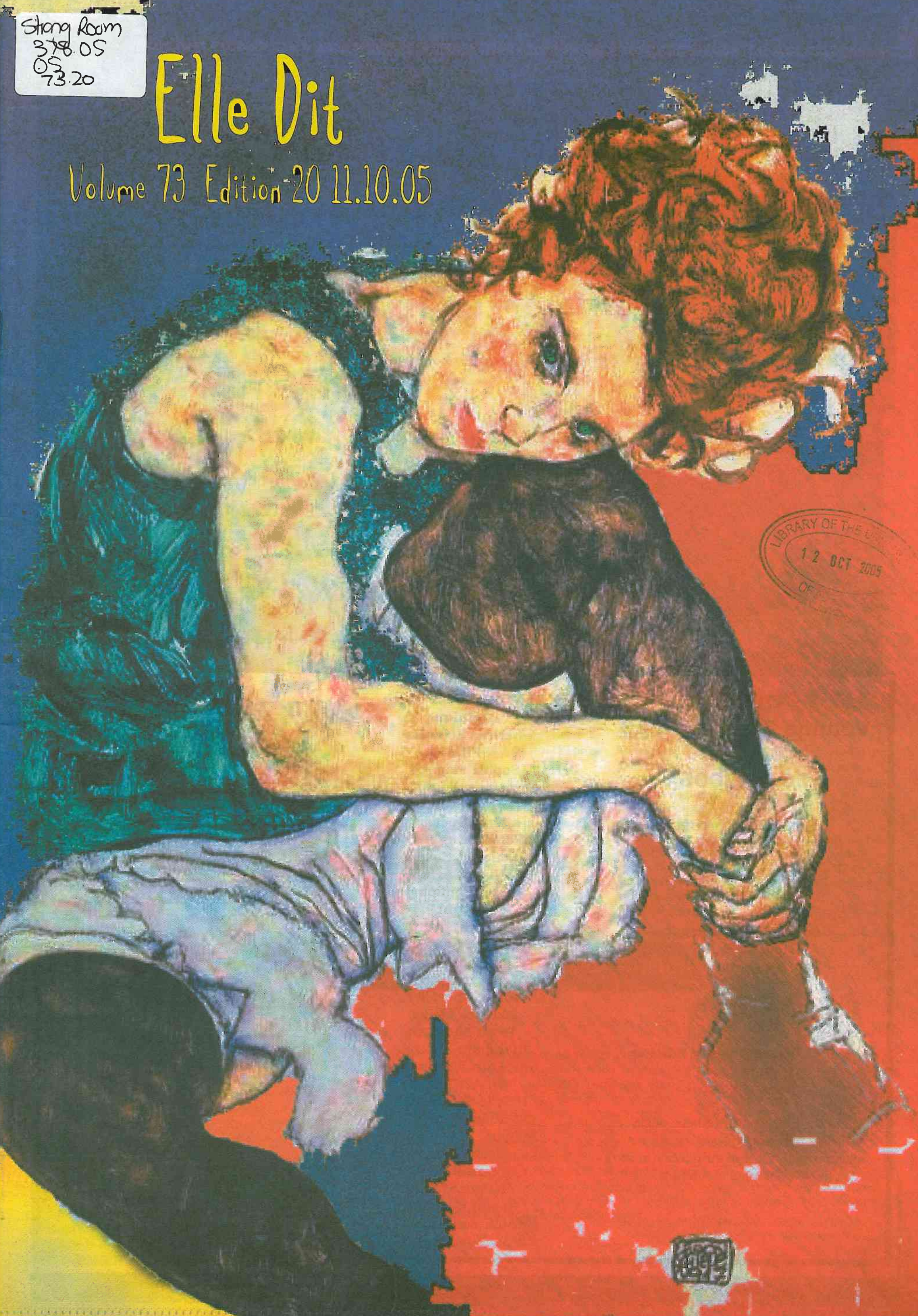


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Elle Dit

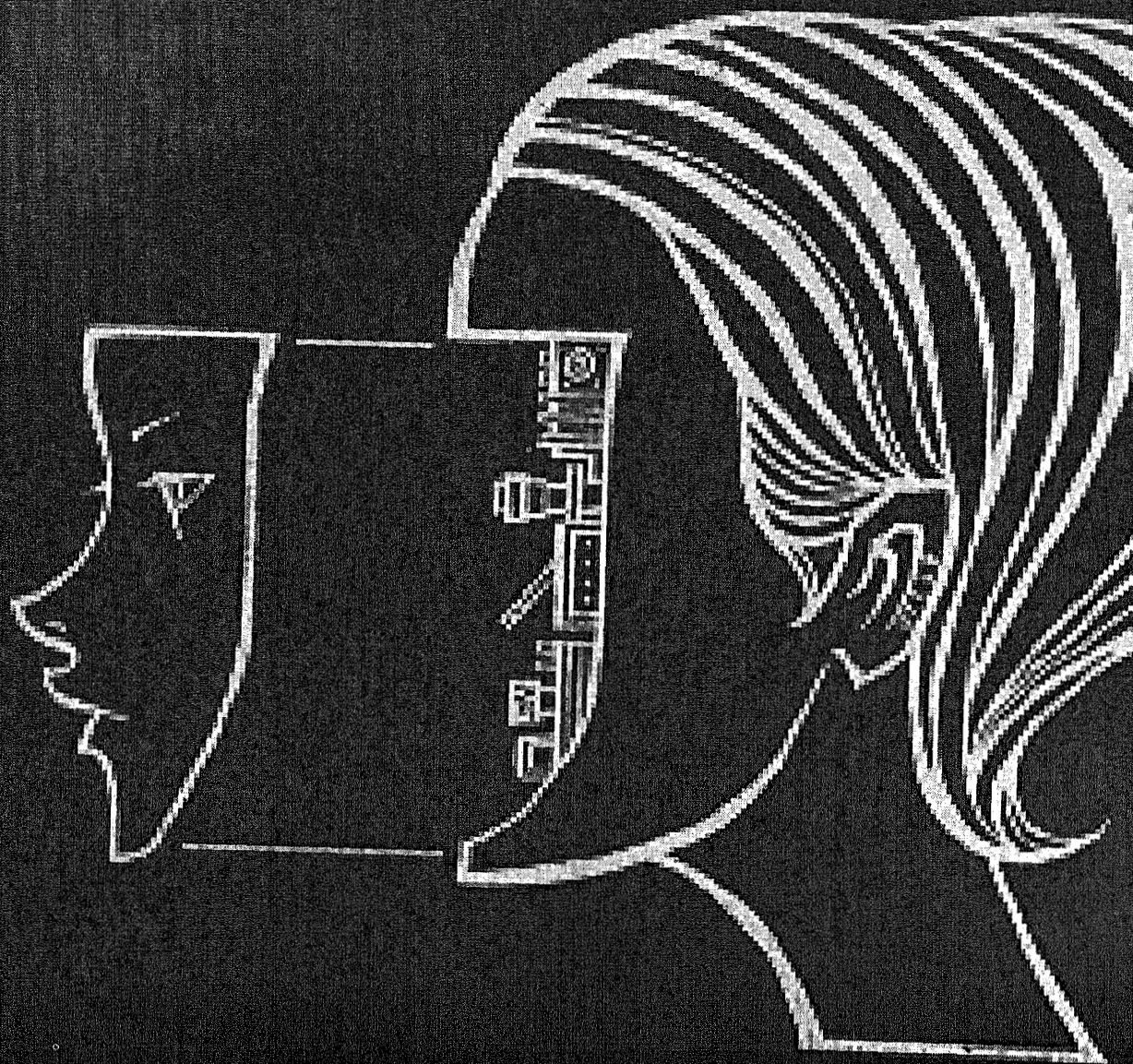
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Elle Dit is the women's edition of On Dit. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Students' Association of Adelaide Uni.

Would you rather construct the Eiffel Tower to scale with matchsticks or eat 20,000 poo sandwiches?

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About the cover:
 Isn't she hot?

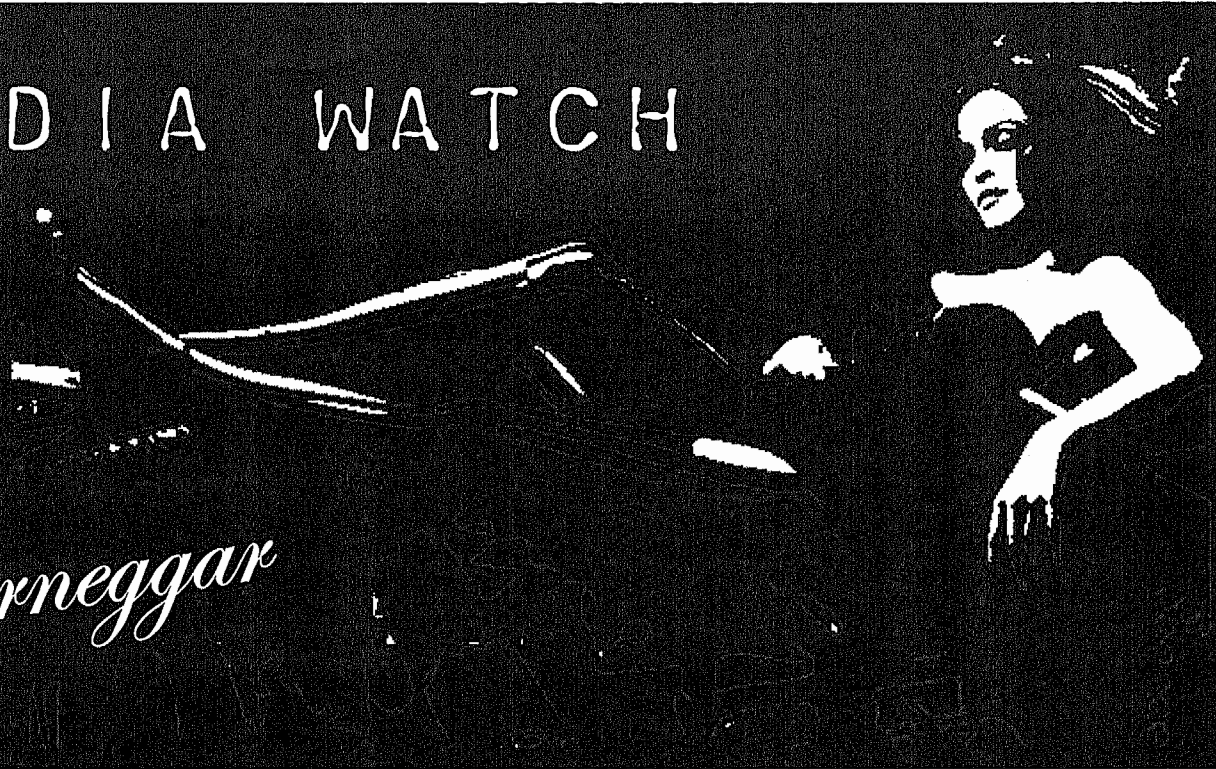
Wanna Write?
 Come down to our friendly little office down in the basement of the George Murray building or contact us via email at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call us on 83035404.

Our firstborns to:
 All our smacko writers, Anais, Karlie and her mommy, Laura, Marie, Gitsi, mtk for the brownies, Lauren, Mel P, Tori Heinz, Chanel Cole, Justin from Mary Martin's, Clive from TAI, proofie Dan, Stan for fixing incoming, Alexis & his uncle Willy Wonka, hommous
Rumpelstiltskin says boo to:
 The boy who laughed at Steph and Anna's outfits, indigestion, sinusitis, 70 hour working weeks, people who say they'll send in articles and don't, sisters who can only converse on the topic of weddings and boys who drink too much so they smell and are gross.

MEDIA WATCH

with

Audrey Heffernegger



Surprise, surprise - America is about to take another turn for the conservative worst and the consequences could be drastic.

Following the resignation of Sandra O'Day from the US Supreme Court, conservatives have been calling for the appointment of a fellow right winger to ensure tough moral stances are finally taken on issues like abortion, gay rights and church-state separation. Of course, the appointment of another woman would also be favourable. After all, nothing says veiled conservatism like tokenism.

But even conservatives are angered by George W. Bush's nomination. Bush has put forward one Heather Miers, a conservative Texan lawyer and coincidentally also one of his political advisors. The problem is (apart from

the markedly obvious) that Miers isn't even a judge. Her lack of experience in this area has many questioning her ability to fulfil a judicial role on the state's highest bench. Conveniently too, I imagine, it provides conservative males with more than just a small beef with women holding positions of power some kind of ammunition.

Not that I'm supporting the appointment of Miers at all. On the contrary, the idea of someone who openly claims to be pro-life as well as advising one of the most dangerous governments in history worries me more than just a smidge. Although Miers has stated she will keep her personal beliefs separate from her judicial responsibility, one cannot help but expect that she will vote to overturn Roe vs. Wade, the legal precedent set in the 1970s that ruled abortion legal in America. It's been a big item on the agenda for the Supreme Court for awhile now, and another conservative judge is all they need to ensure reproductive rights in the US once again hit the dark ages.

But not all are convinced. Gary Bauer, head of the American Values Group and a critic of the nomination, said Miers could be a swing vote on the court, which would be a disappointing nomination from Bush.

"She sounds a lot like me like another swing vote, which was the last thing we were expecting a conservative president to give us."

Pause for a moment to remove the sick taste from your mouth of an open admission that the Bush presidency is expected to only serve the right. Now consider how this appointment might affect us here in Australia.

Copying as we do nearly every political move that comes out of America, if Johnny's best pal Bush could be seen to be outlawing abortion, how long will it be before we see similar arguments here? We already know that a host of right wing politicians want to see the abortion debate back in the public sphere. Country's favourite bumpkin Barnaby Joyce has even claimed his proudest achievement in the Senate would be to make abortion illegal. Well, stick it up your jumper Joyce.

As our political decision become dangerously mirrored to America, ponder this - how is it that more people I've spoken to have heard about the potential appointment of Heather Miers than the recent appointment of Justice Susan Crennan to our own High Court? And by the way Phillip Ruddock, to say that it has absolutely nothing to do with gender and all to do with merit is bollocks. Are you really trying to claim that only two women in the past 100 years have had enough merit to sit on the High Court?

It's unclear whether or not Bush will succeed in getting his advisor and 'good friend' Miers appointed, but one thing is certain. There are dire changes to our legal rights afoot and we are almost powerless to stop them.

Fucking neo-cons.



Feminism encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practise witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians.

- PAT ROBERTSON, US POLITICIAN, 1992

Dove celebrates 'real' women

I know that the Dove ads promoting 'real curves' may be perceived as tokenistic and contradicted by most other messages in the beauty industry, but I saw that ad in 'Marie Claire' last week and I thought the women were glorious - they had full bums, breasts, hips. But my mum remarked that the models were only a few pounds heavier than average and no significantly overweight women had been included. Thus companies like Dove are saying, 'It's ok to be a natural weight - as long as that extends to "curvy" and doesn't breach a certain level of girlish plumpness'. Anyway, I don't think that those kinds of ads are going to have a huge impact on the way many of us have internalised a desire for thinness, unless they become the norm.



Mel Purcell

Elle Dit 2005 - Welcome to a Feminist Response to Pop Culture

Let's just do a conversation, yeah? - Enid
 Is that in an English accent? - Dawn Campbell
 So we're actually doing a conversation? - Garth
 Now I'm nervous... - Dawn Campbell
 Jarvis Cocker for President. - Garth
 Anyone for President. - Garth
 Let's talk about Elle Dit - Enid
 Hey, let's remember to thank Tori! - Dawn Campbell
 Thanks Tori for the ace painting on the back cover. You are so pretty and hot. - Enid
 Don't forget to tell them I look like a cross between a medieval heretic and E.T. - Garth
 Maybe we shouldn't put it up to 15 point type? - Dawn Campbell
 You're right. Let's make it 12. - Enid
 Fuck I'm tired. - Enid
 Me too. - Enid
 Yay Elle Dit! What can we say about Elle Dit? - Garth
 Elle Dit is the women's edition of On Dit. It's rad. - Enid
 And completely legal. - Dawn Campbell
 That makes no sense whatsoever. - Garth
 Shut up Garth. - Enid

**Elle Dit eds mean in no way to put off the hardcore amongst you with our brazenly crap 'editorial'. But hey, we's tired. Enjoy the edition!*



KUH-RAZY GIVEAWAY

On Dit has muchos passes to give away to the preview screenings of the new sensational film *Wolf Creek*. Too good to be true! But it isn't.... Just come down to On Dit (George Murray basement) and answer the following question:

"Two trains are travelling north and east respectively. One is travelling north at 82 km/h while the eastbound one is travelling at 93 m/h. If they do a round trip journey with a full turnover of passengers, at what point did you lose interest in this question?"



LETTERS ...darlings!

Dear On Dit,

I've always been of the opinion that earmarking a single edition throughout the year as the women's edition gives the impression that every other edition is a man's edition, or at the very least, not a women's edition. With this in mind, I have to wonder how relevant the concept of Elle Dit will be next year with three strong female editors. Only time will tell how smoothly their tenure runs and I certainly wish them the best of luck, as I do this year's Elle Dit contributors, in crafting a newspaper that is entertaining, informative and fair.

Il Dit

Dear On Dit,

Dan J writes an articulate article which shows a sound knowledge of the principles of Australian politics, however, I have to take exception with a couple of his points namely passing off his own beliefs and prejudices as truths, for example: To Dan's point about competition in our political system. Democracy by its very definition is competitive and competition DOES exist in our system. We have a multi-party system which sees fair, free and open elections and a vibrant civil society (such as the existence of student papers like *On Dit* to question the actions of government and stimulate debate). I admit that it is not 100% 'competitive', and it can't be unless we are willing to give up the stability of our democracy (for those who advocate peaceful anarchy, nice ideal, in practice, I don't think possible). Without going into an in-depth discussion of political theory, there is a trade-off between freedom and stability and our system, I think, has a reasonable balance. (There are of course other problems such as increasing constraints on our free press by cuts in funding to ABC and some editorial over-site by the government and personal interests of oligopolistic media houses which bias media reportage).

Dan also argues that the "mantra 'if it aint broke don't fix it' no longer holds true". This may be true for him, and indeed for many, however, for many more, it IS true. Look at Tesltra; business would say that there is not enough freedom to develop the organisation in a competitive manner in order to take advantage of such things as economies of scale and in making certain business-led decisions (don't however assume that I mean by this that I support the increasing

deregulation of communications. The nature of the beast means that the market will fail if there is complete deregulation where it is not feasible for there to exist more than one infrastructure for things like telecommunications). For Industrial Relations, companies feel that the current regime disadvantages them. It is also argued that lack of IR reforms makes Australia less competitive in the global market. It is true that we resist the changes as we feel that that they are an assault on our standards of living. The irony is, if we do not implement changes, we will become economically irrelevant and a trading backwater at best and a third world economy in relative terms at worst in the future. (Again, another problem I recognise, which I will briefly mention, is that while rights and conditions at the lower end are being constrained, those at the upper end are not and this desperately needs to be address, but how?).

Dan suggests, if not directly, then it is clearly alluded to, that the government's policies are regressive, and perhaps some are, but I, and the government's advocates, who are obviously many (given the government's re-election with a larger power-base) would say differently. Moreover, some would say that compulsory student unionism is regressive and VSU a step forward; all depends on your political stripes and your perspective.

I should probably make a declaration of my interests; I am a liberal, but small 'l' first and large 'L' second. I do disagree with some of the Liberal Party's policies, particularly on socialisation, that is a return to 1950s norms (which I am sure are most strongly advocated by Mr. Howard). As a small 'l' liberal, I believe in limited government and this government certainly appears to be moving away from that, but in the last election, I exercised my democratic right and did not vote Liberal for the first time; now isn't THAT competition?

Many of these issues are not fleshed out to their full extent which may suggest that my position is further right than it actually is, and I don't mean to be construed as an advocate of all things Liberal, I am not. However, the point that I am trying to make is that it is important when dealing with such an important issue not to be construed as biased by passing off ideas which are subjective as being objective and factual.

Regards,
Damien Donavan
Honours International Studies 2004

Hello Daniel,

I am an avid reader of *On Dit*, and particularly enjoyed last weeks "Money" issue. I had started reading Hawkins et al "Natural Capitalism" just before the *On Dit* issue went to print, and was surprised and excited to see an overview of the book. I thought - "someone is reading about this kind of thing too!" I have previously read Hawkins *The Ecology of Commerce*, and have really just started to read into this type of thing, but have found it immensely powerful reading, and it has left me wondering why there aren't more people around talking about such changes discussed in these books. Maybe there are but I just haven't met them yet!

I am studying a B.Sc and it seems there isn't much room for talk about politics or the environment - most people seem to be too busy to have really thought hard about issues such as climate change and the growing divergence between modern economics and actual reality! I know next to nothing about it all, but I would still love to be able to have a place to discuss such issues that concern us all.

Where/when did you start reading about these concepts and start thinking about it? I often think it would be great to have a kind of

regular forum at the uni to discuss topics such as environmentalism and find out what people want and believe in, but as soon as I imagine it in my head, I can just picture it all going wrong, with everyone not talking about "important" issues, or someone trying to run the show and take over (although maybe this would be necessary?!). I just feel like there is not enough active meaningful conversation on campus, it's as if everyone has resolved just to go to uni for lectures and then get out of there as quick as possible because it is a lonely place! What do you think needs to happen to draw people out of their shells? People are interested in all different things, so what does it take to find a common positive interest so that people can feel like they can discuss it and contribute meaningfully?

I hope I have not blabbed on too much, but I feel strongly that something should be done to encourage people out of general apathy. I would love to hear your (or any of the other editors/contributors) comments or thoughts on this matter.

Yours sincerely,
Nat

Unfortunately my BA has barely left me with the most basic understanding of people, let alone taught me how to be an oracle. One thing it did do though was to bring Natural Capitalism into my mits while searching for references. Unfortunately a summary was all that last weeks article was. There was so much more that could've been included. For instance, I accidentally left out the idea of a service and flow economy, where most goods are not owned by individuals but the service that that good would normally provide are bought from the producer. The producer therefore has an impetus to make the product last as long as possible and be as efficient as possible.

Lovins et al have a very rosy outlook relying purely on the (very compelling) logic of their ideas and while that's good enough for me, more work needs to be done to convince the millions of people who would have to reskill or change jobs as old industries are exposed as redundant.

It is an exciting time to read about these ideas as there are so many frustrating examples of market inadequacies and outdated, damaging industries but also examples of some of these ideas coming to fruition. For instance I noticed in a recent broadsheet newspaper that a small demand side energy company was starting up in Australia, selling energy savings to power companies looking to cut down peak expenditure.

*Anyway I would encourage others to write about the book/related ideas rather than me trying to piece together bits of info in this tattered response. As far as people bothering to think about it/getting together to talk about it, many people drawn to political action are quite painful to talk to but environmentalism seems to suffer their presence a little less, so I don't think any group is likely to be commandeered by scruffians. Maybe just start one, a discussion group or club etc. There are a few in existence that browse on related issues (peak oil & climate change for example). The SAUA Environment Collective used to be an exciting place to talk about practical stuff many years ago and next year's Officer, Reece Kinnane seems to be a likeable sort (perhaps he should print a list of relevant env. groups in next edition). While I would obviously say this, writing about it in *On Dit* is one of the best ways I can think of to 'discuss' issues in a broader sense. Otherwise just try to encourage your friends to think about it and hopefully it will somehow enter the public consciousness. Unlike fuzzy environmentalisms such as recycling, this one is virtually impossible to implement on your own unless you start a small business, so try writing a letter to a government dept. or going along to any seminars that come up, which usually allow some possibilities for discussing it in a more fruitful academic way. Feel free to come down to *On Dit* to chat about it (and that goes for anyone else!) - Good luck, Dan (ed.)*

Dear On Dit,

Go the useless trivial I finally found something that was worthy of being stuck up on my wall in the articles on Fucking (the town, not the act - that could be another article) and phobias! *On Dit* rocks! :) Keep up the good work! Mwa's and hugs to whoever trawled through cyber space to find it!

With love always,
Stacey P

Cinderella long live misogyny

by Anna Svedberg

Despite appearances, this is not Elton John



and people advising women to 'tone it down' or better still 'dumb it down'. I see intelligent women left right and centre, batting their eyelashes and playing stupid. For what? To live forever in a subordinate abyss?

So the ad, Cinderella is waiting for her man but she is wearing one black knee high boot and one glass slipper. The boot I'm sure you will agree is one more commonly associated with strippers, prostitutes and just generally women and sex. It is the anchor that draws you in and this boot is 'naughty'. While the ad is trying to be so clever by linking this boot to the one percent of fat in their chocolate milk, they're reconfirming the type of woman that they believe women should be. That woman is not a sexual one. I find it interesting how women have been sexually objectified in the media forever, that's just a woman's role. However, it does not translate into daily living. Women who are sexual are sluts, women who aren't, are prudish or frigid and the ones in between nobody would want to have sex with anyway so they don't really exist! *Rush* are so darn clever though, they have incorporated the whore-Madonna fantasy in one woman. Now you can fuck and marry Cinderella!

The *Rush* ad is clearly targeted at women. The thing that made me so cross though was that the second time I saw this ad was on girl.com.au. The claim of this website 'Girl Power - Empowering Girls Worldwide'. The extended ad says 'So let go of your guilt and enjoy the full bodied taste of a *Rush* flavoured milk. With 30% less sugar and only 1% fat - it's only a little naughty'. If you look at the binary opposite,

I can just imagine the long sleek table with crisp-suited executives rubbing their fingertips together. "It's just so witty". "There are just so many levels Frank, it's genius"... And yet another 'hilarious' advertisement flops off the conveyor belt and erects itself on my daily route.

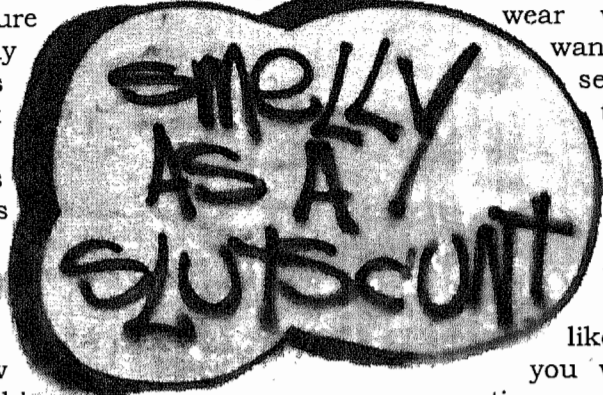
The first time I saw this ad was life-size in Woolworth's. Initially I just rolled my eyes at the 'low-fat' product being so obviously marketed at women, however, it's far worse than that. *Rush* have created a pin-up girl for everything that is wrong with gender stereotyping in advertising. Really, this ad couldn't get more offensive if it tried.

