



ON DIT
SEXUALITY
EDITION

76.3

THE SEXUALITY EDITION

ON DIT

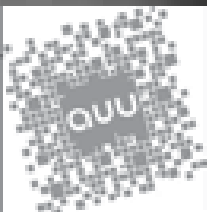
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Thanks to:

First and foremost, Mike for being male,
but sometimes letting Cat and I rule the
roost.
Mike for staying on task.
Mike for not using emoticons.
Union House vending machines for dinner
'that night.'
Loki Cola - the best font in the world!
Clare B for company and making Mike feel
ok about looking up porn.
Vintage porn websites.
SafeSearch for keeping Cat innocent.
Cat for the m&ms which made for many
a meal.
Tyson for creating Oxford Dictionary-
worthy words like 'fagsposure' and 'pee
pee puckered.'
Kanye feat. Chris Martin for 'Homecoming'
Our Macs for not fucking up (up until this
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The AUU for the usless key.
Uni Bar for not having wedges after
2.30pm nor delivering to our office.
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cooking, chauffering - *On Dit* wouldn't be
in your hands right now if not for you.
For our many proofreaders - and we ain't
being sarcastic!
Our darling subbies, or at least the ones
that got their bits in on time.
And of course - our gorgeous cover girl
Rachel (Busty Rusty) Rai for just being
generally goregous, seductive and willing
to get her kit off.
N.B. We have no reason to thank titties this
edition, but they're always in the back of
our minds.

On Dit:

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University Union



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On Dit is a publication of the Adelaide University Union. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors, The University of Adelaide or the Adelaide University Union. This man has a small penis.

Cover. "Isabel Lucas, eat your heart out."

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In a quest for titties, we came across Rachel, young and smooth with a promising political career ahead of her. We got her in to do the 'titty gritty' and came up with what you see on the front cover. To the left you will see one of our many promising attempts.

Muchos Gracias Senorita!

LETTERS



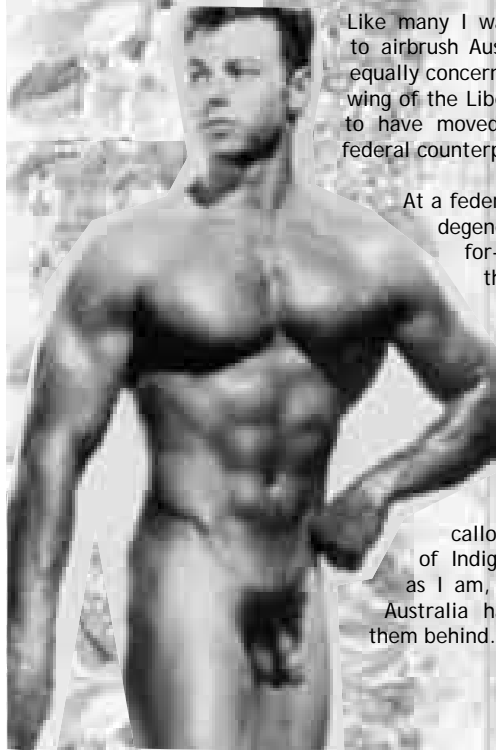
Dear Eds,

I was appalled to read the Liberal Club's "contribution" to the debate about the national apology to the Stolen Generations. Apparently the article was originally intended for a Liberal Club newsletter, and I'm surprised the club treated the broader student population to this sordid preach to the converted, an offensive tirade that referred to the children ripped from their parent's arms as "alleged" victims and claiming that in many cases the policy operated to the benefit of the children. Their failure to clearly reject this obviously racist policy is, incidentally, the ultimate evidence of how hollow the Liberal's claim to be the sole guardians of family values really is.

Like many I was offended at this attempt to airbrush Australia's history, but perhaps equally concerning is the fact that the youth wing of the Liberal party doesn't even seem to have moved forward as much as their federal counterparts.

At a federal level the Liberal party has degenerated into an internal free-for-all, the pragmatists realizing the electoral advantage of appearances of progress and the loyalists clinging to the values of the Howard government that the people so emphatically rejected. The Liberal Club, by comparison, appears to be united in its backwardness and callous disregard for the plight of Indigenous Australians. Disgusted as I am, my only consolation is that Australia has moved forward and left them behind.

Paris Dean



Dear Everyone,

Seeing as this issue is the Sexuality issue and all, I thought it was about time I wrote a letter.

Adelaide University used to have one of the most inclusive and supportive networks for queer and queer friendly folk called '10%.' This group met regularly and even had their own student representatives. Without harping on too much about VSU and its effects, it is safe to say that much of our campus culture, including 10%, died along with our funding. What has not disappeared, however, is the need for a support network for those students who might be questioning their sexuality. So my friends and I put our heads together and came up with an idea.

'Resurrection of Pride' is a new club we are forming for queer and queer-friendly students. We're currently applying for club association membership, as well as working out ways in which we can fund a small makeover of the George Duncan room. We're not flag wavers or activists. We're just aiming to get together on a regular basis with like-minded people to support each other. We're hoping that by the end of the year the George Duncan Room becomes a place frequented by those looking for counselling information, a friendly face, or just a quiet place to study in a queer-friendly environment.

If anyone is interested in finding out more information or coming along to our first official meeting (which will hopefully happen at the start of next term), email us at resurrectionofpride@gmail.com. It would be great to get more people involved!

KD

Dearest Editors,

In regards to page 55 of last edition, you are now my mortal enemies.

Antagonistically yours,

Bartholomew Huxtable



Next Edition : The Fanatic Edition
Send your contributions in by the 21st of April to ondit@adelaide.edu.au

Articles about the cultural significance of Troll Dolls welcome.

FELT space

FELT space is Adelaide's newest artist-run-initiative. We aim to promote contemporary and experimental art practices of both emerging and established artists. Exhibition launches are on the 1st Wednesday of each month. Join our mailing list at feltspace@gmail.com for more information on future exhibitions.

Our first exhibition for 2008 is
'Straight Outta Compton'

Works by Annika Evans, Logan Macdonald, Monte Masi & Brigid Noone. Curated by Rayleen Forester.

Opening 6pm Wednesday, April 2nd 2008 @ 12 Compton St, Adelaide.
Exhibition concludes April 19.

Eds,

Just a quick comment on Chris Browne's (President of Uni Liberal Club) article regarding the Government's apology to the Stolen Generation and the next step in creating a more cohesive society. For a white Australian to make the claim that the apology has "not made one bit of difference" seems presumptuous.

To say the apology was effectively worthless seems unfair when it has undoubtedly made a huge difference in a lot of people's lives. In a society where so much of the history surrounding Indigenous Australia is not understood, to encourage understanding and basic recognition is a necessary step in moving towards a more cohesive society.

The Aboriginal past and present are integral to our own heritage and as Lila Watson, an Indigenous activist, said, "If you have come to help me then you are wasting your time. But if you have come because you know your liberation is bound in mine, then come, let us walk together."

To spend so much of the article talking about the politics of the day rather than addressing the question of 'steps required for a more cohesive society' seems a real shame and a waste of an opportunity to have contributed something constructive.

Nikki



Hi Guys!

I picked up some copies of the Festival issue the other day, just wanted to say it looked fantastic! And a special thank you to Catherine for your layout of the fashion pages - they looked awesome!

Jenifer xxx



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Barredo Holland offers a high quality migration advice to suit individual and family needs. Desiree Holland is a registered migration agent (MARN 0746641) who can provide:

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- o Event coordination, project management and research

For more information and friendly advice, please contact Maria Barredo or Desiree Holland on 8238 3222 or email:

info@barredoholland.com.au



Dear readers, welcome to *Sexuali-Dit*, where we sex up the news. Perhaps not quite as much as nakednews.com, but that's never had the same appeal for me as Kerry O'Brien and *The 7:30 Report*.

This may not be news to some of you, but googling the word 'sex' returns about 722,000,000 hits. I challenge any reader to find a more common word on the net. Even 'porn' only returns 221,000,000 hits. Clearly, then, sex is something we like to talk about. So, the fortnight in sex:

We've all heard plenty in the last few days about "Client no. 9", Eliot Spitzer whose \$1,000/hour escapades have led to his resignation as Governor of New York (state) and probably the break up of his marriage by the time this is published. As was pithily asked on News Radio the day I wrote this: we now want to find out who clients 1-8 are. But frankly, the man is ugly as sin and it's hardly surprising it cost that much for someone to do it with him.

Earlier this month Australian police had success with an even more heinous form of sex than paying for it in office. The arrests of two Australians, believed to be the ring leaders of an international paedophile website, is being seen as a major victory in the never-ending war against such behaviour. I had planned on putting an adjective in there, but none sufficiently bad came to me.

Australia has its fair share of sex scandals, too. Wollongong's entire 13-member council was sacked over allegations of dirty sexy money in a scandal which has been developing as long as the developers involved. On the one hand, I support this approach, as I find it difficult to see how for example, the mayor could not have known these things were going on. How else to explain what I suggest would occasionally have been massive discrepancies between stated policy and actual voting on decisions? On the other hand, putting the council into the hands of non-elected officials for four and a half years seems a stiff punishment to mete out to the good burghers of the land. Perhaps elections could be held in a few months, or when they would next have been held anyway?

As some of you will have guessed or may know, I'm slightly keen on Africa. In the interests of never leaving it out, this BDA-loather will give you a quick run-down on current AIDS stats. The most recent stats I could find are for last year:

32.8m infected, of which

2.5m were infected since Jan 1.

2m deaths as a result.

To put that in perspective: Wikipedia lists Canada as having a population of 33m. Perth and Adelaide together come

to around 2.5m, and Brisbane by itself is close enough to 2m.

This is obviously related to sex (the disease is the worst of those nasties, the STDs) and specifically to the Catholic Church's continued insistence that every sperm is sacred. This Anglican believes that's a load of sticky brown (white?) stuff, and contraception is the only way to save these people's lives. I had an interesting debate with QUAC (Questions at the Univeristy of Adelaide) members about abortion, but that's another thing.

Having now declared my crush on Africa, I must reiterate my undying love for those wacky (if you know what I mean) Germans with their infinite ability to surprise sexually. Patrick is a kind-hearted father-figure to the intellectually disabled Susan. They met in 2000, when he was 23, and now have four daughters together and live happily as a couple somewhere in Anytown, Germany.

But he has already served time for his relationship with her, and is likely to spend some more time in jail, because the Federal Constitutional Court ruled 7-1 against a legal declaration that brothers and sisters have a right to sexual relations. Just when you thought you'd heard it all.

Apparently most incest cases are fathers and under-age daughters, and even sexual relations between siblings are usually prosecuted under sexual abuse laws. *Not Another Teen Movie* has a good example of coercive incest, for example. Consensual incest is actually rather uncommon.

Maybe because it's so... unheimlich?

From the creepy to the cautionary: while on holiday in Canberra (don't ask why), I was bored in the urinal (who isn't?) and read that 1 in 14 sexually active youths have Syphilis, even if they don't know it, because there are not usually symptoms. So everybody: get yourselves checked out!

From one who is clearly not getting enough, since I had an entire evening to spend on Google researching all this sex stuff for you, peace out.

Eric Smith
eric.f.smith@student.adelaide.edu.au

MEDIA

WATCH

The Woman Behind the Man: Sex scandals and the media



**Eds - Tony Jones and Monica Attard
- Keeping media watching sexy

Sexuality in the media is a very strange case indeed. On the one hand media adores its drawing power, often using sexually alluring images (usually women) to advertise anything from cars to chocolate. Yet, on the other hand, many organizations revel in the ability to moralise and ascribe certain sexual practices as distasteful, wrong or "going against the values of mainstream *insert country here*". And while often the media can be correct in their damnation of criminal acts, such as paedophilia or rape, when it comes to acts involving consenting adults the water can get a great deal murkier.

It is fascinating that often media is unable to comprehend the combination of serious issues, such as politics, wars, and world affairs merged with any sexual tales of the lives these issues affect. While in ordinary terms a sexual relationship may be called a love affair, when a politician has an affair it becomes a "sex scandal", to be "tut-tutted" with the strongest force necessary, especially if it is extra marital, homosexual, or involving prostitutes. Over the past ten years three sex scandals involving politicians have sprung up in the U.S. media, all of which led to the resignation of the transgressor or the eventual loss of voters. The way the media has portrayed these men has dictated their continual involvement in politics as well as how we should feel about ideas of promiscuity and "standing by your man", or supporting a cheating spouse.

The most famous political sex scandal to shake the world was between former U.S. President Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky. For those of you who have spent the last ten years living under a rock, or feeling a little hazy on the details, the whole scandal began in 1995 when Monica, a 22-year-old intern, began a sexual relationship with the president. It went undetected by the media until January of 1998, when Clinton's denials of the affair took centre stage in his famous statement, "I did not have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky". Unfortunately he was forced to eat his words when he took to the stand in a 21-day trial (in which he was acquitted of perjury and obstruction of justice) where he admitted that he had an "improper sexual relationship" with Lewinsky. However it was not 'splitsville' for Hillary and Bill. In fact he continues to support her in her own political campaign. While he survived impeachment, Clinton failed to make Office again, potentially due to the loss of voters put off by his cheating ways.

When sexual relationships cross the line of heterosexual normality, the media frenzy rises to fever pitch. Ex-New Jersey Governor James McGreevey resigned in 2004 after the news broke that he had a gay affair with an employee. His now ex-wife Dina stood by him at the time for the sake of their daughter, although obviously later divorced him. The most recent case of resignation due to a sex scandal has

also been highly publicized. Eliot Spitzer, the Democratic New York Governor, was caught soliciting prostitute Ashley Alexandra Dupre, and even breaking federal financial statutes to cover her fee. As his guilt was immediately proven without doubt, he took the only course of action, a public apology and resignation (*The Australian* 15/3/08). His wife Silda also made a public show of standing by her man as Hillary did, and as Dina did for a time. What these three cases have in common is their fallout: all three scandals have subsequently ended the careers of these politicians, often due to the public outcry stemming from the media coverage of their actions.

What seems particularly odd for the media to harp on about is the presence of the injured wives in these contexts. All three wives have taken the uncomfortable position of "standing by their men". Before the truth became universally known, Hillary Clinton's public support was often voiced on shows such as *Today* and *60 Minutes*. Even after the incident, she continued to assert her loyalty to Bill. Debbie Walsh, the director of the Centre for American Women and Politics was quoted in *The Advertiser* as stating "political wives [are] often used as props to soften a husband's transgressions. It is supposed to make him look like not such a bad guy - like, 'geez, look, his wife was standing next to him' (*The Advertiser* 15/3/08, 71) Headlines like "Sad Silda stands by her man" in *The Weekend Australian* support Walsh's claims, suggesting she is being used as a prop for Spitzer, while being humiliated in the process. Even McGreevey admitted that his wife was "ridiculed and shamed in front of virtually the entire world" (*Advertiser* 13/3/08, 39) and may be tainted by his actions for the rest of her life. However the strength of these women must be acknowledged. Silda was quoted as saying, "we love our family in good times and bad", suggesting she felt it was her duty to stand by him regardless of his actions. It certainly makes me wonder, though, how much these wives have been used as a band-aid for their husband's integrity, signifying that their loyalty can serve as proof of their spouse's goodness despite their mistakes.

Australian politicians and high ranking officials have also injured their careers with sexually related scandals, although not always with predictable results. Embattled Former Governor-General Peter Hollingworth quit his job after being accused of protecting a paedophilic priest back in 2003 (*CBA News*). We also had the minor media flurry of Prime Minister Kevin Rudd's trip to the strip club, though that may have aided his campaign rather than hindered it.

The bottom line is that sex sells, not only in advertising but in news media as well. It's only a shame that while advertisers pay consenting models, the families of those involved in a sex scandal receive nothing except humiliation as the prop of their spouse or relation. The irony is that while we are surrounded by sex, the results of U.S scandals prove how uncomfortable the public is with the combination of politics and sexuality.

AUU WATCH

As student politics is really boring stuff, despite what the people involved seem to think when they're doing the headless-chicken-dance around campus, I'm going to make the most of this edition as a chance to 'sex up' what's been going on a little, in the tradition of respectable newspapers like the *New York Times*.

After a disgustingly dirty battle of letter writing, acting presidents and the removal of the Kevin 07 block mount in the hallowed (and revoltingly green) Presidential office, the Union has a (hopefully) permanent President for the rest of this year. In a tense meeting of the Board on Thursday night in an undisclosed location on campus, David Wilkins and Lavinia Emmett-Grey went head-to-head for the only position left in the union that offers the money and power that all student politicians secretly crave.

As the vote counters and scrutineers sequestered themselves away in the next room to determine the fate of the Board for the rest of this year, talk of back room deals and intervention by the Australian National

Union of Students abounded among those left to stew. At long last, we were rescued by the declaration that Lavinia Emmett-Grey is to hold the office of President until the end of next year, or at least until the next power coup. The vote was counted at ten votes to four, making it a secure power base for the time being.

The reports of all the office holders paled in comparison to the riveting drama of a presidential election, but even then there were some interesting snippets of information. In an exclusive report, *On Dit* can reveal that the University and the AUU are 'very close' to signing off on the funding agreement. The details of this agreement are suspiciously hush-hush, but there are enough rumours going around that this crack journalist could piece together some idea of what it contains. It involves the University giving the AUU money in exchange for letting the National Wine Centre run the food outlets around campus. (*gasp!* If you want to know a little more, look back a couple of issues to when I didn't know what I wasn't meant to say). This is clearly a deal to be watched closely.



Disclaimer: I campaigned for Matt Taylor during student elections last year, but this does not affect the content of this article.

All the affiliates claim to be moving along nicely with their agendas. This is clearly a good thing, but your AUU correspondent wonders just what will happen when these agendas collide with that of the Board, as will no doubt happen in the near future.

For more AUU goodness:
adelaidestudentpolitics.blogspot.com

Hannah Mattner



The Adelaide University Union has been a hive of activity since I last wrote. O'Ball was a success and, like O'Week, it was the hard work of so many volunteers that made it such a great event. For some, it was their first time, but for others, like the luminous Dave Gilbert, it was yet another O'Ball of many. To me, this is what campus culture is all about, a community where old and new students can work together to make a night of magic.

On March 19, Adelaide Uni participated in the National Day of Action on the issues of lowering HECS, repealing VSU, abolishing local Full Fee Paying places and increasing access to Youth Allowance. Sarah Hanson-Young, Federal Senator-elect, and National Union of Students SA President, Rhiannon Newman spoke, while student radio provided some Living End and Midnight Oil to get people in the mood (for political engagement). Adelaide Uni hasn't been an activist campus for some time, but just because we don't protest like the eastern states' unis do,

doesn't mean issues of fair and accessible education aren't just as relevant to us. It was also great to see some of the faculty societies out there. In 2008, the AUU plans to enhance its relationship with respective faculties so that we can deliver better outcomes to students.

On a final, fascinating note, the AUU is currently embarking on a thrilling voyage with pirates, treasure maps and governance restructure (I lied about the pirates and the treasure maps). Our aim is to increase the efficiency of service delivery, while maintaining student representation. I'll keep you updated with any news on this front.

If you wish to contact me with any comments, questions or invitations to girly sleepovers with pillow fights and hair braiding, you can email me: lavinia.emmett-grey@adelaide.edu.au

AUU President
Lavinia Emmett-Grey

P.S. Dear Eds, commendations on managing to triumph over the evil of Macintosh and produce your editions, but for the record, my photo in the last edition was not Studio 2000 - it was taken at Mansions (the joyous smile on my face is produced by approximately 2 jugs of that noxious looking blue stuff they serve).

***Eds - Admitting you frequent Mansions doesn't help your case to win back cred I'm afraid.*

CLUBS ASSOCIATION: SHUT UP AND LOVE IT

The Clubs Association is re-opened and operating at 1,000,000% capacity* with more clubs and more association. We are hanging out at our new premises on the ground floor of the Lady Symon Building. There are members of the CA executive on hand to help with enquires and questions from 10 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon. The Clubs' Executive can help you with anything from room bookings to how to run a meeting as well as giving good advice for starting a new club. The CA has also made available to clubs the common room for those clubs that wish to hold meetings with-in the Ancestral Home. All you have to do is swing by the CA office between 10 and 4 and let us know when you will be having a meeting and approximately how many people so we can make sure everything is in order.

Clubs Association 'Club of the Year' is back and slightly bigger than before due to inflation. To be in the running you need to notify the CA of your events so a delegate can be sent (to make sure no one is cheating). After the event let us know how many people attended.

From everyone here at the CA we hope to see you all soon.

Matthew Taylor
President
Adelaide University Clubs Association
matthew.taylor@adelaide.edu.au

* Compared to last year's level of activity

The Class(room) Divide

In an era of an apparent education-revolution, it is not surprising that the arguments over school funding have resurfaced this year. And whilst the revolutionary zeal is yet to permeate further than glossy party policy documents, the spats between private and public education heavyweights is already dusting up the playground. Former Labor leader Mark Latham was, for better or worse, no shirker of controversial policy, and his 2004 'private schools hit list' ruffled the feathers of many wealthier voters. Latham's defeat and the Labor party's subsequent purge of the policy ensured that increasing public funding of private schools has continued since, and the new government has reiterated its support for this status quo. Yet this February, a leaked report from the Federal Department of Education revealed that private schools have received \$2 billion more than they were entitled to in the past four years. The report argues that without legislative change, a further \$2.7 billion extra over four years will be paid to the wealthiest schools under a distortion of the funding system.

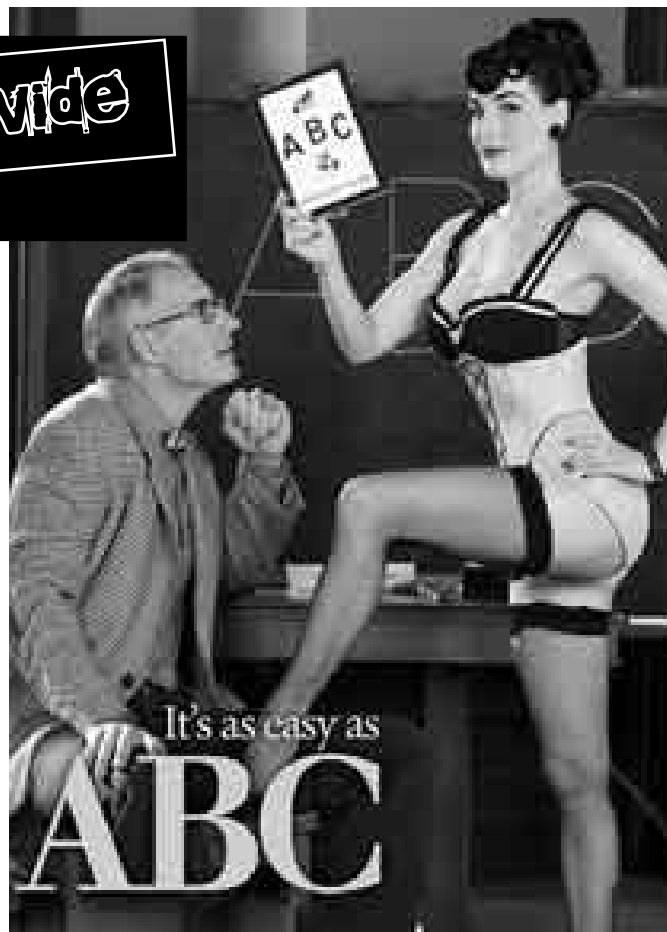
The debate over schools funding is a perennially prickly topic for politicians. The education system is the primary determinant of a nation's socio-economic divisions. Whether any class division grows or shrinks will be determined by the money flow that begins at kindergarten. Although terms such as 'class division' seem antiquated in a modern and prosperous nation, differences between rich and poor continue to plague social policies and outcomes.

Private schools were first funded by the Menzies Government in 1963. Catholic schools at the time argued that they provided a service to the nation - the education of children, yet they were left to the task with nothing more than the church collection bowl. By the late 1960s, funding was provided to all students on a per capita basis, and the constitutional validity of this was enshrined by a 1981 High Court decision. The Howard government however, expounding the mantra of personal choice, provided a radical increase in private education subsidies. Today the private sector receives 22% of total government (State and Federal) spending, and educates 32% of students. But the non-government sector can pass the hat around a second time, collecting high school fees from parents and thus creating institutions with far more dollars per student than their public counterparts. What's more, subsidization has fuelled the rise in school fees (often 8-10% per year), not slowed them.

Today there are essentially two public school systems: a public system and a public system with school fees. The private school lobby is happy to advocate for this: what is wrong with all parents receiving education assistance from the government? After all, we all paid taxes.

The Independent Schools Association of SA executive director, Garry Le Duff, was last week clamoring for more from Government. Pundits like Le Duff like to advocate for 'all education,' conveniently overlooking the fact that the education budget is a finite resource: for every dollar one sector gets, the other misses out on. Furthermore, private schools do not pull their weight. The best students are creamed off with scholarships, and the students not up to scratch are dumped back on the doorstep of the local high. After all, you can't be expelled (or "asked to leave") from the public system. The easiest children to teach are those of wealthy parents, whilst the difficult children from broken families, drug affected homes and high unemployment suburbs are left to the public schools.

The great catch cry is that of choice. By subsidizing rich schools, the middle class can exercise their preference for values, discipline, religious instruction. But choice is a furphy on two fronts: Firstly, what parent makes the choice of anti-discipline? Anti-opportunities?



Anti-facilities? Choice is synonymous for quality, of which only those who can't have, "choose" not to do so. The choice that is left, then, is religion. Catholics for catholic schools, Protestants for Protestant schools, Muslims for Muslim schools, Secret Brethren for Secret Brethren schools (and there're quite a few of those), all made viable by tax-payer funds. On a small scale this is probably harmless, however, over time the social consequences of such divisions should not be ignored. Some Islamic schools are already finding that they require expensive security fences and guards to keep their students safe.

It's not that Australian schools are substandard, they're not. But according to the OECD they are more inequitable. A poor Australian student does worse than his/her poor counterparts in other countries. Demand and funding for private schools has never been stronger, whilst esteem for public schools has never been lower. This is despite the fact that public students tend to perform better at universities. It seems strange that underperforming public schools always "need" structural changes: more discipline, flagpoles, priorities and values. Never more money. The danger is that the public system becomes nothing more than a safety net, a kind of welfare system: better than nothing but certainly not for parents who care (or can afford). Essentially, it's a matter of philosophy. Are taxes a personal savings account, to be spent on what we like (public or private), or are taxes a means of redistributing wealth to where it is needed - the disaffected suburbs first, and the old boys club second? Such a safety net scenario is a long way off, but the trends are there.

David Kaczan
A product of private education.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Sensual South America

***Eds - As an homage to the great continent of South America, images of sexy South Americans have been used. Enjoy.*

South America is a large continent - it's hard to miss it on a map. It consists of 12 countries full of various languages and cultures, yet rarely do any stories from the region make it through to the mainstream news here in Australia. Yes it's far away and perhaps irrelevant in our strategic and economic relations, but it makes you wonder sometimes what is happening over there across the Pacific. For this reason, South America is under the spotlight for this edition, with stories from several countries making an appearance. Chris Arblaster has also contributed an article that discusses the ongoing problem of the drug trade on the continent. Enjoy reading.

Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela have been involved in a bit of a spat in recent weeks. Colombia has been witness to ongoing conflict between the left-wing FARC (Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia, who are labelled as a terrorist group not only by Colombia but the US as well) movement and government troops, with tactics such as kidnapping commonly employed. What sparked the international dispute was an incursion on behalf of the Colombian army into neighbouring Ecuador. This foray resulted in the death of a leading rebel, Paul Reyes, along with 16 others just 1.8 km over the border. It was Venezuela that first riled up about the incident, with Hugo Chavez sending troops to the Colombian border, in protest against what Chavez labelled a "cowardly murder." At the time of the attack he had been negotiating with FARC to release its hostages. He then closed the Colombian embassy, with Ecuador also later recalling its ambassador in protest against the raid. Worries of a war erupting soon eased however, with diplomatic ties restored after Colombian President Alvaro Uribe apologised for the army's actions. Some commentators are wary of the truce however, believing it was only resolved because none of the three involved countries could afford conflict, and is merely a superficial patching over of deeper problems. For now though everyone is 'friends' again in the region.

Bolivia has the dubious honour of being the poorest country in South America. It also has the world's largest indigenous population - two thirds of Bolivians. In 2006 the first Indigenous President, Evo Morales, was sworn into office, promising sweeping reform on issues such as the exploitation of Bolivia's gas reserves, land distribution and indigenous rights. These moves have proven to be controversial, with foreign energy firms unhappy about the nationalisation of energy

reserves and the Bolivian elite unhappy about the moves to place more power in the hands of the indigenous population. Morales is also an ally of polarising leaders Hugo Chavez and the Castros, again making him unpopular with some international firms and governments. South American leaders are concerned that Bolivia is not keeping up with energy demands from neighbouring giants Brazil and Argentina, with shortages predicted for 2009, prompting discussions in La Paz last month. Bolivia's natural gas industry, which, although large, has suffered from reduced foreign investment since Morales's reforms were passed, has already been struggling with increased demand. The Bolivian President believes that the potential shortage can be avoided however, by diverting scheduled shipments from one state to the other, if it has a greater need. Whether that will really work remains to be seen.

Finally, with what seems like an eternity of temperatures over 35 degrees here in Adelaide, it's hard to be motivated with study and work. In Argentina, it seems like everybody feels that way during the summer. There has been little to report as officials and workers abandon the cities in favour of the beach. Even the new President, Cristina Fernandez de Kirchner, has been relaxing since taking power in December. A meeting with the President of Equatorial Guinea has so far constituted her foray into international relations. The entire legal system closes down in January, and schools go on holidays from December to March - when I was at primary school six weeks seemed like forever, so I feel for all the parents that have to keep their kids entertained for that long. There has been a bit more action in Spain however, with a judge ruling that former military officer Ricardo Miguel Cavallo be extradited to Argentina. Cavallo was considered a leading figure in the repressive military juntas that reigned over the country in the 1970s and '80s, and had been standing trial on charges of genocide and terrorism. Former police officer and suspected member of a death squad, Rodolfo Eduardo Almiron, has also been extradited to his home country. The pair will both be prosecuted there after the state repealed laws that granted former military officers immunity from abuse charges dating from the period. Tens of thousands of people were killed during the seven year 'Dirty War' in Argentina, with many bodies of 'the disappeared' never being discovered.

Barbara Klompenhouwer



EFFORTS TO CRACK COCAINE TRADE AMOUNT TO LITTLE MORE THAN BLOWING SMOKE

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The author takes no
responsibility for lame
puns in the article.

A significant portion of the world's cocaine supply comes from South America, and it has been traditionally transported through several Caribbean islands.¹ Many of these islands are now policed more closely, however, and drug barons are instead using West Africa as a staging post between Latin America and Europe.² One such country is Guinea-Bissau, the world's fifth poorest country which, after a protracted civil war in the 1990s that destroyed its only jail, does not have the resources to detain even those drug traffickers it does catch.³

The impact of the trade is severe. Obviously, it isn't good for the residents of nations like Guinea-Bissau, where local businesses are bought out to cover for drug transportation, corruption is rife, and the local population is increasingly suffering from a severe (though perhaps coincidental) cocaine addiction.⁴ I suppose this is only a bad thing if you aren't one of the recently migrated Colombian drug lords, who probably see a large villa, armed guard, luxury car, and decadent lifestyle as quite a good deal.⁵ The effect is similar in South American countries where cocaine is produced. In Bolivia, for instance, the cocaine boom has contributed to a sharp fall in agricultural production and jobs, propagated corruption and violence, and created a cocaine abuse problem where the unprocessed coca leaf previously served a more benign ceremonial role.⁶ Again, this doesn't sound so bad, assuming you're a drug trafficker or corrupt government official.

So who's to blame for this deplorable situation? According to UN 'drugs czar' Antonio Maria Costa (does anyone else think this implies that the UN sponsors drug trafficking?), "coke-snorting fashionistas" such as Amy Winehouse.⁷ Now, I'm all for bashing celebrities (though frankly I feel that physical assault might be more effective), but this man is clearly a crank. Calling Amy Winehouse a fashionista is like arguing that your average university student spends more time studying than they spend drunk off their face.⁸

It is hard to see how blaming celebrities for the drug trade is going to help. While some young people (**Eds - read: skanks) may see celebrities such as Amy Winehouse as role models, and may consequently try drugs, to give their role any more than minor significance is idiotic. Apart from the fact that it suggests celebrities are influential public figures, it moves towards giving drug takers an excuse for abuse. It's not as if they made a conscious choice or anything; Amy Winehouse made them do it. Lunacy of this sort from a UN official amounts to blowing smoke, which admittedly seems fitting for a so-called 'drug czar'.

The question has to be about a practical solution. The obvious answer, that South

American governments have a responsibility to cut off the supply chain, is flawed. First of all, the governments involved rarely have the resources to fight drug barons effectively, and even where they do the temptation to turn a blind eye often proves too great. Furthermore, if the trade is *cracked* down on in one country, as long as lucrative demand still exists in Europe, it will always be in the interests of traffickers to find another country to operate in. The previously mentioned movement of trafficking from the Caribbean to West Africa is a good example of this.

The other commonly argued proposition, that the West needs to remove the demand for cocaine, has an ideological appeal but doesn't seem very practical. It is hard to see self-absorbed, crack-smoking leeches up and deciding to stop using, no matter how often someone points out the pain that demand is causing for narcotics-producing countries. One commentator argues, for instance, that "Consumers here should reflect more deeply on the impact their habit has on people around the world."⁹ This commentator has a point, but the fact is that we are talking to drug addicts here. Drug addicts, however nice when clean, might well be capable of 'reflecting' on the situation and deciding that they should give up ... after one more hit.

The "third way", as I see it, is to put about the message that we don't know where the cocaine has been, and should therefore learn to make our own. First of all, this would obviously remove the demand for South American cocaine. More importantly, however, the concept of drug addicts making their own drugs is pretty hilarious, especially considering the possibility that they might get the mixture wrong. If everything went according to plan, millions of drug addicts across the Western world would be simultaneously exploded. Imagine the fireworks.

In other news, former front man of Britpop band Pulp, Jarvis Cocker, intends to test new material in South America. I think it fitting, therefore, to finish with an excerpt from the Pulp song 'Cocaine Socialism':

*"Now I'll get down to the gist:
Do you want a line of this?
Are you a (sniff)
socialist?"¹⁰*

If you answered yes to the above question while taking a line of cocaine from Tony Blair, hailing the glory of New Labour, and aren't a cocaine addict already, then frankly, I'd rather have a known puppy-eater dogsit my adorable little Archie than acknowledge your existence.

Chris Arblaster

ON DIT PICTURES
presents



HU
JINTAO



Dalai
LAMA



in

TIBET CHINA

AUTONOMY,
SOVEREIGNTY and
BALD MEN in ROBES

For many years, the issue of governance in Tibet has been a thorn in the side of the Chinese government. Tibet has officially been a part of China since 1950, when the People's Liberation Army conquered the Tibetan army. This has been a cause of great dissatisfaction among ethnic Tibetans, led by their spiritual leader, His Holiness the Dalai Lama. After a 1959 uprising was violently quashed by the ruling Communist Party of China, the Dalai Lama was forced to flee to India, where he now resides in Dharamsala as the head of the government of Tibet in Exile.

The latest protests in the Tibetan capital of Lhasa began on the 49th anniversary of the 1959 uprising. Protesters hoped that because China is endeavouring to show the world its respect for human rights in the lead-up to this year's Beijing Olympics, the protests would be allowed to occur uninhibited by the Chinese government, particularly as Tibet is such a divisive issue between China and the West. Nevertheless, the situation deteriorated when an initially peaceful protest was broken up by police, angering the protestors and acting as the catalyst for riots around the city.

It is difficult to tell the exact number of casualties on either side, or indeed the extent of aggression from either side. The omnipresent Chinese media regulators quickly began to do what they do best: blacking out all accurate testimony of the unrest in favour of reports from state-sanctioned news agency Xinhua. China has banned all foreign journalists from Tibet, as well as blocking access to much of the internet coverage of the events. Soon, dominating the media was Chinese President Hu Jintao's line: that the incident was the Chinese "organised, premeditated, masterminded and incited by the Dalai clique" and that the only casualties were 13 "innocent (Han Chinese)

civilians" killed by violent Tibetan protesters. Whilst originally claiming that the military did not employ lethal force, the Chinese government eventually changed their story, admitting to shooting four people in "self-defense". The Tibetan government-in-exile, on the other hand, claims that at the time of writing, as many as 99 people have been killed.

There was concern that the Tibetan uprising would cause more problems for China in their other disputed territory: Taiwan. In the lead-up to the March 22 presidential election, the pro-Beijing Nationalist party leader Ma Ying-jeou had established a lead in excess of 20 points over his rival, Frank Hsieh, from the incumbent pro-independence Democratic Progressive Party. After the situation in Tibet deteriorated, however, his lead had slipped to within 10 points, creating worries for China that their preferred candidate might lose the election. Eventually, it became clear that these fears were unfounded; Mr Ma won the election easily, although he has raised the possibility of boycotting the Olympics if Beijing's measures in Tibet become bloodier.

The central issue in standoff between Tibet and China is whether Tibet should have the right to self-government of its people, rather than being forced to live under the direct sovereignty of the Chinese government. Currently, no other states in the United Nations recognise Tibet as a state, differentiating it from the ongoing independence dispute between Serbia and Kosovo (which is recognised by 33 states in the UN).

The strongly nationalist government-in-exile claims that the influx of Han Chinese and Hui Muslims has marginalised the ethnic Tibetan population, who now form the minority in the region. The Tibetans have a distinct language, culture and history, which the Dalai Lama deems the target of Chinese government-propelled "cultural genocide". The Chinese government has strongly rejected the Dalai Lama's attempts to draw attention to his cause, dismissing them as a scheme to "take the Beijing Olympics hostage to force the Chinese government to make concessions to Tibet independence."

The Dalai Lama has repeatedly stated that his goal is autonomy for Tibet, rather than complete independence from China. This is a compromise between the view shared by the majority of ethnic Tibetans (that Tibet should be totally independent from China) and that of the Chinese government (that they alone should have sovereign rule over Tibet). However, the Dalai Lama's compromise is still not sufficient for Beijing, who remain unwilling to hold discussions with the spiritual leader, whom they believe is not willing to accept the compromises they deem necessary.

The Dalai Lama's campaign for self-determination has garnered a lot of interest and support in the West, where the Dalai Lama has become something of a pop culture figure. Many Western human rights groups and celebrities such as Richard Gere and Björk have pledged their support, and Speaker of the US House of Representatives Nancy Pelosi visited the leader in Dharamsala, proclaiming a "special relationship" between the United States and the Dalai Lama. Pelosi went on to say that, "If freedom-loving people throughout the world do not speak out against China's oppression in Tibet, we have lost our moral authority to speak on behalf of human rights anywhere in the world." However, there is also another "special relationship" between the US and China: a growing economic and trade interdependence that will doubtlessly take precedence over the issue of human rights in Tibet.

As a result, it is highly doubtful that there will be any cohesive international action over the Tibet issue, mainly for two reasons. Firstly, there is a global reluctance to alienate China, and with its strong economic and trade potential; secondly, the United Nations is yet to formulate a concrete policy on the issue. The current UN Charter is ambiguous as to whether it is the right of a people (in this case, Tibetans) to claim independent statehood, or whether the discretion rests with the sovereign state (China). Article 1 (Section 2) claims that the purpose of the UN is to ensure "friendly relations among nations based on respect for the principle of equal rights and self-determination", but Article 2 (Section 7) states that "nothing contained in the present Charter shall authorize the United Nations to intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state." In other words, the UN China should respect the Tibetan people's requests for autonomy, but since the matter falls within China's borders, the matter should be resolved by the Chinese and not the UN. Even if this were not the case, China holds veto power on the UN Security Council (and would obviously vote against any pro-independence action in Tibet).

A resolution to the issue appears doubtful in the near future. Both parties are reluctant to alter their terms, and while China continues to rule out the possibility of dialogue with the Dalai Lama, a peaceful outcome is impossible. The principle of non-violence has underpinned the Free Tibet movement since the beginning of spiritual leader's reign, but there is growing speculation that Tibetans will turn to violence, against the government-in-exile's wishes. This is unsettling to say the least, but violence will eventually seem like the only option to an increasingly frustrated Tibetan population, desperate to regain control of their spiritual homeland.

This frustration is exemplified in the younger generation of Tibetans in exile, many of whom were born in India rather than Tibet. Tsewang Rigzin, president of the Tibetan Youth Congress, has called for the Dalai Lama's dialogue-focused policy towards China to be re-evaluated. "It's been in place for the past 20 years, nothing has come out of it and the people are on the verge of extinction," he laments.

Hopefully the situation does not worsen to the level of the Israel-Palestine conflict, especially given the relative enormity and brutality of the Chinese army; the Tibetan standing army would be crushed and it is likely that citizens would resort to terrorising the Chinese population to gain political capital. With the current inflexibility of the Chinese government and the inaction of the international community, it seems like only a matter of time.

The realistic best case scenario is that China exercises restraint in their actions in Tibet in order to salvage some of their already poor human rights image in the lead-up to the Olympics. It is also imperative that Tibetan protesters do not become more agitated and violent. Then, when the current unrest and the Olympic euphoria have died down, there will be further possibility for talks between the Chinese and Tibetans. The West will be waiting with interest for the outcome.

Ben Henschke,

who apologises for the lack of cocks, tits or other sexually suggestive content on this page, unless celibate monks in flowing robes are your thing. Hey, I'm not judging.



**Eds - Much better. Apologies to the Dalai Lama.



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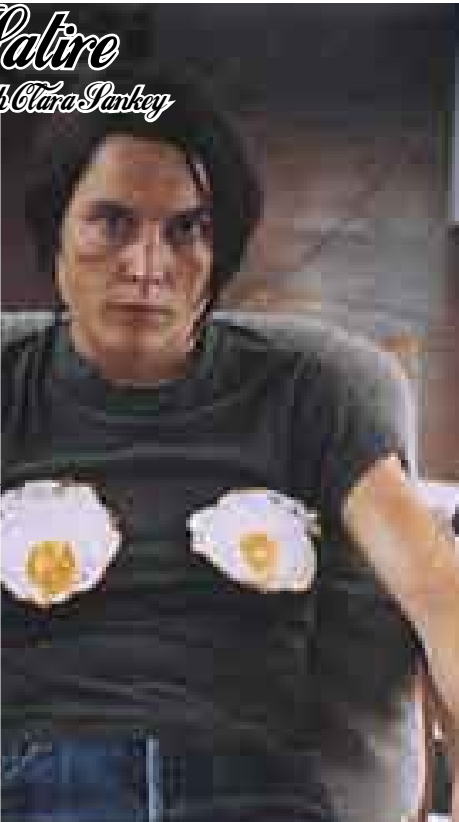
Intimacy and Satire

With Clara Parkey

Art and Sex Two words that have had a long and intertwined relationship. Initially when I saw the topic that was to be covered in this edition of *On Dit* I was anxious to say the least. The topic of sex, particularly in art is one which is not only incredibly broad, but can also be quite delicate in relation to particular cultural and social contexts. It is a subject that can be viewed and discussed in hundreds of different ways.

Whilst doing some research for the article, I happened to catch a great show that aired on the ABC a few weeks back. A six part series titled *The Genius of Photography*. Here I was introduced to one of the two artists I'll be discussing. Nan Goldin is a photographer best known for her intimate and often shocking photos and her involvement in the transsexual community. Goldin, who now lives and works in Paris (France, not Texas) was born in Washington D.C in 1953. A key theme in all of Goldin's photographs is the fact that she only takes them of people she knows. Often her photographs are of individuals living on the fringes of society, and in a way this representation can be seen as her devotion to documenting the unscripted dramas in life.

Nan Goldin's fiery passion for photography did not begin at art school but rather was kindled from a tragic incident occurring in her youth. Goldin states, "I started taking pictures because of my sister's suicide." After running away from home when she was eleven, she eventually ending up settling in a



Self Portrait with Fried Eggs 1996 (sarah lucas)

commune with a group of teenagers and adults. The friends she made there ended up shaping her life and continue to do so to this day. Most often surrounded by outcasts of so many metaphorical shapes and sizes, Goldin's photographs share with the audience deeply intimate moments of her friends so often viewed as outcasts. She captures them showering and having sex, masturbating or shooting up. Nan has also created an extensive and incredibly personal self portrait portfolio. A particularly famous photograph is titled *Nan one month after battering, NYC (1984)*, which she has said was a reminder "so I would never go back to him."

Her single most influential and renowned work to date and one that continues to grow, is titled *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency*, which is a slide show of friends and lovers. These heart wrenchingly honest and uncensored photos capture the nature of the human spirit and its desperate need for not only human interaction but human contact. Although it began as a private work with viewing limited to those involved, it gained international attention in 1979 when it was screened at the famous Mudd Club as part of Frank Zappa's birthday party. Goldin's work does not present sex as some forbidden act, but rather in the realm of experiences that humans desire to feel connected.

Sarah Lucas also uses photography (one of many mediums) to portray her ideas of sex in art, but unlike Nan Goldin, her work comes from a very different place. Making her mark as one of the very prestigious YBA's (Young British Artists), Sarah's work has been featured in many of the most exclusive galleries in the U.K. I was lucky enough



Chicken Knickers 1999 (sarah lucas)

to see some of her more controversial works in Damien Hirst's (a contemporary and open admirer of Lucas) collection shown in the Serpentine Gallery, London, in early 2007. *No Limits! (1999)* is an installation piece consisting of a BMW car with all the doors removed. Inside is a mechanical arm suspended over the drive's seat, moving up and down to imitate male masturbation. As with many of Lucas' works, shock value is of high importance. Food representing body parts is a common theme in Lucas' art and is employed as a way of investigating the objectification of body parts in the vernacular language. *Chicken Knickers (1999)* is a photo of the artist's lower body wearing a pair of white knickers on top of which a chicken lies, its rear orifice roughly placed where her vulva would be. Another idea that runs through Lucas' art is the confrontation with the role of the female and tradition. She questions the ambiguity with attitudes in relation to sexual objectification and desire often using the connection between food and sexual body parts.

Physically, sex can be good and sex can be bad. It can be fun and it can be boring. It can be memorable and it can be forgotten. But one thing that is for sure, sex plays one of the most important roles in life. And if the saying "*Art imitates life*" is anything to go by, then sex's function in art is equally as pivotal. Whether it is through intimate documentation in Nan Goldin's photography or Sarah Lucas' quest to investigate sexual objectification using satire, the relationship between sex and art can take many forms.



Nan Goldin, Simon and Jessica in the Shower Paris 2001



Nan Goldin, One Month After Battering NYC 1984

War of the Political Clubs

"Last year's sexuality edition of *On Dit* addressed the Human Rights & Equal Opportunity Commission (HREOC) report in relation to 58 instances of discrimination against homosexuality within various Australian legislation. Moving on from the report, what do you think would be the positives and/or negatives of implementing these changes that seemingly aim towards greater equality for all?"

Amending legislation to explicitly include same-sex couples is in itself discriminatory. Granting further rights and legal privileges to one single group demonstrates the hypocrisy of the political left in wanting to remove all discrimination against groups within Australian society.

Rather than amending laws to specifically include same-sex couples, legislation should be amended to include all co-dependent relationships. This would mean that two co-dependent elderly siblings, for instance, would be covered by several different aspects of legislation including finances and superannuation, provided that they are involved in a dependent relationship. This type of amendment throughout the various areas of legislation that according to the HREOC discriminates against same-sex couples would cover all people in co-dependent relationships (including same-sex relationships), regardless of whether they are sexual in nature or not.

For human rights groups and leftist politicians to jump on the bandwagon of providing equal rights to same-sex couples is a joke. It demonstrates how narrow-minded they can be, and it is scary to think that it is these groups controlling the state and the country with their ill-thought ideologies.

No group in our society deserves special legal status or rights because of their sexuality. It is as simple as that. It is time that those do-gooders who consider themselves noble for standing up for same-sex rights take a step back and consider those other groups that are in co-dependent relationships that might not have the same opportunity to be heard by the wider community. It is these groups that would be discriminated against if legislation was amended to solely include same-sex couples.

I certainly hope that the naïve proponents of this debate are not as narrow minded in other aspects of social policy. After all, they are the ones that are governing the country.

Chris Browne
President

Adelaide University Liberal Club

In June last year, a report commissioned by the HREOC identified 58 instances of discrimination against same-sex couples in Australian legislation. Currently, same-sex couples cannot access certain superannuation and workers' compensation death benefits. These are just a few instances of discrimination identified by the report. In addition to this, the report identified that children of same-sex couples suffer as a result of the financial discrimination experienced by their parents.

We need to remove the provisions in our laws that allow this to continue because all Australians have a right to equality under the law and in all dealings with government. Moreover, the legislation that continues to discriminate against same-sex couples is actually inconsistent with our obligations under international law pursuant to the *International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights* and the *Convention on the Rights of the Child*.

Unfortunately, the problem is that no one has actually moved on from the HREOC report. When the Democrats introduced their *Same Sex: Same Entitlements Bill 2007*, all Coalition senators voted down an inquiry into the Bill. This Bill would have ended the discrimination by including same-sex couples within the definition of a de facto relationship. This definition would have been inserted into the various pieces of Australian legislation which currently discriminate against same-sex couples. We just hope that the new Government will rectify this abhorrent situation.

Encouragingly, on March 1 Patricia Karvelas quoted the Attorney-General, Robert McClelland in *The Australian*: "The Rudd Government is committed to removing this discrimination." Sadly, an audit by McClelland's department revealed 100 instances of discrimination, almost double the number found by the HREOC. In light of this, it seems particularly pertinent to address the issue.

McClelland is proposing to introduce relationship registers in every state. This proposal is welcomed where it has the effect of ending discrimination. It is severely disappointing, however, that while leading this change, McClelland is at the same time making it clear that, in his mind, it is wrong to celebrate the recognition of a same-sex relationship. Celebrating the love that is the basis of these relationships seems to me, conversely, to be an indisputable right of the people who have fought for so long for this recognition.

Implementing changes to legislation in order to remove the discrimination faced by same-sex couples is simply the right thing to do. Moving towards greater equality for all is the positive in implementing the changes required.

Aleisha Brown
Australian Democrats
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"Would your party reject these attempts to legalize same-sex marriage?"

Kevin Rudd: "I have a pretty basic view on this, as reflected in the position adopted by our party, and that is, that marriage is between a man and a woman." ABC Local Radio reported that Rudd had ruled out recognising same sex marriage or civil unions.

One could be forgiven for thinking these were the words of John Howard, or a Family First spokesperson. In fact these are the words of our great helmsman, Kevin Rudd during a pre-election television hook up with over 700 churches nation-wide. Leader of the masses, fearless in the face of discrimination, revolutionary in the great art of rhetorical crap, Kevin Rudd supports policies which contribute to the segregation of homosexuals.

We expect this kind of intolerant pontificating from the Liberal Party, but it's time the Labor Party was held accountable. We must denounce this position for it really is: bigoted inequity and moral cowardice.

The Labor Party of yesteryear, once renowned for the great ideals of egalitarianism and equality, has kow-towed to the right-wing majority within its ranks who don't give a shit about the rights of homosexuals. Kevin Rudd and the conservative Christian element within the ALP (backed by the biggest union in Australia, the SDA) have no intention in delivering equal rights for gays in regard to marriage.

The pathetic excuse that marriage is a historical institution of the Christian church and therefore should remain unchanged is equivalent to saying slavery is a traditional institution of the Deep South. The truth about good governance is that we have a duty to intervene and enforce the expectations of the community, one of which happens to be equality. If justice and equality are offensive to some Christians, maybe they should take some time to reinterpret their own faith.

We call upon the Adelaide University Labor Club to publicly denounce this discriminatory and homophobic policy. Failing this, all we are left with is a bunch of self-interested student politicians who are more concerned about furthering themselves than fighting for the rights of the disadvantaged.

The Greens now share the balance of power in the Federal Senate and we will be using all means at our disposal to ensure equal rights and social justice are achieved by all, whether that be for indigenous Australians, women, workers or homosexuals. "Working families" are not limited to the nuclear family, Kev.

I am proud to say that it is our position to support every single recommendation of the HREOC report, something the Labor party, Kevin Rudd and Robert McClelland have refused to do.

Jake Wishart
Young Greens on Campus.

Last June the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission released a report detailing fifty-eight instances of discrimination faced by same sex couples within Australian Law. Since the release of the report not one of the recommendations had been implemented by the previous government.

The Rudd Government has committed itself to adopting the recommendations of the HREOC report. Furthermore the Prime Minister has committed the government to "implement nationally uniform legislation removing remaining forms of discrimination in terms of inheritance law, taxation law and social security law for same sex couples".¹

These changes are an important first step to help create a more inclusive and accepting society. The legal discrimination faced throughout the day-to-day lives of same sex couples is not only degrading for the individuals involved, it also perpetuates the idea held by some in our community that it is acceptable to victimise people based on their sexuality.

Unfortunately, for many young people in our community, coming to terms with their sexuality is an extremely gruelling process. Tragically up to one-third of all male suicides under the age of twenty-four are speculated to involve issues of homosexuality. This cannot begin to be reversed until as a society we are more accepting of same sex relationships. The government has a responsibility to ensure that same sex couples are no longer discriminated against, and by addressing the need for this in parliament it can set a mood in society for change.

This is beginning to be addressed not only by the pending implementation of the HREOC report recommendations, but also with the government's commitment to creating a national relationships register. This will allow same sex couples to have their relationship officially recognised by the government. While this may fall short of what many, including many us in the Labor Club, would like to see in terms of civil unions or gay marriage, it is an important first step.

