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Elle Dit

The Women's
Edition of
On Dit

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Elle Dit 2004

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Elle Dit is the Women's Edition of On Dit, the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Association.

Send your submissions to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.
Weekly deadline is Wednesday.

Arigato gozaimashita:

Anais for so many things, Danna, An(n)a & Laura for the top cover, Bonnie, Alice, Jess, Zanna the cranker lass, Simone Lefevre, the Elle Dit collective, our mothers, Bonnie from Cadillac, that website where animated bunnies reenact films in thirty seconds, Stanny Wanny Goo Gums, JC, Danny for the ciggers, Dan J, Dr. Shryock for the belly laughs and good advice and last but not least, all those shit hot women that have flown in the face of propriety so that we could have the right to stand up and say, "No!"

About the cover:

Hostages held in plastic



Hello there. This is the third time I've worked on *Elle Dit* but the first time I've been given the opportunity to edit it. Every year the same argument is required. Why exactly do we have a women's edition? Accusations in regards to this include questions of necessity and suggestions of condescension. Some people are confused by the inclusion of *Elle Dit* in the newspaper's publication run. There is an understandable mainstream attitude that dedicating an entire edition to women's features is in fact detrimental to the cause of feminism. I guess some people think that a woman's autonomous space in publishing plays into a victim mentality that is unsavoury and irritating.

The simple answer to this concern is that every edition is effectively the men's edition. I'm not suggesting that *On Dit* is exclusively male in any sense. Certainly in the few years I've spent working for the paper, the editors have always been extremely conscious of maintaining a non-biased and inclusive publication. But *On Dit* is a very small blip on an horizon of mainstream media. We're extraordinarily fortunate at Adelaide University to have access to a form of independent media. It's a very different story for large scale publications. We all make jokes about moguls such as Rupert Murdoch and Kerry Packer, but the fact remains that most of the news services we tune into are directed by a very small group of white, upper class men. In light of this, I think it is highly necessary that minority groupings be given the opportunity to create and share ideas in an autonomous environment.

We've put a great deal of effort into *Elle Dit 2004* to try and deliver a publication that is solid in content and diverse in ideas. Kellie and I are very proud of the finished product, and we believe that anyone who reads it with an open mind will find it at turns thought provoking, humorous and entertaining. Yet the fact that we feel a need to preface that statement with "anyone who reads it with an open mind" is indicative of our own acceptance that a proportion of our readership will be dismissive simply because of its nature. Fundamentally, even if you are reticent to label yourself a feminist or pro-feminist, I would hope that you would read *Elle Dit* and enjoy it simply because it's a bad ass mamma jamma of an edition. As Teresa Heinz-Kerry stated in a recent speech (excerpt on page 4), we all await the day when a woman who expresses her opinions will be labelled smart and well-informed (as a man would be) as opposed to opinionated.

Despite my faith in this edition, I'm not entirely satisfied with *Elle Dit 2004*. However, this has more to do with what we haven't included rather than what we have. There is nowhere near as much diversity as I would have liked. It is very easy to sit here and rant about feminist ideals, but if at the end of the day all we reflect is the views of a predominantly white, middle class section of society, then perhaps we are being as exclusive as those media moguls in their ivory towers. Hopefully one day soon even conservative little Adelaide will see a more harmonious exchange of ideas between women of all ages and backgrounds. It would be wonderful to create an *Elle Dit* that is representative of a broad section of women in society. Beyond this, I look forward to the day when gender disparities in power are eradicated altogether, and it will be entirely unnecessary to dedicate a complete edition to women simply because it is the only time they can claim an organic piece of print to themselves.

There is nothing wrong with calling oneself a feminist. For many people, the word feminist conjures a stereotypical image of a repressed, man-hating, angry lass who probably doesn't shave her legs and might even be a lesbian. At its fundamental level, the ideology of feminism is simply the desire to achieve equality between the sexes. In light of this, why is it therefore so despicable and/or scary for a woman to claim herself a subscriber to this belief system? In my mind, the fact that we still associate fear and subliminal imaging to the statement, "I am a feminist" is more than adequate proof that women have not achieved autonomy over their political and ideological beliefs. I am a proud feminist. Every woman who worked on this edition is a proud feminist. The few men that lent a hand this week would call themselves proud pro-feminists. I feel very lucky to be associated with a group of people, both female and male, that are in different ways working towards the same goal.

So it's all over for another year. It's been a week of frantic article soliciting and one crazy weekend of putting the edition together. I've smoked almost an entire packet of tobacco (thanks Danny) and I'm wearing a mohair blanket for comfort. My skin is dry from sitting in front of the office Thermo Guard and a thin film of office grease has slicked its way across my body. Kelly and I have had a ripper of a time though and we really hope you enjoy and engage with this edition of *Elle Dit*. We would love for you to forward comments of any nature to us. Pop over to the SAUA or down to the newspaper office and let us know what you thought. Ultimately, the only way forward is to engage in debate and discussion. Even if you disagree entirely with what we have produced for you, we're thankful that you took the time to read it with an intelligent eye. And just because *Elle Dit* happens annually doesn't mean that you can't submit articles and pieces pertaining to any topic throughout the rest of the year. *On Dit* functions as a mouthpiece for student thought and debate, and it's imperative that we utilise the opportunity presented to us and milk the independent media cow for all it's worth.

Clementine Ford



Squint your eyes and look closer. I'm not between you and your ambition. I am a poster girl with no poster. I am 32 flavours and then some. Ani DiFranco

Teresa Heinz Kerry

Why the meek shall not inherit the White House

Teresa Heinz Kerry, wife of Presidential Candidate John Kerry, has received criticism for her 'outspoken' attitude during the campaign. Accustomed to the fashionably vapid style of Laura Bush, political pundits in the States have labelled her "self-centred" and "odd" for having the audacity to be a woman with opinions of her own.

The following is an edited transcript of Heinz Kerry's address to the Democratic National Convention earlier this year, which prompted one commentator to compare her to Eva Peron.

By now, I hope it will come as no surprise that I have something to say.

Tonight, as I have done throughout this campaign, I would like to speak to you from my heart. *Y a todos los Hispanos y los Latinos... a tous les Franco-Américain... a tutti Italiani... a toda a familia Portuguesa e Brasileira...* and to all the continental Africans living in this country... and to all new Americans in our country, I invite you to join our conversation and together with us work toward the noblest purpose of all: a free, good and democratic society.

I am grateful -- I am so grateful for the opportunity to stand before you and to say a few words about my husband, John Kerry, and why I firmly believe that he should be the next president of the United States.

This is such a powerful moment for me. Like many other Americans, like many of you, and like even more your parents and grandparents, I was not born in this country.

And as you have seen, I grew up in East Africa, in Mozambique, in a land that was then under a dictatorship. My father, a wonderful, caring man who practiced medicine for 43 years, and who taught me how to understand disease and wellness, only got to vote for the first time when he was 73 years old.

That's what happens in dictatorships.

As a young woman, I attended Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg, South Africa, which was then not segregated.

But I witnessed the weight of apartheid everywhere around me. And so with my fellow students, we marched in the streets of Johannesburg against its extension into higher education.

This was the late 1950s at the dawn of civil rights marches in America. And, as history records, our efforts in South Africa failed, and the Higher Education Apartheid Act passed. Apartheid tightened its ugly grips. The Sharpeville Riots followed. And Nelson Mandela was arrested and sent

"My only hope is that one day soon women who have all earned their right to their opinions... instead of being labeled opinionated will be called smart and well informed, just like men."

to Robben Island.

I learned something then. And I believe it still. There is a value in taking a stand, whether or not anybody may be noticing it, and whether or not it is a risky thing to do.

And if even those who are in danger can raise their lonely voices, isn't it more that is required of all of us, in this land where liberty had her birth?

I have a very personal feeling about how special America is, and I know how precious freedom is. It is a sacred gift, sanctified by those who have lived it and those who have died defending it.

My right to speak my mind, to have a voice, to be what some have called "opinionated"... is a right I deeply and profoundly cherish.

My only hope is that one day soon women who have all earned their right to their opinions... instead of being labeled opinionated will be called smart and well informed, just like men.

Tonight I want to remember my mother's warmth, generosity, wisdom and hopefulness, and thank her for all the sacrifices she made on our behalf, like so many other mothers.

And this evening, I want to acknowledge and honor the women of this world whose wise voices for much too long have been excluded and discounted.

It is time -- it is time for the world to hear women's voices in full and at last.

In the past year, I have been privileged to meet with Americans all across this land. They voiced many different concerns, but one they all share was about America's role in the world, what we want this great country of ours to stand for.

To me, one of the best faces America has ever projected is the face of a Peace Corps volunteer.

That face symbolizes this country: young, curious, brimming with idealism and hope, and a real, honest compassion.

Those young people convey an idea of America that is all about heart, creativity, generosity and confidence, a practical, can-do sense, and a big, big smile.

For many generations of people around this globe, that is what America has represented: a symbol of hope, a beacon brightly lit by the optimism of its people, people coming from all over the world.

Americans believed that they could know all there is to know, build all there is to build, break down any barrier, tear down any wall. We sent men to the moon. And when that was not far enough, we sent Galileo to Jupiter, we sent Cassini to Saturn, and Hubble to touch the very edges of the universe in the very dawn of time.

Americans showed the world what can happen when people believe in amazing possibilities. And that, for me, is the spirit of America, the America you and I are working for in this election.

It is the America that people all across this nation want to restore, from Iowa to California... from Florida to Michigan... and from Washington state to my home of Pennsylvania.

It is the America the world wants to see: shining, hopeful, and bright once again. And that is the America that my husband John Kerry wants to lead.

John believes in a bright future. He believes that we can and will invent the technologies, the new materials and the conservation methods of the future.

He believes that alternative fuels will guarantee that not only will no American boy or girl go to war because of our dependence on foreign oil... but also that our economy will forever become independent of this need.

We can, and we will, create good, competitive and sustainable jobs while still protecting the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the health of our children, because

good environmental policy is good economics.

John believes that we can and we will give every family and every child access to affordable health care, a good education and the tools to become self-reliant.

And John believes that we must and we should recognize the immense value of the caregivers in our country, those women and men who nurture and care for children, for elderly parents, for family members in need. These are the people who build and support our most valuable assets, our families.

Isn't it time that we begin working to give parents more opportunity to be with their children, and wouldn't it be wonderful for parents to be able to afford a full and good family life?

With John Kerry as president, we can, and we will protect our nation's security without sacrificing our civil liberties.

In short, John believes that we can and we must lead the world as America, unique among nations, always should be showing the face not of its fear, but of our hopes.

And John is a fighter. He earned his medals the old-fashioned way... by putting his life on the line for his country. And no one will defend this nation more vigorously than he will... he will always, always be first in the line of fire.

But he also knows the importance of getting it right. For him, the names of many friends inscribed on the Vietnam Memorial -- that cold stone -- testify to the awful toll exacted by leaders who mistake stubbornness for strength.

And that is why as president my husband will not fear disagreement or dissent. He believes that our voices -- yours and mine -- must be the voices of freedom. And if we do not speak, neither does she.

In America the true patriots are those who dare speak truth through power.

And the truth that we must speak now is that America has responsibilities that it is time for us to accept again.

With John Kerry as president, global climate change and other threats to the health of our planet will begin to be reversed.

With John Kerry as president, the alliances that bind the community of nations and that truly make our country and the world a safer place, will be strengthened once more.

And the Americans John and I have met in the course of this campaign all want America to provide hopeful leadership again. They want America to return to its moral bearings.

And it is not -- it is not a moralistic America they seek; it is a moral nation that understands and willingly shoulders its obligations, a moral nation that rejects thoughtless and greedy choices in favor of thoughtful and generous actions.

And it is a moral nation that leads through the power of its ideas and the power of its example.

We can and we should join together to make the most of this great gift that we have all been given, this gift of freedom and this gift of America.

In his first inaugural, speaking to a nation on the eve of war, Abraham Lincoln said, "We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Today, the better angels of our nature are just waiting to be summoned.

Campaign behavior for wives: Always be on time. Do as little talking as humanly possible. Lean back in the parade car so everybody can see the president. - Eleanor Roosevelt

WOMEN in PARLIAMENT

Recently I was privileged enough to hear Carmen Lawrence talk. Although she wasn't specifically talking about women in Parliament it was an issue that came up throughout the course of her speech. I believe that at the moment there aren't enough women in Federal Parliament, or for that matter in State Parliaments. It is as simple as that.

A representative democracy, which we apparently have, means that the Federal Parliament should be representative of our community. The nature of our political system means that instead of people from the community being able to run successful campaigns, the elected members tend to be those who have come through the ranks of the party, starting first in politician's offices and then moving on to bigger and better things, namely the Federal Parliament. I am not saying this is completely wrong and shouldn't happen, but what should also be occurring is that ordinary community members should be able to run in an election at least feeling like they have a chance, and more importantly, women should be able to do this.

Recently the ALP started looking at the Federal Parliament and its representation of men and women. It

concluded that it would take 200 years to make the status of men and women 50/50, if it proceeded as it has since its establishment. It was decided that their first aim was to have 35% of the elected members women.

One side of the argument for having more women is that they will introduce a different kind of politics to the Parliament. For instance, question time, it could be argued, is nearly theatre and has even been described as a blood sport. This tends not to be a woman's style and previously women have found it hard to have themselves heard during this crucial time. It could be argued that women could have an enormous impact on Parliament and its procedures because of the place in society women have previously held. Women would be able to represent more accurately a large part of society that is stay at home mothers. They may also be able to more accurately comment on the 'real' economic impact on society as a result of some of the decision made by the Government.

At present women are the outsiders when it comes to Parliament and men are the insiders. When outsiders enter into a specific domain they can start to ask serious questions about procedures and policies. Instead of just accepting what is there they can make people examine and review what has been occurring for many years.

Although there are lots of fantastic changes and impacts that women could have within Parliament and although they will be increasing the representative status of the Government, we have to be careful that the women who are elected are more than just 'bums on seats'. The position needs to be worked for and not become a token gesture. Whether it is a man or a woman running for the position two vital questions have to be asked. Why do you want the power and what are you going to do once you have the power? And these are questions that need to be asked of the people who hold the power currently. If women are going to be successful in Parliament they need relevant agendas to run with, to make them stand out. They can't just run with the mentality that they are a woman and that should be enough.

Women can make a difference when more are elected into the State and Federal Parliaments, but they won't get there as a result of tokenism. Women need to have credible platforms to stand on, just like everyone else.

Joanna Krips



Student Election Candidates 2004

SAUA PRESIDENT

1. Victor Stamatescu
2. Georgia Phillips
3. Sarah Busuttil
4. Aaron Russell
5. Samantha Bowden
6. David Pearson

EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT

1. Jess Cronin
2. David Russell
3. Sam Duluk
4. Janak Meyer
5. James Nunn

ACTIVITIES VICE-PRESIDENT

1. Adelle Neary
2. Tania McCudden
3. Alice Cheek
4. Matthew Walton
5. Michael Cosby

WOMEN'S OFFICER

1. Claudia Oakeshott
2. Danna Cooke
3. Davina Woodward
4. Mel Purcell
5. Amy Lambert

ENVIRONMENT OFFICER

1. Alice Campbell
2. Milijana Stojadinovic

3. Brendan De Paor-Moore
4. James Bourke
5. Georgia Heath

FEMALE SEXUALITY OFFICER

1. Lavinia Emmett-Grey
2. Kate Hammond
3. Elise Duffield

MALE SEXUALITY OFFICER

1. Gerard Bonk
2. David Kavanagh
3. Simon Le Poidevin
4. Stephen Woodlands

ORIENTATION CO-ORDINATOR

1. Bek Cornish
2. Chris Kelly
3. Andrew Potter

ON DIT

1. Parkin / Bridge / Chatterton
2. Ford / Joyce / Wills
3. Toop / Kazmierczak / Ward

STUDENT RADIO

1. Murphy / Harvey
2. Simon Squillace

Stay tuned for On Dit's exclusive candidate interviews! Oooh!

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EDUCATION
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In government, one actress is enough - Eva Peron

“Isn’t it amazing how all the news for the day just exactly fits in the newspaper?” — Jerry Seinfeld



I ain't the only gal in the news!
Check out these other ladies
hot off the press!

A US military court has indefinitely suspended the hearing to decide if Private Lynndie England should stand trial for abusing prisoners at the Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq. The 21 year old's lawyers have renewed their request for senior US government and military officials to testify at her trial, arguing that Private England was following orders and that as a soldier she had felt she could not disobey instructions. Private England has been charged with 19 counts of prisoner abuse, committing indecent acts and disobeying orders. If convicted, Private England could face up to 38 years gaol. The now infamous photos of her dragging a prisoner by a leash and of a smiling Private England giving the 'thumbs up' whilst pointing at a naked, bound and hooded prisoner's genitals have been the subject of much media attention and global criticism.

With bipartisan support, a bill for a ban on same sex marriages has been passed through the Senate. The legislative change saw the definition of marriage change from being 'a bond between two people' to 'a bond between a man and a woman'. National Party MP Sen. Ron Boswell said that 'Most Australians recognise that marriage is a sacred union the most basic building block of society and the foundation of the family'. Democrat's leader Sen. Andrew Bartlett said, 'This bill doesn't only degrade marriage and is anti-family, it's anti-human'. Sen. Natasha Stott Despoja agreed, describing the amendment as representing an 'embarrassing, shameful and disgusting week' in Australia's Parliament. The Greens also voted against the amendment. It is understood that a High Court appeal is being considered on the grounds that the amendment is unconstitutional.



The controversial mayor of Launceston, Janie Dickenson, is now embroiled in a debate over whether she can bring her four month old son, Zac, to the Town Hall. Mayor Dickenson has ruffled many a conservative feather since her surprise election to the Mayorship in 2002. Her progressive stance on social welfare issues and her commitment to the youth of Launceston have marked a definite change in the city's policy direction. The Launceston City Council's general manager, Chris Brooks, has refused to divulge details of a conversation that he had with Mayor Dickenson regarding the controversy. The conversation took place after several alderman made formal complaints stating that baby Zac is a distraction in the building. Several Council employees who have not been allowed to bring their children have also complained. Mr Brooks has said that the Council is now investigating childcare facilities for all of its employees.

Gulumbu Yunupingu, an Arnhem Land artist, has won Australia's most prestigious Indigenous art award. The Telstra sponsored 21st National Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Art Award was given to Yunupingu in Darwin for her work, *Garak or The Universe*. More than 100 entries were submitted but it is Yunupingu who will take both the prestige and the \$40,000 prize. Her piece represents the universe and all of it's cultures as depicted by painted memorial poles. Yunupingu is the older sister of Galarrwuy and Mandawuy Yunupingu. The former was until recently the head of the Northern Land Council and the latter is the lead singer of Yothu Yindi. Both have been recipients of the Australian of the Year award, in 1978 and 1992 respectively. The Award is a part of the Darwin Festival that will be running until August 29.

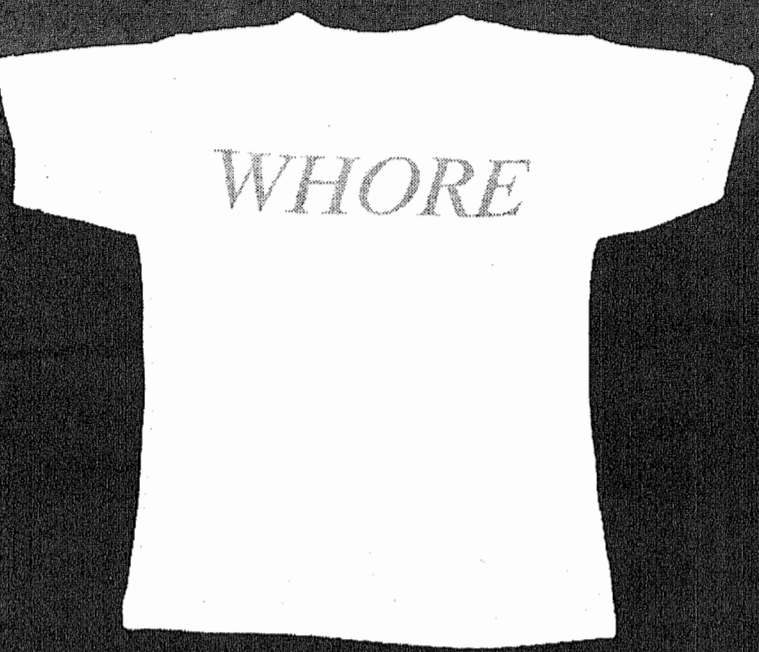


Anais Chevalier is attempting her Arts degree for a second time and finds 1950s femininity at turns hilarious and terrifying. She would have written something about the Olympics, but finds them crashingly dull.

You don't have to be anti-man to be pro-woman. Jane Galvin Lewis

"A downtrodden class...will never be able to make an effective protest until it achieves solidarity."

H.G. Wells



I really think that Mr. Wells was on the right track. His words can be applied to any particular group, but since it's the *Elle Dit* edition I thought it might be fitting to consider it in regard to women. Now you might think 'what kind of feminist rhetoric will she spout today?' It's really nothing like that; I just feel a need to share this important viewpoint with you all.

It has only been recently that I've discovered that perception is a very important part of one's day to day behaviour. How others perceive you, and how you perceive yourself, can make or break your spirit in many circumstances. If we want others, especially men, to respect us, it is imperative that we respect our fellow sisters and ourselves. The image that we project determines how people 'on the outside looking in' can view us. There are some people, our friends and family, who know who we really are and can look beyond our flaws; and that's all that matters, right? Well, to a certain degree, yes.

We want be on an equal playing field with men, but certain kinds of behaviour can inhibit this campaign; a campaign that has been fought generations before us to give us the rights we have today. As women, we need to respect our bodies and our minds. This then gives no room

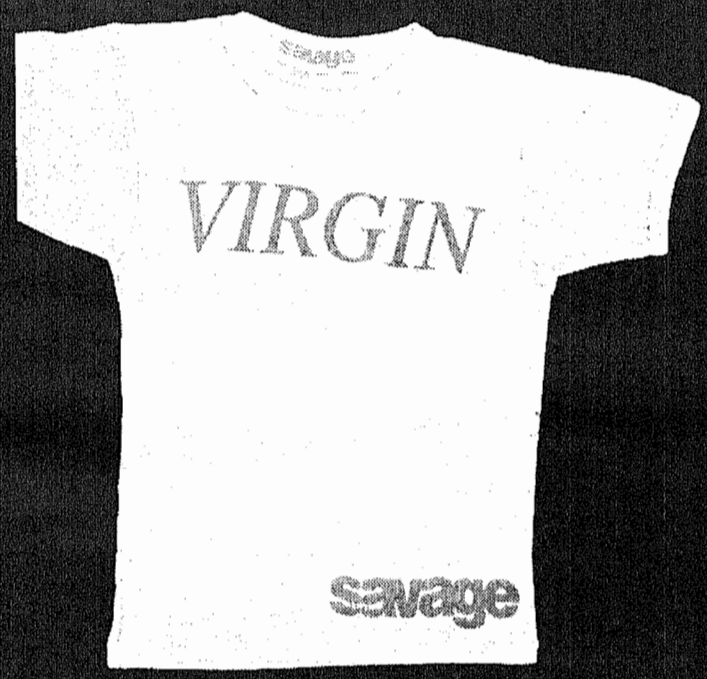
for anyone to move if they disrespect you. Further to this, we must stand up for those women who don't have the knowledge or resources to stand up for themselves.

This is where it gets back to solidarity and, as I also mentioned, respect. To fight the fight, we must unite (sorry for the rhyme). If we as women can respect each other then we will have no problem seeking, and demanding, respect from men. By calling each other slut, bitch, whore, skank, ho etc, we are doing nothing but validating men's choice to call us these awful names, which humiliate and disrespect women everywhere.

If a woman is wearing a short skirt, what right do we have to call them a slut or say that she looks like one? Does it achieve anything? The short answer is no. The last thing women need is one of our own tuning their back on us and giving more ammunition for men to dominate us and beat us down. There are women around the world who are not even allowed to speak. They are abused for trying to stand up for their own rights. Although there is still a fair way to go before we can all live in a truly egalitarian society, we do have the right to be heard. We do have the right to wear a shirt and not have stones thrown at us. Let us embrace womanhood and stand up together as solidarity sisters. Let us not be our own enemy.

Let us unite and respect one another.

Sarah Busuttill: Solidarity Sister.



