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Goldfrapp
Seventh Tree
Mute Records

I’ve reverted somewhat back to female artists; sick of grating voices and generic guitar chords, Goldfrapp is one that I’m glad to have in my collection.

What can I say other than this album is positively beautiful. It opens with Alison Goldfrapp’s charming voice, guitar and strings that make for a heavenly mix. The synth throughout is what traces Goldfrapp back to her past - a comparatively heavier electro-pop I guess.

Some of the songs seem almost Air-esque and take you to a place on a cloud or to the echo of a bathroom where everyone sounds great. ‘Happiness’ is an obvious stand-out song, it’s catchy and you’ll recognise it as played on high rotation on the J’s at some stage. ‘Caravan Girl’ doesn’t do anything outstanding musically but creates that unashamed feeling of being able to revel in a typical catchy pop song. The only injustice is that Seventh Tree ends all too abruptly and you feel a bit gipped that it doesn’t keep going for just a bit longer.

A gorgeous sunny album to help you ‘come to’ on a lazy Sunday morning.

Fuck Buttons
Street Horrrrsing
Remote Control

The end is nigh.

Britain’s Fuck Buttons have made an album that sounds like in the implosion of the world and the destruction of everything you know and love. And who would have guessed that they actually use a Fisher Price Karaoke Machine to do it!

Opening track ‘Sweet Love For Planet Earth’ initially sounds dreamy but then heavy distortion kicks in over the top of the magical-sounding Casio keys. It feels like being ripped from sleep to find that you have been bound and gagged and are being dragged through the mud (at least, so I imagine).

In fact, the whole album sounds like a nightmare. But a good nightmare, in a Twin Peaks Black Lodge kind of way. There are animal sounds, screeching and an overwhelming sense of urgency and danger that oozes from this recording that can’t help but sit up and listen. Although it’s bleak, at no point are Fuck Buttons alienating, something which doesn’t happen often in noise.

By the time you get to track five, ‘Bright Tomorrow’ seems like a change in mood, until again, it descends into mayhem. But by this point in the album you’d be a fool to expect some kind of serenity. No rainbows and lollipops here.

Morse code-esque drums propel ‘Colours Move’ through to its climactic finale of indecipherable vocals and bird (monkey?) caws (shrieks?) which then shrink back into keyboard twinkles. Street Horrrrsing ends in almost the same place as it begins—a calm place, hinting at something sinister and from beginning to end it is completely engaging and eerily spooky.

I did only listen to this album through the teeny tiny speakers on my computer, so I can’t imagine your ears doing anything less than bleeding if you were to listen to this through any other sound system. This is an absolutely blow-your-head-off-and-smash-the-way-you-think-about-music kind of record. Not for the faint hearted.

Mountain Goats
Heretic Pride
4AD

Covering such expansive ground as personal religious persecution, imaginary cults, tributes to artistic greats and Chinese lake monsters; no one with an appreciation of the literate and engaging works of John Darnielle can feel unsatisfied with The Mountain Goats’ latest offering, Heretic Pride. Adopting a more heavily produced accompaniment to his singing, I was at first direly worried that the polish would shine up everything but the centerpiece to all Mountain Goats songs - his voice. Not to worry, my fears were soon allayed as the sparse yet unassuming backings complemented every one of the thirteen tracks without tampering the delicate beauty that is John Darnielle’s voice. The album flirts with musical genius at every other turn but is unadventurous for the seasoned Mountain Goats listener. By the same token, how does one improve on near genius? His formula is a tried and proven certainty as his prolific discography attests to.

‘In the Craters on the Moon’ delivers an impression of an old soul thoroughly thrashed by the anticipation of life uncertain and who is finally caving to full blown existential crisis. Amidst these and comparing one’s heart to an autoclave, examining paranoid xenophobia in America and sympathising with forbidden love Heretic Pride applies Darnielle’s knack for storytelling and eloquent phrasing to a wide range of challenging and quirky subjects.

