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REVENGE OF THE SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY

Because there’s no right in the Left-Wing


This week I was appalled to discover that famous TV personality ‘Basil Brush’ is under investigation for racial abuse. The puppet fox was condemned when he was caught bargaining for wooden pegs and a bunch of heather with a gypsy woman. This injustice pains me for three reasons. Despite his success in Britain, Brush has dominated the last 30 years in Australian television, far longer than other lightweight introduced celebrities: Rattus P. Rattus, Mixie, Modigliana and Derryn. He is an Australian icon. Secondly, Brush happens to be an upstanding member of the SPP, and a fierce campaigner for animal rights, and bad puns. These elements are essential to SPP policy. Finally, I am appalled that Brush is being vilified for the actions of the gypsy. If gypsies are so concerned about the racial stereotype of wooden peg sales then why are they desperately trying to sell them to a fox? The tie (let alone the green blazer and pompous British accent) should be enough to confirm his higher social status, and illustrate that he probably can afford plastic pegs.

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

The SPP becomes the Sporting Political Party this week as we freestyle, breaststroke and butterfly our way toward the Beijing Olympics. As my title indicates the Olympic Games is turning toward becoming a circus and butterfly our way toward the Beijing Olympics. Given our own love for an Olympic event. Given our own love for an Olympic event. Given our own love for an Olympic event. Clearly the solution amongst the mob. Secondly, the awful smog be employed to round up the swifter ones of political protesters. Distance runners could be commissioned to help disrupt the activities of political protesters. The Shooting and Archery team could be commissioned to help disrupt the activities of political protesters. Distance runners could be commissioned to help disrupt the activities of political protesters. Distance runners could be commissioned to help disrupt the activities of political protesters. The Slightly Political Party this week have launched their new ‘Camp-pain’ as a War against Heroism. The name took three weeks of heated debate, however some critics are less than impressed.

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

“I ate my cat in a béarnaise sauce! Twice!” Mr Dobson pointed out on 2UE in regards to the criticism. “Furthermore,” added Dobson, “I’ll do and say anything to win more approval!” He said at a Liberal conference yesterday. But the leader’s disastrous approval rating became even more dire, when the latest newspoll revealed he was actually less popular than the SPP.

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“‘I will do and say anything to win more approval!’ He said at a Liberal conference yesterday. But the leader’s disastrous approval rating became even more dire, when the latest newspoll revealed he was actually less popular than the SPP.

“The SPP kick-started their return to the National Press Club talking about the idealism of Australian youth.’ ‘Furthermore,’ added Dobson, ‘if being out at the strippers can help one opposition leader’s chances poll-wise, it can work for another.’

SPP LAUNCH WAR ON HEROISM

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

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

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

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

The party has also labelled Rudd as a hypocrite. “All this coming from the guy who was too inebriated to remember his night at ‘Scores’!” slurred Mr Dobson after another party meeting. “How will the PM weasel his way out of his next unearthed blunder if he dushn’t have alcohol to blame?”

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

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

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

DRAUGHTING LEGISLATION: Rudd objects to SPP’s ‘Scores’ afterwards when he learned the dancers were raccoons.

BREW LEADERSHIP: Kevin Rudd funnels Dobson some ‘fresh ideas’.

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DOBSON VISITS KINGS CROSS

The SPP becomes the Sporting Political Party this week as we freestyle, breaststroke and butterfly our way toward the Beijing Olympics. As my title indicates the Olympic Games is turning toward becoming a circus if certain issues are not immediately acted upon. Firstly, human rights. If the Chinese government is serious about curtailing the influence of miscreants they must combine the interests of their Olympic team and their Government. For example, the Chinese Shooting and Archery team could be commissioned to help disrupt the activities of political protesters. Distance runners could be employed to round up the swifter ones amongst the mob. Secondly, the awful smog problem in Beijing. Clearly the solution is here to make Greenhouse Gas Emitting an Olympic event. Given our own love for winning Gold perhaps we should re-consider our stance on Kyoto? Which is it to be then Messrs Rudd and Garrett: environmental pussy-willow or our international sporting prestige?
In 2007, after the London and Glasgow bombings, attention turned to Australia when it was suspected Indian doctor Mohamed Haneef was somehow involved. Haneef was arrested at Brisbane Airport on 2 July 2007 by Queensland Police and Australian Federal Police. The arrest was made after the London Metropolitan Police Services Counter Terrorism Command informed Australian authorities that he was a person of interest in their investigations.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In court, Haneef, through his lawyers, said that the Minister committed ‘jurisdictional error’, that is, he misunderstood what opinion he had to form before he could revoke his visa. Haneef argued it wasn’t any opinion, or rather, any “association”, but one relevant to invoke the power of the Act. The Minister maintained that any association, however innocent, was sufficient. So a debate ensued as to whether there had to be a particular type of association, such as sinister or criminal, or any type of association that would allow the Minister to exercise this broad power. Justice Andrew Spender, of the Federal Court, had to decide who was right.

