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Dit

Volume 75. Edition 2.

March 2007

Suburban Edition



She was very much impressed to note that a bunch of heavily jewelled gold crowns sold for a few pounds, and a glance at a printed notice explained to her that the auctioneer was disposing of a theatrical supplier's stock. She picked up a catalogue lying on the empty chair next to hers and, studying it, saw that she might spend an enlivening half-hour with the weight off her feet.

There was a brisk bidding for a box of mixed swords and a more prolonged one for a collection of robes. The next lot was a tiara. As soon as she saw it Mary was attracted. It was quite a convincing piece of jewellery; fragile-looking with its rhinestone gems shining as innocently as dewdrops.

She thought it enchantingly pretty and was amazed by the opening bid of five shillings.

Thoughtlessly she raised it to ten and started one of those inexplicable ding-

EDITORIAL

On Dit embraces socio-economic stereotypes. In fact, we grab them, hug them and lick their faces. While drinking at The Exeter we all wrote down what we thought about our suburb, as well as others. City councils, please don't sue us! Is it possible to commit libel against an entire city council? Law students, send any legal advice to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

(If, for some strange reason, you enjoyed these musings see pg. 47 for more)

Myponga affectionately renamed "The Hamptons"

MY SISTER WORKS AT ARNDALE CENTRE. SHE SERVES PEOPLE THAT HAVE NO TEETH

The Outer Harbor train is alright. Once this guy with dreads, who admitted to delusions he may or may not have recorded an album and become immensely famous - he wasn't sure - did a spiritual rap for me. Most of the time though it's just school kids talking about fuckin' their girlfriend.

I was at high school the local messenger was Renne Hachham Well, it was a readers poll. I can't understand why they chose Henthfield High. It's still Hachham.

I don't even know where Lawson Lakes is.

urban, but then I moved to a share house in the suburbs, and now I look forward to laundry day when I get to hang out all my sheets in the yard. That's all.

PORT: IT'S HAPPENING (APPARENTLY)

IF YOU'RE DRIVING THROUGH DAN PARK DON'T STOP!!! YOU WILL BE KILLED. EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO PISS REALLY BAD, KEEP DRIVING, EVEN IF YOU HIT A CHILD, THIS CAN'T BE STRESSED ENOUGH!

ALL THE FUCK HEADS FROM MY HIGH SCHOOL LIVED IN WESTLARK. THEY ALL WEAR THEIR MAMMIES WHAT THEM TO.

I've been a professional house sitter for over years. All the suburbs lived in blur together. Only one thing is true, Burnside is big time.

live in Seacliff and I'm not a lesbian
Salisbury - it sucks, but it's home! (At least until I can get out)

When you order pizza to be delivered there'll always be a returned call saying, "Ahh... did you say understand?"
2. FUCKHEAD!

AND THAT'S THE BEST THING ABOUT THAT PLACE.

Actually Norwood looks like a night club. Big empty parking lots, unguarded things, and the usual suspects.

Could just put up the rates.

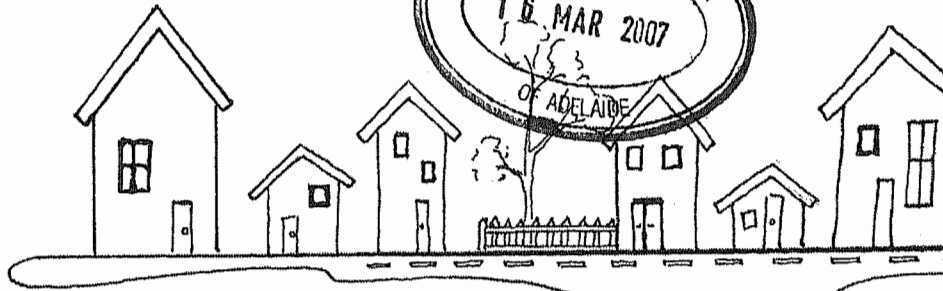
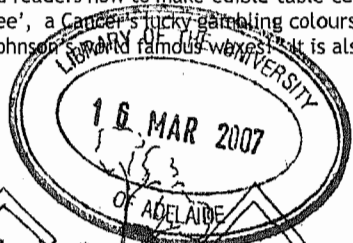
I don't know what you're talking about. Golden Lakes, at I reckon it's a rule of 5.

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About the cover: *The Australian Women's Weekly* is the ultimate suburban companion. In the July 3rd edition of 1957, Eve Gye teaches avid readers how to make edible table centrepieces, one of which is called the 'Fabulous Prawn Tree', a Cancer's lucky gambling colours are yellow and brown, and "homes stay beautiful with Johnson's world famous wallpaper". It is also from this edition that we get our cover.



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Thanks suburbanites:

Olivia for the no artificial colours or flavours, Tyson for the noodles and nachos, Stanley (although you should be thanking us!), A-Lo and Optimus Pint, Potter for costly distractions, Taxi Dad, the ever-increasing group of foolhardy grammar proofies (specially Oz: text "flirt"), Ex drinkers, hock n' soda and Troy (but not the parking inspector, he's mean).



Disclaimer, smaier: *On Dit* is a publication of the Adelaide University Union. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors, the University of Adelaide or the Adelaide University Union.

LETTERS, BIA TCH



Whose Money Is It Anyway?

Dear Eds,

Good work on your first edition, it's great to see *On Dit's* in safe hands for another year, albeit without much support at all from the Adelaide University Union. You've got a tough year ahead (one I'm not envious of) trying to meet your budget through sponsorship and the demands placed on you. It's a real pity the Union couldn't support you, with at least a bit of staffing to help with raising the \$4,000 per edition you need.

It does make me wonder whether this might happen to be because of the current Union Board. With the Pulse (Labor Right) majority, it seems rather hypocritical that those who yelled the loudest against the Howard government's abuse of power while holding both houses, are now the ones abusing their own in a not so dissimilar way.

You might gather that I'm referring to the 25% increase (from \$21,000 to \$28,000) increase in the President's honoraria, or the introduction of a \$7,000 honorarium for the Vice-President in that same first meeting of the new Board. Or maybe I should be making reference to the fact that the votes of the H2O Board Directors were bought in that same meeting through passing an upgrade for the International Student Lounge (\$10,000), both of these at the expense of two-thirds of the Student Radio budget (in effect cutting broadcasting time from 9 hours to 3 a week... total). Or perhaps the increase in honoraria was meant to distract us all from the fact that the Clubs' Association (representing more than 4,000 students) was not funded a single cent, not even for fixed costs. Maybe it would have helped if the Board directors were looking at their budget papers, instead of their leader (singular) as to which way to vote.

With Board Directors like this heading up the AUU, I'm sure they've got their priorities right, and surely wouldn't put money in their own pockets before major student groups got a cent...

Yours truly,

Sandy Biar

Cathartic Petty Bitching

To the anonymous proof-reader of my last *Psychiatric Disorder of the Week* article: it is spelled *conscientious*, not 'consciencious'. Thank you for disgracing me in front of the more spelling-conscious readers. However, at *On Dit* we are always grateful for the work of unpaid slave proof-readers. So good job anyway.

Love,

Angus

Dear Angus,

We put a deliberate spelling mistake in this week's article. See if you can find it!

Love Ben and Claire

P.S. Angus 0, Eds 1.

Something Fishy is Going On...

Dear Editor(s) and/or Michael Adams,

There may be something a lot more sinister lurking in our refugee policy than just detention centres & the Pacific Delusion (Pacific Solution). Michael Adams' article "Our refugee policy achieves its objectives, but is unforgivably inhumane" (On Dit 75.1) describes a vindictive policy of punishing even the victims of our foreign military interventions. Adams quotes John Howard's claim in October 2005 that the policies had been a great success because "illegal human traffic" into Australia had almost stopped. But John Howard is careful never to mention the elephant in the room, SIEV-X.

The really frenetic attempts to stop "illegals" (they're not illegal; the Refugee Convention gives them the right to seek asylum) entering Australia was in the lead-up to the 2001 federal election. On October 19th 2001, 353 people died when their asylum-seeker boat, SIEV-X, sank. The only enquiry into the sinking was when SIEV-X was tacked on as an extra item in a previously planned parliamentary enquiry into a much less serious incident at sea, commonly known as "Children Overboard". The enquiry basically concluded that SIEV-X was an unfortunate incident. Months later, a classified cable was belatedly released. Chair of the enquiry, the late Senator Peter Cook, told Parliament that he now realised officials had lied to the enquiry. Since then, the Senate has 4 times called for a judicial enquiry into SIEV-X.

What could there be to enquire into? Here are some of the known facts. During 2000-2001, Australian Government agents conducted a People Smuggling Disruption Program (PSDP) in Indonesia. Four agencies were involved: Australian Federal Police

(AFP), Department of Foreign Affairs & Trade (DFAT), Australian Security Intelligence Service (ASIS) & the Department of Immigration (then known as DIMIA). AFP signed an agreement with Indonesia's police in September 2000 to target people-smuggling syndicates. The agreement was withdrawn by Indonesia's Government in September 2001, but AFP & Indonesia's police continued their PSDP without any legal sanction during October 2001 (the month SIEV-X sank). In August 2001, ASIS was assigned to operate PSDP with virtually no scrutiny. Australia's Embassy in Jakarta was at the centre of PSDP activities.

Thirty Indonesian police forced over 400 people at gunpoint to board SIEV-X; it was designed to carry 100, and it had obvious cracks in the hull. It seems reasonable to assume that it was intended to sink.

Describing his PSDP activities on Australian TV, AFP agent Kevin Ennis says he organised voyages, collected money for the trip, and then sank several boats containing asylum seekers close to shore, with no loss of life.

A week before SIEV-X sank, the PSDP Task Force discussed "beefing up" PSDP activities.

During the parliamentary enquiry, one Navy Admiral reversed his sworn testimony. Another Admiral, who had collected all the intelligence into a report, was prevented by the government from appearing before the enquiry. An RAAF Orion made 3 passes over the rescue of SIEV-X survivors by Indonesian fishing boats. Those details were removed from the flight log.

Australia's Justice Minister said he made great efforts to extradite SIEV-X organiser Abu Qassey to Australia to face charges. Indonesia's Justice Minister said no request was ever made. Australia managed to extradite several people-smugglers from Indonesia without any difficulty; only Abu Qassey seemed strangely elusive (the Indonesians had him in custody, so he wasn't hard to find). Instead he was extradited to Egypt to face lesser charges.

It seems reasonable to conclude that those 353 people were murdered (146 of them were children). The very least the Howard government should do is hold a credible enquiry to show that no Australian agents or agencies were involved in mass murder. Instead, the government has repeatedly rejected or ignored calls for an enquiry. Until such an enquiry is held, a dark cloud hangs over the AFP and ASIS in particular. Yet these are 2 of the most vital agencies in which we need to have full confidence at a time of terrorist threats to Australians.

What is the government trying to hide? Could there be something extremely nasty lurking beneath the surface of John Howard's "successful" refugee policy?

Yours Faithfully,

Bill Fisher

(former Adelaide Uni student - now at UniSA)

YOU. LETTER.
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News Bytes

WITH LISA

March Madness!

It seems that March is the most popular month of the year, with many a major festival and event being held in Adelaide in the coming weeks. The Adelaide Film Festival, Fringe, WOMADelaide, and to top it all off, a massive car race that launches the V6 supercar season are all being held in the month of March. This has stretched local accommodation, with the AHA stating that hotel rooms are close to capacity during the month.

RIP Ms. Smith

What a sudden end to a bizarre life. Anna Nicole Smith's mysterious death was followed by a media circus. The battle between her partner, Howard K. Stern, and her mother, Vergie Arthur, for her remains was even screened on commercial television in the US. Smith was found dead in a Florida hotel room on February 8 and the cause of her death is still unknown. Smith went from Texan model to Playboy bunny. Then in 1994 when Smith was 25, she married J. Howard Marshall, an 89 year old oil tycoon. When he died thirteen months later, she became involved in a major court battle for his estate. One of Smith's interesting escapades that recently surfaced was a home movie made by Howard K. Stern of her walking around her home in a daze whilst eight months pregnant. She was wearing clown paint on her face and pushing around a pram with a toy doll in it. The 39-year-old will be buried next to her son in the Bahamas in line with a recent court ruling. The funeral will be for for 300 guests and will feature the colour pink, a favourite of Smith's.

Adelaide Taxi Troubles

A string of recent alleged attacks by Taxi drivers on their clients has put the industry under the spotlight and has made Adelaide resident's cautious about hailing cabs. So far this year, five reports of assault have been filed against local cabbies with the latest victim being assaulted after hailing a cab in North Adelaide on 24 February. The shadow Transport Minister, Martin Hamilton-Smith has told Parliament that the whole taxi industry needs an overhaul and that security measures should be improved.

It's that time of the year again

Yes that's right, all the glitz and glamour of the Oscars was on display last week with an array of Hollywood stars attending the legendary event. Yet again most news reports were not about the recipients of the awards themselves, but instead focused on who was there alone, what everyone was wearing (apparently Ellen should have ditched her "lesbian pants" for the evening), and an oldie but a goodie: who was showing a new baby bump (or "let's interrogate every woman who has put on weight"). This year's victim of the baby bump patrol was Australian actress Naomi Watts who, lucky for her career, hadn't gained weight but actually is pregnant to boyfriend Liev Schelner. Oh, and *The Departed* won Best Picture.

Today Tonight reporter give- the Boot

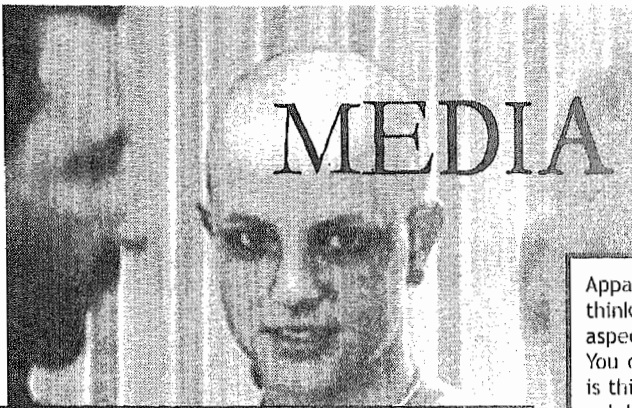
This one's a case of an Australian journalist making news instead of reporting it. Nicholas Boot, a reporter for *Today Tonight*, was sacked after covering a story where a disgruntled 84 year old Grandma, Shirley Fray, tied herself to her door after she discovered she was going to be evicted. Not that interesting a story you say? Not until it was revealed that Mr. Boot supplied Mrs. Fray with the chains that tied her to the door in question. Apparently it was all a stunt that was meant to represent her being a prisoner in her own home. It must have been a slow news week. Or maybe he was trying to win the 'Creative Journalism Award' at this year's Logies.

Mother threatened by childcare authorities

An eight year old obese child was told he was soon to be taken away from his mother by child services in the UK after it was discovered that he weighed 99 kilos. Connor McCreaddie is four times the weight a healthy child of his age is supposed to. Connor's mother Nicola McKeown has stated that the authorities do not know how hard it is for her to deal with a constantly hungry child. Instead of being seized by child services, however, McKeown was forced to enrol Connor in a strict exercise program. So far he has lost around 7.5 kilos and is happily living at home.

I'm afraid of Britney Spears...

Where do I begin my discussion on the former princess of pop? She's doing so well after her divorce from 'K-Fed'. After ditching her two children, both under the age of one, with their nannies, she took part in a romp with two lesbian strippers in Las Vegas, has been getting drunk and partying with Paris Hilton and has so far checked into rehab three times in six days. It's safe to say that she's finally lost the plot. Did someone misinform her about the latest trends and lead her to believe that the Sinead O'Connor look was back in fashion? You know you've made it when a plastic doll made in your image is selling online and named "Britney Shears" after you've shaved your head for attention.



MEDIA WATCH

The last 12 months have been - for the most part - an unmitigated disaster for Britney Spears. Here are some examples:

- The Sean Preston-sitting-on-her-lap-whilest-she-was-driving incident
- The interview-where-she-chewed-gum-all-the-time-and-looked-terrible incident
- Kevin's-album-debuting-at-number-151 incident
- Being-photographed-in-poses-which-clearly-showed-there-wasn't-any-underwear-involved incidents
- Filing for divorce can't have helped any either.

And so on and so forth. I could go on, but my word limit doesn't allow it. It has reached the point where Britney no longer has to do anything shocking to shock us anymore. She can merely walk down the road, and the media turns it into a spectacle. However, recently something happened that eclipsed all the Britney moments of the past. An incident which made our collective jaw drop not only to the floor, but down into the earth. Let's set aside the partying, the divorce and the other related shebang for a moment, and focus on just one weird and wacky event which has whipped the media into a feeding frenzy. The event which instantly disproved all of us who thought Britney had no more skin left to reveal. You know what I'm going to say, don't you? Yes, you're right; it's the head shaving incident. Gold star for you, my friend.

One balmy evening, Ms Spears walked into a certain salon and told Esther Tognozzi, the proprietor of said establishment, that her hair extensions were too tight. She asked her to shave her head. The result of the excursion was that Britney ended up shaving her head herself. This was all captured on camera, and soon the footage was winging its way around the world. News providers everywhere picked it up, and obligingly beamed it straight to their viewers.

There was something about that video which made everyone go nuts - especially the media. Obviously it was hyped to the extreme, as any story involving a female celebrity and pair of clippers would. However, something very strange happened next. Normally in a Britney story, the media focuses on the effects her actions have: how they will affect her career, the impact on her kids, the implications for her fans. Think of her 55-hour marriage to Jason Alexander. Although her reasons for getting hitched were touched on, they were soon swept away by speculation about how it would affect her image. Not so in this case, as the global media seems to have done a complete 180 and is zeroing in on the possible causes of it. It seems that the first word on people's lips is not 'Crazy!', but 'Why?' The first thing news providers did was bus in the shrinks. There are many varied evaluations of Britney's state of mind, her motivations and her goals in shaving her head, but there is a common theme running through their minds: They all seem to suggest that this is just a way of acting out; that Britney is throwing a major tanty if you will. Here's an excerpt from eminent rag *The Times*, which grabbed the story with both hands:

'Soon after shaving her head she had two more tattoos, telling a fellow customer that she was "tired of having things [hair extensions] plugged into her, tired of people touching her". As an absolute rejection of everything her life has been so far, her baby-bald head could not be more symbolic.'

Apparently, Britney's motivation was to try to stop people from thinking of her as an object, and to get away from the superficial aspects of her pop-star existence. This may very well be the case. You can applaud or deride her at your leisure. The issue at hand is this: when did the media start caring about what goes on inside celebrities' minds? Until now, the media has been content for the most part to bring their peculiarities and strange actions to our screens and our papers, and leave it at that. Until now, we could gape, laugh and judge as much as we liked, without having to delve any deeper.

Does this signify a new trend towards focusing on celebrities' mental states rather than their wacky antics? You can decide for yourself, but it's unlikely that the world would be particularly interested in Ms Spears' state of mind if she hadn't happened to have shaved her head. If she was tucked up at home - a distinctly un-headline-worthy activity - this situation would never have arisen.

Even if this is an attempt on Britney's part to stop people treating her like a commodity - an object - she's not having much luck. As soon as the incident was made public, people started advertising bits of her hair on E-Bay. Apparently the bidding went up to \$US1 million before the hair was kicked off the website, as none of it could be authenticated as genuine Britney clippings. The more cynical amongst us could also surmise that all the psycho-babble, though relevant, is just another way to objectify Britney. She's got a state of mind, she's got a condition, she's having a tantrum, she is in the middle of a situation. She isn't 'just Britney'. She can never be allowed to be 'just Britney', a person with emotions and needs and bad days and whims. And that's what makes this case particularly interesting: 'Britney Spears', the image that powers a business empire, is wholly a product of the media. Britney Spears the living, breathing person isn't. This is a situation where the two collide, and no one seems to know quite how to deal with it.

Sophie Donoghue

(Footnotes)

¹ Midgley, Karen, 'Shorn in the USA' in *The UK Times*, 20 Feb 2007 http://www.timesonline.co.uk/tol/life_and_style/article1407445.ece



HOWARD'S AMAZING SMOKE AND MIRROR SHOW



John Howard is a smart little man, as much as his detractors like to liken him to a mindless sheep following George Bush like a duckling follows its mother across a busy street. His intelligence is combined with an amorality typical of his legal training, a trait common amongst his cabinet. His mix of pragmatism with a core ideological conviction is admired and reviled by many. A few (like me) hold it up as an example of the weaknesses inherent within the two party electoral system - the idea that Howard's ideological agenda is only truly publicly and politically challengeable by one other party, and if that party happens to suck - oops, sorry, if they are 'politically-challenged' - it is almost impossible for nasty policy to be stopped in its tracks. He (or some smart cookie in his staff) also has a surprising amount of theatrical acumen - he knows how to play the sweltering masses off against each other and against the 'unseen enemy' lurking outside our borders. Howard's crew does this in a style that can only be described as spectacular, doubly so when various underhanded machinations invariably come to light in the press following the exercise of spin, and triply so when he gets re-elected riding the waves of fear that are mysteriously conjured around about election time.

But OH NO! Not this time! Howard is 'rattled!' He's on the ropes! Various polls are showing the election is a shoe-in for Rudd and an invigorated Labor party. Maxine McKew is going to try to lay some smack down and wallop Howard out of Bennelong! Abbott, Costello, Downer and Turnbull are all 'politically challenged' maniacs! The Liberals are doomed! Is this giving anybody a sense of *déjà vu*?

Howard has been portrayed by the media as being a bit off form lately, what with his criticism of the American Democratic Party candidate Barack Obama (and the party in general) as well as his ranting assaults on Rudd and the Labor party. He got spanked by the media for expressing an inconsistent opinion on Climate Change¹, as well as being collectively told to stop punching above his weight by basically over half of the American government concerning his intervention into American politics.² He refuses to debate Rudd on Iraq foreign policy.⁴ Howard is looking, for lack of a better word, fucked.

