WARNING

This material has been reproduced and communicated to you by or on behalf of The University of Adelaide pursuant to Part VB of the Copyright Act 1968 (the Act).

The material in this communication may be subject to copyright under the Act. Any further reproduction or communication of this material by you may be the subject of copyright protection under the Act.

Do not remove this notice.

External Copyright permission (if applicable) - permission received 2006.

For personal use only.

Further information about the conditions of use of this item is available from Special Collections at the Barr Smith Library.
When I think of ‘Fanatic’ but nothing intrigues me more than the Maenad. I don’t know if this is because most Saturday nights I pretty much become a Maenad or what, but these crazed women are the original fanatics of booze, freedom and sex. My kind of party person.

But who or what is a Maenad and how do I bed one, you ask boys? A Maenad is the manic, fanatic and dramatic lover of Dionysus. She belongs to the most ancient of fan clubs, where she actually believes the star is present at the meetings and sometimes he is (depending on the story). Maenads are famous for ditching their husbands at home and taking to the hills, dancing nude, singing to the moon, eating the raw flesh of a wild animal and praising the beauty, sexuality and ecstasy that Dionysus provides them. They are the sort of girls that live in a trance so beautiful that you just can’t wait to join them. They are the girls who devote themselves to someone they can never attain, but always remain in hope that he will come for them one day. Sound familiar ladies? How many times have you pined after Brad Pitt or Johnny Depp? How many times have you ached deep in your heart knowing that you will never be with them? Secretly hoping that one day, you will be their chosen one. It’s the same here.

The Maenad is the woman who can’t help herself. She has shaken off the shackles of home/study/work and fucked off to the forest to get some. To the rest of the world she is worrying, a menace to the calm of society, but really she is the giant stakeholder in the freedom of the soul.

A few things come to mind when (Ooo, that was a good one!)

So what is so good about this Dionysus and how does he get all the girls naked and running around in honour of his glory? Well, firstly he is a god and if that doesn’t do something for you then nothing will. He is also a god that can never be revealed to you. The Greeks believed that when you saw the true face of a god, you would instantly die. This particularly works in Dionysus’ favour. His Maenads could therefore come up with any image of the perfect man/god for themselves and spend the rest of their days dreaming about it - E.g. Johnny Depp. Secondly, he is beautiful. Some describe him as almost effeminate, which to most women, seeing part of themselves in a man is a mystical and attractive thing. He is sensitive, a great lover and knows how to have fun. He is almost always depicted nude with flowing locks and if any of you have ever read a Mills & Boon, you’ll know this is the ideal man. Being half human, he can identify with the ladies but is also a god which makes him highly desirable as a potential lover/father.

However, the most important thing about this love god, is wine and the freedom/loss of inhibitions that comes with drinking it. He taught the Greeks and therefore the rest of the world how to make wine (there’s no point denying it, the Greeks once knew their shit). Now this is the sort of god we like. He basically wanted all of his peeps, which were mainly women to have a good time and he was more than willing to help them out. We have Dionysus to thank for teaching us mere mortals to make wine and where would we be without it? Certainly, the human race would have died out centuries ago without the intoxicating properties that make the most boring human being a delight to be with.

He was the original Mick Jagger where sex, drugs and rock n’ roll took place of hard work and stale bread. And how did these people get away with such behaviour? Whack the label ‘religion’ on it and voila you’ve got a license to get as crazy and erotic as you want. It is any wonder that these Maenads went gar gar over the big D, it’s because they were drunk! And how many times have you convinced yourselves that you had your very own Dionysus/Aphrodite getting nasty with you on the dance floor. And were you drunk? Nothing’s changed people! We have to have a great respect for a god who wants us to have a good time, who thinks getting nasty is all that, and no matter what disease you pick up or how many pregnancies you endure/terminate, as long as you’re still partying it’s cool. (Was that too harsh?)

So next time you pour yourself a glass of red (which will most likely be tonight), thank that sexy god on top of the hill for helping you to lose your virginity. And then thank him for giving his Maenads a way out of the boredom of housework. And then thank him again for letting the fanatic in us be accepted and admired because there is nothing wrong with dancing naked in the forest in worship of something greater than us if it makes us feel good.