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

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

Peter Bosco

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

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

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

So did you know...?

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

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

- That according to some survey that I’m not going to give you the pleasure of verifying, adolescents in Australia today are probably more sexually experienced than their parents were at the same age. And that is not so unbelievable considering the increased access to modern social amenities that the youth of this day and age enjoy and abuse. However, what is unbelievable and incredulous, is the number of older-aged men who get snared into sex-rackets and go across the globe in search of “the one” and barely escape with their lives and come back home to a great media welcome (read public embarrassment), ignoring the neon sign that she was 19/F/Lahore and thinks that you, 35/M/Adelaide is interesting. No offence, but how big should your ego be to actually fall for that?!

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

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

Sheik Jamal

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

On Dit 76.3 21
It’s always perplexed me, the amount of gay people who don’t actually have gay friends. Luckily enough, I fell in with a group of about twenty when I first came to university and as such have never really understood the whole *Little Britain* blues.

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

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

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

The Exeter - A.k.a. ‘The Ex’ - gay friendly - indie. Be it a beer with a bud or a carafe of Adelaide’s finest goon with a wheelchair bond drag queen named Amelia - the Ex is the place to be. Rickety old planks of wood in the beer garden, incorporated with a severe lack of alfresco smoking seats means you could end up sitting on almost anyone’s lap in an attempt to kill yourself with cancer sticks. Maybe it’s the toilet cubicule that’s seen more action than Anna Nicole Smith, maybe it’s the pungent smell of stale beer and vomit that’s come into play now that the smoke doesn’t mask your veins subsides, essentially you see that Shotz is but a cringe worthy, emo version of Mars. Which one is more trash-tastic is yet to be confirmed. None the less, if you’re poor, cheap or just drunk enough to endure the Backstreet Boys, you can actually have a good time here. At Shotz, stereotypes are generally true to form. You’ll find the little emo boys sitting out back crying to their fav hags, so why not go and make a friend. You could save their life or just end up getting your pee-pee puckered. Friendly reminder: although you will be socially shunned for even venturing in, many of the black clad boys here have tongue piercings “insert sexually provocative emotion here”.

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

In 2008 one could claim that it’s difficult to find a place that is one hundred percent straight. The person who claims that obviously hasn’t ventured into the Stag... or PJ O’Brien... or the Oxford... or, the list goes on. My advice? Just feel your way around and go where you feel comfortable. Gays aren’t that socially taboo nowadays, so there’s a lot more of us around than the Church would have you think. So if you do find yourself alone at a straight bar, don’t disregard the ‘eyes’ that you’re getting from the cute boy in the corner. Chances are he’s one of us too! Make the eyes back and remember above all else, that men are far easier to get into bed with women, don’t buy him a drink, he’s already yours!
The heat was beating down on everyone and everything. There had been no relief for what seemed like an eternity. The shutters of the room were closed to keep the beating afternoon sun out. The girl lay nude on her back on the bed. The sheets were slightly damp from her sweat and thoughts. She was still. Too hot to move, she waited for the change, waited for the cool to come to soothe her mind, her body, her yearning. She was waiting but it wasn’t coming and wouldn’t for a long time. She lay in and out of sleep, unable to get up, waiting.

