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GOOD READ

ELLE DIT

2008

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

STUDENT NEWSPAPER

ON DIT'S WOMEN'S EDITION

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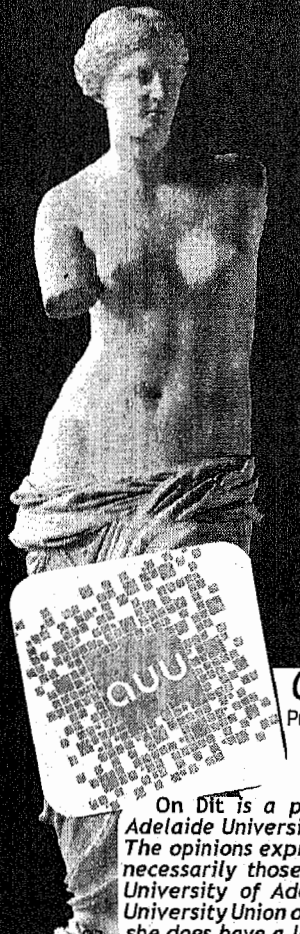
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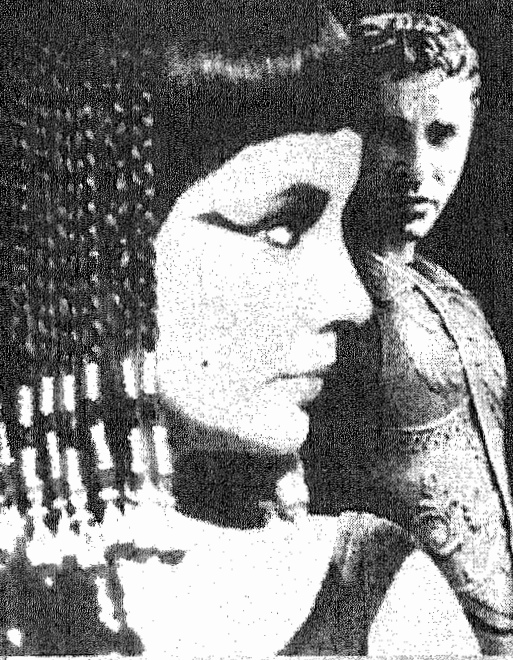
B for the muffins and laxative - a perfect combo
 Ben for laying out his page
 Dolly for the inspiration
 Stuart for the Parklife tix
 The Rat (Modigliana) for being an unending source of
 our fear
 The U.S. election for keeping Mike occupied
 The long weekend
 Dumpling King sauce
 Mel for lifts and friendship
 Mike's computer for taking naps
 Subbies for their love, articles and support and sticking
 to the theme
 Hannah, B, Ben and others for proofreading
 Corn chips, sour worms, dip and malt-treats for
 continuing to keep us cuddly
 Friends and loved ones who took us back over the break
 only to be ditched again for our beloved *On Dit*
 Family and loved ones for being always, and generally
 understanding.
 Oh, and Mike wants to thank YouTube



On Dit

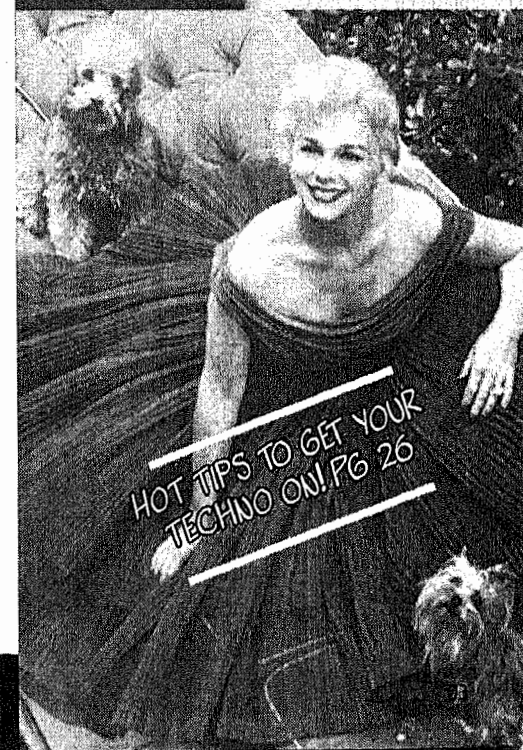
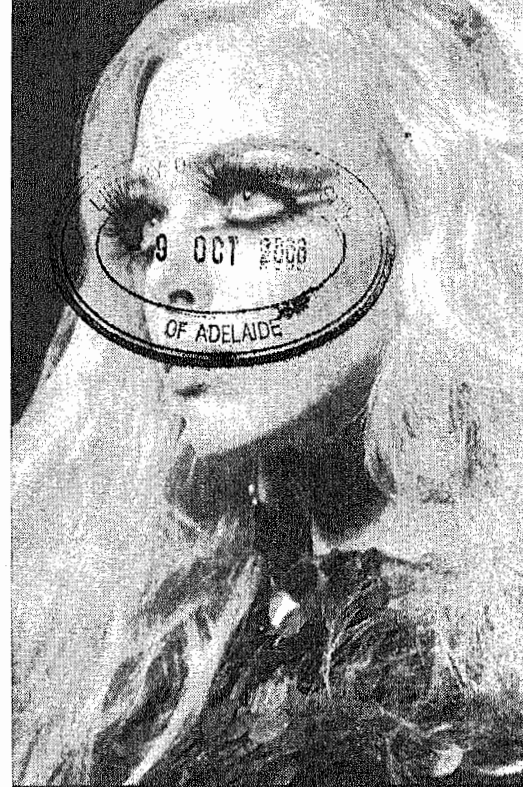
The Women's
Edition

Adelaide University
Student Publication



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Letters

Well kiddos, the next edition is creeping ever closer. Why not send us a letter about the year that was? Or maybe use this final opportunity to pop the question to your trusty co-editor Mike (he's desperate.) Drop us a line. Keep it under 400 words and send it to: ondit@adelaide.edu.au Elle did.

Eat, Drink, Be Merry

Dear Editors,

Dean Broadbent should have spent a little more time making sure that he had actually interpreted my words correctly (76.10 Conspiracy Theory Edition). At no point do I make the claim in my letter about the appalling quality of food delivered by the union refectories, that the Mayo was better than Rumours/Gallery or Equinox, but rather that the late 80s and early 90s Mayo/Wills (bad as they were) were better than the current Mayo (or anything currently on campus).

It may be true that students are not strictly captive, but that a business can so drastically drive away an essentially lazy clientele the way the refectories have beggars belief, a point that is emphasised by Dean's description of student migrations toward city eateries. If others can run 'well presented and affordable venues' over there, why is it so difficult for university catering to manage a similar feat on campus.

The sixties were clearly so much better! I understand, Dean, that you had to walk seven miles each day, eight days a week, to university, and back, barefoot, in the driving rain and beating sun, up-hill in both directions so that you could get to lectures where you had to take notes on hard granite tablets with only half a wooden toothpick to chisel in the symbols that your lecturers never explained, but that does not make it something worth trying to relive. My point in commenting on the quality of food provided on campus was that the services being provided have deteriorated significantly over the past decade or so.

I apologise for my obviously offensive desire to obtain edible (and interestingly - more sustainable, being a vegetarian on ethical grounds) food on campus in the face of approximately 1.2 billion other human beings who suffer malnutrition (hyperbole does Dean's argument no favours - Medecins

Sans Frontieres gives an estimate of global malnutrition at less than 20% - still horrendous, but nothing like the 75% claimed), but I live here in Adelaide and while I do contribute to fixing problems elsewhere in the world I will not disregard my own situation. So get off your high horse, Dean; I trust you don't contribute to world famine by eating meat, dairy or eggs, and that you don't drive to avoid increasing the demand for grain going to fuel production, and also that you have not had any children, given the amount of food that that would take away from others, merely to satisfy a personal desire to procreate.

As far as Dean's closing attempt at a pun goes (another indication of a wish to relive his youth perhaps?): 'Love it or leave it' is the refrain of patriotic wankers - I just hope to see the place improve.

Cheers,

Dr. Dan

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The Truth Is Out There

Dear Editors,

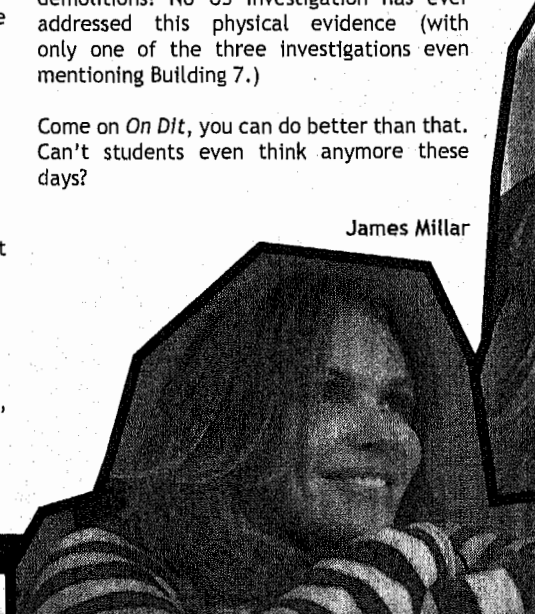
After reading your latest edition I was somewhat surprised that your authors casually dismiss the issues brought up in *Loose Change*.

Genevieve Williamson uses the argument that if this conspiracy was real then mainstream media would have covered it and David Kaczan uses the argument that the US government aren't intelligent enough to organise it (and he doesn't like the way the video was produced!). Whatever people think about *Loose Change* the physical evidence for the destruction of the World Trade Center buildings (the Twin Towers and Building 7) by controlled demolition is overwhelming. Any person that has the capacity to reason and question can realise that the true conspiracy is that a bunch of terrorists with box cutters masterminded this plan.

Three buildings come down in near free-fall speed, residue from explosives is spread all over New York and detected by the EPA, molten metal is found at all three buildings and the collapses even look like explosive demolitions! No US investigation has ever addressed this physical evidence (with only one of the three investigations even mentioning Building 7.)

Come on *On Dit*, you can do better than that. Can't students even think anymore these days?

James Millar



SPP Scumbags

Dear SPP,

I'm slightly concerned about a membership application I filled out a few weeks ago. After having my letterbox stolen several times, as well as my dog(s) poisoned, I decided that the SPP was the only party who could stop this kind of nonsense from occurring. Goodness knows that the SPP van goes up and down my street enough times! Luckily, some helpful fellow had stuffed several SPP membership application forms under my door, along with some (presumably unrelated) threatening notices against my person and that of my dog(s).

I filled out a form, sent it off in the mail, and to my great surprise, received a visit from a lawyer type the following week, informing me that my house was now the property of a Will E. Martinez! Upon requesting some documentary evidence, I was presented with...my signed SPP membership form, which apparently doubles as a conveyancing contract! Despite my protests, I was promptly evicted.

So my question to you, you scoundrels, is: Where is my Official, gold-embossed Membership Card!? I can't show up at the yacht club again without one, it's all the rage nowadays. Do you want to lose all credibility as a party?

Your Humble Servant,

M.R.W. Adamson III

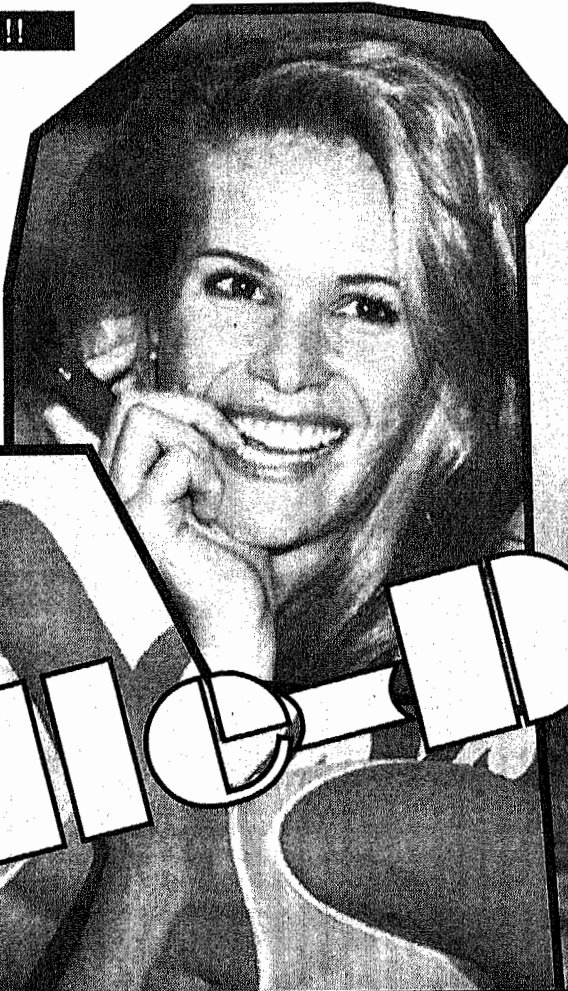
OMG SUPER AWESOME!!!

Hey Natty, Mike and Cat

Just thought I'd let you know I got second centre row tickets to Delta Goodrem. I nearly cried. Hope you have laid out many-a page.

DELTA Love,

Mel



Brought to you by Mike's solitary brother

Colourful Language

Dear Readers,

I am writing to bemoan my recent experiences during student election week. I was, as I'm sure we all were, ambushed repeatedly by student politicians requesting my vote. Being a self-respecting lover of democracy, I of course wasn't about to cough up my much sort after vote for nothing. I wanted legitimate policy. I wanted honesty. I wanted charismatic leaders of the people. However considering it was student election, I decided to settle for a bit of a fiery exchange. Unfortunately no one was willing to oblige. Our politicians are just too polite!

I started my election campaign by telling one petitioner to tell his story walking. Nothing but, "have a nice day." I even told one young fellow he was a cunt because of the way his comrades conducted themselves in the previous election only to have him sob about how he was a first year. Well greenhorn, pony up and earn my vote.

If our politicians refuse to have substance I demand they have character. Keep it in mind for next year perhaps.

Sincerely,

Disenchanted Abstainer
Dylan Stringer

Learning To Laugh Again

Dear Loyal *On-Diters*,

As your dedicated editor-in-chief, I would like to bring to your attention the need for laughter in these times of uncertainty. Economic crises, the unrest in the Middle East and global warming are NOT what I am referring to... I'm talking about the depression of uni work at the late stages in the year.

I am but a mere Media student who complains too much about too little, but I sincerely feel for those of you who are doing 'actual' degrees. Bless ye Law/Engineer/Medical students.

For those moments when your three thousand word assignments won't go away, head over to every procrastinating student's best friend; Youtube. Being the women's edition, no female makes me laugh like Tina Fey does. Check it out.

Lots of love (and MSG),

Mike 'Mac Daddy' Nicholson

P.S Elle-Mac... what a fox!

NEWS

with slats

The biggest news to strike fear into the hearts of most of the Western world since the last edition was this market crisis, plaguing previously burgeoning economies. It would be naïve to fall into AFL grand finals and Brownlows chit-chat before I raise this, and I'd consider myself at least at the upper echelon of naivete, so cash crisis - let's talk.

Before we look elsewhere, who really got worried about the news that the world was in serious economic trouble? Every day or so there's been updates, fuelled chiefly by the falls and then rises, and then more falls on the markets, and every pundit under the sun adding their two cents (terrible interrelated pun). The news itself didn't worry me. The thing that does worry me most of all is the volume of money "available" to apparently rectify the situation. The sort of money they're talking about in a rescue package (US\$700billion) is incomprehensible, and I would like to know where it comes from.

Sure we're talking about the US, but what sort of cash are we sitting on here in the Aussie coffers? While dollars from fuel tax boost the money piles and struggling families and uni students continue to cough up, I'm intrigued as to where it goes. Where is the money pit and how do I find it?

Speaking of deep dark secrets, apparently it became news late last week that Julia Gillard and other leading MPs have dabbled in marijuana. But Ms Gillard didn't like it. Refreshing honesty I heard on the first part, but I think the secondary comment is less than truthful. Come on, as you know, if you've been through uni, you generally become pretty loose, wild parties, pub crawls - and it would be much smarter for me to end the list there. I bet she toked her heart out (**Eds - allegedly) - if she did, who cares!

And finally before we jump off politics, the Libs have a new leader. Unlucky 'Nelso', must feel pretty average losing the top job. His peak in politics has probably come to an end, and now we have Mr. Turnbull in Opposition. What's it mean in the current scheme of things? Not a lot, K-Rudd is still the PM, and, well if there was a whistle-wielding umpire about he'd just be waving his arms around yelling, "play on."

I hope you enjoyed the segue into grand final week.

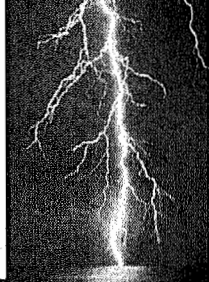
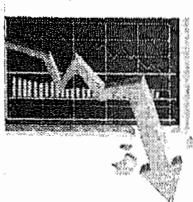
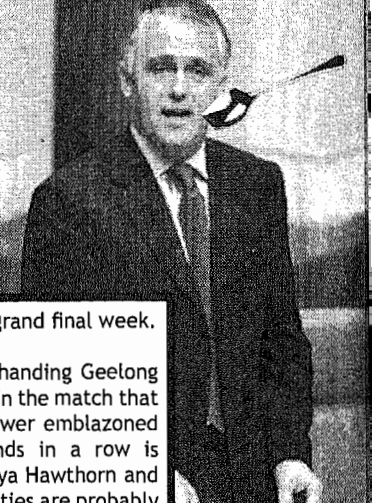
The Hawks are the 2008 champs, handing Geelong just their second loss of the season in the match that mattered most. Pass the Cats a Power emblazoned tie please, because eleven behinds in a row is considerably less than poor. But onya Hawthorn and Shane Crawford. Mind you, both parties are probably currently feeling the effects of the mother of all post-season footy benders.

Still with AFL, local lad Cooney claimed the Brownlow medal. Would have been nice if I heeded my own advice and slapped a tenner on the 15/1 odds the TAB was offering. But my missed fortunes aside, congratulations to Adam, who doesn't need me to say what an effort it is. Steven Quartermain dug up some emotion on the night by mentioning the crash, which claimed his two West Adelaide teammates a few years back, Ben Mitchell and Glenn Knott. As fate would have it, Cooney was supposed to be in that car. He travelled to training each night with Mitch and Knotty, but had a rare night off sick. What an eye opener.

Finally, in the week that was, while we're talking about emotions and eye openers, our water effort with the Murray is D-Grade. This issue just frustrates the hell out of me, not for the simple reason that I'm sick and tired of always hearing about it, but is there any chance our 'top' pollies can pull their fingers, hands, arms or heads out of their you-know-whats and get something done about the issue which will kill the state? Meanwhile, we've got Brumby from over the border slamming us too, and after the report card, which is probably kind to give our water handling a D grading, he's probably spot on. Rann 'immediately' hit back at Brumby to defend the process, but how about immediately doing something now, before it's too late. That goes for the S-A, Vic, NSW, Qld AND the Federal Government. I think it's a given that one water governing body is needed. Period. You can't continue to have different governments and entities pulling against each other, with their own agendas, and succeed in developing a successful water management program. Unite, ASAP.

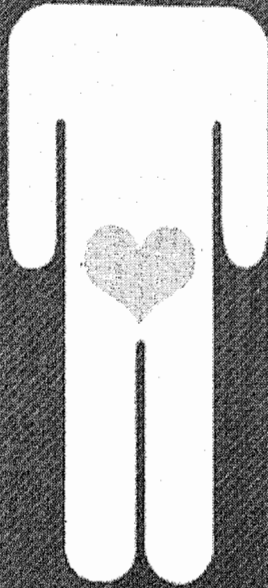
That was the news of the week.

Ben 'Slats' Slater



A MAN IN A WOMAN'S WORLD:

Gentleman's Clubs and the Media



Gender issues and the media have not always been happy bedfellows. Over the years mainstream media has either supported or opposed women's causes depending on the political bent of the institution. For instance while conservative sources have appeared to cynically report the implementation of the abortion pill RU486, more liberal publications have appeared to praise female leaders. The latest gender related media flurry to erupt in Australia is the highly controversial decision of the Anathaeum Gentleman's Club in Melbourne to veto a bill to allow women to become members. This veto has caused a backlash in the media and in politics, suggesting that the archaic world of gentlemen's clubs is out of sync with contemporary society. It has also spurred division among club members across the nation with consequences of severe condemnation to any members who have or will leak information to the media.

The name Athenaeum comes from the ancient Roman Athenaeum which was historically a place for scientific and literary intellectuals to discuss ideas and network. Of course in these classical settings women had only a few more rights than animals and were not considered intellectually able to compete with men of the era. In the 21st century this excuse cannot be used in any civilized country like Australia, where the rights and capabilities of women have become widely known. Despite this many institutions such as clubs have dug their heels in and refused to budge on the issue of gender. This 142 year old Melbourne club contains over 130 members including some of the most well known and successful men in the country, such as Eddie McGuire, Lord Mayor John So and Prime Minister's Department head Terry Moran (*News.com.au* 23/9/08). Its prestige

has been dampened in recent weeks by the publicizing of the blocked bill to allow women, while simultaneously revealing the sexist attitudes of these institutions.

The *Daily Telegraph* reported quite an astonishing list of highly authoritative and successful women barred from honorary membership. This include the newly appointed Governor-General, Quentin Bryce, NSW Governor Marie Bashir, Queensland Governor Penelope Wensley and the Chief Justice of the Victorian Supreme Court, Marilyn Warren (*Daily Telegraph* 25/9/08). In particular the *Telegraph* and *The Australian* appeared irritated not just by the blatant sexism, but by the Club's breach of constitution which states that honorary memberships be awarded to "people in positions of distinction or attainment, including the governor-general of Australia and the governors of each Australian state". The reason why such an elite club would break its own rules to keep its male-only status are a matter for anthropological study, as in essence this is an issue caused by a cultural divide.

There are few reasons contributing to why Anathaeum and the media are at each other's throats. Somewhat ironically, one of the main publicized elements of this controversy has been the appeal made by current president Don Heathcote not to leak to the media the innermost working of the club, or more specifically its problems. (*The Australian* 24/9/08) Naturally any anti-media organisations will be depicted in a sour light by the media. For instance Cameron Stewart described the email sent to members by Heathcote as "furious", while labelling the members "blue-blooded".

One assumption I made about this decision was that it was primarily made by older men who have become fixed in their ways and subsequently resist any "unsettling" change. However when the members voted last December, according to News online those that were most strongly opposed were younger males (23/9/08). This indicates that perhaps the younger generation of men are more aware of the abilities of women and correspondingly feel threatened enough to want to isolate themselves from it.

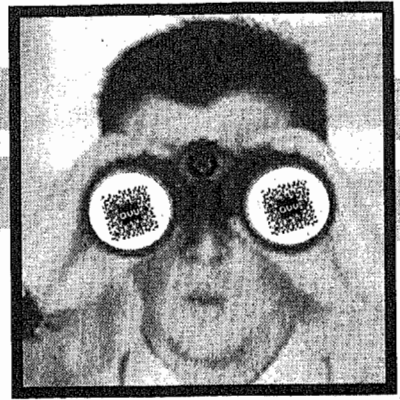
Australia is lagging behind the international trend to allow women into historically men's-only clubs. Back in 2002 the 1000 members of the exclusive London based Athenaeum club voted to allow a small group of female academics into their hallowed halls, including Baroness Susan Greenfield, Professor of Pharmacology at the University of Oxford. (*The Guardian* UK 3/1/02) This vote broke 150 years of tradition, and helped to pave the way for other female members to join such as Chief Executive of the King's Fund Julia Neuberger. However not all UK clubs have followed this trend, one notable exception would be the Carlton club (no, not the football team) which has retained its male exclusivity.

Closer to home, the Adelaide Club has created similar controversy to the Athenaeum by maintaining its ban on women and allegedly even minorities. Paul Keating once criticised Alexander Downer for being a member of a club which banned women. The alternative to this masculine domain is the Queen Adelaide club, which although comparatively luxurious, cannot boast the same networking and business connections. In essence these institutions have become increasingly out of step with contemporary attitudes towards women, and more specifically successful, capable women. While I fail to see the appeal of such clubs myself, I would happily fight to correct any inequality in Australia, even in these strange arenas.

Genevieve Williamson

AUU WATCH

AUU Election Special



Student politics at Adelaide University begins and ends at the UniBar. Come four o'clock election night, and it's packed. Counting won't start till five, and I'm mildly annoyed that I can't go and watch. Staying informed should be interesting, now that I have to rely on the goodwill of those I'm reporting on. Not that it's their fault. The AUU constitution acts as a straitjacket to most things, good or bad.

I should stop complaining. AUU Watch is too new a column to have any institutional power. I've been at the UniBar half an hour now, and I'm sitting at a table with one of the two independent tickets. For those not running with one of the two main factions (Pulse and Activate, Labor Right and Left respectively), this election has seen the formation of two 'tickets' of independents, designed largely to channel preferences to other independents. Unlike the factions, independent tickets do not have binding caucuses, but tend to have less clout and electioneering experience than the two factions. IndyGo, headed by 2007/8 President Lavinia Emmett-Grey, and Clubbers, not exactly 'headed' but organized by former Board Director Sandy Biar, are the two independent tickets. Few independent candidates have risked going it alone.

Five o'clock, and someone comes over and informs the Clubbers table that counting won't start till seven. Looks like I'll be here for longer than I expected. Maybe it's got something to do with turnout. While the number of votes cast for elections has been edging down every year since VSU, this year saw a boost of 2508 votes, up from 2200 last year, and almost identical to the 2004 (pre-VSU) figure.

Six o'clock, and counting is underway, ahead of expectations but behind schedule. Confusion ensues in the cloisters regarding who is or isn't a registered scrutineer. Candidates are allowed to appoint a paying union member to watch the vote counting. As with everything involving student elections, the rules are strict and the procedures not clearly laid out, so it takes a while to figure out who can go up to the old Clubs common room to watch. Yours truly isn't one of them, so I go back up to the UniBar.

Seven thirty, and things get interesting. Primary votes are out, and Paris Dean has a copy. I hang back for a while chatting to some Pulse candidates, before making my way over. Dave Adams, Carey Birchall, Sacha Bolding, Zhang Xi Jin, Zehng Hung Lim, Chelsey Potter, and Lucy Damin score under forty, making it highly unlikely they'll survive the preference boosts to other candidates. Reactions among the other candidates are mixed. Lavinia 'I desperately need your vote because I'm an independent' Emmett-Grey is ecstatic

at her primary count of 158. Some of the so-called old hacks seem to have lost their touch. David Wilkins, former Board President and star of *Electioneering*, seems to have experienced a backlash, scoring only fifty-four primary votes, although my impression is that his heart wasn't in it this election. Rhiannon Newman, head of the Activate faction, has scored only seventy votes, leaving her looking uncertain. Ash Brook and Daniel O'Brien are all grins at scores in the mid to high fifties, while James Gould doesn't look anywhere near as happy despite scoring similarly. Jake Wishart had been somewhat pessimistic all week. Unnecessarily so, with an impressive 139 primary votes. I make my way next to him, muttering 'I told you so' under my breath.

