







On Dit 71.18 (The Sex Edition)



















Remember when you were a kid & you thought kissing was disgusting? You should have stuck with your instincts on that one. Experts agree: no matter what gender or sexuality you are, it is important to remember that kissing is SUPER GROSS. Especially in public, and especially after meals. Gross.

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On Dit is 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. But they almost always are, so you may as well try suing us anyway. We're pretty bored, and we have loads of money and legal expertise,

Send your submissions to ondit@adelaide.edu.au

Thank You...

Potter, Richard & Ela, Clementine, Melissa, Jesus for being such a good sport, Lavinia's friends for cheering us up, Mr Yuky, Hagemann for his grand return to form, Yak for taking care of Stan post suicide attempt (it was more of a cry for help, really), Heather, everyone who has been kind enough to have sex with us in the last eight months (especially you, Bob).

Readers of *On Dit* may have noticed our virtually non-existent coverage of the current Federal Election campaign. Indeed, we appear to be more preoccupied with petty factional intrigues in our own Students' Association than those of our representatives in Canberra. For this we hang our heads,

There is nevertheless a certain poignancy to our laziness. An unashamed bias against the Howard Government has been obvious since our first edition, when we printed several articles condemning everything from Howard's involvement in the occupation of Iraq to his relative indifference to the growth of the South East Asian slave trade. If readers aren't by now convinced that a change of government is well overdue, there probably isn't much more we can do short of ordering our subeditors to storm the Lodge with Molotov cocktails.

Last Sunday's televised debate between Howard and Latham provided further proof that there is little to report on this campaign that isn't depressingly predictable. While Latham attempted to place more emphasis on public services and truth in government, Howard was eager to highlight his so-called credibility when it comes to economic management and national security. By the end of the debate, Latham appeared confident, while Howard floundered in a sea of unconvincing statistics and rationalist equivocation that would have nevertheless convinced the silent majority of "tax payers" who feel cheated by the idea of sacrificing a percentage of their income for frivolous luxuries such as public funding for the ailing mental health system and bulk billing GPs for families without private health insurance.

Howard himself acknowledges the ideological divide between the two major parties on the issue of public funding for health and education. The Liberal Party insist that more families should relieve the burden on public services by placing their trust in the private sector, while the ALP toe the old socialist line that the State should remain responsible for those services that the market is incapable of delivering with fairly.

In this week's letters section, Big Young Liberal on Campus James Simpson responds to an article published in last week's *On Dit* with a self-proclaimed 'lecture' on the righteousness of John Stewart Mill.

According to Simpson, the father of Utilitarianism frowns upon the idea of social services being regulated by anything other than market forces. A government presumptuous enough to 'distort the market' for health and education is in effect impeding the civil liberties of its constituents. Howard himself suggested in last Sunday's debate that prioritising funding for public education over income tax relief would be an 'insult' to families who should be 'trusted' to spend tax cuts on their children's education.

Should Australian families be trusted?

Last month, Access Economics reported that Howard's cynically timed tax cuts had a surprisingly negligible effect on consumer-driven economic growth, due in part to much of it being invested in the gambling industry. In an increasingly amoral society, is the invisible hand of profit motivated competition really fit to educate our children or care for our elderly and infirm?

In my admittedly short experience, the 'market' wouldn't lift its gilded cock to piss on its own elderly mother, even if she was on fire.

In the time that I've being running this nightmarish paper, I have to confess that I've been neglecting my reading of political discourse. However, even a philistine such as myself knows that J. S. Mill was the first to acknowledge that living in a civilised society is fraught with compromise – not least the compromise we will all make on October 9 by relinquishing a portion of our political 'freedom' to elected representatives. How odd that Simpson and his ilk are so enamoured with republican democracy, yet feel that state funded services are too gross an incursion on our

liberties.

Simpson, along with countless other BYLCs, enjoy accusing their progressive counterparts of an impractical attachment to ideology. This is hypocrisy of the highest order. Only the most blind of idealists can entertain the notion that the State should allow our callous, post-capitalist society to regulate itself. In this respect, Howard is perhaps the most powerful idealist in the country – and the most destructive.

In reality, Liberals are not a happy bunch of altruistic idealists high on libertarianism. The truth is that we are currently governed by a wealthy elite instinctively preserving a status quo that fosters their position in society, while a growing number of Australian families struggle to make rent each fortnight, let alone afford to lessen their 'burden' on Medicare by shelling out for private health cover. Don't be fooled by Liberal Party rhetoric about freedom and civil liberty – any system that inherently relies on higher quality private health and education for those who can afford it has less to do with choice than it does elitism and thinly-veiled class division.

So you'll forgive us for ignoring the campaign thus far. There are only so many ideological debates an editor can endure before the sense of deja vous becomes too much. Even writing an editorial like this 'feels tedious, not least because it will inevitably draw accusations of 'preaching to the converted.' Sure, I cling to the same tired old Marxist tripe that comes out of every other student organisation in the country – I'm not happy about the fact that I work for a pack of sanctimonious bleeding hearts, but at least I can be safe in the knowledge that St Peter will bump me up the queue for sticking to my beliefs, despite having to share them with so many gormless hacks.

Do me a favour. Vote Labour on October 9, and give a sleep-deprived, naval-gazing anarchist one less thing to complain about.

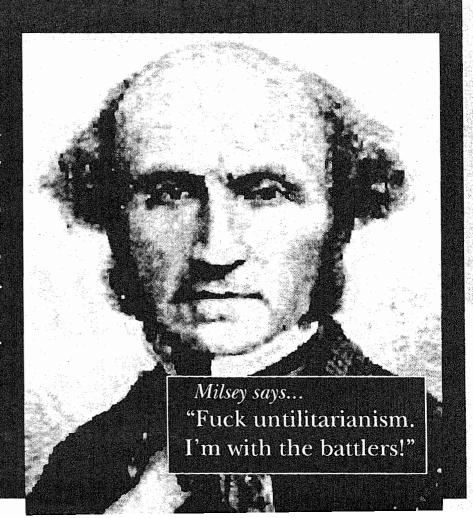
Tristan Mahoney



STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

GENERAL STUDENT MEETING

Thursday from 1pm on the Barr Smith Lawns to discuss the current funding structures for universities and the Howard Government's stance on university funding. BBQ from midday.





UP THERE

Silvio Berlusconi appears the quintessential Italian gentleman. His dazzling smile, tanned skin, sympathetic eyes and finely tailored suits give the Italian Prime Minister a radiating charm of which other EU politicians could only dream. Perhaps this explains his recent preoccupation with his hair. Last month Tony Blair landed in Italy to press flesh and slap backs with Berlusconi and to declare ad nauseam his solidarity with regard to the occupation of Iraq, the War on Terror etc. Nothing was particularly intriguing about the rendezvous apart from the fact that throughout the ordeal Berlusconi seemed to be sporting a white bandana on his head, tied at the back. He flashed his pearly whites at the cameras as though nothing was amiss and began to talk politics with a fashion accessory which looked, at best, peculiar. The truth is Silvio is going bald. The bandana was meant to protect and help cultivate his recent hair transplant which he had received only a short time before Blair's visit. For a politician obsessed with image it was perhaps a bit counterproductive.

Hair, along with fast cars and attractive hangingoff-elbow women, is paraded in popular culture as a symbol of masculine power. Think The Simpsons episode where Homer grows hair using a revolutionary fluid and miraculously rises out of the working class. Or the Dilbert comic strip which jokes constantly about power being related to how good an executive's hair is. Conversely, the 'dweeb' (i.e. the powerless member of society) is represented typically as short, acne-scarred, short-sighted, nervous and - yes - bald.

on November 28, 2001, handed over to US forces, sent to Guantánamo Bay as suspected terrorists, and are now back in Britain. They claim detainees at Guantánamo, among other things, were shaved of their head and facial hair. The beard is of special significance to many Muslims such as those held in Guantánamo, Many radical sheiks and scholars of Islam say shaving or shortening of the beard is the practice of "hermaphrodites" and "non-believers" (the US guards, for their part, say they shaved the inmates to prevent lice). Here, in the religious context, hair reflects masculinity and strength (of your faith).

In Anglo-Australian society the comb-over is perhaps middle-age man's last gasp of power and privilege. At <askmen.com>, however, the comb-over is not recommended as an "ideal style". Instead it suggests the shaving of your head so that it appears also looks great with no hair at all." Thus, hair is seen as something you should have as a man. If you don't have it you should make it look like you don't want it, thereby converting a crisis in masculinity into a powerful fashion statement. The toupee, of course, is man trying to regain through deceptive channels his former authority as a man-with-hair.

So, how then do we judge the exceptions? John Howard and John Riddell (Channel 7 News) spring to mind. These public personalities have not gone down the same road as Berlusconi or Donald Trump, nor have they tried to make it look

as though you "intended to wear your hair extremely short". It goes on to console: "[a]ctors such as Bruce Willis show us that this is possible, while singer Moby

like they just have short hair. Their baldness is displayed without shame

Howard is regarded by many as

immensely powerful. Mocking

caricatures of him often

exaggerate his height but

rarely his baldness. When

cartoonists do mock his

hair it is normally his

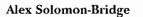
or censorship.

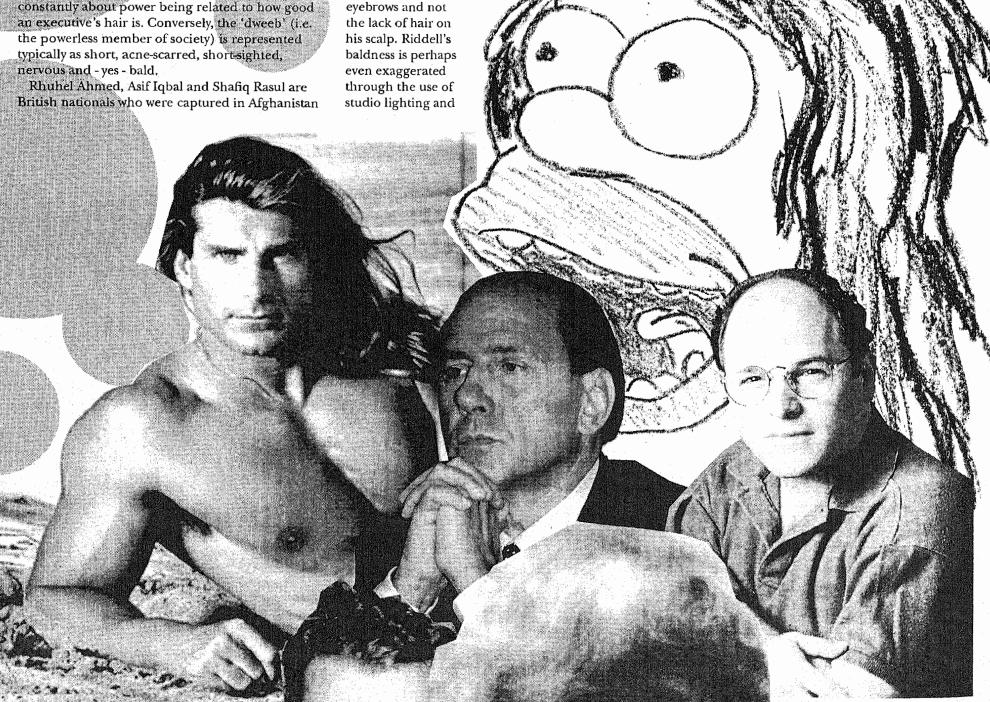
camera angles.

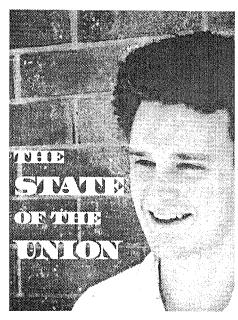
Are these powerful men simply people who dodged cultural norms through statistical probability to get where they are? No cultural stratum, no matter how powerful, can be utterly hegemonic in its domination of the rest and, therefore, negations of its norms are bound to appear from time to time. If they do not appear as ironic (Howard and Riddell do not seem like tools of irony) perhaps they simply fell through the cultural net.

Or maybe this is a reaction to these norms in the first place. Maybe bald is the new black (as in 'black is beautiful'- the reaction to racism and colonisation in Africa); or perhaps campaigners for baldness, faced with discrimination from all directions, will develop a movement similar to the 'proud to be fat' movement currently in America.

From Samson, the great warrior who got his strength from his hair, to I-can't-believe-it'snot-butter Fabio, whose flowing locks appear representative of his masculine heterosexuality, hair is associated with 'man power' in our society. Such an arbitrary physical characteristic seems hardly worthy of any broader judgement of a person; however, hair is still deeply connected to religion, power and manliness. And, because of this, Berlusconi is looking to get back to his roots - even if it does mean looking frail for a few days.







At least JOS has learned something from his law degree—not to put his full name to the hot air he farted into *On Dit* last week.

His article "Why be Politically Correct When You Can be Right" was certainly bold, but also stank—reeked—of a deluded and self-indoctrinated Young Liberal.

You have to be pretty bold to claim you stand for "pragmatic, commonsense grounds" and then call the rest of us "slavering, feral hordes" driven by "Left-wing ideology".

You have to be pretty deluded to think you "constantly monitor the President's activities".

And you have to be pretty self-indoctrinated to claim that we "vote like puppets with the factional heads pulling the strings" and then—almost in the same breath—that we are each "liable to vote either way

on any given motion".

The truth is, JOS, that you seldom "speak eloquently to motions". I have got my agenda through this year, and you have whinged about "ideology".

If you really value "professionalism" and "responsible financial practices" then stop writing articles which politicise Union management. It's hard enough for them to steer clear of politics already without your partisan grandstanding.

If you really think you're "vindicated" because we're reworking the Childcare Service, then go talk to the students who need it to get through their degrees.

And if you really want a career in the Liberal Party, then win some runs on the Board yourself and stop taking credit for initiatives you had nothing to do with.

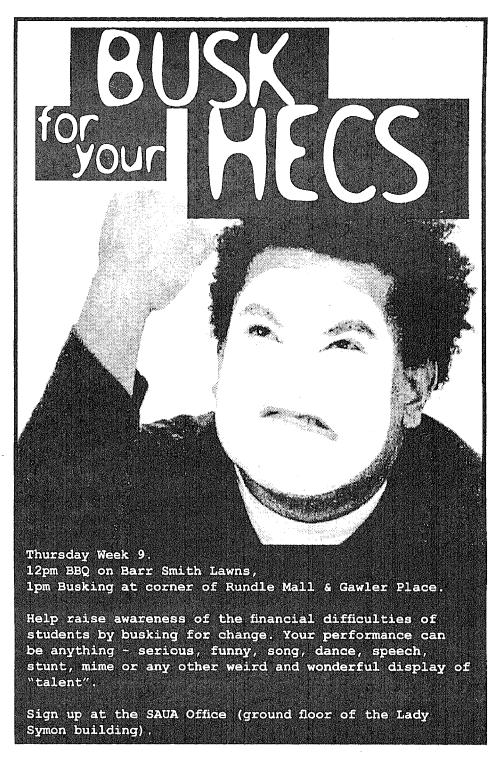
The Board isn't listening, the voters didn't listen, and I'm pretty sure the readers of *On Dit* will ignore you too.

Blow your hot air somewhere else. My "slavering, feral hordes" just won the election.

Rowan Nicholson

President Adelaide University Union



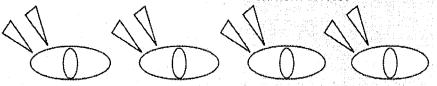




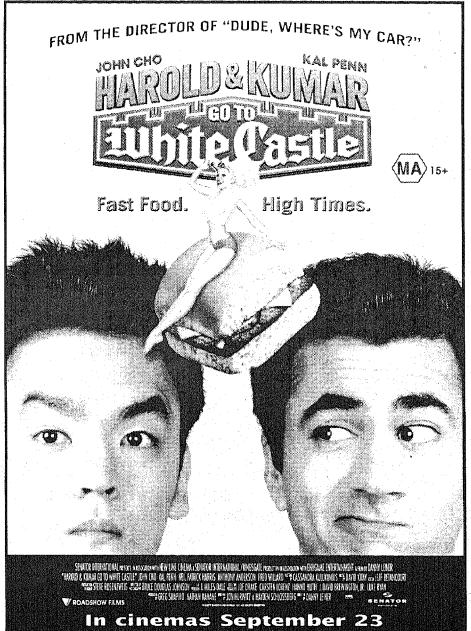
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Plenty of hacks, kooks and critics have seen fit to grace our last letters section for the term. The deadline for our next edition (the Environment & Indiginous affairs edition) is October 6, so you've got plenty of time to comment on the current election campaign. Alternatively, we would love to hear your various thoughts on anything relating to Potter.

Pomo Femmo.

Dear On Dit,

I have been interested to read various articles and correspondence about feminism in On Dit again this year, and I thought I'd make a clarification. I have no dispute with feminism's good goal of equality, but present-day feminism (as a movement) is not egalitarianism, as some might be led to believe. Inherent to most current feminist perspectives is the postmodernist idea that equality must be achieved by allocating disproportionate power, resources and voice to marginalised or minority groups (not just women). Egalitarianism and feminism both have the same end (equality), but feminism is willing to strive for equality through means that are not egalitarian. Feminism may ultimately be about equity, but it does not necessarily involve equitable methods. Postmodernist equity methods (rightly or wrongly) involve discrimination against 'powerful' groups so that those who are marginalised may be accorded first importance. Alice Campbell's article, Men's Officer? Get Fucked! [On Dit 72.14] is one example of these things. We need to be aware that feminism and egalitarianism are distinctly different frameworks. Brett Whittaker's letter [in the following edition) almost realised this, but in order to understand and engage with present-day feminism, we must first understand the postmodernist worldview of which it is part.

Regards, Arthur Davis.

Please submit all Centrelink vitriol in triplicate, using block capitals.

Dear Editor,

Medical Dictionary: "Formitis"; A psychological disorder commonly afflicting bureaucrats in the need to create a galaxy of forms for you, "the client" to fill in. "The client" starts with a nervous tick and a frantic full body cavity search for a biro on first presentation of Formitis. Later stages are a shower of brutally impersonal letters through "the client's" mailbox threatening bankruptcy, starvation and ritual disembowelment. Third stage are frantic and fruitless calls by "the client" to the "Information Hotline", which far from being hot, is a cold calculating taped rendition of Chopin while U wait for over an hour with a sepulchral female computer voice announcing every minute that you will attended to. Gradually the conviction grows in "the client" that he/she will never be, but instead must exist in a kind of telecomputer limbo land. The terminal stage of Formitis is reached at the forced interview with a sneering, faceless bureaucrat who teasingly plays with the computer for 10 minutes then hands you 15 more forms to fill out in your own time to be returned in the next interview, set for 2010. Frantic and angry appeals by "the client" that they will expire from starvation next week are met with bloodless indifference by the bureaucrat

and "the client" can proceed back to the hovel he/ she is forced to live in, safe in the knowledge that your burly slumlord is certain to kick you and your meager possessions out into the street, to make way for another client who is only starting to exhibit early signs of Formitis, having just entered the Social Security System.

Formitis depletes rainforests. For the treatment of Formitis, try chemotherepy with the well known isotope; Administratium.

Cheers, David Swaby

What's your favourite position?

Dear On Dit,

As a first year, it was difficult to decide who I should cast my precious vote for. Then I saw the election material for the two greatest parties ever Against The Tide and the No Candidate party.

Thanks to the sane and rational logic of these two parties, I had no problems deciding how my student services fee was going to be wasted.

Unfortunately it appears that all positions were filled (having only obtained results Tuesday, I cannot confirm this), but congratulations to Aaron Russell for making onto the Union Board.

Remember, the best candidate is No Candidate!

Regards,
Anonymous Coward



Dear On Dit,

"Nice ass, JC"? Clementine's cynical caricatures—their humour (or lack of) aside—are alienating of followers of Christ. Clementine, whatever her intention may be, is vilifying Christian people. I am especially concerned that this denigration is being fueled by someone who will be a 2005 *On Dit* editor. What sort of campus culture are we creating?

Regards, Arthur Davis.



Dear Clementine, and Stan & Jimmy,

Stop paying out Jesus, ya insolent scoundrels. Freedom of speech gives everyone the right to air their opinions, offensive to others as they may be. But although we have the legal right to do it, we all know that it's not cool to make a joke based on gender, race, or sexual orientation- so why is it OK to joke at the expense of someone's religion?

Nobody would argue that it's all right to make jokes mocking or degrading women, as long as you also make jokes mocking men. So how does a proposed 'Badass Boys of the [insert other religion]' justify your last article?

Emile Durkheim, the French sociologist, said

that the distinguishing mark of religion in its most basic form is the existence of things considered to be sacred by a group of people. He said "Sacred things are those objects and symbols, including principles and beliefs, that [to believers] must be preserved from violation..." I assume that you'd all respect this idea if you were travelling overseas, and wouldn't publicly trash sacred things (physically or verbally) for your amusement. Doesn't this consideration apply at home, also?

I like On Dit, and you three are nice people and all, but I think people's religious beliefs deserve the same courtesy we give their gender, race, sexual orientation, and anything else they rightfully hold above public ridicule.

So have some respect, please, or I shall have to challenge you to a duel.

Carly Norman.

Pennetant Pandora

Dear eds,

It was fantastic to see the increased turn out at elections last week! Thanks for the comprehensive coverage and all. kudos to you.

However, my letter is about something more serious. In my broadsheet submission, I made a reference to the Magill Uni queer ball being renamed the masquerade ball. I found this piece of information distressing when I heard it, but since the broadsheet went to print, my source for this now denies having said it.

So I want to apologise to the queer reps at Uni SA and the organising committee of the masquerade for any damage I may have caused. I actually attended and the band was da bomb. It was a good night.

I also want to apologise to the Adelaide Uni voters who I may have misled (if they bothered to read the broadsheet and were not just harassed into the polling booth).

in penitence, Lavinia

Electioneering

Dear Lavinia Emmett-Grey (Female Sexuality Officer candidate),

When I first heard your rather offensive comment about Uni SA in your election handout, I decided that it was just another example of electioneering, borrowed, it seems, from the professional politicians who, lacking genuine policies, are presently having such a fine old time with their version of 'truth or lies'. An apology was undoubtedly due to Helen, who was accused of 'not liking the word queer' an accusation which must reduce anyone who knows the lady to shrieks of laughter.

However the latest news is that you have now changed your target to myself who, coming from a long history of both 'queerness' and political experience is not nearly so easy to appease. It does appear that in view of your problems with words like 'Democracy', 'Consensus' and 'Discussion' that I must try to explain these quite simple concepts to you.

Democracy is the idea that every member of a community, left, right or central, straight or gay, should have the opportunity to put their views on any topic. These views may then be **Discussed** and **Consensus** is reached when there is general agreement among all parties, although absolute agreement is not a must. Discussion is a vital element in reaching Consensus and Democracy, and Discussion is what we had on the topic of the Masked Ball.