Before coming to that substantive conclusion one should look at Howard's political history. He has surprised the commentariat time and time again by tapping into the aspects of his governance that resonate with the somewhat conservative Australian public, like economic management and various other hip pocket concerns and milking it for all it is worth, whilst simultaneously threatening them by proxy with those characteristics of the Labor party which people dislike - such as connections to union thuggery and an albeit limited desire for some form of humane treatment for those 'durn boat people huurrrr' (or as I like to call them 'refugees'). The political exploitation of the 'Tampa' is an example of this, with politicians apparently acting on unconfirmed or uncertain information for political gain.

As always, Howard is doing his best to redirect the debate towards areas where he feels the public has traditionally rated him strongly: national security and economic management.³ The haranguing of Obama appears to be a way to call attention to the issue that 'a vote for the "LEFT" is a vote for the terrorists'. If you ask me, then you'd

think that all 1300⁶ of Osama's Krazy Krew would be happy killing Coalition troops and going to 'Paradise' for as long as they can. A major theme you will hear towards the election will be a variation on: 'Labor are a pack of terrorist-appeasing communists who hate business'. By the way, this couldn't be further from the truth - Rudd and the Labor party have been researching the best ways to snuggle right up to corporate interests by hiring Sir Rodd Eddington to chair their business council.⁷ There have also been reports that Labor will not be as equivocal about ditching AWAs as previously thought - a sentiment Howard referred to when he speculated on Gillard pulling Rudd into line over their AWA policy.⁸ Nonetheless, as of right now, the Labor party are committed to the abolishment of AWAs, giving Howard an 'anti-business' stick with which to beat Rudd around. This is why Howard will take any opportunity to take the spotlight from platforms on which he has absolutely no credibility, such as climate change, and redirect it towards those stronger policy platforms.

In another example of the decoys employed by politicians in general, the Federal Government of the day is surprisingly less responsible for all factors concerning the economy than one might think. Anybody who knows anything about economics will tell you that Australia's economic wellbeing is somewhat subject to external growth factors - such as economic growth in China and India, for instance. Australia is supplying the resources for China's growing industrial machine.⁹ Obviously this is injecting tremendous amounts of cash into our economy. Similarly, Australia is making tons of cash from the ever-increasing amounts of students coming here from India.¹⁰ (It's actually quite hilarious considering that many 'Ockers' hate Asians and Indians... guess what Steve-O, you eat well because of them!) This isn't to suggest that Howard and his crew are not responsible for good economic management, but is merely a reminder that their economic management plays only a part of Australia's total prosperity, and is significantly dependant upon external factors. I guess the respondent argument to that is that the Liberals have never had the chance to showcase their ability regarding a significant downturn in regional demand for our resources. Personally I think that the Liberal party's ability to 'play the game' of international trade has contributed somewhat to our economic growth - with all the moral, social, legal and economic issues that come with it. Think the Australian Wheat Board. Ironically, the Liberal government tends to suffer the most electorally when it is perceived to be a poor economic manager, and as such delivers an unstable economy into the slippery hands of the Labor party.

As much as I slaver in anticipation of one set of personally offensive hierarchal ideals being replaced by a somewhat less personally offensive set of nonetheless hierarchal ideals, I get the feeling that Howard is not quite as lost in the wilderness as is portrayed in the media. Rattled? Maybe. Out of control? Not yet.

Michael Adams

(e-mail me for references at brimstoneater@hotmail.com)



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for April. Recently, Rudd's deputy and voice for Labor's Left, Julia Gillard, has also fallen in line with Rudd's opinion,³ obviously to show that the leadership team are willing to toss aside their conflicting political ideals (Rudd hails from the religious Right) in order to fight for their common ones. With Garrett's anti-uranium views already losing support from major figures on both sides of the party, it is highly likely the policy will be ripped up.

Garrett has vowed to accept the outcomes of the caucus meeting, but for someone with such strong and public views, this will be incredibly demoralising and will damage his credibility as an independent voice within the Labor party. He does not have the luxury of acting as all men to all people *à la* Kevin Rudd; his views have been so reinforced through albums filled with anti-uranium and anti-US vitriol, not to mention a tilt at parliament in 1984 as a member of the Nuclear Disarmament Party, that any change in his opinion will incur the wrath of militant fans and portray him as one of dishonest politicians he always seemed to despise.

Indeed, Garrett has already garnered the criticism of some former friends. Greens leader and former like-minded ally Bob Brown has labelled him "anti-Green" for electioneering against the Greens in the seat of Melbourne 2006 Victorian election.⁴ Of course, the opportunity has not been missed for the Liberals to criticise Labor; their claim is that his sudden change of heart shows that Labor will do anything to get elected.⁵ Garrett's defense is that, "25 and 30 years ago, like a lot of other Australians I was involved in making music, in actions and activities around the country. Of course you change your mind about some things over time."⁶ Conveniently, the changing of his mind seems to coincide with his membership to the Labor party.

In spite of these accusations, his appointment has had positive outcomes for the party. A recent *Age* poll gave him a huge 34 per cent lead over his Liberal counterpart Malcolm Turnbull (60 per cent to 26 per cent) for preferred handler of environmental and climate change issues.⁷ However, the credibility he once oozed is beginning to tarnish by his enforced back-peddalling on issues he has felt so strongly about in the past.

I'm sure Garrett joined the Labor party with the best of intentions. Unfortunately for him, the grim reality of politics is that while it's still possible to exert change as a member of a minor party - take Family First senator Steve Fielding's deal to pass everybody's favourite legislation, VSU, for example - the only realistic chance of a ministerial appointment comes with membership of a major party. This unavoidably means falling in with party policy that may conflict with your own ideals. The lure of a ministerial position may be enticing to an idealist hungry for change, but really, if you're elected to a Government whose policy contradicts nearly everything you've campaigned against for 25 years, what's the point?

Ben Henschke

(Footnotes)

¹ Matthew Warren and Steve Lewis, 'Business cautions Rudd on gas veto' in *The Weekend Australian*, 17-18 Feb 2007: 4.

² Interview with Ronan Sharkey, *Hack*, 23 May 2006, <http://www.petergarrett.com.au/?p=asp?id=178>.

³ Laura Anderson and Paul Starick, 'End to no-new-mines' in *The Advertiser*, 26 Feb 2007: 4.

⁴ Bob Brown, 'Will Peter Garrett be to the Australian Conservation Foundation what Phillip Ruddock is to Amnesty International?', speech to Parliament, 29 Nov 2006, <http://www.saeedkhan.org/news/2185.html>.

⁵ 'Why I changed my mind on US bases: Garrett' in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 16 Feb 2007, <http://www.smh.com.au/news/national/why-i-changed-my-mind-on-us-bases-garrett/2007/02/16/1171405436853.html>.

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ Michelle Grattan, 'Labor spars with Mr 65 per cent' in *The Age*, 12 Feb 2007, <http://www.theage.com.au/articles/2007/02/11/117128813763.html>.

Peter Garrett's appointment as the Shadow Minister for Climate Change, Environment and Heritage and the Arts has given Labor credibility and popularity as the major party most pro-active on climate change, one of most talked-about issues leading up to this year's election. Garrett, the former Midnight Oil singer and prominent environmentalist for those of you who have been living under a 'rock' (*Oh man. Brilliant.*), was elected to the seat of Kingsford Smith in 2004, bringing with him 25 years of activism. Unfortunately, he has been gagged by politics and is quickly losing his status as a spokesman for positive environmental idealism, being forced to toe the party line on issues for which he has clearly stated opinions opposing Labor policy.

As is often the case with issues of conservation and renewable energy, a party must find a medium in the dichotomy between what's best for the environment and what's best for the economy. As former Labor leader Mark Latham now knows, any moves that will put industry in jeopardy can be extremely costly. In the 2004 election, Latham's Labor party's promise to end logging of old growth forests in Tasmania, while popular with environmentalists, resulted in a large backlash from logging workers and subsequent defeat in two key Tasmanian seats.¹ A similarly sensitive issue is arising from the debate over nuclear power and the uranium and coal industries. While these industries are without a doubt harmful to the environment, any radical change would cost too many jobs to be a viable policy option for a party desperate to seize back government. A conservative Labor party has stifled Garrett's strong anti-nuclear sentiments, not to alienate industrial workers and lose votes.

Current Labor policy is against an increase in the number of uranium mines in Australia. Garrett stated in a May 23, 2006 interview on Triple J's *Hack* that he was, "not in favour of us expanding the nuclear industry in Australia - uranium mining or nuclear power generation or radioactive waste storage."² However, Opposition Leader Kevin Rudd is a well-known supporter of the expansion of the uranium mining industry, and has intentions to scrap this policy at the next national Labor conference, scheduled



The War In Iran, I mean, Iraq

Since the US-led invasion of Iraq in March 2003 more than 3000 members of the coalition in Iraq have been killed. The Iraqi civilian death toll is unknown as the coalition military groups do not keep records and the Iraqi government only has estimates ranging from 100 000 to 150 000. According to records of Iraqi households conducted by the American medical journal *The Lancet*, civilian deaths are closer to 600 000. It has been agreed that Iraqi war has been badly handled and conditions in Iraq are now worse than at any time since the invasion.

With this failure in mind, it comes as a surprise to observe the US action in the Middle East and to notice how closely this action and military deployment, particularly around Iran, resembles that around Iraq preceding the invasion. The US has also presented "intelligence" to back up claims that Iran is supplying weapons to Shia militants in Iraq. Presumably the purpose of this evidence is to generate feelings of ill will towards the nation. It may also be useful to note that Iran has large natural resources, abundant oil reserves and large supplies of natural gas, second only to Russia.

The US has been heavily critical of Iran since President George W. Bush declared it part of the "Axis of Evil" and accused Iran of, among other things, trying to undermine US intentions in Iraq and developing nuclear weapons. Perhaps the Bush administration feels that the biological weapons and weapons of mass destruction have relocated themselves next door. In recent weeks senior US military officials have also presented evidence to reporters in Baghdad claiming Iran supplied weapons, including 'explosively formed penetrators' (EFPs) to Shia militants fighting US and Coalition soldiers. These

EFPs have enough power to blast through US made armoured vehicles and defence officials report that these weapons have killed more than 170 US soldiers since June 2004.

Considering the proximity of these two countries (they share a border) and the catastrophic state of Iraqi security forces since the invasion, it is hardly surprising that weapons are being transported across the border.

Iran's nuclear development has also been causing it some trouble in the international community. Tehran maintains that Iranian nuclear development is strictly peaceful and is currently developing its first nuclear power station with the aid of Russia. In 2006 Iran announced that it had succeeded in enriching uranium. Foreign countries are suspicious of Iran's intentions because for 18 years it kept its uranium enrichment plans secret. The UN has applied sanctions to try and prevent Iran from developing nuclear weapons because the UN nuclear watchdog cannot confirm the uranium enrichment is for peaceful processes.

The question then is about nuclear proliferation. The US has no qualms about Australia enriching uranium and developing nuclear technology but then Australia has a close 'mateship' with the US... apparently. North Korea was also a target for international criticism for a while but apparently too scary to attack. So maybe this has more to do with Iran's abundant natural resources rather than nuclear proliferation. America's past and current behaviour suggests that it is not serious about the UN Non-proliferation Treaty. And for Australia? What does all this have to do with us? Well, Australia is already

involved in the Iraq war, if not represented by the actual troop numbers then we are certainly there in spirit, as expressed by the sentiments of our Prime Minister. It is difficult to believe that John Howard would not follow America in Iran as he did in Iraq, because to not follow where America leads would undoubtedly damage our special friendship. And a war in Iran? One only has to look and see the damage, real and mental, that the Iraq war has caused on a global scale. By mental damage I mean that which has been implanted into the minds of people around the globe who feel at increased risk of terrorism as a direct result of the Iraq war, and there are many. War should never be the answer and it should never be undertaken following a leader who is ignorant, aggressive, impulsive and foolhardy. Let's just hope that the Democrat majority in American Congress will forbid this Republican president from getting even more blood on his, and others', hands. And how does this relate to 'Mocking the Suburbs'? Well, I'm part of the suburbs - I think most university students are - and I feel mocked by John Howard and the Liberal Government over their representations of Australian wishes in the war in Iraq.

On the Other Side

Anti-Americanism is rife in the world right now. America's foreign policy has led some people to believe it to be a new imperialist nation. Reality TV and unflattering documentaries portray the American people as fat, obnoxious, loud and insensitive ignoramuses.

I have met Americans who are not like that. Brandon Gillette is a graphic design student from Bellflower in California and he is a perfect example of a well-educated, widely-read and open-minded young person who could come from anywhere in the world. When I asked about the current climate of anti-Americanism and how he feels about that in America he replied:

It is quite sad how everything works and I feel my country is too worried about sides and what will get them votes instead of the issues. Hopefully one day we will just see each other for what we are which is people. I think we are all a little too sensitive nowadays. The way things are described in the media is in an extremist way and reflects a concern that extremists will come into this country. People are blaming a whole race for the actions of extremists. Just take a step back and look at the big picture because honestly we're all human beings and I think once we learn to accept each other a lot more the world will be a better place.

Americans are not all bad. We need to be careful about anti-American sentiment on a personal level.

Lia Svilans

-I-
Driving.

When I received my provisional driver's license, my first act as an 'independent driver' was to take my then-girlfriend on an ill-advised journey through the backroads of Belair, travelling much too fast and cornering with the precision of an old-age pensioner. I lied to my mother that we were just taking the car out to rent a DVD from the local video store, and drove back two hours later with an almost empty fuel tank and the smell of burning rubber stinking up the enclosed garage. I was a god-awful liar. Completely transparent.

I suppose that most P-platers feel some sense of immediate ecstasy after obtaining their license. Finally, no more Adelaide Metro bullshit, no more waiting on the grumpy parental taxi, no more walking or cycling. No more need for muscles or exercise or public transport or family in general, really. A motor attached to wheels at first seems an adequate replacement for all these things.

But this sense of delight was short-lived. My second act as an independent driver was to take a scenic tour of the sprawling Adelaide suburbs. Perhaps I am ever-so-slightly bipolar, because my outlook on life always tends to alternate between the euphoric and the totally miserable. Touring the suburbs, my mood compass swung. Swung to a desperate despondency. Houses, houses, everywhere, and not a sign of life to be seen. Just painted walls and footpaths and brush fences and roller doors repeated *ad infinitum*, like the constantly recycled backdrops of a cheap animated cartoon. To realise that most of the 'civilised' world was comprised of identically ostentatious pseudo-castles reined in by violently criss-crossing lines of hot, hard bitumen... what was the point of going anywhere at all, if everything everywhere was exactly the same?

It was almost two years after this that a friend and I attended an exhibition of photographs of 'old Adelaide' in some dark and dusty suburban gallery. The old public swimming pools near the current Festival Centre; the literary history of the Mary Martin's bookshop; the development of

by Connor Tomas O'Brien

the hills freeway; the expansion of suburbs out north to Elizabeth to make way for a barrage of Two Pound Poms; the horse-drawn trams taking passengers back to their Mitcham homes and homesteads; the Old Gum Tree at Glenelg North - there was a sense that the suburbs were much more dynamic and ever-changing than I had ever realised. Even my house, I now understood, had its own unique history, with births and deaths and lives played out inside the plain cream walls I had always taken for granted.

Like John Lennon droned on in 'Within You, Without You' (and he *always* seemed to make sense), I could see that I was really only very small, and life flowed on within me and without me. It's suburbia that gives me that feeling. And I'm still not a hundred per cent sure whether I cherish it or despise it.

-II-
Never Tear Us Apart.

I can see myself mirrored in the suburbs. Like me, the suburbs lack a long-term plan, bumbling along into virgin land and utterly destroying it. We live in a democracy, me and the 'burbs, but anarchy never ceases to control our thinking. Suburbia and I, we like to cut our hands on broken glass. We don't know why.

Suburbs, you've made things bad. You've cut people off from each other. Broken families? You've broken them! Death? You've killed people before their heart stops beating. You've become obsessed with your own glorification. You're inane and proud of it. Your roadway appendages keep lengthening, you son of a bitch.

It's too late to destroy the suburbs. Now we're just waiting for the suburbs to destroy us. Won't be long now. Some people look at the suburbs and just laugh. Nothing else to do when you get yourself into a mess you can't get out of.

And I look at *myself* and laugh because I realise I am the bastard child of suburban stock. The suburbs and I go way back. Can't tear us apart.

staying friends with wisdom

I was in Europe for three months and returned to find that I had a letter requesting an appointment with my orthodontist. So I trotted off to visit my old friend, Dr. Toms. Since I was 11 years old I have been visiting this fine fellow, his perfect smile fills the room, but his rough beard and kind eyes dispel any possibility of fakeness.

In the beginning, the visits were as frequent as once a month. He ordered teeth out, more visits and finally braces. I had braces really early - from year six and never really being the kind of kid who was easily tormented by such petty things as bullying, I don't remember it being too bad. Of course, it was uncomfortable and sore at times, but there were always the benefits of can-opener, coloured bands and 'second lunch'.

Dr. Toms removed my braces when I was 14 years old after about two-and-a-bit years of wearing them. Regular checkups continued and I was fitted with a retainer that I hardly ever wore. Every night prior to a visit to Dr. T, I tried to ram it in despite the pain because I didn't want to upset the guy who I was now so fond of and he so fond of my teeth.

Last year, having much respect for Doctor Toms, I said to him, "Doctor Toms, I'm not going to lie, I don't wear my retainer anymore." To which he replied, "I know, these things are rubbish, throw them away," and we both sighed a sigh of relief, because now it was true

that my teeth had found their natural positions.

It is a strange relationship you have with your ortho. He has seen me grow up from pre-pubescent butter ball, awkward teenager, know-it-all bitch, lost adolescent, a woman on the brink of life as an adult and finally, where I am today. And you know what is strange? He remembers all of it. He has seen me walk into that surgery, at least once a year for the last nine years, and every time I do, I feel safe. He is interested in my life for that fleeting five minutes and he doesn't forget what I said a year before.

This visit he looked at my wisdom teeth. "You are beautiful!" is his catch-phrase as he pokes and prods around, pushing my cheeks to and fro to get a good side-view. He pressed the button and sat me up in the chair. Then he looked me right in the eye and said, "You are a very lucky girl, it is rare for anyone to have a mouth big enough to keep all of their wisdom teeth." I couldn't say that I was surprised. He high-fived me, I said good-bye and walked out of the bright sun-lit office on level seven. I walked past the receptionist, whose face is as familiar as the decor.

I waited for the lift and entered, then realised she did not give me a card saying how long it would be until I came back.

Natty



YOUR SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY



The Dub.
Hon. Andrew Love, MP

Pseudo-Minister for Veteran's Affairs

March 7 was the Anthony Mundine-Sam Soliman rematch. On the behest of Australia's Veterans I for one was absent from the brawl. Veterans and RSLs across Australia are furious with his Union Jack-burning antics and did not watch the fight. Additionally, fight promoters were charging \$2500 for commercial viewing rights. That is un-Australian. We all know that my mates from the RSL love to knock back a few beers at wartime prices... but it meant that publicans needed to sell \$34 000 worth of amber ale to break even. Unthinkable. I implore you to fight for the right of our brave and noble Veterans to be angry with flag burners, to be able to drink cheap piss and to watch two blokes punch nine colours of crap out of each other for a reasonable price. That's Australian.



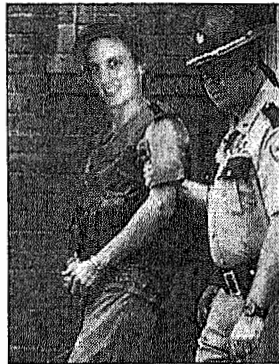
The Dub.
Hon. William Martin, MP
Pseudo-Minister for Immigration

On the 26th of January, over 260 people from 44 different countries gained citizenship in Tasmania. This appeal comes as no surprise, after scientists recently discovered surprising benefits within Tasmania including earth, water and oxygen. For this reason, it is no wonder Tasmania seems to be the new multicultural brothel. This leads me to believe it's time to create a new and exciting immigration plan. Replacing Baxter Detention Centre, the SPP plan to turn Tasmania into our new 'Immigration Park'. Rather than hot desert, immigrants (female only to prevent further breeding) can relax in lush green jungles, observed by friendly tourists and 'Snaparazzi.' Meanwhile, Australians can rest assured that the immigrants within are safely protected by electric fences, our own SPP game warden and 200km of ocean.

SPP MEET U.S VICE-PRESIDENT



CONCERNED: *SPP regrettably realised the gun was loaded after gate-crashing Cheney's 'peace talk'.*



PACKING LIGHT: *Dub. Hon. Martin escorted to sands of Guantanamo Bay to enjoy sun, surf and anal interrogation after calling the U.S Vice President 'Sir Cheney Weeney'.*

Controversy erupted last week when US Vice-President Dick Cheney was unexpectedly 'visited' by the infamous Slightly Political Party.

During his talk on Iraq troop withdrawal, Cheney was ambushed by two prominent figures from the SPP Pseudo-Ministry persistently shouting poorly-formulated traffic puns.

It is unclear whether Cheney's reaction was in surprise or sheer disgust when he 'peppered' the Dub. Hon. Andrew Love with a conveniently held and loaded rifle.

Meanwhile Dub. Hon. Will Martin was taken to ground, violently repeating, "They were lost in the mail!"

Mr Love is currently recuperating in hospital after doctors informed him of a bullet lodged in his skull.

"It's regrettable, but over time he will make a full recovery," said Dr Buzz Stanton.

When asked about possible brain damage, he seemed reassuring. "I wouldn't be concerned about anything like that, he's still asking where the salt is..."