If you make it through with a decent primary vote, and a lot hangs on preferences. From the true 'independents, only Sonja Jankovic and Christopher Overton have pulled good primary counts (at 96 and 64 respectively), and while Sonja looks safe, Chris has a hard time ahead of him pulling enough preference votes to get him through.

Nine fifteen, and I'm back from my dinner break. I've been getting information in bits and pieces, a few minutes earlier having heard that Daniel O'Brien and David Wilkins had been knocked out. Wilkins is a surprise, having been President before Lavinia. He heads Pulse, the Labor Right faction. After campaigning on a 'save the UniBar' platform last year, David sold commercial operations to the National Wine Centre in order to secure a ten-year funding deal for the Union earlier this year. This is the first election since the controversial decision, and it seems David's vote count suffered for it. His popularity among the other factions, never high to start with, hit an all-time low in the lead-up to this election, and the other student politicians in the bar cut him little slack, a cheer reputedly erupting when his failure to secure a place in the top eighteen was known. Soon Kit Richards is out, leaving one less member of Pulse in the running. I go out onto the UniBar balcony, and spy James Gould looking less melancholy than he did earlier in the evening, despite having been knocked out a few minutes earlier. He expresses a hope that his policies (university-wide international student mentoring among others) will be taken up by those who do get on.

Ten thirty, and the thirty-six have been culled to eighteen. Earlier than I expected, maybe there's still time to go the Party Party. If there's one thing the final count shows, it's that preferences matter. Some candidates, despite securing high primary vote counts (Sam Deere with 71, Ev Mitchell on 87 etc) surprisingly failed to get a seat, while others

with lower primaries scraped in by the skin of their teeth. Also of interest was Pulse's inability to get any of its three former board members (David Wilkins, Simone McDonnell and Claire Wong) elected, only managing to bring in first years Andrew Anson, Daniel Bills and Ben Foxwell. From Activate's seven candidates, five got on Board, being Paris Dean, Fletcher O'Leary, Rhiannon Newman and Jason Virgo. Clubbers have Aaron Fromm, Mark Joyce and Yasmin Freschl. Indy-Go managed three of its four, Lavinia Emmett-Grey, Jake Wishart and Ash Brook. Passion (the international students' faction) managed to get three elected (Jiang, Jian Bin, Fei Tang and Ye Yang). The results are a strong victory for Activate and its allies, and Lavinia is likely to be returned president.

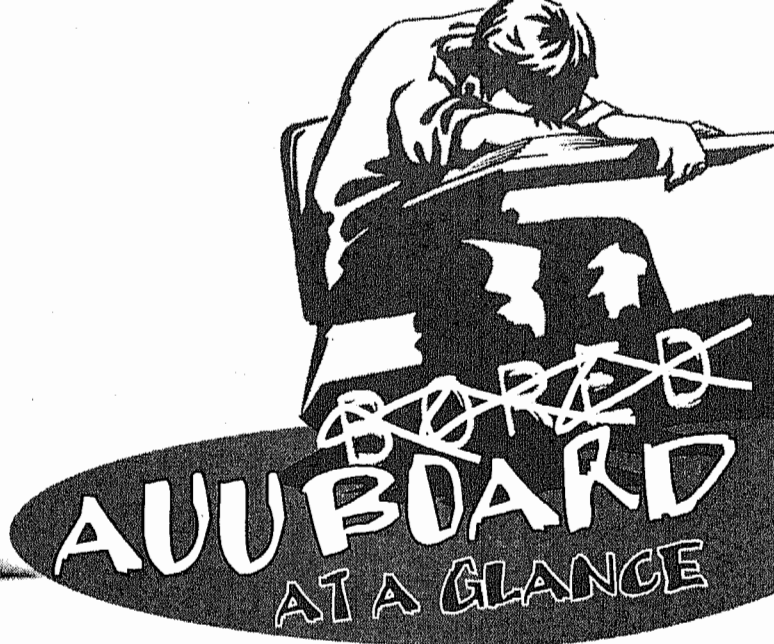
As Pulse debriefs in the cloisters, a chorus of 'Solidarity Forever' floats over the balcony, courtesy of the jubilant Left. The Right and a few independents are putting up a brave fight by running first-year Mark Joyce (Clubbers) for the position of President, but despite his impressive primary vote count (116) he is unlikely to win. Only three returning board members were elected (Lavinia Emmett-Grey, Rhiannon Newman and Paris Dean, Indy-Go and Activate respectively), the other fifteen positions being first-timers. Given the complexity and bureaucratic nature of Board, and the much-needed constitutional reforms, this lack of experience is worrying. However, I am (very) cautiously hoping that the new board will have fewer divisions than the old one, and will be able to accomplish more. Many of the candidates have excellent policies. Who knows, this time next year, I might not need to tell you what they are.

Wait, you want to know... about their policies? How would you feel carrying a notepad around a pub all night? I gave you the final result, I'm done. Do your own reporting next time.

Adios.

Myriam Robin

Andrew Ansen (Pulse)
 Daniel Bills (Pulse)
 John Bowers (Liberal)
 Ashleigh Brook (Indy-Go)
 Paris Dean (Returning Activate)
 Lavinia Emmett-Grey (Returning Indy-Go)
 Ben Foxwell (Pulse)
 Yasmine Freschi (Clubbers/Party Party)
 Aaron Fromm (Clubbers)
 Sonja Jentovic (Liberal)
 Jian Bin Jiang (Passion)
 Mark Joyce (Clubbers)
 Rhiannon Newman (Returning Activate)
 Fletcher O'Leary (Activate)
 Fei Tang (Passion)
 Ye Yang (Passion)
 Jake Wishart (Indy-Go)



Want the full(er) story? You know, the one where there isn't a word limit?
 Go to www.adelaidestudentpolitics.blogspot.com

The final term has begun and the countdown to exams. Don't forget to mix up the panic with a bit of Clubs Fest shenanigans from 7-9 of October on the Barr Smith Lawns. While you're enjoying the display of the 80 or so social clubs, the beer and the bouncy castle (in that order), take a moment to remember that the Clubs Association is staffed entirely by volunteers who make sure that the mind-numbingly boring administration and club support run smoothly. It's these heroes who actually make the term "campus culture" more than just an alliterative marketing tool.

On the Union side, some of you may have been hearing a little bit in the media about Voluntary Student Unionism. Some of you may not know what VSU is all about - you're either too young or too apathetic - but for those of you who are vaguely curious, here's as much as I know. When I first came to university, students were charged a compulsory services fee. Adelaide, being a sandstone, and offering a variety of services and activities, charged in the highest band of fees in the country, around \$160 a semester. Even as a proud pro-unionist, I believe those fees were too high and didn't take into account external, part-time or placement students who should have been charged a lower fee.

At the end of 2006, the Liberal government introduced VSU legislation, which prevented student organisations from collecting compulsory fees. It was even so petty it prevented student organisations from accessing student emails from the universities for the purposes of service promotion. You might think this all sounds fine - you don't have to pay and there are still things happening on campus, right? Well, wrong. There's a few of us in the student union who've hung around, not just because we're sad sacks with no social lives, but also because we remember what the union was once like

and as time goes on, the only vestige of the glory days are in our memories. There will be students who graduate this year who have never experienced a student union at its full capacity. The AUU was gutted and has only begun to recover. And we're in a fortunate position - our University chooses to fund our core services. Many student organisations around the country now cease to exist.

Earlier in the year, the Rudd government had Kate Ellis commission a VSU survey, the results of which can be found at www.dest.gov.au/sectors/higher_education. The report is damning - thanks to VSU student organisations lost a total of \$155.67 million, some from fees, some from services which collapsed, like campus childcare, bookstores and food outlets. The Labor Party has failed to address this issue and student services are continuing to diminish as they fart about. I'm not suggesting it goes back to the old days - there is little disagreement that the old system had flaws. There are a variety of models that have been suggested including a HEGS-style contribution, or government funding, but something needs to change, and fast.

It is your fundamental right as a student to have an opinion on the quality and delivery of your education. University is supposed to be a time where you challenge and develop yourself, both in and outside the classroom. Without fully functioning student organisations, Australian universities will become a sham.

If you want to find out more, or you're a Liberal Club member who just wants to have a bit of a Lefty bash, drop me an email at lavinia.emmett-grey@adelaide.edu.au.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey
 President
 Adelaide University Union

STATE OF THE UNION

Photo by Robert Fletcher





WAR OF THE POLITICAL CLUBS

"With the US election drawing to an exciting climax, the inclusion of Sarah Palin as the first ever Republican Vice Presidential candidate has caused an international stir. Closer to home, we've seen both the Labor Party and the Coalition elect female Deputy Prime Ministers, Julia Gillard and Julie Bishop respectively. How relevant do you feel that the sex of a candidate is in the political process?"

LABOR

Imagine...

Imagine if there was no gender divide.

Imagine this question was never asked.

Imagine that no question with relation to biological reductionism was ever asked.

Imagine that all believed in total equality of the genders.

By asking, we legitimise the discourse that impedes true equality between the sexes.

The issue is not one open for discourse. Women and men are equal.

We have this principal enshrined in Australian law and Australia's collective consciousness and it applies across the board.

If this issue were never debated, then it would no longer be part of the collective consciousness of Australia. It will no longer be an issue of public discourse.

We have the right. We have the rights in law. We have the moral rights.

If you see this question, if you hear this question - shut the conversation down. Anytime you have to debate this question, it is with someone that does not believe in equality. Do not entertain them. Do not perpetuate the problem.

Every time generation, after generation considers this question - they enshrine in society's collective consciousness differences of gender, perpetuating the problem that exists. There should no longer be a debate on this issue in Australia.

We have the rights and it should never be an issue for debate.

We have the rights; we don't need legitimisation from anyone else.

Larissa Harrison
Women's Officer
Adelaide Uni Labor Club

LIBERAL

It gives me great pleasure to answer this question. My answer is... wait for it...none!

That's right; shock, horror - a Liberal who believes in merit and individual hard work dismissing out of hand what I have termed "reverse discrimination".

Firstly, may I take this opportunity to wish the McCain and Palin Republican ticket all the very best in the United States election. I sincerely hope the Feminazi Democrats, still aching with heartbreak that Hillary was not endorsed as the Democratic nominee and bitter and twisted that she was snubbed for Vice President by Barack Obama, turn out in record numbers and deliver victory to ensure another eight years of stable, productive and unwavering leadership.

It's been a historic week in Australian political history with the promotions of the first female Treasury and Foreign Affairs spokespersons on either side of politics with the placements by the new Federal Leader of the Liberal Party, Malcolm Turnbull of Julie Bishop and Helen Coonan to Treasury and Foreign Affairs respectively.

What is more impressive with these appointments is you know both women (who were former senior Government ministers) have been rewarded with these promotions on merit as a result of their hard work, experience and respect they command by their colleagues.

Contrast these appointments to the Australian Labor Party, whose senior female representatives are rewarded due to quota and affirmative action policies.

I rue the day when a talentless, mediocre, second-rate female who is clearly out of her policy depth is given a ministerial portfolio just because she has a uterus. Just for the record, I would feel the same if instead of gender we were talking about race, religion or sexuality.

The ALP like to believe they are the party of women but ironically they are led in both houses by men and not a decision is made unless it has the express authority of the Three Stooges: Rann, Foley and Conlon. This of course is contrasted by the State Liberal Party whose Deputy Leaders in both houses are competent, intelligent, charismatic females; Vickie Chapman and Michelle Lensink. The Liberal Party has also has entrusted the senior Attorney-General portfolio to one of the hardest working and articulate legal minds in SA, Isobel Redmond.

So whilst the ALP may be the Party of Women, the Liberal Party is the Party of Talent and call me old fashioned or extreme but a person should not be given a job, promotion, placement or position unless they are qualified or have earned it on merit as the best candidate.

PS - If I was female I would feel patronised and affronted in the knowledge I was given something I didn't fully earn or wasn't qualified for.

Todd Hacking
President
Adelaide University Liberal Club



PALIN POWER

- Championing the cause of Feminism since 2003

DEMOCRATS

Whatever the reason, it appears that the question of the role of women in politics will never go away. I think that it is just sad that women continue to be considered an anomaly in the game of politics, rather than simply a part of it, and that consequently it is necessary to have this discussion. Questions like these are premised on the notion that politics remains the domain of men. Ideally, I would like people to ignore the fact that certain candidates are women and concentrate on the real issues at hand. In the United States, that would mean considering the question of whether to vote for a Republican, Democrat or independent presidential team, based on their policies and what they intend to do, rather than whether a woman will be involved. It would also mean that people acknowledge the fact that the reason Sarah Palin is unknowledgeable when it comes to the U.S. economy or foreign policy is not of a result of her being a woman.

In Australia, I would simply like to believe that Julia Gillard and Julie Bishop are doing what they are doing because they're the best people to do it, not because they are the best women to do it. However, the appointment of Gillard and Bishop as deputies reeks of tokenism and cynicism. It is as if the major parties want to not only win the women's vote, but also invoke some sort of artificial family values façade through placing a female in the deputy position, as a subordinate, or 'wife/mother figure', to the male leader.

It was not the result of an affirmative action policy or a campaign decision that saw Janine Haines become the first female leader of a federal political party in the Australian Democrats. Similarly, no such policy led to subsequent female leaders Janet Powell, Cheryl Kernot, Meg Lees, Natasha Stott Despoja and Lyn Allison being appointed to their positions. When candidates are selected, they are selected by the membership. This has led to a fair distribution of male and female candidates. I know that if running in a pre-selection battle for the number one Senate candidacy, that if my opponents were men, this would not play any role in deciding who is the best candidate.

I suppose my hope is that this type of thinking transcends at least the walls of the Democrats into other political parties, governments and other organisations around the world. It is only with this type of thinking that true equality can exist. Only when we have broken down the need to even consider candidates on the basis of sex will men and women be equal. This will be when men and women are simply people.

Aleisha Brown
aleisha.brown@sa.democrats.org.au
Australian Democrats

GREENS

Feminism is not a dirty word in the Greens. In pursuance of gender-equality both in Australia and internationally, it is absolutely vital that women play a practical role in Parliament and are at the forefront of electoral politics in this country. Having women in national leadership positions is important because it means real women are making decisions and informing policies that affect other real women and inspires young women to consider careers in politics.

When the Liberal Party's Catholic head-kicker Tony Abbott (AKA 'People Skills') tried to restrict access to the abortion drug RU486, it was the women of the Australian Parliament who stood up for women's reproductive rights in what was an inspirational political alliance, breaking down party lines. It was the women of the Australian Parliament who organised collectively to ensure Australian women had access to birth control drugs, and it was those women who challenged the predominately 'old white guy' culture in Canberra.

We Greens are proud of our legacy in the area women's rights and can boast one of, if not the, highest proportion of female politicians and candidates of any other Australian party. After the 2004 election, 75% of our federal politicians were female, dwarfing Labor's 46% and the Liberals' 23% in the Senate. Admittedly, we have much fewer elected members, but the statistic is not a fluke. Of all our candidates in the 2007 federal election, 40% of all Greens candidates were female, compared to the ALPs 30% and the Liberals 23%.

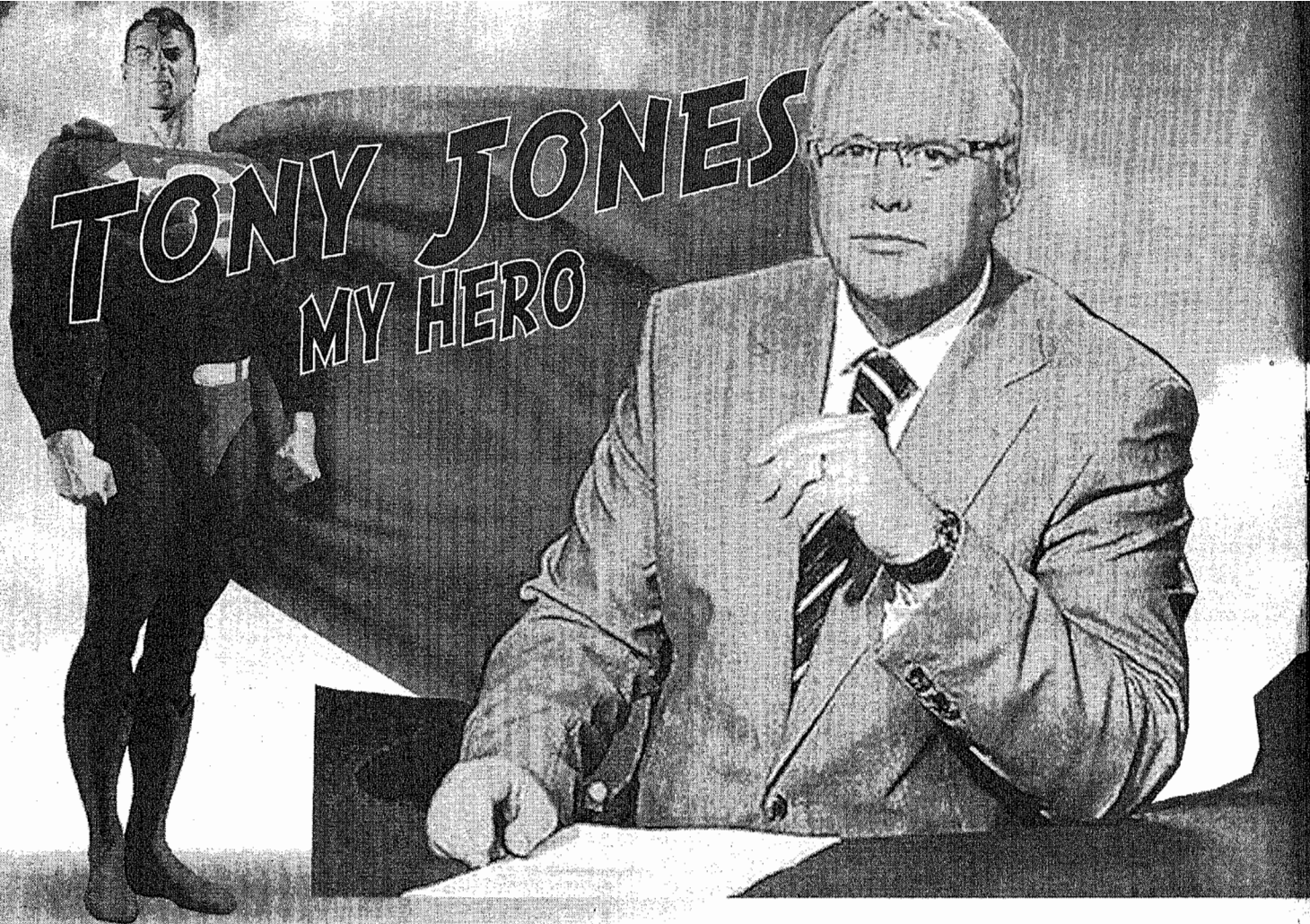
At that same election, former Adelaide University SRC President Sarah Hanson-Young was elected as the youngest person ever to the Australian Senate, a massive boost for young women all across the nation. These statistics and achievements are not tokenistic; they are symptomatic of an entrenched culture of equality and diversity within our party. We have a strong affirmative action policy, of which I am very proud, which ensures quality female candidates are not only put forward at elections, but are highly sought after and supported from year to year.

Having mentioned all these glorious statistics, getting women elected to Parliament is not in itself a victory for gender-equality. Unless these women contribute to progressive politics and women's lib through their ideas and actions, they might as well be male rednecks. Sarah Palin and Julie Bishop might be women, but if they vote against equal rights, the right to abortion and paternity leave policies, they are just as patriarchal and useless as the next old white guy.

In light of this, our newly elected SA Senator will be working hard to secure a parental leave scheme in the Federal Senate to ensure women and parents can balance work and life. It will be interesting to see how the old parties and their female reps vote.

If you are passionate about women's rights and feminism, please support 'Reclaim the Night' an awesome event against sexual and domestic violence. Friday 31st October at City West near Fowlers Live @ 6-7PM.

Jake Wishart
Greens on Campus
g.orwell.1984@gmail.com / 0409 696 721



I've had a shocking revelation during the past week: my irrational hatred of politicians has started to subside. Normally I indulge myself in watching them get grilled by Tony Jones on *Lateline*, grinning smugly as I watch them squirm under pressure. Jones' (relatively) new show, *Q&A*, has left me in an awkward position. When politicians are given the chance to be more personable and to crack jokes, it's more difficult to dismiss everything they say as stale party policy. Even more unnerving: should two political opponents really be sharing a laugh with their journalistic nemesis?

For the uninitiated, the concept behind *Q&A* is to allow public democracy, where viewers can send in questions via SMS, the internet or plain old audience participation. Fielding their questions is a panel normally consisting of five public figures - politicians, journalists, academics and the like. In true Aunty spirit, they cover most of the political spectrum. Past panellists include, of course, many politicians - Kevin Rudd and Malcolm Turnbull have each had a show to themselves and Tony Abbott, Penny Wong, Nick Minchin and Joel Fitzgibbon have all appeared on the panel. Joining them have been journalist and doco maker, John Pilger, who certainly didn't score himself an invitation to many ALP or Liberal Party Christmas functions; Germaine Greer; *Herald Sun* journalist and conservative idol Andrew Bolt; academic Robert Manne and Tim Wilson from The Institute of Public Affairs, who attempted to convince Tim Flannery that climate change might not exist and who provided an interesting - if not, erm, correct - argument for climate change scepticism.

While the show does have its interesting moments, it would all be a bit tepid if it weren't for the presence of the man whose lean has launched no fewer than one Facebook group. To some extent Jones has toned down his dogged *Lateline* interrogations in favour of a more genial, diplomatic presence, as the mediator of the debate rather than the initiator. There is a lot of agreement between panellists, often with only slight variation in opinion, meaning that the best additions to the discussion come from the 'outliers', that is, people

with strong opinions who aren't bound by a politician's cordiality. Pilger, for example, mauled a couple of bumbling politicians over the fact that the two parties were always in agreement (and, as predicted, each politician tried to blame this on the other's party) and over their policy in the Middle East; Greer called the Bible and the Qur'an "complete bullshit" and Wilson tried to convince Penny Wong - herself a religious lesbian - that religion should have no place in marriage. *That's television.*

I imagine that *Q&A* is another attempt by the ABC to bring politics to the infamously apathetic Gen-Y market after the failure last year of a similar program, *Difference of Opinion*. Jones has slowly but surely begun his inevitable (perhaps only in my imagination) ascent to prime time, with *Q&A* airing a full hour earlier than its decidedly more serious cousin. I have no clue regarding its ratings and whether it will continue next season, it's an admirable attempt to stop viewers from watching *The Footy Show*, with which it shares a timeslot. Unless Tony can land a gig as host of *BB09: With Politicians*, this may be as close as serious politics comes to prime time television.

The last episode of the season will have aired by the time *On Dit* is published, but luckily, past episodes of *Q&A* are available online if you feel you feel the need for 20 hours of not studying later this month. A word of warning though: Jones' wry smile and the touch of the if-only-my-friends-knew-I-was-doing-this that comes from streaming politics programs give me the impression that watching *Q&A* online is probably the closest thing to politics-related porn there is (I've heard stories about Sarah Palin, a gun and a bikini but that's unspeakably wrong).

Go to:
<http://www.abc.net.au/tv/qanda/past-episodes-by-date.htm>, and by the time you see Mr. Jones put his bodyweight on his left elbow, you'll be hooked. I promise.

Ben Henschke



PALIN! AT THE THOUGHT

THE REPUBLICAN PICK FOR VICE PRESIDENT IS JUST PLAIN SCARY, WRITES DAVID KACZAN

There's nothing like an election to expose the sordid underbelly of a nation's psyche. If the rest of the world was voting in November, Mr. Obama would win by a margin of 5 to 1. But in America, to be "Europe's candidate," to be the "World's candidate" is a political millstone, confirming one as an arugula-munching professorial elitist. The influence of America's red heartland is easy to forget in a world dominated by Washington's politics, New York's finance and California's glamour, and it comes as some surprise to those of us who forget just how conservative this nation is.

There's nothing like an American election to bring out the liberal in me. In fact, the practical politics of Australia look positively progressive in comparison to the antics in the US of A. This is a campaign of stupendous proportions, of jaw-dropping surprises at every turn. And even those not interested recognise that the arrival of Sarah Palin, Republican Vice Presidential nominee, is a game changer.

Politics loves novelty, and for what she lacks in experience, Ms. Palin has this in spades. The 'women's choice', the Hillary for disgruntled Clinton supporters, Ms. Palin was a pick of political brilliance. But the Republican choice is also nothing short of a big, fat, Buswell-style bra snap across the broad back of America. Is she really the best female option that the Republican Party has? Because if so, it's a terrible indictment on either Republicans or women.

"But she's not that bad, right?"

No doubt Ms. Palin is an ambitious, capable woman. She is also completely unsuitable for Vice President. She is untravelled, underqualified, unlearned. But that is not the problem. Obama too is somewhat green (although 12 years as a state and then federal Senator cannot be dismissed lightly). It is her style - the conviction politician. Nothing speaks to the non-political like conviction. You don't have to know things, in fact, it's better if you don't. Just stare down your enemies and "don't blink."

The world has recently experienced another conviction politician, and the similarities are eerily similar. A black and white world view, gut-felt decisions and a stubborn refusal to change course for fear of showing weakness. It was conviction - charismatic, charming, folksy conviction - that President Bush's supporters were so fond of.

"But she's just like me!"

That's right, she is. So don't vote for her, Joe Blow, because you wouldn't make a good Vice President either. Don't vote for folksy; don't vote for the woman who reminds you of your sister; don't vote

for the bloke you want around for a barbeque. If you vote for ordinary, all you'll ever get is ordinary.

When Ms. Palin finally granted an interview to the American ABC, her scripted lines let her down on a question concerning "the Bush Doctrine." The Bush doctrine, (which has since received record hits on Wikipedia) is the right for a nation to engage in pre-emptive defence. Following her gaffe, the conservative network of bloggers, radio hosts and the McCain campaign spun into action: "but most people don't know what the Bush Doctrine is." Indeed. But most people don't want to be Vice President. The fact that she couldn't converse on such a fundamental idea shows the flaw in this Eliza Doolittle project. You can cram facts, names and dates, but you can't pretend you hold a long-standing interest in foreign policy.

