

On Dit Adelaide University's Student Magazine

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Editorial

I've always really hated Billie Piper, ever since she went out with Richie from 5ive. I didn't like Richie from 5ive either but together they were the sickliest couple of the early 2000's. "Honey from the bee, that's you and me." Vomit. She's such a chav. But Billie Piper (aka Rose Tyler) and I are kindred spirits. We both have a major jones for Doctor Who.

This revelation of mine eventuated because I've been watching a lot of Doctor Who lately (no way!). I've always poo pooped the long running British sci-fi show and thought it lame and out-dated, with its crappy papier-mache alien heads and garbage-bin dalecks. This was until my sister introduced me to the new series. Being a David Tennent fan she had become quite involved in the newest episodes and has since backtracked and lent me season 1, 2 and 3 of most recent instalments.

They are the coolest! It's edge of the seat stuff with a never-ending plethora of storyline opportunities - they can go anywhere in time or space. Anywhere. This makes The Doctor the hottest stuff, the biggest babe, the ultimate dream boy of the whole, entire, universe. He may not be very good looking in any of his regeneration personas - the actors that play him are always odd looking to say the least - but he can take you to places you've never been before.

One of the staple ingredients in any Doctor Who series is the sexual tension between him and his female companion, and it's no wonder. The Doctor always travels with a companion because he is destined to be forever lonely, and don't we all love a lonely man. He is intelligent and funny, he has this vibrating gadget that opens any locked door, two hearts and a big time machine that can take his companions to the end of the universe and beyond. He will never leave a companion behind and will never pull out of a dangerous situation. His companions never truly recover from their time with him, and are never satisfied with their humble existences after he moves on.

The Doctor is everything that a person could possible want in a sexual partner. He is, in fact, sex on legs. Watch it and you will see.

Love Claire and Ben (who doesn't necessarily agree with any of the above statement)
xoxo

About the Cover: It was a hard-fought competition, but at the end of the day there could only be one submission... erm... winner. Thank you very much to Karen Webber for her prize-winning entry!

Thanks also to Mr. Smith for saving our sweet asses, everyone for getting their shit in on time (D), Mikey A, Natty and Carry, Kim, Corney for the free ice cream, Potter, Dave for the pop-in visits and Ben's ukulele (and Nick Lowe, for the one song Ben can play).

The Sexuality Edition

Volume Seventy-Five Edition Nine

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- 7 SEP 2007

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GET READY
TO GO FROM
"MIMM" TO
"OHHH!"

Send your random ramblings to
ondit@adelaide.edu.au and we will most probably
publish them, whether it is published next to a naked
lady's fanny depends on the theme, but you could
get as lucky as these kids.

WOMENS



Good morning,

Thought I'd send a little feedback your way.

Enjoyed the rant by Martins Medenis in Volume 75, Edition 7 - my flatmate does history at Adelaide and is not so much annoyed by the copious ignorance on display all around as the attitude of 'so what if I don't know anything'. This seems to me to be as good a reason as any to explain the tiresome Che T-shirts and the "just make fun of the Soviets" excuse.

Sure, by all means, girls and boys, make fun of history. In a way, that's what it's there for. Me, I only make fun at things understand. Martins might be wrong on one count though; anyone wearing a Che tshirt, or a CBGBs, Ramones, Misfits etc. etc. T-shirt or wanders the street with the back of underpants cheerily on display is most definitely not hip. Faddish perhaps; even fashionable in their own way - but who the hell wants to be fashionable?

Which brings me neatly to the review of Magic Dirt by KD, who wonders how Peterhead won a competition to support Magic Dirt, when KD didn't manage to see them. Pity, Peterhead were by far and away the surprise event of the evening - they were the support band people didn't expect to enjoy, and clustered close to the stage. The keyboard player stripped to his gold lame G-string and received a mighty wedgie. The guitarist (mostly dreads from what I could tell) was disordered and chaotic, as was the entire full-tilt performance which had the audience - a large one, I gather, for Peterhead - alternately howling with glee or watching somewhere between astonishment and delight. I am disappointed KD's friends didn't point out that most of the crowd enjoyed Peterhead.

By contrast, Modular Lounge might best be described as indie-pop, and the reason so many people were close to them was because Magic Dirt's fans wanted to be close to the dirtbags. Not that many people hid outside during Peterhead, but the beer garden was quite full during Modular Lounge. I don't smoke, but after two songs I knew what was coming and, regardless of the cold, hid from their tiresome ordinariness. Which is a pity because they'd come all that way from Melbourne and seemed like nice folk.

As for the dirtbags themselves, they were pretty good, the crowd loved 'em (crowds always do) but there really are better bands out there, y'know?

I expect Peterhead have the usual Myspace site. I suppose I'd better check it out. How hard can that be?

Robert Brokenmouth

PS After reading these two articles to me, my flatmate made an executive decision to use your magazine (which I understand takes you a lot of time and effort) to line the guinea-pig's cage.

Hey Ben and Claire,

To continue with Lily's guide (page 4, volume 75, edition 8) in the last issue of On Dit, here is another example of how to point out the wannabe-hip bible bashers on campus. Has anyone else noticed how all the virgin girls are utterly beautiful and ripe, while their boyfriends are social parasites? These ugly boys know that they'll never get sex (even after marriage - as has been pointed out, those who embrace celibacy just have low sex drives - stop trying to force it on schoolkids), so they're happy just to stand next to these goddesses. So when you see a hot chick talking to some nerd - walk around, carefully. They are like vampires always looking to suck personality out of another defenceless person.

I fundamentally object to the celibacy message being pushed in sex-ed in schools. I should be hired as a sex-ed teacher - the kids would love me. I wouldn't lie and say masturbating is bad and drugs will make you kill your mother. I also won't make you clap your hands and invite you to a fashion show and end up taking you to Paradise Community Church.

Regards,

Clare - Who is pro-sex, pro-choice, pro-love and believes in a genderless energy also known as God.

To two lovely Eds,

The extent of my joy on hearing that Catherine, Michael and Natalie are to be editors of this illustrious publication next year cannot be over-exaggerated and has to be shared. Not only are these three individuals in possession of wit and intelligence, but they are three of the most attractive people I have ever seen. Especially Catherine Hoffman who deserves praise from absolutely everybody on her general wonderfulness.

Some Girl

My Dear Editors,

Forgive me for being a real bitch, but I read Lyam Heikkinen's review and was about to throw up. I felt the EXACT opposite to what he did. I have never felt so old in my life. There were twelve year old girls everywhere. Even though I knew the words the only song I felt like singing along to was the Pink Floyd cover at the end. Heck when they played 'Know Your Onion' I could have sworn they had already played it. I think the concert was what made me lose my faith in modern music and ultimately mankind.

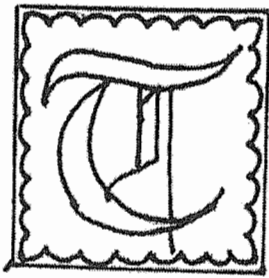
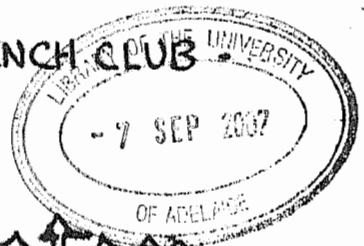
It was really the last paragraph that killed me: comparing them to Radiohead. Now don't think that I'm one of those Radiohead dicks but seriously you can't compare a band that hasn't progressed at all in their three studio outings (as The Shins) to a band that manages to be successful both artistically and financially, exposing kids to a wider variety of music. True they aren't the best band going around but it's good to see guys with some taste and talent scoring number one albums.

Trevor

PS. I read an excellent quote by Robert Christgau which stuck a chord with me: "Why is it always John Lennon and John F. Kennedy? Why isn't it ever Paul McCartney and Richard Nixon? The good were never meant to live long."

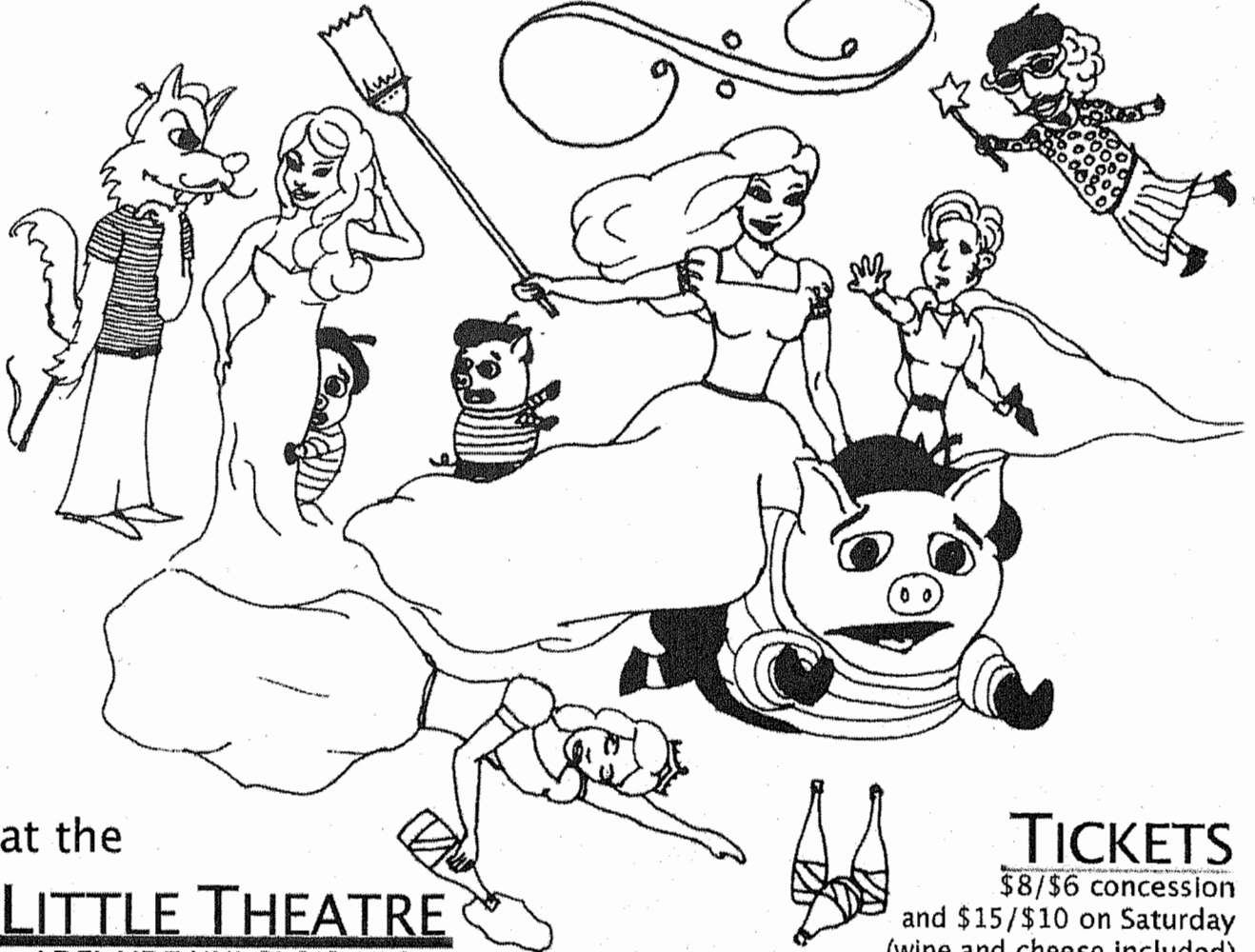
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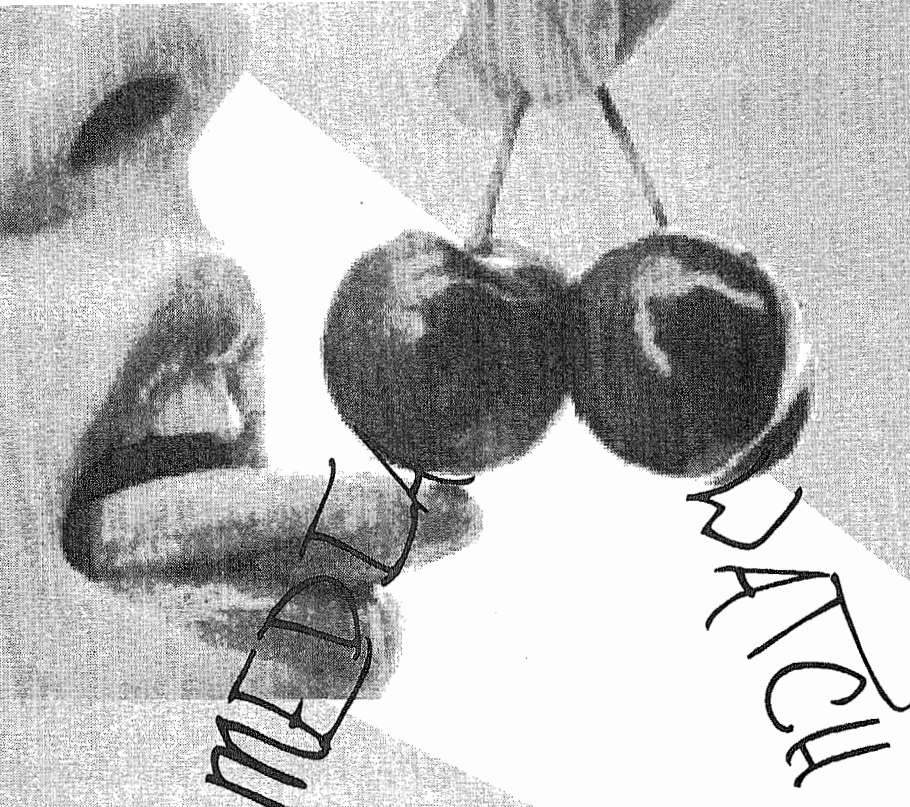


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fans. Although he put on a stoic front, the media still found a way of making him seem regretful at his affirmation of his sexuality. One article in the press had the headline, "Callea admits he was scared at being outed". This language is obviously not going to make people considering coming out feel like they are going to be accepted by doing so. On the contrary, the term 'outed' is different to being 'out of the closet', suggesting a negative experience rather than one that should be liberating. The term reminds me of something similar to being on the outer of a social group. Instead of focusing on the positive aspects that had come about due to Callea's openness about his sexuality, the media looked at the negative elements of Callea's admission.

Australia is a country that is meant to practice social tolerance and show acceptance of all forms of beliefs and choices. Instead of doing so, the mainstream media reports on gay marriage as being wrong and not 'normal' like straight marriage. As well as this, media commentators like Alan Jones are now seen as being less credible by the general population and announcing you're gay is viewed as being a big, scary decision which could affect your professional career. Why should one's sexuality be scrutinised? A very good friend of mine once told me: "I am gay, yes, but that doesn't define who I am. It's only one part of me, just like flour is only one part to a recipe." The media should portray people of all genders, sexual preference and religious beliefs in their stories. Instead we are getting a limited view of the world's population and everyone will begin to feel as if they need to change in order to become 'normal' when there is no such thing.

Lisa Ireland

Sexuality. For some reason, this term is seen as a loaded one and a hot topic that the media tends to splash across their publications and uses to make outlandish statements. I thought I would look at how different issues about celebrities and their sexuality have been reported in the media lately. What implications has this coverage had for creating stereotypes about gender and sexuality? I bring up this topic because of a news story you probably didn't hear about in the mainstream media.

Darren Hayes (yes, the one from *Savage Garden* who sang that chicha-cherry-cola song in the '90s) got married last year in a civil ceremony in London where he now resides. Recently, he returned to Australia for a promotional tour and although he is married and this marriage is recognised by British law, his partner had to travel to Australia on a tourist visa. "Why on earth did this happen?" you ask. Well, Hayes's same-sex marriage to his partner, Richard Cullen, is not viewed as legal in Australia.

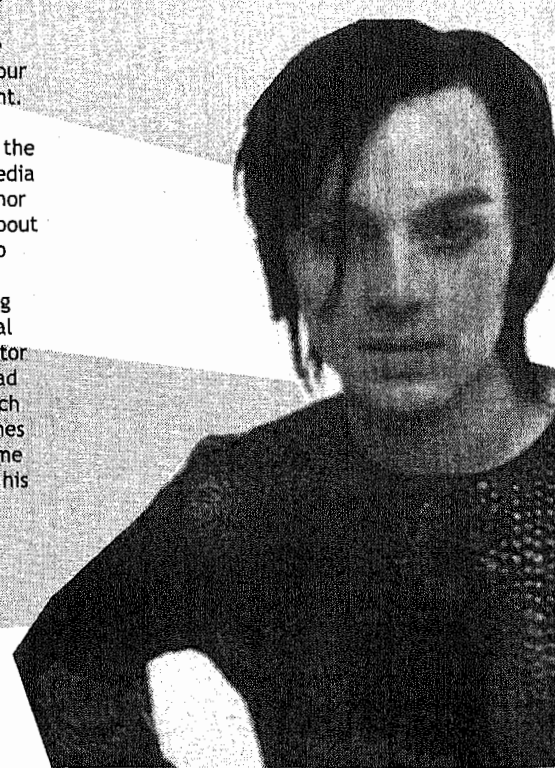
This understandably outraged the performer who claimed that not recognising his marriage was a concept that went against basic human rights. You'd think there would be a lot of news coverage about an event like this one, right? Wrong. In the one news story I could find about the incident, the headline was: "Darren Hayes angry over treatment of 'husband' Richard Cullen". This headline is clearly mocking gay marriage by putting the term husband in inverted commas; a procedure which suggests that it isn't a valid concept. This story is only the tip of the iceberg when it comes to the way sexuality is reported in the media and it has to be asked, why is there still a constant focus on one's sexual orientation in the

press when we are meant to be living in a time of sexual liberation that was born out of the 1970s?

A friend once told me an interesting statistic. Apparently only 5-10% of people say they are exclusively straight and the other 90-95% considers themselves to be bisexual or bi-curious. I don't know if this is true, but it still astounded me. I was under the impression that straight people were in the majority; this is what the media had always told me! Why is this idea not being focused on by the media? It would sure make a lot of people feel more 'normal' instead of being viewed as weird or promiscuous by those 'straight' people around them. Instead, we are living in a society where you constantly have to hide or defend your sexuality if you are in the public spotlight.

Think back to the end of last year when the book *Jonestown* was published about media commentator Alan Jones. When the author of the book Chris Masters commented about Jones being gay, an offer for the book to be published by the ABC was withdrawn and Masters was condemned for insulting Jones' credibility. What? A former Liberal speech writer and right wing commentator likes men? We can't have that! So instead of focusing on the rest of the book, which discussed what a powerful influence Jones has on the media, the press spent its time analysing Jones' sexuality and analysed his behaviour for 'gay' elements.

The press coverage surrounding former *Australian Idol* star Anthony Callea's coming out was largely supportive and his stint on *It Takes Two* proved that he was still popular with his



WOMAN KILLED BY CONFUSED PET CAMEL

A Queensland woman was killed after her pet camel jumped on her; police have not yet determined whether it was trying to play with her, or have sex with her. Whatever the camel's intentions, police have speculated that the woman either died of suffocation, or of a heart attack brought on by having a camel land on her. The camel, whose name has not been released, is now ten months old, and weighs 152kg. She had been given the camel for her 60th birthday earlier this year. Although camels are not known for being violent, experts say that they can be overly exuberant. Apparently, the camel had already tried to suffocate the woman's pet goat on several occasions...

PIRATES HOLD DANES TO RANSOM

A Danish cargo ship hijacked by pirates has now been returned after a security firm paid a ransom for its release. The exact amount of the ransom has not been officially disclosed, but a Danish TV station has reported that it came to A\$2million. The *Danica White* was captured on June 2nd off the Somali coast. A U.S. ship caught up with the pirates a few days after they made their capture, but was forced to give up the chase when they entered Somali waters, which are considered some of the most dangerous in the world. The ship has now been delivered to a French warship. The crew have also been returned safely. And no Johnny Depp in sight...

U.S. TO SPEED UP DEATH ROW APPEALS

The U.S. is set to enact legal changes which would give the Attorney-General new powers to limit the amount of time allowed to death row prisoners to appeal to the federal courts. The new measures, which take effect on September 24, will allow the Attorney-General to cut the time to six months, given that they think the state has provided the defendant with proper legal counsel. The federal courts will also have less time to review death penalty cases. Some have voiced concerns about giving such power to any Attorney-General, but are particular worried about giving them to the current one, Alberto Gonzales - he of the patchy memory and dubious human resources policy - given his connections with Texas, which has executed more people than any other state. In a related story, the E.U. has issued a statement asking Texas governor Rick Perry to put all pending executions on hold, and to consider holding a moratorium on the death penalty. A spokesperson for the governor responded by basically telling the E.U. to mind its own business. Texas has just executed its 400th prisoner.

CURFEW IMPLEMENTED TO QUELL BANGLADESH RIOTS

A curfew has been put in place in Dhaka, as well as five other cities, in an attempt to quell escalating violence between students and police. Universities in all six cities have been ordered to close, the mobile phone network has been shut down, and television stations have been requested not to broadcast images of the violence, for fear that doing so could encourage further uprising. At least one person has been killed and 100 injured as riots spread across the country. Police have been accused of taking things a little too far, firing tear gas into a student dormitory in Dhaka University to prevent those inside from joining the protests. Although the protests were begun by students, a popular movement demanding the restoration of democracy appears to be growing. The violence is a challenge for the caretaker Government, which enjoyed huge popularity when it came to power in January, promising to weed out corruption and to hold democratic elections by the end of next year. The Government has a definite cause for alarm, as two previous military governments have been brought down by movements instigated by students.