Meanwhile Mr Howard seemed confused about the scandalous 'visit'.

"Who the hell are the Slightly Political Party?" he said.

Martin will be flown to Guantanamo Bay tomorrow morning.

DELIGHTFUL ENTENMANN ENTERS AUS POLITICS



Entenmann - Furious her candidacy was refused as the member for Bennelong

Hard-hitting German political slug-meister Eva Entenmann has been announced as the new host of *Politics Tonight*.

The former Telek6m tele-marketer seemed indifferent to the announcement but for the mysteriously philosophical statement, "The m6re c6ntact I have with humans, the more I learn."

Known as 'The

U-Boat' for her hard-hitting techniques, Ms Entenmann intends to bring German efficiency into the Australian media.

"Äustraliän politicians pällabern [ed. 'waffle', German] like girlie men änd get äway with töo much," she said, shaking her suspiciously muscular fist.

Ms Entenmann's vast depth of knowledge in politics and show

hosting made her the ideal choice. "I'm ä sophisticated interviewing röbot sent through time tö chänge the future of Äustraliän p6litics."

Ms Entenmann flies from Germany this month, however is giving no clues as to how she will run the show.

"Chill 6ut, dickwäd. Listen to me if y6u wänt to learn."

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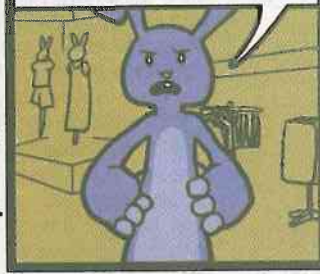
CAN YOU GIVE ME A DOLLAR FOR THE BUS?



NO I DON'T HAVE ANY CHANGES SORRY



WELL HE WOULD HAVE JUST SPENT IT ON DRUGS!



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2

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YEAH, BUT HOW MUCH FOR ME?



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KILL ME NOW.



THE FALLACY OF FREEDOM FROM IDEOLOGY: WELCOME TO THE SUBURBS

OF POLITICS

The endless reiteration that crosses the floors of Australia's parliamentary discourse is the accusation of ideology. Recently we saw Labor Environment spokesman Peter Garrett accused of blind devotion to 'ideology' by Malcolm Turnbull because he sought to question the wisdom of our state's beloved Olympic Dam's expansion. The decision between who is being 'ideological' and who 'practical' is redundant, both sides are merely positioning their ideologies in a spectacular display of bad faith. This leads us to ask what the relationship between ideology and practicality really is, and what lies at the heart of the constant game in capitalist democracy of attempting to convince the voter of one's own politics (if we can actually say that any of the repetition of slogans and minor bureaucratic adjustments to the system that forms the parliamentary realm is really politics as such).

If Peter Garrett has doubts about Olympic Dam (and of course the Labor machine will prevent these doubts from having any real meaning apart beyond the Liberals' ability to use them to paint Mr Garrett as 'dangerously anti-development') then we can presuppose that this is purely a reactionary stance, part of a drilled-in catechism that all environmentalists have. This catechism might go a bit like "the purity of Mother Earth is sacred, it is the demon Mammon who rapes her bowels for minerals", or somesuch. If we do this we outright disconnect his statements from any register of truth or debate. We ourselves react to his statement in the same way that we accuse him of reacting to the mine: as a monolithic entity to which one either fundamentally assents or revolts, and since our (we're playing Turnbull in this melodrama, so puff up and bellow with a voice that suggests your used to lighting your cigars with high denomination bills) position is founded on the need for economic growth, we recognise that assent to the mine is the only practical alternative. If we seek to oppose Mr. Garrett in this way then we also place our position beyond the rigours of debate. If our opponent is driven by the irrational force of ideology, if they are unable to listen to the pragmatic demands of the economy, then there is no point in contest. In this way we come to occupy the position 'beyond ideology', which is the most desired space in politics, the one which all our talking heads seek to occupy. The very desire to occupy this space, however, is part of an ideology. This is what I would call 'the ideology of the suburbs' and it is not at all an independent creation, but is a real creation of the economic matrix in which we are embedded.

Garrett's ideology is clear, he would suggest that we should put considerations other

than the pure, short-term maximisation of economic growth and the profit of mining companies into our analysis of how development occurs, at the risk of detaining, slowing, or in some cases not pursuing development. In this sense we might say he is being pragmatic, not ideological, and it is the 'development at all costs' which seems like the singular monolithic 'ideological vision'. We would be wrong, of course, because BOTH positions are ideological. Furthermore a position of compromise between both would again, only constitute a third ideology. The point is to stop this idiotic level of debate and recognise that everything is ideological, and that, in the end, the most powerful ideology wins. A new question: "What is each ideology composed of?"

We can accuse (and for this very reason it is redundant to use the expletive 'ideology!' as an accusation, because each side of every debate is an ideological position) Turnbull as being an ideologist. His 'economism' might be called ideological, after all, do we have real scientific proof that a constantly growing economy is the only way to progress socially? Do we need the expansion of the current economic regime (including the expansion of its inequalities and its pressures on ecosystems) more than we need a position from which we might analyse how the economy might serve us and the planet rather than the other way around? Might we not say that Turnbull's accusation against Garrett that, "You are threatening our mode of life with your dangerous ideology," is simply a negative way of stating the ideological position 'our way-of life will not change under any ideological challenge. The only ideology we accept is the ideology of maintaining the current ordering of life?' The way we use energy, resources and labor, i.e. the economy, or the pragmatic realm, is the question to which every ideology is an answer.

It is right here, in ordinary life - where energy, resources and labour (which includes the labour of consuming, thinking, seducing, being seduced, engaging in culture, loving, hating, talking and even wearing a certain fashion) are expended in what we see as a manner which is non-ideological, normal, acceptable, within the rules, comfortable-which is most occupied by ideology. The relation of pragmatic solutions (which all politicians claim to have) to ideological proscriptions (which all politicians accuse their opponents of occupying) is not that of doctrinal to logical thinking. Of course people can be clouded by their devotion to the belief that their ideology, in which they have invested their identity, is the sure winner, but more often this occurs exactly

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at the moment they cease consciously thinking in ideological terms and start think 'pragmatically', in the pretence they are free from ideological influence. The true relation of ideology to practicality is that each ideology is a fundamental set of principles around which the holder of the ideology believes practicality should be arranged. You either have an ideological position or no opinion (in which case you submit to the dominant ideology in any case). The question should not be "am I thinking in a ideological fashion?" but "Why do I think with this particular ideology?"

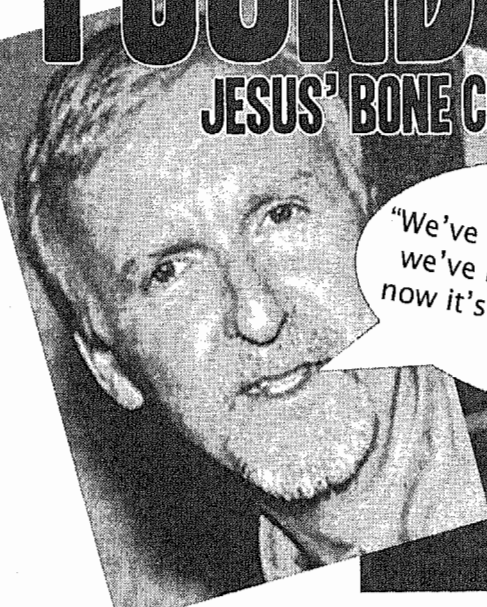
To declare that you occupy a 'non-ideological' position, a position which everyone can see clearly is common-sense, simply means that you occupy the position of the dominant ideology shared by the greatest number. Of course ideology is an anonymous force which forces us to speak a certain way, as Turnbull accuses Garrett. We are all part of some construction of some ideology, perhaps each of us occupying a potentially unique section of the broader ideological field. The most intense debates in politics are between positions of what you might call proximal divergence, the most intense differences between people being those between people most alike, the most intense states of polarity being those polarities short-circuited with one another. I suggest, for those of you seeking to reignite politics, to do something about the fact that the eternal reign of the market and the self-replicating images of our media apparatus keep all possibility constrained to a constant same (for me this comes down to the existential feeling of living within a past image, its potential dammed up by a ridiculous regime of living, cut off from the emergence of a future by a the autonomous self-reproduction of the power-apparatus), declare your ideological position! Who cares if your opponent is too radical, too conservative or too purple in complexion for your tastes, the point is to forget your tastes and see where the demands of reason will take you. The point is not to accuse your opponent, but rather to expose yourself to possibility and take the risk of winning allies (the most dangerous thing that can happen to an ideology). The beginning point is discovering your own ideological set-up as it exists right now; the second, analyse how it has been constructed by race, gender, history and class; the third, recognising how this very positioning of your subjectivity gives you the ability to feed-back upon those things which construct you. The point is not merely pure revolt, to destroy that which is destroying you (though this must be done) but, more radically, to construct that which is constructing you.

Brendan De Paor-Moore

(Footnotes)

¹ Perhaps so, the Lord has yet to give me a sign.

FOUND: JESUS' BONE COFFIN THINGIES



"We've done our homework; we've made the case; and now it's time for the debate to begin."

Controversial Claims...The Tomb of Jesus has been found. Shock, horror. Even more controversially, in it is found evidence that Jesus and Mary Magdalene had a son - named Judah...

Taking it easy on the second day of the uni year, drinking coffee at home until 11, this wonderful farce of a news story graced the Channel Ten and Seven news headlines in their morning news. The claims were controversial, shocking, supported by DNA evidence, and promoted by director James Cameron. To begin with, I must admit that I don't believe it for a second - the only thing that the archaeologists claim to have done is unearthed a tomb in Jerusalem that may be first century, contains ossuaries (bone-coffin thingies) with inscriptions indicating that they contain a family with the names Joseph, Maria (Mary), Judah and a name that could possibly be Jesus (Joshua), but it might be something else. Now, this in itself proves nothing. As has been pointed out by the historical community, these are common names, and it is unlikely that Jesus' family would have had a tomb in Jerusalem. But what I found more interesting was the fact that they stated that the claim 'that Jesus was married and had a son' was more controversial than the simple fact that he was buried to begin with - Christians have always stated that Jesus is not dead.

In fact, as a Christian, I find the claim that Jesus was married a red herring. I see no reason to believe it - I just don't think the evidence leads me that way - but it hardly forms a crucial basis for my faith. On the other hand, the claim that Jesus died and rose again is really the basis of Christianity,

to quote Paul in 1 Corinthians 15: "And if Christ has not been raised, our preaching is useless and so is your faith. More than that, we are then found to be false witnesses about God, for we have testified about God that he raised Christ from the dead. [...] And if Christ has not been raised, your faith is futile; you are still in your sins."

For Christians, it is Jesus' death that frees us from our guilt. It is Jesus' resurrection that shows us that his death was effective, and gives us confidence that God will raise us up when the last day comes. If Jesus is still just dead and buried, then trusting in him is pointless, as he was at best an ineffective moral leader, who died in tragic circumstances. If on the other hand he has defeated death, then it is reasonable to listen to him and do what he says. Claiming to have found 'the tomb of Jesus' is obviously just a publicity stunt. But the controversy is not over whether he was married and had a son, but over whether he is in fact just another dead teacher or whether he is the risen Lord that we should follow. But then, I suppose one shouldn't expect accuracy from our wonderful media.*

Sam Cohen

*excludes On Dit - eds

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Honours Student: Statistics
eu member

(Footnotes)

¹ Incidentally, this claim is also made by Islam

As the means of making music become ever more accessible, local music scenes should grow in diversity and size. If so then there is a chance to give life to a theory formulated by Jaques Attali in the mid-1960s.

We can thank mass production and pop culture for a few things, not least for robbing us of opportunities to develop meaningful relationships with music. Like a partner you need time away from it, something the omnipresence of music does not allow. Subtle emotions are difficult to foster if your partner screams in your ears every time you go to a club, making it impossible to talk to anyone else. Too often you stroke your i-Pod and guiltily whisper, "I can't make you all happy at once." Instead of testing the depths of a song and learning to love its intricacies we skip from one track to the next, quick in and quick out. The market has been responding to this trend for a long time, producing music which quickly pleases but quickly grows old. The mass-production of music renders it bland to us.

We can also thank mass production for providing us with a range of instruments and recording devices to use in making music. While still only available to a tiny fraction of the world's population, almost anyone (in this fraction) can get a guitar, bass, keyboard, harmonica, Korg synth, you name it. We can easily record our own music with relatively cheap external sound cards, digital 4-tracks and the like. Actually, you probably already have the means to make your own music, a voice and a tape deck with a microphone in it. Camille's album *Le Fil* is an excellent example of what can be done with a voice, a lap-top and a microphone. Made from almost entirely vocal samples the album is mostly a capella like Björk's *Medúlla* but she didn't fly famous beat-boxers and throat singers around the world to make it. When it comes to distribution we almost all have CD burners and can glue together a cover, right?

Attali saw this phase of Capitalist Repetition as being one in a series of phases or networks each with their own distinct code of production. Music is famous for following far behind the other arts, but Attali suggests that it is the most immediate inscription/form of its social code. As such composers exhaust their code quickly and are able to "herald" the next code before it appears in material reality. Each code has its limit written in. The bane of Repetition will be the widespread ability for people to experience (even if in an impoverished form) and make music. Attali predicts a phase where the locus of production shifts from the music-maker creating a mould which is then mass-produced into oblivion to a code in which music is made largely for personal purposes, reinscribing personal meaning, imminent meaning, in music.

We can be the masters of our own musical destinies! Hurrah for an age of excessive consumer goods! It's the end! Now! If you ever complained about the crap they play in the supermarket your time has come, grab the mic and make noises in it. Burn some of those cool 3" CDs and bask in the sunlight you and your liberated neighbours have stepped out into. If only it were that simple. While there are more local and independent bands than ever, the mammoth weight pressing down from major record labels absorbing anything remotely popular in amoebic fashion is felt by bands on the ground. Particularly in Adelaide there is a trend to appropriate styles and genres without even a hint of creative variation. All we see is a sad trickle-down effect. Any growth on a local level is mirrored by an exponentially larger growth on the global music market.

But what can you expect when you are trying to play their game? We are never going to be able to pump out CDs like a major label, not to mention promotion and touring. We needn't try and beat the corporate world at its own games, or even fight them. The savage world of market economies will provide the means for its own subversion. It is the job of the visionary to take the flailing wires of the broken machine, plug them in somewhere else and reboot.

I feel that the internet is a point where our culture of instant gratification, proliferation and repetition finds its transformative limit. Marketed bands find the internet detrimental to their CD sales but it can be helpful to the emerging musician. Now that Murdoch owns MySpace and the far corners of the net are being colonized by corporate control we will soon see if the internet will be a tool of meaning creation or another bland hype-peddling machine.

I think that the live performance of music is an area where we can easily rescue ourselves from just trying to replicate dominant forms of music performance and imbue our audiences with meaningful experiences once again. We will have to get down off the stage and turn down the PA to begin with, it seems to breed crowd complacency. We can look at South America and its continuing traditions of local music-makers who play from a vast communal collection of songs. Anyone can join in a song and change the words, dance, clap their hands because they know it's not just the guitarist's song, it's theirs too. The shift from Repetition to Composition (as Attali dubs the new network) is one from a quantitative logic to a qualitative one. As we all know it is not how many songs are on your i-Pod, it is the right song at the right time which counts, and the best song is the one which rises out of you, no matter how simple.

Matthew Lorenzon

THE MUSIC OF PRODUCTION

58

I Hate the Southern Expressway



(or Which Celebrity Best Describes Your Hood)

by t.Riddy



Bacon End

While there might be six degrees of Kevin Bacon, there's only two of Mile End. Both are well known and established, but not that great to look at, and are likely to be drowned out by the noise of high fliers. They're close to the centre of the action, but still so often neglected. Why? Why?

Bacallside

Like Burnside, Lauren Bacall likes to think she's still got it. The grand old dame is unlikely to give up her self-declared legendary status, even though the plaster's starting to crumble. Both speak with vowels so round you can barely understand them.

Lohan Lakes

They both show potential, but Lindsay Lohan and Mawson Lakes share the same vulnerability to false starts, no matter how much advertising cash is thrown at them. In the end it comes down to one thing - who'd want to go there? The posters all look so pretty, but take a squiz in person and it's more like Ground Zero. They're both close to the centre of the action, but just not quite close enough. One word: Delfin.

Richelg

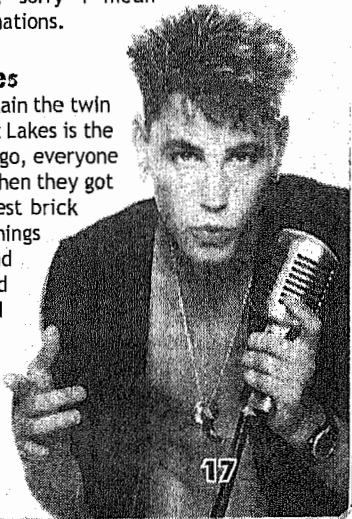
Light on substance but trying their hardest to lower their standards are what makes our seaside glam/trash mecca Glenelg and Nicole Richie the perfect couple. While Glenelg thinks it's the Gold Coast, Richie wants to be Paris. Both are trashy and trying, but not quite getting the exposure of the other. Is their any length they won't go to?

Ungelina Park

Both so pretty and serene, Angelina Jolie and Unley Park are manicured beyond belief, and have had more than a little work done, though neither would admit it. Of course, both are ridiculously over priced, and more than a little shady. There's also the fact that although the dwellings are voluminous, chances are there's plenty of empty space upstairs. Both have a habit of contributing to global society by purchasing, sorry I mean supporting, children in developing nations.

Corey Lakes

Really the only thing that could explain the twin phenomena of Corey Haim and West Lakes is the fact it was the 80s. Twenty years ago, everyone wanted their piece of them. And when they got it, they dressed it up in the nastiest brick veneer they could. Of course, things started to turn sour later on and values took a tumble. They started sinking, then when you scratched the surface the evidence of a toxic past became clear for all to see. Expect both to star in a reality TV series soon.



Last weekend, as I sank deeper into a state of alcortardation brought on by one martini too many the night before, the two halves of my mind seemed to start working independently. Then I realised it was just Dazz (of At The Moofies fame) talking to me. See, with our combined hangovers, we only had one brain between the two of us. Then I got to thinking - what if Dazz and I were really just different versions of the same thing, rather like the wave-particle duality of light? What other couplings exist that behave in the same way but are made of altogether different stuff? The answer, as always, lies in the suburbs. We've all got opinions on what each 'burb is like, though truth be known, most of them we've never seen in the flesh. Kind of like celebrities I guess. So here is my list of Adelaidean hoods and their popular patrons. Part kudos to Dazz, of course. Synergy never felt so good.

Golden Spears

There are just too many parallels between Brit and Golden Grove. Years ago, they were so bright, clean, sparkly and wholesome that we thought they'd be the future. We aspired to be like them in every way. Both were on the TV every time you turned it on. They claimed to be pure even though in the case of the Grove, everyone on the market had done the rounds, or in Brit's case, she'd done the rounds of everyone on the market. Flash forward a few years and each is now riddled with substance abuse and style from the 90s. Tragically, they both peaked a little early.



Stirlanchett

With Mother Earth tendencies and beauty to boot, both Cate Blanchett and Stirling tend to spout leftist rhetoric faster than you can pick up an organic-chai-soy-latte after you've dropped the kids off at Scotch. They like to keep their distance from everyone but use their quaint charm and manners to keep the punters wishing they could live the life.

The Petes

There can be no other entity who's been ordered by the state to go through rehab as many times as Pete Doherty except The Parks. You'd think they'd get on well, but they're more likely to call the cops on each other because they've got competing meth labs in the back shed.

Melspect

Just like Prospect, Mel Gibson seems to keep on going forever. Even when you think you've crossed the boundary at Regency Road, still there's more. Not only is his career as drawn out as the suburb, but just like a drive north up Prospect Road, at the beginning he was so good looking and everyone wanted him. Keep going though and things get a little tackier until you start approaching the end when things are looking rough. Before you know it you're in the kind area where it seems criminal records and mug shots are par for the course.



PSYCHIATRIC DISORDER OF THE WEEK



WITH ANGUS MAXWELL-CLARK

ALIEN HAND SYNDROME (AHS) - "THE CLAW, THE CLAW!"

People often like to have conscious control of important appendages like their hands. More importantly, they would like to have the hand under their own control, as opposed to its own control. As you can imagine, such a horrifying situation would create plentiful opportunities for harm and embarrassment. I'd certainly prefer having control of my hand to having control over, say, people's comments on my MySpace. But not all of us are so lucky. There is a real disorder out there whose rarity is disproportionate to its reputation. For those who have seen Jim Carrey's *Liar Liar*, it may concern you to know that The Claw is a real phenomenon, although its depiction in the film is, like most of Carrey's acting, greatly exaggerated. It is this issue's Psychiatric Disorder of the Week... *Alien Hand Syndrome!*

Control Freaks, Freak Out

By this stage you may have surmised that Alien Hand Syndrome (AHS), also known as Anarchic Hand or Dr. Strangelove Syndrome, involves independent activity in one hand, sometimes without the sufferer even realising, although the hand is still fully functional, with full sensation. First identified in 1908, when it surely caused a sensation in the neurophysiology world, it was not clearly defined until 1972, by which stage psychology was a far more mature science. AHS is classified as a form of apraxia - a neurological disorder characterised by the loss of the ability to voluntarily execute purposeful movements despite the desire and physical ability to do so. There are four hallmarks of AHS, each stranger than the last.

- 1.) The sufferer feels that the limb is foreign and not a part of his or her body.
- 2.) There is a failure to recognise ownership of the limb when it cannot actually be seen - the sufferer can be completely unaware of what the hand is doing unless it is brought to his or her attention.
- 3.) The hand partakes in autonomous motor activities that are perceived as involuntary and can be differentiated from other movement disorders.
- 4.) The alien hand is personified, hence, 'The Claw'.

