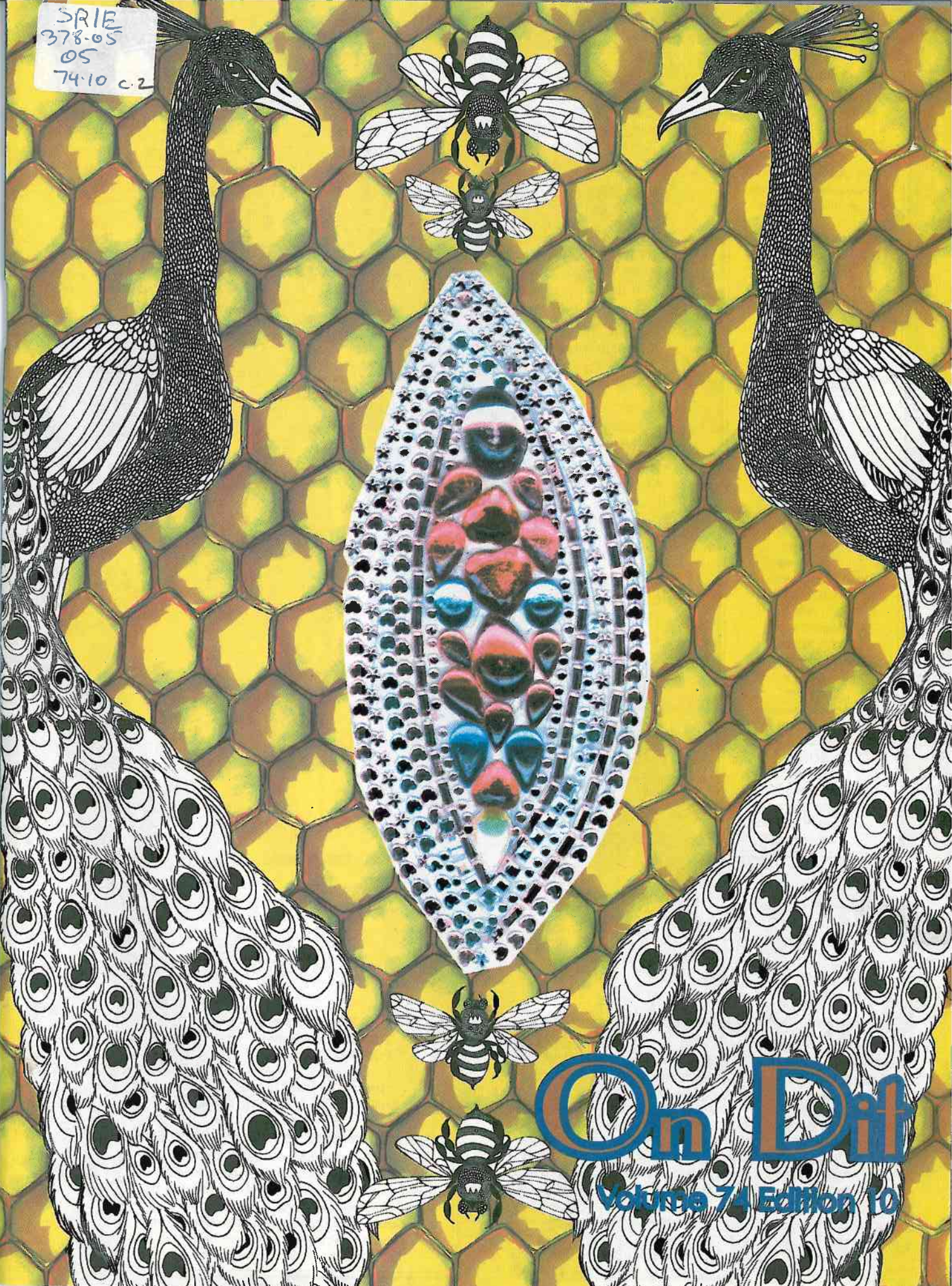


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On Dit
Volume 74 Edition 10

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Contents

- 4-5. ... par Leo G
- 6-7. Letters
- 8. Media Watch
- 9. News Bytes
- 10. T.Riddy's View from the Cockpit
- 12. Born to Porn
- 13. Clementine Response
- 14. Block's Chinese Nation
- 15. A-Z Anarchism
- 16. Mikey Let's Loose
- 18. Student Elections '06
- 20. SAUA Office Bearers
- 22. Disease of da Week
- 23. My Night With Pamela
- 24. Looking for Employment
- 25. Re : Pete
- 26. Sport/ Shiny n' Ireland
- 27. Comics/ Rules of Attraction
- 28. Literature
- 30. La Musique
- 34. Film
- 38. Fashion
- 40. Gaming
- 42. TV

*Love
Anna & Steph
XOX*

About the Cover:
The Jewels in the Crown
by Leo Greenfield

Merci

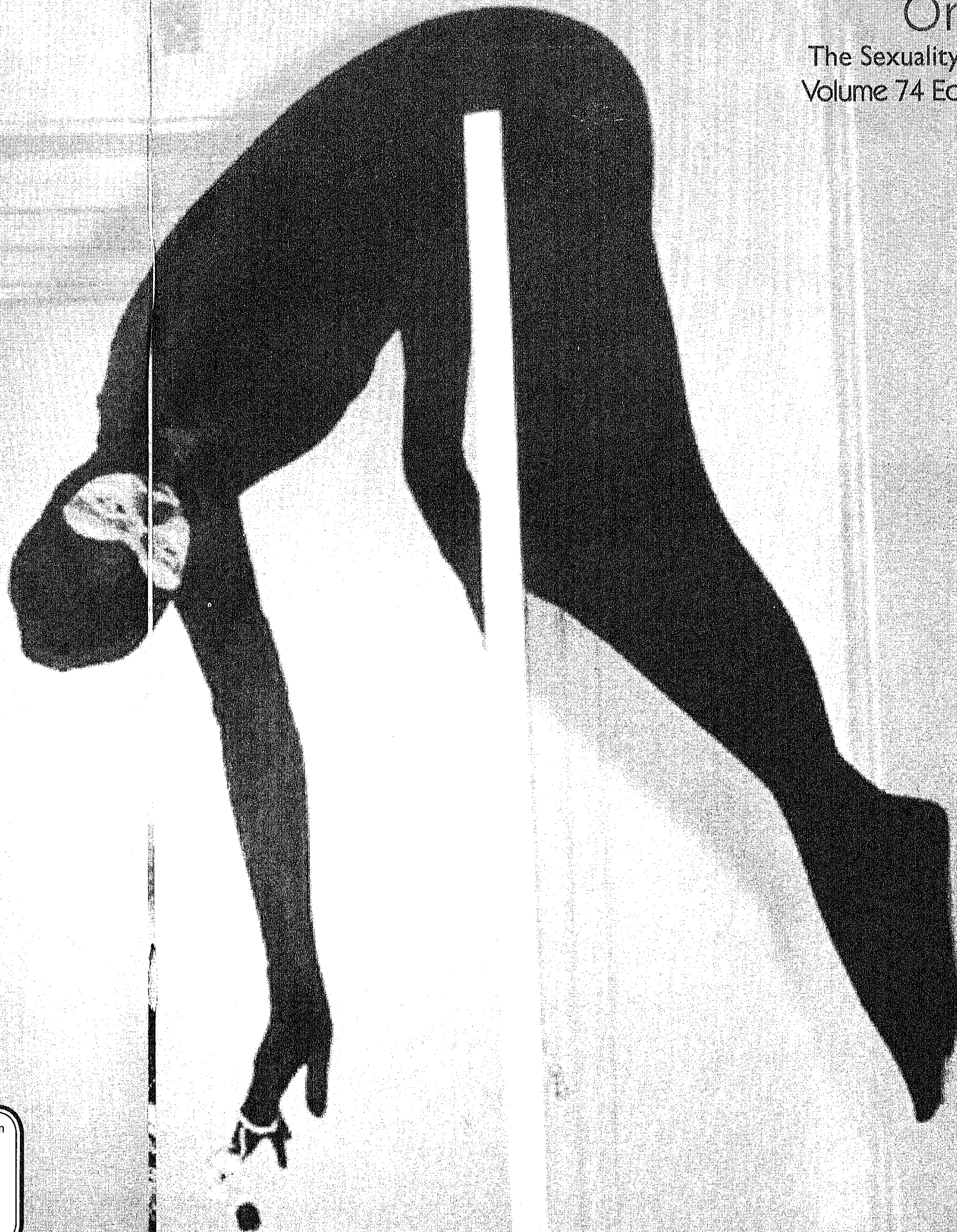
Benjemima for doing all our final .pdf's when we were too busy eating potato & gravy, Jimmy kiss kiss ooh! layout, Clementine and the african sap cream, riddy est la définition de la sexe intense, Claire and Andrew : dreamweavers, Karlie and Sunshine as always, welcome home Jakin!, all our sensual sub-editors xoxo, Leo G for the opulent cover artwork, Tristan Mahoney, the much loved Central Planning Committee and Soviet Beat Bureocracy (Laura Valentina and Mikhail Fyfe), Anna's bested friend Laura and Evan the little Gemini that could, Michael Adams for wasting time with us, C/Max, Potter, Matt Salleh and the embryonic Urtext HQ, Marie is descending into scintillating fields of maximisation and colourful inhibition, D-Bag the squash champion, John Pezy for the Chupa Chups, Matthew Barney for appearing in Steph's dreams and all the kind peeps at Dally Grind Inc.

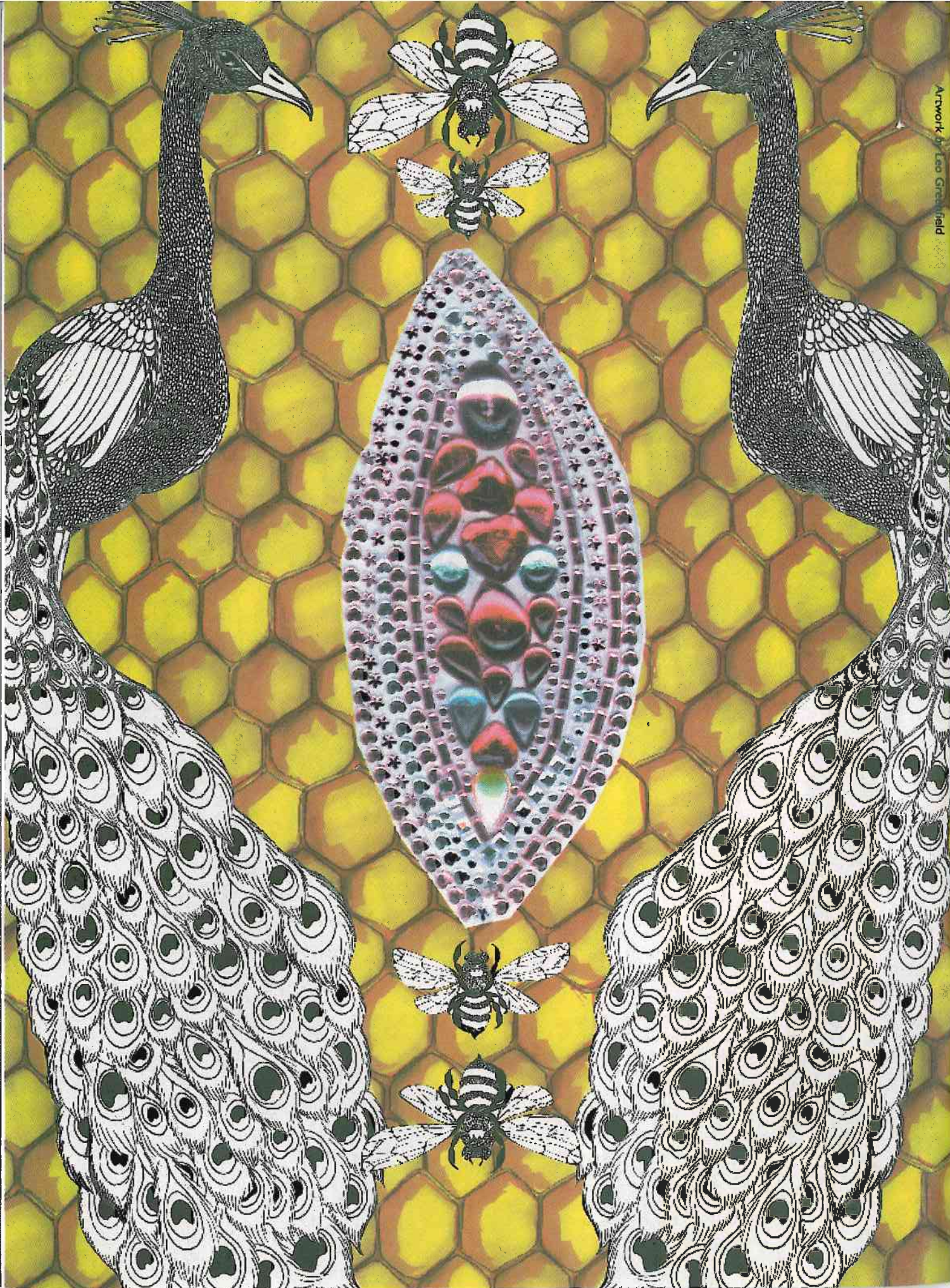
On Dit editors choose to eat Cocoa Deli Luxury Confectionery at 4am

Next Edition: Trade Union Edition
Deadline: September 1
Published: September 11

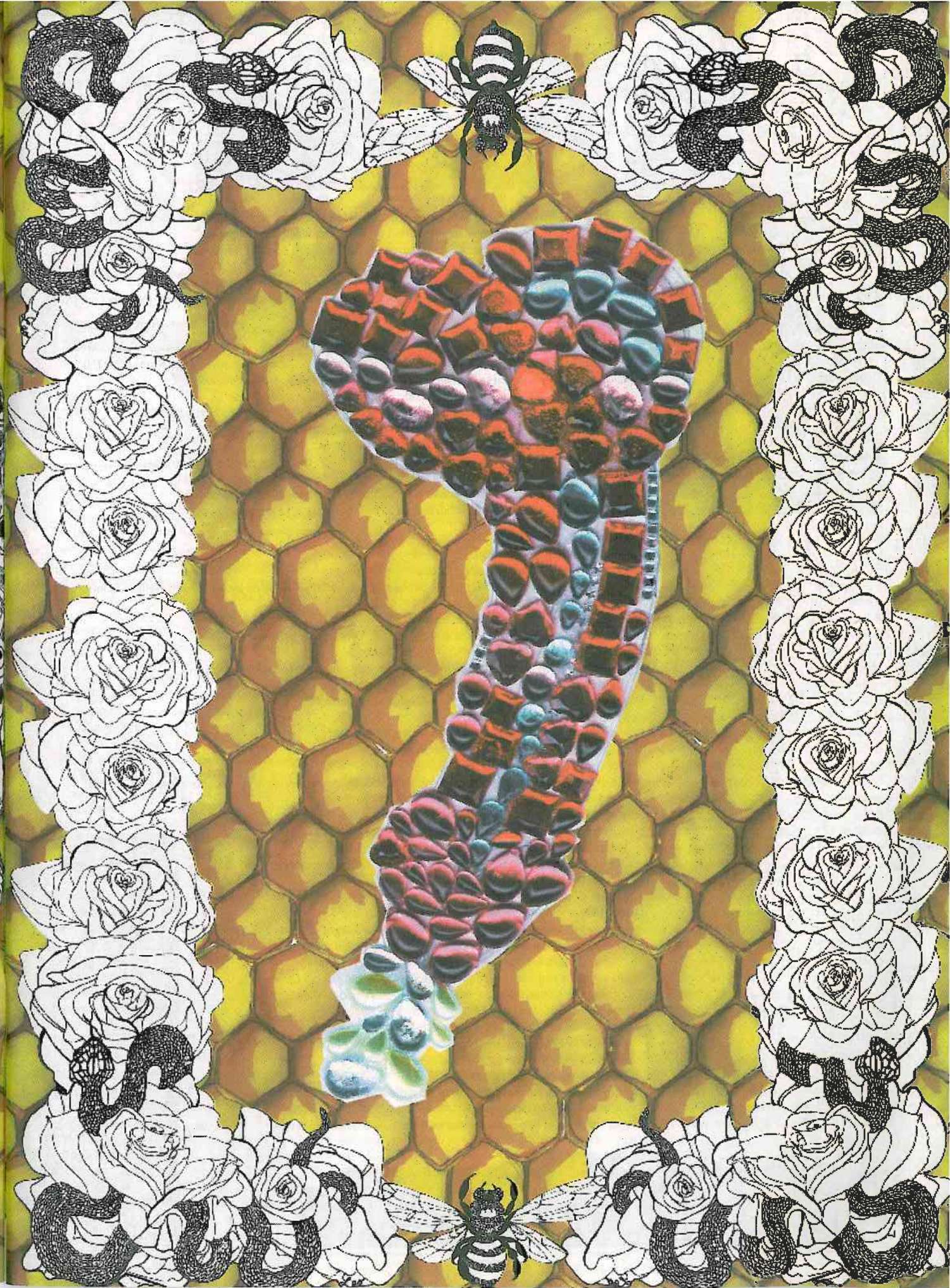
Send in all your submissions to
ondit@adelaide.edu.au. Bébé.

On Dit is the publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors or the Students' Association or that feeling when you spy a tottie and smear a zygote marinated in vodka across their angular bone structure and dream of a better life together. Ahem.



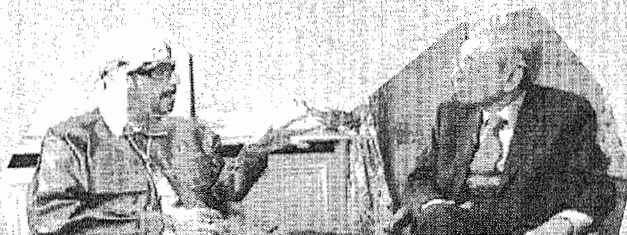


Artwork by Leo Greenfield



Letters

Send in your sexy mail to
audit@adelaide.edu.au. Reow.



Dear Eds,

Rhiannon Monks' email, 'Love from Israel' was heart warming in its apology for Israel's illegal invasion of Lebanon and the action of the Israeli government in the region in general.

While I agree that all those in positions of power should do more to try to stem the violence in the region, the Israeli government, with the fourth largest military in the world and so consequently in the greatest position of power could be expected to make the first and biggest move.

This it has not done, a situation which is highlighted by the UN Security Council's resolutions passed condemning Israel:

(This is a non-exhaustive, but exhausting list): Resolution 106: "... 'condemns' Israel for Gaza raid".
Resolution 111: "... 'condemns' Israel for raid on Syria that killed fifty-six people".
Resolution 127: "... 'recommends' Israel suspends it's 'no-man' zone' in Jerusalem".
Resolution 162: "... 'urges' Israel to comply with UN decisions".
Resolution 171: "... determines flagrant violations' by Israel in its attack on Syria".
Resolution 228: "... 'censures' Israel for its attack on Samu in the West Bank, then under Jordanian control".
Resolution 237: "... 'urges' Israel to allow return of new 1967 Palestinian refugees".
Resolution 248: "... 'condemns' Israel for its massive attack on Karameh in Jordan".
Resolution 250: "... 'calls' on Israel to refrain from holding military parade in Jerusalem".
Resolution 251: "... 'deeply deplores' Israeli military parade in Jerusalem in defiance of Resolution 250".
Resolution 252: "... 'declares invalid' Israel's acts to unify Jerusalem as Jewish capital".
Resolution 256: "... 'condemns' Israeli raids on Jordan as 'flagrant violation".
Resolution 259: "... 'deplores' Israel's refusal to accept UN mission to probe occupation".
Resolution 262: "... 'condemns' Israel for attack on Beirut airport".
Resolution 265: "... 'condemns' Israel for air attacks for Salt in Jordan".
Resolution 267: "... 'censures' Israel for administrative acts to change the status of Jerusalem".
Resolution 270: "... 'condemns' Israel for air attacks on villages in southern Lebanon".
Resolution 271: "... 'condemns' Israel's failure to obey UN resolutions on Jerusalem".
Resolution 279: "... 'demands' withdrawal of Israeli forces from Lebanon".

Resolution 425: "... 'calls' on Israel to withdraw its forced from Lebanon".
Resolution 427: "... 'calls' on Israel to complete its withdrawal from Lebanon.
Resolution 444: "... 'deplores' Israel's lack of cooperation with UN peacekeeping forces".
Resolution 446: "... 'determines' that Israeli settlements are a 'serious obstruction' to peace and calls on Israel to abide by the Fourth Geneva Convention".
Resolution 450: "... 'calls' on Israel to stop attacking Lebanon".
Resolution 452: "... 'calls' on Israel to cease building settlements in occupied territories".
Resolution 465: "... 'deplores' Israel's settlements and asks all member states not to assist Israel's settlements program".
Resolution 467: "... 'strongly deplores' Israel's military intervention in Lebanon".
Resolution 468: "... 'calls' on Israel to rescind illegal expulsions of two Palestinian mayors and a judge and to facilitate their return".
Resolution 469: "... 'strongly deplores' Israel's failure to observe the council's order not to deport Palestinians".
Resolution 471: "... 'expresses deep concern' at Israel's failure to abide by the Fourth Geneva Convention".
Resolution 476: "... 'reiterates' that Israel's claim to Jerusalem are 'null and void'".
Resolution 478: "... 'censures' (Israel) in the strongest terms' for its claim to Jerusalem in its 'Basic Law'".
Resolution 484: "... 'declares it imperative' that Israel re-admit two deported Palestinian mayors".
Resolution 487: "... 'strongly condemns' Israel for its attack on Iraq's nuclear facility".
Resolution 497: "... 'decides' that Israel's annexation of Syria's Golan Heights is 'null and void' and demands that Israel rescinds its decision forthwith".
Resolution 498: "... 'calls' on Israel to withdraw from Lebanon".
Resolution 501: "... 'calls' on Israel to stop attacks against Lebanon and withdraw its troops".
Resolution 509: "... 'demands' that Israel withdraw its forces forthwith and unconditionally from Lebanon".
Resolution 515: "... 'demands' that Israel lift its siege of Beirut and allow food supplies to be brought in".
Resolution 517: "... 'censures' Israel for failing to obey UN resolutions and demands that Israel withdraw its forces from Lebanon".
Resolution 518: "... 'demands' that Israel cooperate fully with UN forces in Lebanon".
Resolution 520: "... 'condemns' Israel's attack into West Beirut".
Resolution 573: "... 'condemns' Israel 'vigorously' for bombing Tunisia in attack on PLO headquarters.
Resolution 587: "... 'takes note' of previous calls on Israel to withdraw its forces from Lebanon and urges all parties to withdraw".
Resolution 592: "... 'strongly deplores' the killing of Palestinian students at Bir Zeit University by Israeli troops".
Resolution 605: "... 'strongly deplores' Israel's policies and practices denying the human rights of Palestinians.
Resolution 607: "... 'calls' on Israel not to deport Palestinians and strongly requests it to abide by the Fourth Geneva Convention.
Resolution 608: "... 'deeply regrets' that Israel has defied the United Nations and deported Palestinian civilians".
Resolution 636: "... 'deeply regrets' Israeli deportation of Palestinian civilians.
Resolution 641: "... 'deplores' Israel's continuing deportation of Palestinians.
Resolution 672: "... 'condemns' Israel for violence against Palestinians at the Haram al-Sharif/Temple Mount.
Resolution 673: "... 'deplores' Israel's refusal to cooperate with the United Nations.
Resolution 681: "... 'deplores' Israel's resumption of the deportation of Palestinians.
Resolution 694: "... 'deplores' Israel's deportation of Palestinians and calls on it to ensure their safe and immediate return.
Resolution 726: "... 'strongly condemns' Israel's deportation of Palestinians.
Resolution 799: "... 'strongly condemns' Israel's deportation of 413 Palestinians and calls for their immediate return.

Dear BS,

We did not print your article because it was homophobic and downright rude. And not that well written.

You might even say it was a load of BS.

Love Anna and Steph xoxo

One might see from this continual refusal to cooperate with the UN and the continued disregard for human right, some people might get upset enough to go to war.

I would also like to add that Rhiannon makes the framing error that has been accepted by all Western journalists when talking about two 'kidnapped' soldiers, suggesting a civil criminal activity, rather than 'captured' indicating a military action.

I'm sure she's a lovely girl though, hope the tan's coming along nicely.

Dr. Dan

Logan Walsh speaks to the artist behind this week's cover...

The production of art can lead to only one of two things; ecstasy or agony. It's very much like the pursuit of love and sex. Despite the tricky terrain, pursuing one's art is worth it. The game is worth playing, especially if it gets a bit controversial.

That is exactly what happened with the cover design that you see before you, adorning this sweet gem of a paper, *On Dit*. It's been dormant for a year now, praying that rhinestones won't go out of fashion. Yes, welcome to the Sexuality Edition and what better way to punch neo-cons in the face than by showering this universal obsession in beauty.

Conservatism is worth mentioning as it's a growing worry. Conservatism is resulting in gender distortion, sexual cruelty, racial radicalism and more often than not, censorship. Censorship and student media shouldn't go hand in hand, but they have and do. And so this cover was thrown to the back heap. But in doing so the artist had a lesson in the 'ecstasy and the agony', and discovered that conflict in visual imagery can produce productive dialogue.

Conversation, myth and judgement surrounded the work in question, and rather than thinning the creator's soul, it helped and encouraged. An artist is like a spin-doctor; they need myth-to-maketh the man and or woman. So a work that no one had seen sparked dialogue within university circles. This was also a lesson in the school of 'Is the author dead?' Its true, people need to be able to interpret things as they see fit, but if the author/painter/designer/ isn't dead, they may give you a run for your money. It is their art after all!

So I had a word to the artist to try and find out what the hell he was trying to do with this. And to me it sounded a little like this...

I wanted to create a work about sexuality, as it's a continual obsession in our world. Whether we cover it up, argue against it or let it all hang out, we can't seem to stop worrying about it. Sexuality seems to be the only thing certain in the world. And certainly we always associated it with something ugly, negative or wrong.

This work is about something beautiful but common; it's about a life coming into bloom. We should revel in this transformation and enjoy it, like a warm day on the lawns.

I wonder why people hate and love sexuality so much. Why such extremes? And why do people question others and their sexuality so often? Are they trying to take a piece of them to pigeonhole? Therefore my first visual point of call was for an obsessive pattern, a sexual monogram, something to sum up our over-angsty, over-sexed and under loved society. We are so into sex, but simultaneously so onto being conservative. Therefore I created a honeycomb monogram, a place of sexual reproduction and conservative architecture.

Layered on top are images inspired by the biblical and the botanical. Roses coiled with phallic serpents, suggesting the sensuality of the body and the bight of luscious lust. The roses multiple like cells into a frame giving feminine balance to the jewelled male organ. In a similar fashion male peacocks flank the female deity, built from plastic and pearls. I am fascinated with a concept I created called the 'Plastic Baroque', and these sculptures are exercises in this.

Tending to the whim of the world are bees, designed to highlight beauty and the notion that sexuality is as it should be; natural, confusing and always in a state of mass panic. I imagine a being looking down at us, dance in a club or gather on the Barr Smith Lawns, much like the way we look down on manic bees in a hive.

What ever your view may be, this work is now alive, printed on the cover of *On Dit* as if farmed on the wall of a contemporary art gallery. It can be judged, but who really cares, it's free. The work my spark more dialogue, I hope it gets ugly. At least this time around the artists is more prepared.

To try and summarise, to me this artist wannabe is urging us not to be just drones but see more to sex than a conservative. To me this is a high powered dance, where the entire network of the body has been stylised into motifs not just simplified and glorified genitals. This work seems to shout "...our individual sexuality is not to be pigeonholed, and our fixtures are not just for ornamentation". As for 'ecstasy or agony', you'll face them both, that's sexuality.

Logan Walsh
17 August 2006

It is with great pleasure that I welcome you to the Sexuality Edition of *On Dit* and hope that the articles which follow are something of interest, challenge your perceptions or inform you about an issue you weren't aware of. Sexuality is always a difficult thing to deal with and we still live within a society that discriminates and prejudices against people who identify with minority sexualities. While the likes of *Brokeback Mountain*, *Scissor Sisters* and *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* has seen an explosion in the mainstream media, there is still a great deal of resistance to accepting that some people aren't actually attracted just to the opposite sex. We've seen this at the highest level of Government here in Australia, with the Howard Government ramming through (once again) a motion to disallow the ACT legislation to give same-sex couples recognition of their relationship through the Civil Unions Act. It seems that no matter how many times we rally or we become angry, we remain hitting our heads against a brick wall. And this is why in this edition I've discussed sexuality in the classroom because it's worth considering that if we can't change the opinion and perceptions of our current leaders, then we need to change the opinion and perceptions of our future leaders.

You may or may not be aware while reading this that in actual fact this week is not only the Sexuality Edition but also Student Elections – and I can already hear you grumbling. It's that time of year where overzealous and bright people wearing even brighter t-shirts come up to you for the next week seeking your vote. But take a moment to understand why we are overzealous and are so passionate about seeking your vote. It's because we believe in the student movement and the student union and campus and want to be able to provide you with the services and representation that each student needs while studying at University. However, if candidates are seeking your vote, don't simply agree (unless it's me of course). Make sure that you quiz them on what they plan to do for the student movement and what they done which proves they are committed to the student movement. Seeing as this is Sexuality Edition, queer students should also ask their candidates what they will specifically be doing for them – because it's important that your issues remain on the student agenda and aren't cast aside.

Finally, I'd like to say that it has been fantastic to be the Male Sexuality Officer of the SAUA this year and I've definitely enjoying all of the projects I've been able to complete and look forward to seeing what the next Sexuality Officer – Gabby Zilinskas will have in store for 2007. Again, if you have any questions or are having difficulty dealing with your sexuality, please feel free to contact me. I will always respond and your conversation will always remain confidential!

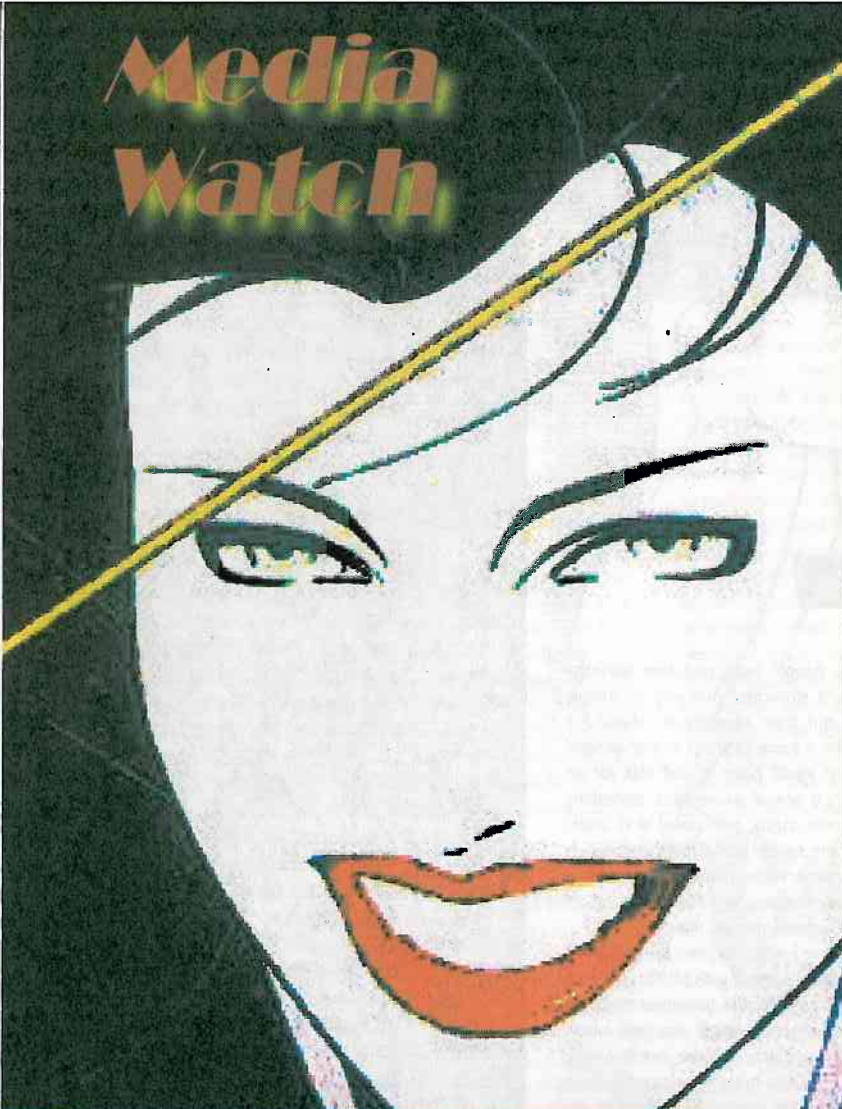
Cheers dudes and enjoy!!

