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05
75.8

on dit net

Birthdays
Carnivals
Dolls
Penguins
Chickens
This
Sports
Flour
Stars, Bulls
Snow White, Gr
Countdowns, Com
Winter, Summer,
Haighs, Chocolate
Fish, Luck, Stories
Themes, Hugs,
TV, Brands, Water, Ho, Talking, Even
River, Parasailing, Fairies, Singing,
Netball, Port Power, Snorkelling, Pa
Beads, Overseas, Bling, Sunsets, Vide
Walking the dog, Jelly, Sprinkles,
Sticker, Gum, Frangipanis, Homemad
Straws, Cosmo Cocktails, Surfing,
Headbands, Fairytales, ...
Parties, Cupcakes, ...
Rainbows, No, ... Pearl

hey girls how r ya!?? was been
gonn on havent seen u in ages!!
got any exciting plans 4 the wknd?
haha omg lol how did that stor
go lol??
xxxxxxx

LOOL

adelaide uni's magazine
volume 75 edition 8
myspace is yourspace



MY LITTLE DRUNK FRIEND!
;jsgkh;ejw
hahaah
HOW ARE WE?
It was good to meet you saturday
are a good kid!



me

thank for the add...
r u that chick from dylans that i told
was janae from neighbours haha

Neon
top in
Reebok
ibk.com



on dit net

adelaide university's
student magazine
volume 75 edition 8

On Dit has 186 friends

Top friends

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About the cover: If you ever buy, for whatever reason, the air freighted version of the American teen magazine *seventeen*, beware. It can let you know a lot about yourself that you were previously unaware of. I was shocked to find out i definitely wasn't a virgin. Also worthy of note, spending hours on your sixteen year old brother's friends' myspace sites hurts your brain.

recent posts:

four and five: journal entries

six: news

seven: media watch

eight and nine: the religious right (+ sacrilege)

ten: chubby checker's cultural limbo

twelve and thirteen: the pollies get down with religion (+ more sacrilege)

fourteen: battle of the blog + internet sickness

fifteen: dr spacelove

sixteen: my bestie is a prossie

seventeen: psychiatric disorders (bloggers self-diagnose here)

eighteen and nineteen: dit-licious

twenty and twenty-one: I h8 Myspace but facebk is gr8 lol

twenty-two and twenty-three: net fashion

twenty-four and twenty-five:

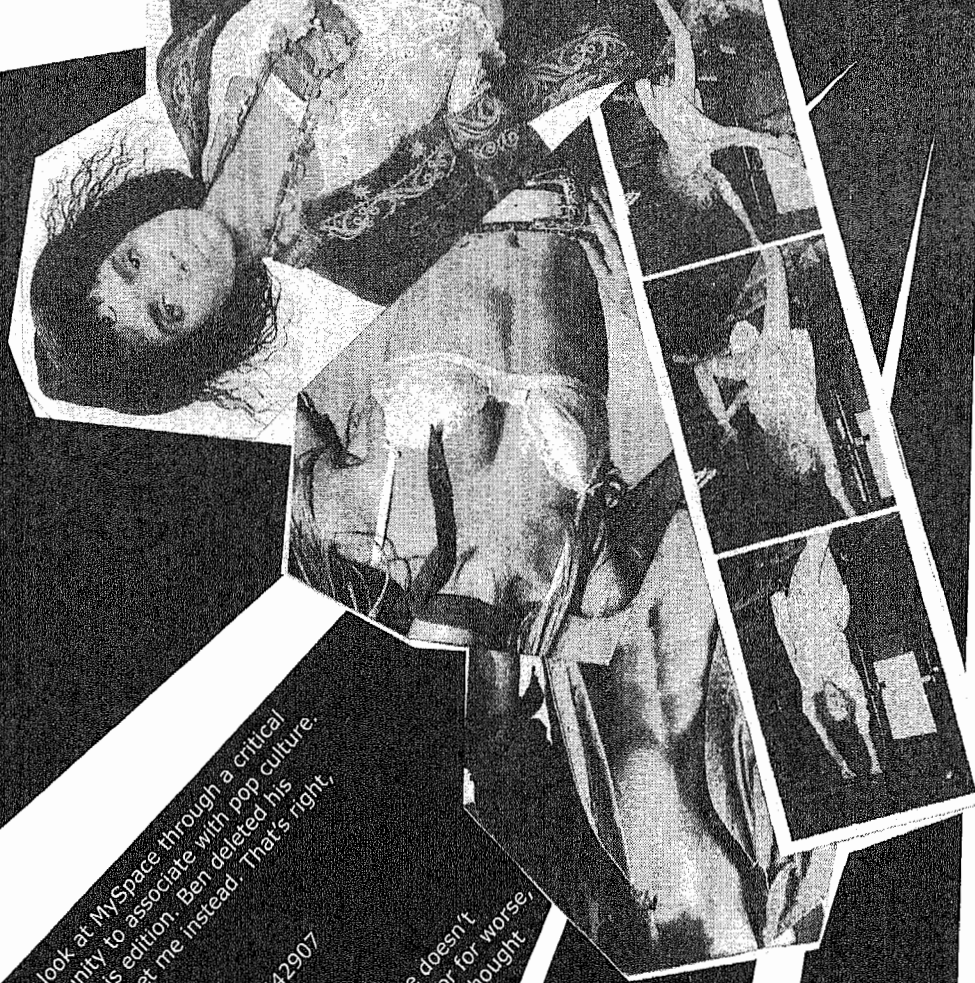
omg as if u read books there boring

twenty-six to thirty: music

thirty-one: gaming

thirty-two to thirty-seven: film

thirty-eight and thirty-nine: performing arts



Ahem, welcome to the On Dit Myspace edition. In this issue, we look at Myspace through a critical prism of sociocultural analysis. Well, really it's just another opportunity to associate with pop culture. Enjoy. Oh, and Ben and Claire didn't want to write the editorial for this edition. Ben deleted his Myspace profile recently, so I think he's suffering withdrawal. So you get me instead. That's right, *Psychiatric Disorder of the Week* must be READ or ELSE!

Your guest editorial person, Angus aka. www.myspace.com/9874350971298609874369024710387541097642907

I began having second thoughts about this theme soon after we began laying it out. After all, Myspace doesn't really need any more publicity; it got enough from *The Advertiser's* reports on Carly Ryan. But, for bad or for worse, we'd dip our toes in the pool of cultural excrement as only mildly pretentious student magazines can.

Ben

P.S. Claire has nothing to say on the matter. She just fucking hates Myspace.

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. They are definitely not the opinions of Rupert Murdoch. If he saw some of the shit that was on his website he would be appalled, either that, or he'd buy shares in *Emily the Strange*.

Thanks to Alicia, Clare, Potter and Stan for the proofing, Angus for doing our work for us, Natty, Cat and Michael *cough*, Felix for the ego inflation, Oli, Olivia for the sugar high, Alicia for the choccy and Michael for the up with our shit all the time.

letters

Displaying 4 of 5 letters

Stop it you two, or I'm stopping the car and you can both walk!

Hee hee, what fun,

People interested in real political debate may wish to avert their gaze momentarily while I step into the gutter with young Master Browne. One may wonder why Browne has condescended to study at an institution that he feels awards doctorates so cheaply, but then one may also wonder what authority a person holding merely a South Australian Certificate of Education has to talk about the ease of obtaining a doctorate.

OK, finished addressing the personal abuse, now to the actual argument.

Browne has again failed to grasp the hypocrisy of the 'union buddies' declamation made by the Government. To try to point out where his critical analysis is failing, I ask him how many Liberal members and senators have been, or continue to be business owners? and conversely what proportion of the Australian public are business owners? Does the relative ratio of these two come out to more or less than his stated 4 fold over-representation of union members shown by the Labor party?

He states that the Greens do not have policies for all Australians. He makes this claim without reference to any supporting material and implies by his statement that the Liberal party does. The long term unemployed, Indigenous Australians, members of the public and tertiary education sectors, and people concerned with human rights and the environmental health of the planet may wish to disagree.

In his fourth paragraph, Browne waves his hands a little to indicate that the current Government's policies are responsible for the nation's prosperity, presumably to the exclusion of the significant restructuring of the economy by the Hawke and Keating Governments, factors that are widely accepted as being crucial to the current economic situation, and which have been extended only slightly by the current Government.

For Browne's edification (he must need help with his library skills)

e.g.:

- * **working poor:** 'Fragmented Futures: New Challenges in Working Life,' Federation Press: Sydney.
- * **Increasing economic divide between rich and poor:** *ibid.*
- * **work stress:** *Asia Pacific Journal of Human Resources* (2005) 43:198

Finally, maybe Browne needs to have the joke explained. Alexander Downer, was once photographed in high heels and fishnets, and British Tories in the '80s were notorious for being found in compromising sexual positions usually involving high heels, stockings, leather and whips. I guess he's just a bit too young to know the history of his party.

Chris Browne, making shit happen.

Cheers,




Dr Dan

Sane and objective, you say? You know nothing, nothng! No social contact, no sun make editors go crazy!


Dear Eds,

I felt compelled to write both after reading the letters page in the latest edition (75.7) because you seem to be the only sane, objective duo caught up in the AUU apparatus. I don't care which political party you belong to, which party controls the AUU or what is being done behind closed doors in council meetings - what I care about is things actually getting done. If anyone has walked into the Women's Room or the Rainbow Room in the last month you will see two facilities desperate of an upgrade, and what is standing in their way is a stack of nonchalance and bureaucratic bullshit - just one of many examples I'm sure. I hate student politicians with a passion and I dread election week, but this year I will be voting for the first time in my six years at this uni for the party that promises to actually do something constructive that the student body

Requests

-  3 friend requests
-  1 event invitations
-  2 group invitations

Pokes

 You were poked by **Felix**. Repeatedly. Until you sustained a massive, painful bruise to your ego.

poke back | hide poke



can see results in. And if my one vote means that someone is elected that will actually do the job, then the better for it. Pull your heads out of your politically obsessed arses and look at the bigger picture. Stop being so fucking petty.

Keep up the awesome work eds.

KD

I see red, I see red, I see red

Dear Ben and Claire,

I would sincerely like to thank the EU this year for producing those hideous red jumpers that members insist on wearing everyday. Apart from making red unfashionable this winter (a colour I don't look good in anyway), they also act as a warning sign. For example: When I see a cute guy now and he is wearing a red hoodie, I can immediately be warned off him, evading any embarrassing situations where he reveals his true identity later on. So thank you SO much for the advanced warning.

On the other hand, what is with this Week 4 Jesus week thing? I'm perfectly happy that they joyfully go about their private worshipping activities, but DON'T stick your beliefs onto my jumper. You are getting as bad as student politicians in full swing.

Love a very grumbly atheist xox

The Return of The Cheese

To the editors,

Forgive this late reply - I've only just digested both your Eurotrash and Murder edition(s) in one marathon sitting waiting for my lentils to boil.

Are you guys joking? What ever happened to the Australia I left behind many years ago? The one full of apolitical apathetic dope-smoking airheads?

Beside the levels of 'kulcha' I come across here (including pseudo-DADAist performances in Anstey Lane), eurotrash is positively highbrow by comparison.

Don't bother preparing for your Bogan party - you're all ready. You just don't get it - and you never will, regardless of how many months you work in that London pub, or fumbled efforts at absinthe.

The only sensible words in those two editions came from Martins Medenis ('Eurotrash indeed!'). I believe your readers would be better off putting down second-rate magazines and picking up a book containing solid information (no, not *Woman's Weekly*) - learn some facts (how many answered "Amsterdam" to that question of country?). You all may not be aware of it right now, and you may not want to accept, but go and watch a litter of puppies or a kitten running after yarn...that's you, especially with this babble on politics!

You believe because you attend university that you actually know anything? You realise the nipple in your mouth are the lecturer's words and powerpoints?

And seriously, a sexuality edition?? Cock, clits, tits, ass and feminist 'stepping out' issues? My yawn is eternal. Are we going to giggle at fart jokes next? I'll gladly come around and rim your anal sphincter with a wire brush if you care to discuss sexuality, or show you my copy of *She-male Bisexuals* for a laugh.

If you are running out of theme ideas, maybe it's time to move on.

Keep up the good work,

Felix.

PS - You're still airheads.

PPS - Whether this becomes edited and/or printed doesn't change a thing.

Dear Felix,

Thanks for the compliments! We think we are doing good work also. *fart*

Love,

Ben and Claire

Do you want to give us unabashed praise or compliments veiled in vitriol? Send your letters to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. It is a requirement that they are 400 words or less and signed with any combination of hugs and kisses of AT LEAST four characters. For example, xoxo or oxox or xxoo or xooo or oxxx. Oh, and there is a ban on PSES henceforth. Just because they're tacked on afterthoughts doesn't make them less hurtful. Thank you. xoxo

YO! PEOPLE WHO WANT TO CONTRIBUTE!

We have three editions left for the year. Here are the next two deadlines and themes. Stick them to your wall, your computer screen or your girl/boyfriend's face.

Sexuality Edition (Published Week 7): Friday 24th August

1932: The Birthday Edition (Week 9): Friday 21st September

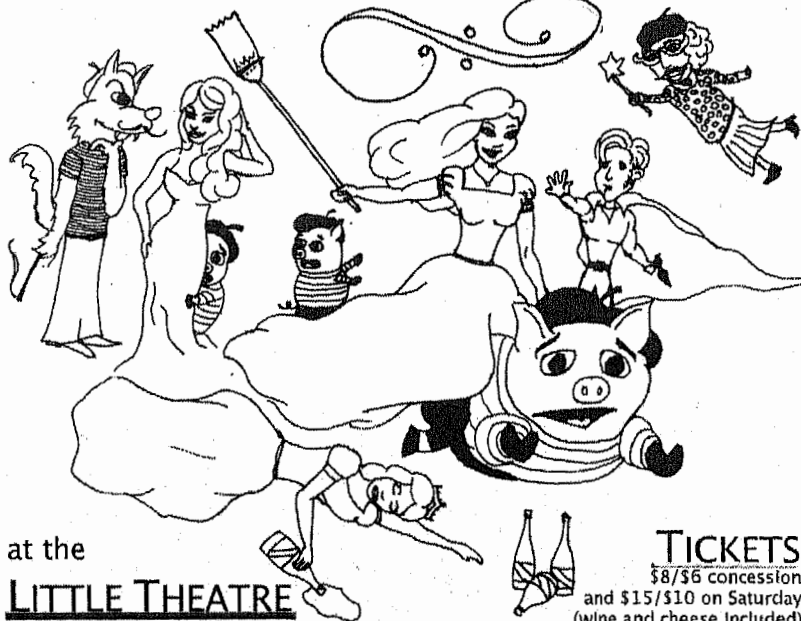
Send your stuff to ondit@adelaide.edu.au, then, you know, be famous.

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- Presents -



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ADELAIDE UNI CLOISTERS

Thursday 6th September 6.30pm

Friday 7th September 1.00pm & 6.30 pm

Saturday 8th September 6.00pm (for 6.45pm start)

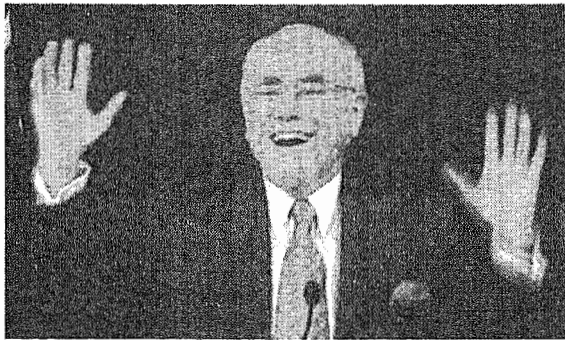
Book at adelaidefrenchclub@yahoo.com

or tickets available at the door

TICKETS

\$8/\$6 concession

and \$15/\$10 on Saturday
(wine and cheese included)



TOP STORIES

SOUTH Australia has a new Governor after Marjorie Jackson-Nelson completed her six year term earlier this month. Rear Admiral Kevin Scarce was sworn in at a lavish ceremony at the Festival Theatre that made him the 34th Governor of the state. The Rear Admiral served in the Royal Australian Navy during the Vietnam War and was vital to securing a profitable contract for the locally-based Submarine Corporation. He has promised to focus on defence whilst in his new position, and has also stated that he will acknowledge the important work of volunteers. The appointment has again raised calls for Australia to become a republic as positions such as these are viewed as being outdated by many.

AUSTRALIAN troops have been attacked in East Timor. Australian and UN soldiers were patrolling a local area when youths began throwing rocks at them, lit up Government buildings and destroyed cars in the area. This came just days after President Xanana Gusmao, a former guerrilla fighter, became President of the world's newest nation. The violence has been described as irrational and isolated and there were no injuries reported by security personnel. Over 1000 Australian troops are serving in East Timor and the recent attacks have raised concerns about their safety.

A PASSENGER on a Pacific Sun P&O Cruise died whilst travelling on the ship earlier this month. The 31-year-old, who has a wife and family, was travelling to the Loyalty Islands near New Caledonia when he was found dead in his cabin. Suspicion was raised when it was revealed that a brawl occurred only hours prior to the man being found and as a result, the New South Wales coroner will look into the matter. P&O are the same cruise liner that is being investigated over the Diane Brimble case where a mother was found dead in suspicious circumstances during 2002.

JOHN HOWARD has slammed Telstra chairman Sol Trujillo for having such a phenomenal income. In an interview with Southern Cross Radio, Mr Howard said that he believed many Australians would find the \$11 million package that Trujillo receives annually to be an excessive amount. Mr Howard also believes Trujillo's income goes against the Capitalist system that defines Australia.

WORLD

TWO herds of cattle have contracted foot and mouth disease in Southern Britain. The first outbreak occurred on a farm in Surrey and is the first sign of the disease since 2001 when more than six million animals were killed because of it. The latest outbreak in Southern England has spread to a second herd and has British authorities worried that the virus is gaining momentum. Britain exports \$1 billion American dollars of livestock per year and foot and mouth is clearly a threat to this productivity. It is unknown how the virus began but until the threat subsides, no British livestock is being exported.

HILLARY Clinton has increased her lead in the Presidential race with a new poll revealing she has 48 per cent public support far more other potential leaders of the Democratic Party. Fellow contenders in the Presidential race, Barack Obama and John Edwards, lagged behind the former first lady in support. Obama had 26 per cent support while Edwards was only favoured by 12 per cent of those surveyed. The USA Today poll was conducted by surveying 1,012 adults and is believed to be a clear indicator that Clinton's rivals are inexperienced when it comes to foreign policy.

FOURTEEN people have were in floods that hit Vietnam earlier this month. A storm belted the central region of the country and devastated its population. Most of the devastation was caused in the Central Highlands where 80 per cent of Vietnam's coffee industry is located. Over 15,000 people were evacuated from the area and fifteen people are still missing. 500mm of rain fell on the area and the water levels rose to dramatic levels. Another four more dramatic storms are predicted to hit Vietnam this year alone.

POLICE have arrested a blind man who was caught driving a car earlier this month. The 20-year-old from Estonia was caught committing the offence in the south of the country by Police who thought he was highly intoxicated. A police spokesperson told the press that instead of being blind drunk, the man was just plain blind. The man was receiving navigational instructions from a sixteen-year-old companion.

ENTERTAINMENT

MARK 'The Poo' Philippoussis has chosen his new girlfriend after the final episode of the TV show *Age of Love* was screened in America last week. The show saw two groups of American women fighting for the Aussie tennis star's affection. The only twist was that half the women were twenty somethings and the other half were over forty. Warning: Do not read on if you don't want to know which contestant won Mark's heart. The Poo is infamous for dating younger women and the show was meant to challenge this stereotype. The final episode saw a 48-year-old assistant to the LA Lakers, Jen, up against 25-year-old cheerleader Amanda. Guess who Mark chose? Yup you guessed it: Amanda 'won' Mark's heart.