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

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

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

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

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

Another breeze entered the room making the time seem suspended in the air. She was moving with the motion of his finger running across her figure. He moved on top of her. They both breathed in a gasp, the first real sound that had come out of either of their mouths. The motion of their bodies moving together was the only defining thing apart from the heat. The heat and passion that she felt was going to be the only cure, the only relief. He enjoyed feeling her legs wrapped around him. She moved on top of him, he was still looking at her. His hands reached for her breasts and she moved in a trance like motion, sweating, breathing and waiting for the change. She could now feel him completely and it thrilled her. They changed again and laid on their sides.

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

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

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

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

I shared a cab with an obtuse, rough talking Brit named Jamie to the Dashashwamedh Ghat, the main ghat along the River Ganges. From there, we had to walk to our respective guesthouses due to the fact that the taxi could no longer fit down the slim alleyways. I was shortly set upon by a twenty year old boy who claimed to be in ABC’s Race Around The World ten years ago. He told me he didn’t want anything from me, he just enjoyed talking to people and he would guide me to my guesthouse. Naively, I followed him and he convinced me that I shouldn’t go to my intended guesthouse but rather one of his choosing.

So we got to his Puja guesthouse and because I couldn’t be bothered, nor knew how to get to another guesthouse, I decided to stay there. Upon my check in, my new fast-talking, back-stabbing friend informed me that he worked for a silk shop and that I have to go and check it out. Like I said, I was naive. So I told him that I not only didn’t want nor could afford any silk, I especially didn’t want to go to his shop. He seemed a little shocked and asked what monetary imbursement he would receive from me for his act in kindness for guiding me to such a lovely guesthouse. (Not that half of my payment wouldn’t already be given to him as commission). I informed him I would give him none and then as if by some form or Indian thaumaturgy one of his lackeys appeared insisting that I should give the boy money for being so nice. Getting a little frustrated with the situation I repeated I wouldn’t be pressured into giving anyone any money. They seemed unhappily satisfied with this and said sarcastically that I was poor and that was fine. As I walked off, the lackey muttered something under his breath and such completed my first impression of India, and you know what they say about first impressions.

I met a 26-year-old man from the Netherlands called Martin; he spoke good English so we chatted. Shortly after, we took a walk down to the mother Ganges to the cremation ghat where my first impression of India was burnt away with the bodies of the dead. At the cremation ghat, I felt an overwhelming feeling of awe; it was very humbling. Hindus burn the bodies of the dead there twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week and there are at least six fires going at any given time. It is an extremely religious ceremony of which only the richer of men can afford. The body is carried down to the ghat, wrapped in silk in a similar style to a coffin, atop the shoulders of the family. The body is first taken down to the river. Here it is cleansed and then sat upon the logs where it will later burn. The eldest son shaves his head and then completes five revolutions around the body, one for each of...
earth, fire, air, water and soul. Varanasi is considered an auspicious place to die because once the cremation ceremony is complete and the body has burned, its soul will reach nirvana. No one cries, the mourning period is over and it is time to celebrate. You’re not allowed to take photos at the ghat but the image is burned into my retinas.

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

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

I arrived early in the morning and went straight to the Taj Mahal. It’s easy to think that it’s just a big building and a tourist attraction but when you’re actually there it’s quite breathtaking. The history surrounding the building is interesting as well. The Emperor Shah Jahan built it as a mausoleum or final resting place for his wife. It has been described as “the greatest symbol for eternal love” or, the one I prefer, by Rabindranath Tagore “a teardrop upon the cheek of time”.

As with any love story, there is tragedy too. Soon after the Taj Mahal’s completion, Shah Jahan was held captive by his son in the nearby Agra Fort and could only look on at the Taj Mahal from a distance for the rest of his days.

