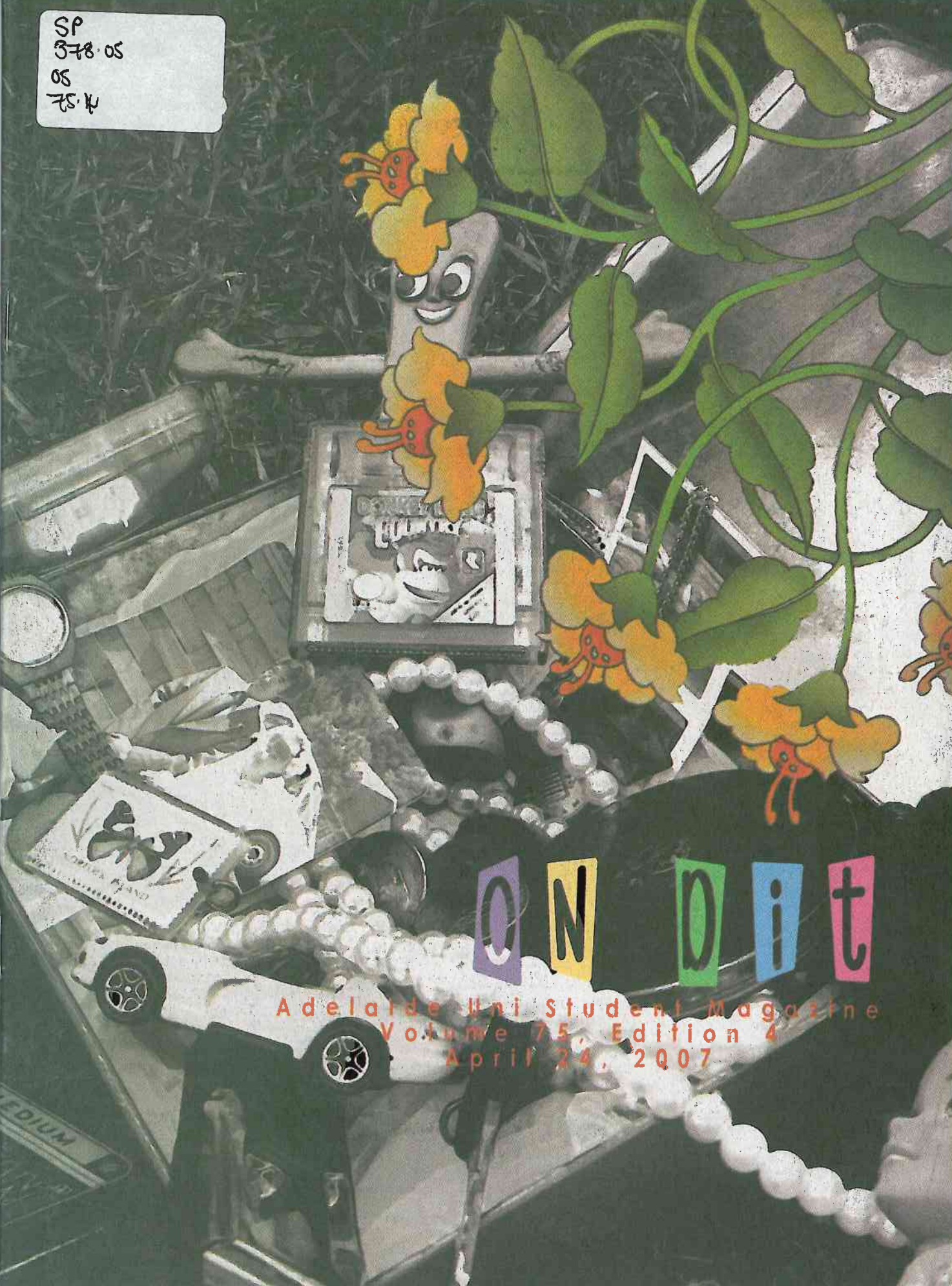


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ON DIT

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on dit

Adelaide Uni Student Magazine

no. 4 nostalgia

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editorial

Nostalgia is a common feeling here in the *On Dit* office. Nostalgia for our childhood and teenage years abound as we layout, delving into the back of our mindspaces searching for pop-culture references and *Ghostwriter* pictures (to no avail). Nostalgia also creeps up when we remember the friends and family we used to see, the fun things we used to do. Ahh! Complain, complain. Really, this edition was nice and short and the latest we were at the office was 2am. Pretty good we reckon. So enjoy this little 'ditty' of an edition - it's a fluffy one.

Ben and Claire

thanks

All subbies, layout wizzes and proofies (Cass, Bendan, Natty O, Lihn, Rhiannon, Potter and Moopa), Bridget for taking the front cover photo, Natty and Catty for the lemon sorbet, Potter for the coffee, Roshni for das boch, and Cameo. No thanks to Photoshop for loosing my work.

xxx

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.

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Letters

and

OB (singular)

SAUA President

Greetings!

Welcome back to Term 2! I hope everyone had a lovely Easter and ANZAC day (remember you can still be progressive and patriotic!)

So, you may be asking, what wonderful things will be coming out of the Students' Association and NUS this term? Well I'm glad you asked! Wednesday the 2nd of May is the National Day of Action! With bands, FREE food and speakers what could be more fun? Show your support by coming along and letting people know that Higher Education, Climate Change and Industrial Relations are issues which are important to students! Lets help 'Demand a Better Future' for everyone!

Also the 5th of May is the May Day rally! Come and help celebrate and defend Workers' Rights and remember the people who fought so hard to win them in the first place. This is really important particularly in the lead up to the Federal Election. We need to show the Howard Government that the IR Laws are unacceptable and we will not tolerate these attacks on our rights at work! Meet at 10:00 in Victoria Square to show your support!

Student representation isn't just about the political stuff. From the 15th to the 17th of May the AUU will be holding a By-Election for positions on the AUU Board (yes sorry guys another student election week!) It's really important that people who actually give a shit are involved so if you have any interest don't hesitate to shoot me an email or give me a call!

Lastly for all the lovely women out there... Finding it hard to afford tampons with all that GST? Come on down to the SAUA, ground floor of the Lady Symon building and score yourselves some free ones!

In Union,

Rhiannon Newman
sa_pres@nus.asn.au
0400273335

that I was incorrect in the amount of honoraria that the previous President had taken from the Union. It was not \$28 000 but \$21 000. I do apologise. I must have just been adding on the \$7000 it took to hold that waste-of-time referendum last term.

I have received criticism for imploring people not to vote in this referendum and I would like to publicly defend myself on this issue. When you elect someone you elect them for their entire term of office. If you could just decide when an election was going to be held the Howard Government would have been out of power in the time it takes you to say 'WorkChoices'. The point of a democratic election is that you elect the people you wish to take care of your needs. If you don't like them, don't re-elect them next time!

Student elections come up once a year at the end of August. This is the time to make a public statement about what you think about the Board Directors of the AUU. Not by misusing a clause in our constitution that was in the process of being altered so that it is still applicable post the implementation of VSU.

I stand by all of my actions as an AUU Board Director. I implore anyone with any issue to approach me (as none of those involved in the referendum did) with their issues. The AUU is not a place of back room dealings and secrecy as these people have made it out to be. Any of the Directors will be happy to answer your questions. Approach us! Don't make the mistake of going around us - it undermines the democratic process.

Lastly, if the Uni Bar is actually going to be named after any of the Board Directors I think you should name it after me! Wouldn't that be something?

In Union,

Rhiannon Newman
AUU Board Director 06/07
0400273335
rhiannon.newman@adelaide.edu.au

On Dif 75.4

Women's Room Whinge

Dear Ed,
If you're wondering what the hell has happened to the women's room, let me describe it for you.

A whinge that smells like a fart after a bad cold and in which things are growing so quickly that I can now produce the time I have studied by now for the mould has spread. Somehow my lunch keeps going missing even when I leave it there. (Gee you know what you can have the food but I'll give me back my fucking underwear) And let's not forget that can no longer be stored in the room (at least one chicken from every party is missing). God help you if you do decide to sit down because you will end up with a stain on your ass that not even bleach can remove. Press and health information leaflets that have been there since the '80s, and last but not least, the women's room tax including laundry and a depressing atmosphere that it can only be compared to a cheap brothel or a woman's cell before he swings from a rope in the morning ray round. This was also a room where you would stay and feel okay about being a woman and not a little privacy. Now it's a place of misery, posed up and with someone else's lunch stuck on the benches of my pants.

Cheers for the opportunity to whinge.

See you, Rhiannon Newman, SAUA Board Director
17 Central Ave, Lady Symon Building at
Work and a little privacy, our office was

Reflection and 'The Newman Bar'
(for Beer and Babes) Proposal

Dear Ed,

It's a shame to my attention, probably much
straight away. I'll be right to the printers.



A number of school children in America have taken a classroom activity too far when a role play which looked at how Jews were treated during the holocaust got out of hand. The Academy School in Texas aimed to teach year nine students about intolerance and racism through dividing the class into Jews and Germans. The kind of tasks that the children undertook included having the Jews pick up rubbish at lunchtime while the Germans inspected the hallways. This was all well and good until the role playing became a little too realistic. The German students began to spit on the Jews and physical violence was reported. Even though this was the fifth year the program had been run, it was the first instance where any physical harm came to any of the students involved. Let's hope that when the teachers told the children to "be your character" that they didn't mean for them to go this far!

David Hicks' father Terry has stated that his son, a self-confessed terrorist supporter, would be a better neighbour than Prime Minister John Howard. This statement came after concerns were raised about David's return to society and the fact that people would be scared to live in the same area as him once he leaves prison. This month will be a first for Australia with Hicks to be extradited back to Adelaide to serve a nine month jail term after already spending five years in Guantanamo Bay without being charged with committing a crime. As well as this, Terry Hicks has stated that his son will not necessarily adhere to the gag order American authorities have imposed on him for a year. Terry Hicks confirms that this is because his son has been contemplating some media offers to make a film or book regarding his experiences. The big question behind this story, however, is who they will get to play John Howard in the film version of this twisted tale.

A British Marine who was held captive by the government of Iran for thirteen days has declined an offer from her military leaders to return to duty on land rather than in the Gulf on her ship, the HMS Cornwall. Twenty-five year old sailor Faye Turney was one of fifteen sailors taken by Iranian authorities last month. It was claimed that the ship she was serving on drifted into Iranian waters; the reason why her and the other sailors were taken. This assertion was later disputed by the British government who produced footage to prove otherwise. When interviewed about her decision to return to duty, she was quoted as saying "Why should I let the bastards get me down?". Although she had a rocket-propelled grenade pointed at her head and was told she was going to be executed, Turney believes that she was trained to handle these types of situations and that she can best serve her country by being on a ship in the Persian Gulf.

Elle Macpherson has launched her new line of raunchy lingerie this month in Sydney. In line with her 'savvy businesswoman' label, the 43-year-old launched her collection at a VIP event with leading businessmen the only guests in attendance. The 'male only' event was a showstopper with the likes of Bryant Stokes and Justin Hemmes invited to the launch, held at the famous Quay restaurant. With all these males attending the party however, it must be asked, were these men of power REALLY looking at what the models were wearing? I wonder how the sales will go from this one.

John Howard has announced that a new batch of Australian troops will be sent overseas in order to fight in the war on terror. Three hundred special forces troops will be sent to the south-central area of Afghanistan in order to stop the Taliban offensive against the democratic government now in place. This will mean that by the middle of next year, Australian troop numbers in the area will double to around one thousand. Howard has warned that this conflict could be a messy one and that a risk of casualties is large. The Prime Minister sees our presence as being essential because another Taliban government could threaten Australia if they find a safe haven in this area. Instead of doing the usual "let's disagree with everything the Liberal government does" routine, Kevin Rudd has backed Howard's plan, saying that if in the wrong hands, the area could breed more terrorists who intend to attack Australia.

Two unaccompanied children who were bound for Sydney and boarded a Qantas flight in New Zealand, were told that they could not fly on their own because of overcrowding on the plane. The confusion began when the children's two tickets were booked online, something that is not meant to be done in relation to children travelling on Qantas flights. Although William, 11, and Beatrice, eight, were dropped off at the Airport in Wellington and the situation was explained to Qantas staff, they were still refused entry onto the flight because they were considered to be minors. Instead of going directly from Wellington to Sydney, the two children had to wait for an hour and a half on their own while Qantas staff figured out what to do with them. They were then flown from Wellington to Auckland and then onto Sydney. Their relieved father greeted them on their arrival into Australia. Qantas is breathing a sigh of relief that nothing happened to the two children on the journey.

Media

Watch

Picture this: our hero has been rejected by his mother soon after his birth and his twin brother has died, after which some kind souls took it upon themselves to raise him...now some nut wants him dead! This, it would seem, was the situation in which the lovely Knut, a polar bear cub residing in the Berlin Zoo, found himself.

The plight of Knut was made public in a story run by German magazine *Bild*. The article claimed that Frank Albrecht, an animal protection lobbyist, had stated that it would be better for Knut to be put down rather than be raised in captivity by humans.¹ The furore this story caused was enormous, and news outlets worldwide scrambled to get in on the act. All of our free-to-air news networks latched onto the story, and pumped it for all the sympathy factor they could manage. You can imagine what Bob Francis and John Laws had to say on the matter. In everyone's eyes, it boiled down to this: 'Evil animal rights activist wants cute baby animal dead'.

A sad and sorry circumstance indeed. Well, it would have been, if it had been true. Yes, that's right; the story was a load of cobblers. Albrecht had taken legal action against Leipzig Zoo, who had put down a baby sloth after its mother rejected it. The zoo argued that hand-rearing the cub would have been against the laws of nature, and won the case.² All Albrecht was doing was commenting that in order for Berlin Zoo to be in line with the court decision, it would have to have Knut put down. At no point did he actually say that he thought the zoo *should* kill him. That's vastly different from the story *Bild* ran. They quoted him as saying "The polar bear cub should be killed."³ There was no indication that this quote was part of a broader statement, or that it was taken completely out of context.

Amazingly, although other German newspapers criticised *Bild* for inaccuracy, the majority of international media - including our own - didn't stop to verify the story. They probably just saw the cute baby animal, saw the opportunity for exposure, and forgot all about it.

BRAND KNUT

Knut is a baby animal, and is therefore gorgeous and wonderful. But more than that, he appears to be a particularly charming, lovely sort of cub. The kind you can turn into a highly successful brand. You have to admit, he would make a great logo. As it happens, I'm not the first to think that, as the Berlin Zoo registered Knut as a trademark last month. He's also appeared on the cover of German *Vanity Fair*. Not bad, for someone less than six months old. Poor Knut. I hope celebrity doesn't deal with him too harshly. He has enough to deal with, without ditzy newsreaders making bad jokes about his name.



And therein lies the pertinent question: Would this story have flown if it had been, say, a hyena in question? A squid? A highly endangered species of rat? Probably not. All are distinctly lacking in the cute factor. (Although hyenas are kind of fluffy). Given that *Bild* actually took the trouble to contact Albrecht and established that he *did not actually believe that Knut should be killed*, it's a wonder that they published the story at all - knowing that what they planned to run was a complete misrepresentation of the facts. Although we can hope that this was all an unfortunate misunderstanding, it's not much of a stretch to think otherwise. At the moment, news outlets are proving more than slightly recalcitrant when it comes to correcting their glaring mistake. This is not good as far as Frank Albrecht is concerned, as he has received death threats from an enraged public.

The dizzying heights which Knut's case has reached, is not only a reflection on the media, but also on us, the media consumers. Sometimes we are just too quick to believe. (Especially when there are small children, or animals - particularly baby ones - involved.) However shamelessly cynical we might be, most of us still believe in the capacity of the media to uncover truth. We expect the media to report accurately, and objectively. We expect the media to tell us things that we might not otherwise be able to find out for ourselves. An incident like this shows how misplaced our trust can sometimes be.

Sophie Donoghue
is a complete Knut fan.

(Endnotes)

¹ 'Animal rights activist calls for his death', in *Bild Magazine*, 26/1/07, <http://www.bild.t-online.de/BTO/news/2007/01/26/elsbaer-knut-drama/tierschuetzertod.html>

² Translation of Frank Albrecht's interview with 'Media Watch', <http://www.abc.net.au/mediawatch/transcripts/s1887892.htm>

³ 'Animal rights activist calls for his death', <http://www.bild.t-online.de/BTO/news/2007/01/26/elsbaer-knut-drama/tierschuetzertod.html>

How to stop the media from making a mug of you

1. Beware the ellipsis (those '...' thingles that show bits have been omitted from quotes), because they allow for manipulation or misrepresentation of what people said.
2. If something doesn't sit right, check it out. If an animal rights activist calling for the death of an animal seems odd to you, look up what they said and see what you find.
3. Images are wonderful, but seeing isn't always believing. There's an extensive ethical debate about the manipulation and enhancement of images going on, so be aware that some images might be deceptive.
4. Television interviews can be misleading - think current affairs programs. When the interviewer and the interviewee are meant to be in the same room, but the background or the lighting are wildly different, there's a chance that it has been edited, or that questions have been taped later to make the 'responses' sound much better or worse than they were at the time.
5. Don't be too quick to trust, because even reputable news providers can be hoodwinked. But don't just take my word for it...



THE

Good

OLD DAYS

You know, now that I think about it, everything was better in the old days. Although my barely post-juvenile mind can only stretch itself back to the end of the 80s, still I hearken for the days where life was as difficult as driving a matchbox car across a plastic car mat. Yearning for the days of yore is as human as screwing up the decisions of today or ignoring the problems of tomorrow.

But I mean, who wouldn't want to return to yesterday? Think about what we had; at the turn of last century we had not one, but two world wars, a depression, an entire generation of women on Prozac, and a culture of post-war obedience and adherence to tradition. If that doesn't make you tough, nothing will! Parents could beat their children heedless of the consequences, Schoolmasters their charges, men could beat their wives; it was a veritable beat-fest in fact. Not to mention the glorious protection of our Fatherland by employing racism and vilification to prevent the imminent racial invasions of the 'yellow peril' and various others that, for some reason, never actually happened.

Ah... the old days. I'm thinking of the glorious era of the 1950s. Those were the days where we didn't even bother pretending that we were secular, the days where if a woman wanted an abortion, they had to apply to their local coat hanger specialist like the evil sinners they were (as judged by men, of course). No considerations of pragmatics or equity for our prestigious legislative ancestors, no! They existed under a blissful ideological shroud, oblivious to all but their own absolutist moral assertions. The joy of Modernism was realised at last, exemplified in the nuclear family and assertions of patriarchy, capitalism and other lovely hierarchal values. Makes the world plain simple, don't it?

Not like now. Now we have rubbish like 'affirmative action', 'women's lib' (or wymmyn or whatever), 'gay rights', 'human rights' etc. Who would have thought that the mighty, incontestable modernist project could give birth to such tripe? I mean, take women's lib for example. The suffragist project first established the right for women to vote,¹ and it all went downhill from there. I mean, nowadays, women are considered to be equal to men in all aspects of civil and political life? Right? I mean, never mind that in Australia, women's pay still lags behind that of men in Australia, and thanks to Work-Choices, this will likely get worse.² Child and health care is still not universally available to all women, with costs of child care in Australia rising³ and objectification is just as prevalent today as it has always been.⁴ So all the establishment of principles and ideological victories that women's lib has won didn't totally change the minds of our noble rulers after all. Thank God.