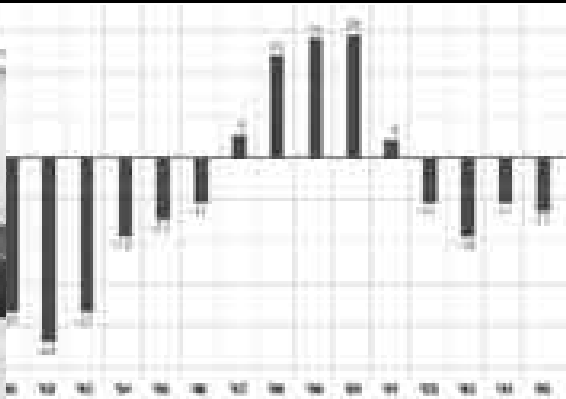
The wheels of change are turning, maybe too slowly for some, but after eleven years of inaction the fact they are turning once again is fundamental in creating a more cohesive society. Greater equality is something we must all strive for. I encourage those wanting to get more involved with the campaign *Demand Equality in 2008* to check out the Gay & Lesbian Rights Lobby website: <http://www.glrll.org.au/>

Scott Cowen
President
Adelaide University Labor Club

(Footnotes)
¹ <http://www.alp.org.au/media/1207/pcpm160.php>

OBITUARY:

THE FINAL DAYS OF BEAR STEARNS



I like the US economy. The US economy is by far more interesting than the Australian one right now. Take this month's big event: the Fed's (US Federal Reserve) bailout of Bear Stearns. What's so interesting this month in Australian finance? Interest rates are up? Oh please, that's exactly what you would expect. Commentators certainly didn't expect the speed with which Bear Stearns neared bankruptcy on the 16th of March, and once it did, well, there was no clear course of action. The Fed, with JP Morgan, decided on one: this is what happened.

For the rest of this article, Bear Stearns will be referred to as BS. Trust me, the allusion is entirely appropriate given what it's worth right now. BS was the US's fifth largest investment bank. Note that they aren't a consumer bank. It isn't unheard of for Government to intervene to protect consumer deposits, as was the case earlier this year when the UK government nationalized Northern Rock following a bank run. BS wasn't, however, a bank in that sense. It's best to think of it as a financial firm. BS specialized in repackaging mortgages (this means, basically, selling the rights to collect the interest on mortgages to other investors in lumped packages), and had one of the least-diversified operations of all Wall-Street investment firms. It's paying for it now. On Nov 30th 2006, BS recorded a \$558 million profit. A year later, after the sub-prime crisis, this had turned into an \$856 million quarterly loss.

That wasn't the last of it. As investors began to question the firm's ability to fund itself, its share price tumbled. Soon, its top lenders and clients wanted their cash back, prompting a traditional bank run. This wasn't helped by the Chief Executive Alan Schwartz appearing on television claiming the firm's capital and liquidity were solid. As things reached crisis point, BS started looking for a way out. In its desperation it turned to its rival, JP Morgan Chase. In a shocking deal to save BS, JP Morgan agreed to pay \$2 a share to buy the almost de facto bankrupt firm in its entirety. This is one-third of the price at which BS went public in 1985, and \$78 off its reported book value. Which it has to be to sweeten the deal for JP Morgan. BS has lost the confidence of the market, the kiss of death on Wall Street. While the merger may greatly increase JP Morgan's market share, it's likely to be little more than a headache in the short term. If BS collapses before its eventual sale, the Fed Reserve is assuming the risk. This means that if BS does collapse, the US taxpayer will foot the bill.

There are problems with this approach to crisis management. Firstly, if the Fed assumes all the risk, why should other investment banks make much of an effort to stay afloat and viable? They know they'll find a buyer if they need one, with the Fed as the insurance policy. It's a matter of incentives, and you would think banks would pick up on these quicker than most. If the incentives don't exist

to promote the responsible financing desired, we should generally assume it won't occur. The markets understand this, and didn't greet the news warmly, falling 2% upon its announcement.

Critics such as Willem Buiter have called the move 'socialism for the rich'. This criticism isn't entirely unwarranted, as some of Bear Stearns' biggest shareholders are very rich indeed, with a handful of individuals owning significant chunks of its shares. Given the amount of market turmoil the collapse of BS would cause, I do think there exist broader reasons to keep it from declaring bankruptcy.

David Bassanese wrote in the Financial Review that "*if ever a country needed a recession- to purge it from financial excess and risk complacency- it is the US right now...America might be better off in the long run*". Which reminds me of Keating and the 'recession we had to have.' Essentially though, if there is no punishment for excessive risk-taking, money will be lost in speculation and those responsible will not be held accountable. Someone will off course pay, most likely the American consumer through higher prices, higher taxes and/or a recession.

In a sense the Fed's actions are understandable. The collapse of such a large firm as BS, which employs 14,000 people worldwide, would have been quite a rude shock to the already precarious US economy. It's a neat trick. It allows BS to go broke, without triggering forced asset sales as they are merely assumed by JP Morgan. On the other hand, such depression era-reminiscent intervention sets a dangerous precedent. BS is not the only investment bank in dire straits: Goldman Sachs, Lehman Brothers and Morgan Stanley sure aren't rosy right now. What's at stake is the stability of the US currency, and the Fed's reputation in managing the economy. Was this worth risking? The instinct is to let the market sort it out, and many would wish to see this option given a chance. After all, the move only buys time and doesn't eliminate underlying losses..

The more I read about BS, the more nostalgic the whole thing makes me. If investment firms were people, Bear Stearns was a cigar-chomping, suspender-wearing 1920s capitalist. He didn't mind taking risks, borrowing over 30 times the value of BS's \$US11 billion equity base. After weathering the market for 85 years, he met his sticky end in the rapidly unfolding credit crisis. Such is life, and on the balance, 85 is a ripe old age after all.

Myriam Robin

[By the time this article's printed there will have been more developments and I'm guessing a lot more coverage of this issue. At the time of writing the Economist had yet to run many articles on it, however the Financial Review has run a few brilliant pieces. Read them for more information]

REVENGE OF THE SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY

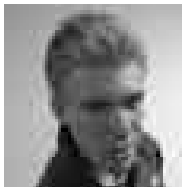
*"Because there's no right
in the Left-Wing"*



The Dub. Hon. Will Martin. MP Minister for Defence and Policy Undevelopment.

This week I was appalled to discover that famous TV personality 'Basil Brush' is under investigation for racial abuse. The puppet fox was condemned when he was caught bargaining for wooden pegs and a bunch of heather with a gypsy woman. This injustice pains me for three reasons. Despite his success in Britain, Brush has dominated the last 30 years in Australian television, far longer than other lightweight introduced celebrities: Rattus P. Rattus, Mixie, Modigliana and Derryn. He is an Australian icon.

Secondly, Brush happens to be an upstanding member of the SPP, and a fierce campaigner for animal rights, and bad puns. These elements are essential to SPP policy. Finally, I am appalled that Brush is being vilified for the actions of the gypsy. If gypsies are so concerned about the racial stereotype of wooden peg sales then why are they desperately trying to sell them to a fox? The tie (let alone the green blazer and pompous British accent) should be enough to confirm his higher social status, and illustrate that he probably can afford plastic pegs.



The Dub. Hon. Harry Dobson MP Minister for Offense and Hairecare.

The SPP becomes the Sporting Political Party this week as we freestyle, breaststroke and butterfly our way toward the Beijing Olympics. As my title indicates the Olympic Games is turning toward becoming a circus if certain issues are not immediately acted upon. Firstly, human rights. If the Chinese government is serious about curtailing the influence of miscreants they must combine the interests of their Olympic team and their Government. For example, the Chinese Shooting and Archery team could be commissioned to help disrupt the activities of political protesters. Distance runners could be employed to round up the swifter ones amongst the mob. Secondly, the awful smog problem in Beijing. Clearly the solution is here to make Greenhouse Gas Emitting an Olympic event. Given our own love for winning Gold perhaps we should re-consider our stance on Kyoto? Which is it to be then Messrs Rudd and Garrett: environmental pussy-willowing our international sporting prestige?

SPP LAUNCH WAR ON HEROISM



CABERNET SAUVIGNON: SPP consume liquid creativity at a Policy Meeting in 1996.



BREW LEADERSHIP: Kevin Rudd funnels Dobson some 'fresh ideas'.

The Slightly Political Party this week have launched their new 'Camp-pain' as a War against Heroism. The name took three weeks of heated debate, however some critics are less than impressed.

"They literally just copied us, except with a sub-par rhyme!" Said Chaser's Craig Reucassel.

The SPP kick-started their return with a harsh message against Labor's ban on binge drinking, which includes an abolition of high alcohol pre-mix drinks and pub operation hours be reduced.

"This is not just an attack on youth culture, but an attempt to stunt SPP policy!" Proclaimed Mr Martin yesterday. "How are we supposed to draft adequate legislation without the use of Elevates, J-Bombs and Pulses?"

The party has also labelled Rudd as a hypocrite. "All this coming from the guy who was too inebriated to remember his night at 'Scores'!" slurred Mr Dobson after another party meeting. "How will the PM weasel his way out of his next unearthed blunder if he



DRAUGHTING LEGISLATION: Rudd objects to SPP's 'Scores' alternative when he learned the dancers were raccoons.

dushn't have alcohol to blame?"

Mr Dobson was seen last week in Kings Cross with Opposition leader Brendan Nelson, who is also condemning Labor's move.

"I'll do and say anything to win more approval!" He said at a Liberal conference yesterday.

But the leader's disastrous approval rating became even more dire, when the latest news poll revealed he was actually less popular than the SPP.

"This is a political first" Said Political Analyst Les Beehan. "However I'm sure the SPP's approval rating will plummet the next time one of their Pseudo Ministers opens their mouths."

"I ate my cat in a bearnaise sauce! Twice!" Mr Dobson pointed out to ZUE in regards to the criticism.

The party will convene to discuss alternatives at 'Shotz' this Friday.

DOBSON VISITS KINGS CROSS

Pseudo-Minister for Social Inclusion Harry Dobson has come under fire this week for an all-night drunken rampage in Sydney's King's Cross. The revelation came to light when Opposition Leader Brendan Nelson said he made 'no apologies' for being in 'the gutter at 3am' with a youth during his address to the National Press Club. According to Dobson - who is apparently well acquainted with the notorious 'Cross



– he wanted to show Nelson an 'ideal Friday night.' When asked for a quote Dobson said, whilst still in some kind of stupor 'I had set Brendan and

BILL PASSOUT: Nelson and Dobson go to ground at Kings Cross

myself up for something close to the most ideal 24 hour bender imaginable, next thing I know he's on the bloody Press Club talking about the idealism of Australian youth.' 'Furthermore,' added Dobson, 'if being out at the strippers can help one opposition leader's chances poll-wise, it can work for another.'

JUDGE
JUDY
100%
ENDORSES
THIS
ARTICLE.



Quick! Call My Lawyer?

Stupid lawyer joke # 194
Q: What do you get when you send a prostitute to law school?
A: A f#cking know it all.

What happened to Mohamed Haneef?

In 2007, after the London and Glasgow bombings, attention turned to Australia when it was suspected Indian doctor Mohamed Haneef was somehow involved. Haneef was arrested at Brisbane Airport on 2 July 2007 by Queensland Police and Australian Federal Police. The arrest was made after the London Metropolitan Police Services Counter Terrorism Command informed Australian authorities that he was a person of interest in their investigations.

On 14 July 2007 Haneef was formally charged under s 102.7 of the *Criminal Code Act 1995* (Cth). That provision provides that a person commits an offence if they provide support to a terrorist organisation. The support that Haneef was alleged to supply was leaving his SIM card in London to his two second cousins involved in the attacks before he moved to the Gold Coast in 2006.

On 16 July 2007 Haneef was granted conditional bail by a magistrate. However, he was never released, as Haneef's lawyers wanted him to remain in custody rather than be taken into immigration detention. On the same day bail was allowed, the then Minister for Immigration and Citizenship, Kevin Andrews, cancelled Dr Haneef's 'Subclass 457 — Business (Long Stay) (Class UC)' visa under section 501(6)(b) of the *Migration Act 1958* (Cth). That section gave Andrews the power to cancel Haneef's visa if he believed that he had an "association" with an individual, a group or an organisation that the Minister believes is involved in criminal conduct. This association meant that he failed the "character test."

Later still, the then Attorney General, Phillip Ruddock, issued a Criminal Justice Stay certificate under s 147 of the *Migration Act 1958* (Cth), meaning that Haneef could not leave, be deported or be removed from Australia because of his alleged criminality.

Andrews revoked his Visa on the grounds that Haneef was the second cousin of the two suspects of the London bombings and that he had corresponded with one of the suspects via online chat rooms. Haneef contended that this information amounted to a mere innocent association which was insufficient for the purposes of s 501(6)(b). On 21 July he filed for legal proceedings against the Minister's decision.

The criminal charges against Haneef were dismissed at 3 pm on 27 July 2007 in the Brisbane Magistrates Court when the Commonwealth Director of Public Prosecutions offered no evidence in respect of the charge under s 102.7 of the *Criminal Code Act 2005* (Cth). The Criminal Justice Stay Certificate was cancelled by the Attorney-General shortly after, either on 27 or 28 July 2007. Haneef then left Australia to return to Bangalore, India.

Despite having the criminal charges dropped, Haneef informed his solicitor from India that he wanted to continue his legal battle (judicial review) challenging the Minister's decision to cancel his visa. He did so because the decision would affect his reputation and his ability to travel to other countries in the future. He also wished to return to Australia and continue in his position at Southport Hospital.

In court, Haneef, through his lawyers, said that the Minister committed 'jurisdictional error', that is, he misunderstood what

opinion he had to form before he could revoke his visa. Haneef argued it wasn't any opinion, or rather, any "association", but one relevant to invoke the power of the Act. The Minister maintained that any association, however innocent, was sufficient. So a debate ensued as to whether there had to be a particular type of association, such as sinister or criminal, or any type of association that would allow the Minister to exercise this broad power. Justice Andrew Spender, of the Federal Court, had to decide who was right.

A long story short, Spender J agreed with Haneef. Spender J said that it was Parliament's intention that in passing the law, the association had to be one that would adversely affect a person's character, such as a criminal association. A friendly or family association would not be enough for the Minister to exercise his power as this would not adversely affect his character.

The government appealed to the Full Federal Court, where Chief Justice Black and Justices French and Weinberg agreed with Spender J. They reaffirmed that the relevant "association" is one that is sympathetic with, provides support for, or involves criminal conduct with an individual, group or organisation, so as to have an adverse bearing upon that person's character. That was not the case with Haneef.

Peter Bosco

References:

Haneef v Minister for Immigration and Citizenship (2007) 161 FCR 40

Minister for Immigration and Citizenship v Haneef (2007) 163 FCR 414



****Eds - Don't mess with this one hot mamma of a judge. Gotta love sexin' up the law section.**

SEKSHUALITEE!!!

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT'S LOUNGE

Sexuality is one of those words that invokes different reactions in different people. Primarily it has a lot to do with our upbringing and the society we live in, and in a more non-invasive way, it has a lot to do with the things we have experienced, growing up. As a parent, one's ability is limited, but the little that can be provided, forms the best perspective that a growing child can refer to in their mind, as the learning curve progresses. In this article, I have not tried to explain the peculiarities of sexuality from different cultures because that would be a) an exercise in futility, simply because of the sheer variance in attitude from the ultra-conservative view of segregation of men and women to the polyandry and sacred group coitus practiced by the indigenous people of the Polynesian Islands and b) I have a reeeeeeeeeaaaally short attention span. In fact, I have not tried to explain anything at all. This, then, is just some fun facts and mostly thoughts I have had since I heard that the topic was going to be sexuality.

So did you know...?

- That due to the increasing urbanization and modernization, a new breed of humans has been identified in Japanese society. This new subspecies, branded Neo Homo Sapiens, apparently does not accept conventional human relationships and chooses to live in the World Wide Web controlled by computers and communicates through social networks and imaginary chat rooms (read MySpace) and avoids direct human contact with peers. As a consequence, this person lacks inter-personal skills and is more specifically unskilled in sexual relations. This theory is also supported by the large number of older bachelors and a strange phenomenon called a Narita divorce. A Narita divorce can be roughly explained as such: When newly wed Japanese couples take a honeymoon trip to a foreign location, the wife discovers that the husband is too intimidated to leave the hotel room due to his lack of people skills. The wife however would like to be more outgoing but finds

her husband a dreadful bore due to his unwillingness and so dumps the poor guy at the end of the honeymoon, at Narita New Tokyo International Airport!

- That many parents in India feel that school is the right place for young children to get their sex education and not at home. One important reason for this, apart from the fact that most of the predominant, stereotypical housewife's time is taken up by obsessive elaborate soap operas, is that many parents feel unable to handle this task themselves. This is partly due to the inhibitions that most parents in India have about discussing sex with their children. Whereas this is quite a normal phenomenon world-over, the peculiarity therein is that many Indian parents admit that they do not have the "technical knowledge" to answer all the questions that children ask and are also afraid of giving up more information than necessary. One standing joke on the topic, just to prove a point, is when a young child comes up to the mother and asks her what sex means. The alarmed Indian mother calms down and explains to the child as best she can about the act of pro-creation and after the lengthy session the bewildered child asks the mother, how she could possibly put all that information down on the tiny space in the application form that says, Sex-?? Jokes apart, the thing about India is that sex is not as taboo as many of you might think. Ironically though, sex education is.

- That according to some survey that I'm not going to give you the pleasure of verifying, adolescents in Australia today are probably more sexually experienced than their parents were at the same age. And that is not so unbelievable considering the increased access to modern social amenities that the youth of this day and age enjoy and abuse. However, what is unbelievable and incredulous, is the number of older-aged men who get snared into sex-rackets and go across the globe in search of "the one" and barely escape with their lives and come

back home to a great media welcome (read public embarrassment), ignoring the neon sign that she was 19/F/Lahore and thinks that you, 35/M/Adelaide is interesting. No offence, but how big should your ego be to actually fall for that?!

And, I for one am totally stupefied by the advertisements on telly, the late-night ones tempting you to download a series of orgasmic moans or ones that ask lovers to send in their names along with their partners to find out if they're cheating on them. A friend and I were talking about this and were wondering how much money the advertisers actually spent to make these half-arsed adverts and consequently how much money they were making out of the effort to keep going at it. This only means that there are people out there who keep these creatively-challenged companies in business, but who are they? Well, if you buy into the survey we spoke about earlier, it cannot be the adolescents of Australia because they do not seem wanting, it cannot be Indians, because we are yet to be educated on the subject. That leaves only the divorcees.

Hey wait a minute, what was this yarn about again?

Sheik Jamal

If you would like to be a part of the International Student's Lounge or wish to comment on Sheik's musings, email us at: ondit@adelaide.edu.au

GETTING

"FAGSPOSURE"

WITH TYSON SHINE



It's always perplexed me, the amount of gay people who don't actually have gay friends. Luckily enough, I fell in with a group of about twenty when I first came to university and as such have never really understood the whole *Little Britain* blues.

I moved to A-town in 2005. Three years - and a whole lot of debauchery later - one can assume I've learnt a lot about the unwholesome side to this most wholesome city of churches. I thusly depart my knowledge unto you. You the closeted, you the scared, you the socially inept, and you the only gay in the village - you're not by the way!

First things first, leave all social stereotypes at the door. Yes there is the Mars Bar which, for all intensive purposes, is fun if you're drunk and looking for an easy root; but this piece is for those of you who want more than that 'oh so entertaining' one hundred and twenty minute Kylie remix. Keep mars on the cards, for sure, if you're wanting a one nighter, but don't forget that there are many actually 'cool' places you can frequent, far before dragging your mates towards the seedy end of gouger.

If you're not a slut, or camper than Elton John erecting a tent... then get out the pen and paper and take note. Which crowd should you follow? The indie crowd is the crowd to follow! Not because they have awesome taste in music; not because they can pull off skinny leg jeans; not because the Exeter is a gay bar in Melbourne, but rather because it's an indie bar in Adelaide.

The Exeter - A.k.a. 'the Ex' - gay friendly - indie.

Be it a beer with a bud or a carafe of Adelaide's finest goon with a wheelchair bound drag queen named Amelia - the Ex is the place to be. Rickety old planks of wood in the beer garden, incorporated with a severe lack of alfresco smoking seats means you could end up sitting on almost anyone's lap in an attempt to kill yourself with cancer sticks. Maybe it's the toilet cubicle that's seen more action than Anna Nicole Smith, maybe it's the pungent smell of stale beer and vomit that's come into play now that the smoke doesn't mask them anymore or maybe it's the tres, tres cute bar staff that gets the gays in. However sure enough on any given night of the week, up to forty percent of the Exeter clientele will be gay or bi-curious. Tips here: keep to the beer garden and outside seating areas for maximum fagsposure. The front bar is for scary old men, or when you're not getting served anywhere else.

The Crown and Sceptre - A.k.a. the C&S - neither here nor there - grunge / trendy

Often understated on Adelaide's bar scene, the C&S offers half

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priced cocktails on Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday. Now if that's not enough of an innuendo to draw you in, I don't know what is?! Funky music coupled with comfy couches and a fear of falling down the cellar stairs makes this bar a safe haven for many Adelaide scensters that want to take a break from the hustle and bustle of Rundle Street. You're not guaranteed that the place will be swarming with the gays, but on the odd occasion there are a few around. If you're lucky enough you might just catch one out, ogling the naked portrait of the barmen above the entrance. Tips here: Don't go expecting and you might just find yourself a catch.

Rocket Bar - A.k.a. Rocket - free for all - house / funk

If I'm left dumbfounded by the rate the polar icecaps are melting, then I'm dumbfounded by the amount of people who have never heard of rocket, let alone been inside. I've enjoyed many a drunken disco pash, facial hair on facial hair, in this most funky of Adelaide lounges. The bar tenders and socialites that frequent the bar are

predominantly indie or alternative and as such don't really give a shit who's sexing who in the stairwell. A trip to Rocket is a must for those who idolise the free love ideals from the 60's without the horrid rainbow vomit wallpaper. If you want to hug, dance or just be seen, then this Rocket's your ship! Tips here: Friday nights are the nights one should go to Rocket Bar, otherwise is always holds after parties for music festivals and the hottest bands almost always make an appearance.

"Play it safe kiddies! Bareback can be fun, but HIV isn't."

Shotz - A.k.a. 'dear god don't go there unless you're really, really poor or really, really emo - Emo / slightly grunge - 90's pop and a plethora of trash'.

It's the plethora of trash music that brings the many, straight and gay together at Shotz. Don't hide the fact that you know the exact lyrics - backup singers lyrics included - to *hit me baby one more time* at this bar. When the blood squirting out of your razored veins subsides, essentially you see that Shotz is but a cringe worthy, emo version of Mars. Which one is more trash-tastic is yet to be confirmed. None the less, if you're poor, cheap or just drunk enough to endure the Backstreet Boys, you can actually have a good time here. At Shotz, stereotypes are generally true to form. You'll find the little emo boys sitting out back crying to their fag hags, so why not go and make a friend. You could save their life or just end up getting your pee-pee puckered. Friendly reminder: although you will be socially shunned for even venturing in, many of the black clad boys here have tongue piercings *insert sexually provocative emoticon here*.

Remember kiddies, those who go to Shotz, deserve to be [shot].

In 2008 one could claim that it's difficult to find a place that is one hundred percent straight. The person who claims that obviously hasn't ventured into the Stag... or PJ O'Briens... or the Oxford... or, the list goes on. My advice? Just feel your way around and go where you feel comfortable. Gays aren't that socially taboo nowadays, so there's a lot more of us around than the Church would have you think. So if you do find yourself alone at a straight bar, don't disregard the 'eyes' that you're getting from the cute boy in the corner. Chances are he's one of us too! Make the eyes back and remember above all else, that men are far easier to get into bed with women, don't buy him a drink, he's already yours!

The heat was beating down on everyone and everything. There had been no relief for what seemed like an eternity. The shutters of the room were closed to keep the beating afternoon sun out. The girl lay nude on her back on the bed. The sheets were slightly damp from her sweat and thoughts. She was still. Too hot to move, she waited for the change, waited for the cool to come to soothe her mind, her body, her yearning. She was waiting but it wasn't coming and wouldn't for a long time. She lay in and out of sleep, unable to get up, waiting.

She looked down her body and ran her hand across it feeling the collection of sweat over her décolletage, her breasts, her stomach. She was waiting. There was a soft knock on the door, soft like the breeze that suddenly wafted through the room. She contemplated who it could be and secretly hoped that it was the change she had been waiting for. There was another knock on the door, this time louder and more persistent. She groaned and rolled on her side with her back to the wall. She had left the door unlocked, waiting for the change to come in but never expecting it to come.

Someone opened the door. She saw him in the mirror, dressed in a rumpled linen suit. She recognised him from somewhere she had been recently but couldn't remember. The heat had muddled the days and nights into one long slow moving feeling. His smell filled the room - cigarettes and strong aftershave which surprisingly added to and complemented the still heat. He looked at her through the mirror, her nudity exposing but necessary - for her, him and the heat. Her eyes never left him.

He moved over to the dresser that had a bottle on it. He poured out a small amount and sipped it. Her mouth opened and wanted to share in the taste but couldn't bear to move. He looked at her, sensing what she was thinking and moved over to her. He placed the glass at her lips and she sipped from it. He put the glass down and ran his finger down her neck and rubbed her shoulder. She turned and laid flat on her back again looking and waiting.



He took the glass, moved away from the bed and sat in the corner chair looking at her, sipping. He lit a cigarette. He was still looking at her. After a while of looking back at him she once again sank back to her half consciousness. She lay in her original position, barely moving and waiting for the change. She looked down at her breasts and touched them making her nipples hard. She looked down at her navel and beyond to see him looking at her, sipping, smoking, blinking amongst the haze.

He stood up, his suit even more rumpled. He moved closer to her. For what seemed like the first time, even though she had been looking at him for sometime she could now see the sweat across his forehead. For what seemed like the first time, she sat up. He was now at the edge of the bed standing by her. She reached up and unbuttoned his shirt, his pants. He took his clothes off and lay beside her on his back. They both lay, sweaty and breathing deeply. This time he looked down at her nudity, and ran his finger down her décolletage, her breasts, her stomach, and into her inner thigh. He felt her sweat and wetness come as one and he instantly grew with desire.

Another breeze entered the room making the time seem suspended in the air. She was moving with the motion of his finger running across her figure. He moved on top of her. They both breathed in a gasp, the first real sound that had come out of either of their mouths. The motion of their bodies moving together was the only defining thing apart from the heat. The heat and passion that she felt was going to be the only cure, the only relief. He enjoyed feeling her legs wrapped

around him. She moved on top of him, he was still looking at her. His hands reached for her breasts and she moved in a trance like motion, sweating, breathing and waiting for the change. She could now feel him completely and it thrilled her. They changed again and laid on their sides.