If you're going to go through hell...I suggest you come back learning something. Drew Barrymore



Dahlia: Oh Lili, your veil's just perfect. I can't wait to get married, but I want to have a career first. That's why I'm moving to Hollywood. I wonder if Rock Hudson is going steady with anyone?

Faith: Of course he is Dahlia, Doris Day!! I read it in Teen Idol last week!

Mary Jo: Oh Faith, don't believe everything you read in those magazines. Doris is chaste.

Chip(pette): Is she ever caught?

Mother: Quiet Chip!...ette

Chip(pette): What?

Faith: Oh Chippette, it's not that sort of 'chased'!

They all giggle girlishly with a slight blush marring her peaches and cream complexions

Mother: Now girls, if you laugh too much you'll be too red in the face, and that's not very ladylike now is it?

Mary Jo: Sorry Mother Thompson.

Mother: Oh I wasn't meaning you Mary Jo. You're such a sweet, steady girl. You've been my Lili's best friend since your first day at Middlebank Junior High! I remember Lili coming home and talking about you for hours and hours after that first day. And you've been inseparable ever since.

Lili: Oh Mother, your embarrassing Mary Jo!

Mary Jo: I don't mind Lili.

Mother: If ever I couldn't find you Lili, I'd just call Mary Jo's mother, and there would be my Lili! I remember not being able to find you after the Junior Chamber of Commerce Clam-Bake, and I was just out of my mind with worry. But there you were, at Mary Jo's. And you two never minded having to share a bed either, which was a blessing for Earl, I mean Mr. Thompson, after he hurt his back at the plant.

Dahlia: Just imagine Lili, in less than an hour you won't be plain Lili Thompson any more!

Chip(pette): Well, who's she gonna be now?

Mother: Lili is going to be Mrs. Ralph St. Cyr.

Chip...ette, while you are wearing that dress I want you to behave like a little lady!

Faith: Mrs Ralph St. Cyr, that sounds so dreamy Lili!

Mother: My word it does! Chip...ette please stop fussing with your dress.

Chip(pette): Why can't I be a page boy like Bud? This dress is silly and it makes me look like a girl!

Mother: Your dress is lovely, you look so pretty Chip...ette! and you know that you can't be a page boy because we don't have any little girls in the family and Lili needs a flower girl. Now keep quiet, Lili needs to concentrate, it is her Big Day after all!

Chip(pette): But Bud gets to hold the ring, ride in the car with Father and Ralph and wear shorts! I hate this dress and the gloves! They're silly. I wanna be a page boy like Bud!

Mary Jo: Now don't be jealous of your twin brother! Bud was the first born so it's right that he should be the boy.

The trouble with some women is that they get all excited about nothing, and then marry him. - Cher

Letters

Dear *On Dit*,

I'd just like to state that DRC is a hack. His previous article on Michael Moore espouses his profound ignorance and demonstrates his lack of journalistic integrity. Anyone who has seen the film can immediately see that DRC has not in fact seen the film. His article reads very much like a googled Neo-Con website.

His article several editions ago on GM foods serves only to show how blind the right is, despite his collaboration with one of his Liberal science major henchmen.

It comes as no surprise that DRC only puts his initials to his work. I wouldn't want my name attached to such drivel either. I'm sure he derives much pleasure from watching aging conservative cronies nod their head in agreement when reading his articles, but his rampant idiocy won't age well.

Sincerely, someone who is never afraid to put her name to her writing,

Lavinia Emmett-Grey.

I found it quite funny (as in wierd) that Kellie could put women's reproductive rights and health (or was it welfare?) in the same sentence. Evidence shows that having an abortion severely harms the chances of a woman having a baby in later life. What is more, there is even evidence linking use of the pill to cancer of the cervix. Perhaps Kelly could right an article on this aspect of women's helath next time.

Womy

Dear *On Dit*,

I am writing about Mel Purcell's "critique" of the liberal governments babybonus package. firstly i have major issues with a twenty year old that has probaly never even had sex let alone a baby write about how difficult it is for women and namely mothers to study. not only am i a single mother who works and is also a full time student, i am also involved in uni life both through committees and socially. i do find it difficult but i do get loads of government support for childcare and a fortnightly study allowance sure its not fantastic but it helps.i don't see myself any worse of then other students- yes most students are poor, but if we weren't were would the fun come from?

To be honest I think it is people like you, who unless you've been there quite frankly have no fucking idea, that are the deterrant to mothers returning or beginning study, by writting these sorts of trash articles just to further your own agenda and make yourself look good for the up coming student elections.

Shame on you Mel for calling yourself a feminist!

Kim Littler

Dear Eds,

I'm really interested in hearing from the male population of Adelaide uni in regards to constructive ways that men can help the feminist movement and support women's issues. I believe that women should be able to organize women's events and run autonomous women's collectives by themselves, but I also think that men shouldn't feel isolated from women's activism to the extent that they believe that feminism is anti-men, and that they must submit the misogynist letters that so often grace your slightly mottled pages. Men will never experience what it is like to be a woman and thus they shouldn't manage feminist networks that are specifically built to empower women - but men can be pro-feminist and confront oppressive attitudes. Men can help bring about equality by challenging themselves and others on how they perceive and treat women.

What other ideas can male students suggest for helping to bring about gender equality - or would that remove all reason for certain chauvinists to hack Kellie Armstrong-Smith?

All suggestions and proclamations of undying fidelity can be forwarded to:
melissa.purcell
@student.adelaide.edu.au

Tootles,

Mel Purcell

It seems as though you cannot possibly keep a feminist happy. They argue that the role of the woman as mother is undervalued in society. And yet when the government does give a three grand bonus to recogninse the importance of children in society they still bitch.

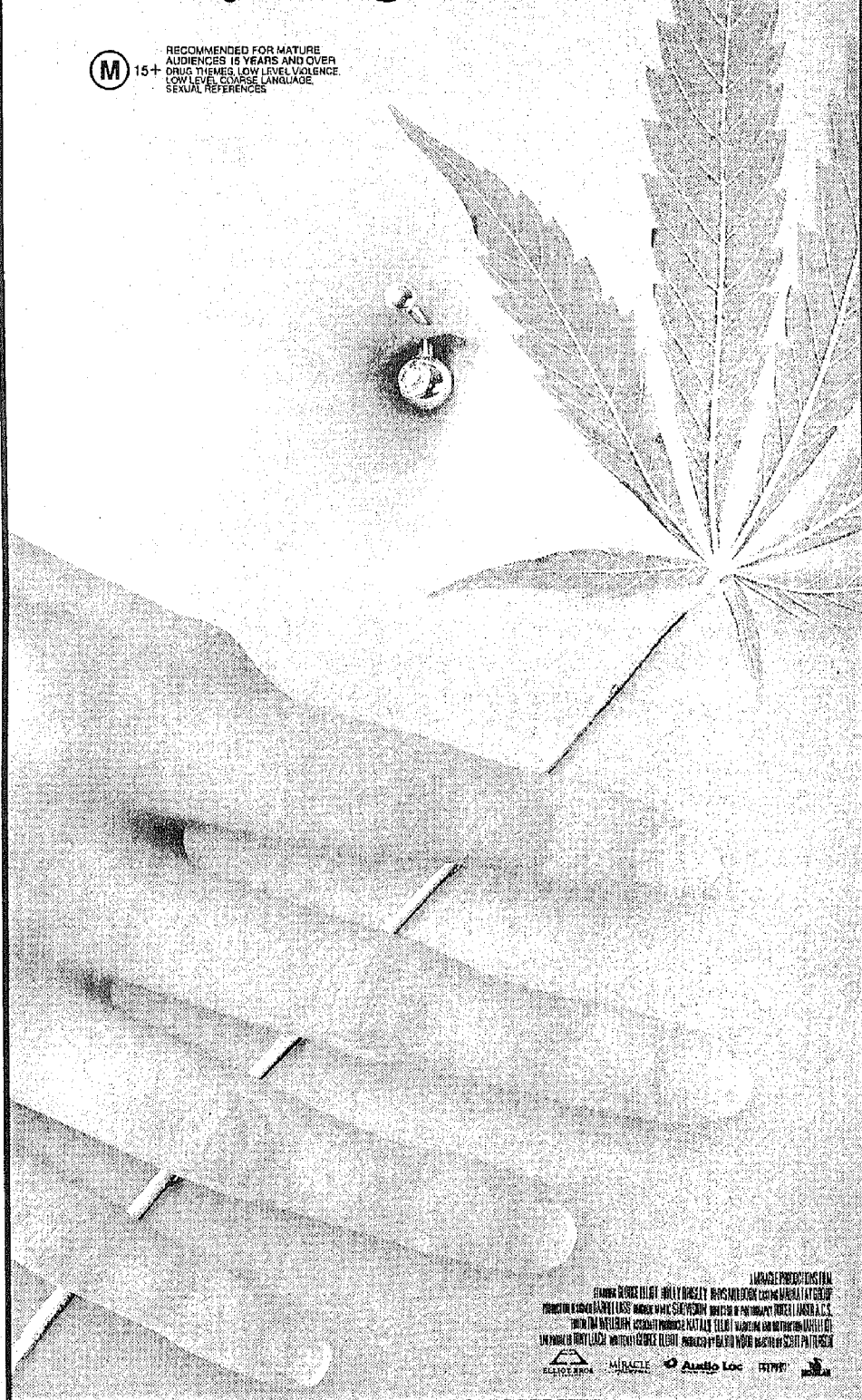
Beats me.

Womy

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IN CINEMAS AUGUST 19

There are worse things I could do. Than go with a boy or two. Rizzo

O, what a conception!

"Mum, can we go and visit my Dad one day?"
 "Well, your dad, um, well he lives very far away."
 "Oh... Mum, what's my Dad's name?"

Not your average bedtime conversation, but this is what my daughter asked me when I was putting her to bed tonight. How do you explain to a three year old that her dad lives on the other side of the world, and that she only came to be because of a careless one night stand?

I was 22 and on top of the world, I had quit my boring call centre job, got my final pay and bought an open-ended ticket to London. My life was going to change in a big way, if only I had known how!

The plan was to go and visit relatives, bum off them for a while, do the whole "Pleased to meet you, I'm your family from the other side of the globe" thing, and then set off on an indefinite working holiday around Europe.

And here's what happened - After 36 hours on several planes I was collected at the airport by a bevy of aunts, we went to the house of the one who lived closest. We had coffee and cakes and I was quizzed about what had happened in Oz during the last 22 years. Finally the last drop of coffee was drunk, the last crumb of cake eaten, and the last question asked (at least for a while). One by one my aunts left, and I began to relax.

About two nanoseconds after the last aunt had left the first cousin arrived. It took about five seconds of conversation before I was invited out for a drink that evening with my cousin, Dean*, and "the lads". Luckily I had enough time to shower and put on clean clothes before I was whisked away to the local.

"The lads" were just that, and it wasn't long before the amber liquid began to flow. My purse stayed closed, but my glass remained full, round after round I matched the lads, not wanting them to think Aussie girls can't hold their own. A disproportionate amount of the lads were lookers, and with accents like

theirs I wouldn't have cared if they weren't. They certainly had my attention, and it seemed I had the attention of one of them in particular.

After an unspecified time spent consuming alcohol we decided to call it a night. My cousin said I could crash at his place, and since his friend, Rob*, lived nearby we all shared a cab. Dean sat in the front, Rob and I sat in the back. We had been flirting with each other all night, in the darkness of the cab, with my cousin passed out in the front seat this quickly progressed to frenzied groping, kissing and fumbling. At Dean's house his wife came down the stairs and mentioned something about Rob having to be on his way and then said goodnight. But Rob didn't go on his way. I'd love to say that something wonderful happened between us, that I had the best sex of my life, but this isn't a fantasy. Something obviously did happen, but I was so drunk I can't remember.

The next morning I woke up with a sore head, and all of my clothes on, I hadn't even taken off my shoes. I sat there trying to un-fuzz my mind and remember what exactly had happened when the doorbell rang. My cousin's wife opened the door and led a woman into the living room "Hi, I'm Rob's fiancée, Chloe*," she said "you must be Dean's cousin from Australia, I've heard so much about you". After mumbling hello and hoping that my face was not the colour of a double-decker I excused myself to the bathroom.

"OK, it's ok, I didn't know" I kept telling myself, besides she didn't look like she wanted to skin me alive. Slightly more composed I returned to the living room where Dean's wife and Rob's fiancée were deep in "wedding talk". Nope, she definitely didn't look like she wanted to kill me, well maybe nothing happened after all, I thought.

Six weeks later I sat on the toilet watching two blue lines appear on the stick I had just peed on. OK, something definitely did happen, now what? My three year plan crashed to the ground. First things first I have to go home, I can't very well have a baby in a foreign country. And yes I was going to have the baby. I have always been, and always will be, pro-choice, but the minute those two blue lines appeared I knew there was only one choice for me.

Explaining to my relatives why I was cutting short my trip by two years and 11 months was tricky. Not wanting to start a scandal I invented an ex-boyfriend in Adelaide with whom I had had one last fling just before I left. Most of them bought it, Dean, his wife and his mum didn't. I told them the truth and after some convincing on their part I agreed to talk to Rob before I left, although I was pretty sure I knew what I would hear. Yeah right.

"So, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going home to have my baby"

"You know I'm getting married soon?"

"Yeah"

"I'm not telling my fiancée, she might find out one day, but I don't want to lose what I have now, so I'm not telling her"

"Fair enough"

"So will you be coming back?"

"Maybe one day when I can afford it"

"Hopefully it will be after I move to the States, then the kid will never be able to find me"

Charming.

A few days later I arrived, exhausted, back in Adelaide. Mum and Dad met me at the airport. I tried to gauge their mood, I had called from London and told them the news, but now we were face to face I didn't know what to say. Dad's never been much of a talker, he said it was my body and my life and it was up to me how I wanted to live it, and that was that. Mum was singing a different tune.

"Don't young people wear condoms these days?"

"What were you thinking?"

"What does the father think about this?"

"How are you going to support yourself?"

But that only lasted a few days, within a week of me coming home Mum started bringing home baby clothes, then she started planning the nursery.

Meanwhile I had grovelled my way back into my old job, but because I had quit before leaving I would be ineligible for maternity leave when the baby arrived.

Before I had left for my "extended holiday" I had gone on a health-kick, lost a stack of weight, and looked and felt the best I ever had since my pre-teen years. Unfortunately I am one of those women whose body responds to pregnancy by retaining weight and fluid, by the time I was 4 months pregnant I was coping with swollen ankles and swollen breasts. Even my face was puffer. At 6 months I began to lactate. There was no baby yet to feed so the milk just seeped out. Stuffing my bra with nursing pads became essential; if I ever forgot to bring spares I would usually end up with circles of milk on my shirt. Think underarm circles, only on your chest.

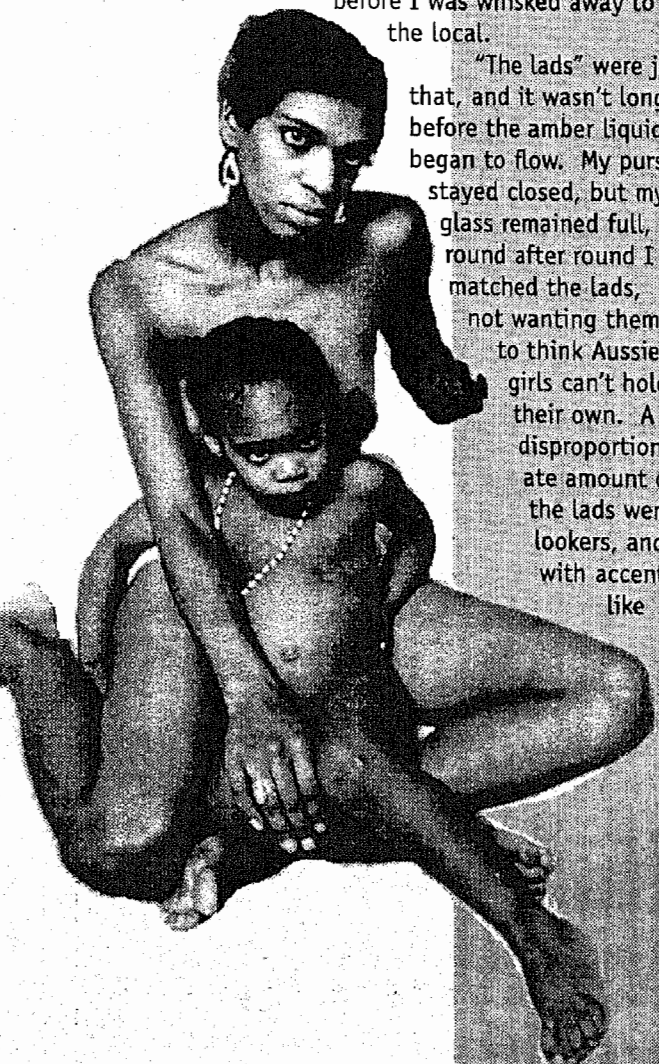
My sister asked to be my birth partner, and we went to birthing classes together. Surrounded by all the mums-and-dads-to-be I started to think about what life as a single parent would be like. How would I cope through those long sleepless nights. Who would hold me and tell me I was doing a good job, who would share the joys of parenthood with me?

It wasn't long before my due day was just a few weeks away. It seemed like it would never come at the time, I felt like I had lived through and eternity of heartburn, indigestion, being bloated, leaking, getting kicked, and general discomfort.

Two and a half weeks before I was "due" my water broke, there I was sitting down to dinner when suddenly I was sitting in a pool of womb-water. I waited anxiously for my first contraction, and waited, and waited. After a couple of hours waiting my dad took me to the Women's and Children's Hospital, they hooked me up, scanned me, prodded me, and examined me, but still nothing happened. I was told to go home and wait for the contractions to start, if they hadn't started in three days I was to come back to be induced.

So back home I went and continued waiting, and leaking, nobody had mentioned that your waters replenish and continue to leak out. Anyway, after three days and no contractions I returned to the WCH, I was checked in and brought to my birthing suite, I was hooked up to machines to monitor the baby and then I was induced. After an hour or so the contractions started, at first they felt like mild period pains, then like bad period pains, then like extremely bad cramps, then... Well then I asked for an epidural and the pain faded away into nothingness.

For 14 hours I lay around oblivious to the pain I



A baby? But I wanted a pony! - Clementine Ford

Or: getting pregnant on the first night of your holiday - a beginners guide...

should have been in, then the epidural wore off, and because I was at the "pushing" stage they couldn't refill it. OUCH.

Finally we were at the end of the ordeal, exhausted and scared I told my mum that I didn't want to be there anymore, I just wanted to go home. Mum, being the smart woman that she is, told me that wasn't possible. Actually mum was so supportive during my labour, she was with me the whole time. My sisters came and went, even my dad popped in for a while but mum was always by my side.

With a couple of excruciatingly painful pushes the head came out, from what I had been told in my birthing classes the rest was easy. Not for me. The baby had become stuck in the birth canal; her shoulders were stuck behind my pelvis, with the head out and nothing else happening my doctor started to worry. The baby was becoming distressed, it was becoming urgent. For her to survive she needed to be out. Two midwives held my legs while another midwife and my mum pushed on my abdomen, still nothing. After pushing for another few minutes and no progress my doctor decided that the only way to get her out was to pull her out. She reached in and grabbed the baby under her right arm and pulled as I pushed. Finally she was out.

While all this had been going on more doctors

and nurses had come into the room, the baby wasn't breathing and needed oxygen straight away, I didn't see her, but later mum told me the baby had been blue. After a couple of minutes I was given my baby to hold, exhausted physically and emotionally, I looked for the first time at my daughter and instantly fell in love. Because of the complications my baby needed to go to the ICU to be monitored, I kissed her and told her I loved her.

Every day I kiss my daughter and tell her I love her. I always knew she would ask me about her dad I just never thought it would be so soon. My daughter is surrounded by people who love her. My family has been a pillar of support for me and my daughter. I could not imagine life without her, and would give my own life to save hers. And yet there is something missing from her life, something she will no doubt always wonder about. Why did her father not want to be a part of her life? Will she ever get to meet him and ask him why? Apparently not, if he gets his way.

Mummy loves you Kalinda!

(* - Names have been changed to protect the innocent and the not-so-innocent).

Danna Cooke



Women's Issues

Governments don't really deal with them, do they? I had started to become very dismayed and pessimistic about what proactive steps our two governments, both State and Federal, were actually taking to create equality between genders. I am not talking about 'equality' where women become supreme, which is the image that seems to be conjured up in some men's minds when I mention this topic. No, I am talking about 50/50 equality, something that society as a whole should regard as an essential element of all aspects of life.

This dismay was somewhat lifted today when I opened *The Advertiser* to page 10 and saw an article entitled "Parity bid for women on boards". South Australian Labor Premier Mike Rann's latest focus is on the female arena. With help from the Status of Women Minister, Steph Key, the South Australian Labor Government last night released its *Women's Directory*. Labor

has set its sights on some new targets, which not only focus on increasing the number of women on Government boards, but see these boards having equal gender ratios. A mentoring booklet has also been compiled with the assistance of business and professional women to assist younger women such as ourselves to reach our fullest potential.

Minister Key believes that "Providing training and support to women with the potential to be appointed to boards is an integral part of this strategy." I think that this is an extremely promising step, and one that I plan to take advantage of in the coming years. Congratulations Labor, finally a small step in the right direction. Ranny, you're still a long way from getting there, but you are looking more and more like a pro-feminist every day!

Jess Cronin

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I don't have the time every day to put on makeup. I need that time to clean my rifle.

Henriette Mantel

TRUE CONFESIONS of a cybertronic geek girl

Some people use the net to email and occasionally look up their horoscope. Some use it exclusively for work or study. Others still twitch when you talk about 'going online' and start muttering 'technology...end of civilisation...what's wrong with writing letters...grrrr...(twitch, twitch)...@#%^^' etc. Then there are those of us who love the internet. Who use it for practical, financial, recreational and educational purposes. Who are glad to be a part of an age where you don't have to talk to someone who wishes you a 'nice day' and feels the need (due to some completely crap PR course) to make you feel like a precious and valued human being just for depositing a cheque. I am an internet junkie and I'm comfortable with that!

My internet addiction has got me thinking about the growing phenomena of women's websites. This is a field that until I needed to research this article, I had no experience with. I just wasn't sure if my surfing habits could encompass endless debates on how to catch a man, have multiple orgasms, J.Lo's marriages, the accuracy of the Chinese horoscope or how to utilise false eyelashes and chicken fillets whilst trying to achieve a natural look. After all, my doctor and hairdresser supply me with a regular dose of 3 year old Cosmo's that keep me as up to date on those issues as I care to be.

I started by typing 'women' in to Google. It brought up a list of sites such as www.women.com and www.handbag.com that are like women's magazines online (incidentally the same search yields a bunch of "Sponsored Sites", half of which were porn). There are also a series of 'specialist' sites like www.militarywomen.org & www.workingmother.com that are a more content heavy, though somewhat dry if you're not a part of that particular set. Then there are the big ones, Cosmo's homepage ('black is the new black', what the #\$\$%^????), Australian Women's Weekly homepage (too many recipes, not enough decoupage for my liking) and the biggest of them all www.oprah.com. Oprah.com is the online home of Oprah Winfrey (you've heard of her) and is a Mecca for all things 'O' and consequentially of Western Feminine Ideals as defined by Mississippi's most famous daughter.

Needless to say these sites are irritating in the extreme! I found myself wanting there to be more crap celeb gossip, beauty tips and horoscopes, as any attempt by these sites to deal with serious issues were either completely vacuous (Cosmo), dealt solely with 'battlers' or the Royals (AWW) or were sentimental and self righteous (Oprah). It's sad to say, but the fluffy pieces on these sites were far more useful/entertaining/relevant/nausea-free than their serious



Doris turned to her trusty PX-20 for all her fashion needs.

counterparts.

So what to do if you're online and fancy a bit of feminine FAQ? All I can say is HUNT!!! Some days I want to know how to wear kitten heels with camouflage pants or who's sleeping with Paris Hilton. Other days I really need to take the piss out that crap, so for those days I recommend my new favourite site: www.happywomanmagazine.com.

Anais Chevalier

took slight umbridge at being labelled a cybertronic geek girl. She remains as such.