As for gays well! The crime of sodomy was struck from legislation around most of Australia quite a time ago, except for that bastion of conservatism, Tasmania. Some might label them 'Rednecks' and 'demi-human' but not I, dear reader! Homosexuals surely think that they run the place nowadays. Just look at how far the gay rights lobby has come. After 40 or so years of public advocacy, the insidious influence of the homosexual lobby must have subverted much of Australia's gay-hating heritage, right? Who cares that within Australia, there are still no federal uniform laws or protections enshrining the internationally recognised right for gays to be free from discrimination,⁵ be that through providing legal protection of financial rights through marriage, or creating a court that has the power to make enforced decisions regarding complaints about homophobic discrimination.⁶ The Federal government has, in its infinite, not-at-all-homophobic wisdom, used its senate majority to pass legislation preventing same-sex civil unions, usually a state-based jurisdiction.⁷ So maybe, just maybe, our conservative leaders have made sure 'Austraya' is safe on that front too. Thank God.

As for minorities, well! Back in the day lynch mobs and other such noble militias kept the immigrants in their place. After all, 'we' were here first, apart from the Aboriginals, whom we can conveniently sweep under the carpet. After all, we're ideologically unquestionable, aren't we? Nowadays it's all 'multiculturalism' this and 'tolerance' that. Who cares if Muslims are 'read the riot act' concerning a perceived lack of enthusiasm to denounce terrorism by a Federal Minister,⁸ beaten up by drunken mobs at Cronulla beach,⁹ and hold a perception that anti-terror laws specifically target their community?¹⁰ Despite the plots of the evil, terrorist worshipping forces of multiculturalism, perhaps Australia has retained at its core one of the single greatest contributing factors to the ideological basis of its founding - straight up racism. Thank God.

Due to the pride Australia places in its white, straight, male 'tradition', it appears that the only practical concession women, minorities and gays have really won from 'us' is the right not to be bashed and raped, and a bunch of other worthless oaths to prevent active vilification and oppression within their own society; which are rights that are selectively remembered at best. Maybe we haven't come that far after all. Looks like the conservative lobby is working as planned. Thank God.

Michael Adams

(Footnotes)

¹ Tom O'Lincoln, Sex, class and the road to women's suffrage. *Australian National University*. <http://www.anu.edu.au/polsci/marx/interventions/suffrage.htm> Accessed 13th April 2007

² 'Canberra blamed for pay inequality', *2GB*, 8th March 2007.

³ Rebecca Cassells, Justine McNamara, Rachel Lloyd 'Perceptions of Child care Affordability and Availability in Australia: what the HILDA Survey tells us' *Australian Institute of*

Family Studies Conference, Melbourne, 10th February

⁴ Go look at some advertising, you'll see what I mean

⁵ International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights (ICCPR), article 17.

⁶ Discrimination against People in Same-Sex Relationships: Financial and Work-Related Entitlements and Benefits, 3rd April 2006. http://www.humanrights.gov.au/human_rights/gay_lesbian/index.html

⁷ 'Anger as gay civil union ban upheld', *Sydney Morning Herald*, June 15th 2006. <http://www.smh.com.au/news/national/anger-as-gay-civil-union-ban-upheld/2006/06/15/1149964653749.html>

⁸ Wright, L. 'Muslims read riot act' in *Herald Sun*, September 17th 2006.

⁹ 'Mob Violence envelops Cronulla' *Sydney Morning Herald* December 11th 2005

¹⁰ 'Unjust ASIO laws target muslims' *Green Left Weekly*, 20th July, 2005.



Democracy and Justice: The Case of David Hicks

Nostalgia is perhaps something that David Hicks and his family feel when they look upon the childhood picture of a young David that is frequently displayed in the media. A return to those days is something I think the Hicks family would do almost anything for. The wheels of justice have finally turned in the United States and David Hicks has been charged, tried and sentenced. No doubt he will be home before the Federal Election to serve his nine-month sentence in an Australian prison. However, many are not happy at the circumstances surrounding David Hicks' incarceration and the Australian Government's response as an apparent reaction to public opinion in an election year.

Public sentiment has been rising against the Federal Government and the US Government concerning the long imprisonment of David Hicks without charge. Guantanamo Bay, in Cuba, had long been recognised as a legal black hole in which human rights considerations are low on the list of priorities. Of 400 detainees in Guantanamo, only ten have ever been charged with a crime (Carter, *WSWS*, 4/4/07). In the United Kingdom, the British Government fought for the release of all British nationals and secured their release to the United Kingdom to face justice by the standards of the British judicial system. British Attorney-General Lord Goldsmith believed in 2004 that the military tribunals under which Guantanamo Bay prisoners are tried were inconsistent with the British idea of justice and Foreign Secretary Jack Straw said they, "would not provide the type of process which we would afford British nationals." (BBC, 19/2/04)

David Hicks pleaded guilty before a military commission to providing material support for terrorism on March 27th. He was the first person tried under the Military Commissions Act 2006, an indication to some that John Howard may have pressured for a speedy resolution before David Hicks became an even bigger election issue. Most Australians were not concerned about Hicks' guilt or innocence but concerned chiefly with the fact that he had been held without charge in a legal black hole for five years. From the time charges were brought to the trial and subsequent resolution, things have moved amazingly fast considering that Hicks had been waiting five years for something to happen. Hicks was sentenced to nine months' prison; he has spent five years waiting for a nine month sentence, a sentence which does not start at the time of his incarceration as is the common practice, but rather starts from the moment of sentencing.

Hicks has also been restricted with a gag order preventing him from speaking about his capture, his incarceration, his treatment or his trial, for a year. This means that we will be well past the Federal Election when Hicks is finally allowed to speak, however Australian Attorney-General Phillip Ruddock has strongly denied any fix between Canberra and Washington and US Brigadier-General Thomas Hemingway has claimed that it was his idea (*The Age* 5/4/07). Ruddock had said that once Hicks is released back into society, he will be constantly monitored and personally approved a control order from the Australian Federal Police that may require Hicks to live in particular places, report to the authorities and be restricted

in whose company he can keep (*The News Online* 8/4/07).

Hicks claims frequent physical and psychological torture, as do other prisoners who have been released from Guantanamo. Under the Geneva Conventions torture is illegal, however the US authorities have decided that the Geneva Conventions do not apply to the Guantanamo Bay detainees. This is a murky issue about the status of the detainees as civilian fighters (terrorists) or soldiers (prisoners of war), which is still being argued in international courts. In 2005 the US Congress passed an amendment prohibiting the "cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment" of anyone in American custody, however Guantanamo's location in Cuba bypasses this amendment. This law cannot be applied retrospectively either, because the US Constitution prohibits the application of retrospective laws on its own soil and in application to its own citizens. However, as previously mentioned, Hicks was charged and pleaded guilty to retrospective laws under the Military Commissions Act 2006.

Details of Hicks' torture in American hands have been released. In a sworn statement to the Special Immigration Appeals Commission in Britain in a bid for British citizenship, Hicks details the following;

"When the plane arrived in Kandahar, detainees were made to lie face down in the mud while soldiers walked across our backs," he says.

"We were roped together biceps to biceps. I was taken from the group and led to a shed and stripped naked. In the shed, pictures were taken of me naked.

"My head, armpits and crotch were shaved and I was covered with a liquid by use of a sponge. I was photographed naked and a white piece of plastic was forcibly inserted in my rectum.

"Some of the staff joked about this procedure. The US personnel made remarks such as 'extra-ribbed for your pleasure' (like a condom) as the item was stuck in my rectum."
(David Hicks in Sally Neighbour, 'Torture Tale Sidesteps Hicks Gag', *The Australian*, 7/4/07)

Sally Neighbour recounts further details in the article. This is the treatment an Australian citizen received from one of our closest allies, apparently. The Australian Government did nothing to secure the release and return of David Hicks, did nothing to ensure Hicks basic human rights were upheld and did nothing to pressure the US Government to either close or legalise activities in Guantanamo Bay. The Australian Government has not even condemned Guantanamo Bay, as has the majority of the international community including other close American allies such as Britain.

Is this really the best government that we can have protecting our interests?

'UNDER INVESTIGATION SINCE 1976'

YOUR SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY



The Dub.
Hon. Andrew
Love, MP

'Political
Twinkle-Toes'

For more information see our industriously detailed website @ www.myspace.com/slightlypoliticalparty or catch *Politics Tonight* with The Delightful Eva Entenmann Tuesday 24th 11pm - Radio Adelaide 101.5 FM

SPP - "FULL OF SHIT"

ANZAC Day... the 25th of April. It's possibly Australia's most important national day of remembrance. Or is it? I forget. Sure, the coffin-dodgers who were there are over the hill and yes, ANZAC Day has little relevance to the younger generation, but we all get the day off. However, this year Queensland RSL is celebrating with a beach gig by rock band, Powderfinger (Sheik al Hilali was considered after he claimed he was more Australian than the PM. Unfortunately Hilali suffers from foot-in-mouth). Surely that is worth applauding our dated diggers for. RSL president Ron Workman has called the event a 'freedom concert' celebrating his belief that 'children can go to the beach without fear.' Mr Workman's comments suggest he is on the slippery slope to senility. In 2005 a similar event was planned for the anniversary Anzac service in Gallipoli, starring controversial singer John Farnham. Fortunately for us all the performance was cancelled because 'Sadie the Cleaning Lady' was inconsistent with the solemnity of the occasion.



The Dub.
Hon.
William
Martin, MP

'On Parole'

The Tasman Dragon returns! And I'm going to burn those of you who didn't assist my book sales. I lost everything. My autobiography was withdrawn, my tele-mini-series was cancelled, and my interview with David Koch was handed over to Today Tonight. I blame the Australian people. I know you're still buying this crap. If not, then why are we up to Big Brother 07? The answer I suppose is obvious. I'm simply not blue collared enough. As a highly paid politician, no one cares about my escapades. But throw a shovel in my hand or some dope in my boogie board bag and voila I have a story. Determined to regain my lost publicity and work my way out of debt I surrendered to my lowest instincts. I fed my shrapnel to the pokies, had dinner with Brian Burke, and sold my soul to some bearded guy called Rasputin. When these failed I knew I would have to regain my career the old fashioned way - So I've auditioned for neighbours in hope of launching a pop career.



BURQISH DELIGHT: Will Martin and trusted advisor Michelle Leslie in ecstacy as they return home.

The Slightly Political Party reunited today, however the road to recovery looks grim for disgraced Pseudo Minister Will Martin. After the failure of his

autobiography 'Into the Lion's Den - A W. Martin Story', bankrupted by has forced Mr Martin from the backbench to the park bench. In



BEGGING FOR CHANGE: Martin offers to reveal new global warming policy in exchange for a dollar

desperation to return home, Martin hitched a ride with the replacement candidates for Sheik al Hilali.

He seemed less than appreciative. "I have had it with these motherfucking Sheiks on this motherfucking plane! He yelled whilst consuming large amounts from a bottle of methylated spirits concealed within his potato sack.

Meanwhile Pseudo Minister Andrew Love has suspiciously profited from his colleagues downfall.

Master of steps including 'The Backpaddle', the 'Question Time Dodge' and the 'Cabinet Shuffle', Mr Love has allegedly wowed judges and audiences by making it to the grand final of 'Dancing with the Stars'.

"It's very exciting. You all remember how Pauline Hanson choked. She couldn't dance her way to the top, but I can. That's an uncontested political victory."

The party is to convene in a special meeting tomorrow, in order to restore political balance and sanity.

DARYL DANCES WITH DEVIL



JIZZ HANDS: Mr Love is concerned he has received BB Housemate David Grahams dance partner.

SPP's Andrew Love has danced his way into the hearts and minds of Australian viewers...this time without the aid of propaganda.

Dancing has revealed its seedy side however. Host Daryl Somers has been caught dining with Political King Maker Brian Burke.

Rumours suggest Burke is backing Love's grab for

dancing fame.

Mr Somers was seen to be receiving large quantities of cash from Mr Love.

"How could I know Mr Love was at that dinner?" defended Mr Somers regarding the suspicious meeting.

"Mr Love is an extremely talented dancer, but I would never let a gift influence fair

judgment."

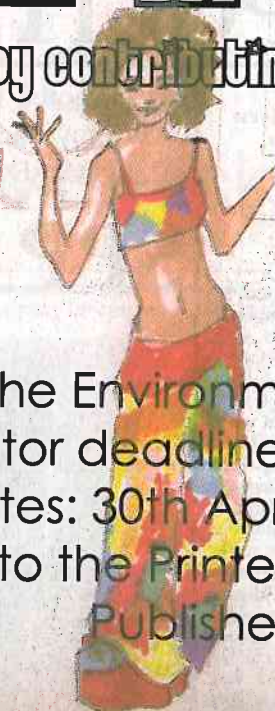
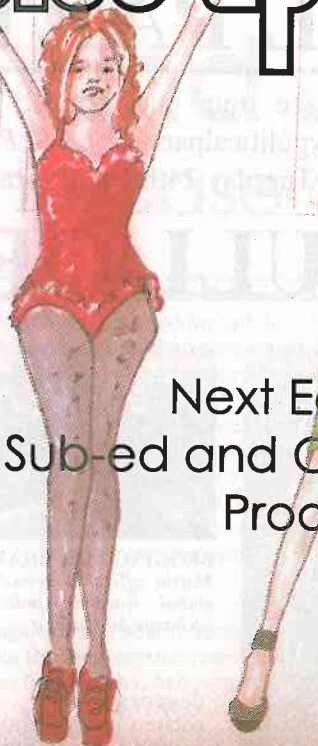
The comment comes after Somers controversially disclosed Love's voting number with every other contestant.

Peter Costello was also shocked, lashing out at Somers. "Anyone who dances with Mr Love is politically and morally compromised."

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Next Edition: The Environment Edition
Sub-ed and Contributor deadline: 27th April
Proofing dates: 30th April-2nd May
Send to the Printers: 3rd May
Published: 8th May

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POSTALIA

It Just Ain't What It Used To Be

It's Thursday afternoon and you are struggling to absorb the thoughts of some dead political theorist or the other. The deadline is looming and you can't seem to concentrate. Your mind wanders to other things: it's less than a year until you graduate, what the hell are you going to do? Obviously you will get a job, but what if you don't like it? Will you be able to cope with the leap from being an undergraduate to becoming a real grown-up? What if you can't do it? There's so much to worry about and you haven't even started fretting about global warming, Anna Nicole's baby or debt relief yet. If only you could go back to how things used to be, when you were younger. If only things were a bit more like they were then. If only... if only.

We all do it. We all look back to certain points in our lives that we recall as being perfect and happy and warm. Whether it's the innocence of our childhood, the adventure of our teens, or those lovely days when we stopped being a teenager but weren't yet quite an adult, we all love to linger in our past. Looking back, it can certainly seem like days gone by had a lovely golden glow about them that the here and now lacks.

We seek refuge in the nice fuzzy memories of the past, when things were clear, when things made sense, when things just *worked*. Lovely. Of course, this is all a load of bollocks. However much we despair of the present, in ten years we will probably look back on this time like we do on the rest of our past: with love and longing. Of course a part of our treacherous brain knows this perfectly well, as we *are* rational beings, but still we persist in convincing ourselves that things were indeed better in days gone by. We keep on glossing over the bad bits: the bits we whined about at the time, the bits that *don't* fit with the image we like to sell ourselves.

They say creating distance allows you to see things more clearly. Often, stepping away from an issue is a good way to get some perspective. But this is a question of *space*, be it emotional, mental, or physical. Unfortunately, the same cannot always be said of *time*. Sometimes, more distance just makes things more... distant. The fuzzy quality some memories take on isn't necessarily a halo of golden light - maybe we're just getting old.

It's sometimes difficult to concentrate on the present - it can be cold and uncertain and, for substantial periods of time, more than slightly pointless. We can sometimes help ourselves by looking to the future and dreaming what might be. However, this doesn't always work, because although we can speculate, we have no certainties. In times of ambiguity, we can find ourselves sliding back into our past, because it's *there*. Whatever happens in the present and the future, we always *have* our past. It happened; it's certain and concrete. Well, that's the theory anyway. If we give our memories a bit of an edit, better lighting and higher production values, well, where's the harm? There probably isn't any, unless you turn into one of those people who lives exclusively in the past and won't even come out for oxygen. You know the type; they start all their sentences with "I remember when..." and, "In my day..." and, "Ooooooh, it's such a throw-away society these days..." They're the ones who can't tell you enough times that when they were young, there wasn't any crime, young people respected their elders and politicians were honest. And they genuinely believe it. They've forgotten that at the time, they whinged about it just as much as they do now. Until you reach that point, reminiscing about the halcyon days of yore is brilliant and probably extremely therapeutic.

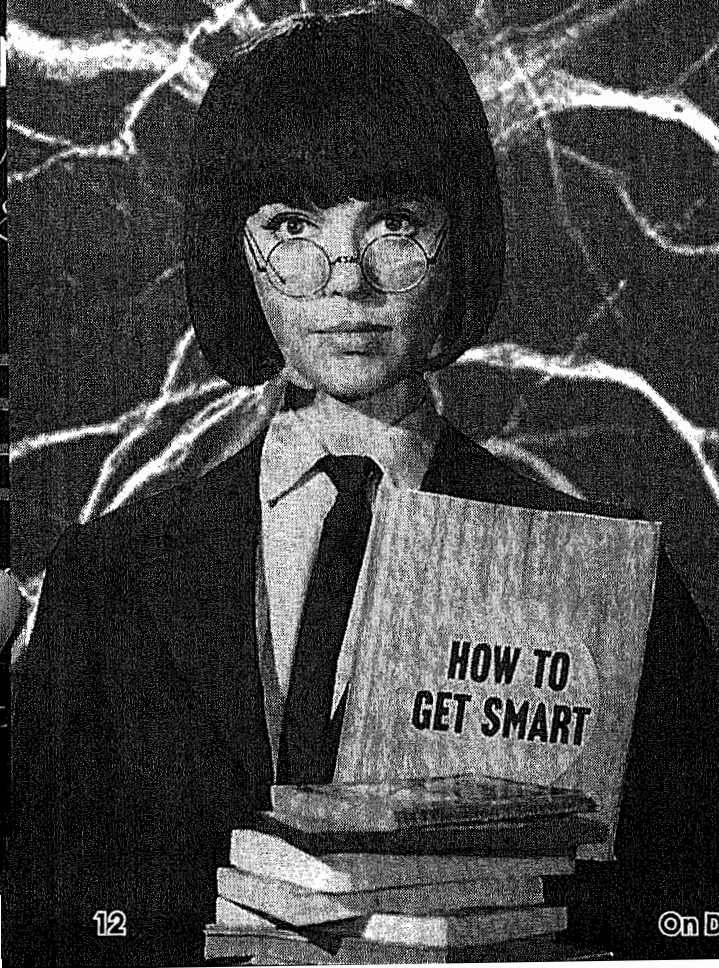
So never fear. Although the present might seem a bit rubbish right now, in ten years you will look back on it and once you've tweaked it, polished it until it shines and cut out the annoying parts, it will be wonderful.

Sophie Donoghue

FUCK ANTI- INTELLECTUALISM:

ON THE NEGATIVE FORCE OF BEING AND THE LIFE OF THE MIND

By Brandon De Paor-Moore



For myself, the psychic poverty of everyday life in our 'advanced civilisations' is enforced most definitely by a social nervousness about thought itself. In everyday relations, thought is a sickening lurch away from our beings, abstraction is the loss of immediacy, reason is a repressive force opposed to affections and desires, truth either is here and now - locked into something which words cannot express or a mere game played by forming words into a certain economy of meaning. This is the basic attitude to thought that one finds not only in ordinary persons, but in philosophy itself, and while there is a lot of truth in these statements, their dominance is not a mere expression of their adequacy as propositions. I also find them, and the emphasis on certain forms of their interpretation, to be part of the basic mechanism whereby our society reproduces itself. The following piece, intended to see how far one *On Dit* article can go in combating this mechanism, consists mainly in partially working out four propositions, and then arguing for these against what I take to be the deeply ingrained reactions against the figure of 'the intellectual' which compose the philosophical propositions of the generalised culture of anti-intellectualism.