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MEDIA WATCH

This week, a tale of skullduggery and intrigue, such as you hope never to see unfolding in the media. Let me set the scene...



Discuss in our forum

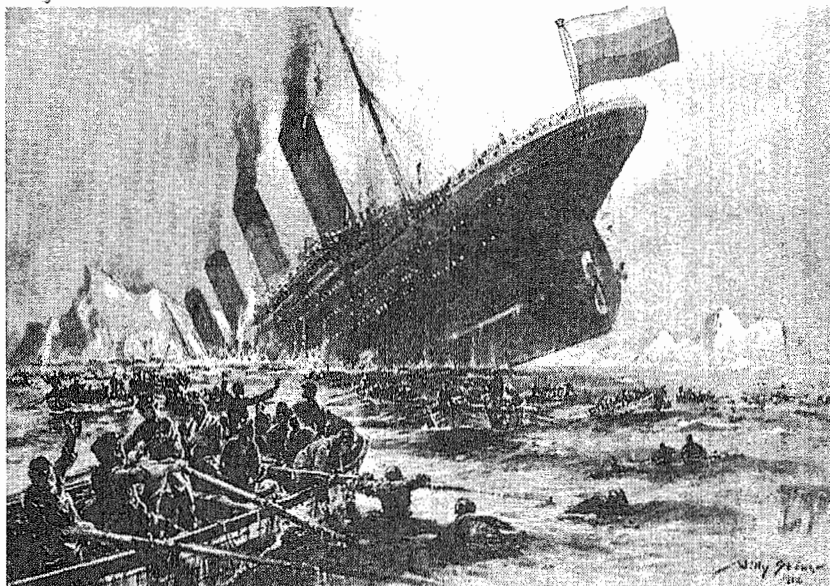


Send to a friend

Way back on August 2nd, two Russian submarines arrived at the North Pole, to plant a flag on the ocean floor. Many countries have become inordinately interested in the Arctic recently, after realising it has a wealth of natural resources (and penguins). The symbolic rust-proof flag was Russia's way of marking its territory. Not particularly inspiring, you may think, but this expedition turned out to be extremely interesting, for reasons other than its rather pointless objective. Footage and still photos of the submarines were obtained from Rossiya (also known as RTR), a Russian television network, and distributed by Reuters to outlets everywhere. One still photo became the favourite: it was rather beautiful, with the pretty little submarines shining their ethereal floodlights through the gloomy water. A schoolboy in Finland saw that still in the paper, and sensed that something was amiss; it seemed oddly familiar to him. Unfortunately, a quick consultation of his DVD collection proved it wasn't just a case of *déjà vu*.

Here's a clue: think Celine Dion. Think Billy Zane getting spat on. Think Leonardo DiCaprio being turned into an icicle. Somehow, a scene from the 1997 movie *Titanic* managed to get passed off as genuine footage of the Russian nautical adventure (for anyone remotely interested, the footage in question is right at the beginning of the movie, where the sweet little subs are hunting for the wreck). It lurked amongst the real footage, and no one noticed. For a while, as far as everyone was concerned, all was well in the world. The Russian Government was happy due to a mission accomplished, Reuters was happy because it did its job and transmitted the story, news outlets were happy because they had material to publish, and the reading and viewing public were happy because we had nice pictures to look at. It took nearly a week for young Waltheri Seretin to point out that some of the news wasn't actually real. If it takes several days for someone to realise that an image in the headlines is actually a picture from a fairly well known bit of a very well known movie, it's scary to think what else may be out there, masquerading as reality. What next? Can we expect to see excerpts from *Star Trek* during NASA's next mission? Clips from *Prison Break* during the next prison riot? Don't even get started on natural disaster films; such a wealth of footage just waiting to be tapped.

Reuters, feeling appropriately embarrassed about the incident, issued a statement to the effect that the stills and footage released to them had been unlabelled; the



(not unreasonable) assumption was made that they were actual documentation of the mission. Furthermore, the images had appeared on Russian television, accompanied by a caption stating that they were taken in the 'northern Arctic Ocean'. At this point everyone was still fairly confident that the footage involved actual *bona fide* submarines. Unfortunately, it transpired that the submarines used to shoot the scene in question weren't proper ones; they were *scale models*. Even worse, they weren't even shot underwater; smoke was cunningly used instead. No one at Reuters saw that one coming. That means, just to clarify, what was presented as authoritative newsworthy footage was, in reality, a scene from a 1997 film, involving two model submarines, filmed in a smoke-filled studio *on land*. I'm still trying to work the incredulity out of my system.

There's no way in which this can credibly be explained away as a mistake; it's not a case of getting the images mixed up, or accidentally copying and pasting the wrong thing. If only it were. There are a couple of ways of looking at this incident: first, you could give Rossiya the benefit of the doubt and concede that maybe the pressure got to be a bit much - anxious that they might not deliver, someone might have decided that maybe it wouldn't do any harm to splice in a little something extra, and give the viewing public what it wants. On the other hand, it's hard to overlook the fact that Rossiya is a state-controlled channel. The flag-planting expedition was deemed to be a media coup in a high stakes race to gain control of massive parts of the Arctic, which is being

contested with other countries, including the United States and Canada - neither of whom are impressed, by the way. Although genuine footage of the expedition was shown, it might not have been considered impressive enough, necessitating the cutting in of the movie scene. I believe this is what people in the trade call 'sexing it up'. It's easy to let your imagination run wild and speculate that spicing up the footage was part of a move to increase the hype, and make the mission far more interesting and significant than it actually was. Either way, it's unsettling, not to mention unethical. For now, the tale ends here, but the moral is, as always, believe nothing - except *On Dit*, because we will never lie to you - and to watch lots of movies, because you never know what might end on the front page.

And it took a 13-year-old with a *Titanic* DVD to figure it out.

Sophie Donoghue

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The Religious Right: Should we listen to them on policy matters?

No. Nope, we really shouldn't. Next!

Joking aside, it seems that there is rather a furphy occurring in Australian politics regarding the growing influence of the Religious Right in politics. John Howard and Kevin Rudd have both appealed to Hillsong Community Church and justified their political positions in the context of their faith, although apparently, "It was nothing like an event organised by the religious right in the US, with the Australian audience noticeably divided in its political views." People have written books on the Religious Right's influence within Australia, and the potential for the dominance of this particular type of religion.

Unfortunately, it seems that gay marriage is still a no-no for the Religious Right, with one question being phrased as: "The Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission has recently made a recommendation that the definition of de facto marriage be extended to include homosexuals. Would your party reject these attempts to undermine marriage?" So we're still stuck on the same old tired issues. However, the point of this article is not to rag on the Religious Right (as much as I'd like to). It will have some non-rhetorical merit (I promise). I will attempt to demonstrate why we should not listen to the Religious Right when considering policy, particularly social policy. I'll even use theological arguments!*

Dear reader, I'd like to begin by saying: I couldn't care less what religion you are. Christian, Hindu, Sikh, Muslim, Jew, Atheist (gasp! Controversy), or Buddhist, or miscellaneous (or Jedi), whatever. The arguments I aim to use will demonstrate fairly clearly that the nature of the religion matters little. It is the impact and interpretability of the source of law that is of far more importance. For the purposes of this article however, I will be using Christian theology, because it is right-wing Christianity that concerns me in this country at the moment. So, here we go!

Point 1: The Bible does not meet the authoritative standards required to be a source of legislative direction.

Why? Isn't a major point of the Bible that God is a source of morality, and is not the Bible a major contributor to the Christian understanding of God and God's laws? True. But human understanding of God is also inconsistent in two major areas: Firstly, God is omniscient (knows everything), omnipotent (has unlimited power), and omnipresent (can be anywhere, at any point in time). Yet God is, according to the Bible, capable of changing his mind. God

can experience regret (Genesis 6:6); God can make misjudgements; God can amend his will (sending Jesus) and can be shocked and surprised at the exercise of Free Will by human beings. For example, God has at certain stages (Noah's Ark anyone?) regretted creating human beings. But to regret suggests one did not have fore-knowledge of the conclusion. So for God to be able to amend the state of his mind, to experience regret for a decision, it must have been impossible for him to know the result of his original decision, otherwise he never would have made that decision in the first place, right?

None of this proves that God doesn't exist. After all, "God works in mysterious ways", right? But that's exactly the point! Human beings cannot rely upon the Bible as a definitive source of morals, because what human beings believe God said and the characteristics that humans attribute to God's ultimate power are inconsistent. So what else is inconsistent? To what extent is our understanding of God incomplete? The opposing argument to this is obvious: it is manifestly evident from the Bible that having 'The Gay' is Somewhat Bad. However, legislating using this contention as a source involves trusting an obviously incomplete, illogical source of understanding. God interacts with humans in a rational manner so that we may better understand Him - yet apparently God does not abide by those rational rules by which we purport to comprehend Him and interpret his desires. How has our rationality limited our understanding of God? If we can sin and err, how can we trust ourselves? What if rationality and human interpretation has contributed to that misunderstanding in a fundamental way? Guessing is no good, because God apparently has absolute standards which we must meet. To those Christians who argue that God would mean humans to understand his plan I answer - perhaps this plan was supposed to be developed according to human understanding of themselves and their understanding. After all, "God works in mysterious ways." Can anyone claim to know the intentions of God? Doesn't He work in mysterious ways? Thus because our understanding of God is inherently flawed according to the limits of our comprehension, due to our failures to interpret what is by our standards an irrational being, my speculation is just as likely as yours.

Point 2: Free Will contradicts the use of coercive mechanisms to impose Biblical morality.

So let's say that God does exist. There is a

God, He made the heavens and the earth, and He created standards of morality by which He hoped (except He's omniscient and omnipresent so He can't really hope) human beings would live by. Fine. One must wonder how the concept of 'Free Will' coincides with the coercive legislative mechanisms encouraged by the Religious Right; whether it is making gay marriage (or at least legally recognised and celebrated gay unions) illegal, or criminalising abortion, or forcing prayer in school. God chooses to give his people Free Will, so they may actively choose to embrace Christianity. How then, does enforced legislation regarding gay marriage, or even unions, assist this cause? Does legislating to prevent gay unions run consistently with the concept of Free Will? If you believe that Free Will does not exist and God is deterministic in nature, how can you hold someone who cannot choose, accountable for their actions? It's like assigning a computer, or a toy, to Hell! In terms of practical argument - if God is deterministic, then the outcome of this argument is pointless, since whoever he wants to go to Hell is going there anyway. Morality cannot exist under a deterministic God, because God has selected both the conditions and the decisions by which you will live your life; there is no such thing as 'choice', and no such thing as sin. Unless God is stupid, or insane, or evil, He cannot be wrathful for something He made you do. Utterly ridiculous, even for a religious argument.

"If you believe that Free Will does not exist and God is deterministic in nature, how can you hold someone who cannot choose, accountable for their actions?"

Of course, one could argue from a utilitarian perspective that the purpose of preventing gay unions is to encourage marriage between men and women to increase the population - but this is not an argument that requires religion, nor to my knowledge is it espoused explicitly by the Bible or any other religious text. It could be made by anyone, and disproved by anyone, on three points. Firstly, preventing and discriminating against gay marriage (or unions) will not magically turn people straight, which is empirically apparent right now. It does not simply increase the pool of heterosexual men



OBEY, LOL

and women available to the authorities to encourage breeding. Secondly, there is little evidence, be it statistical or empirical, that gay marriage would destroy society. Thirdly, to assert that gay unions and marriage would damage society is crassly speculative, contradicting everything Western society emphasises about individual freedom. Additionally, it would contradict the high evidential standards we expect legislators to hold when making policy decisions "cough". It's kind of like someone saying, "We should legislate against all of the Jews/Arabs/Mexicans because they steal our jobs from decent white folks and secretly run the economy." Oh wait, people do that already.

As for abortion, one could argue on religious grounds that abortion should be illegal for the same reason that any murder is illegal. However, one must question why murder is illegal. Is murder illegal because God said, "Thou shalt not kill?" Did people kill each other wantonly before God said this? Or have we learnt that when people go around killing each other, it infringes upon the rights of others and destabilises society in general? It is my contention that murder is illegal because of the latter reason; the experiential approach to murder is evident from the exceptions made to the 'don't kill' principle made in war, in punishment, and concepts of 'manslaughter' and accidental death developed within legal systems. We recognise that 'thou shalt not kill' has exceptions. By the same token, we have learnt that illegal abortion often creates demographic fault lines discriminating against the poor and disadvantaged. This idea of class discrimination is repugnant to our societal moral compass. To suggest that abortion should be outlawed is a most idealistic contention.

Point 3: A legislatively secular state does not have the same coercive outcomes as a religious one.

I often notice that religious activists phrase the secularisation of laws as an "attack upon religion". Gay rights are an "attack upon marriage", abortion laws are removing the "rights of the fetus". Not enforcing prayer in schools is similarly an "attack upon religion". But riddle me this: does not Free Will put the onus upon choice? Isn't the maximisation of choice consistent with this doctrine? Is it not better, from a Christian perspective, that a woman chooses not to abort her child because she believes God does not want her to, rather than because she is unable to choose?

"Legislation, secular and untargeted in its approach to these issues, does not prevent an individual from being a Christian, but a state ostensibly Christian in its sources and application of law is certainly preventing an individual from acting otherwise."

My point is that legislation, secular and untargeted in its approach to these issues, does not prevent an individual from being a Christian, but a state ostensibly Christian in its sources and application of law is certainly preventing an individual from

acting otherwise. They may not even believe in God, damning them to Hell in the eyes of Christians, but are still forced to live a life shackled in Christian ideological chains. Legal abortion does not force women to have abortions. Legal gay marriage does not force gay Christians (and they're out there) to marry other men and women. Not enforcing prayer in school does not prevent Christian children from praying in school, or being given opportunities to pray. *Regulating or criminalising these actions according to Christian morality achieves none of the steps outlined in the Bible that are required to accept Jesus Christ, and thus gain access into heaven.* There is no equivalent compulsion here, no equivalent justification. Compulsion and permission are two completely different things. The Christian Right requires people to act in a certain way. Secular liberalism gives people the choice. In order for 'Free Will' to exist it must be true Free Will; a positive step taken, not one performed out of fear of persecution. Any Christian who tells you otherwise is a hypocrite and a liar.

Michael Adams

(Footnotes)

Peta Donald, Tom Iggulden. "Howard, Rudd woo Christians online" in *ABC News*. Friday August 10th, 2007.

Ibid.

See Marion Maddox. *God Under Howard: The Rise of the Religious Right in Australia*. Allen and Unwin 2005.

Barney Zwartz 'Christian warns of religious right's rise', *The Age*, April 10 2006.

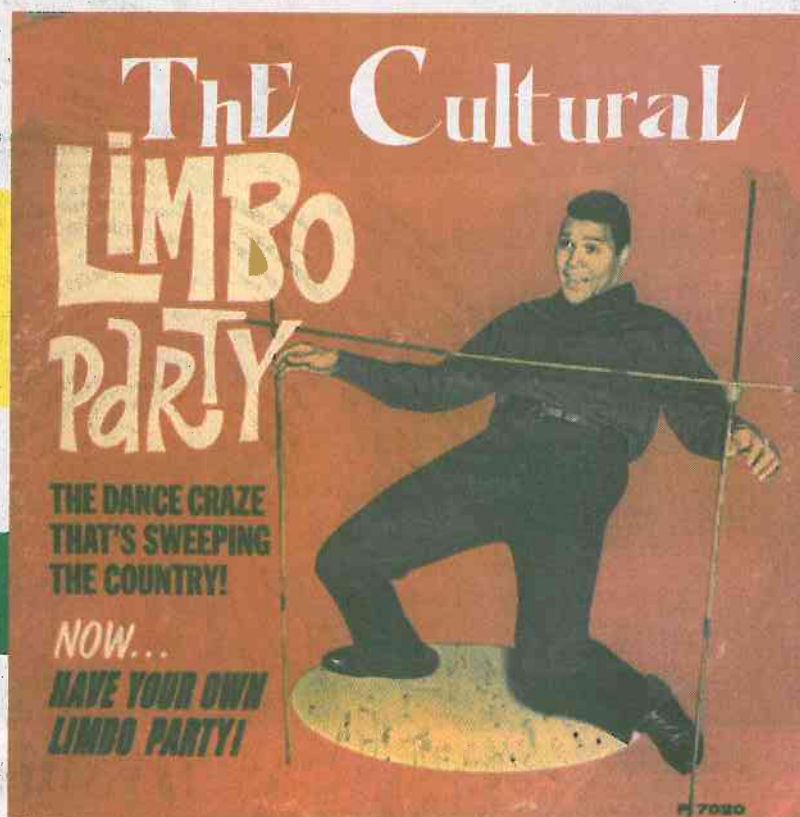
Ibid.

Jeremiah 32:16-17, 19

Isaiah 40:25-26

James 1:17

* Well, at least arguments that *consider* theology. Romans 1 and some other verses, go look it up jerk.



We all went to school with one. Those kids whose parents were mega over-protective. The ones who weren't allowed to go to Sam's Disco, have sleep-overs or go to parties at night. I was that kid to a certain extent but luckily for me my parents were reasonable in some respects. The Aussie kids never understood why I couldn't do stuff and neither did I really. I guess it was because my mum lived the 'traditional' life. She was the second child to a brother - one that helped her mother cook and clean from when she was seven, pander to her older brother and father, never go on school camps and live at home until she was married - well it was her only way out. She followed her father's every wish. My father, on the other hand, was allowed to run rampant while his parents worked their fingers to the bone.

So maybe when my parents were trying to work out how to raise me, they were just aiming for a happy medium. Maybe they were afraid of what I could get up to. If anything, second-generation kids live in a time-warp. My grandparents parented in the way they knew how. The daughter was dutiful, educated and lived at home until she found an appropriate man to marry. She never slept away from home; there would be no reason for that, not even for school. Family honour was first and foremost, as being seen well amongst the community meant that my mother's family could hold their heads high; they were patriotic and represented their country well. For this reason they always dressed immaculately, drove nice cars and their shoes were always clean.

In their transition to Australia, to a culture strange and large, sparse and dissimilar, they had to familiarise themselves with a

new culture. But of course, no culture is better than your own, which you know and understand. So as the sixties, seventies and eighties grew around them like a tangled jungle, they continued along, like a tree root growing above the ground; confused but with purpose. They did it the Italian way in an Anglo-Saxon environment but with little cultural correspondence to their homeland - only what they heard from relatives; they became stuck in a cultural limbo. The life that they created here resembled what they knew back home: the tradition, the customs, religion - the way they lived was that of twenty years prior.

They returned to Italy, two decades after having left everything they knew to find it all different. The truth is, the Italians want to develop like the rest of them. Modern and receptive, they are a nation wanting to emulate the progressive, technological and economic success of the Americans but that is not to say that they have discounted all of their own culture. They have an intense national pride, they are arrogant but educated and they always enjoy a hearty lunch. So after going back to what they thought they knew and finding it completely changed, Australia was their new home. They lived here longer than they did in Italy and fused what they knew and what they encountered to become Italo-Australian.

If you had asked me what I thought about my family six or seven years ago, I would have told you that they were backward, unfair, stone-age. However, I understand now that it is hard to come to a new country where everything is strange, start a new life and have little around you that you understand. This is true for all people who immigrate.

Forty and fifty years ago it was the Italians and Greeks and today we see a city scattered with a sea of beautiful, coloured faces.