David Wilkins
Male Sexuality Officer
d.wilkins@student.adelaide.edu.au

TIP #?? It only takes 24 standard drinks – touch me and I'm all yours... BABY!

TIP #?? It is never appropriate to grind up against someone – no matter how big their hair is, no matter how strong your pulse is and no matter whether they look like a rock star... it's just not on!

Media Watch



A great alternative – Summer research scholarships

Researchers at Monash Engineering are using the largest wind tunnel in the southern hemisphere to model flow around the blade of a wind turbine in order to predict power generation and blade optimisation

The Faculty of Engineering at Monash University invites talented undergraduate students to explore the challenge of research via this and many other three-month summer projects. Benefits include \$400pw (tax exempt).

Further details and a list of research projects available online at: <http://www.eng.monash.edu.au/research/summer-scholarships/>

Contact Liz Kemp, ph: (03) 9935 4535, email: lz.kemp@eng.monash.edu.au

Closing date 22 September 2006.

I recently came across an article by Liza Featherstone, written for the *Columbia Journalism Review*, entitled "Sex Lies and Women's Magazines." Featherstone describes a panel discussion held in Manhattan in 2002, featuring editors of various women's magazines. Amidst the many issues raised which one would come to expect in a discussion regarding *Elle*, *Marie Claire*, *Glamour* and the like – including the excessive influence of advertising on magazines' content and creation of a stereotyped ideal body image – the most striking comment was reportedly made by the executive editor of *Elle* magazine, Laurie Abraham. For Abraham, the most significant feature of women's magazines, and the one most in need of attention, is the extent to which they lie about sex.

These lies can most often be found in the stories giving relationship advice, featuring quotes from supposedly real women who have been through their own various versions of what the article deals with. Featherstone reports that a former fact-checker at (short-lived and now-defunct) American magazine *Mademoiselle*, checking sources was not considered a priority by editors, and stories were often altered to fit a particular formula or ideal. A former employee of British *Glamour* magazine admits that quotes – if taken from real-life sources in the first place – would be habitually revised and rewritten, to reflect the same perky style of the magazine's writers and to fit the magazine's agenda. A former *Cosmopolitan* editor purportedly also changed the ages of interviewees (most often just the friends or relatives of writers and editors), so that they were within the range of *Cosmo's* target readership and therefore supposedly reflective of the expected behaviour of its audience. One *Marie Claire* writer describes to Featherstone how she was once asked to go back to a couple whom she had interviewed extensively about their sex life, to try and coax them to change their answers – presumably to make the magazine's copy racier and more enticing to readers, or to fit a particular image of couplehood as propagated by the writers of *Marie Claire*. Former editors and workers of women's magazines admit that the "names have been changed" footnote that appears at the bottom of most "real-life" advice stories indicates that in many cases the people in question are either composite characters created from the responses of various respondents, or they are entirely made up. Another ex-*Cosmo* editor interviewed for Featherstone's article speaks of how, when faced with a deadline and finding herself in a "tight spot," a brainstorming session between her sub-editors and herself would result in one of these advice stories. "The anecdotes were always things that could have happened," she says.

A recent issue of *Marie Claire* features a story entitled "The One Night Stand That Changed My Life." The respondents are in their late twenties to early thirties – in keeping with *Marie Claire's* target readership. And the responses are very much in keeping with the magazine's stance on sex and sexuality. One respondent describes how, after a one night stand, she contracted a sexually transmitted infection. Another reports meeting the man of her dreams, "the One" she wants to "spend the rest of [her] life with." In other words, one night stands are dirty and dangerous and you can never be too careful. But on the other hand, girls, you could also meet your soul mate, so don't pass up any opportunities.

I suppose it's really not surprising that all those "The first time I ever [insert sexual experience as defining moment here]" articles are embellished or fabricated. However, as Liza Featherstone asks at the beginning of her article, "How can women's magazines run scrupulously-reported and fact-checked articles on such subjects as breast cancer and women in Afghanistan, but tell complete lies in articles about sex?" Women's magazines, from *Dolly* and *Girlfriend* through to *Marie Claire* and *Elle*, are the most common and easily accessible source of relationship advice and information for the curious and the confused. Lax editorial standards and a fear of writing about anything that is deviant from the norm have led to this culture of misinformation concerning sex and sexuality. Let's hope that more editors will adopt the mantra of Debbie Stoller of *Bust*, an alternative women's magazine known for its novel approach to the genre. Stoller maintains that she refuses to publish "anything that's not completely authentic." It's an impressive cause, and one which means that giggling groups of girls poring over "Dolly Doctor" at the back of the school oval will finally know the truth.

Ola Bednarczuk

The Lebanese Defence Minister has announced that any attempt by Hezbollah to attack Israel would be considered 'direct collaboration with the Israeli enemy'. Lebanese troops deployed in the south of the country have orders to use force to prevent such attempts, which would certainly send Israel and Lebanon back to war. The announcement is a move to keep the tentative ceasefire in place, after it was threatened by an Israeli raid. U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan issued a statement which stated that the raid carried out by Israeli commandos in Lebanon was in breach of the resolution which halted hostilities between the two nations. Israel continues to insist that the raid on a suspected Hezbollah arms cache was a defensive move, and therefore did not violate the resolution.

NEWS

Mammoths to be resurrected
Scientists think that they figured out a way to bring the woolly mammoth back to life. The idea is to harvest sperm from frozen mammoths and inject it into the eggs of elephants. The result of this cross-breeding would be something roughly approximate to a woolly mammoth. Sounds far-fetched? *Au contraire*, my friend. Scientists have managed to harvest sperm from the bodies of dead, frozen mice, and produce live offspring. Creepy. The woolly mammoth, extinct for 10,000 years, was typically around eleven feet tall and weighed seven tons, therefore making it an ideal family companion, if a bit tricky to groom.

Saddam to face new charges
Saddam Hussein is to stand trial on new charges of genocide and war crimes. The former Iraqi leader and six other defendants will be tried for their involvement in 'Operation Anfal', an offensive which took place in 1987 and 1988, the apparent aim of which was to crush Kurdish militias and clear all Kurds from the vicinity of the Iranian border. It is estimated that the operation killed 100,000 people.



By Sophie Donoghue

Israel concerned about peace-keepers
Israel has announced that it will not accept peace-keepers from nations with which it does not have diplomatic ties. 15,000 peace-keepers are required to patrol the proposed buffer zone between Lebanon and Israel, where they will join 15,000 Lebanese troops. The task of finding enough troops to facilitate the United Nations' ceasefire resolution was already difficult, but has been made even more so after Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Olmert's assertion that nations without diplomatic relations with Israel would not be welcome. Few countries have offered peace-keepers, and among those few, Malaysia, Indonesia and Bangladesh must now step aside. It is now expected that European nations will make up the bulk of the peace-keeping force, which Olmert has asked Italy to lead.

Raving madman sent home to U.S.
A man claiming to have murdered JonBenet Ramsey has been extradited to the United States. Teacher John Mark Karr was arrested by Thai police in Bangkok, who had been working with the FBI. Although Karr has confessed to killing the six-year-old, there are doubts as to whether his story is true. His confession is allegedly inconsistent, and the fact that witnesses place him in a completely different state at the time of the murder has led some to think he is probably just obsessed.

Houston, we got nothing
NASA, the agency responsible for sending very expensive and somewhat precarious rockets into space, has managed to lose the footage of humanity's first steps on the moon. Despite the fact that the tapes of the 1969 moon landing are perhaps the best thing standing between NASA and conspiracy theorists, the footage was simply filed away and forgotten. NASA staff are now frantically sifting through 35 years' worth of paperwork to try to locate the tapes.

10 dead in boat tragedy
40 people are missing and presumed dead after a boat sank near the Sicilian Island of Lampedusa. The boat, which was carrying illegal immigrants from North Africa to Italy, overturned when the people on board moved to one side of the vessel. Rescue efforts resulted in 10 bodies being recovered, and 70 people rescued. Of the survivors, who are mostly from Morocco, Iraq, Egypt and Lebanon, 12 are in hospital, whilst the others have been sent to a holding centre.

And finally, just for you, my lovely little newshounds...
City besieged by vultures
Vultures are threatening to shut down the airport in the Peruvian city of Iquitos. The vultures, which like to hang out in a nearby rubbish dump, are an extreme risk to air traffic, with 19 of them crashing into planes in the past four years. Such encounters have resulted in damaged engines, mangled wing flaps and, one would imagine, slightly dented vultures. Because of our feathered friends, the airport in the popular tourist destination is already closed for eight hours each day. Now the problem is so bad that the airport may have to close completely. Making the situation even worse is the fact that Iquitos is entirely inaccessible by road, which means closing the airport would cut off over 400,000 people.

t. Riddy's View from The Cockpit

Oooo! Aaaaaah, touch me there! That's right peeps, this week t.Riddy's gone raunchy and delved into the world of sexuality to bring you a bit of a self-help resource. I'm hoping that some of the thoroughly researched gems presented here may just tickle your fancy and could lead you to potentially spice things up with Mr/Ms Reader, or even yourself.

I'm guessing that elsewhere in this esteemed publication someone, somewhere, has discussed the seriousness of sexuality. Yes, yes, very serious. Sexuality is all around us, usually in the form of sex itself, and whilst there is an unbreakable nexus between sex and sexuality, it's worth remembering the former is merely a manifestation of the latter, rather like Vegemite on toast is the end result of a big night out. If we were all asexual, then sex, my friends, would not sell. We'd be driving Corollas, drinking nought but tap water and Homy-Peds would be *de rigeur*. But, thank Eros, we don't, and they aren't.

A boring rut we have slipped into culturally (like a lifetime of the missionary position once a week on Sundays) is the classification of sexuality, which, somewhat shamefully, are referred to as 'markets' by people with names like Siimon, who wear Chuck Taylors with their suits and work in offices so chic they can draw blood if you're not careful. There's the pink dollar, the MILF market, and the teenage-boy-who-spends-all-his-time-texting-or-wearing-a-hole-in-his-foreskin demographic. To their defence, at least these captains of consumerism recognise some diversity as the rest of mainstream society seems to like to generalise as homo, hetero or (dare I type it?) bi. And then there are the euphemisms, for example the term 'gay'. I could enter into a rather long and inconclusive soliloquy about the happiness of the modern homosexual man, but there ain't enough advertising dollars to fund it. I'm not sure about you, but I just love the fact we're all likened to characters out of an Enid Blyton novel who spend all day tripping around a maypole bedecked in pastel ribbons. Next time someone asks me if I'm gay, I think I'll reply with 'no, but I'm a surly birch who's into cock'.

Which of course leads me to coming out. Not a process to be trivialised and one that seems universally thrust upon those of us who deviate from the perceived sexual norm. Never an easy task, it'd be nice if it were no task at all, or at least one that was spread evenly across the populace, like school formals or getting your wisdom teeth removed. So for all you people out there who have no trouble in living up to your parents' expectations, there's a list of sub-sexualities below that you can use to describe your own animalistic urges. I think it's high time we realised that we each of us have many wants, needs and desires and are therefore likely to be tri-, quad- or even dodecosexual.

Now the mechanism for letting those nearest and dearest to you know that you may favour a certain type over another can range from accidental (forgetting to clear the history cache on your web browser or humming ABBA tunes when you thought you were the only one home) to rather blatant (skywriting is a classy, if pricey, favourite of mine). Living in the now, I think we

should all embrace what the technology gods at Nokia have done for us and lean towards the SMS model of information sharing. It's personal (unless using the Send To Many option, a sometimes appealing, if risky, choice), cheap (25c or less), and to the point (there's only so much waffling to be done with 160 characters). For example:

Hi um just
2 let u no
im not seri8
ru ok w that?

Simple, to the point and virtually devoid of any punctuation. What more could you want? Let's just hope she doesn't reply, because who really wants to know what your parent(s) get up to between the sheets?

Anyway, best of luck you unanimously hot pieces of tattle. Take a look at the list of activities below for a few suggestions for those quiet nights in or raucous ones out, or if you feel the need to define your desires. Either way, here's hoping they are sated safely in the near future.

With lust,

t. Riddy

Fuegosexual – For those who like a good hosing down with a fire fighter. Also, there's the **ambosexual** for games of doctors and nurses (or doctors or nurses) or the **cop-a-sexual** who gets off on handcuffs, sirens and getting nicked. If you're not too fussy between these three, I'd suggest the use of the term **emergosexual**, and just dial 000 for a good time.

Footysexual – Getting moist for Stewy Dew's thighs? Wish you had a chance with Nathan Buckley? Or if you just can't watch enough chaste man-on-man butt tapping.

Teasosexual – For those who give all the right signals then never return your calls. You know who you are.

Riddysexual – A personal favourite, I'm a card-carrying member (no pun intended). If you've got a thing for dodgy rap guys that keep blaming their lack of popularity on the difficulty of pronunciation of their name.

Pornosexual – For the voyeurs out there.

Barosexual – I think we've all been in the situation where we've gone back to a pub/club/bar far more frequently than usual just to see if we might be served by someone in particular, no? Unfortunately, extreme barosexuality can lead to an ever-diminishing list of potential watering holes if things don't work out. No one likes to be thought of as a stalker.

Emosexual – When it just has to be fucking deep, man.

Aerosexual – The fox in 15D caught your eye? The sight of cabin crew arming the doors and cross checking get you every time? Maybe it's time for a tryst in the rear bathroom. (OK, now if anyone's actually managed to shag in an aircraft toilet, I want to hear about it. Send a letter to *On Dit* – those things are so small I have to sit down to pee!)

Floggersexual – One who prefers to go solo.

Negro/Anglo/Gringosexual – Commonly referred to as the **dermisexualities**, these classifications are for those with a penchant for pigmentation.

Bogosexual – For anyone that looks at the Clipsal 500 with mardi gras-like fervour. And anyway, let's face it, who doesn't like a bit of rough now and then?

Godosexual (a.k.a **Jesosexual** or **Christosexual**) – When you're saving yourself for the big man upstairs. Or his son. Either way, I'm sure when it happens the Earth will move.

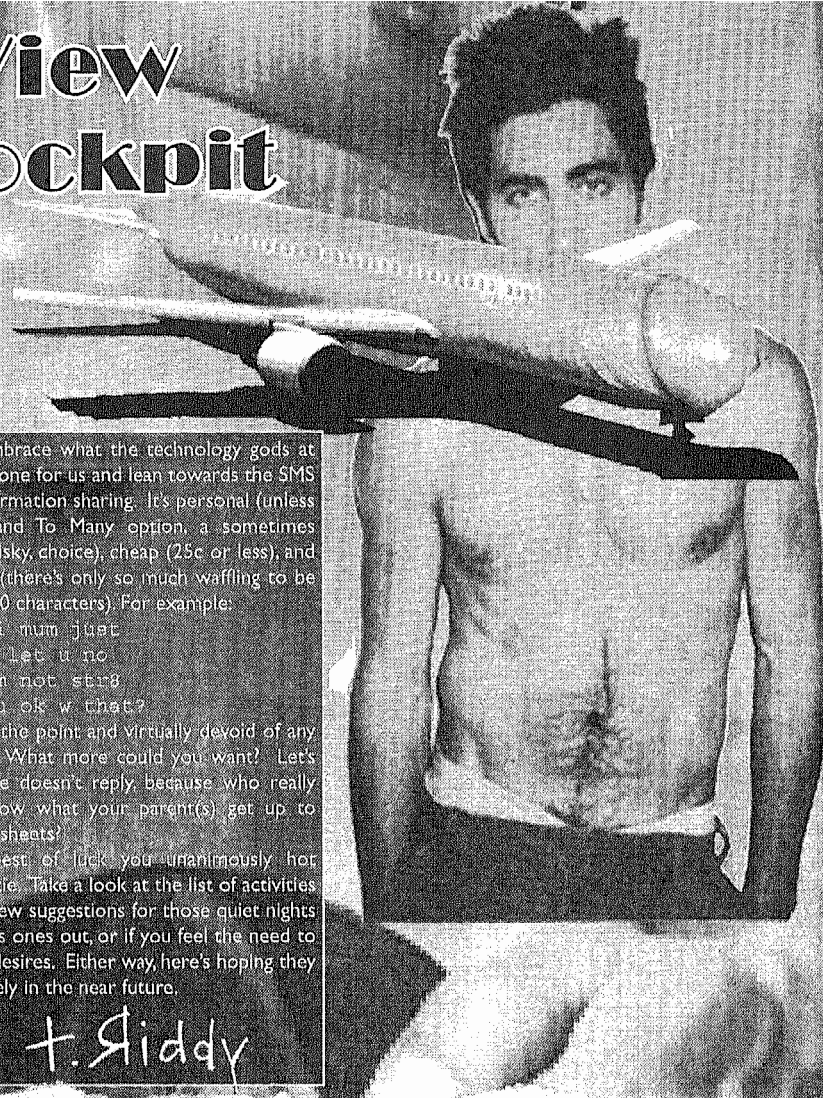
Darkosexual – When the light has to be off.

Aspirosexual – For those who aspire to marry up in the world. If you've ever masturbated to a picture of Princess Mary or Prince William, this one may be for you.

Canukosexual – When only a Canadian will do, ey?

Damosexual – Named after Damo from Home and Away, it's for anyone that gets all het up about Bruce Samazan, Kate Ritchie or any of their alumni.

Grossosexual – All parents and people over 50.



The A to Z of Things to Try at Home

Arsometry – Riding the chocolate highway. Going to Browntown. Doing the chocky-cha-cha (sounds so much fancier than anal, no?).

Bagpiping – Allegedly about as heavy as those sworn to chastity can go without being banished from the kingdom of everlasting life. Involves a boy having his way with another's armpit.

Chrysophilla – When gold shiny things are enough to get someone horny. Just ask Becky, after all, she *does* look like one of those rap guys' girlfriends.

Docking – Victor Charlie Charlie to Mike Sierra Foxtrot, do you receive me... When two boys decide to couple face to face, that is put one's willy inside the other's foreskin. For cocktail frankfurters with their wrappers intact only. Enhanced by referring to one party as 'Houston' and the other as 'Weiner XI', and making 'tschhhht' noises after you've finished each sentence.

Eating out at the Y – Doing a lady friend a favour by going lip-to-lip, downstairs.

Frottage – Fancy pants name for a good ol' dry root. Weren't they the days?

Gynotikolobomassophilla – It's about getting wet over a woman's earlobes. I kid you not.

Hummer – Going down on a bloke while you serenade him. Sonic satisfaction, if you will.

Incest – As Nancy Reagan, mother of the USA reminds us, just say no.

Joy Riding – Taking someone who doesn't belong to you for a quick spin round the block.

Klingon Grip – The chosen seduction method of the Trekkle.

Lube – Believe me when I tell you it really can be man or woman's best friend. Just remember, more is more.

Midnight Cowboy – For those who like their steeds battery powered. Vibrators shouldn't be considered as for the lonely woman only; having a cowboy in the bed at any time can be a wild ride.

Nooner – Getting a little lunchtime nookie. Not to be confused with cutting someone's lunch.

Omni-sexual – Someone who's not really all that fussy about the doodle / fanny status of their conquest.

Pearl Necklace – For a guy to give his partner the sort of jewellery you'll be wanting to wash off before it dries.

Quickle – Nothing like a powerfuck in the couple of minutes you've got before your mum and dad pop over for the Sunday roast.

Rimming – Technically known as anilingus, it truly is about kissing arse, French style.

Safe word – For those situations where you don't want to mean 'no' when you say it, for example, if you're being whipped like a tub of Dairy Yaks. Alpaca, tree and pineapple are all popular substitutions for 'um, excuse me, but can you get the fuck off?' Remember, unless you've both agreed to it, 'no' pretty much does mean it's no-go.

Tea-bagging – Where one person considers the other's balls as a pathway to a tasty English breakfast. Everybody's jiggling!

Up the duff – Where you can end up if you don't play it safe.

Vanilla – Sex akin to coming home and slipping into your trackles. Straight up and your own special version of conventional.

Western Grip – One for the gents. To whack off with your thumb pointing up, not around. Like your about to lasso something. Giddy up!

Xylophile – Someone who really just can't get enough wood.

Yee-haw – Riding bareback. Not recommended on a first date, kids.

Zooerasty – Getting down and dirty with an animal that lacks the capacity of speech. Even when they're sober. Think the cover of the NOFX album *Heavy Petting Zoo*. I guess this is for when role-play just isn't enough.

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Porn Makes Society Safer... and Fun

There was another article I had written that I was going to submit. A lovely piece about the similarities between Skeletor and Mischa Barton... their bony structure, their inherent evilness etc. But then I had a night. And not just any night... a **SATURDAY NIGHT**. And for the first time ever, I went to a strip joint.

The evening started out innocently enough. I went around to a friend's house to watch *Rent* and have a couple quiet drinks. A few drinks turned into an impromptu game of poker when the whiskey was cracked open. Having developed a taste for gambling, we headed off to the casino where in a debauched half hour, one of my friends lost two hundred dollars. To ease his wounds and having already sullied ourselves with drinking and gambling we decided to complete the trifecta (drinking, gambling and women) and head down to the Crazy Horse.

Greeted by legs, tits and asses we settled down to a few hours of gawping and drooling. The ladies there were stunning, and always smiling. Perhaps some of you feel a little shocked at the fact that I'm writing about strippers, boobs and the appreciation of female flesh so brazenly. Surely by supporting a den of sin like a strip club I am re-enforcing negative masculine hegemony, subjugating women and stereotyping them as sex objects. Any idiot can learn this statement by rote and whip it out whenever they need show their sensitivity and support for equal rights. This doesn't necessarily make it true.

Equal Rights doesn't just encompass education, wages and voting. It includes sex as well. Denying a woman her right to express her sexuality simply isn't fair. Women have as much right to sex as men. The sexual revolution was all about freeing the sexuality of women and letting women know that sex can be enjoyable and fun rather than simply a method of reproduction, that being sexy can be liberating. Denying women their sexuality would be a great big step back for Equal Rights.

You might say that this coming from the pen of a man is hypocritical. You might say I'm taking advantage of the sexual revolution to look at boobs and objectify women, essentially supporting a 'raunch culture'. And to a certain extent you'd be right. I do like seeing boobs. But let's take a closer look at who is taking advantage of whom here. To put this in perspective you first have to ask yourself what is the most important commodity in our society? Money wins hands down... not boobs. Let's say I pay a woman \$20 for a lap dance that will last about 10 minutes. That woman has the potential to earn \$120 (plus tips) in just that hour alone. Let's say she works 40 hours a week (strip joints are open during the week as well) she could earn \$4800 in one week. Is it a fair trade... boobs and booty for money? I think so, we both get something we want and nobody gets hurt. More importantly strippers and porn stars generally seem to enjoy their work and have a high level of job satisfaction. How many of us can say the same thing?

There are worse jobs than being a stripper... you could be an office worker, or an accountant. Why do you think so many suits go to strip joints? To live out fantasies... to see something better and

more interesting than their work cubicle. In many respects I think this is an important aspect of strip joints and pornography. It provides an outlet for men (and women) who are feeling horny or sexually frustrated. Rather than forcing themselves on an innocent passer-by, people can go strip joints or watch porn to get their daily dose of flesh. If anything pornography makes society safer, it doesn't destroy its morals.

One another about porn: its good is for spicing up the old sex life. If things are feeling a bit stagnant hire a dirty movie or go to strip club. See how worked up it gets your partner (male or female... the ladies love strippers as well), then take 'em home and bang their brains out. Trust me, you'll love it.

Andrew Love

Five Statements That Make Andrew Love's Article A Load Of Old Boots

"What a woman was criticised for doing yesterday, she is ridiculed for not doing today."

— Edith Wharton, 1915

"There is a widespread assumption that simply because my generation of women has the good fortune to live in a world touched by the feminist movement, that means everything we do is magically imbued with its agenda. It doesn't work that way. "Raunchy" and "liberated" are not synonyms. It is worth asking ourselves if this bawdy world of boobs and gams we have resurrected reflects how far we've come, or how far we have left to go."

— Ariel Levy, Female Chauvinist Pigs

Reading Andrew Love's contradictory and frankly pathetic defence of 'raunch culture' is kind of like trying to interpret modern phone text language — you know it exists, but by gum if there's hide nor hair of sense to be found in it.

Before you write me off as being nothing more than a 'sensitive woman' and a 'bloody feminist', it's wise to remember that Love's article often deigns to speak for women and therefore the opinion of one such woman should count.

1. "To ease his wounds and having already sullied ourselves with drinking and gambling, we decided to complete the trifecta (drinking, gambling and women)."

As Love later claims so valiantly to be defending the rights of women to explore and control their own sexuality, it seems rather chauvinistic to give rise to such obvious connotations of IMMORALITY by lumping women into a trifecta of blatantly irreligious activities such as Drinking and Gambling. Why, it almost seems as if Love is suggesting the snake may just have had a point way back when in the Garden of Eden when woman condemned us all to the curse of Original Sin. Bad woman!

2. "The ladies there were stunning, and always smiling...Strippers and porn stars generally seem to enjoy their work and have a high level of job satisfaction."

Firstly, one might do well to remember that Love claims to have only visited a strip 'joint' once at this point. Even given the vast amounts of porn he undoubtedly watches, any eejit will say that one of the first things Humanity teaches is that an argument must have a solid background. As Love can clearly not have covered the requisite research quotients to render the first half of his subject group admissible, it must be deemed bollocks. Secondly, I've watched a bit of porn in my time and I can safely say that any woman who 'seems' to 'enjoy' being pummelled by an aggressive reproductive organ before having wads of semen spurted onto her face (as is the style of today) should in fact be acting in true movies, not blue movies. Thirdly, I spent the majority of my university life working in hospitality. Despite often feeling like I'd been flung to the outermost rings of Hell, I upheld my contractual obligations to smile for the punters. Technically I might have appeared to be enjoying my job, but the reality was that I would rather have sometimes administered painful wallops to those whom I was servicing... So I'm just saying you might want to consider this the next time you pay \$20 for a lapdance.

3. "The sexual revolution was all about freeing the sexuality of women and letting women know that sex can be enjoyable and fun rather than simply a method of reproduction, that being sexy can be liberating."

Actually, the sexual revolution was all about letting PEOPLE know that sex wasn't a taboo activity; that it wasn't amoral or dirty and was in fact a beautiful thing that could be shared between two or more consenting adults without the interference of the church or government. Nowhere was it specified that this movement was about enabling women to not feel guilty about taking their clothes off and dancing for groups of men. It's humorous that Love equates the idea 'being sexy can be liberating' with 'previously uptight women can overcome their seemingly frigid nature by exposing themselves to a roomful of "gawping and drooling" men' — but it's simply poor scholarship to support this argument with a wilful misrepresentation of history.

4. "Any idiot can learn this statement by rote and whip it out whenever they need [to] show their sensitivity and support for equal rights."

Love, Love, Love — if you're going to bang on about your god given right to pay for Boobvision then you really must learn how to adequately construct a defence against counter arguments. Simply slotting in a reference to Ariel Levy's brilliant tome about 'raunch culture' (Female Chauvinist Pigs) isn't enough to ward off the naysayers. Because I can tear this statement up right now like cheap 80s prom night decorative crepe paper. To begin with, you assume that ANYONE who purports to believe that the porn industry is "reinforcing negative masculine hegemony" is lying through their teeth in order to gain kudos for being sensitive. This not only suggests that all men (because it makes logical sense that it would be men that needed to show their support for equal rights, as they are the ones who are presumably at ease to do so) secretly want to pay to watch women with whom they have no connection take their clothes off, but it also infers that the women to whom they are 'lying' to are only interested in a man in so far as he can deny an interest in porn. This directly contradicts your later assertion that "denying women their sexuality would be a great step back for Equal Rights". It's just inconsistent Love, which an argument ought not to be if it can possibly help it.

5. "Rather than forcing themselves on an innocent passer-by, people can go to strip joints or watch porn to get their daily dose of flesh. If anything pornography makes society safer, it doesn't destroy its morals."

Ludicrous speed.....GO! Love, the final part of your article is so staggeringly, monumentally wack that I actually am having trouble figuring out if you're serious or not. You're not, right? This whole thing's been a joke? Because it would take a certain kind of jamhead to suggest that rape occurs because horny accountants have crap jobs. Are you honestly suggesting that one out of three women wouldn't get sexually assaulted in their lifetime if there was a 24 hour strip channel on free-to-air? Besides, loads of pros get killed or raped because their attackers assume they're 'asking for it' or 'deserve it'. How does it make society safer to establish systems whereby women feel less sexual



... & NOR SHALT THOU STARE JUSTFULLY AT THE LIPS OF MEXICAN EXCHANGE STUDENTS WHILE THEY ARE TALKING.



While thy Boyfriend is Interstate THOU SHALT NOT GOVE' T'Y TEAM-MATE'S BOOTY.

Illustrations by Robin Tallow-Lord

simply because they don't equate their worth with their ability to give a lapdance to a stranger?

How, Mr. Love, would you feel if it was your sister or partner going out every night to perform such a job because they couldn't find anything else? How would you feel if the most valuable thing you had to offer the world came not out of your identity or your mind but your ability to become the distant and unspeaking fantasy of a thousand salivating punters? If people assumed that you had no intelligence because of your profession? Or if your ability to establish relationships was severely hindered because men like to watch women strip in public but they don't like to date them and they certainly don't like to introduce them to their parents? Can you still honestly tell me that the sex industry doesn't place a large majority of the women who work in it at a disadvantage to the (large majority of) men who consume it?

The sex industry is kind of like Joan Rivers. It's old, deformed and apparently immortal. They say the first three things that get established in any new town are the church, the corner store and the whorehouse. So okay. But let's call a spade a spade here. Admit you like porn because there's something erotic about paying for exactly what you want and not having to give anything back except cold, hard cash. Don't insult the women who provide this service to you by claiming to wave the banner of equality to the beat of her immaculately choreographed dance. Because that really is cheaper and nastier than a 'two bit whore'.

Clementine Ford



BLOCK'S CHINESE NATION

I want to propose a different way of thinking (morally) about businesses. Many claim that business activity is independent of moral judgement. Think AWB, think that's the way business is done in Persia! I reject this. Businesses are not exempt from moral judgement. This is based on a dubious link between mental states and functionalism, but hey, a link, is a link, is a link.

Assume that your mind just is your brain (what philosophers call materialism/physicalism). Here your conscious self is just parcels of information being transmitted between neurons along axons and dendrites. Neurons are cells that process information and pass it on. The function of neurons, and their connections through dendrites and axons form the basis of mental life.

Suppose that somebody had produced a copy of a human body and displayed it at the museum. This functions in exactly the same way that natural bodies do. You go along to see this and see a human like body identical in many ways to your own. But internally the body is quite different. The neurons connected to the sensory organs are connected to a bank of lights inside the hollow head of the machine. The motor-output neurons (the ones that tell the body to move etc.) are connected to a series of buttons inside the head. In that head live tiny creatures with a simple task: to press a button whenever a specific light is activated. Suppose that creature G0 has to press button G whenever the green light is activated. For every possible sensory input, be it visual, audio, touch etc., a small creature waits by a button to press it. In this way the body functions just as our own body functions. Mental states have been reduced to non-mental physical processes.