One: that the intellect is constituted on the negative force of being (and hence is the pure affirmation of life.) The intellect itself comes into play only when an aspect of the given becomes uprooted in cognition. One needs to think here of Descartes' first meditation: how far can he take doubt? Right up to a limit where all doubt encounters is itself. The sense-data before you, you could conjecture to be the summons of a demon, or perhaps the virtualisations of an A.I., but that you doubt them, that the doubting exists, cannot be doubted. It is immediate to itself, it comes to existence after 'forcing the world back' and radically positing its inwardness. Only after a radical moment of negation can the intellect be said to exist. To say it more awkwardly, but more suggestively too, only after such incision can thought be thought-present-to-thought, self-relating thought.

It is precisely at this juncture that Cartesian-ism carries with it two stains.

One: The very uprooting of direct sensory perception. Here, Descartes' cogito is the perverse core of alienation which expresses all the arrogant madness of Western civilisation, based on the systems of logic and abstraction dreamt up by an internal isolate, rather than on an attempt to find unity with its environment. This I can answer with the following strict logical claim: only an entity which has delineated itself from its environment can seek to unite itself with this environment, as such the notion that the Cartesian subject is a disastrous egotism ignores the fact that what Descartes describes and takes to the limit already exists in fact. The thought which attempts to place itself back in the home of the world, back into direct unity with reality, nature, etc. must already be radically alienated. It is the Cartesian self, with its clear sense of the breach between itself and its environment which is most in tune with reality, and furthermore its attempts make itself a 'home' in this very terrain of radical alienation from prior unity should be seen as daring.

Two: Descartes' motto, "I think therefore I am," posits the stable identity of a unified subject, but we all know that we are in fact multiple identities, not one Universal. The answer here is, firstly, that Descartes shows that the Subject is contingent; "I think, therefore I am," plainly implies that if you stop thinking, you stop being. Secondly, that the Universal posited here is only negative, it only relates to the freedom of a rational agency to dislocate itself from its given bounds. Thirdly, what the Cartesian cogito represents, in its egotistical isolation, is not a grounding substance but the almost nothingness of being itself (as expressed by the fact that in this 'alien territory' of the pure intellect all that can be affirmed is formal, logical proof (the self relating of thought is all that occurs here)): doesn't it repeat then the 'miracle' of the earliest emergence of life? Of life as only the slightest difference in organisation from 'mere matter', which, suddenly able to reproduce itself, to become self-relating radically alters matter

itself? Isn't the negative force of doubt which Descartes unleashes truly the unsettling force of life itself? Therefore the subject which Descartes posits, can either be grounded in a transcendent God (please recognise, the more philosophically literate, that I have not resorted to the idiot position of Cartesian substance-dualism) or we can affirm it as the being the stark, naked, core of life itself, which, surely, is the only true Universal.

Two: that the figure of the intellectual is the figure of the social non-existence of thought (and, hence, is simply the thought of society.) The intellectual makes a specific social entity of themselves by putting into thought that which the generic social thought-patterns of their time and place cannot express. Only by this distinction between their thought and everyday discourse does the entity 'an intellectual' exist. Thus the intellectual is a forlorn figure of the alienation of a society unable to think itself. The intellectual's paradox is the paradox of the stranger, the interloper, the wanderer without place: she (too rarely, but, one hopes, increasingly, she) creates society by her removal from it. Society can only exist via her placing 'outside' it. Hence the social-position of the intellectual and their isolation is only a social product, but is also the space in which society can be seen as what it is. Young intellectuals: your alienation forces you to see clearly, do not dismiss it as an error!

Three: that philosophy is the extrapolation and creation of pure concepts (and, hence, produces a creative distance from 'everyday life' which is not at all abstract.) A concept is an entity on a mental plane that co-ordinates thought into a coherent structure. Conceptual connection is the basic activity of thought: unique concepts are what make new possibilities for thought. Today our economic existence becomes more and more 'conceptual' does it not? Is it not true that production and culture become more and more aligned. Italian theorist Paolo Virno points out that today we work with our language, with our affects, we sell to one another, we employ our emotions, we are called upon by our bosses to 'create a shared working environment/culture' and so on. Isn't the case that we have all begun to become intellectuals, at least in the sense of our homelessness? Our language is no longer our own, but instrument of production! Our intimate conversations are laced with product placement! We can't find a private world in our language any longer, the fusion of culture and commerce means this too belongs to the market. What way out? I suggest that only philosophy, in the sense of 'pure conceptual production' can find the creative moment in what might seem like a deadlock, precisely because it is one's 'life philosophy' that one is called upon to market when presenting yourself as a commodity to employers. It's your duty, therefore, to become real philosophers, to create concepts that make it possible for your thought to be more than simply instrumentalities of the current economic regime.

Four: that the political existence of the intellectual is based upon the universal in relation to their own specificity (and, hence, they cannot shy away from being a political entity, even a site of politics.) The intellectual's role can only be to describe how a particular existence relates to processes and systems which produce it and which rely on it to be reproduced. The political instance in this might be called 'singularity', the application of theory to denote the moment in which the particular can become an instance of the universal, when, for instance a particular political situation becomes a site at which the universal truth of justice might be realised, when an artwork realises a new dimension of seeing or hearing or thinking. Intellectuals cannot simply be observers of these instances. They should, and must, put themselves at the site of these instances, because, in fact, they are already such a site, in that their thoughts are ultimately produced by (and are forms of) the ongoing social antagonisms which create such sites.

Now, the corresponding clichés:

One: that the intellect is a realm of removal from existence and a retreat from the positive value of experience. On the contrary! Direct experience is manufactured! Your experience, is, of course, exactly what it is, but only because of the economic, the political. Nothing is more 'removed from experience' than the idea that we can simply 'experience directly'! How deeply out of touch with what our actual experience is we would become if we were to remain boxed up in our particular existence like this!

Two: that the intellectual is simply lost to common sense, and that social order has its own evolved wisdoms which should be adhered to and which grounded in an immediate pragmatism. This pragmatism means nothing more than: the method of surviving/finding pleasure/maximising one's profit in the given order. The person who, living under the nightmare of 'actually existing' socialism, mouthed the necessary slogans while privately cursing the corruption of the regime, what was their excuse for not acting when dissidents encouraged them to make a stand? Pragmatic self-interest. And let's be clear, the cynic who denounces the incredible inequality and daily impoverishment of social-life in today's capitalism (we do, I assert, have problems which liberal democracy is unable to fix, problems caused by the unworkable dynamics of a capitalist economy), but who find a satisfaction in their very 'ironic', or perhaps 'spiritually detached', position are just the same kind of character. It's not direct belief in a social order that allows it to continue, but disavowed belief.

Three: philosophy is nothing but a dead abstraction or intellectual game without any practicality, meaning or purpose, that intellectuals are wastrel bohemians who never achieve anything concrete. Whether for better or for worse, the great moments in philosophical history have proven dramatically creative for human life in general, as any serious overview of history would show. Philosophy not only inscribes its moment deeply into textual history, it pushes the boundaries of what is possible while maintaining the rigour of logic, reason and the search for truth. The fact that we can go back and delve into this realm of the dead words of dead men gives us the opportunity to participate in life that goes beyond our own, and to attempt to derail and reconfigure the very meaning of being human. Besides, it is really hard work, exhilarating, but definitely work.

Four: the intellectual as a political figure represents a dangerous elitism and a source of dogmatic ideological blindness to practicality. The intellectual, I believe, in their pure form, represents the alienation of thought from itself, the dislocation of thought in a society which is suicidally 'unthinking'. I await the generation of new intellectuals who will take great risks to make society think again. Who will engage with the people most afflicted by the unthinking society, and will reinvigorate thought itself by encouraging these people to think for themselves and free themselves from the 'unthought' which is our bondage to the given.

The moral here is that the common caution given to those who think too much: "that you are the cause of your own distress, just relax, go with the flow, let go of your insistence on a search for a truth and enjoy life" is absolutely true, but is a fact of which everyone-with intellectual fibre should be militantly proud.

By the way, everything in this essay is a pastiche of plagiarised ideas, mainly from theorist Slavoj Žižek and (his opponent) philosopher Gilles Deleuze, both of whom I encourage you to investigate.

PSYCHIATRIC

DISORDER

OF THE WEEK

With
Angus
Maxwell-
Clark

Emotional Incontinence - No, it's not 'Pissing yourself with laughter.'

If you think about it, emotional control is essential to a person's success in society and personal relationships. It prevents us from acting inappropriately in public or any situation where a standard of behaviour is expected. It ensures we can display a certain image to the world that reflects well on our character. Basically, people aren't going to like you or think you're attractive if you can't behave well. But some of us, well, just can't. Not because they don't want to, but because they actually, physically, can't. They suffer from this issue's Psychiatric Disorder of the Week... *Emotional Incontinence!*

Stop laughing, you're at a funeral

Just what is Emotional Incontinence? Should we be worried? Are there emotional nappies for sale at Woolworths? The answer to the last question, at least, is no. I used to work at Woolies and all I remember was a lady who came through every week to buy 200 tins of cat food. Have you ever had to pack 200 tins of cat food into bags and a trolley? I thought not. But I digress. Emotional Incontinence, more sensitively termed 'Emotional Lability', 'Pseudobulbar Affect', 'Pathological Laughter and Crying' and most recently 'Involuntary Emotional Expression Disorder (IEED)', is all about the pathological expression of certain emotional expressions (laughing, smiling, crying) even when the sufferer is not feeling the emotions concerned, or when the expression is way out of proportion to the stimulus that caused it. For example, hearing that the chicken crossed the road to get to the other side shouldn't cause ten minutes of raucous laughter.

IEED is a form of emotional disinhibition disorder, inhibition being what stops us from doing things that we or others consider inappropriate or embarrassing. A typical IEED sufferer will display one or more expressions again and again during the course of a day, sometimes for several minutes, without actually feeling the emotion concerned, and without the ability to stop. In fact, the emotion displayed may be completely incompatible with how the sufferer is feeling. He or she may continue to smile even when completely furious. One particularly unlucky sufferer laughed his way raucously, relentlessly and uncontrollably through the funeral - yes, the funeral - of his friend. This is why self-control is so important in life.

So what's so funny?

Well, there's nothing actually funny about IEED, except to the uneducated observer. Its causes, however, can be explained by having a look at a separate medical disorder. IEED is most commonly linked to damage or degeneration in the brain caused by amyotrophic lateral sclerosis or pseudobulbar palsy, both forms of motor neuron disease (MND). In fact, IEED could be classed as a 'symptom' of MND, with up to 50% of all patients suffering these forms of MND also exhibiting IEED. Anyway, MND is the gradual and eventually fatal degeneration of the nerve cells that control voluntary muscle movements such as speaking, breathing, walking and physical expressions of emotion, such as laughter.

Having said that, IEED can also be associated with stroke, traumatic brain injury, multiple sclerosis, Alzheimer's disease, Parkinson's disease, brain tumours - basically any injury or disorder that involves loss of function in parts of the brain. However, the full mode of action of IEED still needs to be researched more thoroughly so that its root causes can be more properly understood. Damn, that paragraph contained a lot of acronyms!

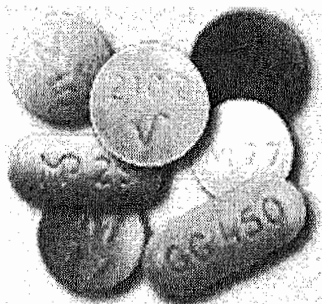


The woman on the right looks on in sympathy as her friend suffers the de-beautifying effects of pathological laughing.

Duct Tape is not a Treatment

Twenty years ago, there was no effective treatment for IEED: you simply grinned (and grinned, and grinned) and bore it. But then psychiatrist Randolph Schiffer came up with the idea that treatment with antidepressants might help one of his patients. The patient (the one who had laughed in the funeral) had crippling multiple sclerosis which for several years had confined him to a wheelchair. For two of those years he had been laughing his way through life, and not because of the hilarity of his situation. He was actually diagnosed with profound depression, ironically compounded by his inability to stop bursting out in laughter up to eighty times per day. If sitting through a funeral laughing wouldn't agitate you and everyone else in the church/funeral parlour, I don't know what would. But then, drugs came to the rescue. He was treated with amitryptiline and within a day was able to regain control of his emotional expression.

Subsequent trials have shown a decent success rate using other antidepressant drugs such as Prozac and citalopram. Even now, a treatment specifically targeted for IEED treatment is being tested by the US Food and Drug Administration. So, there are now prescribed drugs that can make you stop laughing in order to make you happier. The moral of this ironic paragraph is that drugs can help you, but only with a doctor's prescription.



Drugs: Don't buy from men in leather jackets

The Final Diagnosis

IEED is a serious disorder: it may not do physical harm, but it has the capacity to compromise or ruin a person's social functioning and personal relationships, often leading to feelings of shame and the tendency to withdraw from the judgement of society at large. Sufferers have been driven to the point of suicide due to depression caused by their involuntary behaviour. So remember: whenever you see a hearse go by, you might be the next to die. Or laugh your way through someone else's funeral.

Advertisement: angus.maxwell-clark@student.adelaide.edu.au. I want your science-based articles. Also, I make a good quack psychotherapist.

Sources

(Shut up. I swear Wikipedia is a credible source. Yes, I'm speaking to you, Dave. Don't play innocent with me, boy.)

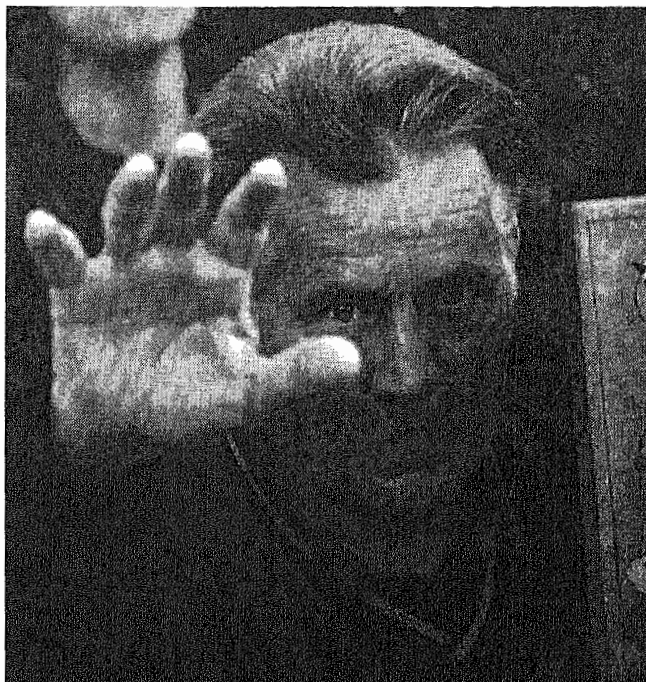
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Emotional Lability

URL: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Emotional_Lability

*Coming up next issue: Kleptomania
- Stealing for pleasure!*



Martin Sheen does society a favour by raising awareness for the many uses of duct tape

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Dit-licious

*P. Chi will return next edition in a blaze of glory.

with ~~CASSE~~ ~~COOKBOOK~~ ~~Elizabeth Sewell~~

You know, I just can't understand it when you order a takeaway coffee and it comes back so hot that it could generate enough thermal energy to power a medium sized country pub on darts night. The other day I was a little early for work so I decided to try the local greasy spoon's offering; what the hell, it couldn't be any worse than the ulcer-inducing instant muck that passes for coffee at work. Five minutes later and I was boldly testing an ample mouthful, as only a caffeine junky taking the morning's first hit can. To my alarm it instantly cauterised all the taste buds on the front half of my tongue and had me dancing in the middle of the street like a Mr Bean impersonator. I turned around frantically and spat the contents of my now-liquefying cheeks full into the windscreen of a passing ambulance, which immediately began to smoke and melt. The startled driver swerved off the road in panic, straight into a stobie pole, somehow flinging the gurney, patient and all, from the back of the stricken vehicle. The gurney rolled out onto the middle of the main road, right into the path of an oncoming bus, which itself swerved to avoid a horrifying collision and ran straight through the wall of the local prison. Amid sirens and gunfire, at least 17 hardened criminals made good their escape and went on an impromptu crime spree that terrorised most of North Adelaide and perhaps even a section of southern Prospect before most of them were recaptured. The two thugs still at large were last seen commandeering a go-ggo mobile (*gee-oh, gee-gee-oh*), crying "Alright! I'm taking this baby to Mexico!" as they sped off.

It's all about the coffee...



OK, this is getting a little out of hand. Maybe it didn't happen *exactly* like that, but you get my point (*I'm sure I had one*). Don't make the takeaway coffee too hot. The person who ordered it is going to be drinking it on the hop and would probably prefer to retain their senses of taste and humour, both of which I lost temporarily on the day in question.

In Review...
Illy Un Caffè Bar - North Terrace - \$3
The word that sprang instantly to mind when I had my first sample from here was *insipid*. I couldn't fault the process, the temperature or the service. But when it came to flavour, it was sadly lacking. There's a certain critical mass involved in making a good flat white: a balance between temperature, the rich coffee flavour and the restraining properties of the milk. Sadly, the amount of coffee used to make the cups I had was just not enough to assert itself over the dominant blandness of the milk.

Un caffè bar - Un caffè crap.

ECOS

ENVIRONMENTAL
COLLECTIVE OF STUDENTS

Inaugural General Meeting

Date: Thur 3rd May

Time: 4:00 pm

Location: Harry Medlin Function Room,
Union House, Adelaide Uni

Trust me, I'm a chef...

Please note: All prescriptions are of a non-medical and outrageously inaccurate nature. Should pain persist... get over it, you big girl's blouse! Translations are courtesy of *Cass' Culinary Compendium* (pull the other one, it's got knobs on) of *Cooking for the Kamakazically-inclined*.

I was absolutely delighted to discover that *On Dit* contained a regular cooking segment this year. A periodical without a cooking segment, I feel, is just not whole.

Despite my love of cooking segments, I am not at all good at cooking. Everything seems to go fine until about half-way through the cooking process, when I suddenly get an overwhelming urge to bung all the ingredients together in an oven dish with a little extra water and cook it until it stews.

Am I just impatient, or is this a psychological quirk stemming from eating too many casseroles as a child?

Best wishes,

Well Jillian,

Without delving too deeply into your dim dark past and dredging up some unspeakable encounter with a properly cooked meal, let's have a look at your problem.

You'll probably not be surprised to hear that it's a relatively common syndrome that you're suffering, known in medical circles as phukitican'tbebotheredwiththisshit-itis. It's a seasonal condition, especially virulent amongst students around exam time or particular days, usually mid-semesterish, when you have essays due for every single subject you're studying. Sufferers describe the symptoms as a crippling combination of tear-your-hair-out stress and limb-clenching apathy. Everything seems to just pile on top of itself until you throw your hands up in the air and cry "Phukitican'tdealwiththisshitrightnow!" (or words to that effect) and either drop everything and bolt for the nearest pub, or just chuck a whole heap of long words and dubious references onto a word file, print it out, staple it 12 times and hurl it into the assignment box of the relevant faculty with a manic, vaguely murderous glint in your eye.

As far as treatment goes, it's extreme, but if it's a case that's progressed as far as yours seems to have, extreme measures are called for. Whenever you're cooking and you find yourself getting the urge to cry "Phukitican'tbebotheredwiththisshit", chuck all the ingredients into a pan and stew it all into a brown mush, just rest the back of your weaker hand against the stove top. A little pain does a lot to help focus your attention and, so long as it's your weaker hand, it won't effect your ability to finish the bloody meal properly! After a few meals you'll be so conditioned against stews that you'll be crossing the road to avoid a curry stall at the markets. And when that happens, write to me again and we'll go over a few techniques to cure your latest 'condition'.