Ms. Palin likes shooting wolves from helicopters. She likes shooting Caribou. She likes posing for photos next to the dead things she's killed (which should be a concern for the 72-year-old John McCain).

Ms. Palin thinks it's wonderful that her daughter has chosen not to have an abortion, but wants to take away that choice from others. Creationist Ms. Palin has the scientific literacy of a six year old. If I was a real journalist (which I'm not) and if Ms. Palin granted interviews (which she doesn't), I think I'd want to know: would she shoot a pregnant moose?

"But the Vice-President doesn't do anything anyway."

Tell that to Dick Cheney.

It's a tragedy that the first woman to appear on the Republican ticket is Sarah Palin. It's a tragedy that the first woman to be picked was chosen not because she is the best candidate for the VP job, but simply because she's a good-looking crowd pleaser. (*Some might even say it's apPalin' - eds.*) McCain met Ms. Palin for a total of 15 minutes before making his choice, and no doubt hopes that she'll scurry back to small town Alaska after winning his election for him. This is not an advance, people. As one *Huffington Post* columnist suggested: "Palin hasn't broke through the glass ceiling, she is lying under it like a Trojan Moose."

Her working-class charm and Wal-mart mom straight talk is sending American politics into a frenzy. Ms. Palin has the confidence only ignorance can bring, which is why the ignorant are so comfortable with her. "Why think, analyse and debate the shades of grey like some windy egghead professor from Illinois, when you can shoot 'em dead from a helicopter?" There's a lot at stake on November the 4th.

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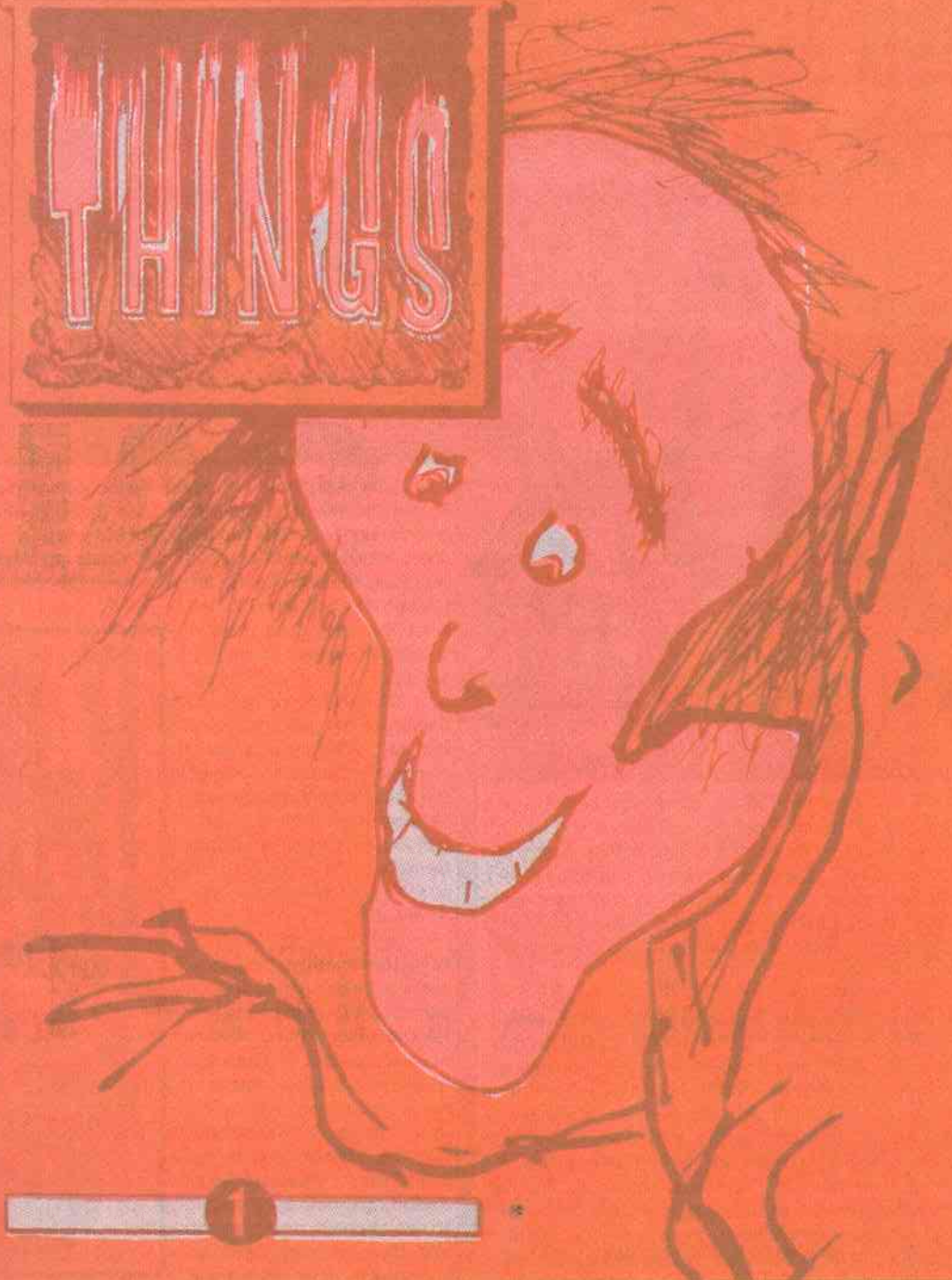
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By Natika Palka

Belle de Jour

- the new 'postfeminist' pinup?

What's next for feminism in an age of celebrity prostitutes?

First there was Holly Golightly, then Vivian Ward. Now Belle de Jour is the latest 'happy hooker' to enter popular culture. If you haven't managed to catch *Secret Diary of a Call Girl*, right before *Beauty and the Geek*, the show is based on the blog of Belle de Jour (Billy Piper), a high-class London escort who chooses prostitution after discovering she is 'too lazy' for poorly paying temp work. Instead of feeling sympathy towards Belle, we're more inclined to adopt a 'you go girl' attitude. But why?

Clearly, the show glamorises prostitution, and depicts an unrealistic portrayal of sex work, one flag being that the clients and the workers are waaay too hot. But, there may be more to it than portraying a simple male stereotype. Belle entered into the business of prostitution because of a self-proclaimed love of sex (and money). It is a choice she makes to please herself, to assert her financial independence and although she delivers for her clients' desires, her ultimate satisfaction lies in exploring her own fantasies; a sexual role play that her everyday alter ego Hannah would not be capable of (S&M horse riding anyone?). In this context, Hannah/Belle displays several qualities intrinsic in 'postfeminism.' Feminist writer Janelle Reinelt describes

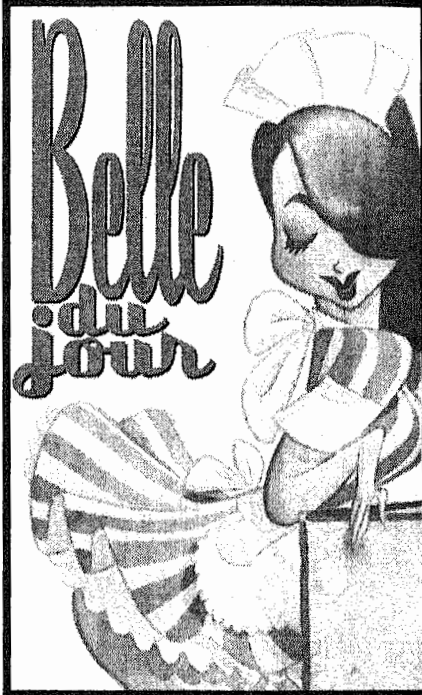
'postfeminism' as a movement beyond feminism; an assumption that feminism has reached its goals and therefore gives rise to an opportunity for women to be represented beyond traditional feminist positions.

The most common representation of 'postfeminism' is the smart, independent woman empowered by her sexuality. She is an active, desiring sexual person who participates in 'self-presentation,' - what I call routine beyond hygiene - to please herself. This representation is a marked departure from the often passive representations of

the 1970s and 1980s, in which women were commonly portrayed in dependent or subservient roles looking attractive and sexy. Women of the postfeminist movement must understand their own objectification as self chosen and pleasurable. What arises from these representations is the conclusion that although women are not actively seeking the approval of men, winning their admiration is an unintended bonus, a byproduct of the process of pleasing themselves. Therefore the portrayals of sexually liberated women commonly take the form of the conventional male sexual fantasy. And in Billie Piper's case, her target audience from *Dr. Who* is sure to be a willing companion on her sordid adventures.

Power femininity in this sense has given porn the tick of approval, allowing soft porn to take its place in mainstream popular culture. In the case of *Secret Diary*, Belle asserts her sexual independence as a choice. However, the transfer of money detracts from female empowerment, exhibiting a male entitlement to sex whenever they want it and thus reducing Belle to a product. The demeaning aspect to prostitution is shown by the existence of Belle as Hannah's alter ego, created out of a need to function acceptably in society. Hannah, by contrast is similar to Julia Roberts' Vivian Ward in *Pretty Woman*, a sweet girl-next-door for whom romance is only possible when she's not 'working.' The courting of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* immortal Holly Golightly, is also contingent on her sex work being largely ignored. Although Golightly referred to her 'rats' and 'super rats' casually, the murkier details of her work were never brought to lurid detail (Hepburn's Moon River could have easily taken on a whole other meaning).

Interestingly, postfeminism is closely related to the idea of women 'having it all:' the job, the money, the independence, the romance and the nuclear family, if they so choose. Hannah and Belle are seemingly at odds with each other, unable to have the romance and possibility of a family with the job she claims to love so much. Even more interestingly, the real life Belle de Jour is no longer a working prostitute, effectively extinguishing the latest 'happy hooker' myth in postfeminist culture.





Les Femmes de la Politique

I would say that I'm a feminist, and because I am one I would emphasise that although it's always great to see female decision makers, there are many out there that I can't stand. Palin is the obvious choice, with widespread discussion on her merits for the Vice Presidential role. I'm sure others will mention her here, so I'm going to look at two other interesting female politicians - Ellen Johnson-Sirleaf and Yulia Tymoshenko. From Liberia and Ukraine, the women are very different politically but are making big waves in their respective countries.

President Ellen Johnson Sirleaf inherited an incredibly difficult situation when she came to power in 2006. Liberia had been suffering civil war for years under Charles Taylor, the man now standing trial for war crimes. He resigned in 2003 and went into exile before being indicted, and was replaced briefly by Moses Blah who was accused of being too close to the former President. However he later testified against Taylor in his war crime trial, describing the use of child soldiers amongst other terrible things. Blah was replaced by Gyude Bryant who chaired the transitional government. In 2007 he was charged with embezzlement. As you can see, Liberia was not short of upheaval. The first elected female African head of state, Johnson Sirleaf is a grandmother referred to as Liberia's 'Iron Lady'. At the time of her ascension to power, the BBC reported "Women and some gender-sensitive men in the city are also quick to blame men for wrecking the country. 'We need a woman to put things right,' said one waitress."

Who was this woman charged with such a massive task? Married to James Sirleaf at seventeen, Johnson-Sirleaf travelled to the US in 1961 where she earned a degree at the University of Colorado before going onto Harvard for a Masters Degree in public administration. Returning to Liberia, she worked for the Tolbert Government before being forced into exile after a coup led by Samuel Doe, where Tolbert and other members of the Cabinet were executed. She resided in Kenya, before briefly returning to Liberia and being placed under house arrest, and then fled to the US. She was an active member of the transitional government before being elected President.

Johnson-Sirleaf is popular with the Bush regime. Her inauguration was attended by Laura Bush and Condoleezza Rice, and a few months later the Liberian President addressed the US congress asking for support to help her country "become a brilliant beacon, an example to Africa and the world of what love of liberty can achieve." Recently the US government committed \$80 314 657 to development priorities in Liberia, which hopefully will be used wisely, given Johnson-Sirleaf's strong anti-corruption platform. However she of course still faces many future challenges, even from within her own party. Many controversial figures remain in her government, including Taylor's estranged wife Jewel Howard Taylor and Prince Johnson, who tortured and murdered President Samuel Doe in 1990 on video tape.

Moving across the world, the Ukraine is an interesting country for many reasons, not least for its politics. In 2003 the country experienced the Orange Revolution, where widespread protests against alleged corruption and vote rigging resulted in election results being annulled and a revote ordered. Viktor Yushchenko, who was poisoned during

the election campaign and left with a permanently scarred face, emerged victorious.

The current Prime Minister is Yulia Tymoshenko, the 47-year-old leader from the All-Ukrainian Union Fatherland party. Her website certainly makes an unusual read - and if you like the constantly braided hair look, you can download wallpapers of Yulia for your computer. Tymoshenko has an interesting CV, including owning a video rental store with her husband after a start up of five thousand borrowed Soviet roubles. After success here, they opened a chain of video shops. She later became the managing director of the Ukrainian Oil Corporation, before becoming involved in politics. Like Johnson-Sirleaf, she also experienced persecution by a President, in this case President Kuchma who accused her of forging documents amongst other things. After joining forces with President Yushchenko she became acting Prime Minister in 2005 before taking the position permanently, although the alliance was and is certainly strained.

Recently Tymoshenko has been accused by the President of rejecting the West in order to embrace the Kremlin's actions in Georgia and further her presidential ambition. In reply, she has argued that "our evaluation of the situation around events in Georgia was clear and comprehensible since its first day. It completely coordinates with the stand of the European Union and based on absolute recognition of the territorial integrity of Georgia, its independence and sovereignty." After so much public slanging between the pair, it isn't surprising to learn that the coalition has collapsed. The Parliament has thirty days to try and form a new coalition. Tymoshenko has ruled out forming a coalition with pro-Russia Yanukovich, and has labelled the breakdown as "a storm in a tea cup", so perhaps the coalition will be re-established.

Relations between the Prime Minister and President are still pretty frosty though. Yulia has a hand for sarcasm, saying on her website "Besides, dear Viktor Yushchenko, I want to add the following. If I thought not about public interests but only about the upcoming presidential campaign, as you do, I also could issue hundreds of ultimatums against you. For instance to apologise to me and Government of the coalition of democratic forces for absurd accusations in high treason and your diverse fantasies concerning "the Kremlin scenario" (in relation to her supposed Russian leanings)." A presidential election is scheduled for 2010 but could be held earlier if dialogue breaks down. If an election were to be held, polls show that Tymoshenko would win and Yushchenko would come last.

So there is a very brief summary of two very influential women. The situation in Ukraine is changing every day so by the time this is published, I'm sure further developments will have occurred. There are certainly a lot of women in many countries pushing boundaries, and I hope that more continue to do so.

Barbara Klompenhouwer

THE SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY

69th BIRTHDAY SPECIAL



The Dub. Hon.
Will Martin.
MP

HATEMAIL to SPP@live.com.au



Minister
for Defence
and Policy
Undevelopment.

"Where trust, is a must...n't"

Remember, remember the 16th of September. I called the press and waited outside the Liberal polling room so I could use my 'on your bike, Brendan' zinger I'd been sitting on for months, and kick the loser whilst he was down. It didn't work. Apparently the press was more interested in Costello's memoirs and the new Opposition leader's address. "Sweet call, dickhead" said Brendan as I stood there watching the media abandon me yet again. Later I heard he cried when he submitted defeat. Looks like I got to him after all. I decided to listen to Turnbull's first address. I have always been friends with Malcolm. The two of us would often engage in a glass of brandy, or visit the outer suburbs so we could spit on the poor people. Malcolm was firm and strong in his demeanour, but I almost spat out my 1787 Chateau d'Yquem when he started ranting some bullshit about humble upbringings, rented flats and doing it tough. The man was trying to distance himself from our world! My friend; the man who shared a laugh every time someone thought his nickname 'The Green Machine', referred to his efforts as Environment Minister.

I thought back to the election, when Rudd span that story about his tough rural childhood, and suddenly had a disturbing revelation. Would I too be forced

to don the Salisbury cap and waffle fictitious tripe about my childhood hardships? As a pure blueblood I clearly had none, aside from the Adelaide Club refusing my membership when I was three. When the media got a load of my childhood, I'd be a goner for sure. I immediately contacted Grayson to call an emergency meeting with my spin doctors, fetch the Boeing and get me home. We were up for hours trying to convert my pristine image into some humble sort of thing. We used words like 'poverty struggle' and 'devoted father' but there's simply no way to hide 97 acres of land in Medindie. Defeated, I had the team executed and the next day moped my way to the House of Representatives. I sat there for twenty minutes, sweating avocados when who should take the floor but the Labor member for Love, John Murphy. After delivering a three minute complaint from his wife about serving portions and beef stroganoff in the cafeteria, I realised I was witnessing a miracle. The press swept it up, and my past was overlooked. As I sat down and took a puff from my Cuban Cohiba Robusto, I thought to myself how fortunate we are. As long as there are women, and the Labor Party in Australia, you can get away with anything.

THE TESTAMENT OF THE SPP: 69 YEARS OF MILD EXCELLENCE

The Slightly Political Party was formed on 1 September 1939. Unfortunately its emergence was marginally overshadowed by the Nazis' invasion of Poland. Desperate for media notoriety, the SPP aligned themselves with the Fuhrer's fascist campaign. Six weeks later, the Party was dismembered after a special Parliamentary Bill was passed, and all Pseudo-Ministers were incarcerated. In 1943 the



Australians believed the Party was still dangerous, with members such as Will Martin and Harry Dobson often tied to fascist campaigns. In a desperate attempt to regain popularity, the SPP recruited Andrew Love, a former pinball tycoon and member of the Labor Party to promote a 'balance' within the Party. It worked, and in 1959 a poll revealed that only 64% of Australians believed the Party was fascist, however 87% still believed it was corrupt. This was still lower than the Menzies Government, and saw the SPP triumphantly re-enter Parliament.

members were released in an attempt to free up the Court flood-gating, most of which was hindered by the SPP's legal incompetence. The SPP continued to exist in local areas, however contained no definitive leader due to their extremely short life spans. A poll in 1957 revealed 94% of

The triumph lasted only a short while and in 1963 the SPP was linked to the Kennedy assassination.





THE SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY

69th BIRTHDAY SPECIAL

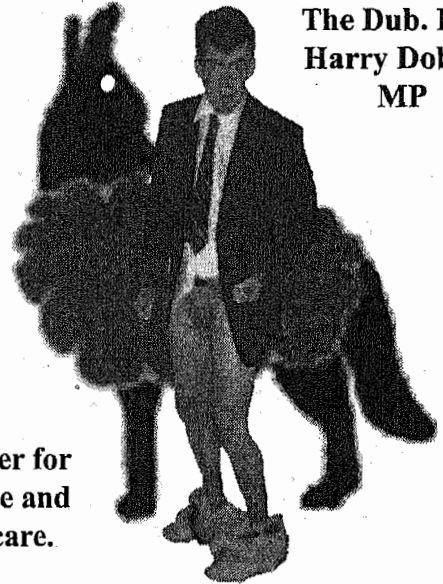


(cont.) This was later discredited in 2008 when Eddie McGuire confirmed Alan Didak was the gunman responsible. Following a further twenty years in the political wilderness the SPP was taken in a coup by then WA Premier: Brian Burke. Under the guise of the WA Government's 'WA Inc.'



the SPP acted as a means of achieving Burke's schemes. The SPP hierarchy was handsomely rewarded for its services with mining and natural gas royalties. Party underling Andrew Love was often heard to remark of his fondness for mingling with Eighties' celebrities such as Ossie Ostrich at Burke's mansion. 'A talking bird, imagine that!' he once exclaimed although he was distraught to learn Ossie was indeed a puppet. Love's spiraling depression created weakness amongst the Party's Left, and Martin

advantageously had Love shredded and packed into the SPP's new sardine range, whilst an imitation took Love's portfolio with the help of some carefully brewed polyjuice potion. That imposter was Harry Dobson, who disbanded the left wing by firing squad, before resuming his true identity. This coup destroyed the Party's delicate balance, leaving the SPP ultra conservative and militant. The public became fearful of this transition, however the SPP reassured it was still the same political machine, just with tinted windows. Martin and Dobson pinky swore they wouldn't betray each other, and vowed to make Australia take the SPP seriously. This vow was compromised in late 2008 when high profile candidates Basil Brush, Noddy and Rat-in-a-Hat were arrested for drug trafficking. The SPP assured the public all guilty parties were sufficiently reprimanded, and continues to be an unpredictable force in the upcoming Federal Election.



The Dub. Hon.
Harry Dobson
MP

Minister for
Offense and
Haircare.

"Democracy is for pooftas"

The SPP celebrated the culmination of the football season on the weekend by holding a gathering at party HQ. The 'rented flat' as our office is known was ideal for such an occasion. Needless to say the guest list varied in notoriety from the 'humble' Malcolm Turnbull to the ordinary football 'bogon' in Jeff Kennett. Although heavily inebriated by 11am I was engaged in deep conversation with Malcolm regarding all things football. He spoke passionately on so many issues in the game, the 'hooves' in the back rule, Ruddy Franklin and of course his favourite team - the Sydney Roosters. Perplexed by his mentioning of the Roosters he swiftly corrected himself by saying that 'all had come to roost,' and then softly 'with Brendan out of the picture.' Needless to say I was in raptures listening to the great man espouse his knowledge toward me.

In the early afternoon the catering corps finally had their act together and served a delightful lunch. Beef stroganoff! All and sundry thoroughly enjoyed their meal - especially the grateful pensioners I invited. However, some dreadful murmurings emanated from the rear of the table. 'My wife's still hungry!' moaned John Murphy. 'Well why don't you take it up in

parliament,' said the head chef from the kitchen. 'Alright then!' fired back Murphy who with this remark made it known to all present that he was unable to understand satire. By this stage all were ready to take in the match and had settled on which team to barrack for - except for Julia Gillard. This was because Julia was torn between her favourite 'bloodnuts' Cameron Ling and Jarryd Roughead. Her proposal for a team entirely composed of 'rangas' was laughed down and forced me to reach for a non-alcoholic beverage; ironically it was a can of Fanta.

As with any party there were some uninvited guests who briefly diminished everyone's enjoyment. Of course I am here referring to Peter Garrett's insistence on a sly joint just after the final siren. Malcolm and Julia both related their previous experiences with dope and we all laughed and thought they were a couple of 'squares.' Having booted Garrett off our grass he danced ridiculously down the street, never to be seen again. The guests stayed and remained rapturous throughout the night with no fear of having a sore head come Sunday. Eventually the guests filed out around sun up returning to their constituents much relieved having watched the Grand Final with the SPP.

HATEMAIL to SPP@live.com.au



On-Line Election of Students to the University of Adelaide Council Call for Nominations



THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

In accordance with the "University of Adelaide Act 1971" nominations are hereby called for the election of Two Undergraduate Students and One Postgraduate Student to the Council of the University of Adelaide for a term of one year from 6 March 2009 to 5 March 2010.

The retiring undergraduate members are Sophie Plagakis and Trent Harron and the retiring postgraduate member is Zhen Ji. They may be eligible to re-nominate for re-election.

Who is eligible to vote?

Undergraduate: Undergraduate Students enrolled as students of the University proceeding towards a bachelor's degree or a diploma other than a graduate diploma on Close of Roll Day, 12 September 2008.

Postgraduate: Postgraduate Students enrolled as students of the University proceeding towards a masters degree, a doctorate, a graduate diploma or a graduate certificate on Close of Roll Day, 12 September 2008.

Who is eligible to be nominated?

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

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

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

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

When and how do I nominate?

Nominations may be made at any time from 7 October 2008 and must reach the Returning Officer, Council Secretariat, University of Adelaide no later than 12 noon 17 October 2008. Nominations must be made on the prescribed form, signed by the candidate and two persons eligible to vote in the election.

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

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

Students who are considering standing for election and who, if elected, will exceed the 12 year limit during their term of office must lodge an application seeking a resolution of Council under section 12A sub-section (6) of the University of Adelaide Act 1971, giving reasons why they should be permitted to nominate, with the Returning Officer by 10 October 2008.

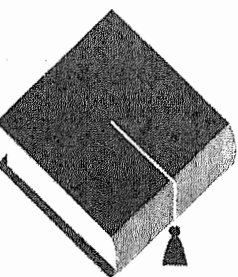
Nomination forms may be downloaded from the University's website at <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/governance/council/elections/> or obtained from the office of the Council Secretariat (telephone 8303 5668). The Rules for Election of Council members can be downloaded at <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/policies/621>.

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

Should elections be necessary, the ballot will open on 22 October 2008 and will close at 10.00 am on 7 November 2008. Voting in the election of student representatives to the University Council will be via an on-line ballot. Access to the ballot will be available to eligible voters from within Access Adelaide at <http://access.adelaide.edu.au>. Ballot papers will not be mailed to voters.

Heather Karmel
Returning Officer

if you want
to succeed at uni
you really
need to focus




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Dumb lawyer quote # 44
"If something doesn't make sense, it's not true"
- Judge Judy

Bob Loblaw 100% endorses this article.

Quick! Call My lawyer

REAL CASES. REAL PEOPLE. REAL BULLSHIT. JUDGE JUDY.

Judith Blum, responsible for one of the most shameless television shows in the free world, was born in October 1942, in Brooklyn, New York. She attended American University in Washington D.C. and graduated in 1963. She continued her education at American University's Washington College of Law, where she was the only woman in a class of 126 students. She finished her law degree in New York, where she moved with her first husband in 1964.

In 1965, she graduated from law, passed the New York bar exam, and took a job as a corporate lawyer for a cosmetics firm. Unfulfilled with the role of a corporate lawyer, she left two years after to raise two children, Jamie and Adam. In 1972, upon the advice of a friend she took a job in the New York courts system and found herself in the role of prosecutor for the family court system. She prosecuted juvenile crime, domestic violence, and child abuse cases. She was quickly recognised as a sharp, no-bullshit lawyer.

In 1977 she married again and became Judy Sheindlin. In 1982, an impressed New York mayor appointed her to the criminal division of the New York bench where she became 'Judge Judith Sheindlin'. Four years later she became a supervisory judge of the family court. As a real judge she was sympathetic to the disadvantaged and an arsehole to people who deserved it, such as criminals and deadbeat dads.