My father and grandparents were discriminated against because of their race but I was lucky to have freedom to be myself in that respect. In my own experience, forty-seven years after my father landed on Australian soil, there are still cultural impacts to be felt. Communication with my grandparents has always been difficult. I am sure that for them it is just as frustrating - full to the brim with stories to tell and having limited vocabulary between us to make them heard. But family is family and if anything their stories have made me understand my ancestral culture more. I have returned to their home country and understood how they lived, seen the change, seen a society not dissimilar to our own - and my grandparents'; fountain pens amongst printers and keyboards. They had a consistent sense of purpose despite the hardship they endured; pieces of a jumbled puzzle where they never entirely fitted. They are still Italian citizens with permanent Australian residency, not denouncing their origin to take on one anew. They live in an indeterminate state where their identity is something fused with a culture that no longer exists and one that is a strange resemblance to what their lives could have been. Growing up, this was difficult because it was easy to get caught in the confusion of cultural correctness. But I would be lying if I said that I felt like any less of a person because of it. In truth, the most important thing that my family's difference has taught me is that when living in a multicultural society - understanding is indispensable.

Natalie Oliveri



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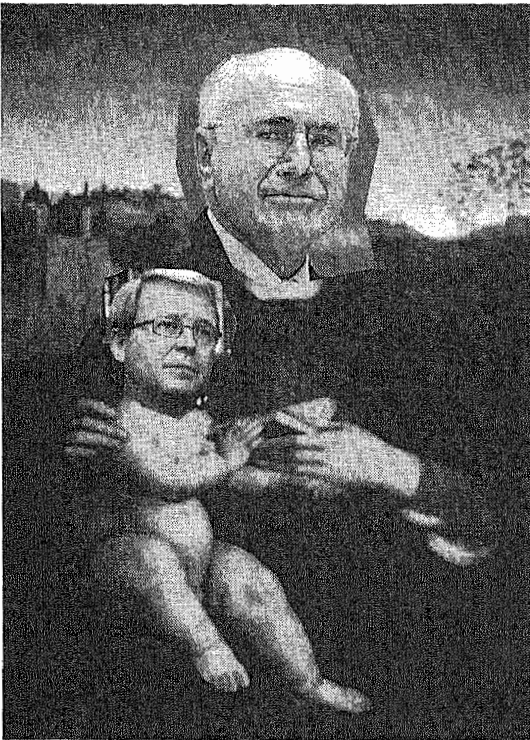
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WAR OF THE



POLITICAL CLUBS

“In the wake of Mr Howard’s and Mr Rudd’s addresses to over 700 Christian churches around the nation, how important a role do you think religion should play in federal politics?”

Religion in politics is a hot potato that most politicians will avoid when asked. This is because ever since man can remember religion either rubs people the right way or the wrong way, and very seldom anything in between.

Religion is one thing that crosses the political divide and involves all parliamentarians. Some are not of any faith, while most tend to have some level of involvement in one of several Christian denominations.

The mass of different beliefs in our society and in our parliament are a result of the freedom of association that we all enjoy in this country.

As far as politics is concerned, it is my opinion that religion and law-making should be kept separate. Our political and legal systems in this country were originally based on many Christian values and I still believe that these basic values are relevant today. However this does not mean that one religion or another should be given preference in Parliament.

When the Prime Minister and the Opposition Leader addressed Christian churches recently, they were simply addressing one of many constituencies that exist in our society. Just like when they address rural forums, business groups or community discussions, they are speaking to those who want to hear about their proposed plans and policies.

Religion certainly is not a political issue, nor is politics a religious issue. For an individual parliamentarian to express a religious perspective, however, should not be frowned upon. In a country that is home to people from all corners of the Earth with many different beliefs, we have grown to accept and be tolerant of different religious perspectives. This trend of religious tolerance is also present in our Federal Parliament, which is better off because of it.

Chris Browne
President
Adelaide University Liberal Club

The role of religion in politics is always a contentious issue. Sadly, in recent times one’s faith (or lack thereof) has increasingly been used to scapegoat members of our society rather than promote tolerance and understanding.

Religion, and the topics surrounding it, can easily become a wedge issue for any political party. Luckily, Australia’s strong democracy is underpinned by the notion of separation between church and state. An individual’s religious belief is just that, their own belief, and is just one of many possessed across our community. As such, churches and other religious groups are just one of many voices which form the lobbyists of our community.

Much has been said about Howard and Rudd’s addresses featured in this question. In particular much criticism has been focused on Kevin Rudd, representing the broader Left of Australian politics as leader of the ALP, for agreeing to take part. In reality Rudd and Howard’s participation should be treated no differently to their relations with any other community group. Dialogue with our political leaders is important for all members of our community; it is the basic underpinning of our democracy.

Unfortunately this doesn’t seem to be valued as highly by some of our politicians, highlighted recently when the Liberal candidates for the federal seats of Makin and Wakefield refused to take part in community forums to defend their Government’s now-infamous ‘WorkChoices’ legislation. If Howard or Rudd refused to speak with the church groups in the way David Fawcett and Bob Day refused to meet with constituents concerned with the Government’s IR laws, they would be equally in line for the criticism Mr Fawcett and Mr Day have faced following their decision to snub the community forums.

Community groups, including churches, should be given the respect they deserve and have their concerns listened to by our politicians. That said it is important to note that religious groups should not, nor be permitted to, achieve more influence than any other community group. This is fundamental in ensuring the separation between church and state is maintained.

Religious groups cannot be allowed to self-appoint themselves with the moral high ground on issues facing our society simply because of their faith. In many cases it can be argued that those without faith come to their opinions with a greater moral authority than those who form their opinions entirely on their religion. This is especially evident when one looks at matters such as abortion, the legal rights of same-sex couples and stem cell research (just to name a few) where some people use their religion to sprout what are in many cases discriminatory, closed-minded remarks.

In general, religion should only play a limited role in federal politics. The last thing anyone would like to see would be Australia slipping into the political situation that exists in America, where in many areas evangelical extremists have been allowed to dominate the political landscape.

Scott Cowen
President
Adelaide University Labor Club

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The place of religion in politics has been the topic of debate for centuries. For some religion and politics is one entity, for others, the distinction between 'church and state' is vital for a healthy democracy. The role of religion in politics has been subtly emphasised over the last couple years. There is often criticism of any suggestion of introducing Shariah/Islamic law, but plenty of government support behind Christian endeavours. Here's a few examples:

- Last year we saw a significant injection of funding for chaplains (of any faith) into schools, and while this has been welcomed by religious groups (many of these groups had to finance the chaplaincy positions themselves prior to the government funding), it has also angered many who would like to see more funded positions for counsellors without religious affiliation so that there's no perceived indoctrination while vulnerable or troubled students are facing hardship. Predominantly, Christian chaplaincy positions have been funded.

- Many social services are being contracted out to religious organisations such as the Salvation Army, which provide an important role in reaching the underprivileged and serving them.

- The contracting out of pregnancy counselling services to a Catholic pro-life organisation is another example of how the Government has attempted to bring 'religious (read Christian) values' into the everyday life of Australian citizens.

In my own opinion, Australia should be aiming to further the secularisation of society, in recognition of the increasing diversity of religious and spiritual views. Mixing church and state is a dangerous combination, but not just for the common argument that is floated about religious interference on non-religious society. Belief by

conviction, not coercion, is a common element of the world's two most predominant religions, Islam and Christianity, both of which argue to letting the truth speak for itself. Mixing religion and politics is a double-edged sword, because while religious politicians and values influence the Government, the Government will also play just as a significant role in changing religions.

The flip-side is often forgotten. My ancestors fled to Australia in the mid-1800s to escape religious persecution in what was then Prussia. By tying religion and politics together, the German Prince saw himself as divinely appointed, and began dictating what was, or was not, the will of God. The result was a uniform Christian state-endorsed prayer/hymn book, and a ban on all others. My ancestors and many of those who came to Australia around the same time, refused to use the government prayer book as it endorsed what they saw as false theology. Suddenly, they had lost their religious freedom and suffered persecution, as they refused to conform to the state-sponsored brand of Christianity.

Ironically, I find that many of the descendants of those Lutherans are now supporting groups like Family First who aim for similar goals as the Prince, and who practice a remarkably different theology based on prosperity and contradictory in many ways to the beliefs and character of Christ endorsed by the Lutheran Church. Mixing church and state removes the ability for the individual pursuit of truth, and the autonomy of religious organisations. Those Christians should remember the lessons of their ancestors and the importance of a secular government, and it is just one of a million lessons learnt against mixing church and state.

Sandy Biar
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Australian Democrats

MySpace Versus LiveJournal:

▼ The Battle of the Blog

I have always been a LiveJournal chick. Originally enticed over by friends who had been presenting their lives in dazzling and interesting ways with text and images, I was converted and accepted into the world of happy bloggers. As the years rolled on, my public page made my life look less and less interesting and the site became sadly neglected. In recent times, however, I have been reminded of the wonders of public communication and regenerated the old format. To my surprise, I have been able to maintain strong contacts with friends I rarely see and show people my artwork and my writing and get some wonderfully constructive criticism.

What I have not done (perhaps yet) though is embrace the wonders of MySpace for myself. For me the site holds both interest and apathy; I know its there and I know it's successful, but I can't be bothered. I'm not sure why. Why should anyone inherently prefer one blog site from another, when they are inherently the same?

But how are they the same? I think there are two main factors which distinguish the use of an online blogging system. The use of hyperlinks, and networking to connect people or articles found on the internet to a post has profound implications in the formation of social structure within any interactive form of internet site. Within LiveJournal and MySpace, an original author displays an article to which readers may comment towards within specified areas, such as comment boxes or response sections. By providing a hyperlink or a comment, the article can connect any potential readers to other sources of interest, thus providing an information web and allowing the reader to read as much as they choose. Similarly, a reader may choose to comment and in doing so may create such a hyperlink reference, to either provide further information to the readers or to argue their point in response to the article. In providing such functions blogs create an online community wherein all participants have the ability to support or counter their arguments, while developing a relatively unrestricted dialogue. The other main aspect is of course the public medium. Instead of a private conversation between peers, most pages are published over the net publicly, allowing any user of the site to comment from around the world. This allows for a more diverse range of opinions (and abuse) and has the potential to make even the most ordinary blogger's life appear fantastic.

For me, MySpace is not without its appeal. The profile-based pages make it quite easy to navigate and network with friends and the strong music community focus allows bloggers the opportunity to support and follow musicians in a fairly personal manner. Somewhat recently I realized that Burnside Players, a theatre company I was working with, created their own MySpace specific to *By Jeeves*, their current show, showing yet another function of the blog. However I felt, almost instinctively when setting up a MySpace, that the layout was lacking in something. A feeling of connection between users beyond profiles, and beyond likes and dislikes was missing. Perhaps it is only my imagination, but I felt almost commodified, overly compartmentalised by what bands I listened to, where I went to school, and what my star sign was. I have never gotten that sense in LiveJournal, perhaps because profiles are not as immediately apparent as the actual posts.

In the end there can be no winner. These sites can appear to do nothing but support the endless prattle of millions of dull lives. But in terms of networking with friends, these fabrications of day to day life can be quite helpful, allowing us to vent, bitch, proselytise, protest and celebrate... let's face it, virtually for free.

Genevieve Williamson

I have a sickness. It's not a physical disease, but a mental one. I lose hours of every day because of my condition. You see, I have a wholly unhealthy reliance on the internet.

Okay, so I'm being overly dramatic. Chances are that anyone reading this uses the internet on a regular basis. But does that mean that I'm being silly, or that you're sick too?

I had this epiphany when my internet connection broke the other day. There were still the icons on my toolbar saying that everything was ready, and my browser opened, but then came the horrible message: "Server not found".

Now, I was doing an assignment, and naturally this was going to irritate me a bit. But when I started feeling like I deserved chocolate and some comforting words from my family because of it, I decided that things had gone too far. It was a brief disconnection from the world-wide web, not pneumonia!

Matters weren't helped by the fact that my family seemed to have taken it the same way. "How's your internet going, Hannah?", my Mum called from the other room. This caught the attention of my sister, who came running in hopefully, squeaking, "Is yours working?". Anyone would think we had been marooned by a blizzard and left with no way to contact the rest of the world.

This kind of reliance doesn't stop with the internet, either. A couple of days ago, I was idly chatting with one of my friends. They made some funny comment about John Howard's eyebrows, or something equally laughable. Disturbingly, my first thought was to message one of my friends about it. I actually contemplated paying money to pass on a throw away line that, chances are, would lose all meaning once robbed of its context. In no way is this logical.

A friend's sister took this reliance further still and, a year or two ago now, was diagnosed with 'texting tendonitis' - a type of repetitive strain injury contracted from using your thumb to type text messages more frequently than is really a good idea. Really folks, when the need to talk to our friends with this kind of frequency is so great that people risk injury to do so, doesn't something seem just a little bit wrong?

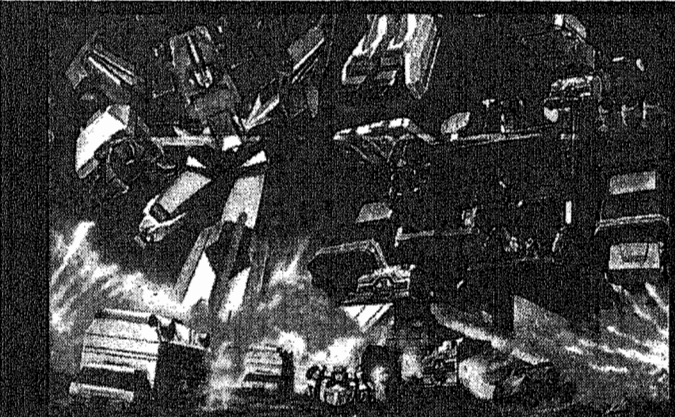
But back to my tale of woe and wireless internet. A relay of shouted instructions between the room with my laptop and the desktop computer! around the corner solved the problem eventually (though we've no idea how), and life and assignments went on. But I'm left with the ultimate irony of my embarrassing affliction: my first thought was to post this in my blog.

Hannah Mattner

(Footnotes)

¹ No apologies for the examples of my cushy student life

INTERNET SICKNESS ▼



Or:
How
I
Learned
to
Stop
Worrying
and
Love
a
Czech
Crime
Syndicate



“ This is a painful story for me, and I'm not sure how I feel about retelling it, but I've decided that my experiences in the murky world of MySpace might help other naïve young things avoid the traps that caught me. So please, as you read, laugh at my misfortune, but when you do, remember my words. They might just save you one day.

Anyway, let's begin by establishing some sort of background. I first made a MySpace account over the Christmas period of this year. As honest fellow MySpacers will no doubt agree, this decision rates up there with wearing a pair of Speedos in public on anyone's personal list of bad decisions. For me, however, it was a particularly catastrophic error of judgement. Why? Because, new to social networking websites, I decided that I would use MySpace to find love. As honest fellow MySpacers will no doubt agree, this decision rates up there with registering a MySpace account on anyone's personal list of bad decisions.

As you might guess from the fact that I decided to use MySpace as a means of furthering my love life, my record of romantic pursuits is just about as impressive as Chairman Mao's economic performance. The problem, as far as I can make out, is that there aren't too many singles out there that are kind, passionate and have a keen interest in online email scamming. Ever since I heard about those Russian mail-order bride scams, you see, I've had a bit of a thing for shady Czech crime syndicates. They're just so dreamy.

In any event, after making my account, I proceeded to put the following under my 'Who I'd like to meet' section:

To be honest, the real reason I'm here is to find love. I'd be so grateful if MySpace could help me meet an attractive, clever, funny, graceful, kind, prudent, witty, worldly female Eastern-European crime syndicate (preferably Czech, but hey, who am I to be picky?) that likes dogs and feels all cats ought to be destroyed. If this fits your description, please contact me ASAP so that I can send you money for the flight to Australia.

After trying to meet a suitable crime syndicate in bars and clubs as well as through friends, I was very doubtful about my chances. Much to my surprise, however, not a week had passed before I got a message from a user claiming to represent an "attractive, clever, funny, graceful, kind, prudent, witty, worldly female Czech crime syndicate" who had seen my picture, read my introduction, and thought I seemed handsome and mysterious.

Needless to say, it was a whirlwind romance. Email after email travelled between us, and I really thought we were starting to form a bond. We discussed the possibility of cybersex via MySpace message, but I decided I hadn't quite sunk to that level of desperation. I told her all about my university studies, dreams of writing, and current unemployment, and she explained her passion for candlelit dinners, taste for romantic walks on the beach, and love of kneecapping.

Eventually I convinced her that I should send her some money, on the pretext of paying for her flight to Australia, and that she should rip me off. Those scams are just so fucking hot, you know? I saw a video of one on YouTube once, and I favourited it fifteen times.

Hello!
I am Czech Crime Syndicate.
I am looking for friend,
companion or drug mule.
I hope you find many
enjoyments on my web site.

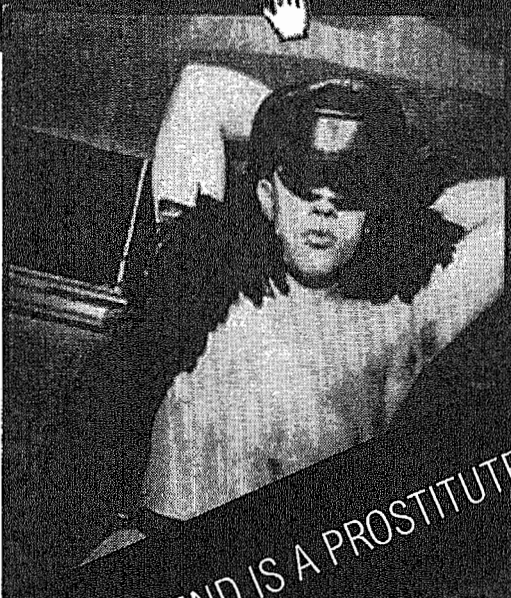
Anyway, I sent the money, told her where I lived, and 'set a date for our meeting', deciding that the whole thing would be so much hotter if I actually played along. The anticipation was unbearable. Being scammed was going to be better than sex, I thought. Between you and me I'm not actually in any position to make that comparison, but *that* is a story for another time.

The day approached, and I prepared to be 'so disappointed when she didn't arrive' and to send faux-angry emails to my Czech crime syndicate lover in the aftermath. All of a sudden, it was Monday, August 6, one week ago as I write, and the day of the meeting. I was calmly reading a book when, much to my surprise, I heard a knock at the door. I opened it, and there she was; a stunningly beautiful Russian mail-order bride named Anya who for months on end had masqueraded as the shady Czech crime syndicate of my dreams just so she could take my plane ticket money and use it to buy a plane ticket. Then, *then*, she expected me to open the door and be pleased when she asked when we were getting married? The evil harpy had just broken my heart, not that she cared. I slammed the door in her face, and went to drown my sorrows in my bath tub. It's a pity my water pipes were leaking and I didn't have money to pay for a plumber.

So there it is, folks. As I write this, there are MILLIONS of stunningly beautiful Russian mail-order brides out there (many of whom are not named as stereotypically as Anya was) waiting to trick innocent MySpacers like myself into thinking that they are in fact shady Czech crime syndicates just so that they can get you to pretend to pay for them to come to Australia and spend the rest of your life with them in wedded bliss. Don't believe the hype, people. There's no love to be found on MySpace.

PS: If you REALLY ARE an attractive, clever, funny, graceful, kind, prudent, witty, worldly female Eastern-European crime syndicate (preferably Czech), drop me a line at <http://www.myspace.com/linetheory>. Please, though, no impostors. I've had quite enough heartache for one lifetime.