For those of you who haven’t experienced The Mountain Goats yet, this album would be a good starting point, if only to prevent scaring you off with the lo-fi production qualities of his earlier works. I do understand some people out there don’t enjoy falling asleep to the whirs and splutters of a tape recorder interrupting the ever present fuzzy hum of unpolished acoustic sets.

But for the avid Mountain Goats fan to expect more of the same, in no way a bad thing, you can expect lyrical agility that makes even Thom Yorke look sluggish, unpretentious conviction that reminds you why you despise Bonso greatly and a musical outfit that you would love to pat on the back as you’re making love to John Darnielle. I once asked a friend whether it would be considered unethical to breed a child solely for its impeccable music taste, if ‘twere the fruits of musical genius’ loins. Let’s just say this album reminds me that Beth Gibbons is due to ovulate any minute!

Lyn Heikkinen

Natty.xx
Lars and the Real Girl (PG)

Now Showing

*Lars and the Real Girl* is director Craig Gillespie’s second feature and it’s a warm, quaint, offbeat picture most notable for the performance of Ryan Gosling, whose stock as an actor is justifiably rising. Gosling plays Lars, a man with a mental illness which basically renders him incredibly shy and unable to open up to the world around him. One day, to the surprise of his brother and his wife, Gus and Karin (Paul Schneider and Emily Mortimer), he claims he has a guest with him. Even further to their surprise, the guest turns out to be a life-size sex doll, Bianca (playing herself) that Lars ordered from the internet, and whom Lars treats as a real person, even conceiving an elaborate history for her.

What follows are the attempts of the small town community that Lars is a part of to indulge Lars’ fantasy and accommodate Bianca to keep Lars at ease. The scenes where the community take Bianca to the hairdresser and shopping and so on are a bit surreal really but they all add to the sense of quaintness and kindness that forms so much of the film’s appeal.

It’s all quite charming and quietly amusing. Gosling gives a brilliant performance with Lars. He’s an entirely sympathetic character played with subtlety and mannerisms that are never overwrought. He’s expressive without having to say too much. Most importantly, he’s believable, and few actors could pull off what Gosling achieves with Lars here. He’s backed up by a great supporting cast, in particular Gus and Karin. Gus provides much of the comic relief and Karin is wonderfully played by Emily Mortimer who gives a noteworthy performance as a woman filled with kind-heartedness and compassion. She really helps to anchor the film emotionally, and she shares the standout scene of the film with Lars.

The film deals deftly with its premise of mental illness when it could have turned out so differently. Opportunities for cheap laughs abound with the concept and in the wrong hands it could’ve been absolutely butchered (imagine if Will Ferrell got his hands on this somehow... actually, don’t.). It’s a credit to the writer, Nancy Oliver, and the director and cast that the film has a warmth and delicate poignancy befitting of the subject matter.

4/5

Angus Chisholm

Gone Baby Gone (MA)

Now Showing

*Gone Baby Gone* is a gripping crime thriller directed by Ben Affleck and based on a novel by Dennis Lehane, author of *Mystic River* (also a feature film). The film stars Casey Affleck and Michelle Monaghan as Kenzie and Angie respectively, private detectives who become embroiled in the tragic case of a missing little girl. Set in Boston, the film takes a close look at the lives of those involved in the case - the girl’s drug-addicted mother, Helene, the girl’s protective uncle and aunt, the acclaimed Chief Detective (played by Morgan Freeman), and the low life criminals which haunt the town. Even the relationship between Kenzie and Angie is put to the test.

The film has beautiful cinematography and has captured the essence of the lives which it portrays with amazing attention to detail. The film is not only a fascinating story but an insight into people, life, and the fine line between right and wrong. *Gone Baby Gone* addresses issues of drug addiction, family, poverty, crime, pedophilia, murder and morality with amazing insight. The plot does become slightly convoluted and confusing during the middle of the film, but all is clear in the end when the twist is revealed. For those who have a habit of predicting most twists, I am sure this one will surprise and impress you. The acting is superb throughout and conveys very realistic emotional drama, which perhaps leaves the viewer with more questions than answers with its ambiguous ending. The extent of its realism left me slightly depressed after viewing it, but impressed nonetheless. *Gone Baby Gone* is dark and compelling, I strongly recommend it.