Katrin Thomas

F E M M O S O N T H E W E B

A selective and subjective guide to feminist ezines

www.feminist.com - high quality, production values etc. acts as a data base including resources, links, coming events (US focus of course) news and current affairs and an 'Ask Amy' page where you can ask Amy Richards about anything to do with feminism from 'I'm a guy and I think women should be equal but don't all feminists hate me?' to 'Should I dress my son as a girl sometimes so that he can learn what its like for a girl?' - I'm not joking.

www.webgrrl.com - this site is excellent if you have any aspirations to run your own website. It includes on-line tutorials, career tips, mentoring and forums that I'm assuming would be helpful if you aren't the type of lass that says 'I know how to use a website, but not how it works' - like me.

www.geekgirl.com.au - this is the only Australia based feminist ezine I could find. I'm not saying that it is the only one, simply that in the 2-3 hours over a couple of days that I spent looking specifically for feminist ezines, this was the only Aussie one that cropped up. It's also sadly average.

www.blitchmagazine.com - a feminist response to pop culture with great articles, forums and features such as 'the (s)hitlist' - stuff we love - and love to hate'. My favourite 'serious' fem-ezine.

www.happywomanmagazine.com - articles such as 'supermodels help you choose your religion' and 'build your own piano' let you know that you're in the land of parody. Pure gold, I wish I'd found it sooner.

Anais Chevalier

Women have been taught that, for us, the earth is flat, and that if we venture out, we will fall off the edge. - Anonymous

Will the real Women's Officer please stand up?

What on this earth would bring chauvinists and feminists on the same side for one day, both calling for hypothetical blood? Since taking to the page earlier this year, Kellie Armstrong-Smith has been at the front of On Dit controversy with articles such as 'Penis Cancels Women's Only Popeye Cruise', 'Peter Costello: Ripped off Hitler?' and 'Young Women and the Poverty of Apathy.' Branded 'naïve' 'delightfully controversial' and 'rambling,' her articles have caused more emotional responses than any other contributor. But with such a public profile in an area of politics consistently under scrutiny and attack, personal opinions and honesty can get lost somewhere along the way. Our investigative reporter Simone LeFevre asked some candid questions to see what life is really like for this self-declared feminist, and whether she ever did get that beer to go from the Angry White Male.

SF: Kellie, thanks for being here. As far as I've heard, your reputation began when you wrote an article about a boy's penis. Was this an unusual topic to write about as a Women's Officer?

KAS: Hi Simone, it's good to be here. I did write about a boy's penis. This was after much deliberation on my part. I had nothing to say, I was staring out the window, the weather was kind of lousy, and then I thought, you know what? I was really pissed off that I didn't get a chance to go on the Women's Only Popeye Cruise. I've never gone on one you see – first year I was too insecure, second year I was in Korea – so I was really looking forward to it. But because one drunken boy pulled his cock out of his pants and literally wangled it in front of the police, because he was having fun being drunk at 1 in the afternoon while girls like me were patiently waiting for a turn on the popeye, because of his actions the whole thing was cancelled. I saw the injustice of the situation but I thought, now if I write an accusatory or angry column then I'll be branded an 'angry feminist,' so how can I express my situation without getting people's hair up, without bringing on the old clichés?

SF: But you still got people's hair up, apparently.

KAS: Yeah! I thought the article was quite funny personally, and many girls commented on it that way, but I remember a young Liberal coming into my office and saying 'That was a bit nasty of you, Kellie.' 'Why, thank you,' I said back to him. I have written serious, non-confrontational, well-cited articles, but nobody ever reads these. Nobody ever responds to the PC articles, the proper articles. So what the hell am I to do if nobody reads anything I write for the Women's Department? I can't think of anything worse. And Adelaide students have shown me time and time again that they only seem to like controversy, they only pay attention to controversy, they never listen or notice or care when you're sincere, or honest, or serious.

SF: So they only notice the 'risky' articles, the

'full on' topics?

KAS: Yeah. I mean, I am a nice, normal person most of the time, but I've always been very strong in my writing, in terms of bringing a bit of an edge with me to the topic in question, and often I can go quite far. And of course, bringing my style of writing to such a topic as gender wars and feminism and women and men – it can all get easily out of hand. I think that the combination is a potent one.

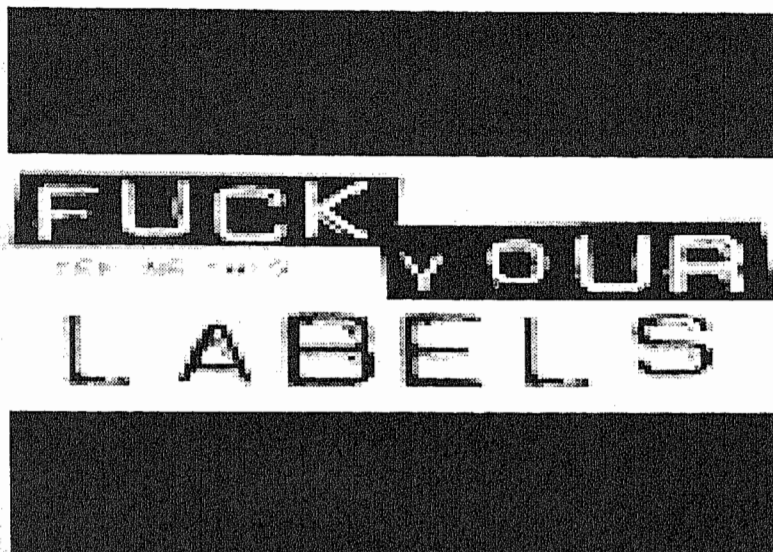
SF: The responses you've gotten have been quite vicious. Why haven't you ever written back in the same way to your critics? Have you ever felt the need to justify yourself?

KAS: Well Simone, firstly, certain letters I've received have been quite over the top. It annoys me that they are so poorly structured – for example, they'll never look directly at the topic I am raising, they'll always go for the straw-man and throw names at me and try to create this image that I'm psychotic or incompetent or dangerous, but whilst I would say that way of attacking somebody is easy, it's also very lazy. Secondly, I have wanted to write back many times to certain critics, but I have always believed that you never respond to critics. I study media and I don't like drawn out, pathetic self-explanations and sob stories. I think my critics have a right to say what they want and I shut up – I think it's the way of the game. That being said, I also feel that these people who have responded have complimented me in that they have read my articles, they have gotten fired up and they have bothered to respond. That's more than I can say for the people who might agree with me but never say a word. I appreciate the critics much more because of that!

SF: Do you think that campus life, campus reactions to feminism and women's issues, are indicative of the rest of the country's attitudes?

KAS: That's a hard question, but a good one. I think Adelaide is a conservative campus. I think that definitely the attitude towards feminism in this country is, on the whole, a negative and shallow attitude. And what really bugs me are not neces-

sarily the men who stand up on the footy show or Jay Leno show and bag women, what really offends me are the numerous women who shut up about feminism, the women in their suits and their make-up who refuse to concur with the reality, the facts, and that is that women are still not equal to men in this Australian society, and it's only getting worse. The hordes of Margaret Thatchers – they bug me. It's like women's issues are silently waiting underground, and these absurd women who don't care and don't realise what is happening, who don't realise what they're going to face when they're 50 yrs old and ageing and ready to retire, its these women that will only be beset by more hidden, secretive, uninvestigated issues. That's



"...certain letters I've received have been quite over the top. It annoys me that they are so poorly structured – for example, they'll never look directly at the topic I am raising, they'll always go for the straw-man and throw names at me and try to create this image that I'm psychotic or incompetent or dangerous, but whilst I would say that way of attacking somebody is easy, it's also very lazy."

what 'The Poverty of Apathy' was all about. And all the while men are getting richer, dating even younger girls, having the life. But Adelaide campus is quite conservative, and it's been extremely difficult to talk about anything feminist with the majority of women. You can tell them again and again what the stats say, what the future holds for them – but they don't seem to care, they don't seem to feel it's safe to care. Either that or I've failed miserably in my job!

SF: So feminism is doomed?

KAS: Of course not. It's a movement; it has its conservatives, its liberals, it has its use by date and then it has to change, it comes into fashion, it goes out even quicker, but all the while, the real ostensible issue it is dealing with is a history of one half of the human race, and that's never, ever going to go away, it's like saying well, is one half of the human race relevant, should we talk about it? Of course! And that's what feminism, in my opinion, is doing. Whether it will continue in its current form, or change completely – history tells us that every movement has to evolve with the times.

SF: Kellie, do you hate men? Are you a 'man hater'?

KAS: Is that a joke? I love men. I couldn't imagine life without them. I've always gotten on well with blokes, from a young age. I was one of three girls in a class of 27 boys, and you sort of become one of them with that ratio!

SF: What would be the one message you would want Adelaide female students to think about, assuming they would listen?

KAS: Take what you can in life, believe in yourself, believe in your dreams, you can do it, you can! But don't you dare pull the wool over your eyes, or it'll come back to bite you in the face, and it will *hurr!*

SF: Kellie, thanks for your time.

KAS: Keep it in peace, sister. Adios.

Thanks to Simone Lefevre for her interview with Kellie. If you have any questions, or wish to press Kellie on her politics further, she would be more than happy to sit down and have a beer and a chat with you. You can find her in the SAUA or being harassed in the pages of On Dit.

Men are taught to apologise for their weaknesses, women for their strengths. - Lois Wyse

Men's Officer? Get Fucked!

I was out drinking with some friends one night and joining us was a male I know who is a friend of one of my friends but not exactly a friend of mine, (I shall call him Harold). As we were both well acquainted with the SAUA, a conversation about upcoming SAUA elections took place and resulted in Harold claiming, "I would win president if I campaigned on getting a men's officer into the SAUA."

An argument ensued with various justifications thrown around such as, "There are more women in the SAUA than men, with women in the top positions", from him, and "There are lots of men's groups on campus, like the Alumni Board, the staff club and the Faculty of Engineering, Computer and Mathematical Sciences", from me. What really upset me was the fact that two of my friends, both from an all girls school and generally well versed in political issues, agreed with the concept of having a men's officer.

So why do many women and men think it's acceptable to have a men's officer in a student organisation? Do they think that men are marginalised in our society by virtue of being men?

As an NUS women's officer once stated: "You don't treat all groups equally to get equity; you treat disadvantaged groups with more resources to achieve

equity". Women can be defined as a disadvantaged group as they continue to have less access to jobs, a higher probability of being victims of sexual violence and the burden of carrying out most unpaid work in the home. Also, 96% of all violence is against women, which remains true both on and off campus. By this measure men cannot be regarded as a disadvantaged group - they have more opportunities to be in high paid employment, feel safe from harm and not clean up after themselves. Men don't need more resources so they can build upon these existing opportunities.

To justify the useless of a men's officer, a senior student representative asked, when hearing of my argument with Harold, "What would they actually do?" A very good question indeed, just what would a men's officer do?

In the University of Tasmania Union they have a men's officer and the job description is as follows:

The Men's Officer shall call and chair meetings of the inclusive Men's Committee and co-ordinate the activities of the Committee and its members. Investigate and campaign upon all matters affecting male students' welfare and general issues of concern on campus, and provide referral and act as an advocate for male students on mental and physical health issues. Liaise with the Women's, Welfare, Sexuality Officers on sexual health campaigns. Assist in the development of initiatives with the goal of promoting equity, and ending sexual discrimination and prejudice. Attends and report to SRC meetings.

So a men's officer is supposed to deal with mental and physical health issues of men? There are psychologists and general practitioners for that. Professionals like the AUU Education and Welfare officers, who are readily available to speak to students about any personal issues that can affect their university study, can deal with general welfare issues for men. Ending sexual discrimination and prejudice? That's funny, I thought that was the role of a women's officer! This suggests that men face discrimination and prejudice by virtue of being men. They could be oppressed because of their race, sexuality, religion or class - but certainly not I guess women must oppress men when we top engineering, hold more positions in a small campus organisation, provide the contraception, clean the office, worry about our weight, or speak out if we are feeling harassed. Certainly signs that feminism has gone too far! Stop the discrimination of men! Dishwashing for all!

Ultimately it is women, not men, who are under represented in society on a social, political and economic level and this is why a representative who exists solely to represent men is completely unnecessary. More pointedly put by Kellie Armstrong-Smith, "Why don't we have a female Pope you wanker?"

Alice Campbell

SAUA Office Bearers

Alice Campbell President

Hi everyone,

This week the SAUA is launching a campaign called "Resource Issues", dealing with the lack of resources provided for students across all departments and faculties, which seriously affects their ability to learn. Students are consistently facing overcrowded two hour seminars to replace their smaller tutorials, an increase in the costs of ancillary fees and less contact hours to meet with their tutors. All this comes down to a lack of resources being provided to the university and the SAUA is looking for your input on the matter. As the university is going through its budgetary process and ways to distribute its funding, now is the time to respond! Watch out for more information across campus all this week.

On a slightly related note, I will once again remind students to ENROL TO VOTE for the upcoming federal election, if you haven't already done so. I can't stress the importance of this enough and voting is so much fun! Watch out for the NUS campaign on this matter in the form of posters all around campus.

Finally, this Friday 20th August, there will be a federal election forum in the North South Dining Room, 4th Floor Union House at 5:30pm. Come see representatives from the ALP, Libs, Democrats and Green speak about issues for young people with Lehma as MC. This is brought to you by U Who - the youth unions network, The Young Christian Workers and the SAUA.

Cheers,
Alice



Aurelia Stapleton Education Vice-President

BUSK FOR YOUR HECS
Friday afternoon August 27 Rundle Mall
Join your fellow students in highlighting the problems of increasing student debt.
Sign up now at the Students' Association (ground floor Lady Symon) to do a short act/skit/song/dance/rant etc...
Any queries or comments email:
aurelia.stapleton@adelaide.edu.au

Or call me at the SAUA 8303 5406

Artist's impression
of a possible
future Men's Officer.



*I do not wish them to have power over men, but
over themselves. - Mary Wollstonecraft*

VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN:

AUSTRALIA SAYS "NO, YOU LYING WHORES"

What were you doing in the last week of the July holidays? If you're anything like me, you vomited your internal organs in the gutters of Adelaide, dumped an emotional fuckwit (thank you Bridget Jones for that all-encompassing term) and took supplementary exams because, unfortunately, your tutor was female and thus you could not exchange sexual favours for a Pass 1. However, if you were my friend Carmel, you were testifying at the trial of your rapist.

DO NOT STOP READING BECAUSE I HAVE USED THE 'R' WORD.

This is not some hairy-legged feminist rant about how all men are rapists, because they aren't. This is an honest and heartfelt account, one that both genders should read, ESPECIALLY men, so they can at least claim to have heard a female side.

That week was the same week that a SANFL football player was tried and acquitted for raping a girl on her 22nd birthday. It was his buck's night and he allegedly raped her, then complained to his friends that the 'crazy bitch' was crying and hyperventilating. In that week another man was convicted of rape and sentenced to – wait for it – 12 months home detention. In some states in America, rape is a capital offence that can get the rapist the death penalty. In Australia, you get sent to your room for a year.

Carmel was out on the piss one night with her girlfriends. She and her friend, Sally, got talking to a couple of guys who bought them drinks. They went to the boys' place where there was supposed to be another party. They both passed out, after only having two or three drinks. Draw your own conclusions. Sally woke and promptly vomited in the bushes. Carmel woke and found a bloke on top of her, raping her.

When it went to trial it was basically his word against hers. The defence case was that Carmel had gone back to the boys' place for a threesome, ended up fucking this guy instead, then felt ashamed and decided to invent a rape story.

The police told Carmel that of the estimated rapes in Australia, only twenty percent get reported. Of that twenty percent, only two percent go to trial because the alleged victims usually back out. Of my close circle of friends, I know three girls who lost their virginity to rape and felt too ashamed and scared to go to the police. Knowing this and knowing Carmel, who willingly divulges sex stories without the slightest notion of guilt or insecurity, I know what happened that night.

Unfortunately, the jury didn't know Carmel and it ended with a hung jury. Carmel now has to decide if she wants to go through with it all over again.

Rape and sexual abuse are awkward, huh? When I see it in movies I get edgy and don't know how to respond. And rape doesn't just happen to lily-white virgins in dimly lit alleyways.

Rape and sportsmen have been a huge topic this year, from the Canterbury Bulldogs and that swimming pool to the Brisbane Lions and that London hotel room. Other women declared that *those* women must have been lying. A few years ago when the ATSC chairman was accused of allegedly raping a number of

women, the self-proclaimed feminist supreme court justice, Pat O'Shane publicly said "women lie". Yeah, women do lie. But why the fuck would so many women lie? It's just not credible. Being thought a sexual abuse or rape victim is not nearly as fun as sleeping with David Beckham; of all the lies you could, rape is not the funnest.

Sexual abuse is fucking life-altering.

When I was in Primary School my best friend at the time took me into a toilet cubicle, stripped my clothes off and proceeded to touch me in ways that a five year old girl doesn't want to be touched. She came out with classic lines like 'I thought you wanted to' and 'I just want to show you how much I care'. When I grew older, my mother told me that as a result of this incident, my friend's parents were investigated and it turned out her mother was making her participate in sex acts with her step-father. She'd learnt those lines from someone else. The incident was discovered by a teacher, who walked into the girl's toilets. She was obviously embarrassed at finding two naked little girls in the bathroom and proceeded to yell at us both for being dirty and disgusting. The shame that accompanies most sexual abuse was further compounded by that witch.

However, by the age of five, I was already a dab hand at sexual abuse. At kindergarten, a young male supervisor had taken me behind the play equipment... I so much wanted to write a blatantly honest expose on the nature of sexual abuse, but as I sit here, staring at my computer screen, I've had a complete adrenalin rush. My mouth has gone dry, my heart is pounding and my fingers feel paralysed when trying to type what he did to me. So you'll have to fill in the blanks.

Those two incidents have hugely impacted my attitude to sex and relationships. I associate sex with pain. My early, voluntary ventures into sexual experience were accompanied with a sense of dread and shame. And virginity was not something I lost (lost...isn't that the dumbest term in the world...it's not like you misplace it or anything). It was stolen from me before I even knew what it was.

The worst thing is the perception of sexual abuse victims. They either become pity-worthy martyrs or prostitutes. I refuse to be ashamed of what happened to me. And I refuse to let it stop me from enjoying sex. So Carmel, I want you to know that I think it's so brave that you've gone this far. And I know what happened that night. I wish it hadn't happened to you, but I know you're strong and I know you'll survive it. Even if they try to paint you as a promiscuous liar and even if he doesn't go to gaol, you'll survive it. Because truth isn't something that can be warped by injustice and another's sin cannot destroy beauty like yours.

And to all those people who say *those* women lie; remember that some of them don't.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey



I became a Feminist as an alternative to becoming a Masochist. - Sally Kempton

DAUGHTERS OF DIVORCE

**COMING TO A
DESTRUCTIVE
RELATIONSHIP
NEAR YOU!**

So i breathed in and called my father. Same awkward greeting, same sheepish avoidance of intimacy and me getting emotional again - same old cycle that i masochistically subject myself to when i feel that i haven't cried enough lately. You'd think i'd be over getting hurt by the bastard after ten years of rejection, but he still is able to trigger off a childish tirade of "you don't love me", "why don't you try harder" and "but i'm your daughter" like he did when i was into Ace of Base and leggings. After i hung up, i was an emotional mess. Reason fucked off for an hour, and so i found myself helpless, questioning why daddy didn't care and why i was unlovable, when i should have asked myself why i would allow my father to disable me in such a way and why i would continue to blame myself rather than him for all the years where his biggest contribution to my life was a bottle of french perfume and a token two-hour dinner at Christmas.

My story is hardly uncommon - i'm one of a growing number of heterosexual daughters of divorce (DOD) who have big men issues. As our identities were formed without the presence of a father, some of us struggle to identify with men. Many of us have idealized what a father figure should be and love to spend time with our friends' fathers. As we have little experience of what men should be like or how men should treat women, we look to images of men presented in society. What do we see? Gorgeous, powerful, unemotional heroes presented in our media. They always get the girl (or the girl always gets him). How do the girls get these Alpha male types? They manipulate, and wheedle, they

are so god-damn sexy that the Hero just couldn't resist their way of mixing good-looks and seeming submission. Bad message to girls trying to work out how to relate to men.

DOD will meet other men in reality and hopefully relationships based on equality will override the contradictory messages they get in the media, but a lot of DOD will want to be liked by men, preferably all men, to make up for Daddy's premature departure. Through being liked by men, DOD will prove that they are desirable and thus many seek validation from others, and not themselves.

We may be strong, successful and intelligent, and yet so many of us are doomed to recreate this taste for rejection and abandonment in our personal relationships. We had no daddy - that made us sad - solution: find Daddy substitute. Now, i'm not saying that i find my father sexually attractive (thanks Mr Freud), or that i'm searching for a slightly balding middle-aged litigator, but my heart races when i meet a challenging man with hyper masculine qualities.

The problem with the substitute scenario is that many of our fathers were dismissive and abusive, so looking for a substitute male is likely to lead some DOD to attract the wrong types who will confirm their beliefs that they are essentially unlovable or worthless. It's a really sad self-confirming phenomena that i am seeing arise in so many of my friends' lives, as well as my own. Nice guys don't finish last - at least - they shouldn't - but for so many girls i know, they just don't have an appeal (however some DOD will clutch like baby rabbits

to the nurturing and protection on offer from the sweet, doting types. This often ends in complete dependence). Sweet guys are lovely, they offer safety and security, but nothing turns my womb like a haughty laugh or a strategically raised eyebrow. This is my personal tragedy, however. I've rejected guys who seemed to be kind and committed and yet found myself fatally attracted to arrogant men who look like they could take off at any moment. After, when they're gone, and my feelings are hurt, i feel the pain and feelings of rejection that i originally felt with my father. The same questions come to mind - could i have done anything to make them love me, was i not desirable enough?

I know satisfying relationships are one's based on mutual respect. I believe that dismissive treatment of women by men is inexcusable and that men who treat women badly hide so much fear. I champion for women's self-empowerment and yet i get caught in this tragic victim cycle where i effectively give my power away. It scares me to think that there are other women out there in the same self-destructive cycle, though I know that there are many happy, well-adjusted daughters of divorce out there. But then, with divorce rates skyrocketing and more DOD spreading across society, are we at risk of having a generation of women who seek confirmation of their identities from men? The thought is tragic. I hate to think of it, so I clutch onto this year's perfume (Romance by Ralph Lauren) and think of Daddy.

Baba

Family: A social unit where the father is concerned with parking space, the children with outer space, and the mother with closet space - Evan Esar

Student Radio 101.5fm

Please allow us to introduce to you the lovely ladies appearing on student radio 101.5fm.



Tantalising Trish on *It's Not Dead Air...It's a Dramatic Pause*
- Next Monday at 10pm

Raunchy Regan from *Rebourne* on Sunday
- Next Saturday at Midnight



To hear the sensual stylings of these gorgeous gals listen in to Student Radio on Radio Adelaide 101.5fm every Monday, Tuesday and Saturday night from 9pm.

Handsome Hannah from *Transmission*
- This Saturday at 10pm

'Jugs' Julia from *Being Followed Home*
- Next Saturday at 10pm



Beautiful Belle and Sassy Sarah on *You Talk Way Too Much*
- This Monday at Midnight

Darling Dan Murphy from *Radio Mime*
- Next Saturday at 11pm



Remember to listen to the dashing lads from

Enemy Of?

On *Local Noise* at 9pm this Tuesday to hear them play live from Radio Adelaide headquarters.



You can also watch their set on C31 on Sunday at 10pm.
You'd be a fool to miss it! Ta Ta

LIVING CULTURE:

White women working in collaboration with Indigenous women

Speech presented by Dr Zohl dé Ishtar at National Organisation of Women Students of Australia National Conference, July 2004.

Acknowledging the diversity of cultures in this room, I request that those of you who are Indigenous abide with me as my address is directed primarily to those participants who are Other-than-Indigenous.

Judy Atkinson, the Director of the Gnibi College, has encouraged me to speak to you today about my experiences as a White woman (Kartiya) living and researching with the Balgo women. This is a huge issue, and not one which I can do justice within the time available.

For now I want to put out a call for White women wanting to work in collaboration with Indigenous women and Indigenous communities to seek out and develop ways of forging a Common Language (collaborations and partnerships) with Indigenous peoples that advance their (Indigenous) aspirations for cultural renewal and maintenance.

It is imperative that Whitefella women working and researching with Indigenous host communities learn how to further their creative cultural initiatives which empower Living Culture. (And here I use capital letters - Living Culture.)

