



Everyone likes excitement, right ?

Titillation - that cramping in your stomach that warns you of impending danger- a warning to be wary, anticipation of the unknown.

As a single girl I admit I go clubbing in just that frame of mind. Looking for something out of the ordinary. Day jobs and work relationships can be pretty boring and feel way too tame compared to the promise of the unknown experienced by stepping into a bar or club.

I go because the scene is full of possibility. When I meet a man I like the look of, I get to behave and act the way I won't or can't in my day to day grind. I throw caution in the nearest alleyway industrial bin and forget every thing my parents and teachers taught me about being good.

I get to grind and certainly not in a boring way.

I like the whole club thing for the thrill of the chase – whether I am chasing or being pursued makes little difference. Add alcohol and it can seem a lot more significant – anything can happen.

And these days nearly everything does. Clubs are licenced for more than booze in the new world order – so when the guy with the slightly reptilian glint in his eye and the profile of an angel asked if I wanted a drink and to dance, the other night, I fully expected him to be BAD. Untameable and exciting.

I went for him. Why ?

Because I had found out bad guys are everywhere and you really can't pick 'em.

The last bad one I met was a truly horrific man, masquerading as a good one; blond, blue-eyed, smiling and polite. On the surface and for a few months it all seemed perfect. And when things turned nasty, it was just when we were on our own, so no one else would find out.

It took me two years to work that one out and get out. And another two of paying someone to listen and decipher my yakking about how to tell bad boys from good boys, to get over it.

Bad Boys / Good Boys

Angela Wynanda

So I took the angel serpent home and after a few nights of unmitigated tangling with devilish delights, I expected him to disappear – return to the shadowy world of the club, leaning there on the bar with his Adonis body, and ask another svelte babe if she wanted a drink and a lie down.

He didn't. On Monday morning he got up, shaved, went to work counting money (he turned out to be an accountant!) and in a couple of months moved in. He is kind like an angel and snaky where it counts. He fixes the taps when they leak and he just finished building me a planter box for my petunias.....

Talk about bad boys being good!

Now we go clubbing together. We drink, we dance and we lean against the bar in the shadows.

Good and bad need mixing. Keep trying. The best turns out to be a good boy who is bad where it counts.



International Symbol of Marriage is Approved
New York-AP-

On April 21, 2005, After 5 years of heated debate, the Commission of Human Rights approved the new International Symbol of Marriage.

• SCENE & HERD •

CENTENARY CROC: The giant python at Holloway's Beach has moved on and so it seems has the croc in Centenary Lakes. The elusive saurian — last seen braazingly sunning itself on the mudbanks in Freshwater Lake four or five weeks ago — studiously avoided the floating trap and the bait contained therein, so Park Rangers decided to move the cage last week. Those who regularly take their morning constitutional around the Lakes will not miss the stench of rotting lure flesh.

SNAKES ALIVE: The warmer weather has aroused snakes from their winter slumber big time. One local resident had the surprise of his life the other morning when he was hanging out the washing in his carport. A wriggly reptile dropped from a beam, caressing his countenance en-route to terra firma. As far as he knows, said snake is still ensconced under his washing machine — he's not game to look.

TANKS FOR THE MEMORY: The City Place public artwork cum fountain cruelly dubbed 'Caroma Cascades' was unceremoniously dumped some time ago in the precinct of Tank 1. Could it be that this infamous folly was included in the State Heritage Council's heritage listing of the eastern most tank in Collins Avenue?

PUTTING THE SPOKE IN: Passing one of the inner city international colleges last week, Hawkeye was surprised to see all of the parked bicycles, tethered to poles, parking meters etc., had tags attached warning them not to park there. Is this anyway to encourage cycling in the inner city?



NAME BOMBSHELL: One local anagram enthusiast was shocked to his (atomic) core to discover, when he applied himself to re-arranging the letters in the Iranian president's surname, that Ahmadinejad falls only the last letter shy of spelling ... jihad madman. Scary stuff!

SIN BINNED: A visiting backpacker was heading to the showers with a bag of rubbish in one hand to deposit in a bin and a washbag in the other, complete with watch and jewellery. You guessed it! She badly needed that shower by the time her valuables were retrieved from the skip.

BEAR LOOSE: Spotted at the Reggaetown Festival last weekend.... Bear Stanley, erstwhile patron and soundman of the Grateful Dead. Bear once recorded reggae legends Toots & The Maytals.

Hawkeye

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ANOY, I was here first!



It's frightening to realise sometimes just how all pervasive the telephone is.