They made love for what seemed like hours but lasted only minutes. They both knew that it was coming to an end. They battled with the idea of relief, whether to keep enjoying each other's bodies or finish and be still again.

But like all things in nature they didn't get a choice and their love making ended with her in a silent, sweet moment of sweaty relief. They returned to their original positions lying side by side on the bed breathing deeply but this time, she was not waiting.

The breeze that twice entered the room seemed to be constantly there now. The sun had moved and did not seem to be beating through the shutters trying to invade not only the room but the people inside. She felt cool again, like this brief moment between them had finally given her the change she needed. She looked down at herself and felt that her body had changed and seemed to be cooler. She felt free of the heat and was able to move. For the first time in hours, since she walked past the man in the linen suit in the foyer and went up to the room, she stood up. She went to the dresser and poured a drink, turned and looked at him, she sipped. She noticed he could not move, falling in and out of sleep, not feeling the breeze that had come to satisfy her so truly and completely. She put the glass down, dressed herself and left the room.



The Home of “the Greatest Symbol of Eternal Love”



So I left Kathmandu for India on a Saturday and was due to leave India on the following Monday, giving me eight days to explore India to its fullest.

However, Nepal owed me one last annoyance before I left. Paranoid as I am, I went to the airport three hours early to make sure I go through the check-in process and suss out how to find my plane. Everything was going fine, I checked in and had found the departure gate, I plopped myself down next to a television with all the boarding times on it. This is where I ran into a problem, all the planes with a half hour or so to go, had either boarding in green writing or departed in red writing next to them. I made the assumption that if the plane number didn't have boarding next to it I probably shouldn't go through the departure gates, how foolish of me. So it got to about five minutes before the plane was due to leave, a boarding symbol hadn't come up and I began to get exiguously anxious, to say the least. I asked a security guard if I should be concerned, he muttered something in Englishese about everything being fine. At least that's what I thought he said because at that point an important looking man came running out in an Indian Airlines vest shouting my flight's number, I shouted

it back, he asked my name and then we ran through security to an apparently impatient plane waiting on the takeoff strip. I got the impression that if I hadn't been standing where I was at the time, I could very well still be in Nepal now. But I was and I did and I landed in Varanasi, the city of Shiva an hour later.

I shared a cab with an obtuse, rough talking Brit named Jamie to the Dashashwamedh Ghat, the main ghat along the River Ganges. From there, we had to walk to our respective guesthouses due to the fact that the taxi could no longer fit down the slim alleyways. I was shortly set upon by a twenty year old boy who claimed to be in ABC's *Race Around The World* ten years ago. He told me he didn't want anything from me, he just enjoyed talking to people and he would guide me to my guesthouse. Naively, I followed him and he convinced me that I shouldn't go to my intended guesthouse but rather one of his choosing. So we got to his Puja guesthouse and because I couldn't be bothered, nor knew how to get to another guesthouse, I decided to stay there. Upon my check in, my new fast-talking, back-stabbing friend informed me that he worked for a silk shop and that I have to go and check it out. Like I said, I was naive. So I told him that I not only didn't want nor could afford any silk, I especially didn't want to go to his shop. He seemed a little shocked and asked what monetary imbursement he would receive from me for his act in kindness for guiding me to such a lovely guesthouse. (Not that half of my payment wouldn't already be given to him as commission). I informed him I would give him none and then as if by some form or Indian thaumaturgy one of his lackeys appeared insisting that I should give the boy money for being so nice. Getting a little frustrated with the situation I repeated I wouldn't be pressured into giving anyone any money. They seemed unhappily satisfied with this and said sarcastically that I was poor and that was fine. As I walked off, the lackey muttered something under his breath and such completed my first impression of India, and you know what they say about first impressions.

I met a 26-year-old man from the Netherlands called Martin; he spoke good English so we chatted. Shortly after, we took a walk down to mother Ganges to the cremation ghat where my first impression of India was burnt away with the bodies of the dead. At the cremation ghat, I felt an overwhelming feeling of awe; it was very humbling. Hindus burn the bodies of the dead there twenty-four hours a day seven days a week and there are at least six fires going at any given time. It is an extremely religious ceremony of which only the richer of men can afford. The body is carried down to the ghat, wrapped in silk in a similar style to a coffin, atop the shoulders of the family. The body is first taken down to the river. Here it is cleansed and then sat upon the logs where it will later burn. The eldest son shaves his head and then completes five revolutions around the body, one for each of



earth, fire, air, water and soul. Varanasi is considered an auspicious place to die because once the cremation ceremony is complete and the body has burned, its soul will reach nirvana. No one cries, the mourning period is over and it is time to celebrate. You're not allowed to take photos at the ghat but the image is burned into my retinas.

There are many other ghats along the river, most of them bathing ghats where depending on the time of day, either men, women or religious people bathe in the river. The river is extremely polluted, if I was to go into it, I would almost definitely catch some disease but it's a very holy place for Hindus. It is the giver of life and while I was there, a ceremony praying to it occurred every night.

So I stayed in Varanasi for three more days, soaking up the atmosphere and the rays. Then it was on to Agra, solely to see the Taj Mahal. I caught the overnight train from Varanasi to Agra sleeping in second sleeper class, which was an experience in itself. If I had a romantic notion of trains in India from seeing *The Darjeeling Limited* it was pretty much destroyed in the twelve-hour ride. My mattress, a foot from the roof was two metres by fifty centimetres, in this space I had to stuff all my belongings and lie down to sleep. I couldn't sit up due to the lack of room above my head and if I lay down, my feet stuck out on the aisle. I'm glad I'm not there anymore.

I arrived early in the morning and went straight to the Taj Mahal. It's easy to think that it's just a big building and a tourist attraction but when you're actually there it's quite breathtaking. The history surrounding the building is interesting as well. The Emperor Shah Jahan built it as a mausoleum or final resting place for his wife. It has been described as "the greatest symbol for eternal love" or, the one I prefer, by Rabindranath Tagore "a teardrop upon the cheek of time". As with any love story, there is tragedy too. Soon after the Taj Mahal's completion, Shah Jahan was held captive by his son in the nearby Agra Fort and could only look on at the Taj Mahal from a distance for the rest of his days.

After a days sightseeing in Agra I then caught another train to New Delhi. Just a quick eight hours later I arrived at my guesthouse where they promptly told me that they had filled the room I purposefully booked two days earlier. The 'concierge' or 'guy at desk, which I believed is the more official title was informed me that I wasn't to worry because there was another guesthouse down the road. I was in a mood to argue but having little to no sleep in the 48 hours prior I was also overcome by fatigue and trudged off bitterly to my new guesthouse.

New Delhi is a big, dirty city, having my ticket already booked to leave, I spent the next three days waiting to go to Europe. I did a little sight-seeing, a little shopping and bought a nice coffee, in my opinion the best thing the city had to offer.



I left India a little bitter. I think the problem was that I only spent eight days there, mostly in transit. There are some simply amazing things to see in India and I was glad for the experiences. The culture, the sights, the food and some of the people are unlike anywhere else on the planet. However, people wanting to sell me items, sell me services or just wanting my money for no reason at all constantly harassed me. The problem is that as a tourist, the only people I was exposed to were people who wanted things from me. If they didn't want anything, they wouldn't approach me, hence the problem. I did meet some Indians who were incredibly insightful and didn't like



the way a lot of their fellow men harassed travellers. As a tourist it was true I had more money than the majority of the people that I met, but this is due to the fact that I come from a country with a stronger economy but I don't have enough money to give to every single person who wants it from me. If a five year old child can make more money begging than it can going to school, then why send it to school? But then the child never becomes educated and the economy of the country suffers and a country needs to be self sufficient, not rely on the pockets of its visitors. I've thought about this a bit; if you think it's just selfish or greedy, let me know. I'd like to hear your thoughts.

Anyway, love to stay and chat but things to see, people to do.

Alex Rains



AXLE WHITEHEAD

You might know him from Australian Idol or Video Hits, or quite simply as the guy who publicly exposed himself at the ARIA Awards two years ago. Whatever the case, Axle Whitehead has become a household name over the last few years. I caught up with him to find out about his new musical ventures, penchant for jazz and 'that' infamous flashing incident...

Claire: Congratulations on the success of your new single, you told me its doing well on the iTunes charts and I've heard it around the place a fair bit, on radio and TV...

Axle: Fantastic! Yeah it was amazing, it became part of a Channel 10 promo for a show called Women's Murder Club and House... and radio was quite quick to pick it up so I'm absolutely stoked with the response so far.

C: So you co-wrote most of the songs on the album?

A: Yeah I co-wrote all of them really. Robert Connolly, a guy who produced the record, he and I wrote 50/50 the whole thing.

C: And how did you meet him?

A: We had the same music publisher and I had about 40, 50 tracks up my sleeve and was about to start looking for a deal and then our music publisher put us together and said 'Why don't you hang out and start making a bit of music?'. We both come from different backgrounds... he's from LA and has been working with Darren Hayes, Santana, Beyoncé, Christina Aguilera... all these guys.

C: So did you find that he brought a lot of a different sound to the record?

A: Yeah, well he comes from more of an electronic, pop background and I come from more of a sort of funk and world music and jazz and rock background. Initially we thought it wouldn't work at all but we've really thrown our musical tastes at this project and it's worked out really well.

C: Did you manage to sneak a bit of jazz on the album then?

A: There are elements.. Yeah well I studied jazz at VCA in Melbourne about 6 or 7 years ago and studying jazz just gives you a really good basis of harmony and melody... having that theory behind me really sets me up to be able to write any type of music really. There are some little sort of free scat ideas we've laid up to have in the mix, yeah.

C: So most of us would know you from your presenting stint on Video Hits, which ended in 2006 after I guess what some would call a 'wardrobe malfunction'?

A: Yeah well it was a bit of fun at the time, I just thought it would be shits and giggles and spark up the audience a bit...

C: I guess you're sort of sick of people asking about it...

PITCH People more interesting than you

with Claire Elizabeth Knight

A: No you can ask anything you like, I've got regrets, it doesn't bother me at all.

C: Well I've heard a few rumours about what happened, would you like to hear some?

A: Haha.. yes please, what are the rumours?

C: There was a rumour that you were trying to impress Jonny Knoxville who was there at the time.

A: Yeah that's a total rumour, the only truth to that is that I'd interviewed him about a year ago so I was just having a scotch with him, just hanging out. So it was certainly nothing to do with impressing the man.

C: Did you impress him though?

A: Ah I'm not quite sure, I didn't speak to him afterwards... we enjoyed a scotch together but that was about it.

C: So no Axle Whitehead featuring in Jackass or anything like that?

A: Awe, listen, **if I get a gig in Jackass then why not?!**

C: Well, it worked for Wolfmother... a bit of a different performance at the ARIAs though.

A: Hah, yeah it worked for them, but no, I saw an episode where they were putting paper cuts in each others ball sacs so, no... Uh no Jackass for me I think.

C: Nasty. In regards to your work at Video Hits though, also given your obvious musicianship, was it frustrating working in an environment where you're constantly liaising and working with popular and successful musicians but not really focusing on your own music career?

A: Yeah, that's a very good question. I came into TV not really knowing anything about production or hosting or researching... so to have that skill and to learn that with such a great bunch of people was just fantastic. So now I have a great knowledge of TV and could run my own TV show if I wanted to, but after a while, it was sort of 3, 3 and a half years and yeah you're right, after always speaking about other people and other people's music, music that some you like, some you don't, does have a depreciating sort of effect on your creativity after a while. So it has been absolutely awesome to get back to being a musician and doing what I do best.

C: Because that's how you started isn't it? Tell me a bit more about your musical life beforehand, so to speak...

A: Well I left school in 98, went to VCA to study jazz and had been playing shows



with a few bands, some jazz stuff, world music, funk, some hip hop stuff. Also playing with DJs and experimenting with electronic music. So I'd been playing festivals in Melbourne and doing a bit of touring, and that's when I got the gig to go and do the TV stuff. It was an interesting turn of events, coming from being a musician to doing a pop TV show... I was in the first series of Idol for about 2 seconds, and that's where I got my little break and ended up hosting a TV show. I really knew nothing about pop music at the time...

C: So not being known to the general public as a musician, what do you think the general response has or will be like to your transition into a different sector of the public eye?

A: Yeah well a lot of the public don't really know me as a musician and sometimes it can be viewed as 'Hey what's this TV guy doing? Has he got songs written for him? Has he just been thrown into the studio? But I mean, the album is very strong and eclectic, there's everything from folk and country and drum and bass and electro. I mean, I've been a musician all of my life and they're really strong songs. So to the public, the more music that they get to see, the more they realise I actually am a muso, so, the transitions going really well.

C: I also read somewhere that you went back to Video Hits as a guest. Was that weird? Was there any lingering animosity still?

A: Yes I did, Yeah I was wondering, I thought it might be a bit funny but yeah it was good, it was really comfortable. At one point I found myself kind of slipping back into a TV presenter and I was like 'Woah, hang on dude!' but it's really nice to be on the other side of the interviewing chair now.

C: Obviously the last few years of your life have been rather highly publicised, tell us something we don't know about you.

A: I grew up on a farm in Western Victoria and was about to go Jackerooing in far North Queensland to work on horse and cattle stations, then I auditioned for VCA and it was either farming or music, so music sort of stuck its head up. Other things, I do play a lot of poker, I'm an absolute poker freak... but I know when to walk away.

SCIENCE WITH GOLDY

*"Sex is something you do
sexuality is something you are"*
Anna Freud

Aphrodisiacs

Dictionary definitions of sex have a tendency to be less literary:

- sex: a way of distinguishing male and female members of a species (referring to their reproductive functions)

- sex: coitus or intercourse, an act that can result in reproduction.

Depending on who you ask, the answer you get to the question "what is sex" can vary. Ask a doctor, he or she might say that sex is defined by hormones in one's body. A therapist might reply that sex is all in one's head, while a guru's response would be that sex is about getting closer to God. Given such an extensive explanation, it can be helpful to narrow your focus and figure out what aspect of sex you want to learn more about.

Sex & Our Body

The sexual parts of our bodies are usually considered to be the parts that relate to reproduction. However, every part of our body can play a role in sex. Our feet are used to physically get us to where we are going to have sex. Elbows, thighs, eyelashes and even earlobes may be involved in unexpected ways. Learning more about how your body works when having sex, and how you can work it more, can expand your definition of sex exponentially.

Sex & Our Mind

No doubt that the greatest sex organ is the mind. Our thoughts and feelings in interpreting the physical contact we have with others, can really distinguish good sex from bad. Some people tend to "over think" when it comes down to sex. Exploring our sexual thoughts and feelings may be very much more important than trying on the latest sex position or role play outfit.

Sex & Our Spirit

Sex and religion may not equate appropriately. For some, sex is spiritual because it brings them closer to a "higher power," but others may liken it as their personal religious beliefs that guide their sexual behaviors. Regardless of how it impacts you, your religious or spiritual beliefs and convictions make up part of your personal definition of sex, and exploring them is another way of exploring sex.

Sex & Our Health

Over 30 years ago the World Health Organization defined sexual health as:

"...a state of physical, emotional, mental and social well-being in relation to sexuality; it is not merely the absence of disease, dysfunction or infirmity. Sexual health requires a positive and respectful approach to sexuality and sexual relationships, as well as the possibility of having pleasurable and safe sexual experiences, free of coercion, discrimination and violence. For sexual health to be attained and maintained, the sexual rights of all persons must be respected, protected and fulfilled."

Is there a known aphrodisiac that really works?

Although aphrodisiacs are based more on cultural myths than fact, their appeal continues till this very day. People are still experimenting with them to zest up their sex lives. All these years, people all over the world have tried food, beverages, and even drugs, in the hopes of being bestowed some magical aphrodisiac powers. Some even look similar to men's and women's genitals, or derived from animal sex organs. Named after Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love, beauty, and fertility, aphrodisiacs are substances that apparently bring forth sexual desire and stimulation, enhance sex drive and sexual "performance" and extend sexual energy.

Rhino horn

In the effort to promote the survival of mankind, we are indirectly forcing other species to the brink of extinction. Rhino horn, a highly prized aphrodisiac, is used illegally in Chinese. This could be the fact that the horns look little like an erect penis, and in traditional medicine that is enough to give the idea that by grinding and eating the horns will make one's own penis erect. It is said that the horns contain nutrients, such as phosphorus, which gave our nutrient-poor ancestors a little more energy.

Spanish fly

Definitely not a fly and certainly not from Spain. Spanish fly is ground-up blister beetle, indigenous to Europe. The beetle contains a caustic acid-like juice called cantharidin. When this stuff is ingested and eventually excreted, it causes a burning and swelling sensation in the urinary tract misconstrued as sexual stimulation. The only problem is that cantharidin is toxic. Most Spanish fly sold today is just pepper or something to

make you feel hot.

Alcohol

Alcohol lowers inhibitions and raises the level of one's irrationality. Booze and party drugs such as cocaine and ecstasy (MDMA) contribute to erectile dysfunction, as these drugs will affect blood flow and they have serious consequences on testosterone levels, and thus libido.

Chocolate

Chocolate contains phenylethylamine and serotonin, two chemicals that light up pleasure areas in the brain. Chocolate makes you feel good. However, this does not imply, and no studies have shown that chocolate increases sexual cravings.

Oysters

Oysters are high in zinc, which is necessary for the production of sperms. Raw oysters are also high in D-aspartic acid and N-methyl-D-aspartate, which increases testosterone levels, which could in theory increase libido.

Yohimbe, Tribulus and Maca

Any combination of these can be pulverized, capsulated and sold as "natural Viagra". However, too much of yohimbe (a bark from a West African evergreen tree), can kill you (definitely not the kind of stiffness most guys are after). Studies are being carried out on yohimbe and other similar plants to see if there are medicinal properties that can be isolated and turned into a reliable treatment for sexual dysfunction.

Viagra

Ever wonder why Viagra ads keep popping up in your email inbox? This is because Viagra works & people are trying to earn extra bucks by cashing in on the Pfizer's billion-dollar success story. Viagra is not an aphrodisiac. One needs sexual stimulation for the drug to work. Before the dawn of Viagra and similar prescription drugs about a decade ago, urologists had little success in treating erectile dysfunction with medication. Viagra increases blood flow to the penis and blocks the blood from leaving, helping men maintain an erection. There are side effects, some serious, for a small percentage of users, but guys do not seem to care.

"There is no such thing as a true aphrodisiac", Dr. Ruth Westheimer once said. An aphrodisiac arouses or intensifies sexual desire, and no herb or witch's potion has been proven to do so.

Dylan

1. Reverting back to your primeval instincts.

Having sex reveals that most people are fundamentally the same.

2. My gorgeous smile.

3. I learnt nothing, I was too busy laughing.



Sarah

1. You're being intimate with someone.

2. I'm honest and always myself.

3. Use protection.



Calvin

1. It's mutually beneficial and feels a bit of alright.

2. My raw masculinity.

3. Any hole's a goal.

***Eds - Watch out ladies, we've found a keeper!*



Questions

1. Why is sex fun?
2. What makes it fun?
3. What was the best part of your sexual education?

Nick

1. You are able to run around naked.

2. What doesn't?

3. If you have sex with ranga you'll



Melissa

1. Feeling connected to another person and expressing yourself physically.
2. My confidence. You're sexy when you do not care what people think or say about you.
3. I learnt more from experience than from anything anyone ever taught me.

Wax Pop

?
you sexy?
e best tip you picked up in
ation at school?

Hugh

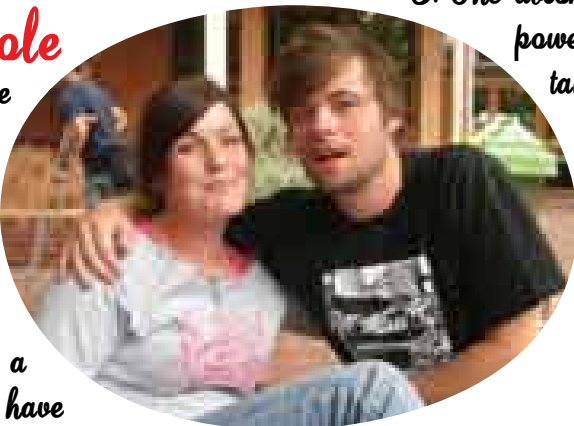
1. It's a great stress relief. It relaxes you and you learn a lot about the person you are sexing.
 2. I like to laugh.
 3. You are unable to go to the toilet when you have a boner.
- **Eds - Funny and true.*



Tom

1. The sensation and connection you receive from another person.
2. The beard attracts the older ladies.
3. The absorption power of the tampon.

***Eds - Gross*



a
have
ranga kids.

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**Eds - for hate mail/thankyous,
Mac Daddy is On Dit editor Mike.



THEATRE

Moving Target

By Marius von Mayenburg
Translated by Maja Zade
Directed by Benedict Andrews
1...2...3...4... Imagine a basic room with six people, no explanation of how they got

there, no idea why they are there and no inclination as to what is going to happen. All you witness for the next hour involves dialogue that goes around in a circle, never really resolving any questions and all the while a game of hide and seek sporadically interrupts any kind of fluidity or continuity. Welcome to the world of Benedict Andrews, the director of *Moving Target*.

The most enjoyable aspect of *Moving Target* revolves around the simplistic nature of the set and props. This was a catalyst for the audience to try and work out how the characters were going to hide themselves each time a new game of hide and seek began. During the 100 second countdown, watching as each character frantically scrambled around the stage, creatively using what little props were on display, helped the minimally engaging storyline seem not so tedious.

The last 25 minutes of the play becomes a frantic explosion of projected colour and army style re-enactments that left me feeling fairly underwhelmed and mostly confused as to why these six people were in this room in the first place.

As far as acting ability goes, talented artists were not in short supply, although relating to characters with little to no character development was definitely a hard task for the audience.

Unfortunately, imagination and acting could not solely keep this jagged storyline engaging. ...97, 98, 99, 100

Misses Target - Mac Daddy

Ollie & the Minotaur

Presented by floogle

Three women, a beachside holiday house and 90 minutes of dialogue: what had I gotten myself into? I'm not sure if it's the fact that I have grown up with an older sister or perhaps being a product of co-education schooling my entire life, but watching three 20-something women celebrating and reminiscing about their lives, thus far, was actually entirely bearable. I would even go as far as to say that *Ollie and the Minotaur* was brilliant.

Ollie and the Minotaur starts light hearted with alcohol fuelled good times and sing-songs but progresses on, delving deep into subject matter that is not always pleasant. Captured perfectly within the walls of the art space at 145 Hindley Street, were the power plays and manipulations that occur within all friendship groups, male and female alike. Let this be a reminder that going away on holiday as a group of three is always going to spell trouble.

Adriana Bonaccorso, Wendy Bos and Sarah Brokensha were excellent at delivering their dialogue with real emotion, and they were also fortunate enough to be working with a realistic and well written script. No one likes to watch a generational piece and feel as though the writers have completely missed the point or are trying too hard. I did, however, find it thoroughly amusing to find that the script was written by a man. No doubt Duncan Graham, the writer of this gem, has either spent too much time with his girlfriend and her gal pals

or had to put up with a sister/daughter and her loud mouth, fast talking friends. Just a thought, with a full-on, 90 minute performance (without an interval mind you), using real cooked chicken as a prop was torture. God damn, I was hungry. And my salivating only worsened when the girls cracked open the greasy Woolies bag!

Well scripted, well acted, well done! - Mac Daddy

X-stacy

Presented by Fat Lip Drama

Look, I'm not in the business of going out of my way to give a bad review, but there comes a time and a place. *X-stacy* is that time and that place. The venue did not help the cause of this little doozy. The Lipodome on Hindley, or 'The Sauna' as it should be known, was horrible. Echoey and stiflingly hot for the audience, I can't imagine how it felt for the actors.

Unfortunately for this cast, a change in venue would not have changed my opinion. *X-stacy* doesn't cover any new ground, nor does it tread the familiar with any kind of originality. We get it, drugs are bad and can ruin lives. It felt as though every cliché under the sun in terms of drug related themes and characters was used.

The script left much to be desired as well. Let's just say most University students don't use the phrase "you're such a dag" as an actual insult. Okay, that is petty, but a lot of the dialogue uttered just did not hit the mark.

The one shining light, Megan Morgan, embodied a youthful child-cum-drug-riddled-teen as good as one could hope for in what often felt like a high school drama play of the film *Thirteen*.

At times I felt a little the same as I did when watching the final *Lord of the Rings* film. *X-stacy* had multiple endings where I felt as though it was surely coming to a close, but alas, more apologies, crying and yelling ensued.

I'm too much of a softy to completely obliterate this attempted drug play without offering some kind of constructive criticism. Credit where credit is due. The cast, made up of mostly young adults, were tackling a difficult theme albeit a familiar one.

Ecstasy? Not even close. - Mac Daddy

Trouble on Planet Earth

Presented by The Border Project

A *Kill Bill*-esque plot that only reached its climax after the audience had a democratic input. Throughout *Trouble on Planet Earth*, the actors would stop and pose different choices to the audience. By using tech-savvy remote controls that changed colour depending on their position, each member of the audience was able to give their two cents worth.

You've got to hand it to The Border Project; they are clearly on the ball when it comes to modern day audiences. Yet, unlike the Festival's *Glow*, which thrived on the use of technology, *Trouble on Planet Earth*'s audience participation was not enough to carry the performance, falling a little flat and, in the end, becoming fairly unmemorable.

- To give this show a good review, turn the controller to Blue
- To give this show a bad review, turn the controller to Red
- To admit that this show's appeal lay firmly with the gadgetry rather than the story or the actors' abilities, turn the controller to Green.

turns controller to green - Mac Daddy



The Glass Boat

Presented by Vanilla Productions & The Garden of Unearthly Delights

I contemplated drawing comparisons between this show and the British irreverence of *The Mighty Boosh* but then realised that this would be lazy. Sure, *The*

Glass Boat shared similarities, but is also offered so much more. Where Julian Barratt and Noel Fielding take the kooky and zany and run rampant, *The Glass Boat* members focus on telling bizarre stories in a simple way, whilst mimicking their intended characters to a tee.

Charlie Garber had me in stitches as an autistic child, angry at the new babysitter who was "not as pretty as the last one". Or better still, his interpretations of an okker Aussie mum (you bandicoot!) or a sleazy ethnic restaurant owner. Charlie doesn't just imitate, he becomes the character.

That's not to say the rest of the cast don't also shine. Nick Coyle as a stubborn frog caused me to have fits of hysteria. Who needs Wind in the Willows-esque make up when you have this guy with lanky legs dressed only in two bath towels,... I guess you had to be there.

I think there is much to be said about "corpsing" on stage, corpsing being the act of laughing on stage. Sure, you might say that Claudia O'Doherty was unprofessional for losing her cool and cracking a few unwanted sniggers during the performance, but I say, fuck that, it's bloody hilarious to see an actor feeling the exact same way as the rest of the audience due to the hilarity of another cast member. I guess it's why bloopers on DVDs are always so popular. This girl definitely had a shine about her, I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but she was definitely a presence to be felt even with the huge dominance of Charlie and the quirkiness of Nick.