Living Culture is the amorphous, unassailable cultural force which is created when people - bound together by kinship and homelands - experience the fullest expression of their connectedness with the cosmology of their ancestors - with the Tjukurrpa (Dreaming). The Laws of the universe.

Living Culture is so essential to the vitality of the soul that a culture can only be said to be "alive to the extent that cultural energy is generated and maintained" (Kleymeyer, 1994a:32). Living Culture stirs people's imaginations and makes them "capable of going to the edge of their dreams and beyond" (Kleymeyer, 1994b:200). It provides the "motivation, cohesion and persistence" (Kleymeyer, 1994a:32) which inspires people to transform their world even when to do so seems impossible. Living Culture gives rise to a courageous daring, a spirited determination, for cultural survival. It generates cultural resistance and the determination to maintain cultural integrity. And wherever it is present it taps a source of power within the souls of "cultural activists" which encourages and empowers them to persevere against and to withstand the volley of obstacles which has been set against their peoples through long years of colonisation.

This potent force lives within the spirit of the Kapululangu women elders who, in 1999, asked me to assist them in establishing a women's organisation for their community. They were concerned about trauma being experienced and expressed by their families. They believed that their people were "losing" their culture. They wanted to teach their cultural knowledge to their grandchildren, to "grow 'em up right". They know that this knowledge is vital to their peoples' survival.

The women's project was extremely successful. We established a women's centre, a Tjilimi (traditional women's camp) where we lived together - 13 women elders, 11 dogs and myself in a one room tin shed for two years. Located on the Women's Law Ground outside the township, this gynocentric space enabled the elders to enjoy their customary practices and increase their rituals celebrating women's Law, or Yawulyu.

The Tjilimi became the cultural hub of women's creative energy and this enabled the elders to fulfil their obligations and duties as teachers, guardians, healers, providers and protectors, chief mourners and Law women of their people. It was the constant locale of ritual dancing and song, of healing and ceremony. We also travelled along Dreaming Tracks performing rituals at the sites of their conception.

With their opportunities to connect with the Tjukurrpa increased, the elders' eagerness to practice Yawulyu - women's Law - was rejuvenated and this, in turn, inspired the full force of their Living Culture.

The elders then turned this generative force to the benefit of their families, particularly their youth and grandchildren. We developed and ran an inter-generational knowledge transmission program consisting of cultural classes and workshops for girls and young women at the Tjilimi, participation in hunting and rituals for young women, and cultural camps for girls and boys where the elders (women and men) taught them how to live with the desert. We went on tours to other Indigenous communities, and even travelled to Hawaii and Canada to "share" culture with other Indigenous peoples.

In addition to providing this inspirational place of learning for women and girls (including for the elders themselves), the elders also encouraged and supported the male elders in their tutelage of young men and boys, provided a safe refuge for women and children, an age care facility (two of the women were aged over 90, and we also provided respite care for two women said to be aged over 100 years), and a place of healing where people (women and men) came to seek the skills of the women *tjarrtjurra* (traditional doctors).

As this Indigenous-instigated and -led project developed, the elders witnessed their grand-daughters becoming increasingly interested in their stories and memories, and in learning how to dance and hunt - and this gave them (the elders) an immense sense of achievement. As they passed on their customs and philosophies, the elders saw the young girls taking pride in their identity, and this in turn stirred the elders' enthusiasm and ambition. They became inspired role-models for other women (and for men) in the maintenance of their cultural heritage.

As the impetus to practice and enjoy their customs increased so concomitantly did the strength of their Living Culture. The cycle, once promulgated, was repeating itself and strengthening with each turn. The project flourished.

The role of ritual and ceremonial expression in this evolution of Living Culture cannot be too highly stressed. By living in the Tjilimi and making ritual part of their everyday living, and the everyday part of their sacralised lives, the elders ensured that they lived in direct communication with and in total consciousness of their relatedness with the Tjukurrpa.

Ritual practice in all its multi-dimensional effervescence - its song, its dancing, its stories, its body-painting - is the expression of the human soul as it experiences life. It binds the human with the earth and provides a

synaesthetic pathway to relationship with the cosmic whole - the Tjukurrpa.

The importance of Law and Culture Centres - *tjilimi* and *yampirri*, the male alternative - to the maintenance of Indigenous cultural integrity cannot be overstated. This need for gendered cultural spaces was identified in 1999 by the *Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Women's Task Force on Violence* which called for "special places, including separate women's and men's centres" to be established for "the revival of culture and healing" through running "cultural re-integration programs" that can "help to redefine cultural identity" (Robertson, 1999: 235, also Atkinson, 2002).

My question, then, is how can Whitefella women participate with Indigenous communities in projects which advance their cultural aspirations?

The answer is simple, the means of attaining it difficult.

If our projects are to benefit Indigenous peoples it is essential that we find ways of recognising and honouring the Living Culture of our hosts.

This means devising and planning and acting and doing which validate Indigenous ways of being and systems of knowledge. Recognising that Indigenous peoples have "their own effective 'science' and resource use practices", their own "knowledge and management systems" (Sillitoe, 1998; Sillitoe *et al.*, 2001), we need to work intimately with them to find practices, methods and strategies which centralise their ways of communicating and imagining.

We can achieve this through engaging with Indigenous processes. It is necessary for those of us who are Other-than-Indigenous to find ways of tapping into the indomitable cultural spirit of our instigating hosts. We need to develop ways of navigating two divergent cultures, two ways of knowing and of being.

This process must be overseen by - indeed it can only be achieved under the direction of - the elders for it is nothing less than an attempt to engage in a symbiotic relationship between one's self and the host culture, between one's self and the lands and cosmology of our Indigenous hosts.

I am not talking of melding with, of

appropriating oneself into, the culture of another peoples. Not only is this ethically abhorrent, it is impossible: humans are not chameleons (Freedman, 1986:357) - we do not leave behind our selves when we enter the field. We are not *tabula rasa* (clean slates/empty heads) waiting to be filled (Briggs, 1986:25).

For me to respect the elders' Living Culture I first had to recognise it. This meant that I had to slow down, move outside my Kartiya (Whitefella) mindset and learn to be with the elders and the desert - on their terms, in their ways. This meant developing a process of learning which was based on Relationship (my connection with the elders and their ancestral lands), Feminist Phenomenology (learning through the body), and Indigenous Self-Determination (a commitment to facilitating immediate, concrete outcomes which benefit the host community - in this case the Kapululangu Women's Law and Culture Centre).

I can be contacted through PO Box 172, Annandale, NSW 2038. or deishtar@bigpond.com if anyone wants to contact me for further speaking events or if they want to contribute financially to the Balgo women's culture work.

We established a women's centre, a Tjilimi (traditional women's camp) where we lived together - 13 women elders, 11 dogs and myself in a one room tin shed for two years.

For most of history, Anonymous was a woman. - Virginia Woolf

An Ode to the Women's Magazine

I am currently having a love/hate relationship with that glossy, alluring, advertisement infested, magical medium called the women's magazine. Who can resist the urge to flip through the pages of a bright, colorful, glossy magazine while they are waiting in the checkout? Who can resist those beautiful celebrities that look out at you from the shelves, beckoning you to come closer and take a look at the special information on offer? While this little gem may not have all the answers to the mysteries of life such as, 'Do aliens really exist?' and What is the meaning of life?, it comes close, as it promises to give you an insight into one of life's other pondering questions such as "Why He Perves At Other Chicks Even When He's In Love", and all of this for only \$6.50! While this magazine is a great source of entertainment and relaxation for many people who want to read about "Real Life Sex Disasters!", Christina Aguilera's private life, not to mention the "Oral Sex Materclass", I have a bone to pick with this seductive, yet vindictive medium.

Titles such as the *Australian Women's Weekly*, *Woman's Day*, *New Idea*, *Cleo*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Dolly*, *For Me, B*, *Girlfriend*, *Marie Claire* and *She* sold 2,809,590 in 2000. This is almost 3 million magazines, which means that almost 3 million Australian women, give or take are constantly filling their minds with complete and utter Bull?!*&. As I was perusing the April edition of *Cosmopolitan* I noticed that there were 79 different ads for products ranging from makeup, perfume, clothes, shoes and cosmetics. It is not that I have a problem with advertising, nor do I have nothing better to do, what I have a problem with is the fact that these ads all contained pictures of women depicting them as either submissive, sexual or purely as objects. Only one ad portrayed a woman in a position of power and authority.

I also object to the fact that the reader is addressed in a very condescending tone, take for example the title "Bloat Free Food Rules: No One Will Ever Think That You're 4 Months Preggers Again!". The article is basically a guide to what foods are best to eat so that you don't look, well, to be honest...fat. To begin with, this article plays on every woman's insecurity and fear of being overweight, so that the reader thinks 'I don't want to be fat, I better read this article to prevent fatness from creeping up on me'. I hate this sneaky nature of the women's magazine, why don't they just come out and say 'We are making a mint out of your fears, stop eating and conform to the traditional, submissive female character'; while this version is insulting at least it is honest.

Now fashion is a big favorite of mine, and let me tell you that the fashion spread is a real eye opener! While the title on the front cover claims to have "Your Winter Wardrobe Sorted", the actual wardrobe itself is another story. Being a winter wardrobe one would expect articles of clothing that actually cover the body for some warmth during the cooler months. Instead we are told to buy clothes that reveal

more skin on a 40 degree day at Bondi, with frilly mini skirts, (which look to me like petticoats), open toed high heel shoes, singlets and thin little jackets being the latest fashion for this winter. Hey, stuff being warm and comfortable, wear a petticoat during a cold snap! You might be so cold that you can either a) cut ice with your nipples or b) die of pneumonia but at least you would be up to date the latest fashion trends! For only \$180 you can buy a dress that wait for it...looks like a sweater! But why spend all that money when you could just as easily grab your favorite sweater from your cupboard, hang it on the clothesline and attach approx 100 kilos of dead weight to it, I suggest useless boyfriend, lover, husband, etc and voila, you have a sweater dress for next to nothing! It never ceases to amaze me how an item so small, such as a pair of gloves or the latest handbag costs enough to feed all of the third world population.

On top of all this out of the 218 page magazine there were only three articles that could be deemed 'serious', which means that only six pages in the entire magazine have something remotely intelligent to say. The rest of the articles or features are all about being someone else, how to dress like the latest Hollywood sensation, what beauty products you need to buy in order to look exactly like a catwalk model. The messages that these magazines send out is very demeaning to the reader, it says in a round a bout sort of way that the only way to be truly happy is to be someone else instead of celebrating who **you** really are as a person. This may make some people feel inadequate and frustrated when they realize that no matter how hard they try or how much money they may spend they don't look like the latest Hollywood star, funny that. It would be good if there was a magazine out there that wasn't contradictory and that didn't put pressure on people to be something that they are not, that made their readers feel positive about who they are, but I am not holding my breath.

It is very interesting to see that beneath that glossy surface lurks something very sinister, something that demeans and degrades the reader. Beauty magazines are really rather ugly when you come to think about it.

Jessica Lindsay

The author has been boycotting women's magazines for over five years now and only bought one for the purpose of this article. On completion of her research she proceeded to use the magazine as a lining for her cat's litter tray, which is all these magazines, in her opinion, are good for.

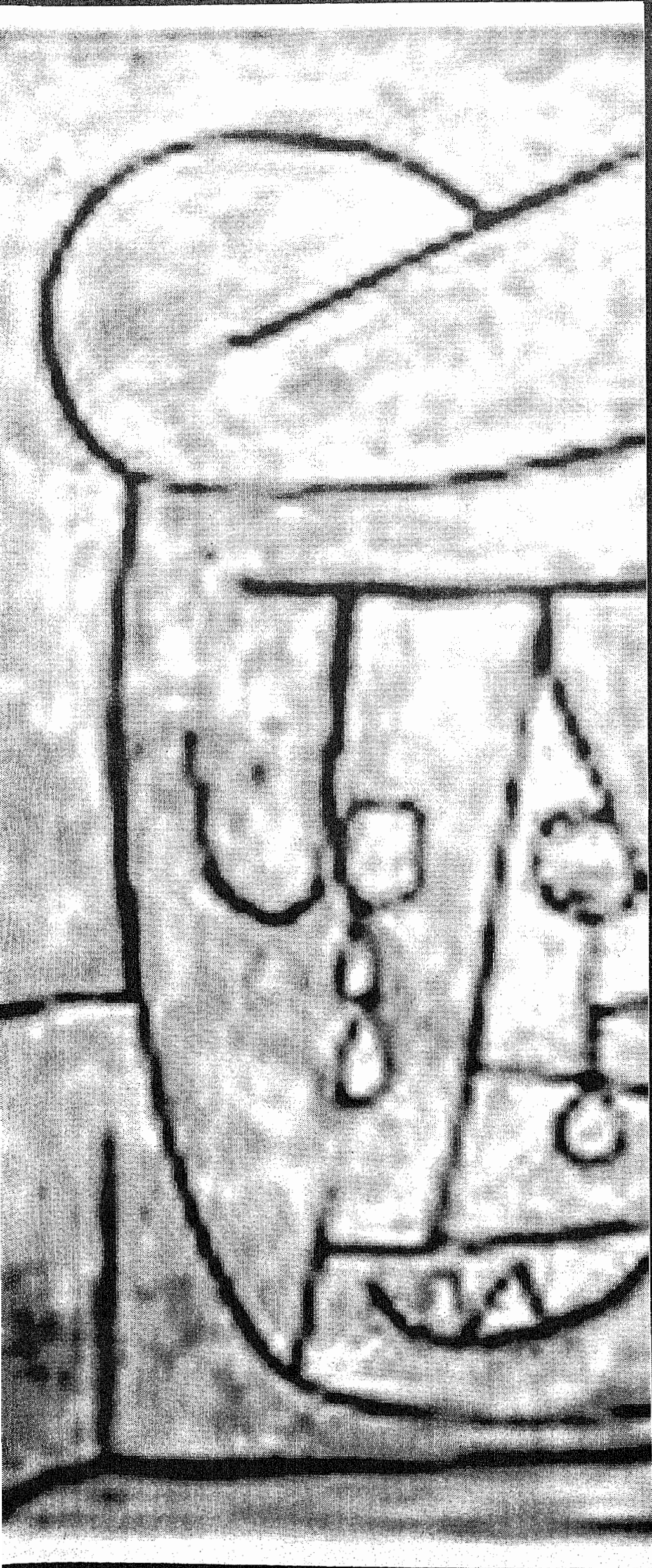
Glossy women's magazines have had a lot to answer for since the famous 1986 volume of Jackie.



it-Read Young Women's Magaz



If you want something said, ask a man; if you want something done, ask a woman. - Margaret Thatcher



the crying room

There is a room in the Vatican specifically kept for the Popes who have ascended to their powerful throne, where the newly elected Papa retires to weep over the sins of humanity, as well as his own.

But there is a room far greater than that quietly stationed in Rome. It is not made of stone, or mortar, or good-deed dollars. It has no walls but the sky. It is also not an exclusive room. It is a metaphorical room, a space that encompasses the earth and every soul on it. But it is also a place closer to home – a space in our own hearts where we retire to cry, to grieve, and to balm our wounds in contemplation.

Though the Pope may retire to grieve by himself, most women do not enter their private Crying Rooms on their own. The Pope carries his followers with him into the room. But women carry the individual millions of people they have nurtured, longed for, died for, worked for, missed, given birth to and cried over. And what of this grief? The same grief that the Vatican's Mother Mary felt when her proverbial Son was taken from her, is the grief that every mother drenches her heart in when her son is stolen by the triplet insanities of war, violence, and hate.

Women do not only grieve over others; though that has been their heart's grinding stone. They also go into the dark spaces to weep for themselves; in silence, so that nobody may hear them, and with guilt, in case they are caught out by the cultural monitors, the social judges, the pointing finger.

Women have much to cry for.

They have more than men to cry for.

As young girls new to this wonderful and terrifying planet, they must cry over the fact that they are second-status citizens of the world.

As young girls they shudder at the injustice of their imposed inferiority.

As growing girls they grieve for the limits and the negativity thrown at their gender without reason, without logic, without pity.

As young women they bemoan their sexual abuse.

As high-school students they silently scream over their being passed over at Prom Night for the more beautiful, mannequin competitor, the Queen That Steals the Night, and with that, all the other girls' Light.

As university graduates they fume at their male colleagues moving into higher paid jobs.

As business women running to their hectic lives, they cut themselves for being passed over in favour of a younger, less qualified male. Or a younger, less qualified female.

As manic Stepford Wives they bury their Happily Ever Afters by being abandoned by their Mr. Rights for the next batch of 19 year old Cinderella Playboys.

As menopausal women they grieve for the blanket of invisibility thrown at them by manic consumer society.

As mothers to be or not to be, they digest the pressures of advancing motherhood, or contemplate what may have been.

And on their deathbeds, when they have everything behind them and nothing in front but The End, they grieve for what might have been – loves lost to insecurities, jobs sacrificed for familial duties, dreams dashed for mind-numbing negativity, desires trashed for conforming femininity.

What of women's wishes? What of their secret desires? What of their fervent hopes?

Sometimes they locked behind, and forever remain in the Crying Room.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.

- Alphonse Marie Louis de Lamartine

in praise of women

We aren't the Niggers of the World.
 We hold up half the sky.
 And the other half, too.
 We've survived this long.
 We'll survive the next.
 We are Ghandi's warriors.
 And we fight for love.
 For our brothers and fathers,
 For our mothers and sisters,
 For our children and our futures,
 For beauty, and hope, and for life.
 For eons we had no souls,
 For centuries we had no vote,
 For decades we had no education,
 For years we had no rights,
 And for days we held on.
 The world keeps on turning
 But it could not turn without us
 And despite ourselves,
 We have survived
 And the Times They Are a Changin'
 There is a time for celebration
 There is a time for Praise
 So here's to Women everywhere
 To every gift they bring to this world
 By virtue of Being Woman
 Holding up the entire sky



*When I stopped seeing my mother with the eyes of a child,
 I saw the woman who helped me give birth to myself. - Nancy Friday*

VOX

1. Which women inspire you?
2. What dream do you have for your life?
3. Are women equal to men in society?
4. What is your favourite comfort food?
5. What do you want the women's department to do in 2005?



Didi and Amanda

1. D: Oprah. Oprah and then my mum!
A: Yeah my mum!
2. D: To become Oprah's best friend.
A: To be happy.
3. D: Not really.
A: I don't reckon! Like, when we went to Geelong, we had to play soccer on a crap pitch, while the boys played on perfect turf.
A: No one was there, none of the physios were there.
4. A: Chocolate.
D: Snickers!
5. D: Support women's sports. We have a tough time finding funding for our club and we'd like to see more support for us.
A: It's getting bigger. And the guys get everything.

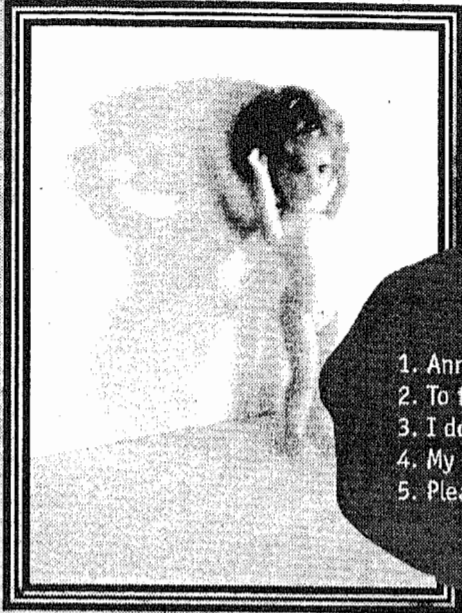
Anita Talib



1. Women who can balance everything in their life, and still maintain time for themselves.
2. I hope to become more knowledgeable in terms of my own work. I want to reach the point where people come to me and get advice whenever they need it and to disseminate knowledge at that level.
3. Of course! I have been brought up to believe so. That's the way it is in my culture - the religion as well - part and parcel of the whole thing. It's a misconception that Muslim women are oppressed. Being Muslims, we're asked to seek knowledge. I'm out here on my own doing my PhD. My husband is taking care of five kids!
4. Chocolates! Once in a while I'll go for healthy nut things but not all the time.
5. So we do have a women's department at university? Look more into social matters such as single parenting and marriage breakdowns. Encourage young women into seeking knowledge.

The most common way people give up their power is by thinking they don't have any. Alice Walker

POP



Dolly

1. Anna and Laura, my creators.
2. To find my vagina. Do you know where it is?
3. I don't know. Do THEY have genitals?
4. My mouth won't open.
5. Please find me some clothes. And a vagina.



Rebecca and Crystal

1. R: My mum. My mum and my friends.
C: Yeah my mum.
2. R: To be happy.
C: To be successful in my career and in life.
3. C: I think they have the ability to, but sometimes they're not accepted as being equal.
R: I think it's improving a lot but there's some things we need to work on. In some areas we're not quite there yet. There are some things in work - you think, I should be able to do that, but still the guys are up there.
4. R: Chocolate.
C: Yeah chocolate, and nuts sometimes.
5. R: Keep it up.
C: More promotion about women in men's careers.

Farah and Bethsheba

1. F: Girls with guitars.
B: Yeah. And drum kits.
2. F: To not die from lung cancer.
B: To not wake up at forty and regret my life.
3. F: Nope.
B: We have chick films, chick lit and angry girl music. Such labels do not indicate an equal society.
4. F: Hommous.
B: A big fat bowl of soup.
5. F: Put on a kick arse women's week for a start.
B: Have more women's bands and solo musicians playing on the lawns.



The truth will set you free. But first, it will piss you off. Gloria Steinem

ON BECOMING A WOMAN

- Kellie Armstrong-Smith

It's amazing what gifts you can find for \$2. A dear friend came across one of these little gems in a feral second-hand bookshop. Whilst wandering down an aisle her eye fell upon a hardcover, Evangelical, circa 1954 find titled 'On Becoming A Woman.' She passed it along to me to have a good read, though I'd already done my compulsive Dolly magazine reading at 14; and what I found in the midst of this slightly musty creation of paper, ink and prose drove me to divulge its little secrets to my gentle readers. Why? So that you, too, could share in the joy of discovering what it is to be a woman (in case you missed out the graduation ceremony earlier). Think Dolly Mag and Girlfriend are the only Bibles of Teendom? Nu-uh. 'On Becoming A Woman' is a far ancient text. Come on a little trip down Memory Lane and Do The Time Warp Again. You wont regret it. *

• ElleDit takes no responsibility for the fact that some of the following statements may still be in circulation today, may reflect current cultural standards or so horrify the more feministic of readers that they have heart palpitations and fall into a dead faint. Should the latter occur we do have to warn that no Prince Charmings will be available to assist the fainted reader with smelling salts, as they PCs went out of stock late 1969.

1. THE TEEN-AGE GIRL

Already since becoming a teen-age girl, your attitudes toward yourself have changed a great deal. Children are surprisingly alike. As far as external appearances go, the obvious difference is that girls have long hair and wear dresses. It is also true that little girls play with their dollies and boys with their toy trains.

Curiosity, when under proper control, is an asset. When not properly controlled it can lead to unwholesome experimentation and inquiry.

It has been a long time since I was in my teens, and even then I was not a teen-age girl. But I have a daughter who has just passed through her teens, whose fellowship and friendship I have greatly cherished. My comradeship with her has given me, I believe, a considerable insight into the thoughts that teen-age girls think.

2. WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

In the first place, you had two parents, for every child must have two parents. Even in the case of an orphan there were originally two parents, a father and a mother. Within the span of nine months after the two original parent germ cells unite, the infant is fully developed and ready to be born. As one thinks of this remarkable process by which a new life comes into existence, he is forced to a greater appreciation of the marvellous work of creation and of God's kindness to His human children.

3. EVIDENCES OF WOMANHOOD

A teenager is often awkward and clumsy. You have probably already been chagrined

because of pimples on your face. Members of your family, having noticed your perplexity, have doubtless advised you that you have been eating too much candy.

Inasmuch as a baby must have both a mother and a father, the only proper time for a union to occur between a female germ cell and a male germ cell is after marriage.

As you come to understand the various functions of your body, you will be increasingly impressed with the Creator's kindness to His human children in making provisions for their comfort, happiness, and welfare. It is your responsibility to care for and protect your body as the handiwork of God. Surely you are 'fearfully and wonderfully made!'

4. SECRETS ABOUT BOYS

A girl thinks feminine thoughts, is domestic in her inclinations, and is fundamentally gentle in her relation to others. A teenage boy is masculine in his attitudes and somewhat rough and ready in his relations to the outside world.

