eee Eeee: “I did think to myself after the first few pages - oh goddamnit, this is some really tired teenage angsty hipster novel written by a child. But when the first depressed bear showed up I reconsidered. When the next few, usually depressed animals showed up, I was there.” Yes.

I had an online conversation with Tao Lin about his writing, independent publishing houses, and what would happen if he became a world-famous novelist like JK Rowling or Nicole Richie.

Connor: Tao, could you type a little about the main ideas that you are currently trying to explore in your writing?
Tao: Currently I feel like I have no ideas that I want to explore. My life feels really concrete to me, I wake up, things are done, I eat the banana, I do something, I go hang out with someone, I worry about things like, “Does she like me? What did she just say mean? Should I invite her to my place? What actions will get me more power in this relationship? How can I get out of agreeing to see that movie with her?” I’m writing my second novel right now and it is all concrete, there is no rhetoric from me, Tao Lin, the only things not in dialogue or thought by the characters are descriptions like, “Haley Joel Osment walked to the train. He sat on a seat. He got off the train.” And I don’t include the characters thoughts often and if I do it is only Haley Joel Osment’s thoughts.

Connor: Haley Joel Osment scares me, a little. What about the stuff you already have published? What did you want to achieve by writing that?
Tao: For the writing that I have already published I think my main “themes” were that I wanted to write something to make me feel calmer, more excited, make me think, “That is funny,” or make me feel more factually significant (for example I am 0.0000000000000001% of the universe but in my daily life I probably behave and feel emotions as if I am 70% of the universe). Whatever sentences and words could get those results I would look at them and think, “Yes, that is what I wanted to write.”

Connor: Your books are published by Melville House, which is a really small independent publisher [based in New Jersey]. Could you type a bit about your relationship with Melville House?
Tao: I like Melville House because they are an independent publisher, I talk to them a lot, they talk to me, and they have the same ideas as me, they know what I’m talking about when I talk about books, and they publish books that I like. They publish Stephen Dixon and I like him. They published a book by Celia Farber - that I like. I can promote myself and feel good that they’re making more money. Also their book designs don’t look embarrassing like almost every other independent publisher, except McSweeney’s.

Connor: What would happen if your books suddenly became best-sellers and you became a world-famous novelist? (This question doesn’t really make sense, I know).
Tao: If my books became best-sellers I would probably quit my part-time job, focus very hard on finishing my second novel, finish the novel, and then focus on starting my own press to publish my internet friends, some of which I have met in real life more than once. I don’t know if that would actually happen, I might feel discouraged or too alone, like I do sometimes, which might affect my ability to do things.

Connor: You have a very specific philosophy of life which you stick to, which you talk about a lot on your blog, and which relates to being as conscious of the consequences of your actions as possible. Can fiction change people and make people more conscious of their actions?
Tao: I think I have become more aware of my actions over time but I am not sure if any of my changes are because of books of fiction I read. I think I mostly read fiction after I had changed. In terms of being “moral,” I think people can become more aware of their actions by reading non-fiction. Most of my fiction doesn’t tell people what to do. When I read my own writing I don’t become more aware of my actions. I remember telling people that reading about depressed people is “good” but I forgot the reasons I stated. Over time I have felt more reluctant to be rhetorical and “have authority.”

If you want to hit up Tao Lin’s writing immediately, his blog is reader-of-depressing-books.blogspot.com. The most recent short stories he has posted have revolved around the emotionally turbulent personal lives of professional sasquatches and vegan muffins. You can buy all of his print books online.
I Am America (And So Can You)
By Stephen Colbert
Scribe Publications

Over a three-day weekend, Stephen Colbert directly dictated into a micro cassette recorder, all of his thoughts that were not able to fit into his comedy social commentary show The Colbert Report (shown on Foxtel’s Comedy Central).

For those of you who do not recognise the name, Stephen Colbert is a former correspondent on Comedy Central’s parody The Daily Show. He left The Daily Show to host his own show The Colbert Report in 2005 and it is a parody styled on personality driven political opinion shows. Since its conception, the show has been very successful, collecting Colbert three Emmy nominations and he was invited to be a featured entertainer at the White House Correspondents’ Association Dinner in 2006. Colbert has made such an impact that he was named one of Time’s 100 most influential people in 2006 and 2007.

I Am America contains Colbert’s innermost thoughts and opinions about subjects ranging from sex to the American family. Controversial, outspoken and kooky, Colbert is of the opinion that all he says is correct and if you start out reading this book and not agreeing, by the end you will understand that in actual fact you are the wrong one. The book is divided into a chapter per topic.

I spent the entire time reading this book laughing out loud, in side splitting loud chuckles. This means that this is probably not the most suitable book to be reading on the bus, laughing your head off in a large crowd of people. For fans of The Chasers War and The Daily Show, this book will definitely appeal. For others who enjoy books such as Is It Me or Is Everything Shit or The Worst Case Scenario series, this book is for you.

Danielle

People of the Book
By Geraldine Brooks
4th Estate

Hanna Heath receives a phone call in the middle of the night. A highly valuable manuscript has been found in the ruins of a war ravaged Sarajevo and she realises that this could be the experience of a lifetime. A book conservator by trade, she makes her way to Bosnia to start work on the Sarajevo Haggadah, a Jewish prayer book. However Hanna is unprepared to have her world shaken from its normally ordered state.

Geraldine Brooks is a superb writer, but this book goes to the next level. Already a fan of A Year of Wonders and March, I found myself eagerly awaiting the release of this novel and I was not disappointed. People of the Book is an adventure filled and moving tale about love, war and of course, art. It has been thoroughly researched, as all Brooks’ books are and it deals with sensitive topics, such as war, very well.

Hanna is a strong and independent woman, who is experienced at her job, but along the way she falls in love with Ozren Karamen, the librarian who risked his life to save the book. The book does not just cover the present, as narrated by Hanna, but goes back in time and examines the manuscript’s history. However, it is Hanna’s own story which is central to the novel and which makes it a novel which speaks to the readers. Her difficulty with her mother and the constant feeling of disappointment her mother feels for her is not resolved in the traditional way as Brooks is an honest writer of human nature.

A fantastic novel for Brooks’ fans and anyone who wants a stirring and lyrical read.

Alicia
Did you know?

In 1900, women could buy a pair of shoes for just $1. Seriously, how awesome is that.

The Steve Madden shoes created for Mariah Carey’s “Adventures of Mimi” tour were seven-inch (18 centimetre) high pumps with in-built technology to make it feel like she was wearing sneakers! The in-built air technology meant that the whole sole was thickly padded and even a little bouncy. No sore feet after dancing with these shoes on.