4.5/5

Alexandra Blue
Despite the fact that ‘Fanatic’ is a bloody good topic for film to engage with, general busy-ness and an overwhelming number of reviews have meant that a feature on the subject of film fanaticism has been neglected. So, enjoy the intermittent pictures of films and stars that people tend to obsess over. If you feel strongly that something should be written on film fanatics or would simply like to write a review, then please contact the film sub-eds at: onditfilm@gmail.com.

**Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day (PG)**

In cinemas from May 8th

Simon Beaufoy, writer of *The Full Monty*, takes on (with David Magee) another social comedy of working people down on their luck with this adaptation of Winifred Watson’s 1938 novel. It’s a wordy script, bursting with the dizzy dialogue of the story’s light-headed London A-listers, while at times sobering-up as characters search for hope on the eve of World War II.

Frances McDormand is Guinevere Pettigrew, a seen-it-all governess abruptly discarded without pay by her employer and wandering the cold, mean streets. When the unemployment office refuses to refer her to anyone, a desperate Miss Pettigrew steals a job lead which takes her to the apartment of Delysia Lafosse (Amy Adams), who busily juggles the affections of three men and needs what she calls a ‘social secretary’ to compliment her social butterfly image.

The flighty Delysia soon comes to rely on Miss Pettigrew not only for tracking down items of lingerie from all corners of the lavishly-appointed residence (owned, in actual fact, by the richest, and meanest, of Delysia’s three beaus), but for advice on what ‘moves’ to make. In a world where one wrong move (socially) can throw even a beauty like Delysia onto the streets, Miss Pettigrew finds in her employer a common condition.

Ciaran Hinds plays Joe, a wealthy designer of lingerie, who singles out Miss Pettigrew as perhaps the only person of real substance in the frivolous and temporary world of fashion and top-end theatre. As planes and air-raid sirens blacken the film’s party decor with ever-increasing frequentness, a subplot of generational ignorance emerges in contrast to the predominantly light comedy tone upon which the film relies.

This is perhaps the film’s downfall. While a lavish and genuinely amusing display of 1930s furnishings, frolickings and fashion, *Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day* is clumsy and contrived in its efforts to integrate the spectacle of war into what remains to the end a pedestrian story of just-in-time love and copybook consequences. See this film if you love costumes and set design, because depth is not its strong point.

3/5

John De Laine

**Semi-Pro (M)**

Now Showing

Set in the year 1976, Jackie Moon, is the owner and coach of the Flint Michigan Tropics basketball team. When the prospect of a league merger occurs, Jackie begins to learn that his team will need more than just flair to survive in the NBA.

Starring talent such as Will Ferrell, Woody Harrelson, and Will Arnett (from *Arrested Development*), this film is highly funny, packed with quotable moments and a substantial amount of cheerleader eye-candy. *Semi-Pro*, does seem to balance the craziness expected of a Will Ferrell movie with an awful lot of character development and plot depth, which was a bit unexpected. This isn’t your average, funny “sports team learns to play” sort of film like *Dodgeball* or *Happy Gilmore*. *Semi-Pro* actually bears a respectable amount of emotional content. However in some regards this was out of place. The film never continuously rolled out the humour, darting from one scene of hilarity (typically with Will Ferrell) to a serious scene with Woody Harrelson, then back to the humour again. This made the film seem to drag on in some regard as you waited for the next run of jokes. Perhaps not as funny as *Zoolander*, *Anchorman* or other comedy films that forsake plot completely, but all up a more solid film.

Much better than *Blades of Glory*.