These differences, when traced back to their fundamental cause, result from the fact that a young woman's body is designed to enable her to become a wife and mother, whereas a young man's body is designed so that he may become a husband and father.

A young woman carries a personal responsibility, in her associations with a young man, to avoid those intimate conversations, gestures, or habits of dress that would tend to arouse and augment his physical attraction to her. You can now understand why it is not advisable for a young woman to sit on a young man's lap or to permit other forms of physical intimacy. Kissing and familiar fondling of a young woman's person can never be an innocent pastime if a high moral and spiritual character is to be maintained as an ideal. A Christian girl will learn to resist such familiarities by young men in such a gracious way as not to create offence, but rather an increased respect.

You may ask why this responsibility rests more heavily upon the young woman than it does upon the young man. However, a young woman's physical reflex mechanisms are not so quickly aroused as those of a young man, implying easier self-control on her part, and therefore greater responsibility for maintaining proper standards in her relations with the opposite sex.

5. PERSONAL PROBLEMS

A teen-age girl may begin to lay treasures away in her hope chest. She cannot help wondering what it will be like to be married and be queen in her own home. Once in a while, when Mother is away and she fixes a meal for Dad, she just lets her imagination run, and says to herself, 'This is how it will be when I have a home of my own.'

A teen-age girl normally develops an interest in her own person. These rather mysterious sensations seem to be linked in a way that she does not yet fully understand. A woman's reproductive organs are mostly within her body. There are features of her reproductive system, however, that are accessible to the outside. These are located between the thighs and just behind the pubic bone.

The Creator has seen fit to arrange the organs of a woman in such a way that the clitoris and vagina are very sensitive.

Delicate contact with these areas produces exciting sensations. The obvious reason is to enable a wife to experience a feeling of belonging when in her husband's intimate embrace.

But there are teen-age girls who, impelled by an unwholesome curiosity or by the example of unscrupulous girl friends, have fallen into the habit of manipulating these sensitive tissues as a means of excitement. This habit is spoken of as masturbation.

The practice of masturbation lowers a young woman's regard for her reproductive organs. It causes her to think of them only as a means of physical gratification rather than to emphasise the concept that these organs constitute a sacred legacy.

Masturbation is to be avoided. It consumes the reserve supply of vital force, leaving the individual tired, listless, and downcast.

When masturbation becomes a habit, it tends to rob a young woman of her incentive for accomplishment. Repeated indulgence in masturbation keeps the reserve of nervous energy at such a low level that the individual seems never to possess normal vigour. Masturbation then becomes a tyrant that robs its victim of the incentives and radiant energy for worthy accomplishments.

The young person who has been so unfortunate as to develop the habit of masturbation feels constantly let down and fatigued. She adopts an attitude of stupidity. Oftentimes the remedy for this situation consists of a minor surgical operation spoken of as circumcision. This operation is not hazardous and is much to be preferred to allowing a condition of irritation to continue.

6. BEWARE!

There is a freakish trick of human nature by which a woman sometimes 'falls in love' with another woman, or a girl with another girl. This tendency to homosexuality has been publicised so much that many teen-age girls have almost become fearful of falling under the 'spell' of some older woman.

My wife and I were once guests in a girl's dormitory. The dean in charge of this dormitory told us it had been rumoured among her girls that two of their group had developed this homosexual type of attraction for each other. As a result of the rumour, practically all the girls were panic-stricken. Whether the rumour about the two girls was true, I do not know. But the panic resulting from the rumour was very real, and it required considerable tact by the one in charge of the dormitory to convince the group of girls that no tragedy was about to occur.

So there is such a thing as homosexuality! But there is no need for such a misfortune to befall you.

It is a good general policy for a young woman to decline enticing arrangements for sleeping in the same bed with another girl or woman.

7. LEST WE REGRET

As a teen-age girl you have already learned that petting is frowned upon by older adults. A boy likes to engage in petting because of the pleasant sensations he experiences. He also considers it to be a tangible evidence that he 'has a way with a maiden.' It may be said, then, that a boy's principal reason for petting is physical; a girl's, emotional.

When special areas are stimulated in petting, the normal reserve which a young woman possesses is gradually broken down until she allows privileges that are progressively more intimate. It is a worldly, godless philosophy that sanctions the popular custom of a premature sampling of the pleasures of sexual experience.

The exchange of physical intimacies prior to marriage not only violate the sacred trust of the body temple as emphasised in the verses, but also handicaps a young couple in working out an ideal adjustment to married life.

8. TEEN-AGE COURTSHIP

In matters of social conduct the Australian way provides that a young woman must wait to be courted. It is the young man who is supposed to be the aggressor in special friendships. It is he who asks for a date. It is he who asks the lady-love to consider him as her special friend. It is he who asks, 'Will you be mine?'

It is her privilege to accept or refuse a date. It is she who determines how often she will accept her suitor's invitations.

As a teen-ager, you like to feel that you are in command of your own affairs. You dislike being told what you must do and what you must not do. When Mother or Dad cautions you about spending too much time alone with your sweetheart, your first reaction is to feel that your parents do not trust you. But actually Mother and Dad are not attempting to deprive you of good times. They are sincerely interested in your welfare and are simply helping you to avoid mistakes and to prevent criticism that might cause you embarrassment.

9. HOW TO BE FRIENDLY

Whether or not you would choose to have it so, most human relations involve a considerable amount of salesmanship. In order to make friends, you have to 'sell' yourself to others as a desirable person and one who is worthy of friendship.

Ms. Shyrock completed her twelfth grade and went away to college. At college she had to earn practically her entire way. Again, her attitude of friendliness and her ability to inspire confidence proved to be a tangible asset. She soon received employment as part-time telephone operator at the college. In spite of her being a freshman, her friendly manner and cheerful voice, in combination with her other good qualities, enabled her to give satisfaction in a job where often there is considerable criticism and complaint.

10. ABOUT YOUR ATTITUDES

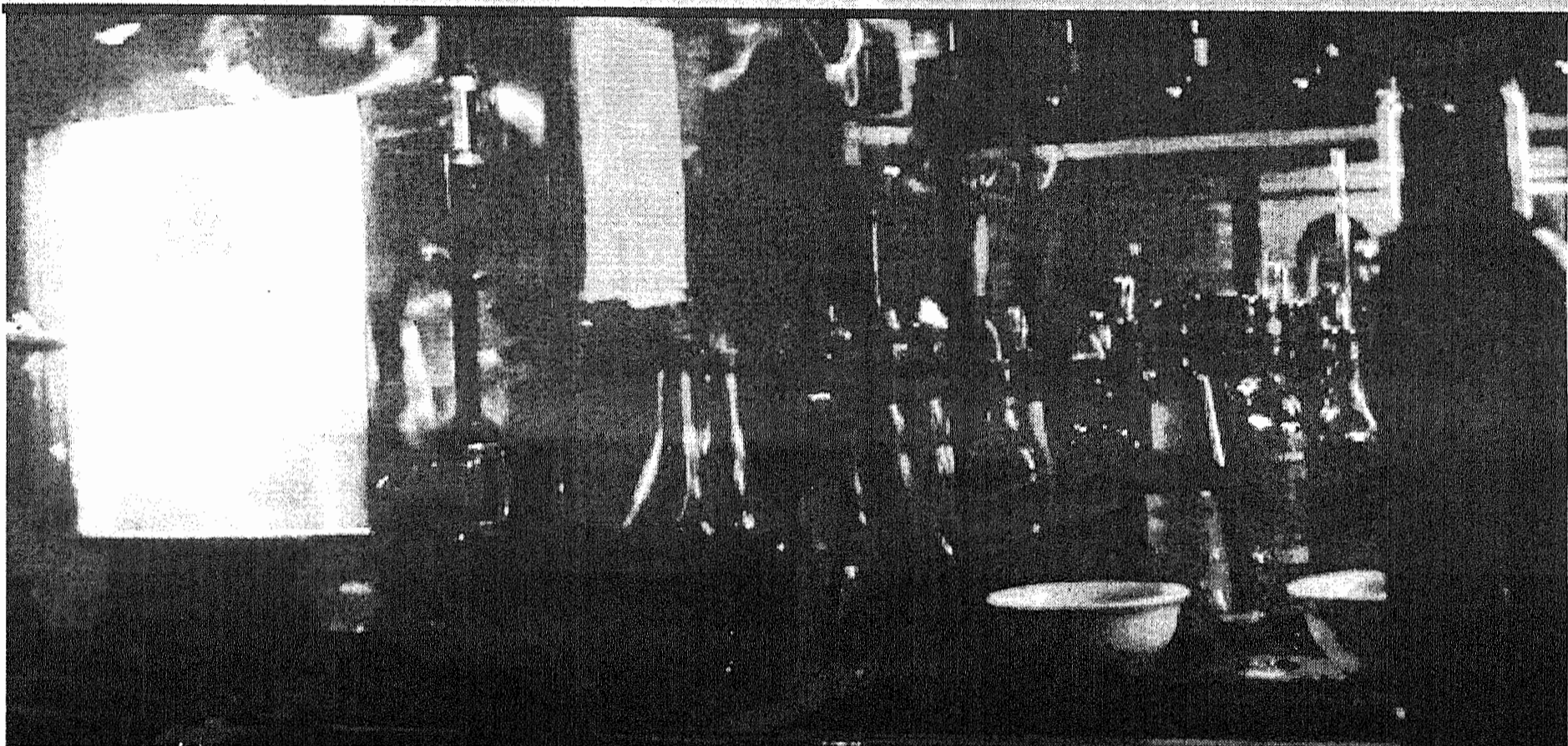
To get along successfully you must learn to follow certain rules. You must discipline yourself so that you will obey these rules without hesitation.

Traditionally, our mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and daughters are the ones to whom we look to uphold the good name and high ideals of the human race. Womanhood stands as a symbol of the things that are lofty, noble, and pure. Therefore, a young woman who tells crude jokes or gives expression to thoughts bordering on the vulgar, types herself at once as being cheap and unworthy of the high esteem in which womankind should always be held.

*People think at the end of the day that a man is the only answer (to fulfillment).
Actually a job is better for me - Princess Diana*



Freshen Your Drink Guv'nor?



The customer is always right.

Oh, if only that were true. Believe me, as a young filly working in a busy city pub, there's nothing I'd love more than to serve only the most reasonable and good-natured of characters, positively brimming with patience and rationale. I'd embrace the motto completely and unquestioningly in the blink of an eye, if not for the staggering inaccuracy of the "Golden Rule" of the customer service industry.

That's not to say that the question of one particularly memorable customer: "What are the ingredients of a Kahlua and milk?" was not an excellent indication of the impressive intellect at the disposal of your average drunk. I mean, who amongst us can truthfully deny being plagued by that very same mystery of the milky cocktail and its baffling title?

And how could I doubt the lucidity of a group of plastered yobbos, who can think of nothing more entertaining than to ogle my breasts while demanding to be served five Cougars. Does it

get any more hilarious than that breathtakingly exploitative Cougar commercial from not so long ago? I think not.

Who wouldn't feel justified in putting their faith in the hands of people so inebriated that even the simplest of activities (ie walking, talking etc) are rendered virtually impossible? It makes *perfect* sense to me.

It is therefore to my immense relief that my current employers are not advocates of this archaic code of practise. In its place are a few choice commandments, tailor made to the pub and its particular brand of mischievous clientele. Amusingly, (considering that the patrons are all supposedly adults), the most disturbing of these guidelines is also one of the most frequently enforced, not only in our establishment, but in licensed venues far and wide - *Thou shalt urinate, defecate and regurgitate only in the facilities provided. Failure to do so will result in immediate removal from the pub, not to mention the eradication of any possibilities of "picking up"*

that which may have existed prior to the event.

Having devoted much thought to the various trials and tribulations experienced by those on either side of the bar, and the possible preventative methods, here are a few helpful pointers to ensure that your nights of public imbibing are entertaining and harmonious for all:

*It is probably unwise to bite the hand that fills your glass.

*Personal hygiene is not only highly underrated, but also sought after by most.

*Drinks prices are not subject to negotiation, no matter how badly you want them to be.

*Sober bar attendants are unlikely to respond well to the suggestion of fornication with intoxicated patrons.

*All good drinks come to those who wait. ...and finally, above all else:

*Hell hath no fury like a bartender scorned.

Zanna Hodge

Time is never wasted when you're wasted all the time - Catherine Zandonella

FOOD:

The Deli on Pulteney

62 Pulteney St, City Ph: 8223 7550

I walk past the Deli on Pulteney every single day on the way to uni. I get off my bus and barely pause to look at anything till I get to uni, so familiar has my route become. For some reason though, I was walking past it one day, and I suddenly became fixated with eating there. It's so cute and so yellow, and there are always large boards advertising specials and proclaiming the freshness of the food. What's not to like? Obviously quite a lot, since no one wanted to go there with me. "Oh, it's too far away," and "It doesn't look like anything special," were two of the fabulous excuses I received. I really gave up eating there when one of my friends announced that she just didn't like it, because there was "something about it."

So I decided that I didn't care about the Deli, because it probably wasn't that good and it seemed like only business people frequented it anyway. Until today! Finally, I got my wish and someone agreed to go with me. I think my mood was a little coloured by the fact it wasn't raining, not to mention that I was almost determined to like the place since I'd been wanting to see what it was like for so long. Still, I tried so hard to be impartial for those of you who want a real food review.

Okay, I do concede that it's not the cheapest place you could eat, but I guess they try to make up for it by giving you table service. And seriously, in a place as tiny as that, it's not very hard to make your way to the counter – but, y'know, that extra touch

of care is always appreciated. We were patiently asked three times if we were ready to order, but I was struck by indecision over whether to have the Vegetable Stack or the Chicken Stack. Fortunately the waitress (who was amazingly calm, despite my irritating display of feminine helplessness) solved this monumental decision. *(ET's feminist politics may not quite be up to scratch, but we assure you she's still really nice - Eds)*

The waitress was helpful, but I never feel quite satisfied when someone else makes up my mind for me, so I regretted ordering the Vegetable Stack as soon as she walked away. Somehow, though, I don't think her demeanour would have been quite so friendly if I'd called her back. While they prepared our meals (in good time for lunch hour) my friend and I admired the beautiful scenery of Academy Cinema City next door and the Post Office across the road. Our outdoor tables gave us excellent vantage points. Aside from the boring urban surroundings, the actual Deli itself is done up quite nicely. There's an abundance of yellow walls and little wooden tables inside, even though it could be a little squeezey if they got busy.

Once our meals arrived, speculation about my surroundings stopped, since I was faced with a tower of sweet potato, eggplant, pumpkin, and capsicum on top of large slivers of toasted Turkish bread, drizzled with loads of creamy tomato pesto. My friend had ordered Fettuccine Bosciale, which

looked creamy, herby, and tomato-ey, but I was smug about how good my colourful dish looked. The waitress peppered our food for us – how kind – and left us to devour.

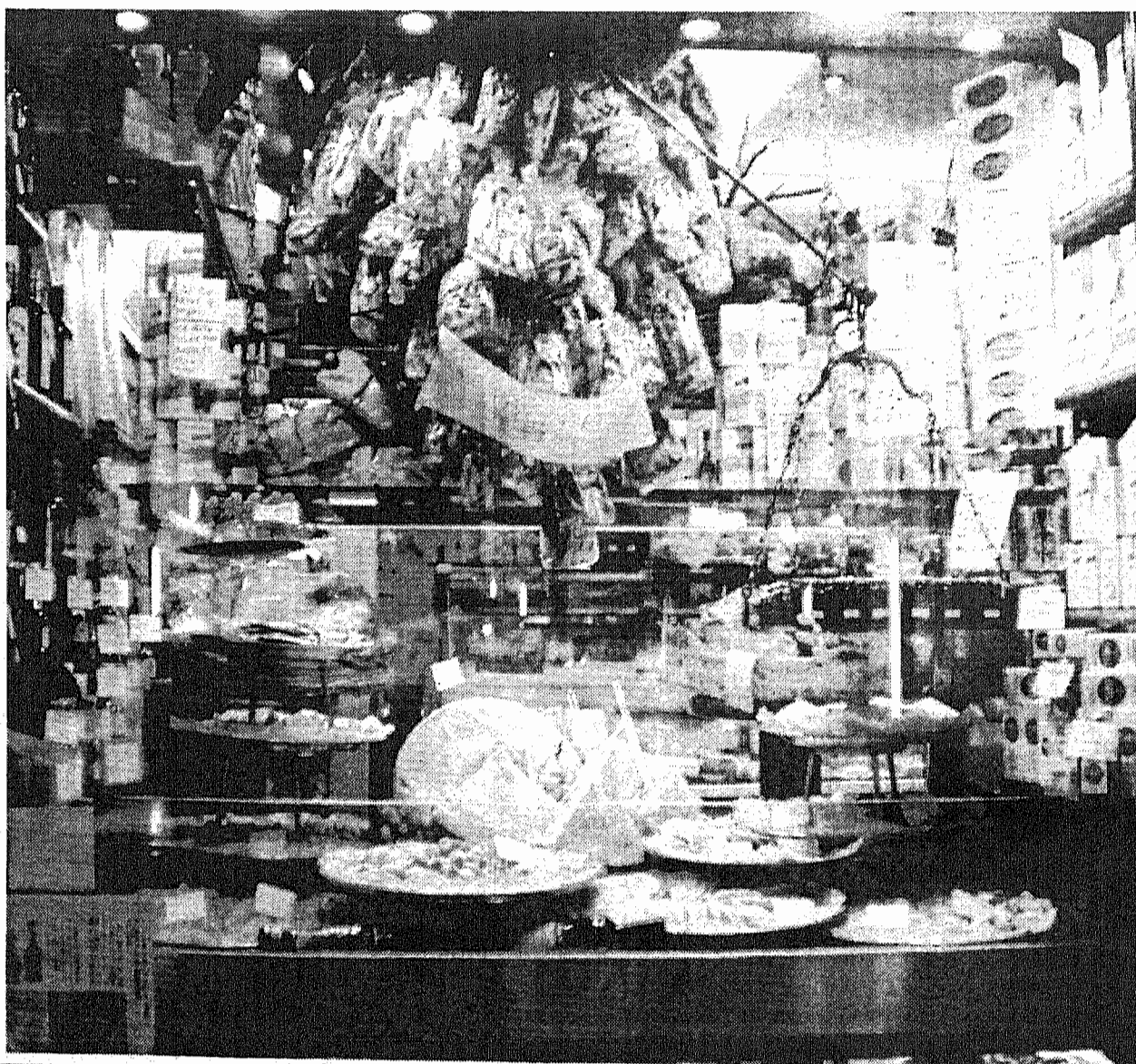
I wasn't even that hungry, and I know a Vegetable Stack doesn't sound like it would be that great, especially to non-vegetarians, but honestly, it was so good. I liked how I had to spend so long cutting up all the vegetables. It meant that my enjoyment was prolonged. They'd cooked all the vegetables perfectly. There wasn't a hint of mush, and the only complaint I had about the pesto was that I wish there was more of it. I was full once I had finished, but not in a why-did-I-eat-so-much kind of way.

After cleaning my plate, we went inside to pay for our food, which I was relieved about. I mean, they were already trying to be restaurant-like with the table service, but bringing us a bill would have been a bit weird. It smelled divine inside, and you could see all the stoves and all the food being cooked, which gives credibility to their blaring "Always Fresh!!" signs. Of course, they do more than just pasta and vegie stacks. You can always have your usual lunch fare consisting of focaccias, wraps, burgers and assorted cakes, smoothies and juices. So, if you want to be treated like the special person that I'm sure you are, and you like the colour yellow, go have lunch there sometime.

ET



above: a vegetable stack from (right) a Soho Deli



I don't eat South African fruit. I don't eat any fucking fruit. No chocolate in it, no point! - Jo Brand

THE PLASTIC VISAGE: WOMEN THROUGH FILM

Ah the magic of the movies. From high drama to low comedy, the flicks have been enchanting us for decades. *On Dit's* own film bloke Danny Wills has waxed lyrical for nigh on fourteen editions now about the pleasures of escapism that film lends itself to. I'm not one to disagree. I like forking out the ten percent tithe to worship at the altar of celluloid as much as the next person. And who doesn't get excited by the 'live' televisual extravaganza of the Academy Awards? All that double sided tape is enough to get even the most suct pudding of enthusiasts just a little excited. Yes indeed, it's a glitzy and glamorous life in that great sound stage that is Hollywood. So it's perhaps not a little unexpected that all its parts and players should be tinged by a certain plasticity that, caught in the right light, reflects just a tad too much unpleasant subliminal imaging.

Consider the recent trend of uglification that seems to be sweeping Tinseltown by storm. The previous two years' winners of the Best Actress category have both been praised for their intense performances. Nicole Kidman's portrayal of Virginia Woolle (*The Hours*) may have been perfectly understated in its delivery and Charlize Theron no doubt offered a fine performance as serial killer Aileen Wournos (*Monster*). Who knows? The overwhelming emotional response to both Kidman and Theron appeared to revolve around their willingness to shrug off their glamour puss exteriors in favour of a more, shall we say, human visage. Of the few interviews I saw with Theron, the major questions addressed her 15 pound weight gain and artificial facial scarring, and with all the fuss created by Kidman's prosthetic nose I was almost indignant that the splodge of clay putty itself didn't take Oscar home. Can anyone really put their hand on their heart and swear with sincerity that Renee Zellweger's turn as British chubby lush Bridget Jones was award worthy? These ladies have been much touted

for their 'bravery' in allowing such imperfection (never mind its artificiality) to be captured on film and *gasp* *shown* to people. Compare these 'brave' performers with their male counterparts and it becomes apparent that a severe gap in expectation is occurring over in wacky LA. Sean Penn, Adrian Brody and Jack Nicholson are no doubt by varying degrees attractive, but one can honestly report that their looks (or sacrifice thereof) were never a deciding factor in the voting process.

To compound this highly irritating Hollywood reward system, it is apparently anathema for a female to display any physical signs of real emotion. Intense feelings such as sorrow, anger or pain seem to flitter briefly over the surface of Hollywood's face, whilst the rest of us manage to drag ourselves through the torrent of pain emerging as if we'd just been dipped headfirst into a vat of fresh placenta. How often have you seen Kate Hudson or Reese Witherspoon lying prostrate on the floor while floods of snot pour freely from every possible orifice? When Meg Ryan gets angry at her onscreen love interest, does her voice reach uncomfortable pitches of pain while angry red blotches explode across her ever-so-cute-although-she's-forty face? Nope. But she does do this cute little thing with her head where she looks away briefly while gesturing superfluously with her hand before looking back with, might I say, a certain kind of childish indignation. I half expect her to stamp her little foot and pull up her floral frock for no apparent reason. An encoded reaction stands beside this stock move from the Stanislavsky school of method acting - "you're so cute when you're angry..." Laura Smith, contributor to online *Bitch* magazine (www.bitchmagazine.com) has observed, "Is that what we pay for - to see our own emotion cleaned up, sanitized, beautified?"

Of course, not all film is as facile as this. Thankfully there are a number of truly 'brave'

actresses out there that don't seek to contain their inner fire within a rigid plastic mould (a little something I like to call 'botox'). Emily Watson, a performer of stellar magnitude, has demonstrated time and time again not only an extraordinarily broad repertoire but also an incredible ability to drench up the most primal of emotions and lay them bare on screen. Her portrayal of Jacqueline du Pré in Anand Tucker's *Hilary and Jackie* (1998) displayed an artistic ability far beyond that of many of her contemporaries. In one scene, Watson literally bares herself naked smeared in mud and snot while she hacks into her skin with a discarded tree branch, wailing hysterically. It's hard to imagine Sandra Bullock in the same scene. In fact, Bullock's turn as FBI Agent Gracie Hart in Donald Petrie's *Miss Congeniality* (2000) would be hard pressed to be anything but the polar opposite of Watson's du Pré. After spending the beginning of the movie slouching around in unflattering garb, Gracie is (thankfully) handed an assignment that just might save her femininity. With the transformation into beauty queen transcending make-believe into real life, Gracie not only gets the crim and the beau but also gets the snappy fashion savvy required to turn her into a 'real' gal. As if this weren't good enough, she also gets to squeeze out a few tears while flapping away at her face to avoid ugly red blotching. And you thought Julia Roberts was annoying...

Sure, movies are great and perhaps this plasticity is part of the reason we like them. Escapist fantasy is appealing to almost anyone with a brain and a modicum of personality. But think about this - why is that when blokes go to the movies they get to be secret agents and wall street brokers, but when we go we get to be plastic?