There are over 50,000 shopping malls in the USA alone, employing the equivalent of over half of the Australian population.

Quote from a fashion icon

“It’s always the badly dressed people who are the most interesting.”
- Jean Paul Gaultier

Where should I go shopping today?

Madrid Xanadu is the largest shopping mall in Spain and the sixth largest in all of Europe. This 84 acre shopping and entertainment hub has an indoor ski slope with a run 250 metres long and 55 metres wide, and if you get bored of that the mall has 220 stores, 30 restaurants, a 15 screen movie theatre, and a 12,500 square metre go-cart track.

Are you a shopaholic?

Okay, when you’re going out on the weekend with a guy, do you buy a new outfit:

a) Only if he’s really hot.

b) All the time. Your theory is that a new outfit is the only way to have a worthwhile date.

c) Never. No date’s important enough to blow the money from your casual job on - and besides, you already have enough fashionable pre-worn outfits in your closet.

If you answered b) congratulations you are a shopaholic! We prefer option a), although not quite as good as b) in terms of boosting the retail economy in SA.

Finally, if you picked c) you’re probably a bit stingy and will be in need of a wardrobe update sooner rather than later.

For further information on Jenifer or Oz’s work please contact Jenifer at jenifer.varzaly@student.adelaide.edu.au
Oz has risen to prominence as the fashion photographer of choice for almost all high fashion in Adelaide, many jobs in Melbourne and Sydney, and is recognised internationally for his high quality and original fashion photography style.

We were lucky enough to get an interview with the always busy Oz at his Adelaide studio. So what can we tell readers who may be interested in pursuing a career in fashion or photography? Firstly, you do not need money or connections to make it in the industry. Oz had modest beginnings, immigrating to Australia from a small town in Italy at the age of three, but he is now one of the prominent fashion photographers in Australia. Despite all of this he still remains grounded and is always happy to talk about his road to success.

He started off studying to become a graphic designer and then began working in the field. He soon realised that it was very different studying graphic design to working in the industry. He didn’t really enjoy the work, apart from the task of occasionally taking photographs of scenes or products in the design process. This is where he first realised his interest in photography.

From there, he read and studied photography out of his own interest as well as just practicing it. He emphasises that it is a very practical skill which involves much more than reading or theory. Soon after this he left graphic design altogether for the world of photography. However, he in no way started at the top. He began as a photographer’s assistant in corporate photography, mainly taking pictures of staff members at different companies, and sometimes doing still shots of products. He learnt hands on in this job experience from the very beginning. He learnt ‘everything’ in his words and from doing a variety of photographic work, the fashion side of things just fell on him by chance. He did such a good job at all his work that this began to have a snowball effect, leading to many fashion photography jobs being offered to him, both here and interstate.

As Oz repeats to me, it does not matter what job you are doing, you have to do it to the best of your ability. For example, he tells me, “It’s not difficult to photograph a watch; it’s difficult to photograph it well.”

The ethos behind his work and success is the concept of striving for excellence. For example, as I sit in his Adelaide studio he tells me, “It doesn’t matter what you are photographing, even if it is a toilet doorknob, that’s how the person who commissioned you feeds their family - they’ve entrusted you with their livelihood.” If you do it well, they will do well, and looking at things like this makes it easy to see how he strives for excellence in his work - it is serving a very important function, no matter what the job is.

His advice to budding photographers is firstly that you need to work hard; you can’t expect to be doing magazine fashion shoots on your first job. Secondly, the importance of beauty in your work; it’s important to be original and artistic, but not so alternative that the photograph loses its beauty - it must be pleasing to look at. Thirdly, you have to do the yards. Everyone has to start from somewhere, and those who come to Oz expecting to start from the top will never make it. You have to be prepared to photograph door knobs, or whatever it will take for you to improve. The subject matter is irrelevant; it is your skill and work that is important.

For those of you that are more interested in modelling for fashion photographers like Oz he also has some important advice for you: First off, don’t take it too seriously, don’t make it your life. Secondly, whatever is in your head will always come out in your eyes in the photo shoot, so you can’t be too serious in order to be successful as a photographic model. You have to think about what the picture will present like.

When I asked him what he believes led to his success he looked at me and without any hesitation was able to answer in one simple, yet all-encompassing word: “Passion.”

Jenifer Varzaly

The Great Oz, Fashion Icon of South Australia

All photos on this page (43) are taken by Oz. His company is Stills, the Art of Oz.
I can’t remember the last time I was on stage with The Cops.

That’s not because it didn’t happen, I have been assured that it did. In October last year when the band came and played the Gov’s famous back room I was up there with them for at least a few songs. That I couldn’t remember I think had something to do with my attendance at an all day drinking festival for the 8 hours previous to the concert. Hmm. Not something I’m particularly proud of but something I am frequently reminded of nonetheless. I decided the subject of my interview, The Cops lead singer Simon Carter, did not need to be reminded about our last meeting.

So what is it like to be part of a successful Australian rock band like The Cops? According to front man, founding member and principle song writer Simon Carter ‘it’s an uphill struggle every step of the way.’ Struggle? Surely if you are receiving national radio airplay and touring around the country seemingly every other month then you’ve made it right? Even after releasing their second LP last year to considerable acclaim and racking up some impressive support slots, including Blondie and the Kaiser Chiefs, Carter and his band mates are still ‘barely able to sustain themselves off the band.’ For a group with such an impressive C.V. this is surprising to say the least.

Following the release of their debut album ‘Stomp on Trip Wires’ in 2004, The Cops have built up a sizeable following. Their most recent national tour in 2007 was a cross country jaunt with fellow Sydney rockers Expatriate while their flagship single ‘The Message’ came in at number 88 on last year’s Hottest 100. I asked Carter if any of these moments made him stop and reflect on how far the band had come. On supporting the Kaiser Chiefs, Carter said ‘it’s always nice to play in front of big crowds. But at the end of the day when you’re playing a big support no one is really there to see you.’

Formed in 2003 by Carter and bassist Beck Darwon and hailing from Sydney’s inner west The Cops describe themselves as ‘a mashing of rock, funk, soul, electro, hip hop and pop, shot out of a see-through, mile-long, neon cannon into the outer reaches of our solar system.’ Follow the release of their second long-player Drop it in Their Laps in 2007 the media attacked the group into the synth-pop sub-genre. This is a label Carter would prefer to avoid. During the course of our conversation I learnt that founding member Beck Darwon is planning to leave the band. So how will this affect the band? For a group which has undergone numerous line-up changes since their inception the answer is not a great deal. Primarily The Cops are Carter’s band. The multi-instrumentalist writes all the parts in his home studio and then introduces them to the band. Although there is room for creative input from other members the singer safeguards his musical vision.