3/5

Michael Hill
How She Move (PG)  
Now Showing

*How She Move* is the latest film in the dance movie genre, and yes it is cliched. However it remains enjoyable and has many positive qualities. The plot on paper gives me a sense of déjà vu of *Stomp the Yard* and *Step Up*, but with a female lead. The Canadian film is set in Toronto, and follows teenager Reyanne as her life is turned upside down due to the death of a sibling, and is catapulted into the world of step dancing. Leaving her private school due to her parents financial strain over her sister’s drug addiction, Reyanne returns to her old stomping ground, where she aims to win back medical school aspirations by winning a dance contest.

Although it is a tried and true formula, *How She Move* sets itself apart from the majority of glossy dance flicks with its gritty style and sense of reality. Although an early scene where two girls use step dancing to resolve a fight was laughable, the film improves. The dance scenes are intense and energetic; the choreography of stepping was a lot more captivating than that in *Stomp the Yard*, which I found rigid and filled with corny chants. Reyanne fights to join an all male step crew to increase her chances of winning the contest, and the film delves lightly into the inequality between the sexes in the stepping world.

*How She Move* is refreshing in that Reyanne does not get objectified throughout. She isn’t presented as an overtly good looking character, and wanders around in trackies instead of skimpy dance wear. Additionally, there is a lack of sexy and provocative dance moves. Another bonus was that for a film featuring hip-hop music there was no excessive swearing or ‘your mamma’ insults flying throughout which you often find in this genre. *How She Move* also provides a nice insight into Reyanne’s Jamaican culture which seems to be very underrepresented in film. The portrayal of the community really captures the desperation facing those who live in very difficult circumstances and the film pushes very strong morals of survival, perseverance and succeeding against the odds. I wasn’t the greatest fan of Rutina Wesley as Reyanne, but the roles of her parents were well acted, and contributed to the strength of the story, even managing to pull a few heartstrings. *How She Move* is well worth a look if you appreciate ‘specky’ dance moves and don’t mind predicting the whole plot.

3/5

Alexandra Blue

Paris (M)  
Now Showing

*Paris*, written and directed by Cedric Klapisch, is essentially a film set in Paris that follows the lives of several individuals as they try to deal with various life-changing problems that emerge from the sea of human drama. But contrary to other films that follow several interconnected story arcs such as *Happenstance* (Le battement d’ailes du papillon), *Love Actually*, and even *Paris je t’aime*, the film’s overall mood is pensive, empathetic, and even awkward at times. While there are arguably as many as six or seven story arcs in the film, there are two primary arcs that act as the glue that hold them together. The first arc revolves around the siblings Pierre (Romain Duris) and Élise (Juliette Binoche), as they try to deal with the former’s mortality and both of their internal security and happiness. The second arc revolves around Roland Verneuil (Fabrice Luchini), a university professor who finds himself stalking one of his students with whom he has fallen in love. Their circumstances influence their neighbours, their friends, their loved ones, the local markets, and their co-workers, and the viewer comes to realise that the problems are not confined within the circumstances of the main characters.

To be frank, *Paris* achieves its intent in dispelling the “fantastic stereotype” associated with the city. But the film dragged out several of the characters’ issues, and would likely have viewers at the edge of their seat waiting… and waiting… and waiting for something interesting to happen. But could that be Klapisch’s ultimate intention? The film also had numerous story arcs, making it very difficult for the reader to follow on every character’s struggle. One may also find a couple of these arcs to be irrelevant to the overall story. Another cause for concern is the film’s highly-reputed ensemble cast consisting of Romain Duris, Juliette Binoche, Albert Dupontel, and many others. While they did not necessarily deliver poor performances (I was particularly impressed with Dupontel and Luchini’s acting), I thought their roles did not showcase well what they were capable of. This is not to say that *Paris* does not have some merit. The cinematography adeptly conveys the film’s underlying dark comedic mood. The shots definitely developed well up until the end, creating a satisfyingly pensive parallel to the film’s premise. All things considered, *Paris* is a satisfactory film, but by no means a masterpiece.