Helen and I discussed the question and finally came to a consensus based on two factors. First that 'Queer' with its 'in your face' connotations is unlikely to attract the mix of homosexual and straight customers that we wanted to attract and secondly that, a fact apparently unknown to you, the Masked Ball was originally popularised by gay people in the 1920's as a means of enjoying oneself with one's friends while avoiding the direct attentions of the police and wowsers.

It was a deliberate and thought out decision to use the phrase and no one pressured anyone. This discussion was held in the rep's office at Magill and since it was never a secret cabal (we don't have those), was perhaps overheard by someone who innocently passed on this information out of context, not realising that you would attempt to make political capital out of it.

You owe not only an apology to myself and to Helen but also to everyone who attended and who we will welcome to next year's Ball, which like this one, will be held in celebration of the life of Dr. George Duncan.

Joan Gaunt, UniSA Students Association Queer Rep

Distorting the market for Councelling

Dear Editors,

firstly I'd like to congratulate Russell Marks on his various elections - and respect for taking the time and effort to get involved. However I wanted to address his interpretation of John Stuart Mill in his article last week, which I think was quite erroneous. To expand on the section from *On Liberty* that Russell quoted, Mill wrote:

"Let us suppose, therefore, that the government is entirely at one with the people, and never thinks of exerting any power of coercion unless in agreement with what it conceives to be their voice. But I deny the right of the people to exercise such coercion, either by themselves or by their government. The power itself is illegitimate. The best government has no more title to it than the worst. It is as noxious, or more noxious, when exerted in accordance with public opinion, than when in opposition to it. If all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."

By no means was Mill suggesting that the majority should be compelled to provide anything for a minority. In fact Mill was arguing that no political interest group should be able to impose its will on others, whether they are a minority or a majority. To take Russell's example, Mill would be opposed to the government providing counselling services at all because to do so would mean coercing taxes from individuals, which limits their freedom to use their property how they see fit, it would politicise the provision of counselling services and distort the market for the service. I might add that Mill would be appalled that individuals are coerced to be members of the Union (although that is qualified by the next paragraph). Mill is part of a proud tradition of philosophers who sought ways of limiting the

power of government from infringing individuals' freedom. I hate to see his writing being distorted in the way Russell's application does. Indeed, in a society plagued with neo-socialist regulation and infringement of individuals' freedom we should be ever vigilant of sacrificing any more — as David Hume said "It is seldom that liberty of any kind is lost all at once."

Furthermore, there is an important distinction between the operation of the Union and the operation of government. When the government exercises power it affects everyone in society. Apart from migrating to another country, individuals cannot avoid the effect of governments' decisions. However, the Union is a private organisation and when it exercises power it only affects its members. Most private organisations only have members who have chosen to join of their own free will and who can leave whenever they want. Accordingly, they have voluntarily chosen to be bound by the organisation's collective decisions, even if they are individually opposed to them. If they are strongly opposed to them they can always leave the organisation altogether. I'm not all that familiar with Mill's works, but I suspect he would agree with this distinction between government and voluntary private organisations.

Having said all that, I don't think students become members of the Union voluntarily. They are forced to by a condition in their contract with the University. Arguably students voluntarily agree to the condition when they accept their place at the University. But I don't think students even realise they are going to have to become members of the Union when they accept their place at university, so they don't ever really accept the condition. It's more a case that the appeal of studying outweighs the aversion of having to pay \$326 each year. I might add that whether Universities are legally allowed to impose such a condition in their contracts is a contentious issue (i.e. *Trade Practices Act*, ss 47(6) & 47(7)).

Incidentally, I was also interested to read your Editorial this week. I'd have to say that voting isn't a conscious relinquishment of civil liberty because someone is going to get elected even if one makes a conscious decision not to vote. Isn't the only way to preserve civil liberty to restrain the power of government through appropriate checks and balances? I don't mean anarchy by any means, just an independent judiciary, a free press, constitutional separation of powers and so on. And isn't a natural consequence of restraining the power of government that it should not be able to interfere with our property, our income, our right to sell our labour on whatever terms we see fit and our freedom to associate (or not associate) with whomever we choose. And doesn't your left-wing ideology conflict with all of this - for instance, don't you believe in a generous welfare state, restrictive industrial relations laws (i.e. unfair dismissal for small business), positive discrimination for "minorities" and so on and so forth? I realise I haven't spoken to you guys for a long time, so please correct me if those assertions are incorrect. But if they are correct, I don't understand how you can purport to promote civil liberty. Those left-wing political beliefs should be recognised for what they are: coercion (i.e. a restriction of civil liberty) in an attempt to achieve social outcomes that certain interest groups deem to be desirable.

Anyway, it's all very interesting really... sorry this is more of a lecture than a letter.

Keep it real, James Simpson



Letters continued

Our thanks to everyone who has written in this term. A healthy letters section is proof that this university still has a pulse of some sort... perhaps with one possible exception...

This person is a dweeb.

While you have made none of the adjustments to OnDee that I good naturedly suggested, above all I was most distraught at your apparent lack of wisdom concerning Evil Fabio. Evil Fabio is the master of his domain! Don't think you can just print a slightly disgruntled picture of Normal Fabio and get away with it! The Scarlet Pachyderm won't stand for it, he won't!

And so, it is my duty to inform you ignorant potato mashers of the wonder that is Evil Fabio.

I shall start by telling you that Evil Fabio has disguised himself as a Computing lecturer (and now recently he has taken to schooling Process Heat Tranfer) for reasons unknown to us mere mortals. He uses the pseudonym Zeyad Alwahabi, but I know of his secret.

Evil Fabio is the most evil (and beautiful/bootiful) man in the Cosmos! He is the master of Programming and Heat Transfer! He has minions which encompass his Programming students and a horde consisting entirely of the 'omelettes' in the HMS Barr Smith (even I, The Scarlet Pachyderm, fears to mention the true name of these 'omelettes', for mentioning such things so close to their lair surely spells death in 117 languages). For these reasons Evil Fabio is God.

Evil Fabio is also widely known in his elite circle to possess the following powers:

- · mind bullets
- laser eyes
- Puff of Smoke teleportation
- C++ Ultimate Death Program
- flying abilities (controversially stolen from Jesus)
- death ray
- can astroproject infinite Evil Fabios (useful to confuse his many, albiet short lived enemies)
- mesmerises all with his beauty and sex appeal
- speaks the ancient programming language of CPU which no one but the omniscient Evil Fabio can understand
- Ultimate Pointy Stick of Doom (also known as the Doomsday Device)

Evil Fabio is known to exist is some situations typical as follows: Evil Fabio appears on the scene in a Puff of Smoke, then mesmerises all with his beauty/CPU language. While all are hypnotised, he pokes them with the Ultimate Pointy Stick of Doom and/or uses the C++ Ultimate Death program.

As previously mentioned, Evil Fabio has many enemies, all of which are jealous of his great endowments. But becasue of said endowments none live long enough to fret Evil Fabio one whit. However Evil Fabio has one Archnemesis: Jesus.

Now, some of you religious types think that Jesus is dead or on holidays or something equally ridiculous, but The Scarlet Pachyderm is privy to the truth. And the truth is that Jesus wiles away his days plotting against Evil Fabio, but to no avail. It has been prophesised that on the eve of Evil Fabio unleashing his C++ Ultimate Death Program which will signal the end of the world, Jesus will appear and they will face each other in the Be All and End All of battles where wits and wills and power are matched, somewhat unequally, as Evil Fabio will so

totally cream Jesus. Then Jesus will be mine for the taking so I can eat him and absorb his flying powers (Jesus also has flying powers).

My associate, the Crimson Bovine, and I have decided that we have to find Evil Fabio's weakness so we can use him to power our Mechanical Chicken. We plan to attach alligator clips to Evil Fabio's nipples for his pleasure and our benefit. The only problem is Evil F

Incidentally, the Crimson Bovine claims to be the immaculate offspring of Evil Fabio, but methinks he suffers from delusions of grandeur...

I know none of you are knowledgable creatures so you'll all do well to at least try to remember this little nugget as it could save you from further embarrassment on behalf of OnDee (which smells like pee) or worse yet, the unbounded wrath of Evil Fabio.

The Scarlet Pachaderm

PS. Potter is the son of the Devil, Chris Kelly is a confused cowboy who likes pudding too much and I hope nobody on your staff ever gets sex again. Except for Lavinia. She wins.

Queer students cop it in Illawarra

Dear Editor,

I am outraged by Wollongong's local paper the *Illawarra Mercury* and it's refusal to cover the campaign against homophobia at the University of Wollongong. Bouts of rampant homophobia, including death threats, have plagued the University of Wollongong over the past few weeks. On Thursday the 26th of August 16 students reclaimed a queer safe space on university grounds and remained locked in for 47 hours. On the 47th hour riot police viciously invaded the safe space to arrest three queer students and charge them with trespass.

This was and is a local issue for the Illawarra region. The story was picked up by national news including *The Australian* and the ABC, however the *Illawarra Mercury*, our local paper, did not see safety of queers in their local community as newsworthy enough to be covered.

Even now after numerous letters to the editor of the *Illawarra Mercury* they have failed to cover the story or include our letters.

In my opinion this is indicative of the wider spread homophobia in the Illawarra region. Shame on you *Illawarra Mercury*. Shame.

Annaliese Constable
Media Officer
Student Representative Council
Wollongong University

The Grinch Who Stole the Royal Show

What a fuckin' crock of shit the show is. It is discrimination against everyone who regularly uses the Belair line trains. It beats me why they need to construct a temporary station outside the show gate when there is already one (Goodwood) 100m down the road. In a nation full of fat kids, surely whoever makes these decisions would realise that this is a golden opportunity to make these fat porkers walk. Instead they make every train on the Belair line progressively later to the extent that the evening trains are half an hour behind schedule (and full of fat kids and their ignorant grannies).

The other day I was unfortunate enough to sit next to a grandmother holding half a dozen balloons (in my face) with three young kids running around, screaming and arguing about who had the most toy

revolvers in their showbags. Giving up trying to read I turned to the old faithful music. Halfway through Spiderbait's "Buy me a pony" the grandmother interrupted me. "Turn your music down. Don't be so inconsiderate. "After pinching myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming and moving her balloons out of my face, I (only semi-politely) told her where to go and turned my music up a notch to totally drown out the screaming ankle-biters. I ask all fellow On Dit readers, what is the world coming to when people make it easier for fat kids to stay fat, and hypocritical grannies take over trains from regular users and start giving orders? No wonder there are so many murderers out there. I bet they are all victims of 'Showtime Insanity'.

(A very pissed off) **Scrivo**

Editors have feelings too, y'know.

Good Day Editors (and I use that term loosely),

It has come to my attention that the continued addition of Ms Emmett-Grey's column to *On Dit* has come under considerable question. Her articles have caused a greater increase in the readership of the paper than any of your feeble efforts.

Vive La Revolution

Yrs Ivan Bricher

I don't know. A horoscope, maybe?

Dear Eds,

What, if anything, would you propose to put in place of Liv's [sic] column? As my friend says, 'its crap, but amusing crap nonetheless.'

'Pandora's Box' is probably the only thing in *On*Dit that doesnt require indepth insider knowledge to understand.

I obviously don't have much to say except, remove the column at your peril 'cause at least three people (or half the regular readership) would stop picking up *On Dit* if you do.

That is all Jessica Rogers

It was two-colour spot, for your information.

Dear Eds,

What was the point of the two full colour pages dedicated solely to Andrew Potter? I can understand doing something on the back cover, it is the back cover after all but a second full colour page inside the paper dedicated to Mr Potter by way of a larger scale copy of a photo already appearing in the Newspaper a few pages before? How do you justify the expenditure and space? I was disappointed to note that a cartoon which a friend of mine had spent a great amount of time and effort on, and had waited patiently for the office to open on Wednesday so she could submit it in time for the post election edition of On Dit was left out. I'm not suggesting in anyway that I don't think Mr Potter is a nice a decent guy but really, I think people got the point that he was elected as orientation Co-ordinator the first couple of times it was mentioned in the paper. Really guys?

Regards **Kavv**y

POTTER Puzzle Page!

Yay Potter!

Who is Potter? Where did he come from, and what does he have to teach us? Is he truly the sole personification of cosmic righteousness? Or is he just some gormless fuck-knuckle who we've decided to adopt as part of a sick sociological experiment? Over the next five editions of *On Dit*, we will attempt to unravel the mystery wrapped in a riddle that is Potter and hopefully we can all learn a little about ourselves in the process.

In Potter we trust!

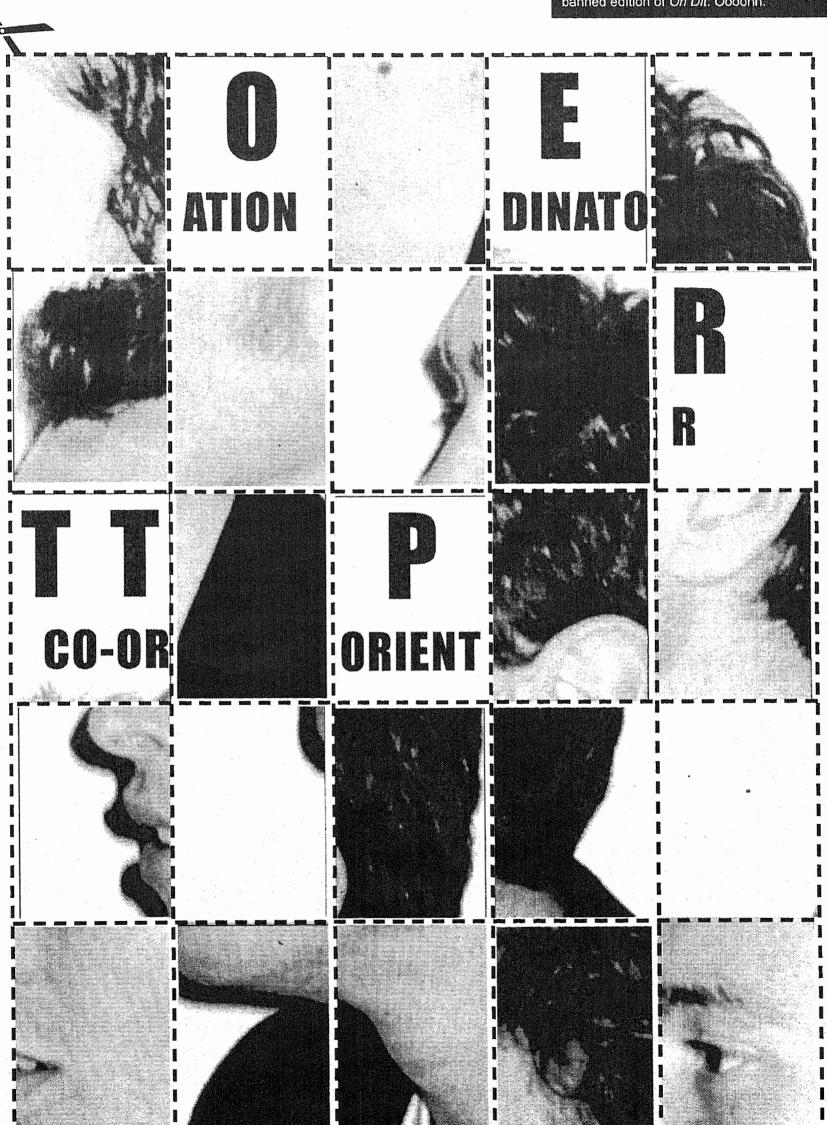
Instructions

- 1. Be more like Potter.
- 2. Cut out the 25 puzzle pieces (below) and assemble.
- 3. Answer the following question "Which poor sap is going to cop it the hardest this Summer?"
- 4. Send the answer, along with the completed
- puzzle and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to On Dit Student Newspaper The University of Adelaide

The University of Adelaide SA 5005

to be in to win a FABULOUS PRIZE!

Which may or may not be the rare and controversial banned edition of *On Dit*. Oooohh.



Better a bad Labor government than any Liberal government



I'm not generally into imploring people to do particular acts, but if I could somehow make everyone read Frank Hardy's Power Without Glory, first published in 1950, I could at least rest with the knowledge that people knew more than just the "official" version of Australian political history.

Hardy got into a lot of trouble during the fervently anti-Communist 1950s for writing a work of purported 'fiction' that manages to explain various 'unexplainables' of the first half-century of Federation by implicating in them a mythical character - the book's central protagonist, "John West". The Mystery of the Missing Mace, having disappeared from the Victorian Parliament in 1891 and last sighted in a Melbourne brothel, is explained, as are the bullet holes in the walls of the Melbourne Trades Hall, where the ALP was born. Also given a spicier history is that of organised gambling in Australia.

Most fascinating is the meta-treatment Hardy gives to the Australian Labor Party itself, originally a 'workers' party' that grew out of the 1854 goldfield rebellion at Eureka, and, ostensibly perhaps, a briefly-socialist party, which, as Vladimir Lenin pointed out, often did 'what in other countries was done by the Liberals'. Lenin was interpreted as declaring, even in 1913, that the ALP was a

'liberal capitalist' party.

It is convenient for us now, to an extent, to conceptualise the birth of the Australian domestic political system as having been born out of the classical Marxist labour versus capital' divide, when the ALP - the world's first organised workers' political party - locked horns with the Protectionists, the Free Traders, the Nationalists and then the Liberals. This is an extremely over-simplified version of history, of course; it ignores the fact that many individuals within the ALP were besotted with their seats in Parliament and related perks, and were also, originally at least, heavily influenced by the Catholic Church, which by the 1890's Depression Era was proclaiming the sanctity of individual property. Such a simplification would also, no doubt, gloss over the 'defection' of Prime Minister Billy Hughes from the ALP to the Nationalists in 1917 over the issue of conscription.

In 1921, Benjamin Cardozo wrote that 'history, in illuminating the past, illuminates the present, and in illuminating the present, illuminates the future'. In this way, the history of Australian politics has enormous significance for the October 9 Federal Election and beyond. Many of us are particularly confused as to who to vote for: Bombarded by rhetoric from all sides, we don't even know whether the Greens, the Democrats or the Family First parties are telling the "truth", let alone the major parties. Arguably, voters are treating political parties less and less like football teams, and are 'swinging' their votes around, whether their motivation is 'which party is going to do more for me', or 'which party is going to be better for all Australians' or 'which party better responds to the needs of the least represented in Australian society?" The mass media, of course, choose their own agendas, and reportage of the election campaign is always coloured and skewed, making voters' jobs all the more difficult (or perhaps easier), given that the media is the avenue through which the vast majority of us receive our political news updates.

Throughout the process, words and phrases like "small-L-liberal", "radical", "conservative", "trust", "truth", "left-wing", "children overboard" and "interest rates" get bandied around with reckless abandon, perhaps to the extent that they have lost any intended meanings. If the Liberal Party is supposed to be "conservative", for instance, why does it attempt radical alteration to Australia's democratic system - by threatening a referendum on the Senate's power to block supply and by introducing bills to prevent

prisoners and youth from voting? If the ALP is supposed to be "left-wing", for instance, why does Mark Latham's concept of reintroducing the rungs to his 'ladder of opportunity' involve targeting unemployed individuals and threatening to take away their welfare payments? If the Greens are supposed to be raving lefties, how did they grow out of the bourgeois conditions of the 1980s, and why are their supporters so often middle-aged, middleclass chardonnay socialists?

'Groupthink' informs us, for instance, that John Howard has dragged (variously) Australia, the Liberal Party and the middleclass to the 'right', but Melbourne University politics lecturer John Roskam has perceived a shift to the *left* by the 'moral middle class'. At least he thinks for himself...but to what extent is this statement true, given that Roskam is also a research fellow at the notorious Institute of Public Affairs, the organisation which has previously published articles denying the existence of the Stolen Generations?

Rhetoric is an important political device, and, in a democracy such as Australia's, the less people are truly educated about the system, the more effective well-conceived rhetoric is likely to be. Take the current interest rates debate, for example. Polls show that people overwhelmingly trust the Liberals, over Labor, to maintain low interest rates. Such data comes out of a simplistic question: 'Which party - Labor or Liberal - is more likely to keep interest rates low?' Such a question ignores multiple layers of complexity. Firstly, the RBA (and not the government) determines the cash rate. Secondly, the question assumes low interest rates are a good thing - what about retirees? Thirdly, shouldn't low interest rates be a means to an end, as Keynes conceived. rather than an end in themselves? In any case, one of the more effective methods of ensuring that the RBA must, in the short- to mediumterm future, raise the cash rate substantially. is to sell off all your public assets, withdraw funding from universities and other vocational training institutions and also from scientific research and development, thereby exposing the Australian economy to all the vagaries of the international demand in unimproved agricultural products and driving up (and blowing out) the current account deficit and levels of foreign debt, putting Australia's AAA credit rating at risk and causing traders to think twice about buying Australian dollars. Needless to say, that is exactly what the Australian government has done over the past eight years.

Cynicism breeds conservatism, to the extent that cynics are generally apathetic. Cynicism can also be passionate, of course, and can, in extreme circumstances, lead to revolution. But is it cynical to call the Australian political system an elaborate game? Even worse, a charade? At present, there is no-one - nobody - advancing the interests of the least powerful. In this respect, Australia provides 'mandate-bymajority', so that, effectively, 49% of the country can be living in hopelessness, but so long as the 51% majority is kept happy, the system doesn't need to change. As one interviewee on a recent ABC political affairs program put it, 'I think I'll vote Liberal because life's pretty good for me at the moment'. Not that voting Labor would actually change very much, short of perhaps playing fixit with Medicare and cleaning up some wastage here and there: Labor is competing for the same suburban middle-class votes as the Liberals. A quick glance at Labor's very un-revolutionary tax policy is testament to that.

Political parties, after all, are very much brand labels: they try, in today's econ-speak, to win our brand loyalty by differentiating themselves from their competitors. But does this system, in which voters become consumers and ask 'what can your party do for me?' really conducive to good government? So long as we frame political "debate" in these terms, of course Social

Darwinism makes a lot of sense, and of course ATSIC deserves to be abolished.

This situation, then, produces a 'vicious cycle', exemplified in the 'Not Happy John' campaign headed by John Valda. A large number of people who will vote ALP, Green or Democrat in the Lower House on October 9 will likely be voting against John Howard's Liberals, whereas the ballot paper is structured so that voters vote for candidates. Merely voting against an incumbent candidate opens yourself up for an horrific surprise when you realise the candidate you actually voted for turns out to be worse than the one you voted against. As long-time ASTI activist Gary Foley says, we all know the Liberals are the bad guys, but what if the other mob is even shoddier?

Better than a bad government than a really bad one...so if the Liberal government is bad — which I think it is — is Labor going to be better or worse?