Now suppose that we convince the Chinese Government that it would enhance their international influence if we could recreate the human mind for an hour. We provide every human in China with a specially designed two-way radio that connects them to other people and to the artificial body in the museum. Over China we place an extremely large (and I mean large, possibly as big as China itself) display screen with the lights connected to the input neurons from the body. Each citizen has to press a button whenever a specific light is activated. So some person in Beijing has the sole task of hitting the G button on his radio when the green light goes on. Do we consider China to be conscious: to have a mind? It seems to have mental states that have been reduced to non-mental physical processes.

This is a thought experiment derived by Ned Block to attack, 'embarrass' in his words, the functionalist, who thinks that the mental just is the functioning of a physical system¹. Without going into too much depth I think this experiment does no such thing. The functionalist (and I'm not one) should be happy to accept that China does have a mental state under this description. Of course for the replica to operate as an adult person we would need the population of the world five times over to replicate the number of neurons in our heads. But we might get the mental states of a small child if we used all the humans on the planet.

The reason I have gone through this is to help crystallize a claim that we should raise against libertarian philosophers, such as Milton Friedman, who argue that corporations, whilst treated as persons, are merely fictional persons. As fictional persons they should not be held morally responsible for their actions. People are moral, and so are morally responsible for their actions. Corporations and businesses only exist to make money. That is their sole purpose in life. As such business managers should only make decisions pertinent to increasing the profit of their business. If they donate to charity they are in effect taxing their workers, and taxing the share-holders etc. If businesses do not seek the best possible return for their share-holder's investment, they are failing in their main duty. Any attempt to make businesses socially responsible would reduce the investors return etc, and this should not be allowed.

If Block's Chinese Nation suggests that a nation could be conscious because of the combined decision making of its citizens, we need not buy into this libertarian argument. A business involves decision-making individuals at all levels. From the cleaner who decides to clean the male toilets first to the chief executive who decides the corporate structure to be adopted. Throughout the business, decisions are made. Is this really significantly different to the reaction to inputs and the production of outputs by the citizens of China? I'm not convinced that it is.

If so then the claim that businesses are fictional persons and not subject to moral judgements gets thrown out the window. It follows that as full blown persons, businesses do have social responsibilities, and the corporate executives are acting in the best interests of the corporation when they make socially responsible decisions, the way that human persons donate to charity for the good of all. The corporation recognises that there are other persons in need of help.

There are roughly 30 billion neurons in the brain, and only a limited number of employees in any corporation. This means that corporations probably have the intelligence of a mosquito and should be treated as such; they have to be protected from themselves, which entails regulation. Swatting them would be cruel and we would wipe out a small function of society. If there were no mosquitoes, birds, moths etc., we would have to find alternative sources of food. If there were no corporations, there'd be nowhere to stick corporate executives (except jail of course).

But if we consider corporations to be persons then we have to accord them all the rights of a person. They could vote; we would have moral obligations toward them; we should allow them to marry (as long as they're heterosexual of course, No Gay Corporation Marriage in Australia, not in Howard's Australia; perhaps we can start up a NGCM campaign!). This would involve very little change; corporations already have significant power; so giving them the vote would only formalise this. We are obliged not to harm them, you know, by demanding decent pay-rises; we can't invade them and take their property. We shouldn't lie to

them (though white lies are required). They can, and do, form alliances, merge, or split up (divorce).

If corporations are persons would someone who caused a stockmarket crash and thus 'killed' the corporation be guilty of murder or at least manslaughter?² To be consistent I should say yes and this seems counterintuitive. This seems to count as a reduction of my argument (reduces it to absurdity and suggests that it's false). But why should we think this so strange? The villain has caused pain to the corporation (and the people in it). What about a corporation that causes the death of another individual (corporations included) in a state with capital punishment? Do we sentence that corporation to death?³ But if the corporation intentionally killed the victim then why not, it's caused the death of an individual and deserves punishment, or should be punished to warn other corporations. What happens when a corporation dies?⁴ When we die the brain disintegrates. Take the case where a corporation is sentenced to death, do we take the individual people out and kill them?⁵ Is this really what happens when we die? Remember we're talking about the functional view of the brain. When we die, the brain stops functioning and deteriorates over time. Remove all the people from a corporation, then the corporation stops functioning. This seems fairly similar to normal death. Suppose the corporation is found guilty where there is no capital punishment. Do we lock it up? Do we have a prison big enough to lock up one?⁶ These concerns show that the argument here is quite loose and needs work.

Even with these concerns I think the analogy has legs, since we talk about corporations fulfilling functions in society, and Block's thought experiment was designed to show the faulty reasoning here. The trouble is, of course, that we can outsmart Block by accepting the consequence of the theory. To 'outsmart' is a term philosophers use (in Australia especially) to refer to the acceptance of intuitively unattractive consequences of one's pet theory. Named after J. J. C. Smart who accepted that an innocent person should be framed and executed if it produced the greatest good of the greatest number; if this conclusion followed from his pet ethical theory, utilitarianism⁷. If corporations provide a function in society then corporations should be considered to be persons and social responsibilities follow from this. To avoid this we could deny that corporations fulfil functions in society. If so, then why have the bastards in the first place?

Just a thought.

Andrew J Turner Pty. Inc. Ltd.

¹ Block, N., 1978, *Troubles with Functionalism*, *Minnesota Studies in the Philosophy of Science* 9, reprinted in *Philosophy of Mind: Contemporary Readings*, edited by T O'Connor, D. Robb, 2003, Routledge, London

² Thanks to Tom Buttery for bringing this problem to my attention.

³ Tom again!

⁴ Yes, Tom again! He's a productive person you know!

⁵ You guessed it. Thanks Tom!

⁶ Ha, not Tom this time!

⁷ Note that I tried to outsmart most of Tom's objections above. I guess I'm not Smart!

The A-Z of Anarchism

...compiled by the Adelaide University Autonomy Union

H is for Haymarket Massacre

The Haymarket Massacre in Chicago 1886 has its roots in trade union agitation for simple reforms such as the eight-hour day. The nationwide movement gained significant support and momentum. As the general discontent and demonstrations began to frustrate police and capitalists, the state took a hard line against the movement. In an earlier demonstration, police had fired on and killed several workers who had earlier been locked out of their workplace. The Haymarket rally—organised by a small group of anarchists—was in part a protest against the killings. Many other protests were held in other locations for the same reason. The police arrived *en masse* at Haymarket Square and, although the demonstration was peaceful, they ordered it to disperse. A bomb was thrown at police, which killed several officers. The police then opened up with wild gunfire, killing many, including fellow officers.

The incident was followed by what was largely considered to be a witch-hunt. Eight anarchists were arrested, even though no evidence linked them to the bombing. Of the eight, seven were sentenced to death. Later, two of the condemned had their sentences commuted to life in prison. Ultimately, four were hanged and one committed suicide before he could be executed. In 1893, the then Illinois Governor pardoned all the accused, declaring them innocent of the charges. Some speculation existed suggesting the bombthrower was in the employ of the steel magnates, paid to undermine the labour movement.

The violent reaction and the general hostility to any reforms to US capitalism by the state acted as a catalyst for many who would become prominent anarchist thinkers who, before then, were on the political periphery. The incident, and the reactionary backlash from the government, spelled the end of the eight-hour movement.

I is for Individualist Anarchists

Anarchism is a broad tradition. While all anarchists share a commitment to maximising individual autonomy, their normative prescriptions differ markedly. This difference, although one of degree, is most evident in the intellectual gulf separating 'individualist' anarchists, such as Max Stirner and Josiah Warren, from their communitarian counterparts. The question, therefore, is whether individualist anarchism,

although it addresses traditional anarchist concerns, forms a recognisable part of the anarchist tradition. If it does not — if it is little more than a species of extreme libertarianism — should we condemn individualist anarchists as the intellectual precursors of neo-liberalism? In short, does the spectre of Margaret Thatcher haunt individualist anarchism, making it little more than a species of morally bankrupt libertarianism?

Few anarchist thinkers exemplify individualist anarchism like Max Stirner. His thought, an uneasy mixture of individualism and Hegelianism, represents the high point of the individualist tradition. An examination of his place within the anarchist tradition, therefore, will help clarify the true nature of individualist anarchism.

Born in 1806, Max Stirner, whose real name was Johann Kaspar Schmidt, joined the 'Left Hegelian' movement while at university, where he became an intellectual contemporary of Karl Marx. In his major work, *The Ego and His Own*, Stirner argues that the individual ego represents 'true' reality. Everything that we value in life, from abstract ideas to concrete human relationships, is only valuable as a contribution to the ego. Consequently, true autonomy is only attainable if individuals take control over their ideas. For Stirner, this is the only way to prevent ideas turning into empty 'ideals', such as the Church and State. Without this positive control, the complete domination of the ego is inevitable.

The Stirnerite brand of anarchism is highly individualistic; the emphasis is entirely on the individual subject. As a result, the community becomes a contingent and unwarranted imposition on the ego. Individuals are seen as entirely self-sufficient atoms. Communal attachments, if they are acknowledged at all, become obstacles to the free development of the individual ego. The possibility of meaningful autonomy-in-community, therefore, is foreclosed. This vision of society, where hell is equated with other people, is anathema to genuine anarchist aspirations. The anarchist project, by contrast, is about the creation of communities based on equality and liberty. Both of these ideals are incoherent without a defining community.

While individualist anarchism is rightly identified as proto-anarchist, its one-sided obsession with the removal of authority, as well as its complete lack of communitarian sympathies, marks it as a shadowy — and possibly incoherent — position somewhere between anarchism and libertarianism.

J is for Justice

So, we heard the call: if anarchists abhor all authority, and demand equality and liberty of the highest order, how is it that recalcitrants (or, to put it in modern language, 'criminals' or 'threats to civil society') in an anarchist society are to be 'reformed' or 'punished' for the 'wrongs' they have undertaken?

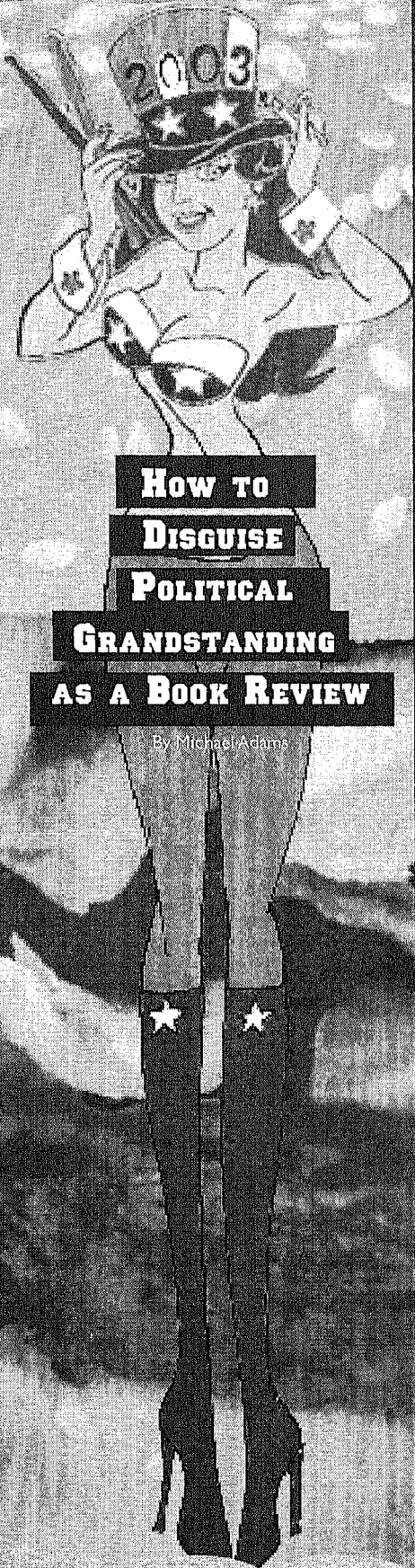
First of all, it must be said that anarchists have no inclination to uphold the repressive prison system that sustains modern liberal-democracy. Prisons are utilized to make certain that those who exhibit any form of independence, and thus are a threat to the State, are brought to order — that is, made compliant, and scare them to tow the line of liberal democracy. Most anarchists have empirical knowledge of the reactionary and counter-productive nature of jails; hence, they desire nothing less than their absolute abolition.

Just like many modern commentators, anarchists see individuals as products of their environment; therefore, to a certain extent, the recalcitrant is not wholly responsible for the 'wrongs' they have committed. Circumstance had left them with no other option. Additionally, because private property is the source of the majority of 'crimes', and since private property in an anarchist society would be an anachronism of the derelict past, such 'crimes' would no longer be committed. An anarchist society, therefore, would not have that which greedy *bourgeois* society label as crimes.

However, for those 'crimes' that are still committed — like crimes of passion — anarchists see the rôle of community to be paramount. It is not by punishment that anarchists see recalcitrants realizing their wrongs, but by communal compassion. It is up to the individual to realize that their actions were incorrect. For the more serious cases, there is, as a form of last resort, censure by the community.

It is extremely difficult to affect the incorrectness of an action to a person without accentuating some form of authority over them. However, by using more specific means to convey the message, and stressing the importance of the wrong-doer realizing the mistake, anarchists have come up with a concept which is much more humane. On the other hand, many anarchists have seen that communal censure could have its uglier side — in effect, becoming a form of base authoritarianism; nonetheless, the anarchist conception of justice does have its merits and advantages over the current fiendish and draconian system.

continued page 19...



**How to
Disguise
Political
Grandstanding
As a Book Review**

By Michael Adams

I recently had two new books delivered to my dark corner by our able literature section. They didn't ask me to review them, in fact they laughed for five straight minutes when I told them I was going to try but you know, I understand how the system works and it's no more free books for Milkey unless I cough up the goods, word-count wise. Being an attention-seeker, I couldn't resist questioning the authors of these books, since obviously I know better than world experts. So forgive me my indulgences in this 'review' but I'd be a coward if I didn't tell you what I really thought. *Freedom Next Time* by John Pilger and *Failed States* by Noam Chomsky are the books in question. Both authors are controversial and notorious for their unwavering criticism of Western hierarchal systems, be they media, governmental or economic. These books are no different, offering dissenting views on 'the man' in quite different ways.

Freedom Next Time's basic premise is as follows. John Pilger (an Australian journalist for those out of the loop) has tracked down various examples of injustice perpetrated by Western governments and put together the stories of how these governments are directly or indirectly responsible for the plights of the various suffering natives. Pilger himself writes that, "This book is about empire, its façades and the enduring struggle of people for their freedom". This is the theme that runs through the book, which Pilger links to retained Western colonial values. Britain and the US are the primary agitators, with Israel and South Africa getting a mention as well. The oppressed groups run a wide gamut from the Palestinians to the Indian underclass and the Afghans.

The stories of the Indian and Chagos Islanders are the ones I found the most interesting, being effectively a case study of the negative effects of unbounded, amoral capitalism and militarism. The Chagos Island story in particular is guaranteed to make even the most 'pragmatic' of you howl in disgust at the racist and hypocritical actions of successive British governments which effectively disowned its own citizens for political kudos from the USA. The unacknowledged struggle for recognition from a people I guarantee hardly anybody has heard of is heart rendering.

Pilger is a left-winger through and through. I don't think he would deny this. He is also concerned with Western imperialism almost exclusively (India is the notable exception). There is no coverage of Baha'i oppression under Iran, or the Sudanese wars of violence and ethnic cleansing, or the alleged human rights violations under Hugo Chavez, Fidel Castro and his contemporaries. This is understandable however; Pilger's political aims are not to point out the failings of the 'other side', but rather open the eyes of his reading audience to our own moral hypocrisy. He also takes pot shots at Western economic systems and 'neoliberalism'; like I said, he's a left-winger with an agenda. But then again, everybody has an agenda. It's called being human. Nonetheless, it irritates me when he praises Chavez as being part of 'a worldwide movement against poverty and war and misinformation'. Does this movement permit human rights abuses? Chavez has been accused by Amnesty International of this very crime. Does this movement include their ally, the Iranian theocratic 'democracy'? Yes, the Iranian Revolution was against US backed autocratic government, but a revolution that ends in autocratic rule is as bad as the original autocratic rule, except people were sacrificed to achieve it. It is reminiscent of someone

attempting to defend the Jacobean Terror after the French Revolution. Does the movement include the Castro dictatorship, the rulers of whom Chavez is closely affiliated to? If anything, Pilger's book teaches us that simply because there is some good intention in governmental action does not mean that said government is morally blameless or unquestionable. This concept should apply to everybody. Some may point to improving living conditions of the poor as a benchmark of effective government, but this isn't the only benchmark of a 'free' society. I guess my point is that there's good and bad in every system, hypocrisy in every system. Anyone who says there isn't is lying. In fact, in reading this book and noticing these subtle 'good and bad' distinctions, I became suspicious of Pilger's motives in writing the book, so it's not really an effective tactic employed by said author to garner sympathy for the real subjects of his book. So when you read this, take heed to the message it spreads, but don't be seduced by the underlying ideological message. If you keep this in mind, and take into account the ideological viewpoint which Pilger represents, then you will get a lot out of this book. His intelligent, compassionate and detailed coverage of these situations will make you angry at the inhuman systems that appear to be perpetuated by governments for political benefit, and the ruthlessness that exists in this world. You will be heartened by the bravery of these people, struggling in a manner that most of us can not imagine.

Noam Chomsky's *Failed States* is typical of the author; immensely detailed, relentless in its assault on hypocritical Western agendas. Unlike Pilger, who is adept in creating emotional pictures of individuals dealing with oppression, Chomsky's strength is in his clinical manner; he writes what he writes because in his view, it is simply the case. Chomsky breaks the endless statistical pummeling of the reader with brief moments of wit and partisan rhetoric, such as "The Cheney-Rumsfeld team of which Bush is the front man has shown repeatedly that it is obsessed with authority and discipline". The way Chomsky writes has a significant effect on the reader, who is stunned by the analysis of his books and doubly taken aback by Chomsky's manner, which can be summed up as 'oh, didn't you know? It's a matter of fact, and it's these guys' fault'. Reeling off accusation after accusation, statistic after statistic, source after source, it is difficult to maintain a sense of detachment and objectivity as you read Chomsky's work, because basically the guy sets out to prove that everything you have been taught about Western values are lies, or simply empty rhetoric.

This book is about many things, including the supposed failure of the American invasion of Iraq in achieving any of its stated objectives. He questions the veracity of the Afghanistan and Iraq invasion, the US's constant failures in 'exporting democracy' and even the extent to which it has hindered democracy internationally, intentionally or otherwise. As he does this, Chomsky gives the lie to the moral superiority that many politicians assume when explaining the motives of their international actions. Basically, Chomsky is attempting to create a link between the concept of a 'Failed State' and America's current domestic and foreign policy. Chomsky himself defines a 'Failed State' in the book as "not protect(ing) their citizens from violence...or that decision makers regard such concerns as lower in priority than the short-term power and wealth of the state's

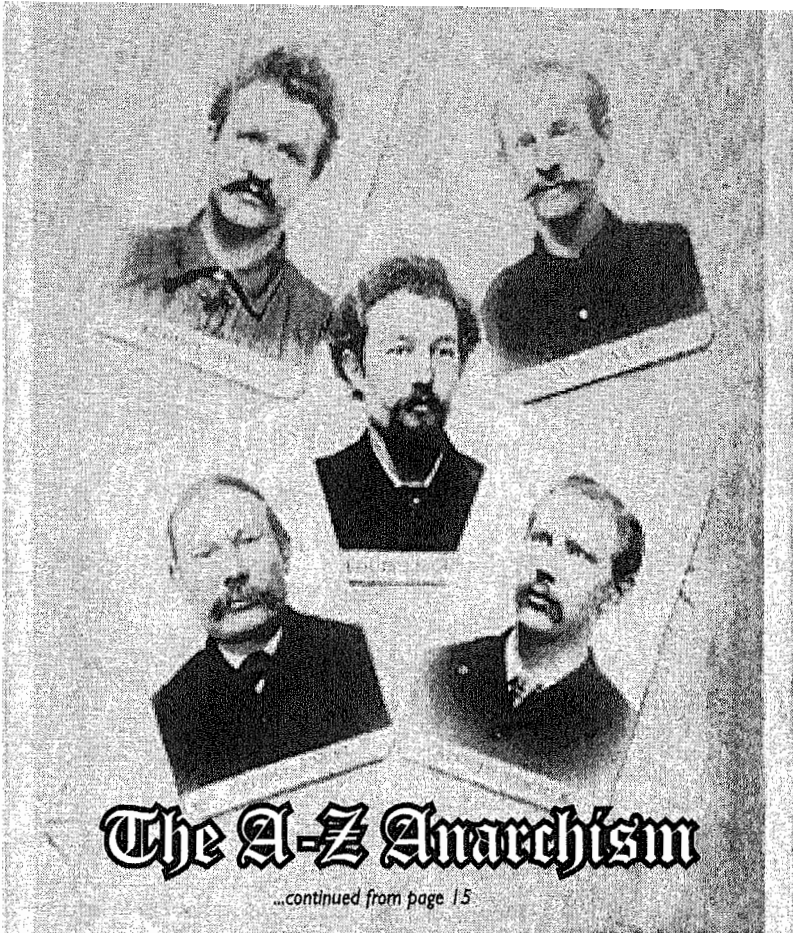
dominant sectors". Chomsky claims "leaderships (of failed states) dismiss international law and treaties with contempt. Such instruments may be binding on others but not on an outlaw state."

Chomsky brings up instances of flagrant contraventions and abuse of the Geneva Convention, state sponsored terrorism, and other such topics. Chomsky also discusses the propensity of modern electoral systems to funnel political alternatives out of the voting system and offer the public a limited number of different platforms; these limited alternatives often receive much more coverage and are treated much more seriously than more severe electoral platforms. This is one of Chomsky's major arguments that he has pursued throughout the course of his intellectual career; he is, after all, guided by anarchist principles. Another interesting analysis Chomsky makes is of the US's ineffective methods of dealing with terrorism, both potential and current. Personally, I found his take on the international ramifications of US policy more readable than the domestic analysis, as the international arena is more relevant to my interests. There is a plethora of analysis here for somebody who is interested in a critical approach to any of the US's policy.

Chomsky's strength in all of his works is the sheer amount of research and documentation that he uses, which, combined with the explosive content of his work serves to forcefully rip away illusions that the naïve reader may hold. This is not to say that Chomsky does not exaggerate his results, or select his facts to suit his argument, or employ rhetorical devices; he most assuredly does. Like Pilger, Chomsky has an agenda which he is trying to sell to the public, and like Pilger, Chomsky appears to implicitly ascribe noble motives to those governments that are opposed to the US, like Cuba, Iran and Venezuela, so apparently they themselves haven't learnt the lessons they're attempting to teach us, that power is corrupting by the nature of its possession. Chomsky's book is an interesting and valuable read because it teaches that the 'good guys' aren't that great after all. His book is weakened, however, in attempting to teach that the 'bad guys' are in fact not so bad, or even a 'lesser evil'; in my opinion, the moral standards held by Chomsky should be held stringently up against all governments everywhere, to make his argument more consistent.

Personally, I really enjoyed these books. Then again, I love anything that casts doubt on what various elites, be they political, religious or educational, want other people to think. Regardless of your ideological convictions, I strongly recommend reading these two books. Look at it this way. If you're a right-winger, and you read these books, and can still justify to yourself truly and honestly that your beliefs are still morally legitimate then what have you lost? You've strengthened your convictions. If you are a left winger, then you won't have any problems with anything in these books; you've probably read them already. If you're apolitical, then reading these books will give you an idea of what goes on behind shiny democratic façades and might make you raise your eyebrows the next time a politician brings up 'Western values' to supplement his or her argument.

Oh yes, this is a book review, isn't it. I give these books a '5'. Read them yourself and decide what total that's out of. Now Karlie and Sunshine, send me some more books. Pretty please?



K is for Peter Kropotkin (1842-1921)

Kropotkin, like many Russian anarchists, was originally born into an aristocratic family. As a young man, he was an attendant to the court of Alexander II. However, the Tzar's vicious repression of the Polish Rebellion of 1863 turned the young man against court politics and governments in general. Having been transferred to a Cossack regiment in Siberia, Kropotkin had ample opportunity to study the workings of nature and to pursue his passion of geography. It is in the field of geography that he is best known, with his discoveries in Siberia being his most notable contribution. It is rumoured that he was offered the chair in geography at Cambridge, which he declined for political reasons.

After a short sojourn in Western Europe, where he met fellow anarchist Bakunin, he quickly emerged himself in Russian radical politics. Such activities inevitably lead to his arrest by the repressive and paranoid Tzarist regime. For his efforts Kropotkin did the mandatory tour of duty in the Peter and Paul fortress. Although only incarcerated for three years, Kropotkin, just like Bakunin before him (who spent eight years in the hell hole), managed to catch scurvy. However, Kropotkin kept his teeth.

As one would expect, the Hôtel de Peter and Paul did nothing to amend Kropotkin's view on the nature of government and its fiendish methods of compulsion. Prisons do not reform; they galvanize (especially anarchists!). In exile, Kropotkin was expelled from Switzerland, then heaved into a French prison, before eventually finding his way to the citadel of revolutionary amigos: London. In London, he stayed until the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, whose course he attempted to affect, albeit in vain.

Philosophically, Kropotkin's greatest contribution to anarchist theory was his conception that not everything in this world, including human society, is based upon competition. Darwin's concept of the survival of the fittest did not apply to everything. Co-operation is the quintessence of survival.

If humanity had proceeded up to this point just by competition, there would only eventually be one person standing. However, it can be clearly seen from observations in nature that individual humans, and individual animals, co-operate to achieve collective ends. There is no doubt that competition between species and species, and between species and environment, exists. This is Kropotkin's point. Evolutionary theory does not apply intra-species, but inter-species. Humanity is in perpetual competition with other animals for scarce global resources. (Although, it must be added, this does not necessarily have to be case — but we digress.)

It is the fallacy of greedy capitalists, xenophobic simpletons, imperialistic 'statesmen', etc., that humanity has to compete with itself to survive. It is vested interests of hegemonic elites that propound such views to justify (whether that be in a secular or theological manner) their own raping of society, history, and this precious planet we occupy. Competition demands expansion. There is no need to emphasize some of the main currents of nineteenth and twentieth century history that illustrate this. If the social-Darwinist concept — alone — were eliminated from discourse, and not treated as a tablet handed down from upon high, humanity may actually be able to direct the resources at its disposal in more fruitful directions.

Adelaide Uni Autonomy Union

Elections 2006

Student politician, n:

An individual with severe insecurity problems, seeking to fill the void in their life by engaging in a seemingly fun-tastic popularity contest.

Sadly, the experience will erode any vestiges of self-esteem, nurture psychopathic tendencies and foster paranoia. Most were unpopular in high school and/or lacked parental love.

To these people, student politics becomes an addiction (along with alcoholism) and they lose all perspective of the real world. Those who idealistically venture into it, thinking they can change things, will most likely become jaded cynics who sell out to the highest bidder.

They are megalomaniac narcissists who are not to be trusted.



Josh Rayner

One of student politics' great characters, but only in the way of Dickens' Fagin and Tolkien's Gollum. He is a fine chameleon, from long-haired, pot-smoking indie to fat, Labor Right bigot. In truth his politics are far more Neo-Fascist than any of us suspect, but don't worry, his ambition will always ensure that he will do what he believes will benefit him rather than what he believes is Right. In truth, he has made a reasonable president this year by all accounts, with instances like securing a large UniBooks discount which others scoffed at when he promised it last election, but his malignant power plays and politicking leave a foul taste in the mouths of many around him. The fear of failure may finally drive him to utter madness... what's this I hear about a complaint to the Returning Officer about falsified nomination forms? In Aristotlean tragedy, the hero engages our empathy when he falls from greatness through a fatal flaw, like hubris. Unfortunately for Josh, Aristotle also says that the audience must actually care about the hero when he falls...



Rhianon Newman

Possibly one of the few student politicians with some remnant of enthusiasm for her political beliefs. Although this will be her second election, she has so far avoided the lure of the factions and is one of the few truly independent candidates. Her passion is inspiring but her naïveté is her Achilles' heel. Her bid for SAUA Prez is the only genuine one and while she may be the only person foolish enough to see a future in student activism, perhaps that is the inspiration needed. She's clever enough to have manoeuvred herself into a tidy position so maybe she's not just a giggling alcoholic.



Chin Woon Cheah

While still the underdog for his preferred position of AUU president, Cheah is confident, bordering on arrogant about his position. His background seems to show some promise, with a particular focus on management, accounting and membership drives, all vital to the Union's survival next year. Yet, there is a sense that this is someone quite cheerfully walking blindfolded off a plank...only to realise he cannot swim.

The Teams

Pulse

The artists formerly known as United Students and, before that, Stroke, but in truth known as Student Unity, the juvenile version of the conservative, Catholic Right within the Labor party. Led by the Adelaide University Union President, Josh Rayner, this axis of evil seems to have the numbers on their side as we head toward the polling booth. The individual politics of the babies are as confused as Michael Jackson's skin colour, but the faction stands for HECS, privatisation, the sale of Telstra, Pro Life and anti-queer rights.

Activate

The former power at Adelaide Uni has faded like Britney Spears. Headed by John Pezy, the Students' Association president, this is the 'pragmatic left' on campus. Those who put Pezy in place appreciated his obsequiousness, but failed to see that this might not be a super quality in a leader and recruiter. The ticket smacks of desperation but at least Pezy wants to put up a fight. Activate, a ticket which uses the same name each year for accountability (also for banner-painting reasons... until someone burnt them all) used to be a ticket associated with the latté Labor Left of Adelaide Uni, a ticket of some credibility. It remains to be seen whether that can be revived this year.

H2O

Overseas students constitute a large block vote and after taking the Overseas Students Association Presidency in a grand coup, Chin Woon Cheah is upping the ante. Last year, Rayner herded unsuspecting overseas students into the polling tent with confused expressions but he may have some competition now from this Malaysian juggernaut and his posse of OSA councillors.

Ex Indies

"We're not endorsing anyone. We're just endorsing ourselves," said trust fund baby, Kate Walsh. Now that the purple menace of oxymoronic, factional independents are dead, former headkickers Tara Bates, Kate Walsh and Chris Kelly will bond together to form a mutual admiration ticket. At least one will get elected. They are allegedly independent, but also allegedly having their tickets printed by Unity. Also, why are Kelly and Rayner having late night rendezvous? Is Rayner desperate enough to sell Kelly the position of Vice Prez he has long coveted, in exchange for Board votes?

Save Our Sports (S.O.S.)

It is safe to assume that sole candidate, Matt Taylor, may be acting as a Unity feeder ticket. Rayner helped Sports President, Andreas, get re-elected and Rayner is not a benevolent man. While Taylor may indeed conduct himself on Board with a Sports/Clubs focus, he will almost surely be voting as told by Rayner.

The Way the Cards Will Fall

Ultimately, most positions within the Students' Association are automatically elected because they are uncontested. Only seven people are running for ten positions on council. Most people "in the know" are aware that Rayner has designs on effectively turning the Students' Association and Adelaide University Union into a single gull structure via a referendum in the second week back next year. If this happens, all SAUA positions will become redundant, with the likelihood of a small student representation committee, directly elected by the 18 AUU board directors. It's amusing that everyone is acting as if this has already happened... there's every possibility that the current board or the next one won't put up the referendum, or that the referendum will fail.

It's irrelevant who gets on the Union Activities Committee. UAC is just the playpen for baby student politicians. The UAC Chair will be unable to get them to attend after Orientation, if not before and will just be able to spend their \$30 000 however they want. No one outside student politics gives a damn about National Union of Students delegate positions - it's just so they can go to a piss up at Ballarat before Christmas and meet other social retardards - it's the student politics version of a *Star Wars* convention.