Without D-man and the M-girls, we’d all be done for. (And bored shitless.)

Love Lex xx
Nepal, Tick.
India, Tick.
Next stop, United Kingdom.

I had high ambitions rocking into London, I had it all planned out: how wrong I was. I was going to go by myself and I was going to be by myself. I had friends in London but I didn’t want to see them; The plan was to ignore my friends, to not fall into the safety of it all and to start up my own little version of Adelaide in London. The plan was to check into a hostel for a week, get a house to live in, get a job, make new friends, be happier than I’ve ever been in my entire life, etc. A couple of days prior to arriving in London I had an inkling of how ridiculous my plan may be and I called up my friend Bobo to ask if I could crash at hers for a couple of days until I found my own place.

So, I got into London, stopping over briefly at Frankfurt, with little to no problems. Except that Lufthansa lost my luggage, but I was on such a high and the airline assured me I’d get it in a couple of days, so I didn’t care. I had my day pack and I was ready to go, I proceeded with random-guy-on-plane’s advice to catch the tube, so I walked to the tube-stop and hesitantly climbed aboard. I asked random-guy-on-tube if he knew where we were going, he was as lost as I was, I smiled, it seemed we were both on the same train. A couple of phone calls and a couple of tube rides later, I eventually found my way to my friend’s house.

I spent the next day walking around London with my head spinning. The culture, the people, the diversity and the sheer size of it all overwhelmed me; there was a lot to take in. The following day, I became sick as a dog and stayed that way for the next four days. It almost seemed as if my body was putting off being sick while I was India, waiting for an appropriate time to hit me in the guts, and it did. That was the first time I felt lucky I’d made the decision to go to my friend’s house instead of a hostel. The idea of paying to sleep in another shitty bed whilst being sick, made me feel more ill than I already was.

A week after I’d arrived in London, I was over my illness and was ready to take action. According to my original plan, I would have already had a place to stay and a job by now, what I hadn’t taken into account was how very little I actually knew about London, i.e. how to even get a place to live, or where to begin looking for a job.

Before I knew it, a couple of days turned into three weeks and I’d finally organised a cheap room and found myself as reasonable a job as I was going to find. The house is shit and the room is small, but all the cheap houses are shit. At least I have my own room, unlike a lot of people or tourists living temporarily in London. My job at a ‘trendy’ café is actually an all right job, but the pay is shit, but all pay is shit for hospitality in London.

My whole plan was out the window, it had taken me ages to find a house and a job and my only friends at this stage were people I’d known from Adelaide, but I’d come to realise some things. See, even though I was hanging around with my friends from Adelaide I was still completely immersed in London and there was no way of avoiding that. I’d hang out with my Adelaide friends but we weren’t hanging out in Adelaide, we were hanging out on Brick Lane, Camden, Oxford and Soho: all new. Having forgotten about my naïve plan, I’d gotten to know two people way better than I’d known them at home, and that made me happy. The one thing that hadn’t registered to me was how lucky I was to know anyone at all in a foreign city. So many people come over here and don’t know anyone; it’s hard enough settling in to a new city without having anyone to complain to. I’m starting to make some new friends now anyway.

So, the first couple of weeks were hard. Despite the fact I had a shoulder to lean on, I would find myself thinking a lot ‘what the fuck am I doing in this god forsaking country?’ A friend once told me ‘if you can survive a winter in London, you can survive anything’ and I’ve since found that to be true. It’s cold, it’s wet and there’s no sun, so you’re already hating it but you’re not getting any sun, therefore no vitamin D and more sad faces for me. They put vitamin D in the cereal over here, describing it as the ‘sunny, happy’ vitamin. No joke.