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

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

I left India a little bitter. I think the problem was that I only spent eight days there, mostly in transit. There are some simply amazing things to see in India and I was glad for the experiences. The culture, the sights, the food and some of the people are unlike anywhere else on the planet. However, people wanting to sell me items, sell me services or just wanting my money for no reason at all constantly harassed me. The problem is that as a tourist, the only people I was exposed to were people who wanted things from me. If they didn’t want anything, they wouldn’t approach me, hence the problem. I did meet some Indians who were incredibly insightful and didn’t like the way a lot of their fellow men harassed travellers. As a tourist it was true I had more money than the majority of the people that I met, but this is due to the fact that I come from a country with a stronger economy but I don’t have enough money to give to every single person who wants it from me. If a five year old child can make more money begging than it can go to school, then why send it to school? But then the child never becomes educated and the economy of the country suffers and a country needs to be self sufficient, not rely on the pockets of its visitors. I’ve thought about this a bit; if you think it’s just selfish or greedy, let me know. I’d like to hear your thoughts.

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

Alex Rains
AXLE WHITEHEAD

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

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

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

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

A: Yeah I co-wrote all of them really. Robert Connolly, a guy who produced the record, he and I wrote 30/50 the whole thing.

C: And how did you meet him?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: Well I left school in 98, went to VCA to study jazz and had been playing shows with a few bands, some jazz stuff, world music, funk, some hip hop stuff. Also playing with DJs and experimenting with electronic music. So I’d been playing festivals in Melbourne and doing a bit of touring, and that’s when I got the gig to go and do the TV stuff. It was an interesting turn of events, coming from being a musician to doing a pop TV show... I was in the first series of Idol for about 2 seconds, and that’s where I got my little break and ended up hosting a TV show. I really knew nothing about pop music at the time...

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

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

C: I also read somewhere that you went to university, so to speak...

A: Uh no Jackass for me I think.

C: So no Axle Whitehead featuring in Jackass then why not?

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

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

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

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

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

C: Because that’s how you started wasn’t it?

A: Yes, that’s a very good question.

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

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

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

A: I grew up on a farm in Western Victoria and was about to go Jackerooing in far North Queensland to work on horse and cattle stations, then I auditioned for VCA and it was either farming or music, so music sort of stuck its head up. Other things, I do play a lot of poker, I’m an absolute poker freak... but I know when to walk away.
dictionary definitions of sex have a tendency to be less literary:
- sex: a way of distinguishing male and female members of a species (referring to their reproductive functions)
- sex: coitus or intercourse, an act that can result in reproduction.

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

**Sex & Our Body**

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

**Sex & Our Mind**

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

**Sex & Our Spirit**

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

**Sex & Our Health**

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

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

**Is there a known aphrodisiac that really works?**

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

**Rhino horn**

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

**Spanish fly**

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

**Alcohol**

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

**Chocolate**

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

**Oysters**

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

**Yohimbe, Tribulus and Maca**

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

**Viagra**

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

“...there is no such thing as a true aphrodisiac”, Dr. Ruth Westheimer once said. An aphrodisiac arouses or intensifies sexual desire, and no herb or witch’s potion has been proven to do so.
Nicole
1. You are able to run around naked.
2. What doesn’t?
3. If you have sex with a rangi you’ll have rangi kids.

Sarah
1. You’re being intimate with someone.
2. I’m honest and always myself.
3. Use protection.

Dylan
1. Reverting back to your primeval instincts. Having sex reveals that most people are fundamentally the same.
2. My gorgeous smile.
3. I learnt nothing, I was too busy laughing.

Calvin
1. It’s mutually beneficial and feels a bit of alright.
3. Any hole’s a goal.

Questions
1. Why is sex fun?
2. What makes you sexy?
3. What was the best tip you picked up in sexual education at school?

**Eds - Watch out ladies, we’ve found a keeper!”
Melissa

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

Vox Pop

Nicole
1. You are able to run around naked.
2. What doesn’t?
3. If you have sex with a rang you’ll have rang kids.

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

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

A student’s budget goes much further with BankSA.

Questions
1. Why is sex fun?
2. What makes you sexy?
3. What was the best tip you picked up in sexual education at school?

Trying to stretch a tight budget? BankSA can help. For a start, we won’t charge you a monthly account service fee*. We also have the most ATMs across the State, so there’s less chance of being charged for using another bank’s ATM. Talk to us about more banking benefits for students on 13 13 76 or drop into your nearest branch.