Was *The Glass Boat* awesome? RHETORICAL! - Mac Daddy

(P.S In answer to the above question, heck yes it was!)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

Schaubühne am Lehniner Platz
Directed by Thomas Ostermeier

Going into the performance with a review from *The Advertiser* in mind, I was convinced that I wanted to totally go against everything that it said - I hate *The Advertiser* for reviews, I swear they don't even see half the stuff. You may just think I'm mouthing off (I'm renowned for it) but they gave Kevin A. Legend rave reviews; I almost choked on my cornflakes. Anyways, turns out that they were kind of right. I didn't realise that the play would be in German and have surtitles. I ain't a huge fan of reading when I see a show: you don't get as much of the emotion and intensity because you have to read it in words to know what the hell is going on. I was so irritated in the first 20 minutes because Maggie (Jule Böwe) spoke so fast and in such a high-pitched incessant voice that I was squirming and trying to keep up with what she was saying. I guess that was the desired effect as character Brick (Mark Waschke) also seemed suitably annoyed.

The plot itself just went around in circles and never seemed to come to any kind of significant conclusion and a 120 minute performance (sans interval) is dense, if not intense. The acting performances themselves were rich in emotion, although I was rarely moved. I was just a bit overawed I think, by how wanky and modern it all was - "silence from actors, music up, images projected on the stage." Cut the crap and come to a resolution I say. I get pains admitting this but I didn't enjoy it all that much. Still, I want to disagree with our daily tabloid - the actors were commendable.

Natty xx



Final Contract

Presented by Waterline Theatre Company

An unassuming venue housing an unassuming play. I definitely went to this show as a spur of the moment decision and *Final Contract* ended up making me think "maybe I shouldn't make rash decisions".

The writing itself was fine, I just felt the characters were unrealistic and didn't deliver due to the actors. They weren't shocking, although at times it was as if we were watching them read through the script. First night jitters maybe?

Kudos on the concept, but I felt very little at the conclusion.
- Mac Daddy

CONCLUSIONS ON ICE

Presented by flogle

CONCLUSIONS ON ICE is meant to be a comedy about morals. I didn't find the play to be hilarious and I certainly would not have classified it as a comedy. Yes, there were funny moments and yes, the actors were outstanding if not brilliant in their portrayal of their characters; but overall it was a performance about people's standards and morals and their expectations and perceptions of a bizarre situation. For example, the lady hanging in the park on a block of ice who was being selfish!!

The characters perceived that the "hanging lady" was above helping them and therefore, they in turn did not see her in a predicament requiring help.

It was about people not taking in what is around them but having their own perceptions of a situation and reacting accordingly, even though it is far from reality.

A play worth seeing, but maybe a few beers before the performance might have given me a better insight to the comical aspect of it.

Carmel "Carms" Nicholson

a slip of a boy

Presented by Pygmalion Theatre

This two-person, one-set play combined physical theatre and Greek mythology to tell the story of a man, twisted by an unsuccessful search for love, who attempts to create the perfect woman. After each of his efforts has a different flaw, he eventually learns that love is not as simple as finding the "perfect" partner.

Both actors were impressive; the male actor's intense portrayal of the sociopathic "boy" and the female actor's porcelain doll-like "girl" were the difference between the entertaining, thought-provoking result and something more mediocre. The physical aspects of the play were performed to perfection, particularly in the punishing temperature provided by a sparsely ventilated room. The poetic script, while slightly forced at times, was well tied together with a particularly poignant ending.

Bartholomew Huxtable



COMEDY

Daniel Kitson - *The Impotent Fury of the Privileged*

Presented by Higgledy Piggledy Enterprises

Everyone, Daniel Kitson says, has their own theories and ideas about how the world could become a better place. "The problem with the world," he ponders with self-aware irony, "is people who aren't me!" And so on he goes, and soon you get the impression that Daniel Kitson isn't over here from the UK simply to get the audience laughing. It's very much about getting them thinking too.



Not that this higher agenda of serious ideas comes at the expense of humour; rather his wit is enhanced by an ability to intertwine the broad with the mundane, and the intellectual with the crass. This relationship shows up in his own experience, as he tells us of his desire to affect change in the world, only to be thwarted by his favourite TV show.

Kitson, like most comedians, characterises himself: he's the "cool nerd" who spends too much time playing video games and is kicked around a lot by life, yet is clearly intelligent, possessing self-confidence on stage that he wouldn't possess in real life. Running through anecdotes tied together in a larger theme of saving the world, Kitson comes across as genuinely himself on stage, yet what Kitson is remains a contradicting mix: he is insincerely self-deprecating, telling tales of cowardice with the authority of a king. It reminds us of our own self-doubts and brave faces, and when we laugh at Kitson onstage, we're really laughing at the farce which is our own lives.

It's a tricky one, saving the world, but Kitson offers a synthesis to his audience. It's a "charity starts at home" approach; the way Kitson sees it, the world is a big place, but it's made up of individuals like you and me. If you can't change the world, change the individuals around you and it'll build up to a bigger change. Upon reflection, I don't know how Kitson managed to say this without sounding preachy and clichéd, unlike what I just wrote. I've just become more convinced than before that this man has a way with words. I salute you, Daniel!

Richard

Stephen K Amos - *Gets Next To You*

Presented by Mary Tobin

There are many ways to describe Stephen K Amos after seeing his Fringe show. Smart arse. Genius. Drunk. Lout. Tea pot. Lawyer. But the one word that springs to mind every time is: Hilarious.

Being that Stephen had recently arrived in Adelaide during our record breaking heat wave, I imagine a lot of his show was off the cuff and improvised, as he would often go off on tangents and struggled to relate back all his anecdotes. I didn't mind and neither did the audience, lapping up his poncey and refined British accent interspersed with many-a foul word.

The comedians definitely attract the interesting types. The lady in front of me was literally laughing at anything. Stephen breathed, she was whooping and in hysterics from wo to go. The first five times it was kind of funny, by the end of the show it was getting mighty old. I'm not a folded arms type of guy, but some people should not be allowed out of their houses for fear of embarrassing themselves.

Back to Mr Amos. Amos' style is inclusive yet exotic. Walking through the audience, sans his microphone, he added a different dimension to his show. He was half pressing the flesh, half tackling the hecklers

head on! Not that anyone would have any need to heckle him, I can't remember any of his jokes falling flat.

Speaking of heckling, when Amos pondered what the meaning of the phrase "Life is too short" was, a great heckler retorted with, "Shouldda been a lawyer" (Amos had previously stated that in his early years he was studying to be a lawyer).

For our sake, it's lucky he isn't. - Mac Daddy

CABARET!

Die Roten Punkte

Presented by Tobias & Bartholemew, Storeroom Theatre Workshop & The Garden

Black eye makeup, red lips, loud guitars, on stage bickering, incest references and faux German accents (which made everything they said become instantly hilarious), Die Roten Punkte are the punk rock cliché of the Fringe.



Not everyone gets 'irony' and 'parody' (one guy walked out after a drunken heckling) but those who do I'm sure would have enjoyed this theatrical show masquerading as a rock concert. Otto and Astrid are likeable characters whose earnest enthusiasm between songs is cleverly turned into moments of hilarity. At one point Astrid builds up a drum solo as she repeatedly shouts the chorus line "Oh my God" and works herself up into a sexually explicit faux climax. At another point 'straight edge' Otto tells the audience about the band therapy sessions they attend and forces Astrid to express her frustrations with "When you" and "I feel statements" such as "When you sit on the edge of my bed while I sleep and try to hypnotise me it makes me angry and I feel inconsequential as a human being". Their seriousness only adds to the joke. Another highlight of the show was the synchronised robot dance moves to "Ich nicht Robot, I am a Lion" (which Otto helpfully translates to be "I am not a robot, I am a Lion").

My only gripe with Die Roten Punkt is that the Bosco wasn't really a suitable venue for such a high energy act; I would have loved to also thrash about ironically like a punk rock kid alongside them. Instead I was left toe-tapping in my seat wondering whether audience participation is lame or is the true sign of an authentic rock music fan.

Laura Castagnini

The Very Best of Empress Stah

Presented by Empress Stah & The Garden

To the brain of a Gender Studies student "The Very Best of Empress Stah" prompted questions about gender identity and sexuality amongst a shower of glitter, huge black dildos, leopard print lycra and a strategically placed string of pearls.

It was also bloody funny and shockingly rude.

Not for the faint hearted, the show consisted of a variety of treats from burlesque circus artist Empress Stah and her two cohorts; drag mime artist Ryan Styles and opera loving crowd pleaser Le Gateau Chocolate.

Entertainment wise, my gold star goes to the charming Ryan Styles for his beautiful performance with a giant glowing bubble and for the gorgeous blonde drag outfits. The bizarre antics of Empress Stah herself were at times a little twisted for my taste yet were quite thought provoking and intellectually necessary. These were carefully balanced with the comic relief provided by joyously camp Ms Chocolate for whom the audience roared with laughter.

As aptly described on the Fringe website, "the show is rated R... a feast for the eyes and ears and (wink, wink) other senses." And judging by the pashing romp that erupted from a nearby pair during Stah's shockingly graphic sex doll vignette, it was sure to provide a nice bedtime story for some lucky couples as well.

Laura Castagnini

DANCE

Glow

Chunky Move & Gideon Obarzanek

It's amazing how the advent of technology is increasingly playing a larger part in the finer arts.

Glow is a prime example of taking a 21st century approach and creating a visually intense and pleasurable experience for the Adelaide Festival going audience. By using interactive software and projectors, artistic director/choreographer Gideon Obarzanek is able to create the illusion that the dancer is controlling the lightshow that encases her every move.



My only criticism is that I thought the themes and story of Glow were either beyond myself or just not necessary, but hey, I'm looking at this performance as a University student who has little knowledge in the field of dance so you'll have to excuse my ignorance. With that being said, the entire 28 minutes held me captivated in awe at the sheer brilliance of the dancer and the incredibly satisfying visual display captured in the Festival's Space Theatre.

With dance seemingly infiltrating mainstream culture over the past couple of years (see *So You Think You Can Dance*, *Dancing With the Stars*, various hip-hop dance related films), it was refreshing to witness a truly talented combination of dancer, choreographer and a fresh approach.

Thoroughly mesmerising. - Mac Daddy

FESTIVAL OPENING NIGHT

The Festival opening always attracts a huge crowd, and this year's *Ignition!* on North Terrace was no exception. The event was essentially an "open house" consisting of the State Library, Gallery, Museum and the University; each was open to the public, who poured in to see what was on offer. Once the Festival had been officially opened, the *Northern Lights* installation was also turned on, illuminating the historic North Terrace cultural precinct.

Premier Mike Rann's opening address was not particularly inspiring, and standing in the crowd it was difficult not to laugh at the rude comments emanating from the assembled culture vultures. The bizarre, feathered, stilt-walking acrobatic parade which followed the Karna welcome was also less than spectacular, as were the pyrotechnics, which appeared to be novelty-size sparklers.

The Art Gallery did a fine job with its open-to-the-public exhibit; a collection of installations and sculpture which was interesting and appealing. The University appeared to have made no effort whatsoever with the Mitchell Building, merely opening the doors and letting the public spill inside. Upstairs, in what appeared to be a meeting room, they'd even left an ugly overhead projector trolley for all to see, complete with protruding power-board.

The real spectacle of the evening was *Northern Lights*, which I'm sure surpassed everyone's best expectations. Sydney-based Electric Canvas's artfully-designed projections highlighted the features of each building, ranging from glorious, fluorescent colours to an amazing effect which made the buildings look sketched. The most amazing aspect for me was how clear and bright the projections were; obviously projectors are far more advanced than most of us think. The popularity of *Northern Lights* led the State Government to foot the \$75,000-odd bill to extend the installation for a further two weeks.

The Persian Garden, situated between the river and the Festival Centre, was, for me and my colleagues, disappointing. A Festival-long late-night club, the Garden fits neatly onto the Festival Centre's amphitheatre, which is fitted out with booths packed with Persian-style pillows and rugs. The acts (at least the ones I saw on the four

or so times I was there) were less than impressive, and appeared to be fairly average DJs. Electric violinist DBR and his "ensemble" made an appearance, at which point we left; I don't think I've ever heard anything so awful in my life. The Garden obviously has immense popular appeal, and the Festival should use this to introduce a higher standard of art to the public - whether by including more events like stand-up poet Luke Wright, or by raising the quality of the live music, or preferably both. Also, drinks were a massive rip-off; people are paying an entry fee, so Recommended Retail Price next time, please!

Edward Joyner

CRITICAL ACCLAIM

When the Rain Stops Falling

By Andrew Bovell, A collaboration with Hossein Valamanesh & Brink Productions

Andrew Bovell's *When the Rain Stops Falling* is structured in the now familiar form of a series of interconnected stories that cross time and space, gradually growing closer as the narrative progresses and individual's characters are revealed. The Australian Bovell has previously used the structure in *Lantana*, and in *Rain* employs it to further spectacular effect.



Under the direction of Chris Drummond, and utilising a sparse yet clever set design that allowed for easy movement between the different scenes, the play progressed with a fluidity that heightened the sense of consequence and connection between the different characters. References to water and fish served not only to connect the stories, but further the theme of environmental degradation that pervaded the text, along with those relating to the nature of human existence; its repetition, secrecy, and dependence upon others.

The cast was simply splendid, with the text's humour, pathos and depth delivered subtly and sympathetically. Temporary confusion as to who is what is when is where was well rewarded when all fell into place. Suffice to say, I cried.

And, if my word is not enough, take those of the clipboard-wielding secondary students that surrounded us in the dress circle. In all of the 130 minutes (no interval), I saw only one pair of uniformed boys poking each other at the 100-minute mark. This, for a school-assigned play, I found quite awesome. So too the pair behind me, who'd begun with typical teenage groans, only to end with earnest declarations that it was "the best thing [they'd] ever f***** seen!" I wish the cast had heard them.

Emily Cock

April Performance Diary

Friday 4th @ 8pm & Saturday 5th @ 6.30pm
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra - Master Series 1 (aso.com.au)

Friday 11th @ 8pm
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra - Cellissimo (aso.com.au)

April 11 - May 3
State Theatre Company - The Female of the Species (statetheatrecompany.com.au)

Friday 18th @ 8pm & Saturday 19th @ 6:30pm
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra - Master Series 2 (aso.com.au)

Saturday 26th @ 8.00pm
Adelaide Chamber Singers - Subscription Series 1 (adelaidechamberingers.com)

The 'F' Word



Interior Scroll
Carolee Schneemann



Vagina Painting
Shigeko Kubota

The 'F' word. I've struggled with it for a long time but, regardless of how often I hear it - on the streets, in lecture theatres, on radio and TV - I still can't help feeling a little uncomfortable when I use it. Feminism. There it is, it is said, and there is no going back.

I've always struggled with feminism; our relationship has never been easy. And feminist art, well, that's another thing entirely. So I'm going to step back for a minute before you start preparing yourself for a bra-slinging match and someone gets hurt. Instead, I find myself more inclined to look at the body and, quite frankly, who isn't? A splendour of soft curves, a wonderland of little, private nooks and crannies, the human body is a sculpture of sumptuous flesh.

But what is the human body? A sack of entrails, blood and pores. A veinous form of bones and limbs. A lush centre of nerves and senses, a laboratory of chemical spills and electric shocks. A barrage of blood cells, pulsing in perfect rhythm, tubes of acrid acid, bubbling with foul gasses. A corpse, a cadaver, a carcass. An extension of the mind?

Cardiologist, Mimi Guarneri, writes that "the heart is not simply suspended in a body but in a culture, a place, a time." The body, too, is a representation of us, of our culture, and of our imagined selves. The things we've done to our bodies to fit this definition of accepted culture has often been extreme. We've removed ribs in the name of couture, bound feet for the sake of beauty, tattooed and scarred for traditions sake, and refigured and formed in defiance of age.

In art, the body has undergone its own set of challenges and reformations. How can the body be such a revered form in art, yet remain so problematic? We have such intimate understandings of our own bodies, yet connotations of sexuality remain taboo. Perhaps, though, there is a need to keep this distinction between the accepted and the exceptional.

Carolee Schneemann's performance of *Interior Scroll* (1975), for example, involved

the naked artist unraveling a scroll from her vagina and reading it to the audience. In a similar vein, Shigeko Kubota's performance, *Vagina Painting* (1965), saw the artist paint with a large brush protruding from her underwear.

Alternatively, artists have used representations of the body to challenge and explore notions of gender and sexuality. Judy Chicago's *Dinner Party* installation of 1979 boasted 39 place settings for an imaginary dinner. Each place, dedicated to a famous, historical woman, was set with a large ceramic representation of a vulva in the place of dinnerware. The collaborative work, which utilised 'feminine' crafts such as weaving and embroidery, was intended to "end the ongoing cycle of omission in which women were written out of the historical record" (Judy Chicago). However, there is debate as to whether such works, which can be seen to utilise a reductionist approach to gender, do justice to the represented females. Personally, I'd like to think that I am more than a mere vagina floating in bodily space or a simple, reproductive vessel. But that is just me.

There seems to be a strange acceptance, though, of such highly sexualised works when made in the studio of a female artist. I sometimes wonder what the public response would be to a masculine version of the *Dinner Party*... I imagine a room of large, phallic offerings - perhaps glassware filled with a delectable range of beverages (cafe lattes and the like) - would incite a more aggressive or outlandish response. Then again, depending on how we choose to see the world, we can see phalluses springing up everywhere - a phallic forest, if you will - across the globe that is the history of art. Sculpture itself, which has its base firmly rooted in a tradition of erectile protrusions, can be seen as a highly masculine art form. But then, so can skyscrapers, trees, rockets - almost anything can be sexual, depending on the deviousness of the mind.

There have been males, too, who have dared to explore the extremities sexual representation. Vito Acconci's *Seedbed* (1972) involved the artist masturbating On Dit 76.3

under a ramp in the gallery. The sounds of his insular intimacy were then amplified and relayed into the gallery space, enveloping audiences in the sonic splendours of Acconci's sexual experience taking place below.

In *Modern Art: A critical introduction* (Routledge, Oxon, 2000), Pam Meecham and Julie Sheldon write that "using ones genitals to make a political point has had a great deal of artistic currency". This too, has its limits in my mind. I was introduced to the work of performance artist, Bob Flanagan, through his role in the almost universally banned video "Happiness in Slavery" by Nine Inch Nails, wherein Flanagan is methodically molested and tortured to death by a machine. The documentary film *SICK: The Life & Death of Bob Flanagan, Supermasochist* (1997) follows the artist on his masochistic rampages, which include nailing his penis to a board in the honorific name of art.

Indeed, the limits of physical pain have become a recurrent theme in recent body and performance art. There is a desire to test the extremities of our physical, bodily limits. Stelarc spent much of his early artistic life suspended from hooks - a kind of living installation. Mike Parr stitched up his face and nailed his arms to the gallery wall in *Close the Concentration Camps* (2002). Yoko Ono asked gallery audiences to cut away strips of her clothing in *Cut Piece* (1964), whilst Chris Burden asked to be shot in the arm as part of his gallery performance (*Shoot*, 1971). In such disturbing mixes of vulnerability and self-abuse, artists have provoked audiences to consider the role of the body - its forms, functions and purposes - and the social understanding of such representations.

Whether it be a glorious spectacle of pigment on canvas, a ceramic vagina, or a physical act of endurance, the body remains a powerful subject of artistic inquiry. And though it may not be every person's cup of tea, the body in art remains an integral exploration of sexuality, gender and human behaviour.

Lauren Sutter

Sexuali-TV.



The American TV schedule can be a good way of spotting great new shows and talent before it hits Australian screens. Unless you read the Nielsen ratings. I had always thought of these ratings as fairly trivial and more of a pop-culture reference from *The Simpsons* than anything, but as it turns out, the US doesn't have anything more accurate. Here's what I discovered:

1. *American Idol* - Wed
2. *American Idol* - Tue
3. *American Idol* - Thu
4. *Moment of Truth*
5. *20/20*
6. *New Amsterdam*
7. *Lost*
8. *Survivor Micronesia*
9. *Extreme Makeover*
10. *60 Minutes*
11. *Oprah's Big Give*
12. *Deal Or No Deal* - Mon
13. *NCIS*
14. *The Price Is Right Primetime Special*
15. *Two and a Half Men*

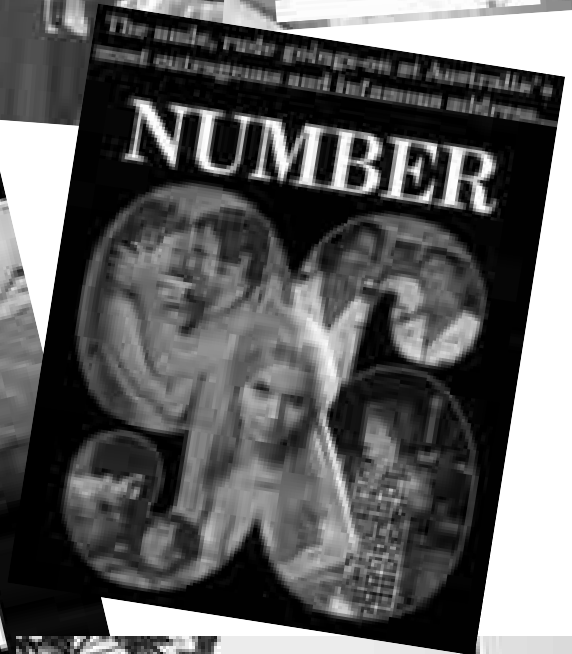
Yeow. Surely my own country would prove to have slightly more attractive viewing habits?... right?... So then I looked at the most recent Australian ones I could find, from Oztam:

1. *Border Security*
2. *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation*
3. *Ramsay's Kitchen Nightmares*
4. *The Force*
5. *So You Think You Can Dance Australia*
6. *RSPCA Animal Rescue*
7. *Seven News - Monday-Friday*
8. *Seven News - Sunday*
9. *So You Think You Can Dance Australia - Results*
10. *Today Tonight*
11. *Bondi Rescue*
12. *It Takes Two*
13. *Better Homes And Gardens*
14. *Desperate Housewives*
15. *60 Minutes*

Hmmm. After this depressing endeavour, I began to realise I must sound like a Foxtel salesman to pretty much everyone I talk to. But can I be blamed? It seems like people are really digging cheap reality TV in Australia, and our commercial networks are buying America's most expensive reality shows. And we're apparently all scared out of our minds, with re-assuring shows such as *Border Security* and *The Force* showing us that we're going to get those terrorists. I guess I don't really have a point... though with the 'mildly interesting, I guess' *Underbelly* not making the top 10... Aussie TV networks need to encourage rewarding viewing and keep us all from sliding deeper into our *Today Tonight*-fuelled hazes, and finally get some Australian programming off the ground which is worth sitting down for.

But hey, we've always got *Ramsay's Kitchen Nightmares*. (Seriously, what the hell is that?)

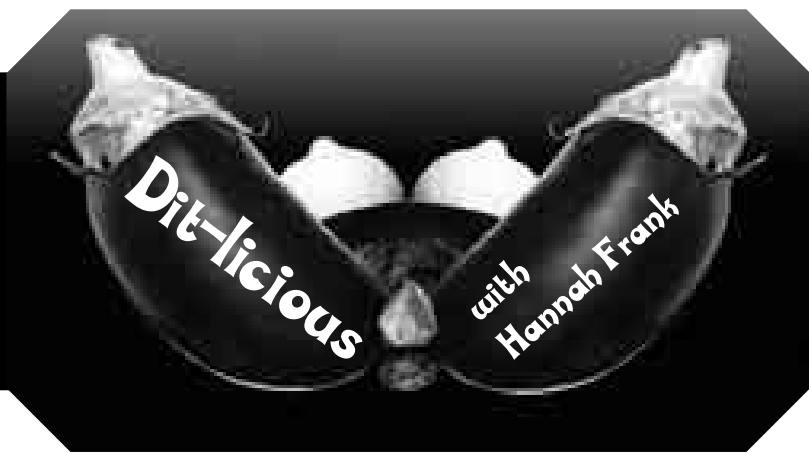
Sammy Boy
On Dit 76.3



Californication

**Eds - David Duchovny's Crotch... lol (read: HOT).

**Eds- Apologies to Hannah for using her sexuality article last edition. To make up for this, enjoy porno food.



in defense of food: an eater's manifesto (michael pollan)

A book defending unfairly persecuted food groups doesn't exactly leap out from the shelves. However, one with a campaign to end 'the silence of the yams', to reject everything you ever believed about nutrition and with three tantalizingly simple rules that will change the way you eat, and turn around major health crises of western society sure does.

A call to arms in an age of packaged and processed food, *In Defense of Food: An Eater's Manifesto* tells us why western society, with the most advanced scientific and nutritional information available, is still getting fatter and sicker. It also suggests what we can do about it. The

way we eat, he says, is the result of 'a history of macronutrients at war' where protein, fat and carbohydrates rotate as 'demon' foods.

The development of food science has led to our unhealthy obsession with healthy foods, a condition Pollan calls 'orthorexia'.

This, he says, has resulted in us turning away from natural food and instead relying on 'edible food like substances' such as margarines that can lower your cholesterol, omega-3 enriched bread and vitamin water. Health claims on food packaging, he says, 'should be our first clue that something is anything but healthy'.

'As a general rule it's a whole lot easier to slap a health claim on a box of sugary cereal than on a raw potato or a carrot, with the perverse result that the most healthful foods in the supermarket sit there quietly in the produce section, silent as stroke victims, while a few aisles over in Cereal the Cocoa Puffs and Lucky Charms are screaming their newfound "whole-grain goodness" to the rafters.'

So what to do? Luckily Pollan is as much a pragmatist as anything else, and lets the facts do the talking before he lays down a few guidelines for his manifesto - seven simple words:

Eat food. Not too much. Mostly plants.

Tantalizingly simple, no? And this is the solution to the obesity epidemic, soaring rates of heart disease and my own lard? There's only one way to find out. I will qualify this section for you a little more, because unless you've read the book, you'll be wondering what else you possibly could eat. Shit maybe? No, by food, I mean real food, not the processed crap that's making big corporations lots of money.

Below are the qualifiers and some explanation to help you on your way. I know it all sounds a bit hippy to begin with, but it all starts to make sense if you join the dots between why you eat like you do, how you feel and what impact it has on society, the environment and your wallet.

How to: Eat Food. Not Too Much. Mostly plants. (Adapted from *In Defense of Food: An Eater's Manifesto*)

- Anything with a health claim - out. You won't see a lovely ripe tomato or a bunch of bright green bok choy with a 99% fat free label, mainly because they're less likely to be packaged.

- Don't eat anything incapable of rotting. Ever seen *Super Size Me* and those fries from Macca's? That's what I'm talkin' 'bout.