Ultimately, the big battle is over Union President because everyone's realised that's where the power and the money is (did anyone notice the dramatic drop in SAUA candidates when they were no longer paid?). There are currently two big contenders in the race, a Unity candidate and Chin Woon Cheah. Josh's clumsy efforts at threatening and coercion failed to secure him any deals. He played Activate, H2O and Newman off against each other, telling each of them that he was on the verge of dealing with the other. It's now all backfired on him, with the three forming a coalition against him. Despite his mistake, Rayner is still a clever numbers man and in the lead up to the ballot, Unity has greater numbers. Pezy, Newman and Cheah have limited political smarts and it remains to be seen whether they will effectively utilise the power of three separate tickets. The Union positions will be voted on by the 18 Board Directors elected next week, with Rayner already holding a voting as past President and a staff vote still undetermined.

The Unity candidate is yet to be decided, with three gaping mouths waiting to have the regurgitated position fed to them. David Wilkins, the Male Sexuality Officer this year, is one; he's a hard worker with a surprising amount of heart, but he needs to face the fact that Student Unity will never preselect a queer candidate. Alex Barratt, the Pro-Life battery fed hen of the med school, is also chirping, but Rayner knows it will be an uphill battle doing the numbers for her. Rayner is tempted by the glory of a second term... it all hinges on his decision. Ultimately, preselection will be decided by a round table of Josh Rayner and two other Unity hacks... democratic much?

What about *On Dit*?

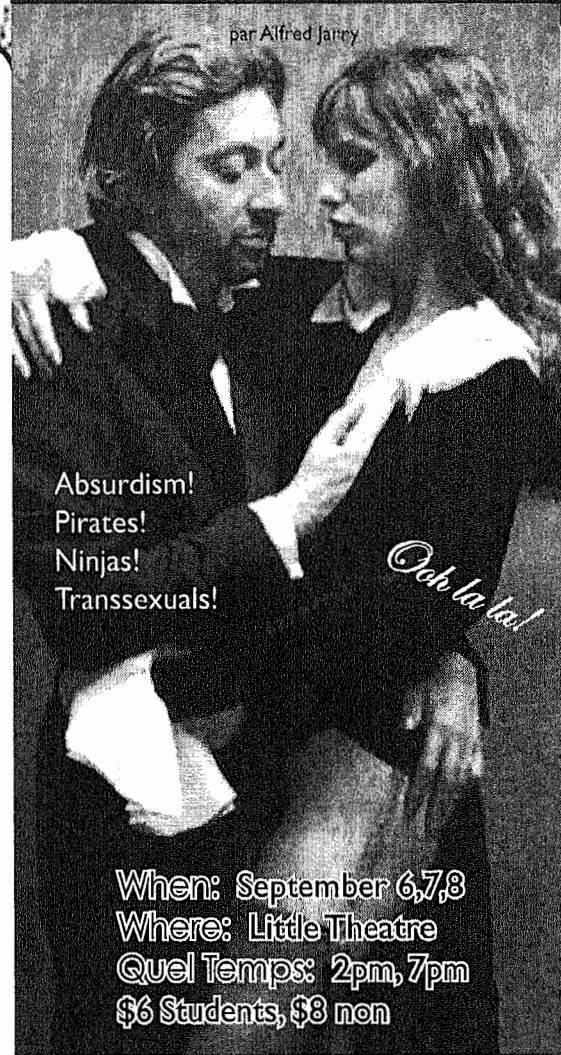
Well, I'm glad you asked. Rayner took a tilt at media control with his factional team of Wilkins, Tucker and Hill. "I've always been passionate about *On Dit*," said Hill the night of nominations, "which Josh reminded me of at 3 o'clock today." This put the fire up the pants of the ghosts of editors past, with a big push for the *On Dit*-endorsed team of Henschke and Wald. However, with Presidential stress taking its toll, Josh has told Henschke and Wald that he had withdrawn his team. When queried about their withdrawal, one Unity team member said, "Really? Oh, Josh would know."

That leaves Henschke and Wald in a very winnable position, but the young team has yet to really prove itself. Student media is a lot like royalty; it likes to chose its own heirs, it resents letting fresh blood in, even when it knows its inbreeding is harmful and it stubbornly refuses to adjust to the 21st century (although it probably takes a lot more drugs than Prince Harry). The promise of independent media is nice but is it enough to save a struggling paper? We'll see what they have to show in election week.

love
Pandora
XXX

Ubu Roi

par Alfred Jarry



Absurdism!
Pirates!
Ninjas!
Transsexuals!

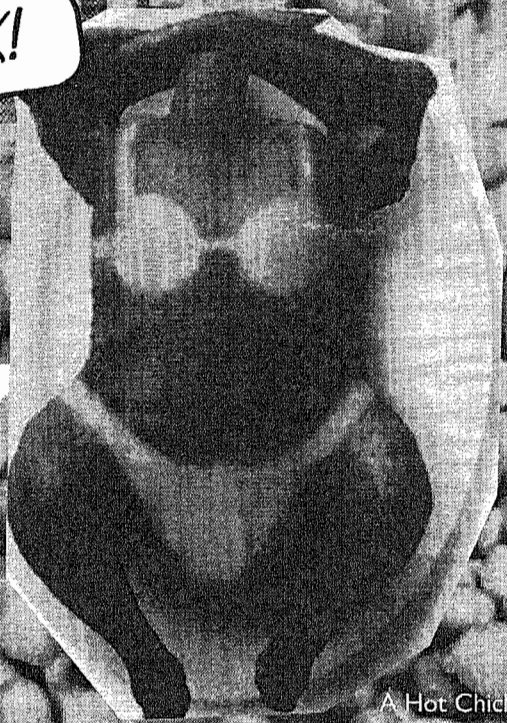
Oh la la!

When: September 6,7,8
Where: Little Theatre
Quel Temps: 2pm, 7pm
\$6 Students, \$8 non

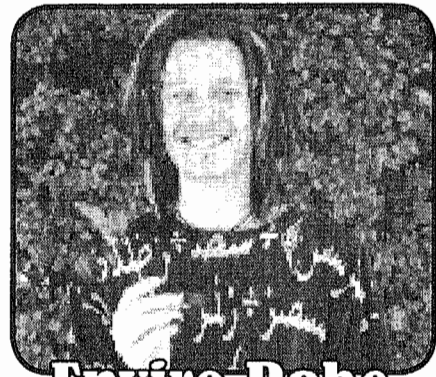


The Single
Life.

Turkey Slap BACK!



A Hot Chick



Enviro Babe

Every year, students and staff at Adelaide Uni go through thousands upon thousands of reams of paper. So where does it all come from? Well, nearly all of the paper used at this uni is supplied by Reflex, which is owned by Australian Paper, a subsidiary of the Paperlinx corporation. Australian Paper operates four paper mills in Australia; mills which are fed predominantly with old growth forests. Now let's leave aside, for a moment, the usual arguments about preserving biodiversity, keeping natural water catchments clean, and giving 800-year-old forests a value beyond that which can be extracted through their permanent destruction. Check this out: Australia has already logged enough old growth forest. We've got sufficient plantation resources to supply the whole country with paper and timber, provided that we start thinking intelligently about how we use wood and paper. The continued logging of old growth forests, and the creation of monoculture woodlots in their place, is nothing more than a cynical land-grab on the part of the paper companies and their various subcontractors. Furthermore, it's completely unnecessary. The days of recycled paper being dodgy, brown and clogging up photocopiers are long gone; fact is, there's no practical difference between recycled and non-recycled paper. Recycled paper has to go through exactly the same testing procedures and meet exactly the same standards as the unsustainable stuff we're currently using, so no, it does not clog up photocopiers. Standard white office paper can go through SIX cycles of being used on both sides and then be recycled before there is any noticeable degradation in the quality of the fibres. So all things considered, it seems ridiculous that Australian consumers are still propping up the profit margins of an unsustainable industry. That's why the eco.students environment collective at Adelaide, along with the SA environment, Flinders Uni and Uni SA collectives, are once again stepping up the campaign for our universities to use recycled paper. Our attempts at getting all three unis to collectively agree on a recycled paper purchasing agreement have been well received, but we've yet to see any actual progress, or effort, on their part. So we've decided to ask each of the faculties individually to choose recycled paper. This will require meeting with each of the faculties and presenting them with a proposal that outlines our concerns and asks them to agree on a transition to recycled paper. If you're keen to help out by taking on a particular faculty, or want more information about any of the environment collective's campaigns, just contact me at matthew.allen@stud.ent.adelaide.edu.au or call the environment office on 8303 5182. Peace!

Matt Allen

In the last edition of *On Dit* (Vol. 74 Ed. 9) my fellow office bearer the charming, albeit somewhat misguided, David Wilkins chose to address my previous article on the 'Turkey Slapping' incident in the *Big Brother* house. As this is an Issue of sexual harassment and this is the Sexuality edition I felt it was appropriate to address this (again!) today.

Firstly I must commend Wilkins on highlighting the issue of complacency in regard to sexual harassment in Australia although I feel this was not intentional on his part. David suggests that according to his interpretation of the situation Camilla was not sexually harassed and that if we all followed my understanding of the situation we would be 'opening the floodgates for every single misinterpreted action to be considered harassment.' Thankyou for clarifying this David - I will remember not to 'misinterpret' the situation next time someone wants to swing their penis in my face while I'm saying 'no.'

Next he suggests that sexual harassment did not in fact occur. So let us consider what sexual harassment involves.

1. An Act of a sexual nature - penis in face, check.
2. An Act that makes someone feel uncomfortable - Camilla didn't want to talk about it and said 'no' during the event, check.
3. An Act where the victim's power is taken away from them - Camilla was held down and was later unable to properly address the issue, check.

Whatever the situation, the line of harassment is one which must be drawn by the victim and not the viewing public. Wilkins has also failed to address the issue which is that most victims of sexual assault or harassment feel like it is their fault (as exhibited by Camilla repeatedly apologising for 'causing' the situation.) I fail to understand how David could possibly think that someone in the *Big Brother* house could deal with their emotions appropriately with the entire nation watching and with only a few other people they have known for

mere weeks for support. The fact that the incident in question did not violate media regulations is hardly relevant - it wasn't played on television as I'm sure you will all remember.

Big Brother has a very high duty of care over housemates. There are no concerned friends pulling you out of a pub or party, away from danger of assault or harassment, there are only a dozen seemingly oblivious housemates and the entire nation watching. That is why on this show more than any where else it is important that the correct response to sexual harassment is taken. David's assertions that the two male housemates involved should not have been removed because it was an 'over-exaggeration' of the situation shows only the extent to which this culture of acceptability has permeated the Australian psyche. That even someone elected to the position of Sexuality Officer of a progressive student organisation can fall into the trap is a serious concern. 'They were just joking around' is never an excuse and is used far too often as justification for situations that should never occur.

Even more disturbing than a Sexuality Officer claiming that this issue was not sexual harassment was a recent Boost Juice email suggesting that Turkey Slapping fell into the category of 'What's Hot.' Emma Durdin and myself were outraged and called the Boost Juice head office and complained about this and I would hope that the majority of you can see why this is offensive. If you would like to listen to the conversation pop into the SAUA and we will play it for you - it's quite amusing and also highlights how often sexual harassment is considered 'just a joke, just playing around' (direct quote from a female Boost Juice employee.)

Call me too 'politically correct' (HATE that phrase) if you want, but I want to live in a country where I don't have to worry about men trying to slap their penises in my face - whether I am in my own home, at a party or on a 'reality' television show with the whole country watching. I'm funny like that.

Rhiannon Newman



Yo and apologies for use of the word 'Yo.'

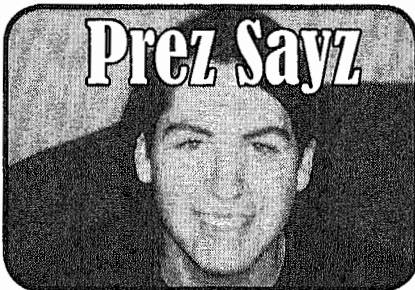
The Students' Association has started on the long journey of closing up shop. I'm sure I'm not the only one who thinks that this is a sad occurrence and is mourning the passing of 34 years of student activism on campus. The only thing left to decide really is, what is going to replace it? Suggestions ranging from an eight-person University Participation Committee to a ten-person Student Representative Council incorporating an International and Postgraduate Directors as well as the current portfolios chaired by a Board Member are all on the table.

If you think that it is important that there are people representing Welfare, Women's, Queer and most importantly Education issues on your new Representative Committee then ensure your voice is heard. Feel free to email your thoughts to me or directly to the AUU President or Board Directors (Hint: their emails are very easy to find if you look on the AUU Website.) It is now more important than ever that you guys get involved in the process to ensure that people maniacally hell-bent on the destruction of this organisation are kept in check.

Please help me and the members of the new board who you will be electing this week (whoever they may be) ensure that representation wasn't killed the day VSU came in. I won't let it go without a fight and I would hope that none of you will either! I'm ready for a return of the glory days of student activism - call me idealistic but I think we can do it!

With love and kisses and high hopes for my generation and beyond,

Rhiannon Newman
Equity and Welfare Officer
rhiannon.newman@student.adelaide.edu.au



Some look forward to this as one of the more controversial editions of the year, as even in this day and age someone's sexual orientation can still produce bigoted behaviour in others.

Sexuality is something that many students will struggle with while at university. Being thrown from a high school environment where one of the favourite insults is 'faggot' to the more open and accepting space of university can (and does)



Office Bearers

force many people to reassess the language they use, the opinions they express, even their entire values system.

Despite university being a comparatively open place for discussions about sexuality, there are still some disturbingly prevalent ideas and attitudes towards non-heterosexuals. The SAUA has been active for many years in combating homophobia and intolerance on campus. Unfortunately, there are still people who question the need for representation of non-heterosexual people. The answer was clear last year when the George Duncan Room (a safe space for queer students and staff on campus) was vandalised. This hit hard for many students at Adelaide Uni and proved that while we have come a long way, there is still a long way to go.

University is a place where people should be able express and celebrate our differences, and how we combine to form a diverse and interesting community. When you are here open your mind to new ways of thinking and challenge what you believe. Learn compassion, tolerance and the most important lesson of all: we all have something in common - our humanity. In the end, that's all that really matters.

John Pezy
SAUA President

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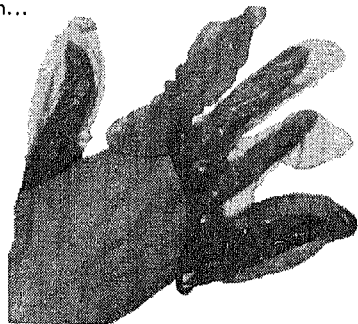
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Genital Warts

with Thomas Tu

Death through immortality, immortality through death. How predictable; an STD during the sexuality edition...



Spurting viruses from your crotch

I'll start by saying warts irk me out. Perhaps not as much as jellyfish, but they're up there. It really sucked researching and looking up pictures for this topic; I hope you all appreciate it. In fact, appreciate it even more that I didn't include any pictures of any warts in this article.

Nevertheless, science is not about personal preference or being irked out; it's about the truth, even if it makes you mildly nauseated. You must accept it warts and all, one might say. Not me though, I would never stoop to such a base level of humour.

Warts in general are mostly (good scientists shy away from declaring ultimatums (unless, of course, they're talking about definitions) and therefore use terms such as "in most cases" or "generally"). The reason for this is acknowledging that there may be exceptions to rules in some circumstances. In short, it's to cover our arse.) caused by Human Papillomavirus (HPV). However, different types of warts are caused by different strains. Hand warts are caused by different strains from flat warts from genital warts. I could discuss the differences between the terms "strains", "species" and "genera", but in the end they're completely arbitrary ways of splitting up things into groups and I'm not getting my fingers dirty with taxonomy (mostly because it's fucking boring).

According to the World Health Organisation, around 440 million people are spurting HPV from their crotches (the majority are women, due to anatomical differences). This amounts to approximately 15% of the world's population. Most (~66%) of these people however experience no symptoms and happily go around spreading it (so to speak). The rest get some sort of symptoms in the form of ugly protrusions on their ugly protrusions. A minority of these people (and the major point of this article) have enough bad luck to have contracted a high risk strain (usually HPV 16 or 18, if you were wondering) and get cervical or penile cancer. To understand why, we have to examine the skin and warts in more detail.

Death through immortality

Skin can be very basically divided into two layers: living layer and dead layer. As you might expect, the dead layer is on top and the living layer is at the bottom, close to the muscle. This dead cell layer (the epidermis) is great at stopping bacteria and viruses from getting inside us and reproducing like China on Viagra. Viruses require living cells to replicate and bacteria need all the nutrients that living cells are filled with to grow; both being very absent from the top layer of skin. The epidermis is made by the living cells in the lower layer (the dermis) replicating, pushing upwards and (due to getting further away from the nutrients in the blood) changing into special extra-durable dead cells called keratinocytes.

HPV gets into cells of the dermis and stops them from changing into keratinocytes. The dermal cell not only stays alive, but the proteins for stopping replication are degraded: its "brake lines" for replication are effectively cut. Not only that, but also the protein that promotes replication is continually freed in the cell, producing a "stuck accelerator" effect. This means you have a population of cells that won't stop reproducing.

Normally cells notice something wrong with themselves and commit suicide in a process called "apoptosis". This is good for the organism (a person, in this case) because "something wrong" sometimes means virus infection. If the cell kills itself, the virus can't reproduce inside it and the organism survives as a result. The human papillomavirus has evolved to take this into account by disabling host cell suicide proteins.

Also, cells of complex multicellular organisms have an intrinsic defence against rapidly dividing cells that can't undergo apoptosis: when a cell copies its chromosome, it gets a little shorter. Not a whole lot, but there are bits down the end that can't be copied for complicated reasons. It's a bit like why you can't write to the very edge of a notepad because of the opposing page gets in the way of the writing. But not really. Suffice to say, there is a reason, which has a low interesting index¹, so I won't talk about it anymore. To combat this, there are buffer regions on the ends of the chromosomes that don't code for anything, but they tend to run out after an average of fifty replications (this may sound like a very small number, but it allows a single cell to replicate into 2^{50} or 1 125 899 906 842 624 cells) until bits of useful genes get lopped off and (since something looks wrong to them) the cells undergo apoptosis. However, some cells have to be able to replicate indefinitely, e.g. stem cells in the bone marrow. They are able to do this because they express large amounts of the enzyme telomerase, which simply adds bits of non-coding DNA to the end of the chromosomes. Since (almost) all the cells in your body are genetically identical, all cells have the capacity to make this protein; it's just that they don't because the gene for it is not activated in normal tissues. HPV activates the gene for this protein. This means the infected cell doesn't have an upper limit to how many times it can reproduce. Biologists term this property "immortality".

So now you have a bunch of cells that are replicating out of control and are not stopping. This leads us to the conclusion that warts are essentially tumours. If this process is strongly promoted, starts early in the lower layers, and becomes invasive (as is what happens with some infections with high risk strains of HPV), these tumours can become malignant. This means cancer and sometimes death.

Immortality through death

This is what happened to Henrietta Lacks in 1951. She was a black Baltimore woman, who came into hospital complaining of vaginal discharge. After a biopsy, she was diagnosed with cervical cancer (as a result of infection of HPV type 18) and died eight months later. Having some bright idea for some experiments, her doctor kept and cultivated the cells scraped from the tumour, producing one of medical science's most useful tools. He named the strain "HeLa" using the first two letters of the woman's names to protect his source's identity at the

time. These cells could be cultivated indefinitely in human tissue medium (a soup containing goodies that human tissue will grow and replicate in), due to their cancerous nature. They could be (have been and continue to be) used for some experiments that require only human cells and not an entire organism. This means that, for example, you don't have to inject poison into rats and subject them to pain and suffering. Instead, you pour it onto a batch of HeLa cells and see if they die. This clears up many ethical problems with using test animals and also allows more accurate information (since you're working with human cells not rat cells).

HeLa cells are now used in pretty much all medical labs around the world and have been key tools in the relieving of human suffering, in the form of vaccines, antibiotics, drugs and pathogen research. The mass of HeLa cells that have been produced is probably many times the mass of Henrietta Lacks herself. She has, in effect, been immortalised by science.

However, there has been some controversy over this usage of her tissue. This mass production of her cell lineage has all been done without the consent of her or her family. Being an African-American woman, a traditionally disempowered group, Henrietta Lacks has found some followers that have voiced their outrage to this exploitation. But, this has all been done legally. Precedence has been set that patients do not own any of their discarded tissues (such as biopsies or amputations) and that they may be commercialised (for more information, google "John Moore v. The Regents of the University of California"). Although I'm biased as a scientist and a materialist, I agree with the law. You're not using it anyway, so why should you stop others from using or profit off of bits of you? Maybe you disagree. Write in to me at thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au and you may find yourself in the next *On Dit* on a post-DotV discussion page.

Treatment and prevention

Like most viral infections, there is no cure for HPV infections. Instead, most treatment is aimed at cutting or burning off the offending wart. Interferon alpha can be prescribed to reduce the size or eradicate altogether tumours, both benign and malignant. However, as with many diseases, prevention is the most effective measure against HPV infection.

The most significant prevention technique currently in place is simply reducing contact with other people's genitals, via condoms, abstinence and decreasing number of sexual partners (Super sex hint: just because you can't see any warts doesn't mean they don't have genital warts. Asymptomatic carriers can still spread it and there's a chance that it won't be asymptomatic in you). Clinical trials for a vaccine against the high-risk types of HPV are underway and seem to be successful so far. These will soon be on the market, so you'll be able to touch all the genitals you want, (theoretically).

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(Footnotes)

¹ Whenever I ask myself whether I want to include a certain concept or fact, I put use the interesting index. I simply divide the coolness factor by the amount of brainpower I'd take to understand it to a good degree. If this index is higher than 7 arbitrary units, I put it in.

It was briskly becoming cold, but I didn't mind. I had other things to think about. Soon perhaps I'd be in her warm clutches. My escort was in the form of a horseless chariot, spurred by my professional chauffeur, Ashleigh Brook. At our destination, like the professional he is, my dearest Ash unlocked the door, allowing me convenient access to the outside of the car. I could almost taste her on my lips; my imagination was turning my knees weak. My body was aching for her. Up the stairs, I waited. She would arrive soon, Ash assured me. Hours seemed to pass as the quarrelling in my gut became more adamant. As if by some magical force, I knew she was here as a strange sensation emanated from my pants. Driven by animal hunger, I flew down the stairs and greeted her. One look at her box and I'd known that she had come. I took her upstairs whereupon I feasted on her chewy crust. Oh pizza, my mistress, why must you continue to disappoint me with your horrible toppings atop lifeless dough.

[For those of you who thought the opening paragraph was tasteless, you should have tried the pizza (hyuk, hyuk!). Also, be thankful I didn't mention tomato sauce, moist coatings or dildos.]

Nevertheless, having finished our unsatisfactory dinner, the SPACED crew (or crue, h4rDk0r3-n355 pending) migrated from the physics tea room to Union hall, wherein Colonel Pamela Melroy of the USAF would come and recount tales of her incredibly hectic and exciting, Hollywood-action-hero-esque life. Union hall, usually filled with 200-odd CompSci I students bored shitless, 40 of whom are watching pr0n on their laptops in the back seats, was now filled with more than 400 quite-interested people, presumably not looking at pornography on their laptops. The great excited bustle that filled the lecture theatre seemed to fill your ears like sea-water, but was justified; after all, it's not everyday you meet an astronaut... unless you are a professional astronaut meetee.

Colonel Melroy first humanised herself by showing her baby photo. After adding clichéd bits of advice such as "Don't give up on your dreams" for those not jaded enough yet to see them as clichés, she got on to the meat of the lecture: her life as an astronaut. Oh, by the way, I'm just going to go over bits of the lecture that I can pick out of the sieve that is my memory, but those actually interested in her background, missions and commendations can check out her bio at the NASA website (found here at <http://www.jsc.nasa.gov/Bios/htmlbios/melroy.html>).

After sticking it to Iraqis in Operation Desert Shield/Storm, (as far as I was concerned) Colonel Melroy was called up by the president and he said "I need someone to fly my spaceship" and Colonel Melroy said "Alright". So Colonel Melroy passes to pilot school (by the reaction from the more educated crazy lady in front of us, this is quite a ball-busting effort by itself) and, after twiddling her thumbs as a test pilot for a while, was selected by NASA to fly a "Huge fucking piece of metal" into space, not once, but twice.

Colonel Melroy concentrated her talk on the second mission, which took place in 2002. The mission was to attach a heat-sink (or radiator, as the colonel called it) onto the International Space Station to cool it down. Personally, I thought they should stop over-clocking the spaceship, but hey, what do I know? After showing what would be done in diagrammatical form and introducing the crew (found gushing about each other here: http://www.space.com/missionlaunches/sts112_pre-view_021001.html), Colonel Melroy then played a movie of highlights of the mission. This captured the human side of the science that we get from the International Space Station. Having seen the facts and figures and pretty pictures that are beamed down from the satellite, you usually forget that there are people that made this data possible. But when you (well, at least when I) watch the crew from the space shuttle and the International Space Station embrace and laugh with such glee, the humanity of it all just smacks you in the face like a rubber paddle.

The landing was a surprise (to me, at least). Perhaps you'd have thought that space shuttles, being space-age and NASA-built and all, would be light and feathery and would sail quite nicely through the air after approaching the atmosphere at a lovely shallow angle from half an earth away. I was rather astounded that the shuttle descended something akin to, I quote, "a flying brick". It's not the kind of thing that inspires confidence when you see a multi-million-dollar, hundred-thousand-man-hour piece of engineering beauty literally DROP onto the earth, but it turned out fine for the veteran colonel.

After concluding her speech, Pamela Melroy put the "colon" in "colond", when, having asked for questions, she received the apparently inevitable "how does one go to the bathroom?" query. Apparently, each member (no pun intended) of the crew gets a personal funnel to be attached to a hose that leads to the fluid management area of the ship for liquid waste, whereas solid waste is flushed out into the vacuum of space and promptly freeze dried.

Lip service was then paid to sponsors responsible for the arrival of this great astronaut to Adelaide and everyone quickly vacated the premises to get to the tasty platters of supper sitting in the Union hall foyer like the greedy pigs they are.

In conclusion, the presentation was great; nice and fluent, pretty pictures, educationally challenging and, most importantly, incredibly interesting. It made me think about the millions of people contributing towards the betterment of humankind that will be forgotten because they didn't do something mind-blowingly kick-arse, but only bloody kick-arse. Nevertheless, I highly recommend reliving the night in my memory. *****

My night with Pamela

By Thomas Tu of Disease of the Week Fame



The mainstream media is saturated with adult advertising, particularly for the heterosexual male look to "Text and Meet 191 007" and I'm sure if I said the word 'prostitute' the image in your mind would be similar to the adult advertising displayed on television – perhaps with your own fantasy included but hopefully not batteries.

Yet, while we immediately identify sex worker with the feminine gender there is still another 20% of the industry that doesn't fall into that category according to a recent report in *The Sunday Age*. 80% are women but 10% are transsexuals and 10% are men.

Yet mainstream society has long stigmatised the lives of male sex workers through histories of sexual abuse to ongoing drug problems and homelessness and recent movies from Hollywood don't seem to challenge this stigmatisation. The film *Mysterious Skin* shows us that guys only become prostitutes because they've been sexually abused, while *Basketball Diaries* and *My Own Private Idaho* show us that it's probably because they're messed up on drugs or are homeless.

Chad, a Sydney-based escort states that "although there are some people in the sex industry who turn to drugs, it's only a minority... and there's plenty of other people in the world who turn to drugs to deal with psychological issues, not just sex workers – it's just another way people try to stigmatise the industry."

Prostitution has been traced as far back as Babylon. A large brothel found in Pompeii attests to the widespread use of prostitutes in Rome around the turn of the century and it's documented that during the Middle Ages, while all forms of sexual activity outside of marriage were regarded as sinful by the Catholic Church, prostitution was tolerated because it was thought to prevent the greater acts of rape and sodomy. So just as prostitutes of both sexes became a staple fixture in our modern-day society, male prostitutes only recently become regular characters in literature and movies. Even now the gay hooker is mostly stereotyped as a sexy but tragic figure.

Chad concludes by saying, "Male sex workers don't fit easily into the equation and no one had known what to do with us beyond simply recognising the fact that we exist."

Ignoring sexuality in our classrooms is no longer an option.

We've all experienced what high school was like – and for some it was the best time of their lives, I suppose it helps when you are good looking, athletic and have a 'too-cool-for-school' attitude. However, for the rest of us, high school was the most gruelling five years an adolescent has to go through. Sure, some days are fine and as you progress through the years the drop-kicks will more than likely drop out, but for the initial two years at least, high school can be a living hell – particularly if you have to deal with sexuality and identity issues.

"The NSW Education department conference Sense and Sexuality heard that children as young as 10 were coming out at schools and that at least 10 per cent of high school students experience same-sex attraction. North American gay rights group LAMBDA, says that gay male adolescents report feelings of being different from as young as five years old."¹

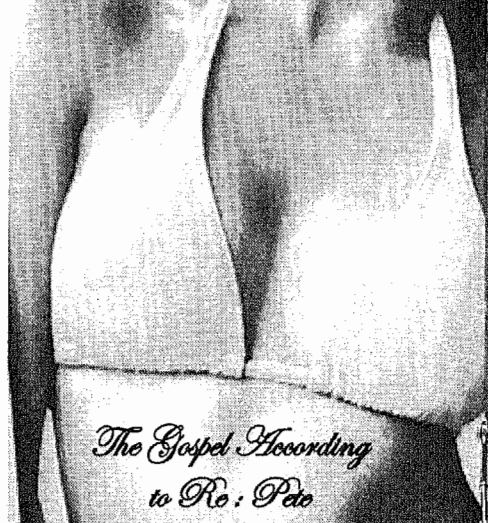
In a society where our children are becoming more and more sexually aware, assertive and active at a much younger age, our education system can no longer ignore the issues of sexuality because too much is at stake to continue ignoring the ongoing and rising problems within our schools. Of course, people are instantly going to argue that schools are already tackling the issue by including sexuality within its Health and Physical Education curriculum. However, including sexuality within the curriculum is only as effective as the teachers delivering them and research indicates that many teachers are uncomfortable with the subject. Moreover, many religious based private schools either don't include the subject or demonise it – and we wonder why 30 percent of our gay youth state they have attempted suicide at one point in their life.

It is quite clear that sexuality is not only difficult for students to deal with but also staff members who are gay or lesbian. They feel they are backed into a corner, operating in isolation to watch our students suffer in dealing with sexuality, encountering taunts, abuse and threats. Dealing with sexuality in our classroom may be one reason why there is such a lack of male teachers within the industry for fear of being labelled a paedophile. This has further negative impacts as gay male teachers may attempt to balance this by favouring female students, meaning that the students who need these role models still miss out.

Perhaps the solution is in involving outside organisations and groups to prepare and deliver training and facilitate discussions surrounding the issues of sexuality. Earlier this year, thanks to a grant from the Office for Youth, I was able to hold a forum addressing a wide range of issues surrounding sexuality. This was an extremely productive and helpful day, yet I experienced first-hand the backlash from teachers who attended the workshop who had the same fears instilled within them, the fear that parents would remove their children from their class and that there were consequences for their actions. However, from my perspective I think it was worth it to have over a 100 students summing up that what they learnt today was "that it's OK to be gay". I wonder how many teachers have been able to or felt comfortable achieving this?