We should at least try to find out before we vote blind. I believe scepticism (as opposed to cynicism) is important. It's my intention to question as much as I can, and to try to move beyond the partisan, consumerist rhetoric. And also to ram *Power Without Glory* down as many throats as humanly possible (or at least petition Channel 10 to repeat the miniseries...).

Russell Marks



The Bill of Rights Debate The Importance of Social, Cultural & Economic Rights in an Australian Bill of Rights

All too often are social, cultural and economic rights pushed to the background in discussions on human rights. Whilst civil and political rights are integral to our existence as individuals, socioeconomic rights are essential to our functioning as a community. The plight of asylum seekers may have brought back into the spotlight a Bill of Rights debate, but it must not be forgotten that there are social, cultural and economic rights that also must be included in an Australian bill of rights. Civil and political rights are merely empty without socio-economic rights to complete them. One set of rights cannot exist without the other, and the distinction between the two that arose as a result of the Cold War should not be carried through into an Australian Bill of Rights.

Social, cultural and economic rights are those rights that we, as students, as workers, as parents, as members of the Australian community expect and strive for every day of our lives. Socio-economic rights are universally established under the International Covenant of Economic, Social and Cultural Rights (ICESCR), which Australia ratified in 1976. The ICESCR contains a comprehensive list of socio-economic rights that, along with civil and political rights, desperately need to be recognized within Australian law.

For example, let's look at the right to work, established by Article 6 of the ICESCR. The opportunity to make a living through work that a person has freely chosen and accepted is integral to the right to work, as is the right to enjoy just and favourable working conditions, equal remuneration for equal work, a decent living, a safe and healthy working environment, and the guarantee of rest, leisure, paid holidays, and remuneration for public holidays. These are things that some Australians are lucky enough to receive and take for granted, but there are members of the Australian community that do not have such favourable working conditions, such as out-workers, who work long hours for little pay and no benefits. The right to work has become even more important in light of the Fair Trade Agreement with the USA, and the fact that many women in Australia still receive lower wages than their male counterparts for the same type of work.

The Coalition government has also introduced individual workplace agreements, as an attempt to downplay the role and influence of the trade union in the workplace. Article 8 of the ICESCR establishes the right of everyone to form and join a trade union of their choice, the right of trade unions to establish national federations and confederations, and the right to

The ICESCR also includes the right to social security, including social insurance; the right to special protection to mothers during and after childbirth (remember government's refusal implement paid maternity leave?); the right of children and youth to be protected from economic and social exploitation (what would this mean for junior wages?); the right to an adequate standard of living, including food, clothing and housing, and the right to be free from hunger; and the right to the highest attainable standard of physical and mental health through the protection of the environment and adequately maintained and improved public health services (surely no more attempts at abolishing Medicare?).

However, the right to education is probably the most important right for students today, as a result of the Australian government's funding cuts for public schools and tertiary institutions, the changes it has made to HECS and the introduction of full-fee paying places, the increasing cost of courses and course materials, the inadequacy of Youth Allowance (including AUSTUDY, ABSTUDY and rent assistance), and the removal of student text book discounts. Article 13 of the ICESCR states that education should be accessible to all members of the community. In particular, it states that acceptance into a tertiary institution must be on the basis of capacity (merit), and must be free.

We do not have a bill of rights in Australia. We are all aware (or at least, I hope we are) that our Constitution does not grant to those subject to Australian law (both citizens and non-citizens) basic and fundamental human rights. A bill of rights in Australia should not be based upon the UK model, nor the model adopted by the ACT for two reasons. Firstly, they only recognize civil and political rights, failing to take into account the socioeconomic rights of the community, which are necessary to maintain those civil and political rights, Any bill of rights in Australia must be a comprehensive and exhaustive reflection of all the rights that we, as individuals and as members of the community hold, whether Australian law currently recognizes them or not. Secondly, the UK and ACT bills of rights are Acts of Parliament that can be repealed at any moment. An Australian bill of rights should be incorporated into our Constitution through a federal referendum.

In Australia, we have the advantage of reflecting upon the bills of rights held in other nations, as well as the International Bill of Rights' (consisting of the *Universal* Declaratioaaanaaa of Human Rights, the International Covenant of Civil and Political Rights, and the ICESCR). From these we can form the best and most comprehensive bill of rights in the world to date. It wouldn't have the absurdities found in the US Bill of Rights, and it wouldn't be missing the important socio-economic rights that are currently absent from the UK and ACT bills of rights. It would list rights held by all members of the community, both citizens and noncitizens, and remove the possibility of absurd legal decisions like that recently made by the High Court of Australia in regards to failed asylum seekers. It's a pity that a blatant disregard for fundamental human rights had to be condoned by the highest and most respected legal institution in the country before Australians realized that they could no longer rely on the current Australian legal system to uphold their fundamental human rights.



Rights don't guarantee us anything in our post-capitalist society. So what's so good about them anyway?

Sarah Cassells

How Can We Make Education an Election Issue?

To protest or not to protest: that is the question. I believe we should. Why? Because it's one of the most effective tactics available to us, if we do it in a smart way. A fairly good debate about what constitutes intelligent protests took place in this paper earlier this year. To be smart about protesting we need to be clear about why we are protesting and what we are trying to achieve.

During the recent holidays, John Howard came to Adelaide to shore up support in the three South Australian marginal seats. As is becoming tradition, a modest protest was held. There were a few nuclear-dump protesters, but by and large the overwhelming majority of protesters were there on education grounds.

Why were we protesting and what were we trying to achieve? An elderly lady came up to me after the protest and asked me "Why are you protesting against such a great Prime Minister? What has he done to you? Do you think you changed his mind?" I didn't get into much of a debate with her but that last question got to me. Did she really believe that we were trying to change his mind? Come on! There's more chance of

DISCOUNT

OU BUYII

Bob Brown being elected PM than a handful of student protesters changing John Howard's mind on his higher-education policies.

that people see me on the news. On the contrary, I dislike it. I have to put up with friends taking the piss out of me over it. I have to

What then were we trying to do? We were trying to spoil his campaign launch for the new Liberal candidate for the seat of Hindmarsh, Simon Birmingham, and of course we were attempting to make higher education an election issue. We were trying to, and I believe were successful in, ensuring that Howard didn't get a positive report on the news. Instead of news headlines being "Howard shores up support in the marginal seat of Hindmarsh", it was "Howard on the back foot over the proposed Nuclear Waste Dump".

Why, since education hardly got a mention, is this important? I've had about twenty people come up to me and tell me "I saw you guys on the news during the holidays", and some were interstate at the time. I think that's a pretty good reason why it's important. We got national coverage, and to top it off it wasn't negative coverage, about all you can hope for in the commercial media.

I should note that I don't do this because I get a kick out of it, or so

On the contrary, I dislike it. I have to put up with friends taking the piss out of me over it. I have to deal with friends that don't care about this telling me that it is embarrassing for them and for me. However, I care about this so much that I endure it and try not to let it lessen my commitment. We will never create social change (or a fair education system, the battle we're fighting at the moment) in this country, or in our lives, unless we all step out of our comfort zones and do something for what we passionately believe

We can make a difference, and we can have our voices heard. This isn't just about rebelling against authority. It is said that John Hewson lost his bid for the Prime Ministership thanks in some part to the role student protests played in dogging him everywhere he went. We can, and we must, tell the community that it is John Howard and his polices that have been, are, and will continue to be disastrous for universities and schools all around our fine country. We need to do it now more than ever in the politically charged atmosphere that is the Federal Election. We have a unique opportunity, where the media may actually listen to us, just a little more than they usually would.

So should we protest? Yes, we should. We need to dog Howard everywhere he goes. We need to make sure that everyone knows he's the one that people are protesting against and we did this during the holidays. Although we can't actually hope to set the political agenda in this county (well, at least not with the 30 or so protesters we had out there on that day), we can hope to influence it, and we did. The community that night watching the news and in all the subsequent broadcasts found out that students are not happy with this government, and that it is John Howard that is motivating students to take to the streets. With any luck it will motivate them not to vote liberal at the upcoming election. So yes, your student reps protest and will continue to protest against John Howard, because he represents everything that we are fighting against. I hope you will join us.

David PearsonSAUA Councilor and
President elect.





Get involved...

join the state education e-list, ask questions, participate in the debate and find out next time Howard is in town. Join at: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/education_sa/ or send an e-mail to:

education sa-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Upcoming Events:

Thursday 16th September - General Student Meeting - Bar Smith Lawns - 12pm BBQ, 1pm start.

Second Week of Holidays - Protest against Meg Lees - details to be announced.

Sunday 3rd September - End the Lies Community Rally - 1pm Victoria Square

Thursday 7th September - Busk For Your HECS day - details to be announced.



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rally for truth

lpm, sunday
3rd october
victoria square

endthelies2004@yahoo.com.au

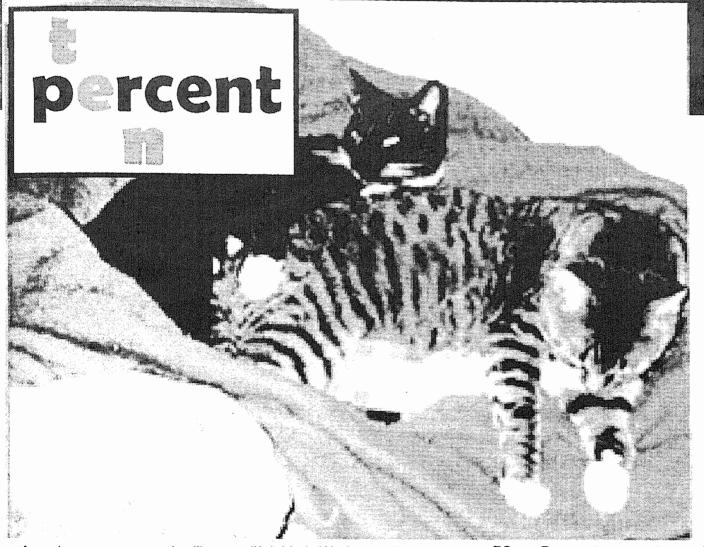
> MOST SEMEN SWALLOWED Michelle Monaghan had 1.7 pints of semen pumped out > of her stomach in Los Angeles in July 1991.

_

- > LONGEST PUBES
- > Maoni Vi of Cape Town has hair measuring 32 inches from the armpits and 28
- > inches from her vagina.
- > MOST CAVERNOUS CROTCH
- > Linda Manning of Los Angeles could, without preparation, completely insert
- > a lubricated American football into her vagina.
- > ZIT POPPING
- > In July 1987, Carl Chadwick of Rugby, England, squeezed a zit and
- > projected a detectable amount of yellow pus a distance of 7 ft 1 inch.
- > WORST DRINK
- > The most horrible drink to be considered
- a beverage and safely drunk is
- > Khoona. It is drunk by Afghani tribesmen on their wedding night and
- > consists of a small amount of still-warm
 very recently attained bull
- > semen. It is believed to be a potent aphrodisiac.
- > MOST OFFENSIVE COCKTAIL
- > This is available from a few select bars in New York. It contains tomato
- > juice, a double shot of vodka, a spoonful
 of French mustard and a dash of
- > lime. It is not mixed, but served with a tampon (unused) instead of a
- > cocktail umbrella and is known as a 'Cunt Pump'.
- > GREATEST DISTANCE ATTAINED FOR A JET OF SEMEN
- > Horst Schultz achieved 18 ft 9 in with a 'substantial' amount of seminal
- > fluid. He also hold the records for the greatest height (12 ft 4in) and
- > the greatest speed of ejaculation, or muzzle velocity, with 42.7mph.
- > LONGEST TURD
- > The longest dump ever verified was produced by an American, who produced a
- > 'staggering turd' over a period of 2 hr
 12 mins which was officially
- > measured at 12 ft 2in. The offender is banned from 134 washrooms in his
- > state
- > MOST PROLONGED FART
- > Bernard Clemmens of London managed to sustain a fart for an officially
- > recorded time of 2 mins 42 seconds.

This is what happens when copy doesn't come in on time. It doesn't bother us as much as you might think. Email trivia is much funnier than pretentious left wing rhetoric.





A uni queer group is like a cat porn website: it has to exist somewhere even if the details are not well known. The latter www.livenudecats.com, the former at Adelaide Uni is 'ten percent'. Okay, so that's our name ('ten percent', not the feline fetish site), but what's our game? Contrary to logical assumption, this group is angry dyke and fag free. Before we receive flak for using those terms, let us explain. We are a purely social group where you can get to know other 'like minded individuals' (excuse the phrase). While many of us harbour political views (and even dare aspire to get married one day, *smile*), the group doesn't buy into political debates. No, you won't see us flying flags or any of that stuff. Not that that isn't important, but that's not what we exist for.

Uni can be a daunting time for any student, especially guys who realise they'd prefer to be playing kiss chasey with their mates rather than their girlfriend, and girls who live for Xena re-runs. We know admitting some things to yourself is a huge task, and coming to a queer uni group for the first time can be a humongous thing. We've seen students walk past our table dozens of times at O'Week, glancing over and over at us... we've seen students walk up to the George Duncan Room, pause and then flee. (Just so you know, there's a trick to it... pretend to read the notice board outside, then duck in when no-one is in the

lift lobby). We know it's hard, but coming to our group for the first time isn't like having sex with your school formal partner: you won't be let down after such a build up.

So, what does ten percent do? We meet informally every Wednesday at 1pm during the term for chat and talk in the George Duncan Room (the uni's queer space room, level 6 Unihouse). Often this leads to the Unibar (and drunkenness) or Rumours. Other than that, we organise regular events... such as Eurovision night, movie/DVD nights, karaoke nights, pub nights and parties. Our ideas come from the members, so if you really like ice skating, laser skirmish, or paint-balling, let us know! We have about 40 members and new members are always welcomed with unassuming smiles and beer. We have an open policy towards bringing friends of any situation and sexuality, and indeed new people often bring their straight friends (or visa versa!). We come from all social, cultural and academic backgrounds. We don't exclude students for any reason, including heterosexuality, and most of all we strive to be proactive in making the best of these few years we have at this uni.

While you psych yourself up to come, visit our website. It's tenpercentadelaide.tripod.com. While we can't promise it's better than the kitty site, we hope its food for thought. Use the site to email us, or just come along any Wednesday, see you soon!

PS. Due to contractual arrangements, Eddie Maguire now hosts all ten percent gatherings and events.

Richard, Male Co-convenor.

The Female Perspective:

We are an inclusive group for students who are 'coming out', questioning their sexuality, or simply accepting of sexual diversity within the uni student population. We are a group for gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgendered, label-free, intersex and other students. (That means you too grrls... We know you're out there, so make your presence felt!). Supportive heterosexual friends are more than welcome.

Ela, Female Co-convenor.

NO SCENE QUEEN!

As I walked into the GD Room and took a glance around:
But, there was no Bi GRRIS, or DYKES, or IE330's to be found,

To look around the room you'd think it would be fair to say That I'm the one and only girl on campus who is (Fay,

'Surely' I thought to myself, 'I must be mistaken' For it seemed that once again the boys had overtaken

'I don't know what to do!' I cried out in my despair
'Should I throw out all my lippie, and cut off all my hair?'

It seems to be part of this SCENE Ill have to be another QUEEN.

The thought of this brings me no joy: I was not meant to be a boy!

To their credit all the boys were really nice
A good friend offered some advice:

Men may come from Mars and Women come from Venus
But you can still belong to TEN
PERCENT if you don't have a penis,

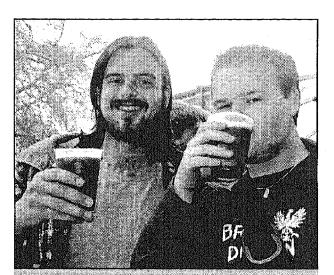
So if you're GARQ who's GAYor BA Or HOWEVER you ADENTAFY...

Drop into a MEETING and say

We promise we won't ask you why.
Or act weird because you're not a
guy...



- 1. Where is the most interesting/craziest place to have sex on campus?
- 2. Bi-sexualism is the new black. Are you in to it?
- 3. How important is foreplay to you? What sort works best?
- 4. Which historical figure would you most like to bonk, pre 1950?



Alexis and Jono Hey, there's beer over here!

- 1. The Mayo sandwich counter (again).
- 1. The bell tower, ding dong!
- 2. I never knew "Living colour" was so popular!2. Got anything blacker?
- 3. Four pints = foreplay!
- 3. When she recovers, ask my girlfriend.
- 4. Queen Victoria, I love a woman in power.
- 4. Mary. Jesus, who's your daddy!



- 1. Through the keyhole in the VC's office door. 2. I'm not choosy. Just don't
- tell George. 3. I like to be dressed up in tiny, tiny military fatigues. 4. I reckon Mussolini'd go like
- the clappers. Now there's a man who could get things done!



Fleur

She's so cute. The dirtiest ones are.

- 1. On top of a piano in the conservatorium.
- 2. Black is a colour too.
- 3. Definitely important. The wetta the betta!
- 4. Shakespeare, because Hamlet is fictional.



Janko

Strange boy ... watch out for him.

- 1. Union Hall, during a lecture. The seats are comfy.
- 2. If there are black people involved I'm in!
- 3. Playing with four people is important to me. As long as it involves a live chicken.
- 4. Mata Hari.

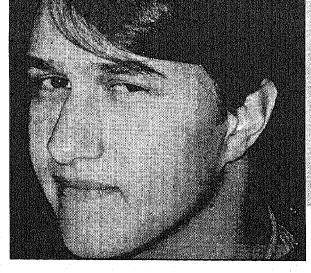
With a name like that, one could only hope...

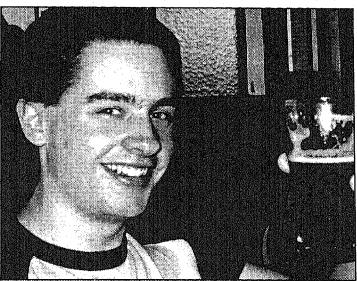
- 1. The observatory.
- 2. I'm quite fond of black. It's slimming.
- 3. It's the be all and end all.
- 4. Audrey Hepburn.



Trixle McSux (may not be her real name) Oooh, nice leg. Show us some more!

- 1. On stage at Union Hall while there's no one there.
- 2. No. Nup.
- 3. It's highly important.
- 4. Hitler,





Tristan Just a lad, his beer and his fantasies.

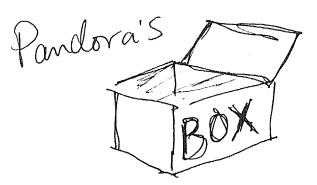
- 1. The Barr Smith Library, bottom floor.
- 2. Once it's on the runways in Paris, I'm in. Until
- 3. I think it's very important. Gotta warm the oven before sticking the turkey in.
- 4. Cleopatra! That woman had power!



Chris and Ben Getting down and dirty.

- 1. The elevator in the science building it feels like your going to die when you ride it.
- 1. Under the stage in Union Hall.
- 2. Nah, not for me. I'm a white boy.
- 2. I'll try anything once. I have and I will.
- 3. It's very important, I didn't get these piercings for nothing!
- 3. Yeah, very important. I like dirty whispers, that gets them going!
- 4. Lot's daughters. They were into some freaky stuff!
- 4. Napoleon. He's a walking head job!





I am true love; I fill boy and girl with mutual flame... I am the love that dare not speak its name.

Oscar Wilde's lover, Bosie

It all started on a dark, stormy night. Have you noticed how wet weather is more conducive to seduction? Just a thought. Anyway, it was a girly sleepover. There had been pizza and chocolate and Molly Ringwald movies. Oh, and so as not to ruin a perfectly good cultural cliché, yes, there had been a pillow fight.

At bedtime, we snuggled up under the covers, sharing the bed. I had my head on her flannel-covered breast as she stroked my hair and we gossiped about a lickable boy in our tutorial. It was cold, so we snuggled closer. She was so soft and warm and I love to be stroked. She offered to stroke my back, so I rolled onto my side and her hand slid beneath my pyjama top. We talked about celebrities we'd most like to have for a night: Johnny Depp (yes – that man does immoral things for eyeliner in *Pirates of the Caribbean*), Orlando Bloom (no – what kind of man needs a chest rug? One lacking testosterone), Colin Farrell (double yes – a shot of

"Eating a girl out is much like eating a yiros: you just lap up the juices from the package."

An anonymous former SAUA President

his penis had to be cut from his last movie because test audiences found it too "distracting". Hell-o!), Halle Berry (my girlfriend's hand slid around to fondle my waist and trail along my stomach at about the point we started talking about the sex scene in *Monster's Ball*) and Angelina Jolie. Angelina was the clincher really. With a sigh, I turned my head a little and our eyes met. Cue significant eye contact. My girlfriend's hand dipped beneath the waist of my totally un-sexy pyjama pants at about the same time that our lips met.

They make cheap pornography out of this shit. Now girls kissing girls is about as common as celebrity wardrobe misfunctions these days. Bisexual is the new black. But I am in the privileged position of being able to say I've gone further...and lower. I've had sex with two women and an encounter of the student politician kind in the UniBar last Friday. But bisexuality is no new phenomenon.

Sappho, the Greek poet from Lesbos (get the Lesbian connection? Lightbulb!), is perhaps the most famous historical figure with same sex tendencies. Although she does write about men, it is about the ladies that she writes with the most passion and lust.

He seems godlike, the man who sits opposite you and hears from near your sweet voice and lovely laugh, which I swear makes my heart pound in my breast. For when I see you, even for a moment,

NEVER SAY

I can no longer speak a word, my tongue keeps silence; fine fire runs over my flesh, I see nothing with my eyes and I hear nothing with my ears. A cold sweat covers me and trembling seizes my limbs; I am paler than stone and I seem to myself but a little way from death...but all must be endured.

Sappho, c. 610 BC

Am I just a diehard romantic, or is that not how everyone feels when they see their beloved? It's the most exquisite agony in the world. And this dame knows her heartbreak.

"Forsaken"
Moon's set, and Pleiads;
Midnight goes by;
The hours pass onward;
Lonely I lie.

Sadly, most of what we have left of Sappho is mournful and pining. Same sex romance wasn't culturally okay. But look how far we've come. After Ellen de Generes publicly came out, look at the illustrious career that followed (Sorry, did you get the sarcasm? My sarcastic voice is very similar to my regular voice – that's a quote and if you can guess where from, I'll give you a kiss).

However, despite my self-righteous pontificating, I've never been in love with a woman. It's only

been sex. Not that sex is bad, Sex is heaps of fun. Especially with other women - they know where the gearshift is without reading the manual. My favourite lesbian anecdote comes from an ex President of the Students Association . A friend of hers had kissed a woman but was hesitant about going further. She didn't know how to go down on a girl. The ex SAUA president, at The Exeter at the time, picks up her finished yiros packet and says: "Eating a girl out is much like eating a yiros; you just lap up the juices from the package."