- In order to eat real food, avoid anything containing ingredients that are (a) unfamiliar, (b) unpronounceable, or (c) more than five in number. They're all pretty good indicators of a 'food like substance'.

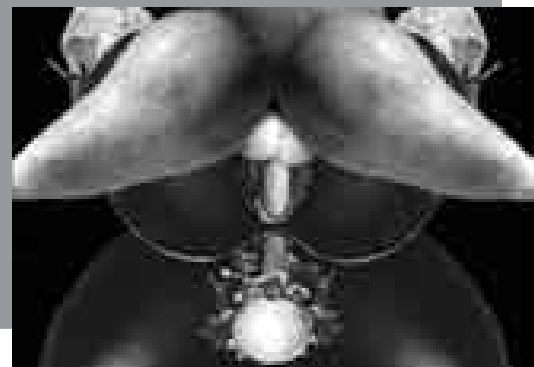
- Don't eat anything your great grandmother wouldn't recognize. That's the most recent time when people weren't all fat and sick, so we're aiming for the sort of food they were eating then too. If you're pretty sure your great grandmother wouldn't know whether to eat a tube of yogurt or apply it to her face for example, don't bother.

- If you're in the supermarket, stick to the edges. All the packaged, preserved and processed stuff is in the shelves in the middle, while the fresh and refrigerated stuff is around the outside. You're more likely to eat healthily just by avoiding the middle. Interesting, huh?

- As a side note, if possible stay out of the supermarket all together. We have a supreme choice of fresh food markets in Adelaide, so get on down to the Central during the week and the Adelaide Showground Farmer's Market on the weekend. The Brickwork Markets, Willunga - there's one near you.

- Remember, you are what you eat, and what you eat eats too. So buy the best free range meat you can, because if your steak was fed crap-quality food and antibiotics, you're eating it too. You're looking for grass fed beef and true free range chickens.

Hannah Frank



the old lion - restaurant review

It's hard to go past the Lion's famous steaks when you're after seriously satisfying food. A spontaneous culinary stop late on a weekday night, our corner table looked out over groups of suited business men, a birthday gathering and a few older couples sipping their way through bottles of good reds. Comfort food also calls for favourite wines, and tonight an ordered glass of Rockford Alicante Bouchet turned into a bottle when the waiter pointed out the mere allocation of two-and-a-bit glasses per person between us. Nice one.

With my hypochondriac of a dining companion declaring he definitely needed steak 'because I'm all pale, I probably have anaemia' we decided that the Coorong Angus MSA Graded Scotch Fillet with Corirole Olive Oil Mash, Beerenberg Tomato and Beetroot Relish and Peppercorn Sauce would be the best cure for his clearly morbid announcement.

"my favourite animal is steak"
~ Fran Lebowitz

Perfectly tender and juicy on the inside, our request for them to be well done was dutifully executed in the most skillful fashion, the fat slightly blackened and crisp. The distinctive Corirole characteristics of the olive oil shone through the mash and the peppercorn sauce was delectably rich and meaty but surprisingly un-peppery for its name.

Vegetables are interesting but lack a sense of purpose when unaccompanied by a good cut of meat. ~Fran Lebowitz

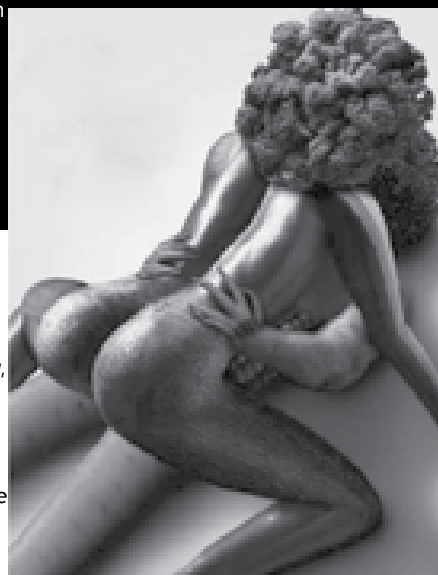
Unfortunately the arrival of our Asparagus and Broccoli with Sweet Lemon Emulsion a few minutes after we had swept up the last few drops of sauce from our steaks, meant that they probably weren't enjoyed to their full potential. They were, however, delicious and

the emulsion that dressed broccolini and asparagus certainly livened the dish up to create something of an accidental palate cleanser before dessert. The mistake was dealt with graciously by the staff, who were clearly lacking in numbers on a night where folks like us - 'walk-ins' to those in the industry - and a couple of people off sick had thrown the carefully considered table/waiter ratio off balance. We were generously offered a dessert each on the house as well as the cost of the vegetables deducted from our bill. Nice one.

I want to have a good body, but not as much as I want dessert. ~ Jason Love

We finished our evening with a silky hazelnut truffle desert and a tangy lemon pudding whose beautiful sauce pooled onto the

plate once the spoon penetrated the centre of the pudding. Once again the waiters recommendation was spot on, and to their credit they remained helpful and cheerful until we, as the last table, left the building, content, full, and determined to return soon.



Hannah Frank

F1 GRAND PRIX: MELBOURNE & MALAYSIA

Formula One Albert Park, Melbourne (14th-16th of March 2008)

Out of 22 cars, only 7 managed to cross the chequered flag. It was a great race for McLaren, the worst for Ferrari (yes, I am a strong Ferrari supporter), despite Ferrari fairing real well during winter testing and the build up to the race. The results for qualifying & the final race came as a shock as most (if not many) would have thought that Ferrari would grab pole & of course take the chequered flag. Alas, that was never the case. It was a nail-biting race until the very end, in which Lewis Hamilton in the McLaren Mercedes winning the race with Nick Heidfeld in the BMW coming in second and Nico Rosberg in the Williams-Toyota finishing third. With just 4 laps to go, reigning world champion, Kimi Raikkonen in the Ferrari had a spun & hence did not complete the race.



He ended up in ninth. Ruben Barrichello in the Honda came in eighth, but he was disqualified for running the red lights in pits. With Ruben's disqualification, Kimi moved up to eighth & scored just 1 point for the race in Melbourne.

Formula One Sepang, Malaysia (21st-23rd of March 2008)

Ferrari did bounce back, but not fully. This time, Kimi Raikkonen drove superbly to take the chequered flag while team mate Felipe Massa suffered a spin & did not finish the

race. Melbourne race winner, Lewis Hamilton only managed fifth. Lewis Hamilton & team mate Heikki Kovalainen were penalized 5 places down the grid for impeding Nick Heidfeld (BMW) and Fernando Alonso (Renault). However, despite the penalty, Heikki drove fantastically to secure third. Robert Kubica (BMW) was in a league of his own as he was 20 seconds behind the race leader and 20 seconds ahead of third place, Heikki. After 2 races, Lewis is leading the drivers' championship by 3 points, with Kimi and Nick tied for second place with 11 points each. As for the constructors' championship, McLaren-Mercedes is leading with 24 points while BMW is 5 points down from the leader and Ferrari is trailing with 11 points.

Goldy Yong

For those of you who aren't savvy to the world of contemporary literature, Bill Manhire is a modern day poet. Yes, real poets do still exist, and you should forget here any lame archetypes of English wankers and self important, self destructive artists you might have picked up in more pretentious English courses. You should also forget the expression 'Drunk as a poet on pay day,' for whilst he did spend his childhood growing up in the pubs of Invercargill, New Zealand as the son of a publican, Bill Manhire is a poet of a different breed and appears to be quite a respectable man. In addition to being an accomplished writer, becoming a poet laureate and winning the NZ Book Awards four times, he is also a professor of English at the Uni of Wellington. Some of his more recent works include *Lifted*, *Collected Poems* and *What to Call Your Child*.

Quizzed on his unusual pub upbringing Bill says "I think that everybody thinks that their childhood is weird and everybody else's is normal." But he concedes, "I think it probably was a weird childhood in retrospect, but a good weird childhood."

Whilst he cannot pinpoint exactly when he discovered that he was a poet, Bill expresses that he always wrote, albeit "really badly." He likens the process of learning to write to "learning to speak when you're a child." He states, "You sort of copy the voices around you and sound a bit odd until you can talk in sentences and so on...and learning to write on the page whether it's poetry or fiction is just the same...you've got to learn to read the powerful voices...and you can occupy them until you learn to speak in your own voice. But you learn to do it by reading just as you learn to speak by listening."

Interestingly, unlike most writers Bill's work has taken him on a voyage to the Antarctic. After receiving an invite through the Artists to the Antarctic Programme, he had the surreal experience of travelling to the South Pole. Bill has also had the privilege of having had one of his poems, *Erebus Voices*, read by Sir Edmund Hillary at Scott Base in Antarctica to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the Erebus plane crash disaster. He identifies the highest point in his career as having his first book published and "seeing this thing that had physical weight in the world."

Bill's career has also seen him take up the post of Director of the International Institute of Modern Letters, a coveted creative writing programme. But is writing really a process that can be taught? "I think you're just kind of fostering a process and speeding stuff up for some talented people," he explains.

Bill manages to evade the air of pretension that sometimes wafts around literary events. He is wary of the adoption of a high cultural view of poetry and is also uneasy about literary criticism. He states, "Whatever our belief system we seem to want proof from the wisest people...I think it's a bit dangerous when society starts turning the poets and the novelists into the wisest people...they're not any wiser than anyone else." So does his attitude towards literary criticism clash with his position as a Professor of English? "It does a little bit. In fact our creative writing programme is separate from the English Department now. It's not so much literary criticism, I like talking about the detail of a poem or a novel or a screen play and trying to work out why it's working or why it's not, but I'm not very interested in theory, If I wanted theory I would have studied philosophy."

Whilst he does not write in a kind of therapeutic way, Bill speaks of writing as a means of self-discovery: "I like the idea of the poem as something that you write in order to find out stuff that you didn't know you knew...that idea of exploring your way into the unknown...but I do think that for poets especially, maybe not for novelists, you do have to be willing to sort of access a few of the areas of weirdness inside yourself and that can be a bit disconcerting, all this bizarre stuff at the back of your brain...but if you're not prepared to go and look down at that and pull some of it up it can be very boring and banal."

Bill's advice to his students is to 'Write what you know and write what you don't know.' He explains, "Everybody feels alright with what you know. I think I've always felt that writing what you don't know is much more interesting." He rejects the idea of writing as a meticulously planned and managed activity, drawing on the words of E M Forster, who said, "How do I know what I think until I see what I say?"

The conclusion to be drawn is that writing is an explorative venture: "The writing process is alive with its own sense of discovery and the words are the instruments of discovery. They've got that sort of functional power... they're not simply just a tape recorder to be turned on after you've worked out what you think. They'll make imagery somehow...I think that's what I think."

Dayna



A poet of a different breed:

Bill Manhire

through Dayna's eyes. Or words, anyway.



Interview with Dark Horsey's Ken Bolton

By Connor O'Brien

In compiling the lit section for this sexuality-themed edition of On Dit, I thought it was necessary to include at least one interview with somebody who straddles the worlds of both sexuality and literature. Unfortunately, my interview with Jenna Jameson (an accomplished memoirist) fell through at the last minute, so I thought, "Who better to interview than Ken Bolton, the owner and manager of Dark Horsey, Adelaide's leading indie bookshop dealing in matters of feminism and cultural studies?" And so I did just that: I interviewed Ken about general bookdealing and selling feminism.

Connor: What I like about Dark Horsey is that you clearly take great care in deciding upon which books you want to stock. You stock a lot of small press, feminist, and avantgarde lit, for instance, whereas most chain bookstores don't seem to really give a damn about supporting small presses or 'out-of-left-field' writing. Does it feel rewarding, helping to support and promote more 'marginalised' writers and artists?

Ken: Well selling one of those books gives a bit of a buzz, especially if the customer comes back for more of the same. Those punters are fun: they often know exactly what they want - and that guides us in what we stock. Or they ask what writers are associated, as kindred spirits, with what they've been chasing. In areas that aren't my own speciality I learn from the customers - otherwise I kind of know my way. (I've been a small press publisher myself, so I know how surprising it can be to get a cheque back from a bookshop-& a repeat order.) The big chains can't sell this stuff so well: there's not much money in it, but also they don't usually know enough to select it or talk to the customer about it.



Connor: What's the deal with feminist lit these days - is it still culturally important? Recent standouts, etc?

Ken: Books coming out of the feminist corner are important, all right - though now less in vogue. I think the patriarchy's backlash has successfully rendered feminism's image 'un-cool' - at least with those fixated on TV & Who Weekly. But a lot of the best work on, say, subjectivity and power, comes out of feminism, and a lot of good work on film, too. Authors like Liz Grosz, Susan Butler, Donna Haraway, and old Helene Cixous.

Connor: [Uninformed rant about feminist scholarship] To me it seems as though the public perception is that feminist scholarship is very shallow and is purely about projecting that message that "women are good, men are bad." And that seems to be the whole problem, because it seems like a selfish and politically incorrect message to be projecting. Is that stigma turning people away?

Ken: [Concise and intelligent reply] I don't think feminism does that at all, really. The 'public perception' is incorrect. It's been produced by more than thirty years of conservative media backlash. I also think that that is the big media's agreed estimate of the 'public perception': I don't think it's accurate polling, if you know what I mean.

Connor: I'm going to be lame here and ask for your dark horse pick of the literary pack: which books have been criminally ignored recently?

Ken: Amongst literary titles? I'd say Roberto Bolaño's *The Savage Detectives* has not got as much press as it deserved. Eileen Myles' early poetry & her book *Chelsea Girls* should have made her name here-but didn't. Gilbert Sorrentino's whole career has gone unremarked in mainstream Australia. But, then, it was pretty much sidelined in America, too.

Connor O'Brien

Dark Horsey is a bookshop specialising in books on art, architecture & design, cultural studies, feminism, philosophy, film & media, as well as small press literature, artist's books & catalogues, and local & international art magazines. It is located at the Lion Arts Centre, North Terrace at Morphett Street (sort of near the Jam Factory and the Mercury Cinema)."



Not your usual slashie...

Connor O'Brien interviews Tao Lin, author/ poet/blogger extraordinaire

Tao Lin is a 24 year-old Brooklyn-based fiction writer, poet, and blogger. He writes about bored and alienated young people struggling with relationships and the ultimate meaning of existence. His stories are really funny.

In Lin's fictional universe, everybody is manically depressed and even the most extraordinary events (i.e. talking hamsters and NASA-employed vegan muffins) can't alleviate the protagonists' deep-seated ennui. Which is hilarious in a 'thank-God-other-people-are-as-insane-and-confused-as-I-am' sort of way.

In May last year, Tao Lin had his debut short story collection, *Bed*, and debut novel, *Eeeee Eee Eeee*, published simultaneously by Melville House Press. (Miranda July gave *Eeeee Eee Eeee* a really good blurb). I read *Bed* and laughed a lot of times, and felt confused a lot of times, and felt happy by the time I finished, so then I bought *Eeeee Eee Eeee* and the same things happened.

Eeeee Eee Eeee is about a vocally depressed pizza deliveryman named Andrew who befriends large bears and bored, 'existentially fucked' dolphins who end up murdering Elijah Wood. It is philosophical. It is funny. Heaps of hipsters have read it because Tao has had writing published in *Vice* magazine. But even if you aren't a hipster, you would probably still like *Eeeee Eee Eeee*. Actually, just read the fucking book, it's better than the Bible. (I'll even lend it you if you want, just send me an email). Some guy called Ryan on Goodreads.com said this about *Eeeee Eee Eeee*: "I did think to myself after the first few pages - oh goddamnit, this is some really tired teenage angsty hipster novel written by a child. But when the first depressed bear showed up I reconsidered. When the next few, usually depressed animals showed up, I was there." Yes.

I had an online conversation with Tao Lin about his writing, independent publishing houses, and what would happen if he became a world-famous novelist like JK Rowling or Nicole Richie.

Connor: Tao, could you type a little about the main ideas that you are currently trying to explore in your writing?

Tao: Currently I feel like I have no ideas that I want to explore. My life feels really concrete to me, I wake up, things are done, I eat the banana, I do something, I go hang out with someone, I worry about things like, "Does she like me? What did what she just said mean? Should I invite her to my place? What actions will get me more power in this relationship? How can I get out of agreeing to see that movie with her?" I'm writing my second novel right now and it is all concrete, there is no rhetoric from me, Tao Lin, the only things not in dialogue or thought by the characters are descriptions like, "Haley Joel Osment walked to the train. He sat on a seat. He got off the train." And I don't include the characters thoughts often and if I do it is only Haley Joel Osment's thoughts.

Connor: Haley Joel Osment scares me, a little. What about the stuff you already have published and what did you want to achieve by writing that?

Tao: For the writing that I have already published I think my main "themes" were that I wanted to write something to make me feel calmer, more excited, make me think, "That is funny," or make me feel more factually significant (for example I am like .0000000000000001% of the universe but in my daily life I probably behave and feel emotions as if I am 70% of the universe). Whatever sentences and words could get

those results I would look at them and think, "Yes, that is what I wanted to write."

Connor: Your books are published by Melville House, which is a really small independent publisher [based in New Jersey]. Could you type a bit about your relationship with Melville House?

Tao: I like Melville House because they are an independent publisher, I talk to them a lot, they talk to me, and they have the same ideas as me, they know what I'm talking about when I talk about books, and they publish books that I like. They publish Stephen Dixon and I like him. They published a book by Celia Farber - that I like. I can promote myself and feel good that they're making more money. Also their book designs don't look embarrassing like almost every other independent publisher, except McSweeney's.

Connor: What would happen if your books suddenly became best-sellers and you became a world-famous novelist? (This question doesn't really make sense, I know).

Tao: If my books became best-sellers I would probably quit my part-time job, focus very hard on finishing my second novel, finish the novel, and then focus on starting my own press to publish my internet friends, some of which I have met in real life more than once. I don't know if that would actually happen, I might feel discouraged or too alone, like I do sometimes, which might affect my ability to do things.

Connor: You have a very specific philosophy of life which you stick to, which you talk about a lot on your blog, and which relates to being as conscious of the consequences of your actions as possible. Can fiction change people and make people more conscious of their actions?

Tao: I think I have become more aware of my actions over time but I am not sure if any of my changes are because of books of fiction I read. I think I mostly read fiction after I had changed. In terms of being "moral," I think people can become more aware of their actions by reading *non-fiction*. Most of my fiction doesn't tell people what to do. When I read my own writing I don't become more aware of my actions. I remember telling people that reading about depressed people is "good" but I forgot the reasons I stated. Over time I have felt more reluctant to be rhetorical and "have authority."

If you want to hit up Tao Lin's writing immediately, his blog is reader-of-depressing-books.blogspot.com. The most recent short stories he has posted have revolved around the emotionally turbulent personal lives of professional sasquatches and vegan muffins. You can buy all of his print books online.



Book Reviews



I Am America (And So Can You) By Stephen Colbert Scribe Publications

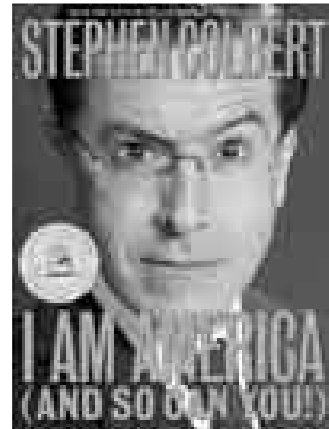
Over a three day weekend, Stephen Colbert directly dictated into a micro cassette recorder, all of his thoughts that were not able to fit into his comedy social commentary show *The Colbert Report* (shown on Foxtel's Comedy Central).

For those of you who do not recognise the name, Stephen Colbert is a former correspondent on Comedy Central's parody *The Daily Show*. He left *The Daily Show* to host his own show *The Colbert Report* in 2005 and it is a parody styled on personality driven political opinion shows. Since its conception, the show has been very successful, collecting Colbert three Emmy nominations and he was invited to be a featured entertainer at the White House Correspondents' Association Dinner in 2006. Colbert has made such an impact that he was named one of Time's 100 most influential people in 2006 and 2007.

I Am America contains Colbert's innermost thoughts and opinions about subjects ranging from sex to the American family. Controversial, outspoken and kooky, Colbert is of the opinion that all he says is correct and if you start out reading this book and not agreeing, by the end you will understand that in actual fact you are the wrong one. The book is divided into a chapter per topic.

I spent the entire time reading this book laughing out loud, in side splitting loud chuckles. This means that this is probably not the most suitable book to be reading on the bus, laughing your head off in a large crowd of people. For fans of *The Chasers War* and *The Daily Show*, this book will definitely appeal. For others who enjoy books such as *Is It Me or Is Everything Shit* or *The Worst Case Scenario* series, this book is for you.

Danielle



People of the Book By Geraldine Brooks 4th Estate

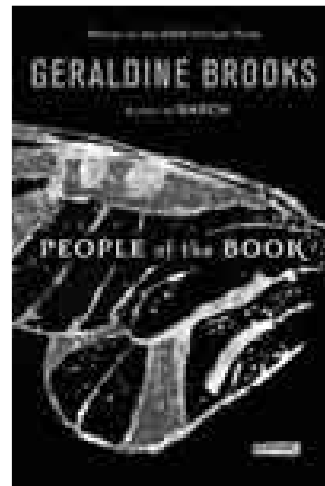
Hanna Heath receives a phone call in the middle of the night. A highly valuable manuscript has been found in the ruins of a war ravaged Sarajevo and she realises that this could be the experience of a lifetime. A book conservator by trade, she makes her way to Bosnia to start work on the Sarajevo Haggadah, a Jewish prayer book. However Hanna is unprepared to have her world shaken from its normally ordered state.

Geraldine Brooks is a superb writer, but this book goes to the next level. Already a fan of *A Year of Wonders* and *March*, I found myself eagerly awaiting the release of this novel and I was not disappointed. *People of the Book* is an adventure filled and moving tale about love, war and of course, art. It has been thoroughly researched, as all Brooks' books are and it deals with sensitive topics, such as war, very well.

Hanna is a strong and independent woman, who is experienced at her job, but along the way she falls in love with Ozren Karamen, the librarian who risked his life to save the book. The book does not just cover the present, as narrated by Hanna, but goes back in time and examines the manuscript's history. However, it is Hanna's own story which is central to the novel and which makes it a novel which speaks to the readers. Her difficulty with her mother and the constant feeling of disappointment her mother feels for her is not resolved in the traditional way as Brooks is an honest writer of human nature.

A fantastic novel for Brooks' fans and anyone who wants a stirring and lyrical read.

Alicia





Fashion

with Jenifer Vargaly

Did you know?

In 1900, women could buy a pair of shoes for just \$1. Seriously, how awesome is that.

The Steve Madden shoes created for Mariah Carey's "Adventures of Mimi" tour were seven-inch (18 centimetre) high pumps with in-built technology to make it feel like she was wearing sneakers! The in-built air technology meant that the whole sole was thickly padded and even a little bouncy. No sore feet after dancing with these shoes on.

There are over 50,000 shopping malls in the USA alone, employing the equivalent of over half of the Australian population.

Quote from a fashion icon

"It's always the badly dressed people who are the most interesting."

- Jean Paul Gaultier

Where should I go shopping today?

Madrid Xanadu is the largest shopping mall in Spain and the sixth largest in all of Europe. This 84 acre shopping and entertainment hub has an indoor ski slope with a run 250 metres long and 55 metres wide, and if you get bored of that the mall has 220 stores, 30 restaurants, a 15 screen movie theatre, and a 12,500 square metre go-cart track.

Are you a shopaholic?

Okay, when you're going out on the weekend with a guy, do you buy a new outfit:

- a) Only if he's really hot.
- b) All the time. Your theory is that a new outfit is the only way to have a worthwhile date.
- c) Never. No date's important enough to blow the money from your casual job on - and besides, you already have enough fashionable pre-worn outfits in your closet.

If you answered b) congratulations you are a shopaholic!

We prefer option a), although not quite as good as b) in terms of boosting the retail economy in SA.

Finally, if you picked c) you're probably a bit stingy and will be in need of a wardrobe update sooner rather than later.

For further information on Jenifer or Oz's work please contact Jenifer at jenifer.vargaly@student.adelaide.edu.au

The Great Oz, Fashion Icon of South Australia

All photos on this page (43) are taken by Oz.
His company is Stills, the Art of Oz.



He started off studying to become a graphic designer and then began working in the field. He soon realised that it was very different studying graphic design to working in the industry. He didn't really enjoy the work, apart from the task of occasionally taking photographs of scenes or products in the design process. This is where he first realised his interest in photography.

From there, he read and studied photography out of his own interest as well as just practicing it. He emphasises that it is a very practical skill which involves much more than reading or theory. Soon after this he left graphic design altogether for the world of photography. However, he in no way started at the top. He began as a photographer's assistant in corporate photography, mainly taking pictures of staff members at different companies, and sometimes doing still shots of products. He learnt hands on in this job experience from the very beginning. He learnt 'everything' in his words and from doing a variety of photographic work, the fashion side of things just fell on him by chance. He did such a good job at all his work that this began to have a snowball effect, leading to many fashion photography jobs being offered to him, both here and interstate.

As Oz repeats to me, it does not matter what job you are doing, you have to do it to the best of your ability. For example, he tells me, "It's not difficult to photograph a watch; it's difficult to photograph it well."

The ethos behind his work and success is the concept of striving for excellence. For example, as I sit in his Adelaide studio he tells me, "It doesn't matter what you are photographing, even if it is a toilet doorknob, that's how the person who commissioned you feeds their family - they've entrusted you with their livelihood." If you do it well, they will do well, and looking at things like this makes it easy to see how he strives for excellence in his work - it is serving a very important function, no matter what the job is.

His advice to budding photographers is firstly that you need to work hard; you can't expect to be doing magazine fashion shoots on your first job. Secondly, the importance of beauty in your work; it's important to be original and artistic, but not so alternative that the photograph loses its beauty - it must be pleasing to look at. Thirdly, you have to do the yards. Everyone has to start from somewhere, and those who come to Oz expecting to start from the top will never make it. You have to be prepared to photograph door knobs, or whatever it will take for you to improve. The subject matter is irrelevant; it is your skill and work that is important.

For those of you that are more interested in modelling for fashion photographers like Oz he also has some important advice for you: First off, don't take it too seriously, don't make it your life. Secondly, whatever is in your head will always come out in your eyes in the photo shoot, so you can't be too serious in order to be successful as a photographic model. You have to think about what the picture will present like.

When I asked him what he believes led to his success he looked at me and without any hesitation was able to answer in one simple, yet all-encompassing word: "Passion."

Jenifer Varzaly



Oz has risen to prominence as the fashion photographer of choice for almost all high fashion in Adelaide, many jobs in Melbourne and Sydney, and is recognised internationally for his high quality and original fashion photography style.

We were lucky enough to get an interview with the always busy Oz at his Adelaide studio. So what can we tell readers who may be interested in pursuing a career in fashion or photography? Firstly, you do not need money or connections to make it in the industry. Oz had modest beginnings, immigrating to Australia from a small town in Italy at the age of three, but he is now one of the prominent fashion photographers in Australia. Despite all of this he still remains grounded and is always happy to talk about his road to success.