Although primarily a rock band the front man describes The Cops sound as a mish-mash of his many and varied musical influences which stretch from Hall & Oates, Ice Cube and Public Enemy to contemporary Latin American music, soul and funk. On heavy rotation in Carter’s stereo now are three David Bowie albums low, heroes and Lodger, records which come from a period in Bowie’s career where he was uninspired by what was happening in the music industry. As our conversation went on, it was clear that Carter at times feels a similar kind of disillusionment with the music industry and popular music in particular which he described as ‘very convoluted.’ ‘It’s a really weird time in music at the moment’ he states when I ask him what effect the rampant illegal downloading of artists work is having on his group. ‘Well, it’s getting a lot harder to sell records. No one really knows what to do, they’re all just sitting on their hands and wondering what next?’

So if it all really is a constant struggle then what motivates The Cops? ‘Well basically’, Carter confides ‘I can’t really do anything else.’ Although there is more to it than that. Working the regulation amount of part time jobs made Carter realise that to devote his life to anything other than music would be a mistake. Music had always formed a big part of his life and his father ‘...always had instruments lying around the house.’ Despite his long love affair with all things musical Carter is entirely self-taught and has never received any formal musical training. This was a completely conscious decision to aid rather than impede his musical growth. When you hear The Cops’ unique sound it is clear that this was the right choice.

Mitch Waters

The People’s Playlist

Protest Songs

With Mitch Waters

1. Sunday Bloody Sunday - U2
The massacre of thirteen people, six of whom were under 18, by the British army in Derry has been immortalized in this classic tune.

2. Chop Suey - System of a Down
I reckon this song is about the tragedy of suicide bombing not only for victims and their families but also on the perpetrators and their loved ones.

3. Bomb the World - Michael Franti
Don’t let the title fool you, Franti ain’t advocating for shock and awe.

4. Times they are a Changing - Bob Dylan
Although he wouldn’t call himself a revolutionary the context in which this classic tune was released makes it impossible to view it as anything other than rallying cry for the children of the revolution.

5. Take the Power Back - Rage against the Machine
Were any of their songs not political?
Have O’Ball Ls Ba Ls Dropped?

By the time I arrived at O’Ball the cloisters resembled a battle ground the likes of which I had not seen since my days as a freshman. All around fresh faced first years searched for somewhere to throw up or a friend to hang off so they could be led home to mummy and daddy. Okay, so I exaggerate slightly but everyone seemed pretty wasted, and not just normal wasted but the kind of drunk you get when you don’t know how much you can realistically consume. My friends and I, all approaching our mid-20’s at an ever increasing pace, began to feel very old. But how was the music?

First of all the Koollism crew must still be livid that they were scheduled before Peter Coombe. I mean if that is not a total slap in the face I don’t what is. Sure you have to give Coombe props for all his years in ‘the game’ but what is it with his recent renaissance? That said everyone did enjoy singing along to ‘Juicy, Juicy Green Grass’ and ‘Newspaper Mama’.

Following that injustice it was British India’s turn to hit the stage and warm up the already warmed up crowd. Only being familiar with their radio-friendly material I can’t deliver an expert assessment of the band’s entire set. It was on the whole a very reasonable effort from this promising young group. They certainly did their best for a crowd who were a little unresponsive.

Next was the ubiquitous MC battle, a fad at best, which since Eminem’s 8 Mile and the rise of the Hill Top Hoods has reached near plague proportions. Obviously I was unimpressed but I cheered in all the right places and feigned some kind of interest in the whole process.

It was Simon Carter and his pet project the Cops who were given the difficult task of following up after the amateur MC’s. Through the sporadic shower of plastic cups and random objects, one of which hit the lead guitarist prompting him to yell F**K OFF into his microphone, the Sydney group delivered a tight, punchy set free from stage invasions. Their well known material ‘The Message’ and ‘Cop Pop’ were both well received. Even during these crowd pleasers almost half the crowd was still sitting down?! Whether or not this was related to lack of interest, the heatwave or severe inebriation I cannot be sure. The mood of the crowd however changed significantly when the headliners finally hit the stage.

True to form, Jebediah rocked the house. The classics ‘Harpoon’, ‘Leaving Home’ and ‘Jerks of Attention’ all had the crowd going off and for a time the missile barrage ceased. As the set went on however the question of age again entered my mind and became even more apparent. I mean I first heard most of these songs over ten years ago. Sure they were still great and when they played ‘Teflon’ I think I scared some people with my overly enthusiastic mosh-pit performance. But maybe some more new material is on the cards, guys? That this was their first show outside of Western Australia is perhaps indicative that there is more to come from this Aussie group who are slowly approaching ‘legend’ status. There certainly was a considerable gulf in class between the acts which preceded the headliners and the main event. The energy they gave off and their cohesion as a group is surely something that can only be attained through many long-hard years on the road perfecting your craft.

A great O’Ball overall but not the best I have seen by a long way. Whether it was the heat, the crowd, or the line-up I can’t be sure. Perhaps, at the risk of sounding political, this is the fate of O’Ball in the era of V.S.U. But a slightly disappointing O’Ball is better than none at all. Long may this event continue, wasted freshers and all.

Mitch Waters

Chatting with an Old Favourite

The call came out via email - ‘who wants to do O’Ball interviews?’ Okay KD, time to start begging… ‘Please please please let me interview Jebediah…’ ‘I’ve loved them since I was 12 (slight exaggeration needed… I was 14!)’ Lo and behold, I get the message I’ve been dying for: Ring Chris tomorrow at 11am…

Oh shit…what was I going to say?

All my preparation went to hell when I realised that the first question out of my mouth was ‘Icecream or Chocolate?’ “Chocolate…dark chocolate” says Chris, laughing and immediately putting me at ease. As guitarist with WA outfit Jebediah (who are making a re-appearance after a 26-months hibernation), Chris proves to be the nicest bloke to talk to about Jebediah’s return to the live scene. “It feels awesome to be gigging again, really good. The extended hiatus was snowballing out of control, so I’m loving playing live again.”

Adelaide is the band’s first trip out of WA since reappearing, and I’m curious as to why they decided now was the right time to start going interstate.