Christopher Arblaster



MY BEST FRIEND IS A PROSTITUTE

When I joined MySpace over the summer vacation last year I didn't think I would be so popular. When I joined up I told all my friends (those I could think of) that I had joined and tried to subtly bring it up in conversation. I blogged! I actually put my innermost personal thoughts out there for people to read. I uploaded pictures not just of me but of things that represented me, my life and the things I liked. I got a layout all organised and thought I was the bee's knees, the cat's whiskers, all in all I thought I was The Man.

Then it happened: I got friends requests. Each morning I would wake up, meander to the kitchen, make some coffee, wrestle the toaster for my pop tarts and head to my desk to see who wanted to be my friend. Before my real world friends could add me to their lists of friends in the electronic wonderland, he appeared.

He was breathtaking: the eyes, the muscles and the smile. It was all there and this guy wanted to be friends with me. So proud was I to have a friend that looked so damn hot, I put him at position number one in my top friends. I should have known he was too good to be true. His name was Michael. He had messaged me several times in which I, being the good friend I am, replied to. I thought that I knew him, his favourite colour, his favourite beverage, even his preferred style and brand of underwear. So after about two or three weeks I asked him where he was from. Melbourne, he told me, which was great because I was planning to go to Melbourne at the end of the summer break to catch up with a friend of mine from school who I hadn't seen in a few years. So we arranged to meet, somewhere open and public in order to play it safe.

I went to work over the next few weeks with more spring in my step and I worked my butt off to make those few extra dollars to take to Melbourne with me. The week before I was due to go, I messaged him to make sure it was still cool to catch up. He messaged me back saying that it was fine, but he could only see me for an hour as he had to make another appointment. That was fine with me as long as I got to meet this Adonis. So I arrived in Melbourne, I checked into my hotel room and had a night out with my friends. I must have had a few bevies because I couldn't remember much about the night. I

remembered bragging about my new number one friend on MySpace, actually I told nearly everyone one I knew, even my mum, telling her it was the kind of guy I would be proud to bring him to meet her.

A few more nights came and went and the day I was to meet my man arrived. I kept thinking about his face in the number one spot of my MySpace page and how fabulous it was going to be to finally meet face to face. As I got off the tram and walked down to the place where we were due to meet, the butterflies were working up a storm in my stomach. There he was, right where we had arranged to meet.

"Wanna get out of here? Go somewhere more private?" he asked me.

"Sure," I said calmly while on the inside I was slowly becoming a puddle of goo.

We headed off towards his car, when I saw his wheels I was stunned to find a hotted up convertible with mag wheels, the works. We got in and sped off.

"How can you afford a car like this on a uni student's budget?" I asked in sheer awe.

"I work my arse off," he replied, placing his hand on my leg and giving a fly away laugh.

We arrived at our destination and headed inside. It was a stylish looking hotel with a nice restaurant in front, so I followed. We walked past the restaurant, past the bar and started to head upstairs. Maybe there was a restaurant upstairs that I didn't see. I was a tad distracted when we drove up and didn't see the entire place from the front. We got to the third landing where a large oak door stood in front of us. Michael took out his keys, opened the door and invited me in. Alarm bells started ringing in my head but I ignored my first instincts and stepped inside.

He flopped himself down on the couch and took off his shirt. It was hot in the old place but it did not warrant a strip show.

"So do you want to do it here or in the bedroom?," he asked.

"What?" I answered absolutely stunned.

"Oh and by the way, I hope you brought cash 'cause I don't have card facilities."

I was dumbstruck. I honestly didn't know what to say.

It all made sense to me now: hot guy, great car, "work my ass off", this private room in a hotel. How much of an idiot could I have been? He wanted my money, not my friendship. And that was where the story ends. Embarrassed and mortified, I ran out to the tram headed towards the city, and arrived back at my hotel, my tail between my legs.

My laptop sat on my bed with the MySpace page open and a new friend request pending. I couldn't help myself and I had a look. There another well-proportioned hunk stared at me and I laughed.

"Not bloody likely," I said to myself as I logged out.

Gryphon T. Jackson

Psychiatric Disorder of the Week

is watching you

With Angus Maxwell-Clark - 'I may have Alzheimer's, but at least I don't have Alzheimer's!'

Personality Disorders

How not to perceive, think about and behave in today's world

Nobody is completely psychologically healthy. That's my opinion anyway. We all have our own quirks and private insecurities, mostly hidden or concealed from others lest they judge us as deviating from the 'norm'. As I mentioned in an earlier issue, I brush my teeth for seven minutes twice daily. Thank you, Colgate Total + Whitening™. The point is, none of us are perfect, but there are some who have bigger problems than others. Whilst forms of it may not always seem as 'crazy' as other psychiatric disorders, this issue's *Psychiatric Disorder of the Week* still has significant effects on individuals and society - we are talking, of course, about *personality disorders*.

Deviation Across the Nation (it's your creation)
Personality disorders are, technically speaking, patterns of thought, perception and behaviour that are chronic, inflexible and maladaptive (not suitable for function in everyday life). By another definition, a personality disorder is an enduring, inflexible and pervasive pattern of personality traits that deviate significantly from the expectations of the sufferer's culture and manifest in thought, emotion, impulse control and interpersonal functioning, which cannot be explained by drug intoxication or other psychological disorders, and which cause the sufferer personal stress. Although there are 10 personality disorders officially listed by the American Psychiatric Association, I've selected three of the more colourful variants for this issue. Check it.

Histrionic Personality Disorder (HPD)
HPD is my *fave* personality disorder. I maintain this lingering suspicion that one of the girls in my year at school had it. I won't mention her name was Lydia. HPD is characterised by excessive emotionality and attention seeking, including the constant need for approval and inappropriate displays of seductiveness. Adjectives associated with HPD sufferers include 'dramatic', 'enthusiastic' and 'flirtatious'. Symptoms differ depending on gender. Women suffering HPD demonstrate self-centredness, self-indulgence, dependency on others, emotional shallowness and transience, difficulty understanding others or themselves and very inappropriate selection of sexual or marital partners. There are certain stereotyped examples I could give here, but I'll refrain. If an HPD sufferer is not the centre of attention, he or she may do something dramatic to draw attention back on themselves, such as creating a scene (picture: toppling the champagne-flute pyramid at a party). In men, symptoms include lack of impulse control, disturbed personal relationships and antisocial behaviour. One symptom is the reflexive offering of strong opinions on broad and varied matters, without the ability to justify them. For example, one might say the Howard Government is fucked, without being able to provide justifications for this point of view, such as its social conservatism or overexpenditure on advertisements. I swear that's my only political comment of the year.

Paranoid Personality Disorder (PPD)
PPD is about believing everyone's out to get you. Especially people writing articles about PPD. Mrwr! As you may have already concluded, PPD is a pattern of distrust and suspiciousness that leads to the belief that other's motives are malevolent. Example? Reading hidden meaning into the phrase, "You're looking well today," and interpreting it as a veiled insult - does this mean that the sufferer never looks well on other days? How dare the speaker imply such a thing! Broad symptoms include:

- The assumption that others are exploiting, deceiving or

aiming to harm the sufferer

- The scrutinising of other's words and actions for signs of hostile intention
- Secretiveness and reluctance to confide in others for fear that the information will be used against the sufferer
- Jealousy, sensitiveness and grudge-bearing

A sufferer may believe that being accidentally short-changed is personal attack by a shop assistant. If a friend or colleague demonstrates loyalty to the sufferer, he or she may be so shocked as to dismiss the loyalty as a sham or lie.

Narcissistic Personality Disorder (NPD)

All of you should know the story of Narcissus, the young hero in Greek mythology. I was told that he drowned after falling in love with, and falling *into*, his reflection in a spring, but this isn't exactly true. According to the saucier archaic version of the story, he tried to seduce the reflection of the boy he saw in the water, only realising it was a reflection when he tried to kiss it. Knowing that he could never love the boy in the reflection, he killed himself with a sword. Another version of the story suggests he interpreted the reflection as the sight of his sister, but I'm not even going near that. Myths aside, Narcissism today refers to self-love, arrogance, self-importance, and so on. Sufferers of NPD demonstrate exactly those traits, plus a few more. They consistently overestimate and over-inflate their own qualities and accomplishments whilst downplaying the contributions of others, disregard the needs and feelings of others, and are often dismayed when praise is not forthcoming. Sufferers become preoccupied with fantasies of unlimited wealth, power or attractiveness, often insist on having the 'top' professionals (doctor/hairdresser/dentist/pubic stylist) in their lives, compare themselves favourably with famous people, need constant admiration, and actually have quite fragile self-images. There is a significant disjoint between the 'real' and 'false' selves of the sufferer. NPD may be a defence mechanism against internal feelings of shame and inadequacy.

Promotional Paragraph

This is the Science section of *On Dit*, an island of fact, knowledge and reason in a textual ocean of subjectivity and opinion. Thank Einstein for Science students! If you have any submissions on any science matter whatsoever, email them to me and I guarantee you publication. Then we can be famous together and look down on those snooty Arts/Politics/Anthropology/Whatever students. It'll be fun!

email: angus.maxwell-clark@student.adelaide.edu.au

Source it, baby:

Gerrig, R.L., & Zimbardo, P.G., *Psychology and Life*. Boston: Pearson Allyn and Bacon.

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

Personality disorder

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

My 1st-year lecturer on mental health, Dr. Kieran O'Doherty. I promise this is the only time I'll use you as a source.

This is my favourite recipe of all time. This is a vegan meal and it is honestly fantastic. It changed the way I saw cooking and re-inspired me to start cooking again. I found it on the *Lonely Planet's Thorn Tree* and it was posted by someone called Razzak on 5th of Sept 2004. It has countless variations, and I've added my own little bit below. If you or your guests are vegan you can easily add some nuts and seeds to ensure it has a good source of protein. This is about enough for six people if you make it with my fish recipe below or four if it's on its lonesome.

The Best Thing I've Ever Cooked

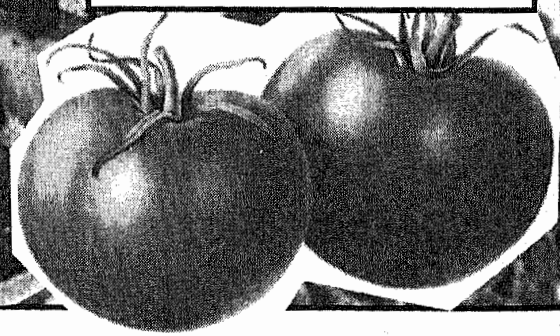
(and it's embarrassingly easy too)



Moroccan Vegetables

Ingredients

- 2 cups of dried chickpeas (can find at Goods & Grains in the Adelaide Market or at all good supermarkets)
- 2 cinnamon sticks (try to get all your spices from Goods & Grains - they are much better than the supermarket fluff)
- olive oil
- 4-6 cloves of garlic (the original recipe calls for a head of garlic and seemed to have left it whole. If you're feeding your date, remember that garlic is an aphrodisiac)
- 3 - 4 small zucchini
- 4 medium onions
- 3 green capsicum
- 5 ripe tomatoes (if tomatoes are out of season, include a tablespoon of tomato paste to add a little more flavour)
- Tabasco sauce
- 1 tablespoon ground cumin
- 1 tablespoon of ginger - grated (get a 3cm knob of fresh ginger, remove tough skin & grate)
- 1 cup of currants or raisins (whichever you prefer)
- salt & pepper (support the Murray, get the pink salt)



THE NIGHT BEFORE

Soak the chickpeas in cold water overnight. If you haven't read the recipe through (you dingbat) an edible alternative is a 400g can of chickpeas. However, this shortcut really does detract from the dish. The appeal is in the chord of subtle flavours. When you use the canned chickpeas, they give the meal a scratchy texture and it is really not a special meal. So, please soak the chickpeas in cold water until they are soft.

THE NEXT MORNING

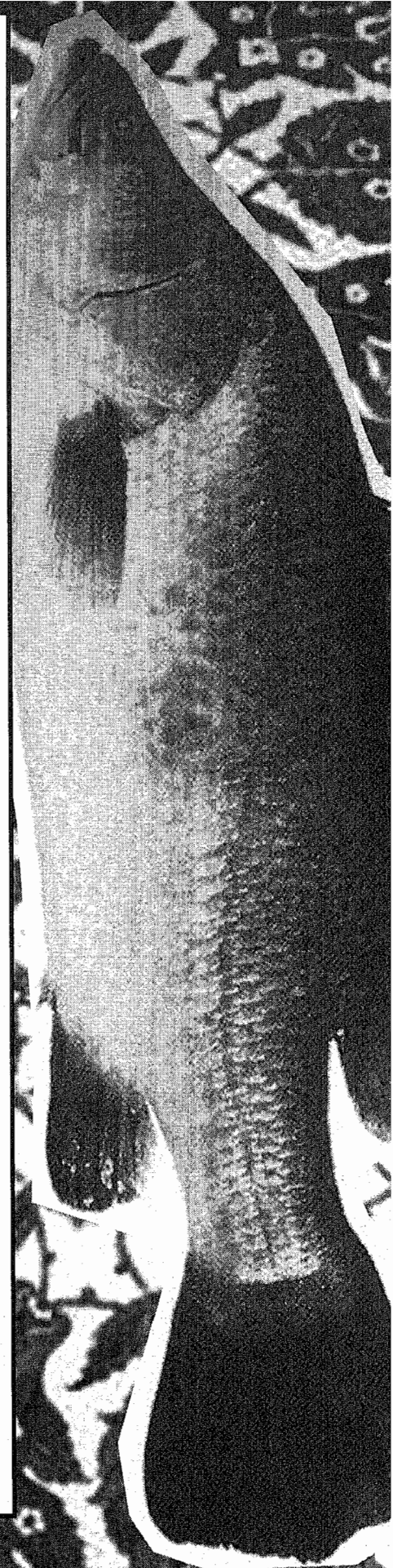
- Pour the chickpeas with their water into saucepan. Break the chickpeas in half and add to the pot. Bring to a boil and then turn it down to a simmer for at least an hour, maybe an hour and a half.
- Crush the garlic. This method is 'supposed' to protect the garlic from bruising. Chop off the base of the clove and peel the outer layers. Using a strong fork and the heel of your palm press over a clove of garlic in a lever motion.
- Peel the zucchini and slice lengthways and lengthways again. Chop into small chunks.
- In a large heavy-bottomed saucepan with a well-fitting lid, bring the olive oil to a medium-high temperature. Once it has warmed up (test by dropping in a small piece of garlic; if it sizzles and starts changing colour the oil is ready) add the garlic and stir. Add in the chopped zucchini and stir until it turns translucent. This will take about 10 minutes. Don't let the zucchini or garlic burn. Transfer to a bowl once cooked. It smells so good and tastes better, yet this is just the beginning!
- Heat up the pan again, with another little bit of olive oil but this time to a medium heat.
- Roughly chop up the onions, capsicum and tomatoes. They don't need to be a fine dice, about the same as you would normally chop for a stir-fry.
- Add the onions to the pot and stir until they are turning a warm yellow. Then start to slowly add the capsicum. If you dump it all in, only some pieces will cook. Once they are all in, cover with the saucepan lid for ten or so minutes, stirring to prevent them from burning.
- Add the tomatoes, then stir in the currants (or raisins), cumin, ginger and a few little drops of Tabasco sauce. Add some freshly ground pepper and salt to taste.
- By now your chickpeas should be ready. Drain them and add the chickpeas to the pot. Mix everything together and turn the temperature right down to a very,

very gentle simmer. Give it a stir every now and then to check it's not sticking. This is a great time to clean up the kitchen and do the dishes.

- After an hour, turn of the temperature and let the pot sit for at least five hours, preferably overnight. This gives the flavours a chance to meld.
- Reheat to serve.

Barramundi baked with Harrissa, Oranges and Dates

- barramundi that has been cleaned and gutted
- harrisa (a red spicy paste you can find in the David Jones food court. It is very versatile and works with chicken, vegetables, as a dip etc)
- 2 oranges, quartered
- 2 dates seeded and chopped into pieces.
- You'll also need cooking string and baking paper. You may also want to find a third hand too.
- Turn the oven onto X degrees
- Pick a fresh barramundi straight from the fishmonger's. It should be a firm fish with a clear eye. Let the fishmonger know how many people you are cooking for and how big your oven is so they can give you a correctly sized fish. Recently the barra have been a bit small, so I made this recipe with two fish and it served four people. Give the fish a rinse in cool water and pat dry with kitchen paper.
- Coat the fish with the harrisa and stuff the fish with the dates and oranges, squeezing the juice.
- Wrap it in the baking paper, closing securely with a square fold. Bring the ends together and fold the edges together with a 2cm margin, and over again, repeating until the fold lies flat against the fish.
- Bind the baking paper to the fish and knot it securely, but not enough to squeeze its flesh. Then fold and tie up the edges. You are trying to create a neat little parcel.
- Bake in the oven until cooked. Obviously, this will depend on the weight of the fish! Ask the fishmonger how long it would take to bake the fish you select. As a rough guide, my two small barra took about 35 minutes. This is a good time to start gently reheating your Moroccan vegetables.
- Chop the sting when cooked and unwrap the parcel. If you are the kind of person who loves garnishing, a whole slice of orange with some coriander leaves looks fantastic.



VOX

"If a million monkeys spent a million years on a million typewriters - thanks to MySpace we know the result."

We rely lyk MySpace.

This edition takes into account both those of u who luv and those who loathe this medium of communication. Just trying 2 keep it balanced. And in the interest of 'keeping it balanced', were using very annoying 'net lingo 2 alien8 the lot of u!

But in the end guyz it helps u 2 keep in touch, even with those ppl u wouldnt usually give a hoot about. 4 sum reason, u suddenly care when their bdays r so u can comment them and give them kudos when they write a particularly kool blog. So kudos 2 u guys, for reading this and while were at it props too! (whateva that is)

Mad love 4eva,
natxcore & _\$cat\$



Sacrificial Lamb

"Thus..."

About Me: Extrovert.
Interests: Surfing, rock climbing, fencing and traditional world music.
Latest Blog Entry: My mad scientist goggles.
Friends: 38
URL: www.myspace.com/dont_stalk_me_please

Online Now!



Lisa

"Angel in the Pit"

About Me: I wanna be a journalist, I heart friends, family and having a good time.
Interests: Shoes, politics, writing and cosmopolitans.
Latest Blog Entry: I crashed my car.
Friends: 113
MySpace URL: myspace.com/lis_luvs_sexandthecity

Online Now!

POP



Hannah

Real-life friends: 60
Why no MySpace? Because there's Facebook which is Myspace for adults.
How do you expect stalkers to find you? If they're Australian - on Facebook, otherwise there's the good-old phone book.
Which font sums up your personality? Windings 2
Comments: /mepointsandlaughs



Daniel

Real-life friends: 20
Why no MySpace? Coz it's stupid and childish.
How do you expect stalkers to find you? Facebook - I use it to stalk others so I imagine they use it to stalk me... right?
Which font sums up your personality? Black Chancery
Comments: Get over it already people!

Disclosure statement: If you still like Facebook you can't really hate MySpace too much and are probably a victim of stereotypical drivell. But then again, we hear that on Facebook, there's less of this...



HIALOL
(Hey I Actually Laughed Out Loud!)



I know that being the fashion editor, I'm supposed to gush over the latest parades by the major fashion houses, but I think it's embarrassing seeing a poor, malnourished female trying to walk around in a hideously overpriced mass of fabric. The thing is that this extreme portrayal of the latest trends inevitably end up on our backs. When Karl Lagerfeld decides to use cobalt blue in his Chanel haute couture collection, then Chanel would carry the idea through their diffusion lines or pret-à-porter (ready-to-wear) collections and then cheaper labels will copy it and eventually we see it in Rundle Street/Mall. A prime example of this is the high-waisted jeans that were first spotted in Chloé's Summer 2003 collection (picture left) and now there are high-waisted, wide-legged jeans for \$40 in Dotti. This occurrence is termed the 'trickle-down effect'. Occasionally there is someone that does their own thing and are recognised for it. So in the theme of this edition of *On Dit* I would like to show you what Riccardo Tisci's MySpace would say if he had one.