PRISONERS OF TALIBAN URGE GOVERNMENTS TO ACT

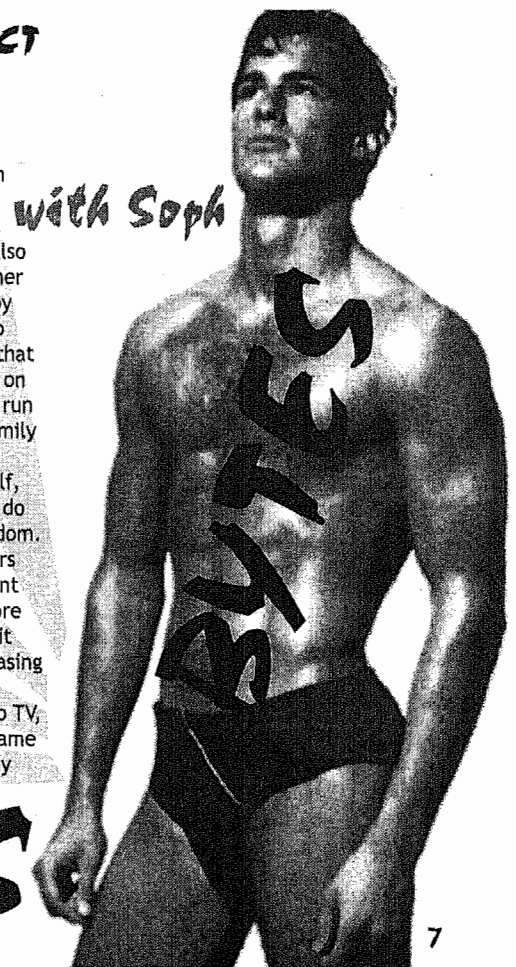
A video of a German and an Afghan man taken hostage by the Taliban has been broadcast on Afghan television. The men were kidnapped on July 18 along with another German and four more Afghans, one day before 23 South Koreans were also taken prisoner. The other German prisoner had a heart attack, and was shot dead by his captors. The remaining German, who identified himself as 'Rudolph B', fears that he may suffer the same fate - he stated on the video that his heart medication will run out in three days. He appealed to his family and the German government, whilst the Afghan man, who did not identify himself, asked Afghan President Hamid Karzai to do everything possible to secure their freedom. The motivation for the abduction appears to be to pressure the German government into removing its troops - numbering more than 3000 - from Afghanistan. Although it does not wish to do so, it is under increasing pressure from the public and opposition parties. The video was broadcast on Tolo TV, which has not revealed how the video came to be in its possession, nor was there any indication of when it was made.

VEGETABLES ARE BAD FOR YOU

A man died after police used capscicum spray to subdue him. 38-year-old Robert Bias was confronted by police at his home in Christies Downs, and they attempted to arrest him. After Bias was handcuffed whilst lying on the ground, the officers noticed that he was no longer breathing. A spokesperson for the police did not say how much capscicum spray was used, and stated that Bias was believed to have pre-existing medical problems which may have contributed to his death. Neighbours also told police that he was a heavy drug user. Despite Bias' death, police will continue to use capscicum spray. A full investigation into his death is underway.

WOMAN SETS EX ON FIRE - LITERALLY

In another criminal milestone, a Russian woman set fire to her ex-husband's penis as he sat watching TV. Interestingly, he was doing so naked, which is enough to give most people ideas - though not the kind his ex-wife had. Police have not revealed what the woman used to torch her ex, but a police spokesperson stated that it is difficult to predict whether the man will make a full recovery. The couple, who were divorced three years ago, were still living together in a flat due to sky-high property costs. It now seems likely that that situation will change.



NEWS

On DIT 75.9



HOWARD AND THE EXCLUSIVE BRETHREN

Writing about religion two weeks in a row; I apologise, but it appears that religion is being made out to be a hot spot in this particular election. What with the outcry over Rudd apparently betraying his Christianity by spending approximately half an hour (or at least between 15 and 40 minutes) in a strip club, to the targeting of the Christian vote by both sides of politics, religion is playing a prominent place within Australian politics, disproportionately so if one considers the number of people who identify with Christianity, let alone conservative Christianity - 64% as of 2006, although evangelistic Christianity is becoming more popular. One in five Australians disavow religion. As commented upon last edition, gay rights are opposed most commonly on religious grounds, although Christians cannot be said to be united in their opposition for gay rights. Most 'official', church-going Christians (in other words, theist Christians who go to Church, know the Bible, etc, not those who just call themselves Christians, most of whom are probably Deists in one form or another), vote Liberal, although this gap is not as wide as one might think - a quote from a study performed by What the People Want:

"Catholics are strongly Labor (50%), Anglicans tend more towards the Coalition (32% Labor and 32% Coalition), Pentecostals are the home of Family First (36%), and Labor does poorly with the rest, although this does not reflect directly in an increase in the Liberal vote, but rather flows to parties like Family First and the Christian Democrats."

"Howard is viewed favourably by Christians in general, although narrowly (51% approve, 41% disapprove). There are significant differences between denominations. Evangelicals are strongly approving, Anglicans almost evenly

divided, Uniting Church strongly disapproving and Catholics very strongly disapproving."

Christians seem to be "concerned about issues of morality, and care and compassion." It has been noted by the evangelical writer Dr Phillip Hughes that, "whether one compares people who believe in a personal God with those who are not sure about God or believe there is no God, or people who attend church compared with those who never attend, their values are often similar."

So we can assume that, despite their profoundly metaphysical and idealist sources of morality, Christians are people just like anyone else, with a broad church (I'm sorry) of opinion under the heading of 'Christian'. Now we come to the issue of the Exclusive Brethren. The EB (as they will be called from now on) are what Kevin Rudd terms a 'cult', although this may have more to do with the preferred funding direction of the EB than its actual beliefs. The beliefs of the EB are somewhat controversial. Ostensibly, the EB "believe from scripture that God ordains the powers that be. He raises them up and puts them down. He uses them to restrain evil. Voting is a political interference with God's rights in this regard. Our place is prayer and testimony."

"The Exclusive Brethren code prohibits members from watching TV, reading newspapers, accessing the internet, joining the armed forces, standing for elected office or voting in elections." In other words, its members are kept completely ignorant. The leader of the EB "reportedly prophesied the end of the world if Bush and Howard were not re-elected." The EB have been accused of interfering in elections in New Zealand by funding a 'dirt unit' on Helen Clark, and

in America by spending \$500,000 on George Bush's election campaign. Domestically, the EB has been in the news for "spending thousands of dollars on half-page ads in newspapers decrying The Greens' policies in the lead-up to the [Tasmanian] state election." They have recently entered into the news by meeting with John Howard, informing him they plan to pray for him in the upcoming Federal election.

Its members are kept completely ignorant. The leader of the EB "reportedly prophesied the end of the world if Bush and Howard were not re-elected."

Howard defended his meeting with the EB on the basis that, "there was nothing wrong with him meeting with members of community groups, including the Exclusive Brethren." Yet this contention does not stand up to sustained logical enquiry. If Howard's contention is that meeting with community groups is not problematic, then Howard should be meeting with any and all community groups on request, including groups such as Hizb ut-Tahrir, the pan-Islamist group calling (peacefully) for the re-establishment of the Islamic Caliphate. Technically, Hizb ut-Tahrir is quite similar to the EB in that it advocates boycotts of elections on religious grounds. Regardless of this, meeting with a group such as the EB

GOING GLOBAL – GONE LIVE!

Students and staff now have access to goingglobal.com, one of the best web resources available for information about working internationally. Log on to the Careers Service web site at www.adelaide.edu.au/student/careers and click on the Going Global link. You can log in with your student or staff ID, and create your own goingglobal.com account. Make goingglobal.com part of your career preparation strategy.

SOME DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

The University of Adelaide's first **International Careers Evening** will be held on Monday 8 October, from 5:00 pm – 8:00 pm, in the Lower Napier Building. Who's it for? International students intending to go home after

graduating; international students intending to stay in Australia; Australian students interested in working overseas. Visit www.adelaide.edu.au/student/careers for updates on the program. There is no need to book – just turn up!

The **Interview Practice Club** will meet in the Student Services Seminar Room, level 6 Hughes Building, each Tuesday during September and October, including during mid-semester break. Bookings not needed. Come every time or come when you can.

12:00 – 1:00: September 4 and 18; October 2, 16 and 30.

4:00 – 5:00: September 11 and 25; October 9 and 23.

This semester's **Holiday Workshop** will be on Wednesday 19 September. You have to book for this one! Please call Amanda on 8303 5123.

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legitimises it in the public sphere, as does accepting funding from them, as it appears the Liberal party has. It showcases the ideology of this group as being endorsed and supported by the Liberal party. This should be the most public of matters, as public as Labor accepting support and funding from unions. Unlike Labor and the Unions however, the EB fails to place itself within the public gaze so that it may be judged for its association with the Liberals.

It is the shadowy nature of the organisation that should be a matter of concern, not the nature of its views, utterly extreme as they are. This organisation purports to influence public life whilst evading criticism. This is, to phrase it properly, manifestly undemocratic. Other Christian organisations make their aims and goals clear - even if the interventions in politics many of these organisations support are philosophically inconsistent with the view I take of a responsible democracy that allows all of its citizens to participate in what is generally called 'civil society', at least it is an open target which may be debated by citizens. The EB disavows the participation of its civilians within democracy, yet seeks to influence the direction that democracy takes. Such actions incorporate the worst aspects of social engineering without the accountability necessary to legitimise such engineering. The Howard Government must make its links with the Exclusive Brethren as clear as any political party should concerning its paymasters.

Mainstream Christian groups can be argued with publicly (and often are willing to argue). The EB seeks not to argue, but control. This is unacceptable. The Exclusive Brethren must be held accountable.

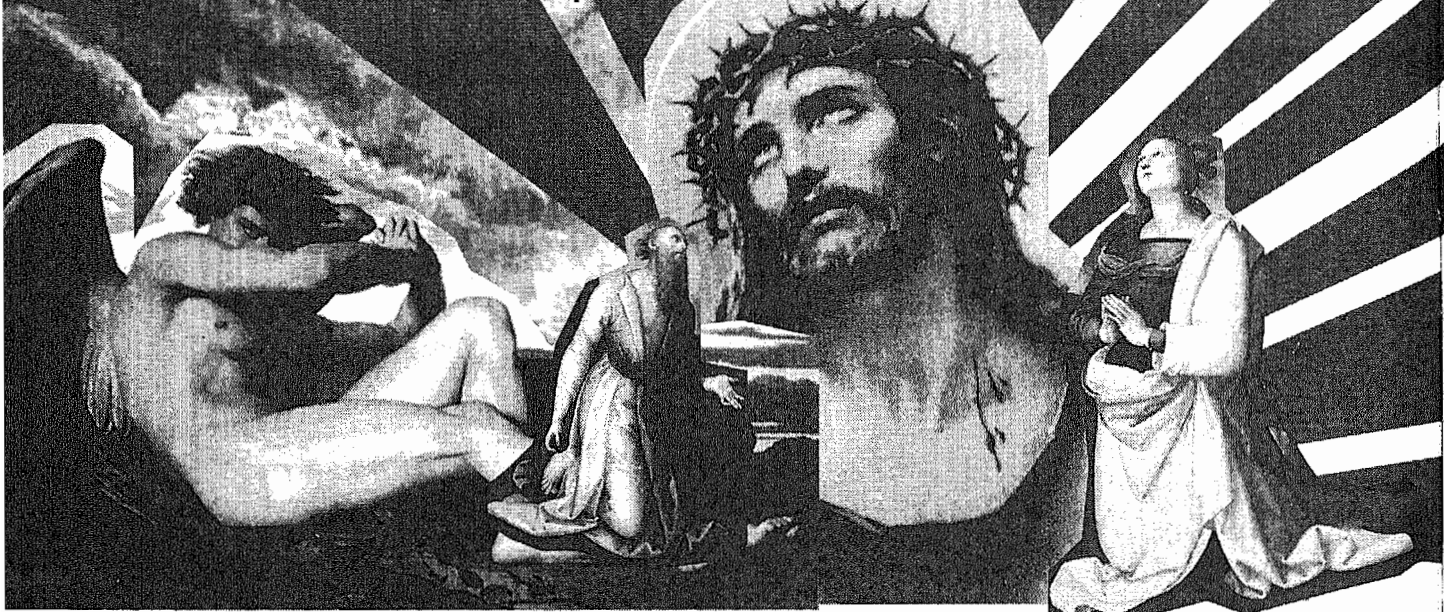
Other Christian organisations and the media should also condemn the EB, just as mainstream Muslim organisations are criticised for failing to speak out against Islamic extremism. Unlike many extremist Islamic groups, the EB fails to push itself into the public eye whilst it carries out its political attacks upon other parties. Mainstream Christian groups can be argued with publicly (and often are willing to argue). The EB seeks not to argue, but control. This is unacceptable. The Exclusive Brethren must be held accountable.

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Michael Adams

Confessions of a



I wondered if it would be necessary to follow on from Michael Adams' thorough and systematic appraisal of Evangelical political influence. However, I hope to add an insider flavour to the general concerns he raises.

Yes, long ago, I counted myself among the red-shirts that materialised recently on campus. It was the late '80s, Petra had recently broken into the secular music charts with 'Beat the System' and the final fight against Satan was, allegedly, drawing ever closer. We were the generation to see and 'fight the good fight'.

The Fear!

Back in the day, Satan always got a mention. It was common at that time to hear that the dark one literally planted fossils in the ground to legitimise evolution. He isn't mentioned much in public these days, unless you watch Evangelical TV in the wee hours. These guys cannot contain their honesty, even at the risk of alienating secular viewers. Here we are told that devils surround us; that everything bad that happens is their handiwork. Iraqi civilians would be interested in this theory. In this view devils must control Bush, the military, the ground crews and the pilots who drop the bombs. Here the 'devils-thesis' is water tight, the only problem is that Bush is an Evangelical who is supported almost wholeheartedly by the movement.

Within the salubrious halls of a certain AOG, things were heating up. I was convinced by the Pastor that my metal paraphernalia was damning me. The answer to this was, of course, fire. Burn it! Burn it all! These items perished in an Evangelical Kristallnacht.

In the general fear stimulated directly by the church leadership of the approaching 'end-days', Armageddon was certain. Hal Lindsey's books prophesied the end of the world in 2000. Gorbachev's unfortunate birth-mark singled him out as the 'Anti-Christ'. The 'Bear' (Russia) was awake in the north, the 'Dragon' (China) awakening in the east. The armies of evil—the godless Reds—were forming ranks. Armageddon was nigh...again.

A bit of an anti-climax though. Gorbie went on to dissolve the USSR and work for Pizza Hut. China makes all the stuff that everyone, including Evangelicals, love to buy. Ultimately, the biblical trumpets that were poised to announce Armageddon remained silent. As 2000

clicked over, the only things being blown were Evangelical pastors by sex workers. Sometimes they were male; hey Ted? However, the fear was productive while it lasted!

The Cash!

Well, after a dozen years in the Catholic, then five years in the Evangelical Church, I had my own revelation. Catholicism was irrelevant, boring shite but Evangelicals were, in addition, distasteful, middle-class snobs who were hyper-judgemental and proactively peddled extreme fear. It was evident that the Church was little more than an enormous money-making concern. Take it from me; Evangelicals have exquisite materialist credentials when it comes to conspicuous consumption.

The centrality of money to Evangelism has become clearer in recent years. The Evangelical Church is now virtually indistinguishable from one of their most reviled whipping-boys; the Roman Catholic Church. Ostentatious architecture, political and propaganda machines costing millions are now the hallmarks of Evangelism. In the past it was Romanism—as those among us who like to read more than one book may know—that was heavily criticised for its accumulation of wealth underpinned by their constant threats of hell. The Roman Catholic Church is still considered by Evangelicals to be so corrupt that it is often referred to as the Whore of Babylon. If that ain't the pot!

A relative of mine, through a combination of poor judgement and geographical necessity, sends her children to an Evangelical school. They are taught that Catholicism is patently wrong. It tickles me to hear their diluted Lutheranism functioning as sectarianism. If Luther were alive today, I would argue that the aims and tactics of Evangelicals would trouble him as much as the heaving, gluttonous edifice of Romanism. Around election time this school sends out 'how to vote' sheets to parents, based on which party supports private schools and Christian values.

The Evangelical political machine, Family First, is also problematic. I still know people in the movement who extol the virtues of this party. I ask, "Whose family?" They reply, "Every family." I ask, "Same-sex families?" Their faces screw up in disgust. "Oh, no." I continue, "Muslim families?" Again, "No." Funny stuff.

Teenage Evangelical

The Poor (fuck 'em!)

It is not since the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire that a Christian sect has sought and consolidated so much political power, wealth and property. "The meek shall inherit the earth" is another Christian staple that has been rejected by the Evangelicals. You know the mantra of the televangelists from the US to Australia: "An invisible man in the sky made everything. He speaks to ME. How can I save you all if you don't give me all your money?" Remember the Pastor of Hillsong's contribution to neo-liberal capitalism? *You Need More Money: Discovering God's Amazing Financial Plan for Your Life*. For Evangelicals, wealth equals piety. They believe that God makes them rich but Satan drains their mobile phone battery. Fuck the meek; let them stew in their licentious sin!

I seem to remember something in 1 Timothy 6:10 about the love of money and the root of all evil. Oh well...

Matching red hoodies are but a small example of misspent funds. A good Evangelical should revile the heathen Saint Vinnie's, (craven Papists!), but at least Vinnie's actually care about the poor. Jesus (the Palestinian proto-socialist, Jewish philosopher, or the son of the invisible man in the sky who made everything) left strict instructions to look after the weak and poor. Turning a blind eye to the fact that these people suffer, die or are murdered, while strutting around in matching casual wear, does not accomplish this.

The Death!

The complicity of Evangelicals in the War on Terror and the ongoing suppression of Palestinians in the expectation that Israel is the stage for Christ's second coming are also of concern. I must admit, I have trouble understanding how otherwise intelligent people can believe that an invisible man in the sky made everything. However, more perturbing is the fact that most of these people, Evangelicals especially, cannot see the near total contradiction between their spiritual and material existence. 'Do not kill' and 'Look after the poor and weak': these are basic Christian principles. Loving the fact that an Evangelical runs the US is, consequently, loving the piles of innocent corpses that he and his evangelical cronies and supporters create on a daily basis. Evangelicals will attempt to mitigate this by citing the construction of wells in Africa. Compared to the dead (innocent and otherwise) in Iraq alone, this is a joke in poor taste.

There is, morally, no way around this for Evangelicals. However, they don't mind if those they see as being collateral damage in the preparations for the second coming of Christ starve to death or are murdered. Of course they will argue that it is 'unfortunate' that these people die, but what can be done? The Bible states that it must be so!

Perhaps the dead are fast-tracked to heaven?

I know that in writing this I am taking the bait of the Evangelical Union. I imagine their core strategy revolves around stimulating discussion among the secular ('goat-kisser') students. Nevertheless, evangelical acceptance of mass-murder and indifference towards the suffering of the poor both require illumination. It is also important to clarify the fact that there is much more supernatural-voodoo in their belief system than they openly admit to. Remember, they believe the devil twaddle too!

Evangelical Christianity is an extreme belief that perceives everything in black and white. They will always judge harshly within their own narrow criteria, create fear, amass wealth, propagate nonsense about the supernatural world, and neglect almost all that is noble or morally progressive in Christianity. They do all of this with white teeth and perfect, unflinching smiles. Today, the 'baddies' have changed, but the message is the same. Fear, Money, War, Evil, Fear, Money, Fear, Burn, Evil, Judge, Money, etc. And, oh yeah, apparently you get to go to 'heaven'. That is, of course, only if all the other, equally credible, creator narratives are incorrect (is that about a 1 in 4 chance?). In the meantime, more people suffer and die.

The Hangover...

Jesus once touched me in my special place (my heart) but I got over it. So did, incidentally, 90% of the people I knew at the time who were 'born again'. We all buzzed with the spirit, but now we are 'backsliders', fooled by Satan. It's interesting that loyalty to local footy teams has more purchase in the long run than the so-called Touch of God. In reality, experience and critical thought show that the fear and voodoo don't stack up. The absurdity over the certainty of the Russians and Chinese being the armies of Satan illustrates this to an embarrassing degree. The same arguments forwarded by Evangelicals today are those that have enslaved and impoverished people for millennia.

However, as we see, a new batch is now coming through. No doubt convinced by their Pastor's spoon-fed analysis of trouble in the Middle East, the break down of morality and the promise of the inevitable, albeit fashionably always late, second coming. Hate to break it to ya, 'Soldiers for Christ'; history shows conclusively that you're not only wasting your time, you are also contributing to the misery of millions. If God exists, He won't be happy!

From an atheist perspective, the Evangelical church, to say the least, is morally corrupt and crassly capitalistic. From a Christian perspective, they are so far removed from essential Christian principles that they almost cease to be Christian in the most basic moral sense. That phase of my life was, so far, the most embarrassing. I got caught up in fear and hype and can only imagine that this is what the otherwise rational citizens of Germany once succumbed to. The analogy is dramatic, I know. Thankfully, it was 1980s Adelaide and not 1930s Munich; otherwise the blood on my own hands might not be so remote.

David





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POETRY

By Karlis Stemsands



EPITAPH

I have not lingered in these grasses,
long enough to find the tombs I know are here.
But I know the ghosts well.
I have felt the drop of winter leaves upon my shoulder
as a breath,
heard the wind under autumn moons as a whisper.
Smelt the summer sun peer on to blossoms as a
presence.
They are here. They reside in me.
In you.

Three headstones stand to mark their passing.
Three red quavers; all-knowing, unseeing, listening
to the music in the plane trees,
symphonies of days past.
Through the buzz of hip-pop post-punk slop.

No major triad do they represent today,
the glorious Hallelujah chorus of youthful idealism;
more like
A Minor key, A Diminished
memory of what the wind-swept sun-bleached grasses
were like when ghosts talked Picasso, Tesla, and
Sartre.



And now, another existential problem:

Tigers paired with Crocs roam through the grass,
growling, slithering
at the top of the feud chain.
MySpace takes over from our space,
And Bachelors double their luck
with three years working minimum wage in this
factory:
Skipping lectures about the times where
green fields turned smokestacks and mills.

"V.S. You is the problem!" the new chorus sings,
But the irony is lost and the back turned from the
stage;
tone-deaf piano tuners tainting work from the past.
And people forget that real student contributions
were always voluntary.

And the flow of the river slows...
And the tombs are found only to write this epitaph...

Still,
There is music in the plane trees,
If you only care,
To listen.



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WAR OF THE POLITICAL CLUBS

As usual, we posed a question to a representative of some of the political clubs on campus to get a range of opinions on various issues.