The turning point for me was the day I bought a bike, the sun came out over London and the sun came out on my perception of London. Being a completely bike obsessed nut, buying a bike was high up on my list of things to do, but due to procrastination and not being able to find a cheap, good bike, it had taken me longer than I would have liked. I eventually settled on the best I was going to get in my price range. I paid more than I would have liked and had to spend more on it to get it to spec, but the sun was out and I had wind in my hair and that’s all I needed to put a smile on my face.
Now that I had a bike, my entire life changed. The best thing being I didn’t have to catch the tube. Although the tube is a relatively quick form of public transport, it is a complete rip off and is always fucked. In fact, if my tube was fucked as often as London’s is, I’d be a very happy man. The other advantages of having a bike were that after a couple of months of being a bit slobbish I was getting fit again and riding in London’s traffic is truly an enjoyable experience. What makes it enjoyable is that on a bike you will beat a car every time on any path because you can just keep riding and they are constantly hindered by all the other cars. Now that’s true for any city but the difference in London is that car drivers have to put up with so many bike riders, so often that they have become a lot more aware. You can just pull out right in front of a car and they will slow down for you. If there’s a car in your path and you need to go around it, the car in the next lane will give way accordingly.

There’s also a certain amount of camaraderie between bike riders. You can ride along with a pack for a while, pull off and catch up with another one; everyone pretends to not be racing each other but secretly are. Sometimes I see the same people on my daily commute which, because I live in the outer suburbs, is nine miles away and takes me roughly forty-five minutes to ride. To put it in perspective, nine miles is 14.5 kilometres. In Adelaide, this distance is like riding from Rundle Mall to Port Adelaide.

After being here for nearly a couple of months, I’m beginning to get settled in. I work in an attempt to save money but it always seems like a futile task. On my days off, I either have a hangover or I try to see a new part of London I haven’t seen or some days I do both. There are some incredible things to see and do in London; it’s just a matter of taking the time to find them. I always miss home, but on the days that I miss it more, I just remind myself how long I worked to get over here and why I’m here and it makes it all right.
1. If you could be the founding member of a fan club, who or what would it be in honour of?

2. What is the craziest thing you would do to meet your idol?

3. What television show do you never miss an episode of?

4. Who are you not a fan of?

5. Just as Paris Hilton has perfume and Elle and Kylie have underwear, what would you brand if you were famous?

Edward Norton
I’d pay a maximum of $200 to meet them
I don’t watch TV
Roger Waters from Pink Floyd
Hosiery

Ted Bundy
Abduct the President of the United States and steal his time machine
Dexter
Avril Lavigne or Lars from Metallica
Tampons

Me – Dave’s Official Fan Club
Genocide
Scrubs
Anyone who likes house music
Lipstick

Roy Orbison
I’d apply for permission to marry a dead person
Scrubs
Tom Cruise
Jewellery

Dave’s Official Fan Club
Nudey run down Rundle Mall
The Simpsons
Tooheys (the beer company)
S&M gag balls
1. If you could be the founding member of a fan club, who or what would it be in honour of?

2. What is the craziest thing you would do to meet your idol?

3. What television show do you never miss an episode of?

4. Who are you not a fan of?

5. Just as Paris Hilton has perfume and Elle and Kylie have underwear, what would you brand if you were famous?
The installation of my Foxtel IQ box this year has revived my passion for a lot of things, and along with the obscure soaps, trashy reality TV, and Jesus Christ Superstar... my fanaticism for Pro Wrestling has suddenly hit boiling point of its second wind.

Throughout this year I have been able to watch (and occasionally pay-per-view) the latest from the WWE. While the illusion of reality has now been lost, surprisingly, it seems the WWE has been pushing the envelope for the 7ish years that I was blindly enjoying my teenage hood. The crazy storylines and intense action are still there, but now been lost, surprisingly, it seems the WWE has been pushing the envelope for the 7ish years that I was blindly enjoying my teenage hood. The crazy storylines and intense action are still there, but

Ok, so the WWE is now split in to three sub-promotions; Smackdown!, ECW, and Raw. Each has exclusive superstars, and each hold a title belt match at Wrestlemania.

The fourth match on the card was a ‘career-threatening’ match between the two very recognizable faces Ric Flair and Shawn Michaels. The conclusion of this feud at Wrestlemania 24 was nothing short of a work of art. After a great contest, Shawn Michaels finally had Flair in a position where he was able to finish the wrestling legend off. Michaels prepares for his finisher staring intensely at Flair, tears welling up in both sets of eyes. Michaels mouths the words “I’m sorry. I love you.” And charges at Flair, nails him with a superkick gets the 3-count and ends the career of Ric Flair. Michaels leaves the ring in tears. He has just seen to it that the greatest legend in WWE history will never wrestle again. Amazing. You can’t see drama like that just anywhere.