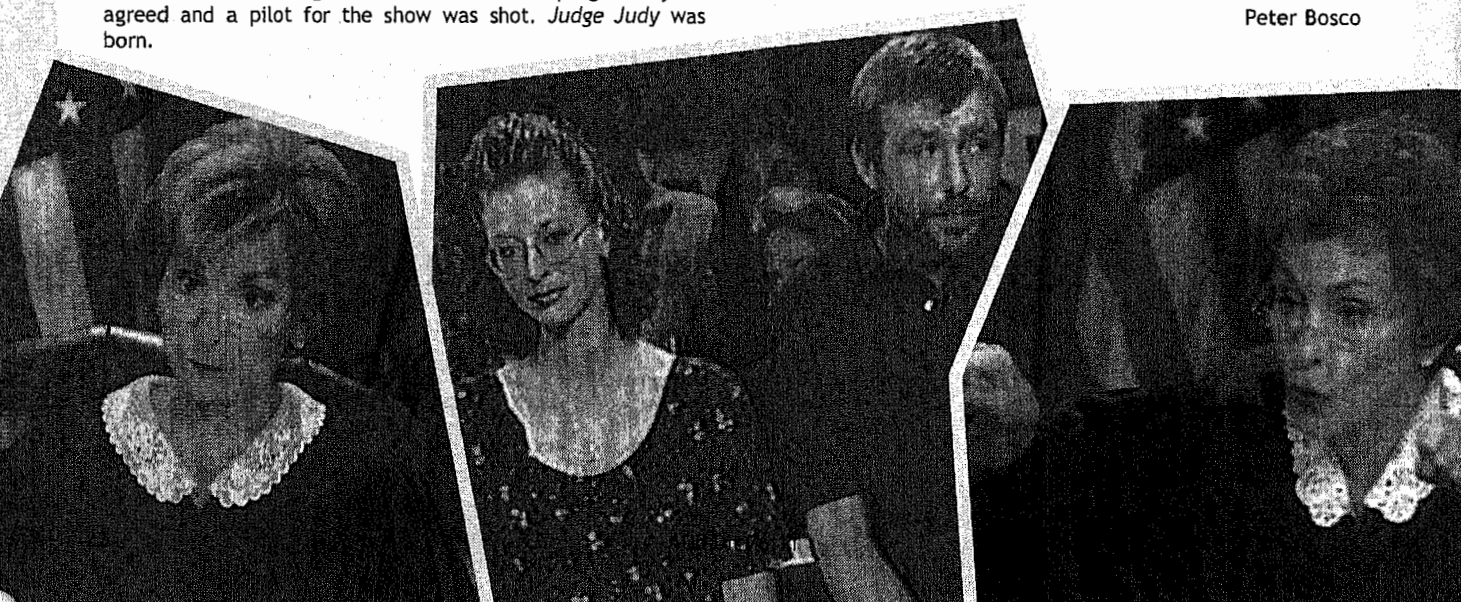
In February 1993, Sheindlin did an interview in the *Los Angeles Times* where she was presented as an outspoken, hard-hitting legal heroine, determined to make the courts work for the common good. This piece was quickly followed by a profile on *60 Minutes*. After this appearance, an agent for Sheindlin approached Larry Lyttle, the president of Big Ticket Television, with the idea of doing a courtroom television program. Lyttle agreed and a pilot for the show was shot. *Judge Judy* was born.

Judge Judy was an enormous success. Losers around the world tuned in to watch some woman with permanent PMS yell at a bunch of halfwits. The show attracts over 10 million viewers a day and has made both Judy and her production company very rich. She is the second highest paid female television celebrity (behind Oprah), earning \$100 million. She has her own boat called 'Her Honor' and her own plane, which probably has its own stupid name also.

Aside from being a fake judge (she is actually an arbiter not a judge - Judge Judy sounds better than Arbiter Judith), she is also a novelist. She is the author of classic pieces like *Don't Pee on My Leg and Tell Me It's Raining*; *Beauty Fades*, *Dumb is Forever*; *Keep It Simple, Stupid*; an illustrated children's book called *Win or Lose by How You Choose* and *You're Smarter Than You Look*.

Judge Judy does indeed do real cases. Her production staff research cases from all over America for something they think makes good television. They then bring these people to Los Angeles where Sheindlin tells them they're stupid and delivers a judgment. People can also submit their claims on to Sheindlin's website in the hope they will get chosen to look like morons. Plaintiff and Defendant get \$100 for their appearance plus \$35 per day and have their travel and accommodation expenses paid. Audience members also receive a small fee. At the end Sheindlin makes her ruling which is actually an arbitration order, which, once signed, cannot be appealed. Sheindlin is limited to hearing claims of no more than \$5000.

Peter Bosco



SCIENCE WITH GOL-DY

**Eds: Goldy's Theme Song
(to the tune of The Grates'
'Science is Golden')

Science, science, science with GOL-DY
Science, science, science with GOL-DY
Science, science, science...

"That's gold...YI!"

THE GOLDIE



WOMAN

WHY WOMEN WILL ALWAYS BE WOMEN...oo

some slightly sexist, very generalised quotes supplied by Goldy

Women will always ask questions that have no right answer, in an effort to trap men into feeling guilty.

Women love to talk. Silence intimidates us and we feel the need to fill it, even if we have nothing to say.

Women love to shop. It is the one area of the world where we feel like we are in control.

Women especially love a bargain. The question of "need" is irrelevant, so don't bother pointing it out. Anything on sale is fair game.

Women never have anything to wear. Do not question the racks of clothes in the closet.

Women can't keep secrets. They eat away at them from the inside and we do not view it as being untrustworthy, providing we only tell two or three people.

Women always go to public restrooms in groups. It gives us a chance to gossip.

Women never understand why men love toys. Men understand that they would not need toys if women had an "on/off" switch.

Women are never wrong. Apologising is the men's responsibility. It's there in the Bible: Who was it that gave Adam the apple?

Women have better restrooms. Ladies receive the royal treatment in the ladies room. Gents just get a large bowl to share.

After a woman showers, the bathroom will smell like a tropical rain forest.

If a man goes on a seven day trip, he will pack five days worth of clothes and will wear some things twice; if a woman goes on a seven day trip, she will pack twenty-one outfits because she does not know what she will feel like wearing each day.

Women do NOT want an honest answer to the question, 'How do I look?'

Women love to talk on the phone. A woman can visit her girlfriend for two weeks and upon returning home, she will call the same friend and they will talk for three hours.

A woman will dress up to go shopping, water the plants, empty the garbage, answer the phone, read a book, or get the mail.

RISKY THINGS WOMEN TEND TO DO TO BE ATTRACTIVE (8 REASONS TO AVOID THEM)

- **Liposuction.** The big contributor dead bodies in the plastic surgeons' offices. It is just too easy to create a drastic haemorrhage during the procedure and the recovery time is very prolonged.
- **Human Growth Hormone.** Instead of "turning back the clock", HGH usage actually shortens your lifespan and overuse can cause disfiguring bone growth.
- **Steroids.** If you are a male, steroids can help you build bigger muscles, but they can also give you troubles with aggressive behaviour and they can also actually shrink your genitals. If you're female, the muscle growth difference is much more dramatic, but so are the side effects - do you really want to have to shave every morning?
- **Facelifts.** Some of the side effects are extreme sensitivity to light, noise, and pressure. On the other hand, facelifts have sometimes been known to unexpectedly cure chronic migraine headaches. In either case, over face-lifted people usually end up looking more hideous than they previously did.
- **People will do incredibly nasty stuff to their skin to attack wrinkles - grinding off the skin surface with abrasives, burning it off with acid. One of the weirdest approaches is called Botox. That is short for Botulism Toxin, one of the deadliest chemical poisons in nature. Minute amounts can paralyse small facial muscles, which has a smoothing effect. Do you actually want a paralysed face?**
- **An appalling cosmetic medical abuse, which has apparently been going on for decades with no particular monitoring of the long term effects: prescribing massive doses of estrogen to girls in their early teens who are worried about growing too tall. This simulates the effects on the body of getting pregnant at that age, one outcome of which is to stunt your growth so you never reach full adult size. Now it's coming out that women who received this treatment as girls are prone to infertility, and even without that problem, very few who've had this treatment are glad they did.**
- **Do breast enlarging pills and creams work? Apparently the answer is 'not really'. They can produce a sort of temporary swelling, but they do not produce actual growth. This effect is achieved by temporarily messing with the hormones, which can have side effects, as some of them contain ingredients that are considered unsafe before menopause.**

Goldy Yong

femininity and humanity

These two pieces are part of a larger work exploring embodiment and modes of self-representation. The first, *Skins*, intends to illustrate the interaction between an interior and exterior 'fleshy' self, between self and other. *(An)other Birth of Venus* extends upon these same ideas in the context of both femininity and disability. In the writing of this piece, I adopted the imagined 'voice' of disabled performance artist Mary Duffy, who was born armless. During performance, Duffy poses as a contemporary Venus de Milo figure, nude but for a cloth placed around her hips; such a display confronts cultural and perhaps personal notions of disability, femaleness, beauty and humanity.

by Annabel evitts

skins

'We were talking about the space between us all and the people who hide themselves behind a wall of illusion...And life flows on within you and without you'. We were awake. Alert. Alone together. We were a dichotomy of inner and outer, we were heat and blood life and love, poured in shape by fleshy vessel. Neat and self-contained. Inhaling to expire. Entering to recede. Can desire exist without a body? We have our own oceans you said they turn the tide within us. Then the negative space was full of you. The clock had stopped, the wind hung in the room, outside in. Stillness ensued like a paused heartbeat. Ours have never stopped. Beat. Repetition. Like a cycle or a thought that won't leave you until you nurture it, let it consume you. Make it real. Inside Out. We were talking about the space between us all and the people who hide themselves behind a wall of illusion. Body shifts for comfort, converting a residue of warmth into involuntary shivers. Eyes are little turnstiles giving way to something deeper, like a soul or an essence or a spark that people try to define but can never quite articulate. They sweep over lashes and brow, hollows, curves. I am thinking (with my fingers in your hair), about the ways in which we are wired. The instincts and pulses and drives that deflower, that stitch the fibres of conception so that the belly swells and blooms. The art of self-invention; seed that grows so self is shelter to other. My inside becomes their inside and sometimes yours. The space between us all.



Annabel evitts

(An.)other birth of Venus

I am a question mark. I am cloaked in darkness. In confusion. Amid the breathing sounds there comes a heartbeat, through the speaker (like a membrane or a skin) and the Venus woman is conceived again, a foetus and a stain in the non-light. I emerge as the light does find me, white and vulnerable in the blackness of the platform. I am a question mark. To which they'll find their own answers in the end. For now they wait, eyes open. To the only discernible figure in the room. Maybe unable to look away. Maybe not wanting to. Is it right, is it art? Is it freakish or beautiful? Or both. Each time I stand before them, I feel the silence, heavy and thick as blood. I feel the cloth, light, white and worn, temperamental and threatening against the edge of my hip. I see the light and nothing else, imagine my body scarring their mind or staining their thoughts. They attempt to piece together what they perceive that I lack. Yes. I lack some muscles, some fingers some limbs. I have their phantoms though buried deep somewhere in the senses. A trick of the light. But aren't I complete? Can I be whole without them. They make their own answers. They apologise again "Oh I don't know what to say, I'm sorry, do you mind if I ask...No I don't mind, no, don't be sorry. It's okay it's not awkward...What did you do to yourself sweetheart? Were you born that way or did your mother take those awful pills?? I'm so sorry. Sorry. Sorry...". Eyes are talkative things, sometimes, I think they don't know how to stop. Even if they want

to. I can't blame them. Here, in this fragility, my own staring eyes, my flesh, the fullness of my breasts, throw the balance of consciousness - a broken, fragmented self, or a picture of classic female sensuality? It throws the balance of my self-consciousness. Then, when the initiation between artist/spectator/beauty/tragedy has roared for long enough, when I am basted under these hot lights, my own responses rise: "You have words to describe me that I find frightening. Every time I hear them, they're screamed silently, wordless...How come I always felt ashamed when answering those big staring eyes and gaping mouths. In such opposition my body was the way it was supposed to be. It was right for me". These eyes can watch me on the street when I am clothed. When I am not an art form. When my physical markers of womanhood, my nudity, is obscured by fabrics and convention. They can avoid a confrontation, they can look away. Don't mistake the shame that I have felt under their gaze for paranoia. Do not mistake my shamefulness for disdain, either, for I am certain of the human potential for a mutual and genuine empathy and acceptance. The stares themselves could even be a seed for growth and self-exploration for the both of us. Maybe we are all question marks, whoever we are; all walking, ever-evolving narratives, moving towards an end. Maybe the greatest sense of completeness, or self-fulfilment, comes in the journey and risks that we take in discovering the answers.



‘ Voice! That, too, is a launching forth and effusion without return. Exclamation, cry, breathlessness, yell, cough, vomit, music. Voice leaves. Voice loses. She leaves. She loses. And that is how she writes, as one throws a voice - forward, into the void. ,

Helene Cisoux

‘ The body characterized as abnormal becomes associated with those forces threatening the stability of the body politic. It becomes a pollutant, a grotesque. ,

Sidonie Smith

War! Ha! What is it good for? Web design standards!

Once upon a time, there was an amazing program called Netscape, and it did the most wonderful things with that magical world called the 'Internet'. The catch was it cost money. Then Microsoft came along with their own amazing program called Internet Explorer (IE), and it was free! Competition resulted, fuelling a huge influx of unique ideas that helped the Internet grow magnificently. Unfortunately, Internet Explorer was also tied into the Windows operating system which deliberately made it very difficult to use a competing web browser. While they got in trouble for this, they were never made to actually undo it. After a long and bloody war in which everyone more or less profited, Netscape finally surrendered. This was a Bad Thing™, as the Internet kept growing, while Internet Explorer's market share couldn't. Therefore Microsoft had no interest in developing IE further and it stagnated in a big way. Web designers around the world were then subject to years of Hell as they were forced to code their websites in a way that would render in IE's dodgy and ever-increasingly archaic engine. This involved many painful and time-consuming hacks and made it almost impossible to embrace newer technologies. However, to design websites for the minority of modern browsers meant losing the business of the vast majority that only knew of IE. As security threats on the Internet grew and Microsoft Windows was targeted more and more, IE's outdated model and 'tied-in' nature meant that all the nasty things on the Internet more or less had a backstage pass into people's computers. Alternative browsers existed, but the most popular, such as Opera, cost money and were consequently never going to compete. Was there no hero that could save the oppressed masses?

There was. Netscape had surrendered, but it was not dead. Instead it had developed into an open-source browser known as Mozilla. Open-source meant that anyone in the Internet community who could code could improve it. Consequently, it remained cutting-edge in security and features. But it was designed for advanced users, so the average Joe remained scared of it, if not completely ignorant. This was alright for a while, but eventually Mozilla decided it was time to strike. They redesigned their browser into a sleek new creature called 'Firefox'!

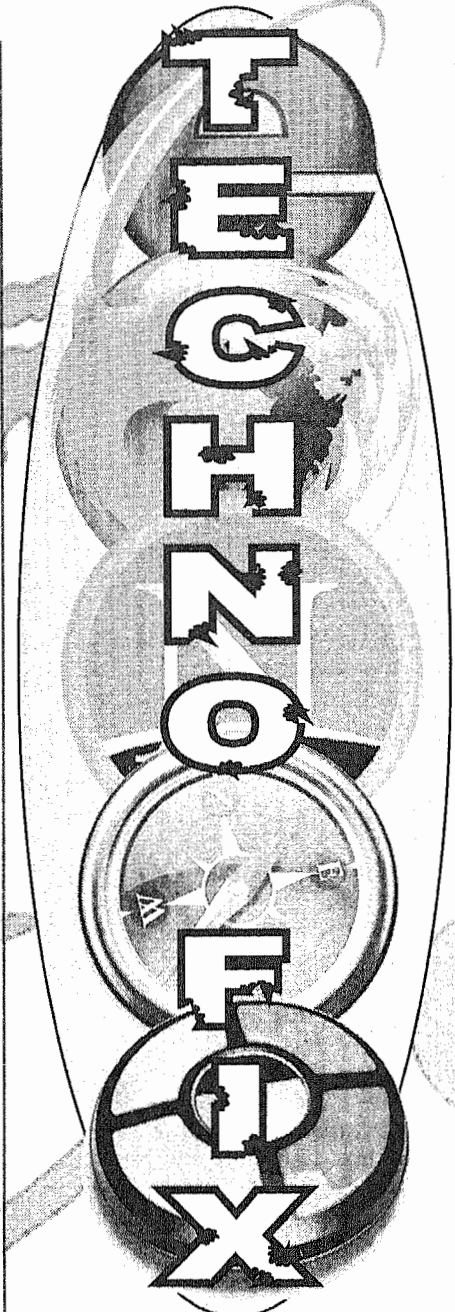
They launched a massive community-based promotion campaign to grab the attention of the average Internet user. Firefox looked much like IE so as to not scare people, but it was jam-packed with juicy new features such as tabbed browsing, RSS feeds, and best of all, it displayed web pages the way they were meant to look (This was a slight problem in that some websites that relied on significant hacks to work in IE came across as looking rather broken, but you can't make an omelette without breaking a few badly designed web pages). Firefox was also very easy to download, being smaller than one of IE's never-ending patches and was compatible with many different operating systems. As time progressed, it evolved, becoming stronger.

Such was its success that Microsoft stirred from its slumber to ponder this young upstart. Their response was Internet Explorer 7. It was large to download, had a confusing new layout that couldn't be changed, was still tied up with Windows, and couldn't be installed until you'd proved that your copy of Windows was legitimate. It couldn't even be installed on older versions of Windows like Firefox. IE7 also brought nothing new to the table, instead just copying everything that had already been done. At this point Opera realised that there was actual market share to be made, and they released a free version of their browser. Meanwhile, Firefox 3 was released to great fan-fare in an attempt to gain a Guinness World Record for most downloads in its first day. Microsoft went back to the drawing board. They began to plan Internet Explorer 8. This time, however, they decided to do something new. Eventually they released a beta. Their aim was to develop a web browser that takes advantage of the multi-core trend that has arisen in CPU's as of late. Currently, IE8 is a very resource-intensive browser though and judgments must be held until the full version is released.

Meanwhile, another party was biding its time, watching with interest, until finally Google released Chrome! Also still beta, Google had entered the fray with its own web browser. As their power over the internet steadily grew to monumental heights over the years, they lacked a major tool in shaping the Internet into what they wanted it to be. Chrome was to achieve that goal. Like IE8, Google also saw the future of the Internet in optimised multi-tasking, but Chrome is also resource-intensive at this point in time, so only the future will tell whether they it will be a success.

So what's the point of this little story? A few things actually:

- 1) If you're running a version of IE older than 7, you're exposing yourself to security threats, missing out on many features and making web developers cry.
- 2) Try an alternative browser such as Firefox, Opera or Chrome. You may decide you prefer IE, but competition is the only thing that will



keep it halfway decent, and no one provides better competition that the little guys taking on the big guy. Better security, better features and better performance.

3) I would dearly love to know why the HELL all the computers at this uni seem to still only have IE6. I mean, does ITS even really exist? I've never really seen any evidence to suggest so. Frankly, it drives me nuts trying to use the Internet without tabs. How can anyone like fiddling around with different windows when using the net?

4) I dunno. Isn't that enough? How about the next time I design a website only to find I have to completely mess it up to make it work in IE, I'm not held legally responsible for my ensuing actions? Boy, would that be nice.

Send your eloquently written questions, complaints and marriage proposals to: cyanara@gmail.com

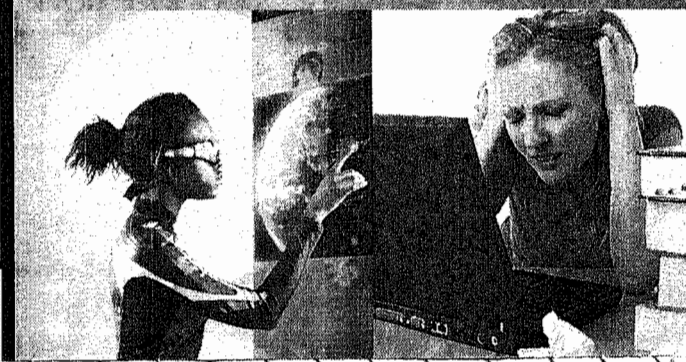
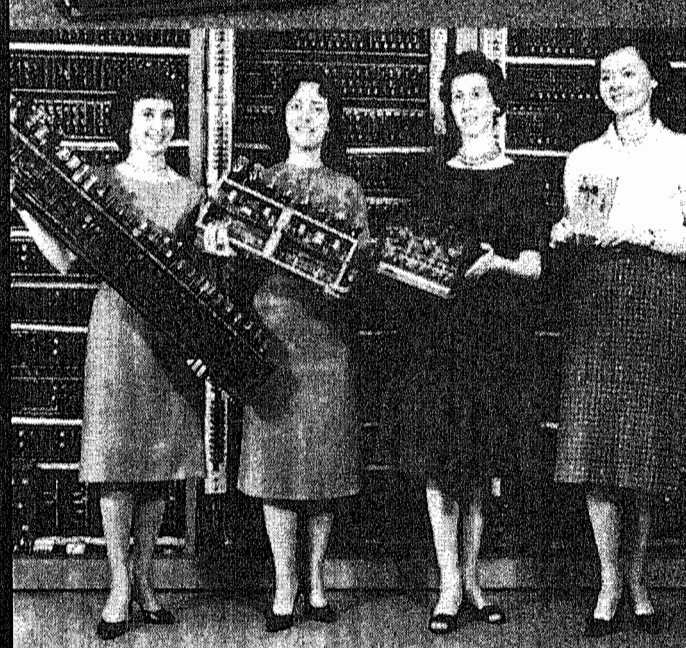
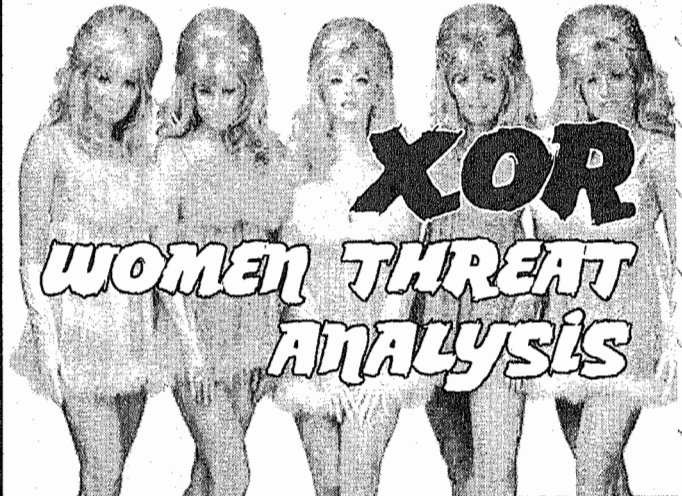
I must admit, having just gone through crunch week for essays and finally reaching the sweet relief of holidays, the last thing I feel like doing is writing a few thousand more words. Of course, being as astoundingly intelligent as I am, I realised this might be a problem and wrote up my rant the week beforehand. Unfortunately, I'd forgotten the sadistic tendencies of *On Dit's* dear editors and discovered that for reasons as of yet unknown, they had decided to switch the rostered themes at the last minute. To be fair, they were apparently unaware that anyone paid any attention to the set deadlines and you've got to give credit where credit is due, as not just anyone could do the job they do. Not only are the hours long and the work grinding, but when you consider that they do it all in a perpetually inebriated state, communicating only with a series of grunts, entirely within the framework of email, you can't help but be impressed, and perhaps a little scared. But anyhow, before they get the idea that I'm being a bit snarky and decide to cut me off from their exclusive *National Pornographic* magazine collection (Oh yes, it exists), perhaps I should discuss the subject matter at hand: women.

These strange and elusive creatures have remained largely absent from my life thus far with my childhood household consisting mostly of myself, three brothers and one father. While there was a mother in there as well, her ability to dominate at various popular computer games, and both laser and paintball skirmishes never portrayed her in a feminine light so much as that of a supreme power figure to be in awe of. True, there were females at school, but they were very much a pack animal best avoided for one's own safety. Their numbers dwindled at my IT Tafe course in which the pale, acne-stricken adolescent male reigned supreme. Indeed, aside from the few middle-aged parents looking to get back into the workforce, the only females were in the hair-dressing course. Between us and them lay a cultural divide about the size of Grand Canyon. Still, that didn't matter as we were all with our true loves: CPU's, RAM and CAT6 network cables. I eventually departed from this isolated world however and returned to university where I had briefly dabbled in earlier years.

As I entered the university grounds for the first time, the sun was shining, the air was warm, and the invasion had begun! Women were everywhere! There was no escape! All this time I had never so much as suspected this build-up of forces! I immediately began gathering intelligence as discretely as possible (I have to say, as far as surveillance goes, this was a most enjoyable task). It quickly became clear that these forces were bio-augmented with a potent hormonal cocktail to be as formidable as possible. To find males physically attractive? I'm not sure how the Hell they pulled that one off. It must have involved significant hypnotic programming at the very least. To endure childbirth more than once? Their bodies must produce opiates or something. And let's not forget finding newborn babies adorable, of all things! Face it; most newborn babies are hideous, to say the least. I generally have trouble identifying them as human.

It's not currently clear as to what the female army's end-goal is, but there's no denying that their methods are most devious. A significant portion of the male population appears to be affected by some sort of subtle mind control which then leads them to perform any act requested of them, usually involving credit cards and shoes. The effect of this mind control appears to be directly proportional to the ambient temperature and tightness of clothing. XOR's top scientists are working on a method to negate this mind control, but so far we appear to be limited to removing the eye-balls from the man. A small price to pay, I'm sure you'll agree. In the meantime, we can take some small solace in that there are resistance fighters out there. Only recently they conducted a petition on campus to end women's suffrage and around 150 people recognised the threat at hand. I applaud their courageousness in publicly standing up for justice and awareness.

Truly, the number of opposing powers we at XOR find ourselves faced with is limitless. Only the other day I discovered the existence of the Gay Political Maths Club. An awesome foe if there ever was one. Upon interrogation, they claimed to be simply an ordinary maths club having a barbeque and that the Party Party was just too lazy to take down their banners, but I saw through their subtle subterfuge. How long until we must fight this front as well? Only time will tell.



Wox pop

ASKS



So, Like, What Kinda Girl Are You?

Q1 What swim suit are you wearing this year?

a) It's hot pink flowers with super cute rhinestone studs! (2 points)

b) I don't swim, I just go to the beach to check out the hot girls in bikinis. (3 points)

c) An Itsie-bitsie, teenie-weenie yellow polka dot bikini. (1 point).