Good call.

Among people our age, I find that lesbianism is more sexually acceptable, but still not socially. Lesbians are compartmentalised into two categories: a) the butch, hairy armpitted dike with a K.D. Lang collection or b) two hot women making out purely for the delectation of a camera, or some male in the vicinity. The Oscar-toting Ben Affleck stars in two films in which he "turns" lesbians: Chasing Amy and Gigli. It is the most repugnant aspect of Affleck's career, and I've seen Reindeer Games. And while I must say that he is a nice piece of eye candy, no one can turn a person's sexuality. Especially not someone who's slept with J-Lo.

It's a common theory that everyone is bi-curious. Why else do sportsmen spank each other during football so much? For what other reason would a girl sneak a peak in the changerooms? While this theory is very nice and leaves every female as a potential for my lustful intentions, I don't buy it. It's a gross generalisation and as insulting as saying all gay men listen to Cher. I

have a list of the people I've kissed and I'm quite proud to have the same ratio of males to females. But kissing is just saliva exchange and that doesn't make me bisexual. Having slept with women does not make me bisexual either.

As social morays slip and slide like Miss Universe on a runway, with sex becoming recreational for many, I think sexuality is not so much defined by whom you fuck but whom you love. And while I've got butterflies over a woman's touch. I've never ached for one. I've never cried over a woman, nor have I counted the hours until I am in a woman's presence. But I know that when I get that kiss that ceases to be fluid exchange and is instead some kind of emotional epiphany (the kind accompanied by a heartstring-tugging crescendo, dimmed lighting and a circular pan), it could be from a man or a woman. I don't know if I buy into the idea of "making love" but if it is possible, then for me the gender is irrelevant. I can't make mass assumptions about everyone else, but I do know that people don't chose who they love (I sure as hell don't). Love transcends age, race, religion, music taste...even gender. You never know in what form it'll bite you in

And on that incredibly sappy note, I think I shall return to my clitterbug. I promise to be more cynical and hack-like next time.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey



Ooh yeah, that's it, work it, Sahib.



A pink essay on the Animal Kinkdom



Straight. Gay. Lesbian. Bisexual. Transgender. Transsexual. Nonsexual. Hermaphrodite. Necrophile. Paedophile. Zoophile. Gerontophile (for the uninformed, the latter two denote a preference for animals and the elderly respectively). Et cetera, whatever. With a range of sexual preferences both acceptable and taboo, you would have thought that humanity is sitting on the brink of a sexual identity crisis. Yet the rainbow of Homo sapiens looks monochrome when compared to the mardi gras parade that is the rest of the animal kingdom. This article does not necessarily imply that natural behaviour among other species in indicative of the 'proper' human condition. Many acts, such as infanticide in lions, are ethically disagreeable to humans of all sexualities. What I do intend to demonstrate is that certain human behaviour may have an evolutionary origin and may not be as unnatural as they appear.

To begin with, not everything in the world is either male or female. Aside from 'sexless' single-celled critters that divide and form clones of themselves, some of these creatures have multiple sexes. The humble *Paramecium* (a slipper-shaped freshwater blob) has 8 different sexes. How do scientists tell them apart? Well they just designate which sex bonds with which other sex and how many different sexes. If it seems murky to you at least its clear enough to the *Paramecium*.

Moving on to multicellular animals, we still find that male/female is a fairly nebulous concept. Some, such as tapeworms, reproduce by apparently having sex with themselves. For them, being a bachelor in the human intestine means wanking is a fact of life. Others such as earthworms must still swap genetic material with one another. Each worm has both male and female organs and gives as much as it gets. Hermaphrodites aren't always fertile however. Gynandromorphy is a mutation that occurs among otherwise male/female insects such as stag beetles, stick insects and butterflies. The insect's body is divided into distinct male and female sections. Sometimes the left and right halves of the insect are neatly separated; and in all cases the result is infertile.

Some animals that cannot be both sexes at once make do by changing sex whenever they need to.

Clownfish of the same species as the cartoon Nemo live in groups. The largest fish is always female, and all the rest are males of decreasing size. Only the largest male breeds with the female. If the female dies, he grows a little bigger and changes sex - and all the other males grow a step bigger too. It's a little more flexible with certain species of frogs; they just change sex to even the balance if there are too many or too few of either type.

Most reptiles, birds and mammals have fixed sexual identities however. This leads to fierce sexual competition, especially when the female is only fertile at certain times of the year. Breeding season among ducks often results in females being mobbed and sometimes drowned by multiple males all furiously attempting to mate. If only they knew free love like the snail Crepidula fornicata (whose name should be sufficient warning) which happily forms daisy chains as long as 14 individuals in a vertical stack of mutual pleasure. Then again, the snails can change sex. Male ducks can get desperate enough to mate with the same sex, even dead ones. A mallard that died after hitting the glass wall of a Dutch museum was photographed posthumously servicing a male member of the same species.

Yet not all homosexual activity is non-consensual. Young male dolphins form sexual pairings with each other; this also serves the useful function of binding them together for mutual defence in the future. Being highly social creatures, these dolphins benefit from mutual protection long after they have mated with females. Lesbianism is not unknown among mammals either. Female Japanese macaques (a thickfurred monkey) also mate with each other even when fully adult and in the presence of extremely willing males. It was once thought that this is their way of forcing the males to strive better to please them; though they seem to enjoy the act enough to suggest that on some occasions at least the pleasure gained is reward in itself. Homosexual birds seem almost familiarly human. A pair of male penguins at the Central Park Zoo has not only rejected all female company (and the ladies weren't interested either!), but also attempted to sit on and hatch a rock between them. When that failed, keepers gave them a real fertile penguin egg that needed incubation. The egg was not only hatched, but the resulting chick was successfully raised.

The gay penguin couple are only representative of what must be the minority of the population, but species where homosexuality is the majority do exist - 55% of all galah cockatoos are same-sex attracted. This reaches an extreme in bonobos (pygmy chimpanzees). All bonobos are exuberantly bisexual. Their entire group structure is matriarchal and revolves around sex as a means to avoid conflict. An exciting or stressful situation will cause the whole troupe to begin rubbing each other (or against each other), and even the arrival of lunch in a captive group causes a few seconds of frenzied mating and mutual masturbation. It also goes without saying that the mortality among male bonobos is much lower than that among your regular, vanilla chimpanzee; who is only occasionally homosexual and resolves conflicts with frequently lethal fights. On a side note, female researchers studying bonobos have found that the reproductive cycle of the females soon adjusts to coincide with their own...Bonobos are as closely related to humans are chimpanzees are - a point of reflection for those who subscribe to the evolved male-dominance view.

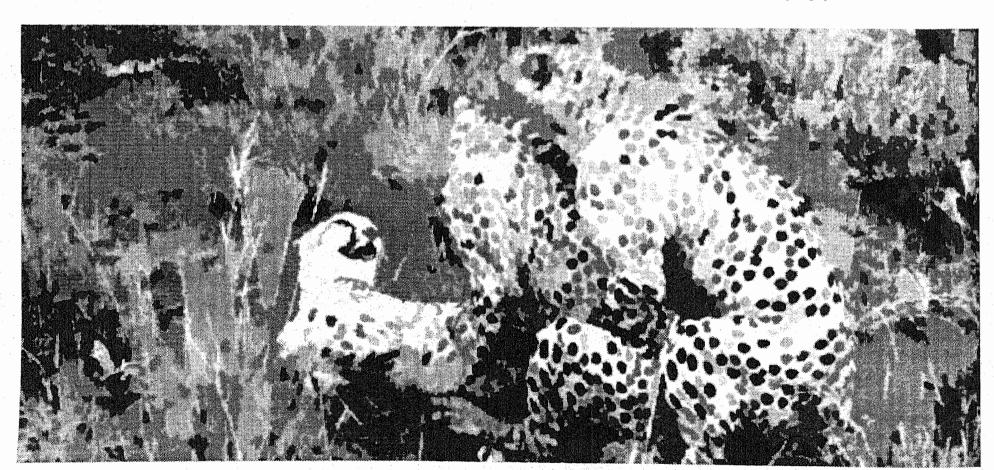
Finally, I would recommend the book 'Biological Exuberance', written by Bruce Bahemihl Ph.D. Its 700+ pages describe the queer habits of hundreds of species from bees to elephants. Widespread as animal queer-dom may be, I believe the most important point is that these animals are treated with absolutely no discrimination by their heterosexual peers, if they exist. For those who believe alternative sexualities to be a crime against nature, there is a lesson to be learned.

Simon Chekota

page 18



The posthumous coupling of two male mallard ducks



-WYANTED:

STRAIGHT FRIENDS. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

Hosting parties involves an exercise called 'Rate Your Friends'. The top 30 will get invites, the others get the 'oh, I thought I invited you' response two months later. This year I was very pleased with the list for my 21st, and set about distributing them. 'Great', Jane said, 'will there be any hot guys there?'. 'Sure', I replied, 'oohhh... mostly gay... into gay guys?' Her evil eye, resembling Peter Costello's glare on a good day, told me that she wasn't interested in this 'look but no touch' thing. Like a contestant on The Price is Right, I stood there trying to think what single straight guys were coming, but all I could hear was the 'bup bow' sound. How did this happen? Two years earlier I had plenty of straight male friends at high school. Sure, there were straight guys coming to the party - boyfriends of my female friends. It was then I realised almost all my friends were female or gay. Had I inadvertently become a heterophobe?

A few weeks later I found myself down at the beach with old school friends. Everyone started tackling each other and throwing each other to the ground. One of my straight friends got me unexpectedly, and I grabbed onto his shirt to break my fall. Suddenly, I let go. 'Shit, you OK?' he asked, 'what happened?'.'Um... I let go cos I thought you might think...' I mumbled. 'What?' he said. 'You thought I might think you were trying it on or something?' I nodded.'Jesus, I've known you forever, you really thought I'd think that!?' Ok, thunderbolt realisation hits. That 'bup bow' sound goes to 'bing!' the problem is me!

Without playing my violin, being gay can be hard. This said however, us queer people can be our own worst enemies. I found myself assuming straight guys didn't want to know me, without even asking them. When I started hanging around gay guys it was refreshing because they knew and understood. I didn't realise that I was putting those relationships above my old friends. It seemed easier talking about my boyfriend to gay guys than to straight mates. I'd hang out at gay venues and shun straight ones. The straight world became 'the other'. I don't think many people realise how easy it is to be totally gay, even in Adelaide.

I don't think many people realise how easy it is to be totally gay, even in Adelaide.

It's hard to say when and where the division between the gay and straight world began. 'We' have Mars, Semaphore, and some pubs, 'the others' have everywhere else. I don't want to get into the argument about whether this division really exists; all I want to say is that there is the perception of this division in the gay world. This sub-group of the population 'broke away' from the rest

out of fear. This fear still exists today in a very real way. As Howard and Bush knows, nothing unites people like fear, and only the eradication of the fear will reunite the two communities.

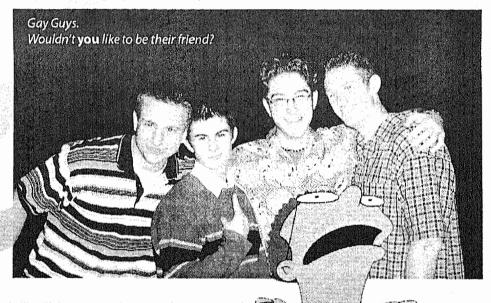
It's far easier to spot the differences between things than the similarities. Placing one straight male and one gay one alongside each other, the difference is one sleeps with girls, the other guys. That's all. It's amazing that such little difference has come to cause such trouble. Let's forget that both have the same body, the same feelings, the same likes and pet hates, and let's focus on who they roll in the hay with. Seem logical? It's time gay guys realise the answer is no.

The straight world is far more accepting than the gay world wants to believe. If everyone were homophobic dickheads, why do we have gay television shows bombarding us? Why doesn't Mars get torched every weekend? Why are homosexual people able to get positions of power

(eg Bob Brown, Justice Kirby, Kerryn Phelps)? How am I rediscovering my long forgotten straight friends with ease? Sure, there is some homophobia out there, but hell, the gay world's heterophobia is even worse because it should know better. Heterophobia is completely the wrong way to combat homophobia.

Take it from a reformed suspected heterophobe, straight people and places rock. The best pub in town is The Exeter (not The Queens Arms), the best shop is JRs Surf & Ski (not FCUK), and the best holiday destination is Perth (not inner Sydney). While I'll always value my gay friends, my straight friends mean a lot more to me than they probably realise. God knows I'll probably won't have kids, the least I can do is spoil some else's! So, straight friends wanted, but be quick because places are filling fast!

Richard



that is soon gay

Every time I hear someone say the phrase above I cringe inwardly and often feel quite outraged. The anger I feel is neither a reflection on the person using those words or their own belief system but the way in which the term "gay" is blurted out as a definition for something stupid, irritating or offensive. Many of my close friends will blurt out some variation of the title to this article and when I make sounds of protest the response is always along the lines of, "You know I didn't mean it like that, it's just a saying". My general response is normally, "It's a bloody stupid saying is what it is" (My language is generally more colourful but for the sake of the kiddies who might be reading this I've toned things down slightly).

How many of us- 'cause I know I've used the term "gay" once or twice in a derogatory manner and felt like hitting myself with a parked car afterwards- have actually stopped and thought about what it is we're saying? By labelling something we disapprove of "gay" we're implying that being "gay" is something to disapprove of and that being gay is something to feel bad about. I can hear in my head the voices of righteous

conservatives screaming out that that is the case but I personally disagree. I believe that all forms of sexuality that involve two- or more (or less)-consenting adults- or possibly inanimate objects-are valid and am proud to identify myself as gay-though I am open to my own sexuality and as a rule don't want to be boxed into a rigid structure of identification- so I feel really offended when someone calls something gay because they dislike it and feel even more offended when they inform me they "didn't mean like that".

I won't delve into the confused mess of stereotypes and labels that get attached to people because of their fashion sense or personal mannerisms but I would like to share an anecdote that rather amused me. I was at a friend's birthday dinner earlier this year and I was speaking to one of her friends about his wardrobe choice for the evening (and no he was straight). He was wearing a salmon coloured shirt and was feeling unsure about whether the choice of colour was a mistake. Curious (though slightly apprehensive) I inquired as to why he felt that way, "Well," he replied, "I was worried that it would make me look like a bit

of a metro." My mind had automatically filled in the blank after "a bit of" so I had to do a double take before I realized he hadn't concluded the sentence with "a fag".

Next time you go to call someone gay, or a homo, or a fag, or a poof, or... (the list would get way to long if I kept going on, but you get the gist) stop and think of an alternative. Choose something that you genuinely feel ticked off about and use that instead and get creative with your insults, use nonsense word if you like. So instead of something being "gay" it might be "FCUKed", instead of someone being a "homo" they might be a "widget". If you "don't mean it like that" when you use the term "gay" then don't use it, find an alternative-there are plenty of other words in the dictionary to choose from, and so many other languages as well- if you "do mean it that way" go get FCUKed 'cause, quite frankly, you're a widget.

Kavvy (aka David Kavanagh)

An essay's journey through the wonderful world of assessment

as fold to Geoff Stone

I am an essay. I don't mean that I am the text you're reading now, but rather a separate entity that is taking the part of the storyteller in this tale of adventure. In a sense, as I am an essay that has produced an essay, I have taken part in a sort of reversecannibalism, if you will. I'm a being that has created one of its own, much like during the miracle of birth, or the even greater miracle of a person projectile vomiting remnants of flesh and bone on to the ground in front of them, and then having those chunks of flesh form together into a sentient being, much like that liquid guy in Terminator 2, if he was in fact spewed forth by some sort of giant gelatinous, liquid monster.

My journey began on a cold September night. It was a Sunday, by sheer coincidence, happened to be immediately before the Monday I was due. With the aid of 3 cups of coffee, 2 energy drinks and some Speed*, my author's fingers frantically danced across the keyboard, much like a ballerina who had fallen behind in her routine and was dancing at twice the speed of her colleagues in order to catch up. so as not to be punished by her ballet teacher and sent to ballet detention, or the ballet snake pit, or wherever it is that incompetent ballerinas go when they have displeased their overzealous teachers.

After the inclusion of several hundred needless adjectives, as well as references for five unused sources of information, I was complete. I sat proudly upon the desk of my author, double-spaced and with a sizeable left margin, looking the part of an academic masterpiece, if you were viewing me through some sort of academic kaleidoscope or some other similar viewing apparatus.

The following morning I was carried to university in a dark bag, encased in a plastic covering and wedged between a ridiculously large course reader and an even more ridiculously large course

ROOM 237 by 02

reader, rocking to and fro on a urinesoaked bus next to an unshaven and suspiciously scented man wearing sweatpants and a crocheted jumper.

After I was removed from my unexplainably damp satchel, my author slapped a cover sheet across my face, much like lke and Tina Turner, if Tina was in fact an essay and lke her cover sheet. [dude - Eds].

It was then that I was shoved down into a forcefully deep mysteriously dark hole, even darker than the analogous comparison that you no doubt expected me to make, you sick freak. I could feel every fibre of my body being stretched and warped as I fell deeper and deeper into this seemingly bottomless pit. It was then, with a thud louder than the sound of an over-enthusiastic student election candidate, that I hit the ground.

The sight that confronted my eyes was truly amazing. I rubbed my eyes in disbelief, which was made hard by the fact that I did not actually have any hands, or eyes for that matter, or even a working central nervous system. Even still. I could see university lecturers dancing around bonfires chanting satanic verses interspersed with the rules of plagiarism. I could see department secretaries frolicking naked through an enchanted forest picking assignment berries and devouring them whole. I could see tutors chasing the optimistic hopes of their students, bludgeoning them to death with oversized whiteboard markers and using the blood to fill the red pens used for grading.

It seemed that I had entered the world of Assessmentia!

Join us next time, when our essay friend tells the story of being burnt ceremoniously during a drunken endof-semester celebration!

*by 'Speed' I mean the smash-hit, high-octane thriller starring such big names as the engaging Keanu Reeves and the ever-delightful Sandra Bullock, rather than the smash-hit, high-octane drug used by such big names as Robert Downey Jr. and that guy from Suddenly Susan

Ms Gay Downunder winner booed

for looking too

straight'

(taken from :Queer Day, June 23, 2003)

New Zealand: A Ms. Gay winner Downunder booed on stage for not being gay enough. Bindie Redden, 33, dressed as Barbie and later as a Playboy bunny with long blonde hair, lipstick and a fluffy tail, said she entered the competition at Wellington's gay nightclub Pound to make a point. "I don't look like the average lesbian. They look like boys, they don't shave under their arms, they have short hair. They just automatically assume that I'm straight.' Drag queen Pollyfilla, one of three competition judges, said she was disappointed with the negative reaction from some women in the crowd. "It's just a bit of fun. The queer community as a group gets discriminated against so much, we don't need it from within our own ranks."

I've included this article to illustrate a point about women, particularly those who are feminine in appearance and how they are received by the queer community.

On more than one occasion my friends have suggested that I wear a T-shirt that says "This is what a lesbian looks like". It seems that absence of contrary indicators, people automatically assume heterosexuality, even within the queer community. At various times I have been labelled by others as a 'lipstick lesbian' a cringeworthy term if ever there was one or 'femme' another term I don't like, as it implies that I take on a feminine role in relationships or that I would prefer a butch partner and a 'bisexual' in spite of the fact I am much more attracted to women, and haven't dated a guy in at least 3 years. Once a woman even called me chickybabe! The same woman probably would have knocked anyone flat if they had tried calling her that...

Since when did my failure to get a haircut have anything to do with my sexual orientation? I realise I can't speak for everyone, but personally, as a student, I cant afford to get a haircut every 4-6 weeks. (a necessity if you want to maintain the decent shape in a short haircut) Ok, so I also wear makeup and (often) heels. This doesn't mean that I'm "oppressed" or that I am trying to pass myself off as heterosexual. I have cut my hair short and worn flat shoes on a number of occasions, although the look felt really plain and boring to me: it just never stuck. Issues of sexual identity aside, I consider myself to be pretty much the same as the next woman, in that I am subjected to the same social pressures as a consequence have many of the same insecurities and body image issues as any other woman.

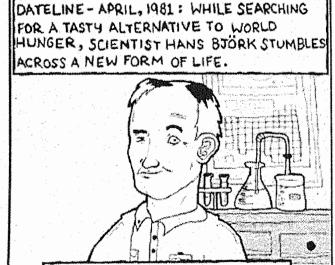
What is it that makes a woman a lesbian? Is it how she presents herself or who she is attracted to? Does it also depend on whom she associates with? Do you have to belong to a softball team or a women's group to qualify? Are you disqualified if too many of your friends happen to be male? Sexuality, is as complex and multifaceted as any other aspect of the human personality. Arguably "butch" and "femme" are two extremes and most women fall somewhere in between the two. There are women who adopt a butch style of dress although they were once 'femme' and women with long hair and make-up who are total tomboys. There are women who are butch who also have relationships with men. Some people would argue that this makes them bisexual. But what if they like the lesbian label? Does their butchness make them more 'lesbian' than a straight looking female who has only ever had relationships with women?

Diesel dyke. Earth crunchy dyke. Maybelline dyke. Fluffy dyke. Cuddly dyke. Sporty dyke. Bar dyke. Bulldyke. Political dyke.

These are all just categories, whether we create them for ourselves or other people create them for us. The truth is there are probably as many different types of lesbians as there women. Perhaps we should get to know people for who they are before judging them. I still for the life of me can't figure out what a "fluffy dyke" is.

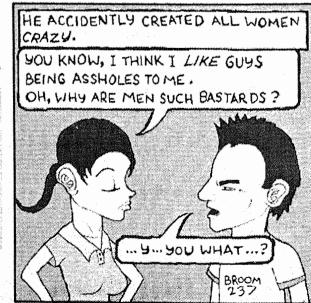
Ela

LMENTY



HE CALLS THIS NEW ENTITY





Office Bearers



Aurelia Stapleton Education Vice-President

Protests have traditionally been the major events on the student activist's calendar but as we all know student protests these days just aren't what they used to be. So this semester we've canned the banner waving, slogan shouting and somewhat dishevelled marching tactics out the window.

Instead we've come up with something a little more user friendly.

BUSK FOR YOUR HECS
This event is just right for you!

A) You can do whatever sort of performance you want.

B) You can bring your friends.

C) You don't have to be political – just concerned about student issues.

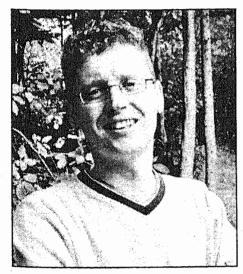
D) I promise there will be no angry 'feral hippy' action.

Sound good? Good! So get your butt down to the students' association and sign up!