If you are a member of another political club and would like your club to be represented as well, hit us up at ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

All people should have a right to equality under the law and in all dealings with Government and the community. All Australians should be protected from discrimination on the basis of their sexuality, transgender identity or intersex status. All relationships should be treated equally. People in same-sex relationships and their children should be able to access the same range of benefits available to those in opposite-sex relationships.

Twenty thousand same-sex couples in Australia experience systematic discrimination every day. This must stop. For example, same-sex couples and their families are denied basic financial and work-related entitlements available to opposite-sex couples and their families. The laws in Australia that allow this to happen are actually inconsistent with our obligations under international law.

As the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission report outlined, same-sex couples are not guaranteed the right to take carer's leave to look after a sick partner, they have to spend more on medical expenses to enjoy the Medicare and PBS safety nets and they are denied a wide range of tax concessions available to opposite-sex couples. In addition, the same-sex partner of a federal government employee is denied access to certain superannuation and workers' compensation death benefits.

Children of same-sex couples are also affected by this discrimination. The Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission estimates that twenty per cent of lesbian couples and five per cent of gay couples in Australia are raising children. The financial disadvantages suffered by same-sex parents will have an impact on their children.

Seventy per cent of Australians in a recent Galaxy Poll agreed that this discrimination should stop. Ending discrimination on the basis of sexuality is long overdue. The *Same-Sex: Same Entitlements Bill 2007* introduced by the Australian Democrats would have addressed the concerns highlighted in the report released by the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission. On 16 August 2007, all Coalition Senators blocked a formal

Senate inquiry into the Bill.

The Bill was designed to remove statutory provisions from Australian laws that allow discrimination in areas including taxation, superannuation, employment and family law against people in de facto relationships, on the grounds of their gender identity or sexuality. The intention of the Bill was to make sure that Australia's laws comply with Australia's obligations under international law, set out in the *International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights* and the *Convention on the Rights of the Child*.

The Bill would have defined 'de facto relationship' as a relationship between two people, irrespective of their gender, living together as a couple on a genuine domestic basis. This definition is based on the judgment of Powell J in *Roy v Sturgeon* (1986) 11 NSWLR 454 (at 458-9). As explained in Schedule 1 of the Bill, this definition would be inserted into a series of acts and regulations, which currently determine the rights of people in a de facto relationship.

The Bill would have also changed various laws so that the relationship between a child and both parents in a same-sex relationship would be recognised under Australian law. This would enable Australia's laws to protect the best interests of the child and also ensure that our laws comply with Australia's obligations under the *Convention on the Rights of the Child*.

Addressing the inequalities faced by same-sex couples is easy; the time is now.

For the information contained in this statement and for other information on the Australian Democrats perspective on the rights of gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender and intersex people please go to:

www.democrats.org.au/campaigns/glbti/. Please also view the documents relating to the Bill.

Aleisha Brown
Australian Democrats
aleisha.brown@student.adelaide.edu.au



QUESTION:

"In June, the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission released a report outlining 58 instances of discrimination against same-sex couples in Australian law, in such areas as Medicare, tax and social welfare. How should these inequalities be addressed in Parliament?"

It is hard to believe that in 21st Century Australia, we are still living in a society where it is still deemed by some to be acceptable (and in many cases legal) to discriminate against a person based upon his or her sexual orientation.

We are living in a time where what is really the last legal form of discrimination - that against same-sex couples - is still allowed to exist. This was highlighted when the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission (HREOC) released its report revealing 58 occurrences of discrimination same-sex couples face in their day to day lives, in almost every way imaginable. Taxation, superannuation, health care, veterans' affairs, immigration... you name an area of Australian law and the HREOC has probably found grounds where same-sex couples can be legally discriminated against simply because their relationship is not with a person of the opposite sex.

In the majority of cases same-sex couples are discriminated against due to the definition of a 'de facto' relationship. Currently we are faced with the legal situation where it as though same-sex couples do not exist; there is no room in the current law for a relationship to be recognised unless the two partners are of opposite sex. If the legal definition of this term were changed to a non-gender based definition as outlined in the report, then same sex couples would no longer face what is a fundamental denial of their rights as Australian citizens.

The recommendations of the HREOC report are so logical one wonders what is taking so long to them to be adopted; this outrageous situation simply cannot be allowed to continue. The government must act immediately to pass legislation through parliament in line with the report; there are no excuses to justify anything less. In doing so the government would have the full support of the Labor Party.

One hopes the Howard Government, with its track record of seeking political gain at the expense of the rights of minority groups, does not drag its collective feet on the issue. Same-sex couples across Australia should not have to wait until after the election for the recommendations to be implemented.

Scott Cowen
President
Adelaide University Labor Club

HOMO
CEV IS

The issue of discrimination is an issue that should concern us all. One should be wary however, not to politicise these issues. Issues that ought to take priority in debate are education, health, economic reform, infrastructure, strategic defence and the environment. These are issues that affect us all broadly.

There is a tendency for fringe issues to become politicised and distract us from debate on the previously mentioned issues. When the media picks up on these peripheral issues, it takes focus away from improving access to healthcare, or improving port facilities to expedite exportation of our goods and minerals. When media outlets run stories on fringe issues, we are all poorer for the loss of debate on the question of free trade with China, to provide one example.

It may be that some voters will vote for a political party because they promise access to IVF for all, regardless of financial, marital or psychological status. I am not one of those voters. I do not believe that the majority of Australian voters are one of those voters. Indeed, I do not believe that even a moderate minority are one of those voters.

I believe that the great majority of Australian voters are concerned about the quality of schooling available to their children. I believe they're concerned about the maintenance of stable and diverse economic growth. I believe that they're concerned about these issues, regardless of what relationship they're in.

The question put to us this week, provides little information on which we can provide a sensible answer. Without knowing the circumstances of each instance and what action was followed up on the complaint, I challenge any writer to provide a researched answer to the question put to us.

Nonetheless, we can say that we can be glad that this country has a human rights and equal opportunity commission, not every nation is so fortunate. We can rest assured that our system of public service provides many avenues of appeal, available to all.

The question of reform of Commonwealth and State laws to better ensure equality of services to all couples, whether same sex or not, is one for the Law Reform Commission. Rest assured it will be treated with due diligence by all sides of politics.

Hugh Denton
Adelaide University Liberal Club

ARE
POSSESSED



...I certainly don't think you should give the same status to homosexual liaisons..."

".... But I don't believe that homosexual relationships should be given the same place in our society as traditional concepts such as marriage..."

These are direct quotes from John Howard. You can find the interview at: <http://australianpolitics.com/news/2001/01-08-24a.shtml>

Considering this is the sexuality edition, now is a better time than any to discuss the blatant discrimination practiced by our Government on the issue of same-sex relationships.

The Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission has reported a year-long inquiry into same-sex discrimination and has found 58 laws discriminating against same-sex relationships in areas such as taxation, employment, social security, Medicare, family, superannuation, aged care and migration law.

In September 2003, the Federal Government denied a de-facto spouse veteran's pension to a man based on his 38-year same-sex relationship. The United Nations Human Rights Commission declared Australia's Federal Government in violation of the International Covenant of Civil and Political Rights and requested that Australia take steps to treat same-sex couples equally. The Australian Government ignored this request, and when the Attorney-General was questioned he said that the Government was not bound by the ruling.

The rights of same-sex couples have been, and continue to be, destroyed and denied under the Liberal Government despite the fact that continuous polls have shown that 70% of the Australian public believe that same-sex de-facto relationships should receive the same benefits and treatment as heterosexual couples and 57% of Australians believe that homosexual couples should be allowed to marry.

All State Governments, except South Australia's, have accepted and recognised same-sex relationships, however without comprehensive Commonwealth recognition, an entire section of our population is discriminated against on a daily basis.

Some examples of the discrimination faced by same-sex couples are listed below and taken from the *Same Sex; Same Entitlements* National Inquiry released in June 2007.

- At least 20,000 couples in Australia experience systematic discrimination on a daily basis.
- Same-sex couples and families are denied basic financial and work-

related entitlements which opposite-sex couples and their families take for granted.

- Same-sex couples are not guaranteed the right to take carer's leave to look after a sick partner.
- Same-sex couples have to spend more money on medical expenses than opposite-sex couples to enjoy the Medicare and PBS Safety Nets.
- Same-sex couples are denied a wide range of tax concessions available to heterosexual couples.
- The same-sex partner of a Federal Government employee is denied access to certain superannuation and workers' compensation benefits available to an opposite-sex partner.
- The same-sex partner of a Defence Force veteran is denied a range of pensions and concessions available to an opposite-sex partner.
- Older same-sex couples will generally pay more than opposite-sex couples when entering aged care facilities.

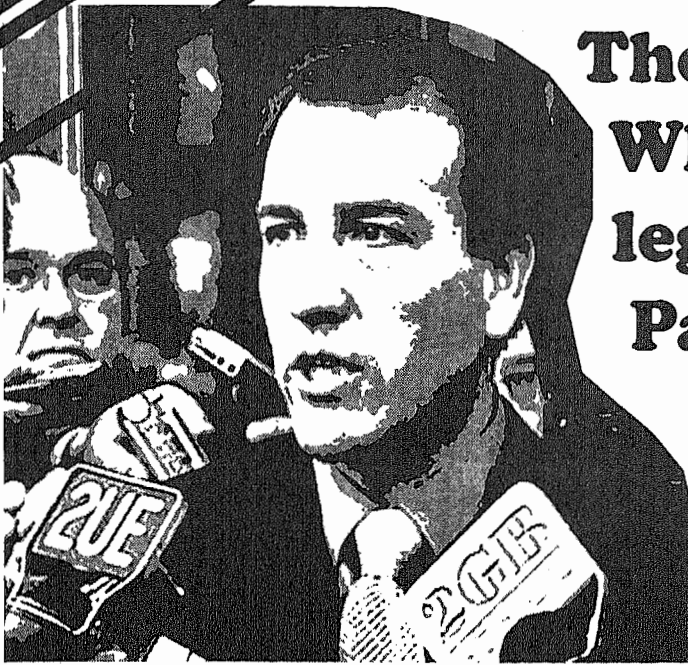
The rights of the children of same-sex couples are also affected due to the financial disadvantages experienced by their parents, disadvantages that would not occur for opposite-sex couples in the same position.

The financial and emotional strain placed upon same-sex couples and same-sex families can be difficult to cope with and place added stress and tension on parents in the child rearing stages. These members of our community want, and deserve, to be treated exactly like any other member of our community. The sexual preferences of two consenting adults should not be the basis for discrimination in a society that claims equality and tolerance.

Simple amendments to federal laws will redress these issues. The laws do not need to be rewritten but definitions simply changed at the front of each piece of discriminatory legislation. This is in the best interests of the couples involved, their children and indeed ourselves, if we maintain the values of equality and tolerance. In a modern world we should not stand for such discrimination, which treats same-sex couples as though they were second-class citizens. A lifestyle choice should not be discriminated against because it doesn't suit the tastes of an aging Prime Minister.

For concerned people I advise you to visit the *GetUp!* website and sign the petition demanding equal rights for same-sex couples at www.getup.org.au. Alternatively, take into account the intolerance and inequity shown to same-sex couples by the Federal Government when casting your vote later in the year.

Lia Svilans



The Rush North: Why pushing legislation through Parliament does not do the indigenous issue justice.

At 12.30 pm on Tuesday, 7th August, the Federal Indigenous Affairs minister Mal Brough tabled five bills in the Lower House in Canberra. By 9.35 pm that evening, after 14 of our 150 elected MPs had had their 'two cents', the 500 pages of legislative proposals cleared the House. The Opposition, who had received the Bills just under 24 hours prior to the Lower House debate, motioned four amendments to the Minister's proposals, including one which would have seen the legislation reviewed a year after its passage. After each of these motions failed, the dissenting members collectively shrugged their shoulders and gave up. The Government forsook 11 years of policy on Indigenous Affairs in nine hours, with little more than tokenistic opposition from the members to the Speaker's left.

In these days of productivity-tied wages and a saturated labour market driving an ever-expanding, ever-more efficient economy, it's nice to know that the Coalition Government is cutting through the inconvenient trappings of Westminster democracy to deliver results. Work, dear constituent, and do not concern yourself with tedious opposition to Government proposals. Besides, Mr Brough was out assuring us, the National Emergency Response Bill is far too important a legislative document to be bogged down in leftist to-ing and fro-ing. Mr Brough, the Minister with a calling, the man of action, had spoken.

This assault on discussion time is viewed as either a mark of governing competence or a deliberate attempt to avoid unwelcome scrutiny of controversial issues. Mr Brough admitted on ABC Melbourne radio, two days *after* the Bills had passed the Lower House, that he hadn't actually read his 500 page behemoth. Apparently, mere legal technicalities do not concern this Minister. Nor would this be the first occasion when significant legislation took the express passage through the system. Industrial Relations changes and the anti-terrorism legislation of 2005 took a similarly hurried path. It would seem that there is nothing like a bit of controversy to ease a bill's digestion through the bowels of democracy. In the end, the indigenous intervention legislation received 27 hours of Senate debate, although due not to the largesse of the Government, but to the protestations of critics. No amendments were made in any case. The authors of the 'Little Children are Sacred' report, Rex Wild QC and Aboriginal leader Pat Anderson, were not invited to give evidence at the formal Senate committee proceedings, despite the fact that their work was the impetus for the Minister's outrage. They flew to Canberra regardless, and held a lunch-break pseudo-hearing for the minor parties, expressing their concern that key recommendations of their report had been overlooked.

Meanwhile, Mr Brough has been refining his new-found penchant for

wedge politics, reiterating his assertion that to criticise his Bills is to tacitly support child abuse. Spare a thought for the proof readers. Considering that many of these concerned community leaders are the same individuals who called for action during the past decades of inaction, a 'with us/against us' mentality is simply immature. Instead, a debate over the particulars is necessary to ensure that any well founded apprehensions are not overlooked. Squeezing out bills like sausages, one after another, is no way to go about it. Criticism of the legislation's handling is different to criticising its intent; it is unlikely that there is a political conspiracy at work here, or that the Government is malign in its purpose. But even Noel Pearson, a staunch supporter of Mr Brough's agenda, recognises the danger of seeing proposed amendments as outright opposition. He writes in *The Australian* on the 11th of August:

"The Bill that is before Federal Parliament is inelegant and imperfect, but the thrust of its purpose is not sinister. It is necessarily urgent, but it needs to be decisively improved in some crucial respects."

There is no doubt that debate and subsequent fine-tuning would be prudent. To do so is not stagnation; it is refinement. Only this way can the best outcomes for indigenous communities be assured; whilst ignoring the input of experts, leaders and those affected is foolhardy, to say the least.

David Kaczan and Stephen Smiley

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YOUR SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY



**The Dub.
Hon. Andrew
Love, MP**
*Is wearing a
mop.*

Japanese whalers have been at it again. This time a whale was harpooned and processed in front of an increasingly distressed boatload of eco-tourists. Sightseers were horrified and one little girl even cried. What is most galling is that the whaling boats have accused the tourists of unsafe sailing behaviours. Surely whale watching is less dangerous than firing exploding harpoons. Certainly it is less dangerous for the whales. However, Japanese whalers can perform an important social function within global society; they just need to be paired with the right job. Australia's schoolyards are littered with chunky kids and the problem is growing. Introducing whalers into schools will kill two birds with one stone: the rehabilitation of Japanese whalers and the removal of fat kids from Australian schools. Many of Australia's school children contain the same amount of blubber as your standard whale. The next big thing in Japan? School kid blubber burgers. Delicious!



**The Dub.
Hon.
William
Martin, MP**
*Octopus on
his head.*

I've always told my children that if they can't locate Australia on the map then they will be shot. Though this works to my satisfaction, it seems the Americans are not endorsing my humble discipline. At their most recent 'Miss Teen Beauty Pageant' the delightful Miss South Carolina was dumbstruck when asked why 20% of Americans couldn't locate America on the map. Instead of replying, "Because they're stupid," Miss South Carolina blurted a muddled answer using classic clichés involving 'US America' helping South Africa and Iraq because they don't have maps. She was also the first person to finish a sentence with 'such as.' Although she does not possess my cunning political intellect, one must still find this answer somewhat typical in America's 'blame someone else' attitude to its own problems. Amusingly, Miss South Carolina (Now with almost 5 million YouTube hits to her name) finished third, surely a killing blow to the loser.

SPP TOUPEE HIGH PRICE FOR FAILURE



DRESSED FOR SUCCESS: *SPP prowls Guam's red light district, failing to convince police of actually being mimes.*



QUESTION TIME: *Australia's top politicians show off their confusing new haircuts as styled by the SPP.*



After weeks on the run, the Slightly Political Party have finally been apprehended. Found suspiciously dancing in the Guam red light district, the party were quickly detained for indecent exposure.

One item of clothing that was not absent from their devious disguises were their outrageous hairpieces, that did little to cover the party's weak attempt at 'Hammer Time'.

"I'd pay not to sleep with them," said a disgusted passer-by before entering a nearby brothel.

"It's a disgrace to Guam's prostitution industry. Their diseases clearly aren't from here."

"I'd tap that any day," said Ray Martin.

The SPP meandered out of Australia under the guise of an impulsive round of 'Batu' over a fortnight ago. It is believed this may in fact be a lie, and that the SPP had in fact fled from prosecution regarding nuclear materials.

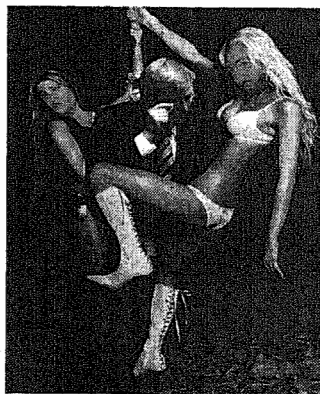
This was further evidenced by the SPP's lack of any knowledge concerning the rules of Batu.

"Batu, of course! The skin is made from fermented moleskin!" stated Mr Love wisely.

"It's my favourite Milton Bradley game," added Mr Martin.

The SPP are expected to arrive in Australia within the week, however it is unclear how the scandal will effect their new hair salon: 'Budget Cuts'.

"I DANCED FOR KEVIN RUDD" SPP REVEAL LATEST POLITICAL DISGRACE



POLL DANCING: *Kevin Rudd conducts a 'Diplomatic Inspection' of the Slightly Political Party.*

After a week of scandal and vicious rumours, the SPP have cut deeper than the wrists of Owen Wilson when they confessed to being involved in the 2003 incident better known as 'Ruddgate'.

Page 3 girls Andrew Love and Will Martin have admitted to also attending the saucy gentleman's club, Scores, however in a different context.

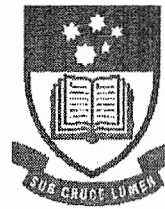
"So I was employed by

Scores at the time," said Mr Love, "Who hasn't been?!"

"It was interesting having Kevin give me a fair go up my back door," said Mr Martin. "And yes, our undies received loads of tax payers dollars for doing so."

Mr 'T-Bone' Love and 'Spit Roast' Martin have since terminated their employment with the famed gentleman's club.

Election of Students to the University of Adelaide Council



THE UNIVERSITY
OF ADELAIDE
AUSTRALIA

In accordance with the "University of Adelaide Act 1971" nominations for the election of **Two Undergraduate Students and One Postgraduate Student** to the Council of the University of Adelaide for a term of one year from 6 March 2008 to 5 March 2009 are hereby called.

The retiring undergraduate members are **JESS CRONIN** and **AARON RUSSELL** and the retiring postgraduate member is **PHILIP SWAINE**. They may be eligible to re-nominate for re-election.

Who is eligible to vote?

Undergraduate: Undergraduate Students enrolled as students of the University proceeding towards a bachelor's degree or a diploma other than a graduate diploma on Close of Roll Day, 20 August 2007.

Postgraduate: Postgraduate Students enrolled as students of the University proceeding towards a masters degree, a doctorate, a graduate diploma or a graduate certificate on Close of Roll Day, 20 August 2007.

Who is eligible to be nominated?

Undergraduate: In respect of a person seeking election as an undergraduate student of the University, the prescribed qualifications are that the person:

- (1) is eligible to vote in an election for an undergraduate member of Council;
- (2) is not a member of the academic or general staff of the University; and
- (3) was enrolled as required by sub-section 12(7) of the *University of Adelaide Act 1971*, on Close of Roll Day (i.e. was enrolled as an undergraduate student for the semester last preceding the date of the election, on Close of Roll Day).

Postgraduate: In respect of a person seeking election as a postgraduate student of the University, the prescribed qualifications are that the person:

- (1) is eligible to vote in an election for a postgraduate member of Council;
- (2) is not a member of the academic or general staff of the University; and
- (3) was enrolled as a postgraduate student for the semester last preceding the date of the election, on Close of Roll Day.

When and how do I nominate? Nominations may be made at any time from **3 September 2007** and must reach the Returning Officer, Council Secretariat, University of Adelaide **NO LATER THAN 12 NOON 24 September 2007**. Nominations must be made on the prescribed form, signed by the candidate and two persons eligible to vote in the election.

Section 12A sub-section (6) of the University of Adelaide Act 1971 states that:

A person may not, except by resolution of the Council, be appointed or elected as a member of the Council if the appointment or election (as the case requires) would result in the person being a member of the Council for more than 12 years.

Students who are considering standing for election and who, if elected, will exceed the 12 year limit during their term of office must lodge an application seeking a resolution of Council under section 12A sub-section (6) of the University of Adelaide Act 1971, giving reasons why they should be permitted to nominate, with the Returning Officer by **12 September 2007**.

Nomination forms may be downloaded from the University's website at <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/governance/council/elections/> or obtained from the office of the Council Secretariat (telephone 8303 5668). The Rules for Election of Council members can be downloaded at <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/policies/621>.

Candidates must provide a candidate statement of not more than 150 words in support of their nomination and may provide a head and shoulders photograph taken within the last 24 months. Submitted candidate statements must not contain information that may be misleading, inaccurate or defamatory to any other candidate.

Should an election be necessary, the ballot will open on **2 October 2007** and will close at **10.00 am on 23 October 2007**.