So, sufferers of AHS feel that the alien hand's behaviour is out of their own control: they don't have the capacity to consciously 'hold back' the activity of the hand. Sometimes their hands will act in opposition to each other, a phenomenon termed 'intermanual conflict'. One sufferer reported raising a cigarette to the mouth with the controlled hand, only to have it pulled out and thrown away by the alien hand. Scariest still, an alien hand can perform not only simple behaviours like clutching and grasping, but more complex, purposeful behaviours, such as manipulating tools, or, more unsettlingly, undoing buttons and removing clothing.

Understandably, this potential for socially inappropriate behaviour in public can cause significant distress to sufferers, and so they will sometimes emotionally divorce their hand, forsaking and personifying it. The hand will be given a name; behaviour will be attributed to external, 'alien' forces such as evil spirits or, as one devout sufferer opined: "God must be doing all of that." This leads us to the briefest yet most interesting section in my opinion: treatment strategies.

Regaining Control When There is None

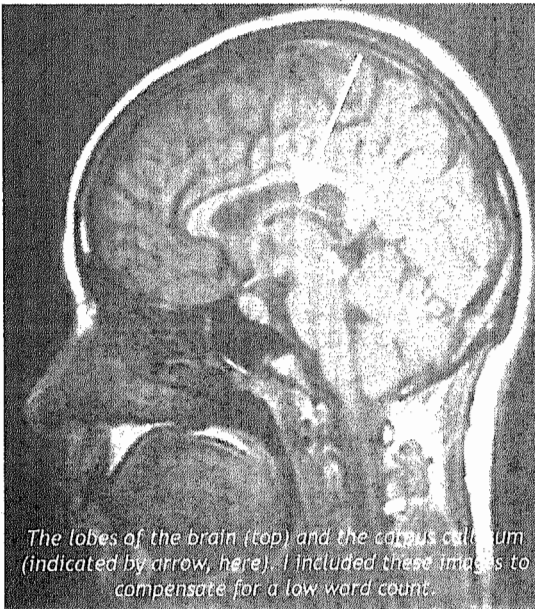
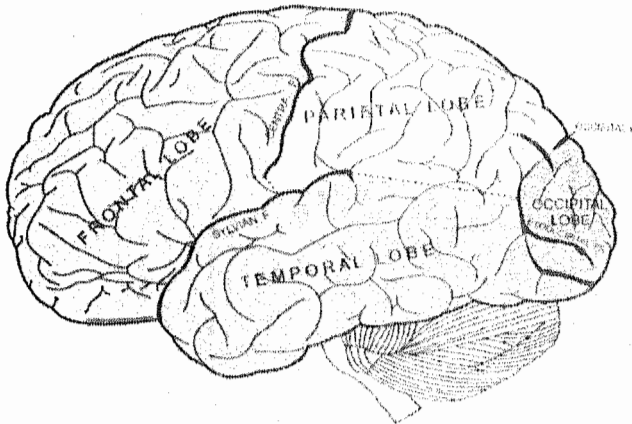
Given that AHS is such a rare neurological disorder with varying anatomical causes, and given that neurosurgery can be a risky business, there is no cure for AHS, and no formal treatment, other than amputation, which one imagines is not a popular cure. However, the symptoms of AHS can be addressed with quite simple approaches. The alien hand can be given an object to hold or manipulate, such as a cane, in order to keep it occupied and distracted, like a small child given a balloon or a bottle of wine for the home drinker. Another approach involves imprisoning the hand, restraining and interfering with its movements and tactile feedback by placing it in a specialised foam support, or the cheaper option, an oven mitt. Some sufferers grab and restrain the hand consciously during wayward periods, activity termed 'self-grasping' or 'self-restraint' (the literal kind). Finally, the sufferer can be trained to perform a specific behaviour such as moving the offending hand to a specific object in the environment so as to override the alien behaviour with a voluntary one.



An alien hand engaging in rare 'posing for a photograph' behaviour.

Neuroanatomy is Difficult to Make Amusing

So, what could possibly cause this bizarre behaviour? Certainly even the mentally ill wouldn't want a hand that doesn't cooperate. It is therefore reasonable to conclude that AHS is the result of biological more than psychological factors, and research, although limited by the rarity of the disorder, has supported this. Basically, AHS has been most commonly associated with damage to certain areas of the brain - sections of the frontal lobe (essentially the front part of the brain) including the supplementary motor area, and/or the anterior corpus callosum (the front part of the structure that connects the two hemispheres of the brain). This makes sense, as these two regions of the brain are related to the planning and execution of movement. Indeed, electrical stimulation of the frontal supplementary motor area is able to generate coordinated movement in the arm (psychology has long had a fondness for electrical stimulation of patients).



The lobes of the brain (top) and the corpus callosum (indicated by arrow, here). I included these images to compensate for a low word count.

Let's leave the light neuroanatomy aside and ask the obvious question: How does the damage occur? Obviously the brain is a very important organ, being the command and control centre of the central nervous system. It's protected by a thick skull, and is cushioned from shock by the cerebrospinal fluid in which it is suspended. It contains more than 100 billion neurons, each connected to as many as 10,000 other neurons. But I digress. AHS can be triggered by head trauma, stroke, brain infection or brain tumour. Additionally, it can be caused by the surgical separation of the two hemispheres of the brain (which, remember, are connected by the corpus callosum) in order to treat severe cases of epilepsy.

The Final Diagnosis

Not all sufferers are at risk of being undressed in public by an out-of-control hand. It is important to note that the behaviour that rogue hand displays depends on factors such as the location, size and extent of the damage to the brain. Damage to the corpus callosum often results only in simple grasping motions in the non-dominant hand. It is damage to sections of the frontal lobe that can lead to the scarier, complex behaviours exhibited by the hand. The moral of the story? Take care of your brain. It's the most important organ you've got.

<end sentimental clichéd closing paragraph>

Cathartic Petty Bitching

Please refer to my letter to the editor for a lesson on the importance of spelling.

Was it you? Or do you just have questions and/or/not comments? Want to contribute a science-based article? Then leave a message at angus.maxwell-clark@adelaide.edu.au and my chief secretary Ima Payne will get back to you as soon as possible.

COMING UP NEXT ISSUE: APOTEMINOPHILIA – WHEN STUMPS ARE SEXY.

Sources, Yo:

Involuntary Hand Levitation Associated with Parietal Damage
In *Arquivos de Neuro-Psiquiatria* Vol. 59 #3A São Paulo Sept. 2001
Paulo E.M. Carrilho, Paulo Caramelli, Francisco Cardoso, Egberto Reis Barbosa, Carlos A. Buchpiguel, Ricardo Nitri.

Alien Hand Syndrome -http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alien_Hand_Syndrome

**YOUR SCIENCE-BASED ARTICLE
HERE. SUBMIT, DAMN IT!**

AN INTERVIEW WITH FIONA MCGARY

A relatively new face on the Australian comedy scene, Brisbane comic Fiona McGary is preparing to make the trek down for her very first Adelaide Fringe. On my second attempt (though the merits of Queensland's daylight-saving time will not be brought into question here), I managed to catch up with her to talk a little about her upcoming shows and her globe-trotting past.

McGary spent six years of her pre-comedy life backpacking around the world. Upon her return, she somehow found herself beginning to do stand-up. She admits, "I knew nothing about comedy when I got into it. I'd been to a comedy club once in my life." Nevertheless, something must have gone right, and she soon found herself state winner of Triple J's Raw Comedy Competition in 2000.

One of the main aspects of her comedy is observational humour. "I find humans remarkably stupid. There are some smart ones getting around but I probably have a tainted image because, well, I do live in Queensland. This is Pauline Hanson territory, so that says it all really, doesn't it?" After my assurance she won't find Adelaide too dissimilar, she tells me that thankfully she's soon moving to Melbourne. "I don't really know why I've stayed here for so long actually."

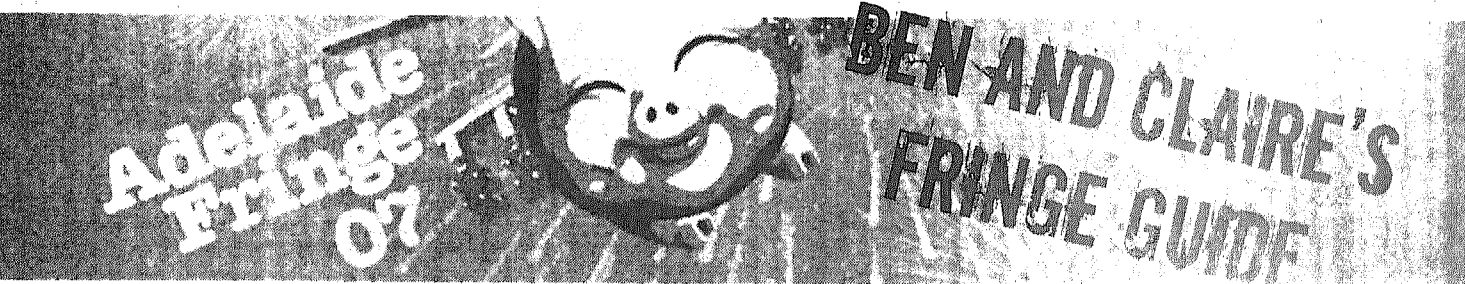
She spent her time overseas "wandering aimlessly", not knowing what she felt like doing with her life, and working a total of 62

jobs in the process. "People are really surprised that I'm still doing comedy, because clearly I don't stick to things for a very long time," she jokes. "I have a really bad attention problem; I supposedly have ADHD. I don't know whether that's something that exists or not." Whatever it is, it gives her some freedom on stage. She doesn't even know what her Fringe act might include - she hasn't finished writing it. "I don't really plan a set, I just hop on stage and know I have a whole bunch of material that I can use and I sort of try something out and I go okay, they're into that so they might like this..."

A peculiar approach perhaps, but it certainly seems to have worked for her so far.

Catch Fiona at the Rhino Room from March 20-31 (except March 26) at 7.45pm.

Ben Henschke



based on very little knowledge

What: Zine Fair
Where: Fringe Alley, Vaughan Pl
When: 24 Mar at 12pm
Why: Zines: way more indie than MySpace.

Who: Freakaphrenic
What: Goth pantomime
Where: Garden of Uncarthy Delights
When: 8-31 Mar at 8.30pm
Why: It sounds like freaky shit.

Who: Dylan Moran
What: Stand-up
Where: Thebarton Theatre
When: 29 Mar at 8pm
Why: He's sex. Sex that probably stinks of tobacco and red wine, but sex.

Who: Fiona McGary
What: Stand-up
Where: Rhino Room
When: 20-31 Mar (exc. 26th) at 7.45pm
Why: The hope her ability to deal with bad interviewers translates to good comedy.

What: *He Died With a Felafel in His Hand* - Stage Adaptation of the Novel
Where: Queens Arms Hotel Annex, 88 Wright St
When: 15, 26, 29, 31 Mar at 10pm & 25 Mar at 3pm
Why: Funniest. Book. Ever.

What: WORD. - Fringe Writers' Festival
Where: Fringe Factory Theatre, Mellor St
When: 21-23 Mar at 5pm
Why: *On Dit* not cool enough for you? Learn how to write properly then.

Who: The Casio Brothers
What: Camp Swedish singers/dancers with key-tars
Where: Festival Centre Piano Bar
When: 11, 25 Mar, 1 April at 11am & 25 Mar at 10am
Why: We require submissions for the Eurotrash edition later in the year.

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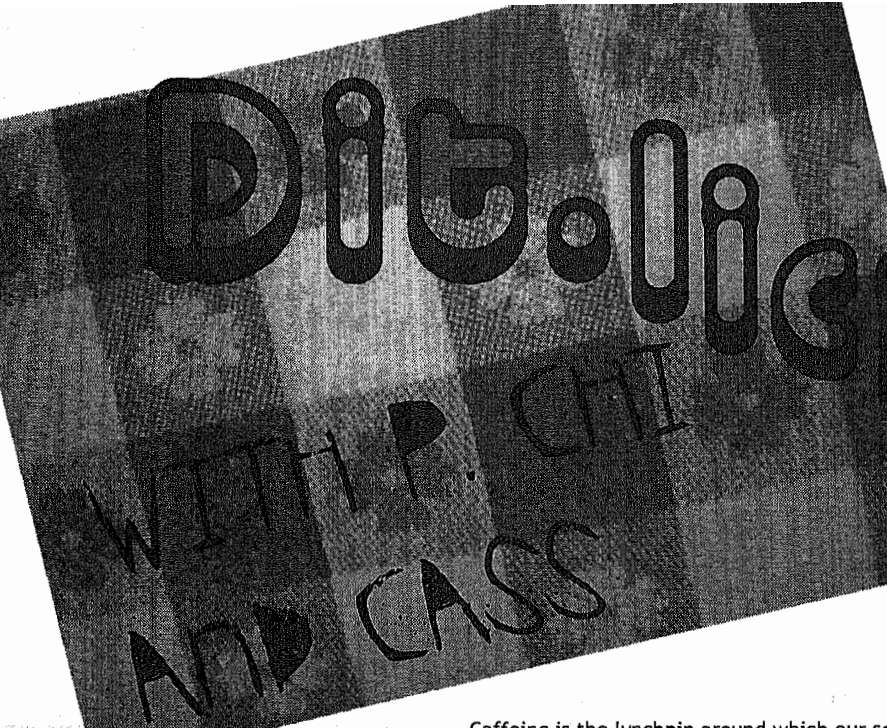
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7 early doors open 8pm



Caffeine is the lynchpin around which our society is run. Without it there'd be chaos, anarchy and a distinct lack of urgency surrounding everything we do. Why do you think hippies always seem to lack a certain energy? It's not their peaceful, eco-loving natures slowing them down. No, the herbal tea's to blame!

Since moving to Adelaide just over a year ago I've been on a bit of a quest, like a junky hunting for a fix, to find Adelaide's best cup of coffee. Over the next few editions I thought I'd share some of the results of my search that was centred around the North Terrace campus of the University of Adelaide.
(Note: All reviews are judged on a standard, or 'regular', sized flat white)

Art Gallery of SA Café - Monjava Coffee - \$3
On campus, or at least still on the North Terrace precinct, this café has been an oasis in a desert of bad coffee. Be warned, their baristas make it strong, but with the care and attention a good cup of coffee should receive. On the down side, however, I find their coffees often have quite a bitter aftertaste. This could be put down to a number of factors, none of which I'm going to speculate on here, but suffice it to say, it does mean a cross against their final result.

Union Bookshop Café - \$3.10 (\$2 with coffee card)
Over-heated beige milk. Turn around, walk away...

Mutandi Ku, Adelaide Festival Centre - Monjava Coffee - \$2
This has to rate as one of the best cups of coffee I've had since my search began. I can find very little fault at all, except for the fact you have to walk all the way to the Festival Centre to get it. Mind you, the \$2 special they do for students makes it almost worth the walk.

Cass

Double cut rolls... Alright, most of you grew up in South Australia so I hear you asking, what's so special about double cut rolls (DCRs)? Well let me tell you, as someone raised on the east coast where this wondrous construction is as yet unheard of, the discovery of the DCR came as somewhat of a revelation. You may think I'm being a little over the top but I take my food very seriously and I just can't say enough good things about the humble DCR. I mean, it's like you're getting two sandwiches for the price of one (and a bit).

Double cut rolls... But not only this, the DCR has unwittingly provided me with a whole new euphemism for the female genitalia. Forget your hairy oyster, your tarantula sandwich or your beef curtains, show us ya double cut roll! Yes, I know it's crude, infantile and misogynistic but you try working in commercial kitchens for 12 years. (*I hear you. We have a scoreboard for 'the finger game' in the kitchen at my work - Ben*) You should hear some of the names I've heard for the male appendage. Incidentally, what is it with genitalia and

Roll... references to food? But I digress... I remember the first time someone asked me if I wanted my roll double cut; my blank stare had them speaking loud and slow like an American tourist in a Bangkok night market. I shrugged and said OK, not sure what to expect. Five minutes later I was furiously texting my wife, an Adelaide native, to tell her of the astonishing thing I'd just eaten. Her reaction was, to say the least, a little deflating. Something along the lines of "Yeah, so?" She couldn't believe I'd never heard of

Roll... the DCR before and assumed they were an Australia-wide phenomenon. No, I tell you, they're not! So I tell you this Adelaideans, don't take this South Aussie wonder for granted. It can only be a matter of time before the shopkeepers of SA rouse from their parochial slumber and realise the revenue they've been missing out on. I urge you all to get out there and devour as many vaginas - er, I mean double cut rolls - as humanly possible, while you still can. You can't afford not to.

Cass

Ah, the Roast. Many see it as a typical bland suburban meal. It's easy to mock the suburbs but this is one dish those suburbanites do well.

The roast is perfect for students, especially during exam time or when you've got five essays overdue. It takes a minute to prepare and can be left alone to cook itself in the oven. It's really hard to stuff up. It's a healthy yet substantial meal if you eat more vegetables than meat. Once cooked, it can be eaten hot or cold, the leftover vegetables can be used to make a salad (chuck in a few green leaves and a couple of nuts and a bit of dressing), the meat can go in sandwiches, hours can be spent trying various methods of getting all the gristle from the bone... hours of entertainment, right there. Also, although it seems expensive because of the large piece of meat, it's actually quite affordable when you look at it from a cost-per-meal perspective.

Here is my mother's Lamb Roast recipe, hopefully it works. If something goes wrong, call your Mum, the fire brigade or the poisons information line.

Mummy's Roast

Ingredients:

Lamb leg or another joint suitable for roasting - go to a good butcher.

Loads of Roasting Vegetables, such as:
Sweet Potato
Parsnip
Onions
Pumpkin
Carrot
Beetroot
A Whole Head of Garlic

Salt & Pepper
Olive Oil
Lemon
Sprig of Fresh Rosemary
Honey
Water
Rice Flour

Methodology

Remember food hygiene. Wash and dry your hands. Ensure the cooking area and equipment is clean and safe to use. Keep in mind that you will need oven gloves or a couple of dry tea towels and I'll expect you to know when something is likely to be hot.

Wash and chop the vegetables into a roughly uniform size. Some people like to peel vegetables but I can't be bothered. Quarter the onion & keep the garlic head whole. Lightly coat with olive oil, just enough so they become lovely, crisp vegetables. Grandma uses butter and this makes her potatoes & pumpkin really golden. Place on the baking rack, which should be inside the baking tray. Note that the garlic head stays whole. A lot of people like to score the meat and stuff it with garlic. I don't like that taste, it's as if the garlic has beaten poor lamb to a pulp and is strutting around like a dominating thug. By leaving the garlic whole it can be a generous saint and give your meal a lovely aroma.

Rub the meat with the olive oil, salt and lemon juice. Try to make sure you cover all the meat, turn the lamb over and really massage the mixture in. Imagine the meat is a good-looking Swiss hiker and you are demonstrating your incredible healing powers. Put your darling lamb in the centre of the baking rack, like a queen surrounded by her loyal subjects. You can even throw in the lemon skins as I think they give the vegetables an aromatic flavour. Pour a little water in the baking tray, not enough for the water to reach the food. Put in a hot oven. Now, what is a hot oven? Mummy dearest says medium is half way on her oven. Naturally, she's quite delighted to show you the oven herself but you'll need to travel to Melbourne and bring your own Valium to cope with my crazy sisters. So, Stephanie Alexander says a hot oven is 220° Celsius. After thirty or so minutes, plenty of time to do the dishes, put the kettle on and stretch, maybe even do some study, take the baking tray out. Drizzle about a tablespoon of honey over the meat and cover everything with the fresh rosemary leaves. Turn the oven down to 200° Celsius and put the roast back in the oven.

Now's the easy bit, leave in the oven for 30- 45 mins, it

depends. Plenty of time to go for a walk, organise your photo album, check out YouTube, clean the bathroom and maybe, just maybe, if you still have time left after that Advanced Procrastination, do a bit of study.

How can you tell if your roast is done? For starters, it smells done. I'm sure you know and love that smell of roasted meat - it really is a comforting smell. I like following the technique I read in *A Cooks Companion*. Poke the thickest part of the meat with a metal skewer and leave for one minute. Pull out the skewer and see if the juices are 'rosy-pink' and the tip of the skewer feels 'quite hot' when it is pressed onto your lower lip. If your roast isn't yet done, put it back in the oven for another ten minutes and test again (Alexander, 2004: 530-531). You can use a similar technique to see if the vegetables are cooked too. Sometimes the meat will be done first and you'll need to cook the veggies for another ten minutes.

To make the gravy, put the meat and veggies on a large plate and remove the rack from the baking tray. At the bottom, you will see that there is a lot of brownish liquid. These are the lamb juices. Turn the stove onto a gentle heat; put the baking tray on the stove. Get a cup of rice flour, a little salt and pepper. If you have any left over red wine, you can use it as well. Gradually stir the flour into the juices until the juices are nice and thick. Keep stirring gently all the time as it burns quickly. Have a little taste and decide if it needs the salt and pepper. It takes almost no time to make gravy so why bother with packaged stuff from the supermarket?

And that's it! A simple lamb roast. Honestly, it's taken you longer to read this recipe than it will take to cook it. So go eat up and enjoy.

Thanks to Mummy, Grandma and the book by Stephanie Alexander *A Cooks Companion* published by Penguin Group, 2004.