2.5/5

Jerome Arguelles
The Secret of the Grain (La graine et le mulet)

Now Showing

The Secret of the Grain, directed by Abdellatif Kechiche, tells the story of Slimane Beiji (Habib Boufares), a sixty-something year old of an unspecified pan-Arabic background (supposedly Tunisian) living in France who attempts to realise his dream of running a restaurant after losing his job at the port. To help Slimane achieve this dream, his lover’s daughter, Rym (Hafsia Herzi), undyingly supports him in his endeavours against the bureaucratic system of the government and convinces his close friends to lend him a hand out of generosity. Slimane also draws support from his ex-wife Souad (Bouraouia Marzouk), who is an excellent couscous cook, as well as from the children that they had together and their own respective families. In order to achieve their mission to fulfil Slimane’s dream, the two “families” of Slimane must put aside the tension that they have for each other and work together as one cohesive unit.

Superhero Movie (M)

Now Showing

After being bitten by a genetically engineered dragonfly, nerd Rick Riker (played by Drake Bell) develops superpowers, and begins a quest to both fight crime and win the love of his next-door neighbour, Jill Johnson (Sarah Paxton).

As the name suggests this is another spoof movie targeting superhero films ranging from Spiderman, Fantastic 4, X-Men, through to celebrities such as Tom Cruise and Steven Hawkin. This time round, the culprits are the makers of Scary Movie and also the Naked Gun, with spoof veteran Leslie Nielson playing a role. Pamela Anderson has a cameo, and Christopher McDonald (Shooter McGavin from Happy Gilmore) plays the film’s villain - the Hourglass.

I was thoroughly impressed by this film. The Secret of the Grain refrains from any flashy, high-technology based storytelling, and I believe the viewer will find this approach to be effectively consistent with the plot premise. In fact, some of the critical events in the movie are spoken about in past-tense dialogue, instead of having been actively portrayed in scenes. As a result, conversational scenes are very extensive. But this does not take away from the experience. On the contrary, it adds to the experience by adding a sense of “realism” to the film. Additionally, every aspect of every scene is relevant, creating a secondary form of story-telling via signs and symbols. So for those who plan to see the movie, pay close attention to everything in the film. The musical score is exotically interesting, and the talents of Hafsia Herzi who plays Rym and Alice Houri who plays Julia are especially noteworthy, as their acting will make it seem like they are actually speaking to you - the viewer. This is an exceptional film, a testament of the human will to never succumb to any obstacle. Highly recommended.

4.5/5

Jerome Arguelles

Generally speaking a spoof movie is a form of subhuman film, appealing only to mutants, losers and possibly Monty Python intelligencia (nerds). The first Scary Movie may have been original and somewhat humorous but the rest of the Scary Movie, Date Movie, Epic Movie, Not Another Teen Movie series were quite frankly flogging a dead horse. My expectations for Superhero Movie were low... limbo low... as in - how low can you go? Surprisingly though, the film did lay on hard and fast with the humour and was quite an enjoyable film. Additionally it wasn’t the sort of humour that made you groan after each joke. This was due to Leslie Nielson and the inclusion of experienced spoof film directors. For example, during the latter half of the films credits, about two minutes of cut jokes are shown, that whilst funny, nonetheless were rightly cut from the film. It showed that there was a high level of judiciousness applied in terms of trying to keep the film somewhat centred instead of throwing out any and every bad joke the writers could come up with. As a result, it raised the standard from another ‘dead horse being flogged’ film to the spoof calibre The Naked Gun series had - they’re still spoof films, and still in essence quite stupid - but they don’t wear off so quickly.

The verdict? If you ever liked spoof films, this film will breathe some new life into the genre for you. Fact 1: It’s still a spoof film. Fact 2: You will laugh... possibly a lot.