Q4 When you check your knickers in the bathroom you have some discharge. What does it look like?

a) Discharge? What's that? Is that like, a *period*? I'm 16 and haven't gotten mine yet. Is that normal? (2 points)

b) Green, frothy and smelly. Plus it hurts to pee. (1 points)

c) Milky white, must be from that new 'girl cock' my lover bought for me. (3 points)

Q2 Who is your dream boyfriend?

a) That nice boy from Hillsong, he also works at Gloria Jeans Coffees *giggle* (2 points)

b) I follow the "10 Steps To Getting A Boyfriend", and "The Ultimate Pash Guide" and I totally am crushing on the right guy Mathew Fox. Plus I'll do all the Jonas Brothers. (1 point)

c) Boys are weird, but I kinda think Zac Efron is lushness. (3 points)

Q5 You stack it in public in front of your crush, embarrassing! It's seriously cringe worthy. What do you do?

a) Secretly cry and update your myspace page with a 1000 word blog about how you never really loved him anyway. (2 points)

b) Shame! Double oops 'cos you totally forgot to wear knickers today, lol! (1 point)

c) Who cares? Learning new tricks on my skate board means I'm always taking a tumble. (3 points)

Q3 What's your OMG Confession?

a) Have you ever added chilli paste to your love rival's eye shadow? (1 point)

b) Sucked up to the new kid to get the bitchy goss about your bestie? (3 points)

c) Used your textbook funds to buy a cute new outfit? (2 points)

Q6 What's is your best beauty-queen make-up tip?

a) Smoky eyes and a lady quiff a la Avril Lavigne. (3 points)

b) I'm totally Tanorexic and obsessed with my GHD (1 point)

c) High-gloss lip-gloss and Mum says pigtails make me look sweet (2 points)

Q7 Who is your celebrity fav?

a) Fuzzy from Video Hit is soooo happy! (2 points)

b) The Veronica's, cos I really liked Jess's nude pics. (3 points)

c) Paris Hilton, definitely... or Britney Spears, I like a bit of sticky. (1 point)

Q8 What are you going to wear to your formal?

a) My fav converse kicks (sketches are lame as). (3 points)

b) Mum only gave me \$1000 to spend, so I'm going to bling it up with new shoes, the latest 'it' bag and a tiara. (3 points)

c) My bff says my lycra dress is tacky and she can see my lunch but I don't care, all the boys like me! (1 points)

IF YOU SCORED

8-13 points: you are a **Raging Slut**

AWGHTHTGTTA (Are We Going To Have To Go Through This Again)? Ok here is the 411, you need to go see a doc about that gross discharge, my bff heard that Brody Jenner gave you gonorrhoea. That's really classy stuff, chicky babe. But like, don't stress about chlamydia, as the stats say that it's like virtually normal, with the rate of infection increasing by 20% a year in the past 10 years. Anyway, having kids one days is like, whatever, right?

14-19 points: You are an **Irritating Smiley Twat**

Stop dedicating 110% of your attention to listening and go punch a cat. Now don't you feel better? I sure do. Yuk, being so happy and positive all the time, that's so 2007. Don't you ever get PMS?

20-24 points: You are a **Bearded lady**

So, I heard Lindsay Lohan put a restraining order against you 'cos you fully egged her girl Sam's turntables. This is a massive problem, alright? Oh and Katy Perry told me on MSN, she's decided she's straight after kissing you - that girl fuzz was such a turn off that she's switched sides 4 ever (bitch).

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heavyweights, history & henricksons: what big love has to offer

lu with sammy boy

"Think having three wives is a dream come true? Find out how Bill Henrickson, a modern-day Utah polygamist who lives in suburban Salt Lake City balances his three wives, seven children, and a mounting avalanche of debt and demands."

Three wives? That's a lot of wives. Yet another example of a forty-five minutes-a-week cult television masterpiece, *Big Love* is rapidly climbing my list of favourites. Combine the suburban tranquillity of *Wisteria Lane*, the indie ensemble of a Wes Anderson film, and the hazy, everything-is-a-dull-shade-of-white surreality of *The Virgin Suicides*, and you are part-way into imagining what this show feels like. With its bizarre concept carried masterfully by heavyweight cast members and directors, this show will certainly be part of cult TV history.

Big Love is really held up by its atmosphere, where commonplace household quarrels are made interesting, partially because Bill Paxton is a freakin' badass**, but also because of the environment this family lives in, socially and physically. The household that the eleven-strong Henrickson clan tries desperately to keep running, amid the illegality of polygamist relationships in Utah, is a fascinating place to set a beautifully slow-burning dramatic series.

The love-square is a particularly good example of great casting, with Bill Paxton as Bill, making a graceful transition from big to small screen and earning a steady paycheck on your TV screen. The three wives, played by Jeane Tripplehorn (from *Waterworld*!), Chloë Sevigny (that stupidly indie girl) & Ginnifer Goodwin (from *Walk the Line*) have fantastic chemistry on screen and provide dynamics never before seen in mainstream television.

The show is mainly focused on the relationships between Bill and his wives (Barb, Nicki, & Margene) their competition and co-existence, the controversy surrounding the fundamentalist Mormon faith, and the hierarchy of the church's families, which have expelled Bill from their compound. Funnily enough, the idea of "what would the neighbours think?" has its presence, but is a plot that is given a backseat to more confronting, deeper character-based dramas.

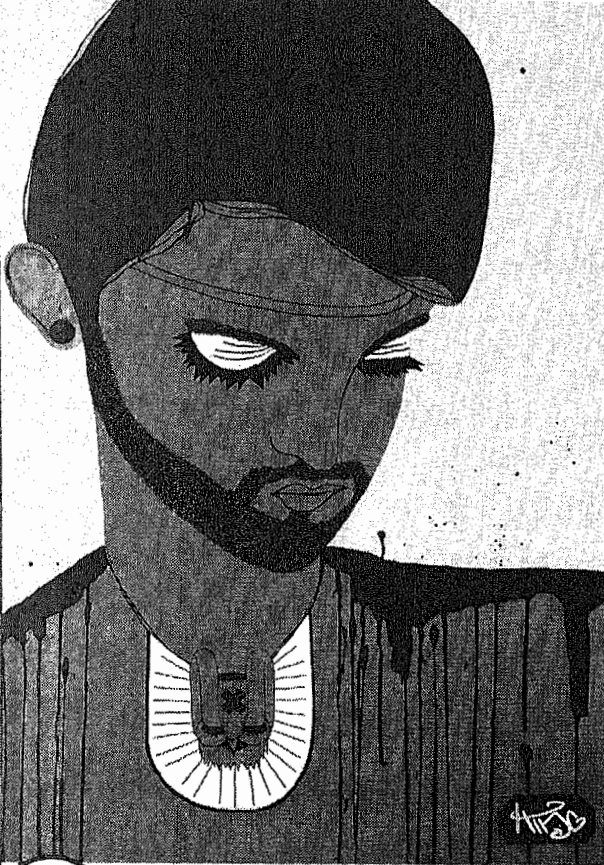
Anyways, without giving too much away, this show is definitely worth a look. For anyone who is willing to make the jump from trash-cult to art-trash-cult TV, this should be one of the first things on your list to check out.

And if this muddled clump of words hasn't grabbed you remember this:

**Bill Paxton is the only actor to have ever been killed by an Alien, a Predator, and a Terminator.

ACROSS THE WORLD & BACK AGAIN

No Vacancy Gallery, Melbourne 13 - 20 October



Lisa King, 'Christopher', paint on wood, 2008.

When faced with the question of 'female art' it is easy for the mind to wander back to the gender-driven debates of the 1970s, and the parallel art movement that saw giant genitals, menstrual musings and vaginal painting as just another days work in the life of the quintessential feminist artist. However, Australia has had an incredibly powerful female art population active since the dawn of Modernity. Indeed, female artists have been neatly sewn into Australia's Modernist hem seams yet, strangely, they have not been exposed to popular light until relatively recently, bringing fresh colours of originality to a slowly fading patchwork of 20th century male artists. With the likes of Margaret Preston, Clarice Beckett and Bessie Davidson now common names in galleries and auction houses across Australia and Europe, there has been a flourishing female arts population over the last century to a point where we now see women dominating arts classes and all-female art shows running rampant in contemporary cosmopolitan galleries.

One such show is "Across the World & Back Again", soon to open in Melbourne's No Vacancy gallery. Bringing together 11 of Australia's up and coming female artists, and culminating in a rich tapestry of bright fresh illustrations and paintings, the exhibition is already generating national interest. Two artists who are currently pulling up their proverbial bootstraps in preparation for the show are Adelaideans Lisa King and Nickas, manager and resident of Paperhorse Studios respectively.

Lisa King is a small woman with big plans who seems to be adding ever more notches to her brightly coloured belts. As an Adelaide-based artist, designer and studio manager, Lisa's work encompasses slick computer design together with loose, painterly line-work and detailed, sympathetic portraits. Her work seems to move effortlessly between the digital and the hand-made and, regardless of medium,

seems always to be reaching toward a common idea, style or outcome. When asked about her medium of choice, Lisa writes that she has "studied fine art and enjoys drawing and painting very much" but finds it "a lot more exciting with the range of applications and tools that you can use with your work through computer software, particularly the use of layers and building something with more control of the end result."

There is a quirkiness to Lisa King's work, with painting surfaces built out of various materials and objects. As such, it may come as little surprise that French street artist, Fifi, and Australia's own Audrey Kawasaki rate highly in Lisa's creative books. "I get a certain amount inspiration from other artists and artist environments," she admits slyly, "but most of my creative inspiration births in my dreams and sleep."

Nickas, alternatively, has found inspiration in tribal cultures, shamanism and powerful women. "I like to show powerful, beautiful women who are also disempowered at the same time", she admits, "I guess it's a comment on how women view themselves in today's society." With a background in animation and a long trail of international praise and exposure, there is a sense of comfort or naturalness inherent in Nickas' work, whether it be pen, paint or graphics tablet, which is only ever seen amongst highly practiced artists. At the same time, however, her beautifully lush portraits are imbued with a strange darkness, playfully acting on a discomfort or unsettling of her viewers. More recently, Nickas has also made the giant leap of faith into the expansive sculptural realm and is preparing for her first sculptural show.

Although gender once drew the final line between who could or couldn't practice art professionally, the gender divide seems to have dissolved into a soft painterly wash within the Australian arts industry. "I don't really think that gender has much to do with it", Nickas states, "an effeminate man can make girly work, just as a tomboy can make masculine seeming art. It has more to do with personality". When asked what it meant to be a female artist in Adelaide Lisa agreed, writing: "I'm not sure what it means in general to society or to others but I'm damn sure that to myself it means that I am the happiest person in the world and feel grateful to be able to live in a country like Australia where I can pursue my dream of being an artist without too much general compromise and restriction to my day to day lifestyle."

Apart from the *Across the Universe and Back Again* exhibition, Lisa is also preparing for a solo exhibition set to open at Tapedeck Razorblade at 7pm, 3rd October. Nickas will also be presenting a new body of sculptural work at Carclew (11 Jecfcott St, North Adelaide) on 14th November.

Lauren Sutter



Nickas, 'Urban Alley Voodoo', mixed media, 2008.

I Hate Raw Fish: Living the Well-Done Life.

This article was going to be about sushi. I thought I might start with the basics, tell you a little about the history of sushi, its place in Japanese gastronomy, that sort of thing. A short tutorial for the more adventurous might follow, explaining that you should be able to see the seaweed through the rice, that the knife needs to be both sharp and wet, perhaps capped off by a hilarious, if painful account of when the author learnt how hot wasabi really is.

But something has stopped me. Something that will offend sushi purists the world over. I love sushi. But I have never eaten raw fish in my life. I haven't so much as given a cursory glance to sashimi, nor paused to salivate over the various incarnations of fish and their eggs that ride the sushi trains in Adelaide.

Like me, you might have been brought up in a family where meat cooked to anything less than charcoal was considered underdone. Legs of lamb would be carefully examined for any internal pinkness, the presence of which would be eagerly detected by a range of vocal protestors who would demand to receive only 'end bits' in order to prevent exposure to the myriad of supposed threats to life that still juicy and therefore, theoretically 'alive flesh' might present.

You would hardly expect less given my family's combined northern UK heritage and their penchant for medico-scientific professions where disease, illness and microorganisms are routine fascinations. After more than twenty years of dinnertime examinations I have developed a rather unfortunate requirement for me, as a direct result of this, to consume animal products that are well beyond their prime textural range.

Now, there's plenty of people who will carefully explain to you - farmers, butchers, scientists - all the reasons why carbonizing your meat removes the flavour, alters the texture and gives you cancer, but if you really want a grilling (pun intended) look no further than that fine breed they call 'the chef'. In his book *Kitchen Confidential*, chef Anthony Bourdain exposes the way the restaurant industry resourcefully approaches the issue:

'Saving for well done' is a time honoured tradition dating back to cuisine's earliest days: meat and fish cost money. Every piece of cut, fabricated food must, ideally, be sold for three or even four times its cost in order for the chef to make his 'food cost percent'. So what happens when the chef finds a tough, slightly skanky end cut of sirloin that's been pushed repeatedly to the back of the pile? He can throw it out, but that's a total loss, representing a threefold loss of what it cost him per pound. He can feed it to the family, which is the same as throwing it out. Or he can 'save for well done' - serve it to some rube who prefers to eat his meat or fish incinerated into a flavourless, leathery hunk of carbon, who won't be able to tell if what he's eating is food or flotsam. Ordinarily, a proud chef would hate this customer; hold him in contempt for destroying his fine food. But not in this case. The dumb bastard is *paying for the privilege of eating his garbage!* What's not to like?"

But even this troublesome passage, the truth of which seems plausible given my mercifully short restaurant career under a manic head chef, has not succeeded in persuading me to ingest animal products unless they figure on the greyscale. I just don't order it in restaurants anymore, along with fish on Mondays.



Naturally then, it was some time before I was able to consider the prospect of eating raw fish as a tantalizing, or indeed in any way enjoyable one. And you know what? I still haven't. I've been eating sushi for years, and I love everything from the precise production method to the condiments, but to date, I have managed to avoid every piece of brilliant pink flesh.

And that's okay. If you haven't yet tried sushi because you fear the raw fish phenomenon, worry not. In these liberated times, where sushi making tutorials are available on YouTube and there are sushi kits for sale in many supermarkets, fillings can mean anything from chicken schnitzel to smoked salmon, to the more vego-friendly mushroom or eggplant based delights. Whatever you pick though, rest assured that whatever you choose, will probably be a better option than going for that well done steak.

Hannah Frank



Your stars and certain future.

with Gordon Nordstromm.

Who's your
celebrity horoscope
soul-sista?

Aquarius Jan 20-Feb 17

Arbitrary circumstances will dictate a lack of romantic interest this month. Never fear, as your positive attitude may lead to employment in a field in which you lack qualification. Leaning too far over balconies may have negative circumstances. Due to a positive relationship with the number fifteen, you may meet your future undertaker in the throng!



Pisces Feb 18-Mar 9

Your cowardice is to be commended, or it may prevent you from enjoying the month. Either way, the abandonment of reason and pursuit of fantasy will be your downfall. Avoid any and all psychic exhibitions. Thanks to fearful influences, you will come out ahead in legal matters. Mercury dictates that Pisces should congregate in areas ill-favoured by Capricorns!



Aries Mar 20-Apr 19

In the future, you will encounter events. These events may or may not have been expected. Regardless, your reaction may be timely and appropriate. Due to the elevation of Venus this month, you should be generally cautious when surrounded by knives. This is a good month for you to begin a same-sex relationship!



Taurus Apr 20-May 20

Get ready for a date with failure! Your undeniable contempt for your fellow man may impair no less than five business decisions. If a stranger paints your home this month, then it will be a memorable day, largely due to the benthic stresses. But good news! Your influences this month dictate that you will experience unprecedented hair growth!



Gemini May 21-Jun 20

If yesterday caused you to reminisce on your childhood, today will be a good day to visit your uncle. Be wary, though, as your ill-gotten wealth may soon depart thanks to the overwhelming influence of Saturn. The planets have conspired to burden you with many guilts and boredoms. Don't worry though, as both of these can be overcome by consulting your horoscope!



Cancer Jun 21-Jul 22

You are charming, there's no two ways about it. However, romantic matters will take a nose dive this month, due to particularly draconian influences. You would do well to wash thoroughly and avoid salted meats. Your odour may remain pleasant, if you're attached. For singles, nasty odours are on the horizon. Maintain your shoe size and the colour of your shirt, as they are favoured by Jupiter!



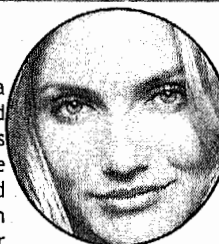
Leo Jul 23-Aug 22

If accosted on the street, avoid eye contact. This month, you are in danger of overstepping your tenuous desire. Slow down, Leo and consider learning to box. You would do well to involve yourself with lemons. Failure to do so may mean major changes or, alternately, none at all. If told you are comely in an apron, heed this advice!



Virgo Aug 23-Sept 22

Your charisma is a force to be reckoned with. Your luck stars this month are the stuff of legend and you would be foolish not to invest in your state theatre company. This month, you will enjoy the focus of a finely tuned laser. Avoid new opportunities for business and pleasure, as these will undoubtedly lead to alcoholism and substance abuse!



Libra Sept 23-Oct 22

Party month for you! Forget work, friends and personal commitments; hit the town! Your unbridled sense of right and wrong will lay forgotten this month as you indulge in a whimsical fest of the senses! Look out for a misanthropic Taurus, seeking to ruin your fun! This month, the purchase of a wheelbarrow can only mean good things for you, Venus says so!



Scorpio Oct 23-Nov 21

You are envied by all your peers for your ability to dull conversations. Something from your recent past may resurface violently this month. Don't waste your time cleaning it up. The purveyors of a service you sometimes enjoy may encounter misfortune at the hands of others. It may be up to you to protect them. Do not let me down!



Sagittarius Nov 22-Dec 21

You lack moral inhibitions. The costly endeavour you were planning will fail unequivocally, resulting in the loss of precisely two friendships. Previous occasions upon which you have seemed to be correct will be revealed as undeniable and heinous mistakes. Remember though, someone is worse off than you! Though they will undoubtedly be a Sagittarius.



Capricorn Dec 22-Jan 19

The dignity you lost last month will not return to you. The turn of the tides has forecast an unwelcome and overzealous romantic encounter. Be on your guard! Business opportunities should be shirked this month, in favour of nurturing your burgeoning addictions. A new set of clothing may ultimately prove to have been a mistake if you hope ever to succeed again!



For free Psychic advice, send an e-mail on to:
gordon.nordstromm@live.co.uk.

On Dit. Rate me!

Women of the world unite on the pages of *On Dit* with their chosen husbands, begging to be given the highest honour - best looking wedding couple.

The selection begins...

A vision of impeccable taste.

1

We love this dramatic duo, complete with props to tickle your fancies.

2

A whole lotta lovin' right there kids, you can just see it in their eyes.

4

Who wouldn't want to marry this spunk, he's so squishable! A darling couple. Hope he got a pre-nup.

5

These two have our vote! This chick's squeeze looks just like our film subbie Aslan. Good choice baby.

3

Steve and Sonja met in the loos at the local RSL when he mistook her for a roll doll. Today, they relive the moment.

6

Performing Arts

Tricky Treat

Land's End

Compagnie Philippe Genty

Her Majesty's Theatre: September 10-13

"I loved the insect bit; I didn't know what it meant, though." So said one satisfied, if confused, punter as he wandered along Grote Street after seeing the latest offering from Philippe Genty. This rather sums up the production, which is brimming with theatrical tricks but lacking a narrative. The program tells us that this is the point - Genty seeks to create a dreamworld on the stage, with the subconscious experience of a dream being mirrored by a series of episodes apparently bearing little relation to each other.

The only thread, it would seem, is that the images are triggered by a man and woman meeting. Dance is used sparingly, while puppets feature strongly. A couple of gigantic childlike figures are each controlled by several actors, and play out an amusing courtship. An insect with a man's head flitters about the stage, again involving highly skilled puppetry, and at one point dances ever-so-nimbly with a woman. Giant bags of air are used at various points to manipulate the stage space and add colour to the rather dark palette that dominates the multiple-curtained set.

If this all sounds rather strange, that's because it is. For those who enjoy the use of clever theatrical devices for their own sake - "confection" as the publicity material for the show dubs it - this show would have been one to savour. Anyone looking for theatre with a message probably would have been disappointed. In the end, it's a matter of taste, with this one appealing more to those with a sweet tooth.

Benedict Coxon

Not Quite a High

Don Giovanni

Opera Australia

Sydney Opera House: July 5-September 10

Perhaps the most difficult aspect of this Mozart / da Ponte classic is how to make it relevant to a modern audience. When the Commendatore's statue comes to life to drag the unrepenting Don Giovanni down to Hell, this is unlikely to mean as much to today's audiences as it did to those which saw the opera's first performances in 1787. In this new production directed by Elke Neidhardt, the solution to this problem is to make the statue a figment of the imagination of a cocaine-addled Giovanni and his similarly drugged-up servant, Leporello.

While there is merit in this idea, the execution is not effective. The white powder makes so many appearances during the opera that the concept becomes rather laboured. Michael Scott-Mitchell's highly mechanised designs allow for smooth scene changes but Nick Schlieper's lighting includes some effects resembling giant LCD screens, the point of which is unclear. The late Jennie Tate's costumes (realised by Julie Lynch) have the Don oozing Euro-sleaze and include a particularly stylish black number for Donna Anna's masquerade costume.

Despite the overall production's inability to add a great deal to the work, Andrew Schroeder's performance in the title role is impressive. Clearly drained by the end of the performance, the American's mellifluous voice combined with his convincing acting to produce a powerful portrayal of his character's mental and physical disintegration. Warwick Fyfe as Leporello showed his comic touch, particularly in the "catalogue" aria, and Catherine Carby as the jilted Donna Elvira sang much more beautifully than her costume made her look. The minor principals rounded out the cast well, as did the Opera Australia Chorus, and the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra was generally on the ball under Ollivier-Philippe Cuneo.

Benedict Coxon

The Grand Finale

PREVIEW

Verdi's *Rigoletto*

State Opera Company of South Australia

Rigoletto is, in many ways, most peoples' idea of opera. The plot is quite ridiculous - to describe it even briefly here would take up most of this article; that's what Wikipedia is for! Suffice it to say it's a rollicking tale of love, lust, mistaken identity and ultimately, tragedy. Combine that with some recognisable and catchy tunes, and you have a recipe for a great night.

Luckily, the State Opera has assembled a fine cast for their final production of 2008 - including rising star Rachele Durkin (right), who possesses the rare triple of an amazing voice, fantastic stage presence and good looks. Durkin is rapidly becoming Opera Australia's biggest star, and has already made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. She sings the role of Gilda, Rigoletto's daughter. Together with Durkin is Michael Lewis, playing Rigoletto - a role for which he is well-known. There are also a number of local faces, including mezzo soprano Elizabeth Campbell and young bass Pelham Andrews.

Singing aside, the visual elements promise to be strong performers, too. Elijah Moshinsky's popular and widely-performed production - amazingly unperformed in Adelaide until now - conjures up the films of Fellini and impresses with its swirls of surrealism and 70s costumes. A full-strength Adelaide Symphony Orchestra will be right at home with some of Verdi's most famous and memorable music.

Rigoletto will show on 8, 11, 13 & 15 November at the Adelaide Festival Theatre. Concession tickets start at \$55, but look out for special offers closer to the date. Book through BASS on 131 246.

Edward Joyner



Mozart Down Under

The Marriage of Figaro
State Opera of South Australia
Festival Theatre: August 30-September 6

In recent years the State Opera of South Australia has featured international guest artists who have fallen short, not only of expectations, but of a reasonable standard of performance. How refreshing it is, then, that this production of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* features an all-Australian cast in an Australian production and, perhaps as a result, is the best overall production that the company has mounted for some time.

South Australian David Thelander had both a rich voice and a finely-honed sense of comic timing in the role of Figaro. Another South Australian, Grant Doyle, sang the count with a penetrating baritone and Teresa La Rocca, stepping into the role of Susanna at short notice for Tiffany Speight, generally produced a pleasing tone, if sometimes she didn't hit the middle of each note in terms of intonation. All minor principals were of a high standard.

The weak points musically stemmed from conductor Graham Abbott's lack of attention to the stage action. Occasionally it was clear that the singers needed something more from the conductor to ensure that the beautiful ensemble writing was given a cohesive account. There were also a few moments when orchestra and singers were not together. Perhaps this will improve after opening night, but one has to wonder whether enough rehearsal time was scheduled.

Neil Armfield's cheeky production has been reviewed in this newspaper previously and again worked well. However, some of the devices didn't come off and the sets were dwarfed by the scale of the Festival Theatre, which is considerably larger than the Opera Theatre at the Sydney Opera House. In spite of this, Roger Press' realization is effective and the Australian cast is outstanding. State Opera is on the right track.

Benedict Coxon

Worth the Wait

Lucia di Lammermoor
Opera Australia
Sydney Opera House: July 30-August 30

For some years soprano Emma Matthews has been wowing audiences with the agility of her voice and her ability to sing at the top of her range with apparent ease. The chance to see her in the title role of one of Donizetti's most famous operas is something that many people have been waiting for, and Matthews more than meets expectations.

A certain maturity is required for a singer to negotiate the mad scene in Act III, along with stunning vocal ability. Matthews shows that she has both. For a few minutes, she captures the audience and takes its members into the character's frightening world. The ovation that she received was more than deserved.

American tenor Eric Cutler was indisposed but even this did not detract from the quality of the cast. Benjamin Makis stepped into the role of Edgardo and impressed with his strong voice and sincerity, especially in the scenes with Matthews. José Carbo is a stoic Enrico and a grave-faced Richard Anderson sings Raimondo. Graeme Macfarlane, Rosemary Gunn and Kanen Breen provide solid support. The fine singing in the sextet at the conclusion of Act II is a high point of what is overall a very well-sung production. Add to this Richard Bonyng's mastery in the pit, and the score, replete as it is with opportunities for *rubato*, receives a magnificent account.

John Copley's 1980 production is very much for the traditionalists, and though the late Henry Bardon's sets look a little tired, Michael Stennett's costumes are sufficiently lavish to supply visual interest. Every aspect of this production, musically and dramatically, is strong, and Emma Matthews' role debut proves to be well worth the wait.

Benedict Coxon

Prima la Musica

Orlando
Opera Australia
Sydney Opera House: August 18-September 11

After last year's disappointing *Alcina*, Justin Way has been given another opportunity by Opera Australia to direct one of Handel's operas. Once one moves beyond trying to answer the unanswerable question, "Why?", the next thought may well be, "Well, it can't be any worse." Actually, it can. And it is.

Treating composer and audience alike with the utmost contempt, Way turns what is a very serious opera with a serious message into a frolic, full of running jokes that aren't funny and which do nothing but detract from the work. In fact, poor Hye Seoung Kwon as Dorinda, a tragically lovelorn character, is turned into the object of amusement with a series of devices involving plastic sheep (the fact that she is a shepherdess falls far short of justifying this infantile approach).