Firstly, the woman in the ad is apparently silly Cinderella who lost her slipper at the ball. As a child I enjoyed the read, it was magical and romantic with a healthy dose of good versus evil. I sympathised with Cinderella, she was so lovely and beautiful and it was dreadful that her ugly, nasty stepsisters made her scrub the floors instead of going to the ball. Naturally I felt happy when Cinderella's demure magnificence pulled through and won her the heart of the prince. That's the way it always goes in fairytale land, Sleeping Beauty, Snow White, pretty, placid girls saved by a strapping prince. This fairytale mentality extends far beyond the pages though. I don't know how many times I have heard boys - 'smart' boys - say 'yeahhh, I like demure girls'

it substantiates that women should feel guilty if they don't consume low fat and low sugar products. 'Looking for a mid morning or afternoon snack to substitute for your secret stash of chocolate bars and potato chips?' 'SECRET STASH', I cannot believe that women's guilt is used as a marketing tool. This guilt is a product of a society that *still* tells girls at school that 'ladies don't eat in public' while in the real world, everything is packaged for women saying 'eat me', but beautiful women are thin, so maybe you should consider sticking your head in the

toilet after. But then you will have lost control, oh you bad, bad girl!

When was the last time you heard a man called 'naughty'? 'Naughty' is a condescending term reserved for children and women to keep them in line. Women are NOT 'naughty' if they eat what they want to or wear what they want to or have sex with who they want to despite what the rest of the world may think.



I would like to leave you with a few questions. 1. When Jessica Simpson made her film clip for Hazlewood and Sinatra's, 'These Boots Are Made For Walking', did she consider what the song was about? 2. Is there a reason why Channel Ten decided to start filming Sandra Sully from the side of her desk in the late night news? 3. When I was walking through Christian Brothers College last week I found a survey in a puddle of water. Why was the survey about abortion? 4. I had dinner with a group of amazing women a couple of weeks ago. Why has one of the women been using the same pro-choice banner since the seventies? 5. When the Dutch team won the 'Solar Challenge' from Darwin to Adelaide a couple of weeks ago, why did Kachie (Channel Seven's *Sunrise*) ask the woman he was interviewing if there was a 'an air-conditioner, stereo or a make-up mirror in the cabin'? 6. Why did a woman say to me 'sorry, I'm having a blonde day'? 7. Why do I pass a piece of graffiti as tall as I am each day that says 'Smelly as a sluts cunt'? 8. Why are women not permitted to enter 108's if they are not accompanied by a man?

You might just read these questions and not even flinch. There is so much ingrained inequality in our society that people don't even notice anymore, claiming 'it's natural' and 'that's just the way it is'. Women are ashamed to call themselves feminists and instead replace the words with limp ones like 'equalist' or worse still 'humanist'. As women we are told that feminism is outdated, that we have choice, that we can do whatever we want, we can work and have babies, and look how we like... It's a lie!



TEAM ON DIT RECRUITMENT DRIVE

Sub-editors & Contributors for 2006

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Artists...Photographers...Distributors...Advertising Manager...Proof-readers...Researchers

FOR AN APPLICATION FORM EMAIL anna.svedberg@student.adelaide.edu.au

Hey there little Red Riding Hood
You sure are lookin' good
You're everything
A Big Bad Wolf could want...

Little Red Riding Hood...
She just hasn't been the same
Since that tragic wolf incident...



Female sexuality is governed by three prevailing notions within our society:

- 1 - 'she was asking for it'
- 2 - 'all women want to be raped and'
- 3 - 'no woman can be raped against her will'

Where is it that these so called myths, that in fact construct a reality which men and a male dominated society believe in, come from?

Consider the following passage: "Don't remind me," she murmured. "I don't want to remember."

"Ah, but you do," he murmured, his hands leaving her arms to travel down sensuously over her body, the long fingers splaying over her breasts.

"You see?" He drawled as her heart thudded rapidly and her face flushed with heat at his touch. "You enjoy my touch."

Natasha shivered with fear. "Get your hands off me," she said breathlessly trying to push him away. "Don't touch me!" What was he doing to her? Should she hate him, she thought, I should feel angry when he touches me. But he was flooding her with intense excitement.

(from Mills & Boon, *The Devil's Mistress*)

It's hard to see the correlation. The woman says no and the man says yes.

And this idea is supported by the narrative of the heroine. The description of her desire confirms the hero's belief that she does in fact want him, even when she says and acts as though she does not. The narration of the heroine's desire provides a kind of disclaimer for the rest of the novel to assume the reader that the heroine does in fact desire to be violated and hence that the rape is not really sexually violent, but is merely responding to her needs and desires. Indeed, the hero's actions become legitimated within a romantic framework, chiefly through the heroine's emphasis on her own free desires which allegedly dwelled beneath her frightened resistance. This idea is at the core of the dominant ideology that women are to blame for sexual assault, that women are 'asking for it' and that they genuinely desire to be attacked (regardless of apparent verbal and physical pleas to the contrary). Here also is the rationale for men's rape of women, as well as the woman's desire and her self-

know what she wants.

Indeed, the hegemonic nature of the underlying ideologies of romance fiction depict and expect the following: that women are willing participants in their own defeat (or furthermore, that there simply is no defeat because it is the woman's victory too, it is what she desired). This obscures the true nature of rape and thus re-asserts the supremacy of male power and the moral acceptability of male violence, reinforcing the ideology that women desire to be dominated, all women want to be raped.

This may all sound hilarious, or not exactly surprising, but the fact is this discourse of romance governs not only female sexuality in a social sense, but in a legal sense also.

Consider this statement:

Your action was a spontaneous response to an unusual situation and your inhibitions were reduced by your alcohol and substance abuse... When repelled, you desisted. No force or violence was used...

(from the judge's sentencing remarks of *The Queen vs David Sims*, Melbourne 2004)

This is part of the judgement of David Sims, who was fined for burglary, indecent assault and two counts of rape. The offences occurred as follows: A woman had fallen asleep in her own house, with the light on, near the window in her nightgown, which had left her lower half exposed. Sims was walking home late from the windows went into that apartment and proceeded to sexually assault her. The woman awoke, told him to stop and pushed him away, but he kept and eventually penetrated her with his penis and the mouse.

Sims was sentenced to 12 weeks and 6 months imprisonment and his sentence was wholly suspended.

Through this statement, the attack is considered a completely the fault of the woman in which the same way as would romance fiction. The phrase 'spontaneous response' suggests that there were no other options for Sims or that he simply could not resist. Hence, it also suggests that men have no control over their sexual desires, and are indeed not responsible for the outcomes of those desires; Sims had no choice, faced with this 'unusual situation' his actions were simply a 'spontaneous response'. Here too the violence is removed from the deed, sexual

assault, violation and abuse are replaced with 'spontaneous response' the aroused man cannot be violent. Indeed, the judge explicitly states 'no force or violence was used' when in fact the entire incident was an act of force and violence. However the violence is lost in the ideology that sexual assault, provoked by a woman, is not the fault of the man.

Hence men and women perhaps subconsciously come to believe in the three notions mentioned above. As with all cultural products, popular romance fiction both reflects social meanings, and more importantly, actively constructs and interprets meanings for social experiences. The complex nature of the way ideology is created and perpetuated means that texts do not merely reflect the dominant ideology of society, nor is ideology simply constructed within texts, rather a distinct mishmash forms

a self-perpetuating cycle; that is, they are deeply intertwined and deeply inseparable.

Jo Latham

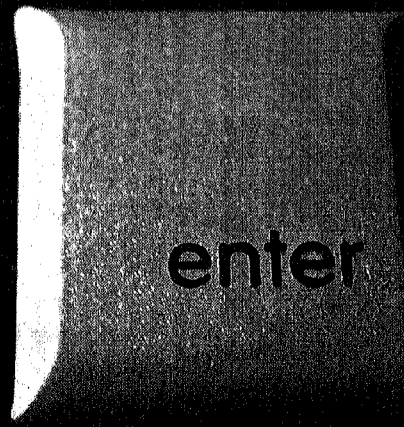
Postscript: In the original orally transmitted version of Little Red Riding Hood, Red Riding Hood saves herself as the wolf is about to devour her, she claims she needs to relieve herself, and the wolf allows her to go outside with a rope tied around her ankle. Once outside, she releases herself and ties the rope around a tree, leaving him to starve.

HOW NOT TO RE-INVENT THE WHEEL

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The girl who put a price on rape

by the recovering masochist

Prostitution is an issue that seems to divide feminists. One theory goes that prostitutes are buying into the patriarchal regime and reinforcing men's perception of women as sexual objects that can literally be had for a price. Another theory goes that sex work is empowering and if a person decides to sell their body, then that's their right and choice. While I am of the opinion that depending on circumstance, either theory - or any of a million in between - can apply, this is my personal story and to

Because becoming an escort and working for an agency right here in Adelaide all but saved my life.

this one, the latter theory of empowerment applies because becoming an escort and working for an agency right here in Adelaide all but saved my life.

How I reached that state isn't a pretty story. From age fifteen until March of last year, my sex life was a veritable war zone, in which men were the enemy. It began with a date rape - not that I recognised it as such at the time. Mine was a sheltered upbringing and I went to a small private school where Sex Ed. consisted of being warned that sometimes boys want to 'Go Too Far', and one must be firm and 'Just Say No'. However, nobody told us what to do when 'Just Saying No' didn't work, or when the boy involved invited his two friends to join in.

So there they left me, bleeding both literally and metaphorically, soul ripped out and smashed into the filthy ground. I wish to God that after picking myself up, I ran

crying to someone - parent, friend, counsellor, whoever - and TOLD THEM WHAT HAPPENED. As shattering as it would have been to do, it would have saved a shitload of trouble in the long run. Instead I stayed silent and ashamed, and let the wounds those three boys tore into me putrify and then "heal" over into ugly, knotted emotional scar tissue.

The first time I had sex after the rape wasn't until well into my first year at uni. The boy had been at me for what felt like months. Finally, fed up and paranoid that trying to say no would only result in further trauma, I gave in and slept with him. A normal person would have realised that this boy wasn't just after sex, but an actual relationship.

Because I'd lost all ability to associate sex with intimacy (or anything good for that

matter) I didn't realise this, and the morning after, when he tried to ask me out on a proper date, I all but took his head off.

Having sex with the boy didn't create good feelings for me. However, seeing him so hurt and angry and confused did. This is already

sex was nothing but a power exchange and now I'd found a way to tilt the weight in my favour, I didn't let go

at the outer regions of sick, and I won't try to make excuses for it. The point is, for me sex was nothing but a power exchange and now I'd found a way to tilt the weight in my favour, I didn't let go. I'd go out on a Saturday night and my agenda was to Make Men Feel Like Shit. When I did go back home with someone, it was only because I'd decided that putting out gave me more power than holding back would have.

I'd be praying for them to ask me for my number the next morning, so I could laugh in their faces. I won't go on about it. Suffice to say, think of the Waitresses' song "I Know What Boys Like", subtract the playful irony, and you have my life. It would be well and good if I'd actually got a kinky thrill from this lifestyle, but unfortunately I didn't. The act itself was always repugnant, and I always felt like shit afterwards.

It doesn't take a genius to see I was fast heading for a scary black abyss. There are all sorts of ways disaster could have been averted, but the way it happened was a fateful trip to the US when, one night at a bar, a man offered me money for sex. Never before had the power exchange been translated into such crystal-clear and literal terms. I couldn't believe it was happening. Not only was this man pathetically chasing something I placed zero value on, but he was willing to fork out actual cash for it.

Not only was this man pathetically chasing something I placed zero value on, but he was willing to fork out actual cash for it.

Even after I'd come home for another year of study, I couldn't stop thinking about that incident. When

the moment came, it was a sort of Road-to-Damascus experience - if, of course, the Road to Damascus was somewhere down in the pits of Hell. I'd discovered a way to finally get even in the war I'd declared on men, after which a permanent cease-fire would ensue. Of course, the men who'd pay me for sex wouldn't be the boys who raped me when I was fifteen. In a sense it would be punishing the innocent for the sins of the guilty. But I didn't care: they were men, they were all guilty. This was crazy thinking, I know, but that's where my head was at the time.

I grabbed the nearest piece of paper and jotted down a number that sort of came from nowhere. I looked at it and told myself, "This is how much money I will make. After that, it's over. Any shit I have left to work through will be my responsibility, not theirs. We're even."

You'd be surprised how easy it is to get a job as a sex worker in our little City of Churches. I was spoiled for choice. The Agency (as I shall refer to my place of work)

is one of the oldest establishments of its kind in Adelaide. I picked it because out of the four I short-listed, it was the most concerned with the welfare of its employees. During my time there I met about twenty women, a couple of whom I'm still in contact with.

The first thing I learned about the sex industry is that there is no single type

of woman who becomes a sex worker. We ranged in age from about 20 to 50. Some were students like me, and we spent time waiting for bookings studying in the girls' lounge.

Some were doing it to support families or a drug habit. Others were saving up for travel or houses. For some (like me) it was a second job, moonlighting. For others, it was their only trade.

Some were open about it, for others (again, me) it was a secret double life.

I worked from March until late November, usually in the latter half of the week. A night shift started at about 6:30 p.m. and finished twelve hours later, if the Agency was busy. There were separate lounges for escorts and drivers, and while we girls (as we referred to one another) were allowed to go into the drivers' lounge, they weren't allowed to come into ours. Here we waited, watching TV, reading magazines, studying, gossiping, until the receptionist came in from the office to tell us we had a booking. We would meet a driver outside five minutes later, who would take us there. Sometimes we would then return to the Agency, on other nights we'd be sent straight on to another booking.

Both escorts and drivers had working names. After a while it stopped seeming weird to be talking to women about the most intimate of things and not actually knowing their names. A couple of escorts and drivers who were in relationships outside of work told me that occasionally they got confused and called their partner by their working name outside of work. My favourite of these couples was a girl called Vicky, also a student, and her partner Jo, who was the only female driver at the Agency. Jo was my driver on several nights, and once told



me that it was a very odd feeling, taking Vicky to a booking and sitting in the car outside, knowing that she was inside having sex with some man.

Each escort had a work card filled out, to which the receptionist would refer when talking to clients on the phone. It was rather strange to listen to yourself being reduced to a few basic statistics, all of which had nothing to do with who you really were as a person. Aside from physical descriptions, the cards also listed each escort's limits - i.e. the sexual things they weren't prepared to do. My limits



were golden showers (I doubted my ability to wee on cue), Greek (a euphemism for anal sex) and trucks (which is not a euphemism, it literally means servicing truck drivers in their little cabins). Many girls expressed surprise that I was willing to kiss clients - remember "Pretty Woman"? - but as sex for me had no intimate connotations in any context, it wasn't as confronting as it would have been for some.

And what were my clients actually like? They were like the girls I worked with - as diverse as you'd expect a slice of life to be. Take a glance at Rundle Mall one day; look at all the types of men going about their daily business. Those are the men I saw. The clients were evenly split between Agency regulars and what I suppose could be referred to as casual consumers. The vast majority were just after no-strings sex with someone reasonably nice. Some were after a semblance of emotional connection as well, which is what I found harder to pull off. Other girls told me that the way to groom regulars was to make them believe that you really cared for them and thought they were special. If I'd been in this job for the long haul I'd have probably made the effort, but as things were, I got enough regulars as it was and didn't see myself as being in competition for numbers with my colleagues.

An average night would be worth between four and seven bookings, depending on how far away the clients were. Clients were charged about \$150/hour and \$110/half hour, again depending on how far away they were. Out of this, the escort's cut was \$70/hour and \$50/half hour. This doesn't sound like much, but escorts

were entitled to charge surplus for extras such as kissing, Greek, Spanish (ejaculation on breasts), and any tips went straight into their pocket. If a client decided to extend a booking, the driver got a bonus too. I had no hard and fast rules when it came to charging for extras. It all depended on what I figured I could get away with. I usually charged between \$20-30 for kissing on the mouth, which you'd be surprised how many clients wanted.

Of course, when a client books you for an hour, it doesn't actually mean that you'll be there for the full hour. Often I was in and out in half the time, which of course means you can fit more bookings into a shift. The best I ever was at this was a two-hour booking with a crashing bore of a security guard in a squalid caravan in a Wingfield depot where I got away at the thirty-three minute mark. After a while, I developed a technique of setting my mobile phone's alarm clock to go off during the booking so I could pretend the Agency was calling to say time was up. You'd be shocked how many clients - all of them - meekly accepted this ploy, if I used it. Or maybe men just become really bad at judging time right after they've had sex. I don't know.

My busiest night of work was absolute chaos. I saw eleven clients and cleared just over \$1400. Then again, on my slowest night I saw zero. I just sat in the lounge room for the entire shift and wrote the first draft of an essay.

My most surreal booking happened in the penthouse suite of a hotel. When the door opened, there stood... a rock star. I wasn't sure how to behave, and dealt with the situation by not referring to his work and pretending I didn't know who he was. I mean, what was I supposed to say? "By the way, I think the new album's terrific!" When I went back to the Agency, I blurted out to the manager who I'd seen. She just laughed, and reeled off a Who's Who list of clients the Agency had served over the last decade or so. The good news is, he had utmost confidence that I would be discreet, and was a very generous tipper.

The job could be as sordid as you'd expect it to be, however. I couldn't believe how many clients would try to talk you into having sex without condoms, or try to go down on you. The manager forewarned me on my first night that if a client wants to have sex in the doggie position, you have to reach back with one hand and make sure they don't try to slip the condom off. Some men were quite whiffy - and you actually had to request they take a quick shower before you began. Some would try elaborate and complicated

foreplay routines, which weren't much fun with rough fingers and uncut fingernails. Others would beg and beg you for your private number. Often, showering after the booking, I wished that I'd brought a scourer along with my own bottle of shower gel.

Occasionally you came across the ultimate escort's nightmare: the psycho client. When the manager was giving me the safety drill on my first night, she told me that when you're in the house, the first thing you do is check the bathroom to see if there's a lock on the door. That way, if something happens you know you have

somewhere to escape to while you call the driver for help. While I did get a couple of psychos, I fortunately didn't have to resort to this, and safely got myself out of the place in five minutes. Some clients, while nowhere near psycho status, were just unpleasant. While some girls told me they were distressed by this, I fell into the ignore-them-they're-nobodies category. The way I figured, I wasn't the one who had to pay for sex. If the client had to make himself feel less inadequate by trying to make the escort feel bad, then that was his sad problem and not mine.

There was one horror incident during my time at the Agency, where an escort went to a booking that turned violent, and was anally raped. She came back to the office in tears, and it was unsettling how some of the other girls avoided her. Even more confronting was my own reaction to coming face to face with the only person I knew apart from me who had been the victim of sexual violence. I was appalled by my tiny treacherous thoughts that if she hadn't been as pliable and had been more assertive, then maybe it wouldn't have happened.

Maybe it's just me, but I think there's something horribly, sickly wrong with a society where people actually think that sexual violence can in any way be the fault of the victim as well as the perpetrator - especially the victim themselves. Even now, the idea of saying aloud that what those three boys did to me was absolutely unjustifiable scares me stiff, because all the guilt and shame I feel about it makes me wonder whether I did ask for it after all. And if that's the case, then there's absolutely nothing behind the meltdown that followed except for my own worthlessness and failing.

It wasn't long after this that I worked my final shift, having reached the sum of money on which I staked my future. Like all



forms of closure, the awareness of things ongoing and beginning was just as great as that of things ending. Sitting down and looking at the money in its neat bundles,

there's something horribly, sickly wrong with a society where people actually think that sexual violence can in any way be the fault of the victim as well as the perpetrator

I realised just how little it was. I mean, if you could receive financial compensation for rape, then how much would you

want? I don't even think you could calculate numbers big enough. This money had nothing to do with the boys who hurt me. But it's the price I'd decided to demand, and it had been paid. The enemy I'd constructed no longer existed. I'd evened the score and doing that had annihilated my means of destruction of both myself and others. Night after night of looking strangers straight in the eye, giving myself up to them and holding a hand out for payment had finally scorched all the poison out of me.

It was an odd feeling, to be finally empty.

This year's been just as interesting. Because I no longer feel like I have anything to lose, for the first time I've talked to people about what happened. I've been able to ask for help, and the first time I told somebody that when I was fifteen I was raped, the relief to have it out in the open, even though it was with a therapist who didn't actually know teenager me, was so great that I cried. I'm still a long way from recovery and still dangerously close to the damaged being I was, but for the first time in years I don't feel ashamed or undeserving of the space I take up in the world. Earlier this year, I became involved in a project with a group of amazing, incredible women here on campus and though they mightn't be aware of it, talking about these sorts of issues in such a safe and comforting environment did wonders for me.

To anybody who's experienced sexual violence, or knows someone who has, the journey to recovery can be a shit-scary experience. I can't make excuses for the way I chose to rescue myself, it's just the way things happened. Wiping the slate clean was only half the task. Figuring out what new story to write next is the difficult part.

recoveringmasochist@hotmail.com

It was an odd feeling, to be finally empty

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All this & brains

Are we more offended at not being considered beautiful or not being considered smart?
 Are we threatened more by women who are smart or who are beautiful?

range of socio-sexual experiences with other men and women, and most importantly, with myself.

In the massive back-catalogue of what I believe to be offensive and typically 'male' utterances that my partner has predictably made, something he once said stands out in my mind as *almost* redeeming his membership of the XY club, and effectively defines where I stand on this issue. Here's how it happened. In order to get a quick boost to my self esteem, I have always played a cheeky co-dependent game with him called "say something nice." At this point, he must worship me in a verbal manner quickly, and in an original fashion, so as to prevent inciting deliberately prolonged, silent, and mopey behaviour on my behalf. Generally he plays adequately, with the usual responses (the ones I care to divulge in this publication) being variations of..."you have the best tits/arse/cooking in the world" or "I won the lottery when I met you," etc.

Although completely coerced, these comments serve their purpose, as I make it clear that I require immediate validation from him, and he fulfils his matrimonial responsibility of participating in a game which is all about my ego. Not so long ago, I tried to play the game and he beat me, game-set-match by paying me the most superior compliment I have ever received, one that will last me for the rest of our lives together (and has funnily enough diluted the frequency of our game). After the usual prompt, he paused briefly and declared "I love your economy of words."

By Marissa Meller (who has ceased being offended)

If a guy said I wasn't smart, I'd scoff and dismiss him: -He's quite obviously wrong. If he says I'm not beautiful, I try to intellectualise it and rationalise that not every person is going to find me attractive, but it hurts. I know my boyfriend thinks I'm smart and that's why he loves me, but I'm never more charmed than when he says I'm beautiful or sexy. As to feeling threatened by other women - a smart or a beautiful woman is not particularly threatening - What knocks me over is a beautiful smart woman. That's sexy. That's desirable. That's what I want to be. *That's* threatening.

Mel

At 12 years old, I was convinced that the reason my real father abandoned me was because I wasn't smart or pretty enough - not because he was a selfish immature commitment phobe incapable of sustained interest in anything other than the latest football score. At 15 years old, I remember feeling completely elated when the boy of my (then) dreams told my best friend that I had the best butt in the entire school, and I'll admit that I was never really offended, more complimented, when boys in my year twelve class would only speak to me to get the answers for something. I guess I believe that this question is much more than just an either/or debate, and at the intellectually ripening age of 25, my answer to this question has evolved over a whole

Derr Brain VS Pretty

When considering this question, I had to think... I'm a fairly confident blonde with no direction in life. Thus coming to the conclusion that I would be far more insulted if someone even hinted that I was unattractive in comparison to dealing with the probably one-a-day (on average) 'dumb blonde' comments. I think it certainly depends how confident you are, and how quick you are to give a bit back! The Gisele Bunchen look-alikes are WAY more intimidating than the geeks in the corner. I mean come on! Any hot chick who is a competitor for you to launch on the man of your dreams is killable. Just think... the ones who usually call you ugly are the jealous bitches in the corner, while the breed who refer to your two brain cells over-exhausting themselves when doing something that they can so clearly do better than you, without even trying, are MEN. Gotta love 'em!

Julia

If the question was 'would you rather be smart or attractive', I would say 'smart'. Minds and brains endlessly excite me and as clichéd as it is, this is what I find attractive. Some of the most aesthetically divine people, are straight up ugly as far as I'm concerned based on what does and doesn't go on inside their heads. A few weeks ago I heard somebody say 'wow, that blonde girl is actually intelligent'. When I was outraged, a friend responded, 'you should take it as a compliment'. This is one of the most offensive and I feel, common perceptions of people when they first meet me. While people don't always vocalise their assumption of my apparent 'dumbness', it's pretty clear in the way that they speak to me or about me, or better still when we've known each other for a while they tell me again, thinking that they're giving me a compliment. I don't give a hoot if you think I'm pretty, if you think I'm dumb too!

Anna

Biologically, it's aesthetics that results in the survival of the species. It would have been nice if cavemen biffed their wives because of their mat-weaving abilities, but alas the scourge of evolution.

Steph

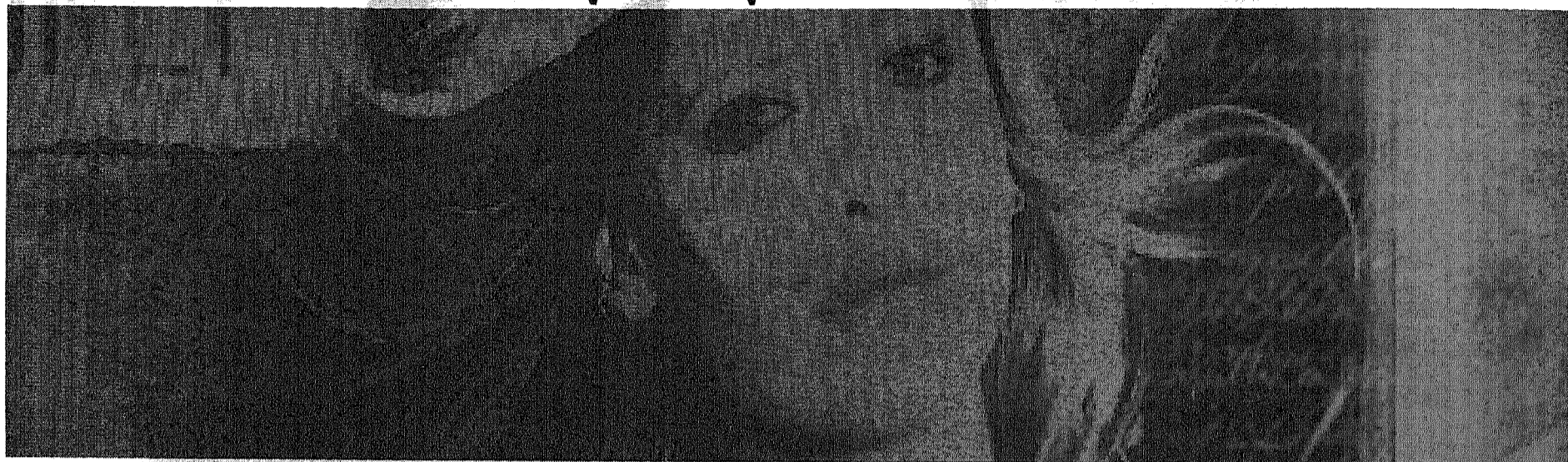
Being a slim blonde, often likened to Barbie and Jessica Simpson, I find it amusing when people realize there is a complex mind beneath the pink clothes and blonde locks. I wouldn't be offended if people didn't consider me smart or beautiful, everyone has their own expectations and I'm not one to spend my life living up to them. As a trained beauty therapist and make-up artist, I'm well aware that beauty is only skin deep. Anyone can look 'beautiful' with the right products but true beauty shines from within a person. However, I'm in awe of smart women, and feel overwhelmed by their intelligence. Since I've been at university, I've met some phenomenally smart young women and felt intimidated initially then inspired by their wealth of knowledge.