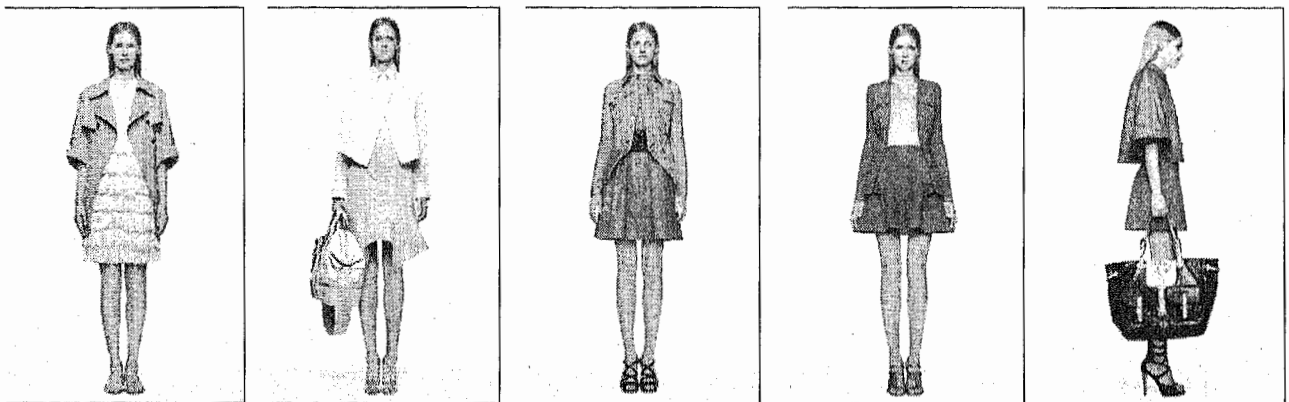
Designer Profile: Riccardo Tisci

Riccardo Tisci was born in 1974, in the city of Taranto, located in the deep south of Italy. He is the youngest of eight children. By the age of seventeen, Tisci left Taranto for London, where he attended the Saint Martin's School of Art (the most prestigious place to study fashion in the world. Past students include Vivienne Westwood, Stella McCartney and many more). He graduated with honours and returned to Italy to apprentice for such designers as Antonia Berardi, Coccapani, Puma and Ruffo Research. After five years of working in the shadows of others, Tisci decided he had gathered enough knowledge to go out on his own. In September 2004 he showed his first collection under his own name. His signature style has been described as "new elegance", "modern chic", "operational" and "well thought out".

Tisci's style resembled the lost essence of the Givenchy fashion house who were keen to appoint a new creative designer for their women's line. Tisci took up his position on the 28th of February 2005. Tisci spent the first three days on the job rummaging through the Givenchy archives which are made up of two rooms. One room is full of racks of vintage Givenchy garments and boxes of hats, while the other room is filled with rows of shelves filled with neatly stacked press scrap books, fabric samples and collection 'look books'. Tisci emerged with a greater understanding of the original Givenchy signature style, something that his predecessors (John Galliano, January 1996; Alexander McQueen, October 1996; Julien MacDonald, March 2001) had paid little attention to, since the retirement of Hubert de Givenchy in 1995.

In the 1950s Givenchy was known for its modern femininity combined with refined Parisian chic. Tisci sought to rekindle Givenchy's signature style. Through his research Tisci noted the commonly known characteristics of Givenchy garments, colourful embellishment and puffy volumes, an avante garde parallel became apparent. The dominance of black (some 1950s collections were entirely black), the bared back and very tall, narrow silhouettes were intermittent throughout the decades of Givenchy. Tisci has lived up to his convictions and reinstated the Givenchy fashion house as one of the world leading fashion houses with it our identity, instead of sacrificing it for his own identity. A masculine line with an almost futuristic edge has no shock value and has been subjected to cruel reviews, yet are wearable and elegant for any woman. Basic colour palettes allow for ease when choosing the days outfit which is an important trait to have in this day and age. Tisci has definitely got talent and it would not surprise me if he becomes a successful household name like Stella McCartney in the next few years.

Kim



Above: Givenchy Ready-to-wear collection for Spring 2008 by Riccardo Tisci

OK, I realize that what I am about to say may be a bit shocking to some of you out there, but until recently I had no idea what MySpace was. Hmm, I know, did someone say sleeping under a giant rock? Anyway, now you that have recovered from my shocking revelation you can continue to read on. Being the fashion addict that I am I sometimes find myself browsing on the world wide web in order to satisfy my addiction. I thought since this edition was loosely based around the internet I thought it might be fitting to introduce some of my favourite websites to you.

eBay.com

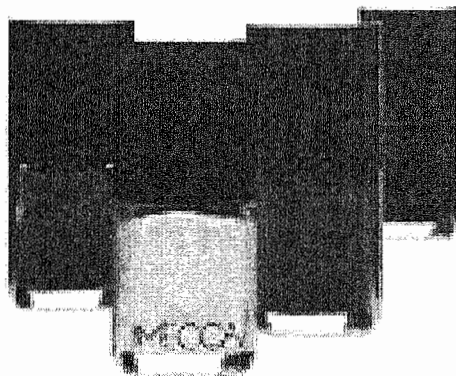
The godfather of all e-commerce and the fix of many a fashion addict is none other than eBay. Come on, admit it; it's awesome! eBay is the place to search for that perfect vintage Dior purse or that perfect Vivienne Westwood dress.



Above: the Whats New page of net-a-porter

matches fashion

Those guys and gals out there who love shoes will love this website. Hot on Net-a-Porter's heels is www.matchesfashion.com. The online home of high-end Brisbane boutique Jean Brown is a one-stop shop for all your Alexander McQueen and Balenciaga needs. Just be aware that it is quite pricey and most of the prices are in British pounds, but isn't it nice to dream...



Mecca Cosmetica nail polish

i'll give you the hot tip!

My best advice to find fashion on the web is to use good old Google. If you type in what you are looking for, you're sure to find it! Now I realise for some of you out there that shopping may be your only cardio workout but seriously I recommend you get online because times are a-changin' and there are so many websites that sell things so much cheaper than in the department stores.

For all you fashion and trashy mag fans out there I recommend that you find out your favorite mag's web addresses get online and subscribe there. I can guarantee that the you will save \$\$ and as uni students we know that whenever we love to save our \$\$!

net-a-porter

A favourite of mine is www.net-a-porter.com. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is the be all and end all when it comes to high class fashion that can be shipped right to your front door. This company has clothes from Chloé, Marc Jacobs and Alexander McQueen.



Above: Online Catalogue page for Matches Fashion

mecca cosmetica

One website that I believe is a godsend is Mecca Cosmetica (www.meccacosmetica.com.au). In our first edition we let you know that this company now has decided to open up a store in Adelaide, located in Burnside village. This place is amazing - the staff are so lovely and the best thing is that you can try on all of the products in the store. Recently I was in the market for a new foundation so I went into this place and I was delighted to learn that you can sit in your own special chair and they will let you try on the product in the store. However for those of you out there who can't be bothered tearing yourself away from the midday TV to go check it out, then view all their products online. I promise you that you won't be disappointed. This website is also awesome because it allows you to send gifts to your loved ones and they offer complimentary gift wrapping and overnight delivery! Yes, you can't go wrong with this one. Again, I'm not going to say that it is on the cheap side but like they say you get what you pay for and in this case it is definitely true so save those dollars and get online!

LITERATURE

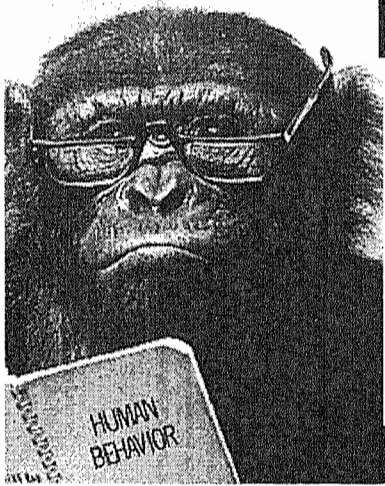
New Books

Coming Soon

Top Authors

Most Popular

- + Crime
- + Science Fiction
- + Romance
- + Non Fiction
- + Biographies



Literature Editorial

MySpace is a conundrum for me. I don't understand it. I like it, but I don't understand it. I think it's a good idea in theory, it's accessible, you can tailor it to your likes and dislikes, but I don't understand the obsession with it. I've had one for a while. I keep getting invites from people I don't know who try and become friends with me. I don't know who they are. They are complete strangers who I've never even met. They don't even live in Australia half the time! That weirds me out. Anyway, I'm getting off track. I enjoy looking up authors on MySpace. If they have a MySpace page, there is always something to gain from looking, whether it assists in helping understand more about the story or just interesting little tidbits, it's all interesting.

Reading is fun. Everyone must do it more. I mean, I know people read now, but I think people should read more for fun, instead of just to become a more informed, intelligent person. If people read more for fun, I think that television would be less used. Oh well, if you don't agree with me, then tell me: ondit.literature@gmail.com or write me a letter and drop it off at the *On Dit* offices. I'm usually never there, but you may find me sleeping outside on the grass one day...

Alicia xoxo

Alicia's Recommended Reads

1. *A Thousand Splendid Suns* by Khaled Hosseini (Literature) - The author of *The Kite Runner* is back with another fantastic read.
2. *The Secret Servant* by Daniel Silva (Fiction/Thriller) - I don't know about you, but I like my thrillers to be well written. Daniel Silva delivers. Check out his previous novels: if you liked *The Da Vinci Code* you will adore *The Confessor*.
3. *Still Waters* by Nigel McCrery (Crime) - As a big fan of the ABC's Friday/Saturday/Sunday night crime shows, this book is by the creator of *Silent Witness* and *New Tricks*. How can you go wrong?
4. *The Blair Years* by Alastair Campbell (Non-fiction/Memoirs) - I don't know about you, but Tony Blair fascinates me. This documents all the major events of Campbell's time with Blair in office. A must read if you like to know about political figures.
5. *High Noon* by Nora Roberts (Fiction/Romance) - Ahhh... how can you go wrong with a good ol' Nora Roberts book? It's an easy way to spend a few hours relaxing. Really, you would be surprised how many men actually buy these books. Try it some time.

[back to home page]

August New Release

Rohypnol

By Andrew Hutchinson
Vintage Books

I hope that I never meet anyone who is similar to the characters in this book. It has chilled me to the bone. It is incredibly bleak and stark. It has given me nightmares. I suppose though that is the mark of a great writer: making something seem so real. All I know is that fans of Chuck Palahniuk will see an influence in the chapters Hutchinson has written.

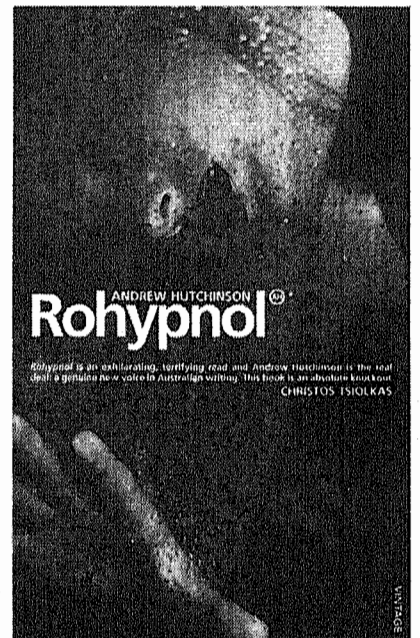
A novel about gang rape and drink spiking is not my idea of a fun read. It's depressing, even nightmare-inducing, however, there is something which compelled me to keep on reading. There are not many books which almost force you to read them, but this is one of them. I read a review which compared it to an accident, you know, where you can't help looking, even though you know it is rather macabre.

Rohypnol is about a group of wealthy young men who in their boredom write a new manifesto for their lives. It is called the New Punk, which is about the now, not the past or the future; it is about living as if you could go any moment. And with this new outlook on life, they form a rape gang. The book is written in the form of a memoir, looking back on the event that have occurred and what happened to make the main character into the self-professed monster that he has become.

Bret Easton Ellis and Chuck Palahniuk fans look out. Here is an author who is for you. The writing is superb, even if the content is

dubious. I am sure that this has the makings of a cult classic. If you liked *We Need to Talk About Kevin* by Lionel Shriver, do read this book; it has the same sort of controversial feel about it. Keep an eye out for Hutchinson, I'm sure that he will be making waves in the future.

Check out Andrew Hutchinson's MySpace page: www.myspace.com/hutchinsona



A Firm Favourite

First Among Sequels

By Jasper Fforde

Hodder & Stoughton

I pity you if you have never read a novel by Jasper Fforde before. I shake my head and sigh. You have been missing out on one of the best authors ever (in this reviewer's opinion anyway). Thursday Next is a character who I aspire to be like. Resourceful, intelligent, well-read, all aspects of a well rounded character - however, she also gets to jump into books.

I'm sorry, you're all probably confused. Let me explain. Thursday Next lives in an alternate universe. One where cheese is highly taxed, the Crimean War is still going on in the 1980s and Wales is not part of the United Kingdom. It is also a world where there are the SpecOps who look after the not so normal aspects of crime (i.e. vampires, literary thefts/forges, villains who are particularly nasty in a less than ordinary way, etc) and giant corporations who control the world... maybe that part is not so alternate. Thursday's father and son can both jump through time and Thursday herself can jump into the world of books - literally.

In *First Among Sequels*, we see Thursday fourteen years after we left her in *Something Rotten*, she is now happily married and living life with her three children, while working as a carpet fitter (which is a cover for her old job as a SpecOps operative). Her oldest child, Friday, has a great destiny ahead of him, however that doesn't seem to be happening as he seems to just want to sleep all day, and communicate in grunts. The current government has a high stupidity surplus which is too hard to explain in a succinct way. Her new apprentices are at complete odds with one another and with her. Not to mention things are getting really difficult in the world of literature as the governing council of fictional characters are planning for Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* to become a reality television show to boost their reading ratings.

Fforde's writing just sweeps you along for the ride. They're like chocolate, except they're dark chocolate, so they're a treat, but they're also very good for you. The Thursday Next series is addictive. Terry Pratchett's comment was that he was going to have to look out for Fforde, so you know that if the master of the quirky is worried, Fforde is definitely an author to watch. The characters are not perfect - they're flawed - but there is always a redeeming aspect to the 'bad' characters. As a sequel, it totally lives up to expectations. It doesn't try to suck. But then again, I don't think Fforde knows the word mediocre when it comes to his stories.

Check out Thursday's MySpace page:
www.myspace.com/jasperfforde

The South Australian Writers' Festival

Part One

The Onkaparinga Council in association with the SA Writers' Centre and Wirra Wirra Vineyards are bringing the South Australian Writers' Festival to you... Well sort of. It's being held in the wine region, south of Adelaide, and if you're a writer or a lover of books, this is the place to be. From September 9 until September 16, there will be events and talks throughout the week. In the lead up to this fantastic event, I have the pleasure of talking to two fantastic up and coming authors who will be part of this festival. Part one is an interview with Anne Bartlett, author of *Knitting*. Part two is next issue; keep your eye out.

To check out the Festival program check out this link:

<http://www.onkaparingacity.com/sawf>

Or try the SA Writers Centre website:

<http://www.sawriters.on.net/>

A Morning Chat with Anne Bartlett

Talking to Anne Bartlett over the phone, I discerned that one of the key necessities of becoming an established author is persistence. Persistence and hard work are the keys to Anne's career as an author whose first fiction novel was long listed for the Miles Franklin Award in 2006. *Knitting* was published in 2005 by Penguin and pushed *The Da Vinci Code* off the number one spot for two weeks. It has also been published in the US and the UK.

Knitting is about two women drawn together by their love of knitting. Set in Adelaide, it is a story not just about knitting, but about friendship, love and grief. The two main female characters are both avid knitters who are drawn further together when they work together to create a knitting exhibition. Anne herself used to do boutique knitting, so when reading the descriptions of the knitted creations, you can imagine them in your mind. She has often been asked if any of these creations actually have patterns, but we both agree that imagination is the best way of seeing these beautiful works of art. Now you may say, this looks to be a book for the older generation, but you my friend, would be wrong. It isn't just about sober things. There is definite humour in this novel.

Anne is definitely an author to watch out for. And I'm not the only one to think so. Nicholas Jose, writer of *Paper Nautilus*, and Chair of the University of Adelaide's Creative Writing program, agrees with me also. He was Anne's mentor and it meant a lot to Anne that Jose had faith in her writing capabilities. Anne wrote *Knitting* as part of a Creative Writing a PhD at the University of Adelaide, graduating a year ago, but she completed her Master's Degree in 1998. During her time as a Master's student, Anne was the co-editor for the University's creative writing anthology, *Iron Lace*. When asked about her time as co-editor, she remembers it as a fun time and a great learning experience.

Her next novel is set in a fictional town in the Murray Mallee in the late 1950s. She's currently busy researching right now, as it is about doctors. Nevertheless, when I enquired about a tentative date, Anne just laughed. Apparently, Anne keeps having more ideas, and the plan for the book is not yet set in concrete. But to hear her explain the concept, I was drawn in by the enthusiasm Anne has for it. I have to admit I was intrigued and I can't wait to hear more about it. However, she still has time to read; currently she is reading Carol Lefevre's book, *Nights in the Asylum*.

Talking to Anne was a treat. She was easy to chat to, enthusiastic about her novel and excited about the up and coming South Australian Writers' Festival. Anne will be presenting a meet the author session at the Seaford Library on Tuesday September 11 (for further information about Anne's presentation please call 8384 0044).



MUSIC

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REVIEWS

IRIS rock/power pop



"Iris"

Melbourne, Australia

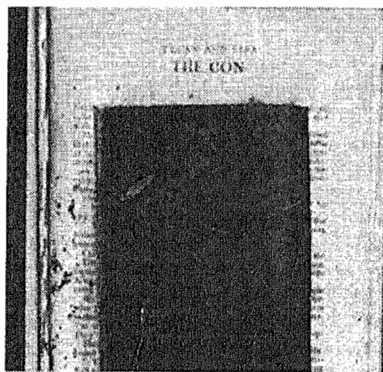
Record Label: N/A

Melbourne four-piece IRIS have recently released their first ever EP. It's five tracks and it's full of dirty rock-pop songs.

IRIS open their sampler with 'Suicide Town', a track that harkens back to that familiar Seattle sound that was inescapable in the 1990s. 'Vision of Change' is a mellower track, in which IRIS try their hand at being melancholic. This track has a really well done building bridge in it, and the vocals are used well as an instrumental accompaniment to the music. Track 3, 'Home', has a bluesier feel to it, in which the guitars get a little more time to come out to play, until the anthem-style singalong chorus kicks in and you can just imagine a crowd full of people singing along. 'Bitch' takes a slightly heavier turn for IRIS, with influences like Incubus and Green Day pretty evident, before finally closing with another perfect singalong in 'All I Wanted'.

IRIS have done pretty well to produce a solid first attempt on this EP. They really remind me of Adelaide act Foreshore, so if you dig them, look out for IRIS.

Tegan and Sara indie/pop/alternative



"The Con"

Vancouver/Montreal, Canada

Record Label: Vapor/Sire/Superclose

I've had so many arguments with people over this album already, and I've only had it a week! Tegan and Sara (twin sisters from Montreal, Canada) have a cult following around the world due to their heavy tour schedule (they've even visited Adelaide twice!) *The Con* is their fourth release, and when I look at this album, its packaging, the accompanying DVD and the content of the songs, the first word that comes to mind is 'progression.' Gone (but not forgotten) are the indie-pop days of *If That Were Me* and *So Jealous*, replaced with a certain brand of maturity and worldiness.