Get cracking,

Cass

Dear Cass,

I work in a relatively up-market restaurant and often have trouble remembering the night's specials. They are overly long, convoluted and often use fancy French words that confuse and irritate me (a jus! just call it fucking gravy!). I cannot say anything to the chefs at work, as chefs in their nature are either primadonnas or certifiably insane and will stab you with whatever is at hand, so I was wondering whether you could help me out. If I gave you an example of one night's specials, would you firstly translate them into layman's terms for

me, then shorten them? In the future, I can then do it myself, for all those customers that I know have no idea what I'm talking about. It would make them so much easier to remember I'm sure!

Entree 1#: Yellow Fin Tuna chevice, served with garlic rouille, pickled fennel and radish and a blood orange vinaigrette

Entree 2#: Braised Duck Leg, served with cauliflower soubisse and a speck, artichoke and cashel blue salad.

Main: Rotisserie, Takatala Tenderridge Rib Eye, 400g served on the bone with a beetroot risotto, roasted field mushrooms, char grilled speck and beef glaze

Market Fish: Pan Fried Trevally served with an asparagus, verjuice tomato and reggiano risotto, salt and pepper squid and a raspberry vincotto with walnut oil.

Thanks, and happy sautéing,

Cheryl

First of all Chezza, let me just defend my fellow culinaires from your slanderous accusations of primadonna-hood. Whoever heard of a chef being precious about his menu...

But, having said that, I have to qualify my response with a big "fuck yeah!" You wouldn't believe just how much it shits me when I sit down at a restaurant and have to read a fucking novel-length description for bangers and mash. Just tell it like it is you effete wanker! Like it says in the bible (*kinda*), it all comes from dust and to dust it shall return, in one form or another. Or, put a little more bluntly, it'll be shit in 15 hours' time, so there's no need to make it shit now.

As for the translations, let me see...

- Yellow Fin Tuna chevice: A big fish that's been dragged behind a boat with a hook through it's bottom lip until it's thoroughly pissed off.
- Garlic rouille: It sure does, I love the stuff.
- Cauliflower soubisse: An ancient form of torture, rediscovered and popularized by particularly sadistic French waiters in the 19th century.
- Takatala Tenderridge Rib Eye: A cut of meat that's had the absolute be-jesus beaten out of it until it's suitably subdued and tender enough that it won't embarrass the customer by getting up in the middle of the meal and chastising them for eating its bottom.
- Char grilled speck: refers to the size of the portion at most highbrow restaurants.

So I hope that clears things up a bit, Chez-riddy. I'm so on the same page as you. The sooner we clean up the industry, the sooner we can get on with clogging our arteries with high protein and saturated-fat-infused goodies. Chow!

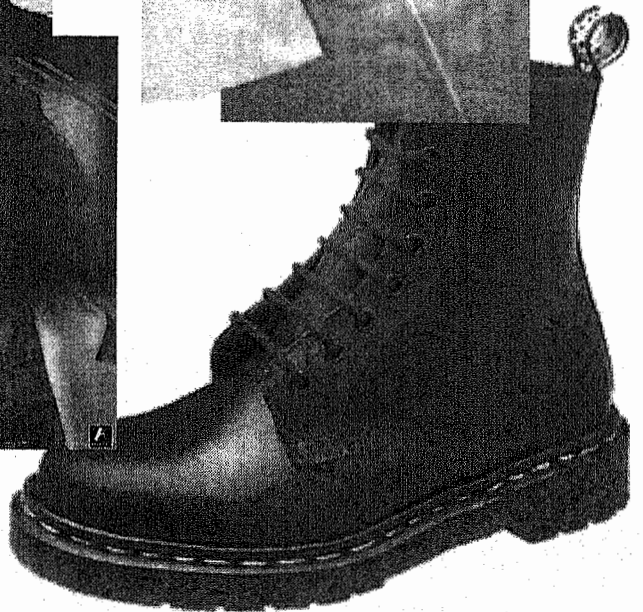
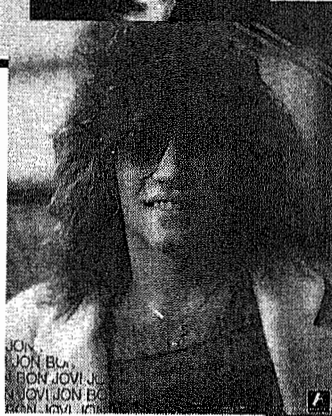
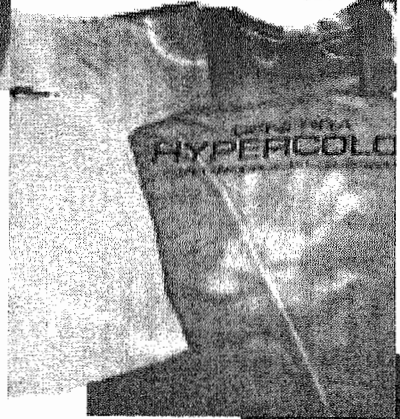
Cass

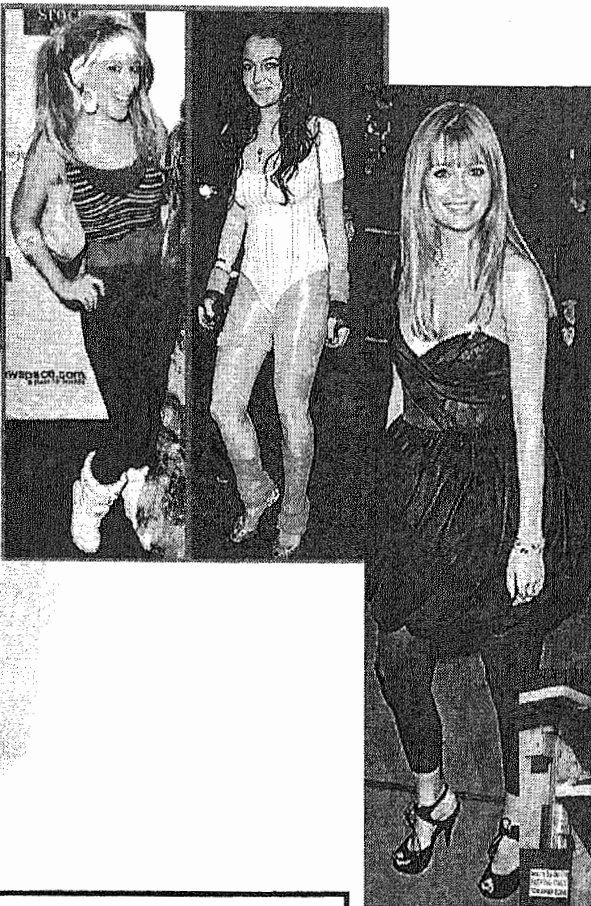
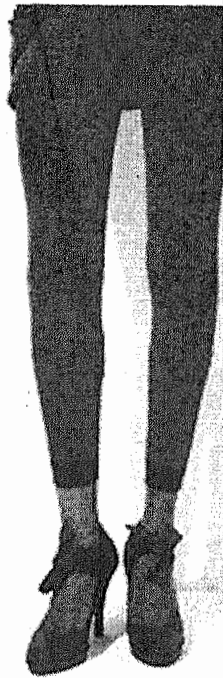
If you have any questions, queries or quandries (ah! alliterations rock!) for Cass, email him at cass.selwood@student.adelaide.edu.au. He loves it!

Fashion

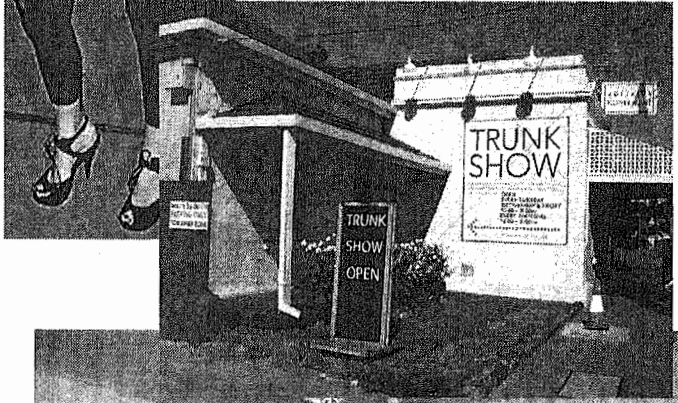


I get all nostalgic thinking about the '90s. I remember denim hats with the front pinned back with a sunflower and stencil jeans. I was mildly obsessed with Tori Spelling or Donna Martin from *Beverly Hills 90210*. I remember wearing bike pants and big T-shirts, happy pants, Reebok Pumps and floral dresses with desert boots. Hypercolour T-shirts were ruined when our mums ironed them and people took MC Hammer seriously. Bon Jovi had bigger hair than Cher and we thought flannel shirts with tights was a statement. Then later on came the grunge phase with a long-sleeved T-shirt underneath a short-sleeved one. Both were way too big. Big Day Out tickets were under \$100 and you wore Doc Martens boots with everything. Monica Lewinsky and her infamous blue Gap dress caused Gap to re-release the dress because American women wanted to see if it helped them seduce powerful men. The supermodels ruled the catwalks and were a brand unto their own. Then Princess Di died and the world lost a fashion icon. I still find myself getting excited about the CK One fragrance and just checking out what Tori is doing. But, you know it's all behind you when you're invited to a '90s party and you have trouble finding stuff at your closest Goodwill. Thank God they're behind us.





Footless tights have made a comeback as dresses made from lightweight fabrics need some warmth for the cooler season. Take '80s and early '90s out of the picture and start with black, cream and chocolate and work your way from there. Make your summer dresses work double time, and do a Mischa!



TRUNK SHOW

41 Unley Road, Parkside

Opening Hours
 Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday 10am - 3pm
 Thursday 12pm - 7pm

This place is a hidden treasure. It is open at unusual times, but that just adds to the mystique. The idea is that you reap a 15% discount on recommended retail price because they are open minimal hours, which costs them less and they are a little out of the way as well. It's well worth driving down Unley Road and trying to find a park just to see what they have.

The idea of a trunk show is to showcase only the best and most exclusive fashions. Trunk Show stocks labels such as Yejin Bae, who is a Melbourne-based designer who has been picked up by Barneys, New York and Selfridges in London. You would expect this from someone who interned for Marc Jacobs and Anna Sui.

Stephanie Conley is another up and coming label that Trunk Show has exclusively. This label is popular amongst the young L.A. actresses, such as Mischa Barton, Nicole Richie and Lindsay Lohan.

Jutey Bear Tees is another label carried by Trunk Show and has some great pure cotton t-shirts and tops in some unusual colours.

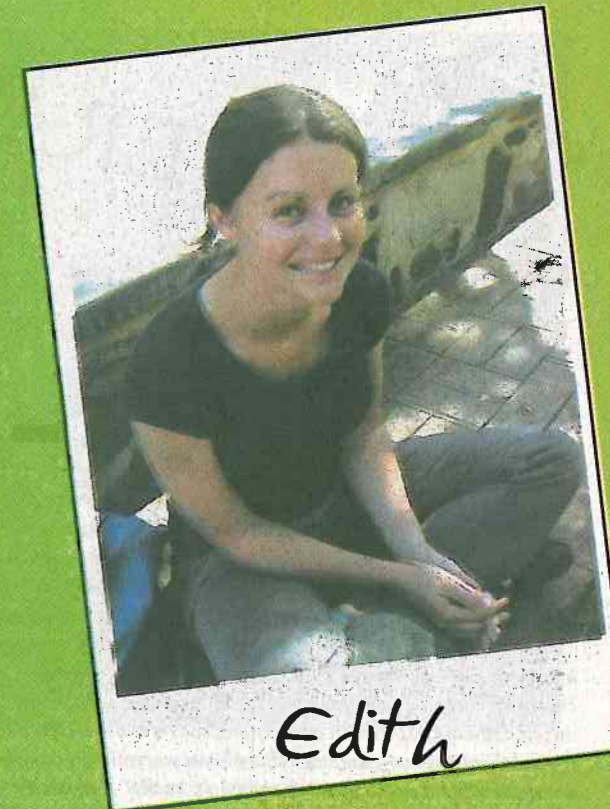
My personal favourite is French Sole shoes. They're ballet pumps, but they are really well made and comfortable. Kate Moss wears them as well.

They also stock Ginger and Smart, Zimmerman and Grman. Have a look and see for yourself. They will also pull out boxes of heavily reduced last season stock if you ask nicely.

1. Michael Jackson.
2. Snap pants and snap bands.
3. Priscilla, Queen of the Desert.
4. 'Mmm Bop' - Hanson.
5. Jason Donovan.
6. Cowboys and Indians with hobby horses and brooms.

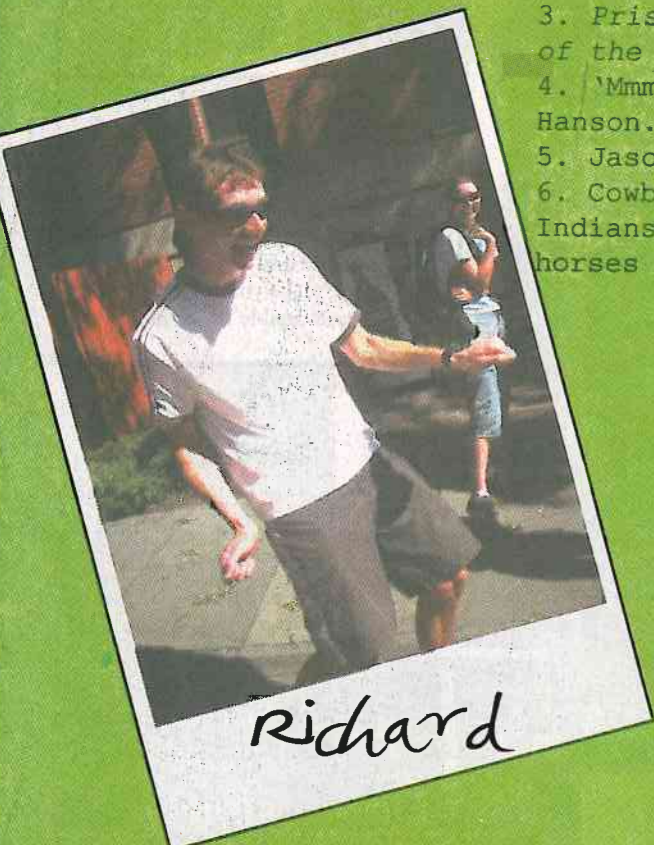


Did you eat dirt as a kid? If that's a yes, chances are, going by the average age of uni students, you did it in the nineties. Venture with us on the Vengabus as we dig up the nineties. Don't cringe, embrace it.



Edith

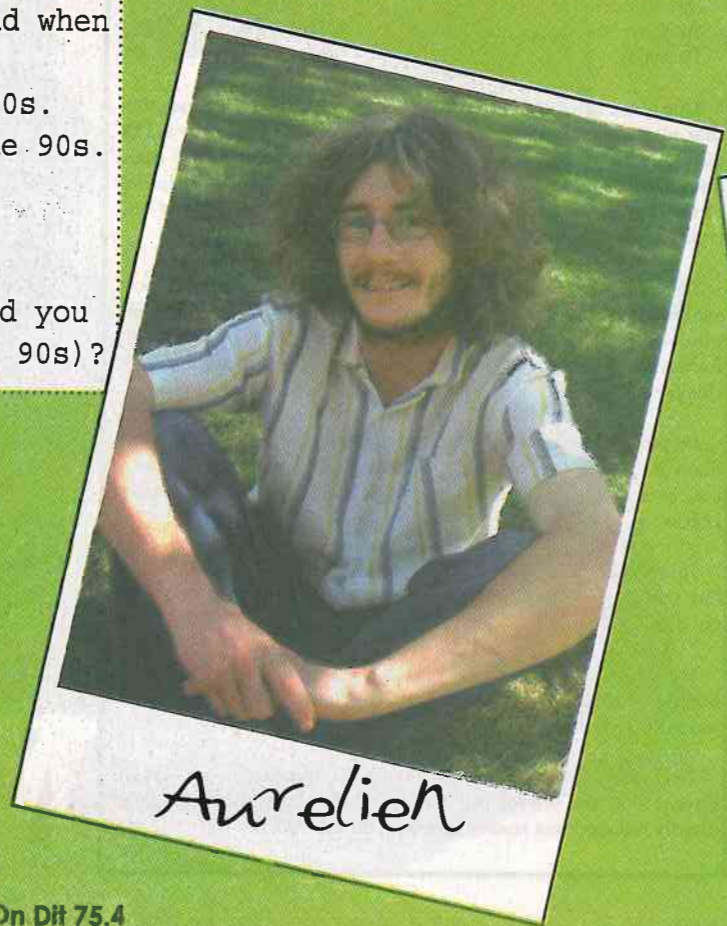
1. The Hypercolour T-shirt.
2. Springy fluoro shoelaces.
3. Gattaca.
4. 'Beat It' - Michael Jackson.
5. The singer from Frente.
6. Teachers and Pupils.



Richard

1. First thing that springs to mind when we mention the 90s.
2. Favourite fashion item of the 90s.
3. Film that you think embodies the 90s.
4. Most loathed song of the 90s.
5. Personality of the 90s you most wanted to be like.
6. Which imagination-based game did you love to play most as a kid (in the 90s)?

1. War and techno.
2. Late.
3. Underground.
4. 'Mambo No. 5' - Lou Bega
5. Johnny Depp.
6. Doctors and Nurses in the sandpit.



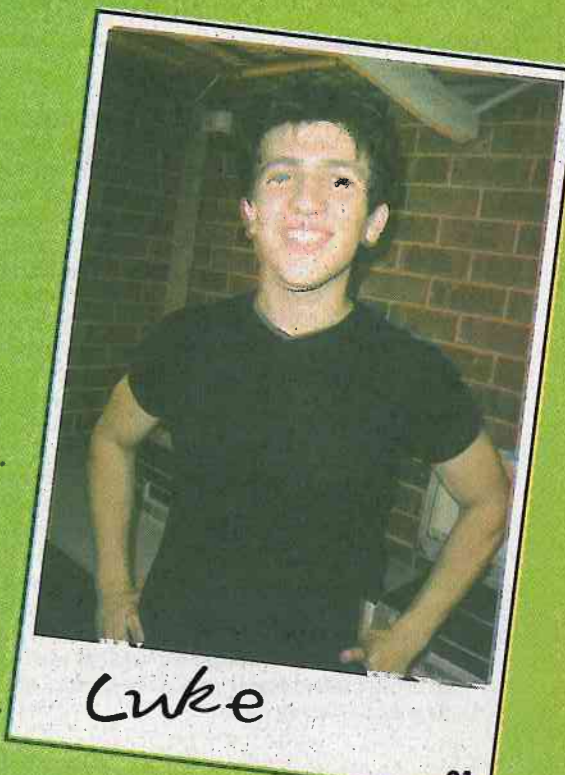
Aurelien



Mary

1. Childhood.
2. Tie-dye.
3. Pulp Fiction.
4. 'Vengabus' - The Vengaboys.
5. My sister (she was a celebrity to me).
6. Made up plays where we had to run around the clothes line to change character.

1. Nirvana.
2. Legionnaire's Hats.
3. Wayne's World.
4. Anything Britney, Spice Girls or boy bandish.
5. Anyone from 90210.
6. Power Rangers.