P. Chi

Roasting The Suburbs



tom

1. OLD PEOPLE
2. A SCREAMING BITCH
3. YES
4. PRETTY HIGH
5. SNOOP DOGG
6. THE WAKEST FOOTY HEADS

alon

1. FAMILIES
2. IGNORANT
3. NOPE, I DON'T HAVE A CAR GOOD ENOUGH
4. CLOSE TO ZERO
5. CHOPPER - A GOOD BOGAN
6. MOST TYRE MARKS ON THE ROAD



cheryl

1. OH, THIS AND THAT.
2. SUNBURNT, COZ THEYRE ALWAYS IN THEIR GARDEN.
3. NOT MYSELF, NO
4. NOT MANY
5. BONO
6. MOST SPOON DRAINS



SUUUUP?! VOX POP THAT'S WHAT! THIS EDITION WE CRUISED THE HOOD THAT IS RADELAIDE UNI TO SEE WHAT'S CRANKIN' IN AND AROUND YOUR PAD.
CHECK IT.
YOUR BITCHES ON THE BEAT,
CRAFTY CAT & PHAT NATTY O



machin' the suburbs

1. OUTSTANDING MAJORITY IN YOUR HOOD.
2. MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR IS...
3. ARE YOU GUILTY OF HAVING DONE MAINIES OR DONUTS?
4. ESTIMATED RATIO OF PEOPLE TO UGG BOOTS IN YOUR 'BURB?
5. OF ANYONE IN THE WORLD WHO WOULD YOUR SUBURB PICK AS MAYOR?
6. YOU SUBURB SHOULD WIN THE AWARD FOR...

INCITING STEREOTYPES IS FUN!
TRY TO MATCH THE PERSON TO THE SUBURB. BE THE FIRST ONE TO E-MAIL YOUR ANSWERS TO VOXPOP_EDS@HOTMAIL.COM. WE'LL GIVE YOU A MYSTERY PRIZE (POSSIBLY FROM THE LOST PROPERTY BOX)

1. STIRLING
2. VALLEY VIEW
3. COLLEGE PARK
4. ATHELSTONE
5. ST PETERS
6. GLENELG
7. HALLETT COVE



sarah

1. FAMILIES
2. WORKING IN IT WITH A BABY
3. NO
4. 10:1
5. THE FAT CONTROLLER
6. MOST CONSISTENTLY UPPER MIDDLE CLASS



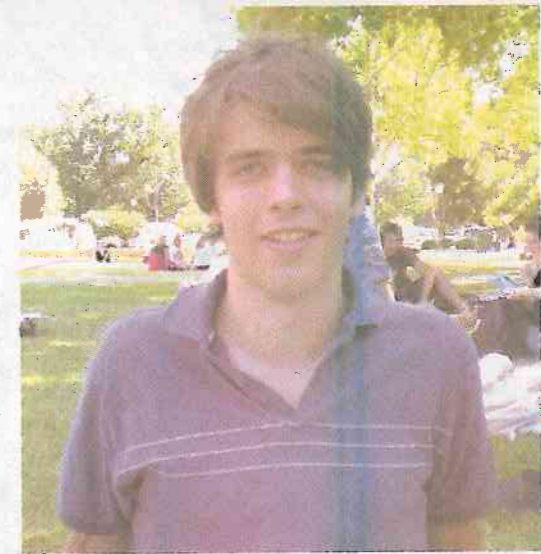
chloe

1. AWESOME UNI STUDENTS - IE: MY POSSE
2. NUTS
3. NO
4. PRETTY HIGH - WE HAVE LOTS OF PRIVATE SCHOOL GIRLS STILL OBSESSED WITH THE SHORT MINI SKIRT + UGG BOOT LOOK.
5. JARVIS COCKER
6. THE MOST TREES



renata

1. PARADISE COMMUNITY CHURCH 'HAPPY CLAPPERS'
2. GARDENING FREAK
3. NO
4. 4:1
5. JESUS / GUY SEBASTIAN
6. THE MOST SCREAMING KIDS



james

1. PRIVATE SCHOOL BOYS AND DOCTOR'S WIVES (OHH DANGEROUS)
2. ONE'S A VET AND ONE'S A BUILDING DEVELOPER - PRETTY AWFUL BUT I LOVE THEM DEEP DOWN.
3. DEFINITELY NOT
4. PRETTY MUCH ZERO
5. MAXINE MCKEW
6. LEAST LIKE KATH AND KIM



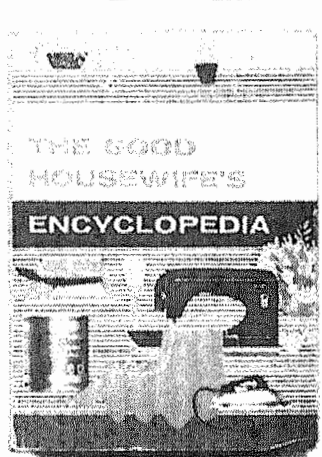
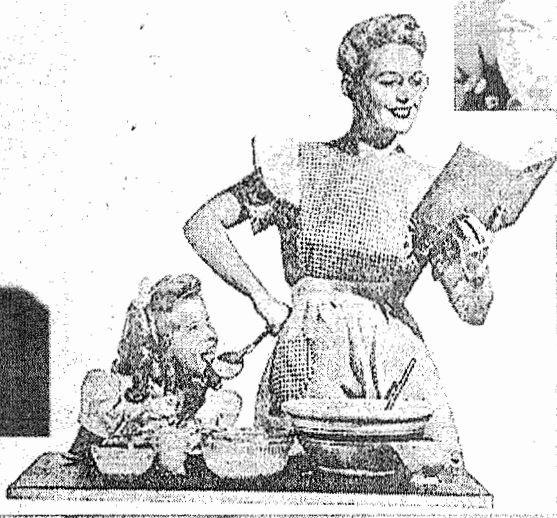
Domestic Goddess

DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES

Fashion in the suburbs has classically come from the suburban housewife. She cooks, cleans and always looks great for her husband. This was until women realised they could have the job and be the servant they once aspired to be. Now, we want it all, the job and the family. No wonder housewives today are portrayed as strung out and neurotic (i.e. *Desperate Housewives*). It's realistic. Just look at the ultimate domestic goddess, Martha Stewart. Her world of perfection came tumbling down when she was sentenced to five months' jail for insider trading. It looks like you can't have everything, but you can try.



I Don't Cook, Clean or Put
Icky Things Near My Mouth



Suburban bliss

Since there is a suburban theme for this issue we decided to take a look and see exactly what the suburbs have to offer. So we checked out our favourite shops to let you know what they have to offer and where they are.

Alexandra & Lace - Dulwich

This little gem is fantastic for little dresses and camisole tops. They stock True Religion jeans and often reduce them (at the moment they have a ripper of 20% off!) There is also a nice selection of shoes. They has also just recently got a whole heap of new stock, so have a look and get first pick.



This place has a funky old-fashioned feel to it. They have a good range for a little shop and good prices to match. Boots for \$80! It's not all the usual stuff you see around either.



Mecca Cosmetica - Burnside Village

It's about bloody time! Mecca has been in Sydney and Melbourne for years and they have finally come to little old Adelaide. The idea is, they have a selection of brands, but only stock the best of what each brand has to offer. They have Stila and Nars makeup, as well as Kiehl's and our favourite Odour 56. Odour 56 is a completely man-made fragrance and is so subtle and airy.

Peter Alexander - Burnside Village

Another "It's about bloody time!" Now you can try it on and not just buy it from a catalogue. There are some nice pieces and others that are a bit average, but if you need PJs then here's where to go.



Muse Boutique - King William Road

This place is great. A little expensive, but you get what you pay for. They always have a sale rack too. I have seen a \$230 top going for about \$70 so don't give up hope. They have guys' stuff as well.



Nicki Belle - Glen Osmond Road

This is basically the sale outlet for TuYu. It's packed full of marked down stuff that's still full price at the O'Connell Street and Rundle Street stores.

Literature

I live in the suburbs. It's a fairly big suburb and I've had lots of characters move in and out of my street. While I do not live on Wisteria Lane, we have had our little dramas in the past. But everyone down the street is friendly. We wave when we see each other, and they're considerate of me when I practice my driving.

I like the suburbs, but when it came to thinking of a book which was a new release about the suburbs, well, I just couldn't think of one. So imagine my surprise when I open the mail to receive a media release about this new book about suburban life by Steven Carroll. I

don't believe in fate or destiny or anything like that, but wow. It was very fortuitous. The other book that has been reviewed is definitely not about suburbia. Instead it's a challenge towards religion. There's also a list of the most disappointing books Jo B has read. So enjoy the eclectic and strange mix of this week's pages.

Enjoy and e-mail me at onditliterature@gmail.com with any book reviews or comments you see fit. All are welcome.

Cheers,
Alicia

Spotlight On... *The Time We Have Taken* Steven Carroll HarperCollins

It's a relief for Steven Carroll to have completed writing this book. Writing, as he explained to me during our interview, is something that takes a lot out of a person, not just mentally, but physically. But this does not mean that he's complaining. He loves what he does. Just listening to him talk about his process of writing in the back shed, it's obvious he enjoys what he does. However, it is a relief to him, after concentrating on the one book for almost two years, to have finished. This has been something which began ten years ago, when he had a dream about walking down his old street in the suburbs with his parents. That dream materialised into *The Art of the Engine Driver* and *The Gift of Speed* and most recently *The Time We Have Taken*.

The Time We Have Taken is the third part in Carroll's post-war suburban series, set in an unknown suburb near Melbourne, Victoria. It follows the lives of Vic, Rita and their son Michael, who appeared in *The Art of the Engine Driver* and *The Gift of Speed*. While Rita and Vic have separated, with Rita remaining in their house in the suburbs, Vic has moved to Queensland, as far removed from the suburbs as possible. Michael is now in university, finishing off a teaching degree in literature. However, it also delves into the lives of several others who live in the suburb. The novel begins with a local shop proprietor, Peter van Rijn, who prides himself on bringing progress to the suburb through his television and wireless shop. Realising that his suburb is turning 100, he immediately contacts the mayor and sets the celebration in motion. Michael's friend Mulligan is asked to paint a mural of the suburb's history. Mrs Webster is Rita's employer and almost-friend, who is struggling to continue running her late husband's factory and coping with his death. She takes comfort in Rita's investment in looking after her house as she remains detached from it.

Carroll's previous books in this series have both been nominated for the Miles Franklin Award. *The Art of the Engine Driver* was also shortlisted for France's prestigious Prix Femina for best foreign novel. France is a happy place for Carroll. He lived in France three years ago after winning a grant for Australian writers, allowing him and his family to live in Paris for six months. Both *The Art of the Engine Driver* and *The Gift of Speed* have done extremely well overseas, being released in both France and Germany. Carroll's latest is beautifully written; emotions and images become real. I found myself empathising with characters; Rita and her wardrobe of memories, Michael as he finds himself falling in love, Mrs Webster and her dwelling on her husband's death.

I read this book during Orientation Week (or O'Week for all us students) and there is a scene which struck home for me, even though this novel is set in 1970. The scene of groups and clubs with their booths, recruiting new members for the numerous associations, has not changed much. While Michael is not based on Carroll's own persona, certain aspects (such as doing a teaching degree) are similar. In fact, Michael is more the person Carroll wishes he could be. While it took me a while to be able to immerse myself in the novel's story, I do recommend persevering; you begin to see the characters come alive in your mind, the settings are described in such detail it is almost as if you're walking with the characters.

While Carroll currently lives in inner-city Melbourne with his family, he still manages to capture the everyday dealings which occur in the suburbs, whether it is today or over thirty years ago. It's a wonderful, descriptive novel with rich characters who become real to the reader.

Jo B's List of the Most Disappointing Books

1. Enid Blyton (upon re-reading 12 years later)

Nothing can describe my excitement at finding a box filled with over 50 of my most beloved books from my childhood just when I was looking for an excuse to procrastinate from exam study. Nothing can describe my disappointment as I slowly worked through them all. Forget censoring golliwogs and Dame Slap-A-Lot, try cutting out the racism against gypsies, the derision of all things non-British and the insults made against the working class. And the word plucky. And any description of picnic hampers (there go half the contents of the *Famous Five* books), not to mention the poor parenting practices described. Any parent who allows their child to go unsupervised so often that they get kidnapped on no less than five separate occasions should undergo investigation by welfare.

2. *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince* — J.K. Rowling

Even by the sixth installment in the saga, clearly J.K. Rowling has not learnt her lesson that readers do not like reading about teenage angst. And one thing they like even less is reading about teenage snogging. Okay, to be fair this isn't a bad book. It just doesn't live to the first few books in the series and nothing could ever live up to the hype surrounding the book's release.

3. *Split* — Tara Moss

After struggling through hundreds of pages of poor prose, nauseating dialogue and a plot that defies belief, it turns out in the end that the person who committed the crime was the person you suspected all along. Impossible to be less surprised than if the butler had done it.

4. *Mansfield Park* — Jane Austen

Yes it does exist - a book that is actually worse than the movie. Boring, over-plous characters who end up with sugar and spice and all things nice happening to them in the end. Bahl!

5. *Storey's Guide to Raising Chickens* — Gail Damerow

In an effort to fight exam stress-induced insomnia I resorted to what I hoped would be the most boring book available at 2.07 am. Unfortunately due to their sex lives (not quite what you think) and wide variety of diseases this book became almost interesting (almost). Alas, sleep remained elusive.

The God Delusion Richard Dawkins

This book delves into the recesses of theology, producing a critique of religion in all its forms. Dawkins, a controversial author who produced the TV documentary *Root of All Evil*, which is of similar substance, puts forth a range of arguments that dispute the existence of a god and examines the psychological underpinnings of religious faith. In doing so he engages in the science vs religion debate - not avoiding an analysis of intelligent design and natural selection theories - and attempts to show that religion corellates negatively with education. He produces his own 'god theorem' that seeks to prove the improbability of a god's existence, suggests that if a god were to exist it would be an 'underachiever' and reveals things you'd never know were in the Bible, even if you went to a private school where they made you write fan mail to the Pope and sit through RE classes four times a week. He is deeply critical of the indoctrination of children, and not content with agnosticism, he purports the benefits of atheism, going so far as to encourage the mobilisation of atheists in response to the rise of the religious Right in the US. He also draws upon a \$2 million scientifically-controlled study to settle the age-old question, does praying really heal the sick and make your plants grow faster?

Dawkins's style is not too heavy going, but it's easy to get lost in some of his arguments. Whilst much of his work draws upon the work of academics and scientific

studies, at times he coats commonsense arguments with an academic veneer and at others it appears that he is just having a good bitch. Dawkins is explicit in his aim to convince readers to relinquish their faith, but ultimately, it is unlikely that he will achieve this. Whilst his arguments are likely to reinforce the sentiments of non-believers, he is unlikely to rock the foundations of the faith of the pious - Dawkins overlooks that his 'logic' has never been a necessary ingredient of religion, since faith is the key element.

This book is bound to make you angry whether you're a devout Catholic or not. Dawkins's most powerful criticism of religion, the hypocrisy of religious morality, is detailed by a range of racist, discriminatory and abusive opinions expressed and acts undertaken throughout history under the pretense of religious conviction. It is Dawkins's own hate mail, from religious readers who share in graphic detail the death they hope he will meet, which provides the most convincing evidence. We also see that some of the most appalling incidents of religious extremism and intolerance are to be found in the US, where one pastor staged a picket at Martjn Luther King's widow's funeral, signs at anti-gay demonstrations read "Thank God for AIDS" and people set fire to abortion clinics and murder the doctors that work in them. Whilst this book is likely to divide its Australian audience, there's one thing we can all agree on: thank God (?) we don't live in America.

Dayna Ziukelis

T.V.

The Good Life

Television programming is all about marketing and cost-effectiveness. Take, for example, the plethora of rubbish seventies sitcoms that Channel Seven have purchased and repackaged into prime time, ad-laden slots. *George & Mildred*, *Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em*, *The Benny Hill Show* and *Are You Being Served?* are among the most tasteless, formulaic and deeply misogynist shows ever to come out of the BBC, but scheduled one after the other and bookended by the terminally pathetic Russell Gilbert, and *voilà!* Best of Classic British Comedy. Come home to that warm, nostalgic feeling, only on Channel Seven. Vomit.

The silver lining is *The Good Life* - a warm, life-affirming, quintessentially British show that enjoyed three years of success after its 1975 debut. Since then it virtually disappeared, save for sporadic reruns in the eighties and early nineties. If you remember this show from your childhood, it's likely you used to watch it in the late evenings while your neglected mother waited for your father to get home from his Friday knock-off drinks. She probably washed dishes during the commercials, quietly pining for those carefree days in the early seventies when she was newly married and hadn't yet forgotten her oath never to fall into another cycle of gendered, post-industrial slavery.

Originally conceived as a vehicle for the cheerfully dotty Richard Briers, *The Good Life* ended up turning Felicity Kendall and Penelope Keith into household names. Keith became the bourgeois icon of seventies Britain, with most remembering her as the dignified lady of the village in *To The Manor Born* - a subtle and decidedly less misogynist precursor to *The Nanny*. Paul Eddington turned his talent to the seminal *Yes Minister* series, while Briers and Kendall again teamed up in the popular comic-drama *Ever Decreasing Circles*.

The effortless chemistry between Richard Briers and Felicity Kendall is truly phenomenal - easily one of the greatest casting decisions in the history of the Beeb. The two play Tom and Barbara Good (hence the pun), married, childless and still very much in love. Tom's Fortieth Birthday arrives in the pilot episode, prompting them to re-examine their lives together. After a few snifters, the two start to think in earnest about the post-capitalist malaise that seems to have taken over their

marriage. Is working nine-to-five for someone else's company really worth the effort? Surely there is a better way to keep the larder full of cheese and the liquor cabinet stocked with brandy.

Tom is a talented draftsman but lacks any sort of ambition. And why should he? He designs facile toys for the glorification of a manufacturing company. Try as he might, he can't bring himself to take the job very seriously. He knows that he would be just as uninterested in any other job, but there remains the question of maintaining the easy lifestyle to which he and Barbara are accustomed.

Suburban self-sufficiency. Even today it sounds outlandish. Imagine the impact a show like this would have made on Cold War Britain.

In the wee hours of the morning, revelation strikes: *self-sufficiency!* If they were to spend their savings ploughing the yard and filling it with crops and livestock, the two just might be able to produce enough of their own food to survive outside the rat race. As their yields increase, they'd be able to barter the surplus for the various luxuries they can't produce themselves - clothes, books, liquor, etc. What's more, the two of them would be working together - Tom would be the sole breadwinner no longer, and Barbara would cease to be the idle housewife. The two would be equal partners in charge of a shared destiny - one that is tied to the land instead of the irrelevant whims of a soulless manufacturing company.

Suburban self-sufficiency. Even today it sounds outlandish. Imagine the impact a show like this would have made on Cold War Britain. What the Goods were attempting was essentially communist, and not far short of economic treason in the middle of a global

Your mother is right
**GET UP EARLIER
IN THE MORNING,
DRINK MORE WATER,
FIX YOUR OLD BIKE,
AVOID PROCESSED
FOOD AND
STOP
WATCHING
SO MUCH
FUCKING
TV**
Try it and see

recession. Is it a coincidence that Thatcher came to power less than a year after the series finished?

Next door, Margo and Jerry Leadbetter (could Dickens have thought of better names?) provide the comic contrast - they look on in faux British disgust as Tom and Barbara bravely muddle through the triumphs and failures of self-sufficient farming. It's plain to see that the Leadbetters' marriage is in much worse shape than that of the Goods - they bicker and belittle one another, while the Goods relationship has a healthy, child-like character born of genuine affection and trust. A sobering premise: viewers are invited to sympathise with the Goods, but find themselves identifying with the loveless Leadbetters.

The moral lesson is more than implicit. Stick with the rat race if you don't mind growing old and bitter, but if you're hitting middle age and want to save your marriage you'd best start growing your own food.

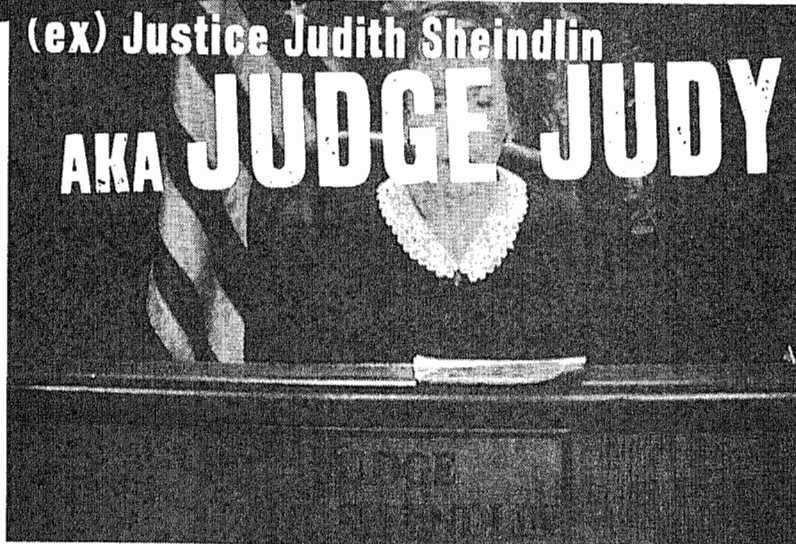
The Good Life screens Sunday afternoons at 5:15 on Channel 7

Tristan Mahoney

REALITY TV STAR PROFILE:

(ex) Justice Judith Sheindlin

AKA JUDGE JUDY



Judge Judy an ex-judge of the Family Court of New York, who hung up her robes to become the arbitrator of a small claims (no lawyers and maximum claims of \$5,000) 'court' in the United States of America. Despite what the stern narrator suggests, it's not actually a real court. The action takes place in a Hollywood set designed to look like a New York courtroom. The 'litigants' are real people with real cases, but the procedures followed are purely

'court'. She regularly informs them that she is not stupid and will not fall for their 'baloney'. She is also very witty, and often humiliates the participants on the show by exposing their lame lies through cross-examination.