'Relief Next To Me', an album highlight, references past catchy work whilst showcasing a new level of personal examination. The title track reveals awkwardness, echoed in the melodic interpretation of its bleak lyrics. 'Back In Your Head' and 'Hop A Plane' sound like Tegan and Sara happily re-working old material, taunting the listener with questions of direction. 'Like O, Like H' sees the album take a dark turn, a catchy and achingly depressing track.

Amongst my friends this album has been met with criticisms of "trying too hard" and I don't necessarily agree with this. There are moments where *The Con* pushes and doesn't quite make the cut, but at other times a perfectly crafted song emerges, which draws you in implicitly. I believe that if you play this on repeat for a week, you won't regret it. You may even find cause to join the debate.

Something For Kate

alternative/rock



"The Murmur Years"

Melbourne, Australia

Record Label: Sony/BMG

The ultimate collection of Something For Kate. That is the only way to describe the assortment of songs on *The Murmur Years*. These CDs (for it comes with two!) has songs from every major SFK release, and not just the singles: 'Subject to Change' and 'Dean Martin' (*Q and A with Dean Martin*), 'Pinstripe' and 'Captain' (*Elsewhere For Eight Minutes*), 'Hallways', 'Electricity' and 'Astronaut' (*Beautiful Sharks*), 'Three Dimensions', 'You Only Hide' and 'Monsters' (*Echolalia*), 'Déjà vu' and 'Song For a Sleepwalker' (*The Official Fiction*) and 'Cigarettes and Suitcases' (*Desert Lights*). These are just a few of the many great songs I'm sitting here listening to as I write this review.

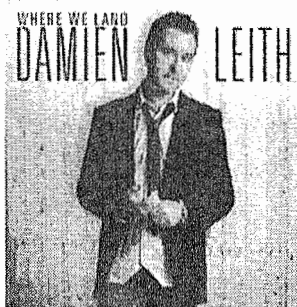
The release is polarising and will cause hot debate amongst the SFK faithful - why songs were/weren't included etc. Regardless, this is the perfect CD for an introduction to SFK or (if you're anything like me and a raving fan) to listen to as you're reflecting on your life and where you've come from. SFK have also included their favourite covers done over the years including 'Dreamworld' (Midnight Oil tribute album), 'Born To Run' (a surprisingly good version) and 'Hanging on the Telephone' (hilariously awesome Blondie cover).

I can't be critical of this compilation, except to say that the two discs are littered with constant light and dark contrasts due to the non-chronological nature of the track listing. An emotional rollercoaster, *The Murmur Years* is a must have for fans or those who may have considered buying a SFK album in the past - or anyone really!

KD

Damian Leith

acoustic/alternative/pop



"Where We Land"

Ireland/Australia

Record Label: Sony BMG

Australian Idol has produced some unbelievably shit music. It astounds me that the show is still on air and that year after year, thousands of people line up for 15 seconds of fame. This show bases itself on the presumption that people are ignorant, not only of the music business but also of what music can sound and feel like, and as a society, we do nothing to break this assumption. It feels wrong, just watching it; perhaps we try and deal with our guilt by voting for something 'against the grain'. The Fro, The Butcher Arms, The Fat Chick, The Gay, The Virgin, The Irish Guy With Bad Teeth. I have no idea who votes for these people.

I was greatly saddened when Damian Leith won *Australian Idol*, because for once, here is someone who can sing. His voice borders on the fantastical; it has the power to move people, to create empathy and sympathy. His renditions of Jeff Buckley sent me running to my CD collection and dusting off *Grace* for a wonderful reunion with music as it had been 10 years ago. So why was I saddened? Because *Australian Idol* puts you on tight fucking leash when it comes to what you can and can't release. So I was somewhat intrigued when Leith's second release (coinciding with a new season of *Idol*), turned up at the office. I hoped it would showcase the brilliance of this guys amazing voice. And it does, kind of. But its been produced to hell and neutered.

The opening tracks, '22 Steps' and 'All I Want Is You', are good but not great. They're pop songs from a man who has the potential for so much more. 'Beautiful' has glimpses of his capabilities, and then 'Shine Like the Sun' takes you right back to the monotony of the first two tracks. The music is bland; there is a feeling of regret or discomfort throughout the whole release. The lyrics of track seven, 'Not Just for the Weekend', seem to be a commitment of undying love and protection, but it's the sort of song that makes you feel like you're leaving a really great place against your will. So this is a competent release, but it's just not sparkling, which is a pity, as Leith certainly has the ability.

Chelsea

INTERVIEW VEYA

Veya have only been around for about 18 months, yet their recent success is worthy of acts with much longer a bio. Recently Veya's CD *Slanted City* has been added to rotation on Triple J, Channel V and Video Hits. This week I spoke to Veya's front man Domenic, to find out where it all began, not so long ago. "We've been playing for nearly a year and a half," Dom began. "It was a weird meeting in a way. We were all studying Music Business at TAFE. That didn't really do much for us, but we bonded really well, and although we were all in other bands at the time, we started playing together and it all just clicked." Anyone who has seen a picture of Veya can't help but notice how incredibly fresh they look. I asked Domenic how old Veya are. "Well I'm 18, Leon and Scott are 20 and Eddie is only 16 and he's probably the most talented of us all. But he looks older than all of us. He has big facial hair." Domenic confirmed that having a 16-year-old in the band does make gigging somewhat difficult, however Vaya have pressed on in that department. As for the name, "Veya is just a girl's name. I thought it was kind of elegant. I think it means 'or' in German (*I disagree! - eds*)," Dom says. I asked if it was an ode to any girl in particular. "Nah, well, maybe Eddie. Eddie's a bit of a girl sometimes."

Veya's first release, *Slanted City*, was recorded at the start of 2006 in a home studio on the Sunshine Coast. Although the release is not an overly accurate reflection of the band's current direction, the amount of styles and genres that are borrowed from, incorporated and expanded on are somewhat remarkable, particularly for a group of musicians as young as the Veya guys. "Our influences come from a lot of directions," Dom explains. "Leon is really into bands like The Cure and The Strokes, the drummer is really into Mars Volta, Eddie's into progressive music like Yes, and were all into bands like At the Drive-In, especially around the time that we were recording that EP. We also draw a bit from bands in the '70s era - The Doors, Pink Floyd - not all our inspiration comes from there, but we all love bands from that era." It's certainly an eclectic mix that results in a strong sound for Veya, with plenty of room to hone and develop a sound to call uniquely theirs over the years to come. Dom tells me there are tentative plans for the band to come to Adelaide in October, so keep an eye out for them then.

Chelsea

Ahhh showcase shows. There's nothing quite like the eclectic mix of artists you get at a fundraiser, a festival or a community event. All rules of what works well with what are lifted in an all-out music-fest. Lines are blurred and solo acoustic acts share the stage with pants-down disco-metal, funk meets rock and hip-hop is invited along for the ride. That's the way the line up looked for AWESAM TV's fundraiser at Fowler's Live on the 4th of August, and who was I to complain?

Apparently the 'barnyard' theme of the night extended beyond the flyers to the staff, who were dressed as animals, the art displays, the balloon pigs, the lucky dips, the BBQ - you get the idea. I'm still not quite sure what the fire twirlers had to do with it, but nonetheless they looked good, and sometimes that's all that matters. First to hit the stage was Emily Davis, who played a wonderful collection of songs from her latest CD to a fairly lacking crowd. I guess one of the problems with shows like this is someone has to go on first, and first is usually early. However, Emily played a great set which encouraged me to go and see her again at a later time, on another night. Next up, brand-spanking-new Adelaide act Aphelion. A somewhat slanted hybrid of folk, classical, rock and metal, Aphelion combine violin, guitar and percussion and write really interesting and rich music. Next up, hip-hop act Poetikool Justice took the stage for a fierce change of pace. Again, it felt like this band was playing to a crowd who hadn't had time to warm up, and although the set was solid, it didn't really take off.

Late Night Matinee were band number four, and although you could be mistaken for thinking at least one member of Jet has joined this band, they are well and truly all local. Musically, they play '70s-inspired rock and seemed to enjoy themselves onstage. There was quite a delay before Taught By Animals took the stage. It was at this point the venue started really filling up, and the fire twirlers were really putting on a display, so I missed Taught By Animals and came back in for Tony Font Show. As per usual, the kids started going a little nuts for the Font Show, who gave a solid performance before the lead singer dropped his pants and did a little dance. Always high brow entertainment, Tony Font Show; it's a good thing their music is high quality. Finally the final act of the night graced the stage, The Fraud Millionaires, who, I was highly disappointed to learn, had dropped 'Inspect My Gadgets' (to the tune of *Inspector Gadget*) from the repertoire. They were, however, as funky as always, and played for the appreciative crowd that now consisted of The Shins and their inebriated crowd, who had decided to crash the gig and have an after party.

All in all, a rather competent selection of Adelaide's finest graced the stage to raise money for AWESAM, which will surely go on to keep broadcasting for Adelaide artists.

Chelsea

Live review AWESAM RAISING THE BARN



Live Review Gwen Stefani - Entertainment Centre, August 5

With the adrenalin pumping and the faint glimmer of hope that she would play 'Just A Girl' I ventured to the Entertainment Centre on a Sunday night to watch one of my all-time favourites, Gwen Stefani, finally play a live show in Adelaide. I can safely say that, although I didn't get to hear a single bar of it, a completely packed out Entertainment Centre and I thoroughly enjoyed her solo show.

A perfect pick for the support slot, Gym Class Heroes combined flashes of hip-hop, reggae and pop to complement the music of the forthcoming Stefani, with a notable highlight being their biggest single in Australia yet, 'Girlfriend'. A slightly long set at 40 minutes made me realise that the crowd were there to see only one person.

Under trailing floodlights and dancers dressed as jail breakers and pursuing police, Gwen made her entrance in a gold cage to the sounds of *The Sweet Escape* and a deafening roar from the crowd. With a shit-hot live band, an awesome crew of dancers to support her and well-thought out costume and set-design, Stefani's energy and prowess onstage were evident from the start. I've never seen a woman move around that much in high heels before! Taking her audience on a journey through her both of her albums, Stefani was able to combine the urban elements of *Love Angel Music Baby* with the synth-pop sounding *The Sweet Escape* with relative ease, showcasing an assortment of hits spanning both albums: 'Hollaback Girl', 'Now That You Got It', 'Wind It Up', 'Rich Girl' - the list goes on. All whilst jumping

around onstage and pursuing her dances with an amazing amount of energy.

The set was broken up nicely with stripped back versions of 'Early Winter', '4 in the Morning' and 'The Real Thing', giving Stefani a chance to interact with the crowd. Although her conversations with the crowd appeared slightly well-rehearsed at first (cynical me) I was converted when she took an unplanned trip into areas of the audience during 'Cool'. I can't imagine security have had to work that hard in a long time! Her efforts at remembering faces from previous shows/airport visits only serve to highlight her excitement at being in Australia for the first time. Final song of the night 'What You Waiting For' left the crowd in a state of awe and Gwen wondering why she hadn't ventured down here earlier, no doubt (pun totally intended!)

KD

MORE CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED FOR THE MUSIC SECTION.

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Adelaide's Chick Rock Scene

Why is it that the term 'chick rock' is met with resounding groans? Various ideological debates surrounding patriarchy within the Australian music industry could be entered into, but I suppose the consistent argument I hear is that "chick bands are crap." I disagree completely. Adelaide has a thriving chick rock scene, and below is a synopsis of some of the many bands getting out there and proving that you don't need to be a raving feminist to rock. Go out there, see some of these bands (or buy some of their music) and make up your own mind!

(Alphabetical order to save arguments)

200 Motels

Somewhere between the Smashing Pumpkins, Sonic Youth and a whole lotta angst lies 200 Motels. Not quite pop and yet not rock, 200 Motels traverse this murky terrain with ease. Their current release *200 Motels* says more than I can.

Angelik

Adelaide stalwarts, Angelik have been around seemingly forever. Their list of accolades is extensive, and you've never seen a crowd riot like they do at an Angelik show! The band's latest release *It Won't Stay That Way* is already receiving rave reviews, and a heavy touring schedule should see these guys finally make some inroads into other markets.

Blow Up Betty

Probably the most well-known chick rock band in Adelaide, and deservedly so. An energetic live show, catchy songs, huge list of achievements and a solid release in *Asking For Trouble*. 'Nuf said.

Her Latest Flame

Not technically a chick rock band, I've included them simply because of the antics of their bass player, an amazingly energetic and active girl onstage. Pete Wentz eat your heart out.

Illicit Eve

Adelaide's best kept secret, this three piece are perfect examples of female musicianship at its finest. Soaring melodies, a pounding rhythm section and attitude to boot, these girls are set for bigger things, mark my words. See them before Adelaide can claim them in name only. They have a new album coming soon. Meanwhile check out *Element 11*.

Legless

Zombie rockers Legless have been a little quiet of late, but that doesn't hide the fact that they'd trekked all over the country and to Japan with their brand of un-dead punk rock. Their self-titled EP awaits a follow up, whilst punters await some new shows.

Miss Golly Gosh

More renowned for their antics than their songs, Miss Golly Gosh are the closet thing Adelaide will ever have to a riot grrl band. Angry and intimidating, they are the real deal when it comes to underground punk scenes. I'd tell you about their newest release, but methinks they've been too hungover to record one.

Red Rascal

A solid rock act, Red Rascal's two years on the scene has seen the emergence of debut EP *Red Is the Colour of Revolution* and a recent Magic Dirt support slot. Solid harmonies, heavy rhythm work and a lead singer who doesn't take shit from anyone. Nice.

Ricochet Pete

True to punk roots (real ones, not pseudo-punk you emos) Ricochet Pete can out-drink almost anyone before they step onstage to play. Sweet, simple vocals and a growling rhythm section will find you tapping your foot in no time. They have a new release out in early September.

Star Ten Hash

More metal than rock, Star Ten Hash (*10#) have been around since 2001. Their powerful and in-your-face stage show is not fully understood until seen, with their fusion of metal, electronica, hard rock and children's toys combining to create a platform for crazy antics amongst a wall of noise. Truly original. Their latest release *Audio Ejaculation* is due to be superseded.

The Peaves

Relative newcomers to the scene, The Peaves perform a brand of punk-pop with heavier elements. With no release as of yet and an average age of 18, the chick rock scene in Adelaide waits with bated breath to see the direction they pursue.

Disclaimer: This is a list of Adelaide female rock musicians in a loose sense of the term, and is by no means extensive. If you dig acoustic stuff, check out Emily Davis, Heather Frahn, Emily Smart, Laura Hill or Neereeda. If jazzy-influenced funk rock is your thing, check out Nadjeska or Jayne-Anne Power. Electronica and post-punk belongs to the realms of Running With Horses, Munchkin and LeighStarDust, while Salty and No Through Road take care of your indie pop needs. Get out and support local music!





Thebarton Theatre 4th August 2007

On a mild Saturday night I didn't quite expect what I was treated to at Thebarton Theatre. After my ticket stub was handed back to me it didn't take long to realise I was amongst my people: Nineteen-year-old indie nerds clad in sensible yet entertaining shirts and vests, sporting witty and mildly leftist slogans, leaning cross-legged against the walls. I could've picked any one of them out and had a decent chat about the decline in youth political consciousness but no, I was eager only to get in and see The Shins.

The multi-layered, cruising and often experimental pop offerings of the supporting act, The Ruby Suns (New Zealand) were well received and rightly so. Their fresh approach to conventional instruments and focus on percussion layering settled the crowd for what was to come.

I am incredibly familiar with The Shins' studio recordings and am obviously an avid fan but I had also read somewhat negative and doubting reviews of their concerts just prior to the night. Fortunately, the their up-tempo live act, at about 25% faster than their CD recordings, blasted away any reservations I had that were forcibly implanted by panning reviewers who claimed they lacked excitement and stage presence! I have to say that it wasn't twenty seconds into their set that they knee-jumped their way out of that one. A band smiling and cracking jokes as a unit is clearly comfortable with what they're doing and all the while they commanded attention like professionals should. The Shins were playing to a crowd of people and not just a crowd. You might think Thebbie, as small as it is, might be in part responsible for such sociability but my dollar's on a repeat performance no matter where the venue.

Never a boring moment, equal attention was paid to all their three albums and we were even treated to a piece of antiquity in 'When I Goosetep' from their days as Flake Music. By the end of 'Turn On Me' I had tears welling in my eyes as the shivers down my spine took hold and the goosebumps settled in. It was

simply that inspiring, relevant and thought-provoking. Don't let me fool you though; if all you're looking for is a lot of fun and a catchy tune to listen to, you'll have that in bucket loads too. The band led us to believe they were finishing up a number of times, even walking off stage and thanking us for coming before waiting a few minutes for the demands for more to come from the hyped crowd. The rhythmic foot stomping and cheering, which was unlike anything I've ever heard before, drew them back out in what I thought to be rather cool and generous of them. Unfortunately the additional four songs, including a cover of Pink Floyd's 'Breathe', were actually planned. My friend snatched the band's set list when they threw it to the crowd and the line drawn between the two "sets" broke the romance for me but nevertheless I was a satisfied man.

The Shins combine the heartfelt sincerity of Ben Folds with the lyrical adroitness of Radiohead, all wrapped up in the hooks and melodies of finely-engineered indie rock. Just like LG consumer electronics are bound to fail, listless and unoriginal indie bands are doomed in much the same way, but to all you naysayers out there, yes it's been done, but it has never been done so right! The Shins are the Bosch of indie rock so go out and treat yourself.

Lyam Heikkinen



GAMING

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FLATOUT ULTIMATE CARNAGE (XBOX 360)



When the Xbox 360 launched last year, there was one game that had me sitting on the fence. Sega's *Full Auto* offered car combat racing set in massively destructible environments. You could not only take out your rivals with your weaponry, you could blow up the world around them to hinder their progress. The amount of destruction possible was certainly impressive, but unfortunately the game was let down solely by one significant factor: slowdown. The game could not maintain a constant frame rate and would buckle under pressure in times of high intensity; not good when that's the main draw card for the game.

Now Bugbear Interactive has come along to tackle the genre with the next gen instalment in the destruction derby inspired *Flatout* series, *Ultimate Carnage*, and the only thing slowing this baby down is a barnyard wall at 130km/h!

For those unfamiliar with the series, *Flatout* sees you in an all-out *Dukes of Hazzard*

style race against eleven other drivers as you make your way through the championships from racing rusted out junkers through caravan parks to super tuned tuners through city streets.

As soon as you pop the game disc in, the game looks deceptively like *Burnout Revenge*; the menus, HUD and general theme of the game scream *Burnout* for backwater America. Coming from my *Burnout* roots, I initially found I'd try to play the game similarly, attempting to knock my rivals into barriers and boost away, but finding myself at the back of the pack. Whilst both games focus on boosting and destruction, both play distinctly differently. While *Burnout* focuses on risk taking and precision knocks, *Flatout* rewards big jumps, massive slams and all round chaos. Needless to say, if you're looking to kill some time till *Burnout Paradise*, *Flatout Ultimate Carnage* should fill in nicely.