Karlie

If we all felt we were good enough in our own right, that we were perfect without anyone's approval and that we were placed on the earth to serve ourselves and not man, then no one would ever feel inadequate or feel the need to be better than someone else. As women, if we are lucky, we are taught from an early age that we are beautiful and enough just as we are. We are taught that no matter what we are always going to be just as beautiful and just as smart as the next woman. If we aren't so lucky, we are taught to serve our brothers and our fathers, because they are the stars of the family, they are better, smarter, stronger and worth more than us. Two types of women stem from these two upbringings. 1) The ones who shine in their own right, who are powerful on their own and try to empower others around them, the ones who know they are good enough. 2) The ones who are always trying to be the best, the smartest, the best looking and guilty of being threatened by people who think are better than them, and who deep down inside have a fear of not ever being good enough. From here stems the idea that we should be threatened by someone who is smarter and more beautiful than us; the woman who feels inadequate feels threatened by the woman who feels good enough. People shouldn't feel threatened by others; we only do because we feel inadequate compared to them. But once we realise that we are all good enough on our own, when we stop comparing differences, then the idea of a threat won't exist anymore, and it won't matter who is smarter or more beautiful, because these concepts will be irrelevant. We are all smart and beautiful in our own right, we just have to be open to realise this.

MS

Thank God We're Hot Chicks With Superpowers:



Buffy The Vampire Slayer, Feminism and Collective Organising

by Naomi Vaughan

With the subversion of gender and heroism roles, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* has attracted more than its fair share of feminist and academic attention. Buffy has been called everything from a “hard candy-coated feminist heroine for the girl power era” to “a radical re-imagining of what a girl (and a woman) can do and be”. However you want to look at it, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* brought a taste of feminism to contemporary popular culture.

OK, for the uninitiated ... *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* in a nutshell: into every generation, a chosen one is born. She alone will have the strength and skill to fight the vampires, the demons, and the forces of evil. She is the slayer ... she is also Buffy Summers of Sunnydale. She is flawed, has friends who are equally flawed, is still hurt by her parents separation, coped with the sudden death of her mother, raised her little sister, died twice, was resurrected against her will, crawled out from her own coffin and survived several heartbreaks and apocalypses.

The show's creator Joss Whedon has never shied away from the placement of a feminist tag on his heroine. However, Season 7, the final season of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* travelled a more direct and blatant path than previous outings. The last season of *Buffy* takes any remaining veils of the feminist subtext of the show and flies the girl power flag for all to see. The final season of *Buffy* sees the First Evil threatening to eliminate the Slayer lineage, and reset the global karmic balance in favour of the dark side. Meanwhile, Buffy is gathering potential slayers from across the globe in an effort to stop the First Evil once and for all.

While the Big Bad of season 7 is The First Evil - the incorporeal source of all evil, following it around like a demonic lap dog is the preacher gone evil, Caleb. Spouting well worn phrases of damnation, hellfire, and the foulness of the female species, Caleb presents Buffy, and the viewers with a very recognisable representation of patriarchy. Hailed as “Reverend I Hate Women” and using language like “girly girl”, “little lady”, “whore” and “sweet pea”, Caleb, and the First Evil provide Buffy and her collective of Potentials with a final showdown

against an overtly misogynistic figure.

Caleb constantly questions the collective strength of Buffy and the Potentials. He calls the Potentials Buffy's “one Slayer Brigade” and is always on hand to remind Buffy that the potentials can only know the power of being a Slayer... if Buffy dies.

Caleb taunts, “None of those girlies will know real power unless you're dead. Now you know the drill ... into every generation, a Slayer is born. One girl in all the world. She alone has the strength and skill...there's that word again. What you are, how you'll die: alone.”

Making very clear the message that Buffy cannot save the world alone, Caleb hits Buffy with the weakness facing her collective. The Potentials are following a leader with all the power, the collective splinters because not everyone has the ability to contribute equally. Sharing the burden and responsibility of being a slayer is not something that Buffy has adjusted to well in the past. Buffy has often dramatically stormed off to save the day with a determined look in her eye and an emotional monologue about the solo slayer life. And when second Slayer, Faith, came into the mix - two Slayers did not necessarily work out better than one.

Unlike previous *Buffy* seasons in which Buffy, on more than one occasion has taken the burden of saving the world (yet again) solely on her own shoulders, Season 7 Buffy recognises that she is unable to save the world solo and needs to work collectively with the Potentials, her friends and even Faith. And the taunts from Caleb/The First clue Buffy onto what she needs to save the world.

Before heading into the series' final battle, shares her plans with the Potentials.

“Here's the part where you make a choice. What if you could have that power now? In every generation one Slayer is born, because a bunch of men who died thousands of years ago made up that rule. They were powerful men. This woman [pointing to Willow] is more powerful than all of them combined. So I say we change the rules. I say my power should be our power. Tomorrow, Willow will use the essence of the scythe to change our destiny.

From now on, every girl in the world who might be a Slayer, will be a Slayer. Every girl who could have the power, will have the power. Can stand up, will stand up. Slayers - every one of us. Make your choice: are you ready to be strong?”

Patricia Pender, who teaches a course called *Girls on Film: A Cultural Studies in Third Wave Feminism* at Stanford University believes the importance of this moment cannot be underestimated, that it is a revolution that has been televised.

“At that moment - as the archaic power of the scythe is wrested from the patriarchal dictates of the Watcher's Council - we see a series of vignettes from around the world as young women of different ages, races, cultures and backgrounds sense their strength, take charge and rise up against their oppressors. This is a ‘feel the force Luke’ moment for girls on a global scale.”

This sharing of power and shift to collective action comes at the end of a season full of moments where Buffy acts as leader, unwilling to compromise in strategy or intensity. She delivers speech after speech, like an army commander about soldiers falling in line and becoming an army. Buffy's realisation that true power lies not in leading a team to success, but in ensuring that everyone is equally able to participate in that success allows the series to end with viewers feeling that Buffy was no longer the one in charge, but part of a bigger picture of strength and community where we can all step up to be superheroes.

Ok, so yes - Buffy, Faith, the Potentials (now slayers) are hot chicks with superpowers. But it wasn't their fantastic hair, great shoes or super slayer strength that got them across the line and restored the balance of good and evil. It was a collective of capable women, who realised that their true strength lied not in unquestioningly following a leader, but changing the rules and sharing the power - hopefully making us all believe that we could be slayers, every one of us.

For more cool essay about Buffy, check out *Slayage: The Online International Journal of Buffy Studies* @ www.slayage.tv

1. A solidus, oblique or slash. / is a punctuation mark.
2. cut with sweeping strokes; as with an axe or machete.
3. fanfiction that focuses on the romantic and sexual pairing of a same sex (usually male) couple.

“For girls who like boys who do boys.”

Slash fiction has nothing to do with violence, splatterfests or gore. Slash is fan written fiction that pairs two characters from a TV/Book/Film etc and focuses on the romantic or sexual element in their relationship. These pairings usually depict male characters who are not involved in an explicitly sexual relationship within the canon of the original texts. Xena/Gabrielle and various *Buffyverse* pairings often have female slash couples, and there are a few 'straight' slash couples. There are also stories about characters who are involved in a sexual relationship within the canon - though debate rages as to whether or not these are 'true' slash stories. According to the growing number of academic studies of online slash communities, slash fiction is almost exclusively written by and for straight identifying women. As it is seldom encouraged by the original creators of the characters (or more precisely, by the companies that own the rights to the characters), slash fiction represents one of the only branches of women's sexuality that is not exploited to make money, nor is it market driven.

The official line is that the slash stories were first written by fans of *Star Trek* in the mid 70s. These fans had discerned a level of homoeroticism between the sexy (well, it was the 70s) Kirk and the cold, emotionless Spock. These stories became known as 'slash' stories because of the '/' that indicates that the story involves a sexual relationship between the listed characters (Kirk/Spock etc). The stories were published in fanzines and sold at *Star Trek* conventions. The aficionados of the writing started to call themselves 'Trekkies', a cross between 'Trekker' and 'Groupie', a term that was soon hijacked to indicate any fan that conventional (read: male) Trekkers thought asinine.

Other early fandoms to be slashed include *Blake 7*, *Star Wars* and *Dr Who*. Many of these early slash stories are now only available by ordering the fanzines online. Personally, I think I can live without picturing Tom Baker getting it on with a Darlek, but as with most things sexual, it takes all sorts. Although I can see the appeal of anything involving Han Solo...

Slash rose beyond the scribbles of the marginalised female fans of cult Sci-Fi shows in the mid 90s. This was mainly due to the spread of online fan sites, and by the timely creation of one Fox Mulder, a slash posterboy whose real life alter ego embraced slash. David Duchovny often referenced some *X-Files* fans' obsession with Mulder bedding male characters in interviews. He enjoyed the irreverence of slash, once commenting, "The only problem with Mitch [Pileggi, the actor who plays Skinner] is that his bald head means there's nothing to hold onto when he starts to buck."

Online slash communities now count in the thousands, from those that are based on blockbuster films to the fandoms of the most obscure novels.

The legal issues involved in using somebody

else's creations are numerous, but for the most part there have been few clashes between fans and the creators of their beloved worlds. Slash writers and readers view using these characters in their stories as being as legally problematic as telling a friend that you hope a character is written out/married/has a haircut in your favourite TV show. For the most part writers, directors and producers agree, Paramount even published an anthology of fan written *Star Trek* slash. Anne Rice stands out as the most vocal opponent of all fan fiction. She aggressively tries to prevent any fanfic based on any of her characters or worlds, citing it as a way for the true nature of her world to be diluted. J.K. Rowling has issued a 'cease and desist' order on slash writers using the Harry Potter characters, though encourages (and reads) non-slash fanfic. At the risk of earning the ire of chanslash fans, I'm with Rowling on this one.

There have been several peer assessed academic papers written on the whys and wherefores of slash fiction's existence. So, here are my non-peer assessed and highly subjective two cents on the topic.

Women often have to identify with a male character in a narrative to be able to engage with the story. This is often due to the lack of fully rounded female characters (think *Star Trek's* Uhura). Presuming they are straight, this leaves women in the position of identifying with one male character while possibly being attracted to another male character.

According to at least 2 articles I have read and some anecdotal evidence (good enough for me!) the majority of slashers display a high level of gender/sexual politics awareness. This has led to my most subjective and unproven theory for slash fiction's popularity. Having two male characters allows the writer and reader to play with a pairing's power roles without tackling gender issues. Don't get me wrong. These relationships are often pivoted on a power disparity, but by eliminating the male/female dynamic, the stories are able to explore darker aspects of the relationship - and of sexuality generally - at a more comfortable distance for the author and reader. Many science fiction and fantasy writers play with these issues by creating aliens and supernatural beings who have either no definable gender or have an entirely different understanding of gender roles to the intended audience. The majority of slashed fandoms are based in a science fiction or fantasy worlds (*Lord of the Rings*, *Harry Potter*, *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, *The X-Files*) thus allowing the slashers even further distance.

Think of the continued popularity of *Pride and Prejudice*, *Romeo and Juliet* and romance novels. All rely on the tension created by having two people who can not admit to being in love. Or they can not tell their families or society about said love. Basically, a romance narrative relies on some degree of angst. Beyond, 'He loves me, he loves me not' stories (over represented by RomComs anyway), today romantic angst is extremely hard to realistically pull off. But the 'star-crossed lovers/what would society say/

Popular pairings:

Aragorn/Boromir - *LotR*

Legolas/Gimli - *LotR*

Sam/Frodo - *LotR*

Harry/Draco - *Harry Potter*

Snape/Lupin - *Harry Potter*

Luke/Han - *Star Wars*

Mulder/Krycek - *The X-Files*

Mulder/Skinner - *The X-Files*

Kirk/Spock - *Star Trek*

Spike/Angel - *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*

Willow/Buffy - *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*

Xena/Gabrielle - *Xena, Warrior Princess*

this will really piss off my parents' type of love story is a perennial favourite, and slash is just providing a new version of it.

Finally, the often overlooked, and most blindingly obvious reason why slash fiction has been a part of the pop culture underground for at least 30 years, is that some women are turned on by it. 'Lesbian' porn is a staple of heterosexual male erotica, so it would be foolish to discount the allure for some heterosexual women of playing with, not one, but two hot and hard men.

Anal Chevalier is a Beecher/Keller(Oz) shipper and will shank anyone who gets between her boys. She never writes or contributes and may be in danger of being booted off her preferred

Glossary

Angst - a story where at least one of the characters moans on and on about various emotional scares. Can add depth. can be mawkish. is frequently addictive.

AU - Alternative Universe. used as a 'what if' clause.

Canon - denotes a character/event/fact that is true to the original book/program/film

Chanslash - stories where at least one of the pair is underage. Squick.

Femslash - same as slash. only the characters are both female

Het - same as slash but the pairings a heterosexual

H/C - a style of story in which one character is harmed (physically or emotionally) and another must save them. make them feel better. or both.

Lurker - someone who is a member of messageboards, fansites etc but does not contribute. They are often booted off lists.

PWP- 'Plot? What plot?' 'Character' driven pieces. Usually just nookie.

RPS - Real Person Slash. controversial.

Shipper - short for 'relationshipper'. Someone who passionately backs one pairing in a fandom. The most tragic are the Harry/Hermione shippers.

Squick - To be "squicked" is to have been disturbed at a personal gut level. often but not always in regards to sex.

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| • Wednesday | Pasta | \$9.00 | (saving up to \$1.40) |
| • Thursday | Schnitzel | \$9.00 | (saving up to \$2.30) |
| • Friday | Baguette | \$6.00 | (saving up to \$2.30) |

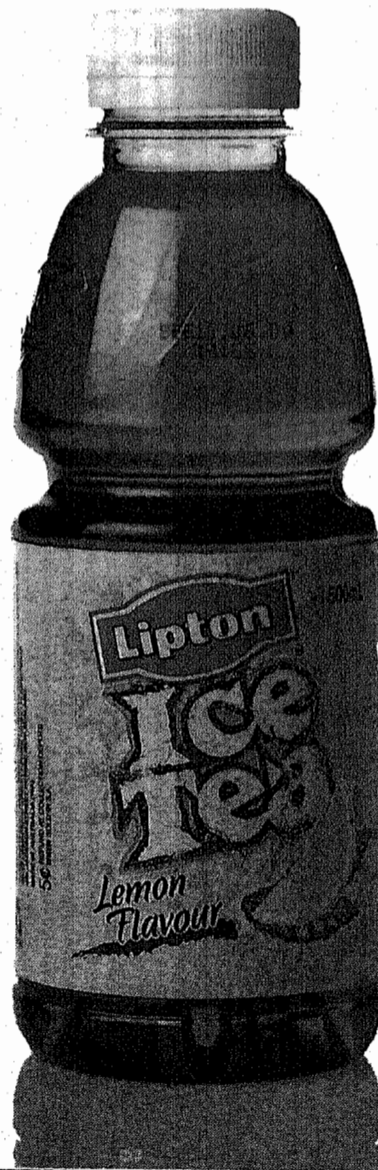
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- **Thursday After 3.00pm**
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- **Friday After 4.00pm**
Receive a **FREE Beer or wine** with any main meal purchase

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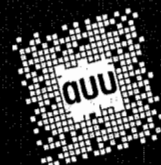


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Does gender matter when it comes to senior management in professional practice?

"That's a very good idea Miss Jones. Now why don't you let one of the male managers make that suggestion." These are the words from a cartoon that has been pinned up in my mum's office for as long as I can remember. Although it is somewhat humorous, the sad truth is, this is still an ongoing barrier that women face in the workplace, particularly in senior management. When it comes to professional practice, sex does matter. Regardless of all the advances gained by women over the last hundred years, women still remain severely under-represented in top jobs. The major question is why? Why after so long do women still experience major barriers and hurdles to career advancements?

There are many factors that play a poignant role in the under-representation of women as senior figures, such as, gender relevance, the 'glass ceiling', human capacity theory, the 'men's club' and the way in which organisations continue to reproduce male dominance.

Throughout the last two centuries and the first part of this century, feminists have been confronted with the difficult issues of entry and access for women into professions. In the late nineteenth century, the struggle to gain entry to professional degrees focused on law, medicine and architecture. In 1880, architecture was the first of these professions to admit women, followed some seventeen years later, in 1897, by medicine. It wasn't until 1903 that Victoria became the first state to allow women entry into law. People might be thinking, "That was a long time ago. Yeah maybe it was tough back then, but nowadays women can participate in these degrees, so what's the issue."

The issue was and still is, according to Pringle that gaining access to education is only the first step. After completing degrees, women still have to achieve employment in their chosen fields and reach these senior management positions in the upper echelons. Sadly, regardless of the increase in women students into law, medicine and other professions considered to be "sites of masculine professional privilege" (Pringle), women continue to remain under-represented. A research study conducted by the Equal Opportunity for Women in the Workplace Agency in 2003, showed that within Australia's top two-hundred companies, only 8.8% of executive managers are women. This is even less when it comes to Boards, with only 8.4% of members being women (Summers).

There have been extensive debates regarding barriers that prevent women from reaching the top executive level. The barrier is often referred to as the 'glass ceiling', an analogy used to describe the conditions that stop women, and other minorities, from reaching anything but token positions in the upper echelons of business. Although this 'glass ceiling' is invisible, what women experience when trying to break through it, is something very real, and according to some, it'll take a sledge hammer to shatter (Davidson and Cooper).

Wajcman argues that the barriers to women gaining top management positions have been identified as "lack of family-friendly employment policies, poor access to training and the pattern of career development". Regardless of many years of equal opportunity and affirmative action policies being put into place to address these barriers, women still remain under-represented in senior management. Wajcman suggests that other informal barriers to women have been identified and that it is these barriers that inadvertently perpetuate male dominance in top jobs. Wajcman conducted comparative research into the experiences of male and female managers. She argues that her findings demonstrate that:

"...the women who have made it into senior positions are in most respects indistinguishable from men in equivalent positions. However, this is not enough to guarantee success. Despite their own efforts, their career progression is ultimately blocked. Women's experience of management suggest it is still men who have the power to define what constitutes occupational success, and men who dominate it."

The questions that really need to be asked are why is the 'glass ceiling' not cracking and what are the reasons for the continued under-representation of women in senior management? Wajcman claims that a number of explanations have been given in

an attempt to address these and similar questions. One such explanation is the 'human capital theory'. This theory suggests that women lack the necessary attributes to succeed in management. This theory argues that women focus on child-rearing and make conscious decisions not to invest in education and training to the same extent that men do. As a result of this, women tend to lack the necessary qualifications that are required for promotion to senior management. The theory goes on to suggest that women who choose to spend significant amounts of time in household labour are more likely to pursue less demanding and financially rewarding jobs. Wajcman argues that the logic of this theory suggests: "...that women managers, who engage in considerably higher levels of household labour than men, will be employed in positions that are less demanding in that they require fewer hours of work per week, as well as less education, less training and less commitment."

In what Wajcman defines as 'a post-equal-opportunities world', feminists have looked for other explanations for the on going under-representation of women in senior management. In doing so they have examined how gender relations of employment are produced at work. This form of research is known as 'gender and organisations analysis' and it considers how masculinity and femininity are constructed within work and how jobs are sexed-typed. This model argues that organisations are structured on a particular form and image of masculinity that excludes the feminine. For example, the 'successful organisation is lean, mean, aggressive and competitive with a tough, forceful leader' (Wajcman). These characteristics are intrinsically linked to masculinity and are normalised and presented as gender-neutral. These characteristics are then seen as the desirable qualities of a successful organisation. By making these characteristics seem natural, men, more so than women, are seen as matching the desired attributes of management. What occurs as a result of this is an environment where women are marginalised and feel out of place.

Witz describes this as a gender-embodiment within organisations. The body is male and privileged. The successful organisation is seen in terms of the male body, that is 'the disciplined body: highly controlled or regimented, lacking in desire, isolated in its own performance and disassociated from itself. Witz suggests that once we understand organisations in terms of embodied systems the notion of gender and sexuality within the workplace becomes clearer. Formal rules and procedures govern organisations and although, as highlighted above, these rules are presented as gender-neutral, they are not. According to Witz, these rules are embedded in corporate patriarchy that produces systemic patterning of male dominance and female subordination. The result is 'organised bodies' that institutionalise male dominance in senior management and top executive positions.

With the dominance of men in the top positions, the 'men's club' and networks appear to be well established. Wajcman cites this in her research into career progression and barriers. She indicated that a significant number of women surveyed perceived the existence of the 'club' and the prejudice of colleagues and the 'cliquiness' of the top team as a barrier to their progression. Corporate boxes are used by the 'men's club' to network amongst their peers. As Margaret Beazeley QC, who was being interviewed the week before a Grand Final in Melbourne, pointed out corporate seats at such significant events do not get wasted on women (Pringle). As a consequence, women miss out on valuable business and professional networks. In Australian research conducted by Bellamy and Ramsay, a number of women cited the exclusion from the 'dominant network' as a reason they resigned from senior management positions. Bellamy and Ramsay argue that if women continue to be excluded from influential networks they will not be able to advance in their careers. Women in the research also commented on other aspects of exclusion from the 'men's club'. They claimed that they did not receive feedback from their peers, and they felt isolated. This in turn increased their feelings of not belonging. They felt vulnerable during times of restructuring as the outcomes often

favoured the 'men's club'. Further exclusion from the networks also reinforced for these women their feelings of being in the 'spotlight' when they were more often not the only women on the team, or one of only a few women.

Davidson and Cooper argue that the typical protective male behaviour of exclusion successfully maintains the exclusive 'haven' for men. Through protecting the dominant interests of men and other male order within, organisations and institutions are reproduced. As a result, male managers continue to be advantaged over their female colleagues. Female managers are seen as not tough enough and unable to stand the pressure. Such a response implies that women are the problem, and in turn obscures the inappropriate protective behaviour of the 'men's club'.

Eveline argues that when women do demonstrate that they are tough enough for the job, they are then condemned and "...are excluded on the grounds that they lack feminine virtues." The female manager is damned no matter which way she behaves. Eveline claims that by describing managerial work as tough and hard and requiring the incumbents to be 'highly committed', 'single minded' and 'selfish and arrogant' does nothing more than to normalise male characteristics as those required for the successful manager. Women continue to be seen as the problem because they lack such characteristics and men are seen to naturally fit the manager's role.

Although many believe that still in today's society there has been no shift in the perception of female managers, Davidson and Cooper remain optimistic about the future. They suggest that the demographic changes that have been and that are still occurring, "...will provide enormous opportunity for working women, particularly those in business and management." They highlighted that in Britain alone there is an estimated pool of five million women aged over twenty-five who are currently 'economically inactive'. They argue that employers will be forced into developing policies and strategies that will attract, develop and retain women's skills. They suggest good employment practices and equal opportunity are no longer just a social issue, but they have also become an economic imperative.

Davidson and Cooper continue to argue that "despite recession, unemployment and inadequate childcare, the female workforce has continued to increase." They also highlight that in order to capitalise on future opportunities women are establishing very strong professional networks. These network systems are providing women with the social support, contacts and opportunities that they are denied access to by the male-dominated networks. The networks, like the male counter networks, are bias to their constituents and are focussed on what women can do for women. They are also proving to be highly beneficial to the women who are prepared to engage in them and use them.

Davidson and Cooper point out that women have demonstrated that they are no longer prepared to be political ping-pongs that can be bounced in and out of the workforce, which has clearly occurred in the past. They give the classic example of what occurred to women during and after WWII. It is well known that during the war, women were encouraged into the workforce to fill the gaps left by the men. When the war was over and the men returned home, women were very quickly forced back into domestic duties. It is now far more difficult for governments to use women in this way. As discussed above, the number of women in the workforce continues to grow and will do into the future. Davidson and Cooper argue that economically organisations are being forced into ensuring that they do not under utilise the talent of their female workforce. More and more women aspire to top professional positions and Davidson and Cooper are optimistic that the demographic reality will turn the tide for these women.

However, this view is about the future and it is yet to be seen to materialise. In light of the past and the present it is clear that gender does matter in terms of professional practice, particularly in senior and executive management roles. As such drastic changes need to continue to take place within our society before true equality can ever occur.

Jess Cronin - SAUA Education VP
(References available upon request)



ATTACK OF THE BITCH SITTER'S CLUB!



I don't know about you, but I didn't learn the intricate trappings of the English language by reading *Sunshine* readers or *The Cat in The Hat*. The last thing I wanted to read about was a stupidly nonsensical, but potentially bloodthirsty creature that could possibly be in cahoots with the aliens outside my window and poltergeists under my bed. No, caving in to the practices of most semi-normal middle class 6-year-old girls, I decided to pick up *The Babysitter's Club #5: Kristy's Big Day*. Pretty soon, I'd massed a whopping 50 books to my name and decided to call my firstborn daughter Dawn. Wow, this is cool! I can learn all there is to know about managing a Little League baseball team via Kristy, how to wear cool clothes (thanks Claudia) and the full implications of being diabetic (poor pretty Stacey). Geez, womanhood is going to be so much fun! We can hang out in each other's rooms, pig out on chocolate all day and talk about whom we're taking to the prom. Unfortunately, when I wore a pinstriped suit to my year 11 formal and backfired in the partner department, a few parents decided to openly ponder the state of my budding sexuality. That wasn't in *Babysitter's Club*! Oh no, I've been weened on a diet of false delusions with no ample life skills to take me through the monsoon that really is adolescent life!

Say hello to your friends, the 'let's deceive a whole generation of women into believing that there's a Logan Bruno out there when all they really have is themselves' Club. Being a teenage girl is pretty shit. I'm sure being a teenage boy is the shorter side of average

too, but I can only bitch from experience. Throughout my regrettable adolescent years spent at an all-girls school, I noticed some strange things happening within the wacky world of the XX chromosome. A girl, let's call her Aphrodite, would bring lunches consisting of chocolate and cake to school everyday. And everyday, without fail, she would auction off her tasty treats. This act of constant generosity came off as overtly charitable- "Gee thanks, Aphrodite"- however I knew a succubus when it stared at me with big brown eyes. This was no act of goodwill. Aphrodite was a model, and therefore ridiculously obsessed with staying cigarette thin. By passing off her carb-riddled food to everyone else, she remained slim and gloated as her friends steadily put on weight. By attaining society's impeccable standard of beauty, she thwarted her friend's chances of scoring the highest quality sperm to produce the fittest, healthiest babies and loved every second of it.