If it weren't for the excellent cast, it would be morally reprehensible to recommend to people that they attend a performance of this production. But the cast is excellent. Sonia Prina amazes with her ability to articulate and pitch each note in the countless runs. Rachelle Durkin shows why she has had success at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, with looks as stunning as her fine, clear voice making her a fine Angelica. Her singing with countertenor Tobias Cole as Medoro is a highlight and Richard Anderson is commanding as Zoroastro. Paul Goodwin takes the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra along at a cracking pace that injects verve into the score, adding the final touches that make this a musically satisfying performance.

However, while the musicians worked hard to do justice to Handel's score - and succeeded - director Way should have spent longer at the drawing board. Or perhaps he just shouldn't have been allowed to get near a drawing board in the first place.

Benedict Coxon

Hellboy II: The Golden Army (M) Now Showing

In *Hellboy II: The Golden Army*, Ron Pearlman returns again as our favourite brick-red, cigar-smoking, beer-swilling not-so-caped crusader. The film starts off at a Mexican US Army base in the 1950s. It is Christmas Eve and a young Hellboy is told a bedtime story by Professor Trevor Broom (John Hurt - I know, in a bit part...?). The story is of an ancient battle that predates the age of modern humans. In it, humans and other mythical creatures battle for existence. The vampire-like elfin race led by King Balor commission the creation of an unstoppable army of clockwork robots. In doing so, he forges a crown, the wearer of which controls this Golden Army. After much bloodshed, Balor takes pity upon the humans and declares a truce: the humans will take the cities, while Balor and his people control the forests. This crown was then split into three, the two other pieces given to his son, Prince Nauda (Luke Goss) and daughter, Princess Nuala (Anna Walton). Suffice it to say, this act is not without complication. Prince Nauda, untrusting of the humans, holds contempt for his father's decision and goes into exile, vowing to return when his people need him most. Cut to present day Brooklyn. Human intrusion has led Nauda to fulfill his promise. Hellboy and his team must stop Nauda from unleashing the Golden Army.

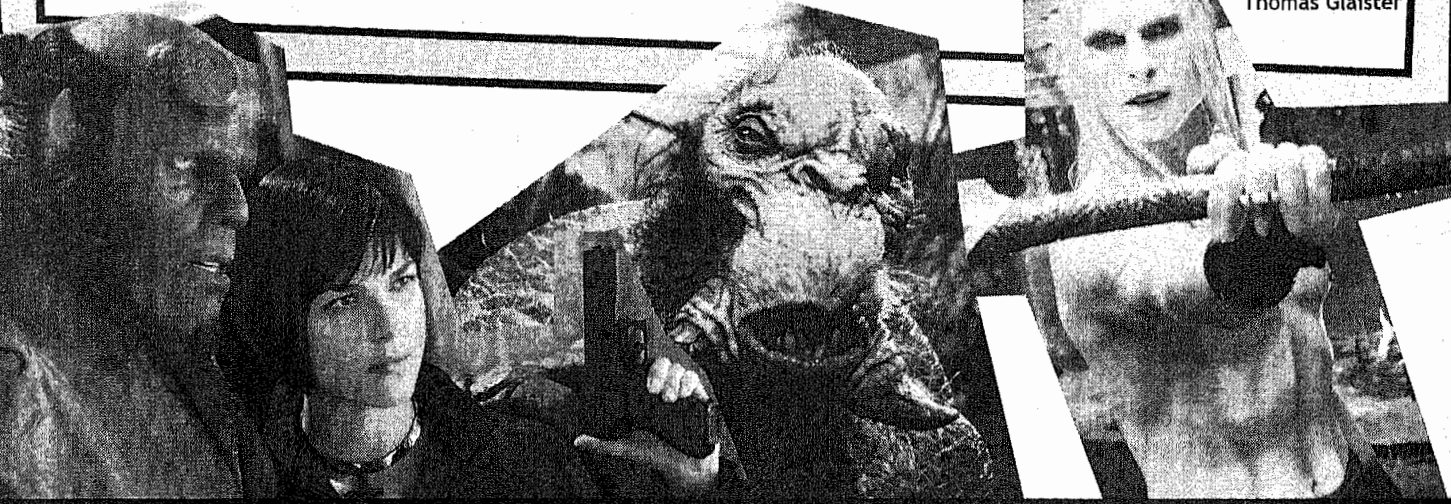
This second installment from Guillermo Del Toro is visually spectacular and contains some of the most original and cunning visual effects since *Star Wars*. Del Toro also pokes fun at the genre injecting much needed humor at every possible moment. With some of the most original, weird and wonderful creations, *Hellboy II* mixes fantasy with Marvel Action adventure. His clever style is reminiscent of Burton, Jackson and Lucas. It is also so refreshing to see a director in this day and age

valuing prosthesis over digital effects. However that is not to say he is technologically inept. Del Toro achieved the phenomenal effects by employing a supposed army of make-up artists and teaming up with London based SFX Company Double Negative (who has just finished work on *10,000BC* and the upcoming *Harry Potter*). It is reported that they had an amazing 761 shots to work on. In *Hellboy II*, Del Toro also digresses into fantasy at any given chance. Many of his characters (such as the iconic Angel of Death) seem more at place in his previous movie, *Pan's Labyrinth*. Perhaps he is giving us a taste of what to expect from his newly announced project *The Hobbit*. It seems to me that *Hellboy II* in many ways is a testing ground for this very important prequel to the *LOTR* trilogy. However, testing ground or not, it is in no way an unpolished film. The storyline was quite engaging, well as much as possible for this type of film. The moral victory wasn't overstated, which meant the audience was spared another pristine *Fantastic Four* type ending.

What is central to the success of this film is the partnership of Del Toro and Dark Horse affiliated comic book author Mike Mignola. Like much from Dark Horse, Mignola's work is offbeat and may be destined for cult status. With particular emphasis on mythology, Victorian gothic settings and oddball characters he has been described as marrying "German Expressionism with Jack Kirby". You don't have to have a degree in film studies to see the correlation with Del Toro, particularly in the mythology/fantasy department. Since *Cronos*, Del Toro has come a long way. *Hellboy II* is another notch on his expanding belt. With a producer's role in five films next year it seems we will be seeing a lot more from this visionary fantasy filmmaker.

3.5/5

Thomas Glaister



If you feel a burning desire to write a film review or anything else film-related, please email the lovely film kids at onditfilm@gmail.com for hook-ups and such.

Space Chimps (PG)
Now Showing

If you're not ten years old or mentally damaged, this movie isn't for you. They try to slip in those jokes that adults get but go over the head of the younger audience, but bar a funny metaphor about History Art Degrees and a David Bowie reference, both of which made me chuckle, I didn't laugh at all in *Space Chimps*.

More or less *Lost in Space*, or perhaps *Galaxy Quest*, with an underdog tale clumsily tacked on, the dialogue is so forced it's painful and the adventures are so clichéd sci-fi and ludicrously dumb that the whole affair feels like some kind of brutal hack-and-slash edit job

to keep it running at a child-friendly eighty minutes. Without any solid plot structure, it was little more than a mish-mash of random adventures.

Space Chimps isn't a bad movie; it's just a not-very-good kid's movie. The audience, which was comprised entirely of ten-year-olds and their parents, seemed to enjoy it well enough, but my housemate and I were unimpressed. With the bar being set by the likes of *Toy Story* and *Monsters Inc*, not to mention the release of the promising *Wall-E*, *Space Chimps* just doesn't make the grade.

2/5

Vincent Coleman



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Welcome to the Sticks
(Bienvenue chez les Ch'tis) (PG)
Now Showing

Boastfully dubbed 'the most successfully French comedy of all time', I was sceptical as to whether the humour would cross the divide. To my surprise, it does. *Welcome to the Sticks* is damn funny.

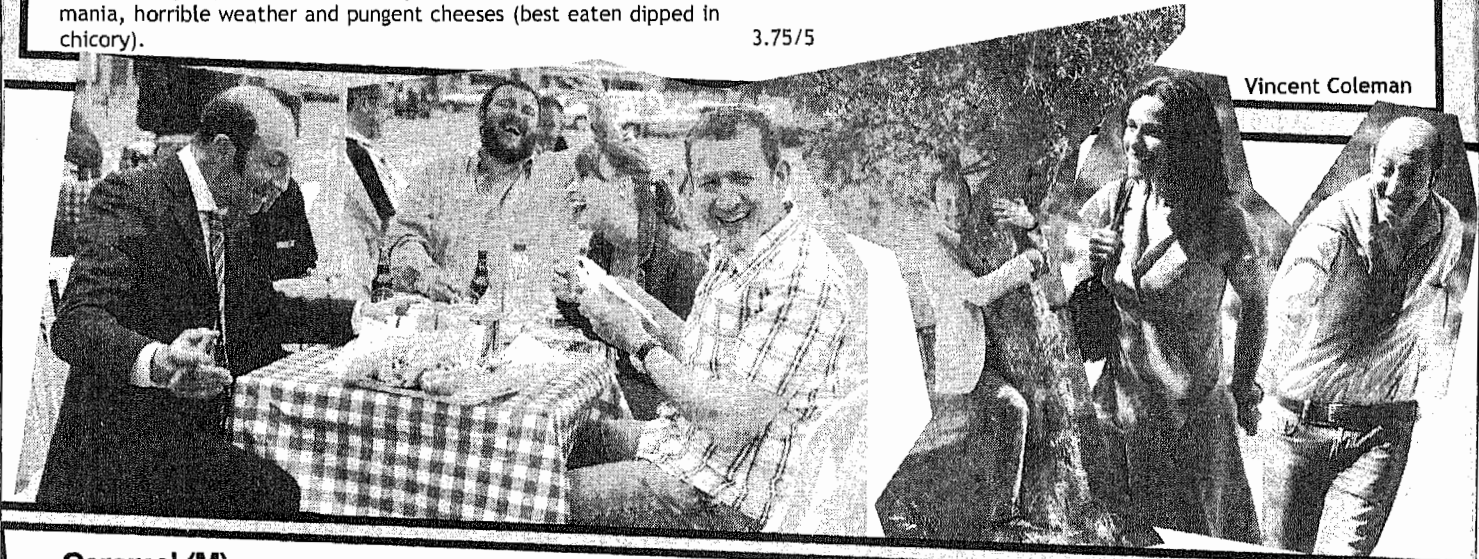
Post Office manager Philippe Abrams (Kad Merad) is caught faking being handicapped in order to secure himself a promotion/transfer to the French Riviera to satisfy the demands of his nagging and depressed wife, Julie (Zoé Félix). Cue awkward wheelchair hilarity: Philippe is punished with a transfer to the far, far northern provincial town of Bergues, notorious for its impenetrable local dialect, drunken mania, horrible weather and pungent cheeses (best eaten dipped in chicory).

As you can imagine, Philippe is aghast with his new life, but begins to understand and even befriend the eccentric locals. His relationship with his wife begins to improve, and soon a string of lies begins to entangle the quaint fish-out-of-water story. Merging Philippe's relationship with a troubled village-romance subplot, the whole film is enjoyably tense at times while being equally slapstick and pun'd enough to keep the laughs rolling along like a drunken bicycle mail-run.

The best thing about *Welcome to the Sticks* is the way it manages to convey a universal sense of comedy with brilliantly translated language jokes, and enough cultural references to keep an English-speaking audience entertained without losing its sense of 'foreignness'. It really is a timeless and universal comedy, which loses nothing through the language and cultural barriers often arbitrarily associated with foreign films.

3.75/5

Vincent Coleman



Caramel (M)
Now Showing

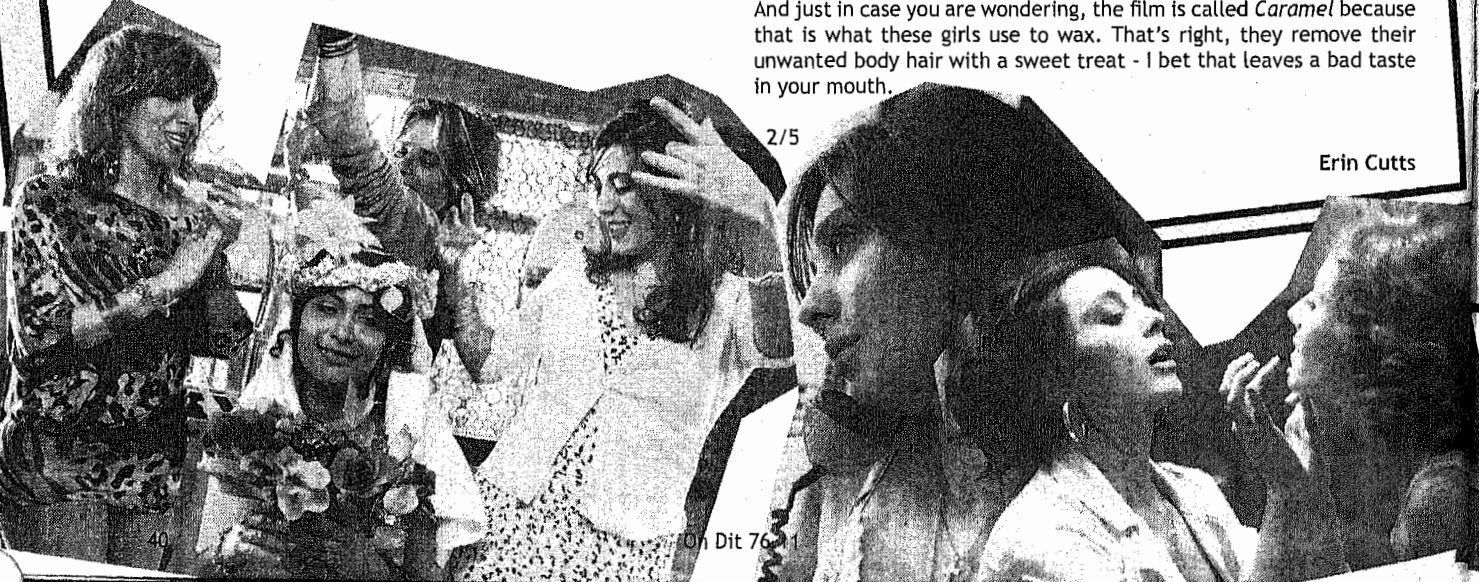
Caramel is like a depressing Lebanese version of *Sex in the City*, except there is no on-screen sex, the city is more of a slump and instead of confident, sexy women, it features women with cheap personalities and style. The lives of four women - Layale, Nisrine, Rima and Jamale (Nadine Labaki, Yasmine Al Masri, Joanna Moukartzel and Gisèle Aouad) - all revolve around a dingy little beauty salon, *Si elle* (technically *Si Belle*, but the B fell off) where they either work or indulge. Every character has their own problem: Layale is in love with a married man, who won't leave his wife; Nisrine doesn't want her Muslim fiancé finding out she lost her virginity years before they met; Rima is in the closet and has a crush on a pretty customer, and Jamale is failing to cope with menopause and her loneliness.

A relationship drama, if done well, can be great, but *Caramel* falls short. Each woman suffers their individual burden, but the characters are stagnant and don't develop. It moves so slowly, you quickly lose interest. There is no reason for it to move so slowly, the plot could lead to so many infinitely more interesting situations, but frustratingly it doesn't! I can see that director Nadine Labaki was trying to show the private emotional and sexual suffering that normal women from Beirut experience, but she doesn't make the audience care about her characters. The result is that you think the lack of story movement is through bad writing rather than an attempt to illustrate the lifestyle prison that each woman is in. It is dull.

And just in case you are wondering, the film is called *Caramel* because that is what these girls use to wax. That's right, they remove their unwanted body hair with a sweet treat - I bet that leaves a bad taste in your mouth.

2/5

Erin Cutts



The House Bunny (M) Now Showing

We'll I'll never get that hour and a half of my life back. What? Omygawd, I was soooo, like totally joking. Well...kinda. I'm not really sure. I left the cinema laughing my ass off but was still convinced that *The House Bunny* was so bad it was...bad? My goodness.

I'm torn. You will probably be familiar with *Girls of the Playboy Mansion*. Imagine all of the ditzyness that has ever occurred on that show, embodied in one, doe-eyed blonde with legs up to here.

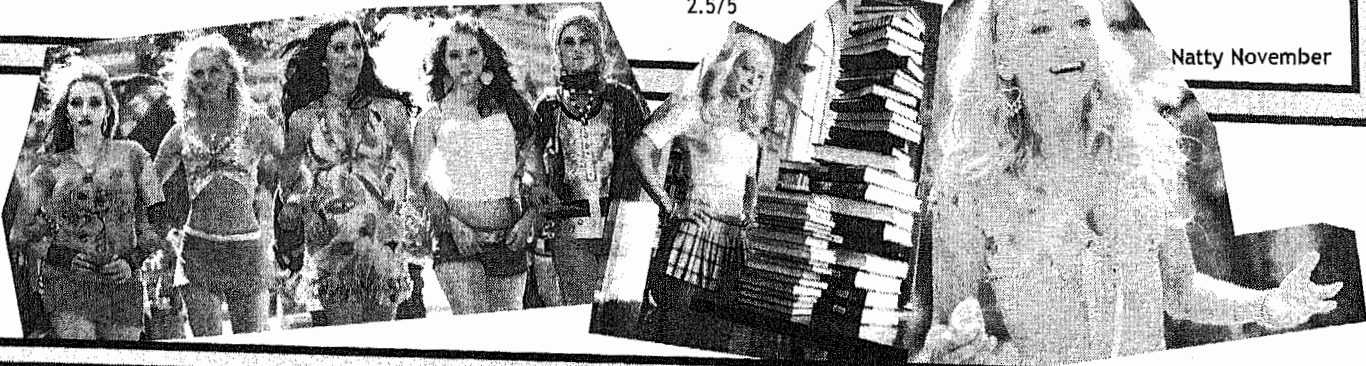
Shelly, a playboy bunny set to be Miss November, gets kicked out of the playboy mansion supposedly by Heff. However, she is really set up by a bitch bunny rival who wants the centrefold hot spot. Shelly leaves to find home in a sorority of misfits and makes them 'hot'. Wow. And everyone loves a makeover.

I reckon, the producers were like, "hmmm, how can we throw on massive party, meet our idol Hugh, and canoodle with the *GotPM* all in one hit?" Spend copious amounts of money and make a film, and to top it all off, stick an incredibly hot chick (and there's no denying it) in the skimpiest costumes possible, washing cars and such.

Needless to say, girls are given no credit in the film. Still, Shelly does give us one hot tip on how to remember people's names that is so incredibly out of character, that you may just wet yourself a little.

The best thing about *GotPM* is its candidness. They set the girls up to do something like throw a party for a dog, then the audience sits back and marvels at their stupidity - much like putting peanut butter under the top lip of a horse's mouth. Pure entertainment. Stupidity however, can get tiring. *GotPM* is only half an hour, then you can turn your brain back on. My brain was lost in a vacuum of time and space for a bit too long.

2.5/5



Natty November

Jack Brooks: Monster Slayer (TBC) Straight to DVD release

This film follows such an idiotically simple and predictable plot that I'm not going to take responsibility for spoiling it for you. You'd guess the ending anyway. Jack Brooks had his parents eaten by a monster when he was a kid. He is angry with himself for not being able to do anything, so now he has anger management issues. Throughout the film he tries to fix a toilet, goes to a therapist a few times and at the end of the film a monster attacks so he kills it. End movie.

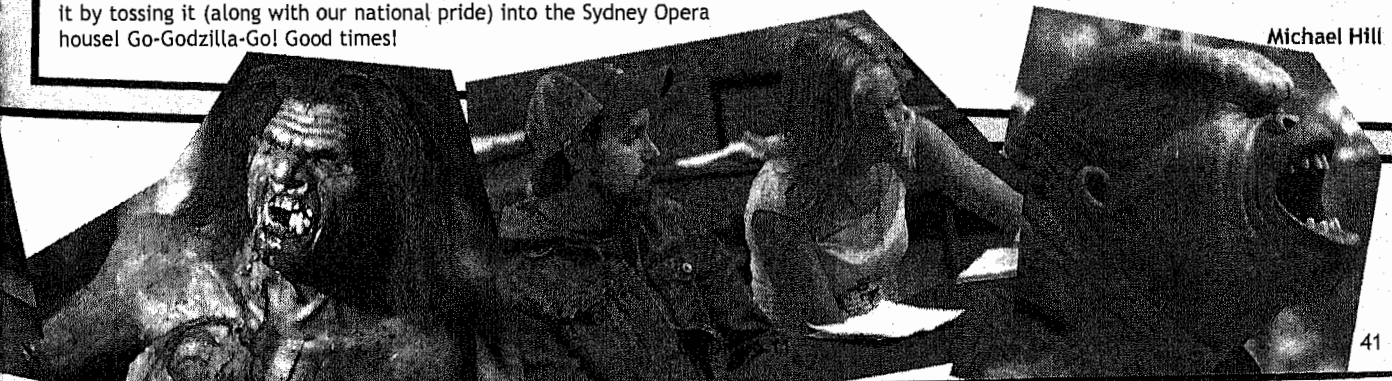
To diverge a bit...many cult classic films came from a time where independent films offered cheap thrills and entertainment for the low price of a movie ticket, often at the expense of a sensible plot line or good actors. Henceforth, films such as *Evil Dead* gained cult notoriety despite their B-grade Tarantino-esque 'I-can't-believe-it's-not-blood' splattered everywhere. However, now it seems there is a drive to give films a cult status by deliberately making them reminiscent of the B-grade sci-fi genre. Relatively modern films such as *Guitar Wolf - Wild Zero*, *Planet Terror* or *Godzilla: Final Wars* may have achieved that successfully, but the important thing to remember is that these films were (budget aside) entertaining! One cinematic experience that will never leave me involved a packed house at the Mercury Cinema, roaring with laughter and approval as (with the special effects budget of a weekly *Power Ranger* episode) a rubber-costumed Godzilla grabbed a giant mutant armadillo by the tail, and destroyed it by tossing it (along with our national pride) into the Sydney Opera house! Go-Godzilla-Go! Good times!

However *Jack Brooks: Monster Slayer* falls into a category of films that seem to think they can attain a cult status by simply being intentionally B-grade or cheesy. WRONG! Without either the entertainment or cheap thrills to go with it, such a film simply becomes...well...crap! I wasted eighty-six minutes of my life watching this film! Furthermore, about ninety percent of the film revolved around character development that didn't go anywhere, eg. Okay, so Jack had serious anger management issues. How did that affect the plot? Nothing came of it! So he killed a monster that attacked him...wow. Did he really need to have anger issues to fight that monster? It was a lame excuse to have scenes at his therapist's place in an attempt to be comedic. It would have been better if he had a gun for a leg or something...or maybe if they'd put a monster battle in it before the last ten minutes of the film? The whole film was just wrong on every level. It was mostly boring, it developed character interactions that were irrelevant, and the B-grade monster was a total uncool let down. It looked like a muppet hentai version of *Dracula* in a cocaine frenzy, but less cool than it sounds.

Do not waste your time with *Jack Brooks: Monster Slayer*. If you want raw B-grade entertainment, go watch an episode of *Xena: Warrior Princess* instead. It offers better monsters, more plot, more action, cheesiness galore and much better sex appeal.

0/5

Michael Hill



Fashion

with Jenifer Vargaly

Spring Has Sprung

by guest contributor Pia Runge

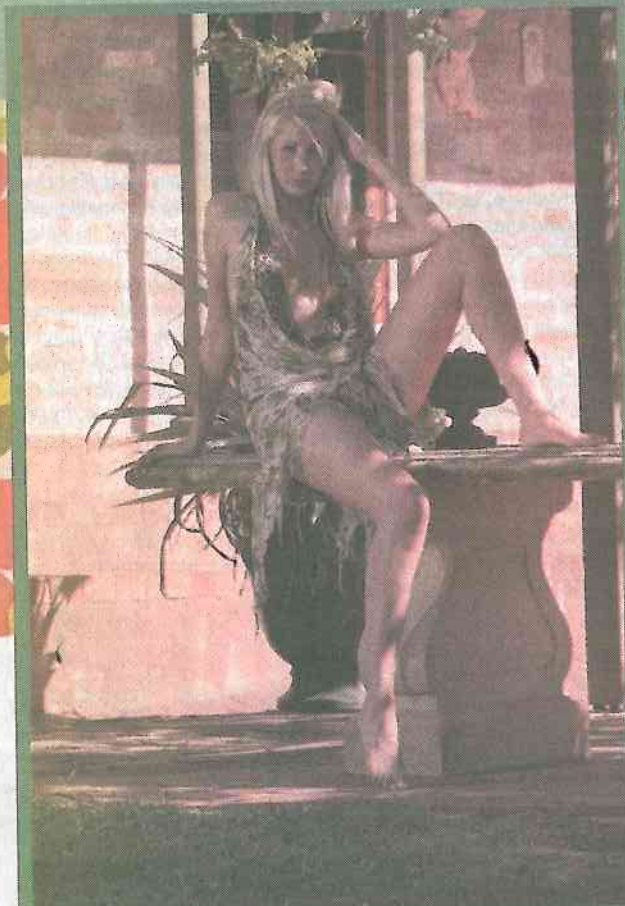
Spring has sprung and the hills are alive with the sound of florals... that's right, florals. Now I know a lot of you, like myself, hear floral and picture grandma's curtains and mu mus. (If you are a fan of mu mus I suggest you stop reading here.) The floral print is no longer reserved for librarians and grannies, it has been re-born! Hallelujah! For this spring/summer season we have a vast array of bright, colourful and classy floral prints. From dresses to tops and silky scarves, florals have been jazzed up. Fluoro coloured floral tops tucked into high-waist skirts or shorts create a must have look this season. Layers and frills mixed with floral prints (an idea that could possibly scare many off clothes altogether) but wait...picture this: bright yellow, orange and green floral tank with flowing layers, now add high-waisted shorts. What does this spell? Hot spring look. Embrace the florals, embrace the frills and layers, and most of all embrace colours. After a long, dreary winter of greys and blacks, its time to dust off and break out the colours! Don't be afraid, just do it. Take the fashion leap...you won't regret it.

This year, fashion has been all about taking chances, doing something different with your wardrobe, and this season is no different. Maxi dresses, for example: a style of dress that used to be set aside for hippies and the 'flower-power' era. Today the maxi dress is in. So 'in' that last year's spring/summer styles have been recycled for this year. It seems that the long, flowing style of the maxi dress is here to stay. For those of you who dreaded having to get back into the shorts and mini-skirts, you can rest easy. Maxi dresses not only look great, they feel great too. They hide any unsightly lumps and bumps, and accentuate the décolletage. The great thing is that they also suit any bust-size. Whether flat or more well-rounded, the maxi dress suits almost all body types. God bless the hippies.