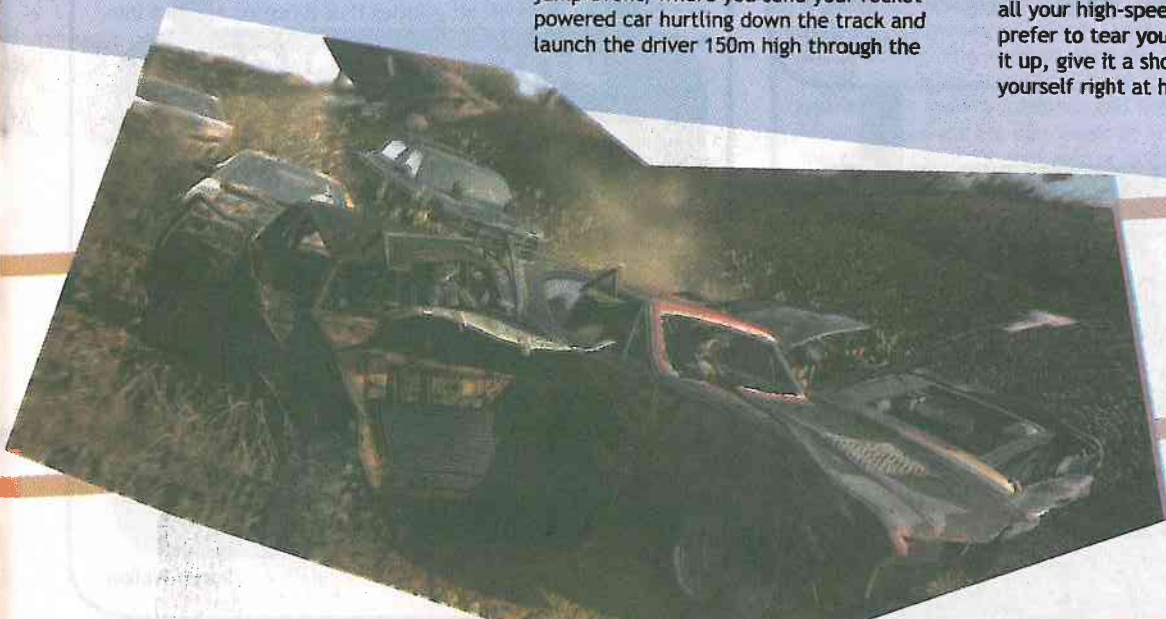
Apart from racing, *Flatout* is known for its minigames, particularly the infamous high jump event, where you send your rocket powered car hurtling down the track and launch the driver 150m high through the

windshield of the car. These all make a welcome return, but as far as I could tell, they are unchanged since *Flatout 2*. It would have been nice to see some new ways to send your hapless driver to the emergency room.

Most impressive about the game's jump to the next gen is the graphical improvements. Every element on the racetrack is practically destructible and all backed by the impressive physics engine, complete with the next-gen spit and polish. Even my HD Plasma-owning, PS3-playing, *Motorstorm*-spoilt mate was still instantly impressed by the graphics on my standard definition CRT, if that's any indication as to the graphical standard.

Flatout Ultimate Carnage is a welcome addition to the 360 and is sure to please all your high-speed hillbilly desires. If you prefer to tear your car down than build it up, give it a shot and you should find yourself right at home.

Matt Williams



Black Sheep (MA)

now showing in cinemas everywhere

Henry Oldfield was happily growing up on the family sheep farm in rural New Zealand until his father was killed in a terrible accident. This trauma teamed with the shock of one of his brother's gruesome pranks burdens Henry with a lifelong phobia of sheep. As an adult, Henry returns to his family farm ready to face and resolve his conflicts. However, before he can complete his journey of personal enlightenment, a dangerous combination of hippies, genetic experiments and capitalism unleash a wave of flesh-hungry sheep upon unknowing people at the farm.

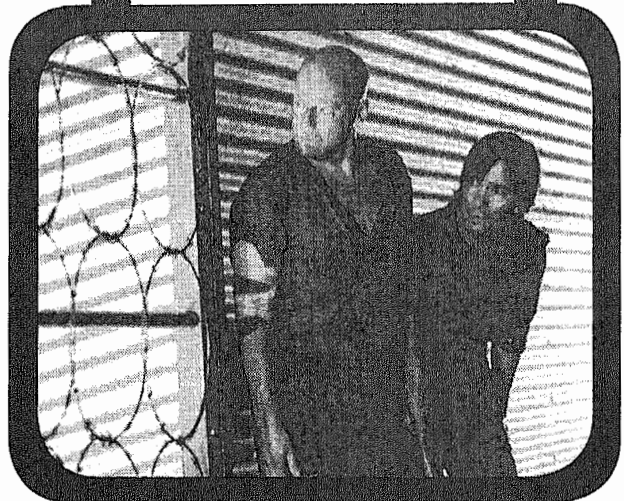
If you appreciate things like cinematography and multi-layered story telling, this is not the film for you. If, however, you are prone to the occasional bad joke, like a bit of fun and can handle graphic gore, put this at the top of your must-see list. *Black Sheep* is best described as a fun satire of the horror/zombie genre. Unlike similar satires (e.g., *Shaun of the Dead*), it is geared more toward the ridiculous than the intellectual. The characters are simple. The corny lines come hard and fast. The clichés about New Zealanders and their sheep are hammered home. The violence is incredibly 'meaty' and overstated. The film makes no apologies for its style. In fact, it uses these very characteristics to emphasise the light-hearted nature of the story, reminding the viewer that it's all a bit of entertainment. If you can handle the excessive gore, you will definitely get a laugh or two from some of the death scenes. It is disappointing that the ending leaves a few early points unresolved. Henry's phobia, which is the focus of early scenes, seems to be easily overcome. But, that said, it is difficult to be too critical of the finer points of a film that is centred around flesh-eating sheep.

If you like a bit of horror and want to watch something fun, support our sheep-loving neighbours across the Tasman and give *Black Sheep* a go.

Rating out of 5:



Emily Brindal



Die Hard 4.0 (M)

now showing in cinemas everywhere

Die Hard. Die Harder. Die Hard with a Vengeance. Die Hard 4.0. Stop. That's enough; it really is. There is a line when pointless eye-popping action and seemingly poor dialogue makes you pine for the closing credits and I found a good example of this in the latest *Die Hard* film - *Die Hard 4.0*. But don't take my word for it - Margaret and David loved it!

Bruce Willis is back as NYPD Detective John McClane who is sent by the US Department of Homeland Security to bring in hacker Matt Farrell (Justin Long). McClane is always in the wrong place at the wrong time, but saves a whole bunch of Americans in the process of winning over audiences.

This time round the bad guy is Thomas Gabriel (Timothy Olyphant), who holds the US (yes, I mean everyone within the United States) hostage by systematically breaking down its digital infrastructure. Hackers call this concept a 'fire sale', as in everything must go at once. Bad guy Gabriel takes down the transportation grids, then creates panic on the financial market and finally, he shuts off all utilities thus thrusting America into a state of chaos.

Not so fast! These damn dirty cyber terrorists won't get far while McClane and his hacker delinquent Farrell are around. As it would turn out Farrell knows enough about hacking to know exactly how Gabriel is shutting down the US. Gabriel wants John and Matt out of the way, and thus makes things personal by kidnapping John's daughter Lucy.

Die Hard 4.0 treads the line between action and comedy - ironically, not in a very humorous way. Len Wiseman, director of *Die Hard 4.0* seems so preoccupied in his fight to prove he can carry the trademark, that he falters in terms of plot and dialogue. Stuff explodes in exciting and different ways and the audience can see Willis smirk and look hip from a variety of different angles. Unfortunately *Die Hard 4.0* jumps from explosion to explosion and everything in between ranges from vaguely humorous to slightly underwhelming.

Rating out of 5:



Steph Walker



Once (tba)

Season Commences August 30th

Set in Dublin in the working class era, *Once* takes a journey with two inspired hometown musicians. Glen Hansard plays a gentleman trying to scratch a living together by fixing vacuum cleaners for his father and busking on the street. Markéta Irglová is a younger woman struggling to support her mother and daughter.

These two lonely hearts meet on the street when Hansard's catchy lyrics intrigue Irglová as to what was causing his loneliness. Not used to intimate conversation, this leads to a very awkward encounter that's indicative of the rest of the film. Slowly a relationship builds and they begin on a musically-inspired romantic journey together.

The somewhat predictable Hollywood cliché story line was awkwardly told around the many numbers performed by Hansard and Irglová (who are actual musicians and not actors). Hansard originally worked with the director and writer (John Carney) on the sound track, but when the lead actor pulled out, Hansard was invited to take the lead role. With no real acting experience (which wasn't too hard to see), Hansard put in a stella effort.

Cleverly, Carney left out all superfluous detail including names, towns and dialogue, leaving the music to be the film's ticket seller. The non-coherence of the film made it slightly hard to pick up, but it paints a fantastic abstract portait of Hansard's life.

I'm no music buff, but the soundtrack of this film was the main character. No matter who accompanied Hansard, every track had amazing personality. If you're a romantic who doesn't want to see another stereotypical romantic film, this is for you. 3.5 for the storyline, 0.5 for the welling up.

Rating out of 5: 

Stewart Jones

COMPETITION

Thanks to Palace Nova Cinemas we have 10 in-season passes to see *Once*.

All you have to do is send some poetry (of any quality) to onditfilm@gmail.com. It can be about anything, but make sure it's totally deep, man.



Dr Plonk (G)

Season Commences August 30th

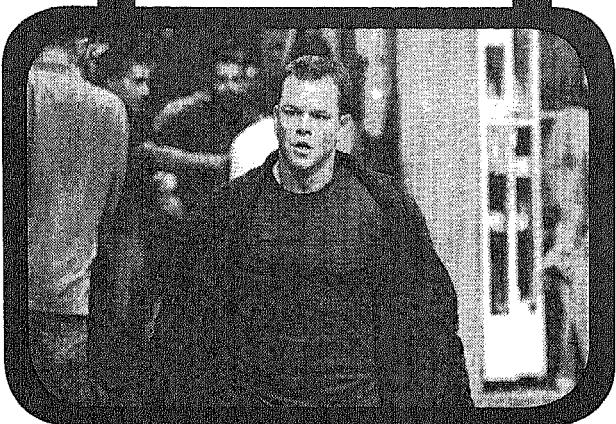
Rolf De Heer's (*Ten Canoes*, *The Tracker* and *Bad Boy Bubby*) latest offering explores an unusual yet familiar vein of cinema. In a throw-back to the silent era of comedy *Dr Plonk* portrays modern day themes of global warming, terrorism, and addictions to technology and progress all through the eccentric character of Dr Plonk. In the year 1907, Dr Plonk (Adelaide performer Nigel Lunghi) calculates that the world will end in 2008. Shocked and horrified, he goes to Parliament to help warn the world. Scorned by politicians, he returns to his workshop to create a clockwork time machine capable of proving the fact. Aided by his deaf, alcoholic assistant Paulus (Paul Blackwell) and his simpering wife Mrs Plonk (Magda Szubanski) he travels in a small wooden box a century forward to see just how the world went wrong.

Due to its black and white and dialogue-free nature the comic drive relies on a combination of slapstick and acrobatic ability, reminding us of Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton, the masters of physical comedy in silent cinema. While this style of comedy pervades the entire film, surprisingly it is far from dull or overly repetitive. Instead we marvel at complex acrobatic acts, like policemen attached to rolling wheels, Tarzan stunts with ropes and tricks with the scene stealing dog Tiberius. The silent nature of the film is not marred by voice-overs. Instead we are given quotes from various scientists and fictitious ones from Dr Plonk himself to narrate the film. Music by The Stiletto Sisters conjures the era of silent cinema with a persistent drive of piano and violin, however it does get tedious after a while, especially given the film's slight over-length. The film being shot in Adelaide means that landmarks such as Government House and Rundle Mall are clearly recognisable, adding a context to the film we rarely enjoy.

The hilarity of the film does not mask the overall seriousness of the topics it covers. Dr Plonk's time travelling coffin becomes a likely bomb threat, and the television-obsessed masses are immediately familiar. A small cameo by Mike Rann as the Prime Minister, with a picture of George Bush (Jr.) on the wall reminds us of the current political climate, suggesting that if the world continues to progress in this manner, it truly will end.

Rating out of 5: 

Genevieve Williamson



The Bourne Ultimatum (M)

Season Commences August 23rd

Ex-CIA agent Jason Bourne (Matt Damon) is being hunted, again, by the people at the CIA who initially trained him. Like in the two films preceding *The Bourne Ultimatum*, Jason Bourne is still suffering from amnesia and determined to understand his past and how it came into existence.

Since he was discovered floating in the Mediterranean Sea several years ago, Bourne has sought to learn who taught him how to kill and under what circumstances. In *The Bourne Ultimatum* takes place not long after where *The Bourne Supremacy* ended. Still grieving from the murder of his girlfriend Marie, Bourne decides to disappear and try and forget about his previous life. However a story in a UK newspaper that speculates about Bourne's existence and about the organisation within the CIA that created him entangles Bourne and he ends up being hunted again.

Bourne is lured out of hiding to contact a journalist named Simon Ross (Paddy Considine), who has been following his story. The journalist has gathered valuable information, which places a lot of pressure on the US Government and the CIA who decide to protect their interests at any cost.

CIA Agent Pamela Landy (Joan Allen) is brought into the CIA search team to locate Bourne but quickly disagrees with her colleagues. In order to finally learn of his true origins, Bourne bounds across the world - a total of seven countries on three continents

What a fresh and fine end to an exciting trilogy! *The Bourne Ultimatum* thrusts you into Jason Bourne's life from the opening credits and you rarely want to blink until the lights come up. Not a fan of *The Bourne Supremacy*, I was pleasantly surprised by the ever innovative approach to action and suspense in Bourne's final instalment.

Returning to the cast is Julia Stiles as Nicky Parsons who raises some interesting side stories, which unfortunately remain, rather unanswered. Among other notable actors is David Strathairn (from *Good Night, and Good Luck*) and the great Albert Finney. *The Bourne Ultimatum* combines a great cast with a very aesthetically pleasing experience - stunning - though don't expect it to follow the plot of the book it is derived from.

Rating out of 5:



Steph Walker

The Flying Scotsman (M)

Now Showing in Selected Cinemas

Are you familiar with the world of professional cycling? Neither am I. To the uninitiated, a biographic film about world record-breaking Scottish rider Graeme O'Bree may seem unappetising, yet in some ways the film fleshes out the character of Graeme to a degree that even those not remotely interested may benefit from this film. Beginning with his troubled childhood we follow Graeme (Jonny Lee Miller) as he receives his first bicycle for Christmas. Catching up with him in the early 1990s we see that he has not achieved his dreams. Working in a failing bicycle shop with old articles about his former cycling successes plastered on the walls, we wonder what has happened. Inspired by a priestly friend Douglas (Brian Cox), he decides to attempt to break the world record on the fastest hour ride, and then the four minute sprint. Using parts from a washing machine he designs a new bike, making it more aerodynamic and suited to the job at hand. However his successes and failures are stained by his deep depression, often suggesting a fatal end to his story.

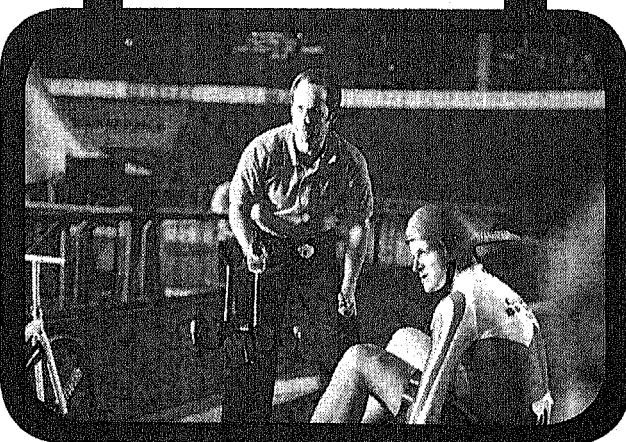
The true story of O'Bree is at times enthralling, dragging us into the wild world of the Scottish landscape, and of the human mind. The focus of the film is solely on his professional life, although his wife and child do get a slight look in. At times you can see director Douglas Mackinnon attempt to portray complex emotional relationships between Graeme, his wife Anne (Laura Fraser) and his best friend Malky (Billy Boyd) however this falls short of success. Dialogue is overly clunky and clichéd, dramatic circumstances are often overplayed in failed attempts to construct pathos where there is none.

The overall focus of the film lies in two factors: Graeme's riding and his mental health. The issue of chronic depression is brought up constantly, often tied to themes of suicide and failure. While this lends a darker, more interesting element to the film, it also is far too simplistic, suggesting mere counselling as a cure for all mental health issues. Overall if you are a fan of cycling, or interested in filmic depictions of depression, this film may interest you, however it failed to completely capture my attention.

Rating out of 5:



Genevieve Williamson



Interview with Jonathan King Director of *Black Sheep*

Jonathan King took the time to talk to *On Dit* about his feature film debut, *Black Sheep*. King wrote and directed the film, which has screened internationally at film festivals, including Festival de Gérardmer, where it won two awards.

How did the idea for *Black Sheep* originally come to you?
It just popped into my head really. I literally just thought, "Wow, a NZ horror film about sheep. That would be a cool idea for a movie," and it just went from there. The more I thought about it, the more I knew what kind of film it would be: violent and scary, but also I thought it would be funny 'cause sheep are kinda funny.

How was the experience of making your first feature film?
Making a movie was almost a dream come true so it was a really great, fantastic experience. There was a really great crew. A lot of them had been doing *King Kong* and stuff so they'd done these big movies and were really experienced, but at the same time they were really having fun doing a smaller New Zealand film. We had a great experience. There was some time waiting for sheep to do things and time waiting for the weather and time in the cold but it was really great. We had a lot of fun. We were laughing a lot of the time.

Would you work with sheep again?
No. No way. I'll never work with animals ever again. I'm working on a script for something at the moment and it had a dog in it. I went through and crossed the dog out of every page. There are things you can get them to do but there's a whole lot that you've got no control over.

So, you enjoy your lamb curries a little bit more now?
(laughs) Exactly... a bit of revenge. We ate lamb every now and then while we were shooting the film, just to make sure they knew who was boss and what would happen if they didn't perform properly.

How much say do you get over the gore as the director?
Heaps really. All during the shoot I used to keep going, "Oh, just a little bit more blood, just a bit more" then I'd take the squirter and I'd squirt more blood. On the last day, Weta Workshop gave me my own blood squirter mounted on a really nice piece of wood with a little brass plaque that says, 'More Blood'.

Do you think the gore will scare people away?
I don't think so. You know there might be the odd thing that some people say, "Oh, I couldn't look," or, "It was too gross, I had to cover my eyes." But I think for the most part it's done in such a fun kind of way.

There's not much CGI (Computer Generated Imagery) in the film, is that correct?
That's right. There's one shot where the flock of sheep roll over the hill before they come and tear everyone to bits but other than that everything else is real animals or practical effects - puppets or animatronics.

Was there a reason for limiting CGI?
Yeah, the very first part of that was budgetary. There's nothing

worse than bad CGI and it was like, "Can we afford to do the most amazing CG sheep you've ever seen in your life?" and the answer was, "No, we can't afford to do that," so it was like, "Great, we'll take that off the table and just do it the kinda old school way but do it well." That was the way it was done on the kinds of films we were inspired by. And [practical effects] draw the audience into the experience of what they're watching for a much better experience than CGI stuff, which can leave you pretty cold.

Any advice for people getting into filmmaking?
My best bit of advice would be: find a cool and unique story to tell and work on the script. You can always hire somebody to shoot nice pictures or to cut a scene together; you can always hire someone to give you something you've seen before. But an original story can come from anywhere and people are always looking for that.

Once you had the idea how did you then get funding? How do you pitch an idea involving flesh-eating sheep?
Well, I didn't tell anyone that until I had the actual script 'cause I thought if I just told people about the idea they'd be like, "OK." So I wrote the draft of the script and gave it to my producer (Philippa Campbell) and she read it and was like, "Oh, whoa, this could work." So she took it into the (NZ) Film Commission and we got involved from there. That's another thing about it. Either have a really worked out pitch or write up your script so people can see that there's more than just one idea there. 'Cause it does take more than one idea to make a film. One idea can get you in the door but a feature film is all about sustaining and executing an idea.