The sixth match on the card, Wrestlemania 24 went for about four hours was the Raw championship Randy Orton against challengers Triple H and John Cena. Orton defied the odds and retained his title in a spectacular match, but on the night my drunken entourage and I agreed it was awesomeness of a few earlier matches. It was also interesting to have such a huge heel beat two face wrestlers at Wrestlemania for a championship belt.

Following on from this was ECW’s title match, where Chavo Guerrero faced off against Kane, who’d won a title-shot in an earlier, main televised match against some jobbers. This squash-match ended with Kane as the victor, likely a last-hurrah for the veteran. Kane pummeled Chavo with a surprise ‘chokestall’ from behind, winning the ECW championship belt.

The installation of my Foxtel IQ box this year has revived my passion for a lot of things, and along with the obscure soaps, trashy reality TV, and Jesus Christ Superstar... my fanaticism for Pro Wrestling has suddenly hit boiling point of its second wind.

Then came the coolest thing ever: the Money in the Bank ladder match. This match has been a Wrestlemania exclusive for a few years now, and it acts as a platform for mid-card wrestlers to move up to the big time. This match kind of transcends the basic ‘good guys versus bad guys’ formula, and throws seven dudes in the ring to slug it out, climb a huge ladder and grab a briefcase suspended high above the wrestling ring. This briefcase holds a contract which guarantees a title-shot at any time, for any promotion’s title. After half an hour of intense stunts and incredible feats of strength, CM Punk (a straight-edge punk-themed strongman) overcame his six opponents and brought the briefcase from the ceiling, emerging as the victor.

Next was a showcase match for ‘brand supremacy’ where both Raw and Smackdown! sent in their finest to slug it out to prove which promotion was best. The clever writers (?) at WWE managed to create this feud from nothing, allowing for a dramatic, action-packed match which excited the crowd and showed off some good old fashioned wrestling, where Smackdown’s Batista emerged victorious over Raw’s Umaga.
Towards the end there was this crazy waste of time match where the returning giant ‘Big Show’ faced off against Floyd ‘Money’ Mayweather (a professional boxer) for some reason. Mayweather won, and nobody really gave a damn.

The conclusion of the event was an epic Smackdown! Title match between The Undertaker (an undead-themed badass from Death Valley) and Edge. The Undertaker had achieved 15 straight Wrestlemania victories up until this point, and Edge, the cocky titleholder, hoped to break this incredible streak. What followed was a very solid Wrestlemania headlining match, however again the action and risks were not up to the standard of the mid-card matches.

Ok, so after that fanatic rundown, I realize that my pay-per-view money was not wasted, and the nostalgic “I’m too old for this” experience was one I’ll consider doing again at Wrestlemania 25. Reliving this aspect of my youth reminded me how into it I was as a kid, and that the WWE can still put on one hell of a show after all these years. We can all rest assured the envelope will be pushed miles further in 2009.

Sammy (Jobber) Boy

**Eds - OK, John Cena never won an Oscar, but did anyone see the stinker that was The Marine... didn’t think so.**

---

**CAN YOU SMELL WHAT THE ROCK IS COOKING?!!...**

**IT’S A MOTHERFUCKING GLOSSARY!**

1. Card: The list of matches for the event. Low-card wrestlers are generally less popular than high-card ones. “Moving up the card” means increasing in success and popularity.

2. Title-Shot: Feuds between wrestlers generally revolve around title belts. Gaining a “title-shot” means you get the chance to challenge the titleholder.

3. Jobber: An extremely low-card wrestler, who no one in the crowd knows, usually used to feed more popular wrestlers’ careers. Term can also be used in real life social situations to describe unpleasant people.

4. Squash Match: A match that ends in an obscenely short amount of time, with one wrestler dominating for the entire match.

5. Finisher: Wrestlers usually have a set of prescribed moves that people recognize. Their most effective/spectacular one is called their finisher.