Also, look out for info and possibly petitions regarding the library's \$30 'administration fee' on late or lost library books. This is what they make you pay on top of the price of the book and on top of the fine you owe. Surely the book price and fine is enough? Apparently not. I know the library is suffering financially but just how much money do they need to try and squeeze out of us students?

If you know the answer or want any more info about busk for you HECS send me an email!

aurelia.stapleton@adelaide.edu.au



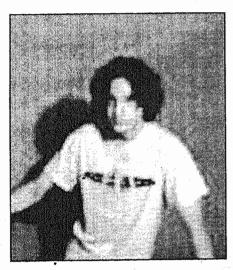
Jo Brevity Officer

In the interest of brevity I shall be brief.



Felicity O'Laughlin Existential Angst Representative

Another week in this godforsaken pit. draws to a close. I feel the ennui bearing down upon my soul, and I wonder yet again as to the point of it all. Sometimes I look in the mirror and find it difficult to identify any point of recognition. The department appears futile, and I feel as if somehow I am to blame for it all. If only I had displayed more faith in the department, perhaps the standing committee wouldn't have dwindled to such depressing numbers. Sadly, we lost another member last week. Our last meeting took a turn for the worse, and the crushing despair forced Baxter Hannigan to seek eternal rest in the depths of the murky Torrens. I feel my difference keenly. All of your happy faces mock me daily, and I can't help but feel that you have never experienced truth or beauty in more than fleeting glauces. It becomes increasingly difficult for me to maintain a grip on reality, and while I feel I have always in a sense existed outside of its sphere, I am quickly being set adrift from the routine of daily life. In an attempt to demonstrate solidarity with the department and our few remaining standing committee members, we shall be hosting a Spoken Word event this Saturday at Fad Bar. This is particularly exciting, as the owners have also agreed to showcase some of Flynn Carmody's original artwork. Sigh.



Adrian Horrocks Agnostic Vice-President & Council abstainer

I'd like to say that a lot has happened over the past few weeks. However, I feel that such a statement is perhaps too broad to support with fact. Granted, a certain amount has occurred since last I spoke to you, yet I am reticent to apply

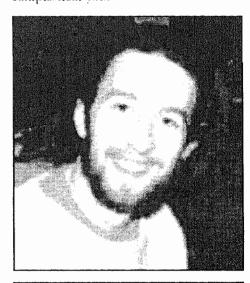
too much weight to this. Of course there are varying degrees of motion within the department, and it entirely depends on how you define the term 'a loi'. On the one hand, it's possible that a lot has in fact taken place. On the other hand, in the greater scheme of things, it might equally be as misleading to imply that anything has happened at all. What is certain is that the department's standing committee has met a number of times, mostly to debate the existence of the department itself. While we agree that the department of course exists in a sense, we equally agree that it is limiting to consider the department as an entity in itself. Unfortunately, no outcome to this fundamental and intriguing question has been reached, but we have proposed the possibility of convening on Tuesday, Wednesday, and perhaps Thursday in an effort to reach some kind of agreement, or at least official statement. Further, we are investigating the possibility of meeting on Friday night in either the Unibar or Rumours for either alcoholic or caffeinated beverages. However, if no agreement is reached throughout the week, these plans may have to be shelved.



Fleur Trevelyn Superfluous Cliché <u>Officer</u> About Town

Well, here we all are again. What is there left to be said about the Department of SC? On the one hand, I could wax lyrical until the cows come home about our harmonious family here. On the other hand, when all is said and done, I do seem to have a history of putting my foot in my mouth! Take last week for example. After chewing the fat with the all of the committee members (who are all just the cat's meow if I do say so myself!), we decided collectively to cease judging a book by its cover and take a step back from the storm that had been brewing with the Department of Literal Interpretation. Although we agree that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, we do acknowledge that baiting them hook, line and sinker is more fun than a barrel of monkeys! Alas, you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink, and it soon became apparent that the DLI planned to harp on about the matter. At the end of the day, stupid is as stupid does, and for them to say different is quite simply the pot calling the kettle black. When all is said and done, if it looks like a duck, quacks like a duck and walks like a duck, then it's a duck! In other news, we've agreed to get a wriggle on and keep it moving in terms of Superfluous Cliché

Week. It's going to be bigger than Ben Hur, and is soon to be seen coming to a campus near you!



Rodney Coolidge Literal Interpretation Vice-President & Treasurer

As luck would have it, our infernal spat with the DSC this week resulted in an embarrassing verbal barrage of insults, culminating in their desire that we all take a long walk off of a short pier. Well, as you can imagine, this caused an uproar in the DLI! Perhaps most concerning in this scenario was our inability to determine which pier in our immediate vicinity was, in fact, the shortest. Further, should the measurements for said pier be taken from the entirety of the structure itself, or simply from the water's edge? To complicate matters further, the officer for the DLI elect was uncertain as to whether the definition of pier itself was relegated solely to that of beach jettics, or could in fact stand for any horizontal surface leading to a body of water, in which case objects such as diving boards or jetty moorings also had to be taken into account. After a jolly amount of time was, dare I say, wasted in determining which horizontal surface was in fact being referred to, the committee and I emerged sopping wet and quite simply unable to complete our original task in the limited time remaining. Thanks to the petty cajoling on behalf of the DSC, we are no closer to discovering the location of death's door. Their interference has proved most inconvenient, as we have since discovered that Baxter Hannigan of the DEA would have acted as an excellent conduit for the retrieval of our information. It has been unanimously agreed that future recognition of the DSC will be frostily tolerant at best, if not entirely non-existent.



Tincat Cafe

I sensed something weird before I even entered Tincat. There was a man who seemed to be laughing at me when I walked up to the door. He opened it for me and said: "Dinner at six? Don't worry, somebody has to be the first one." I thought he just meant the first one at the table, but no, I was the only person in the entire place. After being ushered to the long table in the back room, I chose a seat somewhere in the middle, and tried to keep myself occupied by looking at the paintings. Tincat exhibits the work of different artists every month or so, so there will be new things for you to look at if you happen to visit multiple times. One of the waiters talked to me briefly about one of the paintings, and I pretended to know what he was talking about, but I don't even think he knew what he was talking about.

I should have talked to him for longer because it's really bizarre being the first customer in a restaurant. There I sat listlessly, until my mobile rang. At first I was joyous that I had company (albeit via telephone), but then I started to feel yuppie-ish, since my voice was so loud in the complete quietness. Finally, finally, I was joined by other people, and my thumbtwiddling ended. There were lots of "wow, this place is really cool" type comments, which I had to agree with. I had had plenty of time to admire the surroundings. It's a very funky little converted house, so there are a couple of rooms, and a courtyard that opens when the weather is warmer. I can't remember the male toilets,

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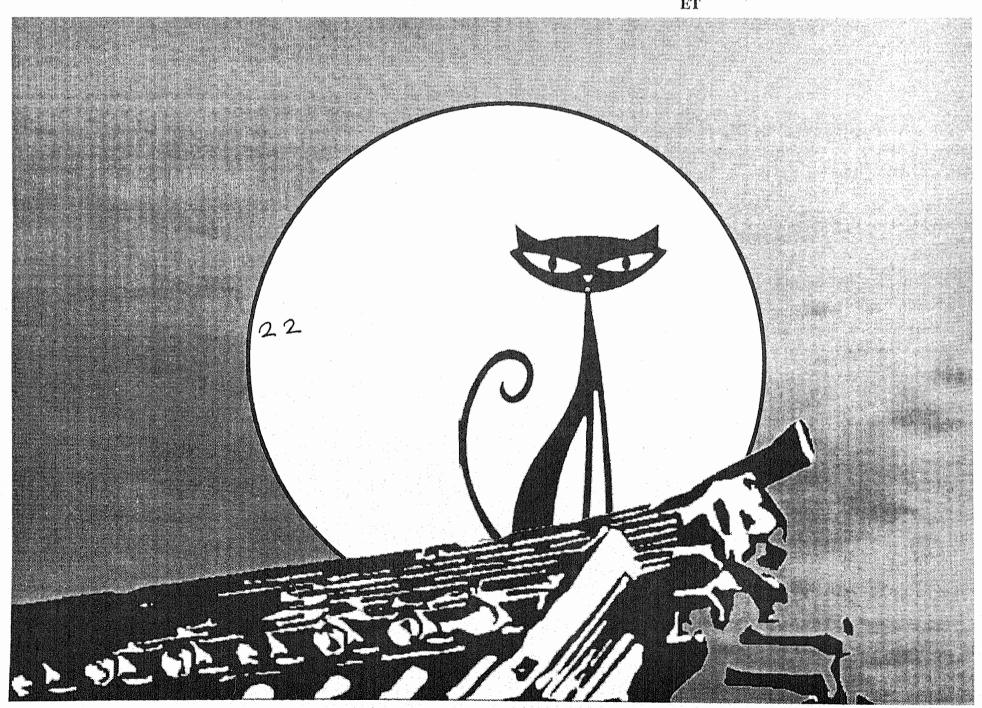
but the female toilets had a wire bust of woman on the door. There were lots of little oddities scattered around, and there's a really warm and homey feel. We shared a dip and pita bread plate, and then some warm bread was brought out. I think I took more than my share of bread, but hopefully no one that was there will read this.

It was actually a bad idea to be so greedy, since I discovered I wasn't that hungry. Spending \$25 didn't seem appealing when I was so bread-filled. So I thought I would order the chowder (how American does that sound?) and the Tuscan chickpea salad. Nice and light, I thought, but oh! How wrong I was! It wasn't the chowder that was the problem, but the salad. It was interesting and fresh, but it was actually a serving for two people, and everyone was being annoyingly polite and refusing to have more than two chickpeas. I felt like it was going on forever, and everyone was amazed that I actually finished it. Everyone was also agog at the size of my chowder, but it was all an optical illusion. The dish was actually pretty shallow, but it just looked huge because of the gigantic rim. It's not that I minded that the serve was on the smaller side. In fact, my chickpea salad would have been enough, but these tricks are so unappreciated.

Despite the size, the chowder was satisfying, and I ate the four oysters in it with absolute relish. To top it off, there was some red caviar as a garnish, which I approached with hesitation. I feel worldly after eating caviar, but I don't really see why people fuss so much over bubbles of fish-tasting liquid. It looked good as a garnish though, and I can see why people like Tin Cat, since they obviously care about presentation. I don't know what the other meals tasted like, but they all looked pretty, which is exactly how they should look with the prices you pay. There are cheaper alternatives, but a ricotta stack doesn't really have the same appeal of a steak.

Once we'd finished our meals (I finally prodded the last chickpea), the waiter picked up the specials blackboard, and returned with the dessert blackboard. No one even saw this happen – how discreet! I would love to tell you what the desserts were, but I can't. I decided not to order, since I'd eaten enough food for two and a half people. It's a good thing I didn't read the menu, because guessing by all the sighs emanating from everyone, I probably would have given in to temptation. Anyway, I was distracted from the desserts by the resident cat. Yes, Tincat has its very own cat. Ah, so many charming oddities; you've gotta love it. I suppose my start to the evening can just put it down to another life lesson well learnt: only be early to places that give you something interesting to look at while you wait.

ET



Tuesday.



I get a little bit tense every time I read street press food reviews. They seem to be the arse end of every newspaper; even the classifieds have more journalistic merit. In fact, I just finished reading the latest in *Rip It Up*, and it was upon reading the phrase "little Italian biscuits" that I threw the paper across the room in a rage, went over to pick it up, and stormed over to the bathroom where I took the most glorious and satisfying dump, and proceeded to wipe my soiled backside with the offending article.

It was on the toilet, my mind released from the duties of bowel control, that I had an idea. Why not cover an event of some importance, of some relevance for a change, rather than the same old, boring Italian café reviews. I was soon informed by the evening news that Fine Food Australia had opened that day, and the Leading Ladies of World Cuisine presentation for the year of our Lord, 2004, would be staged at the Melbourne Entertainment complex. With some sterling advice from Afarin, my very beautiful and obliging girlfriend, we decided to hire a convertible. Barely two hours had passed before I was screaming along the Dukes Highway, as fast as our little Astra would go without blowing my beanie off.

registration began at 11:30am. Dockside, I inhaled the heady fumes of the Yarra through half a packet of Cartiers (for flavour, you understand of course), along with a gramme of some kind of expensive talcum powder, which the street urchin I bought it from assured me was from Bolivia. I'd have been inclined to agree, but there's something I just can't trust about a twelve year old with tracks up to his armpits. Raring to go, it was 11: 15 by the time I'd talked my way through eight hirelings, right up to the organiser of the event, a greying-haired man in glasses who, seeing that he'd never get rid of me, simply printed the media passes for Afarin and myself on the spot, and kindly instructed me to "step away from the desk". Deutsche citizenship papers in 1939 never felt so safe.

I swanned past the security guards and into Media Suite 2. The event wouldn't open until 12, but I still had the run of the joint, so we resolved to break our fast on the pastry display laid out by the good people at Pied Piper (whoever the hell they are). Good people they were, indeed, for they said not a word about our destruction of their sample plates before the *real* people came through the doors, silently piling the pies on top of each other as Afarin and I mowed them down.

And how were the pastries? I hear you hungry readers ask, begging for some actual critique. Never mind all that, is all I can reply, for the show was about to begin. Rinsing down the crumbs with some press approved Pellegrino, we moved ahead, for the doors were now open to the not-so-general public. This was a trade event, you see, which means none of you obsessive hogs (you must be to have read so far, I'm impressed!) would halve stood a chance of getting in without a heavily premeditated and method-acted lie. What this also means is that there was no money involved, only samples. You know the Simpsons episode when Homer steals the Venus de Gummi from the Trade Candy Fair, and Marge has to wear the specially altered trenchcoat to hold all the samples? Well, this is the same deal, only better due to the fact that this really happened.

In the heat of the moment I completely forgot about covering the event. This was a sensory

overload of the gastronomic kind. From Belgian chocolates, to prize-winning gelati, and over and over, I missed any number of relevant things to write about (there were about 800 companies trying to force food into my brimming gullet). Like the cook-off between three of Melbourne's leading restaurants (I forget which), although I did speak with a Scottish chef, or rather, I hovered over him with a dictaphone as he judged the venison tartare. A few slurps were all I got when I went back over the tape, for he was fairly cagey about revealing what he thought. "Interesting" was all he could give me, through tentative mouthfuls of raw, gamey flesh.

I could go on. There was too much to describe, even before I found the alcohol section. Same thing again, but with about 300 wineries and breweries from all over the world. I took leave of my senses and my girlfriend at that point, roaming the stands, brandishing my telephoto lens and my dictaphone at any who would tolerate it, tasting the wines until I couldn't even feel my tastebuds, complete disregard for every waiting spittoon. It was the absinthe that finished me off. That kind old Czechoslovakian lady poured me a green, and a red, and another full, undiluted shot of green (bless the devil Fairy) and commended me for my manliness (in the face of 75% acohol per volume) where others had quaked with fear. Right on cue, I started to slur my thanks, and shambled off to a chair where I could slump in peace, just another piece of roadkill on the highway to degustation.

In short, an admission is required. I set out to cover an event, and I think I may have failed. But what's important is that I got off my couch and tried, at great expense, but not without vast sensory rewards. I'll probably be telling you good people about this for the next few months, every time I remember something through the thurine fog (the active hallucinogenic in absinthe, otherwise known as the Green Fairy, for those who didn't). Perhaps you're all thinking that I've wasted my time and yours on this article, but in the watered down words of Dostoevsky, "I quite agree that that it is superfluous, but since it is already written, let it stand."

Hagemann



Monday, Tuesday and Saturday from 9pm

student.radio@adelaide.edu.au

Student Radio 2005

It's time to start thinking about getting your own show on Student Radio next year. Applications for 2005 will open mid October, so get a team together and have a go. If you'd like to get an idea of what it's all about, try your hand at our open mic show. Email us for more info.

Congratulations to Student Radio cohorts Andrew Potter and Dan Joyce for getting into their desired position during student elections. Potter scored the honour of Orientation Co-ordinator, while Dan grabbed the much-coveted 2005 On Dit position. You can catch Potter's "The show Lounge" Monday at 11pm, and Dan J's show "Four Flies on Grey Velvet"

The National **Student Elections** Student Media conference is soon and Student Radio & TV will be attending. This conference is part of Newcastle's annual THIS IS NOT ART festival and is an invaluable source of information for those wanting to have a crack at the media industry. No idea what I'm on about? Then check out the website at www.thisisnotart.org for more Tuesday info. If you would like to be a part of the llpm. contingent, then email us & we'll help you get there in style.

This week on Local Noise: Straight to Video - 9pm Tuesday 101.5fm

Design Students Wanted

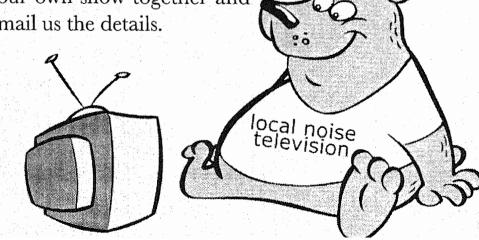
Are you any good at web design? Looking for a practical outlet for your next design project? Well Student Radio & TV are here for you. We are looking for someone who is able to develop an identity for Adelaide Uni's broadcast student media and give us a fresh public image. Your work would feature in our TV productions, our website and our notorious stationery sets. If you think your up for the challenge of reinventing our image in 2005, then email us for more details.

Sunday 10pm - Repeated Friday 10:30pm

student.radio@adelaide.edu.au

Student Television's new show

Our weekly music program Local Noise goes to air Sundays at 10pm and has been our only production to date. However, some clever people have got together to produce a weekly visual arts program. This 30-minute show looks at a different Adelaide artist every week and is now looking for contributors. A timeslot hasn't been allocated yet, but we're hoping to squeeze it in before Local Noise on Sunday nights. If you have an interest in the arts, or have some other ideas that would suit the show, email us. Maybe the arts aren't your cup of tea? Get your own show together and email us the details.



In the early nineties there was a sudden explosion of 'gay' films on the independent circuit. The rise of independent film festivals such as Sundance meant that there was now a place for aspiring film artists to be seen, regardless of lack of previous exposure or budget. Sometimes even talent wasn't a prerequisite. In this open and inclusive environment, films from young queer artists had the opportunity to be showcased. Filmmakers such as Todd Haynes and Greg Araki made a huge impact, both artistically and socially. Their films were free in form, as well as attitude, often reinventing, or subverting "traditional" macho genres. The sudden impact of these films led academic B. Ruby Rich to dub them the "New Queer Cinema". As inclusive as this appears, what Rich falls to take into account is that "Queer Cinema" is not at all new, and that the films that now come to be included as part of the 'movement' are entirely unrelated to the original ethos.

This is more than just a simple matter of definitions. After all, who really cares how we define these films, it's all just an academic construct anyway. The more pressing problem is that when a film like Todd Haynes' Safe or Baz Luhrmann's Strictly Ballroom is thrown in with the films that truly define "Queer Cinema" it dilutes the impact and social importance of the original films. It passes them off as mere tokens to the gay community rather than social statements.

There were a few particularly seminal films of the early nineties, about gay people, by gay people, and predominately for gay people, which formed the genesis of the "New Queer Cinema":

- Poison. Todd Haynes' first film, was an episodic, three-part feature loosely based on the works of gay writer Jean Genet and won the Grand Jury Prize at the Sundance festival in 1991. The three parts "Hero", "Horror" and "Homo" were all 'gay' stories. although "Homo" was the only one that featured any explicitly gay characters. "Horror" was a B-movie homage/spoof about the spread of aids and "Hero" was a supernatural mockumentary about the troubles that young gay men face when considering coming out.
- The Living End was Greg Araki's reinvention/ subversion/deconstruction/destruction of the "couple on-the-run" filminstead featuring two HIV-positive men who do drugs, commit crimes and generally run amok.
- Swoon was Tom Kalin's surrealistic retelling of the Lobe-Leopold thrill kill case of the 1920s where two young male socialite lovers killed another boy for kicks. They eventually avoided execution when their lawyers argued that their homosexuality made them "perverts" and therefore criminally insane. The story had been told twice before on film as Rope by Alfred Hitchcock and Compulsion starring Orson Welles.
- Munch's 60-minute debut feature centering on a weekend that John Lennon and Beatles manager Brian Epstein spent alone together in 1963 in Barcelona. Epstein was an out gay man with a terminal crush on Lennon, Lennon was recently married and had neither discouraged nor reciprocated Epstein's affections. The film is not explicitly based in reality and instead asks the question "what if?" hypothesizing and fanaticizing about what may have, but probably didn't, go on sexually between the two men.

There is nothing "new" about gay people making movies, nor movies being made about gay issues. Gay directors such as Jean Cocteau, Luis Buñuel, Pier Paolo Pasolini and Rainer Werner Fassbinder are to thank for some of the

most unique and brilliant works of all cinema. Experimental filmmakers such as Kenneth Anger, George Markopoulos and Derek Jarman even made gay issues central to their entire oeuvre. Films about gay issues, or at least involving gay characters, have been common to cinema for decades. Negative gay stereotypes of the "sissy" and the "degenerate" have been present for a long time, and to a large degree are still perpetuated today. As accepting as mainstream cinema might like to believe it has become, one need only look at the excessive use of the insult "faggot" to realise that a residual homophobia exists on celluloid.

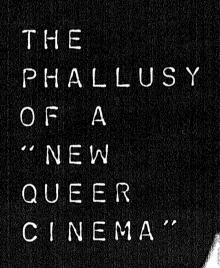
Perhaps more pertinently from a queer perspective, an overwhelming number of lesbian films remain relatively unnoticed by the mainstream, and the ones that do slip through are often too subtle to be considered "queer". Jon Avnet's Fried Green Tomatoes, deliberately ignores the obvious romantic relationship between the two female protagonists in favour of a portrayal so subtle you might imagine they were sisters. In contrast, Patricia Rozema's When Night Is Falling utilises elements of magical realism to portray the tale of two women falling into a relationship with each other, one openly gay, the other a Catholic, engaged schoolteacher. Popular lesbian 'underground' cinema flirts coquettishly with the idea of 'perversion', yet stomps its heel and laughs at the absurdity of this notion. Maria Maggenti's The Incredibly True Story of Two Girls In Love and Jaime Babbit's But I'm A Cheerleader are two marvellous examples of this. They're a big step from films like 1961's The Children's Hour, where shame and public accusation lead Shirley Maclaine to hang herself over her 'wrong' attraction to Audrey Hepburn. What distinguishes the films of the "New Queer Cinema" from other movies of gay content is that they were marked by a decidedly unique politicization of homosexuality. Whilst there had been films previously that were either made by. or featured, homosexuals, these "New Queer" films were about homosexuality, the joy and the pain. They didn't play up the 'campness' of gay culture for laughs, but instead reported on gay issues in an honest and personal way.