I can't remember the last time I was on stage with The Cops.

That's not because it didn't happen, I have been assured that it did. In October last year when the band came and played the Gov's famous back room I was up there with them for at least a few songs. That I couldn't remember I think had something to do with my attendance at an all day drinking festival for the 8 hours previous to the concert. Hmm. Not something I'm particularly proud of but something I am frequently reminded of nonetheless. I decided the subject of my interview, The Cops lead singer Simon Carter, did not need to be reminded about our last meeting.

So what is it like to be part of a successful Australian rock band like The Cops? According to front man, founding member and principle song writer Simon Carter 'it's an uphill struggle every step of the way.' Struggle? Surely if you are receiving national radio airplay and touring around the country seemingly every other month then you've made it right? Even after releasing their second LP last year to considerable acclaim and racking up some impressive support slots, including Blondie and the Kaiser Chiefs, Carter and his band mates are still 'barely able to sustain themselves off the band.' For a group with such an impressive C.V. this is surprising to say the least.

Following the release of their debut album 'Stomp on Trip Wires' in 2004, The Cops have built up a sizeable following. Their most recent national tour in 2007 was a cross country jaunt with fellow Sydney rockers Expatriate while their flagship single 'The Message' came in at number 88 on last year's Hottest 100. I asked Carter if any of these moments made him stop and reflect on how far the band had come. On supporting the Kaiser Chiefs, Carter said 'it's always nice to play in front of big crowds. But at the end of the day when you're playing a big support no one is really there to see you.'

Formed in 2003 by Carter and bassist Beck Darwon and hailing from Sydney's inner west The Cops describe themselves as 'a mashing of rock, funk, soul, electro, hip hop and pop, shot out of a see-through, mile-long, neon cannon into the outer reaches of our solar system.' Follow the release of their second long-player *Drop it in Their Laps* in 2007 the media attempted to pigeon hole the group into the synth-pop sub-genre. This is a label Carter would prefer to avoid. During the course of our conversation I learnt that founding member Beck Darwon is planning to leave the group. So how will this affect the band? For a group which has undergone numerous line-up changes since their inception the answer is not a great deal. Primarily The Cops are Carter's band. The multi-instrumentalist writes all the parts in his home studio and then introduces them to the band. Although there is room for creative input from other members the singer safeguards his musical vision.

Although primarily a rock band the front man describes The Cops sound as a mish-mash of his many and varied musical influences which stretch from Hall & Oates, Ice Cube and Public Enemy to contemporary Latin American music, soul and funk. On heavy rotation in Carter's stereo now are three David Bowie albums *low*, *heroes* and *lodger*, records which come from a period in Bowie's career where he was uninspired by what was happening in the music industry. As our conversation went on, it was clear that Carter at times feels a similar kind of disillusionment with the music industry and popular music in particular which he described as 'very convoluted.' 'It's a really weird time in music at the moment' he states when I ask him what effect the rampant illegal downloading of artists work is having on his group. 'Well, it's getting a lot harder to sell records. No one really knows what to do, they're all just sitting on their hands and wondering what next?'

So if it all really is a constant struggle then what motivates The Cops? 'Well basically', Carter confides 'I can't really do anything else.'

Doing Time with The Cops



there is more to it than that. Working the regulation amount of part time jobs made Carter realise that to devote his life to anything other than music would be a mistake. Music had always formed a big part of his life and his father '...always had instruments lying around the house.' Despite his long love affair with all things musical Carter is entirely self-taught and has never received any formal musical training. This was a completely conscious decision to aid rather than impede his musical growth. When you hear The Cops' unique sound it is clear that this was the right choice.

Mitch Waters



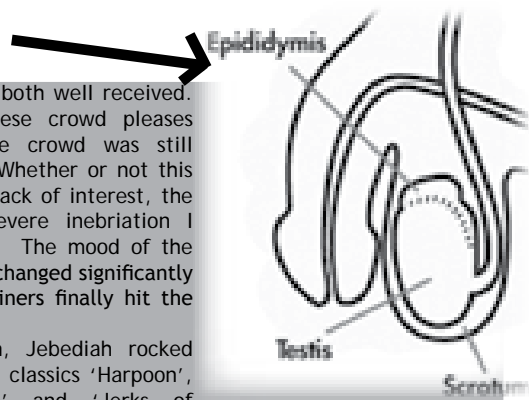
The People's Playlist

Protest Songs

With Mitch Waters

1. **Sunday Bloody Sunday - U2**
The massacre of thirteen people, six of whom were under 18, by the British army in Derry has been immortalized in this classic tune.
2. **Chop Suey - System of a Down**
I reckon this song is about the tragedy of suicide bombing not only for victims and their families but also on the perpetrators and their loved ones.
3. **Bomb the World - Michael Franti**
Don't let the title fool you, Franti ain't advocating for shock and awe.
4. **Times they are a Changing - Bob Dylan**
Although he wouldn't call himself a revolutionary the context in which this classic tune was released makes it impossible to view it as anything other than rallying cry for the children of the revolution.
5. **Take the Power Back - Rage against the Machine**
Were any of their songs not political?

HAVE O'BALL'S BALLS DROPPED?



By the time I arrived at O'Ball the cloisters resembled a battle ground the likes of which I had not seen since my days as a freshman. All around fresh faced first years searched for somewhere to throw up or a friend to hang off so they could be led home to mummy and daddy. Okay, so I exaggerate slightly but everyone seemed pretty wasted, and not just normal wasted but the kind of drunk you get when you don't know how much you can reasonably consume. My friends and I, all approaching our mid-20's at an ever increasing pace, began to feel very old. But how was the music?

First of all the Koolism crew must still be livid that they were scheduled before Peter Coombe. I mean if that is not a total slap in the face I don't what is. Sure you have to give Coombe props for all his years in 'the game' but what is it with his recent renaissance? That said everyone did enjoy singing along to 'Juicy, Juicy Green Grass' and 'Newspaper Mama'.

Following that injustice it was British India's turn to hit the stage and warm up the already warmed up crowd. Only being familiar with their radio-friendly material I can't deliver an expert assessment of the band's entire set. It was on the whole a very reasonable effort from this promising young group. They certainly did their best for a crowd who were a little unresponsive.

Next was the ubiquitous MC battle, a fad at best, which since Eminem's 8 Mile and the rise of the Hill Top Hoods has reached near plague proportions. Obviously I was unimpressed but I cheered in all the right places and feigned some kind of interest in the whole process.

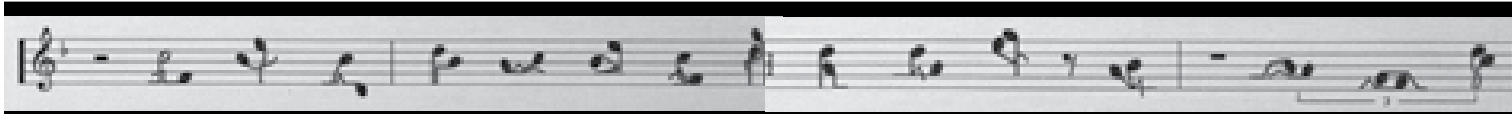
It was Simon Carter and his pet project the Cops who were given the difficult task of following up after the amateur MC's. Through the sporadic shower of plastic cups and random objects, one of which hit the lead guitarist prompting him to yell F**K OFF into his microphone, the Sydney group delivered a tight, punchy set free from stage invasions. Their well known material 'The Message' and

'Cop Pop' were both well received. Even during these crowd pleases almost half the crowd was still sitting down!? Whether or not this was related to lack of interest, the heatwave or severe inebriation I cannot be sure. The mood of the crowd however changed significantly when the headliners finally hit the stage.

True to form, Jebediah rocked the house. The classics 'Harpoon', 'Leaving Home' and 'Jerks of Attention' all had the crowd going off and for a time the missile barrage ceased. As the set went on however the question of age again entered my mind and became even more apparent. I mean I first heard most of these songs over ten years ago. Sure they were still great and when they played 'Teflon' I think I scared some people with my overly enthusiastic mosh-pit performance. But maybe some more new material is on the cards, guys? That this was their first show outside of Western Australia is perhaps indicative that there is more to come from this Aussie group who are slowly approaching 'legend' status. There certainly was a considerable gulf in class between the acts which preceded the headliners and the main event. The energy they gave off and their cohesion as a group is surely something that can only be attained through many long-hard years on the road perfecting your craft.

A great O'Ball overall but not the best I have seen by a long way. Whether it was the heat, the crowd, or the line-up I can't be sure. Perhaps, at the risk of sounding political, this is the fate of O'Ball in the era of V.S.U. But a slightly disappointing O'Ball is better than none at all. Long may this event continue, wasted freshers and all.

Mitch Waters



CHATting WITH an OLD Favourite

The call came out via email - 'who wants to do O'Ball interviews?' Okay KD, time to start begging... 'Please please please let me interview Jebediah...I've loved them since I was 12 (slight exaggeration needed...I was 14!)' Lo and behold, I get the message I've been dying for: Ring Chris tomorrow at 11am...

Oh shit...what was I going to say?

All my preparation went to hell when I realised that the first question out of my mouth was 'Ice-cream or Chocolate?' "Chocolate...dark chocolate" says Chris, laughing and immediately putting me at ease. As guitarist with WA outfit Jebediah (who are making a re-appearance after a 26-months hibernation), Chris proves to be the nicest bloke to talk to about Jebediah's return to the live scene. "It feels awesome to be gigging again, really good. The extended hiatus was snowballing out of control, so I'm loving playing live again."

Adelaide is the band's first trip out of WA since reappearing, and I'm curious as to why they decided now was the right time to start going interstate.

"Actually, we were invited to play the show, and rapt to be asked. We'd turned down other requests because we couldn't fit them in, but this one seemed to work, so we jumped at it." He promises that the new Jebediah sets will still contain classic songs: "We're getting a fantastic response from crowds...the nostalgia aspects to the shows have been really enjoyable and the old songs are an indulgence of both the audience and us after a Jebs drought."

Genuinely excited by this prospect- I am a die-hard fan after all- I ask Chris what he is personally looking forward to over the next 6 months: "I look forward to recording but not as much as playing live. We're playing a small handful of new songs and our loose aim is to get a record together between touring...we're applying ourselves in the rehearsal studio, and we'll record in blocks between touring. We'd love to release something new."

As I do when interviewing any band that I've loved since I can remember, I always end up asking the geeky questions that they usually answer at in-store appearances and junkets run by nameless radio stations. Chris laughs when I warn him of what I'm about to do. "Fire away!" Favourite Jebediah support of all time? "In the early days, supporting a band that I'm a huge fan of- Weezer...and we got to meet them." Worst experience on tour? "I don't know about worst, but I have an embarrassing one...getting up onstage to sing along with Spiderbait at some festival. I'd had a bit too much to drink...the audience looked so confused!" Ultimate backstage rider? "Red wine and a cheese platter." That's not very rock n roll! "Well, can I say Eddy Izzard then- to entertain me before I go onstage?" Sure :)

By the time you read this, Jebediah would've played a monster of a set at Adelaide O'Ball. For info on tour dates and potential new releases, head to www.jebediah.net.

KD



Bang This!



Fresh off a recent gig at Adelaide's renowned multicultural music festival, Womadelaide, I spoke with Brad, drummer and one-fifth of New Zealand roots outfit Kora about their newest album, touring and comic books.

Asking Brad to describe Kora's sound proves to be quite entertaining. "It's a mix mash of rock, soul, drum and bass, metal and funk. It's kind of just all genres put into one. We all come from different backgrounds of music so we just try and blend the whole thing into one crazy package." It is not hard to see how this is possible, given that the five piece consists of four brothers with vastly different experiences in N.Z.'s live music scene, and the album certainly reflects this. "The album is different from most albums because it hits such a wide audience. It wasn't intended to be that way but the boys all dig different styles so we had to come to a compromise on how we were going to do it...We had recorded it in the three different parts of N.Z. and then during our U.K. tour the mastering was done by Soundmasters who have also done great bands like Queen, Groove Amada and David Bowie." Although the boys have been visiting our shores since 2005, this is their first trip to Womadelaide, and Brad is obviously excited: "This is a whole new style of festival for us and we like it like that. Sometimes you can kind of predict what kind of gig it's going to be because we've done similar ones before, but this one's a lot different. It's a very wide mix of different bands and music, world music. I can't wait to get there to tell you the truth!" When asked if he has a favourite song to play live, Brad is a little more coy. "Every song has something special in there. I can't really pick one favourite song because I dig them all. Depending what mood I'm in though I go through my 'favourite song' phase...we have built our fanbase through our live performances...I love jamming live with the boys." Possibly the most striking thing about Kora's newest release is the artwork- a manga-inspired comic book piece in which all of the individual members have their own superhero styled around them by artists Damon and Kieran Oates (Marvel Comics, Transformers and others). "I'm a big fan of comic books...it's definitely a good way to pass time...we have a lot of respect for the Japanese culture and some of our influences show in the album as well, which is why we went with the theme."

After Adelaide the boys will be heading home for a quick break before visiting us again, so it seemed fitting to end the interview by asking Brad about the best and worst parts of touring, as well as his ultimate tour advice. The best part of touring would be "hanging with the whole band and crew- my best mates- I've seen and done things I thought I would never do ever." And the worst? "Airports - nuff said! Oh, and washing- make sure you always take at least a dozen fresh socks on the road!"

Kora's self-titled album is out now through Shock. Check out www.kora.co.nz for info on upcoming tour dates.

KD

ron sexsmith

On March 11, I was treated to a night of beautiful music...

This was the night that Canadian folk-rock singer/songwriter, Ron Sexsmith, was in Adelaide to share his music with fans at Fowlers Live. Now I must admit that I hadn't heard much about Ron Sexsmith before this gig, besides being told that he once did a song with Coldplay's Chris Martin. Turns out that this lack of knowledge is not much of a surprise. Although Sexsmith is respected by many greats in the international music scene, such as Paul McCartney, Elton John and Elvis Costello, his music seems to be underrated and undervalued.

The night was opened by folk/country singer Krista Polvere, who



performed her beautifully understated acoustic music. I was taken aback by Krista's charming voice, which she uses to deliver honest lyrics, accentuated by great harmonies. While I was enjoying Krista's set, I noticed that the room was being infiltrated by folks in their 50s. This kind of surprised me at first, but once Ron Sexsmith took the stage, all the pieces came together. I realised that this is the kind of music that my parents would listen to, as it is reminiscent of their younger years, when folk music was the craze and music was used as a means to tell a story. And this is exactly what Ron Sexsmith is; a storyteller. Regarded as an outstanding songwriter, Sexsmith's lyrics are thought-provoking and beautifully poetic, so much so that I found myself listening attentively to every word he delivered. With lyrics like these, it's no wonder that so many artists have covered his songs, including Rod Stewart, Feist, KD Lang and Nick Lowe.

The music supporting the lyrics is gentle, yet very catchy, featuring memorable guitar riffs, light drumming and smooth, moving bass lines. Sexsmith's voice is powerful, yet controlled, and provides a beautiful vehicle to deliver the eloquent lyrics. The diversity of songs played during this set was also impressive, moving between up-beat guitar driven tunes to beautiful piano-based ballads. Put simply, these are just great songs, where meaningful lyrics are set to strong melodies, the songs are short and punchy and the choruses are elevating.

What was also unique about this gig was Sexsmith's interaction with the crowd. Between tracks, Sexsmith shared with his fans a few insights into his life, such as the song he wrote with Feist ("Brandy Alexander"), his recent appearance on *Spicks and Specks* and his fascination with Flat White coffee (apparently they don't have Flat Whites in Canada). All in all, Sexsmith created an intimate performance space, in which the singer and the crowd communicated with each other like good old mates. Sexsmith is a funny, humble character, with a fantastic voice, and a true gift for songwriting.

Amelia Dougherty



Satoria

Local four piece metal act Satoria held their second gig on Australia Day at the Magill club as part of Metal at Magill. Despite having known the band for a few years now this was to be the first time that I had seen them, so I was looking forward to seeing what they could do.

Initially there was little interest from the crowd however once the set got going this was a different story with the beer garden quickly emptying and the audience rapidly growing. These guys can play. The long hours in rehearsal seem to be finally paying off, resulting in a tight set right down to the synchronised head bashing of Lennie and Stephan.. The music ranges from brutally heavy guitar patters to some softer progression and all in all ties in together extremely well. Fittingly Adam's vocals also range from screams to melodically sung verses. You can hear the influence of Dreamtheatre and Killswitch Engage

You can check out their my space profile (www.myspace.com/satoriamusic) for a taste of their demo, otherwise it's available for a small donation after their gigs. Interestingly enough instead of paying for the demo to be produced professionally it was all done by the band in Brad's basement. Having spoken with the guys I can tell you that this was a fairly long process and that they were quite anal in producing it. However, it has to be said the results are well deserved, as the demo sounds as good as if not better than many going around. All in all it is well worth a look if progressive metal is your thing. If not then it's worth it to see the results that are possible from a DIY attitude and a fortune spent on your own recording equipment.

Your next opportunity to catch Satoria will be at the Lizard Lounge opening for Octanic's EP launch on the 19th of April.

Demetrius



Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds *Dig!!! Lazarus Dig!!!*

EMI

There are two ways in which I could approach this album: as a part of Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds' extensive back catalogue, or as a stand alone album. Putting something in the context of twenty-something years of work is an impossible task, given the variety of what the band has produced in that time. Listening to it as a single album is also somewhat unfair since it almost denies everything that has been done to get to that point. But that's what I'm going to do, so send your hate mail now.

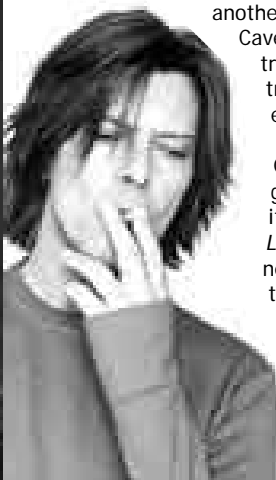
This is a bloody good album. Initially engaging with humour and hysteria in title track 'Dig!!! Lazarus Dig!!!' that tells the story of Larry (Lazarus) who goes on an American journey filled with drugs and guns and women, similar to the travels of Raoul Duke and Dr. Gonzo. 'We Call Upon The Author' pulls no punches referring to Charles Bukowski as a jerk in an epic ranting track, with some machinery sounds thrown in for good measure. 'More News From Nowhere' closes the album and seems to be a reflection on past loves, calling for 'Miss Polly' to strap him to the mast.

From beginning to end, Cave draws you into his world and walks you through, and he's just so hospitable. There's something very comfortable about this album, but that's not to say that it's complacent. *Dig!!! Lazarus, Dig!!!* is so well put together that when you hear it, it sounds like an album you've known and loved for years. There are none of those awkward moments, where you stare at the stereo, in utter disbelief (in a bad way) at what you're hearing. But then again, that's where Nick Cave and his band's talent lies.

This album serves as yet another reminder that Mr. Cave and The Bad Seeds truly are national treasures. It is too easy to dismiss this as just another Nick Cave album and not give it the credit it deserves. *Dig!!! Lazarus, Dig!!!* is a necessary addition to any Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds collection and a great place to start if you're yet to discover them.

B

On Dit 76.3



These New Puritans *Beat Pyramid* Domino

The Dior fashion house and the Klaxons loves them, and they're making quite the splash in the UK at the moment, but I really didn't like this album as much as I thought I might.

As far as debuts go, it's strong enough, in that it demonstrates innovation and catchy singles that the NME are sure to love. They tick every pop-culture box too: prestigious producer (Gareth Jones who produced the likes of Liars and Einsturzende Neubauten), commendable influences (Sonic Youth, David Lynch) and they come from the trendy part of London, counting The Horrors as friends.

Sadly, it's not quite enough to make this an amazing debut.

'Colours' starts off promisingly with crazy drumming and frantic pace, but then it all comes crashing down with a chanted 'gold gold' chorus. I can see kids on the dance floor jumping and pumping their fists to it, but it comes off as lame and pretty much destroys a song which is rather good otherwise. 'C 16th' reprises the cringe factor repeating over and over 'we weren't right, we weren't right, we weren't right', almost as if they'd run out of lyrics.

But there are moments worth noting. 'Swords of Truth' is eclectic and interesting to listen to, almost hip hop meets rock/electro—but not in a Linkin Park way—it's far more intricate and subtle, which then leads into 'Doppelganger', reminiscent of the slower side of Aphex Twin. 'MKK3' sounds like a dejected Ian Dury on the tube, and it's just perfection. And then there's 'Elvis', a cleverly chosen single and an indie anthem if ever I heard one.

And that's what the album is for me: great promise, but there always seems to be something that has been poorly thought out, which lets everything else down. These New Puritans are only in their late teens, so hopefully next time around they'll have matured a little and be able to cut the crap and focus on the great bits.

B





Beach House
Devotion
Carpark

Musical duo's of the modern age can be pretty hit and miss. They can be rockin' and in your face like Death from Above or they can be a couple of boring indie kids like Angus and Julia Stone. Beach House is a girl-boy duo closer to the latter of these two examples. However, unlike Angus and Julia Stone, they are not without their redeeming qualities.

The album *Devotion*, quite rightly classified as dream pop, is the sophomore offering by Beach House. The immediate positive that the listener notices is that the lyrics (mainly about love, sorrow and funnily enough, devotion) are discernable unlike other dream pop bands such as Cocteau Twins.

The music itself is memorable as well. Indeed, if listened to twice, it is hard to mentally dispose of the melodies offered, at least by the first few tracks. The first single to be released (at least in the States) was correctly chosen to be 'Gila'. Its instant charm is almost definitely thanks to the vocals (provided throughout the album by Victoria Legrand), especially the use of a vocal imitation echo akin to the "ey-ey-ey's" in Rihanna's "Umbrella".

Production wise there is definitely a "wall of sound" approach, to the point where it sounds like the album was actually recorded in a beach house; a big, damp and empty one. Be prepared for a lot of sound (however relaxing it may be), especially from the percussion side of instrumentation where there are tambourines, hand claps, maracas and drums which all seem to echo forever.

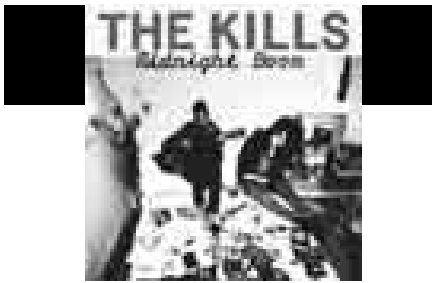
The funny thing is that on closer inspection, it seems the apparent layering and depth of the music is more likely to be an illusion of reverb. It is easy to forget that this is indeed a two piece group and judging by their Wikipedia photo, they perform as one also, highlighting the need to be able to replicate the sounds heard on the albums with as few players as possible.

It has to be said that the fuzz, slide guitars, organs and truck loads of echo do wear out by the end of the album. However, one could just as easily criticise these two for inconsistency and poor experimentation if they tried to expand beyond what they know they do well.

Final word: the dreamy *Devotion* should not be approached as a something to dance or sing along to. This is music created to just 'be' to.

BB

(Not to be confused with 'B')



The Kills
Midnight Boom
Domino

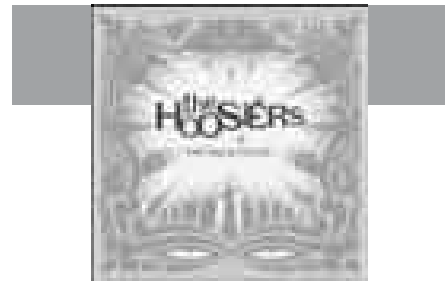
Years ago, I had played a track of The Kills from their *No Wow* album on my radio show, and a friend of mine told me that it sounded like Shania Twain gone wrong. Yes, it might have sounded a bit country, but my friend's taste was clearly in his arse on this one.

Midnight Boom is the third studio album from American/British duo, The Kills, and this, like their other albums, is a fusion of art and literature, resulting in clever but simple music.

The thing that I like about The Kills' albums is that no matter how clean the production is, there are still coughs, dial tones, hand claps and humming, so that you can almost imagine that it was actually recorded in the bedroom featured on the cover. It's not fancy, and lyrics are used frugally, but VV and Hotel get the job done.

This album has so many different elements. There's the stalking sound of 'U.R.A. Fever', and 'Tape Song' sounds like something Shirley Manson and Co. might bang out one day. Closing track 'Goodnight Bad Morning' could almost be a lullaby with its delicate and sweet vocals, but you get hints at the darkness behind it all and, for a song about heartache, 'Last Day Of Magic' rollicks along quite nicely.

Midnight Boom is such an enjoyable listen and if you look at it on the surface, it's certainly a collection of great songs, but if you delve deeper you can see that it is an album made by two people who have had enough of rock pomp and are solely interested in producing effortless, smart music.



The Hoosiers
The Trick To Life
Sony BMG

I'm not sure if I'm the only one, but it seems as though we've been hit by an influx of Brit Pop over the last few years... The Arctic Monkeys, Franz Ferdinand, The Wombats, Lily Allen and The Kaiser Chiefs to name a few. When I first heard The Hoosiers, I honestly could not distinguish their sound from any of the hundreds of other Brit Pop bands lurking around (mind you, it probably didn't help that I was in London at the time). But after my first listen to their full length album, *The Hoosiers & The Trick to Life*, it became quite clear that The Hoosiers, who got their name from the American mid-western corn growing community in Indiana, have developed a unique, experimental and stylistic resonance of their own. Quirky melodies and lyrics, endearing pop hooks and instrumental miscellany is cemented by the transcending vocals of front man Irwin Sparkes, with a name synonymous to his poignant vocal presence.

Another factor that widens the gap between the Hoosiers and their Brit Pop counterparts, is lyrical subject matter. The album's press release from Sony/BMG clearly articulates their undesirability of "playing just another song about drinking on a Saturday night", or, "subjecting the world to another love song". Instead, the band opts for more enigmatic lyrics, drawing from personal experiences of journeying, dealing with the world, loss, friendship, sadness and fear, highlighted in tracks such as 'Worried About Ray', 'Sadness Runs Through Him' and 'Run Rabbit Run'.

'Worried About Ray', the first track and debut single, with its parallels to The Turtle's 1967 classic, 'So Happy Together', is a great upbeat pop tune, despite its melancholy lyrical undertones. 'Everything Goes Dark' is a simple, yet powerfully hypnotising ballad of love, loss and 'what ifs', blending whimsical vocal harmonies with detailed, folksy acoustic guitar riffs and sneaky use of keys and strings. The ethereal, dreamlike undercurrents running through closing track 'Money to be Made' is created through the orchestral use of piano, horns and strings, making for a refreshing and insightful break from the very much pop/rock infused tracks that feature earlier on the album.

Despite the musical stigmas attached to their homeland, The Hoosiers deliver an impressive, experimental and distinct sound on their LP, which is not necessarily apparent at the offset, but definitely worth a listen.