*On BankSA Complete Freedom Student Account. Transaction fees apply for using non-BankSA ATMs. Special charges apply to special services transactions. This account is available only to full-time students. Before acquiring a banking facility, it is recommended that you read the terms and conditions available on request at any branch or by phoning 13 13 76 and ensure that the product is appropriate for you. Complete Freedom Student Account is issued by BankSA – A Division of St Georges Bank Limited ABN 42 055 513 070 AFSL Licence 246697. TOS18/1 (02-07)
Moving Target
By Marius von Mayenburg
Translated by Maja Zade
Directed by Benedict Andrews

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

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

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

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

Misses Target - Mac Daddy

Ollie & the Minotaur
Presented by floogle

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

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

Adriana Bonaccurso, Wendy Bos and Sarah Brokensha were excellent at delivering their dialogue with real emotion, and they were also fortunate enough to be working with a realistic and well written script. No one likes to watch a generational piece and feel as though the writers have completely missed the point or are trying too hard. I did, however, find it thoroughly amusing to find that the script was written by a man. No doubt Duncan Graham, the writer of this gem, has either spent too much time with his girlfriend and her gal pals or had to put up with a sister/daughter and her loud mouth, fast talking friends. Just a thought, with a full-on, 90 minute performance (without an interval mind you), using real cooked chicken as a prop was torture. God damn, I was hungry. And my salivating only worsened when the girls cracked open the greasy Woolies bag!

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

X-stacy
Presented by Fat Lip Drama

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

Unfortunately for this cast, a change in venue would not have changed my opinion. X-stacy doesn’t cover any new ground, nor does it tread the familiar with any kind of originality. We get it, drugs are bad and can ruin lives. It felt as though every cliché under the sun in terms of drug related themes and characters was used. The script left much to be desired as well. Let’s just say most University students don’t use the phrase “you’re such a dag” as an actual insult. Okay, that is petty, but a lot of the dialogue uttered just did not hit the mark.

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

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

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

Ecstasy? Not even close. - Mac Daddy

Trouble on Planet Earth
Presented by The Border Project

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

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

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

*turns controller to green* - Mac Daddy
The Glass Boat
Presented by Vanilla Productions & The Garden of Unearthly Delights
I contemplated drawing comparisons between this show and the British irreverence of The Mighty Boosh but then realised that this would be lazy. Sure, The Glass Boat shared similarities, but is also offered so much more. Where Julian Barratt and Noel Fielding take the kooky and zany and run rampant, The Glass Boat members focus on telling bizarre stories in a simple way, whilst mimicking their intended characters to a tee.

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

That’s not to say the rest of the cast don’t also shine. Nick Coyle becomes the character.

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

There was a particularly poignant ending. For example, the lady hanging in the park on a block of ice who was being selfish!!

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

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

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

Carmel “Carms” Nicholson

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

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

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

Natty xx

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof
Schaubühne am Lehniner Platz
Directed by Thomas Ostermeier
Going into the performance with a review from The Advertiser in mind, I was convinced that I wanted to totally go against everything that it said - I hate The Advertiser for reviews, I swear they don’t even see half the stuff. You may just think I’m mouthing off (I’m renowned for it) but they gave Kevin A. Legend rave reviews; I almost choked on my cornflakes.

The emotions and intensity because you have to read it in words to know what the hell is going on. I was so irritated in the first 20 minutes because Maggie (Jule Böwe) spoke so fast and in such a high-pitched incessant voice that I was squirming and trying to keep up with what she was saying. I guess that was the desired effect as character Brick (Mark Waschke) also seemed suitably annoyed.

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

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

Mac Daddy

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

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ConcluSionS On ICE

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

The Glass Boat

Final Contract
Presented by Waterline Theatre Company
An unassuming venue housing an unassuming play. I definitely went to this show as a spur of the moment decision and Final Contract ended up making me think “maybe I shouldn’t make rash decisions”.

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Bartholomew Huxtable

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Bartholomew Huxtable
Daniel Kitson - The Impotent Fury of the Privileged
Presented by Higgledy Piggledy Enterprises

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

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

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

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

Stephen K Amos - Gets Next To You
Presented by Mary Tobin

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

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

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

Back to Mr Amos. Amos’ style is inclusive yet exotic. Walking through the audience, sans his microphone, he added a different dimension to his show. He was half pressing the flesh, half tackling the hecklers head on! Not that anyone would have any need to heckle him, I can’t remember any of his jokes falling flat.