More recently films such as Todd Haynes' Safe and Far From Heaven as well as others like Bound by the Wachowski brothers and even Basic Instinct have been sometimes placed into the category of "New Queer Cinema". What happens when you include a misogynistic piece like Basic Instinct in the same fierce political and sexual artistic movement as Paison is to reduce Poison to a sideshow and completely demean

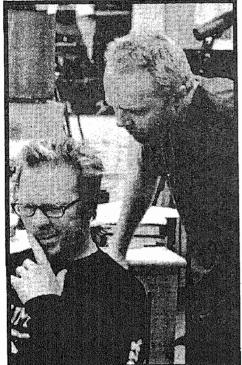
Movies like Poison, The Living End, Swoon and The Hours and Times aren't being made anymore. Perhaps they served their purpose and said all there was to be said, or perhaps they were only able to make their voices heard at that particular time in history. Either way it is apparent that to speak of a "New Queer Cinema" existing today, in the mid 00s, is a fallacy. There are 'gay' movies being made, and gay people making them, but they no longer belong to a unified artistic and political mainstream movement. It would seem though, that we've reached a point where strict definitions can only further serve to harm us. The movies of the "queer pioneers" should have moved us on to a point where we no longer need to see movies with gay content as 'gay movies'. Queer as Folk and The L Word need not be 'gay shows', rather televised dramas of love and friendships between an ensemble cast like any other. To use definitions in such a way is to limit, box, categorize and alienate; it's a passive aggressive way for pretentious, allegedly open minded and tolerant Chardonnay inclusivists to "keep those faggots in their place."

Danny Wills & Clementine Ford

25







Metallica – Some

Kind of Monster

Director: Joe Berlinger and

Bruce Sinofsky

Apparently Metallica are a popular, heavy metal American band. Well, they must be, stupid! They've sold 90 million albums, performed in front of millions of fans, downed more bottles of Uncle Jack in a night than most bands would drink in their short lifetimes. They're not popular... These guys are megaf*****g huge!! But something's up with them. You know St. Anger, the album with all those emotional lyrics? Well, the reason the lyrics are so different is because, while the guys were recording the album, they were basically falling apart. Their bass player, Jason Newsted, had left earlier, and the band didn't know what the hell they were doing. Turns out they hired some New Age Dr. Phil counsellor to help them hold it together during the recording process. And now I hear there's some doco film on what went on. A mate said it goes for over two hours, but he also said it was so f*****g amazing, he'd see it again. And even his girl got it, too. Apparently you get to see just about everything you could imagine you'd see in this, too. These guys obviously aren't shy!

Yes, fans, it's true. Award winning doco filmmakers Joe Berlinger and

Bruce Sinofsky (Paradise Lost) have thrown together a gem of a tour through the life and times of one of the planet's ultimate metal band, Metallica. And this basically a no-holds-barred insight into the most intimate aspects of a band in fall-out mode. Fortunately for them, and us, they get-back-up again. They come up with a very special album that they sweated blood over. The filmmakers were originally hired to produce an extended electronic press kit but stayed on to document the intriguing evolution of a band on borrowed time. What Berlinger and Sinofsky get on tape is amazing - almost unbelievable, and this mainly because it's so bloody honest.

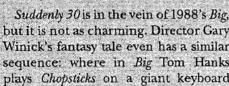
These guys aren't messin' around. They could have stopped the cameras at any stage of the often excruciatingly raw and painful process, but they stayed with it. What normal promotional benefits were to flow from this type of heart-on-the-sleeve process, I don't know. I do know that we get left with an extraordinary insight into the heads of some stellar rock musos - musos who happen to be very human and bloody interesting at the same time. They actually turn out to be really decent types who I'd leave my grandma with any dayl (Sorry, guys. I know that's not quite the endorsement MetalHeads are wanting from me!) I was almost constantly impressed by Lars Ulrich, the band's drummer. To me he seemed to bring such a patience to the hard role of being foil to James Hetfield, lead vocalist extraordinaire.

What's almost supremely fascinating about this journey is that there is a universal tale of redemption here. It's one that transcends the pitched battles, the arguments, the anger, and frustration, the gradual growth of appreciation and understanding, the reconciling, and the power of renewed and heightened friendships and the improved musical performance that rises out of the sludge. Metallica's journey is important because it's real, and it's possible. Go see the film, even if, like me, you're not a fan. Believe me, it ain't important. You get to connect up with the music, but there's so much more to it. As Lars says, "This isn't about Metallica, it's about relationships". By the end, you may not be a fan, but you're a whole lot more likely to pick up their next album for a listen. Gun it, guys!

David Wilkins







plays Chopsticks on a giant keyboard to a crowd of onlookers, Suddenly 30's star encourages a whole party to dance to Michael Jackson's Thriller. It might suggest the standard of the film to say

The film begins in 1987 at Jenna Rink's (Christa B. Allen) 13th birthday party. She is desperately trying to break into the crowd of cool girls (cool being wears). Jenna's best friend and not-sosecret admirer Matt (Sean Marquette) warns her against becoming one of the mini-trollops. When Jenna's party leads to humiliation she wishes she could be "30 and flirty and thriving." Magic dust is sprinkled liberally and...

Love Me If You Dare

A couple of weekends ago SBS gave

some of us the opportunity of dipping

into the quirky pleasures of Amelie, the

little gem-of-a-film that is both intimate

and gaudily over-the-top at the same

time. Amelie is a film that Love Me If You

Dare has been likened to, I think a little

unfairly. What you need to do with a

film like Love Me is go in with an open

mind, and I would strongly recommend

you go in, too. This one is a gem all its

own, though in either subversive or

down right ridiculous ways, depending

on your take. For those that take the

leap with it (and I'm saying that 'cause

it's a challenge) you'll end up with a

remarkably resonant memory, positive

or negative. Maybe I responded so well

to this because I'm so tired of paint-

by-numbers plot lines in increasingly

predictable recent movies. Give me a

Love Me If You Dare to jumpstart the ol'

What you get in this film is an

increasingly devilish ride with Julien

and Sophie who, as 8 year olds

innocently enough begin a game of

dare almost the second they meet.

Little do we know but they're actually

selling their souls to each other,

binding themselves together, tighter

and tighter, with each increasingly

risky, outlandish challenge. The holder

of a symbolic roundabout tin asks "Cap'

où pas cap? - Bet or no bet?" as the

next dare is settled on This is passed

backwards and forwards, escalating

with each prank, whether it's goading

each other into the principal's office,

only to pee on the floor, or to do a

mathematics presentation, underwear

heart any day, Good for my health.

Director: Yann Samuell

Jenna is now a beautiful, successful, 30 year-old magazine editor (Jennifer Garner). Suddenly 30 quickly shifts into fun-gear. We are amused by how this 13 year-old deals with her adult life complete with a new body, a boyfriend and a tough job. When Jenna's icehockey playing boyfriend strip teases to the beats of Ice Ice Baby, the pinnacle of this film's harmless sense of fun is reached. The plot is coloured with Jenna's discovery that she is in fact a

ruthless and selfish person. Garner is actually quite convincing in comedy-mode. She plays Jenna with innocence and energy but at times she seems to be overacting. Suddenly 30 has a much needed reappearance from childhood friend Matt (Mark Ruffalo). Ruffalo deserves better material than this (catch him in My Life Without Me) but to his credit, he makes more of his character than the script allows. This is just another feel-good fantasy flick. We are taught that growing up really isn't that hard to do...especially when everything can be resolved with a bit of magic dust.

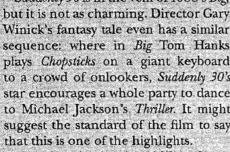
worn on the outside. Or to love each other, for this ultimately is a romance, as contradictory as that might feel at times. But is it all just a game? Will it always be just a game where the question is constantly waiting to be asked? "Cap' où pas cap?" Love Me If You Dare is made fascinating because it doesn't allow one to figure this out easily. Yann Samuell is a young, first-time

writer/director who has made himself one helluva calling card. Despite spaces in the film where Julien and Sophie, and others around them, can seem somewhat lost in the surrealist whirlwind of this tale, this is the work of a mature and supremely liberated imagination. 1 found Guilliaume Canet (Julien) and Marion Cotillard (Sophie) a pleasure to watch in these difficult roles, given the need for both very broad, and genuinely nuanced performances. They have a wonderful, natural chemistry that almost jumps out at you - and it needs to be strong, too, given the ride they have to take together. This tumultuous tale brings about the establishing, tearing down, and re-establishing of trust, and these Canet and Cotillard seem to take well within their stride.

The palette of the film swings constantly, from the opening greys of a building site, to the overblown, adolescent fantasy-inspired images of youth, to the dark-edged "realism" of adulthood, with its portents of an awareness"beyond the game". Philippe Rombi adds some lyrical scoring across similar territories, making for rich textures, evocative aural spaces to match distinctive visuals, to match 'body-swerve' plot lines. This film looks, sounds and feels something like a dream, though not some misty, fuzzy dream. Yet there is something more real than real about Love Me If You Dare, Julien and Sophie have an uncanny magnetic attraction to each other that flips to a strange repulsion at a moments notice. In showing us this couple lustily torment each other, I found myself absolutely drawn into their world, as other-worldly as it often seemed. To identify with characters has always required levels of suspension of disbelief. This is needed all the more so with Love Me If You Dare.

David Wilkins

Director: Gary Winick



measured by how many scrunchies one

Simone Bannister



Hollie's the Girl! She happens to be this fabulous, vivacious Adelaide woman who's going for it, burning up the screen in her first feature role in Cate Shortland's magnificent *Somersault*. She plays the pivotal supporting role of Bianca, an important friend to the film's protagonist, Heidi. I had the delightful pleasure of having a good rave with Hollie (Ms Andrew to you!) the day of the Adelaide premier of her film. Because of limited space I'll just give you a taste of our chat.

Hollie was eager to talk of the wonderful experience she had during the shoot, speaking very highly of Cate Shortland and her personal, tactile approach with her actors. Her guidance was invaluable in portraying Hollie's character of Bianca, which required much subtlety and restraint of expression. In getting to know both cast and crew, she found them to be both great artists and great humans, very reassuring for a film virgin to be around. All this led to a feel on set which was really comfortable, which



might help explain the number of great, nuanced performances seen on screen. Sam Worthington, who played Joe, and Abbie Cornish as Heidi were inspiring to work with, particularly in the emotionally complex characters they portrayed.

Adelaide, born and bred, Hollie did Honors Drama at Flinders before moving to Sydney for the greater work opportunities. She's done plenty of theatre there, as well as sharing her velvet tones in various musicals. She chose to decline an offer to join the recent touring company of Hair, preferring to be available for film roles, such as the Bianca we all know and love (Well, you will when you see the film, won't you?). With rather exotic blood on her mother's side (Portuguese plus), Hollie's rapt that she can bring her evolving talents and (unmistakable) looks to a multitude of roles. I look forward to being able to interviewing her in her first lead. I should say I won't be kept waiting long. Go Girl!

David Wilkins

TALENTLESS HACK OF THE WEEK: LANCE HENRIKSEN

Many actors have a gimmick. Clint Eastwood has that squinty-eyes deal; Jim Carey has the whole rubbery face thing; Orson Wells had that endearing corpulent-blimp mystique. These gimmicks breed familiarity with an audience, and give the cinema-going public much-needed opportunities to slyly nudge the person next to them and say, with a crafty wink, "I knew that was coming! Oh, yeah!! Let's make out."

What is Lance Henriksen's gimmick? In every single movie this man-gorgon has ever appeared, he strains with every fibre of his being to be 'cool'. I dunno, maybe some gypsy put a curse on him forty-ought solstices ago, but Henriksen cannot bring himself to speak lines over a nonchalant

Somersault

Director: Cate Shortland

It's wonderful to discover a film that seems so metaphorically linked to our world – a world so troubled and tumultuous, so brashly unsure of where it's going and perhaps unable to recover from past mistakes. Somersault is a mature tale about an adolescent young woman, Heidi, who, as her name prompts, runs to the mountains to dull the guilt, chafing constantly to embrace an adult, sensuous life that calls to her, insistently. Writer/Director Cate Shortland has spun a darkly magical, wintry world for her characters to inhabit

Somersault is a bloody good Australian film. It's been eagerly awaited for some time, pushed along by standing ovations at sell-out Cannes Film Festival screenings in France earlier this year. That a debut feature by a young Australian director should find itself in the official "Un Certain Regard" selection is both exciting and encouraging for a local industry that has recently been going through some pretty bumpy times.

Cate Shortland has been busy. In the midst of studying Fine Art at Sydney University, completing a Graduate Diploma in Directing at the Australian Film, TV & Radio School and completing Somersault, Shortland has produced four award-winning short films (All with Somersault's producer, Anthony Anderson) and directed episodes of A Secret Life Of Us. She may be new to feature films but she's certainly not new to the business of directing. She and Anderson gathered a talented crew around them, many, such as cinematographer Robert Humphreys, familiar from their earlier short films. Humphreys chose to photograph Somersault hand-held, which "just adds a kind of energy and vibrancy to the story". Shooting like this, with much use of available light, allows the intimacy of these characters' stories to retain their immediacy. Performances are so freed of the overlit, over-produced look of Hollywood or even bigger budget Australian films.

Casting newcomer Abbie Cornish in the central role of Heidi was easy as she was the first to be auditioned. As Shortland explains "Abbie thoroughly embodies the essence of Heidi, especially the fragility and toughness of her". Cornish gives Heidi's vagabond waif of a look her very own spin, giving a surprising solidity a very "internal"

role. Heidi's particular focus in the tale becomes the young, local man, Joe, son of a local land owner, of good, solid, rural stock. He has everything, yet in encountering Heidi and gradually falling in love, he is forced to confront what little he, in fact, does have. Heidi has, in her completely disarming way, a habit of forcing people to see themselves with much more honesty than they are accustomed. Perhaps this is because slie's capable of such unique clarity - so often grounded in a completely uncensored naiveté that reduces onlookers to emotional rubble. To be close to Heidi is to experience a woman/child, hungrily devouring life in all it's forms. She plays, even toys, with it, not unlike an adolescent cat wondering why the tree that was so fun to climb is now so terrifyingly impossible to descend.

Because of her guilty past, her transgressions, Heidi has fled from home, now free to explore all the world, rid of the constraints that a life-by-the-rules requires. Yet guilt hovers knowingly, giving every action and reaction a special tension and tartness that bathes the actors as they find each other. To be in this space is to be surrounded by contrasts. The cool, overcast exterior light; the warmer yellows, reds and browns of interior settings, all a reflection of passions and emotions superficially restrained. In the middle of this is Heidi, in her sulky radiance, learning to live by other, new rules she discovers as she goes. Heidi is finding forgiveness, and from selfforgiveness she learns to move on. As Cate Shortland observes - "This film is inhabited by scared people, who all want to be loved". Heidi finds this, as does Joe and many of the film's wellportrayed characters. It is found, but not necessarily in expected places.

I was expecting little of Somersault and found much. Shortland, her cast and crew are to be congratulated for producing a film that shows all the hallmarks of intuitive hands at work on resonant themes. Her casting is exceptional, right down to the incredibly beautiful mountains of the Jindabyne region. Her Heidi is a vibrant character, alive in my head. I want more films like this.

David Wilkins

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murmur, and every action he takes screams "I WISH TO BE JAMES DEAN OR, FAILING THAT, ONE OF JAMES DEAN'S LESS-TALENTED BROTHERS".

For archetypal Lance-action, check out Henriksen in Aliens, in which he attempts valiantly to portray a robot. A robot, by definition, shouldn't be too hard to play. It's a computer with four limbs, for God's sake. Incredibly Lance, bless his cold black heart, manages to screw it up by trying to play it 'cool'. Here's a hot acting tip, Lance!: Mankind would never build a robot that tries to be 'cool'; it's not only annoying, but entirely pointless from a technical standpoint!! What could society have to gain from making an android with an obnoxious personality? Nothing, Lance!

Just like what society has to gain from your existence!

And it doesn't just stop at robots. Lance has variously endeavoured to depict a 'cool' FBI agent (Dog Day Afternoon), American southerner (Pumpkinhead), and — perhaps most sacrilegiously, to the point of bordering on terrorism — a 'cool' Abe Lincoln (The Day Lincoln Was Shot). Oh, and Millennium was a great TV show, Lance. How'd the astoundingly epic narrative end, again? Oh, that's right: a couple of zombies in some hick's basement getting shot by the infinitely more talented David Duchovney in a poor cross-over episode of The X-Files. Wrap me in your wings like a black parrot, indeed, Lance.

Literature

IS QUEER LITERATURE ONLY FOR QUEERS?

'To the pure, all things are pure', says feministlesbian novelist Jeanette Winterson in her semi-autobiographical debut novel, Oranges are not the Only Fruit. When I began reading this engaging story, shortly before Winterson's appearance at the Adelaide Writer's Week, I had no idea of her sexual orientation. As I saw the protagonist of her story fall in love with another girl, I was reminded of a few clandestine episodes at high school, which happened to be a boarding school for girls. Those girls were different, but so were all boys at that age, and to some extent as men still are at this age. Does difference imply alienation? Probably not, because such a conclusion would destroy the basis of heterosexual relationships! So which implicit post-modern democratically-authored gospel prevents most straight and queer people from meaningful social interaction? If you thought the eccentric Virginia Woolf, the gay Clarissa Vaughan, and the estranged Mrs. Dalloway in The Hours connect with one another in inexplicable ways, then we could agree that sexual orientation is not as important as sexuality itself, or any manifestation of human passion for that matter.

And if you think literature is not about passion, you're reading the wrong column. For the act of writing, poetic or prosaic, is essentially an act of passion. Putting your thoughts in words is not just about eloquence and articulation, it's about a profound belief in the sheer uniqueness of the human condition and an attempt at comprehending it. (The ragged-doped-starved young writer in you and me is really only high on the passion exhaled by our own intellectual chemicals). Given that all literature (not mainstream fiction) is driven by the passion of the writer and sustained by the passion of the reader, what is the difference between 'queer' and 'straight' literature? The former may be written by a queer person and contain queer characters, but does that make it inaccessible to straight readers? Is 'straight' literature similarly 'queer' for queer readers? Some of us may not connect with a male/female protagonist making love with a member of the same sex, but we are definitely not unfamiliar with the essence of love-making.

Let's leave the identification aside for a while, and assume that 'queer' literature is genuinely different from our regular Atwoods, Coelhos, and Rushdies (which is not the same thing as Toms, Dicks, and Harrys). In my experience, award-winning literary works by these authors are thematically and structurally experimental in their own right, but they just do not trespass on certain territories. Winterson resurrects an evangelical childhood, Cunningham sketches an awkward mother-son relationship; they possibly problematise all conventional, taken-for-granted affiliations in our society. It would be unfair to conclude that such alternative perspectives on societal bonds are absent in all non-queer literature. This would be a good topic for a post-graduate thesis in English or Anthropology, but there is unlikely to be an objective, scientificallymeasured or ethnographically-ascertained outcome on the matter. I will, therefore, rely solely on my sensitivity to literary stimuli, and argue that queerliterature has a greater tendency to question social assumptions and pull apart the fragile threads of our relationships.

Hearing Winterson deliver her moving 'Writer's Week' lecture on the nature of poetry and its increased significance in today's non-poetic, jarring world of technology, I realized that she is more opinionated than other contemporary authors I have so far heard/read. Most authors of fiction tend to be ambivalent about the world, perhaps seeing this as a better way to be open to new knowledge and continue to expand their mental horizons. This also serves the underlying purpose of literary expression and criticism – to search for the right questions rather than the answers. However, such an un-coded paradigm does not prevent unequivocal writers, both queer, like Winterson, and non-queer, like Roy, from getting their share of critical as well as popular applause. In fact, the Indian media refers to Roy as a 'writer-activist', as if regular writers didn't have causes to be politically-active about. When we live in a world that is being branded as a 'global village', but which is actually fragmenting or aspiring to fragment to smaller and more exclusive nation-states, where is the distinction between majority and minority groups? If we are not queer, we are ethnic immigrants, or a linguistic sub-group within a larger community, or a female minority in an engineering society - we are all marginal in one way or the other. What then, prevents you and me from skipping the 'queer' literature aisle at the Borders bookstore?

Many literary critics and self-proclaimed social reformers advocate that literature ought not be divisioned into 'queer' and other generic categories. While such categorization may hinder non-queers from reading books written by queer authors or about queer characters, the label may actually be useful on some other accounts. The word 'queer', for the past four centuries, has implied a sense of odd distinction in human speech and written expression. When the word reached America in the 18th century, it came to signify the homosexual community. But American-hegemony over both language and politics cannot prevent other connotations of the word from taking root. 'Queer' literature, as I read it, signifies a certain gifted uniqueness that is neither synonymous with an anomaly nor a handicap. Some writers often construct stories with protagonists belonging to the opposite gender as theirs, and do so quite convincingly. However, most people in the literary community are wary of writing from the point of view of the racial or sexual 'other'. This should not stop us from reading the work of the other, from viewing life from a perspective that is not ours, and may never be.

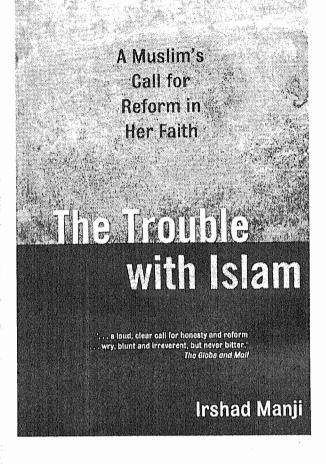
And when we read from the 'queer' perspective, we need not channel our energies in contemplating the sexual-orientation of the passionate writer. Jeanette Winterson in her essay 'The Semiotics of Sex' in *Art Objects* writes:

'What you fuck is more important than how you write. This may be because reading takes more effort than sex. . . . No one asks Iris Murdoch about her sex life. Every interviewer I meet asks me about mine and what they do not ask they invent. I am a writer who happens to love women. I am not a lesbian who happens to write.'

I am not sure if your homosexual identity unconsciously seeps into your writing, Ms. Winterson, but your passion for writing sure does, and that's all I care about!

Sukhmani Khorana

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The Trouble With Islam

Irshad Manji Random House 2004

"The transcript of my conversation with the walls"

This is a book, written as a conversation that makes you want to act, to do stuff, right now in fact. And so I begin by marshalling my thoughts and talking to the walls.

Irshad Manji writes a torrent, a witty, pointed and immediate challenge to those who perpetuate unthinking autonomy in the name of Allah, but not only to them, to the thousands of intelligent people in the West, who, regardless of their own faith, allow these abuses to continue in the name of tolerance.

The author begins with a statement that Islam is on very thin ice in her mind, that fatwas being hurled left, right and centre provide only embarrassment, that a lack of willingness to question the Holy Koran has led to intellectual atrophy (which is never cool), the staggering lack of rights afforded to women (a young rape victim sentenced to receive 180 lashes for adultery! - haven't these people grasped the concept of consent?) and members of other faiths by Muslim leaders would offend any rational and compassionate deity.