HEATHER KARMEL
Returning Officer

a thousand words
Insight Photo Exhibition 2007

*Photographic works taken by
Insight members from developing
communities around the world*

Saturday 15th September, 12-6pm
Carclew Youth Arts Centre
11 Jeffcott St, North Adelaide

Official opening at 3pm
\$5 entry

**All profits will go to
Kompiam Hospital, Papua New Guinea**

CAMERON DIAZ ALWAYS THINKS I'M HITTING ON HER

I work at this convenience store in Hollywood. It's not really near the Strip or anything, more of an out-of-the way side-street on the edge of the city. Near where the skyscrapers and four-lane highways thin out. Where wide rolling avenues and leafy front gardens begin, where a lot of people a lot richer and more famous than myself make their homes. It's a stupid spot for any kind of store except a convenience. Almost the only customers we get are people that just happen to be walking down the street and need something right then. Not many people walk down this street. It's not uncommon for minor celebrities to come through buying mineral water or cigarettes, but most of them drive everywhere instead. It's weird, though. One person that comes in fairly often, not often by most stores' standards but at the rate of once every couple of weeks, which is often enough to be a regular here, is Cameron Diaz.

It was boiling hot outside the first day she came in. I was standing behind the counter reading some kind of trashy magazine and watching sports cars when they'd pass the shop. On really hot days I'd leave the front doors open so occasionally a breeze would catch and blow softly into the store. I'd been reading the usual kinds of celebrity dirt-raking articles these magazines are famous for and I'm pretty sure she would've been mentioned once or twice. There was probably a story on her latest fling or drug debacle, but since all those stories are pretty much interchangeable anyway it's difficult now to say if I did read an article about her or not. I probably did. When she walked in it was as if by reading about her I'd pulled her out of the tabloid, and she was about as pretty in real life as in any of the photos I'd seen of her. I sometimes thought she looked a bit manly in the face, around the cheekbone area. Hers somehow seemed more masculine than they should have been, which gave her face a quality that I always found a bit unsettling. I make it a rule to treat celebrities the same as other customers, unless it's someone like Anthony Hopkins or Charlie Kaufman, because those people are awesome. Neither of them have ever come into this store, though.

So yeah, she's been in a few times since then. I guess she's working on a film in the area or something, or just moved to nearby. She's never dressed up or anything, usually wears the same kinds of

clothes every time she comes in. Thinking about it, she must wear the same t-shirts and tracksuit pants a lot. Or just have lots of pairs of the same stuff. She must live nearby, then. I didn't talk to her more than I had to the first time she came in. Since she's become something close to a regular I've started talking to her a bit more, though.

I had this thing a while ago, some kind of idea stuck in my head, where I would think about how the world was so different for every different person. I mean, I might be standing here talking to you and we'd be in the same place, thinking about the same thing. But we're such different people with such different brains and lives and histories that the entire conversation could be something else entirely for you as it is for me. I guess I got caught up on that for a while, because it sort of means that everybody's living in a different reality and we only relate to each other through taking someone's idea or explanation and changing it slightly or a lot, to fit our understanding. So it's pretty unlikely we relate to each other at all.

Anyway one day I brought this up with Cameron. I knew her name, and she knew mine (I wear a badge), and since we saw each other every week or so anyway I thought it was a bit ridiculous that we didn't at least chat a little bit. I always thought celebrities had something of an obligation to talk to people. So I brought it up, and explained to her how different people we are, how she's so famous and so many people know about her and know what she's doing, and how I'm relatively humble but we still share a defined piece of reality every time she comes into the shop. And a less defined piece whenever we live in the same city.

I don't know what she thought I was trying to say, or do, because she gave me this skeptical, cynical look like there was some subtext to what I was saying, and she could see through my thin disguise like shrinkwrap around a terrible DVD. She didn't really give me a very good response before she left, leaving me feeling a bit embarrassed for some reason I couldn't work out. The next few times she came in I didn't bring up what I'd been thinking about, even though I'd been thinking about it a lot and thought it made sense. Not only that, but

the two of us inhabited such utterly different places that she really was one of the perfect people to talk about it with. So I just made small talk with her and tried to be nice but not too nice, and helpful without using too much effort. She smiled a lot, but I think she had trouble laughing because she would make a sound like she was trying to but couldn't, and she'd make it at strange times.

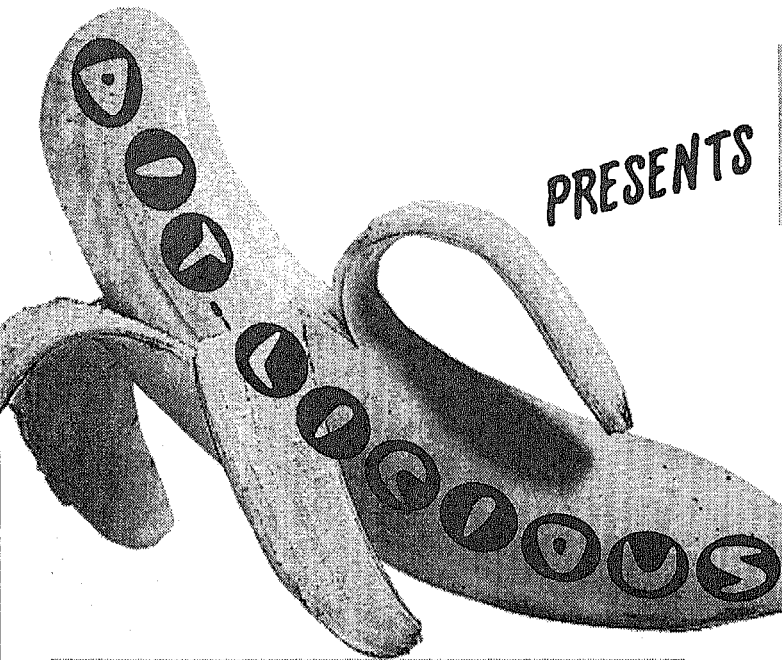
One day she came in with a man. He was obviously younger than her and dressed in typical expensive Hollywood fashion. He seemed alright and she was as friendly as normal. I didn't think anything of it until he came in the next time, and every time after that. Cameron was still friendly, but once he'd become a regular, too, but only with her, I worked out that she thought I was trying to chat her up every time she came in the store. I realised this one evening when I was about to start a night shift. The sun had collapsed in a heap on the horizon and had spilt a salmon coloured tint into the sky. I was near the front of the shop at the squishee machine making myself a frozen drink, staring out onto the street. A moth landed on the window right next to my face, flew around a bit, and I saw the two eyes on the back of its wings. Then a monstrous, modern four-wheel drive drove slowly down the street like a great scarab. The windows were tinted as dark as the paint, but when the driver's head was level with the sun, for a snap moment I saw the person driving, a withered old lady hunched over the steering wheel. The light passed and the car returned to blackness.

I started to lose interest in talking to her once I realised she thought I liked her. It was demeaning that she thought that, and I started resenting her a bit for the way she'd trapped me. If I stopped being nice to her she'd think she was right and that I'd been put off. If I kept being nice to her I'd keep being the nice-guy sucker who works at the convenience store. I don't know why she didn't stop coming in. I guess she lived nearby.

Ben



FICTION



PRESENTS

FUN WITH FRUIT

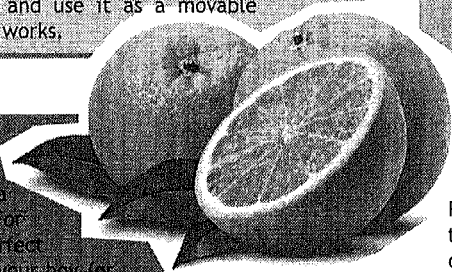
Is there anything sexier than food? As partial as I am to an attractive mind housed in a sensual body, without good food the experience is worth nothing. Dining is so seductive. Dining on the body is even better than the kama sutra.



From the rock gods we have learnt about champagne blowjobs. With good quality champagne, they are yummy (passion pop should be called passion drop). I mean, giving head is essential to life but pre-cum is just plain false advertising. It tastes so good and then you get rewarded with that horrid taste of cum. Pussy on the other hand, tastes great throughout the orgasmic journey. Champagne certainly makes the expedition interesting.



Oranges apparently make awesome wanking holes. I've never tried this, as I don't have the male anatomy. Nor can I make my darling test it out for you as he has an allergy to orange juice. I don't want to risk his valuable member. Apparently, you core the orange and use it as a movable vagina/arsehole. Let me know if it works.



Bananas are another sexy fruit, not just because they look like dildos. The skin of the banana is another hand live accessory. For boys, the banana's shape is a perfect glove that fits perfectly around your boy (or your boys). For girls (apart from the obvious), the skin is a little drier than mangos but it's furry texture feels really good. The great thing about fruit is that should your mum clean your room, it's not an obvious vibrator, you're just on a health kick.

Mangos; they are the Mrs Robinson and the Lolita of the fruit world. The flesh slides beautifully along a naked body and needs to be sucked and licked off. The seed makes a great kissing tool (excellent for improving your technique for any younger brothers and sisters out there). And finally, the skin of the mango. Oh my, what a brilliant masturbating glove. Unlike the orange, it is not gender exclusive. It's so soft, slippery and shouldn't cause any nasty itches afterwards. It's possible to come very quickly with mango skin. Mango skin also makes a great massaging tool. So, now you know why everyone looks so happy when mangos are in season.

Real chocolate is meant to melt at body temperature. Go to Chocolate World and ask for the best quality fine chocolate on offer. After a hot shower with your loved one, glide the chocolate over their body. Lick off.

Pavlova and **meringues** make excellent night nibbles. Use the small bases you find at in the bakeries at Woolies and poke the penis through. Doesn't he look pretty? I also think they make a rather fetching bikini. They are much nicer than those stale candy knickers am I always given as a gift on tacky hen's nights.

I admit live yeast is an unusual addition but I rather like the zesty flavor and think it really adds something nice to a rounded stomach. Balsamic vinegar makes a nice change from all the sugary treats. Splash a little on like cologne for a bit of variety.

Keep plenty of water next to you. I know I get thirsty and a wet mouth is so attractive. Finally, make sure the room is warm.



CHOW TOWN

Slurp!

The Sexiest Drinks

A great first date experience is Amalfi on Frome Street. It's boisterous, friendly, reasonably affordable without being cheap and the food is excellent. As you need to make bookings, it demonstrates that you're interested enough to plan ahead but, should your date turn out to be a painful Bible basher trying to bring you to JC, you will be fortunate enough fairly quickly. A noisy restaurant with excellent service is far more 'romantically productive' than a quiet place because you'll need to lean close to one another to be able to hear. Conversation always feels so forced in that white-candle, hushed-voiced dining establishments. Amalfi's makes you look like a fun, entertaining person. I love the risotto, but a few years ago (before I realised that wheat was not kind to me) I enjoyed an extravagant seafood pasta dish with fresh mussels. You can tell they use really good quality herbs and spend the time to prepare the herbs without bruising their flavours.



Once you have fallen in love, your senses take on an extra sensitivity. Take advantage of this and eat as much good food as possible. A date at Elsie Out of Africa, on Nile Street, Glenelg, is my idea of heaven. I am a very fussy restaurant critic and of all the places I have eaten here is one of the few in the world I would consider to be truly special. Elsie is a genius and so innovative at putting flavours and textures together. We love one of the South African wines with a French name (JC Le Roux?). Ask the waiter what it is; it's a light pink sparkling and is so flirtatious. For starters, enjoy the bruschetta with cos lettuce, watermelon jelly and camembert. Then enjoy the seafood surprise. The waiter (Elsie's husband) understands that some people don't have the taste memory to appreciate her Afrikaans home-style cooking. In my opinion, it is very sensual and intelligently constructed and therefore not to everyone's taste. Therefore it is a good place to test if your new bell-ringer is worth investing in. Should they not love it, dump them.



So there you have it, my sweeties. Hopefully, you don't feel too uncomfortable and ripped off that there are no recipes to try out. Read <http://www.thestranger.com>, it's very educational especially Mistress Matisse and Savage Love. If you have any more ideas about sexy food that lets your fingers do the walking, email me at clare.buckley@student.adelaide.edu.au

From your friendly perve,

Clare

What people drink, just like the shoes people wear, allows surprising insight into the personality of a potential mate. Here are some drinks that sexy people, and people wanting to look sexy, indulge in. Disclaimer: If you are drinking these drinks and don't look sexy, this is not my fault. I give no guarantee that you will pick up, or even receive someone's mildly interested glances, especially if you are ugly, lack charisma or smell.

The Classic Martini

Martinis have been sexy ever since Ian Fleming decided it would be Bond's drink of choice. But here is a tip: only nerdy 007 fans and clueless idiots drink a martini shaken and not stirred. If you want a watery, bruised martini, by all means, otherwise go a stirred dirty martini (a dash of olive juice) with a good quality vodka, or gin with cucumber or lemon twist. Cher was not wrong when she says anything that can draw attention to your mouth is good, so a garnish is essential to a sexy martini bringing that potential lover's attention to your alcohol soaked kisser.

Whisky, straight, no ice

Mysterious and deep dream boys drink straight whisky. I've always thought the drinker must have had a hard day full of heightened emotionality that needs to be dulled and consequently forgotten with a stiff drink. A man by himself, reading any kind of classic novel, collection of plays or poetry book in a dingy haunt is particularly sexually intriguing. Girls love lonely men, for a reason I cannot explain.

Pinot Noir,

or any light red wine for that matter (a Grenache or Mourvedre blend) is sexy almost exclusively because of its colour. Pungent, pinky-red liquid in a large Reidel glass that is half the size of your head, waved ceremoniously in the air as you make grand political statements, is every so sexy in such a bourgeois way. White wine-only drinkers fit into two categories: old women and trash bags. Also, pinot noir red wine lips are hot.

Fortified Wine

Port, tokay or muscat is considered something of an old man's beverage. Thus, when a young snappy drinks a glass of tawny one assumes they have a random, rebellious spirit. Fortified wines are also syrupy, sticky, sweet and multi-layered. They taste like sex. Why do you think people call them an after dinner drink?

French Champagne,

bought especially for you is like an invitation to a party in the bedroom. French bought 'just because' is a handful of wank, but bought as a present for another shows that you are extra special, particularly if some natural oysters accompany it. Sexy French champagne should only be consumed by two; anyone else that is allowed even a drop of your champagne will ruin the mood, unless a *ménage à trois* is proposed. For the single guy or gal, any cheap sparkling white will suffice; in fact the cheaper the flirtier, just make sure that not too much is consumed because cheap sparkling can bring out underlying aggression.

Hock, Lime and Soda

Hock, lime and soda is sexy in a cheap I-have-no-money-but-I-refuse-to-go-out-and-not-drink kind of way. Anyone drinking hock, lime and soda is up for a casual good time and is totally open for a two-week-long summer fling. It is akin to drinking beer on the beach or chilling on a back lawn with your feet in a paddling pool and it freshens your breath. It is an all-round sexy summer cocktail.

Clarence Wertly



Jane Marie
 1. BOYS.
 2. Paul Walker.
 3. Um...NO.
 4. The guy next to me says NO.
 5. NO need.
 6. Andrew Alesci.



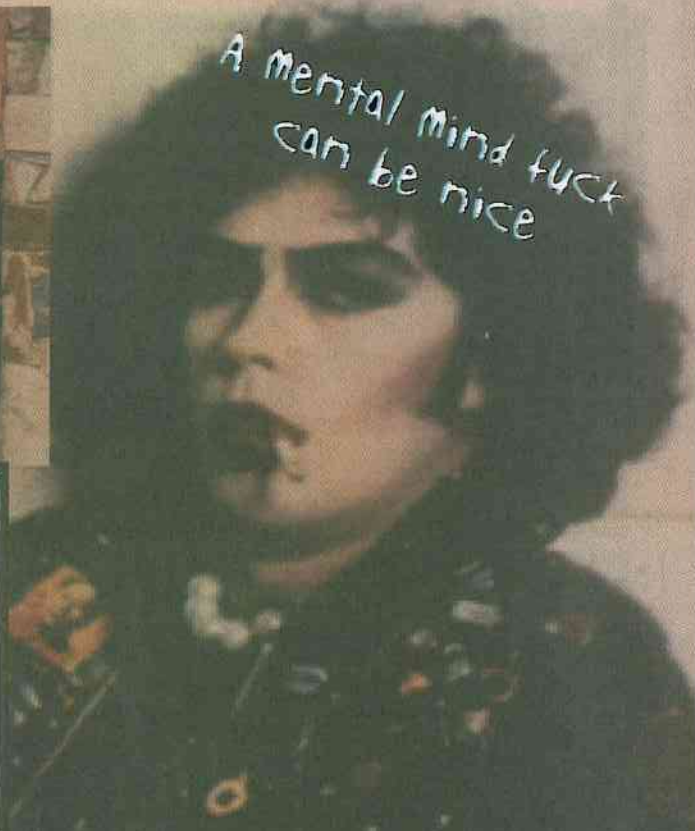
Michael
 1. Girls.
 2. Jessica Alba
 3. I would without my head. or if my face was blurred.
 4. Always.
 5. NO.
 6. Kate Raggad.



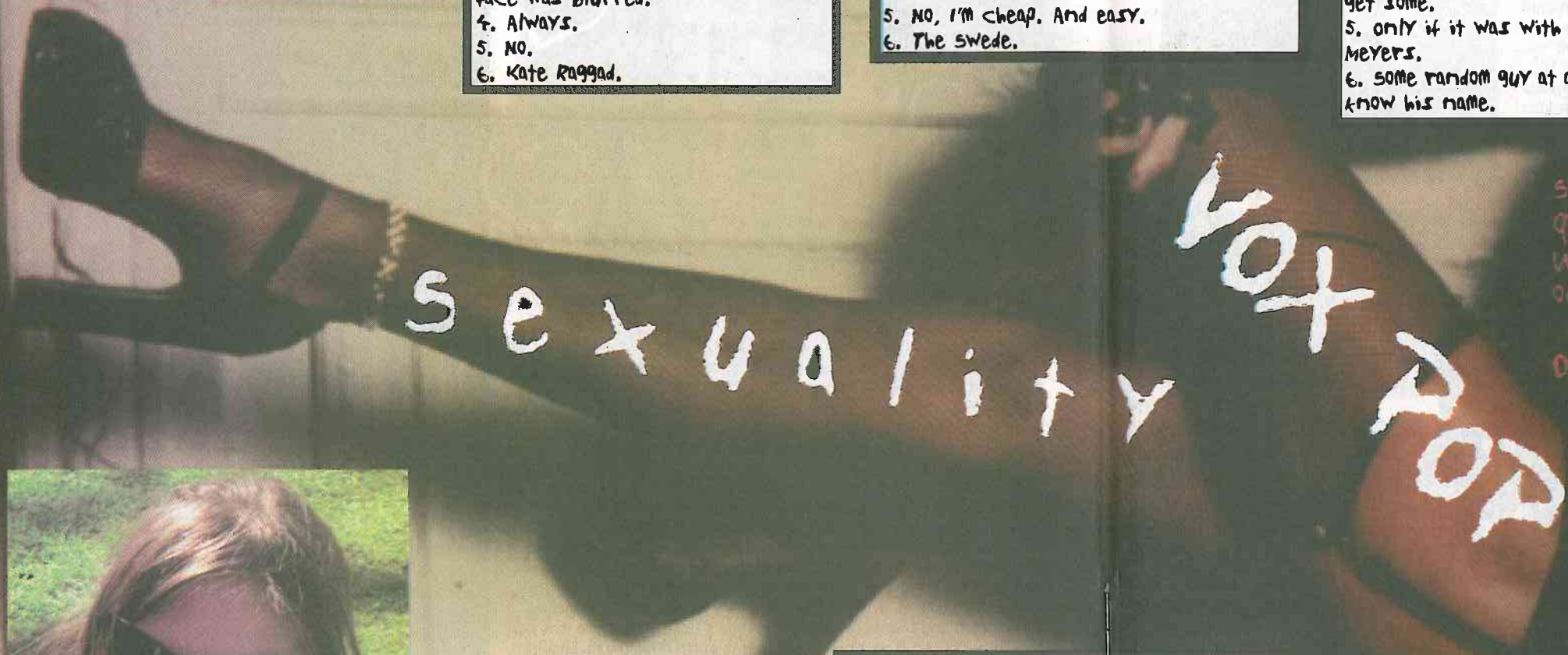
Callum
 1. BOYS, whoops I mean girls.
 2. Jessica Alba. No wait, John Goodman. or Jay Leno. Ohh, those Chins...
 3. NO, probably not.
 4. NO.
 5. NO, I'm cheap. And easy.
 6. The Swede.



Laura
 1. BOYS.
 2. Jonathan Rhys Meyers.
 3. NO.
 4. How to answer this sensitively... I'll just say that I don't not need to get some.
 5. only if it was with Jonathan Rhys Meyers.
 6. some random guy at a party. I don't know his name.



A mental mind fuck can be nice

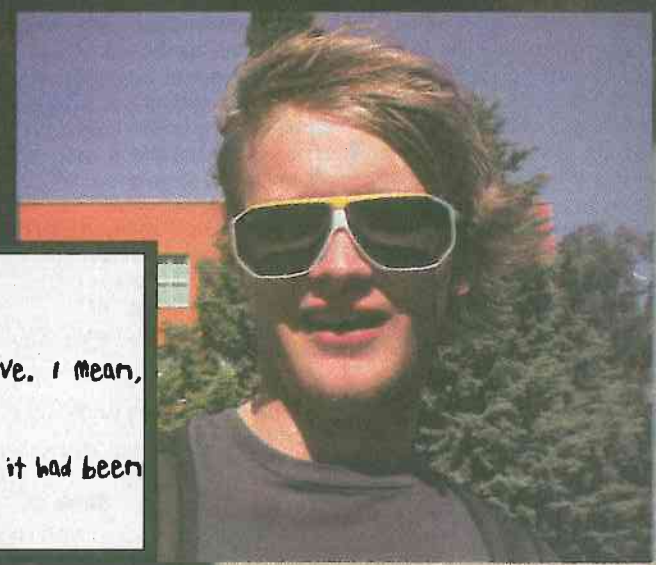


so imagine we came up to you to ask you these questions. you'd be a little freaked out hey? Well actually, when these little poppers found out we weren't student politicians they were only too happy to oblige. Don't get hot and flustered, use a little MUSTARD! Nat and Cat



Samantha
 1. BOYS.
 2. Jessica Alba (at the suggestion of a friend).
 3. Not right now.
 4. NO.
 5. Well NO.
 6. Jonathan seiboth (whose name we have probably spelt incredibly wrong).