Luke

Seeking Solace

Nights in the Asylum Carol Lefevre

An intriguing fusion of times, places and occurrences emerges from the first novel of Carol Lefevre, who is currently completing her doctorate here at Adelaide Uni. From her book unfurl the stories of three characters of disparate backgrounds whose lives become intertwined as they find themselves seeking refuge in an outback town. Whilst Aziz, an Afghan refugee, flees the terror of the Taliban and later that of life in an Australian detention centre, former actor Miri escapes the city following the death of her daughter and breakdown of her marriage and Zett and baby Opal, hard-done-by, evade the wrath of an imperious husband. The story sees the three protagonists take up clandestine residence in Havana Gardens, a beautifully-constructed, dilapidated family mansion/hostel/brothel turned temporary sanctuary. As Miri attempts to keep her housemates from the eyes of authorities and assist them on their path to asylum, the pasts of all three characters surface alongside the uncertainties of the future.

Queried as to whether she had political motivations in writing her novel, Carol notes, "You can't really write about asylum without it being political." However, to reduce her book to a simple social commentary on Australian immigration policy would not do it justice. Fundamental to her novel is the idea that no one is exempt from becoming a seeker of refuge. As she explains, "I didn't really start out to write a sort of, you know, drum banging novel on asylum. One reason being I think that perhaps the people that I would like to read about it might be resistant to that and so I wanted to write about it in a way in which it's more integrated into Australian life, because it is Australian life, however much we resist it." Carol demonstrates that the need for refuge takes many forms: "There are three main characters in this book, all of whom are seeking some kind of asylum, but it's only political for one of them." As she shows her markedly different characters to be linked



by the common thread of humanity and their reliance on each other, Carol dissolves boundaries of culture, language and social class. In doing so she provides a perspective that should have you oozing empathy for those who face similar plights, along with the realisation that our wellbeing lies in each other's hands.

Undoubtedly, it is Carol's life of varied experiences and remarkable endeavours that has allowed her to tap into the worlds of such a diverse group of characters so successfully. Whilst her early years were spent in the outback, "free from the dumbing effect of television," she later moved to Sydney as her father, whom she acknowledges as a man who accomplished much in a short time and cites as a major influence, metamorphosed from truck driver to song writer. After leaving school in her "truant teenager" years and releasing her own single in the '60s (!) Carol became a self-educator. She later escaped to New Zealand where she landed a job with the TV news and resided for the next ten years. After applying for a year's leave, her "path was so diverted" that she never returned, escaping again to South Africa during apartheid, where overqualified and under suspicion, she took a job as one of the first female barmaids in a country hotel, drawing a captive audience of local farmers. Her travels have also taken her to New Caledonia, Namibia and the West Indies as well as Chile, where in 1985, she adopted her daughter. It was after dabbling with a few other mediums that Carol began to write. She notes, "It took me a long time to realise that I was trying to be a writer." Realistic about developing her craft, she states, "I gave myself ten years," a time frame that she has just managed to abide by.

Whilst Carol's book is not an autobiography, it is "intensely personal." This is clear from

the vividness of her imagery and the strong sense of place that she creates. The theme of photography - or moments in time - is recurrent throughout the novel and leads to a highly original and beautiful ending, in which she quite literally writes in pictures. Whilst Carol notes, "It's kind of strange to leave the characters," she is currently at work on her next novel, *If You Were Mine*, a story about "adoption, loss and the bond between mother and child," which is set between the Heartbreak Plains of SA and Dublin.

Nights in the Asylum reaffirms fundamental, yet forgotten notions of empathy and goodwill. Carol says of her novel, "Some people have said, all these characters fell in love, but I never saw that as what they did... for me it had the idea behind it that kindness could be as invaluable as love." Returning to Australia after years abroad, she has noted that, "it seems to be a much harder place." Our treatment of refugees testimony to this: "It's amazing we have a government that does that and a population that doesn't understand that persistent cruelty will eventually rebound." She speaks of the "severed connection" between individuals today and our state of "virtual living", due in part to our reliance on technology. She discovered the extent of this on the Internet whilst researching her novel, which lead her to forums on eating disorders: "I'm overwhelmed really by the way in which some women would tell complete strangers the most devastating things about themselves and they didn't feel able to tell anyone close to them... this is really scary."

...Here's hoping that stories such as Carol's will provide us with the impetus to change.

Nights in the Asylum is out now.

Dayna Ziukelis

We have less than 100 days to go now before the final book in J. K. Rowling's Harry Potter series, *Harry Potter and The Deathly Hallows*, is released. As a Christmas present to her fans last year, Rowling released the name of the book on her website after an intriguing game of hangman. Then in early February the release date was given to us: July 21st 2007. Then a few weeks ago the US and the UK children's covers as well as the UK adult cover were unveiled to the general public. So let's recap what has happened so far...

As any fan could tell you, Harry Potter is 'the boy that lived' and was raised by his aunt and uncle and grew up wearing the hand-me-downs of his piggish cousin Dudley. After some issues with a boa constrictor and the postal delivery service, Harry headed off to school. There he and his friends solved the secret of what is hidden at the school and discovered that you can't judge a book by its cover.

In Harry's second year, a rogue house elf tried to stop Harry from returning to school by giving Harry's aunt and uncle their just desserts, but with the aid of a flying Ford Anglia, Harry escapes and makes his way back to school. Upon his return, he was forced to battle with a know-it-all diary, his best friend's possessed sister and a snake that would have enough skin to make an entire collection of shoes and matching handbags. Because the first year's Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher was full of someone else, they had to bring in a teacher who was fully into himself and who, because of a backfiring wand, ended up being full of no one.

His third year at Hogwarts brought an aunt with an inflated ego, a godfather and yet another new Defence teacher (both of whom had a Sirius need for depilatory cream), floating guards with a need to be kissed and a stag who was a ghost of his former self. Time was on Harry's side and he was able to save more than expected. All choc-a-holics rejoiced for it gave us another reason to eat the sweet chocolatey goodness.

The Goblet of Fire was lit and guided the way for a student exchange program with a difference, as well as four dragons. Harry, Hermione and the Weasley family were booted across the countryside for the Quidditch World Cup only to have their camping trip ruined by an over-zealous skywriter. Harry forwent the usual written exams that year for something a little more stimulating. It turned out this year's Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher had a drinking problem and ended up not being as vigilant as he claimed to be. Along with that, as if Harry wasn't having enough issues, his enemy, Lord Voldemort, returned to kill the competition.

In year five Harry created an army in order to battle a Ministry of Magic official who had taken umbrage to the actions of Harry and his so-called lies. Harry became Sirius-ly distressed when his battle with Lord Voldemort and his followers took a shattering turn for the worse. Harry's orbs were smashed but he continued the fight, only to be taken out by a golden statue. Dumbledore explained that all you need is love.

Last time we heard from Harry Potter he had become enamoured with royalty and had problems with a giant slug. Harry and Dumbledore took a stroll down memory lane and start to train for the bout of the century. To help Harry along, Dumbledore took him drinking, only to find that someone else had taken a bite out of the worm long before they initially set off on their night out.

So what is next for our young hero? With his mentor no longer able to advise him, Harry now has to rely on his friends. What are "the deathly hallows"? Are they a person, place or thing? There are a lot of things J.K. Rowling needs to tie up in this final book: the upcoming nuptials, the search for the final horcruxes and finally finding out what the prophecy truly meant.

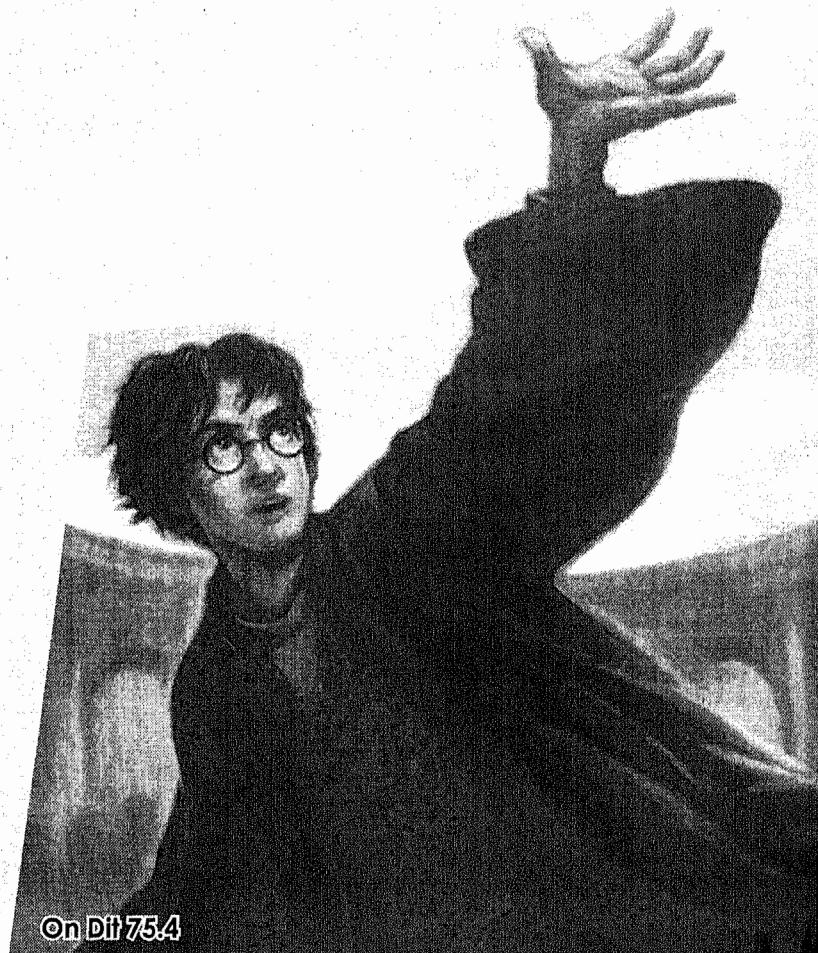
Bulletin boards across cyberspace have come alive with speculation, theories and ideas as to what will happen in this book, but the ultimate question is, will Harry survive? Rowling indicated that two of our beloved characters would be killed off, could this mean that Harry's days are numbered? Or could it be the big bad guy that is destined to be finished off by Harry and his friends? As for Snape, can he be trusted after what he did at the end of the last book? My handy dandy trust-o-meter swings like the Foucault pendulum every time the question is asked.

So on the night of July 20th I will be camping out in Rundle Mall like I have done the last two times the books were released so I can be one of the first to get myself a copy. However there is some part of me that wishes that it wouldn't come out at all as I love conspiracy theories and the constant speculation regarding what is going to happen next thrills me to no end. This speculation has been the cause of many round table discussions with friends and family. Okay, maybe discussion is too nice a word. I should use "argument" instead.

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows is released 21st July 2007 and will be available in all good bookstores.

Gryphon T. Jackson

Potty About Harry



We're not just accountants

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designer

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Graduate program 2008

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Australian Government
Australian Taxation Office

PHOTO: GUY AROLD

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION REFERENDUM 2007

MOTION:

"That as the AUU Board no longer represents the interests of its members, the members declare a vote of no confidence in the AUU Board."

DECLARATION OF RESULT:

Motion Lost

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

NOTICE OF 2007 BY-ELECTION

POLLING DATES: Tuesday 15 May 2007 until Thursday 17 May 2007

NOMINATIONS: Open at 9.00am on Tuesday 1 May 2007
Close at midday on Monday 7 May 2007

POSITIONS AVAILABLE FOR ELECTION:

General Member of the AUU Board (6 positions) - the AUU Board is the governing body of the AUU and is responsible for managing its affairs. The AUU also provides funding for affiliate bodies of the organisation. The Board meets monthly and has various sub-committees in which Board members are expected to participate.

TO NOMINATE AS A CANDIDATE:

1. Only students currently enrolled at the University of Adelaide who are members of the AUU may nominate. Members must be over the age of 18 years, able to hold a liquor licence and be legally able to hold the position of a director of an incorporated association.
2. Nomination forms are available from the opening date of nominations and can be downloaded from www.union.adelaide.edu.au or collected from the AUU Reception – Level 4, Union House (between 9.00am and 5.00pm weekdays).
3. Completed nomination forms must be lodged at AUU Reception, Level 4, Union House (between 9.00am and 5.00pm weekdays) or via Registered Mail addressed to: The Returning Officer, Adelaide University Union, University of Adelaide, 5005, by the close of nominations.
4. A policy statement and photograph can be submitted if desired with the nomination form as follows:
 - *Policy statements must not exceed 200 words and will be cut at that limit.*
 - *Electronic versions of the policy statement and photograph should be provided on disc or CD. Alternatively these can be e-mailed to activities@adelaide.edu.au.*
 - *Policy statements will be accepted in Microsoft Word or Plain Text with digital photos accepted in JPEG or TIFF format, with a minimum 300dpi (for clarity).*
 - *If you are unable to submit your policy statement or photograph as above, please contact the Returning Officer to arrange an alternative method of submission.*

**NOMINATIONS RECEIVED AFTER THE CLOSE OF NOMINATIONS
WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED**

POSTAL VOTES:

Applications may be made to the Returning Officer requesting a postal vote by 4.00pm on Tuesday 8 May 2007.

QUERIES:

Any questions concerning the By-election should be directed to the Returning Officer on 8303 5401 or to duncan.redman@adelaide.edu.au.

Dear Kurt,

"I've got a cupboard with cans of food,
filtered water and pictures of you
and I'm not coming out until this all over."
--Ben Gibbard, 'We Will Become Silhouettes'

Dear Kurt, before I say anything about your brilliance or legacy, I must say one thing: *you fell down and died?* Fucking klutz – what kind of death is that? I read the words on CNN "Novelist Kurt Vonnegut Dies at 84" and tears welled in my eyes. Then I read how it happened and I laughed at your old, clumsy ass. If Salinger had gone that way instead, you would be laughing too – harder than anyone else, I reckon. You were a man who understood that humour has a place in every facet of our lives and for that alone I'll respect and cherish your memory forever.

Dear Kurt, I have a confession to make. I have never read one of your books – not even *Slaughterhouse Five*. The text was assigned in a high school English course and recommended by a man I very much admired two years later, but I just never bothered to read it (nor *Breakfast of Champions*, nor *Bluebeard*, though copies of both are sitting in my library at home, all those thousands of miles of ocean and stories away). Instead, I read some crappy science-fiction-fantasy pablum by Raymond E. Feist; I discovered Eliot, eschewed Wordsworth. Instead I listened to Collective Soul and watched *Saved By the Bell* reruns. Instead I went to high school dances and finger-banged platinum blondes who could barely recite the alphabet, let alone appreciate the written word. I saw that same girl three years ago at a used bookstore where she was buying trashy romance novels and talking about her new truck. Her mouth spewed words that were vapid and utterly meaningless. Moral: I should have spent my time in high school more wisely.

"Your sense of justice was never dulled by the fire-bombing of Dresden, nor by the quiet, depressive, alcohol-and-Pall-Mall-fueled life that you led on Cape Cod afterward."

Dear Kurt, at least I can say that I've read your essays: your criticisms and satire of the current administration and 'our' President who spouts words just barely less meaningless than my platinum blonde ex were remarkably concise, poignant, biting. Your sense of justice was never dulled by the firebombing of Dresden, nor by the quiet, depressive, alcohol-and-Pall-Mall-fueled life that you led on Cape Cod afterward. Your more brilliant quotes alone could consume several pages, and I must admit that I use several of them liberally. My favorite, which I included in an email just last week, is: "When I write, I feel like an armless, legless man with a crayon in his mouth." I think *anyone* who has ever made the conscious decision to be a professional writer knows *exactly* that brand of crippling impotence. Somehow, in 16 words, you managed to say what most of us could not in 16,000.

Dear Kurt, I live on the dry, isolated fringe of a massive continent and I've yet to find one native here who knows or appreciates your work. Even the more literate of the Australians say "Kurt who?" and assume *Slaughterhouse Five* is a gruesome thriller, so I'll console myself, spending the next two days drunk and the days beyond that moody and resentful. I told someone you were, until today, the most famous living American writer and he asked innocently "Why not Salinger?" I wanted to stab him with a broken bottle.

Dear Kurt, tonight I drink to your memory, and to all the novels, editorials, essays, quotes, photographs, crude drawings, jokes, and generally wonderful psychic energy that the rest of us huddled masses must now live without. In many ways, it will be exactly like we lived yesterday, just without your class and style, without your invisible presence smiling at us from just behind our right ear in those gigantic

So

it

goes.

glasses and even larger nose with curly, short, graying locks – a heady mix of Walter Matthau and Woody Allen – telling us *that* line was good, but the next should be *even better*.

Dear Kurt, I'm sorry I never read your books. I suppose I'll read them all now, tossing aside Faulkner, Malouf, O'Henry, and Anne Lamott (she's still got a little life left in her) in a crazed attempt to understand the mind that I took, which many of us took, for granted until this very afternoon. I fantasise that tomorrow I will wake with a splitting headache and crawl to the University library, where I will be greeted by weepy-eyed librarians who inform me, sobbing, that I'm too late – all the Vonnegut books have been checked out in a mad rush of sadness and half the Fitzgerald too, because those poor, starving wrecks needed *something* to read, and for once Dan Brown and J.K. Rowling *just wouldn't fucking cut it*. But this scenario won't come to pass, Kurt, and we both know it. If I went down tomorrow, the girl behind the desk would wrinkle her pug nose and point me to the 'Contemporary American Fiction' section (as if you were incapable of transcending boundaries of nationality and genre) and I would find your entire library, waiting, untouched and barely remembered. No, I think I'll walk over right now, Kurt, and get them before their very presence tomorrow depresses me - and I'll read them all, Kurt, I promise, just as I promised Mr. Wymbs one apathetic afternoon seven years ago.

Dear Kurt, in essence this is less of a tribute and more of an apology for loving but not understanding you fully – for appreciating your life and mind, but not to the extent that I would deign to read the gifts you so openly gave. Today I face the truth, Kurt: I'm a barely literate amateur writer, while you are an outstandingly brilliant, hyper-literate artist who is now dead. So I'm going to make it up to you. Right now. This very instant. I've just returned from a stumble to the library where I piled seven of your books under my arm: *Slaughterhouse Five*, *The Sirens Of Titan*, *Cat's Cradle*, *Breakfast Of Champions*, *Fates Worse Than Death*, *A Man Without A Country*, and *Hocus Pocus*. I've got eight litres of wine, Kurt, four red and four white, and a pack of 25 Winfields. I've got one and a half pizzas, a kilo of rice, some pasta, two chicken schnitzels and a box of generic cornflakes (no milk). I'm going into mourning, and I'm not coming out until those books are read.

Dear Kurt, while I'm devouring your words like warm pastries, you go to Heaven. Pull on Jesus' beard. Tell him the M&Ms joke of which I am so fond. Say "wocka wocka" and waddle away like Groucho Marx, cigar in tow. Ask God where he keeps the mini-weenies, then ride the cosmic firepole down to hell and play beach volleyball with Satan, Milton, Mitch Hedburg, Ghandi, and all the others who were smart enough to deny the bullshit that floated just above their heads. Take a whack at Anna Nicole Smith while you're at it—she's probably having more trouble adjusting to the heat than you will.

Forever Yours, Apologetically, Dear Kurt,

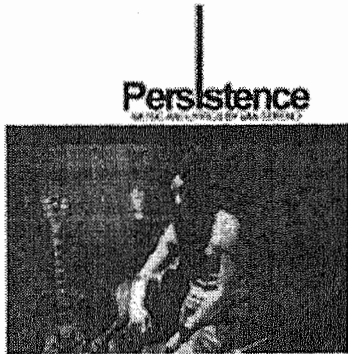
Adam Finley

27

MUSIC

Editor: Chelsea Sinnott

onditmusic@gmail.com



Van Sereno
Persistence

I've had this album spinning in my car for a couple of days now, and I'm still not sure what to make of it. Van Sereno is a songwriter/guitarist based in Sydney who has vast experience in the funk/acoustic/roots scene there, which is immediately obvious on first listen. He cites influences such as Stevie Wonder, George Benson and Prince, but I hear newer influences - John Mayer, Jack Johnson, Ani DiFranco, Jason Mraz, Teddy Geiger and maybe even a little Jamiroquai.