David Wilkins

¹ DNA Magazine Edition #79, Class Warfare, Rob Marshman, pg 60



The Gospel According to Ro: Pete

1. NEVER HIT A WOMAN
2. ALWAYS BACK UP YOUR MATES
3. NEVER SCAB
4. NEVER CROSS A PICKET LINE
5. NEVER GRASS FRIEND NOR FOE
6. TELL THEM NOWT (THEM BEING POLICE DOLE, SOCIAL, JOURNALISTS, COUNCIL, CENSUS, ETC.)
7. NEVER LET A WEEK GO BY WITHOUT INVESTING IN NEW VINYL
8. GIVE WHEN YOU CAN TAKE ONLY WHEN YOU HAVETO
9. IF YOU FEEL HIGH OR LOW, MIND THAT NOTHING GOOD OR BAD LASTS FOR EVER AND TODAY'S THE START OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE
10. GIVE LOVE FREELY, BUT BE TIGHTER WITH TRUST

GADGETS+SEX+FUNN

OK, OK I've definitely let it slip on 2 and 8 on occasion but what goes around comes around... eventually. Overall I reckon it's not a bad rough guide: Carl Ewart's 10 rules to live by taken from Irvine Welsh's *Glue*. His work has at times been labeled 'formulaic' for sticking to the tried and tested gritty and offensive narratives of working class men. While *Glue* is definitely not a guide to masculinity, it hits the mark 'in between the lines' conveying the notion of unwritten rules and unity surviving under filth, fractured lives and hardship. At a pretty intense time in my life I found myself connecting with this book, providing me with a bit of distraction and a few great stories. As did my mates who have shared a lot of laughs and even more beers. Thanks for that.

In recent years pundits have pushed the notion of the young Australian male being in the midst of a crisis of masculinity. I can just about hear every self respecting bloke out there grout: "fucken bullshit mate; I'm fucken hard as a tack's head and got hairs on my chest that could stab a fucken rat!"

But the so called "crisis" is simultaneously the cause and effect, constructed from and perpetuating the stereotypes associated with what it means to be a real man. Like Welsh's

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FRE CIDS!

fiction, the bonds between men (eventual pillars to their self-esteem) are quite often gritty and perhaps offensive but unfortunately they are often reduced to formulaic narratives concerning masculinity, not only damaging to boys but also to a new gender equilibrium.

Speaking of stereotypical, let me begin to demonstrate my point with some piss-weak examples of poetry. Every year, every student paper usually releases a sexuality edition and a womens' edition (excluding homosexuality this pretty much translates into two femlnlnty Issues), no dramas there, but what's with all the poetry? Amongst the usual: menstrual liberation, body image, castration anxiety-oriented or pro-whatever type gear there always seems to be an excess of average poetry e.g.:

*Sigh; appreciate the womanly curves of my body.
I can feel your gaze ...making me dirty.
But now she comes, tranquil like the calm ocean
of my mind.
Moist, her skin the essence of wetness is what I
Find.
Washes Me.
Who am I voyeur? Am I empowered?
Who are you to tell me?
Me woman...you pig.*

OK, maybe a hint of exaggeration but you pretty much get the gist of it. Now there is obviously no men's edition, but according to a quick ask-around at the Re: Pete Research Institute, a poem in the men's edition might resemble the following:

*Sht, appreciate the fact that I'm really pissed right
now.
I can see your gash...do you have a twin sister, wow.
Now she comes, don't think I will I'm too blind.
Hang on I'm still at the bar it was all in my mind.
Fuck Me.
Who am I punk? Do you have gear?
Who the fuck are you?
Me man...your fucked.*

OK, you get the jizz of it: the usual troublesome triptych seen as a representation of what it means to be a man: drugs, sex and violence compressed into one specific social setting. An inaccurate exaggeration indeed. Of course there are countless examples to the contrary: however in the new laddish contemporary media distorted versions of each are distributed to young males as tools to attempt to build their identity. The result: more tools.

When more mischievous males (not specifically Immature Liberal scum) often ask for a men's edition or inquire about a men's room or men's health services, the responses are usually along the lines of: "You have every other edition," or "You have everywhere else," more commonly, "What about the bar?" Historically and today to a reasonable extent these are valid responses, but to what degree do young men feel secure everywhere else?

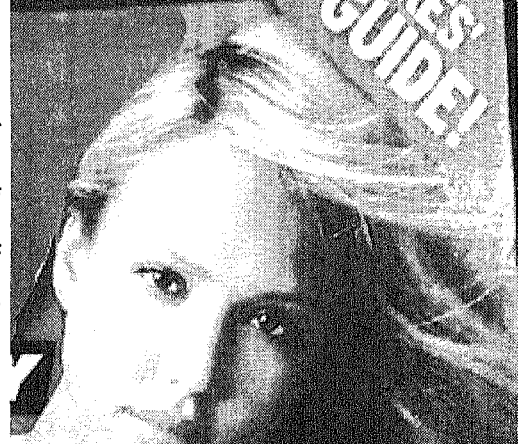
Q: As a young man when some one else or yourself questions/threatens your self esteem or sexuality you:

- (a) Seek & Destroy, Tag & Release (i.e. go out with the solitary goal of fighting or fucking.)
- (b) Self medicate / repeatedly damage your body with various degrees of substance abuse.
- (c) Kill yourself.
- (d) None of the above.

The answer is a) & b). OK, it's really meant to be d), but sadly for thousands upon thousands of Australian males it turns out to be easy as a-b-c. Drink, fight, fuck and self destruct in increasing numbers. The blame is often levelled at the decrease in male-dominated workplaces, the lack of strong father figures or the like. They are most probably all contributing factors, but the traditional assumptions of a tougher / more secure job or a bit of toughening up in general are simplistic solutions not compatible with the modern male. How many times have you seen dudes with regular jobs and a 'breadwinner' persona work so hard all week that when they cram all their partying into two days it all comes gushing out in a no-pussy-for-miles drunken ejaculation of missed opportunities.

Never one to miss an opportunity I was ambling home after many too many amber ales the other night to find myself relishing in the midst of hard rubbish night. I dragged a chest of drawers and some timber picture frames halfway across the suburb with the passion only semi inebriation can provide, convinced that furniture restoration was my new calling.

Telling my sister of the wombling gold finds, she likened me to my grandfather who also has a passion for furniture restoration and the odd whisky. Upon later reflection, I acknowledged that we probably weren't all that dissimilar. But the time he was my age he had fought in multiple theaters of war, been shot for a donkey, recovered to become a tap dancing performer, worked in the West Berlin Water Police, started one family, started another family on the other side of the wall, got them out and moved halfway around the world. Sort of makes my bitching about aesthetics, door lists and musical genre seem a tad insecure, and here lies the problem.



I have always worked in what is could be traditionally labeled 'muscle' jobs and while it has enabled me to recognise some of the more subtle ingredients that form the glue that has allowed men to bond for centuries, it is obvious it is not the answer entirely. Traditional pathways to identifiable masculinity are more fragmented now that in any generation before us. This is not really a crisis, what does constitute a crisis is when young males find themselves when they do get lost or feel insecure in attempting to build their pathways: somewhere between the sports field and suburbia they find themselves collecting hard rubbish.

Collecting enemies, collecting scars, collecting addictions, collecting objectified women, collecting debt. Collecting anything they think is going to give them a hard and fast short cut to becoming a man. Hey don't get me wrong, there is nothing wrong with sex and booze, but there is also nothing more pathetic than a metro over-compensating for his pink popped collar by getting pissed, fighting then retiring to read the latest lads mag full of plastic boobs, hair products and high tech gadgetry. Acting or acquiring supposedly hardened traits is not hard, acting in a manner that is going to bring kindness and dignity despite adversity is.

In the Australian media/social environment young men feeling insecure are offered a), b), or c) as an answer. Perhaps it is time to generate a bit of dignity and self respect to work towards d). Questioning one's place in society has never been the problem; the answers being provided are proving to be far more problematic. Problematic because the answers lie hidden in the grit and filth, amongst the rubbish. The rubbish which has been generated by us, it once was something, useful, strong and beautiful but somewhere along the line it's being damaged, broken and discarded.

The next time you're out wondering in the night by all means look through the hard rubbish but remember if you're going to collect it and do nothing with it, it is still rubbish (you fucken dero). But only if you strip it back, fix it up (perhaps with a bit of glue) and restore it with a bit of pride is it going to become some thing to be cherished and useful to generations to come.

Love Re: Pete

...writing about it and never actually doing it as usual

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FASTEST WR
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Rambling, number SEX!

I mean six, wait, wait, no i mean

Shiny

Sexuality, well now it's Shiny's time to... shine...yes pun intended, both in the double entendre for the word shine, and more subtly for the affiliation Shiny's last name has with Shine SA (the STD clinics). Are we going to make this about sex? Yes! The fact is that most of life's little decisions are made with sole intent to reach comfort. And where better to find solace than in the arms of Jose the pool boy? Which is just where I told my parents I wanted to be about a month or so ago.

It's hard coming from a conservative, country, semi-religious, right-wing family. Harder still if you've just noticed your excitement every time that football player is shown in tight shorts all sweaty and steamy on your box (by which, I mean your television). It wasn't until I returned home from living in Europe that I realised, or perhaps 'let' myself realise that I was bisexual. Two years has passed since then and I'm now only just accepting the fact that maybe the only reason I'm still attracted to girls is because of social normality.

Anger, resentment, fear, and hope, "Dear God", hope these feelings are all just a phase ran riot through my head. Now however, I just deal with it. I am no stranger to the country mentality, God I grew up there for 17 years, but I was always perplexed as to why I never really felt home. Why was this? A question I still ask to this day. So why on earth, you might ask, did I decide that now was the time to tell my parents? In short, I don't know!

I was sitting at my computer one night and decided that, hey 2am on a random Tuesday morning is as good a time as any, so I sent them an email. Shock??? gasp!!! But why in electronic form Tyson? Why not face to face??? Clearing things up, I wasn't scared. I wasn't fearful of their reaction, I anticipated a bad one, but putting the words "Mum, Dad, just thought you should both know I have sex with boys too" was a simple way of showing them both that my sexuality isn't a big deal.

It may seem like one at the moment, but in the grand scheme of things, my 'coming out' doesn't deserve the attention the top stories in the morning news do. Why is sexuality such a big issue? I still want that white picket fence, I still want kids; I still want to get married; I still want everything I have ever wanted my whole life. The only difference is that now my family and friends may have to deal with tacking the face of 'Bobby-Ray' over the already pre-positioned wedding picture of 'Peggy-Sue' and I. I've seen both parentals since then. Mum kept referring to the paramount importance of keeping 'the situation' hidden from my sister and grandparents. After all "you don't want to kill them do you?". Dad cried, for I think the second time in his life, ergo I got all blubbery eyed and cried with him, then we got rolling drunk together. Real outback style (he comes from a cattle station). So point to this? There isn't one really! It's just a story, I'm just a boy, it's just life!

Ireland

Wow that's a really honest piece of work Tyson! I have no idea how to follow up on that now! Let me let all of you know I'm straight! But that doesn't mean that this recently single-d Adelaide gal doesn't have issues to do with life love and boys! First off, it really sucks when you live in a city of around 1 million people and less than half are probably men and the other half are probably over 60! So finding someone to take for long walks on the beach can be a trifle difficult. It especially sucks when you have a heap of gay friends who you get along with really well, but you obviously can't do anything with because I don't have a penis! (NB: Tyson, I wasn't referring to you.) Seeing as Shiny-boy here has taken up most of the word count (Thank God! Because I am suffering from severe writers block) I will leave you with one last thought. Just because there are plenty of single women out there does not mean that there is anything wrong with us. We are just stuck in a situation where not many men are available or eager to commit. As Samantha from *Sex and the City* once said: "It's slim pickings out there". So ladies, you are fabulous! It's just your geographical location that's letting us down. (I promise to be more awake and interesting next edition :)).

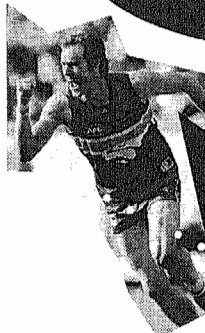
SPORT A Montage of The AFL's Sexiest Players

Okay, most people would know that I take my sport pretty seriously... but every once in a while, it's a good idea to have some fun. So here's a list (and pictures) of just a few of who I think are the sexiest men in the AFL. Whether you agree or disagree, most of the players here are both cute and pretty good players. Let me know what you think... onditsport06@yahoo.com.au

- Ashleigh (P.S Hands off Matthew Bate from Melbourne... he's mine!)

Collingwood Magpies:

Name: Dale Thomas
Age: 18
Position: Forward
Number: 13
Cuteness Rating: 4
Ability Rating: 4



Western Bulldogs:

Name: Daniel Cross
Age: 23
Position: Midfield
Number: 4
Cuteness Rating: 4
Ability Rating: 4

Western Bulldogs:

Name: Ryan Griffen
Age: 20
Position: Defender
Number: 16
Cuteness Rating: 3.5
Ability Rating: 3.5



Carlton Blues:

Name: Brendan Fevola
Age: 25
Position: Forward
Number: 25
Cuteness Rating: 4.5
Ability Rating: 5

Carlton Blues:

Name: Luke Blackwell
Age: 19
Position: Midfield / Forward
Number: 13
Cuteness Rating: 3.5
Ability Rating: 3.5



Collingwood Magpies:

Name: Brodie Holland
Age: 26
Position: Midfield
Number: 6
Cuteness Rating: 5
Ability Rating: 4.5



Hawthorn Hawks:

Name: Sam Mitchell
Age: 24
Position: Midfield
Number: 5
Cuteness Rating: 4



RULES OF ATTRACTION

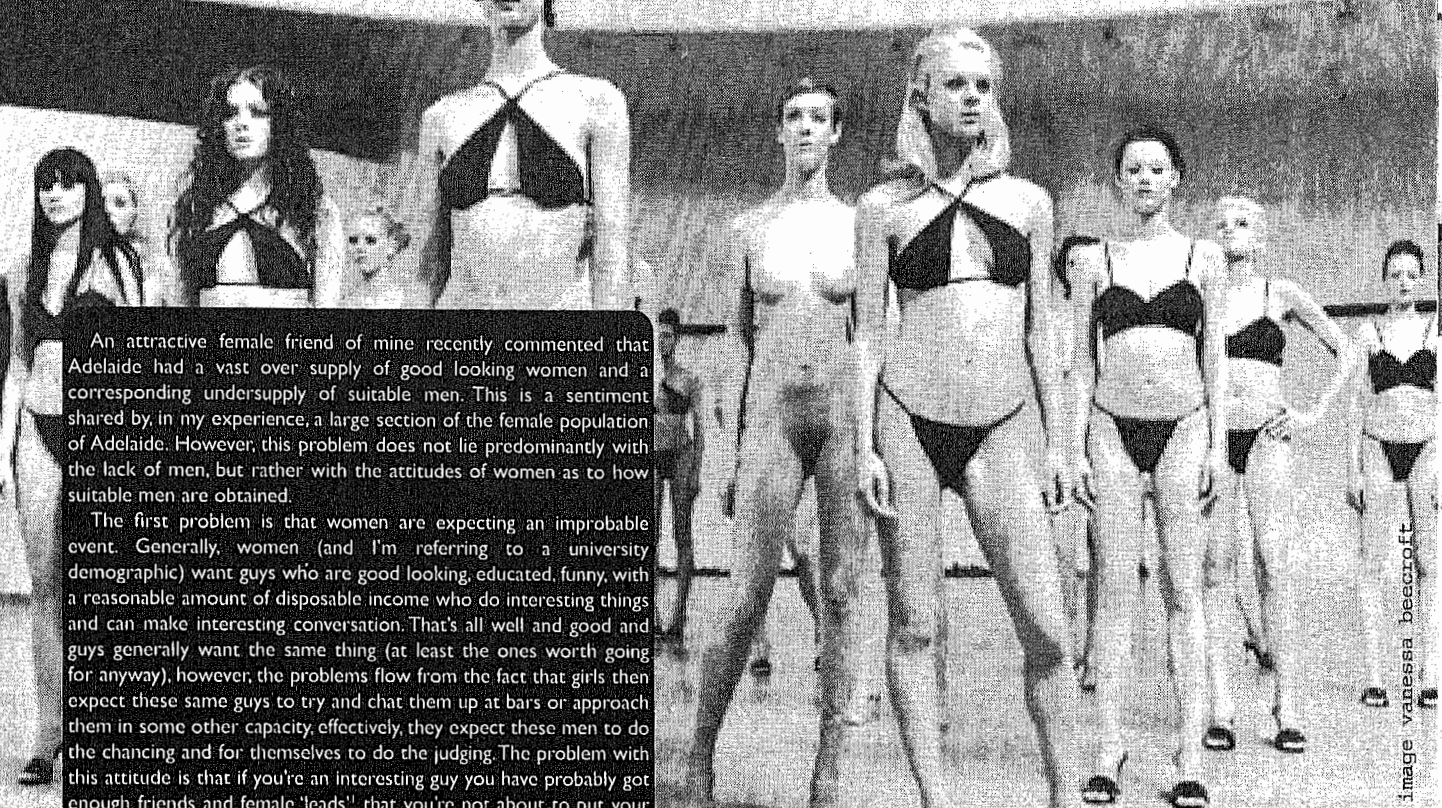


image: vanessa beecroft

An attractive female friend of mine recently commented that Adelaide had a vast over supply of good looking women and a corresponding undersupply of suitable men. This is a sentiment shared by, in my experience, a large section of the female population of Adelaide. However, this problem does not lie predominantly with the lack of men, but rather with the attitudes of women as to how suitable men are obtained.

The first problem is that women are expecting an improbable event. Generally, women (and I'm referring to a university demographic) want guys who are good looking, educated, funny, with a reasonable amount of disposable income who do interesting things and can make interesting conversation. That's all well and good and guys generally want the same thing (at least the ones worth going for anyway), however, the problems flow from the fact that girls then expect these same guys to try and chat them up at bars or approach them in some other capacity, effectively, they expect these men to do the chancing and for themselves to do the judging. The problem with this attitude is that if you're an interesting guy you have probably got enough friends and female 'leads' that you're not about to put your ego on the line by trying to cold chat a stranger. Interesting, fun guys aren't about to allow some random to judge them (and possibly shut them down) because they very often have no need to put themselves in this situation.

A lot of women don't seem to understand that guys have standards that transcend the mere physicalities. Interesting guys want interesting girls. Too often girls think 'I'm looking good and hitting the clubs why does it seem the only guys who approach me are wankers?' The reason is because the guys your probably after are having a good time with their friends rather than being preoccupied with going to the effort of scoping for you. They are probably in a band, planning an overseas trip, surfing, playing sport, writing for university newspapers or some other interesting pursuit. They are not hanging around waiting for opportunities to approach women and that is precisely why they are attractive.

Guys have a tuff time too (despite, what I admit, is a higher rate of physically attractive girls than guys in Adelaide) because too often, physically cute girls are just shit to be around. I think a lot of attractive girls feel that they don't need to be or do anything interesting, above being cute, to get through life. Cute girls tend not to be in bands, like anything non-mainstream, be well read or have interesting hobbies. They just tend to have extremely average personalities coupled with 'you better impress me' concept of meeting guys. Believe me, cute and boring gets tired very quickly.

So if you're an interesting woman and you see/meet a guy you think makes the grade then approach them, show them you're interesting too. Guys worth going for aren't going to view an intelligent, funny and interesting girl who comes over and strikes up an interesting conversation as 'easy' or have diminished respect. On the contrary, these guys are going to have your name on the top of the list of people to hang out with because you made their night more interesting. The sexual revolution has happened and it's time women stopped whingeing about good guys not approaching them and started pulling their weight in the dating game.

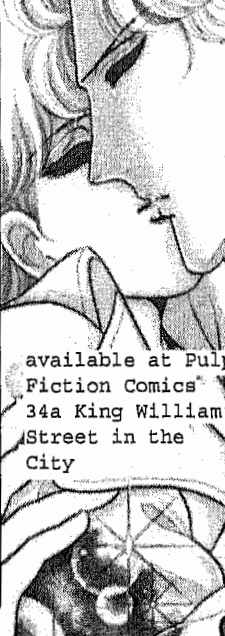
(Footnotes)

'leads' refers to a person with who you are acquainted, see periodically and with whom there is some form of sexual tension/attraction.

Andrew Fleming



comic review



available at Pulp Fiction Comics
34a King William Street in the City

The Baby-Sitters Club: Kristy's Great Idea

by Ann M. Martin,
adapted & illustrated by Raina Telgemeler

Let me put it this way: I was asked by a buddy to baby sit her lil' cousins and I couldn't have done it without Ann M. Martin. I brought a Kid Kit full of interesting stuff for the kids to do like crayons, paper, soft toys and a vintage Aladdin video from my personal archives. I wore a Snoopy Jumper so as to appear more kid-like and make the little tackers feel more comfortable about losing their Mummy for 8 hours. I even wrote down emergency phone numbers. I was so prepared. And I owe it all to Ms. Martin and her infamous *Babysitter's Club*, the long-running literary juggernaut that's shaped me into the caring, sharing teen I am today.

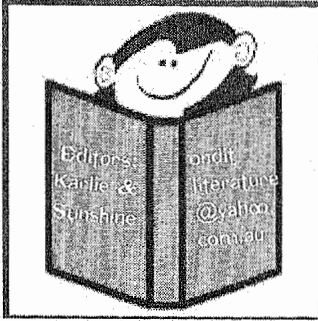
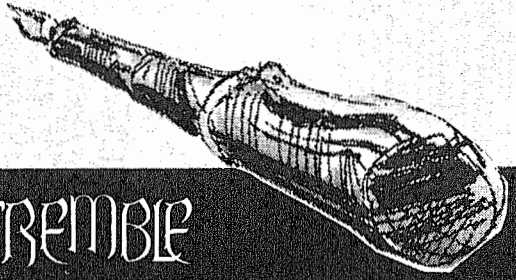
I knew practically every word of *Babysitter's Club #1 Kristy's Great Idea* before I lay my mitts on the graphic novel version. Every stinking word.

"Hi, I'm Kristy. I'm the founding member of the Baby-sitters club. I don't mean to brag or anything but we're famous, here in Stonybrook. Everybody knows us."

So imagine the smile on my little face when I discovered that Raina Telgemeler illustrated *Kristy's Great Idea* into perhaps the greatest graphic novel to grace the shelves of Pulp Fiction Comics. Ever. Seriously, this is the cutest freaking book in the world. Kristy looks exactly as I imagined her in my head, not the lamo celluloid Kristy of the oh-so-forgettable 1995 movie. It was such a glorious trip down memory lane to actually see drawings of Kristy and Mary-Anne signalling to each other with flashlights. It made me remember how much I wanted to be a teenage girl when I was a kid. Famous last words. Now that I'm all grown up *tear* I want nothing more than to be little again, reading *Babysitter's Super Specials* in my laundry on a hot day. The laundry is always the coolest room in the house. Until Telgemeler releases *Babysitter's Club #2 The Truth About Stacey*, I'll be re-reading this baby when I'm singin' the blues and yearning for a more innocent age.

Stacey McGill

sexuality literature



As part of my usual second semester procrastination process I've embarked on a journey down memory lane... destination: *Degrassi Junior High*. It's delivered not only delightful escapism from current events and a sense of overwhelming nostalgia for my teenage years but also a glimpse at how society has evolved over the last two decades or so.

The episode I found particularly interesting was during Season 1 when Caitlin has dreams about her female teacher, Ms Avery, who is rumoured to be lesbian. OK I have to admit I had a chuckle when Caitlin's fellow students likened lesbianism to a contagious disease and completely ostracised her for being a lesbian. Even Caitlin's best friend was scared of being alone in the darkroom with her in case she tried to kiss her... he he he.

Fast forward to today's television entertainment for teens: *Big Brother* where Claire was also ostracised by her 'friends' (I use that term loosely) only this time it's because she's NEVER kissed a girl before (gasp!) and refused the opportunity when fellow housemates dared her to kiss Krystal. Wow how the times are a changing.

Yes I realise that *Degrassi* and *Big Brother* have nought to do with the fine world of literature but this random musing did prompt me to realise that literature doesn't have to follow the rules of society that other mediums face. Like art, literature has a rich history in exploring the often-taboo themes of love and sexuality. And let's face it, who didn't receive their first glimpse of sex education from the book *Where Did I Come From?* which combined literary and illustration genius to help parents avoid that most awkward and embarrassing question.

I personally believe that sex in literature is far greater than the porn/sex that graces the screen because there are no limits to your imagination. Not to mention the added benefit: the speed of orgasm is entirely up to you, it just depends on how fast you read... Enjoy.

xx Karlie



TREMBLE

Tobsha Learner
HarperCollins

The name Tobsha Learner is synonymous with a new kind of erotic fiction that has taken the literature world to new heights. Her latest offering, *Tremble*, is a collection of short sensual fables, a similar format to her first bestselling work of fiction, *Quiver*, which first introduced us to Learner's unique blend of reality and fantasy. However the stories featured in *Tremble* have an added sense of the mystical and the sinister.

It's a journey of the world... from a castle in Wales, to a drought-stricken town in Oklahoma, a remote Greek Island and our own Bris-Vegas and Sydney. The characters are all realistic and provide a cross-section of society. The virgin nun from Adelaide (that's what happens when there's so many churches) and the heartless building developer are but a few. However realistic the characters are, the stories are a bizarre kaleidoscope of sexual interludes... but instead of being another sexually gratifying work of erotic fiction they all have a moral to be learned. Learner also cleverly provides a link between each story and the one before it which gives a sense of realism and connection.

This is certainly an amazing read for anyone looking for something different.

Karlie

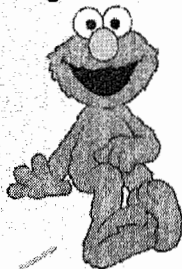


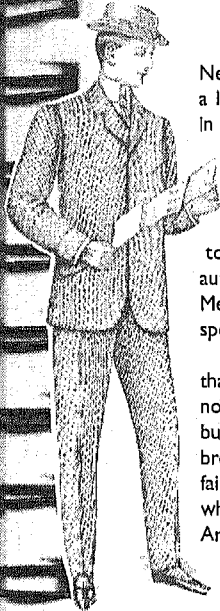
LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX BABY

A dirty book is rarely dusty. ~Author Unknown

Don't knock masturbation - it's sex with someone I love. ~Woody Allen

Whoever called it necking was a poor judge of anatomy. ~Groucho Marx





Fans of last year's highly entertaining but undersold 7 Network / Burberry series *Last Man Standing* may take a liking to this new tragicomic novel. Each was set in Melbourne, and each chartered a period in the lives of a group of single men in the twenty-first century. Each text must attract the label 'postmodern', not least because of the ways in which their respective creators weaved cringeworthy, warts-and-all, day-to-day realism with high culture. The *Dining Club's* author McMahon wants to claim this as a distinctly Melburnian trait: 'It is...the only city I know of where sport and art coexist so peacefully'.

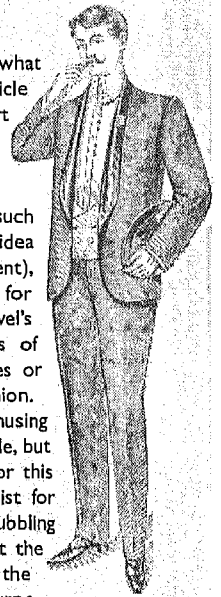
The cast in the *Dining Club* are a decade or so older than their counterparts in *Last Man Standing*, but are no wiser. The Club is essentially a group of drinking buddies who, over more than twenty years of singledom, broken only occasionally by a chaotic fling here or a failed marriage there, have devised a strict charter to which each member pretends to adhere. For example, Article 1(1), headed 'Taking One for the Team', requires that where two 'diners' are together and one of them 'achieves a measure of success with a member of the opposite sex', the other 'diner' will 'do the bad thing' with the woman's friend, even if she doesn't conform to

what diners may consider their "standards", if that is what is required for the other member to do likewise'. Article 55(6) is entitled 'Boyfriend Trouble and the Comfort Bonk'. Even more dubiously, Article 48(5) advocates the 'taking advantage of a woman in a state of alcohol-induced helplessness'.

Many readers, female and male, may be offended by such clauses in the Charter (and perhaps more so by the idea that other readers might chuckle at them with agreement), but literature should not aim for 'political correctness' for its own sake. Without giving too much away, the novel's context is all-important when making judgements of this type, and whether McMahon promotes, excuses or denounces such conduct is a matter of individual opinion.

On the surface, the novel is a good-natured and amusing fictionalised account of single life. It sags in the middle, but it begins and ends surprisingly well – well enough for this reviewer to not be surprised if it makes the longlist for the Miles Franklin Award. Below the surface, and bubbling up in occasional page-long chapters which interrupt the central narrative, is a perceptive analysis of aspects of the postmodern condition, localised in inner-city Melbourne and the surrounding suburbs of Fitzroy, St Kilda and Richmond.

Russell Marks



The Education of a Young Liberal

John Hyde Page

It's a cliché of Australian politics that the Liberal Party is a happier family than the factionalised, eclectic nightmare that is the modern ALP. Marshalling the myriad ideas and ambitions of the Left is said to be like herding cats in one of several directions agreed upon by fragile consensus of a fortnightly committee.

Commentators are fond of attributing the success of John Howard to an ability to keep his party firmly under his thumb. While those in the parliamentary ALP squabble over leadership, we imagine the Coalition with a steady hand on the tiller, single-minded in its management of a stable economy.

Nevertheless, Tony Abbott's tongue is firmly in cheek when he says there are no factions in the Liberal Party. What he means is that the Liberal Party under John Howard is overwhelmingly dominated by the Party's Right faction. Of course, the same can be said about the ALP, with a succession of increasingly conservative leaders dating back to Bob Hawke. The difference is that while the sordid machinations of the Labor Party are often out in the open, those of the Liberals tend to remain hidden from the media. Granted, a motley crew of National Party senators and moderate Liberals occasionally kick up a fuss, but nothing ever comes close to challenging the decade-long hegemony of the Right. Like Thatcher and Menzies, Howard long ago discovered that the secret to strong, popular government is to crush all but the tiniest element of debate.

Until very recently, the grass roots of the Liberal movement told a different story. Local branches of the Liberal Party were keenly interested in policy debate, and candidates were preselected according to their credentials in the

local community. In New South Wales, the Young Liberal movement was dominated by a broad faction of Moderates, many of whom were capable of liberal views on issues such as welfare, immigration and the republican debate.

Sadly, this is no longer the case. In his book, as well as on the pages of the *Weekend Australian Magazine*, and the ABC's *Four Corners* program, John Hyde Page has revealed the alarming fate of many Liberal Party rank-and-file. Himself a religious conservative and admirer of 'the efficacious beauty of the free market', Hyde Page's six years at the coalface of machine politics resulted in a sense of dissolution and outright disgust at the movement's lurch to the Right.

The book begins with the story of his indoctrination into the Moderate faction of the NSW Young Liberals. Plucked literally from the leafy grounds of one of the State's oldest private schools, Hyde Page becomes fascinated by the black arts of machine politics. His ambition to fill John Howard's former position as Young Liberal President drives the narrative forward, reaching a climax when Hyde Page, working for former MP Peter King, finds himself battling Malcolm Turnbull's bid for Liberal Party preselection, described with a certain reverence as the 'Mother of All Branch Stacks'.

The unspoken art of branch stacking has become an indispensable part of the landscape of the NSW Liberal Party, and if his book is to be believed, Hyde Page played no small part in its propagation. The practise involves a political hack 'stacking' a local branch with enough members to hold a majority at its next meeting. The existing executive of the branch is then ousted and replaced with one loyal to whoever has masterminded the deed, giving them power over the branch and – crucially – its role in preselecting State and Federal Liberal Party candidates. Hyde Page takes no small pride in expounding the skill with which he and his Moderate comrades stacked dozens of branches throughout NSW in an apocalyptic war with the forces of the

Right Wing. In so doing, the young factional warrior crosses paths with a number of Liberal Party characters, including then NSW Opposition Leader Jenny Chikarovski and the now famously disgraced John Brogden.

One gets more than the mere impression that these were heady days for the young apprentice, who employs everything from military jargon, to allegorical *Star Wars* references, to classical mythology, to the Liberal Party's own peculiar lore, to describe the intricacies and characters involved in the Eternal Struggle between Moderate and Right.

Ultimately, the Moderates are defeated for the first time in the history of the Young Liberals. Despite their efforts, no amount of stacking could defeat the Right faction's determination to seize power. In the wake of the battle, all but a tiny minority of genuine members of the Party remain, hopelessly overwhelmed by maniacal hacks and their respective armies of faceless stacks. Hyde Page observes a lush political landscape reduced to wasteland. Where there was once camaraderie and lively debate there is now a mean-spirited numbers game, as abstract and insular as a pale cloister of Dungeons and Dragons enthusiasts. It is an aftermath that bears an alarming similarity to the Parliamentary Liberal Party.