Questions
 1. BOYS or girls?
 2. Name your celebrity crush.
 3. Would you do a porno?
 4. Do you need to get some?
 5. Would you pay for it?
 6. Name your best fash.



Christian
 1. Girls.
 2. Natalie Portman.
 3. If it was with someone attractive. I mean, um, if it was with my girlfriend.
 4. NO (see above).
 5. If I was really desperate. Like, if it had been 5 or 10 years, you CAN buy love.
 6. Crystal Rouché in year 12.

is fashion sex, or is sex fashion?

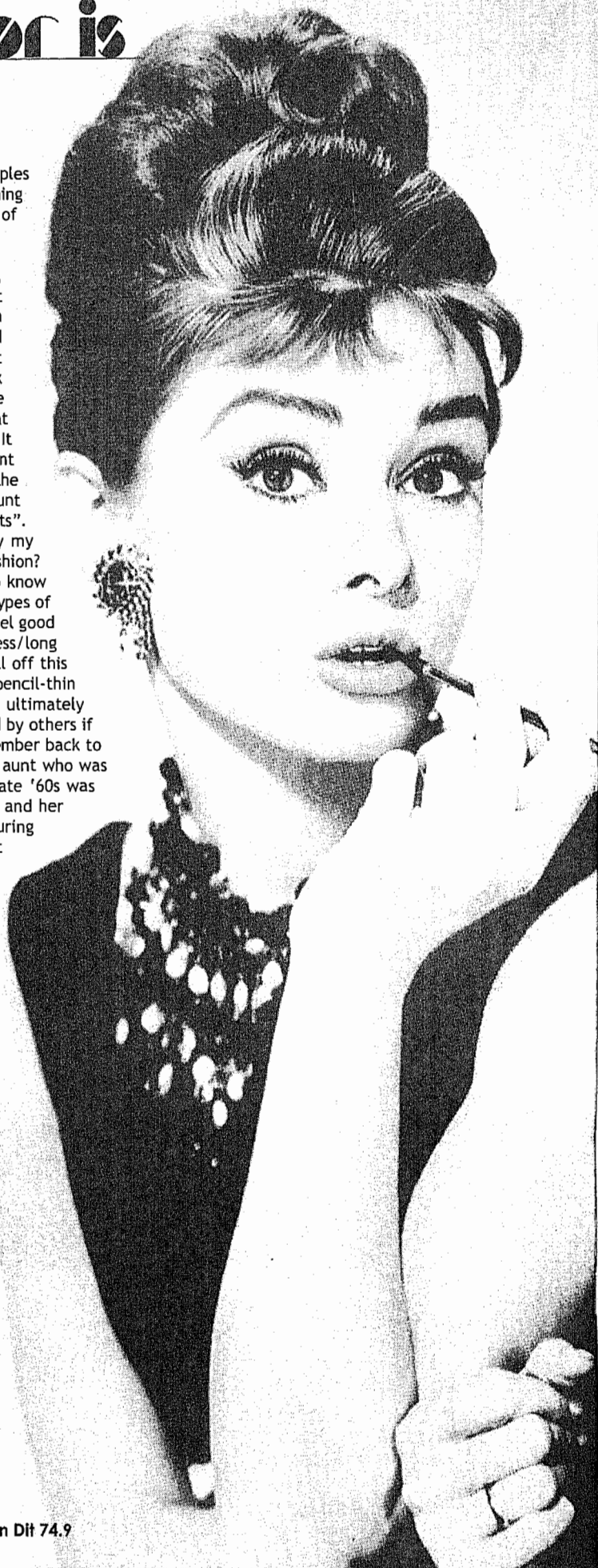
To me it seems that fashion has always been sexualised. The examples are far too numerous to quote at length, but think of everything from Tudor codpieces on men, to Victorian bustles, designed, of course, to accentuate women's buttocks.

When I was told that this was the sexuality edition I thought, "Perfect, I know what is sexy, just like I know that you can't wear blue or green without a colour in between." Then I began to question my knowledge about what is actually considered sexy and what is not. Personally I think the ultimate sexy outfit is the unmistakable little black dress with some gorgeous black court heels. Oh, so sexy! But then again, this may not be the case for everybody. I thought it might be interesting to see what people actually considered sexy so I consulted some of my pals. It was interesting because each of their answers were so different and it seemed like there is no noticeable correlation. Some of the responses included "anything that makes you feel sexy", "flaunt the assets you have", "short shirts", "cleavage" and "hot pants". Not surprisingly the latter comments were provided to me by my male friends. But really, what defines sexy when it comes to fashion? It seems to me that in our body-conscious society, it is hard to know what to wear. Some fashion trends are only suitable for certain types of bodies. While I go by the motto of, "Wear what ever makes you feel good about yourself", I find myself hard pressed to slip into a short dress/long top and high-hugging tights without worrying I can actually pull off this outfit. We live in a time where most of us aspire to have the pencil-thin legs or the rock-hard six-pack abs; so much so that it can be ultimately exhausting when it comes to deciding whether we will be judged by others if the clothes don't look like they do on the famous people. I remember back to a time about seven years ago when I was staying with my great aunt who was a previous winner of Miss Tasmania. To me this woman in her late '60s was a sight, always dressed to the nines in her perfectly-fitted suits and her gorgeous shoes. Whilst watching her put on her lipstick one day during my stay she handed me a hairpiece, a green flower with a hint of glitter on it saying, "I can't wear this. I look like mutton dressed as lamb." I was shocked by this because to me this lady could wear a paper bag and still look good.

I began thinking about her statement, "Mutton dressed as lamb", and the truth behind it. In some ways I do believe that at a certain age some items of clothing become simply unacceptable, such as tube tops on a 60-year-old and baseball caps on a 70-year-old. Let me just back track here for a mere moment but I actually found it hard to write that last sentence because I got to thinking about who actually should police what is appropriate and what is not. It seems that, again, society places great fear in people, women especially, who might break this rule. Of course some women, particularly young women, are stressed by pressures to show off their bodies when they are uncomfortable with them, and they need to be told and retold to wear what they want. But attacking other young women for wearing what they want, if that happens to be T-shirts with sexy slogans or midriff-baring tops, is only playing into the hands of the puritan right-wingers, those who are training their girls by turning them into "young ladies" of Victorian form - and with narrowed, restricted Victorian brains to match.

Finally I say wear what you like, and tell other women to do the same. And then tell them they look good!

Olivia



Whatever turns you on

With this issue being about sexuality and all, I decided to look at what turns some people on. There are a number of reasons that influence what people find attractive, ranging from religious beliefs to psychological release. So have a look, maybe you'll see something you like.

I am sure you have seen the neck rings of the Kayan or Paduang women who reside in the mountains bordering between Thailand and Burma. These women appear to have elongated necks, but in fact it is the clavicle and the rib cage that are pushed down to a 45 degree angle by the 5 kg worth of rings around their neck. Some believe that this Paduang population has remained intact because the women were considered unattractive for the slave trade, while others say that it ensured that the women only married within the tribe. (Oh, and it's a myth that their necks are broken and they die when the rings are removed. It's just a lack of muscle tone that makes it difficult for them to hold their head up.)

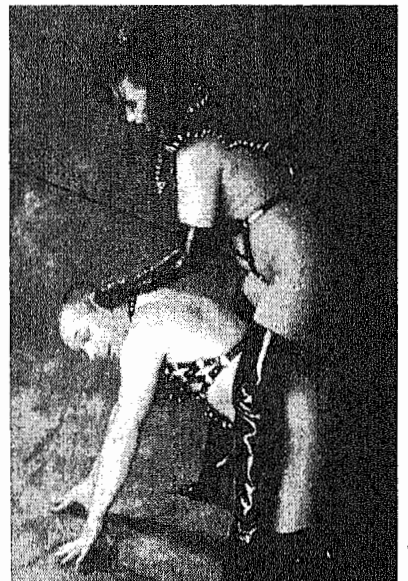


There's also the tradition of foot binding in China, which is now illegal. Over a billion women have had bound feet over a thousand years. These women could hardly walk and began binding their feet at the age of four to six years. Their mothers would begin the binding in autumn or winter to ensure that the feet were cold and small. The little girl's feet were soaked in warm water or animal blood and herbs to soak off dead skin. Then the feet were massaged and the four small toes were broken and bound towards the heel of the foot by ten-foot-long bandages, which were also soaked in the warm liquid concoction. The bandages stayed on for two days and then were replaced. This routine continued for two years, but the feet remained bound for ten years to keep them small. Some legends say that Chinese prince Li Yu in the Sung dynasty (AD 960-1280) found one of his concubines had particularly small feet that he loved to put in his mouth and rigorously chew on. This sexual act was then considered the pinnacle of eroticism and women, in turn, made their feet smaller so that they could fit in men's mouths.

Between 100 and 140 million females worldwide have had some sort of female genital mutilation (FGM). FGM is done for a number of reasons: some say that is important to ensure a woman's virginity until she is married, and after that it ensures that she stays faithful to her husband. Basically, by removing the clitoris and the surrounding tissue and then sewing the whole thing shut, women will not want to have sex. Others believe it to make the female genitalia more attractive and hygienic. Hygiene is not increased through the procedure and if anything, the likelihood of the transmission of blood-borne diseases is increased due to the multiple use of surgical instruments (often a razor blade and a sewing needle). The Islamic faith is the major religion condoning FGM, though the procedure predates Islam.



We all know someone who has starved themselves or binged and purged to be more attractive and some people really like the look of protruding bones. At the other extreme, fat beauty pageants have started popping up, where plus-sized contestants (sizes 16 to 24 and more) strut their stuff. Fat Beauty Contests have been running for years in the US (no surprise considering the confidence levels of some larger women, mmmhmmmm), but only recently there was one held in England. These women, however, did have trouble coming to terms with their sexy side, but they eventually walked down the catwalk in corsets and lingerie.



During my research for this article I met a lady who is paid to perform acts of sadomasochism, or S&M. She said, "I have the cleanest bathroom in Adelaide." She assured me that she didn't have to have sex with these men or even touch them, but that she just yelled at them and made them clean her bathroom with a toothbrush, again and again until their time was up. It paid well and she could just go and read a magazine. The reasoning behind S&M is to achieve an imbalance of power, which is achieved through the use of role-playing, bondage and/or infliction of pain. This allows the venting of emotional/sexual energy that would otherwise not be released by conventional sex (also known as 'vanilla' is S&M circles). According to psychologists and ethnographers who have studied the phenomenon, the S&M demographic is mostly educated, middle class to upper middle class men and women. These people were considered mentally ill for over a hundred years, but by 1980 the American Psychiatric Association removed S&M as a category in its Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (homosexuality was removed in 1973). Psychologists consider S&M normal and even healthy now days. So kids, the moral of the story is: whatever you do, it's likely that someone has done it before. Enjoy!

Kim



INLAND EMPIRE

RATED R

NOW AVAILABLE ON DVD

and like Alice down the rabbit hole, she is not always happy with what she finds. The absurdist styled dialogue is excellent at asking more questions than it answers, while drawing the audience's curiosity to breaking point.

David Lynch's latest offering, *Inland Empire* (so named because, as Lynch attests, "I like the word inland. And I like the word empire.") leads us into a disturbing nightmare of infidelity, violence, poverty and prostitution. *Inland Empire* uses the theme of an old Polish folk story named '47' to structure both the film and the film-within-the-film, named *On High in Blue Tomorrows*. This tells the tale of Susan Blue (Nikki played by Laura Dern) and Billy (Devon played by Justin Theroux), who have a love affair despite the fact they are both married to different people. After he finds out, Billy's wife takes revenge upon Susan. Other issues complicate the matter. We are shown sequences of a Polish-speaking prostitute, crying over her television showing us the apparently hilarious yet profoundly disturbing sitcom of people in rabbit suits. We flit between film action and 'real' action, never entirely sure which is which, whilst suspecting each character to murder the leads, as the last two were in a previously attempted production of the film.

The film's laborious length may hinder its overall impact on a restless and impatient audience. The use of bamboozling motifs, nightmarish and gore-infested scenes and chronological disarray places this film strongly in the art film section. However the 'film within a film' format suits Lynch, allowing great freedom of movement between times, places and fantastical or imaginary sequences without giving each scene's 'real' status away immediately, sometimes without revealing it at all.

The incidental music is fantastic at developing suspense, unhinging our sanity and satirizing events. Particularly old jazz and blues hits by Etta James and Nina Simone seem to fit the mould perfectly. If you can image a horror version of *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*, you may begin to approach this movie. But if you look for classical Hollywood structured films with straightforward characters and plots, perhaps this film is not for you.

Has Nikki become so entrenched within her character that she is unable to tell the difference between the real world and the world of the film? She seems almost possessed by the ghosts of the past, seeking conclusion to horrors of domestic violence, rape, prostitution and homelessness. In a vital sense, Nikki appears to be looking for herself, attempting to define herself anew in all her strange circumstances,



Genevieve Williamson

There has been a spate of films over the past few decades that have glamorised the sex industry; *Pretty Woman* to name just one. *Irina Palm* is, thankfully, not one of them. While not as dark as the forthcoming *The Jammed* (an exploration of sexual slavery set in Melbourne), this British work is a subtle piece of investigation into the levels which desperate women will sink to provide for their families. Irina Palm is the stage name of Maggie (Marianne Faithfull) a widowed grandmother to the dying Ollie (played by scene-stealing Corey Burke). With no money to send him to vital treatments in Melbourne she takes on a job as a euphemistically named "hostess" (purveyor of sexual favours) at a seedy strip club in Soho. While she isn't the type that most would expect in such a place, the mystique of her character and her determination to earn the money as fast as possible make her a hit with the punters. But it's a constant struggle to keep her job under wraps from her son and friends.

The story revolves around the impact her decision makes on her conservative world.

Will O'Connor, (played by Matthew Newton who was so excellent in *Looking For Alibrandi*) is climbing the corporate ladder as a stockbroker. Through his friend Benno (Tim Richards), he falls in with a group of wealthy Sydneysiders. Their appeal is symbolised by Angus (Aden Young), a handsome investment banker who reeks old money and class. Driven by his ego, Will makes a bet with Angus - who can make the most money in ninety days?

In a short while, Will realises that hard work will not be enough to win him the bet and its prize of \$100,000. But with his pride at stake, he can't afford to lose. And Will has another reason to win - to win the love of Tory (Sibylla Budd), a pretty lawyer. Obsessed with winning, the bet becomes more than a game as Will begins taking short cuts, slipping into a world of illegal trading, and succumbing to his ambition. But with every success, greater risks ensue, as he pushes Angus to the limit while hiding the bet from Tory and his father (Roy Billing). When things go awry and Will starts losing control, he has to make a choice - win the bet at all costs or throw it all away for a woman who loves him, with or without the acceptance, money and lifestyle he desperately craves.

When Will interacts with Angus, we sense his insecurity - he wants to be everything he is - handsome, charismatic and a hit with the ladies. Will wants class, he wants to rise up in the world. At one point in the film he tells Tory, "I didn't go to Cambridge, my father doesn't own a polo team", as if this is the reason why he is obsessed with winning - entry into high society. He is the classic overreacher and the results are catastrophic. This film explores those results, and, more importantly, the motivation that drives Will.

Her friends and family become suspicious at her sudden financial gains and begin to turn on her. Her quiet world seems more distressing than usual, yet as she turns to club owner Mikky (well played by Miki Manojlovic) she discovers there's more than meets the eye to the business orientated pimp. The intriguing character of battered wife Luisa (Dorka Gryllus) enlivens the story, showing Maggie the "ropes" of the sex industry as a cocktail of abuse, boredom and desperation.

The film has wonderful prospects, but sadly fails to deliver the dramatic punch it should. Faithfull makes continuous attempts to drag emotional depth from her character, but if anything she is a little heavy handed. I kept thinking how much better this story would work as a play rather than as a film. The supporting characters of the parents (Kevin Bishop and Siobhan Hewlett) are not much better, swinging between dull and unreasonably angry too quickly. Music maintains a steady rhythm of unease and seedy decay, yet with far too much repetition. Finding love after 50 at a

strip club is an underdeveloped theme, yet overall a worthy one, even if this attempt falls short of brilliance.



Genevieve Williamson



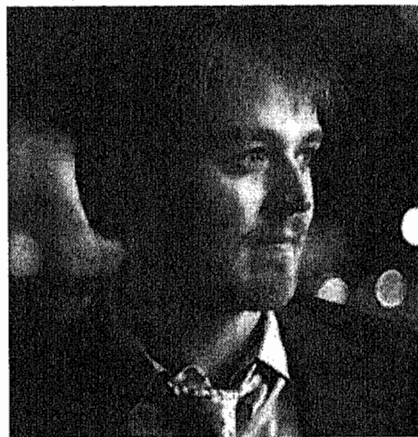
RATED MA
SEASON COMMENCES
SEPTEMBER 20th

The Bet looks great - it is full of beautiful women shimmering in designer clothes and men in well-tailored suits. Golf, polo and harbour views; this is the Sydney business world and it is depicted very memorably indeed.

Corporate lawyer turned writer-producer Caroline Gerard has done an impressive job with this film. If this is the future of Australian film, then it is very bright indeed.



Cherian Phillipose



RATED M
SEASON COMMENCES
SEPTEMBER 13th



THE WHITE PLANET

RATED G

SEASON COMMENCES SEPTEMBER 6TH

At last, a film to silence the global warming nay-sayers. A ticket to *The White Planet* allows entry to a breathtaking film which stops well short of marching out the statistics or lecturing the environmentalist agenda. Instead, its creators have made a film of nature in the raw, chock full of scenery and surprise. If the legacy of Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth* has been to attract a peloton of 'real world' cynics, then this joint Canadian and French production will see many of them dropped off the back.

Directed by Thierry Ragobert and Thierry Piantanida, *The White Planet* it takes the unprepared Westerner on an 82-minute journey deep into the violent, sublime and gigantic heart of the Arctic regions. Greenland's windswept tundras, the Arctic Circle's freezing waters, pack-ice and dawdling bergs are brought in and out of shot as if they were props on a stage. But its real strength is its characters.

Characters? Yes, *The White Planet*, in its closing credits, lists a long line of animals as its characters. The film conscientiously tracks the experiences, for around twelve months, of a family of polar bears and an army of caribou, as they migrate across the tundra. The seasons are tracked: from winter, to summer, and again to winter. Survival is blended with the odd lighter moment, but for the majority of the time *The White Planet* is a very serious picture.

And some serious things occur. Huge chunks of pack-ice collapse



like cards into the sea, as summer (warmer by the year) impacts. Helicopter shots open up sublime vistas of an endless land of desolation and loneliness. Underwater, the camera follows whales, seals, and beneath the microscope introduces more bizarre creatures. Narrated by Jean Louis Etienne, and with an imposing musical soundtrack masterminded by Bruno Coulais, *The White Planet* tunes the senses into the world of kill or be killed, and my own eyes at times were searching the screen for left field dangers.

Definitely a film to see with someone nice. Snuggle up folks, it's cold out there!



John De Laine

THE MALTESE FALCON

RELEASED IN 1941
NOW AVAILABLE ON DVD

The Maltese Falcon is one of the greatest examples of *film noir*. This classic detective film stars the uber-cool Humphrey Bogart as Samuel Spade, a detective who is running an agency in San Francisco with his partner Miles Archer (played by Jerome Cowan). This film has got it all: the *femme fatale*, a rich fat man, hired goons and a worldwide treasure hunt.

The Maltese Falcon is based on a novel of the same name by Dashiell Hammett. Although there were two other films made based on the book, John Huston's 1941 version was the most popular. Huston, who both wrote and directed the film, created a dark world full of deceit, shady characters and where nothing is as it seems. Even the good guy, Spade, is a bit dodgy.

The film begins as a beautiful new client, Brigid O'Shaughnessy (Mary Astor), enters the Spade and Archer agency. Ms O'Shaughnessy explains that she would like to find her sister and identifies a man who may know her whereabouts. That night, Archer attempts to follow this man's movements. By morning both men are found dead. After being told about this, Spade

quickly goes to O'Shaughnessy's place to try to find out what happened. The audience realises that Ms O'Shaughnessy is not as innocent as she appears.

The plot is complicated. As soon as the audience thinks they know what is going on, a new twist is revealed. And so, for most of the movie, the audience doesn't really know what Ms O'Shaughnessy's or anyone else's real intentions are. The film is very gripping, with the occasional hint of humor and great one-liners - my favorite being when Spade slaps another male character and says, "When you're slapped, you'll take it and like it."

It's a great film that I would recommend for all, even if it is just to see the very smooth and cool Humphrey Bogart as a private detective.



Asian Mesbah



COMPETITIONS!

Thanks to Palace Nova Eastend Cinemas we have three tickets to each of *Irina Palm*, *The Bet* and *The White Planet* to give away. To win, simply email us at onditfilm@gmail.com with the name of the owner of this leg. First come, first served, so get in quickly!



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THERE ARE 40 MILLION SHEEP
IN NEW ZEALAND ...
AND THEY'RE PISSED OFF!

BLACK SHEEP

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JONATHAN KING

We also have 10 tickets to the new horror/comedy/sheep film, *Black Sheep*, to give away. Just answer this question and send your answer to onditfilm@gmail.com to get your ticket to see lots of blood and lots of wool.

“What are the names of the three lead actors from *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*?”

foods of the barr Smith lawns

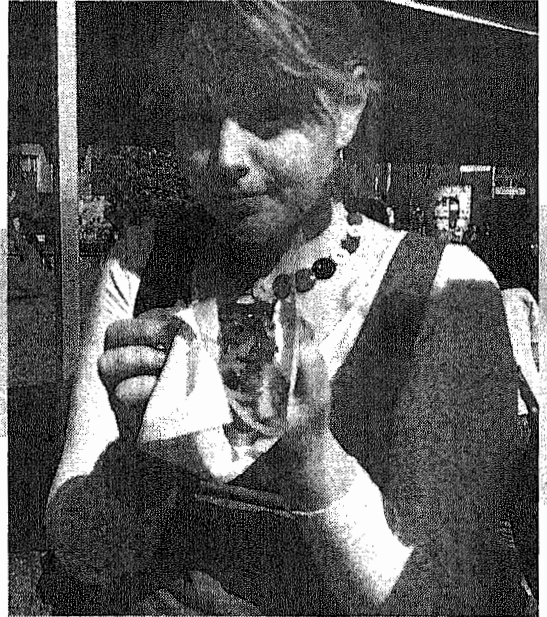


Move over, sausage sizzles. With the weather hotting up it seems that every club on campus is out to boost their bank accounts (no doubt to fund their rather enjoyable end of year piss-ups) by flogging cheap and delicious food to hungry students. But it isn't just greasy sausages anymore - you can now pick anything from falafel to noodles.