I went into an empty record store a while ago to enquire about a CD. Just as my synapses were sending my opening question to my brain and before my lips had rounded and my mouth juices had start flowing, there was the familiar *brm, brm* of the telephone. Of course it took priority over me. After all, I was only flesh and blood standing right in front of the sales assistant having gone to the trouble of driving and parking a car, climbing a staircase up to the shop and propelling my legs around some floor space in order to check out their goods. The customer on the telephone was probably lying in bed drinking a daiquiri and talking into a speaker phone about the possibility of tracking some difficult-to-find overseas release.

Finally I had the opportunity to ask my long awaited question. As a response was formulating in the assistant's mind, the phone rang again. Now do you think that she ignored the vicious, imposing, demanding usurper and dealt with the one and only, real live human being in the store, a person who might even be interested in buying something? That question is rhetorical of course.

The First Law of the Telephone, that a call from a stranger always takes priority over up-front inter-personal communication between friends, has, sadly, long held sway. In recent years a Second Law has arisen due to our mass obsession with mobiles. Now it is possible to interrupt not just one but two conversations. You've invited a friend round for morning coffee but, in a matter of minutes, you go from a deep and meaningful life affirming, face to face, verbal exchange to a phone call selling you roof insulation and then break that off to hear the delights of an outsourced, time-delayed, Mumbai mumbler offering you another 'free' phone to add to your collection.



I suppose the ring of the telephone is a bit like the call of the siren, the promise of something unexpected and exciting. It might be the message you've always been waiting for, the one that transforms your life — you've just won untold riches or a long-lost lover swears undying passion. That's why people are so disappointed and nasty when they discover that it's just another survey to find out what beer you drink.

The telephone is certainly, in its proper place, a marvellous invention and one of its unsung benefits was the informality it brought to the late 19th century — a bit like e-mail does today. In those days polite people didn't speak until they were properly introduced which produced a quandary for the first users of the revolutionary speaking and listening device. Alexander Graham Bell, the telephone's inventor, wanted people to get round this etiquette problem by beginning their conversations with 'ahoy', the seafaring utterance he learned from his Scottish childhood. It was his colleague, Thomas Edison, the inventor of electricity, who, apparently, suggested 'hello' as an adaptation of the old hunting call 'hullo' and the British 'hallo', that expression of surprise favoured until recently by London policemen (viz hallo, hallo, hallo!) Before then neither, it seems, was used as a greeting. When the first public telephone exchange opened in Connecticut in 1878, the zippy 'hello' was the winner ahead of both 'ahoy' and the official 'what is wanted' recommended by the operator's manual.

It's just occurred to me that if we answered the phone with a gruff 'what is wanted' instead of a friendly 'hello', it might put people off making unnecessary calls and allow me to buy my CD. As far as daily greetings go, I think it's a crying shame that, but for some interfering sparky, we would all be going around today saying 'ahoy' to everyone.

Denis Walls

Denis Walls may not have attracted sufficient votes to win the seat of Barron River for the Greens at the recent state election, but his posters won hands down. When Denis ran out of new corflutes, he put up a few from a previous campaign — rather tacky ones with laminated photos stuck on them. Soon after he put them up, one reappeared, with additions! There was no ordinary Hitler moustache/devil's horns/silly moustache scribbled on with texta/felt pen. Now have a closer look at the photo. Yes, that is real (plastic) jewelry around Denis's neck, in his ears and nose. The punk hairdo is yellow paper and someone has taken a great deal of trouble to make a sparkly mask to exactly fit his eyes and a very fetching space suit for his shoulders. There are also little gold flowers stuck around the top.

New media laws concern journalists

A Morgan Poll of 374 journalists, recently published by popular web operator Crikey (crikey.com.au), reveals that more than 80% believe the federal government's proposed new media laws, which will put more media ownership in the hands of a tiny cabal of moguls, will have a negative impact on the integrity of reporting and 85% say the reforms will reduce diversity.

Just as alarmingly: 53% of the journalists surveyed say they are unable to be critical of the media organisation they work for.

38% say they have been instructed to comply with the commercial position of their owner.

32% say they feel obliged to take into account the political views of their proprietor when writing stories.

63% say Australian media companies have "too much influence" in deciding how Australians vote.

71% say media owners have too much influence in determining the political agenda.

Here are the (anonymous) views of some of the respondents to the Morgan journalists' poll:

"Fourteen years with News Ltd proved constantly that there is a regime of fear. For survival you simply don't write anything critical of News Ltd's interests."

"Fairfax are paranoid about their own reporters writing about them. There are always complaints from management if they see some even slightly negative coverage of Fairfax."

"As I'm in a junior journalist role I can't really be critical of anything which goes on in the workplace. Some of my producers prefer a slant on stories which involve American leaders."

As the debate about increasing Australia's concentration of media ownership reaches its crescendo, the conspiracy of silence is deafening.

PS: The Polls' finding went virtually unreported in the mainstream press!