The opening track, 'Little Bonsai', takes the idea of metaphor way too far and is bloody annoying, yet 'Anyway' and 'Stop Wasting My Time' are nice little tracks in an album that could've been easily culled to an EP. 'There's Something There' invokes The Cat Empire big-time and the rest of the CD was a 'flick through, find something that grabs me' experience where the songs just kept running into each other and sounding the same.

The solid musicianship and vocals really stand out on this album - Van can definitely play and sing, although he does a lot of this 'talk-sing' thing à la Jason Mraz that doesn't work. Less words, more melody, Van. I suppose my main problem with this CD is that it's too chilled for me. The songwriting is good, but it doesn't grab me. This is the sort of CD you'd want to play in a café - great background music but not catchy enough to drag your customers away from their coffee and conversation.

K.D



Rod Ladgrove
Snapshots

Rod Ladgrove is a 23-year-old folk rock singer who now calls Adelaide home. Born a Queenslander, he travelled extensively through the UK and USA, where he was inspired to write a bunch of songs and record them in a Gold Coast home studio. The result is *Snapshots*, a ten-track album that unfortunately has the run time of an EP. Nonetheless it's an enjoyable listen.

Track one, entitled 'Snapshots', aptly enough, sets the tone of this release. It's relaxed, melodic and the perfect accompaniment to a road trip. Things get a bit more upbeat with track three, 'Van Nguyen', the story of an executed drug trafficker.

The running order on this EP is really well designed. You put it on, you get into the vibe of it and it just flows so well. The only problem I have with it is that it just doesn't go for long enough.

Snapshots is being launched at the Jade Monkey on the 12th of May with guests Nadjeska. You can grab a CD and entry for only \$15!



Angelik
It Won't Stay That Way

New line-up and a new EP = high expectations for *moi*. I've watched this band around the traps for ages and was really looking forward to hearing the new material coming out of their corner. KO first round? Not really.

The title track 'It Won't Stay That Way' is definitely the standout and has this real early Strokes/Donnas hybrid feel to it. Driving rhythm section and gang vocals (louder please!) means that you'll catch yourself singing along, especially when driving. 'Rolling' is another beer-swilling, pub sing-along type song that screams for attention, while 'Let's Go Out Tonight' is my personal pick from this EP. It has a style reminiscent of Blondie and is probably the best-crafted song on the CD in terms of structure and dynamics.

The fault of *It Won't Stay That Way* is not really in the songs, but in the post-production. The guitar(s) and drums can both afford to come up in the mix and pack a bit more punch, while I'd love to hear the backing vocals done by both Laken (lead singer - kinda like Gwen Stefani on crack) and the boys brought out a little more to make the sound a little fuller.

The energetic old-school punk stylings that this band so feverishly displays onstage just don't translate well onto CD, so retreat to your corner, take out your mouth guard, shake your head and let's go for Round 2.

K.D.



Tori Amos
American Doll Posse

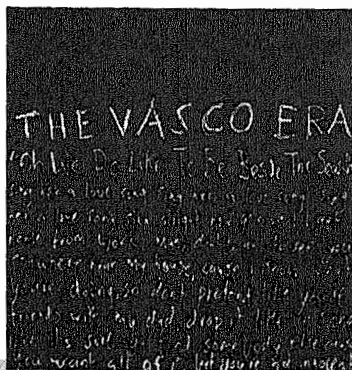
"Where have we gone wrong America? Is this just the Madness of King George?" Tori Amos poses the question in the opening track 'Hey George', in her latest opus, *American Doll Posse*. This collection of 20 tracks endeavours to make you think. There are some obvious themes here like war, politics and sexuality, but what makes this album so interesting is Amos' comment on femininity.

Tori Amos has created five alter-egos who each have personality, beliefs and even fashion senses different to one another. Tori draws from Greek mythology to create her goddesses. Isabel, who is a reflection of Artemis, is a political character; it's her voice that opens and closes the album, with 'Hey George' and 'Dark Side of the Sun'. Clyde draws from Peresphone and is idealistic and somewhat emotional; she sings 'Girl Disappearing' and 'Roosterspur Bridge'. Pip represents Athena, a warrior who sings rockier tracks 'Teenage Hustling' and 'Body and Soul'. Santa replicates Aphrodite, a sensualist singer whose voice is heard on tracks 'Secret Spell' and 'You Can Bring Your Dog'. Finally, Tori draws from both Demeter and Dionysus, thus channelling both the Mother and the Father as heard in 'Big Wheel' and 'Digital Ghost'.

It's certainly an amazing concept, but more than that, the music is actually good. Tori Amos has made some brilliant music over the years, but I have always fallen short of being a solid fan because she has also produced some crap. *American Doll Posse* is intelligent, beautifully produced and great to just listen to. There is some exceptional use of stringed instruments, some heavier bass tracks on songs like 'Body and Soul', and of course Tori's signature piano and vocal sound too, but on this album it's not as overpowering as it can often be.

American Doll Posse is released May 1 through Sony BMG.

Chelsea



The Vasco Era
Oh We Do Like to Be Beside the Seaside

I love the Vasco Era. They are one of those bands that have been playing gigs in Adelaide for quite a while and I always meant to go and see them, but let other things get in the way. That was until early last year, when I finally caught them at Jive and I was instantly converted.

The Vasco Era are a three-piece hailing from Victoria's Apollo Bay. The band comprises Michael Fitzgerald on drums, and brothers Sid and Ted O'Neil on lead vocals; guitar and bass respectively. They travelled to San Francisco recently and recorded their first full-length album *Oh We Do Like to Be Beside the Seaside*, which is their third release, following on from EPs *Let It Burn* and *Miles*. Personally I was ecstatic to hear that the Vasco guys had some new material; my flatmate has been playing *Miles* at ridiculous volumes and rotations for about six months now and it was starting to drive me somewhat insane.

Oh We Do Like to Be Beside the Seaside is everything you could want from the Vasco Era and more. Production-wise it beautifully captures that unique, raw blues-rock sound that makes them so unbelievably good live. 'When It First Showed Up' and 'When You Went' are perfect, catchy blues-rock songs that make you want to don your dirty jeans, drink and rock out. For once, the Vasco guys actually slow it down, and track five, 'When We Forgot to Ask Ourselves Why It Ever Came', showcases Sid's vocal ability in a beautiful and melancholic ditty. All the tracks on this record start with the word 'when' and some of them like 'When We Lost Faith in Everyone, Especially Middle Aged People' are ludicrously long. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to figure out why that is.

For me, 'Honey Bee (When It Was Making Weird Love Songs)' is the best song on the album. Sid howls, screams and wails the vocals for this track and listening to it actually makes me wince just thinking of the damage the guy probably did to himself to get the vocal take down. I can't wait to see them do it live.

Oh We Do Like to Be Beside the Seaside is out May 5th through Universal Records.

Chelsea



Blow Up Betty
Asking for Trouble

This is pop-punk, pure and simple. I could easily imagine it as the sort of soundtrack you'd use in EVERY teen TV drama or high school movie during that requisite scene where the geeky-on-the-outside Cinderella stereotype breaks up with her geeky-on-the-inside Prince Charming stereotype and then in a diabolical hissy-fit of rage goes into her bedroom to tear up and burn every single photo and reminder of her now-ex-boyfriend.

Although it may not be the most original or groundbreaking record in any way, it's damn catchy and effective for what it is. As such, most songs fit rather neatly into a simple fists-in-the-air formula: interchange sung and screamed verse/chorus on simple concepts of love vs hate, throw in some "oi oi oi"-style loutish backups, hammer it in with punchy stop-start guitar riff attacks, fat thumping bass hooks, stabby-stabby drums and then drill it all flaming into the ground for two or three minutes before you run out of oxygen and die.

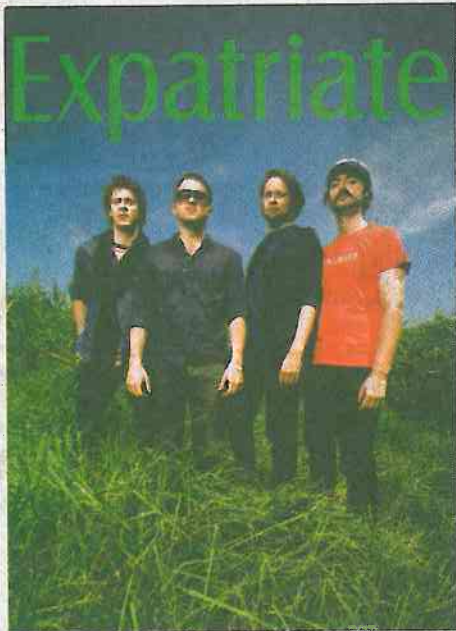
The first four songs, 'The Best Drug', 'Just Not In My Arms', 'Whatcha Got' and 'You (Don't Wanna Be)', especially fit into this category. They hammer down your ears with such diabolical conviction that by the gentle breather of track five's intro you'd almost want to curl up and die, before finally being hit with a crushing blow in the epic four minutes that is 'Inside Your Pretty Head' (which I could easily imagine as a replacement theme song to *Degrassi High*).

Still, when it comes to being beaten black and blue, you couldn't hope for better production: everything's delivered sharp, abrupt and punchy without much in the way of over-embellishment and at just over 17 1/2 minutes (including the bonus track) it doesn't overstay it's welcome either.

If you love to break shit, set fire to things and throw yourself around like a chiropractic injury to dumb-as-fuck sing-along pop-punk, then you'll absolutely love this record and should buy it immediately. Anyone else should step back and keep a fire extinguisher handy, for as they say, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned!" Ouch!

Spoz

INTERVIEWS



Sydney band Expatriate have been making music industry waves in the past few months and with the imminent release of their newest recording, *Play A Part*, I thought it high time to have a few words with keyboardist Damian and see just where it all started, what it all means and why we here in A-town should be welcoming the Expatriate lads into our humble homes.

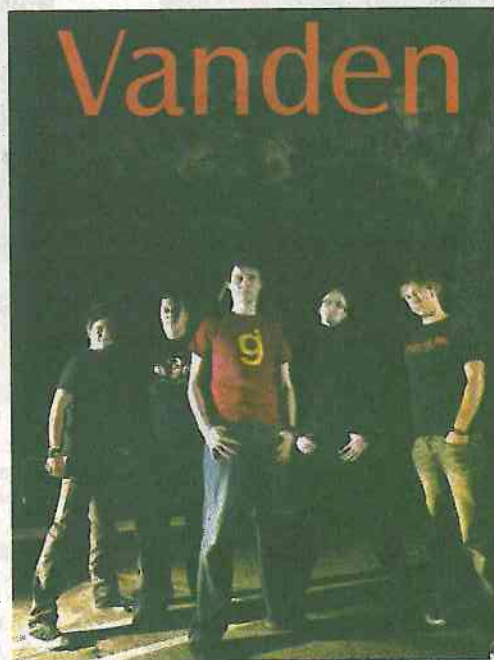
"The name Expatriate is based on the other guys' travelling experience. Ben grew up in Jakarta and came back to Sydney later on, and Chris is from Greece, so that's the meaning behind our band name," Damian explains. "Expatriate was formed from two separate bands; Chris and I were sharing a house, and Ben wanted to come into Ginsberg studios (which Damian owns) and cut some demos, the band was basically formed from there, it was a very quick process, six months later we were signed." In fact the group's progress is highly impressive given the time frame that they have been working in. Expatriate have already travelled to the UK and Canada and chose to record in Seattle with renowned producer and engineer John Goodmason of Death Cab for Cutie and Wu-Tang fame, among others.

I asked Damian how Expatriate came to record in Seattle with John. "Dew Process sent out demos from the studio, Ed Buller who had done Pulp etc. was interested, but we liked Goodmason's rawer sound. We listened to his production and he had that gritty, high end sound, but nothing too slick. We wanted to capture that live grit," he explained.

When asked to describe Expatriate's sound, Damian depicts it as, "basically elements of indie rock, driven guitars, with a sense of ethereal texture and tonality. Guitar like keys, keys like guitars, kind of Air, somewhat influenced by New Order, U2, The Doves. It's emotive heart-on-sleeve lyrical content that's 'politics of the heart.'" It seems to be working too. The album is instantly likable, a solid collection of emotional rock songs that draw from that vein that has been so well exploited by bands like Jet and The Killers. Expatriate, though, have very much made their own mark on it.

Play A Part is out now through Universal and you can catch Expatriate live at Fowlers on May 21st.

Chelsea



Melbourne rock/metal/hardcore act Vanden are as warped personally as they are musically. I caught up with vocalist James, to discuss why chicken was of such high importance to Vanden and just what they have in common with larger-than-life *Australian Idol* Casey Donovan. But first, the all-important name. "Vanden is a character in *American Psycho*. One of our friends mentioned it to us and we didn't like it at first, but I came across it again in a scrap book and it just seemed to fit," James says.

Vanden have been playing in Melbourne for about 18 months. They were all in established bands prior to forming Vanden, but line-up changes and other circumstances forced a re-evaluation for the band members. "I went overseas on the eve of releasing an EP. Things fell apart. I got a call from Nick and I joined their band, we got Eddie from Bison, when we started playing we had a very different style, so we decided to change the name and go from there." After the rough start Vanden seemed to settle down quite easily into the recording process. "We just recorded 13 tracks at Base Studios in Melbourne, who did a lot of the *Australian Idol* stuff, Casey Donovan and the like. Forrester Savelli (Karnivool) also produced it, so we spent a lot of time in the home studio and then redid everything with Forrester, which was really cool."

Vanden are a pretty business-like band. Not only do they take their recording seriously, it even extends to their touring. Aye, even to Adelaide. When I asked James why they chose to play the Crown and Anchor and do an all ages set, he informed me that they had "analysed the friends on Vanden's MySpace page." He says, "60% of our listeners are aged 13-21, so when the all ages show at the Crown and Anchor turned up, we jumped on it." I was intrigued with the idea that a band such as Vanden, who attribute their sound to 'chicken', and write their bio in dot points, takes such consideration for their audience. James says in regards to MySpace that, "This is where us and most bands get a lot of their listeners nowadays and do business. We were running in Taste of Chaos and we got a lot of friends through that. You can try and turn people into liking your music as much as you like, but you are better off advertising to the kids who like it more." Overall though, Vanden, like most bands in the Oz music industry, want people to get out of the house and go see live, original music.

You can catch Vanden at Enigma on the 18th of May, or at an all ages gig at the Crown and Anchor on the 20th.

Chelsea

The Smashing Pumpkins

Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness

Usually an add-on where the column fills in itself. When I first heard of the edit, I thought to myself, what music do I remember about? Then I realised, heck, why not do a massive album by a massive band that the kids may have forgotten about: Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness, more accurately referred to as MC1 by the Smashing Pumpkins. The fact that the Pumpkins have reformed and are touring and releasing a new album this year, albeit only with lead singer James Patrick Buckley, Billy Corgan and drummer extraordinaire Jimmy Chamberlin (along with the fact that the deadline for submission is two days past) made this decision a lot easier.

On the back of the multi-platinum *Sieranevaz Dream* (which made the band a household name), they went big, releasing a 28-track double album that spanned over two hours. Now the album is nowhere near as personal and stark as *Sieranevaz Dream* but that is never what the mid-90s were really all about, it was about detachment, apathy and anger.

There is evidence of this all around MC1. "Zero" ("God is empty, just like me"), "Butterfly Wings" ("Despite all my rage, I am still just a rat in a cage"), and "Forever and Goldlight" ("The sun shines but I don't"), now I'm not saying Corgan to be broken but some lyrics that don't sound like they were taken from a fourteen-year-old girl. MC1's poetry book would have made this album a lot stronger. Nevertheless, the aforementioned songs are some of my guilty pleasures and among the best tracks on the album.

Where some songs may not hit as hard lyrically, this is a very strong album musically. Not only are there simple pop melodies, Corgan and co. double it, only rock (especially on the vast *Dreams*), electronic (could be Luke!), mix of metal, jangle-pop, and psychedelia all around. There is some fantastic guitar work all over the place and used effects that are utilised brilliantly in songs such as "There is No Way".

The album's masterpiece and one of the

great songs of the decade that was the "Pus has to be 1979". The nostalgia in going into classic brings a touch of calm to the album, easing the angst and anger of most of the album. Corgan's clear and strong vocals in the chorus carry the song to such a high ("We don't even care as restless as we are").

For the past few hours, I have been reacquainting myself to the teenage favourite while playing the first chapter of *Commander Keen* and I have realised something (other than how a kid can make an intergalactic spaceship out of wood and metal): this album is not as bitter and as bleak, indeed this has to be one of the most indulgent albums released in the '90s. It is quite overwhelming to listen to the entire two hours without taking a break from the longer tracks and the ones that really sound the same ("Bodies" sounds really believable, for a pop album to really hit the mark, you need to be interesting enough that the listener cannot help but continue to listen) (see *White Album*, *Physical Graffiti*, *Electric Blue*).

What a lot of bands tried to achieve (if by looking at you, *Gilt Peppers*) is that you don't need live concert gigs to have a massive impact on the music world. Compare MC and *Stadium Arcadium* to a much shorter album, say *Pink*. 15-track *Goodbye* where a many

beautiful and unique ideas are crammed into its quarter 35-minute frame.

Zentopia is the album that Corgan and Chamberlin are polishing off and releasing on the 7th of July this year. Coincidentally this is the same day they will be playing the ridiculously massive Love Earth concert (Wikipedia it, it looks big). Let's hope that it is a good comeback album for the Pumpkins and better than Corgan's 2003 solo effort.

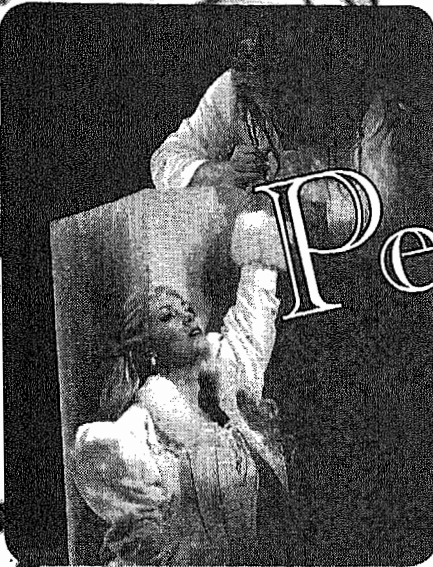
Although many Pumpkins fans will argue that they are an album-oriented band, I feel that there is so much strength in the singles, not only on this album but also on *Sieranevaz Dream*, *One and Alone* that you wouldn't be going a bad thing getting the greatest hits *Rotten Apples* (although you would be missing out on songs like "Tonight, Tonight" and "There is No Way"). That said, *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness* simply embodies the uncertain, anxious and at times overwhelming '90s.

If you liked:

The Damocles Spiral - Nine Inch Nails
The Thirteenth Step - Infectious Child
In Stereo - Nirvana
Live Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness is for you.

Robert Bateman

Performing Arts



Radiant

**Australian Chamber Orchestra
Adelaide Town Hall
March 20**

Finnish pianist Olli Mustonen is a good match for the ACO. The orchestra, known for its groundbreaking interpretations as much as for its technical excellence, was well-suited to Mustonen's striking version of Mozart's *Piano concerto No. 11*. Far from the featherlight touch so often applied to Mozart's music by pianists, Mustonen was committed to a percussive sound that brought out unexpected contrasts in the score.

This wouldn't have been everyone's cup of tea, and the pianist's flailing arms and twitching head were nothing short of off-putting. This was even more so in his own composition, *Toccata*. A ten-minute *pastiche*, it was most notable for the flurry of activity at its conclusion, which had the audience gasping for breath.