Having little sympathy for the Liberal Party, I found a great deal of humour – even relief – in learning about the slow death of its grass roots. Nevertheless, the fate of the Young Liberals provides a sobering lesson for those of us on the Left. All is lost when the majority start taking the game too seriously. The student movement in particular should be about unity, compassion and good times. It is ultimately doomed to irrelevance and decay in the wake of a generation of factional hacks obsessed with the intricacies of machine politics.

Alas, as it was with the Young Liberals, I fear it may be already too late.

Tristan Mahoney

Cookie Baker

interview by Chris Burford

If you're lucky enough to be inside one of Adelaide's finer music venues and a charismatic, and colourfully dressed young lass manages to steal your heart with her tearjerking love songs, it's quite possible that you're at a Cookie Baker gig. Cookie has been beating around the scene for a few years now, she recently disappeared to Melbourne, but now has returned to the City of Sin. Miss Baker can be seen smiling cheerfully and selling you nice clothes at fine Twin Street clothing stores, and we caught up with Miss Baker for this edition of *On Dit* music.

For those not in the know, can you please introduce yourself to On Dit readers.

I'm Cookie Baker. I have short legs and big hair. I have a (not so) secret love for Disney soundtracks and my pet hate is nudity... with socks on. I play guitar a lot and I write songs quite often and I go to pubs a-mucho, so why not combine all three and kill a few birds with one Cookie?

When did you begin to sing and write music?

I never made a conscious decision to sing. I did quite a bit of musical theatre as a kid, but I never trained in classical singing or anything (my vocal style nowadays will tell you that!). I always loved the singing, dancing and acting components equally. I began piano lessons when I was five and violin at 11, then taught myself guitar during high school, which was probably also roughly when I started writing songs. I never really thought about 'perfecting the craft' (of songwriting) though, and as wanky as it sounds, I do feel compelled to express my thoughts by writing stories about random shit... and then I get to go to the pub and perform them through song! I write about friends, lovers, mistakes and changing environments. Also, I'm intrigued by the fact that we, as apparently intelligent beings, have this huge capability to fuck things up just so we can try and fix them. I find that disturbing and fascinating (yeah, I'm a culprit!) and it's sort of become the underlying current in many of my songs.

We recently saw you at the Gov supporting The Audreys & The Yearlings, in which we might add, you were splendid. Are these big gigs still a nervous experience?

Nah! I get kinda stupidly excited though, big or small. C'mon, it's a happy time... and so much fun! My downfall is not allowing myself enough chill time before I go on stage. I'm not very good at holding a conversation pre-show, but I'd go nuts if I didn't have someone around to distract me. Must. Learn. Calm.

Tell us about *Pocket Edition*.

Pocket Edition is my three-track "mini"-EP co-produced by Thom Combe (of local outfits The Adult Bookstore and The Finishing School), recorded last year in my home. We worked on it at our own pace, by our own rules and with

no timeframe or deadline (yes OK, for three tracks it took a while!) and the resulting recording is a Cookie "sampler" with three very differently styled songs. One is a sort of beefed-up, piano-infused pop/rock (dare I use the term) number, then there is an electronica-influenced track with an electric drumbeat and other cool shit. The first track, 'Perfect World', is very soft and sweet and simple, with acoustic guitar and violin - it's probably the most indicative, sound-wise, of my live solo format. The entire recording is pretty organic and raw in feeling though. I still like *Pocket Edition*, which is big because I'm not a huge fan of the recording process! I will do it again and try to do it well for the people who come to my shows, because if they want to take something home from my gigs to listen to, then I will surely give them that. I just get so restless! I tell you what though, when I took a fresh batch of CDs into Big Star recently, I had to listen to every single copy the whole way through because I was scared that some damage might have been done on a plane trip home from Sydney. So yeah, I do not want to hear *Pocket Edition* again any time soon!

We hear that you're a gun on the bowling green, is this true?

Fuck yeah. But I ain't got nothin' on you, Chris.

You lived in Melbourne for a short while. Tell us about that experience, and how you had to adjust as performer?

I had a rad time living and working in Melbourne. As a performer and a songwriter, the opportunities are endless, but I think Adelaide gives you a great work ethic as far as the Arts is concerned because a lot of the time you have to create your own (work) and that is a beautiful thing. I've played some fantastic gigs in Melbs and also dipped into writing for indie theatre and the Melbourne Comedy Festival (boy, was my body crying out for some therapy after that!). I'm tripping over again in October for some shows in Melbs, Gippsland and Ballarat.

Any music that you'd recommend to us that you've come across lately?

Not necessarily new, but currently on high rotation on the Cookie Baker ghetto-blasters:

Like Drawing Blood - Gotye

On Night - Holly Throsby

Nightweather - Wallspace

Love In The Time Of Science - Emilliana Torrini

Standing In The Way Of Control - Gossip

Surfer Rosa & Come On Pilgrim - Pixies

Besides behind the counter at *Irving Baby*, where can we see you next?

At the Grace Emily with Joshua Spler on Sunday September 3 from 8pm. I'll also be performing live-to-air for 'Local Noise' on Radio Adelaide at 10pm on Tuesday August 29. You can pick up *Pocket Edition* at Big Star Rundle Street or at Irving Baby! stores on Twin St and Hindley Street. If all else fails, turn around. That's probably me sitting next to you at the bar...

POP PORN

Yeah I'm a sexist mother fucker on the microphone
 With my 'ah yo bitch suck my dick ho' drone
 I like the pop porn with that gat drawn
 I'm a dick machine and I'm switched on

I'm a creature part man but mostly dick
 A genus penis my mouth's a prick
 A semen geyser a woman despiser
 A gender spender emotional miser
Regurgitator - Pop Porn - Tu Plang (1995).

"I liked it better when she was just a slut."
 - David Letterman in reference to Madonna's latest crucifix humping exploits.

I begin this week with the opening verse of this classic song by Regurgitator (back when they weren't ripping off everyone else). Sexuality in Australian music certainly hit new heights at this moment, possibly topped by themselves again in 1997 with the track 'I will Lick Your Arsehole'. This week in *OnDit*, we pay homage to some of the artists who have blurred between the lines of sexuality and music. Starting with the quintessential sexual recording artist of all time, Madonna.

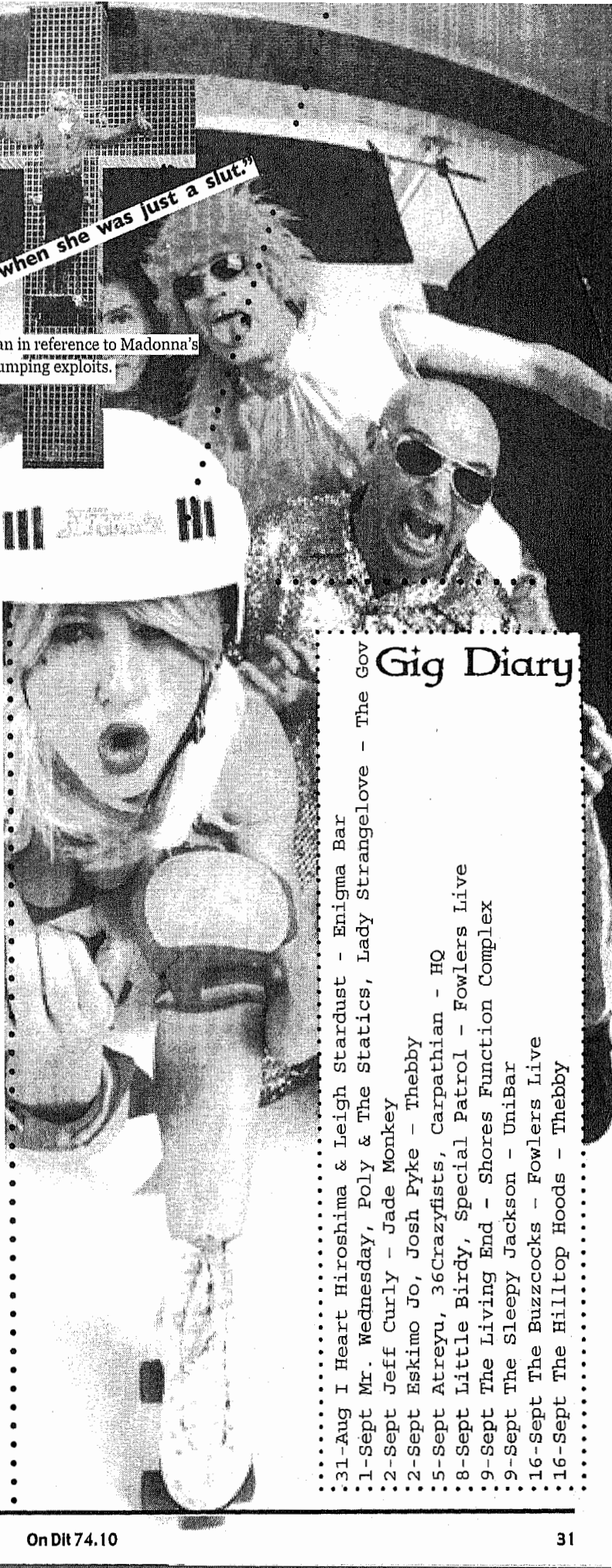
It was now twenty-two years ago when 'Like a Virgin' became a worldwide chart-topper. Since then, Madonna has thrusted and fucked her way to the position (hehe...position!) of greatest selling female artist of all time with an estimated 200 million album sales. In 1992, her aptly titled book *Sex* was a publicity masterpiece and featured simulated erotic positions including sadomasochism, anilingus, and Vanilla Ice. In 1993, she rubbed the Puerto Rican flag between her legs at a gig in Puerto Rico, which strangely enough offended those in the audience of Puerto Rican descent. The list of ethnic and religious groups that Madonna has offended makes Marilyn Manson look like Guy Sebastian. All the more reason to love and worship this goddess and "Queen of Pop" who will no doubt continue to sell albums well into the next decade.

Prince Rogers Nelson, or Prince, or ♀ or the artist formerly known as Prince has been sent to Earth from another (overtly sexual) dimension. His mission; to save the airwaves from what I like to call "frigid music". In 1984 his movie *Purple Rain* saw Prince hold the number one position at the top of the US album, single, and box-office charts and an Academy Award for Best Original Score to boot. Along with his New Power Generation band, the 1991 album *Diamonds & Pearls* included such dripping singles as 'Cream' and 'Gett Off'. You can basically assume that every 14-year old in the USA was conceived to this album. Prince's latest release *3121* (possibly the amount of STD's Prince has experienced) includes tracks where he plays all instruments, and has been widely received as a pop-funk "must have".

"Have you heard the new single by Machine Gun Fellatio, I think it's about going to Pussytown or something." This is not a sentence that one expects to hear from their mother, but Melbourne's MGF made a successful transition from underground non-commercial smut, to Nova airplay. This perhaps was saying as much about the public's desire for airwave smuttery, as it did for the prowess and managerial skill of the band itself. Renowned for pulling off some spectacular performances (I'm still finding feathers in my hair from two years ago), MGF were banned from several University campuses due to the gratuitous nudity that accompanied many of their gigs. Splitting in 2005, we will miss MGF, but you can still catch front-woman KK Juggy (Christa Hughes) performing at various cabaret festivals.

Lastly, if you're after some sexual edumacation, look no further than *Dr Peter Alsop's Songs on Sex and Sexuality*. Released in 1995, it contains such hits as 'Baby Needs A Parent', 'It's My Penis', 'Look At The Ceiling', and my personal favourite 'It's Only A Wee-Wee, So What's The Big Deal?' Look out for it in your favourite music store, although sadly you probably won't find it.

Christ Burford



- ## Gig Diary
- 31-Aug I Heart Hiroshima & Leigh Stardust - Enigma Bar
 - 1-Sept Mr. Wednesday, Poly & The Statics, Lady Strangelove - The Gov
 - 2-Sept Jeff Curly - Jade Monkey
 - 2-Sept Eskimo Jo, Josh Pyke - Thebby
 - 5-Sept Atreyu, 36Crazyfists, Carpathian - HQ
 - 8-Sept Little Birdy, Special Patrol - Fowlers Live
 - 9-Sept The Living End - Shores Function Complex
 - 9-Sept The Sleepy Jackson - UniBar
 - 16-Sept The Buzzcocks - Fowlers Live
 - 16-Sept The Hilltop Hoods - Thebby



Primal Scream
Riot City Blues
 SonyBMG

Primal Scream have a knack for constantly re-inventing themselves - for better or worse. Since their beginnings in 1984, when singer and chief songwriter Bobby Gillespie was still drumming for shoegaze pioneers The Jesus and Mary Chain, they have produced a vast array of albums drawing from many different genres. On albums such as their 1991 masterpiece *Screamadelica* and 1997's *Vanishing Point* they have created trippy, influential dance-pop while on others they churned out somewhat clumsy retro-rock (1994's *Give Out But Don't Give Up*) with little connection to their other work. Unfortunately, *Riot City Blues*, the band's newest offering, falls squarely into the latter category.

Riot City Blues is without a doubt a derivative classic rock homage, but where other bands are often able to pull these off, Primal Scream stumble. Perhaps this is only because when their roots-rock influences have taken a back seat to sonic innovation on their other albums, they just sound so much better.

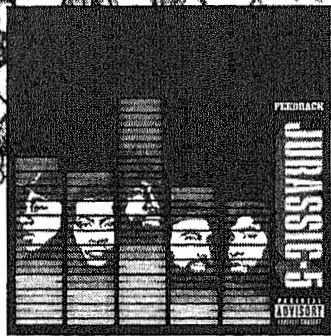
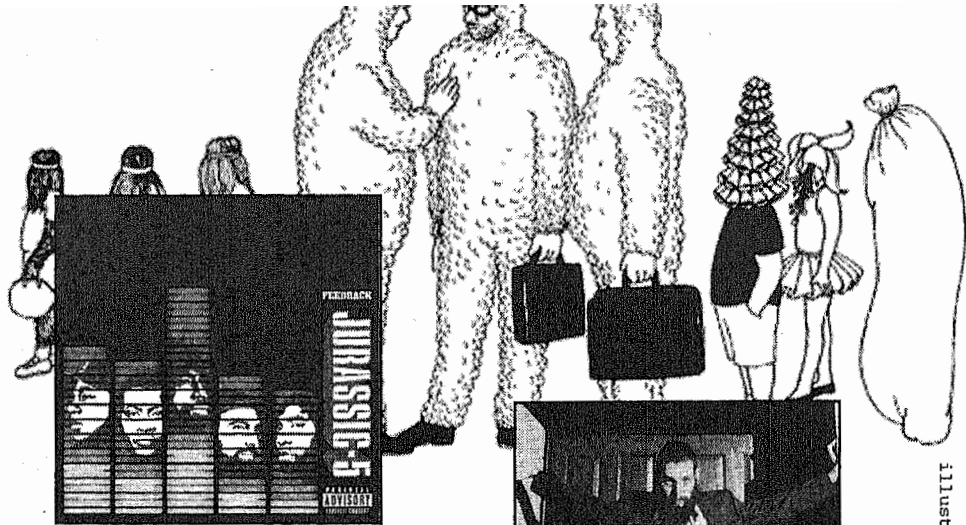
Gillespie has never been a master lyricist, but he's certainly capable of writing catchy, sleazy rock-and-roll choruses, as he does ably in 'Country Girl' and 'Nitty Gritty' (virtually a re-write of *Give Out's* 'Rocks'). Sometimes, though, his voice seems rather uncomfortable, particularly when half-shouting, half-singing as in 'Suicide Sally and Johnny Guitar' and '99th Floor'.

The album is not without some trace of Primal Scream's electronic work, but the apocalyptic guitar noise in 'When the Bomb Drops' and the creepy ambience of 'Little Death' simply sound out of place amongst the other eight Stones-y booze rock songs.

Fortunately, it's not all bad. During the latter half of the album, the songs develop a cheesy charm- it's pretty clear the band isn't taking things too seriously. 'We're Gonna Boogie' for example, is a truly bizarre piece of harmonica-led blues that somehow makes repetition of the line "I'm the garbage man" work. Touches of banjo, mandolin and harmonica give the last few songs on *Riot City Blues* a relaxed country feel, as though they were written spontaneously during a bleary-eyed jam on the front porch. And really, that's where this "incarnation" of Primal Scream sound their most natural.

While *Riot City Blues* isn't up to the band's normal standards, if the past is anything to go by it won't be long until Primal Scream change direction again, hopefully with another great album in tow.

Ben Henschke



Jurassic 5
Feedback

Interscope Records

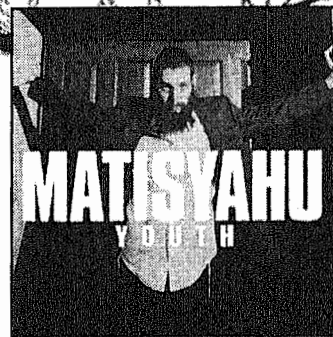
Darlings of the west coast underground rap scene, Jurassic 5 have finally released a new album after four years, except this time around, one of their two resident DJs Cut Chemist has amicably left the group to pursue solo interests. Following this departure, the band, including remaining DJ/Producer NuMark, seems to think that a change in style is in order. This is a fair call because there's really only so far that their formula established in the last two LPs *Quality Control* and *Power In Numbers* can take them. As such, *Feedback* sounds less like the result of countless hours of crate-digging for obscure and wonderful beats and sounds a bit more subdued.

This isn't as big a problem as it could have been. There are some very good tracks on this album, from 'Red Hot' which sounds the most like tracks from the last two albums, to the very well produced instrumental 'Canto De Ossanha', to 'In The House' which evokes an old school rap feeling while still managing to sound modern and relevant. Then you have a number of simpler tracks which also manage to work, many of which are built around plano loops, like 'Back 4 U' and 'Get It Together'. But then you have some downright dire tracks like 'Brown Girl', probably one of the worst tracks J5 have ever produced with some shite contributions by some chicks called Brick & Lace, or the synth-driven 'Radio' which doesn't really suit the band at all. Unsurprisingly, these tracks aren't produced by NuMark but by guest producers who don't really seem to know how to make their sound work for the lyrical style of the band.

The biggest problem I have with this album though is not the acceptably hit-and-miss production, but the rapping. The four emcees who are well known for their incredible lyrical chemistry together take it down a notch and really don't deliver to the best of their abilities here, with one or two notable exceptions. That is the biggest disappointment on this entire album. J5 weren't really about what they had to say but how they said it, and their vocabulary and flow was typically beyond reproach. This time around it has slowed down to accommodate the production in many places and it's going to stick out to long time fans on what is otherwise a reasonable and accessible album.

Angus Chisholm

On Dit 74.10



Youth
Matisyahu
 Epic

Imagine that you had just released your second album. You're not extremely mainstream and popular, yet Madonna is calling herself a big fan of your music. Chances are that you are in the shoes of Matisyahu.

Releasing his second LP *Youth*, Matisyahu has brought something to music that has never been seen before. If you said last year that a Jewish Rabbi making hip-hop mixed with reggae dancehall music, I would have laughed at you. How I would be regretting that laugh right now.

Somehow he manages to mix everything together perfectly. The hip-hop / reggae influences are obviously in tracks like 'Indestructible' and 'Ancient Lullaby', but some other tracks are much more deep and intense. 'Youth' has a very rock/ reggae feel to it and shows how intense Matisyahu can be at times. On the other end of the spectrum, you have the beautiful 'What I'm Fighting For'. This track is a beautiful acoustic number that shows his softer and gentler side, hoping to succeed in uniting people together.

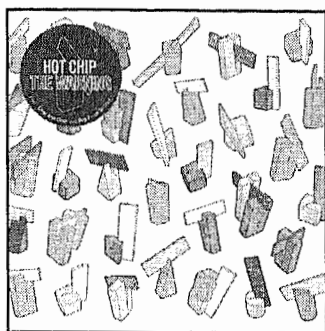
The main single 'King Without A Crown' showcases Matisyahu's rapping technique. I have never ever heard so many words put into one sentence. EVER. This song is very powerful and can propel him towards the big time. If you have the time, also check out the live version of this song. Amazing.

Although I think that is a fantastic album, somehow I'm still let down by some tracks. Some don't really grab you and make you sit up and listen. It seems as if Matisyahu wrote some terrific songs, and then gave up. Some songs just lack quality and seem to just be filler.

Whether you are a fan or not of hip-hop or reggae or dancehall, this is one album everyone must own. It manages to get across emotions that aren't usually performed publicly and is all the better for it. Matisyahu has made a fantastic album that everyone should at least listen to once.

Simon Fink

Illustrations Jean-Francois Moriceau and Petra Mirczik



The Warning
Hot Chip
EMI

After listening to the new album from Hot Chip, *The Warning*, the first thing I tried to do was classify the album's genre. It's impossible. At times the band is playing shiny indie disco music and then swaps to electronic soul. It's very confusing. It's also terrific to listen to.

I must admit I'm still a little hesitant on the opening track 'Careful'. After that, the band continues to improve on this fantastic recording. Songs like 'And I Was A Boy From School' and 'Colours' show some of the bands more laid back grooves and their ability to slow things down. One slow song that really struck me was 'Look After Me'. It's possibly the only song on the album that doesn't sound like it's actually by Hot Chip.

Some of the slow songs are highlights, but the album doesn't really kick-start until the fast paced, dancing songs come in. Songs like 'Over and Over' and 'Arrest Yourself' are perfect for the dance floor. 'Over and Over' is an obvious choice for a single and would be one of the most infectious singles of the year.

With such instrumentation ranging from cowbells to saxophones and synths, the band creates a sound that is unique and different. I found it interesting to just sit back and listen to the way in which they use their instruments and how it potentially effects this record. Blending all these instruments together, Hot Chip prove the other critics wrong.

Somehow, these London boys manage to mix the sound of Bloc Party and The Postal Service. At times, the mix of the two seems to get uninteresting. Yet, once you think you've heard it all before, they throw something totally new into the mix. I have never heard such a combination of instruments and melodies. Hot Chip could easily have a spot in your top ten Albums of the Year.

Simon Finck

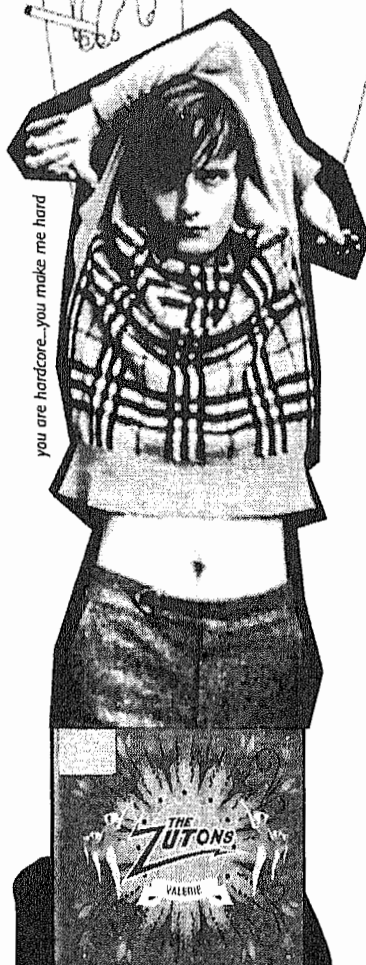
'Valerie' is the second single pulled from *Tired of Hanging Around*, the second full-length effort from Liverpool band The Zutons and the follow-up to the Mercury Prize-nominated *Who Killed... The Zutons*.

Derided by some as bringing nothing new to their music, garage revival bands such as this one all seem to have an uncanny ability to recycle time-honoured music, grabbing the best ideas and transforming them into something of their own. 'Valerie' is no exception.

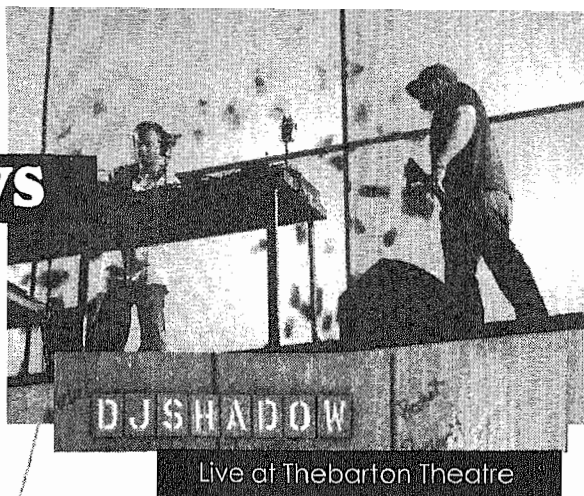
After the album's stomping (and great) first single, 'Why Won't You Give Me Your Love?', 'Valerie' sounds a bit tame. Upon first listen, it sounds extremely familiar. But then again it's sweet, formulaic pop, so it's meant to sound familiar. Boyan Chowdhury's Strokes-like lead guitar, a hint of saxophone and unobtrusive background vocals are pleasant touches, but really they don't prevent the song from remaining a fairly middle-of-the-road love song. Still, that can be comforting and that's exactly what 'Valerie' is.

Ben Henschke

CD REVIEWS



The Zutons
'Valerie' - Single
Deltasonic



DJ SHADOW

Live at Thebarton Theatre

It's quite understandable that four or so years ago when DJ Shadow was last touring in Australia, Adelaidean fans of instrumental hip-hop and fantastically put together music in general were disappointed when he cancelled his Adelaide show on The Private Press tour because we didn't buy enough tickets (screw that, everyone knows we wait and rock up on the night for our tickets). So when DJ Shadow, real name Josh Davis took the stage on a Monday night at the Thebby and brought this point up, then surveyed the crowd and said how he was glad to be here this time around, it's no surprise that a large cheer came up from the local crowd, many members of which were about to receive their first taste of what DJ Shadow does live.

There's this notion that live DJ shows can be a bit boring for casual observers simply because so few people understand what's really going on when it comes to actually performing. When you see a dude playing a guitar or banging on drums you know exactly what's going on and can appreciate the performance on a visual level as you react to what you see as well as what you hear. With a DJ show, unless you know what's going on, it's a bit hard to have the same reaction to somebody who is twiddling knobs and pushing buttons. Certainly there's a lot of hard work going on, but buggered if you know what the hell he's doing up there.

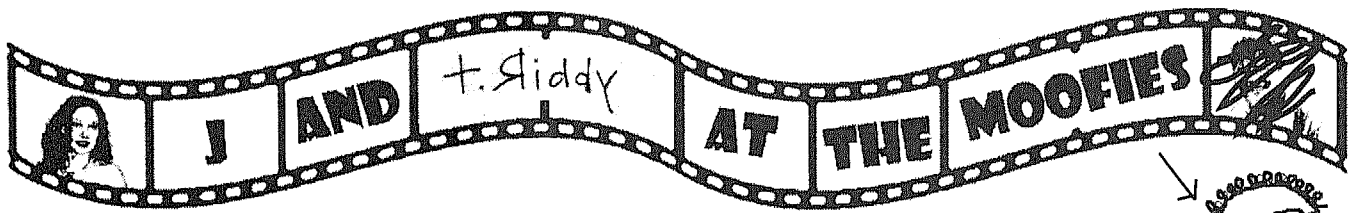
DJ Shadow does his best to try and remedy this situation by diverting attention away from his performance and onto some stunning visuals projected on to nine large screens. The visuals are perfectly timed to the music and feature all sorts of imagery ranging from the beautiful to the bizarre. The music itself saw the moody, atmospheric tracks from his seminal *Endtroducing...* album mixed in with a selection of new tracks from his upcoming album, *The Outsider*, which worked well live. The show is great for casual fans because it's a great audiovisual experience, but it also works for hardcore fans because there's a lot of fan service and great, subtle touches in the set that only hardcore fans will pick up on, and that level of involvement is great.

Shadow also bought some friends in the form of frontman for Leeds band Stateless, Chris James, who you haven't heard of yet but give it a year or so and I think you will. James is clearly a very capable singer but he seems overwhelmed and a bit out of his depth without a band to back him up instead of one man and nine large screens, and he didn't really go down with the hip-hop members of the audience. Thankfully his set was kept short and he made way for Lateef, rapper and associate of Shadow through premium west coast label Quannum. He was absolutely off the hook and was playing a mix of new stuff and old favourites which the crowd went nuts for. He even had some nice little local touches like 'I want everybody to scream like the Crows won the premiership' and stuff like that. Even I, as a Port fan, could appreciate the effort to find out that info. I didn't scream though.

The show was an essential display of beautiful instrumental hip-hop at its finest, given a vital burst of energy in places with the introduction of vocals into Shadow's set and I think just about everybody left very satisfied and eagerly anticipating what *The Outsider*, released September 12, could possibly bring.

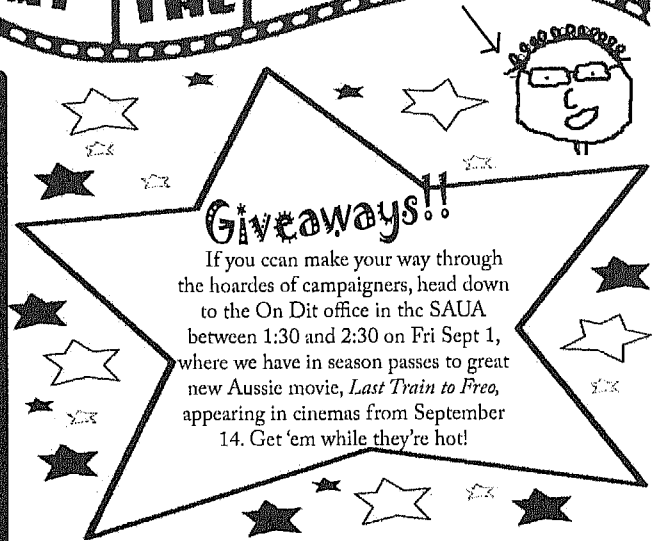
Angus Chisholm





Honey! I'm home! That's right, this week sees the return of the illustrious J to the sub-editorial desk of Dit-ticious film. Fit, tanned and ready to dish up some riveting film reviews after her return from a round the world junket, J's decided that sub-sub-editor and confidant to the stars, t.Riddy, can stay on the job. Never fear though poppets, he's not really replacing the Dazz-meister, just filling his boots whilst he too circumnavigates the globe 'learning'.

So wander through our pages this week to find some right-on-the-money reviews, including 2:37 (so hot right now, 2:37), *Friends With Money* and some totally surreal cinema. And if you've come searching for your latest dose of trash, due to t.Riddy's fabulous rant/self-help guide on pages 10 and 11, he's been a little, ahem, tied up, but he'll be back next edition.
J & t xx.

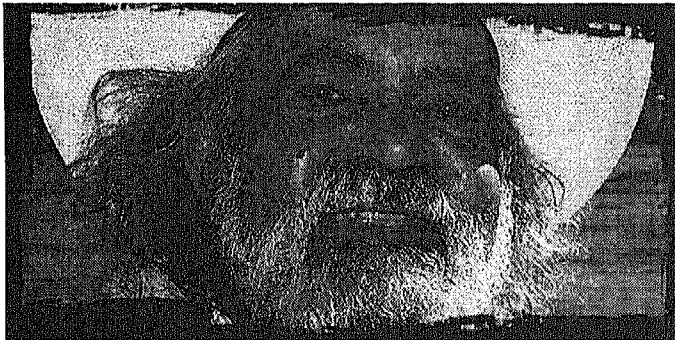


Friends With Money (M)

Showing at Palace Nova from August 31

Kanyini (PG)

Showing at Palace Nova from August 31



Non-fiction movies have become increasingly popular in the last few years. The success of "issue-tainment" films like *Bowling For Columbine*, *Supersize Me* and *The Corporation* show that documentaries can make very absorbing cinema. Now we have *Kanyini*, one of the first Australian offerings of this type.