Now ladies, think shoes. Summer is a stressful time for us girls, thankfully some of that stress has been alleviated with the maxi dress, but there is still the issue of footwear. During winter we can hide our feet in boots and uggs, but spring and summer do not allow for this. Sad, I know. The Aussie essential, thongs, have become a summer staple. However, not all of us keep up with our pedicures. Now for the times when we are lacking in the 'pretty toes' department, we can breathe easy. Ladies, think ballet flats. Not just a snazzy winter shoe but one that crosses the border into spring and summer wear. Ballet flats in all colours and patterns are now popping up on the fashion scene, making summer more foot friendly. The spring/summer season is starting to look rosy, and comfortable at that!!

Now for our male readers, a tidbit of fashion information. Remember the fluoro and the pink of last year? Well, for those of you who were not fans (like myself) the following may excite you; in fact I suggest you sit down before reading any further...okay, ready? The fluoro and pink are no more! I know, it's a miracle! (Apologies to fluoro/pink lovers). Think checks boys, checks. Checked shirts and even shorts. The fluoro tee has been replaced by the checked shirt, a welcome change I'm sure. While female fashion is getting bolder and brighter, male fashion is doing the opposite, going lighter and a lot easier on the eye. The days of walking into the Grand on a Saturday or Sunday night and seeing a room full of guys looking like a sewing machine from Supré threw up on them are gone. Paler, simpler patterned tees and checked shirts are now walking the streets and boogie-ing in the nightclubs of Adelaide.

Spring, ladies and gents, is not only in the air it is officially here and it's bringing us fantastic fashion that is sure to please all. This season, be brave, take risks and you'll be sure to look fabulous! Get funky, get floral, get colourful, but most of all get shopping!



'Spring has Sprung': Dressed by Roger Grimstead (\$399) at Wild Child, King William Road, Hyde Park

Your New Look...Spring Makeovers in a flash!

By *Jenifer Vargaly*

So you've read the latest from our guest fashion consultant Pia, you've been adequately inspired to get out there and get yourself a new look...but now what, you ask?

Well, you need look no further fellow fashion conscious students, we have the answer right here for you - Spring Makeover! And not a moment too soon, we might add.

For our loyal fashion section readers you may have noticed that you've been advised on clothes, accessories, even make-up, but we feel that you need to do more with...(any guesses?)...your hair! It is sad to see someone dressed well, accessorised nicely, with great shoes, but bad, bad hair. It is far too common to see boys and girls walking around campus with bad hair. Our secret fashion spies have been out and about on our lovely North Terrace campus, and have reported back with some pretty atrocious hair fashion disasters.

Heinous On Campus Hairstyles

The simple yet bad - hair tied back, no effort, no thought. Not a good way to complete an outfit in 90% of the cases we saw.

Frizz alert - hair so full of air and hairspray that the frizz can be seen from a mile away. The full hair look, a little messy, with body and wave, can be excellent if pulled off correctly, but unfortunately in 80% of the cases we saw it wasn't done well.

Bed hair - hair which was not styled, not straightened, and not even brushed! If you get out of bed and come to university without touching your hair in all likelihood it won't look good.

Punk look - Mohawks, dreadlocks, greasy spikes, you name it - it's bad. On the upside, from our on-campus scouting, these looks seem to be few and far between. Good work guys.

Help is Here!

For the purposes of all of our reader's spring hair makeovers we have spoken with Toni & Guy, and organised a special for the fashion readers! Yes, it's time to get excited; the award winning, internationally famous hairdressers of Toni & Guy North Adelaide have a special offer just for us. If you would like to make-over your hairstyle for spring and summer festivities look no further - if you mention this article and take it along with you to your appointment Toni & Guy have been kind enough to offer an unbelievable 15% off to all students Monday-Wednesday until the end of semester!

So get cracking and happy new hair-dol!

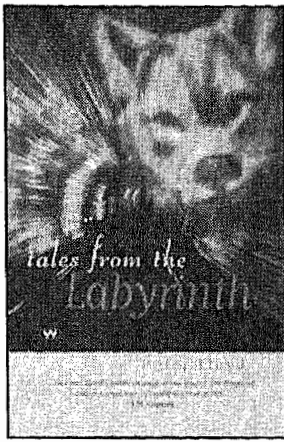
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salon to get a massive
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Thanks and love to Jenifer Vargaly for organising such a great deal for readers and to Toni & Guy for being so lovely.

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Toni & Guy in North Adelaide recently won an award for this hairstyle.



*Tales from the Labyrinth/
The Stone Ladder*
By Peter Lloyd
Wakefield Press

To all of you out there, I do not like poetry. In fact I was so glad when the poetry section of my Year 12 English was over that I threw a little party in the common room (not that many people came as it wasn't that big a deal to many people). I mean, for Christ's sake, just say what you mean already! But then again, I do appreciate some poetry from poets like Wilfred Owen and John Keats. I'm not a complete philistine. I can understand sentiments behind poetry. *Tales from the Labyrinth* and *The Stone Ladder* are two books in one and are the latest in Peter Lloyd's collections of poetry.

Lloyd's poetry is thought provoking. I can't say that I immediately like it. Rather, the first time I read it I wanted to flush it down the toilet. However, I thought, if just reading the first few poems made me react like that, there must be something to it. So I re-read it. It's not pretty poetry by any means. Rather it looks at problems occurring in the world at the moment and causes you to reflect upon them in a different light. Lloyd's poems are very dark and in some ways depressing. They are very bleak and rather sad.

While I would not choose this for everyday reading, I do recommend that people read this, even if they just randomly pick out one poem everyday. At least once a day you will be forced to reflect upon the state of the world instead of ignoring it all the time, because even though it's not nice or pleasant, it is truthful and doesn't hold back.

Alicia

Mapping the World



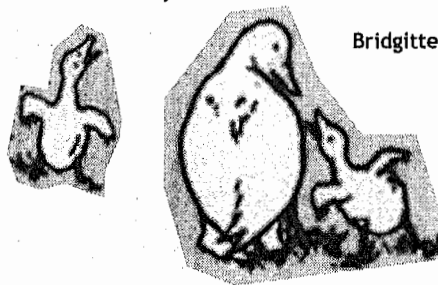
David Adés

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Mapping the World
By David Adés
Wakefield Press

A regular at the Friendly Street Poets, David Adés has been around the poetry scene for a while now. His latest book of poems proves this. *Mapping the World*, is a collection of poems which are beautiful, thought provoking and have a certain clarity to them which only poetry can have. The imagery is somewhat sharp and harsh at times. At others it is soft and romantic. One poem which stands out to me is 'Mojito'. I wonder at how Adés can stress that a Mojito is not just a drink, but rather it is a symbol of something else which we are unsure about. The layouts of many of his poems are not straight forward either which is interesting. The irregularity of the layout of his lines only adds to the effect of poems such as 'As the Wind Blows' or 'Swinging', however I feel that he is overly fond of this and it detracts from some of others, 'The Work of My Face' being one such. It just confuses the reader a little more than it should.

All in all, this is an interesting selection for lovers of poetry. It is something fresh and new which covers a range of ideas and thoughts relevant to today's world.



Bridgitte

*Bookshop Speak
with Alicia Moraw*

We've lost quite a few people these past few months. Some because they're moving on to "proper" jobs, some because they've decided to try something new and some just because they're sick of the place. One, known to all of you as just BB, left us to join a shoe store. However, she's come back to us after just a few weeks away. She confided in me that it's because compared to working in the bookstore, it was really boring. I can see that. I bitch and moan about the fact that customers suck, shelving is the devil and it's a lot of hard work, but really, it keeps you interested most of the time. It's really and truly insane when you think about it. I like my job now, but from here on, I don't know if I will ever find one that occupies me in the way that this one does. There are several positives about the job;

1. I get a decent work out. When I first began this job, I had puny little arm muscles and absolutely no strength. Now I have muscles which are visible when I flex my arms. I don't know what I'll do when I no longer have work for my regular work outs. I may actually have to join a gym!
2. Meeting interesting people. While I know I always complain about the customers, in actual fact, there are a few really interesting people who pop in on weekends (my regulars) who I hold conversations with regarding books to read and who will actually remember our conversations next time they come in.
3. It's rarely ever dull. The store I work in is always busy. During the week there are always deliveries, customers and everyday jobs to do. On weekends there are always people around who need help, returns to do and the jobs that haven't happened during the busy week. It's not like some places where all you do is stand around. I've actually calculated that on an average day we walk a minimum of 12km in store, running around after things. No wonder I'm exhausted at the end of the day!

I must say it's been the perfect job for me, not only does it allow me to read and say it's for work, I get to socialise and exercise. Now if only I can somehow claim all the books I buy on my tax...

Literature

Editors: Alicia Moraw and Connors O'Brien

Portrait

By Jimmy Gartner

I'm gregarious, picking fleas out of our handshakes
 And methadone sympathy in our kisses
 A pendulum at night
 Hanging below my own boot
 Stitched over with insignias
 I'm the captain of the suburban First Fleet
 My shopping mall Hitler Youth
 So proud that our parents fucked somewhere in the southern hemisphere
 They wasted every drop of time
 Now we're the first generation to waste space
 Shit me out into the toilet bowl petri dish I love so much
 And put muskets in the hands of my misdirected whiteboy rage
 And watch bayonets march in beachside lines
 To be snorted for a bruising kick
 An upstanding citizen aiming cameras up skirts
 And aiming scorpion barbs at our shadows
 And aiming eager looks at the quiet life
 Middle class, middle child, middle of the road
 Mitochondria in a suit
 Shoes scuffed with office carpet and queer blood

Listen closely when I recite my life story
 My repetitive job, my prescription weekend, my high school blowjobs, my luxury goods,
 my sheltered fears, my flag collection,
 my parents (God's first draft of me),
 the superfluous spawn of my loins,
 my television set, my conditioned and utterly arbitrary beliefs & values, my bible,
 my bank, my family priests, my medical history,
 my portrait (is it me or is it the world?),
 my god.

Window/Mirror

By Jimmy Gartner

I woke somewhere, past eulogies of salesmen
 In a room without clocks
 In a desert without wind
 In a cave with the abortions of bipedal gods
 Close one door and another opens
 Close one eye and another opens
 When the sunset is like the burrowing of a flea
 And nobody mourns cellular reincarnation
 There is a window, there is a mirror
 Who can say if it looks out or in?

AN IRISH WRITER IN ADELAIDE INTERVIEW WITH WRITER BRIAN FOX

BRIAN FOX IS A PLAYWRIGHT AND A MEMBER OF THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN WRITER'S THEATRE (SAWT) HERE IN ADELAIDE. HE RECENTLY WROTE A PLAY TO BE PERFORMED AT THE QUEEN'S ARMS HOTEL IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA. WE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM TO FIND OUT MORE.

How long have you been a member of SAWT?
Four years.

What opportunities are available to you through SAWT?
Having my plays assessed by peer group writers.

How long have you been writing?
Promotional writing and travel guides - 30 years: plays 5 years.

Your play *Time Gentlemen, Please!* What's the theme behind the play?

It examines a time in Ireland when the country was emerging from a depression that there was hope for a better future. But the possibilities this pivotal time in the early 1960s offered are seen by the two young women in the play, but evades the consciousness of the two men. The story unfolds as Time uses and abuses the customers in Bennett's Bar and Lounge.

Where did you get the idea to write about this topic?

It emerged from a workshop exercise in Ireland when Washington State University asked Irish writers to take-part in a semester they conducted at the Dublin Writers' Centre. The brief was: two men in a pub; write about them; you have 30 minutes.

What type of process did you go through to write this play?
I expanded the original idea into a play by pitting the unmoveable objects of Dan and Dickie, the two men, against the wakening ambitions of the two younger women, Cliona and Dervla. Cliona's mother Becky and her pal were introduced as further obstacles to the younger women's hopes and ambitions, as they represented the old guard of hard-working but unfulfilled women.

What advice would you give to any writers having trouble getting their plays read?

Engage a good dramaturgist and be prepared to write and rewrite and rewrite again and then persist with the powers that be until you wear them down. Having plays produced by an amateur company is another option and an opportunity to invite the professional to attend. The inherent danger in this is that the cast of an amateur production are usually very uneven in the talent they offer and the play may not develop as you planned.

Through this play do you think you're a voice for people who can cope with change and people who can't in society?

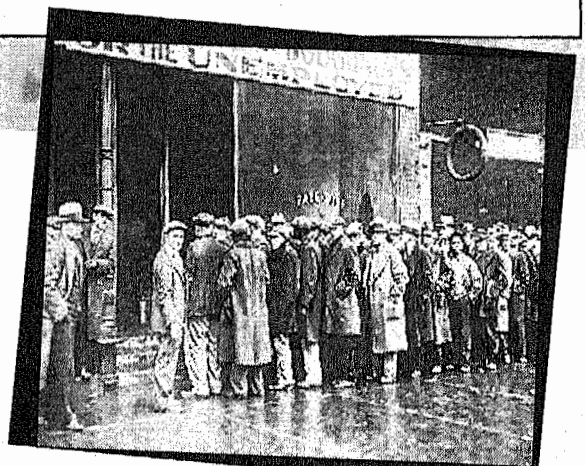
Yes: it is a recurring theme in my plays.

What's your next project?

The play I am now working on is about violence in sport and deals with a real life incident, where a young lad, attending a night club after a schools rugby final was kicked to death by other teenagers who were part of the rugby clique. It examines how coaches and mentors and parents can often prod a young man into "a win at all costs mentality" without paying due regard to the still developing nature of the person in terms of controlling testosterone, their passions and feelings. It is called "Different Rules", something that seems to apply to a lot of sports in terms of the tolerance for violence on the field and the shock when similar violence occurs off the field.

A full professional production of Brian's play *Time Gentlemen, Please!* will be performed at the Queen's Arms Hotel, Wright Street, Adelaide. The performance dates are:
Thursday and Friday - at 7.30pm October 9-10 and 16-17
Sunday - at 3pm October 12 and 19
Prices - Adult: \$25 (Senior: \$18) or Students: (with card) \$15 or Group (6+): \$12.50

Direct bookings: (08) 8358 4186 or
Venue*Tix: (08) 8225 8888 (bookings through Venue*Tix attract a fee)
Online: http://www.venue*tix.com.au
(*note - PREVIEW at 7.30pm Wednesday October 8 - All tickets \$15 at door)



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CRACKWHORE...



By now you would have realised that Crackwhore does fall into the category of 'chick rock'. Now put your prejudices aside, this is no downside to the band. All the arguments like, 'Girls can't play guitar, or bass, or drums,' in this case are as absolutely redundant as winning *Australian Idol*. Crackwhore are evidence that those kinds of arguments are infinitely stuck in the past. Basically, its Crackwhore's attitude that gives them such a strong representation, "We're softcocks off stage, but you know, put me up there with a mic and I'll tear you to pieces", laughs Stacy. Sean adds, "The best way to put it, is, no matter what, you guys (Crackwhore) always go out there and do your thing, whether there's 20 people in the crowd or 200 people. You just play, and you just enjoy it, and with any band no matter who they are, watching that is always going to be the best thing ever."

Now you can experience this fine Melbourne based band again when they play at the Jolly Miller (September 12th and the Cranker the 13th), this being their third time in the city of churches. "We love Adelaide, every time we've played there we have had such a great reception. In Melbourne it's the complete opposite. You get an interstate band, and no one really gives a shit, unless it's the fucking...pirate...the big guys with the shaved heads...I can't remember now!" Whoever these shaved heads are, the point is firstly to give a chance to interstate acts, and secondly to show Melbourne that Adelaide is not some sleepy town that only gets up to go to church. When I asked them what life as a Crackwhore is like, they said, "we've been doing it for seven years, and, umm, we don't take ourselves too seriously. I think this is a hobby for us. I don't think we would have lasted this long if we were trying to take it too seriously. This is our hobby, and we do it because we love it, and, yeah, it's an outlet for us, and it's our lifestyle. Crackwhore is who we are. It's not a facade when we get up there and play; it's all just us, except maybe a little more raucous!"

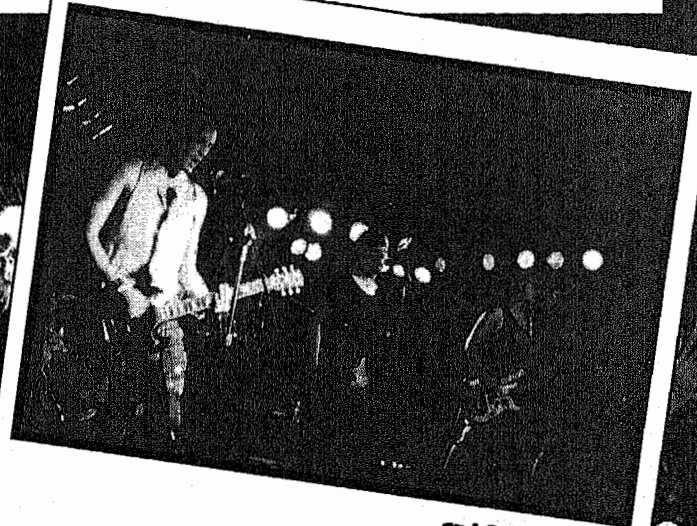
So if you want to see a band that doesn't look like they have a 5 foot pole wedged up there, then do go see Crackwhore live. And if your granny asks what you did on the weekend, just say you went to see Crackhorn or Crackcorn, then walk away muttering "sucker..."

Stamatina Hasiotis

IN A ROOM WITH A CAT that is sporting a leather collar with diamante studded letters that spell 'PUNK' emblazoned across it, along with a Winnie the Pooh bell, are the members of the self-described "Unholy Union of the Stooges and the Divinyls", Crackwhore. In their Melbourne home, singer Stacy and guitarist James sit down to answer some questions about their upcoming Adelaide shows and life generally, well, as a Crackwhore.

Indeed Crackwhore is a controversial name that has landed them to be abbreviated to CW on bills, but after a while it can be quite an entertaining one. "When people ask you what the name of your band is and you say it, they know what they've heard, but they come out with stuff like 'oh Crackhorn... oh, Crackcorn'. They come out with all sorts of stuff. They know they've heard Crackwhore, but they just don't wanna hear Crackwhore. It's worse when you go to tell your grandparents, or uncles and aunties and stuff, it's not always easy", laughs the fiery front woman, Stacy. "What did you do on the weekend? Oh, I hung out with a bunch of crackwhores!"

So from a band that garners so much attention just by their name, what can be expected of them on stage? Apparently, a "state of euphoric happiness," pipes in the inaugural fifth member (and number 1 fan) Sean. "I think, from the other female-fronted bands, we're definitely something different. Crackwhore aren't soft. We aren't afraid to show who we are". And quite frankly, this hard-hitting attitude oozes from their album. One ear upon their album and you won't disagree. The self titled album is a tantalizingly brief twenty-two minute chick punkathon, at its extreme. Tracks like 'Porcelain Doll' with its punchy bassline and bleeding vocals and a cover of The Divinyls' 'Boys in Town' must be absolutely dynamic live and will probably get you screaming 'I'm a Crackwhore!' by the end of it (the puns just keep coming don't they?). "We're a live band, that's what we are. We put on a bit of a show, sexy, sultry, and rock and roll. That's our theme song!"



CRACKWHORE



Trivium are a heavy metal band from Florida who, since their inception in 2000, have steadily climbed the ranks to claim their place in the upper echelons of the metal ladder. They have played with the likes of Metallica, Iron Maiden, and Machine Head (just to name a few), and in 2006 were named the best live band at the Metal Hammer Golden God Awards. With this in mind, I rather nervously awaited the phone call from guitarist Corey Beaulieu, hoping that I wouldn't hear an ego-driven and gruff voice on the other end of the line. But I had nothing to fear, Beaulieu was down to earth, friendly, and happy to talk about the band's short visit to Australia. "It's been fun, it's been really busy but we're only down here for like three days, so it's just a quick press trip to promote the record and then we're off somewhere else to do the same thing".

Due to their hectic schedule, Trivium only had the chance to play one show in Sydney and unfortunately missed the rest of the country. "It was either come down and be able to play a show and do press, or nothing at all, so we just did the show to be able to come down". That one show, however, was "awesome" says Beaulieu, "the fans were really excited that we were back down and playing a long set... the crowd was really into it and really amped and loud and going crazy so it was a really fun show. It was kind of a bummer we only had time to do one show". He assured me though, that the band will be back next year to do a full-blown Aussie tour.

Their new album, *Shogun*, is set to be released on September 30 after a year of constant writing and recording (in-between touring that is). "We tried so many different things and different variations of the songs, we really tried everything and experimented with 'if we did this instead of that' on the songs, so by the time we came up with the finished product... it was exactly what we wanted". According to Beaulieu, *Shogun* is "just a bunch of really cool tunes... it's just a full on heavy metal record". "It's got a lot of melody and hooks and there's also some really heavy stuff, so we kind of incorporated all of the things that we like about metal and stuff that we're into. We like the big epic catchy melodic stuff and we really like the heavy stuff, so we've got both ends of the spectrum combined into it," he says. "It really incorporates all the elements of our past albums and also some new stuff, so that we're always evolving".

Their last album, *The Crusade*, released in 2006, was criticised for sounding too much like Metallica, mostly because they abandoned the screaming of previous albums and replaced it with a more clean style of singing. Beaulieu though, says that it wasn't a deliberate attempt to sound like their idols, but rather just because they "were kind of burnt out on the screaming thing... we wanted to just expand our horizons and try some new things and explore what we can do musically. We kind of branched out so we weren't stuck or pigeonholed into having to do specific things on every album". With *Shogun* however, Trivium has combined the straight singing style with the screaming that featured on the album *Ascendancy* (2005). "When we were working on the songs we didn't really have any limitations on ourselves of what we should or shouldn't do... it was like whatever benefits the songs the most and works the best we'll do it," he says. "So there's a lot of different types of vocal stylings on the record, from super-clean singing to like the heaviest screaming stuff we've ever had". For Beaulieu, the reason for bringing back the screaming simply boiled down to the fact that "some of the parts we wrote were a lot heavier and darker than anything we've had in the past and the singing stuff didn't really fit it well, it didn't have the same intensity that we were picturing in our head". The combination of both makes for a good dynamic he says, "it's like you've got more tricks in your bag, more weapons in your arsenal, kind of thing to work and create with, and so it was a lot of fun to write this record because there was so many things that we could do and create".

"So far the reactions to the new material that we've played live and also that people have heard on the internet has been really awesome," enthuses Beaulieu. "Everyone's really digging the sound of the new record and the new songs so we couldn't be happier that people are really taking to the new material and really excited for the album". Those of us not lucky enough to have seen them at the few shows they have done, or to have caught the downloads on the Internet that were only available for a short amount of time, will have to count down the days until *Shogun* is released. Hopefully the album lives up to fans' expectations, and it being a combination of the best Trivium has offered in the past, I'm quite sure it will.

Erin Veide

BLISS N ESO

They've released a J-award nominated album, travelled to Africa and back, befriended Angus and Julia Stone and collaborated with a Zulu choir. Now Sydney's Bliss n Eso are preparing for an Epic Australian tour, taking in all major cities and even getting all rural on us...

"There are a lot of smaller towns and communities around the country that are just starved for live music..." says Jonathan Notely, better known as MC Bliss. "We kind of saw that and capitalised on it and just tried to push our music everywhere. We've broken ground in some places where there's never been an Oz hip-hop show, like in Wagga Wagga. When a show happens, everyone comes and the vibe is just awesome..."

For someone who grew up in LA, having a rural Australian fan base and introducing hip hop to his audiences must be a headspin. "I appreciate Australia more now coming from the States, I really dig the hip hop scene here... even though it is quite small now, it's an exciting time and there's so much talent emerging out of the woodwork," Bliss explains. "It's like back in 80s New York where it was just kind of bubbling up, that's what it's like here."

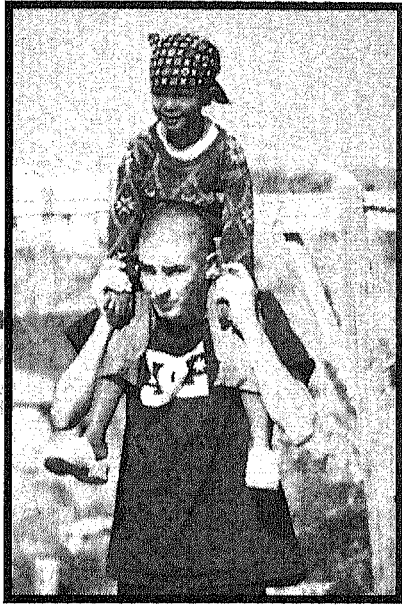


Photo: Simon Griffiths

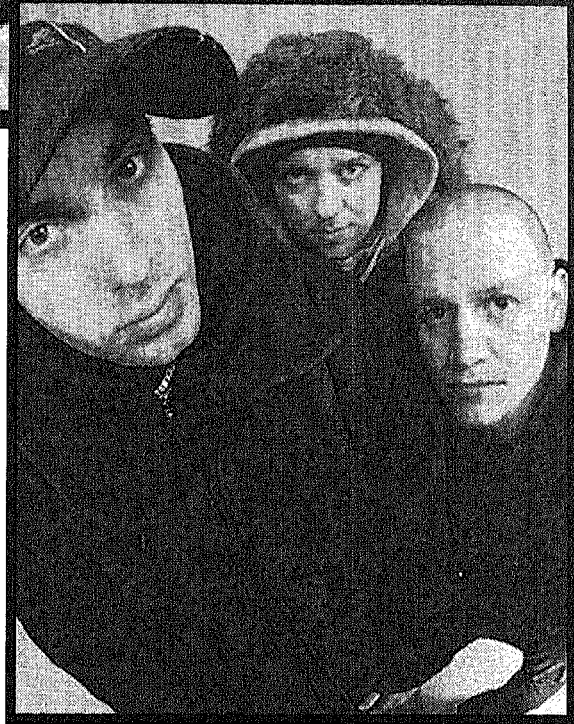
With the hybrid intonation of both MC's, the clever use of DJ Ism's vintage samples and unexpected collaborations with contrasting musicians, Bliss n Eso have established themselves as a distinctive and radical part of the contemporary Australian music scene. "I definitely think our group is unique in that we've got both the accents happening (and) growing up

in both places has definitely given me a different perspective on things," says Bliss, who is still getting used to the immense attention and success generated by the band's latest LP, the J Award nominated *Flying Colours*. "From early on we built our rep more based on our live shows than our recorded work,

because we barely had anything out..." laughs Bliss. "It's definitely something that helps us win over people, especially from other countries."

One foreign group who were won over by Bliss n Eso's unique Oz hip hop stylings were Portland underground MC collective, Sandpeople, who took the band under their wing during a recent trip to the US. "It was an awesome experience, we went and stayed with them in this house which had like four levels on it and there was a studio on every level which was pretty cool and there were like five MCs that lived in this place so it was just kind of a creative Mecca."