Last week the Evangelical Union, the Malaysian Students and Godless (the atheist club) competed for punters, with the EU giving away noodles and Godless hosting endless BBQs - in fact, one would be forgiven for thinking they had set up shop, with this reporter spying them on the lawns all Election Week too.

The Malaysian Students' Association also busted into the BBQ market on this particular day so we thought a BBQ round up would be in order. Both groups had a selling price of \$1 per sausage so we had to look a bit further to make up our minds about which club was offering the best banger for your buck.

Godless were our first visit and though the setup was a bit confusing, the organizers soon pointed us in the right direction and they scored major points when my veggie friend got a massive veggie pattie sandwich (that's right, they didn't skimp on the bread) for the bargain price of \$1. The sausages weren't particularly inspiring but we liked that you could get a sticker that said, "No thanks, I'm an atheist" free with your snag.



Venturing over to the Malaysian BBQ, we couldn't really find any veggie options unless you wanted to eat bread with onion and sauce - quite a reasonable proposal given that the onion serving was so generous my entire hand was enveloped along with the sausage and bread. The sausages here were definitely better quality and these guys were super-organized, strategically placing themselves opposite their stall. The girls who were running it were great PR people - they should run in student elections the way that I was accosted, leafleted and invited to an event in one smooth move.

However, pick of the month for Food of the Barr Smith Lawns goes to the Israeli club who gave away free falafel rolls during their event on Wednesday of Election Week. They were awesome guys - and if you're reading this, send me your hummus recipe.

Hannah Frank

NATIONAL CAMPUS BAND COMPETITION

Adelaide Uni Bar

24/8/07

As *On Dit* is an Adelaide University publication, I thought it would be poor form if we didn't do our diligent best to report to you all the bands representing the Uni at this year's National Campus Band Competition.

First off the block: Hiatus. I have never, EVER heard of this band before, with good reason. The band took the stage with the lamentable impression that the four-piece has spent the last 12 months locked in the garage with nothing but a click track and a Creed CD. Yes, they were solid; yes, they played well, but not with conviction, and I was instantly reminded of the old adage that, "So many bands have made it from creating a set and playing NCBC." Unfortunately Foreshore already have the market cornered for Hiatus's sound and do a much better job of it too I might add.

Room One took the stage with technical difficulties and hints of Bloc Party. For a five-piece band, these guys were surprisingly not much to look at on stage, more absorbed in their own instruments than the actual performance. Musically though, they can hold their own, and might be worth keeping an eye out for in a few months on the local scene.

The third band for the night, Gates and Gatekeepers, were introduced next. This was only their second gig, which was pretty evident as soon as they stepped on stage. Thankfully though, their short career has taught them how to interact with an audience, and for the first

time we were actually spoken to by the band themselves. Drawing inspiration from The Mighty Mighty Bosstones without the assistance of the brass section, Gates and Gatekeepers managed to plough through an energetic set that showcased their vocal ability and musical diversity.

A change of pace brought to the stage Aphelion, a refreshing three-piece who approach their songwriting from an alternative perspective. The violin and djembe combination was an appreciated refrain from the standard 4/4 that had thus far dominated the evening's proceedings. By this stage in the evening though, the crowd were somewhat boozed up and less appreciative of the down-tempo music than they otherwise may have been. More thought could have been put into the order of the bands to avoid this. Regardless, Aphelion managed to win over their audience with intensity and songwriting alone.

The plot thickened, and so did the crowd as The Battery Kids took the stage. Anyone with half an ear to the ground knew that these guys were the only band on the bill with any real kind of profile in SA. Considering the lineup, it was questionable whether or not these guys were automatically a shoo-in for the top spot. Regardless, The Battery Kids owned their set, delivering a show when all previous had simply delivered a set. The wall of sound was fantastic, encompassing, and people started to forget that they were at a band comp. There's an awkwardness about the Battery Kids that usually irritates me about their sets, but which endeared me that night.

Finally the final band took the stage, and the stage was set for a 'last ditch effort'. Usually, it's a bad thing to be the band who plays last at a band comp, but in this case they seemed to have secured the Battery Kids' warmed up crowd and kept them that way, much to their credit. Surprisingly, it was this band who made it through to the next round, along with Room One. Aphelion got a mention in third place and much to everyone's surprise, The Battery Kids, who were by far the best band on the night, failed to rate a mention.

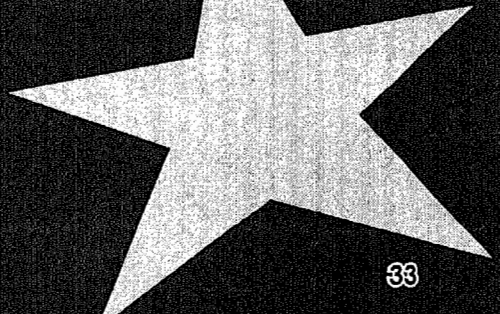
The NCBC final is on the 16/9 at Flinders Uni, and is free entry.

Chelsea



MUSIC

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747s Zampano

Zampano is European band 747s' second release, and first full-length offering. The band has built a strong following in the UK and hold the impressive honour of being selected to support acts like The Strokes on recent tours.

Zampano does a good job of introducing the 747s as a solid rock band to fresh ears. The songs are catchy, inventive and have a fuller sound than their contemporaries like The Strokes. Opening track 'Night and Day' presents a rock sound that borders on alt-country, managing not only to capture a blues rhythm and a catchy chorus, but fill it out with guitar solos and good lyrics as well.

This album is really easy to listen to. Its familiarity is as pleasing as its ability to introduce you to something slightly obscure without challenging what you think you like. 'Rainkiss' is a great example of this: a pop song complete with slide guitar, hand claps and cheesy old keyboard melodies that smack of early Blur, in a good way. And really, that's the thing about the 747s that set them apart from the last crop of rock bands. In a 'safe' musical world, they produce something inventive - not necessarily original - but certainly something with some warmth and feeling in it, which makes *Zampano* a great addition to the rock lover's collection.

Chelsea



78 Saab The Bells Line

The Bells Line is the third release for longstanding Melbourne act 78 Saab. Recently recorded and produced by Wayne Connolly (The Vines, Youth Group), the quality of the production shines through as one of the first things that you notice about this release - it's brilliant.

The songs are warm in tone and richly layered. This is particularly impressive considering the lineup of the band is a pretty standard rock four-piece. 78 Saab have previously likened themselves to artists like Died Pretty and The Church, however this album has a sound closer to that of The Dandy Warhols in their *Come Down* era.

The Bells Line opens innocuously enough with the ballad 'Sleepless Nights'; it's hollow and sometimes distant vocals serving to draw you in to a melancholic state that manages to capture your attention quite well. 78 Saab step the pace of the album up with tracks like 'One of These Days' and 'Needle in the Hay'; the latter conjures images of road trips and lazy summer afternoons. 'Kandahar' has a nice Oriental vibe to it and utilises percussion instruments in a fresh way on the record. Interestingly, the album closer, 'Sleepyhead', is the rockiest on the release, although at no point does *The Bells Line* ever get your heart racing. It's brilliant in its subtleties though, and the perfect accompaniment to a quiet morning or afternoon.

The Bells Line is out now through Ivy League Records.

Chelsea

Patti Scialfa Play It As It Lays

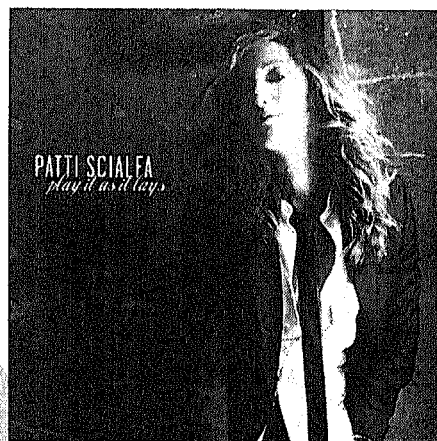
Play It As It Lays is the fourth release from American singer-songwriter Patti Scialfa, who has been recording and releasing her music since 1993. *Play It As It Lays* showcases Patti's unique vocal sound with a mixture of blues/country music. Her vocals have a very distinct edge to them, which drove me absolutely insane listening to this record. There's an almost nasal, smoked-too-many-cigarettes quality to it that really lets this recording down, coupled with a breathlessness on some of the more challenging numbers.

If you can get past the vocals, there is some quality music on this record. The bluesy openers 'Looking for Elvis' and 'Like Any Woman Would' are both groovy, 'Rainy Day Man' has a really nice touch of funk on the guitars and keyboards, and classical blues guitar work on 'Bad for You' is quite beautiful and soothing.

Unfortunately no matter how much I get into the music I can't help being drawn back to the vocals, they are impossible to ignore, and the more you listen, the more they sound like a mature version of that pop singer Anastasia. Then again, a lot of people loved her voice.

Play It As It Lays is out now through Sony.

Chelsea



Hekyl

Stochastic Ruminations of the Babirusa

When I was given this CD I really didn't know what to expect. After all, I had pretty much just met Jon. On top of that, due to a limited knowledge of local acts I had never heard of his band, Hekyl, despite them receiving some airplay on the Js and other local stations. But hey, if he was cool enough to give me his EP, then I was more than willing to listen. Track titles such as 'Down With Stuff' and 'Praise McJesus' didn't really set my fears aside; in fact I was expecting power chords with bad vocals, but such fears were soon dispelled. Once I had heard the EP my only complaint was that there were only four songs!

The music certainly has a more diverse sound than the track titles may lead you to believe; dabbling in a range of genres throughout the songs on the EP (ranging from reggae to metal in the same song) without compromising their aggressive sound. There was a great diversity present in the vocal delivery too, which range from spoken to screamed and everything in between. Initially the sound seemed similar to that of System of a Down. Other reviews

I've since read on this recording have compared elements of the music to that of Mike Patton, Rage Against the Machine, Linkin Park and Nine Inch Nails. On top of this there is a solo about 2.16 min into the final track 'Praise McJesus', reminiscent of Mike Oldfield's *Tubular Bells* (track 1). Tackling issues from paranoia to the religion, (similar to the theme's expressed in the Dead Kennedys' *In God We Trust Inc.* EP, but an easier listen) the songs have a variety of themes that complement the mix of genres experimented with.

So this may be worth a look for anyone who is into any of the aforementioned bands. Otherwise it's a must for anyone who likes an aggressive sound and is interested in supporting local acts who, as Hekyl themselves state on their web page (www.hekyl.com.au - impressive to see that they have taken the liberty to make their own web page instead of just getting on board with MySpace), endeavour to make live performances furious and fascinating!

DK



LIVE REVIEW

The Shine, Tony Font Show, Kyri Lizard Lounge 25/8/07

The Lizard Lounge is an interesting venue. It's basically the old Night Train. The venue operators have not gone so far as to remove the tacky paintings and decor, even the long tables that lead out to the dance floor scream wenchies, spit roast and steins. All in all it makes a strange atmosphere for live music.

First off the block was a two-piece acoustic act that I have never actually heard of before called Kyri. Acoustic guitar was accompanied by vocals djembes and bongos and the lack of people on stage didn't stop them attempting covers traditionally played by a full band. Unfortunately the covers detracted from the overall set, and attempting an acoustic version of Tool's 'The Pot' left the audience a little confused.

It was only 10pm when Tony Font Show took the stage. It's been some time since Tony Font have played live in Adelaide and tonight they didn't disappoint their ever-growing fan base. Although it felt a little early, they rocked through a solid set full of favourites. 'Hold On' succeeded in bringing the crowd up onto the dance floor and the crowd was treated to a great display of musicianship and antics.

When it comes to onstage antics though, Tony Font Show couldn't hold a candle to Melbourne's The Shine. These guys have a strong following in their home town, and there was a good crowd that have picked up on their music here in SA. The Shine manage to sound and look like the weird love-children of Mr Big and Marilyn Manson. Seriously strange costumes and odd vocals with a pretty standard rock beat back line. The Shine tried everything onstage from sculling jugs of beer, false fellatio, getting the crowd up onstage with them and various poser antics to try and get the crowd into them. They succeeded in the most part, and performed to the great amusement of an increasingly inebriated audience.

The Shine are musically sound, but they are certainly not breaking any new ground with their performances. However, if '80s cheese is your thing, you will love them.

Chelsea

QUELQUE CHOSE DU TEMPS PASSÉ...

No examination of sexuality would be complete without a look at it from a French perspective. The French have a sexual culture, which often explores relationships which are taboo such as those that cross generations, are within the same gene pool (read: incest), or with genetically different species, through their various arts. One is reminded of books such as *Les Particules Élémentaires* and *Quand Meurt Jonathan* as well as the films *Le Dernier Tango à Paris* and *Les Cousins Dangereux*. Music-wise, one needs to go no further than Serge Gainsbourg for that authentic French sexuality.

Gainsbourg's first true international hit was the instantly recognisable 'Je T'aima... Moi Non Plus' (I Love You... No Neither) which hit number one in many European countries, including the US, mainly for its controversial use of orgasmic (no metaphor here) sounds. Though releasing many recordings through the sixties, he thus established himself internationally going into the seventies. The album which is the point of discussion of today's article is *Histoire de Melody Nelson*, which was initially released in 1971.

This concept album follows one of the classic French love stories: middle-aged man runs over fourteen-year-old girl on bike, has sexual adventures with girl, girl disappears after boarding a plane to England. Funny enough it makes a lot more sense in French than a great deal of other so-called concept albums that are sung in English such as The Mars Volta's *De-Loused in the Comatorium* (well it's mostly English).

For those of us that do not speak French (this author included) the evocative and unpredictable instrumentation is enough to transcend the language barrier and arouse the listener. The grooving basslines, the funkified electric guitar, the hip-hoppy drums and not least, the at times spoken word delivery of Gainsbourg culminate in a truly unique (and sometimes pornographic) listen. Indeed the way in which these instruments come together, one thinks of the music of bands labelled as "trip-hop".

What is perhaps most impressive use of instrumentation, in my opinion at least, is the strings, brass and chorus line (arranged by another brilliant Frenchman, Jean-Claude Vannier) which are utilised to excellent effect to exaggerate the obviously emotional content. They often swell briefly and even when in the background, never detract attention away from Gainsbourg's voice or the bass and guitar.

After a couple of listens I had to translate the lyrics in the booklet and I have to tell you, they translate to exactly the kind of things I thought and add just the right

level of creepiness to the album: "Melody Nelson a les cheveux rouges/Et c'est leur couleur naturelle" (Melody Nelson has red hair/ and it's her natural colour), "Une adorable garçonne/Et si délicieuse enfant" (An adorable little girl/And such a delicious child). The translation of the last, very epic track, 'Cargo Culte' is very cryptic and I can't make much of it. There is a flashback to the first song where Gainsbourg asks Melody's name and one realises that something beautiful has been lost. Really no further translation is needed.

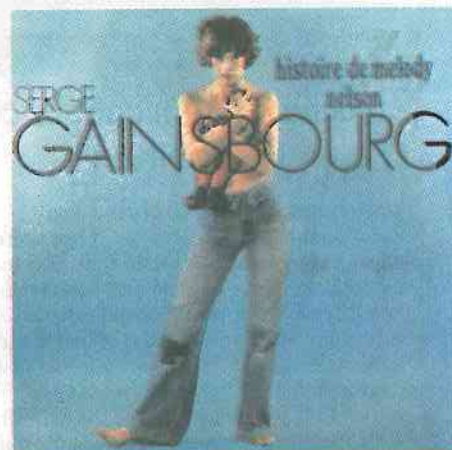
Although the running time is a few seconds below 28 minutes, the length of this album seems irrelevant. It's like the listener is on the astral plane if you will and half an hour disappears. The listener feels wiser about the ways of the world and gets the feeling that something big has happened.

It is easy to see why so many artists today have championed this album and have been "influenced" by it including Damon Albarn, Brett Anderson (Suede), Placebo and Air. I use the quotations because at least one notable artist today that I know of took the influence too far: Beck. I felt cheated by Beck finding out that my favourite song from his 2002 album *Sea Change*, 'Paper Tiger', is virtually a rip-off of the Gainsbourg track 'Melody'. The vocal delivery, the bass, the guitar and the strings are all uncannily similar to Gainsbourg's song. Every time I listen to 'Melody' I expect Beck's voice to come chiming in, "Just like a paper tiger..." but I am always greeted by a Frenchman. Indeed many of the songs on *Sea Change* utilise the distinctive string and orchestral arrangements that Vannier worked so hard to create on *Histoire de Melody Nelson*.

This takes me to the point that too many songs in recent times are too "influenced" by other artists and their compositions. Matthew Bellamy (Muse) too much by Rachmaninov (compare 'Space Dementia' to Rachmaninov's *Piano Concerto No. 2*), Built to Spill too much by Eno (compare 'Centre of the Universe' to Eno's 'Burning



On Dit 75.9



Airlines Give You So Much More": the list goes on. Originality is becoming less and less appreciated in modern music. Indeed, modern artists are being praised for their "return to classic sounds". Leave the classics alone. By all means listen to them, incorporate techniques, but don't take it note by note. Say something new. I really hate all these bitch indie bands that have nothing to say that hasn't been said and yet I listen to their crap and hate myself for it. In the words of Mike Skinner, "You say that everything sounds the same/Then you go buy them/There's no excuses my friend/Let's push things forward".

Maybe I am being too harsh. I mean at least these artists have awesome influences and are exposing their wider fan base to some classics. In fairness, Beck has said in various interviews as well as in the liner notes to Gainsbourg's greatest hits how much he loves him. Indeed, if you are a fan of Beck's work as well as of Air's then you owe it to yourselves to get some Gainsbourg and *Histoire de Melody Nelson* or his greatest hits compilation. *Initials S.G.* are good places to start off.

Regardless, Gainsbourg and Vannier were two guys taking it forward and it's only in the past decade or so that their work has been truly appreciated by the rest of the world (outside of France). Controversy, whether it is in the lyrics, the album art, or the instrumentation (all three in the case of *Histoire de Melody Nelson*) makes life just that much more exciting. I am convinced people don't go for controversy and new ideas these days especially when it comes to music. There are notable exceptions but what goes on to become popular is becoming more and more predictable. With predictability comes security and from security comes sanity. All I'm saying is a little crazy never hurt anyone.

Bobak Bahrami

"True, *Les Cousins Dangereux* is actually a fictional French film from the world of *Arrested Development*. However I imagine that this kind of film would follow the French line of thinking. At least George Michael Bluth likes the French for it: "I like the way they think".



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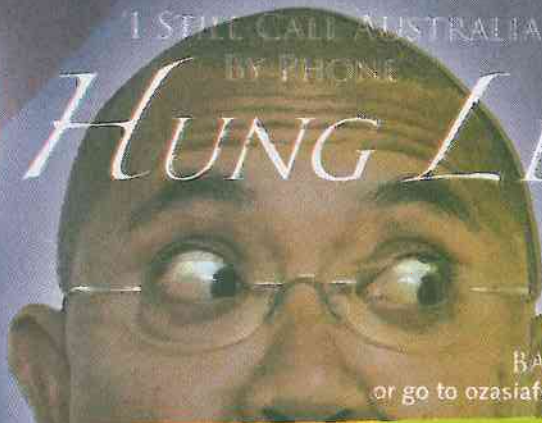
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Literature

Well, it's here. Sex is all around us and it's only right that in the Literature section we promote books about sex. So I arranged for a dear friend of mine, a Madam from a Sydney massage parlour, to write her recommendations down for our Sexuality edition. Another friend decided to discuss why Mills and Boon novels are important for our entertainment and how to write one.

On a different note, this issue also features an interview with Dominique Wilson, co-managing editor of *Wet Ink* magazine and a presenter at an information seminar during the SA Writers' Festival. The programs for the SA Writers' Festival are now available, so head out to your nearest book store or check the website mentioned in the interview to see if anything is of interest to you.

Keep reading my lovelies! Prove to the world that the written word is not dead.

Kisses,

Alicia xx

Madam Suki's Best Sex Guides for the Beginning and Advanced Lover

Guide to Getting It On (5th Ed.) by Paul Joannides

If you are a practical person, who wants to know all the basics, not to mention the unsavoury things about sex this, my little one, is the book for you. It covers the regular things such as tips, techniques, positions and inhibitions - but it also has another 100 extra pages devoted to more interesting things (i.e. the clitoris - about time I say -, the topic of smooth skin, and an entirely new section devoted to sex in the military!).

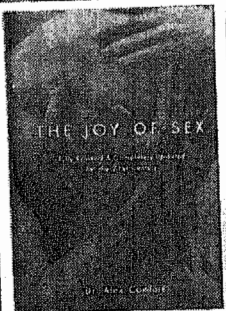
The Cosmo Kama Sutra by the editors of Cosmopolitan

An excellent guide to new positions if you want to spice things up in the bedroom or if you want to impress a new lover. It's not boring, it's modern and has a hot pink cover - beware all you gentlemen who want to purchase it, perhaps Cosmo's Aqua Kama Sutra is more appropriate, it's blue - then again, filled with 77 new and exciting positions, how can you resist?

Sex For Guys

by Manne Forsberg, translated by Maria Lundin

A friend of mine found this book by pure chance. Just released, her darling boy was just beginning to become curious about sex and she needed something to help explain the feelings and urges that boys - and men - feel. It explains all these things without the feeling of lecturing, yet gives good advice and encouragement.

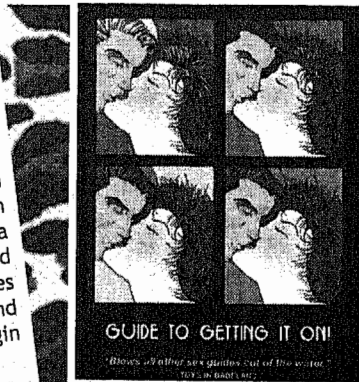


Sex Tips for Straight Women from a Gay Guy by Dan Anderson and Maggie Berman

Darlings, this has everything that your basic beginner needs to know. It tells you what to do from the man's perspective. It's highly entertaining as well, reading like you are gossiping with a girlfriend, rather than reading a book.