3.5/5

Michael Hill
The Dinner Guest (L’invité) (PG)

The Dinner Guest, directed by Laurent Bouhnik, is a French comedy film based on a novel by David Pharao. Gérard (Daniel Auteuil) and Colette (Valérie Lemercier) are a middle-aged childless couple who have their own respective childlike tendencies. Gérard loves toy trains and meticulously monitors an extensive train track inside his home in his spare time while Colette loves to collect novelty items and gives “childhood innocence” a totally different meaning. Upon receiving word of a promotion at work, Gérard gets caught up in having dinner with his boss Pontignac (Hippolyte Girardot). Strictly by circumstance, a neighbour by the name of Alexandre (Thierry Lhermitte) learns of this corporate dinner and he somehow manipulates the couple into appointing him as their personal consultant. While meaning only the best in giving the couple the necessary resources to impress Pontignac over dinner, Alexandre makes matters hilariously worse.

Overall, The Dinner Guest is a movie deserving of a rental and nothing more. While the film’s comedic content is satisfactory and at times, even laugh-out-loud funny, the film is too typical of French comedy and offers nothing really new in terms of presentation. As a matter of fact, I found this film to be a sort of spiritual successor to The Dinner Game (Le dîner de cons), a film that came out almost ten years ago and in which Thierry Lhermitte also appeared as a principal character. The overall mood, dialogue, and presentation were shockingly similar between the two films; static, predictable, clichéd. One possible reason why this film does not work in the big screen is because it is an adaptation of a novel/play. That is to say, this film does not work in the big screen because it is an adaptation of a novel/play. You could work better in a play setting considering the lack of scene changes and its emphasis on dialogue and thus, should not be in the big screen in the first place.

Usually in this sort of film where the narratives run parallel like this, there’s a pay off at the end, where the characters might meet in one climactic scene. In The Edge of Heaven, this never really happens. Characters swerve near and around each other, coming agonisingly close but never quite encountering each other and making the connections that the audience is aware of, and that’s a note the film ends on. Chance events have devastating consequences and the eventual result is tragic in its incompleteness. That’s not to say that the movie leaves you unsatisfied. It’s powerful and largely arresting, even if it does occasionally linger in its more contemplative moments.

Even when it lingers, though, you surrender yourself to the opulent photography and locations. Akin revisits the recurring theme in his films of examining the contrast in culture between Germany and Turkey as the movie travels back and forth from Bremen to Istanbul and elsewhere. The use of the locations and scenery is never overly extravagant or glossy as they might be if they were captured in a larger budget production. They feel authentic in a way that no outsider could capture and it lends a fascinating insight into the cultures explored in the film.

A powerful plot and thorough performances, including Tuncel Kurtiz as the amusingly seedy father, Ali, contribute to a great film from a very talented director.

4.5/5

Want to win a set of Semi-Pro and Superhero Movie admit two tickets? Simply answer the following question and the tickets are yours!

“What is the name of the comic book company that produced beloved superheroes such as Fantastic Four, X-Men, Daredevil, Spider-Man, The Avengers, and The Incredible Hulk?”

Send in your responses promptly to onditfilm@gmail.com and get ready to laugh out loud with Semi-Pro and Superhero Movie!
Some people are fanatic about sport, others about cars, fluffy toilet seat covers or even food. And then there are my favourite types of fanatics; those who are fanatic about other people, or one other person to be precise. This term is commonly referred to as ‘stalking’. However, the way I see it, it’s just taking destiny into your own hands. Firstly, I have to credit On Dit’s Mac Daddy (Michael Nicholson, for those intent on stalking!) for giving me this idea. Although I don’t really think being told you’re the perfect person to write a stalking piece is exactly a compliment. Perhaps it was my boy-deprived all-girl school education, my brother-less family or my large pack of wild dogs, err, I mean best friends. But for whatever reason, I found stalker advice surprisingly easy to give and so I pass my knowledge on to you. Whip out your camera phones and put on your oversized sunglasses, here is my Stalker How-To in three easy steps.