The show is highly popular and profitable. Having started in 1996, it is now in its eleventh season. According to Wikipedia, at one point the show was even more popular than *Oprah!* Other programs tried to cash in on the success of *Judge Judy*, such as *Judge Alex*, *Judge Joe Brown*, *Judge Hatchett*, and *Judge Mathis* but these weren't anywhere near as popular or profitable.

Various sources estimate Judith Sheindlin's personal wealth at around \$US 95 million. She has also written a few books, which I have not yet had the pleasure of reading, one of these is the aptly named: *Don't Pee On My Leg and Tell Me It's Raining*.

Judge Judy airs 3:00pm weekdays on Channel Ten, and also at 5:00pm and 7:00pm weekdays on W. Check out her website www.judgejudy.com, where funny sections include "Subpoena a Pal".

Brianna Rositano

Various sources estimate Judith Sheindlin's personal wealth at around \$US95 million.

for appearance rather than legal requirement. Arbitration would not really take place in a courtroom; it is usually more like a business meeting. Having the courtroom set adds to the illusion that this is an actual courtroom and not voluntary arbitration. Critics say this can create a false image of legal proceedings in the minds of viewers, who may also be potential jurors.

To get the parties involved, litigants in the small court system of America are contacted, and parties who agree to participate have both their legal fees and the cost of the judgement paid for by the program. You can see how this would be appealing, particularly for a defendant who anticipates losing!

Because the parties are taking part in voluntary arbitration (although they would be bound by contracts), and Judge Judy isn't really acting as a judge, the usual procedural rules that bind judges in real courts do not apply. The show is so entertaining because of the way Judy treats the people in her

In preparation for Pom Dit in two weeks time, I expect everyone who has access to Foxtel to watch Fawltly Towers, now showing on UKTV, and Monty Python and the Holy Grail, and Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl. Monty Python is true comic genius; life is not worth living if you haven't seen it. More about Python in the next edition!

Celebrity Corner

Sienna Miller has put her big fat foot in it again. This girl just can't keep her mouth shut! Remember her embarrassing the town of Pittsburgh? Miller sat down with *The Guardian* recently for an interview. So why did Miller apologise to the Mayor of "Shittsburgh"? "Because I was halfway through shooting a movie called *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh* and the producers were understandably very distressed at the riot I had caused, so it was kind of damage control," she says. "I understand the patriotism of the city, but really I don't think it was that big a deal. I had to meet the mayor live on TV and apologise. It was huge! People are dying in Iraq and where is our focus, d'you know what I mean? Having met me, you'll realise these things just come out. I think it might be mild Tourette's not to insult people who have proper Tourette's, but I will say the most inappropriate things at the most inappropriate time to the most inappropriate person. Always. Guaranteed."

Hold on to your panties people, she then reveals that after the controversy she and her friends spent ages renaming other American places. "Massivetwoshits is Massachusetts. Connecticut, or Connectibutt. We came up with loads. But I don't deliberately hurt anybody. And, actually, I like Pittsburgh, I do." She then puts her foot in it again when asked about what attracted her to Jude Law: "Everything about him. He's an incredibly brilliant, intelligent, funny, charismatic, vivacious, kind, beautiful, rich ... Don't put the last thing."

Sienna even talks about her love for drugs. She took drugs for "research purposes" for her role in *Factory Girl*, revealing: "I took a morphine pill, just to feel what a safe way of taking heroin was like. I didn't really feel a lot. I'm incredibly hardcore. Hahaha!" She adds, "I mean, I still love a waterfall or the odd hallucinogenic drug. I liked mushrooms, which were legal until a year or so ago. If I had a drug of choice, it would be magic mushrooms. And I do like a going away to India..." And why do so many people experiment with drugs? "'Cos they're fun! 'Cos they're fuckloads of fun! No, don't write that. I always end up putting my big fat foot in it." Oh, please do put your big fat foot in it more for the next *On Dit*.

Guess who has been rumoured to be "spending time together" lately? Heather Locklear and her *Melrose Place* co-star Jack Wagner, that's who. If you can't remember Jack he played Dr. Peter Burns, or more recently Nick Marone in *The Bold and the Beautiful*. *Melrose* days, ahh, it brings back memories. Remember Michael and Kimberly? Now that was TV! Sigh.

Plastic surgery? Have these two stars had some more work done? Kytte, 39, stepping out in London, March 1, looking a bit freaky eyed. As Donatella Versace unveiled her new face at a party for photographer Mario Testino in Paris. It's definitely an improvement on her last face, although she still looks like a bit like a lemur.

Natalie Shimmers



Aunty

Audrey

Disgraceful, all you young ones sitting on the Barr Smith Lawns doing nothing productive with your time. Back in the war time, we had to use every second of our day, because it could have very well been the last we ever saw! Go to your lectures you bum. But first let Aunty Audrey and I go ask a few of you pathetic excuses for university students, dreaming your day away, what troubles you for our new and exciting advice column.

Aunty Audrey, I just broke up with my boyfriend, how do I get him back? - Sarah from Commerce -

Poor sweetheart, have you thought about lying and telling him you're pregnant? If so then slap yourself across the face you whore, and don't lie to your ex just to get him back. I remember one time when the milkman was boning me. Oooh the 60s were a risqué period, and getting serviced by the milky was all the go. So it turned out, after a love affair of three months I had fallen in love with that tight shirted, ripped man of calcium enriched goodness, but seeing as he was also 'servicing' every other woman in a two mile radius I had no chance of keeping him for myself. So you know what I did Sarah? I switched to soy! It tastes just as good and 'Fills me up' so to speak just as much. Soy and I have had a long relationship now. Do you think perhaps it's time to let dairy go? Tofu is nice too you know.

Grandpa

Pat

I'm failing my language elective Grandpa Pat. What can I do? -James from Arts -

James, I didn't fight two wars, lose my index finger on my left hand and have serious emotional trauma from shellshock to allow some pompous kid at university think that he could learn another language. Men died for this country. You could show them the respect and only speak its language! You damn hippie!

I have a rash on my nether regions it's copper in colour and itchy, especially at night. Any advice? - anonymous -

I googled what you described and the infinite and all-knowing search engine suggests you have crabs! Go see a healthcare professional for better advice. You should also stop sleeping around for a little while until the problem is all cleared up, but then again I'm almost 60 and my loins quiver in anticipation for a hot young stud to pleasure me every night, I know how difficult it can be to abstain (I've had a rash or seven back in the day). Just remember to play safe and go get a check up! Love Aunty Audrey xxoo

Sub-editor: Chelsea Sinnott
onditmusic@gmail.com

Fall Out Boy
Infinity on High

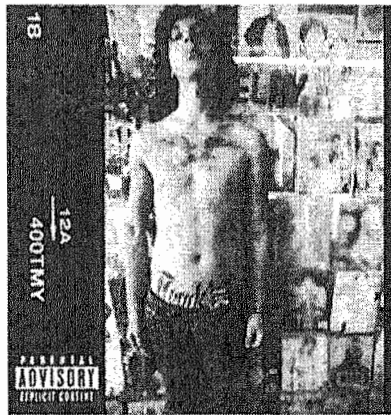
Universal

I'm not sure how I got the impression that Fall Out Boy are an emo band. I know that I'm certainly not alone in that one. Maybe it's their haircuts, maybe it's the headline on their website. Regardless, their new album *Infinity on High* is not what I'd consider a traditional piece of emo art. Instead, Chicago's Fall Out Boy present a collection of songs that draw very heavily from poppy lyrics, punk bass lines and rockin' guitars.



Songs like the single 'This Ain't a Scene, It's an Arms Race' and 'Thriller' are frustratingly catchy, and you've probably heard them repeatedly if you exist anywhere near a radio. Unfortunately the brilliance doesn't hold strong for the entire album, and some tracks get a little repetitive. Fall Out Boy seem to be doing a fine job of filling that Green Day/Blink 182 gap, and *Infinity on High* is a good offering to have a few beers to.

Chelsea



Mickey Avalon
Mickey Avalon

Universal

Mickey Avalon's self-titled debut CD graced the *On Dit* offices this week and it's one of the most unusual releases I've heard in quite a while. Hailing from L.A., Avalon embodies a stereotypical rock star rather than the current flavour of hip-hop stylings and I have to say I prefer it. Mickey Avalon raps from experience; his lyrics cover his dealings with drug culture and heroin addiction, his tragic upbringing and male prostitution, as well as the glitz and glamour of the celebrity scene that he currently finds himself emerging into.

The first track, 'Waiting to Die', sets the tone for the release and immediately reminded me of the fact I used to listen to hip-hop, and liked it, when Snoop Dogg was singing about gin and juice. Aye, Avalon certainly has that old-school feel to his music: good rhymes, and catchy lines. Track three, 'Jane Fonda', is seriously catchy and Mickey Avalon sings it so lazily you could be fooled into thinking he's been doing this for a long, long time. He is definitely worth checking out, particularly for those of you who like a bit of punk in your hip-hop.

Chelsea

HOT LOCAL gigs:

- 15/3/07 BRILLIG LP launch @ Grace Emily Hotel
- 29/3/07 FUSE SHOWCASE: Dairy Brothers, Special Patrol, Illicit Eve @ Jive.
- 13/4/07 SOFT WHITE MACHINE CD launch @ The Gov
- 14/4/07 BLOW UP BETTY CD launch @ The Gov

GIG GUIDE
HOT TOURS:

16/3/07 THE BASICS (Vic) @ The Kustom Kulture Weekend

V FESTIVAL - memoria Drive:

- 3/4/07 PIXIES, JARVIS COCKER, PHOENIX & many more
- 4/4/07 PET SHOP BOYS, GROOVE ARMADA, GNARLS BARKLEY & many more

MUSIC

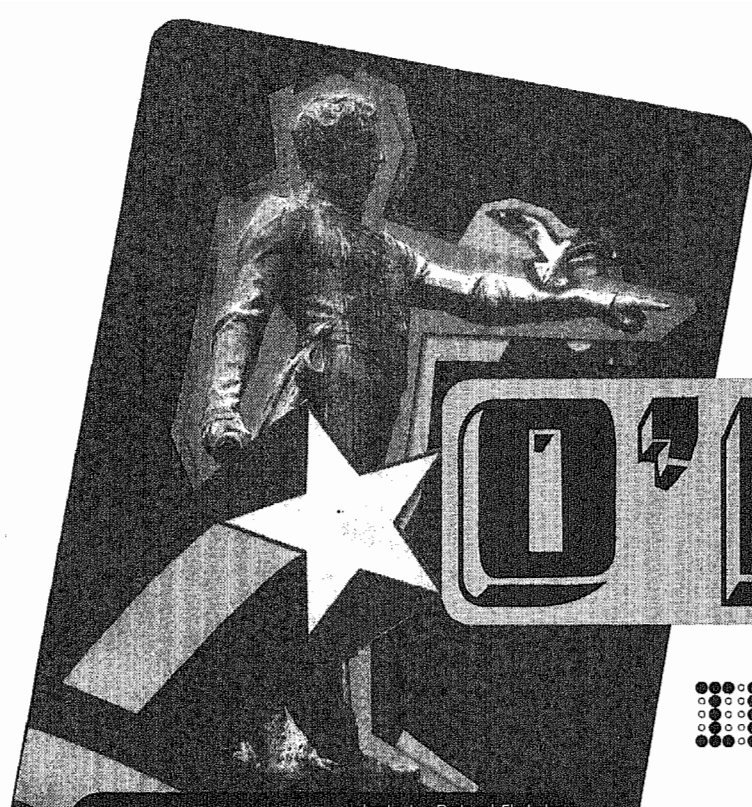
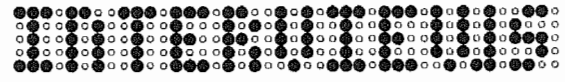
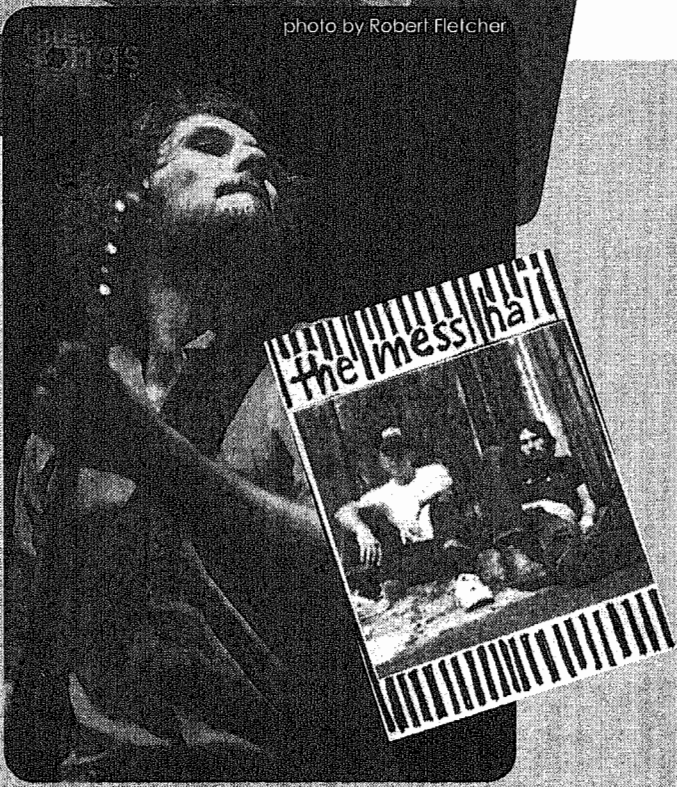


photo by Robert Fletcher

O'BALL



BY JIMMY

all the people who compare them to The White Stripes. "Same kind of thing we say most of the time, I don't think we sound anything like them" Jed answered. "It's a lazy comparison from reviewers. When we started, we didn't even know who The White Stripes were. It's just a coincidence in some ways. When we started playing in Sydney as a two piece, we found it hard to get gigs. They couldn't get over the fact that we didn't have a bass. Now everyone's fine with that. It's just the way it is I suppose, you continually get compared to them. We don't necessarily go to make an album as a two piece though."

Ignoring all advice about using information from Wikipedia, I asked the band what it was like for them touring Japan. "I dunno where that came from," Jed replied. "We haven't done Japan. We spent most of last year in America, then we went to the UK as well." "We can make something up if you like?" Cec offered. I think next time I'll just do better research, but thanks. Jed continued, "The last half of last year we went back to America and toured with Wolfmother over there, and then we did our own tour. We rented a flat in New York in the lower east side, playing in different bars in Brooklyn, built a crowd over there and pretty much stayed and kept playing, playing, playing."

Of America, Cec informed me there was "lots of cheese". He then related, "We flew in on the 5th anniversary of 9/11, it took us ages to get anywhere in the airport. They were fully expecting the terrorists to attack on the 5th anniversary." Jed added, "Completely American." Cec joked, "Oh look! It's been five years! Let's hit them again!" Jed continued, "We met a lot of people in New York who would happily tell us about their 9/11 experience. They'd tell you about that day, to a point, but most of the time they'd just stop and say there's not much more they want to talk about." Cec added, "We heard there was a plan that they were also going to blow up the subway tunnels under the rivers, so they were all freaked out about that. But they're fucking tough cunts, New Yorkers." "They are, yeh," Jed agreed. "They just look after themselves. People say they're so rude" Cec noted. Jed confided, "You tour everywhere else around America, but they're completely different in New York. They're more like the English, they just dealt with it and moved on. It toughened them all up a bit."

Already with a wealth of material, I had to finish by asking these guys about a favourite gig of theirs. "Meredith Music Festival, two years ago," Jed answered. "We were completely off our tits. We'd been touring the majority of the year, and it was one of the last ones we had. We were on at midnight on Friday, it was 6000 people, one of those gigs that was just a blur, it was great."

Having eluded me during sound checking, I managed to chase down Jed and Cec of The Mess Hall after their gig and score a few minutes to have a chat with them. Down into the dungeons, past the dragon guarding the gates, I found my way into their green room and meekly asked them for an interview. "Yeh, sure, no problem," Jed answered. Cec inquired, "Beer? Cheese?" Who was I to say no?

I asked them what they do when they're not The Mess Hall. "We're pretty much The Mess Hall the whole time, for the last three years" Jed stated. "Otherwise we paint" Cec added. I inquired as to what they painted. "Just abstract portraits" Cec confided. Jed continued, "I dunno. Odd jobs around the place, play music, pretty much what everyone else does..." "I did journalism at Uni" Cec explained "so if you fuck up, I'll pull you up on it!"

Keeping that in mind, I went on to ask them what they thought of

Once again risking my life going into the green rooms to hustle interviews, I managed to get a conversation started with the lovely Sarah Blasko. Her latest album is entitled *What The Sea Wants, The Sea Will Have*, so I asked her what that was all about. She revealed "The title's from an old English expression. It originally was a naval expression for when somebody falls overboard. It relates to the idea that the forces of nature are a lot stronger, and overpowering to humans. The title doesn't have anything to do that. What I was trying to convey was a sense of trying to give into the idea of fate and embracing the idea of not having a lot of control over your own life. A statement of wanting to lead that life, of just giving into things and not trying to control anything too much."

Sarah Blasko has all but become a household name in Australia over the last year, so I asked her where she saw herself musically in the next five years. "Well I don't really have a five-year plan" she admitted. "I kind of feel like I've just gotten started, to be honest. This is my second record, but I think it's a good feeling, I feel like I'm just getting an eye for what I want to do. I hope I'll have another couple of records out in five years. There's a lot of things that I'd like to do. I'd like to play with an orchestra sometime. Maybe write a musical," she laughed. "I don't know if that will be within five years, maybe within ten. That'll be my ten-year plan."

So you see yourself continuing with your musical career? "I hope so, but I don't want to take it for granted. I guess I don't want to be one of those people that tries to push it beyond sincerity. You see a lot of people who continue playing music past this kind of point of when they seem to be really enthusiastic about it, sometimes you see people getting really stale. I really fear that. I think I'd rather do something else like go and be a teacher, or start a café or something instead of playing music if it got to that point that it wasn't an exciting thing for me." I read somewhere that you might be a restaurateur if your music



photo by Robert Fletcher

career didn't work out for you. "Yeh, I like food. Food and music are my main passions in life" she laughed. Apparently she makes a mean vegetarian lasagne too.

I asked her when she first decided that she wanted to be a musician. "I fell into it really" she confided. "It wasn't something I wanted to do until I was about 18, and I started listening to song writers whose music was kind of raw and about self expression rather than about being the best singer or the best guitarist or whatever. I think that's when I really thought that's the kind of thing I want to do, play some music that had some kind of personal resonance and made sense to people on a personal level." So what was your first instrument? "Well I don't really have one" she laughed, "but my first instrument I guess is the voice. I still don't really play any instrument very well at all, I just kind of strum along on the guitar or plonk away on the piano. So the voice is my main instrument".

Continuing with the theme of highlight gigs, I asked her that same stale old question. "When we launched this record we did a nice show at Wharf Theatre in Sydney. That was really nice 'cos we had some string players and a choir and stuff 'cos there's a bit of that on the record, so it was nice to play the songs in a really quiet environment with all the added elements". She related "What we did tonight was more of a band kind of feel. That was probably my favourite gig I've done." I then asked whether her sister, with whom Sarah had been in a band with years ago, was doing anything musical. "Not really, she's teaching, she's a teacher. She still does like singing. Maybe one day she'll do some more with that. And she's a good writer too."



photo by Robert Fletcher

First interview of the day was Paul Dempsey, of **Something For Kate** fame, so, resisting all urges to ask him how the weather was up there (damn that guy's tall) we got stuck into it. I asked about the title of their latest album, *Desert Lights*. Paul began "We were in the desert recording it. It took a long, long time to write, and sometimes we sort of felt like metaphorically we were in the desert, and every time one of the songs got finished, it was like a little light in the desert."

It's been twelve years since SFK emerged from Melbourne, so I thought I'd ask him about that. "It's kind of crazy, it doesn't feel like that long at all. I just turned thirty. People assume that when you've been doing it for twelve years, we are a lot older than we are, but we started as teenagers. It's hard to believe that we're still doing it." SFK have even had the same line-up for nine years, since Steph joined the band.

As the new album artwork and film clip quite prominently features cacti, I thought it best to find out who was the cacti/succulent enthusiast. "Definitely Steph. She loves that whole sort of desert/Mexican atmosphere, she was very involved with the album artwork which features a lot of cacti on it." I asked if there were any nasty cacti-related injuries that resulted. Paul laughed, "There were many actually. Our friend Hamish who is the guy you see wandering around getting dressed, he started off at the start of the video just in his boxer shorts. There's all these cacti that drop little spiky balls to keep

predators away, and Hamish walked over a ton of them in bare feet, he was picking them out of his feet a week later. We all got stung by hornets, it was a bit nuts".

Steering further away from their music, I asked Paul about what they enjoy doing when they're not SFK. "Well, Steph's very much into photography and design, and stuff like that. Clint enjoys his sports, cricket, golf, stuff like that. I'm a bit more of a bookworm. I love stuffing my head in a book, watching films or getting drunk with friends. The usual sort of thing" he laughed.

For a band that has been around so long, I thought it would be interesting to hear what Paul's favourite gig had been. "That's a good question" he replied. "I know this is a cop out of an answer, but it's just really hard to pick one. We've done some of our own headlining shows at some beautiful spots like the Forum Theatre in Melbourne, the Tivoli Theatre in Brisbane, the Thebarton Theatre. I love playing those big old theatres 'cos they have great sound and great atmosphere." He continued "I also love doing big festivals like the Big Day Out. That's heaps of fun as well. We've played in lots of different parts of this uni, but we've played on this lawn a few times, and it's a beautiful place to play when the sun goes down and with the trees and everything, it's gorgeous. I don't know, I just love playing anywhere really". Damn straight Paul, our Uni kicks arse, especially the Barr Smith Lawns. Ah, if only I liked your bands music.