The Joy of Sex by Alex Comfort

The definitive sex guide for both men and women. It contains everything that one needs to know about how to enjoy sex with a member of the opposite sex. Although it was originally published in 1979, it's a instruction manual for both beginners and those who want to spice up their sex lives with new positions and ideas. I recommend that all my girls read this before they begin working for me.



The South Australian Writer's Festival

Part Two

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.

To check out the Festival program check out this link:
www.onkaparingacity.com/sawf

Or try the SA Writers Centre website: <http://www.sawriters.on.net/>

So You Think You Can Write

The SA Writers' Festival is rapidly approaching. For the second part of our lead up to the festival, I interviewed Dominique Wilson, co-managing editor of *Wet Ink*, a magazine whose objective is to promote and aid emerging and brand new Australian writers. Dominique will be co-presenting with Alex Wheaton (dB Magazine) and Stephanie Johnston (Wakefield Press) an information seminar called "How Do I Get Published?" on Thursday September 13 at 6:30pm at the Woodcroft Library (Call 8384 0050 for booking and further information).

As we chatted over the phone, Dominique was a fountain of information regarding *Wet Ink's* role in Australian writing, how to get published and some tips for hopeful writers. As co-managing editor of *Wet Ink* and co-editor of an anthology of new Australian fiction *Emerge*, Dominique also is a writer of short fiction which has been published nationally. Based in Adelaide, *Wet Ink* has recently started to be distributed internationally, which is earlier than the staff expected, but they aren't knocking it. As it showcases contemporary Australian fiction, it also reviews and interviews new Australian authors, whether they live in Australia or overseas.

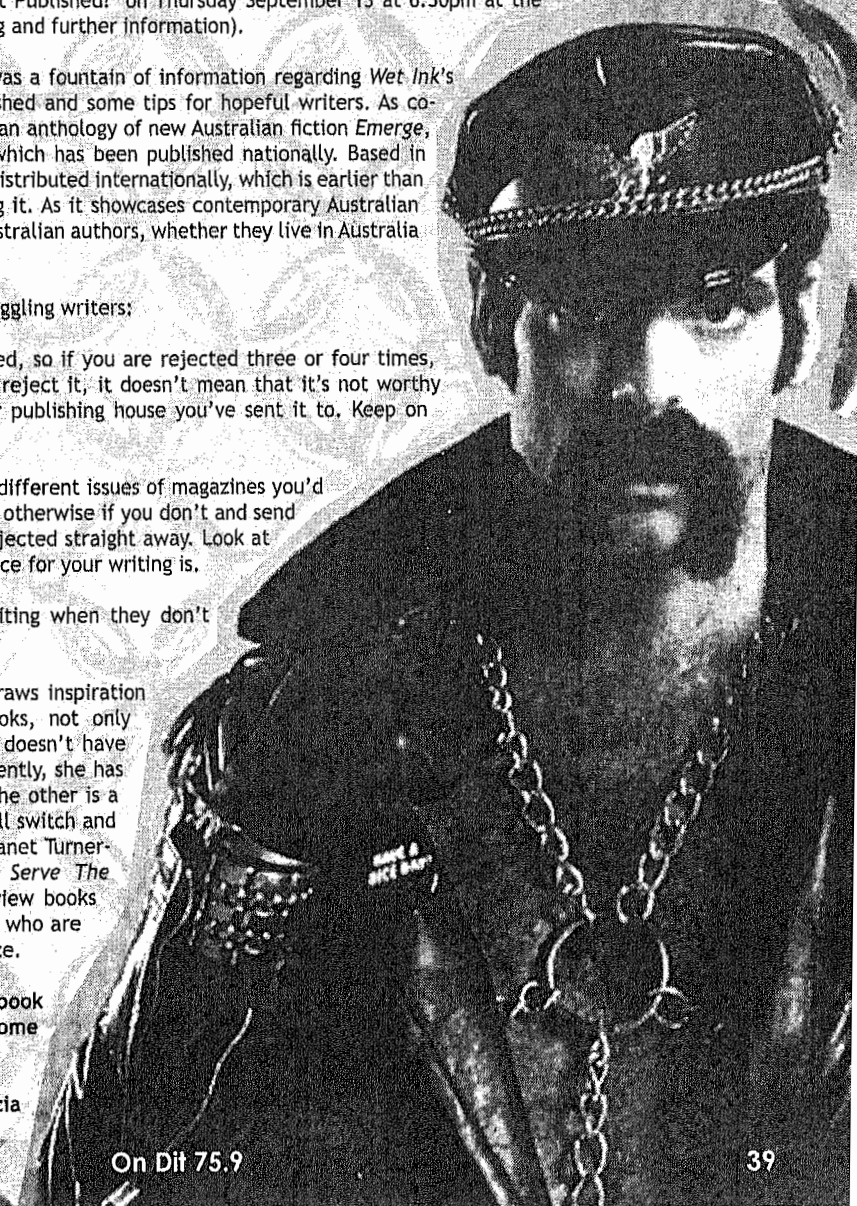
Dominique offers three different tips for struggling writers:

- Keep trying. All authors have been rejected, so if you are rejected three or four times, don't give up. Just because one place may reject it, it doesn't mean that it's not worthy publishing, it may not suit the magazine or publishing house you've sent it to. Keep on writing as you can only get better!
- Research your market and purchase a few different issues of magazines you'd like to submit to. Look at what they publish; otherwise if you don't and send something which isn't right for them, it's rejected straight away. Look at your writing and research where the best place for your writing is.
- Read a lot - it is obvious in people's writing when they don't read.

There are a lot of books that Dominique draws inspiration from. Dominique goes through lots of books, not only fiction, but non-fiction and magazines. She doesn't have one particular author who inspires her. Currently, she has two books on the go. One is heavy, where the other is a satire, so when the first gets too heavy, she'll switch and vice versa. She's in the middle of reading Janet Turner-Hospital's *Orpheus Lost* and Yan Liente's *Serve The People*. Dominique prefers to read and review books from smaller publishers as they are the one who are more likely to give emerging authors a chance.

Check out *Wet Ink* - it's available in some book stores, reputable newsagencies and some public libraries.

Alicia



Entertaining the Masses

Whenever I'm feeling depressed or over-stressed I like to read a book to cheer myself up. However I personally find that the funniest books in the world are not written by the comic geniuses of the day. Whenever I need a laugh I resort to a plastic bag hidden in the bottom of my wardrobe (and known to, and traded with, only a few close, tight-lipped friends) and pull out the classic comedy caper - the Mills & Boon.

Yes, to the uninitiated it might sound insane but very few things can get me rolling-on-the-floor-then-running-to-the-bathroom-to-be-sick laughing as quickly as a M&B. It's many things really. The characters - their names, their jobs, their personalities. The insensible plots, the ridiculous dialogue and yes, the sex scenes - verging from vague mentions of explosions, to "epicentre of woman hood" and "heavens, he was big" (that line in itself had the power to reduce a friend of mine to tears for a year) to pretty much graphic pornography.

In the interests of paying off my HECS debt I'm considering writing one of these 'novels' myself. First thing you need is a title. It doesn't really have to relate to the rest of the book so if you come up with a fairly unrelated plot it doesn't matter. What's important is that the title fits the formula.

Admittedly there are many formulas but most contain some, if not all, of the following characteristics:

- **ADJECTIVE DESCRIBING THE MALE** - This could be an adjective ranging from rich to lonely or handsome but normally is an ethnic or cultural group - Greek, Italian, Spanish and Arab, being the most popular.
- **MALE** - This is normally a job such as sheikh, prince, tycoon, cop, doctor or surgeon. The important thing is that the combo suggests a virile alpha male, pulsating with testosterone.
- **ADJECTIVE DESCRIBING THE FEMALE** - This adjective, referring to the female, more typically refers to characteristics such as virgin or innocent or sold (I hesitate to say trophy but I bet you \$20 it's out there). A friend informs me that 'Unwilling' is a popular

adjective in this position, so I guess a large amount of female writers have secret fantasies about been raped, sorry I mean *ravished*, forced into marriage or they are written by men who have yet to leave the caves.

- **FEMALE** - This is normally a typically female role such as bride, betrothed, wife or mistress. Or in a position to save the troubled family business through prostitution. The combo here should suggest a shy uncertain pretty/ugly wilting flower in desperate need of a man even if she doesn't know it or particularly want one.

For example we get *The Greek Tycoon's Virgin Bride* or *The Lonely Surgeon's Seduced Mistress*. I can pretty much guarantee that any combination of the above is a genuine title. If you'd like to test this theory, the Book Exchange down Twin Street has a whole shelf of these books and I have earned the enmity of the owner by my constant trading.

Now for the plot. Let's be honest - it's a fair criticism of the romance genre that it's just a tad formulaic, but it's not like you're aiming for a Booker or even using your real name so don't complain - this just makes your job of writing that much easier. The following are accepted 'guidelines' for M&B writing (mostly taken from wiki, but some actual observations from myself included):

- Men are described with dynamic verbs and women with verbs referring to thoughts and feelings.
- Women are often objects in sentences where men have performed actions.
- Men are normally rich, ennobled and initially unattainable. The men are often surprised that they can feel love.
- The desire to have a baby is often an important part of the plot (another friend has a special liking for the ones where the man tries to impregnate the female without her knowing, normally because he thinks it would be good for her - forced pregnancies are fun! Forget women's rights!)
- Most plots involve the break up of one relationship and then it being re-mended. For example an innocent young teenager

is seduced, then gets pregnant, thinks she is dumped but really her mother/jealous other woman kept her and the daddy apart and the truth all comes out a few years later when said man returns to her life, initially doesn't realize the baby is his and thus is jealous, sex is had, truth comes out, more sex and mother/jealous other woman gets come-uppance - sometimes by drowning at sea. Seriously. This book exists. Another favourite plot ploy involves a break-up followed by the female lead meeting a new man who normally at some point punches her old man out in what is clearly an attempt to mimic that scene between Colin Firth and Hugh Grant in *Bridget Jones* but in this case completely fails to be funny. Much like the rest of *Bridget Jones*.

• Happy endings! Normally marriage or engagement, often tied in with a pregnancy.

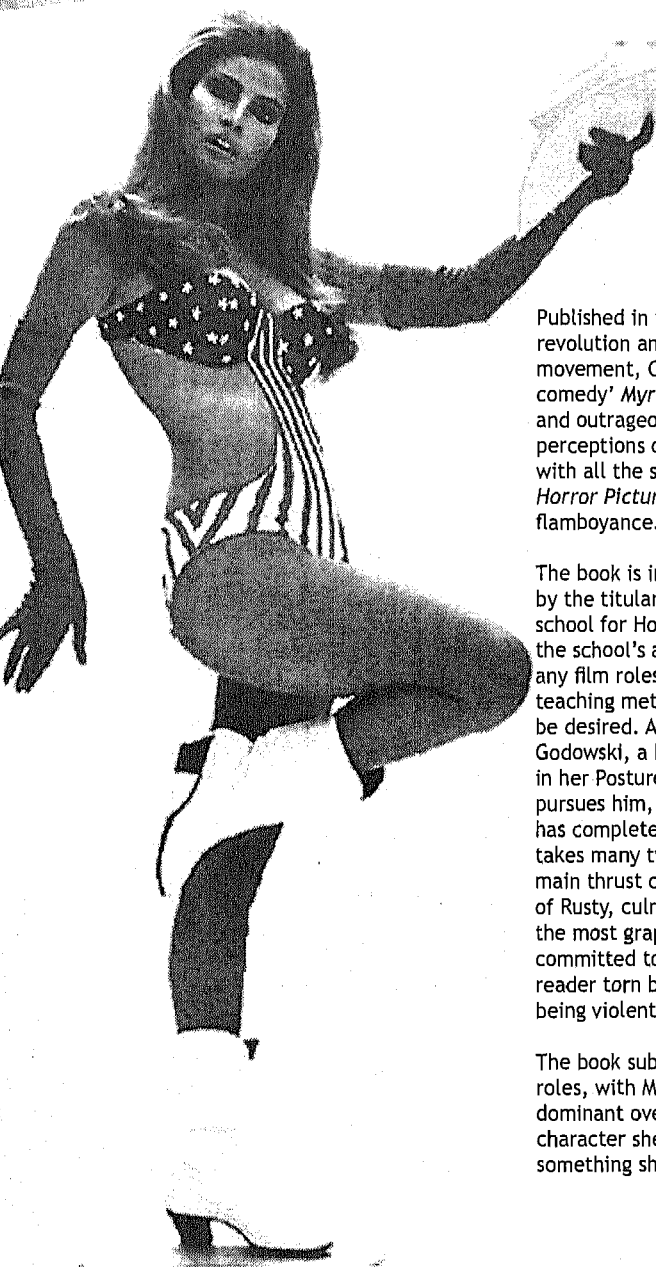
• Historical romance is *not* synonymous with historical accuracy. (But I love them because they hit a new, special level of hilarity because they can get away with using phrases like "she's a comely wench to be sure" or "that dastardly wastrel").

It's also a good idea to bring in an unlucky in love, (or not looking for it or horribly overworked with a boss who is single rich and good looking) but attractive friend and/or relatives in the background of your book. That way, especially when it concerns brothers who all have to get married in three months or lose their inheritance (yes, seriously. And there's like, five of them), not only do you not have to think up more names and characters, but you can cut-and-paste all the exposition parts of the first book, making the following books much easier to write.

As much hilarity as they bring me I think I may lay off the Boons for a bit. Last week I found myself complaining that one of the plots was completely undermined because the twenty-year-old, award-winning, skinny blonde, biological-physicist (seriously) could *not* have had her entire life stolen from her by her (previously unheard of) evil twin because identical twins do not have identical fingerprints and thus the evil twin would not have been able to enter her secure lab and everyone would know that she was *not* the twenty-year-old, award-winning, skinny blonde, biological-physicist (I have unfortunately lost the name of this book. But she gets with her bodyguard in case you were wondering).

I may have started to take these books a little too seriously.

Candy Summers



Myra Breckinridge

Gore Vidal

Published in the midst of the sexual revolution and the women's liberation movement, Gore Vidal's 'transsexual comedy' *Myra Breckinridge* unflinchingly and outrageously tackles society's perceptions of gender and sexuality with all the subtlety of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and about as much flamboyance.

The book is in the form of a diary written by the titular character, a teacher at a school for Hollywood hopefuls. None of the school's alumni have ever landed any film roles, of course, though Myra's teaching methods do leave something to be desired. As soon as Myra notices Rusty Godowski, a handsome all-American jock in her Posture class, she aggressively pursues him, not to be satisfied until she has complete power over him. The plot takes many twists and turns, but the main thrust of it is Myra's manipulation of Rusty, culminating in surely one of the most graphic 'sex' scenes ever committed to paper, which leaves the reader torn between fascination and being violently ill.

The book subverts the 'normal' gender roles, with Myra being tremendously dominant over nearly every male character she encounters. This is something she prides herself on from

the very first words of the novel, "I am Myra Breckinridge, whom no man shall ever possess." When it is later revealed that Myra is in fact a transsexual male called Myron, the book opens itself up to innumerable avenues of analysis. Queer theorists extensively analysed Myra's character as well how the book was a reflection of Vidal's political ideals (Vidal is gay and a noted essayist and political critic).[▫] At the time of the book's publication, Vidal was already no stranger to controversy, after his first novel, 1948's *The City and the Pillar*, was one of the first to deal openly with homosexuality. Many critics were outraged by *Myra* and its themes of transsexuality, sadism and masochism, labelling it pornographic and "a smutty joke at best", though it was immensely popular with the reading public and Myra has since become one of the most infamous female characters in fiction.

While it's definitely not for the easily offended, those who can stomach the graphic content should enjoy the book's riotous, no-holds-barred style and very darkly humorous social commentary.

Bartholomew Huxtable

PIERCE BRIDGWATER'S

SUB-EDITOR EDWARD JOYNER



JAZZ EXCLUSIVE FOR ADELAIDE

Preview

You must have been living under a rock for most of this year if you haven't noticed that the Adelaide Festival Centre has become a hive of activity. New CEO Douglas Gautier has implemented his vision for a program-led recovery for the Centre, and the South Australian Government has shown faith in this strategy by writing off the Centre's crippling debt.

But it's not just the Festival Centre itself that's playing host to a myriad of musical, theatrical, dance and visual arts events. That Grote Street landmark, Her Majesty's Theatre, is managed by the Festival Centre and is part of the revival. This week the grand old venue will see the Australian premiere performance of one of the world's great jazz artists, Dee Dee Bridgewater, exclusive to Adelaide.

Hailing from Michigan (though she was born

in Tennessee), this versatile artist has carved out an illustrious, if eclectic, career. With a background in jazz, she first gained attention when she debuted in New York in 1970, but it was in 1974 when she appeared in *The Wiz* and won a Tony Award for her performance that she truly came to prominence.

A move to Paris in 1986 eventually prompted a return to jazz, and Bridgewater's album *Dear Ella* won her a Grammy Award in 1998. Her performance at Her Majesty's will feature selections from recent albums *J'ai Deux Amours* (French classics) and *This is New* (Kurt Weill).

With student tickets available, those interested in jazz or musicals have no excuse not to take this opportunity to hear a consummate performer and find out why she's the winner of so many top awards.

Dee Dee Bridgewater will perform at Her Majesty's Theatre at 8pm on September 4 and 5. Student tickets are available for \$42.50 from BASS.

Benedict Coxon

DEMIDENKO SPARKLES WITH ASO

'Dazzling Demidenko'
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
August 16-18
Adelaide Town Hall

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra was joined by the virtuoso pianist Nikolai Demidenko in a concert that showcased the pianist's remarkable playing - as well as a masterpiece by one of Australia's most notable composers, Richard Meale. Arvo Volmer's direction was as always sharp and concise, yet at the same time producing extremely mellow sounds from all corners of the orchestra.

Richard Meale's Suite from *Mer de Glace* was composed after the composer's experimentation with serial music, which he championed in the 1960s and 70s. Establishing clearer tonality, the composer exploited broad lyrical lines in *Mer de Glace*. The opening solo given by the oboe neatly summarised the soft tone of the piece, and the misty colours produced by the strings were very effective. Although the piece definitely displayed contemporary ideas, both in harmonic developments and rhythmic directions, it also had a lot in common with music from the Romantic era. The epic story described in David Malouf's *Mer de Glace*, that of love, duty, longing were all described with great passion in Meale's music.

Prokofiev's *Piano Concerto No. 3 in C* is a truly monumental piece in the piano literature, and Demidenko performed this difficult piece with much ease and conviction. His techniques were flawless, and his phrasings exquisite. Demidenko's control of the instrument was superb and his deep, low sounds literally echoed in the concert hall.

The ASO performed Beethoven's *Symphony No. 7* to a much delighted audience. Although there were some intonation and rhythmic inconsistencies, rapid dynamic changes and warm sounds from the strings captured the atmosphere of the music. The massive build-up in the first movement was brilliantly executed, and well timed by the conductor, Arvo Volmer. Volmer also focused on producing simple phrasings throughout the symphony, and this was very effective and refreshing. The orchestra's varying colours and timbres captured the audience's imagination throughout this much-loved work.

Yasuto Nakamura

TIME STANDS STILL FOR WISPELWEY

'Romantic Trilogy'
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
August 10-11
Festival Theatre

With a programme billed 'Romantic Trilogy', the seventh of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's Master Series concerts for 2007 held much promise, with Dutch cellist Pieter Wispelwey returning to Adelaide, and chief conductor and music director Arvo Volmer conducting a Russian symphony (one of his areas of expertise).

The opening work, Liszt's *Les Preludes*, acted as an appetiser. The most impressive aspect of this slightly shambolic work was a short, tuneful oboe solo played with apparent ease by Seung-Eun Lee.

Schumann's *Cello Concerto* was Wispelwey's vehicle, and its melodies sounded particularly beautiful with the clean sound of the cellist's 1760 Guadagnini. ASO principal cellist Janis Laurs seemed to enjoy his duet with Wispelwey in the slow movement, and the orchestra as a whole was never in danger of overpowering the soloist.

The concerto was arguably eclipsed by the movement from one of Bach's cello suites that was played as an encore. This was one of those moments when time seems to stand still, audience members sitting enthralled by the sensitive playing and crisp tone.

The main work for the evening was Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 6 ('Pathétique')*, a dramatic journey full of torment that ultimately ends in despair. The orchestra's playing improved movement-by-movement, and it hit its straps in the third. This prompted spontaneous applause from a large proportion of the audience at the end of the *Allegro molto vivace*, and the link between this and the *Finale* lost much of its effect. No one seemed more annoyed by this than the conductor, as the scowl on Volmer's face suggested at the end of the symphony.

Perhaps overall this performance fell just short of (high) expectations, but Wispelwey's Bach was worth the price of admission.

Benedict Coxon

RUSSIAN VIRTUOSO THRILLS AUDIENCE

Nikolai Demidenko
International Piano Series
August 14
Elder Hall

The second of the three International Piano Series recitals for the year saw the welcome return of Russian virtuoso Nikolai Demidenko. His last recital for this series, in 2005, drew glowing praise and the expectations of the audience (which almost filled the stalls of Elder Hall - no mean feat for a series still in its infancy) were built up by the unnecessary pre-concert introduction.

No one would have been disappointed. Demidenko's extraordinary skills were on display right from the start, with the second movement of Liszt's arrangement of Bach's *Fantasia and Fugue in G minor*, BWV 542 featuring crystal clear lines between which there was perfect balance.

More Bach followed, this time the famous *'Italian Concerto'* in *F major*, BWV 971. There is no *tempo* indication for the first movement, and Demidenko's account could almost have been described as a *presto* rather than the expected *allegro*. One of the striking aspects of this performance was the evenness - from the trills of the first movement to the gently plodding left hand of the *Andante*. The manic *presto* of the third movement did nothing to detract from the clarity of the playing.

Liszt's *Variations on Bach's Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen* S.180, while probably a less musical piece, also received a wonderful performance in which the pianist ranged from a harp-like sound to a convincing impression of an orchestra at full throttle.