Yet, she can't quite give up on who she is yet. Not without at least trying to revive independent thought and action in those that share her faith. There is, deeply hidden, an Islamic tradition of ijtihad, far from jihad, (which we've all heard about unless we've been hiding with our heads in boxes for the last decade). Ijtihad, pronounced ij-tee-had, is the "Islamic tradition of independent thinking" - This tradition grants the right to everyone of the Islamic faith, regardless of age, gender, sexual orientation... to evolve their religious tradition and observance, "in light of contemporary circumstances". Hmmm, sounds infinitely sensible to me.

And so with this stellar example to guide me, I question my own faith. Why, as a twenty-something PhD student, do I pray many times daily to the God that I grew up with, and simultaneously call myself an ex-Catholic? Granted, I have far less to complain about than Ms. Manji, in theory my faith got over it's pubertal aggression after the Inquisition. But hang on, am I an ex-Catholic? The reason I left the church, vowing never to put up with such pretension ever again was simple: Sitting there of a Sunday, people surrounding me, were people I knew and dealt with during the week, and in the week they were screwing people over. Not just mildly being mean either, some reasonably vicious office backstabbing, one or two people not exactly

being faithful to their partners. One particularly pious type, sitting two pews away and about three down was regularly raping his teenage daughter.

I sat and thought about things and decided I couldn't reconcile the show of faith with the way these people behaved. I figured if their faith in a God didn't stop them from doing things that a fair and just God would likely get quite upset with, then well what was the use of being part of a faith community? Now, while I haven't willingly taken myself to Mass on any occasion in the last five or six years, I have still maintained a dialogue with a God that I can't quite bring myself to dismiss. I only found out recently that is was Prophet Muhammad who originally stated that; "religion is the way we conduct ourselves toward others". What an insight to have tripped over in blind rage against my fellow Catholics. Thank you Prophet Muhammad for affirming my own personal version of faith, in maybe another 50 or so years, I should much like to buy you a drink, that I may sit, argue and learn with you and your colleagues.

Now we get a little more honest. Another small benefit of going to my own church (located wherever I happen to be at the time - often sitting at my computer) is that I'm not going to burn forever in Hell for living and loving life with my partner; - No I haven't found her yet - but she's out there somewhere. Oh yeah - I'm a lesbian. You see, around the same time I was just starting to work things out (a: Homosexuality is a sexual attraction for people of your own gender. b: I like chicks. Therefore c: I am lesbian.), a rather insecure "faith mentor" type reacts badly to a movie depicting a gay (male) couple. Reacts really badly, in fact. These two characters prompted a half hour shouted lecture, that people "like that" had no integrity, were sexually promiscuous in the extreme, were always doing things to hurt people, given a choice, they would make the wrong one (Oh so that's the excuse of these extraordinarily slimy types at Mass). Even in such a case (if it existed), where a person had not had the opportunity to meet a partner - they were still guilty as charged and had forfeited the right to exist. Ouch.

Other than observing, that the particular mentor concerned was not espousing a particularly compassionate attitude, what could I say? I still refuse to believe that a God would make me this way, just to punish me for it. I don't think the only purpose I serve is that of bad example. God can't be that meanspirited. It seems a little bizarre, that I could serve a community, provided I kept silent, yet the community would voluntarily maintain silence regarding our fine, upstanding member of the community in his daughters' bedroom.

So I've decided that silence is a bad thing. This is actually a slightly embarrassing thing to realise, given I have indeed retreated into silence for the last few years. So what I want to know is, given that almost every major religion has a negative, or at best neutral ("Don't ask, Don't tell." anyone?) stance toward homosexuality, why is a consistent smattering of the human population, across all ages, all religions, gay? I mean, it doesn't make sense. A nature scientist may observe fish, birds, insects and even domestic sheep and cattle exhibiting homoerotic behaviour. They can even, using artificial means, selectively breed a population such that in excess of 20% of rams prefer to mate with other rams. In late breaking news, ethics approval for the same experiment in humans was denied.

Actually, to be fair, some research has been done, recently it was indicated that the number of older brothers a boy has, strongly influences his chance of

Another bad thing: Lack of introspection. A community that seeks to reinforce itself by rigidly defining its rules for membership and refusing to allow "shades of grey"; questions from the inside as well as the outside; belonging in spirit, if not in the letter of the law. All too often, minority groups or even majority groups decry outside questioners as "not understanding" and their questions as hostile and discriminatory. Questions originating from inside the group, invite the label of "whistle-blower" and the questioners membership may be threatened.

All this encourages stagnation and punishes evolution. When eventually a major event catches such a community "asleep", many members, and certainly the hierarchy, will have no idea how to behave in the new situation, precipitating a policy crisis.

This applies equally to religious groups, racial groups and the gay community.

Back to the faith question. After proving my faith, over a number of weeks (why?) to a particular store owner, I was allowed to purchase (he even got the only copy in stock from "out the back" for me) a copy of "This Remarkable Gift - being Gay and Catholic" by Maurice Shinnick. Now this particular author is indeed a Catholic priest - though those that wish to protect my faith, ensure me that he is evil and that his book is a carte blanche endorsement of "that (cough) way of life" - see my prior summation of what being gay is meant to entail.

Why are gay and lesbian people everywhere being forced into choices? You either worship, celebrate and serve in silence - feeling like a fraud; leave the faith community, thus becoming a spiritual outcast - feeling like a failure; or ignore the whole duality (and the

Moreover, why are even straight people blindly accepting this dichotomy? A colleague of mine is quite happy to work with me, and believes that I am a "good" person. I.e. my behaviour in this life, is likely to be looked upon favourably by such deity watching. Yet the lesbian thing comes back to haunt me...I'm definitely

burning in Hell. For those gay people wishing to participate in formalised worship, there is another option, which may be valid for some, and that is groups, always suitably titled (to emphasise tolerance and acceptance), specifically set up groups/ mini-congregations for gay and lesbian believers of a particular faith. There are even new styled churches aiming to cater exclusively for this particular audience. Now before I go on, let me emphasise that I don't think these groups are entirely bad or anything, they do give a place to many people that otherwise may be

left spiritually "out in the dark", but to

me they miss the mark. By making sexuality a focus, they attempt to provide a refuge. All too often however, people house their intellect in this refuge. I'll elaborate on this point. By giving people one "safe" place, where their sexuality and their faith can co-exist without being taunted, people tend to forget about dialogue. People, in their own minds, become insular, they forget that while one may be goaded into choosing between their spiritual orientation and their sexual orientation, it is intellectually weak to glibly reconcile the two.

When these groups exist on the fringe of larger faith communities, they tend to attract labels. Membership of one of these communities, therefore attracts negative stigma. So much for "gay and gay-friendly" membership. All that seems to happen is that the group presents a tighter target for those wishing to throw oral javelins. These groups therefore seem to not only lose sight of, but pervert their own aim - which surely should be constructive dialogue and mainstream acceptance.

I want my reconciliation to be concrete. I want people to debate, not condemn. And I want this to apply in both directions, in fact. Why is it that a faith leader may be accused (often rightly) of homophobic words/ actions/ policies, yet anti-faith sentiments, with varying degrees of vitriol aren't allowed to be equally condemned. Condemnation of anti-faith sentiments espoused by a gay representative are immediately blanketed as homophobic. This stonewall built against outside criticism is also being used to bludgeon self-criticism. Debate people!

In the same way, I want my gay community sufficiently outward-looking, that I can take straight friends to a "gay" event. I want to know why a gay event does not pass muster if it isn't hosted by someone in drag. Not that I'm against drag either but every

event

hosted by our dah-ling "hostest with the mostest". Puh-

The dichotomy has got to go. While steps have been taken, some have been backward. In my opinion, all parties are approaching the table, without sufficient self-awareness. With sufficient and honest introspection comes the ability to compromise, adapt and evolve. To reach an ideal solution, all parties need to be flexible - no-one can rightly claim the moral high ground, everyone needs to change.

Let the debate begin.



IMPRESSIONISE EXHIBITION

Think the only thing on in Melbourne this month is the football? Think again.

East of Docklands stadium, west of the MCG, and a little bit further south than both is the National Gallery of Victoria. For the last couple of months, and until the 26th of September, the gallery has been playing host to a landmark exhibition: The Impressionists: Masterpieces from the Musée d'Orsay.

The exhibition's name is misleading. While works by artists of the Impressionist movement feature prominently, there are some earlier works as well as many that come from later movements such as Symbolism and *Les Nabis*. The 90-work exhibition, about half of whose works are from the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, is spread over five galleries, and it is worth allowing a little over two hours in order to take everything in.

And taking things in is a challenge when the viewer is constantly amazed by masterpieces from famous artists such as Monet, Renoir and Manet and equally-talented, though less well-known ones such as Sisley.

The exhibition begins with pre-Impressionist and Impressionist works, and Monet and Renoir feature. The latter's A dance in the country is a highlight and for the many people who are familiar with it, be warned: the experience of seeing "the real thing" can overwhelm. The orchestra of the Opéra by Degas is another gem, as is one of the earliest paintings in the exhibition, Courbet's Seascape: Low tide, the beach at Trouville. The balcony by Manet is the work that has been used most prominently in the NGV's advertising campaign for this event, and it forms a

central part (quite literally) of the first gallery. This is a fine and important painting; do not be tempted to gloss over it on account of having seen countless reproductions in tourism information, on the Gallery's website, etc.

The second gallery introduces the viewer to Sisley, and his delicately executed paintings impress by way of the artist's uncanny ability to make the viewer feel a part of the painting. There are also three of Pissarro's landscapes, *Peasants' houses*, *Eragny* beautifully demonstrating the influence of Seurat (by whom there is one work in the next gallery).

The third gallery continues the landscape theme, with around half a dozen of paintings by Monet being featured, including Haystacks, midday, which was exhibited at the Art Gallery of South Australia last year. Once again, a famous master provides a highlight, with the subtle hues of The Pointe de l'Ailly, low tide transporting the viewer to the coast of Brittany in a way more effective and enjoyable than any travel guide can provide. Two works by Van Gogh are also included in this gallery, the pick of which is the well-known Starry night over the Rhône. The beauty of this work lies in the artist's sparing use of brushstrokes – what looks like a hand from a metre away is, on closer inspection, nothing more than a yellow squiggle.

One of the less interesting artists featured in the exhibition rears his ugly brush, as it were, in this gallery – the Australian John Peter Russell. While Monet's use of colour showed skill and flair, Russell seems to have tried to compensate for his lack of the former by doubling up on the latter. One can only say that his blue cliffs (Belle-Île) must have seemed like a good idea at the time...

In the next gallery the focus moves from Impressionism towards other movements, such as Symbolism. Displays of exceptional technique give way to attempts to draw like children – Bernard's *cloisonnist* style in *Stoneware pots and apples* is interesting, but not breathtaking. One feels that the best of the exhibition is behind, and this is true if one's preference is for Impressionism.

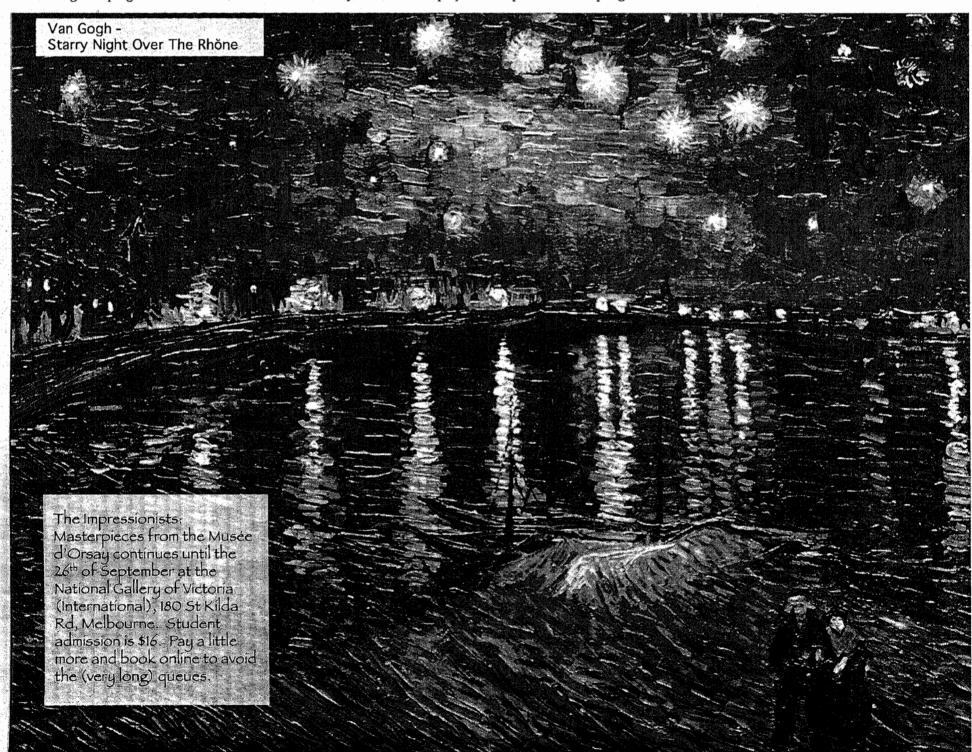
However, works such as Cézanne's *The Card Players* make it worth taking one's time in the last two galleries. Vuillard's miniature works along with others by *Les Nabis* artists provide a striking contrast to the handful of Pont-Aven paintings that are on display.

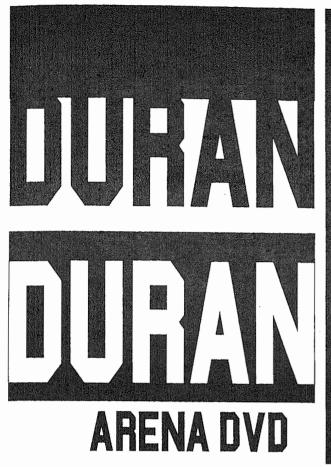
It is by the time that the final gallery is reached that the viewer may feel a little cheated; for those people, who go to this event with the expectation that they will see 90 Impressionist works, it may feel like the exhibition "peters out". This is not an entirely fair criticism, but it is worth reiterating that the name of "The Impressionists: Masterpieces from the Musée d'Orsay" is misleading. The collection of the Musée d'Orsay covers the period from 1848-1914 and so, quite obviously, an even-handed exhibition featuring its works will include not only Impressionist paintings, but works belonging to other movements.

However, that said, this exhibition is a "must-see". It is rare to see exhibited in Australia so many works of such quality by artists of such calibre. It is not surprising to hear that complaints are being made in France about the absence of many key works from the collection of the Musée d'Orsay. Even those viewers who are only interested in the Impressionist works in this collection will not be disappointed.

So whether this month you'll be in Melbourne for a football match or you're just keen on art, a visit to the NGV is certainly worthwhile and is a tremendously rewarding experience.

Benedict Coxon





About five years ago, I was sitting adjacent to my mother in her Ford Falcon, apathetically listening to the radio on my way to school. As an endless stream of tragically well-produced 90s rock ballads dominated the airwaves, I felt myself becoming more irritated by the minute at having to withstand the incessant whinging of Sheryl Crow, Bryan Adams and co. All of a sudden, like a flash of sunlight on a gloomy winter's day, this fantastic electronic drumbeat started blaring through the speakers and I found myself becoming immersed betwixt a sex-fuelled concoction of synth melodies and kicking bass loops. Needless to say, I was mesmerised.

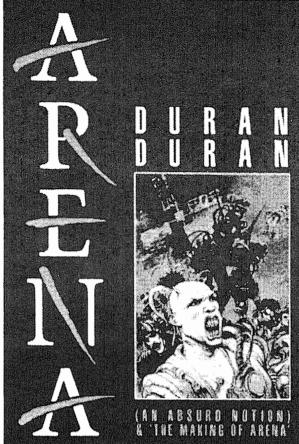
"Mum, who's this?" I enquired, with the perkiness of a woman still touched by the dew of youth.

"Oh, just Duran Duran. They were the N'sync of the 80s. I think they're gay now."

And so began my hysterical relationship with Simon LeBon, Nick Rhodes, Andy Taylor, Nick Taylor and Roger Taylor. Later that afternoon, I proceeded to borrow their Greatest I lits from a friend (which has conveniently been integrated into my own CD collection) and now I am a fully-fledged screaming, frenzied, white cotton panty-wielding and backstage blow-job-giving fan. I. Love. Duran. Duran. Simon LeBon is a total LeBabe. So when I was given the opportunity to review Duran Duran's latest DVD offering that coincided with their 25th anniversary tour, needless to say, I was happier than a cop in a donut

I was expecting Arena (An absurd Notion) to be your textbook live concert DVD, showcasing elaborate sets, blow-up props, crazed fans, tight pants and all of that other shamelessly self-promotional rock group jazz. Luckily for me, Arena turned out to be this bizarre sequence of events involving sadistic cyborgs, killer bondage babes and lots of green goo. To say the least, it was a glorious romp through the wild and wacky world of Duran Duran's deepest sexual fantasies...that, or maybe your faithful reporter's wishful thinking-o-meter was in overdrive. Daydreams aside, Arena was technically considered as Duran Duran's first foray into the world of film, however if you have any preconceptions of the boys' starring in an hour-long bad acting fest, think again. Duran Duran opted for the whole, 'Let's make a crazy trash arty concert film where we don't have to act but still keep our artistic cred' theme and strange as it may seem, the concept really works.

The schtick of the film goes as follows: Doctor Duran, the evil scientist from cult film *Barbarella* returns to earth from exile confused by the fans' call for Duran Duran (the band). Crash-landing his ship underneath the stage, he and his three robotic henchmen abduct fans, release blood-thirsty tigers into the crowd and generally create anarchy and disorder a-plenty. Despite their attempts to disrupt the show, the band continues to perform their hits and end up wowing the audience with their undeniably potent brand of magnetism. Sounds cool? Wait till you see the part where a bunch of



roller-skating dominatrixes end up whipping and tearing at each other's suspender stockings. Never again will I listen to *Girls on Film* with just any ol' mental image in tow.

The actual live concert performance sans narrative is surprisingly decent, considering the band are garbed in full make-up and make wearing baggy suit jackets look like but a bygone dream of yesteryear. Duran Duran put on a damn good show, playing all their instruments live in such a way that truly does justice to the sound of their albums, yet fails to degrade their abilities as songwriters and musicians. They do a killer rendition of The Reflex and Is There Something I Should Know, with the übercool Simmons electronic drum kit racketing out synthesised beats of a calibre that would make Tears for Fears writhe with envy. Whilst the band possess varying degrees of charisma, it's LeBon who steals the show hands down with his inimitable brand of semen-drenched hip gyrating that sends the audience of predominately teenage girls into an oestrogen-fuelled frenzy. Oh baby.

Considering Duran Duran's performance was brilliant, I don't believe that Arena really gives the audience as much concert footage as they'd like. Whilst the narrative is awfully entertaining and is put together in an extremely clever fashion, it quickly becomes intrusive to the film's central subjects' performance. Hungry like the Wolf and Girls on Film are totally lost in the midst of some plotline involving robots on stilts, which is rather irritating considering they're probably two of their biggest hits. Although tacky 80s special effects have their place in the world, one soon gets very sick of the randomness of the scenario and gets a tad antsy at the lack of untainted concert footage, but hey! Band films are meant to have that pseudo-art tag attached to them. So I guess if you're going to go with the whole Magical Mystery Tour aesthetic, you may as well include one-too many scenes of silver androids making out in ponds of fluoro green sludge for good measure. Oh those nutty 1980s, and we thought they were the decade style forgot...

If you're a complete and utter fan of Duran Duran, by all means BUY THIS DVD, and in the name of Korg revel in its electronic goodness. However, if you're unfamiliar with their material and can't stand the sound of the repeated stabbing of the chords DAGC, then this little treasure probably won't tickle your fancy. But by all means, Arena (An Absurd Notion) is one seriously cool moving picture and is, ahem, notoriously compelling. Go forth and marvel kids, Planet Earth wouldn't be the same without these guys.

DVD Extras

The original "Making of Arena" documentary is included, along with a vintage interview featuring Simon Le Bon. The dubbed TV ad for the video and album is also featured along with a trailer, and video mix.

Stephanie Mountzouris





Seeing one of my few favourite modern acts twice in a single year was more than reason enough to be anticipatory of it. The fact that the trio's show sold out in Adelaide was testament to their blazingly stellar performance at this years' Big Day Out. As I strolled toward the entrance of the Thebbie, I realised that the band no one used to have ever heard of have now attracted a wide span of audience types, and a lot more of them. Then I thought about it further and found it strange that I hadn't thought of this before. They appeal to rock fans because of their powerful riffs, Goths (to a certain extent) because of their darker imagery and lyrical content, and those with more depth in their music taste because of their solid group playing and original song construction.

I became aware of the extent of musical depth (or lack of it) the audience had when they started chorusing to 'By The Way' (Chili Peppers). Pathetic.

audience members rushed to greet the opening act (who never voiced their identity) struck me. I didn't think many of the kids had even cleared high school. The simplistic noise Neon (the support bands' name that I

found out later) made me wish they would do their thing and get off. But I guess it's the support bands' job to increase anxiety levels.

I should have half expected the mass of typically senseless Adelaide moshers that began to surge continuously when Muse opened with the challenging and complex 'Hysteria'. The show ran reasonably smoothly for a while, although the order of events during the concert are somewhat jigsawed due to the consistent fight for my life amongst the increasingly sweaty teens. Matt Bellamy (lead singer, guitarist, pianist) broke one of his 7 strings during personal favourite, 'Citizen Erased', causing the guitar to veer out of tune and the song to come across at half the impact.

Matt collapsed behind his piano after one of the tunes, and then rushed backstage, leaving Dom and Chris to fill the space for a few minutes. This was a rare but welcome opportunity to see the band The overall youth of the in a moment of spontaneity, as their rigid set list was not often disturbed. When Matt returned, he explained briefly that he'd eaten a goats' leg, and he had to go for a shit. Hey, at least he explained.

> unexpected inclusion in the nights' setlist was

'Deadstar', which unlike the more generic and 'dumbed down' version on Hullabaloo soundtrack (which still rocks), had the stop-start format of the single.

It was about this time in the concert I realised that from where I was standing, the sound quality wasn't the greatest, but others who stood further back informed me it was not only fine, but that it pumped. There is actually some justice there too, that the people who indulge in the pointless act of moshing and crowd-surfing get the shitty sound, and the people who are there to appreciate the music arguably enjoy better value for money. My line of thought was, however, that the closer I was to the band, the more I would see. This didn't eventuate, mainly because of the people who were present at the gig to enjoy throwing themselves around for enjoyment.