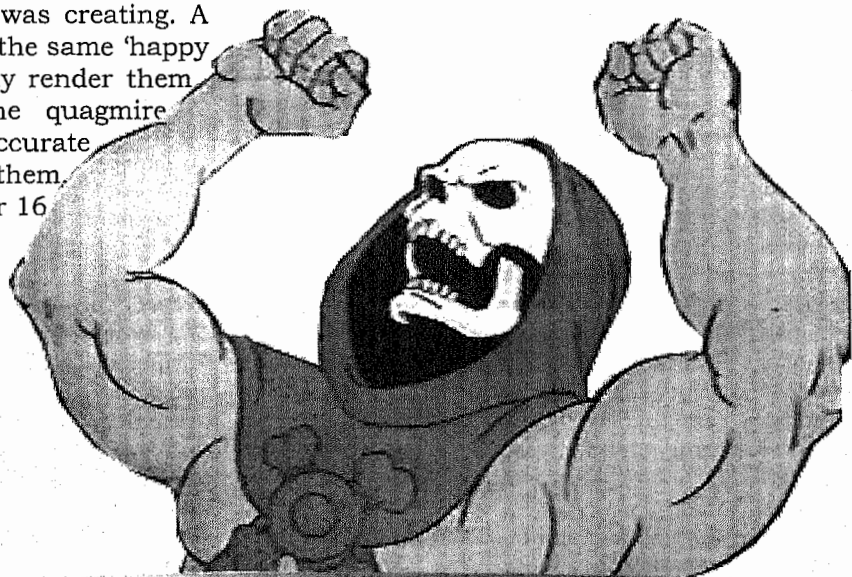
And according to Babysitter's Club, girls stick together and friends are forever.

Well bollocks to that. Bollocks to *Girlfriend*, bollocks to carb counting, bollocks to Mischa Barton and bollocks to genetic competition. I feel like writing Ann M. Martin a poorly written, over-emotional letter asking if she knew just what kind of a monster she was creating. A generation of girls weened on the same 'happy ever after' diet that eventually render them lost to wander through the quagmire of modern life with no accurate portrayal of emotion to guide them. But as soon as they clock over 16

years old, someone will give them Radiohead's *OK Computer* and balance is restored to the force once more.

It's very easy to blame the media for the stupidity and unnecessary bitchiness of teenage girls. Hell, blaming the media for every social malady has become a sport for any decent Birkenstock wielding, Kerouac reading university student. However, I fear that the 'excessively bitchy teen' gene lies side-by-side with the 'nurturing earth mother' variety, which is problematic to say the least. How unsettling to know that the robot of femininity is programmed to spit out acid one minute and fairy floss the next. Maybe *Babysitter's Club* had it right when Mary-Anne and Dawn went through that stage of hating each other, only to be brought together through the union of their respective parents. Biology always wins at the end of the day. As women, we have no choice but to stick together. With all that Berry-picking and mat weaving to do, we might as well talk to each other. You can take the media student from *The Babysitter's Club*; but you can't take the *Babysitter's Club* from the media student.

Stephanie Mountzouris



What's Hot

Mickey Mouse watches.

Harassment. A truly 90s concept, along with the ubiquitous 'I' Statement and *Who's The Boss*.

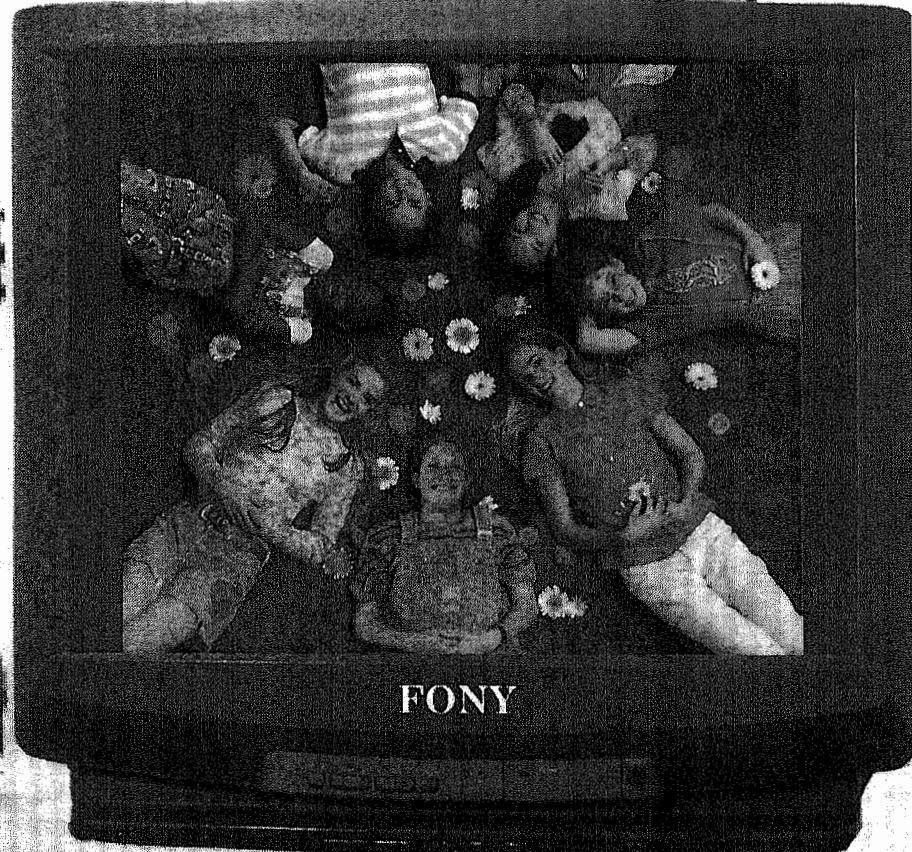
Buskers in Rundle Mall earning a living through repetitive Counting Crows-esque tunes in E minor.

What's Not

The exhile of Bubles from MJ's side.

Knowing that everything will be OK as long as you're surrounded by the ones you love.

Girls going into strip clubs with the specific intention of laughing at exotic dancers. Filthy traitors.





Cauldron Of Commerce

In today's consumer driven society nothing is sacred, particularly religion. Exhibit A: the crucifix. Worn by many non-Christians as a fashion accessory as opposed to a statement of faith. Exhibit B: the Bindi craze of the late 90's, wherein every teeny-bopper wore coloured stick-on gems purchased from Sportsgirl. The latest hackneyed symbols are those Buddha statues that have been cropping up in stores everywhere, with many displaying them in their modern apartment next to their plasma TV. Needless to say, they have little or no knowledge of what the statue actually represents. The next religious pop culture craze will surely be the Kabbahla red string tied around the wrist, as already seen on a growing number of banal celebrities. Society has created a mass market of religions, where you can pick and choose your faith from the nearest store. Although the increasing choice is a remarkable step forward in accepting alternative religions, the mass media interpretation often fails to reflect the true nature of that religion.

Considering Paganism and Wicca (more commonly referred to as witchcraft) don't even rate as a religion in the mainstream Christian dominated society, they have also suffered from misinterpretation and been repackaged as a pop culture phenomenon. I don't have the time and page space to delve into the deeper meaning and history of Wicca but let it be known that TV shows such as *Bewitched* and *Sabrina the Teenage Witch* are not accurate representations. The common misconceptions about Wicca in society are generated through the media; TV shows, films and books have all contributed to constructing an inaccurate image. The following overview of some witches represented in the realms of television, films and books illustrate how commercialized the concept of Wicca has become.

To say the iconic representations of witches in popular culture are clichéd is an understatement, though I find some consolation in the fact that at least both 'good' and 'evil' witches are depicted in the media. From the very beginning, our concept of witches is shaped from the fairytales we were read as children, the evil witch in Hansel & Gretel who ate little children, the evil witch from *Sleeping Beauty* and so forth. The classic film *The Wizard of Oz* featured two polar opposite portrayals of witches. Glinda the Good Witch of the North was beautiful, kind and wore a gorgeous white Cinderella style gown whilst her nemesis, The Wicked Witch of the West, had an ugly green face, wore haggard black robes and rode a broomstick.

In the 1960's the kitschy housewife Samantha had her own TV series in *Bewitched*. In true denial of the turbulent decade that was the 60's, Samantha tried to make like a good housewife (maintaining the household etc.) and please her hard working husband whilst trying, albeit unsuccessfully, to refrain from

using her magical powers. In a break from tradition Samantha wielded her power through her twitching her cute button nose as opposed to the usual magic wand, a refreshing change from the misuse of the wand that is used in true Wiccan ritual. Ironically, a statue of the beloved *Bewitched* character was erected this year in the US city of Salem, the same city that held the Salem witch trials in 1692 where thousands of accused witches were tortured and killed.

The 1996 film *The Craft* was a box office hit that was not only religiously imprecise, but was also responsible for many teens becoming fascinated with Wicca for all the wrong reasons. The film only reinforced another stereotype that witches look like goths and wear all black in true teen rebellion style. *The Craft's* commercial success paved the way for other films and TV shows to capitalize on the Wicca theme such as *Practical Magic*, *Willow* in the *Buffy* series and *Charmed*.

Interestingly enough, Aaron Spelling is the producer of the most accurate portrayal of Wicca on TV to date (and by most accurate, let it be known it still doesn't rate too high on the reality scale). His TV series *Charmed* has bought the concept of Wicca into households on a weekly basis, and he is reaping the monetary benefits. These demon-fighting sexy sisters have certainly produced an alternative image to the traditional ugly, wart ridden witch paradigm a la The Brothers Grimm. Whilst the demon concept is purely fictional, the series does contain some truths, such as the book of shadows, certain rituals and the concept of not being able to cast spells for personal gain or love.

The newest witch on the block is none other than Hermione of *Harry Potter* fame. Thanks to the latest craze, kids everywhere are donning pointed black hats, long black robes and waving wands all over the globe. We all adore Hermione as a smart and sassy young witch, yet the fairytale style hocus pocus portrayed in the *Harry Potter* books only reinforces the erroneous portrayal of witchcraft to a new generation who are still under the impression that witches have magical powers due to a flick of an Ollivander wand.

In the realm of non-fiction the old adage of 'don't judge a book by its cover' is unrealistic in today's consumer market where the title and cover of a book can often be the determining factor in whether the book is successful. Books with titles such as *The Girls' Handbook of Spells: Charm your way to Popularity and Power*, *Money Magic*, *Love Potions* et. al are gracing bookstores. Despite many of these books containing accurate information about practices of Wicca, it is clear these books are not intended to be educational tools, but are capitalizing on commercialized supernatural interest as generated from films and TV shows.

Having been a white witch for five years now, I feel the sudden popularity and interest in Wicca a double edged sword (or athame in Wicca speak!). Whilst this newfound interest is welcome in that the topic is no longer taboo and many people are more understanding and accepting of the practice, the misconstrued images present in society means that I still encounter those ignorant enough to ask if I ride on a broomstick and if I can turn someone into a toad.

Ultimately, knowledge and understanding are a matter of perception. What an individual accepts as being the truth is founded upon what they have been led to accept as being 'the truth' within their own sheltered world. Despite being presented with a practicing Wiccan who can inform people on the 'truths' of Wicca as practiced by myself, I am too often confronted with misunderstandings. I now realize that the only way anyone can truly experience and understand another's religious choices is if they set aside all preconceptions and open their minds to the possibilities that only tolerance and acceptance can offer.

Karlie Goetze



It's not about iron-willed 'feminists' and it's not about soft-hearted 'women'... it's about you and me!

by Sukhmani Khorana



Feminism in the 1970's created women who dared to question the very idea of femininity in society. They were not 'bad mothers' or 'unloveable wives' but individuals, citizens and human beings erupting with their forceful arguments after a long bitter saga of unquestioned gender discrimination. Whether or not they burnt their bras, these pioneering women said for the first time in the history of modernity that "Hey! We exist, and we have voices that can no longer be silenced, and we had an enormous supply of perseverance which just got exhausted...so now you must listen to what we have to say and bear with us; we do not wish to resort to the same means of sub-human treatment that you have meted out to us, all we ask for is our rights as equal partakers of the space and bounties of this planet and equivalent participation in all the proceedings of the world. Is that too much to ask for?"

And here we are, the independent, peace-loving women of the great 21st century; we love men, we love kids, and we like our jobs as well. The theorists refer to us in terms of high respectability as 'post-feminists', implying that the raw, wary feminism of our Mums' days has finally come of age. We have the best of both the worlds, so why complain? But do we really have it, or is it a profound pretension invented in the age of 'genuine hypocrisy'. Do we like seeing videos where our sexuality is laid bare before unscrupulous gaze, or sophisticated advertisements which conceal the subject of our objectification? But so what, I'm happy with my boyfriend, he treats me well, and that's all I care about. Well, if you have no doubt in your mind that he treats you like a princess, then you are endowed with the greatest fortune that destiny can give to a mortal...but are you really so lucky?

Men of the world, this is written with no offence to you; for I consider the possibility that women are to a great extent the creators of their own mess. The problem lies in our sheer complacency, in our mask of bliss which hides the truth of our lives. No, we need not be up in arms against our male companions, but we certainly need to make sure that we are not 'stereotypically dismissed' from the public realms or 'conventionally door-matted' in the private spheres. I don't know if women are instinctively supposed to be mothers, or lovers, or nurturers; because my own experience says that every woman is an individual in

herself, and has a unique personality which is the product of her social environment and not merely her biology. I am also not sure if these views put me in the much-abhorred sect of hard-core 'feminists', even if they do, that doesn't in any way diminish my convictions on the matter.

While watching the recent British comedy 'Johnny English', I was particularly struck by a specific scene in this otherwise harmless spoof. Towards the end of the film, the artiste posing as Queen Elizabeth is shown signing a document abdicating her throne; she initially refuses to take this radical step, but concedes without protest when the French saboteurs hold her pet puppy at gunpoint! This is reflective of an unspoken ideology ingrained in the psyche of our patriarchal society: a woman's obsession with the trivial and overtly sentimental (like the pet) renders her unsuitable for rational pursuits like politics or science. In another instance, Kate Hudson stints as a women's magazine journalist in *How to lose a guy in ten days*, is barred from writing on the high, mighty and manly issues of current affairs and environmental concerns. This is not to say that most women are not concerned about these grave problems, but the female editor fears the magazine wouldn't sell. And if we ask ourselves, beauty, fashion, health and sex tips are important enough, but who says we don't want to read more serious stuff?

It will probably be a long time before women's mags become more 'masculine', but men are increasingly seeing the importance of traditionally 'feminine' qualities. Remember the episode of *Friends* where Ross laments the arrival of a male nanny to look after his and Rachel's baby daughter Emma, only to reveal later that his own 'non-sporty' and rather female attributes in his growing years were the real cause of his insecurity? The essence of the issue is that gender distinctions are increasingly blurring, and that is certainly a positive change...but the problem will be resolved only when both women and men peep inside themselves to find out whether they are playing socially-conditioned roles in the soap operas of their lives, or being real without necessarily being on television.

****Guerilla graffiti marking the Wonderbra ad on a hoarding on Vauxhall Bridge, London. Photograph and graffiti by Laurence Jaugey-Paget**



Top 10 Schmucks on TV

by Georgia Heath & Tara Bates

1. Kyle from *Australian Idol*. "Your singing and movement is great. But don't wear those pants again - Australia doesn't want to see your muffin-top!" And this coming from a fat man with an out-of-date Beckham mo-hawk?

2. Homer Simpson from *The Simpsons*. You'd think with his love of food, the man would make some effort to learn to cook, or at least appreciate his wife's cooking, or help-out after she's cooked. This is a line from the other night: "Kids, your mother's under pressure. Why don't we let her clear the table in peace?" Nice one, Homer.

3. Dr Karl Kennedy from *Neighbours*. An adulterer, a liar, a misogynist, Karl uses his position of power as the local doctor to seduce women. Yet the man is completely dependent upon Susan, regardless of the grief he's caused her.

4. Detective Robert Goren from *Law and Order: Criminal Intent*. Without being directly dismissive of his female counterpart, Goren shows absolutely no interest in Detective Eames' opinion except to reinforce his own ideas, and make himself feel better about the fact that he has no social skills whatsoever.

5. Donald Trump from *The Apprentice*. Trump has been criticized by Amorosa for his treatment of African-American women on his show. She claims that black women are typecast as aggressive, feisty and uneducated, and can never win the show. We would agree with Amorosa's claims. And besides, anyone with hair like his has to be a schmuck!



6. Special Agent Anthony DiNozzo from *NCIS*. His constant references to women and sex, regardless of the work-at-hand, is enough of an indication of DiNozzo's misogyny. One wonders with such intelligence how this dude managed to get a job equal to that of Kate's.

7. Bert Newton from *GMA*. Poor Moiral! She's had to suffer years of Bert's tormenting, but never seems affected by his jibes. We'd prefer a show called 'Good Morning, Moira!'

8. Maxwell Sheffield from *The Nanny*. After years of raising Maxwell's children, he finally told Ms Fine that he loved her... and then took it back! He eventually realized his undying love for the woman, and asked Ms Fine to marry him, only to then impregnate her with twins, thus increasing her workload at home. We wonder if this really is a happy ending?

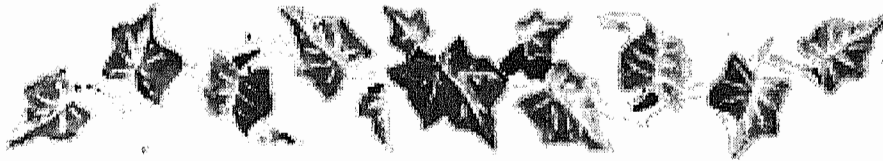
9. Ed Phillips from *Temptation*. Why is it that a show with apparently two hosts has the man firing questions at the contestants, and the woman appearing in lovely dresses ("So who are you wearing tonight, Lavinia?"). She never gets to say anything remotely interesting other than what television program is on next, and he gets to issue mocking, ridiculous comments as to the number of shoes she must own.

10. All the men from *The Panel*. As annoying as Kate may be, the belittling 'You're such a woman, Kate' comments are a little repetitive. Besides, every one of those men has made some absurd remark during their time.

CIVILISATION AND ITS DISCONTENTS

Yet another perspective on love and relationships

by Mel Purcell



Being in a relationship now, and having experienced singledom, more relationships and break ups before that - I've tasted relationships at their most transient and at their most consuming and co-dependent. And yet, I'm more confused than ever. The more I learn about love, the less I seem to understand it, to grasp it in my little fingers. But sheesh, I'm not alone! Pull together a group of ten random university students and most will have diverging and chaotic views about relationships and love. Some will be emotionally retarded. Some will wear those shitty black stovepipe jeans and claim they're more sensitive than others and thus misunderstood... poor bubbas, at least they've got Radiohead. Perhaps this confusion about love and how to execute a good relationship has come about through too much thinking, talking and movies at Salleh's. I blame postmodernism.

My rant stems from my current experience of love - I never realised it could be so complicated, and one could be so completely in the dark about what one needs and what one has to do. My lack of self-awareness baffles me. I have just been through a god-awful period in my relationship where we were on the verge of breaking up every week, fighting like mofos about emotional intimacy, until we almost completely destroyed each other. There was screaming, tears, and that feeling of imploding where you just want to die because the pressure upon your chest is so immense. The following morning, we tried to work through it, made some new resolutions, cried, made love. The next few days had that tentative, fragile feeling - one where hope mingles with the fear that nothing will change and this will all happen again next week.

Being an analytical person and yet an idealist - I want to make a decision that is rational yet saves me from breaking myself apart and discarding one year that has definitely included some good loving. Here's where the trouble comes. In my girlish youth, I'd be able to make a simple decision and feel comforted by it, clinging to it desperately and turning a blind eye to all alternatives. But experience and a lot of other people's perspectives cloud up that simplicity; I realise I am an emotional mess. No wonder - consider some of the perspectives I could view my fragile relationship from:

The Essentialist perspective
I, as a person, am unsuited to my partner as a person. This hints that nothing we can do can change our relationship, as we are inherently incompatible.

Love as constant adjustment perspective
Our relationship is a product of our dynamic

together, not essentials. We must work hard at it, constantly learning and making compromises.

Existentialist perspective

Love is oppressive, a social construct that binds us and supports monogamy which is the sacrament of the Church, the worst social construction ever. The idea that you need love is an illusion. You need nothing! Hey, De Beauvoir fell for that line.

Ranges when a friend started discussing his bygone love affairs,

"What's terrible about relationships is when you head into the doomed stage. You don't want to break up with each other because you love each other, but you can't be together anymore. You've just got to bite the bullet and end it there."

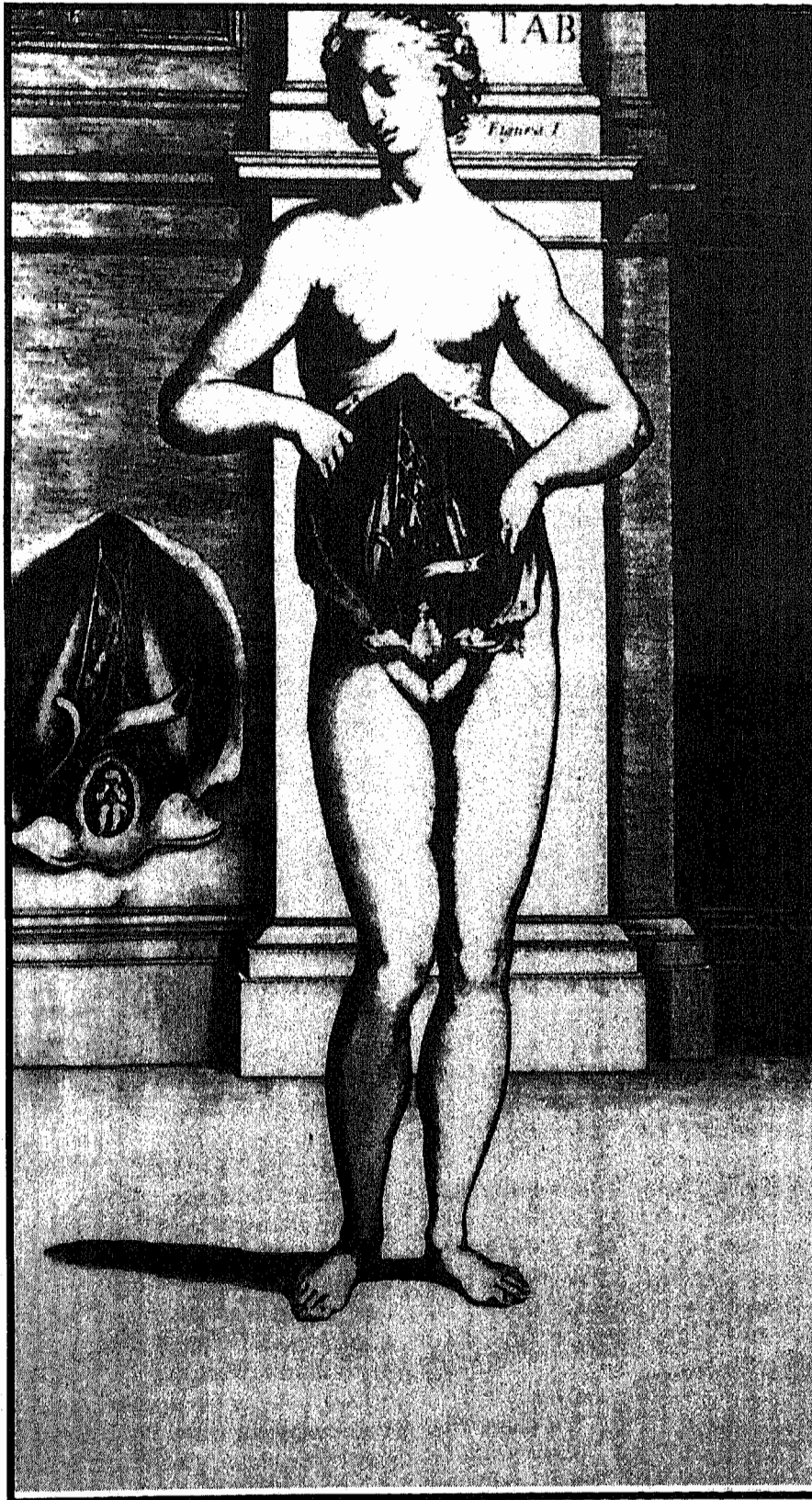
Is that what I should have done? I thought. I almost cried, because I didn't want him to be right. That day, my friend added another perspective to the others whirling through my mind, confusing me endlessly. I felt cursed by my highly strung, thinking nature; I wished then and there that I was Montaigne's simple ploughman, caring for nothing but his present needs and human sensations, rather than the intellectual hypochondriac, making up maladies to fret about.

Then I let it go. I stopped thinking for three days during my escape to the Flinders. Occasional warm images of my partner would drift into my mind. Simple things like the ways his chest feels, or the smell of his hair would come to me. My feelings were becoming pure and simple again. I was joyous; I felt passion and excitement that I hadn't felt in months and months, not only for my partner but also for other aspects of my life.

On my return to Adelaide, I could feel myself sinking back into the pettiness and niggling thoughts that cramped the simple joy that had grown when I allowed it space to breath. I realised that love and relationships become complicated when we intellectualise them and try to understand them by breaking them down into fragments - this smothers the spontaneity of love. Most things are easier to understand when they are broken down into smaller bites, but love seems to become more elusive. I've seen so many people do this, reduce love and other complex feelings to abstractions that can be vivisected and analysed. After analysis, a person comes up with a theory about love, which he or she shares with others. These theories spread, adding to the gamut of theories already established. After more thinking, we are either confused and throw our hands up in defeat or we victoriously shout out and sum up the meaning of love in a word or a few simple

sentences- both options mean that we have lost it - love has either become too complicated or too simplified in an attempt to understand it.

Putting every fine feeling beneath our gaze, many of us have found ourselves in an emotional rut, thinking "*but it looks, smells, tastes like love...*" It is liberating to discover that Love just is, and that there is freedom and joy in letting go of your desire to control it.



Romantic/Lennon perspective

Love is all you need.

The Pessimist

Love is not enough.

Feminist perspective

You feel confused and powerless because he has disempowered you, and debased your confidence. You'll feel better alone.

I was in the car, driving to the Flinders

The Adventures of Alice in Tool Land

When you conjure the image of a typical construction site I bet it goes something like this... a mixture of men in their bright and dirty work clothes, the weight of their tool belts dragging their pants down to expose a hairy crevice, the fat old men leering and whistling at anything with a heartbeat walking past, and maybe if your lucky a couple of young hot apprentices with rippling muscles, a sexy unshaven face with a chiseled jaw line. I'm getting distracted. Despite many of you thinking this is some stereotypical scene from a Hollywood movie, let me assure you speaking from personal experience that this is no fictitious image. Over the last two years I've had the pleasure (if you could call it that, the things a student will do for money!) of doing part-time admin work on a large building development. Now I have been working within the construction industry for 5 years and was well aware of it being a male-dominated industry but was previously sheltered from the full brunt of it by the fluorescent lights and windowless cubicles within the head office. However, this new

project meant stepping out of my comfort zone and into the cold hard, not to mention noisy, realm of the construction men.