7. 3-Count: To win in pro wrestling, usually you have to pin your opponent to the ground on his/her back, and the referee will count to 3, then declare you the winner. This is called a 3-count.

8. Divas: The WWE’s word for “female wrestler”. They don’t usually wrestle, they have pillow fights and stuff. Awesome.

9. Heel: A “bad guy” wrestler. Heels get boos from the crowd and are essential to sports entertainment drama.

10. Face: A “good guy” wrestler. Faces get cheers and hi-fives from the crowd and win titles more commonly.
On Dit 76.4

Arabella
Opera Australia
Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House
March 7-25

'When one presents a piece to the public for the very first time, one owes it to the work and to the public to do it straight.' So says John Cox, the director of Opera Australia's Australian premiere production of Richard Strauss' Arabella, and this principle dominates the veteran English director's take on this rarely-performed work.

Having said that, it is important to note that there is enough interest in the sets and costumes to make an impact in combination with the star-studded cast that has been assembled.

Cheryl Barker in the title role plays the nineteen-year-old in search of a soulmate with wide-eyed innocence and is at her best vocally at the end of the first Act. Peter Coleman-Wright makes a dashing Mandryka, capturing the character's rustic charm and impressing with the warmth, clarity and strength of his voice.

The assortment of minor principals impresses – particularly Conal Coad as Count Waldner, Milijana Nikolic as his wife, Emma Matthews as Zdenka and Richard Roberts as Matteo. Kanen Breen as Count Elemer looked every bit the Viennese society-type but often struggled to make himself heard over the orchestra. Lorina Gore, by contrast, had no such problems and positively sparkled as Fiakermilli.

Assistant conductor Lionel Friend stepped in at the last minute for the indisposed Richard Hickox, but looked comfortable with the complex score, ensuring that the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra was on the button. The small chorus had the dual challenge of singing and dancing on a revolving stage (as it revolved!) but the benefits of this device outweighed the risks. How should a director deal with the fact that the action in Act II takes place in the ante-room to a ballroom and the fact that an audience will want to be shown some of the ball itself? The answer is to have a couple of pieces of furniture fixed to a revolving disc, allowing for seamless scene ‘changes’; the disc spins and gives a different perspective on the space, as in a film in which the camera sweeps from one room to the next and then back again.

This sort of technique shows that ‘playing it straight’ doesn’t mean that a production can’t be as interesting as another that employs shock tactics to engage the audience. Add a talented cast and you can be guaranteed an enjoyable night at the opera.

Benedict Coxon

Carmen
Opera Australia
Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House
January 24-March 28

What do you get when you throw together an array of barnyard animals, a large chorus and some flamenco dancing? Opera Australia’s new production of Bizet’s Carmen, that’s what. Based on a 2006 Covent Garden production, this offering from Francesca Zambello is brimming with vitality, with a lot of bustle in the crowd scenes, and the performances from the principal singers draw on this energy to great effect.

Catherine Carby is a playful Carmen, but the lightness of the characterization is nicely matched by the darkness of her mellifluous voice. Rosario La Spina as Don Jose proves once again that he can hit all of the notes, often thrillingly, but perhaps needs to cut back on his busy performance schedule to spend some time learning not to ‘scoop’ up to them. His acting of the part gave weight to his performance, with an air of naivety that was entirely appropriate.

Joshua Bloom as Escamillo on the other hand was vocally more controlled but didn’t succeed in putting across the confidence and arrogance of the bullfighter. The depth of OA’s ensemble was on display through the imposing Shane Lowrencev as Zuniga, Tiffany Speight as Micaela, Amy Wilkinson as Frasquita and Sian Pendry as Mercedes.

Stephen Mould ably led the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra through the well-known score, and the chorus was well-drilled, with special mention going to the clear-voiced children’s chorus. With a donkey, a horse and some chickens on stage at various times, Zambello’s production runs the risk of gimmicks taking the focus away from the drama. However, they are incorporated so well that they seem as natural a part of the design as the walls, and add some interest to this fast-paced version of Bizet’s famous work. This pace combines with a strong Australian cast to provide a refreshing experience for those who’ve seen Carmen before and an exciting introduction to the opera for those new to it.

Benedict Coxon