DE LA SOUL

The year is 1989. The lyrically and musically heavy sounds of Public Enemy and NWA dominate the hip-hop and rap scenes. We are told with anger and passion that there are too many injustices in the world, and then, when we are beginning to close the blinds and sulk for a week, a little ray of sunshine is found in the form of De La Soul's debut album *3 Feet High and Rising*.



Every now and then an artist will come along that will not only sound different to the norm but will help music to develop as an art form. On *3 Feet High and Rising* De La Soul distil everything they love about life, pack it with a crazy amount of samples (everything from strange yodelling to Kraftwerk) and pack it into a 67-minute work with filled with songs, sounds and running skits. And not only

does it sound good musically, they manage to rhyme about diverse everyday topics that would concern middle class society.

It's at this point that I have to tell you I am a believer that all good music tells a story. Often in the world of hip-hop and rap the story is about the harshness of growing up in the ghetto or the injustices done to groups that are labelled 'minorities'. What I find hard is that I have to believe whatever is fed to me. Sometimes, I wish that I could have experienced some of these difficulties first hand to appreciate them properly. It is one thing to empathise and another to truly understand. I didn't have a rough upbringing. I grew up in the suburbs with a middle class family. That's how De La Soul were brought up on Long Island in New York.

De La Soul realised that people just wanted to have fun with a capital F and as a result the record is still their most popular because of this. Paradoxically there's innocence and experience to the record. There are songs about the loss of virginity told in the point of view of a naïve young boy ('Jenifa Taught Me') as well as everlasting emotional love in the form of the crazy catchy 'Eye Know'.

Although it may sound like De La Soul are all about having a good time, it only seems that way because they are thought-provoking without flaunting it. It's often hard to see past the joking atmosphere of this album unless if you really listen to the messages that are found in the lyrics. The most blatant example of this would be on the least positive track 'Ghetto Thang' where the story goes: "Mary had a little lamb/That's a fib/She had two twins though/and one crib."

The downfall to this album is in the running gags which can get a little annoying after a couple of listens when all you really want to listen to are the songs. I mean how many times can a joke be repeated and still be considered funny? The songs on the other hand can be played dozens of times and still you don't want to change the CD or track for that matter.

I was never really a big fan of hip-hop before and this has to be one of the first that got me interested in the genre. *3 Feet High and Rising* is an essential hip-hop record, a landmark in popular music and a great place to start.

If you liked:

- The of humour of anything by the Beastie Boys
- The production and samples of 'Since I Left You' by the Avalanches
- The lighter side of *Demon Days* by Gorillaz (after all they featured on 'Feel Good Inc.')

You will dig De La Soul's *3 Feet High and Rising*.

Bobak Bahrami

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FILM

Alan Bennett + Stephen Walker
onditfilm@gmail.com

The History Boys

Rated M

Season Commences May 3

Playwright Alan Bennett has been a mainstay in English theatre for decades and this film is an adaptation of his hit play of the same name. It is set in a school in England in the early 1980s. A number of boys wish to take the Oxford and Cambridge entrance exams and a gifted, intellectual schoolmaster, Hector (Richard Griffiths), helps them prepare to do so. However, Hector is not one of those teachers who merely teaches to the test. He believes in education for its own sake and instills a deep love of poetry, history and even showtunes in the lads. This creates problems because he is not always being 'practical' in his teaching methods. What is even more alarming is that he relates to the boys erotically and makes passes at them when he takes them home on his motorcycle. Nevertheless the love the boys have for him, and the love that they in turn develop for literature is what this film explores.

Director Nicholas Hytner gets brilliant performances out of his actors, and Griffiths in particular is memorable as a lovable aesthete, stubbornly refusing to surrender the life of the mind. One of the boys is touchingly shy and effeminate and has a deep crush on one of his mates. Their love and indeed the role of homosexual love in a teacher-student relationship is examined in this film. Plato, Michelangelo, Oscar Wilde and other artists celebrated the love that a man felt for a man, especially in a pedagogical context. "The transmission of knowledge is itself an erotic act," says Griffiths when the principal confronts him with the fact that he has been seen groping one of the boys. An answer like that, understandably, would make any principal froth at the mouth a bit.

The boys and their teacher quote a great deal of poetry and discuss history with with an almost breathtaking familiarity. Many viewers will not catch all the names and references, yet they will have much to enjoy and ponder over in this film that captures so memorably the ecstasy of the literary life, holding its ground in this cynical anti-intellectual age.

Rating:



fake, no rating supplied - eds

Cherian Philipose

Hors de Prix (Priceless)

Rated M

Season Commences April 5

Sexy, pouting, Audrey Tautou is Irene, a gold-digger, always on the lookout for a rich man to keep her. Unfortunately, she mistakes a poor waiter for a millionaire and starts a relationship with him. When she finds out that he is not rich, she dumps him. However, the waiter, Jean (Gad Elmaleh), manages to become the toyboy of a rich older woman. Irene now accepts him in this role and coaches him on how to get the most money out the situation. Now they 'fall in love' for real and pursue their own affair on the side.

This is a cynical comedy, about people using each other for love and sex. French comedies are often about twisted relationships, but this one is not all that funny. The real problem with the film is that the hero and the heroine are not really credible as lovers; indeed they come across as people who do not have even a shred of affection in their hearts.

Still, we are not meant to take their characters too seriously. It is the South of France with its fancy resorts and roving millionaires that takes centre stage here. It is a world of fine food, luxury suites and endless champagne. Women after rich men, and handsome studs after rich women, find this world full of opportunities. It is their squalid world that is depicted here. Yet the remorselessness has its poignant moments too. Irene, when dumped by her older lover, has no place to stay and spends an evening sitting by the pool and shivering. Jean gives her some money and rescues her from her situation. The two of them take off on his scooter (paid for by his sugar mama of course) and go to the beach where they enjoy the sand, the waves and their moments together.

Hors de Prix focuses on the vulnerability of human beings. We all need someone to hold at night. Still, what price must we pay for the experience? Should we be willing to buy that experience, and consequently, is it alright if we sell it to someone for a price? Should human relationships deteriorate into a mass of dollar signs, or, should we, for the sake of our humanity, salvage some dignity, in our interactions with others? *Hors de Prix* endeavours to put a light touch on something grim and in the process, manages to give us a few feeble laughs.

Rating:



Cherian Philipose



Letters From Iwo Jima

Rated MA
Now Showing at Cinemas
Everywhere

Letters From Iwo Jima is Clint Eastwood's companion film to *Flags of our Fathers*. The film, told from a Japanese viewpoint, is about the Japanese defense of the island of Iwo Jima during the Second World War. This volcanic island was of great strategic significance during the Pacific campaign.

The film tells the story of several Japanese soldiers and officers as they prepare for the American invasion. Their stories are told partly through the letters they wrote during their time on the island. The most notable of these characters are Saigo (Kazunari Ninomiya), a soldier whose only wish is to be with his pregnant wife back in Japan; General Tadamichi Kuribayashi (Ken Watanabe) who is the commander of the island and has spent some time in the United States; and Baron Nishi (Tsuyoshi Ihara) an officer who was also an Olympic gold medallist.

The island is a very gloomy place and most of the soldiers seem to know that defense of the island against the American armada is impossible. Unfortunately, due to the island's strategic significance, their orders are to defend it at all costs, which seals their fate. Despite General Kuribayashi's best attempts to defend the island, the impossibility of his task becomes ever more apparent. As the invasion draws closer, things don't look any better as the army realises it has lost naval support. Needless to say the ensuing battle is a bloody one.

Clint Eastwood is a pretty good director and in his film he attempted to say a lot. He attempted to address many issues, such as the insane outcomes that the notions of sacrifice can lead to. The film also tried to say that most soldiers American and Japanese were decent people. Another reviewer, Nicholas Barber, pointed out one peculiar feature: the only decent Japanese officers were the ones who had spent time in America.

However, I felt that Eastwood had tried to fit too many ideas into the one film, so by the time you began to gain a sense of one of these ideas, he had moved onto another one, not really dealing with the issue on a deep level.

Overall this is a pretty good war film, and if you have a particular interest in the battle, then it's probably worth seeing.

Rating:



Aslan Mesbah

Running With Scissors

To Be Classified
Season Commences March 24

Does therapy work? Is deep psychological improvement possible after seeing a psychologist? Or is therapy just a jumble of clichés and medication that makes people worse? This film explores those issues. It is based on a memoir by Augusten Burroughs, a book he wrote about his childhood, when his mother (Annette Bening) was a mentally unstable poet with literary aspirations. This mental instability leads to the end of her relationship with her husband and the beginning of an abusive relationship with her psychologist (Brian Cox) who claims to be able to make her better.

The psychologist himself is totally caught up in a world of Freudian clichés that he believes in implicitly. His family is so kooky and out of touch with the way the world works that they're unbelievable.

The young Augusten is a budding hairdresser and writer. He is forced to live with his neurotic mother, her shrink and the shrink's family. He himself is beginning to explore his homosexuality with an older man (Joseph Fiennes). Finally, sick of the dysfunctional people he is surrounded by, he runs away to New York to start a new life.

Alec Baldwin is excellent as the stressed and long-suffering husband of a woman who believes she deserves the Pulitzer Prize for her poetry. Fiennes is not bad either, in his most memorable role since *Shakespeare in Love*. It is Bening's performance, though, that is the standout. She is a pushy poet who becomes a lesbian and tries to mentor her lovers 'artistically'. The effect that this has on her son is disastrous.

Running With Scissors is a bit long, and the therapeutic clichés are a bit overdone. The most compelling part of the film is the manner in which it explores how the mind can contract and becomes perverted when it comes under the grip of an ideology, in this case psychoanalysis.

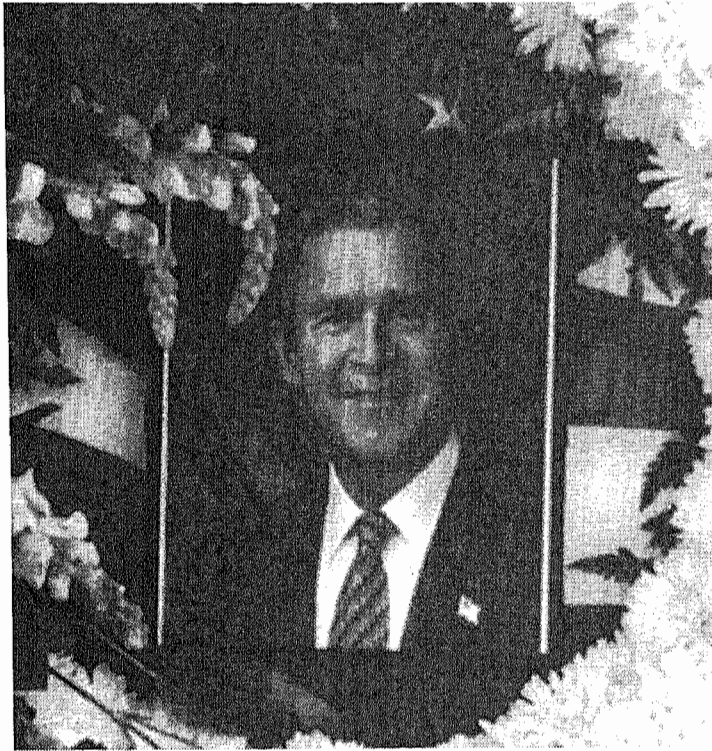
Rating:



Cherian Philipose



Faction in Films



The emergence of documentaries in the last decade as a major force in cinema is a reality that few can be unaware of by now. The recent Adelaide Film Festival has provided an excellent illustration of this phenomenon, presenting over twenty documentaries, most of them shown for the first time in Australia.

Two of the most anticipated documentaries were *Forbidden LieS* and *Death of a President*. Strictly speaking, *Death of a President* is not a documentary, but a future documentary on the political consequences that follow the assassination of President George W Bush in Chicago in October 2007. *Forbidden LieS* is a portrait of Norma Khouri, the author of the infamous best-seller *Forbidden Love*, the book that made honour killings into a *cause celebre* by purporting to tell a first-hand account of the murder of a Muslim woman for falling in love with the wrong man, a Christian.

These two seemingly unrelated films share some crucial elements, both in terms of content and context, which make them into somewhat complementary films. The context of both films is the post-9/11 world, dominated by the rhetoric of the war on terror and the reality of the war in Iraq. In this context, *Forbidden LieS* reveals how a book can become a weapon to justify the war in Iraq as well as part of the rhetorical arsenal that links terror with Muslims and Islam; whereas *Death of a President* is yet another warning of how the politics of fear (and the war on terror) can be used to undermine civil liberties and yet another illustration of the victimisation of Muslims in the USA since 9/11.

These films are what one might call hybrid narratives that constantly blur the relation between fact and fiction, something which is often defined as 'faction'. *Death of a President* is a work of faction - a fictionalised documentary - whereas *Forbidden LieS* is a documentary about faction, exemplified in the book *Forbidden Love*, but also in the factional character that is Norma Khouri.

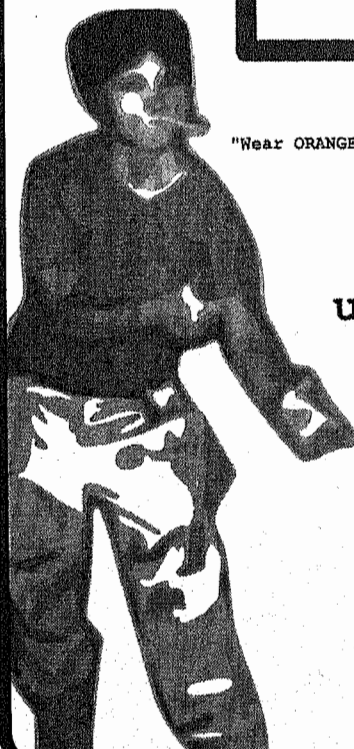
Moreover, these two films are also about spin, that is, about the ability to turn or twist fiction into facts and/or hide facts behind fiction. *Death of a President* exemplifies better than any film to date the ability of modern technology to create reality through the use of special effects. The insertion of characters seamlessly into existing real footage is totally eerie. *Forbidden LieS* documents the ability of an author (and arguably the publishing and media system around her) to create and present as fact what is, at best, a work of faction.

While *Forbidden LieS* is an excellent documentary on faction and spin, *Death of a President* has the potential to become one of the most overrated films of the decade, by the amount of spin that surrounds its screenings. Undoubtedly, this is a controversial film, but only insofar as it depicts what for a lot of people is a case of wishful thinking: the death of George W Bush. The first thirty minutes of the film, leading to the assassination of the President, are a well-crafted thriller. However, what follows is a typical who-dunnit which lacks originality and says nothing new about the political implications of the event depicted. Anyone familiar with the arguments that the war on terror has been used to undermine civil liberties and vilify Muslims and Islam will learn nothing from watching this film. In this regard, *Forbidden LieS* is a far more important film, not only because it deals with a real event, but more importantly because it provides an excellent insight into the world of spin. In other words, *Death of a President* is a self-important film whereas *Forbidden LieS* is a genuinely important one.

Having said that, both films are excellent illustrations of the power of the media to create reality or faction, and of how that faction can be used for economic and/or political gain. Anyone with an interest in these issues will find these films rewarding. *Death of a President* is a bad thriller in the form of a documentary, whereas *Forbidden LieS* is a documentary that turns out to be an amazing thriller.


Fuera de Lugar

the
Prisoner
Drinks Night



"Wear ORANGE, prisoner!"

unibar 1730 hrs
26th march



Solntse (The Sun)

Alexandr Sokurov, Russia, 2005

Adelaide Film Festival

March 1 & 3 2005.

This was a difficult movie to watch, not because it upset me but because I had trouble engaging with it. I came away with the question 'is it possible for a movie to be both thoughtful and boring?' 'Boring' is possibly the wrong word: it implies a lack of intellectual as well as sensory stimulation—no substance and no style, in other words. In a good movie, at least for me, these two things are interlinked, and the movie's style enhances what it has to say. My problem with *The Sun* was that the style added nothing—its style was *too consistent* with its primary idea, to the point of tedium.

The film is set in Japan at the close of WWII; Japan is on the losing side, having been allied with Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. Issei Ogata plays the defeated Emperor Hirohito magnificently, but the word 'magnificent' otherwise has no place in the world of the film. *The Sun* is in fact about a sunless world, a world devoid of magnificence. Emperor Hirohito was the Sun for his people (at one point he addresses his cabinet ministers in front of a gold-plated partition) but the light has since gone out for Japan. There is only gloom and shadow in the film. Inside Hirohito's palace the colours are muted, all in greys and browns, and outside we find a destroyed city shrouded in concrete dust and smoke. Even in the one scene where sunlight streams down

and Hirohito is being photographed by American journalists outside his palace, it seems as though a grey film has been drawn across the camera. I could see Sokurov's intention in keeping with the theme of sunlessness, but to me this could have been fulfilled through acting alone, without resorting to colour leeching. The lack of light and colour in the film made my eyelids droopy and I had to strain to keep focused on the screen.

My main complaint aside, I found the characterisation wonderful. Hirohito is portrayed as an eccentric man with a fondness for sea creatures, and a continually shifting fish-like mouth, which reminded me of Hitler's finger tick in *Downfall*. Whilst studying with his scientist, Hirohito leaps from the preserved crab sample in front of him to Darwin's theories of evolution and the end of the war, alluding to the survival-of-the-fittest evolutionary process at work. Look out for the scene in which Hirohito imagines the American bomber planes wreaking destruction on Japan as fish darting in the sky.

Hirohito emerges as an almost childlike figure; I say 'almost' because in his exchanges with the American general MacArthur, we see a mature mind behind his ostensible whimsicality. For example, he gives his thoughts on why Japan lost the war (because of 'national arrogance'), or what spurred Japan to war against the Allies in the first place (because of America's treatment of Japanese immigrants as racially inferior). Ultimately, I found this a thoughtful film, but unnecessarily difficult to watch. I took issue not with what Sokurov had to say, but with the way he chose to say it.

Prithvi Varatharajan

FESTIVAL SPOTLIGHT



Tropfest, this year celebrating its fifteenth anniversary, has become the largest short film festival in the world. Since its humble beginnings in the Tropicana Café in 1993 - where festival director John Polson premiered his recently completed short film to an audience of 200 - the latest festival (on February 18th) attracted audiences of over 150,000, and was screened on television networks around the world.

The rules are simple. Anyone who can hold a camera can enter, films must be no longer than seven minutes long and they must contain the 'Tropfest Signature Item' (or TSI) - an object or action present in the film to ensure that all entries are produced specifically for the competition.

Films are judged by a panel of film celebrities, who in the past have included John Woo, Nicole Kidman, Keanu Reeves, Naomi Watts, Samuel L. Jackson, Baz Luhrmann, Ewan McGregor and Carrie-Anne Moss, to name a few.

Competitions such as Tropfest are a great opportunity for budding filmmakers to be recognized without the need for high-end equipment - many entries are edited on home computers and shot on borrowed digital camcorders. Creativity is the key.

A win at Tropfest has spring-boarded the careers of many Australian film and television directors and actors, such as Gregor Jordan (director of *Two Hands*, *Buffalo Soldiers* and *Ned Kelly*), Robert Connolly (director of *The Bank* and *Three Dollars*), Paul Fenech (director of and actor in *Fat Pizza*) and Emma Freeman (director of *The Secret Life of Us* and *The Alice*). In fact, even just being one of the 16 finalists is a boost. Recently Peter Carstairs, one of the 2005 Tropfest finalists, began production (as director and co-writer) on feature film *September*.

PREVIOUS TROPFEST SIGNATURE ITEMS:

2007 - Sneeze	2000 - Bug
2006 - Bubble	1999 - Chopsticks
2005 - Umbrella	1998 - Kiss
2004 - Hook	1997 - Pickle
2003 - Rock	1996 - Teaspoon
2002 - Match	1995 - Coffee Bean
2001 - Horn	1994 - Muffin
	1993 - No TSI

QUICK LINKS:

www.tropfest.com - Official Tropfest Homepage
tropfest.ninemsn.com.au - All 16 finalist films available for online viewing

Ben Crisp



CONCERT

Australian String Quartet
Concert 1 'Death and the Maiden'
Wed 14, 7:00pm, Adelaide Town Hall

Programme:
Vine String Quartet No. 3 (1994)
Berg Lyric Suite for string quartet
Schubert String Quartet in D 'Death and the Maiden'

Australian Chamber Orchestra
with Olli Mustonen, Piano
Concert 2 'Radiant'
Tues 20, 8:00pm, Adelaide Town Hall

Programme:
CPE Bach Symphony in B-flat major, Wq. 182 No. 2
Sibelius from Rakastava 'The Lover'
Mozart Piano Concerto No. 11 in F major K. 413
Mustonen Toccata
Walton Sonata for Strings

Granger Quartet
Concert 1 'Genesis'
Sat 31, 7:00pm, Elder Hall

Programme:
Barber String Quartet Opus 11 (1936)
Beethoven String Quartet in E flat major, Opus 74 'Harp'
Grainger/Cuddeford Arrival Platform Humlet
Brahms String Quartet in A minor, Opus 51 No. 2

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
with Terence Tam, Violin
Master Series 2 'Concertmaster's Concerto'
Thur 29, 6:30pm / Fri 30, 8:00pm / Sat 31 6:30pm, Adelaide Town Hall

Programme:
Stravinsky Dumbarton Oaks
Haydn Symphony No. 104, 'London'
Beethoven Violin Concerto

DIARY MARCH

PERFORMING ARTS

'Symphony under the Stars'
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
February 10
Elder Park

ABBOTT DELIVERS

The ASO's largest single event was again well attended, and with Graham Abbott at the helm, promised to be full of energy. Jane Doyle was MC, and while her commentary was informative and entertaining, it would have been nice to hear from Graham as well, since he is now a popular radio host as well as renowned teacher.