“Actually, we were invited to play the show, and rapt to be asked. We’d turned down other requests because we couldn’t fit them in, but this one seemed to work, so we jumped at it.” He promises that the new Jebediah sets will still contain classic songs: “We’re getting a fantastic response from crowds… the nostalgia aspects to the shows have been really enjoyable and the old songs are an indulgence of both the audience and us after a Jebs drought.”

Genuinely excited by this prospect- I am die-hard fan after all- I ask Chris what he is personally looking forward to over the next 6 months: “I look forward to recording but not as much as playing live. We’re playing a small handful of new songs and our loose aim is to get a record together between touring…we’re applying ourselves in the rehearsal studio, and we’ll record in blocks between touring. We’d love to release something new.”

As I do when interviewing any band that I’ve loved since I can remember, I always end up asking the geeky questions that they usually answer at in-store appearances and junkets run by nameless radio stations. Chris laughs when I warn him of what I’m about to do. “Fire away!” Favourite Jebediah support of all time? “In the early days, supporting a band that I’m a huge fan of- Weezer…and we got to meet them.” Worst experience on tour? “I don’t know about worst, but I have an embarrassing one…getting up onstage to sing along with Spiderbait at some festival. I’d had a bit too much to drink…the audience looked so confused!” Ultimate backstage rider? “Red wine and a cheese platter.” That’s not very rock n roll! “Well, can I say Eddy Izzard then- to entertain me before I go onstage?” Sure :)”

By the time you read this, Jebediah would’ve played a monster of a set at Adelaide O’Ball. For info on tour dates and potential new releases, head to www.jebediah.net.

On Dit 76.3

Mitch Waters
Ron Sexsmith

On March 11, I was treated to a night of beautiful music...

This was the night that Canadian folk-rock singer/songwriter, Ron Sexsmith, was in Adelaide to share his music with fans at Fowlers Live. Now I must admit that I hadn’t heard much about Ron Sexsmith before this gig, besides being told that he once did a song with Coldplay’s Chris Martin. Turns out that this lack of knowledge is not much of a surprise. Although Sexsmith is respected by many greats in the international music scene, such as Paul McCartney, Elton John and Elvis Costello, his music seems to be underrated and undervalued.

The night was opened by folk/country singer Krista Polvere, who performed her beautifully understated acoustic music. I was taken aback by Krista’s charming voice, which she uses to deliver honest lyrics, accentuated by great harmonies. While I was enjoying Krista’s set, I noticed that the room was being infiltrated by folks in their 50s. This kind of surprised me at first, but once Ron Sexsmith took the stage, all the pieces came together. I realised that this is the kind of music that my parents would listen to, as it is reminiscent of their younger years, when folk music was the craze and music was used as a means to tell a story. And this is exactly what Ron Sexsmith is; a story teller. Regarded as an outstanding songwriter, Sexsmith’s lyrics are thought-provoking and beautifully poetic, so much so that I found myself listening attentively to every word he delivered. With lyrics like these, it’s no wonder that so many artists have covered his songs, including Rod Stewart, Feist, KD Lang and Nick Lowe.

The music supporting the lyrics is gentle, yet very catchy, featuring memorable guitar riffs, light drumming and smooth, moving bass lines. Sexsmith’s voice is powerful, yet controlled, and provides a beautiful vehicle to deliver the eloquent lyrics. The diversity of songs played during this set was also impressive, moving between upbeat guitar driven tunes to beautiful piano-based ballads. Put simply, these are just great songs, where meaningful lyrics are set to strong melodies, the songs are short and punchy and the choruses are elevating.

What was also unique about this gig was Sexsmith’s interaction with the crowd. Between tracks, Sexsmith shared with his fans a few insights into his life, such as the song he wrote with Feist (‘Brandy Alexander’), his recent appearance on Spicks and Specks and his fascination with Flat White coffee (apparently they don’t have Flat Whites in Canada). All in all, Sexsmith created an intimate performance space, in which the singer and the crowd communicated with each other like good old mates. Sexsmith is a funny, humble character, with a fantastic voice, and a true gift for songwriting.

Amelia Dougherty
Local four piece metal act Satoria held their second gig on Australia Day at the Magill club as part of Metal at Magill. Despite having known the band for a few years now this was to be the first time that I had seen them, so I was looking forward to seeing what they could do.

Initially there was little interest from the crowd however once the set got going this was a different story with the beer garden quickly emptying and the audience rapidly growing. These guys can play. The long hours in rehearsal seem to be finally paying off, resulting in a tight set right down to the synchronised head bashing of Lennie and Stephan. The music ranges from brutally heavy guitar patters to some softer progression and all in all ties in together extremely well. Fittingly Adam’s vocals also range from screams to melodically sung verses. You can hear the influence of Dreamtheature and Killswitch Engage.

You can check out their my space profile (www.myspace.com/satoriamusic) for a taste of their demo, otherwise it’s available for a small donation after their gigs. Interestingly enough instead of paying for the demo to be produced professionally it was all done by the band in Brad’s basement. Having spoken with the guys I can tell you that this was a fairly long process and that they were quite anal in producing it. However, it has to be said the results are well deserved, as the demo sounds as good as if not better than many going around. All in all it is well worth a look if progressive metal is your thing. If not then it’s worth it to see the results that are possible from a DIY attitude and a fortune spent on your own recording equipment.

Your next opportunity to catch Satoria will be at the Lizard Lounge opening for Octanic’s EP launch on the 19th of April.

Demetrius

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Dig!!! Lazarus Dig!!!

EMI

There are two ways in which I could approach this album: as a part of Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds’ extensive back catalogue, or as a stand alone album. Putting something in the context of twenty-something years of work is an impossible task, given the variety of what the band has produced in that time. Listening to it as a single album is also somewhat unfair since it almost denies everything that has been done to get to that point. But that’s what I’m going to do, so send your hate mail now.

This is a bloody good album. Initially engaging with humour and hysteria in title track ‘Dig!!! Lazarus Dig!!!’ that tells the story of Larry (Lazarus) who goes on an American journey filled with drugs and guns and women, similar to the travels of Raoul Duke and Dr. Gonzo. ‘We Call Upon The Author’ pulls no punches referring to Charles Bukowski as a jerk in an epic ranting track, with some machinery sounds thrown in for good measure. ‘More News From Nowhere’ closes the album and seems to be a reflection on past loves, calling for ‘Miss Polly’ to strap him to the mast.