Schubert's *Sonata in D major*, Op. 53, D. 850 had Demidenko displaying a charmingly graceful lightness of touch throughout, and the final movement *Rondo* provided one of those special moments in which the audience is fully engrossed in the performance.

A couple of Scarlatti encores were similarly appreciated, and were a fine way to end an exceptional evening of pianistic delights.

Benedict Coxon

LION PIG AWFUL

Lion Pig Lion
State Theatre Company
August 10 - September 1
Dunstan Playhouse

Don't get me wrong, I love the State Theatre Company. They're great. But what on earth were they thinking when they decided to put on the world premiere of *Lion Pig Lion* by Australian playwright Marty Denniss? Using the Bolivian Water Wars of 2000 as his inspiration, Denniss's play is the story of a corporation which finds itself caught up in a scandal - complete with cover-up, murder and double-crossing. An interesting enough basis for a plot, one would think; however, this incredibly long and unbelievably slow-moving play instead succeeded only in boring everyone senseless.

My criticism is aimed almost solely at the play itself. I'm sure the company were doing their very best, given what they had to work with. For a start, there were huge tracts of pointless, expletive-ridden dialogue that could have been safely eliminated. Too much time was wasted exploring how dull

paranoid office conversation can be, while not enough time was devoted to exploring the altogether more interesting themes of corporate complicity and corruption; instead, there were endless conversations (every second word being f***) which didn't seem to advance the plot at all. The rooftop conclusion was comical in its dreadfulness. After the first half there was sparse applause, followed by an increase in empty seats after the interval. I'm also going to take a shot at the set design, because it was pretty poor. It reminded me of year 12 drama, when some parts of the set never quite worked; the repeat offenders were the giant two-dimensional columns which never seemed to make into place in time.

That said, the next production should be fantastic. It seems cruel to follow a dog of a play like *Lion Pig Lion* with a Pulitzer Prize-winning, quadruple Tony Award-winning blockbuster like John Stanley's *Doubt*, but there you go.

September 5 - 22 in the Dunstan Playhouse.
\$25 tickets if you're aged under 30 (take photo ID).

Edward Joyner

STUDENTS UP TO THE CHALLENGE

'Mancini'
Evening Concert Series
Elder Conservatorium of Music
August 11
Elder Hall

This concert followed the usual format for the jazz program's annual contribution to the Elder Conservatorium of Music Evening Concert Series; the Elder Concert Jazz Ensemble in the first half and the Elder Conservatorium Big Band in the second. Often there's a discrepancy in quality between the two halves, but this year made a welcome change.

Another point of difference this year was the presence of ex-Adelaide singer Michelle Nicolle. Her marvellous ability, combined with her faith in the young musicians accompanying her, made for a highly entertaining evening. Her sultry sound and excellent vocal control allowed her to create refreshing takes on some of Henry Mancini's best-known tunes.

The Jazz Ensemble, comprising Brendan Lim (piano), Quentin Angus (guitar), James Deslandes (saxophone), Ross McHenry (bass) and Barnabas Smith (drums), was superb throughout, both in terms of their improvisation skills and their musicianship in following a singer who was pushing the boundaries of timing whenever she had the chance. Of particular note was a version of *Moon River* that avoided any touch of the cliché.

The Big Band was similarly impressive, with a great solo by Ben Harrison in a medley of *Autumn Serenade/Lushlife*. The Mancini theme petered out in the second half, but there was no change in the quality of the music. The one salute to the man whose name the concert took was *A Shot in the Dark*, the conclusion of which featured a completely unblemished high note from the trumpet of Sam Eades that ended the concert fittingly.

The only possible criticism would be the lack of showpieces for the bands - Nicolle was on stage all evening, and as good as she was, it would have been nice to have heard a little more from the students. On the whole, though, a fine night out.

Benedict Coxon

Girls of the Playboy Mansion



There is something endlessly fascinating about this reality program, and it most certainly is not the infuriating jingle with which the show commences.² I am consistently intrigued by the relationship between the three girlfriends of Hef; in fact I am convinced that they have a better relationship with each other than with their shared 'boyfriend', as during the course of each episode they regularly spend more time with each other than with him. Perhaps this is just a ratings ploy - watching Hef for half an hour would not be at all enjoyable.

His three girlfriends (in order of best to worst in my opinion) are Bridget Marquardt, Holly Madison and Kendra Wilkinson. Hef is, of course, a regular on the show, but the most interesting thing I can write about him is that he wants to be buried next to Marilyn Monroe.

Bridget and Kendra seem to be fairly genuine; that is, I suspect they may actually have some sick, bizarre feelings for Hef, while Holly seems to be using Hef in her quest to break into the publishing industry and then take over the world.³ She seems quite manipulative and controlling and is definitely the one in charge! Hef's Number One Girl. Although when she came into contact with one of Hef's ex-girlfriends in an episode, she was clearly uncomfortable, so really I suppose she must like him at least a little. Why do I not like her? Well, she just oozes an aura of falseness. She's one of those people who say what they think you want to hear, especially when she is being super nice to the 'Playmates' living in the house across the street, when I am quite sure she would like to tell them where to go. She's got brains and is quite clearly aware of the opportunities that her association with Hef provides, and intends to take advantage of them.

In one episode, Holly says that she isn't worried about Hef falling for/being with another girl as she had turned herself into the exact person that Hef wants. Presumably she is referring to nose and boob jobs and peroxide hair. She continually drops hints about marriage, even though Hef is actually still legally married to his second wife (what was she thinking?), although they are separated. Somehow, I doubt that this legally binding union between Hef and Holly will ever eventuate. Holly lives in Hef's bedroom, while the other girls sleep in their own

bedrooms down the hall. Holly calls Hef the disgustingly endearing nickname, "Puffin". Eugh!

This sleeping arrangement is just so weird. If Hef decides he wants to... err... 'visit' one of his other girlfriends does he just trot down the hall to their bedroom, leaving Holly to sleep by herself? Or does he kick Holly out for the night? Or is he too old for that kind of thing and having three girlfriends is just a cover-up for the fact that he can't get it up? Perhaps they have a *ménage à quatre*? *Je ne sais pas*.

Holly does have some qualities that are a little redeeming. Well, one really; she likes animals. She has an obese pet monkey along with Australian cockatoos and other birds and fish. There are also cats at the mansion. All the girls have dogs, although they are all the small, yappy, irritating type.

Bridget appears quite content. She isn't relentlessly pursuing some ambitious project as Holly always is. She seems to be a genuinely nice person and apparently has real breasts!⁴ Would you believe it? She likes Halloween and planning for all the parties held at the mansion. She had a problem with people telling her to go on a diet prior to the filming of the Playboy Mansion girls' exercise video... good on her. Incidentally, in that same episode, Holly took the opportunity to go on a diet based on that of chimpanzees or some other type of primate, focused on green smoothies.⁵ Eww.

Kendra seems to think that she is a 'homie', which becomes fairly irritating. She is 22 and not of the highest intelligence. Still, this can make for an amusing episode when she says something particularly stupid à la Jessica Simpson.

Their lifestyle is pretty good, apart from the whole Hef thing. Living off Hef's wealth, all they have to do all day is make themselves look pretty, attend parties and other shows and functions, eat, drink, exercise and play with their pooches. They basically do what all us normal people do apart from the fact that they don't work and subsequently have time to do whatever they want. They are also waited on by the Mansion staff (often required in order to help Kendra find her shoes... or any other item in her rather messy bedroom, or to produce an emergency

chimpanzee green smoothie).

Bridget, Kendra and Holly are now celebrities in and of themselves, with hoards of the public turning up to get signings when they released their calendar. Kendra was very touched when a young girl said that she looked up to her as a role model. To me this is more than mildly disturbing, particularly as the parents of the young girl had taken her to the event, rather than telling her that it is inappropriate to look up to somebody who is going out with somebody 60 or so years her elder who believes that Viagra is the best recreational drug invented. Maybe she is looking for a grandfather figure.

Speaking of parents, Kendra and Bridget's parents seem to support their children living with a person who can only be described as a really dirty old man. Maybe they are just into the money. Who knows?

I'm hoping that these girls are just along for the ride, waiting till he dies so that they can maybe inherit some of his moolah. I have often wondered if there are any provisions for them if he decides to dump them. None of them are employed (other than to act in this reality series, and perhaps as Hef's girlfriends), although Kendra does have her own clothing line, Kdub, and has invested some of the money she received for this show in a condo.

I don't think I'll ever understand how these girls can bear to share somebody they are supposed to love, but at least it makes for interesting viewing. If only they had thought to produce this reality TV show while Hef still had seven or eight girlfriends!

Girls of the Playboy Mansion airs on E!

Brianna Rositano

(Footnotes)

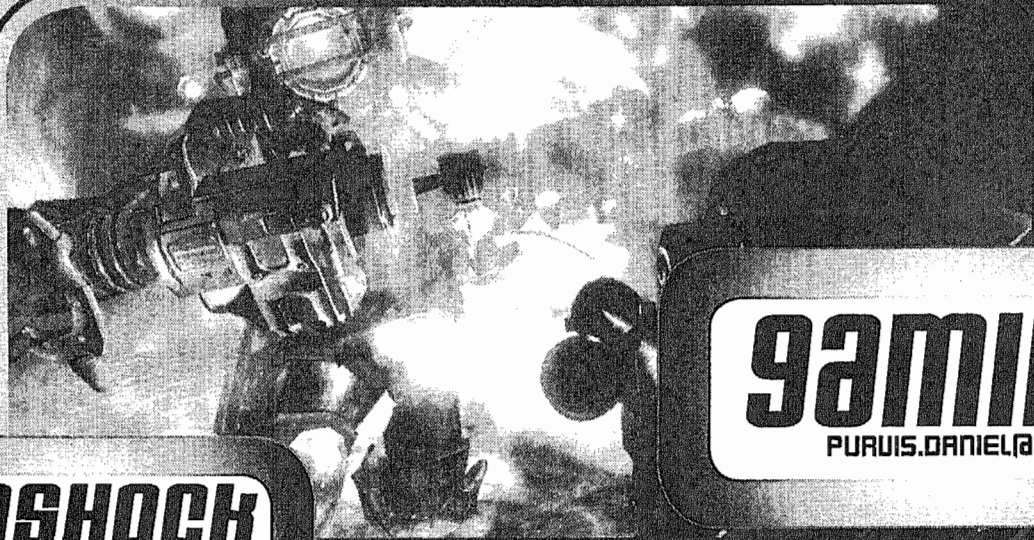
¹ Really called *The Girls Next Door* in America, but not in the rest of the world for some reason.

² Come on to my house my house oh come on I'm going to give you candy come on to my house to my house I'm going to give you aaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrggggggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

³ I made the taking over the world part up in order to make this article a little more interesting.

⁴ This piece of information was suggested from the ever-reliable Wikipedia.

⁵ I honestly did not make this part up.



gaming
PURVIS.DANIEL@GMAIL.COM

BIO SHOCK

DEVELOPER: IRRATIONAL GAMES
PUBLISHER: 2K GAMES

BioShock is upon us, as of Friday the 24th of August this epic masterpiece is available for purchase from any local retailer. If you've managed to avoid the hype train, then you are for a rare moment in gaming history, missing out. As a basic indication of the direction this particular review will be taking - no less than 4 / 5 well established gaming press have given BioShock no less than 100% review scores. And, I tend to agree.

There's no easy way to describe what BioShock is. BioShock's tagline is "biologically enhanced shooter" - as in first person shooter, so it goes without saying their guns (6 very different weapons) and bad guys (many ugly, disfigured and yet slightly human enemies). The "biologically enhanced" refers to the 'magic' like powers you acquire throughout the game called Plasmids, of which there are at least 53 available and provide you with everything from speedier movement, stronger attacks through to electric shocks, pyrokinesis, telekinesis, and even the ability to send bees forth from your hand. Before describing the battles, let's run through the basic story (minus spoilers of which one could ruin the entire game).

BioShock takes place in a 1940's style art-deco city, built deep beneath the ocean outside of any political or country jurisdiction - a solitary city called Rapture. Rapture is the brain child of Andrew Ryan, an objectivist that sees human accomplishment above all else, the freedom for man to create without the interference of petty morality. Andrew Ryan builds Rapture on the ideology of Objectivism, sparked by Ayn Rand in the mid-1960s. From Ayn Rand - "Man as a Heroic being, with his own happiness as the moral purpose of his life, with productive achievement as his noblest activity and reason his only absolute." In other words, an Objectivist says "the world is what it is, my place in it is important, the only way to know anything is to use your own head, and the best political system is one that leaves me the hell alone. Andrew Ryan is Ayn Rand meets Howard Hughes," explains Levine - stolen from an interview conducted by games journalist Julian Murdoch with game creator Ken Levine (*eds Note: For more information use Wikipedia.org*). The underwater city of Rapture and Ryan's dream goes to hell when the gene altering and sought after ADAM is discovered, marketed and slowly begins to drive residents mad, with the opportunist Frank Fontaine leading the rebellion. You arrive on the scene in a fiery plane crash and then BAM, you're out to save the city under Atlas guidance and take down the evil Andrew Ryan.

Without getting too bogged down in specifics, BioShock is a gorgeous game to behold. Every level has a unique feel, as though each and

every element has been drawn, redrawn, caressed, spoken to softly and told to "shine, baby shine". Visually, the graphics couldn't be better - from darkened medical labs, to large apartment blocks and a strange forest under the sea - each element looks as though it should be there. Nothing stands out and everything belongs. Oh, play BioShock even if just to see the water flow, you won't regret it. The sound is wonderful and slips right in with the art-deco and semi-horror / survival genre, from eerie creaks, billowing water to the gun fire and old musical recordings such as "How much is that doggy in the window?" from jukeboxes.

The culmination of all these elements, setting, sound, visualisation and AI has gone into creating some of the most diverse and intriguing characters and enemies in a game. Enemies consist of Splicers, those driven mad by the ADAM they've induced and Big Daddies, giant diving-suit wearing monsters packing some serious heat who defend the Little Sisters (the source of much needed ADAM). Splicers are barely the remnants of humans, with only memories still in tact they mutter non-sequitur comments, are not tolerant of anyone unfamiliar to them, wear masks and are splattered in blood - but they're easy enough to fry to a crisp, freeze or shoot. Each enemy has a rank in an invisible pecking order, the Big Daddies sit at the top and the Thuggish Splicers (no guns, no magic - just lead pipe packing thugs) at the bottom (and gun turrets etc but, meh). Much fun can be had setting the various enemies off against each other and it can be beautiful watching the havoc your traps and plasmids have wrought when a group of enemies are forced to fight the walking monstrosities that are Big Daddies. Once the Big Daddy has been taken down, you've the choice to Harvest or Save the Little Sisters (resembling ten year old girls) which has its various rewards depending on your own morality.

Unfortunately, this review is only but half as complete as it should be, if not for time but for space. I could gush and gush, oh look, I'm gushing. Just head out, put your money down and pick up this game and play through it. There's times when BioShock will truly shock you, will always entertain and not once will you be disappointed. If I'm wrong, which I'm not, you can always exchange it at EB Games for a decent amount or make good use of their unconditional return / swap policy - it's called "EBing" when you purchase, complete and return a game for a new one. Oh yeah, don't let anyone spoil BioShock for you - if they start going on about the story tell them to shut up till you've finished it...

Daniel Purvis

The Electric Light Hotel

235 Grenfell St, Adelaide

As most of you have already figured out, The Exchange is no more. Yes, gone are the days where you could see people chucking up on the carpet in a drunken bliss and all the other shenanigans that went down in that godforsaken place. Instead, it has been refurbished and opened as The Electric Light Hotel and Producers Bar.

The layout of the place has been kept the same, but the interior has changed a fair bit. The front section has retained the puby bar look. The back rooms however have been changed to a 19th century bourgeoisie look with fancy armchairs, chandeliers and fireplaces. As for the beer garden, besides a few plants and a new table and chair sets, not much has changed. To the side of the hotel is the Producers Bar, which used to be connected to the main building, but this time round, I couldn't find any doors. Its look has been changed from a pub to more of a bar/loungy feel.

It was a Saturday night when I went there and the biggest problem was that the private function on at the time. The function had hired out the beer garden and the dance floor, leaving nowhere to dance for the public, which was a shame, since the DJ wasn't too bad. Of course, I ignored this and moved on to the dance floor anyway, but others could feel uncomfortable.

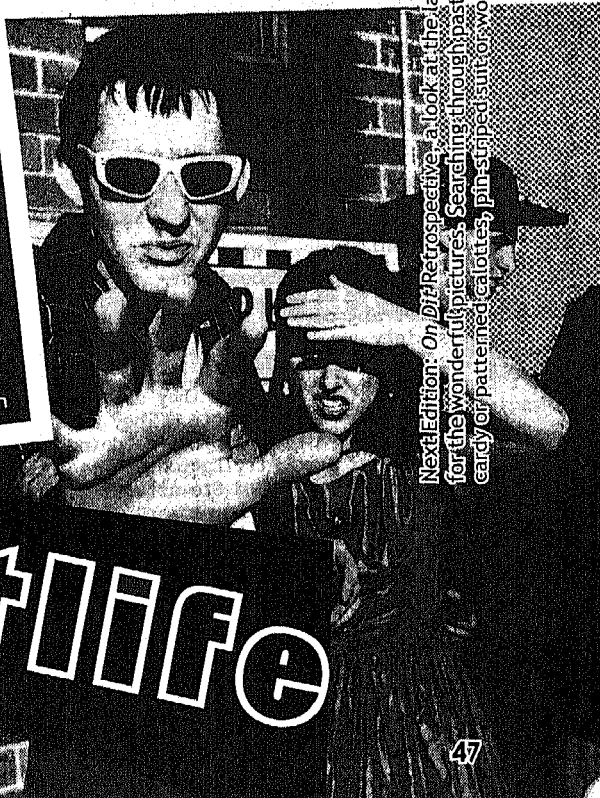
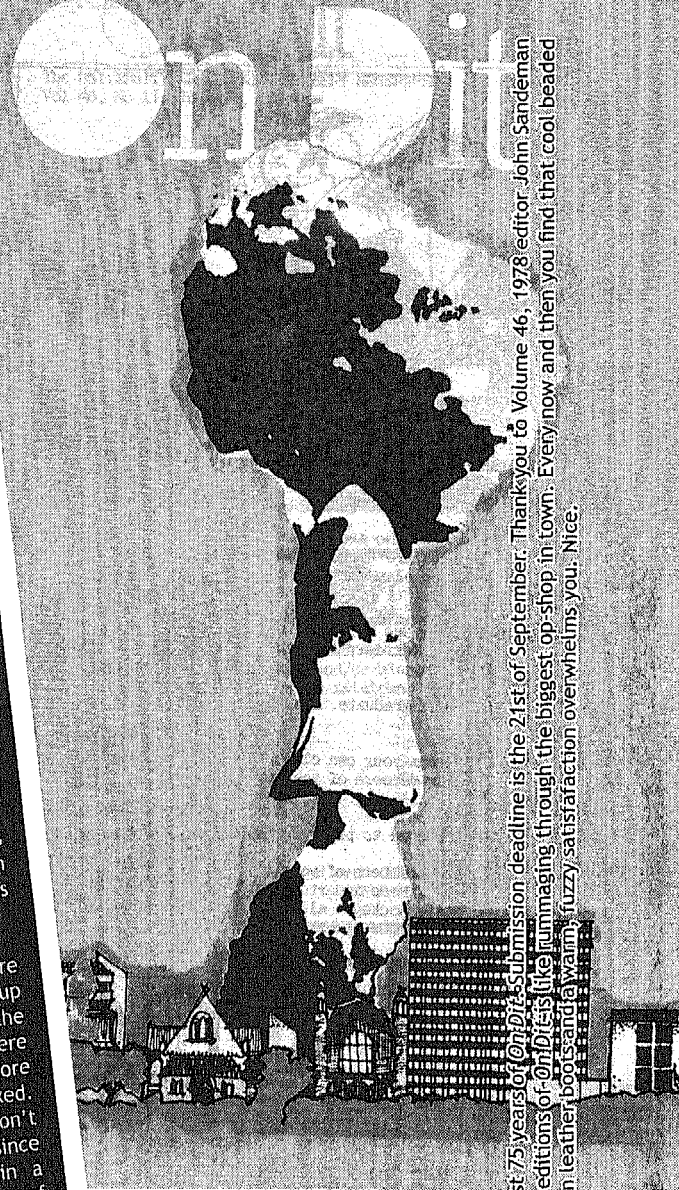
The Electric Light seems more involved in urban culture than the Exchange ever was. Aside from new "contemporary" paintings around the cocktail bar, they hold many hip-hop and urban concreters. Also, looking at the hotel's website, many of the DJs are specified as played hip-hop.

The crowd is difficult to describe, as it is really mixed. There were people who were quite dressed up and looking pretty and at the same time, there were others looking more casual and relaxed.

The functions don't help this, since they bring in a bigger mix of people. Still, if the owners play their cards right, they'll be able to develop a distinct crowd very soon.

Overall, it's a nice place where you can still have fun and it's worth checking out.

Aslan Mesbah



Next Edition: On DIT Retrospective, a look at the last 75 years of On DIT. Submission deadline is the 21st of September. Thank you to Volume 46, 1978 editor John Sandeman for the wonderful pictures. Searching through past editions of On DIT is like rummaging through the biggest op-shop in town. Every now and then you find that cool beaded cardy or patterned calottes, pin-striped suit or worn leather boots and a warm, fuzzy satisfaction overwhelms you. Nice.

Nightlife

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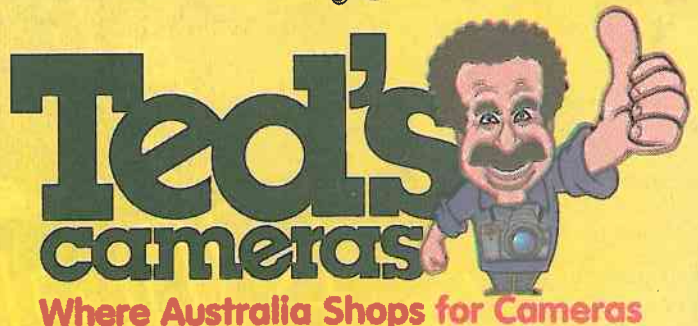
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