The programme was well varied, with popular classics - Gershwin's *Cuban Overture*, Grieg's *Peer Gynt*, and Elgar's *Pomp & Circumstance No. 1* - interspersed with lesser known works. Adelaide violinist Niki Vasilakis made her ASO debut in an electric performance of Ravel's *Tzigane* - a toccata, designed to test and display the player's technical ability. No challenge presented by the composer could break Vasilakis' composure - she was always in command.

Rozsa's *Parade of the Charioteers* from the epic *Ben Hur* represented the large and diverse world of film music in the programme, as it has a couple of times in recent years. Australians also featured: Scottish born Robert Hughes' rustic *Linn O'Dee: a Highland Fancy for Orchestra* was played to celebrate his 95th birthday and his contribution to music (as well as a composer, he was head of APRA for nearly 20 years); the audience was also treated to the world premiere of *Whistle Blower*, the latest work from young Australian composer Natalie Williams. *Whistle Blower* had a different feel from some of Williams' earlier works, a sign that she is developing and evolving her own style.

The works were all performed with the energy and attention to detail that we have come to expect from the ASO and Graham Abbott, which made for a worthwhile evening. My only regret about the programme choice is that the works mostly came from the more boisterous end of the spectrum - a few more calm and haunting moments to break the pattern would have been welcome.

Allstair Knight

STRUNG OUT

'Revolution'
Australian Chamber Orchestra
February 13
Adelaide Town Hall

There is no doubt that Richard Tognetti, director of the Australian Chamber Orchestra, is among the finest violinists in Australia. Now he has an instrument to match his virtuosic talent, courtesy of an anonymous benefactor. His new baby, a 1743 Guarneri del Gesu, was given a thorough working over as Tognetti doubled as soloist and director in a performance of Beethoven's *Violin concerto* that signalled the beginning of another ACO season.

The second movement of the concerto was the highlight, with the delicate, silvery tone of the instrument being used to great effect. At times, there were problems with the direction, with Tognetti and principal first violin (for this work) Helena Rathbone each taking turns at conducting. The poor wind players at the back of the expanded orchestra, all of whose members were standing, were frequently late on their cues, presumably as a result of not being able to see what was going on at the front of the stage.

The second half of the program featured the pleasant *Lullaby for Hans* by Mark-Anthony Turnage and the raucous *Symphony No. 3 ('Eroica')* by Beethoven. The sound and fury of the latter made for a heavy program with the symphony sitting alongside the earlier concerto by the same composer. The ACO's 'project' to perform one Beethoven symphony per year is not necessarily misguided, but performing these works as part of a better-balanced program would seem to be sensible.

Benedict Coxon

RENAISSANCE SPECTACULAR

The Tallis Scholars
February 5
St Peter's Cathedral

The Tallis Scholars' latest tour to Australia - their sixth, and the first without *Musica Viva* - included two concerts in Melbourne and Sydney, performances in the Cathedrals of Adelaide and Brisbane and an appearance in the Perth International Festival of Arts. Under the direction of Peter Phillips, the Scholars wowed the Adelaide audience with a superb display of choral singing.

Preceded by a performance by the Choir of St Peter's Cathedral (one of only three Australian choirs invited to perform in the tour), the Tallis Scholars performed works from the English, Italian and Franco-Flemish Renaissances, including Palestrina's *Stabat Mater* and Allegri's *Miserere* (technically written in the Baroque era, but who cares!). The performance was brilliant; the version of the Allegri performed was a compromise between the well-known "top C" version and the more authentic, ornamented version. The soloists, main choir and plainsong soloist spread themselves along the length of the cathedral from the Lady Chapel to the back of the gallery - a wonderfully effective use of the space.

Also on the programme was an intriguing, partially reconstructed Tallis mass in seven parts, the *Missa Puer Natus est Nobis*. For the cantus firmus, Tallis selected the plainsong introit with the text "A boy is born to us, and a son is given to us whose government shall be on his shoulders" - an appropriate choice on two levels, as Queen Mary was believed to have been expecting a child that Christmas. The challenging final section of the *Agnus Dei II* was performed with the greatest of ease.

Edward Joyner

EERIE START TO STATE THEATRE SEASON

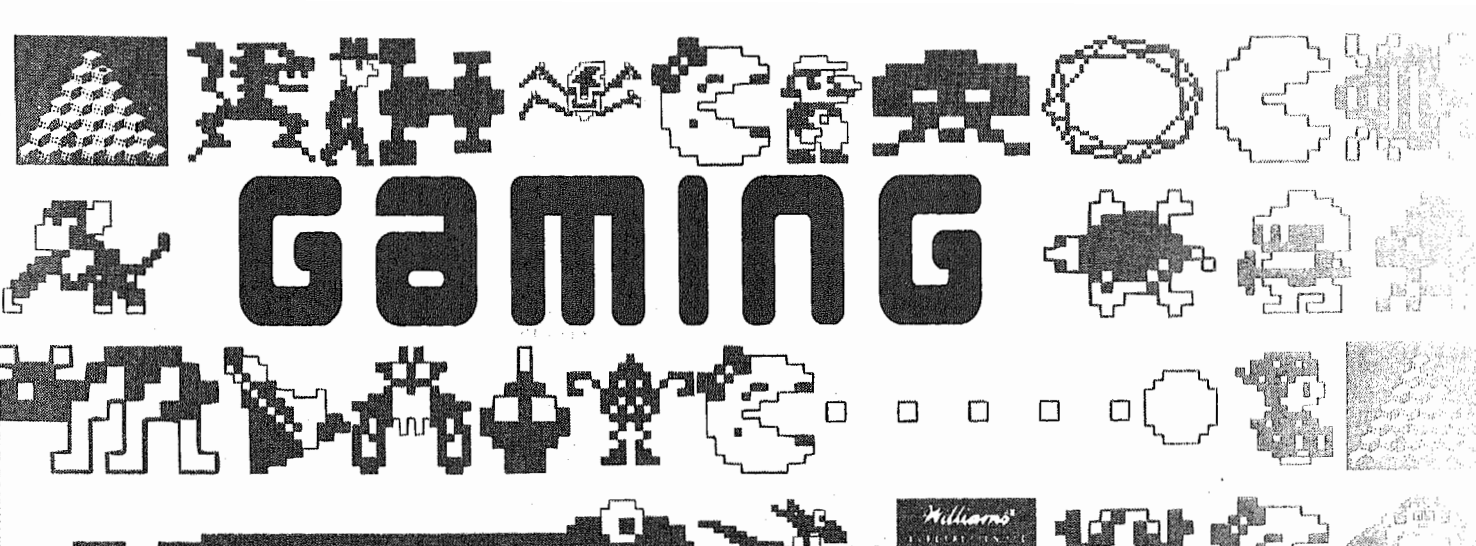
'This Uncharted Hour'
Brink Productions & State Theatre Company of SA
February 9-24
The Space

Luka is driving to meet friends when a terrible accident (running over someone's pet dog) leaves him shaken, but unharmed. This sad but innocent event leads him to his childhood house, which has since been abandoned. As he moves from room to room, he releases the ghosts and memories hidden within its walls, and Luka, played by Nathan O'Keefe, finds himself confronting a long-held family secret.

This Uncharted Hour by Finegan Kruckemeyer is one of those plays which flits between the past and the present; when it works, it's very effective - when it doesn't, the audience is left wondering what on earth is happening, a situation I found myself in on more than one occasion. Director Chris Drummond (from Brink Productions) was largely successful in plotting a course through Finegan Kruckemeyer's complicated script, which explores the themes of loss and communication breakdown. Paul Blackwell delivered a strong, emotionally charged performance as his relationship spirals towards breakdown, while Elena Carapetis had the difficult task of working through some overly miserable lines.

An important aspect of the play is the music, provided by the radiant Emma Horwood (soprano) and Jamie Cock (piano). The Firm, a collective of Adelaide composers (namely Quentin Grant and Raymond Chapman-Smith) wrote some of the music - the rest sounded like Schubert, although as there was no programme to be seen, I'm not sure! Gaele Mellis' set was a delightful aspect of the production: a park bench, surrounded by autumn leaves which continued to fall during the performance and a leafless tree looming over the characters. Geoff Cobham's lighting was a pleasure to behold and complimented Mellis' set perfectly.

Edward Joyner



GAMING

It's been an interesting week in the video gaming circle.

NEWS

CYBER TERRORISM TAKES A NEW FORM IN SECOND LIFE

For those of you who don't know, *Second Life* is an interactive world created by Linden Labs. Those 'playing' *Second Life*, create an avatar, purchase in-game land and property, decorate it, purchase items and basically conduct themselves online as though they would in real life, hence the name *Second Life*. Real life money can be converted to Linden Dollars via PayPal, allowing people to acquire property and it's possible to set up virtual shops in-game to sell virtual items, and convert the Linden Dollars back into real-life currency. Hence, some people can make a real living working online.

Here's the thing: since the big companies have moved online, companies such as Reebok, Nike, Toyota etc. have begun to use the online world as a marketing place. The smaller and less commercially-minded inhabitants of *Second Life* are being pushed off better land by inflating prices, are unable to act as fantasy characters (such as dragons and elves), and are becoming unhappy in a less democratic online environment.

This has ignited a militant wing of *Second Life* users to create the Second Life Liberation Army, sparking rebellion against Linden Labs for failing to hand control over to the users, and against corporate franchises that have started to stake a place in the virtual world. As such, the SLLA has set off two nuclear bombs outside Reebok and American Apparel shops in order to make a statement. Whilst these bombs do nothing more in-game than simply create a large flash, blinding online users, they cause a huge disturbance to the general goings-on of *Second Life*. The SLLA has also conducted street shootings of people in *Second Life*; once again, no permanent damage is done but a large disturbance results.

It's an extremely interesting story and raises issues regarding the future of cyber-terrorism and how seriously the virtual world can affect people. For more information visit www.gamepolitics.com and follow the links, or visit the SLLA website at <http://slla.blogspot.com/>.

PLAYSTATION 3 JUST UNDER A MONTH AWAY

I don't know how excited you are, but I'm absolutely peaking (and no, it's not because I found more of that stuff from New Year's!). The official Sony Playstation 3 launch party kicked off late last month, with all the confirmation we needed that the PS3 will indeed be making a March 23rd release, alongside 30 games and peripherals with some official game prices announced:

- PS3 will retail for \$999.95 (which is fucking pricey)
- First party SIXAXIS controllers retail at \$79.95 (which is pretty pricey)
- Official Sony games retail for \$99.95 (which is an average price, considering 360 games retail for \$119.95 generally)
- *Gran Turismo HD* will be available at launch for free download
- The first 20,000 registered owners will receive a Blu-ray disc of the new James Bond film, *Casino Royale*

I personally know a few of the people that attended the launch, who said it was the first time their doubts over the console's success were lessened (others reported continual hate of the console, but they're Microsoft/Nintendo fan-bois).

Initial rumours of only 11,000 consoles being available at launch were dispelled, however accurate figures are unavailable. At the least, all pre-orders will be filled!

ZELDA: TWILIGHT PRINCESS

CONSOLE: NINTENDO WII
PUBLISHER: NINTENDO
DEVELOPER: NINTENDO



Zelda's a bit of a pointless game to review really. Just about everybody knows the formula the game follows, a formula that has been successful throughout its various incarnations since the late 1980s. Everybody knows that the games are all excellently crafted examples of classic game design, that you play as Link, there's generally a princess involved and a bad guy called Ganon shows up somewhere down the track. You travel the land, slaying your enemies, gaining entry to various dungeons and working through the puzzles within to beat the impressively large bosses.

This Wii title is clearly a game that was made for Gamecube, then ported to Wii to make launch and who could blame Nintendo for doing that? Easily one of the most popular series of all time, making *Twilight Princess* a Wii launch game was a smart business move on Nintendo's part. It's very fortunate that despite this is being a port of a Gamecube game (which is also available on Gamecube) it doesn't detract from its appeal in any way. In fact, the added functionality adds to the appeal of the game, which is superbly made with impressive attention to detail, beautiful visuals, rock solid combat and problem solving gameplay.

EXCITE TRUCK

CONSOLE: NINTENDO WII
PUBLISHER: NINTENDO
DEVELOPER: MONSTER GAMES

Trucks are fundamentally unexciting; they're big, unwieldy, slow and laboured. So what the hell are the makers of this game playing at? Well, fortunately these characteristics are all things that *Excite Truck* is not. The content of the game is quite small compared with many modern racing games, but the controls are easy and generally accurate. *Excite Truck* is very fast and - trite as it sounds - quite exciting.

Gamers are tasked with taking their Swiss Army Knife of a controller and holding it on its side. To steer their Trucks of Excitement, they simply tilt the controller in the direction they want the car to go, like a makeshift steering wheel. It's all rather cool but it would count for buggger-all if it didn't handle well. Thankfully I am happy to report that for the most part it is completely intuitive and satisfyingly responsive. There is a moderate learning curve and, once overcome, you couldn't comprehend what the game would be like with an analogue stick instead. A regular control would be a bit dull for this kind of fast paced, arcade racing action. Occasionally the control lets you down, perhaps you tilt it too far too quickly and it doesn't respond, or sometimes when you take off on one of the game's many massive jumps it doesn't register your angled tilt properly. However, these problems are few and far between. The controls receive an emphatic thumbs-up from me, though it remains to be seen how they would handle a more realistic breed of racer.

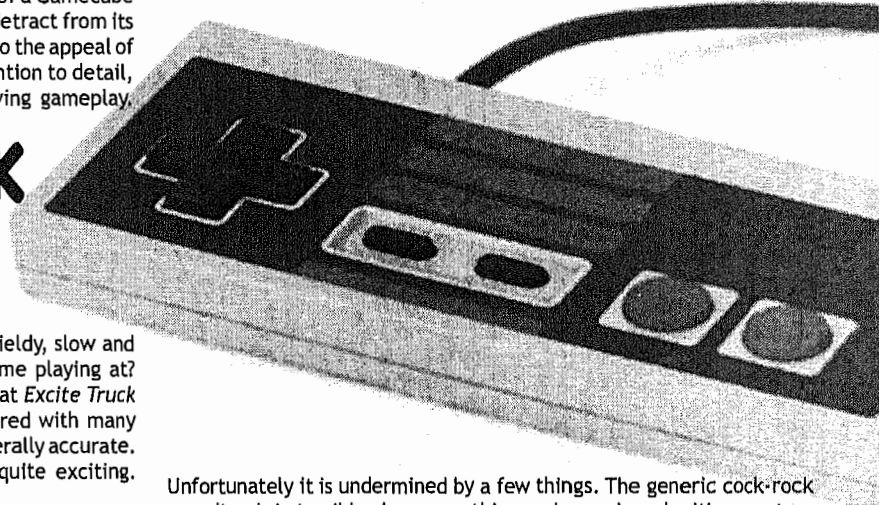
The game itself is a lot of fun. Its unique twist is that to progress through the stages you don't have to come first, but instead earn a certain number of stars which you are awarded for your - ahem - *Exciting Driving*. It's a fun little twist and the balance between trying to get as many stars as possible and trying to finish first is enjoyably tense. The game in some ways feels like a combination of *Mario Kart*, in the way the game progresses and its simple, aggressive fun, and *Burnout*, with its reckless, frenetic pace, which ought to be a winning combination in anyone's book.

Twilight Princess uses the nunchuk Wii controller extension, held in the left hand and, the Wiimote held in the right. After a while it all starts to feel very natural. The analogue stick on the nunchuk moves Link, the Z-button activates the lock-on aiming, buttons on the remote activate various items and swinging the remote lets you swing your sword. The sword swings don't correspond to the way you swing the controller and the action is essentially tantamount to pressing a button, but it's still an interesting way of going about your in-game sword fighting compared to simply pressing A, which, until a few months before launch, is what the game had you doing. This explains why there's not a lot of depth to the sword swinging.

During the course of the game you'll use the Wiimote to fish, you'll use it to aim and fire your bow by pointing it at the screen, to fly some sort of large bird, and all sorts of other things. For a port they don't do a bad job of putting the new controller through its paces.

Once you acclimatise to the controller, all the parts are in place for a classic game. The game is longer and the story a bit more complex than its predecessors, the dungeons are all immaculately constructed, the artistic style of the game world - especially in the surreal and mysterious Twilight realm is stunning - throughout and the soundtrack, though decidedly lo-fi, is nevertheless evocative. The game really is a no-brainer purchase for most Wii owners and one of the best titles of 2006.

Angus C



Unfortunately it is undermined by a few things. The generic cock-rock soundtrack is terrible, however, this can be replaced with a custom soundtrack if you have an SD card. The game also feels shallower than its contemporaries in terms of the number of courses it has as well as modes and the like, although there are plenty of unlockables. The most disappointing aspect, though, is the multiplayer. For a console as obviously geared to multiplayer shenanigans as the Wii is, it's a shame that the game only has a bare-bones two player mode. It's fun but for a limited time and it's clear that more effort should have been put into the multiplayer to give it a bit more breadth.

If you can overlook all that, *Excite Truck* is a successful attempt at Wii racing with a lot of fun to be had, but over a shorter period of time than you might like.

Angus C





the bath hotel

NIGHTLIFE, SUBURBIA and THE LINE UP FREE ZONE

When I think of 'the suburbs' the last connotation that comes to mind is 'nightlife', but surprisingly when racking my brain for ideas I came up with many examples of social existence in the suburbs and at night. Take for example, the suburb I call home: Norwood. On a Thursday night the line-up to get into The Alma is disastrously long, as in it literally winds itself around the corner and sides of the pub and carries on past the newly renovated beer garden. Then there is The Ed on a Tuesday night at Mitcham, the line up to get into that place is just as humorously disastrous. Indeed, if the line-ups are anything to go by than life does exist in the suburbs.

However, in this edition I thought I'd cater to the needs of those of you, who like me, believe that if you have to line up to get into a place it's not worth it and, more often than not, pretentiously overrated.

Let me introduce you to the line-up free Bath Hotel.

Since its renovations The Bath has become a popular hang-out for what some might call an image conscious crowd. Admittedly, you're not going to see a lot of Supré there, but what makes this an attractive place to hang out is that there is no stereotype crowd. There are families having dinner, groups of young professionals enjoying drinks in the beer garden, guys in thongs who are glued to the bar, couples spending 'couple' time and in general everyone is there minding their own business and soaking up the atmosphere.

The lack of stereotypical crowd could also be due to the fact that The Bath has a lot to offer, and caters to the needs of a wide range of people. For example, there are a number of big screen televisions for sports fans who like to drink beer on tap, whilst watching the game. Then, for those who are looking for a dining experience there are the four different types of menus you can choose from: an *à la carte* menu, a lunch menu, a desserts menu and a children's menu. The food are all beautifully described. Take for example, the King George whiting, dusted in lemon pepper flour, grilled or battered with tartare garlic aioli, or the Limestone coast lamb shank, slow braised,

'Rogan Josh' style with pilau rice, eggplant pickle and apple raita. Or if you're not really into the posh-sounding dressings, there's always the fish and chips. However, be warned, the fish and chips at this pub/hotel will set you back \$16.90, and really who cares if its served with tartare, lemon aioli and salad, it's still a rip off, making it only worth the price on a super-doooper occasion, like celebrating the end of your degree and the start of a real job or a lotto win.

For those of you who like to gamble, there is also a really creepy looking gaming room. It's not actually technically creepy because it's all shiny and new and bright and good-looking, which is the opposite of creepy really, but to me it makes gambling look fashionable, *which is downright creepy* and just so inherently wrong.

The gaming bit aside, The Bath really does have a vibrant, fresh atmosphere. It might be due to the newly-renovated modern interior, but whatever it is, you don't feel like you're walking into yet ANOTHER place full of heroes, princesses or troublemakers, which is a refreshing change. All voyeuristic qualities are also absent as everyone is there minding their own businesses rather than prying into others.

It's not really a place you'd want to continually return to get pissed at, so I wouldn't go changing your local for it, but it's definitely worth a look, a seat and a good conversation *and* if you win the lotto anytime soon, maybe a meal too.

P.S.

I promise there are no line-ups except for on the day of the Norwood Food and Wine festival. It's the one day of the year, you can excuse it: half of Adelaide was in the line up for The Bath this year!

The Bath Hotel
232 The Parade Norwood 5067
(it's at the Cnr of Queens St and the Parade)

Tara Tahmasebi

I've never been
to MODBURY AND
I HOPE I NEVER DO!

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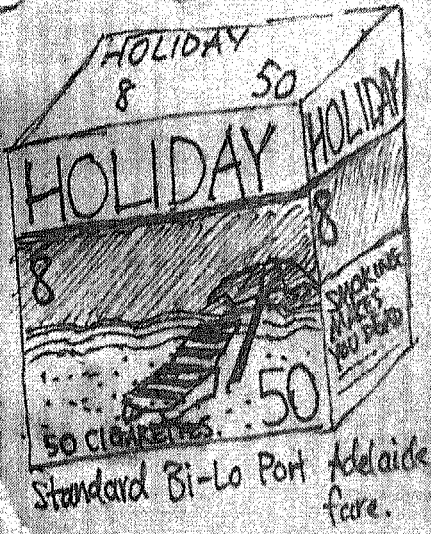
WICK MAR of ANGLIA

I FEL, SO LONELY
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BURNSIDE VILLAGE

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 - OVERPRICED COLES
 - CONCRETE HAIRDOS
- My friend's mother works
at Judell's 😊
(sedans don't belong in
the 4WD parking spaces, bitches)
- ♥ Angus xx

Port NewLunga South
- Where the bitch needs
The sec



Keep your passport
close to your body.
That's right goy, you're
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hit Kingswood County
Wind up the windows, take
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neighbours when they're
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