From beginning to end, Cave draws you into his world and walks you through, and he’s just so hospitable. There’s something very comfortable about this album, but that’s not to say that it’s complacent. ‘Dig!!! Lazarus, Dig!!!’ is so well put together that when you hear it, it sounds like an album you’ve known and loved for years. There are none of those awkward moments, where you stare at the stereo, in utter disbelief (in a bad way) at what you’re hearing. But then again, that’s where Nick Cave and his band’s talent lies.

This album serves as yet another reminder that Mr. Cave and The Bad Seeds truly are national treasures. It is too easy to dismiss this as just another Nick Cave album and not give it the credit it deserves. Dig!!! Lazarus, Dig!!! is a necessary addition to any Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds collection and a great place to start if you’re yet to discover them.

On Dit 76.3

These New Puritans

Beat Pyramid

Domino

The Dior fashion house and the Klaxons loves them, and they’re making quite the splash in the UK at the moment, but I really didn’t like this album as much as I thought I might.

As far as debuts go, it’s strong enough, in that it demonstrates innovation and catchy singles that the NME are sure to love. They tick every pop-culture box too: prestigious producer (Gareth Jones who produced the likes of Liars and Einsturzende Neubauten), commendable influences (Sonic Youth, David Lynch) and they come from the trendy part of London, counting The Horrors as friends.

Sadly, it’s not quite enough to make this an amazing debut. ‘Colours’ starts off promisingly with crazy drumming and frantic pace, but then it all comes crashing down with a chanted ‘gold gold gold’ chorus. I can see kids on the dance floor jumping and pumping their fists to it, but it comes off as lame and pretty much destroys a song which is rather good otherwise. ‘C 16th’ reprises the cringe factor repeating over and over ‘we weren’t right, we weren’t right’, almost as if they’d run out of lyrics.

But there are moments worth noting. ‘Swords of Truth’ is eclectic and interesting to listen to, almost hip hop meets rock/ electro—but not in a Linkin Park way—it’s far more intricate and subtle, which then leads into ‘Doppelganger’, reminiscent of the slower side of Aphex Twin. ‘MMK3’ sounds like a dejected Ian Dury on the tube, and it’s just perfection. And then there’s ‘Elvis’, a cleverly chosen single and an indie anthem if ever I heard one.

And that’s what the album is for me: great promise, but there always seems to be something that has been poorly thought out, which lets everything else down.

These New Puritans are only in their late teens, so hopefully next time around they’ll have matured a little and be able to cut the crap and focus on the great bits.
Musical duo’s of the modern age can be pretty hit and miss. They can be rockin’ and in your face like Death from Above or they can be a couple of boring indie kids like Angus and Julia Stone. Beach House is a girl-boy duo closer to the latter of these two examples. However, unlike Angus and Julia Stone, they are not without their redeeming qualities. The album Devotion, quite rightly classified as dream pop, is the sophomore offering by Beach House. The immediate positive that the listener notices is that the lyrics (mainly about love, sorrow and funny enough, devotion) are discernable unlike other dream pop bands such as Cocteau Twins.

The music itself is memorable as well. Indeed, if listened to twice, it is hard to mentally dispose of the melodies offered, at least by the first few tracks. The first single to be released (at least in the States) was correctly chosen to be ‘Gila’. Its instant charm is almost definitely thanks to the vocals (provided throughout the album by Victoria Legrand), especially the use of a vocal imitation echo akin to the “ey-ey-ey’s” in Rihanna’s “Umbrella”.

Production wise there is definitely a “wall of sound” approach, to the point where it sounds like the album was actually recorded in a beach house; a big, damp and empty space where the sound and production is high. Furthermore, there are tambourines, hand claps, maracas and drums which all seem to echo forever.

The funny thing is that on closer inspection, it seems the apparent layering and depth of the music is more likely to be an illusion of reverb. It is easy to forget that this is indeed a two piece group and judging by their Wikipedia photo, they perform as one also, highlighting the need to be able to replicate the sounds heard on the albums with as few players as possible.

It has to be said that the fuzz, slide guitars, organs and truck loads of echo do wear out by the end of the album. However, one could just as easily criticise these two for inconsistency and poor experimentation if they tried to expand beyond what they know they do well.

Final word: the dreamy Devotion should not be approached as a something to dance or sing along to. This is music created to just ‘be’ to.

Music Reviews: Sex & The City

Claire Elizabeth Knight
Listening to Welsh metal-core masters Bullet For My Valentine’s latest album *Scream Aim Fire*, I got the impression that I had heard it all before, and it was just slightly better the first time around. Being a huge fan of their earlier releases *Hand of Blood* and *The Poison*, I had high expectations of this release; they had a lot to live up to. However, I’m sure that it was these expectations that led me to be a bit hard on the Bullet boys. If I had never heard anything of theirs before, I’m fairly certain I would have fallen in love with *Scream Aim Fire* from the get go. The first and title track kicks things off with a galloping drumbeat that sets the thrashy pop metal tone of the whole album. Like a cross between Metallica and Trivium, the majority of the songs are reminiscent of 80’s metal that has been brought into the present, with a few hardcore breakdowns and some power balladry thrown in for good measure.

‘Waking the Demon’ is a definite stand out, with the perfect mix of aggressive guitar riffs and melodic “nicer” hooks, it is not hard to imagine an arena full of people screaming along to the chorus. ‘Say Goodnight’ and ‘Forever and Always’ show the tender side of their metal roots, slowing down the beat and softening up the vocals. However, they don’t quite live up to power rock ballads of decades gone by; it is in the harsher, faster paced songs that Bullet For My Valentine really shine. The furious drumming, ferocious screaming, and fancy fretwork of the guitar solos on ‘Ashes Of The Innocent’, ‘Last To Know’ and ‘Disappear’ show that these guys are heavy contenders in the metal-core realm.

Matt Tuck’s vocal harmonies let the music down slightly at times, although, it is nice to hear a metal band with more singing than screaming for a change. Overall, *Scream Aim Fire* is a decent rollicking metal album with diversity that falls just short of Bullet’s earlier work (but that definitely won’t stop me from seeing them at Thebarton Theatre when they come in May. Tickets through Venue+extra).

**We Grow Up**

*Night Kitchen*

triple j unearthed

*Night Kitchen* is the second album for local indie pop band We Grow Up. Taking queues from bands like Belle and Sebastian, Elliott Smith and The Beatles, We Grow Up combines poetic lyrics with tasteful pop melodies.