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

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

The Very Best of Empress Stah
Presented by Empress Stah & The Garden

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

It was also bloody funny and shockingly rude. Not for the faint hearted, the show consisted of a variety of treats from burlesque circus artist Empress Stah and her two cohorts; drag mime artist Ryan Styles and opera loving crowd pleaser Le Gateau Chocolate. Entertainment wise, my gold star goes to the charming Ryan Styles for his beautiful performance with a giant glowing bubble and for the gorgeous blonde drag outfits. The bizarre antics of Empress Stah herself were at times a little twisted for my taste yet were quite thought provoking and intellectually necessary. These were carefully balanced with the comic relief provided by joyously camp Ms Chocolate for whom the audience roared with laughter.

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

Laura Castagnini
DANCE

Glow
Chunky Move & Gideon Obarzanek
It’s amazing how the advent of technology is increasingly playing a larger part in the finer arts. Glow is a prime example of taking a 21st century approach and creating a visually intense and pleasurable experience for the Adelaide Festival going audience. By using interactive software and projectors, artistic director/choreographer Gideon Obarzanek is able to create the illusion that the dancer is controlling the lightshow that encases her every move.

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

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

Thoroughly mesmerising. - Mac Daddy

CRITICAL ACCLAIM

When the Rain Stops
Falling
By Andrew Bovell, A collaboration with Hossein Valamanesh & Brink Productions

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

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

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

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

Edward Joyner

FESTIVAL OPENING NIGHT

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

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

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

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

The Persian Garden, situated between the river and the Festival Centre, was, for me and my colleagues, disappointing. A Festival-long late-night club, the Garden fits neatly onto the Festival Centre’s amphitheatre, which is fitted out with booths packed with Persian-style pillows and rugs. The acts (at least the ones I saw on the four or so times I was there) were less than impressive, and appeared to be fairly average DJs. Electric violinist DBR and his “ensemble” made an appearance, at which point we left; I don’t think I’ve ever heard anything so awful in my life. The Garden obviously has immense popular appeal, and the Festival should use this to introduce a higher standard of art to the public - whether by including more events like stand-up poet Luke Wright, or by raising the quality of the live music, or preferably both. Also, drinks were a massive rip-off; people are paying an entry fee, so Recommended Retail Price next time, please!

Edward Joyner

April Performance Diary

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

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

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

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

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

Emily Cock

On Dit 76.3
The ‘F’ word. I’ve struggled with it for a long time but, regardless of how often I hear it – on the streets, in lecture theatres, on radio and TV – I still can’t help feeling a little uncomfortable when I use it. Feminism. There it is, it is said, and there is no going back.

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

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

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

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

Carolee Schneemann’s performance of Interior Scroll (1975), for example, involved the naked artist unrolling a scroll from her vagina and reading it to the audience. In a similar vein, Shigeko Kubota’s performance, Vagina Painting (1965), saw the artist paint with a large brush protruding from her underwear.

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

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

There have been males, too, who have dared to explore the extremities sexual representation. Vito Acconci’s Seedbed (1972) involved the artist masturbating under a ramp in the gallery. The sounds of his insular intimacy were then amplified and relayed into the gallery space, enveloping audiences in the sonic splendours of Acconci’s sexual experience taking place below.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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**Eds - Sure, the article might not be about sex but we can still make it sexy!**
Below are the qualifiers and some explanation to help you on your way. I know it all sounds a bit hippy to begin with, but it all starts to make sense if you join the dots between why you eat like you do, how you feel and what impact it has on society, the environment and your wallet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hannah Frank

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

A call to arms in an age of packaged and processed food, *In Defense of Food: An Eater’s Manifesto* tells us why western society, with the most advanced scientific and nutritional information available, is still getting fatter and sicker. It also suggests what we can do about it. The way we eat, he says, is the result of ‘a history of macronutrients at war’ where protein, fat and carbohydrates rotate as ‘demon’ foods.

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

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

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

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

Eat food. Not too much. Mostly plants.

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

Hannah Frank

On Dit 76.3