Kanyini is the story of the Indigenous experience of Australia, as told by Bob Randall, one of the tribal custodians who live at the foot of Uluru. A member of the Yankunytjatjara tribe, Bob is a teacher, author and songwriter, and has been an activist for Indigenous issues since the 1970s. In this film he sets out in clear, direct terms the process by which his people have gone from a state of *kanyini* (total spiritual connectedness) to the condition of poverty the majority of them now face. He's an endearing, cuddly-looking guy who tells his story of what it was like to have been one of the Stolen Generation with emotion but at the same time an astonishing lack of bitterness or anger. He's an extremely articulate man with such an aura of gentleness that you can't help but take on board what he says. He seems so peaceful and centred that as he speaks about his people and

their connection with the land you instantly gain insight into what the traditional spirit of Australia has been.

Kanyini is going to be very useful to Australia. The experience that the director Melanie Hogan had, of getting to the age of 26 and realising that she had not one Indigenous friend

and knew next to nothing about Aboriginal culture, would not be an uncommon one for Australians of a European background. There's also a sense among a lot of Australians these days that our cultural identity is just a free-floating thing without much definition. The amazing cinematography of *Kanyini* reminds of just how goddamn beautiful this country is, and Bob Randall's beautiful way of thinking is entirely a product of the Australian landscape. His wisdom is so applicable to us today that it makes you realise that if we went back further into our history as Australians, and got to know more about traditional Indigenous culture, we could well find something powerful and true in it to define ourselves by as a nation.

Go and see *Kanyini*. Its overwhelmingly reasonable point of view on these issues makes it one of the most intelligent films you'll see this year.

For more info go to: www.kanyini.com

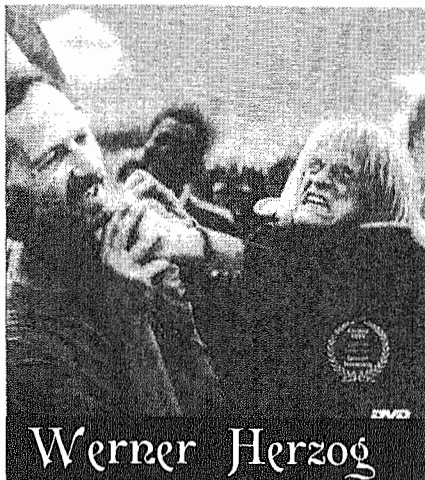
If you enjoy films about the complexities of life and relationships, you'll find this pleasant. In a similar vein to *The Squid and The Whale*, this story follows four long-time friends as they make the transition from young married things to early middle age and all that in between. Jennifer Aniston is Olivia, a former teacher who now makes a living as a domestic cleaner. She is best friends with her married girlfriends (played by Joan Cusack, Catherine Keener and Frances McDormand), who are all delightfully well off. So well off in fact, that one of them has made a million dollar donation to a charity. Instead of focusing on the financial factor and how it affects Olivia's relationship with them, the story looks at the reality of changing relationships within the context of a stable and secure environments of friendship and marriage. Olivia herself is insecure to an extent but she learns to be herself and accept the things she cannot change. It is when she is open to new experiences that the unexpected is most welcome into her life. The seasoned talents of Cusack, Keener and McDormand draw you into the story, which is peppered with moments of stinging realism. Though shot with a hand held camera, the unsteadiness of the cinematography lends an intimacy to each character and brings the audience closer to them. Largely a chick-flick, it doesn't disappoint although it just skims the surface of things.



Maddy B-B



"Rule one of sex: a person can do anything for ten minutes if they don't breathe in" - Dedee Truitt, *The Opposite of Sex* (1998)



Werner Herzog

It seems strange given the wide range of material emerging from Germany in the last few decades that it is still irrevocably linked with the Expressionist movement that it spawned in the 30s, but this is still the case which many of its great directors hark back. Certainly this was the case with many of the directors of the German New Wave of the 60s and 70s and none more so than Werner Herzog, whose films in collaboration with Klaus Kinski have recently been released on DVD by Shock.

Meeting when Herzog was a teenager, the two forged one of the great cinematic partnerships in a relationship that was as volatile as it was productive. Most obviously harking back to earlier days is their remake of Murnau's vampire classic, with Kinski bringing amazing pathos to his reprisal of Max Schreck's role as the tortured "Nosferatu." The beautiful cinematography is wonderfully evocative as is the atmospheric soundtrack provided by proto-electronic krautrock group Popol Vuh, who also contributed to a number of the other films in this collection. Their soundtrack work for "Aguirre: The Wrath Of God," "Fitzcarraldo" and "Cobra Verde" is the perfect accompaniment for the near-mythical landscapes created by Herzog and a counterpoint for the quietly brooding intensity of Kinski that is liable to burst forth into a torrent of pure rage at any time.

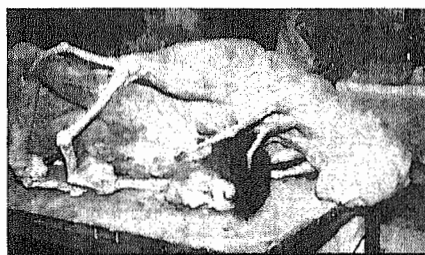
"Aguirre" and "Fitzcarraldo" in particular are the films that helped to elevate this pairing to a legendary status. Both shot on location in South America, the tempestuous circumstances surrounding the shoots that saw Kinski threatened with murder several times are documented in "My Best Fiend," and the desperate situations surrounding the shoot are reflected in the performances of the actors. "Aguirre" in particular captures this, the tiny budget forcing many of the scenes to be filmed almost entirely unrehearsed and the very real physical danger that the crew

were placed in adding a sense of gravitas to their performance. For all their stunning location shots, it is an inner journey that each of these three films documents most effectively, tracing a mental disintegration that the self-destructive star could portray all to well.

The final film in this collection is "Woyzeck," an adaptation of a play that was left unfinished and out of order by its author in the first half of the nineteenth century. As if this was not difficult enough, it was begun directly after Nosferatu was wrapped up, with a break of only a single week, and completed in under 3 weeks at a manic pace. As before, this stress brought out the best in Kinski once again as he created one of his most commanding performances, wresting it out of the depths of his own troubled psyche. Unsurprisingly, given its background as a stage play, it is on "Woyzeck" that Kinski overshadows Herzog the most and it is perhaps for this reason that it has not been afforded the same treatment by posterity as the pair's other four collaborations.

Both larger than life characters, when in collaboration Herzog and Kinski produced films of almost mythical proportions and together they created some of the most unforgettable images of modern cinema that, like their personal relationship, were often as troubled as they were inspired, but never anything less than utterly compelling.

Aristotle and Jimmy Trash's Monsterpiece Theatre



Mercury Cinema Madness

Some movies leave an audience happy. Some movies leave an audience weeping at the sadness of human loss. Other movies leave an audience believing themselves to be the dullest fucks, so devoid of artistic vision compared to what they have just witnessed that nothing short of a career in accounting or burger making is worthy of them. The Mercury Cinema is applauding the efforts of the 20th century's most inventive and mind-altering filmmakers, in a Cinémathèque season starting Monday 4th September. The filmmakers and their subjects featured are arguably "post surrealist", capable of exploring the vague imagery of dreams without the naiveté of the original Surrealists, or with the raffishness of the hippy artists.

Writers/directors such as Cronenberg, Blair and Greenaway all present the colder, steeper side of the surrealism. Rather than exposing it as a mysterious dopamine adventure, they portray a harrowing frontier into the truths of our evolution and desire.

Though easily the most accessible (and most

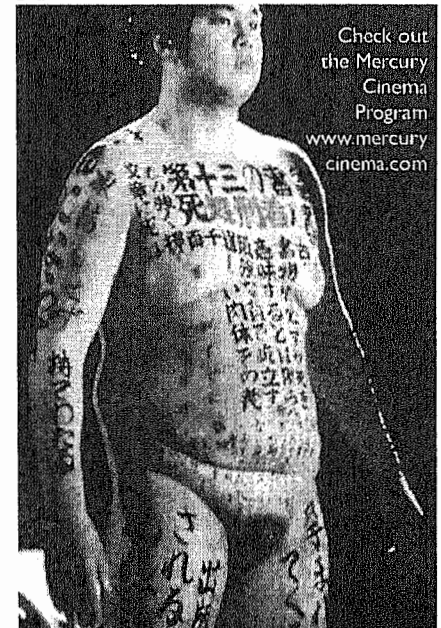
well-known) of these selections, the inimitable Terry Gilliam's adaptation of Hunter S. Thompson's ode to bacchanalia, "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" should by no means be scoffed at. While the convenience of home video has been a boon to cinephiles, one of its great tragedies is how severely it can detract from the immediacy of the viewing experience, and seldom is the difference so marked as for "Fear And Loathing." This is not a movie borne of half measures and the opportunity to see Gilliam's warped dystopia, in its fully fleshed-out, misanthropic splendour, should not be ignored.

As well as the opportunity to immerse oneself completely in the full theatre experience of classic films such as these, every year Cinémathèque screens a number of films that are otherwise almost impossible to get a hold of. "Wax: The Discovery of Television Among The Bees" definitely falls into this category, a seldom-screened pastiche of outré images and styles that promises to challenge the viewer as few films do.

About once a year the Mercury cinema treats its audience with a Greenaway film on the big screen. Greenaway's use of malleable imagery creates a forced meditation in his films; instead of trying to portray false meaning in a reality, he creates real meaning in a fallible, inconsistent reality. "The Pillow Book" is no exception, and typical of all his work, is a study into how sex can be used as a weapon, and the mental landscape is full of trapdoors.

The final two entries into this season are two documentaries on terrifying director David Lynch

and madman Bill Burroughs, respectively. "Pretty As A Picture: The Art Of David Lynch" delves into the very essence of creativity, from a notorious and unflappable man of the filmic community. "Burroughs" seeks answers from the convoluted memory of William Burroughs, who is an endlessly fascinating character. He brings to light many of the topics he refused to come clear about before, and proves himself to be the true loner of the Beats.



Check out the Mercury Cinema Program www.mercurycinema.com

"Yeah, suck that cock. You like it don't you? Yeah that's it - all the fuckin' way down"

- Caesar Caesar's Hard-hat Gang Bang (2000)

2:37 (R 18+)

Now Showing at PalaceNova

Shot here in Adelaide by 19 year-old first-timer Murali K. Thalluri, the title of the film (2:37) refers to the exact moment in time lives will change, and one is going to end, forever. The film starts with the knowledge that someone has attempted suicide – the success or not of the attempt can be assumed, but not known. It is only as the story skips back to that morning and shows us how the troubles of seven characters' lives manifest over this one day at school that we can try and hazard a guess to who dunnit, and hope that they didn't succeed.

The story is reasonably well constructed, and feeds the viewer the requisite background on the characters in a way that manages to keep a level of intrigue in what is an, at times, predictable story. I say predictable only because the film deals with

some issues that have caused teenage angst for generations and are well known to most. There are of course some more extreme themes, and it was when the story was focussing on these that I thought it might have been a bit overdone, I lost concentration and the edges of the screen were once more apparent as reality went wandering.

Recently, controversy has started to swirl around this film, and not so much of it is about the treatment of teenage suicide other social taboos. Many have noted the similarity in style to Gus Van Sant's 2003 film *Elephant*, but whether it's similar, derivative or nigh on copycat is something that each viewer will have their own opinion on. It is interesting to note, however, that Van Sant's name appears in the credits as a thank-you. There is also some conjecture over whether Thalluri's at times contradictory comments about the suicide of a

friend, and his attempt on his own life, which he claims to have inspired the film, are fact or fiction. Beyond this though, it should be remembered as a daring film from a young player that I think should manage to affect viewers in the way it was intended, which should really be the point of the whole exercise anyway.

Q. Maximilian Pendleton



Director of the Week

Now that you've read QMP's scintillating review of current 'It' film 2:37, why not sit down with a nice Muggachino and find out some of what director Murali K. Thalluri had to say in conversation with Fiona De Caux. She asks the questions, he says the answers and before you know it WHAMMO, the following interview appears...

Fiona De Caux: What a massive achievement getting this incredible movie to where it is today.

Did you despair at times that it was never going to happen?

Murali K Thalluri: During the entire process of 2:37 there were times when we thought it was over its not going to happen and a lot of those times we were in pre production. I think filmmaking is about problem solving and you're faced with problems every day, you do despair every day but you have got to get through it and solve them.

FDC: Murali, what was your original budget estimate and was they're a lot of adjustment to that figure over time?

MKT: Oh yes! Our original budget was about \$5,000 to start with but I had no idea about prints, I had no idea about anything. It jumped to \$10,000, and then ended up shooting at \$300,000 then up at 1.1 million. The print ended up costing \$130,000. A Dolby license cost \$10,000. We spent so much money on perfecting our sound. We got the best; we got a real internationally acclaimed team on our sound.

Generally, investors aren't going to be blown away by your brilliant idea or your creative idea. What you need to do is impress them in a business sense. It's called the film business cause it's a business. Any idea that I had of being this artist living a bohemian life style, I had to get rid of very quickly and understand that as well as a writer/director I had to be an entrepreneur. Just persevere. Don't take no for an answer. The guy who ended up investing turned me down 3 times before he finally did.

Murali K. Thalluri



FDC: So how did you and Nick Matthews (cinematographer) get together?

MKT: I had a friend who had just shot a film recently called 'Modern Love' his name is Alex Frain. He introduced me to Nick. Nick and I clicked on every level, creatively, as friends. There were times on set when he would say what shot do you want, what are you thinking? I'd map out the entire shot and he'd be like "exactly, exactly what I was thinking" and vice versa. So he's critical and I don't think I'd feel confident making a film without him period, so he's a genius. M2 Entertainment, is Nick's and my company. Murali and Matthews Entertainment.

FDC: Was your decision to use unknown actors influenced by your low budget?

MKT: Partly, you have to think low budget, one location, cheap actors, more so the actors weren't trained at all and the fact that they weren't trained made it they didn't have preconceived notions. They

were open and I'd throw my ideas they would throw their ideas in there. They were all just out of school. So they had a lot to draw from and I think that is where a lot of their brilliant performance came from. The rehearsal process for us was very intense; it went for 4 months. The actors came in on draft 40 something we shot on draft 76. So they had a lot of input into the script. It was as much about the actors becoming comfortable with each other as it was about rehearsing the scenes, because I like to keep things raw. What I wanted them to do was develop a bond, to be the best of friends. I wanted to be able to get to know them intimately so that when the time came to pull a performance I could delve into their personal life. And you can't rehearse chemistry and the fact that these guys knew each other so well, despite the fact that they are all lonely there is this undeniable force between them in the film.

FDC: You now have a website up and running how important do you believe that is to the ongoing success of the film?

MKT: www.twothirty7.com has been huge for us in the week and half it has been up. We have had nearly 40,000 hits, which is amazing. I think the Internet is a very important marketing tool.

FDC: 2:37 ends in a song composed and performed by Chloe Moldavan (*Don't Forget Me*) did she write it especially for the film?

MKT: She has an amazing voice, a really strong voice; she wrote and composed the song for the film. It sent shivers down my spine.

FDC: What was your response to the audience reaction at Cannes 17 minute standing ovation?

MKT: I was in tears. My mother started crying that just sent off a chain reaction where the cast, crew, myself all just started balling our eyes out and it's stuff you never dream about when you're battling against time. It was mind blowing and for the rest of my life I will always say it was the best day of my life, period.

"Hormones are hormones. Yours and mine just happen to come in purple little pills." Bree Osbourne, Transamerica (2005)

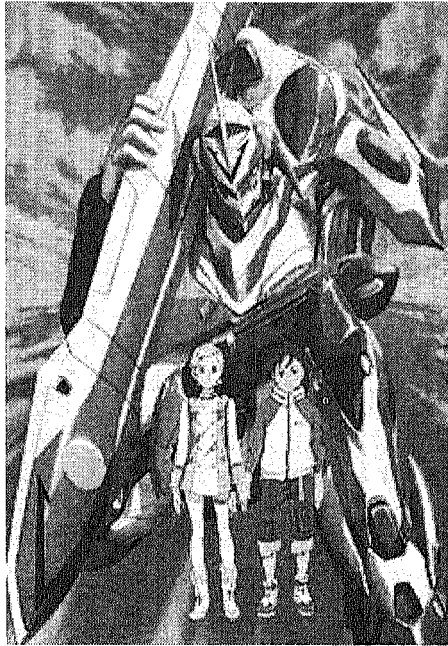
Straight to DVD

How do you like your anime? With Giant Robots? Surfing? How about Giant Robots surfing? Well, if that's what you've been waiting for, then you'd best be rushing out to get yourself a copy of Eureka Seven, cause that's exactly what it's got.

Eureka Seven is the story of young Renton, son of the man who gave his life to save the world from some ill-defined terror, which is somehow linked to the sudden emergence of LFO's (read Giant Robots) and trapars, the green sparkly air thingys that make surfing (sorry, I meant 'lifting') on the air possible. Life's pretty boring for young Renton. All he wants to do is go lifting and maybe join Gekkostate, who are a group of freedom fighters or terrorists or maybe just a bunch of slackers looking for the next big wave of trapars to go lift. Whoever they are, they invade Renton's life in a pretty major way when they crash land on his house. And the story takes off from there.

With character development out the wazoo, Eureka Seven has a lot of potential. The leader of Gekkostate, Holland, obviously has some connection with Renton's father and possibly his sister. There's plenty of tension between him and Renton's grandfather. And Renton's love interest, Eureka, is pretty interesting for someone who basically acts as a robot. Anyway it looks like there's no shortage of personal issues here to keep this series running. And if that's not enough, there's the larger story about the history of the LFO's and the

Eureka Seven Created by RahXephon



military complex that seems to now be in control. Yes, there's plenty of scope for action and the first few episodes don't disappoint.

With mecha design by Shoji Kawamori (the guy who made the mechs in Macross Plus) and story by the guys behind Full Metal Alchemist, it's hard to see how this could miss. The voice acting is decent for the most part, both in the original Japanese and in English, although Renton comes over as pretty annoying, although that's perhaps intentional. The theme songs are reasonably catchy (for J-Pop anyway) with a nice uplifting intro, and a more soulful closing theme, but the real key here is the animation, which is fantastic. Definitely top-notch animation, the battle sequences are really intense and the personal scenes are also richly detailed.

This is really top-quality anime; it just doesn't get much better than this. There's plenty of action, along with lots of interesting characters and plots. The first few episodes are a nice mix between short story arcs and single episodes and with 50 episodes produced there's plenty of time for both. With that many episodes we're talking a fair investment in time, but what else have you got to do? Watch Australian Idol? Get hooked on this, it's worth it. Now, where's Volume 2?

Space Monkey



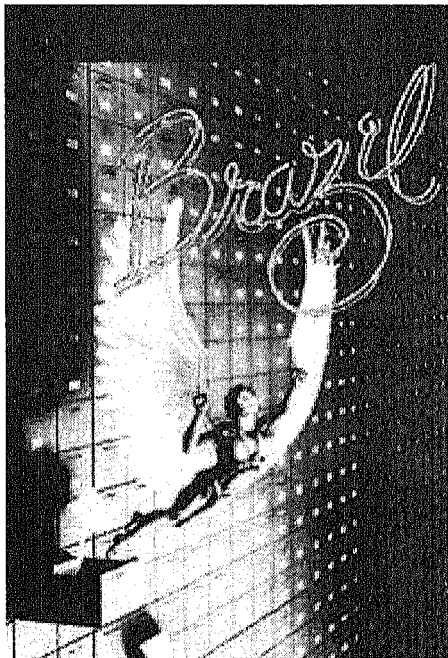
Classic Movie of the Week

Brazil (1985)

Directed by Terry Gilliam

Set 'somewhere in the 20th century, at 8:49 pm', Brazil is a social satire from the maverick mind of Terry Gilliam (of Monty Python fame). It is a dark glimpse at a future dystopia; a world of unbridled materialism, superficiality, and corporate conspiracy. A technology-driven society ironically weighed down by red tape, endless paperwork and routine machinery malfunction, at the brink of collapsing under its own bureaucracy. A ruthless totalitarian government (the Ministry of Information) preaches conformity and Big Brother surveillance, and wages a fraudulent war against 'terrorism', while a brainwashed society of consumers go shopping crazy, and become increasingly younger with rampant cosmetic surgery. The story focuses on the life of Sam Lowry, a bemused paper shuffler whose only escape from his mundane life is through vivid dream fantasies. His life takes a turn when, in an attempt to correct an administrative error, he becomes an enemy of the state. Joining forces with a renegade heating engineer (Robert De Niro) and the girl of his dreams he searches for truth and liberation, clashing swords with the psychopathic Ministry.

The film is visually rewarding, from the

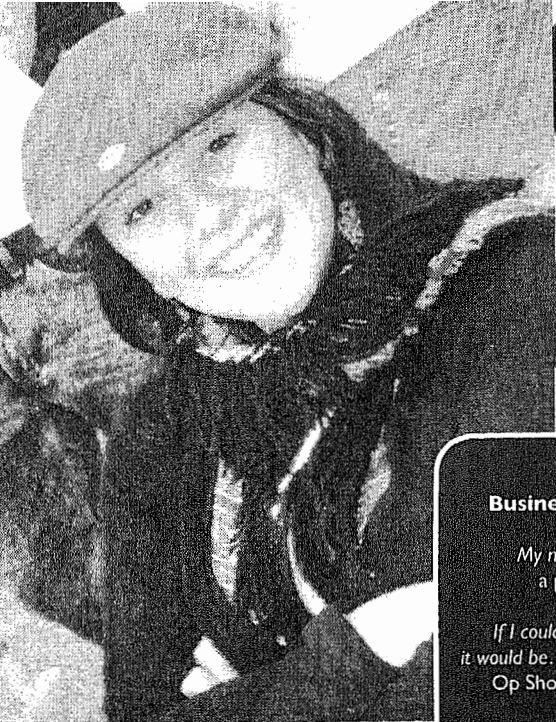


nightmarish urban environment of decaying machinery and miles of inept plumbing that pervade every scene, to the vivid dreamscapes composed of Jim Henson-like creatures. It provides a parable of dehumanisation that combines elements of *Metropolis*, *Dr. Strangelove*, *1984*, *A Clockwork Orange* and *Blade Runner*, and emphasises increasingly disturbing aspects of our own society. According to Gilliam, Brazil is the second in a trilogy of movies (starting with *Time Bandits* and ending with *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*) that deal with the struggle for imagination and free thinking in a world that suppresses them.

Fantastically dark and humorous, filled with clever subtleties that require multiple viewings to appreciate (look out for the background subplots and propagandist street posters), and a great soundtrack. The plot, at times complicated and laborious, never disappoints. Nominated for 2 Oscars, winning 7 other awards.

Suki

"No, you couldn't just call them the Naughty Twins. They're the Assfuck Twins. Why would you call them the naughty twins when they get fucked in the ass all the time?" - Maxxx Orbison, *Orgazmo* (2001)

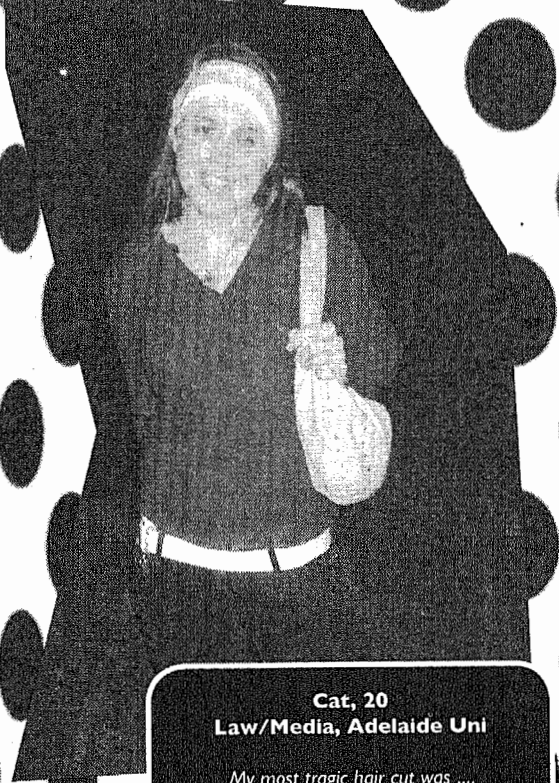


**Tina, 21
Business/Marketing, Uni SA**

*My most tragic hair cut was....
a perm when I was 14!!*

*If I could shop anywhere in the world
it would be.... Haight Street, San Francisco,
Op Shops & wicked little boutiques*

*I will spend my next \$50 shopping on...
some sexed-up lacy stockings!*



**Cat, 20
Law/Media, Adelaide Uni**

*My most tragic hair cut was
a mushroom cut in year 5, then tied on the
side with a hair tie & ribbon!!*

*If I could shop anywhere in the
world it be.... any European retro Op Shop.*

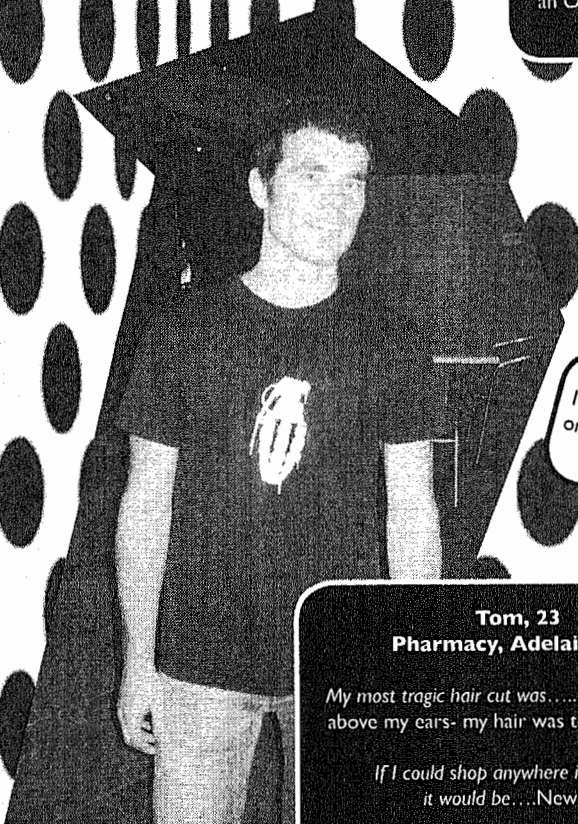
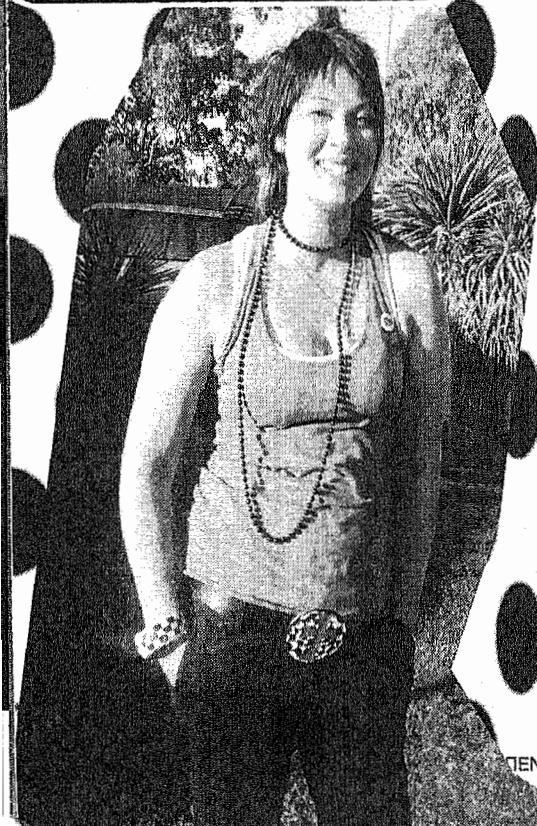
*I will spend my next \$50 shopping on.....
an Orange Jumpsuit for the Law Review
Production!*

**Gabrielle 22,
Law/ International Studies,
Melbourne Uni**

*My most tragic hair cut was...when I had Rock Star
shaved into the side of my head!!*

*If I could shop anywhere in the world
it would be....Tokyo*

*I will spend my next \$50 shopping on...
new pair of super-high boxing boots.*



**Tom, 23
Pharmacy, Adelaide Uni**

*My most tragic hair cut was.... an undercut cut
above my ears- my hair was to my shoulders!*

*If I could shop anywhere in the world
it would be...New York*

*I will spend my next \$50 shopping on....
Edwin jeans from Japan.*



Belts
*1950's feminine high-waisted belts are seen
on all the catwalks for this coming summer.
So ladies show off your waists!!*



Sarah's Handy Hair Hints
Straighteners- Don't press too hard and use slowly, don't forget before straightening use a protecting product.
Hot Curling Tongs- Trick is to make sure you use a thermal hairspray before each section.

Fashion
 BY **Sasha Catalano**

Gals Guide to Hair

Top hair tips from Sarah Georgeson at Orbe Hair, The Parade Norwood.

I thought I'd catch up with one of Adelaide's best up & coming hairdressers & ask her a few questions about what the latest hair trends are & what inspires her to create the hottest looks.

With the weather quickly warming up what are the coming hair trends for summer?

'Seeing as this summers' fashion there will be lots of pretty summer dresses and feminine looks the hair will compliment it with long soft layered hair & lots of soft tones and blondes, no harsh lines unlike last seasons trends. Being so hot, it's too hard to keep hair looking so smooth in the summer months, so letting the natural movement come through is a big hit!

In order to compliment these styles what colours would you recommend in make-up?

'Simple glossy faces are coming back in, complimented with rosy cheeks and a simple stroke of eyeliner and with eye shadows keep it simple. Though when it comes to night time, vamp-it-up by smoking around the eye rather than on the lid of the eye.'

All the celebrities are wearing headbands at the moment, how can we pull that look off?

'Headbands are great for all, you can go from day wear to night by pulling the hair up in a nice neat ponytail with a little bit of teasing, and by putting the headband on sets off the outfit giving an elegant but funky look depending on what your wearing.'

What inspires you when creating new looks?

'My inspiration changes all the time, at the moment I'm really inspired by vintage clothing and vintage looks. The versatility and the elegance of vintage between the 40's & the 80's has a basis to do anything with'

What are some of your greatest achievements so far?

'I've been given the opportunity to work on so many photographic shoots, allowing me the chance to enter comps. Winning State level for Loreal Colour Trophy 2005 was a great highlight.'

Hot Tip

Use a makeup sponge to blend in your foundation, it's easier & gives a smoother more even look!



A DAGWOOD DOG, A MILKSHAKE, FAIRY FLOSS, AND A RIDE ON THE EXTREME SPEED MACHINE. SICK!



The Royal Adelaide Show is just stuffed with entertainment. There's Marty Coffey juggling chainsaws and kittens, the Zimbabwe Brothers, Rhythm Chic and the Flaming Sambucas on the Coca-Cola Stage. There's the new X Zone with a high energy youth focus plus new mega thrill rides: The Extreme Speed Machine and Space Raller. Just one ticket gets you over 12 hours of fun. You only get one chance a year to do it.



SAVE \$\$\$. Buy tickets pre-Show from Venue* Tix and participating Australia Post and Adelaide Metro outlets.
www.adelaideshowground.com.au

MISS IT AND YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT A WHOLE YEAR.

GAMES



UNTOLD LEGENDS: THE WARRIORS CODE

Ubisoft

PSP

Like every top down slash 'em' up you've played, *Untold Legends* ages quickly. The *Untold Legends* series on PSP comprises basic RPG elements, such as weapon/armor buying and selling, magical items, fighting some sort of story line and a bunch of statistics that go up (indicating you are getting stronger or growing or whatever) and allow you to beat up larger enemies. *Warrior's Code* doesn't get too much deeper than this.

The first game, *Brotherhood of the Blade* had a boring and poorly conceived story and the action focused around smashing the X button to kill things and then collecting gold, never ventured far from this equation. *Warrior's Code* doesn't do much better.