Mid last year the band’s sound captivated Missy Higgins leading to their winning Triple J’s unearthed competition. This gave them the opportunity to support Missy Higgins on the Adelaide leg of her ‘On A Clear Night’ tour, giving them a fair bit of exposure and boosting their local fan base quite substantially. Since then the band has been playing local gigs to try and expand upon this support. On top of that the band are trying to establish an Adelaide scene for other indie pop bands and thus expose more local talent.

Being produced in singer songwriter Jonathan Mortimer’s bedroom, the album has a relaxed feel, although it must be asked whether the vocals would gain something from a professional production. For me there are two standout tracks. The first of which is ‘Celia’ with its strong and haunting vocals detailing Celia’s pursuit of a forbidden love. The second track that caught my attention was ‘Office Christmas Party’, which portrays a melancholy view of the festive season. The opening track ‘Wrote It All Down In My Diary’ seems to have struck a chord with the local press and has received some rotation on the J’s. Also track 7, ‘Mutual Friends’, which is reminiscent of some of Simon and Garfunkel’s earlier work, makes for an enthralling listen.

The album has a relaxed, familiar feel with poetic and introspective making it ideal for evening listening.

Look out for We Grow Up on April the 11th at the Lizard Lounge.

**Ross McLennan**

*Sympathy For The New World*

Mistletone

I don’t like giving bad reviews. It’s not that *Sympathy For The New World* is bad; it’s just that Ross McLennan seems to be playing a game a he does not know how to win. It’s understandable what he’s trying to achieve with the songs, it’s just that they come out all wrong. The tracks are long-winded, unnecessarily layered and overly orchestrated, causing McLennan’s voice to be lost in the grandiose of sound created. Although at times his airy voice is quite relaxing, it’s mostly reminiscent of that one kid in the front row of the choir that whispers random lines from a song - you find yourself trying to figure out if he is actually singing, mumbling, or if he’s even in the choir. Anyway, the point is that it *could be* said that his voice is like that of the heavenly Thom Yorke (think Exit Music...) but, it’s not.

The opening track, ‘I’m As Heavy As I’ve Ever Been’ starts off uncannily like a Radiohead song would - a hair raising acappella, gently inviting the instruments to accompany, but it seems to stay in a mode of permanent anticipation, you find yourself accompanying, but it seems to stay in a mode of permanent anticipation, you find yourself saying, ‘here it comes’, but it never does. Although it wraps up nicely, when it ends, it leaves an air of disappointment.

‘Teenage Wish’ is literally difficult to listen to. At times there is no music at all - just sheer silence. The artistic attempt of an intensified atmosphere is noted, but it just gets annoying. Perhaps it is my impatience or maybe I am blindly biased, either way its like listening to a speech, and you go to clap, but it’s not over yet!

It’s not all doom and gloom, ‘Christian Love Made a Monkey Out of Me’ is by far the most balanced track, vocally, instrumentally and artistically.

*On Dit 76.3*
Before the Devil Knows You’re Dead (MA)
Now Showing

The tagline for this film, 'No one was supposed to get hurt', might give the impression of another routine heist film where the basics get botched up. Don’t be fooled. Before the Devil Knows You’re Dead is an orgy of mistakes and consequences, which will make you glad you’re in a comfy chair slurping Coke and not on the cast list.

Veteran director Sidney Lumet (12 Angry Men, Serpico) assembles a dysfunctional family tragedy told racily in a highly-fragmented narrative style, against a backdrop of ultra-ordinary shopping mall suburbia. Aided by a superbly-chosen and balanced cast, Lumet’s visuals sustain a pressure-cooker atmosphere throughout with his cast prodded, stirred, and slowly boiled alive by Kelly Masterson’s killer screenplay.

Brothers Andy (Philip Seymour Hoffman) and Hank (Ethan Hawke) are tired of living on the losing end of life and need money quick. Andy, the eldest, assures his weak and confidenceless sibling that he has the perfect crime. However, Andy’s scheme goes belly up when Hank, with no idea what to do and enlists the help of a seasoned crim. The resulting debacle tears their family, Andy’s wife (Marisa Tomei) and wily patriarch (Albert Finney), apart.

With a spiraling crisis, not to mention both Andy and Hank’s ever-increasing monetary and addiction woes, steering the film towards oblivion, Lumet succeeds at this point in opening up the plot to reveal another level. Before the Devil Knows You’re Dead is as much a sobering social commentary as it is a gripping thriller. The predicaments of unhappy relationships, and unhappy workplaces, conspire with the seediness of private shame to show humanity’s many sides. Naked vulnerability shares screen-time with merciless exploitation, hard-boiled business sense, and a constant blanket of regret and longing for things to have been different.

With its drug use and above-the-covers sex scenes, my money is on this film being assigned the big R by the ratings people by the time it gets to you. But let this not deter anyone, of age, from buying a ticket. Before the Devil Knows You’re Dead - one hell of a good film.

John De Laine

Editors: Jerome Arguelles, Vincent Coleman and Aslan Mesbah
Be Kind, Rewind (PG)

Director Michel Gondry seems to like making movies about memory. In _Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind_ he dealt with the erasure of information stored in the brain. Here, he deals with the erasure of information stored on magnetic tape. But, while his early effort was haunting, serious and visually inventive, his new venture is shoddy and weak.

Jerry, the main character, is played by Jack Black. Now there is no doubt Black is a talented and charismatic actor, yet there is very little even he can do to save this flimsy movie. The plot is weak and unbelievable. Jerry gets zapped by electricity when he visits a power station; his body gets magnetised as a result. Then, when he goes near the tapes in a video store, he manages to erase all of them. Undeterred, he decides, along with his friend, to shoot all the movies again. Their own versions of those movies, that is! They shoot their own version of _Ghostbusters_ and it is only twenty minutes long. Not only do people buy it, they actually come back and demand more films of the same kind! While we are expected to willingly suspend disbelief when approaching a movie, there is only so far that the brain can travel in that direction when confronted with such drivel.

In plot, genre, and cinematography that are reminiscent of their respective directors, but they all share two things in common. All the shorts tell the story of a person's or persons' attendance at a cinema/theatre/communal film screening and evidently, a three minute time limit.