Clementine Ford looks like a bloated turkey on crack when upset.

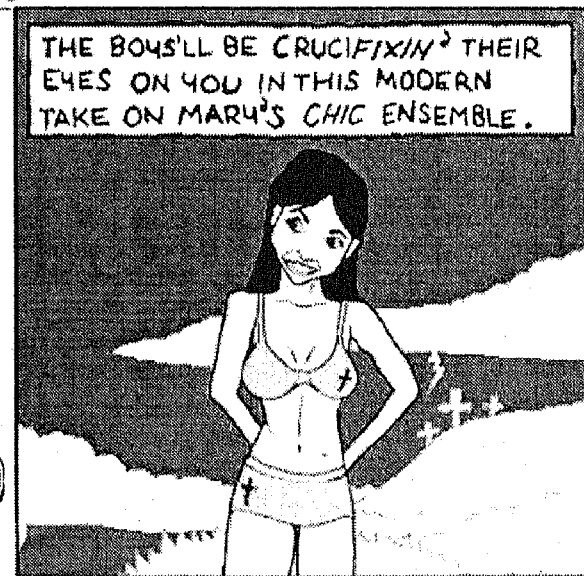
Ms. ROOM 237 by oz

association of those deeply touched by *The Passion* : ozza667@hotmail.com



AND THIS SUMMER, DYING FOR HUMANITY'S SINS IS THE NEW BLACK, WITH...

THE FASHION OF THE CHRIST



Any girl can be glamorous, all you have to do is stand still and look stupid. - Hedy Lamar

Debate question:

"That there should be more female directors"



Ida Lupino fought the power of bigtime studios to direct her own films in the 50's. Check it.

Affirmative:

Did you know that 96% of films are directed by men? While women are incredible consumers of film, a miniscule percentage are actually made by women. In 77 years a woman has never won the Oscar for directing. Nominations have also been rare, notable exceptions being Lina Wertmüller for *Seven Beauties* in 1976, Jane Campion for *The Piano* in 1993 and Sofia Coppola for the brilliant *Lost in Translation* in 2003. But I am not implying that this is unfair or sexist. It would be groundless to suggest that the Academy has a vendetta against films made by women. Given the imbalance between males and females in the industry there is more than a possibility that male directors will continue to take home the anatomically-incorrect trophy.

In 2001, Denzel Washington and Halle Berry made history when they claimed the Best Actor & Actress Oscars for *Training Day* and *Monster's Ball* respectively. Many saw the triumphs as a sign of the industry's new-found progressiveness. But progress it seems is a short lived phenomenon. There still are not many great roles for black people and apart from actresses, women in the film industry remain scarce.

The problem is obvious. Filtered throughout our film content are male experiences, male dreams, and male culture. We go to the cinema to be entertained, to escape and also to learn. It is appalling that females cannot communicate their dreams and experiences through film to the same degree as males. Moreover, aren't audiences getting shortchanged if they rarely experience filmmaking from a female perspective? But perhaps

women do not want to get involved in directing? Not so. Film schools are graduating almost equal numbers of men and women.

From all parts of the directing world women relay very similar stories of the prejudices, myths and sexual power struggles that make the path to the director's chair resemble a gauntlet.

Movie-making is a brutal business and it helps to have connections. Tara Veneruso, who made the documentary *Janis Joplin Slept Here*, suggests sexual tensions keep women from breaking into the important groups of funders and mentors. "We can't be in the boys club, and the boys club is how a lot of films get financed," she says.

Although chick flicks are incredibly popular and teenage girls made *Titanic* a box-office phenomenon, not every woman wants to make "female films." While exceptions to the rule have included Mimi Leder who directed *The Peacemaker* and Kathryn Bigelow, who directed *K-11: The Widowmaker*, blockbuster movies are almost completely in the male domain.

Martha Coolidge, president of the Directors Guild of America and director of *Rambling Rose* and *Introducing Dorothy Dandridge* has encountered this obstacle. "Many, many times I've gone to a studio or producer with the idea of doing a movie that I'm passionate about and found that they can't conceive of a woman doing material that is not completely chick-centric."

Mira Nair, director of the acclaimed *Salaam Bombay* and the particularly successful *Monsoon Wedding*, agrees and claims that women in the industry can sense that they're not being taken seriously. "Once I was very keen on a political thriller. I went out to L.A. to lobby for it and I got the vibe that they were humoring me."

Mary Harron has an impressive film resume as director of *I Shot Andy Warhol* and the very popular *American Psycho*. This however has not translated to the success one might expect. When speaking about *American Psycho* Harron claims, "I think if I was a guy I would have had a lot more offers having made that film."

Two books that became immortalised on the silver screen were written by women. Margaret Mitchell wrote the famous love-story "Gone with the Wind," whilst Harper Lee penned "To Kill a Mockingbird," which changed many attitudes within a racist American society. Given their creative prowess with the pen and ability to affect people, it is puzzling to suggest that women cannot transport these skills to the director's chair.

So what does the future hold for female directors? Coolidge has said, "I'm not seeing the hiring of women directors improving at all. It's a terrible testament to where the industry is going."

The affirmative concurs.

Negative:

1. There should not be more female directors because males know females better than they know themselves.
2. Progressive values are overrated.
3. Men = better films.

Note: the negative was rather ill-prepared. Perhaps if there is a future men's edition of On Dit someone may like to prepare a rebuttal. Until that day let it be said that the affirmative is more convincing.

Simone Bannister

Connie and Carla

Director: Michael Lembeck
Starring: Nia Vardalos, Toni Colette and David Duchovny

You've got to give Nia Vardalos some credit: her script for *Connie and Carla* carefully treads many lines of decorum that it would be easy to cross. This is inoffensive stuff but the problem is that it's also quite trite. Borrowing a bit from *Some Like It Hot* (which also featured drag queen disguises used to avoid the mob) Vardalos plays Connie, while Toni Collette portrays Carla. The two have been friends since school, where they performed cabaret in front of their peers in the school cafeteria. These days, they're not doing much better, working for a small audience in an airport lounge. Frank, their boss, is killed by a group of men with whom he was involved in drug dealing, and Connie and Carla are witness to the event. Naturally, they realise they need to get the heck out of there. So they head to Los Angeles, where they believe they'll be inconspicuous. The only problem, aside from the fact that there are a group of hapless Russian gangsters trying to track them down, is that the owner and patrons of the bar

don't realise that Connie and Carla are biologically female - as opposed to being men dressing up as women. Added to this is the problem of Connie falling for Jeff (David Duchovny, who feels a lot more believable than most of the other actors), whose brother Robert (Stephen Spinella) is a drag queen at the bar. Actually, the problem there is really that Jeff thinks that Connie is a guy dressed up as a woman, and she can't tell him the truth for fear of exposing her identity to the mob members on her case. Oh, the drama!

It probably sounds like a silly premise for a film, and don't worry - it really is, but it's also a fair bit of camp, over-the-top fun. There are a lot of obvious problems with the concept, starting with the fact that nobody in their right mind could possibly mistake Vardalos for a man dressed as a woman (Collette fares only slightly better). The characters are incredibly clichéd. Starting with the drug dealers and spilling over into the drag queens and the gay patrons of the bar, most of whom appear as little more than caricatures. Even though there is no pretence of realism in the film (at least, I hope not), these problems do tend to get in the way, especially seeing as they constitute a large

number of the film's jokes. At its core, though, *Connie and Carla* is a good-natured romp through some funny moments and theatrical musical numbers, and a good choice for Collette if she was looking for a safe, mainstream flick to work with.

****1/2**
 Brian O'Neill



To me, "sexual freedom" means freedom from having to have sex. Lily Tomlin

Director: Alkinos Tsilimidos
Starring: Colin Friels, Rachael Blake, Dan Spielman and Leone Carmen



We are still waiting on George Elliot's *The Crop*, so I am perhaps a little hasty in declaring that *Tom White*, directed by Alkinos Tsilimidos, is the best Australian film of the year. Most of us also haven't seen Cate Shortland's *Somersault* yet, but *Tom White* is definitely in the running.

When we meet Tom, played by a rejuvenated Colin Friels, he has either just had, or is in the process of having, a nervous breakdown. On the surface, his life is "perfect": a loving wife, two young children, and a two-story home in suburban Melbourne. (Perfect my arse; see the almost-universally-panned remake of *The Stepford Wives*, and then ask yourself who's panning it.) But just below the surface, Tom is losing it.

Exhibiting the signs of an addiction, Tom's regular rendezvous with front bars of hotels coincide with a developing shake in his hands; he's attempting to divorce himself from his emotions, from his feelings. He's talking to himself. His short-term memory is

lapsing. His job, which has been his life for twenty years – "twenty years for *nothing!* How can I justify that?" – is falling apart around him.

So, when his boss tells him to take a break, he does. Walking onto a barge, he crosses the Yarra and finds himself in the city, where he enjoys/endures a succession of intense, short-term relationships with various other "missing persons".

A working title for the film was *Missing Tom*, and you can see why. Tsilimidos, with playwright Daniel Keene, explores the concept of identity through a number of devices. Aesthetic appearance is used to great effect, as Tom transforms from a clean-cut office draftsman, to a bearded, long-haired man with scruffy clothes.

"What kind of person am I?" he asks himself after he's attempted to ring home, heard his daughter's voice and hung up. "Maybe I have a personality disorder. Maybe I'm deranged," he tells Christine (Leone Carmen), a former junkie. "I can't get away from myself." When Christine falls in love with his bearded self, and Tom declares "THIS ISN'T ME!", she throws a drink in his face. Even an ambo, at one point, asks "Who's Tom?"

But Tom starts to find some answers when he meets Malcolm, the 'grandiose denizen of the street', played by the grandiose denizen of Australian cinema, Bill Hunter. "Who are you?" asks Tom. Malcolm replies, "I'm the man that was over there a moment ago." But Malcolm has his own identity crisis: "I have seen what I look like – this is not my face. Where's my fucking face gone?"

When it was put to Aleksis that he appeared very interested in "swimming against the tide", "down Latham's aspirational ladder", the filmmaker agreed. While it can be fascinating to watch the politics at work between aspiring corporate moguls on that damn Donald Trump show, those people haven't got a patch on characters like Tom White and his fellow "missing persons".

The film is reasonably unique, in terms of Australian, or Hollywood, cinema, in that it does focus on the one who went missing, rather than staying with the crime/mystery formula and telling the story from the point of view of family and friends. Tsilimidos, while researching for the role of Tom White, spent hours in soup kitchens across Melbourne, and was genuinely surprised at the numbers of Tom Whites around: people who had just dropped off, checked out, and couldn't return.

Those who missed Andrew Denton's *Enough Rope* during National Missing Persons Week recently missed a fascinating insight into a situation that is often hidden from the mainstream: some people do simply "go missing", and don't have the ability to return. This is more than merely tough on those families; in many cases the situation is unbearable.

And while Tsilimidos's film was focussed squarely on the "missing", it provided a much-needed commentary on homelessness in general. Despite the myths surrounding homelessness, such a condition is easy to fall into, and most homeless people were not always so. I'm going to take this opportunity to plug the *Big Issue* magazine, which is sold for \$3 at various points throughout metropolitan Adelaide, \$1.50 of which goes to the vendor. It's a fantastic magazine, and an inspired initiative; not only does it give the vendors financial support, but it helps them re-engage with the community. And it's this re-engagement that is vitally important; most vendors are always happy to have a chat with people passing by, even if they're not buying. So do yourself a favour and discover the *Big Issue*.

And see *Tom White*. (You can also download Paul Kelly's soundtrack song *Meet Me in the Middle of the Air* exclusively from the official site, at www.tomwhite.com.au).

Russell Marks.

Mean Girls

Director: Mark S. Waters
Starring: Lindsay Lohan, Rachel McAdams and Lizzy Caplan

For some, the latest so-called "chick flick" or "teen movie" is an object of immense dread. I've become one of those people, but a good exception to this dread is found in the wry high school sociology of *Mean Girls*. It's a film which not only approaches its high school characters with some realism, but which also has some truly worthy insights to share. The film manages to square up to the likes of *Heathers* and *Election*, both of which observed aspects of high school (cliques and high school politics) from a darkly comic angle. By playing things fairly straight, as opposed to the irony of *Clueless*, *Mean Girls* carves out a place for itself amongst these great films. The situations and characters are often exaggerated for comic effect, but the situations behind them will ring painfully true for anyone who experienced the subversive mind games that take place in high school.

Cady Heron (*Freaky Friday*'s Lindsay Lohan, a joy to watch here) whose parents are research zoologists, has been home-schooled for most of her life. At age 16, she's entering a high school for the first time and, being unfamiliar with the nature of high school etiquette, Cady struggles. It's hard not to feel for Cady. She's a girl who is clearly mature in a number of ways (she's taking 12th grade calculus instead of math, "because it's the same in every country"). Yet she's left to ponder why the teachers,

unlike other adults, don't instinctively trust her. She spends her first day's lunch break sitting in one of the toilet cubicles, before things pick up as Cady forms a friendship with the semi-goth Janis (Lizzy Caplan) and the "too gay" Damian (Daniel Franzese). Soon after, she's pulled aside by Regina George (Rachel McAdams), leader of a three-girl clique dubbed "The Plastics".

The straightforward approach to the games played within these cliques deserves a lot of praise. When Regina finds out about Cady's crush, she simply starts flirting with Aaron as well. Cady learns to play it subtle, too. When trying to get Aaron's attention, she seeks his help in calculus (even though she's better at the subject than he is). The dialogue in these scenes is delightfully witty. A student, talking about Regina, tells the camera, "one time, she punched me in the face... it was awesome," capturing the excitement of being noticed by someone popular. When Cady gets home, her mum asks her if people were nice, and Cady responds "no". Cady's dad then asks if she made any friends, and Cady's response is "yeah," identifying the need for "friends" that comes before the need for a connection with other students. Mark Waters, who also directed Lohan in *Freaky Friday*, has some fun with the quick-witted script. Cady is far from the stereotypical outsider: she doesn't dress like a Star Trek character or significantly lack social skills, she's simply naive. Janis isn't concerned with the Plastics simply because they're popular - unlike what's depicted in other movies - she's also upset because of rumours

Regina has spread. The teachers in *Mean Girls* are equally fun to watch. Tina Fey, who also wrote the film (as well as writing recently for *Saturday Night Live*), is a blast to watch as Cady's sarcastic calculus teacher. Even the Plastics themselves come across as actual people: Regina briefly lets her guard down after Cady turns her onto a diet bar that actually causes her to gain weight. Amanda Seyfried, as Plastic member Karen, reveals insecurity about her own lack of intellect. Regina's mother (Amy Poehler), who tries desperately to convince Cady she's a "cool mom," is downright hilarious.

Fey has stated that *Mean Girls* is inspired by Rosalind Wiseman's non fiction book, *Queen Bees and Wannabes: Helping Your Daughter Survive Cliques, Boyfriends, and Other Realities of Adolescence*, whose title sums up the film fairly well. Fey has added to that her own experiences and those of studies of numerous U.S. high schools to create a deliciously witty movie. To be fair, the occasional joke belies this intelligence: the all-out war waged between the girls near the end, for example, lacks the wit of the rest of the film. It's forgivable. When the sex education teacher bluntly tells the students not to have sex, immediately before offering everyone condoms, it's as if the writers are hinting at the fact that very little the parent or teacher does will stop teenagers from acting the way they do - but they will grow past it eventually. Like Cady, we just have to feel our way through.

****1/2

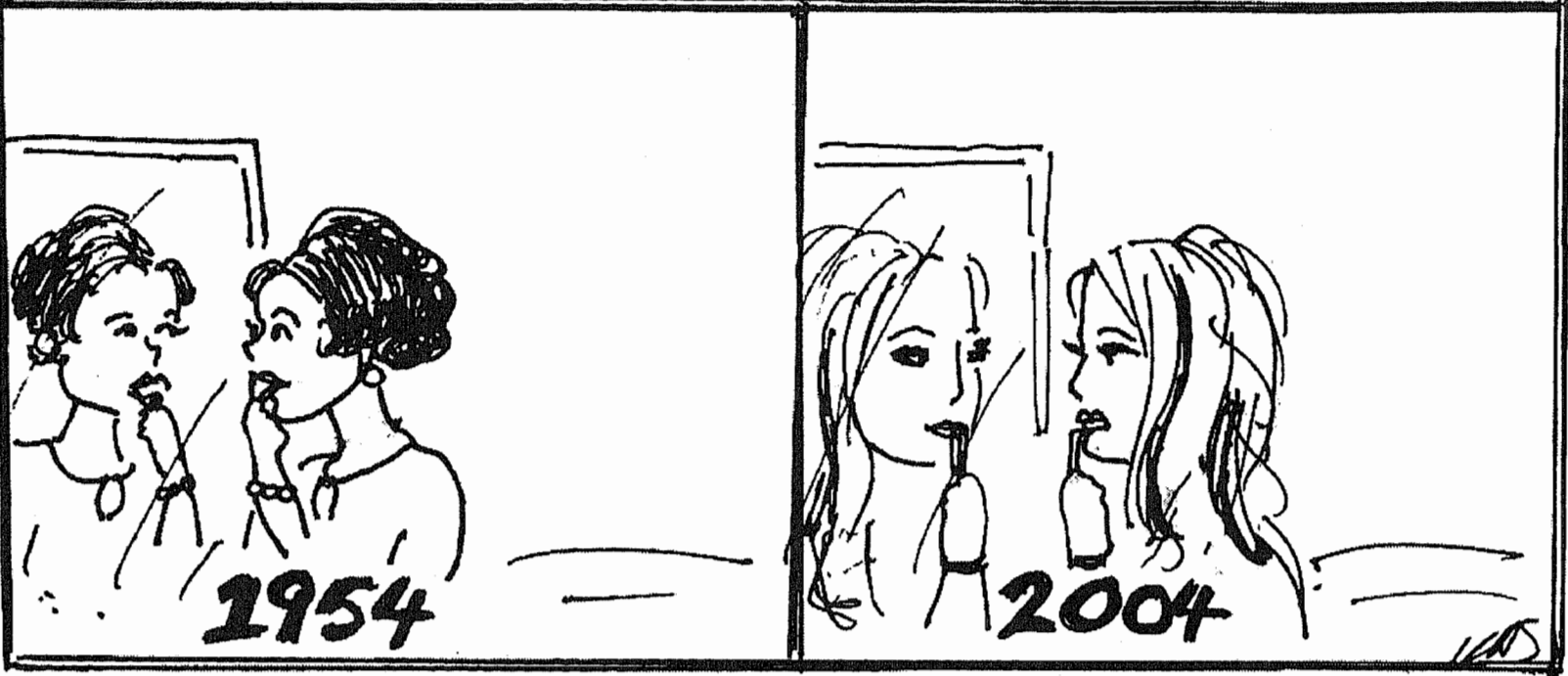
Brian O'Neill

Fasten your seatbelts. It's going to be a bumpy night. Margot Channing

Feminist Brain Stew *

Inside the curvy and fertile mind of (delightfully controversial) Women's Officer Kellie Armstrong-Smith.

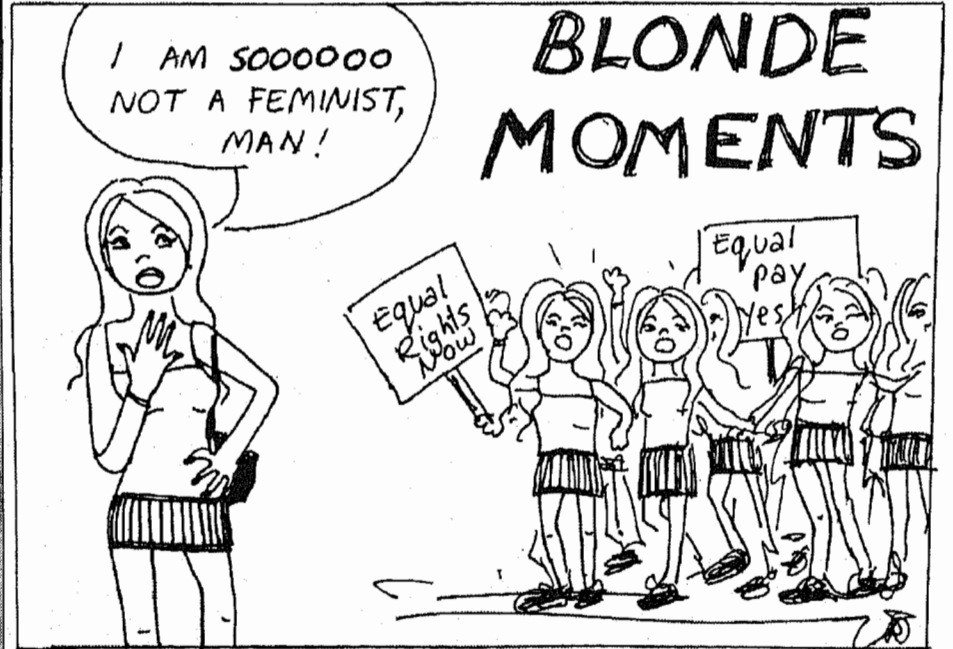
THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGIN' ♪ ♫ ♪



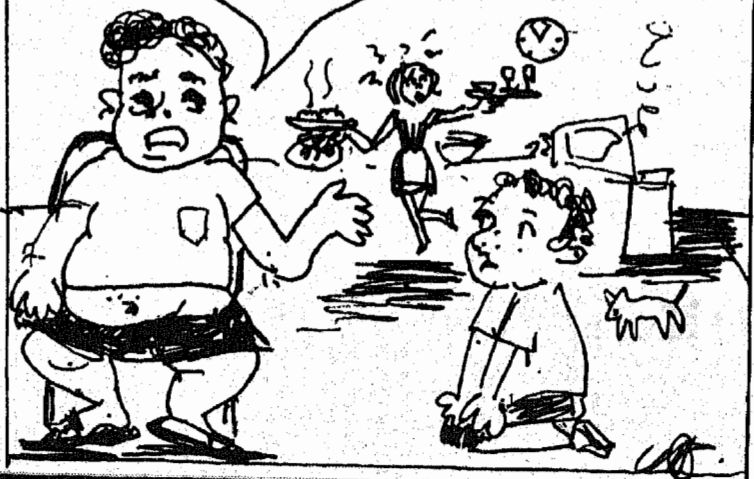
CASE OF THE GLASS CEILINGS



BLONDE MOMENTS



SON, AIN'T NO REASON THEM WOMEN NEED A "ROOM OF THEIR OWN"



MAYBE HE ♥'S ME,



MAYBE HE OONT,



MAYBE HE ♥'S ME,



MARY-LOU, I'M - I'M GAY !!!



LOVE IN THE TWENTY-1ST Century

1st - what happened to the template, Jimmy?

SHH. JUST PUT IT IN THE BOX.

what a deformed thief this fashion is

Picture this: you're sauntering down Rundle Mall, avoiding people whom you used to be friends with in year 10, wearing sky-wash blue jeans, an off the shoulder sherbet colour jumper and Pierre Fontaine thongs. You're feeling rather melancholy because the object of your affection isn't messaging you back and you can't possibly handle another Boost juice due to your insecurities about wheat grass shots being fattening. Suddenly, amidst this panorama of urban obscurity, you witness a force of nature that triggers a knee-jerk reaction within your cerebral structures. A mystery girl strides past your mediocre existence, flaunting a cherry-coloured bob, tartan kilt, neon green plastic stilettos and a Mickey Mouse bomber jacket. As she approaches you, she peers through your withering soul and fills it up with memories of ice-cream parlours, Commander Keen and cherry blossoms. But just as soon as she leaves her technicolour mark on you, she departs in a flurry of style and European good looks. You walk on, anaesthetised and numb with jealousy, filled with rage at the prospect of cooler people than yourself haunting the city streets. The bitch, where the hell did she get her shoes, as if she wears that during the day, what a total fashion victim, bitch, bitch, bitch...

Contrary to popular belief, it's not only men who are competitive bastards. Although the male ego has been rendered as somewhat of a celebrity, it's quite laughable that all women are supposed to be supportive and nurturing mothers to each other. Yes, the sisterhood has its perks (make-up, slumber parties, emotional support a-plenty...sounds scarily like a tampon commercial), but when it comes to our neurological networks and fashion, we tend to lose all sense

of congeniality. In fact, women can be downright nasty to other women who seemingly got the prettier end of the aesthetics stick. Just observe a group of girls reading Vogue... "She's way too skinny", "Ew, as if she's a model" etc. Unfortunately, aesthetics + women = a murky business indeed. Add fashion into the equation, and you end up with a generation of women shrouded in fear and contempt for their fellow sisters.