Initially my role involved meeting with the purchasers so I was always impeccably dressed in suits yet despite the corporate appearance the fact that I was an attractive blonde in my early twenties meant I had to prove my ability and work against the stereotype. The clients were all middle aged and above and found it difficult to believe that this young blonde sitting across the table had any knowledge to impart let alone construction knowledge. Not only did I have to clarify my age (I was often assumed to be a teenager) but justify my position at that table as an experienced building consultant who knew both sides of the building process. Many of the clients assumed I was the assistant to the real building consultant, preferably a middle-aged man who better fit the stereotype our society has constructed about the building industry. After a hiatus, to concentrate on university studies, I was invited back to

help complete the project working closely with the new male project manager. I was specifically given instruction to "dress down" in jeans and jumpers so as to not draw attention to myself as an attractive woman, which would distract the tradesmen. Having previously worked tirelessly to prove my professional ability to the clients in this new environment I yet again encountered more appearance-based judgments. The men consistently referred to me as the 'personal assistant' and that I was constantly asked to make coffee, bring in cookies and answer the phone. They didn't even bother to hide their surprise when the facts of my building background and current studies came to light and would remark "wow you're smart too" in a patronizing tone.

On this particular development there were over 300 tradespeople working and 95% were men. The fairer sex was represented in the trade of cleaning. The most amazing thing about this experience was that the Project Manager was a woman, a trained engineer who oversaw the entire



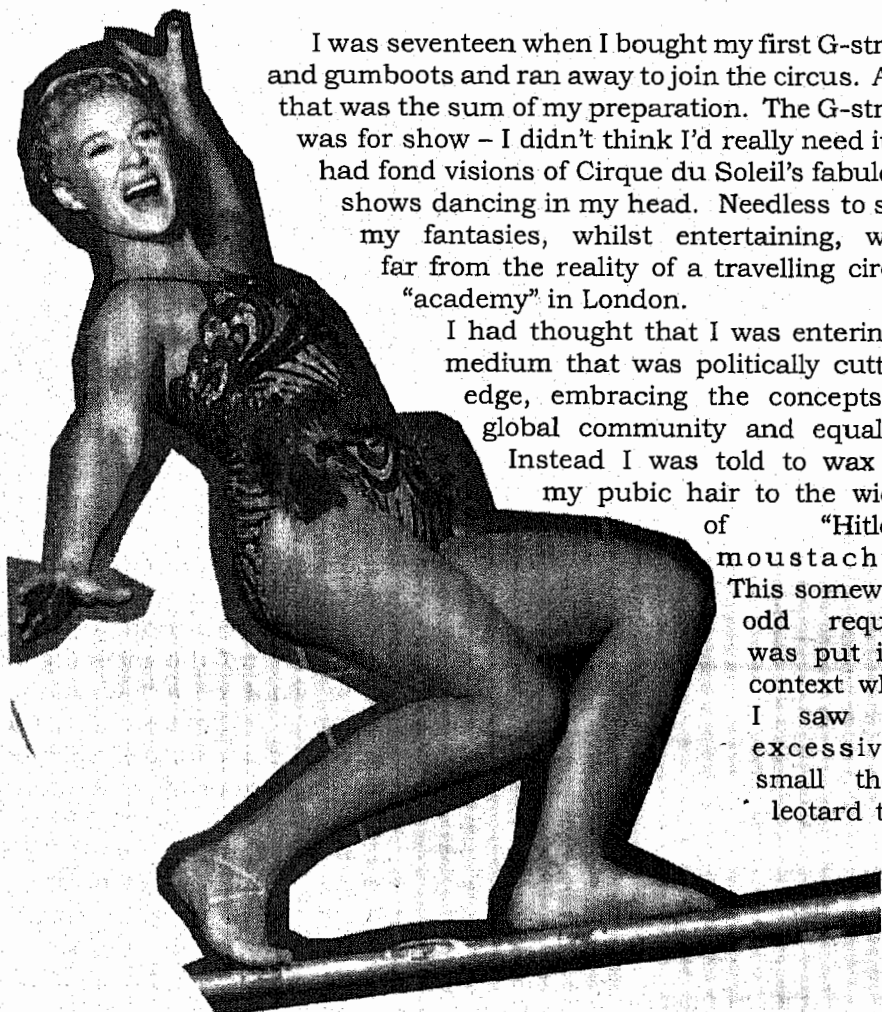
Unable to get Davy Jones, Meg peruses the construction site as a possible source of prom dates

development and directed all the tradespeople and suppliers involved in the project. She was attractive, smart and inspired me to stand up for myself as a knowledgeable woman who deserved to be taken seriously.

Let it be known I do take delight in proving people wrong and that society shouldn't judge by appearances. I felt empowered as a woman to immerse myself within this male-dominated field and triumph... and hopefully left an impression on these men to never underestimate a woman again.

Karlie Goetze

SHORT STORIES FROM THE BIG TOP



I was seventeen when I bought my first G-string and gumboots and ran away to join the circus. And that was the sum of my preparation. The G-string was for show - I didn't think I'd really need it. I had fond visions of Cirque du Soleil's fabulous shows dancing in my head. Needless to say, my fantasies, whilst entertaining, were far from the reality of a travelling circus "academy" in London.

I had thought that I was entering a medium that was politically cutting edge, embracing the concepts of global community and equality.

Instead I was told to wax off my pubic hair to the width of "Hitler's moustache". This somewhat odd request was put into context when I saw the excessively small thong leotard that

I was expected to wear at the show commencing in five days.

Luckily, I was not the only new member of the troupe. Annett was a tall, blonde Norwegian who favoured leather pants and the Swiss clown who lived two trailers down. Diana was a curvy mime from Canada, commencing her third year in London, who was told immediately to stop eating entirely until she was skinny. There was no indication of when this would be.

After our first ten hour training session that culminated with an hour of push ups, sit ups, chin ups and back bends, I retreated to my bunk. I managed to climb the short ladder to my floor, but couldn't hoist myself into the head high bunk. Emmy, the gorgeous contortionist, gave me Ibuprofen and Codeine to add to the aspirin and Panadol that I already had lurking in my bags.

As a holiday from training days, there were the days we performed. On these days, the whole troupe did four hour-long performances, and the students hosted four half-hour kids' Workshops, and a motley collection did the Meat n' Greet. We wore our fishnets, g-strings and heels to walk through the funfair surrounding the circus, "talking" to our audience and selling tickets. You haven't lived till you've worn a g-string when its eight degrees and windy.

By the third week, I was rooted.

I was forever being told to "Pull my tits up" (despite the fact they don't go further up. I'm an A-cup). The trainer, a tiny Romanian woman who was born in a circus tent sometime in the 1960's, had torn both of my hamstrings. A small accident with a human pyramid had, unbeknownst to me, cracked a vertebra and torn all of the directional muscles on the right side of my spine. I had lost enough weight to weigh in at about forty-five kilos. My thighs were so swollen I walked like I had a stick up my ass. And I had to go up and down curbs sideways.

But I did gain skills. I can go a whole strenuous day without either eating or drinking (doing so while exercising makes one sick). I can put on a face full of makeup, including false eyelashes, glitter and lipstick as well as gloss in about ten minutes. I can wax my underarms, legs and Brazilian in 45 minutes. And I can put up a 64-stake Big Top without chipping my long, fire-engine red fingernails.

Sunni Cooper





Lesbos Piratas



A Romantic Tale of Lust, Raping and Pillaging

Anne Bonny was born sometime in 1697/98 in County Cork, Ireland. She was the illegitimate daughter of Mary Brennan, a serving woman and William Cormac, a lawyer. Cormac's wife soon learnt of the affair and Cormac and Brennan fled the country with their daughter, across the Atlantic to Charleston, USA. Here Cormac set up a plantation. Charleston at the time was frequented by pirates, and when Anne was of age, she married sometime pirate James Bonny. Apparently James was keen to steal the plantation from Anne's father through his marriage with Anne. When Cormac heard of this he disowned Anne and any right she may have had to the plantation.

James and Anne left to live in New Providence, where James eventually became an informer for the government. Disgusted with James' cowardice, they became estranged and Anne spent all her time with the island's pirates and the women and gay men who loved them (now don't pretend you didn't know many pirates were gay, what do you think the cabin boy did all day?)

It is here that the romantic escapades begin. Anne met a Pirate by the name of Calico Jack Rackham, fell in love (or lust as may be the case) and they embarked on an affair. When James found out, he dragged

Anne naked before a court and accused her of deserting him and declared her to be stolen property. Calico Jack tried to bargain with James declaring that Anne should go to the highest bidder (quite the romantic gesture). However, the court ruled that James and Anne would be forbidden to see each other. Now if we were dealing with everyday citizens the story would end here, but no we are dealing with swashbuckling pirates. So instead of abiding by the law they ran away to sea together with Anne disguised as a man. It is here at sea that Anne gained her reputation as a bloodthirsty (yet incredibly proficient) fighter. She raided many ships with Calico Jack and also with his lieutenant.

After a long stint of raping and pillaging, Anne became attracted to Jack's lieutenant, whom apparently was mutually attracted to Anne. Jack's lieutenant was no ordinary lieutenant though; no he had a secret, the secret being that he was actually a woman by the name of Mary Read.

Oh high seas of lesbian romance! One can only begin to imagine the happenings on that ship. Mary and Anne, perhaps Mary and Anne and Jack, Mary and Jack, Anne and Jack. Tee hee I will leave those imaginings to you, to keep you company on a cold night at sea. But wait, my story isn't finished yet. Let me tell you about Mary Read and how she came to be on the ship.

Mary Read was born about the same time as Anne, into a poor family in Devon County, England. Her father had died before she was born and her only brother also died young. Her mother decided that the only thing she could do to win the support and financial help of the rest of the family would be to pretend that Mary was a boy (boys were seen as more valuable to a family in the past as they carried on the family name, in fact some people still value men over women, grr) Mary dressed as a boy throughout her entire life and I can hardly even begin to imagine

Tough girl. Anyway, all her family members died off and she found that she had to support herself. After working as a footboy for a while, she enlisted in the infantry in Flanders (which is now parts of Belgium, France and the Netherlands). Mary became a soldier of distinction, but she then fell in love with a fellow officer, and after revealing her gender to him they married and set up a tavern called The Three Horseshoes. Though this was successful for a time, peace destroyed their military clientele and they eventually went bankrupt. Shortly afterwards Mary's husband fell sick and died. After this trauma Mary once again donned her masculine persona and ran away to sea, seeing no freedom in remaining as a woman in the gender hierarchies of the time. She joined Calico Jack's ship and it is here she met Anne.

In 1720 Calico Jack's ship was attacked by Captain Barnet, a former pirate turned pirate hunter. At the time the crew was drunk and hid below decks as the cannon fire began. All except Mary and Anne who stood on

deck abusing the crew for their cowardice screaming at them to come up and fight. When no-one came forward, not even Calico Jack, they began to shoot the crew. But to no avail. Despite Anne and Mary's bravery, the crew were all captured and hung, excepting Anne and Mary who were both six months pregnant. At this stage it was illegal for the law to kill pregnant women and apparently they were both granted a reprieve. Sadly though, Mary died in jail of fever, whilst Anne's fate has never been known. Although history lost track of these brilliant, gender-defying women, we can look to their adventurous and independent (if more than a little violent) lives for inspiration. And fantasies. Hee hee.

Clemmie Wetherall

Source:

www.members.tripod.com/cathreese/DefiantWomen/pirates/abonny_mread.html



Is that a gender identity problem in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?

the gender issues that she had to deal with.

VITALSTATISTIX

checklist FOR an ARMED robber

Written by VANESSA BATES
Director MAUDE DAVEY

extreme times...
desperate measures BOOM!
knit one purl one...
Astrid Pill
Netta Yashchin
Nathan O'Keefe
Roman Vaculik

Oct 18 to Nov 5 Wed to Sat @ 8pm

AT: Waterside 11 Nile Street Port Adelaide

PREVIEW: Oct 18 - \$12 BOOKINGS: 8447 6211

TICKETS: \$23/\$12 Conc



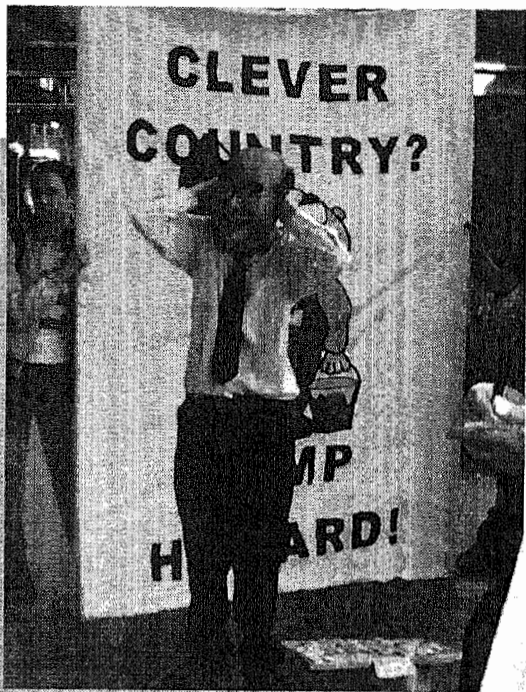
Government of South Australia
Arts SA



we're
smoke
free

ACTIVISTS

HOW TO BEAT THEM AT THEIR OWN GAME



This was the title of a half-day workshop sponsored by the Institute of Public Affairs and the Public Relations Institute of Australia held in Melbourne in April. Leading the workshop was Canadian PR consultant Ross Irvine, well known for his hostility to community groups and NGOs. Kath Wilson went along to hear what he had to say.

When he arrived in Australia the *West Australian* dubbed him "Rambo Ross" and ABC Radio's Jon Faine calls him "the anti-activist-activist".

The workshop was held in a plush seminar room at South Melbourne's Mount Eliza Business School. The \$599 fee was payable to the Public Relations Institute of Australia (PRIA).

Irvine has pulling power. Filing in to see him is a *Who's Who* of powerful industry and government flacks. David Gazard, adviser to the Federal Treasurer, is here. So is the adviser to Special Minister of State, Eric Abetz. And people from Rio Tinto, Shell, Dow Chemical, Avcare, the Victorian Farmers' Federation, Department of Primary Industries, Bayer, GrainCorp, Dairy Australia and Nufarm, which distributes Monsanto pesticides.

There's Tattersalls (gambling objection issues), the Port of Melbourne Corporation (channel-deepening issues) and people from PACIA (Plastics and Chemistry Industries Association). There are SOCOM staff, PRs for the insurance and building industries and local councils. And there's a young City of Darebin PR. "Development objections," he explains, "Tram stop advertising. That kind of thing."

"We've all come to hear a man who claims that proportional representation is 'a bizarre thing' and that 'corporate responsibility is a weakness. Corporate responsibility is letting someone else set the agenda.' Irvine believes sustainability is 'an extremist position' that science's 'precautionary principal' is 'extreme', and that maintaining biodiversity 'turns back the evolutionary clock millions of years and eliminates humans from the face of the Earth! That's extreme!' Animal protection bodies, he says, really want to 'sever all contact between humans and animals.'

"Public Relations is war," announces Irvine. He is prone to confusing 'activist', 'terrorist', 'criminal', 'guerilla' and 'security threat'. Don't be fooled, he warns, when activists claim they're about third world hunger or the environment or public health. "If you're in business and you support biodiversity," he says, "beware of what you're really supporting... look beyond their immediate intentions. Their goal is a much larger concept that business, media and politicians must address."

Someone asks: Why see activists as the enemy? Can't industry engage with moderate activists? Some people agree, others shake their heads. No, warns Irvine. Once you cave to one demand, they'll come up with a whole bunch of others, which will eventually threaten capitalism itself. "You will really screw yourself in the end."

Legal threats aren't working against activists, insists Irvine. Look what happened to McDonalds. Look how the Grand Prix had to deal with Albert Park residents and "crazy little old ladies", having to spend money "combating their crap."

The PACIA man says, "An activist group can go outside the private house of a CEO of a chemical company, roll up there and say, 'you're a baby-killer'. But if the same chemical company paid their workers to go outside the house of green activists and say, ah, 'you're a gay lesbian who does naughty things to whales', ah — we couldn't do that." The PR man from Darebin Council corrects him. "Gay lesbian' is a tautology," he says.

To combat the problem of activist letters in newspapers, Irvine urges PRs to engage more people to write letters. "If there are three letters in there in one week saying, 'GM [foods] are good', the politicians think, 'hey, that's pretty neat.'" The two staffers from Peter Costello office, sitting up the back and look bored.

Activists have time and resources to do things that corporates don't, says one. Irvine agrees. "The smaller groups often get a tremendous amount of power and influence that they don't deserve... Quite frankly, business doesn't have the resources and capability that activists do."

The Port of Melbourne Corporation's PR says her company spent \$12 million on an environmental impact statement, "and we didn't get the result that we want." She says, "you can't demonstrate entirely that nothing will go wrong" unless you go ahead and channel-deepen.

The PRIA's David Hawkins says, "The challenge, I think, from what Ross is saying, is... we need to work out how we can break the law to do these things." To the PACIA man's complaint that chemical companies are legally obliged to consult with community, Irvine says, "This is a process that activists have put in place over years! What they've gradually done to the State!" Hawkins adds, "What Ross is saying is that we need to be activists too, expand our networks to actually change the legislation."

"We have to reach out," says Irvine, "to other people to become part of our network. We need to empower others to become our messengers. We must recruit others." Hawkins later asks, "Are you also saying then that the VFF for instance, should go and get some far-right-wing nutso activists of their own, so that they can do the far-right-wing stuff, and the government will then turn around to the VFF and say, 'well you guys are the moderates and mainstream guys. We'll talk to you'... is that right?"

"That's what the network is all about," says Irvine.

He quotes Margaret Thatcher, George W Bush, Fox News and RAND, and recommends the IPA's anti-NGO literature. "The IPA may be considered a little bit right-wing to some people, a little bit free-market-driven. Twenty years ago I would have said they're a bunch of nutters..."

We split into groups. One group finds ways to discredit activists. (How? Irvine advises, "Discredit the ideology and defeat the terrorists".) They come up with: "Call them suicide bombers... make them all look like terrorists... tree-hugging, dope-smoking, bloody university graduate, anti-progress..." and "Spot the flake. Find someone who would represent the enemy but clearly doesn't know what the issue is... find a sixteen-year-old" and "distract the activist with side issues... and make enemies within the enemy camp so they spend all their time fighting and that helps to deepen their disorganisation."

My group is charged with 'empowering others' to support our cause. Our cause is the Port of Melbourne channel-deepening. Once we've dealt with who we 'empower' (unions, farmers' groups, retailers), Hawkins suggests marginalising the environmental argument. This could be done with what Bush flacks call 'the firehose method' — bombarding the media with issues, information and press conferences so they don't have the resources to interview alternative sources.

To my suggestion that the case for channel-deepening should be the voice of reason, Hawkins says, "No, no, let's be the voice of unreason. Let's call them fruitcakes. Let's call them nut-nutters. You know, let's say they're..."

"Environmental radicals," suggests the Darebin PR.

"Exactly. You know... say they represent 0.1 per cent but they dominate, you know, let's absolutely go for them."

We discuss Astroturfing. Named after a synthetic lawn, it's the creation of bogus community groups or independent authorities who endorse industry practice, recruit lesser-informed citizens, confuse the debate and make the real community groups appear extreme.

The *Guardian* uncovered one case in which Monsanto's PRs invented fake science experts and online 'scientific communities' who discredited genuine peer-reviewed science reports. Protest movements were also invented, including one at Johannesburg's World Summit on Sustainable Development, widely reported as a demonstration by third world farmers chanting "I don't need white NGOs to speak for me".

In our group is Bernadette Basell, senior partner of KKPR, which represents the mobile phone industry. She doesn't share Hawkin's approach, telling me later that "misrepresentation and deception, such as Astroturfing, is deplored by most in the public relations industry. Community groups usually have genuine concerns that need to be addressed."

Basell later alerts Hawkins to my line of questioning, and he sends me an email to clarify. "It is totally unacceptable and unethical for any PR practitioner to pretend to represent another



organisation that they do not represent or to fabricate a community group or identity," he writes.

Some NGO and academic sources allege that Irvine is SuperAstroturf, imported by front groups to seed a lawn of propaganda. "The wild claims of far-right groups like the IPA drag the spectrum of political debate to the right," says Tim Thornton, lecturer and researcher at Monash University's economics department. "What was once a moderate position is depicted as extreme, while extremist propaganda seems reasonable, particularly when it's dressed up as fact. Once these ideas were at the edge of sanity, now they're at the edge of policy."

The IPA's campaign to strip charitable NGOs of their tax exemption status if they engage in advocacy (or 'activism') is the essence of both Irvine's workshop and the *Draft Charities Bill*, which may be passed once the Coalition gains Senate control. The Howard government paid the IPA \$46,000 to develop 'advice' for this Bill because, it claims, NGOs have too much influence on government.

Thornton, who researches NGOs, calls these claims "paranoid nonsense, an ideological obsession that sits badly with basic reasoning and observation. The evidence reveals that humanitarian and environment groups enjoy wide support among the electorate, but they actually have little influence on policy compared with business lobbies. Yet they have to be more accountable than these lobbies."

After the Perth, Melbourne and Brisbane workshops, Irvine is flown to an unadvertised Canberra workshop. (The Canberra event is, however, posted on some e-lists.) Later I ask Costello's adviser, David Gazard, why he and Australia's big industry, council and government flacks attended a forum that promotes ways to stop citizens participating in the democratic process. He declines to comment.

This article first appeared in the Newsletter of the Australia Institute.

Women in Clubs

Danna Cooke

Women across all campuses are involved in sporting and non-sporting clubs. In the name of feminism, affirmative action, and plain old curiosity, I set out to discover why women were initially drawn to clubs, if they had the opportunities to contribute to the running of their chosen clubs, and what challenges there were for women in the daunting field of Club Management.

Like their male counterparts most women joined clubs for three reasons: as a way to meet people, because a club offered a specific focus that they were looking for, or because involvement in the club was beneficial to their studies.

Every woman I spoke with was, or had been involved in the management of at least one club. Some women simply took on this role because they were asked, others felt it was a "logical progression" after being in the club and enjoying it, and some felt that the club wasn't heading in the right direction and decided to take charge of the issue.

Unfortunately, even those who loved being a member of the club, and had committed some time to the organisation of the club felt it was necessary to cease their involvement in the running of the

club due to increased pressures of study and work.

Most women interviewed have not experienced discrimination based on gender, but a small amount did mention that they sometimes feel they are not taken seriously because they are women.

So women seemed to be happily involved in the running of the clubs. But did the club actually cater to them in terms of activities? The answer is a resounding "YES!" From plays to pub crawls, parliament tours to camps, weekly language speaking sessions to lectures, everyone remained involved in their chosen club because of the experiences they had, whether they were singing to an audience, enjoying a 6am training session on the Torrens, performing in a German play, or discussing their faith with others.

Inevitably during our discussions the topic of VSU was raised, many women were concerned about how Voluntary Student Unionism will affect their clubs. Although some believed that their clubs would be able to survive without funding from the Clubs Association, Sports Association, or the AUU, they were still concerned about the services that they currently received from the Union, such as free room booking, discounted catering for functions, and liability insurance.

But perhaps with the support of

fine women (and men) like those currently involved in the various clubs, then clubs will be able to not only survive but thrive no matter what the future holds!

If you are interested in joining a club contact the Clubs Association club.president@adelaide.edu.au or the Sports Association clubs.president@adelaide.edu.au or the Sports Association auu.sports@adelaide.edu.au

"I decided to join clubs to meet people and make friends."



"Working on club committees is very stimulating. You're confronted daily with situations that challenge you and your position."

"I think also that if you agree with the thinking and rationale behind a club and like what they do, you are motivated to support the group and put in time and effort."

"Definitely to be involved with the running or organising of a club you have to be very involved and passionate about it - and with that also have the time."

"It's the amount that I've learnt and grown and the amazing good friends that I've made"

"The people I've met through those clubs have served as an effective family while I've been studying at Adelaide Uni."

"The opportunities that clubs give to meet new people ... is simply unobtainable through University classes."

"Without clubs on campus I doubt whether I would be as well-rounded now as I am and I certainly would not feel so comfortable in the University environment."

"I have valuable advice concerning my academic choices through contacts formed at clubs, and have also gained some work experience from those same contacts."

"Often you don't even realise what you've learnt (you think you've just been having fun) but especially when you become involved with the organisation or running of a club you learn good skills that help you in many fields of employment."

"Without active interest in clubs there will be even less chance of finding those people prepared to commit the time and effort it takes to run a successful club, stagnation of club committees is quite a dangerous thing."

"I would really hate to see clubs such as the German club that have been around for so many decades now disappear."

HUNTING SEASON



I Wish...

by Tessa Akerman



Dear Ladies,
It's hunting time. You've cleansed, exfoliated, toned, moisturized, concealed any unsightly blemishes, tweezed, blow dried, dressed, straightened, applied make-up, perfume, the whole kit and kiboodle and now its time.

Keys, phone, ID, money, lipstick, lip balm or lip gloss and maybe eye shadow or blush to refresh the look throughout the night, all this in a tiny purse unless you are one of those amazing amazons who manages the minimalistic approach of fitting all you need into bras, pockets if they exist on the outfit, shoes, knickers, garter belt etc. or are one of the even rarer breeds of female who

does not need make up to look gorgeously natural or you are the girl who has all the pocket space she needs as part of the boyfriend package.

Where to go? Everyone has their favourite bars and any modern girl could create a database cross-referencing locations with drinks/prices/success rate and the type of guys who go. Check the paper to see if a sport event is on, you don't want to end up between opposing supporters and also a guy watching 'the game' is unlikely to be a great conversationalist that night and even less likely to want to explain the game. Every girl dreams of catching the big one, the Prince Charming, and after Mary Donaldson did, the Slip Inn had every single gal in Sydney hoping that lightning would indeed strike twice.

Also what is your range tonight? Every girl should have her standards, at least 4 classes of guys, a friend of mine has at least 8. At the start of the night a girl should not be willing to compromise her standards and hold out for an A or high B guy, but as the night goes on and the drinks flow and the shoes pinch, the range might expand to include the C guys as well, but

you must define to what degree you are willing to compromise. This will help prevent the regretful flashbacks of the next morning, with your friend who will exaggerate the suitor in question's flaws, as your drunken haze airbrushes his personality, looks, dress sense and other very important traits such as his laugh and foibles.

Keep an eye out in your travels for the following types of guys:

The Perv: This guy will brush up against you with his hands or body despite there being plenty of room and will probably stand when you are seated not out of good manners but in order to better look down your top. He will make unwanted comments to his friends as you leave and will slag you off if you rebuff his less than honourable attentions.