The big question is, does _Chacun son cinéma_ deliver? To say that it does is ridiculous, as some of the shorts were easily forgettable, lacking a characteristic that made them protrude. While I was overall impressed with all the films’ cinematography, there were just some that outshine the others such as _Zhanxiao Village_, _I Travelled 9000 km To Give It To You_, _Artaud Double Bill_, and _One Fine Day_. The drawback is, some of the aforementioned shorts prioritise the cinematography but withdraws on the narratives… but that should not be too much of a problem for the aspiring directors and film critics out there, n’est-ce pas? Likewise, there were some with such concentrated meanings and messages that they will leave you thinking such as _Anna_, _At the Suicide of the Last Jew in the World in the Last Cinema in the World_, _5557 Miles from Cannes_, and _War in Peace_, but viewers may find them a bit static in presentation and even difficult to grasp. And then there are the light-hearted shorts that may be more fun to watch and more forgiving to the senses, such as _Happy Ending_, _Cinéma Erotique_, and _Awkward_, but may consequently be too predictable. Suffice to say, the variety in themes and genre are much more enormous compared to the shorts in _Paris je t’aime_. Positives and negatives are a lot more ambiguously fluid and viewers may find the whole film mixed, with some shorts characterised as a “hit” and others as a “miss.” But with so many directors involved in this project, this film is worth seeing for the film buffs out there, if only to play a guessing game to figure out which director is responsible for which short. But for the general audience, this film might just be the definition of ennui.

Chacun son cinéma is essentially a series of short films boasting the collaboration of 35 directors from around the world. International film lovers will not be disappointed by the participation of big name directors such as Wong Kar-Wai (2046, Happy Together), Roman Polanski (The Pianist), David Cronenberg (A History of Violence), Atom Egoyan (Exotica, Where the Truth Lies), Takeshi Kitano (The Blind Swordsman: Zatoichi), and re-introduces some Paris je t’aime directors such as Ethan and Joel Coen (No Country for Old Men) and Gus Van Sant (My Own Private Idaho, Elephant). The shorts vary
Anne Boleyn was Henry the Eight's second wife. She had been sent by her father to seduce the King. Sir Thomas Boleyn wanted his daughter to become the royal mistress and give the king a son. He believed that this would bring great wealth and prestige to his family. Unfortunately, things did not work out quite that way. The relationship between Henry and Anne made English history take a particularly vulgar turn. Henry, in order to marry Anne, had first to divorce his wife Katherine of Aragon. He did not obtain the Pope's permission for a divorce, so he took England out of the Catholic Church, started his own church (the Church of England, of which, he was, quite rightly, the head) and then married his precious Anne. Yet, Anne did not produce the male child he longed for. Henry soon tired of her. It was rumoured that Anne had committed incest with her brother. Henry had her tried and beheaded. Not quite giving up on marital bliss, he promptly married Jane Seymour.

'The Other Boleyn Girl' is high school history; the tale is nothing new and has been adapted from Phillipa Gregory's bestselling novel. The producers do little to move away from the bodice and crinoline formula, however. Tudor England has long been a setpiece for films with characters who wear gorgeous clothes and speak in clipped accents: and filmgoers see no reason to stop swallowing this tosh. Interestingly, the Tudor monarch is now played by an Australian (Eric Bana), and the Boleyn sisters are both played by American actresses. It takes Hollywood star power to launch an English costume drama.

The plot of the film, putters along at a reasonable pace. It is after all, a ghastly and gripping tale; all lust and intrigue. The performances, however, are a letdown. Anne is played by Natalie Portman who is quite out of her depth here. Most of the time, Portman declaims her lines in an elaborate, irritatingly stilted manner; it would seem she has invented an argot all her own for the film, she doesn't sound as if she is having a conversation at all, but instead, sounds as if she is reciting a Shakespearean sonnet...and making a hash of it at that. In real life, Henry VIII was portly. No great concessions to historical accuracy made in this film, however, for here, he is played by a taut, muscular Eric Bana. The Tudors ought to be feeling quite chuffed in their graves; this flatteringlly airbrushed Henry of theirs is a spunk! Yet, poor Eric should never have been allowed to sit on an English throne. He has no variation at all in his facial expressions. He starts the film by glowering at everyone and keeps up this strange activity to the very end. His face muscles keep twitching as if he is desperately trying to suppress some terrible emotion. It is as if he believes that this is what an English king must look like when he is anxious, and he never stops to question this unfortunate assumption.

This is a story that is important and, in the right hands, could be an intriguing study of the effects of lust, religion and downright ruthlessness on English history. Unfortunately, in the hands in which the film ended up, it has remained little more than a harmless piece of historical fluff.

Cherian Philipose
1. Anything by Russ Meyer
This man is a genius. He practically pioneered the use of the boob in feature film. These ain’t no damsels in distress either. These women are well endowed, some would say insanely so, and they kick ass. Some classic Meyer films include Vixen, Super Vixens, beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens. You get the point. Russ himself would guard the actors tents with a shotgun at night to ensure no hanky-panky went on, draining necessary virility in his cast. Other classic works include Beyond the Valley of the Dolls, a sort of proto Josie and the Pussycats.

1a. Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!
1a. Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill! deserves a category of its own almost. Easily the most well known of all exploitation films, it features a gang of 3 busy femme fatales in souped-up sports cars terrorize the highways on a murderous rampage. Faster features car chases, kung-fu, gunfights, a secret fortune and a whole lot of sex. A trash exploitation classic.

2. Sweet Sweetback’s Baadasssss Song
No, that’s not a typo. Its f**king cool. Seen Shaft? The original, not the crappy Samuel L. Jackson remake. Without Melvin van Peebles (father of 80’s homoerotic action etc) there would be no Shaft. Or exploitation for that matter. Tagged “The Film that THE MAN doesn’t want you to see!”, Sweet Sweetback concerns Black Panthers, crooked cops, Hell’s Angels and a black prostitute of the same name as the title on the run from ‘the man’. A black female prostitute as a heroine? This film is jammin’.

3. Deepthroat
A hilarious film with a sinister true story, Deep Throat is a vaguely pornographic drama about a woman who is born with her clitoris located in her oesophagus. Hilarity, amongst other things ensues. Deep Throat was a total failure at the box office. It’s not even really that good a movie. It is however of great importance to the exploitation genre, being the film that crippled the potential quasi-respectability of the genre. A new rating was devised for films that were more lewd than a regular art-house film, but less than a porno. Dubbed NC-17 (no children under the age of 17), the failure of Deep Throat to perform tainted the new rating and despite its active status in US censorship systems, it has as yet never been used again, as it is considered cinematic suicide.

4. Satanico Pandemonium
Whoever thought of first combining the exploitation genre with nuns was either a genius or a pervert. Probably a little of column A, a little of column B. Anyhow, the emerging 1970’s Italian genre of Nunsploitation was cemented in place with this film by Italian director Gilberto Martinez Solares. You heard me right there. Nunsploitation. Take one serving of young virgins, pledging their lives and nubile virtue to God. Add a good dose of Satanism, a splash of lesbian orgies, a pinch of murder and some cannibalism and you have one of the most messed up pieces of cinema ever contrived.