Story. You play a changeling, a human capable of morphing into another larger beastlike creature, who is being hunted by hordes of demons for some reason (I stopped paying attention during the intro sequence), and it is your task to do something and kill a bunch of things while collecting gold.

Gameplay revolves around tapping the X button to kill things or holding it down to power up a charge move that does heaps more damage than regular non-charged moves. A new "attack of opportunity" feature lets you time extra hitting attacks when enemies have done something silly like hammered the ground with a large weapon and have to recover. Magic is also predominant, but mostly just adds to the X button attack or creates colors on the screen before you start pressing X again. Take said gold, go buy stuff, kill more things again.

That's it. I think I've covered everything. "What about graphics and sound and, and, and..." Forget it. You'll be bored too quick to care about the rest, unless you're a die hard fan of hack n' slash. Better off buying *Neverwinter Nights* (portable on a laptop!).

Daniel Purvis



ME & MY KATAMARI

PSP

What genre is this game? 'Quirky Japanese Mayhem'? 'Giant Adhesive Ball Rolling Sim'? (eds. Who the fuck knows!!!)

The *Katamari* series requires you to control The Prince, who is charged with rolling a sticky-ball-thing around, running over objects in one of many levels in an attempt to make your sticky-ball-thing as large as possible, and achieving high scores along the way.

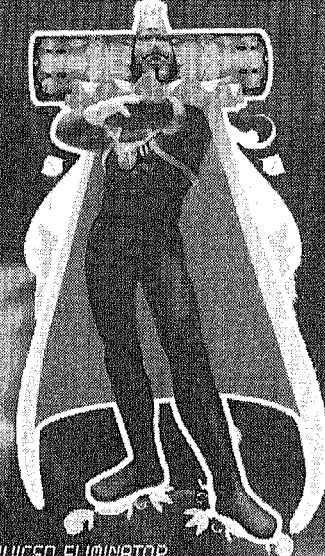
Surprising how great a deal of fun it is to wander about with your ball and see what you can add to the ball's immense size. How macabre it is to roll up lollies and then screaming, innocent bystanders before adding populated skyscrapers to your giant sticky-ball-thing. However, the game's saccharine presentation envelopes you and quickly nullifies any sense of guilt that may be manifesting.

The game is bright, colourful and a delight to play, unless you've been weaned on dreary shades of grey from playing so many gangsta crime games. Though, if you don't want to play the game because of its liberal use of primary colours then that's your loss, really.

The game also features a funky soundtrack, which has a Japanese pop influence. In fact, just about everything about this game screams 'Japanese'. I don't think 'the West' could possibly produce a game this shamelessly bizarre.

It is flawed, however, in a few ways; the control takes a bit of time to get used to on the PSP and never feel as precise as analogue sticks do, and mid level loading sessions suck. Little problems like this don't take too much away from the quality of the game experience though. If you give *Katamari* a go, you'll likely find that it's a fun and compelling addition to your PSP collection. If you have a PS2 though, you'd probably be advised to go for the latest console version, *We Love Katamari*, as it's a bit more fleshed out than this handheld version.

Angus



THQ
PSP

JUICED ELIMINATOR

I haven't a clue what the "Eliminator" stands for in the title, but it sounds cool.

It's a racing game. Kinda like a *Need for Speed*, but not the same – the cars don't look quite as cool. Race, buy cars, gain respect, enter more races, win money, race again, buy better cars, race again, buy a Holden Monaro CV8 for the FIRST TIME EVER in any racing game. Fuck yeah.

Ok, I've had my rant. *Juiced* is street racing game centralized in each city, where six rival car teams race against each other to gain respect, earn dough and make cars look super sexy sweet.

There are a huge number of cars available to buy in *Juiced*, from small Volkswagen Beetles to Dodge Vipers. Each car can be upgraded numerous times, and visual modifications can be made to make each car look sick.

Errorr... the game plays OK, but tracks can be a little boring and repetitive, and it takes a while to master the steering. The length of time it takes to get good at *Juiced* is more a reflection on the controls, which make driving difficult (the analogue stick either under or over-steers and the d-pad doesn't respond too quickly), rather than the skill of the driver.

There are a huge variety of game modes, however, they all center around the same limited locations and the same five event modes, which aren't anything spectacular. Modes include: sprint (like a poorer version of *Need for Speed* drag events with less stress and less skill needed), circuit, eliminator (where the last competitor is knocked out), point to point (race from point A to B and be the first to cross the line), and showoff. Showoff requires you to perform tricks for points, which is kinda fun but tricky and in my opinion better than the drifting competition in *NFS: Rivals*. None of the tracks have traffic, excessive trees, or anything else to make the game feel street racey however, so races can get a little monotonous.

The graphics are pretty good, but still don't compete with the smoothness or the speed of *Ridge Racer* or *Wipeout*, however they do hold their own.

My experience with *Juiced* has led me to believe that street racing sims are on the way out, though the car mod stuff is still great fun. Though I've been addicted to buying cars and making them look cool, I've been kinda sick of the actual racing aspect more, but it isn't the worst game around. Still OK to pickup and play (rhymes haha!).

Daniel Purvis

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to participate in future
clinical
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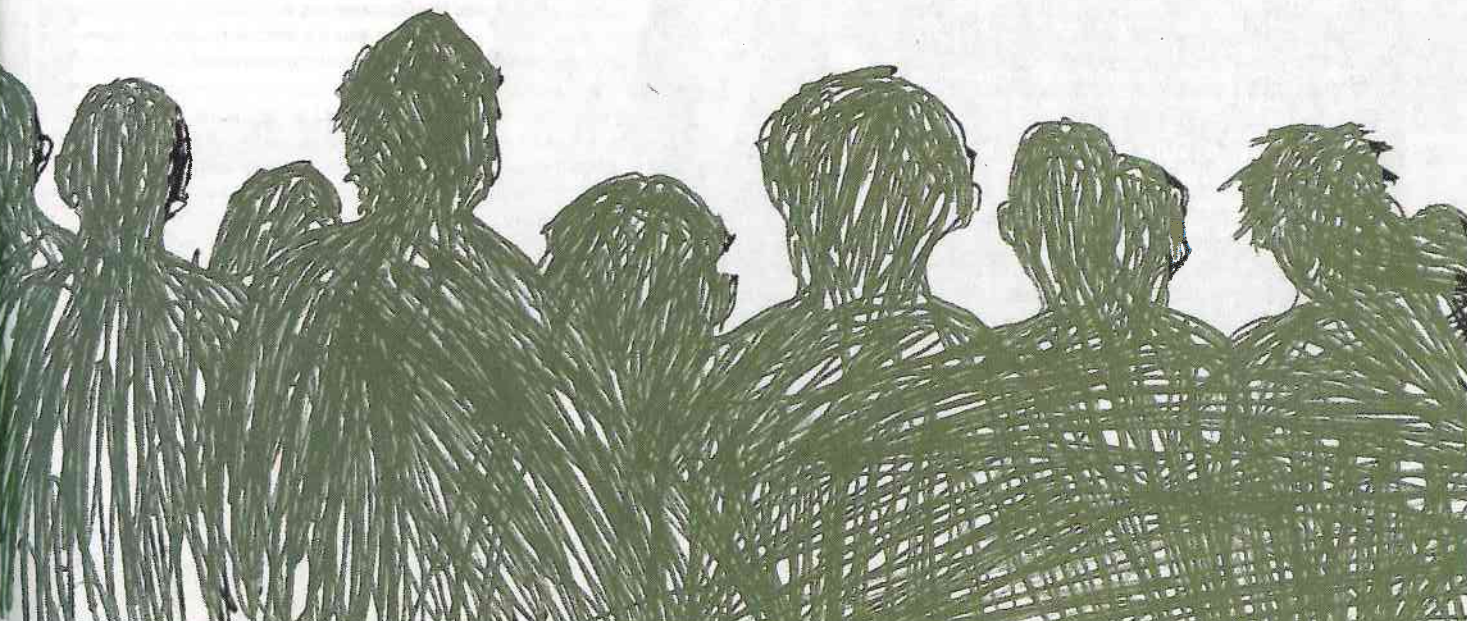
Volunteers who participate
in studies will be eligible
for financial
reimbursements.

CMAX is a world-class, clinical research and drug testing facility based at the Royal Adelaide Hospital, that carries out research on a variety of medicines for the pharmaceutical industry. The types of medicines that are investigated are varied, with some already marketed and in use in hospitals and by the General Practitioners, whereas other medicines may be in the early stages of investigation and development.

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An ethics Committee approves all clinical studies carried out at CMAX.





An incomplete and under researched history of queer tv

1972 - Australia's *Number 96* becomes the first program to feature and openly gay regularly featured character.

1977 - *Soap* features a young Billy Crystal as America's first out and happy regular TV character.

1982 - The one gay character from the movie *Fame* is written out of the TV series in the first few episodes.

1980's - British soaps like *Eastenders* and *Brookside* featured many regular gay characters. (for those with UKTV, guess which young, newly-ish-wed is about to find love in the arms of another lass?!)

1991-1992 - *Star Trek* creator Gene Roddenberry creates several recurring gay characters for his programs. All scenes featuring them are erased from the script by executives from Paramount after Roddenberry's death.

1990's - Rosanne couldn't decide which of her characters to out, having her mom out herself at Thanksgiving Lunch was high point.

1997 - After coming out on *Oprah* the previous year, Ellen Degeneres' character on her imaginatively titled hit sitcom *Ellen* comes out. To Laura Dern, good choice.

1998 - *Will & Grace* first airs on American TV. Will Truman is the first homosexual main character on prime time TV since *Ellen* was cancelled.

1999 - *Queer As Folk UK* debuts. It's depiction of underage (entirely consensual) homosexual sex sparks furor.

1999 - Furor erupts in the Bible Belt when Teletubbie 'Tinky Winky' is outed by the Rev Jerry Falwell

2000 - *Queer As Folk US* arrives. These folk are more pretty, more naked, more promiscuous and far less amusing than their cousins from Blighty.

2004 - Dubbed '*Queer As Folk with more breasts*', *The L Word* premieres. It is the first ongoing program which focuses on a group of lesbians.

2005 - Patty Bouvier, Marge Simpson's previously celibate sister, is the first character outed on *The Simpsons* leaving fans humming, 'Happy Birthday Mr Smithers'

2006 - George Takei, *Star Trek's* Mr Sulu, comes out - leaving slash fiction fans wondering if there are anymore closets on the Enterprise...

Qwazy Qwiz

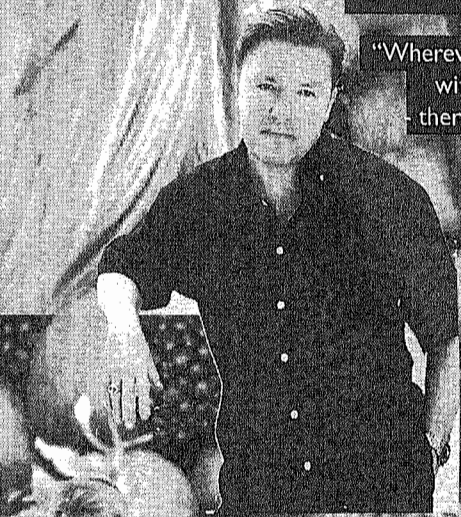
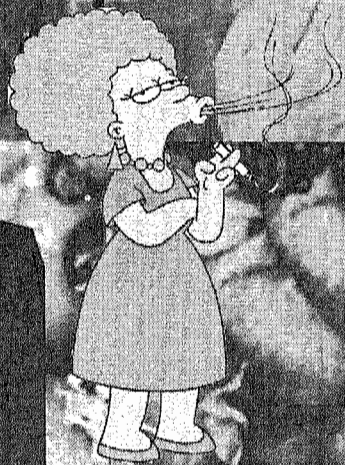
1. Sky Mangel has had her share of dalliances in *Neighbours*, but her (almost) relationship with which lovely young lady got various conservative groups' knickers' in a knot?
2. What *Seinfeld* catchphrase was first heard in the episode 'The Outing'?
3. True or false: The creator of the (original) UK version of *Queer as Folk* is also the executive producer of the new seasons of *Doctor Who*.
4. *Buffy* fans know that Willow and Tara were America's favourite TV lesbians for 3 seasons, but who was Willow's new girlfriend by the end of *Buffy The Vampire Slayer's* run?
5. In *Will & Grace*, what is the name of Jack's one man cabaret show?
6. Which actor and stand up comedian played the first sustained (ie, regular cast member) gay character on American prime time TV? Hint: after Steve Martin's attempts to host the Oscars, the Academy must be wishing they'd granted his pay rise!
7. Jennifer Beals and Pam Grier star in this drama that focuses on the lives of a group of lesbians living in Los Angeles
8. In the seemingly never-ending crime series *Law and Order*, which character recently came out? Hint: It was her final episode on the series, *quelle surprise*
9. Which Emmy award winning star of *Sex and the City* came out in 2003?
10. What was the first Australian TV show to feature a regular gay character?



QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"Wherever there's pomposity mixed with pretension and neediness - there's a little bit of Brent dust."

- Ricky Gervais



Queer Eye for the Straight Guy

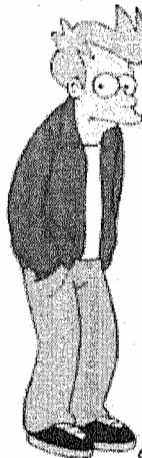
Despite being gayer than a box of stilettos, at its heart, *Queer Eye* was all about furthering the core ambitions of humans - to be more attractive, successful and jealousy-inspiring. For those unfamiliar with the program's premise, it took one fashion-challenged, style-deprived, poise-poor, behaviourally-handicapped, often brainless straight man and allowed five gay guys to invade his house and repaint it in a variety of luminescent shades, throw his furniture out the window, purge his wardrobe and redress him. In between workshoping such fabulous one-liners as "Look at this, you put a living room where the crack den used to be!" Having completed their task of reinventing every facet of the victim, sorry, participant's life, the 'Fab Five' would retire to their lair to enjoy an orgy of voyeurism and excessive wine consumption as they watched the subject perform (or screw up) a particular social task, such as holding a dinner, whilst bitching about the student's mistakes ("No, you shave after showering, you fool!") The show was extremely successful in both America and Australia, where it was produced in a local version. Unfortunately, *Australian Queer Eye* in 2005 went down like the proverbial sack of shit, perhaps because, by that stage, as Carson might say, the series was, like, 'Sooo 2003.' Then Fox had the bright idea of parodying the series, in its production *Straight Plan for the Gay Man*, which essentially turned the tables and had the straight guys gang up on one gay man, who consented (?) to have his beautiful furniture splintered into a thousand pieces of designer upholstery and Swedish timber as it was chucked out of the windows, his 1979 Moulin à Vent Merlot replaced with a fridge full of Bud Light, with a new wardrobe sourced straight from Wal-Mart. *Queer Eye* will be remembered both for furthering the stereotypes of all gay men being well-groomed, style-conscious, superficial factories of witticisms and for openly portraying gay men in a positive light. Either way, it was a hell of a lot of fun for the viewer, and is still shown on Ten at noon every weekday (Sorry, Jerry, but once people start getting killed off-air, the show is cancelled.)

Angus Maxwell-Clark

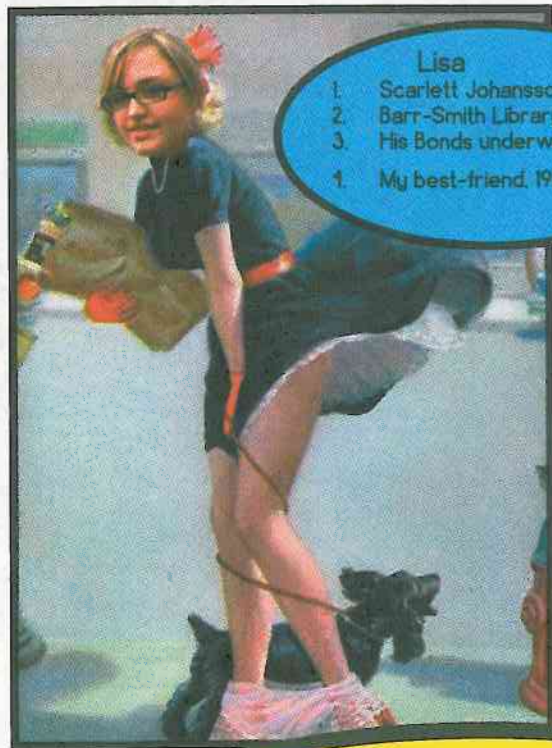
TOP TEN TV GAYS

1. Jack McFarland *Will & Grace*
2. Smithers *The Simpsons*
3. Carson Kressley *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*
4. Ellen DeGeneres *Ellen*
5. Brian Kinney *Queer As Folk*
6. Mr. Garrison *Southpark*
7. Sgt. Craig Gilmore *The Bill*
8. Julian Clary *Sticky Moments with Julian Clary*
9. Ian Gallagher *Shameless*
10. Joffery Jellineck *Strangers With Candy*

POCKET TOTTIE

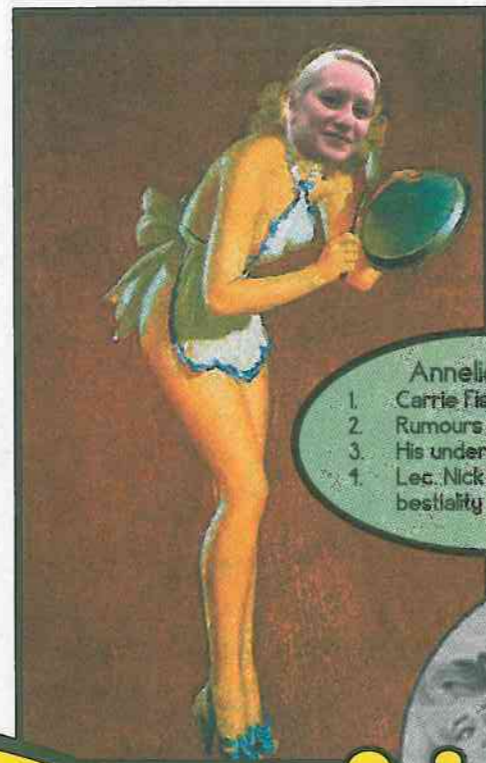


Name: Phillip J. Fry
AKA: Fry
Age: depends (25)
Marital Status: eligible bachelor
Where you've seen him: delivering pizzas, gulping down Slurm.
Where you'll see him next: see above
Why we love him: he's the everyman of this millennia and the next.
Trivia: He suffered 3 heart attacks in high school after drinking 100 cans of Cola a week. Whatta man!
Join the Fry fanlisting at: www.la-forsaken.org/fry



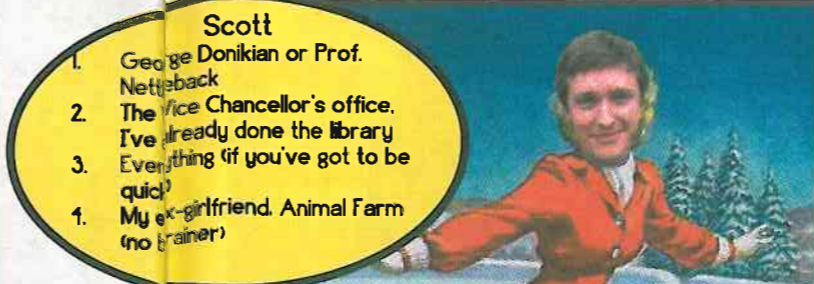
Lisa

1. Scarlett Johansson
2. Barr-Smith Library
3. His Bonds underwear
1. My best-friend, 1920's porn



Annelie

1. Carrie Fisher
2. Rumours Café
3. His underwear
1. Lec. Nick Burns, strictly no bestiality



Scott

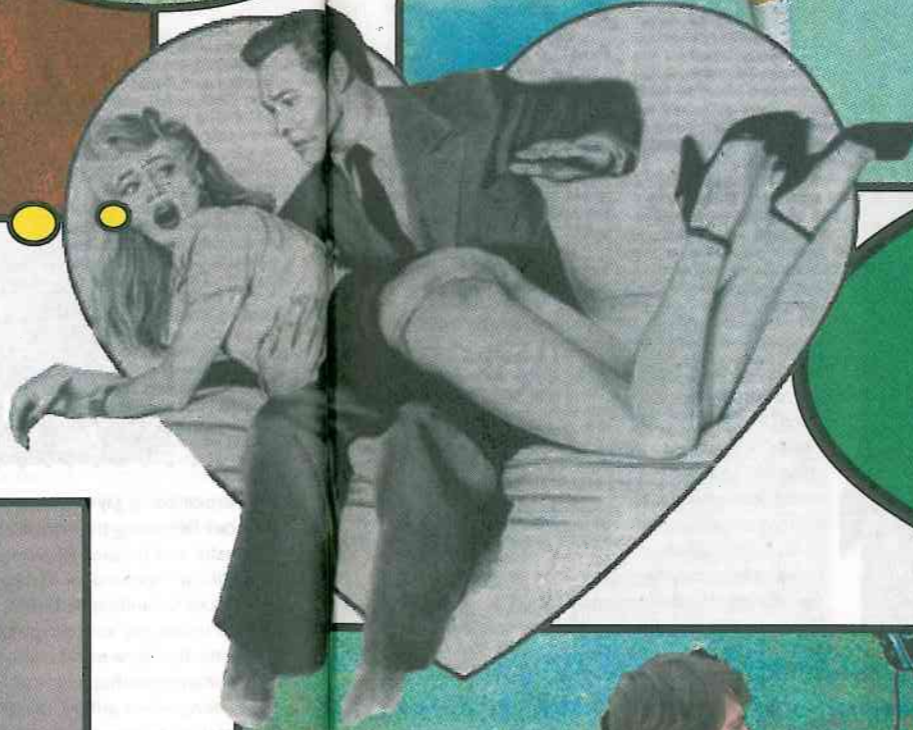
1. George Donikian or Prof. Nettieback
2. The Vice Chancellor's office. I've already done the library
3. Everything (if you've got to be quick)
1. My ex-girlfriend, Animal Farm (no trainer)



Semi

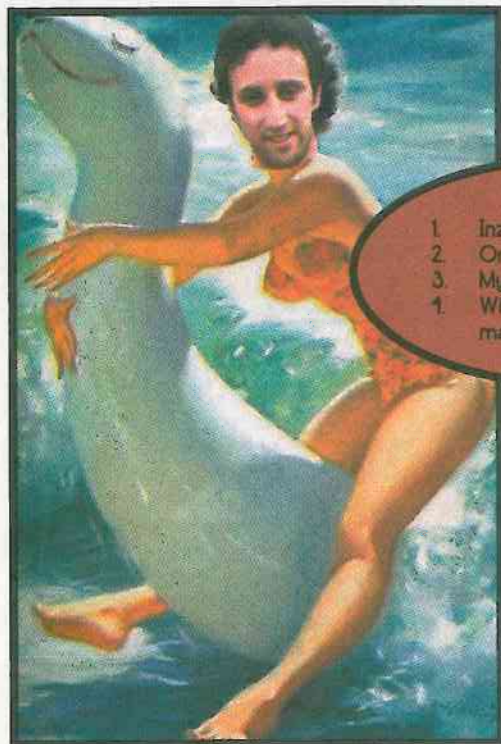
1. Jennifer Ariston
2. Barr-Smith Library
3. His police hat
1. My male best-friend, anything will do

Vox Pop



QUESTIONS

1. Which celebrity of the same gender would you go?
2. Where on campus would be the most exciting place to "bone" your lover?
3. What item of clothing would you leave on during the above mentioned "boning"?
1. Who would you most like to watch porn with and what genre of porn would you watch?



Dave

1. Inzaman al-Haq
2. On the bar, in the bar
3. My Y-fronts
1. With my girl-friend, home-made porn



Aki

1. Anyone who's a celebrity, even Oprah
2. The pool table in the uni bar
3. My denim jacket
1. My boyfriend, Japanese porn



Nick

1. David Boon
2. Really loud in the library
3. A sock
1. John Howard, home-made



Bill

1. Andrew Fleming (from The Central Planning Committee)
2. On the big clay notes
3. My sunnies
1. Pope Benedict with JP2 in the room, bestiality

Magnificent Maher and Celebrating Shostakovich

**Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Adelaide Town Hall
August 3-5 & August 11-12**

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's ninth Master Series concert for the year saw the return of cellists Pei-Jee Ng and Pei-Sian Ng to Adelaide for the Australian premiere of Aho's *Concerto for Two Violoncellos and Orchestra*. Thankfully, the work rated well against some of the contemporary music that Adelaide audiences have been exposed to in recent times. Then again, it was no masterpiece, and the twin cellists' spectacular playing deserved a better vehicle.

Mahler's *Symphony No. 5* was the significantly more substantial work on the program, and the scale of the work saw the orchestra expand to fill the Town Hall stage. This was one of the better performances by the orchestra this year – even the fickle horn section was in good form. Principal horn Philip Hall was outstanding, but unfortunately his standard was not maintained across the brass section and principal trumpet Shane Hooton had an opening night that he would probably rather forget.

Master Series 10 also featured some puzzling programming – Mussorgsky thrown in with the obvious combination of Britten and Shostakovich. The older Russian's *Night on the Bald Mountain* was played well by the orchestra, though the choice to use the original orchestration in favour of the more well-known Rimsky-Korsakov version was unjustified.

Another ex-Adelaide artist, pianist Kristian Chong, was on hand for Britten's *Piano Concerto*. Chong's performance was reasonable, but nothing special – his trills in particular needed more clarity.

More impressive was the orchestra's performance of Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 6*. The *Presto* third (and final) movement was a rollercoaster ride to savour, and the encore performance of *Tahiti Trot* (better known as *Tea for Two*) was a delightful way to bring the evening to a close.

For all of Arvo Volmer's histrionics on the podium, it must be said that he elicits something from the ASO that few other conductors are able to. The orchestra's performances under his direction this year have surpassed all others, and expectations are high for his next Adelaide concert engagement – Orff's massive *Carmina Burana* in October.

Benedict Coxon



Dmitri Alexeev

**International Piano Series
Grainger Studio
August 2**

For the third International Piano Series recital for the year, Dmitri Alexeev presented an all-Russian program, beginning with Tchaikovsky's *Eighteen Pieces*. The pianist gave the work a full, colourful tone. His interpretation was very strongly projected and there was never any 'weak' playing – even his *cantabile* playing had a certain bite to the sound. Although all pieces were played with a powerful character, *On the Troika* from *The Seasons* could have been a little more capricious.

Scriabin's *Sonata No. 3* is a very difficult piece technically, a fact highlighted by the composer's inability to play the demanding fourth movement. Despite this challenge, Alexeev tackled the work with confidence and the energetic fourth movement was especially impressive. The middle voice did, however, occasionally get swamped under the torrent of notes.

Twelve of the *Twenty Four Preludes* by Shostakovich were collectively the high point of the recital. The preludes suited the pianist's 'sharp' sound as well as his temperament. Each prelude was played according to its character, and trademarks of Shostakovich – wit, humour, melancholy, sarcasm, irony – were all brought out well.

Alexeev's temperament seemed to conflict somewhat with the character of Rachmaninov's *Preludes*. These preludes are rather dreamy pieces, but his interpretation did not reflect this; his playing still suggested the style of Shostakovich, and his sound always had a certain 'edge', which did not communicate the romantic warmth of these pieces. However, in spite of his apparent misinterpretation, his ideas were conveyed strongly.

In Rachmaninov's *Sonata No. 2*, the full forces of Alexeev's stamina and strength were unleashed, bringing the evening to a brilliant conclusion.

Michael Ierace

Australian Brandenburg Orchestra

**Adelaide Town Hall
August 6**

Programming a concert featuring works by only one composer can be a dangerous thing, as one runs the risk of the performance seeming monotonous and dry. However, when it's Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos* in question things become a lot safer.

The Australian Brandenburg Orchestra, led by artistic director/harpsichordist Paul Dyer and concertmaster Lucinda Moon, prides itself on its fine interpretation of Baroque music on period instruments. The ABO's performance of four of the six concertos lived up to its reputation.

Beginning with a fast-paced realization of the overly-popular third concerto, the ABO demonstrated its competence by meeting both technical and expressive demands; the players gave the audience virtuosic thrills and emotional stirrings.

The fifth concerto, also somewhat of a cliché, again dazzled a transfixed audience with its vitality and superb ensemble. Paul Dyer's extensive harpsichord cadenza was thrilling.

The unconventional sixth concerto, scored for lower strings (cello, bass, two violas da gamba) and two viola soloists, was rich and full of life. Violists Monique O'Dea and Shelley Jamieson delivered their solos with eloquence, their canonic material interweaving with beauty.

The grand, and seldom heard, first concerto was a justified inclusion in the program. The rich scoring – two horns, three oboes, bassoon, solo piccolo violin, plus the usual strings and harpsichord – is unique to this concerto. The four-movement work was delivered by the ABO with precision and excitement, providing a fulfilling finale to what was an exemplary celebration of Bach's genius.

Ashleigh Gold

Yvonne Kenny

Musica Viva
Adelaide Town Hall
July 28

Vocal recitals by world-class artists are few and far between in Adelaide, but Musica Viva is going some way towards filling the gap. After last year's Barker/Coleman-Wright/Lane presentation, another Australian to have found success in London, Yvonne Kenny, presented an intriguing program based on women's experiences of love.

And what a program it was. Though on the surface it looked like a fairly disparate collection of songs, there was a logical progression in terms of narrative. Even the mix of styles presented few problems, largely because of the superb musicianship of the performers. Joining Kenny was Scottish pianist Iain Burnside, whose clarity and feather-light touch were often on display, notably in Schumann's *Seit ich ihn gesehen* from *Fraunliebe und Leben*.

Kenny herself slipped from Schumann to Victoria Wood to Handel (in that order!) with consummate ease. No doubt she was aided in this by the use of some carefully chosen readings to link the pieces. Though these literary extracts often had singer and accompanist in dialogue, they prevented a more direct engagement with the audience, which is the only criticism that can be made of the performance. A cabaret-style form of patter might have fitted better with the eclectic selection of works.

But although she must surely be in the twilight years of her career, Yvonne Kenny's singing was beautiful and showed excellent communication. Apart from the odd high note that was tackled with a little too much vigour, her efforts were impressive. Highlights included Sondheim's cheeky *Could I Leave You?* from *Follies* and various French songs, including *Le temps du lilas* by Chausson and *La Diva de L'Empire* by Satie.

Carl Vine is on the money with vocal recitals such as this. One hopes that next year there is at least one such presentation included among Musica Viva's offerings.

Benedict Coxon

Cathedral Series

St Peter's Cathedral
August 5

Staging an opera is an ambitious task for anyone, let alone a volunteer organization such as that behind the Cathedral Series. How pleasing it is then that 'A Little Mozart', with Mozart's early opera *Bastien and Bastienne* serving as its centerpiece, was an artistic success.

The prelude to the opera consisted of a piano work by Chabrier, one for organ by Roger-Ducasse, Saint-Saens' *Tecum Principium* from the *Oratorio de Noel* and excerpts from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*. Apart from the abysmal French organ music, the first half of the program was an interesting mix of pleasant pieces. The trio from *Acis and Galatea*, *The Flocks Shall Leave the Mountains* was the highlight, with soprano Jessica Dean and tenor Robert Macfarlane making the most of the melancholy harmonies, while bass Keith Hempton interjected with some enthusiastic exclamations.

All three singers impressed even more in the opera in the second half. The 'hammy' acting was sufficiently theatrical to overcome the sparsity of the staging, with only a few props and some simple costumes available. The singing was of a high standard, though the resonance of the acoustic was not kind to the occasional imperfections in intonation. Keith Hempton as Colas appeared to be enjoying himself immensely, while Robert Macfarlane put in an earnest performance as the shepherd, Bastien. Jessica Dean showed a comic touch beyond her years in her portrayal of the shepherdess, Bastienne.

It is not an exaggeration to say that this evening of fine music rivalled State Opera's most recent studio production, inspiring anticipation of whether a similar production may be staged by the Cathedral Series next year.

Benedict Coxon

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