Take for instance asking a female friend about fashion and personal style. You may get a myriad of responses that go along the lines of, "It's a form of self expression" or "Fashion is a creative outlet for me" yada yada yada. Although this may be the case for a majority of girls, it can't be denied that there's more to the story than we're letting on. Yes, dressing like a fashionista may indeed be an exercise in originality, but when you spy looks of envy coming from females in all directions, isn't it nice to know that other girls are systematically feeling threatened by your existence? Ok, I know that sounds incredibly harsh, but I've surveyed a fair number of friends who agree in unison at this proposition. Fashion is irrevocably an exercise in exerting, and taking away other's reserves of self-esteem. Anyone who tells you otherwise is either living in a hopelessly utopian dreamland, or is too ashamed to admit it.

But can we really be blamed for this kind of malicious behaviour? Look at the world in which we live in nowadays. We are born, a few incessant happenings occur that fill us with a brief sense of purpose, and then we ultimately die alone. Is it really so surprising that fashion has become yet another means to alienate, torment and exclude the exterior world? It seems so glossy, all those colourful and

inviting magazines, all those beautiful creatures and their beautiful apparel, all those parties, pseudo-friendships and free champagne. How ironic that this bastion of beauty in western society is responsible for arousing so many icky and uncivilized feelings within us all. In the end, fashion is just another tool that women use in order to feel worthy and loved. All this business of leaving a woman's security into the hands of corporate retail giants and mass media magazines is unfortunately a part of the world. But what do you do when a generation of women subconsciously plot against each other using both aesthetic and visceral means to survive this modern world? Answer: buy more shoes, more clothes, more bags, more self-esteem, more confidence, more more more...

Ugh. Just writing that paragraph made my soul writhe with contempt. But wait folks, there's more to this tale of venom and woe. Observe the carefree characters that so frequent the pages of Vogue lounging about wearing the finest haute couture whilst simultaneously being mauled by hyper-chiselled European males... what glamour! What lifestyle! What freedom! Fashion seems to be a pretty liberating kind of shindig, with all that freedom of expression and what not. It's a pity that when you take the time out to really scrutinise your current issue of Vogue, you'll discover how mind-numbingly constrictive fashion is to the feminine psyche. For an entity that is fundamentally liberating in nature, it's amazing how many women feel ultimately enslaved by its clutches, both physically and viscerally. From whalebone corsets to slinky (yet unforgiving) polyester shell tops, fashion has literally been binding us for all this time, and yet we're still none the wiser. So currently haunting

the streets of Adelaide is a mass procession of femmes, restrained by their jealousy and imminent sense of mortality, plagued with the knowledge that there will be another day, and that this day will belong to the evil that is fashion.

Considering that this edition of Elle Dit is dedicated to the fabulous feminine mystique, I should technically be reporting on the merits of ballet slippers and moisturiser. However, the muddy depths of a woman's relationship with fashion and other women is far more interesting and informative to all the men out there who still think that we wear cool clothes to attract male breeding partners. Girls, next time you callously tell a female companion, "Great hair", "Love the shoes", "Fab blazer", make sure that you actually mean it. It's rather difficult, but emancipate yourselves from the stranglehold of feeling jealous and instead opt for establishing a real human connection without letting pieces of cloth do the feeling for you. The world is kind of cool once you get over the whole brand, consumer and competitive shemozzle. Embrace beauty in all facets of life, from the warm smile of an elderly man on the bus to the bronze and lithe legs of a supermodel. Boys, think that being a woman is exhausting?

Baby, when it comes to the nitty gritty of owning a vagina, nothing is ever a simple exercise in rationality.

Stephanie Mountzouris

WHAT'S HOT

Minions.

Being enthralled by the dispelled phenomena of childhood. The tooth fairy, Easter Bunny and ye olde Coke mascot Santa Claus. Believing is the new black.

Imitation vegemite. Marmite, promite and friends. So much yeast, so little time.

WHAT'S NOT

Von Dutch hats. You've got to be joking...\$100 for a garish cap that even Will Smith would reject in his early 90s heyday. Just think of famished Somalians screaming in hunger, and then try buying one, dickstick.

Ian Thorpe. Repressed homosexuality. Big Feet. Olympic glory went out with cargo pants.

Public displays of affection. What's cooler than being cool? Ice cold. That means no kissing, no touching and no holding hands whilst dining/dancing/attending birthday parties. I'm watching you.



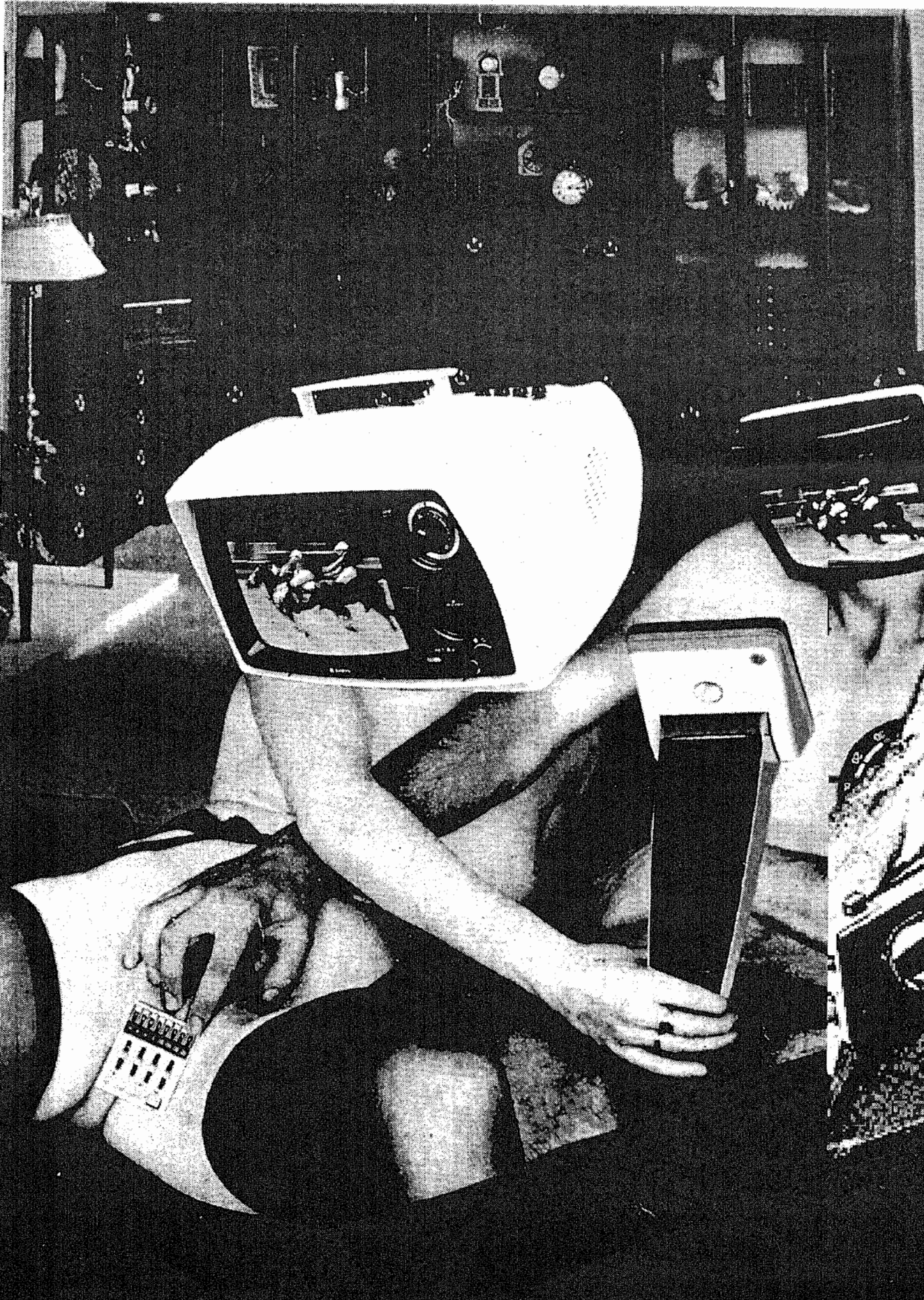
Underlying all optimism is sheer terror - The FACE magazine

Elle Dit salutes...

Linder Sterling

Linder was a punk feminist artist from Manchester in the late Seventies and early eighties. Her collage art was striking, fun and controversial. And while the gender politics of her art certainly did not go unobserved, Linder proved most influential by creating a powerful style and look for feminist street press and zines, such as the infamous *Shocking Pink*.

Jimmy Trash



Life's a bitch. You've got to go out and kick ass. Maya Angelou



On second thoughts I'm not so sure I ever had one...

*I have pert breasts
I have eyelashes
Knees that bend
And a crack in my*

In my ass

*Oh, where is she?
Was she neglected?
Did she run away
Oh I hope she is ok!*

*There must be a reason that mine is lost
Or is it because I was created without
Maybe she was obscene
But what could she do from way down there
Packed so neatly away*



Where's my vagina?

Do you notice anything missing?

*Have you seen my
Where is my
Is that my
My oh my
I seem to have lost my*

Where is my vagina?



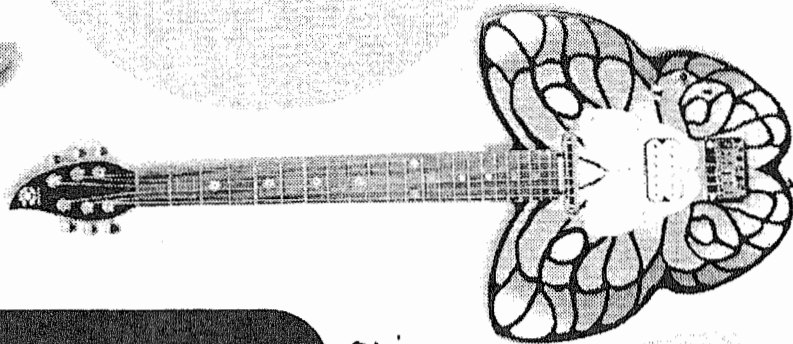
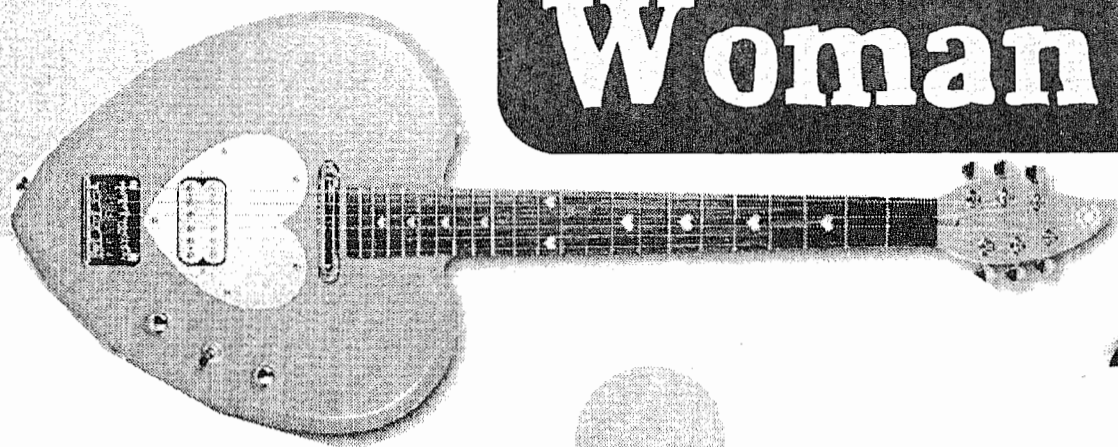
*Where is my woman
Where is my me
Why is it that my breasts and hair are enough to identify
me?*

*Take me to my pussy
Show me my clit*

*If you know her whereabouts please call
1-800-Where's-my-slit?*

Anna & Laura

Woman Tone



Girls & Their Guitars

Chix
with Pix

I remember hearing somewhere that if you encounter guitars in your dreams, it symbolises passion and emotion, has a sexual connotation and may signal an erotic dream. This is because, it is argued, the rounded, curvaceous shape of the guitar resembles the female form. Perhaps that's why blues guitarist BB King named his round, Gibson 335 guitar 'Lucille', and his 'cousin' Albert King, named his axe 'Lucy'. When you factor in Eric Clapton (a guitarist referred to by some as 'God', incidentally) coining the phrase "woman tone" to describe the sound of a neck (or bridge, with the tone rolled off) humbucker pickup fed into a warm, creamy, overdriven valve amplifier, you start to wonder about where females themselves fit into this bizarre, fetishised world of music gear.

Given the phallic guitar neck stroking, giant Marshall stacks, and quips about G strings (that for some strange reason, never seem to get any unfunnier as time goes by) that surround much rock music, it's not hard to see why many perceive the guitar as being somewhat of a boys' club. Of course, we're all enlightened individuals who know that there have

always been great female guitarists (and more generally, musicians) and always will be, but if you had to ask yourself how many female guitarists you could name off the top of your head, and compare that to a list of famous male players, you may find the previous smaller in comparison.

Enter Tish Ciravolo, a female bassist who wants to address this perceived imbalance and encourage young girls as well as teens and older women to take up the instrument. Ciravolo is the founder of Daisy Rock guitars, and argues that the reason why young girls have been inhibited from picking up the instrument is because guitars have traditionally been bulky, and hence physically awkward to play and hold. "Until now there hasn't been a guitar built that young girls feel comfortable with and my hope is the Daisy Rock will conquer these inhibitions and empower more young girls to play guitar," she has said.

She has a point. One of the oldest and most recognisable guitar shapes, the Gibson Les Paul, is a solid plank of heavy wood, and I can certainly vouch for its spine-realigning properties. It's so infamous for being heavy, it's rumoured that Les Paul-favouring guitarist Vivian Campbell had to hire his own personal chiropractor to accompany him on tour when he played in vocalist Ronnie James Dio's band! To encourage girls to pick up the instrument, Daisy Rock guitars are designed to be easier for females to play. The reasoning behind the designs is that girls (generally) have a smaller frame and hands than men. To this end, the guitars are built with slim necks, and have ultra thin, lightweight contoured bodies, to be more comfortable for girls to hold. They also feature a shorter scale (less string tension when tuned to pitch, therefore it's easier to bend and manipulate strings). In interviews, Ciravolo has alluded to other factors that affect the playability of a guitar for women. She has avoided explicitly mentioning girls' chests and the associated problems with guitar straps that Ani was referring to in the above quote, but when she says her guitars "fit girls better", you can guess at what she's trying to say.

The unique focus on instrument design doesn't end there. The most interesting part about the guitars made for girls phenomena is how they are marketed, who the image is constructed to fit into a pre-conceived notions of 'girl' aesthetics, in order to appeal to a female target market. The model names of the guitar and bass product lines include the Daisy, Heartbreaker, Rock Candy, and the Butterfly, and they come in a choice of proven girl-approved colours, including: Powder Pink, Princess Purple, Sky Blue, Sunny Yellow, Pepper Mint, Awesome Blue, Dreamy

Daisy, Red Hot Red, Blackheart, Pink Heart, Gold Sparkle, Blue Shimmer, & Champagne Sparkle to name a few. One of the company's latest designs, the 'Pixie' electric/ acoustic guitar, comes with two pages of re-usable decals of butterflies and flowers for the budding musician to decorate their new instrument with; all girl's love flowers right? What's more, the shapes of the guitars themselves include flowers, hearts and butterflies. Interestingly, for all of the talk of making more playable guitars, some of these more adventurous body shapes seem like they would be *more* difficult to play, considering they lack of cutaways means that upper neck access is restricted.

Whether you see the designs as cute and cool, or garish and tacky depends a lot on your individual taste (and probably your age too). Are these gimmicks, playing off those old idealised notions of girls as "sugar and spice, and all things nice"? If anything, I'd guess that it's more to please the Mums & Dads, who perhaps are more inclined to shell out the dough for their young child's first guitar if it gives off a clean-cut, cute image. The whole thing could be as simple as that; a company trying to corner a niche target market. But I find it raises some interesting questions about the gender-ing of instruments, in a very different way to when Donita Sparks, guitarist from all-female grunge rockers L7 (who infamously threw bloodied tampons at a festival audience after the crowd antagonised the band with mud pies and other projectiles) referred to her "Flying V" shaped axe as her "Flying Vagina". How's that for 'woman tone' eh Clapton?

Reading through internet message boards, like Rockgirl, you can see that many girls welcome the Daisy Rock initiative: "I think it's a good idea, because it's a fact that most girls DO have smaller hands - it's not a bad thing, or a putdown, it's just a fact," said one poster. "I think smaller scale guitars are really helpful, especially for younger players, and men and women with smaller hands" added another.

But could this seemingly simple gesture, designed to break down stigma, social barriers and stereotypes about female musicians have the opposite effect, and reinforce the very attitudes it seeks to change? One girl by the internet handle of Siren had this to say on the topic: "Those guitars are so stupid-looking. What I find most ridiculous, though, is the fact people think girls need to have different kind of guitars than guys. Think of yourself as a musician first! Just play a normal guitar." These sentiments were echoed by others: "Please don't buy into that marketing crap-Find a good guitar without the damn flowers. There are plenty of



Clearly, everything they've said about Rock & Roll is true.

I just want to send a message to all those guitar makers out there. Girls have tits...

men who play incredibly with tiny hands." These are all valid points; female musicians don't want to be patronised, and if there are separate guitars for girls, then perhaps this is playing right into the hands of chauvinistic naysayers.

On the face of it, the Daisy Rock ideal is a noble one, just as long as there's no unpleasant consequences; as long as musos (who are a bitchy enough lot as it is) don't start categorising instruments or their players according to what is considered a "girls" guitar, or a "man's" guitar. But muso's can be a funny bunch sometimes. Consider for instance, how the late blues player Stevie Ray Vaughn's preference for thick 0.13 gauge strings is often spoken of in awed, hushed tones by fawning musos who marvel at the physical feat required to play with such dexterity and finesse under such difficult conditions. Will they look down on players who choose to use "easier", cuter instruments? And is there something so intrinsically wrong with previous designs that have hindered females in the past? Isn't the great music that's been played on those instruments evidence that such considerations are minimal?

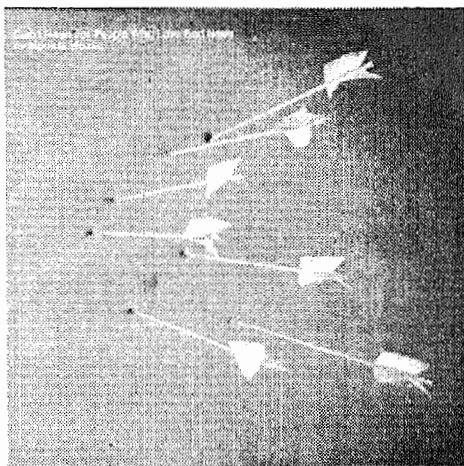
I think Daisy Rock have their heart in the right place, it's just that when you think about the underlying issues behind aiming a design of instrument at a particular gender, a peculiar can of worms is opened up. It should be pointed out that they don't want to limit their customer base to females only, and they remind customers often that their guitars are good for anyone with "smaller hands", or wanting a lighter, more playable instrument, be they male or female. It's certainly refreshing to see some more radical shapes and designs in the guitar realm, bright colours included.

The fact that after five decades of electric guitar building, Daisy Rock are one of the first (if not *the* first) manufacturers that I can think of to expressly focus on encouraging females to play, building instruments for that purpose. Whether or not it causes more unpleasant debates on "women in rock", it's a nice change from the days when Dean Guitars would prefer to use scantily-clad women in their product ads to sell their instruments to horny middle-class frat boys (see the accompanying picture if you don't believe me). If the availability of Daisy Rock guitars (and any other brands that follow suit) does encourage more young girls to take up the bass or guitar, then surely that can only be a good thing. Unless a guitar adorned with Barbie appears, then I don't have of a problem with it, but personally, I'd like to think that any make, style or build of guitar is available to any gender, just as they always have been.

The bottom line is that perhaps we should all be more concerned with the music coming out of the instrument than

whether it was played on a pink heart-shaped guitar, or something more 'traditional', and (it goes without saying) regardless of what genitalia is owned by the musicians. Let's please not start segregating the musical instruments themselves into gender distinctions; music has enough problems as it is. In the meantime, let's see some more female shredders, axe-slingers, and fretboard blazing demons (with or without flower-shaped guitars) join the cause, and continue to throw spanners into society's expected musical works.

dan V
prefers Gibson-styled guitars and currently plays 0.10's.



Modest Mouse
Good News for People who Love Bad News
Epic

Here's a caveat straight off the bat: it's hard to talk about this album without referencing other artists. That's not to say that Modest Mouse (a Washington four piece lead by singer/guitarist Isaac Brock) are wholly derivative and not without their own merits, but rather it's very easy to hear where they sit in the greater pantheon of alternative rock and indie pop sounds. I imagine that this may bother the front man, who's said: "Reporters are always asking me if I care when I get compared to the Pixies or Built to Spill. What am I supposed to say? 'That fucking pisses me off, man. I hate that shit.'? I don't give a damn. They can compare me to Sade and Prince for all I care."

Oh well. The fact remains that 'The World at Large' has a fractured, cerebral pop sound that is sure to please any Flaming Lips fan. Coincidentally enough, the Lips family make a guest appearance on the album's final track, 'The Good Times are Killing Me'. In addition to housing the title lyric, 'Bury Me with It' betrays the Pixies influence/ comparisons the most, with Brock sounding quite like a screaming Frank Black in the chorus. Imagine Jon Spencer quietly frothing at the mouth into a microphone over minor key surf-oid guitar, and bells and glockenspiels and you get an idea of what 'Dance Hall' sounds like. On tracks like 'Float On' and

'The View', the boom tick disco backbeats tap into the current Franz Ferdinand/ Rapture-esque vogue, but adds vocals akin to Connor Oberst's characteristic whine. The similarities to the Bright Eyes frontman don't end there, as Brock seems to share his penchant for introspective lyrics; there's no doubt that *Good News...* is Brock's album; you know it's *his* thoughts, rants and feelings expressed here. Fortunately, it's not the most ego-centric album ever made and it does lend itself to repeated listens which aid in revealing it's subtle charms.

Musically there are some moments that set Modest Mouse apart from the usual crowd of Pixies soundalikes, like the surging ambience that creeps in during 'The View', the magnificently dreamy opening guitar hook of 'Ocean Breathes Salty', and the varied instrumentation (Brock's adept banjo playing in particular).

To his credit, Brock has managed to make *Good News...* quite colourful and varied; this may make it harder to pin him down to a singular sound (a good thing), but perhaps making it easier for some listeners to put him in the "too hard" basket (a not-so good thing). He's an accomplished vocalist and lyricist (that perennial figurehead, 'God' gets several mentions in many of the songs here) even if it sound like every track that made it to the album was chosen to show-off Brock's varied vocal delivery.

Modest Mouse are musically and vocally proficient, and manage to do some interesting things with the conventional forms, but it's still a little early to proclaim that they're at the forefront of the 'new guard'. If you're wanting to dig a twisted, adventurous, intellectual 'alternative' pop album with some spiky rock energy and you're not expecting unmitigated brilliance, then *Good News for People who Love Bad News* will probably fulfill your needs better than most.

dan V



Sodastream

Live @ The Jade Monkey, Saturday August 7



I suppose there were about 80-100 people at the Jade Monkey to see Sodastream last Saturday, and if you weren't one of them, you missed something new in Australian music. The singer's name is Karl Smith, and from the minute he finished his Chinese take-away in the corner, waited for the support act, then took the stage with bassist Peter Cohen, strapped an acoustic guitar, this voice held the room with its oddness. What strikes your mind is a strange, complete and easy rejection of what could normally be understood as a masculine aesthetic. His singing isn't mired in self-consciousness, he doesn't conceive of himself a poet and project accordingly, all dreamy sensitive and fragile. There's a delicacy of feeling and tone but he's just as likely to be jaunty and rollicking as deliberately sensitive.

The acoustic guitar was equalized to be quite trebly and sat beautifully above the double bass, the sound of the two instruments together giving a rounded impression of perfect rightness. The bass rhythms were often intricate and rapid driving the sound and then at times bowed with all the richness an orchestral instrument can give.