But how can you say no to an exploitation genre based solely on nuns?

5. Baise Moi
Baiser against sub-par acting and vaguely incoherent plot, Baise Moi managed to shake up the international film and censorship community for the first time in many, many years. It also pushed boundaries in exploitation film like never before. This rape/revenge movie features a pair of French porn stars (the title translates roughly as rape me/f**k me) who star in actual sex scenes, causing its banning in the US and Australia. Police physically shut down screenings of Baise Moi across Australia. A mix of bloody violence dealt out by saucy femme fatales, exciting gun play and hardcore pornography, Baise Moi is an exploitation film unlike any other.

While it hasn’t the charm of earlier cheesier and less subversive exploitation flicks, it has a contemporary edge which makes one feel uncomfortable and a little indulgent, as a good exploitation film should.

So there you have it kiddies, if you’re intrigued by this weird and saucy film movement (or you just really like seeing large breasted women kicking guys asses) check out some trash. While it’s unlikely your local Blockbuster or VideoEzy will carry a wide selection, you’d be amazed what you can find in the art house/foreign section, many of these films being rereleased on DVD recently. Either that or pop down to Kino Video and grab a bargain at their closing down sale.

More tasty links...
http://www.nunsploitation.net (says it all, really...)
http://www.trashorama.com (brilliant Aussie trash film festival)
http://www.ruthlessreviews.com (further info on exploitation, 80’s homoerotic action etc)
For one night only during Tastes of the Outback, the stunning landscapes of the Flinders Ranges will form the backdrop to an outback cinema serving up some of the best in Australian and UK short films and regional food.

On Saturday 26 April, SHORTS Film Festival and The Prairie Hotel will again present the popular SHORTS Outback event at Parachilna. The evening promises to delight and entertain with sneak previews of this year’s upcoming national SHORTS Film Festival and highlights of the 2007 Rushes Soho Shorts Festival, the UK’s leading short film festival.

At the award-winning Prairie Hotel in the Flinders Ranges, scene of critically acclaimed films *Rabbit-Proof Fence* and *The Tracker*, enjoy a pre-screening drink or two while celebrity chef Andrew Fielke tantalises your tastebuds with a Tastes of the Outback inspired feast including a variety of casual grazing platters to suit all budgets.

A unique experience not to be missed, sit back and enjoy the warm hospitality of the locals and share a few laughs over fine food and films. Then kick on to music under the moonlight and rest up for a recovery brunch the next morning.

So whichever way you’re driving into Parachilna, whether it’s from the Clare Valley, across the Iron Triangle, from the Riverland or Coober Pedy, SHORTS Outback will be both the journey and the destination.

SHORTS Outback opens at 5pm, Saturday 26 April. Screenings commence at 7:30pm. Tickets $15. Plus a Tastes-of-the-Outback inspired feast as well as a range of grazing platters to suit all budgets. Drinks for purchase from the bar throughout the night. Accommodation options available at The Prairie Hotel, nearby cabins or campsite.


For bookings, accommodation and more program information, contact The Prairie Hotel on 08 8648 4844 or info@prairiehotel.com.au, or visit [www.prairiehotel.com.au](http://www.prairiehotel.com.au) or [www.shortsfilmfestival.com](http://www.shortsfilmfestival.com).

For those not wishing to drive themselves, Groovy Grape Getaways are offering a bus package departing Adelaide 8am Sat 26th returning 6pm Sunday 27 April. Travel through the scenic Flinders Ranges via Quorn, Yorumbulla Caves, Hawker and Parachilna. $165 includes sleeping under the stars in swags or tent (Accommodation upgrades available through prairiehotel.com.au), lunch, breakfast and lunch (Sat dinner at own expense) plus your Shorts Film Ticket. Please contact [www.groovygrape.com.au](http://www.groovygrape.com.au) or 08 83714000.

The SHORTS Film Festival is open to all emerging filmmakers across the country and aims to champion and reward quality cinematic storytelling.

Since its inception in 2002, SHORTS, has grown quickly and now surpasses the St. Kilda Film Festival in Melbourne and is close on the heels of Tropfest, Australia’s prominent short film festival. SHORTS boasts the second largest prize pool in the country, including a coveted first prize trip to Cannes for the film festival winner.

In late 2007, the national short film festival and competition struck an expanded partnership with the UK’s renowned Rushes Soho Shorts Festival to give Australian filmmakers the chance to have their films showcased in front of an international audience that includes major commercial players in the film and advertising industries.

This year, the Shorts Film Festival will be held in late November at the Queen’s Theatre in Adelaide’s West End.

To enter your film before the official submission deadline of 1 August 2008, visit [www.shortsfilmfestival.com](http://www.shortsfilmfestival.com).
Want more TJ-ness with an additional serving of male? Tune into LOLs with Mike and TJ, every Tuesday at Midnight on Radio Adelaide 101.5FM

“Hey! It’s me...”

On Dit’s Social Pages

Katia (L) and Bianca (R) at Electric Light for a Lyla gig. Nice one ladies.

Hannah performing a rousing rendition of Electric Six’s ‘Danger! Danger! High Voltage!’

Brett (L) and Nicholas (R) make light work of the broken pool table and free games.

Katia (L) and Bianca (R) at Electric Light for a Lyla gig. Nice one ladies.

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**HAPPY HOURS**

**Mond**ay to Wednes**day** 5-7PM
$3.50 pints Carlton and $3.50 glass bubbly.
Plus! $4.00 glass of wine and $5.00 Cougar and Skyy RTD’s all night.

**Thursday** 4-9PM
"Pale and Pure" Thursday
$3.50 pints Coopers Pale and Pure Blonde

**Friday** 6-9PM
Coopers Pale and Lager pints $3.50,
Corona $5.00, Skyy and Cougar RTD’s $5.00

**ENTERTAINMENT**

**Tuesday** - Free Pool
**Wednesday** - Jazz Afternoon
5pm till 8pm
**Thursday** - DJ from 7pm
**Friday** - Live Band

**DROP THIS COMPLETED SLIP INTO THE UNIBAR FOR A CHANCE TO WIN A $50 BAR TAB IN MAY!**

Name:
Email:

What local live bands would you like to see play at the UniBar in 2008?

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*Ask at the Unibar for Terms and Conditions.*