The Hedger: This guy will wander around trying to chat up as many ladies as he can, hedging his bets on who he will go home with that night or even score a phone call from.

The Teacher: Watch out for this one by the pool tables, dart board or any type of contest. He will be more than willing to work on your stance and provide tips on what you should have done

afterwards over drinks or between the sheets.

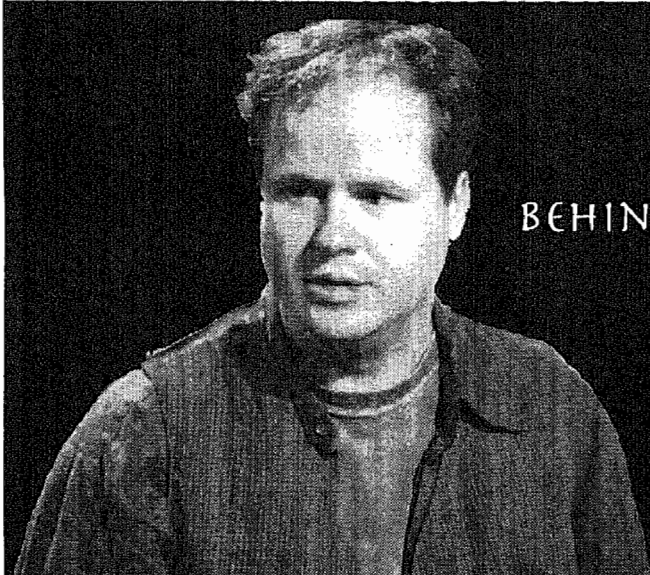
The Wall: No, sorry not interested', I have a boyfriend/girlfriend', are you really talking to a guy or a brick wall? He won't take the subtle hints and you might end up resorting to leaving or pretending not to understand English, in which case he might turn into a Teacher who is prepared to help you with the English tongue all night long.

Some tried and true ways to get rid of an annoying guy include:

- Not talking to him, or saying only a few sarcastic phrases until he gets the hint.
- Not stopping talking about various boring or embarrassing topics such as whether or not the silk covered tampons have changed your life, in your opinion what the most underrated accessory is, or whether polka dots or stripes have had a bigger influence on your wardrobe.
- Pretending not to understand English OR
- Going to the bathroom and never coming back!

But there are also great guys out there who through no fault of their own are single RIGHT NOW!

So be careful out there girls, have fun and happy hunting.



JOSS WHEDON

BEHIND EVERY GREAT MAN ARE THREE OR FOUR GLAMAZONS.

by Alisa Cameron

SHHH, he's coming- no he's not, wait its...Joss Whedon's chair! Okay, not exactly what I expected to see at the video press conference for his new movie 'Serenity' on the 13th of September. At least it looked like a comfy chair.

While I waited, bits of the movie spooled through my mind. For those not familiar with the premise of 'Serenity' it's a very witty, surprising, and richly detailed sci-fi western adventure, based on the TV series 'Firefly.'

More mutterings later from the eight individuals present, the screen goes black and all we can see is ourselves. Just when we thought perhaps we'd got the wrong day or time, there he was saying hi and jokes 'how long do I have to talk to these idiots?'

What exactly do you ask the creator of 'Buffy: the vampire slayer', 'Angel' and 'Firefly'?

You don't ask, you panic and whatever is on the carefully prepared piece of paper in front of you, that's what your voice seems to be asking on it's own.

So, here are a few excerpts from our interview, which thanks to a magnanimous Joss Whedon, was fifteen whole minutes longer than it was meant to be.

Q: Tell me about the complicated transition from the TV show to the film?

A: Well, the transition was only complicated if you're me, having to write the damn thing just because, you know, I had to make a film that stood on it's own, but the show had so much history and texture and I didn't want to ignore that, so I had a lot of plot holes to avoid. It was the most difficult thing I've done, in terms of writing. In terms of actually getting the thing made it was an impossible task that suddenly became an extraordinarily simple task, because of universal. They just saw the series and thought, yeah, that'd make a cool movie.

All I had to do was come up with a story, write it, direct it, and edit it, but apart from that it was real easy.

Q: In Serenity, the extension of Firefly, River Tam really comes into her own as a strong protagonist. How do you feel female characters and societal acceptance of feminism has changed in film and TV production?

A: Well, I think that women specifically as heroes and bigger than life heroes, not just heroines or protagonists but actual heroes going through particularly heroic journeys in the very classic mythical sense, is now something in the vernacular which it wasn't when I pitched Buffy. People said this was a radical idea, I said you're ridiculous to say that, it doesn't seem radical to me at all. Um, and now it's just sort of people expect it of me because I just can't seem to stop, I mean Serenity was supposed to be the thing that didn't have a super-powered adolescent girl in it, but unfortunately I can't turn that one off. But I'm seeing it a lot, a lot of the stuff you know isn't necessarily the most memorable stuff ever but its, its now just accepted, it's not like the 80's just sort of gave a women a martial arts sequence for no reason- *Wayne's World*, *Robin Hood*, *Lethal weapon 3*, but then she wouldn't actually do anything in the movie, she'd just have that one scene. That was sort of like this weird inoculation, okay we'll do that and then they won't ask for, you know, a female who can do anything. There were some exceptions or some precursors, but I think certainly in television and even in film it's now become so regular its almost about to become a cliché, that a young women is if not heroic, certainly somewhat super-powered and I feel not, you know I don't take all the credit for that, but I do feel like I was part of that wave. That

means more to me than anything I've done.

Q: Will there be any exploration of Shepard Book's past? There wasn't a lot of exploration of it in the movie.

A: Yeah, I obviously had to jettison some threads, and I knew that the one question people were asking the most was what is his past and, so it amused me to no end to set up him explaining his past and then not have him do it, because I'm not very nice! However, I've basically gone on record as saying if this movie is an enormous hit, which would be both calming and delightful, and then if we got to make a sequel I would explain it, and if we don't, I'll just go on the internet and tell everybody.

Q: Do you feel you achieved what you wanted from this movie?

A: I do, I mean I look at it with a horribly critical eye, and go oh my god, I did this wrong, I did that wrong, that sound effect is wrong, that colour is wrong, you know I mean, I do all the neurotic director stuff. What I wanted to make was an epic action movie that was human, a little bit gritty a little bit, um, you know down with the people who are sort of trodden upon. Take what I loved from the series and then put it into an epic science fiction movie. It feels to me that I accomplished that when I watch the movie, particularly when I watch it with people who haven't seen the show and who respond to what's going on and really start to care about the characters. I feel like this is exactly what I wanted to do with it, not just with 'Serenity' but in general.

I always wanted to make the summer movie until the summer movie became the mummy ride, and the humanity kind of got drained out of it. To make

something that is a lot of slam bang action, that's actually about what it's about, it's about the people in it and has a humanistic thread, and gives you something to take out of the movie besides, 'I was excited and it was loud.' It's what I've been trying to do for a long while.

Q: In Hollywood there's always a lot of talk about how films have to have stars, and while serenity certainly has some good actors like Adam Baldwin, and Chiwetel Ejiofor, there are no stars. Was that something that you wanted or something that the budget necessitated?

A: I wanted to work with these people and I wanted to tell the story with these people and I thought well they may not be stars now, but nobody in Star Wars was a star either except for Alec Guinness, and he doesn't count. It wasn't like science fiction fans were like 'what we need in science fiction is more Alec Guinness!'

The studio had no problem with it, they understood because they'd seen the show, how good these people were, and they didn't say you know, can Tom Cruise play Kaylee or anything like that, it would have been a little odd quite frankly if they had. They did at one point say 'can we get a big name to play the villain', and after reassessing, they suggested getting the best actor you can find. But this is absolutely not the Hollywood paradigm right now, and for universal to do this, obviously this isn't a tent pole movie, with a ginormous budget, it was made for a particular price, but that was not a small price. It was more money than I'm used to spending! It meant that they were trying something really different, they were saying it's about the story, and it about the fact that we believe in these people, and we're not going to worry about the fact that we don't have a wham-bang title, we don't have bankable

stars, we don't even have a simple premise. This is a story movie not a premise movie and that's something that would normally scare marketing people and they embraced it hole-heartedly. That's one of the reasons I'm so anxious for it to pay off, not just for me but for Universal because it would send a message to Hollywood that Hollywood desperately needs to hear.

Q: Joss, in the works that I've seen there's always a strong amount of morals and even, particularly with Serenity, political commentary. If there was one message that you could get the audience to take away from Serenity, what would you want it to be?

A: Ultimately, if we're talking politically, even personally, 'cause I think you can mix the two, it's really about accepting people for what they are and not for what you want them to be. Because when you try and remake people in your image and tell people how to think even if you're right, you're not getting people thinking. You're getting people parroting, you're getting robots, you're getting ultimately corpses.

Basically the Operative is somebody I think I would get along with, presuming he didn't want to kill me, and Mal is somebody I probably couldn't be in a room with for two minutes. But that's why I like this movie. You need somebody who is just untrustworthy, unreliable, not in touch with his feelings, not necessarily thinking about other people, not altruistic by nature, he's just a guy. That's the person who's going to save us from the notion of perfection, the idea that you can impose your idea of what perfection is, what progress is on people who are living in a world that you are simply too far away from to even understand, let alone control. That's a deadly idea, and it's happening in the world even as we speak, and has throughout history. So both on a political and personal level, I just wanted to say, the thing that we have to remember is that people are good and people are bad and it's not about the ideology they contain. They're just people and if we forget that then we lose everything.

Q: Will you continue the comic book if not another TV series?

A: You know, even if there's movies and TV the comic book will probably rear its head again. It's been a huge seller, so Dark Horse

is interested in it, and it was a lot of fun for me and Brett Matthews to work out together. I thought it came together rather nicely, so I do definitely expect us to be working on that, I just have to finish um trying to sell this!

You can check out further details for 'Serenity' at <http://www.serenitymovie.com>, or just go to the movies from September 29 and see the universe that made fans shell out thousands of dollars just to keep on watching.



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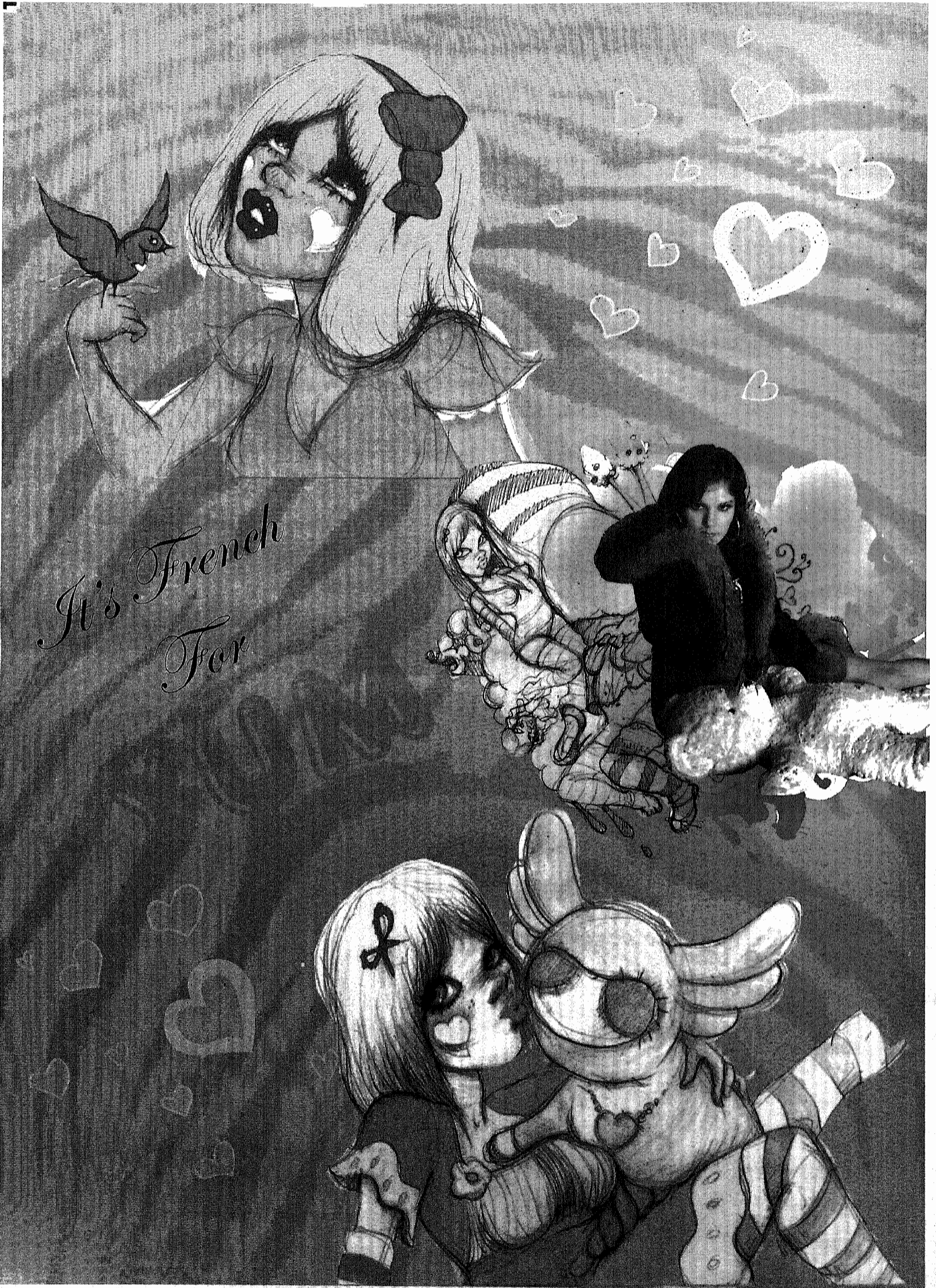
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*It's French
For*



Just when you thought graffiti was fast becoming an Yd/Target zone only, along comes Fafi. There's just *something* about the French. A certain *je ne sais quoi*, if you will. Everything they do is somehow more validated, more authentic, nay, more worthy of scrutiny. Is it the accents? The hopelessly existentialist ideologies they're breast fed at birth? Or the fact that they're producing hot graffiti artists who paint cartoon girls mid-fellatio?

Fafi's ubiquitous canvases have come under much public scrutiny. Are they sexist? Misogynistic? Liberating because they depict cute and kinky women in an equally cute and kinky fashion? Whatever the case, Fafi is a girl who knows her sense of aesthetics. Her pastel day-glo use of colour is simply gorgeous, but it's the depiction of her infamous girlie characters that's sparked the most controversy. Never ones to shy away from a bit of slap and tickle, her girls tease and embrace each other, evoking a bit of the old 'naughty but nice' spirit. Fafi's girls are adorable and sexy, cute and assertive, camp and powerful, but most of all, they make me want to jump aboard the next plane and pick up a spray can.

Fafi has become somewhat of a cultural zeitgeist during her artistic career. Her bubblegum portrayal of women has earned her international fame, as well as the capital to start her own line of clothing emblazoned with the fruits of her imagination. Bonds attempted to rip her off last summer with those horrendously mediocre cartoon girl singlets, however most fashionistas were none the wiser. Fafi wouldn't be pissed off. She's too cool to care about those Australian *couchons*. What, with travelling the world painting, exhibiting, designing and generally being a cult phenomenon, there's no time for trivialities such as 'copyright protection'. As if that isn't romantic enough, she does it all with her Graffiti artist fiancé Tilt by her side. Sigh. Those damn French. Always in love.

Stephanie Mountzoukis



Revolution Grrrl Style Now

Riot Grrrl

Bikini Kill in the early nineties and it was their song 'Double Dare Ya' that revolution happened. While many women before and after Bikini Kill are definitely grrrls, Kathleen Hanna's vocalising it made history. 'Riot Grrrl' is a feminist message of enlightenment and empowerment and the music is a loud answer to the misogynist attitudes - of both men and women - underlying societal institutions'. Punk music has always been about saying 'fuck you' in response to some form of politics or another but the ethos that sets the riot grrrl movement apart is the 'message of self-respect and unity through support of the individual'. DIY is also a huge part, encouraging young women to create things 'more through sheer will and emotion than through any particular expertise'.

The Riot Grrrl movement exists in different forms across the world. In Adelaide there is a network of self-professed riot grrrls, they're activists, they make zines about music, art, culture, feminism, audio-zines on community radio, do radical cheerleading, stencilling, make their own music and clothes. These grrrls are the epitome of cool, they know their rights, they want you to know yours and they fight for them too. From time to time, there are spaces and instruments set up for women to learn how to make music from hip hop, to punk and rock, learning how to line-up gigs, set up stages, write songs, mc and mix.

Anna xoxo

Women who Rock





Ani DiFranco - Poet/Musician

I always can think of. She makes me fall a little bit more in love with someone every time I hear her. They know who they are.

I laughed at people who cried in concerts. I thought they were pretentious or pathetic, sometimes both. But when I saw Ani play last year in Melbourne, and watched that little body with so much power thrash around her guitar in front of thousands of people, I knew how they felt.

DiFranco's music is incredibly powerful, and as an artist, she's probably one of the most prolific I

She's my solace in so many ways. She's there when I'm angry, when my heart is overflowing with all the beauty in the world and when I want to cry until there's nothing of me left. Sometimes I make my friends close their eyes and listen to 'To The Teeth', just so they can pound the air like I do everytime it's over.

Audrey

Tori Amos - Singer Songwriter



"I sat in my seat at Tori Amos' concert in May this year, exhilarated by the electric anticipation in the air. When she started playing, I was shivering. Tori had meant so much to me during my high school and uni years; she offered me empathy. She conveyed things that had made me previously feel freakish and alienated — and said she felt them too and suffered as well. As she developed as an artist, moving into *Boys for Pele* and *From the Choirgirl Hotel*, Tori conveyed that she was becoming more confident and growing in her sexual power, but this power was somewhat tainted by her suffering. This is

Tori's sexiest music — and it is my favourite.

What Tori has shown me is that sometimes there isn't a word by which to label a feeling, and that the best way to describe an experience is to use imagery that doesn't necessarily make rational sense. A church bell for the grief of losing a child, an icicle for masturbation, a doughnut hole for the loss of love. Tori is a story-teller who employs history, myth, religion and ambiguous imagery to reveal herself and the complexity of her feelings. Tori Amos conveys that there is no need to understand every thing that happens to us through words and rationality — there is beauty in poetry, the elusive and the incomprehensible."

Mel

Sue Townsend - Author



With 1983's *The Diary of Adrian Mole Aged 13 3/4*, Sue Townsend wrote one of the bestselling English novels of all time. Before Bridget Jones dominated comic diary writing, Adrian Mole's self defined 'lower middle class/upper working class', white, teenage POV provided Britain with a view of itself in the Thatcherite 80s that no other character could get away with. Since then, there have been 4 other Adrian Mole books and one TV series all documenting the growth of England's favourite intellectual supremacist/provincial dullard.

Apart from her adventures in Mole-Land, Townsend has continued to write novels and plays are truly funny but strip British society bare, hold it up for ridicule and then allow it to nurse it's wounds in the public glare. And Townsend are loved for it.

In 2001 Sue Townsend became legally blind after years of suffering from diabetes. She dictated the last few chapters of *Number Ten* to her husband. Years of speculation over whether she will write again were finally answered with the 2004 release of *Adrian Mole and the Weapons of Mass Destruction* (2004).

Anais

Bjork - Resident Kook

Bjork Gudmundsdottir is a fountain of blood in the shape of a girl and I want to protect her. No, actually, I'd rather do her shopping and baby-sit her kids in order to view her in her natural habitat. What does Bjork think about before she goes to sleep at night? Does she squint and mistake the undulating shapes of darkness as dancing atoms? Does she trace her name with her index finger on the sprawling blankets? Bjork singlehandedly gave my teenage years a soundtrack. Sigh. E-mail ondit@adelaide.edu.au if you want to attempt Medulla karaoke one night. I'm going to sleep.

Bride of Jarv



Aimee Mann - Singer

Possibly not the most well known singer songwriter around, but she is one of the best, OK, I'll settle for her being one of the best songwriters around. With 5 solo albums and 4 more with Til Tuesday, Aimee Mann has consistently put out great tracks. Her lyrics frequently talk about drug addiction, though she says that she often uses that as a metaphor for other 'issues'. This adaptability is probably what has led me to love her work so much. One day I can listen to *Driving Sideways* and think of a particularly nasty ex-friend and the next day I can apply the same lyric to a general feeling of world-weariness. Or relate *Save Me* to looking after myself or being saved by a mythical knight depending on my mood. Although I doubt I could play so fast and loose with *Wise Up*, that song is just gorgeously depressing. Even if Julianne Moore is miming it, I would recommend listening to the *Magnolia* soundtrack with the sleeve notes as an introduction to Aimee Mann.

Albums: *The Forgotten Arm* (2005), *Lost in Space* (2002), *Bachelor No. 2* (2000), *I'm With Stupid* (1995), *Whatever* (1993).

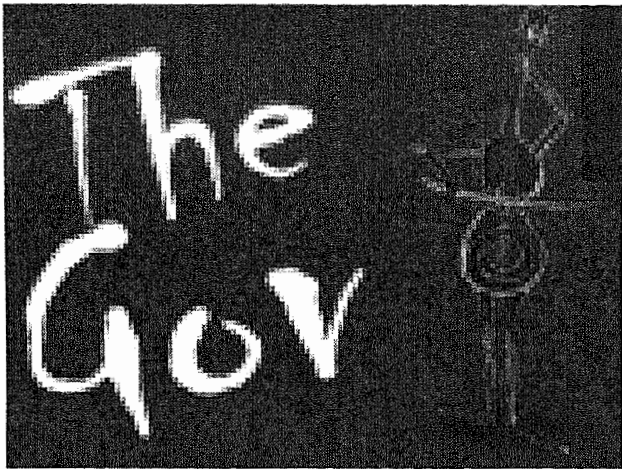
Trivia: Look out for Aimee Mann in The Cohen Brother's *The Big Lebowski*, hint: she'll be speaking in German and be hobbling on crutches.

Anais

My Baba's, My Hero's

My Baba's are amazing. They have lived through so much and they are still here to tell me the stories of their lives. I never asked them to tell me their stories, to tell me about their lives, but I have been gifted to hear what they had to say from time to time, when they wanted to reveal a little about how they became who they are. Often they have recounted the best times of their lives, when they were young, beautiful, full of life, and when they would 'sing and dance forever'. And they have also told me about the tough times, when their husbands had affairs, when they were bashed by the men they loved, when they had to have abortions, when they suffered the greatest pain and regret they could ever imagine. Their stories make me laugh and cry and make me wonder what it would have been like to be alive back then, and they make me feel sad because no one should have to endure what they went through. My baba's lived through times that I don't think I could have lived through. Their lives were battlefields on which they fought for their survival and their sanity. Their hardship and sadness has taught me to accept only the best from people and to take shit from no one. Their happiness has taught me to cherish the good times, and keep them close in my memory. I look at my baba's and know that they are a product of their lives, they are the way they are because of what they know, but because of them, I am the way I am. My baba's survived their lives and because of this they are my hero's.

Milijana



MICHELLE SHOCKED

Live at The Governor Hindmarsh
September 29

This is one of the first gigs I have been to where most of the people are literally old enough to be my parents, which seemed rather fitting as I had brought my parents along for the show. It is after all because of their good taste that I was introduced to Michelle Shocked at the tender age of 12. I count it as one my most enduring musical love affairs.

After a good, if badly matched, support act who did not announce himself and thus shall remain nameless, the audience was ready for two time Grammy nominee Michelle Shocked.

Instead of a quick break between the support act and the main show, we were treated to 'Michelle Shockaoke': karaoke with a twist! 4 members of the audience got up and did their favourite track with a backing tape and moral support from Michelle's one-man backing band, Richie. It is the most unusual way to start a set that I have ever seen, but I have rarely seen an audience so revved up before an artist has even approached the stage.

Leaping on stage with something approaching thunderous applause, Shocked took the pace, but not the energy, down with *Fog Town*. If you had never heard Michelle Shocked before and had somehow managed to snaffle yourself a ticket, you would probably be surprised by how good her voice is. Unlike many of my favourite 'Ladies with Guitars and Attitude', she really can sing. Not those quavering faux-orgasms of Mariah Carey et al. This is a woman who can sing the country, gospel, honky-tonk, ballads, and rhythm and blues (not to be

There was no place whatsoever for a woman in the life and the world that Jack Kerouac described...I know I'm here unwelcome and I'm going to rewrite this history so I can be a part of it.

confused with plastic fantastic R'n'B). And she manages to play all of those genres in the one night, even in the one song. Coming from East Texas, this degree of genre mixing is to be expected (Willie Nelson, Leadbelly and Victoria Williams all came from

nearby). Mixing Southern funk, Jamaican dub, ambient country-folk, and soul with lyrics that are both funny and poignant (for those who doubt the humour, get your hands on *God is a Real Estate Developer*) she is one of the greats of contemporary American music.

The show had a wonderfully conversational approach. From early on she was asking for requests, no play list in sight! Old favourites like *Anchorage* and *My Little Sister* were requested and played. She talked to the audience and provided quip after quote, 'I just kinda be a feminist, I don't write about it', evoked woops and Xena-style tongue rolls from the audience. The intimacy of the venue was completely appropriate to the gig's style. A larger venue would have killed the interaction, creating the 'us and them' atmosphere that can destroy an artist's relationship with her audience. That said, she has played to huge audiences both indoors and out, to much acclaim, but this show would not work in such an environment.

Shocked is an artist who



"They sign a bunch of women and they call it a movement. I don't like the way women in music are identified as women first and musician's second"

works for her audience. The set was almost entirely audience driven, and when she played stuff from her new trilogy, we welcomed it. By the encore, she was pumped, and the audience was pumped, to hear one or two more of our favourites. But as she gave a preamble into an anti-Bush song she was drowned out by a heckler who wanted Shocked to explain the US's foreign policy (as though she was a Bush apologist). The song was played, she left the stage and no amount of cheering would bring her back. Did this guy really think we had all paid \$50 to hear his views? Unfortunately the intimacy of the venue made it impossible to ignore what had happened and audience and artist alike were brought low by one confused dickhead on an ego trip.

Anais Chevalier

"Music is too important to be left to professionals"



DISCOGRAPHY

- The Texas Campfire Tapes* - 1986
- Short Sharp Shocked* - 1988
- Captain Swing* - 1989
- Arkansas Traveler* - April 1992
- Got No Strings* - 2005
- Don't Ask, Don't Tell* - 2005
- Mexican Standoff* - 2005
- Threesome* - 2005 (*Got No Strings, Don't Ask, Don't Tell & Mexican Standoff*)

MICHELLE SHOCKED'S NEW TRILOGY
THREESOME IS OUT NOW.



Chanel Cole

How does a self confessed music whore shake off the label of mass produced, reality TV rise to fame? Clementine Ford spoke to Chanel and fell just a little bit in love with the sassy chanteuse.