Have you had any really bad reviews?
It's been mostly really good. Overseas they're like 90 to 10 good versus bad. There's a couple of New Zealand [bad] ones. There's that thing that people from home are meaner to you than people are internationally. There was one that called me a hack filmmaker and said, "You give a hack filmmaker a million dollars". And I thought that was bullshit really. The film is not trying to be the *English Patient*. It's a fun movie about sheep eating people and I think it delivers that.

Quick Questions
Age? 30 - 40
Birthplace? Hamilton, NZ
Previous job? Art Director for *Rip It Up* (NZ ed.)
Favourite film? *Vertigo* by Alfred Hitchcock
Actor you most want to work with? Jeff Bridges (The Dude)
Have you always wanted to direct? Ever since seeing *Star Wars*

Emily Brindal



INTERVIEW

with Tony Ayres

Director of The Home Song Stories



Prithvi Varatharajan interviews Tony Ayres, director of numerous films including *China Dolls* (1997), *Sadness* (1999) and *Walking on Water* (2002). They talk about Tony's new movie *The Home Song Stories* which is to be released in cinemas on August 16.

The Home Song Stories is about a Chinese man looking back at his Australian childhood, particularly the memories of his volatile mother, Rose (played in the movie by Joan Chen). Rose is a Shanghai nightclub singer who marries a sailor and migrates to Australia, her two children in tow. From here in unfolds a quest for survival in an alien land, which Rose's instability so often threatens. The movie is about a lot of things: the shifting idea of 'home'; the struggle to belong in the migrant-poor Australia of the sixties and seventies; love and acceptance; growing up and the loss of innocence.

PRITHVI: *The Home Song Stories* is quite personal – it's the story of your childhood. How did you feel working on the movie – did you feel you had to distance yourself from the subject matter so that you could film it? And continuing with that thought did your previous work with documentaries help in the way you approached this movie?

TONY: Absolutely, I had to distance myself from the subject to make objective judgments as a director, and whether it was working or not – I guess having some experience as a director helps. But part of it is that I didn't really have to try that hard to distance myself because you're so busy when

you're directing a film, being preoccupied getting the shoot done, hitting the schedule, getting the shots right, that there's not so much time to think about the relationship between you and the subject. It's not an indulgent process, because there are so many calls and demands on your time that just doing your job is completely consuming.

P: So you got caught up with the technicalities of filming?

TONY: Yeah... you're breaking down the story into its components, and as a consequence you don't really get a chance to see it as a whole again until it's finished.

P: Is it also because you're older now, and there's been a kind of natural distancing from the subject?

TONY: Yeah – that's definitely a part of it too. I don't really think of myself as a child... other people might think of me like that!

P: I'm curious about the title of the movie, particularly the words 'home' and 'song'. I guess the 'home' in the title is about the desire to feel at home in a completely foreign land.

TONY: Yes, Absolutely.

P: But with regards to singing & Rose being a nightclub singer, I became less aware of that as the movie went on. Later on, I saw her less as a singer and more as a glamorous and sexually charged figure...

TONY: Absolutely.

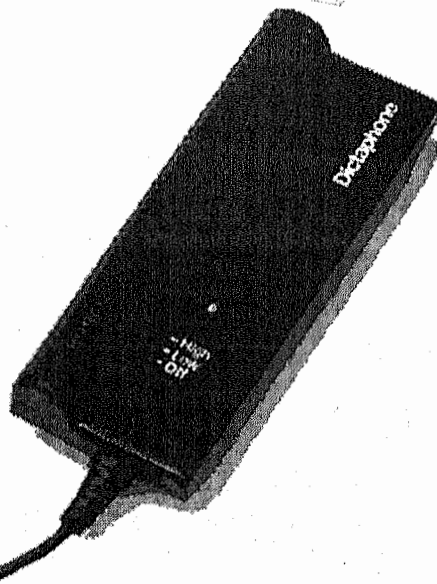
P: ...I was wondering if you could give your thoughts on the ideas of 'home' and 'song' in the movie?

TONY: Well, I guess the 'home' is the most important word because it's about a woman desperately trying to find a home for herself and her family. She doesn't go about it in the best possible way, but that's her intention. And the 'song'... even though it directly alludes to Rose as a singer, I think song is a huge part of this film. There's a lot of music in this film, and the whole theme is in a way, song: there's a kind of musicality to the way the film was put together which always felt appropriate. So I guess 'song' is a fairly liberal interpretation of that!

The title just came to me, and I didn't really interrogate it very much. But what was interesting about it for me was... in Chinese script, a lot of new meanings are created from bits of word – say the pictogram for sun, the pictogram for moon, and the pictogram for roof, and so you'll get another word that means something like beneath or above, and so words are constructed from bits and pieces of other words. That's why it felt appropriate to have an English version of that: three words that have their own separate meanings, but together have a totally different meaning.

P: Many audiences would, I think, be interested in Joan Chen's role in your film: she plays quite a unique character. Do you want to talk about your experiences working with any of your actors, not just with Joan but with any of your cast?

TONY: Well Joan came onboard fairly early on, because our sales agent at Fortissimo



read the script, and sent her the script because they worked with her in a film called *Sunflower*. And she really responded to the script, and I think she thought that character would be a real challenge to play. That was why she came on board. She was fantastic to work with — she's entirely professional, and she threw herself into that role heart and soul. She really defended her character, and it was very important for her to make sense of why Rose was doing what she was doing, and to always believe that here is a woman who loves her children and is striving to find a better life for them, but is going about it all the wrong way. When I think about that character, I think her intentions are good, but she's very impulsive. And her impulses work against her intentions...

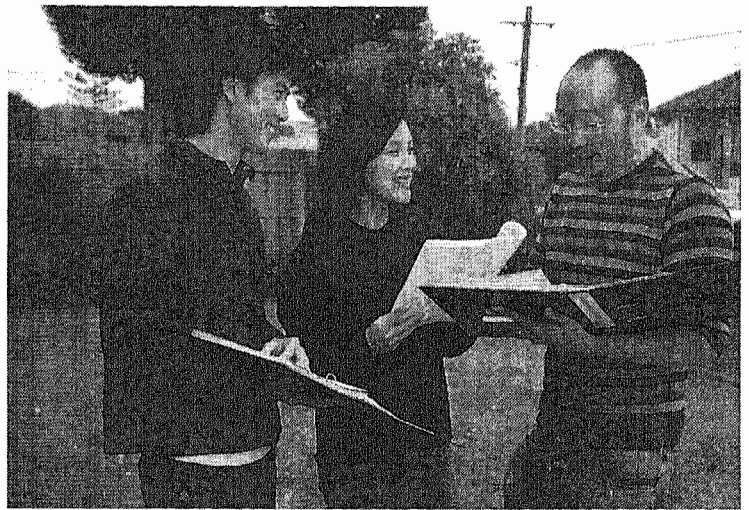
P: I could see she really loves her children, but as you say she is so impulsive.

TONY: Yeah — so she ends up doing terrible things to them... and not even realising it.

P: What about your very young actors - Joek Lok and Irene Chen? How was it working with them? How did they take to their characters?

TONY: This was the first film for both Joel and Irene, and I had an acting coach — Greg Saunders — who was fantastic: he took them under his wing and taught them what acting was. So when they came on set I spoke to them the way I would speak to an adult actor. That was such a relief, because I hadn't really directed children before. Or I had directed children before, a child actor in *Walking on Water*, but I did such a terrible job that we virtually cut it out of the film! So I was a bit trepidatious this time around, but actually it was fine. I really just had to explain to them what they were feeling, why their characters were saying and doing what they were, and then they took it from there. It was wonderful. And given our schedule, and the demands of our filming, we would never have gotten through that film if we had actors with less natural ability than Joel and Irene. There were days when we had to get a scene done in one shot rather than five, and we had five minutes to shoot the scene — and they had one take! Joel and Irene nailed it every single time, so they were just amazing. There was another day when we had two child actors come on set, and I had to do eleven takes! You know, for a minor role. So if we had that issue throughout the film... we were lucky.

P: I was struck by certain scenes in the movie, I mean visually. The juxtapositions, like when Rose walks down a Melbourne



Film

street in her bright blue cheongsam and umbrella, turning the heads of the locals. Or when Rose, Tom and May pile out of Bill's car onto this typically suburban Australian street - quiet and probably boring to their eyes, something totally different to bustling Shanghai. How much effort went into constructing these visual juxtapositions?

TONY: The visual juxtapositions were always crucial to the meaning of the film. We wanted to create a sense that Australia was a very foreign place for them, a kind of alien and stark place, so that when they are in the Chinese restaurant world it reminds them of home — particularly for Rose: she feels much more comfortable in that world. And the language as well... when Rose speaks English, she is much more limited — her language skills in English limit her as a person. I think that's part of the reason why she feels more at home in the Chinese world.

P: Well I have an Indian background, so...

TONY: Oh! So maybe your parents would understand that.

P: Could you tell me about any points in the production of The Home Song Stories that stick in your mind as especially unique or difficult? Were there any great moments of crisis or revelation?

TONY: Well, every day was difficult!

Let me put it this way: to do a period Australian film is a major challenge. We faced a daily struggle to get through the schedule, and the budget was always just being held together. I feel like we've made a film were you can't see that — or I hope you can't see that! It was a tough project. Every day was illuminating... I guess the thing

that made the experience worthwhile and significant was working with those actors. They were just so wonderful.

P: Did you move locations a lot while filming?

TONY: Yeah, we had lots of locations. We had too many locations really, for a low budget film, but mainly around the suburbs of Melbourne.

P: In your first film, Walking on Water, you look very closely at the grieving process following the death of a loved one. Your new movie isn't so much about death, at least not directly, but there is a kind of quiet grieving that May and Tom experience as their mother slips away from them...

TONY: Yeah, absolutely, grief seems to be one of my recurring themes. I guess because I've had so many experiences of it, both as a child and as a young adult, it was one of the things I knew. Previous to that I made a film called *Sadness*, which is also about grief, so I guess it's something that I understand. But it's not necessarily something I want to keep making films about, but it's a powerful subject — I guess it's one of those universal subjects.

P: So do you know where you might be heading next? Another personally themed film, or perhaps a return to the documentary? Do you have some subject matter in mind?

TONY: I'm working on a few things, probably a couple of lighter things, less full-on and heavy for a change. And some docs... There is a feature film that I'm interested in making which is all about sex and crime. So you know, trying to vary it a bit.

Performing Arts



Preview

Anthony Hunt & Jessica Dean's Farewell

August 30, 7.30pm
St Peter's Cathedral

Anyone involved in music around town will know that Anthony Hunt (keyboard) and Jessica Dean (soprano) will soon be leaving Adelaide to study at the Royal Academy of Music in London (you won't be surprised to learn they've both won scholarships). They will be sorely missed. Jessica's recent Australian premieres of Handel's *Salve Regina* and *Saevia Tellus* (reviewed in this edition) were absolutely stunning, as was Anthony's intelligent and subtle continuo playing. Of course, this was just the latest in a string of significant performances featuring this pair. Earlier this year, the State Opera and Theatre production of *Little Women* featured Jessica as one of the four sisters and Anthony in the orchestra. Both have been featured regularly in State Opera and Co*Opera productions. So, with absolutely no attempt at objectivity whatsoever, I recommend you attend their farewell performance in St Peter's Cathedral on the 30th. If you don't, the next time you hear them might be at Covent Garden!

Tickets are \$25 or \$15 concession. All proceeds to go towards getting Anthony and Jessica to England.

The Elixir of Love

State Opera Company of SA
August 4
Adelaide Festival Theatre

Fizzing with fun, sweeter than honey, and maybe, just maybe, a little tongue-in-cheek, Simon Phillips' production of Gaetano Donizetti's *The Elixir of Love* brings Italian opera to a sheep station in outback Australia. With sets made entirely from corrugated iron - including the horses and the sheep - the production was every bit as ridiculous and entertaining as the story it's trying to tell. The audience was in raptures as they identified with the gags and cultural references that abounded. Even the subtitles were Australianised, in a somewhat over-the-top fashion.

Shy Nemorino is besotted with beautiful Adina, but he's just a simple country lad. The Sergeant Belcore prances into town, and almost immediately proposes, breaking Nemorino's heart. But luckily for him, who should wander into town, but the world-famous Dr Dulcamara - who will sell you a potion to fix anything for a bargain price. A love potion? Not a problem! And he slides a cold bottle of Coke out of the esky mounted in the side of his outrageous vehicle and sells it to Nemorino for all the money he has. And comic bel-canto Italian opera being what it is, they end up together, with everyone praising the virtues of this magnificent elixir. But it's not to be taken too seriously, as we are reminded by the corrugated Coke fridge that opens up in the final scenes, providing refreshment and hope for the whole town.

Adina was impressively portrayed by Katherine Wiles, with as much heart and grace as one could hope for. She outshone her counterpart in Aldo di Toro's Nemorino, whose beauty of tone was unquestionable, but who became almost inaudible when pitted against the chorus or other characters. Conal Coad's Dr Dulcamara was the gag-a-minute buffo bag of tricks one would expect, and Jason Barry-Smith's Belcore was the perfect exemplification of the Italian - er Australian - sergeant, so pompous in his belief that any woman should fall for him. Benjamin Northey was conducting the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra.

Boris Ord

Handel Premieres Excite Adelaide Audience Music for the Carmelites

Adelaide Chamber Singers
August 3
Elder Hall

An all-Handel program was the Adelaide Chamber Singers' second offering in their 2007 subscription series, but not a word of English was sung, with the program being entirely comprised of music from Handel's time in Italy early in his career.

Graham Abbott, an expert on the music of that composer, assumed the role of guest conductor for this performance, and also provided a detailed program note that was useful in its placement of the music in the context of Handel's long and varied career.

There was a great deal of music in this concert, and the stamina of the relatively large choir was as impressive as were its tight ensemble and balanced sound. Many of the choristers were called on to sing solos, with varying degrees of success. Fiona Linn was the most convincing of those with substantial parts, while Alexandra Stubberfield and Sarah Windsor pierced through the orchestra with all of the precision required.

Soprano Jessica Dean played a guest soloist role, with some vocal fireworks in the motet *Saevia tellus inter igors* and a heartfelt *Salve Regina* antiphon. Both technique and musicianship were on display and Adelaide audiences will miss Dean when she heads to London for further studies later this year.

A small orchestra bristling with Adelaide Symphony Orchestra members and led by baroque specialist Ben Dollman was on the button all evening and Graham Abbott was an asset as much for his skills as a choral conductor as for his intimate knowledge of the music being performed.

On the whole, this was a good concept that was executed well and it was nice to see something a bit different from the ACS in one of their subscription concerts.

Benedict Coxon

Tour 3 Selby & Friends

August 5
Elder Hall

Selby & Friends Tour 3 presented TrioZ, a critically acclaimed piano trio, consisting of some of Australia's most well known instrumentalists, Kathryn Selby, Emma-Jane Murphy and Niki Vasilakis. Program included Piano Trios by Turina, Beethoven and Dvorak.

TrioZ's clear sound and high technical abilities of each player were immediately revealed in Turina's *Piano Trio No. 2*. Long lyrical melodies of certain Spanish flavour were elegantly executed, and the mellow blending sounds of the cello and violin were highly enjoyable. Although TrioZ is a relatively new ensemble, the players have had extensive experiences in chamber music playing prior to forming the trio; Kathryn Selby with Macquarie Trio and Emma-Jane Murphy with ACO, and their rhythmic precision and balance of sounds were almost perfect. Individual virtuosity was on display in the lively last movement.

Beethoven's *Trio in E flat major* was played with great style and articulation. The piece was characteristically Beethoven, in that it had all the surprises and dramas. Selby's piano playing was dazzling, making even the hardest passages seem effortless. Beethoven's trio was rich in texture and this exposed some weaknesses of TrioZ. While the trio had a brilliantly clear sound with extremely good ensemble skills, the strings lacked certain depth of sound. In addition, the players seemed somewhat cautious about their playing, as if to suggest they were not comfortable with each other's playing styles. TrioZ may not be ripe yet, but it has all the potential to be in a couple of years.

Dvorak's *Trio No. 3 in F minor* was a massive piece both in terms of length and depth. It was a highly structured composition with many interwoven lyrical lines, beginning with a wonderful solo from the cellist Emma-Jane Murphy. A unison melody states the theme for the second movement between the cello and the violin, and this was done superbly. The trio's ability to find perfect intonation and tempo was notable, and the fiery last movement led by the pianist concluded the concert on a high note.

Yasuto Nakamura

Devolution

Australian Dance Theatre
August 2-4
Her Majesty's Theatre

Man versus machine. Or is it man co-existing with machine? This is possibly the question posed by the Australian Dance Theatre's *Devolution*, though that has to be deciphered from sources other than the work itself.

Originally produced as part of the 2006 Adelaide Festival of Arts, *Devolution* saw ADT artistic director Garry Stewart team up with Canadian robotics expert Louis-Philippe Demers, combining dancers with machines in an extraordinary collaboration. Unfortunately, the idea perhaps looked better on paper than it does on the stage.

The robotics tend to take the focus off the dancers, as all the *coups de théâtres* are provided by machines that, after appearing inanimate for a time, spring to life with flashing lights, swinging tails and all manner of mechanical tricks.

Dancers are forced to assume contorted positions, perhaps to suggest being overpowered, they must shake rather a lot, and eventually some of them have to move around the stage with various robotic contraptions attached to them, which writhe around dangerously without having much visual impact.

There's not much of a soundtrack to speak of, more a series of noises that anyone could create by recording the sound of an aeroplane taking off and then running it through a series of plug-ins in a sound editing computer program. Costuming (where it existed) had more than a touch of the armadillo, for no apparent reason.

While there's value in experimenting and pushing the boundaries of existing art forms, the combination of contemporary dance and robotics probably isn't a particularly successful example. With the ADT describing itself as 'the nation's pre-eminent contemporary dance company', one would hope that it could produce better work than *Devolution*.

Benedict Coxon

Robert Macfarlane with Keith Hempton, Jessica Dean, Kim Worley and Anthony Hunt

August 8
Elder Hall

The Elder Conservatorium honours recitals are always a good source for free concerts of a reasonable standard of quality. Occasionally, however, you will be lucky enough to hear an outstanding performance of a professional standard. Robert Macfarlane's recital last Wednesday in Elder hall was such a performance.

The program consisted of the late Purcell work *In the Guilty Night (Saul and the Witch)* and Benjamin Britten's *Les Illuminations*. The two works complemented each other perfectly while still providing an interestingly contrasted combination.

For the Purcell, Macfarlane was joined by his teacher Keith Hempton and Jessica Dean who both gave commendable performances. The three singers were ably accompanied by Anthony Hunt on organ and Kim Worley on 'cello continuo. Each performer brought a real sense of drama to Elder hall. Macfarlane's technique was perfect - he achieves great clarity and focus without sacrificing the emotional depth and power required in this work.

In the second work, the Britten, Anthony Hunt again accompanied Macfarlane, this time on piano. The two musicians work very well together and Hunt provided nuanced support for Macfarlane. Macfarlane worked through a truly amazing range of colours throughout the piece. The work is a collection of nine small songs, and he brought a distinct character to each one. So vivid was his performance - which ranged from intense timorousness to extroverted exuberance - that no audience member dared look away!

*Be sure not to miss Robert Macfarlane and other singers from the Conservatorium in the upcoming production of Mozart's *Così fan Tutti*, showing from September 13 to 15 in the Little Theatre at the University of Adelaide.*

Andrew Chatterton



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