A similar effect was achieved at the end of Walton's *Sonata for Strings*, by far the most substantial work on the program. In essence, the ACO is a very good string orchestra and the chance to hear very good music written for strings was a relatively rare treat. Sibelius' suite *Rakastava (The Lover)* was in a similar vein.

All of this came after the rousing opening work, the inventive *Symphony in B-flat major, Wq. 182, No. 2* by CPE Bach. Here the orchestra was on home soil, with turns and twists that suited the players' energetic style.

It seems that despite recent changes in personnel, the orchestra has retained the qualities for which it is held in such high esteem by so many. If it keeps collaborating with likeminded soloists such as Olli Mustonen, there should be plenty of interest and novelty in its presentations.

Benedict Coxon

Successful Beginning to Grainger Season

**'Genesis'
Grainger Quartet
Elder Hall
March 31**

The aptly named concert, 'Genesis', opened the Grainger Quartet's first ever subscription series, bringing back home the exquisite chamber music Adelaide used to be able to call its own. The quartet makes no secret of its origins: violist Jeremy Williams began the concert with an introduction and welcome to their new cellist, the talented Patrick Murphy, who has the distinction of being the only person to have belonged at one time or another to all three quartets: the Tankstream, the Australian String and now the Grainger!

'Genesis' brought to a close a day of rigorous education, all four quartet members having spent the morning tutoring local quartets in an educational first: QuartetFest. Quartets ranging from junior high-school through to professional level played for each other and for Grainger's capable exponents, eager to improve their skills. Participants and spectators alike agreed that the expert coaching brought clearly audible and sometimes even visible improvement.

'Genesis' opened with Barber's *String Quartet Op 11*, made famous by the *Adagio*, lurking here as the second movement in its original form. The spritely *Allegro* was energetically played, delaying and embracing the *Adagio* that was performed with such freshness and impassioned inevitability that it brought a tear to many a present eye. The conservative meat of the program was Beethoven's *Harp Quartet Op 74* and Brahms' *String Quartet in A minor Op 51 No 2*, both vividly musical and alive, and built on a flawless technical foundation. These were neatly divided with a cute, but altogether too short interjection by Percy Grainger: *Arrival Platform Humlet* in violinist James Cuddeford's own arrangement for string quartet.

Concert Two 'Equilibrium', will reach the Adelaide Town Hall stage on July 25, and October's third subscription concert will be accompanied by the second QuartetFest.

Edward Ananian-Cooper

Masterful Display

**Master Series 2 "Concertmaster's Concerto"
Adelaide Town Hall
March 29-31**

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra presented an evening of diverse classical flavour in its second Malaysian Airlines Master Series concert. The program included Stravinsky's *Concerto in E flat for chamber orchestra "Dumbarton Oaks"*, Haydn's *Symphony No. 104 "London"* and the *Violin Concerto* by Beethoven.

Stravinsky's "Dumbarton Oaks" concerto was intentionally written in the style of a Bach *Brandenburg Concerto* and its structure and melodic lines clearly resembled Bach's masterpieces. A reduced chamber orchestra of only fifteen players tackled this rhythmically driven concerto, with the strong percussion-like bass line as the driving force. Although the concerto was a typical example of Stravinsky's neo-classicism in its irregular beats and simple harmonic structure, the last movement in particular showed certain departure from his strict composition style. Extended melodies and clear harmonic progression became more and more prominent, and they were beautifully performed by the ASO.

The ASO showed its class with the performance of Haydn's *Symphony No. 104 in D*. Highly organised classical playing style adopted by the ASO was very effective, combined with expressive interpretation by the conductor Stefan Solyom. The intonation in the winds, however, could be improved.

Terence Tam, the concertmaster of ASO and also the soloist in Beethoven's *Violin Concerto*, truly shone as the star of the evening. His focused sound and impeccable technique provided the foundation for his dazzling interpretation of the concerto. His breath taking trills and subtle variation of vibrato captivated the audience throughout the piece. The especially beautifully played slow movement was without question the highlight of this concert.

Yasuto Nakamura



Mozart Provides Solid Entertainment

The Marriage of Figaro
Opera Australia
Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House
January 2-March 31

Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* was written more than two hundred years ago, yet a good staging can allow it to be as entertaining as it would have been when it was first performed. Neil Armfield's 2002 production for Opera Australia and the Welsh National Opera is just such a staging, achieving the perfect balance between traditionalism and freshness with a cheeky take on what in some respects is very much a period piece.

As an ensemble company, Opera Australia is well positioned to present Mozart's operas, and this is borne out by the performances of the cast in this production. Joshua Bloom impresses with the warmth of his voice, while Tiffany Speight shines as Susanna. Jose Carbo turns up the sleaze as the Count and Hye Seoung Kwon shows promise in the role of the Countess. Sally-Anne Russell almost steals the show with her comic turn as Cherubino, and Graeme Macfarlane also garners laughs as Don Basilio and Don Curzio. Jud Arthur as Dr Bartolo could probably rein in his booming baritone, but Adele Johnston is a perfect foil as Marcellina.

Ollivier-Philippe Cuneo is at the helm of the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra, and his animated direction seems to inject verve into the playing. Some of the quicker passages present ensemble problems, but these improve as the performance proceeds.

Dale Ferguson's designs feature drapes that allow efficient use of the stage area, and the few contemporary props thrown into the largely traditionalist staging steer clear of overpowering the overall style but provide some subtle humour. Touches like these, combined with the wonderful comic timing shown by the cast (a credit to revival director Roger Press) and some very fine performances of some of Mozart's most famous arias make for a highly entertaining evening in the theatre.

Benedict Coxon

Wayward Direction, Spectacular Set

Alcina
Opera Australia
Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House
February 23-March 30

Staging an opera by Handel is not an easy task. Should the singers deliver their arias with minimal accompanying action, so as to turn the focus onto the music, or should there be constant action to reinforce the plot and keep audience members on their toes (or possibly the edge of their seats)? Young director Justin Way, in this new production of *Alcina* for Opera Australia, chooses technological gimmicks and poorly choreographed dances in an effort to maintain interest. The result is a series of varied theatrical devices that rob the production of logic.

That being the case, music director, and conductor for this season, Richard Hickox has assembled a fine cast that breathes new life into Handel's score. Rachele Durkin is outstanding in the title role. Clear-voiced, and handling the myriad of runs with aplomb, the audience was surprised by the announcement made prior to the third Act that she was unwell and had previously been unable to perform.

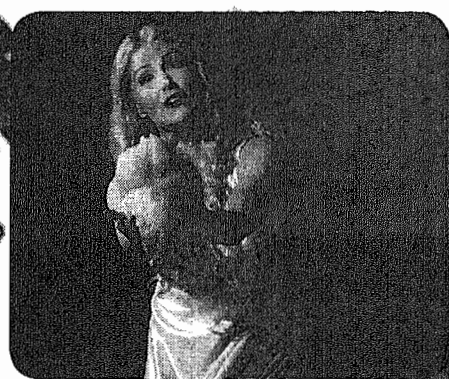
The mezzo-sopranos, Sally-Anne Russell as Bradamante, Sarah Castle as Ruggerio and Sarah Crane as Oberto, fare less well as they at times struggle to be heard over the orchestra. Natalie Jones as Morgana, Henry Choo as Oronte and Richard Alexander as Melisso have no such problems. All parts are well-acted, though Sarah Castle in aiming to make the knight Ruggerio seem foppish ends up making him seem twelve years old.

Hickox keeps the music hurtling along, though the vitality that this produces is to the detriment of the singers' ability to articulate the notes in their runs. Some of the slow arias could be taken a touch slower to draw out the dissonances and emotional power.

Andrew Hays' and Kimm Kovac's set is the best element of the production, with a spectacular *coup de theatre* in Act III. Unfortunately, director Way has decided to repeat the trick, thereby somewhat defeating the purpose of the device. This is symbolic of the apparent lack of thought that has gone into the staging; a pity when one takes into account the considerable talents and efforts of the cast.

There will be another season of *Alcina* in December at the State Theatre, the Arts Centre, Melbourne. For more details, visit www.opera-australia.org.au.

Benedict Coxon



Vocal Powerhouse Stars in Premiere

Rusalka
Opera Australia
Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House
March 9-28

Much has been made in recent years of Cheryl Barker's return to Australia and Opera Australia's consequent ability to stage operas with demanding soprano roles. The Australian premiere of *Rusalka* proves the point, with an exceptional performance from Barker in the title role, in a clever production by Olivia Fuchs.

Barker's vocal power is enough to raise the roof of the Opera Theatre, and the role of the water nymph seems well-suited to her range. But her dramatic skills are equally important, in no small way because she is mute for a large part of the opera. The rest of the cast is just as strong, with Bruce Martin as the water sprite, Elizabeth Whitehouse as the Foreign Princess (in spite of a broken arm) and Ann-Marie Owens as Jezibaba. Rosario La Spina as the Prince is particularly impressive as he hits the high notes, though he often sounds like he's singing his Czech with an Italian accent.

The success of Olivia Fuchs' production lies in its portrayal of the separate worlds of the humans and of the various mythological creatures. Niki Turner's versatile set combines with Bruno Poet's simple lighting to transport the audience between a mystical underwater world and that of 1900s Bohemia in an instant. Touches of humour prevent us from trying to take all of the mythology too seriously, but are not so heavy or frequent as to detract from the story being told.

This production, originally presented by Opera North some years ago, could quite possibly be the highlight of this year's operatic calendar in Australia, with its effective story-telling, lush score (given a sweeping performance by the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra under Richard Hickox) and strong cast. See it if you can.

There will be another season of *Rusalka* in April and May at the State Theatre, the Arts Centre, Melbourne. For more details, visit www.opera-australia.org.au.

Benedict Coxon

FILM



**Editors: Aslan Mesbah, Steph Walker
and Genevieve Williamson**

Clubland Rated MA

Season Commences May 17

After a very successful release at Sundance Film Festival the Australian movie *Clubland* received its Australian premiere at Adelaide's own film festival earlier this year.

Tim (Khan Chittenden) is a 20 year old living in suburban Sydney with his brother Mark (Richard Wilson) and mother Jean (Brenda Blethyn). Tim's a virgin who cares for his disabled brother Mark and his mother, an English showy comedienne has-been. Tim became the figurative glue that kept the family together after his parents' bitter divorce and spends his time driving Jean to RSL gigs and running his own small business as a removalist.

Paris Je T'aime Rated MA

Now Showing at Selected Cinemas

Having talent such as the Coen Brothers, Steve Buscemi, Elijah Wood, Gerard Depardieu, Maggie Gyllenhaal *et al* on board has certainly ensured that *Paris Je t'Aime* will be a high-quality anthology of short films with major worldwide distribution.

Like a travelogue, we get to see some lovingly-rendered portraits of Parisian streets, nightlife and love. Like a friend returning from overseas narrating every minute detail of his trip with a slide show, this series of short films carries on far too long. Nearly two hours of loosely-tied, jagged, uneven stories have some magic moments, but it is inherently difficult in this format to create a cohesive whole that engages your consistent interest and passion throughout.

However, here are some standouts from the smorgasbord: the Coen Brothers direct Steve Buscemi as a tourist in an amusing yet disturbing dilemma, Maggie Gyllenhaal as a hash-addicted actress and her dealer missing and mixing up signals, Elijah Wood's reincarnation as a vampire in love and Oscar Wilde returning from his Parisian grave to put humour and life into a groom who cannot laugh.

The highlight is Alexander Payne's *14 Arrondissement* with Margo Martindale as an overweight, middle-aged American tourist narrating her visit in heavily American-accented French, which brings a fresh amusement to the rendition and in the final scene pays off with a wonderful sense of poignancy and new life.

Paris Je T'aime is, more than anything, a series of wonderfully painted scenes of a beautiful city.

Rating: 

Eddie Crismani

Yet when the highly naive and sweet Tim meets Jill - a young woman moving houses with her roommate - all previous dynamics shift and the foundations of his life begin to rupture. Tim's hilarious and controlling mother thwarts his attempts at maintaining a girlfriend. Jean's bid to preserve family life while realising her comedy career is circling the drain puts pressure of every facet of Tim's life. Tim is being forced to choose between two passionate and loving women who are vying for his affection.

A strong and precise mother and son/love story written by Keith Thompson and directed immaculately by Cherie Nowland, *Clubland* deserves your attention for its May 17 release date. The soundtrack ranging from JJJ's *Like a Version* song 'Tyron' to a myriad of obscure acts is worth the ticketing price alone. However what truly stands out is the cast. Brenda Blethyn is always a sure bet, but the real marvel are the three young cast members. Khan Chittenden, Emma Booth and Richard Wilson play the roles of Tim, Jill and Mark so superbly I cannot imagine anyone else filling their roles adequately. Emma Booth, in her first feature film swaps between comedic and dramatic with such ease that I would place money on her future success (no I wouldn't, that's illegal). Warner Independent bought the rights to *Clubland* after its success at Sundance for the ever-important US, UK and German markets.

Rating: 

Steph Walker



Noise

Rated MA
Season Commences May 3

Every now and then, a masterly film comes along and reminds us of the sheer exuberance and meaning of cinema. *Noise* is one such film. Director Saville has made a film of such visceral strength that it makes us flinch, even while it imparts some deep aesthetic pleasures.

The film itself is permeated by *Noise*, the noise in this case is the tinnitus that affects the lead character, policeman Graham McGann. The ringing in his ears is amplified to a sickening degree for the sake of the audience. We identify with this very likeable policeman and share his trauma. McGann (Brendan Cowell) is asked by his boss to spend time in a police van in a particular suburb in order to investigate certain murders in that community. A number of people have been brutally shot in a train and another woman has been killed and her body dumped in the grass. McGann has to establish links with people in the community, ask questions without being too offensive and try to find out who committed these crimes.

The camerawork in this film is a thing of wonder. The camera is almost always moving and in close up. We are pushed so close to the characters (especially their faces) that we feel we are in the same room with them. We are forced to identify with them so closely that we register every flicker of emotion.

Then, there is the sound! Sound designer Emma Bortignon, a true sound poet, has fused sounds in such a way that McGann's ear afflictions, sounds in the train station, the sound of a cigarette being lit and countless other sounds unfold in one exquisite tapestry. It's like a live thing that rolls over the audience, teasing it into strange and unusual responses. Sound here is amplified, softened, stretched and squeezed to become something apart; something alive and mind-altering.

McGann is convinced that he is not a good person. He doesn't even want the job of investigating these murders. Yet he is successful, and his success is also his greatest tragedy. He uncovers the killer and takes him on in a startling and brutal way.

Noise embellishes the fantasy (or is it hope?) we all share: the idea that behind the white picket fences and smiling faces of Australian suburbia, lurk elemental passions, just waiting to explode and overwhelm us all.

Rating:



Cherian Philipose



MARK WAHLBERG

YESTERDAY
WAS ABOUT HONOUR.
TODAY
IS ABOUT JUSTICE.

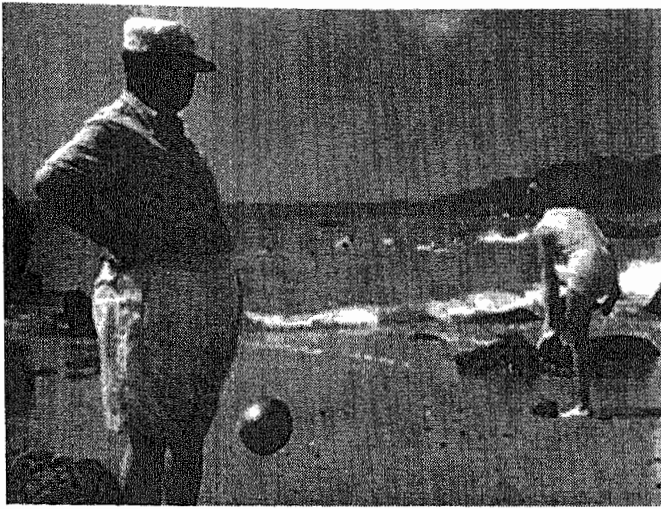
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MA 15+ Strong violence RESTRICTED

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Mr Hulot's Holiday

Rated G

Widely Available on DVD

The French title for this unusual film is *Les Vacances de M. Hulot* and it was the first outing for director Jacques Tati's iconic character, Mr Hulot. Nowadays a well-studied cult classic, this 1953 comedy is a subtle commentary on the culture of seaside holidaying in post-war France.

While at times off-beat and even oddly edited, the film is nevertheless an hilarious blend of visual gags, slapstick, stock characters and seaside scenery. Tati overhauls the conventions of plot and instead creates an episodic series of meal times, leisure activities, sport and accidents, all of which never fail to both amuse and confuse.

One important thing to know about this DVD release is to first attend to the set-up options and to be aware that the English language version of the film enables an entirely different viewing experience to the original French, with subtitles. Strangely, the English version also contains subtitles, but with a different diegetic soundtrack. This adds to the fun in some scenes and provides Tati with a subtle means of stirring the pot against the bureaucracy, the media and capitalism.

The film opens with characters in transit to their resort. Hulot (Tati) is one of the masses, himself opting to arrive at the *Hotel de la Plage* by road in a ramshackle car that must be seen to be believed.

Tall, pipe-smoking and courtesy-obsessed, Hulot walks with spring-heeled stoop and spends the entire film encroaching upon the space and serenity of both his fellow guests and understandably put-out hotel staff. Horse-riding, swimming, kayaking, ballroom dancing and, most memorably, tennis, all provide ample bellylaughs as Hulot stumbles and bumbles his way through the film.

Shot in black and white, the film also features a wonderfully loungey jazz theme that enters and leaves the action at random and serves as a counter to Hulot's noisy and endlessly disruptive presence. Before the masterworks and the bankruptcy as Tati pushed deeper into symbolism and commentary on the modern condition, came *Mr Hulot's Holiday*, still a very funny film and perfect for newcomers to Tati.



John De Laine

Becoming Jane

Rated PG

Now Showing at Cinemas Everywhere

Becoming Jane is a film virtually in a class of its own. Similar to *Capote*, it is a fictional representation of factual events, the factual events being the life of Jane Austen and the fiction being the inspiration for her novels. Jane (Anne Hathaway) is depicted as the young, intelligent woman, stuck between the expectations of her family to marry rich and her desire to write and be with a man for whom she feels true 'affection'.

Tom LeFroy (James McAvoy) in a change of pace from *The Last King of Scotland* plays the part of the wild and arrogant Irishman, who falls for Jane and attempts to shake up her life, encouraging her career and her desires.

The film appears to take a similar tact to that of *Pride and Prejudice* (the 2005 version) in that it attempts to show the real lives of the characters and their relationships. However it turns off down a more twisted road, exploring the clash between how stories should end, and how things really are. The feminist angle is particularly strong, emphasising restrictions imposed by society and how detrimental this may be to an intelligent woman who wants both a happy marriage and a literary career. Jane explores this irony and how this may translate into novel form, helping to move the film beyond a purely romantic dimension and into a biographical, political sphere.

It is easy to criticize an American in the shoes of a well-known English figure, but in all fairness Hathaway brings warmth and vivacity to the author, as well as startling good looks. If anything she is too pretty, the character is too flawless, too selfless, even despite her actions, perhaps lessening her 'real' edge. McAvoy is an agreeable Tom, if slightly overdone and sulky in emotive scenes.

The line is often blurred between fantasy and reality, yet director Julian Jarrold (*Canterbury Tales: The Man of Law's Tale*, *Kinky Boots*) manages to establish a sense of exaggerated reality, posing the question, 'What if this love inspired Austen's works?' rather than proving it a certainty. In a sense we know how the story ends from the start, yet the endearing quality of Jane Austen's novels and will hold the interest of even the most apathetic fan.