I approach my interview with Chanel Cole the way I do everything - late. But despite keeping her waiting for fifteen minutes while I fussed around with a dictaphone, she displays no hint of irritation on the telephone, even greeting me by name before I have a chance to say a word. Perhaps it's because she hasn't achieved enough relative fame yet to demand a better service from those desperate to quote her, but I like to think she'll remain this sunny even when the fame that's sure to come has pounded down her door.

Most will remember Chanel from last year's *Australian Idol*. She was the quirky one, the cute one, the one that liked to wear flowers in her hair and the one that was eventually labelled a diva.

"I really hated all those labels. I never set out to be any of those things. I just happened to be someone who occasionally liked to put a flower in my hair, but

suddenly I was being dressed to play a part."

And she certainly did fulfil a part. Chanel was part of an interesting phenomena of attraction and rejection that is often seen in the entertainment industry. Initially loved by all for her individuality, towards the end of her run in the series she suffered a backlash from the very same people that proclaimed to love her earlier on.

"I found that whole thing really interesting. Dicko once said to me that I'm the kind of woman that other women will either love or hate. I never tried to be anyone but myself."

Chanel and I are discussing a perceived backlash in general against women in the music industry. While she thinks it's the kind of person that loves Jessica Simpson and Britney Spears that will conversely dislike her, I am more of the opinion that it is in fact women like her that will dislike other women like her, because we've been taught that there can only

be room for one individual at the top.

"Isn't that so sad?" she says.

Despite her less than cordial feelings towards the manufactured *Australian Idol*, Chanel acknowledges it has helped her in many ways. Through it, she met her current music collaborator and partner Daniel Belle. Chanel says their's is a perfect working relationship, because they give each other space and aren't offended by musical criticism.

They also make some pretty beautiful music together. Together, they've created the label Ghost Music and as Spook have released their first trip hop album, *The Dusk Sessions*. Kind of like Portishead on ecstasy, *The Dusk Sessions* are recommended listening for 5pm drinks with friends on a summer evening, or as Chanel says, "music to make out in a corner to."

Check out *The Dusk Sessions* so you too can say you liked them before they got big.



Photos by Eryca Green



PERFORMING ARTS
With Alex De Large

Sixty Minutes

Chamber Series Concert 3
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Elder Hall
September 28

The last of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's Chamber Series concerts began with the *Fanfare* by Philip Hall. Principal horn with the ASO and lecturer in Horn at the Elder School of Music, Hall originally wrote this work for the School's brass ensemble at the request of its director Bob Hower. It is a grand and rhythmically interesting piece that is given an awesome sound by the brass instrumentation. Selected members of the ASO's brass section gave the piece energy while still maintaining appropriate balance and tone quality.

The next work was the *Serenade* for string orchestra by Swede Dag Wir n, which is probably the composer's best-known work. The four-movement piece is comparable to Britten's *Simple symphony* (also for strings) – a work aimed at a student level, but full of youthful enthusiasm and fascinating harmonies that add to its excitement. Members of the ASO's string section gave their all to this vigorous work – the ensemble was flawless and the balance was so perfect that the whole hall seemed to reverberate with lush, intense sound.

Stravinsky's *Octet for wind instruments* followed with its wonderfully transparent texture that harks from Stravinsky's neo-Classical period. This highly technical work requires players of outstanding ability, and the ASO's members delivered a witty interpretation with expertise.

For the last work on the program, the string orchestra returned to perform Greig's *Holberg suite*. The suite is a work of contrasts, containing livelier movements and also having its share of rich, slower movements. The ASO strings produced a warming, uplifting rendition of this work, and the solos by the leaders of each section were notable.

Guest conductor Ollivier-Philippe Cuneo's emotive conducting lifted the intensity of the performance to a high level, the result being a wonderfully refreshing hour of music.

Ashleigh Gold



Fairest Isle

'Baroque to Modern Masters'
Australian String Quartet
September 21
Adelaide Town Hall

For its final subscription concert of the year, the Australian String Quartet presented a program with an English flavour that included works written almost three centuries apart. After its success this year, the group has a strong reputation to live up to, but the ASQ did not disappoint its audience, presenting a rich and diverse program that delighted all.

Works by Purcell headed the program, including his *Chacony* for strings, one of his better-known compositions. The piece's interweaving lines sounding over the repeated bass line were in contrast to Purcell's *Fantasias*, which are full of surprising harmonies and complex cross-rhythms. The ASQ performed three of these – Nos 3, 7 and 2 – and produced a strikingly transparent sound that was stylistically flawless and emotionally uplifting.

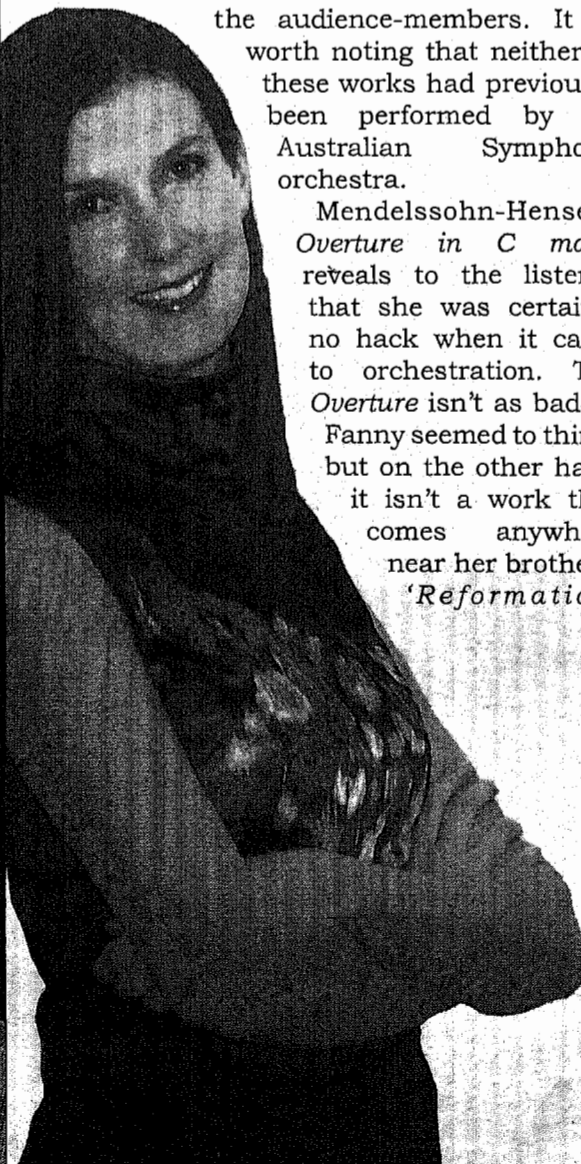
Girl Power

'Reformation Symphony'
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Adelaide Town Hall
September 22-24

Although the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's tenth Master Series concert was named 'Reformation Symphony' after the main work on the program, it was the feminine first half that seemed to attract the attention, rather than Felix Mendelssohn's masterpiece. Conducted by local favourite Graham Abbott and starring Adelaide's own Anna Goldsworthy, the *Piano concerto in A minor* by Clara Schumann and the *Overture in C major* by Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel seemed to win the hearts of

the audience-members. It is worth noting that neither of these works had previously been performed by an Australian Symphony orchestra.

Mendelssohn-Hensel's *Overture in C major* reveals to the listener that she was certainly no hack when it came to orchestration. The *Overture* isn't as bad as Fanny seemed to think, but on the other hand it isn't a work that comes anywhere near her brother's 'Reformation'



Tippett found Purcell's *Fantasias* inspirational in writing his *String quartet No. 2 in F sharp major*. The quartet springs from the style of an Elizabethan madrigal in the first movement to a fugue in the second. The third movement is full of irregular rhythms and leads into the fourth, with its unstoppable momentum. The ASQ gave a passionate interpretation of this technically complex work, the players' chamber music intuition clear in every gesture.

Closing the concert was the first of Beethoven's three 'Rasumovsky' quartets, the *String quartet in F major*. The quartet has a symphonic sense about it and its four movements lie in contrast to one another. The ASQ produced a sometimes sparking, sometimes poignant, but always stylistically and technically brilliant, rendition of this famous quartet.

Their encore, *Alla Marche* by Britten (who was, like Tippett, an admirer of Purcell's music), was brilliantly matched to the program. I look forward to the ASQ's 2006 season, details of which can be found at <www.asq.com.au>

Ashleigh Gold

symphony. Nevertheless, it provided a pleasant introduction to the concert. Clara Schumann's *Piano concerto in A minor* was a much more enjoyable work. Anna Goldsworthy's playing was elegant and flowing, and it was nice to see that she had also written the program notes. Clara Schumann's work is impressive when you consider that she wrote and performed the concerto well before her eighteenth birthday. Unfortunately, her husband Robert Schumann seemed to be determined to crush her compositional ambition, perhaps because he didn't want to be outdone.

After the interval Graham Abbott treated the audience to a lengthy analysis of Felix Mendelssohn's *Symphony No. 5*, complete with excerpts. I am convinced that this kind of explanation adds to most people's enjoyment of the music; the crowds at pre-concert talks are an indication of this. People love to notice programmatic elements, such as the *Dresden Amen* and Luther's hymn *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*. The ASO's playing was thrilling, Abbott's enthusiasm leading the way. This was one of the best performances I've seen from the orchestra this year.

Edward Joyner

The Stronger & MacBeth

Tues 11th-15th
Oct 8pm @
the BAKEHOUSE
Tix \$12 / \$15

Passion and Skill

Petersen Quartet Musica Viva
September 16
Adelaide Town Hall

The award winning German ensemble, the Petersen Quartet, prides itself on being skilled in both classic and contemporary music. Looking at my program and seeing two 'old favourite' works and two completely unfamiliar ones, I certainly hoped so! And, from Mozart to Sculthorpe, I was not disappointed.

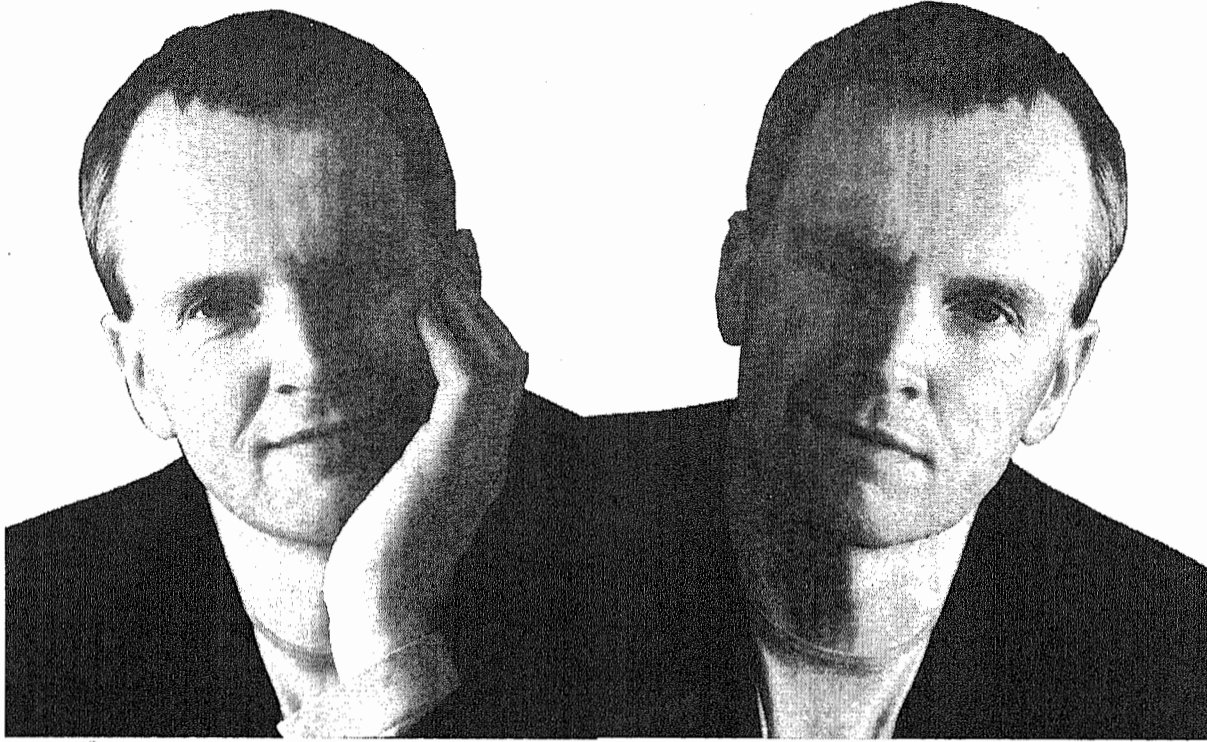
One of the six quartets written by Mozart as a collective tribute to his predecessor Haydn, the *String quartet in G major* is a work of contrasts – brilliant and light-hearted writing balanced with darker emotional content. The Petersen Quartet attacked this opening work with stylistic and technical brilliance. From the start, it was clear that the group's intuition as an ensemble is well developed, and this made listening to Mozart's music a joyful experience.

I was unwilling to believe that the excellence of the Mozart quartet could be bettered, but I was proved wrong. The *String quartet No. 9 in one movement* by Peter Sculthorpe was well suited to the Petersen Quartet's playing. This work, filled with character changes, was brought to life by the players, who knew the music intensely, and unfailingly displayed their collective passion for music-making. As someone who isn't a fan of Sculthorpe's compositions, I was impressed with the way the ensemble drew me in to this offering.

The German composer Erwin Schulhoff was the least well-known of the composers whose works comprised the program, probably because his career was abruptly ended by his internment and death in a Nazi concentration camp. The Petersen Quartet regularly performs works by Schulhoff and its connection with his music was clear in the performance of his *Five pieces for string quartet*. Each piece is a dance, and although their moods differ, they still manage to form a cohesive whole. The quartet's intensity stepped up a notch and its rendition of this quirky piece convinced me of its status as a forgotten staple of the string quartet repertory.

The Petersen Quartet rounded off this brilliant program with Antonin Dvorak's *String Quartet in F major (American)*. While this genuine staple may not have had all the passion and intensity of Schulhoff's work, it had all the technical and stylistic mastery present in Mozart's music. The encore, the slow movement from Schubert's *String quartet in A minor*, was magic.

Ashleigh Gold



Rewarding Combination

'Mozart & Britten'
Australian Chamber Orchestra
Adelaide Town Hall
September 29

The Australian Chamber Orchestra has a reputation for producing 'fresh' interpretations of the works that it performs, but the stylistic integrity that it displayed in the latest instalment of its subscription series proved that it is proficient in both the innovative and the traditional.

The *Adagio and Fugue in C minor* by Mozart has a distinctly Baroque feel to it, its structure recalling some of Bach's greatest works. The ACO delivered an intimate yet thoroughly stylistic performance of this surprising work. The intricate fugal lines were performed with the utmost conviction, which resulted from a mixture of awareness and communication.

Steven Osborne, who joined the ACO for the next work, Mozart's *Piano concerto No. 12 in A major*, is regarded as one of Britain's finest young pianists. One could see why in this conversational concerto that was delivered

with precision by all those involved. Osborne teased from the piano a sparkling sound and his cadenzas were particularly impressive.

Next came the intense exuberance of Britten's *Young Apollo*. This is a work of contrasts, the virtuosic piano part standing out from the dense string music (the orchestra is sometimes divided into as many as ten voices). The relentless intensity of the work is difficult to sustain, but the combined forces of Osborne and the ACO managed superbly, much to the audience's appreciation. Following several stage calls, Osborne concluded his appearance with an encore: *The Little Shepherd* from Debussy's *Children's Corner Suite*.

Britten wrote *Variations on a theme of Frank Bridge* two years earlier than *Young Apollo*. A tribute to the composer's teacher (Bridge), the scope of the work is diverse – sometimes moving, other times comical – and it includes many unusual playing techniques that are unique to string instruments – at one stage the second violins and violas must play *quasi chitarra*. As a stunning finale to this inspiring program, the ACO delivered a joyous and intense tribute to both Bridge and Britten.

Ashleigh Gold

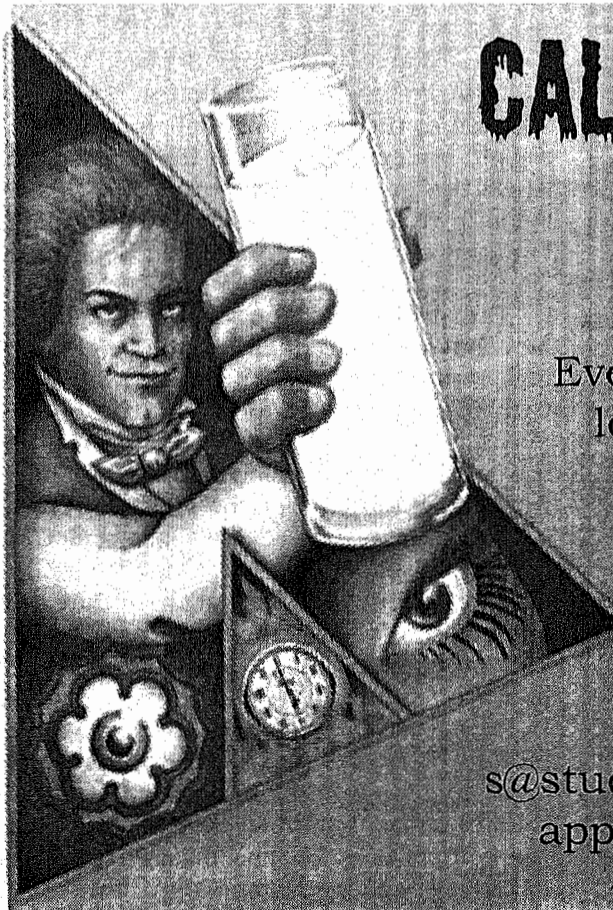
State Theatre Season Rolls On

State Theatre Company's new artistic director Adam Cook is again rolling up his sleeves to direct the next play of the company's subscription series. A monologue featuring veteran actor Max Cullen, *The Daylight Atheist* will appear in Adelaide after the production opened in Sydney in February.

Written by New Zealander Tom Scott, the play is semi-autobiographical and centres on Dan Moffat, a character based on the playwright's father. Moffat sits and, with the aid of a good deal of alcohol, recounts his life in a way that audiences are sure to find compelling. A rollercoaster ride from hilarity to the depths of sadness, the work is an impressive debut piece by Scott.

The Daylight Atheist will be performed at The Space from September 9 until October 1. CLUBtwentysix tickets are \$20 and are available from BASS. Performance times and other details can be found at <www.statetheatre.sa.com.au>.

Nerissa Schwartz



CALLING MUSIC DROOGS

Everyone's favourite gazetta is looking for 2006 subeditors.

Our pretty polly office will be a wee bit oddy knocky without all you malchicks and devotchkas

involved, so why not e-mail stephanie.mountzouri@student.adelaide.edu.au for an application form. Righty-right?

Serenity

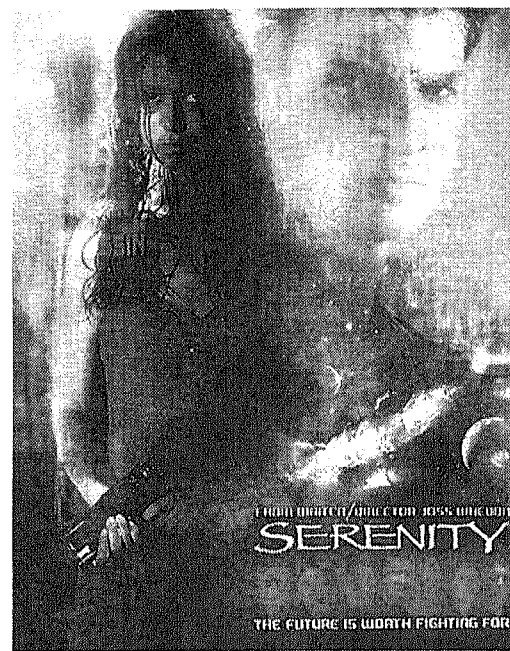
Director: Joss Whedon
Starring: Nathan Fillion, Gina Torres

For those suffering from withdrawal symptoms from missing Joss Whedon's other cult classics, *Buffy* and *Angel*, the TV series *Firefly* was a more than adequate cure. Unfortunately, despite its popularity and sheer brilliance the series was given poor coverage and cancelled after just one season. Not willing to leave it at that, fan support allowed Whedon to turn his idea into a movie, picking up three months after the TV show ended. For those who have watched the show, little more need be said. For those who have never heard of it, watching the show is not necessary to enjoy the movie which is still pretty self-contained.

The movie is set in the future with humanity living on planets all around the solar system. Just a few years before the Alliance succeeded in winning a bloody war allowing them to unite all the planets under one government. Our 'heroes' are thieves, a bunch of intergalactic smuggler types who take whatever work they can get. Headed by Captain 'Mal' Malcolm Reynolds (Nathan Fillion) who fought on behalf of the Independents, the five members of the ship *Serenity* - the stoic second in command

Zoe, the comedian pilot Wash, the tough guy called Jayne and the naïve mechanic Kaylee, are not always very good at what they do. Also onboard are doctor Simon Tan and his genius sister River (Summer Glau) who was experimented on by the Alliance and made into a psychic and somewhat insane being. While in the TV series there was an undisclosed reason why the Alliance was trying to recover her, now they have decided it's easier to kill her. So now the members of *Serenity* have to avoid an invasive and omnipotent government, a utilitarian assassin known only as The Operative (Chiwetel Ejiofor) and flesh eating homicidal maniacs while trying to work out just *why* all these people want them dead and how this could be avoided. All the main cast members have returned, however Shepherd Book has finally reached his destination and Companion Honora has stood by her decision to leave the ship.

Basically the movie is really good fun. The fight scenes especially are fantastically choreographed and the special effects are spectacular. The bad guys are scary; the suspense is suspenseful. The sci-fi element makes it appealing to those who like the genre but even those who hate it shouldn't have any trouble enjoying the film. The dialogue is witty with some brilliant one-liners and the characters themselves are unconventional and likeable. *Serenity* is much more than a simple action movie, it works on all levels. Deeper



moral meanings may be read in, for those who like that sort of thing. Best of all the movie doesn't feel like just one long episode of the TV series. It answers a lot of important questions but still leaves a few things open for any sequels to deal with. Which of course will only happen if people see this film. So please do.



Soph.



Amelie Poulain says:

"I like to look for things no one else catches. I hate the way nobody ever looks at the road in old movies"

"Without you, today's emotions would be the scurf of yesterday's"

"Being born is like going to jail. And then sold into slavery"

"I've had plenty of jo-jobs. Nothing I'd call a career. Let me put it this way. I have an extensive collection of name tags and hair nets"

"Believe you can and you're halfway there!"

WALLACE AND GROMIT: CURSE OF THE WERERABBIT

Directors: Steve Box and Nick Park
Voiced by: Ralph Fiennes, Helena Bonham Carter

I have to admit, before going any further with this review, that I have never actually seen an episode of *Wallace and Gromit*. I've heard of it, I've listened to people rave about it, I've seen the ads and the merchandise and all that... but, until this film, I never actually sat down and paid any attention. And boy does it seem as though I have been missing out!

To all die hard fans out there - I'm so sorry I didn't listen to your advice earlier! Why I didn't force myself to watch the first DVD that came my way, I'll never understand. But I am now a convert and vow to never ignore your guidance again.

This film was brilliant. I haven't laughed so hard in months. To be honest, I got a little spooked at the beginning. For those who have seen it, remember the bit at the very beginning when the gnome's head turns and his eyes light up red? Yeah... well I screamed slightly. I'm a bit of a chicken. Come on Soph, they're clay, pull yourself together!

The storyline is cute and, if you ignore the fact that you can kinda see the twist coming, one could even say it's clever. Wallace and Gromit are humane pest controllers whose job is incredibly important in the lead-up to the local vegetable competition. Rabbits and thieves are out to get the villagers' precious humungous vegies, and Wallace and Gromit repeatedly save the day/night! Suddenly, however, there is a pest out there that no one can catch. It's huge, it's ravenous, it's beastly - it's the Were-Rabbit. Gromit's on the case and the truth is (cue sharp intake of breath) shocking! In the meantime, Wallace is sweet on Lady "just call me Tottie" Tottingham who loves animals but has to remove the plague of rabbits on her estate so they don't jeopardise the competition. He has his own competitor for her affection - some ugly hunter dude

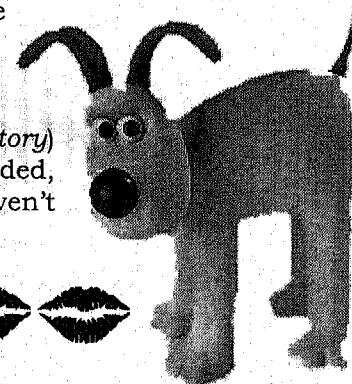
whose name I can't remember (voiced by Ralph Fiennes) - and the fight is on!

The film is great fun and very engaging for all ages. The script is really clever, full of puns and sharp one-liners that make you cack yourself. Gromit's facial expressions are all you need to feel sorry for the long-suffering dog who acts more like a butler than anything else. In various translations of the film they needed to put subtitles to Gromit because the facial expressions didn't translate so well in those cultures. Luckily we don't need that and the film can retain its English charm. The technique is a marvel in itself. It apparently takes them one week to film two minutes' worth of material. Now that's patience. And the attention to detail is incredible - just look at the bricks for instance. All you die hard fans would already know this, of course, so I won't insult your intelligence any longer. But it does hold its own against the computer-generated animation that comes out of Disney and Dreamworks, that's for sure.

In a cinema that was half full I did not see one person under 15. That could have been because it was the late screening, but I like to think that it shows how accessible this film is to people of all ages. If you're a fan and you haven't seen it - go! Run like the wind! If you're not a fan or you've never seen this show before, bow your head in shame like I did, swallow your pride and buy a ticket. It's the best film I've seen in a while (beats the pants off *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*) - highly recommended, in case you haven't cottoned on yet.



Soph.



**CULT BLAST
FROM THE PAST:**

**DEBBIE
★ DOES ★
DALLAS**

Starring: Bambi Woods

Finally, I have had the privilege of seeing the original X-rated classic tale of a group of cheerleaders trying ever-so desperately to raise money to make it on the Dallas Cowboys cheerleading squad! It's like naked 'Bring It On' with more porn-oriented muzak: wawa waa wa wa wa wa waa!

Having rented the R-rated version with my best mate Pen a few years ago, I was keen to see the rest of what had been edited out for the video shop version, specifically: the porn. Phwearl! Talk about raw! This is porn at it's roots - no air-brushing, no silicone and definitely no shaving! Awful tan lines - actually, more like sunburn lines, frosted eye shadow and hairy butt cracks abound in *Debbie*, leaving me wondering what the generation of this film think about sex in comparison to the more recent Jenna Jameson audience. Interesting...