**STEP ONE: RESEARCH**

Your mission begins here and like any well written essay, research is imperative for good results. Lucky for us kids the 21st century has done us a big favour and invented sites such as Facebook and MySpace. These sites provide masses of personal and private information about someone with just a click of a button. If you have your chosen victim as friend then well done; you have access to who all their friends are, what music, sport and TV they like and even what they look like drunk in all their photos. The most useful feature is events. You will be able to see whether he/she will, will not or maybe be attending specific happenings around town. Ah, thank the Lord for technology. Study their page; learn all you can for future ‘common interest’ conversations with the stalkee.

**STEP TWO: LOCATION, LOCATION**

This is the pivotal yet complex part of the mission. Hopefully your research has provided you with numerous places to go and hunt your prey. Location is key and must be selected with caution. Slipping into the venue undetected is essential; don’t stalk anywhere that may highlight your entrance. For example, Supermild is too small and confined and there is no way of not being seen as you enter. On the other hand, HQ is too large, too many rooms and creepy people, the chase will soon turn into a marathon and no one likes a sweaty stalker. Please, DO NOT rock up to private soirees uninvited; no qualified stalkers would. The perfect place to stalk is somewhere busy, somewhere with a place to sit and watch, has easy access to toilets to hide in case of emergency and most importantly a large bar, for courage. If you’re at uni for a daytime stalk-fest, maybe you just happen to know that a friend of a friend has a lecture with your target and will be exiting Horace Lamb at 10am on Thursday morning. Position yourself outside, with a tool or distraction such as an iPod or a reader. Sit and wait, don’t stare of course, make yourself look busy while you wait for just one glimpse of the stalkee. At uni, be sure to avoid stairs and food areas. These generally result in incidents of the embarrassing kind, especially for nervous first time stalkers.

**STEP THREE: THE ENCOUNTER**

So you’ve done your research, chosen a night and secured a location; your mission is almost complete. I suggest downing a couple of white wines before leaving the house, just to make sure you’re nice and happy. Walk into the location with confidence, scan quickly but not obviously. When you spot your potential lover, head straight for the toilets or the bar to gather thoughts. Then with drinks and friends in tow, engage or pretend to engage in an enthralling and funny conversation - look like good time people and the stalkee may just come to you! Only hit the D-floor if there are a sufficient number of people around for camouflage. An hour passes and if by now you’ve walked past without attracting their attention, stand directly behind them at the bar or ATM and poke them. This usually works. However, if this fails and they don’t recognise you or seem annoyed then pretend you thought they were someone else and ABORT MISSION! If successful and the victim isn’t completely horrified to see you then, congratulations, you did it! Remember, every stalker’s first sentence should be “Heeeyyy what are YOU doing here?” The rest is up to you, have a witty and flirtatious conversation, push them, take them home and live happily ever after.*

Love TJ.

*Disclaimer - Unfortunately the happily ever after is not included in this package. I also do not take any responsibility for the change of MySpace or Facebook profiles to private or any restraining orders that may occur as a result.

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**STALKER ETIQUETTE 101**

- Be patient. If you don’t spot your target, don’t freak out, you have all night and the rest of your life to hunt.

- Whatever you do, DO NOT mention Facebook or MySpace. Drunken word vomit is common for stalkers so do yourself a favour and erase “oh I read it on your Facebook” from your vocabulary. This sentence can only result in a freaked-out, boggle-eyed stalker who will shortly run far, far away.

- Be drunk - because everyone’s more charming when drunk.

- Make yourself known to his or her friends. Be nice and introduce yourself so that next time you bump into them you can drop the old “So what are you and your friends up to this weekend?” You should follow this up with “Oh yeah, one of my friends has a tattoo saying they were dying to go there too..” This way when you rock up there (which of course you will!) you won’t look stalker-esque.

- Bring fun friends who are dedicated to the cause. Do not allow your paro friends to speak to the stalkee.

- Perfect the look and look away. This works a charm, especially at uni. Master the art of staring at your target, but pretending you don’t recognize them or that you are in a daze and looking at something in the distance. If they stop to talk to you, it’s a bonus.

Happy hunting!

TJ's Nightlife

She knows, because she goes...