

**INSIDE**

Books .....	D2
Diary .....	D2
Movies .....	D4
Puzzles .....	D4
TVs .....	D5

The Southland Times

# Unwind



**FROM  
ACTING**  
... to  
directing D2



# Hang with Miley



**M**ILEY CYRUS doesn't need to look at the music charts to know that her songs are making a connection with the fans – all she has to do is update her Twitter page. "I'm stoked that people have been so supportive," she says of her latest project, the EP *The Time of Our Lives*. "On my Twitter, (I get) so many replies like 'This song inspires me' and 'This inspires me'." "One of the reasons why I love that site is being able to see what people are saying about the record." Of course, having a best-selling record is good reassurance too – and Miley is getting plenty of it these days. The EP is near the top of the charts and her song *The Climb* has been No 1 on Billboard's adult contemporary chart for weeks. It's just another example of the maturing career of the 16-year-old Miley. While she's still known to millions as the star of the Disney phenomenon *Hannah Montana*, she's not just a teen queen anymore. VH1 crowned her as one of their "Divas", she's in an upcoming movie playing a defiant teen and she's calling the shots on her *Wonder World* tour. Miley recently talked about her new show, growing up and what being a diva means to her.

**Q** Describe the new album *The Time of Our Lives*.  
**A** It is a transitioning album . . . Everything is like a stepping stone. And that was really to introduce people to what I want my next record to sound like and with time I will be able to do that a little more and timing is just everything. So it is really about us working our way up to being able to do the music you really love.

**Q** A lot of your music you write yourself. Do you ever write a song and go, "Oh my God, wait, that is too personal, I don't want to put that out?"  
**A** Yes, sometimes I write songs just to write them. I have written thousands of songs that are just for me. I will even play them for my friends, and they will say, "Will that be on your next record?" and I'll say, "No, that was just for me. That was just for my peace of mind." And I think that is important to do that. Not always writing a song and be like, "Oh, that is going to be on a record."

Continued, Page D3

Miley Cyrus

## Wowing the Capital



**MATE**  
Mark Wilson

**I**T'S not often that I find myself in the Capital twice in one year let alone write two columns about it. Poor readers down south have to hear about the North Island enough with bus strikes, gunmen on the loose and MPs handing out the odd favour for some tiling work, now we have to listen to Mark waffle on about his trips up there. To make my frequenting across the strait a little more acceptable it did involve taking in the Stags clash with Wellington but to then let myself down as a Southland male it also involved a trip to the World of Wearable Arts show (WOW). As any good southern bloke knows the only fashion shows acceptable of our attendance involve animals being purchased for the farm or horses for the track parading around showing their wears with the winners attracting the highest price at sale. However, I was under duress – surprise, surprise – from a female with the possible alternative to going along being a cold night on the couch. The evening started with a nervous flutter as I couldn't catch a glimpse of Speight's in the fridge. However, on closer inspection, after clearing a few drops of sweat from my eyes borne as a result of being around too many scantily clad females, I managed to navigate my way to a Speight's Summit Larger or two which I hoped would take the edge off any activities that were a little overly cultural for me. Despite having to be poked twice and encouraged not to go to sleep . . . my eyes were just sore from the flashing lights! I managed to get through the show and even avoided being interfered with by topless male dancers in silver hot pants, who invaded the crowd and started interacting way too closely with some. The costumes were quite interesting to say the least and you wonder at times what the designers must have been thinking to come up with such whacky outfits. The odd one didn't quite measure up to the G rating guide for acceptable levels of flesh to be seen in public and this had me on the hunt like a *Where's Wally* book for a wardrobe malfunction akin to the Janet Jackson super bowl incident. Despite wearing out my retina and a few false alarms which involved me nearly poking the guy in front of me in the head, there was not a nipple to be seen but plenty of close calls and ample leg and cleavage kept the males in the crowd entertained. The poor wives always think there husband goes to appreciate the art, like hell he does! As the evening progressed I managed to offend a few upper-class citizens at a fancy bar who thought that French champagne was an acceptable substitute for Speight's and I think by the end of my trip my host was wondering what type of inbred she had invited. I had fun but I don't think the Capital had too much fun having me.



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