Genevieve Willlamson



Half Nelson

Rated MA

Season Commences April 25th

In today's me-first world, the genuine left-wing social conscience has become an increasingly difficult cross for one to bear. This remarkable film, the non-doc debut feature from director Ryan Fleck, successfully interrogates the fine line between public and private life. *Half Nelson* is a film about choices. And it is a film about how the choices we make can be predetermined, for better or worse, by family, by community and by our ideological beliefs.

Dan Dunne (Ryan Gosling) teaches his students history, but with a difference. Steering clear of the neutrality of curriculum, Dunne imparts his radical socialist ideas on his marginalised students in the hope that they will grow to actively question their predicament in contemporary America. Outside of school hours, Dunne's life is anything but liberated, as he slides deeper and deeper into a self-inflicted hole of serious drug addiction. His secret life is blown when one of his students, Drey (Shareeka Epps), stumbles upon 'coach' during a bad trip. The friendship which develops is overshadowed by Dunne's real concern for Drey's future, upon learning that a local drug dealer has slotted himself into a male role-model position, courtesy of a permanently absent father.

A visually engaging film, *Half Nelson* was shot on location in rough and tough Brooklyn. Cinematographer Andrij Parekh employs many of the best elements of the French New Wave style to serve up endless scenes of gritty, grimy social realism. Fleck's use of barriers is another standout in the aesthetic category: fences, doorways, car windows, cubicles constantly cut characters off from each other and give the overall film an interestingly cold quality.

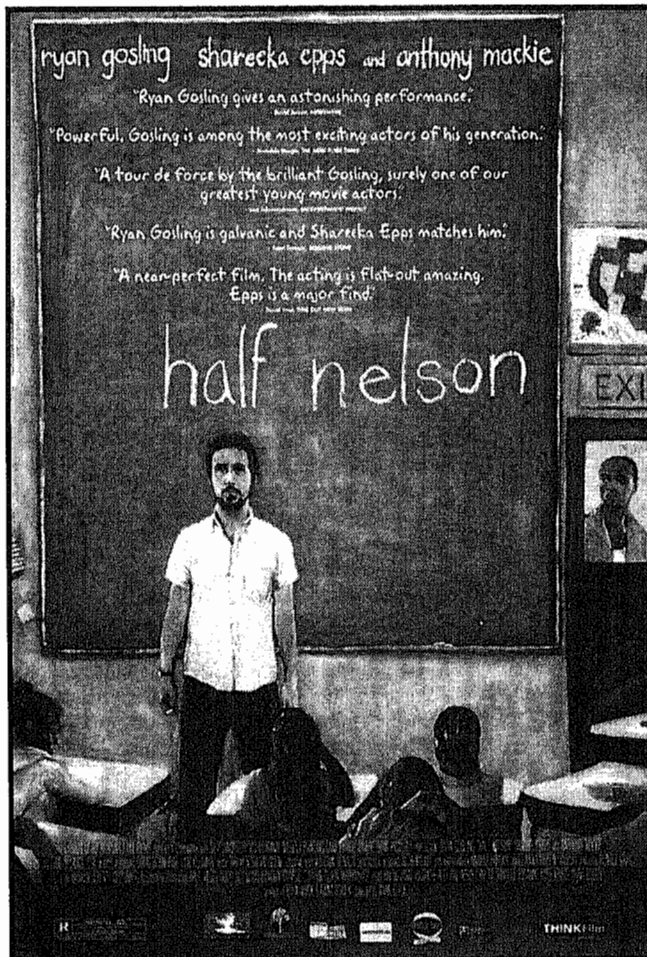
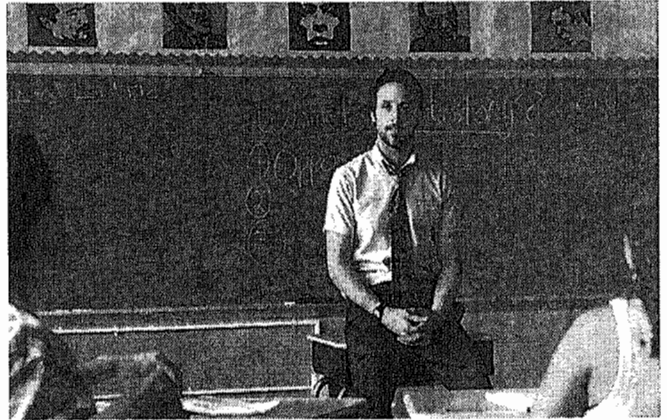
The slowness in the storytelling is easily forgiven when weighed against the terrifying spectacle of watching a decent man lose all control. A nice swipe, too, is taken against the sheer shallowness of a baby boomer worldview, as the fight is long lost and the 'kids' are handed a poisoned chalice of unfashionable radicalism.

A confronting yet heartfelt film, with an ambiguous ending that leaves us with no guarantees, *Half Nelson* is a full-on cinematic experience of serious value.

Rating:



John De Laine



Win
10 In-Season Double Passes
to *Half Nelson*
Thanks to Palace Nova Cinemas

SIMPLY ANSWER THE FOLLOWING PIECE OF TRIVIA AND SEND YOUR ANSWER TO ONDITFILM@GMAIL.COM:

"WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THE NOVEL THAT THE FILM *BLADE RUNNER* WAS BASED ON?"



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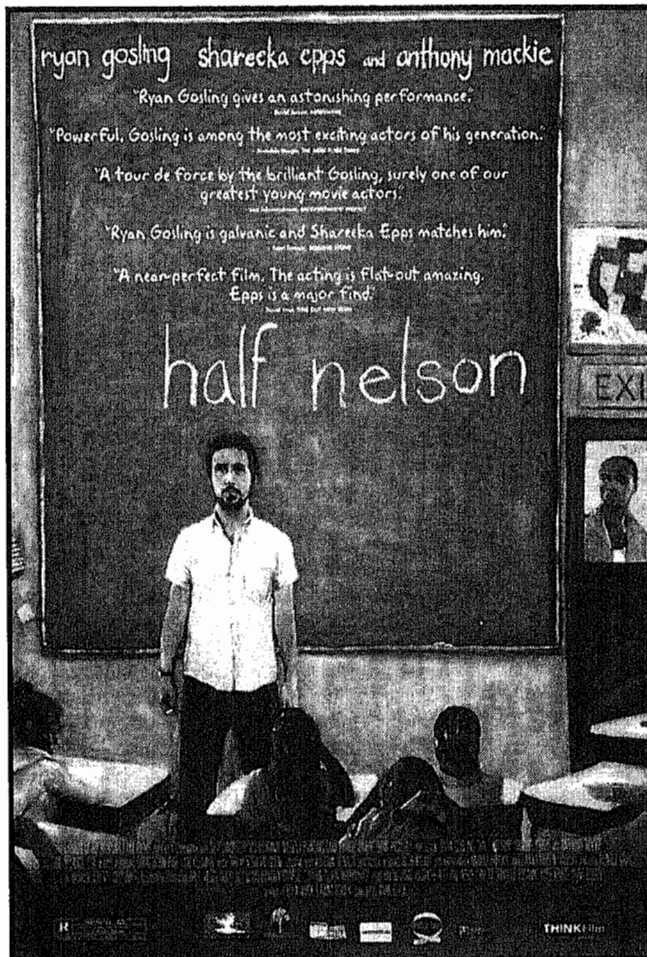
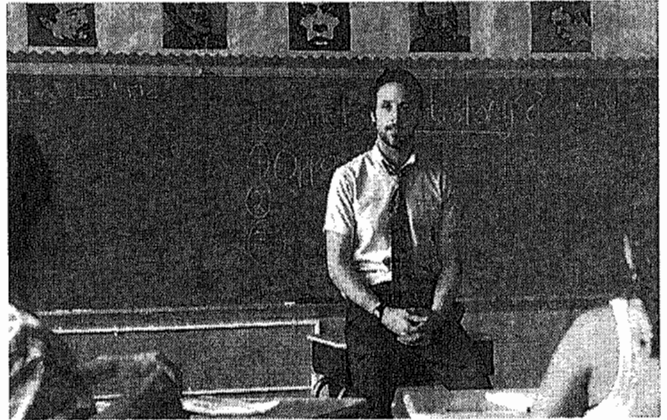
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SEGA MEGA DRIVE COLLECTION

Back in the days of 16-bit gaming, I was in love with Sega. There was nothing they couldn't accomplish (forget recent history, I'm talking the days when Ninty and Sega were on level terms and the only thing to argue was whether you preferred *Mario* or *Sonic* or *Donkey Kong* or *Shinobi*). Recounting and dividing my collection of 40 original Mega Drive games into piles for this review, a stack of 30 original games on my left scream, "Finish me! Oh please do it just ONCE!" and are all awesome, the five games on my right scream, "Finish me again! We weren't that hard!" and another five scream, "Don't touch me, we're a trap!" Excepting a few hideous games, I loved pretty much everything.

One of the problems with semi-retro gaming nowadays is the time it takes to set up and configure the old systems to new televisions and the problems associated with old and dying consoles and controllers. Capcom is on the right track when releasing collections, but they haven't really held my attention, aren't realised particularly well and mostly pull together forgotten arcade "classics" which have little to no replay value. ROMs and emulators have been the way to play old console classics, but even then finding a decent conversion to the originals can be difficult, a hassle and illegal "waves finger". In the end, Sega tends to be left out anyway. Thankfully, with Sega's entrance back into the software market, my cravings have now been satiated.

A list of the games in alphabetical order:

Alex Kidd in the Enchanted Castle
Altered Beast
Bonanza Bros
Columns
Comix Zone
Decap Attack
Ecco the Dolphin
Ecco: The Tides of Time
Ecco III
Flicky
Gain Ground
Golden Axe
Golden Axe II
Golden Axe III
Ria Chameleon
Phantasy Star II
Phantasy Star III
Phantasy Star IV
Ristar
Shinobi III
Sonic the Hedgehog
Sonic the Hedgehog II
Super Thunderblade
Sword of Vermillion
VectorMan
VectorMan 2
Virtua Fighter 2

Having thrashed the majority of these titles in the past, I was excited but also apprehensive. With many game collections, there's a tendency to lose that X-factor that many "old-school" games had that made them so popular. For *Sonic* it was speed and level

design, which could have been botched by obvious clipping, poor load times and other symptoms of rushed conversion. Gladly this isn't the case and in fact, every game is a pleasure to play through. The collection as a whole tends to be one of the most honest renditions of the original I've played in recent times. That said, it's also disappointing to play through things like *Golden Axe* and actually realise how insanely boring side-scrolling beat-'em-ups are.

From the well laid-out scrolling list of gaming goodies, I first booted *Comix Zone*, my favourite blast from the past. Whilst guiding the grungy cartoonist Sketch Turner and his electrified rodent partner, Road Kill, through the streets of a mutant-filled cartoon world, it was obvious how smooth the games run. No clipping, no flickering associated with the original console and newer television combinations, responsive controls and most importantly very few obvious load times.

The PS2 control is well suited to the Sega collection - well, to a degree. Some games that require double tapping, like D-pad right to sprint in *Shinobi* or to double-jump in many platformers, take some time to master and feels lumbering. However, it doesn't take too long to get used to the feel and timing, before manoeuvring like a master. Now here's an unexpected and surprisingly beneficial occurrence, the analogue stick actually lends itself exceptionally well to games such as *Thunderblade*, which require smooth directional movements. Dodging and moving around in the helicopter in *Thunderblade* was a breeze, adding something that was missing from the original.

A few choice bonuses are included in the collection as well, such as interviews with Sega developers, old and new, about franchises such as *Sonic* and *Virtua Fighter*. It's nice to see the faces of those responsible for the success of *Sonic* in the past, despite the fact that they have destroyed *Sonic* in the present on the next-generation consoles (see *Sonic the Hedgehog* on Xbox 360 *shakes head). However, the interviews and few bonus games on offer, whilst easy to unlock and briefly enjoyable, are kept to a minimum and shouldn't be seen as a reward but as small bonus snippets. I should mention the pieces of advertising too, with the inclusion of the new *Phantasy Star* and *Virtua Fighter* next-gen game trailers.

Overall, the games available on this collection are excellent, it has been pulled off simply and delightfully with conversions to be praised by fans of the originals, which are accessible to a newer generation of gamers. Unfortunately, a few obvious titles are omitted from the collection, such as *Sonic 3*, *Road Rash* and *Skitchin'* (*Road Rash* on roller blades), which could have really sold the disc. Regardless, *Sega Mega Drive Collection* is one awesome, convenient retro package and is even available on PSP!

Daniel Purvis



If there's one thing Capcom loves to do, it's re-release games that were made decades ago. Now here's the thing... why? I don't know. I just don't know. What I do know is that it seems to be worth it; with every collection incarnation, there's something new to love but there's also something new to hate.

Before getting into the games, I'll comment on the menu and coins system. There's a nice rotating, twirly 'disc thing' with all the games and a ridiculous number of options per game to tweak and adjust. Once you've completed a game or played something, there's a reward. A little list pops up ticking off accomplishments and button presses, deaths and continues, until a total score is summed and then coins are added to your pot. Every game rewards you with these coins, which can be used to play the poker machine. This annoying 'mini-game' requires you to spend your coins in order to unlock prizes such as secret codes and artwork but however 'fun' this may be, it's a very tedious affair and makes purchasing anything of worth

tiresome. On the other hand, this system does allow you to unlock rewards for games you're terrible at, meaning you don't have to be a professional to unlock the best stuff. In the end, the score system provides you with a 'monetary' reward for trying. Be warned, I could have been critical of this coins system, as in the first collection you had to finish the game or break a certain high score in order to win your rewards, which encouraged replay and personal development. Now they've removed the reward for those hard-ass professionals. See, I could have been critical, but I wasn't, I swear.

Alright, getting onto the games. Below is a full list of each game available:

- 1942
- 1943 *The Battle of Midway*
- 1943 *Kai*
- Ghosts 'n' Goblins*
- Ghouls 'n' Ghosts*
- Super Ghouls 'n' Ghosts*
- Commando*
- Mercs*
- Street Fighter II*
- Street Fighter II Champion Edition*
- Street Fighter II Turbo: Hyper Fighting*
- Son Son*
- Vulgar*
- HigeMaru*
- Exed Exes*
- Gun Smoke*
- The King of Dragons*
- Knights of the Round*
- Eco Fighters*

To sum, that's five top-down shooters in vehicles, three top down run 'n guns, three *Street Fighters*, and six side scrollers plus random game types (*HigeMaru*). Take your pick. All the games are well-realised and stay true to the originals, with rehashes like *Street Fighter II* sticking close enough to the originals to demonstrate the difference between the three versions on the disc. I won't go into details, but essentially there's a nice mix of genres and the games are all fun to play without any lag, clipping or noticeable slow down or delay and the controls are pretty darned responsive. It's been done well enough that both the D-pad and analogue stick are usable, with the stick being preferable in the flying games. Overall, the games individually are really pretty damn fine.

Game sharing comes as standard, however not all games are available, like *Street Fighter* (mega-disappointment) so you'll be stuck with things like *Mercs* and *1943* to keep you occupied. Not that it's a bad thing - I mean they're good games - but *Street Fighter!* Come on Capcom. I guess they want people to buy the SFAM3 first.

Alright, I'm a little dismayed and I guess most of this review has indicated that. The thing is, it's still an enjoyable collection but we've seen it all before. For a retro bash, it ain't too bad. Just don't expect too much!

Daniel Purvis

Ah nostalgia: so glorious in reflection yet so painful on the wallet. Without it we wouldn't be questioning why we blew the last of our bank balance on a pair of Reebok Pumps, complete with springy shoelaces (apart from the fact they are awesome of course). [note: Make it whatever you want from ebay: Alf Pogs, Ninja Turtles... whatever!]

As a gamer I can't help but look back on hot summer days down at Glenelg. My hands coated in the sticky remnants of rainbow ice cream and post-mix Coke, sheltered amongst the flashing lights and ringing bells of Magic Mountain. I gleefully fumble my last twenty-cent piece into the coin slot of *Elevator Action Returns* and from that point on the gamer in me was born.

Unfortunately, the days of the retro arcade as many of us grew to know may be dead as modern arcades move on to the flashiest machines and latest prize games, full of new ways to milk you dry in ten minutes flat on the promise of a cute little Spongebob Squarepants in a pirate outfit. However, its legacy still continues.

Nowadays the same gamers who blew their pocket money plugging coin after coin into *Pac Man* to show the elusive 'HAL' dominating the high score charts that he isn't all that, are still blowing their savings on the same games that brought them so much joy twenty years ago.

The backyard scene of arcade machines is alive and kicking and for many gamers, the prospect of owning their own arcade cabinet is well within reach. Cabinets complete with a game and ready to go can cost under \$200. With game boards generally hovering around the \$50-\$100 mark, it certainly makes owning your own cabinet a viable

option to consider when buying your next game console. Instead of eyeing off a PS3 and jumping forth into the future of gaming, no matter how sexy and alluring it may be (sorry Dan!), why not consider taking a step back and reliving the gaming greats?

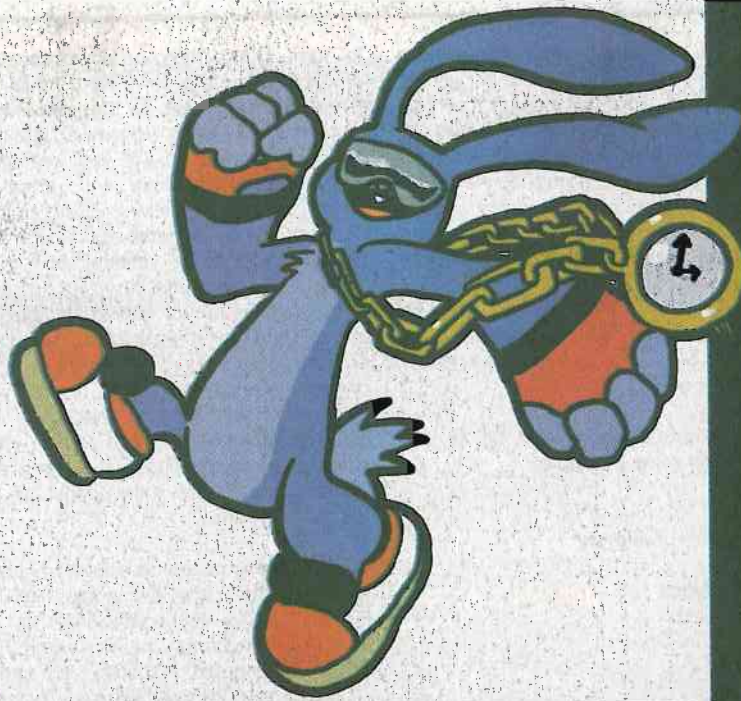
Lingering from geek to chic, a cabinet can be perfect for that touch of retro in any uni pad. A cocktail cabinet can double as the perfect coffee table and the sight of *Frogger* is sure to be a turn-on for any gender.

Whilst packing more than enough voltage to stop your heart, restoring arcade machines is the modern lounge room mechanic's '57 Chevy. But trust me as a Mac user, just keep your hands away from the back of the monitor. I learnt that the hard way!

Sure there's MAME, emulators and all sorts of console collections ("glares at Dan's reviews"), but if you want to experience any game in all its glory you have to go back to the beginning. From machines that will flip you upside down in a barrel roll to machines that let you poke a giant finger into a child molester's digital asshole (see *Boong-Ga Boong-Ga*), there's something for everyone.

If you're after some retro gaming goodness, keep an eye on ebay and the classifieds, or check out the auction local joint Amusement Worx are holding in a couple weeks. Familiarise yourself with the lingo and know what you're getting into and you're set for some lazy Sundays with a couple of beers and a lot of memories.

Matt Williams



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