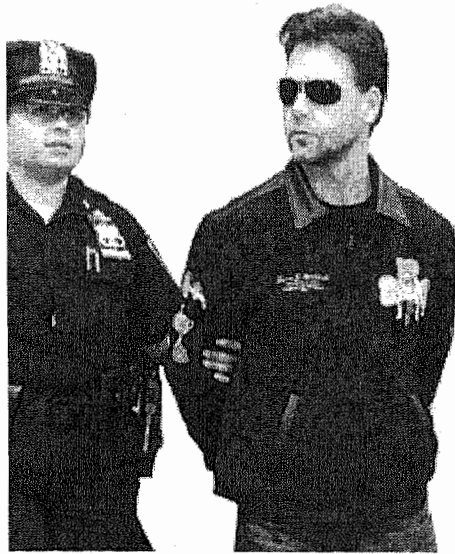
The star of the film, Bambi Woods, gives her all in the role of Debbie, the innocently sweet and hopeful cheerleader who must take up an after-school job with the revoltingly perky Mr. Greenfeld to earn money for the cheerleading trip. When she rushes into Greenfeld's begging him to give her a job and telling him she'll do anything to get it, the sincerity in her plight would make any male's heart melt. The drug-addled ramblings she spouts, making it virtually impossible to understand a word she says, her coked out twitching, nose rubbing and occasional scary wide-eyed zombie looks I'm sure would have given (and hopefully still give) all romantic viewers a special little chubby! Va va voom!

Now having watched the full version, I'm left with a few questions: Did the girls ever make it to the Dallas Cowboys (perhaps I have that to look forward to in *DDD III*)? With their amazing chemistry, did Debbie and Mr. Greenfeld ever make a go of it? How many venereal diseases were transmitted and subsequently treated during and after the film? And what is Debbie doing now?

Ignoring these obvious questions, however, I must say what an enjoyable experience it was to see sex the way it's meant to be: girls in white T-shirts and no bras washing a car, a girl giving her boyfriend a gobby in the library and another girl getting it on with a candle. For a proper education in the ways of the pussy and a proper good time, get your hands on *Debbie Does Dallas* and keep a notebook handy!



Not Gettin' Lucky L



Director: Ron Howard
Starring: Russell Crowe, Renee Zellweger, Paul Giamatti

Whether the film is original or not, a lot of people will find it hard to resist a good ol' fashioned tale of a hero rising against insurmountable odds to reach victory. Add the phrase "based on a true story" to the mix, along with a few credible actors, and your average movie producer will probably be generating more drool than Anna Nicole Smith's husband. It is a pleasant surprise, then, to find such a story done fairly well, as is the case with *Cinderella Man*. As heroic tales go, this one follows the rise, fall, then rise again of James Braddock. A prized boxer renowned for providing a beacon of hope to the disenfranchised Americans during the Great Depression of the 1930s, Braddock epitomises the sporting hero. Whether I like it or not, such heroes are still a treasured part of Western culture, and this film will easily strike a chord with a lot of people.

Russell Crowe comfortably fits the role of the playful, almost chipper Braddock. Aside from adjusting to Crowe's approach to the working-class American accent of the 1930s, his character is strongly charismatic. We are given a glimpse of Braddock during his prime in the late 1920s before the film fast-forwards to the early 1930s, where James, his wife Mae (Zellweger), and their three children have lost their money in various investments and are struggling to get by on a daily basis. James has suffered a series of losses and injuries in the boxing ring and is barely fit to fight or even work. As he hides his injuries so as to continue working at the nearby docks, he attempts to re-enter the boxing ring and fight again. Only once his old manager (Giamatti) secures him a once-off bout against the current number two fighter does James'

**Cinderella
Man**

luck begin to turn around. Eventually, James returns full-time to the boxing ring in which he was once widely renowned, climbing towards a climactic bout against Max Baer (Craig Bierko), the U.S. champion known for having actually killed two men in the ring.

Cinderella Man isn't a terribly different film. In fact, as far as inspirational biopics are concerned, it comes across as quite conventional. It remains compelling, mostly because of the high standard of the performances (Giamatti is a delight as the opportunistic manager) and the tense boxing scenes that comprise a large part of the film. The story outside of the ring is more or less obligatory - James' family quietly bear the struggles of living with little money and scarce food. Director Howard also seems to excessively enjoy playing on the rivalry between James Braddock and Max Baer, whose attitude outside of the ring is that of a playboy. Even if it's fairly easy to work out where James Braddock's life was headed, this section of his life makes for an entertaining story (except for the training montage).



Brian O'Neill

THE NEW FILM BY ROB ZOMBIE

THE DEVIL'S REJECTS

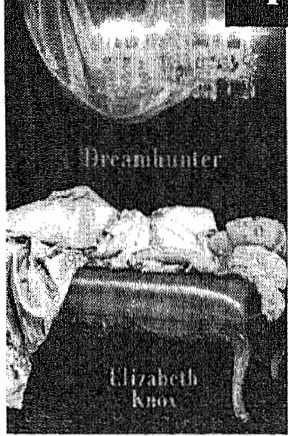
**THIS OCTOBER 13,
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MA 15+ Strong violence, strong coarse language, sex scene
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REVIEWS



Dreamhunter
Elizabeth Knox
HarperCollins

They say never judge a book by its cover. I should have listened. Despite a rich, textured and interesting cover, Elizabeth Knox's novel *Dreamhunter* is neither rich nor textured and is only moderately interesting. Set in a fictional world in the early 1900s, *Dreamhunter* tells the story of two fifteen year old cousins, Laura and Rose. The main difference between their world and ours is the presence of The Place, a hidden territory where only a special few can enter. Those special ones are called dreamhunters, as their job is to harvest dreams from The Place to sell to the public. Laura and Rose are related to the most famous dreamhunters alive, and now it is their turn to Try, that is to

attempt to enter The Place. What follows, are their adventures in and out of the Place and Laura's search to find her missing father.

Despite being an original idea, I never got sucked in by this book and unlike other fantasy based stories like *Harry Potter*, I never wanted to believe in this world. Dream theory has been dealt with famously by Freud and Jung and is such an intriguing concept but this book doesn't quite make enough of it. The story had such potential to be thought provoking but I was left disappointed. The story comes to a climatic end, but there is no resolution and all characters' ends are left untied. This only left me angry that I am now forced to read the sequel *Dreamquake* (released 2006) if I want to finish the story and seeing as I am unlikely to do this I guess I will never know how it ends.

This story has some interesting aspects and the dream sequences are beautifully written, however, it is more suited to teenagers who perhaps would identify with the characters and therefore care what happens to them. As it stands, it wasn't such a complete waste of time. I guess I learned my lesson. Don't judge a book by its cover. Literally.

Hope Oliver



Ode to the
SIDEBURN

The sideburn is a magnificent feature
Sitting astride the temples of the masculine creature,
It's seen on the worker, the waiter, the wit
This hairstyle, it seems, is quite a large hit.
Retro in style, taste and plain fashion,
Why is it still man's main passion?

Is it an excess of facial hair?
An attempt to compensate for what's 'down there'?
Does it give you emo-cred?
That shag-pile carpet upon your head?
To you it may scream, 'I look so hip'
Only if you were on a navy ship.

In reality, the truth's far from nice,
For those sideburns which appear, not once, but twice,
Are like something from a Jane Austen book,
And whilst Mr. Darcy is worth a look,
Sideburns today are met with disdain,
Out-grown, out-dated and cause nothing but shame.

I propose instead a simple plan
To make a smoother, streamlined, less hairy man.
Shave off those side burns in all due haste,
But I suppose it is a terrible waste,
Perhaps you can keep them and make a toupee?
And they may grace John Howard's bald head one day.

Georgia Goldsworthy

Clementine

Feminist Icon #543

Jeanette Winterson

In silence and in darkness we loved each other and as I traced her bones with my palm I wondered what time would do to skin that was so new to me. Could I ever feel any less for this body? Why does ardour pass? Time that withers you will wither me. We will fall like ripe fruit and roll down the grass together. Dear friend, let me lie beside you watching the clouds until the earth covers us and we are gone.

- Written on the Body
Jeanette Winterson, 1993

As the story goes, when Jeanette Winterson was asked who she thought was the greatest living prose writer today, she answered barefacedly, "Jeanette Winterson".

Well, quite.

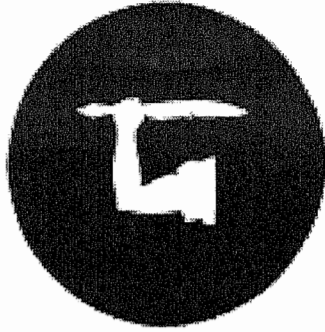
Winterson is after a genius. The product of a severely religious upbringing, she burst onto the literary scene with her brilliant semi autobiographical debut, *Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit* and hasn't stopped since. Until the above mentioned comment, Winterson was the darling of the literary scene, her talents expounded by numerous critics and fans alike. Despite the considerable backlash she received from the literati, Winterson has never been one to apologise. She writes with force, genius and beauty and her imagination knows no limits. She refuses to be boxed into neat categories, stating that she is "a writer who happens to love women, not a lesbian who happens to write."

Other books by Winterson include:

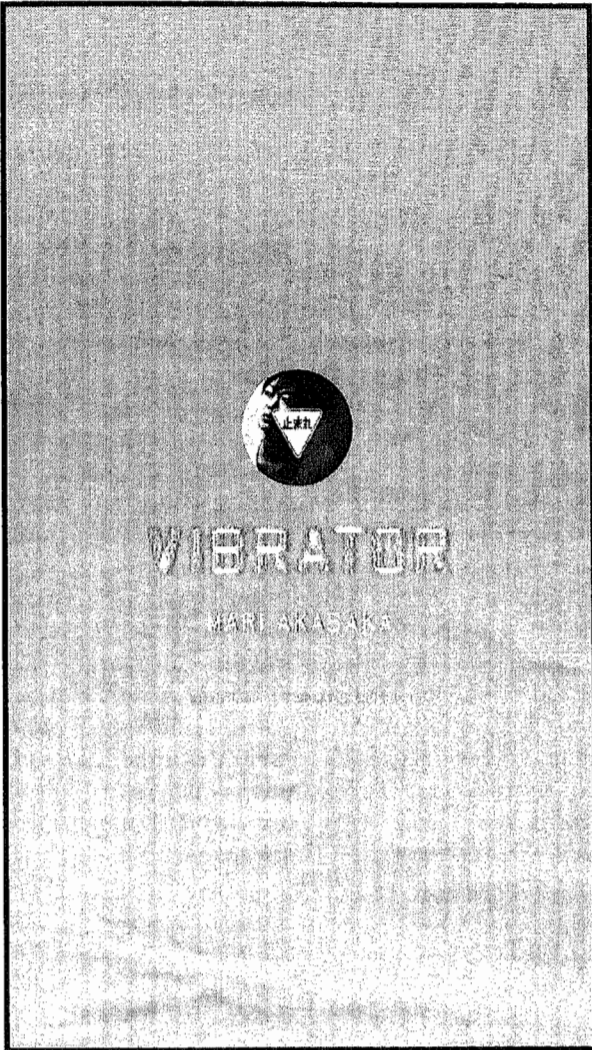
- Sexing The Cherry*
- The Passion*
- Art and Lies*
- Gut Symmetries*
- The World and Other Places*
- Art Objects*
- Lighthousekeeping*
- The Powerbook*



MARY MARTIN



BOOKSHOP



Vibrator
 Mari Akasaka
 Faber and Faber, \$28

*Drop dead, you old bastard.
 Yeah, you too, girl - you too.
 The voices were really getting on my nerves.*

So begins Mari Akasaka's frenetic journey into an empty generation. *Vibrator* is the haunting story of a woman lost in the technological vacuum of the modern age.

Rei is a middle class journalist with an alcohol problem and an acquired case of bulimia (a response to the flabbiness alcohol produces). She drinks to calm the voices inside her head - but Rei is no schizophrenic. Through Rei, Akasaka comments on the accelerated stress levels of our society that stretch people tighter than rubber bands ready to snap.

Trawling through the alcohol shelves of her local Family Mart one night, Rei comes across Okabe Takatoshi. Okabe is ex-Yakuza (Japanese mafia) and worlds away from anything Rei has ever known. Without explanation, she climbs into his truck cab and sets off on a cross country journey and closer to a much needed calm within herself.

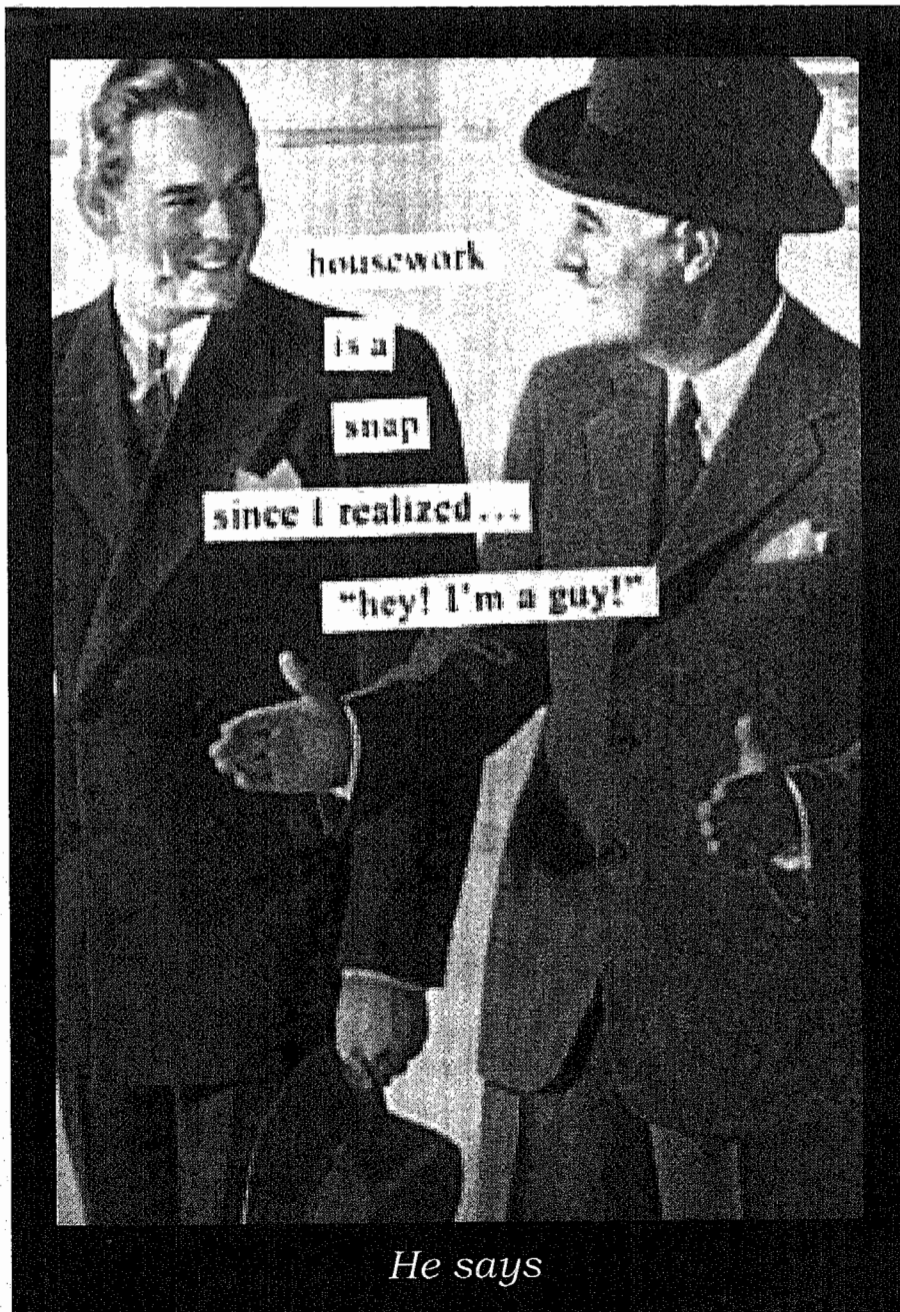
Vibrator is a beautifully simple novel that is both confronting and honest. Rei is no

shrinking violet and her admissions are of the kind that most people keep to themselves. Akasaka exposes a lot of residual mental dischord through the book and uses it to comment on the rigid social expectations that are especially present in modern Japanese society. In many ways, it is comforting to read *Vibrator*, because it reassures the reader that their own idiosyncrasies are not uncommon, but are in fact a response to the sterile, empty lives we have created.

Akasaka is a rising star in the Japanese literary scene, and *Vibrator* has also been made into a film. Her unapologetic and sexual syle is a vast departure from typical stereotypes of Asian women - you will find no shrinking violet here. In this respect, *Vibrator* is especially intriguing. As a novel, it exposes the disease of the modern human condition, but further comments on the rigourous demands and expectations placed on women in Japanese society before kicking them aside and spitting on them.

If you live in a world that's controlled overwhelmingly by men, and if you don't want people making remarks about things that are really none of their business, you've either got to be totally indifferent to how you look or else go around looking beautiful all the time. I attempted to look beautiful all the time. But there are limits to how much you can do..."

Clementine



He says



She says

My Little Raven

Works of art by Kim Beaman at the Duke of York hotel from 8th to 30th September

"Crows and people share similar traits and social strategies. To a surprising extent, to know the crow is to know ourselves" Paul Ehrlich



The opening night of Adelaide artist Kim Beaman's exhibition, **My Little Raven**, at the Duke of York, was embellished by a jazz ensemble playing music as intense as the bird's stare, said the raven.

As the music dissipated into the night, the ravens held their gaze over the guests. The works are not ostentatious in technique or colour (she uses water-colour, gold-leaf, pencil and ink), yet once they are acknowledged, they dominate the room.

Kim Beaman says, "In my artwork I explore the morphology of folklore, the inclusion of animals and monsters in the realm of the imaginary. I draw upon this realm of the imaginary to challenge tradition and often shed the skin of humankind to seek, to reshape inherited stories (Irish folklore told of "women shapeshifting into ravens"), to give voice to those silenced by time, gender and society."

She comments that the ones silenced by society are, more often than not, women. Ravens morphing into women can be seen as metaphors representing minority women's groups. She gives an image to those marginalized by society.

Her earth toned sketches show a woman bending down to pick up pebbles that she places in her apron. With swift and strong strokes Kim builds the aura of a pensive woman, gracefully collecting stones, as a raven would collect sticks to build a nest. The woman drops pebbles into a jar to raise the water level, referencing Aesop's fable **The Crow and the Pitcher**, to portray the wisdom and power once

associated with these magnificent birds. The twist is that Kim posed as this woman, which makes the work autobiographical, as well as historical.

As well as drawing upon her Irish ancestry and the stories passed down from women in her family, Kim takes inspiration from her dreams where ravens dance and fly around her, and serve as protectors. In ancient Ireland the raven was seen as an oracle. "I draw upon the realm of the imaginary to construct my sense of identity. In 'My Little Raven' I explore my dreams and the subconscious emergence of ravens that swoon above my head in my nocturnal realm." She says that as a child she also dreamt of being a raven.

The curious idea behind the exhibition is that the ravens are the protectors, not the predators, even though they may appear overwhelming. They have the same bold presence as those in Hitchcock's **The Birds**, but in contrast to the film, Kim's ravens aren't a bad omen. They serve to protect from harm. She says that she likes to reclaim the "beast" (in this case the raven) and "give back its traditional positive symbols which have been subverted through

time." She doesn't blame Hitchcock though! He didn't understand that he was a product of the misogynist patriarchy which feared its power would be subverted by the female wisdom of the raven. Ravens, after all, were the accompanying birds of witches. Witches were persecuted because they were wise women. And biographies on Hitchcock say that he wasn't nice to his female stars...

A sketch of a beautiful dark-haired girl with grave eyes has an oversized raven looking into the window of the room where she sits. The raven is looking in, the girl is looking away unperturbed; the raven's gaze isn't oppressive, instead it reassures.

Even though the ravens appear ostentatiously male with their sleek and forceful bodies, the exhibition is decidedly female. Bringing ideas from folklore and myth where animals are included in the human world, Kim expresses a connection between women and the animal world. This connection is what gives women a voice, she says.

She recalls a dream she had a year prior to starting this project where ravens nesting in a tree outside her house warned her of peril. Her sleep of reason foreshadowed upcoming danger. In

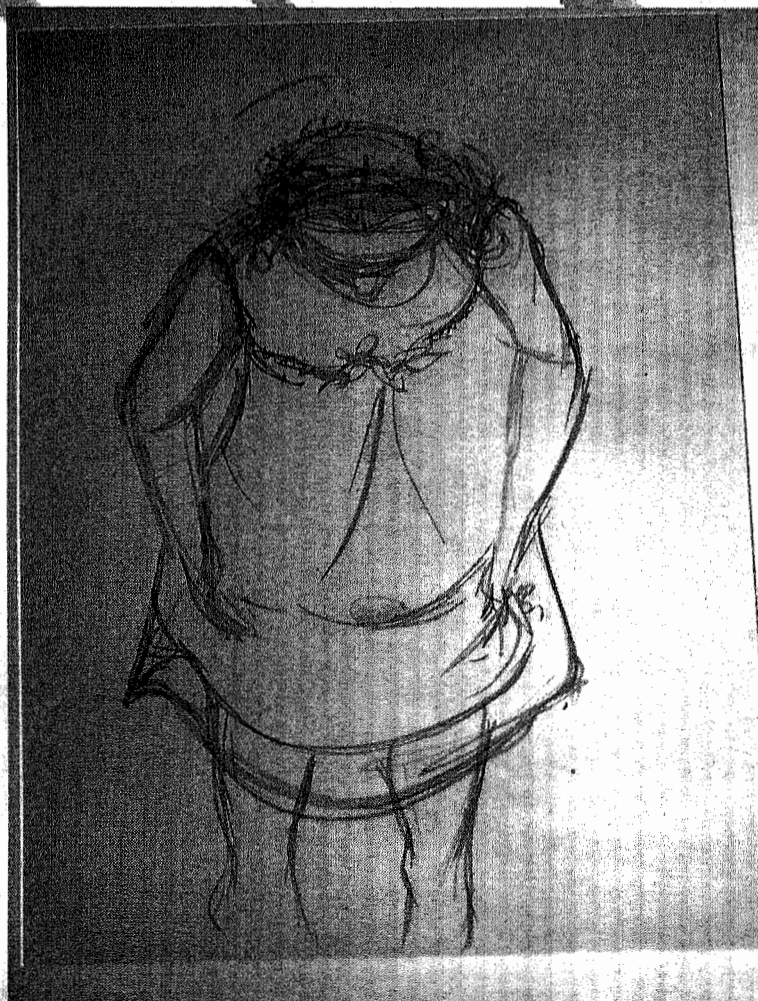
reality, the ravens flew away from her home for a few days. She says it was to protect someone close to her heart, but far from her home. The ravens' flight paralleled her woman's intuition that something was askew. Sure, it sounds witchy with its dreamlike complexity but, rest assured, this exhibition is not witchy in the crystal-dragon-tear drop/dream-catcher sense, but in a mystical sense where dream, reality and a woman's emotions for her family are intertwined with the animal kingdom. In this exhibition both woman and animal share a curiosity for mysticism, a desire to nest, look after those they love and be loved.

Drawing on her childhood, Irish myth and dreams, Kim's finely pencil drawn self-portrait as child with a crown of ravens decorated with dots of gold-leaf above her head, stands out for its cherub-like features of a child's face who holds a very adult expression of mistrust and contemplation. It expresses Kim's timeless wonderland where her ideas and thoughts are skillfully represented in pictures.

Kim Beaman will be exhibiting at the Nexus multicultural Gallery at the Lions Art Centre from November 21st to late January, at Top Floor studios in Hindley St in March 2006 for the Fringe Festival. The Helpmann Academy awarded her art residency in Sanskriti Kendra, India, where she will be exhibiting in 2006.

For more information her email is: Kimonobeaman@yahoo.com

Hélène Sobolewski



Applications for Positions

General Secretary of the Students' Association

The Students' Association Council recently decided to create the position of General Secretary, whose responsibilities would include compiling the SAUA e-newsletter, taking the minutes of SAUA Council, and putting the packs for Council together. If you are interested in this position, please e-mail me at <david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au>. Nominations are currently open and close on the 10th of October.

NUS Observer Applications

Anyone interested in attending the NUS national conference, as an observer for the Students' Association needs to submit a letter of interest to me at <david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au>. Nominations are currently open and close on the 10th of October.

For further information about NUS, either e-mail me, or check out the NUS website at: http://www.unistudent.com/about/6/1126499186_3335.html



STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

For any further information please contact the Students' Associations, in the ground floor of the Lady Symon Building, or e-mail saua@adelaide.edu.au, or call 8303 5406

Touch Anyone? (Adelaide University Touch Club)

Touch Football is a great sport for both men and women to play, it's social, easy to learn and quick to play. If you are looking for a new way to get fit this summer, why not give touch football a go? You may consider entering a team into the summer competition run by the Adelaide University Touch Club, or come join our club and meet lots of new people, and we'll place you in a team.

AUTC will be running its own Mixed Touch competition on Thursday nights at the Waite playing fields (corner of Fullarton Rd and Claremont Avenue, Netherby) this summer. We would love to see you and your team out on the field, then enjoying a quiet drink or two at the bar after the game. The season will commence on Thursday October 27, 2005 and will run through the summer, after a short break over the Christmas/New Year period, with grand finals scheduled for March 2, 2006.

Alternatively, if you don't have a team of your own but would like to start playing the game, students, ex-students and non-students alike are invited to join our club. If you've never played before or if you've played for years, there'll be a team of a suitable level for you to join, with men's, women's and mixed teams all available. We enter teams into our own Waite mixed competition on Thursday nights, as well as men's and women's teams in the City Touch competition played on Tuesday nights on the city parklands on Greenhill Road.

If you would like further details about AUTC or the Waite Mixed Touch Competition, check our website: www.autouch.org.au, or contact Belinda Gibson - email secretary@autouch.org.au or phone 0407 147 057.

Teaching Building Healing



a multi disciplinary forum for community development

Hear the inspirational stories of three eminent speakers and their experiences in international community based development

- Education ~ Andrew Plimer
- Engineering ~ Barry Grear
- Health ~ Dr. Bruce Wauchope

Margaret Murray Room Level 4 Union Building
Adelaide University 5.30 - 8.00pm
Thursday 6th October

Food provided by Tookie Thai
Non-members entry by gold coin donation

For more information
www.amss.org.au / insight www.ewb.org.au



engineers without borders



For more information call Jessica 0417 050 239 or Kavya 0401 474 212

All that glitters is not gold

First 50 to arrive receive a free drink!
Heaps of giveaways
Tickets limited so get in quick!

Uni Queer Ball

@ the Jade Monkey, Twin Street, City
21st October 8pm onwards
Tickets - \$5 student/\$8 Other
Available @ UniSA Students Association, Adelaide University Students Association and Flinders University Students Association offices.

SUPPORTED BY
Rainbow Adelaide Perth Cairns Sydney Townsville Brisbane Melbourne
Dandenong Melbourne Brisbane Gold Coast

none...