Another surprise in the evening was when Matt launched into what I hoped would be a full blown cover of Led Zeppelin's 'Heartbreaker.' My enthusiasm drew few 'looks' from those who had no idea what they were playing.

The band ran through a very tight repertoire, but because I knew the songs so well, aside from the solos by Matt, it was

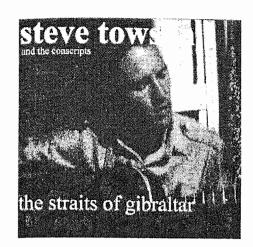
almost too similar to listening the studio recordings. Which is again, my fault. The piano solo in 'Butterflies & Hurricanes' was, as always, short but utterly mesmerising. Matt reverted to playing 'Sunburn' on piano again, which he normally plays live on guitar, but 'Bliss' remained a guitar & midi/synth affair.

To finish off what should have been a pleasant and fulfilling experience for me, the band delivered an encore, which I didn't know whether to expect or not, but my sweaty cohorts and I certainly called loud enough for one.

So apart from the oppressive weather, the fact that the band attract fans from all genres (which is good for them), the overtly 'rock' behaviour of the audience nearest the front of and my disappointing interpretation of the sound from my position, it was a good gig. What made up for these disappointments was couple of satisfying pictures I took. Everyone else seemed to enjoy my favourite band except me. Everyone else I have talked to thought the gig was exceptional. So, yes, it was good, I just didn't have a good night.

Words and pictures by **Tony Marshall**





Steve Towson and the Conscripts The Straits of Gibraltar CrimInAll Records

So one of your favouritist rock idols is making the effort to come down under to tour and you want to get the support. Suddenly reality's harsh cold slap brings you back to your senses with the heart wrenching answer of "No way mate". So then what? You going to sit in your room and have a sooky la-la? You going to sell all their CD's and spread the word to everyone that you never liked them and that they suck anyway? You going to turn into a bitter old bastard who pisses in your ear at the pub about how you nearly made it as a big muso, but they're all pricks anyway, then proceed to hit the floor in a drunken stupor?

Well, when Steve Towson missed out on the support for the Billy Bragg tour of Australia in 2003 he went with the good ol' manifesto of "fuck it", and proceeded to travel around five states, playing outside the venue of every gig Billy Bragg played.

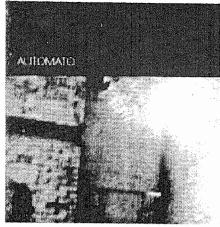
This is the kind of attitude Steve has towards his music and life in general, "My focus is on playing music, meeting people, getting inspired and seeing the world rather than sitting at home smoking cones, drinking, talking about how hard life is and belittling all those who attempt to achieve their dreams".

On this his fifth release, and single to the forthcoming album Sha Mat (destined for release in November), Steve and his backing band mates (Andy Choppa Preaschy on drums and Vanessa Glenn on cello) take you on a romantic sentimental train ride through the world we live in today. And by the time its finished (it's only four tracks, god dammit) you'll be wishing they're were more stops coming.

The heart felt lyrics, passionately crafted songs and vocals that enter your ear and reverberate all the way to your heart make the songs unforgettable. This kind of honest brutality in song writing has allowed Steve to have the album being produced in New Jersey by no less than Victor Ruggiero (Slackers fame, and he's also worked with Rancid, The Transplants and Pink). It's also allowed Steve to travel extensively throughout South East Asia and America, taking his socio-political tunes to the people.

Oh yeah, and anyone who has a custom made guitar, well fuck, that's like 10 rock points right there. Steve has a custom made guitar from Tym guitars, who operate in Queensland, making hand crafted guitars for people such as J Mascis, The Hellacopters, Magic Dirt and Hoodoo Gurus.

If this is the future of Australian music, well thank fuck. Thinking people who don't conform to formulas and have something decent to say. Maybe next release he can manage to complement the creativity and freshness of his artwork to the standard of his music.



Automato Automato Capitol

The six New York debutants who comprise the instrumental hip hop group, Automato, have presented us, the world, with a stylistically alternative and experimentally searching sound in instrumental rap music. I found the album entertaining and impressive in the level of skills executed, but it generally contained quite a lot of musical borrowing (unknowingly or not) by both rapper and musos., of certain styles already brought into the world by certain, unfortunately rare, once-in-a-decade style creators. One such example, 'Capes Billowing', was perhaps inspired by an album from a couple of years back by D.J. Shadow, called "Entroducing" (anyone heard it?) If you liked that, then this album contains a live spin on the same stylistic idea. With the song's tempo casually between rap and break beat, and with subtle synth. strings (indicative of their penchant for old school synths., which I think they use creatively enough to actually give their music a futuristic sound), they've created the feel of climactic, dramatic and operatic hip hop. The Shadow-reminiscent beat is driven by strong drumming and bell ridden cymbal, above which the lyricist, one Jesse Levine (sans rap-pseudonym), repeats a line evoking the trauma of having witnessed a person go down the dark road of suicide...in other words, not your average gun toting rhyme bust. I gave him points there for saying what was really on his mind, and not chasing someone else's sound.

It should be noted too that good hip hop and drum 'n' bass, does take a more-than-average amount of musical technique to be able to perform (for public release anyway), and what they do, they do with professionalism and good taste. Automato, the self-titled release, is in fact not the rap/hip hop album of the decade, but probably more in contention for instrumental hip hop album of the year. I give them that much credit because what they've worked out as a group of instrumentalists in tandem with un-sold-out, un-selfpromoting rappers is something right up the alley of people who've dug avantgarde/underground hip hop in the past, and can appreciate the different levels of brilliance between the rap concepts of Gangstarr (yay!), and say, Black Eyed Peas (yawn).

As an album for the hip hop crowd, the instrumental element doesn't so much detract from the rapping, however with so many people onboard, and so many different ideas behind the music, it's obvious the album hasn't been completely rhyme-focused. Unlike fellow instrumental hip hop group,

philosophies and agendas through rhyming, Automato's front line rapper, Levine, is unable to exude the same mature wisdom inherent in rhymers like Roots man, Black Thought. The content of Levine's lyrics do seem a tad naïve at times, lacking a sort of seriousness and depth when talking about his perception of the universe, and so on. What gets him through this is his rhythmic urgency in the way he emcees, in this he does well in approaching the challenge of rapping with a live band. On the opening track, 'Focus', he sounds like a machine gunner, with staccato rhythmic subdivisions and abundance of lyrical ammo. The first four tracks, 'Focus', 'The Single', 'My Casio' and 'Walk Into The Light', are the strongest on the c.d., in the way the music accompanies and adds flavour to Levine's raps, each time complimenting him by way of making his raps more the tune's focal point. In particular, 'Walk Into The Light', which would have to be my favourite on the album, for it's strange dream-like atmosphere, use of African thumb piano, rock guitar and acoustic piano, in just the right places to show evidence of some original song writing talent. However despite the high level of studio production and musicianship, there still isn't enough inspired music on the CD, (4 out of 11, maybe 5 tracks at best), and thoughts of the musicians, keyboardist Alex Frankel, singer Ben Fries, drummer Nick Milliner, bass player Andrew Repose, and guitarist Morgan Wiley, deciding amongst themselves, "live hip hop's 'in', and there are so many rock bands out their, let's form a live hip hop band and get that guy we know who can rap, to do some stuff", just won't go away (From what I understand, The Roots were formed much more spontaneously). I've no doubt the six players have all listened to, and appreciate hip hop music, but I think many hip hop fans simply crave tunes that are just in the pocket. Tunes that just bump and don't make us have to think, "Oh, they've gone into a drum 'n' bass groove now, how clever". So my point is, Automato isn't original enough for my liking to go down as a landmark album in the history of, and to be of any great impact on the future of hip hop music. Yet, what I do like is that they are helping to diversify the sound of hip hop, and defy mainstream stereotypes. I'd imagine it would make interesting listening for the boys in a couple of years, presuming they really have hip hop in their blood, and can endure its ever changing musical front.

The Roots, who in conjunction with hard hitting underground hip hop tracks also brought to the arena new ideas,

Pat. E.





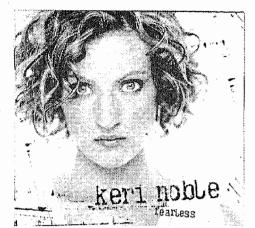
Cassidy
Split Personality
J records

Simply put, I found this album not to my liking, and difficult to sit back and listen too. It made me feel uncomfortable, and embarrassed to be caught listening to, with its overt confessions "a lady's man", and confusing, chauvinistic values. Derivative of R & B playboy, Nelly, Altlanta group Out-Kast (whose music incidentally I do enjoy), or any super-generic, modern day R & B, these ramblings of an image obsessed, pimp-player-wanna-be, should be ridiculed and denounced by the hip hop fraternity. (As if we don't have enough to deal with!?) Whenever I find myself wondering why people turn their noses up at the idea of hip hop, or American rap-music, it's due to my ignorance of this, probably large group of uninspired, sell out "artists".

Example: one line on the track, 'Lip Stick', points out, "To all my chicks that strip and (are) makin the cash/ that's beautiful, keep on shakin yo ass". What? Where's this dude coming from?? Then take the opening track, "My Interpretation", which is introduced by a bizarre choice in Gregorian choir chants, eventually descending into a lamentable loop, over which Cassidy shows us he does have some enviable freestyle chops. He can put some verses together, and so I find it hard to understand why someone with such a knack for rhyming, shows so little in the way of intelligent ideas, or honest lyrical expression.

As a matter of fact, there's nothing (other than Cassidy's apparently cool rap technique) I like, or respect in this release. A crazy, mish-mash of styles from West, East, Redman, black man, and so on. Recommended for private school dupes who drive flashy cars with even flashier sound systems and need something to annoy neighboring parties on Oakbank Sunday (you heard me). This album is a novelty, which will wear off. Hey, prove me wrong. As it stands this, Split Personality, should be up there with such classics as, 'The Muppets Sing Christmas', or William Hung's solo efforts. Kids please, don't buy this record. Why not try the latest Roots album, or a nice DJ Krush CD instead.

Pat E.



Keri Noble Fearless

It can be limiting for a new artist to be compared to a variety of other musical class acts. Apart from the difficulty of living up to expectation, just how does one effectively exist as a cross between Norah Jones (smooth and creamy) and Alanis Morrisette (whiny and irritating)? In Keri Noble's case, the rave reviews her record label has been circulating are not entirely unfounded. Although elements of Keri's debut Fearless are reminiscent of other piano thumping broads such as Jones and Sarah Maclachlan, it's unfair to lump her in the same bracket. Noble's style is less bluesy and/or Lillith Fair than it is slightly rickety and rough around the edges. Listening to Fearless, I can imagine the kind of impression Noble wants to make. However, due to lack of experience or perhaps a too blinkered perception of the kind of singer she wants to be, Noble's debut feels less like a joyous slap in the face and more like trying to read a distant road sign without your glasses.

Noble's voice has the potential to incite shivers, but seems to work too hard at pretending to be whiskey ravaged from a build up of emotional 'growth'. I can't shake the desire to offer her a glass of water, or at least a Panadol and a nice eiderdown quilt. The sentiments in her music are perhaps interesting to the kind of person who has never experienced much hardship beyond a few failed relationships and a bout of weather related depression. This is partly to do with the wet lyrics and partly because of the overproduced studio recording. I would be interested to hear Noble perform live to see if that environment allows her to deliver the full weight of her emotional drive.

Fearless is a collection of songs that, while all reasonably pretty, fail to hit the mark. Despite listening to the CD a number of times, I found that reviewing it required another run through just to remind myself of the songs' content. With the number of amazing female musicians around at the moment (to give an indication of my tastes, these include Missy Higgins, Fiona Apple, Ani Difranco, Sophie Raymond and most definitely not Katie Melua), Keri Noble will have to lift her game a bit in order to graduate beyond the kind of music that would most likely be played on repeat in Rumours.

Clementine Ford



Kings Of Convenience Riot On An Empty Street **EMI**

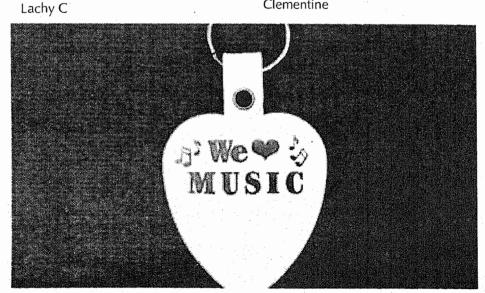
Being a pretty big fan of previous recordings, and after hearing snippets of Riot On An Empty Street on an ecard, it follows I was more than happy to review this album. Luckily for me and my lofty expectations, it hasn't let me down.

The real drawcard of Kings Of Convenience has always been the beautifully delicate harmonies (think Simon and Garfunkel) created by the vocals of core members Erlend Øye (occasional Royksöpp collaborator) and Eirik Glambek Bøe. Remarkably, they have only improved in this department, while also adding more substance to the instrumental arrangements in the form of piano, strings and soft brass. The result is a fuller, lusher sound that somehow manages to maintain the essence of simplicity inherent in their previous outputs.

The album walks a tightrope from heartbreaking to spirit-lifting, but whether melancholic or cheerful, lyrically the album is consistently brilliant. Perhaps it's the Norwegian angle but Eirik and Erlend have managed to pen touching and refreshingly original creations to perfectly complement their harmonies - how's this for turning cliché on its head: 'The air is like a knife cutting through you'. It would be useless to reel off further examples here as each line serves the higher purpose of painting the song as a poignant, detailed picture, while being further enhanced by the delivery.

Current single 4'd Rather Dance With You' provides a mildly funky insight into dancing as a form of silent communication and seduction, and is without doubt the best thing I've heard all year, matched with the best clip I've seen all year. That the rest of the album manages to keep up is an enormous credit to the duo. Riot on an Empty Street is the closest musical equivalent to a warm bath.

Clementine





I like Lior. He has a cute Jewfro and heavy eyebrows. I would go so far as to say I have a little crush on Lior. Because he's a muso, he's also a little dreamy. Thankfully, he's a fairly good muso, so I don't have to be a little secretly ashamed that I might be daydreaming about a total knob just because he has a Jewfro and claims to be 'deep'.

For the record, Lior doesn't claim to be deep. In fact, Lior's debut album Autumn Flow is unassuming, sweetly melodic and the perfect accompaniment to a rainy day spent in bed.

With a voice like dripping honey, Lior utilises a number of different instruments, from a string section to a Wurlitzer, that compliment this without overshadowing it. The opening track, "This Old Love", is a touching letter to an unspoken lover that demonstrates faith in the power of commitment over time. He offers his feelings unashamedly in the lyrics, "We'll grow old together/ Let's grow old together/And this love will never/This old love will never die." The 12 track album is weaved poetically, featuring such lines as "Stepping into a doorway in my mind/This is where you live" in "Daniel" and "I slide under the blanket/Your body is so rare/You smell like our first kiss" in "Gypsy Girl". Lior's voice and style is reminiscent of Ed Harcourt with a dash of Xavier Rudd thrown into the mix. He experiments with different moods and instrumentals as evidenced in "Superficial", which is best described as a string composition with a folky/r'n'b edge.

Autumn Flow delivers its listeners to a chilly dusk spent by the river with a lover, or at the very least, thoughts of one. My only concern regarding Lior's potential for popularity is his decision to go by only his first name. If I didn't have such a big girly crush on him, I'd think that this was a little lame.

Lior is playing at Jive in Adelaide on October 22. I'd like to marry him and kiss him on the lips.

Forget what you know? If only I forget what I heard! So little pop-punker is all grown up, on a big label, and mixing their trad pop punk sound with the in vogue rock'n'roll sound. And now they're set to be the next big thing. Well, at least they want to be the next cock sucking hollow puppet corporate thing. If you go to their website, you'll know what I'm on about, being bombarded by adverts for their fans to vote for them for MTV and whatever else the fuck

Forget what you know

Columbia Records

manages to sell records. I don't like this band:

Midtown

- Their artwork sucks (apart from that photo of all their faces looking fucked and being wrapped up with sticky tape). I don't think I've ever seen such boring emo/minimalist artwork. What are they trying to say? Who really cares?

 I hate people who wear ripped jeans accompanied with their nicely ironed brand name clothes. If you want designer rips, let me know and I'll smack you around a bit and charge you for it.

- I hate their hair. I hate their hair. I hate their hair. I hate their hair. I don't mind their hair, I mean, I hate their

- What the fuck is with the thirteen minute epic. I mean fuck, I know Green Day has like a ten minute song or something on their new CD, but they're Greenday, they're allowed to get away with that shit.

- Their lyrics... Is life really that dramatic? Are you guys stuck in The Young and the Restless or some shit? I mean fuck, it's not like you look like particularly interesting people.

- The name Midtown. I mean, god damn. They would have had more luck doing the old opening up the dictionary and pointing to a word.

In all fairness, these boys are talented musicians. The production is tight without being over the top, and the first few songs have as much energy as Ribena berries and draw you in. It's a shame that by halfway thru you feel like you've already heard the album ten times, and by the last song you're contemplating whether the CD would be better off as a Frisbee or a coaster (well of course a Frisbee, who actually uses coasters). If you're a previous fan, check it out. If you're into the emo/poppunk/mum I'm going to a show at the Underground, I'll bring the car back by midnight scene, it's worth checking out. If you want to cry buy a Jeff Buckley album, if you want to pop-punk it up buy a NOFX album, and if you want to rock check out the new Libertines album.

Clubs & Classifieds

Adelaide University Writing Club

This club will be a great way to meet fellow writers and read and review other people's writing. Our numerous exciting plans can be found on our web site at http://au.geocities.com/auwriting. Expressions of interest to auwriting@yahoo.com.au.

ULTIMATE FRISBEE

This alternative and exciting sport is on offer at YOUR AUUFC 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!

HAVE YOUR SAY!

- Pissed off with the wanking nonsense that passes for electioneering in the current federal election campaign?
- Frustrated at the lack of free speech and the failure of participatory democracy in society today?
- Fed up with the moronic drivel put out by spin doctors and other party hacks?
- Want a direct say on issues the real issues – of national electoral significance?

Then come along and have your say at Adelaide's speakers' corner. At a special election one to be held:

SUNDAY OCTOBER 3

STARTING AT 2 PM SPEAKERS' RING JUST SOUTH OF THE ZOO IN BOTANIC PARK OFF FROME ROAD

Adelaide University Potter Club

In an effort to promote awareness of issues relating to Potter, the AUPC is currently seeking more members. (Right now, the club is just me and Potter, but Potter's mum has expressed some interest.) If you are interested in joining, or if you think you would like a chance for an AUPC office bearer position, please contact

tristan.mahoney @student.adelaide.edu.au

and we'll mail you our 2005 Prospectus. Yay Potter!

AU FILM SOCIETY PRESENTS

Elegance, Class AND Comedy! ...and romance Thursday 16th September

Adam's Rib (1949)

The sixth Tracy-Hepburn pairing that began with Woman of the Year in 1942. A woman is accused of murdering her husband and Hepburn and Tracy, both lawyers, find themselves on the opposite side of the case. Possibly their best thanks to witty dialogue and energetic performances from this great screen team. Classic battle-of-the-sexes comedy directed by George Cukor.(103 mins, USA)

With Short:

Morphology of Desire (1998)

An experimental exploration of the commodified representation of romantic love in popular culture, and the relationship between the still and moving image, using digital image morphing to animate romance novel cover illustrations as a dance of unrealized desire. (6 mins)

Screening @ Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building, 7pm. Join for just \$5 now, weekly door prize!

Subject:
Med students healing the world

Yo Tristan and JC.

Can you please put this in the classifieds section as discussed with you guys when I dropped in my prostitute article? And try to stop yourself from using the subject title of this email in the ad eh? You tried to pull that trick on me when I suggested someone in your two-bit newspaper deal with the real meaty current affairs issues such as children whose parents take them around on leashes. No one really took on that challenge. And neither Labor or the Coalition have released a policy paper on that subject either. Perhaps this is something the SAUA could spend its time on? They seem to get all frothed up around the mouth with this higher education bizzo but will someone please think of the children!? Perhaps the SAUA Activity

department that has lived to survive another referundum could spend some of our students' money on some function that highlights this gross violation of human rights? I can imagine it already, half the activity department dressed up in Osh B'gosh overalls and Weebok shoes while the other half parades them around the Barr Smith lawns on leashes as a stunt to raise awareness of these children's plight. I call on On Dit to also take this issue on through a public awareness campaign. I have provided you with a number of links with actual photos of leashed children being walked around by their sadistic parents - I warn you though, the following images contain strong material and may offend some viewers.

groovy guy seeks groovy female to hang out with. Tall and easy on the eye, clean cut and drug free. goal focused and great sense of humour i'm sure some female out there could put me to good use. please consider Eric Loeschmann eric.loeschmann estudent.adelaide.edu.au

Martian visiting earth. Wishes to meet female of the species for close observation, to find out how things are done on your planet. This spaceman is well travelled and has a galaxy of adventures to recall. keep fit by running rings around Saturn and have made a fortune by salvaging the space probes you send to my planet. Sorry no pointy ears. Invasion is possible if response to ad is unsatisfactory, you have been warned.

Engineering student with high blood sugar levels seeks garden gnome for companionship. Must be between 20-30cm tall, in good physical shape and likes a bit of 'dirty work'. Pants optional. Please email me at larissa.giancaspro@student.adelaide.edu.au

Looking for someone tall, skinny, who digs Betty Page, The Velvets and Henry Miller. Oh, and whips and furs. Contact Jimmy trash on 0404 261 427.

Slightly dorky female redhead seeking a grown up Jessica Lovejoy. Contact Clementine in the basement of the George Murray building.

Me, I don't need anyone. If you don't need anyone either, contact me (Stanley) on 0421 889 253, and we'll celebrate our indifference at least twice, maybe three times a week.

The most graphic section of this website is as follows:

"An often overlooked and inexpensive type of leash can be found at department stores and yes, pet stores. Large size web dog collars with matching leashes are sturdy, color coordinating and long lasting. They can be found in a variety of sizes and styles that many parents will actually match with favorite outfits."

Will On Dit stand idly by?
Oh and here is the classified I want.

Ta.

Andrew

INSIGHT and VISION GENERATION present....

THE COMOCAH CONCERT
Raising funds for HIV/AIDS and
essential medicines in developing

WHEN

countries

Thursday 16th September 7:30pm

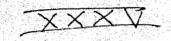
Governor Hindmarsh Hotel WHAT

African Drumming band Djef Djel and local acts Electracave and MopeDialer

\$7 - tickets available at the door CONTACT

insight@amss.asn.au or
skye.riggs@worldvision.com

COMOCAH is an HIV/AIDS project in Tanzania that is funded through World Vision Australia and AusAID. Since COMOCAH began in 2000, World vision has raised awareness of HIV/AIDS through voluntary counselling and testing, information compaings and youth education.



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(KNOBS)