Following on from their North American escapades, Bliss n Eso trekked off to South Africa with Oaktree Foundation to shoot the video for 'Bullet and a Target', a collaborative effort with 20 piece Connections Zulu choir. "We had the beat done for 'Bullet and a Target' and we matched it up with the choir we thought it would be a good connection," Bliss explains. "We put down the chorus in Sydney, that was when we were invited out to Africa with MTV and Evermore to film a documentary about what was going on and what the Oaktree was doing out there. So that was the perfect opportunity for us to finish writing the song based on what we saw over there, record it over there and shoot the video clip over there with the choir."



If you haven't seen the video, it's pretty bittersweet. On one hand you've got beautiful smiling faces and kids learning how to scratch and work the decks, but on the flipside, they're living in slums, some of them don't even have homes, let alone shoes.

"It was a very full on situation for us, it was an eye opening experience," says Bliss. "We saw a lot of full on things. We did a workshop with street kids on the beach. Those kids were just hanging on the street during the day... literally their whole life is living on the curb, selling themselves for sex to get enough money to buy glue so they can get high. It's a really disturbing sight..." Whilst it was hard to deal with at the time, the band is "happy that the song actually got out there and raised a lot of awareness for what was happening in Africa and what the Oaktree were doing."

Another *Flying Colours* track that caught my attention as an Angus and Julia fan was 'Eye of the Storm'. "I was just at a party one night and a mate of mine brought over a mix CD, the 'Paper Aeroplane' song was on that. I'd never heard much from Angus and Julia Stone... I remember at the party I rewinded that song like a hundred times over and everyone hated me at the party... I was just like 'man that would make the best beat'," muses the MC, who didn't wait for permission before laying down the track. "They had no idea we were doing this. We finished it, sent it off to their manager... they came back and said 'yeah we love it, you guys can use it'. We were stoked." So are there any plans for a collaborative live show with the two acts? "I think they might be at Homebake so I think we'll try and hijack their set and play a little collab with them, that would be cool."

Claire E. Knight

**CATCH BLISS N ESO ON THEIR
FLYING COLOURS TOUR AT THE
GOV ON NOVEMBER 8**

AMANDA PALMER

...ON ADELAIDE, STREET PERFORMING AND BEN FOLDS.

BY MITCH WATERS

You may know Amanda Palmer as the front-woman of internationally renowned duo the Dresden Dolls. The Boston native has recently released her solo debut entitled *Who Killed Amanda Palmer?* I spoke to her soon after the album's release and on the eve of an extensive European and American tour. After I told her that I was calling from Adelaide she tells me that she is indebted to my city. I asked why. She told me that "were it not for Adelaide, and a few square metres of Rundle Mall, I would not have met Jason Webley, who has been a fantastic collaborator of mine, and if I had not met Jason Webley then I would not have been introduced to Neil Gaiman, who I am now working on a book with." Clearly Adelaide has a special place in Amanda's heart. I asked her to tell me a little more about her meeting. "Jason and I were both at the Adelaide Fringe Festival in 2000 street performing. Jason was an accordion player and I was a living statue. Since then we've toured a bunch together and produced an album together."

I was impressed that Amanda had made it all the way down to the Adelaide Fringe on what must have been a shoe string budget that a living statue would command. Could it be true that the Fringe is really what all the politicians claim it is, a world famous arts festival to rival those of Edinburgh and Melbourne? "No, oh no," she confides. I fell slightly deflated at the realisation that the festival we had all been frequenting was nothing more than a second rate, election time tool for the swinging voter. But really, we all kind of knew that anyway... didn't we? So if note purely on the notoriety of the festival how did Amanda end up all the way down in Adelaide? "I ran into a street performer in Boston named Blake. He was also a living statue and he was from Adelaide. He convinced me that if I came to the Fringe I could make a ton of money and he would let me stay in his loft. I believed him. But as it turned out the street performing at the Fringe wasn't that great and I didn't make much money. But it was a very successful trip if only for all the great connections I made."



Anyone who is a fan of Amanda's work with the Dresden Dolls probably won't be surprised that she was a street performer in a past life. I asked her about the connection between the visual and aural aspects of her art. "I've never really separated music and theatre. I grew up performing music, in the theatre or the church choir. I also listen very visually, I hear music and I see images. I never really understood why someone would just want to get up on stage in a pair of jeans and just play a guitar. I'm really just too excited to put on a show."

I thought it was about time I ask Amanda about her solo project. I mean that was the reason we were talking after all. We then moved more specifically onto the subject of Ben Folds and his level of involvement in her solo project. She told me about their first meeting: "We met briefly in Brisbane where we did a show and then we hung out down in Melbourne. That's where we first talked about, in earnest, doing a record together and one thing lead to another and that's what we wound up doing. He's a genius producer and a really fantastic person. We share the same sick sense of humour, which made the project lots of fun." She then tells me that Ben's level of involvement in the project was considerable. Far from a token union, the solo album "was a true collaboration. I brought him all these raw piano songs and he sat with me from square one. We recorded the basics from the ground up and he took over the production of half of the songs. I took the other half down to L.A. where I added some more stuff there. There are a couple of other songs that are a little flotsam and jetsam. 'Leeds United' I recorded over in Scotland by myself with a random pick up band. 'What's the use of Wondering' I recorded with Annie Clark in New York City in a random studio. I have never recorded a project like this before. The whole thing was just completely random and impulse driven and really fun."

Who Killed Amanda Palmer? is out now through Roadrunner.





VIDEO WATCH

WITH ANGUS CHISHOLM

'VIVA LA VIDA' COLDPLAY

I suppose you have to give Coldplay credit where it's due. They've finally changed their sound up a bit, shifting from blandcore to slightly-less-blandcore. There is still something insufferably pretentious about this song though. It's probably the booming bass drum, bell and strings combo. This is at odds with the video that looks as though it was whipped together in 15 minutes in Final Cut Pro with cheap mosaic and pseudo-slow mo filters applied over the top of it. Does anyone actually listen to Coldplay anymore? Can anyone that does even explain why?

'TALK LIKE THAT' THE PRESETS

Nice to look at but with all the substance of a Just Jeans ad (like all Presets videos really), 'Talk Like That' features a gorgeous, if slightly demented, French model wearing a carefully torn t-shirt and purple leggings flailing about and... wait, what's this? SHE'S DESTROYING THE INSTRUMENTS! You see, it's clever because The Presets are an electro act and have no need to be bound by the limitations of ancient and pitiful instruments like the guitar and, y'know, drums. Groundbreaking! Good to see that they well and truly have their finger on the pulse with this vid. (For the record, French directorial duo Jonas & Francois also directed the video to Justice's D.A.N.C.E. which is great and shits all over this).

'KANSAS CITY' SNEAKY SOUND SYSTEM

Puppets. Great. Do I need to remind anyone that Team America came out 4 effing years ago? Way to tap into that particular zeitgeist. Oh, and the video for Beck's 'Nausea' did this better two years ago. The video itself is as dull and uninteresting as SSS's brand of electro-pop itself.

'MY FIRST BIG BREAK' CUT CHEMIST

Music videos are often the medium for interesting new camera experimentation to emerge because of the short, sharp nature of what's being shown in the first place; so here we have the first music video to be (almost) entirely shot on a 360 degree panoramic lens, or so the YouTube blurb tells me. As such, there's a fantastically ridiculous amount of shit going on in this video which taps in to the somewhat eclectic nature of the song. Shot on what looks to be a Californian skate park overlooking some hills, it needs a couple of viewings to take in everything that you see but it's meticulously choreographed, completely trippy, cleverly cool and great to watch. Then after you've seen it a couple of times you realise that the camera is a neat music video gimmick that will probably never, ever be used again. Oh well. This video made it fun while it lasted.

'THE GROOVE THAT JUST WON'T STOP' TIME MACHINE

It's not often that you see two women that aren't called Salt or Pepa being the subject of a rap video, so this is something of a novelty. You've probably seen the video technique before, it's a series of photos shown frame by frame of the two girls getting ready for a night out, enjoying said night out etc. It's a pretty cute vid in an indie sort of way. The song itself is West Coast party rap at its finest, although that sells Time Machine as a group a bit short as there's more to them than that. Still, this is a very well produced, fun track and despite a shitty attempt at a chorus early on, very listenable.

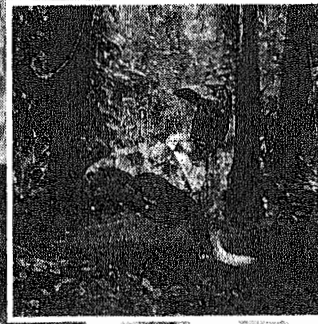
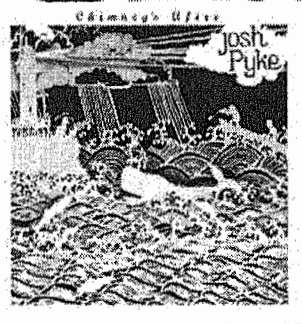
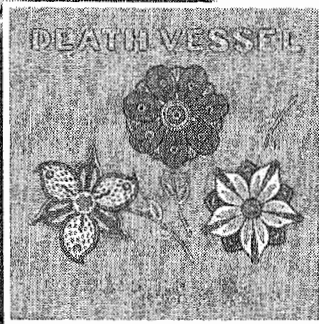
'MY DRIVE THRU' SANTOGOLD, JULIAN CASABLANCAS AND PHARRELL WILLIAMS

Ugh. That was my reaction when I first heard about this. Three in vogue music personalities brought together to, ahem, 'celebrate' the 100th anniversary of Converse, all recording their contributions separately, had all signs of a horrible collab. It actually sounds better than I was expecting, but then I just found out Pharrell produced it, so that explains that surprise. The video itself has a cardboard cut-out style, which of course makes it possible to have as many Chucks and their unmistakable white toecaps shown on screen at any one time. Nike have previously been here, releasing a track with a far stronger hip-hop line-up last year for the 25th anniversary of the Air Force One, but what kind of student would I be if I could get behind a song that was conceived and made to make Nike money? Joking aside, it just doesn't feel right to enjoy a song that sounds so manufactured.

'PARIS IS BURNING' LADYHAWKE

This is actually pretty sweet. London based via Sydney and her native NZ, Ladyhawke aka Pip Brown has released a slice of very catchy, heavily 1980s inspired electro-pop with an infectious bassline. Her evocative lyrics are delivered with effortless cool, making her one to watch as her debut album should probably be out by the time you read this. The video suits the song and if she can make another 11 tracks with this sort of appeal then this is another Kiwi we might have to look into claiming as our own.

MUSIC REVIEWS



DEATH VESSEL NOTHING IS PRECIOUS ENOUGH FOR US SUB POP/STOMP

Indie-folk artist Death Vessel, a musical collective of sorts centred around the songwriting of Joel Thibodeau, release their/ his second album, *Nothing Is Precious Enough For Us*: a gentle and surreal collection of music.

The vocal androgyny of Thibodeau is the central focus here as he sings with a voice unlike any other vocalist, a firm yet effeminate timbre. Ambient and background flourishes - the organ flailing beneath excellent opener 'Block My Eye'; the lo-fi percussion scattered throughout 'Obadiah In Oblivion'; the shrill harmonica note sustained in 'Exploded View'; the melodic electric guitar snaking its way across 'Fences Around Field' - all combine to generate and enhance the soothing yet provocative atmosphere of the songwriting.

The album's highlight comes in the form of its eighth track, 'Peninsula', with a dynamic range from gentle acoustic strumming and wistful singing to the bluesy eardrum obliteration of its overdriven guitar mid-song. Throughout the album, the textural backing of subtle keyboards and amplification prevents the music from slipping into generic folk territory, and Thibodeau's voice creates ethereal melodies unlike anything heard before.

Upbeat whilst honest, lyrically transcendent and quietly subversive, his songs sooth the soul and massage the pineal gland. For fans of Kimya Dawson and Devendra Banhart, Death Vessel is more tuneful than the former and less alienating than the latter. The perfect soundtrack to a lone hike through a distant forest.

JG

JOSH PYKE CHIMNEY'S AFIRE IVY LEAGUE

Josh Pyke's *Memories & Dust* was one of the breakout releases of 2007. 30,000 copies, a J-award nomination and six entries spread over three years in the Hottest 100 later; you could excuse Mr Pyke for taking a break. But barely 18 months after the release of *Memories* Pyke is back with *Chimney's Afire*.

The title and cover art of the record are a reference to the cry that whalers once made when a whale was harpooned, and a plume of blood and water spurted out of its blowhole into the air. The title track elaborates more on the grisly and unfashionable practices of whale hunters in a time before Greenpeace made it fashionable to detest what is now done for 'scientific purposes'. But Pyke manages to infuse whaling with a dignified and noble aura rather than the immoral lens through which we all view it today.

References to the sea abound throughout the record, nowhere more so than on the first single 'The Lighthouse Song' which is sure to deliver Pyke another Hottest 100 entry. The haunting backing vocals on the final track 'Where Two Oceans Meet' complete the singer/songwriter's nautical journey while 'Don't Wanna Let You Down' will also surely vie for a single release. Although I was not a huge fan of his first offering, *Chimney's Afire* is a brilliant album from start to finish. No two songs are the same while Pyke achieves an excellent effect on his voice through doubling his vocal lines.

In *Chimney's Afire*, Pyke has delivered one of the albums of the year and one of my favourite Australian albums of all time. His decision to produce the record almost entirely by himself has paid handsome dividends. If the judging criteria allow, the LP should deliver him a second consecutive J-award nomination and deliver Pyke more mainstream success, catapulting him out of Triple J's safe arms and further into the clutches of commercial radio.

Mitch Waters

CSS DONKEY SUB POP

CSS, short for 'cansai de ser sexy' which roughly translates to 'so tired of being sexy' in Portuguese, have released their second album *Donkey*. It still has a similar sound to their first album—*New Order* played by a group of Brazilian street urchins. The band maintains its amateur post-punk charm, but the second release is much more cohesive as a whole. *Donkey* was self-produced by band member Adriano Cintra and mixed by Mark Stent whose previous work includes Goldfrapp, Bjork and Madonna.

Their aren't really any songs on this that are near the same calibre as their first single 'Let's Make Love and Listen to the Death From Above' or 'Music is My Hot Hot Sex', which some may remember from when it was being featured in an iPod commercial. They seem to have lost a certain quirkiness that their first album possessed. No longer leading the pack, they sound more like other female-fronted electronic bands like Pony Pl or the now defunct Le Tigre. This isn't to say that the album is horrible, quite the contrary really, but it does not surpass its predecessor.

They still keep their ability to combine catchy synths, angular guitars and self aware lyrics. 'Left Behind' is a prime example of this, detailing the stress of being in a globetrotting band. Their lead vocalists chants "I'm gonna jump onto the table and dance my ass off till I die". Their music still possesses a certain degree of absurdity like 'I Fly's' lyrics "Last night, I turned into a fly, I flew down your throat, I tickled around and then you cough me out, oh yeah, you cough me out".

Donkey is filled with enjoyable leftfield pop songs. Although not particularly memorable, it's undeniably fun.

Winston Reed



**KIRK SPECIAL ONE-MAN
BLUES BAND
TAKE THAT MOTHER!
INDEPENDENT**

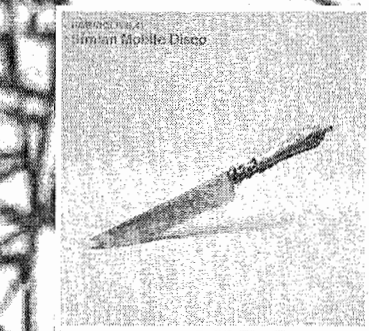
First impressions count, and while it's true you can't always judge a book by its cover, I'm much more likely to pick something up that has some sort of visual appeal. Maybe this is the reason I got an email saying everyone had over looked Kirk Special's *Take That Mother*. As you may have guessed the cover art is nothing to write home about and the title is hand written in Kirk's messy scrawl on the disc. But hey, he's a one-man band and if he's got to sing, drum and play the six-stringer he can't be expected to have the time to produce eye catching cover art as well.

I was immediately impressed by the opening song 'One Manning', which is Kirk's ode to his accomplishment as a one-man band. His Myspace page informed me that he was unable to find a suitable band or even a partner with similar ambitions to collaborate with. Instead of crawling back into the shadows he decided to go it alone. This song is a somewhat vehement retelling of his story in which he addresses his contempt for two-piece ensembles and asserting his independence. The second highlight for me was Kirk's take on Bob Dylan's 'Outlaw Blues'.

Kirk Special has been compared to bands like The Black Keys, Left Lane Cruiser and Bog Log III. I would add The Doors to this list, with much of *Take That Mother* being at a similar tempo to their work and Kirk's voice being remarkably similar to Jim's in some passages. The final track, 'Take That!' also suggests a Cramps influence.

Whilst the sparse instrumentation works well on most of the tracks, there are a couple that would have benefited from either a bass line or the use of more than one drum. Hopefully with a little more experience these creases will get ironed out. For those interested in local innovation, Kirk Special is well worth a listen.

DK



**FABRICLIVE SERIES
FABRICLIVE41 - SIMIAN
MOBILE DISCO
FABRIC**

London super-club Fabric, continue their ever-growing catalogue of CD releases with this latest release in their rather good FabricLive mix series. With featured artists showing a bit more technical expertise and drawing on broader, more interesting tastes, FabricLive makes a nice alternative to similar Ministry of Sound releases, which are more suited to pasty Ibiza-dwelling poms and collar-popping Aussie wankers.

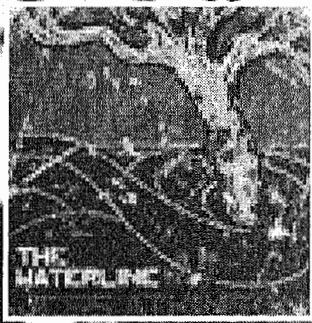
FabricLive 41 is brought to you by English alt-rockers turned beat makers Simian Mobile Disco, whose two members released the excellent *Attack Decay Sustain Release* last year. You can definitely hear some of their inspiration for that album in this mix, with many tracks featuring the same deep electronic beats contrasted with sharp, often high pitched synths.

While that is the recurring motif of the mix, some tracks are thrown in which change things up a bit and keep it all from being a bit samey. These include a suitably remixed version of Hercules & Love Affair's 'Blind', the sophisticated sound of Metro Area's 'Miura' and the quirky 'The Suite Equestria' by Moon Dog. There's no real stand out highlight or 'holy shit' moment in the mix, and it's admittedly a bit of a slow burner as far as these sorts of releases go, but it is technically very well mixed and has a telling clarity that seems to have carried through from conception to execution.

If Simian Mobile Disco's brand of electronica doesn't appeal to you, I wouldn't hesitate to recommend some other mixes in the FabricLive series by the likes of Spank Rock, Cut Copy, DJ Format and James Murphy and Pat Mahoney (of LCD Soundsystem), all of which feature eclectic and clever combinations of hip-hop/electro/dance/breakbeat/funk/soul. Spank Rock's release in particular kicks ass and leaves me very eager to see XXXchange at Parklife.

These releases are going to appeal to fans of the acts involved more than anyone else. Even if you aren't a fan, it's handy party music at the very least.

Angus Chisholm



**JESS ATKINSON
THE WATERLINE
INDEPENDENT RELEASE-ARTS
SA**

Jess Atkinson is an Adelaide based singer/songwriter who has been kicking around the Australian music scene for a few years now. He has spent time out front of several Adelaide and Melbourne bands: The Pod, The Project and White Montana with whom he racked up some impressive supports (the likes of Powderfinger, Regurgitator and Something for Kate).

In 2006, Atkinson branched out as a solo artist and with the help of the Adelaide University Union released a solo EP *The Longitude & Latitude*. His full length debut is *The Waterline* and was made possible by a lucrative grant from Arts SA, plucked from the *On Dit* CD bin by this lucky reviewer. I say lucky because I firmly believe that in *The Waterline* Atkinson has produced an outstanding debut LP which could comfortably stand alongside anything you are hearing on national radio, commercial or otherwise, at the moment.

The local musicians recruited to the record help to provide a solid yet expressive backing to Atkinson's music, emphasising his talent as a songwriter without being overwhelming. The artist pays homage to his stated influences, Ryan Adams, Paul Kelly and Neil Finn, whilst still managing to sound unique, albeit not unlistenable. Some of the brightest spots on the album include 'Higher' and 'Don't Fail Me Now' while the title track, a duet which closes the album, highlights another impressive Australian talent, Emily Davis, on vocals.

Undoubtedly the best part of this record is Atkinson's voice. His register hovers around in a near-falsetto range whilst he surprises with his ability to drop down lower or go even higher. It really is a breath of fresh air to hear a singer like Atkinson experimenting with a different register and surely it will serve to set him apart in the Australian music scene.

With the right kind of support there is no reason why this up and coming Adelaide artist cannot go further. I urge all lovers of local music to go out and see Atkinson and get themselves a copy of *The Waterline*.

Mitch Waters

MAC DADDY'S

TJ'S

NIGHTLIFE

"He knows, because he goes"



Mac Daddy.

TJ.

INEQUALITY MY ARSE

"What is the deal with men and women?!?!?" *Insert hilarious observation/difference between the sexes and cue audience laughter*

Comedians have been cashing cheques for years with crappy, predictable sex-based jokes that are about as funny as Rove McManus. Why is this the case? Inevitably, I think we all enjoy being told exactly what we know already, by someone who adds a "fuck" here and there. Do I have a point? Where does nightlife become relevant in all this? Can I ask any more questions and answer them myself? Well, hark back to the days before I took over as nightlife subbie and there is one article that remains in my mind. This article was written last semester by the affable TJ in the Equality Edition of *On Dit*.

As TJ's creative superior, for that particular edition I suggested that she look at the ins and outs of being male and female in regards to partying in Adelaide. '*On Dit*: nailing the important issues on equality'. TJ happily obliged being that not only is she a female, but she has experience getting down and dirty with both sexes (read: TJ is not a tramp, just a friendly gal in a little city like Adelaide with male and female compatriots alike.)

Before I start, let me get one thing perfectly clear, I'm not here to say guys have it harder than females. I'm more of a fence sitter; nightlife-ing is an equal playing field for all. My main concern with the article is that I felt (being as melodramatic as females can be) that TJ's 'investigation' did not fairly take into account both sides of the story. Let the hate mail begin.

First of all, TJ states, "I did my research, went out with my male mates and tried so hard to think with my non-existent penis for a night. My first thought, 'penis envy.' But TJ is better than that. Apologies, that had no relevance but 'penis envy' is a funny concept, for guys anyway.

TJ likes to think that the female pre-show is important for her list of why girls have it harder, "There is the time and effort ladies put in before we even get to getting our heels stuck in gaps down Rundle St... Shower, dress, blow-dry and straighten, concealer, foundation, mascara, eyeliner, bronzer...the

list is endless...A friend of mine has a theory that we spend so much money on looking good for the opposite sex that they should reward us with drinks." OK, let's get one thing straight, we might not look like it takes a while to get ready but after your fifth or sixth pre-drink, changing from tracky-daks into going out clothes, becomes a task and a half. I digress. Girls seems to think that all this effort they put in somehow will equal them bagging a lovely young gent. To be perfectly honest, most guys don't give a fuck. I would say 90% of the time girls are only dressing up for each other's approval. So take your hair straightener and run along.

Now we move onto the all-important social lubricant; alcohol. TJ acknowledged that guys drink more than girls but drink cheaper drinks like beer. Sorry to rain on your feminist parade TJ, but not all guys drink beer. Scotch and coke, cider, shots and, unfortunately, pre-mixers aimed at males are not exactly as cheap as the clientele at HQ on Wednesday nights so this argument is not going to fly. If anything, guys have it worse because girls seem to think that it's their right to be showered with either free drinks from ogling bar staff or patrons.

My favourite part of TJ's tirade was her take on line-ups, cover charges and general entry into nightspots. "When I come across a line-up to a pub or club and a boy says to me, "it's OK Tess just go up there and flash your boobs, you'll get in," This. Makes. Me. Mad. It is not that simple; males often forget that not all girls are tall, slim, blonde and blue eyed with a humungous rack. These girls flit past the line, kiss the bouncer on the cheek while he gropes her ass with his chubby hand and walk straight on through. What about the rest of us? And by rest of us, I pretty much means all of us because the aforementioned stereotypes are not common." What about the rest of you? I would like to point out that 'generic bouncer standards' in regards to girls tend not to be all that high (Electric Circus/Vodka Bar excluded) so as long as you have boobs to flash, I'm sure you'll do just fine skipping the line. But if TJ's logic is to be trusted, an attractive male should also be able to flash his pearly whites and make his way past the plebs, it's not the case (note: being hot is not from personal experience, it was more a general statement on the topic, I'm not that arrogant.)

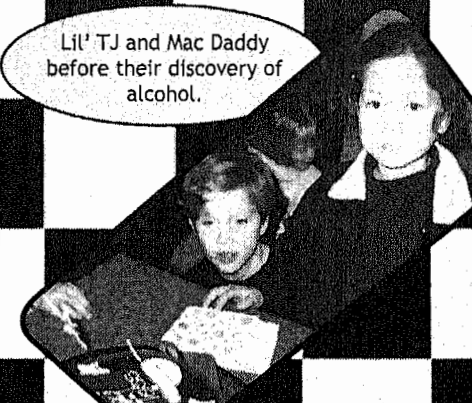
Finally, TJ points out that males get away with pretty terrible behaviour without reprimand. Examples she points out include spilling drinks, yelling abuse from cars, copping a feel etc. I have to disagree that this occurrence is worse for either sex. Guys and girls are as bad as each other when intoxication comes into the picture. We all spill drinks, we all step on people's toes (girls have heels, might I add), we all drunkenly stagger across the D-floor, these actions are not confined to one or the other. However, the bane of my existence that certainly takes the cake, involves females using the male's toilets because theirs is full. I'm sorry, have you heard of waiting? Chivalry is fine by me, but get in between my full bladder and sweet, sweet relief and there certainly will be hell to pay. Oh, and also, don't use our toilets and then complain about the mess, that's just rude.

What have we learnt from TJ and myself? Well, I like to retort (when I know that the original article writer is not in the country.) I also enjoy asking questions and answering them in my articles. TJ likes to over-exaggerate, although she is only a victim of *On Dit*'s need for sensationalist writing. More to the point, whether you're a guy or a girl, nightlife-ing is one big party that doesn't have to become a battle for sympathy (unless you're trying to pull a root at four in the morning.)

If you take anything away from this article, male or female, it's that Rove and sex-based jokes aren't funny and I hope that we can all party in harmony.

Why can't we all just get along?

Mac Daddy



Lil' TJ and Mac Daddy before their discovery of alcohol.

Hey...It's ME! On Dit's Social Pages

When?: Sept 14th

Where?: Jade Monkey

Why?: A Load of Buckshot
Fundraiser



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VICE CHANCELLOR
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SO...