The only negative I felt was that after 3/4 an hour proceedings were getting a touch solemn, perhaps a trifle over earnest. The kids, sorry, the audience sat on the wooden floor just as earnestly, just as intently. With such artists and such audiences, there would seem to be afoot a slight shift in the consciousness of what it means to be an Australian male. Because I've been going to concerts in Adelaide since Bowie at the Oval in '78 and have never seen anything like it.

Keith Jensen

...And if you put a tone control right where a tit goes, weird shit happens all the way through your song. - Ani DiFranco



Auf der Maur
Self Titled
Capitol/EMI

So, Auf der Maur, described as a "cocktail party" of established rockers led by Melissa auf der Maur (clearly no-one else had a cool enough surname to front a band) formerly of Hole and the Smashing Pumpkins. And, basically, if you miss the Pumpkins, get this album. Most of it sounds a hell of a lot like them except hornier. Think the single 'Real A Lie', although there are plenty of superior examples just waiting to be blasted at neighbour-annoying volume from a disaffected wannabe-Goth teenager's stereo. Like 'Beast of Honor', and 'My Foggy Notion'. And the opener 'Lightning is my Girl'... almost. Almost, except for the lyrics. Lyrics that would shame that disaffected wannabe-Goth teenager's angsty thirteen-year-old sister. I'll forgive nearly any sins in the name of rhyme or rhythm, but lines like "kissing on the corner / I know it's a dream / it's better than daytime / because dreamtime lasts forever" make you think Mel was going out of her way to avoid both. Which, when paired with such a kick-arse pounder of a backing track, is bloody frustrating.

Speaking of dodgy writing, well... if the making of this album was a cocktail party, presumably they came up with closer 'I Think I Want I Will' towards the end of the night. You know, when there are a few people passed out, nobody left within coo-ee of sobriety, probably someone choking on their own vomit out back somewhere. When you're past doing stuff that seemed utterly hilarious at the time, and well into the stage when you're doing stuff that seemed like the deepest thing ever, man! Put simply, it's the biggest wank since Muse's frontman found his muse. I'm still not sure whether, in the harsh light of day, this is a good thing or not.

So, her lyrics aren't always up to scratch, how 'bout the voice singing them? Not bad, certainly not completely drug-fucked like certain former bandmates of hers (cough, hack, cough, Courtney, cough, splutter) but on the thin side, and given the polish in the production here you can't help but think that there's a few cracks that have been glossed over somewhere between

studio and stereo. None of which really matters – the end result is still shiny enough to impress.

JK



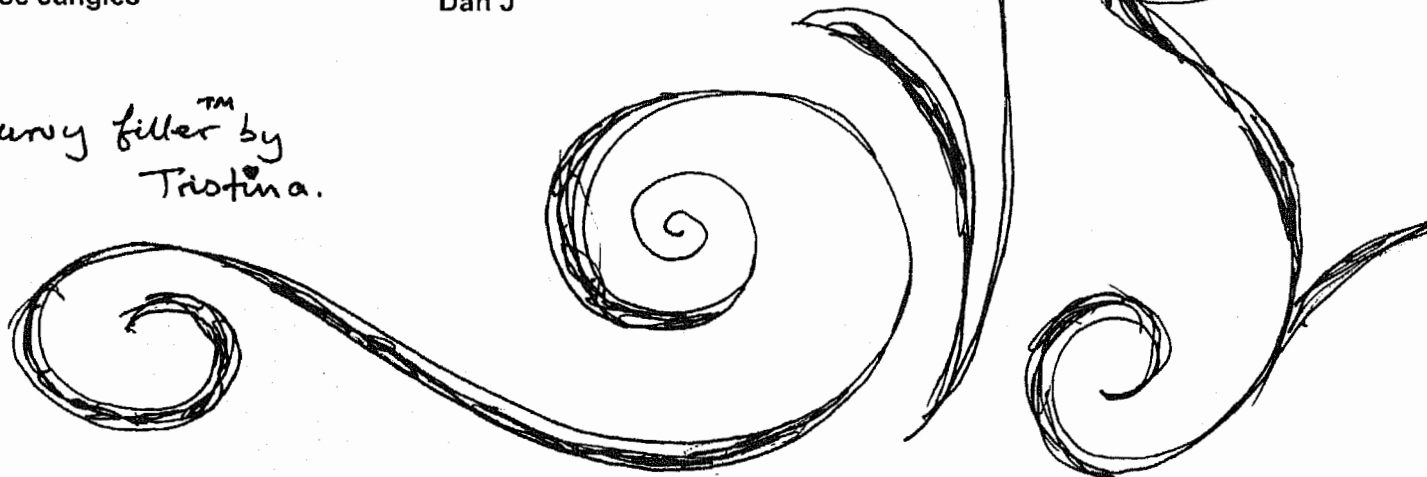
Pink
Try This
Arista

Pink presents more bad girl posturing in this follow-up to 2001's *Missundaztood*, with the requisite over-directed bad-ass photo spread in the sleeve. Although lacking a dance floor hit as persuasive as 'Get the Party Started', there's no doubt that opening track 'Trouble' is catchy, and 'Feel Good Time' (as featured on the Charlie's Angels II soundtrack) will at least get you dancing around the house. Although flogging a concept presented more convincingly by Faithless, 'God is a DJ' is entirely pleasant to listen to despite its clumsy metaphor ('If God is a DJ/If life is a dancefloor/Love is the rhythm/You are the music'), and consequently has enjoyed airtime on middle-of-the-road stations like SAFM. But where Pink falls down is in her latest single, 'Last to Know'. Although boasting the credentials of Rancid's Tim Armstrong in the guitar section, this track about the girl from Pennsylvania's

apparent rage at a guy not showing up to her concert leaves me entirely unconvinced. She's THAT angry about someone not showing up after she put their name on the door? Please. I expected more dignity from a woman who named herself after her genitals.

Ms Joe Jangles

Curvy filler™ by Tristina.



Pan Am
Self Titled
Flying Nun / Festival Mushroom

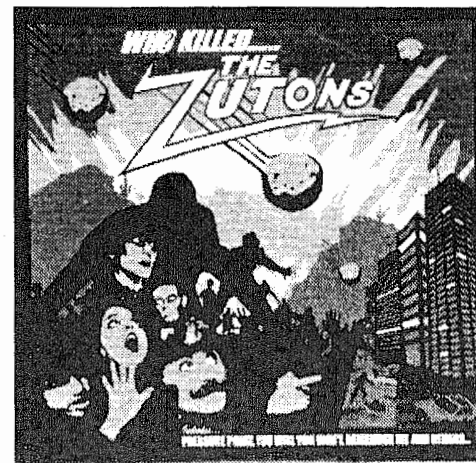
"Much more than the average three chord garage neo-punk band."

"Dirty, bithcin', fuck-up, indie rock freight train paying homage to the early pioneers of the art."

It's amazing how wrong and self defeating PR agents can be. In no way does this band hark back to any of the bands name checked on the media release (Blur, Hendrix, Small Faces, The Stones) but their attraction lies in the fact that they are pretty much an average three chord band. Although they don't compare to New Zealand's other smooth garage retro rockers The Rainy Days, they are a welcome break from their dirty rock'n'roll counterparts, the D4 and co.

The simple chord progressions and clean distortion has the feel of the mid-nineties bands that finally managed to find a smile in the wake of Nirvana, ala Nada Surf, Sidewinder. It's so pleasant to hear a band not trying too hard, understating but with just enough zing to hold your interest. 'Natural' is the lo-fi, garagey dirge of the album while song 1 verges on dancerock but once again pulls back to just cruise along at leisurely pace. I recently came to terms with how irritatingly superfluous the modern rock'n'roll scream is and it's absence is perhaps what makes Pan Am's self titled album so listenable. This band hasn't tried to do anything out of the ordinary and consequently have avoided making fools of themselves. More than can be said for most.

Dan J



The Zutons
Who Killed... The Zutons
Sony Music

I could be cynical and dump this band in with numerous UK acts (The Libertines, The Coral) who have been quick to cash in on the new penchant for retro, but *Who Killed the Zutons* is just too much fun. An eclectic Beta Band style mania crossed with sixties rock, and a philosophical Mexican drunkard. Forget the PR picked singles and go straight to the first track (logical, eh?) 'The Zutons', a singular playful bass line driven song that sets the scene for the soundtrack to the coolest movie never made. Next best is 'Havana Gang Brawl' a cigar smokin', casino rock ballad of hold ups, highways and lonely nights. Funnily enough The Zutons aren't a joke band at all, 'Confusion' sounds like a 'classic' county/Bacharach crooner, the effect is thematic rather than comical. For instance 'Railroad' adds a touch of eastern exoticism like a black & white Bob Hope/Bing Crosby flick. The Zutons are sharp, professional and catchy. Their very cool fold out cover artwork alone is enough to keep this one from the Bigstar pawnshop.

Dan J

Don't compromise yourself. You're all you've got. - Janis Joplin



Kasey Chambers
Wayward Angel
Warner

listen to rock and roll. If I was a lady, I wonder could I be your girl?" "Hollywood" is an insightful comment on the comparison between celluloid and Kasey's own life ("If I was in a movie I would never let you get away/ But this is not Hollywood this is my life".) Gripping.

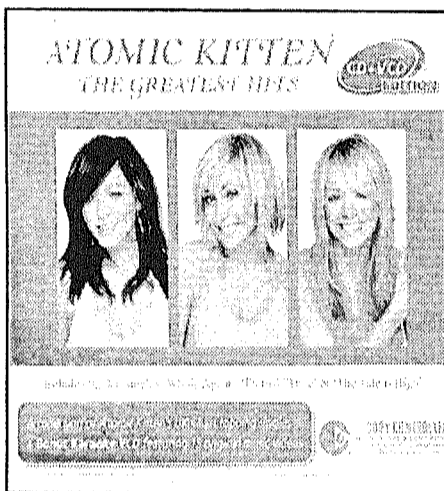
The real problem with Kasey Chambers is that the kind of music she writes sounds as if it's been lifted from the diary of a 15 year old girl of average intelligence. One horrible song melds into another and by the end we are left wondering whether or not we can't export Chambers permanently to Nashville. If Australia will insist on having claim to an internationally acclaimed country singer, at least she could be one with more inspiring lyrics than the title track's "Cause I am a wayward angel, I don't suffer, I don't cry." I wish I could say the same after listening to you, Kasey.

There's only so much angst a pair of sensitive eardrums can take. There comes a point when what began as a mild irritation morphs into full blown terrorist warfare on the senses. Listening to Kasey Chambers new album *Wayward Angel* is kind of like realising that there's still a full hour of that really boring seminar to get through. By the end of it, you're not sure if you're human anymore but you definitely want to kill somebody.

There's something about Kasey Chambers that gets under my skin and persistently irritates. Sure, she's an extremely accomplished entertainer. All those awards and international acclaim can't be for nothing. But hey – Jessica Simpson is kind of famous to and she also makes me want to gouge out my eardrums. So what is it about an angsty, whiny, nails-down-a-blackboard voice that clearly makes so many people go crazy with delight? Chambers, it seems to me, has absolutely nothing to recommend herself to anybody, except that some genius in the marketing department decided a labrette piercing would help her appeal to a hipper crowd. Word to the wise Chambers – just sticking a piece of metal in your face doth not a hipster make. However, subjecting thousands of radio listeners to your self indulgent drivel does render you one helluvan annoyance.

Wayward Angel sports such classics as "Pony" and "Like a River", beautiful effigies to a man at turns emotionally absent and viscerally inspiring. Chambers asks pressing questions such as, "If I had a baby, I wonder could I be your girl?" and my particular favourite, "I won't

Clem



Atomic Kitten
Greatest Hits

Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. It's been six years since my last confession (remember Hanson?). I've recently indulged in the sickly sweet phenomenon known as girl group pop. Plenty of artificial colours and flavours, 98% fat free and little or no nutritional value.

Atomic Kitten are the pop band responsible for the insidiously catchy, ridiculously overplayed "Whole Again", accompanied by adolescent squeals in a shopping mall near you. So what's all this palaver about a "Greatest Hits" album then? Surely they haven't been in the business that long. Perhaps it spells the end for their music careers? Sadly no. On her "thanks" page, band member Lil threatens her fans that this is "just

chapter 1". Oh dear.

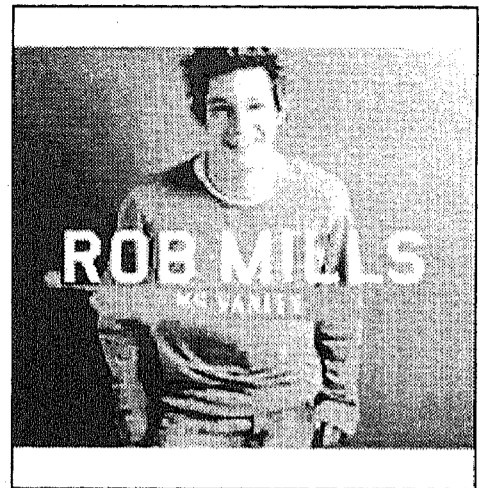
What treasures does this album have in store for us, you ask? Well, if you're a fan of the predictable three-minute pop tune, this may make you faint from sheer excitement. Apart from the three embarrassing covers, each song is a clinically perfect example of pop. Lil, Jenny and Tash take on the verse, chorus, verse chorus plus vocal descant embellishment formula with ease. The album is also complete with token British accent spoken word, popularized by (I presume) defunct girl group All Saints.

Now back to those desperate covers. "The Tide is High" and "Eternal Flame" are merely parroted pathetically, however "Ladies Night" is faintly ridiculous and amusing for the image of Jon Lovitz in "The Wedding Singer" alone. The original tracks are a mixture of boppy disco influenced numbers, like "B with U" (oh yes, they use trendy spellings of "2" and "alrite"; priceless) and acoustic ballads such as "Love Doesn't Have to Hurt"

Apparently I was unconsciously nodding my head throughout the tracks I was able to sit through. There's no doubt that this is passable as aerobics soundtrack, but nothing more. The girls seem to have fairly decent voices, but maybe that's the slick recording technology talking. The heartbreakingly simple three-part harmony has its merits though, as wonderfully easy karaoke. I can't wait to see a few seventeen year olds attempt "It's OK" (track #4) after a few ruskis.

These polyester girls are certainly at their peak of flawless shininess ("The goggles! They do nothing!"), spewing out bland inoffensive music at a leisurely pace. I'm inclined to think most of their time is taken up by fake tanning and stocking up on Wonderbras, not to mention consultations with whoever's responsible for airbrushing their album covers. I'd recommend a warning label for this and other mindless pieces of sappy pop; "Warning; prolonged use of this product may cause brain damage and/or anorexia nervosa. If symptoms persist, consult Ani Di Franco".

Heather



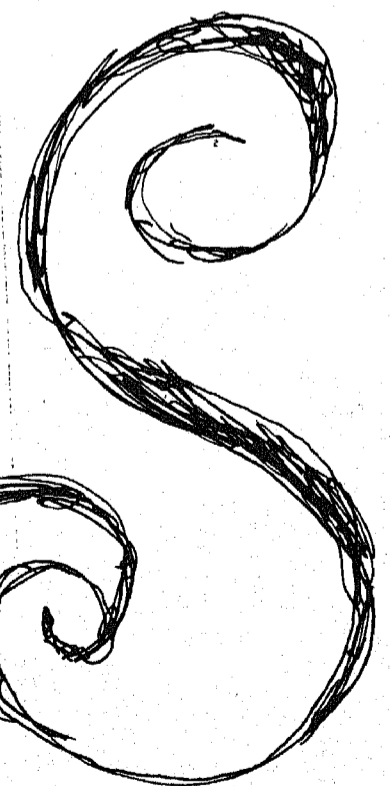
Rob Mills
Up All Night

Some damn label, I don't know.

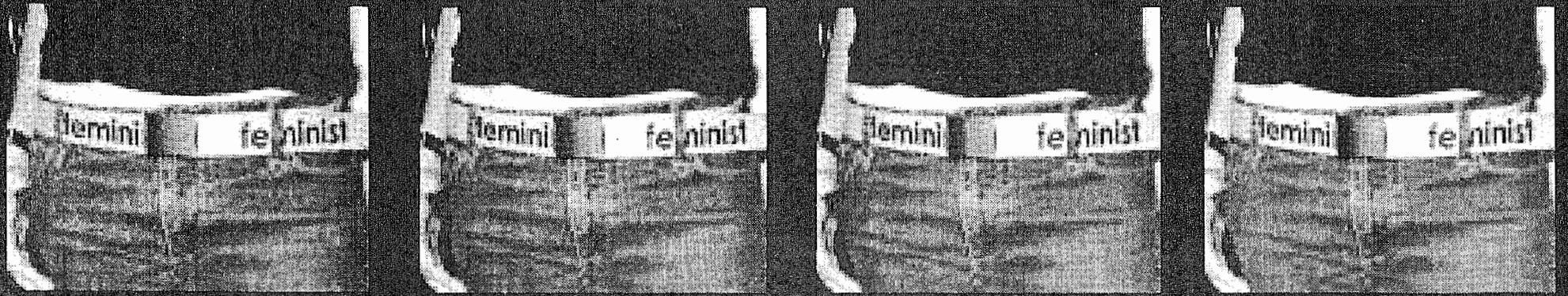
I don't know how many Australian Idol faithfuls there are reviewing for *On Dit*. I'll take a stab and guess not a lot, but I was uber excited see what the cheekiest Idol, Rob Mills, had to offer (I was also the only one willing to do it). However, even I was disappointed with his debut efforts. As a faithful Nova 91.9 fan, I was already familiar with 'Ms Vanity' and 'That's all you are' but these are two of only five and a half okay tracks on the CD.

Essentially they are like Hello Kitty: cute but ultimately trash. And that's the good ones (tracks 1,2,7 and half of 8, 10 and 11). 'Can't sleep' is a simple, but heartfelt ballad that's worth a listen, but the rest is barely tolerable. It smacks of cheesy, generically produced pop (even the seven that Mills himself contributed to!). Sadly, I fear that Millsy's greatest claim to fame shall always remain schtooping Paris Hilton.

lavinia



I see my body as an instrument, rather than an ornament. - Alanis Morissette



Ye olde clubs and classifieds...

AU FILM SOCIETY PRESENTS

Aussie Cult Viewing!
Thursday 19th August

Mad Max (1979)

The original Australian classic. In a dystopic future Australia, a vicious biker gang murder a cop's family and make his fight with them personal. police pursuit driver is drawn into a path of vengeance after a motorcycle gang targets him for the death of their former leader. Mel Gibson. (93 mins, Australia)

+ Short:

Felix Dopes It Out (1924)

The animated adventures of Felix the Cat. (7 mins)

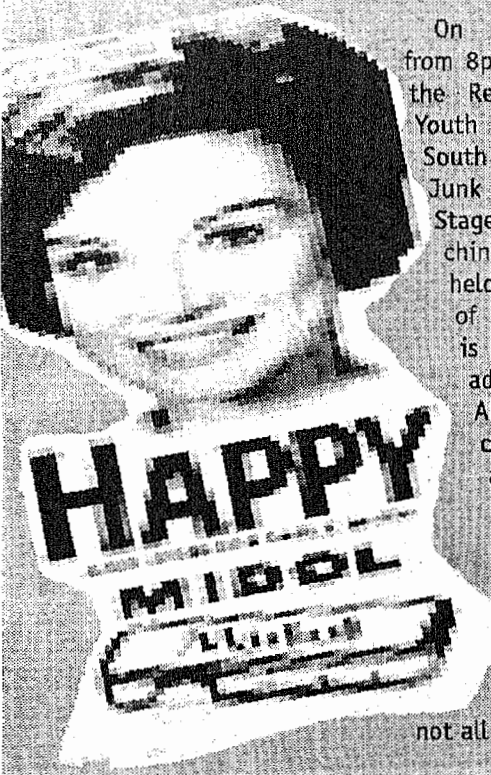
Noise about NOWSA

Oh my, isn't next year's NOWSA conference contentious! Do you have an opinion on whether Adelaide uni should host NOWSA 2005?

Come along to the cross-campus women's network
Thursday 19th August, 6:30pm
Adelaide uni (meet in the cloisters)

For more information call:
Mel Purcell - 0421 554 687
melissa.purcell@student.adelaide.edu.au

COME ON DOWN TO THE CROSSROADS - the best open mic down south!



On Friday 20th August from 8pm, The Crossroads at the Reynella Enterprise & Youth Centre (@ 10. Main South Road, Reynella on Junk Food corner) presents Stage Against The Machine, an open mic night held on the third Friday of each month. Entry is \$3, with performers admitted free of charge. All are welcome to come down and have a go. Backline is provided - just bring your instrument/s. There's a house band to kick the night off, with DJ Ozmeister working the decks. We're not all here, without you!

Survey on Staff-Student Sexual Relations

Hi, I am doing my honours thesis on staff-student sexual relations. To date, there have been no studies on the occurrence of staff student-sexual relations, nor the affects (good or bad) that they have on students.

This survey is for all students From it, I hope to discover:

- the extent to which staff-student sexual relations occur;
- the effect that they have on individual students;
- what you already know about current University policies relating to staff-student sexual relationships; and
- your attitude towards staff/student sexual relationships.

To fill it in, and for more information go to:
<https://www.adelaide.edu.au/surveys/intimate_relations.html>

It won't take longer than 5 minutes to fill in and I can guarantee complete anonymity. Last day to fill it in is Friday 27th August.

My name is Sarah Minney, I am an honours candidate at Adelaide University in the Politics department. If you want to contact me, you can do so via email: sarah.minney@adelaide.edu.au

Anyone for a Scottish jig?

The new Adelaide Uni Scottish Dancing Group is looking for members! This kind of dancing is easy to learn and great fun! No swords, kilts or bagpipes involved. The next two classes are from 7.30-10 pm on Thu, 12.8, in the WP Rogers Room and on Fri, 20.8, in the South Function Room, Level 4 Union House. We would be happy if you joined us. More information available from Birgit: birgit.hofmann@student.adelaide.edu.au

Notice of AGM

The Adelaide University Athletics Club will be holding its annual AGM on Monday 23rd August from 5:30pm at the Athletic Changerooms on Park 10, MacKinnon Pde, North Adelaide to elect a new committee for 2004/2005.

For further details please contact Tom on 0409 836 291.

ALL WELCOME!

ULTIMATE FRISBEE

This alternative and exciting sport is on offer at YOUR UNIVERSITY! Thats right

Adelaide Uni. has their own Ultimate Frisbee Club and we want YOU to come and have some fun playing the Ultimate sport - ULTIMATE Frisbee!

What is Ultimate Frisbee?

Ultimate Frisbee is a combination of rugby and netball. Players are not allowed to run with the Frisbee but it must be passed down the field and caught in an 'endzone' which scores your team a point. It involves the quick passing of soccer and netball, the leaping marks of Aussie Rules and the diving catches of cricket! Sick of BAD UMPRIES? Well be your own umpire and play ULTIMATE. This sport is self umpired AND non-contact! So for more information please contact Stephen Harfield, Adelaide Uni. Ultimate Frisbee Club's President on 0439 852 237 or go to the sports association and pick up a flyer!

AUUC BBQ

EVERY Wednesday the Adelaide Uni Ultimate Frisbee Club will be holding a BBQ for your enjoyment and stomach satisfaction to raise money for our Frisbee teams Australian Uni. Games Campaign! Come and buy a Sausage or a Vege. Burger and send your ULTIMATE team to the TOP!

QUIZ NIGHT

Are you busy on the 10th or September? Want somewhere fun to go? COME TO THE AUUC QUIZ NIGHT 2004 in aid of our very own Adelaide Uni. Ultimate Frisbee team! The venue is at the EXCLUSIVE Waite fields Sports Club! Meet new people! Win the prize for BIGGEST BAR TAB! AND compete in the race to win the coveted AUUC QUIZ NIGHT TROPHY!!! So get a table together today and contact Stephen Harfield on 0439 852 237! SEE YOU THERE!

Notice of a Sports Association Council Meeting

Tuesday 24th August
from 1:10pm
Margaret Murray Room
level 4, Union House

All students welcome!

Does feminist mean large unpleasant person who shouts at you, or someone who believes women are human beings? To me, it's the latter. So I sign up. Margaret Atwood

*I'm always
making a
comeback,
but nobody
ever tells
me where
I've been.*

Billie Holiday