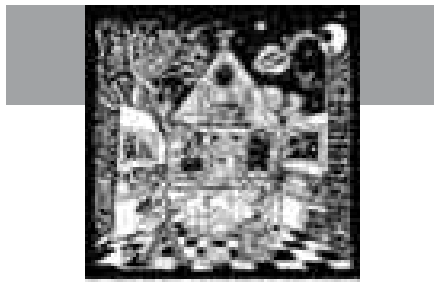
Claire Elizabeth Knight



Bullet For My Valentine
Scream Aim Fire
 Sony BMG

Listening to Welsh metal-core masters Bullet For My Valentine's latest album *Scream Aim Fire*, I got the impression that I had heard it all before, and it was just slightly better the first time around. Being a huge fan of their earlier releases *Hand of Blood* and *The Poison*, I had high expectations of this release; they had a lot to live up to. However, I'm sure that it was these expectations that led me to be a bit hard on the Bullet boys. If I had never heard anything of theirs before, I'm fairly certain I would have fallen in love with *Scream Aim Fire* from the get go. The first and title track kicks things off with a galloping drumbeat that sets the thrashy pop metal tone of the whole album. Like a cross between Metallica and Trivium, the majority of the songs are reminiscent of 80's metal that has been brought into the present, with a few hardcore breakdowns and some power balladry thrown in for good measure. 'Waking the Demon' is a definite stand out, with the perfect mix of aggressive guitar riffs and melodic "nicer" hooks, it is not hard to imagine an arena full of people screaming along to the chorus. 'Say Goodnight' and 'Forever and Always' show the tender side of their metal roots, slowing down the beat and softening up the vocals. However, they don't quite live up to power rock ballads of decades gone by; it is in the harsher, faster paced songs that Bullet For My Valentine really shine. The furious drumming, ferocious screaming, and fancy fretwork of the guitar solos on 'Ashes Of The Innocent', 'Last To Know' and 'Disappear' show that these guys are heavy contenders in the metal-core realm. Matt Tuck's vocal harmonies let the music down slightly at times, although, it is nice to hear a metal band with more singing than screaming for a change. Overall, *Scream Aim Fire* is a decent rollicking metal album with diversity that falls just short of Bullet's earlier work (but that definitely won't stop me from seeing them at Thebarton Theatre when they come in May. Tickets through Venuetix).

Erin Veide



We Grow Up
Night Kitchen
 triple j unearthed

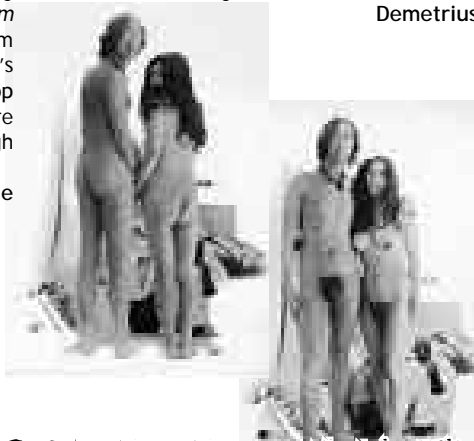
Night Kitchen is the second album for local indie pop band We Grow Up. Taking queues from bands like Belle and Sebastian, Elliott Smith and The Beatles, We Grow Up combines poetic lyrics with tasteful pop melodies.

Mid last year the band's sound captivated Missy Higgins leading to their winning Triple J's unearthed competition. This gave them the opportunity to support Missy Higgins on the Adelaide leg of her 'On A Clear Night' tour, giving them a fair bit of exposure and boosting their local fan base quite substantially. Since then the band has been playing local gigs to try and expand upon this support. On top of that the band are trying to establish an Adelaide scene for other indie pop bands and thus expose more local talent.

Being produced in singer songwriter Jonathan Mortimer's bedroom, the album has a relaxed feel, although it must be asked whether the vocals would gain something from a professional production. For me there are two standout tracks. The first of which is 'Celia' with its strong and haunting vocals detailing Celia's pursuit of a forbidden love. The second track that caught my attention was 'Office Christmas Party', which portrays a melancholy view of the festive season. The opening track 'Wrote It All Down In My Diary' seems to have struck a chord with the local press and has received some rotation on the J's. Also track 7, 'Mutual Friends', which is reminiscent of some of Simon and Garfunkel's earlier work, makes for an enthralling listen. The album has a relaxed, familiar feel with poetic and introspective making it ideal for evening listening.

Look out for We Grow Up on April the 11th at the Lizard Lounge.

Demetrius



Ross McLennan
Sympathy For The New World
 Mistletoe

I don't like giving bad reviews. It's not that *Sympathy For The New World* is bad; it's just that Ross McLennan seems to be playing a game he does not know how to win. It's understandable what he's trying to achieve with the songs, it's just that they come out all wrong. The tracks are long-winded, unnecessarily layered and overly orchestrated, causing McLennan's voice to be lost in the grandiose of sound created. Although at times his airy voice is quite relaxing, it's mostly reminiscent of that one kid in the front row of the choir that whispers random lines from a song - you find yourself trying to figure out if he is actually singing, mumbling, or if he's even in the choir. Anyway, the point is that it *could be* said that his voice is like that of the heavenly Thom Yorke (think Exit Music...) but, it's not.

The opening track, 'I'm As Heavy As I've Ever Been' starts off uncannily like a Radiohead song would - a hair raising acappella, gently inviting the instruments to accompany, but it seems to stay in a mode of permanent anticipation, you find yourself saying, 'here it comes', but it never does. Although it wraps up nicely, when it ends, it leaves an air of disappointment.

'Teenage Wish' is literally difficult to listen to. At times there is no music at all - just sheer silence. The artistic attempt of an intensified atmosphere is noted, but it just gets annoying. Perhaps it is my impatience or maybe I am blindly biased, either way its like listening to a speech, and you go to clap, but it's not over yet!

It's not all doom and gloom, 'Christian Love Made a Monkey Out of Me' is by far the most balanced track, vocally, instrumentally and artistically.

Stamatina Hasiotis



FILM

Editors: Jerome Arguelles, Vincent Coleman and Aslan Mesbah



Before the Devil Knows You're Dead (MA) Now Showing

The tagline for this film, 'No one was supposed to get hurt', might give the impression of another routine heist film where the basics get botched up. Don't be fooled. *Before the Devil Knows You're Dead* is an orgy of mistakes and consequences, which will make you glad you're in a comfy chair slurping Coke and not on the cast list.

Veteran director Sidney Lumet (*12 Angry Men*, *Serpico*) assembles a dysfunctional family tragedy told racy in a highly-fragmented narrative style, against a backdrop of ultra-ordinary shopping mall suburbia. Aided by a superbly-chosen and balanced cast, Lumet's visuals sustain a pressure-cooker atmosphere throughout with his cast prodded, stirred, and slowly boiled alive by Kelly Masterson's killer screenplay.

Brothers Andy (Philip Seymour Hoffman) and Hank (Ethan Hawke) are tired of living on the losing end of life and need money quick. Andy, the eldest, assures his weak and confidenceless sibling that he has the perfect crime. However, Andy's scheme goes belly up when Hank, with no idea what to do and enlists the help of a seasoned crim. The resulting debacle tears their family, Andy's wife (Marisa Tomei) and wily patriarch (Albert Finney), apart.



With a spiraling crisis, not to mention both Andy and Hank's ever-increasing monetary and addiction woes, steering the film towards oblivion, Lumet succeeds at this point in opening up the plot to reveal another level. *Before the Devil Knows You're Dead* is as much a sobering social commentary as it is a gripping thriller. The predicaments of unhappy relationships, and unhappy workplaces, conspire with the seediness of private shame to show humanity's many sides. Naked vulnerability shares screen-time with merciless exploitation, hard-boiled business sense, and a constant blanket of regret and longing for things to have been different.

With its drug use and above-the-covers sex scenes, my money is on this film being assigned the big R by the ratings people by the time it gets to you. But let this not deter anyone, of age, from buying a ticket. *Before the Devil Knows You're Dead* - one hell of a good film.



John De Laine

Be Kind, Rewind (PG)

Now Showing

Director Michel Gondry seems to like making movies about memory. In *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* he dealt with the erasure of information stored in the brain. Here, he deals with the erasure of information stored on magnetic tape. But, while his early effort was haunting, serious and visually inventive, his new venture is shoddy and weak.

Jerry, the main character, is played by Jack Black. Now there is no doubt Black is a talented and charismatic actor, yet there is very little even he can do to save this flimsy movie. The plot is weak and unbelievable. Jerry gets zapped by electricity when he visits a power station; his body gets magnetised as a result. Then, when he goes near the tapes in a video store, he manages to erase all of them. Undeterred, he decides, along with his friend, to shoot all the movies again. Their own versions of those movies, that is! They shoot their own version of *Ghostbusters* and it is only twenty minutes long. Not only do people buy it, they actually come back and demand more films of the same kind! While we are expected to willingly suspend disbelief when approaching a movie, there is only so far that the brain can travel in that direction when confronted with such drivel.



Mia Farrow, Sigourney Weaver and Danny Glover all appear in this film. What are they doing here? They all look terribly ill-at-ease. We may laugh at Black's facial expressions, sincerity and madcap antics, but unfortunately all this is not enough to save the film from itself. This is feel-good cinema that has as its message 'anyone can make films and get an audience.' All you need is 'heart' and a strong 'belief in yourself.' And don't worry too much about copyright infringement. You'll get away with it in the end.

Gondry's stab at comedy here is more a stab at his own talent. Let us hope it is not too fatal.



Cherian Philipose



chacun son cinéma

Oliver Assayas, Bille August, Jane Campion, Youssef Chahine, Kaige Chen, Michael Cimino, David Cronenberg, Eli Suleiman, Jean-Pierre & Luc Besson, Manoel de Oliveira, Raymond Depardon, Atom Egoyan, Amos Gitai, Heide Huisman, Alejandro Jodorfovsic, Barbara

To Each His [Own] Cinema (Chacun son cinéma) (M)

Exclusive release at the 2008 Alliance Française French Film Festival (March 27-April 6)

The year 2006 saw the release of *Paris, I Love You (Paris je t'aime)*, a series of short films situated in the 18 arrondissements of Paris whose themes centered on the outlandish and whimsical perceptions of love and romance. The film showcased some of the world's best directors and their interpretation of the Parisian romantic spirit. Last year, *Paris je t'aime's* spiritual successor, *To Each His Cinema (Chacun son cinéma)* was released and made numerous international film festival trips. This year, the film is poised to stop at the 2008 Alliance Française French Film Festival and is sure to attract some attention with its premise.

Chacun son cinéma is essentially a series of short films boasting the collaboration of 35 directors from around the world. International film lovers will not be disappointed by the participation of big name directors such as Wong Kar-Wai (*2046, Happy Together*), Roman Polanski (*The Pianist*), David Cronenberg (*A History of Violence*), Atom Egoyan (*Exotica, Where the Truth Lies*), Takeshi Kitano (*The Blind Swordsman: Zatoichi*), and re-introduces some *Paris je t'aime* directors such as Ethan and Joel Coen (*No Country for Old Men*) and Gus Van Sant (*My Own Private Idaho, Elephant*). The shorts vary

in plot, genre, and cinematography that are reminiscent of their respective directors, but they all share two things in common. All the shorts tell the story of a person's or persons' attendance at a cinema/theatre/communal film screening and evidently, a three minute time limit.

The big question is, does *Chacun son cinéma* deliver? To say that it does is ridiculous, as some of the shorts were easily forgettable, lacking a characteristic that made them protrude. While I was overall impressed with all the films' cinematography, there were just some that outshone the others such as *Zhanxiao Village, I Travelled 9000 km To Give It To You, Artaud Double Bill, and One Fine Day*. The drawback is, some of the aforementioned shorts prioritises the cinematography but withdraws on the narratives... but that should not be too much of a problem for the aspiring directors and film critics out there, n'est-ce pas? Likewise, there were some with such concentrated meanings and messages that they will leave you thinking such as *Anna, At the Suicide of the Last Jew in the World in the Last Cinema in the World, 5557 Miles from Cannes, and War in Peace*, but viewers may find them a bit static in presentation and even difficult to grasp. And then there are the light-hearted shorts that may be more fun to watch and more forgiving to the senses, such as *Happy Ending, Cinéma Erotique, and Awkward*, but may consequently be too predictable. Suffice to say, the variety in themes and genre are much more enormous compared to the shorts in *Paris je t'aime*. Positives and negatives are a lot more ambiguously fluid and viewers may find the whole film mixed, with some shorts characterised as a "hit" and others as a "miss." But with so many directors involved in this project, this film is worth seeing for the film buffs out there, if only to play a guessing game to figure out which director is responsible for which short. But for the general audience, this film might just be the definition of ennui.



Jerome Arguelles



The Other Boleyn Girl (M) Now Showing

Anne Boleyn was Henry the Eighth's second wife. She had been sent by her father to seduce the King. Sir Thomas Boleyn wanted his daughter to become the royal mistress and give the king a son. He believed that this would bring great wealth and prestige to his family. Unfortunately, things did not work out quite that way. The relationship between Henry and Anne made English history take a particularly vulgar turn. Henry, in order to marry Anne, had first to divorce his wife Katherine of Aragon. He did not obtain the Pope's permission for a divorce, so he took England out of the Catholic Church, started his own church (the Church of England, of which, he was, quite rightly, the head) and then married his precious Anne. Yet, Anne did not produce the male child he longed for. Henry soon tired of her. It was rumoured that Anne had committed incest with her brother. Henry had her tried and beheaded. Not quite giving up on marital bliss, he promptly married Jane Seymour.

'The Other Boleyn Girl' is high school history; the tale is nothing new and has been adapted from Phillipa Gregory's bestselling novel. The producers do little to move away from the bodice and crinoline formula, however. Tudor England has long been a setpiece for films with characters who wear gorgeous clothes and speak in clipped accents: and filmgoers see no reason to stop swallowing this tosh. Interestingly, the Tudor monarch is now played by an Australian (Eric Bana), and the Boleyn sisters are both played by American actresses. It takes Hollywood star power to launch an English costume drama.

The plot of the film, putters along at a reasonable pace. It is after all, a ghastly and gripping tale; all lust and intrigue. The performances, however, are a letdown. Anne is played by Natalie Portman who is quite out of her depth here. Most of the time, Portman declaims her lines in an elaborate, irritatingly stilted manner; it would seem she has invented an argot all her own for the film, she doesn't sound as if she is having a conversation at all, but instead, sounds as if she is reciting a Shakespearean sonnet...and making a hash of it at that. In real life, Henry VIII was portly. No great concessions to historical accuracy made in *this* film, however, for here, he is played by a taut, muscular Eric Bana. The Tudors ought to be feeling quite chuffed in their graves; this flatteringly airbrushed Henry of theirs is a spunk! Yet, poor Eric should never have been allowed to sit on an English throne. He has no variation at all in his facial expressions. He starts the film by glowering at everyone and keeps up this strange activity to the very end. His face muscles keep twitching as if he is desperately trying to suppress some terrible emotion. It is as if he believes that this is what an English king must look like when he is anxious, and he never stops to question this unfortunate assumption.

This is a story that is important and, in the right hands, could be an intriguing study of the effects of lust, religion and downright ruthlessness on English history. Unfortunately, in the hands in which the film ended up, it has remained little more than a harmless piece of historical fluff.



Cherian Philipose



Win Win Win Win Win Win Win Win

Love not paying for things? Richard Gere says don't steal or sneak, enter this competition and win free movie tickets!

Just answer the following question to win passes to recently released films, either *Death Defying Acts* or *Never Back Down*:

"In which city and when did Harold Houdini's last performance take place?"

Send your answers to onditfilm@gmail.com . Feel free to ask knowledgeable friends. We hear you and Wikipedia are like family...



The film boys are looking for more contributors. If you'd like to help out by taking free tickets and giving reviews or by writing obsessively about film genres or classics, please email them at onditfilm@gmail.com. Don't worry, they don't bite...unless you're into that kind of thing.

(S)exploitation Film

By Vincent Coleman

What better way to get into the sexy spirit of film that by delving into the ditlicious smut-fest that is exploitation cinema! No, we're not talking about your everyday run-o'-the-mill pornographic skin flick here (although wouldn't that be an issue of On Dit...) but the full blown trashtastic spectacle of voluptuous vixens, studdly strongmen, fast cars, shootouts, implausible plots, bizarre schemes and somewhat threadbare scripts (not to mention costumes...). Oh, and a lot of sex and violence. Does this sound appealing to you? Carry on dear reader and get dirty. Not your cup of tea? Sissy! Go on and rent one. Just one. You might just like it...

Let's have a rundown of some of the genre's best/worst exploitation films and directors.

1. Anything by Russ Meyer

This man is a genius. He practically pioneered the use of the boob in feature film. These ain't no damsels in distress either. These women are well endowed, some would say insanely so, and they kick ass. Some classic Meyer films include *Vixen*, *Super Vixens*, beneath the *Valley of the Ultravixens*. You get the point. Russ himself would guard the actors tents with a shotgun at night to ensure no hanky-panky went on, draining necessary virility in his cast. Other classic works include *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, a sort of proto *Josie and the Pussycats*.

1a. Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill! deserves a category of its own almost. Easily the most well known of all exploitation films, it features a gang of 3 busy femme fatales in souped-up sports cars terrorize the highways on a murderous rampage. *Faster* features car chases, kung-fu, gunfights, a secret fortune and a whole lot of sex. A trash exploitation classic.

2. Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song

No, that's not a typo. Its f**king cool. Seen *Shaft*? The original, not the crappy Samuel L. Jackson remake. Without Melvin van Peebles (father of b-grade actor Mario) there would be no *Shaft*. Or blaxploitation for that matter. Tagged "The Film that THE MAN doesn't want you to see!", *Sweet Sweetback* concerns Black Panthers, crooked cops, Hell's Angels and a black prostitute of the same name as the title on the run from 'the man'.

A black female prostitute as a hero? This film is jammin'.

3. Deepthroat

A hilarious film with a sinister true story, *Deep Throat* is a vaguely pornographic drama about a woman who is born with her clitoris located in her oesophagus. Hilarity, amongst other things ensues. *Deep Throat* was a total failure at the box office. It's not even really that good a movie. It is however of great importance to the exploitation genre, being the film that crippled the potential quasi-respectability of the genre. A new rating was devised for films that were more lewd than a regular art-house film, but less than a porno. Dubbed NC-17 (no children under the age of 17), the failure of *Deep Throat* to perform tainted the new rating and despite its active status in US censorship systems, it has as yet never been used again, as it is considered cinematic suicide.

4. Satanico Pandemonium

Whoever thought of first combining the exploitation genre with nuns was either a genius or a pervert. Probably a little of column A, a little of column B. Anyhow, the emerging 1970's Italian genre of Nunsploitation was cemented in place with this film by Italian director Gilberto Martínez Solares. You heard me right there. Nunsploitation. Take one serving of young virgins, pledging their lives and nubile virtue to God. Add a good dose of Satanism, a splash of lesbian orgies, a pinch of murder and some cannibalism and you have one of the most messed up pieces of cinema ever contrived.

But how can you say no to an exploitation genre based solely on nuns?

5. Baise Moi

Battling against sub-par acting and vaguely incoherent plot, *Baise Moi* managed to shake up the international film and censorship community for the first time in many, many years. It also pushed boundaries in exploitation film like never before.

This rape/vengeance movie features a pair of French porn stars (the title translates roughly as rape me/f**k me) who star in actual sex scenes, causing its banning in the US and Australia. Police physically shut down screenings of *Baise Moi* across Australia. A mix of bloody violence dealt out by saucy femme fatales, exciting gun play and hardcore pornography, *Baise Moi* is an exploitation film unlike any other.

While it hasn't the charm of earlier cheesier and less subversive exploitation flicks, it has a contemporary edge which makes one feel uncomfortable and a little indulgent, as a good exploitation film should.

So there you have it kiddies, if you're intrigued by this weird and saucy film movement (or you just really like seeing large breasted women kicking guys asses) check out some trash. While it's unlikely your local Blockbuster or VideoEzy will carry a wide selection, you'd be amazed what you can find in the art house/foreign section, many of these films being rereleased on DVD recently. Either that or pop down to Kino Video and grab a bargain at their closing down sale.

More tasty links...

<http://www.nunsploitation.net> (says it all, really...)

<http://www.trashorama.com> (brilliant Aussie trash film festival)

<http://www.ruthlessreviews.com> (further info on exploitation, 80's homoerotic action etc)

The logo for the Shorts Film Festival, featuring the word "Shorts" in a bold, sans-serif font inside a white, downward-pointing triangle.

**Outback
2008**

**Cinema
Under the Stars**

Saturday April 26

Prairie Hotel, Parachilna

For one night only during Tastes of the Outback, the stunning landscapes of the Flinders Ranges will form the backdrop to an outback cinema serving up some of the best in Australian and UK short films and regional food.

On Saturday 26 April, SHORTS Film Festival and The Prairie Hotel will again present the popular SHORTS Outback event at Parachilna. The evening promises to delight and entertain with sneak previews of this year's upcoming national SHORTS Film Festival and highlights of the 2007 Rushes Soho Shorts Festival, the UK's leading short film festival.

At the award-winning Prairie Hotel in the Flinders Ranges, scene of critically acclaimed films *Rabbit-Proof Fence* and *The Tracker*, enjoy a pre-screening drink or two while celebrity chef Andrew Fielke tantalises your tastebuds with a Tastes of the Outback inspired feast including a variety of casual grazing platters to suit all budgets.

A unique experience not to be missed, sit back and enjoy the warm hospitality of the locals and share a few laughs over fine food and flicks. Then kick on to music under the moonlight and rest up for a recovery brunch the next morning.

So whichever way you're driving into Parachilna, whether it's from the Clare Valley, across the Iron Triangle, from the Riverland or Coober Pedy, Shorts Outback will be both the journey and the destination.

SHORTS Outback opens at 5pm, Saturday 26 April. Screenings commence at 7:30pm. Tickets \$15. Plus a Tastes-of-the-Outback inspired feast as well as a range of grazing platters to suit all budgets. Drinks for purchase from the bar throughout the night. Accommodation options available at The Prairie Hotel, nearby cabins or campsite.

SHORTS is offering \$10 discount ticket offers to all Fringe Benefits members (www.fringebenefits.com.au).

For bookings, accommodation and more program information, contact The Prairie Hotel on 08 8648 4844 or info@prairiehotel.com.au, or visit www.prairiehotel.com.au or www.shortcutsfilmfestival.com.

For those not wishing to drive themselves, Groovy Grape Getaways are offering a bus package departing Adelaide 8am Sat 26th returning 6pm Sunday 27th April. Travel through the scenic Flinders Ranges via Quorn, Yourambulla Caves, Hawker and Parachilna. \$165 includes sleeping under the stars in swags or tent (Accommodation upgrades available through prairiehotel.com.au), lunch, breakfast and lunch (Sat dinner at own expense) plus your Shorts Film Ticket. Please contact www.groovygrape.com.au or 08 83714000

The SHORTS Film Festival is open to all emerging filmmakers across the country and aims to champion and reward quality cinematic storytelling.

Since its inception in 2002, SHORTS, has grown quickly and now surpasses the St. Kilda Film Festival in Melbourne and is close on the heels of Tropfest, Australia's prominent short film festival. SHORTS boasts the second largest prize pool in the country, including a coveted first prize trip to Cannes for the film festival winner.

In late 2007, the national short film festival and competition struck an expanded partnership with the UK's renowned Rushes Soho Shorts Festival to give Australian filmmakers the chance to have their films showcased in front of an international audience that includes major commercial players in the film and advertising industries.

This year, the Shorts Film Festival will be held in late November at the Queen's Theatre in Adelaide's West End.

To enter your film before the official submission deadline of 1 August 2008, visit www.shortcutsfilmfestival.com

Cinema Under The Stars

Saturday 26 April 2008

**The Prairie Hotel, Parachilna
Flinders Ranges**

shortsfilmfestival.com

The logo for the Shorts Film Festival, featuring the word "Shorts" in a bold, sans-serif font inside a white, downward-pointing triangle.

**Outback
2008**



i can has anutha z list celebrity?

TJ'S NIGHTLIFE

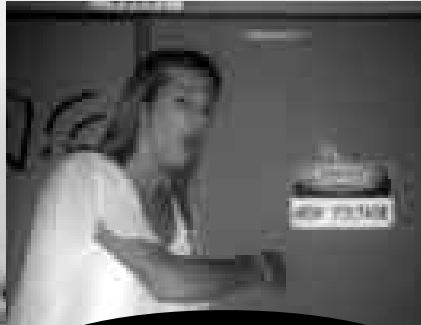
"She knows, because she goes"

****Eds - If you have an idea for a LOLTJ, email ondit@adelaide.edu.au**

Want more TJ-ness with an additional serving of male? Tune into *LOLs with Mike and TJ*, every Tuesday at Midnight on Radio Adelaide 101.5FM



Katia (L) and Bianca (R) at Electric Light for a Lyla gig. Nice one ladies.



Hannah performing a rousing rendition of Electric Six's 'Danger! Danger! High Voltage!'



Brett (L) and Nicholas (R) make light work of the broken pool table and free games.



(L-R) Katie Kryston, Julia M, Gerald Wiblin, Nathan Sweetman, Jakob Brunnbauer, Nathan Goodwin.

STUDENT



(L-R, Back) Byron Holmes, David Warren, Stuart Wildy. (L-R, Front) Michael Della Porta, Justin Boden



Nothing but good wholesome fun for Sianne (L) and Sarah (R).



International Student's at UniBar. (L-R) Marcus Kunzmann, Linda Pollmeier, Marisa Ritter, Kirstin Dreimann, Sascha Duczek, Kim Rah-Yoon, Alex Eberspacher, Martin GaiBer, Jens Damaske



Loungin' around at UniBar. (L-R) David, Clayton, Dr XXX, Jade

HEY! IT'S ME...
ON DIT'S SOCIAL PAGES

Uni! BAR

HAPPY HOURS

MONDAY TO WEDNESDAY 5-7PM

€3.50 pints Carlton and €3.50 glass bubbly.

Plus! €4.00 glass of wine and €5.00 Cougar and Skyy RTD's all night.

THURSDAY 4-9PM

"Pale and Pure" Thursday

€3.50 pints Coopers Pale and Pure Blonde

FRIDAY 6-9PM

Coopers Pale and Lager pints €3.50, Corona €5.00, Skyy and Cougar RTD's €5.00

ENTERTAINMENT

TUESDAY - Free Pool

WEDNESDAY - Jazz Afternoon
5pm till 8pm

THURSDAY - DJ from 7pm

FRIDAY - Live Band

DROP THIS COMPLETED SLIP INTO THE UNIBAR FOR A CHANCE TO WIN A \$50 BAR TAB IN MAY!

Name:

Email:

What local live bands would you like to see play at the UniBar in 2008?

.....
.....
.....

*Ask at the Unibar for Terms and Conditions.

WIN!